

Mother's Horny Friends
by Kathy Andrews

Chapter One

Susan glanced often at her son, her gaze raking over the front of his pants, pausing to stare hotly at the bulge of his cock and balls. Her son, in turn, peered as far as he could up his mother's denim skirt. Underneath it, Susan wore nylons, held up by a black garter belt. He could see the creamy whiteness at the end of her nylons, and barely see the shadow of her cunt encased in a pair of very tight scarlet-colored panties. The skirt was tight, too, and prevented her legs from parting very far. She had slipped the hem of the skirt a few inches above her rounded knees, though. The firm, shapely thrust of her tits strained at the man's shirt, despite it being unbuttoned and tied only below her tits.

Frank, on the floor of the living room, crossed his ankles and leaned back on his hands. This presented the hardness of his cock in a more revealing way to his mother. Susan saw it was swollen along his left thigh, and she could almost...but not quite...see the shape of his prick head.

Susan and Frank had been playing this little peeking game for some time. She couldn't remember when or even how it started, only that they seemed to do it everyday now. She enjoyed having her son peek at her, and she loved to watch his cock become hard inside his jeans. Once she had actually climaxed doing this with him, but she didn't think Frank knew about that.

She liked wearing jeans and shorts, the tighter the better, but she was unable to show Frank much skin that way. Lately she had taken to wearing dresses and skirts so that he could see more of her flesh. One daring evening she had gone without panties, but then backed out of flashing her naked cunt at him. The idea was exciting, but she wanted to make sure of his reactions first, of what more he might want of her. She was sure that he would lie in his bed later at night and jerk off frantically, thinking about her and what little he managed to see of her pussy.

Susan had been a widow for over five years now, and she was becoming a bit frustrated. Always a sensual, emotionally erotic woman, she had pushed her desires down after the death of her husband. She had wrapped herself up in raising her son, devoting all her time and energies to him.

In her early thirties, Susan still retained all the youthful beauty that had won her the crown of homecoming queen in high school, and finally the queen of her county. Her tits were as firm and shapely as in those gone-by days, with arching, perky nipples that swelled at the least provocation. Her waist was still narrow and her hips rounded, with long, sleek thighs of the creamiest flesh possible. She had a firm, round ass that enticed the eye immediately. Her long chestnut hair fell in soft waves past her shoulders, with golden highlights when the sun was on it. Her dark eyes smoldered with the inner heat and long-suppressed desires of erotic needs. Her mouth was wide and full, lips moist and a healthy pink.

Most boys Frank's age were still out playing ball or riding their bicycles all over the town, racing about and yelling like wild Indians. Frank sometimes joined them, but lately he wanted to stay home. He had discovered the joys of peeking at his mother's body to be much more fun, and later, in his bed, jerking off to achieve that glorious ecstasy of coming was now his ultimate thrill. The more he managed to see of his mother's body, the better he liked it. His fondest dream was to see her cunt, naked, surrounded by hair, her pussy slit glistening with wetness for his cock.

Both Frank and Susan wanted each other badly, yet neither wanted to make the first move, feeling each other out, waiting anxiously, peeking every chance they had. Each would go out of their way to catch the other in some unexpected situation to see more mysterious delights. Frank had come upon his mother twice as she was sitting on the toilet. The first time, Susan had shoved her skirt over her thighs and kept pissing. The second time, she didn't bother to

o cover her thighs at all. Susan, too, would find a pretense to enter the bathroom as her son showered, looking at his body through the steamy shower doors, her eyes searching for signs of a hard-on. Three times she had seen his cock standing out behind the fogged glass, hard and sweet looking in a fuzzy way.

When they looked at each other during the day, each would have hot, questioning eyes. Often those glances would lock, and they would see the almost desperate desire on the other's face.

All it needed was a trigger to force them into bed with each other, a trigger to open Susan's slender thighs to take her son's cock into her cunt. The trigger knocked on the door.

Before Susan or Frank could react, the door opened and Stacy walked in. Quickly, Susan clamped her knees together and sat upright on the couch. Frank tried to conceal his hard-on as best he could by rolling onto his stomach. They looked at each other quickly, almost guiltily, with Susan's eyes flashing a warning to her son. Susan didn't think that Stacy had seen anything, but she couldn't be sure.

"Susan," Stacy said, her voice showing nervousness, "I've got to talk to you." Stacy glanced at Frank. "In private."

"By all means, Stacy," Susan replied. "Frank, why don't you run out and find Bobby for a while?"

"He's at home," Stacy said.

"Sure, Mom." Frank stood up with his back to them and shuffled from the house sideways.

"What's wrong with him?" Stacy asked, watching Frank leaving in his odd walk.

"Cutting up," Susan said. "You know how they are."

Stacy pulled in a deep breath. Susan saw the girl's tits lifted beneath the checkered shirt she wore, twin nipples thrusting at the material. Stacy wore a pair of skin-tight jeans, and when she cocked a leg on the couch, Susan saw the way the crotch had pulled into her cunt, outlining her pussy lips.

She and Stacy had been friends for years, despite Stacy being ten years younger. They were almost in the same situation, except that Stacy was trying to raise her younger brother as best she could since the deaths of her parents. Susan had known Stacy well by the time the girl had won those same beauty crowns the older woman had won years ago. Frank and Bobby were of the same age and best friends.

Stacy was a cuddly blonde beauty, with enormous blue eyes and sweet, kissable lips. She was a bubbly person, with a body that made men drool with desire to kiss and lick every inch of her satiny flesh. Susan had heard the comment that Stacy was so beautiful, a girl like her didn't shit or piss the way other women did.

She was too beautiful for such ordinary things.

But Susan knew different. Knowing Stacy as long as she had, she was aware of things others weren't. Stacy came to Susan for advice on raising her brother many times. And like Susan, she was devoting her life to giving Bobby the best home she could under the circumstances.

"It's Bobby again," Stacy said, a faint flush on her lovely face.

"What's he done now?" Susan asked.

"Remember me telling you how he looks at me? His eyes all hot and, well, you know?"

Susan nodded.

"Frank does his share of looking, too," Stacy said. "Those boys stare at me as if they could eat me up. And they get hard and don't care if I see it."

"Have you ever considered that you may be tempting them, Stacy?"

The girl's eyes widened innocently. "Tempting them? How?"

"By what you wear, honey," Susan replied. "Like those jeans you have on. Look." Susan pointed at Stacy's crotch. "See what I mean?"

Stacy saw the outline of her cunt, and her flush became a deeper color.

"And those shorts you wear," Susan went on. "They don't leave a damn thing to the imagination, you know."

"I ... I had no idea," Stacy whispered. .

Susan thought that Stacy did know what she was doing. A girl wouldn't dress in such a manner unless she wanted to be looked at, Susan knew that much.

Susan had always been an outspoken person after her marriage. Her husband wanted her to talk, using the words that would create an enormous hard-on for him. It was not long before Susan had accepted it as a pattern in her speech. But only in the past year had she been so outspoken with Stacy. At first Stacy had been shocked, then accepted it without embarrassment.

"But you don't want to talk about Bobby or Frank looking at you and getting a hard-on," Susan said. "Something else is bothering you, isn't it?"

Stacy nodded, her honey-colored hair bouncing on her tanned shoulders. She took a deep breath, causing her tits to thrust out sweetly. "Bobby ... he touched me," Stacy said, her voice a low whisper.

"Oh? Where did he touch you, Stacy?"

"On my ... my ass."

"Well, that's not so bad," Susan said, swallowing a laugh.

"But he grabbed me there, then squeezed," Stacy murmured.

"Could it have been an accident?"

"No way!" Stacy replied. "I was putting clothes in the washer and he came up behind me, grabbed my ass, and squeezed, then ran off laughing."

"And that's all?"

Stacy nodded her head, wringing her hands nervously, not looking up at Susan.

"Sounds like he's getting horny as all hell, doesn't it?"

Stacy didn't answer.

"So what happened next?"

"Nothing," Stacy whispered. "He just ran away, laughing in a lewd way."

"I mean, what happened with you?" Susan wanted to know. "Did it feel good to you?"

For a moment Stacy's breath seemed to stop, then a shuddering gasp came from her. "I ... yes, it felt good." When Stacy lifted her face, Susan saw tears in her eyes.

Wrapping her arms about the girl's shaking shoulders, she pulled Stacy's head down. "There's nothing to cry about, honey," she said soothingly. "Boys will do those things sometimes. It doesn't mean anything at all. They're just feeling some hot juices in their balls and don't know what to do about it."

Stacy wrapped her arms about Susan's waist, burying her face against Susan's spongy tits, sobbing softly. Susan caressed the girl's trembling body, kissing the top of Stacy's blonde head. She knew instinctively that Stacy was crying because she had liked it and not from shame.

"You know what Bobby wants, don't you, honey?"

Stacy blubbered that she knew very well what her young brother wanted of her.

"Tell me, Stacy ... are you a virgin?"

For just a moment Stacy didn't answer, then a soft, whispery no came from her.

"I didn't think so," Susan said. "A girl as beautiful as you isn't able to hold out long. Especially when they have these burning hungers that torment the living hell out of them. Why don't you go out, date, more often, baby?"

Stacy pulled away, rubbing her fingertips beneath her teary eyes. "I can't do that, Susan. Bobby needs me."

"He sure does," Susan giggled suddenly. "So why don't you let the poor kid give it to you?"

"Susan!" Stacy exclaimed, shocked.

"What's wrong with that?"

"But he's my brother!"

"That doesn't mean a damn thing," Susan said. "A lot of girls fuck their brothers."

"But you wouldn't do it with Frank, would you?"

A gleam came into Susan's eyes. "You know, I just might do that."

"You're crazy!" Stacy said.

"Probably," Susan agreed. "But it would feel so good, I'd bet. Now, come on, dry those stupid tears and go fuck the hell out of Bobby."

"I couldn't do that," Stacy said, drying her eyes with her hands. "You, maybe, not not me."

"Why not you?"

"Because . . . because ..." Stacy seemed to have trouble coming up with an excuse. "Because he's my brother," she finally said again.

Susan laughed delightedly. "Oh, I can drag my son into bed and fuck him, but you can't fuck your brother. That's precious, Stacy, and doesn't make a damn bit of sense."

"But you're different than I am," Stacy tried to explain.

"You're talking bullshit, baby. You and I aren't any different at all." She looked closely at Stacy. "Not at all."

"You're some help," Stacy said, standing up. "I ask you how to make Bobby stop trying to feel me up and you tell me to go ahead and fuck him." She was going to say more, but Frank came back into the house.

"I'll talk to you later, Susan," she said, going to the door, her round hips swaying. Susan looked at the tight shape of Stacy's ass, noticing that her son, too, was watching it. "When you can provide me with better advice."

"What was that all about, Mom?" Frank asked.

"Oh, Bobby is starting to grab a feel of Stacy's ass, and she doesn't know what to do about it."

"He told me," Frank said. "I know what I'd like to do with her butt!"

"Oh, is that right?" Susan looked at her son, her gaze drifting to the front of his jeans, his cock was bulging up there in hardness. "Did you get that from looking at her ass just now, Frank?"

For the first time after all those sly glances at each other, Susan had brought it into the open. A shiver went through her as she openly looked at her son's cock, outlined against his jeans.

"Sure, along with other things, Mom." He grinned, his eyes straining on her tits. He could see the bulge of them both, the creamy valley between.

The things she had said to Stacy, the things Stacy had said to her about fucking Frank, gnawed hotly inside her body. The lips of her cunt twitched, and she was becoming very wet between her thighs. The idea of fucking her son sounded great. It would mean no more nights of suffering frustration with her fingers, no more nights of fingerfucking herself to unsatisfactory orgasms, no more . . .

"Take that thing out," she hissed suddenly.

"You mean it, Mom?" he asked.

"I wouldn't say it if I didn't," she replied, licking her lips. "We've been playing that stupid, childish game long enough. You want that hard-on in me, and damn it . . . so do I!"

Quickly, before his mother could change her mind, Frank opened his pants and released his cock and balls. Susan sucked in an excited gasp of air. His cock was bigger than she had thought, long and thick and with a swollen prickhead that beckoned her lips, both pairs of her lips. A fiery sensation rippled through her cunt and she scooted her ass to the edge of the couch, jerking her denim skirt to her waist and spreading her legs wide. The creaminess of her white flesh above her nylons and below her scarlet panties beckoned Frank's cock. The bulge of his mother's cunt could be seen in the tight band, and the darker shadow of her cunt hair teased his prick into dripping excitement.

Now that she had committed herself, Susan didn't want to wait any longer. She didn't want any feeling around and playing with each other. She wanted his preciously hard cock thrusting into her cunt right now, hard and fast and brutal. She clawed the crotch of her red panties aside, wide enough to rip threads! She lifted her ass, wiggling her hips, holding the band wide.

"Don't stare it to death, Frank!" she gasped. "Shove your prick in me! Come on, fuck me, baby! You've been wanting to fuck my cunt for months now, so come on and fuck it while you have the chance!"

Frank swallowed with awe, but he was moving toward his mother, his eyes hot as he looked at her wet, hairy cunt. He dropped to his knees between her legs, his hands sliding up his mother's nyloned thighs, then onto the creamy smoothness of her flesh.

Susan felt the head of her son's cock brush through the thick curls of her pussy, smashing upon her inflamed clit. With a low, wild gurgle of eagerness, she pressed at the shaft of her son's cock until his prickhead was poking at her cuntlips.

"Now!" she yelped. "Ram your cock in me, Frank!"

As her son thrust his hips forward, Susan felt the round head of his cock stretch her fiery cuntlips, stretch them like a rubber band, and then his full prickshaft was up her cunt, his balls smashing at her pantied asscheeks. His cock seemed to be so very deep, almost in her stomach. She shuddered as ripples of ecstasy shot from her head to her toes, her hips jerk

ing.

"Ooooooh!" she mewled, twisting her head about, her dark hair fanning from side to side, her hips lurching up and down, her cunt clinging to his throbbing hard cock, riding back and forth. "Ohhhh! Give that to me, baby! God, you're so fucking hard! Ram it to my pussy, Frank! Fuck me . . . fuck the living hell out of me!"

Frank's fingers dug into his mother's grinding hips, plunging his cock into the scalding wetness of her gripping cunt, fucking her fast and hard. He grunted with each lunge, smacking his balls at her writhing ass. The friction of his mother's tight, wet cunt seemed to sear his cockflesh, but in such an ecstatic way, he didn't care if her cunt skinned his cock then and there.

"Oh, damn! Oh, damn!" Frank muttered over and over as he plunged his cock back and forth. "Oh, damn ... oh, damn ..."

"Damn, my ass!" Susan groaned in pleasure. "That's pussy, Frank! That is hot, wet, hairy cunt, baby! Ooooh, fuck it good for me! Ahhhh, you'll have me coming soon! God, what a cock! So fucking hard ... so long ... so thick! Oh, fuck me good, darling!"

Susan whipped her hips up and down, fucking her son as vigorously as he fucked her. She swung her hips about frantically, groaning as her orgasm swelled and fanned out in searing heat about her crotch. She was dancing erotically from the waist down, bumping and grinding furiously as he pumped his cock back and forth, going deep. She clawed at the cushions of the couch with her long, sharp nails, moaning as her mind reeled in erotic ecstasy.

"I'm about to come!" she screamed, her hips pounding against him. "Ohhh, you're making me come!"

The orgasm came through her cunt like a gale-force storm, squeezing at his cock in a waving sensation somewhat like sucking. The satiny lips of her pussy drew his cock in, turning him loose as he withdrew, but then clamping hotly about the head of his cock so that he couldn't jerk free. As her orgasms exploded, one into another, Susan screamed again, and her hands left the cushions to grab his hips. She jerked her son's cock deep into her cunt and held him there, feeling his prick throb so sweetly between the convulsing lips of her pussy.

Frank gasped, then groaned, his face contorting.

Creamy, boiling come juice burst from the piss hole of his cock and flooded Susan's fiery cunt, making her orgasms come on stronger than before. The lurching, throbbing, spasming of his cock sent orgasm after orgasm burning through Susan's shaking body.

And she went limp.

Her hips dropped, her body going totally loose. Frank's cock slipped out of her cunt, drooping and glistening between her thighs, brushing at her pantied asscheeks. He held himself upright by placing his hands on his mother's thighs, on the bare flesh above the tops of her nylons, as he gasped and choked from the ecstasy.

A few moments later Frank started to move away.

"Oh, no you don't, darling," she whispered excitedly. "You're not finished yet, you know. That was only a taste ... I want the full meal."

Chapter Two

Susan lay in bed with Frank next to her.

She watched him sleeping, his naked body still sending sparks of excitement through her. She, too, was naked. Her tits ached in a sensational way, and she could still feel his lips and tongue on them. Her cunt throbbed with the pleasure, her cunt hair matted with the juices of his cock and her pussy. She could still feel his hands moving excitedly over her body and she writhed and tossed, letting him explore and feel every inch of her slender curves. Frank had learned more about a woman's body in those few hours than most boys learned in five or

six years.

He had fondled and squeezed her tits, twisted and pulled her nipples, sucked on them until she was crying out for more and more. He had sat between her spread thighs and poked and felt around in her hairy cunt, stroking her swollen clit as she showed him what made her most excited. He had fingerfucked her and made her come that way, then turned her over and fondled the swelling cheeks of her shapely ass, parting the cheeks to peer between them, seeing her asshole. He touched her thighs lightly and hotly, and when she told him how sensitive they were on the inside near her cunt, he had spent a long time caressing her there.

Then she had rolled him about on the bed and explored every inch of his body, twisting and cuddling his sweet balls, stroking his cock and tugging at the bit of hair at the base. When she could not resist planting a moist kiss on the tip of his cock, Frank thought that he would come from the heat of her mouth. She had parted the cheeks of his young ass and goosed him in his tight asshole, making him giggle and thrash to get away from her.

Then they fucked frantically for the third time, both of them coming so strong, it almost shattered their bodies.

Now she gazed at his sleeping body. She felt no shame or guilt about fucking her son. On the contrary, she was very pleased to have given him so much pleasure, and received so much in return. It had been so many years since a cock had pounded into her cunt, and Susan was not going to stop now; she knew that, and so did her son.

Juices still lingered on his cock, wet and glistening. It was the mixture of her cunt juices and his come juice. Even his balls looked wet. Susan remembered how it had felt to have her husband's cock inside her mouth, the hot hardness of it as she slipped her lips up and down, sucking him. She recalled that he had particularly enjoyed the way she used her tongue, and was always pleased when she let him come off inside her mouth.

She wondered why she had not really enjoyed it when he came in her mouth. She enjoyed sucking his cock very much, loved the hard heat inside her mouth, but for some reason she didn't want him coming in it. She had let him, many times, for his pleasure, but she had never truly liked it very much.

She wondered about her son's cock.

Sitting up in bed, she leaned over and looked at his cock and balls intently as he lay sleeping. One of his legs was thrown outward, and she saw the curve of his young ass below his balls. If she kissed his cock, took his prick into her mouth and started sucking him, he would wake up. But did that matter any more? she asked herself. Frank wouldn't mind being awakened with her lips wrapped about his cock, she was sure. Maybe she could suck it for a while, then stop before he came.

Leaning down, she brushed her lips along the shaft of Frank's cock. The feel of his prick on her lips felt good to her. She moved her lips along his cockshaft, up and down, and felt his prick starting to swell. She glanced at his face and grinned when she saw him looking down at her. "Well, what do you expect a girl to do when she sees you sleeping, naked and everything, Frank?"

"I expect you to do what you're doing now, Mom," he laughed, darting his hand down to press at her head.

Susan let him rub his growing cock against her face, then shoved up. "You want me to take it in my mouth, huh?"

"Why not?"

"Yes, why not," she murmured, grinning lewdly as she cupped his sweet, young balls in her hand. "Why not indeed."

But she didn't pull his cock into her mouth right away. Her husband always rammed it into her mouth instead of letting her play with it. Now she was going to play with her son's cock the way she wanted.

Grasping his cock at the base, she drew up on it, making a bead of slippery juice form at his piss hole. This part she had enjoyed, licking away the seeping juices from her husband's cock. It wasn't the same as getting a mouthful of thick, hot come juice. The tip of her tongue snaked out, flicking over his piss hole, licking away the juices bubbling up from his balls. She circled the smooth head of his cock with her tongue, sliding it about easily and slowly. She kept holding his balls and the base of his cock as her tongue lapped the juices away, then swirled around his swollen prickhead again.

Susan mewled with delight, thrilled by the heat of his cock on her tongue. She lapped the flat surface up and down his prick, her eyes staring up at him, watching his face glow with ecstasy. She giggled in a naughty manner just before she closed her lips about the smoothness of his cock. She didn't sink onto it, not yet. First she held the head of his cock with her lips, sliding her tongue around his piss hole slowly. Then with a moan, she licked swiftly, writhing her lips just behind his cockhead, flipping her tongue on his piss hole.

