LOVE SWAP FAMILY

A NOVEL

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CHAPTER 1

The King Game

New Year's Eve.

A luxury condo on the outskirts of a major American city.

In the living room, the expensive mahogany dining table still held the remnants of the holiday dinner. Fine porcelain plates were scattered with picked-over bones. The air carried the sharp scent of high-end whiskey, the rich sweetness of seafood, and something far more suffocating:

Silence.

This place, on the city's edge, was the symbol of everything Richard "Rich" Hale had spent half his life clawing to build. Right now it felt more like a gilded cage, trapping the four of them inside something that only barely passed for family.

"Ethan. Did you even hear a word of what I said?"

Rich finally broke the silence. His voice stayed low, but the authority in it left no room for argument.

He was a man pushing fifty. He leaned back in the chair beside the table, silver just beginning to show at the temples of his carefully combed hair. The dark, tailored cashmere sweater he wore only made

him look more like the patriarch who still expected every word to be final. His eyes, though, weren't on his son. They drifted, almost casually, across the table to his daughter-in-law, Sophie.

Ethan didn't meet his father's gaze. He turned an empty glass between his fingers, shoulders slumping a little.

"Dad… it's not something we can force."

Helen Hale, sitting next to her husband, didn't let the silence linger.

"Not something you can force? You've been married almost two years. You're twenty-five. Sophie's twenty-three. What's the hold-up?"

For the holiday she'd put on a deep sapphire velvet dress, the neckline and cuffs edged in fine lace. Her skin was still fair, her features sharp and elegant even with the lines that had begun to settle. Middle age had only made her fuller, more voluptuous; the dress pulled snug across her chest, offering a glimpse of pale skin. The mouth painted in a muted rose shade delivered the words like needles. No one at the table wanted to meet her eyes.

Helen looked at her son, voice cold.

"When I was your age I'd already had you. A house without a child's laughter isn't a home. It's just a building."

Under the table, Sophie's hand clenched hard enough that her nails bit into her palm. The sting kept her from snapping out loud.

Can't we just have one goddamn New Year's without this? Is that too much to ask?

Women notice when eyes stay on them too long.

In that moment Sophie felt it again—her father-in-law's gaze settling on her. She told herself it was just the same heavy, judgmental stare he used on everyone when he wanted something done. It only made the resentment burn hotter.

Having a kid isn't only on me. Why the hell does he keep looking at me instead of dealing with his precious son?

What she didn't catch was the quality of the look. It wasn't simple irritation. It was measuring. Appraising. It moved from her face, down the long line of her neck, and stopped on the heavy swell of her breasts.

Sophie had dressed for comfort and for the night. The deep burgundy silk slip clung to her, thin enough that the warm indoor air felt almost

unnecessary, and she'd only draped a matching sheer robe over it. Nothing that would raise eyebrows at a holiday dinner, but more than enough to trace every curve she'd always been proud of. Her full breasts pushed the silk into a slow, deliberate rise and fall each time she tried to swallow her anger. Against the rich red, her pale skin looked almost luminous—young, alive, impossible to ignore.

Rich's throat moved once, almost invisibly. He lifted his glass and took a drink to cover the flicker that crossed his eyes, a flicker he refused to examine too closely.

He wanted a grandchild. Of course he did. But looking at the woman sitting across from him, the thought that kept slipping in was uglier and harder to kill:

Ground this fertile… and nothing's taken root. Is the seed the problem, or the soil?

The idea left a restless heat under his skin.

"Dad. Mom. Sophie's under enough pressure already. It's New Year's. Can we drop it?"

Ethan finally spoke up, feeling the tension radiating off his wife.

Helen's brows drew together. She wasn't finished.

"Pressure? In my day a woman had children. That was the job. What pressure?"

She glanced at her husband. When Rich gave the smallest nod, her voice sharpened.

"I think you two just like your freedom too much. Don't want anything getting in the way of it."

"Mom—"

Ethan's face tightened.

Rich's palm hit the table, sharp and final.

"Enough."

His eyes cut to Sophie, cold and clear. The message needed no words: this was on her.

Something in Sophie finally snapped.

She was an only child. At her own parents' house she'd never had to sit and swallow this kind of quiet, grinding judgment. The whiskey she'd already drunk sat warm in her stomach and made the edges of

everything sharper, more direct. She was done playing the polite daughter-in-law in this suffocating little trial.

She needed something that would crack the surface.

A short, clear laugh left her. It wasn't soft.

Under the startled looks of the other three, she lifted her wine glass and drained what was left. Color rose high on her cheeks. Her eyes went bright and a little reckless.

"Dad. Mom. It's New Year's Eve. All this talk is just depressing."

She set the glass down.

"Why don't we play a game?"

Her voice had gone softer, almost playful, each word light enough to brush skin.

"A game?" Helen's frown deepened.

"Yeah."

Sophie leaned forward. The movement pressed her breasts together, deepening the shadowed valley between them until the pale skin nearly glowed under the lights.

"One of those King games. People play it overseas. It's… intense."

"King game?"

Rich repeated the words. The unfamiliar idea caught somewhere in him that his usual, carefully ordered life never reached.

Ethan watched his wife with open worry. He knew the signs. Sophie got like this when she'd had too much—bright, sharp, ready to burn

something down. She'd been that way when they first met. After the wedding, once the pressure to have a child started, she'd dialed it back. Tonight the old version of her had stepped back into the room.

He started to speak. One look from her stopped him. There was hurt in her eyes, and anger, and a reckless *fuck it* that said she was past caring how this ended.

Sophie ignored him and kept going, almost cheerful now.

"Rules are simple. Four of us. We use cards or draw lots. Whoever pulls the King can order anyone else to do whatever they want. No refusals. No negotiating."

She turned her head, the challenge aimed straight at Rich.

"You in?"

The look said the rest: *You like giving orders so much at the office. You still want to run the house too? Let's see.*

"This is ridiculous," Helen said at once. "What kind of game is that? No structure, no boundaries—"

"Mom, it's just a game. For fun."

Sophie laughed, brighter now. She stood, circled behind her mother-in-law, and draped her arms lightly over Helen's shoulders in a playful half-hug.

"If you sit it out it'll be boring. And hey—what if you draw King? You could make Dad rub your feet if you wanted."

Helen's expression eased a fraction, though she still looked uncertain.

Every eye ended up on Rich.

He was the one who actually ran the house.

He stayed quiet, tapping a slow rhythm on the table with one finger. Under the weight of the three stares, his attention drifted back to Sophie.

Tonight she looked like a rose with the thorns still on it. Dangerous. Impossible to stop watching. The phrase she'd used—*anything* and *no refusals*—kept circling in his head.

He thought about the flat, unchanging shape of his days.

He thought about Helen's body, familiar and long past any real pull.

He looked at the pale skin and the heavy, silk-strained breasts across from him.

Something low and hungry stirred under the years of control.

Maybe the house needs a different kind of noise for once. Let's see how far this bold little daughter-in-law is actually willing to go.

"Fine."

The single word landed cleanly.

Helen stared at her husband, clearly not believing he'd agreed to something so absurd. Ethan looked just as stunned.

Only Sophie's smile widened. Underneath it, though, a thin thread of nerves and anticipation pulled tight. She felt like a kid who'd just cracked open a box she wasn't supposed to touch—excited, a little afraid, with no idea what was about to come out.

"Then it's settled."

She clapped her hands once. "I'll get the cards. Game starts now."

She turned and walked toward the cabinet against the wall.

The silk slip moved with her. The sway of her hips and the lift of her ass under the thin fabric drew a slow, deliberate line through the room. Rich's eyes followed the whole way. The look in them had gone darker, heavier.

It had been a long time since he'd felt his body respond like this—raw, male, uncomplicated. He could already picture what was under that thin layer of silk: soft, warm, alive.

The game hadn't even started.

And the night already felt different.

CHAPTER 2

Starting to Lose Control

Sophie came back.

Four playing cards pinched between her fingers like a dealer about to deal a hand. She walked back to the table with a deliberate sway in her hips, cheeks flushed from the whiskey, eyes bright and sharp. The alcohol wasn't dulling her. It was stripping the last of the polite mask away.

She laid the cards face-down on the empty corner of the table: one King, and the two, three, and four.

She looked around at the three of them, excitement plain on her face.

"Rules one more time. Whoever draws the King is in charge. The King can order two, three, or four—any one of them, or all of them—to do anything. No refusals. No bargaining. Clear?"

Helen gave a short, dismissive hum and said nothing. That was as close as she'd get to agreement.

Ethan watched his wife with pure helpless frustration. The look said *please stop before this goes somewhere we can't walk back from*.

Rich stayed leaned back in his chair, expression unreadable. Only the faint gleam in his eyes gave anything away.

Sophie nodded, satisfied. She hovered her hand over the cards, then drew one.

“Alright. Let’s start. I’ll go first.”

The others drew in turn.

“Show.”

Her voice carried a thin edge of anticipation. She flipped her card.

Black four.

The others followed. Ethan had the red two. Helen the club three. Rich turned his last, slow and deliberate.

Diamond King.

The first King was the man who already ran the house.

The air tightened.

Sophie’s smile froze for a second. She hadn’t expected her father-in-law to hold the power on the opening round.

Helen looked faintly relieved. Her husband as King meant things would stay within reason.

Ethan dropped his gaze, a cold knot forming in his stomach.

Rich tapped the card once with his fingertip, eyes moving across the three faces. He didn’t give an order right away. He sat in the feeling of absolute control for a moment longer. His gaze lingered longest on Sophie. The burgundy silk slip was doing too much work. One thin strap sat on the curve of her shoulder. She was half-leaning on the table, and the angle had pushed nearly half of one breast free of the fabric, the deep shadowed line between them impossible to ignore.

Rich felt his throat go dry. No one else seemed to notice where his eyes had settled. He still had enough restraint not to point the first order at her.

He picked a number almost at random.

“Three. Pour me a drink.”

Helen blinked, then rolled her eyes. She reached for the whiskey bottle and filled his glass without much enthusiasm.

“Really? That’s what you use it for?”

She muttered it, but she still did it.

The first round ended with almost nothing happening. The tension eased a little. Helen even started to think the game might not be completely pointless.

“Shuffle! Next round!”

Sophie was already gathering the cards, more eager than anyone else. She mixed them carelessly and spread them again.

This time they drew almost together.

"Let's see who—"

Helen slapped her card down before Sophie finished the sentence.

Diamond King.

"My turn."

A rare smile crossed Helen's face. Her eyes moved between her son and her daughter-in-law, then settled on Sophie. Sophie's stomach tightened. There was something sharp and retaliatory in her mother-in-law's expression. She instinctively pulled the sheer robe a little tighter across her chest. The motion only made the heavy swell beneath it more obvious.

Helen drew the words out.

"King's order… Two. Go put on that black lace nightgown."

She meant the one Sophie had bought recently. Helen had seen it when Sophie unpacked and had made her opinion clear with a single disapproving glance.

Ethan's face went red. "Mom, that's—"

"Quiet. Rules are rules. No refusals."

Helen cut him off, looking pleased with herself. She wanted to take some of the edge off her daughter-in-law.

Sophie's expression shifted, then she smiled again. She stood, tilted her head, and gave Helen a slow, deliberate look.

"Yes, ma'am. Whatever the Queen commands."

The voice was soft and deliberately sweet. Both men felt it. Even Helen's expression flickered.

For a second Helen wondered if she'd overplayed it. Sophie was already turning, hips moving as she headed upstairs.

The living room went quiet.

Ethan shifted in his seat, uneasy. Rich held his glass and watched the stairs, expression closed.

A few minutes later Sophie reappeared.

The moment she started down the stairs both men stopped breathing for a beat.

The black slip was shorter and thinner than the burgundy one. The hem barely covered the lower curve of her ass. Her long, pale legs were completely bare. The top was sheer black lace that wrapped her breasts without really hiding them; more than half of each was visible, the dark lace against pale skin creating a sharp contrast. If anyone looked closely enough, the shape of her nipples was clear through the fabric.

Sophie seemed satisfied with the reaction. She turned once in the middle of the room on purpose. The short skirt lifted with the motion, flashing the edge of matching black lace underwear.

"Well, Mom? Happy?"

Her voice was light. Her eyes, though, cut toward Rich.

Rich felt the impact low in his chest. His fingers tightened around the glass until the knuckles showed. In that moment she didn't look like his daughter-in-law. She looked like something designed to pull every thread of self-control a man still had left. The thing inside him that had stirred earlier was no longer quiet.

Helen hadn't expected the result to land this hard. The order that was supposed to put Sophie in her place had instead given her a stage.

Kids these days have no shame…

The thought came automatically. Then another followed, unwanted: when she was younger her own figure hadn't been that different. She'd just never worn anything like this. For a second she wondered what she

would look like in something similar. The idea made her face heat. She was forty-five. Almost a grandmother. Comparing herself to her son's wife was ridiculous. She cleared her throat and waved a hand.

"Alright, alright. Sit down. Next round."

The cards were shuffled again.

No one spoke this time. The atmosphere had turned thick and strange. Each of them drew with their own private calculations running.

Sophie was two. Ethan was three. Helen looked at her four, then up at her husband.

Rich turned his card over.

King again.

His eyes were no longer guarded. The want in them was open and heavy when it settled on Sophie. She felt the weight of it and almost lifted a hand to cover herself. Then she decided that would look like retreat. She straightened instead, letting the black lace and what it barely contained sit more fully in view.

"My order…"

Rich's voice had gone rougher. He wet his lips, glance moving between Sophie and Helen, then delivered the line that froze the room.

"…Two and four. Kiss."

Two was Sophie. Four was Helen.

Mother-in-law and daughter-in-law.

"Richard, have you lost your mind?"

Helen was on her feet immediately, voice sharp, chest rising hard under the velvet dress. She pointed at him.

"What the hell is wrong with you? That's not a joke!"

Ethan stared, mouth open, nothing coming out. The order had crossed out of anything that could still be called a game. It carried a deliberate, ugly edge. Looking at his father's flat expression, the old childhood fear moved through him again—the sense that when that face went cold, something unpleasant was coming, whether or not it actually did.

Sophie was the only one who stayed relatively steady. Her mind moved fast.

This wasn't simple humiliation. It was a test. If she refused, the game ended. She went back to being the daughter-in-law who sat quietly while the two of them picked at her across the dinner table. If she accepted…

She looked at Helen's furious face, at Ethan's stunned one, then met Rich's eyes. This time she read them clearly. Power. The thrill of breaking something that shouldn't be broken. And under both, a direct, hungry interest in her body.

The rebellion that had started the game earlier flared harder.

You want a show? Fine.

"Mom, don't get mad," she said. "Dad's King. We follow the rules, right?"

She stood. The short black slip rode high on her thighs as she walked toward Helen.

"Don't you come near me."

Helen backed up, voice tight.

Sophie kept coming. She was taller. She stopped close enough that Helen could smell the expensive perfume mixed with the sharp edge of her own fear.

"Sophie, don't you dare—"

Sophie smiled and reached out, resting her hands lightly on Helen's shoulders. Helen went rigid. Sophie could feel the soft give of the older woman's shoulder under the dress. She leaned in. The movement brought the lace-covered weight of her breasts close enough that they nearly brushed Helen's arm. Both Rich and Ethan were staring at the pale skin and the deep shadowed line between them.

Sophie's lips touched Helen's cheek. Soft. Brief. Almost careful.

Helen flinched like she'd been shocked. She had never been kissed by another woman, let alone by her son's wife. The contact itself wasn't unpleasant—just warm and strange—and her mind went blank for a second.

Sophie straightened, the small victorious smile still on her face. She looked at Rich. The look said the order was finished.

Rich's pulse was loud in his ears. He watched the color high on Sophie's cheeks and the way the black lace framed her breasts, and the want that had been building all night sharpened into something harder

to manage. He wanted her. Right now. The cost had stopped mattering as much as it should have.

Ethan had watched the whole thing too.

His wife—the woman who slept beside him, whose body he knew better than anyone—had just kissed his mother. The image hit hard: the curve of her ass under the short black slip as she leaned, the pale swell of her chest nearly against Helen, the soft press of her mouth on his mother's cheek.

It was wrong. It was too much. It was—

His body reacted before his mind could catch up. Heat flooded downward. He felt himself harden, sudden and unmistakable, against the front of his trousers. No one had touched him. The sight alone had done it.

He went pale. He pressed his thighs together under the table, trying to hide it, and felt a wave of self-disgust rise right alongside the unwanted throb. He couldn't look at anyone. He kept his head down, trapped between shame and the fact that his cock was still hard.

The game had already slipped past the point where anyone could still call it controlled.

CHAPTER 3

The King's Shame

The soft kiss Sophie had pressed to Helen's cheek hung in the room like something that had just detonated.

Helen jerked back as if she'd been stung. Her face was a mix of disgust and pure shock. She covered the spot with her hand like the contact had left something unclean on her skin.

Rich stayed leaned in his chair, throat working. The heat in his eyes had only sharpened. He looked at Sophie the way he looked at a deal he'd already closed—something he'd tested, marked, and now owned in the only way that mattered to him. Same instinct that had served him in business. Nothing more complicated than that.

Sophie stood in the middle of the living room like a black rose that had decided to bloom after dark. The sheer lace slip traced every line of her body. Pale skin showed through the black in flashes. Her breasts rose and fell with her breathing, each small shift landing somewhere behind the ribs of both men watching her.

She liked the feeling of having the room in her hands. Especially the open, unguarded want on her father-in-law's face. A sharp, petty satisfaction moved through her.

Old man used to sit there like he owned the air. Look at him now.

No one was watching Ethan.

He sat with his head down, hair falling over his eyes, the rest of him somewhere else. Under the table his cock was painfully hard. Not the soft, half-interested state it usually managed with Sophie. This was different—pure, stupid, physical. The sight of his wife kissing his mother had done it. The tip was already wet enough to dampen his underwear. The ache was unfamiliar and it scared him.

He loved Sophie. He also hadn't felt this kind of raw want for her in a long time. Two years of marriage. Hundreds of nights that had settled into something dutiful and quiet. His body had stopped rising to the occasion more often than not. Now, just watching her mouth touch his

mother's cheek, it had woken up hard and mean and full of the wrong kind of heat.

Images he'd never admitted out loud started moving through his head. Late-night forums. Threads with titles that used words like *hotwife* and *cuckold* and *NTR*. He'd always told himself the men posting those stories were pathetic. He'd still clicked. Still looked. Still felt his cock thicken while he read about other men's wives getting used by someone else. He'd never once thought those dirty, private pictures would ever line up with his own life.

Right now his father was the "someone else."

Ethan risked a glance. Rich's eyes were openly greedy. They moved over Sophie's long legs, the tight curve of her ass under the short black slip, and locked on her breasts where the lace was doing almost nothing to contain them. Pure male hunger. No apology in it.

Sophie didn't look away. She held the stare. The corner of her mouth lifted, small and sharp.

She liked being looked at like that.

Jealousy, anger, and humiliation hit Ethan at once. Under them, worse, was a low, sick pulse of excitement that made his stomach turn. The thought came before he could kill it: what if his father actually did something to her? What if that stronger, older body pinned Sophie down and—

His cock jumped hard enough to hurt.

No. No.

He had to do something. Take the power back. Break the shape of whatever this was becoming.

"Next round!"

Sophie's voice cut through again, bright and relentless. She gathered the cards and shuffled fast, the sound sharp against the quiet. The cards hit the table once more.

Ethan's hand shook when he reached. He needed the King. Needed control. He stared at the four cards and drew on pure instinct.

Everyone held still when the cards turned.

Rich was two. Sophie was three. Helen was four.

Ethan flipped his own with the last of his nerve.

A bright red King.

Power slammed back into his hands. For a second the relief was almost dizzying. His cock, still hard under the table, felt like it had just been given permission. He lifted his head and looked at his father and his wife for the first time all night without flinching.

He was going to use it. Make his father kneel. Make Sophie do something filthy, something that belonged only between the two of them, right here in front of his parents. That would fix it. That would put everything back where it belonged.

His eyes locked on Sophie—number three.

"King's order… three and four…"

The second the words left his mouth he knew he'd fucked it.

He'd meant only Sophie. Stress had shoved Helen's number out with hers. Three and four. Wife and mother. Again.

The room went dead quiet.

Helen stared at her son like he'd just proven every low opinion she'd ever had of him. Rich's brow creased, disappointment clear. Sophie blinked, then laughed—bright, open, the motion making her breasts shift hard under the lace. Both men felt it.

"Husband," she said, voice sweet and drawn out, "what exactly did you want us to do?"

Ethan's face burned. There was no take-back in the rules. He opened his mouth and nothing useful came out.

"If His Majesty can't decide," Sophie offered, eyes glittering, "I can help."

She paused like she was thinking, then looked between Rich and Helen.

“Wait. You meant two and four, didn’t you?”

Two was Rich. Four was Helen.

Ethan nodded before he could stop himself. He just wanted the moment to end. His earlier surge of power was already leaking away; his cock had softened with it.

Sophie clapped once, smiling.

“Perfect. King’s order: number two, Richard Hale, and number four, Helen Hale… kiss.”

It sounded almost reasonable. Married people kissed. Helen’s shoulders dropped a fraction. Awkward, but better than kissing her daughter-in-law again. Rich said nothing. He only looked at Sophie for a long second. He understood exactly what she was doing—cleaning up Ethan’s mistake while quietly taking the wheel.

Helen stood, crossed to her husband, and gave him a quick, duty-bound peck on the cheek.

“No.”

Every head turned to Sophie.

“That’s not going to work.” She shook her finger, smile turning sharper. “When I kissed Mom it was just the cheek. We’re mother-in-law and daughter-in-law. You two are married. You don’t get to half-ass it.”

Her eyes moved between them, playful and a little cruel.

“My suggestion: if you’re husband and wife, it has to be mouth to mouth. And it has to be a real kiss. Deep.”

The room cracked open around the words.

CHAPTER 4

Declaration of Desire

Sophie's words—*if you're husband and wife, it has to be mouth to mouth, and it has to be deep*—split the already strained air.

Parents didn't do this in front of their kids.

"Sophie! You crazy little—have you lost every shred of shame?"

Helen's voice cracked high and raw. The careful composure she usually wore like armor was gone. The velvet dress strained across her chest as she shook, one finger jabbing toward Sophie.

"You've dragged this family's name through the dirt!"

Ethan thought his wife had finally gone too far. The suggestion wasn't a game anymore. It was open humiliation of his mother and a direct shove at his father. But when he looked at Sophie's face—calm, faintly smiling, still beautiful enough to stop the room—what rose in him wasn't clean anger. It was fear braided with something uglier and hungrier. He wanted to see what happened next.

Rich, the man who had spent decades making sure his word ended arguments, didn't explode.

He blinked once. Then the corner of his mouth lifted into a slow, predatory curve. His eyes stayed on Sophie. The look said the rest: *Interesting. Very interesting.*

She was bolder than he'd credited her. She knew exactly where to press. Not a quiet little songbird. Something with claws that enjoyed testing the edge of a man's control. The realization hit him low and hot.

His whole life had run on power and appetite. In business he'd been decisive, and the money had followed. In private the same drive lived under his clothes. Even pushing fifty, his cock still carried the same restless need to take and claim. Helen had never met it. Beautiful and proper in public, ice in bed. Every time he fucked her she lay there like she was finishing a chore—body stiff, responses minimal. He moved inside her and felt nothing but obligation. He'd spent years wanting her to moan, to move, to spread her legs and press those full breasts against his chest like she actually wanted it. It had stayed a fantasy. Long

repression had twisted something in him. The things he couldn't have, he wanted harder. He needed a woman who could strike a match against him, challenge him, maybe even play on the same side of the line.

Sophie had walked into that empty space years ago in a tight dress, face striking, breasts heavy, legs long, eyes sharp with the same restless ambition he recognized in himself. He'd known then they were cut from similar cloth. Tonight—from the burgundy silk to the black lace to this order—she'd been striking the exact rhythm his body answered. He was certain now. She wasn't trying to humiliate Helen. She was offering him a different kind of invitation. Power, lines, and want, all moving together.

"This is insane. I won't do it."

Helen was still fighting.

Rich stood. The height and the quiet certainty of him filled the space. He ignored his wife and looked toward his son.

Ethan spoke.

"Mom."

His voice was low, but it cut clean through her resistance. He met her eyes, expression complicated.

"When Sophie kissed you, you were the one talking about rules. Now it's your turn and the rules don't apply? You've spent all night using my life as leverage. You can't even follow through on this?"

The words landed like a slap. Helen's face went from red to pale to something colder. She had used the game to force Sophie into the lace. She had enjoyed the edge of it. Backing out now, in front of her son and that woman, would cost her the last of her dignity. Her chest rose and fell hard. Finally she closed her eyes, voice thin.

"…Fine."

One word. Full surrender.

Rich smiled. He stepped in, arm sliding around Helen's waist. She went rigid. It didn't matter. He tipped her chin up.

"Look at me."

She opened her eyes. He kissed her.

It wasn't gentle. His mouth pressed hard, tongue forcing past her lips with no room for negotiation. Helen's mind blanked. She let him move against her tongue, saliva mixing, the taste of whiskey and the faint edge

of smoke filling her mouth. Years since they'd kissed like this. His tongue worked deep, invasive, male. She hated it. She couldn't stop it.

Through the entire kiss, Rich's eyes never left Sophie.

He watched her while he claimed his wife's mouth, the look dark and open. It said: *This is power. I can do this to her. I can do it to you. You lit this. You still want to play?*

Sophie held the stare. She didn't flinch. The tip of her tongue slipped out and traced her lower lip, slow and deliberate. Rich's blood surged. His arm tightened around Helen's waist. The kiss turned rougher. Small, involuntary sounds left Helen's throat—soft, broken little moans no one in the house had ever heard from her.

For Ethan the scene was both hell and something worse.

He watched his father tongue-fuck his mother's mouth with near-brutal force. Watched the pale line of her throat tip back. Watched the tremor at her collarbone above the dress. Watched the big hand locked at her waist. He had never seen Helen like this. The woman who had always been composed, strict, almost cold was being held open, a man's tongue working inside her, a thin shine of spit at the corner of her mouth. The image was filthy enough to steal his air.

He'd thought he would be angry. That he would move. He didn't. His legs felt heavy. His cock, already half-hard, surged fully erect inside his trousers, thicker and more insistent than it had been all night. The head pressed against wet fabric, sending dull pulses of pleasure up his spine. His heart hammered. Everything in him narrowed to the sight.

His mother, handled like that, looked obscene. Desirable.

The last clean line in his head cracked. Shame didn't vanish, but something hotter rose under it—new, twisted, impossible to ignore. The same private hunger that had made him click those late-night threads started rewriting the picture: what if it was Sophie in the black lace under his father's hands? What if that hand was on her breasts instead?

His cock jumped. More fluid leaked. He realized, with a sick drop in his stomach, that he didn't hate the idea.

He was waiting for it.

The kiss finally broke.

Helen sagged into the chair, breathing hard, eyes unfocused, makeup smeared. Rich wiped his mouth with his thumb like a man finishing a task, then looked at Sophie, voice rough.

"Next round?"

Sophie stretched, lazy and deliberate. The motion lifted her breasts high under the sheer black lace, nipples clear against the fabric.

"Kings need breaks too, don't they?"

Her voice was soft, cheeks still flushed.

"I've had a little too much. Head's spinning. Bathroom. Ten-minute intermission."

She turned before anyone answered and walked toward the guest bath on the first floor, bare feet quiet on the floor. The short black slip swayed with every step, the tight curve of her ass and the long pale line of her thighs on full display. Both men watched her go.

Rich's eyes burned. He finished the whiskey in his glass in one swallow. The burn only fed what was already awake.

Ethan couldn't stay still. Every move Sophie made was pouring fuel on the hard, aching length trapped in his pants. He needed out. Needed space before he lost what little control he had left.

"I… need a minute too."

He stood and followed her. The second he rose, the thick, unmistakable outline of his erection pushed against the front of his trousers under the lights. Rich was still watching the direction Sophie had gone and didn't catch it.

Helen did.

Her unfocused gaze drifted across her son and locked on the heavy, aggressive shape tenting his pants. The boy she had always thought of as soft, even inadequate in bed, was suddenly displaying something raw and unmistakably male. Heat flooded her face.

CHAPTER 5

The Cock in the Bathroom

Rich's rough "Next round?" still hung in the air.

Helen sat slumped in the chair, eyes empty, like the brutal kiss had pulled something vital out of her. Ethan stayed where he was, the thick, insistent hardness in his pants a mix of ache and unwanted thrill. He didn't dare shift. Without the table in front of him the shape would be impossible to hide.

The room smelled like whiskey, perfume, and something denser that none of them were naming.

"Hold on."

Sophie's voice cut through the tension. Soft, a little lazy, cheeks still high with color.

"Kings need breaks too, don't they?"

She stretched, slow and deliberate. The motion lifted her breasts high under the sheer black lace, the soft weight and the clear points of her nipples visible in the light.

"I've had a little too much. Head's spinning. Bathroom. Ten-minute intermission."

She turned before anyone answered and walked toward the guest bath, bare feet quiet. The short black slip swayed with every step. The tight curve of her ass and the long pale line of her thighs pulled both men's eyes after her.

Rich watched her go, heat plain in his face. He finished the last of the whiskey in one swallow. The burn only fed what was already awake.

Ethan couldn't stay still. Every move she made was pouring fuel on the hard, aching length trapped in his pants. He needed space before he lost what little control he had left.

"I… need a minute too."

He stood and followed. The second he rose, the thick, unmistakable outline of his erection pushed against the front of his trousers under the lights. Rich was still watching the direction Sophie had gone and didn't catch it.

Helen did.

Her unfocused gaze drifted across her son and locked on the heavy, aggressive shape tenting his pants. The boy she had always thought of as soft, even inadequate in bed, was suddenly displaying something raw and unmistakably male. Heat flooded her face—shock, embarrassment, and something she refused to name. She looked away immediately, but her heart kicked hard and the image stayed.

In the bathroom the marble floor gleamed under bright light.

Sophie hadn't actually needed to use it. She splashed cold water on her cheeks, trying to cool the heat under her skin. In the mirror her eyes were bright, lips fuller and redder from everything that had already happened. She reached for the tube of deep red lipstick and began carefully redrawing the line.

The door opened.

Ethan came in like something had snapped, slammed it shut, and locked it behind him.

The small space tightened.

Sophie watched him in the mirror. She didn't turn. The corner of her mouth lifted.

He said nothing. Eyes red, he stepped in behind her and wrapped both arms around her hard.

A soft sound left her throat.

She felt the solid press of his chest against her back, and—clearer—the thick, burning length of his cock grinding into the cleft of her ass through the thin silk and his trousers. Familiar size. Unfamiliar intensity.

"Sophie…"

His breath was hot against her ear and neck.

"I can't—I can't take it anymore."

He rolled his hips, dragging the swollen shaft between the soft cheeks of her ass. Even through fabric the friction sent sharp sparks through both of them.

Sophie's body softened. The scene in the living room had already lit something low in her. Her father-in-law's open hunger. The way Helen had looked under that kiss. The way Ethan had gone hard watching it. All of it had left her wet and restless. Now her husband's cock was pushing against her with real force, and the neglected heat between her legs answered. She shifted back into the grind, cheeks flushed, letting him feel how readily she moved with him.

It had been a long time since it felt like this.

Early in the marriage Ethan had been like this all the time—hard, hungry, almost tireless. They'd fucked in the bathroom, on the couch, bent over the kitchen counter. Her breasts and thighs had carried his marks for days. She'd come loud enough that the whole floor could hear it. Somewhere between the job pressure and the weight of this house, it had thinned into something scheduled and quiet. His cock had stopped rising the way it used to. Her breasts hadn't been grabbed with real want in months.

Now it was back. Thicker. Meaner. Awake.

She knew why. The thought that his father had been the thing that lit him up sent a sharp, ugly thrill through her. She pressed her ass tighter against him, feeling the heavy pulse of him through the fabric.

"Husband… you're so hard."

Her voice was soft and wet. She turned her head just enough to meet his eyes in the mirror, his face tight with need.

"You want me?"

"Yes—fuck, I'm losing it."

Reason was already gone. One hand slid up and closed over her breast through the black lace. The thin fabric did nothing to hide the weight and heat of it. She was easily a full D, maybe more; his palm couldn't cover her. He squeezed roughly, feeling the soft flesh give and the stiff peak of her nipple under his fingers.

“Mm—ah… easy…”

Her legs went weak. She was soaked. His other hand went for his zipper, the sound loud in the small room. He wanted it out. Wanted to shove the slip up and bury himself in her from behind right here. Prove the body that had every man in the house staring still belonged to him. His. Even his father didn’t get to touch it.

Sophie caught his wrist.

“Not now.”

Her voice was breathless but clearer.

“They’re still out there. We don’t have time.”

She turned in his arms. One finger touched his mouth, then trailed down his chest and stopped over the thick ridge straining his trousers. She closed her hand around it through the fabric.

Ethan jerked. Current shot straight up his spine.

She felt the size and heat of him in her palm—heavy, rigid, alive. The thought of it moving inside her made another slow pulse of wetness slip free. But she kept her touch light, circling, teasing the impatient throb.

“I know you want it. I want it too.” Her voice dropped, coaxing. “Look how much it missed me. But good things wait, right? When the game’s over… back in the room… I’ll let you fuck me however you want.”

She leaned in, mouth against his ear, breath warm.

“And I’ll tell you exactly how it felt… being watched by your father.”

The words hit like accelerant.

Ethan didn’t even stop to wonder how she knew. The image slammed into him—Sophie under him, moaning while she described his father’s eyes on her—and his cock surged harder, straining against the fabric until it almost hurt.

Sophie watched his face and smiled, satisfied. She let go, pressed a quick lipstick-marked kiss to his mouth, then turned, unlocked the door, and walked out with the same deliberate sway.

The door closed behind her. Not locked.

He looked down at himself, jaw tight, and stayed where he was.

Ethan stood alone in the bright bathroom, staring at the still-hard length pushing against his pants. A short, helpless laugh left him.

“You never change. You light the fire and walk away.”

They'd met through family introductions, both high-achieving, both more focused on school than dating until each other. Sophie had always liked pushing. Early on she'd teased him until he finally snapped and fucked her through an entire night. She'd still woken him the next morning with her mouth, demanding more. He'd learned, after that, that if he wanted to keep up he sometimes needed chemical help. Lately, with year-end work and the plan to take time off, they hadn't touched in over a month.

Right now he was left hard, aching, and nowhere near finished.

He walked to the toilet, undid his pants, and pulled himself free. The shaft was thick, flushed a deep reddish-purple from how long it had been trapped and denied. It stood rigid, easily seven inches, heavy with veins, the broad head glossy with a clear bead of precum that refused to drop. He tried to piss. Anything to kill the edge. Nothing came. His whole lower body was locked tight from the earlier grinding and the words she'd whispered in his ear. He couldn't relax enough to let go.

He stood there, one hand wrapped around the burning length, frustration and leftover heat fighting in his chest, when the bathroom door opened.

For a second he thought Sophie had come back. Relief flickered. Then he heard the sharp, choked intake of breath from the doorway.

He turned.

Helen stood there.

She'd seen Sophie leave and assumed the bathroom was empty. She'd wanted a minute to fix her hair and the dress her husband had left rumpled. She hadn't expected the door to be unlocked. She hadn't expected her son.

Ethan was facing the toilet, back half-turned, pants open, hand still around a cock that was obviously, aggressively hard. Not pissing. Just holding it. The thing was thick, veins standing out, the head swollen and dark, bigger than anything she'd ever seen on her husband. A single clear drop clung to the tip.

Time stopped.

Helen's mind went blank. She stayed in the doorway, eyes locked on what her son was holding. No scream. No retreat. Just frozen.

Ethan felt his blood turn to ice. The cock in his fist twitched hard once, like it recognized the new audience, and shame crashed through him so fast his knees almost buckled.

They stared at each other across the bright marble.

Neither moved.

CHAPTER 6

Mother's Hand

The bathroom lights left nothing hidden.

Helen stood in the doorway, mind still blank, then flooded with too many things at once.

She thought of Ethan as a little boy. Running naked through the old backyard, that small, harmless thing between his legs. She'd washed it herself more times than she could count, watching it float in warm water. Back then it was just part of her child. An organ. Nothing more.

What she was looking at now was not that.

It was thick, flushed a deep angry purple from how long it had stayed hard, veins standing out along the shaft like something coiled and ready. The head was swollen, glossy, a single clear drop clinging to the tip. The size, the shape, the raw male heat rolling off it hit her like a physical thing. Young. Uncontrolled. Aggressive in a way her husband's never was.

A thought she had no business having slipped free before she could kill it.

Is it… bigger than Richard's?

She knew her husband's cock. Solid. Familiar. This one was different—restless, almost violent in its tension, like it wanted to force its way through whatever it touched.

If something like that went inside me… could I even take it?

The question wrapped around her chest and squeezed. Heat slammed into her face. Lower, between her legs, a familiar, humiliating warmth spread through tissue that had stayed dry for years. She was getting wet. From this. From her own son.

She should have screamed. Should have turned and run. Should have slapped him. Her feet stayed planted.

What she did instead made no sense even to her.

She reached out, slow, almost sleepwalking, and closed the bathroom door.

The soft click sealed the two of them inside.

The secret—unspeakable, already shared—locked them together.

Only after the door shut did a scrap of reason return. Helen forced her eyes away from the thing that had stopped her heart. She turned stiffly, walked to the sink, and turned the water on. The rush covered the sound of both their breathing. She washed her hands like it was nothing. Like she hadn't seen. Like if she acted normal he would put it away and leave and they could both pretend.

In the mirror her neckline was crooked, pale throat exposed. Her cheeks were flushed too dark. Her eyes wouldn't settle. Her mouth trembled. Nothing left of the composed Mrs. Hale. Just a woman being pulled apart by want and shame.

One second. Two. Ten.

Nothing moved behind her.

She could feel his gaze moving over her back, slow and hot. Not a son looking at his mother. The same heavy, claiming stare she only ever felt from her husband. Her body tightened under the dress without permission.

She shut the water off and met his eyes in the mirror. Her voice shook.

"Why… why are you still here?"

Ethan didn't look away. His eyes were burning.

He glanced down at the cock still rigid in his fist, voice rough.

"Can't piss."

Three words. Simple. They tore through the thin wall she'd just tried to build. She had to look again.

This time she saw more. The way it twitched with his breathing. The drop at the tip, ready to fall. The sight made her dizzy. The wetness between her legs grew stronger, a slow, insistent throb she recognized and hated. That feeling belonged to her husband. Not to the man she had carried for nine months.

Ethan's eyes stayed on her face—flushed, lost, locked on his cock. He watched the last of her resistance crack. Shame had already twisted into something darker and hungrier. Being seen like this by his own mother, hard for his wife, had snapped whatever leash was left.

He took one small step closer. Voice low.

“Mom… you know it won’t go down until it does.”

The sentence landed like a key turning.

She did know. Decades of marriage. She knew exactly how a man’s cock worked. And with those words he had pulled her out of “mother” and set her down in “woman.” A woman who understood sex. Who still wanted it.

Something else moved through her. Reckless. Unfamiliar. It used her mouth.

“Then… how does it go down?”

The second the question left her she wanted to bite her tongue off.

Ethan heard it. The last scrap of restraint burned away. He looked at the woman who had raised him—still elegant in the dress, body still soft and full—and saw only the heat and confusion in her eyes. Respect was gone. What replaced it was plain, open want.

He wet his lips. Spoke slowly, each word deliberate.

“It comes. Then it softens.”

The air locked.

Helen stared at the thick shaft in his hand like she’d been hypnotized. Her heart hammered. Her legs trembled. She started to picture what it would look like when it finally let go.

Then her hand moved.

Pale. Well-kept. Fingers shaking as they lifted, reaching toward the hot, forbidden length only inches away.

Her fingertips were a breath from skin when—

“Husband! Hurry up! It’s your turn!”

Sophie’s voice cut through the door, bright and impatient, from the living room.

Helen’s mind snapped back like a struck bell. She yanked her hand away as if burned, staring at Ethan, then at her own fingers, face draining of color.

Ethan jerked too. The hunger in his eyes collapsed into raw panic.

They froze.

One still gripping his exposed cock.

One with her hand half-raised in the air.

Neither breathing.

CHAPTER 7

Twisted Kiss

Suddenly Helen's mind buzzed, the almost-drowning wave of desire snapping her back to herself. She jerked her hand away and stared at Ethan in pure terror.

She looked down at that same pale, still-unmarked hand that had nearly committed the unforgivable. She hadn't actually touched it, yet the heat radiating from that thick cock felt burned into her fingertips. All the blood drained from her face until she was white as paper.

Ethan crashed back into reality at the same moment. The raw lust in his eyes vanished, replaced by bottomless panic and shame. He fumbled wildly, trying to shove his still-rigid cock— the one that had almost destroyed both him and his mother—back into his pants. In his haste the zipper caught the swollen, purple head. Pain ripped through him.

"Fuck—!"

The physical sting was nothing compared to the storm inside. Teeth gritted, he forced it back in.

Neither of them could look at the other. Helen, the parent, forced herself to turn. With shaking hands she straightened the collar of her dress and swiped at her face in the mirror, trying to hide how wrecked she looked. Then she yanked the door open and practically fled.

Ethan watched her back, sucked in a breath, and followed. The air carried her scent—perfume mixed with raw fear. The smell made the cock that had just been through hell twitch again, unbidden.

When they returned to the living room one after the other, the atmosphere had already shifted. Rich was impatiently tapping the table. He frowned at the clearly off looks on his wife and son, but the whiskey made him too lazy to dig. He figured they'd just had some spat. The game so far hadn't given him anything satisfying anyway.

Sophie was draped on the sofa near the dining table. Her long, pale legs were crossed, catching the light with an ivory sheen, lazy and inviting. The black silk slip she wore barely covered the tops of her thighs. No panties showed, which only made it worse. She saw her

mother-in-law's ashen face and her husband's lost expression. The corners of her red mouth curved in a smile no one else caught.

Hmph. Like playing the high-and-mighty card? Let's see how awkward you feel now.

Rich's rough voice broke the silence. "What took so long? Sit down. Game's still going."

Helen sat rigidly in her chair, spine straight, both hands clenched in the fabric of her dress as if that was the only thing keeping her upright. She couldn't look at anyone. Her eyes were locked on the cards in front of her, but her mind was full of her son's thick, brutal cock. For a woman who had been a full-time housewife for over twenty years, it was too much. If not for the internet these days, the number of men she'd seen since marrying Rich wouldn't even reach double digits. And none of them had been that big.

Ethan took his seat too. He couldn't raise his head—his parents were right across from him—so he looked toward Sophie instead. In that moment the body wrapped in black silk, dripping with want, overlapped in his vision with his mother's still-elegant curves in the formal dress. His desire turned more twisted and complicated than ever, boiling like poison in his veins.

"Alright! New round!"

Rich's voice started the game again. Sophie returned to the table. Not long after, Rich's mouth curled into a victorious smirk.

"King. Still me."

He didn't wait for the others to finish checking numbers. His eyes swept between Ethan and Sophie. Ethan flinched. Sophie kept that seductive little smile.

"My order is…" Rich continued slowly, "Number two and number three. Give me a real deep kiss. French kiss, wet, full minute. No faking."

Ethan and Sophie flipped their cards at the same time.

Two: Ethan. Three: Sophie.

The air in the living room seemed to freeze again. Helen's body jerked. She looked up in disbelief—at her husband, then at the son and daughter-in-law who were about to kiss right in front of her. Her lips trembled. She wanted to say something. Nothing came out.

Watch her own son—the same son who had just exposed his cock to her—kiss another woman? The double ethical blow made her chest tight, breath shallow.

Sophie looked completely in control. She threw Ethan a coquettish glance, then stood on her own, hips swaying as she walked right up to him. Her scent, mixed with alcohol, wrapped around him like a net. Ethan's breathing turned rough.

He knew this was his father's payback. He also knew it was the perfect chance to vent the twisted desire still burning in him. A man's little head always ran the big one. Remembering what had just happened in the bathroom, his eyes slipped past Sophie's shoulder and glanced at his mother. Seeing that pale face, a sick rush of pleasure flooded him.

In the next second he stood, grabbed Sophie by the waist, yanked her soft body tight against his, and kissed her hard.

