

Mom's Loving Niece  
by Kathy Andrews

## FOREWORD

Many people feel an overwhelming attraction to other members of their own family. When suppressed, this attraction often leads to agonizing emotional troubles. When expressed, this stigma sometimes means feelings of guilt and shame that are almost impossible to overcome. In deed, incest is a subject that has been shunned by society from the earliest memories of man.

Those of us who have these unfulfilled desires are often driven to torment over our needs. These desires have driven people even to the brink of insanity-or worse.

MOM'S LOVING NIECE is the story of a woman and her family who are forced by their desires to come to grips with turbulent emotions. What happens to them when they confront these emotions together reveals their ability to be honest with themselves and to be unafraid of their own inner feelings.

-The Publisher

## CHAPTER ONE

"I don't wanna have some little girl living with us, Mom," Billy said, his eyes glaring. "I especially don't want Barbie staying here."

Joan gazed at her son. She sat on the couch and he stood in the middle of the room, his school books still in his hand. He had just come home, and she told him about his cousin. She had been expecting his reaction, but it still surprised her.

"We're getting along okay," he said. "We don't need some brat around here. Why can't she go stay with someone else?"

"There is no one else, Billy," Joan said. "Barbie has no other place to go, no one to stay with."

Billy knew his mother was right, but that didn't help his problem. Actually, he liked his cousin. He had always liked her. But he was afraid if she lived with them, he would be in trouble. Barbie had threatened to tell on him a few months ago. What she had to tell would get him into trouble with his mother. But Billy knew it had not been his fault. He hadn't wanted to do it, but Barbie had threatened him. If he didn't do what she wanted, she would tell his mother he forced her. Whereas actually it had been the other way around.

Billy had been with his cousin alone, and Barbie had boldly lifted her dress and dropped her panties, daring him to touch her pussy. Billy had stared in fascination at his cousin's young cunt, gazing almost in awe at her pink pussy-slit. His cock had become very hard, and Barbie wanted him to take it out so she could see it, but Billy was embarrassed. He had slapped her hand away when she tried to take it out, and that was when she threatened him.

Billy didn't want his mother to get mad at him, so he had taken his cock out, keeping his eyes closed as if that would hide his embarrassment. Barbie had touched his cock, making him jump, but he squeezed his eyes tighter than ever. She had tried to get him to touch her pussy, but Billy refused, frozen with his fists pressing at his hips, his young body shaking, part in fear, and part in excitement. He knew what his cousin was doing was wicked, but it sure did feel good. In fact, it felt so good he didn't try to stop her when Barbie squeezed his young cock, and then she pumped it.

He stood with his eyes tight, gasping, while his cousin jacked his cock with her little fist. He listened to Barbie's soft, excited squeals as her fist pounded on his prick. The feeling grew better . . . and better.

That was the first time Billy came.

He had cried out when his cock gushed, his balls very tight. The hot juices spurted over his cousin's hand and wrist. At first he was afraid something had broken inside him, but the feeling was so good he didn't care at the time. Barbie had clung to his cock with her hot little fist and watched him come, her eyes enormous with surprise and delight.

Then, only a short time ago, Barbie had caught Billy and jacked him off again. And, again, she had threatened to say he made her do it if he refused to let her play with his cock.

And now his mother had just told him Barbie was going to live with them for a whole year. Her parents were taking a job in some country he never even heard of, and wanted to leave Barbie behind. Billy knew if his cousin was living with them in the same house, she would be after him, after his cock. It wouldn't be so bad, he decided, if she wouldn't always make those threats.

Now she was going to stay there with him and his mother, and then his mother would find out, and he would be in trouble because everyone always believed what Barbie said.

Barbie could never tell a lie, she was so sweet and innocent and pure. At least, that was what people thought of her. She could get away with anything, and blame it on someone else. She was that type of girl. She could be caught stealing cookies, and then roll her big, innocent eyes and say, "Billy made me do it," and right away he was in trouble.

Everyone believed Barbie.

No one believed Billy.

"She tells lies, Mom," Billy said. "Barbie always tells lies and everyone believes her."

"Billy, that isn't true!" Joan said.

"Okay, but you're gonna find out," Billy said. "I guess I'm gonna stay in trouble for a whole year."

Joan watched her son leave the room, his head hanging. She didn't know what was wrong with him. He had always enjoyed being with Barbie. They had been close before, almost inseparable.

Billy closed the door of his room and sat on his bed, chin in his hands, trying to think of some way to turn the tables on his cousin. There was no way and there never would be a way. Ever since they had been born, Barbie had got him in difficulties, blaming him, and he would be spanked and punished for what she did.

The only good thing Barbie had ever done for him was jack him off, he decided. She had taught him something that felt good, and he had been pumping on his cock ever since.

Thinking of those two times she had jacked him off, Billy removed his pants and stared at his cock and balls. The fuzz at the base was getting thicker, and made him proud. He tried to remember if Barbie had hair on her cunt, but couldn't. He had seen it only that one time, and had been so embarrassed he had not looked that closely.

Joan sat on the couch, concerned about her son. She had noticed the split between him and Barbie, and couldn't understand what had caused it. She tried to question him, but Billy refused to give the reason.

She stood and walked to the huge window facing the front yard. There was about a week of school left, then her son would be home for the summer. Barbie would arrive tomorrow, and there was no sense in starting her at school for the last few days.

Staring out the window, she saw a boy and girl about Billy and Barbie's age. The boy was rough with the girl, who appeared to insist on playing with the boy. She saw the boy hit the girl on the shoulder quite hard with his fists, but the girl simply rubbed her arm and stared at the boy as if she was about to cry.

Joan smiled. So that was it, she thought. Billy didn't want a girl hanging around him. Girls, at his age, were something to be tolerated, nothing more. Girls just weren't important in a boy's life. Billy was involved in baseball, riding his bike, searching for worms to fish with, and hating girls. Joan remembered how it had been when she was his age. She had tried to tag along with her big brothers, and they always ran her off. She had tried to be close to them, listening to their bragging, and spied on them often. Like Billy, her two brothers thought girls were a necessary nuisance to be put up with. She recalled sneaking up on her brothers one day when they had been in the garage, and caught them jacking off.

She had been so fascinated by the sight of those two hard cocks, excited to watch them rub and pump and jerk their fists, her young cunt had contracted with her first orgasm.

Thereafter, Joan had spied on them constantly, watching them jack off, wishing they would ask her to join them. She had wanted to hold their hard cocks and pump them herself, make them squirt that stuff. She had experimented by playing with her pussy, and found out why her brothers loved to jack off.

As she grew older, she began to understand a little about boys at that age. She was amused that boys thought their fists were more important, gave them more pleasure, than a girl could. They talked about girls, bragged about touching girls, but all they did was hide in the garage and jack off.

Joan never did get to jack her brothers off, but the excitement stayed with her all those years. Now, grown, married and divorced, Joan admitted to herself that if only her brothers had allowed her to be with them in the garage, she would not only have jacked them off, she would have let them fuck her, too. But it never happened.

She turned away from the window and went to the kitchen and had a glass of water. She recalled listening to her brothers one night talking excitedly about fucking some girl at school. "If I had known how good pussy was, I sure wouldn't have wasted all that time jacking off," one of her brothers had said.

Joan wondered if her son was jacking off, playing with his cock the way she had watched her brothers do. Would he find himself a willing girl, and think the same thing?

She smiled to herself, hugging her arms beneath her tits. She shivered as the thoughts came to her. She could not prevent her son from going through the next few years jerking off, she realized, but it was such a waste of a good hard-on. Joan giggled, the sound lewd. She whirled in circles as she hugged herself, her dress lifting and flying about her satiny, long legs. The idea of showing her son the value of a girl excited her. The very idea of showing him that a girl could be fun to play with sent a strange, hot throbbing through her cunt.

With a shivery excitement, Joan went down the hall to her son's room. She listened with her ear pressed at the door. There was only silence.

"Billy?" she called out, knocking lightly on his door.

She heard scrambling sounds, the rustle of clothing.

"Billy, I'd like to talk to you, honey." She turned the door knob and swung it open.

Billy was in the act of pulling his pants up and had them at his knees. He froze when his door opened, his eyes big.

"Mom!" he gasped, trying to jerk his pants up, and tripping. "Mom, you can't come in here!"

Billy fell back onto his bed, and Joan stood in the doorway, her eyes burning on his cock. It stood straight up, very hard.

"I . . . was changing my clothes," Billy said, his face blushing.

"I see you were," she said, her voice a bare whisper. "I guess you always have that when you change clothes, huh?"

She pointed to his hard-on.

"Aw, Mom, I gotta ..." Billy groaned, rolling over onto his stomach to hide his hard-on.

Joan stepped toward him, seeing his youthful ass, the cheeks clenched tightly. She ran her tongue over her lips, feeling a wet heat burning in the crotch of her tight panties. It was almost like she was standing in the garage with her brothers, seeing them. Her tits became hard, very hard, her nipples feeling ready to burst. She moaned softly as she gazed at her son's naked ass. His thighs were tight, concealing a view of his balls.

"You can't change clothes with that," she said softly.

Billy's ass shook as he clenched his asscheeks tighter, burying his face into his bed. The pressure of his cock against the mattress made him feel as if he was going to come, and he struggled to prevent that from happening. It would be very embarrassing if his cock squirted with his mother standing there.

"Billy, don't act so ashamed," she whispered. "It's nothing to be ashamed about. Boys get that way; I know all about that."

"Mom, I gotta change," Billy said against the mattress.

Joan sat on his bed, staring at his naked ass, her hands folded in her lap, her cunt pulsing wetly.

"Go ahead and change," she murmured.

"I can't, not with you in here, Mom!"

"I don't know why not," she replied. "I've seen you naked before."

"Not ... not like this," he said, his voice muffled. "I was younger then."

Joan felt as if she was about to come. Staring at her son's naked ass, watching his asscheeks squeeze tightly, her cunt boiled hotly inside her panties. She felt her clit straining at the moist nylon crotch, and pressed her folded hands down tightly.

She wanted to touch her son, to fondle his ass and thighs, slide her hand underneath him and clutch his hard cock, play with it, watch him come. She trembled as she fought to keep her hands in her lap.

"Like what, Billy?" she asked softly.

"Aw, Mom, you saw," he gasped.

"What did I see, honey? Whatever it was, I've seen it before."

"Not me, you haven't," Billy moaned.

"Are you ashamed of it, baby?"

The only response Billy made was a soft cry. His cock throbbed against the mattress, and he felt ready to come. He lifted his hips a bit to relieve the pressure on his cock. Joan made a soft whimpering sound deep in her throat as she saw his ass lift, his asscheeks relaxing.

Her hands moved, and she watched them, slightly terrified because she couldn't draw them back. Her palms hovered only inches above her son's ass, and then they dropped.

Billy gasped, his body jerking.

The pressure of his cock was stronger against the mattress as his mother pressed down on his naked ass. Billy held his breath. Joan, too, was breathless. She had her hands on her son's ass, and his hot little asscheeks just fitted her palms. She squeezed, and gave a little

gasp of pleasure when his ass clenched suddenly beneath her hands.

A moan came from Billy. His cock went off.

Joan felt her son's body go stiff, his asscheeks tight together. She heard him gasping in a strangled sound. Her cunt was on fire as she realized he had come against the mattress. She writhed her ass as she leaned over, squeezing her son's naked ass. Her eyes smoldered, and before she could stop herself, she leaned down and pressed her hot lips upon the cheek of Billy's ass, kissing it. The tip of her tongue darted smoothly from her lips and she licked his young ass with a quick, slithering motion.

Quickly, she jerked her head up, surprised at what she had done. That had not been her intention. She had come to her son with the idea she could jack him off, watch his cock gush that creamy, delightful juice out of his balls the way she had seen her brothers do so often.

She stood up, her legs shaking.

"I ... I didn't mean ..." she choked. "Billy, I understand. I want you to know mother understands very well."

"Mom, I gotta get up," he said.

"Then get up," she whispered in a husky voice.

"You have to turn around," he said. "Why?" Joan asked. She felt strange. She felt as if she was standing to the side, watching herself. "Why do I have to turn around, Billy?"

"You'll see me, Mom," he said. "And I . . . I made a mess on my bed."

"I know you did," she murmured. "But I've seen things like that before."

She stood near the door, her arms folded across her body, just below her tits. She felt as if her cunt was burning, being seared by some invisible flame. She clamped her thighs tightly, pressuring them against her cunt. The insides of her smooth thighs were slippery with the juices that seeped from the crotch of her panties. She had never felt so aroused, so hot, so excited, in a very long time. In fact, she had never gotten this wet in her life, so wet her pussy-juice was running along her thighs.

Billy got to his feet, pulling his pants up with his back to her. He slipped past her, and she watched him as he entered the bathroom. Turning back to his bed, she saw the wetness. She moved to it, her legs stiff, her eyes burning. She looked down at her son's come-juice, and ran the tips of her fingers through it. The feel was hot and wonderful, like a precious oil .

Joan lifted her dress, pulling the elastic waist of her panties away. She ran her hand through her son's come-juice, and slipped it into her panties. She rubbed the juices at the lips of her cunt, over her distended clit. She repeated it, and this time, left her hand inside her panties and rubbed lightly at her clit. She closed her eyes and pressed hard, and came with a shudder.

She stood stiff, listening to the shower running. Then, with a lewd giggle, Joan stripped her panties off and placed them beneath her son's pillow. She smoothed the pillow, then ran her hand through the wetness one last time.

She paused at the door, glancing at his bed, then left. She hoped her son would find her panties that night, and hoped he would understand why they were there. It was Joan's way of letting her son know she would help him with his hard-ons . . .

## CHAPTER TWO

Joan was ready for bed. She remained in the living room, wondering if her son had found her panties, and if so, what he was thinking of them. She had undressed, bathed, and slipped into an almost transparent nightgown. She was angry at herself for not being more aggressive with her son and sliding her hand under his body as she wanted to do. She was angry she had no

t felt his young, hard cock, and stroked it to make him come. Even now, her palms itched to hold his cock.

She began to pace the room. The urge to run into her son's room was powerful, almost overwhelming. But that would scare the piss out of him, she felt. She had to go slow, get Billy interested. Now that she had such wicked ideas, she wished Barbie wasn't coming, too. If she could get her son to let her play with his cock, Barbie would be in the way. She would have to be very careful. She didn't want Barbie to find out. That is, if Billy would be cooperative.

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Billy had found his mother's panties under his pillow.

He held them up, looking at them. They were dainty and skimpy, and very pretty, he felt. He brought them to his nose and sniffed, finding the scent of his mother very pleasant. He ran the soft nylon about his face and his cock swelled into hardness.

Taking his cock out of his pajamas, he wrapped his mother's panties about it and rubbed. He didn't know why her panties were under his pillow, but he was glad to find them. Once, he had found a pair of her panties lying on the washing machine, and he had played with them, jacking off at the same time. He had wanted to play with his mother's panties more often, but had been afraid she would miss them, maybe catch him at it.

Joan was outside her son's door again. It was not quite closed, and she peered through the crack. She saw him with her panties wrapped about his cock, and her cunt bubbled with excitement. She slipped back to the living room, and from there called out to him.

"Billy," she called loud enough for him to hear. "Would you come here a moment, please?"

Billy looked out his bedroom door, her panties in his hand, his cock sticking from the fly of his pajamas.

"I'm getting in bed, Mom," he replied.

"Come here a minute first," she insisted.

Billy tossed his mother's panties to his bed, stuffing his cock into his pajamas. It was still hard, pressing at the thin fabric as he shuffled down the hall. He tried to hide his lower body as he looked into the living room.

Joan stood with the light behind her, her legs parted. Billy could see his mother's body through her thin gown, and he gulped. He stared at his mother's outlined legs, seeing how long and slim they were. He saw the hair of her cunt, even, and his cock became harder.

"Did you find my panties?" she whispered throatily.

Billy nodded, not trusting his voice.

"Come here," she urged, holding one hand out for him. "Don't be shy, come on out here with me."

"I can't, Mom!" he groaned.

"Why can't you?"

"Because . . . because I . . . aw, Mom, you know why!"

"Do I?" she gurgled, twisting her hips, knowing he could see her body with the light behind her. "Is it because you have a . . . have a hard-on again?"

Billy's body jerked when he heard that.

Joan laughed, a low, wanton sound. "Come on out here. Don't be shy. I've seen a hard-on

n before."

"Mom, what's going on?" Billy managed. "You're acting kinda strange."

"Am I?" Joan purred, cupping her tits with both hands. "Maybe it's because mothers get excited, too. We get excited just like you do."

Billy was fascinated by what he could see.

"Come out here, baby," she urged.

Billy stepped into the living room. Joan sucked in her breath as she saw her son's cock pressing at the front of his pajamas. Her body trembled as he came closer to her, his eyes straining to see through her nightgown. As he got close, he saw the shadow of his mother's nipples pushing at the thin gown, and the wide shape of her pussy hair.

"Billy ..." Joan moaned softly, and her hand darted for his cock.

Billy gasped when his mother closed her fingers around his prick. Joan squeezed it, pumping softly as it throbbed in her hand. She moved it slowly and gently, her hips swaying as her cunt began to burn and throb. She pressed against her son. Billy stood stiffly, not knowing what to do.

"Touch me," she whispered.

She felt him shaking. She clutched at his cock through his pajamas very hard.

"Touch me, Billy!" she insisted.

"I don't . . . where, Mom?"

"Anywhere!" she moaned. "Oh, God, baby, touch me anywhere! Touch me all over! I'm burning up, darling! My body ... my flesh is burning!"

Billy put his hands on his mother's waist. He was shaking violently and his cock was about to come because his mother was squeezing it so hard. He didn't want to come again, not this way.

Joan grabbed her son's wrist, pulling his hand up to her tit. She curled his fingers around her tit.

"Squeeze!" she hissed. "Squeeze Mother ere!"

As Billy squeezed his mother's tit, her hand tightened very hard on his cock. Mother and son gasped at the same time. The shooting, fiery stab of pleasure went like a wave from her tit to her cunt, and Joan's cunt clenched tightly. Billy felt his balls turn tight, the head of his cock ready to burst. His other hand jerked up, his fingers curling about his mother's tit. Holding them both, he dug his fingers into her firm, but yielding tit-flesh.