Susan lifted up, grinned lewdly at him. She stroked his cock with her fist. "Good, huh? You like that, don't you, baby? You really like the feel of my lips on your prick?"

"I sure do, Mom!"

"Mmm, I sort of like it, too," she mewled and closed her lips around his cock again. She shifted her position, stretching out her body and turning toward him so that he could see her hairy cunt and watch her mouth suck his cock.

Mewling in pleasure, Susan shoved her lips down on her son's cock, drawing it deeply. Her eyes flashed in erotic ecstasy as his cock filled her mouth, prodding at her burning throat. She held his cock deep in her throat, lips twisting about the base, feeling him throb, her tongue pressing his prick against the roof of her mouth. She sucked up slowly, lips tight and tongue moving, her dark eyes glowing. Reaching the tip of his cock, she flicked her tongue again on his piss hole.

Susan then started sucking his cock swiftly.

She sucked with short, quick jerks of her lips just past his cockhead, her tongue swirling in liquid heat. With her thumb and forefinger, she jerked up and down, squeezing bubbling juices into her fiery mouth so that her tongue could lick them away.

After sucking his cock with short jerks a bit longer, Susan swallowed his prick once more and drew her lips down the full length, moaning hotly in her throat. She lifted her leg and bent her knee, exposing her hairy cunt to his blazing eyes. It amused her when it seemed that Frank was having trouble deciding where to look, at her cunt or her sucking mouth. Releasing his cock at the base, Susan cupped one of her tits, squeezing it so that her nipple poked between her fingers, then glided her hand down over her flat stomach, brushing the silky hair off her cunt. Frank's gaze followed hotly, widening when she stroked her throbbing clit and then poked a finger into her pussy to fuck herself a little, all the time sucking on his hard, throbbing cock.

Drawing her hand up her body again, she slipped it under his naked ass, squeezing it, then lifting his crotch as she shoved her mouth down on his cock.

She felt her son's cock increased in size, the throbbing becoming more powerful. She would have to take her mouth away soon unless she wanted a mouthful of come juice. She would jerk away and straddle him, get his cock inside her cunt just before he came off.

That was what she was going to do.

And that wasn't what happened.

Her lips were drawing at the base of his cock as she squeezed his tight ass. With a sudden grunt, she felt his cock swell, and her son's prick was gushing into her mouth.

Susan squealed. It was too late now to pull away. She held his prick inside her hot mouth as he came, then jizz ran down her throat. She swallowed his come juice to keep from choking on it. Her mouth filled time and again as her son bent almost double in agonized ecstasy.

Then, to her amazement, Susan came, too.

As her son gushed his come juice into her mouth, her cunt seemed to burst into a searing fire as her pussy lips convulsed in such a tight orgasm, she couldn't believe it. A loud groan came from her gulping throat, and she started sucking furiously on his cock again, drawing the creamy come juice from his balls.

Her reaction to having her son come in her mouth was totally different than when her husband had done it. There was a difference now. Frank's come juice seemed sweet as it spurted over her tongue, sweet and thick, and it was making her cunt explode with tremendous orgasms. This had never happened to her before, and she was puzzled by it.

Slowly, Frank lay back again, and she held his cock inside her mouth for a long time, resting her cheek on his thigh and staring up at his face. He was smiling happily, his eyes showing her his ecstasy.

After a moment or so she let his cock slip from her mouth. She gazed at him for a while, her eyes soft and misty with affection, then kissed his prick tip, and finally his balls. Scooting up next to him, she mewled happily as he snuggled against her naked body. Susan pressed back as he flung an arm around her waist.

While he slept beside her, Susan wondered about her strange reaction when his cock squirted into her mouth. She had never reacted in that way when she had sucked her husband's cock. In fact, she had never come off with a cock in her mouth at all. Holding him in her arms, her cunt still feeling warm and tingly, Susan stopped being puzzled over it. She had never been one to question anything good when it happened to her. She accepted it.

She dreamed that night of erotic things. The last time she dreamed that way was as a high-school girl. Images of enormous cocks, hard and throbbing, dripping from huge piss holes, floated in and out of her dreams. The cocks were bodiless, moving in and out of misty substances, aimed for her cunt or her mouth.

She woke up sometime before sunrise, clutched in orgasms.

Her hand was between her legs, cupping her cunt, the other on a firm tit. For a moment she seemed disoriented, then felt her son's thigh against hers. Looking at Frank, the day before came back to her. A smile spread over her face as her eyes darted downward. A sheet had been pulled over them, either by her or Frank. He was on his back, his cock making a tent where it throbbed up in powerful hardness. With the sun just coming up, she could see well enough. Sliding out from under the sheet, she sat on the bed, tucking her legs together, looking down at the tent-like hardness there. A moist spot had formed on the sheet, telling her that Frank's prick was starting to drip as he slept.

Susan could not resist her son's cock. The damned peekaboo games they had been playing finally led them to fucking, and there was no sense in trying to stop it now, she felt. Besides, she didn't want to stop. Closing her fingers around his cock under the sheet, she started jacking up and down slowly, feeling the throbbing power of his prickshaft. Frank's cock was much larger than most boys his age, she suspected. It certainly filled her cunt and mouth nicely:

Frank moaned and twisted his hips, coming awake.

"Good morning, baby," she whispered as her fist tightened around his cock, squeezing. "I didn't mean to wake you up, but I saw this and just had to feel a little."

Frank grinned sleepily and closed his hand around his mother's, making her fingers squeeze harder yet as he pushed upward into her fist. "You can wake me up this way every morning," he replied, pumping his hips up and down, fucking her fist as he held her hand over his cock. "Every morning, noon, and night!"

Susan giggled, leaning down and pressing her lips to the moist spot of the sheet. With another giggle, she formed the sheet around the head of his cock and closed her lips around it, sucking hotly as her tongue flicked at his covered piss hole.

She attempted to suck his cock as it was wrapped in the sheet, but it wasn't as good as the night before. The sheet seemed rough to her moist lips and wet tongue. But playing erotically, she went down all the way on his cock, sheet and all. She could feel his prick throbbing in her mouth, feel the heat of his cock coming through, but there was no taste. She flung the sheet from him, gurgled hotly, and swallowed his cock hungrily, sucking up and down swiftly, her hair fanning and bouncing. Her cunt overheated as she stuffed his cock into her mouth time and again.

"Ohhh, I want this beautiful hard cock in my cunt!"

Before Frank could reply, she swung a leg over him, straddling his cock. She sat down, making a whimpering sound as her cunt was stretched and filled. She sat on his body, her cunt hair mingling with the wiry hair at the base of his prick. She felt his prick pulsing deeply, and the wet lips of her cunt sucked and squeezed the base of his cock. Her shoulders back, she fondled her tits, jerking her hips back and forth slowly, sliding her fiery cunt along his cock, scraping her clit at it, feeling his balls on her assecheeks. Her eyes glazed with desire as she looked down at his delighted face. Frank caressed his mother's thighs, his hands hot as they moved from her knees to the triangle of her fluffy cunt hair, his hips arched upward.

"Is your cunt always this wet and hot, Mom?" he asked.

"Mmmm, you're going to find out!" she bubbled, her hips making a tight circle as she slowly lifted upward, her cunt holding him tight. "You're going to find out . . . because I love your hard cock and plan on fucking it as often as I can!"

Frank gave a happy groan, watching her pussy ride up and down his cock.

Susan wanted him to see, wanted him to watch her hair-lined pussy fucking his prick. She wanted him to see everything, to understand how hot she was for him. She wanted her son to know her body was his, that she was willing, with total lack of inhibitions, to do and perform anything he wanted. She would fuck him day and night, suck his cock anytime he asked. She was his, his to do with as he pleased, she felt.

She fucked him slowly for a while, making soft cooing sounds as her cunt fell and lifted on his cock. She leaned backwards, making sure that he could see the way her pink cuntlips gripped his prick, her thighs hot against his hips. Susan jerked her crotch up and down as her son stared in wide-eyed ecstasy between her thighs.

"See my cunt fucking you, darling?" she whispered. "Can you watch mother's hot cunt fuck your cock this way, Frank?"

"Oh, yeah!" he grunted, licking his lips.

"Watch it, baby," she hissed throatily. "Watch mother's hairy pussy fuck your sweet, hard cock! You can watch it suck your cock off! Ooooooh, you're so damned hard in me! I can feel your prick throbbing in my pussy, honey! I love it . . . love to feel that!"

She squeezed her satiny thighs against his hips, shoving her feet upward, then hooking them into his armpits, her own hands behind her as she moved her ass up and down his cock. The position was awkward, but it was erotic, and that was what counted most to

Susan.

After pulling her feet back again, she doubled them until she was straddling him with her tits jiggling. Leaning forward, she offered her son a nipple, which he gobbled quickly. Her ass never hesitated once, but beat up and down on his body swiftly now, her cunt clutching his cock with wet, fiery heat. Her clit was scraping his prick shaft as he sucked hard on her nipple. Susan mewled softly when her son slipped his hands up her thighs and onto her creamy ass, holding her ass cheeks as she fucked faster and faster.

"Ohhh . . . ohhh!" she wailed, her eyes closed as the pleasure burned through her body. "Ohhhh, baby, baby! Ahhhh, you're so good inside me! So fucking good!"

Frank made a mumbling sound around her tit, drawing it hard. Susan wondered if her so

n was trying to stuff every inch of her rounded, spongy tit into his mouth, and she wished that he could. His tongue swirled against her sensitive nipple hotly, his hands clutching her swinging ass tightly, his fingers between her ass cheeks. He was pumping up and down, meeting her ecstatic thrusts with grunting heaves. When her orgasm began, it seemed to start in her toes and work upward, along her thighs and toward her cunt. Susan screamed loudly when she came, her pussy clawing at her son's cock with rippling convulsions.

Frank was certain that his mother's cunt was sucking his cock as she came. It felt almost like being in her mouth. The only thing missing was her tongue.

When Susan started coming, she had slammed her cunt down onto his cock hard, grinding at the base. Then, still coming, she fucked him in a frenzy, riding her exploding cunt up and down his cock with impossible speed.

The friction was too much for Frank.

He arched up, her tit leaving his mouth as he opened it to yelp, but his hands dug harshly into her swinging asscheeks.

"Yes, yes, yes!" Susan begged, her eyes teary with ecstasy. "Do it, Frank! Come . . . come in my fucking cunt! Give it to mother! Give me that sweet come juice, darling!"

The gushing wetness of his come juice burst inside her cunt with the force of a broken dam. Through the power of her convulsive orgasms, she felt her son's cock gushing his prick jism into her greedy pussy, flooding it, filling it. She squealed mindlessly as her orgasms increased, as her son discharged furiously into her body.

When it was over, she shuddered and slumped on top of him, her tits surrounding his young face. She could hear him gasping beneath her, feel his hands moving about the quivering cheeks of her ass.

"Oh, God!" she whimpered and rolled from him. "Oh, God, baby! That was even better than yesterday! I didn't think it could ever be better than that first time, but this one almost killed me."

Frank looked at his mother with concern in his eyes. Susan caught it and laughed. "No, not literally, darling . . . figuratively. It means I felt so good when we came, I could have died from the pleasure. I guess that's what I mean, anyway."

"I felt that way, Mom," he said. "I think I understand what you mean. Is it always going to feel this good?"

"I hope so! Ohhh, I really hope so!"

Chapter Three

Susan wondered about telling Stacy. There was something about the beautiful girl, something Susan could not define or put her finger on. Yet she was sure that Stacy was an erotic woman. As much as the girl might protest about her brother, Bobby, grabbing her ass, Susan had a hunch that the girl really didn't mind. Stacy, she thought, probably liked it, but her inhibitions held her back.

Perhaps once those inhibitions were released, Stacy would fuck like a girl gone crazy. Susan didn't understand why a girl that wanted to fuck so badly could keep from it. It didn't make sense, not at all, to Susan.

How could Stacy live alone in that house with Bobby, especially with that kid grabbing her ass that way, so damned horny that he was beating his fucking meat every night, and keep her hands off him? Stacy must be miserable, walking around with her young cunt boiling for some cock, yet so damned bashful that she couldn't bring herself to do anything about it. The poor girl thought that she had to devote every minute of her time to Bobby. She could date and fuck to her cunt's content, if she wanted. Yet, she lived for her brother only. Well, Susan thought, if she was going to live for her brother she should go, all the way and fuck the hell out of his young ass while she was at it.

That way she would serve her own frustrated need for cock and make a happy boy of Bobby at the same time.

Fucking her son was the greatest, Susan thought. Stacy didn't know what she was missing by not putting out for her brother. If only Frank would stay in the damned house with her and not go running around the neighborhood with his bicycle and all that. She wished that he was with her now. Susan ran her hand between her legs and caressed her cunt, thinking of her son's cock and how hard it had been that morning. If she had him with her now, she would take his sweet cock in her mouth and give him another blow job that would send him into orbit.

She licked her lips, thinking of his hot, hard cock between them, tingling and pulsating and filling her mouth. God, if only he would come home! She'd eat his cock up making him squirt all that sweetness, that thick come juice, right down her burning cocksucking throat! She moved her hand under her dress, fondling up the inside of her thigh. She teased herself, stroking the edges of her tight, bikini panties. Tracing the tip of her finger up and down the crotch of her panties, feeling the heat of her pussy slit, she pursed her lips, pretending to suck on Frank's beautiful young cock. She felt the moisture on her panties, the quiver of her cuntlips.

She wanted to suck his cock badly right now, very badly. Suck any cock! Suck all cocks!

She had her finger under her panties now, rubbing lightly at her inflamed clit. She ran her forefinger in and out of her mouth, pretending it was Frank's cock. She leaned her head back on the couch, still sucking her finger while her hand was busy inside her panties, stroking and feeling and caressing. Her ass writhed on the cushions, her skirt about her hips, legs wide apart. Soft moans of erotic fantasy bubbled from her burning throat.

"Shit!" she groaned when the knocking on the door shattered her mental images. "Shit!" Susan was close to coming. Smoothing her dress over her hips, she answered the door, ready to tell off whoever it was in no uncertain terms. But such thoughts left her quickly when she saw Bobby standing there.

"I know," she said, "you're after Frank, but he's out there somewhere." She waved a hand to indicate the whole neighborhood. "You can probably find him." Then a sly thought came to her, a thought she would not have considered before yesterday. "Or why don't you come in and wait, honey? I'm sure he'll be back soon."

Taking the boy's hand, she pulled him into the house. Bobby looked at her quizzically. Susan had always been very friendly with him for as long as he could remember, but never this friendly.

Closing the door, Susan leaned against it, looking at the young boy. Her eyes glowed with inner heat as her gaze drifted down to the front of his pants. She saw nothing there, but she knew what he had in those pants. It would only take a second to have it nice and hard, too. Stacy had told her enough about Bobby so that what was going on in her mind was, or could be, quite possible.

Bobby looked back at her, his eyes searching her lovely face, wondering what was going on with Susan. She leaned her back against the door, smiling at him with her eyes smoldering. Running her tongue over her lips with an erotic suggestion, Susan lifted her hands to her tits, cupping them gently and watching Bobby's reaction. She saw his eyes go wide, gazing at her hands while she massaged her tits. Susan now saw the stirring of his cock in those pants. Bobby was getting a hard-on, and she molded her tits with her fingers, her nipples pressing against the thin garment; Opening the buttons, Susan slowly pulled the top of her dress to one side, flashing a lovely, creamy tit to the boy, her nipple rubbery in hardness. She heard Bobby gasp, but it wasn't in shock; it was in awed delight. His cock jerked into full hardness, swelling along his left thigh. She saw the boy begin to tremble as he gazed at her tit.

She pulled the top of her dress wide apart, both of her tits revealed to him. She circled her nipples with the tips of her forefingers, then began pulling at them, stretching her nipples and twisting them. She licked her lips again, her eyes blazing at the hard outline of Bobby's cock.

"You like to grab a girl's ass, don't you, Bobby?" Susan asked in a husky voice. "You like grabbing your sister's ass?"

Bobby couldn't answer. He gazed hotly at Susan's tits, his cock throbbing powerfully.

"Maybe you didn't have any luck there," Susan went on, her voice hoarse with desire. "But maybe if you grabbed mine, you'd be luckier."

Bobby began making choking sounds, his eyes rolling but still staring excitedly at Susan's naked tits.

Leaving her tits alone, Susan slowly inched her skirt up, showing her beautiful, slender thighs inch by inch, her eyes never moving from the outline of his young, hard cock. When she had her skirt at her waist, Bobby acted as if he was about to swallow his tongue. His eyes burned at the slight bulge of her panties, seeing the dark hair as a shadow beneath them. Susan moved her palm up and down her naked thigh, finger parted in an erotic caress. She cupped her cunt and wiggled her hips.

"Don't come in your pants, honey," she laughed throatily. "I'm sure we can think of much better places for you to come, don't you?"

Bobby acted as if he was frozen, unable to move. His eyes burned on her body, darting to her naked tits, down to her thighs, then fixed firmly upon the crotch of her panties.

"I'll show you mine if you'll show me yours," Susan whispered.

The words broke Bobby's frozen stance. With moans of disbelief, he clawed at his pants frantically, unzipping his fly and digging into them. He pulled his hard cock out, waving it proudly at Susan.

"Oh, my, you have a real beauty, Bobby," Susan mewled deep in her throat. "So hard .. so very hard!"

"You promised!" Bobby choked. "You promised, Susan!"

"So I did," she smiled wantonly, sliding a finger into the crotch of her panties, then pulling it wide.

"Bobby swallowed noisily as he stared at her cunt. Susan parted the thick hair to make sure he could see her pink, fiery wet pussy lips and the tip of her swollen clit. She stood that way for him, watching his reaction, seeing the hungry expression on his young face, his cock jerking up and down, his prick head very swollen. She saw his piss hole glistening with moisture.

"Oh, God!" she moaned.

Before Bobby realized what she was doing, Susan went to her knees and grabbed his hips. She ran her tongue over her lips again, and then, with another groan of uncontrollable desire, Susan closed her hot, wet lips around the head of his cock. The smoothness of Bobby's prick between her lips ignited the fire that had been smoldering inside her body. She jerked his hips forward, driving his cock far into her mouth. His pants were rough against her lips, but she didn't mind at all. What counted was having his young cock in her mouth so deeply, the head almost slipping into her mouth. She mouthed his cock and wrapped her arms around his shaking hips, clutching at his tight little ass, her fingers squeezing and kneading his ass cheeks. She moaned around his cock as her tongue flicked about his prick shaft. Bobby's prick tasted like sugar to her, like some beautiful, long, hard sugar-coated treat.

She sucked her hot lips backwards on his prick, her tongue pressing it to the roof of her mouth. She kissed his moist cock head and nuzzled her cheek and chin about that throbbing hardness, looking up into his surprised, but very delighted, young face.

"Mmmm, you're sweet, darling," Susan murmured. "You taste just like sugar candy to me. You have a beautiful cock, darling. So hard and hot, and I bet your balls are full of that delicious come juice, aren't they?"

Bobby nodded his head, unable to speak. His eyes shined with a bright light, his expression ecstatic.

"I bet you jerk this sweet cock off and think about getting a nice, hot blow job, don't you, Bobby?" Susan whispered with a hot sounding voice. "Or do you think about putting this in your sister's cunt? You'd love to fuck Stacy, wouldn't you, Bobby?"

Bobby nodded eagerly, arching his hips forward as if trying to get his cock back into her mouth. Susan laughed teasingly, still massaging his ass through his pants, letting him press his cock against her face. The heat of it, the eager way his cock throbbed against her cheek delighted Susan. She opened her lips and let him slide his cock between them. She sucked his prick deeply again, her eyes still burning up into his.

Pulling her mouth away once more, she said softly, "You can hold my head, baby. You're shaking . . . you can hold my head to brace yourself."

Bobby placed his hands on top of Susan's head, watching as Susan moved her tongue about his cock, licking from the base and up to the head. She tried to shove her tongue into his pants, but the zipper hurt her. She moved the flat surface of her tongue up and down his cock hungrily and wetly, mewling softly in pleasure as Bobby ran his fingers through her hair. With her hands holding the cheeks of his bunching ass, she felt thrilled to be giving him this ecstasy. His cock felt so good on her lips and brushing at her face this way. She felt his prick slide up along the side of her nose and almost into her eye, and she giggled in a lewd way, nuzzling his cock.

