



Love in the Family

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Summary:

1. Mom strokes to the rescue.
2. Dad knows how to keep her safe.
3. It's not fun unless you go the whole way.
4. A daughter's dabbling creates joy.

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Love in the Family Pt. 01A

Hank was just being polite.

"Hey, I'm headed out to the Hole, if anyone wants to come," he said to the room where his parents and his sister were hanging out. He figured if anyone was going to take him up on his offer, it was his sister, Abby, but to his surprise, both Abby and his mom, Andrea, said they'd go.

He shouldn't have been surprised - it was mid-summer and very hot - but he had just extended the offer out of basic decency. Now here he was, driving his jeep, mom beside him and Abby in the back, packed up for an afternoon of swimming and sunning.

"Thanks for the offer, I was thinking we should go for a swim but didn't want to make the effort," his mom said, smiling at him.

Hank smiled back but didn't reply. He was preoccupied because his crush, Emma, from school had posted on her Insta she was going to be there. Hank hadn't been sure he was going to see her again after they graduated, but wasn't going to pass up an opportunity to gawk at her in her swimsuit. Gawking was all he could do, as he didn't have the courage to talk to her directly.

It wasn't a bad thing to show up with his mom and sister in tow - it wouldn't look as odd as showing up alone - but his mom was pretty sharp. She would spot his interest if he stared at any one girl very long. She'd pester him about going over to talk to Emma, and he'd refuse, and it would just be a thing.

Now, instead of an afternoon of gawking, he could look forward to an afternoon of careful not-gawking-but-really-gawking.

Hank pulled his Jeep into the parking lot, trying to find a spot with shade. There weren't much left, but he managed to find a spot that would get shade later. The three Jenkins piled out of the Jeep, grabbing bags, towels and chairs before heading to the trail that led to the Hole.

The Hole was a natural swimming spot primarily used by locals but in the last few years had seen some money dumped into it to make it more accessible. It had gotten busier, but it hadn't exploded in popularity yet.

Hank led the way, his chair and bag bumping against his back as he followed the trail to the water. Once there he spotted a prime location for setting up their chairs: far enough away from the water to get some shade, but close enough he could see everyone who showed up.

"Here's good, yeah?" he asked, as he set his stuff down.

His mom checked out the spot and nodded, putting her load down. Abby followed suit, and then they were doffing outer clothes to reveal their swimwear underneath. This was the moment.

Hank had bought himself a speedo a few weeks ago, but hadn't shown anyone in the family, nor had he actually worn it in public. He thought he looked good in it, enough even to snag Emma's eye, but he dreaded the comments his mom and sister would make. Taking a deep breath, he shucked off his shorts and shirt, revealing the skimpy swimsuit.

Running over the uneven rocks as best he could, Hank darted for the water to conceal himself and get away from the mom/sister commentary. He heard something but ignored it and soon he was underwater, the cold spiking to his core. The frigid water was another good thing about the Hole.

When he ran out of breath he surfaced and swam to the opposite side of the pool he'd chosen - there were many - and sat on a natural shelf of rock which kept most of him underwater. He could see his mom and sister still by the chairs. His mom was shading her eyes to see where he was, and waved when she saw him. He waved back.

Hank surveyed the pools in his view, looking for Emma. She didn't seem to have arrived yet, and this position would give him a perfect location to spot her when she did, so he stayed put.

After arranging their stuff, his mom and Abby made their careful way over the rocks to the side of the pool he was in. He ignored them, but couldn't help but notice Abby had filled out since the last time he'd seen her in a bikini. Impressively so. His mom hadn't changed much, but she'd been impressive his entire life. Her dark hair hung to her shoulders, contrasting with the white bikini she was wearing. She was tall and thin, but with a decent set of breasts which matched her frame.

Hank knew his mom was hot, but didn't pay attention to it. She was his mom.

To his regret, Hank watched as his mom dove into the water, swimming to him and sitting next to him on the rock shelf.

"The water's amazing!" she said, a big smile on her face, water streaming down her body. Hank did his best not to see her as a sexy mermaid swimming up to him. She wiped her face of excess moisture and looked around the Hole.

"Yeah, I love it here in the summer," he responded, unable to keep quiet in the face of her enthusiasm.

"Any particular reason you chose to come here today? Seems like last minute."

Hank shrugged. "I dunno. I might see someone I know, and it's better than hanging around the house."

"Someone you know, hmm? Should I keep an eye out for anyone in particular?"

Hank just rolled his eyes. He knew how much his mom liked to tease him.

As they sat there, they watched as Abby dove into the water over and over. She swam like a fish and was able to slip out of the water with ease before arching back in with a graceful dive.

Several minutes passed in silence this way, until Hank saw Emma appear with a gaggle of friends in tow.

He must have made some kind of sign, because as soon as he saw her his mom asked, "Is that your friend?"

He couldn't lie. He said, "That's Emma. She went to school with me."

"You should go talk to her, she looks like a nice girl."

The 'nice girl' his mom was referring to was a blonde girl his age, wearing a one-piece white swimsuit, flip flops and a sunhat, carrying a bag. She was gabbing with her friends, all girls, as they looked for a place to set up.

"No, Mom, I don't know her that well."

"You're never going to, unless you talk to her."

"It's *fine* Mom."

She sighed, but didn't say anything.

Hank watched as the group of young women sorted out their stuff, and took several selfies doing it. After a bit they ventured to the

same pool Hank was at, getting close enough for him to examine their beauty in great detail. His mom had already sussed out his motive, so he didn't feel the need to hide what he was doing.

At one point Hank's heart skipped a beat when Emma looked over at him. She gave a half wave before the girls all jumped into the water at once.

"See?" his mom said. "She knows you. Go say hi."

He couldn't. He'd tried to in high school and had seriously botched the attempt, stammering and blushing his way to infamy as a loser. "She doesn't know me, she's just being friendly."

"Aw. Being friendly is a good quality in a person. Maybe try waving back next time."

"Sure, Mom." Hank went back to watching the girls shriek and splash each other, tantalizing glimpses of bare flesh surging out of the water now and then.

He shouldn't have been surprised when his dick began to grow. He was below the water, and no one was near but his mom, but he still felt like there was a glowing sign over his head that said 'hardon'. He'd never gotten an erection in the speedo and was surprised at the amount of constriction he felt. His face heated up when he realized how obvious his state would be to anyone who saw him out of the water. He was stuck here until it went down.

Hank groaned with pain and shame, as his dick stretched his suit out even further, until he was at full mast. He glanced down and confirmed that yes, he was sporting an awkward, stretched out tent in his speedo. He put his head back, closing his eyes. He needed to think of something else to make it go down.

Unfortunately, his tight suit pressed on him in a distracting way, enhancing the pleasure coursing through his dick. It'd never go

down. Maybe he could wait until dark and get out then. After a bit, his dick still hard, his mom suggested they go to their chair to have a drink and a snack.

"It's okay, I'm fine here. You go on ahead," he muttered, his face burning.

"Hank? Are you okay?"

He nodded, wishing for the thousandth time his dick would just go down.

"Are you not able to get out of the water?" she asked, in a more understanding tone than he expected.

He nodded again.

Terror flooded Hank when his mom started to shift her way down the rock bench. He was about to move away when he felt her hand grab his arm under the water.

"Sshhh," she said. "It's okay. Your dad used to have this problem when we were younger. I can help."

What? How could she help? Shield him from view so he could get out of the pool and go back to his chair? As he was about to suggest it, he felt his mom's hand let go of his arm. Her hand tickled as she felt down his body. Hank almost swallowed his tongue when she put her hand in his lap, brushing up against his hard, cloth-encased dick.

"Mmmm, there it is," she said from her spot next to him. They were both facing towards the pool, as if just sharing quality mother and son time.

Hank didn't dare move or say anything as he felt his mom dig into his suit, pulling it down far enough to let his dick spring free. This

was helping? She put her small hand on his hot cock. He jumped, almost falling off of the rock shelf.

"Hsst", she warned. "Stay still. I can't do this if you move around too much."

'This' turned out to be a rolling, swirling action of her hand on his johnson. It felt like heaven. No one had ever touched him there before, and combined with his already primed dick, he felt himself close to coming.

Perhaps sensing he was close already, his mom slowed down her hand's movements. "You can't react. You can't make a face, or grunt, or anything. Okay?" she warned.

Hank nodded, unsure if he'd be able to do it. He'd been so close before she stopped, it was almost painful. He waited for her to continue; cock close to bursting. When she did, he bit his lip to keep quiet. It only took two strokes before he was coming, his dick spitting semen into the water. As he spewed his load, he kept his face as neutral as possible, only breathing hard through his nose.

"There, how's that?" his mom asked, giving him a few more strokes on his overly sensitive dick.

"Better, thank you," he managed to get out.

"You're welcome." With a final squeeze, she let him go.

Hank pulled his speedo back into place, relieved when his erection returned to normal size. What the fuck? Unable to ask his mom right away, he resolved to question her later.

Hank and his mom went back to their chairs and had a snack. Abby joined them a bit later, gabbing about some friends she'd met. Hank was so unnerved by the earlier handjob from his mom he barely

took the time to check out his sister in her wet bikini. He still did, he just didn't do it as thoroughly as he might have.

His attention was focussed almost one hundred percent on his mom. She seemed to glow in his vision now, an angel of benevolence who came to save her son by giving him a handjob. He was noticing things about her he'd never before registered, like the hint of her nipples or the flare of her hips. She'd given birth to him and his sister with those hips.

Hank made sure to keep his thoughts as close to pure as he could, but strayed now and then, threatening a resurgence in his speedo. By the end of the day, he was thankful no other incidents occurred, but knew he had his mom to thank for it.

The three were quiet on the way home, a bit blasted from the sun. When he pulled his Jeep into the driveway, Abby jumped out and headed in, but their mom held Hank's arm, keeping him in the vehicle.

"Hey," she said quietly. "This stays between us, okay? I just wanted to help you out, no need for it to be weird."

"Um, okay. Thanks again," he said.

She smiled brightly and said, "Of course! I'm always happy to help."

And that's how they left it. No word of it again, no hint from his mom she'd touched his dick or anything. Hank used the moment as spank bank material for a while, because why not? He'd been distracted by the situation at the time, but in retrospect it was fucking awesome.

Weeks passed. In late August, his mom grabbed Hank to go shopping for new clothes. It was a tradition in the household to get

the kids new clothes for school, but Hank was 19 and done his first year of college. He didn't really need new clothes, but wasn't about to complain.

In the car to the mall, she went on about random stuff until he asked, "Hey, why isn't Abby coming with us?"

"I took her last weekend. This is just a mother and son outing. Sounds good?" She looked over at him with her smile turned up to 10.

Hank felt the full effect, his stomach flipping. "Um, sounds great. This way I won't have to be dragged around to every store that caters only to girls."

"Exactly. Let's start with pants, I saw a place last weekend with good prices."

Pants were the worst. His mom always insisted on coming into the change room with her kids to make sure the sizes were right, and 'there was room to grow'. Hank was sure he could handle the job now, and hoped to head her off before she barged in to take over.

The handjob incident at the Hole hadn't left Hank's mind, but it had been relegated to a 'one-off' thing, because his interactions with his mom hadn't changed one bit in the time since. It truly did seem like she was helping him out of a jam.

In the mall, Hank trailed after her to a men's clothing store. There was some decent styles Hank didn't think he'd mind wearing in the fall. Together they picked out a few and took them to the back for him to try on. This was it. His moment of rebellion. Taking the pile of pants, he darted into the change room, trying to close the door quickly.

He'd underestimated his mom, as she followed close on his heels, slipping around him into the change room. When he turned from

closing the door, she gave him a perky smile and took the pile of pants from him.

"Let's get started, shall we?" she said.

Hank nodded, resigning himself. He turned away from her and undid the button of his shorts, letting them fall to the floor. Taking the pants handed to him, he pulled them up and did up the zipper and button. They were a bit tight. He pulled them down and tried on the next pair.

Three sets of pants later they were all too tight. His mom ducked out of the change room to get the next size up. Hank stood in place, in his boxers, feeling a bit ridiculous. When she came back, pants in hand, he wondered why she was even in here with him. She hadn't done anything!

This set of the bigger size seemed like a better fit, but his mom clearly didn't believe him. She knelt down to check how much room he had in his waist, and then to his embarrassment, his crotch.

"Mom," he said.

"Shh, I'm just checking. It seems like you need extra space to grow."

"What?"

"You know, down here. If you run into a similar problem as you had at the Hole, it'd be good if your pants hid it somewhat."

The wrong words. Mentioning the Hole just brought the whole incident thundering back into his brain, and he felt himself stir. As his mom continued to pull at the fabric, his cock filled out to full size. It didn't help that the shirt she was wearing showed plenty of cleavage. The sight of her soft pillows so near, shifting as she moved, got him even harder.

"Oh! That's wonderful, dear. Very helpful." She proceeded to check the fit of his pants while his cock strained at the front. "Hm, not very discrete, but I guess we can only work with what we have."

She undid the button and zipper, letting the slacks fall to his ankles. The movement caused his dick to pop out of the hole at the front of his boxers. As he went to cover himself with his hands, his mom batted his hands away, eyes fixed on his johnson.

"I didn't get a good look at it at the Hole. Very impressive, Hank."

"Um, thanks?" he croaked, the urge to cover himself still present.

"Unfortunately, this is going to put a damper on you trying on more pants."

"Sorry," he muttered.

"That's okay, I can help again, hopefully preventing a mess."

Before he could ask what she meant, his heart beating fast at the implications, his mom grabbed hold of his cock and pulled it down to her face. He felt her breath there for a second before she darted her tongue out to lick his slit lightly. Hank jumped.

"You'll have to be quiet, Hank, or we can't do this."

Hank nodded, unable to process - oh, yep, there she goes. He watched in amazement as she opened her mouth and slid his cock between her lips. Without missing a beat, she dove her head further down, swallowing him in until she hit bottom. Her bottom, not his, as a couple inches still stuck out of her mouth.

She pulled back slowly, and Hank had to clamp his hand over his mouth to stop the groan from escaping him. She sent a warning glance up at him, and he nodded.

With just his head in her mouth, she stroked her tongue on his sensitive underside, humming quietly, before dipping down on him again. It was too much. The sheer craziness of getting a blowjob from his mom in a changing room sent him over the edge.

"Mom," he whispered, and she nodded on his knob, pulling back until just his slit was kissing her lips. When he blew, he blew hard, and watched in amazement as she coolly suckled his cock, extracting everything he had to give and more, swallowing without so much as a drop lost.

When he was done, she gave one last full cock stroke, drawing out the bit left in his barrel.

"Mmm, thank you, what a nice treat," she said in a thick voice, tucking his dick away in his boxers.

My mom sucked my dick, Hank thought, then had to stifle it as his dick threatened to come back to life. The rest of the clothes shopping went by in a haze. When they got back to the car, he said, "Mom?"

She turned her head while starting the car. "Yes, dear?" Not a hint of acknowledging there was something to discuss.

"Never mind. Um, thanks for helping with the shopping."

"You're welcome, dear."

Hank spent the next three days trying to figure out how to bring up what had happened with her. It just never seemed the right time, and each day his window seemed to close further. In the end, he just left it, adding it to his spank bank.

He did notice he was more fixated on his mom, paying attention to what she wore and what she did. He found himself offering to help

her with chores and errands, just to be around her. In the back of his head, he knew he was hoping for a repeat of the change room.

Months of normality followed. The weather turned, and Hank went back to college wearing the pants they had picked out on that wonderful day. He mustered up the courage to ask a couple girls out, but got no bites. He was living at home to save on rent, so it wasn't like he would be able to bring anyone home anyway.

The worst part about fall and then winter was the change in women's outfits, and how much skin they showed. Hank's mom and sister were no exception, and he went from seeing them in skimpy shorts and t-shirts to jeans and sweaters. He'd stopped paying as much attention to Abby and focused on his mom since the shopping expedition, but he still noticed when Abby made the clothing switch.

November rolled around, and Hank managed to have a free weekend. No classwork, no chores, no nothing. He asked if any friends wanted to do something but they were busy, so he was stuck alone for the weekend. He'd read on the internet about people who stayed home but tried to 'get away'; they called it a staycation.

The idea was to decorate your house as an exotic location, and pretend you were somewhere far away. Hank knew it was silly, but sometimes you had to lean into silly. He decorated the living room and kitchen with random crap he got from a thrift store: lanterns, fake fruit displays and streamers. He turned the heat up, put on some shorts and a t-shirt, and settled in for a day of watching movies while drinking slushies.

He'd managed to do all the decorating early Saturday and was ready to start his first movie when his sister and his mom emerged from their rooms. His dad was away on a fishing trip all weekend.

"Hank, what are you doing, you dumbass?" asked Abby, looking at his decorations.

"Staycation. I'm at an all-inclusive," he said.

His mom said, "What's the idea? Delude yourself into thinking you're away from home and fob it off as an excuse to sit around all day and do nothing?"

Hank nodded, looking up at them from his staycation throne.

"Sounds awesome! I'm going to join you," said Abby, who dove back into her bedroom.

"Hmmm, I had some tentative plans, but it does sound fun. Do you have enough ice for us to join you?" his mom asked.

Hank nodded. He knew his family, and had stocked up on ice. If he proposed an idea, and they didn't have to work for it, they'd jump on it too.

"Wonderful. I'll change into something suitable for hot weather."

Hank's chest thumped in his ear. He'd be lying to himself if he said he hadn't thought of this. Having his sister and mom dress with less made the day much brighter. He waited as they changed and prepped their own drinks. Hank smiled when he heard the cap come off the bottle of tequila he'd placed on the counter for his mom. Margaritas were her favourite summer drink.

When the ladies entered the staycation resort, Hank noticed two things right away: Abby was wearing a tennis skirt and a crop top, and his mom was wearing short shorts and a tank top. If he wasn't used to seeing them wear these outfits in the summer, he'd have thought they were worn just for him. Abby's brown hair was pulled back in a ponytail, his mom's just over her shoulder.

The living room was set up with a TV and two couches facing it in an L shape, and a large section of empty floor in the middle. The usual arrangement was for his parents to sit on one couch, with him and his sister on the other, but to Hank's surprise Abby ended up plopping herself on the floor on her belly, facing the TV. When his mom joined them, she sat next to Hank.

Hank stood up to dim the lights, and when he sat back down, he got a treat. His sister's skirt had flipped up in the back when she lay down, and he could see her butt cheeks, bare and smooth. Was she wearing a thong, or nothing at all?

"Abby. Your skirt," his mom said from next to him.

"Oops," his sister said, and flipped her skirt back down, hiding her perfect peach from Hank's view.

He started the movie, an action flick, cursing his mom's eagle eye. The good thing about Abby was she was incapable of staying still. Minutes into the movie she was rolling back and forth on the ground, her skirt moving with her. It was harder to see with the lights down, but Hank managed to catch glimpses of her cheeks peeking out. It became a distracting game and he was glad he'd seen the movie already.

Hank felt a stir in his groin but didn't panic; he'd worn board shorts to hide his inappropriate bulges better.

Abby's skirt drifted up as she scooted away from the TV, her legs slightly spread, displaying quite clearly her lack of panties. Hank could see her cute pussy lips pressed together, a hint of brown fur dusting them. His cock started snaking down his leg. He lifted it to hide his erection from his mom, but kept staring at his sister's bare pussy.

Hank was so focused on Abby he failed to register his mom shifting closer to him. When her voice whispered in his ear he flinched hard.

"Your own sister. For shame," she said, too quiet for Abby to hear over the loud TV.

Hank turned his head to her, heart in his throat. He'd been caught, and there was very physical evidence tenting his shorts. To his relief, his mom's expression wasn't of anger but of amusement. Hank looked down at Abby, to where her pussy was still in view, and back to his mom. He made a 'what are you gonna do?' motion, and she smiled.

To his surprise, she didn't say anything more, turning back to the movie, but also staying close to him. Hyper aware of her now that she was so close, he didn't move when he felt a hand on his hip. He stared straight ahead, pulse pounding, as the hand moved to his waistband and started tugging insistently.

"Just watch the movie," she hissed into his ear.

The tugging continued. What did she want? He couldn't take his shorts off with Abby in the room. The hand went to his side, pulling up at him, so he lifted his butt. She found his waistband again and pulled down, the front of his shorts angling as the other side stayed up. Feeling like a spotlight was centered on him despite the dark, Hank helped by pushing the opposite side down to match. Together, Hank and his mom slowly exposed his stomach and pubes.

When the top of his dick was exposed, the shaft still in his shorts, she stopped tugging. Hank held his breath as his mom dipped her hand into his shorts, taking hold of his hard cock and pulling it out sideways.

Hank didn't know what to do. His dick was in the open, straining to the sky, and his sister was only a few feet away. If she turned for any reason, she'd see it for sure. Contrasting the danger was his mom's hand, now stroking him. He didn't want her to stop, despite the risk.