Joan's hips jerked as she let out a small cry of delight. Her fist on his cock moved, trying to jerk back and forth. His pajamas prevented her from doing it properly. With a squeal, her hand slipped into her son's pajamas, and his cock was pulled through the fly. Her hand was very hot on Billy's prick, and when she moved it, Billy's knees trembled, threatening to buckle.

Slipping slightly to one side, Joan smashed her crotch at her son's hip, her hand clapping his cock while the other rushed down his back and clutched at his tight ass. She rubbed her fiery pussy against his hip, and began to pound on his throbbing cock vigorously.

Billy groaned and squeezed at his mother's tits, his eyes closed as the most exquisite delight raced through his young body. Joan gasped as she pumped his cock, her fist jerky. She dug into his ass and lifted her head, eyes shut, her beautiful face showing an intense rapture. But, as exciting as it was to stand and jack on her son's cock while he shook and squeezed her tit, Joan wanted more.

Pulling her hands from him and stepping back, she looked down at his exposed cock. Billy's hand dropped from her tits when she moved, and he stood there, not knowing what to do, but feeling shy because his cock was hard and his mother was staring at it. It went through his mind, very quickly, that Barbie couldn't get him into trouble now. His cock lifted almost straight up, and began to jerk up and down as he stood there.

"Ohhhh, Billy!" Joan hissed, her eyes blazing with bubbling desire. "It's beautiful, darling! Oh, God, that is so beautiful!"

Billy felt pleased with his mother's comment. His shyness left him and was replaced with a pride. If his mother thought his cock was beautiful, then it had to be okay.

Joan stared a long time at her son. His pajama bottoms sagged loosely on his young hips, and it looked as if the only thing holding them up was his protruding cock. He looked more desirable than any man she had ever known. He had the most perfectly shaped, most beautiful cock, she had ever seen. Not that there were many cocks she had seen, but she knew what she liked. Her hand moved forward, and she dragged her fingertips along his cockshaft to his cock-head. There, she lightly ran her fingertip in a circle on the head of his cock, and touched his piss hole. She felt the wetness on him, and her breath halted someplace in her throat. Her cunt seemed to swell tightly as her clit responded to the excitement.

She took hold of his hand and slowly sunk to the floor, pulling Billy with her. She lay on her side and cuddled her son, stroking his hair and his back, her hand soft and warm and making him shiver. She could feel his cock throbbing against her stomach as she moved her hand over his young ass, feeling slowly. Cupping his ass, she pulled his cock hard into her stomach, squeezing his asscheek as she kissed his forehead.

Billy at first was stiff and unresponsive, but his cock was pushing against her and her hand was making him feel good. Hesitantly, he placed his hand on his mother's waist, and when she said nothing, he moved it upward until he was holding her tit again.

Joan made a sighing sound and strained her tit into her son's hand. But now Billy was excited, very excited, and he wanted to feel his mother, feel her all over. He pulled his hand down and to her back again, and since she was still gripping the cheek of his ass, he did the same thing. Joan made a hot hissing sound when she felt him cup the cheek of her ass, and kissing at the top of his head, pushed her ass into his hand.

"Mmmm, that's nice, baby," she whispered in a thick voice.

"Mom, can I . . . is it okay if I . . . " Billy's voice was choking and he couldn't say it.

But Joan knew what her son wanted.

"Yes, honey," she said softly. "It's okay. You can touch me . . . all over."

She felt him tremble and then his hand moved about her shapely ass, sliding along the back of her thighs. Her thin gown shifted and moved with his hand, sliding upward. She didn't know if Billy was pulling it up deliberately or simply because of his moving hand. Either way, she didn't care.

Billy felt the naked flesh of his mother's thighs, and he paused, almost startled when he understood her gown was up almost to her hips. But the satiny feel of his mother's hot flesh made him bold. He moved his hand along the back of her thigh, and Joan murmured into his hair. When he moved her gown past her ass, his hand caressed the velvety flesh of her asscheeks and her pussy-juices dripped.

She felt almost breathless as her son fondled her exposed ass. She lifted one leg and placed her knee on his hip, and when Billy moved his fingers along the crack of her ass, she gasped again. Billy's finger felt the heat of his mother's crotch before it found the soft, curling hair between her thighs.

Again, he paused, not sure of himself. He was doing with his mother what his cousin, Barbie, had tried to get him to do with her. The tip of his finger touched very lightly near her cunt, and Joan cried out softly and moved her ass. The tip of her son's finger touched her p



ussy, and with another very slight movement, it slipped into the wet heat.

"Ohhhh, Billy!" she whimpered. "My God! Your finger ..."

Billy jerked it out.

"No!" Joan complained. "I don't mean take it out! Ohhh, darling, do it again! Put your finger in me again!"

Billy moved his finger back into the slippery wetness. He found his mother's cunt fiery and tight on his finger. His cock throbbed against her stomach. Joan gasped and moved her hips, shoving them back and forth slowly, feeling her cunt slide along her son's finger. Her eyes had been closed, and now they opened, but totally out of focus. Her mouth was parted, the tip of her tongue resting on her bottom lip.

Suddenly, Joan stiffened.

"Ohhh, I don't believe it!" she gasped.

Her cunt contracted about the tip of her son's finger, and her orgasm gripped with rippling waves throughout her crotch. It was not a strong orgasm, but an orgasm just the same.

Billy felt his mother's cunt tighten reflexively on his finger, and he froze, not knowing what was going on with his mother. He felt her tremble and heard her gasping, but he didn't know she was coming. When the spasms ended, he lifted his head and looked at her face. Joan, her eyes shining, grinned down at him.

"You just made me come," she whispered.

"I did?"

"You did, Billy," she mewled. "You just made Mother come. Didn't you know?" He shook his head.

"Oh, darling," she moaned, hugging him. "You'll learn. Oh, yes, baby! You're going to learn!"

Joan rolled onto her back, pulling her son on top of her. She opened her legs and adjusted him so that his cock was throbbing against her cunt. Her nightgown was between them, but she could feel the shaft of his prick pressing at her pussy-slit, crushing down on her clit. She stared up into her son's anxious eyes and jerked her gown up to her waist. She spread her legs wider as her hand pushed at his hard cock. Billy was choking with anticipation, knowing now what his mother was about to do.

Joan made whimpering sounds as she pushed his cock downward, feeling it slide along her juicy cuntlips. His cockhead moved beneath her inflamed clit and slipped into her cunt. For a moment, all she could do was gurgle as she felt the swollen head of his cock inside her cunt. Her eyes rolled about as she tilted her head, her hands holding the cheeks of her son's ass now. Her pussy squeezed the head of Billy's cock, and she heard him moan.

"Now!" she hissed, and pulled at his ass.

Billy's cock slipped all the way into his mother's fiery, juicy cunt. His eyes popped as he felt the soft, but deliriously tight, flesh close about his prick. Joan let out a squeal of ecstasy as she felt his hard cock move into her cunt. For a moment, she held him in deep, her hands clutching at his ass. Then, with feverish movements, she shoved her hands into the waist of his pajama bottoms and clutched his naked ass, writhing her ass on the floor.

"Baby! Baby!" Joan cried out, and plunged her cunt upward. "Oh, Billy! Darling, do it! Do it to me! Do it to Mother!"

Billy's body shook as he strained his cock into his mother's cunt, hardly believing the sensation. Her pussy seared the flesh of his prick, gripping it at the base. It felt so different from his fist! His mother's cunt was squeezing at his cock and it was so wet and soft, he held his breath as he struggled to keep from coming. But the way she was wiggling, the way h

er cunt was gripping, his balls felt as if they were on fire and he couldn't hold it back.

"Oh, Mom!" he moaned, and his cock spurted rapidly into her cunt.

"It's okay," she whispered throatily, feeling his scalding come-juice spurting deeply into her cunt. "It's okay, baby!"

Billy's body relaxed, but to her delight, his cock was still just as hard, still throbbing away inside her cunt. She stroked his ass inside his pajamas as he breathed deeply, his face resting on her thrusting tits.

Joan found it difficult to lie still with his cock so hard inside her cunt. She wiggled gently and fondled his ass. Then she felt her son move, lifting, pulling his cock upward. She held her breath, letting him move, hoping he wasn't going to take it out.

Billy wasn't about to pull his cock from his mother's hot, wet pussy. He lifted instinctively, and then pushed it back in. Joan breathed deeply as her son pushed and pulled his cock slowly, as if he was letting himself become accustomed to having a cunt wrapped about his cock.

"I'm sorry, Mom," he said softly, and stopped moving when he realized what he was doing.

"Oh, God!" she purred, pulling at his ass. "Do it, Billy! I want you to do it to me!"

Billy only hesitated a second, then began fucking his mother with swifter strokes. Joan made deep-throated gurgling sounds and pumped her hips with him. His cock sliding in and out of her cunt sent crazy tremors through her almost naked body. As Billy rammed downward, she shot her ass up, making sure his cock penetrated her as deep as possible.

"Ohhh, yes!" she cried out.

Billy panted against his mother's tits, his hands on the floor because he wasn't sure what to do with them. But Joan clung to his bouncing ass under his pajamas, her fingers urging him to greater speed. She wished she had taken his pajama bottoms off, or at least shoved them down. His cock rubbed along the sensitive lips of her cunt, the friction delicious, her swollen clit scraping along his stabbing fuck-shaft. Ripples of ecstasy moved about her crotch like a blow torch.

She humped her cunt up and down, meeting his cock with soft, moist sounds. Again, she stretched her head back, her smooth throat very taut. Her eyes started to bulge and she made squealing sounds. She could hear her son gasping as he plunged his cock up and down, fucking her with deliciously vigorous strokes.

Clinging to his clenching ass, Joan hissed and cried out as the rapture increased, radiating outward from her cunt, along her inner thighs and up to her tits. She churned her ass violently, pounding it at the floor as her son thrust hard and deep. Her mind went spinning as the sensations boiled through her body.

"Ohhh, Billy! It's good, baby! God, it's so very good!" she cried. "You're so hard, darling! So damned hard! Ahhhh, harder . . . deeper! Oh, I love it, Billy! I love it, love it, love it!"

Her hands moved up and down his back feverishly, in and out of his pajamas. She lifted her long legs and wrapped them eagerly about his pounding hips, sliding the satiny inner surfaces up and down his body. She sobbed as the intense sensations grew until she could hardly stand it. Her cunt seemed to be tighter, wetter, hotter, than she could remember. Her son's cock, so young and hard, stretched her pussy in a delicious way. Her smooth stomach rippled in subtle movement. A ball of fire was roaring between her thighs, devouring her, consuming her senses.

"You're about to make me come!" she shrieked. "Oh, God, baby! You're going to make Mom come!"

Billy heard the words, but there was no way he could respond. His throat was tight, and

d his balls hurt and his cock was burning, tingling, inside his mother's cunt. The sensation he felt was unlike any other when he played with his cock. He gasped and plunged his cock as hard as he could into his mother's pussy.

"Oh, Billy, Billy!" Joan cried out. She clutched the cheeks of his ass tightly, and slammed her cunt upward powerfully. "I'm going to come, Billy! Ohhh, darling, Mother is going to come! Fuck me!"

Billy grunted. His cock suddenly felt twice its normal size, and then his balls twisted.

"Ahhhh, Mom!" he moaned.

His prick squirted, sending hot, rapid spurts of come-juice for the second time into his mother's cunt. The throbbing spurts burned the sensitive lips of her cunt, the juice of his young balls sending her into a mindless rapture.

"Come! Ohhh, come in Mother!" she urged hotly, her cunt grabbing at his gushing cock like a fist. "Ooooooh, I feel it! I feel you coming in my pussy, Billy! Ahhhh, God, come in Mother's pussy! Ooooooh, I'm about to—about to come, too!"

Joan's cunt convulsed about her son's spurting cock, squeezing it hard with contractions. She rammed her cunt onto her son's prick as tightly as she could, and her son strained into her. Joan came mindlessly, her whole being involved in the exploding orgasm. She arched her back as her thighs clung to him, coming in away she never came before. The orgasms went on and on, without let up, becoming more and more powerful. She cried in ecstasy, her head twisting against the floor, almost out of her mind with the intensity of her feelings.

Slowly, her body relaxed. She sprawled beneath her son, her legs twisted wide open, her arms now above her head. His weight rested easily on her, and she hardly felt it. She listened to her son's breathing, and a final shudder shot through her body as she slowly moved her son off her.

"That was very good, Billy," she whispered as he curled up next to her. "Very, very good."

### CHAPTER THREE

Barbie would be arriving in a few hours, and Billy waited with his mother.

Joan could see he was nervous, but it wasn't about his cousin coming now. She knew he wanted to say something about the night before, but was too shy. He kept glancing at her, but when she looked back at him, he would turn away quickly.

Since last night, Joan had been bubbling hotly, anxious to get her son's cock back inside her cunt. He had opened the door to her sensual nature, and found an intense hunger that men seldom found in her. Joan had known it was there, but she never revealed the secret.

She crossed her legs as she sat next to Billy. She wore an attractive blouse, with a lacy front, buttoned into her skirt. The top buttons were open, and the lacy edges of her straining bra were teasingly exposed. Her skirt was full, the type that swirls excitingly with each movement. Underneath her skirt she wore skimpy panties, a garter belt, and flesh-toned nylons. Her dress wasn't unusual—she always dressed this way.

As she crossed her legs, she caught her son's hand and twirled her fingers into his, squeezing them. The hem of her skirt moved past her knee a short ways. She noticed her son glance at her knee, and smiled to herself. Lifting his hand, she placed his palm on her knee, hers on top of his. She smiled at him.

"You're nervous, darling," she said softly.

Billy swallowed, his eyes fixed upon his hand as she pressed it on her knee.

Joan pulled his hand along her thigh, her skirt riding along the nylon. She held his hand

and and moved it, caressing his palm against the silky hose.

"I thought it was a dream, Mom," he finally said.

"Thought what was a dream, honey?"

"Last night."

"Oh, no! It was no dream," she cooed, sliding his hand beneath her skirt. "It happened, baby. It really happened. Are you bothered about it?"

He shook his head, watching his hand disappear beneath the hem of her skirt. His fingers touched bare flesh at the top of her nylons, and he gulped. His cock shifted and began to harden inside his jeans. When his mother lifted her hand from his, Billy didn't move.

"Mmmm, I think I see you getting hard," she purred softly, and placed her hand on his crotch. "Oh, you are getting hard!"

"Mom, I . . . " Billy shivered and his hand moved against her bare thigh above her nylons. His fingers touched her panties, and he almost pulled his hand away.

"You didn't dream about it, darling," she said, kissing the top of his head as she placed her arm about his shoulders and pulled his cheek onto her tit. "We did it, Billy. We really did."

"Does that mean we . . . we're gonna do it again?" he asked.

"Again and again," she murmured. "Over and over ... as many times as you want." "Oh, gosh!"

Joan giggled softly. "You mean gash?"

"Gash?" Billy asked, puzzled.

"Just a saying, honey," she explained. "When I was in school, a girl would say that, gosh-and one of us would come back with, don't you mean gash? Gash, darling, is an old-fashioned word for . . . cunt!"

"Cunt?" Billy choked.

Joan chuckled softly. "Yes, baby, cunt! There's other words, too. Words like pussy, twat, snatch."

Billy's fingers played about his mother's panties as she slowly rubbed her hand along his now thoroughly hard cock inside his jeans. "What do you call it, Mom?"

"All of them," she whispered. "Pussy, twat, snatch, cunt ... I call it all those words. What do you call this I have hold of?"

"Aw, M-Mom," he stammered.

"Cock?" she suggested. "Do you call it your cock or your prick? Don't say pecker. I hate that word! It sounds like peck her."

Billy giggled.

"Just cock, I guess," he responded.

"Mmmm, a nice name for a nice cock," she mewled softly. "I like it, honey. I like your cock."

Her fingers fumbled with the fly of his pants. His jeans had buttons, and she easily opened them with one hand. She shoved his fly open and sneaked her hand into it. She found him naked under his jeans.

"Mmmm, it feels hot," she purred and pulled his cock out of his pants.

She looked down at it, seeing his smooth cockhead, his piss hole. She fished back into his pants and lifted his young balls free.

"Oh, lovely," she whispered throatily.

She uncrossed her legs, draping one over her son's.

"Feel me up, Billy," she purred softly, pushing her crotch to his hand. "Feel Mother up. I love to be felt up."

Billy cupped his mother's crotch, wishing he could see it. But her skirt covered his hand. He felt the moist heat through her panties, and the bulge of her pussy. With a soft squeal, Joan gripped her son's cock tightly and began to grind her crotch at his hand. She mewled and pumped his cock, watching his cockhead bulge from her fist.

"Ohhh, nice, darling," she purred. "You can rub me up and down! That's it, Billy! Rub Mother's pussy . . . feel Mother's cunt!"

His cock throbbed excitedly inside her fist as he began to rub at her crotch. He felt wetness come through her thin panties, and that excited him, too.

"Can I feel inside your panties, Mom?" "Oh, yes!" she hissed. "You don't have to ask, darling. Do anything you want to do, feel anything you want to feel!"

Eagerly, Billy tried to get his hand into her panties. But they were too tight, and he was trying to go in from the side. Joan shoved her hand beneath her skirt and pushed his hand down the elastic waist of her panties, and Billy got a glimpse of her bare flesh above her nylons and the crotch of her white panties. His cock almost spewed over his mother's fist when he saw all that and felt the soft hair of her cunt with his fingers.

"Ahhh, nice, honey," she purred as she felt his fingers slide down into the soft mat of pussy hair. "Lower, baby."

Billy cupped his mother's cunt inside her panties now, feeling her puffy pussy-lips, the wetness that came from her. The crotch of her panties was wet, too, on the back of his hand. He didn't have to be urged to shove a finger into his mother's cunt this time. Joan gasped with pleasure when she felt his finger dipping into her pussy, and she scooted her ass to the edge of the couch, spreading her legs wide to give him room. She moved her ass up and down, fucking on his finger, and pounding at his cock with frantic jerks.

"Ooooh, you could make me come if you do this long enough!" she hissed. "Ahhh, push that finger hard and deep, Billy! Finger fuck Mother . . . fuck my cunt with your finger!"

