

Learning Through Porn

columnfa

Chapter 1

Angela Johnson placed the laundry basket on her hip and started up the stairs from the basement. It had been a long day already, and she was pleased that this final chore was nearly finished. It only remained to deliver the piles of folded clothes to her son Max' room, and then take the rest to the master bedroom.

As she passed the open door of her husband Gus' study, she could see him peering at a spreadsheet on his desktop. She smiled to herself exasperatedly. She had told him it was probably time for him to get reading glasses. Many of his friends had already done so, being in their early forties, but he was so proud of his appearance that he hated to give in.

Still, she knew that he had reason to be somewhat vain. She loved the way his brown hair framed his long thin face, and his intense eyes never failed to give her shivers deep down, where it counted. She went on by, knowing not to disturb him when he was at his most concentrated. He was never short with her, but she knew she wouldn't get anything out of him more than grunts.

Max was much the same as his father, she mused as she started to climb the stairs to the second floor. Intense, handsome, the eighteen-year-old had an almost preternatural ability to concentrate on something that fascinated him. The young mother thought lovingly of her only offspring. He had turned into a really wonderful human being. Not to say that he hadn't had his rough patches; who doesn't, in those difficult teenaged years? But now he had become a genuine, polite, thoughtful person. It was true that he seemed to have some difficulty with getting dates for some reason, but she felt sure he would get over that in time.

Angela paused on the landing to push her hair back behind an ear. She loved the way her hair looked, and took great care of it. Golden blonde (and naturally so, despite what some envious soccer moms had implied; she had the other hair to prove it), she generally wore it in a neat ponytail. But now, her bangs needed a trim. She reminded herself to make an appointment in the morning.

Preoccupied with these thoughts, she walked down the second floor hallway to Max' room. The door was closed, and as was the custom in the Johnson household, she politely knocked. Not hearing an answer, she knocked again, a little louder, and then turned the doorknob.

The sight that met her eyes burned like a sunflash onto the backs of her eyes. In fact, in later years, she was astonished at how readily she was able to recall even the slightest details of the scene. The room was dark except for the light that emanated from the computer monitor. Max was sitting in front of the screen with headphones on, from which she could hear a driving beat. His chair hid most of him from her, but his broad shoulders, bare, stuck above the top of the chair. His dirty blonde head was looking intently at the screen, in a strange parody of his father's position one floor down. His right hand was in his lap and seemed to be moving back and forth.

And then the picture on the screen forced its way into her consciousness: a pixie like redheaded girl was kneeling on her hands and knees, her behind towards the camera, her face looking back towards the photographer with a mischievous smile playing on her lips. She was only

wearing the briefest of panties, merely a string down the valley between her buttocks. And in fact, as could be expected, there was no pretense of covering her various charms. Her anus winked out a deeper pink than the pale skin of the rest of her bottom, and the beginning of her labia could be seen peeking around the little pouch of the g-string. She had her hand next to those pouting lips, one finger slipping underneath the fabric of the panties to tease around her sex.

With a gasp, Angela Johnson dropped the laundry basket. In the same instant, Max, sensing the change in the light guiltily grabbed his boxers and pulled them up his legs, vainly attempting to stuff his erection back into concealment. He looked, terribly embarrassed, over his shoulder, and seeing his mother's horrified expression, whipped around and closed the internet browser. He wanted to shrink into a tiny ball.

"Mo-ooo-ommm," he whined, sounding miserably like an immature brat. He heard her grab the basket and slam the door behind her. 'Oh, shit,' the teenager thought, 'why in God's name did that have to happen to me?' His erection had subsided enough, so that he was able to get his boxers

the rest of the way up. He got up and lay in his bed, feeling more ashamed than the time he accidentally knocked his Dad's antique pipe collection off of the mantelpiece.

Outside, her heart pounding, his mother leaned against the wall, one hand pressed against her mouth. She knew that nothing could prepare you for the moment you discovered for sure that your child was not only grown, but in fact a member of the sexual human race. In fact, she had known that he had been masturbating for years, because Gus had told her.

In fact, the Johnson household was open about a lot of things. Max had been encouraged to approach either parent with any questions he had about sex or about girls, and he had taken advantage of that trust to discuss things with his mother, his father, or both, that many parents never had the good fortune to be able to clear up with their children. He had asked Gus about the unhappy tendency of the male sex organ to erect itself at inappropriate times. He had asked Angela about breasts when he was eleven years old and whether they hurt.

That being said, the Johnsons took their privacy very seriously, and parents and son had not seen each other in the nude for years. Angela still recalled with a pang the moment that Max had said with intense dignity as a nine year old that he could bathe himself perfectly well, thank you very much. And it had been years before that that she had had to take him to the restroom for the last time. Sure, there were times at the swimming pool, or the beach, where more than the usual amount of skin was seen, but it had never been overlaid with a sense of sexuality.

And now, Angela Johnson was astonished to realize, the sight of those manly shoulders, broad from his competitive swimming, even in the peculiar light of the computer monitor, had caused a familiar rush of warmth to her center. With an impatient shake of her golden hair, she forced her thoughts away from that disturbing reaction, and taking ahold of herself, decided to start separating the laundry in her room.

"Gus, you'll never guess what I saw this evening."

Angela and her husband were getting ready for bed that night. He was in his pajama bottoms, washing his face, while she sat on the toilet clipping her toenails. She had on a blue cotton cami and a matching pair of blue boy shorts. Her hair was falling in front of her face as she bent forward over her left foot.

Gus felt a surge of happiness at the fact of this lovely woman in the bathroom with him. It never failed to astonish him that she had chosen to spend her life with him. He considered himself to be, on the whole, an average guy. True, he had done well with his career in engineering, and they had a comfortable lifestyle because of it. And yet, when he looked at himself in the mirror, what was there to even remark on? He knew for sure that there had been men far more attractive than he who had been courting Angela at the same time. And yet she had picked him.

Even now, twenty years after their first date, she was a beautiful woman. Leaning over her foot, he could see the slim curvature of her hips, and that achingly sexy space between her shorts and her cami where her waist peeked

out. She had lost nothing in that time, despite carrying a baby (and losing another pregnancy).

"Mmm?"

Angela looked up at him in the mirror.

"I accidentally walked in on our son, jerking off," she said. He realized that, despite the joky tone of voice, she was upset about something. He raised his eyebrows at her.

"What did you do?"

"Oh, honey, I don't know," she replied, looking back at her foot, but with the toenail clipper unremembered in her hand. "I think I kind of panicked, really."

"Angela, you didn't yell at him?"

"No, no, no," she shook her head. "No, I just kind of hightailed it out of there."

"Have you apologized to him?"

Angela looked up at her husband, immediately understanding what she had failed to comprehend up until now. Her son, her wonderful son. What would he be thinking? How would he take her silent withdrawal?

"Uh, no, not really," she murmured, tears prickling in her eyes.

"Oh, honey," Gus said, and she could hear the disappointment in his deep voice. "You've got to go to him and make this right. You can't let him be scarred by this."

Thoughts whirled in her head. She had been so preoccupied with her own reactions that she had overlooked how cowardly she had been. She was the adult. She was the one who had to be mature and make things right.

"You're right, of course," she said. "I'll go to him right now." She stood up, and went to kiss her thoughtful husband, who affectionately hugged her. She loved the strong feel of his arms around her, and took courage from his unquestioning support. With a deep breath, she squared her shoulders and walked out of the bathroom.

Max had been lying in bed, trying to read. For the last hour, he had been running over the awful scene in his mind, desperately attempting to guess what his mother's expression had meant. Was she angry? That would be all right, really. Much better than disgusted, which was what he really thought she was. He sighed in frustration, realizing he had just read the same paragraph four times over and still had no idea what it said. He had just put the book down when he heard the soft knock at the door.

"Max?" It was his mother's soft voice outside. Max looked around to make sure there was nothing embarrassing lying about.

"Uh, yeah, Mom?"

"Can I come in?"

His heart pounding, he made sure the covers were over his lower body, and then answered in the affirmative.

The door opened and his mother came and stood inside the frame, the light from the hallway outlining her form. His heart, which had been racing, seemed to stop short in an instant when he realized she was wearing only underwear. So all right, he knew, she was wearing more than when they were at the beach, but still, never had he seen her in her night clothes without a robe or a gown over them.

He had been aware, of course, that his mother was attractive. In fact, many of his friends had commented on it.

"She's stone-cold, dude," Ben Kotite had said after soccer practice when they were being picked up. Max had punched him hard in the arm.

"That's my Mom, man. Not cool."

"Yeah, whatever, Max. Just saying, y'know?"

And he had known. It wasn't like he used her in his jerk-off fantasies. No, instead, it was like she was the standard against which he measured other girls. And now, with the light behind her, he realized that in fact she was hotter than any girl he knew in high school. Which was crazy, because how could she be when she was like twice their age?

Still, he couldn't help but stare at her slim form, the sweet curve of her hips, her slender legs. And with greater shock, he realized that he was getting a hard-on looking at her.

'Oh, crap,' he thought, 'just what I need. I don't need her to get further disgusted by me.' He couldn't make out her expression because of the backlighting, so he looked away, desperately trying to think of anything else.

Angela, in her turn, looked at her son, sitting up against the headboard, the covers around his waist. His trim torso was bare again, his shoulders so broad, the muscles so proudly gained. The light from the hallway fell across him, and the blond hairs around his navel that pointed downward glinted. Her eyes were drawn down, inexorably towards his groin, but that area lay in shadows. She pulled herself together and looked up at him just as he glanced away in obvious embarrassment. Her heart tore at the sight of his uncertainty.

"Max, honey," she ventured softly. "We need to talk."

She didn't sound angry or disgusted. But Max still felt unsure so he just nodded.

"About what happened earlier," she went on, uncertain in her own right.

"I- I'm sorry, Mom," her son whispered. And with that, her paralysis was broken and she rushed over to the bed to sit down next to him.

"Oh, Max," she said sorrowfully, "you've got nothing to feel bad about. It's me who should be sorry, not you."

Max looked up at that. Now in the light from the hall, he could see her expression, the regret in her eyes. Those gorgeous green eyes that he had never really noticed before, their startling almond shape. With her hair in her usual ponytail, he could see the vulnerable hollow between her collarbone and her neck. Nothing had ever seemed as sexy to him as that space.

"So, you're not like mad at me or something?"

"Honey, no," she insisted, laying her hand on his leg. The warmth of him jolted her through the thin linens. His thigh felt so strong, so powerful beneath her fingertips. "What you were doing, what you were choosing to do in the privacy of your own room is your business and yours alone."

"But I thought from the way you reacted that maybe you were..."

"What, Max?" As she urged him to go on, she leaned in slightly, and he found himself looking at the neckline of her cami, which had fallen away from her chest. The shadows of the top of her breasts and the valley between was suddenly fascinating. In fact, the entire shape of her breasts against the soft cotton was entrancing. The two soft mounds were enticingly encased by her top, and every curve was neatly delineated.

"Disgusted with me," he whispered, dragging his eyes away from her chest.

"Oh, sweetie," she sighed, rubbing his leg unconsciously with her hand. "I thought you knew that we have no problem with you, uh, touching yourself. Everybody does it, didn't you know?" There was a pause, during which Angela found herself suddenly aware how high up his leg her hand had ventured. She looked at it in wonder as if to ask how she could have found herself with her hand mere inches away from her son's groin. The proximity caused yet

another surge of warmth in her own sex, akin to the one she had experienced earlier that night. Was he wearing anything under those covers?

She forced herself to pull back, but it seemed like her hand was unwilling even as it slid back down Max' leg. In fact, she was sliding it back up again, masquerading as a gentle soothing caress. Was she hoping to discover that he was nude beneath the sheet? The thought made her feel warm all over, and to her disgust, she felt the soft cotton cami rasping across what were unmistakably erect nipples. She pulled back again, trying to regain control over herself.

Max had felt her hand on his leg distantly as he struggled to formulate the question that was burning in his mind. Finally, he jerked his head up to look at her again. She seemed as confused as he did, which was a comfort. His eyes fell once again to her breasts, but this time the smooth contours were interrupted by the outlines of her hard nipples, unconcealed by the thin cotton. The unexpected sight sent confusion through his mind, and his cock twitched beneath the sheets. He looked up once again to find his mother looking directly into his eyes.

"No, Mom," he screwed up his courage to say, "I wasn't worried that you might find my, uh, activity disgusting. I know everybody jerks off." He was sorry he had used the coarser expression, because her eyes widened. "No, instead I thought that you might find what I was looking at disgusting."

Angela found herself transfixed by her son's intense gaze. It was so similar to his father's look when he was making love to her, that directness, the deep soulful look that stole her heart clear away. She shivered, suddenly aware of how little she was wearing; how little Max was wearing. How could she have come in here dressed like this to talk about this subject? And at the same time, she found herself excited at the nearness, the intimacy she had suddenly discovered with her son. She shifted on the bed, an itch between her legs demanding to be satisfied.

"Well, I'll admit, Max, that it was a shock to see that so out of the blue. I don't know that I understand why you would choose to look at something so..." She trailed off, at a loss

for a word that would describe the picture without seeming condemning.

"Awww, Mom," Max said. "You know, it's just a thing to look at."

"Does that sort of picture, uh, turn you on?" Max couldn't believe she had just asked that question. How can you go about having a conversation with your mother about what makes you hot? He felt hot all over.

"Y-yeah, I guess so," he stammered. His mother looked at him inscrutably.

"Show it to me again," she finally said. He stared at her. "So I can understand," she went on impatiently.

"O-okay," he said, pulling the covers down so he could get out of the bed.

Angela was in turmoil. She had no idea where she was going with this. It had surprised even her when she had come out with the suggestion. Her thoughts flashed to Gus in the other room, but she pushed that aside. This wasn't inappropriate. She was trying to work through this problem she shared with her son. Still, as Max pulled down the covers, she found herself looking down at his lap to see if he was excited. But there was no evidence of arousal in his boxers. She stood up with him.

For a second, there was that awkward dance where two people both try to get out of the way in the same direction as each other. The tall teenaged boy and the pretty young mother, both scantily clad, first moved left, and then right before they both giggled. The tension seemed to ease, and Max took his mother by the shoulders and moved her to the left so that he could slip past her to the computer. Angela loved the feel of his strong hands on her bare skin, and the composure with which he moved her again kindled that warm feeling within her.

Max settled himself in front of the computer, astonished at what he was about to share with his Mom, but at the same time kind of excited that she was going to see how grown-

up he was. He opened the browser and his fingers typed out the website automatically. In fact, it was one of his favorites because he could see thumbnails of gorgeous girls in (and out of) skimpy bathing suits for free. Sure, you could pay to get inside and see what would surely be much more outrageous pictures, but who needed that when so much was available without paying?

Angela leaned over the back of the chair, her hands on her son's shoulders. She couldn't help but gasp slightly as the website opened on the monitor in front of her. The sexy little intake of breath was right next to Max's ear, and he thrilled at the sound. He moved the mouse down to a picture of the redhead he had been jerking off to before.

"I think this was the one I was looking at when you... uh, came in before," he said. Angela nodded, then realized that her movement would not be seen by her son.

"Th- that's right," she murmured. She was a little lost in the moment, her hands on her son's surprisingly muscular frame. She unconsciously rubbed those shoulders. How had her little boy grown so much? Her eyes were locked on

the screen as Max clicked on the thumbnail. Another set of thumbs opened up, showing four sample sets of pictures featuring the slim girl in different suits. Her name, Angela noted, was Misti.

"Nice name," she giggled, nervously.

"Yeah, Mom," Max replied, his voice amused as well. "I think they all use fake names."

"Well, I know I would," his mother said. A sudden image arose in Max's mind: his mother in a ludicrously tiny bikini, smiling at him like all of the girls on the website. His cock twitched in his boxers and steadily began to harden. He shifted in the chair, suddenly uncomfortable. He glanced surreptitiously up at his mother's face, but she was looking at the monitor, not at him.

"Which series was the one you were using?"

The question slipped out of her mouth, unthought, unprepared, as so much seemed to be tonight. The

acknowledgement of the purpose of these pictures hung in the air. Trying to be reassuring, Angela leaned into her son's back, slipping her arm around his neck and giving him a warm hug.

Max felt his head being pulled back into his mother's chest, and then the feeling of her soft breast against the back of his head. 'Oh, crap,' he thought, as his cock, now at full attention, throbbed at the feel of that sweet yielding flesh against him. He dropped his left hand into his lap to try and cover the massive erection. His heart was pounding so hard he was sure his mother would be able to hear it. Glancing quickly down, he realized that his lap was completely in the dark. There was no way she would be able to tell that he had a boner.

"Uh, this one?" He clicked on the thumb showing 'Misti' in her green bikini. He loved this set for so many reasons. First, the top was sheer, and the girl's tits were so delectable. Also, the g-string was pathetically tiny, and the top of the vixen's red patch was uncovered. Finally, the set, for a free one, showed a lot of her tight body.

Unaware of her effect on her son, Angela watched with her breath caught as the pictures unfurled across the screen. She was unconscious of the fact that her nipple, still hard, was pressed into the side of her son's head. She leaned slightly forward again as Max clicked on the first thumb. The redhead was poolside, wearing the bikini the way the manufacturer intended. Mother and son stared at the picture together.

"This wasn't the one I saw," Angela breathed. Max turned slightly, and felt his mother's nipple drag across his cheek. Instinctively, as though he were burned, he jerked away, staring at the breast inches away from him.

"Max?" She looked down at him, and saw how close she was. Gathering herself, she pulled back slightly. She knew she wasn't being inappropriate. She just had to get control over herself. Her hand slipped down the front of her son, coming to rest on his strong left pec. The confused mother knew that she loved the closeness she seemed to be discovering with her son, and disregarded the heat that seemed to be emanating from between her legs. It was only natural, she reassured herself. The pictures were pretty sexy, after all.

"N-no, I guess not." He fumbled with the mouse, then managed to pull up the picture from earlier. He heard his mother gasp again as the shot from behind the redhead filled the screen once more. His cock pulsed again at the sound, and he couldn't help but grasp it with his left hand through his boxers. It felt so sweet to hold it, to squeeze it. His brain was beyond thinking at the moment.

Angela herself had to push her thighs together at the sight of the nubile girl on her hands and knees. Her fingers rubbed caressingly on her son's chest.

"What is it that you like about this picture?"

Max stared, lost. His hand on his cock paused in its squeezing. He shook his head, as if to clear the mist from in front of his eyes. His mother's hand on his chest felt so gentle, so loving. He couldn't believe he was looking at a picture like this with his Mom, let alone the fact that he was covertly jerking off while she was draped over his back.

"Uh, that you can see, like, everything?"

"Everything what?" Her voice sounded sultry, breathy, close to his ear.

"Mo-ooom," he whined, frustrated, unsure of what she wanted.

"You can say anything you need to, Max," she reassured him. Her pussy felt on fire, but she refused to acknowledge her sexual arousal. That would make this wrong, and it wasn't wrong. It was merely helping her son out.

"You can see her thing," he whispered. She chuckled quietly, and ruffled the hair on his head. He had never felt so much like a little boy.

"C'mon, kiddo, don't you know anything else to call it?"

"Her p-pussy," he blurted, amazed at his brazenness.

"That's better," she smiled, and kissed the top of his head. Once again he felt the pressure of her breast against him, but this time, he stayed where he was. She seemed unaware of the intimate contact. "What else?"

"Her asshole," he went on, encouraged. "I like the way it's hidden but you can still see it. It makes it so much hotter, y'know?"

"If you say so, Max," Angela replied. She was caught up in the delight of being admitted to her son's secrets, her suppressed arousal lending an addictive edge to the conversation. Without realizing it, she swayed back and forth, allowing her hard nipple to rub against her son's hair. "Does that part of a woman's body turn you on?"

"Yeah, I guess it does," Max panted, his hand now moving up and down his shaft under the desk. "Is that weird?"

"Not at all, sweetie," his mother replied, her thighs now rubbing back and forth, trying to create extra pressure against her own hot pussy. "Your Dad likes it, too."

Max's mind whirled at the admission, relieved to know that he was normal, like his father. But also, he was granted a further vision of his mother showing her ass to his Dad. He knew she had a gorgeous one from what he had seen. His cock slipped out of the slit in the front of his boxers, and he sighed as his hand gripped it skin to skin. The head felt enormous, and he spread the pre-cum that was pouring out around his girth.

"I also like the look on her face," he went on, "that look that like tells you that she wants to be fucked."

Angela shuddered at the sound of that illicit word emanating from her boy's mouth. 'Oh, God,' she thought, 'I need to get back to Gus so that he can fuck me...' She was amazed to realize that her panties were sodden between her legs, and she blinked several times.

"Okay, Max," she said, patting him on the chest. "I think I'm beginning to understand why you wanted to look at these pictures when you were 'taking care of business,' so to speak." She stood up, and noticed his left hand movements

under the desk. "I'm going to leave you to it," she went on wryly. "Enjoy yourself, honey."

Max's mind was in overload. She knew! She knew what he was doing, and it didn't even seem to bother her! He heard the door click closed behind her. His eyes were still looking at the picture on the screen, but all he could see was his mother's face, that amazing body. His cock felt gigantic in his hand as it exploded, his hot cum splashing off the underside of his desk with such force that he was quickly soaked. And as he came down from the amazing orgasm, he recalled the feel of her breast against his cheek, and sighed in wonder.

Gus was reading as his wife came into the bedroom.

"How did it go, honey?"

"Oh, Gus, I need you so much."

He looked up and saw his beautiful wife. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes glazed. He took in her hard nipples and the damp spot on the front of her panties. 'Holy shit,' he thought. 'What the fuck just happened?'

Angela skinned off her panties and cami and jumped on him. 'Well,' he thought, 'whatever it was, I know I like the result!' His cock was hard in a second and buried inside of his wife's steaming pussy. She rode him for all she was worth, bucking through what seemed like endless orgasms, until finally he turned her over and started thrusting into her with a passion he never knew he had in him. And when he finally strained deep inside her, cramming every inch of her with his steel erection, and his cum jetted against the furthest walls of her inside, a stray thought passed through him.

'I hope she goes and talks to Max more often...'

Chapter 2

The golden pink rays of the morning sun fell across Angela and Gus Johnson's bed. Angela opened her eyes, blinking dreamily, feeling that marvellous relaxed feeling of waking up after having been well fucked the night before. A sense of well-being suffused her, warm as the sunlight on her quilt. She looked lovingly at her husband, still asleep next to her, the covers half off of his back. How satisfying last night had been in so many ways.

She was sure that she had truly helped her son, Max. She remembered how horrible she had felt when she had thought that she might have done some irreparable damage to his confidence. And all because she hadn't had the foresight when she stumbled on him jerking off to condone his activities. Well, she had made up for that, no doubt.

And then, to have the supreme satisfaction of passionate love-making with her wonderful husband. It all came together to make her feel how fortunate she was, how blessed, to have this family. She sighed, happily arching her

back in a stretch, before getting up and putting her feet into her soft slippers. Confused for a second at her lack of clothing, she recalled how she had disrobed the night before with an amused grin. She grabbed a short robe and put it on over her nakedness before venturing downstairs to get the coffee going.

In his room, Max twisted and turned in his sheets, sweaty and uncomfortable. He had awoken early from a confused dream and had been unable to get back to sleep. Were his memories of last night real? Could he have actually looked at those pictures with his mother? Was it really possible that he had jerked himself off with her right next to him?

If she hadn't been disgusted by what had happened earlier in the evening, how could she help but be disgusted now? The confused and deeply ashamed boy stared up at the ceiling. He was convinced that his mother must think of him as some kind of depraved pervert. And after she had come back to try and help him!

Gus Johnson blinked as the alarm shrilled on his bedside table. Stretching luxuriously, he contemplated the blue sky showing through the window. A smile played across his lips as he recalled the hot sex he had enjoyed the night before. Christ, but his wife had been like a cat in heat, throwing herself on him with a passion he had not experienced in years. He wondered briefly what it was that had brought her to such a state, but part of his mind urged him not to examine it too closely. Be thankful, it whispered slyly. You haven't had it so good in years. And he nodded to himself as he got up to get ready for another day at the office.

By lunchtime, Angela no longer felt so pleased with everything. Although Gus seemed normal and happy when he left for work, giving her a warm kiss and a squeeze of her butt through her robe, Max had seemed even worse than before. His reaction on seeing her was to blush, turn away and scamper out the door. Despite everything, he was

further from her than he had been before she went to visit him last night.

The young woman was definitely confused. She had thought that the two of them had established a level of shared intimacy that was rare among parents and children. Had she not been understanding? Had she not even tried to encourage him in his activities of self-pleasuring?

She had managed to get her hair appointment, and was in the mall after having her bangs trimmed. Walking down the main drag with a bottle of water, her eye was caught by the Victoria's Secret store. Without thinking, the pretty mother strolled into the shop. As she browsed among the intimate clothing, her mind returned to the pictures she had looked at last night with her son.

Despite herself, she had to admit that the redhead had looked hot in the skimpy outfit. Would she be able to wear stuff like that? She suspected that she had the body for it, although she had never had the opportunity to compare herself against anything like the girl on the website.

Unconsciously, she drifted towards the table with the g-strings.

She held one up in front of her. There was hardly anything to it, and the coverage seemed impossibly small. She wondered whether she had the guts to wear one of these. At the same time, she thought about how aroused Max had been by seeing a girl wear one. Her mind was awirl, and she felt warm.

"Can I help you with anything?"

The perky voice belonged to an equally perky appearing young saleswoman. Angela looked at her blankly for a second.

"Uh... I was just looking..."

"These are one of our bestsellers, ma'am," the girl went on, as if Angela hadn't spoken. She took the one that she had picked up from her hands. "There really isn't another panty like it to make you feel really sexy, y'know?"

"People actually wear these?" Angela couldn't believe she had blurted this. She sounded so naïve.

"Of course," giggled the girl, who was really very pretty. "I love them, myself. See?" And she hooked a finger into her pants and pulled up a string above the waistband. "Mmmm. Sorry!" But she looked anything but sorry, as she saucily stared at the older woman, and then released the string from her finger. Angela blinked several times in shock, then coughed and turned back to the display. She was suddenly conscious that her nipples were hard and pushing out against her bra. She had to get away from this girl before she made a complete fool of herself.

"I'll take eight."

"Sure! What size?"

"Small, I think," Angela blushed.

"I would have guessed x-tra small," the girl said with a wink, and then expertly sifted through the piles selecting different colors and styles. She led the way to the cash register, and within moments Angela was outside the store holding a Victoria's Secret bag. Despite her blushing, unconsciously she was thinking how much Max liked seeing women in underwear just like the ones in the bag.

Max Johnson was having a difficult day at school. He couldn't seem to concentrate on anything. He was distracted by the memory of his mother's breast against his cheek, or the sound of her sexy laugh as she left his room last night. This morning had been no help, because when he came downstairs to get some breakfast, she was in the kitchen, dressed in a short thin cotton robe which hugged her every curve.

In fact, the first thing he had seen was her ass, barely covered by the robe, sticking out towards him, as she leaned over the counter reading the paper and sipping her coffee. He had stood there transfixed by the sight until she stood

up and looked at him, smiling happily. It was at that moment that he realized that he had a steel-hard erection, and he hightailed it out of there before she could realize how perverted he was.

Now, even surrounded by the pretty high school girls, even those girls who had starred in his fantasies every night up to now; now Max found himself unable to see beauty in any girl. They none of them stacked up against his mother.

"Hi, Max," trilled Kitty Clifton. She was a year behind him, and on the cheerleader squad. She leaned up against the locker next to his. She cocked one long leg, her pleated skirt rising up over the muscles of her thigh. With one finger, she twirled her long brown hair. A few feet away, a knot of other girls giggled together, watching.

In the past, this would have been the cue for Max to blush, stammer, and completely ruin any chance of meaningful conversation with the hot cheerleader. In fact, this was the sole reason for Kitty's approach. It had been a game among her and her friends to see how much they could unsettle

the young man. Even though he was pretty cute, in a kind of nerdy way, the girl mused.

But instead, surprisingly, he turned to face her without his usual shyness.

"Hi, Kitty," he replied, without the typical tremor in his voice. "What's up?"

"Oh, nothing," the girl replied. If he wasn't going to rise to the bait, she would have to apply more pressure. After all, she had friends watching. Trailing a finger up her front, she toyed with a button on her blouse between her full breasts. "Hot today, isn't it?"

"I guess," said Max, turning his attention back to his books. He hadn't really noticed Kitty's maneuver as his mind was still taken up with the picture of his mother leaning over the counter. It was amazing, he realized, that her robe had not slipped up and over her ass, considering how short it was.

His lack of reaction caused Kitty's mouth to drop open. That trick always worked, she thought. How could he resist staring? She would have to really turn up the heat. She undid the button and pulled the top of her blouse further apart.

"What are you doing Friday night?"

Max turned back to her. The way her blouse had gaped open, he could see the lacy strap of her bra over the upper swell of her breast, her tan skin soft and golden. Yesterday, he would have died for such a view. But his mind was still miles away.

"Why?"

Either Max Johnson was a doofus, or he was a much cooler kid than she had given him credit for. Either way, she was intrigued and wanted to find out more about him.

"What does a girl have to do to get a guy to ask her for a date," she whispered, staring at him with sultry blue eyes.

Max blinked twice. For the first time that day, his mind slipped off of the image of his mother and refocused on the teen beauty in front of him. Realizing that he was on the brink of something huge, he took all of his courage in his hands. After all, the girl had quite the reputation as the hottest and wildest girl in school. He remembered the stories that surrounded her eighteenth birthday party last month. Of course, he had not been invited. Well, maybe this would make up for it.

"Oh. Is that all? Sure, Kitty, you wanna go out with me Friday?" He hoped his tone was as insouciant as he had planned.

"See you at 6:30, my place." She turned and skipped back to her friends, who surrounded her, with much giggling and whispering.

Angela Johnson had put the bag in her closet without even looking inside. She was not sure that she wanted to know what she had bought. Certainly part of her wanted to try a pair on, but she was scared of what her reaction might be.

She was preparing dinner in the kitchen when she heard her son get home from school. He didn't even stop to say hi, but went right up to his room. She heard the door slam, shaking the whole house. She sighed. It seemed there were still problems that she would have to address. But for the time being, she would let him have some space. Maybe tonight...

Dinner was a subdued affair, as each member of the Johnson family was wrapped up in their own thoughts. Max was thinking about Kitty, and about his date with her on Friday night. He had spent the afternoon in his room, staring at his homework, but really worrying about how he was going to manage to stay cool when he was out with one of the hottest girls in the school. He wasn't even sure that he had anything he could talk about with her. Did they have anything in common at all?

Angela was observing her son, who was clearly obsessing over something. She was worried that it had to do with their conversation the night before. He was not even looking at her. Was he still ashamed over those pictures he was looking at? How could she get him to relax about it?

Gus Johnson looked at his wife and his son. He had no idea what was going on. Usually dinner was a talkative affair in his house. But tonight, Angela looked worried and Max looked upset. He resolved to talk to Angela later, but he had a bunch of work he had to take care of before tomorrow.

After dinner, each person went off to their own parts of the house. Gus was quickly lost in his work, spreadsheets and data occupying all of his conscious thought. Max, meanwhile, finished his homework half-heartedly, then dove into a computer game, trying to free his mind. Angela watched some stupid comedy, then took a long hot bath, still wondering how she was going to get Max to accept that it was all right to look at whatever he wanted to.

Later, Gus wrapped up his work and came upstairs to find Angela lying on the bed in a bathrobe. Although she had a

magazine in her hands, she was clearly not paying any attention to it, as her gaze was off in the distance.

"What's on your mind, Ange?"

"Oh, Gus. I think Max is still confused about me barging in on him."

"Are you sure?" Gus was surprised. He had thought the issue had been resolved the night before. "He certainly seemed preoccupied at dinner."

"I think he's still worried that I think he's disgusting or perverted, or something."

"Do you want me to talk to him?" He wasn't sure how he would go about talking to his son about this. This was a little beyond the old 'birds and bees.'

"No, no. I think it has to be me who talks to him," Angela replied earnestly. "I'm just not sure how to convince him

that I don't mind what he does in the privacy of his own room."

"Well, maybe you have to show him that you're not uptight yourself. After all, we've looked at some pictures together in the past." Gus was astonished at what he had said. Was he encouraging something here? But she seemed so sincere in her confusion, so desperate to help their son. Surely nothing too untoward could come of it.

Angela thought about what her husband had said. Maybe he was right. Maybe it was her fault. After all, she was always so careful about what she wore or about what she said, especially around their son. And had he ever seen them more than politely affectionate with each other? Maybe he had gotten the idea that because his parents were so proper, he wasn't allowed to express his own needs.

"I think perhaps you're right," she said thoughtfully, then came to a decision. She stood up and went to the dresser, where she hunted around and then pulled out a white lacy baby-doll negligee. Gus watched her, slightly horrified. Was she really going to wear that? Angela pulled out the

Victoria's Secret bag and found a matching g-string to go with the lingerie. With a shrug of her shoulders, she let the bathrobe fall to the ground. Underneath, she only had a pair of white cotton panties on. These she skimmed off her hips and stepped out of.

Once again, Gus was in awe of his wife's beauty. Such sweet curves, such smooth skin. She slipped into the baby-doll, pulling it down over her head. With an economy of motion born of practice, she settled each breast inside of its cup. The hem of the negligee reached perhaps an inch or two below the bottom curves of her ass. Now she held up the g-string, apparently assuring herself that the string was in the back, before daintily stepping into it.

As she pulled the string up and over her ass, Angela felt it slip sinfully between the cheeks. She tugged lightly at the string, feeling it settle against her anus, rubbing wickedly against the tender skin there. Running a fingernail under the front panel, she situated it as best as possible over her pubic mound. With delight she noted how well it cupped her pussy, the sheer material holding her like a small hand. Unfortunately, the panel was not quite large enough to cover all of her pubic hair, but she figured that in dim light

and with the lacy baby-doll covering her, there would be no way for anyone (Max, her inner voice whispered) to see that.

As she turned to face him, Gus gasped in astonishment. His wife was transformed into a siren. The straps of the baby-doll left much of each breast uncovered, with only a slight lacy cup covering the bottom third. At least the nipple was not in plain sight, he realized, although he wondered how obvious it would be if they were fully aroused. And the front of the gown came up in the middle of the front, revealing a peek at the tiny g-string lewdly outlining her sex. What had he done?

"I think this will show him that I'm not uptight, don't you think?" A saucy smile on her lips, Angela laughed to herself at her husband's gawking. "Don't you worry, Mister. I'm coming back afterwards, and then you can unwrap me!"

Max was sitting in bed, his thoughts on Kitty Clifton. The girl was so beautiful, he couldn't believe that he was going

on a date with her. That long straight brown hair, the deep sea-blue eyes, her full lips, usually quirked in a superior smile, the heart-shaped face. Not to mention, of course, the killer body, always displayed to advantage in the sexiest clothes allowable under school rules.

The worst of it was, he had no idea why she had taken the sudden interest in him. Was it just a more elaborate way of yanking his chain? Was he going to show up at her house on Friday and be greeted by a group of jeering teenaged girls?

Or, even more frightening, was she for real?

While he was lost in thought, he heard a knock at his door.

"Max, can I come in?"

His heart skipped a beat as he suddenly remembered the events of last night. He could hardly believe that it had been only twenty-four hours since his mother had stood behind

him while he (he thought) secretly jerked off under the desk. What did she want now?

"Uh, yeah, come on in."

Angela opened the door, and saw Max again in the bed, in much the same position as he had been the night before. Once more her heart went out to him. He seemed so vulnerable, so confused. She had to make things right.

If Max' heart had skipped a beat before, it actually stopped for a second at the sight of his mother in the door. My God, he thought, is she actually wearing what I think she's wearing?

Once again, she was backlit, so he couldn't see her face that well, but the outline of her lithe body shone right through the lacy baby-doll she was wearing. With one hand on the doorframe, she stood on her tiptoes.

"Max, we need to talk again," she said, sounding a little anxious.

"Uh, sure, Mom," Max answered. He thought maybe his eyes might pop out of his head as she came across the room and into the light. The skimpy negligee hid next to nothing. Her breasts (he couldn't think of them as tits, it was his mother, after all) swayed provocatively under the white lace of the baby-doll's cups. Her long slim legs were entirely uncovered, and his eyes swept inexorably up their length to where they disappeared under the lacy hem. As she walked, the front slipped back and forth, giving him glimpses of the junction of her thighs where the shadows hid whatever she was wearing underneath.

"Listen, honey," she began, standing next to the bed, looking down at him, "about last night..." Her heart was beating fast, and she fought the urge to put her hands protectively in front of her crotch. She had no idea how much he could see, and it made her uncomfortable, but she schooled herself, holding her hands together behind her back. Tonight was to make Max understand that everybody had sexual thoughts and desires.

"Uh, Mom, I can explain," Max began. He was trying to look anywhere but between her legs or at her chest. It wasn't easy, and she certainly wasn't making it any easier as she stood there bouncing on her toes. He felt himself blushing, and he looked down at where his hands were twisting the sheet.

"No, Max, you don't have to explain anything," his mother broke in. He stole a glance up at her, and saw her smiling nervously. His eyes raked down her body again, taking in the firm breasts, standing with little support, down to that gap in her baby-doll. As she bounced, the light would flick in, and he suddenly saw the little pouch holding her sex. He felt sick as a rush of blood poured into his groin. He knew there was little that would hold him back from getting an erection. And all that protected his embarrassment from his mother was a thin sheet and his boxers. Why couldn't he have worn something tighter tonight?