Bobby was humping his hips, sliding his cock about her face, fucking her face, really. She allowed him to do as he wanted, letting him slide his cock between her lips now and then. She loved holding his ass, loved the tightness of his young ass cheeks. She loved the feel of his young prick sliding hotly over her flesh, and especially against her face. It was such an erotic thing to do with him, she felt. If he had taken his pants down, she would kiss and lick his precious balls, she thought. Bobby was becoming more and more excited, she knew. It was there in the way he pressed his cock against her face, trying to fuck her flesh with it. His prick was dripping a lot, smearing her flesh. The liquid coming out of his piss hole seemed to sear her skin, and she moaned in pleasure. She pulled one hand from his ass and gripped the base of his cock, wiping his slippery piss hole all over her chin and cheeks and nose until her face glistened wetly.

She ran her tongue from the base of his cockhead again, swiping about it and tickling his piss hole. She sucked his prickhead gently a bit, then pressed his cock against her face again.

Bobby made a groan, and his prick throbbed jerkily. She felt his come juice spurting out of his cock, splashing against her cheek near her right ear.

"Ohhh, yes, baby!" she crooned, slipping her fist about his cock, then jerking his prickshaft furiously, moving her face around to catch his squirting come juice all over her cheeks and chin. "Mmmmm, nice, darling Very nice!"

Bobby was trying to fuck her face as he came, darting his hips back and forth, as if searching for her mouth. But Susan kept jacking his cock, taking the sweetness from his balls onto her face, her cunt bubbling into orgasms of jealousy.

"Aw, Susan," he muttered, embarrassed. "I didn't mean to do that. I'm sorry."

"Mmmmm, don't be sorry," she whispered, kissing the head of his cock, tasting his come juice. "You couldn't help it, Bobby. I understand." She still held his cock at the base and, to her surprise, it was still very hard. "Ooooooh, look at you! Your cock is still hard! Oh, that's wonderful!"

She swallowed his jism-wet cock, sucking hotly, bobbing her beautiful face back and forth, her lips holding his prick tightly. The hot taste of his come juice was still there when she ran her tongue about his piss hole, trying to shove it inside, but failing because it was so small. Her cunt was burning very hotly as she sucked on his cock, her face smeared with the come juice. The desire to have his cock up her pussy, fucking her, came to her strongly.

She pulled her mouth off and groaned up at him. "Want to fuck me now, Bobby?" she hissed throatily. "Would you like to fuck me with your sweet cock, darling?"

Bobby nodded. "I sure would, Susan!"

Gurgling happily, Susan leaned back and then spread out on the floor, her dress at her waist, tits still exposed. She spread her long thighs. "You have to take my panties off," she said in a half coy, half teasing voice. "You can't fuck me until you take my panties off."

Eagerly, Bobby dropped to his knees. When he started tugging at her panties, she lifted her ass for him. "My, you're in a terrible hurry, aren't you?" she laughed.

Bobby flung her panties away, staring at her hair-lined cunt with hungry awe. It was, she thought, the way her son had stared at her pussy the day before. That was one of the things she liked about young, horny boys, they were so eager to be initiated into the joys of fucking.

"I want your pants down," she said huskily. "I don't want to feel your pants against my legs . . . just you!"

Bobby opened his pants and he shoved them to his knees, never taking his eyes from her cunt. Susan saw that his balls weren't as big as her son's, but she knew that they contained as much come juice as Frank's balls. His cock was throbbing as if he had not yet come, jerking up and down while he stared at the wet, pink lips of her pussy. Susan lifted her hips, legs spread as wide as she could get them, writhing her hips, understanding his excitement at seeing her cunt.

"Fuck me now," she pleaded, pulling at him. "Fuck me now, Bobby! Ohhh, please, shove your cock in me and fuck me! I don't want to wait any longer!"

Bobby moved between her legs, and Susan didn't have to show him what to do. His cock went into her cunt unerringly, with all the instincts of an erotic young boy. She gave a loud hiss of ecstasy as his cock spread and stretched her cunt lips wide, sliding deeply. She felt his balls on her naked ass, and the lips of her cunt began to squeeze his cock at the base. Bobby was on his knees, holding his upper body away from her with his hands on each side of her, looking down where his cock had disappeared into the most heated, slippery wetness he had only imagined until now.

Susan lay beneath him, her arms above her head, and began to bounce her hips up and down, fucking him as the boy remained stiff, watching her pussy beat up against his cock, sliding along it in that steamy, tight wetness. Each time her cunt banged up onto his cock, Susan grunted. The muscles of her stomach rippled in motion. After a moment, she lifted her legs and wrapped them about his naked ass, pulling his hips forward to suck his cock far into her gripping cunt. She moaned and her eyes rolled, her bottom lip between her sparkling white teeth. Holding his cock deeply, she shuddered in pleasure.

"Fuck me!" she squealed. "Bobby, fuck me!"

Still holding himself up with his hands, Bobby started stabbing his cock in and out. Susan whimpered and twisted her naked ass energetically, meeting the thrusts of his cock with her burning cunt. She wrapped her arms around his back, pulling him to her chest, smashing her tits against him. She scissored her smooth thighs up and down his hunching hips, mewling and gurgling in a soft, ecstatic sound.

"Ohhh, you feel so good in me, Bobby!" she moaned. "You go so deep . . . and your cock is so hard! Mmmmm, fuck me good, baby! "Ohhh, fuck me real good!"

Bobby shoved his hands downward and under, grabbing Susan's naked ass with hot palms. She squealed in delight as he squeezed her twisting ass, urging him to fuck hard and fast. She slammed her crotch against him, making moist smacking sounds. She clutched at his bouncing ass frantically, rolling her come-smeared face from side to side in a delirious ecstasy. The way his young balls smacked at her grinding ass was an added thrill for her, and she rammed her cunt tightly onto his cock, wanting his prick as deep as she could. His grunting, heated breath against her shoulder and neck added to her pleasure. She began to kiss at his neck, her ass in constant motion. Her white teeth nipped and bit lightly at his flesh, then she began

sucking at his neck, whimpering in snorting, gasping sounds.

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!" she moaned mindlessly as her hips beat in a swift, harsh rhythm against him. "Ooooh, fuck my cunt, Bobby! I'm so fucking hot . . . hot for your hard cock! Fuck my cunt! Fuck it raw, baby!"

Bobby's cock was swelling inside her fiery cunt, swelling and stretching her inflamed pussylips, scraping her tingling clit. Her hips flew about, grinding in ecstasy as she came. The rippling waves of her orgasm made it seem as if her cunt was sucking at his cock, devouring and demanding. Susan screamed as her orgasms increased in power, making her body shake violently. She banged her cunt up and down in a frenzy on his cock, the hair-lined lips of her cunt gripping his prick in waving motions.

Bobby gave a yell, and Susan pulled at his naked ass with both hands, taking his cock deeply as his body stiffened and started to shudder.

"Oh, come in me, Bobby!" she yelped. "Squirt that stuff in to my cunt! Spurt that come juice to my hpt pussy!"

Susan continued grinding her cunt at the base of his cock as his jism splashed upon the velvety walls of her pussy. She clung to him, her fingers digging into his tight ass, moaning with intense ecstasy. She kept holding him until he stopped coming, then relaxed, her arms and legs splayed out at her sides. Bobby slumped on top of her, gasping and wheezing, his cock sliding free of her cunt.

"Did you like that?" Susan asked when his breathing returned to normal. "Was that a good fuck, Bobby?"

She didn't hear him reply, but felt his head nod. She brought her hands to his head, cupping his face and lifting it. She looked into his eyes, seeing the pleasure there. Susan pressed her lips to his, kissing him moistly, writhing her lips against his, then breaking the kiss with a wet smack.

"Now, get your little ass out of here," she said, playfully pushing him from her. "I've got to wash your come juice off my face, among other things."

"I'm sure sorry about coming in your face, Susan," he said, pulling his pants up.

"You were too excited," she said. "That happens sometimes. Don't worry about it...I thought it was fun." She stood up and smoothed her dress down. "Go find Frank, and play."

Chapter Four

"Really? He came in your face, Mom?"

"Bobby was very excited," she said. "He couldn't help it. Besides, I didn't mind at all."

They were in the living room. It was around three in the afternoon, and the remains of a light lunch were still on the coffee table where they had eaten. Frank had returned home a hour or so after Bobby had left. He had not seen Bobby, and the first he heard of his mother fucking the boy was when she told him. Susan had showered and worn her robe, but left it untied. She now sat at one end of the couch, one leg propped on the cushions and the other on the floor, her tits and cunt revealed to her son. Frank, still dressed, had taken his cock out when he heard what she said, and had now stroked it into hardness.

Susan watched her son's cock as she idly fondled herself, running her hands over her smooth thighs, sliding her fingers into the curls of her cunt and bringing a hand up to squeeze and play with her tits. Already her eyes were gleaming with the inner heat that was now a constant part of her.

"You'd like to fuck Stacy, too, wouldn't you?" she asked her son.

"You know it, Mom!" Frank said with excitement.

"How would you like to have some help?"

"What kind of help?"

"I don't know," Susan said. "But I think Stacy would fuck you...and her brother...with a little nudge."

Frank grinned lewdly. "You're gonna nudge her, Mom?"

Susan ran her tongue over her lips as she gazed at his cock. "I'll nudge her," she whispered. "I'll see what happens, but I can't make any firm promise."

Frank looked between his mother's thighs. He could see her cuntlips glistening with the juices, the curling hair along each pussy lip and her distended clit. Susan saw the heat in her son's eyes, a ripple of pleasure shooting up her spine.

"Eat me," she whispered.

"Do what?"

"Eat my cunt, Frank," she said, still whispering but louder. "Suck mother's pussy, honey. It's been a long time since I've had a good tonguefucking." Susan pulled the lips of her cunt apart, then squeezed them tightly together, creating pressure on her inflamed clit. She did this a few times, her eyes pleading with her son to suck her pussy. She spread her legs wide, writhing her ass in a lewd invitation. She ran her finger along the side of her clit lightly. "I sucked you off, didn't I? I'll always suck your cock, but I'd love it if you'd suck my cunt, too."

Frank moved to the floor on his knees. Susan twisted on the couch and shoved her ass over the edge, her legs wide. She looked down at his handsome young face, her cunt pulsating with anticipation.

Frank kissed the inner smoothness of his mother's legs, going from one to the other. She mewled and watched him, shivering when he licked his tongue along her sensitive thigh. As his mouth kissed and licked her thighs, his hands caressed up and down them, from her hips to her knees. His kisses-seared her flesh wetly. She cupped his face in her hands, guiding him, gurgling in a throaty way. Pulling her son's face into her crotch, she ground her cunt onto his mouth. The thick hairs of her pussy surrounded his face as she arched her pussy up and down, sliding it over his lips and chin. Frank's hands moved down and under to hold his mother's ass. Susan lifted her legs and she draped them over her son's shoulders, one hand at the back of his head now, holding his mouth tight against her cunt.

"Lick it!" she moaned hotly. "Ohhh, baby, lick my hot cunt! Suck it, honey! Stick your tongue in my cunt . . . tonguefuck me, Frank!"

She felt his tongue press into her cunt, and a yelp of pleasure came from her mouth. "Ooooh, yes, darling! That's good! I love that! Ahhh, fuck mother's cunt with your tongue! Eat my pussy now, darling! Fuck it and eat it and lick it and . . . ohhhh, you're doing it right now! Mmmmm, so fucking deep!"

Frank's tongue was far up in his mother's cunt, wiggling about and tasting her satiny wet pussy walls. Susan pulled at her cunt, spreading her pussy lips wide, trying to pull every inch of his mouth into it. Feeling his lips and tongue between her cuntlips, she pressed them at his cheeks, bucking her ass up and down in a slow, grinding manner, moaning as ecstasy grew hotter within her slender body.

Holding her cuntlips wide apart again, she felt her son's tongue licking at them, flicking about her sensitive inner flesh like a flame. She groaned and lifted her hips, twisting them as her son licked about her pussy. It seemed to her that his tongue was everywhere at once, on her clit, running about the sides of it, lapping at the fiery wetness of her hairy pussy lips and even up her cunt. She tucked one foot between his legs and rubbed it over his throbbing cock, feeling his jizz dripping on her toes and sole. He was sucking at her cunt as if he had licked pussy for years, but she knew that he was doing it because his mind was as erotic as hers, that her son would do anything possible with a cunt and cock, with a mouth and fi

ngers and hands.

"Oh, God, Frank!" she wailed. "You're going to make me come so fucking good! Your tongue feels like your cock in me! Mmmmm, darling, go . . . eat it, suck it, fuck it! Ahhhh, I'm going to come, baby!"

She grabbed his head in one hand, her other going down and behind her ass, holding his hand there. She arched her hips up and began to grind frantically at his mouth, making his fingers dig into the firm roundness of her ass.

"I'm about to come now, darling!" she yelled. "Ohhh, yes! There . . . there! I'm coming! Hold my ass, Frank! Squeeze my hot, fucking ass! I'm coming!"

Frank licked and sucked hungrily at his mother's convulsing cut, his tongue thrusting deep and then pulling out to swirl about her clit. He was making wet lapping sounds, both his hands pulling at her ass, trying to bring her cunt tighter yet into his mouth. His mother was so wet, he had to swallow often. Susan shivered and shook with the ecstasy his mouth and tongue gave her, her head twisting about, hair flying. She bumped her cunt up and down at his sucking mouth, riding her cunt along his tongue when it was inside her exploding pussy, scraping it about her clit when it wasn't in her.

Susan's ass slumped, her body going lax. Her legs slipped from his shoulders, and he looked up at her with a cunt-wet face, grinning.

"That's what I call a tonguefucking!" she moaned softly. "I thought you were going to eat my fucking pussy off."

"You taste good, Mom," he said, lifting his cock to her cunt and thrusting into her. "You taste all hot and wet and like ice cream."

"Ice cream is cold," she laughed, shaking her hips as his prick drove deep. "I don't think my cunt is at all cold."

His hands rested on her hips as he watched her cunt riding on his cock. He stood on his knees and let her fuck him, seeing her hairy cunt gobble his prick completely.

"God, I'm never going to get enough of your cock, baby," she whimpered. "I love it inside me this way. Mmmmm, fuck me, Frank!"

Her cunt was still tingling from his tonguefucking. She lifted her hands and placed them on his shoulders, banging her cunt up and down on his prick. "I sure wish we could get your balls in there, too," she hissed. "Mmm, balls and cock fucking me! I'd come a fucking flood!"

Bucking wildly against her son, ramming her bushy, wet cunt jerkily onto his hard cock, Susan began moaning as the ecstasy increased. The tingling from his tonguefuck was still there, and now with his throbbing prick sliding deeply, she was on the brink of a shattering explosion. Her sharp nails dug into his shoulders, her eyes closing, mouth ovaled into an expression of her intense pleasure.

Her son was grabbing at her tits, squeezing and smashing them under his palms, rolling them around. Her nipples were burning with sensation. The lips of her hairy cunt closed about his cock, sucking and squeezing, pulling his prick deep. When Frank thrust into her, Susan felt his cock almost penetrating into her stomach. His balls banged against her twisting ass, sending shivers of ecstasy throughout her body. The whimpers came from her in a soft, incoherent sound, almost like a babble.

"Ooooh fuck it, darling! God, fuck mother!" Susan wailed. "Fuck the shit out of me! Ohhhh, baby, baby, so good! I love that hard cock . . . love it so much!"

Wet smacks sounded as her cunt slapped the base of his cock, smacks that increased Susan's fiery, wanton, passion. She could fuck her son forever, she thought, the idea burning through the fog of pleasure, fuck his young, hard cock forever and ever and not once stop.

Frank's hips moved like a runaway piston, ramming the hardness of his cock deep, stret

ching her pussylips and scraping at her inflamed clit.

With a loud grunt, Susan thrust her crotch hard against her son's cock, her hips grinding frantically. "I'm coming again!" she screeched, as if not believing it. "Ohhh, I'm coming again, Frank! Ram it to me . . . fuck me!"

The orgasms whipping about her cunt created an impossible tightness around the base of her son's cock. Her hairy pussy started sucking at his prick, drawing on it, searing his tight cock flesh. Frank, feeling what his mother's cunt was doing to his cock, could not hold off. The eruption of jism that roared out of his balls and up his cock was like a freight train with an open throttle. Gobs of come juice spurted into her greedy cunt, smearing her satiny pussy walls, flooding her to capacity.

Susan wailed as she felt her son gushing that sweetness into her, her cunt convulsing in a fiery, scalding heat. She was vaguely aware of come juice seeping from her tight cunt and running over the cheeks of her shaking ass. The orgasms went on and on, and Susan wondered if they would ever stop. But then she slumped, exhausted, gasping loudly, her body still trembling.

"Ohhh, what a fuck!" she murmured in a tired voice. "Baby, you get better all the time. If it gets any better, I don't know how I'll live with it."

"We'll manage, Mom," Frank said, now sitting on the floor between her feet.

"You bet we will!" she agreed enthusiastically. Looking at his glistening cock, she felt that the urge to lick it was strong. Slipping off the couch, she pressed her son onto his back. His cock was wet with come juice and the juices of her cunt. Even his balls were wet. Leaning her face down, Susan gently began licking at his cock and balls, swiping her tongue around it, tasting their juices. Drawing his balls into her mouth, she sucked at them tenderly, rubbing his cock over her cheek.

There was a perverse sweetness on his cock and balls now. The juices of her cunt and his come juice, mixed together, gave her a delight that surprised her. His cock had softened now, and on an impulse, she managed to take his cock into her mouth along with his balls. Although her mouth was stuffed, she managed to use her tongue somewhat. She nuzzled her face against him, moaning softly, loving him, wishing she could have his cock and balls inside her hot mouth for the rest of her life. When Frank's cock started becoming hard again, she could not keep it and his balls between her lips. She had to release his prick, but kept sucking on his balls, running his once-again hard cock over her face, mewling in soft pleasure. She ran her hands up and down his thighs and hips, over his stomach. She closed her fingers around his cock and jacked him slowly while sucking his young balls.

With a squeal, she left his balls and dived her mouth onto his cock, sucking quickly, her tongue fluttering about his smooth prick head and piss hole. She began sucking hungrily, her face going up and down so fast, her hair bounced. The hardness of his cock between her gripping lips sent tremors of ecstasy along her smooth, creamy flesh. She placed her hands on each side of his hips to hold herself up, and moved only her head, riding her mouth up and down his cock with a greedy wetness. Her lips moved from his prick head, taking every beautiful inch of her son's cock into her mouth, feeling his prick head probe at her burning throat. Her tongue moved like a flame as she sucked.

Frank arched his hips up, unable to remain passive beneath his mother's gobbling mouth. He arched his ass and twisted about as he cupped her ass cheeks, fucking up and down, meeting her wild sucking lips.

"Suck me, Mom!" Frank grunted. "Oh, suck my cock! Your mouth is so fucking hot and wet, Mom! Ooooh, suck me off! Eat my cock off, Mom!"

"Mmmmm!" Susan moaned a reply, her eyes dancing but unseeing. Her hands now clutched at his uplifted hips, her fingers digging at his flesh. She was moaning around his cock, but was unaware of it. Words that her son babbled came through now and then, but not a whole sentence.

"Cocksucking . . . hot and wet . . . feels almost like your cunt . . . better . . ."

Devouring his prick, Susan moved a hand under his uplifted ass and she probed between his ass cheeks to rub at his tightly puckered asshole.

The extra stimulation sent Frank into spinning ecstasy. He humped his cock up and down, thrusting his cock between his mother's lips, driving deep. Susan held her head still above him, letting her son fuck her mouth, use it as her cunt. The friction against her lips burned and thrilled her. She held her tongue tightly against his cock shaft, making her mouth tight for his throbbing hard-on. There seemed to be an increase of that powerful throbbing, and she sensed that he would soon be boiling over. Susan moaned with pleasure, anticipating the hot creamy gush of his sweet come juice into her mouth. She glanced up at her son's face as he fucked her mouth faster and faster. His features were contorted as if in pain. He held her head with his palms, and even if she had wanted to...and she didn't...jerk away at his most important moment, it would have been difficult.

Frank was grunting with effort. His cock slid in and out of her hot lips, over her tongue. Each upward thrust sent the head of his swollen cock into her throat, his tight balls brushing her chin. Susan sucked hard as he withdrew, eager for the juices bubbling inside his balls. Her finger rubbed faster against the tight pucker of his asshole, urging him to come, to squirt his jism into her mouth ...

With a louder grunt, Frank arched his cock high, pulling his mother's head downward at the same time. Susan almost choked as the head of his prick slipped into her throat. She recovered just in time. Frank began squirting in rapid spurts, thick and creamy come juice rushing down her throat, burning and exciting her. She clung to his ass with her hands, pulling his cock into her mouth as she whimpered in a liquid sound.