He looked at his mom, and she turned her eyes from his cock to his face, a wicked smile playing about her lips. Hank looked at Abby insistently, raising his eyebrows in the question: 'what about her?' She just went back to her playing, her hand slowly moving up and down his shaft.

It felt incredible. His dick strained to get harder, his slit gaping at the tip of his head. As Hank watched his mom's hand move from his base on up, he saw a shiny bead appear at his opening. It was going to start getting messy soon.

As if sensing this, his mom sped up her movements. Her soft, delicate hand, so different from his own, ran up and down his shaft, stopping short of his mushroom head. Her thumb moved faster on his underside in a vibrating motion, and more liquid leaked from his slit, threatening to break surface tension and spill on to her hand.

Hank knew the rules by now: no sound, no movement. When his mom ran her hand up and across his glans, capturing his precum and swirling it around his head, he almost cried out. His dick was singing with pleasure and the lubrication enhanced it a hundred times. She swirled her hand over him several more times, and he lost it, his dick swelling in anticipation of squirting.

But he didn't. He couldn't. His mom, at the last moment, had stopped her handjob and pinched his shaft at the base between her fingers and thumb. Hank could feel the pulses and jerks of his aborted ejaculation, but almost no fluid emerged. She'd stopped him short.

Hank looked at her, trying to portray his disappointment via expression alone, but she just smiled back. In his distracted state, Hank almost missed the twin lumps in his mom's tank top. She was turned on!

She mouthed 'wait'.

Despite her stopping his climax, there had been some leakage, which had dripped down his shaft to where her fingers held him. Hank watched with fascination as she leaned over and took a big sniff of the head of his dick before popping her mouth onto him. In one swift movement she dipped her head down and cleaned his shaft.

Hank felt his fear surge. His sister was still capable of turning around at any moment, and his mom had his dick in her mouth! The feel of her slick mouth on him didn't help his situation. It was a quick clean, and she went back to the movie, hand still on his base.

At some point Hank calmed down enough for his orgasm to not be imminent. His mom picked up her handjob again, her now wet hand stroking up and down his shaft. She added to the lubrication with occasional visits to his oozing slit.

Hank could feel his climax building all over again, more intense than the last time. His mom seemed to sense this and stroked slower, making the buildup all the more pleasurable. She was like a dick virtuoso. Did his dad get this treatment?

It seemed impossible he wouldn't blow this time, and Hank needed to find a way to take care of the mess. He looked around frantically for something to catch his load, but there was nothing within reach. Just as he felt his dick harden again, thickening in preparation for blastoff, his mom leaned over and repeated the suckling job from the change room.

She put the tip of his head between her lips, and Hank came, coincidentally right as a series of explosions blasted over the TV speakers. They seemed timed to match each pulse of his cock, and each swallow of his mom as she milked his dick for everything he had.

Hank had never felt anything like it. He had to cover his mouth with his hand to stop his gasping and grunting from reaching his sister.

When he had nothing left in his balls, his mom gave a final slurp of his cockhead and sat up, wiping her mouth delicately. After she gave a pointed look at his dick still out in the air, he hastily pulled his shorts back up, tucking his still rigid but softening member inside.

Hank had never had a better climax.

The rest of the staycation went as one would expect between family members, apart from Abby leaving them after the first movie, saying she had 'plans'. He found he was paying more attention to his mom than the movies. He stole glances at her, taking in her tank top and the way it molded over her breasts. She caught him looking now and then and just smiled at him before going back to the movie.

They were alone. Hank wanted to pursue her, to push for more, but every time he tried to work up his nerve the specter of his attempt to talk to Emma in high school shut him down. Why was he such a wimp?

After the staycation they went back to normal. Hank's dad came back from his fishing trip on Sunday, followed soon after by Abby after her night out. She darted to her room as soon as she got in, not talking to anyone.

Hank felt like he had missed an opportunity to push matters with his mom after Abby had left, and vowed to push more the next time.

The 'next time' didn't happen for over a month. Life continued on its way, with his mom not tipping her hand about being horny or having sucked his prick in any way. Hank was used to it by now, but he still kept an eye out for any opportunity to be alone with her.

It was Christmas when something magical happened.

Hank's dad always put on a production at Christmas wearing a Santa outfit. He'd tuck a bunch of presents under the tree before having his kids sit on his lap and ask them the usual questions. After the kids sat on his lap their mom sat on his lap as well, which always made them laugh when they were younger. She would spend longer on his lap than both of the kids combined, whispering in Santa's ear and giggling, while he 'Ho Ho Ho'ed' away.

It had been a tradition since Hank and Abby were young, but the last few years it had been pretty awkward. They were too big for that kind of thing.

This year their dad announced he wasn't going to play Santa this year. It was an announcement met with indifference by the younger Jenkins and a pout by Andrea Jenkins.

"But how will I tell Santa what I want for Christmas?" she asked, batting her eyes at her husband.

"You can tell the new Santa: Hank!"

So many reactions at once. Abby rolled her eyes and declared she was not sitting on her brother's lap. His dad looked proud he was passing the torch along. His mom didn't say anything, but looked between her husband and her son with a tentative smile.

"Me?" Hank finally said, stunned. "Why me? It's your thing."

"Yeah, but traditions are meant to be passed on, and if you don't start now, you won't be in the groove when you leave and start your own family. Get some practice in now, you'll be flawless for your kids."

When Greg Jenkins got an idea in his head, it stuck. Hank knew he was the new Santa; it was best to just roll with it and try to get it over with.

A week later, on Christmas Eve, Hank pulled the massive suit out of the box it sat in for the rest of the year and examined it. He was the same size as his dad now, so it should fit fine.

Pulling the pants on, he was pleased to see they fit pretty well. The jacket was big of course, when he put the provided pillow in the front it completed the illusion of him having a belly. The beard was prickly and annoying and took a lot of adjusting. When the outfit was fully on, he inspected himself in a mirror. Not bad. Not great.

Sighing, Hank grabbed the bag of presents given him by his dad and gritted his teeth to get the ordeal over with.

"Ho Ho Hoooo!" he hoed, as he walked into the living room, before stopping. "Where are dad and Abby?" he asked the only person there: his mom.

"Your dad forgot the cranberry sauce for tomorrow so I sent him out to get more. He took Abby because it can be a zoo out there. They might be a while; the stores tend to sell out the day before...and they'll text before they get back."

"Oh. I guess I'll go take this off then," he said.

"Hold on." His mom was dressed in a Mrs. Claus outfit, one which Hank had seen before, but never noted how sexy it looked on her. A short red skirt, red velvet heels and a cute red sweater that hugged her frame. Red lipstick and a red hat completed the ensemble.

Hank waited as she walked up to him. "I haven't told Santa what I want for Christmas yet."

"Shouldn't we wait for dad and Abby to come back?"

"No, Abby isn't interested, and your dad won't sit on your lap. It's just me," she murmured.

She was close to him now, and he could smell her perfume. Hank's pants shifted as he cleared his throat. "What do you want for Christmas?" he asked.

"No. I have to sit on your lap." she said.

Hank went to the wide, leather chair next to the tree, dropping his sack of presents. He sat down and waited nervously for the next step. He could tell something was different about how his mom was acting. As she approached him, he noted for the first time her Mrs. Claus outfit was missing the white wool stockings she normally matched with the skirt.

Hank watched her bare legs saunter to him. He prepared for her to turn and sit on his knee. She would lay back against his dad when sitting on his lap, and Hank could feel himself harden at the thought of her doing it to him. She didn't. Instead, she lifted one knee up onto the chair and then the other, straddling him.

"Now ask me," she husked, staring down at him.

Hank felt his throat closing up with lust. "What do you want for Christmas, Mom?"

"This," she said, reaching for the string holding up his Santa pants.

Under the pants were just his boxers, and in no time she was fishing his hard cock out of the slit.

"Mmmmm, so hard. Is this for me this time?"

Hank nodded. He remembered his theory that when she did this, she was horny and wanting to play. He wanted to play too. Ready for her to stop him, he moved his hands from the arms of the chair to her bare thighs, feeling her warm flesh. When she just smiled at him, he pushed his hands along her flanks to her butt, and found it bare as well. His mom wasn't wearing any panties.

"Ohhh, mommy is being naughty, isn't she?" Hank said, testing the waters.

"Is she? I thought she was just helping her son with his erection problem." She was running her hands up and down his length.

Hank was squeezing and groping her ass now, pulling her cheeks apart. "I don't think it's a problem this time."

Hank took his life in his hands by moving his hands from her bare ass, tracing her hips around to her front, following the crease where her legs bent until he found silky hair. A further exploration found her dripping pussy lips.

"Mmm, it seems like Santa is the naughty one this year," she said, still stroking his cock lightly.

Hank had never touched a pussy before, and only knew the basics. He felt fumbly as he ran his fingers along her lips. She moaned when he touched the upper region of her slit, so he did it again, feeling a squishy nub under his fingers.

"Oh, Hank," she sighed.

Hank felt like a kid in a candy store. He lifted one hand and brought it to her wool covered chest, gripping one tit in his palm, feeling a bump push back. She wasn't wearing a bra. One thing Hank had never noticed about his mom's outfit were the snaps her sweater was done up with. A quick snatch at her front and the snaps gave way, her tits popping out in Hank's face.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Wait -"

She didn't get any more out before Hank was pulling her forward, latching onto a nipple.

"Ohhhh, Hank..." she groaned as he suckled, rolling her nipple under his tongue. He cradled her other breast, caressing the pillowy flesh. Not able to multitask very well, he stopped playing with her pussy.

She had also stopped her manipulation of his cock, putting her hands on his shoulders to steady herself. Hank let go of her luscious nipple and ripped open his jacket, pulling the pillow out to get her closer. Grabbing hold of her hips, Hank pulled her to him, gasping as he felt his cock hit her hairy, wet labia.

"Oh, um, I don't know, Hank," his mom said. She pushed at his shoulders lightly, trying to sit up off his lap. It only resulted in her moving her pussy along his shaft. They both groaned, and she stopped, looking down at him. She was a vision. Her red sweater hanging open, her perfect tits peeking out at him. Her skirt was tented where they were pressed together, making it look like she was hiding a cock.

"You're beautiful," he said.

Mother and son sat on the chair, both breathing heavily, him holding onto her haunches.

"I just don't think we should do this," she said. "I hadn't planned, I mean, I thought we could play a bit..." Her voice trailed off.

Hank lifted his mother up, feeling his cock trail along her wet slit. When his head bobbed clear of her, he said, "My hands are full. You're going to have to do it."

"No, this is going too far. I'm your mother. We're just playing." She was shaking her head back and forth, dark hair flipping back and forth. "I won't."

Despite her words, Hank felt her weight lift off of his hands. She was holding herself in place now. Taking the risk she might drop, he let

one hand go, taking himself in hand and propping his head where he thought her entrance might be.

"No..." she whispered, but he felt her hips adjust and then she got too heavy for him to hold up.

Hank groaned as his cock was gradually swallowed by wet heat. She sank inexorably down his shaft, her natural lube easing his passage into her vagina. When she stopped moving, he was fully buried in her, their pubis' pressed firmly together, and Hank was no longer a virgin.

Hank leaned in to take a nipple in his mouth, squeezing her flesh.

His mom sighed, moaning deep in her throat. "Harder," she whispered. He gripped hard, making her gasp.

He thought it was all over when she sat up without his help, his cock emerging from her cunt glistening wet, but when he was almost out, she reversed direction and plunged down on him.

Hank had never felt anything like it. Her cunt gripped his cock in a vice, each movement igniting his nerves, driving him closer to coming. She lifted again and then down.

"This was supposed to be just a Christmas treat...another handjob...coming in my mouth..." She fucked him with each pause, and Hank did everything he could to hold off from coming. It was a losing game.

"Mom," Hank gasped.

"You feel fantastic inside of me," she sighed, still riding.

"Mom, I'm close!"

"It's okay, we're safe. Finish in me," she moaned.

Hank couldn't take it anymore. The feel of her pussy overwhelmed him and sent him over the edge. His dick expanded, preparing his load, and explosively fired it deep into her.

"Oh, Hank," his mom said, as his cock pulsed, rhythmically ejecting his semen. It seemed to set her off, as she moaned and clutched to him, quivering on his jerking cock. Juice flowed from her, drenching his lap and balls. Mother and son held and clutched to each other as they came, each contributing their own fluids to the potent mix. When they were done, she slumped onto his chest and he drew her close.

Their heavy breathing filled the room. Hank sat with his arms full of his sexy mom, his cock buried in her honeypot. With glacial slowness, Hank felt his cock soften until he fell out of her pussy.

"You weren't supposed to put your cock in me," she said.

"You helped."

She snuggled deeper into his chest. She whispered, "Yes, I did. It felt wonderful. Was it your first time?"

Hank nodded, "I hope it's not the last time."

"We'll...see. It's not as easy as all that. We can only do it when I'm safe."

"You mean the end? When..."

"When you came in me, yes. Birth control doesn't agree with my body, so I track my cycle with an app. That means we need alone time at the right time of the month."

Just then a text came through on his mom's phone. She picked it up from the side table to read it. "Your father and sister will be back soon. Time for naughty Mrs. Claus to get cleaned up."

Suddenly, they were mother and son again. She stood up off his lap and went to clean up and put her stockings, panties and bra back on. Hank went to fix his costume, noting there was a mess on the crotch. His already low enthusiasm to play Santa was gone, so he just put the pants in the washer.

When the other two Jenkins returned no one mentioned Hank dressing up as Santa.

In the weeks that followed, Hank and his mom didn't speak of what they'd done, but he felt there was an understanding between them. A closeness expressed in shared glances and smiles.

Love in the Family Pt. 01B

Abby knew her brother was a massive dork, but she still kinda liked him. They hung out now and then, occasionally went on an outing in his Jeep. He was a year older than her, and finished his first year of college. Abby herself had just graduated high school and was looking forward to a summer of lazing around before starting College.

When Hank said he was going to the Hole, she jumped at the opportunity. It was enough of a drive that one needed a car or a ride to get there, and she had neither. Even if it was her brother offering, she wasn't going to turn her nose up. She'd bought herself a new bikini to fit her bigger boobs, and couldn't wait to show it, and them, off.

She went to quickly put on the new swimsuit, admiring herself in the mirror. It was polka-dotted, with two of the dots directly where her nipples were. She traced the outside of one of the dots, feeling a shiver as she traced her areola. The dots were even the same size, maybe an inch across. She gave an experimental bounce, noting with glee how her breasts bobbed on her chest. She'd been practically flat-chested until this year when she'd finally grown a set to match her mother's.

Running from her room, she went to grab a towel and her sunning supplies. As she went through the living room, she passed her dad, who paused to crane his head and watch as she went by. She giggled, "Oh, Dad."

Her dad, Greg, was always teasing her. He pretended like men were going to come kidnap her and he needed to protect her when she wore revealing clothing. She teased him back by doing stuff he could tease her about, like walking around in a bikini. He didn't seem to mind.

Supplies gathered, she threw on a long shirt she pulled from the laundry and ran to join Hank and their mom, Andrea in his Jeep. The drive went by quickly, the wind from the open window blowing her brown hair around her face. It was a warm day, and she was looking forward to the cool water as much as showing off her bikini.

When they had arrived and parked, the Jenkins' grabbed their stuff, and Hank led the way over the rocks to a spot where they could put their chairs down. Abby felt her mouth drop open when he stripped his shorts and T off, showing a speedo. A speedo! He ran as best he could over the rocks, hitting the water with a splash.

Abby tried not to look, of course - he was her brother - but she hadn't been entirely unable to miss the lump in his suit. "Nice speedo, dork!" she called after him.

Abby put her brother from her mind to deal with the sudden onset of shyness she felt at taking off her shirt. She'd worn bikinis before, but this was the first time in public with breasts worth the name. Steeling herself, she stripped her shirt off and adjusted the straps of her bottom.

She looked over at her mom and saw her also ready for the water in her bikini. She looked fabulous, and always had. Abby had begged and prayed for a body like her mom's for years and finally had it. Tall, curvy, with a rack that made men crane their heads. Like her dad, she thought with a smile.

They made their way to the pool where Hank had jumped in, gingerly stepping over the rocks. Abby got to the edge and dove in, welcoming the cooling effect of the water. It was a hot one, no doubt. She swam a bit away from the 'shore', finding a deep spot to tread water and look around.

There were still only just a few people there but the place would fill up more once the afternoon wore on. Some people only stayed for

an hour, some all day. She suspected she and her family would be there till late afternoon.

Abby looked around for her mother, and spotted her sitting on a rock shelf with Hank. It looked like a fun spot, but Abby liked to swim, so she did, occupying a half hour or so. The next time she looked, mom and brother were still on the rock shelf. How boring.

Just then she heard a bunch of shrieking and turned to see a group of girls jumping into the water. She recognized Emma from Hank's grade at high school and suddenly put two and two together. She looked back at Hank and sure enough, his gaze was locked on Emma like a laser. What a dork.

Abby knew all about the time Hank had tried to talk to Emma in high school and totally flubbed it. He had never really recovered his nerve to talk to her, although he had apparently done better in college. Abby knew Hank so well she was sure he'd be sporting a hardon soon. He was no better than the guys she went to high school with, who would get a bulge from a slight breeze.

While she found her dad's attention amusing, even flattering, Hank's was very different. He wasn't creepy about it, per se, she just *knew* when he was checking her out. Abby had thought about educating her brother on being more discreet, but thought maybe it was better to know when he looked.

Midway through the afternoon Abby was thinking of getting out of the water, and looked to see if the pool-sitters had moved at all. They hadn't, though her mom had moved closer to Hank. A little too close, she thought. Her mom was casually looking around the pool and seemed to be whispering. Hank had a fixed look on his face, like he was trying to be a statue.

As she watched, she saw Hank's face get redder, and veins stand out on his neck. What the heck was going on? When his mouth dropped

open and he started breathing heavily, Abby felt a hot flush steal over her, despite the cool water. Was he jerking off in the water??

Suddenly sure that's what he was doing, she was surprised her mom didn't seem to notice, even though she was right there. How could she not notice? Then they said a few words back and forth, and her mom slipped into the water and swam back to get out. Hank followed soon after, and they both made their way to the chairs.

Was she wrong? Was Hank doing something else? Why the look? From her viewpoint at the side of the pool when Hank got out, Abby was able to get a better look at his package, noting a sizable lump. She felt funny seeing her brother's dick through his suit and looked away. She wasn't sure what to think, so put it out of her head for the rest of the afternoon.

When the sun was heading to the horizon, they packed up and went home. When they pulled into the driveway Abby leaped out quickly, ready to grab a shower before anyone else. She happened to turn when she got in the front door and saw Hank and her mom talking in the car. What did they have to talk about now, that they couldn't talk about on the way home?

Feeling like there was a conclusion to be drawn, but not wanting to draw it, Abby went to have a shower. The Hole water was perfectly clear and clean, but she still felt like she needed to wash after swimming there. A quick rinse later, Abby grabbed her towel to dry off before wrapping herself in it. She didn't have a robe, and for her entire life one towel was more than enough to safely cover her body. After her growth spurt, one towel barely did it.

Abby did her best to fold the towel around her chest, squishing her breasts. She just needed it for a quick dash to her bedroom. She darted out of the bathroom but didn't see her dad coming the other way and squawked as she tried to dodge out of the way. She was

partially successful, but they still clipped shoulders, sending her twisting away - and the towel to the ground.

"Aahh!" she screamed, trying to grab the towel while covering her tits. Her dad bent down to grab the towel first, holding it out to her. Abby flushed as she took it from him, seeing him take in her nakedness.

"You're a beautiful woman, Abby," he said, seriously. "You better be careful."

"Or kidnappers will get me, I know," she finished for him.

"Something like that," he said, quirking a smile which never failed to put butterflies in her stomach. Her dad was the most handsome dad she'd ever met. She didn't mind when he looked, though of course she wasn't usually naked.

Rewrapping the towel around her, she giggled when he pretended to be sad she was covered up. When she got to her door, she turned and looked back to see he was still watching. She waved and smiled before closing her door behind her.

Abby had learned over the last year how men saw her differently now she had tits. Most would give her a once-over, a few would smile at her. A rare few would come up to her to start chatting, which she always shut down. Her parents had been quite clear about their expectations regarding sex, and who she should have it with. He should be someone she loved, who made her feel safe.

None of the boys in high school had come even close, so she was still a virgin. She'd kissed some, and one had felt up her boobs. A couple had begged for a handjob, which she refused. How did a handjob help her? She got horny too. She'd just come home and rubbed herself to completion, and assumed they did the same.

Now it was summer, and there were no more boys, unless she went looking. She'd noticed a few checking her out at the Hole, but all from older men her dad's age. She wanted nothing to do with them, as her dad was better than all of them combined. Her dad made her feel loved and safe.

Abby checked her wardrobe, deciding what she wanted to wear for the evening. It was too hot to wear very much; she chose a g-string, loose shorts, and a tank top. She had worn bras for years, but didn't really need the support. Now she wore them to stop her boobs from moving around as much in her shirts but still didn't really need the support. She was proud her bust was very perky and hardly sagged at all.