"What do you mean?" His glance had felt as physical as a caress down her body. She bit her lip as she felt that familiar warmth in her groin. She didn't notice the movement under the sheet that would have belied her son's arousal, caught up as she was in her own.

"This has all been my fault," she said, smiling tentatively. "I think I've been giving you the wrong impression."

"How's that?" Max felt miserable. He couldn't interpret any of this. What did she mean?

"Look at me, honey." Her heart was flapping like a hummingbird at this point. Was she really inviting her son to examine her in this sexy outfit? He reluctantly lifted his head to look at her, and with the force of those sexy eyes, she felt her nipples hardening under the lacy nothing. She wondered if he would be able to see them, and part of her hoped that he could.

"Do you see me?" Max nodded. How could he fail to see her? In fact, there were the nubs of her nipples pushing out. Twice in two nights he was afforded the sight of his mother's hard tips under almost no coverage. Was she trying to kill him? But the picture of her, so wholesome, so sexy, so forbidden, was more than his cock could handle, and he leaned forward to hide the tent that had formed in his lap.

"It's okay to look at sexy things, sweetie," she went on, barely aware of what she was saying. She had never felt so on the edge before, as she stood before her son, displaying herself for his appreciation. But he still seemed unsure. "I like to look at sexy things also. It's just that people don't like to admit that women enjoy that stuff also." In fact, she was looking at something sexy right now. His youthful body, coiled in tension on the bed was like a caged beast.

He sat there, looking at her, his eyes bouncing between her face and lower. She reached out a hand and put it on his shoulder, which pulled the baby-doll a little higher on her body. Immediately his gaze shot to that place between her legs, the scrap of fabric of the g-string completely exposed. He gasped as he saw her blonde hairs escaping over the top of the panties. Had he been a little more experienced, he might have realized that the panties were damp as well.

In fact there was a slight whiff of excitement in the air, emanating from her poorly hidden pussy, but both mother and son were unaware. As she touched him, a jolt of excitement passed down her body, and she shuddered

slightly. A little spasm had passed through her sex. She was becoming addicted to the feeling of scary eroticism. Max felt the same excitement, but was confused by it. How could he feel this way about his mother? But his hard cock was quickly taking over.

"Uh, would you like to..." His courage faltered.

"Like what?" Her voice was a little shaky. He glanced down. "It's okay, Max," she whispered. "Whatever you want..."

"Like to look at more with me?" He couldn't stand to look at her in case she rejected him.

"Of course," she replied excitedly. "I would like nothing more, honey." He looked up now, surprised, happy, and her heart bounded at the happiness on his face. But then his face fell as he realized that so much open space stood between him and the computer, and his cock would be too obvious.

"Y-you've got to turn around, Mom," he faltered. She giggled and spun around. With the movement the hem of the baby-doll flipped up. Her ass was momentarily exposed to him, and he gasped at the glimpsed perfection of it, the two cheeks completely uncovered, the little string nestled between them. His cock jerked as a pulse of pre-cum leaked out. He pulled the sheet aside and hopped to the computer chair. With her back still to him, he arranged himself so that his shaft stuck out of his boxers.

"Okay, Mom," he said, and she spun around again, to stand behind the chair. She leaned over his shoulder again, resting against the back of his head. She hugged him lightly from behind, her arms on his naked chest again. She craved the feel of his young muscles, and she caressed lightly over them. The boy closed his eyes as he felt her firm breasts again against his head. He leaned back into them unconsciously.

In seconds he had another website of bikini girls up on the screen. Together the mother and son looked at pictures of sweet young things in skimpy bathing suits. Max furtively stroked his cock under the desk. Angela was at first unaware

of his activity, caught up as she was in looking at the beautiful women.

"What do you like about this one?" They were looking at a girl in a slingshot style bikini. The straps were barely large enough to cover her nipples, and the patch covering her pubic mound came only high enough to keep her labia out of sight. In fact, there was a suggestion of the beginning of her cleft at the top. Her long blonde hair framed her pretty face.

"Uh," he gasped, "I like the way her boobs stick out all around the top." Angela glanced down and saw his hand moving in his lap. She grinned, leaning forward a little more. She felt the side of her own breast pushing into his cheek, and left it there naughtily. She pulled one hand from his chest and slipped it down over her panties, pushing in against her swollen lips.

"C'mon, honey," she murmured, "'boobs' is such a silly word..."

Max turned slightly and felt her slip across his cheek. With a start, he felt the hardness of her nipple against the corner of his lips. It burned through the lace, hot against his sensitive mouth. His cock jerked in his hand, a fresh stream of pre-cum erupting over his hand. He held still, as he spasmed involuntarily in his grasp. He was loving this feeling and didn't want it to end too soon.

"Would you rather I said 'tits'?" He felt so bold saying the word to his mother, but the situation seemed to call for it. The pretty mother shook as she felt the vibrations of his speaking in her breast, and pressed harder on her clit.

"Mmmmm," she moaned. "That seems more like it, Max. Let's see the next picture!"

He clicked on the forward arrow, and the next picture loaded up. In this one, the blonde was sitting down with her legs spread wide, the thong of the slingshot slipped to one side of her completely shaved pussy. One nipple had escaped the capture of the swimsuit as well. The two gasped together. Max' hand had started again, now making slick sounds with its movement on his cock. He kept his face

turned slightly, enjoying the feeling of his mother's nipple on his mouth. He wanted to reach out and lick it or nip it with his lips, but didn't dare take that step.

"Ohhh," the aroused woman sighed as her finger circled her hard clit through the little g-string which was completely soaked by this point. "What turns you on in this picture?"

"She's so fucking into it, Mom," he cried, his mounting excitement causing him to throw all caution to the wind.

"How can you tell, honey?"

"The way her pussy is so wide open... and her nips are sooo hard." This said almost directly into her tit. She pushed against him, and felt her lace-clad nipple push between his lips, but still he refrained from any active move.

"Do you like it that she has no hair down there?"

"Oh God, Mom," he moaned. "It's pretty damned sexy, yeah. But I prefer it when women keep a little hair on their pussy." His hand was moving quickly on his cock now, his other hand holding his balls. The situation was so wild, he was panting.

"Yeah, honey? How much hair?" The mother was equally out of control here, one finger now inside of her, wetly slipping in and out of her steaming pussy.

"I like seeing the lips, so there should be no hair there, right?"

"Uh-huh." She was hanging on his every word. He had such strong opinions. She loved his confidence.

"And then there should be just a small patch of hair above, just so you know she's really a woman, y'know?"

Every word caused his lips to move around her nipple. She had never felt such constant thrills from her breasts before this. It was like there was a direct electrical connection

between her nipple and her cunt. 'Cunt.' She liked the sound of that.

"So you like to see her cunt clearly, huh?"

The shock of that word coming from his mother's mouth caused Max to jet over the edge into orgasm. With spasms throughout his body, the cum surged up his cock and splashed wetly against the desk. With each jerk, Angela felt him push against her, until the chair slipped back and the last rope of jism shot from his cock. With a splat the white liquid landed across his abdomen and chest, one drop landing square on the back of his mother's hand. It was like a drop of burning lead on her sensitive skin. She held her son through his forceful orgasm, soothing him with caresses on his chest.

He felt completely drained, and oddly pleased with himself. He barely felt her withdraw her hand from his chest and her breast from the side of his face. With a kiss on the top of his head, she stepped away.

"That was lovely, sweetie," she whispered as she stepped out.

Outside the room, she closed the door, then leaned shaking against the wall. She regarded the drop of white cum on her hand. Slowly, inevitably, she brought her hand up to her mouth. She put the other hand inside her panties and swirled a finger around her clit as her tongue reached out and lapped up the still hot fluid. Savoring the mildly bitter flavor on her tongue she shuddered in a silent orgasm.

Taking a deep breath, she turned and went back to her bedroom and her waiting husband.

Gus had sat in the bedroom, trying not to think about how he had sent his lovely wife into their son's room wearing a bordello outfit. He tried not to imagine what the two might be getting up to down the hall. He desperately tried not to imagine his wife in the embrace of his son, and yet the whole time he sat with a throbbing erection, casually stroking himself.

And when she came back into the room, looking if possible hotter than she had the night before; when he saw her flushed face, wisps of her gleaming blonde hair out of her ponytail; when he took in the way her nipples were hard as ice chips; when he noticed the way her g-string was pushed down her hips, the patch loose in front of her mound; in fact, when she pushed that brief scrap of fabric over her hips and he saw the red arousal of her pussy, he lost it entirely.

Leaping to his feet, he pushed her head down into the bed. With a cry, he thrust himself deep inside her from behind. The heat of her was like a furnace around his equally hot cock. His pistoning in and out was met with his wife's perfect ass pushing out against him. Each thrust was accompanied by grunts from both of them.

"Oh, FUCK me, fuck me harder, Gusss!!!"

Her scream was primal, his fucking animalistic. And when his eruption occurred it was a white-hot lance of lava from deep within him, and he unleashed it on her like a

punishment. And bless her, she took it all into her own depths with a hiss of delight.

God, how he loved her.

Chapter 3

"Hiya, Max Johnson." A sweet, girly voice broke him out of his reverie. He had been sitting in the library in front of an open book, his thoughts on nothing but the feeling of his mother's erect nipple, covered in lace, perched on his lower lip. The memory had claimed the greater part of his conscious thought all day.

He looked up to see Kitty Clifton standing next to him. He smiled distantly at the pretty girl, not taking in the way her skirt rode up her thigh, or the way her cropped top gaped at the bottom, just above his eye level.

Kitty, for her part, had had second thoughts about her impulsive action of the day before. What if the guy turned

out to be a complete dork? She couldn't let it be known that she had gone out with a loser. She had her reputation as the most difficult girl to attain to protect. So she thought she'd see if his reaction to her teasing had been a fluke.

She had gone all out. Her flippy plaid skirt was at least two inches shorter than school regulations officially allowed. She knew she was showing an indecent amount of leg in the middle of a school day. Hell, if she leaned over too much, her panties would be exposed from the rear. And those panties... Her sexiest for school days, they were pink and lacy, French cut.

The crop top had once been a normal t-shirt, but she had cut out the collar as well as most of the midriff. Now it hung off one shoulder, revealing the lacy strap of the matching pink bra, which stood out in lovely contrast to her deep golden skin. The bottom of the shirt came only inches below the rounded curves of her breasts, and her slim flat belly was entirely uncovered. Her teardrop navel was a marvel of nature, with its neat little diamond stud piercing that she had convinced her father to give her for her sweet sixteen. She was pretty sure that with a little leaning back, someone at a lower level would be able to see her lace-

encased tits from below. Someone sitting, say, at the level of Max Johnson.

With her hair in a braid, she was the epitome of teenaged sexiness, and she knew it. The girl exuded confidence from every pore. She was used to being the center of attention, used to getting everything she wanted. So the fact that this boy seemed unaware of her right now was beyond her comprehension.

Max looked at Kitty. She was surely lovely, he thought. But can she even compare to Mom? He watched as she hopped onto the table, the skirt flipping up to show what little was hidden behind its pleats.

"So," she smiled, "you ready for Friday night?"

Max' doubts about his upcoming date had been far from his mind all morning, so he leaned back in his chair and shrugged, then raised an eyebrow.

"Guess so. You?"

Her mind boggled. Where had this guy come from? She had to find out more. She arched her back slightly, causing the t-shirt to ride up her breasts.

"I'm ready for anything you are," she whispered slyly.

As if in a trance, Max saw his hand reach out and land on the cheerleader's knee. The skin felt so soft and smooth. He was sure his mother's skin was softer. He saw the girl's tits from under the shirt. As pert and firm as they looked, could they be any more exciting than the feel of his mother's against his cheek?

"You're looking good today, girl," he said casually. "Gonna look this hot Friday?"

Kitty's eyes widened at the challenge in his question. The feel of his hand on her leg was electrifying. It was as if he had taken possession of her.

"Hotter," she assured him, desperate for some kind of assurance from this guy. What had happened here? How had the power situation reversed itself? She couldn't say, but she liked the way it made her feel: excited, a little out of control.

Max laughed quietly. Who was this guy who seemed so self-assured? He wasn't sure, but he liked it. He gently squeezed the thigh, feeling the firm muscles under the skin.

"Looking forward to it," he said, smiling, then stood up and took his book, leaving Kitty gasping on the table. And as he walked away, he realized that the reason he was so in control was because of his mother. And he wanted more.

Angela Johnson had spent the day floating on air. She couldn't believe how wonderful she felt. And every time she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror she felt like laughing at how young she looked. She was practically glowing.

And why not? She had the all the love she could hope for. Her darling husband had always been sweet and thoughtful. Making love with was always a tender and loving affair.

"But every once in a while, a girl wants something a bit rougher," she said to her reflection, then giggling at the blonde in the mirror. Because Gus had provided that in spades, just when she wanted it last night.

And even better, how supportive he had been of her. He had really helped her out in her relationship with their son, and now she felt so much closer to Max than she had ever done before. The young mother didn't examine the nature of the bond she was forging with her son. In fact, in her mind, looking at porn with her teenaged son while dressed in next to nothing while he brought himself to a mind-shattering orgasm in front of her was merely a parental method of acknowledging her child's burgeoning maturity.

But the truth was, of course, much deeper than that. In fact, that morning, when Angela had been showering, she shaved her legs, as she did every few days. But this time,

when she finished with the stubble on her calves and lower thighs, she paused. Usually, she had no reason to shave any higher. The hairs on her upper thighs were soft and nearly invisible. And she had never had any call to shave her mound, because she had never worn anything that would have revealed any pubic hairs.

"Still," she thought, "I've gotten these g-strings, and if I'm going to wear them, I should wear them properly. Without worrying if any of my pubes are showing."

And with this justification, the woman got some shaving cream of her husband's and lathered up her pubic mound. With careful strokes of the razor, she removed a large portion of the downy hairs. Washing away the lather, she examined the area thoroughly, trimming here and there until there was only a small patch of hair neatly outlined, just above the start of her crease.

But she still wasn't satisfied with her results. So she got a hand mirror and placed it on the floor. Squatting above it, she shaved the hair on her labia using the mirror to show her all of her crevices. By stretching her lips, she managed

to get every last hair off of her vulva. She even used the razor between her butt cheeks to remove a couple of hairs there. And then she stood up and walked out of the bathroom to stand in front of her floor length mirror in her bedroom.

The sight was amazing. She had never imagined she could look so erotic. Her pussy lips stood out so prominently, and her little clitoris was displayed so rudely up front. The small trim patch of hair above her sex hid nothing, only advertising that she was, in fact, a grown woman, and not a little girl who had no hair yet.

"Just the way Max likes it," she thought, not noticing how the idea caused her pussy to throb. On a whim, she turned around and got on all fours, with her legs spread widely. Looking over her shoulders, she saw how she was presenting her womanhood blatantly, the lips engorged and so wide-spread that she thought she could see into the depths of her pussy. And above the pink labia, the deeper salmon star of her anus winked at her. With her blonde hair gleaming wet from the shower, she looked just like one of the models in Max' websites.

"Not bad for a thirty-eight year old," she whispered.

Now she was making dinner, wearing one of those g-strings, a red one in fact, under her white peasant skirt. She delighted in the way her ass cheeks rubbed against each other around the little string down the crack. She felt so free, so easy.

And when Max came home and saw her, he had whistled low.

"Hey, Mom. You look really pretty."

Angela blushed.

"Oh, silly. I bet you say that to all the girls."

"Nope," laughed Max. "In fact, I think you're the first."

His mother leaned against the counter and looked directly at him. A little frown line appeared between her beautiful eyes.

"The first, Max? I think you need to talk to some more girls, honey."

"Oh, never mind," Max said, disgruntled, and went up to his room. Why couldn't she just take his compliment without worrying about him?

Angela shrugged, refusing to let the exchange darken her mood.

After dinner, Max went to his father's study.

"Dad? Can I talk to you?"

"Sure, son," Gus said, turning away from his spreadsheets.
"What can I do you for?"

Max smiled weakly, trying to figure out a way to broach what would be a pretty delicate subject.

"Dad, how do you talk to girls?"

"Hmmm," his father said, thoughtfully. "That's a pretty big topic, Max. I'm not sure what you're looking for. Is there some specific situation that you're talking about?"

"Uh, yeah, I guess so," Max said, looking down at his feet.

"C'mon in and sit down. Make yourself comfortable." The teenager walked across the room and plunked down in an armchair. "Now, why don't you start at the beginning."

"O-okay. Um, there's this woman, see. She's, um, kinda older than me, right?" Which was the truth, of course. "And

I think she's interested in me, but I'm not sure if I want to go there? Or if I really should?"

Gus had an inkling suddenly of what Max was talking about, and he was very unsure if he wanted to continue the conversation. But he steeled himself, because he was in part responsible for what was going on in his house.

"Go on, Max."

Max was relieved that his father hadn't just gotten angry at him. He didn't think his Dad knew about what was going on between his Mom and him, but he wasn't sure.

"But she makes me feel, like, pretty good, y'know, that she's interested in me, and that makes me pretty confident. And that's good, right? 'Cause there's this other girl at school that I sort of asked on a date by accident because of how confident I felt right at that moment. You know what I mean?"

"Uh, hang on a sec," Gus said, now somewhat amused. "How did you ask this other girl by accident?"

"Well, I was really thinking about how nice it was to have Mo—I - I mean, this other woman hang out with me? And Kitty comes up, and she's like really hot, y'know, and not like the kind of girl I usually talk to, and I was able to be all cool with her, and then before I knew it, we had agreed to go on a date on Friday."

Gus laughed, and after a second, Max grinned sheepishly.

"Uh, yeah, I guess it does sound kind of dorkish, huh?"

"Not at all, son. Not at all. Remind me to tell you some day about how I managed to ask your mother on our first date. It wasn't easy to get my courage up at all, as I think you can guess."

"Yeah, Mom's pretty hot, too, isn't she?"

"You can say that again, Max. But listen," he went on, more seriously. "This older woman. Is she married?"

"Uh, yeah, how did you guess?" Max was a little startled. Did his Dad know more than he was letting on?

"Never mind. Do you think she loves her husband?"

"Yeah, actually, I really think she does," said Max.

Thank God, Gus thought to himself. He took a deep breath and went on.

"How far do you think she wants to go with you, then?"

"I can't tell, Dad. It's more like playing around so far. Even if it's pretty hot and heavy."

"Spare me the details," Gus interrupted. He had no desire to know exactly what went on in his son's bedroom during the night. He just had to be sure that at the end of it all, Angela

came back to him. In fact, he was looking forward to the sex tonight. "Max, you've got to protect yourself as best you can. As long as you remember that what you're doing with this older woman is just for fun, use it for the experience you can get from it. It seems to be helping you with getting your confidence. But," he held up a hand, to forestall Max from talking. "But, you've got to remember not to let yourself get in too deep with this woman."

"Just for fun, huh?" Max thought about this, turning it over in his mind. "I thought sex was supposed to be only between people who were really serious together."

"The best kind always is, son. But it can also be something just for kicks. Okay?"

"Sure, Dad!" Max was delighted with his father-son talk. He had gotten the go-ahead from his father to fool around with his mother, even if his father didn't know all of the details.

Gus sat staring at the door after Max had left. Christ, these were deep waters he was treading in. As long as Angela came

back to him each night, he was going to let things develop.
The sex was too outstanding.

That night, Angela dithered around the bedroom, pulling out all of her nightclothes, unable to decide what to wear. Gus watched her in amusement.

"Going to talk with Max again?"

"Yes, yes, honey," Angela said distractedly. "He seemed confused again this afternoon, still lacking in confidence. I've got to help him out, don't you see?"

"Why don't you wear what you were wearing last night?" Gus deliberately held back the fact that Max had a date on Friday night, so maybe his confidence problems were a thing of the past.

"Because, obviously, it didn't work enough," she said angrily. Didn't Gus understand?

"So," Gus said, carefully. "You want to take it to another level, hmm?"

"Exactly!" Her anger vanished immediately, and she went and hugged her dear husband. As always, he knew exactly what to say.

"Well, don't you remember this outfit?" And he pulled out a hanger from the back of her closet. On it hung a wisp of a chemise in sheer black nylon. She squealed in delight, hopping up and down.

"Yes, that's it! Oh, thank you so much, sweetie!" She unbuttoned her blouse and unhooked her bra in a flash.

"Help me on with it, okay?" He took it off the hanger and held it up for her to slip her slender arms into. He caressed the soft skin of each arm as it passed through, settling his hands on her shoulders as she stood in front of the mirror.

He watched her in the reflection as she tied the front together between her sweet breasts, which were easily visible through the sheer material. The two halves of the front swept out towards her hips, leaving her navel completely exposed.

Angela, for her part, was delighted with how she looked. If this didn't help Max get over his confidence problems, she didn't know what would. She pulled her peasant skirt and her g-string off, because of course the red g-string wouldn't work. In a flash she had a matching black g-string out of her Victoria's Secret bag. This one's straps were split in two, leading to the tiny pouch in the middle, which seemed, if possible, even smaller than the others she had worn. With a little adjusting, she managed to get the thing over her sex, although more was visible than she had ever seen before.

Gus had noticed her shaving job, of course, but again said nothing. When his sexy wife turned to him and asked how she looked, he smiled, holding her at arm's length, looking her up and down.

"Almost perfect," he growled.

"Almost?" She raised one eyebrow in a sultry fashion.
"What's missing?"

"Just this," he said carelessly, and let his hands trail down to her breasts, tweaking each nipple through the sheer black nylon. Now they stood out proudly, deep red showing through the sexy chemise. "That's perfect." And, his heart pounding, his cock throbbing, he turned her around and patted her on her astounding ass to send her on her way.

Max was sitting, waiting with bated breath. His cock was already hard as iron in his boxers under the covers. Would she come to his room again? What would she be wearing tonight? All thoughts of Kitty Clifton were gone from his adolescent brain.

And when that soft knock came, his anxiety slipped away.
She was back!

"Come in," he said, hoping the excitement wasn't too obvious in his voice.

Angela opened the door, her heart pounding again. It was so much fun playing this game with Max! She realized that part of her had spent the whole day looking forward to this moment. She stepped inside, noting that Max had left the overhead light on tonight. So she posed in the doorway, consciously.

Max' eyes almost bugged right out of his head when he saw what his mother was wearing. He had left the light on purposefully. He hadn't wanted to miss a thing. And he congratulated himself on the success of his ploy.

The sheer chemise hid nothing. Her perky tits that he had felt, yes, and even kissed, if passively, the night before, were now displayed for him to see. There was no sag to them at all, and they sat proudly high on his mother's chest. The nipples, aroused and hard already, sat neatly within the small circles of her areolas. He could not have asked for a more perfect vision for the first time he saw breasts in person.

And better yet, the chemise fell away from her body below her breasts, so that he could see the woman's flat belly, the pretty navel, the gentle curve of her hips. Best of all, her pussy was cupped in a sexy g-string, smaller, he thought, than the one she had worn yesterday. He wondered if he would see her pubic hair again.

Angela smiled at his response. Her eyes flicked down towards his lap, where, for the first time, she saw the tent he was producing under the covers. It looked more than respectable, but she had to wonder what it would look like in person. What was she thinking? She wasn't here to gawk at her child's erection. This was for him. She could satisfy her own lust back in her room with her husband afterwards.

"Like what you see?" She was surprised at herself, but the words had come out before any censor could stop them. They sounded corny to her ears, but she could see that Max didn't think so, as he dumbly nodded. She walked over to the side of his bed, slowly and seductively.

"It's okay to look at sexy stuff, right, Max?"

He nodded again, his mouth dry, then cleared his throat.

"I guess so, Mom," he rasped as she came closer. Her breasts swayed slightly with each step, the sheer nylon doing little to fetter their movement. And the way she swung her hips, oh God, that was sexy. His cock had never been harder, throbbing in his boxers. As she stopped by his side, he realized that, despite the lowness of her g-string, there were no pubic hairs to be seen.

Angela noted where he was looking and giggled. He looked up, puzzled.

"I did some personal maintenance today, honey."

"Huh?"

"Um, down there?" She pointed to her groin, and her son's eyes followed her finger back to her center. Max could see her labia outlined by the little black pouch, a tiny crease

down the center of the g-string announcing the entrance to her sex. A light went on his brain.

"Oh! Ohhhh." He nodded, then looked up at her again. "You got rid of it all?"

"No, silly. See?" And she pulled the top of the g-string down half an inch so that she could show her son her neat handiwork. Max swallowed hard as his mother's trimmed patch came into view. It was a tiny little tuft of hair, just sitting above where he thought her pussy had to start, although he couldn't see that unfortunately. And his mother only allowed the quickest of views before settling the g-string back into place. But what she said next nearly blew his mind completely.

"I know that's how you prefer it," she whispered. Angela was out of control, but she was unaware of it. There was a hot blush spreading over her chest and up to her cheeks, which Max didn't notice as he was still transfixed by the intimate viewing he had just had. She took a deep breath and went on.

"Wanna look at some porn together?"

Max was in seventh heaven. He wanted to leap out of the bed and hug his mother, but he wasn't quite ready to show himself to her yet.

"Uh-huh," was all he could manage.

"C'mon, Max. You gotta do better than that," Angela encouraged. She wanted him to be more bold, more sure of himself. She smiled down at him, cocking one hip. The action pushed her pelvis towards her son, but she was unconscious of that. He blinked, and smiled back.

"Uh, okay. Lemme try again." He cleared his throat and sat up straighter. Angela's eyes were drawn once again to the tent in his lap. Was it pulsing?

"Mother dearest," he said in a fake plummy accent. "I would surely love to look at some porn with you." She giggled, and curtsied, holding out the edges of her chemise to either side.

"Well, kind sir, I appreciate your courtesy, and tonight, if you don't mind, I would like to be able to sit down."

"Uh, I don't actually have another chair, Mom."

"That's okay. You sit in the chair, and I'll just perch on one of your legs, okay?" She lightly turned around and stood with her back to him, leaning on the computer desk with both hands. "You just let me know when you're ready for me to sit down."

Max was in complete awe at the sight in front of him. Her golden blonde hair fell down to just below her shoulders. Her sexy back was essentially uncovered in the sheer chemise, and the hem of the nightie came to about the middle of her ass. The black string of the g-string did nothing to cover her, so for all intents and purposes, his mother was nude in front of him. Furthermore, the way she was leaning forward put her in a 'fuck me' type of position, with her ass pushed out toward him. He stood up.

Angela heard the sheets pushed back, and giggled to herself at what Max must be seeing right now. She wanted so badly to look, to assure herself of his arousal, to see his arousal, to see his cock, but she forced herself to keep her eyes ahead. Every sound seemed exaggerated, the creak of the bed as he stood up, the pat of his feet as he slowly walked up behind her. Even his deep manly breathing, right behind her, as his shadow fell over her back. He just stood there. What was he going to do?

Max stood behind his sexy mother, looking down at her firm ass, so round and perfect. There was no blemish to be seen, no unsightly discoloration. It was as perfect an ass as any he had seen online. His hands twitched as he stood there, aching to touch her, to caress her. But he couldn't let himself break the spell. There seemed to be rules here, and he was damned if he was going to mess this all up.

She wiggled her ass at him. It was mesmerizing.

"Hurry up, will you? I haven't got all night," she said, with a smile in her voice. He shook his head to clear his senses. Had Max been more experienced with women, he might

have recognized the signs of her excitement. However, his shyness and nervousness prevented him from taking any chance of her rejection. Nonetheless, he did take advantage of her having her back turned, and with a quick motion, he shucked his boxers off, sitting down in his chair completely naked, his hard cock pulsing in his lap.

"Okay, Mom, ready for you to sit down," he rasped.

"Ready or not, here I come," she said throatily. She moved her legs to either side of his left knee, and carefully sat herself on what she judged to be the middle of his thigh. The hair on his leg tickled the soft skin of her inner thighs. With a sigh, she settled herself into place, feeling his muscles up against her most sensitive places. And, oh God, how much more sensitive they suddenly seemed, now that she had shaved all of the skin down there. She allowed herself the luxury of rocking slightly forward, so that her clit came against him, hidden under her skimpy panties. A jolt of pleasure ran through her body.

Max, for his part, felt the heat of her through the tiny g-string, burning against the skin of his leg. As she rocked

forward, her ass came up slightly, and he could see those gorgeous cheeks around his leg. His cock pulsed, and he unconsciously took hold of it with his right hand, pulling it away from the defenseless skin of his mother. He was dripping already, lubricating the painfully full head of his erection.

Angela, her eyes closed, put her hands on the desk to steady herself. How wonderful she felt, and how delightful to be able to share it with her son. How was it that she had never had the foresight to arrange this before? Her sex-befuddled brain still refused to acknowledge the strangeness of the situation. Instead, she slipped back a half-inch on Max's leg, feeling her pussy lips spread out.

"Are we ready, now?"

"Uh-huh," Max managed to say, and released his cock to turn on the browser. He found it awkward to surf, however, with only one hand, so he reached around his mother with his other hand, leaning forward. In doing so, he found himself against Angela's back, his chest against her, with only the sheer negligee between them. Was it his

imagination, or was she pushing back against him? He looked down quickly, and saw that his cock, still throbbing, was only a fraction of an inch from touching her. He jerked back quickly.

The sudden movement caused Angela to slip sideways, and she grabbed his left arm to steady herself, pulling it against her. Suddenly, Max found himself holding his lithe, hot mother's belly with his hand. The negligee was parted at this point, so he had his hand against her soft skin.

"Sorry!" In his anxiety and desire not to offend her, he pulled back. "Sorry, Mom, I didn't mean to touch you!"

But Angela stopped him from pulling away.

"Max, it's okay! Don't worry! Seriously, I don't mind. In fact, maybe it's better if you hold me steady, and I'll navigate the computer." In her mind, she justified her actions as calming her son, and maintaining his self-confidence, but in reality, she craved the feel of his strong hands on her, the way he had touched her the night before last when he moved her aside.

Max, for his part, was hardly thinking straight either. He tentatively put his hand back on her stomach. He was so careful, she laughed.

"Silly! I'm not going to break, you know."

'But I might,' Max thought to himself, holding his cock away from her with his other hand. However, he held onto her more firmly, feeling her trim shape. He found it best to slide his hand around to her hip, still under the chemise. The two straps of her g-string were right there, and he marveled at the fact that he was touching his mother's panties on her body.

"Women like it," she said breathily, "when men take control. It lets us know how manly they are." The feel of his hand on her hip was divine. His fingers curled around the front, and his middle finger lay right on the crease between her leg and her abdomen, following the line of her g-string straps.

Max directed her to a website, and in seconds they were looking at a set of pictures of a girl in a see-through micro-mini bikini. Both mother and son were breathing hard, absorbing the erotic pictures. Max was slowly stroking his cock behind his mother's back while she moved subtly back and forth on his leg, stimulating herself. The girl's pert tits were lovely, Angela found herself thinking, especially the way they were able to stand up so nicely with so little support.

"Do you like her tits, Max?"

"Uh..." Max was lost for a response. Did his mother just say 'tits?'

"Earth to Max! Has all the blood left your brain?" Angela loved the teasing. It was almost like flirting, except that he was her son, of course.

"Not all, Mom," he retorted, "just enough!"

"Well, then, answer me. Do you like her tits?"

"Uh, Mom, I'm a guy. Of course I like her tits."

"Are they better than mine?" She was having fun now.

"I couldn't say."

"Why not, Max?"

"Because I haven't seen yours like that."

"I thought you were looking when I came in. Didn't you notice them then?"

Max was starting to relax, enjoying the quick repartee. He liked being able to keep up with her in the flirting conversation they were having.

"Yeah, but it wasn't the same, 'cause I couldn't like really study them, y'know?"

"Well, why don't you 'study' them now?" And she twisted her torso on his leg so that he could see her chest. She was flushed from excitement, and her nipples were as hard as she had ever felt them. Her rapid breathing caused her breasts to rise and fall quickly. She looked Max in the eye directly, not acknowledging the stroking movement of his right hand.

"Uh, Mom..."

"Please?"

He let his eyes fall down to her chest, taking in the glorious sight of her rounded globes, unhidden by the sheer chemise. His left hand, with her twisting, had slipped upwards, and he found his index finger just half an inch from the lower curve of her left breast. In truth, her tits were wondrous, like none he had ever seen on the internet. They didn't even sag slightly despite her thirty-eight years. And the nipples were so perfectly centered, each pointing slightly upwards.

His hand continued to move on his rock-hard cock. The stimulation was intense to the teenager. Here was his mother, nearly but not quite nude on his leg, while he, actually naked, jerked off while staring at her tits.

Angela, too, was incredibly excited. She was aware of his masturbation, and she rocked back on his leg in order to increase the stimulation on her own sex. She was blushing furiously, amazed at the intensity of the emotions running through her. The intimacy with her son was like nothing she had experienced before.

With her rocking, two things happened at the same time. First, Max's hand slipped higher on her torso, and his fingers came into contact with the curve of her breast, so that he found himself with two fingers cupping the globe and pushing it up off of her chest. Second, her hip rubbed up against his right hand which was moving up and down the length of his cock.

The sudden and dual increase in their intimacy tripped Max over the edge. With a grunt and a sigh, he fisted down hard on himself, rubbing Angela's right ass cheek, pushing

his cock up against her side. His cum burst out of him, splashing up his mother's back, drenching her chemise with its stickiness.

The scalding warmth made Angela, in her turn, twitch away from him, so that her breast settled neatly into her son's hand. Unconsciously, the boy grasped the tit possessively, lightly pinching the nipple between his index and middle fingers. The sensation made Angela cum as well, sighing against his jerking cock. Max milked the last dribbles out onto her hip, and she collapsed forward onto her weak arms.

"Mom?"

"Y-yes, honey?"

"I'd like to look at more porn with you tomorrow night," he said confidently, stroking her tit before withdrawing his hand.

"Of course, sweet-pea. I'd like that too." She was lost, but she loved it.

"Well?"

"What?" Angela looked down. Her husband was lying on the bed, naked, his hard cock in his hand.

"Did you have a good 'talk' with Max?"

Angela could feel the damp chemise sticking to her back. She had come straight back into her bedroom, unsure of how to face her husband, but not able to think clearly either.

"Yes, I did," she replied in a soft voice.

"Come here and suck me," he commanded.

She looked at him, shocked. He had never spoken to her in this way before.

"You heard me," he said quietly. She found herself moving towards the bed, getting up on it, crawling across it towards Gus' lap. She grasped her man's erection, and lowering her head towards it, extended her tongue to make contact with the angry red glans.

"That's right, sweetie," Gus said gently, stroking her blonde hair tenderly. He watched, enraptured as his sweet wife opened her lips to accept the bloated head of his cock into her mouth. She looked up at him, almost fearfully, her almond shaped green eyes tearing. He smiled at her, before encouraging her to move on with pressure on the back of her head. Without taking her eyes off of him, she began to move back and forth on his cock.

The feel of his erection in her mouth, the invasion over her tongue, the hot silky feel of his cock inside of her was sinfully delicious. How fitting, she felt, that she should worship him in this way. The head of his cock slipped across her tongue, and its tiny hole released salty fluid for

her to spread around his shaft. She could feel each vein, the ridge of his glans. Idly, she wondered if his son would feel the same inside of her. The taste of them was remarkably similar, she noted.

Gus loved the feeling of her mouth around him, and pushed harder on the back of her head. She coughed the first time, pulling away, but submitted as he tried again. This time, the head of his cock pushed to the back of her throat. Her tongue worked around him as he sat there, before he pulled back. Three times he moved like this, each time faster until he felt the familiar spasms arising in his groin. He pulled out and held her face in front of his jerking cock. Obediently she stroked him until he exploded, his cum shooting out in ropes across her.

For the second time that night, Angela felt the splash of cum against her skin. She accepted the feeling, reveling in the appropriateness of her punishment. And she knew she would do it again. She loved her men too much not to keep going.

Gus looked down at his wife, her face streaked with the translucent evidence of his orgasm. One blob dripped slowly down her cheek, to gather at the corner of her mouth. With one finger he collected the cum and brought it to her mouth. Wordlessly she accepted his finger and sucked the spend off of it.

"Night night, honey," he said kindly. "I love you."

"Me too," she replied, and slipped under the covers, still covered in cum from father and son.

Chapter 4

"So, I've got a date tomorrow night with Kitty Clifton."

The statement hung over the breakfast table for a second, before Angela squealed with delight.

"Oh, that's so wonderful, Max. I guess you really have been feeling more confident, huh?"

"Yeah," Max replied, blushing. "Our talks have been really helping me."

"Kitty Clifton? Isn't she the daughter of Mark Clifton?" Gus raised an eyebrow at his son, who looked back at him in confusion. Why was he acting like he didn't know about this? Max had told him the night before.

"Uh, who's he, Dad?" Angela noticed how Max seemed puzzled, and looked back and forth between the two men in her life.

"Only the richest guy in town," replied Gus. "He has fingers in just about every pot around. In fact, he's the main shareholder in my company."

"So what are you saying, Dad?"

"Just that you'd better treat his daughter right, or I'm sure to hear about it." Gus knew he was sounding repressive, but he couldn't help himself.

"But why are you telling me this now? You could have told me—"

"Never mind that," Gus interrupted. "Just do the right thing by the girl, you understand?"

