

Making Mother  
by Kathy Andrews

## Chapter 1

Susan Stone was agitated, very nervous. She was becoming more nervous each day. She wanted to talk to someone about it, but there was no one she could turn to.

Frustration seemed to be a part of her life lately, a frustration she could not understand. Raymond, her husband, certainly provided her with enough cock, kept her well-fucked and satisfied. Yet, there was something missing in her sex life, something that was vitally important to her.

Excitement, she thought. There was no real excitement in her sex life. Despite the fact that Raymond had a nice, thick cock, a cock that could remain hard and ready most of the time, something crucial was missing.

Susan felt life--her sex life--was passing her by. She was thirty-five years old and restless, wanting more than she had. It had not been that way in the beginning. It had not been that way until the past year or so. At first she failed to understand it. Then, when it gradually dawned on her, she became frightened.

It was not that she was falling out of love with her husband, she knew. She loved Raymond as passionately as she had eighteen years ago when they were married. She loved feeling his cock thrust in and out of her juicy pussy as much now as she had then. But it was routine now, boring. Also, she sensed a restlessness in Raymond.

Susan wondered if she was feeling some deep desire for other men, something she would not let surface. She wondered if it was strange cock she wanted, a new man with a new cock. All her life there had only been one man, her husband. Susan had never been fucked by any man but Raymond.

After showering in the early afternoon, she brushed her long, dark hair until it gleamed. Then she dressed, pulling on her tiny panties, a moderately short skirt, and a thin blouse. Her flawlessly shaped tits strained against the thin material, her nipples boldly outlined like twin buttons. Her skirt had a slit along the right side, a slit almost to her hip. When she walked, it opened, exposing her long, creamy, smooth thigh almost to her panties.

Dressed, she paced the house for a while, smoking cigarette after cigarette. The nervousness was on her again, making her feel apprehensive, anxious for some reason. It was a stronger feeling than ever before. There was a tingle in her tits, and her pussy pulsed wildly. She could feel the tip of her clit, hot and hard, brush at the crotch of her nylon panties.

Crushing her half-smoked cigarette out in a small ashtray, she found her purse and left the house. The sun was high overhead, sending down rays of heat that made a light sweat break out on her tanned flesh. Opening the door of the garage, she let the top down on the small sports car Raymond had given her six months ago. She loved the little car, the responsiveness of it, the freedom of driving with the top down, the wind in her hair.

As she drove carefully toward the highway leading from town, she glanced at her wristwatch. It was twelve-thirty. She had three hours before Paul and Tracy would arrive home from school. She smiled as she drove, thinking of her teenage daughter and son. They were good children, never causing any problems the way so many teenagers did today. They were good students, with plans of attending a good college some day.

Reaching the highway, Susan slipped the car into the sparse traffic and gained speed. The deep tingle in her pussy was growing, and she pressed her thighs tightly together. The pressure caused her to moan softly.

As she drove, she pulled her skirt almost to her lap, feeling the wind and heat on her beautiful thighs. There was a swelling of her tits, and a strange tightness in her chest.

After ten minutes, she approached a crossroads. She thought of turning right, going toward the small mountains for a while. But then she changed her mind. To the right of her was a man, a man with his thumb out, a friendly smile on his face. There was a suitcase at his feet, and he was presentably dressed in clean jeans and sparkling white T-shirt.

Without thinking of what she was doing, Susan pulled up beside the man. It was only when he opened the door that she realized he was not a man at all, but a boy, hardly as old as her son. Her heart began to flutter in a strange manner as she watched him climb into the car, placing his bag in the small area behind the seat. There was a throbbing between her thighs that was powerful enough to make her shiver.

What in the world are you doing, Susan Stone? she asked herself.

She had never picked up a hitchhiker in her life, knowing the dangers of such folly. Yet here she was, letting this stranger, a boy, enter her car.

"Where are you going?" she asked, slipping the car into gear.

"Just down the road," he replied. "Not far. I'm going to stay with my dad for a while."

"What about school?" Susan asked, trying to steady her surprisingly shaky voice. "It isn't out for another few weeks."

"I quit," he replied.

Not wanting to trust her voice, she drove silently, but at a much slower speed. Her hands were gripping the steering wheel tightly, her knuckles white. After a few minutes, she became conscious of the boy staring at her. She shot a glance at him, and saw his eyes were down on her revealed thighs. She felt a flush come to her cheeks. Her skirt was very high, and she was certain he could see the crotch of her bikini panties. A thrill shot through her, a powerful sensation that felt as if she were about to come.

You idiot, she told herself silently. He isn't any older than Paul. This boy is still a teenager.

But she could not deny that fantastic feeling between her thighs. Images began to build in her mind—a fantasy of this boy fucking her. Desire bubbled hotly within her slender, curvy body until she was trembling. She glanced quickly at his crotch, and she noticed his cock was as hard, pressing upward against his tight jeans. It was almost outlined there, and she could see the swollen head. Her heart began to race dangerously, and that throbbing sensation in her pussy was stronger than ever.

"Well?" she asked expectantly.

"Well, what?"

"Do you like what you see?" Susan asked, wondering what she was doing. She had never been a tease before, and she wondered if she were teasing this young boy now.

The boy did not reply, but grunted softly. He looked at her thighs boldly now, openly, without any pretense. He slumped in his seat, his knees against the dashboard. His cock was quite evident now, and he was totally unashamed of his hard-on.

Susan's right palm itched, and she worked it on the steering wheel. The wheel was almost slippery with sweat. As if in a dream, as though it were not really her, she watched as her hand left the wheel of the car and slowly moved toward the boy. She placed her hand directly on top of his cock, pressing down and feeling an answering throb.

"Oh, God!" Susan whimpered as she closed her fingers on his prick. "Oh, God! That's nice! So very nice!"

Although she clung to his cock with desperation, she was wondering if she were losing her mind. She didn't really want to touch this boy, didn't want to seduce him, yet it felt as if she were being driven to it, forced by some unknown power.

Her fingers curled about his cock, squeezing it hard. She heard the boy grunt with pleasure. She fondled his prick, tracing her fingers along the hard shaft, a flush still on her cheeks. But the flush was not of shame, but of excitement. There was more excitement running through her body now than ever before. There was a strange compulsion driving her. She found the zipper of his pants and began to tug at it. She was having difficulty and the boy helped her.

The small car was barely moving now as she reached into his pants and pulled out his cock. Holding it tightly, she glanced at it. She whimpered softly. She began to pump her tight fist up and down on his cock, jacking him. The boy groaned in pleasure, his face toward her, eyes gazing steadily at her thighs.

"I've got to stop," Susan murmured, letting the car drift to the shoulder of the road.

Traffic had thinned until there was no other car on the road now. They were alone, parked near a tall stand of trees, under their shade. Once she had stopped the car, Susan turned and looked at his young cock with burning eyes. She twisted her body to face the boy, her right knee up on the hump between the seats. Her thighs were apart now, and the boy gazed directly between them, seeing the dark shadow of her pussy-hair through the thin panties.

Susan took his left hand and placed it on her round knee. "Feel me," she said in a thick voice as she pumped on his cock. "Feel me up. Play with me ... touch me! Touch me everywhere!"

She felt his hand move along the sensitive surface of her creamy thigh, and she shivered in pleasure. Her fist gripped his cock hard, jacking up and down. She watched the swollen head bulge out, the piss-hole flaring, dripping. She felt the boy's hand cup between her thighs, close against her throbbing, hot cunt.

"Oh, God!" she whimpered in a throaty voice. "Oh, God! That feels so good! Your hand ... on me there! My hand on your ... ohhhh, rub me!"

Susan's eyes blurred with desire as she watched her hand jacking his cock. She trembled with pleasure as his palm pressed tightly into her cunt, making her clit throb deliciously.

Then, suddenly, and without thinking of what she was doing, Susan dipped her face down. She kissed moistly at the head of his prick, feeling the fluids smear across her moist lips. She kissed it again, holding it tightly in her fist. She darted out her tongue and began to lick all about the swollen surface of the smooth head. With small sounds bubbling from her throat, she began to lick at his cock the way she would an ice cream cone. She closed her eyes as pleasure swirled through her brain. She was reeling with passion as her tongue tasted his big cock.

"Beautiful," she murmured, her hot breath fanning the head of his prick. "So beautiful, so hard! Oh, I love it! I just love a hard cock!"

The boy's only reply was soft groans as he began to arch his hips up, seeking her mouth.

Susan brushed the dripping tip of his cock over her puffy, hot lips, then she licked about it with her tongue. Soft sounds of delight came from her as she finally opened her lips and slipped them wetly over the head of his prick. She held his cock between her lips tightly, her tongue fluttering eagerly about the piss-hole.

Placing her hand on his thigh, she held her face still, feeling the boy fuck up and down, thrusting his cock in and out of her gripping lips. Her pussy twitched and throbbed hotly, and she squirmed and twisted her ass about. As she began to suck up and down on his prick, she felt his hands sliding along her back, then over her ass. Susan adjusted her position slightly and felt her skirt being lifted. Next, she felt the boy's hand on her panties, then they slipped into the waistband. His hand was hot as he cupped one of her asscheeks, holding tightly.

"Mmmmm," she moaned as she sucked hard on his prick, taking more and more into her mouth. The thickness of it stretched her lips, thrilling her, filling her mouth with hot, throbbing cock.

"Oh, oh!" the boy grunted, straining to ram all of his cock into her hot, wet mouth. "Oh, shit! Oh, shit!"

Susan felt his prick throbbing powerfully in her mouth, and she began to race her lips up and down it, creating a powerful suction, her tongue flying around the sensitive head. She could feel his hand gripping the cheek of her ass tightly, his fingers digging into her smooth flesh. She devoured his prick in a ravenous manner, hungry for it, desperate for it.

The boy, in his excitement, pumped up and down furiously, driving his cock deep into her mouth. Susan loved it, knowing her lips would be bruised by his desperate battering, and not caring at all. She squeezed his thigh as she sucked his cock, letting him fuck her mouth as swiftly and as brutally as he wanted. She swayed her ass against his hand, wanting his fingers against her hot cunt. But the boy was too involved in his own pleasure to notice her desire. His palm clung tightly to her creamy ass, not moving, not fondling, not caressing.

The boy gave an upward lunge, snorting through his nose, and Susan clamped her lips about his rigid cock. "I'm gonna ... gonna come!" the boy shouted. "I'm gonna come! Oh, shit! Ooohhh, am I ever gonna come!"

Susan's mouth held him tighter yet as she felt him give a lurch inside her mouth. Then his thick cum splashed over her tongue, filling her mouth.

"Ooommmmm!" Susan whimpered as she swallowed, her tongue flying about his spurting piss-hole.

More jism flowed into her mouth, and she swallowed quickly and desperately, not wanting to lose one precious drop. The taste was nectar to her, providing her with the sexual sustenance that she craved. As she sucked and swallowed, she squeezed her thighs together, and her pussy went into delicious spasms. She came as she sucked the boy's cock, came powerfully. It was the first time she had ever come while sucking a cock, and it surprised and thrilled her. She made soft, pleased noises as she sucked the boy's cock until he could no longer come.

With a last lick at his smooth cock-head, she sat up in the seat behind the wheel. Her lips were puffy, her dark eyes glassy. She smiled softly as she licked at her lips.

"Was I good?" she asked, watching him shove his cock into his pants. "Was I good for you?"

"Lady," the boy said, "I've had some strange people give me rides, but you're the strangest."

Susan frowned. "Strange? Why am I strange?"

"Hell, lady," he snorted. "Women don't just pick a guy up and blow him."

"This lady did," she reminded him.

"I thought only men did that," the boy said.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I got a ride once with this guy," the boy replied. "He sucked me off. But I've never had a lady do it before."

"Which did you like best?" Susan asked. "The man or me?"

"I'd rather have a girl do it," the boy grinned. "You're good at it."

Susan smiled and started the car. She swung back onto the road and gained speed. She drove in silence until the boy pointed where he wanted out. She watched him take his suitcase, and then he waved at her. She turned the car around and started home.

Two days after picking up that teenage boy and sucking him off, Susan still felt no guilt. It was the second cock she had ever had inside her mouth.

And she had loved it, loved every minute of it.

She experienced no sense of unfaithfulness to Raymond. She had not really given anything of his away. She had only loaned it, she felt, justifying what she had done. Besides, she had long suspected Raymond of messing with his secretary. Susan had no proof of this, of course, but she had been in his office a number of times and had seen the beautiful piece of ass he called his secretary.

Ann Robertson was more than his secretary, Susan thought. For one thing, Ann wore dresses and skirts that revealed a great deal more than they concealed. She was a lovely woman of twenty-five, blonde and curved in all the right places. She radiated sexuality from every pore of her body, and Susan felt no man, not even her husband, could resist such a female.

Maybe that was the restlessness she had detected in her husband. Maybe he was fucking that cute piece in his office and was feeling guilty about it. Susan thought of her feelings concerning that, and as usual, she felt no jealousy. She had never been a jealous woman, and she couldn't work up jealousy if her husband was fucking someone else. Love and fucking were two things in her mind. They could be separated without difficulty. If Raymond no longer loved her, then Susan felt she would have a hard time coping. But he still showed his love for her in all the ways possible.

And she knew that she loved her husband as much as always, despite sucking the teenage boy off in her car. That had been pure sex, hot desire to suck his cock, nothing more and nothing less.

The same night after sucking off that unknown teenage boy, she and Raymond had fucked wildly. She had been hotter than she had in a long time, much to the pleased surprise of Raymond. After they had fucked, Susan spent almost a full hour loving his cock and balls with her mouth and tongue.

It was Friday noon, and she felt that restless feeling come over her again. She felt the need to drive the small car again, to see if she could find another acceptable male hitchhiking along the highway. No one would ever know about it, she felt. It was something that she felt compelled to do, some secret part of her life that no one knew about.

She showered and dressed in a revealing summer frock, then discovered she had no ready cash. It didn't matter; she could go to Raymond's office and get some money. She could, of course, cash a check, but she didn't need much, only some for gas. Susan didn't like cashing checks for small amounts of money.

She parked the car in front of the office building and got out. As she stepped to the sidewalk, some men repairing the street paused to look at her. She smiled to herself, knowing the desire in their eyes. It pleased her to have men look upon her with desire, made her feel like a younger woman, not a mother of two teenage children.

She took the elevator to the fourth floor where Raymond had his CPA office. He was successful enough to employ another CPA and Ann. When she entered the outer office, she noticed Ann was not at her desk. For a moment she wondered, then realized she was probably at lunch. She went directly to Raymond's office door, and just as she started to knock on it, she heard the sounds. She leaned close and heard muffled words.

"... someday, maybe," she heard Raymond say.

"You know I love it," Ann said, her voice heard clearly through the door. "I can't even get enough cock, darling. And in particular, this big cock of yours."

"You know I would never leave Susan," Raymond said.

"And I wouldn't expect you to, darling," Ann replied. "You love her too much, I know. I would never want you to leave her. She's a lovely, amazing woman. She's perfect for you."

"As long as we understand each other," Raymond said.

"Darling," Ann replied, "I have no intention of ever marrying. I love sex, and I love this cock of yours very much. But I'm not the sort of girl to stay with one man. I want a variety of cock, as I've told you many times. No, this girl wants to fuck every man in town. I've got a hot cunt that starves for cock, all cocks.

"You're a pretty good cock-sucker, too," he laughed.

"That's because I love sucking it," Ann replied.

Susan stood and listened, amazed that she did not feel anger. She did not want to burst into the office, screaming and fighting and clawing. Raymond was a horny man, and as long as he never deprived her of cock, she didn't mind him and Ann enjoying themselves. She knew without a doubt now that he was fucking his secretary. This was the first real proof of it, and she was almost glad to know.

Silently, she left the office, drove to the bank, and cashed a small check. Then she had the tank filled on her car. She looked the young service station attendant over carefully, finding him attractive in a rough way. He was greasy from working on a car in one of the stalls, and oddly enough this appealed to her. Susan had been raised in a well-to-do family, and she was well-to-do now. She had never had much social contact with so-called laborers, but they had always attracted her for some reason.

Once she had the tank filled, she pulled out and headed toward the highway again, thinking there might be a man there, his thumb out. It pleased her to think of a man's surprise at being picked up by her, getting fucked or sucked. It would give him something to talk about to his friends, something he would remember for a long time afterward. She was sure that young boy retold how she had sucked off his cock.

As before, it was a very warm day. As she drove, she tried to imagine the scene in her husband's office--of Ann sprawled on that big leather couch, skirt hiked to her waist, long legs wide apart, hairy pussy revealed. She pictured Raymond between them, his large cock hard and ready, penetrating Ann's hairy cunt. The image sent a shiver of desire through her, and she pressed her hand into her pussy, moaning with pleasure.

Susan drove the highway, watching for a hitchhiker, and her disappointment was great when she found none. She drove the entire twenty-five miles to the small town down the highway without seeing anyone on the road.

Turning to start back home, she passed a small motel at the edge of town. Working in the shrubbery was a young man, naked from the waist up. There was something appealing about him, and not thinking about what she was doing, Susan wheeled into the motel and stopped at the office. She registered for one night, paying by check.

The room she was given faced the front, where the young man was working. Susan parked the small car and started to get out. She noticed the man watching her. As she stepped from the car, she deliberately moved slowly, letting her legs widen. She noticed the expression on the man's face, and she knew he had seen what she had intended him to see. He had a perfect view between her legs, right to the crotch of her tight panties.

Entering the room, she left the door open, using only the screen door. She noticed the bed was in line with the door, and the man could see in. Feeling excitement rumbling through her, Susan stretched out on the bed, leaning against the headboard. She watched the man work, drawing her knees up. Now and then the man would turn and look toward her door, but Susan doubted he could see inside.

She got up and opened the screen door wide, bracing it. Then she returned to the bed and positioned herself once again. She drew her knees up so the skirt fell back, exposing her thighs. If the man should come near and look inside, he would be able to see the backs of her thighs, the crotch of her panties, her pussy pooching out, and the creamy flesh of her asscheeks. No man could resist that invitation, she felt.