No bra today, she decided. Too hot, and she was feeling sensitive there anyways.

'Clothed' again, Abby went out to the backyard to lay in the remaining sun. She chose one of the loungers, laying down on her front, head on her crossed arms. It took her a few tries before she found a way to lie which didn't squish her boobs. The ache in her tits flowed down to her pelvis, making her feel warm. She might have to do something about it later.

The exertion of swimming and the sun made her drowsy, her eyes closing on their own.

"You'll burn if you stay out here like," came the sound of her dad's voice above her.

"It's fine," she murmured.

"No, it's not, pumpkin. Here, let me help you."

The lounge shifted as her dad sat down next to her legs, and she heard the squirt of sunscreen coming out of a bottle. The smell of it hit her nose like a cannon.

"Fine, just don't wake me," she said, smiling.

"Brat. Just lay there and don't move."

Hands touched her calf, spreading and massaging lotion into her skin. It felt heavenly. Abby groaned her approval as the hands moved from her calf up to her knee and then her lower thigh. They were strong hands, easily moving her flesh around, digging into the muscles underneath.

"Have you thought about becoming a masseuse?" she asked.

"I only do this for my special girls," he responded, meaning Abby and her mom.

When the first leg was done, he moved onto the second, repeating the same massage up to her lower thigh, although the second leg he went a bit higher, dipping under her shorts. She didn't mind. If she shifted around, they might ride up. The proximity of his hand to her privates didn't escape her notice, which only enhanced the warmth had been building there.

Next came her shoulders, bared by the tank top, and her arms. He pulled each arm in turn from under her head, ignoring her protests about her sleep being disrupted. Then came her lower back, also exposed by her short top.

"Looks like I missed a spot on your legs," he said, his voice low.

"Okay," she said. He could massage her as long as he wanted.

Another squirt of the lotion and his hands were back on her leg, though he started at her thigh this time. He spent a while there, working the lotion in, before moving up. Abby sighed as she felt him dip under her shorts again. A squishy feeling had been added to the warmth, and butterflies built up in her middle.

Her shorts were loose around the leg, allowing her dad to get his hand further and further in, until she felt him *graze against her labia*. She wanted to sit up, or turn to look at him, but he just laid a gentle hand on her back.

"Shhh," he said. "It's okay. Just relax. You know you're safe, right?"

Abby nodded but her heart was beating hard. Her dad had touched her privates! It didn't help that she was turned on, what if he felt her wetness?

The hand still in her shorts resumed its voyage north. Abby lay quietly, quivering, wondering what her dad was doing. When his finger grazed against her labia again, she managed to mostly contain the flinch.

"Good girl," he said. The finger ran across her thong, finding the edge, and hooking under it.

"Eep!" she peeped. She felt her pussy clench as her father pulled her thong aside, exposing her wetness. The cry she might have let out was aborted by the pleasure of his finger running along her lips, her girl-juice coating his questing digit.

Another stroke from bottom to top, and he found her clit. Oh, he mustn't, she thought, but he did, moving his finger across her button. When she was aroused her clit filled with blood, her own mini-penis, and it was easy to play with. Her dad took advantage and gently moved it around, driving her crazy.

"Dad, you're going to make me -"

"I hope I do," he rumbled from his perch on the lounge. He continued to massage her clitty, while the hand on her back moved, reaching around to her front.

Abby lifted up, giving him access to cup her tit. This was no teenaged boy, this was a man who knew how gentle to be, and how to move his hand just so. Abby had never been so turned on before, and could feel herself building to a blinding climax.

"Oh, oh, oh," she mewled with each flick of her mini-cock. Just as she thought she might tip over the edge, her dad twisted his hand, putting a finger at the entrance to her vagina and *pushed*.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh," she moaned long and loud as he penetrated her.

"That's it, baby girl. Come for daddy."

Come she did, juices flooding from her vag, waves of convulsions rocking her middle, her legs clamping down on her dad's hand where it was plugged into her. He took it in stride, using what little leverage he had to continue massaging her. Each tiny massage on her oversensitive clit sent a new twitch through her.

When she could finally think straight, her legs relaxed and her dad took his hand out of her shorts. He leaned over, kissing her forehead and giving her nipple a final tweak.

"This stays between us, okay? I just thought you could use some help relaxing," he said, before he left her there, a limp rag of a daughter with a soaking crotch. "Happy to help with your sun lotion any time," he called back as he entered the house.

What the fuck? Abby lay still for a time before heading into the house to change.

That night at dinner, her dad gave no sign anything untoward had occurred between them. He was the same charming, funny dad who cared about her. Abby tried to see if anyone suspected anything, but apart from Hank acting weird, everything was normal. Or maybe Hank acting weird was normal.

Her dad hugged her goodnight, without a hint at any kind of increased intimacy, but she couldn't help but think of where his hands had been. It made her weak in the knees.

Weeks passed. Despite trying to put the episode behind her, Abby found she was dwelling on it. She tried to figure out how she felt about what had happened, attacking it from different angles. He'd taken advantage of her, right? Not really, she'd let him do it. Did she want him to do it? Not at first, but pretty quickly she'd wanted it, yes. It should mean a monumental shift in their relationship. Not according to him; he treated her just as he always had.

At first, she took a step back in how she dressed. Less revealing, demurer, thinking maybe she had led him on somehow. She gave it up as summer progressed, because it was too hot to be wearing so many clothes.

The situation confounded and baffled her, but eventually she was able to put it behind her. When she finally just let it all go and relaxed, she realized it didn't have to be a big deal. So what if her dad had gotten her off? It felt good, who cared? On several occasions she'd relived it while playing with herself, producing very satisfying orgasms.

When late August hit, her mom grabbed Abby to go shopping for her first college year. She didn't complain at all, getting new clothes was a treat no matter the occasion. They went on a nice afternoon shop and came back with a bunch of cute outfits. The following week, her mom did the same trip with Hank, leaving Abby alone with her dad.

At first, she felt hyper-alert and awkward; it was rare it was just the two of them home. The sound of him moving through the house seemed too loud, and she swore she could smell his aftershave everywhere. Had she been alone with him since the *orgasm*? She thought not. Would he try it again? Did she want him to? The more

she thought about it, the more nervous she got. Her own brain pissed her off enough to say 'fuck it', and stop thinking.

Putting on the bikini she'd worn to the Hole, Abby grabbed her phone and a book, practically strutting through the house on the way to the backyard. She passed her dad on the way, and for once he didn't make his crack about men kidnapping her, instead just following her with his gaze. It made her feel squishy.

As Abby got to a lounge, she put her stuff down and contemplated the sunscreen. She should put it on, because if she didn't her dad would come put it on for her. Did she want him to? Figuring it was better to take the option off the table, she carefully covered herself in the lotion and lay down on her back to avoid squishing her tender boobs.

She read her book for a while, but the sun was hot and she felt herself starting to nod off. The question of whether to have a nap or not was answered for her when she nodded off.

Abby dreamt of several weeks back, to the last time she'd been out there alone. She was joined on the lounge by her dad, wearing a t-shirt and shorts. He had a similar build to Hank, but he made it seem manly. The dream morphed into the sun screen application, his hands running up and down her legs, only she was face up this time. When he got to the point where he was pulling her panties aside, Abby was practically panting to feel his touch.

"Daddy," she moaned, her legs writhing.

"Baby," she heard his voice reply.

Abby opened her eyes and saw her father sitting on the lounge in the same position as before. His hands were on her legs but her bikini bottoms were still in place.

"I wasn't sure if you had put sunscreen on, and didn't want you to burn," he said.

"I did," she replied, suddenly hyper-aware of her body under his eyes. Her tits, heaving with each breath under her top. Her legs squirming under his hands though he wasn't moving.

"Did you miss any spots?" he asked, calm and curious.

"I might have," she replied in a small voice, unable to respond in any other way. A tremor ran through her, ending at her pussy which clamped down on the mere memory of his finger.

"Let's make you safe," he said.

Immediately he started running his hands up and down the leg closest to him, producing waves of tingles that ran up to her neck and back again. Each stroke of his palm calmed her, but heightened her awareness of his touch. She could feel her labia moisten in her bikini bottom, preparing for him.

Abby didn't realize it at first - and when she did, she didn't care - but he hadn't put any sunscreen on his hands. She was just feeling his large, warm hands, stroking up and down her body. When he moved up her thigh, she didn't bat an eye, just watching him as he slowly massaged higher and higher until his hand was brushing against her suit.

"This is in the way," he said, using one finger to pull her bathing suit aside.

Abby nodded. Her pussy, now bared to his gaze, was dripping juices. She knew if she looked, she would see a little man poking his head out of her flesh canoe, primed for his touch.

To her surprise, he didn't touch her. After moving her suit aside, he massaged the side of her labia, moving them around. They in turn

rolled over her clit, with a sideways massage of transference. Abby whined. This wasn't what she wanted.

"Shhh, baby girl," her dad said. "I'll help you out."

Eyes wide, Abby watched as her dad bent over, putting his head close to her puss. He blew gently, letting his warm breath wash over her overheated vulva. It tickled and woke her parts up. Her labia spread under the gentle wind, flowering to expose her inner beauty.

"Daddy," she started, but stopped when he leaned over further.

He used his thumbs to spread her lips open and then stuck his tongue out, licking up her furrow in one long, muscular swipe before opening his mouth and latching his hot mouth over her pussy.

"Aaaahhhh!!" screamed Abby, not caring if anyone heard. His tongue, rigid now, plunged directly into her vagina. The slick muscle spread her open just as his finger had but now his nose was planted on her erect clit. Between the two, Abby wasn't sure which felt better, but she knew what the result was: her hips bucking skywards.

"Daddy!" she shrieked, her body taking on a life of its own.

He kept his mouth on her, riding her writhing body like a cowboy on a bronco, his tongue wriggling in her, his nose mashed on her clit. The orgasm she'd had the last time was nothing compared to this one. As her brain exploded, her body gushed, streams of juice squirting into her dad's mouth and down her ass crack. He held her legs in his strong hands, keeping her from moving too much. When her body was exhausted, she went limp, arms and legs spread-eagled on the lounge.

Her father slowly munched on her kitty.

"Dad," she moaned, pushing weakly on his face. She was so sensitive, each movement of his tongue resulted in a matching twitch. To her relief he let up, pulling away from her red, wet vulva. His face was soaked.

"Oh, Daddy," she quavered. "That felt so good, but you're a mess. I'm sorry."

"Don't be," he said. "I'm *happy* to do it."

"Okay," she responded weakly. "I think I'm going to sleep again."

"You do that." He leaned in to kiss her forehead, leaving a wet kiss print behind.

Abby dropped off to sleep, warmth radiating in her nethers.

She woke later, noticing there was a patio umbrella positioned over her to protect from the heat. She sat up, hearing the sounds of her mom and Hank back from their shopping trip. Abby hastily rearranged her swim bottoms, covering her still swollen labia. She stifled a moan as the cloth came into contact with her pussy.

Ducking inside, she managed to avoid her mom and brother, but saw her dad in the living room, who gave her a wink as she passed. Just seeing him brought back memories of coming all over his face.

Despite her dad putting his tongue in her twat, it was back to business. Everything was normal, from his teasing to his hugs. It was very confusing for Abby, as she found she was fixated on her father now. Noticing what he wore, how he smelled, the ripple of his arms when he lifted something.

It was all so distracting she barely noticed how much time Hank spent around their mother now. It was a momentary thought when

he offered to help Mom with the garden for the third weekend in a row. Normally she'd have teased him about being a momma's boy, but it left her time to spend with their dad.

If Abby had seen a classmate do with a boy what she was doing with her dad, she'd have sworn they were dating. She hung around when he did chores, handed him tools and went on trips to the parts store with him. She did her best not to wear anything too revealing, but it was hard. All she had to do was imagine his tongue inside of her and she was wet, wanting to strip down and have him ravish her.

Normality went on for a while, though, and there was no ravishing. The days cooled, and Abby started to wear warmer clothing to compensate. She lamented she couldn't give her father the show he clearly liked, but had to bow to practicality.

In November, after months of spending time with her dad and no extra special time together, he announced he was going off on a fishing trip with some friends. He'd be gone from Friday to Sunday, and even offered to bring Hank and Abby along. Abby wouldn't be caught dead in a fishing boat, but she was surprised when Hank turned him down as well.

Unsure of what to do with her weekend, Abby woke up Saturday to the sight of the living room having been turned into some cheaply decorated resort by Hank.

"Hank, what are you doing, you dumbass?" asked Abby, looking at his decorations.

"Staycation. I'm at an all-inclusive," he said.

His mom said, "What's the idea? Fool yourself into thinking you're away and sit around all day and do nothing?"

Hank nodded, looking up at them from his staycation throne on one of their couches.

"Awesome! I'm going to join you," said Abby, who dove back into her bedroom. She was truly enthused, having had nothing to do. Plus, with the way Hank had cranked the heat, she could wear whatever she wanted.

'Whatever she wanted' turned out to be a tennis skirt and a crop top without a bra. She also left off her panties, thinking it could maybe give her a naughty tingle or two. When she got to the living room, she took in her choices of seating position. On a couch with Hank, on a couch with her mom, or by herself on the floor. She took the floor.

Flopping onto her stomach, Abby arranged chips and a slushy drink around her, propping a pillow under her chest to lean on. Hank had chosen some dumb action movie, but she didn't care; she was here for the long haul.

To Abby's surprise when their mom joined a moment later, she chose to sit next to Hank. She could have had the other couch all to herself! Shrugging, Abby decided to stay where she was. She was comfy.

"Abby. Your skirt," his mom said from the couch.

"Oops," Abby said, and flipped her skirt back down, not having realized it was up. The drawback to having the heat on, she supposed. Oh well, the room was dark, maybe no one saw anything - except her eagle-eyed mother.

Abby watched the first movie straight through, but realized she was feeling restless, like she wanted to run around. She ended up moving around, trying to use up her extra energy. At one point she thought she heard some whispering coming from behind her but ignored it. They were probably discussing some lame gardening issue.

Near the end of the first movie, Abby noticed her phone light up with a message. Her friends were out of town, so she almost ignored it, but checked anyway.

It was from her dad. **Hey, are you busy?**

Nope

How is your sunscreen?

To anyone else it might seem an odd joke, but to Abby it lit her body on fire. **I thought u were fishing?**

I'm around the corner. Come join me.

k. Give me 5

Instant flood. If she'd been wearing panties they would be wet. As it was, Abby did her best to beg off of more movies, claiming prior plans. She went to her room and agonized over her choice of clothing.

Is the heat on in your car? she sent.

Of course

Turn it up!

Abby found a long coat which hung to her thighs, but didn't change her attire in any other way. She'd need the car to be warm if she was going to meet her dad with bare legs, but she also wanted to bring him a treat. She debated wearing heels, but figured if her mom spotted her, she'd see right through it all. Abby chose white sneakers instead, with white ankle socks.

When she left the house a frigid wind blew right up her coat, hitting her overheated pussy and sending shivers everywhere else. She ran, trying to push the coat down around her legs to block the wind. It

took maybe half a minute to run around the corner to where her dad was waiting in his car, but she was thoroughly chilled by the time she jumped in the passenger seat.

He had the heat on full blast, and when he saw her bare legs, he just raised his eyebrows and said, "Ah."

He started driving, and Abby tried to warm up, lifting her coat to let the blower send hot air to her chilly pussy. The idea of meeting her dad like this was initially thrilling, but the cold weather and the reality of being in his car with a short skirt and no panties made it hard to keep her horny spirits up. She was starting to feel underdressed.

"Where are we going? What happened to your fishing trip?" she asked, trying to latch on to practical matters to distract from the awkward.

"The fishing trip was fake. I thought we could have some father/daughter time."

"What about the sunscreen bit?"

"Oh, that was an autocorrect issue. I actually typed 'Do you want to get kidnapped?'"

Abby laughed, and was rewarded with another of his stomach-flipping smiles. "So where are you taking your kidnappee?"

"I'm not sure. How decent are you under your coat?"

"Not very."

He nodded and made a turn. "Motel it is, then. You can stay in the car while I check us in."

Abby felt her heart skip a beat at the thought of being in a motel room alone with her dad. Her mind raced as she tried to imagine what they would do, while also not imagining what they would do because it made her face heat up.

He kept silent as he drove, apart from asking if she'd eaten lunch yet. The butterflies in her stomach would prevent any kind of eating, she knew, so she said she had. They soon arrived at the motel, and her dad went into the lobby to check them in. Abby stayed put, having warmed up and knowing she'd have to brave the cold air again to get to their room.

When he returned, key in hand, he drove his car down to the other end of the building, parking right in front of their door. He jumped out and unlocked the door, holding it open for Abby so she could sprint from car to room.

She barely felt the cold. Sitting down on the one bed in the room, she again felt the awkward space between her and her dad.

To his credit, her dad didn't seem to feel it. He went to the heater and cranked it up, making sure heat was flowing before he took his coat off. He was wearing a simple t-shirt and jeans combo, but the description didn't do him justice. The shirt stuck to his chest, showing off his muscles. His jeans seemed to bulge in the right places, hinting at his manhood.

Abby shifted on the bed, and said, "Now what?"

"Can I take your coat?" he asked, holding out his hand.

It felt silly to say no, so she stood and stripped it off, handing it to him. He whistled when he saw her outfit.

"No wonder you wanted the heat. You wore that for me?"

"Um, I was already wearing it. Hank put on a staycation movie marathon, and this was my summer outfit. But I decided to keep wearing it for you!" she hastened to add.

His face brightened. "I cannot complain." A short pause, then, "You seem nervous. Do you want to just lay down? I can give you a massage. We don't have to do anything else, just hang out."

Part of Abby wanted to take the olive branch, to chicken out and just spend some time in the room her dad had paid for. Another part of her was curious what he'd intended for their time here. Still another part of her was horny and wanted to get massaged.

Curiosity won out. "What do you want to do?" she asked.

"You truly want to know?" he asked.

Abby nodded.

He walked closer and leaned down to whisper in her ear. "I'm thirsty. I want to see what's under your skirt."

He stood back up and Abby could only respond in one way. She took the hem of her skirt in both hands, lifting it slowly to reveal her lightly furred pussy. Her dad groaned at the sight.

"Oh, baby," he said. He reached down and put his hands under her arms, easily lifting her and carrying her to the head of the bed. Laying her down, he put his hands on her hips and bent over, putting his face in her crotch. He sniffed deeply, before darting his tongue out to lick at her labia.

Abby was lost. She'd been wanting this for months now, but the last couple days she'd been especially horny. She needed her father's face in her pussy, doing what he'd done so well the last time. Somehow, despite her father's tongue playing with her clit, it

occurred to Abby she was being selfish. Didn't he deserve some pleasure too?

He was laying sideways on the bed. She let her skirt go with one hand in order to touch his groin, where a very obvious bulge had formed in his jeans. When she touched him, he flinched, but didn't pull away. He lifted his head from her pussy and said, "It's okay, baby, just lay back."

"No, I want to," she said. She fumbled at his button and zipper, but it was almost impossible to make headway with one hand. There was simply too much pressure. Adding her other hand, she got a grip on his button, pulling until it sprang free. Then she followed up by dragging his zipper down, revealing a hard rod lurking in his underwear.

"Abby -" he said.

"Ssh," she commanded, tongue out as she pulled at his jeans, attempting to get them off his hips. "I want to see it."

He sighed and stood up, saying, "Fine." He helped her, shifting his stance to allow his jeans to be pulled down his legs.

Abby left them there, returning to the task at hand: getting her first sight of her father's cock. Gripping his waistband at the front on either side of his bulge, she pulled it out and down until they joined his jeans.

She wasn't prepared for it. She'd seen some cocks on the internet. She'd seen pictures. This was the real thing, in the flesh. It pulsed, bobbing proudly from his middle. His head bulged out from his shaft, purple and leaking fluid. His dark shaft had veins curling down the sides. His hairy sack dangled under it all, full and potent. This was a man's cock; her father's cock. It was ready for fucking.

Her astonished gaze must have betrayed her surprise, because he reached for her chin, redirecting her eyes up to his. "Hey. None of this is necessary. You can just lay back and enjoy my fingers and tongue."

Somehow his words, despite their situation, still managed to make Abby's face burn. She could feel her pussy slick and ready to be pleased. She looked down at her father's cock, and imagined he was feeling the same way.

"Doesn't it hurt?" she asked, reaching a tentative hand towards it. It was so purple, so hard, how could it not hurt?

"I'm fine. When we're done, I'll just relieve it...manually."

"That hardly seems fair." Mustering up her courage, Abby touched him there. "Oh!" she cried, when his dick reared like a nervous horse. She looked up at her dad, who smiled reassuringly.

"It does that," he said.

She tried again, ready for it to move, taking it in her small hand. It was hot, and hard, the skin like velvet over steel. Running her hands up and down the first penis she'd ever touched, she felt an ache in her middle, as if needing to feel it in her. How could that be possible? She'd never had sex before, how could her body know what it needed?