"Mmph—"

Her startled sound was swallowed. This wasn't the performative kiss Rich and Helen had done earlier. This was pure hunger and possession. A real deep kiss. Ethan's tongue forced her teeth open, shoved deep, and started devouring her—licking, sucking, trying to swallow her whole. Sophie could barely breathe, but she didn't fight. She felt her husband's body trembling against her. Through the dress pants, a cock hard as iron pressed dead against her lower belly. The size and heat felt even more extreme than in the bathroom. She went a little dazed.

While their mouths were still locked, Sophie did something bolder. One hand slid down, seemingly by accident, along Ethan's waist to the front of his pants. Through the thin fabric she covered that thick shape with her palm, then scraped her fingers lightly along the raised outline, teasing.

Ethan went rigid. A bolt of electricity shot straight from his cock to the top of his head. Even through the pants, the soft heat of his wife's hand was crystal clear. That gentle touch lit him up harder than any rough handling ever could. His mouth paused for half a second. Just as he was about to start working her tongue again, Sophie turned her head

slightly, wet lips brushing his ear, and whispered so only he could hear, voice thick with want:

"Baby… you're so fucking hard… When we get back to the room I'm going to let you fuck me properly… let you dump every bit of tonight's frustration inside me…"

The words were the final spark. The last thread of reason in Ethan's head snapped. He stopped thinking about his mother. Stopped thinking about his father. All that was left was the raw need to pound the woman in front of him until she broke.

Rich watched every second of it. His gaze crawled over Sophie's body like greedy hands. He watched the thin black silk slip trace the narrowness of her waist and the full curve of her ass. He watched those long, pale legs crossed under the light, glowing like warm milk, the kind of skin that made a man want to reach out and touch.

"Time's up! One minute!"

Rich's voice finally cut in, edged with irritation.

Ethan snapped out of it and shoved Sophie back. A thin, glistening strand of spit stretched between their mouths before it broke.

Sophie's cheeks were flushed deep with heat. Her lips were slightly swollen and red, even more lush. The soft weight of her breasts rose and fell hard with her breathing. She looked at Ethan with dazed eyes and a small smile at the corner of her mouth. She could still feel how iron-hard he was in his pants. It filled her with a sense of control she hadn't felt in a long time.

They'd been married almost two years. Tonight she finally had that old feeling of being the one who ran the room again. Only child. Straight-A student. Sophie had almost never had to lower her head. Whether it was her parents looking at her grades, the hopeful stares of guys who chased her, or the approving looks from bosses that always carried an undercurrent of want—she had always sat above it all. Tonight, for a moment, that feeling was back.

Ethan, still riding the aftertaste of the kiss, automatically looked past his wife toward his mother.

Their eyes met.

The moment froze.

In Helen's eyes he saw fracture. Pain. Resentment. And something darker, deeper, that he couldn't read. The look felt like two knives driven straight into his chest. The high crashed. Extreme pleasure flipped into extreme shame and guilt.

Since he was small, Ethan had always been a little afraid of his father. Helen had been the one who soothed that fear. Rich had worked long hours; a lot of Ethan's childhood had been just him and his mother. He had never once looked at her as a woman. Now he knew the invisible wall between them had cracked. They shared a filthy, forbidden secret. What he had just done with Sophie felt like pouring boiling oil right on top of that secret.

"Ahem!"

Rich coughed hard, dragging everyone's attention back. The anger and the desire that had been snuffed out made the man who was used to being in charge need to seize control again immediately.

The game continued. Rich grabbed the freshly shuffled cards and flipped one face-up in front of everyone.

"My order… number four."

His voice was cold and hard. He stared straight at his wife.

Helen lowered her head stiffly and turned her card over.

Four of spades.

A cruel smile spread across Rich's face.

"Simple order."

His eyes traveled over the dress that covered her from neck to thigh—the long neck, the still-full chest, the legs hidden by the slit hem.

He spoke each word clearly:

"Helen. You. Stand on the table. Right now. Unbutton that dress. One button at a time. All of them. Until I say stop."

CHAPTER 8

Shelter and Darkness

Sophie's smug smile froze on her face.

She had only meant to stir the pot, create a little chaos, watch her mother-in-law or father-in-law squirm. She had never imagined it would turn this ugly, this humiliating. Forcing an older woman to stand on the table and strip in front of her own son and daughter-in-law? That had long since left the realm of a game and become pure, naked degradation.

Is this going too far?

The thought flashed through her as she glanced at Ethan. His face had gone so dark it looked ready to drip. Under the table his fists were clenched bone-white, knuckles cracking from the pressure. His eyes were locked on his father's face—twisted by whiskey and the need to dominate. Inside Ethan's chest something feral was roaring and slamming against his ribs. It wasn't just anger. It was the old, blood-deep urge to challenge male authority. Combined with everything his mother had been to him growing up, there was no way he could sit there and watch Rich treat her like this.

Helen was the one suffering most. Blood rushed to her head, then drained so fast her limbs went cold and numb. Her husband's order hit like a thunderclap, shattering what little dignity and face she had left. She looked at Rich's cold expression, at the shock Sophie couldn't quite hide, and finally at Ethan. In her son's eyes she saw pure fury—the kind that wanted to protect her. For a second warmth flickered in her chest.

But that protection felt like the cruelest joke. How was she supposed to accept it? Minutes ago in the bathroom she had almost wrapped her hand around his thick cock. What right did she have to stand there as the pure, untouched mother and let him shield her?

A wave of despair, of *fuck it, let it all burn*, rose up inside her.

Maybe this is where I was always going to end up. Completely fallen.

In the dead silence she moved. No tears, no protest. Face blank, she stood. Under everyone's eyes her movements were stiff and numb, like someone walking to their own execution. She stepped around the table,

kicked off her heels, and—amid sharp intakes of breath—climbed onto the chair and then onto the solid mahogany dining table.

Bright light poured over her. The dress clung to every mature, full curve of her body. The elegance that had once defined her now looked fragile and tragic. She stood there like a martyr about to be publicly broken. Sacred and grotesquely twisted at the same time.

The whole scene felt wrong.

Rich's eyes glinted with satisfaction. He wanted to crush Helen's pride. He wanted to dump years of resentment he'd never been allowed to voice. And he wanted everyone in that room to remember that no matter what, in this house, *he* was the absolute authority.

Helen's vision blurred. She refused to look at anyone. Trembling fingers found the first button at the high neck of her dress. It was cold against her skin. Her fingertips were icy; the movement was slow and difficult.

A soft click. The button opened.

The neckline parted. Her long, pale neck and the elegant lines of her collarbones were suddenly exposed. Below that, the front of the dress gaped just enough to reveal the edge of a nude lace bra and the deep, soft cleavage it was straining to contain. The full curves of her breasts pressed together, half-hidden, radiating the kind of mature, lethal appeal that hit like a drug.

Rich's breathing turned heavy. Desire flared back to life in his eyes.

Sophie slapped a hand over her mouth, unable to believe her mother-in-law was actually doing it.

Helen's fingers were already reaching for the second button when—

"Enough!"

A low, furious roar exploded through the room. Ethan moved so fast he was a blur. He snatched his mother off the table and set her down, then planted his tall frame squarely in front of her, blocking her completely. He turned, eyes bloodshot with rage, and locked them on Rich.

"This is just a game, Dad. You're taking it too far."

It was the first time Ethan had ever openly defied his father with that kind of force.

Rich froze, stunned that the usually obedient son would talk back to his face. Then the insult hit. He slammed his palm on the table and shot to his feet, jabbing a finger at Ethan.

"You little shit! What kind of attitude is that? I'm your father! In this house *I* decide! Telling her to take it off is me giving her face! Get the fuck out of the way!"

"This house isn't just yours," Ethan said, voice ice-cold, not yielding an inch. "She's my mom. Not your employee."

Father and son stared each other down—one the old, absolute authority, the other the newly awakened defiance. The air crackled like it could ignite at any second.

Behind Ethan, Helen shook uncontrollably. She couldn't think. She just leaned into the broad, solid heat of his back, felt the tension coiled in his muscles, and for the first time in her life experienced the sensation of being protected. It washed over her like warm water.

All her life she had been the one shielding him. When he bombed a test and Rich was ready to tear into him, she was the one who pulled him away. When he got in trouble at school and the teacher called, she stood in front of him. This was the first time her son had become the wall.

Tears burned her eyes. The gratitude was overwhelming.

Then thought returned, and with it came a flood of shame so thick she almost choked. Just now—right in front of him—she had unbuttoned her dress and shown him the pale skin and deep cleavage of her chest. He had seen it. Seen the most indecent, most shameless part of her.

His protection was a mirror reflecting exactly how far she had already fallen.

Gratitude, shame, regret, and something else she couldn't name twisted together inside her until she could barely breathe. She buried her face against his back and refused to look at anyone.

The family war was about to detonate when Sophie finally moved. She stepped between them, voice carefully light and a little pleading.

"Dad, Ethan… both of you ease up a little."

They both turned, startled. Sophie kept the same soft, slightly coaxing tone.

"It's New Year's. We've all been drinking. Don't ruin the night. It's getting late anyway—why don't we just call the game here? I'm… I'm pretty tired. I want to go rest."

It was the exit both men needed. Rich let out a cold, heavy snort, shot Ethan one last venomous glare, then glanced at the top of Helen's head still hiding behind her son. He drained the rest of his whiskey in one swallow, slammed the glass down, and stalked into his study. The door banged shut behind him.

The crushing pressure in the living room eased a fraction.

"Mom, you okay?" Ethan's voice dropped, gentler than he meant it to be.

Helen finally lifted her head. She couldn't meet his eyes. Her fingers fumbled as she re-fastened the open button. "I'm… I'm fine."

Ethan saw the tear tracks still on her face. Combined with the shaken, fragile look, she looked heartbreakingly vulnerable. His gaze lingered.

Sophie broke the charged silence between mother and son. "Let's… clean up."

The three of them worked in silence, clearing the table. When Helen bent to pick up a fallen playing card, Ethan reached for a pair of chopsticks at the same moment. Their hands brushed.

His fingers grazed the back of hers.

A hot current shot through both of them instantly. Helen stiffened hard. Color flooded the face that still looked as well-kept as her daughter-in-law's. She snatched her hand back. Ethan paused too. The skin on the back of his mother's hand was smooth and soft—nothing like what he'd expected from a woman in her forties. The feel of it sent a ripple through his chest. Unwanted images flashed: his mother standing on the table, the pale skin she'd exposed, and beneath it the heavy breasts still cupped in that nude lace bra.

They looked away at the same time. Neither spoke. The air between them only grew thicker, more dangerous.

When everything was finally cleared, Sophie slipped her arm through Ethan's. "Babe, let's go to bed."

Ethan nodded. To Helen he said, "Mom, get some rest."

Then he and Sophie headed upstairs.

Helen watched their backs with complicated eyes. Something in her chest ached with an emptiness she didn't want to name. She said nothing.

In the bedroom the lights were bright. The second the door closed, Sophie turned and locked her arms around Ethan's neck. She rose on her toes and pressed her soft red mouth to his, body molding against him. Her full breasts flattened against his chest. While she pushed her tongue into his mouth she felt him harden almost instantly against her stomach.

Everything that had happened tonight was the strongest aphrodisiac she had ever known. Desire was boiling inside her.

"Ethan…" Her voice was husky and sweet, thick with need as she sucked on his tongue. "You were so fucking hot earlier… Now it's your turn to take care of me properly…"

She guided his hand under the hem of her silk slip.

Ethan's breathing turned rough. He had too much stacked inside him—want for his wife, the forbidden pull toward his mother, rage at his father. He needed somewhere to dump it all. The body in front of him was perfect.

Mouth dry, he kissed her deeper while letting her lead his hand between her thighs. He slid the slippery silk aside. Through the thin panties he covered the softest part of her. The fabric was already soaked through, clinging to the plump shape of her. His fingertips found her clit, swollen and hard, and rubbed in slow circles.

"Nnh—!"

A broken, needy moan spilled out of her. Her whole body went soft, nearly hanging off him. Her thighs tensed, stomach fluttering. The tongue in his mouth grew more frantic.

That sound hit Ethan like a match to gasoline. Eyes burning red, he scooped her up and carried her to the bed in long strides, then dropped her onto the mattress without gentleness. The bed bounced. He came down over her like a predator, kissing her hard while his hands tore at the thin silk.

A sharp rip. The black fabric split, exposing her pale body. Her full breasts strained against a matching black lace bra, rising and falling with

her breath, almost spilling free. Without the slip in the way her nipples were clearly hard.

Ethan was past thinking. He didn't bother with the clasp. Both hands grabbed the center of the bra and yanked outward. Another rip. The lace tore. Her breasts bounced free—heavy, pale, perfect. The pink tips were already tight and flushed.

Sophie looked up at him through heavy lids, completely lost in the roughness. It had been a long time since he'd wanted her like this. Maybe longer than during the early days of their relationship.

He gave her no chance to breathe. Head lowered, he took one nipple into his mouth, tongue circling rough, teeth grazing. His other hand gripped the opposite breast hard, kneading, thumb grinding over the tip.

"Ah—! Don't— nnh— feels so good…"

Pleasure cracked through her chest and raced everywhere. Her back arched hard off the bed. Fingers tangled in his hair. She twisted under him, thighs rubbing together restlessly. She was dripping.

Eyes wet, voice broken and sweet, she begged:

"Ethan… fuck me… get inside me… use that big cock and wreck me…"

The words snapped the last of his control. He sat up, yanked off his tie, then ripped his belt open. The metal buckle clinked loud in the quiet room. Beneath him Sophie writhed, legs spreading into a wide M, offering everything. Under the bright lights her soaked pussy was open and glistening, clear fluid running down her thighs, clenching like it was begging for him.

Ethan tore his zipper down. His cock—thick, veined, aching—sprang free—

Click.

The entire room went black.

The power cut out.

CHAPTER 9

Residual Heat in the Stairwell

Without warning, the world was swallowed by darkness.

One second the bedroom had been full of heat and ragged breathing. The next it was so quiet Ethan could hear both their heartbeats.

He was still pressed over Sophie. His cock—swollen thick and hard from rage and want—had already sprung free and was burning against the bare skin of her upper thigh through the last thin layer of fabric. The urge to drive into her soaked pussy was cut off at the very edge by the sudden blackout.

"Fuck."

The word scraped out between his teeth, thick with frustration. The fire inside him had nowhere to go. His veins felt like they might burst.

But the power going out also meant the heat was out. In the middle of a January night, that wasn't a joke.

Under him, Sophie's body stiffened. The skin that had been warm and soft now carried a faint chill.

"What happened? Power's out?" Her voice floated in the dark, uncertain and edged with the disappointment of being interrupted.

Her bare breasts rose and fell with each breath, the only living heat he could sense in the blackness.

Ethan's lust cooled, replaced by the practical problem of no lights and no heat. He rolled off her and fumbled for his pants. In the dark he shoved his still-raging cock back inside and zipped up with rough, pissed-off motions. Getting cut off mid-fuck was worse than stopping halfway through taking a piss.

Images of Sophie's torn slip and pale body still burned behind his eyes. Reality was cold.

"Probably a breaker. I'll check."

He turned on his phone flashlight. A harsh white beam cut the dark. Under the light Sophie looked wrecked and still painfully hot—half the black silk hanging off her, pale skin and heavy breasts with faint blue veins stark in the glare.

She cooled a little too. Being lit up like that made her suddenly shy. She yanked the comforter over herself, only her still-flushed face visible.

"I… I'll find something to wear."

Ethan swallowed and grunted. He grabbed clothes from the closet, changed, and walked out with the phone.

Downstairs another phone light was moving. Rich and Helen sat on the sofa with an awkward gap between them. When Ethan appeared and Sophie followed in a robe, Rich's face was stiff. He looked like he'd just forced himself to drop the patriarch act and had said something awkward to Helen. She kept her head down, fingers twisting the hem of her dress, expression hidden.

"Dad. Mom."

Rich seized the opening and stood quickly. "Ethan. No idea what happened—power just cut. I was just apologizing to your mom. Tonight… tonight I was out of line. Drank too much. Don't take it to heart."

Helen's shoulders twitched. She didn't answer. She could tell the apology wasn't fully sincere—more like damage control after his son had openly defied him. What she cared about more was Ethan's gaze. When the phone light swept over her she straightened her spine on instinct, not wanting him to see any weakness. Then the memory hit: standing on the table, unbuttoning the dress, the pale skin and deep cleavage he'd seen clearly. Heat crawled up her face. Her heart skipped.

Sophie, now in a simple pajama set, came over and slipped her arm through Ethan's. "What do we do? Pitch black, and the heat's out too."

"Don't know if it's a breaker. I'll run down and grab some candles."

"It's late. New Year's. Everything's closed." She pressed closer. The soft weight of her chest against his arm made his cock stir again.

Rich spoke up, voice a little too eager to please. "No need to go outside. The building manager on the first floor—Old Zhang—his wife is terrified of the dark. They always have candles and emergency lights. We're on good terms. He won't mind. We can ask him what happened while we're at it."

He paused, then added, "I'll go. Call it making up for earlier."

Looking at his father's slightly stooped figure, most of Ethan's anger drained. No matter how unreasonable Rich got, he was still his father. And he was past fifty. Ethan thought about the way he'd yelled. He'd done it to protect his mother, but he'd still talked back. He shouldn't have. Truth was, Rich had given the most to this family. Without him they wouldn't have the nearly two-thousand-square-foot two-story house. When Ethan got married, Rich had bought the Audi A6 outright. And at the end of the day, tonight's mess had started because he and Sophie still didn't have a kid.

The thoughts sat heavy. He sighed. "Dad, I was wrong earlier too. I shouldn't have blown up like that. I'll go. You and Mom rest."

The rare mutual concession eased the tension in the room.

Then Helen, who had been silent, stood.

"Both of you stop." Her voice was quiet but clear. "Your father's been drinking. He's not steady. Ethan and I will go. We'll be quick."

Everyone froze.

Ethan looked at her. The phone light caught her pale face. On those still-elegant features he saw pure, unmovable insistence.

Something shifted in his chest. He nodded almost without thinking. "Okay, Mom. I'll go with you."

He couldn't explain why he agreed so fast. Maybe he just wanted out of the living room that still felt thick with leftover confrontation. Maybe, deep down, he wanted a few quiet minutes alone with her to smooth over the damage from earlier. Or maybe it was something darker still.

Rich didn't object. Sophie, not wanting to change again, agreed too.

"It's cold outside. Bundle up."

"Yeah."

The house had been warm all night from the heat. Outside, late January wind cut like knives. Ethan and Helen each pulled on long, heavy coats. Under hers the dress disappeared completely; only her long calves in sheer nude stockings and low heels showed.

They reached the door. The elevator was dead. Stairs only.

The stairwell had no windows. The dark was deeper than the rooms. Only Ethan's phone beam lit a moving patch of light on the dusty steps.

“Watch your step, Mom.” He stayed half a step ahead, lighting the way. Helen answered and followed. Her heels clicked sharply on the concrete—*tap, tap, tap*—echoing loud in the dead silence.

Neither spoke. The silence in the tight space fermented into something hard to name. Alone with his mother after being yanked out of fucking his wife, Ethan’s mind flashed, unbidden, to her standing on the table. The open buttons. The pale skin. The breasts in that lace bra that hadn’t looked any less full than Sophie’s. He even remembered the soft, springy give of her body through the dress when he’d pulled her down. Eyes closed, he would have sworn it was a woman in her twenties, not someone about to be a grandmother.

Helen’s mind was just as chaotic. His protection had given her a safety she’d never felt, but the shame rode right alongside it. She couldn’t forget her shaking hand in the bathroom. Couldn’t forget the solid wall of his back she’d leaned against in the living room.

“Ethan.” She spoke first, trying to break the heavy quiet. Her voice drifted a little. He paused. “I remember when you were little you were terrified of the dark.”

He hadn’t expected that. He smiled. “Yeah. Thunderstorms, power out, I wouldn’t sleep unless I was between you and Dad.”

“Your father slept like a rock. It was always me holding you, humming.” Her tone softened with memory. “You were so skinny then. Now look at you—tall enough to protect your mom.”

The last words came out quiet, almost a sigh.

Something twisted hard in Ethan’s chest. He stopped and turned. The light from below caught her face; he thought he saw wetness in her eyes.

In that moment Helen either missed a step or her mind wandered. Her ankle rolled. “Ah—!”

“Mom!”

Ethan moved fast, stepping up and catching her solidly in both arms. This embrace was tighter, closer than the one in the living room. Even through two thick coats he felt the softness of her body. Her cheek rested against his chest. Warm breath filtered through the fabric, carrying a faint scent. Same brand Sophie used. Why did it feel completely different?

While the question sat unanswered in his head, Helen breathed in the clean, male scent that belonged only to him. Her heart kicked hard. Her hands clutched the front of his coat on instinct, like grabbing a lifeline.

"You okay? Did you twist it?" He tightened his arms.

"N-no… I'm fine." Her voice shook. She felt the solid strength of his arms and the broad warmth of his chest—nothing like Rich's body, which had started to soften with age. This was young, full of life. It made her dizzy and strangely steady at the same time.

Ethan didn't overthink. He was just afraid she'd hurt herself. "I've got you." He loosened one arm from her waist and took her cold hand instead.

Her hand was soft, skin fine, but cold and a little stiff from the shock. His larger hand was warm and dry, completely covering hers. A tingling current raced from their joined palms through Helen's whole body. The last time they'd held hands like this she'd been the one leading a snot-nosed little Ethan to school. Years later his hand could swallow hers. This didn't feel innocent. At least not to her.

She trembled and tried to pull free on instinct. He held firm.

"Stairs are too dark. I'll hold onto you. Safer." His voice was low and steady, completely matter-of-fact, no edge of anything else.

Hearing it, she decided she was overthinking. He probably didn't have those thoughts at all. As the parent, she shouldn't make it awkward. The stairs were bad even in daylight. With only a phone light, anything could happen. Holding hands was practical. Like mountain climbers roped together.

She stopped fighting and let him keep her hand.

Ethan led her down, step by step, mind quiet. The phone beam stretched their shadows long and overlapping on the wall until they blurred together. The stairwell went silent again except for footsteps and breathing. This time the silence wasn't awkward. It was a strange, permitted closeness.

As they walked Helen felt the faint calluses on his palm and every small shift of his fingers. Ethan felt the fine sweat in her palm and the slight tremor in her fingertips. Those few flights felt endless. Every step

landed on the edge of something forbidden. Every step let the desire and attachment that shouldn't exist grow quietly in the dark.

CHAPTER 10

Undercurrents in the Living Room

(Back a short time earlier.)

The sound of Ethan and Helen's footsteps faded down the stairwell until the heavy front door cut them off completely.

The living room sank into a deeper silence than before. Darkness wrapped around Rich and Sophie like a thick blanket. Only two slightly quickened breaths mixed in the air, broken now and then by the faint sweep of headlights from the street outside. The light would catch their outlines for a second, then vanish, leaving the room feeling more intimate and unreal.

Rich sat on the leather sofa by the dining table, phone still in his hand but the flashlight off. Most of the whiskey had burned out of him. What remained was a tangled mess of regret, humiliation, and a lingering spark of excitement. Tonight he had lost face completely in front of his son. One roar from Ethan had shattered the patriarch's authority.

Sophie was curled on the other end of the sofa, waiting for her husband and mother-in-law to return. The silk robe she'd thrown on in a hurry had slipped open at the neck. In the occasional glow of her phone screen Rich could make out the pale line of her throat, the delicate collarbones, and the heavy outline of her breasts under the thin fabric.

She felt his gaze even in the dark. It carried heat. Uncomfortable, she tightened the robe's tie.

Rich cleared his throat, trying to break the choking quiet.

"Ahem…"

He had only agreed to Helen's plan earlier because he'd just forced out an apology. Refusing then would have made things worse. Now, sensing Sophie's mood, he felt he needed to say something to patch the "father" image that was hanging by a thread.

"Sophie… tonight was my fault. Don't take it to heart."

"Dad, you're being too hard on yourself. You'd been drinking."

Her voice was soft, light as a feather, brushing over the restless edge of his mood.

"It's not the drinking." He sighed, sounding tired. "It's me. I didn't control my temper. Ethan's stubborn—he gets that from me. I remember when he was in elementary school, a teacher accused him of cheating. He stood outside the principal's office the entire day. Wouldn't eat. Refused to leave until the teacher apologized."

Talking about Ethan worked. Rich saw her shoulders loosen. She set the phone down and gave a small laugh.

"Really? He never told me that. But yeah, he's like that. Once he digs in, sometimes even I can't move him."

"Exactly." Rich had found an outlet and kept going. "He's a stubborn ox, same as me, but his heart's good. Filial. Good to you. Kid's always protected his mom. Today… well."

"Dad, I thought Ethan was really attractive today."

Rich blinked. "Attractive?"

"Mm." Her voice was clear in the dark. "A man who can't even protect his own mother is useless. The fact that he stood up to you proves some things matter more to him than so-called rules. That's one of the reasons I married him."

The words soothed the bruised ego Rich had been nursing. Instead of blaming him for the father-son clash, his daughter-in-law had validated Ethan's actions from a wife's perspective and, indirectly, given him a way to save face. In that moment his appreciation for her deepened—and so did something else.

"You're… a good kid," he said stiffly.

Sophie didn't answer. She reached for the wine glass on the coffee table, wanting something to wet her throat. The desire Ethan had stoked before the blackout was still moving through her body, and the wine from dinner had left her mouth dry.

In the dark her fingers hit the cold glass.

A sharp clink. The glass tipped. The remaining half of red wine spilled across the polished table and dripped onto the carpet.

"Shit!"

"What happened?" Rich flicked his phone light on and aimed it at the mess. Dark red liquid pooled and spread.

"It's fine, I've got it." He leaned forward to right the glass.

Sophie reached at the same time.

In the chaos their hands met.

Not a brush.

Rich's larger, warmer, slightly rough hand settled fully over the back of Sophie's slender, soft one.

Time seemed to stop.

Her hand was fine-skinned, smooth, cool from the spilled wine. The instant his palm covered it, a jolt like current shot through his entire body. It was too soft, too refined—nothing like Helen's hands, which carried the faint calluses of years of housework. This hand belonged to a young woman in the prime of her appeal, carefully kept.

The desire Rich had suppressed for half his life detonated without warning in his lower belly. In the space of that single contact he felt the cock that had grown soft and unreliable with his wife begin to swell and harden at a shocking speed until it strained against his pants like heated iron.

The reaction was so sudden and violent his mind went blank. Only raw impulse remained.

Sophie froze too.

His hand was bigger and warmer than she'd expected. The palm and knuckles carried the thin calluses of years of writing and work—settled, male, authoritative. It didn't feel like Ethan's younger, hotter passion. It felt like power. And safety.

In that moment something buried deep—something she had never fully admitted to herself—stirred. The pull toward mature male authority. The classic daddy complex.

Her family had been different from Ethan's. Both parents worked. Her mother was gone most of the month for her job. Her father was a teacher. Back then students didn't need endless tutoring, so he was home more. Sophie had been a good student and liked reading, so she spent most of her time in his study. Sometimes she sat quietly with a picture book. Sometimes she climbed onto his lap and used him as a human cushion. Even into middle school, when she'd grown enough that her head reached his chin, she still nestled against him.

That was when she started accidentally brushing against something hard.

Young and still innocent, Sophie hadn't fully understood. But the memory had stayed.

Now, with her father-in-law's hand covering hers in the dark, that old, half-buried feeling rose up sharp and clear.

Rich's breathing turned heavy and rough in the silent living room, hot enough to push sparks into every shadowed corner. He kept hold of her hand. The soft texture was like a fuse soaked in gasoline, burning from his palm straight to his gut and igniting the rotting powder store he'd carried for years. He was no longer the man who needed excuses or the mask of "father." In this moment he was simply a male driven by raw hunger.

Tonight his son had openly defied him. His wife's obedient but distant eyes had ground what was left of his dignity under the ridiculous "king" game. Now he held the soft, boneless hand of the most beautiful woman in the house—the woman his son loved—and felt her not pull away, only tremble. A sick, twisted conquest flooded him. His cock, thicker and harder than it had any right to be at his age, pulsed purple and painful against his pants.

He needed more. Proof. Violation. Possession. Something to show this house—and himself—that he wasn't finished. That he was still the king.

While Sophie's mind swam, Rich didn't let go. Instead he used firm, undeniable pressure to guide her soft hand off the cold table and, slowly but steadily, like some dark ritual, moved it toward the heavy heat between his legs.

Her heart nearly punched out of her chest. She wasn't the clueless girl in her father's study anymore. She knew exactly what he intended. Every movement of that rough hand carried clear suggestion and force she couldn't refuse.

Is this really happening?

The question circled. Her body locked for a second. The last shred of sense screamed at her to yank her hand back, scream, fight, run.

She didn't.

She stayed pinned to the sofa. Fear of violation, shame of incest, and the electric thrill of a line being crossed drowned her reason.

The next second Rich pressed her palm firmly against the scorching bulge in his pants.

"Nnh—!"

Through the thin dress fabric she felt it clear as a brand: thick, brutally hard, hot enough to almost burn. Sophie sucked in a sharp breath, eyes widening in the dark.

A shameful thought flashed: *So big… bigger than Dad's… bigger than Ethan's…*

The size and heat under her palm exceeded anything she'd imagined. It felt like a caged beast—raw, middle-aged male power. It throbbed hard against her hand, the pulse delivering a naked message: touch me, please me, then spread your legs and take me.

The forced, humiliating contact twisted into a dangerous excitement that made her thighs weak. Her buried daddy complex found its most pathological, perfect satisfaction. Ethan's cock was young and passionate, the desire of an equal. This one carried the absolute weight of an elder, of power, of no refusal. Being held down by that strength and forced to acknowledge it left her dizzy and soft-legged.

Her body answered faster than her mind. Under the robe her nipples had already hardened into tight points inside the lace bra, rubbing with every heartbeat and sending little shocks of itch. A slick rush of heat flooded from deep between her legs, soaking her panties and leaving a small wet mark on the sofa. She could feel her pussy clenching and fluttering on its own, hungry for the force pressing into her palm.

Rich felt the tremor in her hand and the complete lack of resistance—almost a yielding. Silent permission. His son's woman was feeling, with her soft palm, the thick cock he had grown hard for her. The last thread in his head snapped.

He let go with his other hand and dropped the phone. It hit the carpet with a dull thud. The only light vanished. The living room dropped into total darkness—perfect soil for what was growing.

Sophie's heart clenched. In the black she heard fabric shift and knew he was coming closer. Rich followed the sweet wine-scent of her

quickened breath and leaned in. His face, marked by years and heavy with tobacco, drew near in the dark. She felt the heat of his exhale brush her cheek and lips like feathers.

Then his mouth found hers—slightly rough, warm, precise.

"Mmph…"

The sound was muffled, nasal.

This kiss was nothing like Ethan's. No young caution or tenderness. It was the long-suppressed urgency and dominance of a middle-aged man. His tongue forced her teeth open and drove deep, sweeping and taking inside her wet mouth. His technique wasn't refined—clumsy even, mixed with sharp whiskey and cigarette smoke—but the mature male scent made her body go completely soft. She yielded like something pulled from water, instinctively sliding her tongue against his rougher one in awkward, answering strokes.

Feeling her inexperienced but willing response, Rich's desire surged higher. He sucked and licked at her soft tongue with renewed hunger. In the dark the wet sounds of their mouths—slick, sucking, obscene—filled the room. He licked and drank from her like a man dying of thirst. Her saliva was sweet. Her tongue was soft. Her lips were lethal. He swallowed one mouthful of mixed spit and immediately sought more. The rough claiming left her almost breathless. Broken, needy sounds leaked from her nose.

"Nnh… mmh… nnhh…"

Lost in it, the hand he still held against his cock curled on its own, fingers trying to press deeper into the fabric so she could feel every heavy throb of the thick shaft beneath.

The kiss burned through the last ethical line between father-in-law and daughter-in-law. From this moment, nothing between them could go back.

CHAPTER 11

Like a Sweet Spring

Richard Hale's heavy, ragged breathing filled the dead-silent living room—hoarse, scorching, blowing sparks of desire into every corner of the darkness.

He gripped Sophie's hand tightly. The fine, soft feel of it was like a fuse soaked in lighter fluid, burning from his palm straight down to his lower belly and detonating the powder keg of lust that had been rotting inside him for years. He was no longer the hypocrite who needed excuses for his filthy urges or who still tried to wear the "father" mask. In this moment he was nothing but a male driven by raw animal hunger, starving for a female.

Tonight his son had openly defied him to his face. His wife Helen's eyes—seemingly obedient, actually distant—had crushed his dignity as head of the household during that ridiculous "King" game. And now he held the soft, boneless little hand of the woman his son treasured most, the most beautiful woman in the house, feeling her lack of resistance and the tremor of submission instead. A sick, twisted-to-the-extreme thrill of conquest made the thick, vein-ridged cock between his legs—far too vigorous for his age—swell until it was purple and aching.

Richard needed more.

He needed proof. An invasion. A claiming. Something that would show this family—and himself—that he wasn't old yet. That he was still the king of this house.

In Sophie's gradually sinking haze, Richard didn't let go. Instead he used an undeniable force to guide his daughter-in-law's soft jade hand away from the cold coffee table. Slowly, yet with absolute determination, like performing some evil ritual, he moved her hand inch by inch toward the swollen heat between his legs.

The motion made Sophie's heart nearly leap out of her chest.

She was no longer the naïve little girl from years ago in her father's study. She could clearly sense her father-in-law's intent. Every

movement of that rough, large hand was packed with heavy suggestion and a force that brooked no refusal.

"Is this… really going to keep going?"

The question circled in her mind and made her body stiffen for a second. What remained of her reason screamed at her to yank her hand back right now, then scream, fight, run.

But she didn't.

Her body was pinned to the sofa, unable to move. A flood of fear at being violated, the shame of incest, and the sharp, taboo-breaking thrill completely drowned her reason.

In the next second Richard slammed her hand hard against his burning crotch.

"Mm!"

Instantly, through the thin fabric of his dress pants, an impossibly hard, thick, scalding-hot, grotesque outline branded itself into Sophie's palm. She sucked in a sharp breath of cold air, her beautiful eyes flying wide in the dark.

A shameful thought jumped out of her mind on its own:

"So big… bigger than Dad's… bigger than Ethan's cock… it feels even bigger…"

The size and heat of Richard's cock under her palm far exceeded anything Sophie had imagined. It was like an angry beast locked under the cloth, packed with the savage, primitive power of a middle-aged man. It twitched violently under her palm, the strength of the throb seeming to send the rawest signal straight into her skin: stroke me, please me, then… open your legs and take me.

The feeling of being forced and humiliated strangely transformed into an excitement that made Sophie's legs go weak like never before. Her buried daddy issues received their most pathological, extreme satisfaction in this moment.

Ethan's cock was young and vigorous, full of passion, but that was the desire of a lover, equal. The cock under her palm right now carried the absolute pressure of an elder, of power, of something that could not be resisted. It felt like being pinned down by an absolute stronger man and

forced to admit his strength. It made Sophie's legs soft and her head dizzy in waves.

So Sophie's body reacted faster than her mind.

Under the robe, those snow-white massive breasts had nipples already hard as little stones, standing thirsty inside the soft lace bra. Every heartbeat made them rub against the fabric, sending waves of numbing itch. A slick, warm current surged out of control from the deepest part of her cunt, instantly soaking the panties and leaving a small sticky patch on the sofa. She could even feel her little hole twitching and contracting on its own, hungry to be completely pierced by this powerful force.

Richard clearly felt the trembling of Sophie's palm and her completely unresisting, even slightly accommodating posture.

Still silent permission.

His daughter-in-law—his son's woman—was using her soft hand to feel the thick, hard cock that had gotten hard for her. That realization made the last string in Richard's brain snap with a "crack," burned clean through by desire.

In the next instant he released his other hand and threw the phone away.

"Thud." The phone hit the carpet with a dull sound. The only light source vanished. The living room was dragged completely into pitch-black darkness so deep you couldn't see your own hand.

This darkness became the perfect soil for desire to grow.

Sophie's heart clenched hard. In the dark she heard the sound of fabric rubbing and knew the man was coming.

Richard followed her rapid breathing, sweet with a hint of alcohol, and leaned down. That face full of the marks of years, heavy with tobacco, slowly approached in the darkness. Sophie could even feel the hot air he exhaled brushing her cheek and lips like feathers.

The next second, a pair of slightly rough yet incredibly warm lips accurately captured her two soft, seductive lips.

"Mmm…"

Sophie let out a blocked, nasal little moan.

This kiss was completely different from Ethan's. There was none of the young man's testing and tenderness. It was full of a middle-aged man's long-suppressed urgency, dominance, and absolute refusal to be questioned. Richard's tongue forced its way in with uncompromising strength, roughly prying open Sophie's teeth and driving straight in, wildly stirring, sweeping, and taking inside her hot, wet mouth. His kissing skill wasn't particularly good—even a bit clumsy—and carried a sharp mix of liquor and choking tobacco. But that mature male scent made Sophie's body go completely soft.

She was like a mermaid thrown onto the shore, powerless to bear this fierce kiss, subconsciously moving her tender, fragrant little tongue and clumsily tangling it with Richard's rough one.

Feeling his daughter-in-law's inexperienced yet active response, Richard's desire erupted like a volcano. He got even more into it, sucking and licking Sophie's soft little tongue. In the darkness the wet sounds of their tongues and lips—"slurp, suck, slurp"—sounded especially lewd.

Richard greedily licked and sucked at Sophie like a traveler dying in the desert who had suddenly found a sweet spring and was madly drinking. Sophie's saliva was sweet, her tongue was soft, and her soft lips were fatal. Richard didn't even have time to breathe. The moment he swallowed a mouthful of saliva mixed with his own taste, he rushed in again to take more.

This rough plundering almost suffocated Sophie. She couldn't help letting out broken, coquettish moans from her nose:

"Mm… mmm… mmph…"

In the haze of lust, the hand Richard still pressed against his burning crotch had fingers curling uncontrollably, as if wanting to sink deeper into the fabric and feel every pulse of that thick, still-terrifying cock through the cloth.

This kiss completely shattered the last ethical barrier between father-in-law and daughter-in-law. It was like a scorching brand carved deep into both their souls. From this moment on, their relationship could never go back to what it was.

In the darkness the wet, slippery sounds of lips and tongues intertwined with their increasingly heavy breathing, composing a forbidden and seductive movement.

At some point Sophie's other hand had weakly climbed onto Richard's shoulder and tightly clutched the fabric of his shirt. She tilted her head back, her snow-white neck drawing a beautiful arc in the dark. The collar of the silk robe gaped even wider because of the motion. Those D-cup breasts barely contained by black lace rose and fell violently with her rapid breathing, looking like they might break free and spill out at any second.

Richard's one hand still pressed her hand against his cock, forcing her to feel his desire, while the other was no longer satisfied with just kissing. That wide, rough palm—rough from years of work—slid along the water-smooth fabric of her robe, caressed the waist so slender it barely filled his hand, then carried its scorching heat slowly upward until it finally covered the full, soft sanctuary he had coveted and dreamed of for so long.

Through one layer of silky robe and one thin layer of lace, he finally touched his daughter-in-law's astonishingly massive breasts. That heavy, elastic softness transmitted through the fabric into his palm and made him feel so good he almost moaned out loud on the spot.

(To be continued)

CHAPTER 12

Stirring the Father's Desire

Richard Hale's slightly rough palm—the same one that spent years giving orders—now rested over Sophie's silk robe and the thin layer of lace beneath it, covering the breathtaking snowy mounds of her breasts.

It was a heavy, overflowing softness that almost spilled between his fingers. The kind of fullness he had only felt on Helen twenty years ago, yet younger, tighter, more yielding.

That weight, that softness he couldn't fully grasp in one hand, sent every drop of blood in his body rushing to the already thick, aching cock between his legs.

The taboo of incest and the long-denied feel of a woman's body made his kiss even rougher. His heavy tongue thrust and ground inside Sophie's mouth without restraint.

"Guh… slurp… slurp…"

Wet, sticky sounds mixed between their lips and teeth.

Feeling her father-in-law's grasping hand and the even rougher tongue, Sophie's body had already melted into a pool of spring water. Soft, bone-deep moans slipped from her mouth now and then:

"Mmm… mm… mmm…"

She had completely forgotten where she was.

The thick scent coming off Richard—tobacco, whiskey, and the sweat of a mature man—wrapped around her like an invisible net. The smell was invasive, yet it gave Sophie a sense of safety she had never felt before, along with the pleasure of being conquered.

She suddenly realized she didn't reject it. She was enjoying it.

Under the robe, her snow-white breasts had nipples already hard as ripe cherries. Even through two layers of fabric, every press of his palm sent numbing, bone-deep itches through her. The itch spread from her chest down through her belly and straight into the most private place between her legs.

She could clearly feel warm, wet currents gushing out of control from her core, soaking a small patch of the sofa beneath her.

This was too stimulating.

More stimulating than anything she and Ethan had ever tried.

It was taboo. Betrayal. The peak thrill of breaking every ethical line.

The man she was sitting with was her husband's father. Her father-in-law.

And right now she was being kissed by him, having her tits groped by him, and she could even feel that iron-hard cock of his grinding against her palm through the fabric.

The flood of shame, fear, and extreme excitement completely smashed the dam of Sophie's reason.

Out of habit, she wanted to take control. She wanted more pleasure.

In the next moment, during a brief gap in their kissing, Sophie suddenly tilted her head and avoided Richard's lips as they came at her again.

Her breathing was rapid and hot. Her beautiful eyes shone with startling brightness in the dark.

Richard thought she was finally going to resist. His movements paused.

But what Sophie did next froze every drop of blood in his body.

The hand he still held against his crotch suddenly moved on its own—active, skilled.

Richard felt her soft, delicate fingers, trembling almost imperceptibly, yet finding his belt buckle with perfect accuracy.

Then—"click."

A soft sound that echoed like thunder in the dead-silent living room.

Richard's mind went blank again.

He had not expected this at all.

He had thought this was a one-sided display of power and forced desire. What he enjoyed was Sophie's inability to resist.

But now… the prey seemed to have become the hunter.

"How the hell is she this bold?"

Sophie didn't stop.

Her pale fingers continued downward and found the cold metal zipper.

The “zzzip” of the zipper being slowly pulled open was magnified a hundred times in the silent room. Every syllable dripped with lewd, seductive power.

When the last barrier was opened, a scorching, thick, vein-swollen monster surged out with a blast of heat and slammed solidly against the back of her hand.

Feeling the size of her father-in-law’s cock, Sophie sucked in a sharp breath.

“It’s really that big!”

Even in the dark she could clearly feel the terrifying girth and shocking heat of it.

“Guess my husband really did inherit his dad’s genes.”

“Never would’ve guessed. This old man usually looks so proper, and he actually has the nerve to go after his own daughter-in-law in the dark!”

“What a dirty old man!”

The thought was interrupted by a low, suppressed, beast-like growl from Richard.

“Oh…”

His whole body trembled.

His daughter-in-law… his own daughter-in-law had just actively unbuckled his pants and freed the cock that had gotten hard for her.

That realization hit harder than any aphrodisiac.

Every last scrap of reason and hesitation in Richard burned to ash in that instant.

He was going to fuck her. Right now. Immediately. He was going to ram this massive cock deep into this lewd, seductive daughter-in-law’s tight pussy until she cried, until she begged, until she bloomed completely for him.

Feeling her father-in-law’s body shake, Sophie grew even bolder.

“Dirty old man… already losing it?”

She muttered the thought in her mind, then, trembling as well, reached forward with her boneless soft hand and fully gripped the burning-hot iron rod.

It was like a beast that had broken free of its cage, packed with raw vitality. The veins at the tip were swollen from extreme engorgement. Every throb felt like it was delivering the most naked declaration of desire straight into her palm.

"Ah…"

The moment Sophie's tender skin touched the hottest source of Richard's desire, both of them let out a satisfied sigh at the same time.

When she truly held her father-in-law's cock, Sophie was shocked all over again.

Too hot. Too hard. Too thick.

She felt like she was gripping a red-hot iron bar, not a cock.

Roughly estimating, the monstrous thing was about five centimeters across, maybe even six.

Her slender little hand couldn't even close fully around it.

The powerful force it transmitted made her entire arm go numb.

Sophie clearly felt the swollen veins pulsing under her palm. That pure male strength, that primal vitality, excited her so much she almost fainted.

In this moment, Sophie—who liked reading all kinds of books—finally understood why some women became addicted to sex that carried a sense of power.

The feeling of being conquered by absolute strength, and then turning around and controlling that strength herself, was simply too stimulating.