Overcome with excitement, Billy stabbed his finger wildly into his mother's juicy cunt, listening to the wet sounds. He stared at her fist jacking on his cock, hoping he wouldn't come so fast this time. He turned his eyes to his mother's hips, and saw the crotch of her panties stretched over his hand. He almost came.

What stopped him was the sudden groan from his mother, and the exciting grip of her cunt.

"Ooooh, you see!" Joan sobbed. "I told you I'd come! Oh, Billy, you're making me come! Ahhh, God, I love to come, darling!"

Billy, fascinated with the pulling tightness of his mother's cunt on his finger, held his hand still, staring at his mother's hips as she plunged them up and down, her cunt riding his stiff finger. She gasped and cried out as she came, her hips twisting and grinding. When the orgasm faded, she lowered her ass, a long, drawn-out whimper coming from her throat.

"God, that was so good, Billy," she murmured, her eyes shining brightly. "I love to come more than anything in the world, don't you?"

Billy nodded, afraid to speak. His cock was ready to gush, and he didn't want to come

in his mother's hand. Somehow he felt he came off too fast to please her.

Joan understood his problem, and stopped beating and squeezing his cock. She held it loosely in her hand, her body still shivering from the orgasms.

"Mom, I wanna do it again," he groaned.

"Do what?" she teased.

"You know? Fuck you!"

"Ahhh, fuck me, huh?" she purred. "I love it."

She glanced at the clock on the mantel above the fireplace.

"But I don't think we have enough time, baby. Barbie will be here very soon. We don't want her catching us on the floor fucking like maniacs, do we?"

"I don't care!" Billy groaned, his cock throbbing hard.

"Of course you don't care," she soothed. "With this big hard-on, you just want to stick it in something soft and wet, and you want to do it right now."

"Mom. I just gotta fuck you!"

She listened to his excitement, shivering to hear her son say he wanted to fuck her. She liked that better than his shyness. She squeezed his cock very hard, watching his cockhead bulge and drip from the small slit there.

"We don't have time," she said. "I'd have to take my panties off and Barbie might barge in without ringing the door bell and . . . " Billy's bright eyes dulled with disappointment.

"But there is one thing I can do quickly," she said. "Jack me off!"

"Oh, no! That would make a mess on my hand and your pants."

"But I gotta do something! Look at my cock, Mom!"

"I am looking at it," she purred, and scooted her ass along the couch, leaning her face into her son's lap. "I'll suck it, Billy!"

She closed her hot lips around the head of his cock.

Billy gasped with surprise. He had not heard of such a thing, but he wasn't about to protest. His mother's mouth was as wet and hot as her cunt had been the night before. Her tongue swirled about his cockhead, licking and sliding across his piss hole. Joan cupped his hot, young balls in her hand as she sunk her mouth onto his cock. The taste of his prick, so hard and hot in her mouth made her purr with pleasure. Her lips stretched deliciously as she sank lower, feeling his cock slipping over her tongue and the roof of her mouth. She moaned with pleasure when his smooth prickhead brushed at her throat.

When she scooted along the couch, her skirt lifted, and Billy could see her long legs, the naked flesh at the top of her nylons, and the tight, white panties on her hips. Her panties looked soft and smooth, her garter belt cutting lightly into her flesh. He moaned and placed his hand on the back of his mother's head lightly, his eyes wobbling as he gazed at what she exposed to him.

"Mmmm," Joan purred and sucked up on his cock. She kissed the slit of his piss hole, tasting his prick-juices. "Does this feel good, baby? Do you like your cock in my mouth?"

"Oh, yes, Mom!"

"I knew you would," she gurgled, and swallowed his prick again, taking it deep.

Billy squirmed his ass about, feeling his mother's hot mouth moving up and down his cock, his eyes staring at her exposed lower body. His hand rested lightly on the top of her head, and he wanted to lunge his cock up and down, to shove it deeply into her sucking mouth. But he held himself as still as he could, almost afraid to move. He squirmed his ass from side to side, but not up and down.

Joan sucked vigorously on his cock, making soft sounds of delight. Her full wet lips tingled sweetly as she moved them up and down his throbbing prick, swirling her tongue in circles about his smooth, swollen cockhead. She pulled his hot cock-juices out of his piss hole, tasting them with her tongue. Her cunt creamed again inside her panties, and she writhed her hips while sucking her son's cock. She wasn't moving them to excite her son, although it was certainly doing that. She writhed her hips because of the feeling she had in her cunt.

Joan pushed one hand underneath her son's ass, holding it. She clung to his hot balls with the other, her mouth moving up and down as her tongue swirled. The taste of his cock was delicious, and there was a very slight, very subtle, very exciting scent of sweat on his crotoch. She breathed it in deeply as she sucked, her eyes closed. She sucked on his cock lovingly and the deep throbs between her lips made her tremble with hungry desire.

Billy twisted his hips and moaned. His eyes blazed as he watched the narrow band of her white panties, her skirt high enough to show her garter belt fully now. Joan turned onto her stomach, her feet across the far arm of the couch. Her panties had been pulled up into the crack of her lovely, creamy ass, the lower half of her asscheeks showing. Billy stared in fascination, watching her pretty asscheeks clench as his mother squirmed, her mouth going up and down on his cock. "Oh, Mom!"

"Mmmmmmm!" she replied with a purring whimper.

Billy couldn't help himself. He had to touch his mother's lovely ass. He pulled his hand off her head and leaned forward, sliding his hand down. He cupped her plump asscheeks, making his mother sob with pleasure. She lifted her ass to his hand, wiggling it, sucking more vigorously. Billy squeezed the satiny cheeks of her ass, enjoying the soft feel of her panties. His balls were writhing hotly in her hand, and Joan felt his cock swell between her lips. Knowing he was close to coming, she began to race her tight, hot lips up and down his cock, sucking hard and fast, her tongue flying. She squeezed his balls, urging him to come.

"Mom! Ohhhh, it's gonna happen, Mom!"

He tried to pull his cock out of her mouth, but Joan clung to his ass and balls tightly. His come-juice sprayed across her tongue, filling her mouth. She made a wet sound and the cheeks of her ass clenched beneath Billy's hand. She tasted the burning spurt at the back of her throat, and began to swallow fast, gulping at each squirt that came out of his cock. But as fast as she swallowed, come-juice seeped from her lips and ran down the shaft of his cock to her hand holding his balls. Joan devoured his thick come-juice, sucking greedily, her throat working. Her cunt clenched as an orgasm burned through it.

She drained his sweet, hot balls, and clung to his cock with her lips until she was certain he was finished. Then she lifted her mouth, seeing his come-juice on his balls and her fingers. With a moan, she swiped her tongue about the wetness, licking it up and purring like a satisfied kitten. When she lifted her face, her lips glistened and her eyes were dreamy, still hot-looking.

"That was wonderful!" she whispered. "You came so much, Billy, you almost choked me."

She sat up, smoothing her skirt over her thighs demurely, but she was looking at him with sparkling eyes. "You can choke Mother any time you want with that cock, darling. I love the taste of your come-juice."

"Gosh!" Billy said.

"No, darling . . . gash!"

Billy burst into giggles just as the door bell rang.

Billy stuffed his cock into his jeans, buttoning them frantically.

"That must be Barbie," Joan said, standing and making sure nothing showed.

She smoothed her blouse, then her skirt, and moved toward the door. She made sure her son had his cock inside his pants and was buttoned up before she opened it.

Barbie bounced into the room. She hugged her aunt around the waist, then stood and looked at Billy. Billy stared his cousin in the eye, almost a dare.

"Where's your luggage, honey?" Joan asked, seeing the taxi drive off.

"It's being sent over later, Aunt Joan," Barbie said. "I saw my folks off at the airport. Golly, it's gonna be fun staying here a whole year!"

Barbie was a beautiful girl. Short, but slender, she had wheat-colored hair and a peach-and-cream complexion with huge blue eyes. She was dressed in a frilly skirt and blouse, with white anklets and slippers on her feet. Joan approved of her dress, of Barbie's whole appearance. It pleased her that her niece dressed nicely.

"Billy, why don't you show Barbie her room?" Joan said.

Billy didn't move; he sat rigid, his hands in his lap, glaring at his cousin.

"Billy," Joan said, shutting the door. "What's the matter with you? Show Barbie her room, darling." Billy looked at his mother, his eyes shy.

Joan glanced at his crotch, and smiled behind her niece's head. Billy wasn't about to get up; his cock was still very hard in his jeans. Joan stuck her tongue out at him above Barbie's head, and wagged it very suggestively.

"Oh, I'll find it, Aunt Joan," Barbie said, her eyes on her cousin. "I don't think Billy likes me very much anymore."

"Of course he does, Barbie," Joan said, running her hand through Barbie's soft, shining hair. "Come on, I'll show it to you."

Joan disappeared down the hall with Barbie following. As she turned into the hall, Barbie stuck her tongue out at Billy then skipped after her aunt.

When his mother came back, she looked at her son to see if his cock was still hard.

"I understand," she said. "But you're going to have to be nice to Barbie. I won't put up with any fighting, Billy."

"Aw, she's . . . you don't know, Mom."

"I don't know what?" Joan asked. "Come into the kitchen and tell me what I don't know. It's lunch time and I'm sure Barbie is hungry."

Billy followed his mother, his eyes watching her ass. He could still see her shapely asscheeks inside her white panties, her soft flesh above the nylons, feel her hot mouth on his cock.

As Joan fixed sandwiches, she asked again what her son meant.

"Mom, I guess I can tell you now," he said, sitting at the table and watching her move from refrigerator to sink to table. "Barbie sure isn't any angel. I know everyone thinks she is, but she's not by a long ways," "Oh, come on, Billy," Joan said. "Barbie is the sweetest girl. She's very lovely and obedient. You could take a few lessons in minding from her, you know."

"Mom, I'm trying to tell you, she's not an angel."



"Okay, tell me about it," Joan said, seeing the seriousness in his eyes.

"A few months ago, Barbie took her panties off and showed it to me. I mean, all of it."

"You mean her cunt?"

Billy nodded.

"She did it without you asking?"

"Yes, Mom," Billy said. "Then she made me take my cock out and she played with it and I came."

Joan's eyes widened and she felt herself trembling. "What did you do? I mean, with her?"

"I didn't do anything," he said. "I was so scared, I didn't do anything at all."

"She jacked you off, did she?" Joan asked, her voice low.

Billy nodded. "I had to let her, Mom. She said she would say I done it to her, and you know she always gets me in trouble. No one ever believes me when it comes to little Miss Good y!"

"I believe you, Billy," she said in a soft voice, a whispery voice. "But she is a luscious little thing, isn't she?"

"Oh, she's pretty enough, Mom," Billy agreed. "It's just she's not the little innocent she makes everyone think she is."

Joan found it difficult to think of her niece being so bold with her body, but there was no denying the strange excitement she was feeling. She tried to picture Barbie with her little panties dangling at her knees, holding her dress up, showing her succulent pussy off. A shudder went through her and she sat down across from her son.

"Is her cunt hairy?" she asked in a low voice.

"It has blonde hair, Mom, but not very much," Billy said. "I didn't get a real good look at it because I was afraid I'd get into trouble."

"You won't get in trouble," Joan said. "Would you like to fuck Barbie?"

"Why should I wanna do that?"

"It could be exciting," Joan murmured, her eyes dreamy.

"I don't have to do it to her," Billy giggled. "You'll let me do it to you, Mom."

"Do what?" Joan asked, her eyes on his face now. "Fuck me?"

"Yeah!"

"Then say it that way," she insisted. "Don't say do it . . . say fuck."

"Okay."

Joan finished with the sandwiches, erotic thoughts and images whirling in her mind. Barbie didn't look like a girl that would initiate such things with a boy, she thought. But then, what girl did? Barbie was sugary sweet, with enormous eyes and lovely flesh, slender but filling out deliciously. Joan had noticed the small swellings of Barbie's tits when she entered the house, but it had only been a curious glance, nothing more. Now she found herself interested.

"Billy, do you still have a hard-on, or do you want me to get Barbie for lunch?"

"I don't wanna even talk to her, Mom," Billy said, reaching for a sandwich.

"You just think you don't." She smiled at him. "I have a hunch you're going to do more than just talk to her before this year is over."

"Not me," he said, firmly. "I don't trust her. She's a trouble-maker and a liar."

"I think I know why," Joan said. "Okay, baby . . . I'll get her, but you be nice, you hear?"

"I'll try."

She kissed him, and went to call her niece, still deep in thought. Barbie appeared, her face sweet as ever. It was difficult, looking at her, to see the truth of her son's statements.

"We're gonna have fun this year," Barbie announced, looking right at Billy. "Aren't we, Billy?"

Joan saw his anger at his cousin flash briefly. She placed her hand on top of Barbie's. "I'm sure you will, honey. Billy has told me how he enjoys being with you."

Billy shot his mother a dirty look, but she gazed back at him openly, a slight smile on her lips. She squeezed Barbie's hand and began clearing the table. She spent the rest of the evening watching Barbie closely, but she saw nothing out of the ordinary.

Barbie had changed into a blouse and tight shorts, and her long, delicious thighs were appealing. Joan found herself drawn to her tight little ass, the first time she had ever considered caressing another girl.

Late that night, Joan slipped quietly into her son's room. Billy was still awake, tossing and turning until he had the sheets on the floor. She sat on his bed and stroked his naked chest.

"We better be quiet, Mom," he warned. "If Barbie found out about us, she'd tell the whole world."

"I doubt it," Joan said softly, leaning down and running her tongue over her son's chest playfully. "But we'll be quiet."

Billy lay passive as she fondled him.

"When are you going to start playing with me, honey? You always sit or lie so still. You can touch me now, you know."

With a wicked giggle, Billy grabbed for his mother's tits, pulling the top of her gown down. He sat up on his bed and fondled her tits, making her nipples peak out with a rubbery hardness. Joan moaned and clasped his cock tightly.

"Suck them, honey," she purred softly. "Suck Mother's tits."

Eagerly, Billy closed his mouth about her rigid nipple, sucking on it with pleasure. Joan twisted and whimpered as his lips pulled, his tongue swirling. She pumped on his cock until her greed became too powerful to ignore. She pushed him gently to the floor. She stared at his upright cock hotly for a long time, then removed her gown.

Billy watched her with enormous eyes, and when she stood naked, he groaned as a wild, burning sensation filled his young balls.

Joan grinned lewdly as she watched his cock jerking. "Does that mean you like me naked?"

"Mom, you're beautiful!"

"And you're hard," she moaned softly and lay down beside him. "All we have to do is figure out a place to put your cock, I'd say."

"I wanna fuck you, Mom!"

"Oh, yes!"

Joan rolled onto her back, spreading her legs unashamedly. She lifted her hips, sliding her hands through the soft hair of her cunt as her son moved to her feet, his eyes glazed as he watched. Joan's eyes slitted in smoldering pleasure as she rubbed at her cunt for him, opening her wet pink pussy-lips, pushing them together, dipping her finger in and then rubbing at her inflamed clit.

Billy sat on his heels between her spread feet, his cock gripped in his fist as he watched his mother. Joan pulled her knees back slowly, bringing them to her naked tits. She lifted her ass, twisting with wicked invitation. Billy gulped with excitement as he gazed into his mother's vulnerable crotch. The hair of her pussy framed her puffy cuntlips, and the crinkle of her asshole fascinated him.

"Touch me," she whispered throatily, holding her knees against her tits, looking down at him. "Touch my cunt, Billy. Play with Mother's pussy!"

Billy shot his hand out, still clinging to his cock, and began to feel her crotch. He poked at her cunt and rubbed the pucker of her asshole, then stroked the spreading cheeks of her ass and ran his fingers through her mass of soft cunt hair.

Joan held her ass high, writhing at the touch of her son's hand and fingers, her pussy bubbling more and more. Juices seeped from her cunt and ran into her asshole, making the smooth inner surfaces of her asscheeks gleam in the dim light. Excitedly, Billy started stabbing his finger back and forth, thrusting into his mother's cunt. Joan twisted her uplifted ass with pleasure, and suddenly his finger stabbed forward, penetrating her asshole.

"Oooohh!" she wailed.

Billy quickly jerked his finger out.

"Oh, fuck me, Billy!" she gasped. "Fuck me now!"

Billy leaned forward, and his cock, standing in powerful hardness, slipped effortlessly into his mother's cunt. Leaning over her, he pounded in and out, grunting, listening to the wet slapping sounds. Joan cried softly as his young balls bounced and danced hotly against her asshole. She whipped her ass about for him, making throaty squeals, the sensation of his hard cock spreading her cunt radiating throughout her naked body.

Billy gazed at his mother's tits, watching them ripple as he pounded into her searing cunt. He enjoyed seeing them move, and his eyes were bright with excitement. Joan lifted her crotch higher, and Billy had to push with his feet to keep his cock ramming into her cunt.

"Ahhh, it feels very good, darling!" Joan sobbed softly. "Your cock is so fucking hard! Ooooh, ram it to me! Fuck me, Billy! Ohhh, darling, mother's cunt is going to eat your cock up! I love it ... I love to feel a hard cock like yours in my cunt, fucking me!"

Somehow she managed to keep her knees along her shoulders as her hands raced down her son's back to his ass. She clutched his clenching asscheeks with hot fingers, jerking him down hard. Billy gasped and strained to bury his prick deeper into the scalding, tight wetness. He lunged powerfully, the base of his cock smashing the swollen lips of his mother's hairy, fiery pussy. Joan squealed over and over as her inflamed clit scraped and rubbed along his hard cockshaft. Her son's cock was creating a raging fire inside her belly, and she began to twist her head about wildly, her hair flying. She choked as she tried to keep from screaming her ecstasy.

The friction was driving Billy wild, too.

He was pushing hard, his head lifted up, his mouth open. Joan, even though she was about to go out of her mind with rapture, stared up at him, urging him on.

"Fuck it! Fuck that cunt! Ram that hot pussy, darling! Stab Mother in the fucking cunt hard! Ooooooh, baby, I love it so fucking much! I love your cock, your hard cock! Mother's cunt is hungry for your cock! Mother's cunt is going to fuck your cock . . . suck your cock! Ahh hh, shove that fucking prick into me!"