As she watched, a stream of fluid spilled from the hole at the tip of him, running down his shaft and pooling at her thumb. It was slick and warm, making her thumb move like it had been lubricated.

"What is that?" she asked, running her thumb up and down, feeling how easily it moved.

Her dad groaned and said, "Precum. It's to help things fit together."

"Like when I get wet?"

He nodded.

"So I produce lubricant," she said, shifting her pelvis. "And you produce lubricant." Her thumb stroked him. "Is that for when the penis is bigger than the vagina?"

Her dad looked down at her, tilting his head. "What have they been teaching you in school? The penis is never bigger than the vagina. Sometimes it just takes a bit of work to get things properly prepared."

It was Abby's turn to tilt her head. "Dad. I'm pretty familiar with my kitty, and there is absolutely no way this - she gripped him - could fit in it."

"You'd be surprised."

"What on earth could you do to prepare my vagina for -" she gestured to his still straining cock.

He shrugged. "Lots of things. We've done a couple of them already."

"There's more?"

"Sure. Kissing, petting, smaller objects..."

"Kissing and cuddling."

Her dad raised his eyebrows, and said, "Are you sure?"

The odd reality of laying on the bed, her skirt raised, and her dad with his pants around his ankles had started to intrude. She tugged at his shirt, trying to urge him to join her on the bed. He relented, kicking off his pants and underwear and crawling over her to lay next to her. It still felt weird, but less so. She tugged at his shirt.

"Can you take this off too?" she asked. He lifted up and pulled the thin garment off his chest in one movement. He lay down next to her. Him being naked, and her not, gave her a sense of power.

"Okay, I'm ready for my kiss." She felt another rush of confidence. She'd kissed before, this was familiar waters. She watched as her dad grabbed the back of her head with one hand, pulling her to him. The sudden movement, along with the power of his strength surprised her, and she opened her mouth to gasp.

It was what he wanted. Her father planted a scorching kiss on her mouth, his lips and tongue capturing hers. She responded instantly, capitulating to his advance, letting him taste her. The rest of her reacted as well, her already primed puss flooding, her nipples tingling with need to feel his thick fingers pinch and pull them.

Abby whined in his mouth, wishing she was naked. She spread her legs, opening herself up to him. He must have felt her movement, for his hand soon cruised down her body, finding her oozing slit quivering and ready to be manhandled. She didn't want gentle or tentative. She wanted him to take her, to make her his. When he didn't, she thrust her hips up, urging him to take possession.

After a bit of her impotent writhing, she felt his middle finger press into her crease, contacting her clit, and she cried out. Too sensitive. She clamped her legs together again, still kissing her father, tongues acting out predator and prey scenarios.

Heart pounding, Abby pushed on his chest, breaking their kiss. "I want to try something," she said, pushing him on his back.

"I don't think -"

"That's okay, this doesn't require thinking."

Abby sat up on her knees next to her naked father and examined the cock thrusting from him. Even more lube was leaking from him

now. She leaned over him, ignoring the groaned 'Abby'. Close up, she could smell the musk of him, the manly scent of his cock and balls. Placing one tiny hand at his base, she pulled him up. He was hard.

Fearing the taste, Abby stuck her tongue out and lapped at the fluid seeping from his slit. To her surprise it was a bit salty and a bit sweet, but not unpleasant. It landed on her tongue in a way like nothing else. She took another lick, gathering more of his precum. When it proved just as tasty, she ventured to open her mouth and wrap her lips over his crown.

"Oh, fuck, Abby," he said. She felt his hand hovering over her head, and used her other hand to give him permission. He could hold her while she was like this. He ran his fingers through her hair, gripping momentarily before letting go.

The brief clutch at her head sent a thrill through her, as it had forced more of him into her mouth. Abby wasn't sure if she was up to taking all of him in, but wanted to try for more. She opened her jaw wide, using the motion to naturally draw more of her father's cock into her mouth. His flavour was on her tongue and in the back of her throat. She swallowed a few times, readying herself to try for more.

With a sudden shove, she forced her head down on him, feeling his head enter her throat. Tears sprang up in her eyes and saliva flooded her mouth, but she didn't gag. Hand on his shaft, she could tell she'd only managed to take half of him in.

Backing up, Abby tightened her lips around his shaft as he emerged.

"Tongue," he groaned.

Sensing he was close, Abby rubbed her tongue back and forth on him, bobbing her head, stroking with her hand. Anything she could do to make him feel good. It seemed to work, as he groaned and she felt his dick thicken in her mouth. What?

Suddenly she was drowning.

Coughing and gagging, she pulled away from his spitting dick as jets of his stuff hit the back of her throat. Unable to do anything else, Abby spit it all up on his belly, a sea of semen forming in his belly button. Hacking, she could only keel over, putting her head on his chest. His hand was on her, stroking her hair as she continued to cough.

"Wrong pipe," she croaked.

"Are you okay?" he asked, continuing to stroke her hair.

She nodded, still coughing. When she had recovered enough to be able to breathe without hacking up a lung, Abby lay on her dad's chest, feeling her cheeks burn with shame.

"Hey," he said, urging her to lift her head and look at him.

She did, but kept her head low, trying to put her hair between them. She didn't feel very sexy or confident anymore.

"Don't worry about it." He tucked her hair away to see her face. "I don't often come from just a blowjob. You did great."

"Really? You're not just saying that?"

"I'd say 'ask your mom', but I don't think it would go over well. I can count on one hand the number of times she has gotten me to come with her mouth, and she is a very talented woman."

It did make her feel better, but she had to put her head back down on his chest. "How long do we have the room?" she asked.

"11am tomorrow."

"Can we get something to eat? I'd like to stay here with you tonight."

"Absolutely."

They did so, Abby navigating the same cold run to the car after he got it nice and warm. They went to a fast-food place out of the way, eating in the parking lot. As the gross end to their encounter faded, Abby found herself more and more proud of her performance.

"You swear you don't normally come from a blowjob?" she asked, mid-meal.

He smiled and said, "I swear."

She smiled back, her heart filling at the compliment.

After the food, he took her to a movie, some rom com cheesy flick. After, they went back to their love grotto, as Abby coined it.

"Love grotto?" he asked after she proclaimed the new title.

"Your tongue-love, my grotto," she said, gesturing to her crotch. "You're going to make me come on your tongue. I don't think I can handle your dick."

He laughed and said, "Love grotto it is."

Back in the room, he laid her down on the bed, took her clothes off and made love to her puss with his mouth. After one orgasm, with her thinking it was done, he gave her another, and then another. They fell asleep on the bed together, legs entwined, his hand on her tit.

The next morning the spell seemed to have broken. Abby put her skimpy clothes back on, feeling exposed despite her coming on his mouth just hours ago. When they were both ready to go, he arranged to drop her off a block away, so she'd get back to the house after him.

It was the best night of her life, but she felt really odd about it. Should she feel good? Bad? Evil? She didn't want to think about it or talk to anyone, and retreated to her room, making sure her mom didn't see her still wearing her outfit from the staycation. In her room, stripping off her skimpy clothes, Abby felt more like a woman than ever before in her life. She'd been naked with a man, even if it was her dad.

The following weeks were manageable, but awkward. Abby was having a hard time navigating her feelings for her father, but she managed it by not thinking too hard.

One thing she did think about was his assertion his dick would fit in her. It seemed impossible. One evening, when extra horny, she was playing with herself and a brush handle. There was pain and a little blood, but after the handle felt pretty good.

She assumed a real cock would feel better.

Christmas came, and Abby wasn't interested. Her dad always did this big thing with dressing up as Santa with presents for the tree and sitting on his knee, and everything. Last year she had felt too old for it. This year she felt like she'd be fighting not to kiss him.

Thankfully her dad decided this was the year for him to pass the dress-up thing onto Hank. Abby assumed her dorky brother would enjoy it.

Christmas Eve developed as normal, until the afternoon hit, and Abby heard her mom yell out, "Cranberry!"

"What" her dad yelled from the living room.

"You forgot cranberry!" she yelled.

"No, I didn't. It wasn't on the list!"

"Yes, it was!"

Abby heard grumbling and then some chatter in the kitchen before footsteps approached her door.

"Hey, you up for a scavenger hunt on Christmas Eve?" came her dad's voice through her door.

It was that, or deal with Hank trying to be Santa. She'd take scavenger hunt. "Sure!" She jumped up and threw open the door, to see her dad there, a huge shit-eating grin on his face.

"What?" she asked.

"The cranberry was on the list, I already got some. We're going out."

"Okay," she said. As she followed him to the door, to put on coats and boots, Abby felt a warm glow forming in her pelvis. A hint of anticipation for pleasure.

Her mother was there to say goodbye. "Don't come back without it. You may need to check several stores. Text me when you get it, so I can stop worrying."

A weird thing to worry about. Abby nodded, "Will do."

Father and daughter headed out into the cold, piling into his car. "If we have cranberries already, where are we headed?" she asked, knowing the answer.

He looked over and grinned. "The motel."

Abby felt herself prime in an instant. It had been over a month since they'd first gone there, but it rarely left her thoughts. The horrible end to her blowjob had been wiped away by her father's oral skills.

He already had a key, and parked in the same spot as before, running to usher her into the room even though she was dressed properly this time. Taking off their outer layers felt like a sexy preamble, coats and boots flying.

When they got to their inner layers, Abby didn't feel like wasting time and kept disrobing. Shirt, pants, socks, bra and panties all flew from her fingers. When her dad saw what she was doing he followed suit and soon they were naked.

Abby had never been properly naked in front of him before. Her breasts heaved on her chest, nipples hard pebbles. She'd shaved her pubes since he last saw, and she could see his appreciation. In more ways than one.

Abby took in his rock-hard cock, pointing to her middle and felt a little apprehensive once again. He was thick and long.

"Kiss me," she husked.

They crashed together, bare skin on bare skin, her mouth open for his possession. He took her, tongue chasing hers and lips crushed against hers. She swooned to feel him against her, his hot cock pressed into her belly.

He'd said any cock could fit in her vagina, she just needed preparation. Today, she felt like she could take all of him, head, shaft, and all. She hungered to have him in her.

"Get on the bed," she ordered.

He did, dragging her with him. When he sat down, the bed creaking under him, she straddled him, feeling his hot shaft brush her labia.

"Wait," he said.

"You think I'm going to let you get away without trying to fit this inside of me?" she growled.

"Well, Abby, actually -"

"Quiet!" She was ready. Her pussy ached to be filled by his love shaft.

Pushing him back, she crouched over his middle, looking down to where his column pointed to the sky.

"Baby," he tried again.

"Hsssst!" Abby took hold of him, marveling at his rigidity. She pointed him up, positioning him at her entrance. When his head had lodged in her opening, she let go of her leg muscles, letting her weight do the work.

"Ohhhhhhh," she moaned at the feel of him slowly spreading her open. She hadn't been ready. He was way too big; he was going to split her open. No! She was doing this. Lifting up a bit, she tried again, pushing down, feeling her vagina stretch open even further. Grunting and straining, she crowed in triumph and a bit of pain when his head popped into her.

Oh fuck, she was full. She looked at the length of him under her, still unfucked. Could he fit? Huffing and puffing, Abby lifted and pushed down, trying to fit more of him in her. An inch was all she got for her efforts.

Stymied, she looked up at her dad for help. He smiled and rolled them both over, not giving up the progress she'd made.

Now on her back, Abby spread her legs as wide as she could to let her dad do his thing.

"Hey," he said, pulling her attention to his face. "Eyes on me."

She nodded, and watched his face as he settled between her thighs, his weight on her hips. It helped, but to her alarm, he pulled back, almost to where he was out of her. She'd worked so hard to get that far!

"Sshhhh," he whispered.

Abby's mouth dropped open, her eyes wide, as she felt him begin to push. Abby didn't have the weight or the leverage. Her father did. She felt herself open up for him, her vagina stretching and spreading. Every inch was an added dimension of fullness but she welcomed it. As he sank into her, their combined lubrication easing the way, Abby knew she would never need another cock again in her life. This was it, this was her cock.

When he was fully seated within her, he took a pause to ask her, "All good?"

"More than good. My god, fuck me father, I need it," she said, her eyes meeting his.

He nodded and commenced to fuck her. It wasn't a gentle act, nor a tentative one. She asked to get fucked. Pulling out, he plunged back in, the feeling of being full returning in full force. When he was fully in her, buried to the hilt, she couldn't think of anything else. When he pulled away, she cried out, lamenting the loss of his wondrous prick.

When he hit her full force, she could feel him touch something in her, his tip hitting an unyielding barrier. It was so fleeting but she wanted to feel it more. She wrapped her legs around his waist, trying to get as much of him in her as she could.

Her father roared in response, thrusting his cock into her so deep she felt him hit her barrier again. Having him deep inside of her, stretching her little pussy with his thick cock was unlike anything Abby had imagined. Her body was made to take cock, but this was

the perfect cock. Her mind blanked of any thought but being full of her daddy.

"So tight," he grunted, then he came. It was like watching a force of nature, as his muscles tensed, his hips pressed against hers and she felt her inner barrier poked. He got thicker somehow and then she could feel his rhythmic pulsing as her dad delivered load after load deep into her.

"Oh Daddy," she whispered as she felt him come inside of her. Abby couldn't think of anything except her father emptying himself deep in her vagina, washing her barrier in slippery, slimy semen. It felt heavenly.

When he collapsed on her, drained, she managed to roll him to the side, moving with him to keep him in her as she rolled on top. He lay there, breathing heavily, sweat prickling his chest. It felt surreal to have him still in her, her big strong daddy between her thighs. She watched as he cupped one of her boobs, squeezing it softly, his rough thumb stroking her nipple.

"You're beautiful," he said.

"Thank you, Daddy," she said, laying down on his chest, pressing her breasts against him. She wanted to feel him in her as long as she could, but even now he wasn't as thick. As he softened, the feeling of fullness gradually dissipated until she felt him drop out of her vagina, and a pool of his fluids followed.

"Was it okay, baby?" he asked.

"It was wonderful," she replied. "Merry Christmas to us. I know we have to get back with the 'cranberries', but if you have any energy to lick me down there, that would be okay."

He did, after a few minutes, have the energy. Abby found herself on her back, coming on her dad's tongue once again, loving every

second of it. She'd be coming on his cock soon, she vowed.

Cleaning up in the shower, father and daughter took extra time to make sure everywhere was lathered and rinsed. Abby made sure her dad's hands were on every inch of her breasts and nipples, while she made sure to explore his length with both hands, lamenting the lack of time to do more.

Before leaving the motel room, she kissed him and said, "You have to promise we'll do that again very soon."

"Pumpkin, we shouldn't have gone as far as we did."

"I didn't hear you complaining," she said, batting her eyes at him.

"No, you didn't," he said, granting her another of his special smiles.

During the drive home, Abby went over the encounter in her mind. Everything about it was new and exciting and made her tingle all over, especially the end. She had loved it, but it begged a question.

"Um, Daddy, why did you finish in me without asking? What if it was the wrong time for me?"

"I would never do anything unsafe for you. I know when it's the right time."

"How?"

"The app your mom uses to track her cycle shows when it's safe. You two have been in sync for years."

"Oh. That makes sense." Abby felt oddly disappointed that he knew she was safe right now. She knew it, but him knowing it as well took away a certain naughty spice to the thought he might have finished in her when she was...open for business.

They rejoined her mom and Hank who were waiting for the other half of the family to resume the normal Christmas traditions. Hank didn't go through with the Santa costume but that was okay. The only lap Abby wanted to be on was her dad's. A new Christmas tradition?

In the weeks following, Abby yearned to be with her dad, but knew it wasn't as easy as just going to the motel. She tried to just be around him as much as she could.

Love in the Family Pt. 02

Hank enjoyed being around his mom. He always had, but ever since Christmas Eve there was an extra layer to being around her; a shared secret which never failed to bring a smile to his face. When she saw him smiling, she smiled back.

At first his heart had beat faster just being close to her, and his dick would harden as he imagined her tits in his palms, or her kneeling in his lap. Lately he'd managed to calm his reaction down, but he still regularly jerked off to the memory of losing his virginity to her.

It was late February. Hank had taken her words to heart about it not being easy to make Christmas happen again, and was content to wait. He still took every chance he could to help her, and to spend time with her. Just the smell of her perfume was enough to brighten his day.

Come one Saturday morning, Hank was surprised to come out of his room and find the house empty. It was unusual in a family of four; there was always someone around. His mom tended to be a homebody, not really going anywhere unless someone else made plans. To have all three gone at once set alarm bells going in Hank's head.

To be sure, he checked every room in the place, and found it to be true. Where were they all? Deciding to not look a gift horse in the mouth, he took the chance to relax and enjoy himself. He went back to his room, prepping to really 'relax'. He put on some music and brought up his favourite Literotica author on his phone.

Naked on his bed, happy to know he could take his time, Hank read one of the longer stories, stroking his cock now and then. Precum appeared at his slit, a tantalizing little bead of lube. He rubbed it over his sensitive cock, enjoying the enhanced sensation. He never

jerked off with lube, preferring his natural cream. When it dried up, he read on, letting the precum evaporate before starting over again.

Mid-stroke, nearing the climax of the story, Hank stopped to listen, thinking he'd heard a noise outside his room. His family weren't fans of knocking.

Not hearing any more noises, Hank returned to his cock and his story. It was getting really good now, and his cock was harder than ever.

His door opened. "Hank, get up, we're going -" the sound of his mom's voice was halted mid-sentence.

Despite her having handled it, sucked on it, and had it inside of her, Hank was still shocked at being found naked and stroking one out. He covered himself with his hands, rolling to the wall.

"Mom!" he yelled.

"Sorry for interrupting." Her voice was calm. "When you're done, get dressed, we're going out."

Her barging in on him was like a bucket of cold water. "I'm done," he muttered, sitting up while still hiding his junk.

His mom watched him roll around and smirked. "I've seen it before, you know. Intimately."

Hank stopped his acrobatics and huffed a laugh. He exposed himself to her, still feeling awkward, and stood up from his bed.

She watched him do it, her eyes fixed on his dick with interest. "You do have a nice cock, Hank. Not as thick as your dad's, but it has a good length."

"Um, thanks," Hank said, as he searched for clean clothes. "Probably TMI, but thanks."

"By the way, Happy Birthday."

His fucking birthday. How had he forgotten? He was 20 now. The last week of college had really done a number on his tracking of dates. "Is that why we're going out? My birthday?"

"Yep. Abby and your dad are meeting us there and will be waiting."

"Where?"

"You remember the indoor fun park that opened up down the way? With the mini golf and batting cage and stuff?"

"Oh, nice! That'll be fun." Being alone with her made him bold. "Maybe not as fun as something else I could think of."

She grinned and walked over to him. Reaching out, she gave him a slow stroke up his cock, causing it to resurge in length. "Maybe it's better you didn't finish. I could see a use for this. I've been feeling...flirty."

Boldness gone, he swallowed. "You can use it however you want."

She gave him a squeeze and a pull, causing a bead of precum to appear. She used a finger to gather it up and popped it in her mouth. "Mmmmmm, I might do that."

"Might?" he croaked at her retreating back. Her lilting laughter echoed through the house.

Hank quickly got dressed, joining her in the kitchen where she was looking at her phone. Walking up behind her, he hugged her close, pressing his still mostly hard dick into her butt. Throwing caution to the wind, he lifted his hands to her tits, cupping them.

His mom gave a push back against him with her rear, saying absently, "You're going to have to work on your timing. Let's go, we're on a schedule."

She turned and stepped out of his embrace easily, and left the house. Hank followed, encouraged she hadn't entirely brushed him off.

In the car, he said, "I can't think of any time in the last two months where the right time has cropped up. There's always someone around, or one of us is busy." Not that he would have initiated if he'd found the right time.

"Now you know what it's like to be a parent. You and your sister cockblocked your dad and I for years." She smirked at him and started the car, heading to the fun park.

"Did you just not do it, or did you find a way?"

"Ehh, a bit of both. We got better at arranging alone time. Sometimes it was as easy as making sure you were both distracted."

"Distracted?"

"Yeah, occupied for long enough for us to do our thing. Early days we could just give you both ice cream and send you outside, but when you got old enough, we sent you out to the movies together or something."

"Ooohhh." Hank thought of all the times when he and Abby had suddenly found themselves out of the house. "Can we get some ice cream on the way home for Abby and Dad?" he asked.

She giggled. "I don't think it'll work on your dad, but Abby would bite...even in the middle of winter." They drove in silence for a bit and then she continued, "I'll tell you what: I *have* been feeling a certain itch the last couple days, and I saw the perfect tool to

scratch it in your room. You come up with a way to distract them and I'll come to your room."

"Deal," he said, his cock surging to life at the thought, even though he wasn't sure how he was going to get the other half of the family to leave them alone.

The rest of the ride, and the entire outing to the fun park, was spent wracking his brain trying to think of a way to ensure his mom could visit him in his room without risk of discovery. He was so distracted; he didn't even notice when his dad showed him up in the batting cage. What he did notice was his sister's reaction.