She could imagine how excited her father-in-law must be right now, having pulled such a beautiful daughter-in-law into the abyss of incest.

Just picturing herself being pierced by this massive cock, moaning under him with, "Dad… harder… fuck your slutty daughter-in-law to death…" made the honey between her legs flood again, slick and sticky, the itch almost unbearable.

So she used the same technique she had only ever used on Ethan, gripping that massive thing and stroking it up and down—lightly, yet full of temptation.

Like Ethan, Richard was uncircumcised.

Because the cock was so engorged, the short foreskin had already been pulled down below the corona.

Every time Sophie's tender little hand slid from top to bottom across that huge coronal ridge, Richard let out a muffled groan of pleasure from deep in his throat.

Sophie's active touching completely ignited the last of Richard's madness.

He was no longer satisfied with indirect contact.

In that instant, the hand covering her massive breast suddenly moved upward, roughly shoving into the collar of her silky robe and directly touching the black lace that still wrapped her softness.

His broad, slightly calloused palm finally made direct contact with the thin black lace bra.

The fine mesh of the lace was delicate and seductive, but it couldn't block the heat of his palm.

He could feel exactly how breathtakingly soft and full the flesh was beneath that thin fabric.

Burning with desire, he eagerly kneaded through the sheer material, feeling those snow-white rabbits change into all kinds of shocking shapes in his hand.

"Mm… ah… mmm…"

Sophie's body trembled violently. Soft, kitten-like moans spilled from her throat.

But that still wasn't enough for Richard.

He already wanted to completely possess the perfect body in front of him.

Next, his other hand released Sophie's grip on his cock and reached around to her back, urgently searching for the bra clasp.

His fingers were a bit clumsy. He missed the right spot several times, but desire gave him endless motivation.

After a few more gropes, a soft "click" sounded and the final restraint was undone.

In an instant, those full, snow-white D-cup breasts sprang forward like white doves escaping a cage, bouncing heavily once before hanging completely bare in the dark air.

“Mmm…”

Sophie was still carefully feeling the thick dragon in her hand, sensing how it trembled with her strokes, when Richard’s next bold move gave her a small jolt of surprise.

But she recovered quickly.

They had already gone this far. There was no turning back. Better to just enjoy it.

With that thought, Sophie simply closed her eyes, continued gently stroking her father-in-law’s cock, and waited for his next move.

Because his daughter-in-law offered no resistance, Richard’s palm finally covered her completely, with nothing in the way.

Warm. Soft. Silky. Full of elasticity.

Without the thin lace bra blocking him, what he touched was warm, soft, delicate, and springy.

The sensation felt like the world’s finest silk wrapping the most lustrous white jade.

Richard’s fingers sank deep into the breast flesh. He greedily kneaded, feeling the soft tits overflow between his fingers in beautiful curves.

Being ravaged on her most proud assets by a man who wasn’t her husband made Sophie’s moans even more coquettish:

“Mm… mmm…”

Hearing his daughter-in-law’s reaction, Richard continued kneading for a while, then his thumb accurately found the nipple that was already hard as a jewel and began lightly twisting it.

“Ah—!”

In that instant Sophie could no longer moan softly. A cry full of extreme pleasure burst from the depths of her throat.

That scream was like a signal to charge.

Richard used both hands. Sometimes he mauled the warm, soft mounds. Sometimes he pinched and twisted the erect nipples.

Sophie stroked her father-in-law’s thick cock even faster while feeling the emptiness and itch deep in her cunt. Inside she was screaming:

“So itchy… I want it in… put it in…”

They forgot time, forgot place, forgot who they were to each other. All that remained in their minds was the primitive urge to completely devour and merge with the other person.

Just then, an extremely faint yet crystal-clear sound stabbed into both their eardrums like an icy steel needle.

“Click.”

Both of them froze instantly and turned toward the door. It was the sound of a key being inserted into the lock.

CHAPTER 13

A Light Kiss

(with the doorman fully localized)

Earlier.

The darkness in the stairwell was purer and deeper than the living room upstairs.

Ethan Hale held his mother Helen's hand tightly as they walked down step by step.

The beam of his phone flashlight swayed across the worn walls and cold concrete stairs, casting their long, tightly pressed-together shadows.

The air carried that old-building mix of dust and dampness.

But Ethan's nose stubbornly caught only the satin-smooth, elegant scent coming from his mother's body.

He still remembered when he was little, afraid of the dark, sleeping in his parents' room. That same scent had surrounded him then.

More than ten years later the scent hadn't changed. Time had only aged it, adding the richer depth of a mature vintage.

Every time he smelled it, it made him feel safe.

He wanted to stay nestled in that sweetness and not think about tomorrow.

Without realizing it, Ethan's grip tightened a little more.

Helen's hands were extremely well cared for—fine, soft, and yielding—yet right now they carried a slight chill and a barely noticeable tremor.

Ethan could feel her leaning most of her body weight on him.

The red wine from dinner was working in the most basic way. Her steps were unsteady, and her cheeks carried an alluring flush.

Ethan's heart was beating fast.

Not because of the dark, and not because of the fight with his father. It was something more complicated, something harder to name.

His palm supported his mother's elbow. Even through the thick cashmere coat and the silk of the dress, he could still feel how slender and warm her arm was.

With every step down, the high side slit of Helen's dark green dress swayed open with the lift of her leg.

Whenever the light swept across, the smooth curve wrapped in nude stockings flashed by. The fine sheen looked like flowing moonlight, tracing up her calf and disappearing into a breathtaking patch of snow-white skin deep under the hem.

The sight hit Ethan's optic nerves like an electric shock.

He didn't dare look too much, yet he couldn't stop catching it in his peripheral vision.

He knew it was wrong. This was his mother.

But in this isolated dark space, the lines of ethics seemed to blur.

The woman beside him was no longer just his mother. She was a woman full of mature charm, long neglected by her husband, who needed his protection and support right now—and who was extremely attractive.

Helen's heart was just as unsettled by her son's wandering thoughts.

His broad, strong palm sent warmth that slowly thawed her cold fingertips.

It was a sense of safety she hadn't felt in a long time.

A pure kind of care and support she had not received from her husband Richard in many years.

She could feel the vigorous vitality of a young man coming off her son.

Remembering how he had shielded her earlier in the living room and roared at his father, Helen felt more than just moved. There was also a strange stirring she herself found shameful.

Suddenly Helen gently leaned her head against her son's shoulder. The movement was natural, full of dependence.

"Ethan, slower… Mom's a little dizzy."

Her voice carried a hint of wine-softened coquettishness as it drifted into Ethan's ear.

"Mm. Lean on me."

Feeling her movement, Ethan's chest tightened. His voice came out a little hoarse. After speaking, he pulled her closer into his side.

Like that, the two of them descended the endless dark stairs in a posture that was almost an embrace.

Every step felt like it was landing on the boundary between reason and feeling.

Finally, the dim yellow light from the small window of the first-floor security desk appeared at the end of the stairwell.

That light was like a sword, piercing the ambiguous, safe darkness of the stairs.

The night doorman, Mr. Miller, was dozing. He lifted his head groggily at the knock.

"Who is it?"

Ethan's voice returned to its usual polite tone.

"Mr. Miller, it's me, Ethan Hale from the twelfth floor. Power's out at home. Can I borrow a few candles?"

"Oh, oh, it's the Hale boy. Hold on."

Mr. Miller started rummaging through a drawer.

The light at the desk wasn't bright, but it was enough to clearly illuminate the two people at the door.

Helen instinctively tried to pull her hand back, but Ethan held on tighter, as if unwilling to let go of the warmth that belonged only to him.

Mr. Miller found the candles and matches and handed them through the window.

When he looked up, his gaze landed on their still-tightly clasped hands.

He paused, then a simple smile appeared on his face. He said in a joking tone:

"Ethan, oh—this your wife? No, no, my old eyes are going. This is… ah, mother and son get along so well, still holding hands this late at night, just like a young couple."

Mr. Miller's casual words were like a bucket of ice water poured over their heads.

Helen's face went pale in an instant, then flushed with a sickly red. Like she had been shocked, she forcefully yanked her hand out of Ethan's grasp.

Ethan also froze in place. His face burned. Even the hand that took the candles was trembling slightly.

"Mr. Miller, you're… you're joking. My mom had a bit to drink. I'm just supporting her."

"Oh, oh, right, right. Of course, of course."

Mr. Miller also sensed the strange atmosphere, but he didn't think much of it. He gave an awkward smile and said nothing more.

After getting the candles, the two of them practically fled from Mr. Miller, completely forgetting to ask about the power outage.

They turned and walked back into the dark stairwell.

The earlier hazy atmosphere had been punctured by Mr. Miller's careless words. What blew in instead was endless awkwardness, lingering fear, and the shame of a taboo almost being seen.

They walked the whole way in silence. Only their footsteps echoed in the empty stairwell, sounding especially loud.

Going up was harder than coming down.

Helen was already weak, and the emotional swings from just now made it worse. When they reached the landing at the fifth floor, she suddenly stumbled and her body softly tilted to the side.

"Mom!"

Ethan reacted quickly and caught her.

This time it was no longer just supporting.

Helen's entire body crashed into Ethan's arms. Her full, mature figure pressed tightly against him.

Ethan's arms wrapped around his mother's back and held her steady.

In this dark corner, the distance between them became zero.

Ethan smelled that faint fragrance again—the scent of a mature woman on his mother, like a rich vintage wine.

His arms were instantly filled with soft fragrance. The full curves of a mature woman, even through several layers of clothing, pressed against his chest in a way that could not be refused. The feeling was so clear, so tempting.

Helen's hands rested on Ethan's chest, feeling her son's young, strong heartbeat—once, then again—like it was knocking on her heart.

Helen lifted her well-maintained face. In the dark she couldn't see her son's features, but she could feel his hot breath spraying across her forehead.

The fear and shame of being almost caught by the doorman just now were replaced in this moment by something stronger, something that felt like giving up and letting go.

The scene seemed to freeze.

Ethan's mind also went blank.

He was holding the woman who had given him life, yet who now felt incredibly fragile.

A mix of tenderness, adoration, the urge to protect, and a desire that should not exist crashed wildly inside his chest.

What happened at the fifth-floor landing was different from the naked desire being traded upstairs.

Facing Helen, the feeling in Ethan's heart right now was more like guarding "beauty," a pure infatuation with the woman who existed behind the symbol of "mother."

Almost without realizing it, Ethan lowered his head. Guided by instinct, he lightly pressed his lips against the woman's two slightly trembling lips that were painted with soft lipstick.

The feeling was softer and cooler than he had imagined.

It touched and separated.

Fast as lightning.

But the memory was burned into both their souls like the hottest brand in that instant.

Helen's whole body trembled and completely stiffened.

Ethan, as if shocked by his own action, suddenly let go and stepped back.

In the dark, with one step between them, both could hear each other's heartbeats like drums.

"Thump thump… thump thump…"

A forbidden kiss had opened a door in both their hearts that could no longer be closed.

After that small incident.

The dark stairwell was dead silent.

Neither of them spoke.

Words felt completely useless in this moment.

Helen's body was still trembling slightly. Her son's breath and the feel of his lips still lingered on hers.

The feeling was so unfamiliar, so sinful, yet it carried a flutter of being treasured that she could not resist.

Married to Richard for more than twenty years, Helen had been proper and diligent at home. She had never experienced a young, powerful man expressing affection that went beyond family love in such an almost reverent way.

Helen felt fear, but more than that, a dizziness before falling.

Ethan's heart was experiencing a tsunami of its own.

He was shocked by what he had done.

He had actually kissed his own mother!

This was incest!

If word got out, how could their family ever face anyone again?!

The realization filled Ethan with lingering fear and self-disgust.

Yet when he thought back to his mother's soft lips, and how when she had crashed into his arms he could still clearly feel those two astonishingly full and soft mounds against his chest even through the clothes, a more primitive, more domineering possessiveness rose uncontrollably from the bottom of his heart.

Ethan wanted to protect her. He wanted to stand beside her—not only as a son.

Even if this feeling could never be accepted by the world.

So what? Behind closed doors, which family doesn't have things they can't show people?

If everyone were truly pure, the world would have been full of saints long ago.

Ethan explained it to himself that way.

After an unknown amount of time, Helen took a deep breath and was the first to break the suffocating silence.

She didn't accuse him, didn't cry. She only said in an extremely complicated tone that carried a trace of exhaustion:

"…Let's go, Ethan. We should head up."

"Mm."

Ethan looked at his mother. His voice was extremely hoarse. He nodded.

They continued upward, but the atmosphere had completely changed.

Before it had been ambiguous closeness. Now it was deliberate distance.

They kept one step between them the whole way. Neither touched the other again.

Finally they reached the door of their twelfth-floor home.

That familiar security door now felt like a barrier separating two worlds.

Ethan took the key from his pocket. Using the weak light of his phone screen, he was about to insert it into the lock.

Just then, Helen suddenly reached out and lightly pressed his wrist.

Ethan's body stiffened. He didn't know why his mother was doing this. He turned his head and, in the dim light, met Helen's complicated eyes.

Helen didn't look at him. She lowered her gaze and used her other slightly trembling hand to very naturally straighten the collar of his coat.

His mother's fingertips, intentionally or not, lightly brushed the skin of her son's neck.

The gesture was full of an intimacy that could not be put into words.

It didn't feel like a mother caring for her son. It felt more like a wife straightening her husband's appearance before he went out.

It was a signal.

A silent, mutually understood signal.

Facing the accident at the stairwell landing not long ago, Helen did not say she forgave him, nor did she say she accepted it. But the gesture itself meant she was packaging that kiss, along with every boundary-crossing ambiguity between them, and hiding it in the deepest corner that belonged only to the two of them.

From this moment on, there was a shared chain between them that could never be spoken of to anyone else.

Their relationship had entered a more dangerous, more tempting tacit understanding.

Ethan's heart began pounding wildly.

He understood what his mother's gesture meant.

It meant that once they went inside, neither of them was to mention what had just happened.

Ethan silently nodded at his mother, then took a deep breath, forced down the countless thoughts in his heart, and aligned the key with the lock.

However, just as his fingertips were about to touch the cold door handle, a woman's uncontrollable moan suddenly came from inside the door without any warning!

"Ah—!"

The sound was sharp, high-pitched, filled with extreme emotion.

It instantly pierced the thick door and stabbed hard into the ears of the mother and son outside!

Ethan and Helen froze on the spot.

That was Sophie's voice!

Ethan's pupils contracted sharply. He was too familiar with his wife's voice.

But this moan… it didn't sound like pain, didn't sound like fright. Instead… instead it carried the extreme pleasure he had only ever heard during their most passionate sex!

An absurd and terrifying thought instantly surged into Ethan's mind.

There was only his father and her inside!

What did this sound mean?

Helen's face also turned paper-white in an instant.

As a woman, as a wife, she could distinguish the meaning in that moan outside the door even better than her son could.

That was the completely out-of-control sound of desire that a woman only made when a man touched the most sensitive part of her body!

Her husband… and her daughter-in-law…

CHAPTER 14

Hell Behind the Door

"Click."

In the exact moment the two people outside the door were falling apart inside, that soft sound of a key sliding into the lock struck Richard and Sophie's ears like a funeral bell from hell.

Time stretched infinitely in that instant.

One second earlier, Sophie was still drowning in the peak pleasure of her father-in-law's palm kneading her bare, massive breasts with nothing in the way.

Those snow-white tits were being molded into all kinds of seductive shapes in his hands. Her nipples were being twisted until they were numb and itchy. Waves of heat were slamming into her brain.

The next second, that "click" kicked her straight out of the heaven of desire and into an inescapable abyss.

"Ah!"

Sophie let out another short, startled cry. Adrenaline shot to the absolute limit.

Richard was also struck as if by lightning. Blood instantly flooded back from that thick cock to his heart, then surged downward again.

Extreme pleasure and extreme terror made his waist go soft. His cock twitched violently and he nearly came on the spot.

But both of them immediately recognized reality.

"We're fucked!"

That was the only thought in their minds.

Father-in-law and daughter-in-law messing around, and getting caught by the mother-in-law and son—this was huge!

At that critical moment, outside the door, Ethan's hands were shaking so badly that even though the key had gone in, the candles and matches he was holding slipped free and hit the floor with a "thud."

The light outside disappeared.

Those few short seconds Ethan accidentally bought them by dropping the candles became the only lifeline for the two people inside.

Survival instinct overrode everything.

"Quick!"

Richard growled in a low voice. Lightning-fast, he pulled both hands off Sophie's tits. With the other hand he stuffed that still-impressive but already softening cock back into his pants at the fastest speed of his life and yanked the zipper up.

He moved so fast he even caught a few pubic hairs in the zipper, but he felt no pain at all.

Sophie reacted even faster.

Almost the instant Richard's hands left her, she violently pulled the open collar of her robe closed and crossed both arms over her chest, using a nearly spasmodic posture to desperately cover those massive breasts that were still violently bouncing from the earlier kneading.

Time was too short. She had no chance to refasten the already-unhooked bra. She could only use this most primitive method to hide the evidence of her crime.

"Click."

A few seconds later, the sound of the lock turning came.

Sophie had another flash of quick thinking. She suddenly stood up from the sofa, deliberately kicked the coffee table leg hard with her foot, and shouted in a pained voice that carried a sobbing tone:

"Ow! My foot!"

Almost at the same moment, Ethan pushed the door open.

The living room was still pitch-black.

"Sophie? Dad? What's going on? That sound just now…"

Ethan's anxious voice rang out in the dark, carrying a trace of suspicion and trembling he himself hadn't noticed.

There was a strange smell in the air.

Mixed with his wife's familiar perfume, the tobacco scent on his father, and another smell…

A musky, lewd, fishy scent that only appears after intense physical activity, mixed with sweat and something like musk, thick with desire.

"Ah… honey, it's me…"

Sophie's voice came from the darkness, trembling and forced into a suppressed sob:

"It was too dark just now. I stood up looking for something and kicked the coffee table leg really hard. Ow… it hurts so bad, baby…"

The explanation had no obvious holes for the moment.

After hearing it, Richard privately admired Sophie's quick wit, then immediately backed her up in that authoritative tone of his—though right now it lacked a bit of confidence:

"Yeah, fumbling around in the dark. Be careful! Ethan, light the candles already!"

Darkness became the best shelter for this father-in-law and daughter-in-law who had been stealing pleasure.

At the door, Ethan bent down and groped on the floor until he finally found the candles and matches.

"Scratch." The match struck. A small, orange flame danced in the darkness.

Ethan lit the candle.

The dim, flickering candlelight immediately drove back part of the dark and illuminated the bizarre "asura field" in the living room.

Ethan looked over and saw his wife Sophie standing on one foot, one hand braced on the back of the sofa, the other hand holding her foot, her face full of a "pained" expression.

That silky robe was wrapped tightly around her body, but the collar area had unnatural wrinkles, as if it had just been hastily straightened.

On her young, beautiful face, the flush had not fully faded. Her lips were swollen more than normal, looking like they had been kissed hard.

His father Richard sat stiffly on the other end of the sofa, keeping a full person's distance from Sophie.

The hem of his button-down shirt was half pulled out of his pants. His slightly graying hair was a bit messy. His face looked pale under the candlelight, and his eyes were shifty—he didn't dare look at his son or wife at all.

Helen stood at the doorway without saying a word.

A woman's natural intuition made her gaze as sharp as an eagle's. She coldly swept over her husband's disheveled clothes, then landed on her daughter-in-law's swollen lips and unnatural posture.

The air in the living room was so heavy it was hard to breathe.

The orange candlelight flickered in the dead-silent living room, casting the four people's shadows on the walls—twisted, stretched long, like the unspeakable demons in each of their hearts.

Sophie's explanation was like a light feather falling into this frozen air. It raised not a single ripple.

Ethan stood there holding the candle, brows tightly locked.

His reason told him his wife's explanation made sense, but that lingering fishy, musky scent in the air mixed with sweat and desire, plus the strange, deliberately distant space between his father and wife, felt like a tiny fishbone stuck in his throat.

Yet most of Ethan's mind right now was occupied by another, even more forbidden and burning secret.

His mother's soft lips. That fleeting kiss. It was like a fire burning in his chest.

This sin that belonged to him made him temporarily lose the sharpness and standing to judge others.

But Helen was terrifyingly calm.

An unprecedented sense of crisis rose in her heart.

She casually draped the cashmere coat in her hands over the entryway console, revealing the sapphire-blue dress that outlined her mature curves with perfect clarity.

Then she walked with light steps, ignoring her husband's evasive gaze, and went straight to her daughter-in-law Sophie.

In this moment, Helen's face carried a perfectly measured concern that belonged to a mother-in-law.

"Sophie, how is it? Where did you hit it? Let Mom take a look. Is it serious?"

Her voice was as gentle as always. No strangeness could be heard.

"Mom, I… I'm fine, I was just careless…"

When Sophie heard it, her heart instantly jumped into her throat.

Under the gaze of those eyes that seemed able to see through everything, Sophie felt like a prisoner who had been stripped naked. It was as if all her lies and guilt had nowhere to hide.

"Don't move. Let me see."

Helen would not be refused. She slowly crouched down in front of Sophie.

The movement made the side slit of her dress once again reveal the graceful calf wrapped in nude stockings.

She extended her well-maintained hand with neatly trimmed, rounded nails and gently grasped her daughter-in-law Sophie's ankle.

Sophie's body instantly stiffened.

Her mother-in-law's hand carried a slight coolness. The afterglow of the wild encounter she had just experienced was instantly replaced by icy fear.

"Is it here?"

Helen asked softly while lightly pressing her fingers on Sophie's instep.

"Mm… ah… right there, it hurts a bit…"

Sophie cooperatively let out a pained sound.

Helen lifted her head. Under the candlelight her eyes looked especially deep. Supporting herself on Sophie's calf, she slowly stood up.

And during the process of standing, her other hand extremely "naturally" slid upward along Sophie's back in a supporting and comforting gesture.

When Helen's cool fingertips slid across the silky robe fabric on Sophie's back, her movement paused slightly.

Helen felt it.

Under that thin layer of silk on her daughter-in-law, there was nothing.

Helen did not feel the slightly elastic back strap of a bra. Instead she directly felt two separate pieces of fabric with metal hooks.

The hooks were unfastened.

This discovery made Helen feel as if she had seen through everything.

So that was it.

So that alluring moan had not been from pain, but from desire.

So her husband's disheveled clothes and her daughter-in-law's flushed face were not accidents.

In those short ten-plus minutes while she and her son had gone downstairs, her husband and daughter-in-law had perhaps done the dirtiest, most shameless thing on this very sofa!

Richard had even unhooked her bra and groped those tits!

Thinking of this, an anger so cold it reached the extreme swept through every part of Helen's body.

But in the eyes of the others, her face still maintained that proper, dignified smile.

Helen's upbringing, plus the lack of solid evidence, kept her from exploding on the spot.

She only lightly patted Sophie's back in passing and said in an even gentler tone:

"Doesn't look like anything major. Just a bump. Go back to your room and put a hot towel on it. Don't stand around. Go rest."

After saying that, Helen let go, turned, took a candle from Ethan's hand, and without even looking at Richard again, walked calmly and elegantly toward her own bedroom.

Richard watched his wife's back and shivered for no reason.

He knew she must have sensed something.

…

Ethan and Sophie also took a candle and returned to their room.

The door closed with a "click," cutting off everything outside.

Ethan set the candle on the nightstand. The flame flickered, casting unclear shadows on his face.

After placing the candle on the nightstand, Ethan suddenly turned without a word and pushed Sophie against the door.

"Ah!"

Sophie cried out in shock at her husband's sudden roughness. The pain of her back hitting the door made her frown.

Ethan braced both arms on either side of her body, trapping her between himself and the door. Those eyes that were usually a bit weak now burned with a terrifying flame as he stared dead at her:

"Just now… did something happen?"

Sophie's heart sank hard. Her eyes flashed with panic as she avoided his gaze, not daring to meet it:

"I… I really just accidentally kicked it…"

Looking at his wife's pretty face that was about to cry from fear, the anger and suspicion in Ethan's chest were replaced by an even darker emotion.

He didn't press further. Instead he lowered his head and fiercely kissed those lips of Sophie's that were still slightly swollen.

Ethan's tongue roughly forced open Sophie's teeth.

He immediately detected a faint tobacco taste.

Ethan trembled all over, followed by a jolt in his heart.

The answer seemed ready to burst out.

Yet the enormous pain of possible betrayal by his wife transformed into the most powerful aphrodisiac. The cock between his legs swelled and hardened at a nearly grotesque speed.

With a "rip" of tearing fabric, the silky robe on Sophie was roughly torn open from the middle, revealing the already-unhooked black lace bra underneath.

In an instant, those imprisoned, snow-white, full D-cup breasts sprang free from the restraint like startled white rabbits, swaying with breathtaking curves under the dim candlelight.

And right then, the ceiling light above them suddenly, without warning, clicked on with a "snap."

The power was back.

Blinding white light instantly filled the entire room, illuminating everything with nowhere to hide.

Ethan stopped.

Under the bright lights, Ethan's eyes dropped and locked dead onto the unhooked bra on his wife's chest.

Those straps hanging loosely on his wife's snow-white shoulders had originally been so alluring. Now they looked especially glaring.

Sophie's mind went "buzz" and blanked out.

Finished! This time she was completely finished! The taste in her mouth could still be argued, but how was she supposed to explain this unhooked bra?

"This… what is this?"

Ethan's voice was cold as ice.

"I… I…"

Sophie's lips trembled. Water mist filled her beautiful eyes. Tears were already spinning in her sockets. Her brain spun frantically as she stammered:

"Just now… just now when the power was out, when I was changing into my nightgown, in the dark I… I didn't fasten it properly…"

"Right, I just didn't fasten it!"

The explanation was full of holes.

Yet Ethan seized on it like a lifeline and chose to believe it.

Because he himself had just committed an unforgivable sin.

He had no qualification and no standing to judge his wife.

He needed this lie to maintain the last fragile balance of this family.

Even more, the thought that his wife's hot body might have just carried his father—no matter how far they had actually gone—made that cock that was swollen until it ached scream to confirm its own existence in the most insane way.

"Is that so?"

Ethan looked at Sophie, his eyes complicated.

Then he lowered his head and buried his face deep between his wife's full, snow-white breasts.

A faint milky scent mixed with the clean smell of body wash flooded his nose, slightly calming the violence inside him while also igniting an even more primitive fire of desire.

In this moment, he only wanted to numb himself with the most frantic sex.

Under Sophie's shocked gaze, Ethan scooped her up by the waist and threw her heavily onto the soft big bed.

"Ah… honey…"

Ethan seemed not to hear his wife's cry. Like a beast that had lost control, he pressed down on her.

He didn't even take off his own clothes. He only roughly yanked open his pants zipper and released that cock that had become especially thick and scalding from suppression and jealousy.

He forcibly spread Sophie's soft legs. With no foreplay at all, he aimed at the already thoroughly soaked and muddy honey hole and slammed in to the hilt in one hard thrust!

"Ah—!"

Sophie let out a scream of pleasure.

Her little hole had already been soaked beyond recognition from the secret play with her father-in-law. Those hot, tight inner walls were now greedily wrapping and sucking the invader.

Feeling the slick sensation coming through his cock, Ethan further confirmed that answer. While pain and unwillingness filled his heart, he was also hit by the contradictory feelings of a cuckold fetish.

It felt like a wire in his brain had shorted and was releasing numbing current with a sizzle.

So Ethan thrust wildly. Every impact used full force.

"Slap slap! Slap slap! Slap slap!"

"Squish… squish…"

Heavy flesh-slapping sounds and sticky wet sounds echoed through the room, mixed with Sophie's broken moans from being pounded.

"Mm… ah… honey… ah ah… slower…"

Ethan moved in and out of his wife's hot body, yet in his mind he uncontrollably pictured his mother Helen's dignified, beautiful face.

He imagined that the perfect body beneath him was his noble, untouchable mother, and that he was using this thick cock to ruthlessly defile her and possess her.

Then the image flipped.

He fantasized about what it would be like if his wife were pressed under his father, being entered by his father's even longer cock—would her face also show this lewd, wanton expression?

Would those moving moans also spill from her mouth?

And Sophie, under her husband's storm-like impacts, gradually lost herself as well.

She closed her eyes, wrapped both arms around Ethan's head, and locked her long, beautiful legs tightly around Ethan's waist. Her hips lifted with his thrusts as she twisted that slender waist, continuously letting out even more alluring, pleasurable coquettish moans:

“Ah… ah… feels so good… honey… feels so good…”

“Honey… faster… ah ah… even faster… so good… baby’s gonna die from how good it feels… ah ah…”

Sophie had originally wanted to close her eyes and enjoy passionate sex with her husband, but what appeared in her mind was her father-in-law Richard’s face full of authority;

those big hands with thin calluses that had groped her tits;

that cock that had made her heart pound with terror, veins bulging.

Sophie unconsciously fantasized that the one wildly pounding inside her cunt right now was her father-in-law’s even thicker, even harder massive dick.

This thought filled her with waves of shame and excitement. The inner walls of her little hole spasmed and clenched uncontrollably.

It squeezed Ethan so hard it felt both uncomfortable and incredibly good.

Their bodies were tightly joined, yet the source of their desire pointed toward each other’s parents.

…

CHAPTER 15

Passionate Sex Between Husband and Wife

Later that night.

The brief power outage had left a new shadow over the Hale household. In the master bedroom, the air hung thick and sticky with sweat and sex.

On the big bed, Ethan Hale moved like a man who'd completely lost control. Every thrust felt like an invasion. The long cock he'd inherited from his father—longer than Rich's, though not quite as thick—drove into Sophie's soaked, gripping pussy like a battering ram, over and over, searing hot.

Slap. Slap. Slap. Slap.

The heavy sound of flesh colliding filled the room they'd carefully made into their private nest. The bed frame creaked under the force. Sophie's broken, breathless moans mixed with the noise into something raw and chaotic.

"Ah… ahh… mm…"

"Mm… baby… ahh…"

Sophie's body—the kind of body that could burn any man's self-control to ash—rocked hard under him like a boat in a storm. Her full D-cup breasts bounced and rolled with every impact, pale and heavy under the bright bedroom lights. The nipples he'd sucked and pinched until they were swollen and cherry-red stood stiff, trembling, practically begging.

Her long, toned legs were shoved wide and high over his shoulders. The position left her completely exposed. Her toes curled tight in pain one second, then spread in helpless pleasure the next. It was pure possession. Her trimmed dark hair, the full outer lips pushed outward by the base of his cock, the soft pink inside—all of it open to the air and to his eyes.

His cock, longer than his father's but a little thinner, slid deep on every stroke, dragging over the slick, ridged walls and hammering the sensitive mouth of her womb.

"Ah… baby… mmm…"

Sophie's moans were sweet and shattered, laced with real ache and something else she didn't want to name. Her mind was already gone, washed out by wave after wave of sensation. Her body kept producing more wetness, trying to ease the burn of how hard he was taking her.

She knew exactly why he was this angry. The jealousy and humiliation of what had happened downstairs was pouring into her through that thick, hard cock. And the worse it got, the wetter she became. Her pussy clenched and sucked at him like it was begging him not to stop.

In the middle of it, a face she shouldn't have been thinking about rose up clear in her head: her father-in-law. Rich Hale. That cock that was thicker than Ethan's, heavy with veins, the kind that felt almost too much just in her hand. She couldn't stop the thought.

What if it was Rich inside her right now? That thicker stretch, the way he'd fill her until it almost hurt… the idea hit like a drug. She got louder, wilder under her husband, hips rolling back to meet him.

Ethan's eyes were bloodshot with rage. He knew every inch of her body, every spot that made her shake. But right now it felt like someone else had already been on her. He fucked her harder and stared straight into her glazed eyes, looking for guilt, for a crack.

He didn't find it. The frustration spilled out.

"You like this?! Tell me you fucking like it!"

He almost never talked like that in bed. The sudden, ugly words cut through the haze. Sophie jolted, her pussy clamping down hard around him in a sudden, violent squeeze.

That reaction snapped something loose in Ethan. The dark, shameful thing he'd always buried—the part of him that got hard imagining his wife with someone else—rose up and swallowed everything else. His own father. The image didn't feel like betrayal. It felt electric.

"Then say it. Louder."

"Mm… baby… so good… so fucking good…"

"Baby… you're fucking me so good…"

She hesitated less than a second, then let go. Her voice went high and filthy as she worked her hips against him, chasing it.

"Yeah?"

Her submission and the way she cried out made his cock jump. The tight, wet grip around the head sent a sharp rush up his spine. He pulled out in one long stroke.

A wet, loud *pop* filled the room. His cock was shiny with her, thick strands of clear and white fluid clinging to the veins, catching the light.

He dropped her legs from his shoulders, crawled up, and knelt by her face. One hand on the back of her head, the other guiding himself.

"Open."

The sudden emptiness made her eyes focus again. Then the heavy, musky length was right there, a drop of fluid landing on her cheek. She parted her lips and took him in without argument, the taste of both of them still on him.

She worked him carefully at first, then with real effort—cheeks hollowed, tongue moving in practiced strokes along the shaft, under the head, circling the tip. Ethan lasted longer than he meant to. Then the thought of those same lips on his father finished him.

He came hard down her throat. Sophie's eyes widened as the first thick pulse hit. She swallowed fast, throat working, taking everything he gave her so she wouldn't choke. When he was done she didn't stop. She cleaned him with slow, thorough licks, sucking the last drops from the slit until he was clean, then kissed the head once before letting him go.

She looked up, mouth still shining, voice small and needy.

"Baby… I still want more…"

Ethan wasn't finished either. On nights when neither of them had work the next day they usually went more than once. He flipped her roughly onto her stomach, hands tight on her waist, and dragged her hips up. The view of her ass stopped him for a second. He lined up and drove back in from behind, harder than before.

Sophie moaned, the sound open and relieved. Ethan watched himself disappear into her, the way her cheeks parted around him, the way each withdrawal pulled more wetness out in thin, shining strings. He could see her swollen lips and the red, abused clit every time he bottomed out.

He stopped thinking. The room filled with the steady, wet slap of skin and their breathing. He stayed deep and rough for a long time, chasing the edge until it finally broke.

"Ahh… fuck… I'm coming—"

His voice went rough. Sophie felt him swell and knew what was coming. Her own orgasm hit hard, body locking, mind blank.

"Mm… mm… ahh… baby, come inside… all of it… fill your wife's pussy—"

She came with a sharp, high cry. Ethan followed, grinding in as deep as he could, pouring everything—anger, jealousy, the twisted excitement—into her in thick, heavy pulses.

Downstairs, Richard Hale sat on the couch with the TV on, restless.

From the second floor came the clear sound of Sophie's voice, high and uncontrolled, mixed with the rhythmic creak of the bed and the sharp slap of skin on skin. Louder than usual. Impossible to ignore.

The remote slipped from his hand and hit the floor.

He knew exactly what his son was doing to his daughter-in-law. Less than half an hour ago that same body had been under him. The same heavy breasts had filled his hands.

His cock, which had only just gone down, stirred again. He stared at the closed bedroom door and didn't move.

CHAPTER 16

The Betrayers' Conspiracy

The afterglow clung to them like the warm, wet sand left behind by a receding tide. The bedroom smelled of sweat and sex. Ethan and Sophie lay tangled on the ruined sheets, chests still heaving, the only sound their slowing breaths.

The ceiling light blurred in Ethan's vision. His body felt emptied out, but the weight on his chest—the knowledge of what had happened downstairs—hadn't moved an inch.

He turned his head. Sophie's hair was stuck to her flushed cheeks and neck. Tears still clung to her lashes. Every so often her body twitched with the last ripples of orgasm. Looking at her like this, he could almost smell the cigarette smoke that didn't belong to either of them.

"Baby…" he said finally. "Be honest with me. Did something happen in the living room?"

Sophie's stomach dropped. She sat up fast and yanked the sheet over her chest, the soft fabric digging into her breasts.

"I told you, I just—"

"Don't." His voice was quiet, flat. He sat up too. "There was smoke on your breath. Dad's brand. And when we started, you were already soaked. That doesn't happen from nothing. And you never look me in the eye when you lie."

Every word landed clean. Sophie's face crumpled.

"Ethan… I…" The tears came hard and sudden. "I'm sorry… I'm so sorry…"

He watched her cry and felt the anger, yes, but also a strange, exhausted clarity. And underneath it, the ugly heat he hated himself for. He sighed, pulled her naked, shaking body into his arms, and held her tight.

"How far did it go?"

She sobbed harder against his chest. "Are you going to leave me? You said you'd love me forever. You can't—"

“Sophie.” His hand moved slowly up and down her bare back. “I love you. So tell me. I can take it.”

She went still. Then she felt it—his cock, soft against her stomach a minute ago, now thickening, growing hard again against her skin.

Her crying stopped. She looked down in disbelief at the thick, heavy length pressing into her belly. He had just come inside her. Now the story of her and his father was making him hard.

The pieces snapped into place. The browsing history she’d found once. The “hotwife” forums. The things she’d half-joked about in the bathroom earlier that night when she was drunk. She had thought she was only teasing. Now she understood.

She lifted her tear-streaked face, something new and careful in her eyes, and started talking.

She told him everything. The king game. The power outage. Rich’s hands, the taste of smoke when he kissed her, the way he’d unhooked her bra and filled his palms with her breasts. How she’d unbuckled his belt and wrapped her fingers around a cock thicker than Ethan’s, felt it jump and swell in her grip.

The more detail she gave, the harder Ethan got. When she described the weight and heat of his father’s cock in her hand, Ethan’s own cock twitched so hard a bead of precum slid down the shaft. He pictured it—his father’s face losing control above her, Sophie’s small hands working him—and the shame and the rush hit at the same time.

He grabbed her face and kissed her like he wanted to bruise her. One hand clamped onto her breast, squeezing hard enough to leave marks. The other gripped her ass, fingers digging in.

“Ow—Ethan, that hurts—”

He froze. Looked at the red prints on her skin, the swollen look of her mouth, and the heat drained out of him. He let go and turned away, shoulders hunched.

“Sorry. I’m—fuck. Sorry.”

A twenty-five-year-old man sat on the edge of the bed with his head in his hands and started to cry, quiet and ugly. Sophie stared at him. All her fear drained away. She crawled over, pressed herself against his back, arms around his shoulders, cheek between his shoulder blades.

“It’s my fault,” she whispered. “I saw your history. The forums. You… like that, don’t you? The idea of me with someone else.”

He went rigid, then gave a small, defeated nod.

Sophie felt the balance shift. She moved in front of him, knelt between his legs, and wrapped her hand around his cock. It was rock hard. She stroked him slowly while she talked.

“I think I have a thing for it too,” she said. “For him. My mom was never around when I was little. Dad was the one who paid attention. When Rich looks at me like that… like he needs me… it feels the same. Safe and exciting at the same time. When he touched me downstairs, I got wet so fast it scared me.”

Ethan’s hips jerked. She kept stroking, voice low and steady.

“Desire isn’t wrong. We’re just honest about it. You want to watch me get taken. I want to be wanted by someone like him. They’re the same thing, just from different sides. We don’t have to hurt anyone. It’s just us. Our secret. Our game.”

He believed her because he needed to. The last lock inside him clicked open.

Sophie leaned down and licked the bead of precum from the tip of his cock, then looked up through her lashes.

“Do you want to see it more clearly next time?”

He swallowed hard and nodded.

“Then we’ll find a chance,” she said, soft and dangerous. “I’ll let him touch me again. And I’ll record it. For you.”

The image hit him so hard he almost came in her hand. He managed a rough “Yes.”

They stayed like that for a moment—husband and wife, both naked, both hard, both agreeing to the same dark thing. Ethan was too deep in the fantasy to remember that he had his own secret: the kiss in the dark stairwell with his mother, Helen, only hours earlier.

CHAPTER 17

Helen's Plan

New Year's Day.

A thin winter sun broke free of the lead-gray clouds and sent pale gold light through the floor-to-ceiling windows, falling across the polished marble floor.

The air smelled of coffee, sizzling bacon, and warm oatmeal—the kind of breakfast that should have felt comfortable and festive.

Instead the living room felt colder than the snow still sitting outside.

At the big mahogany table the only sounds were the occasional clink of a cup or spoon and the carefully quiet noises of people chewing and swallowing. The unnatural silence made every small sound feel too loud.

Richard "Rich" Hale sat at the head of the table looking worse than anyone had seen him in years.

In more than fifty years this was the first time he hadn't slept in the master bedroom. He'd spent the night on a hard makeshift cot in the cluttered study next door. The underfloor heating had kept him from freezing, but the temporary bed felt like a quiet insult to the man of the house, and his back was killing him. A sleepless night had left deep hollows under his eyes and faint dark circles.

Across from him, his daughter-in-law Sophie looked like a different person.

Her face glowed. Her skin had that soft, almost translucent quality in the morning light, and her eyes held a moist, well-used sheen that added a ripe, thoroughly-fucked layer to an already beautiful face.

After she and Ethan had reached their twisted agreement in the middle of the night, something that had been asleep in her body had switched on. They'd gone at it twice more, hard and thorough. The pleasure had left her muscles soft and aching, like her body had been taken apart and put back together. Her mind, though, was wired higher than ever.

Once the taboo line had been crossed, what came out wasn't just desire. It was the older, deeper hunger for danger and risk.

She had chosen her clothes carefully. A low-cut cream cashmere sweater clung to her chest and pushed her full D-cup breasts up and together into deep cleavage. Every small movement made them sway. Light-blue high-waisted denim shorts cinched her narrow waist and showed off the curve of her ass and her long legs.

She picked up a piece of bacon and ate it with small, neat bites.

That was when she noticed Rich's eyes.

His gaze kept sweeping across the pale skin of her chest, open and hungry, almost licking her. The blatant staring sent a hot, itchy pulse low in Sophie's belly. Between her legs she started to get wet on her own.

Next to her, Ethan sat like a tense spectator. His head was down, but he was watching his father from the corner of his eye. Seeing the old man's eyes stick to his wife's tits made blood rush straight to Ethan's cock. It thickened and stiffened in his pants until it was almost fully hard.

Even after they'd talked everything out, the mix of shame and forbidden thrill still left him both turned on and miserable.

The calmest person at the table was Helen Hale.

She wore a well-cut beige lounge set. Her black hair was pulled into a neat bun and her light makeup made her look younger than she was. She ate her oatmeal in small, elegant spoonfuls, as if last night's humiliation and this morning's tension had nothing to do with her.

No one knew a volcano was already building under that surface.

Sophie lifted her glass of milk, took a small sip, and left a little white smear on her lower lip. Under the table her hand found Ethan's hardening cock through his pants and gave it a light, teasing stroke with her fingertips. When she felt him go rigid she smiled.

Then she stood, picked up the coffee pot, and walked over to Rich.

"Dad, more coffee?"

Her voice was sweet, obedient, the kind of tone that made most men soften.

Rich blinked, pulled out of the dirty thoughts running through his head. He reached for the cup.

Just as their hands were about to meet, Sophie's fingers seemed to lose strength. Her long index finger—still carrying a faint scent of milk—drifted across the back of his hand in a slow, light stroke.

The soft touch hit him like a shock. His whole body jerked.

His fork clattered onto the table.

Every bit of exhaustion vanished. What replaced it was raw, immediate need. Under the table his cock swelled hard and fast, veins standing out.

He didn't bother with the fallen fork. He looked up, breathing harder, and met Sophie's eyes. In them he saw a quick, fox-like flash of amusement.

She had done it on purpose.

She wasn't afraid of him. She was starting to enjoy this. She was toying with him.

The realization made his breathing rougher. He felt like an animal on a chain being teased over and over by the softest thing in the room.

Helen saw all of it without lifting her head. From the corner of her eye she caught her husband's sudden stiffness, the dropped fork, and the satisfied look on Sophie's face.

Her heart had already gone cold.

Nice. Real nice. Not even bothering to hide it anymore.

She kept her face calm. It wasn't only habit. Last night, after she'd realized something was happening between her husband and Sophie, she had already made up her mind.

You can't keep paper over a fire forever.

Once that twisted thing between Rich and Sophie started, it wasn't going to die out on its own. Which meant this family no longer needed to exist the way it was.

So last night she had stayed up drafting the divorce papers on the computer. Divorce was necessary. But she wasn't going to let the two of them walk away clean.

The company, the properties, the accounts under Rich's name—she wanted the majority. She had held this house together for more than twenty years. She wasn't paying for someone else's mistake.

All she needed now was evidence solid enough to destroy them. When everything finally blew up she would put the papers in front of Rich and those two wouldn't take a single dollar out of the house.