Billy heard his mother, the words fanning his already overwhelmed emotions. Her cunt was grabbing at his cock each time he lifted, but seemed to expand as he drove down. It was the most delicious feeling he had ever experienced. It did feel as if his mother's cunt was sucking on his cock, sucking it the way she had with her mouth just before Barbie arrived. His balls kept banging against the searing heat of his mother's spreading ass. He groaned and his hips swung up and down, his mother's fingers clawing at the cheeks of his ass, squeezing them and pulling at them. He felt the tip of her finger near his asshole, and that increased the fury of his ecstasy.

"Mom, I think I'm about to come!" he gasped.

"Ohhh, yes, yes!" she cried out, shaking her ass with furious motion. "My cunt . . . baby, you're going to make my cunt come apart! Rip my pussy, Billy! Ohhhh, dear God ... rip my fucking hot cunt open!"

Billy pounded vigorously, and Joan's cunt began to grip him tightly, flexing. She lifted her head and bit into her son's shoulder, muffling a scream.

Her pussy closed about his cock with contractions that were more powerful than ever. The spasms seemed to shoot along her thighs to her toes. She crushed her open mouth into his shoulder to muffle the shouts of ecstasy, her naked ass churning at him as she came. Her cunt exploded in a wild, burning series of orgasms that surprised and delighted her. Her clit was bursting with the most fantastic sensations. Joan felt her asshole clench and suck inward, and for a crazy, dizzy moment, wondered if it was going to disappear into her body completely.

Billy was still ramming, his cock jerking inside the satiny walls of his mother's convulsing cunt. He held his face up, his eyes squeezed tight, his mouth gaping.

"Ahhhh! Ohhhh . . . ahhh, Mom!"

Joan hardly heard his loud wail of agonized rapture.

"I'm gonna come!" Billy shouted. "I'm gonna come in your cunt! Ohhh, now! Now!"

Again, Joan cried out against his shoulder, the boiling juice of his precious hot balls spurting into her insatiable cunt. The rapid spasms seemed to blister the tender lips of her hairy pussy, but he was filling her pussy with come-juice, and she loved every sweet spurt of it.

Her cunt clung to his cock long after he finished, squeezing. She still had her knees at her shoulders, but it was her son's weight that held them there now. She felt weak, very weak. She stroked his back as his breath burned against her naked tits, her own panting coming under control slowly.

When Billy finally rolled from her, sprawling across the narrow bed, Joan lay for a while, gasping. She was thinking of how his finger had accidentally shot up her asshole earlier, thinking of the unexpected pleasure she had felt.

Neither Joan nor Billy heard the soft footsteps outside his bedroom door as Barbie sneaked back to her room, a grin on her young, sweet face.

## CHAPTER FIVE

"I've got a secret," Barbie announced at breakfast the following morning.

"Oh?" Joan smiled at her niece. "I don't suppose you'd like to share it with us, would you?"

Barbie shook her head, her wheat-colored hair dancing on her creamy, well-tanned shoulders. She flashed her eyes at Billy, who looked disgusted.

"You never have a secret, Barbie," he said.

"You can't keep a secret so you can't have one. A secret is only secret if you keep it to yourself."

"Billy, don't be mean," Joan said.

"Yes, Billy," Barbie complained, "don't be mean to me. I can be nice to you, Billy. You know I can be nice. You be nice to me and I'll be nice to you."

Billy knew what his cousin meant, and he glanced at his mother. Joan smiled at him, nodding her head. Billy made a face, and finished his breakfast.

Later, Joan heard Barbie in the shower, and resisted the urge to go peek at her. She wanted to see her niece naked, see her small tits and that cute little ass, but most of all her succulent cunt. Joan imagined Barbie had a very sweet little cunt, with a light scattering of blonde fuzz that would be exciting to see.

Billy brought out his models, and began working on them in the center of the living room floor. Usually, Joan made him use the table in the kitchen, but she said nothing.

When Barbie came out dressed in shorts and t-shirt, Joan tried not to stare at her small tit-mounds. She was in a house dress and naked under it. She felt her cunt throb and crossed her legs to keep the feeling going.

"I'm gonna go outside and jump rope," Barbie said. "Billy, wanna come and jump rope with me?"

"That's a girl's game," he said. "I've got something more important to play with."

Joan couldn't suppress a quick giggle. "Oh? Like what, Billy?"

Billy flashed a grin at his mother. Barbie turned and skipped into the backyard, and neither Joan nor Billy saw the bright light in her eyes.

When Joan heard her niece skipping rope, she leaned over and grabbed her son by his shoulders, pulling his head into her lap. She leaned down and kissed him, shoving her tongue playfully into his mouth.

"You have something more important to play with, do you? Just what is that?"

"Your cunt, Mom," Billy giggled as she poked at his ribs. "That's more important to play with than skipping some dumb old rope."

He twisted on the floor and pulled his mother's legs open, shoving her house dress up her thighs. His eyes brightened and he giggled when he saw her naked crotch. He gazed at his mother's cunt a moment, then shoved his hand up between her thighs and began to fingerfuck her.

"Oohhh, you sure don't waste time, do you?" she cooed softly and shoved her ass to his hand. "Ahhh, you'll make me come too quick!"

"I like to make you come, Mom," he said, watching his finger thrust in and out, glistening wetly. "I like to feel it when your cunt squeezes."

"You can make me come a different way," she purred, pulling her dress to her waist and spreading her long legs wide.

Billy didn't answer. He was watching her hairy pussy, seeing his finger dart in and out. He liked the feel of her cunt around his finger, but he liked it better around his cock.

"I wanna make you come before that little shit comes back," he said, his voice low.

"You can make me come real fast by kissing it," she suggested.

"You want me to kiss your cunt, Mom?" Billy asked, holding his finger deep inside her. "You want me to kiss that wet thing?"

"I'd love it if you kissed that wet thing," she said, laughing. "But it's not a thing, it's a cunt, And it's a very hot cunt, too."

Billy gazed at his mother's cunt, his eyes burning. He slipped his finger out and leaned forward.

"It smells like your panties," he said. "No, my panties smell like my cunt," she corrected him. "Not bad, Mom," he said softly, feeling the wet heat of her cunt against his face. "Maybe I'll kiss it after all."

He pressed his mouth against his mother's pussy lightly, feeling the wetness on his lips, her cunt-hairs tickling his cheeks. He kissed the puffy lips of her cunt and then darted his tongue swiftly.

"Ohhh, baby!" Joan cried out, grabbing the back of his head and smashing her cunt into his face.

Billy tasted his mother's hot pussy-juices, and moved his hands to her hips. He drove his tongue in and out, fucking eagerly. His face was covered by the thick, soft curls of her pussy, only his eyes showing.

"Ooooooh, nice, Billy!" she gurgled, grinding her pussy at his face. "Ahhh, that's very good tongue! Suck my pussy, baby! Ooooh, lick Mother's wet cunt! Tongue it... suck it!"

Billy's mouth filled with her sweet, hot pussy-juices, forcing him to swallow. He made a gulping sound and pressed his open mouth as tight as he could at her cunt. Joan squeezed his face with her inner thighs, humping her crotch up and down, twisting, smearing his young face with slippery wetness. Joan squirmed powerfully, smashing her pussy at his mouth and tongue. She wiggled so swiftly, Billy's tongue was inside her pussy as often as it was out. He found himself licking along her cunt slit, at her knotted clit, and even near her asshole. Joan felt his tongue every place in her crotch. She felt it swirl between the inner cheeks of her ass, felt it scrape at her inflamed clit, felt it plunge into her fiery pussy. She churned her hips, banging at his mouth.

"Ohhh, baby, hold my ass!" she moaned, pushing his hands past her hips and pressing his palms on her naked ass. "I like to have my ass held when I get a tongue-fucking! Hold my ass and squeeze it . . . and fuck me with your tongue!"

Billy, his cock about to tear through his pants, squeezed his fingers into his mother's firm ass, pulling at her asscheeks, spreading them as his chin pushed upon her fiery asshole. He plunged his tongue as deep into her wet cunt as he could, wiggling it, his lips sucking at her hairy cuntslit.

Closing her satiny thighs about his face, Joan shifted his hands on her squirming ass, pushing his fingers toward her asshole. She wailed as she leaned back on the couch, whipping her crotch up and down. She pressed one of his fingers at the pucker of her asshole, and Billy didn't resist. He rubbed at the hot crinkle as his tongue darted, and Joan was sobbing with rapture.

"Push it in!" she squealed. "Oh, God, push your finger in!"

Billy pushed, and his finger slipped up his mother's asshole. Joan let out a gasp, feeling his finger slide deeply into her asshole. His tongue pounded into her cunt and his finger worked at her ass, and Joan was trembling from head to toe.

She draped her long legs over his shoulders, locking her heels against his back, humping her dripping cunt at his face. She held the back of his head, almost smothering her son.

"Ahhh, Billy, Billy!" she cried. "Your finger... it's up my ass! Oooh, and your tongue, up my cunt! Ahhh, darling, tongue my pussy . . . finger my ass! Ohhh, honey, this is wild!"

Billy stabbed his finger into his mother's asshole, pulling it back, stabbing again. His tongue swished into her wet cunt with a matching motion, his cock raging inside his pants. The taste of his mother's cunt was driving him wild, and he sucked greedily, lapping at her seeping pussy-juices. His eyes closed as he buried his mouth as tightly as he could into her pussy, her cunt hair brushing his cheeks.

"You're going to make me come hard, Billy!" she moaned. "Ohhh, your sweet tongue is about to make me come so hard! Ram your finger up my ass . . . finger fuck my asshole!"

Ooooooh, shit, shit . . . I'm about to come! Eat my pussy! Eat my cunt! Make me come, darling!"

She whipped her ass about, his fingers plunging into her stretched asshole, feeling deep, his tongue everywhere on her fiery pussy. She strained against his mouth, and her body jerked. Her orgasm shot through her in wave after wave of rapture. As her cunt contracted, her asshole grabbed his finger, and became so tight with her squeezing motions, Billy couldn't thrust it in or out. He sucked hard at his mother's convulsing cunt, his throat burning with her pussy-juices. His balls were very tight inside his pants, and his cock throbbed painfully.

Joan cried out with the strength of her orgasm, unable to muffle the sounds. But at that moment, she was experiencing so much ecstasy, she didn't care if the sound carried down the block. Her spasms went on and on, and then she became so weak her thighs slumped, sliding off her son's shoulders and her feet thumping on the floor. Billy pulled his face out of her cunt, and slowly slipped his finger from her asshole. He watched his mother's pussy throbbing gently, then got back up on his knees. He opened his pants, releasing the pressure on his prick. He moved the head of his cock to his mother's cunt, anxious to fuck her.

Joan only made a whispering sound as she felt her son's cock sliding into her cunt. It was still so very sensitive from her orgasm, she jerked her hips.

"Ooooh, God!" she moaned. Billy gripped his mother's hips and stabbed at her cunt.

Joan tried to respond to him, but her cunt-muscles refused to work. She slumped with her legs open, her ass at the edge of the couch, shaking and crying softly. She lay passively, feeling her son plunging his cock into her. She tried to lift her pussy to him, to wiggle and churn the way it excited them both, but her legs were too weak. Suddenly, she remembered Barbie.

"Oh, stop!" she hissed.

"Mom, I gotta fuck you!"

"Barbie . . . I don't hear her."

"Fuck Barbie!" Billy growled, stabbing his cock hard into his mother's cunt.

"Do you really want to fuck Barbie?" she whispered.

"I wanna fuck you, right now, Mom!"

"Do you want to fuck your cousin?" she insisted, feeling some strength returning to her legs.

"I wanna fuck you!" Billy groaned again. "If you don't want to fuck her," Joan said softly, "then you better take your cock out of me right now. I think Barbie is watching."

Billy jerked his cock from his mother's cunt swiftly, his eyes darting fearfully about. He didn't see her.

"Aw, Mom!"

"No, I mean it," Joan said softly. "I don't hear her skipping rope. If you don't want to fuck her, then you can't let her catch us with your cock in my cunt."

But Billy's cock was raging. "I don't care if she does, Mom! I gotta fuck you now!"

Joan almost laughed. "I thought you didn't trust her with a secret?"

"I don't," Billy groaned. "She tells lies."

Joan saw the powerful hardness of his cock.

"Here, sit on the couch," she said, getting up, her legs still shaking. Billy did, and she wiped at his mouth with the hem of her dress. "We can't let her see this pussy-juice all over your face, can we?"

"Mom, do something!"

"I am going to do something," she said, and turned her back to her son. She lifted her dress to her waist, flashing her shapely ass at him. She leaned over slightly, pushing her ass backwards. "I'm going to sit on your cock, and then if Barbie comes in, she won't see anything."

"Hurry, Mom!"

Joan scooted her ass backwards, and Billy held the base of his cock, his teeth gritted as he watched her beautiful ass settling down onto his lap. But she only brushed the head of his cock with the wet slit of her cunt. She pressed her ass down, but it was her asshole that made contact with her son's prick.

"Mom, it's the wrong place!"

"Oh, no it isn't!" she hissed. "I want your cock in my ass, Billy! I want to feel it in my asshole!"

"It's gonna hurt, Mom!"

"No, it won't," she moaned, feeling the pressuring head of his cock on her puckered asshole. "It's going to feel wonderful!"

Billy could see his mother's creamy asscheeks part, see the head of his cock pushing at her tight ass crinkle as Joan leaned forward. She had her legs spread over his, and was slowly pushing her ass downward. She closed her eyes, making soft gasps of unexpected pleasure as the head of his cock started sliding into her asshole. The stretching pressure sent tremors about her body, and she held her breath as his rounded cockhead moved past the ring of her asshole. For a moment, she held still, her asshole throbbing on the head of his prick. Then, gasping, she slowly pushed her ass downward.

"Ooooooh, Billy!" she cried out, her asshole burning and stretching. "God, baby, it's good!"

She settled her ass on him, feeling the roughness of his pants against the naked smoothness of her ass, his cock deep. She could feel his thick cockhead throb as her asshole squeezed the base of his cock, and she wished his balls were out of his pants, against her juicy cunt.

For a moment, with her hands braced on her knees, leaning forward, she moved her ass up and down her son's cock, riding his prickshaft with the pucker of her asshole, making soft sounds of strange ecstasy. Her asshole burned and stretched, and it made her cunt twitch. She had never imagined a cock up her asshole could feel so delicious. She bobbed her ass up and down, and knowing her son was watching made it more exciting, more lewd, more wanton.

"Can you see it, Billy?" she whimpered. "Can you see your cock in Mother's asshole? Ooooh, I can feel it so good this way! Watch Mother's asshole fuck your cock, baby! Ooohhh, I'm going to fuck you with my tight, hot asshole!"

Billy's hands were on his mother's hips, holding her dress out of the way so he could see. She was leaning over far enough for him to watch her asshole suck on his prick as it slid up and down. It felt different than in her cunt, but it was a feeling he enjoyed.



"Oh, Mom, this is very good! I can see my cock up your fucking ass! Are you gonna fuck me and make me come in your asshole, Mom?"

"God, yes!" she cried out, pounding up and down swiftly, her asshole sliding tightly. She felt stuffed, very stretched, and her sensations were bubbling with exquisite delight. "I want you to come in my ass, baby! I want you to squirt that hot come-juice up my asshole!"

Billy grunted as his mother's naked ass rammed up and down. He gripped her hips, but not in a way that interfered with her wild, gyrating motions. Joan was doing all the work. Billy simply sprawled stiffly, watching his mother's lovely ass bang up and down. Where Joan found the strength to fuck her son in this crazy position with her asshole, she didn't know. Her legs were spread about his, and the muscles of her thighs worked, her knees bending and straightening as she plunged her ass up and down on his cock.

Although his cock was throbbing inside her asshole, it was making her cunt rage with fiery heat, her clit inflamed. She had her hands on her knees, her head tilted up, her eyes tightly closed as she fucked him. She felt as if she would come again at any time. The very idea of fucking him with her asshole was almost enough to make her come.

"Ahhh, it feels so good in my ass!" she sobbed. "I love to feel your cock up my asshole, Billy!"

"Keep wiggling your ass, Mom!" he grunted. "Keep wiggling your ass and I'm gonna fill it up! You're gonna make me come up your asshole!"

"Oh, I want it!" she moaned. "I want you to squirt it up my ass . . . flood my fucking hot asshole with it!"

The sound of a door banging caused them both to jump.

By the time Barbie entered, Joan was sitting on her son's lap, her skirt adjusted to conceal the fact that Billy's cock was still throbbing up her asshole. She sat quietly, but Billy was about to have fits.

She giggled, and pretended to be playing with him. Barbie watched for a moment.

"You never play with me that way, Billy," Barbie said.

"I'm not playing," he replied in a tight voice. "Mom is playing, not me."

Joan squeezed her asshole around the base of his cock, giggling and flashing her eyes wickedly at him, poking at his ribs.

"Mom!" he cried out. "Stop doing that!"

"Doing what?" she teased, clamping her asshole as tight as she could around the base of his cock.

"Ohhh, shit!" Billy groaned, unable to stop the word.

"What's the matter, Billy?" Joan asked, squeezing her asshole time and again on his cock.

Barbie's eyes sparkled, but fortunately for Billy, she skipped down the hall to the bathroom.

## CHAPTER SIX

"Mom, you almost did it!" he said after Barbie left.

"Almost did what?" she asked, sweetly innocent.

"Made me come!"

"I thought you wanted to come in my asshole," she giggled, squeezing her ass again.

"Not with that cunt watching!" he hissed.

Joan giggled softly, and began to bounce on his cock again. With a careful eye on the hallway, Billy pushed his mother's dress to her waist again, seeing her ass ride up and down his prick. Joan braced herself again with her hands on her knees, and rammed her asshole up and down his cock, fucking him swiftly. "Hurry, Mom!"

"I am!" she replied. "I'm going as fast as I can."

She whipped her ass about, grinding as she lifted and pushed. She gasped with each downward thrust of her ass. Her cunt was burning again as she fucked him.

"This is going to make me come, too!" she hissed. "Faster, Mom!"

Joan was bouncing her ass frantically, but not because she was afraid of Barbie catching them. She didn't mind if her niece did. It would be easier if Barbie saw them, anyway. She was bouncing her hot ass frantically because the fire in her cunt demanded it. There was no way she could slow down now. The friction along the ring of her hot asshole sent ripples about her flesh, ripples that felt so good she was sobbing.