It had been going on for a while now, since before Christmas, but today it was almost painfully obvious. She was flirting with their dad. Hanging off his arm, cheering his prowess in the cage, urging him to win her stuffed prizes in the carnival area. Hank looked at his mom while this was going on, but she didn't seem to notice or care.

Throwing away the weird feeling Abby's behaviour gave him, Hank smelled an opportunity. Could he convince his sister to take their dad out of the house? Occupy him somehow? Send them on an errand, like the cranberries at Christmas?

As they were headed to the cars after the fun park was done, Hank said, "Hey, Abby, doesn't that new movie open this weekend? The one about a daughter who goes on a road trip with her dad?"

"Yes!" she said, twirling around to talk to Hank while holding dad's hand. "I want to see that! Oh, we should go, it looks so good!" She looked between their parents, a pleading expression on her face. "Pleeeaaase!"

Sometimes Abby forgot she had breasts worthy of the name because she was bouncing on her toes causing her chest to move in tandem. Her bra wasn't quite up to the task, Hank noted.

"Abby, decorum," their mom barked.

Abby glanced at her and stopped bouncing, but continued the pleading expression.

Greg shrugged, and said, "I have no plans."

"Ohhhh, yes. Thank you, Daddy."

Hank noticed that upon securing her dad's inclusion, Abby didn't follow up with Hank or their mom. He glanced at his mom, and she nodded back at him, a tiny smile playing around her mouth.

Dinner was a normal Jenkins affair, with laughter and teasing. The others produced a few gifts for Hank to open, and a dessert was brought, along with singing by the restaurant staff. It was a good end to a birthday outing, but it wasn't the end of his birthday yet.

After dinner, Abby and Greg left in their car to head to the movie, while Hank and his mom went home. The ride back was quiet, but there was a tension in the air which increased the closer they got to their destination.

Once home, Hank was practically bursting to be naked with his mom. His dick was half hard with anticipation. For some infuriating reason she did everything she could to stall them when they only had a two-hour window! After the third instance of her finding something silly to pay attention to, such as straightening a picture on the wall, or spraying water on some flowers, he clued in.

Taking her by the hand, he pulled her after him.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Can I help you with something?"

"Mom," he warned, still pulling her to his room. She laughed but went with him, even closing his door and locking it behind her.

Hank's heart was crammed in his throat as he looked at the lovely woman waiting for him to make the first move.

He wanted to tear her clothes off, but something about the look on his mom's face made him pause. He forced himself to slow down. Walking up to her, he stood close, almost touching. Her words from the car came back to him. "You said you've been having an itch lately?"

She nodded.

"Any other symptoms?" he asked, running his hand along her arm. She was wearing jeans and a sweater which enhanced her femininity instead of hiding it. Reaching for her middle, he gripped her jeans button and popped it open.

A smile played around her mouth and she said, "My breasts have been really sensitive."

Taking the hint, he cupped one wool-covered tit, squeezing it ever-so-gently, a complete 180 to how she demanded he touch them the last time. He could feel a lump under her sweater and bra, rubbing it with his thumb. She closed her eyes and breathed in deeply at his touch. With his other hand he pulled her jean zipper down, letting the two flaps of denim peel away from her belly.

"Anything else?" he asked, toying with the now revealed waistband of her pink panties.

"Certain things taste *really* good."

"Like what?"

"Like the little treat your cock made for me earlier. I'd like to have that again."

Being close to his mom while she talked about his cock was driving him crazy. "Is that all?" he croaked.

"There's one more symptom, but it's hard to detect. Do you know what it means when a woman is feeling the way I am?"

"Um, she's turned on?"

His mom shook her head, her hair stirring with the motion. "No, well, yes, I am turned on, but those symptoms mean I'm ovulating. Right at this moment -" She took hold of Hank's hand where it was tracing her panties and held it as she moved it left. "- an egg is making itself available inside me right here. My body is ready to have a baby. If someone were to put sperm in here -" Now she moved his hand into her panties, pulling him down until both hands met wet, warm plump lips. She dug into her slit, breathing deeply at their combined touch. "- I would get pregnant."

Hank felt faint. He'd never been as turned on in his life as he was right then. He could feel his cock primed with a hair trigger, and was afraid he'd blow if his mom even brushed against him.

She continued. "Unfortunately, we won't be able to use your impressive equipment to scratch my itch. The risk is too great. But I can help decrease your swelling."

Hank's sex-crazy brain took a few moments to catch on he wasn't going to be allowed to have sex with his mom. His initial disappointment dissipated when she led him to his bed and started to undress him. Watching his sexy mother kneel down to strip his pants and underwear off drove off any lingering sense of loss. His cock sprang into the air in front of her and she smiled.

His mom leaned forward, licking a dollop of precum off his throbbing cock, working the liquid around her mouth. "Mmmmm."

With that, she flipped her hair over her shoulder and leaned forward to put his cock in her mouth, one hand gripping his shaft, and the other his balls. Hank was lost in the feel of his mother's hot mouth and active tongue on him. It was a poor second to being in her pussy, but he'd take it.

He watched as she started to slowly bob her head up and down his shaft, hand in a tight ring around his base. Hank groaned as he felt his orgasm, already close, build faster. Expecting her to shift gears or take a break, he was surprised when she kept going. His muscles tensed up further. Her pace continuously cranked him up without letting him rest.

It wasn't fair. He wanted it to take longer, to enjoy it, but in no time he was ready to blow. "Mom," he warned. Once again, she handled it like a pro, each blast of semen drawn into her throat. It felt like she was draining him of his vitality as well as his semen. Each pulse of his dick was followed by a quick ripple of her throat as she sent his seed to her stomach.

She continued to suck at his glans even after no more of him was left. When she was done, she gave him a last lick and stood up. They still had an hour and fifty-eight minutes, he thought wryly.

She said, "Lay down, I want to cuddle." He did, and she lay next to him, putting her head on his shoulder. Hank felt worn out, wanting to sleep, but he put his arm around her.

They stayed like this for some time as Hank recovered from his lethargy. When his mind started working again, he asked, "Did you mean it? About being fertile?"

"Yes. The app shows I'm ovulating right now, which matches my body's signals."

"You never intended to have sex tonight. What was that talk about needing an itch scratched?"

"That's just what we call pillow talk, baby. I was getting you interested."

He laughed. "It wasn't necessary. How do you scratch the itch then, if you can't have sex?"

"There are other ways to satisfy a woman besides penetration," she said pointedly.

The declaration hovered in the air until Hank got it. Realizing how selfish he'd been, he sat up, pulling his arm from under her. She lay there, looking up at him, her hair spread around her head like a dark angel. He couldn't fuck her, but he could see her naked. Pulling at the sides of her jeans, he yanked them down her hips.

It took some work to get the tight pants off of her legs, but when he did, he went right back for her panties. She sat up long enough to take her sweater off, exposing her bra. Hank's mouth went dry at the sight, and he watched carefully as she reached behind her to undo the clasp. Hunching her shoulders, she let the supporting garment drop away, her breasts settling onto her chest.

She lay down, and Hank drank in the sight of her. Her tits, peaks of white cream topped with red berries almost broke his brain. Her torso narrowed to her waist before the swell of her hips took over. They turned into long, graceful legs demurely pressed together. Between them was silky black hair framing her labia.

"You are so beautiful," he said. He gently took her ankles in hand, pulling to spread them apart. He watched as her pussy was exposed, her lips spreading slightly. Settling between her thighs, Hank looked up at his mom's face to see her watching him, her bottom lip in her teeth.

He'd never done this before, of course, but he'd read stuff. He thought he could give it a good try, and hopefully make her come. Start simple. He ran his hands along her legs, feeling her smooth

skin, coming close to her pussy but not touching it. She sighed loudly, which he took for a good sign.

Leaning over, he took time to admire her pink, perfect labia, shining with arousal. Despite having come recently, his cock was already hard again. He ran a finger lightly down her furrow, seeing her twitch as he did. His finger was immediately wet. He did it again, tracing her inner lips. Another deep sigh.

Hank knew about the clitoris. Knew enough to know some men couldn't find it, but he quickly saw it wouldn't be an issue with his mom. A pink, glistening nub of flesh was perched at the top of her vulva. He blew on it and was amazed as a trickle of liquid slowly seeped from the opening below. He gathered it on his fingers, bringing it to his mouth. It was tangy but not at all unpleasant.

"Jesus, Hank, touch me," his mom said.

When he went to repeat the light touch, she reached for his hand and placed it on her clit.

"Rub here, back and forth."

He pulled his hand away. This was his show. He said, "When you come, I want to hear it. Scream for me, Mom."

"Fuck," she exhaled.

Taking a slightly more aggressive tack, Hank ran both fingers along her wet labia from bottom to her clit, ending with a slight pinch.

"Ohhhhhh."

A good sign. He did it again a few times, before daring to put his finger into her entrance. Her wet vagina sucked at his finger as he drove it deep. She was so wet. He leaned in and for the first time put his tongue on her, his tip on her clit.

"Oh! Oh! That's it! That's the itch!" she cried.

She hunched her hips, trying to press them against his tongue, so he stayed in place and let her. When she let up, he moved his tongue around, exploring her vulva. When he returned to her clit she pushed again. He fucked her with his finger, and combined with his tongue, Hank was soon rewarded with the sound of his mother coming. She let the empty house know she was having an orgasm, and her sweet cries were music to Hank's ears.

When she calmed down, he crawled up to lay next to her.

"Thank you, baby. I needed that," she said, cuddling into his chest. They lay together, skin on skin.

"Is the itch scratched?"

She nodded.

"I'm glad. I still want to be able to scratch your itch the other way. Can we arrange something?"

"Mmmm, we can try. The timing has to be right."

Hank's cock was sticking up from his middle, still aroused from making his mom come on his tongue and finger. When it didn't go away, his mom chuckled and made her way down his chest until her head was on his stomach. He couldn't see, but felt her take him into her mouth again.

The second blowjob was slower, with more time taken to explore and play. Hank endured the delicious torture with poise and dignity, all the way until he exploded in her mouth for the second time that night.

She returned to her cuddling spot and they lay like together, until they heard the sound of Abby and Greg pulling up to the house.

Hank watched as his mom jumped up and grabbed her panties and jeans to run to her room.

He thought about washing up, but decided to wait until everyone was in bed, so he didn't run into the movie-goers. He went to sleep still covered in his mom's saliva and juices.

Abby knew she was a horrible flirt, in that she wasn't any good at it. She was too over the top, too obvious, but she didn't know how to be subtle about it. When she was around her dad, she couldn't help wanting to be close to him, touch him, hug him, hold him. He didn't react to it, treating her as he always had.

That was normal.

What wasn't normal was her mom. She was a smart woman, and was quick to call Abby out when she was being unladylike, but she hadn't said a word about the horrible flirting. Hank would roll his eyes now and then, but her mom just ignored it all. A week after the Christmas motel visit, she purposely walked in on her parents watching TV and curled up in her dad's lap.

He didn't do anything except make room for her, while still watching the TV. She hadn't sat on his lap in years, and needed extra room, but found it surprisingly comfy. Abby waited for her mom to tell her to move, but nothing. What was wrong with her?

Abby ended up watching their show with them, relishing the feel of her dad's hand on her knee, her head on his chest. He was warm and he squeezed her now and then in a comforting way. He was really good at partitioning Lover Dad from Family Dad.

As the weeks dragged on and her dad didn't arrange for any more motel visits, Abby started to despair she'd gotten all he was willing to give. She wanted to feel him in her again, even though she'd

been sore the following day. She looked for times when they could be alone, but nothing presented itself.

Late February hit, and Abby was seriously distracted by random thoughts of having a cock driven into her needy pussy. She was horny! Why couldn't her dad just sort out some alone time, dammit? It was Saturday, and she was trying to come up with a way to do it all herself, when he appeared in her bedroom doorway.

"Daddy!" Abby felt a surge of warmth in her middle at the sight of him, seeing his tight t-shirt, strong arms and the jeans hiding his delicious cock. Abby thought she could smell his aftershave from across the room.

"Hey, let's go. We need to pick up some gifts for your brother."

"What? Why?" Despite questioning the chore, she was already standing up.

He looked at her like he expected her to figure it out.

"Oh, wait, is it his birthday?"

He nodded, gesturing from her door for her to come along. She did, skipping in his wake down the hallway, feeling her boobs bob in time. Ouch. She stopped skipping, rubbing her tender chest.

"Are we just getting gifts?" she asked, knowing he'd hear the hidden question. *Could they do more?*

"No, after we're meeting Hank and your mom at the new fun park. Then dinner after," he said, as they piled into his car.

Abby's high spirits deflated. She knew they'd have fun at the park, but it wasn't what she wanted. Maybe if she found a way to show how turned on she was, he'd take pity on her and fuck her? It felt

wrong. She didn't want a pity fuck, she wanted him to want her. She wanted his full participation and enthusiasm in making her come.

Over the course of the drive to the mall, she opened her mouth several times to try and tell him how she was feeling, but it all felt like begging. Could she just get naked when they were alone, and let him figure it out? Too forward?

At the mall they went into a few stores with Abby's arm hooked around her dad's. She pressed her tits into him as often as she could, knowing he'd feel it, and liking the way it eased the aches.

At one point, while standing in line to buy a gift, Abby was absent-mindedly rubbing one breast back and forth on his elbow, enjoying the light touch on her nipple, when she saw an old woman staring at her. The woman smiled and winked, causing Abby to blush furiously and look away. She stopped touching her dad with her boob until they'd left the store. She had to be more subtle or her mom would call her on it later.

Gifts bought, they went back to the car, and once again Abby fought to put into words what she was thinking. None of it sounded adult or sexy in her head. Did she just blurt it out? She still hadn't figured it out by the time they got to the fun park, and her chance was gone.

The time spent in the park was fine. Not really her thing, but she looked for every opportunity to show her appreciation of her dad. He and Hank took turns in the batting cage, and Hank sucked for some reason, so it was easy to cheer her dad on when he did well.

"A home run!" she whooped on his final hit, running over to give him a big hug, pressing her tits into his chest. He just chuckled and hugged back.

There was a carnival area with games you could play for prizes, so she begged him to win her a stuffed bear. He put in a valiant effort,

and she cheered him on along the way, pumping him up by squeezing his biceps when he tried to Ring the bell.

Abby didn't know subtle flirting, but oddly, her mom still wasn't saying anything while her dad just went along with it with a smile. Only Hank gave her an exasperated look now and then.

She was feeling even more frustrated at the end of the day. She couldn't come up with the words on her own, her dad wasn't giving her any sign he knew how she felt, and she was going to end up fucking herself silly on her finger later, in an effort to purge her horniness.

Like a gift from god, her dorky brother offered up a solution into her willing lap. A movie! A dark theater, alone with her dad, what could be better? Once she had secured his involvement, she made sure not to check with Hank or her mom, hoping they wouldn't come.

After dinner she got her wish as the two pairs split to go their own ways. In the car, she tried to think of a way to get him to touch her once they were secured in their movie seats, but her dad cut right to the core of the matter.

"Feeling a bit keyed up, are we?"

Abby felt blood rush to her cheeks. "Maybe," she admitted. "No, strike that. Yes, I am keyed up. It's been driving me crazy for a couple days. Can we go somewhere to play? The motel? I'm even fine with the theater if you want to maintain the story with, er, Mom and Hank."

Mentioning his wife was probably a bad idea. They had never talked about the fact he had cheated on her with his daughter. Abby clammed up, afraid she'd ruined everything, but her dad didn't seem upset by it.

"I think the theater is better. We went too far last time, but I'm happy to help you let off some steam in the back of a dark room." He smiled as he said it.

"We didn't go too far. It was perfect," she said.

"I don't think it's a good idea to repeat it too often."

Too often. Abby said, "Okay." Internally she cheered that she had gotten a concession it would be happening again.

They drove to the movie, Abby doing her best to keep calm. Her mind was blank on what they were going to do in a public place, but just the idea had her engine purring. She could feel her panties sticking to her lips.

At the theater they skipped snacks, having filled up on dinner. Thankfully there weren't many other people seeing the movie, and they were able to choose a spot isolated from anyone else. Walking to their seats, they found the place had been renovated recently with new plush, reclining seats instead of the old hard narrow ones.

Abby sat in her chair, playing with the buttons to make her chair move, wondering how they could fool around when separated by a wide armrest. Her dad could probably reach her, but only just. Abby could feel herself beginning to pout at not having the traditional makeout session at the movies.

"This isn't very cozy, is it?" her dad asked.

She shook her head, knowing her voice would betray her annoyance.

When the lights went down and the movie started, her dad leaned over and whispered, "Come here."

"Huh?" Abby looked over to see him beckoning her. Go where, she was right next to him!

He hit the button to sit her back up and then pulled at her hand to get her to stand. When she did, he tugged towards his seat. Oh! She sat down on his lap, putting her legs to the side and laying against his chest. He then reclined his seat and she cuddled into him while he hugged her close with an arm. His other arm was casually laid on her thigh.

This was actually quite nice. Abby could comfortably watch the movie this way, but she wanted more. Twisting her torso, she made sure he could feel her tits pressed into him. She welcomed the twinge as they were squished.

"Touch me, Daddy," she whispered.

The arm curled around her back lifted then, and her tit was in his palm. He was surprisingly gentle, as if he knew they ached, softly cupping and playing with her nipple. While distracting, she needed more, which he soon provided.

His other hand, on her thigh, slipped between her legs. She spread them, giving him access, and he took it, running his fingers up her thigh to where her moist pussy radiated heat through her jeans.

Ever so slowly, he moved up to her jeans button and snapped it open, unknowingly echoing the move his son was making on his wife at that very moment. Zipper soon followed, and Abby whimpered when he tucked his hand into her panties. His finger sought out her erect clit, massaging it, and Abby rode her father's hand with quiet whimpers.

She'd been needing her father's personal attention for two months and she finally had his large hands on her again. His finger dug down into her clam shell, pushing to her entrance and plunging to the second knuckle in one swoop.

"Daddy," she whined, hips writhing on his lap as he fucked her with his digit. Digits, as he added another, stretching her open.

"Shh, baby," he murmured.

"Sorry." She bit her lips, tears seeping from her closed lids. The singing nerves in her pussy hummed in time with his fingers as he dragged them in and out of her entrance. Abby had to cover her mouth to stop her gasps from ringing throughout the dark theater. Forgotten was the images on the screen as her dad finger-fucked her.

She was jerking her hips now, trying to increase his pace, dig his fingers deeper in her, urge on the orgasm she could feel building. When he added a grinding motion on her clit with the base of his hand, Abby lost it.

She shook through her climax, juices drenching her panties and his hand. Needing to still the noise of her body quivering, she let go of her mouth to grab the chair arm, which freed her up to make noises.

"Abby," he warned.

When she didn't stop groaning, she felt him let go of her tit and grab her head. Not knowing what to expect, she was surprised when she felt his mouth cover hers. Her dad was kissing her again, his hot tongue slipping between her open lips. It might have stopped her loudest sounds, but Abby could still moan, and did so at the combo of being forcefully penetrated orally and vaginally while she was still coming.

When she was able to relax, her convulsing pussy stopped trying to crush her father's fingers. She put her head against him, twitching as he pulled his hand from her and her panties. Dazed, she watched as he put his fingers to his mouth, sucking the juice from them.

"Mmmm," he said. "Delicious."

Abby became aware now of a hard bar under her thigh. She ran her hand down to his crotch, lifting up to give herself access. "Poor

Daddy," she whispered. "So hard."

"Hard for you," he rumbled.

"Can we go to the motel? I can take care of you. Or maybe just the car. You can put it in me again. I want you to."

"You're a very sexy woman, and I would love nothing more than to ravish you from head to toe. It's not a good idea right now. The app shows you're not safe right now."

"There'd better be a 'next time' soon, or I'm going to burst," she said, her voice petulant. She knew it wasn't a good time, but was chasing the naughty thrill of being at risk. Damn that app! Her being fertile didn't remove her need to be fucked, it enhanced it.

"Let's make a plan for soon, then. I don't want you to rupture anything."

"Okay, Daddy."

They watched the rest of the show with her in his lap. He fondled her breast with the same care, making her sigh and think of asking him to make her come again. She decided it wouldn't be fair to him, and kept silent.

After the show they went home. Abby knew there was no evidence of what they'd done, but still felt like her mom might see she'd had an orgasm or something. Thankfully she was in a pretty chipper mood, almost as if she was the one who'd gotten fingered at the theater.

Abby went to sleep that night hoping her dad would figure out a way to be alone with her soon, at the right time. Maybe he needed some help?

Hank was in his room a few weeks later, just having undressed for bed. He was partially erect and ready to jerk off when a knock came at his door. He scrambled to get under his covers, making sure the blanket piled up around his crotch.

"Come in," he projected to the door.

It opened and his mom poked her head in. "Oh good, you're decent," she said, before stepping the rest of the way in.