She waited, her excitement increasing as she watched the man work. Her pussy bubbled and throbbed, her tits swelling until they almost hurt.

Finally, the man dropped his gardening equipment and started toward her room. Susan's breath almost stopped as she waited. She saw him pause momentarily. Then he stepped to one side and she heard the soft drink machine making noises.

The man came into view, drinking a coke. He glanced in at her and Susan smiled. The man paused, the coke halfway to his mouth again, looking in at her.

"Would you bring me one?" she asked softly, moving her knees from side to side. "I'd love a coke, too."

The man grinned, and she heard him at the machine. Then he was at the door, holding her coke. His eyes moved over her body boldly, stopping as he gazed at her exposed thighs and ass. With a wide grin, he entered and handed her the soft drink.

"Hot, isn't it?" he said.

Susan smiled at him, seeing that he was much younger than she had thought at first. Eighteen, nineteen at the most. That was good, she thought. His arms and chest were muscular, gleaming with sweat. He stood at the edge of the bed, looking at her long, creamy thighs. Then, quite deliberately, he sat on the bed, positioned so he could look at her thighs and revealed ass. He reached out and stroked her thigh, sending shivers of delight running through Susan's body.

"It is hot," she replied. "In more ways than one."

"I know what you mean," he grinned, fingering the curve of her pooching cunt.

Susan let her legs fall apart, giving him total access to her snatch. She pulled her skirt to her waist, and held his hand against her pussy. She writhed her ass on the bed, moaning softly. "Come down here with me," she urged, holding her arm up to him.

The man lay beside her. His strong arms went about her body, hugging her tightly as her lips pressed against his. She could smell the scent of him, and her emotions went high. She moaned against his mouth as his tongue stabbed between her lips.

As the kiss broke, Susan whimpered, "I need you. I need you badly! Quickly, take your pants off! Oooohhh, I need it so much!"

The young man laughed as he shoved his pants down to his feet. His cock reared upright, straining in readiness. Susan looked down, seeing his long prick and hairy balls. She grabbed them in both hands, jacking him with a tight fist as her other hand cradled his balls, pulling and rolling them in her hot palm.

"You're beautiful!" she squealed as she pumped on his cock. "You have a beautiful hard cock! Ohhh, this is going to be great!"

Susan quickly stripped her bikini panties from her body, dropping them to the floor. She opened her blouse top to expose her shapely tits. The man cupped one and began to suck it, his tongue licking. Susan whimpered, her ass twitching as she caressed his solid cock and balls.

"I like that," she whispered huskily. "I love to have my tits sucked. Ooooo, lick my titties, darling! Suck my nipples! Ahhh, it makes my pussy boil!"

Without warning, Susan threw her leg over him, then she was on her knees, straddling his thighs. She still gripped his cock tightly. The man looked down at her bushy cunt, seeing the gleaming tip of her clit, the puffy lips, the moisture there. Susan inched upward, brushing his cock against the lips of her steaming cunt, gurgling with pleasure as she tried to peer down.

"This is for you, darling," she whispered. "I want you to just lie still ... lie still and let me do it all. I'm going to fuck you, mister. You don't even have to move, not a wiggle! This fuck is all mine!"

Susan hovered her boiling pussy on the head of his throbbing cock, then she lowered herself slowly, feeling her pussy stretching to take the thickness of his prick. She paused with just the swollen head inside her twat, savoring the delicious sensation. Then she lowered her hips, sinking all the way down on him until her pussy was filled with hard prick. She settled there for a long moment, her head thrown back and eyes closed, her expression that of total, intense ecstasy.

Then she began to move her hips, sliding up and down on him, feeling his balls brushing the cheeks of her ass, his cock-hair tickling her, mingling with her cunt-hair. She felt his prick scrape her clit and she shuddered, her body going tight.

"Ohhh, God!" she squealed. "I'm coming ... already! Ohhh, don't move! Let me come! Oohhh ... ahhhh! So fucking good!"

Susan grabbed her tits and dug her fingers into them, her nipples swelling out past her fingers. She bit into her bottom lip as she came, her body shaking with the ecstasy that flowed like electric shocks through her cunt.

As her orgasm began to recede, she started to move her hips again, pumping slowly up and down on his cock. She used the muscles of her thighs to pump, still holding tightly to her tits with both hands. She opened her eyes and looked into the face of the boy beneath her. It was obvious he was enjoying this. His wide smile and glowing eyes told her that. His chest still gleamed with sweat and there was a smudge of dirt along his left cheek. This aroused Susan intensely, and she began to ride his cock vigorously. She leaned forward, a hand on each side of him now, and pumped her ass up and down swiftly.

"Great!" the young man grunted. "Ride it, lady!"

"I'll ride it!" she groaned, her face tense with effort and ecstasy. "I'll ride this fucking cock of yours until it melts! I'll fuck you until you can't walk! I'll fuck this hard cock off you! Your balls will be sore for a fucking week!"

His hands gripped her thighs, up close to her pussy, leaving traces of dirt on her flesh. But he remained still as she asked, mostly because he was unable to work with her. She was pounding him hard now, her cunt sliding up and down his thick cock with growing heat. The moist slap of her ass coming down on his balls filled the room, and they began to moan together.

Susan's body began shaking again.

"Ooooo! Ahhhhh ... ohhhhh!" she mewled as ecstasy began to flood her body for the second time. She whimpered and mewled loudly, her ass swinging about, bouncing energetically up and down. She could feel the rubbing of his cock against her swollen clit, and her tits were becoming very hard, the way they always did just before she came. Her whole body felt hot, hotter than ever. Her mind reeled with passion, her lips bitten between her teeth.

"I'm ready!" the young man groaned through clenched teeth. "I'm ready! Ohh, I'm going to come! I can't hold it back any longer!"

"Come!" Susan shouted. "Oh, God, come! Oooohhh, yes, yes! Come! Come! Come!"

She ground her cunt hard against him, his cock as deep as possible in her twat. She thought it was getting larger, thicker, longer, and then she felt it. His prick jerked and the warmth of his cum filled her snatch. It began spurting into her, and sent her body into tremors of orgasm. She thrashed about as she came, squealing deliriously. She ground hard into him as she came, meeting his spewing cock with brutal downward strokes of her crotch.

At last she slumped down, sprawling atop his still body. His cock was gripped inside her cunt, and she felt her muscles relax. As they struggled to breathe, the young man fondled her trembling, naked ass in his strong hands, gripping the cheeks and squeezing them. Susan glowed from the pleasure that still filled her.

Finally she stirred, sitting up on the side of the bed. The man looked at her, grinning widely. "You're a good fuck, lady," he said.

"I try," she replied, stroking his balls fondly. "I try to be a good fuck."



"Tired of the husband, huh?"

Anger suddenly flared inside Susan. She pulled her hand away from his balls. "That isn't any of your business. My personal life has nothing to do with this."

"Hey, don't get mad," he said, caressing her thigh. "I was only making conversation."

"Don't," she snapped. "A fuck is one thing, but I don't want questions."

"Okay, okay," he said, getting up and pulling his pants up. "I just wanted to be friendly, that's all."

She watched him leave the room, and then she got up and closed the door. She removed her clothing and showered, hating to put her clothes back on. She always dressed in fresh clothing after a shower, but there was nothing else to do. She had no other clothing with her. Stopping at this motel had been an impulse, an impulse that came over her when she had seen the boy working there.

When she left the motel, the young man called after her: "Come back soon, lady. We aim to please."

"Fuck you!" she shouted, tossing him her middle finger.

On the drive home, Susan wondered why she had become so angry with the boy. He was, as he said, only being friendly. It wasn't like her to be angry with anyone, not like that.

It puzzled her.

When she arrived home, Paul and Tracy had returned from school. They were in the pool, swimming about and playing happily. She stood at the back window of the family room and watched them for a while, then went upstairs to her bedroom where she stripped and showered again, changing into a skirt and blouse.

She prepared dinner, but when it was ready, Raymond had still not come home. He seldom worked late, and when he did, he always called. This time he had not even called her. Susan worried. And as she worried, she found herself becoming jealous. It was a strange feeling to her, a woman who never before had been jealous. She began to imagine he was with Ann, his secretary.

After what she had discovered today, she knew he was with Ann, and they were probably shacked up in some motel together, or still in his office, fucking crazily. She didn't understand her feelings, her jealousy. Earlier, it had excited her to know that Raymond was fucking the lovely Ann, made her deliciously hot. Now, she was angered and jealous.

She was so jumpy, Paul and Tracy stayed out of her way, sensing her anger.

When midnight arrived and Raymond still had not come home, she called his office. The phone rang for a long time before she hung up.

At two in the morning, she heard Raymond entering the bedroom. She pretended to sleep, her back to him. But inside she was seething, not wanting to be touched at all.

### Chapter 3

For a week, Susan refused to let Raymond touch her, and when he came to her for a piece of her ass, she complained of headaches, something she had never done before. Raymond was puzzled by her behavior, but he would not question her. He went out of his way to be pleasant to her, and nothing he did pleased her. She became snippy and irritable. Even the children realized something was bothering their mother.

Susan, as much confused by her behavior as her husband, tried to still the irritability she felt. She held it in as best she could, but it came out in subtle ways. She was sharp with Paul and Tracy, seldom speaking to Raymond. Her desires, however, were as strong as ever--s

tronger, even. Her pussy throbbed constantly, her tits always swollen. Her clit was so sensitive, she could hardly wear panties.

She wanted to drive the highway, see if she could find another hitchhiker, maybe return to that motel, but somehow she didn't. She wondered if she could find that first young boy, the one she had sucked off in her car in daylight, on the side of the road. Then she wondered if she could perhaps find another young boy to enjoy. The ideas that formed inside her head were startling to her. She found it strange that her desires seemed to be oriented toward young boys these days.

Susan wondered if she was, unconsciously, reaching back to her own teenage years. She had missed them, when she thought about it. She had never really been a teenager, a teenager going on dates and to parties, parking in cars and making out. She had married at seventeen, become a mother at eighteen. Was that what she was after, and not even knowing it? It was a puzzle, and she could not find the answer.

Thinking of that, she thought of her two children. Tracy was almost eighteen yet she had never dated once. Susan had not given any thought to it before, but now she wondered about it. Certainly Tracy was pretty enough to attract hordes of boys. She was as tall as Susan, with long legs and a sweet face. She had dark hair like Susan, long and wavy. Her eyes sparkled with teenage vibrancy. She had a sweet, curvy body, with nicely shaped tits and a lovely little ass that swelled out deliciously, wiggling in a provocative way when she walked. Yes, Tracy could certainly have any date she wanted. But she didn't go out with any boy, didn't even show an interest in them.

And Paul, so strong and good-looking. A year younger than his sister, he was just as tall. His hair, although dark, too, was lighter. He was just getting a little fuzz on his face, and was trying desperately to cultivate a mustache. All he could manage so far, though, were a few wispy hairs that looked horrible. Girls looked at him with longing in their eyes, Susan had noticed often enough. But Paul wouldn't pay any attention to them. He was always friendly to the girls, but that was as far as it went.

Susan began to think about her family for the first time in a long while. She had, so far, taken her husband and children for granted. She loved them, of course, but she had not really looked at them or tried to understand them. Now, she was trying.

Tracy and Paul were loners. They were quiet children, coming to her only when there was no other alternative. Usually, they went to their father with any problem they had. Remembering this now, Susan began to feel like an outsider, not a member of the family at all. Why, after all these years, she wondered, had she never felt this way before? She would watch Raymond and the children horse around in the pool, and now realized they had never really invited her to play with them. Oh, they would politely ask if she wanted to go swimming with them, but they were never disappointed when she turned them down. She wondered why she had always turned them down. It didn't make sense, these thoughts going through her mind. In fact, she couldn't remember the last time she had swum with her children. She and Raymond often swam together, even naked. But it had been years since she had gone in with her children.

Raymond had not come to her lately to fuck, she thought. It made her believe he was getting all he needed from Ann, his secretary. That angered her. Susan did not consider that it was she, not him, who was turning down a fucking. In her mind, Raymond had stopped wanting her, stopped wanting her body.

And all that time, Susan's body was raging with desire, steaming for fucking and sucking.

And then school was out for the summer.

Susan found herself with the two children all day long. This restricted her movements. She could not go for a drive, find a hitchhiker, get fucked or suck a cock. She felt her children would ask too many questions of her. She began to feel afraid, feel threatened. Was it the possible loss of security if she were found out? She didn't know. All she knew was that she had better be very careful. The fact that Raymond was fucking his secretary was no real threat to her, but the fact that he didn't want to fuck her was. She had to prove fidelity to him, to prove that she wasn't cheating on him, otherwise she could lose everything. Or so she felt.

Then, one day when school had been out for a week, Susan had shopping to do. The two children were in the house; trying to fit the pieces of some complicated puzzle together in the family room. She went in to tell them where she was going.

Tracy and Paul were sprawled on the floor, lying on their bellies, working the puzzle. She stood and looked at them for a while. Her eyes raked over her son, and she felt deep love for him. She looked at Tracy, and felt the same love. Then she saw that Tracy's skirt was high on her thighs, almost to the point of showing her fine, sweet, little ass. In fact, Susan could almost see her panties. She started to say something about it, but found herself unable to speak. There was an unexpected throb between her thighs, and Susan was startled.

She shoved the unwanted thought to the back of her mind quickly, and forgot it.

"I ... I've got to shop," she said in a low, strange voice. "I'll be gone until about six."

"Sure, Mom," Paul replied without looking up.

"If your father should call, tell him, please."

"All right, Mom," Tracy said.

But once in the car, Susan did not go shopping. She drove around, her thoughts tumbling haphazardly in her head. She even passed a young boy with his thumb out, and continued driving. The hitchhiking boy was the type she was wanting lately, and she had passed him by.

At three o'clock, she tired of driving aimlessly, tired of the strange thoughts going through her mind. She turned and headed home again. As she parked in the circular drive at the front door, she entered the house. Upon going into the entrance hall, she heard voices.

Susan stopped, her breath caught in her throat as she listened. At first the words weren't plain, then she caught enough to tell her something was going on in the family room.

Being as quiet as possible, she walked to the end of the entrance, near the door leading to the family room, and she could hear the words clearly.

"We're gonna get caught one of these days, Paul," Tracy said. "One of these days, we're gonna get ourselves caught good."

"So what?" Paul replied. "I don't think Dad will say anything about it. Mom is the one we have to worry about."

"You're probably right," Tracy agreed. "Mom is acting awfully funny lately. I wonder why?"

"Dad wonders, too," Paul said.

"Has he talked to you about it?"

"No," Paul replied. "But you know how he gets when he's concerned."

"You know what I think?" Tracy said, giggling softly.

"What do you think?"

"I think Dad is screwing his secretary."

Susan's breath caught in her throat. If the children suspected something like that, it was far worse than she had imagined.

"I wouldn't mind screwing her, myself," Paul said. "She's got a nice pair of tits on her ... and that ass is downright beautiful!"

"You're always horny, Paul," Tracy said, giggling again. "I believe you'd fuck anything available."

"Not really," he laughed. "I'm kinda particular where I stick my cock."

Susan could hardly believe what she was hearing. Her children were talking about sex as if they always fucked. But she knew they never went out with anyone.

"You've never stuck that cock anyplace, yet," Tracy laughed.

"I don't have the opportunity."

"Bullshit, Paul Stone!" Tracy snorted. "Don't tell me that!"

"When have I had the opportunity, Tracy?"

"There are girls falling all over themselves to get their hot little hands on your prick, brother, dear. You know that as well as I do."

"I don't care for any of them."

"Then look closer to home, brother, dear," Tracy said in a soft, low voice.

"What do you mean, Tracy?"

"Damn," Tracy snapped. "You are a dummy, Paul Stone! You know what I mean."

Susan's heart was beating wildly as she stood listening. Her legs became weak and she sagged against the wall, one hand pressed against her mouth.

"The hell I do," Paul said. "You talk funny, sometimes, Tracy."

"Do I have to spell it out for you, dummy?"

"Sometimes," Paul said.

"Okay, you dumb ass," Tracy said. "You're always horny, right?"

"Right."

"And you always jack off, right?"

"Right."

"And I'm always horny, correct?"

"Correct."

"And I'm always sticking my finger in myself, true?"

"True."

Susan's heart was fluttering insanely. She should not have been surprised at this revelation, because she had finger-fucked as a teenager before getting married. What surprised her was her kids' blunt talk.

"Sometimes I jack you off, too," Tracy said.

"Sometimes."

"And sometimes you finger-fuck me, right?"

"That's right."

"Then, asshole," Tracy said, "figure it out."

"I still don't get it, Tracy."

"You are the dumbest jack-off I've ever seen, Paul Stone," Tracy said, exasperated.

"I probably am," Paul replied. "But I still don't know what you're talking about."

"Listen, shit-head," Tracy hissed at her brother. "I'm a horny girl, a girl with a real hot ass. You're a horny boy, with a hot cock. Why don't we just put the two together?"

"You mean, fuck each other, Tracy?" Paul asked.

"I mean, fuck each other, brother, dear," Tracy said, giggling. "I'd like that, you know."

"I'd like it, too," Paul said. "The only thing is, if we ever got caught, there'd be trouble."

"We've been playing with each other for years and no one has caught us yet, have they?"

"No, but ..."

"We're big kids now, Paul," Tracy said. "It's time we stopped playing little kids games, jacking off and finger-fucking. It's time we fucked!"

Susan could hardly stand now, her legs were so weak. She didn't know what to do, what to say. She realized she didn't know her own children.

"I don't think Dad would say anything," Tracy said. "Mom might, though. She's acting so damned funny lately."

"What do you mean, Dad wouldn't say anything?"

"I just don't think he would," Tracy said. Then she giggled. "I caught him peeking up my dress once."

"You did?"

"I sure did. I was wearing that short one, and he just looked and looked for the longest time. I bet Daddy would love to get a look at my pussy."

"You're crazy, Tracy," Paul snorted.

"Oh, sure I am! He had one big hard-on, let me tell you!"