"I'm about to come!" she cried out. "Ohhhh, God, my cunt is going to come and you haven't! Come with me, Billy! Ohhhh, baby, squirt it up my asshole . . . with me!"

Billy was gritting his teeth. His balls were swollen and his vision was hazy, almost unable to see his mother's naked ass plunging up and down. He wrapped his hands around her hips, his fingers digging into her shaking stomach. Joan felt his cock grow. She rammed up and down powerfully, sliding her asshole onto his stiff cock mindlessly, her pussy clenching.

"Ohhhhh, I'm going to come!"

She rammed down hard on his cock, taking it all the way in. As the contractions ripped through her pussy, her asshole began gripping in hot waves at the base of his cock. Billy yelled, the force of his discharge drawing his upper body to his mother's back. He wrapped his arms about her waist, hugging tightly, his cock spurting thick come-juice up her asshole.

Joan bit her lip to keep from screaming. The feel of her son coming inside her asshole was deliriously strange. She could feel each spurt of his jism when it splashed her velvety pussy-walls. It was a much different feeling from when he came in her cunt, and it was one that Joan knew she would enjoy over and over.

When her son released her, slumping back on the couch, she sat on him and felt his cock deflate. Her asshole kept up a clutching without any effort on her part. She felt full in her ass, almost as if she had to shit. She rested with her hands on her thighs, feeling her muscles quivering.

Her cunt kept throbbing, and she breathed deeply, her tits straining at the front of her dress.

"Oh, baby!" she moaned softly, then slowly lifted her ass.

She cried out when his cock came free, and stood before him, smoothing her dress down, her asshole burning deliciously. She smiled at her son, and when he didn't seem able to move, she leaned over and tucked his cock back into his pants, buttoning them for him. She leaned over and kissed his forehead.

"We're going to have to do that again. I loved it, didn't you?"

"Except for Barbie coming in, I did, too," he said.

"Maybe that was the most exciting part, Billy."

"Her? Aw, Mom, we don't want anything to do with her!"

"Are you sure of that, honey," she said softly. "She's very pretty."

"She's real pretty," Billy agreed. "But she always lies on me."

\* \* \*

"I don't think you were just playing with Billy, Aunt Joan," Barbie said.

"What are you talking about, Barbie?"

Barbie flashed her pretty smile, her eyes dancing. "I just don't think you were playing with Billy when you were on his lap."

Joan didn't know how to reply for a moment. She felt herself stiffen up, and forced her body to relax. Barbie sat calmly, her knees together inside her pretty dress, hands folded in her lap as she looked demurely at Joan, her eyes lowered. The attraction of this lovely little girl was strong, very strong. Joan had not really looked closely at her niece until Billy had mentioned what Barbie had done. Now she saw her niece as a very desirable girl, a sexy little thing who literally made her mouth water and her cunt twitch. She had the strangest feeling of wanting to touch Barbie, to caress her satiny young flesh, feel her, eat her up, actually devour her.

"What do you think I was doing, then?" Joan asked in a whispery voice.

Barbie giggled, rifting her hand to her mouth. "I think you were doing a no-no."

"What's a no-no?"

"Under your dress," Barbie replied.

Joan studied her niece closely. Barbie twisted her small ass on the chair, very slowly, her hands still folded in her lap. The movement was sensual, deliberately so. Joan was certain. Obviously, Barbie knew she had been fucking Billy, Joan thought. When Barbie spoke again, Joan was sure Barbie knew.

"Billy won't do that with me," she said in a very low, very soft, voice.

"Why not?" Joan asked, equally soft-voiced. She realized she had just admitted fucking Billy without putting it in words.

"I don't know," Barbie whispered, looking at her hands. "I tried to get him to, but he wouldn't do it."

Joan felt heat flooding her body, centered between her own thighs. Barbie was boldly confessing her desires for Billy. She stared at her niece, wanting to touch her, to hold her close, run her hands over her sugary sweetness, but she forced herself to sit still. Then she became aware that Barbie had parted her knees. Not much, but enough so that Joan saw the inner sweetness of her slender thighs. The view didn't help calm Joan at all. Her imagination was running away and she could stop it.

Barbie was still looking at her aunt with her lowered eyes, but there was a twinkle in them of obvious invitation. Joan couldn't pull her eyes from the parted knees, staring openly, her lips parted. She was breathing faster, her full tits moving up and down beneath her house dress.

A soft gasp came from Joan.

Barbie had parted her knees quite wide, and now Joan was looking up between her succulent thighs, seeing the hint of her niece's panties. Her tongue moved across her lips, and she stared boldly.

"How did you try to get Billy to do . . . something with you?" Joan asked in a thick voice.

"By showing him," Barbie murmured and began to inch her skirt past her knees. "By showing him this."

She lifted her skirt, holding it up from her lap, her legs open.

Joan stopped breathing as she gazed with wet, hot eyes. Barbie was wearing a pair of very tight white panties, and she wasn't at all shy about showing them off.

Barbie stood, holding her skirt about her waist and still watching her aunt. She lifted her other hand and placed the tip of her thumb into her mouth. Joan felt her cunt throb wetly as she stared. The crotch of her niece's panties molded and outlined the sugary slit of her cunt.

"Barbie ..." Joan moaned softly. "Barbie, you mustn't ..."

She was having trouble speaking, and she couldn't stop looking.

"You don't know what this is doing, baby. You don't know how this makes me feel."

"It makes me feel good, Aunt Joan," Barbie said softly.

Joan could hardly bear to look. The girl was so damned eager to be played with, touched, fondled . . . sucked!

Barbie swayed her hips. Joan made a gurgling sound.

"I want to be touched, Aunt Joan," Barbie whispered. "I want to be touched so much! I get this fire down there and I can't do anything except touch it, but it just gets worse and Billy won't play with me and ..."

"Oh, my God!" Joan groaned, sliding off her chair and to her knees, holding her arms out to her niece. "Come here, darling."

Barbie moved slowly toward Joan, holding her dress at her waist, still biting the tip of her thumb, her eyes shy, but very hot. Joan sat on her heels, her face warm. When Barbie was close enough, she placed her hands on her niece's knees, and the heat almost seared her palms. She felt Barbie trembling as she moved her hands upward slowly, feeling the deliciously smooth flesh of Barbie's slim thighs. Her eyes didn't move from the tight crotch of her white panties. She slipped her palms along the outside of Barbie's thighs until her fingertips touched her panties, then she smoothly ran them down again, this time along the front of Barbie's thighs. When her hands came up again, her fingers touched very lightly at the soft, slight mound of her cunt. Barbie made a whimpering sound, and her hips jerked forward.

"Oh, Aunt Joan!" She wasn't biting her thumb now, but holding her dress up with both hands, her eyes fiery as she breathed deeply.

"Baby, baby!" Joan whispered, sliding her hands around and fondling up the back of Barbie's thighs.

She cupped her tight little ass tenderly, and slowly squeezed. The cheeks of Barbie's ass just fitted her palms, and she squeezed and squeezed and squeezed, gazing at her tight crotch with hungry eyes.

"Oh, baby! This is . . . oh, you feel wonderful, Barbie!"

"I'm on fire, Aunt Joan!" Barbie cried softly. "I'm burning up . . . down there!"

"I know," Joan replied throatily. "God, how I know!"

With a gasp, Joan pulled Barbie toward her face. She pressed her face at Barbie's tight panties, her lips parted. The tip of her tongue darted against them. Barbie cried out and clung to Joan's head, returning the pressure, twisting her hips. Joan held Barbie's tight ass in her hands, kissing at her soft panties. Her own cunt bubbled wetly between her thighs, and she felt the moisture trickle.

"Ooooooh, Aunt Joan!"

Barbie opened her legs and pushed her hot little crotch into her aunt's face.

Joan made a sobbing sound deep in her throat and tilted her head, her hands pulling at the girl's small ass, burying her mouth at the crotch of her niece. The heat that burned about her lips sent her own body to shivering, and she sucked at the tight panties feverishly. Barbie cried out as she felt the wet tongue of her aunt pushing at her little cunt. She spread her thighs more, and Joan's head tilted backward as her niece stood with a bended knee, semi-squat, in her face. She tasted Barbie's young, hot cunt through her panties, and held her clenching ass cheeks tightly as Barbie began squirming and rubbing at her mouth.

"Ohhhhh, Aunt Joan! Aunt Joan!" Barbie squealed.

Joan slipped her hands inside her niece's panties, cupping her satiny ass cheeks, her fingers tight as she pulled hard, forcing that sugary covered cunt into her mouth. She nipped lightly with her teeth, making Barbie cry out with pleasure.

Barbie was looking down at her with smoky eyes, her lips parted, panting, waiting eagerly. Joan looked up, licking her lips, caressing the naked flesh inside Barbie's panties.

"Barbie . . . oh, baby, you're so sweet!" Joan mewled.

"Can I . . . can I take my panties off, Aunt Joan?" Barbie asked, her voice quivering. "Can I? Please, can I take my panties off?"

"Oh, God!" Joan moaned. "Yes! Take them off! Show me . . . show me what you showed Billy!"

Barbie stripped her panties off swiftly, almost tearing them. She stood again, holding her dress high, and Joan almost came as she gazed at the pink, sugary slit of her niece's cunt. As Billy had said, there was blonde fuzz on it, and her cunt-lips were puffy. She saw Barbie's tiny clit sticking out.

"Ohhhhh, Barbie, Barbie!" Joan whimpered.

She moved her niece until Barbie was sitting on the chair, legs wide-open, her succulent ass hanging over the edge. Joan gazed into her niece's crotch, devouring her beautiful cunt with her hot eyes. "Oh, God!" Joan moaned, and shoved her face into Barbie's cunt.

"Aunt Joan!" Barbie squealed, grabbing the back of her aunt's head and slamming her naked pussy hard upward.

Joan clawed at Barbie's naked ass, her hands squeezing as she kissed and licked at her sugary pussy-slit. The hot, slippery pussy-juice on her tongue sent her into a raging hunger. She shot her tongue into her niece's cunt, darting it back and forth frantically, thrusting into the tightness, the wet heat. Her tongue lapped up and down the slit, twisted about Barbie's knotted, inflamed clit.

Barbie gasped in ecstasy and twisted her crotch furiously at Joan's sucking mouth. Joan placed her wide-open lips hard onto her sweet cunt, thrusting her tongue in and out, fucking the girl's tight young pussy hungrily. She clung to Barbie's churning little ass with tight hands. Her lips were being scalded by the delicious wet heat of her niece's steaming cunt, and she sucked it with greed.

Barbie swung her slim legs up and closed her thighs tightly about Joan's face, squeezing as her little ass danced up and down, twisting sideways with rapture. Joan could hear the ecstatic squeals of her niece, and the delighted way she gasped when her tongue dipped deeply into her fiery, tight cunt. "Ahhhhh, Aunt Joan!" Barbie sobbed, grinding in a frenzy, humping her cunt up and down. "Ohhhh, Aunt Joan! It's better than my finger! Ohhhh, this is better than my finger! I love this, Aunt Joan! Ooooooh, what you're doing is so good!"

Joan rammed her tongue deep, wiggling it, her lips sucking at the sugary sweet cunt. She slammed her tongue back and forth, sliding it into the girl's tight cunt lips, then lifted

slightly and sucked hard on her straining clit, her tongue flicking the tip.

"Ohhhhh, yes, Aunt Joan!" Barbie cried.

Joan breathed deeply, the scent of the little girl's fresh, sweet cunt was as exciting as the taste. She sucked at the seeping wetness, her tongue licking Barbie's pussy-juices up, her throat swallowing. She squeezed the girl's small, thrashing ass in her hands and sucked hard. Her own cunt was boiling, dripping fuck-juices.

Closing her open lips around her niece's cunt lips, Joan rammed her tongue in and out, fucking wildly with it. Barbie cried out with each stab of her aunt's tongue, her hips jerking as she clung to Joan's head. She squeezed her thighs about her aunt's face, beating her heels on her back. Joan tongue-fucked Barbie's overheated little pussy with greedy pleasure, driving her tongue in and out. She could feel her succulent pussy lips grip at her tongue. She could feel Barbie's swollen clit on her upper lip, and she smashed it hard as she delved deeply for the sweet juices of her hot little cunt.

"Push deeper!" Barbie wailed. "Ohhhh, Aunt Joan, push your tongue deeper in me!"

Ahhhhh, this is so very good! I like it better this way! I like what you're doing to me, Aunt Joan! Golly, it makes me want to come! It makes me want to come very much!"

Joan, too, wanted Barbie to come. She wanted to feel the girl's sugary cunt contracting against her mouth, around her buried tongue, she wanted to taste her hot pussy-juices going down her throat. She stabbed her tongue frantically, driving it back and forth with furious speed. Barbie twisted and thrashed, strained her cunt at her aunt's sucking mouth. The more Barbie whipped her hot cunt against her face, the better Joan loved it. Her mouth, her cheeks, her chin, were slippery with pussy-juice, and her tongue kept up a rapid penetration, fucking wickedly at the girl's fiery cunt.

"It's gonna happen, Aunt Joan!" Barbie squealed. "Oh, it's gonna happen very soon! Make it happen! Please, oh please . . . make it happen to me!"

Joan smashed her open mouth around Barbie's wet cunt, her tongue licking swiftly up and down her pussy-slit, over her bulging clit, dipping inside and back to licking again. The hot taste was making her mind spin, and she smashed her cunt harshly against her heel. She closed her eyes and licked as fast as she could, the taste of Barbie's sugary cunt burning on her tongue. The softness, the wetness, even the heat of it was excitingly different from sucking on her son's cock. Her pussy-juices tasted exotically different, too.

"I'm gonna . . . I'm gonna!" Barbie choked. "Ohhhhhh, Aunt Joan! I'm gonna come! Oh, yes I am!"

Joan rammed her tongue back into the girl's scalding pussy, fucking in a frenzy as her hands clutched her clenching little ass.

Barbie let out a scream, and slammed her cunt into her aunt's face hard, her small body going stiff.

Joan felt the girl's fuzzy little pussy grab at her tongue, and then the convulsions began. They were tight and very hot. She listened to Barbie's screams of ecstasy, and kept fucking her contracting cunt with her tongue. Barbie came and came, and it seemed a long time before she calmed. Her little ass slumped, and Joan gently and very tenderly, kissed at her throbbing cunt slit, licking along the outer flesh of her cuntlips, touching the tip of her tongue against the smooth inner thighs of Barbie's quivering body.

"Ooooooh, Aunt Joan, it was so good!" Barbie breathed, not at all shy now.

Joan pulled her glistening face away, grinning at her niece. "How did you get so hot so young," she asked.

Barbie giggled. "I just am."

That night, Joan entered her son's bedroom while he was still getting into his pajama bottoms.

"Mom," he said, "you shouldn't walk around in that. Barbie is gonna catch you."

Joan had on a short nightgown, one that came just to her hips. Her tits were revealed through the transparent fabric, but what her son was talking about was the fact she had no panties on. The triangled shape of her dark cunt hair was exposed, as were the rounded cheeks of her ass.

"Mmmmmmm," Joan said, pressing against her son and sliding her hand to his cock and balls. "I bet you could thrill Barbie with this."

"I don't wanna thrill her with anything," Billy said, turning and pushing against his mother, his hands holding her naked ass. He buried his face into her tits, caressing between them.

"I bet she's a good fuck, honey," Joan whispered as she felt his cock swell against her thigh.

"She tells lies," Billy replied, rubbing his cock up and down his mother's thigh.

"We had a talk this afternoon," Joan said. "We had a long talk."

Billy pulled from his mother and sat on his bed. "What about? I hope she don't try to get me in trouble. I'm gonna beat her up if she does."

Joan looked at his cock, standing up hard. She grinned. "You could beat her up with your cock."

She moved close to her son and pushed him back on the bed. She climbed over him, sliding her knees along his body, her eyes starting to shine. Billy moved his hands to his mother's thighs, watching her tits sway above his face.

"I'd say you need something right now, honey," Joan purred softly as she rubbed the hair of her cunt along the head of his cock. "I'd say right now, if Barbie took her little panties off and offered you her cunt, you'd fuck it without arguing."

Billy giggled.

"Probably," he answered. "You'd fuck anything right now, wouldn't you?" "Yeah!"

"Even your mother, right?"

"Right!" Billy gasped, feeling his cock rubbing through the soft hairs of his mother's cunt. "Right!"

Joan made cooing sounds of pleasure, sliding his cock along the slit of her cunt, leaning down to kiss him. Billy moved his hands up his mother's thighs and cupped her naked ass, giggling as he tried to push the head of his cock into her pussy. Joan giggled and shifted her ass, preventing him from penetrating. She rubbed her tits into his face, twisting her ass. Her knees pressed at his sides, and she lifted her ass slightly when she felt the smooth head of his cock starting to slide into her cunt.

"Mom!" Billy grunted, pulling down on her ass.

"Mmmmmmm, you really want some pussy, don't you?" she breathed.

"I'll come on your cunt if you don't keep still!"

Joan twisted so his cock slipped along the juicy heat of her pussy-slit, his cockhead brushing her asshole. Billy groaned and tried to get his cock inside his mouth. He didn't care if it was her cunt or ass. Joan pushed backward, feeling his cock hard and hot against her asshole, his cockshaft throbbing. She purred softly and rubbed her crotch gently against his fuc

kshaft.

"Mom, stop playing around!" Billy groaned. "Come on, let me stick my cock in!"

"Ooooooh, you really want me, don't you?" she teased him, gasping at the exciting feel of his cock along her cunt and ass. "You really do want to fuck Mother!"

She positioned her crotch above him, and Billy cupped her spreading ass with feverish hands, plunging his cock upward. Joan gasped loudly in exquisite delight as her son's cock stabbed, her cunt spreading for him. As he came up, she slammed downward.

"Ooooooh, nice, darling," she breathed. "So hard and hot and very nice! Fuck me, Billy!"

Joan held her ass up, her knees pulled along her son's sides, her arms stiff, looking down into his happy face. Arching her cunt, she held still as he pounded his cock up and down, fucking her vigorously. Each deep stroke made her gasp with pleasure, caused her tits to dance above his face. Billy pulled her shoulder straps off, and exposed her tits.