"Gee, thanks for the advice, Dad. You really know the right thing to say to make a guy relax when he's about to go on his first date," Max fumed, before storming out of the room to get his stuff for school.

Gus turned his attention back to the newspaper, pretending to be unconcerned. He didn't want his wife to know that he had encouraged his son to be free with her. He was enjoying letting his rougher side loose in bed.

"Gus?"

"Hmmm?"

"Did you know about this date?"

"Uh, I guess so, honey," Gus replied sheepishly. Angela frowned.

"Well, what the hell does that mean?" She was getting furious now. She thought he understood what she was trying to accomplish with Max, and now it seemed like he was deliberately undermining her. "That was kind of important information, wouldn't you say? Do you see what kind of damage you've done?"

"Now, wait a second, Angela—"

"No, you wait a second. You're going to have to help me out here. We've got a son in a delicate situation here, on the verge of maturing into a sexual adult. He's tenuous right now, and your pulling the rug out from under him is destroying all my work. What if he becomes some kind of a pervert because of this?"

'You mean, the kind of pervert who makes out with his mother,' thought Gus, but didn't say, because he could see how explosive Angela was becoming right now.

"All right, all right, I see what you mean," Gus conceded. "But what can we do? Don't kids have to figure this stuff out for themselves?"

"Not my kid," hissed his wife. She never looked so gorgeous as when she was angry, he thought. "I'm not going to stand by and watch our beautiful son have to deal with a painful rejection that we might have set him up for, do you understand?"

"Okay," Gus said, cautiously, "so now what?"

"You just back me up, you hear me? Whatever I say goes."

A sinking feeling pervaded Gus as he nodded. He hoped this wasn't the end of the extreme sexual gratification he had been enjoying the last couple of nights.

Max' day at school had been one of desperately trying to avoid Kitty Clifton. If he ever caught sight of her, he had turned around immediately and found his way to the boys' bathroom. Had he really asked her to dress sluttily for their date? And now, it turned out, her father was like the most important guy in town. If things took a sour turn, it might spell disaster for his father's business interests.

He had never felt such relief as when the final bell sounded and he managed to slink out without being noticed by Kitty or any of her clique. As he trudged home, his thoughts revolved on what his father had said that morning. Perhaps it would be best if he just called off this ill-fated 'date' with Kitty. Or would that just be worse? Would she report back to her father that he was a wuss?

He was so pre-occupied he almost didn't notice the sheet of paper on the floor of the front hall. He picked it up absent-mindedly and looked at it.

Hi Honey – (the note read)

I'm going to be out all afternoon, but I have some errands for you to run. 1. Pick up flowers at Blooms 'n' Such 2. Pick up dry cleaning 3. Call Mike's and order an Italian sub the way your Dad likes it, and have them deliver at 6:30 PM

Car keys are on the hall table.

Love, Mom

He looked at the note and frowned. He had planned on relaxing this afternoon, trying to clear his mind, and now he had stupid errands to run. At least he got to drive... and then he saw that the keys were for his Dad's Porsche 911 Turbo. He had never been allowed near that car, it was the apple of his father's eye, as nearly as he could tell. But, he wasn't going to question his good luck, but grabbed the keys and rushed out to the garage.

An hour later, he came back, exhilarated from the speed and handling of the little car. It had been more of a rush than any video game had ever provided him. He had been a little cautious at first, conscious of how much the machine meant to his father. But then, as he was driving on the highway, he let it rip. Jesus, how the car had responded to the slightest move on his part. It seemed to know just what he wanted to do, and almost do it for him.

He had been confused when he found out that the dry-cleaning was his blazer and slacks. He also didn't know what to do when the florist asked him if he wanted to fill out a card to go with the bouquet of flowers he picked up. But still, now, after the thrill of driving a high-precision automobile, he felt like he was flying.

Another note awaited him, telling him to take a shower and shave, and get dressed in his newly pressed clothes, to be ready by 6:45 PM. He shrugged mentally, and went upstairs to his room.

Gus Johnson was dejected. He knew a sketchy outline of what his wife had planned, and he wasn't sure that he liked the direction things were heading in. But it was at least partly his own fault, wasn't it? He had encouraged Angela in this strange new obsession of hers, recognizing the short-term benefits he was enjoying because of it. Now, he wondered what the long-term effects might be.

For example, right now. He was sitting in the dining room with his Italian sub, alone. And just what was going on upstairs? He knew that both his son and his wife were getting dressed up to go out to dinner together, although he was unaware that Max still had no idea what the plan was. And he was meant to stay at home. "Go along with whatever I say," had been his wife's admonition. He thought he had better stick with it, if he had any hope of continuing the joys of the last few nights.

He heard his son's door close, and the sounds of the teenager coming down the stairs. Against his better judgment, Gus stood up and came out to the hallway to see how Max looked.

"Hey, Dad," the boy said as he came down the last few steps. He looked pretty damned good, actually, Gus thought. His hair was combed and gelled off of his face, and he had clearly done a careful job of shaving. In his blue blazer over a pink Oxford shirt, unbuttoned at the collar, and a slim pair of khakis, he looked like a young college student. Gus couldn't help but admire how well his son filled out his clothes, his swimming prowess shaping the young muscles of his arms and chest. He had a lovely bouquet of flowers in his arms.

"Looking good, Max," he said.

"Yeah, I guess so, huh?" The teenager smiled sheepishly, showing his good-natured ability to make fun of himself.

"No, really, son. You've turned into quite the young man."

"Uh, sure, Dad. If you say so. Do you know who these flowers are for?"

"For me, silly," came a voice from the top of the stairs. Both men turned to look up.

Angela Johnson had been having butterflies in her stomach all day long. Was she really going to go through with this plan? Was she really able to take this strange step in the hopes that it would give her son all the confidence he would need for the rest of his life? Or was she overstepping the bounds of normalcy? She was so unsure of herself; but at the same time it was as if the steps of this path were so obvious before her, so easy to take, that she had little choice.

Every little thing had to be just so, and she had written a long checklist to make sure that nothing got left to chance. And now, the shopping was done, the personal hygiene taken care of, the beauty shop visit completed. The final product was going on display, and it had to be done right.

So she had waited for Max to leave his room and proceed downstairs. As she had hoped, her husband, that patient and loving man who was supporting her through this strange

phase of their lives, had gone to meet him and see what he looked like. God, this whole enterprise was so peculiar. And yet it felt so perfectly right. Max gave her the perfect cue, and she stepped into the limelight of her little drama.

The vision of beauty at the top of the stairs was like something out of a glamour magazine. She had her shining blonde hair in a soft chignon at the back of her head, showing off her long graceful neck. Her face was subtly made-up, her full red lips glossed, her eyes startling in their intensity.

The dress she was wearing was startling, to say the least. A skimpy black halter dress, it plunged in the front down between her breasts, showing the inner slopes of each one down to where they curved outward. The hem was about five inches below her hips, and there was a dramatic slit up the left side to above her waist.

She had four inch black strappy sandals on her feet, making her legs seem even longer than they looked usually. The

whole effect was one of sex personified, and her pose, with one hand on her hip, the other stretched up and lightly touching the wall beside her, only made that sex appeal more apparent.

Gus and Max stood transfixed, each unaware of anything but the gorgeous woman standing above them. She started to walk down the stairs towards them, enjoying the gaping look on their faces. Each elegant step was carefully choreographed, crossing the foot in front of the leg behind. And with each step, the dress shifted on her hot body, so that her observers could see the sexy length of that left leg all the way to the middle of her tight abdomen.

Angela giggled to herself, as she moved down the stairs. It was all going to be so easy, she realized, and she was finally completely sure that she was doing the right thing. And her reward? It was the surety that Max would be ready for whatever came his way tomorrow night. Well, perhaps it was a bit more than that, she mused, as she looked at her handsome son.

"You ready, stud?" Her question was addressed to Max, who blinked, looking astonished that such a gorgeous creature would address him in this way. He nodded, then came to his senses.

"Uh, yeah." His addled brain was fixed with one question: what could she possibly be wearing under that tiny dress? "Here you go, Mom," he said, making to offer the flowers to her.

"Hang on a sec, Mister," she stopped him with one finger on his chest. He looked at her, crestfallen. She laughed lightly. "I think you had better call me Angela tonight, or people are going to look at us strangely."

'Oh. My. God.' Gus thought to himself. 'My wife is really going on a date with our son? Dressed like that?!' And then: 'I don't think there is any way she is wearing panties with that dress!'

"Angela," the name sounding weird in the boy's voice, "these are for you."

"Flowers! How lovely." She turned to Gus. "Gus, would you take care of these for me?" He took the flowers and turned blankly towards the kitchen. "Oh, and Gus?" He turned back again. "Wait up for me." His heart soared.

As the door clicked shut behind them, Max marveled at his good fortune. Here he was, on a date with the hottest woman he had ever met; better yet, she seemed happy to have him as her date.

"Max, honey?"

He nodded, turning to look at her. She stood facing him on their front porch, the outdoor light illuminating her from above. There was a breeze that flipped the front of her dress forward every few seconds. She lived up to her name in every way, he thought.

"Some crazy stuff might happen tonight, do you understand?"

"I think so, Angela."

Her flesh thrilled to hear her call him by her given name. It was so illicit, promising excitement just around the corner.

"It's important that you stay cool no matter what. If you do, there's sure to be a reward for you at the end of it. Got it?"

"Absolutely," he said, his heart racing at her words. The promise of her statement hung between them like electricity. The light caught at her suddenly hard nipples, hidden from his view by the skimpy black dress.

"Then, I think we're going to have a blast tonight." She walked down the steps towards the Porsche and stood waiting by the door. Max leapt to the car and opened the door for her to get in. Gracefully, she slipped down to the low seat and pulled her long legs in after her.

Max raced around to the other side and got in next to his mother. Angela looked at her handsome boy and shivered in anticipation. No, no, she admonished herself. Tonight is for him, not for you. But couldn't just a little bit be for me?

"I love being in this car, don't you?" She touched her neck softly with her right hand, and then let it slip down her chest, over the exposed skin, to caress the side of her right breast. "It's so sexy being in such a powerful machine."

He watched her finger avidly, as it traveled up the side of her half-exposed tit. It caught briefly on the black dress, then slipped over to the nub of her nipple. As it circled the delectable protrusion, Angela let out a low moan. He looked up at her to find her eyes fixed on his. She let them slip down his body, to look pointedly at his groin.

"Not as sexy as being in the car with you," he said. His heart was pounding.

"Mmmmm. I'm glad to hear you say it," his mother replied, wickedly grinning. She let her legs slip slightly apart, allowing the front of the dress to fall between them. He

could see the entire length of her left leg to above her waist at this point. Only the little flap of black dress covered her pussy from his view. She felt herself getting wet, and hoped that it wouldn't seep out to stain the back of her dress. Well, shit, if it did, it was her doing, and she was doing it for him. Let the world know how turned on she was by her date.

"We're going to Marcel's." Max blinked at the intrusion of reality, and smiled at his sexy mother, before turning on the ignition. With a roar of the motor, he backed into the street and they were off.

At the restaurant, the Maitre D' led them to a secluded table in the back. There were only one or two other tables that even had a partial view of their position. The mother and son found themselves seated next to each other with a view out. The Maitre D' gave Max a knowing look as he left them with their menus.

"So, Max, are you enjoying yourself?" Angela leaned forward to lean her face on one hand and look at her son.

"That's kind of a silly question, Angela," the boy returned.

"Why's that?"

"It's not often that a guy is so lucky to be out with the most beautiful woman in town."

"Ooooh. Flattery, huh?" She grinned at him. "You are a quick learner. Am I really that beautiful?"

"Now you're fishing, Mo—I mean Angela." He smiled at her, and then looked deliberately down her body. At this position, turned towards him, he felt he could almost see into the top of her dress. If she turned just a little more, he might be able to see her entire right breast. And that slit in the left side of the dress just showed so much of her leg and waist. Even though she was sitting on the back half, he could see the curve of her ass right there in public.

"Well, a girl likes to know specifics, stud," she purred, running a finger down his arm.

"All right," he replied, and turned more towards her. With his hand on his shoulder, he forced her to twist just a bit more in her seat. Angela could feel the dress shifting on her body, and resisted the urge to look down and see how much she was exposing. This was for Max, after all.

Max's eyes feasted on her chest as he moved her. He was gratified to see that the dress shifted over her tit rather than stay with it. Slowly, the profile of the breast came into view, the darker pink areola, the hard nipple. He held her just in that position, his grip firm, but not painful.

"I love that you are so comfortable with yourself. You are able to wear the slinkiest clothing and make it appear gracious. And with that body, you could wear anything you wanted. It makes a guy feel special that his girl would wear something like this for him."

"Ohhh," she moaned. This was almost too much, allowing her son to see her like this, in public. She put her hand over his on her shoulder, looking deeply into his eyes. "That is maybe the sweetest thing I've ever heard, honey." Max's

eyes, those deep blue intense eyes, looked right back at her. Without thinking, she leaned over towards him, coming ever closer.

Max watched as his mother moved in towards him. Her smoky eyes were glazed with desire, and her red lips were parted. He moved towards her as well, their faces just inches apart. Her hand slipped down his body to fall on his thigh to steady herself. He felt her warm breath against his lips, and he tilted his face to approach her mouth. The soft touch of her lips on his was like velvet, but warm, alive.

Angela was in heaven. The strength of his hand on her, the power of his leg under her touch, the sweet gentle feel of his lips on hers was such an overwhelming attraction. And the knowledge that, mere inches from her hand, he was surely throbbing with his own desire only made the moment more memorable.

The kiss they shared was beyond any they had ever had before, so much more than the typical son-mother pecks on the cheek. Her tongue darted out to taste his mouth and made electrifying contact with his.

"Ahem," came the polite cough from a few feet away. They broke apart in confusion. The waitress, politely averting her eyes stood before them. Angela shrugged her dress back into place. She was blushing, but when she looked over to Max, she saw that he was merely smiling ruefully back at her. She smiled back.

"Would Madame and Monsieur like to order some wine?" The young woman was now looking directly at the couple in the back booth. It had been so hot to see the two of them making out in the restaurant. Even in the dim light, she had seen the woman's naked breast, so casually exposed. Thinking about the situation made her short of breath.

"The lady will have a glass of your pinot noir," Max said. He didn't really know anything about wines, but he remembered what his mother usually ordered when they went out as a family. "I will be fine with water, thank you." Angela loved that he had taken charge, and she rubbed his thigh affectionately. They watched together as the pretty waitress turned away to get their drinks.

"Mmmmm..." Angela murmured, turning back to her son. "You are a naughty boy, aren't you, kissing me like that in public."

"I'd do more than that if I had the chance," he laughed, exulting in the strange freedom he was feeling with his mother.

"Oh, would you, now," the blonde seductress winked. "Tell me what you would do, lover."

The word inflamed Max beyond belief. His cock was straining in his slacks, and he shifted to make himself more comfortable. With the movement, Angela's hand slipped higher on his leg. With shock, he realized that her hand was less than an inch from the distended head of his erection. But he was beyond caring, so he pretended to consider his mother's question.

"Well, let's see." He looked over the incredibly hot woman next to him, so familiar and yet so foreign. "I would run my hand over your leg, here," and he dropped his hand to

mirror hers on her left leg, the one uncovered by the dress. Her skin was so soft and warm.

"Then, I would caress you, higher," slipping his hand upward, so that his fingers came into contact with the hem of the dress.

"Oooohhh," Angela encouraged, letting her eyes close sexily.

"And higher," and his fingertips slipped under the edge of the flap. The young mother's legs relaxed, falling a little apart.

"And higher," came the whisper, and her heart inflamed with love for her wonderful son, who understood so clearly what they both wanted. Her head fell backwards, and she slouched slightly in the chair, trying to urge those teasing fingers higher, higher, to her center.

Max watched in amazement at how easily his mother gave in to him. She was offering herself to him, right here, in the

sight of other diners, in this fancy restaurant. And as she slouched, the dress moved up her waist, the slit moving around towards the front. Just as she had exposed her breast to him, now her pubic hair came into view. His fingers were resting lightly on her inner thigh, inches away from her sex.

"And I would kiss you right here," he continued softly, leaning over so that he could bring his mouth into contact with her neck. The soft caress of his lips on her sensitive neck caused Angela to moan again. Her hand slipped higher up his leg, and suddenly found itself in contact with something incredibly hard and pulsating.

'Oh my God,' Angela's brain screamed. 'I'm touching my son's cock!'

The knowledge that his mother was naked under the dress, naked! And that she was allowing him to see it, and that her soft tiny fingers were lying on his erection. It was almost too much for the young man. But he recalled his mother's advice to stay cool, and managed to stop himself from ripping off her dress right there in the restaurant.

"Ahem," came the young waitress' interruption for the second time that night. 'My God,' she thought, watching the gorgeous couple neck, 'they've really got it bad tonight!'

Max's free hand came down on top of his mother's trapping it against his cock. She let out a light squeak of shock as she felt it bound under her hand. It felt huge, like nothing she'd ever felt before. His free hand stayed where it was between her legs. She felt flushed, hot and bothered, unable to think clearly. She had to get rid of this fog surrounding her thoughts.

"Your wine, Madame," the girl said, bringing the glass around to Angela's plate. Looking down, she saw the woman's lewdly displayed legs and the edge of her trimmed blond pubic hair on her lower abdomen.

Angela saw the girl look down in her lap and almost cried aloud in embarrassment. But then, as the girl leaned down, she saw the girl's young nipples pushing hard through her white blouse.

'She likes it,' thought the aroused woman. 'She likes seeing us like this.' And she smiled up at the girl, letting her legs fall even further apart. She felt like the world's biggest slut, exposing herself in this crazy way to a complete stranger. But she was out of control now, and loving it.

Max watched his mother's reactions, recognizing each in turn, the shock, the shame, and then the excitement. He also saw the waitress' reaction as his mother's legs moved apart. Her eyes were glued to the space between Angela's legs, and he helped the situation by flicking away the edge of the dress. All three watched as the dress fell down on the outside of her right leg.

The sight of her aroused pussy was beyond belief. The bare lips were wide open, showing off her deepest secrets. The inner labia were bright pink, surrounding the tiny hole to her center, which spasmed in front of their eyes. At the top, the glistening nub of her clit sat proudly distended. Without thinking, Max let his finger rub the length of that exposed slit, feeling the wetness there, before twirling once around his mother's clit. She shuddered, the touch sending all kinds of electricity through her sex.

"You guys are too awesome," the waitress whispered. "But try to keep it under control, okay? I don't want the boss to find out." Max winked at her, before pulling his mother's dress back over her.

"No problem," he said, smiling.

The waitress looked at him, marveling at his confidence. She quirked a smile back at him, and placed his water in front of him.

"Why don't you two take a minute to decide what you'll be ordering, and I'll be back."

Angela was blinking, trying to get herself under control again, and she looked over at Max. He looked directly at her, and then put his finger in his mouth, sucking the juice off of it. The juice that had come directly from her aroused pussy.

"Oh, you're good, kid," she smiled. "I don't think I have much to teach you. Where did all of this come from?"

"Come from? From you, Angela," he smiled. "You inspire me."

"Well, you're definitely on the right track for that reward." And she squeezed his cock with her hand still trapped under his. The shaft felt so thick, so powerful. And it bounded under her fingers.

They ate their meal lingeringly, with smoldering glances for the other. Throughout, Angela kept a possessive hand on her son's cock, massaging it and keeping it erect. She loved tracing its length from top to bottom, wondering how long it was, how it compared with Gus'. And every once in a while, Max would let his fingers travel up his mother's leg to dally in her hot pussy, exploring the naked folds. He would allow his fingertip to penetrate just slightly into her hole, feeling the sucking walls surround him.

Angela delighted in the sensation of her son exploring the place he came from all those years before. And he would

always take good care to clean his finger with his tongue after each journey. Once, when she saw the waitress on her way back to the table, she captured his hand before it could get there and brought the finger instead to her own lips. Looking the waitress right in the eyes, she licked the tangy moisture off her son's finger. She felt Max's cock pulse under her as he watched her salacious action. The waitress' eyes closed and she supported herself on the table for a second.

"Oh Christ," she whispered, "I think I just came. I've never seen anything as sexy as you two. Have you been together long?"

"Just tonight," said Max.

"All of our lives," said Angela at the same time. They looked at each other and giggled.

"Well, all I can say is that I hope I get as lucky as you guys. Can I get you anything else?"

"What else could we need?" Angela smiled at her son's statement.

"How about the check," she said, her eyes sparkling. The young woman took a deep breath, turned away. When she was gone, Max took out a dollar bill.

"Let's leave her something to remember us by," he whispered. Angela's eyes widened as he took the dollar bill and slipped it between her legs. With a gentle swipe, he drew it along the length of her sopping pussy, and then, taking it out, folded it lengthwise to seal the juice within, before leaving it on the table.

"How considerate," Angela laughed, and leaned over to kiss her son. It was a soul-searching kiss, with tongues fully extended and dueling together. Mother and son were connected as they had never been before, hungrily devouring each other.

And when they got up to leave, Max adjusted his achingly hard cock so that it wasn't quite so obvious. But Angela had

no recourse for the large damp spot on the back of her dress.

In the car on the way home, Max's brain was still whirling from the events of the night. He had been making out with his Mom, for crying out loud! But better than that, he had been so sure of himself with every step of the way. Maybe it was because she was so clearly willing, so obviously into what he was doing.

He could still taste his mother's juices on his tongue, the tangy flavor so sweet to him. And, he remembered, she would have the same taste on her tongue! Wow, this whole evening had been too wild. And she had promised him some reward as well! Perhaps they would look at some more porn together.

Angela, too, was quiet, thinking through everything she had done that night. Some of it had been according to plan, but Max had been more inventive than she had expected. The way he had involved the waitress in their games had blown

her mind. She was still dripping thinking about the look on the girl's face when Max had shown her Angela's glistening pussy. But it was time now for the next phase.

"Max?"

"Yeah, Angela?"

"First, it's time to start calling me Mom again, if you don't mind."

"Sure thing, 'Mom,'" he replied, patting her high up on her left leg, and then leaving his hand there. His strong touch took her breath away. He was so sure of himself now! Everything was going so well.

"Second, I have a few questions for you."

"Okay, shoot."

"One: do you think Kitty Clifton will look as beautiful as I did tonight?"

"Huh? Kitty Clifton? No, I guess not."

"Two: do you think she will dress as sexy?"

"Hmmm..." Max pondered, his hand absently rubbing the inside of Angela's thigh. The warmth emanating from her pussy enveloped his fingers. "Well, she did say she was going to dress pretty hot, but I don't imagine she'd go out in such a skimpy dress with no bra or panties."

"Mm-hmm. Three: do you think she would let you do the wonderful stuff we did tonight?"

"Good question, Mom," Max said. He let his fingers slide onto his mother's puffy labia, still slick with her secretions. He loved that he was driving his Dad's car while fingering his Mom. His cock was still hard as steel, and he couldn't wait to get home so he could relieve the tension there.

Angela loved the feel of her son's hand on her. However, she had been riding the edge of an orgasm all night, and she wanted the feeling to last. She grasped his wrist lightly and urged it away from her center.

"Answer the question, Mister."

He reluctantly obeyed her, and thought carefully.

"Well, Mom, all I can say is I'm not sure. She has a reputation as a pretty wild girl, that's for sure. But in any case, whatever she came up with would never be as crazy as what we've been doing."

"That's my boy. You got all three questions correct, so you definitely win the prize tonight. But I want you to remember this: no matter who you go out with in the future, no matter how terrifying it might be, you will always know that you got your own mother to show off her pussy in public. You licked her juices off of your finger in front of a complete stranger. You made her so hot that she Frenched you after sucking her juices off of you. You have nothing to be worried about. Do you understand?"

With each sentence, with each dirty word his mother said, Max' cock jumped a little in his pants.

"You mean," he rasped, roughly grasping her thigh, "that because I was able to get my mother to hold my cock for the whole of dinner, rubbing me with her little hand in a restaurant, I don't have to feel scared of anything Kitty Clifton might challenge me with?"

"Oh, honey, you've got it," Angela moaned, her senses flooding as she heard her son describe how she jacked him through his pants all night. She grabbed Max' hand and pulled it tight against her sopping slit, and burst into a wild orgasm, right there, in her husband's car. Max felt her spasm under his hand, the tender peach of her pussy throbbing wetly against his fingers. His heart soared as he witnessed his mother in the most private of ecstasies.

"Ohhhh! Oh," she sighed, coming down from the intense high. "Ohhh. Shit. Now you made your Mommy cum, too."

Chapter 5

Gus Johnson had been on tenterhooks all evening. He couldn't concentrate on anything. His work sat undone, the television blared without his noticing it. He was pacing in the living room, wondering where his wife and son were. He had watched them go out together, Angela dressed like a fucking slut, practically begging to be taken advantage of. And what had he done about it?

"Nothing," he growled, out loud. "Fucking shit, that's what I did."

But part of him knew that if it happened again, he would again stand aside. In fact, that was why his penis was like a steel rod in his pants. Every once in a while, he would stroke it through his clothes. It felt as hard and as long as he had ever known it. Because, truth be told, this was as intensely exciting a scenario as he had ever imagined.

His wife was out on a hot date with their son.

"Oh shit," he groaned as he felt a shiver run through his whole being. He couldn't touch himself or he would explode. And he wanted so desperately to save that feeling for a while longer. He had an idea it would only get better.

He heard the soft purr of the Porsche (HIS Porsche, mind you), as the sleek car pulled into the driveway. The car stopped, the engine shut off. For several agonizing moments nothing happened. He didn't dare look out the window, the pain and desire warring within his mixed-up psyche. In his mind's eye he pictured the beautiful woman in the skimpy black dress and the handsome boy in the blazer leaning towards each other to share a sloppy, tongue-filled kiss.

"Ohhhh FUUUCKK," he nearly screamed. What kind of torture was this?

The car door slammed shut, first one, and then after a few seconds, the other. He imagined the couple proceeding up the front walk. Maybe they were holding hands? No, maybe the boy had his hand around the woman's waist. Or worse, her shoulder, letting his fingers dangle down to touch the

upper swell of her breast. His cock was ready to explode. He only hoped his heart could take this.

"Does a guy get a good-night kiss on the first date?"

"Do you even have to ask?"

Max leaned close to his mother, his eyes searching hers. All he saw was nervous excitement, acceptance. She was still flushed from her orgasm of minutes before, her eyes sparkling, her lips full and parted. Her tongue anxiously darted out to wet those lips.

And he kissed her again, hungrily attacking her mouth with his. Their tongues met in a wild duel of sexual appetite. Her slim body molded itself against his, her breasts squashed against his powerful chest. He could feel the hot peaks of her nipples through his thin shirt.

Angela was lost against him, crushed in his powerful arms. Was it possible to love two men so strongly, so passionately, so sexually? She felt his steel-hard erection against her, pushing into the lower part of her abdomen. So close, she panted to herself, so close to home! She didn't care that she and her new lover were illuminated brightly on their front stoop. 'Let the fucking neighbors see,' she exulted. 'Let them witness this moment!'

Max loved the feel of his cock caught between their bodies, and wanting to increase the pressure on his erection, pulled her tight, one hand on her back, the other lower. His mother accepted the move, pulling deeply into him. His hand fell lower, lower, onto the exciting curve of her ass, the firm cheek thinly disguised by the black dress. He let his fingers curl into the crack of her butt, pushing the material deep.

Angela felt the fingers in the depths of her ass, pushing further, seeking more deeply. She crushed her mouth harder against her son's mouth, urging him further. And when she felt the slide of his middle finger reach that most private of holes, she moaned deeply into her boy.

"Mmmmm...", she murmured, pulling away from the intense kiss, but not disengaging her body from the contact with his fingers or his cock. "Careful there, Cowboy," she purred sexily. "Gotta save something for later, you know."

"Do I really have to, Mom?" Max let his finger rub over what he was pretty sure was her asshole. That sexy sexy place he had been wishing to see ever since she had stood leaning on his desk with her ass pushed towards him.

"Yes, son," she giggled, "you really have to. That is, if you want your special reward."

Reluctantly, the handsome boy let his fingers slide out from that special haven, drifting down the back of her leg in a loving caress. He allowed his mother to pull away, while she found the key in her purse.

Those few minutes when he knew that Angela and Max were out of the car but not in the house seemed endless to Gus. But when he heard the key in the lock, he hurried to his office, trying desperately to seem unconcerned. The front door opened, and he popped his head out to greet his family.

The sight of them was mind-blowing. His beautiful wife's carefully coiffed blonde hair was in disarray, strands stuck to her face in the light sheen of sweat that covered her. Her lips looked bruised, her dress wrinkled.

And Max looked as bad, his eyes bright, his cheeks flushed. And the way he turned quickly away suggested to his father that he was hiding the physical evidence of their mutual arousal.

"Did you have a good time, folks?" Gus hoped his cheery voice didn't sound too strained.

"Of course," Angela replied, calmly, as she tucked her hair behind one ear. "Max, sweetie, go upstairs and get ready. I'll be there shortly."

The boy bounded up the stairs, his face flaming hot. He had known that it might be strange facing his father after his date with his mother, but it was more difficult than he had imagined. Even so, he knew what he wanted, and that involved obeying his mother's wishes right now. And in any case, he thought, as he closed the door to his room and took off his blazer, wasn't it Dad who told him to go ahead with this? He was pretty sure that his father hadn't known what he was referring to when he asked him about pursuing a relationship with an older woman, he reminded himself as he stripped down to his boxers, but even so.

Downstairs, Angela smiled serenely at her husband, and started to proceed up the stairs herself. Gus panicked, and raced out to follow her. He couldn't miss the way her dress clung damply to the back of her thighs, and his cock pulsed again in his pants.

"Honey," he said in a strained voice, "what did you mean by Max getting ready?"

"Do you really want to know?" Angela kept on walking up the stairs. Gus came up behind her.

"Shouldn't I?" She turned to face him. He saw self-assurance on her pretty features.

"I'm sure I don't know," she replied carelessly, raising one eyebrow. He was two steps below her, and he saw how hard her nipples were. In fact, there was a definite odor about her, one that hitherto he had associated only with their bedroom. He found himself at a loss for words. She shrugged, and turned around again, entering their bedroom. He followed helplessly.

In their bedroom, she slipped the dress off of her shoulders and let it slide down her flawless body into a pool around her high-heeled sandals. Underneath, as he had known all along, she was completely naked. Her pussy lips appeared swollen and dark pink, her breasts suffused in a light blush, the nipples hard and proud, peaked on each perfect mound.

She sat on the edge of the bed. She felt no concern at all about how she must appear to her lawfully wedded

husband. After all, he was a willing party in this game from early on. He must have known the consequences, after all. She pulled one leg up to undo the strap, allowing the man she had loved all of these years to see how inflamed her sex was.

And he missed none of it. The inner lips were practically bright red, and her clit, so naked now with the familiar blonde pubic hair removed, stood forth like a sentinel at the top of that tender slit. Every few seconds, the hole at the center pulsed lightly, evidence of her still burning desire. She was like a living symbol of sexuality. He watched speechlessly as she undid the first sandal, then, leaving her legs wide spread, turned to undo the other.

"H-honey," he stammered. She looked up at him, still exposing herself fully to him.

"Yes, dear?"

"I- I feel so confused."

"I don't," she replied confidently. "And I'm really not that sure that you do either."

"Huh?"

She stood up, the second sandal dangling from her finger, and approached him, Venus-like in her naked splendor. With her other finger, she traced down his chest, smiling at him all along, her gorgeous eyes smoky with lust. And when her finger found his cock, straining at the front of his pants, he nearly jumped out of his skin. She swirled her fingertip around the head of his erection.

"This bad boy down here is pretty clear on how he feels, isn't he?"

He could only nod.

"Save it for me, sweetie, won't you?"

He closed his eyes and gasped in relief. She would come back to him.

Angela stood outside her son's door for the fourth night in a row. She realized now that she had been fooling herself the last three nights. Yes, it was true that she was helping her son out. It was perfectly clear that he had gained a level of sexual confidence that he had lacked previously. However, she was definitely there for herself as well.

How had this happened, she wondered, this strange attraction to her son? She was a perfectly normal woman, at least up until this week. Perhaps it was seeing her son masturbating, and realizing just how much he resembled his father. Or, worse, was it just because those pictures inflamed her outrageously, and she associated them with her boy?

It was too late to worry about that now. She had made up her mind, and dressed accordingly. Max was about to get his reward.

She opened the door.

Max watched the door open, casually leaning back against his headboard. He was still wearing his boxers, as had been their routine, but this time he sat on top of the covers, not bothering to hide the incredible erection he had been sustaining all night. His balls felt tight, almost painful in their desire to release the load of sperm he had been building up. But he held his hands behind his head, smiling lazily as his mother entered his bedroom.

She was wearing an amazing outfit. It was a white corset with a shelf bra, so that her tits lay on top of the lingerie, fully exposed, the perky nipples pointing upwards. The bottom of the corset was like a garter belt, and attached to thigh high white stockings. She had a tiny g-string on under the straps of the garter which barely pretended to cover her sex. In fact, the little string of the panties had slipped between her lips, so that they engulfed it.

He whistled softly.

"Pretty fucking nice, Mom."

"You like?"

"How could I not? Everything about you is designed to make a man go wild."

"Not just any man, silly boy. You."

Max gasped as she said it. This was too awesome. She strutted over to his bedside, standing next to him. Her legs seemed so long in this outfit, so well defined by the stockings.

"So, we gonna look at more porn?"

"Uh-uh," she whispered. "I'm your porn tonight."

Wordlessly, he reached up and put a finger on her right nipple, feeling the hard nub and the tender skin around it. She moaned softly, closing her eyes. The feel of her son's

finger on her was a balm that soothed her jangling nerves. This was so right, so wrong.

"I want to see you, too," she murmured, looking intensely down at him. He calmly lifted his hips up off the bed, invitingly. She found herself kneeling down next to him, reaching out with her hands to grasp the sides of his boxers. His skin was so hot! With a finger on each side, she started to work the boxers over his hips. His hand slipped around the side of her torso, down her back to the bare cheeks of her ass. He filled his grip with the firm flesh of her butt, amazed at the solid yet soft feel of her.

As the waistband of the boxers came down, it snagged on the head of his cock and pulled it straight up. She saw the dense tangle of his pubic forest, so manly, like a lion's mane. The base of his cock was visible and it looked thick, so thick and solid. She leaned further down and placed her head on his stomach, looking down at the monster still concealed by his underwear. Her heart was pounding, but she had an undeniable need to see the rest.

Max felt her breath, quick and shallow, riffle through his pubic hair and tickle his shaft. He had a beautiful view now of her back down to her exquisite ass, the tiny g-string running between her cheeks. He so wanted to see between her legs, that awesome view from the back where everything is presented so neatly. But he knew the power of the moment lay in his own unveiling, so he contented himself with caressing her ass lightly.

The waistband rose up, up, ever higher up the long hard shaft of the cock in front of her. She was biting her lower lip in anticipation, her eyes wide, fixated on the increasing evidence of her son's adulthood. She was close enough to see the little bumps where each hair grew out of the erection. There was a gorgeous blue vein along one side that pulsed along with the rhythm she could hear in Max' body, the signs of his life, his vitality all around her, overwhelming her.

There was the darker circle where he had been circumcised. So close now. So close. The flanged rim of his dark purple glans came into view, and then, the whole cock slipped from its imprisonment and slapped down on his belly right in front of her. She was faced with the head of his cock, less

than an inch away from her, gleaming softly in the light. Her tongue snaked out uncontrollable to taste that wetness that her son had produced.

Max felt her warm tongue rasp across the head of his cock and groaned aloud. He was so excited, he knew it would take less than the tiniest stimulation to make him explode, so he reached down to pull his mother's head away from his cock.

Angela felt his strong hand in her hair, but she couldn't stop now. The taste of him filled her mouth, the slippery saltiness of his pre-cum. She had to taste more. She was addicted. So she slipped lower down and captured the head of him between her red lips.

"Oh... Fuck! Mom! Noooo..."

She felt him jerk, felt the head of his cock expand within the confines of her mouth. Her tongue worked lovingly over the sensitive area just below the glans. And then his crisis was upon him. His hips jerked upward, pushing several inches of him deep into her mouth. Her eyes flew

wide with the sudden invasion of her mouth, but she kept still, letting him savor the hot feel of her around him.

The first rope of his cum exploded out of him and splashed deep in her mouth. She started swallowing frantically, her tongue working around his shaft. That first ejaculation had been too deep for her to taste, but he pulled back for the second, and this time his flavor filled her mouth with its sticky thickness. It was sweet beyond belief, this life-giving fluid that her son's body had created.

And then her mouth started to overflow with the huge amount of spend. A little rivulet of white escaped and flowed down her chin. She swallowed as much as she could, until at last, he only dribbled a small flow, which she licked up with her cum-coated tongue. His cock, still as hard as rock slipped from her mouth to slap wetly against his stomach. She savored the manly flavor of him still lingering, before sitting up to look at her boy.

"Ohhhhh... Shit, Mom," he groaned, "that was fucking fantastic." He opened his eyes lazily, looking at her.

She smiled, and daintily wiped the stray sperm from her chin before sucking on her fingers to enjoy the last drops.

"Yes, it was, son. I loved every second of it."

Max sat up and removed his boxers. He then stood up next to her, while she curled sexily on top of his bed.