Hank felt like there might have been some sarcasm in the word 'good'. Was she trying to catch him jerking off again?

"Of course I'm decent, what if it was Abby or Dad knocking?"

"Doesn't mean I can't be disappointed. Listen, I think we have an opportunity. Your Dad has a work conference he's going to this weekend. If we can distract Abby, it would give us some time together."

His mom was so good at being normal he'd thought she'd forgotten about finding time to be with him. Finding out he was wrong was like a ray of sunshine on his heart.

"Distract her how? We can't send her to the movies alone. How can we ensure she won't come home at the wrong time?"

The possibility of being alone with his mom had his dick surging under the blanket. Without a second thought, Hank flipped his covers up, exposing his hard cock to his mom. He watched with satisfaction as her face lit up.

She looked in the hall behind her before stepping all the way in his room and closing the door. Her eyes were alight, staring at his groin where his dick bobbed and bowed her way. "Bad," she said. "What if someone saw you?"

"Someone did. You," he said, grinning and enjoying her delighted reaction. Having someone react like that to your dick would put a spring in any guy's step.

She took a few moments to appreciate it before she said, "Okay, I've seen it, it's just as nice as the last time. Now put it away!" She waved at him while opening the door again.

Hank swept his blanket back over him, feeling like a million bucks.

He said, "But seriously, you know how Abby is, she changes her mind about plans constantly. Just last week she changed her mind about going to the mall six times, and in the end only spent a half hour there. We can't trust she'll stay gone unless someone takes her away."

At his final words his mom's face lit up. "Ohhh, what if Abby goes with your dad?"

"To the work conference?"

"Yeah. She can go along and spend 'father/daughter time' together. He leaves Friday night, comes back late Sunday. It'll be perfect."

"Do you really think Abby is going to want to go to some hotel and wait around for dad for hours?"

"I'll give her some cash. She can go shopping."

"Oh, you're a genius, Mom." He grinned her way, and she smiled back.

"I'll go talk to your dad and Abby to arrange it. Actually, I'll just suggest it to Abby and she'll convince your dad. And Hank...the app shows a green light for this weekend." She winked and left him in his room.

Hank was awake for a good while, even after jerking off, thinking of what he and his mom could get up to.

Abby felt a tremor in her belly at her mom's words. Go with her dad on his work trip? It was the best idea she'd ever heard, but probably not for the reasons her mom had in mind.

"Did Dad say it was okay?" she asked, excitement building.

"I haven't asked him. I thought you could say it's your idea. He's busy during the day, but I'll give you some money to occupy yourself while you wait for him to be done. You guys can spend the evenings together."

Abby felt her heart flip at the thought of being alone with her dad for two entire nights. "Ohhh, that's a wonderful idea, thankyouthankyouthankyou!" Abby ran to her mom and gave her a big hug.

She smiled and hugged Abby back. "You better get on your dad about joining him now, so he's got time to change the booking."

"Change the booking?" Abby asked, still hugging her mom.

"Yeah, so he can get a room with two beds."

"Oh, right, I'll go tell him now!"

"Ask, Abby, not tell."

"Of course," she said, leaving her mom in her bedroom doorway.

"Your dad's in the living room," her mom called.

Abby went and found the focus of her excitement sitting on a couch, watching sports highlights. She sat right next to him, pressing

herself against his chest. He hugged her absentmindedly.

"Daddy?" she started.

"Mmhmm?" he replied.

"Can I go on your work trip with you?"

"Hm? What? Work trip?" he looked at Abby, pausing the highlights.

"Yeah. I figured I could go hang out while you're at the conference and then in the evening...it'll just be you and me. We could have some alone time..." she trailed off suggestively.

He raised his eyebrows. "Ohhhh, I'm not sure if that's a good idea. Your mom usually goes on trips with me."

"She said she's busy this time and can't go...what does the app say?"

"Hold on." He pulled out his phone and opened an app with a grid like a calendar. "Huh. Yeah. Looks like it's okay." He turned to her and smiled his special smile.

Abby felt her insides go gooey. "Yaaay! Love you, Daddy, we'll have the best time." She turned to hug him and whispered in his ear. "Mom said you would need to change your booking to a room with two beds. You don't really need to, do you?"

"I'll let her know I did, but there's probably no need," he rumbled back, his voice vibrating her chest and making her nipples tingle.

Abby squeezed him harder.

Hank's anticipation for the weekend was so high, he was having a hard time keeping his cool in the days leading up to it. He did his

best not to change his habits, but all he wanted to do was spend even more time around his mom. When he did, he was sporting wood the entire time, taking in her scent and staring at her curves.

His devotion was obvious to her, and she warned him off several times to avoid tipping off his dad and sister, who spent the same time in their own world. Abby was flirting even more than usual, to the point he was amazed his mom didn't say anything. He asked her about it at one point, unable to hold in his curiosity any more.

"Mom, you see what Abby's doing, right? She's shameless!"

"What is she doing?" she said, not looking up from her tablet. She was perched sideways on a couch, reading.

"She's, like, all over Dad. You can't not see it."

"She's just practicing. It's harmless. I used to do it with my Dad, too."

"Practicing what? Flirting?" He felt funny saying it.

"Exactly. The same thing you've been doing the last 8 months."

"Me?" he asked, amazed.

She put her tablet down and looked at him. "You've been hanging around me like a lost puppy, hoping I'll bend over or accidentally lift my shirt. It's adorable."

"I wasn't doing that," he grumbled, knowing he had been.

"Relax, it's fine. Neither of you really dated in school, so you're new at showing your appreciation for the opposite sex. It's harmless."

Hank sat down on the couch with her, going over how he'd been acting around his mom. In hindsight it did seem pretty obvious. "Does Dad just ignore her, then?"

"Would you ignore a nubile young woman throwing herself at you?"

"I didn't ignore *you*." Hank felt pretty smug he'd fielded that one properly, as indicated by his mom's face lighting up.

"Hank Jenkins, you smooth talker! Come here and give me a kiss."

He didn't know what kind of a kiss she wanted, so he settled for a close-mouthed peck on the lips. As he leaned back, she surprised him by lifting her sweater and showing her bra to him. He left with a red face, a hard dick, and a promise from his mom it would be a memorable weekend.

Abby had a plan, but she was having a hard time fine-tuning it. She knew she was going to fuck her dad this weekend, but she wanted to knock him off his feet. To do that, she needed to bring something sexy to wear, but she was having a hard time choosing. When she tried to pack it all, she had too many bags. Her mom would make her repack.

In the end, after much internal debate, she chose a summer outfit she knew he had checked her out in, and a thin nightie that was not very good at concealing, well, anything. When she tried it on she could see the dark circles of her areola and her panties showing through.

The day finally came when they were to depart, bags packed and in the car for the drive, snacks prepared for the trip. Her mom was giving out hugs to the departees, telling them to have fun and not get into trouble. Abby rushed through it, eager to get on the road. When her dad finally joined her in the car, they set out with music blaring.

When they were a couple blocks away, Abby stripped off her sweater, displaying her best bra. She took it off next, and settled

back in her seat, tits jiggling with each bump in the road.

"I approve of your road trip attire," her dad said, glancing over at her chest.

"Thank you, Daddy. If you're a careful driver, you can touch them, but be gentle."

With that, she watched with delight as he reached over and took a boob in hand, fondling it. His rough fingers on her soft skin sent shivers of lightning to her nips and puss. After a light pinch, he went back to driving, with a slight adjustment in his groin.

Abby looked for his bulge, finding the impressive lump easily. She imagined what was under the strained fabric, feeling her squishy feeling returning. She was going to be good and ready by the time they got to the hotel.

Hank watched his dad and Abby drive away, closing the door when they were lost to sight. He turned and found his mom watching him, a predatory grin on her face.

"Is your dick hard?" she asked. "I can practically smell your precum from here."

"It might be. Do you want to see?" He started to unbutton his pants, but she stopped him.

"No, let's have some fun first. Go put on your thinnest pair of shorts, no underwear, and no shirt. I want some visual foreplay."

"Ummmm, okay." Hank's mind raced with new ideas. They hadn't had a significant amount of time to play before, so this was all new.

"Can you put on your skimpiest panties and a tank top, but no bra?"

"Deal."

They separated to their rooms, coming out when dressed as directed. Hank took in his mom and felt drool form in his mouth. Her bikini panties were pink and sheer, the sides pulled up on her hips, framing her sexy belly. Her top hung over her tits and her nipples formed obvious tents. He could almost trace their outline by sight.

"Can I ask you to wear that all weekend?" he said, panting.

She laughed. "Maybe. Or maybe I'll find something else to wear. Or maybe I'll wear nothing at all. Seeing you with a tent in your shorts, I think my panties are going to be soaked in no time."

Hank took a step towards her but again she stopped him.

"Hang on. Don't rush; we'll get there. I want to anticipate first."

"I've been anticipating all week!" he practically shouted, throwing his hands up.

She giggled and said, "Do you really want to do it now and have it over? Let's extend things. Play. I promise you it'll be worth it in the end." She took the final step between them and planted a scorching kiss on his mouth, while gently cupping his rampant groin.

When Hank tried to reciprocate, she let loose, dancing back a few steps. "Ah, ah, ahhh. First rule, only I get to touch. You just hang out and look sexy."

Her movement was his reward. Seeing her breasts freely moving under her shirt added carbon to his iron rod.

"Okay, but how long? And what do we do? We can't just stand here."

"We still need to eat. I'm going to make dinner, and you're going to help me."

Hank was surprised at how much fun making food with his scantily dressed mom turned out to be. When he wasn't actively chopping or mixing, he was free to stare to his heart's content.

Now that he had the time and freedom to really stare, Hank started to notice parts of her which turned him on just as much as her ass and tits. Her graceful neck when she tilted her head. Her belly when she tensed her abs. Her cute feet with red nail polish he'd never seen before.

To his surprise, his mom checked him out just as much as he did her. When he was lifting a heavy pot, she watched his arms. When he smiled her eyes roamed over his face. She avidly watched each of the hundred times he had to adjust his dick.

It was a simple dinner of spaghetti and meat sauce made from scratch. During the sauce prep, his mom tried to show him the recipe and the spices that went into it. It took them a couple hours all told, and by the time they were done Hank was both horny and famished. They took care of the hunger first, eating together at the kitchen table.

At one point, after they'd each had a couple of bites, she said, "Can you taste them? The spices we put in?"

Hank took another bite, trying his best to filter out individual flavours, but was unable to. He shrugged and said, "Maybe I need to practice, I don't taste anything different from your normal sauce."

"It is my normal sauce, but I was hoping you'd be able to pick out the components after helping make it. I can taste it all."

"I guess you have super senses, because I can't pick anything out."

"Maybe. Keep trying."

Near the end of the meal, Hank's hunger retreated, leaving him with only horniness. He found himself distracted by the shift of his mom's breasts as she forked noodles in her mouth. She spotted his preoccupation and - accidentally or not - dropped a dollop of sauce on her top.

"Oh darn!" she said. "This will stain if I don't rinse it right away."

With that, she pushed away from the table, yanking her top off in a quick motion. Hank's world slowed down as he watched his mom's tits come into view. They were perfect. Her hard nipples thrust forward into the air, the full orbs resting against her ribs. He ached to take them into his hands, to lick and suckle at them, but instead just sat and watched as she walked to the sink.

She ran water over her top, using a cloth to scrub at the stain. The scrubbing motion had her tits dancing, and Hank was happy to watch. She was down to only bikini panties, which seemed to flip his switch. He stood and walked to her, approaching her from behind.

When he put his hands on her hips, she flinched a bit before turning her head and saying, "I thought I was the only one allowed to touch?"

"You look like you could use some help." He ran his hands up and down her sides, feeling her soft skin.

"I'm not sure the help you're offering is going to get this stain off. It might make new ones." She went back to her scrubbing, giving him tacit approval to continue.

The lump in Hank's shorts was fully extended, so when he stepped closer, it was the first thing to touch her, right in the gap between her ass cheeks. He groaned as he pushed into her crack, and she pushed back, ensuring he was properly lodged. He wrapped his arms around her chest, cupping her warm tits and giving a hard squeeze, the way she liked at Christmas.

She hissed and said, "Gentle!"

"Sorry," he replied, easing up to a soft cupping motion. His cock in her crack felt wonderful, so he pushed, feeling a corresponding pulse of pleasure radiate out. It took over his brain, so he pushed again to keep the feeling going. He was so turned on he thought he might come just from this alone.

"I don't want to stain my shorts," he said, before stepping back. Stripping his clothing off, he noticed his mom had stopped her scrubbing. She was just standing at the sink, head down.

Cock now bare, tip leaking a significant amount of precum, he stepped up to her again, taking her panties in his hands and peeling them off her hips and down her legs. The gusset stuck briefly on her labia as he pushed them down, and he could see a wet patch where they'd been soaking up her juices.

Hank felt a wave of surreal awareness come over him and it was like he stepped away from his body for a second. He was naked with his sexy mom, and she was turned on by it. His cock was only inches from her, ready to spread his arousal on her ass. He was about to fuck her, and she wanted him to do it.

He stepped forward again, pressing his dick into her ass crack, his hands finding her tits. She moaned when he touched her, tilting her head, her hair flipping over to bare her neck. Hank leaned in, planting his mouth on her skin, nipping and kissing her hot flesh. She moaned louder.

His precum was seeping freely, coating his dick and her ass in his lube, as he rolled his hips to produce a fucking motion.

"I can smell you," she sighed. "I can smell your arousal. I need it, Hank. I need to taste it."

Turning in his arms until they were face to face, his naked mother looked down between them. She touched his head and then licked his essence from her finger.

"Mmmmm, you taste wonderful."

A question rolled through Hank's mind, but he discarded it when she reached back down again. Grabbing his dick, she lifted one leg and stood on her tiptoes. Sensing her intention, Hank crouched a bit until she could fit him under her now exposed pussy.

Together, mother and son worked to fit his dick into her drooling quim. When he felt her hot entrance begin to give way he thrust upwards.

"Fuck!" he blurted, as he sank into her liquid heat.

"Hank!" she echoed, using his name as a curse as he spread her open. "Fuck me!"

Hank had only had sex once before. Doing it standing up was entirely new, and it took a bit to get coordinated enough to start an in and out motion. There was some aborted thrusting on each of their parts until he grabbed hold of her hips, using it as leverage to thrust over and over again.

He was inexperienced, hadn't come in a while, and had been teased for hours. It took him no time to feel his orgasm build to the point of no return.

"I'm going to come," he hastily warned her. "Should I pull out?"

"Just come, baby. Come in your mother."

Everything else dropped away, except for Hank's climax, as he thrust one final time up into her. The universe was centered on his dick,

buried in his mom's cunt, knocking on the door to her womb. He exploded, pouring semen into her, load after load, coating her cervix.

Hank thrust once more, feeling his dick sing with pleasure, almost overwhelming him. His legs quivered and he felt he might fall down but he managed to steady himself. He slumped against her, breathing hard, heart beating, still clutching at her hips.

The feeling of love and care he got when his mom hugged him close to her naked chest almost made Hank cry. Here she was, still loving him, when he'd forced himself on her like a brute.

"Sorry," he said, not sure what he was sorry for. For coming too fast, for fucking her so abruptly.

"Shh. You needed it. You needed to get it out, so you could clear your head."

His soft dick fell out of her, leaving a trail of semen where it dragged along her leg. When he felt recovered enough to stand away from her he took in the sight of her sexy body. Red, wet lips, hard nipples, the upper slopes of her breasts flushed red.

She smiled at him, still holding onto his arms. "I think I could use a shower. When I'm all clean, maybe you could help me come?"

Hank felt a number of impulses then. To shower with her. To fuck her again. To kiss her. The one he decided on surprised him. "No, he said. Wait."

She raised her eyebrows and looked down at his shriveled dick. "Do you want to go again?"

He shook his head, stepping back and taking her hand to lead her to the kitchen table. He turned her and helped her sit up on it. It wasn't fair that he had come but she hadn't. She had needs too.

Some men might be squeamish about what he was about to do, but Hank didn't care.

He knelt down on the floor between her legs, holding onto her thighs, and took in the sight of his mother's freshly fucked wet pussy. Traces of him clung to her lips and ran down her legs. Her own juices were everywhere. He started out by extending his tongue to lick her once from bottom to top with the flat of his tongue.

"Oh, Hank! Your father's never done this!" She clutched at his hair and leaned back, opening her legs further.

He pushed his face into her pussy and devoured her, licking and sucking for all he was worth. When he lathered his tongue over her clit, she twitched hard, crying out, so he did it again. Her response each time was so gratifying he spent several minutes on her clit alone, varying his approach to keep her guessing.

He found he didn't mind the taste of his own spunk at all, and even if he did, his mom had sucked and swallowed it many times already. It was only fair to return the favour.

Taking one hand, he gently pushed two fingers inside of her as he sucked on her clit, happy to hear a rising note of appreciation come from her mouth. He could feel his slimy spend coating his digits.

"That's it! Don't stop!" she screamed.

Hank didn't change anything, and soon was rewarded by a fountain of his mother's cream squirting his face. Her vagina gripped his fingers tightly, as her belly muscles rolled and clenched. He kept up the attack on her clit until she pushed him away. He settled for watching her finish her climax, leaning back on one arm, tits heaving with each deep breath.

When she calmed down, he pulled his sticky fingers from her and stood up. "I think we both need a shower now," he proclaimed.

The drive was agonizing. Abby wanted her dad to pull over and fuck her brains out, but he insisted on making good time because they needed to check in and get settled before it was too late.

He didn't ignore her; far from it. He played with her boobs regularly, each time fondling and caressing until she was panting. Now and then he rubbed her leg, getting so close to her pussy she could feel the heat on his hand. He'd move his pinky against her for a bit before going back to driving. Abby's panties were a sopping mess within an hour.

At one point during the drive, he was running his hand over her breast when they passed a semi truck. Abby hadn't considered people would be able to see her bare tits until that moment and when she looked up she saw the truck driver smiling and waving. She waved back and then ignored him. She was topless for her dad, who cared who else saw.

The extended fondle session had her aching in her pelvis. Her nipples were harder than ever, her areola crinkled to match. Her dad seemed to really like playing with them, pinching them lightly. Abby was in heaven, feeling her dad's hands on her. At one point he squeezed too hard.

"Hey!" she yelled.

He let up immediately, and said, "Sorry, Pumpkin. Are they sensitive?"

She rubbed her aching tit, feeling the pain subside. "A little, I guess. Seems okay now. You can pull over and kiss them better if you want," she said with a grin.

"I'd love to, and I will later, but for now we're making great time."

She flopped her head to one side. "Ugh! Fine, maybe I'll just pleasure myself then." She looked sideways at him to see his reaction.

"You don't want to wait for me to help?"

Of course she wanted his help. She wanted all of him. The memory of his dick in her pussy still shone in her mind, and she wanted it again. It would be better the second time, she was sure. Not that it hadn't been good the first time, but she felt like she could come on it. She wanted to feel him in her when he came.

"I'll wait," she grumped.

The drive ended eventually, and Abby put her shirt back on to go to the hotel. It wasn't the nicest hotel but not the worst. Certainly better than the motel. Abby waited while he checked in and then they went to their room together.

Once in the door, Abby threw her bag on the floor and pulled her shirt off again, followed by her shorts and wet panties. She turned to see her dad watching her, his face displaying his interest.

"Well? Get those clothes off!" she ordered, pulling at his shirt.

"Yes, Ma'am," he grinned, and he started disrobing.

Abby watched as his body came into view for only the second time. His muscular chest and arms, his solid stomach and then...she licked her lips as she watched his cock come into view. First the wiry black hairs on his pubis, then the base of him, thick and dark. His shaft emerged and culminated in his mushroom head. She noted with satisfaction the droplet nestled in his slit. Then he was naked, standing ready for her next order.

Abby knew what she wanted, what she needed. She grabbed his hand and tugged him to follow her to the king sized bed in the

middle of the room. She lay down on it, scrambling back to the headboard, her tits swaying, her slick labia sliding up against each other. When she was situated on her back, legs bent and pressed together, she watched her dad and waited.

He watched her in return, taking in her nudity. He'd been semi-hard when he took his clothes off, but now while watching her his cock surged to full size. He kneeled up onto the bed, following her route and ending up at her knees, his cock jutting up over them.

Towering above her as she lay there, he seemed a giant, with a giant cock, reminding Abby of when she had been sure he'd never fit in her. She knew better now, and could feel the ache of wanting to have him in her again. He waited patiently until she spread her legs apart, symbolically and literally granting him access to her body. This wasn't like the last time, when she had jumped him, she could see he was as eager to have her as she was to let him.

Abby smiled and beckoned to him, saying, "Please, Daddy. I need you."

He reached over and pulled one of the pillows from the bed and said, "Lift your hips."

When she did, he placed the pillow under her, as if placing her on a pedestal. She watched as he gripped her legs in his hands, spreading them further apart, and leaning over her. Abby bit her lip as his rampant cock got closer to her wet pussy. She could see the droplet on his slit had turned into a river. She reached a small hand out and scooped some of the syrupy liquid onto her finger before sticking it in her mouth.