Frank came and came, squirting a never-ending stream of jizz that filled her. Even when it was over, Susan could still taste her son's come juice in her mouth. For an hour afterward, she would not drink water or anything, preferring to hold that taste as long as she could.

Chapter Five

Both Frank and Bobby wanted to fuck

Stacy. They had admitted it to Susan. And Susan was excited by the idea. The only problem was how to convince Stacy to do it. Stacy was an erotic young lady, Susan was certain. It was in Stacy's eyes, in her walk. Everything about the beautiful young girl signaled the intensely burning hunger in that slender, curvy body.

Looking at Stacy now, Susan understood the intensity of the two boys. Stacy was wearing very tight shorts, shorts that hugged her hips, exposed her dimpled belly button. They were cut high on her long thighs and were tight at the crotch. The tiny halter covered her tits, but just barely. The creamy valley between them was showing, and so were the buttons of her nipples.

Sitting on the couch, one foot drawn up and her chin resting on a knee, Susan noticed a few golden hairs peeked enticingly from Stacy's tight crotch. She wondered if Stacy knew. Susan wanted to blurt out that she was fucking her son, and that she had fucked Bobby. She wanted to see Stacy's reaction to such a confession, but was afraid that she might receive the reaction opposite to what she wanted. It would be best to keep quiet and see if things wouldn't develop on their own. She was almost positive that Stacy, under the right circumstances, would welcome a fucking from Frank, and maybe from her brother. But only if the circumstance were right.

Stacy was nervous, her eyes darting about the room and seldom looking directly at Susan. She squirmed a great deal, and Susan sensed that the girl had something to say and was trying her best to get it out.

"Would you like more coffee, honey?" Susan asked. "Or perhaps a tall glass of iced tea would be better. It's so damned hot today, isn't it?"

Stacy nodded, her eyes a bit vacant, yet with a certain wildness in them. Stacy darte

d her eyes about like a cornered animal, yet seeing nothing. She was swinging her uplifted knee back and forth. Susan peered at the crotch of her shorts, noticing the appealing loveliness there. The material puffed out a little, with the girl's cunt slit faintly outlined. The inner surfaces of Stacy's thighs looked mouth-wateringly smooth and kissable. Susan found her tongue moving over her lips as she gazed at the expanse of sweet thigh flesh and puffy crotch.

When the thought came to her about shoving her face between those thighs and kissing that puffy cunt mound, she was startled. Susan had such thoughts only once before in her life. She had been a young teenager, and her gym instructor had made a few subtle passes at her. The passes had been secretive, but enough to create a certain desire to experiment in Susan's mind. It went no further than that, but she had found herself watching the instructor bouncing about in shorts, and she wondered what it would be like to have her face in the woman's crotch, perhaps with the woman licking her young cunt at the same time.

Such desires had never been carried through, and Susan soon forgot it, until now. Stacy was the first girl that had made her consider such a thing since then. And she had known Stacy for a long, long time.

"He did it again," Stacy said in a quiet voice.

"Did what again, baby?"

"Grabbed my butt," Stacy said. "Bobby grabbed my ass again. This morning."

"And?" Susan prompted.

"That's it ... he grabbed me and squeezed, then turned loose," Stacy replied. "He didn't even run off this time."

"Stacy, I'd love to give you advice," Susan said, "but no matter what I say, it could turn out wrong for you."

"I know," Stacy replied, sounding miserable.

"You didn't listen to me the other day, I see," Susan pointed out.

"What are you talking about?"

"Look at how you're dressed. Those shorts! Honey, you're almost daring Bobby to grab your ass."

A faint flush came over the smooth flesh of Stacy's face. "I don't have any other kind of shorts."

"Then you're going to have to decide about two things."

"Two things?"

"Either fuck the kid or put up with his ass-grabbing," Susan said.

"I couldn't!" Stacy blushed. "Not either of those things."

"Then stop wearing those damned revealing clothes," Susan said. "They entice Mm . . . and my son, too. If you don't do something soon, you might find Bobby ripping them off and putting you on your back, and then, girl, you're going to be fucked whether you want it or not."

"Bobby wouldn't do that to me, surely."

"Don't be so certain, Stacy," Susan warned. "Tell me, what did you feel this time when he grabbed your ass?"

"I ... I came," Stacy whispered, sounding as if she were still surprised that it happened.

Susan laughed but happily. "Felt wonderful, didn't it?"

"Please, don't make fun of me, Susan."

4 'Honey, I'm not making fun of you. I think it's great that you came- You need more of the same, only in a different way."

Stacy stood up nervously, and she walked about the room. Susan watched her, gazing at her slender, sweet thighs and the bunching of Stacy's rounded, tight asscheeks. Stacy stood staring out the window, her back to Susan. Stacy's waist was small and her hips rounded out, then flowed in graceful lines to her fantastic thighs. Susan could see just the hint of her asscheeks where the tight shorts pulled up. It was, to her, an arousing view, and Susan felt a steaming lurch start in her cunt.

She understood what Stacy was going through. She was sure that the girl wanted to fuck very much. She was also sure that all it would require was a simple nudge in the right direction. Stacy stood with her feet parted a little, and the crotch of her shorts was seen by Susan. There was a subtle shift of Stacy's asscheeks, and Susan felt her tits swelling, her tongue moving over her lips in a hungry way. She wondered what Stacy's ass would look like naked, and knew it would be very beautiful. Even as the idea formed in her mind, Susan was on her feet and sliding up behind Stacy. She was holding her breath, not because of wanting to remain silent, but because of what she was thinking. Looking down at that tightly clad ass, she understood Bobby's grabbing it, squeezing it. Susan wanted to grab with both hands, test the firmness, caress the girl's round ass cheeks, herself.

Instead, she wrapped her arms around Stacy, hugging her back against her tits, but carefully keeping her hands off Stacy's succulent tits. "It will work out, honey," she whispered into Stacy's ear. "Don't let it bother you. You'll worry yourself sick."

She could feel Stacy shivering in her arms, and then Stacy placed her hands on top of Susan's. "I'm so miserable, Susan," she said, her voice catching. "I don't know what to do anymore."

Susan pressed her hips against Stacy's swelling ass, gently feeling the heat from it. She hugged Stacy tightly, making her tits smash at the girl's back. The thoughts in her mind were insane, wild, yet overwhelming her. She caressed her hand over the smooth flesh of Stacy's stomach, and Stacy's hand lay lightly on top of hers. Stacy leaned her head back on Susan's shoulder, her breathing increasing. Susan thought she felt a slight twist of Stacy's ass against her, and she pressed a bit more.

This time, there was a definite twist of the girl's tight ass, and a soft moan of pleasure accompanying it. Becoming bold, Susan slowly lifted her right hand, moving her fingers lightly along the underside of Stacy's right tit. A tremor went through Stacy, and her ass seemed to arch back against Susan. If I didn't have this damned dress on, Susan thought, I would feel her legs against mine.

Inching her hand upward, she circled a fingertip about one of Stacy's concealed nipples. Stacy murmured, but it was not a protest, it was murmur of pleasure. Bringing her left hand up, with Stacy's palms still on them, Susan cupped Stacy's tits in her palms, massaging her firm tit flesh, rolling the girl's perky nipples in her palms. Stacy was gasping now, twisting as passion grew inside her.

Susan squeezed Stacy's tits, bringing a sob of ecstasy from Stacy. Stacy's hands pressed against Susan's making her tits flatten out. There was no longer any doubt that Stacy was squirming her ass against Susan now. Stacy had dropped one hand, leaving the other on top of Susan's. Her hand moved back and clutched at Susan's hip, pulling at it. Susan moved her right hand downward, still squeezing and kneading a tit with her left. She caressed past the girl's shaking stomach, her fingers going along the front of Stacy's tight shorts. She pressed her fingertips at the apex of Stacy's cunt, and when Stacy mewled softly, Susan ran her hand down and between the girl's thighs, cupping her cunt firmly. The fingers digging at Susan's hips were strong, and Stacy was squirming her ass excitedly now.

"Oh, baby," Susan whispered into Stacy's ear. "Baby, baby!"

"Susan. Oh, Susan!"

"Let me help you, honey," Susan murmured softly, flicking the tip of her tongue into Stacy's shell-shaped ear.

Stacy shuddered, a shudder of anticipation. Susan began to rub her palm into Stacy's crotch, rubbing at her puffy cunt, feeling the satin-like smoothness of the girl's inner thighs, feeling the heat burning through her shorts and into her palm. Her tongue licked slowly, but insistently, over Stacy's ear as she felt the girl up and pressed her hips against Stacy's round, twisting ass.

Susan shoved Stacy's halter upward, exposing a shapely tit, which she immediately cupped in her hand. The girl's swollen pink nipple was like a flame on her palm. Fondling her now-naked tit, Susan rubbed harder at Stacy's concealed cunt, breathing heavily against the ear of the shaking girl, her tongue licking all about it. She traced the tip of her tongue along Stacy's cheek. Then with a sob, Stacy twisted her face toward the tongue, her own darting out to lick and taste Susan's tongue.

With a whimper of steaming desire, Stacy turned in Susan's arms, flinging her arms around Susan's neck. When Stacy began kissing Susan, it was a searing flame. Their lips writhed together as their tongues began to fight for entrance. Susan clutched Stacy's ass in her hands, pulling the girl's crotch against her own as Stacy started sucking frantically at her tongue. They kissed each other for long, breathless moments. Stacy was grinding her hips against Susan's, and Susan was squeezing the tightness of the girl's succulent ass. Wet heat was boiling in Susan's cunt now and, with a moan, she pulled her lips away and went to her knees before Stacy. Stacy looked down at Susan, her blue eyes smoldering so hotly, they appeared to be actually steaming.

Susan kissed the bare expanse of Stacy's naked stomach, her tongue flicking at the girl's belly button. She held the round cheeks of the girl's ass, feeling them as she sucked and licked at the sweet, fresh skin. Stacy's hands were on top of Susan's head, pressing her face downward. The sobs of desire slipping from her mouth sent Susan's cunt into a throbbing wetness as her tongue flicked about the hip-hugging waistband of those tight shorts. Running her hands up and down the backs of

Stacy's satiny thighs from her knees to her ass, she allowed Stacy to press her head down.

Moaning softly, Susan began to kiss and lick the golden flesh of Stacy's thighs, her tongue moving about the high-cut legs of the shorts. Stacy spread her feet, arching her cunt forward in whimpering ecstasy.

"Please, oh, please!" Stacy was whimpering, pressing at Susan's head, squirming her hips. "Please, Susan!"

Susan cupped the tight ass of the girl and licked her hot, wet tongue across the inner sweetness of her long thighs, brushing the tip along the edges of her shorts. She could feel the searing heat of Stacy's cunt against her face, and her fingers dug into the swell of the girl's asscheeks. With a moan, Susan pressed her mouth into Stacy's crotch, biting with her teeth gently. She swiped her tongue along the fabric. Stacy was so hot, her cunt dripping so much, that the moisture was seeping through the crotch of her shorts.

"Oh, God!" Stacy moaned. "Please, Susan! Please . . . please!"

Grabbing the back of Susan's head, Stacy began to bang and grind her covered cunt upon Susan's mouth.

Pulling back, Susan hugged Stacy's hips, an asscheek in each hand, pressing her face upon the puffy mound of her cunt as she gazed up at the girl's beautiful face, those blue eyes blazing down at her. Gently and slowly, Susan moved Stacy's body until the girl was sitting on the couch. On her knees, Susan parted the blonde's long legs, then pulled Stacy's ass over the edge of the cushions, her eyes devouring the visible wetness of those tight shorts. Stacy spread her legs, sprawling back with her head resting on the couch, her hands loose at her hips, waiting, anxious and eager.

"So beautiful," Susan whispered, fondling the smooth flesh of Stacy's thighs, gliding her hands under them to feel her ass. Sliding a finger under the tight shorts, she stroked th

e girl's swelling ass cheek. "You're so beautiful, Stacy. And so hot! I can feel the heat coming from your shorts, and you've become awfully wet."

"Susan, I don't care!" Stacy groaned, "I can't fight it anymore! It's so strong . . . I'm going out of my mind!"

"I'll help you, baby," Susan murmured in a thick voice. "I'll help you because I know what you're feeling. You don't have to suffer, you know."

"But I can't do what you suggested! I just can't!"

"I'll help you, I said," Susan replied gently. "I'll help you all I can. Then it's up to you."

"But I want . . . God, I need it now!"

Susan ran her fingers up and down the moist tightness of Stacy's shorts. The heat coming through them was obvious. She traced the blonde's cunt slit, and Stacy's hips jerked with the contact. She grabbed Susan's wrist and pulled the woman's hand against her cunt, humping it as if fucking Susan's hand. Susan let the girl do this for a while, watching her hips move up and down. Stacy was getting so excited, she was almost out of her mind with passion.

Pulling her hand away, she ran both under Stacy's twisting hips, cupping her asscheeks. Leaning forward, Susan began to lick at the velvety flesh of the girl's thighs. Her skin was so sweet and hot. She squeezed Stacy's inner thighs against her face, her lips an inch from the burning cunt still encased in those shorts. Stacy twisted, trying to shove her cunt into Susan's face. But Susan resisted, wanting to play, still undecided whether to lick the girl's pussy. If she did, would Stacy come to her all the time to relieve that pent-up pressure? Would she allow her inner desires to come forth, and fuck her brother, or at least fuck Frank? Susan didn't know what Stacy would do, but one thing she did know. Stacy was burning up and Susan felt that she had to do something to give the girl relief. She began licking at Stacy's creamy inner thighs again, holding Susan's twisting ass in her palms. She ran her tongue up and down, probing at the stretched legs of the shorts. She could feel the girl's golden pussy hairs sticking out. She sucked a few of them into her mouth, then darted her tongue out to lick up and down the wet crotch. The taste of Stacy's cunt juices through the garment caused Susan's mind to reel.

"Ohhh, you're going to make me come, Susan!" Stacy wailed.

Susan had her open mouth pressed upon the tight crotch, and her tongue was moving up and down Stacy's cunt slit. She felt the convulsions burst in Stacy's cunt. She sucked at the shorts, drawing cunt juices through the cloth. Her fingers dug harshly into the squirming cheeks of the girl's ass, lifting her crotch up. Stacy was screaming softly as she came, her hands once more clutching the back of Susan's head, holding her face tight against her crotch.

"Ooooooh, I can't stop coming!" Stacy wailed ecstatically, banging her cunt into Susan's mouth.

Stacy had her legs draped over Susan's shoulders, the heat of her satiny inner thighs searing Susan's face. Susan sucked and licked at the now-soaked crotch of those tight shorts, her eyes rolling with her perversity of what she was doing. Her cunt was twisting and boiling, too, but she was not coming yet. The orgasm was there, tormenting her, teasing her by swelling but not exploding. Susan managed to pull her face out of Stacy's crotch a bit, enough to kiss and suck at the girl's sweet inner thigh close to her convulsing cunt.

Stacy was squeezing her inner thighs about Susan's head as Susan sucked at her delicious flesh, her cheek pressing against the throbbing heat of her puffy cunt. Her hands dug into the tight cheeks of Stacy's ass, letting the girl grind, enjoying the way her asscheeks twisted in her palms. The power of Stacy's orgasms sent her bare stomach rippling, and Susan wanted to kiss that flat stomach, but Stacy was holding her head tight with her thighs. The sobs of ecstasy coming from Stacy grew louder as she banged her covered cunt up and down. Susan's tongue ran about the sweet thigh flesh eagerly, feeling with her cheek the throbbing orgasms still waving through Stacy's cunt.

The wetness of her crotch increased, and suddenly Stacy was pushing Susan's head away.

"Oh, God, I didn't mean to . . . I'm sorry, Susan!"

Puzzled, Susan looked up at the flushed face. "It's all right, Stacy," she whispered. "You came and that's what counts. You were so damned hot!"

"That's not it," Stacy said, horrified.

"Then what's wrong, honey?" "I didn't mean to let that happen," Stacy whispered. "It just . . . happened before I could stop it."

"Stop what, baby?" Susan asked, truly concerned.

Stacy wouldn't say. Susan ran her lips along a creamy thigh, but Stacy pushed at Susan's head again. "No, please," she whispered, "I can't let you kiss me now."

Susan suddenly understood. The spreading wetness of Stacy's shorts was obvious. Susan stared at it for a long moment, seeing the wetness spread a bit more. Then she laughed.

"Oh, don't! I'm embarrassed enough as it is!" Stacy wailed, trying to close her thighs.

"You pissed!" Susan said. "You pissed your fucking pants, didn't you, honey?"

The expression on Stacy's face told her that it was true.

"You got so excited, you pissed in your fucking pants!" Susan said again, her eyes glowing. She ran her hands along the wet crotch, caressing gently. The fire in her cunt seemed to roar out of control suddenly.

Quickly, without thinking of it, Susan rammed her face into Stacy's crotch, her mouth wide open. She pressed her lips tight into the wetness, sucking at the cloth.

The explosion that went through her cunt almost shattered her body. She screamed into Stacy's cunt as she came, every nerve in her body one enormous orgasm. Sucking the piss through those tight shorts had set up such a fire inside Susan, she mindlessly sucked harder yet. The sheer perversity of what she was doing was sweeter than sucking Stacy's cunt had been. It was sweeter than licking her satiny thighs and feeling the girl's tight, shapely ass.

The orgasms went on and on and on, and Susan licked and sucked at the piss-wet shorts, moaning.

Stacy, her eyes huge, watched, her hands balled into fists at her sides now. Her legs were stretched as wide as they would go in an effort to stop Susan. But Susan wasn't stopping; she was sucking and licking hungrily, her cunt bursting time and again with orgasms, each stronger than the last.

When her cunt finally stopped coming, Susan rested her face on one of Stacy's thigh, a huge grin on her face. She looked up at Stacy, her eyes shining.

"I think I just learned something about myself, Stacy," she whispered. "I had no idea it was so ... "

"I didn't mean to do it," Stacy said. "God, you don't know how embarrassed I am."

"Oh, don't be embarrassed, honey," Susan said quickly. "I'm not. I learned something very important to me."

She ran her hand up and cupped the girl's still exposed tit, caressing it tenderly. She twisted the blonde's pink nipple gently, bringing her head up to kiss Stacy's stomach. She dipped her tongue into the indented belly button, getting to her knees and leaning her face down. She swirled her tongue over Stacy's nipple, then sucked it into her mouth, licking with her wet tongue.

The sound of the front door opening caught them both by surprise.

Susan jerked her head up and turned around, sitting on the floor with her back against the couch, one knee drawn up. Before Stacy closed her thighs, they both saw Frank and Bobby come rushing into the house.

Seeing Stacy's legs wide and her ass hanging over the cushions, and Susan's leg bent to expose the crotch of her panties, the two boys came to a skidding stop. They stared wide-eyed.

"Oh, God!" Stacy moaned, clamping her legs together quickly and covering her flaming face with both hands.

Susan smiled, sliding her skirt along her thigh just in case her son and Bobby couldn't see enough.

Chapter Six

Stacy almost ran from the house, her face red.

Bobby and Frank's gazes followed her twisting ass, then after she was gone, they turned back to look at Susan.

"You scared her," Susan said.

"We didn't mean to, Mom," Frank replied, his gaze moving to her crotch.

Bobby was staring, too, his eyes huge and showing his excitement. Susan dropped her gaze to the front of his pants, seeing his cock grow. Scooting her gaze to her son's pants, she saw that his cock was already hard, outlined along his leg. She ran her tongue over her lips, sliding her skirt all the way to her lap, her knee still up. There was no reason for her to be coy. She had fucked both boys already, and she had told her son about it. And knowing how close he and Bobby were, he had probably told him he was fucking her, too.

"What was happening, Mom?" Frank asked.

"None of your business, smart-ass," she giggled.

"Something sure was happening," Bobby giggled back. "Stacy's legs were really wide open. I could almost see her pussy!"

"I see Mom's cunt right now," Frank said, rubbing the front of his pants.

Susan laughed, a low, throaty sound. "Does seeing my cunt give you two any ideas?"

"Yeah!" Frank said, his voice hot.

"Me, too!" Bobby chirped.

"What kind of ideas, guys?"

Frank hauled his cock out of his pants, stroking it with his fist, his eyes burning between his mother's legs. Susan let her knee fall to one side, the dress at her waist, her hairy cunt revealed to them.

"Aren't you going to take your cock out, Bobby?" she asked. "Since all three of us seem ready, why keep it hidden?"

"Gosh!" Bobby gurgled. "Are you gonna let both of us fuck you, Susan?"

"Mmmmm, that would be nice," she whispered huskily. "But only if you'd like to."

Bobby looked at Susan shyly, but Frank replied immediately that there was nothing he wanted more at the moment.