"Mom, could you do something else for me?"

"Anything, Max."

"Would you pose like that girl in the first picture?"

"Why," she giggled, "I thought you'd never ask!"

She stretched her arms over her head, so that her tits pulled taut on her chest, then sat up on her knees in front of her naked son. Pulling him down to her, she settled her mouth on his, attacking his tongue with hers. He felt the hard tips

of her nipples against his bare chest, and his cock against her corset.

"Mmmm. You kiss good, son."

She turned her back to him, looking over her shoulder at him with a sexy smile, then settled herself down on the bed on her elbows and knees so that her ass was pushed up into the air towards him. She wiggled her legs apart. She knew she was opened up for him, displaying everything she normally should hide from a son. How wicked this was, how sinfully delightful!

He took in the sight before him. Just like that redhead, her ass cheeks were wide open, the little string of the g-string passing over her pretty dark pink anus, and below, captured by the thick lips of her pussy, which pulsed in her excitement. The thin material was drenched by her juices.

The boy grasped his mother's ass cheeks and pulled them further apart, opening her up as much as possible. His thumbs gripped deep in the cleft of her ass, stretching the tender skin there. He leaned his torso forward and settled

his still aching hard cock into that valley, fitting it neatly between the plump cheeks so that the underside of his erection dragged across her anus.

Angela had never felt so alive. The thick hardness of him against her most intimate place. She had only ever had anal sex once, and that had been more to satisfy her lover of the time. It had not been particularly comfortable, and she did not pursue it again. But now, her anus throbbed in excitement. Would he take her there? She held her breath.

Max was in heaven, also. Every inch of his cock felt electric. He dragged the length of him up and down her ass, the string of her panties the only barrier between him and her. His Mom was leaning deeply into the bed, her head turned away from him so he could only see her golden blonde hair. He pulled down now, the head of his cock slipping deep into her ass cleft. He looked down and saw it poised right over her anus, his sensitive skin rubbing against the dark wrinkles of her hole.

But just below, sat the juicy lips of her pussy, and he needed that, too. So he continued his journey down to her sex, the

head of his cock pushing those lips apart. With a little grunt he seated the end of his cock between them, seating the string of her g-string deep into the canal of her vagina. His mother gasped.

Was this going to be the moment, she wondered, the moment when her son re-entered where he came from? The feeling of the bulbous head at the doorway to her depths was taking her breath away. But no, she felt it slip out, making a light sucking noise, and it glided gently over her clit.

"Oooooohhhhh, Max," she groaned, "that's too fucking much, baby."

Max grinned to himself. He wasn't done by a long shot. With one hand he began to undo the snaps of her garters, allowing the stockings to slip down her long golden legs. Now freed, he pulled the g-string over her wondrous ass and slipped it down her legs. It stuck wetly to her pussy, the string working out of her.

"Mmmm, nice," she murmured.

"I agree, Mom," he laughed, "it's so fucking 'nice.'" Her sex lay glistening in front of him, the lips suffused with blood. Her rosebud winked at him above the end of that long slit. It was a feast, and he was determined to eat. He knelt behind her and began to lick the cheeks of her ass.

"Oh! What are you doing?" Her squeal turned into a moan as he worked his tongue over her ass, moving ever inward.

"No, Max," she said urgently, "no, honey, you can't dooooo that! Oh, fuck, it's too fucking dirty, sweetie!" But she made no movement to stop him, her cries only encouraging him deeper. In fact, she felt her hips move back towards him as he traveled the last inch to come into contact with that dirtiest of places.

He felt the wrinkled skin under his tongue and rejoiced in the feel of it. It tasted a little bitter, but so sweet as well, the feel of his mother's asshole. He worked around it with his tongue, the rim of muscles bunching against him. With one hand he steadied her ass, and with the other he reached

under her to tease her pussy. And when his fingers found her clit, she jerked, shaking.

She was all electricity. How could this be so exciting? Her asshole was so sensitive, it was like she had two clits, one on either side. His tongue now pushed against her, and wondrously slipped inside, stimulating her anus on all sides at once.

"Ohhhhhh... Fuuuuuuuck, you sweet, sweet boy!!"

Her anus captured his tongue and held it there, as he lovingly rimmed her out. He had never done this before, but it felt so natural, so perfect with his mother. He could think of nowhere else he would ever want to be but settled between her ass cheeks. Her clit was pulsing under his fingers, and she was continuously moaning into the bedsheets, pushing her ass out against his mouth. He started pushing in and out with his tongue.

It was like a miniature cock inside her, so insistent, moving back and forth within her. His fingers worked magic on her clit at the same time, so that she found herself, almost

against her will, pulled over the edge of an incredibly intense orgasm.

"Maaaaaax! Oh, oh, oh, OHHHHHHHHHH!"

She writhed and shivered under his tongue and fingers, the orgasm ripping through her like a hurricane. She pushed hard against him, deep-seating his tongue inside her ass, then collapsed down onto the bed, trapping his hand against her hot wet quim.

"Oh. Oh. Oh, shit, Max. Where the fuck did you learn to do that?" Her breath came in ragged gasps. He leaned his face sideways against her ass, the hot skin like the best cushion in the world.

"I think it just came naturally, Mom."

"Well, if that's natural to you, I'd hate to see what kinky is," she giggled, and they both found themselves laughing. He slipped next to her on the bed, and she locked eyes with him.

"Kiss me, you wonderful boy," she smiled.

He leaned into her, that tongue that had just been up her ass now probing forcefully between her lips. She tasted herself on him, a thought that up until now would have disgusted her. But how could she deny him, this boy that had given her so wonderful an experience?

They kissed passionately, mother and son. His cock throbbed, harder than ever, and then he turned her onto her back, and she spread her legs willingly for him. He settled himself on top of her, supporting himself on his outstretched arms. They looked intently into each other's eyes, and then the mother reached down and grasped the shaft of her son's hardness, pulling it into her soft wetness.

The contact was electrifying. The heat generated by the two organs of procreation urged them together, to complete the circuit. His cock slipped inch by inch into the canal that he had come out of so many years before. And when he was fully seated inside her, they breathed out together.

"I love you, Mom."

"And I love you too, Max."

Gus couldn't help but hear each and every moan coming from his son's bedroom. Hearing his wife cry out like that was intense. More intense was knowing that it was their son who was satisfying her so perfectly. The cries of sexual passion increased in volume and urgency.

"Oh, oh, OHHH, GOD! That's so goooooood!"

"Mom, oh fuck, oh Mom, I love this, ohhhhhhh!"

And he knew they came together, there in his house, just down the hall. And still he waited, waited for her to fulfill her promise.

And when she came into their room, her blonde hair wild, her face sweaty, her chest heaving, her tits flushed, her pussy red and dripping, he knew he was as deeply in love as he could be.

"Take off those clothes, Gus," she ordered, her eyes flashing. He obeyed as quickly as he could. "Now lie down on the bed." He leaped to the bed and lay on his back, his hard hard erection pulsing in the air.

She prowled towards him, then climbed over him, positioning her inflamed pussy over his face.

"Eat me," she growled, settling herself down.

He had no choice. The sopping pussy was pressed against him. His tongue snaked out to taste her. And to taste something else as well. The deeply salty, slightly bitter taste of his own son's cum dripping out of his mother's well-used cunt. He drank the bitter draught down, accepting the consequences of his decisions. He lapped at the well of her sex, pushing as deep inside her as he could in search of more of his son's white deposits.

"Fuck meeee," Angela screamed, loving the attack of her husband's tongue inside her, his acceptance, her sexual satisfaction. And when he fastened his lips around her distended clit, she exploded for the fourth time that night.

"Mmmm," she said as she slid down his body, "that's what you get, Gus." She kissed him deeply, tasting herself and her son in his mouth. He kissed avidly back.

"But now," she continued, "you get your reward, too." Her decision had been made only just that night, when Max had been sucking on her ass. She slipped lower down, and took him in her mouth. It was amazing how different father and son were. Although not particularly longer, Gus' cock was definitely thicker. She shuddered at the implications, but made sure to slobber her saliva all over his shaft. She knew that she was certainly wet enough.

And when she was satisfied that he was fully lubricated, she positioned herself in a squat above her wonderful husband and placed the thick tip of his cock directly against her ass hole. She bore down and pushed down at the same time,

and was amazed to feel how easily the head of him slipped inside of her.

Gus looked on in amazement. He had been passive until now, but the feel of her sphincter around the head of his erection was a spur to action. He grabbed her around the hips and started pulling her down. Her eyes flew open wide as she felt him probe deeper and deeper into her bowels.

"Oh, shit, Gus," she whispered, "be gentle, please?"

Every inch or so, he paused to allow her to get used to the thickness of him. Also, it gave him a chance to come down off the intense high of being inside her ass for the first time. And then, he was completely inside her, and her bottom was against his thighs. Her legs were spread wide apart, her swollen pussy stared at him, so red from the multiple ravagings it had received that night. He wet a finger in his mouth and slid it inside her, feeling his cock through the thin membrane that separated them.

"Mmmmm, that's sooooo fucking hot, lover," she moaned, closing her eyes and throwing her head back. Her breasts heaved with her breath. He worked his finger in and out, rubbing over the length of his own erection from within her. And then she started to move her hips, pulling up and down his cock, little by little, more and more, increasing her rhythm and speed. She could feel every ridge of his cock rub over her tender ass hole.

And then, suddenly, wildly, he flipped her around on his cock, and took her from behind, standing against the edge of the bed, sawing his hardness into her with a ferocity she had never experienced before. Incredibly, she felt the waves of pleasure overtaking her for the fifth time that night. How was it possible? She had never thought she could cum from something in her ass.

And Gus, too, was cresting, until with a howl, he pushed all the way deep into her, his pulsing cock depositing its cream deep into her bowels. Angela screamed too, her own orgasm pushing her over the edge. She could feel every spurt of him deep inside her, where she had never known such heat.

They collapsed together on the bed, still joined by his cock deep inside her ass and fell soundly asleep in seconds.

Chapter 6

Every morning was better than the one before. Angela was sighing with complete relaxation as she stood at the kitchen counter. She felt suffused with contentment. A golden glow surrounded everything. And deep within her, she could feel the little burn that signified a well-fucked pussy.

"And ass," she laughed quietly to herself, the tender opening of her anus still feeling bruised from the fucking it had received the night before. She had awoken to feel her husband's soft cock still embedded in the completely relaxed sphincter. With a little 'plop' it had fallen out when she turned over. Gus didn't even awaken, but just turned over and continued sleeping.

Friday morning, she thought to herself. Tonight was Max' big date. She didn't think it would be a problem for him. Not with his newfound confidence.

She felt two strong arms encircle her waist and pull her back to a tight embrace.

"Morning, Mom," came her son's voice. She felt the insistent throb of his penis nestled deep in her ass. She nearly swooned, thinking of the last time she had felt that.

"Ooohh, lover, what a way to say good morning," she husked.

His mom was wearing a thin satin robe that came down just below her ass. By the feel of her, there was nothing underneath. Max ground his cock against her firm butt, loving how she pushed back at him. He was wearing simple cotton pajama pants, nothing on top. He slipped his hands up to cup her tits through the gown.

"You like?"

"How could I not, Max. But," she continued, pulling her ass from him, "we've got to take it easy, honey. Your Dad will be coming downstairs soon."

"Soon," he replied, pulling her back to him. "Not now."

Oh God, she thought, I can't resist him. She turned her head over her shoulder and met his mouth in a lover's kiss. His hand went inside her gown to knead her breast, the tender nipple mauled by his insistent grasp.

"Oh Max, no," she whined, "you've got to stop now," but her ass ground back into his cock without cease.

He smiled wickedly, and pulled her nightgown over her ass. With one hand he slipped his hard long cock out of his pajamas. It slithered between her legs and lay underneath her tender sex. The wetness there coated him quickly.

"Your mouth says to stop, but your pussy has other ideas," he growled, sawing his erection back and forth across her

slit. He was so hard she thought she could sit on his cock and it would support her weight entirely.

"Oh fuck," she whispered, tipping her hips back so that the head of his cock caught in her wet hole. With a mighty thrust he filled her completely, the slap of his belly against her ass loud in the quiet kitchen. This was so wrong. How could she let him do this? How could he overcome her so easily?

He held her tits tightly in his hands, using them as leverage to bang her mercilessly. The sound of their coupling filled the room, the slippery whisper of their flesh against each other proof positive of her own excitement. They grunted quietly as he filled her again and again.

"Angela?"

She froze, her eyes wide as she heard Gus call from upstairs. Max didn't even miss a beat, pushing hard into her so that her breath left her with a soft "oof." She frowned back at him, and he smiled again, so charming, so sinful. He slipped back out, his cock like a saber, her pussy feeling so empty

as it withdrew. Pausing at the end, he slowly went right back in again. The head rubbed deliciously over the most sensitive parts of her. She closed her eyes in surrender.

"Angela!"

"I—I'm in the k-kitchen," she managed to stutter, as Max started to pick up speed again.

"Have you seen my red tie?"

Slap-slap-slap.

"Mmmm..." she tried desperately to think. How could she stop him from coming in here?

"In the closet, I think?" Her hands gripped the counter to steady herself. The sensations were starting to build, increased by the surreal situation.

"I looked there!" She could hear his footsteps on the stairs, starting to come down. Max increased the speed of his thrusts, and she started to cum.

"Oh!" escaped her mouth. Max' face was deep in concentration.

"Honey? What's wrong?" Gus' voice sounded full of concern. He was nearing the bottom of the stairs. He would be in the kitchen in any second.

"Uh, uh, uh... Maybe it's d-downstairs in the l-laundry room," she said, as her orgasm overtook her. She felt Max push once more deep inside, and felt the base of his cock pulsing against her distended labia. He was coming once again into her very depths.

The kitchen door started to open, and Max was all at once leaning casually by the counter, pouring himself some orange juice. The front of his pajama bottoms were damp, but he thought his Dad wouldn't notice that.

Angela turned to face Gus, hoping that she wasn't too obviously sexually aroused.

"In the laundry room?" Gus looked over at his wife. She seemed a little red in the face, but otherwise okay. She was leaning over the counter, reading the newspaper. Max was on the other side of the kitchen.

"Oh, hey, son. I didn't know you were up."

"Morning, Dad," Max said, smiling. How fucking awesome was this? He had just taken his mother in full daylight, and she had done nothing to stop him!

"Yes, Gus. I think maybe it was still around one of your shirts last week."

"Right," Gus said, striking his forehead. He walked across the kitchen to the door to the basement. A slither of Max' cum escaped Angela's pussy and wetly dripped down her leg, but her husband didn't see. When he was down the

stairs, she quickly wiped her leg with a paper towel and turned to look accusingly at her son.

"What was that," she hissed.

Max shrugged. Angela knew something would have to change. But it would also have to wait until after tonight.

Kitty Clifton stood in her walk-in closet, rejecting outfit after outfit. How the fuck had she gotten herself into this mess? Max Johnson was pretty cute, she allowed, but what had made her promise to dress 'hot' for their date? There was something about his nonchalance, his careless attitude towards her that excited her outrageously. Maybe it was just that she was so bored with all of those puppies who tried to go out with her. Why couldn't they step up and be men?

Of course, she reflected, it might have something to do with how stunningly beautiful she was. She struck a pose and

looked at herself in the mirror. The image that looked back at her was too sexy for words.

"I'd tap that," she giggled.

She adjusted her red lace bra on her full boobs, then looked over her shoulder at her ass. The matching red lace thong made her butt look like candy. Too yummy. She pulled her gleaming straight brown hair up onto her head to see the full length of her back.

"Honey?" Her father's voice called her from outside her bedroom.

"Just a sec, Daddy," she called back, still looking deep into the eyes of her reflection. She winked sexily, and blew herself a kiss, before finding a short black silk kimono with gold dragons on it to wrap herself in. She stepped confidently out of her closet and went to open the door.

Mark Clifton was a very successful businessman. People throughout the town looked up to him, and his decisions

shaped the lives of over half of them. His success had netted him the largest mansion, with four cars and a swimming pool. Every day, at work, he felt in charge, in command, self-confident.

And then he came home. His first wife, Marcie, had died ten years before. Although he had a succession of pretty women, he had never been able to settle on one. There was a void in his life. Or, not exactly, he would admit to himself when he was being particularly honest. The empty spot in his life was occupied, by his daughter, Kitty. And she filled that spot only too well.

Now, for example, he thought, as he watched the tall, slim girl smile sweetly at him, before turning and walking back across her large bedroom. His eyes were immediately drawn to her long tanned legs. Just like her mother, she was too fucking sexy, and she knew it.

She grabbed a magazine from her desk and lay down on her king-size bed, facing away from him. One leg bent at the knee, she idly thumbed through the pages.

"What's up, Daddy, sweetie?"

He took a faltering step into her little kingdom, slowly circling around her. With each slow kick of her leg, the kimono slipped higher on her body. He tried desperately to pay no attention to the wondrous sexiness of her young body.

"Uh, what're your plans tonight, Princess?"

"Goin' on a date," she replied carelessly, as if she had no idea of what she was doing to him. This was a game she loved to play with her Daddy, whom she loved dearly. But it was too much fun to give up, to see him helpless, so unsure of himself. She suspected it might be a bit risky, what she was doing, but she couldn't seem to help herself.

He settled himself on the bed next to her, and she kept her face steadfastly away from him. Couldn't make him feel like she might catch him looking. Her heart pounded as she felt the weight of him shift the mattress down.

She was so innocent, lying there on the satin sheets. Her kimono stopped just above the bottom of her ass cheeks, that little crease at the top of each leg where thigh became ass. Christ, he was lost. You could see the space between her legs where her pussy would be, and each kick of the leg caused the gap to widen and then become smaller again.

"Who's the lucky guy?" He tentatively placed a hand on her back, the small of her back, just above where her panties would be. The silk was smooth under his hand, and he couldn't help but rub in little circles. It was completely innocent, he told himself. Just a Father and a Daughter having a little moment together.

"Max Johnson. You know him?" His hand felt delightful, so light, so shy. She made no move to discourage him, still pretending an interest in the article in front of her.

"Uh, I don't think so. I know his Dad, though." His hand was causing the kimono to lift higher up her butt. He watched in amazement as the twin globes of her ass came into view, each just as golden as her legs. Unconsciously, his hand rubbed in larger circles, until he felt the edge of her panties

under his fingers. He started, and moved his hand back away.

"Mmmmm, Daddy. Feels nice," Kitty murmured, and lay her head down, stretching her arms upward. The kimono gave up the fight and slipped down the upper slope of her ass, so that it lay exposed to her father's hungry eyes. The red lace thong was buried between the firm cheeks.

"Wh—what time is he picking you up?" He was saying anything to prolong the moment. He chanced a glance up at her head, but she was still blissfully unaware of his inappropriate interest in her exposed anatomy. He felt free to turn his attention back to that amazing ass, so blithely uncovered. His fingers traced the band of her thong across her lower back.

"Around 6:30," Kitty murmured, her head still turned away. She knew she should do something to stop him, but he seemed so cute with the way he couldn't stop himself. Anyway, it was just for fun, nothing serious here. He was her Dad after all, and she trusted him completely.

Mark looked at his hand which seemed to have a mind of its own. His girl's kimono was now gathered around her waist and he was caressing bare skin. His finger pressed lightly into her lower back and then slipped under the waistband of that tiny thong. He could just feel the beginnings of the valley of her ass. Fatherly feelings fought with arousal, a brief but furious battle. With regret, he lifted the kimono and pulled it back down over her exposure. But he couldn't resist patting the splendid curve of her ass through the silk.

"Well, have fun, Princess. And don't be too harsh to him, okay?"

She looked over her shoulder at him, her eyes sparkling. She loved him dearly.

"Of course, Daddy."

Max Johnson rang the doorbell at the immense mansion. It was like nothing he had ever seen before. Clearly designed to intimidate, the architecture was masculine and contemporary. The door was set in a huge plate glass wall so you could see the large foyer with the grand staircase inside.

Still, Max was pretty sure of himself. After all, he had his Dad's Porsche again. And his Mom had told him that she had made reservations at the same restaurant that they had gone to the night before.

"You should feel pretty comfortable there, hmmm?" Her eyes twinkled, and she handed him a credit card with his name on it.

"Have fun, sport," she whispered in his ear, then kissed him chastely on the cheek. His face still felt the imprint of her lovely lips.

Max leaned casually by the door, looking out over the large well-manicured lawn. He had come to realize something in the last few days. Perhaps it wasn't so important to feel at

ease around women. But it was important to project a sense of confidence, of self-assurance. It had somehow worked with Kitty to this point. And even better, it had worked like a charm with his mother.

Christ, his mother! He still couldn't believe that he had balled her in their kitchen that morning. And she had been so willing, so wet, so hot. He thought dreamily of the feel of her sweet pussy around his dick. He was so preoccupied that he didn't hear the sharp clicking of his date's high heels across the marble floor of the foyer.

Kitty Clifton had really pulled it off, as far as she was concerned. She had a pretty white cotton sundress on with little pink flowers embroidered around the hem. It came down below the knee, and flared out when she walked. Once upon a time, it had had a lining to conceal the anatomy underneath. But she had snipped it out carefully, leaving only the paper-thin cotton to protect her modesty. Ha! The thought made her smile. 'Who needs modesty with a body like mine?'

The front was low-cut between her boobs, showing off the inner slopes on each side. The back laced up leaving a nice gap all the way down to just above the start of her ass. Of course, there was no way to wear a bra with this dress, and the cotton was thin enough to make out the shadows of her nipples.

Underneath, she had chosen to wear a blue thong. She was aware that it wasn't as sexy as a g-string, but the effect through the cotton was what she was going for. Since you could see the electric blue so easily, her legs looked like they went up to her waist, and her ass cheeks were outlined precisely. She loved the impression of innocence overlying pure sexuality.

And there was her victim, leaning nonchalantly against the wall by the front door. There was no way he could keep up his act of not being blown away by her. She was in control here. Not him. Certainly not him.

"Hey there, Max," she purred. He turned to look at her. His heart sped up when he saw what she was wearing. Christ, the dress hid nothing. But, still, it wasn't as sexy as the way

his mother had dressed the night before. Calm, calm, he told himself.

"Not bad, girl," he said, with a low whistle, confidently looking her up and down.

"Told you I'd dress hot," she smiled, and twirled in the doorway. The dress flared up so that he could see up to the tops of her thighs, and then settled demurely back around her legs. But he refused to rise to the bait.

"Uh-huh, you did. And I definitely like it."

Kitty frowned inside. Why the hell wasn't he stammering? Why wasn't he sweating, confused, unsure of himself. But outside, she kept up the pressure by leaning into him and kissing him softly on the cheek, making sure to push against his arm with her tits. Mmmm. He smelled good. Sexy.

"You ready to go, big guy?"

"Sure thing," he said, wrapping an arm around her waist and pulling her into him, tightly. His strength surprised her, and she let her body mold itself against his, suddenly feeling terribly naked. He was still leaning against the wall, looking down into her eyes. Shit, was he always this handsome, she wondered.

He saw the sudden confusion in her deep blue eyes, and knew he was on the right track. He held her close against him, feeling the soft curves of her through the thin cotton of her dress. His hand swept down, over the edge of her thong, down to cup her ass. He squeezed gently, the firm muscles of her cheerleader-toned butt yielding to his grasp.

"Kiss me," he demanded.

"Ooohh, Max, my Dad could see us," she squirmed against him. She felt so warm, so comfortable in his arms. What the fuck was going on. She made no move to get away from his caress. He brought his other hand up to her face, and pulled her into him. Her lips parted unconsciously, and she closed her eyes as she felt his mouth find hers.

Max was in seventh heaven. Who knew such confidence could net you so much? He crushed the pretty cheerleader's mouth against his, his tongue wetly swirling with hers. She was limp, her arms hanging by her side, her body pressed against his. And when he pulled away, she looked at him with glazed eyes, before blinking and pulling away coquettishly.

"Naughty boy," she laughed uncertainly. "I thought the kiss was supposed to come at the end of the first date."

He shrugged, smiling. She turned and saw his car, and ran to it, squealing.

"Oh. My. God. Is this your fucking car?!"

Still not saying anything, he sauntered over and opened the door for her. She slid in, her eyes wide. He walked around and got in opposite her.

"Even my Dad doesn't have anything this nice. Holy shit, where did you get it?"

"It's my Dad's actually, but he lets me drive it. Especially for dates with hot chicks."

She blushed. 'I can't believe the effect this guy has on me,' she thought. She wiggled on the leather seat, running her hand over the dashboard.

"It even smells sexy," she whispered. And it was true: there was a muskiness to the interior of the car that spoke of eroticism. Max smiled to himself. After all, some of that smell had emanated from his mother the night before. He couldn't believe his luck. First his mom, now the sexiest girl in school.

The left strap had slipped off her golden shoulder as she looked around, and had fallen down to her elbow. The front of her dress on that side had peeled down along with it, so that her upper chest was exposed to view.

"No tan lines," he remarked, running a finger across the top of her shoulder. She shivered under his touch, and looked

down at herself. She quickly hooked a finger into her strap and pulled it back up.

"Uh, yeah. Uh, I think you're getting too much information too quickly, Max," she stammered.

"Nonsense," he replied, starting the car. "I don't think you could shock me."

"Oh, really. Maybe I could, if you let me."

"Well, maybe I'll let you try, tonight."

Her heart pounded. She was amazed to find that she was actually having fun. He was so unpredictable. And all of her dates had been so rote. It was new, being unsure of herself.

The Maitre D' raised one eyebrow when he saw Max and Kitty enter, but he was too professional to say anything.

Max was surprised when he led them to the same table he had shared with his mother the night before. His mother had thought of everything possible to make him comfortable, he guessed. Kitty sat in the chair he had sat in last night, and Max was just getting settled when he heard a little squeal.

"Ooh, God, it's you again!"

Max looked up to see the same young waitress. But he was taking everything in stride now.

"Hello again," he smiled.

"Um, what's going on here?" Kitty looked from the one to the other with a little frown on her face. This was her date, Max was hers. She wouldn't tolerate any interference.

"Oh, Madame, I apologize," the waitress blushed. "But you should know," she leaned in, speaking low, "you're in for one heck of a night, if last night was anything to go by!"

Kitty looked over at Max, confused. He shrugged, then turned back to the young woman serving them.

"What's your name, anyway?"

"Charlene," she replied, smiling shyly. "By the way, I think you left me the best tip I've ever gotten!"

"Max," hissed Kitty as Charlene walked away with their drink orders, "what the hell did you do here last night?"

"I had a hot date, of course," replied Max calmly. "Didn't you get the gist of it from our lovely waitress?"

"What do you mean by hot?"

"Just what I said." Max leaned back, looking dreamily off into the distance as he recalled his antics with his mother. "She was pretty wild, let me tell you."

Kitty was feeling annoyed. She didn't like the idea of her date thinking of some other woman while she was with him. At the same time, she was still turned on from the car ride.

"Oh, really. And what sort of wild things did she do, I wonder." Kitty shrugged her shoulder, and let the strap of her dress fall down her arm. It slipped down past her elbow pulling the front of the dress with it. The edge snagged right on her nipple, the top of her areola showing. She was amazed with her boldness. If anyone looked over, they would see that she was sitting there with her tit practically jumping out of her bodice.

"Anything like this?"

He glanced over at her and took in her near exposure. He nodded, impressed despite himself. Kitty looked so fresh and innocent, and yet so salacious at the same time.

"You're beginning to get there." His penis started to harden from the sight of Kitty Clifton showing off her body to him. What a life!

"Oh, there's lots more where that came from, believe me," Kitty retorted, satisfied that she was getting a little control back.

"Here are your drinks." Charlene was back, too quickly for the girl to cover herself up, so she put on a brave face and turned to the young waitress to get her beverage.

"Mmm. Things do move quickly at this table lately," the waitress smirked. Kitty, still angry, refused to acknowledge the other woman, but took her soda and took a long draw from the straw.

"I think we're ready to order," Max interposed, suddenly worried at the strange energies flowing around the table. Last night had been easier, because his mother had warned him ahead of time that things might get weird. But how far was Kitty willing to go? He didn't want to push her too far and risk losing any chance with her.

He ordered the steak, but Kitty took her time. She perused the menu one more time, all the while feeling the loose cotton rubbing on her nipple, still just out of view. She knew that all attention was on her, and she didn't want to let go of it. Now looking right up at the waitress, she asked again about the specials of the night, putting the woman through her paces. Each movement caused her dress to shift on her nearly exposed tit, and both Max and Charlene found themselves holding their breath, wondering if the dress would fall off of that little protuberance.

Charlene was now sweating a little. She was usually the best waitress here, despite her young age, because of her self-assurance. But last night and tonight had shaken her confidence. She stammered through the specials, Kitty asking her to clarify a couple of points. She mixed up the vodka cream sauce with the asparagus reduction.

"Hmmm," Kitty said, looking down at the menu one last time. She loved milking the situation, and knew she had her audience on tenterhooks. Finally, she gracefully lowered her elbow ever so slightly and the dress slipped off the distended nipple, baring her entire right breast, right there in the middle of the restaurant. Max and Charlene let their

breath out in an audible sigh as the beautifully proportioned globe came into view.

Like his mother's, Kitty's breast had no sag to it. However, where Angela accomplished that with a small cup size, Kitty's were a full C cup, rounded and ripe. The nipple sat on a puffy areola that stood an extra half-inch out from the contours of her breast. The entire projection forced the nipple in a slight upwards curve.

"I'll have the Caesar salad, please," Kitty said, smiling brilliantly at the flustered waitress. Closing the menu with no trace of self-consciousness, she handed it to Charlene and turned to her date, clearly dismissing the waitress, who turned and stumbled back to the kitchen.

"She's a little unsure of herself, isn't she?" Kitty took Max's hand in hers and placed it on her leg under the tablecloth.

"Uh-huh," Max smiled. "I wonder why?" Kitty's leg was toned and taut from her gymnastics and cheerleading. He enjoyed the strength of those leg muscles through the thin cotton. He took a quick look around, and realized that, even

more than the night before, hardly anybody could see what was going on in their booth.

"Can't say," yawned Kitty, stretching upwards, and thrusting her chest towards Max. He was fully hard in his pants again.

"By the way, did I say how beautiful you look tonight?"

"Why, thank you, Max," preened the gorgeous teenager, feeling a flush of warmth run through her body. She couldn't believe how things were turning out here. She had never let any boy see her boobs before at least the third date. It was usually too much fun leading them on. But tonight she was practically throwing herself at this guy. And it was even more fun this way.

Max slid his arm around her shoulder, still holding on to her thigh. He pulled her towards him, slipping his fingers under the strap on her left shoulder. He just had to see how far this incredible girl would go with him. She looked at him, her brilliant blue eyes smoky, her body lithe and yielding. She closed her eyes as his face approached her and sighed softly. He pushed the strap of her dress off of the left

shoulder as he kissed her, deeply, passionately. The thin strap slithered down her limp left arm, and in seconds Max Johnson was holding a half-naked siren against him, her bare tits flushed in her excitement.

She pulled back from him, her eyes shining, sitting there with her perfect breasts standing proudly on her naked chest. She was breathing quickly, her nipples straining. She felt the cool breeze of the restaurant's air conditioning on her naked skin. Everything seemed so sexual; she felt so alive. The electricity ran down her body, coming together in her sex which felt warm and throbbing.

"Here's your br—oh fuck me." Charlene stood stock-still in front of them, blocking the rest of the establishment's clientele from seeing into the secluded booth. She put the bread down on the table, and gripped the edge while a shiver ran through her. "That is too fucking awesome, you guys."

"Get a grip, girl," Kitty growled. "You look like you're about to cum right here." She was feeling more and more at home in this strange situation. And she was going to use this girl

to help out her cause with Max. Charlene's eyes looked glazed and unfocused as she nodded helplessly.

"Well, then, if you're so turned on, you've got to do something for us, also." The waitress looked at her with wide eyes, her pretty lips parted slightly. She nodded, uncertainly.

"What are you wearing under that blouse?" Kitty's whisper was harsh, demanding.

"A—a chemise and a bra," the blonde waitress replied softly.

"Go to the restroom and take them off, please. I want you serving us with only your blouse on top, got me?"

She nodded again, her cheeks turning red.

"Off you go, then," Kitty said with finality. Max looked on bemusedly.

"Well, I guess you can get pretty wild," he said to his half-naked date.

"You have no idea," she said, her eyes dancing with delight. He laughed, tracing a finger down her front to tease over her full tit, circling around the nipple, tracing its hardness. She purred, pushing her breast into his hand. He complied by cupping it with his hand, feeling its soft weight. He pinched the nipple tightly, and she moaned, feeling her panties grow moist. She slipped out of his grasp, and shrugged the dress back into place. In an instant she looked modest once more.

"I like you, Kitty Clifton," he murmured, and her heart soared.

The rest of the meal they spent playing with their poor waitress. When she returned with their salads, the sway of her full chest under her thin blouse was quite evident. She was clearly embarrassed, but stood at their table when Max asked her to stay.

"Unbutton the top three buttons, please," he growled. Kitty giggled. Charlene was frankly blushing at this point, the bright red of her cheeks pleasing against her honey blonde hair.

"Please," she whispered.

"Nonsense," he retorted. "You're loving this, aren't you?"

She nodded, and tremblingly undid the top button, then the next two. Kitty and Max watched as she hesitatingly went to the lowest button. With these buttons undone, her blouse would gape to below her tits. She knew that if she were caught doing this, she would be fired, but she seemed to have no will of her own. She finally complied, undoing the last button. She stood up straight, her hands behind her back.

The young couple could see her breasts, larger than Kitty's, through the opening of her blouse. Max had her lean forward to get Kitty's glass. As she did so, her breast slipped out of the opening. Kitty reached forward and tweaked the large pink nipple. Charlene squeaked, but continued what

she had been doing. They allowed her to button back up before she left.

Later, Kitty had a wicked idea.

"Max, you're enjoying this aren't you?"

"What gave you that idea," he smiled.

"This," she said, boldly caressing his erection through his pants.

"Mmm. I guess that is a dead giveaway, isn't it?"

"Go with me here, okay?"

"Sure thing, doll," he replied, looking at her quizzically. Without a word, looking him straight in the eye, she unbuckled his belt and pants. Pulling the zipper down, she reached her slender fingers inside and grasped his cock. Deftly, she pulled it out the front of his trousers and started

stroking it gently. It was a lovely example, not too huge, but thick and hard, the circumcised head a dark and angry red. Her fingers barely reached all the way around its girth.

He gasped, feeling her cool fingers on his hardness. The sensations were delightful, and heightened by the danger of doing this in public. Her touch danced and caressed his aching erection, keeping him on the edge while he nervously finished off his steak. He offered her a piece, which she accepted, her red lips stained with the juices.

"Ohh, lover," she whispered, "I definitely like your steak. She leaned in and kissed him deeply again, her tongue wrestling with his. She caught the sight of Charlene coming back, and pulled away. "Drop your napkin," she hissed. He obeyed.

Despite her nerves, Charlene had been enjoying every moment. She had never felt so turned on in her life. This kid and his women were so wild! Her legs were like jelly, and she was sure that every one of her customers could tell how aroused she was. But she had managed to keep it together, although she had had to take a break in the

bathroom to touch herself, wildly fingering herself to a quick and rough orgasm before making a desperate attempt to dry off her dripping snatch.

When she saw the napkin flutter to the ground, she swooped down automatically to pick it up. At this point she was confronted by the rude sight of the young man's hard cock being stroked right in front of her nose.

"Take him in your mouth," came the soft yet insistent instruction from the girl. She obeyed instinctively, feeling the bulbous head pass her lips, hot and soft, then the hard shaft, an inch or two forcing its way into her mouth. The head rested heavily on her tongue, the salty pre-cum filling her senses. She sensed rather than saw the small hand speeding up on the rest of the shaft, increasing its pressure. She helped out the effort by sucking on the head, rasping her tongue across the sensitive skin under the ridge.

And then her mouth suddenly filled with an explosion of hot creamy cum, the head expanding with each burst. Her mouth overflowed with the stuff, salty, bitter, so wrong and yet so delicious.

"Don't swallow," came the growl of the man, and she desperately tried to obey, her cheeks bulging out with the collection of sperm. Several more jerks of ejaculate came from his cock, and she let the head slip from her mouth to give herself that much more room to collect the stuff. After the last dribble emerged, she stood up and handed the napkin to him. Proudly, she stood there with her mouth stuffed with his come.

"Spit." He held out an empty glass. She leaned over and allowed the gooey mass of mixed semen and saliva to pour out of her mouth and into the glass. Her eyes fluttered closed for a second, as a spasm ran through her.

"Jesus, that was hot," she murmured, tasting the sticky residue of him in her mouth, and then smiling at the two.

"Nicely done," Kitty smiled back at her, all annoyance gone. She couldn't hold a grudge against the waitress, not now. And the two women smiled conspiratorially together.

"Would you please get us a flan?" Max's request brought Charlene back to her senses.

"Certainly, Monsieur," she replied, smiling coquettishly. Her smile still appeared pearly, and a drop of cum lay on her chin. She turned and walked proudly through the restaurant. Nobody else knew what had happened here tonight, but she had had a sexual awakening.

And when the flan came, Max poured the contents of the glass over the caramel dessert and wordlessly offered it to his date. She looked at him, lust burning through her eyes, and took up a fork to eat the delicious treat.