Susan gathered up the strength to peer around the door into the family room. Her eyes went wide when she saw her daughter sprawled on the leather couch, one leg off and on the floor, the other one on the cushions. Her skirt was hiked to her waist, and she was pulling the crotch of her nylon panties to one side, then letting it snap closed again. Sitting on the floor was her son, watching his sister reveal her dark-haired cunt. Susan saw his cock out of his pants, swelling into hardness, with a sweetly swollen head. She looked from her daughter to her son. She stared at her son's cock, then at Tracy's hot pussy. Her own cunt almost went into unexpected spasms as she watched them.

"I think Daddy would love to fuck me," Tracy said as she began to rub her palm up and down the crotch of her panties. "I really believe Daddy would like to stick his cock up my cunt and fuck me."

"Would you let him?" Paul asked.

"I'd let you fuck me, too, dummy," Tracy said, working the crotch of her panties to one side and slipping her middle finger into her pussy. "If you weren't such a scardy cat, you could fuck me all the time."

"I've got to think about that," Paul replied, gripping his cock in his fist and pumping up and down on it as he watched his sister fingerfucking her juicy cunt.

Susan watched secretly, her emotions soaring, her passions bubbling. Her cunt was throbbing like it had never throbbed before --not even when she had picked up that young boy and had sucked him off.

Soon, the heavy breathing of Tracy and Paul filled the family room, and Susan found that as she was pressing a hand against her steaming pussy violently. She could not take her eyes off what was happening before her. The excitement was almost more than she could bear. She watched as her daughter began to writhe her little ass about on the couch, her finger fucking in and out of her wet, hairy cunt. She saw her son on his knees now, jacking off furiously as he watched his sister fingering her twat. The intensity of their pleasure seemed thick in the room, almost like a heavy pressure bearing down on Susan.

"I'm gonna come!" Tracy shouted. Then her body shuddered. Tracy slammed her finger into her pussy hard, holding it still as she came. "Ooooo ... ahhhhh!"

"Me, too!" shouted Paul, his fist flying swiftly on his straining cock.

Susan saw her son come, saw his cum spurt from the tip of his cock and splash along his sister's creamy thigh. Time and again Paul came, spurting his jism until Tracy's thigh was smeared with his sticky cum. When he sank to his ass, breathing hard, Susan saw Tracy smear the jism all over her thigh, bringing it to her pussy and finger-fucking some more.

Somehow, Susan found the strength to flee, to go quietly up the stairs to her room. She closed the door and sat on the bed, smoking a cigarette nervously, thinking of what she had just witnessed, what she had just learned about her two teenage children.

She was surprised to find she had not been horrified by the scene, but she was not at all surprised by her reactions. She had become so aroused, she was still shaking. She had never been so aroused in all her life.

The one thing that the scene had done, it confused her even more than ever. She could not find it in her heart to condemn her children for jacking off and finger-fucking in front of each other, could not condemn them for doing it to each other, as she had heard. They apparently enjoyed what they did together, feeling neither shame nor guilt. At least, Susan felt, that was something.

#### Chapter 4

Susan began drawing away from her family. Gone was the happy woman, the happy wife and mother. In her place was a morose, confused and very bewildered Susan Stone.

She continued to take care of the house and what little needs her husband and children required of her, but she seldom had anything to say to them. When they spoke to her, she would reply, politely, almost coolly. Susan knew they were watching her, felt their eyes on her when she was in the same room with them.

Raymond, at first, attempted to draw her out, tried to find out what was wrong with her. But Susan gave him no satisfactory answers. In turn, Susan watched them closely, always from some concealment. She did not want them to know of her presence. But the more she watched them, the more confused she became. She heard their conversations at times, and the things they said added to her bewilderment. Susan felt her family was falling apart, felt that she was not wanted any longer by them, not needed.

Tracy and Paul were self-sufficient at their ages, prepared their own breakfasts, took care of their own clothing and rooms. Raymond, well, Raymond had Ann, his secretary. They ate what Susan prepared in the evenings, never complaining. Still, Susan felt as if she were a stranger in her own home.

The children never came to her with their problems as they had when younger. They now discussed their problems among themselves, or talked to their father. Of course, they didn't seem to have many problems, not like most teenagers, but Susan longed for them to come to her.

Susan could not get it out of her mind the things she had seen and heard that day betw

een Tracy and Paul. She wondered how long it had been going on. From what little information she had gleaned, it had been happening for a long time. No wonder, she thought, they didn't date, seldom saw other boys and girls their age. They were too involved with each other.

A week or so after discovering Tracy and Paul in the family room, Susan again had to shop. She left a note for the children and drove away. After she had finished shopping, she returned home, put her groceries away, and stood at the window of the kitchen, watching Tracy and Paul splashing about in the small pool. Strange, she thought, she had never really noticed what a revealing bikini Tracy wore. It was a red bikini, bright red. The halter was tiny, hardly cupping Tracy's sweet, shapely tits. The bottom was even smaller yet. Susan noticed the front was a tiny triangle of cloth, just enough to cover the mound of her twat. But the rear of it was something else again. Both of Tracy's asscheeks were entirely exposed. There was a thin strip of cloth running between those swelling cheeks to her hips, and that was all.

Paul's suit was tight, emphasizing the lump of his cock and balls.

She stood watching them, seeing the way Paul would playfully grab at his sister's tits or exposed ass. Tracy would squeal in pretended anger and grab a handful of his crotch. They raced about the pool, then on the green, lush lawn. They wrestled and screamed, enjoying themselves the way any vibrant, energetic teenagers would. The only exception was they would feel each other up more often.

For some reason, Paul had built a small hut near the pool, a hut he called a "changing room." It was large enough for two people to change into swimming suits, but not much larger. Susan saw her children dart into it. On an impulse, she left the house and slipped quietly up to the hut. There was a board there with the knothole knocked out, she knew.

Peering into the small hut, she watched as Paul fondled his sister's tits, cupping and squeezing them, then caressing Tracy's creamy, smooth asscheeks. Tracy, in turn, was cupping and squeezing his growing cock.

As she watched, Paul released his sister's tits from the confines of her halter. He pulled and twisted lightly at her dark pink nipples, making Tracy coo with delight. His other hand gripped one firm cheek of her ass.

Tracy managed to peel down her brother's trunks. Paul's cock leaped upward, strong and hard, swollen beautifully. As Susan peered through the hole, she watched her daughter wrap her hand about his prick and begin to jack on it. Paul, with shaking fingers, pulled the strings of his sister's bikini bottom and it fell to the floor.

"Finger-fuck me, Paul," Tracy said in a thick, passion-filled voice. "Finger-fuck my cunt!"

Susan's legs again felt rubbery. Hearing her teenage daughter urge her brother to finger-fuck her sent Susan's heart racing with excitement. She felt her tits swell, her nipples becoming rigid. There was again that deep, pleasant pulsation in her cunt.

She watched as her daughter sat down on the seat and lean against the wall, her long, slender legs wide apart, her pussy revealed to her brother. Paul dropped to his knees and began to thrust his middle finger in and out of Tracy's pussy, the thumb of his other hand agitating her sweet, swollen clit. Tracy writhed her little ass on the seat, moaning and cooing with delight. She gripped her tits in both hands, urging Paul to finger her.

"Stab faster, Paul!" she urged. "Stab my cunt faster! Ohhhhh, fuck me with your finger, Paul, fuck my pussy good! Ahhh, I love it, love it! I love it when you finger-fuck my twat, Paul!"

Susan could see everything clearly, see the way Paul's finger thrust in and out of that sweet cunt, watch the way those moist pussy-lips clung to his fingers. It made Susan's pussy throb in delicious ecstasy.

"Ooooo, Paul, Paul!" Tracy gurgled, her ass writhing in passion. "I'm gonna come! Oh, I'm gonna come! Deeper, Paul! Faster ... harder! Oohhhh, I'm almost there! Fuck me, Paul! Fuck my cunt! Fuck my pussy! Fuck me ... fuck me ... fuck me!"

Susan saw Tracy's lovely body shudder, then she stiffened, squealing loudly as she came. Finally, Tracy slumped in exhaustion, a smile of happiness on her lovely face.

Then Paul stood up, his cock arching out strongly.

"My turn, Tracy," he said, offering his cock to his sister. "Jack me off, Tracy."

"Oh, yes!" Tracy said, grabbing her brother's prick in a tight fist. "You're so big now, Paul. I love it when your cock is big and hard."

Susan watched as Tracy began to pump on her brother's prick. Tracy cradled his balls in her other hand as she jacked him. Her fist moved back and forth slowly at first, then faster.

"I can feel your cock throb, Paul," she said, grinning up at her brother. "I can feel it in my hand."

"Jack me off!" he urged in a thick voice. "I got hot as hell finger-fucking you, Tracy! Jack me off ... make me come!"

Susan's eyes gazed at her son's cock, the cock her daughter was beating furiously. She pressed a fist between her thighs, pressing it hard against her pulsating cunt. She felt she would come just by watching her children fuck.

"I'm going to!" Paul grunted, arching his hips forward into his sister's jerking fist. "I'm going to come!"

"Do it, Paul!" Tracy giggled hoarsely. "Do it! Come, Paul! Come, come, come!"

Susan saw his cock spurt, sending cum flying forward. Drops of it landed on Tracy's tits, covering them with jism. Tracy continued pumping vigorously, her eyes glazed as she stared at the flaring piss-hole of her brother's cock blasting cum against her body. Tracy, moaning with pleasure, used her other hand to smear his jism all over her pretty tits.

After Paul finished coming, Tracy caressed his cock and balls tenderly, lovingly.

"I wonder what's wrong with Mom," Tracy said. "She's acting funny lately."

"I've noticed," Paul replied.

"You don't think she's sick, do you?" Tracy asked, squeezing her brother's balls gently. "Sometimes when she doesn't feel well, she won't tell anyone."

"I don't think she's sick," Paul replied, sitting on the floor and leaning back. "I think she found out Dad is fucking his secretary. I think that bothers her."

"Why should it bother her?"

"Some women get jealous, you know."

"Not Mom," Tracy replied. "She wouldn't be jealous over that. She's too smart."

"I don't know about that," Paul said.

Tracy giggled. "Why don't you let her play with your cock, Paul. Maybe that's what she needs ... a good hard cock up her cunt."

Susan turned and left as quietly as she could. Her pussy was twitching crazily, and she was afraid her heavy breathing would be heard by her children. As she entered the house, she took her purse and the keys to her car.

On the highway, she thought of many things. She knew she was not jealous of Ann. She didn't care about Raymond fucking his secretary. Raymond loved sex, just as she did. It seemed, too, that her children loved sex just as much as she and Raymond did. Sex, to Susan, was something totally separated from love. Sex could be performed anywhere, with anyone. Love was an e



motion of need, too, but of a different need. A physical need such as sex could be denied for a long time, although it was not healthy. An emotional need was something a person required for mental stability.

Why she could not get over this feeling of not being needed by her family, she could not understand. There was no real need to feel that way, she knew, yet she could not help it.

Susan drove all the way to the next town, and before she knew it, she had pulled into the same motel she had stopped at before. The young man was working in the shrubbery again. Susan paid with a check for a room, then parked the car. She entered the room, wondering why she was there. She sprawled on the bed and thought, but there were no answers.

It was dark when Susan realized she had not brought so much as a toothbrush with her. She sat up, turning on the light, and then searched her purse. She had about forty dollars. She went out and drove to a small drugstore, where she purchased a toothbrush and paste. She thought of finding a store to buy panties, but decided she could go without panties for a day, at least.

She had left home that afternoon wearing a summer frock, a pair of panties and nothing else except her sandals. She really didn't need anything else at the moment. She did buy a brush and comb for her hair, however. What little makeup she wore was inside her purse.

She drove back to the motel, and it was after eight in the evening when she arrived. She parked and entered the room. She undressed and showered, her thoughts tumbling in confusion through her mind. She wondered what Raymond and the children would think when she was not there to prepare their dinner. Would they wonder where she was? Would they even care? She didn't think they would.

Naked, she lay back on the bed.

At nine o'clock, there was a soft knock on the door.

"Who is it?" she called.

"Lover boy."

Susan recognized the voice of the young man. She got up and, wrapping a huge towel around her naked body, opened the door. "What do you want?" she asked.

"I saw you check in," the smirking boy said. "I thought you wanted more of the same."

Susan thought about that. Then, with a wide grin, she opened the door. "Come in."

The muscular boy entered the room, going straight to the bed, and he began taking off his shoes. Susan leaned against the door, watching him. "You don't waste any time, do you?" she said.

"Hell, lady," he snorted. "Why fuck around? You know why you came back, and so do I. Come on, drop the towel and get in bed."

For a moment, anger flared in Susan. "Real macho, aren't you?"

"Do you want to fuck or not, lady?"

"You could be a little more considerate, you know."

"Fuck that shit," the man smirked. "Consideration has nothing to do with it. Either you've got a hot cunt or you don't. That's all there is to it. Either you want to get fucked or you don't. Make up your mind, lady. There's a nice little piece down the way if you don't want my cock."

Susan let the towel drop from her body. Nakedly, she went to the bed, sitting down on it as the boy lay back. His cock was stirring, starting to get hard. She took it in her hand and began to stroke it, her other hand on his balls.

"You know what I'd like, lady?" the boy said, his hands behind his head. "I'd like a nice, hot blow-job."

"Do you always get what you want?" Susan asked, irritated by his demanding manner.

"Most of the time," he said. "Hell, what one cunt won't do for me, another one will. Now, the little cunt down the way, she's a real good cock-sucker. She can suck my cock until it draws my asshole up."

"Why don't you go there, then?"

"I thought I'd find out if you were a good cock-sucker," he said. "I know you're a good fuck. Let's see how good you are sucking a cock."

Susan pumped on his hard prick, looking at it. She wouldn't mind sucking him off at all. She had always loved sucking cock, and she had certainly loved sucking that teenage kid off she had picked up so long ago. She had always thoroughly enjoyed sucking off Raymond's cock, too. But it didn't seem as if he wanted her any more. Maybe, she thought as she jerked this boy's cock, Ann sucked his cock better than she. Maybe she had a special way that Raymond preferred.

She leaned over the boy's prick, her face close to it. She rubbed the dripping head across her lips. Then, she felt the boy's hand on the back of her head. Suddenly, he pressed down as he arched his hips up. The thick cock stabbed into her mouth, going deep into her throat.

Susan choked, and her breath was cut off. She struggled to raise her mouth off his cock, but he held her tightly.

"Suck me, bitch!" he growled at her. "Suck my fucking cock off! You goddamn cunts, coming around, wanting cock all the time. But think you're too fucking good to suck a working man's cock off! Suck me, goddamn you, suck my cock!"

Susan fought, trying to pull away, but he was far stronger than her. Hardly able to breathe, she began to suck him as best she could. Maybe she could make him come quickly and get it over with.

"That's better," the boy said, relaxing his grip on her head. "That's the way, cock-sucker! You just suck that big prick of mine, and we'll get along fine."

Susan sucked him, gliding her lips up and down his throbbing prick, her tongue swirling. His cock was thick, stretching her lips painfully. There was not much room inside her mouth to lick, but she did the best she could.

"Okay, bitch, that's enough for now," the boy said, pushing her away. "I'm not ready to come yet."

Susan looked at him. She was not really afraid, but she didn't like this dominating manner he had. She liked her sex mutually agreeable, each taking enjoyment from the other. This was almost degrading, she felt. She lay back and the boy began to fondle her firm tits, pulling her nipples painfully. Susan winced, but did not cry out. When he began to pinch her pussy, bruising her tender cunt-lips and punishing her clit, she clenched her teeth to keep from crying out.

Maybe this was the effect she had on people, she thought. Maybe people didn't care enough about her to be tender and gentle. No one wanted her, especially her own family, she thought.

Maybe this is all I'm good for, this humiliation, this degradation. Maybe I'm just a gutter-slut, not good for anything else. Maybe I deserve what I get.

She yelped in pain as the boy pinched her clit brutally. Then he laughed when she cried out.

"You like that, cunt?" he asked, pulling the hairy lips of her pussy wide apart. "You like a little pain, don't you? You fucking cunts are all the same. Pretend to be such uppity, high society broads, but when it comes down to the wire, you really like being treated like sh

it."

Susan didn't answer. She simply lay there and let the boy do whatever he wanted with her. She could feel him digging into her cunt harshly, not caring if he hurt her. She felt him spread her thighs wide, then watched him drop his face to her pussy. His teeth nipped her clit, then bit at her puffy, sensitive cunt-lips. Again Susan cried out, softly, with pain. It was not at all exciting to her. It hurt, and she could feel no arousal, no passion.

"Turn over, cunt!" the boy demanded. "Turn over on your stomach."

Susan felt his hands turning her, then she was on her belly. She cradled her head in her arms as the boy began manipulating her asscheeks, his fingers digging into her creamy ass brutally.

"You've got one fine ass, lady," he said. "It's one pretty ass."

She felt him pull her asscheeks apart. Then his finger was rubbing at her tight asshole. Susan squirmed to get away. "No, don't!" she said. "Don't touch me there!"

"Why not, bitch?" he growled. "It's just another hole to fuck, that's all."

"No! I've never had it there," she protested, trying to turn from him. "I've never been fucked in the ass before! Fuck me, but in my pussy!"

"Shit," the boy snorted, pressing a finger against the constriction of her asshole. "There isn't any woman alive that's never had it up the ass. Don't try to con me, lady. With an ass as pretty as yours, you've had a cock up there often enough."

"No! It's the truth! I've never been fucked in the ass before! Please, believe me! I don't want that ... fuck my cunt, please!"

"I'd rather have this ass," he said firmly.

Susan felt his finger slip into her asshole, and she stifled a scream. She wiggled about, trying to dislodge his finger, but her movements served only to help him.

Then she felt him move on top of her, still holding her asscheeks wide apart. She felt the rubbery head of his cock against the tight hole there, and she braced herself for the burning pain she knew would soon come. She felt him press down against her, felt her asshole resisting the penetration.

Then he was inside her asshole.