Everything belonged to her. And to her son.

Thinking of Ethan, she looked across the table. In her eyes he was still the clueless one, the one being kept in the dark.

A real flash of pity crossed her face.

Poor idiot. His own wife is flirting with his father right in front of him and he still doesn't see it.

"Ethan."

Her voice cut through the silence, soft and fond with a mother's mild scolding.

"You've got sauce on the corner of your mouth. So messy. You've been married this long and you're still like a little kid."

She reached out. Instead of grabbing a napkin she used her index finger and gently wiped the corner of his mouth.

Ethan had been lost in the complicated feelings of watching his wife and father. The sudden touch of his mother's finger made him freeze.

Her fingertip was cool and carried the faint floral scent that always clung to her. The contact instantly pulled up every memory of last night in the stairwell—the kiss.

She let her finger linger on his lips a second longer than necessary.

It was too intimate. Too far past the line a mother and son should keep. Ethan's face flushed. The dirty thoughts about Sophie scattered, replaced by something even more forbidden: the memory of his mother.

"Mom, I—"

He started to pull back.

"Don't move. Come a little closer."

Her voice stayed gentle, but it carried an order. She finished wiping the sauce, then let her fingers trail down to straighten his collar. In the process her fingertip brushed across his Adam's apple.

His throat bobbed from nerves, right against her finger.

Before he could react she spoke again.

"There. Now eat."

She took her hand back like she'd done nothing unusual.

The atmosphere at the table had grown even stranger.

Sophie's smile froze. Watching the overly intimate exchange between her mother-in-law and husband, a sudden, unexpected jealousy and unease rose in her.

Are they usually this close?

Rich looked ready to explode.

Those hands—hands he hadn't really touched in a long time—were now stroking his son's mouth and throat with a tenderness he had never seen from her. Those spots carried sexual suggestion for a man.

What was she doing? Revenge? Using his own son to get back at him?

She knew everything.

Faced with the shocked, angry stares from her husband and daughter-in-law, Helen merely rolled her eyes with a shallow, disdainful flick, then lowered her head and continued eating her oatmeal as if none of it had anything to do with her.

CHAPTER 18

Sophie's Teasing

The tense breakfast ended in silence, each of them carrying their own thoughts.

Outside, light snow had started falling again, coating the already oppressive house in another cold layer.

New Year's Day should have meant visits and noise. Instead the snow kept the four of them trapped inside the strange atmosphere of the apartment.

In the living room the big TV played some loud New Year's special. The bright music and laughter clashed with the quiet in the room. Instead of easing anything, the noise scraped at everyone's nerves.

The four of them occupied different corners of the living room, forming an uneasy square.

Rich sat in the armchair with a newspaper he'd already flipped through a dozen times. He wasn't reading. His eyes kept drifting over the top of the page, locking onto Sophie like a radar.

Her young, ripe body pulled at him like a magnet. He couldn't look away.

Sophie, the one who had started the silence, looked perfectly at ease.

She lounged at the other end of the sofa, legs crossed and propped on the armrest, a book in her hands. The low neckline of her cream sweater had slipped even lower from the way she was sitting, her deep cleavage almost fully on display. The light-blue denim shorts clung to her round ass. Because her legs were crossed, the shorts had ridden up, showing most of her soft, pale thighs. Her skin caught the warm light and looked almost milky.

She knew Rich's eyes were stuck on her. Those two hot stares felt like they were already under her clothes, licking at her chest and between her legs. The feeling made her pussy wetter. She was quietly enjoying every second of it.

Sophie kept thinking how lucky she was to have a husband who understood her and didn't fight her on this. Without Ethan, none of this pleasure would exist.

Ethan sat beside her, head down, pretending to scroll on his phone. He was actually watching the reflection on the screen, tracking his father and his wife.

Rich's hungry stare and Sophie's deliberate, inviting posture hit him like a drug. His cock was hard again in his pants. He was sinking deeper into the hotwife thrill.

Helen sat closest to the TV, remote in hand, flipping channels like she didn't care. But her sharp eyes caught everything from the side.

Her husband's shameless staring. Her daughter-in-law's open flirting. Every bit of it felt like a needle. Her face stayed calm.

Time dragged in the heavy silence.

Then Sophie moved.

She stretched on the sofa. The motion pushed her chest up and tightened the sweater across her breasts. She yawned and said, voice lazy:

"God, my back's stiff. I'm going to get some water."

She stood, barefoot on the warm marble, and walked toward the open kitchen. Her hips swayed under the tight shorts.

Everyone's eyes followed her.

Rich's throat went dry. He watched her ass move as she walked and felt the heat in his gut burn hotter. He kept wondering how tight and soft she was under that thin fabric. He wanted to find out himself.

In the kitchen Sophie didn't go straight for a glass. She opened the fridge, bent over, and leaned inside like she was looking for something.

The move was lethal.

The already short denim shorts rode up even higher when she bent. From Rich's angle he could almost see the shadowed line between her cheeks. It hit harder than any video he'd ever watched.

He swallowed hard. His blood pressure spiked. The cock Sophie had teased at breakfast stiffened again, thick and insistent, pushing against his pants. He lifted the newspaper higher to cover himself.

Ethan saw it too. He understood exactly what his wife was doing. His heart pounded. Sophie's ass was so round and high, and right now that ass—normally his—was being offered to his father with almost nothing in the way.

The sight and the taboo made Ethan's cock throb painfully. For a second he wanted to walk into the kitchen, grab her hips, and fuck her from behind while she stayed bent over.

That was when Helen moved.

She stood up with a gentle smile and spoke to Ethan.

"Ethan, your face is flushed. Are you too warm? Mom's going to get you a cold drink."

Her presence broke the charged air between the two men and Sophie.

Rich reacted first. He yanked his eyes back behind the newspaper like he'd been caught.

"Yeah… sure," Ethan said after a beat, dropping his head and pretending to keep scrolling.

Helen didn't walk into the kitchen where Sophie was still bent over. She stopped in front of Rich instead, her body blocking his view of Sophie.

"Rich, want more coffee? I'll make you another cup."

"Uh… yeah. Sure."

Rich answered stiffly, feeling like a kid who'd just been called out.

Sophie sensed the shift behind her. She straightened, pulled a container of strawberries from the fridge, and closed the door.

When she turned she met Helen's eyes. There was no anger, no scolding—just a cold, knowing look that made Sophie's stomach drop.

She felt like a performer on stage whose tricks the audience had already seen through.

"You want strawberries too, Sophie? I'll wash some for everyone."

Helen's voice stayed warm and polite. She took the container from Sophie, walked to the sink, and started rinsing the berries one by one. Her unhurried movements made Sophie's deliberate teasing look obvious and clumsy.

Sophie felt the setback. She didn't understand.

If she noticed something, why isn't she saying anything?

Is she holding back, or did she really not see it?

The unknown made her both nervous and curious. Especially for someone as sharp as Sophie.

She had pushed the flirting in front of Helen on purpose. She wanted to test whether her mother-in-law knew anything, and how much she would tolerate.

Normally a mother-in-law would say something if she saw her daughter-in-law acting that close with her husband. Helen's silence was abnormal. It was the older woman playing a longer game.

Sophie wasn't scared, though.

Ethan was solidly on her side. Even if everything came out, once she fully pulled Rich onto their side it would be three against one. The advantage would be hers.

She watched Helen wash the strawberries, gave herself a quick internal pep talk, then poured a glass of water and walked back out to the living room.

The rest of the afternoon passed in quiet probes and counters.

Sophie tried a few more "accidental" moves. She dropped her book and bent to pick it up, giving Rich another clear view down her sweater. Later she stepped onto the balcony in just the thin sweater to watch the snow, shivering enough that Rich almost got up to bring her something to wear.

Each time Helen shut it down without seeming to try. She would appear between them at the right moment, say something ordinary, make a natural movement, and kill the spark before it caught. Sometimes she sat next to Ethan, took his hand, and started talking about things he did as a kid. The closeness made both Sophie and Rich shift in their seats.

Rich spent the whole afternoon caught between ice and fire. Sophie kept stoking his desire until he was right on the edge, but Helen's presence acted like a constant restraint. He couldn't cross any line. The frustration of wanting something he could see but not touch mixed with anger and burned hotter.

By the time the light outside faded and the living room lamps came on, Rich couldn't stand it anymore.

He stood up suddenly, slammed the newspaper onto the coffee table, and walked straight to the study. He shut the door hard behind him, cutting himself off from the rest of the house.

The other three looked at one another.

Sophie smiled, satisfied.

Helen glanced once at the closed study door. Her eyes were deep and unreadable.

CHAPTER 19

Complete Failure

The night had gotten late.

Cold air seeped through the window gaps, but it was nothing compared to the cold inside the people.

In the study, only one warm vintage lamp was on over the big desk. The dim light made Rich's exhaustion and the angry flush from alcohol stand out clearly, throwing a large, twisted shadow behind him.

After he'd shut himself in here he'd already poured half a bottle of strong whiskey down his throat.

The burn ran from his throat all the way to his stomach, but it didn't put out the fire inside him. The alcohol didn't numb him. It amplified everything he'd been holding back all day—the desire and the formless anger—until both felt twice as strong.

Rich lifted his head. His bloodshot eyes found the clock on the wall. It was already eleven.

By now Helen should have been back in the bedroom, sitting at her vanity doing the same careful nighttime routine she'd done for years.

Helen.

The name moved across his tongue and stirred nothing warm.

After more than twenty years of marriage their sex life had dried up completely. "Doing his duty" felt like something from another century. He tried to remember the last time he'd actually been inside her with the cock that was now hard because of someone else's wife, and he couldn't.

Tonight was different.

The heat Sophie had started in him wouldn't let him sit still. He needed to do something.

He was going to take his wife. He was going to take Helen.

He would use the most basic, rough way he had to make her pay for the way she'd acted with their son today. He would show her who still ran this house.

Deep down he knew that was only the excuse. What he really wanted was to dump the dirty, restless desire Sophie's young, sexy, willing body had stirred up in him.

So, reeking of whiskey and determined, Rich stood up unsteadily, left the study, and pushed open the master bedroom door. He didn't try to be quiet.

Helen was sitting at her vanity, removing her makeup. She had her back to the door. She wore a dark green silk slip nightgown.

The expensive fabric clung to her well-kept, full, balanced body and showed the soft, mature S-curve that came with her age. The light from above fell on her bare shoulders and smooth back. Her skin was still firm and warm-looking, and she smelled like expensive skincare mixed with her own scent.

She heard the door. She didn't turn around. Through the big mirror she glanced at him with the corner of her eye—no surprise, no fear, just the look someone gives a buzzing fly they want gone.

That look snapped something in Rich.

He slammed the heavy door shut and locked it. The sound of the lock clicking was loud in the quiet room.

Eyes bloodshot, he walked straight toward her. His shoes hit the floor hard.

"What's that look?" he rasped. He grabbed the wrist of the hand holding the makeup wipe. His palm was rough and hot. He squeezed hard enough that it almost hurt.

Helen flinched but her face stayed cold. She tried to pull free once, failed, and stopped fighting.

"Let go. You're drunk."

"I'm not drunk. I'm clear."

The whiskey had stripped away the last of his caution. Her cold tone made him angrier. He yanked her up off the stool and forced her to face him. They were close enough that she could smell the liquor on his breath.

"Helen, don't forget I'm your husband. You were all over our son today. Do you even know what that looked like? Do you have any shame left?"

“You still have the nerve to talk about me?”

Helen finally smiled. It was beautiful and completely cold.

“You—”

Her attitude made Rich feel like he’d thrown his full strength into a punch that hit nothing. The anger burned hotter. Whatever restraint he had left burned up with it.

He shoved her backward onto the big bed. The mattress bounced under her. The green nightgown rode up and showed her thighs in sheer stockings.

Before she could sit up he was on her, heavy and pinning her down. His cock—already thick and hot from the alcohol, the anger, and the thoughts of Sophie—pressed hard against her through their clothes. Right now it was the only proof of manhood he felt he still had.

“You’re my wife. Tonight you do your duty.”

He started ripping at the silk nightgown.

The fabric tore. Under it was a matching dark green lace bra and the pale tops of her thighs in the stockings. The bra pushed her full, mature breasts up and together, creating deep cleavage.

Helen stayed strangely calm. She didn’t scream or cry or even struggle for show. She just lay there while he tore at her clothes and ground against her, like what was happening wasn’t happening to her at all.

Rich looked down at her, breathing hard.

She was looking at him again with that same expression—like she was staring at something disgusting.

He was about to get rougher when she spoke, voice flat and clear:

“Rich, you make me sick.”

The words stopped him colder than any fight would have.

His body locked. His blood felt like it froze. The cock that had been hard and throbbing went soft in seconds.

He climbed off her like a beaten animal and dropped onto the carpet beside the bed. He put his head in his hands. His body felt boneless.

Helen sat up slowly. She didn’t fix the torn nightgown. Her breasts stayed pushed up in the bra and her stockinged thighs stayed bare. The

sight that would have driven him crazy any other time now only made him feel smaller.

Years ago there had been something between them. He didn't know when that had quietly disappeared.

Helen looked down at him the way someone looks at a bad performance that just ended. There was even a little pity in her eyes. That pity cut deeper than disgust.

"Get out."

She said it once, cold, then stopped looking at him. She got off the bed barefoot, walked across the carpet, and went into the small walk-in closet without looking back.

Rich left the bedroom. The door closed softly behind him. It felt like the end of whatever was left of the marriage and of the pride she'd just broken.

Upstairs, Ethan and Sophie had heard the noises from the master bedroom even through the decent soundproofing—the heavy door slam first, then Rich's muffled but still clear shouting.

Ethan's stomach tightened. He looked at Sophie, worried.

Sophie looked excited.

CHAPTER 20

The Unchanging Vow

Sophie's already pretty face was flushed with excitement, a soft pink blooming across her cheeks. Her eyes were bright, almost glowing.

She was lying on her side on the bed, propped up on one elbow. The low neckline of her cream-colored knit top had pulled even lower with the pose, the soft fabric squeezing her full, pale breasts together so they looked ready to spill free. The deep valley between them could have swallowed a man's attention whole.

"Did you hear that?" she asked, a teasing little smile in her voice. She stretched out one long leg, the light-blue denim shorts riding high on her thigh, and lazily dragged her bare toes along Ethan's calf.

"Sounds like your dad took all the frustration he couldn't unload on me and dumped it straight on your mom instead."

The words, plus the slow drag of her toes, hit Ethan like a match to dry grass. The thing he'd only half-admitted to himself—the heat that flared whenever he imagined Sophie with someone else—caught and burned.

Dad… Mom… Sophie…

The words tangled in his head, spinning into forbidden pictures that made his mouth go dry and his pulse jump.

For a second he could almost see through the walls: his father, rigid with need, and that cock Sophie had described—thicker than his own. Both of them desperate for somewhere warm and wet to sink into. And that somewhere, if you were being precise, should have been his wife's pussy.

"Don't… don't say shit like that," he muttered.

His breathing had already gone uneven. The cock he'd inherited from his father—longer, if not quite as thick—was lifting against his pants of its own accord.

"Say what?" Sophie laughed, soft and wicked. She sat up, moving like something liquid, and crawled over until she was kneeling astride his

hip. The angle put her above him; her breasts shifted and swayed with every breath, heavy and soft.

She leaned down until her mouth was right against his ear, voice low and honeyed.

"Husband… aren't you a little curious? Curious what it would feel like if that big, thick cock of your dad's pushed inside my little pussy?"

"Sophie, you're… you're being fucking filthy."

Ethan's face was red, but his body wasn't lying. He was fully hard now, straining the front of his sweats into an obvious tent.

"I *am* a filthy little slut," she said easily. Her hand slid down and closed around him through the fabric, squeezing the hot length of him. "And I'm a filthy little slut who's about to get fucked by your dad. Does that turn you on, baby?"

Ethan swallowed hard. Shame and heat crashed into each other. In the end the heat won. He gave a short, rough nod.

Something flickered in Sophie's eyes—satisfaction, and a thin thread of contempt—but underneath it was something denser, more twisted. She loved him. That was why she was willing to step into the darkest corner of his fantasies and make it real.

She kept stroking him through his clothes, slow and firm, and started painting the picture in that same low voice.

"Tomorrow I'm wearing that black lace dress. The one you said was too much to leave the house in. Nothing underneath. Completely bare."

"I'll find a way to be alone with your dad. Maybe in the kitchen while he's cutting fruit."

Every word landed right on the rawest nerve Ethan had. She felt him thicken even more in her hand and smiled.

"I'll do what I did today. Bend over into the fridge so the dress pulls tight across my ass and he can see exactly how round it is. Then I'll 'accidentally' drop the knife… and squat down real slow to pick it up."

Ethan could see it. His breathing had gone heavy, almost ragged.

"He won't be able to stop himself," Sophie whispered. "He'll come up behind me. That thick cock will press right against my ass. Do you think he'll be even harder than you are right now?"

"Yeah," Ethan forced out between his teeth. "He will."

“Then I’ll pretend to struggle a little… and let him bend me over the counter.”

She finally undid his pants. Cool fingers brushed the hot skin of his lower stomach and he jerked. Her voice kept going, merciless.

“He’ll push the dress up. See my bare ass and my bare pussy. He’ll rub that veiny cock along me first, get me so wet I’m dripping all over him…”

“Stop,” Ethan rasped, scalp prickling. He was close just from the words. He grabbed her wrist.

“No. You’re going to hear all of it.” Sophie was stronger than she looked. She caught his wrist and pressed his palm to her chest so he could feel how hard her heart was beating, and how soft and heavy her breast was under the knit.

“When he starts pushing that thick head into me, stretching me open little by little… what do you think I’ll do? I’ll clamp my legs together like it hurts. And I’ll whisper—”

Her voice dropped to something almost delicate.

“Husband… help me…”

Those four words finished him. Something in Ethan snapped.

“Sophie—you little slut.”

He rolled her under him and shoved the knit top up. Her breasts spilled free, full and pale, the nipples already tight and pink. He dropped his mouth onto one and sucked hard, greedy, while his hands yanked her shorts and his own pants down.

No teasing. He lined himself up and drove in to the hilt in one thrust. The wet sound was loud in the quiet room.

Sophie cried out, back arching, her walls fluttering around him.

“Tell me,” he growled, already fucking her hard and deep. “Who fucks you better? Me, or the idea of my dad?”

“Dad,” she gasped, matching him. “He’s thicker… it’d feel even better…”

The answer made him rougher. He flipped her onto her stomach, hauled her hips up, and watched himself disappear into her over and over, her slick coating him. He fisted her hair and made her look back.

“This is your husband’s cock,” he said against her ear. “Tomorrow another one—thicker than this—is going to fuck this same little pussy. You gonna scream louder for him than you are for me right now?”

“Yes—fuck—Ethan, slower, you’re gonna break me—”

He didn’t slow down. He held her hips and drove into her until the slap of skin and her broken moans filled the room. When he came he buried himself as deep as he could, pulsing hard inside her. Sophie followed a second later, shaking under him.

Afterward they lay tangled and sweaty. Ethan pulled her against his chest, one hand idly stroking her damp hair.

“You were really fucking dirty just now,” he said, voice rough.

“You were really fucking good,” she murmured, nuzzling closer like a contented cat.

He knew most of what she’d said had been for him—feeding the thing he wanted. But the post-nut clarity brought a colder edge with it.

“Sophie.”

“Mm?”

“When this actually happens… with my dad… I’m worried we might end up going further. Like… swapping. And I’m worried what happens if one of us starts hiding things. Or if you… catch feelings for someone else.”

He’d read enough of this kind of story to know how they usually went. The wife got lost in it, the marriage cracked, and even if the writer forced a happy ending the damage stayed.

Sophie kissed his jaw, half-amused. “Is this the famous post-nut clarity talking?”

“I’m serious.”

She went quiet for a moment, cheek pressed to his chest, listening to his heartbeat. Then she said, soft but steady:

“I don’t think I’ll get lost. Even if we start playing with other people.”

“Why not?”

She looked up at him, eyes warm. “Because I have the best husband in the world. If this little lost lamb ever wanders off the path, he’ll still be there to pull me back.”

The last of the tightness in Ethan’s chest eased. He held her tighter.

“Then let’s make a rule. Starting now. Whatever either of us does with anyone else, the other one knows about it first. No secrets. If either of us breaks that, we stop all of it and go back to normal. Deal?”

“Deal.”

Sophie held up her pinky, playful. Ethan hooked his around hers. They looked at each other and said it together, almost solemn:

“Pinky promise. A hundred years. Never change.”

CHAPTER 21

The Invitation

The last stubborn streak of sunset still clung to the horizon when the night began pouring over the city like spilled ink.

It was the fourth evening of the new year. The thin leftover cheer of the holidays was already being crushed under the horns and taillights of rush hour.

A black Audi A6 slid along the curb like a silent beetle. Richard Hale kept both hands on the wheel but didn't turn into the underground garage. He parked on the street instead, cracked the window halfway, and let the cold air rush in. He didn't seem to notice. With a soft *click*, he lit a cigarette.

Three days had passed since that humiliating night. For three full days Richard had felt like a body someone had scooped the soul out of—a ghost wandering through his own house.

He hadn't gone back to the master bedroom. He'd locked himself in the study, sleeping on the narrow single bed in there. Even though the company was still on holiday, he'd driven in every day. An empty office was easier to breathe in than the place he called home.

Smoke went in and came out again, curling around his fingers and softening the edges of everything. In the window glass he caught his own reflection and, for a second, didn't recognize the man looking back.

He was only forty-six. This was supposed to be the solid part of a man's life. Instead there was new silver at his temples that hadn't been there before. The bags under his eyes were swollen, the look in them dull and spent, like something had been drained out of him completely.

He sighed, crushed the cigarette in the ashtray, and got out. The cold hit him hard enough to make him shiver.

In the little security booth at the base of the building, the night guard—Miller—was hunched inside a thick padded coat, reading a yellowed newspaper. When he saw Richard he put on a familiar smile.

"Mr. Hale's back? At your age you don't have to grind this hard. You should be enjoying yourself."

Richard almost nodded out of habit, then realized he didn't have the energy. He shook his head once and pulled a fresh soft-pack of premium cigarettes from his pocket. He walked over and held it out.

"Thanks for handling the power outage last time. Happy New Year."

The bright red pack made Miller's eyes light up. "Mr. Hale, that's nothing—really—"

He protested with his mouth while his hands accepted the cigarettes without hesitation.

For a second Richard had the urge to say something real to the man. Just a few ordinary words. Proof that he wasn't completely alone on the planet. The impulse rose, then died in his throat.

What could he even say?

That he and his wife weren't sleeping together?

That his head was full of his daughter-in-law's full, pale tits and tight, hot cunt?

No.

He gave a tired nod instead and walked into the building. Behind him, Miller was already tearing the gold strip off the pack, tapping out two cigarettes, and lighting one with a contented expression. By the time he looked up, Richard was gone.

In the elevator the polished metal walls threw back a gaunt, solitary reflection. The harsh white light from the ceiling made every line on his face look deeper. He watched the floor numbers climb and thought about how almost fifty years of dinners, factories, and handshakes had left him with a contacts list full of people and not a single person he could actually call when he needed to talk.

Not Miller. Not anyone in his phone.

He sighed again. *What the hell is a man even supposed to want out of this life?*

The doors opened. Warm air hit him.

He wiped the dryness from his mouth, forced the noise in his head down, and unlocked the door with his fingerprint.

Helen stood with her back to him at the big rosewood dining table, calmly setting out white bowls and chopsticks. Every movement was unhurried and precise. She was wearing a tight black turtleneck sweater

and a gray pencil skirt that stopped mid-thigh. The clothes looked poured onto her—mature, full curves drawn sharp under the fabric. When she leaned forward, the black knit strained high over the heavy D-cups of her breasts; they shifted with soft, weighty movement under the cloth. The skirt hugged the round swell of her ass. Sheer nude stockings covered her long legs. Every step made the flesh under the skirt roll in a slow, deliberate wave.

Richard looked longer than he meant to before he forced his eyes away. The heat in the condo was high; his throat felt dry.

Helen had heard him come in. She didn't turn around. She finished setting the last place, then called toward the sofa where Ethan and Sophie were curled up with their phones.

"Ethan, Sophie—dinner's ready."

Her voice was warm, almost affectionate. Completely different from the way she spoke to him.

Only then did she glance over, tone flat. "You're home early."

Richard stopped. He'd prepared himself to be ignored the way he had been for the past three days—change in the study, come out, eat in silence. The fact that she spoke first made something small and fragile stir in his chest.

"Yeah," he said, a little stiff. "Nothing much going on at the office."

"Change your clothes. You smell like smoke. Then come eat."

There was a faint edge of impatience in it, almost distaste. To Richard it still sounded like the first crack in the ice.

Maybe three days had been enough for some of the anger to cool. He nodded quickly. "Right. I'll be right out."

He nearly jogged into the study. The room that had been a mess the last time he saw it was now neat. The bed was made. Papers were sorted. A faint, clean scent hung in the air. Helen had done it.

Warmth moved through him. His nose stung. *After all these years… she still cares. She still cares about this house.*

The warmth hadn't settled before the other thought arrived and killed it.

Sophie.

The young, pretty face with that teasing little smile. The body that radiated heat and invitation. It pushed into his head again. This time he didn't let himself sink. Three days of humiliation and cold had left a residue of resentment.

If it weren't for her, none of this would have happened.

He made the decision right there. *I need to stay away from her. I can't let her destroy this family.*

He changed into lounge clothes and walked out fast, afraid of missing whatever fragile thaw had started.

Ethan and Sophie were already at the table, heads close together, talking and laughing. Richard's eyes went to Sophie first anyway.

She wore a soft rose-colored knit dress. Not loud red—something gentler that made her already pale skin look even smoother. The dress was simple and fitted. The top half clung to her, lifting and framing the same D-cup breasts her mother-in-law had, only younger, higher, springier. They moved under the knit when she laughed. The hem sat a hand's width above her knees. When she sat, it rode up and left her long, bare legs exposed—no stockings tonight. The skin looked almost luminous under the lights.

Richard stared at those legs. Memory supplied the rest: three nights ago, in the dark living room, the way his hand had moved up those smooth thighs, higher, until he found the soft, wet heat between them—

Ethan's voice cut through it. "—it was actually insane, Dad. The roller coaster—"

Richard blinked. "Oh. Yeah. Glad you had fun." He sat and picked up his bowl.

Sophie added, light and clear, "We wanted Mom to come with us, but she said she didn't feel like dealing with the crowds at the park."

While she spoke her eyes flicked toward Richard for half a second. There was the faintest curve at the corner of her mouth.

The look landed like a barbed feather against his nerves. He dropped his gaze to his food. His heart had started pounding anyway.

He knew she was doing it on purpose. The little witch knew exactly what he wanted from her. She knew the mess it had already caused

between him and Helen. And she was still testing him—quietly, skillfully—right in front of everyone.

He ate without tasting anything. Sophie and Ethan, meanwhile, were perfectly happy. They moved on to stories from the classmate reunions they'd attended the last few days.

"Your old classmates are fun," Sophie said. "I didn't realize there was still a real beauty in your year."

Ethan frowned. "Who?"

Sophie tilted her chin. "About my height, about my skin tone, high ponytail."

"Oh. Madison. She's actually a year under us. Started seeing one of my buddies, Jake, late last year. I only found out a couple days ago."

Sophie made a thoughtful little sound and let the topic drift back to the amusement park.

On one side of the table the young couple glowed. On the other, Richard and Helen sat with an invisible wall between them. Watching his son and daughter-in-law, Richard felt a knot of things at once: a small, stupid hope that a family could still look like this, and a sharper, uglier envy. He'd almost had something more than this. One more inch and that young, hot body would have been his.

He caught Helen watching him. The fantasy died instantly. He bent over his food again and decided, once more, that he was done thinking about it.

They cleared the table together. For a few minutes the condo almost felt ordinary.

Then Helen, who had been quiet, wiped her mouth with a tissue—her lipstick a soft bean-paste red—and said, "Ethan and Sophie go back to work tomorrow, don't they?"

"Yeah," Ethan answered, coming out of the kitchen drying his hands. "Sophie's got one more day, though. She doesn't start until the sixth." He looked at his wife with open pride. "Her boss liked the project she just finished so much he gave her an extra day."

Sophie flushed prettily. Being praised in front of her in-laws made her a little shy, but she still lifted her chin like a swan. "Of course he did. Your wife happens to be the best game planner in the world."

Richard watched the easy flirting and felt the emptiness in his chest get heavier.

No one noticed the brief, sharp glint that crossed Helen's eyes in that moment. It was the look of a hunter watching prey step onto the trap.

Her husband's disappointment. Her daughter-in-law's bright, pleased face. Her son's unguarded happiness. She took all of it in.

Then she set the tissue down, leaned forward slightly, and folded her long, pale hands on the polished table. A small smile touched her mouth.

"Since it's the last night of the break, we shouldn't just sit around. Why don't we…"

"Play the King Game again?"

The air in the living room seemed to vanish.

Ethan froze mid-smile.

Sophie's bright expression stuttered into surprise.

Richard's head came up. He stared at his wife.

Helen was smiling at him. The eyes that used to look soft now held a cold, clear light that made the skin on the back of his neck tighten.

CHAPTER 22

The Game Begins Again

Helen's suggestion hit Sophie first.

Her eyes lit up so fast it was almost visible. For the past few days she and Ethan had been bouncing between reunions and dates, while Richard had buried himself at the office. She and Ethan had already been quietly working out how to create a clean opening to pull her father-in-law in. Now the opening had just been handed to them.

She looked at Ethan. The same heat was already in his eyes. One glance was enough. They were taking it.

Sophie also knew tonight was different from last time. Last time the alcohol had done half the work. If they wanted this to go anywhere, they needed more fuel.

She leaned forward just enough for the rose-colored knit dress to push her breasts together into a deep, soft line. She licked her lower lip once, slow, then smiled at Helen.

"Mom, I'm down. But I want to add a rule."

Helen raised an eyebrow. "Go on."

"Simple." Sophie held up one finger. "Whoever the King commands has to finish a drink afterward. And…" She let the pause sit, eyes drifting across Richard, who already looked like he wanted to leave. "The King's orders are absolute. No refusals. No excuses."

She put weight on the last part.

Helen studied her for a second, then the corner of her mouth lifted. "Fine. We'll play it Sophie's way."

The two women looked almost pleased. Richard felt a chill crawl up his spine. Whatever small warmth he'd felt earlier about the tidied study was gone. He no longer understood his wife at all. Everything she did now felt like a fog he couldn't see through.

"I… I'm not feeling great tonight," he said, already half out of his chair. "You three go ahead."

Sophie answered immediately, voice sweet. "Dad, come on. Four people is better. Three's boring."

Ethan backed her. “Yeah, Dad. Just a little while.”

Helen looked at him. “Richard. It’s a game. Don’t kill the mood. Sit down.”

He froze. Under his wife’s cold stare he had nowhere to go. He sank back into the chair.

The game started in that strange, brittle quiet.

Wine glasses appeared on the table, filled with deep red. A bowl of cold green grapes sat nearby, still beaded with water. They used the same deck as last time. Whoever drew the diamond King was King.

Seating: Ethan faced Helen. Sophie sat to Ethan’s right. Richard sat across from them at an angle.

They drew.

Helen laid the diamond King down. “I’m King.”

Ethan showed the four of spades. Sophie showed the two of hearts. Richard’s fingers shook a little as he turned over the three of clubs.

Helen’s mouth held a small, unreadable smile. Her eyes moved between Sophie and Richard, then she spoke.

“Number two. Massage number three’s shoulders.”

It was meant as a light punishment. Sophie’s face broke into a bright, almost victorious smile. She set her wine glass aside, stood, and walked behind Richard, hips swaying just enough.

Her scent reached him first. Then he felt the soft weight of her breasts brushing near the back of his head through the thin knit, light and deliberate. The contact made his skin crawl and itch at the same time.

He forced himself to stare at the table. He didn’t let himself think. He was afraid any reaction would be caught by Helen’s sharp eyes and the cold would come back worse.

Sophie’s hands settled on his shoulders.

“Relax, Dad,” she said, soft. “You’re locked up like a rock. This pressure okay?”

Her fingers worked through his shirt, not hard, not soft. The contact traveled straight into his nerves. Goosebumps rose along his arms.

She wasn’t finished. While she kneaded, she leaned in so her warm breath touched his ear. The ticklish, electric sensation spread through

him. To anyone watching it only looked like she needed to lean closer to put real pressure on.

One minute felt endless.

"That's enough," Helen said.

Sophie pulled her hands away, returned to her seat with a smile, and drained her glass in one go. "Mm. Good wine."

Richard did the same. Even with years of business dinners behind him, his face tightened a little as he swallowed.

They drew again. This time Richard held the diamond King.

His stomach dropped. He was King. Who could he order without making everything worse? His mind went blank. He just wanted the card out of his hand.

"Number four… massage number two's shoulders."

Everyone checked the cards. Four of spades was Sophie. Two of hearts was Helen.

The order meant both women drank. Sophie would be on her second glass.

Sophie shot him a sharp, playful glare and rolled her eyes. Helen's look was flatter, harder to read, and colder on the back of his neck.

Helen finished her glass first, clean and quick. Sophie made a face but stood, walked behind Helen, and gave her a short, perfunctory massage that barely lasted a minute. When she sat back down she drained her second glass. Color was already rising in her cheeks.

"Why is it always me?" she complained, leaning into Ethan with a soft, slightly slurry edge to her voice. "Babe, if you get King next, please don't pick me. I'm gonna get wasted."

Ethan was about to answer when he caught the small, wicked smile she hid from the others. Under the table her hand settled lightly over the front of his pants.

The contact hit like a switch. They hadn't had sex in days—too tired after going out. Ethan's body didn't care. He went fully hard almost immediately.

Sophie's palm moved in slow circles over him through the fabric. The light, teasing pressure was worse than anything rough. His breathing turned shallow.

Then, from the corner of his eye, he saw her bare foot slip out of a fuzzy slipper under the table and stretch toward Richard.

Richard went rigid. A cool, small foot brushed his calf through his pants, light and playful, like a cat batting at something.

She wouldn't. She can't be this bold.

Heat flooded downward. He shifted his legs away on instinct. The foot followed within a second, soft and insistent, sliding along his calf again.

Cold sweat broke across his back. He glanced at Helen. She was calmly shuffling, completely unaware of what was happening under the table.

Ethan saw all of it. Watching his wife use one hand on him and one foot on his father, right under their parents' eyes, sent a sharp, filthy rush of shame and heat through him so strong it almost made him dizzy.

"Ethan, you're red," Helen said, looking up. "You feeling all right?"

He startled. "I'm fine, Mom. Probably just… the heat's up too high. Let's do the next round."

He reached for the cards and started reshuffling to cover the movement. Under the table Sophie's foot kept lazily stroking Richard's calf. Her other hand stayed wrapped around Ethan's cock through his pants, squeezing lightly, then dragging a fingertip over the head.

Four people. Two different games running at the same time.

They drew again. Helen turned over the diamond King once more.

Sophie had the three of clubs. Richard had the two of hearts. Ethan had the four of spades.

Helen's eyes returned to Sophie and Richard. She paused, the corner of her mouth lifting like she was choosing something interesting.

"Number three… feed number two a grape. With your mouth."

Richard went speechless. The command was a clear step past the massage. He thought his wife might have lost her mind, but Sophie's foot was still moving against his leg and he couldn't risk reacting.

"Helen… that doesn't seem—"

"It's just a game, Dad," Sophie said, no trace of embarrassment, only a bright, provocative edge. She pulled her foot and hand back under the table, picked up a cold green grape, and set it between her lips.

Richard opened his mouth to refuse again. Helen's look shut it. Sophie walked over, leaned down, and, with one hand holding her hair back, used her mouth to push the grape—warm from her lips—directly into his.

The juice hit his tongue mixed with the taste of her. At the last second her tongue flicked lightly against his lower lip. The hand in her hair blocked the view from the others.

Richard forgot to chew. He swallowed the grape whole, almost choked, and grabbed his wine glass to wash it down.

Sophie straightened like nothing had happened, walked back to her seat with a sway in her hips, and finished her third glass.

Inside, though, the brief touch of her tongue on his mouth had set her pulse racing. The small, hidden moves under the table weren't enough anymore. She wanted more.

CHAPTER 23

Sudden Accident

Sophie finished her wine, lips still flushed, and turned to Helen with a playful pout.

"This isn't fair!"

"Mom, I'm the one getting ordered around every time. Your seat must have better luck. I'm switching with you."

She stood and started tugging at Helen without waiting for an answer. The two women—both full-figured, both soft and heavy in the same places—pulled at each other across the table. Their breasts shifted and bounced under their clothes with every movement. Richard and Ethan both went quiet, mouths dry, watching the motion.

Helen let herself be moved. She stood and took the seat beside Ethan. Sophie settled into the chair next to Richard.

Richard swallowed hard. The moment Helen left his side, some of the fear in his chest loosened. What was left was mostly want.

Helen sat, smoothed her skirt, and glanced down. Without the wide table blocking the view, she saw it clearly: the front of Ethan's loose lounge pants was tented hard and high. Ethan noticed her look at the same second. His face burned hotter. He leaned forward on instinct, trying to hide it with his torso.

"All set!" Sophie announced, bright and pleased, like a fox that had just gotten exactly what it wanted. "Game continues. This round the King is definitely me."

She shot Ethan a quick, loaded look across the table. He caught it and gave the smallest nod back. She had moved closer to his father on purpose. The permission was clear.

Under the table, where no one could see, Sophie's left hand slid over and rested lightly on the edge of Richard's thigh. To anyone looking it could have been her bracing on the chair. Ethan knew better. His cock, already straining, throbbed painfully. He could picture it too clearly: his wife's soft hand on his father's leg. Maybe just resting there. Or maybe

already moving the way she moved on him—slow circles, feeling the thickness she'd heard about.

The thought alone made his breathing rough.

Richard felt the hand land and went stiff. Soft, warm fingers against his thigh. There was no time to process it. The next draw had already started.

Sophie slapped the diamond King onto the table, grinning. "See? Told you."

She was King. Her eyes settled only on Richard.

"Number two…" She let the pause sit, smile turning playful. "Sing us a song."

It sounded harmless. Only Richard knew what was happening under the table. Her hand had moved from his thigh and was now covering him through his pants, palm warm and direct over his cock.

The contact was strange and familiar at once. Doing it in front of his wife and son made the wrongness sharp enough to cut.

His throat closed. "I'm… not a good singer. Maybe—"

"King's orders can't be refused, Dad." Sophie leaned closer, breath warm against his ear.

Richard looked across the table at Ethan and Helen. There was no way out. He cleared his throat and started an old song in a stiff, tight voice—something he'd sung at enough company dinners that the words still came.

"Friends… go through life… together… those days… are gone…"

The notes came out broken. Halfway through, Sophie's hand began to move. Slow, rhythmic strokes through the fabric over the hard length of him. He almost went off-key more than once.

When he finished he grabbed his wine and drank it in one long pull, like he was trying to put out a fire. "Next—next round."

Sophie's hand didn't stop. She stopped being careful. She squeezed and kneaded the way she did with Ethan, feeling the head through his pants—hot, thicker than her husband's. Her own breathing turned shallow. Between her legs she was already wet, slickness gathering without permission.

She looked up at Richard, cheeks flushed, eyes bright. “Wow. I didn’t know you could sing like that, Dad.”

Then she turned to Ethan, smiling. “Babe, wasn’t that good?”

Ethan was still lost in the image of her hand on his father. The question jolted him. “Yeah—yeah, it was. Dad, that was… actually really good.”

Richard managed a strained smile. He felt like he was losing his mind. His daughter-in-law’s hand was on him, right in front of his wife and son, working the most private part of him. The shame and the heat mixed so hard he was close to coming in his pants.

Helen coughed once, sharp, cutting through the strange air. She had noticed Richard’s face change—from pale earlier to flushed now. A thought crossed her mind: Sophie was doing something under the table. She didn’t mind. She had spent the afternoon setting things in motion for a reason. If Sophie wanted to play, Helen wanted her to play.

She finished shuffling and was about to speak when Ethan’s phone rang.

He checked the screen and blinked. “It’s Grace.”

His older sister. Two years ahead of him, married last year, living in the next state over, working at a hospital. Her baby was still nursing.

Sophie tilted her head. “Didn’t she call a few days ago and say her husband was busy, they’d be late getting back?”

Helen and Richard both looked over.

Ethan answered and put it on speaker. Grace’s voice came through tight, trying not to cry.

A few minutes later the call ended. The table went quiet.

The situation was clear. Grace had said they would be late because she’d started noticing things about her husband but had no proof. Today someone had sent photos she couldn’t explain. She’d fought with him. Now she was alone with the baby and had finally called home.

“That animal,” Helen said, voice shaking with anger. “I’m going to get her. Right now.”

Ethan hesitated. “Mom, it’s already late. That’s a four- or five-hour drive. Maybe—”

“So what? I’m supposed to leave my daughter there being treated like that?”

In the middle of the tension, Sophie’s eyes sharpened. She saw the opening—hours, maybe the whole night, alone in the house with Richard. No one else. The thought was ugly, using her sister-in-law’s crisis, but she spoke anyway, voice full of concern.

“Mom’s right. Grace needs us now. We should go get her tonight. Ethan, you haven’t been drinking. Go get the car ready and take Mom.”

Ethan started to argue, then caught the look Sophie gave him. He understood. He changed direction at once.

“Okay. I’ll drive. Dad, you and Sophie stay here. We’ll call when we have her.”

It was settled. Helen and Ethan would drive through the night to bring Grace home.

At the door the lights were bright, but the air felt thin. Helen had changed into a camel-colored cashmere coat that made her skin look even smoother. Ethan wore a black down jacket over his frame. Under Richard’s mixed guilt and anticipation, and Sophie’s careful, concerned expression, the two of them left.

The elevator doors closed behind them.

In the underground garage the air smelled of concrete and exhaust. Ethan unlocked the black Audi A6 his father had bought him before the wedding. The lights flashed. He started the engine and turned the heat up high. Warm air fogged the windows.

Only Ethan was sober. The others had all drunk.

“Navigation set?” Helen asked from the passenger seat, voice tight with worry.

“Yeah.” Ethan’s fingers moved quickly on his phone. The route appeared—long stretches of solid red. A note below: heavy holiday return traffic plus a multi-car accident. Estimated time over six hours.

His stomach tightened. Traffic. Grace was waiting with the baby. He could tell his mother the truth, turn around, leave at dawn.

The thought lasted less than a second. Another one rose faster and stronger. He needed time. For Sophie. For the game they were already inside. For whatever was about to happen once the house was empty.

He lowered the brightness on his phone and locked it into the holder so Helen couldn't see the screen clearly from her angle.

"Everything okay?" she asked, sharp as always.

"Fine," he said easily, smiling. "Signal was bad for a second. We're good. Let's go."

Helen's mind was still on Grace's voice. She nodded and turned toward the window, watching the dark outside the garage.

The Audi pulled out smoothly and joined the city traffic.

CHAPTER 24

Rainy Night, Mother and Son

Ethan kept his mouth shut and drove straight onto the highway he already knew was jammed solid.

At night the interstate looked like a long black ribbon. City lights fell behind them until there was nothing outside the windows but dark and the small patch of road the headlights cut open.

The heat was high inside the car. Helen, worn down by worry and the wine from earlier, leaned back and closed her eyes.

Ethan's hands were damp on the wheel. Half of him felt sick for lying to her. The other half kept circling the same pictures of what might be happening back at the house.

Sophie. His sharp, beautiful wife. Was she already in that silk slip? Had she already gone to his father the way she did when she wanted something?

Richard wouldn't hold out. Ethan was sure of that. He had spent two years learning every inch of her. The way she looked at a man, the way she breathed, the way her skin felt—none of it was something a man walked away from once she decided to offer it.

His mind filled the silence with clear, filthy images: Sophie's long legs wrapping around his father's waist, her breasts under his hands, the shapes he would push them into. The thoughts made him hard again under his clothes.

They drove almost two hours like that before the red sea of brake lights appeared ahead, thick and unmoving, sealing the highway shut.

Ethan made the sound of surprise right on time.

"What the hell?"

Helen stirred and opened her eyes. The wall of taillights was right in front of them.

"Mom, it's completely blocked." He flipped on the hazards and eased on the brake. "Let me check… shit. Multi-car wreck. Miles of it."

He pulled the phone down and showed her the solid red line.