Mark Clifton watched covertly from the shadows of the front hall. Outside, under the light by the front door, his gorgeous daughter was trading spit with her date, Gus Johnson's boy. He wanted to be angry with her, self-righteously furious with the boy. But the scene was too engrossing for him to step forward and interrupt.

The kid had his hands on his daughter's ass, pulling her in tight to him, and she seemed only too willing to participate. As the father watched, the girl reached behind her and pulled her dress upwards. He watched hungrily as her long legs were revealed, higher and higher, until that superb ass came into view, that same ass he had looked at earlier in the day.

The boy confidently cupped the near naked ass in his hands, tracing the line of the blue thong with his fingers. The couple's kissing was hard and passionate, never seeming to pause for breathing, as if they were devouring each other. Mark was hard in his pants, watching his daughter getting mauled. On her first date with the boy, for Christ's sake! Had she no modesty? Or was she just a slut?

The hands on Kitty's ass delved deeper, pulling the rounded cheeks apart. Mark held his breath, unconsciously rubbing himself through his pants. Would he get to see something he had never been privy to before? Would he get to see his angel's asshole? He peered more closely, trying to make out

some details through the shadows that covered up the boy's explorations.

And then, his heart stopped. Because the boy looked directly at him. And winked!

"Mmm. Kitty, you are definitely hot tonight."

"Glad I convinced you. Finally," she giggled.

Max felt the sweet firmness of her ass in his hands. He could sense the heat emanating from between her legs, just inches from his fingers. Her face was flushed, her eyes sparkling. She had never looked so pretty, so sexual to him. He knew she was his for the taking. But, he had an idea that percolated through him.

"So hot. So fucking exciting." He ground his erection into her abdomen, and she wiggled against him, smiling in

delight at the sensation of his hard cock. "But, my little vixen, it will have to wait."

She gaped at him in astonishment. Never before had she been left hanging like this.

"What do you mean? You can't leave me like this!"

"Prior commitment, sweetheart," he smiled, squeezing that magnificent ass one last time before reluctantly withdrawing his hands. He knew that he had recourse to satisfaction at home. He suspected she did not, although he had seen her father in the hallway watching them avidly. If he left her wanting more, he was pretty sure she would be his forever.

"I'll call you," he whispered hotly into her ear, then withdrew quickly.

Kitty watched him go. She stamped her foot in exasperation, before turning to enter her house. She pursed

her lips, frustrated, as she bent to undo the straps of her sandals in the foyer, then smiled ruefully.

'What a fucker,' she thought to herself. 'But I've got to have him.'

"How was your date, honey?" The voice from in the next room made her jump.

"Oh, God, Daddy! You scared the daylights out of me!" She made her way into the living room where her father was sitting on the couch. Preoccupied with her thoughts, she didn't notice how flustered he looked, nor how he was sitting with a pillow on his lap.

"It was fine," she continued, flopping down onto the other end of the couch. Her skirt flew up briefly, and the confused father's eyes were drawn to the glimpse of leg that he saw, before he forced himself to look at her again. "Actually, it was maybe the most fun I've ever had on a date," she admitted, glancing at her father before looking down, a little embarrassed at her memories. She was still hot, over-

excited. Her panties felt quite damp. She bent over to rub at her feet.

"Are your feet sore, honey? I'll rub them for you," Mark blurted. Kitty looked at him quizzically, then shrugged.

"Okay, Daddy," she smiled, before lifting her feet up and placing them on the pillow over his lap. "Rub away." She leaned back and closed her eyes. Her father took the nearest foot in his hands and started to massage it, pushing his fingers deeply into the sole.

"Mmm. That's heavenly, Daddy," she murmured. She looked at him from under heavy lids. He was certainly still a very handsome man, her Daddy. His hair might be grey around the temples, but he still had a full head of it. And his eyes, lighter blue than hers, were like steel when he was angry, rain when he was relaxed. He was tall and fit, working out at the gym several times a week. She knew he was sexually active, and his dates were invariably pretty.

'But not as pretty as me,' a voice in her head whispered, and she smiled to herself. She slipped further down on the couch, her feet pushing off of the cushion to the far side.

Mark suddenly found his hands holding her slim calf. He paused a second, and looked up at his girl's face. Her eyes were closed again. He looked down her body, took in the curves of her breasts, the nipples visible through the thin white cotton. Below, the dress had pushed up above her knees. He gently started massaging the muscles of her lower leg, working his fingers all around the circumference. He pulled her nearer leg into him, then went to work on the farther, subtly pushing it further apart from its mate. He was unconscious of what he was doing, and yet his eyes would roam up her legs with each movement, looking to see what the effect might be on her dress.

Kitty was half-dreaming at this point. His touch was so firm, so loving. She was still hot and bothered by how she and Max had behaved at the restaurant. In her mind, she was in Charlene's place, holding her date's cock in her mouth, feeling the hardness of it on her tongue. She was bobbing up and down his erection, her red lips leaving lipstick marks

on the shaft. Her dress was down around her waist again, her firm breasts hanging out in public. She moaned lightly.

And now she was aware that her legs were moving apart. But she knew that her dress was covering her. There was no way her Daddy would be able to look up it. And in any case, it was just innocent fun, right? In fact, maybe she should just let him look at her. What was the harm?

Mark could see nothing, and was getting frustrated. His little sexy girl was lying there in next to nothing, and that damned dress was getting in the way. His hands were now massaging just below her knees.

"Scooch a little down, Princess," he whispered. She raised an eyebrow at him, her eyes still closed. For a second, he thought he had blown it, that she was going to jump up, her eyes blazing, and run to her room.

"K." She slid a little lower, his hands now sliding above her knees to hold her thigh. The dress stayed below her, her bottom sliding over it. Now it was gathered right around her hips, her legs slightly parted still. He thought that if he

pushed her legs a little more apart, he would be granted a view of those panties he had been able to see through the dress.

Kitty was flying. In her brain a movie was still playing of her servicing Max Johnson at the restaurant. All the customers had gathered around to watch her perform. And there, standing just to the left, was her father. And at the same time, she was feeling her father's strong hands on her legs, massaging, caressing, lightly touching the soft inner skin. Her legs relaxed further, lightly falling apart a few inches.

Mark's cock was throbbing under the pillow. The weight of Kitty's legs was transferred onto him, a delightful pressure. Now her legs opened, and the dress, just barely covering her, slipped out of the way. Her pretty blue thong, worn as a temptation for her date, was now bared to his eyes. The panties hugged the little mound underneath, molded to its shape. Every contour was obvious to him, the two lips, the crevice between, the tiny nub at the top that announced her excitement. And there was the most delicate of odors that arose from her, one that shouted out that she was all woman.

Without thinking, without planning, his fingers danced up her long thighs. Wonderingly, he let his touch caress her just along the edge of her panties. That feminine crease, the border between body and leg, that arrow to the depths of her womanhood. His finger slipped along the panties, into the side of her groin. In amazement, he felt the heat of her sex through the undergarment, his finger now lying along side her little puss. Tracing back up, he looked up at her.

Kitty was lying, panting, eyes closed, her lower lip caught by her teeth. In her mind, sexual images flew past, faceless men confused with people she knew, hard cocks on all sides, her body at the mercy of the men around her. Her whole body was focused on that one finger just next to her sex. She felt it slip beneath the top of her thong.

"Uh uh," she managed to whisper, her hand catching her father's, "not... that. No. Nothing, you, uh, nothing you can't see..."

Then she let go of his hand, patting it in place. It rested on her, the fingers just on top of her thong.

'Not that,' he thought, 'Not stop...' He slipped around the edges again, teasing her, pushing the back of his fingers against her inflamed pussy through the panties. She was moaning, now, frankly expressing her sexual desire. It was all innocent, wasn't it? He wasn't doing anything wrong. His cock was so hard, so damned hard. But he was just helping her out in a hard situation. She needed it so bad.

Oh, she was being so bad, she knew. She shouldn't even be letting him do this much. But he was being so sweet about it, so mindful of what she wanted. And she wanted it so much. Max Johnson was so mean to leave her high like this, without satisfaction. But he was so fucking sexy, so outrageously kinky. Just the kind of guy she liked. In her little fantasy, he was pulling his cock from between her lips, jacking off over her. And his hot come would splash across her face, marking her in front of all of these people, in front of her father, as his, as his slut, his whore, oh fucking JESUS!

Mark Clifton watched his daughter peak over into an intense orgasm right in front of him, her hips lifting off of the couch, pushing her pussy against his fingers, and now,

he was frankly pushing on her through her panties as she spasmed hard. She shuddered, spasmed again, then collapsed back onto the couch. Her hair, sweaty, clung to her face. She drew a deep breath, then opened her eyes.

"Hmmm," she said, looking at her father, then at herself. "Uh, that was... interesting."

"Uh, Kitty," he stammered, now feeling intensely ashamed. But his hard cock, still hidden by the cushion, argued against that shame.

"Shh. I'm going to bed." And she stood up, straightening her dress around herself, then looked down at her stricken father. "Silly Daddy," she cooed lovingly, caressing his hair. "Don't be so scared." She leaned down and kissed him on the head. "Night."

Later that night, he stroked himself, caressing his rock-hard cock, all to thoughts of his sexy sexy daughter. When he came, he murmured her name out loud, the cum shooting out all over his naked chest.

"Max, could you come in here?" His dad's voice called him from the living room.

Max Johnson was still flying high on the emotions from his date. Never, never in his life would he have predicted the crazy events of the last few days. And honestly, who could have? Perhaps the high point had been losing his virginity to his mother the night before, but coming a close second had to be the sight of Kitty Clifton, high and mighty cheerleader, eating his cum on her dessert. He walked into the living room, the conquering warrior. He even felt pity for his poor father, cuckolded by his own son.

Gus was sitting, thinking about what his wife had planned. The poor boy. But she said he needed a lesson, this time to bring him back to himself. You could see it in his face, as he strutted into the room. He thought he was God's gift. Well, that could be changed.

"How did your date go?" He tried to keep the anxiety out of his voice, but after all, Mark Clifton was a pretty influential guy around here.

"Don't worry, Dad," Max smirked. "She's into me. I don't think her Dad will be getting a bad report."

"All right, son," Gus said, visibly relieved. "Your Mom wants to talk to you. I think she's waiting in your room."

"Okay, thanks." Max laughed to himself. He was definitely the top dog in this household now. His cock was already tenting the front of his pants in anticipation, and he didn't even care if his father saw it.

Upstairs, Angela lay on her son's bed. What Max had done that morning had been too much, as much as she had enjoyed it. She couldn't have him trying to control her through sex. She had to regain the upper hand, both out of respect for her husband as well as to make Max a better person.

She adjusted the tiny silk dressing gown around her shoulders to show off her cleavage to best advantage. She lay on her side with the top leg bent, her ass just barely covered by the hem of the gown. Underneath, of course, she was naked. What a rush, still, to be so lewd in her son's room! The door opened.

"Mmmm. Mom, you look good enough to eat!" Her handsome son's voice ran through her like a lightning bolt.

"Is that a promise or a threat?"

"You want to find out?" He unbuttoned his shirt, standing there in the door. God, he was so sexy.

"All in good time, Max," she flirted. "First, tell me about your date."

"Okay," he smiled, unbuckling his belt. He walked towards her and sat on the bed to take off his pants.

"Uh, Max, the door?"

"Why close it?" He stood up, now only in his boxers. His erection stuck out obscenely, straining against the thin material of his underwear. There was a damp spot on the front. He went around to stand next to her, his hard cock so close to her, so near, so powerful. He lazily caressed her bare shoulder, pushing at the edge of the gown. "We're just talking, right?"

She felt delirious. It was so easy to plan things, but so hard to carry them out. She turned onto her back, still keeping her legs together. Her gown slipped down her front, nearly baring her left breast. She made no move to cover up. She touched his leg, the heat of him scalding against her finger. He stood still, so sure of himself.

He began to tell her about the events of the night. He left nothing out, the details so suggestive, the descriptions so sexy. She was so hot, she couldn't think straight. She found herself running her hands up the backs of his legs to feel his ass under the boxers. She found herself opening her thighs, allowing the gown to gape wider at top and bottom. She

found herself displaying her body to him, trying to get him to capitulate, to get him to just get on her and start fucking.

He could see the lust in her eyes as he told her about Kitty's manipulation of Charlene. She was losing control, and all because he was talking to her, because he was controlling his desire. He let his cock throb, still nominally hidden in his boxers. He watched as his beautiful sexy Mom writhed on the bed, the gown falling open. Her eyes were glazed, her mouth open. Her nipples were rock hard. And when the night gown finally lay around her sides, her legs apart, he could see her arousal in the opening of her pussy.

"And Kitty looked right at me, Mom, as she took the first forkful up to her mouth. She didn't even hesitate as she opened her sweet little lips to eat that cum-covered flan."

"Mmmmm... oooohh, Max, that's tooooo much," Angela moaned.

"I could see my cum on her lip," he went on unrelentingly, "there, in Marcel's. And I watched her red tongue snake out

to lick the little drop, savoring the taste. Her eyes closed a little, and a slight shudder went through her hot body."

"Yes... yes," Angela reached down with her hand and touched her hard clit, touching herself, her naked self in front of her boy. But it was too much, she couldn't resist. How could he not be touching himself also?

"And even better, Mom, was the fact that my cum was mixed up with Charlene's saliva. What a sexy little bitch she is, to eat my cum and the waitress' spit. I was hard again so fast, even though I had just cum in Charlene's mouth only moments before."

"Ohhhh... FUUUCKK!!" Angela's orgasm ripped through her, as she pictured the scene in her mind. She had created this monster. Now she had to rein him in. She had to show him some consequences. As she came slowly down from her orgasm, her mind cleared a little. She looked up at him, smiled, and licked her own lips.

"Okay, you," she whispered, "now it's time for more than talk." She sat up, letting the gown slip off her arms, and

turned around so that her head was in the direction of the door. "Come here, lover." In a second, he had stripped off his boxers. His erection seemed to gleam all along its length, a weapon of lust, waiting to spear into her boiling tunnel. She was ready, but she was calculating, too.

Max climbed onto the bed, wondering again at the power he seemed to have over women, suddenly. It was simply confidence, he knew. Confidence that he could control his lust more than they could. As he lowered himself on to his mother's body, his cock quickly slipping into her pussy, he foresaw only hot sex for himself in the future.

That cock, that hard cock. So long, so thick. So wrong and yet so right. Her pussy gripped him as he entered, so slowly, so gently. It was as if his cock had been designed to touch all of the most sensitive spots inside her. Every move he made was heaven. And when he was all the way in her, he fit perfectly, the end of his cock reaching precisely to the end of her canal, just below her cervix, that tiny hole that once he had come through in the other direction.

She let her head fall back, hanging off the end of the bed, and saw Gus standing in the doorway. Now was the moment of truth. Would it be too much for her wonderful husband, or would he go along with the plan?

Gus Johnson had snuck up the stairs after his son. He had hid (him, hiding, in his own fucking house!) and watched Max talk with his mother, standing at the side of the bed, showing off his fucking cock to her. And all the while, she had become more and more obviously aroused, displaying herself more and more wantonly, until finally she had fucking masturbated in front of him.

Then, she made herself ready to get fucked. And Max, damn him, complied. He had knelt above her, his young fit body and young hard cock obvious to his father through that open door. As he started to move inside her, Gus was overcome with anger and lust. He moved to the door, and saw Angela see him. Her face had a pleading look on it, desperate, even as she was moved back and forth by the hard cock inside her. He made up his mind, then and there.

Quickly and quietly he removed his own clothing, his cock as hard as his son's. He moved forward, padding lightly, his erection bobbing in front of him. He would show his son who was boss in this house.

Angela watched him make his decision. As he started to undress, her heart soared. Her plan was coming to fruition. All that remained was to get Max to submit. She reached down and held his ass tightly. Her fingers slipped into the valley between his cheeks, searching and then finding that tight little hole. While Gus stood just behind her, she wet a finger in their combined juices and slipped back over his perineum.

When he felt his mother's finger quest for his anus, Max was a little unsure. That hole was something he had never explored. But her finger felt wonderful in combination with the stimulation around his cock, and he let her continue. And then she pushed in. The shock caused him to lift his head back, his mouth open. In an instant, something thick, bulbous, hot, filled his mouth.

"Mmmmphh!"

"Shhh, Max," Angela murmured, thrusting her finger into the depths of his anus, quickly finding and massaging his prostate. "Relax and take it like a man."

"That's right, son," came his father's voice from above him. His eyes shot up, his mouth still full of his Dad's hard prick. The head lay inert and heavy on his tongue, pulsing and hot, filling his entire mouth with its girth. His Dad's hands caressed his head. "This is the other half of the bargain. You've got to do this if you want to keep fucking your Mom."

All of a sudden, lust overwhelmed the boy. He had never imagined sucking a cock before, not even in his wildest fantasies. But the heat of the moment, the cunt around his cock, the finger in his ass, the feel of his mother's body moving underneath him, her tits pressed against his youthful chest, and now the thick shaft of his Dad's cock in his mouth spurred him to a new level of arousal.

He tentatively swirled his tongue around the fat head, feeling the ridge, the soft skin of the shaft underneath. He looked up at his Dad, his eyes soft, loving. His father looked back down and saw the submission in his son's eyes. He knew now that Angela had been right. This was absolutely necessary. Holding Max's head, he began to push his cock deeper into the boy's mouth, slowly filling it up.

Max accepted more of the shaft into him, all the while pumping into his mother's cunt. Angela, too, saw him give in to the situation. Her husband's balls were just above her, and she stretched upward to take one gently into her own mouth.

Gently, back and forth, Gus slid his cock into Max's mouth, deeper each time. Max knew what he was trying to accomplish, and allowed his throat to relax. He had no idea if he could do this, but he was willing to try. And when the head bumped against the back of his throat, he desperately struggled to overcome his gag reflex. In a second, he swallowed, and the shaft of his father's erection slid deep into his throat. He felt the thick wiry hair push up against him, his nose pushed against his father's abdomen.

Gus' balls slid over Angela's face and down below her chin. She licked behind them, searching upward, finding her husband's anus and flicking her tongue over that wrinkled hole, the muscles pulsing under her tongue.

The trio, so close now, so intimate, so sinfully happy, found a rhythm together, Max thrusting into his mother, Gus into him, and Angela doing whatever she could to increase everybody's pleasure. Max was the first to come, suddenly moaning loudly around his Dad's cock, his hips thrusting deep and hard into his mother's pussy. She, too, suddenly was overwhelmed by the illicit sexuality, and came for the second time that night, feeling her son forcefully ejaculate deep within her.

And then, Gus, holding tight to his son's head, started to jerk, his cock exploding into Max' mouth. The boy's eyes widened as he felt the scalding liquid jet into him. It was like nothing he had ever experienced, but he struggled to continue to suck on the fatherly organ. He accepted every rope into his mouth. And when his father finally pulled back from his ravaged lips, Max bent down and deeply

kissed his mother, forcing his father's cum into her sweet mouth. They kissed wetly, swapping the life-giving fluid, the same fluid that had created Max some nineteen years earlier.

"Now, honey," Angela grinned, when everybody had collapsed, "there will be no more of what happened this morning, do you understand? Never again. I want no secrets in this household."

Max nodded weakly, but happily. He loved his parents so much.

Chapter 7

"So. What are you doing?"

"Nothing much. Just looking at porn."

"What!?"

"Seriously."

"You fuck, why didn't you say earlier?"

"Cause you didn't ask."

"Hmmm." Kitty was lying on her bed, looking up at the ceiling of her room. The afternoon light was coming in the window, and the room was warm. She was talking on her cell phone to Max. "Tell me what you're looking at."

"Couple hot chicks together."

"Typical. You guys are all the same."

"Why not? After all, they're pretty damn hot. What's to complain about?"

"Yeah, but I bet you never look at a couple hot guys together."

"Not yet," Max laughed. "Why, you like looking at that stuff?"

"Fuck you, Max Johnson!" Kitty giggled. "You saying I'm some kind of pervert?"

"Nah. It's not perverted to look at smokin' bodies. This one girl? She's completely shaved down there."

"You like it bare?" Kitty was getting turned on talking about this so casually. She reached a hand under her shirt and started to toy with her nipple through her bra. God, she had shown Max that nipple the night before. Oh yeah, and the other one too.

"I like being able to see everything. Nothing in the way," his voice sounding a little huskier. "Why? You bare?"

"Not so fast, buster. You'll have to wait to find out for yourself."

"Promise?"

"What about the other slut?"

"She's got a little line of hair, you know, a landing strip?"

"I think I know what they call it, doofus. Let me guess, the bare chick is blonde, the one with the landing strip isn't, right?"

"Yeah, how'd you know?"

"Cause the blonde one isn't really blonde, right? So she can't have anything down below to prove the lie."

"Smart thinking, girl. Maybe you should start managing porn starlets."

"You hard?"

"Who's asking?"

"I thought so. Do they have big gi-normous tits or what?"

"Yeah. Pretty fuckin' fake, actually."

"Oh, you like them smaller?" She was circling her boobs now, thankful that they weren't too large. But they were sensitive, especially right now. She felt so relaxed, so natural. How could everything feel so right with this guy she barely knew?

"I once heard my Mom say to my Dad that more than a handful was too much."

"Ha! Guess your Mom is pretty small up top, huh?"

"Yeah."

"You seen 'em?"

"What?"

"Your Mom's boobs?"

Max paused. He was sitting in his boxers in front of the computer, his cock semi-hard up until now. But Kitty's question made him completely erect. He released himself through the flap and grasped his shaft.

"A couple of times, yeah, I have," he said carelessly. Kitty felt her heart pounding at the admission. She thought back to last night, on the couch, her father (her fucking FATHER) touching her through her panties. And before that, the way she liked to parade herself around him, pretending it was all thoughtless, innocent. Her pussy grew warm.

"Who's bigger, me or her?"

"Uh, you, actually. Hers kind of don't even really hang down, y'know?"

"Uh-huh. And what about the nips?" She pushed her bottom down on the bed, letting her skirt ride up around her waist. She started to tease herself with light touches around her heated sex.

"What do you want to know?"

"Are they longer than mine? Darker? Bigger areolas?" Max started to stroke his cock, his hand twisting as it rose and fell on his shaft.

"They sorta point upwards, and they're pretty long, but yours are darker, I think."

"Seriously? What'd'ya do, like watch your Mom and Dad fucking or something?"

"Something like that," he replied. "Why? That turn you on?"

"Uh, fuck." Her fingers insinuated themselves under her panties. She didn't want to admit to anything, but she was getting so aroused.

"You touching yourself," she heard.

"Yeah," a soft girlish tone.

"Awesome. Me, too," he replied.

"Cool."

"Want to hear more?"

"Yeah."

"Hang on a sec," and she heard him putting the phone down. She held her breath, her finger slipping in the moisture her pussy was already producing. She kept away from her clit; she didn't want to peak too soon. She had to know where he was going with this.

"Okay," he said, the voice in her ear making her jump.

"You're back," she purred.

"Yeah, pretend that I went to get my mother."

"What?"

"You heard me. Pretend I went to get my mother to be here with me. With us."

"Oh, shit," she whispered. "Is your cock still hard?"

"Yeah, and she can tell. In fact, she's running a finger over it through my boxers."

"Mmmm... does she like how long it is?"

"She's nodding. She loves how hard and long it is. In fact, she just pulled my boxers down."

"Are you fucking kidding me? You're naked with a boner in front of your Mom?"

"Just pretending, right? Anyway, she's winking at me now while she takes me in her hands. You still touching yourself?"

"Like I could stop?" She had a finger dipped inside her pussy now, feeling the hot wet depths of herself. Her breathing was coming faster.

"Good. Now she's kneeling in front of me. I'm caressing her straight blonde hair, so shiny so pretty. She's inches away from my cock, her breath hot against me. She looks up at me, her eyes shining with desire. She licks her lips, her tongue red and wet."

"Ooh, oh, go on, don't stop now," her finger, now two fingers deep inside her.

"She's still wearing all of her clothes, you know, just Saturday around the house stuff, nothing sexy or anything. My cock is throbbing, there's a little droplet of pre-cum right at the tip, and she leans forward and, just with her tongue, licks right across my tiny hole. Mmmmmm... fuck, yeah, that's nice."

The images burned into her brain, the thought of the older woman, so closely related to her—boyfriend? Maybe... Kneeling in front of her son, that long, hard, beautiful cock she had seen the night before.

"Now, still looking up at me with those sexy green eyes, so wide, so loving, she leans forward and takes the head of me... oooohhh, into her mouth. It's warm and wet, her tongue doing things no cunt could do. Oh, God, the fact of a woman's mouth around you, so intimate, so hot."

And he's so right, too, how hot it is to have a cock in your mouth, that part of you that you know so well, invaded by this hard hot piece of flesh. She let her finger graze over her clit, and she gasped out loud with a mini orgasm, the first

peak in what felt like it might be one of the most intense cums she ever had.

"She puts her hands on my ass, grabbing hold of me, feeling my naked butt, and caressing me back there. I lay my hands on her head, feeling that lovely hair, as she takes me deeper and deeper... oh fuck... deep into that mouth, her lips stretched around me, sucking, tonguing, sucking, mmmmm..."

Could she hear the wet sounds of a hot blowjob over the phone, or was it only her overheated imagination? Her pussy was producing so much juice that everything felt wet, she was lying in a growing wet patch just from her own excitement. She quickly turned the cell phone to speaker and let it drop next to her ear. With her now free hand, she reached between her legs and pushed the wetness over her asshole.

"She's slowly taken me all the way in, can you fucking believe it? My own mother, a natural born cock-sucker, deep-throating me as only a true slut could do." His voice sounded ragged through the speaker, her fingers dancing

over her clit, her other finger pushing against that hard little ring of muscles around her anus. She almost never touched herself there like this, but she was beyond thinking now, searching, searching for more stimulation.

"Her head starts bobbing back and forth along my length, oh fuck, Kitty, this is too hot. Her finger is pushing into me, into my god damned asshole, oh Christ! Oh, I'm almost there, oh Kitty, fucking cum with me, cum with meeee!!!"

And she, too is wailing, her hard clit drummed on by her fingers, her ass and pussy filled with fingers, her back arched, her eyes wide open as she cums so hard on her own hands.

The room smells of girl cum, the world is spinning, she is so exhausted.

"Bye, Kitty," comes the voice from far away, the click of the receiver, the dial tone. Slowly, numbly, she turns the phone off. She is lost.

"Thanks, Mom," Max looked down at Angela, kneeling before him, his cum dribbling from her mouth. "That was just the touch I needed."

"I'll say," the pretty mother laughed, wiping away the excess semen. "Wait until we tell your father about this!"

Mark Clifton had been a bundle of nerves all day. Things had gone way beyond anything he had ever imagined the night before. But his daughter seemed all laughs and good nature with him. He had expected her to seem distant, confused, angry even. But not this. He was so unsure of himself.

He wanted the innocence back. He needed to be able to touch his daughter, his Kitty, without feeling like a jerk, a pervert. Thankfully, she wasn't running away from him.

So, every time he saw her, he forced himself to reach out to her, to make contact. First time, in the morning, she came out of her room, brown hair disheveled, in t-shirt and pyjama pants, her shapely figure hidden more than usual. He kissed her on the head, touched her shoulder, fatherly stuff, normal stuff. And he was so proud of himself for not getting an erection.

Later, she had changed, wearing a skirt and a light cotton top, pink, cute, girly. Her bra straps were visible over her shoulders where the top had a wide neck. The skirt hung low on her hips, the top cropped so her waist and the tops of her hipbones were visible. Such a cute little navel, a teardrop, a jewel.

This time, he hugged her, pulling her into him. She was cute, giggly, batting her eyelashes at her old Dad. Everything so innocent, like it had been before. He ignored the swell of her breasts pushing into him, the warmth of her lower back, skin against skin. He patted her lightly on the ass, pushing himself, testing his limits. Still, he assured himself, completely innocent. Nothing to be ashamed about. Even if his cock felt thick after the contact, completely normal.

So that when she came out later, after dinner, looking a little shy, maybe embarrassed, he was all Daddy, nothing wrong.

"Daddy," she pouted, twirling her long brown hair in her fingers, "I've got a sore back. Could you maybe rub it for me?" She knew she was being bad, so bad. Last night had been wrong. She had let things get away from her, she knew. But she was so hot right now, she needed the touch of a man, any man, somewhere on her body. It could still be innocent, she assured herself.

"Uh, sure thing, Princess," he stammered, trying not to think of what had happened the night before, trying to ignore the sudden lurch in his crotch. She clapped her hands in glee, twirling around to go to the couch. Her skirt flew up, and he could see the lower curve of her ass for a second. His throat was dry, and he trailed behind her.

Kitty lay down on the couch on her stomach, her head turned towards the cushions, her heart pounding. Her Dad was so cute, the way he blushed. She could control this, his

infatuation, her arousal. She kicked her shoes off, letting them fall next to the couch.

Mark looked down at her, from the foot of the sofa. Her hair was in a ponytail, fanning across her shoulders. The little cropped top was pushed up on her torso, the skirt riding low on her hips, so that half of her back was bare. He could just see the band of her bra under the hem of the shirt. And the skirt was just above the start of her ass. She was so beautiful.

He settled down beside her prone form and reached down to start massaging her shoulders. He was being so good, he thought to himself, so fatherly. He felt the thin shoulders, the soft skin that was exposed around her slim neck. He pushed the hair to one side so he could properly rub her back.

"Mmmm. That's nice, Daddy," she murmured. His hands felt so strong, so manly. Just what she was looking for. He worked his way down her back, keeping to the middle, massaging around her spine, feeling the each rib as he moved down. He kept to the level of her shirt, stopping

when he felt the bra. He was not going to touch her inappropriately. This was all innocent.

"Could you go lower?"

He looked down at the golden expanse of skin of her lower back. So tempting, so delicious. He let his fingers cross the border from clothes to body. Still, working the muscles, this was just a simple back rub. When he got to the level of her skirt, he paused for a second, looking at her, her eyes closed, head turned away. His fingers trembled, then he moved upward again. Just a back rub.

She let out little breaths of air with his deeper rubs, little moans. His fingers pushed deep into her muscles, working the tension out. He got up to her shirt again, and started to move on top.

"You can go underneath, if you want," she breathed. "Feels better on skin."

"I thought it was 'only what you can see,'" he joked, his fingers paused right at her bra, tickling lightly, slipping underneath the lacy strap. He couldn't believe he had said that, referring to last night.

"Bad man," she giggled, too relaxed to care at the moment. Her mind raced, thinking about the situation, her needs, her desires, so much to resist, so little reason to do so. How bad she was. She lifted up onto her elbows, and pulled the shirt up above her breasts, still under her armpits. There. Still innocent, right?

He watched her as she pulled the shirt up, then lay back down, his heart pounding. He furiously pushed his thoughts into the fatherly track, letting his hands back down on her smooth skin, the white bra the only thing across her back.

"That better?" Her little girly voice, so distant. His mind was awlirl. He caressed her shoulders gently, the sharpness of her shoulder blades, the little knobs of her spine. In long sweeps he kneaded her muscles from shoulder to hip, each move only interrupted by the bra. She let out little sounds

of frustration when his fingers moved off her skin until finally, she sighed.

"Just undo the damn thing, Daddy."

"Huh?"

"My bra, silly. It's just in the way. Only..." she paused. "Be good, 'kay?"

His hands trembled as he reached up to the bra-strap. He fumbled for a second with the catch, and she laughed, a sexy little laugh that stopped his heart. Finally, the thing came apart, and he pulled the straps down off of her shoulders, stopped by the shirt. Each half fell to the side, and he could see the bulge of her breast, pushed out by the weight of her body.

"Just a sec. Don't look, Daddy." He shook his head, and closed his eyes. She turned her head to study him, his handsome face. There was sweat on his forehead. Poor guy. She really shouldn't tease him like this. But really, it was so

innocent. In a swift movement, she pulled the straps off of her arms and slipped the bra off from around her boobs. Now it wouldn't cut into her as she lay there. She could be completely relaxed. She settled back into place, her head turned away.

"Okay, Daddy, you can look now." His eyes flashed open, took in her shirt still bunched under her armpits, but the bra now on the floor, discarded by her limp hand hanging off the edge of the couch. Her left breast now uncovered all the way to where it was pushed into the sofa. So near the nipple, he thought, his throat dry. But concentrate, be a father.

His hands settled back onto her, now nothing between him and her skin. His caresses were softer now, gentle, searching all over the back of the girl. She was sighing deeply with each breath. He put his hands on her waist, that slimmest part, his thumbs by her spine, his fingers spread out around her, touching the sides of her torso. He pushed with his thumbs, but all his attention was on his fingers as he moved his hands upward.

Her breath caught as his fingers came into contact with the sides of her breasts. They felt so lovely, so feathery, so romantic. But still.

"Mmm... 'S not my back." But no movement to get away, so relaxed. He pulled his fingers back to the middle anyway, red-faced. Back to the muscles along her spine. Now moving lower again, working down to the place where her back started to curve the other direction. Just to the edge of her skirt, trying so hard not to push the limits. But he couldn't resist spreading his hands once more, and lightly caressing upwards.

This time, she said nothing as his fingers slipped over the swells of her breasts. Just being a good father, right? His fingers caressed those gentle curves, the sides, where they came up to meet her arms. He was achingly hard in his pants, but that was only normal. He wasn't acting on any kind of lust here. Just trying to make his daughter feel good. His hands slipped down her back once more. He paused again when he reached her skirt.

"Um. Go a little lower, would you?" Her butt wiggled a little.

"But I can't 'see' anything lower," he whispered.

"So push my skirt down a bit, dummy."

He held his breath as his fingers slipped under the waistband of that little skirt, feeling the elastic of her thong, and pushing downwards, an inch, two inches, until he felt the panties and waistband catch on the peak of her perfect ass, the top of the crack open before his eyes. Above, the little dimples, so sexy, the top half of each cheek golden and begging for his touch.

He let his fingers wander over the exposed skin. There was no massage here, just fondling. But it felt so good. So sweet. Her thoughts were a jumble, her wished-for control out the window. Sinful. Wrong. Delightful. His finger slipping right into the crack of her ass, then up the other side. And now, pushing down more, taking initiative on their own. She felt the thong catch in her ass, being pulled from between her cheeks, now the panties and skirt falling below the curve, sitting at the top of her thighs.

He drank in the gorgeous sight before him, the sight he had almost seen the day before when she had been lying on the bed. Only this time, there was no thong in the way. His hands, one on each cheek, rubbing in little circles. Pulling at each side, pulling her apart, laying bare her deepest secrets to the one man she should never let see them.

And she was letting him. She was open to him. Thumbs deep in that valley, spreading her. Now she could feel, physically feel his gaze on her little hole. The thumbs pushing deeper, letting him see everything.

Her tiny rosebud, there before him. His thumb, sitting right next to it. His steely erection, throbbing in his pants. How could he resist? His thick thumb settled over that tiny hole, rubbing in gentle circles around the wrinkled skin. Her breath, faster now, little girl moans all the time. He had to see. He let his thumbs travel lower, pulling her apart, and there, just below her anus, was the beginning of his daughter's pussy.

Oh God, she was wet. She just knew it. She knew he could tell, could tell that she was excited, sexually excited. She

unconsciously lifted her hips, allowing him to see the shaved lips of her sex. Inviting him to touch her. Innocent. Oh, fuck it.

His thumb touched her wetness, the thick lips engorged with her arousal. He looked wonderingly at his thumb on her pussy, just sitting there. With a spasm, he exploded in his pants, his cum soaking everything around his erection. What the fuck was he doing?

In a flash, he withdrew, pulled away. Ashamed. Embarrassed. His pants showing the evidence of everything that he had planned to avoid. And there, his daughter, his wonderful daughter, bare to his eyes, looking at him, confused, flushed. He ran to his room. How could he ever face her again?

"Shit," she whispered, watching him go. "Shit, shit, shit!"

Chapter 8

"Max, whatever happens tonight, I want you to pretend like you don't notice it." Angela was cleaning up the dishes after dinner. She had her back turned to her son, who was wiping down the counters.

"What do you mean, Mom?" Max was genuinely curious. He had begun to realize that his mother had quite a kinky imagination, and he was game for anything she would suggest.

"You'll see," she replied. "Or rather, you'll pretend not to see, right?" She turned and gave her handsome son a million-watt smile. He shrugged, smiling.

Gus Johnson had expressed concerns over what was going on in his house. He knew how much he loved the sex. Christ, there was no doubt about that. His wife had never been so sexually voracious since she started playing around with Max. And God knows, Gus had encouraged it. But, still...

That scene last night, where he had fucked his boy's mouth with his cock while his wife had her pussy royally screwed by her son. That was too much. He had been cursing himself all night, and had finally gotten his guts up to express what he thought to Angela that afternoon.

She had been happily recreating the phone call between Max and his new girlfriend Kitty, giving him a "blow-by-blow," as she had put it, winking. Suddenly, he had to interrupt her. There was something too revolting about the whole mess. He was disgusted with himself.

"I thought all of this was going to stop, Angela," he had burst out.

"What do you mean," she had replied, a cautious look replacing her happiness. He had heaved a deep sigh, feeling an awful emptiness in his stomach, that feeling of dread when everything appears to be slipping away from you. He hadn't signed up for this.

"All of this crazy stuff!" He started pacing, not meeting his lovely wife's worried gaze. "I thought we were helping Max out here, not creating a forum for us to live out some twisted fantasy."