Susan, with tears burning her eyes, clenched her teeth as fiery pain filled her. She felt as if she were being torn apart, that her asshole would be injured beyond repair.

The boy began pumping now, driving his cock in and out of her stretched asshole, fucking her vigorously, snorting and breathing hard. She felt the wiry hairs of his cock brush the sensitive cheeks of her ass, felt his balls banging down against her cunt. For a little while longer, the burning pain stayed with her, and she was reminded how it felt when Raymond fucked her that first time, many years ago. Now, she was no longer a virgin in any of her holes.

The pain began to leave, and she was surprised to find some pleasure in being fucked up her ass. It did not feel as good as in her pussy, but at least there was no more pain. She began to respond a bit to him, working her ass up to meet his thrusts. She shoved one hand underneath her body and began to agitate her clit, and this made it feel better for her.

"That's it, lady," the boy snorted. "Wiggle that ass for me! I told you, didn't I? You love it up this sweet, tight ass! Don't tell me you've never had a cock in this tight asshole before! You love it, baby!"

"Shut up!" Susan snapped, thrusting her ass up and down as she twisted at her clit with her fingers. "Just shut the fuck up, will you?"

The boy laughed, stabbing his cock vigorously into her stretched asshole. He was fucki

ng her harshly now, swiftly and brutally. Susan tweaked and pinched at her clit, and it helped to make this better for her.

It seemed to Susan that his cock became larger than ever up her asshole. She could feel it throb, even. It stretched her asshole wide, and she was certain his cock went all the way into her stomach. She felt his groin battering her smooth asscheeks, and hoped she would not be bruised. Lifting her ass up a bit, she eased some of his weight from her body. But the position enabled the boy to fuck deeper yet into her ass.

"Good! Damn, lady, you've got a good, hot ass!" the boy snorted loudly. "A damn fine ass! This is some good fucking, baby!"

"Shut up!" Susan snapped again. "Why don't you just shut the fuck up and get it over with!"

He laughed again, and began fucking into her in a frenzy. He pulled her hips upward until she had her knees under her belly, her naked ass more vulnerable to his stabbing cock. She felt him dig his fingers into her hips as he banged in and out. She squeezed her clit between her thumb and finger, and with that pleasure, it eased what lingering pain she felt in her asshole.

"Oh, tight!" the boy yelped. "Tight ass, lady! You've got one tight asshole! Oh, shit, I'm gonna come! I'm gonna come in this hot ass, baby! I'm gonna fill this tight asshole with my cum!"

Susan felt his cock swell even more inside her asshole, then it throbbed, jerking, sending cum up her ass. She thought she could feel him coming in her, feel his jism splatter inside her. It was crazy, she knew, but she was sure she could feel it. She waved her naked ass about, agitating her clit wildly, but she couldn't make herself come.

She felt the boy pull away, felt his cock pull free of her asshole, and she slumped to the bed. There were tears in her eyes again, but this time they were tears of frustration. She had wanted to come, too, and failed.

She did not know when the boy left her.

She lay on the bed, naked, bruised, feeling degraded and humiliated. It had not been good for her, had not been enjoyable at all. It was the first time in her life she had not enjoyed sex.

Again, she thought she was good for nothing but being used, abused. Her husband didn't want her any more--he had his secretary. Her two teenage children had no further need of her--they had grown up. She felt useless, abandoned, thrown away. She sobbed most of the night away, wondering what had happened, where had she gone wrong. She wondered why no one wanted her any longer. She knew she was still beautiful, still had a fantastic body, still loved sex. So why had she been thrown away like some rag doll? It didn't make sense to her.

She had no meaning to her life now, she felt.

## Chapter 5

It was late morning when Susan woke up. For a long moment she was disoriented. She was in a strange room, not her own. There was a dull ache in her asshole--and then it came back to her.

She swung her legs over the edge of the bed and moved gingerly to the shower. She adjusted the spray and spent a long time scrubbing herself. She felt soiled, dirtied beyond ever being clean again.

She towed and brushed her hair, then she brushed her teeth. She slipped on her dress, balling her panties up and shoving them into her purse. There was a gnawing hunger in her stomach, and she left the room and drove to a small cafe for breakfast. She sipped coffee and smoked after eating. Again she felt that deep loneliness. She missed her home, her family.

She considered returning home, but only fleetingly. They didn't want her, and she had no place to go. There were no relatives that she knew of. Her parents had been killed a few years ago in a car crash. She had no one left in the world.

Miserable, lonely, feeling rejected and unloved, Susan returned to the motel. She considered buying a bottle of whiskey and getting drunk, but that would be no answer. She would only become sick, feel worse than ever. Inside her room, she lay down on the bed again.

There was a soft knock on the door. "Who is it?" she called.

"Lover boy."

"Go away," she said.

"Hey, baby," he called. "What's wrong? Didn't you have a good time last night? Come on, open the door."

"Go away!"

"Baby, I've got a nice hard-on here, just for you."

"Go fuck yourself with it!" she shouted. "Just go away and leave me alone!"

She heard him leave, and she breathed a sigh. She didn't want any more to do with him. She glanced at her wristwatch and saw it was almost noon. She had to make a decision soon--stay here or go find another place. But where could she go? One motel was as good as the next. She had no close friends to go to, no one to talk to. Alone in the world, lost in confused thoughts, not wanted, she didn't know what to do.

A few minutes before noon, there was another knock on her door.

"I said go away!" she yelled, angrily. "Go away and leave me alone, damn you!"

"Susan? Are you in there, Susan?"

Sudden panic filled her. That was Raymond's voice!

"Open the door, Susan," her husband called softly.

She sat upright on the bed, looking around, fear in her eyes. There was no place to hide, no place to run. But why did she want to escape?

"Susan, open the door, please," Raymond called again.

She didn't reply.

"Mom? Mom, what's wrong?"

Susan heard the voice of her daughter, and she felt tears spring into her eyes. She wanted desperately to open the door, to hold her husband and daughter tightly in her arms, but they didn't want her.

"Susan," Raymond called, his voice firm, but concerned, "if you don't open the door, I'll have the manager let us in."

On shaky legs, she went to the door and unbolted it. The door swung open, and Raymond rushed in. He gathered Susan in his arms as Tracy came in behind him.

"Why did you run away, Susan?" Raymond asked, stroking her back tenderly, nuzzling into her neck.

Susan began to cry, burying her face against his chest. The man-scent of him thrilled her, and she loved him desperately. He was so familiar to her, and she wanted him.

"Mom, what's wrong?" Tracy said, standing near them. "Come on, tell us what it is."

Susan reached out and pulled her daughter closer, hugging her husband and daughter tightly, sobbing loudly and miserably.

"Tracy, drive your mother's car home, please," Raymond said.

"But, Dad..."

"Go on, honey," he urged. "We'll be home in a little while."

Susan heard her daughter leave, and she pulled away from Raymond and sat on the bed, wringing her hands, not looking at him. Raymond sat down beside her, his arm affectionately on her shoulder.

"Susan, talk to me," he urged. "Tell me what it is. Whatever it is, we can work it out, but you've got to tell me."

"Oh, Raymond," Susan said, her voice filled with emotion. "I don't know! I just don't know! Maybe I'm going crazy."

"I doubt that," he replied, caressing her shoulder. "I realize something is bothering you, but you aren't going crazy."

"Raymond, oh, Raymond!" she sobbed.

He shoved her gently to the bed, then stretched out beside her. He cradled her in his arms, letting her cry it out, waiting until she was ready to talk to him.

"I'm so confused," she said, finally, sniffing. "I don't understand myself, darling. I just don't understand anything at all."

"Tell me, maybe we can both understand."

"I ... I know about Ann," she blubbered. "I came to the office one day, and I heard you in there with her."

"Oh, Christ!" he said. "I thought it was something like that. Oh, baby, baby! I'm sorry ... I won't ever do it again."

"And ... and that night when you didn't come home, or even call me, I knew you were out with her."

"I remember that night," he said, holding her tightly. "I wasn't with Ann, Susan. I was with a client and we worked late into the morning. Oh, God ... I should have called."

"I feel so useless, Raymond."

"I'll fire Ann," he said. "I'll fire her this afternoon. I should not have let it happen."

"Oh, you darling," Susan said. "It isn't that at all. I don't give a damn about you fucking Ann once in a while."

"You don't?" Raymond asked, surprised. "You don't care?"

"Of course not," Susan smiled. "A piece of ass isn't love, not real love. I know how horny you are, darling. I was hurt because you stopped coming to me, stopped wanting me."

"Stopped wanting you? Susan, what do you mean? I've never stopped wanting you."

"But ... you haven't fucked me in weeks, Raymond."

Understanding registered in his eyes. "You're right, baby, I haven't. But I've worked so damned hard lately. I have this new client; it means a great deal to us. I've been working so damned hard, I've forgotten your needs. It won't happen again, Susan. Fuck the client!"

"That depends on if its a female or male," she smiled again. "Fuck the client if it's a woman, but save some of that cock for me, you hear!"

"Oh, baby, baby!" He hugged her tightly, kissing her cheeks and neck, finding her lips and pressing against her hard.

His hands moved about her body, stroking her. Susan felt her passion swell, and she began to writhe and squirm against him. When his hands caressed her ass, she pressed her pussy against his cock, thrilled to find his prick becoming deliciously hard. She wormed her hand between their bodies and grasped his cock. She squeezed it hard.

"I love this cock, darling," she murmured into his ear. "I love it so much!"

He pulled her dress up and clutched a cheek of her ass. "Hmmm, no panties, huh? Been expecting some stud to walk in here?"

"You're my stud," she replied.

"I'm glad to hear that," he grinned at her. "And right now I'd love to be your cuntlicker, if you don't mind. I'd love to get my mouth and tongue on your sweet pussy, Susan, and lick you good."

She flipped onto her back, pulling her skirt to her waist and spreading her thighs. "Start licking, darling."

Raymond scooted to the end of the bed, settling himself between her long, creamy thighs. He gazed at his wife's hairy cunt, seeing the glistening tip of her swollen clit. He ran his hands up and down the inside surface of her smooth thighs, where he knew she was the most sensitive. Susan shivered and cooed with pleasure as he felt her thighs. She pulled a pillow underneath her head and watched down her body as he began to lick at her legs, his tongue going from one dimpled knee to her crotch. He swirled his tongue into the curling hairs of her cunt, then down the other thigh. He held her hips as he kissed and licked her flesh, caressing her.

He finally pressed his lips to her moist, bushy pussy and kissed it hotly. Susan writhed against his face as he kissed all about her puffy cunt-lips, the cheeks of her ass, then began to lick each pussy-lip in turn. He swirled his tongue about her swollen clit, nipped at it gently with his lips. Susan slipped her hands down, pulling her cunt wide for him.

"Inside, darling," she urged. "Stick your tongue inside me! Ohhh, I want you to tongue-fuck my cunt, darling! I want you to fuck me with your tongue, please, please! Ohhhh, Raymond, eat my pussy! Suck my cunt!"

She arched her hips high, squeezing his face with her hot, smooth thighs as he licked and sucked her twat. Susan clawed at his head, grinding her cunt into his face furiously, her vision blurred with intense ecstasy. Raymond ran his hands underneath her uplifted ass, clutching a firm cheek in each palm. He squeezed her ass as he licked and tongued her boiling cunt.

He drove his tongue deep into the slippery tightness of her pussy, thrust it in and out, wiggled it about. He pulled his tongue out, licked it up her twat to her explosive clit. He swirled his tongue about her clit as he sucked vigorously. Susan shivered and shook with pleasure, her mind reeling.

Moist sounds of licking and sucking filled the room, sounds she loved to hear. Her blood was boiling like never before. She rolled and twisted her cunt hard into his face, whimpering and groaning as ecstasy flooded her pussy.

"Ohhhh, oooooo!" she mewled. "Eat me, darling! Eat my hot fucking cunt! Tongue it ... lick it! Oh, God ... I'm hot, so fucking hot! Suck me ... eat my pussy! Oh, Raymond, Raymond! It's good ... so fucking good!"

His tongue flew in and out of her clinging twat, fucking back and forth, then up to her burning clit. His fingers dug into her firm asscheeks, holding her up to his mouth. The hairs of her pussy tickled his nose, and he looked up at her passion-filled face and eyes.

Susan's ass gyrated furiously now, grinding frantically against his face. "Ohhh, Raymond! I love it, love it! Eat me, darling! Oh, eat my hot cunt! Ohhhh, I'm about to come, Raymond! Shove your tongue in my pussy ... fuck me with your tongue!"

Raymond stabbed his tongue deep into his wife's steamy cunt, trusting it back and forth. He could feel the spasms of it when she came.

"Oh, oh, oh!" Susan cried out loudly. "I'm coming! Oh, God, I'm coming!"

Raymond tongue-fucked her furiously as she came, hanging on to her thrashing hips, holding her ass tightly. When she slumped to the bed, he released her and crawled up beside her. He wrapped his arms about her, kissing her hard on the lips. Susan stabbed her tongue into her husband's mouth, shivering as he sucked at it.

"Come back home, Susan," he murmured when they pulled apart. "Come back home where you belong."

"I will. Oh, I will!" she sighed, happily. "Oh, darling, I've been so confused, so wrong! I'm sorry."

"There isn't anything to be sorry for," he said. "We've learned something. Now we can correct it. I love you, Susan. I don't ever want to lose you."

"Nor do I want to lose you, Raymond."

"I'll fire Ann, the first thing in the morning," he said. "I'll find a male secretary. I won't look at another woman, ever again."

"You will not fire Ann, Raymond," Susan replied, stroking his throbbing hard cock. "You'll keep her. She's a good secretary. No, you won't fire her."

"But I thought..."

"You didn't hear what I said," Susan said. "I don't mind you fucking her. Fuck her when you get a hard-on. She's a beautiful woman. I couldn't have found a better piece for you."

"You really don't mind?"

"Of course not," she laughed. "Fucking isn't love, and you damn well know it. Go fuck all you want, but just make sure you take care of my hot pussy, buster, or I'll cut that cock off and shove it up your ass!"

He laughed, hugging her tightly. "Let's go home, Susan."

"Not right now," she said, pumping on his cock. "I'm not going to let you get away with this beautiful hard-on."

"What do you propose to do with it?"

"I'm going to suck it, that's what I'm going to do with it."

She turned onto her back, pulling at him. "Get on top of me, darling. Get on top of me and stick that lovely prick in my mouth."

Raymond twisted around as he threw one leg over her head. He began licking again at her cunt as she kissed at his cock and his dangling balls. He gripped the cheeks of her ass in his hands, lifting her pussy to his mouth.

"Mmmmm, good!" Susan murmured as she kissed and licked at his cock and balls. "You're delicious, darling! I love this big cock of yours, those hairy balls. I'm going to suck you off good! Make you come in my mouth! Oooooo, right now!"

She opened her mouth wide and pulled his cock into her wet, hot mouth. His balls dangled above her eyes, and she gripped the cheeks of his ass as she began to move her head up and down, sucking him. The heat of his cock, the hardness of it, the way it throbbed so powerfully



, filled her with ecstasy. She swirled her tongue about it wildly, moaning softly with pleasure. She writhed her pussy into his face, feeling his tongue lapping at her throbbing clit.

She began to urge him to pump up and down, to fuck her in her devouring mouth. Raymond thrust up and down, sliding his hard prick between her lips as she sucked and licked his cock. He was careful not to penetrate too far, careful not to choke her. But Susan wasn't worried about that. She struggled to take it all, loving the way his balls brushed against her forehead. Susan shuddered with total ecstasy as she sucked his cock, thrilled almost mindlessly to be sucking him again.

She cupped his asscheeks tightly, her fingers near his tight asshole. She urged him to fuck faster and deeper into her mouth, and she whipped her pussy harshly against his lips.

She squirmed her ass about in his clutching hands, and felt a ripple of delight shoot through her when one of his fingers brushed at her puckered asshole. She wanted to tell Raymond to stick a finger up her ass, but at the same time didn't want to lose that sweet, hard cock in her mouth.

She devoured his prick with relish, mewling softly and passionately as he fucked up and down, banging his hairy balls on her forehead. She clung to his cock with her hot, wet lips, her tongue flying about his piss-hole. He was dripping pre-cum into her mouth, and she swallowed often, loving the taste. She waited with a racing heart for him to spew into her mouth, wanting his cum to splash over her tongue, to flow down her throat and into her stomach. When she felt him jerk inside her mouth, she knew he was ready.

With her hot lips clinging to his cock, she tasted the first spurt of his jism on her tongue--and she went wild with ecstasy. As she swallowed and sucked, she pressed a finger against his tight asshole, and it went in. She thrust her finger in and out of his asshole, fucking him there as he squirted into her mouth. She could hear her husband groan with pleasure, and she erupted with a powerful orgasm that almost shattered her senses.

They slumped together, breathing hard.

Finally, they stirred. Susan twisted about on the bed, her dress rumpled around her waist. She kissed her husband long and hard.

"It's time to go home," she whispered.

## Chapter 6

Two weeks later, Susan was as happy as she could possibly be. Raymond spent more time with her, loving her, caring for her. Even Tracy and Paul were giving her a great deal of attention. Since it was summer vacation from school, they were around the house more often than not. They helped with the chores, never bickering with her.

One morning, while still in bed, lazily thinking how wonderful her family was, she heard a soft knock on the door.

"Yes?" she called.

"Coffee, Mom," her daughter called out.

Susan smiled as she told Tracy to come in. Tracy entered the bedroom, carrying a small tray with a steaming pot of coffee, sugar and cream. There were two cups on the tray.

"I thought we'd have coffee together, Mom," Tracy said, sitting on the edge of the bed and placing the tray on the night table.

"You don't mind, do you?"

Susan placed two pillows behind her back, and she sat up carefully holding the sheet over her tits. Tracy shifted about on the bed until she sat cross-legged, facing her mother. She poured two cups, adding cream and sugar to her own. Susan drank her coffee black.