Susan was still turned on from licking Stacy's legs and at her shorts-clad crotch. He

r cunt: bubbled steamily as she gazed at her son's cock. After a bit, Bobby exposed his cock, too. Seeing them both so hard and anxious for her, Susan gasped with eager anticipation. The thought of fucking them both, one after the other, sent excited chills of desire flooding through her. Her cunt, already wet, seemed to become even more so, and her clit was straining in a tingling way. She spread her legs wide, running her fingers through the lush curls of her cunt, lightly touching her inflamed clit. She ran her tongue over her lips as her eyes gazed in burning hunger upon the two young cocks. There was something erotic about seeing a hard cock sticking from a gaping fly, and seeing two of them doubled her pleasure.

Frank, being a bit more bold than Bobby, squatted in front of his mother. He opened her dress to reveal her tits, taking them in his hands, cupping and caressing her firm, shapely titmounds. Susan clutched at his throbbing cock, jerking on it as Frank twisted her nipples. She pursed her lips to kiss her son.

"Get out of your pants, baby," she whispered, pulling her tongue from his mouth. "I want to fuck you naked."

As Frank hurriedly dropped his pants, Bobby stood by, stroking his cock, watching Susan work with feverish haste on her clothing. With her dress gone, Susan spread her slender body on the floor, arms above her head, legs wide. She arched and twisted her hips around in a tantalizing manner, mewling softly, her gaze on her son's cock. Drawing her feet backwards, her knees widely parted, she lifted her hair-lined cunt in the air, "Mmmmm, give it to mother, Frank!" she hissed huskily. "Come on and give mother that sweet, hard cock! Ram your prick to my hot pussy, darling!"

Frank, on his knees, gripping the base of his cock, ran his dripping, swollen prickhead up and down the fiery slit of his mother's cunt, pressing and smashing at her sensitive clit, causing Susan to gurgle with increasing desire. Bobby, standing at Susan's shoulders, watched with excitement as Frank rubbed his cock over his mother's cunt. He was panting heavily, gripping his own cock as tight as he could.

"Ooooooh, now!" Susan pleaded. "Put it in me now, baby!"

Frank's cock slithered forward, stretching and parting the wet, hot lips of her cunt. Susan sucked in a hot breath of air through her teeth as her son's cock penetrated her pussy. It was always that initial thrust, that initial spreading of her cuntlips by his cock that took her breath away. Frank fucked into his mother's fiery cunt slowly, dragging out the ecstasy for them both. His balls brushed her asscheeks, causing Susan to shiver with a quick stab of delight.

Again, she made a hissing sound.

Twisting her hips, grinding her puffy, hairy cunt against the base of Frank's cock, she brought her hands down from above her head, shoving them under her uplifted ass. Curling her fingers into the cheeks of her ass, she braced her crotch high for Frank.

Digging his fingers into his mother's hips, Frank started fucking in and out, watching his cock, seeing how tightly her pussy gripped it. From above, Bobby, too, was watching with wide eyes, still clinging to his cock with a tight fist.

"Mmmmm, fuck me!" Susan mewled, twisting her ass about. "Fuck my hot cunt, Frank! Oh hhh, baby, fuck the piss out of mother's hot cunt! Your cock is so hard, so sweet! Ooooh, I love your cock in my pussy! Ahhhh, fuck my hairy cunt, fuck my pussy, darling!"

The moist sounds of his cock thrusting into her cunt seemed very loud in the room. With her son fucking faster into her cunt, Susan glanced up at Bobby, who was now jacking on his cock with a fast-moving fist. His piss hole was dripping, and she felt it drop onto her tits: Turning loose of her ass, she reached up between Bobby's legs to caress his young balls;

"Bobby, don't come, please!" she moaned. "You're next, Bobby. You're going to fuck me next! Don't come off!"

She shoved her feet out, wrapping her long legs about Frank's hips, her cunt jerking up and down on his driving cock. Her ass seemed to be resting on her son's thighs as he fucked into her pussy with a frantic pounding. Clinging to Bobby's balls, Susan focused her eyes ho

tly on the young boy's cock as his fist moved back and forth on it. She ran her tongue about her lips, grunting each time her son fucked into her. She noticed the way Bobby was staring between her legs, his eyes hot as he watched Frank's cock spreading the hairy lips of her cunt, her clit gleaming wetly. She twisted at Bobby's balls, making the boy moan and arch his hips forward, his fist gripping his cock as he jacked on it.

"Ohhhhh, don't you come off, Bobby!" she yelped. "Please, don't come off! You've got to wait until I get your cock in my cunt, fucking me! You're next, Bobby! Don't come off!"

Her hips twisted and gyrated against her son's plunging cock. His balls slapped upon her creamy, rounded ass each time he lunged into her pussy. When Susan began to come, her orgasms came like bursting liquid, crashing through her crotch intensely, causing the deep muscle of her cunt to squeeze at her son's cock in a powerful, rippling, wave-like motion. Susan screamed with almost agonized ecstasy as she came, her cunt jerking wildly on her son's cock. She was clutching at Bobby's balls so hard, the boy was no longer jacking off. Instead, he was prying her fingers loose, unable to take the tight grip she had on his balls.

Frank began to grunt, his mother's cunt drawing at his cock hotly, her orgasms creating that sucking sensation. He thrust his cock as deep as possible, his face contorting as the come juice began to roar up from his young, tight balls. Thick come juice spurted into Susan's cunt, splashing against the satiny walls, flooding her pussy.

Bobby finally got her fingers off his balls, but Susan still coming, slipped her hand over a cheek of his ass, digging into it tightly. Bobby was staring, fascinated, at the way her hairy cunt ground upon Frank's spurting cock.

As her orgasms began to slow and recede, Susan let her ass fall in slow motion. Frank's cock slipped from her cunt and he sat on his heels, gasping from the exertion. Susan lay with her legs wide, spread around her son, her cunt pulsating as she sucked in gasps of air. She released Bobby's ass, bringing her hands to her swollen tits. Cupping them, she massaged her tits slowly, a grin of satisfaction on her lovely face.

"I just love to fuck," she whispered. "I can't get enough hard cock . . . Hard, young cock! I could fuck all day and night."

Bobby's prick was straining out from his crotch, the head rounded in smoothness, his piss hole flaring and dripping. She looked at his cock from where she lay on her back. It seemed as if his piss hole was opening and closing, the way a fish's mouth will do out of the water. She had never noticed that happening before. Her tits were wet where he had dripped onto them, and she smeared the wetness about her tits and nipples.

"Oh, you're so hard, Bobby," she said, a soft squeal of pleasure in her voice. "Your cock is so fucking hard! Are you ready for me now, honey? Are you ready to fuck me now

. . . fuck my cunt!"

"I think I might come off," Bobby said, his voice very thick. "Seeing Frank fucking you almost made me come."

"Then we better get that cock in me...fast," she said.

Susan rolled to her stomach, bringing her knees under her body. Her ass, so invitingly naked and smooth, waved a lewd invitation to the excited boy. Arching her ass, Susan pooched her hairy cunt upward. She ran her hand between her legs and rubbed at her pussy cuntlips gently, twisting her ass in the air. Her son, still panting, leaned against the couch, watching as his friend dropped to his knees behind his mother's naked ass.

When Bobby moved his cock toward her, Susan grabbed him by his balls, mewling with eagerness. Clutching his young balls, she urged him to shove his cock into her. As the head of Bobby's cock stretched her cuntlips, Susan hissed, something she always did as a cock entered her cunt. It was more of a quick intake of air than a hiss. She felt Bobby holding her hips as his cock plunged into her cunt. She pulled at his balls, rubbing them at her distended clit.

"Mmmmm, you feel so good in me, Bobby!" Susan whimpered, rolling his balls about in her

r hand. "Your cock is so hard in my cunt! Fuck me, Bobby! Ohhhhh, fuck me good with your sweet cock! Ram it to my pussy! Fuck my cunt!"

Susan started grinding her ass around, fucking on Bobby's cock as he lunged in and out of her gripping cunt. She made soft yelps of ecstasy,, her face resting on the floor, her ass thrusting up in the air wantonly. She felt her son shoving his hand underneath her body, cupping and squeezing a tit. She lifted her shoulder to make it easy for him to get to her tit.

The only way she could move, it seemed, was back and forth with her ass. Bobby was fucking her excitedly, his fingers digging into her hips, his cock plunging with a fiery heat into her, his balls beating against her clit o-r below.

Her movements didn't matter; Bobby was fucking into her pussy powerfully, the wet sounds becoming louder. Frank squeezed at his mother's tit, pulling on her nipple, watching her creamy back, seeing the spreading of her rounded ass, Bobby's lower stomach beating upon her beautiful asscheeks. His cock started swelling again, and without knowing it, Susan clutched at her son's swelling cock, squeezing and jerking on it. She was yelping with ecstasy now, orgasms flowing through her pussy.

"Fuck . . . fuck, fuck!" she sobbed in mindless pleasure. "Ooooh, fuck it, fuck it, fuck it!"

The heat in her cunt seemed to increase, and she was sure it would melt, hair and all. The orgasms exploding inside her pussy were strong, very, very strong. She clung to her son's hard cock with a death-grip, no longer jerking on it, her naked body shuddering as the ecstatic sensations shot up and down her flesh. She was hardly aware when Bobby began to shout that he was going to come. His voice, seemed to come from a distance, yet his words were distinct. She did, however, feel his cock when the spasms started, and the splashing of his come juice struck the velvety softness of her cunt. She gave a muffled scream as a final orgasm was triggered by his gushing cock.

When Bobby pulled his prick from her pussy, she might have fallen over if not for her knees being planted wide on the floor. As it was, her naked, uplifted ass shook from side to side while she moaned in the glow of ecstasy.

Slowly Susan lowered her ass, rolling onto her side to face the two boys. Frank's cock was hard, throbbing visibly again. Both cocks glistened with the wetness of her cunt. She grinned happily at them. "I want to keep you two with me forever and ever," she said in a soft voice. "I want those cocks fucking me all the time, one after the other. I want you two to fuck the piss out of me constantly . . . give me a real gang-bang!"

"I sure would like to fuck Stacy," Frank said. "I bet she's as hot as you are, Mom. I bet she'd fuck real good if she'd only let herself go."

"Mmmmmmm, maybe she would," Susan said, knowing now that once Stacy let herself free of those stupid inhibitions, the girl would be a fantastic fuck.

"I don't know about my sister," Bobby said. "She goes around in those damned old shorts so a guy can see almost everything, and when I grab her by the ass, she wants to slap the shit out of me."

"Yeah," Frank said, "but wouldn't you like to dip your cock into some of her sweet cunt, Bobby?"

"Sure," he said quickly, "but how's a guy gonna fuck her if she won't let him?"

"Maybe I can give you guys a helping hand," Susan said, running her hand out to stroke first her son's hard cock, then fondling Bobby's. She fondled their balls in turn, and within a short time, Bobby had a raging hard-on, like Frank.

"How are you gonna do that, Mom?"

Frank asked.

"Don't ask," she smiled at him. "Just let me give it a try. We'll see what happens, but I make no promises."

She scooted about, turning her back and pressing her rounded ass toward Bobby's cock. She drew one knee up, reaching between her thighs to pull his cock to her already well-fucked cunt. She shoved the head of his prick into her pussy, and Bobby had to move his body about, but then he managed to thrust his cock into her cunt.

"I'll try all I can," Susan said, holding Bobby's balls tightly at her crotch when his cock was up her cunt. "Everything possible. I'd love to see you guys fucking her, but if I help you, then you two have to make sure I enjoy myself, too."

She rested her head on her son's thighs, holding his balls in her other hand. "And one way I want to enjoy myself is to have both your cocks at the same time! I want one to fuck me while I suck the other. I want a cock in my cunt and a cock in my cocksucking mouth! At the same fucking time!"

As the words came from her, she opened her lips and gulped her son's cock deeply into her mouth.

Bobby was holding one of her legs high in the air, exposing her fiery cunt to his cock. He started fucking her vigorously, watching Susan with huge eyes as her lips stretched about Frank's cock. Frank clutched one of his mother's tits and started fucking her mouth as she sucked.

Feeling two cocks fucking her at the same time, one up her fiery cunt and one inside her hungry mouth, Susan's emotions soared. The stretching of her cunt by a young, hard cock and the filling of her wet, greedy mouth by another were absolutely amazing. It seemed as if the two cocks, going into her cunt and mouth at the same time, would meet someplace inside her body.

She could feel them both throbbing, making her cunt and her mouth tingle. She used her tongue, licking at her son's cock as he fucked her face, tasting the wonderful heat of it. She could hardly wiggle her ass for Bobby, who was plunging furiously into her cunt and watching her lips stretch around Frank's cock. Frank, with his mother sucking hungrily on his prick, making those soft, gurgling, mewling sounds, could see her cunt taking Bobby's cock. The visual stimulation added to their excitement, and Susan knew it would get better.

Without anything said, it seemed a mental agreement was reached among all three. Susan was placed on her hands and knees, with Bobby fucking away into her cunt from behind, and Frank held her head, fucking her mouth. Between the two boys this way, Susan could be fucked in her cunt and mouth much better. She loved the way Bobby's balls beat at her clit and her son's balls bang upon her chin as he drove his cock deep into her mouth. Each time they plunged their sweet, young cocks into her, Susan's dangling tits would shake. The boys were fucking her so frantically, she wondered if her cunt and her lips would be bruised by the time they finished. She felt no pain from the violent fucking at each end of her body, only an intense sort of lewd ecstasy.

After a while, Frank shoved his hands back and, with his knees bent, let his mother fuck his cock with her mouth. Susan bobbed her face up and down swiftly, sucking hard in a mindless pleasure on his throbbing cock, letting Bobby bang away at her cunt from behind. Her hair bounced as she sucked greedily on her son's cock, her tongue swirling eagerly on his hard prickshaft. With a moan, she left his cock and pulled both his balls into her mouth, thrilled to feel his cock throbbing along her face. She whimpered with desire, racing her mouth from her son's balls to his cock, licking at his dripping piss hole, swallowing the juices, then gulping his cock into her throat.

"Suck my cock, Mom!" Frank bellowed. "Suck my fucking cock off! You sure have a hot, wet mouth, Mom! Suck me . . . suck my cock good and hard! I'm gonna give you a fucking mouthful of come juice, Mom!"

Bobby was beating at her cunt from behind with powerful thrusts, driving his cock deep, beating at her rounded, shivering ass, his balls slapping. Susan could feel her orgasms steaming inside her cunt, swelling to the point of explosion. She sucked in a frenzy on her son's cock, wanting to taste his jism spurting into her mouth as she came, desperate to have Bobby's cock flood her cunt at the same time.

As her orgasms began, she squealed about her son's throbbing cock, her tongue frantic to bring him off. She sucked with wet, hot, tight lips, sobbing with desperation. She clutched her son's asscheeks, holding herself up by her elbows on the floor, eating at his prick wantonly. She drove her lips down fast, feeling the smooth head of her son's cock probe her constricted throat. From behind, Bobby was fucking furiously, grunting with each forward lunge of his cock into her cunt.

"I'm gonna come, Mom!" she heard her son shout. "I'm gonna come in your cock-sucking mouth, Mom!"

The burst of come juice squirting over her tongue sent Susan in a mindless frenzy of orgasms. Her cunt sucked hard at Bobby's cock, the wild, erotic sobs moaning from her now-gulping, swallowing throat. The thick sweet taste of her son's jism increased the frenzy of her orgasms, making her hairy cunt grip hotly on Bobby's cock. There was a shout from the young boy as he rammed his cock deep and hard into her cunt from behind, then the spurting of his come juice into the satiny flesh of her cunt sent Susan into reeling orgasm after orgasm. She drained her son's cock into her mouth, the thick jizz coating her tongue and burning into her throat. She sucked as hard as she could as her son gushed into her mouth, her uplifted ass shaking while Bobby came in her fiery cunt.

"Ohhhhh, shit!" she groaned as she flopped from them, curling into a fetal position, both hands cupping her cunt. She licked her puffy lips. "I don't know if I can take much more of that, but, oh, God ... I sure want to try! That was so fucking good, taking you both on at the same time!"

"When are you gonna talk to my sister?" Bobby asked when they had calmed down a bit.

"I said I would try," Susan reminded him. "I can't promise anything, you know that."

"But you'll try?"

Susan flicked his cock. "Leave it to me, you horny little shit. After I get through talking to your sister, all you'll have to do is grab her ass and she'll spread her pretty legs so fast, you won't know what hit you."

"I already grabbed her ass and it didn't work," he pouted.

"Just trust me, okay?"

"Don't have much choice, I guess," Bobby said.

"In the meantime," Susan smiled lewdly, "you've got me. It isn't as if you have to go around jacking off all the time. You can both fuck me until we find out if your sister will fuck, right?"

"Right!" Frank said.

"Mmmmmm, let's see what we can do with those two cocks right now, okay?"

Chapter Seven

After bathing, letting the two boys wash her body, she sent them out. "Let me see what I can do," she told them, sliding into a long, button-down-the-front skirt and frilly blouse. "Go out and play somewhere and leave us alone."

"When should we come back, Mom?" Frank asked.

"Oh, let's say in about two hours," she said, brushing her hair. "That should give me time enough to do something."

Once the boys were gone, Susan called Stacy, asking her to come over. The first question Stacy had was whether her brother and Frank were still there. When Susan told the girl that they were gone, her next question was: "What is this about, Susan?"

"About something we started earlier and didn't get to really finish," Susan said in a husky voice. She heard a catch in Stacy's breath. "Without your shorts on this time."

"Are ... do you want to, Susan?" Stacy came back breathlessly. "Are you sure?"

"Mmmmm, I'm sure, honey," Susan purred sensuously into the phone. "I'm very sure."

There was a moment's hesitation. "All right," Stacy said, then a soft click sounded as Stacy hung up.

Half an hour later, Stacy came in. Susan dosed her arms around the girl, inhaling the sweet freshness of her flesh. Stacy evidently had taken time to bathe, and the scented soap gave an intoxicated feeling to Susan. She hugged the girl tightly, smashing her tits against the firm mounds of Stacy's. As her tongue slipped into Stacy's mouth, there was only a moment's hesitation and then Stacy was sucking eagerly on it.

Sliding her hands down to cup Stacy's shapely young ass, Susan felt no panty lines. Stacy was not wearing panties. Nor was she wearing pantyhose. She was naked under her thin dress. As they kissed, lips writhing, Susan felt Stacy's hands moving down her back slowly and shyly. For a moment all Stacy did was cup the cheeks of Susan's ass, then her fingers squeezed as a low, hungry moan bubbled from her throat. Susan pulled Stacy's lower body against hers, twisting her hips. Since she wasn't wearing panties either, Susan could feel the mound of Stacy's cunt pressing at hers.

"Ohhhhh, God, Susan," Stacy moaned. "I can't understand any of this, but I want it so much!"

"There's nothing to understand, honey,"

Susan whispered. "You're so damned frustrated, you're going out of your mind. That's understandable. We're going to take care of that for you. I'm going to help you out."

"Like . . . like earlier?" Stacy said in a quivering voice.

"Mmmmm, and without anything between my mouth and your sweet, sugar pussy!"

"Ooooooh, please," Stacy whimpered. "When you say things like that, I get so excited."

"Really?" Susan grinned, clutching at Stacy's firm, shapely ass. "Does it make you nice and hot and wet, darling?"

Stacy nodded her head, biting at her bottom lip as a flush came over her sweet-looking face.

"Mmmmm, wonderful!" Susan said in a soft, excited voice. "Then I'm going to lick those sweet, hairy cuntlips of yours and suck your hard little clit ..." She felt Stacy shaking with anticipation. "And then I think I'll stick my tongue inside your pussy as far as I can and fuck you . . . fuck with my tongue until you're wiggling your pretty little ass and come and come and come!"

"Oboooooh!" Stacy sobbed with eagerness. She leaned back, pressing her cunt against Susan's, clutching the rounded cheeks of Susan's ass. Her eyes were closed and her long, golden blonde hair hung past her shoulders.

Susan twisted her cunt hard against Stacy's, then slipped her thigh between the girl's legs, rubbing it at her pussy through the yellow dress. "I want to tonguefuck you in your tummy, honey pussy, baby . . . tonguefuck you and feel your cunt when you come, and lick all those sweet, sweet juices right out of your pussy."

Susan inched Stacy's dress up from behind, caressing the backs of her slender, sleek thighs, tracing her fingertips along the crease where her beautiful ass met her legs. She dragged a fingertip up the hot crack of Stacy's ass, causing the softly whimpering girl to shake with pleasure. Sliding her fingers down and between Stacy's thighs, she lightly rubbed the puffy wet lips of her cunt.

"I want to feel you, too," Stacy whispered in a very thick voice. "I want to touch you, Susan."