"Twisted," she said quietly. "Is that what you think of me?"

"No!" He paused, confused. "Maybe." She stared at him. "I mean, really, Angela, can you call this normal?"

"I thought that we believed that parenting called for extraordinary sacrifices. That we would do anything to ensure our child's happiness."

"Yes, but—"

"Don't you dare interrupt me," she said, her eyes flashing now, warming to her theme. "Yes, you are right that what we are doing isn't 'normal.' But no, you are wrong if you think that our helping Max out is really just a mask for fulfilling our own desires."

"I'm not so sure, Angela." He looked down at his feet, his face red. "Maybe you are as pure as you say. Only you can tell. But I fear my own tendencies..." He trailed off. Angela felt her anger drain away at the sight of his troubled face.

"Don't doubt yourself, honey," she said, more softly, coming next to him. "Don't doubt us. Trust in our abilities as parents. We've done a good job so far, haven't we?"

He looked at her, tears in his eyes. How could he explain how confused he was? How could he tell her how excited it made him to have her sleep with their son?

"Trust me, Gus. Trust ME." She pulled him against her, holding his head against her chest, stroking his hair. Oh, how he wanted to give in.

Saturday was movie night for the Johnson family, a tradition that had gone back many years, ever since the

demands of high school and career had caused many a family night to be postponed. Over time, it had become habit for Angela and Gus to sit together on the couch, while Max sat on the floor at their feet. It was easiest for everyone to have access to the big bowl of popcorn Angela always made.

Angela took a deep breath before entering the living room. She had to do this just right, or Gus would make trouble. She looked herself over, the long bathrobe she was used to wearing, the soft slippers. She looked the picture of suburban motherhood. Of course, underneath, well, that was the point, wasn't it? What was underneath. She was only beginning to understand in the last couple of days just what was underneath.

She picked up the big bowl and entered the living room. Gus looked at her and heaved a sigh of relief. Thank goodness, back to normal. Back to what he was used to. But he felt a little pang of sadness for what he was giving up at the same time. Max, for his part, just smiled at his mother.

She settled next to her husband, giving him an affectionate kiss on the cheek. Max sat at her feet as he usually did, reaching up over his shoulder for the occasional handful of popcorn. Gus cued up the movie with the remote control and got comfortable next to his wife. His normal wife, his normal son. His normal family. This is what he wanted, he was almost sure of it.

Angela was paying no attention to the movie. She was too engrossed in her own little drama. Her pussy already felt warm and wet, her nipples hard. In fact, she felt hot all over, and she loosened the tie on her bathrobe, pulling the upper part open to let air in around her shoulders.

Gus watched the movie, oblivious to the little squirming movements Angela was making next to him. But Max felt hyperaware, knowing that his mother was up to something behind him. Every move she made was registered in his brain. But he kept his attention forward, as he had promised his mother.

Angela let the slippers fall from her feet. Her toenails were painted a bright red, and she let them dangle right next to

Max. Her bathrobe fell open around her legs, their long smooth shapes in his peripheral vision. She felt wanton, unhinged. She wanted her family to see her in all her sexuality. She wished there were people watching her perform, an audience to see her depravity.

The robe fell off of one shoulder, showing a thin black strap going down towards her breasts. She wondered how far she would get before Gus would notice. She hoped a little further, yet. She had to set the scene perfectly in order to entrap him. She sat still for a few moments, then carefully let the belt of the bathrobe loose. The robe now draped over her, only covering her middle from just above her breasts to just below her crotch.

With great care, she extracted her right arm from the sleeve of the robe, then the left. She leaned into her husband, laying an arm around his shoulders, her head on his chest. He absentmindedly kissed the top of her head. Angela looked down at his lap. He was wearing his usual pajama bottoms, which had a button flap in the front. She pictured what lay underneath, the dormant snake that had been her sole sexual joy for so many years.

She put her free hand on his stomach and gently caressed him, lovingly and lightly circling over his abdomen. Still so hard and manly, no incipient belly, no giving way to gut. She was feeling so hot, so needy. She wanted to hold his erection in her hand, to feel his desire.

Max could hear the rustling behind him, his imagination trying to fill in the details. What was going back there? And why was it so important that he pretend not to know what was going on?

In Gus' mind, his wife was just being affectionate. Not having taken in her gradual dishabille, he thought she was still modestly covered up. His hand patted her on the back, over the part still clothed in the robe.

But Angela was not satisfied. She squirmed a little bit, and the robe fell open in the front, now just draped over her right hip and across her back, held in place by her husband's hand. Her fingers slipped underneath his shirt, now on his skin. With skill, she insinuated her fingertips under the

waist of his pajama bottoms, feeling the thicker hairs leading down to his groin.

Gus felt her hand reach under his pajamas, and suddenly his mind was in turmoil again. What was okay? What was normal, now? He chanced a peek at Max, who seemed completely caught up in the movie. Even if he looked back, he would only see his parents being affectionate, right? Nothing wrong with that. He stared fixedly at the screen, pretending indifference to Angela's advanced.

Angela nearly giggled aloud. How fucking cool was this? To be seducing her husband just behind her son's turned back. Her fingers reached further down, tangling in the dense forest of Gus' pubic hair, seeking lower and lower. She couldn't see Gus' face, but she knew he hadn't dared to look at her yet, for fear of breaking the spell.

Her fingertips grazed over the base of his cock. She could tell he was beginning to get an erection, because it felt thick and hot to her touch. Her hand was all the way inside his pants now, and she grasped him around the girth of his shaft.

"Ange—" he whispered.

"Shhh," she hissed, flipping his cock upwards to lie on his stomach. Her slim fingers tickled lightly along his rapidly growing length. In no time at all, she had him in a full erection, pulsing under her small hand. She squeezed gently, and started stroking him slowly and steadily.

Max could tell shenanigans were going on just feet away from him, but he manfully kept his eyes forward. He couldn't help but push things just a bit, however. He reached back without looking to get a handful of popcorn.

Angela watched Max reach back, but kept on stroking her husband's cock. Gus put his hand over hers urgently, but she shook it off. The questing hand found the bowl blindly and returned to its owner with its prize.

"Pretty exciting so far, huh, Dad?"

Gus nearly choked, but turned it into a cough when he realized his son was talking about the movie.

"Oh, uh, yeah, Max, sure."

"I think it's going to only get more thrilling as things move along," Angela murmured, her hand still moving up and down Gus' shaft. He moved his hand up her back, and suddenly found himself touching her bare skin. He looked down.

She was leaning against him, clad only in a fishnet chemise, black, with wide weave. Her breasts were completely visible, her hard nipples sticking out between the thin strips of fishnet cloth. Below, she had on a tiny sheer g-string without enough material to even cover the top of her pussy, let alone her pubic hair strip. Without his hand to hold it there, her maternal robe fell off of her body entirely. Instead of his modest wife, he had a sultry seductress stroking him off in his own living room.

"Fuck me," he gasped.

"What is it, Dad?" Max still didn't turn around.

"Oh, geez, sorry. Just remembered something I have to do tomorrow," he stammered, not wanting his son to turn around and see what was going on just behind him.

"Hold the bowl for a sec, Max?" Angela passed the bowl down to her son, who took it silently. She shifted around on the couch so that she was lying on her stomach, her fine ass in the air, the tiny string running between the cheeks doing nothing to hide anything. She let her hip touch against Max' head, and he leaned back into her. She undid the button of Gus' pajamas, and winked at him, pulling the flaps away from his cock.

He watched blindly as her head dipped into his lap. He felt her warm lips make contact with his straining erection, then his head was enveloped by her wonderful mouth, her tongue slurping against his hardness. He leaned back and closed his eyes. His hand fell onto his wife's back, then moved down, of its own accord, to caress her full ass.

She knew she had him, now. The sex was too powerful to resist. She loved the feel of him inside of her mouth, the soft skin, the pulsing veins, the hardness beneath the surface. She wanted to be a slut for him, fulfill all of his fantasies. She pulled back from his cock, a little string of saliva connecting her mouth to his glans, looking up at him with her intense green eyes, smiling wickedly.

"You like it so far?" Gus nodded.

"It's OK," Max said, deliberately mistaking her question. "I don't really like this actor. He's trying too hard, don't you think?"

"Too hard? I don't think that's possible," Angela giggled. Gus tentatively smiled back. Man, he must be the luckiest guy alive, he thought, as her head moved back down. This time, she took several inches of him inside, smacking her lips around him, letting her tongue wetly glide around his circumference.

"Wow, Mom, you must be pretty hungry, the way you're chowing down back there." She pulled back, her eyes sparkling now.

"Yeah, I guess I wasn't satisfied before, but now I've got enough to keep me occupied!"

Gus looked over his wife's hot little body, her slim waist, her curvy hips and sensuous ass. Why should he deny her anything, he wondered. Why not let her have what she wants? He let his fingers slip between her ass cheeks, pushing the g-string aside. Her valley was so soft, so hot. He loved the feel of each buttock pushing against his fingers from each side. He gently grasped the g-string and pulled, sawing it against her pussy.

"Mmmm..." she softly moaned around his shaft. Her saliva had lubricated his whole cock by this time, and she slipped her hand around the base, jacking him gently into her mouth.

He could smell her arousal. Couldn't Max smell it, too? Who cared? Nothing would stop him now. In fact, he pulled her

hip over so that she had to turn on her side. His cock slipped out of his mouth and slapped wetly against Angela's cheek. Now her pussy was right behind Max' head. With his hand on her ass, he urged her forward until her upper thighs came into contact with her son again.

He was lost in lust. After all, what could be hotter than this? This silent play, the contact between mother and son. He pulled her fishnet chemise up to her waist so that only that briefest of g-strings separated her steaming wet gash from her son's head. He took his cock and rubbed it over her face, coating it with her own saliva and his pre-cum. Her eyes looked up at him adoringly.

"Angela, could you get me a beer?" She looked at him, and calmly nodded. She slipped her leg right next to Max, then stood up next to him, the fishnet chemise still around her waist. Gus watched her, standing there, his cock throbbing in his lap.

"Do you want anything, Max?" Gus held his breath. Would the boy look and see his nearly naked mother standing next to him?

"Sure, I'll take a glass of water, Mom."

"Would you rather have a beer?" She was pushing the limits of the game, she knew. But Max was a good boy.

"Wow, Mom, sure! Thanks for offering." She leaned over and gave him a kiss on the top of his head, and then turned to go to the kitchen. Just behind the sofa, she slipped her fingers into her panties and immersed them in the juices of her hot cunt. She reached over and trailed her wet fingers over Gus' cheek, marking him.

In the kitchen, her knees trembling, she allowed herself to touch herself for a few moments, then got the beers and returned to the living room, wobbling a little on unsteady legs. Gus had stretched out on the couch, his hard-on sticking straight into the air. Angela smoothly sat down behind Max again, her legs one on either side of him. For a second, she scooted her hips forward to make contact with the whole of her sex against the back of his neck.

"Mom! Did you drop some water on me or something?"

"What do you mean, Max?"

"Well, the back of my neck is suddenly wet," he said, reaching to feel the stickiness on his skin.

"Sorry, hon, I guess it was an accident." She got up on her husband and straddled his middle, her pussy slick against his cock. She started to rub back and forth on him, the sound of their organs rubbing together masked a little by the sounds of the movie. He reached up and felt her pert breasts through the fishnet, pulling roughly on her hard nipples. She groaned a little.

"Good beer, huh, Mom?"

"Too good for words," she purred, pushing up on her knees and taking her husband's erection in her hand, she pushed her panties to one side, exposing her extended labia. She sat back down, letting Gus' cock push between her lips, slowly settling down to feel his length travel deep inside her until

she made contact with her ass on his thighs. Her left calf, alongside Gus' leg, pushed into Max head.

"Am I in your way, Mom?"

"No, just stay right where you are," she replied, putting a hand on his shoulder to steady herself as she perched on Gus' cock. She sighed happily, filled completely with her husband's hardness. Little thrills shot through her with every movement.

Gus looked up at his wife. Beyond fucking belief, that's what she was. And so hot, too. He recalled the way she had looked the night before, the sight of her sucking Max off. That had been hot, also. Hotter than he could ever have imagined. And what he needed.

"Max, could you help me out here?"

Gus' question surprised both Angela and Max.

"Uh, what do you need me to do, Dad?" Max still hadn't turned around.

"Turn off the fucking movie and help me out with your Mom. I think she needs another cock to make everything perfect, and I'd rather it was yours than anybody else's."

"Fuck, yeah," Max said, finally turning around and shucking his pajamas to reveal his own throbbing erection. "I love you, Dad."

"Make that two of us, Gus," Angela sighed, her green eyes brimming with tears, as she leaned over towards her son. She kept her eyes locked on her husband as she brought her face down to make contact with Max' cock. She extended her tongue and delicately licked from base to tip, ending with a swirl around the head. Gus watched her, panting, as she took their son's cock into her mouth.

"Mmmmm, it's too fucking sinful," she moaned, holding onto that staff with her hand as she ground her hips around Gus' cock.

"No, Angela," Gus said, holding her firmly around the waist and thrusting up into her pussy, "it's just right. I wouldn't have it any other way."

"Oh, honey," she cried, "ooooohh... are you sure it's not just your cock talking?" She pulled Max closer and went down on him again.

Gus moaned at the sight of all of that cock disappearing between his wife's red lips, her pretty face tight in concentration as she worked to make Max feel as good as possible. The erection seemed so huge next to her delicate features, so rude, so distended. As she pulled away again, drops of saliva and pre-cum dripped down onto Gus' chest.

"Well..." he looked deep into Angela's face. "I won't deny that my cock is making some pretty convincing arguments," he laughed. "But I trust you. And I love both of you. And if this is what you need, I need it, too."

"Oh, fuck!!!" Angela writhed on top of Gus, a sudden orgasm cresting over her, taking all of her wits with it. Gus had never felt so huge inside her, touching every bit of her pussy, stimulating every nerve ending. "Oh, shit, lover, oh GOD, I need to be filled up more, MORE!"

"You heard her, son," Gus said through clenched teeth, trying to stave off his own orgasm. "Get back there and fill her up!"

Max looked down at his father, and then at his still wriggling mother. He put a hand on her shoulder and urged her to lie forward on his father. Her ass came up into the air, showing off her pussy with Gus' cock still deep inside, and above it, partially covered by the string of her panties, was that inviting tiny dark hole. Kneeling, he brought his face towards the connection between his parents. Resting his chin on his Dad's thigh, he licked inwards to Angela's asshole, a spot he had known for the first time only a couple of nights before.

Angela shivered as his tongue made contact with her most secret spot. It rasped around, making her jump. He found it

difficult to keep contact with her because she was so turned on she was moving all over the place. He grabbed her by the hips and pulled her down tight on his Dad's cock, and forced his tongue inside her, tasting deep within her rectum.

"Oooooohhh," Angela moaned. Gus was doing his best not to move at all, the stimulation he was receiving nearly overloading his own sensations. Finally, Max pulled away, and got up behind his mother. His cock, still wet from Angela's mouth, found its way between her magnificent ass cheeks and pushed against her little hole. With a pop, his head pushed inward, seating itself just inside the tight ring of muscles.

"Oh!" Angela cried. "Oh, fuck, just stay there for a second, Max, honey, sweetie, lover..." She was suddenly completely still, trying desperately to get used to the invasion. "Okay, now you can move in. Just a little," she huffed, as he pushed inward, another inch filling her ass.

"So fucking tight, Mom," he moaned, sinking in another inch. Gus could feel his son's cock pushing over the

underside of his own erection. Inch by inch, little by little, Max penetrated his mother, until, finally, agonizingly, he was buried inside her. And now, father, mother, son, were all three connected, so close to each other, as they had never been before.

"Uhhmmmmmm," Angela growled. "I've never been so full before, guys. It's too fucking awesome." She moved up her husband's cock, Max moving with her. Now Max could feel his Dad's cock moving underneath him as well. She slammed down on Gus, sliding down her son's cock. All three lovers groaned in unison.

They began to find a rhythm, first Gus' cock, then Max' cock, back and forth, each feeling the other two so intimately. Gus was smiling, looking up at his wonderful wife, and over her shoulder, his sweet son. Now he knew them, he truly understood them. Now love became clear to him.

Angela was riding one little orgasm after another. She had never cum so much in her life. So much cock, so much wonderful cock, and all for her. Her mind was reveling in

the immorality of it all, the depravity. She was a fucking slut. A slut who fucked. Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.

Max held his mother's trim waist, her shining blonde hair in front of his eyes. He watched her ass move off of his cock, and then push back on. As tight as she was, it was like the most intimate of grips on his erection. Too much, too much, and he exploded inside of his mother, his cock pulsing deep within her, spraying her ravaged insides with the soothing balm of his ejaculate, coating the walls of her rectum.

Angela felt him cumming, and slammed down on Gus, her own little orgasms collecting together into one big, overwhelming cum. Finally, Gus, feeling his son spasming against him from across the thin membrane separating their erections, let himself slide into orgasm as well. The three lovers collapsed on each other, their sweaty bodies gliding over each other.

"Mmmm... oh, fuck..." Angela sighed. "Oh, wow, I wanna stay like this forever, feeling both of you inside of me." She kissed Gus deeply, her tongue pushing aggressively inside

of his mouth, just inches away from Max. Then, she turned her head and found his mouth, treating him the same, kissing him as deeply as she had her husband.

"My two wonderful, wonderful lovers..."

Chapter 9

Kitty Clifton stood in the dark hallway. She looked at the closed door, her hand reaching toward the doorknob. She paused, then let her hand fall.

"What am I doing here?" Her soft whisper sounded loud in the quiet house.

Last night had gotten out of control, and she wasn't sure how it had happened. Sure, she had been teasing her father for a couple of years now, ever since she had realized that he had noticed her body's development. But it had always been innocent, just harmless flirtation, nothing more.

And then she had let him pull her skirt down, panties too. She had stayed completely still as he looked at her. She knew he had seen just about everything there was to see. And he had touched her. Her father had touched her! In fact, she had been sure he was going to do more when he suddenly ran away.

But she didn't want things to change. She liked the way things had been. She had to reestablish some normalcy in her life, and this was the first step. She firmly took hold of the doorknob, turned it and opened the door to her father's bedroom.

The room was larger than hers, and was dominated by the immense bed. The thick shades allowed only slivers of the early morning sunlight in, leaving deep shadows over everything. There, on the bed, was her father, the sheets twisted around his arms and legs as if he had been furiously wrestling them all night long. His handsome face was turned away from her.

She walked towards the bed, her eyes fixed on his broad shoulders, the muscles of his chest just visible in the

darkness. Her foot got caught in something, and she looked down to see her father's trousers, the boxers still in them. With her toes, she pulled the underwear up to her hand. The front was damp, proof positive of what had happened the night before.

Her heart pounding, she brought her father's boxers to her face, sniffing delicately. Her senses were all at once overwhelmed with the musk of her Daddy's spend.

"You perv," she whispered to herself, grinning at her own audacity. A movement came from the bed, and she dropped the boxers quickly, taking a step back towards the door in panic. But she could see no further motion, so she steeled herself, and started towards the bed again.

She stood next to the bed, looking at the sleeping form of the man she had known all of her life. Her heart filled with love for him. How vulnerable he seemed right now, so quietly sleeping. She reached out and gently rubbed his shoulder.

His eyes opened, slowly, then took in the form of his daughter in the half-light. He couldn't see her very clearly. He smiled sleepily, then stretched his arms over his head, yawning.

"Hi, honey," he murmured. "I was just dreaming about you."

"Only good things, I hope," she giggled, still touching him. The sheet had fallen to his waist, baring his naked torso. She felt warm all over, seeing him like this. He was just the way a man should be.

Mark looked at his daughter standing there. His dream had been so wonderful, so lovely. They had been together in some nice field, just the way a father and daughter should be. He reached up and lovingly touched her on the arm.

Suddenly, he recalled the events of the night before. He jerked upright, whipping his hand away from her, and turned on the lamp at the bedside. Both father and daughter shielded their eyes from the sudden blinding light.

"What are you doing here, Kitty?" His voice sounded strangled, harsh.

"Um," she replied, suddenly at a loss for words. What was she doing here? And why had she dressed this way? All at once, it all seemed so horribly immature. "I, uh, I think we need to talk."

"No." He couldn't believe how mean he sounded. This wasn't what he wanted at all. "No, I don't want to talk about anything. I just want things to go back to the way they were."

"So do I, Daddy," Kitty sobbed, tears brimming in her eyes. "Everything was so much fun, before."

"Oh, Princess," he said, his heart softening, and he looked up at her. His eyes were now accustomed to the light, and he realized that she was hardly dressed at all. She had a cropped t-shirt on that reached just below her breasts, and a pair of shiny pink string bikini panties. His throat suddenly dry, he forced himself to gather her into a purely

fatherly jug. She melted against him, her hot tears scalding against his bare chest.

"The things that happened last night?" He paused, unsure of how to go on.

"Oh, Daddy," she hiccupped, "you were such a bad, bad man."

"Wha—what do you mean, Kitty? You told me... I mean, you said to..."

"I was weak," she whispered. "But I need you to be strong, don't you see?"

"Uh, no, I don't think I do," he faltered. She pulled back to look up into his face. Her gorgeous blue eyes, damp from the tears, bored into his.

"I like being with you, Daddy." She looked down, taking a deep breath. "I like being able to wear whatever I want around you."

"Wait a second, honey—"

"Let me finish, Daddy." She smiled up at him, bravely. "I know I must drive you crazy with the clothes I wear sometimes." Her statement made him once more acutely aware of how she was dressed. And, for Christ's sake, he was naked under the sheet! He hunched forward trying to hide that he was starting to get an erection.

"Honestly, Daddy, you've got nothing to be ashamed of, don't you see that? Any guy would probably... well, anyways." She smiled, a private smile that he could not interpret. His eyes were drawn to the top of her little cropped tee. There was an ungodly amount of skin exposed, including the enticing upper slopes of her pretty tits.

"So, you see, Daddy, I don't mind that you look at me. I don't mind that you get kinda excited by it. In fact," her voice dropped to a tentative whisper, "I like it, Daddy."

He sat, stunned by what his sweet little daughter was saying. He had thought, at least up until Friday night, that she had been innocently unaware of his illicit ogling. He had felt such guilt all of this time for his unfatherly thoughts. And now, she was not only telling him that it was okay for him to stare, but that she...

Kitty watched her father thinking, giggling inside at his confused expression. His arm fell from her shoulders, falling down along her back. She put her head back down on his chest, looking as hard as she could into his lap. Was he hard? Had she made him hard again? She loved the thought of him hard because of her.

"And, Daddy, it's so important to me that you can touch me, that you can express your affection to me physically. So that's why you have to be strong. That's why you can only touch what you can see." She looked back up at him, her eyes electric. "Can you be strong like I need you to be?"

"K-Kitty..."

"Can you?" Her voice was demanding, firm. He looked at her, lost.

"Yes, Princess." He gave in, gave in to the craziness, gave in to the lust he felt in his iron-hard erection.

"No matter what I say, right, Daddy? Even if," her voice became sultry, "even if I ask you to lift my skirt up? Or if I ask you to push my panties down?"

He was trembling, aroused beyond belief. This girl had the power to push all of his buttons. He nodded, quietly.

"Then, kiss me, Daddy, to seal the deal." She looked intently at him. "If we kiss, right here, right now, then neither of us will ever feel anything but good about what we do together."

She leaned up to him, her eyes closed. He looked at her, her pretty face flushed, her brown hair in its usual neat ponytail. Her lips looked full, plush, velvet. He took a deep breath, and leaned in, taking in her face as he came closer. That face that he knew so well, that he had seen every day of his life. His lips came into contact with hers, father's on daughter's, in a sweet, soft, gentle kiss. She felt so pliant in his arms, so giving. It was a perfect kiss, no tongue, no greed.

Kitty felt like she was kissing her father for hours, her heart pounding in her throat. She had her arms around his neck, limp in his arm, her chest lightly rubbing against his. Her whole body felt like it was on fire, and she knew that if he asked her to, she would simply give herself totally to him.

For Mark, the kiss was a fulfillment of every dream he had ever had. The girl's body was completely relaxed in his grasp, her soft breasts pushing against his bare chest. And when he finally pulled back from her, she sighed contentedly, and looked at him with soft eyes.

"That's that, then, Daddy," she said, happily. "Now, then, big guy," she smirked, pushing him in the chest so that he fell onto his back, "we can get on with it, hmmm?" And she lifted a long leg over him and settled back to sit on his middle. He panicked as she let her sweet ass come into contact with his groin, because his cock, so hard now, had pushed up onto his stomach. She looked at him, one eyebrow raised, and let herself down.

"Mmmmm. That feels nice, Daddy," she cooed, her pussy right on top of his length. All that was between them was her satin panties and the sheet. She could feel every ridge of him against her, the thickness pushing between her lips and spreading her apart. She was already so wet she felt slick.

He goggled at her, sitting on him, the way she had done so many times when she had been a little girl. But of course, so much was different now. She was so sexy, he couldn't help but reach his hands up and place them on her waist.

"Only what I can see, right, Baby?"

"Mm-hm," she hummed, shifting forward on his cock. His erection slipped down the length of her slit, the head pushing against her clit through the two thin layers separating them. She shuddered delicately, then moved forward again.

He looked at her moving on him, her eyes closed, her lower lip caught by her teeth. Her eyes were closed, her brow knit in concentration. Mark looked down at his hands, holding his daughter's wriggling hips. He gently moved his fingers up her sides, grazing each rib. As she came forward, her shirt rode up slightly on her body, and the bottom curves of her breasts came into view. His heart pounding, he let his fingers caress the edges of her sweet tits.

"Ooh, you can see that?"

"Uh-huh," he smiled, his fingers cupping just the portion he could see. "I didn't even have to move anything out of the way, honey."

"Th—then I guess it's okay," she said, absentmindedly, slipping back again on him. His cock felt like it was boiling,

surrounded by the warmth of her pussy. As she came back this time, the tip of his cock pushed against the gusset of her panties. With a gasp, she felt it push the material inside of her a fraction of an inch.

"Oh, wow, Daddy," she whispered, pausing in her movements. She wiggled slightly on him, the tip seating itself a little deeper inside of her.

"You okay, Princess?"

"Mmmm, you could say that," she said, before looking down at him. "How about you? Are you strong?"

"You're testing me, Kitty," he smiled, his hands now wandering down her sides again to rest on her hips, over the thin string of the panties. "But yes, I'm strong." His finger wandered along the edge of her panties, touching the lower part of her abdomen. She moved back again, his cock moving back out of her. But her panties had been pushed inside of her, and her wetness kept it there. The result was that the front had pulled down to show him the top edge of

her trimmed pubic hair. With wonder, he let his finger touch the coarse hair that marked her womanhood.

"You can pull them further down, Daddy," she husked, her eyes half-lidded, her lips pouting. His finger toyed with the waistband, but he shook his head.

"Ohhh, such a good Daddy," she moaned, feeling shudders spreading through her. He let his hands slip down further, on her legs, his fingers between her thighs, so close to where she needed to be touched. Wantonly, she pushed her hips towards him. With her ass still in contact with his cock, she let her fingers slip inside of the front of her panties to touch her own pussy, there, right in front of her father.

His fingers were right next to her pussy, the panties still captured inside of her vagina. He realized that the very edges of her labia were visible to him, so he felt the hot, soft skin there, the pink chubby lips slippery with her juices. Her finger rubbed around her clit, madly stimulating herself. Her ass moved back and forth on his cock, so hard, so demanding.

With a groan, she shuddered, her fingers pausing, then rubbing again, as her orgasm overtook her. He felt his own overstimulated organ start to jerk, the cum rushing out from his very depths to jet against the sheets gathered under her. He arched his back, pushing his pulsing cock harder against his daughter.

And then, she collapsed on him, trapping his still spurting cock between them, right under her hand. She lay there, quietly, letting him finish against her fingers. And then she pulled her hand out, and looked at the wetness gathered there.

"Ew, Daddy," she giggled, and then, unbelievably, he started laughing, too.

"Hi, Kitty."

"Oh, hey, Max, what's doing?"

"Nothin' much. Just thinking about you."

"So sweet. I was thinking about the last time we talked on the phone."

"Yeah? Fun wasn't it?"

"Uh, sure, 'fun' is one way to describe it."

"Just a harmless fantasy, right, Kitty?"

"I don't know. I think it might have been more than a fantasy."

"Hah! What's going through your dirty little mind, you minx?"

"My dirty mind! Talk about the pot calling the kettle black, Mister!"

"You're avoiding the question, Kitty. Have you been having dirty little thoughts?"

"Only with you, Max. You... you seem to bring them out in me."

"I like that, Sugar. I'd like to hear your dirty thoughts."

"Will you get your Mom in the room again?"

"Uh, you mean, pretend to get her in the room?"

"Sure, whatev, Max. 'Pretend' if you want. But I want to be on speaker-phone."

"Man, you are hot to trot, aren't you?"

"Boiling, and all because of you, you big brute, you."

"All right, hang on a sec."

Pause.

"I'm back, and I've got my Mom in the room."

"Am I on speaker-phone?"

"Yep."

"Hi, Mrs. Johnson."

"She's waving hi back to you."

"A little shy? 'S OK. I'll do the talking, anyway. I've been getting so hot thinking about you getting it on with your son. What kind of sicko am I? What kind of slut plays with herself thinking of her boyfriend and his Mom fooling around? But that's me, and I'm admitting it to you before I've even met you. Tell your son to get his pants off."

"She's actually helping me."

"Max, tell me what she's doing, okay? I've got something to get off of my chest. You see, I've been having nasty thoughts about my Dad. And more, I've actually been acting on them."

"She's holding my cock in her hand right now, Kitty."

"Mmmmm. Thanks. I've got my pants off too, okay? Like, I've been showing off my body to him? And he's totally into looking at me, too. He even gets hard when I'm walking around."

"How have you been showing off?"

"Well, I'll wear my silk kimono and let it slip up my legs, or gape open at the top. But that's all old news, okay? 'Cause when you left me Friday night, I was so hot from everything we had done in the restaurant, that I sat on the couch with him, with my feet in his lap, and he rubbed my legs, and I kinda scooted down the couch for him to rub higher, and my skirt lifted up over my waist?"

"Mmmm. Sounds pretty hot, Kitty. My Mom thinks so, too. She's started to lick my cock."

"Ooh, that's so cool. Mrs. Johnson? You're the most awesome Mom, y'know?"

"She just gave me the thumbs up and winked while she took me into her mouth."

"God, that gets me so fucking aroused. Oh, sorry, Mrs. Johnson, I didn't mean to swear."

"She's rolling her eyes. Oh. I get it. She means it's sorta silly to apologize for swearing considering what we're doing here. What happened next?"

"Well, I was pretty sure my Dad could see my panties, you remember, the blue thongs?"

"Uh-huh."

"Yeah, and I moved even further down, so that he was rubbing all up and down my thighs, and then he touched my panties for the first time. You see, all of this time, all of the time I had been teasing him, he had never made any move on me. He'd always been the perfect father. Speaking of fathers, where's yours?"

"He had to go into the office today."

"Does he know about you and your Mom?"

"Oh, sure. He's like totally into it, which is really cool."

"Oh, fuck, that made me just cum a little. Have you seen his cock?"

"Well, yeah, actually. But I'm not like gay or anything."

"Didn't say you were. Homo. Just kidding. Is it bigger than yours?"

"I dunno. Let me ask my Mom. She's nodding yes, but she held up her fingers just a little apart. Don't worry, Mom, I'm not sensitive or anything."

"What's she doing now?"

"She's gotten up on the bed on all fours, pushing her butt out at me. I'm pushing her skirt up over her ass. Nice, no panties."

"Is she shaved?"

"Are you?"

"Naughty. Yes. But not everything."

"Her too. She's wet, I can feel."

"Mmmm. I wish I was there to watch. But back to my story. See, now I knew that we had crossed a line, and I wasn't sure

that I wanted to go there. Of course, I didn't know about you and your Mom at that time."

"You still don't."

"Hush. Let me fantasize here. So he like put his fingers just under the edge of my panties, and I told him that he could only touch what he could see."

"Ooh, I like that. I'm putting my cock into my Mom from behind."

"Pussy or ass?"

"Jesus, Kitty, you are twisted. Pussy, of course. At least this time."

"Is she tight?"

"Yeah, ooh, pretty fucking tight. I like being inside her while I'm talking to you."

"Go all the way in, then stay there."

"Mm-hm. Okay."

"Stay like that. So my Dad totally petted me from outside my panties, even touching the sides of my pussy, and I like totally came right there in front of him. I am so embarrassed even thinking about it."

"Doesn't sound like it. Mmmm. Can I move now?"

"Yeah, but just around in circles a bit. I need to explain my fantasy to you. Like, right now? My Dad's outside my room, listening to me talk to you on the phone."

"Really?"

"No, doofus, in my fantasy. Actually, I think he's in the backyard."

"But you don't know for sure."

"Uh..."

"He could totally be right outside your door."

"Ohhhh, shit, that's too good. I came again. Just for that, you can move in and out of your Mom, but slowly, get it?"

"Uh-huh. Ohhh, thanks, Kitty, that feels so hot."

"Anyway, in my fantasy, he hears us talking about all of this hot shit, and he gets his nerve up to come inside. And I don't even see him at first, right? But then he gets on the bed with me, and pushes my legs apart. His head goes down between my thighs and he starts to lick me."

"Oh, Kitty, keep on going, I love this!"

"Pick up a little speed with your Mom, 'kay? I'm going to get going on my pussy, now."

"And his tongue feels so fan-fucking-tastic against me, licking circles around my clit, dipping inside me, tasting his little girl, savoring me. And then, he lifts himself up, and positions himself over me. His cock is so huge. I've never seen one so big, I'm scared, nervous, but also excited that he knows I'm a woman now."

"Uhh, uhh..."

"And the head of his prick pokes against me. It's too big, I whisper, but he gives me no mercy, pushing that bloated thing against my tiny cunt. Ohh, fuck, I love that word, CUNT, it's so dirty, y'know?"

"Uh-huhhhh, I'm fucking my Mom's cunt right now."

"Ohhhhhh, fuck... I came again a little, you hot stud, you. And now, he pushes against me and I feel it finally slip inside, filling me up with his hot flesh, pushing the walls of my pussy apart. Slowly, ohh so fucking sloooowly, he pushes

deeper until his balls are against my ass, my legs up in the air, I'm so open for him, so totally his..."

"Mmm, ooohhhh, ohhhhh..."

"He's finally inside of me! My Daddy's finally filling me up, and I'm like completely consumed by him, oh, oh, ohhh, and then he FUCKS me, oh, ohh, Maaaax, oh God I'm coming, MAAAXXXXX!"

"Kitty! Oh, ohhhhhh, me too, me toooo!"

"Mmmm. Ooh. Oh, that was really, really nice."

"Yeah, for me too."

"And me!"

"What?!"

"Thanks, Kitty, this is Angela. That was maybe the hottest sex I've ever had!"

"Holy shit..."

Chapter 10

All day long, Angela had been thinking about how she had revealed her family's secret to a relative stranger. Sure, she had been coming down from an amazing cum with her son, all the while listening to his girlfriend's disembodied voice describing her fantasy of sex with her father. So, perhaps, you could excuse her indiscretion. But now that the emotions had calmed down, all she felt was a horrible ball of churning dread in the depths of her stomach.

She had been barely able to look Max in the eye afterwards. He had said nothing, voiced no disapproval. Yet she could tell that he, too, was unsure of the implications of her actions. Thankfully, Kitty had been reasonable on the phone, promising to tell no one of what she had learned.

Still, she was so young, and Angela hardly knew her at all. Who knew if she was as trustworthy as she seemed?

"Hey, Mom, guess what?" Max's voice called from the other room.

"What is it?" She walked into the living room, where Max had just shut off his cell phone.

"That was Mark Clifton calling." Angela's heart skipped a beat. Oh, Christ, how could she have forgotten? It was bad enough that she had told Kitty of her incestuous relationship with her son; but Kitty's father was also a major shareholder in her husband Gus' business.

"Anyway, he's invited our family over for drinks, a swim, and dinner at their place." Max watched his mother carefully for her reaction. He could guess at what was going through her mind. Still, he had faith in her instincts. They had worked perfectly well up until this point.

Angela thought for a second. And then, an idea occurred to her. A way that would ensure the safety of the Johnson family secret. And a way that would create more happiness in this world, if she judged correctly. All it would take would be her usual care and planning.

"Max, I'm going to need you to go along with everything I do today."

"You have no idea how much I love it when you say that, Mom!"

Kitty looked at herself in the mirror. The same old reflection as always gazed back at her. Was that the kind of girl who played sex games with her own father? Who had a boyfriend who slept with his mother? The girl in the mirror looked as clean-cut, straight-arrow as ever. The next-door girl, all-American, cheerleader. She didn't look like she was hiding secrets.

She frowned at her image. She was not used to introspection. She had always identified what she wanted, and then done what she had to to get it. In this instance, however, her desires were so far removed from anything she had experienced in her young life.

Still, the thought of her father's hands on her hips as she rubbed herself against his oh so hard cock this morning brought a smile to her lips. And even better, the way she had been able to admit her fantasies to her boyfriend had made her feel liberated, open to possibilities. So that when the game that she had thought they were playing turned out not to be just pretend, but only too real, she had felt relieved, really.