Helen sat up fast. "Can we turn around? Or take the back roads?"

“Too late to turn. Look behind us—we’re boxed in too.” He put on a helpless face. “And the back roads are worse at this hour. All the long-haul trucks take those.”

He paused like the idea had just come to him. “What if we get off at the next exit and just creep along the local roads? If I get tired we can switch.”

Helen’s mouth tightened. “You forgot I never got my license. I spent twenty years raising you two. I don’t drive.”

There was an old edge in it she didn’t seem to notice. A woman who had once been the only daughter of a comfortable family, then spent two decades as a full-time wife and mother, and never even learned to drive. It sat in her like a small, sharp thing.

“God, I’m an idiot.” Ethan hit his forehead. “I was so focused on Grace I forgot. Sorry, Mom.”

They crawled forward in silence for a while, staring at the endless red line ahead. Finally Ethan offered the only real option left.

“Let’s get off at the next rest area. Find a place to sleep nearby. Tomorrow the highway might clear, or we can take the back roads in daylight. Better than sitting here all night.”

Helen thought it over and nodded, tired. They took the exit. In the small town just off the highway the rain started—steady, cold enough that it froze in thin sheets on the glass. They had no umbrellas.

By the time they ran the short distance from the car to the nearest decent-looking motel, both of them were half-soaked. Helen’s cashmere coat and Ethan’s down jacket clung to them.

The heavy glass door opened on a wave of cheap air freshener and radiator heat. The man at the desk was asleep, middle-aged, head on his arms. He woke when they walked in. His eyes moved over the two of them—late night, rain, clothes that didn’t belong in a place like this—and something speculative settled in his face.

Helen didn’t go out alone often. The look made her uncomfortable. She shifted closer to Ethan and spoke low. “This doesn’t feel… sketchy, does it?”

Ethan stepped up. “One room. Two beds.”

Helen added, almost like an explanation, “We’re mother and son. Emergency trip.”

The man’s expression only got more interested. They finished the paperwork and went upstairs. The room was small but warm, the sheets clean enough. Helen relaxed a fraction.

She took off the wet coat. Under it was the same tight black sweater from dinner, the fabric still outlining the full, mature curves of her chest and hips.

“Go shower first, Mom,” Ethan said, looking away. “You got rained on. Warm up before you get sick.”

He had other things to handle. Helen nodded, took a towel, and went into the bathroom.

The door closed. Ethan pulled out his phone. He texted Grace first—short, calm, told her about the traffic so she wouldn’t worry. Then he opened the thread with Sophie.

How far have you gotten?

No reply. The silence made his chest tight. His mind started filling in the gaps with every version of what she and Richard might be doing right now.

In the shower Helen stood under the hot water and let it run over her body. Steam filled the small space. Only then did it hit her that she was sharing a room with her grown son, one thin door between them. The late wave of embarrassment rose hard. She glanced at the frosted glass. Her outline—full breasts, soft waist, the shape of her hips—showed through in soft, clear shadow. She finished faster.

She came out in the motel’s white robe. Her cheeks were flushed from the heat, wet hair dripping onto her collarbones. The robe didn’t close all the way over her chest; a deep line of pale skin showed between her breasts. The air around her smelled warm and clean.

Ethan looked up. Days without release, head full of Sophie and his father, and now his mother standing there like that. He went fully hard again, the shape obvious under his pants.

Helen saw it. Her first thought wasn’t suspicion. It was worry. A young, healthy man didn’t get hard that easily unless things at home weren’t working. It only confirmed what she already believed: Richard

and Sophie were involved. Her dislike of Sophie sharpened. She also ran through the rest of her plan in her head.

The camera she had quietly installed in the study while she "cleaned."

The reason she had stayed home instead of going out with them.

The King Game she had suggested to push them.

And now this sudden trip—real concern for Grace, but also the perfect empty house so the camera could catch whatever happened.

When they got back with Grace, she could put everything on the table. Then it would just be her and her children. No more of the other two.

The thought steadied her. The wine from earlier and the worry for her son pushed her further. After she dried her hair she walked over and sat on the edge of his bed, looking straight at him.

"Ethan. Be honest with me. You and Sophie… are things not good between you? In bed?"

He froze. Of all the questions she could have asked, that one. Not good? They were so good he was actively clearing the path for her to sleep with his father. He couldn't say any of it. His face went red. Nothing came out.

Helen took the silence as confirmation. Her opinion of Sophie dropped another notch. She sighed, voice low and careful, the way someone shares something private.

"Don't be embarrassed. This is important. A man works all day. He comes home for his wife and his family. If that part's cold, the rest of him gets cold too."

She patted his thigh once, gentle. "You're young. You have a lot of energy. Sophie's pretty, but she's still young. She might not know how to take care of you yet. A woman can't just rely on how she looks. Learning how to keep her husband happy—that's the real work. Your father…" She stopped. "Never mind him. I've been through it. I know."

Ethan sat there burning, nodding like a kid getting lectured, unable to say a single true thing. She talked for nearly half an hour before her throat went dry and she finally stopped. She noticed his hair was still wet and felt a flicker of guilt for pushing him.

"All right. I'm done. Go shower before you catch a cold."

He grabbed a towel and escaped into the bathroom almost at a run.

Once the water was running, Helen realized she could see the shape of him through the frosted glass—tall frame, the blurred outline of his cock. Heat rushed to her face. She looked away hard.

He's your son. He came out of you.

The thought didn't fully stop her eyes when he came back out. He wore the same white robe, loosely tied, strong calves and chest visible. He was taller than his father, younger, carrying the easy strength of someone still in his mid-twenties. Wet hair, clean skin, that face. No wonder Sophie had gone after him.

Helen had gone a long time without sex. Looking at him now, something small and wrong stirred low in her stomach. She pushed it down.

Ethan was just as unsettled. One part of him kept checking his phone in his head, waiting for Sophie to answer. The other part kept landing on the bed where his mother lay on her side in the oversized robe, hair spread across the pillow. In the low light she didn't look like his mother for a second. She looked like a woman in her early forties waiting for her husband to come home.

He reached up to push wet hair off his forehead. The robe was too small, or the half-hard state he'd been in for hours had been working the tie loose the whole time. The belt slipped. The robe fell open.

His cock, flushed and heavy from every thought he'd been carrying, was suddenly bare in front of her.

Helen's eyes went wide.

CHAPTER 25

Finally Crossing the Line

Time seemed to freeze.

In the cheap motel room, the only sounds were the heavy breathing of mother and son. Desire hung between them in the dim yellow light.

Helen Hale lay on the bed, her beautiful eyes unfocused, staring at the thick, veined cock in front of her. Her lips moved, but no words came. It wasn't the first time she'd seen it—so similar in outline to her husband Richard's, yet longer, thicker, and full of young vigor. In an instant she was back on New Year's Eve, in that dark stairwell, feeling her son's hot breath against her lips. The two memories crashed together, leaving her dizzy with shame and something else she didn't want to name.

Ethan Hale's face was scarlet. Unlike the bathroom incident, he was stone sober. The shame hit so hard he scrambled for the white bathrobe on the floor, wrapped it around his waist, and bolted into the bathroom, slamming the cheap frosted door behind him.

He leaned against the door, breathing hard, staring down at himself. Still rock-hard.

"Jesus, really? That's Mom."

But the shame only made the desire worse. He closed his eyes and saw her again: the flushed face, the deep cleavage in the robe, the long perfect legs barely covered.

When he finally came out in the loungewear he'd been wearing under his jacket, Helen was sitting on the bed, staring out at the black night. The lamp outlined her body under the white robe—soft, full, mature in a way that made his mouth dry. The room was so awkward it felt wet.

Ethan headed for the other bed, then stopped. The sheet had a hole the size of a hand, yellow foam spilling out, smelling of mildew.

"This place is a dump."

Helen looked over, frowning. "It looked clean. The bed's falling apart."

She sighed. "Too late to make them change it. Come sleep over here, Ethan. The bed's big enough. We're mother and son, nothing to be embarrassed about."

The words “mother and son” hung in the air. Both of them remembered the stairwell, the kiss that had started under the same excuse.

Ethan didn’t argue. He lay down on the other side of the bed. They sat against the headboard with a fist of space between them, both staring at the dead TV.

He tried to break the silence with childhood stories. “Remember when you took me to the mall and I threw a fit over a toy?”

Helen smiled, soft. “You didn’t throw a fit. You ran off to the toy section. I found you hugging a Transformers box, snot bubbles and all, yelling that Mom was a bad guy and didn’t want you anymore. Half the floor was watching.”

Ethan flushed. “I was five. I don’t remember that.”

“Of course you don’t.” She reached over and brushed the hair from his forehead, fingers lingering on warm skin. “Another time you spiked a fever almost to 104. Your dad was out of town. I carried you around the ER all night—registration, labs, IV. You just kept grabbing my shirt and saying ‘Mom, don’t leave.’”

The stories pulled them closer until the awkwardness melted into something warm and ordinary. Helen looked at her hand, still pretty but showing age, and sighed.

“Both of you kids are grown and married now. Mom’s getting old.”

Ethan turned to her, serious. He covered her hand with his. Soft, warm, perfect.

“You’re not old. Dress up a little and people would think you’re my sister. I get distracted looking at you.”

She didn’t pull away. The heat from his palm made something long dormant stir. She pouted, almost girlish, and pinched his nose.

“So I only look good when I try?”

“No! Even without trying you’re the most beautiful woman alive. I swear.”

She held his gaze. He nodded, slow and sure.

Their faces drifted closer. He could smell her hair and the clean scent of her skin. She felt his breath on her cheek. Their lips were a fraction of an inch apart when Helen jerked back like she’d been shocked.

“No. This is my son.”

She coughed, forced a laugh. “It’s late. Sleep. We have to pick up your sister early.”

She rolled over, back to him, heart slamming. Ethan lay there burning. The rush had been almost as strong as when he pictured Sophie with his father. Maybe he didn’t have some special cuckold kink. Maybe he was just horny for anything that moved—including his own mother.

He turned off the light.

They lay rigid under the covers. Ethan’s half was exposed; he tugged the blanket. Helen, pure mother instinct, turned to tuck him in. Her hand brushed something iron-hard against his stomach.

Both of them froze. She knew exactly what it was. She finished tucking the blanket and rolled away again, pulse racing.

Ethan was in pain. The long stretch of hardness hurt, and the tip was already leaking into his underwear. Prolonged erection wasn’t good for him. He tried, quietly:

“Mom… maybe I should take the broken bed.”

Long silence. Then a tiny voice: “Don’t.”

Another pause. Softer: “Is it… bad?”

His whole body went tight. “Yeah.”

She turned toward him. Pity for him, hatred for Sophie and Richard, and her own buried need all mixed together in the dark. Her cool, trembling hand slid onto his thigh.

“Do you want… Mom to help?”

The second the words left her mouth she regretted them. But her hand stayed. Ethan, driven by pure instinct, nodded.

When nothing happened, he gathered every ounce of courage, found her hand in the dark, and guided it. She trembled once, then let him.

Through the fabric of his pants, her palm settled over the rigid length. She made a small sound at the heat. He moved her hand for her at first—slow, careful. She went from stiff and lost to curious. Fingertips traced the swollen head through the cloth. Her palm measured the thick shaft on every stroke.

“So hard… so hot…”

His breathing grew ragged. Even with the barrier, every slide felt intense. Precum soaked through. The whole shaft pulsed under her touch.

He couldn't hold it. A low groan, then a hot flood soaked through the layers, pulse after pulse. Helen gasped at the sudden wet heat and stopped, but he kept coming, hard, over and over, until he finally went soft.

Helen lay there afterward, mind in chaos—sick excitement mixed with crushing guilt. She'd forgotten tissues. While Ethan was in the bathroom she slipped out, barefoot, and scrubbed her hand under the tap. The water couldn't wash away the smell or the weight in her chest. Forty-plus years old and she'd just done that for her own son. The memory of the size, the heat, the force of it made something twisted and hungry coil in her gut even as shame burned.

She dried her hands, refused to look in the mirror, and crawled back under the covers, pulling them over her head.

Ethan stayed in the bathroom a long time. He balled the ruined underwear and tossed it, then rinsed himself under the shower. The water couldn't erase the feel of her hand. It had been better than actual sex with Sophie. The taboo had multiplied everything.

When he came back she was still buried under the blanket, only her dark hair visible on the pillow. Neither spoke.

Just as he was drifting off, his phone lit up. Sophie's photo.

He turned away from Helen and opened it.

One picture. Sophie on the living-room couch at home, topless, eyes half-lidded, face flushed. Her big, perfect breasts fully exposed. One pink nipple hard; the other covered by a man's head. The pale hair at the temple was unmistakable—Richard.

Under the photo: a peace-sign emoji.

Ethan's cock, which had only just gone down, surged back harder than before. The realization hit like a drug: they were really doing it. All the guilt, the wrongness, the betrayal flipped into pure, vicious excitement.

She'd been right. Life is short. Why leave the woman beside him out of it?

Eyes bright with want, he turned toward Helen. His left hand slid slowly across the sheets toward the soft curve of his mother's waist.

(Chapter ends.)

CHAPTER 26

The Child Wants to Go Home

Ethan lay behind Helen, cock aching. His left hand trembled as it settled on the soft curve of her waist through the robe.

Helen wasn't fully asleep. The earlier handjob had left her mind floating between exhaustion and residual heat. When his palm pressed against the sensitive skin of her waist, her body locked up before her thoughts caught up—every muscle tightening like a startled animal.

A dream? No. The heat and shape of the hand were too real.

It was Ethan. Her son.

Two voices tore at her. One screamed to shove him away, to wake him up, to remind them both this was wrong, that they would burn for it. The other, older and more twisted, whispered that he was still her boy, that Sophie had left him starving, that he only wanted comfort from his mother. She chose the coward's path and kept her eyes closed.

Just a little. Only a little. He'll stop once he's satisfied.

Ethan felt the stiffness under his hand and knew she was awake. He almost pulled back. She didn't push him off. She didn't speak. That silence was permission.

His hand began to move, stroking the firm, soft give of her waist. No extra flesh—just smooth, resilient muscle. His breathing quickened. The head of his cock leaked steadily into the fabric.

He slid forward until his palm rested on the flat plane of her stomach. Softer here. Familiar and alien at once. This was where he had grown. Egg to infant, ten months inside her, everything he was had started here. The thought hit like a physical shock. He didn't want comfort. He wanted to push back inside, back into the only home he had ever truly had.

Helen made a small, involuntary sound. Ethan's blood surged. He moved higher, toward the soft weight of her breasts—the place that still meant "mother" to every part of him.

She twisted sharply, as if brushing away a mosquito in her sleep. The refusal was clear. He stopped. Instead his hand drifted downward, over

the curve of her hip, until it filled with the heavy, rounded shape of her ass.

The difference from Sophie was immediate. Sophie's was tight and springy. Helen's was fuller, softer, riper. He pressed his whole palm against it, fingers tracing the cleft. Outside, a semi rumbled past on the highway. The ordinary sound made Helen flinch.

She knew she should stop this. She didn't. If she pushed him away now and he pulled back from her, what would she have left? Richard was already with Sophie. Ethan was the only man who still mattered. She had endured Richard's rough handling for years. She could endure this.

The light touches that should have felt like suffering turned into heat instead. A long-dormant ache woke between her legs. She shifted her hips back a fraction without meaning to.

Ethan took it as encouragement. He followed the line of her hip and thigh, aiming lower. This time her legs clamped shut hard, trapping his hand. The last clear refusal she could manage.

He didn't retreat. He pressed his chest fully against her back so she could feel his heartbeat, then nudged his hips forward until the rigid length of him, still covered by thin fabric, settled into the soft crease of her ass. The heat was shocking even through the layers. Helen's breath caught on a soft, helpless sound.

That sound undid the last of his restraint. He buried his face in her hair and began to rock, slow and deliberate, grinding the thick shaft along the warm channel between her cheeks. Each forward push sank him a little deeper into the soft give of her. Helen's left hand braced weakly against the mattress. Her body had gone liquid.

He heard the second soft moan and decided the moment had come. Still holding her between the legs with one hand, he rolled her onto her back. In the faint light from the window her eyes were glassy, wet with shame and something else. He leaned down until his mouth almost touched her ear.

"Mom… it hurts. The hand wasn't enough. I need more."

His breath on her neck made her shiver.

"Just once. Please. Let me inside. Just once."

“No… Ethan, we can’t.”

Her voice had no force. He kept going, soft and relentless. “No one will know. Just once. I’m dying here.”

She bit her lip and still said no.

He switched tactics. “Then… can we use hands again?”

Relief flooded her. As long as it wasn’t actual sex, she could still tell herself she was only helping. She nodded.

He smiled in the dark. “Thanks, Mom.”

When she reached for him, he stopped her. “Wait. Let me take the pants off.”

He stripped quickly, faster than he ever had with Sophie. Helen protested weakly that they could stay over the clothes. He refused—his underwear was already in the trash; if he ruined these pants he’d freeze tomorrow. She had no answer for that.

He lay back. She looked at him stretched out and waiting and almost laughed despite the shame. “Look at you.”

Her hand found him under the blanket. No fabric this time. The heat and the thick veins and the rigid weight in her palm made her inhale sharply. Harder and thicker than Richard had ever been at his peak. Shame and a strange, unwilling pride twisted together.

“Mom, move. Please.”

She flinched, then gave the shaft a light, scolding tap. “Hurry up so we can sleep.”

She started stroking. Mature, practiced, no teenage hesitation. Her whole soft palm wrapped the shaft; her thumb circled the swollen, leaking head on every pass. Each stroke pulled a rough breath from him.

Ethan had no intention of finishing this way. Tonight was the only chance he might ever get. He held himself back with everything he had while her hand worked, waiting for the moment he could push further.

CHAPTER 27

An Unprecedented Climax

This time, no matter how hard Helen tried—no matter how she quickened her pace or, in a flush of shame, brought both hands to the task—she couldn't put out the fire burning in her son.

Her pale fingers closed around the thick, searing shaft and worked it in long, urgent strokes. The pads of her thumbs pressed and circled the swollen, dark-red head, feeling it pulse beneath her touch. Then her hands slipped lower to cradle the heavy balls, kneading them with careful pressure. Yet the massive thing between Ethan's legs stayed rigid, a tireless beast held right on the edge of release but refusing to break. The slit at the tip kept opening and closing like a mouth, each contraction pushing out another slick, glistening bead that quickly coated her hands. Every slide through the darkness brought a wet, lewd sound that thickened the already heavy air of the room.

Only Ethan knew the truth. He was deliberately clamping every muscle in his core, holding the flood back by pure force of will. If he wanted to fuck his mother, a handjob would never be enough.

Time stretched. Helen's arms began to ache from wrist to shoulder with a deep, buzzing fatigue. Still his cock remained an endless volcano; the more she worked it, the harder and hotter it seemed to grow.

"Mom…" Ethan's voice was hoarse with need. "I can't… Mom, it's still not coming… This isn't working…"

He caught her wrist and stilled her hands. Helen's stomach dropped.

In the next breath he asked, low and coaxing, "Mom, we're both tired. What if you… used your mouth? Just a little. Just for a second…"

Mouth?

The word detonated in Helen's mind. Her whole body jerked.

No.

That was too low. Too filthy. That was what whores did for johns. How could she—how could she do that to her own son?

What little dignity she had left flared into pure, scalding shame. Her face burned so hot she thought it might cook an egg. Her fingers locked hard around the still-iron shaft.

"Ethan! What do you take your mother for? A prostitute?"

Ethan sucked in a sharp breath at the sudden squeeze. "Ow—Mom, I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Easy, you're gonna break it—"

Afraid she might actually hurt him, Helen loosened her grip.

Ethan didn't retreat. Studying her reaction, he asked carefully, "Mom… you got this upset. Have you… never done it before?"

In his world this was ordinary. With Sophie he had explored every inch of skin; they had licked, sucked, and tasted each other until almost nothing was left untried. Sophie had once even held a little of his cum in her mouth and kissed it back to him. He had done the same with her.

Helen kept her head lowered. "Before… your father asked me many times. I… I always refused."

Ethan felt a flash of genuine pity for his father. Twenty-plus years married to a woman this beautiful and still no oral? It was like starving next to a banquet.

He pushed further, forgetting for a moment who he was talking to. "Then… Dad never went down on you either?"

Helen blinked, confused. "Where?"

In the dark Ethan lifted a hand and pointed carefully between her legs.

Helen understood at once. A hotter wave of fury shot through her. "Ethan! Are you joking with your mother again? That place is for pissing! It's dirty! Who would put their mouth there? All those books you read and you still don't understand basic decency!"

Ethan didn't argue. He had wanted to say he loved the taste of Sophie there, that he thought it was the best flavor in the world, but he stayed quiet. One more shock and she might actually crush him.

He backed off smoothly. "Okay, okay. Mom, I won't push. I'm an asshole. I was wrong. Then… how about this instead?"

He waited until her attention shifted, then offered the safer plan: "I'll just… put it between your thighs. Just rub a little. I promise I won't go anywhere else."

Between her thighs?

Helen's mind moved slower than his. On the surface the idea sounded far less humiliating than using her mouth. She had already used her hands. Legs were… almost the same, weren't they? Still shameful, still wrong, but at least she wouldn't feel like a sex toy.

After a short silence she bit her lower lip and gave the smallest nod. "…Just the thighs."

Ethan kept his face calm while triumph surged through him. He pushed the covers aside, guided her with careful hands at her soft waist, and turned her so she lay on her side with her back to him. Slowly he lifted the hem of the white robe.

Helen made a small, startled sound as the fabric rose. In the faint light Ethan saw her slender calves, then the full, firm thighs of a mature woman—plush and warm, nothing like a girl's. She kept them pressed tightly together.

He swallowed hard, forcing down the urge to simply shove inside. "Mom… open your legs a little."

She stayed rigid. He rested his palm lightly on the outside of her thigh and stroked until some of the tension left her. Only then did he ease her thighs apart just enough to make room.

When the swollen head of his cock first touched the tender skin of her inner thigh, both of them flinched.

"Ah—"

Helen felt as if a hot iron had been laid against her. Fresh wetness gathered at her core. Ethan rocked his hips in a slow test. The thick shaft, already slick with precum, slid between her soft, warm thighs with a lewd, wet sound.

"Mom… does it feel good?"

Helen's eyes were squeezed shut, lashes trembling. The grinding friction sent heat flooding through her, washing the last of her resistance away. In that moment she was no longer a mother. She was simply a woman. Still, old habit made her answer only through clenched teeth: "…Don't… ask…"

Ethan took the lack of refusal as permission. He kept thrusting steadily between her thighs while one hand crept upward, aiming for the

heavy breast pressed against the mattress by her side-lying position. The moment his fingers brushed that soft weight, Helen slapped his hand away.

"No."

That was her last line. Thighs were one thing. Her breasts—the part of her that had nursed him—were not to be played with that way.

Ethan didn't argue. He simply gripped her waist instead, locking her in place so he could move more freely. Then he leaned forward and pressed his mouth to the side of her neck, tongue tracing a slow, wet path while his cock continued to slide faster between her thighs.

"Mm… ah…"

The dual sensation shattered what remained of her control. A sudden, overwhelming wave rose from deep in her belly—nothing she had ever felt with her husband. Her body locked tight. She arched, thighs clamping hard around the thick shaft still thrusting between them. Spasm after spasm rolled through her. Hot slick flooded out, soaking both of them.

A high, helpless moan broke free as Helen came harder than she ever had in her life, from nothing more than her son's cock sliding between her thighs.

CHAPTER 28

When Tears Wet the Pillow

Helen's body locked in a violent spasm, forcing Ethan to stop the movement of his hips.

He raised himself slightly and looked down at the face beneath him, flushed deep red with desire. Moisture gathered at the corners of her eyes. Her long lashes trembled. Fine beads of sweat shone along her smooth forehead and clung to a few strands of hair. The full lips that usually carried a quiet authority were parted now, each heavy breath lifting and lowering the heavy breasts still covered by the white robe.

A dark, guilty satisfaction surged through him. He had made his mother come.

The aftershocks rolled through Helen in soft, relentless waves, leaving her limp and unable to gather any strength. She could only lie there and feel them. But Ethan's cock was still buried between her thighs, hard as iron, the head flexing and leaking against the soaked fabric of her panties. He decided to push while she was still dazed.

"Mom… the panties… they're rubbing too hard. It feels like the skin's gonna tear…"

In reality she was wearing fine silk. The thin triangle of cloth was already soaked through with her own wetness and slid like liquid. Ethan only needed an excuse.

Helen made a soft, unfocused sound in her throat. "Mm?"

He took that as enough. "Mom… I'm taking them off…"

Without waiting, he reached carefully beneath her. His fingers found the thin waistband of the silk panties and began to draw them down over the full curve of her ass. When the last barrier slipped past the swell of her hips and the pale, heavy cheeks were suddenly bare, Helen jerked awake from the haze.

"What are you—no—"

Her voice was weak, almost plaintive. Ethan pressed forward anyway, letting the hot length of his cock settle more firmly into the warm cleft of her ass.

“Mom, it’s really starting to hurt… look, it’s already red…”

“I won’t look,” she said, face burning.

He shifted closer still. The blunt head nudged against the soaked entrance between her legs. A fresh pulse of wetness answered him. Something in her mother’s heart twisted at the wounded tone in his voice. After a long silence she spoke in a tone of surrender:

“…Then you have to promise me. You absolutely… absolutely cannot go inside. If you can’t promise that… then we stop.”

“I promise.”

Helen exhaled, long and defeated. The last resistance left her body. Her hips loosened. Ethan pulled the panties the rest of the way down her legs and tossed them aside. He moved in behind her again, knees pushing her thighs apart, and lined the swollen head of his cock up with the wet heat between them.

“Ah…”

The first contact made her gasp. The broad, burning crown rested against the soft, slick folds, the size and heat of it already making her feel as if he had entered her. She tried to close her legs. Ethan didn’t let her. He began to grind, dragging the heavy shaft up and down through the slippery mess of her pussy, rubbing hard over the swollen clit.

“Mm… nn…”

Helen bit her lip until she tasted blood, refusing to make a sound. Letting him pull her panties off and slide his bare cock against her bare cunt was already the most shameless thing she had ever done. If he heard her moan, she thought she might die of shame.

Her body betrayed her. Her waist began to roll with his thrusts. Her ass pushed back to meet him. The wet slap of flesh filled the dark room.

“Fuck… fuck… fuck…”

Ethan drove harder, the head of his cock grinding directly over her clit with every stroke. Helen’s whole body seized.

“Ah—! No… ahhh—”

A broken cry tore out of her as she came a second time, thighs clamping around him, a hot gush of fluid soaking his cock and her own thighs. Ethan barely held on, teeth gritted, veins standing out in his neck as he forced the orgasm back down.

Not yet. He had to get inside her.

He pulled free of the tight grip of her thighs. His cock glistened, coated in her slick and his own precum. He looked at Helen—eyes closed, face flushed, chest heaving—then moved. He rolled over her, settling between her spread legs, the weight of his body pinning her. His hand guided the throbbing head to her entrance.

"Mom… I can't take it anymore… let me in. Please. Just once. I'll pull out. I swear."

Helen's eyes flew open. Through the blur of afterglow she saw the thick, veined shaft aimed at her. Panic cut through the haze. She pushed weakly at his chest.

"No… Ethan, we can't… we absolutely cannot—"

He didn't wait. Desire had burned through every scrap of patience. He ignored the weak resistance of her hands and the trembling of her thighs. He looked down at the wet, open folds of her cunt, still twitching from the climax he had just given her, and drove forward in one long, hard thrust.

"Ah!"

They both cried out as he sank into her.

The thick, burning length split her open and filled her completely. Helen's mind went white. Shame, blood, motherhood, sin—every thought crashed into her at once. Yet the pain she expected never came. She was already so wet that he slid in to the root. Their bodies fit with an almost cruel perfection. A deep, forgotten satisfaction bloomed low in her belly and rose into her chest.

Tears spilled from the corners of her closed eyes and ran down her flushed cheeks onto the pillow.

They were not simple tears. Humiliation was in them—hatred for the body that had come so easily for her own son. Surrender was in them—the final collapse of a woman who had denied herself for decades. Despair was in them—the end of any remaining illusion about her marriage. And beneath all of it, twisted and undeniable, was love. Mother-love, woman-love, and the raw, animal hunger for the young body now buried inside her.

In that moment Helen was no longer a mother.

Ethan was no longer a son.
They were only a man and a woman, locked together in the dark.

CHAPTER 29

Birds Returning to the Nest

When Ethan finally got what he had wanted and slid into the wet warmth of his mother's passage, he didn't start thrusting like a man in a hurry the way he always had before.

He stopped.

He stayed right there, buried to the root in the body that had once given him life.

The moment a long-held desire is finally satisfied, a strange emptiness sometimes follows. In anime the important frame freezes and the character starts remembering things; Ethan didn't. He only felt that he had been too rough.

If he had gone slower, gentler, more carefully, would she have been able to feel better? Would she have been more willing?

Instead of this—only him getting what he wanted.

Sex was something between two people. It only counted when both of them took pleasure from each other's bodies and reactions. From Sophie he had learned that much, not just the techniques.

Feeling how stiff and trembling Helen's body had become under him, Ethan lowered himself a little so he could see her face.

Only then did he notice the tears already shining on her still-beautiful cheeks.

His whole body locked. Shame hit him so hard that the thick cock that had been rigid inside her softened a fraction.

"Mom…?"

"I… I'm sorry…"

"Mom?"

Helen didn't answer. She only lay there crying quietly while her son's cock stayed inside her, filling both the physical and the emotional emptiness.

Everything that had happened tonight had already gone past any ordinary boundary. No few sentences could explain it.

They stayed exactly as they were—him inside her, both of them motionless.

Outside the windows of the house the distant New Year's Eve noise continued. Inside there was only their heavy breathing.

After a long silence Helen finally spoke, her voice cracked and thin in a way Ethan had never heard before.

"We… we don't… we don't have a condom…"

It wasn't a refusal. It wasn't even a real question. It was simply a statement.

After the mother-son line had already been crossed, it sounded almost like a wife reminding her husband of something practical.

That ordinary, domestic sentence made the whole forbidden act feel even more absurd and, somehow, even more intimate.

Ethan had been with Sophie enough times to understand immediately what the words meant and everything that lay underneath them.

What was done was done. There was no use going backward. The only thing that mattered right now was the lack of protection.

Helen was in her early forties, but she took care of herself. Her cycle was still regular. She could still get pregnant.

If she ended up carrying her own son's child…

That would be the real point of no return.

Ethan understood. He leaned down and kissed the tears from the corner of her eye.

"I know… Mom, I know. I swear I won't… I won't finish inside. I promise you."

Another promise. Helen couldn't be completely sure she could trust it—not after everything—but some of the tension in her body eased.

Hesitantly she lifted her arms. Under Ethan's stunned and grateful gaze she finally wrapped them around his broad, sweating back and pulled his hot body tight against hers.

The same way she used to hold him when he was small and couldn't sleep.

Their identities hadn't changed. Only a set of feelings that could never be spoken outside this room had.

That single motion was Helen's final permission.

Ethan stopped holding anything back.

The cock that had softened slightly swelled again at once, filling her completely, veins pressing against soft inner walls until there was no space left.

Then he began to move—slow, careful strokes through the wetness that kept gathering around him.

In that moment Helen's face, still wet with tears and flushed with heat, looked painfully beautiful.

Her legs stayed open, accepting each slow push from the son she had given birth to. She kept her lower lip bitten between her teeth and made almost no sound.

It was enough.

Enough for Ethan to finally take his time and learn what it felt like to be inside the second most important woman in his life.

Tight. Hot.

The sensation that came back through the head of his cock was completely different from Sophie's, yet just as overwhelming.

Sophie's younger body was elastic and lively; every small change of angle gave him a new kind of grip that made him want to stay forever. After half a dozen times, though, a faint disappointment would set in—he could never quite map the whole of her.

Helen's was more straightforward, deeper. Even Ethan's thick length only just filled her. When he was all the way in, a strange sense of belonging settled over him, as if a ship that had been drifting for years had finally reached its original harbor. Every inch of soft flesh felt familiar in a way that went beyond ordinary skin.

Helen herself was changing under the gentle rhythm. The last traces of resistance and shame were giving way to a heat that made her face burn.

No man had ever treated her this carefully.

Rich had always been rough and direct, interested only in his own release. Every time he entered her it felt like he was trying to punch through her. He was the only man she had ever known; until tonight she had no comparison.

And Rich was thick enough that it hurt. She had endured it for years because that was what a wife did.

Tonight, under her son's slower movements, Helen felt for the first time what it could be like for a woman. That sex could be something she actually sank into instead of simply endured.

The tears on her face had dried. In their place was a flushed, unfocused look.

Her hips began to meet his rhythm, small movements under the quiet slap of skin and the sound of their breathing.

Ethan watched her closed eyes, the long lashes trembling, the corner of her mouth trying and failing to stay flat. The mixture of love and possessiveness inside him burned hotter.

He wanted more than her body. He wanted all of her.

He turned his head and leaned toward her full, warm lips.

Helen flinched like a startled animal and turned her face away.

His breath on her cheek made her panic. She was afraid—truly afraid. She had already let him inside her. If she let him kiss her as well, she might lose the last of herself. She might forget who she was supposed to be and simply become his.

Ethan didn't stop. Everything that shouldn't have happened already had. A kiss was nothing by comparison.

He slowed his hips, reached up, and gently but firmly turned her face back toward him.

Then, under her wide, shocked eyes, he kissed her.

"Mm—!"

Warm lips met. In the dark Helen's eyes flew open in disbelief.

For the first time since he had entered her she actually pushed back. Her arms, already weak, caught his wrists where they braced beside her and tried to shove him away. Her hips twisted, trying to work him out.

But Helen had never been strong, and two climaxes had left her even softer. To Ethan the resistance felt like the half-hearted protests of a lover. The twisting of her hips only made the slick walls cling and drag along his cock in waves.

He took it as encouragement and stayed where he was, mouth resting lightly on hers.

If she was going to move like that, he decided he should show her something better.

He raised his hips a little. The thick length slid slowly out of her, the sensitive ridge of the head dragging along her inner walls until Ethan had to grit his teeth to keep from finishing right then.

He kept going until only the broad head remained lodged at her entrance.

The sudden emptiness made Helen gasp. At the same time the blunt pressure of his head still holding her open made her ache.

Before she could understand what he was doing, Ethan drove back in with one hard thrust.

A wet sound. The full length buried itself deep again.

"Nnh—ah—"

Helen's mouth fell open on a helpless sound. Her teeth parted.

Ethan didn't chase the kiss yet. He only kept his lips against hers and started a slower pattern—short, shallow strokes that barely left the entrance of her womb before sliding back in. He repeated it seven or eight times, unhurried.

Helen's mind floated. Each careful withdrawal and return felt like a tide.

Just as she began to settle into the rhythm, Ethan pulled almost all the way out again—only the head left inside—then slammed the entire length home in one stroke.

"Ah—!"

Her eyes lost focus. A small, sharp climax rolled through her. Her body shook, toes curling, back arching.

Ethan felt the sudden rush of her wetness flood over the head of his cock and nearly lost control himself. He froze, forcing the sensation down, and put all his attention back on her mouth.

He pushed his tongue against her teeth.

Helen, still dazed from the climax, didn't resist. He slid in easily, found her tongue, and sucked it into his mouth with slow, wet pulls.

Her own saliva disappeared down his throat. The dryness in her mouth made her throat itch. Without thinking she pushed her tongue forward to meet him, chasing the moisture he was taking.

Ethan eased the pressure at once and began to feed her his own saliva instead.

Helen drank it the way someone dying of thirst would drink.

When they finally broke apart, both of them were breathing hard.

CHAPTER 30

Long Drought Meets Sweet Rain

The long, feverish kiss finally broke.

A thin, shining strand of saliva stretched between them before snapping. Both of their mouths and chins were wet with each other's spit.

Helen's beautiful eyes were clouded with a thick, unfocused haze. Her chest rose and fell hard as she dragged in air. The kiss had nearly emptied her lungs.

In that brief pause, some of the reason that desire had swept away began to return.

She realized she hadn't only failed to resist—she had actively pushed her tongue out to meet and suck on her own son's tongue.

Shame hit her like a storm.

Helen Hale, you're better off not being human next life. Just be an animal.

The thought filled her with self-disgust. Her already-flushed face burned hotter.

She lifted her weak arms again and pushed against Ethan's solid, hot chest.

"You… get out… Mom doesn't want this anymore…"

"Pull out…"

Her voice was tearful, thick with regret and embarrassment, but the force behind the push was almost nothing. It felt more like a lover's caress than real resistance.

Ethan refused. Looking down at his mother—already fucked into a soft, wrecked beauty—the cock still buried deep inside her swelled thicker.

"No."

As he said it he gave a deliberate little thrust, driving the full length against the entrance of her womb again.

"Ah~!"

Helen arched, unprepared. A sharp, electric pleasure-pain shot through her and she let out a broken moan.

This time some clarity remained. She twisted under him, trying to work him out.

"Ethan… Mom's begging you… pull out…"

That tearful, pitiful look would have softened almost anyone else.

Ethan felt it too.

But his cock had its own opinion. It kept pulsing inside her, reminding him the fight wasn't over.

He sighed.

"Mom, let's be reasonable. You've already come three times. I haven't come once. You really going to leave me like this?"

Helen's face twisted with fresh shame and anger at the blunt words.

On one side she was furious at her own body for being so weak. Under her son's cock she had fallen apart again and again, flooding around him.

On the other side she was stunned that he was still rock-hard after all this time. Not even close to finishing. Was it made of iron? Had she given birth to a monster?

She wasn't entirely wrong to wonder.

Normally, with Sophie, Ethan didn't hold back like this. When he felt like coming he came. It was usually just the warm-up for the next round.

His stamina was ridiculous. Seven times in a night was often just the start for him. Sophie was the only one who could match or outlast him. Most women would have been finished long ago.

This was different. The first time with his mother. He didn't want to waste it.

He also worried that if he finished too fast she would immediately shut down and refuse anything more.

So Helen was the one who suffered.

Her mature, soft body had been like a desert that never got rain. Now that the rain had finally come, it wouldn't stop.

She wasn't just full. She was past full.

Even though part of her didn't want to refuse him, her body was honest.

"…Mom can… Mom can use her hand… down there… it really can't take any more…"

Ethan pretended not to hear. He gripped her soft waist and started fucking her faster.

"Ah… no… stop… mmh—"

Wet sounds filled the room. Her moans kept breaking.

The thick head of his cock dragged heavy amounts of her wetness in and out, loud and obscene.

Helen had no strength left. She lay there like soft meat on a cutting board while her son used her, finally letting out a string of sweet, helpless sounds.

"Mmh… mmh… ah… Ethan… slower…"

After a hundred or so quick, not-too-hard thrusts, Ethan suddenly stopped.

He braced himself up and looked down at her closed eyes, wet lashes, and limp, panting body. He smiled.

"Mom, does it feel good?"

Helen answered in a dazed mumble.

"Mm… no! It doesn't…"

Ethan acted like he hadn't heard the soft, lover-like denial.

"That's weird. Sophie said this speed feels great."

He pushed his flushed cock deeper into her again, spreading his legs for better leverage, and switched to slower, more deliberate strokes.

Helen had been ready to just let him finish and get it over with. She hadn't had the strength to try anything more active anyway.

Then she heard Sophie's name.

Anger flared.

If it weren't for her, would I even be lying here like this?

If it weren't for her, would my son be this pent-up?

Her voice sharpened.

"Ethan! If you say one more thing about her, you can forget about ever touching me again!"

Ethan knew she wouldn't actually follow through. He kept moving inside her and laughed.

"Oh, so as long as I don't mention her, we can keep going?"

“You—!”

Helen’s face burned. She had nothing to say.

She bit her lip and clawed at the sheets while he continued the slow, grinding thrusts.

Watching her, Ethan felt his cock get even harder. He wasn’t close to done.

He freed one hand and gave her full, soft ass a firm slap.

“Mom.”

Helen jerked at the sudden hit and let out a small sound from her nose.

“Mm?”

Ethan grinned. “Turn over.”

Helen didn’t know what he wanted, but she was too weak to argue. She tried to move her legs and failed.

With a soft, almost pouty complaint she didn’t even notice she was making, she said, “…No strength.”

Seeing the usually composed, almost saintly mother of his childhood reduced to this soft, pliant thing under him made the male satisfaction in Ethan’s chest explode.

He leaned down and kissed her hard again.

Wet tongue sounds filled the quiet for a while. Then he slowly pulled his cock out of her soaked pussy with a soft pop.

Before she could react he rolled her limp body over so her round, pale ass faced him.

He lay down behind her, guided himself by feel, and drove back in with one thrust.

“Ah~”

Both of them made a low, satisfied sound at the same time.

Ethan slid his right arm under her neck and pulled her back against his chest. His other hand rested on the soft skin of her waist.

He buried his face in her hair and kept thrusting while he spoke against her ear.

“Mom…”

“You’re so beautiful… you smell so good…”

“Down there… you’re so tight… you’re sucking me in…”

Helen bit her teeth hard at the filthy words and stayed silent.

But deep inside her, every sentence made her clench around him.

Ethan loved it. He thought, briefly, how stupid he had been not to notice this treasure that had been right next to him for years.

Then he was glad it hadn't happened earlier. If it had, he might never have met Sophie.

He believed that even if he told Sophie about this later, she wouldn't react too strongly. They loved each other in a way other people would call twisted.

Thinking of Sophie made him swell thicker inside Helen.

He wondered how far Sophie and Rich had gotten. Were they resting, or still going?

He also remembered he needed to tell Sophie afterward. The order was different from what they had planned, but she would understand. It had been sudden.

Right now he felt deeply satisfied. He was living out both his cuckold fantasy and his mother complex at the same time.

Greed didn't stop. His free hand started sliding upward, wanting to cup one of the full, pale breasts that swayed with every thrust.

Helen seemed to sense it. Just as his palm was about to touch her she slapped his hand away.

Then, gathering what courage she had left, she said in a trembling voice:

"Ethan…"

"What is it, Mom?"

He didn't stop moving, still grinding slowly inside her.

"Can… can you let Mom rest a little… Mom really… can't take any more…"

"Sure."

He smiled and deliberately pressed hard against the most sensitive spot inside her, making her whole body spasm. Then he added:

"While I'm fucking you, you have to moan. Moan loud for me. If it sounds good, I'll let you rest."

"You—!"

Helen reached back in shame and anger and pinched his thigh hard.

Ethan barely felt it. Nothing compared to being inside her.

He kept thrusting for a while longer. He was getting close, and he could tell she was truly exhausted—every push made her feel softer and more liquid.

Suddenly he pulled all the way out.

Helen thought she could finally breathe. Instead he lifted her ass and made her lie face-down on the bed.

"Mom, since you're tired, just stay like this."

At that moment a truck passed outside. Its headlights briefly lit the room through the curtains.

Ethan saw her damp blonde hair spilling across her pale back, the full curve of her waist, and the round perfection of her ass.

Between the cheeks her pussy opened and closed with her breathing, wet and inviting.

He knelt behind her, breathing hard, lined himself up, and drove all the way in.

"Ah—!"

Helen finally let out a completely unrestrained moan.

The angle was deeper than before. The head of his cock felt like it was trying to reach her womb.

He had to admit her body could take more than most women.

He stopped fighting the urge to come. He covered her back, pressed her soft ass flat, and started fucking her hard.

The wet, rhythmic slap of skin filled the room along with the slick sounds of her pussy.

Helen's moans lost all control.

"Ah… ah… haah… ah…"

After roughly a hundred hard thrusts Ethan felt the familiar numbness at the tip. He was about to finish.

He still remembered the promise.

At the last possible second he yanked himself out of her swollen, open pussy.

A thick, hot rush of cum sprayed across Helen's pale ass and the bathrobe bunched under her.

For a moment the whole world went quiet.

CHAPTER 31

Settings Notes & Sister Grace

(Author's character notes omitted; the following is the narrative continuation.)

With Ethan's release, a long, drawn-out moan slipped from Helen's lips as she hit her fourth—and most complete—orgasm of the night.

The intensity drained the last of her strength. She went completely limp, like a flower battered by heavy rain, and passed out among the tangled sheets.

Ethan was exhausted too. Breathing hard, he switched on a bedside lamp, rolled his mother onto her back, and looked down at what he had done.