Susan sipped her coffee, looking at Tracy. Her daughter had not dressed yet, and was still wearing one of her gowns. Susan could actually see the bold thrust of Tracy's tits with those dark pink nipples, rubbery hard, pressing at the thin material. Her eyes moved from those sweet tits down to Tracy's long, smooth, creamy thighs. The thin panties that matched the gown concealed nothing. The shadow of her daughter's cunt-hair was very obvious. Susan noticed a few strands curling from her tight crotch, and was surprised to find her own pussy twitch slightly.

She remembered watching Tracy and Paul jerk off in front of each other, remembering them doing it to one another--and her cunt pulsed exquisitely. She pressed her thighs together tightly, her eyes almost unfocused with the sudden pleasure that rippled through her pussy.

Tracy was such a beautiful, sweet-looking girl. Susan could see very well the sexuality in her daughter. It showed in Tracy's eyes, her very movements. It was surprising to her that Tracy was almost eighteen and not yet fucked. Especially with her erotic nature. It was also surprising that Susan was feeling so aroused just by looking at her daughter in the intimate bedroom setting. Susan wondered, fleetingly, if sexuality could be inherited. If that were so, then Tracy and Paul should be very sexual, considering their parents.

Tracy gazed steadily at her mother, watching her eyes as if she could see what Susan was thinking. Susan felt herself actually blushing slightly, and turned her face away.

"Mother," Tracy said at last, "would you care to talk about it?"

"Talk about what, Tracy?"

"Whatever it is bothering you."

"But, darling, there isn't anything bothering me."

Tracy was silent for a while, but continued looking directly at her mother. Susan felt her face grow warm again. "Tracy, please, I don't have anything bothering me."

"Okay, Mom, if you say so," Tracy replied. She got up from the bed and walked toward the dresser. She began arranging her mother's perfumes and assorted things. Susan looked at her daughter's back, seeing the sweet swell of her delicious ass, the smoothness of her thighs. The gown did not quite cover up the cheeks of her pretty ass, and Susan could see the whiteness of those cheeks against the tan of her thighs.

Without knocking, the bedroom door opened and Paul walked in, carrying his cup of coffee.

"Family reunion?" he asked, giving his mother a wide smile.

The first thing Susan noticed about her son was that he was wearing a robe, and the second thing she noticed was that his cock appeared to be almost hard. He sat down on the edge of his mother's bed, and Susan scooted away quickly. His thigh had contacted hers beneath the sheet.

Tracy came around and sat on the other side of the bed. Susan had the strangest feeling of being caught and trapped between them. There was no feeling of a threat, but a definite one of tingling tension, a pleasant kind of tension. She sensed her nipples hardening beneath the sheet, and wished she had a gown on, instead of being naked.

She saw her children look at each other, then they smiled. Tracy gave a slight nod, and then they were on her.

"Hey, now!" Susan screamed as they grabbed her and started wrestling. She was caught between them and they had her flat on the bed, tickling her ribs. She began laughing uncontrollably as she fought them playfully. She felt a hand brush one of her tits, and an electric thrill went through her. There was a hand brushing at her thigh, then her ass. She didn't know whose hand it was, but the feeling she felt was very good. She began to wrestle back at them, and her hand accidentally came in contact with her son's cock. There was no doubt now in her mind that he was hard--his cock was throbbing very powerfully against her hand. Jerking her hand away, she found it against her daughter's sweet tit. Again she jerked her hand away, and they b

oth jumped on top, laughing as they tickled her. The sheet slipped, and Susan found one of her shapely tits exposed for a moment before she could cover it up. She had also caught her son's eyes on her hard nipple.

Susan's cunt was wet and pulsating, her nipples very erect. Through her laughter, she noticed that her daughter's tits were hard, too. Her daughter's thighs flashed. The crotch of her sheer panties was revealed. Her son's cock was briefly exposed. She started to say something about this, to stop it. Then she thought, what's the difference? They've seen and done things to each other already. They wouldn't listen to her anyway.

Finally the wrestling and tickling stopped, and they all breathed heavily from their exertions. Tracy sat with her legs crossed again, and her panties were fully exposed. Her son, sitting on the other side of her, was quite careless. Susan noticed, from the corner of her eye, that she could see his balls if she moved her head slightly. Her whole body was tingling crazily, a good tingling. She moved her head to one side and tried to look at her son's balls without being noticed. Her palm itched, and she found herself wanting very much to reach out and caress those hairy balls.

"That made me thirsty," Tracy said. "I've had too much coffee. I need water."

"Me, too," Paul laughed.

Susan watched them slip from the bed and start toward the door. Just before they left, she saw Paul slap his sister's ass playfully, heard Tracy giggle as she wiggled her ass in a saucy manner.

Getting out of bed, Susan went into the bathroom and showered. Her flesh tingled deliciously as she soaped herself, her pussy throbbing. Getting out of the shower, she found a thin blouse, and without a bra, slipped it on. The bulge of her tits could be seen through the arms of the blouse. She then zipped on an out-of-style mini-skirt and heels. She was on her way downstairs before she remembered she had not put on panties. With a soft giggle, she continued on down.

Tracy and Paul were at the dining room table, with milk before them. They had not dressed, and when Susan entered, she could feel something in the air, something she could not define or understand. The sensation was a pleasant one, though.

"Aren't you two going to shower this morning?" she asked.

"We're going swimming," Tracy said.

"I may just join you," Susan replied, getting herself another cup of coffee.

Taking her coffee, she went into the family room and found a cigarette. She sat down in the lounge chair, shoving it back as she smoked. Paul and Tracy came in a few minutes later, still not dressed. She noticed her son pause as he came in, looking at her. Susan immediately understood. She was sitting facing him, and with her feet up, spread apart, her son was looking directly at her cunt. A warm flush came over her face and she started to close her thighs and shove the chair to its sitting position. But she stopped, thinking, what does it matter now?

Her eyes dropped to the front of his robe, and saw the way his cock stood out against it. Somehow she felt pleased to know he had this hard-on from seeing her cunt. Tracy, too, saw her brother's hard-on, and she giggled softly. She turned and wiggled her pretty ass. "I'm going to change into my suit," she announced, and ran off.

For a while longer, Paul stood there, looking under his mother's skirt, seeing her hairy cunt. His cock had swelled up so much, it suddenly poked from his robe. Susan's eyes went wide as she found herself gazing directly at Paul's hard prick.

Susan's body trembled, tingling so good she thought she was about to come. She pressed her hand into her lap, hard against her pussy, closing her eyes with the vision of Paul's cock in her mind. Finally she got up and rinsed her cup out, then went back upstairs to get into her own swimming suit.

She was bending over the bed, straightening it, when she felt eyes on her. She looked over her shoulder and saw her son standing in the doorway. He was still in his robe, but his cock was fully exposed, still hard. Susan knew that from her position, her son could see the creamy cheeks of her ass and the pooching of her cunt past her thighs. She shivered as she looked at him, and then shivered again when Paul moved into the room and started toward her, his eyes fixed upon the revealed creaminess of her ass.

Susan felt rooted to the spot, unable to move as she watched over her shoulder. Knowing what he could see made her flush, but with an anticipating pleasure of warmth.

Paul stopped behind her, and Susan felt his hands on the backs of her thighs, sliding about, caressing, feeling.

"Paul, please ..." she murmured in a thick voice, not certain what she was going to say. His hands on her flesh sent chills of delight racing up and down her spine. Leaning on the bed, she let her son's hands move up her thighs to the cheeks of her ass. She felt him feeling her ass, his fingers pressing and squeezing her firm cheeks. She felt his finger slide up and down the crack of her ass, over her asshole, then down. She quivered again as her son cupped her cunt lightly, then applied pressure.

"Oooohhh," Susan moaned softly. "Oh, Paul, please!"

But he didn't reply. Instead, Susan felt him slip one of his fingers into her slippery, hot pussy. For a moment he held it there, not moving, then he started thrusting it in and out. Susan could not be still. She began to sway her ass to and fro, working it with his plunging finger. She felt him slide her skirt over her ass to her waist, revealing the whole of her ass to his hot eyes and hands.

"Mom, oh, Mom!" Paul groaned.

Without thinking of what she was doing, but moving automatically, she slipped her right hand through her thighs and gripped his hard cock. She squeezed it tightly, then began to jerk back and forth, feeling his swollen, dripping cock-head brushing the backs of her thighs and the hot cheeks of her ass.

"Ohhhhh, Paul! Oh, darling Paul," she whimpered as she jacked on his cock. "I shouldn't ... we must not ... ohhhh!"

Then, Susan brought the swollen head of her son's cock against the puffy, hairy lips of her burning cunt. She brushed it about those wet lips, over her distended clit, moaning loudly with pleasure. Paul's hands had left her cunt and were no longer holding the cheeks of her ass as she jacked his cock.

She rubbed his prick along the heat of her pussy-lips, and then found she had just the head of it inside her cunt. How that happened, she wasn't sure, but it was there just the same. The feeling this gave her was tremendous. She held still, feeling his cock barely inside her twat, then Susan began to shake as she came.

"Oooohhhh! Oh ... ohhhh!" she mewled, and her ass moved backward.

For a moment Susan was startled by what she had done. She had moved her ass backward, causing her son's cock to fully enter her steaming cunt. She could feel his balls against her tight clit, the hairs of his cock tickling against her asshole. She felt her son's hands holding her hips tightly, and she glanced over her shoulder at him. His eyes were closed tightly, and the expression on his face was of pure ecstasy. She could feel his cock throbbing deep inside her puffy cunt.

"Oh, Mom, Mom!" Paul groaned as he stood, rigid, his cock buried as far as it would go into her snatch.

Susan began to work her ass then, moving it back and forth on her son's prick, fucking him. The ecstasy she felt was greater than before. She loved the way his hard prick throbbed in her twat, loved the way it filled her and stretched her pulsating cunt. She fucked him slowly at first, breathing hard with excitement. She braced herself on the bed, her head down, her ass high in the air.

"Paul, oh, God, Paul," she whimpered, wagging her ass about wildly now. "Do it, baby! Do it! Ohhhh, Paul, darling, do it to me!"

"Mom, Mom, Mom!" Paul grunted through clenched teeth.

"Come on, baby!" Susan urged wildly, tossing her exposed ass about, fucking him. "Do it! Don't worry ... don't worry about anything, just do it to me! Come on, Paul ... fuck me!"

"Mom, Mom," Paul groaned.

Then Susan felt him move, and he was fucking her. She mewled with pleasure as he began to thrust in and out of her pussy, matching her motions. She banged her naked ass back against him, rolling it about, thrilled to feel his balls banging at her swollen, tingling clit.

"Fuck me, baby!" Susan urged thickly. "Oh, God ... fuck me! Fuck me, darling ... fuck me, fuck me!"

"Oh, oh, oh!" Paul groaned, staring down at his mother's creamy ass, watching it move, seeing the way her pussy clung to his cock. "I'm doing it!"

"Yes, yes! Oh, yes, you are, darling!"

She felt his hand dig into her hips as he thrust wildly, powerfully, into her juicy cunt. Her asshole grew tight as his cock-hairs tickled it, and her pussy began to tighten around his driving prick.

"Oh, baby, baby!" Susan whimpered as she shook and twisted her ass for him. "Oh, baby! So good ... so good! Fuck me, baby, fuck mother! Oooohhh, I'm so hot ... my pussy is so hot! Fuck me, darling, fuck my pussy!"

She heard her son grunting, felt his body shaking against her creamy ass, felt his cock swell even more. She knew he would come soon, and she thrust her ass back and forth as fast as she could on his cock.

She sensed her son trying to hold back his cum, and she wanted it badly. "Don't, darling! Don't stop it! Oh, please, don't stop it! I want it! I want you to come ... come in me! Please, Paul, come in my cunt!"

Her pussy responded to the throb of his deeply buried cock, and Susan felt her second orgasm rumbling through her body. Her son gripped her hips with his hands, banging his groin hard against her naked ass--and his cock spurted into her pussy. Susan felt his jism splashing deep inside her cunt, and she came with so much force, it literally shook her from head to toe.

"I'm coming!" she screamed. "Oooohhh, I'm coming, too, Paul! Oh, God, is it good! More, baby! More! Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!"

Susan slumped to the bed on her belly, unable to keep her ass in the air. Paul came down on top of her, his cock still in her throbbing pussy. For a long time, they lay that way, breathing hard. Then she felt her son pull away, and she felt an emptiness in her pussy as his cock came free. She remained where she was, her skirt about her waist. She sensed her son standing there, looking down upon her curvy, naked ass and her spread thighs. Then she heard him leave the room.

Strangely, Susan felt no guilt or shame. She felt a sense of delight, of ecstasy. It was as one of the best fucks she had ever had, she felt, and with startling clarity, she realized that she had been wanting her son to fuck her for a very long time. Maybe that was why she had picked up that young hitchhiker and gone to that motel and allowed that young man to fuck her. Maybe, she thought, they were substitutes for her son.

It was too much for Susan to dwell upon, and she didn't want to try and figure it out. All she wanted to do was lie there, glowing with pleasure, her son's cum dripping from her thoroughly fucked pussy.

From her open bedroom window, she could hear Tracy and Paul in the pool. She slowly stood up, her legs still shaking, and went to the window and looked down at them. She watched her son, feeling very affectionate toward him now. She stood and watched her children play in the pool, then found her bikini. She pulled it on and went downstairs and out into the back yard. She sat in a pool chair and watched them, love glowing in her eyes.

Paul, she noticed, was bolder with his sister now. He would deliberately grab for her tits, or her ass, and Tracy would squeal, swimming away from him with a quick glance at her mother. Susan wondered if Paul felt it was okay for him to feel his sister up now that he had fucked his mother. They didn't know, of course, that she had seen them feeling each other before. At least, she didn't think they knew. Maybe, she thought, Paul felt that his fucking of his mother was a silent permission for him to play with his sister in her presence.

Susan wondered about that. She had already allowed Paul to fuck her, and that was incest. What he was doing with Tracy was incest, also, even if they had not actually fucked each other. Susan knew it was only a matter of time before they did fuck, however. She wondered about her feelings, and found herself anticipating her children fucking one another. Excitement bubbled up inside her at the thought.

Paul and Tracy finally got out of the pool, dripping wet. They sprawled on the lawn next to her chair, with Tracy on her belly and Paul on his back. Susan saw that her son's cock was almost hard again inside his trunks. But he made no effort to conceal it from her. She looked at her daughter's ass, seeing the sweetness of those cheeks exposed by the tiny spring between them.

Paul, deliberately looking at his mother, ran his hand over his sister's ass, then pulled it away when Tracy squealed and turned over, slapping at him. He laughed, jumped to his feet, saying: "I want a coke. Anyone else want one?"

"I do," Tracy said, sitting up.

"It's too early for me," Susan said.

They sat in silence while Paul was gone. Then Tracy lay back again, spreading her legs to the sun. Susan looked between her daughter's thighs, and was pleased to see the bulge of her cunt, the strands of hair curling from her tight crotch. She felt something she had never felt before, and shoved it from her mind swiftly.

Paul returned, and playfully tipped a cold coke over his sister's twat. The cold liquid struck her pussy and Tracy jerked upright, squealing. "Goddamn you, Paul Stone!" she shouted, then covered her mouth and shot a glance at her mother.

Susan laughed. "Yes, goddamn you, Paul Stone," she said. "Tracy, slap him in the balls."

Tracy giggled, then made a slap toward her brother's balls, but he stepped away quickly. He sat his coke down, then dove into the water.

Realizing what she had just said, Susan got up and went into the house. She went upstairs and to her bedroom, looking out the window at her children again. She saw them playing around once more, grabbing and feeling one another.

"Did you hear what Mom said?" Tracy said.

"She told me to slap you in the balls."

"Mom is okay," Paul replied.

Susan turned and lay on her bed. Thoughts tumbled through her mind, and she felt her pussy throbbing again.

## Chapter 7

Susan wasn't sure how long she lay there, with those particular thoughts in her mind.

It could not have been more than an hour, though.

"Mom, can I come in?"

Susan looked up and saw Tracy standing in the open doorway, still in her skimpy bikini.

"Sure, honey," Susan said, without moving. "Come on in."

Susan came in and sat on the bed, crossing her legs before her. She was quiet as she sat there, sliding one hand up and down her thigh. Susan watched her daughter's hand, watched it move along the creamy inner surface of her thigh and come close to her crotch. She wondered what it would feel like to caress her daughter's thigh that way--and then shoved that thought away.

"Anything wrong, darling?" Susan asked her daughter, trying to control the shakiness of her voice.

"No, nothing is wrong," Tracy said, one finger moving about the strings of her bikini. Then she blurted: "Paul told me."

Susan's heart skipped a beat. "What did Paul tell you, Tracy?"

"This morning," Tracy said. "You know, what happened."

"What happened?" Susan asked, feeling herself tremble.

"What you did ... he did, to you."

"Oh," Susan murmured, not knowing what else to say. Her eyes watched Tracy's finger as it moved along her creamy thigh, and she felt anticipation deep inside her pussy.

"That was his first time, you know," Tracy said. "He never did that before."

"Oh?" Susan said.

Tracy moved, and Susan found her daughter's knee very close to her face. Before she knew it, she had pursed her lips and had kissed Tracy's knee.

"Ohhh," Tracy murmured softly.

Susan placed her hand on Tracy's knee, feeling the softness of her daughter's flesh, and again she kissed her knee, this time longer, with moist lips. She didn't stop to think of what she was doing, only that she felt a deep, overwhelming urge to do it. As she burned hot kisses on Tracy's knee, she moved her hand upward on her slim thigh. She could feel her daughter shivering beneath her palm and lips.

"Oooooo," Tracy cooed, leaning back on her hands and watching her mother kiss and lick her knee. "That feels good!"

Encouraged, Susan ran the tip of her tongue past her knee, and onto her thigh. She wiggled her tongue about, leaving a hot trail as she licked and kissed. As her tongue went higher, so did her hand. Lifting her head, Susan began to kiss at her daughter's inner thigh hotly, breathing harshly with bubbling excitement. She watched her fingers move on the creamy thigh, watched her fingers circle the tight bikini crotch.