"Kitty?" A knock on her door, and her father's voice.

"Come in," she called. The door opened, and her handsome father walked in, to stand behind her. He tentatively put his hands on her shoulders and looked over her at their reflection in the mirror. She was wearing a camisole like top, with thin straps over her bra, and a pair of shorts. Her skin was warm and smooth under his hands.

"So, I called up your boyfriend, and invited his family over for this afternoon." She raised her eyebrows at him. "I hope that's okay with you."

"Um, sure," she smiled hesitantly. Part of her was nervous at the thought of meeting Max's mother after that morning. She leaned back into her father's chest, watching him steadily in the mirror. His large hands looked so manly on her thin shoulders. He caressed down her arms, his fingers so close to her breasts as they passed by.

He couldn't believe how beautiful she was. How had she come from him? She was more than the sum of himself and his poor, dead wife, Marcie. He wasn't sure why she let him take these liberties with her, why she seemed intent on pushing their relationship beyond where it had been up to this point. At the same time, it was outside of his ability to put a stop to it, and he really wasn't sure that he wanted to.

He drew his hands back up her slender arms, feeling the delicate hairs brushing against him. He let his fingers move

over her biceps, the youthful muscles firm against him. Only what you can see, she had said.

She felt him move towards the inner sides of her arms. Her heart was beating quickly; she knew that if she kept her arms still, his fingers would be pushed against her breasts. He had only touched them once, and th, or seen them. Would she let him? As long as he played by her rules, she thought, as long as he stayed strong.

Trembling, Mark watched his daughter in the mirror. She was looking straight at him, her blue eyes burning in intensity. She took a deep breath, then melted back against him. Her butt pushed back into his groin, and he realized that, once again, he had a steel-hard erection. His hands finally moved to the inside of her arms, and the backs of his fingers pushed against the outer sides of her firm breasts.

God, they felt so wonderful! He knew he couldn't turn his hands around to cup them, but he reveled in the contact he had made. He caressed up and down the insides of her upper arms, letting his fingers push against the curves

under her cami. She smiled secretively, her little red tongue darting out to wet her lips.

"Mmmm," Kitty murmured, "that's so nice, Daddy. Is it nice for you, too?"

"Uh huh," Mark muttered. She looked at him, mischievously.

"I bet, Daddy," she whispered. "Can you stay strong?"

He just nodded, his mind awirl. With a quirk of her lips, Kitty gently moved her arms forward, keeping them close to her sides. Mark's eyes widened as his daughter moved his fingers forward over her tits.

"Uh, Kitty..."

"Shhh. Just remember the rules, Daddy," she teased.

His fingers were still wrapped around her arms, moving slightly up and down. Her butt was molded to his groin, his erection pushed deeply between the cheeks of her ass. Slowly, so slowly, Kitty brought her arms in front of her breasts.

And Mark felt the hard nubs of her nipples pushing against his knuckles. By moving his hands up and down, he teased them, feeling them become harder through her bra and little cami. Kitty shuddered, then turned her head to look up into her father's face.

"Mmmm," she said, "you are a good boy, aren't you?" She kissed him tenderly on his cheek. "Now, I need a few minutes to get ready for our guests. You'd better go and cool down, huh?" She pulled away from him, her arms moving away from her front. His hips moved involuntarily forward, trying to maintain contact. She laughed, prettily, and pushed him on his chest.

"Scoot, you," she trilled, and turned to her closet. As she stepped inside the walk-in, she pulled the cami over her

head. She closed the door, and Mark was left with the pain of an unsatisfied cock.

"Hi, I'm Angela Johnson."

Mark Clifton had opened the door to see a beautiful blonde woman on his doorstep. Her gleaming golden hair was pulled back into a loose pony-tail, and she had a pair of slim sunglasses on her round face. Her full lips were in a relaxed smile. She wore a thin flowery sundress, her pert breasts nearly exposed by the gaping neckline.

"Uh, hi. I'm Mark Clifton. I know your husband, Gus. Where's Max?"

"Here I am." Max came from around the trunk of the Porsche, holding a sports bag and a bottle of wine which he handed to their host.

"Oh, thanks. There was really no need..."

"Nonsense," Angela replied. "Simple courtesy to thank you for the invitation. I have to apologize for my husband. He had to work today, but he sends his regards."

"Hi, Max!" Kitty came bounding down the stairs. Max smiled as she came up to stand next to her father. She was so pretty, so sexy, wearing a pretty dress in a light blue that brought out the blue of her eyes.

"Hey, Kitty," he replied. "I'd like you to meet my Mom, Angela."

Kitty looked at the young mother. She seemed so sure of herself, standing on the doorstep. How was that possible? Hadn't she in fact confessed a horrible secret to her just that morning? But she couldn't help but return the warm smile the woman gave her. Her heart opened up in that second. Max's mother was just the way she had always imagined a mother should be.

Angela approved of the girl in every regard. She was gorgeous, of course. But she seemed genuine, in a way so few young women were, in her experience. And it was clear that Kitty was assessing her as well. In reality, her heart was pounding, but she was suppressing her anxiety. She had a plan.

"Excuse me, where are my manners," Mark said. "Please, come in."

"I love your room, Kitty." Angela looked around the bedroom. Tastefully decorated, she decided. Not the typical teenager room at all. The colors were muted, mostly off-whites and tans, with throw pillows offering splashes of primary colors. Not a shred of pink, and no stupid posters of girlhood idols.

Kitty watched the mother of her boyfriend walk around. The woman looked younger than her age (late thirties? Early forties?), and held herself with a dancer's grace. Her slim body showed pleasing feminine curves through the

thin summer dress. She was sure that she was not wearing a bra, and yet her breasts stood up perkily.

"Did you decorate it yourself?"

"Uh, well, not entirely," Kitty admitted. "We had an interior decorator, but I made most of the choices." How were they having this conversation, and not the one that she expected? Angela had stood up after about twenty minutes of small talk with her father and Max and announced that the two girls were going to have some time together. Max had caught her eye and winked at her behind her father's back, mouthing "good luck!"

Angela had asked her to show her her room, and here they were, not talking about the thing that she most wanted to discuss. But how could she go about broaching that subject? It was so completely out of the range of normal conversation that there seemed no way they could mention Angela's indiscretion that morning.

For her part, Angela was incredibly nervous. Fortunately, she could sense the girl's anxiety, and that gave her

confidence. But, incredibly, she was also turned on. What was wrong with her? Her pussy felt slick inside her little g-string (the pink one with the little rhinestone connector at the top of her ass). She couldn't believe that the idea that someone outside of her family knew of her affair with her son was so exciting to her. But she couldn't deny the thrills she was feeling. It was even better pretending with her boy's girlfriend that there was nothing out of the ordinary going on.

Still, she had to swing the next part of her plan into action. She could hardly rely on the girl's fantasies of incest to keep her from revealing the Johnson family secret. She took a deep breath (her nipples rubbing against the cool fabric of her sundress) and turned to face the girl.

"Kitty, we need to talk," she said firmly. Astonishing how easy it was to let her years of motherliness color the tone of her voice.

"Um, okay," Kitty muttered. Her face flushed, embarrassingly. Her pulse was pounding.

"I enjoyed our conversation this morning immensely," the blonde woman continued, walking slowly over towards the teenager.

"I, uh, I didn't know you were there." She twisted her hands together. The thought of that morning's telephone call was causing her knees to tremble.

"Didn't you?" The question was quietly asked. Angela had reached the nervous girl, and put a finger on her bare shoulder. Kitty jerked, nearly imperceptibly, but stayed where she was. "Does it matter?"

"I—I guess not."

"I didn't think so, sweetie," Angela smiled. She ran her finger up Kitty's neck, caressing her ear, then moving along the fine, high cheekbone. "You're a very beautiful girl, Kitty. Did you know that?"

Kitty nodded, feeling herself completely lost under the spell of the pretty mother. Was it just because she was a

mother? Kitty had so desperately wanted one for so long, she admitted to herself. She had pretended to be strong, to be independent. But how painful that gaping hole in her life had been.

Angela saw the trusting look in the deep blue eyes, the tear that suddenly gathered and trembled on the lower eyelid before tumbling down the perfectly made-up cheek. Her heart tore, and she fell in love, yet again. How could she resist the surrender she was witnessing before her eyes? But she had to stick to her plan.

"I want you to know that I would like you to be a part of our lives," she continued. Her hand cupped the girl's face, and Kitty leaned into it. Angela smiled, and let her thumb run over her full lips. With a look of wonder, Kitty allowed the thumb to enter her mouth. Her tongue tentatively wrapped around the digit, and she sucked it gently.

Angela's heart soared. What a wonderful feeling, to have a person accept you so totally, so unconditionally. At the same time, she had to be careful not to hurt her. Kitty had laid herself wide open.

"That's my girl," she whispered encouragingly. "That's my sweet girl." She watched the beautiful brunette for a few more seconds before gently disengaging her thumb from the warm mouth.

"How..." Kitty looked away in confusion.

"Go on, Kitty," Angela said warmly. "It's all right." Kitty looked up at her, so hopeful.

"How did you, I mean, you and Max... How did you two, you know..."

"Get together, you mean." Angela looked around the room.

"Come here. I'll show you."

She led Kitty over to the computer which was in sleep mode. She had Kitty sit down and leaned over to activate the monitor and open up an internet browser. Kitty wondered what Angela was about to show her. She looked up at the woman's face next to her. So pretty, the intense

green eyes, the little retroussé nose, the pouty lips. So much more delicate than her face. She couldn't help but plant a sweet soft kiss on the cheek, and was rewarded with a happy smile.

Angela opened up the website that she had caught Max looking at, and quickly found the picture of the redhead in the green micromini bikini, on all fours.

"There," she said. "I caught him looking at this."

"Really?" Kitty laughed out loud. "He must have been mortified."

"He was," Angela grinned. "And I reacted poorly, too. So later that night, I went back to his room to apologize."

"Wearing only a see-through negligee, right?" Kitty's voice was mocking. "Isn't that a bit clichéd?"

"Watch your tone of voice, girl," Angela responded, curtly.

"Sorry, Mrs. Johnson," Kitty said, crestfallen.

"It's all right, Kitty, and call me Angela. Truthfully, there was no intent. At least not at that point. Still. I was wearing my pajamas, blue silk cami and shorts. It was far less than what I usually wear around the house." She paused. "Used to wear around the house, I mean."

Kitty giggled nervously. Angela kissed the top of her head.

"So, anyway, Max was only wearing boxer shorts. He seemed so confused, so vulnerable, and I was trying to understand him, to understand why he would look at something so... so vulgar, I suppose." Kitty nodded, her eyes glued to the screen where the picture of the girl displaying her barely covered pussy and asshole was nearly as large as life.

"I asked him to show me the picture again," gesturing to the screen. "He sat in the chair like you are now. Here," she smiled. "We'll recreate the scene." With deft fingers she

pulled the tie of Kitty's dress from the back of her neck. It slithered down the girl's body quickly, leaving her sitting in her sheer bra. The girl gasped at her sudden exposure.

"Mrs. Johnson!"

"Angela, honey. Remember? Just slip out of that dress for me." Numbly, Kitty lifted her hips and let the dress pool on the ground at her feet. She was shocked at the sudden turn of events. But excited as well, eager in some part of her for her new friend (mother?) to see just how grown-up she was. Her nipples were suddenly hard.

"That's a pretty bra, dear," Angela said carelessly, as if it was an everyday matter for a woman to be half-naked with her son's girlfriend, looking at porn. "In any case, back to my story. I was leaning on the back of his chair, like this, with my arm around his body."

She carefully put her arm across the girl's chest, sliding her hand across the upper slopes of her breasts. Kitty sighed happily. She felt warm, so warm and content, feeling Angela's loving touch.

"I asked Max to describe what he liked about the picture. And he did, with some prompting." She let her hand caress the top of Kitty's right breast. Her heart was pounding. This was the first time in her life she had ever felt another woman's body. To be honest, in the past, the idea would have disgusted her. But something had changed in her. Something had opened a floodgate of possibilities.

Kitty was like play-dough under the older woman's fingers. She felt her pussy get wet, her lips opening up. She knew that the tiny pair of panties she was wearing would be no match for her excitement. But she didn't care. She opened and shut her thighs, wanting to increase the stimulation in her center, not daring to reach down and touch herself as she was longing to do.

"I found myself pressing into the back of his head, like this. Do you know, I think he felt it, even though I wasn't really aware of doing it." She let her own breast push against the thick brown hair of the seated girl. "Maybe he could feel my nipple against him. It even went onto the side of his face like this. Can you feel my nipple, honey?"

Kitty felt the breast push against her cheek, the warmth apparent through the thin summer dress. She nuzzled against it, that motherly object, that symbol of nurturing. But she didn't need nurturing right now. She needed something to give her that release that she was craving so deeply. She shook her head to indicate that she couldn't feel it.

"Oh, dear," Angela sighed. "I suppose, in the interests of true simulation, we should rectify that." She stood up straight, removing her hand from the gentle caresses of Kitty's breast. "Would you be a darling, Kitty, and unzip me?"

Kitty looked up to see the beautiful blonde turned away from her. She stood up, carefully. She felt short of breath, dizzy. She, unlike Angela, had experimented with other girls before. Who but the worst prude hadn't? Especially on the cheerleading squad. But never before had she felt anything this intense.

She slowly pulled the zipper down the back of the dress, and Angela allowed the dress to fall down her body. Kitty

watched as her back was exposed. The dress caught on her hips, and then fluttered all the way to the floor. The woman was wearing the most outrageous g-string! Her ass, tight and high, had only the tiniest of strings between the cheeks, and the little rhinestone connector at the top gleamed, drawing one's attention to the magnificence of her body.

Without thinking, Kitty reached behind her and undid the clasp of her bra. She needed to be as nude as Angela. She needed to show her, to demonstrate to her.

Angela turned to find Kitty blushing, now only wearing her own tiny pair of panties. The two women regarded each other. The tension between them was thick.

"Didn't you say, uh, that Max had only his boxers on?"

"Mm-hm. Only his boxers, Kitty." The girl's breasts were really astonishing. Larger than her own, they still stood firm and proud high on her chest. Maybe years down the line they would require a bra to maintain their shape. But at the present time, youth proved its worth.

"Sit down again, honey," she directed, and stood once again behind the seated teenager. "So, where were we? Oh, yes. I thought he could feel my nipple against his cheek. Can you feel it now?"

Kitty nodded, her mind in sexual overdrive. This was too erotic. The warm breast against her, the hot nipple pushing against the corner of her mouth. And the hand gently cupping her own breast, toying with her own nipple. She couldn't stop herself now, even had she wanted to. Her fingers found their way into her panties, touching herself, setting off tremors of lust throughout her body.

"Oh, how did you know? He started to touch himself, too. My own son, jerking off in front of me, the both of us pretending that he wasn't doing it." Angela smiled in memory. She felt Kitty moving her head to take her nipple into her mouth, those full lips surrounding her hard nubbin and that hot wet tongue swirling around it.

"I couldn't see it, mind you," she went on, her eyes clouding in the excitement of the moment. "It was dark, and his hard

cock was under the desk. Still, I could see his hand, feel the movement, just as I can with you now."

"Mmm, Angela," Kitty moaned around the tit in her mouth.
"Oh, God, that is too hot."

"I know, right? Still, I wasn't ready to do anything more with him at that time. It was too soon. But I came back the next night."

"And this time, what were you wearing?"

"Oh, you little minx. Is it that easy to see through me?"

"Not at all, mmmmm... Sorry, just came a little there. No, 's just what I would have done."

"I guess we're kind of alike, then, hmmm?"

"I think so."

"You were right. This time I wore a black lacy teddy. I was so bad. But my husband encouraged me, although I didn't know why at the time. And that night, he took my nipple in his mouth, through the teddy, just like you're doing now. Mmmm, it feels so lovely, sweetie."

Kitty nodded, her eyes looking up into the eyes of her new lover. She moved her finger deeper inside of her, seeking more stimulation.

"And this time I stayed until he came. Oh, God, he got some on my arm, and I couldn't help myself, I had to taste it." She shuddered, her thighs pressed tight together. "I managed to control myself until I got out of the room."

"Ohh, Angela, this is so hot. What happened the next night?"

"Mmmm. The next night was even better. I sat on his lap." Kitty gasped. "That's right, honey. In the sheerest of negligees, only a g-string, and I'm pretty sure he got naked before I sat down. He jerked off, and I rubbed myself on his leg while he held me by the waist."

"Oh, God! Oh, fuck, Angela. Oooh. I just came again."

"Let's move to the bed, Kitty. I think I need to taste you."

In a flash, Kitty bounded to the bed. She lay back, her face flushed, her breathing fast. She looked over as Angela stalked towards her. She heard herself whining, mewling for the contact that was about to come.

Angela looked down at the girl, so hot, so wanton in her excitement. She trailed her finger down the slim body, muscular and fit from all the cheering she had done. Her finger reached the panties and hooked onto them. Kitty lifted her waist and Angela pulled the underwear down those long legs.

At last, at last. Kitty was naked in front of her boyfriend's mother. She felt free, soaring. She let her legs fall apart in the most unladylike way. But she was beyond caring. She had to let Angela see her most feminine places.

For her part, Angela was about to undertake something that she had never imagined that she would do. But who was she to say anything? This whole week had been full of things that she had never imagined she would do. She knelt between the girl's legs, gazing on the glistening pussy in front of her. She had shaved the lips, leaving a small patch of dark brown curls at the top.

The heat rising from that spot was amazing. And the smell. It was much more delicate than she would have thought. But so arousing. She used her fingers to spread the outer lips wide. The tiny inner lips were so pink, and the little bud of her clit was pulsing.

"Ooooooh, Angela," Kitty whimpered. "Please?"

Angela leaned in. She extended her tongue and made contact with the flesh of the overheated teenager. The tang of the girl's juices spread rapidly over her tongue. It didn't taste bad, as she had feared. Of course, she had tasted herself over the years, whether on her fingers or on her husband's cock. But that was her own juices. She had always

imagined that she would be revolted by another woman's. Instead, she was drawn back to get more.

Kitty felt the first tentative lick, and it caused her to jerk. And then, Angela moved back in. Was it possible that she had never done this before? In a moment, that didn't matter any more. The contact of the soft tongue against her caused jolts of electricity to burst through her. And Angela was an incredibly sensitive lover. She seemed attuned to the slightest murmur and reacted accordingly.

Her mind flew through all kinds of amazing images, and she started to push herself against the older woman's mouth. She held onto the shining blonde hair of the head between her legs, and forced herself harder and harder against that seeking tongue. And when it dipped deep into her, and then pulled back to circle, hard, once, twice, three times around her aching clit, Kitty exploded.

Angela felt the intense need, the demanding grasp on her head. She gave her all to Kitty, everything that she could, searching deep inside the girl, pressing her mouth hard against the sopping pussy, drinking her juices down. And

delighting in every minute of it. She felt her own need, her own desires, but she had to repress them for the time being.

"Oh, wow. Mmm," Kitty sighed. "That was really intense, Mrs. Jo—I mean, Angela." She was breathing heavily, her breasts lifting and falling rapidly. Her forehead was sweaty, her face and chest flushed. She had gripped the coverlet tightly with both hands. She released them now as Angela came up to lie next to her.

"I'm glad I was able to help, sweetie," Angela purred, brushing Kitty's bangs from across her face. The girl looked so relaxed, so sweet in her post-orgasmic bliss.

"What happened the next night?"

"Oh. Well," Angela laughed. "That was the night we went to the restaurant."

"What? Was that Thursday night?" Kitty's eyes were wide.

"Um. Right. Yes, that was Thursday night."

"Oh. My. God! Charlene was talking about you? About you and Max?!"

"Uh-huh. Max told me about his date with you. We were sitting at the same table that you sat at the next night. And my son took all kinds of liberties with me, in front of that poor girl. She was all flustered."

"She would have probably passed out if she had known you were his mother." Angela shuddered. Her pussy spasmed at the teenager's comment. She hadn't come, yet, and she was in danger of losing control over the situation. Still, the thought of a stranger finding out about her incestuous affair was surprisingly causing her to get even hotter.

"Right," she stated, shaking her head to snap out of her reverie. "We'd better get ready and join the guys at the pool."

"But I haven't done anything for you, Angela," Kitty said, surprised. She had been looking forward to helping the older woman cum also. She owed her something for the earth-shattering one she had enjoyed.

"Thanks, Kitty. But I think I'll have to take a rain-check on that. Your Dad is going to be wondering just what we're doing up here." Kitty raised her eyebrows. She noted how Angela had failed to include her son in her statement. "Still, I would love for you to return the compliment. Can I count on you to do that for me? When I ask you to?"

"Sure," chirped the teenager, thoughtlessly.

"Promise?"

"Promise."

Chapter 11

Mark and Max were relaxing by the pool already when Angela and Kitty made their entrance. The late afternoon sun warmed the wooden deck. The golden brilliant light made the well-designed gardens around the pool seem like a scene from a fairy tale.

Max had been wondering just what his mother was getting up to with his new girlfriend. They had been gone for quite some time. He had never before imagined that his straitlaced mother, his sweet suburban Mom might be into some of the stuff he had seen on the internet, but this week had changed his views on a number of things. Even while he carried on a lively conversation about the NFL with his host, his mind was filled with illicit images of the two of them together.

"Hi, guys," came his mother's voice from the deck. Both men looked over at the back door of the house. The two women sashayed towards them. Each looked gorgeous, and

yet, in his heart, Max was a little disappointed. This was hardly the outrageous appearance he had anticipated.

Although Kitty was wearing a string bikini, it was nothing that you would call out of place on a family beach. And Angela, his Mom, had a boring old one-piece swimsuit. Maybe nothing had happened upstairs. Maybe nothing was going to happen tonight.

"Hey, sweetie," Angela said to her son, leaning over to kiss him gently on the cheek. It was at that point that he caught a whiff of something musky, something familiar, arousing, coming off of her... face? She pulled back, and winked.

"Just a little idea of what's to come," she whispered. Max' mind went blank for a second as he registered that he had just smelled his girlfriend's juices on his mother's face. That could only mean...

Angela laughed to herself as she went to sit on an empty beach chair next to Mark. He was certainly a handsome man, she mused. That would make the rest of the plan easier.

"Max, you look as if someone had just goosed you," giggled Kitty, sitting next to her boyfriend. He blinked and looked over at her.

"Goosed? Me?" He shook his head, smiling. "I think we both know who's been goosed, girl." He wagged his eyebrows, and guffawed when she blushed.

"Meanie," she smiled, and punched him in the arm. "Put some sunscreen on my back, 'kay?"

She pulled her hair into a ponytail, and then lay on her stomach, handing him the bottle. He squirted some into his hands, rubbing them together. Casually, she reached behind her and untied her top behind the neck and in the middle of her back. She pulled it out from under her, lying there in front of the three others in just her little string bikini bottom.

He palmed her slim back with both of his hands, greasy from the sunscreen. Slipping his hands around in circles, he

slowly massaged the firm muscles, kneading and caressing in equal measure.

Mark watched his daughter getting oiled up by her new boyfriend, and his mouth went dry. Oh, the things I could do in that situation, he thought. What I could see! So much to touch.

"Mark, would you be so kind to do me the same favor?" Angela laughed to herself as he flushed, turning to her. She kept a calm demeanor however, and turned to lie on her stomach like Kitty. Carelessly, she pulled the shoulder straps of her dowdy one-piece down her arms and off her hands. As if modest, she held the sides of the swimsuit to her breasts as she got herself comfortable. Then, she let her arms dangle off of the sides.

Mark looked in some confusion at the semi-naked body in front of him. He had to be careful here not to let his excitement over his daughter's body interfere with politeness. This was the wife of a man in whose business he had major interests. He couldn't let anything get out of hand.

With trembling hands, he squirted some oil into his palms and approached Angela's slight frame. Her skin felt hot under his touch, and he found himself marveling at its softness.

Meanwhile, Max was having a grand time. His hands had spread all over Kitty's back, and he worked up the sides now. His touch was firm so as not to tickle her. He went over her ribs, feeling each groove, and then felt the underside of her breasts. They had looked so enticing, so lovely in the restaurant, their symmetry without blemish. He had not had the chance to touch them then. Now he did.

Kitty warmed to his touch. He was so wonderful with his fingers, so knowing. And when he confidently came up her sides, she lifted her torso slightly so his fingers could dip underneath. How exciting it was to know that her boyfriend was feeling her up with her father only feet away.

Max' hands cupped each tit lovingly, rubbing his fingers across her nipples. They were heavy, full in his hands, filling each palm completely. He was hard in his trunks, and

he made sure he was turned away from his mother and Kitty's Dad. He couldn't help but push against the outside of Kitty's thigh with his erection.

"Mmmm," she purred. She was in heaven, such exciting times, all in one day. "Don't ever stop that, Max."

"Why should I, Kitty?"

"I don't know. Maybe because my Dad's right over there?"

"I think he's got his own hands full at the moment," Max joked. Kitty looked up at him, then lifted up on her elbows to look over at her father.

Mark was unsure of himself, and that was an unusual place for him to be. On the one hand, Angela had invited him to put the sunscreen on him. On the other hand, all of her signals were of a friend, properly covering herself. And yet, her tits bulged out on each side of her torso, and she was wriggling under his touch like a kitten. Every time he

approached territory that should have been forbidden, she sighed happily.

And like a well-trained terrier, he found himself with his fingers caressing the sides of her breasts, smoothing the oil over areas best left untouched. And, like his young male compatriot, he was hard. Hard as steel in his trunks.

"Ooooh, Mark," Angela sighed, her eyes closed. "You have a lovely touch."

Max and Kitty shared a glance, and the girl giggled. Max squeezed her breasts warningly, his eyebrows raised. She stifled her laugh and rolled her eyes.

"Your Mom is too much," she whispered, before settling down again. "Don't forget to put sunscreen on my ass, right?"

Max' heart leaped. What an invitation. He quickly got the bottle from beside Mark and put more lotion in his hands.

Mark was too caught up in his own ministrations to take much notice of the others.

With smooth caresses, Max started on his girlfriend's upper thighs. The approach to her ass was outstandingly sexy. Each leg rose up to the butt cheek in a sweet curve, a continuation of line from knee to the peak of the ass. Max let his fingers linger on their way up to tease at the tender skin between her thighs.

"Nice, sweetie," Kitty murmured. His hands swept up to hold each cheek in his grasp. It was incredible to be fondling this girl right in front of her father. He suddenly wanted, needed Mark to know what was going on. Deliberately, he pushed the bottle off of the lawn chair so it spun across the deck.

"Oh, Mark," he said, absent-mindedly. "Could you get that for me?"

"Uh, what? Oh. Sure, Max." Kitty couldn't believe Max' audacity. How would her father react? She wanted and

didn't want to know. Max' fingers were under her bikini bottom, frankly massaging her ass with his strong fingers.

Blindly, Mark pulled his hands finally away from the sexy young mother's breasts. He had been fondling her for God knows how long. What could he have been thinking? He got the bottle and walked over to where Max was sitting next to the outstretched form of his lovely daughter.

And there he saw the young man with his hands under his girl's bikini bottom, moving in circles. He stood, astonished, watching as the boy started to move his hands out and in, pulling the sexy cheeks apart and then pushing them together. The tiny bikini bottom had mostly settled into the valley, and the father could see hints of the darker skin around his daughter's asshole.

"Just put it beside me, would you?" Max had let his thumbs slip into the middle of that wonderful valley, pushing the bunched up fabric together. Kitty wriggled delightedly under her boyfriend's intimate touch. Mark was bewildered. How was he supposed to react? After all, was this any less than he would have done in the same situation?

"Okay," he rasped. "Here you go." He turned away, seeing red for a few seconds. But what right did he have to be jealous of the young man? After all, Kitty was his girlfriend. And yet, Max was way beyond 'only what he could see.'

Kitty's pussy started to tingle as soon as she heard her father turn away. With his unspoken approval, she felt free to express her arousal. She began to moan with each movement of Max' hands.

"Mark?" He was now standing, looking off towards the house. "Mark," Angela repeated, leaning up. "Is everything all right?" She knew perfectly well what was going on. Mark looked down, his eyes clouded, and then clearing. The young mother's right breast was nearly completely exposed, right down to the pink nipple pushing against the towel on the chair.

"Um. Right. Yes. Everything's fine."

"Look," Angela said, a concerned frown on her face. She slipped her arms back into the swimsuit, and stood up. Her nipples pushed against the old fabric, clearly evident through it. "Let's go up to the house and get some wine. What do you say?" She rolled her eyes towards the young couple who were now both breathing heavily.

"Right. Okay." He let himself be led away up to the house.

As soon as they were gone, Kitty sat upright, her breasts swaying in the golden light. She launched herself at Max, throwing her arms around his neck, her tits squashed against his chest.

"Oh, you sexy, sexy boy," she breathed, and mashed her mouth against his. He enthusiastically returned her kiss, delighting in the feel of her lithe body against his.

"You ain't seen nothing yet," he husked, when she pulled away finally.

"Will you fuck me? Here? Now?" She palmed his hard cock through his trunks, stroking up and down the distended rod.

"I would love nothing better, Kitty. But I have a feeling something even hotter is going to happen before the night is through." She whined in disappointment.

"But I need this. I need it now."

"Patience, girl. Patience." He slipped his fingers down the front of her bikini bottoms and felt the hot wetness of her hard clit. "Mom and I have plans for this, you see."

When Angela and Mark returned from the house with a tray of wineglasses, two bottles of wine, and cheese and crackers, the two lovers were sitting calmly next to each other, sunning their hard young bodies. Angela raised her eyebrows at Mark.

"See?" She nodded knowingly. "Nothing to worry about here."

Soon the four were laughing together, talking about various topics. The wine flowed freely. Angela had meant to lay off the alcohol as much as possible. She needed to keep her wits about her if she was to orchestrate the final part of her plan. But her anxiety had caused her to drink more than she had meant to, and she was feeling the effects of the potent wine on her thinking. Still, sometimes you just had to let things take their own course.

"And he stepped on the ball!" She finished her anecdote, and as everybody broke out laughing, she made a big gesture with the hand holding her glass. Wine sloshed out all over her front, staining the swimsuit a deep purple in seconds.

"Oh, shit," she gasped, standing quickly, holding the suit away from her front.

"Wait, wait," Kitty laughed, tears in her eyes. "Let me help you with that." The girl jumped up and grabbed a napkin to blot at the front of Angela's swimsuit. She was feeling no

pain herself, and she patted the older woman's chest ineffectually.

"Uh, I don't think you're helping much," Angela said, an amused glint in her eyes. Max watched in disbelief as his girlfriend moved the napkin in little circles over his mother's breasts. He could see her hard nipples pushing out through the stained fabric.

"What do you mean? I think I'm doing a world of good here," Kitty winked. She could feel her own nipples pushing hard against her bikini top. She wanted for all the world to just strip down, here, in front of these three wonderful people. Why couldn't she just be allowed to express her love for them?

Mark was feeling very mellow, happy to see his girl so content. How could he have felt so jealous before? Who wouldn't want to possess such a sweet girl? He smiled paternally at Max, who smiled back tentatively. Still, that Angela was one hot number. The way Kitty was trying to sop up the wine from her swimsuit was pulling it even

further away from her chest. If he leaned over like this, he could almost see Angela's tit...

Angela noticed Mark leaning over with a glazed look in his eyes.

"Kitty?"

"Hmmm?" The girl was not even pretending to wipe up the wine any more. She was frankly rubbing the hard nipples right in front of her. Her tongue, pink and pointed, licked her full lips.

"Maybe I can borrow another swimsuit? Then we can take care of this one the way it needs to be taken care of."

Kitty looked up, and Angela winked at her. Her face brightened.

"Right! Great idea!" She leaped up onto the deck, practically dragging Angela behind her. "I've got just the suits for us to wear."

Mark and Max watched the two women run into the house. Mark's face took on a confused look. He turned to Max.

"Suits? Plural?"

Max shrugged.

"Wait 'til they see us in these," Kitty giggled. Angela's head was spinning. Synchronicity was one thing, but she could never have planned on Kitty getting in on the act so easily. Or that she would have suits like these.

"Are you sure you're okay with your Dad seeing you in this?"

"Don't be silly, Angela," the girl scoffed. "He's already seen me in less."

"Less than that?"

"Well," Kitty blushed. "Didn't I say on the phone that I'd been teasing him?"

"You call this teasing?"

"Uh, yeah, I do," Kitty insisted. "As long as it's innocent. As long as he stays strong." She couldn't believe how she was opening up to Angela. Her senses felt a little dulled. Perhaps it was the wine. Maybe it was her lust. Either way, she knew she needed to get outside, and soon.

"Come on, Angela!" She pulled on the woman's arm. "Let's go!"

"All right, all right, already. I'm coming," Angela laughed. Still, this was the first truly dangerous step. If Mark reacted

badly, she would have to back out somehow. But she had seen how he had looked at Max and Kitty earlier. She had a hunch he would go along with this.

"Whoo-eee," Mark heard Max whistle. "Now, if that's not a sight for sore eyes, I don't know what is."

Mark had been working at the grill, cooking up some burgers for dinner. His back was to the deck, so he didn't see his daughter and her boyfriend's mother emerge. He turned to see what had piqued Max' interest.

The sight before him blew his mind. He had never seen two women look sexier or more desirable than Kitty and Angela did at that moment. His heart pounded, his cock swelled in his trunks. How could they wear those suits?

Angela was wearing a bikini in the sheerest black material. The tiny bra provided enough material to cover her nipples barely, and the darker skin of her areoles showed around

the edges in every direction. Her perky tits stood proudly on her chest, fortunately able to stand on their own, for they got no support from her top.

The bottoms were larger, but that only served to show off the full bulge of her pussy. The little tuft of hair at the top of the slit was displayed through the sheer bikini. The gap between her thighs was neatly filled by her prominent labia, the crease between them obvious to all observers.

Her trim body left nothing to be desired, her pretty face set off by her shining blonde hair. She was a goddess, an avatar of the female sex, and the sexuality that goes with it. She was clearly excited to be wearing the suit, if her hard nipples were any indication.

But if she were the archetype of sexuality, Kitty was the icon of lust. She was wearing the most ludicrous excuse for a bathing suit Mark had ever seen. It was made up of several thin electric blue straps wrapped around her young teenaged body. There were two strings that ran from a choker around her neck down the slopes of her breasts, and two around the top part of her torso. These several strings

came together to form tiny patches that were perched over her hard nipples. Her breasts, larger than Angela's, were essentially entirely uncovered. Their curves formed a breathtaking pair of arcs on her chest.

From those two tiny patches came two more strings that went down over her flat stomach to come together in her crotch. There, they met in a tiny piece of fabric over her pussy, the front so low cut that her dark pubic hair simply sat above the little pouch. You could see her pubic mound all the way down to where the hint of the start of her little slit peeked out. There was nothing on her waist or hips, simply bare golden skin from the lower curves of her breasts to her toes.

"Daddy?" Her seductive voice floated across the yard to where he stood, frozen, his mouth agape. He stared at his gorgeous daughter, her eyes looking at him from under her bangs, her lower lip caught between her white teeth. "Do you see anything you like?"

"Uh, Kitty," he stammered, "do you think you ought to be wearing that outside?"

"Don't be silly, Daddy," she murmured, walking slowly towards him, her breasts swaying gently with each step. It was mesmerizing. "I don't think I have any reason to be ashamed to wear this among friends and family. Do I?"

Angela went to stand next to her son, watching the sexy girl sauntering towards her father. From the rear, the suit looked like a single string running from the choker straight down her back to disappear between her round ass cheeks. The two straps that held the nipple patches in place tied underneath the vertical string. Otherwise, she was entirely naked. Any other body might not have looked so hot, but Kitty's was designed for this kind of exposure.

"That's some girl you've got there, Max," she whispered. She leaned against him, turning in so that her breast pushed up against his side.

"Don't I know it, Mom," he whispered in reply, putting his arm around her torso. "But I've got a hell of a woman here, too." He kissed her gently on the top of her head, then turned back to watch the show.

"Ashamed?" Mark was struggling to come up with an appropriate answer to his daughter's question. Shouldn't she be ashamed? She was prancing around practically naked, in front of her father, and her boyfriend's mother. Was this the way kids acted nowadays?

Yet, he couldn't step up and stop her from doing it. And why? Because he was hypnotized by the sight of her. He was completely under her spell. In any case, as long as it remained innocent, as long as it stayed within her rules, then he was just being a good father, right? Right?

"Uh, no. No, I guess not, Kitten," he finally managed to say. Kitty finished her little prowl and stood next to her father. He was so cute when he became flustered.

"Mmm. I thought not," she murmured, and put her arms around his neck. Her lithe body pressed up against his, pushing her nearly naked breasts against his bare chest. With her lower belly against his groin, she felt the thrilling hardness barely concealed in his trunks. All because of her. How awesome was that?

"I love you, Daddy," she purred, and kissed him gently on the lips. His hands, unsure of themselves, fluttered behind her, before tentatively coming to rest on the bare skin of her lower back.

"I can see a lot, Princess," he whispered raggedly.

"I know," she replied, her eyes glinting mischievously up at him. His hand slipped lower on her back, to the top of the outward curve of her butt. She wiggled against him, her groin rubbing against his erection.

"Isn't that so sweet," came Angela's voice from behind them. Mark startled. He had forgotten about their guests, and here he was practically feeling his daughter up in front of them. "It is so wonderful to see how close the two of you are."