"Do anything you want with me, Stacy," Susan replied, working the tip of her finger just barely into the girl's fiery hot cunt, teasing and tantalizing her into greater heat. "You can do whatever you want, honey."

Susan drew Stacy's mouth to hers again, kissing deeply and hotly. When Stacy darted her sweet, wet tongue between her lips, Susan sucked it, playing the tip of her tongue across that of Stacy's. She felt Stacy lifting her dress from behind, almost in the same way she had lifted Stacy's. Susan shifted, pulling her skirt to her waist. She pressed her hairy cunt against the blonde-haired pussy of the shaking girl, feeling the pressure being returned. They clutched at each other's exposed ass and kissed hungrily, both of them moaning as their passion began to soar.

Sliding her hand underneath Stacy's exciting ass, Susan found her cunt to be slippery, hot, and very wet. As her finger slipped into Stacy's sweet cunt again, Stacy moaned as if she was coming off, wiggling her ass in a slow, gyrating motion. As she moaned, her hands clutched at Susan's ass tightly, squeezing her asscheeks hard as she began to bang her blonde-haired cunt against that of Susan.

Although her mind was boiling with lewd, intense desire, Susan knew that now, in this moment, she could do anything she wanted with the beautiful young girl. There was no doubt in her mind that Stacy would act and perform and twist into the most wanton of positions, that Stacy would use her hands and legs and cunt and mouth on any object presented to her. To test her thoughts, she slipped her finger from Stacy's cunt and brought it up between their faces. Since they were still kissing, she pressed the pussy-wet fingertip at the corners of their lips.

Immediately, with a low, throaty growl, Stacy twisted her mouth around and sucked Susan's finger into it. Susan watched with interest as the young girl sucked hard on her cunt-wet finger, those blue eyes smoldering and vacant with intense lust. Pulling her finger out of Stacy's sucking lips, Susan plunged it into her own, working it back and forth like a hard cock. Seeing Susan do this, Stacy gave a low-pitched growl and quickly plunged her finger into Susan's cunt, thrust it in and out a few times, then brought her dripping finger up and fucked her mouth with it, her tongue licking.

"Ohhhh, Susan," Stacy whimpered. "What are we going to do? I've got to . . . oh, I'm so hot for . . . something!"

"I know, honey," Susan said softly, caressing the tight roundness of Stacy's ass with one hand, the other massaging a spongy, firm tit. She placed her hand on Stacy's shoulder and pressed.

Stacy allowed the pressure to bend her knees, her eyes gazing hotly up at Susan, almost in question. Bringing Stacy's face level to her tits, Susan opened her blouse, and Stacy offered no resistance as Susan pulled the girl's mouth to her rubbery hard nipple. As Stacy's hot, wet lips sucked on her nipple, Susan fondled the girl's tits, sliding the straps from Stacy's shoulders to play with the naked sweetness. Stacy sucked in a greedy manner at Susan's tingling tit, her hands digging into Susan's waist.

Susan shivered in pleasure when she felt Stacy searching for the buttons of her long skirt. The skirt slithered to Susan's feet, and Stacy again offered no protest as Susan gently but firmly pressed on her shoulders, forcing her wet mouth downward. She watched as Stacy eagerly licked at her flesh, flicking her wet tongue in fiery delight upon Susan's belly button. Resting her hands lightly on Stacy's cheeks, she guided the blonde's beautiful face farther downward still.

For a moment Stacy held Susan's naked hips, gazing at the thick bush of cunt hair before her eyes as she squatted. Then she gave a gurgling, whimpering sound, flung her arms about Susan's hips, clutching an asscheek in each hand, and buried her face into the mass of cunt hair, kissing wildly.

Susan arched her hips, spreading her legs, making soft, pleased sounds as she watched

Stacy swirl her tongue about the hairs of her cunt. "Oh, yes, baby!" she murmured. "Yes, yes!"

Stacy shoved her face between Susan's thighs, her tongue darting, tasting Susan's glistening clit, which was so hard that it protruded from the gleaming wet folds of her cunt. The girl flicked her tongue up and down, then lapped almost daintily, but with delight, along the sides of Susan's inflamed clit. She held Susan's ass tightly as she twisted her face into the woman's hairy cunt, her lips open, kissing sometimes and licking with her tongue at other times.

"Taste me, Stacy!" Susan mewled, grinding her hips. "Mmmmm, that feels very good, honey! Ahhhh, lick me there! Yes, that's the place! Ooooooh, Stacy, baby, honey! God, does that feel good! Suck it! Suck my pussy, darling!"

Susan inched forward, her legs spread. She guided Stacy's mouth until she had the blonde's hot, greedy lips pressed over the puffiness of her dripping cunt. Susan cried out in delight when Stacy's tongue plunged into her pussy, darting back and forth, licking and sucking.

Stacy clung to Susan's shaking, naked ass, moaning as she tonguefucked her friend's fiery cunt.

"Oh, God, Stacy!" Susan sobbed, grinding her cunt into Stacy's sucking mouth. "Ooooooh, eat me, baby! Use your tongue! Mmmmm, good, so very good!"

Holding the back of Stacy's head, Susan straddled her beautiful face now. If she had not been gripping Susan's ass, Stacy might well have fallen backwards. Her tongue snapped in and out of Susan's cunt, then swirled up to lick her burning, rigid clit. When she pulled Susan's distended clit between her lips and sucked on it, Susan squealed as an orgasm bubbled through her.

Susan held Stacy's mouth against her cunt as she came, her head thrown back as she whimpered, her cunt writhing against Stacy's sucking mouth. She closed her hot thighs around Stacy's head, pulling it close and tight as she came. Then her orgasm slowly receded, and she pulled her crotch away. Squatting before the glassy eyed girl, seeing Stacy's fantastically shapely tits with their candy sweet nipples turgid, Susan cupped the girl's head and began to kiss her cunt-wet mouth hungrily.

Stacy's hand slipped down and under, cupping Susan's wet cunt as they kissed, rubbing lightly and slowly.

"Oh, baby, baby!" Susan moaned as her tongue flicked over Stacy's pussy-wet cheeks and lips. "You're wonderful! So wonderful!"

They lay on the floor, pressed together, hugging and kissing and feeling each other. Their naked tits smashed tightly, nipple to nipple. Their hands moved feverishly across naked, smooth thighs, around creamy, firm asscheeks and hairy cunts. Moans and sobs of ecstasy came from them. As they rolled and thrashed about the floor, Susan worked herself around until she was kissing and licking the sweetness of Stacy's sleek, slender thighs. She shoved at the yellow dress until it was bunched about Stacy's small waist.

Resting her cheek on Stacy's thigh, Susan gazed at the beauty of the blonde's fuzzy cunt, seeing her pouting, wet cuntlips and her small, succulent clit. Stacy's cunt was beautiful, a beautiful cunt for a beautiful girl. Using a fingertip, Susan traced the girl's triangle-shaped cunt bush, then her sweet cuntlips. She felt Stacy doing the same thing to her pussy.

Holding the girl's glistening wet pussylips apart, Susan stared at the steamy sweetness, her eyes seeing the curve of the girl's enticing asscheeks and the lovely crack between them.

Stroking Stacy's ass and cunt, Susan drew her finger up and down the crack of her friend's ass. She watched the girl shiver in pleasure, and she felt Stacy kissing her pussy again. Spreading her legs wide, she pressed her cunt against Stacy's face, and with a soft hiss, buried her face into Stacy's cunt. Tasting Stacy's sugary pussy, Susan soared in perverse ecstasy. Her tongue slipped between the girl's wet cuntlips; darting in and out, feeling the hot tightness close about her fucking tongue.

Stacy's mouth was busy between Susan's thighs, licking and sucking as the girl clutched Susan's tightening ass.

Eating each other, they moaned and sobbed, the sounds muffled because of the way they pressed their mouths at each other's cunt. Their hands clawed at tight asscheeks, their legs gripping faces.

Susan turned onto her back, pulling Stacy on top of her. She lifted her legs, her knees bent, arching her cunt into Stacy's sucking mouth. Stacy drew her knees up, squirming her cunt into Susan's greedily sucking mouth, banging up and down as if she were fucking a hard cock. Susan held Stacy's creamy asscheeks as her tongue licked the blonde's hairy cunt.

As Stacy sucked at Susan's cunt, her hot hands moved constantly about her revolving ass and squeezing thighs.

Susan gazed at the pink pucker of Stacy's asshole that was so close to her eyes as her tongue burrowed into the tight heat of her friend's boiling cunt. Sliding her tongue from Stacy's pussy and bringing it upward, Susan spread Stacy's asscheeks wider and began to dart her tongue hotly against the girl's tight asshole. There was a muffled scream from Stacy, and then Susan found the girl was squirming and grinding and pressing her asshole into her mouth. Shoving her open lips tight upon Stacy's flexing asshole, Susan wormed her tongue into it, going past the tight ring. Stacy shook violently as Susan tonguefucked her in the asshole, and then it was Susan's turn to wail in pleasure.

Stacy had run her tongue against Susan's asshole and was trying desperately to penetrate it with her tongue. Susan drew her long legs up and back, arching her ass into Stacy's face. As the blonde's long tongue entered her asshole, Susan erupted into an orgasm immediately. Her own tongue flew in and out of Stacy's pink asshole, swirling about the hot inner surfaces of her friend's succulent asscheeks. As she came, her asshole gripping and sucking at Stacy's tongue, Susan kept licking the girl's asshole, sliding her tongue into Stacy's sweet cunt, then out again to plunge it into the steamy heat of Stacy's asshole again.

When Stacy began to come, Susan had her tongue deep up the girl's fiery asshole. Feeling the way it squeezed at her tongue, Susan wailed loudly and pulled it out, only to thrust it as deep as she could into the blonde's dripping cunt. Tonguefucking Stacy in her orgasming cunt, Susan feverishly clawed at the girl's perky asscheeks, her finger moving into the asshole where her tongue had been only moments before. She fingerfucked Stacy up her ass vigorously as her tongue fucked into the blonde's sugary tasting cunt. They thrashed about and wailed and sobbed, their faces buried and tongues busy. Stacy kept tonguefucking Susan in her asshole as Susan came in powerful, boiling waves, her face pressed into the girl's asscrack tightly, her chin trying to enter Susan's wet cunt. They were both coming in powerful, mind-shattering spasms, whining and wailing as their lips sucked and tongues fucked, hands clutching at grinding asscheeks, the softness of inner thighs holding heads tightly. Susan and Stacy were so aroused, filled with so much ecstasy, the house could have fallen down around them and they wouldn't have noticed. A crowd could have gathered to watch and applaud, and they would not have minded. Men could have offered them hard cocks at that moment, and Susan and Stacy would have taken them all, in their cunts, their assholes and mouths. They would have sucked any cunt nearby. They were demented at that moment, their passion making all thoughts flee from their minds.

Neither knew when it was over. They lay on their backs, naked tits heaving up and down, nipples still rigid and tingling with the fantastic pleasure. They lay with legs wide apart, cunts seared by the heat of orgasms, assholes gripping convulsively as they gasped and panted, their flesh chilled with exciting bumps chasing up and down from head to toe.

"Oh, my God!" Susan moaned.

"I've never felt anything like it in my life," Stacy gasped. "Never! It felt as if I would come forever, Susan. I wanted to come forever and never stop. It feels like I'm still coming, but I know I'm not."

Susan ran her hand up and down Stacy's smooth, velvet-like thigh, caressing her tenderly. She turned and kissed Stacy's dimpled knee, then flicked her tongue across it. At the same time, she cupped Stacy's quivering cunt in a gentle manner, giving it a loving pat.

"I feel the same way, honey," she murmured. "How do you feel about what we done? Do you feel ashamed?"

"I could never feel ashamed of that, Susan," Stacy breathed. "It was too good to feel ashamed of."

Susan sat up, looking at the beautiful girl. The yellow dress was wrinkled about her small waist, her flat stomach looking lovely, her golden cunt hair seeming to have sparkling highlights to it. She ran her hand through the silky hairs to Stacy's pink cuntlips, spreading them to see the sweet pink flesh. She leaned over and lapped her tongue very lightly against the girl's moist cunt, causing Stacy to tremble and whimper softly.

"Want to slower with me?" Susan said as she got to her feet, taking her skirt. Her blouse hung open, her shapely tits exposed.

Stacy got up, her legs wobbly. She picked at the top of her dress as if trying to decide to cover her tits, then shrugged. She kissed Susan's tits, one after the other, and then Susan's mouth, her tongue sliding slowly about.

For a moment they stood and caressed each other, lining like two lovers, hands moving across hips and asscheeks as their naked tits rubbed together.

"You're wonderful, Stacy," Susan murmured softly as they stood, arms around each other, gazing into each other's eyes. "You're wonderful and sweet and so fucking hot! God, you have such a hot cunt, darling!"

Stacy giggled. "I wouldn't say your pussy was cold," she whispered. "Why didn't we do this years ago, Susan?"

"Right time and right place and right moment, I guess," Susan said, laughing softly. She slapped Stacy playfully on her ass. "Come on, we better take that shower before I get worked up and started licking your pussy once more."

Arm in arm, they went to the shower, laughing and giggling like two high-school girls.

Chapter Eight

With Stacy leaning against the sink watching, Susan sat on the toilet, pissing loudly into it. She sat up straight, her tits thrusting outward, grinning at Stacy. She noticed the sudden gleam of heat that came into the girl's blue eyes, and remembered that Stacy had pissed a little in her shorts that day she licked the blonde's long thighs and tight crotch. Was it possible that Stacy was turned on by piss? A shiver went through Susan as she recalled her own reaction to the taste of Stacy's piss on her tongue. She finished pissing, and instead of using tissues to wipe herself as usual, stood up, legs parted.

Stacy's eyes glowed to see Susan's pussy. Her dark cunt hairs sparkled with the beaded piss. Susan pulled at the piss-wet hairs, and she heard the soft gasp that came from Stacy. She took Stacy's hand, pulling it between her thighs and curling her fingers about her piss-wet cunt. Stacy's blue eyes seemed to roll and cloud over suddenly.

"Kiss it for me," Susan whispered. "Stacy, kiss my cunt! It's nice and wet with piss, and it needs a nice, hot kiss."

With a moan, Stacy went to her knees and stared at her friend's wet cunt hair. She looked up at Susan, her eyes seemingly troubled. "Susan," she whispered thickly. "I've never done this before. Not once in my life."

"You want to, don't you, honey?" Susan encouraged. "You do want to kiss my cunt, don't you?"

"I think so," Stacy whispered. "I'm not sure."

"Kiss it and find out," Susan said. "Kiss it, honey!"

Gingerly, Stacy slipped her face forward, the tip of her tongue way out. She flicked it across Susan's piss-wet cunt hair, tasting it. Her eyes rolled hotly as she moaned, and th

en her lips covered Susan's cunt. Immediately after Stacy glued her open mouth to the woman's pussy, Susan released a quick spurt of piss into the girl's mouth.

"Mmmmm!" Stacy whimpered, but pressed her mouth tighter yet over Susan's cunt.

Susan managed to squirt one more drop. She wished that she had known this earlier; she would have pissed into the girl's mouth.

Stacy licked Susan's cunt, sucking away the drops of piss on her curling hair, then stood up, her expression puzzled. "I . . . oh, Susan! What's wrong with me!"

"I don't understand, Stacy."

"I . . . oh, God, Susan! I loved that! I felt you squirt piss in my mouth, and when I tasted it, I almost came!"

Susan laughed, a low, throaty sound. "There's nothing wrong with you, honey. Nothing is wrong if you enjoy it."

"I wish ..." Stacy's face became red. "I wish you had . . . you know, peed in my mouth more." She hung her head shyly as she confessed. Susan cupped her chin and lifted her beautiful face, kissing the girl's moist, full lips.

Sinking to her knees, she pulled the golden hairs of Stacy's cunt away from the pink lips. "Try it with me down here," she said softly, her voice excited. "Piss on my tits, Stacy."

Stacy parted her legs, her cunt arching forward. "I've never tried to pee standing up before," she giggled naughtily.

"You can do it," Susan urged, her eyes blazing upon the succulent cunt. "Come on, you can piss on my tits." Susan cupped her rounded tits, making her nipples stand up, her eyes blazing on Stacy's cunt. "Do it, Stacy! Oh, please piss on my tits!"

A golden stream spurted from Stacy's cunt, splashing onto Susan's tits, stinging her sensitive nipples. Susan moaned with the pleasure she had expected to feel, her head lifted up now to gaze into Stacy's face. "It feels so warm and good," she mewled.

Her tits were drenched with the piss that squirted from Stacy's cunt, and Susan ran her hands about her tits, washing them as Stacy continued to piss, the stream arcing out. Leaning forward a little, she felt the piss spattering at her neck, and her eyes became huge as she watched it leave the blonde's sugary cunt. Sticking her tongue out as far as she could, Susan slipped the tip into the stream, tasting the sweetness of Stacy's piss. She moved her tongue forward a bit more, tasting the piss splash on the surface of it. Her eyes glowed up at Stacy's excited face as her hands held the girl's cuntlips apart.

"I can't piss anymore," Stacy said as she dribbled to a finish. But a final squirt came from her, splashing onto Susan's chin.

Susan's eyes began to smolder, and with a whine of delight, she shoved her face into Stacy's cunt, tasting the piss that lingered there. She lapped her tongue through the golden hairs, licking away the beads of piss. A soft moan came from her as her cunt suddenly convulsed into an orgasm. As she came, her tongue licked all about Stacy's crotch, sucking at the damp hairs and thrusting up and down her pissy slit.

"You might have almost come," she said, grinning up at Stacy, "but I did. I came just tasting your piss, darling!"

Stacy giggled lewdly. "I guess we're both kind of nuts," she said. "But I think I enjoy being nuts, Susan."

"That's my girl," Susan laughed, kissing Stacy's cunt one last time, then slipping back under the shower again. "As much as I would love to keep playing with you, Stacy, we're going to have company shortly. Bobby and that son of mine will be home soon. Don't you think we better have something on then?"

"God, we better!" Stacy said with a nervous laugh. "The way Bobby's been around me the past week or so, always looking through my clothes and grabbing my ass lately . . . who knows what he might try if he caught me naked."

Watching each other dress, Susan could see Stacy was still aroused. Stacy put her yellow sundress back on, and Susan slipped into a pair of shorts and a man's shirt, tying it beneath her rounded tits, leaving it unbuttoned.

"You're showing a lot of tit," Stacy said. "You live more dangerously than I do. Aren't you worried that those two boys might get some ideas, seeing you that way?"

"I don't think I'm showing any more than you do, honey," Susan replied. "What with those tight shorts you wear."

"I guess not," Stacy said.

They were sitting on the couch next to each

other, discussing what they had done. Susan kept using well-chosen words with Stacy, deliberately teasing her, keeping her passion in a high state. Now and then their lips brushed in a gentle kiss. Susan could feel the trembling of the girl's slender body when she draped her arm about Stacy's shoulders, cupping her tit for a gentle squeeze as they talked.

"I don't know what it is, Susan," Stacy said, "but I don't feel the least bit ashamed of what we did. I feel, well, elated. I don't feel terrible or miserable or even frustrated any longer. You're good for me, I think." She became quiet for a long moment, then said in a whisper, "Does this mean I'm a lesbian? Is that what we are, Susan? I've never wanted to taste a pussy before in my life until now."

"We are simply two horny girls," Susan said. "And we need what we can give each other. That doesn't make us lesbians by any means. Besides, I love a hard cock. There isn't anything like a beautiful hard cock fucking me."

Stacy snuggled against Susan's body. "I know," she said, sliding her palm up and down Susan's creamy thigh. "Sometimes I want a hard male thing in me so much, I can actually feel it screwing me."

Stacy's choice of words amused Susan. "Can't you say it like it is, honey? It's not so difficult to say cock or cunt or fuck. Go on and try it; there's no one here but us girls anyway."

The soft whisper came from Stacy. "Cock," she said, then she dug her fingers into Susan's thighs, and she spoke louder. "Cock! Beautiful, hard, dripping cock!"

Susan hugged Stacy tightly.

"Hard, dripping cock," Stacy giggled like a naughty child. "Cock fucking me ... in my cunt! A lovely, hard cock fucking my cunt . . . coming in my cunt, making me come! Ohhh, I wish we had a beautiful, hard cock now!"

"What would you do with a cock, honey?"

"I'd fuck it and eat it and suck it and ..." Stacy shivered as she turned her mouth up to kiss Susan. "Ooooooh, I'd fuck the piss out of a hard cock if I had one right now! I'd suck it and make it come and I'd . . . ooooooh, I might come if I keep talking like this!"

The rustling sound at the door made Stacy suddenly stop talking, drawing away from Susan quickly and sitting upright, hands folded in her lap.