Tracy opened her legs as wide as she could, her eyes hot as she watched what her mother was doing. She was shaking with excitement, gasping in pleasure.

Susan ran her lips and tongue higher on her daughter's hot thigh, and when she had her face halfway up it, her hand suddenly cupped Tracy's cunt. Susan could actually feel the heat of her daughter's pussy against her hand, and it sent her mind and emotions reeling with excited anticipation. Her own pussy was boiling and she squirmed it down hard against the bed, clenching her asscheeks. She was mewling softly as she licked and kissed. She pressed her hand hard against Tracy's cunt, and felt her daughter press back.

Then Susan, with a soft groan, shoved her face directly into her daughter's crotch. She pressed her mouth there, lips open, gripping Tracy's thighs with both hands. Tracy pressed the back of her mother's head, grinding her cunt into her face, mewling with delight.

Susan began licking at the tight band of Tracy's bikini crotch, her tongue tasting the flesh of her inner thighs on each side, feeling the curling hairs with her tongue. But that wasn't enough. Susan began tugging at the tie strings at Tracy's hips, and the bikini peeled away, leaving her daughter's cunt free and exposed. Susan pulled her face away just far enough to gaze at the beauty of that lovely, hairy twat. She could see the puffy lips, the moistness of it, the glistening tip of Tracy's erect clit.

"Mom, I ... I feel so ... so hot!" Tracy said, her voice husky with emotion. "I'm not sure ... I've never done this before. I've never done anything before! Just with Paul." She suddenly shut her mouth, a tinge of pink flooding her cheeks.

Susan looked up at her daughter's face, smiling. She placed her hand high on Tracy's thigh, her fingers just touching the curling hairs. "Don't be embarrassed, darling," Susan said in a soft voice. "I know all about you and Paul."

"You ... do?"

"Of course," Susan said. "I've seen you playing with each other. And you've just said he told you about us, him fucking me."

"You aren't ... mad?"

"Of course not, baby," Susan said, sliding her hand over the sweet, puffy lips of Tracy's cunt. "If I had been mad, I would have said something when I found out."

"Oh, Mom!" Tracy said with emotion, leaning down and kissing her mother's cheek. "I'm so glad!"

"You know, I've never done anything like this before, either. You know, touching another girl. But, somehow, I feel this overpowering urge to touch you."

"I know what you feel, Mom," Tracy said, sitting upright again, leaning back, her thighs spread wide apart, her pussy deliciously revealed. "I've felt it before, too,"

"Really?"

"I've ... watched you," Tracy said, blushing. "I've wanted to ... touch you, before."

"Oh, baby!" Susan squealed, hugging Tracy's hips with her arms, her lips kissing very close to that lovely, hairy cunt.

"Are you going to ... Mom, kiss me!"

"I will, baby -- Oh, I will!"

"Oh my ... kiss me on my ..."

"On your pretty pussy?" Susan said.

"Yes! On my pussy!"

Susan laughed softly. "Lie back, darling. I'll kiss your sweet pussy."

Tracy sprawled on her back, her thighs wide, her ass lifted slightly from the bed. Susan twisted about until she was on her belly between her daughter's thighs, her face inches from that lovely cunt. She slipped her hand underneath Tracy's tight, small ass, clutching the round cheeks in her palms. Taking a deep breath, Susan pressed her lips against the hairy, wet cunt of her daughter.

"Ooooooooo!" Tracy squealed as she pressed her pussy into her mother's face, wiggling s



lightly. "That's good, Mom!"

"Mmmmmmm," Susan murmured as she moved her tongue between her cunt-lips. She tasted the heat and wetness of her daughter's pussy, and her mind whirled with pleasure. She gripped the sweet cheeks of Tracy's ass as she ran her tongue over the throbbing tip of her daughter's clit. Tracy began to whimper with passion, grinding her cunt hard into her mother's face.

"Ooooh, that's so good, Mom!" she groaned, pressing her pussy into her mother's mouth. She quickly released her bikini top and began to squeeze her own tits and pull at her rubbery nipples. "That's better than fingering myself, better than Paul finger-fucking me!"

Susan pulled her mouth away just far enough to say: "It's going to feel much better in just a little while longer, baby. I'm going to lick you ... lick your sweet little pussy! I'm going to suck it and lick it and fuck it! Ohhhh, baby!" Susan squeezed her daughter's ass tightly, her face close to the hairy twat. "I want to tongue-fuck your delicious little cunt so badly!"

"Do it, Mom!" Tracy urged hotly. "Ohh, do that! Tongue-fuck me! Lick me and suck me and tongue-fuck me! Oooooo, yes, Mom! Tongue-fuck my cunt!"

"I will! I will!"

Susan shoved her face tightly into her daughter's steaming cunt again, her tongue sliding in and out now, tasting the wet heat. Her own cunt was boiling, and she writhed wildly.

"Let me, Mom!" Tracy wailed, trying to sit up and reach for her mother. "Please, take your bikini off! Let me see ... let me feel ... let me suck your pussy, too!"

"Are you sure, baby?" Susan asked, taking off her clothes. "Are you absolutely sure you want to?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" Tracy chanted, seeing her mother's shapely tits and hairy cunt. "I want to suck your cunt, Mom!"

Eagerly, mother and daughter twisted about on the bed until Tracy was lying on top of her mother's naked, willing body. Tracy's face was above her mother's twat, and Susan spread her legs wide, lifting her ass up. She ran her hands up the thighs of her daughter until she was clutching that beautiful, round, creamy ass again. She pulled, bringing the lovely cunt to her mouth, thrilling to the way Tracy's hot thighs pressed at the sides of her head. Susan's tongue slipped out, stabbed into her daughter's twat, and she began licking and sucking hard as she tongue-fucked her.

She felt her daughter's lips and tongue move unhesitatingly against her twat, and she shivered with ecstasy when Tracy began thrusting her tongue in and out, racing it over Susan's straining clit. Tracy clutched hard at her mother's rounded ass as she sucked.

Neither realized they were being watched by Paul. He had come to the doorway, looking for them. He had been watching them for only a few moments, but long enough to make his cock strain against his trunks. He could see his sister's ass, see his mother sucking frantically at Tracy's cunt. He moved into the room until he was standing at the edge of the bed, looking down at them with excited eyes.

Both Tracy and Susan were so involved, so excited, they failed to notice Paul was with them. Susan felt herself shaking with impending orgasm, and she stabbed her tongue furiously into her daughter's tight, hot, wet cunt, striving to make her come, too.

They both squealed, grinding their cunts hard into each other's mouth. They were frantic in their ecstasy. Susan's cunt burst, and she came with a force that almost shattered her. Almost at the same time, she felt her daughter's pussy flex around her thrusting tongue, then it spasmed powerfully. Tracy slammed her pussy down hard against her mother's face as she came, wiggling her cute ass in a frenzy.

Finally, Tracy slumped down, still on top of her mother's shivering body. She continued to hold her mother's round ass, her cheek against her hairy cunt. Susan, with her lips still against her daughter's cunt, lay with total relaxation, eyes closed, letting the thrill of wh

at she had done fill her with happiness.

Then she opened her eyes.

Peering between Tracy's warm thighs, past the crack of her sweet ass, Susan's eyes stared at Paul.

"Baby," she said softly, "I think we have company."

Tracy jerked upright, twisting off her mother and sitting on the bed, looking at her brother. "Oh, you! Paul, goddamn you, don't sneak up on us that way!"

"I didn't sneak up," he said, sitting on the bed next to his mother's head. "I just walked in."

"You could at least have warned us," Tracy snapped.

"Lock the door next time," he said.

"Stop bickering, you two," Susan laughed. "Besides, what does it matter? We all know about each other, don't we? There isn't any big secret, is there?"

"Tracy is bashful," he grinned, poking at his sister's flawlessly shaped tit.

"I am not!" she snapped at him again.

"I told you two to stop teasing," Susan warned. But there was no anger in her voice, only affection for her children.

Susan lay on the bed, naked, tits arching up, her long, slender thighs wide apart. Her pussy was fully revealed to the teenagers, and she felt so good she could almost scream with joy. Having them look at her perfect body this way gave her such a glowing feeling, such a radiant sensation, she wasn't sure she could stand much more of it. The feeling she had of being looked at by them was similar to that of an approaching orgasm that was promising to be a very, very powerful one.

She looked at her son's trunks and saw the growing lump of his cock. Smiling, she ran her hand over the front of his trunks, feeling the hardness, the heat of his prick. Paul pressed his cock against her hand, grinning widely.

Tracy watched, her eyes huge and hot. Her slim, naked body shivered slightly, her nipples swelling into hardness once again. They stood out sweetly on her tits. She watched her mother caress Paul's cock and the inner surface of his thigh. Her cunt began tingling again, and her clit was also swelling, the tip peeking from the puffy, hairy lips.

"Take his trunks off, Mom," she urged in a thick, low voice. "Take his trunks off, please."

Susan looked at her daughter and saw the heat in her dark eyes. It was obvious Tracy was intensely aroused again. It made her happy to know her daughter was so easily steamed up.

"Stand up, Paul," she said softly.

Paul stood, and Susan swung around on the bed and began tugging at his tight trunks. His cock lifted free, straining into the air. Paul stepped free of them, naked as they were now. Both mother and daughter gazed at his hard-on, at his hairy balls dangling deliciously below. Paul, excited by what he had seen them doing a little earlier, gripped his cock and pumped at it slowly, the huge head dripping with pre-cum.

"You'll never have to jack off again," Susan said in a passion-laden voice, "unless you want to, of course."

"What do you mean, Mom?" he asked.

"You have me now, baby," she said, stroking his balls in her hot palm.

"And me!" Tracy giggled, sliding her hand around his and clutching at a tight asscheek .

"That's right," Susan agreed. "You have us both. You're a very lucky young man, Paul. Two eager, willing females ... any time you want."

Susan shoved his fist away from his cock and gripped his prick in her fist, stroking back and forth. Tracy took his balls and began to pull and twist them gently as her mother jack ed him. Paul's body was shaking with this attention, his cock throbbing and jerking powerfully .

"Poor baby," Susan murmured. "So hard. Such a hard cock. Mother will take care of it f or her baby. I won't let it suffer this way. Get on the bed, darling."

Paul lay on the bed, sprawled on his back, his cock straining upwards, jerking visibly . Susan crossed her legs at his right hip, still pumping slowly on his beautiful prick. Tracy moved to his side, crossing her legs. She watched her mother's fist jerk up and down Paul's co ck, watching the drops collect at the flare of his piss-hole. She again began to fondle his ba lls, one of her hands caressing up and down his trembling belly.

"What are you going to do, Mom?" Tracy asked, her voice filled with passion. "Jack him off?"

"Oh, no, darling," Susan laughed softly. "From what I understand, that's all he ever g ets. Either he jacks off or you jack him off. No, I think Paul deserves something different, s omething much better."

"Are you going to fuck him again?"

"I might," Susan said. "I loved having his cock in my pussy. It was a fantastic fuck."

"Let me, Mom!" Paul urged, arching his hips up and down. "Let me fuck you again! You'r e hot, Mom ... I mean your pussy was hot."

"My pussy is always hot, baby," she laughed.

"So is mine!" Tracy giggled. "I stay hot all the fucking time!"

"I think Paul would like ... this," Susan said, and lowered her face. She pressed her lips to the dripping head of his cock, kissing it hotly and wetly.

"Ohhhhh!" Paul groaned, his eyes huge as he looked down at her. "Yes, I do like that!"

Susan lifted her face and shot her tongue out at him in a playful gesture. "Mother alw ays knows."

"Do it again, Mom!" he yelped, straining his cock up and trying to get it against her lips.

Susan laughed at his eagerness, lowering her lips to his prick again. She kissed the w et head once, then moved her tongue out and began to lick at his throbbing, smooth head. She f luttered the tip of her tongue over the wet hole and felt her son tremble. She ran her tongue about the smooth head, licking at it gently but firmly.

Tracy, with her breathing increased, leaned low to watch. Her eyes glowed with excitem ent. She was now gripping one of her lovely tits, her fingers digging into the firm flesh.

"Suck it!" she whispered throatily. "Suck it, Mom!"

Susan glanced at her daughter's eyes, now only a foot away. "Why don't you suck it, ba by?"

"Ohh, yes!" Tracy squealed. She shoved her face close to her brother's cock and began to twirl her tongue in a frenzy about the swollen head, licking up the dripping fluids. "Mmmmm

, good!"

"You've never sucked it before?" Susan asked.

"We've only jacked off and finger-fucked," Paul replied for his sister.

"Then it's damn well time you did other things," Susan said. "Tracy, open your mouth and take his cock inside."

Tracy eagerly did as Susan asked. Her lips ovaled and stretched about the head of her brother's cock. Her eyes shone brightly with the excitement and pleasure she got from sucking cock. Her tongue moved about the head now captured between her stretching lips, and she felt her pussy twitch with ecstasy.

"Let me show you, Tracy," Susan said.

Tracy reluctantly pulled her lips off Paul's cock, her tongue licking at her lips. Susan leaned over and opened her mouth. Taking his prick at the base, she placed her mouth on his cock. She slid her lips down until she had every hard inch inside. Then she began to suck up and down slowly.

Paul was shaking violently, trying to see, but he was unable to. "Oooohhh, Mom, Mom!" he groaned. "This is good! It's as good as being in your cunt!"

"Let me!" Tracy squealed.

Susan moved away and watched as her daughter began to suck Paul's cock. Tracy sucked deeply, carefully, her eyes wide with the wonder of this new pleasure. Susan saw her daughter's enjoyment on her sweet face, and she smiled happily.

"Suck up and down, using your tongue to lick at the same time, baby," Susan instructed. "Suck hard, then soft. Twist your mouth around now and then. A boy loves being sucked off, especially if the girl loves sucking cock."

Tracy sucked hard, then soft, making mewling sounds of pleasure. Her eyes stayed wide open, filled with this new ecstasy. "Mmmmmmm! Ooommmmm!"

"Ohhh, that's good, Tracy!" Paul yelped, straining his cock up, trying to stuff it completely into his sister's mouth. "Do it faster! Suck me faster ... faster!"

Tracy began to race her mouth up and down her brother's cock, gurgling softly, her tongue flying as best it could.

Susan kept her face close, watching, so hot now she had one of her hands between her thighs and was agitating her swollen clit almost brutally.

But then Tracy lifted her mouth from Paul's cock and began to jack him hard. "My jaws get tired," she said.

"You'll learn, baby," Susan replied, shoving her mouth down and sucking furiously on her son's prick. She felt her daughter's fingers brush her lips as she sucked, still jacking his cock. She was anxious to have him come in her mouth, wanting to taste him.

But Tracy had other ideas.

"Let me suck him now, Mom!"

Susan allowed her daughter to take Paul's cock back into her mouth. She kept her face close, watching Tracy's lips glide wetly and hotly up and down his throbbing cock. From the way Paul was squirming about on the bed, Susan knew he was on the verge of coming. As much as she wanted her son to spurt into her mouth, she was willing to let Tracy have it this time. She knew there would be other times for her--many, many other times, now.

"I'm gonna come!" Paul shouted, arching his hips high into the air. "I'm gonna come! O hhhh, am I ever gonna come!"

Suddenly Tracy's eyes went wide, and she stopped sucking. Susan saw her son's cock jerk, and knew that her daughter had just gotten herself a taste of Paul's jism. Tracy suddenly jerked off Paul's cock, and a splash of his cum bubbled up. Susan quickly dropped her mouth to his prick and sucked hard, her tongue pressing at his piss-hole, tasting cum as he filled her mouth. She swallowed and gurgled as he spurted hotly into her mouth. Susan squealed around his cock as she felt her pussy convulse, and her ass shook as she came.

When there was no more jism for her, she ran her tongue over the head of his prick, then pulled her lips away. She sat back licking her lips and laughing. "You shouldn't have jerked your mouth away when he came, Tracy."

"It surprised me, that's all," Tracy said. "But it won't next time."

"I hope not," Paul said, breathing heavily. "Mom may not be around to finish it for me."

"Mom will always be around to finish it for you, now, baby," Susan said.

## Chapter 8

Raymond saw the change in his wife immediately when he came home that evening. He was pleased by her cheerful manner, her happy attitude. He kissed her, running one of his hands down her back to pat her ass.

"Steak tonight," Susan told him. "Your favorite."

"Good," he smiled at her. "I'm starved."

"Go fix yourself a drink and sit down," she said. "I'll have it ready in a few more minutes."

"Where's the brats?" he asked.

"Those brats, as you call them," she said, "are two of the most wonderful children you'll ever find. And those two sweet things are in the family room."

Raymond looked at his wife, seeing her displeasure at his calling them brats. But she wasn't angry, at least. He went into the family room, where they had a small wet bar in the corner. Paul was sprawled out on the floor, reading a book. Tracy was in the love seat, her feet pulled underneath her ass, watching an early program on television. He moved behind the bar and began mixing himself a drink. Lifting the glass to his lips, he looked at his son. He noticed that Paul was very gently pressing his hips down against the carpet. It was obvious to him that his son had a hard-on, and he was mashing it on the floor to increase the good feeling.

He glanced at Tracy, and his eyes went to her knees. Tracy was wearing a skirt he had never seen before. It was very short, he noticed. Her long, creamy thighs were exposed almost to her lap. He glanced up at her tits, and his eyes widened. He could see the dark thrust of her nipples, and knew she was not wearing a bra. He had never seen his daughter without a bra that he could recall.

Taking his drink, he sat down in his lounge chair, and he gazed at his daughter. From his position, he could see her knees and all her thighs clearly. Then he saw that from where he sat, he could see the seat of her panties, too.

Raymond reacted with a hard-on.

Tracy, with her eyes turned toward the television, but watching her father from the corner of her eye, shifted her ass on the love seat, lifting her hip. She noticed her father's eyes pop. She knew he could now see one cheek of her ass—which she wanted him to see.

"Why so quiet?" Susan said, coming into the family room. She saw how her daughter was sitting, noticed the way her husband shifted his eyes away quickly. She glanced at Raymond's lap and saw the growing lump there. She smiled and winked at her daughter.