"It's true, Kitty," Max said. Just like Mark, he had his hand on his mother's ass, but it was hidden from the view of the other two. It was incredibly exciting to fondle her in front of other people. He had discovered that at the restaurant.

But how much more exciting here, where the observers knew what their relation was.

"I know, right?" Kitty melted into her father's embrace, laying her head on his chest. "But, Daddy, shouldn't you be paying more attention to the grill?"

"Oops," Mark grinned, blushing, embarrassed. He turned away from the obvious interest of Max and Angela, and starting flipping burgers. Kitty stayed pressed against his side, but he kept his hand at an appropriate level, neatly tucked around her waist.

"Now, Max," Angela whispered. "You have to behave here."

"Aw, Mom, how can I help myself when you look like that?" His hand slipped inside the sheer bikini bottoms to caress her skin of her ass.

"Don't mess things up, Mister," she hissed. "We've got to take things slow, you hear?"

"Just one quick kiss. Please? I'm dying here." How could she resist him? He was so damn sexy. And those eyes! Just like his father's. Too much.

"All right. But make it quick!"

Kitty glanced over her shoulder and saw Max incline his face down towards his mother's. Angela had her eyes closed, her lips slightly parted. She could see how hot she was, how overheated. Kitty held her breath as the mother and son came close together. Their lips met, softly at first, and then more demandingly. Angela's body went limp in her son's arms, supported by his strong grasp, one hand on her ass, the other supporting her upper body.

Kitty's whole body felt hot and shivers ran through her, centering in the depths of her sex. She felt tingly, lightheaded, tipsy, all at once, as she observed the intense kiss that her boyfriend shared with his mother. She should have felt jealous. She should have felt outraged. But all she felt was excitement. Without thinking, she pulled her father's hand up to her breast, all the while gazing at the couple making out behind them.

"Honey?" Mark looked down at his daughter, who seemed to be breathing awfully quickly. His hand was now cupping her left breast, so much of which was uncovered. "Are you all right?" He looked over his shoulder to see what she was looking at, but all he saw was Max and Angela, standing next to each other. Had he been less confused, less thrown by the fact that Kitty had placed his hand on her breast, he might have noticed the flush on their faces, the way that Angela's hair was mussed.

"They can't see where your hand is," Kitty whispered urgently. "Just... just hold me there, would you?" His hand felt so wonderful on her, so gentle in the way it surrounded her breast, so fatherly in the way he avoided her nipple (the rules, the rules, he couldn't see it). She was shivering actively now.

"Kitty! Maybe you're cold? Shouldn't you put something on?"

"Shh," she urged him. "D—don't say anything, don't... don't do anything else... I'm about to—to... ooohhhh..." and she

felt the orgasm crash over her, a little one, but intense. And she hadn't even touched herself. It was all from the visual stimuli and the feel of her father holding her, all here, in their backyard. Oh, God, it was addictive, what they were doing. How could she ever stop?

Mark looked down at his girl, shaking in his arms, her face creased in concentration, her lower lip caught in her teeth. He couldn't believe it. She had just cum, right here, while he was holding her. She blinked and looked up at him, her eyes loving, large, deep blue.

"My God, Kitty," he said, wonderingly. "How in God's name did you get to be like this?"

"Oh, Daddy," she fluttered her lashes. "It's all because of you, you silly man." His heart melted within him, and he lightly squeezed her firm breast in his hand.

The late afternoon had passed in a blur for all four. There had been dinner at one point, but none of them could remember what the food had tasted like. Wine had flowed freely, and all four were far more comfortable than any would have thought possible.

Max couldn't help but feel that the scene was surreal. Here was his mother, in a see-through bikini, his new girlfriend in a set of strings that could barely be called a swimsuit, and he and his girlfriend's father were acting as if nothing were out of the ordinary. How could he sit across from Kitty at the outdoor table, watching her tits sway with any movement? How could her father sit next to her and not have his hand between her legs? There was only the smallest amount of material there anyway.

Mark was similarly floating through the evening. Kitty had her leg against his there at the table. He only had to glance down and he would be afforded a view of her neatly trimmed bush at the junction of her thighs. And, for crying out, was that the hint of one of her labia peeking out next to the ludicrously tiny scrap of fabric over her mound?

Kitty was having the time of her life. She had never felt so free, so open, so loving. She loved all of these people! So her brain felt a little muzzy from all of the wine, but everything seemed so obvious to her now. She loved them all so much that she wanted to do things with them, things to show her passion. Including her father, her sweet, silly father. Maybe especially him. She put her hand on his leg and squeezed it, smiling at him.

Angela could see the love between the girl and her father, but she could also see the confusion in the man's face. He was feeling things, things he thought he oughtn't to feel. It was so important, so necessary to help him past that.

"Let's get in the hot tub," she said. Her speech was a little slurred, but no one else seemed to notice. Kitty jumped and squealed at the idea. The little patch that covered her right nipple slipped off, showing her dark pink areole and the hard nub that capped it. Mark's eyes were fixed on the forbidden sight, and Angela giggled to herself. She grabbed Max' hand.

"Come on, you," she urged, pulling him towards the waiting hot tub. Behind them, she could sense a tension between the other two.

"Uh, Kitty, your... uh, your," Mark stuttered.

"What is it?" Kitty sounded a little exasperated.

"Your tit," he blurted. Kitty giggled.

"My... tit?!"

"Oh. Oh, dear God. Did I just say that?"

"What can you see, Daddy?"

Max smiled to himself as he stumbled to the hot tub, pulled by his mother. He knew the hint that Kitty was giving her father. Oh, he wished he could just watch and see what Mark would do. He stepped into the hot swirling water after his mother. She pulled him down to her, and he folded her

in his embrace. All afternoon the lust had been swirling just like the water, as hot and confused.

Angela let herself be taken by her son. His mouth found hers, his tongue forcefully entering her mouth and entwining with hers. Her heart pounded. How could she be so crazy, so loose? So easy? But her lust shouted her rationality down, and she slipped her hand into his trunks, grasping his hard cock with her cool hands.

"You've got to get Kitty to take this. Here. Now." She gently twisted her grasp around his shaft, feeling the extraordinary length of him. "Do you think she'll be willing?"

"Are you kidding, Mom? She wanted me earlier this afternoon. I think she'll be willing to do more now than she was then."

"Just start slow, okay? We can't spring everything on Mark at once."

"Whatever you say, Mom."

Behind them, Mark was frozen, standing across from Kitty, looking at her in a way she had not seen him do yet.

"Kitty, Kitty," he whimpered, his hand halfway to his nearly naked daughter, who stood there so bold, so wanton. "Oh, God. You know exactly what I can see. What the fuck are you doing to me?"

"Nothing you don't want, Daddy," she whispered, stepping closer to him. His hand came into contact with her side, and he slid it up to that temptation, the luscious fruit of her womanhood. With trembling fingers, he caressed that naked globe, feeling the heat emanating from her. She sighed contentedly as he found her hard nipple. With wonder he felt the evidence of her excitement. Everything about her was so perfect. He was in love, so deep.

"All right, Daddy," the excited girl said, forcing herself to step back again. "We better not keep them waiting any more." Mark nodded, as Kitty slipped the patch back over her nipple.

She led the way in front of him, her sweet ass undulating. His eyes were locked on her lower back, the thin string sweetly caught by her round cheeks. She smiled over her shoulder at him as she climbed the three steps. At the top, she stopped and leaned over to test the temperature of the water. Her ass was pushed out towards him, her legs slightly parted. The little bulging pouch between her thighs stood out in the electric blue suit.

"God help me," Mark muttered. He was relieved to see her finally slip in next to Max, leaving him a seat next to Angela. The lovely blonde woman was leaning back against the side of the tub, her eyes closed. The water had caused the sheer bikini to adhere closely to her skin. He was thankful that she wasn't watching him enter, because he knew for a fact that his erection was causing his trunks to tent massively in front of him.

"Mmm," Angela murmured, as she felt Mark sit down next to her. "This is just the thing, isn't it?" She leaned into her host, resting her head on his shoulder.

"Uh, yeah," he said, nervously. "It's nice." Max and Kitty had their heads pressed together. They were whispering, but he couldn't make out what they were saying.

"Put your arm around me, Mark," Angela said calmly. Dazed, he did as she asked, and she wriggled tighter into him. The feel of her against his side was a panacea against the confusions of the evening.

"You know, you're an awfully sexy man." The whisper was accompanied by a light touch on the inside of his thigh. He looked down to see the intense green eyes of the woman in his arms. "I thought it was incredibly erotic when you were touching the sides of my tits earlier. And with the kids right there, too!"

"Uh, Angela, I don't—"

"Hush. Let me return the favor a little." The hand on his leg crept up towards his crotch. He knew he should stop this. He knew he shouldn't let her continue. But his mind was muddled. He looked back over at the other side of the hot

tub. There, only a few feet away, Max and Kitty were deep in a passionate kiss.

"See? They won't notice anything we're doing over here," the sexy whisper continued. The hand had moved up to tease over his erection, dancing with feathery touches across the outside of his trunks. His arousal was taking over all of his reason. He started to caress her side with the hand he had around her. Her skin was incredibly soft, warm even in the heat of the hot tub. "In fact," she went on relentlessly, "I don't think you can see anything that's going on under the water."

Her hand reached the waistband of his trunks and slipped inside. She felt the length of him with her slim fingers, the girth, the steel hardness.

"Oooh, you're a big one, Mr. Clifton," she giggled softly. "Just lift up your hips for a second, would you?" He seemed unable to deny her anything. Lifting himself, he felt her deftly pull his trunks down around his ankles.

"Oh, Christ, Angela," he said in a strangled voice. "I can't do this..."

"Nonsense," she said in a matter-of-fact voice. "We're not doing anything that we don't both want to be doing here. There." Her hand found his erection again, now lightly caressing it from the base up to the inflamed head. "Isn't that much more comfortable?"

Mark tried to wrap his mind around what was going on. Here he was, naked, feet away from his daughter and her boyfriend, who were apparently making out without a concern. In fact, he was pretty sure that Kitty had her hand in Max' lap, doing just exactly what Angela was doing to him. And the way the boy was leaning back showed how much he appreciated the attention. The straps had come off of Kitty's tits again, as well, he noted. God, how sexy she was.

The hand on his cock was holding him more firmly now, stroking him fully, twisting gently as it approached the top. He was pushing up into her hand as she pumped him, so much that he noticed the tip of his cock breaking the surface of the water. The head appeared huge.

"My goodness, Mark. You are excited, aren't you? Is it my touch on you that's causing you to get so aroused?" She paused in her ministrations. "Or is it the sight of your gorgeous young daughter making out with my handsome boy over there?"

"No. No, what are you talking about?" She couldn't learn his secret. She couldn't find out how perverted, how disgusting and outrageous he was.

"Mm. I don't know. Maybe it's the way you've been unable to keep your eyes off of Kitty's sweet sexy body." She stroked him again, deliberately stopping after one movement. "Or maybe it's the way you put your hand on her ass by the grille." Oh, God. She noticed. Another stroke. "Or the way she had you hold her tit in her hand while she came, came hard while leaning on you in your own back yard."

"Oh, fuck. Fuck me, Angela. Yes. All right? Yes. It's both you and her. The two of you, all afternoon long." The hand started moving more affectionately now.

"Would you fuck her if she asked you to?"

"God help me." The tortured man looked down at his tormentor. "God help me. I would. I would, if she asked me to."

"Let me stand in for her," Angela murmured, swinging her leg over Mark's lap. Facing away from him, she lowered herself onto his hard cock. She had divested herself of her bikini bottoms for just this occasion. And when his burning hard rod came into contact with her pussy, she sighed in contentment. She had never thought of herself as a slut. But things had a way of turning in life. And the only thing you could do was to hang on for the ride.

"Look," Max whispered. "She did it." Kitty blinked, her lust-fogged vision coming clear for a second. There, not two feet away, Angela was sitting on her father's cock. The two teenagers watched in amazement as the thick rod of her father split his mother's pussy lips and sank deep inside with one fluid motion. Somehow, Angela had maneuvered

Mark up onto the side of the tub so that nothing was hidden from their view.

Kitty gasped. Her dad's cock was immense, seeming to take forever to come back out of the beautiful shaven pussy. She twitched the crotch of her swimsuit to one side and backed onto Max' lap herself.

Max felt his cock find his girlfriend's center for the first time. At last, he was going to feel the depths of his sexy new sweetheart. Inch by agonizing inch, his erection was surrounded by her tight heat, the velvety walls of her pussy sucking him into the very deepest part of her.

"Ooh, lover," she whispered, leaning back over her shoulder to find his mouth and kiss him deeply. "That's so wonderful." She loved that her first time with Max was here, in the company of her father and his mother. How much more perfect could it be? She was about to find out.

Mark's view of the scene unfolding in front of him was blocked by Angela's body as it rose and fell on his cock. His

eyes were closed, in any case. He didn't think he wanted to know everything that was happening.

"Kitty," Angela hissed. The girl looked over at her, her eyes half-lidded in ecstasy. "Now. I want it now." Kitty looked confused for a second. Then she recalled her promise from earlier in the afternoon.

"Now?" She wasn't sure that this was the way she wanted things to happen.

"Now." The command was firm. Kitty leaned forward, maintaining her position on Max' cock all the while. Max saw where she was going, and his heart started to pound in anticipation. He shuffled forward on the seat in order to help her, holding onto her waist with both hands. Angela paused in her motions as Kitty came nearer and nearer.

Kitty's vision was filled with the obscene sight of her father's cock deep buried in Angela's pretty pink gash. The lips were distended by his girth, and a froth was worked up around the joining of their organs. Above, Angela's hard clit poked out, forced forward by the thick monster in her canal. The

skin was so neatly shaved, so perfectly clean. And below, my God, below, there were her father's balls, thick and heavy. Was ever a daughter afforded so gorgeous a sight?

Her hesitations overcome, she leaned in, the odor of their fucking overcoming her senses. With her tongue extended, she made contact with Angela's clit. Just that, she reasoned. Nothing more. She would lick Angela, and not her father.

Angela saw her doubts, and allowed her to stay where she was. She moved in a little circle on Mark's cock, feeling the father deep inside her while the daughter stimulated her clit. She looked over Kitty's back at the son, who was beaming back at her.

"My God, Mom," he whispered. "You're twisted." She smiled at him, and started to move slowly up the length of Mark's erection. Kitty struggled to stay with her, her mouth encircling the tiny bud while her chin dragged along the underside of her father's cock. She knew what she was feeling, but refused to acknowledge it. Max' cock meanwhile, continued to work in and out of her, his hands stroking her sides.

Angela returned down to the base of Mark's cock. Kitty stayed with her. Then, with a fast movement, she pulled up again, leaving Kitty's tongue directly on her father's cock. Mark jerked as he felt a different sensation over his length, but kept his eyes closed, his mind focused on the hot cavern of Angela's pussy enveloping his head.

Confused, Kitty lapped at the hard shaft in front of her, then managed to catch up to Angela on the way down again. This was difficult work. She had to concentrate as hard as she could, but every move was made more difficult by the intense feelings she was receiving in her pussy. Every move that Angela made seemed to put Kitty more and more into contact with her father's cock.

Finally, she gave up trying to avoid it. It was useless. Everything was too close together. The taste of them filled her mouth, and she knew she was swallowing her father's pre-cum, mixed with Angela's copious secretions. She even allowed herself to be pushed down by Angela's hands to find those big balls in her face. Lovingly, she accepted one

into her mouth, sucking gently on it. After all, how different was this from what she had done that morning with him?

It was time for the denouement, Angela decided. She pulled Kitty's face back up to her pussy, holding it in place as she moved up and down again. The tongue against her clit was delightful, as were the sensations from the immense erection in her pussy. How sad to give all that up. But how much she had to gain as well.

With delicate timing, she moved up and off of the erection as she pushed Kitty's mouth over it. The sudden movement caught the girl by surprise, and she found her mouth filled with the head of her father's cock, wet, thick, oozing pre-cum over her tongue.

Mark looked down at the change in sensation, finally opening his eyes. To his amazement, he saw his daughter's thick brown hair at his crotch, her lips wrapped around his cock.

"Oh, fuck, Kitty!" He thrust forward reflexively, his cock driving deep into her mouth. He placed his hands on her

head, holding her in place. He was too far gone to do otherwise. Angela had timed her move perfectly. He was about to erupt, and he was going to do it down Kitty's throat. His cock didn't care in what receptacle it was going to place its deposit. And so, neither did he.

Kitty tried to adjust her thinking to accept the fact of her father's cock in her mouth. At the same time that Mark had thrust forward, Max pushed against her from behind, pushing her deep onto her dad's cock. From so much practice in blowing guys during her checkered high school years, she automatically took his cock deep into her throat. It wouldn't go all the way in, but she swallowed around his monster, her throat muscles caressing his length in rhythmic patterns.

His first shot went straight down her throat. She didn't taste a drop of it. But she felt the jerking of his organ on her tongue. She pulled back, and started stroking him with her hand, urging the ejaculation out of him and into her mouth.

"Oh, Kitty, oh, fuck, Kitty, sweetie, princess," he babbled, her sweet eyes looking up at him with love, only love.

The second blast filled her mouth with the salty bitterness of her father's sperm. As she felt the sticky juice coat her tongue, she suddenly started coming herself. She swallowed quickly, gasping, her body shaking in the throes of orgasm. His jerking cock spurted forth several more ropes of sperm that coated her face and dripped down from her chin.

Astonishingly, Max had held out, pushed deep into Kitty's pulsating pussy. As she came down from her climax, he pulled out. Angela smiled at her thoughtful son, and eased herself down onto his still throbbing erection.

"Now, that's a sweet boy," she murmured.

"All for you, Mom," he whispered back. In a second, the two came in a crashing orgasm together, the son's sperm spewing deep into the mother's hot and receptive pussy, a balm to soothe the heat that had been building up inside of her ever since that morning.

As mother kissed son deeply, their tongues wrapped around the other's, father lifted daughter to her feet and embraced her warmly and lovingly.

Chapter 12

Kitty sat in her bed, studying her toes. She felt numb. She didn't want to think about anything, about any of the stuff that had happened today. But her mind kept betraying her, bringing her back again and again to that moment...

That moment, when she had found herself with her mouth crammed full of her father's immense cock, throbbing, hot, insistent.

She shook her head involuntarily. She had been drunk. They had all been drunk. That was it. There was no need for self-recrimination.

But, really, hadn't she wanted this to happen? Hadn't that lurid scene been the inevitable outcome of all of her

manipulations over the weekend? How different was it, in truth, from the way she had been sitting on her Dad's erection in his bed, both of them achieving orgasm by rubbing off on each other?

Was it the sex, or was it the fact that she hadn't been in control?

Or was that what had made it so exciting?

"Oh, shit. Oh, shit, shit, shit." Mark Clifton sat in his home office, his head cradled in his hands. The moment he had embraced his daughter, her full breasts smashed on his chest, his wilting cock wet and still half-hard against her stomach; that moment had spelled the end of any possible relationship with Kitty. He had no idea how he could ever face her again.

The tears scalded his face. He had been unaware of them. He was unaware of too many things. Oh, God. The guilt. What kind of father was he?

In fact, how could he have allowed this situation to become this absurd? He had been led by his lust, betrayed by the mere animal that housed his sexuality. He had prided himself for so many years on his ability to maintain the upper hand on that part of himself. But it had gotten out of his control.

Still. He was the father. He would do whatever it took to make things right. He stood up, irresolute. Looking at the door, he felt his courage quail. How could he ever face her again?

Kitty waited all evening for her father to come find her. When he didn't, not even a little knock on the door, a quiet 'good night,' she forced herself to face up to her actions. She had started this, in reality. She had been the prime mover.

And it was clear that her father was not going to be the one to step up.

She looked at herself in the mirror. It wouldn't do. Not at all. For the purposed of this conversation, a little preparation was in order.

Thirty minutes later, she stood outside of his bedroom door. She took a deep breath. It was up to her, now, to repair things. To make things work in her family again. It took courage, but she had plenty of that. She thought back to the last time she had done this. That had taken more guts. That had set the groundwork. Was that really only this morning? It seemed like such a long time ago.

She knocked gently on the door, and, not waiting for an answer, turned the door knob.

Mark heard the knock, and ignored it. He couldn't face her. He lacked the wherewithal. In fact, he was sure his life was completely ruined. But then he heard the door open, the soft fall of her feet on the carpeted floor. The sound of her breathing.

He was too still to be asleep. Anger welled up inside of her. How dare he? After all that had happened, how could he dare to pretend like she wasn't even there?

"Daddy," she whispered. He stayed in the same position. She considered him. What did he think she was going to do, simply walk away?

"You coward," she hissed. "Look at me."

"I can't." His voice sounded miserable. "I'm sorry, sweetie. I—I don't know if I can go on like this."

"Like what? Daddy, what are you talking about?"

He stared blindly at the wall ahead of him. Why couldn't she just understand? Why did he have to spell it out?

"You and me, Kitty. What we've been doing. Oh, Christ," he sobbed. "And I don't think we can just pretend that nothing happened."

Kitty rolled her eyes, and heaved a deep sigh. God, men were such idiots.

"I seem to remember that we made a pact this morning. Do you remember?"

"Huh?"

"Guess not. Geez, what a dope." He blinked. Did she just call him a dope? He turned halfway over. Her heart skipped a beat. She was getting through to him.

"Do you remember me coming in here this morning, at least?"

"Uh, yeah," he admitted, his mind slowly coming to grips with what she was driving at.

"And at that time, we agreed that, as long as we played by the rules, and everybody stayed strong, we could keep on doing what we were doing before. Right?"

He looked up at her. God, she was beautiful. Her hair was loose around her face, the long shining tresses cascading over her shoulders. Her eyes were so deep, intense, and blue. Blue like the sky. Blue he could soar inside of forever. Thankfully, she was wearing a normal bathrobe, long enough to cover her whole body down to below the knees.

"Right?" Her voice was insistent. He nodded dumbly.

"And we sealed that agreement with a kiss. It was sealed, Daddy. No turning back."

"But I wasn't strong, Kitty. I failed." He was crying, the silent tears slipping down his strong face. She hated to see him like this.

"Nonsense," she smiled. "I don't see how you weren't strong. You were tricked, you silly man. There's a difference. I was tricked, too." Hope started to trickle inside his heart again. Maybe there was a way out of this. Maybe his life could be saved.

"The way I remember it, you stayed remarkably strong. And you certainly didn't touch anything that you couldn't see, right?"

"Uh-huh," he nodded, weakly smiling along with her.

"So. We're okay, Daddy. Don't you see?"

"I think so, Kitty." She giggled, and poked him on the nose.

"Think? I don't want you to think, Daddy."

"All right, all right," he laughed. "I know we're okay."

"Thank goodness," she said, theatrically. "So I don't have to go around in this stupid robe any more." She rapidly untied the sash and dropped it off of her shoulders. The garment fell off of her body in a soft susurrant, pooling around her feet.

Underneath, she had a satin chemise on, electric blue, reminding him uncomfortably of her bathing suit from the afternoon. The neckline swooped deep between her breasts, showing off the inner slopes of each. Her nipples, hard as always, poked enticingly through the soft material. The front and back were only connected over the shoulders, while the sides were tied together with three strings, all of which were under her arm, above her hips. From the lowest string down, the chemise hung like a Grecian toga, a flap in front and one hanging from the elegant curve of her buttocks. He couldn't see any signs of panties under the thing.

"Damn, Kitty," he gasped. "Are you trying to give me a heart attack?" He thanked his lucky stars that he had kept his boxers on tonight. Otherwise, he would have presented her with the vision of his erection for the second time that day.

"What do you mean, Daddy?" Her voice was coy, her eyes glinting mischievously. "Don't you remember what I said this morning?" He tried to keep his eyes on her face, but his gaze kept straying to the lovely presentation of her charms, so casually displayed for him. "I said that I wanted to be able to wear whatever I wanted around the house. I also said that it was okay for you to look at me."

"And to touch whatever I can see," he blurted.

"You're a quick learner," she giggled. Mark was lost. Again. But this time, maybe he would do something about it.

"Then come here," he ordered. Her eyes widened at his sudden change in tone. But she obeyed, slowly sashaying closer to the bed. The front flap swished from side to side with her exaggerated hip sway, threatening to expose the not so secret place at the junction of her thighs. He turned to sit up on the bed, swinging his legs over the side.

Kitty could see the projection his hardness made in his boxers as he repositioned himself. Her breath caught in her mouth. It really was an impressive sight. One which she had enjoyed from a much more intimate angle that afternoon. Her heart raced. Was this the moment they had been working towards all of this time?

"Turn around. Slowly." She blinked at him, her eyes suddenly wary.

"What are you going to do, Daddy?"

"Nothing that we don't want, right, Princess?" Her own words flung back at her. After all, it had been she who had walked into his bedroom dressed in this way. She was the one who was flaunting her sweet sexy body in front of him.

She stood up on her tiptoes, the action bringing out the muscles of her calves and thighs. Keeping an eye on her father, she slowly pirouetted in front of him, knowing all the time that he was looking at her body, at her curves. When she was turned away from him, she felt his hand on

her naked hip, the part that was not covered by the satin of her chemise.

"Stop." She stayed just where she was. She could feel her legs trembling slightly. His other hand came up to the opposite hip, the two of them giving her support. His fingers were curled around in front, over the sharp jut of her hipbones, touching the soft skin of her lower belly.

"Uh, Daddy, I don't think you can see where your fingers are."

"Mm-hm. Well, I think the rules are going to change a little bit."

"What? What do you mean?" She heard the frantic edge in her voice, and hated that she was so easily thrown off balance. Or was it that she loved it? She felt excited. Alive. Hot, so crazily hot.

"Bend over, Kitty."

"But—"

"Now." His voice was like a whip. She found herself obeying, unsure of herself for the first time in their shared game. As she leaned forward, she could feel the smooth glide of the satin over her ass. She knew it was rising higher and higher, exposing more of herself than she had ever done voluntarily with him.

Mark watched as she followed his commands. He felt confident now. This was the way he usually was with women. Kitty had thrown him for a loop up until now. But it was clear that she, too, needed guidance once in a while. His cock was throbbing in his boxers. He knew instinctively that it was not yet time to do anything about that. That time would come, too.

Her skin was hot beneath his hands. With her hips held, she was bending neatly from the waist. As a cheerleader, she was very flexible. There was a pulse beneath one of his fingers. It was racing, quick, a rabbit cornered.

At first, he couldn't see much between her legs. The satin was reluctant to give up its job of maintaining her modesty. And then, finally, it slipped up, and he could see. See that center of her sex, the perfectly formed lips, flushed and engorged with excitement. See the way they were pouting apart, revealing the lush valley within, the hard button of her clit poking out of its little hood. He could see even the pink moisture of her little inner labia, and the hole between them.

"Mmmm," he sighed, unconsciously pulling outward with his thumbs, spreading her ass open so he could take in the lovely sight of her anus above. The dark skin around that little wrinkled hole was like an invitation.

"Daddy," she quavered, blood now rushing to her head. "Oh, Daddy, Daddy. What can you see? Oh, God, what can you see!"

"Everything, Princess. And you know what that means."

"Ohhhh, God, yes, yes." She was panting now, excitement running through her like lightning. "Daddy, are you going to be strong?"

"Strong as I've ever been, Kitty."

He leaned into her, his face drawn inexorably to the display in front of him. And when he got close, the smell of her attacked him; her musk, her sex, her womanhood. He blew gently on her most private areas. Her knees buckled, but he held her up with his strong hands. She whimpered quietly.

Finally he bridged the last gap between them. Gently, but firmly, he kissed the center of her unfolded petals. He had made a connection he had never expected to make. But now that it was made, it would never be unmade. And they had both wanted it. They had both traveled half the distance necessary. There was no turning back.

"Ooooh, Daddy," she murmured. "So strong, so strong."

She was melting, all liquid heat from deep inside of her, the spark coming from the feel of his lips on her sex. And his tongue, oh God, his tongue, now hot and rasping on her smooth skin. He was tasting her. Her Daddy was tasting her.

And she tasted so sweet, so tangy, so full of life, of youth. The flavor of her rolled across his extended tongue, filling him with knowledge, understanding. How had he resisted her all of this time? Why had he resisted taking her, fulfilling her? But that was all in the past. The here and now was filled with the sensation of her on his tongue.

He took his time with her, using his tongue to tease her, to build up her excitement. He rarely touched her most sensitive places, taking detours around them. And she found all sorts of surprises from the journeys he made. The arousal to be had from the feel of his tongue on her thighs, on her butt, on her anus!

And then back inside of her, his tongue delving deep within her, the feel of her tunnel around him driving him to extend deeper. He had a finger on her asshole, rubbing gently in little circles, attempting no penetration. He had

already brought her to the brink several times, each time slipping back just when she was about to crest over.

This time, however, another finger found her hard clit, and with the slightest pressure on it, she felt the explosion she had been denied for what seemed an eternity. And when it came, it came with the force of a hurricane, sweeping over her, buffeting her with its intensity. All she could see was a swirl of colors, her brain coping with the overload of stimulation by translating the feeling into the most vibratory of visions.

He felt her spasming around him, the walls of her pussy rhythmically clamping down on his tongue, a gentle pressure from all around. She was mewling in her frantic pleasure, her legs giving her almost no support at all, leaning instead back into him, pushing against his face. And then it was over, and she slowly stood up.

"Oh. My. God." She looked at him, her eyes shining, full of wonder. "What have you done to me?" He simply smiled up at her, his face glistening with her moisture.

"Kiss me, Kitty," he said simply. She slowly dropped to her knees in front of him, studying his face.

"I love you, Daddy," she whispered, as she came closer. Her pretty face, flushed with her orgasm, her deep blue eyes, her hair, all mussed now. All of this together was a picture he could never forget. And she brought her lips to his, a soft kiss, a gentle kiss. Their mouths opened, and curious, their tongues explored each other. She could taste herself on his mouth, the tang of her own juices filling her own mouth.

"Mmmm," she giggled. "I taste good, don't I?"

"You sure do, sweetheart," he murmured. He pulled her back into him. Now the kiss was passionate, hungry. There was business still left unfinished. Her hands slipped down his torso, coming to rest on his hips, right at the waistband of his boxers.

"Stand up, Daddy," she said quietly. Her heart was pounding with trepidation as he stood before her. She had seen his cock that afternoon, but now it was on purpose. It was her move. With trembling hands, she grasped the boxers and

slowly pulled them down. The immense shaft was caught on the waistband, so she reached inside and took a hold of it.

"So hot," she murmured. Her fingers were cool on him. He knew he had soaked the front of his underwear with his precum. Everything felt slippery. He looked down. Was it really possible that his daughter was sitting in front of him, undressing him, holding his erection?

As she slipped his cock out from inside, the boxers fell the rest of the way to the ground. She stared in awe at the curving length of her father's erection. This was what she had been made from. This was what she was made for. His perfection mirrored hers. It was only right that she should join the two together. Her other hand came up to hold him as well. Together, her two hands still left two or more inches uncovered. Despite her fear, she knew instinctively that she could take him. And she was eager to try.

"Sit back down, Daddy," she said. He complied, wonder in his eyes as he watched his sultry daughter stand in front of him. She carelessly pulled her chemise up over her hips,

and straddled him, one knee on either side. Her eyes locked on his, she reached between her legs to grasp his raging erection.

"I'm strong too," she whispered, lowering her hips enough so that the bulbous head of his cock rubbed against her slick labia. "Stronger than you can imagine, Daddy." Pushing back, the thick nose nudging between them. "So strong." And forward again, now circling the so sensitive bud of her clit.

He gasped, his smoky blue eyes staring intently at her. His hands wandered over her back, caressing her through her chemise, then filling themselves with the firm curves of her exposed ass. He let her be in control. This was her part of the journey.

With a little dip, she allowed him to enter her, less than an inch. She remained motionless, the reality of his entry into her, of the presence of him inside of her, even this little, creating a raging storm of desire in her. Her father. In her.

The heat of her, the hot wet heat of her on the helmet of his erection caused an involuntary jerk, a little spasm. He knew he had just ejected a small amount of his life-giving fluid, deposited it directly inside of his daughter. He should have been horrified. He should have been terribly ashamed. Instead, he was proud; proud to have created a girl like Kitty, so perfect, so sexy, so desirable. So sure of what she wanted.

"Do you see how strong I am, Daddy?" Her voice was low, powerful. He nodded. "I could stop here. I could get off. I could leave you like this. Would you let me do that?"

"No, Kitty." His confession surprised him. But he recognized it for truth as soon as it left his mouth. There was no room for lying. "If you tried to get up now, I would take you anyway."

She shuddered, a little orgasm rippling through her at his words. Oh, he was so strong. He was just right. She rewarded him by slipping lower on his shaft, accepting two more inches of his astonishing length inside of her. She was

stretched by his girth, opened as she had never been before. And it felt so right.

"You're a bad, bad man. Do you know that? To threaten a poor defenseless girl in that way." She smiled wickedly. "And your own daughter, too."

"But it's the way that daughter wants it, isn't it? Just like her father." He slid his hands up her back, resting them on her slim shoulders. She leaned her face over and kissed the back of his hand. "Come now," he went on. "It's time to take the rest. Are you ready?"

She nodded, biting her lip. In spite of her bravado, the thought of all of that cock inside of her poor small pussy was alarming. She knew she was tight around him. His hands exerted downward pressure on her shoulders, and she allowed his direction to take her where she needed to go.

Inch by inch, spreading the tightness of her apart, delving deep inside of her. The parental cock invading where it never had a right to go, until now, until the mutual

assurance of their love created that right. Both father and daughter, gasping, moaning with each new inch explored. And when he found the end of her canal, the deepest part of her, they were both astonished to find that he was fully sheathed.

"Oh, Daddy," she whimpered. "Do you see? Do you understand how right this is?"

"Princess, it could never be more perfect," he gasped in response. He was throbbing inside of her, little pulses of delight running up and down his shaft. Her pussy clenched him rhythmically, tightening in unpredictable ways around him. He could feel their combined juices soaking his lap, the bed, everything.

Slowly, cautiously, she started to move on him. Every motion was a wave of arousal. Every movement a recreation of their love. Her clit dragged along the steel hard back of his erection. Her labia were drawn in and out by the friction of their tight fit.

And then she was moving more freely, more wantonly, her hair, sweaty, swinging in front of her face. His hands supported her, allowing her that freedom. He hardly had to move himself, as his lithe daughter used her powerful leg muscles to create the in and out movement that he so craved.

"Oh, yes, Kitty," he groaned. His eyes stayed open the whole time, drinking in the lovely vision of his daughter moving on him. Had it only been a few days since that moment he had carefully pulled her kimono over her butt to preserve her modesty? What modesty? The girl was all sexuality. And she had turned her power on him, devastating whatever defenses he had created against the taboo of the inevitable attraction between them.

Something in him snapped. He had to become more active, now. Instinct drove him. In an instant, he had stood up, Kitty suspended in mid-air on his out-thrust cock. She squeaked in surprise, and then she was turned around, driven down onto the bed on her back, her father above her, male, muscular, animalistic. She watched wide-eyed as he poised, ready to drive into her. She nodded, a bare movement, but an acceptance of what was to come.

Gone was the pretense of love-making. This was fucking, pure and simple. The pistoning of the male organ into the receptacle of the female organ. The insane drive to attain the ultimate peaks of pleasure. She was being used, but she was using him as well. The two lovers, father and daughter, writhing, joined, crashing against each other.

And when he paused suddenly, his face contorted, she realized she had become ruined for anyone else. This was her destiny, to be underneath him, to accept him within her. And the realization was enough to trigger the biggest orgasm yet.

And he pumped back into her, exploding in a raging orgasm, flooding her with the white-hot liquid of his lust, a veritable tidal wave of cum, pouring out of him and into her, destroying whatever tattered remnants of rationality stood between them.

He collapsed onto her, breathing raggedly, exhausted. Their sweat mingled together, the evidence of the

athleticism of their joining. Her mind was at rest. At last. At long last.

EPILOGUE

"Hi, Kitty"

"Max! Great to hear from you."

"S been a while, huh?"

"Yeah, right. What, about two days or something?"

"Well, what can I say, girl. I've gotten used to your telephone calls. They're what make the boredom of dormitory life liveable."

"So sweet. But I doubt you're telling the truth. I'm pretty sure that the last time we talked, you had a girl in the room with you."

"So? I'm no angel. But, then again, neither are you."

"What do you mean by that, buster?"

"Let me see. As I recall, you had told me that your father was visiting you over the weekend. Do you mean to tell me that he wasn't in the room with you while we were being nasty over the phone?"

"Oh. That. Oh, well. It's more fun that way."

"My point exactly. What was he doing with you anyway?"

"I'll let your imagination fill it in. Let's just say there was whipped cream and strawberries involved."

"Sounds messy. But a lot of fun."

"Am I going to see you over Thanksgiving?"

"Yeah, actually, that was the reason I was calling. Turns out my Mom and Dad have some get-together planned, and they want you two to come along."

"Really? What are we celebrating?"

"Silly girl. It's been six months since that week. It's kind of an anniversary thing."

"Cool beans."

"Totally. So, they've got a private room. At Marcel's."

"Uh-oh."

"Uh-huh. And they requested a certain waitress. Named Charlene."

"Oh. My. God." Pause. "You guys are too much fun..."

THE END