Frank and Bobby came in, and both boys caught the wink that Susan flashed them. Their eyes lit up, and they sat on the floor a few feet away from Susan and Stacy. Stacy tried to keep from looking at her brother and

Frank, but could not help peeking at them from under her lashes. She was wondering if

the boys could see on her face what she and Susan had been doing with each other only a short time ago, wondering if it actually showed someplace.

Susan could sense how nervous Stacy was. She left her arm draped over the girl's shoulder, and Stacy sat almost rigid, making sure Susan's hand stayed well away from her straining tit inside the tight top of her summer dress. Stacy crossed her knees, and the two boys were gazing halfway up, seeing her creamy thigh. When Stacy realized where they were looking, she uncrossed her legs, but that, too, seemed a mistake. Before she could close her knees, she was sure that her brother and Frank had a brief glimpse of her cunt, and she wasn't wearing panties. A flush crept over her face, and Susan noticed the girl's gaze darting quickly to the front of the boy's pants, then looking away shyly.

Both Frank and Bobby were getting hard-ons. The slight bulge of their cocks could be seen. Susan sat in her shorts, her knees open a few inches. With her hand, she adjusted the unbuttoned part of her shirt, letting one tit peek out almost to her nipple, flashing a lewd wink at the boys, inching her hand toward Stacy's tit.

Circling the tip of her finger along the swell of Stacy's tit, the girl looked up questioningly at Susan. Susan smiled at her, whispering, "Shhhhh." She kept her finger moving along the swell of Stacy's tit, and Stacy squirmed, not knowing what to do about this. She didn't want to move Susan's hand away. She was afraid that if she did, Susan might become angry with her and they wouldn't be able to suck each other again.

Susan sensed what Stacy was thinking, and it confirmed her knowledge that Stacy was hungry enough to do anything she wanted. When the two boys began to whisper to each other, not looking at Stacy, Stacy whispered into Susan's ear, "Please, they'll see you feeling me."

"Shhhh," was all the reply Susan gave her.

The boys were looking again. Susan deliberately placed her palm on Stacy's straining tit, bringing a gasp of surprise from the girl. Glancing at Susan, Stacy tried to pull Susan's hand away, but Susan curled her fingers tightly around her friend's tit, refusing to turn loose. Feeling embarrassed, Stacy peeked at her brother, then Frank. The boys were watching intently. Feeling Susan's hand caressing and squeezing her tit this way, right before the two young boys, Stacy felt her cunt pulsating hotly. She couldn't make Susan move her hand, and she was very embarrassed. She was surprised that she felt no shame, only that shy embarrassment, and that felt good. Her cuntlips were puffing up, and her clit began to throb.

She made a token protest by placing her hand over the top of Susan's, but nothing more.

Frank and Bobby were gazing openly now, watching as Susan caressed Stacy's tit through her dress. Their cocks were obvious, elongated along their thighs. Stacy could not stop peeking at their cocks, but she did so in a shy manner. She knew that Frank and her brother realized that she saw their cocks swelling out, knew they were watching Susan play with her tit, and she was very much aware of the burning excitement that flowed through her, of the steamy sensation of her cunt.

Susan felt Stacy shaking as she slipped the thin strap from her friend's shoulder. She moved slowly, letting the tension build within the girl and the boys. She was getting a thrill out of this, too.

Exposing Stacy's beautiful tit, she thumbed the girl's nipple gently, watching her son and Bobby. Their young eyes were enormous, and their expressions indicated the degree of desire they felt. Still moving slowly, Susan shoved the top of Stacy's dress down, and the girl sat there blushing, both of her succulent, firm tits exposed with their candy sweet nipples throbbing erect. Stacy was digging her nails into Susan's thigh, her body shivering in the pleasure of her exposure.

Now that she had Stacy's lovely tits revealed to the boys, Susan placed her hand on the girl's thigh and began to inch up the yellow skirt. Stacy glanced shyly at Susan's face, then stared in a mesmerized way as Susan's hand pulled her skirt higher, dragging it up slowly.

Susan watched the boys, her eyes hot. Both their cocks throbbed inside their pants, outlined clearly. As she inched Stacy's dress higher, she felt her palm itching to leave Stacy

and grab those guys, jerk their cocks out, and stuff them into her cunt and mouth swiftly. She fought the urge away, knowing the intensity of their desire to fuck, or just to see Stacy naked. She now had Stacy's skirt almost at the girl's lap. She paused a moment, looking at the boys.

"Listen, you guys," Susan said in a husky voice, "let's not have anyone coming off in their pants, hear me?"

A gasp came from Stacy as Susan said that, a tremor moving through her almost exposed body.

"You're going to see something that both of you have been dying to see," Susan said in a whisper. "And when you see it, don't come off in your fucking pants."

Susan pulled Stacy's dress high, folding it about the girl's waist. Her golden pussy hairs gleamed at the boys, who now stared with their mouths hanging open. Stacy was blushing furiously as the boys looked at her, but she made no move to cover herself.

Very gently, Susan began to spread Stacy's knees. She pushed them until Stacy was sitting with her long legs wide apart. The boys groaned happily as they looked boldly between Stacy's satiny smooth thighs, seeing the pink of her cunt, the wetness glistening there. Stacy, although her face was flushed, now gazed at the boys openly, almost proudly.

"Nice," Frank whispered, his eyes huge as he ran his hand across his throbbing cock.

"Yeah," Bobby groaned, staring at his sister's curly haired cunt mound. "I like that. I sure do like that!"

Susan giggled softly, sliding her hot palm along Stacy's thigh, caressing the softness of her satin-like flesh. She spread Stacy's legs farther apart. She brushed her fingers through the thick, honey blonde hair of the girl's cunt.

"Now you have to show Stacy something in return," Susan said, her voice quivering with barely controlled lust. "Let Stacy see those beautiful young cocks you have!"

Chapter Nine

Frank and Bobby, nowhere nearly as shy as Stacy, jumped to their feet and began undressing with fumbling fingers, staring at the beautiful blonde girl.

As Frank's cock popped into view, Stacy gasped, her eyes slightly out of focus as she stared hungrily at it. When Frank leaned to remove his pants, she glanced at Susan. Susan grinned at the girl lewdly, nodding her head. "Oh, yes, Frank and I have been fucking for some time," she said, reading the question in the girl's eyes. "Now you get to try that beautiful hard-on for size."

When her brother stood naked, his cock arching up, his prickhead swollen and dripping, Stacy gave a soft moan as she stared at it. She looked hotly at her brother's cock, at the way his piss hole dripped, then at his tender balls. A blast of greedy desire swept through her body, centering in her cunt. When Susan pulled her hand away from her, Stacy kept her legs wide and even began to slide her ass toward the edge of the cushions, licking at her full, moist lips.

"Aren't you gonna undress, Mom?" Frank asked, stroking his cock, his gaze centered between Stacy's thighs.

"Later," Susan replied. "Stacy is my present to you guys for the fantastic fucks you've given me."

For the first time, Stacy spoke, her voice almost a growl. "I want to feel both," she said. "I want to hold both of them in my hands."

She slipped from the couch and to her knees, grabbing Frank's and her brother's cocks eagerly now. Kneeling before the two boys, she closed her fists tightly around their throbbing

g prickshafts, then began to jerk back and forth.

Susan stood behind Stacy, lifting her dress up. Stacy released the cocks one by one so Susan could pull the dress over her arms and head, then jacked the boys again, faster now, mewling with delight.

"You gonna let us fuck you, Stacy?" Bobby asked his sister, his voice croaking. "Are you gonna really let us fuck you?"

Stacy looked up at her brother, rubbing his cock along her cheek. Her eyes were bright and shining, "Oh, yes!" she whispered hotly. "Oh, yes, yes! I am going to let you fuck me!

No more grabbing my ass and running away! From now on, when you grab my ass, baby brother, you're going to stay and shove your cock in it!"

Stacy, now that her inhibitions had been released, clung to both cocks, making soft squealing sounds as she pumped her fists back and forth, jacking their young balls furiously. Susan was not in the least surprised when Stacy kissed the dripping head of her brother's cock, swiping the tip of her tongue over his piss hole, then turned to do the same thing with Frank's cock. A soft moan came from Stacy and she quickly swallowed Frank's cock, taking it deep into her mouth, jacking on her brother's prick at the same time.

Stacy sucked back and forth rapidly on Frank's cock, her blonde hair bouncing. Then she moved to Bobby's. A whimper of erotic pleasure came from the kneeling girl as she gulped her brother's cock into her mouth, drawing it into her throat. Susan watched Stacy's hot lips writhe at the base of Bobby's cock as the girl sucked hungrily, jacking on Frank's cock. Stacy's naked ass moved in a sideways motion, her asscheeks flexing. Susan noticed that Stacy sucked on her brother's cock longer than she had Frank's, and she knew why. Although Susan loved to suck a hard, throbbing cock very much, she sucked Frank's more and longer than she did Bobby's simply because it was her son's cock. The sheer perversity of sucking on her brother's cock. It was not a matter of preference, but one of perverse ecstasy.

As she sucked on her brother's cock, sliding her lips back and forth over his prickshaft, Stacy rubbed Frank's cock across her cheek, smearing her flesh with the dripping juices. Soft, animal-like sounds came from her stuffed mouth, her eyes closing to savor the delicious sweetness of her brother's cock sliding over her tongue, between her clamped lips.

"Ooooooooooh!" Stacy groaned, taking her mouth from her brother's cock and pressing both hard-ons against her face. "I can't believe it! I'm coming! Ohhhhh, I'm coming already!"

Her naked body shook for a long time. Stacy, with her face between both their hard cocks, moaned with surprised ecstasy, her hips jerking as her cunt exploded into orgasm. She pressed their two cocks hard against her cheeks.

As the orgasm receded, she pulled her face back and sat on her heels, grinning happily up at the boys, clutching them by their throbbing cocks. "You're going to fuck me!" she hissed with passion. "Both of you are going to fuck me, and you're going to fuck me now!"

The slender beauty sat back on the couch, leaning back, her eyes smoldering with wanton hunger. She spread her legs wide, her cunt gleaming wetly, her ass dangling over the edge of the cushions. "Come on, Bobby!" she urged with a thick voice. "Put your cock in my cunt and fuck me! Ooooooh, honey, you've wanted my pussy for so long! Come and fuck me, baby! I want your cock going deep in my cunt!"

Without waiting, Bobby moved between his sister's velvet-fleshed thighs, his cock entering her cunt without delay. Stacy sucked in a hiss of air as her brother's cock penetrated her tight, boiling cunt. She gave a yelp of pleasure and jerked her hips upward as his cock drove deep.

"Ohhhhh, that's beautiful!" she moaned, grinding her cunt against the base of her brother's cock frantically, the golden curls matted against him. "Fuck me, Bobby! Ohhhh, give your sister that lovely hard cock! Fuck my cunt, Bobby . . . fuck me good! Ohhhh, brother, brother . . . baby, baby . . . fuck your sister! Ram your brother cock up your sister's cunt!"

Susan sat watching, her eyes gleaming. She drew her feet up on the couch and spread h

er legs, rubbing at her crotch as she watched Bobby fucking his sister energetically. Frank had moved to the couch on the other side of Stacy, his cock about to burst, it was so hard. The excitement of seeing the brother and sister fucking was sending Susan's cunt in a raging hunger for her son's cock, but she forced herself to leave them alone and watch only.

Stacy, with her ass bouncing up and down to meet the wild plunges of her brother's cock, was now gripping Frank's cock, sometimes jerking up and down on it, and sometimes just squeezing it. She moaned and burbled and wailed and sobbed as her brother fucked her, her hairy pink cuntlips stretching and holding his cock very tightly. Frank was digging his hand into one of Stacy's springy, shapely tits as she jerked his cock, and Susan could not resist taking Stacy's other tit in her hand and playing with it. When her son leaned over and began sucking on Stacy's tit, Susan went after the other one, their faces close.

Stacy clung to Frank's cock as she twisted and pounded her cunt against her brother's cock, sobbing with tears of intense ecstasy. Her free hand ran hotly between Susan's thighs and began to rub at Susan's covered crotch. Susan and Frank sucked hard on the girl's tits, making Stacy scream incoherently. With her cunt being fucked furiously by her brother's hard cock, her hands feeling another cock, and a cunt that seared her palm through the material of Susan's shorts, Stacy was out of her mind with passion.

"Fuck me!" she screamed. "Fuck my cunt! Ooooh, I'm fucking my brother, Susan! I'm fucking Bobby and I'm going to come and I love it and I'm going to fuck him and Frank all night and I'm never going to stop fucking them! Ahhhhh . . . ooooooh, my cunt is on fire! I'm burning up . . . melting! Fuck my cunt, Bobby! Ohhhh, fuck your sister's wet, hot cunt!"

The tremors of her orgasm literally shook Stacy's naked body in a violent way. Susan lifted her mouth from the girl's sugary tit and looked down at the frenzied thrusting of Stacy's cunt on Bobby's cock. She slipped her hand down through the golden hairs spreading two fingers about the base of Bobby's prick, feeling him fuck his sister. Frank, too, drew his mouth off Stacy's tit.

As soon as he did, Stacy was pulling at his cock. "Let me have it in my mouth, Frank!" Stacy wailed. "Fuck my cocksucking mouth! Ohhhh, fuck my cunt, Bobby . . . Frank, fuck my mouth! I want both fucking me at the same time!"

Frank lifted to his knees on the couch and, as Stacy turned her beautiful face toward him, he shoved his cock into her fiery mouth, which sucked hard and hungrily. Susan continued to rub and caress the golden hairs of Stacy's cunt as Bobby fucked his sister, watching as Frank fucked the eager girl in the mouth. The only sound Stacy would make now was grunts. She was holding Frank's balls with her hand as he plunged his cock between her hot lips, her eyes closed.

Susan looked from Bobby's cock fucking into his sister's fiery cunt to the girl's stretching lips where her son fucked the girl in the mouth. The excitement of seeing all three of them boiling over with passion, fucking and sucking wildly, was creating a tremendous pressure between her thighs. She ripped at her shirt, revealing her swollen tits. Flinging the shirt to the floor, her eyes never leaving the three naked bodies, Susan dug her fingers into her own tits, moaning as she squirmed her ass on the cushions of the couch, feeling as if she, too, would come with a steaming burst of orgasm at any time.

Bobby was holding his sister's hips, but she thrashed up and down, round and round, just the same. Stacy was so involved in her ecstasy, nothing could have held her down now. Bobby thrust frantically into his sister gripping cunt, puffing and moaning as his balls became tight at the base of his cock, smashing against his sister's humping, naked ass. Stacy, although she was coming in powerful waves, knew that her brother was very close to gushing his come juice up her cunt. She fucked his cock as hard and fast as she could, sucking on Frank's prick with a frenzy of cocksucking hunger, pulling at his balls with her tight finger's.

Frank was fucking hard into Stacy's sucking mouth, so hard that the wiry prick hairs beating at her lips were in danger of bruising them. But Stacy was loving every minute of it. She groaned around Frank's cock as her hips flew up and down on her brother's cock.

As Bobby's prick spurted thick, creamy jism into her cunt, Stacy groaned, feeling his come juice boil and splash into the velvety walls of her fiery cunt. Her hips began to grind even more frantically as her brother squirted into her pussy, her tongue working furiously on

Frank's fucking cock, her lips holding it tightly. Then Frank came. His sock throbbed and the boiling jizz erupted from his piss hole and burned into Stacy's throat. Stacy made wet gulping sounds as she fought to swallow his sweet come juice. Even then, the creamy whiteness escaped her clinging lips.

Bobby slumped, panting from his efforts, sitting on his heels, his cock gleaming wetly. Stacy, her legs remaining wide open, was exhausted. Frank's cock slipped from her mouth, and the girl lay in a wanton position, her firm tits heaving up and down as she struggled to breathe. Her mouth and chin glistened with come juice, her naked body shaking.

"Oh, God! Oh, God!" Stacy whimpered over and over. "Oh, God . . . oh, God . . ."

Susan smiled, knowing the pleasure Stacy had gotten from being fucked simultaneously by Frank and her brother. The glistening jism on Stacy's mouth was like an erotic beacon, and Susan could not resist it. She leaned over and ran her tongue about Stacy's lips, licking away the come juice from her son's cock that had smeared there. Stacy shoved her tongue out, meeting Susan's, and Frank and Bobby giggled as they watched them licking tongues.

"Aren't you glad I undressed you with the boys here?" Susan asked, her voice still showing her passion.

"Susan, I don't know what to say," Stacy said, grinning as her face glowed. "If only . . . my God! These two boys fucked the hell out of me! It was wonderful!"

"When do I get a piece of your ass, Stacy?" Frank asked. "I want to fuck you, too."

Stacy looked at Frank, wrapping her arm about the back of his head and she brought his mouth to hers. She kissed him deeply and pressed her tongue past his teeth. "You're going to get plenty of my cunt, Frank," she whispered, drawing her mouth away. "You and Bobby are going to get as much fucking as you want. You two can fuck my cunt any fucking time you want!"

Susan was very pleased with this new attitude of Stacy's. She was no longer shy nor embarrassed. She was, now, a beautiful young girl that was letting her passions go, enjoying it and no longer willing to be frustrated.

Bobby, still sitting on his heels between his sister's thighs, leaned forward and kissed the creamy inner surface of one thigh, then shoved out his tongue and licked her clit. Stacy wiggled her ass, caressing her brother's cheek as he ran his tongue about her clit. "Mmmmm, and you're going to find yourself not only getting that lovely cock fucked, Bobby, but you're going to be eating an awful lot of hot, wet cunt from now on!"

"Don't I get some blow jobs, too, Stacy?" Bobby asked, sliding his tongue into the golden hair of his sister's cunt.

"Mmmmm, anytime you ask," Stacy replied, licking at her puffy lips suggestively. "I'll eat your fucking cock every night, if you want. I'll let you fuck me in my mouth every night and when you wake up in the morning, but don't forget, my cunt is hungry for cock, too."

Frank's prick had become hard again as he sat listening, and he drew Stacy's hand to it. Stacy jerked on his cock a bit, then said: "Fuck me now, Frank!"

She moved from the couch and stood on her hands and knees, pulling the curls of her pussy wide. Frank got to the floor quickly, and Stacy told him to lie back. As soon as he was on his back, his cock standing tall, Stacy straddled him. Susan and Bobby leaned over, watching as Stacy gripped Frank's cock and stuffed it into her cunt. Sitting astride Frank, Stacy cupped her tits and began to bounce her pretty ass up and down, fucking Frank as he ran his hands over her slender, satiny feeling thighs.

Bobby's cock swelled into a lovely hardness, and Susan began to jack on it as they watched Stacy fucking Frank. But then Stacy wanted Bobby's cock, too.

"Come here, brother dear," she whispered throatily. "You're going to get sucked! Your sister is going to suck that lovely hard cock, Bobby. You want a blow job, you're going to get a blow job! I'll fuck Frank and suck your cock at the same time!"

Bobby was fast. He jumped to his feet, arching his cock toward his sister's mouth. Susan spread her legs and began to rub her cunt through the shorts, watching as Stacy slipped her hands between her brother's legs, cupping his young ass, opening her mouth to take his sweetly throbbing cock between her lips. Bobby rested his hands on top of his sister's honey blonde hair, watching her mouth sucking his cock. Susan was amazed at the coordination of Stacy's body. Her lovely naked ass moved up and down, her cunt sliding on

Frank's cock, and at the same time, she sucked back and forth on her brother's prick. It was like rubbing her stomach and patting her head at the same time...coordination.

Frank looked up at Stacy sucking on Bobby's cock, then at the way her golden-haired cunt was fucking him. He lifted his hips from the floor, driving his cock deep into the wet heat of Stacy's clinging cunt, digging his fingers into her slender legs.

Susan, with her legs wide apart, rubbed harder at her covered cunt, watching Stacy fuck and suck the boys. She could see from her position the flexing of Stacy's beautiful naked ass and watch her mouth pull on Bobby's cock. She tried to pull the crotch of her shorts to one side, but they were too tight. Bobby was close enough to Susan to reach out and fondle her tits while his sister sucked on his cock ravenously, making wet, cooing sounds. Stacy's blue eyes glowed up at her brother's contorted face. She worked her finger into the crack of his ass, rubbing his asshole. Bobby gave a yelp of pleasure as he felt his sister probing him in the ass. It caused his balls to draw up tightly at the base of his cock as his sister sucked his prick deeply, her lips writhing on the base, his balls on her chin. Stacy sucked back, holding the swollen head of her brother's cock with her lips, fluttering her tongue about his piss hole.

"Mmmmmmm," Stacy gurgled hungrily. "Mmmmm!"