Tracy gave a subtle wink back.

Susan sat in Raymond's lap, one arm around his neck as she took his drink and sipped from it. Her skirt came up high on her creamy thighs as she sat there, and Raymond noticed. He lifted his eyes and gazed at his wife, confusion on his face. Significantly, he tried to pull her skirt down a little, but Susan stopped him by placing her hand over his. She kissed him, darting her tongue into his mouth. She felt her husband suck on her tongue, and she pressed his hand against her thigh tightly. She squirmed her ass against him, feeling his cock throbbing now.

When she pulled her lips from his, he looked at her in total puzzlement. Susan laughed huskily and crawled from his lap, her skirt riding high on her thighs. "Dinner will be in just a moment, darling," she said, leaving the room.

Susan paused just outside the entrance to the family room, looking back in. She winked at Tracy, and Tracy gave a subtle smile. She shifted her position once again, and Susan winked at her daughter. She saw that Tracy's skirt was now high in the back, both those sweet cheeks revealed to her father. Tracy's panties were not totally sheer, but they hugged her little ass tightly, with just the white showing against her tanned thighs.

Ten minutes later, Susan called them to dinner.

There was very little conversation during dinner, and Susan noticed that Raymond was having a difficult time keeping his eyes off Tracy's tits. Everything was going just as she and her children had planned it, at least so far.

Tracy helped her mother clean up the kitchen, and then Susan suggested to her husband that they go to bed early. She asked him in such a way Raymond knew she was in the mood for some long, pleasant fucking. He was, of course, more than willing. He was always willing, but with the stimulation of his daughter, he was more than ever in the mood this night.

In the bedroom, Susan pranced about in her tight, sheer panties, her shapely tits bobbling. She posed and brushed her hair, glancing at Raymond now and then. He was on the bed, naked, his cock arching up, hard and waiting for her. Susan knew he enjoyed seeing her get ready for bed, and she usually made an erotic production of it.

Finishing with her hair, she stood at the side of the bed, one knee propped on the mattress, looking down at him, her eyes shining with love and passion.

"We've got to talk to Tracy," Raymond said, gazing at the crotch of her panties, seeing the pussy-hair through the nylon. "She's getting careless about sitting around the house."

Susan began caressing her hips and thighs, cupping her firm, shapely tits, holding them as she thumbed her sensitive, hardened nipples. "I'll talk to her, darling," she said in a soft voice.

She got onto the bed and lay beside her husband, one arm across his belly. She began to move her arm about his hard cock, feeling the heat of the swollen head brushing her flesh. "You're certainly hard tonight, Raymond," she murmured thickly. "I'm glad. I love this cock when it's so hard."

"All for you," he replied, kissing her.

"Are you sure of that?" she teased.

"Of course I am."

"Come on," she teased him, stroking his hard-on in her warm fist. "Tell the truth. You've been down there peeking at Tracy, and that made your cock hard. Admit it, Raymond."

"Tracy is my daughter, Susan," Raymond said, his voice shaky.

"That doesn't mean you can't peek and get a hard-on."

Her fist pumped on his cock, fast, then slow, her thumb caressing the dripping, smooth head. She could feel the strength of his prick in her fist, and it sent shivers racing up and down her spine. Her pussy pulsed and twitched, the cheeks of her shapely ass clenching. She leaned toward him and thrust her moist tongue deep into his mouth. Raymond wrapped his arms about her, sucking vigorously at her stabbing tongue, his hands cupping the swell of her ass.

"Ooooo," Susan cooed against his mouth. "Ohhhh!"

Raymond rolled onto his back, and Susan straddled his thighs, still gripping his cock. She squirmed her ass against his thighs as she stroked his prick, one hand playing with his balls.

Scooting her ass down, she leaned over his cock and began smearing it with moist, hot kisses, her tongue licking at the dripping piss-hole. "I love it, darling," she whispered in a throaty voice. "I love this cock of yours. I want to kiss it, lick it, suck it! Oh, God ... I love it so much!"

Her eyes smoldered with heat as she ran her tongue up and down his cock, down around his balls. Her breath was hot against him. She sucked gently on his balls, still pumping on his throbbing prick. Licking her way back up once more, she fluttered her tongue about his prick, then opened her mouth wide and engulfed the full, thick length of his cock. It was hard and hot inside her mouth, and Susan's mind reeled with the ecstasy of sucking him.

As she sucked his cock, she twisted and rubbed her wet pussy on his knees, his lower legs. With a hoarse growl, she pulled her mouth off his cock and straddled it, standing on her knees. She held his prick at the base as she brushed the swollen lips of her cunt about the wet head. She sighed and mewled in pleasure, her tits jiggling slightly.

"I want it in me!" she yelped excitedly. "Oh, baby! I want this hard cock in my pussy! I want to fuck you, Raymond! I want to fuck you good!"

Susan slammed her ass downward, and his cock penetrated her cunt all the way. Susan gave a soft scream of delight as she ground against him, once again digging into her firm tits with her fingers. Making soft sounds from deep inside, she began bouncing up and down on his prick, fucking him as he lay there, enjoying himself.

"Hot, Susan," he grunted. "You're hot. Your pussy is hot, so hot."

"Yes," she murmured, her ass moving up and down, then side to side. "I'm always hot, you know that. I love to fuck, darling."

"And suck?"

"Oh, yes!"

Susan bit at her bottom lip as she banged her ass up and down, feeling the pleasure of an approaching orgasm. She squealed loudly and dropped down onto his chest, holding him tightly as she pounded her ass up and down wildly. "Oooohhhh! Ohhhhhh! I'm ... I'm ... coming!"

Susan's cunt went into powerful spasms as she came, and she pressed her body tightly, against his, her ass grinding in a frenzy of ecstasy. She continued to come for a long time, her body shaking, throaty sounds bubbling from her throat.

Then she became still, her pussy wrapped about his hard cock. Her body slowly relaxed and she lifted her head up and looked at him. "You're still hard, darling," she said. "You didn't come."

"That's because I wanted more," he replied.

"Good!" Susan squealed, and began to bang her pussy up and down once again, with as much energy as before. "I'll give you more! I'll give you all you can stand! I'll fuck you so much, your cock will be raw!"

Her ass flew up and down as she braced herself with a hand on each side of him. Her thighs gripped his hips hotly, and she panted with her efforts. Her tits bobbed above his chest

, and her eyes gleamed hot with ecstasy. Raymond caressed her thighs as she fucked him, watching her as her hot, wet cunt slid vigorously up and down his throbbing prick.

Susan felt herself on the brink of coming again, and her eyes closed, her lips tight. She suddenly slammed down hard onto his cock, and her pussy convulsed with strong spasms. "Ooo ooh! Oh, God! Oh, God! Again ... I'm coming again!" It was longer and stronger than her first time, and her body shook violently. She held her body rigid now as she came, her cunt gnawing at his prick. She squealed and yelped loudly, unable to hold in the sounds.

"You still didn't come, damn you," she sobbed with pleasure. "Why don't you come?"

"I want more," he grinned at her, grasping her tits in both hands. "I want more and more and more."

"I'll make that cock come, damn you!" Susan shouted as she ripped her pussy free of his prick. "I'll suck that cock so hard, so fast, you can't help but come!"

She slipped her lips over his prick and began to suck greedily. Her tongue flew all about the wet head, lapping furiously against the dripping piss-hole. Her lips held his cock tightly as she bobbed her face up and down swiftly, struggling to make him come. She wanted him to come into her mouth more than ever, wanted it passionately. Her lips closed about the base of his cock, his wiry hairs tickling her nose and chin. She brought her mouth up, creating a strong suction on his prick, her tongue a flurry of motion.

Faster, she sucked up and down in this manner, and the thrills his hard, throbbing cock gave her sent her shivering with ecstasy. Once again her pussy was twitching with ecstatic heat, her clit a hard little ball. She was so aroused, she had the strange sensation that it would be her mouth that came instead of her cunt. It was a weird feeling, and it gave her so much pleasure, it was almost impossible to take.

Every nerve in her body was alive, tingling with ecstasy. She cooed around his cock as she sucked him, mouthing him in absolute pleasure.

Susan shifted about on the bed, leaning over his cock with her curvy, naked ass high in the air. Her ass wiggled about in pleasure as her mouth rode up and down on his cock. She slipped one hand beneath her husband's ass, clutching the muscular cheek hard, her other hand sliding between her widespread thighs, clawing at her steaming cunt. She began to finger-fuck herself frantically as she sucked his prick, mewling happily.

Raymond's cock felt huge between her lips, filling her mouth fully. There was hardly any room to twirl and lick with her tongue, but she managed. She felt his cock stiffen even more, felt it grow even firmer, longer, thicker.

And the pulsations of it gave her the warning.

"Mmmmmmm!" she cooed, sucking fast and hard, filling her mouth with the full length, drawing up until she held only the head between her lips.

The thick cum splashed against the back of her throat warmly, and as she swallowed, her finger went deep into her boiling cunt. Her pussy bubbled into her third come just as the second jet of jism splashed into her mouth. Susan gurgled and swallowed, lapped and sucked, her mind spinning with ecstasy. She pressed the heel of her hand hard against her spasming clit as she came, sucking swiftly and hungrily on his spurting cock, her throat working to swallow all his cum.

"Ooooooooo!" she cooed as his cock shrank in her mouth, her tongue licking gentry now over the still-flaring piss-hole. She lifted her mouth, licking against the smooth head one last time. She sat back on her heels, knees wide, finger still in her cunt, looking with love at her husband.

"Was I good, darling?" she asked.

"You were great, as always," he replied, caressing his thoroughly drained balls tenderly. "I'm married to the best goddamn cock-sucker in the whole fucking world!"



Susan giggled and flung herself onto him, hugging and kissing him. "You might be surprised one of these days, darling."

"Why is that?"

"You just might find another girl who can suck your cock as well as I can."

"I doubt it."

"We'll see," Susan replied, snuggling close to him. "Well, maybe not as good, but with just as much enjoyment."

"What are you talking about?" he asked.

"I mean a girl without much cock-sucking experience, but who loves it enough to compensate for that."

"Do you know a girl like that?"

"I might," she said, mysteriously, holding him close as a drowsy feeling came over her. "I just might know of a girl like that."

## Chapter 9

The next evening, after they had finished their dinner, Susan fixed Raymond a drink in the family room. He leaned back in his wide, leather lounge chair.

"Why all this attention?" he asked, amused. "Did I do something right for a change around here?"

"I just feel in a good mood, darling," she said, kissing him. "A good, loving mood."

"You mean after last night?" he teased, patting her shapely ass.

"Especially because of last night," she replied, moving away. "Last night was fantastic, and I hope tonight will be even more fantastic for you ... for us."

About eight o'clock that evening, Raymond was very much mellowed out. He had finished off three good drinks, and he felt totally at peace with himself and the world in general. In fact, he couldn't recall having felt this good for a long time. It was not just the drinks, he knew, but something else. There seemed to be an air about the house, an air of anticipation, of expectancy. He could feel the excitement all about, and he tingled with it. He did not understand the sensation, but he liked it very much.

Susan came in, carrying a drink of her own. He did not recall seeing her fixing the drink at the wet bar, but that didn't matter. He saw she was wearing her dressing gown, a floor-length gown belted at the waist. It was open enough at the top to expose the creamy valley between her tits.

"Where are the kids?" he asked.

"Upstairs," she said, sitting down on the couch across from him. The robe parted, revealing her long, creamy thighs, just high enough for him to see all the way to her cunt.

"Like it?" she asked.

"I love it," he replied with a grin. "You know I love seeing you in revealing clothing."

"It could become dangerous. I mean, you might get horny and try to fuck me or something."

"That is a distinct possibility," he grinned lewdly. "Would that be so horrible?"

"I'd love it!"

Just then Tracy and Paul came down the stairs and joined their parents. Susan noted with pleasure that Tracy was wearing the special baby-doll gown and bikini panties they had recently purchased. It was a frilly garment, transparent. Tracy's precious little tits were almost visible behind some strategically placed designs of lace. The gown hung not far enough to conceal the sweetness of her asscheeks, and the bikini panties concealed nothing. They were hardly more than a piece of string pulled into her warm, inviting ass-crack, with a tiny piece of cloth in the shape of a triangle to cover her pussy.

Susan watched Raymond's reaction when their daughter entered the room and sprawled in the middle of the floor. She lay on her belly, her ass jutting deliciously upwards, her long, smooth thighs slightly apart. This was one aspect Susan had not discussed with her daughter, but Tracy was a natural tease and knew just what to do. She smiled inwardly as she watched her daughter adjust her position so that her feet were directly toward her father. Susan had not folded her robe over her thigh, and she continued to sit there that way. Raymond shot puzzled looks at her, his eyes going significantly from her exposed thigh to their son, who quite obviously looked at his mother with lust in his eyes.

Susan pretended to miss the signals Raymond shot at her, examining her finger nails and humming happily to herself. She could see Raymond's cock swelling as he gazed in what he felt was secrecy at his daughter's enticing exposure.

Tracy turned her head and gave her mother a knowing grin, and Susan gave it back. Tracy twisted her cute little ass, pretending to find some comfortable position. The motion caused the short hem of her gown to draw halfway past her inviting ass. Tracy's asscheeks were fully exposed to not only her brother, but to her father as well. Susan watched when Raymond's eyes opened wider, his tongue licking nervously over his lips. Susan licked her own lips as she turned her eyes to Tracy's lovely little ass, remembering how it felt in her palms, how good her daughter's fine, sweet pussy had tasted to her. She remembered how she and Tracy had sucked Paul's cock together, and her cunt began to steam and twitch with growing anticipation.

Letting her eyes drift to Paul, she looked at the front of his pants, and was pleased to note the bulge of his hard cock there. She was also pleased to note he could hardly keep his eyes off her thighs, and the sweetness of Tracy's ass. She knew how excited he was by all this revealed flesh, and she wanted to go to him, to caress that lovely hard-on, to suck it for him, and fuck him. But she had to take this in planned stages. That is, if she wanted it to work the way she and her children had discussed it. She was still not certain which way her husband would react, whether he would come on with intense pleasure, or anger. She had heard Tracy and Paul talk of how he looked at her, of course, and she had listened to Tracy as her daughter explained to her how her father was always peeking at her, trying to see under her dresses.

Susan could see well enough that Raymond was certainly interested in Tracy now. He could hardly take his eyes off her pretty ass. At first, Susan had been dubious of what Tracy had said, but she knew without a doubt that Raymond had a definite sexual interest in Tracy.

Conversation was very limited, almost nonexistent. All of them were anxious, and only Raymond didn't know what was going on. Susan was anxious because she wanted Raymond to accept, eagerly and willing, what she and the children had planned. Tracy was anxious because she was looking forward to being with her father. Paul, because he was waiting for a second fuck his mother had promised him--and also to fuck Tracy.

Raymond, Susan thought, was wanting to see more of his daughter's body. His expression told her that. She was pleased when Tracy allowed her legs to open wider, and then she realized that Raymond could see the fine, curling hairs of their daughter's cunt now. She noticed Raymond's cock became fully hardened, his eyes gleaming, fixed between her creamy thighs, gazing directly into her crotch.

Susan was very, very excited. She uncrossed her long legs and deliberately allowed her knees to part, just far enough and long enough to let her son have a quick peek at her cunt. She was not wearing panties, of course. She saw him suck in air as he looked at her hairy twat, and flashed him a quick wink.

Standing up, she said, "Let's go to bed, Raymond. I'm sort of tired."

Raymond looked up at her, his eyes slightly unfocused and blurry. His mouth was open. Susan laughed softly.

"Close your mouth, darling," she whispered.

A deep flush came over his face as he quickly got to his feet, turning sideways so his children would not see the enormous bulge of his hard, throbbing cock. "Come on," Susan said, taking his hand.

As they climbed the stairs, with Susan slightly ahead of him, she felt his hand caressing her ass. She giggled and ran into their room, throwing her gown off quickly. She jumped on to the bed, standing in the center on her knees.

"You better hurry, darling," she said in a thick voice. "That cock looks like it might go off any moment."

Raymond was out of his clothes quickly. He moved onto the bed, grabbing for his wife eagerly. She fought with him, playfully, laughing and rolling about as he attempted to get her on her back. His cock rubbed all over her as they wrestled playfully. And as they wrestled about, Susan caught sight of Paul and Tracy peering around the open door, both with huge smiles on their faces. She stuck her tongue out playfully at them, opening her legs wide to show her pussy as she wrestled with Raymond. She saw Paul gripping his cock, jacking on it as he fingered his sister's cunt with his other hand. She knew she would have to get this going soon before they became too excited.

She sprawled on her back, legs wide, allowing Raymond to pin her there. "Oh, darling," she murmured, "let's stop screwing around. Fuck me, Raymond! Stick your cock in my cunt and fuck me!"

He laughed as he moved between her widespread thighs, his cock throbbing. "I'll fuck you," he said. "I'll fuck that hot pussy for you--good!"

"Mmmmm," Susan gurgled as she felt his prick slip into her tight, wet, hot snatch. She lifted her ass for him, sighing with pleasure as his cock filled her cunt. She peered over his shoulder at her children as Raymond began thrusting his cock in and out of her cunt. She fingered his balls, making him spread his thighs wide enough so Paul and Tracy could see his cock fucking her. "I love it, love it, love it!" she squealed.

While Raymond was engrossed in fucking her, Susan said to him: "Did Tracy get you all hot and hard, Raymond? Did seeing her downstairs turn you on?"

"Goddamn, Susan, don't ..."

"She made your cock hard, didn't she, darling?" Susan urged. "Come on, Raymond, admit it. Seeing Tracy's pretty little ass like that almost made you come."

"Yes, goddamn it!" he shouted. "Yes, yes, yes!"

"You'd love to fuck her, wouldn't you, Raymond?" Susan kept it up. "You'd like to stick your big, hard cock into her tight, hot, slippery cunt and fuck her, wouldn't you?"

"Susan, please ..."

"Admit it, Raymond," she encouraged, tossing her ass up and down to his cock. "Admit you'd like to fuck her. She is so pretty, so beautiful. You'd love to fuck her hot, pretty ass, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, damn you! Yes!"