Joan leaned down and her son closed his mouth about one of her rubbery hard nipples, sucking vigorously as he drove his cock up and down. She lifted her head, but strained her tit to his young face, holding her ass high so he could plunge his hard cock hard and fast.

"Ohhhh, ram it, Billy!" she panted. "Ram that cock deep! Ahhhh, baby, fuck that pussy, baby! Fuck Mother's wet cunt! God, oh God . . . it's so good!"

"Mmmmmmm," Billy moaned, his mouth full of his mother's hot tit.

"Suck Mother's tit and fuck Mother's cunt!"

Billy's eyes rolled upward, his tongue twisting wetly about her long nipple, his cock a battering ram inside her cunt. He was clinging to her naked ass again, her short gown looped about her waist. He squeezed her ass hard as he lunged.

As the sensation grew, Joan couldn't hold still. She began to pump her ass with him, meeting his upstabbing cock by a downward thrust, smacking her hairy pussy wetly onto the base of his prick. The power of their hid movements drove the air from her lungs in hot gasps. She wiggled and churned her ass, riding his cock as he pounded excitedly into her pussy. Her tits bounced and danced, but Billy clung to her nipple with tight lips, sucking hungrily. Digging his hands at her ass, he pushed a fingertip against the steaming pucker of his mother's asshole. Joan yelped at this added stimulation, grinding onto his cock.

"Ooooooh, baby, baby!" Joan whimpered.

Billy lost her tit when he rammed very hard. It went scraping across his nose.

"Fuck me, Mom!" he wailed. "Ohhhh, Mom, wiggle your fucking ass! Ride my cock with your hot cunt! Fuck my prick, Mom!"

"Ohhhhh, yes, yes!" she moaned. "I'll fuck your hard cock off, baby! I'll melt your beautiful, hard cock off with my hot cunt!"

Wet sounds came from her pussy, wet sounds of an overheated cunt gobbling up a very hard cock. She began to pound so hard, she drove her son's naked ass back to the bed, and Billy found it difficult to lunge up at her. He lay still, holding her ass, his fingernails rubbing hotly at her crinkled asshole, and let his mother move, fucking him wildly. The friction of her pussy on the shaft of his cock burned and thrilled and excited him, his balls tight and full. Joan felt her son's cock throbbing inside her cunt, and for some reason it seemed much longer and thicker, his cockhead very big and round. The sensitive walls of her greedy cunt gripped hard on the ridges and grooves of his hard-on, enhancing the almost mind frenzy of Billy.

Pressing her cunt hard on his cock, she began to grind, sliding her ass in sideways circles, her inflamed clit crushed at his cock base. Billy whimpered and gulped, trying to hold back his jism as the ecstasy of coming flooded his young body. But Joan, as if knowing what he was doing, began to churn her ass again, fucking his cock with her fiery cunt in a wild frenzy.



y.

"Mom, I'm about to come!" Billy shouted.

"Oh, God! Me too!" she squealed.

Her cunt raced up and down, sliding on her son's cock with short, jerky movements. Her pussy was clenching at his prick, expanding, her clit ready to burst apart. She rammed powerfully, then strained her pussy on his prick as hard as she could, moaning, the sounds getting louder.

Billy pushed upward, driving his cock deep. He felt his mother's cunt grip his cock hard, felt the contractions rippling from his cockbase to his swollen cockhead. With a loud grunt, he spurted, spraying creamy come-juice into her demanding, spasming cunt. The geyser-like spurts sent Joan into a powerful orgasm, her cunt sucking at his cock, her asshole puckering at his fingertips. As she strained her boiling pussy on his cock, she lifted her head and bit at her lip to hold back her scream of rapture.

Billy's balls writhed as they emptied, then became loose. As he finished, his ass dropped to the bed, and Joan rested her weight on him. Her cunt kept contracting, although she was no longer coming, nibbling at his softening prick lovingly. His face was almost smothered in her soft, creamy tits, but he didn't mind. He drew his hands to her waist and hugged her tightly, making his mother purr happily.

"God, that was so good, honey!" she whispered as she slowly rolled off him, relaxed. "It seems to get better and better."

"Yeah," he agreed. "If only Barbie wasn't here."

"What would you do if she wasn't?" Joan asked, wondering if this would be a good time to tell him about his cousin. She didn't think Billy would think badly of her for sucking that surgary little cunt. She was sure it would excite him, if anything. Boys were like that.

"Well, I could chase you around the house, naked," he giggled.

"Oh, and you'd like that?"

"Yeah. That would be fun, seeing your tits bounce and your ass jiggling. Yeah, that would be fun, Mom."

"It's a shame you have to wait a whole year to do that," she said softly. "Barbie will be here a whole year, and you'll just have to wait until she leaves before you chase around naked. "What a shame!"

"I don't like that cunt," he said. "Barbie is interfering with my fun."

"Why don't you have fun with her, then?" Joan suggested.

"Not me," he replied. "I told you, Mom. Barbie is a liar and would like nothing better than to get me into trouble."

"With whom?" Joan asked.

"You, for one. She'll say I touched her pussy and all that."

"Do you think I'd get mad if you played with her little cunt?"

"Would you?"

"No," Joan replied. "Play with it all you want. Besides, I told you what I think. If you fucked Barbie, I bet she would be a different person. I bet she wouldn't tell lies on you anymore, or try to get you in trouble. I bet she does it because she wants to fuck you."

"Aw, she's too little, anyway."

"Don't be too sure about that," Joan said. "She's very pretty, and yes, very young, but that means nothing. Sometimes you can really have fun with a hot little cunt like her."

"Then you play with her pussy, Mom," Billy said.

Joan sat up and looked at his glistening cock. "And I suppose you'd like that?"

Billy grinned. "Sure."

"You're just horny," she giggled, flipping his cock back and forth with the tip of one finger. "If you weren't so horny, you wouldn't say that."

"But I did say it, didn't I?"

Joan pretended to give it some thought, stroking the tip of her finger about the head of his cock. "Well, I just might give it a try. I get tired of playing with my own cunt. It might be fun, having a cock and a cunt to play with."

"I bet she wouldn't tell on you," Billy said. "I bet Barbie wouldn't try and get you into trouble."

"Mmmmmmm, maybe not," Joan moaned and leaned over her son, lapping the shaft of his cock, tasting her cunt on it. She flicked her tongue about his piss hole, licking up a little bead of juice clinging to it. "And maybe I will play with her pussy."

She closed her lips about her son's cock, sucking it. She stretched his prick as she pulled upward with her tight lips, then gulped his prick into her mouth, running her tongue about it, licking away his fuck-juices. She sucked a moment, then lifted, only to scoot her mouth to his precious balls. She licked about his balls, her tongue flicking until they were wet. She pulled his balls into her mouth, sucking them tenderly, her tongue swirling.

"You're gonna make me hard again if you keep sucking, Mom," Billy said, watching her lips and tongue move about his balls. "And if you do, you gotta do something to it."

"Ahhhhh, you know I'd never turn down a hard-on," she purred, and scraped her lips along the shaft of his swelling cock.

She wiggled his cock about with her tongue, then pulled it into her mouth once more. She sucked and licked, twisting her lips at his cock base. She shoved a hand under his ass, clutching his asscheek, her other holding his balls. She felt his cock become hard inside her mouth, and then she bobbed up and down, sliding her lips along his cockshaft. Her eyes twinkled gaily up at his delighted face. Billy loved to be sucked, and she loved to suck him.

There had been a time in her life when she didn't want to suck a cock, and would become angry when it was forced on her. But with her son, she would never become tired of sucking on his cock. All he would have to do is ask.

"Ooooooh, suck it hard, Mom!"

Billy's gasps shattered her thoughts, and she flashed her eyes at him with a wicked gleam. She sucked up and down, her lips smooth and wet, tight, as her tongue licked. She caressed his balls, twisting and pulling at them gently. She squeezed his ass, slipping a finger to his asshole. Billy arched his hips, plunging his cock deeply into her throat, his ass cheeks clenching. His cock-head brushed her throat, and Joan let out a muffled gurgle of pleasure. He was dripping, making her tongue slippery, and she swallowed, loving the burning taste of his fuck-juices.

"Ahhhhh, your mouth is so wet! Your lips hold my cock so tight, Mom! Suck me! Suck me off . . . make me come down your throat, Mom!"

Billy was thrashing his hips about as the ecstasy swirled through his young balls. He watched his mother's mouth, seeing her lips stretching about his cock, his hand digging into her thigh. He humped upward when she dove down, fucking at her mouth as much as she was sucking .

Joan loved his stabbing movements. She loved the hot hard feel of his cock filling her mouth. She remembered how soft and wet and hot Barbie's cunt had felt at her mouth, and knew she would always prefer a hard cock over a cunt. But, she knew, too, that if a cock wasn't available, she would just as eagerly keep sucking Barbie's young pussy.

She lifted her mouth.

"Ohhhh, Billy, come in Mother's mouth!" she cried out softly. "Squirt in my mouth! Oh, baby, I want to taste your sweet come-juice run down my throat! Ohhhh, I want to suck every bit of your come-juice down my throat!"

She gobbled his stiff cock into her mouth hungrily, and darted her face up and down in a frenzy, her hair flying. She was sitting at his side, leaning over, clutching his hot balls on one hand and his ass in the other. She was starving for his cock, for the thick, creamy juice in his hot young balls.

"Ooooooh, I'm getting there, Mom!" Billy cried out, arching his hips high to her face. "Ooooooh, suck it, suck it! I'm really gonna come, Mom! Ahhhhhh, I'm gonna come in your fucking mouth, Mom!"

Joan frantically sucked, her throat working as his dripping cock ran across the back of it. She rammed her mouth up and down, smashing her lips against his cockbase deliberately as if she were trying to bruise them. She held her lips as tight as she could, her tongue pressing his cock to the roof of her mouth. She could make her mouth tighter than her cunt, and the tighter it was, the better Billy loved it.

Billy grunted.

"Oooooommmmm!" Joan whimpered as her mouth filled.

The hot squirts sprayed across her tongue and splashed into the back of her throat. She gulped and swallowed quickly, her cunt suddenly quivering. By the time her son was almost finished coming, she too, had come.

"Damn, but I love that come-juice!" she purred as she sat up, wiping her lips with her fingers. "You taste so fucking good, baby!"

"Yeah," Billy said, breathing hard. "But that fucking Barbie ..."

"Forget about Barbie," Joan said softly. "If you want to chase me around naked, then chase me."

She climbed off his bed and, wagging her ass playfully, blew him a kiss goodnight.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

Joan noticed her niece trying to get Billy to pay attention to her.

Since she had sucked Barbie's little cunt, Barbie had become more bold, but still with those shy, downcast eyes. The shyness made Barbie even more appealing, more sensuous.

The way she was trying to get Billy's attention, Joan knew her son would have to leave the house if he wanted to avoid her. She was amused to see him change places when his cousin would sit beside him, or even leave the room completely. He would glance at Joan, make a face, and move away from Barbie. But Barbie kept after him, made bold because she knew her aunt was fucking him, because her aunt had sucked her cunt. Barbie could do what she wanted, even strip her panties off, and Joan would not only keep quiet, but would actually give her assistance. Barbie knew that, Joan knew that, but Billy seemed to be having a problem with it.

But Billy didn't know his mother had sucked Barbie's cunt.

Barbie scooted close to Billy and placed her hand on his thigh, giving her aunt a quick glance. Joan returned the glance with a smile. Billy turned to move away, but he was already pressed at the arm of the couch. He wanted to shove his cousin's hand away, but suddenly it f

elt good.

Then Barbie darted her hand to his crotch.

Billy yelped, jumping to his feet, but not before his cousin had given his balls a squeeze. Barbie giggled, her fingers at her lips. Billy looked at his mother, who was smiling, then at Barbie.

"This is shit!" he said. "Barbie, can't you see Mom saw that?" Barbie giggled again, looking at her aunt.

"Mom, are you gonna let her get away with that?"

"I didn't see anything, honey," Joan said softly, her eyes showing her he. "What did Barbie do?"

"She grabbed my balls, that's what she done!"

"Oh, my, that's terrible," Joan said, then burst into laughter.

Billy started to get mad, then changed his mind. He turned and faced Barbie.

"You wanna see it?" he said, thrusting his hips forward. "You wanna see my cock, Barbie? You been trying to do that for a long time, now do you wanna see it, with my mom right here?"

Barbie looked at him with big, dreamy eyes.

"You won't be able to lie about me," Billy said. "If I take my cock out and show it to you with my mom watching, you can't ever lie about me again."

Barbie shook her head, her wheat-blond ponytail dancing.

"I mean it," Billy said. "My mom will know you try to get me into trouble then."

"I don't wanna get you into trouble, Billy," Barbie said in a low, soft voice. "I just wanna ..."

Billy wasn't worried about his mother. She had practically told him to do it. He looked at her, and Joan gave him a short nod.

"Here it is," Billy said, opening his pants and hauling his cock out.

Barbie stared at it, her eyes big, her lips parted. Billy waggled his cock at her, looking at his mother. Joan watched, her eyes hot, finding this very exciting, more than she thought she would.

Billy moved closer to his cousin, poking his cock at her face. Barbie pulled away, but her eyes burned on his prick. Again, Billy poked his cock at her face, and Barbie gasped softly. His cockhead almost touched her nose, and her eyes crossed as she followed it. Billy shook his cock in her face, jerking it up and down. But then it started swelling, getting hard, and he stopped shaking it. Instead he closed his fist about his cock and began to pump back and forth.

"I'll jack off in your face, Barbie," he threatened. "You wanna see me jack off, come in your fucking face?"

Joan was seeing her son in a different light. He was deliberately trying to humiliate his cousin. She didn't like it, but yet there was an element of excitement that she couldn't deny. She knew Barbie wasn't going to stop him. Barbie had wanted Billy's cock for too long, she knew.

Barbie lifted her eyes to her cousin's face. "If you wanna jack off in my face, it's okay, Billy," she said very quietly, very softly.

Joan found it exciting that Barbie was sitting with her knees together, hands folded in her lap, ready to let Billy come in her face if that was what he wanted her to do. She noticed now that Barbie, as young as she was, loved Billy. Loved him not like a cousin, but like a boyfriend. And like any girl experiencing the pain of young love, Barbie was more than happy to let Billy do anything he wanted to her, including jacking off into her face. Barbie would, Joan saw, do anything Billy wanted, no matter how humiliating.

Billy stroked his cock, his cockhead only an inch from Barbie's face. Barbie kept looking up at him, passive and accepting, her eyes shining. Seeing her son with his cock in Barbie's face, while Barbie sat there with folded hands in a white, lacy blouse and skirt, waiting for Billy to come in her face, made Joan's cunt throb with a strange heat.

"You don't care if I do it, Barbie?" Billy threatened.

"No, I don't mind, Billy," Barbie replied softly. "Come in my face if you wanna. I really don't mind."

Billy pumped his cock, staring down at her pretty face. He didn't mind that his mother was watching them. He moved his fist back and forth, squeezing his cock to make his cockhead bulge. Deliberately, he brushed the head of his cock against his cousin's nose, smearing it with his seeping piss hole. Barbie gasped, but didn't move. A flush crept over her face, but it wasn't the flush of embarrassment; it was the flush of a growing excitement.

"You ever suck a cock, Barbie?" Billy asked, his voice tight and hissing. "You ever taste a hard cock in that pretty mouth?"

"No," Barbie whispered.

She licked her lips as she stared at his fist sliding back and forth on his prick. Billy smeared his piss hole about the tip of her nose again, then rubbed his smoothly swollen cock-head about her cheeks, over her chin. Barbie's face glistened with wetness, and still she sat with folded hands in her lap, passively letting him do what he wanted.

"You never had a cock, have you?" Billy said.

"No," Barbie whispered quietly, as if ashamed of that fact.

"You don't know what it feels like to be fucked, do you?"

"No," she said again just as quietly.

"You just like to show off to guys, don't you? You're just a little cock-teaser, right, Barbie? You don't wanna fuck, you just wanna play with yourself!"

"No, Billy," she said, a gasp in her voice.

"No what? You're not a cock-teaser or don't wanna show off to guys?"

"Neither," she whispered. "I'm not either one."

"Bullshit!"

"I'm not!" Barbie said, almost ready to cry now. "I don't do those things, Billy!"

"You done it to me," he said.

"No, I didn't ..." she sobbed softly. "Billy, I wasn't teasing you and you know it. I wanted to ... I wanted to do it with you!"

"Do what with me?"

Barbie swallowed, glancing at her aunt.

"Fuck you," she whispered.

Billy turned his face toward his mother.

"You see, Mom!" he said in triumph. "I told you it was her all the time, not me."

"I already knew, baby," Joan replied. "Barbie and I had a talk about it."

"Ahhhhh, shit!" Billy said, still pumping his cock.

"I just wanted you to fuck me, Billy," Barbie said, tears in her eyes. The tears weren't of humiliation, though, but longing.

Billy gazed down at her sweet, innocent face, seeing the juices of his cock smeared about it.

He jacked his fist harder, unable to help it because of his sudden change from wanting to show her up, to one of hot desire.

He felt himself getting ready to come, but it was too late. His cock gushed.

Hot, creamy come-juice spurted out of his cock and across Barbie's face. Barbie gasped, but she didn't move or jerk away. She closed her eyes and tilted her sweet face up, taking his spraying come-juice passively, feeling it rain across her forehead to her chin. Billy could n't move; he stood and came into his cousin's willing face, watching his come-juice splash about her satiny cheeks. Joan, with a groan, clutched her stomach and leaned forward, watching her cunt suddenly convulsing with a hot orgasm.

"My God!" Joan cried out softly.

"Ahhhh, shit, Barbie!" Billy moaned after it was over. "I didn't really mean to do it. I feel like shit now."

Barbie sat with hot come-juice dripping from her face, her hand still folded in her lap, looking at him now. She felt his come-juice on her face as it ran down. She smiled, an angelic, radiant smile.

"It's okay, Billy," she whispered softly. "I don't mind."