Helen's mature body lay defenseless beneath him. A deep flush still colored her beautiful face; a single tear of satisfaction clung to the corner of her eye. Her black hair was damp with sweat and spread messily across the white pillow. Even under the bra, her full breasts rose and fell with her slow breathing. From her flat stomach down to the soft valley between her legs and the long, smooth thighs streaked with fluid and cum, everything glowed under the warm light with a mixture of the obscene and the almost sacred.

Ethan didn't bother cleaning up. He didn't want to disturb the picture he had painted. He simply dropped beside her, spent.

The room smelled thickly of sweat and sex. Only their breathing broke the quiet.

Then Helen's phone lit up.

Ethan glanced over, ready to ignore it, until the notification stopped him cold.

【Cloud Storage: File "LivingRoom-230128-0245" has been uploaded and backed up.】

Living room?

Uploaded backup?

A chilling thought formed.

Cameras? Mom… had she installed cameras in the house?

The realization hit him all at once. That explained why she had been evasive during the day and why she had pushed the “king’s game” that night. It had all been calculated.

She must have noticed something on New Year’s Eve and started distancing herself from Rich afterward. This time she had gone further and put up cameras. Was she planning to use the footage as evidence of her husband’s affair?

Cold fear ran through him.

Carefully, he took the phone from beside her. His fingerprint was already registered; it unlocked at once. He opened the app. A list of files appeared. When he tried to open the newest “Living Room” video, a password prompt came up. He tried Helen’s birthday, his own, even Rich’s. All wrong.

With no other choice, he quietly deleted the video, put the phone back exactly where it had been, and pretended nothing had happened.

Looking at his mother’s peaceful, defenseless sleeping face, his feelings turned complicated. A flash of guilt rose for the twisted plan he and Sophie had set in motion, but it was quickly replaced by something stronger—tenderness.

He tried to imagine the calm, elegant woman he knew secretly installing cameras in the living room, and what expression she must have worn while doing it. At the same time he felt relieved. Relieved that tonight he had followed his desire instead of letting ordinary morality shut her out while she was already sinking into revenge. From now on she was on the boat with them.

He leaned over, gently wiped the remaining cum from between her cheeks with tissues, pulled the blanket over her, and left only her quiet face visible. Then he curled against her from behind, chest to her back, and closed his eyes. The familiar scent of her hair filled his nose as exhaustion and satisfaction pulled him under.

Early the next morning the small town was still wrapped in gray mist.

At the motel front desk a middle-aged owner yawned, stubbed out his cigarette, and pushed a squeaky cleaning cart toward the third floor while muttering.

"Who the hell checks out this early? Reincarnating already?"

At the door he swiped the master card. The moment it opened, the heavy smell of sex hit him. He wrinkled his nose.

The room was wrecked. Sheets were twisted into a ball, marked with large dried translucent stains. A few strands of hair stuck to the pillow; tissues littered the floor.

Pinching his nose, he grabbed a corner of the sheet with tongs.

"What the fuck… mother and son… Shot all over the damn bed…"

He stripped the linens into the dirty basket, still cursing.

"Should've put a camera in here. A woman that hot, getting fucked… bet she looked amazing…"

On the highway a black Audi A6 moved steadily.

Inside the car the atmosphere was nothing like the motel. It was quiet, almost heavy.

Helen sat in the passenger seat in the same camel cashmere coat she had worn the night before. She watched the scenery blur past, her lightly made-up profile giving nothing away. Only occasionally did something complicated flicker in her eyes.

In daylight the filth of the night before felt harder to hide. Reason and shame had returned. She couldn't bring herself to look at the young man beside her—her son, and her lover of last night.

Ethan drove. Unlike her unease, the corner of his mouth held a satisfied, almost hungry smile. He was already thinking about what it would be like to treat her as a lover from now on.

He started humming softly under his breath.

When the car hit a rough patch, the thermos on Helen's lap tipped. Ethan's right hand shot across the console and steadied it. At the same time his palm deliberately covered the soft back of her hand where it rested on her knee.

Helen stiffened as if shocked.

"What—what are you doing! Drive properly!"

She snatched her hand back like a startled cat, voice low and sharp.

"Okay."

Ethan answered casually and pulled his hand away, the small smile still on his mouth.

Helen's ears had already gone pink. Her words were strict, but the girl she had long buried stirred again and knocked quietly. Shame, irritation, and a tiny, unwilling pleasure crossed her face in quick succession.

Helen, Helen… you can't even control your own legs. How are you supposed to face your son after this… but his hand… it really was warm…

The rest of the drive passed in silence.

By the time they reached the neighboring city and pulled up in front of Grace's building, it was past eleven.

They took a moment to compose themselves. Helen touched up her makeup in the mirror before they went upstairs.

Grace opened the door.

She was only a little shorter than her mother but noticeably fuller and more voluptuous. A tight black turtleneck sweater strained almost to the point of tearing across her large breasts. Gray skinny jeans molded tightly to her round ass and long legs, the denim stretched taut. She carried the heavy, well-used sensuality of a married woman, yet her pretty face looked exhausted—swollen eyes, faint dark circles.

"Mom, Ethan… you're here…"

Her voice was bitter, nothing like the bright woman they remembered.

"Sis."

Ethan stepped forward, anger rising. "Where's your husband? I need to talk to him."

"Don't—"

Grace caught his arm and shook her head, face tight with something she didn't want to say.

"He… he went to work. Ethan, this is between the two of us. Stay out of it."

Helen took her daughter's hand, worried. "What exactly happened? Did he hit you?"

“No, Mom.”

Grace forced a small smile and pulled them inside.

“We just argued. It’s not that dramatic.”

In the living room a crib came into view. Grace’s eight-month-old son, Mason, slept soundly inside it, plump and peaceful.

None of them could have guessed what the innocent-looking baby would grow into, but that was still far ahead.

Ethan could tell from his sister’s face that the situation was more serious than she claimed, but when she refused to explain he let it drop. Helen simply kept comforting her.

After a while the three of them gathered some of the baby’s clothes and daily things. Half an hour later they left the apartment that clearly held unhappy memories and headed home.

CHAPTER 32

We'll Take Care of You

They got home a little after four in the afternoon.

Ethan had already called out of the office for the day.

The place was quiet when they stepped inside. Late-afternoon light slanted through the floor-to-ceiling windows, stretching long shadows across the floors. Rich clearly wasn't home.

They kicked off their shoes, laughing quietly as they moved into the living room. Sophie came down from the second floor, one hand on the wooden railing. She was wearing a fitted, pale-red knit dress that clung to every curve—full D-cup breasts, a narrow waist, and the round swell of her ass. Every step made the hem shift, flashing long, smooth legs.

"Grace! You're back! And this is… Mason? It's only been a few months and look how big he is!"

She reached for the baby with both arms, already smiling. "Come here, let Auntie hold you."

Sophie took Mason from Grace with practiced ease and started cooing at him.

Helen glanced at her daughter-in-law once, then looked away.

Ethan and Sophie's eyes met for half a second across the room. Nothing was said. It didn't need to be. In the curve of Sophie's smile he caught the familiar little spark of mischief—the look she got when a plan had gone exactly the way she wanted.

The greetings stayed short. Helen and Grace took the baby upstairs to settle in.

The condo was spacious—two full floors and a wide balcony with a view—but the large guest room on the first floor had long ago been turned into Rich's private study, filled with the books and tea sets he liked to pretend made him cultured. That left only one spare bedroom upstairs, right next to Ethan and Sophie's. Helen had once decorated it herself, picking out soft wallpaper and a crib, hoping it would eventually belong to a grandchild. Ethan and Sophie had never gotten around to giving her one. The room stayed empty, but Helen still cleaned it

regularly. Now it was being pressed into service as temporary shelter for her daughter and grandson after the marriage had collapsed.

Grace carried Mason into the small bedroom and set their bags down.

Downstairs, Sophie slipped her arm through Ethan's and pressed the soft weight of her chest against him. Her voice dropped so only he could hear it.

"Let's go make dinner, babe. We should do something nice for Grace since she's home."

Ethan's hand settled on her waist, feeling the give of her body under the thin knit. "Okay."

They walked into the kitchen. The second the door closed, Sophie turned, looped both arms around his neck, and rose onto her toes to kiss him. Her tongue pushed into his mouth, warm and impatient.

Ethan groaned low in his throat and gripped her ass through the dress, squeezing hard enough to feel the full, soft shape of it.

When they broke apart they were both a little breathless.

Sophie looked up at him, cheeks flushed, eyes bright. "So… did you miss me while I was gone?"

"Yeah. Of course I did." His hands had already slipped under the hem of the dress, palms sliding up the bare skin of her thighs. "Mostly I want to know what kind of 'good work' my wife got up to."

Sophie laughed, soft and pleased, and arched her back so his hands could roam more easily. "Relax. I overdelivered. You're going to love what I have to show you."

She dragged the last few words out, voice low and teasing.

"Is that right?" Ethan's fingers found the edge of her panties and the damp heat already gathering there. "Then I should probably… inspect the results."

"Not now," she said, twisting away and pressing her thighs together. "Mom and Grace are right upstairs. Tonight. Tonight you can look at whatever you want."

They finished the flirting, then actually started cooking.

By the time the table was full and the sky had gone fully dark, the front door opened again.

Rich was home.

He stopped short when he saw Grace and the baby, then recovered quickly, sliding into the warm, concerned-father version of himself.

"Grace?"

"Hey, Dad. You're back." Grace set her chopsticks down and went to take his briefcase.

"Where's Mason? Let Grandpa hold him."

Rich changed his shoes with slightly stiff movements.

"He just fell asleep," Grace said. "Took forever."

"Oh." Rich's eyes moved toward the table.

Ethan watched the careful blankness on his father's face and gave him the easy out. "Dad, come sit down. Food's gonna get cold."

It was enough. Rich took the opening and the awkward greeting ended.

Grace noticed he headed for the study instead of the master bedroom. Something flickered behind her eyes, but she didn't ask.

Dinner felt off from the start.

On the surface it was normal—family catching up, people asking Grace how she was holding up. Underneath, the tension sat thick. Ethan ate and watched his father from the corner of his eye. From the moment Rich sat down he had been carefully avoiding both of them. He kept his gaze on his plate or on Grace, asking her about work and the baby like the rest of the table didn't exist. The deliberate avoidance felt like a confession.

Ethan was more certain than ever that something had happened between Sophie and his father while he and Helen were gone. He was also looking forward to hearing Sophie tell him about it later.

Halfway through the meal Rich finally spoke.

"So, Grace… what's the plan?"

Grace set her chopsticks down. "Mom, Dad… once Mason's a little older and can start preschool, I'm going to divorce Mark."

The table went quiet.

Helen's chopsticks hit the table with a sharp crack. "Good. Do it. A man who can't keep it in his pants doesn't deserve to be kept around."

Rich's shoulders tightened. He lifted his water glass and took a slow drink. "Grace, your mother and I support whatever you decide. Just make sure you're sure."

Sophie and Ethan both nodded.

"Yeah, Grace," Ethan said. "We've got your back."

A minute later Rich looked up again. "Did you quit the hospital too?"

Grace swallowed and nodded, looking down. "Yeah. I figured I'd start looking around here in a few days. Even if I have to start at the bottom—"

Rich cut her off with a wave of his hand. "No. You stay home. Take care of Mason. A Hale daughter doesn't have to go back out there and deal with other people's attitudes after what you just went through. You rest. I'll take care of you."

Ethan smiled and picked it up immediately. "Dad's right, Grace. Stay here with Mom. Take care of Mason. Dad and I will both take care of you."

The two of them sounded perfectly in sync—the same way they would sound, later, when they were both moving on Grace at once.

Helen's expression shifted, just slightly.

Grace's eyes filled. She had handled the discovery of Mark's cheating with cold efficiency—collecting proof, planning next steps. But the uncomplicated support from her family cracked the calm she had been holding onto.

She nodded hard. "Thank you, Dad. Thank you, Ethan."

Sophie, who had stayed mostly quiet, let out a small laugh. "Grace, come on. We're family. You used to run this house. When did you get so sentimental?"

The comment landed. Before she got married, Grace had been the bright, slightly loud one—the one who kept everyone laughing. The old saying about a married daughter being like spilled water had always felt abstract until she walked back through the door with a baby and a failed marriage. Sophie's easy teasing loosened the knot in her chest.

"You're right," Grace said, wiping her eyes with the back of her hand. The smile that came back was closer to the one she used to wear. "I was

being dramatic. So… fair warning. I'm going to start taking advantage of all of you. Hope you're ready for the trouble."

"Bring it," Ethan said, grinning.

"Yeah, we're not scared," Sophie added.

For a few minutes the table actually felt warm. No one asked the obvious question—why Grace wasn't filing immediately, why she was choosing to wait instead of going after Mark for everything she could get. Everyone at the table had things they didn't want examined too closely. The silence was mutual.

Dinner ended. Grace went to bed early with Mason. Helen stayed in the living room for a while, phone in her hand, opening the hidden camera app that looked like a calculator. Nothing new had uploaded. Her brow tightened for a second, then smoothed. Bad signal, maybe. Or the two of them had been careful. She didn't say anything. She put the phone away and went to her room.

Rich stayed on the couch alone, staring at some mindless variety show with an empty expression.

Around ten, Ethan and Sophie were in their bedroom. Only the low lamp by the bed was on, throwing soft amber light across the room. Ethan sat against the headboard in an open gray robe. Sophie had just finished getting ready and was wearing a pale-pink silk slip. The thin straps sat on her shoulders; the deep V left most of her breasts bare, the soft weight of them shifting when she moved. She lay on her side beside him, one long leg thrown across his, the hem of the slip riding high enough to bare the top of her thigh.

Ethan was still trying to figure out how to tell her about what had happened with his mother. He knew Sophie wouldn't explode—she never did—but the whole thing was so far outside normal that he couldn't find a clean way in.

He didn't get the chance. Sophie shifted closer, warm skin pressing against him. Her hand slid up his chest, fingers tracing slow circles.

"Babe…"

Before he could answer she reached for her phone on the nightstand.

"I have something for you."

She unlocked it, tapped through a couple of folders, and opened a video she had buried deep. Then she handed him the phone.

Ethan looked down at the screen. This was what he had been waiting for.

Sophie moved again, draping herself more fully across his chest so her head rested on his shoulder. They were pressed together, both facing the phone.

“Just… don’t yell at me after, okay?” She made her voice small and pouty, but the excitement in her eyes gave her away.

Ethan smiled and ran his free hand through her hair. “Don’t be ridiculous. This was both of our idea.”

Sophie looked up at him, eyes soft, and leaned in to kiss the corner of his mouth. “You’re the best.”

The simple words hit harder than they should have. Ethan took a slow breath, like he was trying to hold onto the last few seconds of her belonging only to him. Then his thumb pressed the play button in the center of the screen.

(The chapter ends here as they begin watching; the video content is described in Chapter 33.)

CHAPTER 33

Continuing the Temptation

(The video content is described from a third-person perspective.)

The screen lit up and the footage began.

The camera angle was fixed and slightly tilted. Sophie had clearly hidden her phone inside a hollow ceramic vase on the living-room TV console. Through the gaps in the vase the lens caught the sofa directly across from it and a wide stretch of the dining area beyond. The imperfect framing didn't weaken the impact; if anything, it made everything feel raw and real.

At first the frame was empty.

Then Rich walked into view, restless, wearing gray cotton loungewear and carrying a cup of tea. He didn't drink it. He set the cup on the coffee table, glanced toward the stairs, then at the pale-pink silk nightgown draped over the arm of the sofa. Desire and hesitation warred in his eyes.

From upstairs came Sophie's bright voice.

"Dad, I'm gonna hop in the shower!"

"Oh… okay."

The sound of her made him jump. He snatched the cup and drained it in one stiff swallow, throat working.

Footsteps came down the stairs. Sophie appeared in the same fitted pale-red knit dress, almost bouncing, humming something off-key. Instead of heading straight for the bathroom she walked right up to the TV console—right up to the hidden camera—and gave it a knowing little smile. Only Ethan, watching later, would ever see that smile.

Then she turned and disappeared into the bathroom. Water started running.

Rich sat on the sofa like he was on nails. He couldn't keep his hands still. His eyes kept drifting to the closed bathroom door as if what waited on the other side wasn't his daughter-in-law but something he'd wanted for a long time and never been allowed to touch.

Ethan, watching the footage, couldn't stand the drawn-out agony on his father's face. He dragged the progress bar forward.

Roughly twenty minutes later the water shut off.

The bathroom door cracked open. Sophie's face appeared, flushed and dewy from the steam. Wet hair clung to her cheeks and forehead. Her eyes looked wide and just the right amount of flustered.

"Dad… I think I forgot my clothes. They're on the sofa. Could you… bring them to me?"

"Ah? Oh! Yeah!"

Rich shot to his feet, grabbed the almost weightless pale-pink silk nightgown she'd "left" on the sofa arm, and hurried over. The fabric was cool and slippery in his palm. He could almost imagine he still smelled her on it.

He reached the bathroom doorway, voice tight.

"Sophie… the clothes…"

"Thank you, Dad."

Under his stare the frosted glass door slowly opened.

The camera caught everything.

Sophie didn't do what a normal woman would have done—she didn't just stick an arm out. She pulled the door open wide enough to lean half her body into the hallway.

She was completely naked.

Most of her freshly showered body was suddenly on display in front of her father-in-law. Tiny droplets ran down the tip of her nose, the long line of her neck, her collarbones, and the heavy curve of her breasts. Because she was turned sideways with one arm braced on the doorframe, the breast nearest the frame was pressed hard against it, the flesh spilling out in an exaggerated swell. Right in the center of that pale breast a small, tight pink nipple had already stiffened from the mix of steam and cooler air, standing up like a cherry waiting to be picked.

Rich froze. His eyes locked onto the exposed half of her body. A thick swallow worked its way down his throat.

Sophie tilted her head, blinking those wide, innocent-looking eyes.

"Dad? Dad?"

"Ah… oh!"

He jerked back to life and shoved the nightgown toward her. Their fingers brushed. The wet, warm contact made him flinch so hard he almost dropped the fabric.

Sophie took it without any visible reaction, gave him a smile sweet enough to melt ice, and closed the door with a soft bang.

Rich stood there like a post for several long seconds. More than once his hand lifted toward the door. He never knocked.

Later in the same video Sophie walked out of the bathroom barefoot, wearing nothing but that same pale-pink silk nightgown. No bra. No panties. The thin fabric was already half-transparent from the water still clinging to her skin. It stuck to every curve. Under the living-room lights her nipples showed clearly through the silk, even the darker rings of her areolas faintly visible. Her full breasts shifted with every step. Below them her stomach was flat and tight; a few remaining droplets slid downward and vanished into the sparse dark hair at the top of her thighs. The hem of the gown barely reached the tops of her legs. Every time she walked, her ass and the soft flesh at the backs of her thighs moved under the translucent cloth.

Rich's pants were tented so hard it looked painful.

Sophie acted as if she didn't notice. She crossed the room with a slow, rolling walk and stopped beside the dining table, one hand on the edge, the other tucking a wet strand of hair behind her ear. She glanced back at him over her shoulder.

"Dad, it's just the two of us. Kind of boring, right? Want to play a few more rounds of that game?"

The smile she gave him was pure trouble.

Rich's mind split in half. One side screamed at him to get up and leave. The other side was louder: she was offering, they were alone, he'd wanted this since the first time he saw her. If he walked away now he wasn't a man.

He didn't move fast enough.

Sophie watched the war on his face, then let her eyes drop deliberately to the obvious bulge in his pants. Her mouth curved higher.

She walked straight to him, bent at the waist, and took his tightly clenched hand in her soft one.

"Come on, Dad. Just a few rounds."

The touch broke whatever was left of his resistance. His voice came out rough.

"…Okay."

They sat across from each other at the big dining table again. Sophie pulled only two cards from the deck—a diamond king and a heart two—shuffled them, and dealt.

First round: Rich was king.

Sophie looked at her heart two, pouted, and stood up. The thin nightgown clung and shifted with every movement. She walked around the table and dropped into the chair right beside him. Their bodies were suddenly less than a foot apart. One of her long bare legs nearly brushed his. The scent of her body wash and warm skin hit him all at once.

She leaned in. The loose neckline of the nightgown fell open, putting the deep line between her breasts and most of both full mounds on clear display. Her mouth was almost against his ear when she whispered, slow and sweet:

"So, as king… what's your command?"

Rich's breath caught. He grabbed his wine glass and drained what was left. The alcohol burned. It didn't help.

He stayed silent, staring at her face from inches away.

Sophie didn't rush him. She picked up her own glass and drank the rest of the wine in one elegant tilt of her head, the long line of her throat on display under the bright lights.

When she lowered the glass, Rich's eyes were bloodshot. He forced two words out between his teeth:

"…Skip."

It wasn't a refusal. It was a test—to see exactly how far she was willing to push him.

The night was still young.

(The video continues; the chapter ends as the game and the tension escalate further.)

CHAPTER 34

Surrender Doesn’t Mean Defeat

(The video continues.)

Sophie blinked, caught off guard. She hadn’t expected that answer. She’d been sure he would order her to do something interesting. Still, it was within the rules. The king had absolute authority—including the authority to give no order at all.

“Okay.”

A flicker of disappointment crossed her eyes, but the sweet smile stayed in place. They each drank another glass of penalty wine according to the rules.

Second round. The cards were shuffled again.

This time Sophie was king.

She looked at the diamond king in her hand, then deliberately turned the card so Rich could see it. Her voice was lazy and honeyed.

“Dad, looks like tonight’s luck is on my side.”

She didn’t give the order right away. She let the silence stretch, watching the way his eyes kept dropping to the open neckline of the nightgown and the heavy shape of her breasts under the thin silk.

Then she spoke, slow and clear.

“As king… I order you to hug me.”

Rich’s whole body went rigid.

It was a simple command. On any other night, in front of anyone else, it would have been harmless. But here, with the two of them alone, with her dressed like that, with his cock already painfully hard, the words landed like a match on dry grass.

He told himself he could still walk away. He told himself he was still in control.

Then he looked at her—at the soft, knowing smile, at the way she was already leaning toward him, at the pale skin of her chest rising and falling with every breath—and the last of his resistance cracked.

Fine. Fine.

Losing to this little temptress wasn’t such a bad way to go.

He stood up in one rough motion, opened his arms, and pulled her against him. The thin silk did nothing to hide the heat and softness of her body. Her full breasts flattened against his chest. The scent of her filled his head. His hands settled on her waist, then slid lower, gripping the firm curve of her ass through the nightgown.

Sophie let out a small, satisfied sound and melted into him, arms looping around his neck. Her face turned into the side of his throat. For a moment they just stood there, pressed together, both breathing hard.

In his head, Rich admitted he had lost.

That didn't mean the night was over.

The next second he bent his head and dragged his mouth along the long, pale line of her neck, tongue tracing the skin, tasting her. Sophie's breath caught. Her fingers tightened in his hair. Her hips shifted against him, deliberately grinding against the hard ridge in his pants.

She pulled back just far enough to look up at him. Her eyes were glassy, lips parted and wet. The smile she gave him was pure invitation.

"Dad… kiss me."

The words broke whatever was left of his control.

Rich growled low in his throat and crushed his mouth to hers. The kiss was rough, hungry, nothing like a father's kiss. His tongue pushed past her lips and tangled with hers, licking deep, sucking, claiming. Sophie kissed him back just as hard. One hand stayed locked behind his neck. The other grabbed at his shirt and yanked. A button popped and skittered across the floor. The fabric tore.

They stumbled. Rich's elbow hit one of the wine glasses still on the table. It toppled, rolled, and smashed on the floor. Neither of them looked.

Sophie's knees bent. She sank down in front of him, hands sliding down his body until they reached his waistband. She hooked her fingers in the elastic of his lounge pants and underwear and pulled both down in one motion.

His cock sprang free—thick, dark, fully hard, the head flushed deep purple and already wet at the tip. It stood straight out, heavy and twitching, inches from her face.

Sophie stared at it for a second, then looked up at him through her lashes. Her tongue came out and slowly wet her lower lip.

Rich's hands clenched at his sides. His chest heaved.

The video kept rolling.

(The chapter continues as Sophie takes him in her mouth and the encounter escalates further, with Ethan and Sophie watching every second of it together in their bedroom.)

CHAPTER 34

Surrender Is Not Defeat

Sophie blinked, caught off guard. She hadn't expected that answer from her father-in-law.

She'd figured he'd make her do something fun.

But the reply was still completely within the rules.

The king had absolute authority—including the power to refuse to give an order.

"Fine."

A flicker of disappointment crossed her eyes, almost too quick to catch, but the sweet smile stayed fixed on her face.

They followed the rules and each took another shot of whiskey as a penalty.

Second round. The cards were shuffled again.

This time Sophie was king.

She glanced at the diamond king in her hand, then deliberately turned the card face toward him. Her voice came out lazy and honeyed.

"Dad, looks like tonight's luck is sitting on my side."

"I already massaged you and Mom's shoulders earlier… so isn't it your turn to give me one?"

Rich's body jerked, but he stood anyway. He walked behind his daughter-in-law and set his faintly trembling hands on her smooth, rounded shoulders.

The skin under his palms was silk.

For a few seconds he just froze, debating whether to slide his hands down and grab the heavy tits hanging right in front of him. Pride won out over lust. He started kneading, stiff and clumsy.

There was no technique to it—just instinctive strength.

That rough, almost brutal pressure still sent a strange, melting tingle through Sophie's body.

"Mmm… ah… Dad…"

She tipped her head back, the long line of her neck arching, eyes closed, glossy lips parted. Soft, sugary moans spilled out of her, the kind that could pull a man apart.

"Ah… hah… your hands… so strong… feels so good…"

The sound was pure seduction—high, breathy, twisting. It crawled over Rich's already fraying nerves like a swarm of ants.

When she felt his hands pause because of her voice, Sophie smiled inside.

Let's see how long this dirty old man can hold out. I don't believe I can't make him move first.

She timed it carefully. After less than a minute she stopped him in a soft, spoiled tone.

"Okay… that's enough, Dad. Thank you."

They drank another penalty shot.

The whiskey made the living room feel hotter.

The game continued.

Third round.

The moment the cards flipped, Sophie let out a bright, silver laugh.

"Hehe, I'm really on a roll tonight~"

She pinched the diamond king between pale fingertips and waved it in front of him.

"Dad…"

Her voice was sweeter and softer than it had been all night. She tilted her head, eyes sparkling with deliberate heat.

"This one's simple… just hug me."

It really was that simple.

If you ignored who they were, a hug like that wouldn't even look strange in public on a normal day.

In this moment, though, Rich felt something like relief when he heard it.

Fine. Fine.

Losing to this little temptress in front of him wasn't exactly unfair.

He surrendered inwardly, then moved without hesitation. He shoved the chair back, opened his arms, and pulled his daughter-in-law's soft, warm body tight against his chest.

The feel of her was soft, yielding, real.

Through the thin fabric of his shirt he could clearly feel the two heavy, full breasts that were almost bursting out of her silk nightgown pressing hard into his chest.

In his mind, Rich fully admitted defeat.

That didn't mean he'd lost.

If anything, the real show was just starting.

The next second he was breathing hard. He lowered his head and pressed his mouth to the long, pale stretch of her neck, licking greedily.

Sophie wasn't idle either.

One soft, pale hand slid down with practiced ease and covered the hard ridge already straining against his lounge pants.

Her fingers closed and began a teasing squeeze.

"Mmm…"

A satisfied little moan left her, expression blissful. Inside she crowed.

Finally couldn't take it, you dirty old man.

Out loud she still kept the last scrap of daughter-in-law modesty, voice half-scolding, half-pouring fuel on the fire.

"Dad… what are you… doing… the game only said hug me… it didn't… didn't say you could lick me…"

Rich couldn't hear any of it anymore. The fire in him had burned through everything else.

His hands stopped behaving. Like claws they slid through the side slits of her nightgown and climbed the two high, trembling, perfect peaks.

"Ah!"

The sudden grab ripped an uncontrolled moan out of her.

His rough palms kneaded her tender breasts without restraint. Every squeeze, every scrape against her stiff nipples mixed a little sting with a pleasure so sharp she couldn't pull away.

Sophie let herself enjoy it for a full half-minute, until she felt like she was melting in his arms. Then she pushed hard with both hands, shoving his hands off her.

Rich staggered, movements stopping. Confusion flickered in his eyes.

Sophie looked up.

Her wet, soul-stealing eyes were even brighter and glossier with arousal.

She stared straight at him—at the face flushed deep from desire and whiskey.

The father-complex she had never fully examined in herself felt deeply, violently satisfied in that moment.

The next second her eyes went hazy. She licked her already swollen lips with a soft pink tongue and said, voice melting:

"Dad, kiss me."

Those two words were the last trumpet before the charge.

Rich growled low in his throat, dropped his head, and crushed his mouth onto the red lips he'd been wanting.

His tongue forced past her teeth, seized her small tongue, and tangled with it—sucking, swallowing, devouring every drop of spit in her mouth.

Sophie answered just as fiercely. One arm locked around his neck; the other hand tore at his shirt.

The force was too much. Buttons flew. Fabric ripped.

Their thrashing knocked into the dining table behind them.

An unfinished wine glass was hit by Rich's elbow, tipped, and crashed to the floor with a sharp shatter. Neither of them noticed.

They kept kissing wildly, tongues sliding, swallowing each other's saliva, while they stumbled toward the sofa a few steps away.

By then Sophie had torn his shirt completely open. It hung in shreds, exposing a chest that had softened with age but still showed the outline of old strength.

A bright thread of spit clung to the corner of her mouth, obscene.

She pulled back from his lips for a moment. One hand drifted like a snake over the rough plane of his chest, feeling the hard beat underneath.

The other hand slid lower, gripped the rigid cock still trapped in his pants, stroking and teasing.

"Dad… let me see…"

The breathy, coquettish words seemed to snap Rich half-awake.

He stopped kneading her tits and stared down at the face flushed red with lust, breathing heavy.

That clarity lasted less than three seconds.

Sophie sank to her knees, pulled his pants down.

Instantly a thick, dark-purple cock that had been caged too long sprang free like an animal breaking out of a cage.

It stood rigid in front of her face. A clear drop of precum hung from the swollen, jade-colored head, releasing a heavy male scent that could make any woman's legs weak.

"Wow… it's so big."

Sophie parted her red lips in a slightly childish gasp.

This was the first time she had truly looked at a cock that wasn't her husband's from this close.

Excitement made her reach out and wrap her slender fingers around the hot shaft, testing the weight of it.

It felt heavy in her hand.

She compared. This one looked a little shorter than Ethan's, but noticeably thicker.

The whole shaft was a deep, dark purple-black from age and long engorgement. Thick veins crawled over it like dragons, pulsing with every heartbeat, pure male force.

When she pressed a little harder with her fingers she could feel the hardness wasn't quite as steel-like as Ethan's younger cock—there was a faint middle-aged softness to it.

That didn't lessen the visual impact at all.

Just looking for a few seconds made her pussy clench and leak; she could already feel wetness dripping onto the floor.

After a moment she got playful.

She touched the tip of her index finger to the drop of precum on the slit, then pulled upward. A long, shining silver thread stretched between her fingertip and the head of his cock.

Right now she didn't look like a daughter-in-law cheating with her father-in-law.

She looked like a curious little girl who had found a new toy. She brought the finger coated in his fluid up to her face, tilted her head, and stared at him with wide, innocent eyes.

"Dad, what is this? It's so sticky…"

She brought the finger under her small, upturned nose and sniffed, then immediately wrinkled her brow in disgust.

"Ew, it even smells weird… fishy."

"……"

Rich couldn't take the mix of pure filth and pure innocence. His cock jumped violently under her gaze, like it was about to explode.

Sophie laughed, bright and ringing.

"Wow, look, it moved! Does it like me?"

"Then… okay, since you're being so cute, I'll give you a little kiss."

She leaned down, opened her red lips, and pressed a wet kiss right on the huge, ugly purple head.

"Grr!"

Rich finally snapped. A low roar tore out of his throat. Both hands grabbed her slim shoulders and shoved her back onto the soft sofa.

"Ah!"

Sophie let out a short cry as she fell, body bouncing once on the cushions.

Rich didn't care. He dropped over her like a starving beast, opened his mouth wide, and sucked one stiff, pink nipple deep, sucking hard.

That was when Sophie's free hand slipped into the gap between the sofa cushions, pulled out the second phone she had hidden earlier, and quickly snapped a photo of the obscene scene—her father-in-law's mouth on her breast—then sent it to her husband who was out of town.

The whole thing took only a few seconds. Rich was too lost in the feel of her tits to notice.

Done, Sophie tossed the phone aside. Both hands gently cradled the back of Rich's salt-and-pepper head. She closed her eyes and focused on the sharp, tingling pleasure radiating from her chest.

Sweet, bone-melting moans poured out of her in time with his mouth.

"Mmm… ah… Dad… harder… right there… hah…"

Under the bright living-room lights the two bodies twisted together on the sofa.

His heavy breathing and her continuous moans mixed into a forbidden, frantic symphony.

On the TV cabinet nearby, the family photo still sat in its frame—Helen and Ethan smiling at the camera, watching the whole thing.

A long while later.

When Rich had licked both of her pale breasts shiny with spit, Sophie suddenly cupped his face with both hands and stopped him.

She looked straight into the bloodshot, half-mad eyes and said, word by word:

“Dad, I want it.”

CHAPTER 35

They Couldn’t Hold Back

Rich understood exactly what his daughter-in-law meant when she said “I want it.”

But the moment it came down to the final step, a thin thread of hesitation still flickered through the desire that had been burning in his head.

Before this, he had never slept with any woman except his wife, Helen.

His life had been dull and flavorless—marriage, kids, work—forty-six years of doing everything by the book.

To someone like Sophie, with her open-minded generation, Rich was a genuine fossil.

The scene stalled for those few seconds of his hesitation.

From somewhere, Sophie produced a shiny condom wrapper.

Right in front of him she bit the edge open with her teeth, then used two slender fingers to hold up the glistening, lubricated ring and offered it to him, voice soft.

“Dad, don’t overthink it. We’re just… enjoying this moment, okay?”

Looking at the encouraging, naturally seductive light in her eyes, and at that little condom in her hand that seemed capable of walling off every consequence and every sin…

The last scrap of reason in Rich’s mind was finally swallowed by the wave of pure want.

What ethics? What happy family?

You grind through an entire life—what’s the point if it isn’t for pleasure?

In that instant Rich felt like he had finally found the answer he’d been searching for days ago in the elevator and never reached.

Besides, they had already come this far. Trying to turn back and talk about shame now would be pure fantasy.

.....

The video cut off right there.

Ethan's breathing turned heavy and hot.

He didn't rush to keep playing. He knew the next frames would be the ones he had been dying to see—his wife and his father fully intertwined.

Forget the nonsense about a condom not counting.

A cock going into a pussy is sex.

It proves a woman has completely accepted a man with her body.

Ethan couldn't tell if he was too excited or something else.

He slowly set the phone face-down on the sheets with a strange, almost warm sense of loss.

Through that hidden viewpoint he had seen the ugly desire that exploded across his father's face, marked by the years.

But he had also seen the struggle that flashed in his father's eyes more than once.

Ethan mocked himself silently. At least his dad had struggled for that long.

If it had been him, he probably would have completely lost to this little temptress of a wife the moment he handed her the clothes at the bathroom door.

The thought sent a rush of heat straight to his lower belly.

His cock was already painfully hard, and the knowledge that he was about to watch his wife and father actually fuck made it impossible to hold back any longer.

In the next second Ethan flipped over and pinned Sophie beneath him.

"I can't take it… baby, you're too fucking dirty. Let your husband fuck you right now."

Sophie had clearly expected his reaction. Instead of resisting, she excitedly pushed her pale tits up and rubbed those two soft mounds against his solid chest.

She even flicked her tongue across her dry lips, eyes hazy, voice almost dreamy and sweet enough to melt bone.

"Come on… my husband… baby can't wait anymore… I need you to… fuck me hard…"

"You little slut."

The sight of her thoroughly wrecked Ethan. He roughly yanked the silk nightgown out of the way, grabbed one of her white breasts with his big hand, and squeezed hard.

"Open your legs! Let me check properly—see if my dad's big cock already fucked this slutty hole of yours raw."

Hearing the filthy words from her husband's mouth, Sophie seemed to remember everything from the night before. Her body instantly turned to water.

Breathing hard, she obediently spread those long, beautiful legs.

A mysterious, tempting view opened in front of him.

A black lace thong was already soaked through with her juices, plastered tightly against the neatly trimmed little patch of hair, outlining every contour.

Ethan didn't take the last barrier off. He simply buried his face between her legs and took a deep breath through the thin fabric, inhaling the unique scent of her body mixed with the heavy wetness of her arousal.

"Ah… husband…"

Sophie's body jerked hard. An uncontrollable moan left her. One hand braced hard against the mattress while the other tangled in Ethan's thick hair, scratching and pulling at random.

"Ah… husband… feels so good… right there…"

Ethan's tongue found the already swollen, stiff clit through the panties and circled it precisely—sometimes light licks, sometimes firm pressure.

The wet heat of her husband's tongue blanked Sophie's mind until only waves of tingling pleasure remained.

Her waist twisted unconsciously into a hypnotic curve with every stroke of his tongue.

Just when Sophie felt the electric current about to push her over the edge, Ethan suddenly stopped.

He lifted his head with a mischievous grin.

Then he shifted backward until his head was between her legs and lay flat.

Sophie had been with him long enough to understand immediately.

She gave a seductive smile, flipped over, and knelt over him, aiming the tight, high curve of her ass straight at his face.

Once she felt she was lined up, she slowly lowered herself until her little pussy, still covered by the lace, pressed lightly against his nose and lips.

At the same time she lowered her head. In less than a second she found the thick, iron-hard cock that was twitching with excitement, opened her red lips without hesitation, and took the whole thing in.

"Mmm… gluck… gluck…"

The hot, wet mouth instantly wrapped the burning shaft.

Sophie's tongue moved like a skilled snake—licking and swirling around the thick head, then sliding down the raised veins, then curling around both heavy balls and sucking them into her mouth.

The level of her blowjob skill nearly made Ethan black out from pleasure.

He lay on his back, hands gripping the round cheeks of her ass, enjoying the service of her mouth while using his nose and lips to feel the constant wet heat pouring from her hole.

Suddenly a thought struck Ethan's brain like lightning.

He realized with a jolt that that mouth, that flexible tongue…

Just last night, had it served his father the exact same way?

The idea was so stimulating, so sinful, and so exciting that in an instant Ethan's lower belly clenched hard. Hot cum exploded out of him.

"Ugh—!"

He growled. The long cock throbbed and pulsed violently inside Sophie's mouth.

Thick, pungent spurts of semen shot deep into her throat.

Sophie didn't dodge at all. She even deepened the suction, swallowing every drop of her husband's essence.

She finished by carefully using her tongue to suck the remaining cum from the very tip until nothing was left.

After he came, Ethan entered a brief refractory period, but the cock stayed impressively hard.

"Husband… you're amazing, you came so much…"

Sophie lifted her head. A thin silver thread still clung to the corner of her mouth as she looked back at the man beneath her, eyes full of worship and love.

The words instantly reignited Ethan's drive.

He adjusted their positions, pulled her flat onto the bed, spread her legs, and settled into the most classic, deepest position.

Then he guided the cock still coated in her spit and his own cum to the entrance of her already soaking hole.

He nudged the panties aside. A sharp, wet sound—"plop!"—and there was no resistance at all. The thick head pushed straight through the slick flesh and buried itself to the root in one thrust.

"Ah!"

The familiar sensation made both of them sigh in satisfaction at the same time.

Ethan started moving slowly. While he thrust he looked down into his wife's eyes and asked in a tone that sounded calm but was anything but:

"Baby, tell me… how many times did you two do it?"

He didn't wait for an answer. Ignoring whatever taste of his own cum might still be in her mouth, he kissed her hard.

Tongues tangled, spit mixed.

After a long moment they separated.

Sophie's face was flushed deep red. She panted, eyes hazy, a little shy yet unmistakably pleased as she held up three pale fingers under her husband's gaze.

"Three times?"

Ethan's pupils shrank sharply.

Sophie nodded slightly.

"Mm…"

The confirmation hit him with a fresh wave of jealousy and excitement.

He grunted and drove his hips down hard.

"Ah! Husband… slower! Too deep… you're… you're hitting my cervix…"

Sophie let out a scream that was both pained and satisfied. Her legs instinctively locked around his waist.

Ethan acted like he hadn't heard. He stayed buried to the root and ground the head of his cock maliciously against that sensitive spot while continuing his interrogation.

"Then… did my dad… reach here?"

"N-no…"

The sensation deep inside made it hard to think straight. Sophie answered in broken gasps.

"He's… he's a little shorter than you… just a little…"

"Oh?"

The corner of Ethan's mouth curved.

"So… does my cock feel better, or does his?"

"I… I don't know…"

Sophie suddenly turned coquettish, trying to dodge.

"We only… only did it three times… how would I know…"

Hearing that, Ethan's thrusts turned wild. Every stroke felt like he was trying to break her apart.

"So you still want to try a few more times, huh?"

"Mm… ah… husband…"

While he fucked her he cursed in the filthiest words.

"You little slut! Do you still want my dad's old cock to fuck you? Say it!"

"Mm… yes… I still want…"

Right on the edge of orgasm, Sophie completely gave up resisting and cried out the admission.

"Say it! Whose feels better—mine or my dad's!"

"Yours… husband's feels better…"

"Tell the truth!"

Ethan suddenly gripped her chin and forced her to look at him.

"Ah… ahhh!!"

Pushed almost to the breaking point, Sophie finally screamed the answer that made Ethan both furious and thrilled.

"Dad's… Dad's feels better!"

"Why!"

"You're so mean… wuu…"

"Say it! Why does his feel better!"

“Because… because Dad’s is… thicker… wuu… thicker… it fills me up more… feels better…”

That answer was the key that unlocked the last lock on Ethan’s desire.

“Ah!”

He roared and lost all control, holding his wife’s soft body and pounding into her for dozens of frantic strokes.

“Baby… baby, I’m close…”

“Together… husband… let’s come together…”

Amid Sophie’s hoarse screams, Ethan shot his second load of hot cum deep into her womb.

At the same time Sophie’s entire body spasmed violently as she climaxed.

After the passion, the bedroom held only their heavy breathing.

Ethan’s cock hadn’t fully softened yet. It was still buried inside her, feeling the tight, wet walls contract and spasm around him as if trying to keep him there.

Neither of them spoke. They simply held each other tightly, feeling the other’s heartbeat and body heat.

After a long while Ethan finally spoke, voice low.

“Baby… tell me the details.”

“It’s all in the video. You can watch it yourself.”

Sophie buried her face in the crook of his neck, the lazy, spoiled tone unmistakable.

Ethan tightened his arms.

“No, that’s different. I want to hear you say it. From your own mouth.”

Sophie turned a little stubborn.

“I don’t want to.”

“You won’t?”

A thread of threat entered his voice.

“You want me to fuck you to death tonight? Fuck you so hard you can’t even go to work tomorrow?”

Sophie suddenly lifted her head as if she had just heard the funniest joke, a flash of triumph in her eyes.

“Oh? You’re the one who said that.”

“Don’t forget who was the first to beg for mercy last time.”

Looking at that seductive face, Ethan instantly remembered a certain night during their honeymoon phase when she had drained him until he was nearly empty. His momentum collapsed at once. He muttered, a little guilty:

“Uh… never mind, work is important, work is important…”

Seeing her husband looking so defeated and cute, Sophie couldn’t help but laugh.

“Okay, okay. Looking at you all desperate and suffering like that.”

She reached out and lightly scraped the tip of his nose, then continued:

“This girl will be merciful today and satisfy her perverted husband’s curiosity. Consider it… doing you a favor and telling you a little story.”

Ethan was overjoyed. He immediately wrapped his arms around her neck, wanting to kiss her.

Sophie gently blocked his lips with her hand, smiling.

“But I have one tiny little request.”

Ethan was already being tortured by curiosity. He answered without hesitation.

“Anything! Not just one—a hundred is fine!”

“I don’t want a hundred. I only want…”

Her smile turned even more seductive.

“…you to lick my feet right now. Lick them until I’m satisfied, and I’ll tell you every single detail.”

Ethan didn’t feel humiliated at all. His eyes lit up and his whole body seemed to come alive with excitement.

This wasn’t a punishment. It was closer to a reward.

He didn’t say another word. He flipped off the bed and knelt beside it like a loyal dog.