Susan bounced and wiggled her naked ass in a frenzy as he stabbed his prick in and out of her pussy.

"You've wanted to fuck Tracy for a long time, haven't you, darling?"

"Yes!"

"Would you like to lick her sweet cunt?"

"Yes, yes, yes! "

"Tongue-fuck her pretty pussy?"

"Yes, goddamn it, Susan!"

"You want lick and kiss her pretty ass, suck at her asshole, right?" Susan urged, her voice insistent, low, husky.

"Yes!"

Susan winked at her children as they watched. Tracy now had hold of her brother's cock and was jacking at it swiftly, her eyes wide and hot as she watched her mother and father. Paul had one hand on Tracy's shapely tit, the other between her thighs.

Raymond was babbling like an idiot. "I want to fuck her! I want to fuck her! Goddamn it, Susan ... yes, I want to fuck my daughter!"

Susan crooked a finger at her children, motioning for them to come into the bedroom. They came in quietly, just as they had discussed it earlier. Tracy and Paul stood at the side of the bed, looking at their father's naked ass banging up and down, their mother's thighs sliding along his.

Susan grinned in pleasure at her children, then with one quick shove, pushed Raymond off her.

"Hey! Damn ..." Raymond yelled in surprise.

Then, seeing his children standing there, both of them naked, with Tracy still clinging to Paul's cock and his hand on one of her lovely tits, he yelled again. "Goddamn it!" and tried to cover his still throbbing hard cock with both hands.

Susan, with her legs wide as possible, began to laugh at his shock and embarrassment. Tracy and Paul giggled.

"Who ... what ... goddamn it!" Raymond stuttered, trying to conceal himself. "Get out of here, damn it!"

"Why?" Tracy giggled.

"Because you aren't supposed to..."

"We heard," Tracy said. "We stood at the door, watching and listening. We heard you, Daddy."

"Oh, God!" he groaned, his face bright red. "Oh, goddamn it to hell!"

Susan continued to laugh, openly fondling her tits, enjoying her husband's predicament. "Why so shy now, darling? You did say it, and they heard you say it. It's obvious Tracy and Paul are more than willing."

"But, Susan, we can't..."

"The fuck we can't," Susan said, grabbing for his cock as she shoved his hands away. "We can, and we will. Don't be a fucking hypocrite, Raymond!"

"But, Susan..."

"Don't Susan me," she said, sitting up and reaching for Paul's cock with her other hand. "You want to fuck Tracy, and you damn well know it. Tracy wants you to fuck her--she's told me that."

"But..."

"Okay," Susan said, releasing his cock. "Don't fuck Tracy, if you don't want to. But I'm going to get Paul's beautiful, hard cock in my pussy! You can just watch for all I care. Come on, Paul ... fuck Mommy."

Susan pulled her son to the bed, spreading her legs wide for him. As soon as Paul was between her thighs, she took his prick and guided it to her hairy, wet, hot cunt. Paul sighed in pleasure as his prick entered her, and he began thrusting in and out rapidly. Susan lifted her long thighs and squeezed his hips between them, her hands clutching at his asscheeks. As she fucked her son, Susan reached out with one hand and grasped her husband's cock, pumping on it.

She saw Raymond's eyes widen, but also there was an intense excitement in them, too. He watched his son fuck his wife, no longer trying to conceal his hard-on. He shot a glance at Tracy, and saw that she was standing there with one knee on the bed, thighs wide, and was fingering-fucking herself as she stared at his prick.

"Get him, Tracy!" Susan shouted.

With a giggle, Tracy jumped onto the bed, straddling her father's thighs. Raymond was too surprised to move, and he could feel the heat of his daughter's creamy thighs against his. He could also feel the curly hairs of her hot little pussy tickling his thighs, and it made his cock lurch.

"I'd like to know what the fuck is going on here," Raymond said. "I'd like to know just what the fuck you three are up to."

"That's just it, darling," Susan replied, her ass continuing to move up and down as Paul fucked her. "We're up to fucking."

Tracy squirmed up her father's thighs, her little cunt hovering above his upright cock. "That's right, Daddy," she said. "You've been peeking at me for a long time. You always try to look up my dress, trying to see my pussy. Well, you don't have to sneak around like that anymore. You not only can look at my cunt, but you can fuck it, too!"

Susan's eyes gleamed as she watched her daughter begin to lower her pussy. She held Raymond's cock tight, aiming it. She watched as Tracy's tender cunt opened against the pressure of his cock, saw it stretch as the swollen head penetrated.

"Beautiful!" she cooed as she watched her daughter's pussy accept the thick prick. "That's so beautiful! Ohhhh, Tracy, take it all! Get all of your father's lovely hard cock in your pretty cunt! Fuck him, Tracy! Fuck his big cock!"

She squeezed her fingers into her son's ass as he plunged up and down. As Tracy's pussy went down Raymond's cock, she felt the hairs against her hand, and she pulled it from between her daughter's crotch and her husband's cock, but she kept her eyes fixed on the connection.

"You've got it all, baby!" she said in excitement. "You've got all your father's cock up that wet pussy! Now, fuck him! Fuck him good, Tracy!"

"Ooooo, it's wonderful!" Tracy gurgled in ecstasy. "It's so good, Mom! Ohhhh, Daddy, Daddy! Fuck me, Daddy! Fuck me ... fuck me! Please, fuck me! I'm so hot ... so fucking hot! My pussy is boiling! Fuck me, Daddy!"

But Raymond was still in a state of surprise. He looked down his body, saw his daughter's silken cunt-hair mingling with the hair of his cock. He could feel the hot tightness of her pussy gripping his prick, then he saw her begin to move up and down, fucking him.

With Paul plunging in and out of her twat, Susan turned her head toward her husband's face, offering her lips to him. Raymond pressed his lips to hers, kissing her, and as he did so, he reached up and cupped the shapely, firm tits of his daughter.

"Susan, Susan," Raymond murmured.

She smiled at her husband. "Don't worry about a thing, darling," she whispered. "Fuck Tracy. Fuck her the way you've wanted to for a long time. Enjoy it, Raymond. Just enjoy it like you've dreamed of enjoying it."

She was pleased when she saw him begin to lift his hips, meeting the lunges of Tracy's pussy. She held his hand as she fucked her son, watching him fondle Tracy's tit.

"Oooohh! Mom!" Paul grunted. "I think ... I think I'm gonna come!"

Susan turned loose of Raymond's hand and grabbed her son's ass, holding it tightly as she squirmed her cunt against him. "Yes, Paul, come! Don't even try to hold it back! Come in me, baby! Come in my pussy!"

Paul gave a loud grunt and slammed hard into his mother's cunt, holding himself there, his body rigid. He grunted again, and came.

"Oooohhhh!" Susan gurgled, feeling him shoot deep inside her pussy. "Oh, Paul! I feel you coming in my pussy! I feel it coming in me! Ohhh, baby, your cock is so nice, so hard, fucking me! Come in my cunt, my pussy!" Then she dug her fingers into his naked ass, twisting furiously. "Me, too! Ohhh, shit, shit! I'm coming, too! You're making me come, Paul! You're making my cunt come!"

"Daddy, Daddy!" Tracy yelped. "Ohhh, Daddy! Can you feel it? Can you feel my pussy kissing your big old cock? My cunt is kissing and sucking your prick, Daddy! Don't you love my hot little cunt, Daddy? Don't you just love to fuck it?"

"Yes, goddamn it!" Raymond shouted, squeezing her rubbery tits as he arched his cock up into her. "And you're going to get a pussy full of my cum in just a fucking minute!"

"Yes, yes!" Tracy shouted with ecstasy. "I'm gonna come, too, Daddy! Come with me! Come with me!"

Raymond felt his daughter's twat tighten up on his burning prick, then it seemed to clench him like a vise. He grabbed for her little hips with both hands, holding her tightly against his pelvis.

"Ooooooooo!" Tracy cooed in a thick voice. "I'm coming, Daddy! Oohhhh, feel me coming! You're making me come with your big cock!"

Susan, through with her pleasure, watched as her daughter's beautiful, naked body shivered, then began to shake. The sounds Tracy made, the way her body rippled with pleasure, filled her with happiness.

As Paul slumped atop her, crushing her tits with his chest, she hugged him, caressing his back and ass fondly, once more holding her husband's hand.

When it was over, without a word, she snuggled between her son and husband, with Tracy pressing tightly against her father on his other side. They didn't talk about what happened, but Susan could see Raymond was pleased, that there would be no anger, no remorse, no regrets. He was happy, she could tell. He had managed to fuck his daughter, after all this time of desiring her. And--she shivered with pleasure--she had fucked her son. She did not have to hide it from Raymond--she could be open with it, be honest about it. And best of all, she thought drowsily, Raymond would no longer need other women, or the other boys. They both had exactly what they wanted at home, what they had been looking for all their lives--their children.

## Chapter 10

Raymond took the day off on the following day. He was simply too exhilarated to work. Susan was happier than at any time in her life. Even Tracy and Paul went around with big smiles on their bright faces.

Suddenly, after breakfast, Paul laughed.

"What's so funny?" Susan asked.

"I just thought," he said, still laughing. "After last night, here we are, all dressed and so proper."

"Convention," Raymond replied. "We have to remember convention."

"Fuck convention!" Tracy yelled, and, standing next to her mother, she suddenly lifted Susan's dress. The dress was at Susan's waist, and Raymond, Paul and Tracy all looked at Susan's beautiful, swelling ass.

"No panties!" Paul yelled gleefully.

"Neither do I," Tracy said, lifting her dress and exposing her wet cunt.

"Pussy and ass!" Raymond laughed. "The best of both worlds!"

Susan, standing at the sink as she and Tracy finished up the dishes, her skirt still at her waist, naked ass revealed, said nonchalantly: "Another warm day. I think I'll take a swim later on."

She flexed her ass, making it clench, bringing appreciative whistles from Paul and Raymond. Quite deliberately, Susan arched her exposed ass in a tantalizing manner, looking over her shoulder and sticking her tongue out at them.

Raymond, in turn, deliberately unzipped his pants and pulled his cock out, waving it at his wife. Tracy went into peals of laughter, skipping quickly to her father and taking hold of his cock. She pulled on it a few times, kissing his cheek.

"I like that, Daddy!" she said, dropping to her knees before him and kissing his cock.

Paul moved behind his mother and dropped to his knees, shoving his face into her creamy ass, kissing it as his tongue made wet circles on the cheeks.

"Enough!" Susan laughed, shoving her ass into her son's face then pulling away. "If we keep this up, there won't be any swimming, just wild, fantastic, loving fucking!"

Tracy and Paul jumped to their feet and began peeling their clothing off. "Last one in is a cock-sucker!" Tracy yelled, racing outside, her naked ass beautiful in the sunlight.

"Or a pussy-eater!" Raymond yelled, racing after his daughter, his cock swinging from side to side.

Susan saw them both dive into the pool almost at the same time. She then turned to her son. She cupped his cock and balls, kissing his lips warmly. "We might as well go out, too, darling," she said.

They undressed, both watching and laughing with merriment. Paul's cock was hard, and he pressed it to his mother's body as he hugged her. Susan pulled his hard cock between her thighs, working on it as she kissed him.

"Oooo, I love that hard cock, baby!" she murmured softly. "I love the hard, throbbing feel of it against my cunt."

Hand in hand, they went outside and jumped into the pool. After a few minutes of swimming and playing, Susan and Tracy sat on the edge of the pool, their feet dangling in the sparkling water, watching Raymond and Paul trying to dunk one another. A few moments later, Raymond and Paul came to the deck where Susan and Tracy were. Paul went to his mother, and Raymond went to his daughter. They held the knees of each girl.

"Looks good, don't it, Paul?" Raymond said, looking between his daughter's thighs, gazing at her sweet, tender cunt. "Good enough to eat."

"It sure does!" Paul agreed with enthusiasm.

"You two are full of talk," Susan said, squirming her naked ass on the deck. "No action ... just talk."

Raymond and Paul looked at one another, grinning. Then, suddenly and quickly, Raymond shoved his face into his daughter's pussy and began licking and sucking. Paul pressed his face into his mother's cunt and began eating her.

"Well, Mom," Tracy said, pretending boredom, "should we stop them or let them enjoy themselves?"

"I think we better let them eat our cunts, baby," Susan said. "They might become irritable if we stop them."

Raymond slipped his hands along his daughter's thighs until he gripped her hips, tongue-fucking her with alternate licks and sucks on her distended clit.

"Mmmmm, Daddy!" Tracy mewled, shoving her pussy into his face, twisting her ass. "I love that! Ohhhh, golly! You really know how to fuck a girl with your tongue! Eat me, Daddy! Ohhh, yes, eat me!"

Susan glanced at her daughter's face and saw sheer ecstasy there. She looked down at Raymond, seeing his face buried into Tracy's cunt, smiling. Lifting her thighs, she draped her legs on her son's shoulders, pressing her thighs tightly against his face as she felt his tongue stab deep into her boiling snatch. "Oh, God, Paul! That's so good! Tongue-fuck my cunt, darling! Tongue-fuck my pussy and make me come!"

Susan leaned back on her elbows, grinding her pussy into Paul's face, murmuring and sighing with pleasure. She could already feel herself ready to come. She came easily most of the time, and she loved it. She watched her daughter wrap her hands into her father's hair and pull his face tighter into her crotch, her face twisted in an expression of intense ecstasy. Gurgling sounds came from Tracy, her tongue licking at her tight lips.

She watched as Tracy's body shivered, saw her sweet nipples rubbery hard. Tracy squealed in a tight-sounding voice, coming wildly against her father's sucking lips and thrusting to tongue. Seeing this triggered Susan into coming. She gave a yelp of delight and twisted her pussy hard into her son's face, coming powerfully.

Tracy lay back on the decking, breathing heavily, her pretty tits heaving in the sunlight. Susan sprawled back, too, leaning over to kiss Tracy's cheek.

"Should we repay this favor, baby?" Susan asked her daughter. "Or should we ignore them and hope they'll go away."

"I feel sorry for them, Mom," Tracy said, fondling her mother's naked tit. "They need a little comfort, I think!"

"We could give them a pat on the head and tell them what good boys they are," Susan suggested.

"That might be enough," Tracy replied, "but somehow I get the impression they wouldn't be satisfied with that."

"Listen to that shit, Daddy," Paul said. "Talking about us as if we were little puppies or something."

"We don't have to take that, do we, Paul?"

"We sure don't."

As if on a signal, Raymond and Paul grabbed Susan and Tracy by the legs, jerking them into the water. Tracy and Susan went into the pool with a splash, squealing loudly. When they surfaced, Raymond and Paul were sitting on the decking now, kicking their legs in the water. Both their cocks were standing up hard-throbbing and dripping.

Susan and Tracy took the same stand Paul and Raymond had before--they stood in the water



er, between the knees of the men. Susan pumped on her son's cock, and Tracy did the same with her father's prick. "Think we should give them a lovely blow-job, Tracy?" Susan asked.

"Well," Tracy pretended reluctance. "I really don't know how to give blow-jobs, Mom. I've only sucked off a cock once before, remember?"

"Practice makes perfect, they say," Susan said, jerking Paul's hard cock in her hot, tight fist.

"I think you're right," Tracy replied, squeezing her father's prick hard. "And I do want to be a perfect cock-sucker."

"Shall we practice?" Susan asked.

"Oh, by all means."

"Will you two quit fucking around and suck us off!" Raymond growled, trying to pull Tracy's head against his prick. "If you don't, I think I'll come off right in your fucking face!"

"I'd rather have you come off in my mouth, Daddy," Tracy giggled, licking delicately at his dripping piss-hole.

"Then you better hurry!"

"Ohhh, I will!" Tracy opened her lips and took her father's cock into her hot, wet, eager mouth for the first time. Her eyes, wide open, unfocused with the pleasure this gave her. She gave a soft squeal and began to suck up and down his prick, her tongue licking swiftly. She gripped his hips, her fingers digging into his flesh.

Susan watched for a moment, then leaned her face into Paul's crotch. She lifted his hairy balls, kissing them, running her tongue over the soft, wrinkled flesh. She ran her tongue up his cock, twirled it about the soft, swollen head, then closed her lips over it.

She sucked vigorously on her son's cock, twisting her face about so she could watch her daughter sucking Raymond. Tracy and Susan's eyes met, and they sparkled with ecstatic happiness. Soft, moist sounds came from them as they sucked, and occasionally, they would exchange cocks. It was as thrilling as always, but there was more love in their efforts than pure lust.

Susan mouthed her son's prick tenderly, affectionately, and she watched Tracy do the same. with Raymond's cock. As she sucked her son's cock, Susan's mind began working on tantalizing, very erotic things they could all do together now. No more picking up young hitchhikers, no more strange boys. She understood, finally, all she was after was her son. It was him she wanted to fuck and suck--no other teenage boy. She had come to terms with that, and now she was enjoying it.

She sincerely hoped that Raymond would not feel the need for other women. He had her, and now he had Tracy, too. Between the two of them, Susan was certain she could keep her husband happy, and very well satisfied in sex. She would do anything for him, just as she was sure her daughter would. As for Paul, there was no doubt about him.

She and Raymond's erotic natures could now be fulfilled to the total extent they desired. Tracy and Paul had the same nature, if what she had learned of them meant anything.

Susan and her daughter filled their eager, hot mouths with hard, throbbing cock. They sucked hungrily and lovingly, watching each other. Susan was aware when Raymond's prick squirted into Tracy's mouth. She saw it jerk, watched her daughter's eyes become unfocused in ecstasy, and watched her smooth throat work as she swallowed. A pearl-white drop of cum slipped past Tracy's tight lips and ran down the side of Raymond's cock. But as she thought to reach over there and lick it up, her son gave a grunt, arching his cock deep into her mouth--and he began to spurt furiously.

Susan gurgled with happiness.

Tracy and Susan crawled up onto the deck, snuggling between the two men, caressing the

m and holding them. Before they knew it, all four began sleeping--peacefully and happily.

The End