Joan couldn't sit there. Her cunt was still throbbing after she came, and her eyes burned on her niece's smeared face. She sat down beside Barbie, wrapping her arm about her small shoulders. Barbie tilted her gleaming face, and with a soft cry, Joan began licking her tongue about the come-juice, lapping it off the girl's sweet face eagerly, her tongue swishing from chin to forehead, over each cheek and the tip of Barbie's nose.

Billy watched, and felt better about coming in his cousin's face. His cock dangled downward, sticking out of his pants. Joan glanced at it, then lowered her face and licked the tip of his cock with her tongue. Barbie purred, licking at her own lips.

"Did you enjoy coming in Barbie's face, Billy?" Joan asked.

"Aw, Mom . . . that was mean of me."

"No it wasn't, Billy," Barbie said quickly. "You can do again if you want."

Joan hugged her niece. "I bet he'd love it best if he fucked you, don't you, baby? I think Billy feels bad about doing it. Why don't you fuck her, Billy? Show Barbie you feel bad about coming in her face. If you fuck her, it will make Barbie feel better."

Barbie looked at Billy with soft yearning eyes, pleading silently for him to fuck her.

Billy stepped back a way, his face showing how badly he felt.

"Here, honey," Joan said softly. "Stand up and let me help you."

Barbie stood, her eyes still on Billy. Joan slipped her hands under her niece's skirts and began to pull her little panties down. Barbie lifted one foot, then the other, as her aun

t removed them. Her eyes were moist with hot desires as she kept watching Billy. Joan lifted her niece's skirt to her waist, and Billy stared at the small cheeks of Barbie's creamy ass. His cock lifted, jerked, and began to turn hard. Joan turned Barbie to face Billy, holding her skirt at her waist.

"See that sweet little pussy, Billy?" Joan said in a throaty voice. "See how pink and sugary it is? Fuck it, darling! Fuck Barbie."

Barbie moved her hand out, hesitatingly, toward Billy's cock, a small nervous smile on her face. It was a nervous smile because she didn't want him to refuse.

Billy pushed his hips forward, and Barbie clasped his cock in her hot little hand, her grin widening.

Joan dropped off the couch to her knees and held Barbie's skirt up, watching her small fist move on her son's cock. When Billy shoved his hand to Barbie's hot, young pussy, she stood up, and opened Barbie's blouse, peeling it off. Barbie didn't want to turn Billy's cock loose, and the blouse dangled from her arm. The sight of her sweet tits, so small, but with stiff pink nipples, caused Joan to caress them a moment, then she went to work removing Barbie's skirt. Barbie stood in her white socks and sneakers, naked and trembling with anticipation.

"Don't act so shy, you two," Joan moaned softly. "Go to it! Fuck, damn it! You both want it, so fuck!"

When Barbie moved backward to the couch, Billy moved with her, and it wasn't because Barbie was clutching his cock. He wanted to fuck her very much now. Barbie sat on the couch, leaning back, opening her slim legs wide, shoving her cute ass to the edge. Her eyes smoldered with passion as Billy dropped to his knees, sliding between Barbie's slender thighs.

Joan moved to the couch and placed her fingers on her niece's cunt, parting her sugary pussy-lips wide. Her other hand grasped her son's cock at the base, and she leaned over, watching as she pulled the rounded head of his cock into the scalding wetness of Barbie's tight, young cunt.

"Ooooooh," Barbie hissed as she felt her cousin's cock stretch her young pussy-lips. "Ohhhhh, it's so big!"

Billy pushed inward, and when his body touched his mother's fingers, Joan lifted her hand, watching as his cock buried into Barbie's lightly fuzzed cunt. She could see the way Barbie's pussy stretched about her son's cock and she began to fondle Barbie's small tits as Billy held Barbie's hips and moved his cock back and forth.

Barbie sobbed and lifted her cunt, twisting her lovely face from side to side with exquisite ecstasy, her ponytail swishing. Her small hips trembled as she arched her cunt up to meet Billy's stroking cock.

"Ohhhhh, it's so good!" she cried out. "It feels better than I thought it would! Ohhhh, Billy, Billy . . . you're so big and hot in my pussy!"

"Ahhhhh, fuck her, Billy!" Joan groaned, leaning over and pulling one of her small, very stiff nipples into her mouth.

She sucked at Barbie's tit, her face turned to watch her son's cock slide in and out of her bubbling pussy. She stroked her hand down Barbie's rippling stomach, shoving her fingers around her son's cock, feeling it plunge back and forth. She found Barbie's inflamed clit with the tip of one finger, and agitated it to make Barbie's small hips fly up and down.

Barbie cried out, her hand darting out and clutching at one of her aunt's tits. She hissed and gurgled as her cunt stretched and burned about Billy's throbbing cock.

"Do you like me, Billy?" Barbie asked in a choking voice. "Do you like my pussy? Do you like to fuck me?"

"Ahhhhh, Barbie!" Billy grunted, ramming his cock hard. "You're awfully tight! Ohhhhh, yes, I like you, Barbie! I like your cunt!"

"Do it to me!" Barbie called out, tearing at Joan's blouse. "Ohhhh, do it real hard to me! Do it as hard as you want . . . fuck me real hard!"

Joan opened her blouse as she kept sucking at her niece's tit, letting Barbie clutch her tit hard. Barbie was squealing with pleasure as she churned her naked little ass about in a frenzy, humping onto Billy's thrusting cock excitedly. Billy lifted his young face, his features contorting with rapture. His balls slapped against Barbie's thrashing little ass with each stab, and Barbie sobbed her delight. She shook and wiggled her small ass frantically, taking Billy's cock greedily into her juicy young cunt. The blonde fuzz on her pussy seemed to sparkle.

"Ohhhhh, Billy!" Barbie cried out, thrashing her clinging cunt on his lunging cock. "Ohhhhh, it's so good! Do it faster and harder, Billy! Ooooooh, your cock feels so big in me ... in my cunt!"

Joan moved off Barbie's small tit, scooting her face upward. She kissed the open mouth of her niece, her tongue delving into Barbie's hot mouth as she squeezed her little tits. Barbie's small body bucked and twisted furiously, always with her sweet cunt pounding onto Billy's throbbing cock. The vigorous participation surprised and delighted Joan and Billy. As Joan licked at Barbie's face, she could still taste her son's come-juice on her satiny cheeks.

"Fuck me, fuck me!" Barbie sobbed loudly, her hips dancing. "Ohhhh, Billy, fuck me good!"

Billy banged as hard as he could into his cousin's gripping pussy, his prick seared by the wet heat. Joan, with soft moans of pleasure, lifted her face.

"Lift your legs, Barbie!" she hissed hotly. "Pull your legs up and back, darling!"

"Oh, I will!" Barbie groaned mindlessly, drawing her knees to her chest. "Anything, just so Billy will fuck me!"

Joan rested her cheek on the back of one slim thigh and watched her son's cock stabbing into the wetness of Barbie's almost hairless pussy-slit. She could see it very well, and slipped her hand below Barbie's straining ass. She grabbed her son's bouncing balls and twisted them, making Billy gasp with pleasure. As he thrust inward, Joan rubbed his balls into the slit of Barbie's ass, brushing them over the tight little pucker of her fiery asshole. Turning Billy's balls loose, Joan caressed the girl's satiny ass, sliding her fingers about Barbie's clenching asshole, feeling her son's balls slap at the back of her hand. She could feel the wetness dripping out of Barbie's intensely stretched cunt, the hot fuck-juices running along the crack of her ass.

"Ooooooh, I'm gonna come!" Barbie shouted. "I gotta come! I'm burning up, my cunt's on fire, I gotta . . . gotta . . . come!"

It was the moment Joan was waiting for. When the convulsions of orgasm started inside Barbie's sugary pussy, Joan thrust the tip of her finger up her niece's asshole. Barbie let out a scream, but it was a scream of mindless ecstasy, not pain.

"Ohhhhh, I'm really coming hard!"

Billy felt the fiery contractions wrapping around his cock, and he gritted his teeth, unable to resist. His balls drew up and he plunged his cock as deep as possible.

"Come in her little cunt, Billy!" Joan cried. "Fill her hot little pussy with sweet come-juice!"

Billy grunted, his body going stiff, his cock spurting, spraying the walls of Barbie's cunt for the first time in her young life . . .

## CHAPTER NINE

Joan was as pleased as her son.



She had enjoyed watching him fuck Barbie almost as much as Billy had enjoyed fucking her. Immediately his attitude had changed toward his cousin, and he showed his affection for her in various ways. Joan found it very pleasant to watch this young love between them. She didn't feel left out because Billy paid attention to her just as much as he did his cousin. There was no more squabbling or threats against Billy As Barbie had told them, all she wanted in the first place was for Billy to fuck her. And now that he had, there was nothing Barbie wouldn't do for Billy, and for Joan.

The beautiful little girl was always hugging one or the other of them, and Billy no longer felt his cousin was a nuisance, but something he could enjoy and have a great deal of fun with.

Billy delighted in lying on the floor and peeking up the skirts of his cousin and mother. Both Joan and Barbie gave him all the assistance he needed to peek, urging and encouraging him in anything he wanted. They would leave the door of the bathroom open so he could spy on them, catching them in the act of pissing, or showering, or just changing clothes.

To the delight of Joan and Billy, Barbie was very wicked. She loved to prance around in her tight little panties, her small tits showing. She was always teasing and tempting them in her sweet, innocent, but very lewd, ways.

Billy was having the time of his life. School became something that interfered with their activities, but Joan insisted they never miss a day. She would send them off to school, holding hands and carrying their books, then spend then-day anxiously waiting for them to come home. Joan's passions were turning in deliciously new directions, taking paths she had never considered.

And she was pleased by it all, just as Barbie and her son were pleased. Billy never tired of them, always had a beautiful hard-on, I and could come and come almost to order. He could fuck Joan, and within minutes, have his cock moving into his cousin's eager cunt, making her squeal with orgasm after orgasm.

Billy would fuck his mother or cousin anywhere, wherever he happened to catch them. He would lift their skirts, pull their panties aside or slide them off their creamy asses and fuck them from behind. The first time Barbie saw him fuck his mother in the ass, she became excited and wanted to do it that way, too. Joan was a bit doubtful because she was so small. But Barbie was insistent, and would waggle her ass at Billy, touching her asshole and saying that was where she wanted his cock.

Finally, Joan agreed, but told Barbie to stop if it hurt her. "Fucking is supposed to feel good, not be painful," she said. "If it hurts, don't do it; if it feels good, do it all the time."

Barbie, eager to try everything and anything, stripped her clothing off as she stood in the living room. Billy was already naked, his cock raging with hardness, more than willing to push it anywhere they wanted it. Barbie giggled as she removed her clothing, sliding her panties off, turning them inside out as she did so. Joan took them and rubbed their sweet-scented crotch into her son's face, then her own. Her eyes rolled with pleasure as she inhaled the sweetness of Barbie's sugary cunt. Joan wrapped the panties about her son's cock and stroked him a little, watching his piss hole make a wet spot on the crotch. Then she drew them to her lips and licked at the wetness.

Barbie twisted her ass with excitement, her lightly fuzzed cunt glistening. Joan dropped the panties and pushed her lips to it, kissing Barbie's succulent pussy-slit hotly, the tip of her tongue flicking the tip of Barbie's swollen clit.

"Hey, are you gonna eat her cunt or am I gonna fuck her asshole, Mom?" Billy complained, his prick very hard.

Joan pulled her face away, giggling softly. "I can eat this pretty cunt later, I suppose. Go on, fuck Barbie if you can't wait a minute longer."

Joan had her niece get on her hands and knees, with Billy behind her cute little ass. Barbie giggled as she twisted her naked ass eagerly. Joan cupped her ass cheeks and pulled the

m open, making her ass-pucker pooch outward. Billy touched Barbie's asshole with his finger for a moment, bringing a cry from Barbie. Taking hold of her son's cock, she rubbed his swollen head along Barbie's asshole.

"Oh, nice and hot, Billy?" Joan asked huskily. "Yeah, Mom!"

"Ooooooh, I can feel it," Barbie gurgled. "I can feel your cock up my asshole. I like it... I like it very much!"

Billy pressured his cock against Barbie's asshole. Joan drew in a hissing breath as she watched. Barbie held her breath, anticipating Billy's cock stretching her asshole. She was very anxious to be fucked in the ass, but she had some doubts about being able to take Billy's cock there. Joan held her small ass cheeks in her hand, standing on her knees, watching. Her eyes were hot and moist with voyeuristic pleasure. When she saw Billy push his cock harder, and heard a groan from Barbie, she stopped Billy for a moment.

"It need help," she said, and lowered her face.

Her tongue came out of her mouth, licking about the head of her son's cock, then she circled it wetly about Barbie's tight asshole. Barbie let out a yelp of pleasure when she felt her aunt licking her asshole, and arched it into Joan's face.

"Ohhhh, Aunt Joan!" she groaned. "Ohhhh, that's good!"

"Mmmmm, it's very hot, too," Joan mewled as she kissed Barbie's asshole, then lifted her head out of the way. "I think your cock will go in now, Billy."

Barbie's arms trembled and she lowered her head and shoulders to the floor, waving her uptilted ass wantonly as she waited. Billy pushed the swollen head of his cock against his cousin's asshole again. Joan, leaning over to get a close-up view, pulled Barbie's small ass cheeks as wide open as she could.

Billy pushed.

"Ohhhh!" Barbie moaned.

"Does it hurt?" Joan asked quickly.

"Oh, no!" Barbie hissed. "It feels strange, but it don't hurt! Go on and push your cock in, Billy! Ooooooh, I wanna feel your cock in my asshole a lot! Push it in me!"

Billy pushed, but slowly. Barbie held her breath, but she was returning the pressure. Her fingers clutched at the carpet as she made soft, choking sounds. Her little asshole began to stretch around the swollen head of Billy's cock. Billy moved forward very slowly, not wanting to hint her. The head of his cock penetrated the ring of Barbie's asshole, and Barbie let out a long, loud wail.

Her asshole squeezed behind the head of Billy's cock. He groaned.

Joan made a hot hissing sound.

"More?" Billy asked, holding his cousin's hips.

"Oh, yes! A lot more, Billy!" Barbie gasped, her eyes bulging.

Billy moved his cock into her gripping asshole, all the way, his balls resting on the lips of Barbie's sugary cunt. He didn't move, but held still, feeling his cousin's asshole grip and flex about the base of his cock. Barbie sobbed with the weird pleasure of his cock up her ass, and she felt stuffed. Her asshole burned, very stretched, but it felt very good to her. She tried to relax the tight ring of her asshole, but it stayed tight.

Joan kissed the base of her spine, her eyes smoldering as she saw her pink asshole contract about her son's cock. She licked her tongue about Barbie's satiny ass, testing her hot ass-flesh, but her eyes never left the girl's rounded, stretched asshole. She moved her hand along the back of Barbie's thigh, then cupped her son's balls, pushing them at the girl's drippi

ng hot cunt. With only a little effort, she stuffed her son's balls into Barbie's smooth pussy, and Barbie cried with rapture.

"Fuck her!" Joan hissed. "Fuck her tight little asshole, Billy! I'll keep your balls in her cunt!"

Billy drew back, half his cock coming free, then pushed inward. He fucked slowly, and Barbie squealed with the friction. Joan kept his hot, full balls inside Barbie's cunt as best she could, but they fell out, only to be stuffed back inside. She groaned with perverse hunger as she watched Billy move his throbbing cock in and out of Barbie's asshole, and Barbie worked her asshole tightly, her little ass shivering.

"Ooooooh, I like it!" Barbie cried. "I like it, Billy! Oh, golly, your cock burns my ass . . . and I feel so stuffed! Ohhhh, I like it a whole lot! Fuck me, Billy! Fuck me in my ass . . . my asshole!"

Barbie twisted her upturned ass wantonly, clawing at the carpet. Joan let her son's balls slide back and forth on her palm, and since she couldn't keep them inside Barbie's wet, slippery cunt, she played with her fuzzy pussy as often as she did her son's balls. She smashed and stroked at Barbie's small, inflamed clit, and dipped a finger into the wet tightness of her cunt. Barbie squealed and cried out, shaking her naked ass, urging Billy to fuck her deep.

"Fuck her good, Billy!" Joan sobbed, thrusting a finger into her niece's dripping cunt. "Fuck her hot little ass!"

"Ohhhh, yes, fuck my hot little ass, Billy!"

Barbie arched her pretty ass high, taking the quickening stabs of Billy's cock eagerly. The deeper his long cock went, the better she loved it. Her asshole burned and twitched, clutched at his prick with each lunge. Her succulent cunt felt as if it, too, was on fire, and with her aunt's finger pounding into it, Barbie was soaring with mindless ecstasy.

"Ohhhh, my cunt . . . my asshole . . . " Barbie cried. "Ahhhh, this is gonna make me come best of all! Fuck me, Billy! Fuck my asshole! Aunt Joan, fingerfuck my cunt! Ahhhh, both of you . . . fucking me! I'm gonna come and never stop coming!"

The slapping sound of Billy's hips smacking against Barbie's tight, hot ass was loud. Joan was peering with glazed eyes, watching her son's cock moving in and out of Barbie's asshole, seeing her ass-ring pull and push his fuckshaft. She rubbed her niece's knotted clit with two fingers, providing additional ecstasy for the young girl. Her other hand held her son's balls, twisting and squeezing. Billy groaned and grunted as he pounded furiously now into Barbie's receptive asshole.

"I gotta come!" he groaned. "Barbie, your ass is hot and it's gonna make me come! I'm gonna come up your fucking ass, Barbie!" "Ooooh, yes, Billy!" Barbie cried out. "Come in my ass! I wanna feel your cock coming in my fucking asshole! Squirt it in me, Billy!"

Ooooooh, spurt a whole lot of come-juice up my ass!"

"Shoot it, Billy!" his mother sobbed. "Fill her hot little ass with sweet come-juice! Come in her ass, baby!"

Barbie strained her ass to Billy, groaning. She cried out, and she began to come. Her fuzzy little cunt grabbed at Joan's buried finger, the contractions of her pussy causing her asshole to squeeze around Billy's throbbing hard-on. Barbie screamed with crazy pleasure as she gave in to the urge to push, her asshole sucking at his cock.