"Ohhhhh, Daddy, you taste good. I have another set of lips that want a taste," she teased, writhing her hips.

"Normally I'd take my time, but I get the feeling you're as ready as you'll ever be," he rumbled.

She nodded, tilting her pelvis. The way her legs were parted, she knew he could see her flower spread to accept him. When his head touched her, she moaned. When he dragged his cock from her throbbing clit down to her entrance, she cried out. When he found the needy opening to her thirsty womb, she screamed, "Fuck me!"

He pushed, the entrance to her vagina expanding to let him in. Sweat sprang out on Abby's forehead as she felt herself stretch to her limit once again. Remembering the work it took to get him in her vagina the first time, Abby braced herself against the headboard and pushed back. With a grunt, her father penetrated her with his glans.

"AAahhhhhh," she sighed loudly. "More!" she called.

Her father fed her more, pushing an inch into her. The full feeling spread as he did. Inch by inch, he put more of his cock into her until his pelvis met hers, his balls settling against her ass.

"You've got all of me," he grunted.

It was so much better than the first time. Abby's nerves sent spikes of pleasure to her brainstem, overwhelming her senses. All she could think of was the giant dick in her pussy, and how much she wanted it to move.

"Fuck me," she groaned. She wanted to help, but felt powerless to do anything apart from lay there and feel.

He pulled out of her a bit, then pushed in. He did it again, pulling out further before slamming back in. The third time, he pulled back even further and fucked in hard, pushing her body with the force of it. Abby felt him hit her barrier, the same barrier as the last time. It had resisted his intrusion before, but now seemed to welcome it, like her body wanted to let him into its deepest sanctum.

Each plunge of his dick deep into her body was matched by a push on her now squishy barrier, and Abby loved it. She knew she was

built to fit her dad's cock perfectly, to take in his full length and his full load.

He was into a regular rhythm now, breathing hard, hips pumping as he drove his cock into her over and over. Abby felt her body match his, her pussy eagerly accepting each thrust. She could feel it, her peak was approaching like a freight train barreling down the line. Her mouth was open, drool pooling in her mouth, each fuck of her dad's cock producing a matching 'uh'.

When she came, it wasn't with a howl, it was with a long, slow high-pitched sigh, as she achieved her goal.

Her pussy bore down on the slab of meat inside of her, gripping and milking it. She was peripherally aware of her dad riding out her orgasm. Her tummy tensed over and over, her hips shifting to try to get more cock. Right at her peak, when she was tipping over the top, her dad put his thumb on her clit, rubbing it. The added pleasure extended her coming, keeping her going for what felt like forever.

When she'd flopped limp, wrung out by pleasure, she felt her flushed cheeks split in a grin. She'd come on her dad's cock. She couldn't wait to do it again, but first, she needed to feel him come.

"I need to feel you," she said. She pulled at his arm, directing him to lay over her. The shift in position resulted in her legs spreading as wide as they could go. She was still ultra-aware of him in her, and now added to it was the press of his pelvis on her clit. Abby welcomed his weight on her, wrapping her legs around his back and locking her ankles.

"Fill me up with your stuff, Daddy," she whispered in his ear.

He sighed, "Oh, Princess. You feel so good." He started a slow in-and-out, while lifting his head to look at her chest. He leaned down to kiss her breasts, suckling on her nipples in turn.

Abby held his head as he did this, enjoying his touch on her skin, but rocked her hips, urging him to speed up. He did, and soon she was being overwhelmed by a follow up mini-come. Her dad sucked extra hard on her nipple, sending a jolt of pain mixed with pleasure.

Abby clenched her vagina, and felt him tremble and tense up, so she did it again. He was moving higher up her body, tilting her hips until he was above her, pounding his cock into her.

"Come, Daddy," she ordered.

He did. With a final lunge he buried himself into her pussy, contacting her squishy barrier, and came. Groaning aloud, he followed her example, his body tensing rhythmically as he powered his semen into his daughter.

"That's it," she cooed, stroking his back. She knew each pulse of his cock was accompanied by a load of his seed being shot deep in her vagina.

When he was done, he rolled over, as he did last time, but this time he pulled from her clutching honeypot, letting a stream of juices flow from her. She felt the ache of the loss of him in her as her vagina contracted to normal size. She cuddled up to her panting dad, laying her breasts against his chest.

He lazily held her to him with one arm, still recovering. When his breathing slowed, he said, "Feel better?"

She nodded on his chest. After the long drive and getting royally fucked, she was feeling sleepy. It was exactly what she'd wanted. They stayed cuddled for some time, until she had to adjust, moving her aching tits away from him.

He saw the movement and furrowed his brow. "Do they hurt? I didn't squeeze them too hard in the car, did I?"

"I don't think it was you," she said. "They're just tender."

Hank had never had a better time in the shower. Body temperature water streamed over him and his mom as they soaped each other up. He took his time washing her breasts and her ass, running his hands everywhere he could reach. He took special care to make sure her nipples were clean with his mouth.

He put his soapy cock between her ass cheeks, grinding into her rosebud with his rejuvenated shaft. To his surprise, she didn't protest the different hole, pushing back into him. The combo of slippery skin and pressure had him ramping back up for another orgasm, but he held back.

His mom did her part, ensuring his cock and balls were properly washed, even running her hand up his ass crack, tickling his hole. When he twitched in surprise, she grinned and said, "Turnabout is fair play. I won't say no to having your cock in my ass, but I might return the favour."

Hank felt a tremor of unease at the thought. He'd never considered anything going in his ass. For that matter, fucking his mom in the ass hadn't really crossed his mind either. He felt lucky enough to be putting it in her pussy.

Shoving the thought aside, he leaned in and kissed her. She opened her mouth immediately, chasing his tongue with hers, pulling him under the water. The added stream of liquid flowing over their faces as they frenched enhanced his enjoyment unexpectedly. His mom's tongue tasted divine and they took turns sucking, licking, biting and smooching.

When Hank started to thrust his dick into her belly, she pushed him away before turning off the water.

"Let's get out. I want to cuddle in the living room for a bit. Then we can fuck once more before bed."

"Deal," he said.

They matched words with actions, and were soon on a couch, laid out on their sides, him the big spoon. They had dressed in their pre-dinner clothes, which gave Hank the exact correct amount of skin to touch. They watched TV, and he ran his hands over his mom's body. Occasionally she turned over and they kissed for a while.

His cock was hard the entire time, and by the time bedtime arrived he was feeling an ache in his balls.

"I think I'm ready to empty these into you again," he whispered in her ear, while thrusting into her butt.

"Do you want my ass, or my pussy?" she whispered back.

Hank didn't want to go there tonight, but her willingness to do it made him wonder how often she did it with his dad. He said, "Your pussy. I can't get enough of it."

"Good answer," she giggled.

They tumbled off of the couch, heading to his room hand in hand. When there, they stripped again and fell into bed. Hank took his time, playing and stroking and caressing her until she was red in the face and panting.

"Put it in, Hank." She opened her legs in a gesture remarkably similar to the way her daughter had for her husband, if she'd only known it.

This was the first time for Hank in a bed, so it took him more learning to find her vagina but when he did, he pushed into her in

one long thrust. It dragged groans out of them both when he was fully seated in her.

She lay under him, hands on his sides, legs lifted and wrapped around him. He held a breast gently, remembering her sensitivity from earlier, and leaned in to suckle the tit that had given him sustenance years ago.

His mom moaned at the feel of him at her breast, but said, "Is that it? No fucking?" She pouted.

Hank laughed and pulled out, cherishing the feel of her wet sheath sucking at his dick. He pushed back in, drawing another groan from his mom. He did it again, and again, each time concentrating on how it felt, and the feel of her walls around him.

After a bit he got into a longer stroke, learning the extent he could pull out without falling out the whole way. When he was in full flight, he could feel his orgasm building too fast so he slowed down.

His mom whined under him, "Don't stop."

"I'm going to come," he warned.

"It's okay. We have all weekend, just don't stop."

Hank picked up again and felt the same approach of his climax, his cock in the fire of his mom's vagina. When he knew it was too late to prevent it, he kept going, and soon was firing more of his semen into her, adding to the load he had planted there earlier. He was in heaven, figuratively and literally. When he came, his mom clutched at him, wrapping him in her arms and legs, her vagina clamping on his dick over and over to match his own explosions.

Hank went boneless after, collapsing on his mom. She hugged him close and then pushed him off, rolling him to one side.

Orgasms done, they stayed and cuddled, neither of them feeling the need to get up or dress. Hank felt sleep was possible, but was enjoying his mom's naked body next to his.

As his mind roamed in the ecstasy of post-coitus, he remembered the thought from earlier.

"Why are your breasts tender?" he asked.

"They're not really. Well, maybe a little," she answered, checking herself with a hand.

"Can you normally pick out the spices in your sauce? Or smell things like my precum?"

"The spices, yeah, that's why I use them. Precum, maybe? Why are you asking?"

"I dunno, aren't those the signs you talked about on my birthday? When you're ovulating?"

She lay in his bed, silently thinking. "Um. Yes, they are, but the app shows I'm not going to ovulate for days."

"Oh. That would be bad, right? If you were?"

Hank's mom turned to him and smiled. "I appreciate your concern. It's very touching, and the sign of a considerate lover. I'm sure it's just a coincidence." She put on a sly expression. "Are you worried you knocked your mommy up? Worried you put your sperm in my womb to make a baby?"

To their surprise, her words generated a definitive response from his cock. Hank blushed, feeling like he'd been exposed as a degenerate by his own body.

She saw his reaction and said, "I didn't expect that. Does it turn you on, thinking of me getting pregnant?"

"I don't know. It did it on its own!"

She laughed and said, "Don't worry about it. Maybe you have a pregnancy fetish. Or maybe the thought of knocking up your mom excites you?" She looked from his face to his dick and back again.

"I don't know? All I know is when you started talking like that, I got really excited."

"Dirty talk can be exciting. Maybe I'll use it over the next couple days," she said, with a naughty smile. "I know you're ready to go again, but I need some rest. Save it for tomorrow, okay? I want you rested and in top form when you knock your mom up."

Hank groaned, "Mommmm..."

She giggled and snuggled up next to him. Hank did his best to think of other things in order to get his dick to go down, and to forget the last topic of conversation.

Abby and her dad went out for dinner in the restaurant in the lobby. Dinner conversation was light, but Abby didn't need more. She was satisfied and happy, and was looking forward to round two before bed. She ate an appetizer, an entree and dessert, explaining she needed her strength. Her dad just smiled and ordered his own dessert.

That evening, she did her best to ride him for a change, straddling his supine form on the bed. It didn't take as much effort this time and she grinned with success when she managed to sink her body down his cock, taking all of him in. She wasn't sure what to do apart

from moving her hips, which she did for a bit, before her dad showed her.

He pulled her down, so her breasts hung over his face, and told her to move up and down his body. She soon found the way, and was riding his cock for all she was worth. It was tiring! Before long, she was sweating and breathing hard, chasing her orgasm.

Whenever she slowed down, her dad would lift his head and take her large nipple in his mouth, suckling and playing. It distracted her and she lost her rhythm, and had to start all over again but she loved it. She'd ride her daddy's dick anytime.

At times when she sat down hard, she could feel him poking her squishy barrier, and she yearned to feel him exploding within her again. It was a delicious feeling, as if highlighting how far in her body he was.

When he came, she lay on his chest and felt his dick spurt his sauce in her. She had a little come, nothing like the one before, and then fell asleep with her daddy's cock still plugged in her pussy.

The next morning was a rushed quickie, as he had to get ready for his conference. Abby pouted and told him he needed to stay with her and keep fucking her or she'd die. He laughed and filled her once before going to have a shower.

Abby stayed in bed, hand across her belly, imagining the pool of her dad's semen in her belly. She bit her lip nervously. She had a secret, and wasn't sure how much trouble she was in.

Monitoring her body's natural rhythm had become second nature to her. She knew when her period was going to arrive, when she was safe to have sex, and when she was fertile. When her dad had fucked her, he'd known it was safe, but Abby didn't want *safe*. She wanted passion. She wanted to feel him bucking against her, spewing his cum in her when it wasn't safe.

The secret Abby was stewing about was that she had gone on her mom's app, and modified the calendar to show they were in the safe part of their cycle.

They weren't.

Love in the Family Pt. 03

Hank groaned as his mom teased him for the umpteenth time. She had him laid out on her bed now, naked and rock hard. She was playing with his cock, fondling it, sucking it, stroking it. Now and then she played with his balls and would dip her finger lower to tickle his anus. He'd stopped flinching when she did it, and was starting to relax after discovering how sensitive he was there.

When he got close to coming, she backed off and let him roll back from the brink before starting up again. She'd been at it for a while, and didn't seem to be showing any signs of stopping when Hank reluctantly declared he was hungry.

His mom pouted. "How dare you ruin our fun?"

"I've been holding off for a while! It's noon, we haven't even had breakfast yet."

"Fine, but we can't just leave you like this. Time to finish you off." With that, she kneeed across his middle and straddled his cock, lining it up with her pussy. "Are you ready to knock your Mommy up?"

Hank closed his eyes, both at the feeling of entering his mom's vagina and her teasing him. He got harder at the image of her belly growing with his child. What was wrong with him?

When she was fully seated on his lap, his mom leaned over and fed him her mature breasts. "I bet you can't wait for these to fill with milk and leak all over you when we're having sex," she said.

"Mom," he groaned. She wasn't helping, but he did take her in his mouth and suckled greedily. He swapped back and forth a few times before she sat back up and started to ride him. She played with her breasts, pinching her nipples.

"Mmmm, maybe you're right," she sighed. "I am awfully sensitive, and *very* horny. Maybe I am ovulating right...now." She punctuated the last two words with downward thrusts onto him.

Hank was a little distracted, but thought his mom's expression looked less playful and more passionate while she teased him. She was looking him right in the eye as she fucked him, lids lowered, mouth parted and panting.

"Is this it, Hank?" she husked. "Is this the fuck that puts your baby in me? Mmmmmmm, I can feel your cock brushing against my cervix. Can you feel it? The soft door to my womb? It's where your sperm goes..."

Her face was red now, her breathing heavier. "Oh, baby, I need to feel you explode in me, because you know what'll happen? You'll *breed* me. I can feel it. I'm *primed* for you to put your baby in my belly."

At that moment Hank felt her squeeze him inside, coinciding with her words, and he blew.

"Oh! That's it!" she cried and she stopped fucking him. She closed her eyes and said, "I can feel your cock pulsing. It makes me shiver to think of your stuff being shot inside of me, seeping into my womb. I'm going to get all big and round, and my breasts will fill with milk," she cooed, squeezing her tits.

Hank wasn't sure if she was still teasing him, but her talk was driving him wild. He grabbed her hips and pushed up, trying to get as much of his semen into her as he could. On one thrust he did feel a squishy barrier hit his tip and imagined him spraying sperm at it.

When he calmed down, she lay down on his chest, pressing her warm breasts to him. "Mmmm, that was wonderful."

"You seemed to be pretty into it," he said.

She lay on his chest for a while before saying, "I, um, have a confession. Teasing you with the fertility talk turned me on, too, more than I expected. I couldn't help myself. I hope you don't mind."

"No," he croaked, then cleared his throat and said it again. "It was pretty hot, what you were saying. It seemed like you *wanted* to have my baby."

"I know. In the heat of the moment, I kind of did. Does that make me a bad mom?"

"No, it makes you a hot one, though," he said, reaching for a handful of ass.

She laughed, squirming on top of him until his soft dick fell out of her. She sighed happily and said, "Let's take a break for the food you needed so badly." She rolled off of him and they cleaned up and dressed in some semi-appropriate clothes to eat in.

Abby went out for a bit in the afternoon. She had some cash her mom had given her, so went to a mall and looked for one particular store. When she found it, she made a purchase and took it back to the hotel in a very small bag.

Her dad was due back from his meetings at 5, and they had plans to meet for dinner before a night 'in'. Abby spent some time in the tub in the hotel room shaving her body for her new lover. When she was anointed in essential oils and creams, she put on a short dress which showed her cleavage to great effect and under it she wore the items she'd bought at the mall.

When her dad got back, he gave her a big smile and said, "You look amazing. You're beautiful."

"Thank you, kind sir. Please take time to relax if you like. We have a 6pm reservation."

"Oh? I thought it was for 5:30."

"I changed it. I wanted to go somewhere nicer than the hotel place."

"Sounds fine to me. If you're wearing that, heads will turn."

"I am wearing it...and something else, as a treat for my favourite father...later."

His eyebrows rose. "Well, I can't wait to see it."

Abby winked, her heart beating at the thought of how he might react later. When the time rolled around, they left for the new restaurant. She directed him a couple blocks away to a small Italian place which had great reviews for its romantic atmosphere.

They were seated at a twosome table in the back. As they walked to the table following the hostess, Abby felt her dad put his hand on her back, which sent a thrill through her. When they were seated, Abby smiled at her dad, just happy to be there with him. He gave her his special smile, making her feel gooey inside. She wanted to tear his clothes off right there and fuck him.

The food was good, but Abby mostly enjoyed seeing her dad devour her cleavage with his eyes. It made her feel desired and sexy.

"Dad, have you ever done anything risky? Just threw caution to the wind and forgot the consequences?"

He paused with a bite halfway to his mouth. "Sure, when I was younger, before I had a family. Young people take risks all the time. Why?"

"Dunno. Just wondering. Sometimes I feel like it wouldn't be so bad if I took a risk. Did something decidedly *unsafe*."

"I get it. It's natural, my only advice is to try your best to make sure the risks are worth it. Did you have anything in mind?"

"I'll tell you later," she said, winking saucily while looking around as if there were eavesdroppers.

Despite the atmosphere and the company, Abby just wanted to be back in the hotel room. When they were done eating, she took her dad's hand for the walk home.

The short trip back to the hotel seemed to take forever, as Abby contemplated her near future. She knew she had to tell him about her sabotage. How would he react? Each step to the elevator and down the hall to their door felt like a walk to her doom or salvation.

Inside the room, Abby took off her coat and stood waiting for her dad to do the same. He turned to her, and she marveled at how handsome he was. She stepped forward, planting a kiss on his mouth before he could say anything. She felt his hands settle on her hips, and he held her lightly.

The kiss developed quickly into a steamy press of lips and tongues. She felt him reach behind her to the zipper of her dress. The soft fabric loosened on her shoulders, allowing him to peel it off and down her arms.

Abby let her dress fall, heart thumping hard at what was coming.

When he saw what she had under her dress, he stepped back to get the full effect, his mouth dropping open. "Princess, you look amazing."

"Just amazing? Not sexy?" she faked a pout.

He grinned and said, "You look fucking sexy."

Abby caressed her breasts, running her hand over her nipples. They were encased in sheer black cloth which showed their shape and colour. Her small panties were the same, letting her father see her swollen labia.

As he watched, he undressed, and soon she felt her mouth water at seeing his cock come into the light, hard and throbbing already. Abby felt a twinge in her pussy as she imagined him in her. She stepped closer, taking his cock in her hand, running her fingers over his glans and spreading the seeping liquid she found all over him.

He pulled her bra down, giving him access to play with her sensitive tits. She moaned at his touch. She was in heat, and needed to be fucked.

Abby pulled him by the cock to the bed, but before she could kneel up onto it, he stopped her. With two quick motions, he stripped her panties off and unsnapped her bra, letting her breasts hang free.

"Works better if you're naked," he said, before kissing her.

She got caught up in the feel of him on her lips, his scent in her nose, his hands on her body. She tried to get away, to get on the bed, to make him follow her lead, but he refused. He had hold of her hips, her ass, her tits as he touched her everywhere. She could feel him poking her in the stomach, his drooling head leaving a trail of precum on her skin.

Finally, she managed to slip free and fall back onto the bed, but he followed, picking her legs up and spreading them wide for him to stand between. Abby watched, half afraid, as he towered over her. Her plans for what she was going to say and do flew out the window when he grabbed his dick and aimed himself for her entrance.

This wasn't going to plan at all. She'd wanted to take her time, seduce him, get him begging for her, but he was following his own script. Abby cried out when her father pressed his cock into her wet hole, spreading it wide to take his cock. He stopped with his head plugged into her pussy and bent over, kissing her hard.

The torture of feeling him in her entrance without going further was torture. Why was he doing this?

"Daddy," she whined, pulling her mouth from his. "Put it in!"

"You want it all?" he asked, nipping at her jawline and her neck.

Abby nodded, aching to feel him push in her.

He did, moving in an inch and then pulling back. Abby hunched her hips, trying to pull him in, and succeeded in taking in a few inches. She smiled to see her dad close his eyes, lost in the feel of her tight pussy around him. She pushed on the bed, shunting her body down, taking him in even more. It was her turn to close her eyes as she felt him fill her, stretch her, bottom out in her. The pleasant ache of being completely stuffed with cock was back.

"Daddy," she whispered, looking up at him again.