Her naked ass bounced up and down, her fiery cunt riding on Frank's stiff cock with a corkscrewing motion and her mouth sucked hard on Bobby's cock. Susan was amazed at her dexterity. Since she had fucked one and sucked the other only a short time ago, she could almost feel the same thing Stacy was feeling.

Stacy squealed and sobbed around her brother's cock as she started sucking him faster and with a more greedy manner. Her blonde hair bounced as her mouth beat back and forth on Bobby's cock, her cunt thrusting on Frank's. She worked her finger about her brother's asshole, rubbing and pressing at it. A yelp came from Bobby as his sister suddenly plunged her finger into his asshole. His cock swelled more when she started fingerfucking her brother in his asshole, her mouth like fire on his cock now.

Frank was arching up, wanting his cock deep inside Stacy's clutching cunt. He dug hard into her smooth thighs as his balls became tight. The sucking of Stacy's cunt was about to draw his come juice out of his aching balls, and he was grunting as he gritted his teeth. Bobby was growling as his sister tried to devour his cock with her hungry hot mouth and tongue, her finger fucking into his tight asshole swiftly. Susan was rubbing hard at her cunt now, still trying to claw the crotch away from it. Stacy's naked body began to shiver, then shake. As her orgasms exploded, she gave a muffled scream and slammed her cunt down hard on Frank's cock. The hairy lips of her pussy closed tightly, a waving motion working at the base. Frank grunted and sent boiling squirts of come juice into the young girl's insatiable cunt, spurt after hot spurt.

Stacy was whimpering as she struggled to bring her brother's cock off. She was desperate for his jism, wanting to feel it splashing on her tongue, taste the thick sweetness of it, yearning to let it burn down her throat. She thrust her finger in and out of her brother's asshole frantically as her cunt convulsed around Frank's spewing cock. Bobby pulled his hand from Susan's tit and he grabbed his sister by the back of her head. He rammed his cock far into her mouth, probing her throat with his dripping, swollen prickhead. Stacy's eyes rolled in her head and her finger plunged wildly into his asshole, her lips tight on her brother's cock.

The eruption of Bobby's jizz caused Stacy to choke and gasp, but she managed to take every precious drop of her brother's come juice. Her mouth filled time and again as her throat worked, swallowing in a greedy way.

Susan, twisting her ass on the cushions of couch as her fingers rubbed hard, was climaxing.

xing, too. "Suck your brother's hard cock, Stacy! Suck his come juice down ... eat his fucking cock and suck his jizz . . . fuck Frank's prick . . . fuck your hot cunt on his cock . . . suck that prick . . . fuck that cock . . . suck . . . fuck ..."

With one final gush of come juice, Bobby slipped down to his knees, his sister's finger pulling out of his burning asshole slowly. He gasped and moaned with the glowing ecstasy flooding his balls. Frank, his cock becoming soft inside Stacy's cunt, relaxed. Stacy, squealing softly, slumped over Frank, her tits smashed flat, her knees drawn up his sides. Susan gazed at Stacy's spreading asscheeks, at the wink of her pink asshole. She slipped from the couch and leaned down behind the girl. She lapped at her son's tender balls a moment, then up over his cunt-wet cock. With a soft mewl, she ran her tongue around Stacy's puckering asshole, circled it and licked the heat of her inner asscheeks.

"You three better take a break," she said, caressing Stacy's beautiful naked ass gently. "You've got to recover because I need some attention, too."

Chapter Ten

As Stacy rested, now sprawled off Frank, Susan removed her shorts. She could no longer stand them on her body. She had to be naked, free. Her cunt was burning, burning as if someone flamed it with a torch.

Sitting back on the couch, her ass hanging over, Susan waited impatiently. She drew her knees up and back to her tits. Being naked now, she worked a finger into her cunt, moving it in and out slowly, letting it tease her cunt. She caressed the cheeks of her ass with her other hand, then began to rub at her own asshole as she finger fucked her cunt. She moaned softly, catching the attention of her son, Bobby, and Stacy.

They watched her as she fingerfucked herself, then moaned with her as Susan pressed a finger into her asshole. She began to finger-fuck herself up the cunt and asshole at the same time, her knees pressing against her shapely tits.

Although her eyes were clouded with wanton hunger, she saw Frank's and Bobby's cocks becoming hard again. She ran her tongue over her lips greedily, making moist sounds. Stacy rolled to her hands and knees, moving that way to Susan, her blue eyes glazed with renewed lusts. As her face came to Susan's pussy, Susan pulled her fingers from her own gripping fuckholes. With a soft murmur, Stacy began running the flat surface of her tongue up and down Susan's hairy crotch, licking from her asshole to her throbbing clit, pausing to thrust a time or two into her juicy cunt.

Frank and Bobby, seeing what Stacy was doing, giggled and came to Susan. Frank went to his mother's tits, shoving her hands from one spongy tit. He began sucking on it. As Bobby shoved his face next to his sister's, Stacy moved her tongue down and worked at Susan's flexing asshole, letting Bobby suck on her throbbing clit.

"Ohhhh, shit, shit!" Susan wailed.

"Please, don't shit," Stacy giggled lewdly.

Bobby was sucking hard on Susan's clit, running his hand over his sister's firm tits, his other hand clutching one firm cheek of Susan's ass. Frank was sucking and licking his mother's tit strongly, playing with the other one. Susan groaned in passion when she felt Stacy's tongue working into her asshole. She arched her crotch up as far as she could, one hand on the back of Bobby's head, urging him to lick and suck at her cunt faster and harder. The flame of Stacy's tongue running in and out of her burning asshole was intense.

"Ohhhh, I'm going to come!" Susan wailed. She was so intensely aroused, it was not taking much to get those ecstatic rumbles of convulsive orgasms going. "I'm going to come . . . come so hard!"

Bobby pulled at her clit with his lips, his tongue flicking the tip swiftly, his fingers digging into her asscheek. Stacy darted her tongue in and out of Susan's tightening asshole, and Frank was sucking so hard on her tit, Susan wondered if she would have a nipple left. Bobby was digging harshly into his sister's spongy tit as he sucked Susan's clit, his cock thr

obbing in hardness again. Stacy found her brother's cock and she jerked on it, their cheeks together as their mouths and tongues worked on Susan's cunt and asshole. Susan had located her son's cock and she was jacking on it with a frenzy of mindless lust, groaning loudly as all three made her come and come.

Susan thrashed around, and somehow her son and Bobby and his sister managed to cling to her with their mouths. Susan was about to go out of her mind with the power of the ecstasy flowing from her head to her toes. She could hardly take any more, and began to push at heads, trying to dislodge them from her aching cunt and burning asshole and bursting tits.

She managed to get her son's mouth off her tit, but both Bobby and Stacy refused to be pushed away. Stacy's tongue darted in and out of Susan's asshole and Bobby was pulling hard on her clit.

"No, no, no!" Susan wailed. "Please, no more! Ohhhh, God, I can't take any more right now! Stop, please! Stacy, Bobby, stop sucking me!" And Susan began pissing.

Bobby, surprised, jerked his head up. The stream of piss arced up and splashed over Stacy's head, getting her blonde hair wet as it splattered along her shoulders, too. But Stacy did not jerk away. She lifted her tongue out of Susan's asshole and eagerly shoved it into the golden stream of piss. Bobby, seeing what his sister was doing, shoved his mouth back to Susan, trying to press his open mouth to her pissing cunt. All he succeeded in doing was to get both himself and his sister drenched in warm piss. Stacy gurgled in pleasure as she positioned her face so Susan was pissing directly into it, her mouth open to taste the sweetness. Bobby managed to get his tongue to the stream, and a groan of surprised pleasure came from him.

Frank, seeing his mother pissing into the faces of the brother and sister, wasn't sure what to do. But his mother, still clutching his cock, told him.

"Piss on me, Frank!" she yelled. "Ohhhhh, baby, piss on mother! I want your cock pissing on me!"

Frank, more than willing to participate in this weird, but exciting act, stood up on the couch, arching his cock toward his mother's face. Susan looked up at his prick while she spurted golden piss into Stacy's and Bobby's faces. Frank unleashed a powerful stream of golden piss onto his mother's tits, but she reached up and held his cock, aiming it into her face. She opened her mouth to catch it and gulped his piss down her throat. The excitement of tasting her son's piss, and pissing into the faces of the excited brother and sister, sent a fire steaming through Susan's naked body. She understood now that all four of them would do anything with each other, anything that they thought would be enjoyable.

As she finished pissing, so did her son. Frank shook a few final drops from his cock onto his mother's face. Stacy and Bobby, both giggling, looked up with drenched faces.

"That's not fucking," Bobby said, but it was not a complaint.

"Maybe not," Stacy replied, "but I came anyway."

Susan, her face dripping with her son's piss, sat up and laughed. "We can do a lot more things with cocks, cunts, and mouths than fuck, Bobby."

"And assholes," Stacy contributed.

"Speaking of assholes," Susan said. "Stacy, let's you and I get these young cocks nice and hard again, then take them up the ass."

"Ooooooh, I'd love it!" Stacy squealed, grabbing for her brother's cock. Bobby jerked his hips back, but Stacy grabbed his prick anyway. "Hey, brother," she laughed. "You've been grabbing my ass for a long time. It's about time I got to grab me some cock, don't you think?"

She began working on her brother's cock, leaning down to take it into her mouth, sucking it and feeling it swell and harden between her lips. Susan leaned forward and sucked her son's cock deeply into her mouth. The taste of piss still lingered on his prick, and Susan found her cunt responding to it. She sucked her son's cock as Stacy sucked her brother's, and th

en, without a word passing between them, Stacy began to suck on Frank's cock while Susan sucked Bobby's. The boys sat on the couch, side by side, and Susan and Stacy began trading cocks frequently, sucking each and at the same time feeling up the other's wet, hairy cunt, probing with fingers and rubbing at clits and creamy asscheeks.

Frank and Bobby relaxed, watching Susan and Stacy trade off their cocks to each other's hot mouths. The excitement coursing through their young bodies was intense. Susan and Stacy, gurgling with erotic pleasure, slipped their mouths up and down the boys' hard pricks their eyes watching each other with sparkling delight, as if a message had passed between their eyes, each pushed the boys' legs up and back, lifting their young asses. Stacy was sucking on her brother's cock and Susan sucking Frank's cock. With a gurgle of perverse ecstasy, they began to lick about the boys' assholes, caressing their balls with their noses. Each woman gripped a cock, jerking it. While Susan sucked at her son's asshole, she pumped her fist on Bobby's cock, and Stacy did the same thing to her son.

They traded again, with Susan tonguing Bobby's asshole while Stacy slipped her tongue into Frank's shitter. They kept clinging tightly to the throbbing cocks as they moved their mouths back and forth, sucking the boys' young balls, then tonguing an asshole, swirling wetly about the heads of the dripping pricks and tasting the seeping juices from piss holes. Sometimes, as they passed each other, they would pause to kiss and suck on tongues, something that delighted Frank and Bobby very much. Stacy worked her finger into

Susan's cunt eagerly while Susan rubbed at Stacy's pussy with her hot palm. When they went back to mouthing the cocks, they managed to bring the boys' hard pricks closer together, and now they could flick their tongues back and forth without much head movement. The boys' cocks were dripping constantly with excitement, and Susan and Stacy mewled as their tongues swiped over the boys' piss holes, tasting the sweetness.

Finally, realizing that the boys were unable to take much more of this teasing play, Susan settled her lips around Bobby's cock while Stacy sucked Frank's deeply into her mouth. Their hair bounced as they sucked up and down, licking hungrily, moaning in eager desire to draw the thick, sweet jism out of their tight, young balls. Both Frank and Bobby were arching their hips up and down, fucking into a mouth as hot lips moved downward, gripped wetly. Stacy cradled Frank's balls in her soft hand, tugging and twisting them lightly. Susan held Bobby's balls against her chin as she sucked with a more frenzied pace on his throbbing cock. Both Susan and Stacy slurped eagerly, making moist sounds with their lips and tongues, their eyes rolling with the ecstasy they received from cocksucking, from the heat of the young pricks filling their mouths.

Frank cupped Stacy's cheeks in his hands and began to fuck her mouth swiftly, sliding his cock in and out of her hot, wet lips. Stacy moaned in pleasure as she clutched at his precious balls, her other hand now gripping his ass hard. She sucked with a frenzy, her tongue sliding around and around. Bobby, seeing Frank fucking his sister's mouth, grabbed Susan by the back of her head, plunging his cock up and down. The boys were groaning with approaching climax. Susan cupped Bobby's churning ass with both hands, her fingers digging into the hot crack, urging him to squirt into her mouth.

With wild lurches, both Frank and Bobby came at the same time. Susan and Stacy groaned in delight as come juice filled their mouths, rushing down their burning throats. Their tongues went wild at the spewing piss holes, lapping hungrily at the thick sweetness as it sprayed out and into their mouths. Gulping noisily, Stacy swallowed swiftly as Frank flooded her mouth with the boiling jism. Susan was moaning softly as she gobbled hungrily on Bobby's gushing sweetness. Both on their knees, they swayed their naked asses as heat throbbed about their hairy cunts.

When the boys stopped coming, Susan and Stacy let the boys' cocks slip from their mouths, turned to each other, and began kissing excitedly, tongues delving deep to taste any lingering come juice. Their tits smashed together, their hips squirming tightly, cunt hair mingling with cunt hair. Their hands roamed about each other's tight, creamy ass, squeezing a cheek, then caressing the backs of hot thighs as they sucked at each other's mouth and tongue.

"Oh, that was great!" Stacy mewled. "We sucked them off good, didn't we, Susan?" She turned and looked at the boys, her blue eyes gleaming. Both boys were still slumped, their cocks resting half hard. Stacy moved her hands to them, taking a cock in each hand, stroking them. Then with a soft cry, she buried her face into her brother's crotch, kissing with an open

mouth. Next she shoved her face into Frank's crotch, doing the same to him. "God, I love this!" she whimpered. "I just love these two cocks . . . these balls . . . these young, sweet pricks!"

"Don't be greedy, Stacy," Susan laughed. "Save some for me."

"Oh, don't worry," Stacy said. "I think there's plenty for both of us."

Now that the edge was gone, Stacy eagerly allowed the boys to explore her slender, enticing body. She sprawled out on the floor, legs wide, arms above her head. The two boys, who had been dreaming of feeling Stacy's beautiful body for a long time, stroked and caressed and probed every inch of her smooth flesh. They turned her over onto her stomach, and fondled the swelling sweetness of her rounded ass while Susan watched them. Frank and Bobby licked and kissed Stacy's succulent asscheeks, spreading them to lick at the pink pucker of her asshole.

Stacy moaned and squealed softly with ecstasy as they handled her with hands and "mouths and tongues, her naked body trembling with anticipation for more cock. Frank and Bobby spent fifteen minutes exploring the body that they had dreamed about, jacked off with mental images of fucking. By the time they stopped, their young cocks were raging hard again.

Susan felt no jealousy as the boys fondled Stacy. She felt only a glowing heat of what would come in the future. Besides, it was enjoyable to watch the young boys with Stacy, watching Stacy's responses to them. It was an erotic sight to see Stacy manipulating both of their cocks and balls at the same time, her golden cunt revealed, wet and pulsating, her tits swelling with beautiful, pink nipples standing tall. Watching Stacy sitting on her naked ass between the standing boys, her legs wide, a cock in each hand, her pretty face turning from one to the other, kissing and licking their creamy prick heads and dripping piss holes, was so

Susan knew without a doubt that Stacy would indulge in anything with them. No matter how perverse, how wild, how unusual, Stacy was going to be a willing, eager partner from now.

Testing her thoughts, Susan said, "Is there anyone here that would go for an ass fuck?"

Her son turned and grinned at her. "I'm game, Mom." Bobby giggled. "I'll try it."

Susan looked at Stacy, her hot eyes questioning. Stacy, who was still intensely aroused, her blue eyes gleaming with her inner heat, slowly nodded her head. "I'll try anything on earth . . . when it comes to a hard cock."

Susan slipped to the floor, drawing her knees under her body and waggling her naked ass, resting her upper body on the couch. Stacy assumed the same position, their shoulders touching.

"You take your brother's cock in your asshole first, Stacy," Susan said. "I want to fuck my son with my asshole this first time. We'll trade later if that's okay with you?"

"Okay with me," Stacy said, her voice showing how eager she was. She wiggled her creamy ass, turning to peer over her shoulder. "Come on, Bobby . . . shove your cock up my ass! You can find out if my asshole is as hot as my cunt! Fuck me up the ass, honey! Fuck your big sister . . . your hot-assed big sister up the fucking asshole!"

Frank didn't need encouragement. He dropped to his knees behind his mother, then plunged his cock up her asshole without hesitation. Susan, feeling his cock thrust into her ass, stretching it, burning and tingling, gave a loud yelp. It was not a cry of pain, but of perverse ecstasy. She felt his cock slide deep, his balls striking against her hairy cunt. Frank gripped his mother's hips, and began to fuck into her asshole fast, creating a burning, searing friction that sent his mother into a shivering ecstasy.

Stacy gritted her teeth as her brother pressed the rounded head of his cock against her tight asshole. But the pressure sent her mind reeling with delight. She sobbed with pleasure and shoved her ass back against him, urging him to press hard.

"Stick it in me!" Stacy moaned. "Oh, Bobby, I want your cock up my fucking asshole and I want it in there now! Hurry, just ram it in me . . . don't go so fucking slow!"

With a quick thrust, Bobby's cock slipped deeply into his sister's asshole, making Stacy cry out. Susan shoved her arm about Stacy, turning to kiss the girl's mouth. With her asshole stuffed with her son's cock, Susan began to kiss hotly with Stacy. Stacy waggled her ass, her moans quieting as her brother rammed his prick in and out of her clutching asshole.

Susan and Stacy clung together, kissing hotly as they took the boys' hard cocks into their burning assholes. They squeezed each other's firm tits, tongues delving at mouths, both women shaking and twisting their uplifted, shapely asses for the boys. Like Stacy, this was the first time Susan had actually had a cock in her asshole, but she had used her fingers many times and had been wanting to fuck with her ass. They were all four sharing an experience for the first time together, and both Susan and Stacy realized it was an extension of their erotic natures, something they would add to their sexual games with the two boys. Frank and Bobby would go along with anything they wanted. They were of an age where they would shove their hard cocks into anything offered, as long as it was hot and tight and receptive.

"That cock is stretching my fucking asshole!" Stacy moaned loudly, twisting her pretty ass. "Bobby, your cock goes so fucking deep in my ass! Ohhh, Bobby, Bobby. . . fuck my hot ass! Fuck my asshole!"

"Do it," Susan urged with a thick voice. "Fuck your sister in the ass, Bobby! Ooooooh, Frank, give it to me! Ram my hot asshole, darling! Fuck mother's asshole with your hand, beautiful cock! Fuck my ass hard and fast, baby!"

The boys were grunting behind and above the women's naked, trembling asses. Their hands gripped the creamy hips as Susan and Stacy shook and swayed.

The tightness of his mother's asshole, the way it gripped his cock in that flexing manner, caused Frank's balls to become very tight at the base. With a wild cry, he rammed his cock hard and deep into his mother's asshole, and began to come with powerful spurts of throbbing ecstasy. He gushed come juice deep into the boiling depths of his mother's hungry asshole, causing her to cry out with orgasm.

Beside Susan, Stacy was yipping and sobbing as she rotated her perky ass in a wild manner for her brother. She was slamming her ass back onto his cock with each lunge he made. She had shoved a hand between her thighs and was clutching him by his young balls. She closed her asshole about the shaft of his hard cock, her cunt convulsing, sucking at him.

"Come, damn it!" Stacy yelled. "Come up my fucking asshole, Bobby! Ohhh, please, come in my ass! I'm coming so damned much! My cunt is on fire ... my asshole is burning up! Come in my ass, baby!"

As if in reply to his sister's pleas, Bobby's cock erupted into a geyser of spraying come juice. Stacy felt his cock squirting into her ass, and it created more powerful orgasms in her cunt. She screamed with mindless ecstasy, arching her head back, eyes closed as her face contorted into sheer, almost agonized ecstasy.

Susan mewled as her son pulled his cock out of her asshole. She could feel the tingling of her asshole still as she turned to watch Bobby remove his cock from his sister's ass. Stacy gave a wail of reluctance, gripping at his cock as if wanting to keep it in her forever.

"God, what next?" Stacy breathed heavily, her face flushed with the pleasure rumbling through her naked body. "I don't know what could be any better than what we've done so far."

"I'm sure we'll think of something," Susan said. "Until we do, we can keep fucking and sucking these cocks and ..." She winked at Stacy. "... sucking each other."

"Oh, God, yes!" Stacy said, and they fell into each other's arms, kissing and licking mouths. As they kissed, their hands sought the cocks and balls of the two very happy young boys, fondling them with love.

End