Billy shouted, and his cock gushed. The hot juices of his writhing balls sprayed the walls of Barbie's asshole, triggering more intense spasms in her aching cunt. Barbie's naked body stiffened, her ass high. Billy snorted as he came, his balls emptying with rapid squirts. Joan smashed her niece's throbbing clit, then darted her middle finger into her clenching pussy, darting it in and out, keeping Barbie's orgasm going on and on.

Billy's cock sent the final spurt up her asshole, and he slumped. His cock was still being clutched by Barbie's asshole, as it slowly deflated. Barbie was crying, with tears of ec

tasy streaming over her sweet face. Her asshole pushed Billy's cock out, and when it dropped, Billy slumped to the floor, breathing heavily, his eyes unfocused, but not so much that he couldn't look into his cousin's crotch and see his mother pull her finger out of Barbie's cunt. He saw her pink asshole closing, and then she slid forward, sprawling on the floor, her legs wide-open and the small cheeks of her pretty ass trembling.

Joan's cunt was raging and dripping, the insides of her thighs slippery. She began ripping her clothes, tearing them from her overheated body. She was quickly naked, and her hairy cunt throbbed.

"I have to come, too!" she cried. "My cunt is on fire! Ohhhhh, I need a cock, a tongue, anything in my pussy!"

Billy was leaning back on his arms, his cock limp. But Joan was almost out of her mind with desire. She twisted about and, tossing her legs about his chest, pushed her cunt and ass into her son's face.

"Eat me, Billy!" she gasped. "Eat Mother's hot cunt now! Ohhhh, suck me, baby! Tongue-fuck me and make me come!"

Billy didn't have much choice. His mother shoved her cunt and ass into his face, and he twisted wantonly. He lay back, and Joan squirmed her cunt with him, dancing it at his mouth. Billy, flat on his back, grabbed his mother's fiery ass and pushed his face hard into her dripping cunt, his tongue licking, his lips sucking. His nose pushed at her asshole, and Joan squealed, smacking his face with her pounding cunt.

Finding her son's cock in her face, Joan began licking, flicking it about with her tongue. The scent of Barbie's hot little asshole lingered on it, but that didn't bother Joan; it only sent waves of erotic pleasure through her naked body. She ran her tongue feverishly about her son's cock and balls, tasting come-juice on him. She whipped her hairy cunt about her son's face frantically, banging her puffy pussy-lips hard at his mouth and tongue.

Barbie had turned over to watch, and her eyes became hot again.

She could see her aunt grinding her hairy cunt at Billy's face, and by moving just a little, watched Joan's tongue licking about his cock and balls. Billy's prick was starting to swell under the wild stimulation of his mother's hot mouth and tongue.

Barbie turned around and shoved her face between Billy's legs, watching as Joan licked his balls and stiffening cock, soft moans coming from her. Joan, with a wild cry, sucked her son's cock into her mouth as she swung her naked ass about, pressing her hairy pussy wetly at Billy's sucking mouth. She bobbed her lips up and down his cock, and soon had his prick very hard again. Billy grabbed the cheeks of his mother's ass, sliding his tongue from her clit up and down her asscrack. Joan wiggled and pulled at his cock with tight lips, whimpering wetly.

Through the haze of her passion, Joan noticed Barbie's face close to hers, her young eyes blazing. She lifted Billy's balls in her hand, sucking at his cock. Barbie understood, and shot her mouth to Billy's balls. She ran her little tongue about them, watching her aunt sucking hard. Billy, feeling his cousin licking his balls and his mother sucking his cock, began to suck as hard as he could at Joan's cunt.

Joan rammed her cunt up and down, grinding at her son's mouth, feeling his tongue in her cunt, pushing up her asshole, then back at her cunt again. When she pushed her lips down on his cock, they brushed those of Barbie, who had her mouth full of Billy's hot balls. Barbie released Billy's balls and ran the tip of her tongue about Joan's stretched lips, tasting the base of her cousin's cock.

"Oooh!" Barbie squealed. She twisted about swiftly, sliding her slender legs up past Billy's, shoving her cunt to his balls. "Ohhhh, Aunt Joan, lick my cunt, too!"

Joan sucked hungrily at her son's cock as she rammed her dripping pussy into his face. She moved her hand beneath Barbie's sweet ass and pulled, watching the girl's pink pussy-slit rub at Billy's balls. With a feverish heat, she pulled off his cock and licked at her niece's sugary fuck-slit, sliding the flat surface of her tongue up and down, then sucking at her son's cock again.

Barbie squealed and positioned her crotch close to Billy's cock and balls, watching her aunt suck first one, then the other. Joan used her tongue to lick her son's cock a few times, like she would a popsicle, then took swipes at Barbie's juicy little cunt. Back and forth, her tongue went, and her cunt ached to come. When Barbie lifted her ass higher, Joan's tongue slipped into her delicious ass crack, and she wiggled it about her tiny asshole, her nose pushing into Barbie's pussy. She tasted the juices of her son's balls on the girl's still burning asshole, and frantically banged at his face with her own cunt. She moaned as she sucked and licked first her son's cock, then her niece's cunt. The taste of cock and cunt together sent her emotions in a high spin, her mind whirling with wanton ecstasy.

"Oh, suck me, Aunt Joan!" Barbie wailed. "Suck my pussy . . . suck my asshole! Suck Billy's cock . . . suck us both!"

Billy clung tightly to his mother's dancing ass, his tongue darting in and out of her cunt, then up over her asshole. His mouth filled with her hot fuck-juices, and he swallowed them hungrily. His cock raged with hardness, sometimes in his mother's mouth, and sometimes along her neck when she was licking at Barbie's cunt.

Joan could lick at her son's balls and her niece's cunt at the same time because Barbie pressed her pussy against them. The taste sent wild shivers about the body. She lifted her face slightly, and pushed at her son's cock, getting the heat of it into Barbie's juicy cunt. Then she licked at the girl's swollen clit, down the shaft of her son's cock and back up again, running her tongue about her stretching pussy lips while her son's cock was inside her cunt. She swirled her tongue through the soft, golden fuzz of Barbie's pussy, and sucked at her knotted clit. Barbie cried out with delight, feeling the head of Billy's cock in her pussy and her aunt sucking her fuck-bud.

"Ooooh, you'll make me come, Aunt Joan!" she squealed. "Ohhhh, you're gonna make me come! Billy can come in my cunt, too!"

Billy felt Barbie's pussy gripping the head of his cock, felt his mother's wild tongue licking his cockshaft. It felt strange, but good, when she licked about the stretching lips of her cunt and his cock at the same time. He dove his tongue in a frenzy, fucking his mother's hairy cunt with it, clutching her spreading ass with his nose pushing at her fiery asshole. Barbie writhed, the head of Billy's cock just inside her cunt. She was about to come, and her head fell back to the floor. She squealed as she writhed her hips, her small hands digging at her small tits.

Joan buried her face into her hot pussy, her tongue flicking about the head of her son's cock, tasting Barbie's pussy at the same time. Her cunt seemed to expand, and then it would close about her son's thrusting tongue. Her clit was straining, bulging.

With a wild grunt into his mother's cunt, Billy came.

When he gushed, his cock slipped out of Barbie's cunt, and he began to spray come-juice all over her hot pussy-slit. Joan cried out and lifted her face, watching his cock spurt his creamy sweet jism against Barbie's sugary pussy, drenching her puffy, delicious pussy-lips. She cried out as she, too, came. Joan grabbed her son's cock, keeping it in a position so he came all over Barbie's almost hairless cunt.

As he came, Billy tongue-fucked his mother frantically, and Joan screamed as her orgasm shot through her naked body. She smashed her juicy cunt hard into her son's face, grinding as her pussy contracted and went into hot spasms. She came and came, and her eyes glazed, but she kept the head of Billy's cock against Barbie's drenched pussy. Her naked ass twisted wildly and didn't slow until her orgasms faded.

Slowly, she slumped with her cunt in her son's face, her legs spreading along his head. Billy gasped into her pussy, gently caressing his mother's shivering, naked ass.

Joan saw Barbie's little ass stop shaking, her legs wide across Billy's. She gazed into the girl's soaked cunt, and with a whimper, began to lick at Barbie's pussy, licking up the sweet, hot come-juice that smeared her swollen pussy-slit.

"Oh, delicious!" she mewled, dipping her tongue into Barbie's cunt for a moment, then

pulling it out and swiping up and down, making sure she licked away all of her son's come-juice . . . .

## CHAPTER TEN

"Is it gonna be this way all year, Aunt Joan?" Barbie asked.

They had just finished dinner, and Barbie was helping Joan clean up in the kitchen.

"What way, honey?" Barbie asked.

"Are we gonna be fucking all year?"

"I don't see why not," Joan grinned. "Why, baby? Are you getting tired? Is your little cunt getting sore, or maybe your asshole?"

Barbie giggled. "Not me!" she said. "I can fuck all day long."

She looked at Billy, some of her old shyness showing in the way she kept her eyes down. But it wasn't shyness; it was simply Barbie's innocent manner. Anyone who didn't know her would think she never had a thought about fucking.

"Your cock isn't getting sore, is it, Billy?" Barbie asked.

"Billy's cock get sore?" Joan laughed. "That cock never gets sore nor tired. He's got a hard-on all the time, haven't you noticed, Barbie?"

"I notice all the time," Barbie answered. "I notice when it's soft and when it's hard, and I love it! I even love to see Billy piss."

"Mmmmm, it is fun to watch," Joan said softly.

Billy, still sitting at the table, grinned proudly. He was naked, and had announced he would stay naked all the time. Joan didn't object. Since he had developed the habit of catching her or Barbie off-guard at times, and pushing his cock into them, she could turn the tables on him. She could grab his cock when he moved past her, and jerk it and suck it. Joan particularly enjoyed catching him bending over, and goosing him in his asshole when he least expected it. Billy didn't mind; he loved to play with them like that.

They finished in the kitchen and Billy followed his mother and cousin to the living room. Both wore panties, very tight, very skimpy panties. He loved to see them wearing panties, and enjoyed pushing his face into their crotches when they had them on. Joan had teasingly told him he was turning into a panty freak, and Billy admitted it openly. He didn't even mind the taste of them when they had just taken a piss. Both Joan and Barbie kept their panties well scented with pussy for his enjoyment.

Joan stretched out on the living room floor, her arms above her head, and yawned. Her firm tits lifted into the air, and Barbie sat next to her, caressing them, twisting and pulling at her stiff nipples. Billy sat on the other side of his mother, and began to suck her tit. After watching for a moment or so, Barbie sucked her other tit.

Joan twisted with pleasure, purring in happiness, enjoying the hot, wet mouths of her son and niece on her tits. She held her son's cock and pushed the other hand into the crotch of Barbie's tight panties. As they sucked her rigid nipples, Billy and Barbie fondled between Joan's thighs, rubbing and feeling her cunt through her thin panties. Billy's cock lifted into a hardness as his mother's fist moved up and down.

"You're hard, Billy," Joan purred, squeezing his cock. "And you, Barbie, have a wet cunt. Baby, you're dripping through your panties."

"I know, Aunt Joan," Barbie said, lifting her mouth from Joan's tit. "I stay wet, damn it."

"Why damn it, honey?"

"I don't know," Barbie said. "I want to fuck all the time. I want to come all the time."

"There's nothing wrong with that," Joan said softly. "So do I."

"Me, too!" Billy laughed. "Don't forget me!"

"How can we?" Joan gurgled. "You're always poking this hard-on at us."

Billy lifted to his knees, shoving his cock toward his mother's face. Joan quickly licked it, sliding her tongue up and down his cockshaft, swirling into his hot balls.

"Mmmmmmm, sit on my face, baby," she purred. "Sit in my face and let me suck your asshole awhile."

Billy quickly scrambled over his mother's face, squatting above her. He pulled the cheeks of his ass open, and gasped when his mother dipped her tongue against the pucker of his asshole. His cock stood up with hardness, dripping precum. Barbie darted her face to it, licking his fuck-juice up.

Joan licked and sucked her son's asshole, making wet sounds of delight. She twisted her ass on the floor, and Barbie pulled her mouth from Billy's prick. She peeled her panties off, and then moved to her aunt's feet. When Joan felt her niece tugging at her panties, she lifted her ass. Barbie pulled Joan's panties off, and Joan spread her long legs wide. Billy stared down at his mother's hairy cunt, and Barbie leaned over, pushing her face into it. She lapped her tongue up and down her aunt's juicy pussy, swirling it through her soft pussy-hair, then closing her lips about her swollen clit. Joan made a soft moan against her son's tight asshole, and pushed her pussy into Barbie's open mouth. Barbie darted her tongue into her aunt's cunt hungrily, her little ass in the air.

"Suck her cunt, Barbie," Billy moaned as he pressed his ass into his mother's open mouth. "Suck her fucking pussy."

Joan lifted her cunt to Barbie's mouth, and darted her tongue into her son's asshole. She tongue-fucked him, pushing her tongue as deep as she could, making Billy moan, his cock jerking up and down. Barbie sucked hard at Joan's pussy, her small face buried in the soft curls of pussy-hair. She made liquid sounds as her tongue darted back and forth, up and down. Joan twisted her naked ass, sucking hotly at her son's asshole. Billy's cock dripped, the juice running down his cockshaft and over his balls, smearing his mother's chin.

While she licked at her aunt's cunt, Barbie's hot eyes were staring at his cock. She closed her hot little mouth around Joan's clit, sucking it as her tongue flicked the tip. Joan groaned into her son's asshole and strained her pussy upward. Grinding into her niece's face, Joan felt herself approaching orgasm. She came so easily now. Her son or niece could simply touch her cunt, and she would almost come. The more she fucked and sucked them, the easier she came.

She twisted her pussy at Barbie's sucking mouth, and cried out into her son's asshole as the spasms gripped her. Barbie pressed her open mouth hard onto Joan's cunt as she came, her small tongue darting into her gripping cunt until the spasms began to recede. Then, with her young cunt boiling, her eyes gazing at Billy's cock, she slipped up her aunt's body, licking her way along Joan's creamy flesh.

"Suck me, Barbie!" Billy gasped, spreading his knees wider as he squatted in his mother's face. "Suck my cock, Barbie! I think I'm gonna come pretty soon!"

Barbie lay on top of her cunt, her hot little pussy smashing into Joan's crotch. She began to squirm and press her pussy into Joan's cunt, rubbing her clit at her aunt's. She ran her tongue up Billy's prick, tasting his dripping fuck-juices, all the way to his swollen cockhead. She closed her lips about the head of Billy's cock, sucking at his piss hole.

Billy, with his mother sucking and licking his asshole, his cousin at his cock, watched Barbie's little ass twist and grind between his mother's thighs. His balls were very swollen and hot.

Joan parted her legs farther, and began to rub her cunt at Barbie's, driving her tongue in and out of her son's asshole in a frenzy again. Barbie sucked at the rounded head of Billy's cock, struggling to swallow it, but her mouth was too small and his cock too big. She could only get his swollen cockhead between her lips, but that was enough, and her tongue did the rest. She smashed her cunt into Joan's pussy, rubbing hard and squealing about Billy's cock. The hot juices seeping into her mouth sent her sweet pussy into throbbing pleasure.

"Ooooooh, suck me, Barbie!" Billy grunted, watching her cute ass twist and squirm. "Suck my cock off, Barbie! Mom, eat my asshole . . . because you two are gonna make me come!"

Hearing her son cry out, Joan rammed her tongue in and out of his asshole furiously, grinding her cunt into Barbie's. She was going to come again, too.

"Ohhhhh, Barbie!" Billy gasped. "I'm gonna give you a fucking mouthful! Suck, Barbie, suck!"

Barbie did, as hard as she could.

When Billy gushed into her hot little mouth, she found it impossible to swallow fast enough. Creamy come-juice dripped from her stretching lips and ran down the shaft of his cock to his balls, then onto Joan's neck and chin. As his cock spurted, his asshole clenched at his mother's buried tongue.

Barbie gulped wetly, trying to swallow the juices of Billy's gushing cock, the taste setting up a tight orgasm in her pussy. She banged her cunt at Joan's and Joan returned the pressure, and both of them came at the same time. Barbie kept sucking hard on Billy's prick, her tongue flying around his piss hole, swallowing what she could, her cunt exploding against Joan's. Billy, his balls drained and aching slightly, moved away from his mother's face. He sat back, seeing Barbie's lips wet with his come-juice, her chin dripping with it. He saw his mother's neck gleaming with a few drops. But Joan, her cunt still tingling, began to lick at Barbie's lips and chin, darting her tongue into her hot little mouth. Her hands grabbed for Barbie's still twisting ass, clutching her asscheeks as she strained her pussy upward.

"Oh, my God!" Joan hissed, sprawling again, arms and legs wide.

Barbie sat up between Joan's thighs, giggling wickedly.

"I couldn't swallow it all, Billy," she said. "I tried, but I just couldn't. You came so much it dripped out of my mouth."

She then looked downcast. "I guess you don't like me so much now," she said. "I can't suck you off very well and can't even keep your come-juice in my mouth."

"I like you, Barbie," he said.

Joan sat up, her naked tits rippling.

"Of course he likes you," she said to her niece. "You'll soon be able to take all his cock, and I bet before the year is out, you won't be losing one sweet drop of his come-juice."

"You do like to fuck me, don't you, Billy?" Barbie asked in a soft, shy sound. "I mean, you won't start hating me again?"

"Not me," Billy grinned. "I should have understood before, Barbie."

"Forget the past," Joan said. "Let's just enjoy the year."

"I guess we've done it all, haven't we?" Barbie giggled.

"Well," Joan said softly, "not everything."

"What else, Mom?"

"I was thinking about . . . listen, would you guys think I was crazy or something if I



wanted you to, well, sort of . . . piss on me?"

Billy laughed, jumping to his feet.

"Piss on you?" Barbie asked, her eyes big. "Where, Aunt Joan?"

Now it was Joan who looked shy. She whispered, very softly, feeling slightly embarrassed, yet wanting it. "In my face and on my cunt."

"You just lie back, Mom," Billy said. "Come on, Barbie, we'll piss on her!"

Joan lay back, spreading her legs wide, and her son and niece stood above her. Barbie spread her cunt with her hands, above Joan's face, and Billy aimed his cock to her hairy cunt . . .

Joan waited, breathlessly . . .

THE END