Then he picked up one of Sophie’s pretty, delicate feet and started from the rounded ankle, licking carefully downward, inch by inch.

He licked the smooth top of the foot, the sensitive arch, and finally took each of the five jade-like toes into his mouth one by one, sucking thoroughly.

“Mmm…”

Sophie narrowed her eyes in pleasure and let out a soft, satisfied hum.

When he finished, Ethan looked up like a child waiting for a prize.

“Baby, that should be enough, right? Hurry up.”

Sophie didn’t start talking right away.

Watching how impatient he was, a queen-like smile flickered in her eyes.

Under Ethan’s stunned gaze she suddenly pulled the wet foot from his hands, then lunged forward and tackled the still-reacting Ethan onto the bed.

She straddled his waist, hands braced on his chest, looking down at him from above.

Then she slowly guided the cock that had stiffened again from excitement to her still-wet entrance and sank down onto it.

“Ah…”

When that familiar fullness filled her again, Sophie sighed in satisfaction.

She lowered her head to his ear and spoke in a voice full of pure temptation.

“My perverted husband… now listen carefully.”

“Your young, beautiful wife… is about to tell you exactly how she fucked your dad for the first time…”

CHAPTER 36

In Her Own Words

The air in the master bedroom was thick with the mixed scent of male sweat and female arousal.

Sophie lay with a lazy, knowing smile at the corner of her mouth. Her bare feet—slender ankles, graceful arches, toes like pearls—rested curled against the sheets. She looked down at her husband with those clear, devastating eyes and gently pressed one hand to Ethan's chest. Slowly she parted her long legs and settled astride his hips, back straight. The motion made her full D-cup breasts sway, heavy and luminous in the low light. Between her thighs the wet heat of her cunt had already swallowed every inch of him.

"At the beginning…" she breathed, hips beginning a slow, deliberate circle, grinding him inside her.

"Right. Dad. He took the condom from my hand."

"You should've seen him. Hands shaking, eyes everywhere. I honestly thought a man his age might've forgotten how the damn things work."

She smiled faintly, mimicking the flustered urgency. "But no. He had it on in two seconds. Almost… efficient."

"Then he changed. Just like that. He pushed me back down on the sofa. One hand locked around my waist like a vise, the other guiding that thick, dark cock of his straight to me. And then—" she exhaled sharply "—he just drove it in. Hard."

"Ah… baby…"

The memory made her tighten around Ethan without meaning to. More slick heat spilled between them.

"I was already soaked from teasing him at dinner," she continued, voice thinner now. "So even though he's thicker than you, it slid all the way in. Deep. One stroke."

Ethan's hips jerked upward on their own, driven by the pictures forming in his head. Sophie gasped and flattened both palms harder against his chest, trying to hold him still.

"Don't… if you keep moving I can't talk…"

Her breasts bounced with every thrust. Ethan stared up at her flushed face, eyes bloodshot.

"Tell me," he rasped. "When he first got inside you… what did it feel like?"

Sophie's gaze went distant. "Blank. Completely blank. First time with anyone but you. I was nervous, scared… and a little excited, I guess. But the second that thick, hot cock filled me up, every other feeling just… vanished. All that was left was how good it felt. My whole body was screaming for him to move."

"Did he?"

"Yes." Her back arched. "He kissed me first. Rough. Tongue everywhere. Then he went for my tits like he was starving. Sucked my nipples until they were red and swollen and aching. And the whole time he was fucking me. His eyes were red. Bloodshot. Like he wanted to eat me alive."

She moaned as Ethan drove deeper. "He's not as long as you, but God, he's thick. He stretched me open. Stuffed me full. It burned a little, but mostly it just felt… perfect."

Ethan groaned low in his throat. The images cycled behind his eyes—his father's face, his wife's face, merging into one filthy, forbidden scene. He could almost see the older man, nearly fifty, pounding into Sophie like a man half his age.

"Then he started shaking," she went on, breathless. "Every muscle locked. And I felt him come. Hot. All of it. Right through the condom. And I came with him. Hard. It was… intense."

Her cunt clamped down in a sudden, violent rhythm, milking him. Ethan's control snapped.

"Fuck—Sophie—I'm coming—"

He slammed upward and unloaded, thick pulses of cum flooding her still-spasming pussy. Sophie cried out, spine bowing, the sound high and broken.

When the last throb faded she looked down at him, surprised he'd finished so fast. The fever in Ethan's eyes hadn't cooled at all. He seized her waist and rolled them in one rough motion, pinning her beneath him. His mouth crushed hers; his tongue claimed her. Inside her, his

cock—still buried deep—began to stiffen again almost immediately, swelling against her cervix like it had never softened.

Down the hall they heard Grace's door click open, then soft footsteps heading toward the kitchen. Mason must have woken up. The sound made them freeze for a heartbeat. Then Ethan's hips rolled again.

A minute later he broke the kiss, lips swollen, and stared down at her.

"Keep going," he said. "I want the second time."

Sophie gave him a knowing, wicked little smile. "Look at you."

She shifted her hips, letting the newly hard cock slide deeper, and continued in a low voice.

"When he was close the first time he was fucking me so fast, so hard—it didn't feel like a man his age at all. I came when he did. Afterward I was wrecked. I was going to push him off and clean us up, but he looked at me and asked if there were more condoms."

She dragged one stiff nipple slowly across Ethan's chest. "I was shocked. I already had another one ready. Pulled it from the couch cushions."

Ethan started thrusting harder. Sophie gasped and tried to finish.

"He tore it open with his teeth. Then he touched me first. My clit was so swollen from coming… he stared at it for a while. I was too gone to care how long. Then he was back inside me. Same position at first—me on my back, legs up. But this time he was braver. He ran those rough hands up my calves, over my thighs, gripped my waist, and just… took me.

"Then, while I was still half-out of my mind, he grabbed both my legs and flipped me over. I'm not small, but he handled me like I weighed nothing. Next thing I knew I was face-down, ass up, waiting for him to push back in from behind."

Her voice went thinner. "Doggy feels different. I could feel every inch of that fat head opening me up. I buried my face in the cushions and just moaned. And he didn't hold back. He grabbed my hips and fucked me like he was trying to break me. The sound of skin on skin was so loud I was scared the neighbors would think someone was setting off firecrackers."

Ethan drove into her in short, heavy strokes, matching the rhythm she described.

"After a while something just… detonated. I came again. Hard. He must've felt it because he stopped, reached around, and started playing with my tits. Big hands. Rough. He squeezed and twisted my nipples until I was right on the edge again. Then he kept fucking me slow while he did it… and came a second time. He stayed inside me afterward. Just collapsed on my back and stayed there."

Sophie went quiet for a moment, eyes half-lidded, still tasting the memory.

"And then?" Ethan demanded, hips stilling.

She leaned closer, breath hot against his ear. "We lay like that for a while. I finally tapped his back and said, 'Dad, you're heavy.' That woke him up. He wasn't even embarrassed. He just pushed up and watched his cock slide out of me, wet and shining. The sight must've done something to him, because he dropped down and started licking me. First time anyone but you has ever done that. I came again almost immediately. My legs were useless after that.

"When I could think again I smacked him and laughed. 'Trying to fuck me to death?' He finally looked a little shy. So I got up, crouched in front of him, peeled the condom off, and cleaned him with tissues. While I was down there he said, 'Sophie… is there anything you want? I'll buy it for you.'

"I almost laughed. I told him he didn't have to do that. He started stammering that he just… felt like he should give me something. So to make him feel better I said, 'Fine. Buy me two new iPhones. I want to give my parents new ones.' He petted my hair like I was a little girl and said okay."

Sophie pressed closer against Ethan's body. "And then… when I hugged him around the waist, I felt it. His cock was hard again. After two rounds. It almost brushed my face. I remember thinking, Jesus, this man is unreal. Then I remembered you, and it made sense. You got it from him.

“But he’s not twenty-five. I didn’t want to completely drain him. So I told him we should sleep. We had an early morning. And that was the end of it.”

She went still on top of him, the confession hanging in the warm, sex-scented dark. Ethan’s arms tightened around her, cock still buried deep, the images still burning behind his eyes.

CHAPTER 37

After the Confession

The bedside lamp cast a soft, amber glow over the two bodies still tangled together. A pair of lace panties lay discarded nearby, the crotch dark and soaked.

Sophie was still pinned beneath Ethan. Her pale-pink silk nightgown was ruined—bunched and twisted, one breast fully exposed, rising and falling with every shaky breath. Strands of hair stuck to her flushed cheeks and forehead. She looked thoroughly wrecked and thoroughly satisfied.

Ethan's cock, finally softening after another heavy release, stayed nestled inside her, held by the wet clutch of her body. Aftershocks still flickered through Sophie; she had no strength left to move. Ethan exhaled, long and slow, one hand stroking her damp hair. The silence felt strangely peaceful.

He had decided.

"Baby."

Sophie lifted her head, eyes still glassy and soft. "Mm? What is it?"

Ethan couldn't quite meet her gaze at first. He licked his lips, throat working, then forced the words out.

"I… need to tell you something too."

"So tell me."

She nuzzled into his chest, completely relaxed.

He tried to find a way to soften it and failed. "Just… don't get mad, okay?"

That tone snapped her fully awake. Sophie pushed up on her elbows, eyes narrowing as she studied him. She knew that look. It always meant he'd done something serious.

"Depends what it is," she said carefully.

Ethan looked away. "What if… what if something happened between me and Mom?"

The room went dead quiet.

Sophie sat up so fast his half-hard cock slipped out of her with a wet sound. A mix of cum and her own slick trailed down her thigh onto the sheets. She didn't notice. Her eyes were wide, bright with pure, electric interest.

"No way. No fucking way."

She grabbed his shoulders. "When you texted me that night about the traffic and needing a hotel… you two shared a room?"

Ethan could only nod, face burning.

Sophie slapped a hand over her mouth to muffle the excited sound that wanted to escape, then leaned in, voice low and eager. "I knew it. I never liked that woman. Tell me everything. Did you fuck her?"

Ethan winced. "Sophie… she's still my mom. You don't have to like her, but can you not call her 'that woman'?"

Sophie rolled her eyes. "From the day we started dating she never liked me. I'm not obligated to like her back."

"How do you even know she doesn't like you?"

She pointed at the ceiling with one finger, half-smiling. "Woman's intuition."

She didn't elaborate. The real reasons were small and ugly—Helen's pointed comments about housework, the way she looked at Sophie's clothes, and especially the quiet disappointment every month Sophie still wasn't pregnant. Sophie had no interest in unpacking any of that right now.

"Anyway, that's not the point." She crawled closer, eyes sparkling. "Did you fuck her? On the hotel bed?"

Ethan gave a small, embarrassed nod.

Sophie nearly vibrated. "You actually did it. How was it? Did she make noise? Was it loud or was she the quiet type?"

"She… didn't really make any sound," he muttered. "She was pretty reserved the whole time."

The second the words left his mouth he regretted them.

Sophie's expression cooled. "So I'm not reserved when we do it?"

"No! God, no. You're perfect. You sound like that because you love me. It's a compliment."

She hummed, only half-mollified, then shifted to sit cross-legged. The nightgown rode up completely, leaving her bare from the waist down—pussy still swollen and glossy, thighs streaked with their mess. She didn't care. She rested her chin on one hand, staring at nothing for a moment.

"This is actually insane," she said softly. "I fucked your dad. You fucked your mom. This family is completely fucked now."

Then she looked at him, eyes suddenly wicked. "So… while we're at it, should we just pull Grace in too?"

Ethan went still. His cock, traitorous, gave a visible twitch.

Grace. Bright, warm Grace. The big sister who had always felt like sunlight. He remembered the day he fell out of the old locust tree in the backyard when he was seven, knee split open and bleeding. Grace—still in middle school, ponytail swinging—had come running first. She hadn't yelled. She'd just helped him up, pressed her clean handkerchief to the cut, and blown on it while her own eyes went red.

"It's okay, little brother. I'm right here. It doesn't hurt…"

That soap-and-summer smell and those careful hands had lived in his memory ever since. He used to tell himself the occasional dirty thought about her didn't count because he was too quiet, too soft, to ever act on it. He wasn't that boy anymore. Their father's success had moved them to the city; Ethan had grown into someone who could actually stand next to her. The question was whether he wanted to.

Sophie's voice pulled him back. "Earth to Ethan. You're thinking about it, aren't you?"

Before he could answer, her phone lit up on the bed. She picked it up, expecting work. Then she froze.

Richard's name on the screen.

She turned the phone so Ethan could see. "Dad just asked if I'm asleep yet."

Ethan checked the time. Almost midnight. He did the math out loud before he could stop himself. "Once shouldn't take more than half an hour… you'd still be fine for work tomorrow."

Sophie went scarlet and punched his shoulder, not hard. "Ethan! What the hell are you saying?"

His own phone buzzed on the nightstand.

Helen's name.

Sophie snatched it before he could, unlocked it, and read the message aloud under her breath:

"Ethan, are you still up? The light in my room isn't working. Can you come take a look? If you're already asleep, don't worry. I'll just call someone tomorrow."

She stared at the screen, then at him, something sharp and jealous flickering behind her eyes.

"Oh, she's bold," Sophie said quietly. "I'm right here in the house and she's still calling you over at midnight to 'fix a light.' Yeah. Sure."

CHAPTER 38

The Smell on the Stairs

Ethan had expected anger. Or indifference. Or even excitement. What he hadn't expected was jealousy.

The realization sat warm and strange in his chest. He reached over and pulled Sophie against him, voice low and coaxing.

"Hey. It's probably just a broken light."

"I don't believe that for a second." She stayed in his arms but kept her mouth pushed out, sulking. "That woman got a taste of you once and now she's dripping. She's probably lying in there right now, soaked and hoping you'll come finish what you started."

"Sophie." His tone sharpened. "Don't talk about my mom like that."

She pushed back just enough to look at him, expression suddenly serious. "When you fucked her… did you use a condom?"

He went still.

Everything that night had moved too fast. The room, the tension, the fact that it was his mother—none of it had left space for practical thoughts. He had been too busy drowning in the wrongness of it.

"…No," he admitted. "It was late. Everything just… happened. I don't even remember the second I was inside her. Condoms weren't on my mind."

Sophie's eyes filled so fast it startled him. He had never seen her cry. Panic hit him harder than any anger could have. He pulled her tight again.

"Baby? What's wrong? Don't do this."

She didn't answer. Instead she turned her head and bit down on the muscle of his upper arm. Not hard. Just enough to hurt a little, just enough to claim something. He let her. The ache in his arm was nothing compared to the look on her face.

After a minute she released him and pulled free. Before he could speak she bent down, opened her mouth, and took his half-soft cock all the way in.

It wasn't like any blowjob she'd given him before. There was no teasing, no performance. Her tongue worked over every inch of him with deliberate, almost rough attention—under the head, along the shaft, down to the base—like she was trying to erase something with her mouth. Like she needed to overwrite whatever was still on him with the taste of her.

He hardened fast, stretching her lips. The intensity of it made his scalp tingle. He closed his eyes and let her do it.

She sucked him for over a minute, until he was throbbing against her tongue and close to the edge, then pulled off. When she looked up her eyes were still wet. She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand.

"There. Now every part of it has my spit on it. Go see your mom."

Ethan started to stand. Sophie's voice stopped him.

"You're actually going?"

He looked back, confused. "You just told me to."

She gave him a flat, unimpressed look. "I still don't know how someone as dense as you managed to get me."

She opened the nightstand, pulled out a full box of condoms, and shoved it into his hands.

"Take these. Next time you wear one."

He rubbed the back of his neck. "They don't feel the same."

"This isn't about how it feels." Her voice dropped. "If she gets pregnant, what then? You expect her to have it? You expect her to explain that to Dad? To us?"

The words landed. He had never really thought past the moment. The idea of his mother carrying his child made his stomach turn cold. He slipped the box into the pocket of his robe without arguing.

Sophie turned, opened her own drawer, and took a second box for herself. She grabbed a thin robe from the closet, pulled it on over the ruined nightgown, and tied it loosely.

"Let's go."

They looked at each other once. Something reckless and aligned passed between them. Then they stepped into the dark hallway together, barefoot and quiet.

They had only gone a few steps when Grace appeared at the top of the stairs, coming up. She wore long-sleeved cotton pajamas, hair messy, face flushed in a way that didn't look healthy. Her eyes were unfocused.

"Ethan? Sophie? What are you two doing up this late?"

Sophie's answer came smooth and immediate. "Upstairs toilet's acting weird. I was just going to use the one downstairs."

Ethan picked up the thread. "Dad has a file in his study I need for tomorrow. Figured I'd grab it while I'm up."

Grace studied them for a second, then stepped aside with a quiet "okay." She looked tired enough that the excuses slid past her. When they were a few feet away she glanced back once, watching the way their hands had found each other again. Something restless moved under her skin. She had only just finished touching herself. The heat hadn't fully left.

They waited in the shadows at the bottom of the stairs until they heard Grace's door click shut.

Then they crossed the dark living room without speaking. The clock on the wall ticked loud in the silence. Sophie went left, toward Richard's study. Ethan went right, toward Helen's bedroom. They reached the doors at the same time. For one second they looked at each other across the open space—encouragement, challenge, shared madness—then Sophie turned the handle and slipped inside.

Ethan's handle didn't move. Locked from the inside.

He stood there, faintly ridiculous in the dark. Even from across the room he could feel Sophie's amused look before she disappeared into the study. He shook his head, mouthed *you first*, and knocked three times on his mother's door.

Nothing.

He waited. Knocked again. This time the door opened a few inches. Helen's face appeared in the gap, lit from below by the glow of her phone. The light made her look younger and strangely fragile.

"Mom."

"Ethan… you're still up. The light just died. I don't know what happened."

"I'll take a look."

He stepped inside. The door closed and locked behind him with a soft click. He turned on his phone's flashlight. The beam swept across the vanity and caught the corner of a folded sheet of paper tucked under the base of a crystal lamp. He barely registered it.

Helen stood in a thin purple silk slip. The fabric clung to her full breasts and the soft curve of her stomach, turning almost sheer where the light hit it. In the dark she looked warm, heavy, and expensive—like polished stone.

He checked the switch and the wiring. "Contact's loose. Whoever wired it the first time didn't tighten the connections."

She held her phone up to give him light. "Do we need to kill the breaker?"

"No. I can fix it."

He asked for pliers. She disappeared into the closet and came back with a small toolbox. He climbed onto a chair and went to work. Helen stayed beside him, phone raised, careful not to let the light waver. His bare forearm flexed every time he turned the pliers. She watched the line of his shoulder, the focused set of his jaw, and breathed in the clean smell of his skin mixed with something warmer and unmistakably male.

For a moment the scene felt wrong in a different way. She didn't feel like his mother. She felt like a wife holding a light for a husband who had come home late.

The warmth of being needed moved through her slowly, thawing something that had gone cold weeks ago.

Ethan felt her breathing behind him and the steady circle of light on his hands. He wasn't the boy who needed her protection anymore. He was the man who could fix the things that broke.

CHAPTER 39

Since We're Already Here

A few minutes later Ethan snapped the switch plate back into place and hopped down from the chair. He flipped the switch. Soft light filled the bedroom.

Darkness gone, his eyes went back to the vanity. Next to the folded paper under the crystal lamp sat an expensive fountain pen.

"Mom," he said while he packed the tools, "you're up writing this late?"

Helen's face went pale. The paper was a half-finished divorce agreement she had written by hand. Someone had told her handwritten ones carried more weight in court. She had never expected her son to notice it.

If he read it and said anything, Richard and Sophie would be on guard. Everything she was planning would collapse.

She stepped in front of the vanity, blocking the paper with her body, and forced a smile that didn't reach her eyes.

"No, no. I just… couldn't sleep. Practicing my handwriting."

"Handwriting?" Ethan set the toolbox down and walked toward her, half-teasing. "At this hour? Aren't you worried about wrinkles?"

Helen's hand went to the corner of her eye on instinct. The small, defensive motion only made him more curious. He closed the distance.

His presence filled the space around her. She took a step back and hit the edge of the vanity. Ethan's arm shot out, catching her around the waist before she could fall. His other hand closed over the one still raised near her face. Their bodies pressed together.

"Ethan, what are you—"

Her voice shook. The arm around her waist felt impossibly solid.

He had meant to fix the light and leave. He had already fucked Sophie several times tonight. There was only so much a man could do. Sophie could still walk into Richard's study smiling; Ethan didn't feel the same hunger.

Then he looked down at his mother—flustered, soft, smaller than he remembered—and the hunger arrived anyway.

He inhaled. The scent of her skin, mature and warm and faintly sweet, filled his lungs.

"Mom. You're beautiful."

Color flooded her cheeks. She dropped her eyes.

"Don't be ridiculous. I'm in my forties."

"Not to me." His grip on her wrist tightened just enough to be felt. "You don't look a day over thirty."

No woman her age was immune to that. Something low in her stomach fluttered. She lifted her face. Her eyes were glassy, uncertain.

"…Really?"

"Really."

He leaned closer. His breath touched her cheek. Her knees softened. She leaned into him without meaning to.

"Mom."

"Mm?"

His mouth found hers.

She kept her lips sealed and turned her head, trying to escape. He didn't force it. He kissed the corner of her mouth, then the full curve of her lower lip, patient, sucking gently, licking along the line of her teeth until she made a small, involuntary sound. When her jaw loosened for half a second he slipped his tongue inside.

Helen's mind went white. Then anger flashed through it. *This little bastard is treating his own mother like his woman.*

She bit down.

Ethan hissed. The taste of blood mixed between them. In the moment he pulled back she shoved him hard and sat up, palm cracking across his face.

The slap was loud in the quiet room.

"Ethan!" Her chest heaved. Her eyes were already wet. "Are you insane? You were going to force your own mother? How did I raise something like you?"

He touched the burning print of her hand. The regret on his face was immediate and real.

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry. You just… you looked so beautiful. I lost control. I’m sorry.”

The anger drained out of her as quickly as it had come. She saw the red marks on his cheek and the way he looked like a boy who knew he had gone too far. Her chest ached.

“Come here. Let me see.”

He leaned in. Her fingers brushed the hot skin of his face, trembling.

“It’s already swelling… I’ll get ice.”

She started to stand. His hand closed around her wrist and held.

“Ethan.” Her voice went cold again. “Did you already forget what just happened?”

He didn’t let go. Instead he spoke quietly, almost pleading.

“Just once. It’s after one. Grace is asleep. Everyone’s asleep.”

She glanced at the clock. Almost one. For a second something in her face shifted. Then she shook her head.

“No. You have work in the morning.”

He smiled, small and shameless. “I’ll be quick.”

Quick.

The word dragged last night back over her in a rush—hours of him inside her, four orgasms, the way her legs had still been unsteady this morning, the deep ache between her thighs she had spent the entire day hiding. Quick. He had the nerve to say quick.

She reached out, caught his ear between her fingers, and twisted.

“Ow—Mom—Mom, easy—”

“You still know how to feel pain?” She twisted harder. “You little shit. Trying to lie to your own mother. Do I look stupid to you?”

She held it a few more seconds, watching him grimace, then let go the way she always did. Her fingers ached.

“That’s your lesson. Now get out of here and go to bed.”

Ethan rubbed his ear. Across the house his wife was in his father’s study. If he walked back to an empty bed now he would lie awake until morning.

He made a decision. He turned and dropped onto her bed, eyes closed, voice muffled against the pillow that smelled like her.

“I’m not leaving. I’m sleeping here tonight.”

CHAPTER 40

Gather Ye Rosebuds

"You—"

Helen stared at her son sprawled across her bed like a sulking child and found she had no good answer. She had not planned any of this. She had only been sitting at the vanity writing the divorce papers, feeling emptier with every line, when the light died and the dark closed in. The text to Ethan had been pure impulse. Seeing his face when he walked in had warmed something in her. Now that same son was refusing to leave, and she didn't know what to do with him.

Part of her thought: last night in that cheap hotel room they had already crossed every line. What was one more time? The rest of her knew the difference. This was their house. Richard was down the hall. Grace and Mason were upstairs. Sophie was somewhere in the building. One thin door and a few walls stood between them and ruin.

If anyone found out, she would never be able to look any of them in the eye again.

She watched Ethan's breathing even out and felt a sudden, irrational panic that he might actually fall asleep. She reached over and pinched his thigh hard.

He jerked upright. "Mom—what the hell?"

"This is wrong," she said quietly. "All day I couldn't look at Grace or Sophie. I kept thinking… they know something."

It was guilt talking. Nothing in her behavior today had given her away.

Ethan moved behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist, mouth near her ear.

"No one knows. You're overthinking it." His voice dropped. "Life's short. There's that old line—gather ye rosebuds while ye may. The people who wrote that already figured it out for us."

She trembled against him. The logic didn't help. This was her son. The child she had carried. What they were doing had a name, and that name had always been a reason for people to be cast out.

He felt her still fighting it. He let go, reached past her, and killed the light he had just fixed.

Darkness swallowed the room.

Helen gasped. Before she could move he pulled her back into his arms.

“Better?” he asked softly.

She stopped struggling. His heartbeat was steady against her back. The dark made everything smaller, easier to pretend it wasn’t happening. After a long moment she made a sound so quiet he almost missed it.

“…Mm.”

He cupped her face and kissed her. She stayed rigid. He stopped immediately, rested his forehead against her hair, and simply held her. No more pushing. Just the warmth of his body and the slow rise and fall of his chest until the stiffness in her shoulders began to ease.

Ten minutes passed. Neither of them spoke. Their breathing grew heavier. Their hearts knocked against each other.

“Lie down,” he said at last. “This is uncomfortable.”

Another small sound of agreement. He guided her onto her back with careful hands, pulled the thin silk sheet up to her chin, then stripped off his robe and slid in beside her. He didn’t stay at a polite distance. He rolled on top of her, chest pressing into the full softness of her breasts, the hard length of his cock resting against her stomach through two thin layers of fabric.

Helen went still. She didn’t push him away.

He found her mouth again. This time her resistance lasted less than two seconds. He parted her lips with his tongue and took his time, learning the shape of her, the faint sweetness of her, different from Sophie’s sharper taste. He kissed her until she was soft and breathless and making small, helpless sounds against his mouth. When he finally pulled back, a thin strand of saliva stretched between them before it broke.

“Mom,” he said, voice rough, face buried against her neck. “I want to suck on your tits.”

“No.” The word came out sharp, almost panicked. “Absolutely not.”

He had expected that. Sophie had told him once that you never rushed a woman past the lines she still needed. He smiled against her skin, a little disappointed, and let it go.

"Okay. No tits." He paused. "Then touch me."

Her whole body locked. "Touch… what?"

He leaned in until his mouth brushed her ear and said it clearly.

"My cock."

"You bastard."

She twisted hard on his arm. He didn't flinch. He stayed where he was and let her punish him until the strength left her fingers. In the dark he heard the small, broken sound she made when she finally gave in.

"…Fine."

He turned them onto their sides so they faced each other, pulled her flush against him, and kissed her again—deeper this time, tongue claiming every inch of her mouth while his free hand slid down her back and settled on the heavy curve of her ass. She was fuller than Sophie, softer, and the silk under his palm felt incredible. He squeezed, then pinched once, hard enough to make her gasp into the kiss.

He broke away just long enough to speak against her swollen lips.

"You said you'd touch me."

Helen's face burned. Her hand shook as it moved under the covers. When her fingers finally closed around him she froze. Even knowing what he felt like, the heat and thickness of him still shocked her. This had been inside her. She had taken all of it.

Instinct took over. She wrapped her hand around him properly and began to stroke, slow and uncertain at first, then steadier. Ethan groaned into her mouth and kissed her harder. The wet sounds of their tongues and the soft friction of her hand filled the dark room.

His own hand left her ass and traveled upward, following the dip of her waist until his fingers reached the damp heat between her legs. Even through the silk he could feel how wet she was. He pressed gently.

A muffled, broken moan escaped her. Her body arched against him, and the last of her resistance dissolved into the dark.

CHAPTER 40

Gather Ye Rosebuds While Ye May

"You!"

Helen Hale was so angry at her son's shameless stunt that she nearly lost the ability to speak.

But looking at Ethan lying there on her bed, sulking like a petulant child, she found herself genuinely at a loss.

In truth, Helen hadn't intended any of this at the start.

She had been sitting alone at the vanity, handwriting that cold, formal divorce agreement, and the more she wrote the emptier she felt. The chandelier had blown without warning, plunging the room into sudden darkness, and that darkness had left her lonelier and more afraid than she could ever remember being.

That was why, almost against her will, she had texted Ethan.

When she opened the door and saw her handsome, concerned face, something warm really had moved through her.

And now that same son who had warmed her was refusing to leave, sprawled across her bed like he owned it. It left her trapped between two impossibilities.

Giving him another chance… didn't feel entirely out of the question.

After all, last night in that small-town motel, everything that shouldn't have happened already had. More or less.

But this was different.

This was home.

Her husband, her daughter, her grandson, her daughter-in-law—everyone was here.

They were right outside this door, separated by nothing but thin walls and a flimsy lock.

If anyone found out…

How would she ever face them again? How would she face herself?

Helen couldn't bring herself to cross that line so openly.

Watching Ethan's breathing slow and deepen as if he were actually falling asleep beside her, a strange panic and reluctance rose in her chest. In a sudden impulse she reached over and pinched his thigh hard.

"Ah! Mom, what the hell?"

Ethan jerked upright like he'd been stuck with a needle, rubbing the spot.

Helen's face was full of conflict and quiet distress. She spoke softly.

"Ethan… we… we shouldn't be doing this."

"Do you know I spent the whole day barely able to look at your sister or Sophie? I kept feeling like…"

"Like they somehow knew."

Classic guilt. In reality Helen had carried herself perfectly all day; no one had noticed a thing.

Ethan shifted closer, sliding an arm around her from behind, his voice low and gentle against her ear.

"Mom, you're overthinking it. No one's going to know."

He paused, then continued in that same tempting murmur.

"There's that old saying—life is short, so take the pleasure while you can. And the poem: 'Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, old Time is still a-flying.' The ancients already figured this out for us."

Helen's body trembled faintly inside his arms.

The logic was sound. She just couldn't feel at ease with it.

Who felt desire for their own son?

He was the child she had carried for nine months, the piece of her own flesh.

No matter how she looked at it, this was incest. It violated every rule she had been raised with.

If the world had ever accepted it, it wouldn't still be reviled.

The traditional values she had absorbed since childhood made it impossible for her to accept this calmly.

Watching her stare downward, lost in thought, Ethan knew she was still building the last of her mental defenses.

He only needed one final push.

He released her, rolled back, and slapped the switch on the nightstand.

Click.

The chandelier they had only just fixed went out again.

The bedroom dropped into total darkness.

“Ah!”

Helen jumped at the sudden blackness.

Before she could react, Ethan had rolled back and pulled her firmly into his arms.

“Mom… is this better?”

His voice was impossibly gentle.

Darkness was the best cover of all.

When you couldn’t see each other’s faces, when everything was wrapped in thick night, the sense of sin seemed to lighten.

Helen tried to struggle at first, but the solid strength of his arms around her, the steady, powerful beat of his heart against her, gradually quieted the fight inside her.

In the dark she made a barely audible sound.

“…Mm.”

That single soft sound was like music to Ethan.

Elated, he cupped her face and leaned in to kiss her again.

But when his lips met the soft, trembling ones of his mother, he felt the stiffness still in her body and the last of her resistance.

He stopped.

Patience mattered with people. It mattered even more in bed.

He abandoned any attempt to force anything.

Instead he simply held her, head buried in the faintly fragrant hair, letting his warmth soak into her, waiting for her to melt completely.

Time stretched.

Helen let him hold her. Her body stayed rigid; her mind went blank.

The twisted but somehow logical words he had spoken earlier had struck her tightly shut heart like a final battering ram, opening a crack wide enough to pass through.

What was she still resisting?

Her husband’s betrayal had already driven this family into the abyss. Her son’s appearance felt like the only hand reaching down into that darkness.

Even if that hand was going to pull her into something darker still, wasn't that better than drowning alone in cold despair?

……

The embrace lasted roughly ten minutes.

They stayed half-sitting, half-leaning against each other without speaking.

In the silence there was only the sound of their breathing growing heavier and the wild, mismatched beating of their hearts.

Finally Ethan's voice, a little hoarse, broke the heavy quiet.

"Mom, lie down. This is tiring."

It sounded like something a lover would say.

Helen's body gave a small tremor. A faint, almost sighing sound left her throat—part permission, part resignation.

"…Mm."

Permission granted, Ethan felt a surge of quiet triumph.

He still didn't rush. His movements became even gentler.

Carefully supporting her back and the bend of her knees, he laid her down on the soft mattress as if she were something precious.

Then he pulled the thin silk sheet over her, covering everything but her face—still beautiful even in the dark, its outlines clear.

Only after that did he quickly strip off the gray robe that had been in the way and toss it onto the carpet.

He lifted one corner of the sheet. A wash of cooler air entered, followed by the heat of a young, hard body sliding in beside her.

Because they already had history, Ethan didn't keep the polite distance he had used before.

He rolled straight on top of her.

His solid chest pressed against the astonishing softness of her breasts.

Through the thin robe he could clearly feel both nipples hardening the instant he settled against her.

And his own cock—already thick, hot, and fully hard—was positioned perfectly, separated from her flat, soft lower belly by nothing but two layers of thin underwear.

Helen's body locked tight. Her breath stopped.

But she didn't resist.

She didn't push him away.

That tiny absence of resistance was, to Ethan, the clearest invitation possible.

Joy flashed through him. He lowered his head, found those softly trembling lips by memory and scent, and kissed her.

"Mm…"

This time Helen only turned her head slightly in a symbolic refusal that lasted less than two seconds.

The weak resistance collapsed under his strength and skill.

His tongue easily parted her teeth, drove in, and caught the wet, slippery tongue that tried to retreat.

In the darkness every sense sharpened.

Ethan kissed her like a man who had been thirsty for a century and had finally found water.

Greedy yet meticulous, he tasted every corner of her mouth.

Perhaps because of the arousal, his mother's tongue felt softer and more yielding than Sophie's.

There was none of Sophie's deliberate, teasing play—only the half-reluctant, half-yielding beauty of a mature woman.

Ethan explored the shape and fine texture of her tongue with the tip of his own.

The faint, unique sweetness in her saliva was intoxicating.

The taboo of what they were doing made it even more so.

He sucked and tangled with her, mixing their saliva, swallowing some himself and feeding the rest back to her so she would swallow it too.

As if by doing so he could leave his mark inside her.

The kiss went on for a long time.

Only when Helen felt her lungs were empty and her whole body had gone weak, reduced to meaningless soft sounds, did Ethan finally release her.

A bright thread of saliva stretched between their lips in the dim light, then broke.

Lewd. Explicit.

"Mom…"

Ethan's breathing was rough. He buried his hot face against the side of her neck and murmured,

"I want… to suck your tits."

The words hit Helen like a shock, snapping her out of the haze.

"No!"

She shook her head at once, voice tight and almost tearful, still firm.

Everyone had lines that looked strange to outsiders.

For Helen, only when her husband Richard had licked and played with her breasts had she ever felt real pleasure from it.

Even though that husband no longer held any place in her heart.

As a wife's remaining instinct, she still wanted to keep that particular feeling covered—proof of a time that had once been hers.

It was also a way of telling herself she was not a casual woman.

And, as a mother, it was her last boundary.

She could not yet accept the breasts that had once fed her children becoming a toy for her son's lust.

Ethan seemed to have expected the refusal. He didn't push. He only gave a low, slightly aggrieved laugh.

Sophie had taught him that with women you never rushed.

You boiled the frog slowly, dismantling the defenses one degree at a time.

Like a good son he obeyed. Then he shifted.

"Okay, Mom. No sucking."

"Then… let me have your hand."

Helen stiffened again. Eyes shut tight in embarrassment, she played dumb.

"…Hand on what?"

In the dark Ethan's mouth curved in a successful, wicked smile.

He leaned down, lips against her ear, and spoke the word slowly, clearly.

"My cock."

"You bastard!"

Helen exploded like a cat whose tail had been stepped on.

Shame and anger gave her sudden strength. She grabbed his solid arm and twisted hard.

Ethan didn't even flinch. The force felt more like lovers' roughhousing than real punishment.

He simply stayed on top of her and let her vent.

After a short while the twisting eased.

Finally her hand went slack.

In the dark came a weak, almost crying sound from her.

"…Okay."

That single word was complete surrender.

Ethan felt a wild rush of triumph. He rolled onto his side beside her, then used one strong arm to turn her whole soft, full body so they faced each other.

They were close enough to feel each other's heartbeats.

He slid his arm under her neck again, locking her against him, closing the last bit of space between them.

Then he found her mouth and kissed her deeply once more.

This kiss was more dominant.

While his tongue sealed off any possible protest, his free left hand slid quietly behind her.

His palm was large, fingers long and strong.

When it covered the full curve of her ass he let out a satisfied sound.

His mother's ass was fuller, more lushly fleshed than Sophie's.

Through the thin silk robe the feel was almost shocking.

He kneaded firmly, feeling the two cheeks compress and reshape under his hand.

With a bit of deliberate meanness he pinched hard once, drawing a muffled sound of pain from the woman in his arms.

Then he suddenly broke the kiss and bit lightly, unhappily, at her already swollen lips.

"Mom, you said you'd touch me."

Helen seemed to wake from a dream.

Her face was hot enough to fry an egg. Her body trembled against him.

In the extreme contradiction of shame and desire, she appeared to gather every scrap of strength she had and slowly extended her still-shaking right hand.

Under the sheet her soft fingers searched until they finally touched something hard, hot, and thick.

"!"

Helen's heart skipped.

Even though it wasn't the first time, the size, heat, and hardness of him still stunned her.

This… this thing had actually been inside her?

And it hadn't killed her?

She could hardly believe it.

But she was a mature, experienced woman. After the first shock, instinct took over faster than thought.

In the next moment her hand closed firmly around her son's thick, veined cock.

Then, to the sound of Ethan's low, satisfied groan, she began to stroke him slowly, up and down.

Seeing how quickly she adapted, Ethan gave a pleased, low laugh and bent to kiss those tempting red lips again.

This time Helen didn't pull away.

The wet tangle of their tongues and the quiet motion under the sheet drove the room's heavy, sexual atmosphere higher.

In the dark there was only the sound of their breathing growing rougher, the wet sounds of tongues, and the soft rustle of Helen's hand moving against fabric.

After a while Ethan's left hand grew restless on her ass.

Like a greedy explorer it slid upward, tracing the graceful curve of her lower back, until it settled at last on the damp triangle between her thighs.

His fingertips met slickness. He didn't need to see to know her silk panties were soaked through at the center, clinging to the soft folds beneath.

His fingers pressed lightly against the wet cloth.

"Mm…"

Helen's body went rigid. A moan that carried a hint of a sob escaped around the kiss sealing her mouth.

CHAPTER 41

Hollow Inside, Called Heartbeat

Ethan's mouth curved into a slow, knowing smile.

In the dark, his fingers began circling over the damp fabric of Helen's panties, sometimes light, sometimes firmer. He could clearly feel the swollen, stiff clit beneath the cloth trembling under his touch.

He couldn't see her face, but he could picture it perfectly: eyes squeezed shut, brows drawn tight, lip caught between her teeth as she fought the war between crushing shame and the pleasure he was forcing on her.

The knowledge that he was turning his proper, untouchable mother into a woman moaning under him sent a sharp thrill through him.

When her body started to shake on its own, he slipped his fingers under the edge of the panties.

"Ah!"

This time Helen couldn't hold it in. A short, sharp cry escaped her.

His fingers met immediate wet heat—slick, slippery, already flooded. Her entrance was soaked.

He smeared some of the fluid across the soft, plump outer lips, then pushed forward. Two fingers slid easily into the tight, ridged channel.

"No… don't… Ethan…"

The moment his fingertips brushed the sensitive inner walls, Helen nearly lost herself. She twisted instinctively, trying to escape the overwhelming, foreign sensation. His solid body pinned her in place; every struggle went nowhere.

He ignored the plea.

Index and middle fingers pressed together, coated in her slick, and slowly worked deeper into the hot, gripping passage.

"Mmm—mm—"

Helen made small, animal-like sounds. Having her own son's fingers inside her felt wrong on every level. There was the physical stretch and fullness, the psychological resistance of being invaded by the child she

had raised. Both were quickly drowned under sharp, electric pleasure that left her belly tight and aching in a way she couldn't release.

Ethan, by contrast, was electric with excitement. Like a sailor finding new land.

His fingers explored slowly, feeling the wet walls clench, suck, and pulse around them. Drawing on what he knew from Sophie, he located the spot that drove women wild and began rubbing it hard with the pads of his fingers, scraping and pressing in short, firm strokes.

"Ah—!"

Helen's back arched hard off the mattress. The orgasm hit like a flood breaking a dam. Her long legs kicked and spasmed under the sheet while broken, rhythmic moans poured out of her.

"Ah… ha… ah… ha… mm…"

A hot rush of fluid, faintly musky, flooded over his fingers and palm. In the space of a few minutes, with her son's hand as the cause, Helen climaxed hard enough to feel her soul leave her body.

When she went soft and limp against him, Ethan withdrew his fingers with a satisfied sound. He couldn't resist bringing them to his mouth for a quick taste before gently settling her onto her back.

He moved between her long, trembling legs, kneeling and looking down at her. In the darkness his cock stood thick and rigid, the head already wet from her earlier stroking.

Helen, still coming down, felt the shift and immediately understood what he intended.

"No…"

"Ethan… don't… we can't…"

"…No condom… we need a condom…"

At the last three words Ethan laughed low in his throat, the sound dark in the quiet room. He had never bothered with condoms with Sophie; the drawer was still full of unopened boxes for a reason.

"Mom, there isn't one. And Sophie and I never use them anyway."

Helen's eyes went wide. He was comparing her to that little fox again?

They were not the same. One was his lawful wife. The other was his mother.

The humiliation and sorrow hit so hard that a curse she almost never used slipped out.

"Don't compare me to her! That's your damn wife!"

Ethan only looked delighted.

"Whoa. Mom, you just swore."

The almost-playful tone knocked the wind out of her. The anger that had risen collapsed; she couldn't get a word out.

Ethan didn't wait. He lined himself up with the slick, open heat between her legs and pushed downward in one firm motion.

"Nn—!"

There was almost no resistance. The wet, gripping walls wrapped him so tightly he nearly groaned out loud. Every ridge seemed to pull him deeper.

Helen's face twisted. Even after the orgasm and the flood of wetness, it had been a long time. Yesterday's motel encounter hadn't fully prepared her. The thick stretch as he filled her inch by inch, bottoming out, made her suck in a sharp breath. Her legs lifted on instinct, feet hanging helplessly in the air, toes curling hard together from the mix of pain and sensation.

Once he was fully inside, skin pressed tight to hers, Ethan stayed still. He simply stayed buried, soaking in the reality of it.

This wasn't just sex with his mother. It was sex with his mother in his parents' bed. The sheets still seemed to carry Richard's presence. Now Ethan was lying where his father slept, using a longer cock than his father's to fuck the woman who had given birth to him. The NTR of his own father made his blood run hot.

Even so, he began to move carefully—slow, deep circles rather than hard thrusts. The sensation on the head was more detailed that way, almost deliberate. He remembered she had said it hurt earlier; he didn't want to force it.

As he searched with the tip for the angle that would feel good for her, he felt her body gradually unclench under the careful treatment. The sharp stretch eased into a deep, aching pleasure.

Her brow smoothed.

"Mom… hold me."

This time she didn't fight. She lifted both arms and wrapped them around his solid back. Her eyes stayed closed; a few tears clung to her lashes. Her face was flushed with confused arousal.

Encouraged, Ethan grew bolder. He lowered his head and began licking the long line of her neck.

"Mm… it tickles… don't…"

Her whole body jerked. Every time his tongue touched her, the wet channel around him clenched hard, sending a sharp pulse of pleasure up his cock. He treated it like a discovery, licking lower across her collarbone while keeping the same slow, grinding rhythm with his hips.

Helen bit her lip the entire time, trapping every shameful sound in her throat.

When his mouth finally reached her ear and his teeth gently closed on the lobe, her body arched again and her mind went blank. A second, equally violent orgasm tore through her from the ear downward. For a few seconds she could only shake and seize.

Ethan felt the fresh flood of heat and the sudden, brutal grip of her walls. He froze, breathing hard, fighting the urge to finish right then.

Only after her breathing began to steady did he start to lean toward her ear again. This time Helen refused to let the feeling kill her. Still trembling in the aftermath, she used the last of her strength to grab his head, tilt her face up, and press her mouth to his.