"Yes?"

Neither of them moved, but Abby locked her ankles behind his back anyways. "The risk I was talking about? I did something bad...I changed the calendar for Mom's app."

He opened his eyes and looked down at her, a frown forming on his handsome face. "You did? Why?"

"You always make sure I'm safe. You love me. You're the perfect man for me to be with, and I want to be with you as a woman in

every way." Abby clenched her kegel's for all she was worth, squeezing her dad's cock.

"You don't know what you're saying," he said, stopping to groan as she clamped down on his dick again.

"Yes, I do. I want you to come in my young, fertile womb." Abby lowered her eyes, biting her bottom lip. "I can feel it, Daddy. Every time you fuck me, it *might* be the time you give me your baby."

A hungry look came into his eye then, and he pulled out, easily breaking the hold she had on him with her legs. With swift movements, he lifted her legs under each knee, pushing them to her head. The result was her hips tilting up, presenting her vagina to him in a lewd display.

"Daddy, what -" she blurted, but he interrupted her by plunging his cock into her from above. With one swift push, he was in her again, even further than before.

Abby could feel him back at her squishy barrier, head tapping at the doorway to her fertile womb.

"Oh, Daddy!" she cried, as he started to fuck her in full strokes, shoving his thick cock deep inside of her over and over. The bed shook with the force of his fucking, and so did she, each thrust causing her body to recoil. Her breasts shook up and down on her chest, so she grabbed them, squeezing despite their tenderness.

Abby felt herself steadily climbing to an orgasm. Her father's reaction to finding out she was fertile was surprising, but she welcomed it. He was like an animal above her, grunting and sweating. She wanted to feel it all. His strength as he held her legs, his cock punching into her cervix, the wild look in his eyes as his face reddened with the effort of fucking her. It was all leading to one thing: her getting bred.

The fucking was fantastic, but she was interested in only one thing: the money shot. She needed it to happen to send her over the brink. When her dad, cock pistoning in and out of her wet pussy, finally groaned and pushed in one final time, Abby got her wish.

Seeming almost like a religious event, Abby watched her father tense up over her, his cock buried to the hilt. He grunted and groaned, and she felt each individual shot of his semen as it was sent into her womb. The knowledge he was giving her his baby overwhelmed Abby, and she came.

Abby had no control over her climax, as her body went to work, rolling her inner muscles, stroking her dad's cock, milking him for all he could produce. She cried out her love for him and her joy at having her desire so wonderfully satiated.

Once again, her father collapsed and fell next to her. His cock slipped from her cavern, a rush of fluids gushing from her gaping pussy. Abby wasn't worried about losing any of it. She knew the job was done.

As father and daughter lay side by side, recovering from their exertions, Abby thought about his aggressive reaction. Maybe she wasn't the only one who had a taste for impregnation? She reached for her father's hand and held it lightly. He returned the pressure.

"You surprised me. I was preparing for you to be angry," she said.

"Yeah. I surprised myself," he replied. "We've been obsessing about your mother's cycle for so long the idea of having sex when it's not safe fired me up."

Abby giggled, her tits jiggling gently. She watched him notice and reach up with one hand to cup her, playing with her nipple gently. She said, "So the taboo of fucking me, combined with the taboo of me ovulating drove you a bit crazy?"

"A bit, yeah, but you should have told me last night. Bad girl, not telling me then."

Abby blushed, an odd reaction given what they'd just done. "I was worried you'd react in a different way. It felt really good when you came in me. Can we do it again?"

Her dad chuckled, still playing with her breast. "Are you sure this is what you want?"

"More than anything. When you're not with me, or in me, I can't think of anything else." Abby hesitated, but forged forward to satisfy her curiosity. "Does Mom know?" she blurted out.

"About what?" he asked, startled by her change of subject.

"That you've been tracking my cycle with her app?"

He shook his head.

"Does she know about what we've been doing?"

"She knows you've been extra clingy. We talked about it, because Hank is doing the same with her. We decided to just let you both do your thing and not call unnecessary attention to it."

"And Mom doesn't know we've had sex?"

"Of course not."

"But Hank is being clingy with her...you don't think...?" A heat rose from Abby's neck to the back of her head, her ears ringing slightly with alarm. "It was Mom's idea for me to come here with you. What if they've been doing what we are?"

"Nooo, I'd know. There's no way, I mean, how could she have sex with Hank?"

"You're asking me? Your daughter, who you just got finished screwing?"

"But...she won't know the app is wrong. She could end up pregnant."

They lay side by side, neither moving, wondering private thoughts.

Hank and his mom spent the afternoon out shopping. She wanted to make dinner with him again and needed some supplies. He was happy to do anything with her, as long as he got to satisfy his desire to touch her, which she was happy to allow. They had to keep it in the house or the car, but he could still eye-fuck her to his heart's content in public. She giggled when she caught him staring in the grocery aisle or at the checkout.

Hank was still horny but his desire had at least calmed down enough for him to function like a normal human. He did his best to be helpful and keep his hands to himself in public. His mom did her best to keep him interested. She flirted by bending over a lot, lifting her arms up to reach top shelves to expose her tummy and underboob. She brushed her hand against his crotch, rubbed her tits on his arm and said things. A lot of things.

At the start of the trip, in the very first aisle they went down, Hank pushing an empty cart, she cooed at a baby in a stroller before walking on. When they were out of earshot, she bent over and said, "Ohhh, my ovaries!"

Hank laughed and they went on.

The next aisle over, she brushed her tit against his arm when putting a can of tomatoes in the cart. "Oh, whoops! Man, they are so sensitive! Reminds of how they felt when you were a baby, always suckling on them. You did love your mommy's boobs."

Hank cleared his throat and adjusted his pants. His mom didn't miss it, smiling with satisfaction.

As they continued on, she said, "Sometimes I wish I was having a third. It'd be so nice to have a little one around. Too bad there isn't someone around who could get me with child."

Hank had had enough. He waited until the aisle was clear before leaning to her ear. She stopped, waiting attentively. He felt like licking her perfectly shaped, cute lobes as he said, "I am going to tear your clothes off when we get home. I'm going to bend you over in the living room, with the curtains open, and I am going to fuck a baby into you. You are going to scream, 'My son is breeding me!' when I come in your hot cunt."

The next aisle over, when she had recovered, she asked him if it was possible for a woman's uterus to be thirsty. The glint in her eye told Hank she was enjoying the game very much. He stepped in and gave her a light smack on the ass. "If the mother of my future children is thirsty, I will be pleased to satisfy her thirst soon," he said.

To his surprise he got the same reaction as his promise to bend her over at home. When he raised an inquisitive eyebrow, she whispered, "The phrase 'mother of my future children' hit home. I am so turned on right now."

Finishing up the trip, they got through the checkout as fast as possible before hurrying to the car. Hank took his dick out and let her play with it like a gear shift as she drove, and soon were back home, groceries forgotten in the car in their haste to get to privacy.

True to his word, Hank pulled his mom to the living room and yanked open the curtains. She stood and gaped at him.

"You were serious?"

In reply, he pulled her shirt up and over her head, exposing her tits. He yanked her jeans and panties off and bent her over the couch. He could smell the waft of overheated pussy emanating from her and felt a surge in his already hard dick. Shoving his own pants down, he lined himself up and pushed into his mom's saturated vagina.

Cock plugged into his mom, Hank took a moment to take in the sight of her bent over in front of him, the wide window showing the street in front of their house. The street where anyone could walk by and see them fucking. He felt her clench once, signaling he should get going, so he did.

As he fucked her, he listened to the musical sound of her cries and gasps, sighs and moans. "Is this what you wanted?" he asked. "Are you ready for me to fuck a baby in you? Are you ready to feel my child growing in your belly?"

His own words, coupled with his mom bent over, submissively taking his cock, drove him over the edge. When he came, he heard her scream, "My son is breeding me!"

"What do you think the chances are?" Abby asked.

"About the same as us ending up as we are," her dad huffed.

"I'm going to have a baby brother or sister," she said in awe.

"And a son or a daughter," he puffed.

"You're going to be a grandpa," she whimpered. He was starting to get to her. Her pussy, already stuffed full of his baby batter, was going to be even fuller in a bit.

"And you're going to be an auntie and a mommy," he grunted.

She felt the moment her dad came in her again.

Only moments after the realization of what her mom and Hank could be up to, her dad had rolled her onto her knees and plunged his newly hard cock into her again. Abby knew she'd never get tired of this feeling, of being pumped full of her dad's cum.

When he was done, she fell forward onto the bed and curled up, protecting the valuable supply of sperm making its way to her egg.

"Should we tell them?" she asked, dreading the fallout of having put her mom in a position to get pregnant without her knowing. Her dad was again recovering next to her. She felt a wave of love for him at sharing this intimate post-coital moment, wanting to feel it just as much as his cock in her pussy.

"I guess we'd better. I'll text her about the app looking messed up, let her sort it out from there, just in case they're not fucking."

Hank was sure it had started as them indulging a newly discovered kink, however by the time Saturday was done he was fully invested in knocking his mom up. Each time he came, his cock pulsing to inseminate her, he felt a bit cheated by the fact she wasn't actually ovulating yet. He didn't mention it to her, but somehow he knew by her reactions she was thinking the same thing.

When she got a text late that night, he supposed anyone else would have reacted differently. Despair, anger, defiance, revulsion. Hank didn't know what the text said at first, but he could tell it was a shock by the way her mouth dropped open.

She looked up from her phone at him. They were once again cuddled up spooning on one of the couches, lazily fooling around while naked, without getting serious about fucking. Yet. He raised an eyebrow to ask what the text said, intrigued by her reaction.

"It's from your dad," she said.

Hank felt a wave of uneasiness laying naked next to his lover with his dick planted between her ass cheeks, hearing about her husband. "What'd he say?"

"You know the app I use to track my cycle?"

"Yeah..."

"He thinks the calendar might be off."

Hank took a bit to understand what she was saying. "Off how?"

"Those signs you noted, that I brushed off? They're real."

He flashed back to the last day and a half of fucking they'd done, each time resulting in him emptying himself in her. "You mean you're..."

"Ovulating, yes."

Reality crashed in on Hank then. "Oh. How did the app mess that up?"

"I'm not sure. It requires input from me occasionally, to keep it correct, but it's been rock solid for years. I know your dad wouldn't touch it."

"Damn it," he said.

"Is it so bad?" she asked quietly.

"It's not bad. I just realized that this whole time we've been doing it for real, but thinking we weren't. It'd have been way better if we knew, you know?"

"Yeah," she said, a small smile on her lips.

They lay together, each lost in their own thoughts. After a bit, he said, "But, what if you're not?"

She looked back at him. "If I'm not?"

"Yeah. What if, after all that work, you're still not pregnant?"

A smile gradually grew on her face. "You mean, it's possible, even though I'm ovulating, and you've been pumping me full of your cum, I may not actually be pregnant?"

"Yeah."

"That would mean every time we have sex now, there's a chance of me getting pregnant."

Hank thrust his groin against her ass. "Every time."

"Fuck. If you were to put your penis inside me right now and spew your load, it might get me pregnant."

His mom lifted her upper leg, giving him room to find the entrance to her genuinely fertile womb. He pressed his cock forward and felt her hand guide him in.

It was a quick fuck, but satisfying. Hank held onto his mom's breasts with both hands while he thrust into her over and over. When he was close, he warned her in a low voice near her ear. "I'm coming in you."

"You really are breeding me," she moaned.

He hugged her tightly, pelvis pressed into her luscious ass, cock deep in her pussy as he came, giving her all he had. When he had recovered his breathing, he said, "Do you think that was the one? I think it was."

She giggled, "Well, we won't know until I take a test."

"Ha, if dad hadn't noticed the app was off, we wouldn't even know to test. Wait...how *did* he notice? Why would he check the app while at a work conference?"

His mom turned to look at him, the movement causing him to slip from her. She searched his face before saying, "I'm not sure if I should say, but I guess it'll come out on its own anyway. The app works for tracking more than my cycle. Your sister and I are synced that way. Women living together tend to match up."

"The app shows when Abby is ovulating too? Why would dad need to know that?"

"We use the app to show when it's safe to have sex."

"Right. But you're here."

"And Abby is there...with him."

It hit him suddenly. "Dad and Abby?"

His mom nodded.

"I just can't...imagine it. How do you know?"

"Your dad isn't very good at containing himself when it comes to having sex. He practically glowed for hours the first time, which, coincidentally, happens to be the same day we had our first time."

"At Christmas..."

She nodded.

"Wow. Wait, if you need to take a test, won't she have to take one as well, if the app is off for both of you?"

"Yep." After a bit, she continued in a lower voice, turning to speak directly into his ear. "If she caught, she'll be going through the same

bodily changes as me. Her tummy will grow, along with her breasts. A child will grow in her womb. The only difference is who the father is."

Abby and her dad got home late Sunday. She'd spent the day packing up and checking out of the hotel before going to the mall to wait for her dad to be done with his meetings. It hadn't been time wasted. There was a maternity store she spent quite some time browsing. Some of the clothes were awful, but some were cute. She bought a tank top which said, 'Baby on board', feeling a naughty shiver when she bought it; the clerk had no idea whose sperm was swimming in her womb at that moment.

She wore it out of the store, feeling a glow of power from the secret she was keeping. When her dad picked her up later on, she giggled at his expression. "Do you like it?" she asked.

"I...don't know. Part of me does. Part of me is terrified of what your mom would do if she saw it."

"Did she text you back after you warned her about the app?" Abby sobered up, knowing there was a bill coming due for what she'd done.

"Just 'thanks'. She's already fixed the calendar. I checked."

"Oh. Is that good or bad? I guess if my meddling had caused an issue, you'd have heard about it."

"She doesn't know you did anything. As far as she knows, it was a bug in the app or something."

Abby wasn't sure if she felt better or not. It had never occurred to her that her mom might be in danger of getting pregnant if her

husband was out of town. "I feel bad. If Mom ends up in 'the family way' because I wanted a thrill, it'll be all my fault."

"Well, yes, but also no. You didn't force her to have sex, if she did, and she's a grown woman. Besides, she's always had a pregnancy kink. She might even welcome it."

"Really? I didn't know."

He smiled and took her hand as they entered the parking lot of the mall. "No reason you should. That stuff is private, between lovers."

Abby immediately felt better when he touched her, a warm glow suffusing her chest. It didn't matter if her mom did get upset, he would protect her. They'd see how things lay when they got home.

A quick trip to get some fast-food, and they were on the road. Abby couldn't help smiling when she thought of the past 48 hours. She was satisfied in a way she hadn't been since Christmas. She knew she couldn't wear her new maternity shirt at home - yet - so she took it off and enjoyed another few hours of being ogled by her father.

Abby's anxiety about the situation rose to its highest point when they pulled into their driveway. She pulled a shirt and bra from her bag and dressed in the car while breathing quickly.

"Hey," her dad said. "Relax. If there's anything to worry about, we'll figure it out together, as a family. Your mom's not a monster."

She nodded once in response and gave him a wan smile. "What are we going with? Happy, fun weekend?"

"Sounds good, cause that's what I'm remembering."

"Kay."

Bags in hand, they walked up to the front door.

Somehow, when Abby and Greg came home, the family continued on as if nothing had happened. Hank and Andrea greeted the returning duo as if nothing had changed in their lives.

For Hank's part, he felt adrift after the weekend was over. To be so intimate with someone and then have it cut off abruptly was a shock to the system. He kept expecting to be able to take his mom into his arms, or for her to greet him with a kiss, even a long hug, but nothing. He knew there was an unspoken method to the madness, that by staying silent and playing mother and son, the family unit would keep on keeping on. He couldn't help it, he wanted more.

Agonizing weeks passed. Weeks of frustrated desire. Weeks of wanting, of sharing brief glances over dinner, of revisiting memories of him in bed with his mom. Weeks of watching his sister and his dad for signs his mom was right, that they were fucking. If they were, they were hiding it well.

His sister still flirted shamelessly, but he still hung around his mom constantly, so he didn't have room to criticize. There was just no smoking gun to point to, to say 'aha, I knew it!' Just as he and his mom didn't cross any lines, nor did they.

It seemed like life would just flow on as it always had until there was another alignment of the stars to let the two pairs split off again to indulge...carnally. Of course, things weren't the same.

Hank was in the living room, watching some hockey, when his mom walked in. That wasn't unusual, but he took the time to check her out, taking in her hip-hugging sweats and her thick sweater. The unusual bit was when she walked over to the couch Hank was sitting on and sat down at the other end. He looked at her, eyebrows raised.

Looking around to make sure they were alone, he said, "You don't usually sit there."

"It's an unusual time," she murmured. Her eyes were locked on the TV, but she flicked a glance his way a few times.

He copied her, watching the TV again. "Is it?" He saw her nod out of the corner of his eye.

"I'm sure you remember a bit ago, when you were doing your best to put me in the family way?"

Instant steel. Hank had to adjust how he was sitting to accommodate the bar in his underwear. "I do."

"Well, you did it right. I missed my period."

He had to clear his throat before speaking, and his face flooded with heat. "Is it certain?"

She nodded and held up a white and blue plastic stick. "My tits are sore, and I'm getting tired easier. It's the same stuff as when I was with you and Abby."

They were still talking low, keeping under the noise of the play-by-play announcer on the TV. Hank wanted to do *something*. Jump up and shout, hug his mom, kiss her, fuck her, fight for her, *anything*. Instead, he said, "How do you feel about it?"

"Mixed feelings. Joy, unease, fear, anticipation. Mostly I want to tear your clothes off and fuck you."

Hank grinned despite the need to act normal. "I feel the same. What do we do?"

"I'm not going to be able to hide it forever. Do we get ahead of the news, or delay?"

"What are the chances Abby is as well? She's seemed pretty normal since they got back."

"She should have gotten her period last week too, but if she did I couldn't see it."

Hank watched more hockey. He'd never felt closer to anyone in his life, but was forced to stay at his end of the couch.

While they sat together and apart, Abby appeared in the doorway to the living room. She spotted her mom and walked directly up to her, wordlessly holding out a plastic stick. After a moment's hesitation, Andrea held out her own stick.

Hank couldn't help the smile from spreading on his face when Abby grinned and threw herself at her mother. The two hugged tightly, laughing and babbling.

Abby had been a bit nervous confronting her mom like she did, but knew as soon as the little blue 'plus' showed up there was no one else she wanted to tell. To see her mom had one of her own just added to the joy.

Within the space of mere moments, they had started to discuss their future pregnancies and what they would need. It was only a throwaway comment by her mom which reminded Abby there was someone else who should know the good news.

He was out golfing, but when he got back, she tackled him at the door, wearing the tank top she'd bought at the mall.

"Guess what?" she asked, arms and legs wrapped around her dad. He was holding her up by her ass, but looking around warily to see if anyone saw them.

"Read my shirt." Her eyes flicked back and forth between his, trying to see the moment of revelation. Her mom had warned her he might not be as happy as they were, and it might take time to get him to come round. Abby had a different opinion.

Her prediction was borne out when he grinned and pushed forward for a kiss, capturing her lips in his, his hands fiercely gripping her buttocks. She felt her pussy flood with desire after not being kissed or held for weeks.

Hank and Andrea had given her privacy to tell him, so she took the opportunity to say, "You are going to fuck your pregnant daughter tonight, no arguments."

He chuckled and said, "We'll see. Your mom might have other ideas. This will be a shock."

"She suggested it."

His face slackened with shock, which was exactly the reaction she'd been hoping for. "She knows?"

Abby nodded. "Guess what? She's pregnant too."

"Wow!" A moment of thought and then he said, "I guess the Jenkins family is going to get bigger."

Abby hugged him around the neck, squeezing, feeling her tender boobs push against his chest.

The family met in the living room. The new relationships were discussed, as well as the old. Greg and Andrea presented a united front in setting their relationship as the primary. Despite how far they had gone with their offspring, they still loved each other and had no intention of divorcing.

That left Hank and Abby with whatever time could be carved out around the existing couple's time together. It was exactly what had been going on already, but the siblings had felt like they might get more consideration and were a bit grumpy. Abby in particular didn't feel it was fair she would only get spare time from the person who had knocked her up.

After some discussion, a compromise was reached, where a couple nights during the week would be designated 'alternative couple' time, and one weekend a month. Any deviation from the schedule would require approval from everyone else.

Hank brought up PDAs. Abby already had her mitts on Greg constantly, it should be okay for him to show his love for Andrea. PDAs were approved, as long as it didn't go too far, unless it was one of the preapproved days.

Abby insisted that very day be an approved day, as it had been weeks. Literally *weeks*! Everyone laughed and agreed. Thus, the evening found Hank nervously waiting for his mother in his room, while Abby put on the panties and bra she'd worn on the work trip. She briefly lamented it would soon not fit anymore, but discarded the thought when her dad stepped in her room and tore it off her body.

The sounds of lovemaking filled the air in the house that night, both pairs seemingly trying to outdo the other. When silence once again settled, both couples fell asleep, sweaty limbs entwined, happy smiles covering their faces.