Ethan went still for a second, then pure triumph flooded him. His mother was kissing him on purpose.

He kissed her back hard. Their tongues tangled for a long time until Helen finally ran out of strength and let go. Her eyes were unfocused, face wet with tears and heat. Her voice broke.

"Ethan… hurry… finish… Mom… Mom really… can't take any more…"

Pity moved through him, but he still didn't want it to end so simply.

"Mom, then promise me. Next time… next time you won't refuse me."

Helen, completely overwhelmed, nodded at once.

"Okay… Mom promises… whatever you want… just… just finish… Mom really can't…"

Satisfied, Ethan didn't drag it out. Because he genuinely didn't want to hurt her, he skipped any final hard thrusting. He slowly withdrew the

still-hard length from her tight, wet heat, then took himself in hand—slick with both of them—and aimed at the soft, pale skin of her lower belly. He stroked hard and fast.

It took longer than usual. He had already come several times with Sophie earlier; the finish was stubborn. Nearly a minute passed with nothing.

Growing impatient, he glanced at the soft weight of her breasts shifting with his movement. He reached with his free hand, gripped one full breast through the robe, and squeezed firmly. The shocking softness in his palm made his hips jerk.

"Nn—ah!"

With a rough, satisfied sound, thick, hot ropes of cum shot across Helen's belly, quickly forming a small, glossy pool on the pale skin.

Afterward Ethan exhaled long and heavy, collapsing beside her like he'd been drained. Helen was soaked in sweat, as if she had just been pulled from water.

After several minutes she reached for the nightstand, found a pack of tissues, and carefully wiped the mess from her stomach. Then, almost like a wife, she turned and took his softening cock in hand, gently cleaning the remaining fluid from it.

"Don't move… I'll clean you…"

Ethan stayed still, eyes closed, accepting the quiet, almost domestic care without a word.

When she finished she said softly, "There."

He stirred, rolled closer, and like a child buried his face against the soft, faintly milky scent of her chest. The heavy sexual smell in the bed seemed to fade, leaving only warmth and a strange intimacy.

Helen's heart felt hotter than her body. She knew men usually needed hard, fast thrusts at the end. Her son had chosen to finish himself rather than risk hurting her. That kind of consideration was something she had never felt from Richard.

She stroked his hair and thought, silently:

He's a good boy… he actually cares.

How did he end up with that little fox Sophie?

I was blind back then. I just wanted a grandson as fast as possible…

She held him tighter, letting the quiet closeness settle.

After a long while she spoke again.

“Ethan… you should go back. You have work tomorrow.”

He shifted against her, voice muffled and stubborn.

“Mom… just a little longer… this feels too good.”

The soft, almost childish request finished melting her. She said nothing else and simply held him closer.

The next morning the phone alarm pulled her awake. The space beside her was empty and cold.

Helen reached out and lightly touched the bare sheet. For no clear reason, a hollow feeling settled in her chest.

CHAPTER 43

Pear Blossoms Pressing the Crabapple

The moment Richard Hale's salt-and-pepper head slipped between her thighs, an image of Sophie's own father flickered through her mind for no reason she could name. A strange warmth, equal parts tender and filthy, closed around her.

"Dad… you're not exactly young anymore. Try acting like it for once."

She wasn't sure if she was teasing her father-in-law or talking to herself.

"What?"

Richard had already buried his face; every thought was locked on the sight in front of him. He lifted his head, voice muffled and confused.

Sophie snapped back to the present. "Nothing—nothing, it's fine!"

Reassured, he went down again. Both arms locked around her smooth thighs, pulling them tight against the sides of his head. The cool, slick skin against his cheeks pushed his need higher. His broad, rough tongue covered her entire glistening entrance at once and drove inward like it had found a tunnel it was determined to claim. The mix of her juices and the thick residue already inside her soaked his mouth and chin. He didn't care. He sucked greedily.

The taste was sharper than usual. He had no idea his own son's load was still inside her; he only thought his daughter-in-law was especially wet tonight. He swallowed hard and fast, as if he were making up for more than twenty years of going without anything like this from Helen. The stiff stubble on his jaw scraped her tender flesh with every movement, a sharp, prickling ache Ethan's clean-shaven face had never given her. The sensation crawled over her skin. One hand settled on the back of his head and pressed him deeper; the other braced behind her. She couldn't keep the sounds in.

"Ah… ah… Dad… yes… ah… so good…"

Richard raised his head mid-motion, chin shining. Sophie's face burned; she corrected herself at once. "Nothing—keep going, Dad… ah… just keep licking…"

He stayed down until most of the wetness had been licked away, then shifted to the small swollen bud above. His tongue found it in a second and began slow, deliberate circles. A hard jolt shot through her. Her waist arched and dropped without her control. A short, sharp orgasm hit before she was ready. She went soft and fell back onto the bed.

Richard finally lifted his head, moved up, and knelt between her legs. Instead of pushing in, he gripped himself and dragged the wet, dark head of his cock back and forth across her opening. Soft, wet sounds filled the quiet study. Sophie expected him to drive straight in. He didn't. He paused, breathing hard.

"Got one?"

She was still floating after the climax and almost didn't care. He could go bare if he wanted. Ethan already had. But the fact that Richard stopped and asked made something warm open in her chest. When a man remembers the thing that matters to you, it hits differently.

She gathered enough strength to reach the coat she'd dropped nearby, fished out the box of condoms, and tossed it to him. "Thought you weren't going to bother."

He tore the packet and rolled it on while he answered. "Can't. If you got pregnant… that would be a real problem."

The words didn't shame her. They settled warm. She found herself comparing him to Ethan again—Ethan hadn't even paused the first time with Helen. The thought slipped out under her breath before she could stop it.

"At least you're smarter than your idiot son about that."

Richard was only halfway on with the condom. He glanced up. "Hmm? What'd you say, Sophie?"

She didn't want him knowing any of that. "Nothing. Just saying you're good."

Before he could answer, she rolled over, lifted her hips, and set her ass high for him. "From behind, Dad. I'm a little tired tonight."

He stared at the raised curve and the soft line between it. A low sound left him. One hand gripped her, the other guided himself, and he sank in with one hard push. The stretch filled her completely. An hour

ago it had been Ethan; now it was Ethan's father. The double weight of it pulled a long, helpless moan out of her.

"Ah… Dad… you can go faster… ah…"

She pushed back to meet him. She was looser and louder than she'd been the night before. Watching his own daughter-in-law move like that under him hit something deep in Richard. He gripped her hips and started a hard, steady rhythm. The only sounds in the study were skin and wetness.

After a long stretch of it he felt himself close. He slowed on purpose, leaned over her, and dragged his tongue up the smooth line of her back. The cool trail made her shiver.

"Dad… that tickles… stop…"

He kept going. Sophie huffed under her breath. If she didn't have work in the morning she would have wrung him dry until he could barely walk. Instead she turned her head, voice soft and breathy.

"Dad… if you come quick, I'll give you a reward."

"What reward?" He thrust once, hard.

She gasped. "You'll find out next time… ah…"

He thought about it for a second, then gave in. "All right. Arch more."

She smiled to herself and dropped her waist lower, offering him a deeper angle. He settled and drove harder. Even through the condom the tight grip of her was clear. She stopped holding anything back and talked him through it in the filthiest voice she could manage.

"Dad—yes—faster—fuck, that's good—come on—put it in me—shoot it all inside your daughter-in-law's pussy—"

The last line broke him. He growled and emptied himself into the condom in heavy pulses. Then he dropped back onto the bed, spent.

Sophie hadn't come this time; she'd already had too many. She climbed off him, peeled the condom off carefully, wrapped it in tissue, and wiped both of them clean. She dressed without a word. At the door she paused, leaned down, and kissed his lined cheek once, soft.

"I'm going, Dad. You were really good tonight."

She left the study, rinsed off quickly in the guest bath, and returned to the master bedroom. Ethan still wasn't back. A small flicker of disappointment moved through her. She picked up her phone and typed:

Done, babe. Come back soon, I'm a little scared alone. QAQ

The reply came almost at once: *On my way.*

She smiled, slipped under the covers, and was asleep within minutes.

In the study Richard stayed where he was. He thought about showering, then remembered the last soft kiss and the look in her eyes, and the energy left him. For a moment he was twenty-odd years younger, back when Helen still used to kiss him like that in the dark. He finally understood why men his age chased younger women.

"A whole pear-blossom tree leaning on the crabapple," he muttered, mouth curved. He didn't want to wash her scent off his skin or out of the room, so he stayed as he was and let sleep take him.

Somewhere in the dream they might meet again and do the same forbidden thing.

CHAPTER 44

Just a Touch

Five days had passed.

It was the afternoon of the eleventh of January. Thin winter sunlight cut through the living room's floor-to-ceiling windows and lit the dust in the air. Outside, the city was thawing. Inside the house, some of the frozen things between them were thawing in stranger ways.

Everyone was busy. Richard's factory was ramping back up after the holidays. Ethan and Sophie's company was in the same post-break rush. Even Helen had found a new rhythm—splitting time with Grace watching Mason and cooking for the house. The ordinary busyness sat over everything like a thin layer of snow, covering whatever was still moving underneath. For the moment, no one looked too closely at anyone else. The house felt calm.

Just after three, a key turned in the lock. Ethan stepped in. He hung up the black cashmere coat that still carried the cold from outside, loosened his tie, and switched into house slippers. The last few late nights showed under his eyes, but there was an easy satisfaction in the way he moved.

The living room was quiet except for a muted afternoon show on the TV. Grace was curled on the sofa in a loose off-white knit sweater, Mason half-asleep against her. The neckline was cut for nursing; with every slow breath the heavy curve of her chest shifted under the fabric.

"Hey, Grace."

Ethan kept his voice low. She looked up and smiled.

"You're early."

She glanced at the clock. "Barely past three."

He crossed to the big wooden table, picked an apple out of the bowl, wiped it on his shirt, and bit into it. "Closed a deal that was hanging from December. Boss was happy I stayed late all week, so he gave me the afternoon."

The juice cut through the fatigue. He dropped onto the sofa beside her, sighed, and reached over to poke Mason's cheek.

"Hey, little man…"

The baby stirred, mouth opening in a soft laugh. Ethan leaned closer, exaggerating the shape of the words.

"Say Mama. Ma-ma."

Grace rolled her eyes, the same narrow, slightly upturned eyes Helen had. "He's eight months. They don't usually start until they're closer to a year."

"Not this one. He's your kid. He's going to be advanced."

He turned back to Mason and tried again. "Come on, genius. Mama."

Grace had already tried a hundred times herself. The baby only made soft noises. But while she was about to tease Ethan, Mason opened his eyes, looked straight past her, and locked onto the man in front of him. Clear as anything, he said:

"Dada."

The air stopped.

Ethan froze. "Wait—what?"

He tried to correct it. "No, no. Mama. Mama."

Mason seemed to like the other sound better and repeated it, small and clear. Grace's face shifted—surprise that he'd spoken, then something tighter. Her own son had just called her little brother "Dada." She looked down and corrected him gently.

"Mason, that's Uncle. Not Daddy."

The baby's mouth turned down. He waved a chubby hand and went quiet. Ethan felt the moment tilt and tossed the rest of the apple into the trash.

Then Mason started crying, sudden and loud.

"What happened?"

Ethan looked lost. He could handle clients. Babies were new.

Grace's embarrassment disappeared under the practical voice of a mother. "You really do need to hurry up and have one with Sophie. Look." She laid Mason on the sofa, checked the diaper—clean—and nodded. "Not wet. He's hungry."

Without any hesitation she reached under the loose sweater with one hand, unclipped the nursing bra, and pulled the fabric aside. The breast that came free was larger and fuller than either Sophie's or Helen's—

heavy from nursing, pale, the blue veins clear under the skin, the nipple already firm and a light brown, the areola wide and dark. Mason latched on at once and the crying stopped, replaced by small, satisfied swallows.

Grace looked down at him, then up at Ethan, who had gone still.

"Told you. Hungry."

Her eyes met his. She wasn't blushing. The corner of her mouth lifted.

"You're about to be a dad and you've never seen a pair of tits?"

Ethan's mouth was dry. "I just… haven't seen any that big."

"Yeah?"

Her smile deepened. She lifted the other side of the sweater too. Both breasts were bare now—one still in the baby's mouth, the other hanging free, the nipple tight and moving slightly with her breath. Ethan stared. There wasn't much calculation in it; he was simply caught by the sight.

Grace watched his face. "Pretty?"

"Yeah."

She held out her free hand, palm up. "Then pay up."

"What?"

"Money. You got a good look at your sister's tits. That should cost something."

Ethan laughed. "Come on."

"I'm not joking." Her tone went a little flatter. "I'm not working right now. Once Mason's off the breast we're going to need formula. I've got to start saving somewhere."

He almost said what everyone already knew—that Richard and he had both told her she didn't need to work—but he caught the look on her face and realized she wasn't talking about money. He played along.

"That doesn't seem fair. I only looked. Looking shouldn't cost."

Grace leaned forward. The free breast shifted closer.

"Then touch."

The word sat there. Ethan searched her face for the joke and didn't find it. Her eyes were open, almost waiting. His pulse jumped. If he said yes, would she actually let him?

She's your sister, he told himself. Then the other thought arrived just as fast: you already fucked your mother. She's still a woman. She still has a cunt. What's the difference?

He kept his voice even. “Touching… that might be closer to fair.”

He expected her to shut it down. Instead she made a small sound of agreement and pushed her chest toward him another inch. The breast was right there—warm, heavy, the skin soft under the light.

No one would have refused it. Ethan’s hand moved. When his fingertips first met the skin, Grace made a quiet, involuntary sound in her throat. He covered more of her, palm full. The give of it was soft and warm and alive; when he squeezed, the flesh answered. She breathed in.

“Easy… you’ll break it and then Mason’s out of milk.”

He eased off, testing the weight, letting the fullness press between his fingers. His thumb brushed the darker circle of the areola. The skin there was slightly textured; under the touch the nipple tightened further. He could feel the breast growing firmer as he worked it, as if the milk was answering. He kept the pressure light.

Grace’s eyes had closed. One of her brother’s hands was on her breast while her son nursed from the other. Mother, sister, woman—all of it at once. The room held only the small wet sound of Mason feeding and the low noise of the television.

Then the lock turned.

Both of them jerked. Ethan pulled his hand back. Grace’s eyes opened. They looked toward the entry.

Helen came in with grocery bags, wearing a fitted camel sweater under a long black coat. She hung the coat up and the lines of her body showed clearly—full chest under the sweater, a black skirt, sheer stockings on long legs, heels that made her hips shift when she walked.

“Mom.”

Both of them spoke at the same time, a little too quick.

“You’re home early,” Helen said, smiling. “If I’d known I would’ve picked up that fish you like.”

“Just a half day. Whatever you make is fine.”

Ethan kept his voice normal. The hand that had been on Grace was in his pocket now.

Helen softened. “You always say that.”

She started toward the kitchen, then paused when she saw Grace still nursing with the sweater pulled aside in front of her brother. Her eyes

moved over the two of them once. Something in the air registered, but they were both her children. She only looked at Ethan for a second—calm, unreadable—then said, “I’ll start dinner,” and went into the kitchen.

Grace exhaled once Helen was gone. She stood with Mason, who had finished, and smiled at Ethan.

“I’ll get him down, then I’ll help Mom. Sweet-and-sour ribs for you.”

After days of takeout, the offer landed clean. “I’ll take three bowls.”

She laughed, the sound low, and carried Mason upstairs. Ethan watched her go—the way the house pants still shaped her ass, the soft give of her waist. The memory of how her breast had felt under his hand was still sharp in his fingers. He went hard again under the dress pants, the outline obvious. His breathing changed. His eyes moved from the stairs to the kitchen.

CHAPTER 45

A Shocking Discovery

Water ran in the kitchen. Helen stood with her back to the door, rinsing spinach in the sink. The leaves turned under her long fingers; warm drops ran down her wrists.

She heard footsteps and assumed it was Grace. “Is Mason asleep?”

The answer was not Grace’s voice. A solid chest pressed against her back and arms locked around her waist.

Ethan pulled her fully against him. “Mom. It’s me.”

Helen jolted. The spinach dropped back into the water with a splash. “Jesus—are you trying to give me a heart attack?”

She twisted, voice dropping fast and low. “Let go. What are you doing?”

His arms stayed tight. He buried his face against the side of her neck and breathed in the familiar scent of her hair. “Even if you slap me, I’m not letting go.”

She pushed once more and felt how little it moved him. The hard beat of his heart came through his shirt; the heat and weight of him registered lower. Her stomach tightened without her permission. She kept her voice quiet.

“I wouldn’t dare hit you. You’re past listening. Next thing I know—”

The edge in the words softened under the pressure of the moment. Ethan heard it. One hand came up, turned her face, and covered her mouth with his.

The protest cut off. She made a short sound against his lips, then her resistance thinned into something smaller. His tongue pushed past her teeth. She stopped fighting it. The kiss went on longer than either of them expected. The only sounds were the running water and the wet pull of mouths.

When he finally drew back, a thin strand broke between them. Helen’s eyes were glassy; color had risen high on her cheeks. Her chest rose and fell under the sweater.

“You’re beautiful,” he said, looking at her.

The words landed wrong. She turned her head. “That’s enough. Let me go.”

“No.” He held tighter and rubbed his cheek against hers. “I’ve been killing myself at work. I don’t want to do anything right now except hold you.”

Something in her chest gave. He was still her son. The need in his voice found the place that had always been soft for him.

“You’re too old to act like this,” she muttered.

“What was that?”

“Nothing.” Her face heated again. She shifted once more. “Let go before your sister sees you.”

He smiled against her skin. “She’s putting Mason down. She won’t be down for a while.”

The hand that had held her chin slid down the line of her body and closed over the curve of her ass through the skirt. Helen gasped and twisted. Even through the fabric the heat of his palm was clear. He squeezed, feeling the give and the way the flesh moved under his fingers.

Then he shifted his hips and pressed the hard length of his cock, still trapped in his dress pants, into the hollow where her lower back met her ass. Helen went rigid. It was still daylight. Grace and Mason were in the house. She started to struggle harder, hips twisting to get away from the rigid shape behind her. Every movement only dragged the soft weight of her ass across him.

“Fuck, Mom… just like that… keep moving…”

“You—” The rest of the sentence died. She knew she wasn’t going to win this by force. She tried the only thing left. “If you keep this up you can forget dinner.”

Ethan didn’t care about dinner. One hand stayed on her waist while the other worked his belt and the button of his pants. Before she fully registered the sound, his cock was free and hot against the bare skin of her lower back. She turned her head and saw it—thick, flushed dark, already wet at the tip.

Several thoughts arrived at once. It looked larger than she remembered. Longer. Nothing like Richard’s. Then the regret: she should never have let the first time happen. That had opened the door. Now he

was standing in the kitchen in the middle of the afternoon with his cock out while his sister was upstairs with the baby.

Shame and anger hit together. For the first time she looked at him the way she might look at something she wanted nothing to do with.

"Ethan. Do you have any idea how disgusting you look right now?"

The look would have stopped Richard. It did nothing to Ethan. He was her son. The fact that she had carried him, that she had raised him, only made the refusal land differently. He kept his face against her hair and rocked his hips so the bare head of his cock bumped the soft skin at the small of her back.

"You smell good."

"Do you even still think of me as your mother?"

"Of course." His voice stayed low and even. "You're the best mother anyone could have."

The words and the hard press of him behind her hit at the same time. Something cold moved through her chest. She was losing whatever control she still had. The thought arrived unwanted: was she going to become the place he used when he needed to come? Her thighs clenched. A slow, wet heat gathered between them.

Ethan didn't notice the shift. He took the hem of her black skirt and pushed it up. The stockings and the pale purple lace of her underwear showed. His hand covered her ass through the thin fabric, then hooked the edge of the panties and pulled them aside. Cool air hit her. He set the head of his cock against the wet line of her and began to slide between her closed thighs, the length dragging along her skin.

Helen's breath caught. The friction was immediate and sharp. Her legs tightened on their own, which only trapped him more firmly. He groaned under his breath.

She finally understood what he meant to do. "No—Ethan—not here—"

"Grace won't come down," he said against her ear. "It'll be quick."

She already knew how this went. The last two times had left her body with a memory it answered to before she could stop it. Her struggle weakened, then stopped. The voice that came out was small and ashamed.

"…Then hurry."

"Okay, Mom."

He lined himself up. At the last second she reached back and caught his wrist. "Can you… not go inside? Like at the hotel. Just… use my legs."

He had already been inside her twice. The offer was not enough. The image of Grace's bare breasts from earlier was still in his head. He wanted her cunt. He drove forward in one hard push and sank all the way in.

Both of them made a sound. Helen's knees softened. She braced both hands on the edge of the sink to stay upright. Ethan kept one hand on her skirt and the other around her waist and started to fuck her standing there on the kitchen floor, steady and deep.

"Your pussy's so tight… arch a little more… yeah, just like that… let me get deeper… make noise if it feels good… I want to do this every day… hold you while I fuck you… however you want it…"

Helen bit the side of her hand to keep the sounds in. The words and the stretch of him inside her kept arriving together. She stayed bent over the sink and let him use her.

Upstairs, Mason had fallen asleep almost as soon as Grace laid him down. She tucked the blanket around him and went to the stairs, meaning to help Helen with dinner. In the living room the sofa was empty. Ethan was gone. Her eyes went to the kitchen. The sliding door was nearly closed, only a narrow gap left.

Something cold moved under her ribs. She walked quietly. At the gap she stopped and looked through.

What she saw stopped every thought.

Helen was bent forward, both hands braced on the sink, the black skirt shoved up around her waist. Her ass was bare except for the stockings; her legs were spread and shaking. Behind her stood Ethan, pants around his ankles, one hand on her hip, driving into her with steady, hard strokes. Each thrust pushed Helen forward. Fluid splashed at their feet. The wet sound of skin and Helen's broken breaths and Ethan's low voice filled the kitchen.

"Mom… let me hear you…"

Grace's hands came up and covered her mouth so she wouldn't make a sound. She wanted to turn and leave. Her feet stayed where they were. Heat flooded low in her stomach and spread. Her face burned. Her legs felt unsteady. Between her thighs the fabric of her underwear went wet in a sudden, heavy rush.

CHAPTER 46

The Finest Cabbage for the Pig

A stretch of time had passed.

Helen Hale braced both hands on the countertop. The black pencil skirt had been shoved high around her waist, baring the two full, rounded cheeks of her ass—still faintly flushed from the repeated impacts. Across that pale skin lay several thick streaks of her own son's cum. The milky fluid was already beginning to slide downward under gravity, tracing slow paths toward the tops of her thighs. The sight was obscene.

Ethan stood behind his mother, forehead beaded with fine sweat, chest rising and falling hard. He had only just pulled out of her. His softening cock still glistened with the mixed fluids of mother and son; drops fell to the tile and burst into small wet circles. The aftershocks of orgasm had not fully left the kitchen. Both of them were breathing in rough, uneven pulls of air.

Helen's legs had gone soft. She could barely stay upright. The face that was usually so composed and gentle was now flushed with the particular heat and dazed confusion that follows being thoroughly fucked. Doing it somewhere other than a bed for the first time left her instinctively unsettled. Worse, it was still broad daylight. Once the haze began to clear, the shame hit so hard she wanted to crawl into a crack in the floor and disappear.

Before she could act on it, Ethan had already grabbed a handful of paper towels from the nearby roll and begun wiping the mess from her ass. The rough texture of the paper mixed with the residual warmth of his palm made her entire body lock up. Every pass of the towel felt like another reminder of exactly how far things had gone.

"Mom…"

He finished cleaning her, then reached for her trembling shoulders, wanting one more moment of closeness.

Helen jerked away as if his hand had burned her. "Don't touch me."

She yanked the skirt down in a single sharp motion and began frantically straightening her clothes and hair, as though she could erase the woman who had just moaned under her son and replace her with the respectable version of herself again.

Ethan's hand hung in the air. Satisfaction, guilt, and a thick, heavy sense of conquest all tangled together in his chest. He watched the line of her back, the way the pencil skirt now clung tightly to the curve of her ass, the thin band of stockings just visible beneath the hem. His throat moved. Part of him wanted to bend her over again, but a quick calculation of the time told him Grace would be coming downstairs soon. He let it go.

Silently he pulled more paper towels, crouched, and wiped the floor. He balled the soiled paper and dropped it in the trash. Neither of them spoke.

Ethan left the kitchen. One round had not been enough; his pulse was still racing. He forced himself to walk normally into the living room, dropped onto the sofa, and turned the television on, hoping the noise would push the images out of his head.

Footsteps sounded on the stairs. He looked up and saw Grace.

She had just come down, a clean onesie for Mason in one hand. Her expression was relaxed, as if nothing unusual had happened in the kitchen minutes earlier. The loose sweater did nothing to hide the heavy shape of her breasts; they moved with each step. The black yoga pants she had changed into outlined an ass that was, if anything, fuller and softer than their mother's, pure mature weight and curve.

"Ethan, is Mom still in the kitchen?"

There was a small, unreadable smile on Grace's face.

He nodded without thinking. "Yeah." Then, casually, "Mason asleep?"

Grace gave no sign that anything was off. She crossed to the sofa opposite him, set the onesie down, and sat, crossing one leg over the other. The yoga pants pulled tight across her crotch, outlining everything underneath.

"Just went down."

She picked up the glass of water on the coffee table and took a small sip, but her eyes never left Ethan's face. The look traveled over his features, his neck, and then lower, to the front of his pants.

Ethan felt a sudden jolt. *Did she see something?*

The thought arrived and left almost as fast. If Grace had actually caught them, she would not be sitting here calmly drinking water. She would already be in the kitchen demanding answers from their mother. She didn't know. She couldn't know.

That was what he told himself.

His phone buzzed in his pocket. He pulled it out with studied calm. A text from Sophie.

Babe, Dad and I are going to be a little late getting back today.

The single line hit him like a current. Sophie had just gotten back from her trip. Instead of coming straight home to him, she had gone to his father's plant. There was only one reason for that.

A sharp, sour twist moved through his chest. The past few days she had been gone, he had worked long hours and come home to an empty bed. The wanting had built up hard. But the bitterness lasted less than a second. It was immediately replaced by something hotter and more twisted.

In his head he saw Sophie's body—young, tight, the way she moved when she was deliberately turning a man inside out—pressed against his father's thicker, darker cock. He could picture exactly how she would use her mouth and her hands and that particular smile she had to turn the careful, respectable man into something that only knew how to fuck.

The guilt from what he had just done to their mother was smothered under the sharper, dirtier excitement of knowing his wife was about to be taken by his father. His breathing shortened. His cock, which had only just begun to settle, started to thicken again.

He typed a quick *ok* with slightly unsteady fingers and looked up.

Grace was still watching him, that same half-smile on her mouth.

Ethan shifted, angling a throw pillow over his lap. "Grace, you… you should go help Mom with dinner. I'm starving."

Grace set the glass down and stood. Before she turned away she let her eyes linger on him for another two full seconds. When she finally

walked toward the kitchen, Ethan saw the small, satisfied curve at the corner of her mouth.

Under that last look his cock hardened a little more.

The scene shifted.

Richard Hale's plant sat in a tired industrial stretch on the edge of the city, a cluster of gray buildings under a pale late-afternoon sun. A faded sign hung above the gate. Inside the guard shack, two men in ill-fitting uniforms were half-asleep, heads nodding toward the newspaper on the desk.

A white car that did not belong in the surroundings pulled up to the entrance. The window came down. Sophie's friend Megan leaned out.

"Sophie, we're here. Hurry up, I've got places to be."

In the back seat Sophie was using a compact mirror, blending a fresh layer of lipstick with the pad of her finger so the red looked soft and wet. She had come straight from the train station after her conference; Megan had been picking someone up and offered the ride.

Sophie snapped the mirror and lipstick closed and dropped them into her bag. "Thanks. Dinner's on me next time."

She opened the door. One long leg in sheer black stockings swung out. The stockings clung tight, turning an already perfect calf into something that made both security guards sit up straight, eyes wide.

Sophie stepped out the rest of the way. The red cashmere coat stood out hard against the dull industrial background. She waved at Megan, blew her a kiss, then turned and walked toward the gate. The click of her heels was crisp on the pavement.

At the shack she simply gave Richard Hale's name. One of the guards immediately pointed the way, face flushing when she smiled at him. Sophie thanked him and kept walking, already familiar with the layout. The coat swung with her stride, outlining the movement of her ass. A couple of men loading a truck nearby stopped what they were doing and watched until she disappeared around the corner of the office building.

Upstairs, in Richard's office, the mood was businesslike. He sat back in the large chair, fingers steepled, listening to Carl, one of the department heads, run through numbers.

“Mr. Hale, raw material costs on this batch are up another five percent. If we don’t raise the price, the margin’s gone.”

Carl was in his mid-thirties, hair slicked, usually sharp. Right now he looked slightly nervous, a fine sheen of sweat at his temples.

Richard tapped a knuckle against the desk. “Raise the price? You make it sound easy. Competition’s tight. We bump the number and the order walks straight over to the place down the road. You’ve been doing this long enough to know that. Figure something out. Don’t just come in here and complain.”

“Yes, sir. You’re right.”

Richard leaned back, satisfied. A knock sounded at the door.

“Come in.”

He expected a secretary with paperwork. Instead a flash of red appeared in the doorway. Carl turned. For a second he simply stopped breathing.

Sophie stood there in the red coat and black stockings, looking as if she had stepped out of a magazine and into the wrong building. The old corridor behind her only made her more vivid.

Richard looked up. Something hot and pleased moved behind his eyes before years of control pushed it down. He put on a more neutral expression.

“Sophie? What are you doing here?”

She gave him a smile that made his pulse jump, then walked in.

Carl’s gaze traveled without permission: face, the shape of her chest under the coat, the long legs in stockings. In his head he filed her under a single word—*dangerous*. The kind of woman you didn’t just want to fuck; you wanted to stare at her naked just to know you had seen it.

He turned back to Richard and put on his most sincere look. “Mr. Hale, I didn’t know you had such a beautiful daughter. Absolutely stunning.”

The compliment landed exactly where Richard liked it. He waved a hand, casual on the surface, smug underneath.

“That’s not my daughter. That’s my daughter-in-law.”

Carl’s eyes went wide. The flattery vanished into pure shock. *This* was married to Richard’s son—the one people at the plant still talked about

as soft? It was a waste. The old saying fit perfectly: the finest cabbage, and the pig got to it.

He had no idea that the son was no longer the man the rumors described. Or that the pig currently rooting the cabbage included Richard himself.

CHAPTER 47

Mind If I Take My Shoes Off?

Richard was more than satisfied with Carl's reaction. He turned to Sophie, the concern in his voice something only he could hear.

"Sophie, how was the trip? What brings you all the way out here?"

Sophie gave him a soft, knowing smile. She had already reached the desk. Ignoring the fact that someone else was still in the room, she walked straight behind Richard's chair, slipped both arms around the one resting on the armrest, and pressed her body against his side. The worst part—the part that short-circuited him—was the way her breasts settled against the outside of his arm. Soft, heavy, unmistakably real. He went rigid.

"I got off the train and one of the girls from the conference was heading this direction anyway," she said, voice low and warm. "Figured I'd catch a ride home with you later." While she spoke she shifted, deliberately or not, letting the weight of her chest drag slowly against his arm.

Carl's mouth went dry. Heat coiled low in his stomach. He didn't dare look straight at them, but his eyes kept sliding sideways. *This isn't how a daughter-in-law treats her father-in-law. This is a kept girl working her sugar daddy.*

Richard felt the heat climb his neck. In front of an employee it was worse. He cleared his throat.

"Carl, that'll do for today. Why don't you head out."

Carl nodded too quickly, equal parts relief and resentment. "Sure thing, Mr. Hale." He turned to leave and, as he passed Sophie, couldn't stop himself from looking at her one more time. The look was naked.

The door clicked shut.

The air in the office changed.

Richard tried to put the boss face back on. "Sophie, out there you still need to be careful about how things look. Don't—"

She leaned in before he finished. Her mouth, glossy with fresh red lipstick, filled his vision. He could see the fine lines in the color, smell the faint waxy sweetness. Then her lips were on his.

Her tongue slipped past his teeth, slow at first, then deeper, tasting him, coaxing his tongue into motion. One hand slid into the short hair at the back of his neck, fingertips dragging lightly. The other hand traveled down his shirt, over the softer middle he'd earned from years behind a desk, and settled between his legs. She cupped him through the fabric of his trousers and squeezed, not hard, just enough to feel him jump under her palm.

Every thought Richard had about propriety or authority dissolved. He pulled her down onto his lap so she straddled him, then shoved one hand under the red coat and gripped her ass, fingers digging into the firm muscle. They stayed like that, mouths locked, until both of them were breathing hard.

When Sophie finally drew back, a thin strand of saliva stretched between them before it broke. Her cheeks were flushed, eyes heavy, but the corner of her mouth was pleased.

"Miss me, Dad?"

Richard looked at her face—twenty-three, beautiful, sitting on him like she owned the moment—and couldn't form a refusal. His hand stayed on her ass, testing the give of it.

She kissed him once more, lighter this time. "What time are you done?"

He glanced at the closed door. On the other side people were still working. None of it mattered next to the weight of her on his thighs.

"Now."

Sophie smiled. She climbed off him, smoothed her coat and hair with unhurried hands, then took his left hand and threaded their fingers together.

"Let's go."

They walked out of the office hand in hand. Heads turned across the open floor. The women looked at Sophie's face and figure with open envy. The men looked at the linked hands and didn't bother hiding what they were thinking. Richard kept his shoulders back. For the first time

the stares didn't feel like employees sizing up their boss. They felt like men looking at something he had that they didn't. The satisfaction sat deep in his chest. He felt twenty years younger.

In the corner of the floor Carl watched through the slats of a blind. Richard and the daughter-in-law were holding hands. *Why the hell does that old bastard get her? He's got money and nothing else.* Carl's cock thickened against his zipper. He pulled out his phone, aimed it at their backs, and took the picture.

In the parking lot Richard started the black Audi. The cabin warmed quickly. Sophie's scent mixed with the leather. At some point she had opened the coat; underneath was a black fitted dress. She settled into the passenger seat, body loose, watching the ordinary industrial streets slide past.

After a minute she turned her head. "It's warm in here. Mind if I take my shoes off?"

Richard kept his eyes on the road and still caught the movement from the corner of his eye. Sophie had leaned forward. The neckline of the dress pulled tight across her chest, outlining the full shape of her breasts. The hem had ridden up, showing more of the black stockings high on her thighs.

"Go ahead."

She smiled. One leg crossed over the other. She reached down and worked the thin strap of the heel open. The shoe didn't drop right away; she balanced it on her toes for a few seconds, letting it dangle, before it finally fell. She did the same with the other. Then she lifted both stockinged feet and rested them on the dashboard, legs extended, completely unselfconscious.

The black nylon clung to every line—thigh, knee, calf, the delicate arch, the small movement of her toes. Richard's attention stayed on the road only in the most technical sense.

"Drive safe," she said, almost sweet.

He made a low sound of agreement. In his head he thought, *Ethan really did marry well.* The thought carried more than one meaning. At nearly fifty he had a twenty-three-year-old woman next to him doing this, and his cock was already pressed hard against his stomach.

At the next quiet stretch he checked the mirror, confirmed no one was close, and took his right hand off the wheel. His fingers met the outside of her thigh. The stockings were cool and slick; underneath, her skin was warm and firm. The contrast ran straight through him.

Sophie had been watching. When his hand landed she shivered once, low in her belly, but her voice stayed light. She reached over and gave the back of his hand a small slap.

"Dad. I said drive."

The tone was scolding. It didn't feel like scolding. He put his hand back on her leg, palm flat this time, and stroked upward. She didn't push him away again. After a moment her own hand settled lightly over his, guiding more than stopping. He explored the full length—from the soft inner thigh down over the knee to the firm curve of her calf—while his breathing grew heavier.

They passed a sign pointing toward home. Sophie took out her phone with her free hand and sent the text she had already written:

Babe, Dad and I are going to be a little late getting back today.

She set the phone aside, looked at the late-afternoon sky, and said, casual as anything, "Weather's nice. Want to stop at the park?"

Richard's hand paused on her calf. There was a neglected stretch of parkland a few miles off the main road, half-abandoned, almost always empty. The perfect place.

He didn't answer out loud. At the next legal turnaround he swung the Audi around.

CHAPTER 48

First Time With Her Mouth

The Audi left the main road and turned onto the quieter stretch that led toward the park. Sophie's hand still rested over Richard's on her thigh. She could feel the slow drag of his palm through the thin black nylon, and the steady heat it left behind. Between her legs she was already wet.

The further they drove, the fewer cars and people there were. The isolation settled in, and the urge to push things a little further rose with it. Sophie dropped the lazy, pleased expression she had been wearing and put on a small, sulky pout.

"This isn't fair."

Richard's hand paused. He glanced over. "What isn't?"

"I said it's not fair."

He still looked confused. After a second he thought he understood. "Those two new iPhones you wanted came in. They're in the study. Latest ones."

Sophie felt a flicker of warmth and then almost laughed. In bed he moved like a man who had stopped thinking; outside of it he could still miss the obvious.

"Dad, that's not what I meant."

"Then what?"

She turned fully toward him. The look she gave him was half complaint, half invitation. "You've been touching my legs the whole way. I'm so wet it isn't even funny. That isn't fair. I want to touch you too."

Richard stared for a moment. Then the corner of his mouth moved. *Little slut,* he thought, and squeezed her thigh harder instead of answering.

"Ow." Sophie made a soft sound and brought her feet down from the dash. She slid her hand off his, up his arm, across his shoulder, and finally down between his legs. Even through the heavy fabric of his trousers she felt how hard he was. The shape jumped once under her palm.

“Oh,” she said, voice light and almost innocent. “What are you hiding in there? It’s so hard. And hot.”

Richard decided to play along. “Why don’t you check?”

Sophie tilted her head, lips pursed like she was actually considering it. “I should. Make sure it isn’t something dangerous.”

Her fingers found the zipper. She drew it down slowly. The sound was loud in the quiet car. Dark underwear stretched tight over the heavy shape beneath. The smell of him hit her at once—male, warm, a little sharp. She pulled the waistband aside and freed him. His cock sprang free and twitched once in the air. Richard’s hands tightened on the wheel; the car drifted a few inches before he corrected.

“Does this mess with your driving?” she asked.

“I’m fine.”

She waited until the road was empty, then shifted closer. One hand braced on the seat. The other wrapped around him. Her fingers looked small against the thick, dark shaft—pale skin, red nails, veins standing out under her grip. She couldn’t close her hand all the way around it. That didn’t stop her. She had done this with Ethan more than once while he drove. She knew how to keep a man focused on the road and still lose his mind.

She settled her grip, felt the weight and the heat, then found the ridge under the head with her thumb and circled it. Richard made a low sound he couldn’t quite hold in. Sophie smiled and began to stroke. Slow, steady, palm dragging over the slick head on every upward pass, then sliding back down the full length. Precum made the movement easier. Each time her hand reached the base the thick veins pulsed against her fingers. The closed cabin filled with the smell of him.

When he twitched hard in her fist she felt his free hand leave the wheel and land on her thigh again. He squeezed through the stockings. She moaned quietly. His fingers moved higher, under the hem of the dress, and pressed between her legs over the thin barrier of nylon and lace. Sophie’s whole body jerked. Her hand tightened around him without meaning to.

“Mm—ah—”

Richard nearly came from the sudden pressure. She eased her grip, voice soft and breathy. “Dad… gentler.” She shifted her hips but spread her thighs a little wider.

He wanted to keep going. The entrance to the park appeared ahead of them instead. The road narrowed and curved. He had to take his hand back. Sophie let go of him without complaint.

Richard knew the area. He took a side track that ran under the trees and stopped beside a small, still lake. The water reflected the orange light of late afternoon. Across the water, on a distant path, a few older people walked slowly. Close enough to exist. Far enough not to matter yet. The balance between private and exposed sat in the air between them.

The engine went quiet. Richard unbuckled, turned, and pulled Sophie’s face to his. She kissed him back hard. Days of wanting had stacked up while she was gone; she needed him inside her. While his tongue moved in her mouth she reached down again and stroked the thick cock that had never fully softened. The wet sound of her hand on him filled the car. His stubble scraped her skin. She liked the slight sting.

When they finally broke apart a thin strand of saliva stretched between them. Sophie’s lipstick was smeared. She licked the corner of her mouth, glanced once toward the windows, then looked at the back seat.

Richard understood. He fumbled with his seatbelt. They both got out at nearly the same time. As the doors opened they caught the same thing in their peripheral vision: a single figure on the far path, walking slowly in their direction. Both of them felt the same jump in their chests, then the same sharper spike of heat that followed it. They looked at each other and saw the same reckless expression.

Richard climbed into the back first and pulled Sophie in after him. The space was tight. She started to peel the stockings down; he stopped her.

“Leave them on.”

She gave him a look but didn’t argue. She stretched out on the seat, head near the door, legs bent. The position left her neck bare. Richard was already reaching for the zipper of her dress when she spoke.

“Dad. Remember that reward I mentioned?”

He paused. For a second he looked blank. Then he nodded, eyes already dark with expectation.

Sophie didn’t explain. She pointed at the heavy shape straining in his open trousers, then slowly moved her finger to her own mouth. The gesture was clear.

Richard’s mind went blank and then lit up. Oral. He had thought about it for years. Helen would never do it. And now his daughter-in-law—young, beautiful, the woman his son had married—was offering it herself. The physical want and the deeper, uglier satisfaction hit him at the same time. He shoved his trousers and underwear down to his knees, moved into position over her, and lined himself up with her mouth. The cock in front of her was thick, dark, and smelled strongly of the day—sweat, a faint trace of urine, pure male. Sophie’s nose wrinkled. This was the first time she would put another man’s cock in her mouth. Ethan’s she knew; even after he came it rarely carried this heavy, complicated scent. The smell made her hesitate.

Only for a second. Then a different thought cut through. This was the cock that had gone into Helen more than twenty years ago. This was what had made Ethan. The origin of the man she loved. The realization ran through her like a current. She opened her mouth and took the head in.

“Ah—”

Richard’s entire body shook. For a moment he felt as if he had left the car completely.

CHAPTER 49

An Audi by the Lake

Richard Hale had spent most of his life convinced he would never again feel a woman's mouth serve him like this. Not really. Not the way a man actually wanted it. His wife Helen had always treated anything below the waist as a duty at best and a mess at worst.

Tonight, that old conviction died in the back seat of his own Audi, parked beside a quiet suburban lake, with his son's wife.

The moment Sophie's lips closed over the head of his cock, Richard's entire body jerked. A sharp, electric current shot from the tip of his dick straight up his spine and into the base of his skull. His hips twitched. His thighs locked. He had to clench his teeth hard enough to ache just to keep from unloading right then.

Oral was different. Completely different from a hand, different from being inside her. He could feel every soft ridge and wet fold of her mouth. He could feel the heat of her saliva coating him, the way her tongue kept circling and flicking across the slit. The knowledge that the mouth doing it belonged to Ethan's wife made every sensation sharper.

Sophie glanced up at him, lashes wet, and saw him still holding on. A flicker of surprise and mild irritation crossed her face. Ethan usually lasted less than a minute once she got serious.

So she closed her eyes, relaxed her throat, and started taking him deeper.

The thickness made her eyes water immediately. Her stomach rolled once in protest. But Richard wasn't as long as Ethan; after a few careful inches her throat adjusted. She kept going until her nose brushed the dark hair at the base.

Richard's hands fisted on the seat. Veins stood out on his neck. The sound that left him was more animal than man.

With her mouth full of her father-in-law, Sophie's free hand slid under her dress. She pushed past the waistband of her panties and found herself already soaked. Two fingers slipped inside while her thumb worked her clit in tight, fast circles. The dual sensation—

Richard's cock pushing into her throat while she touched herself—pushed her right to the edge.

Her body started shaking. The wet sounds of her fingers and the wetter sounds of her mouth filled the car. She was close. So close.

When the orgasm hit, her throat clenched hard around him in a series of involuntary spasms. Richard snarled, pulled back just far enough to keep from choking her, and came.

The volume shocked even him. Pulse after pulse filled her mouth until her cheeks bulged. He kept her head pinned, hips twitching, emptying himself completely while she swallowed around the head.

When he finally pulled out, a thick strand of come stretched between his cock and her lower lip before breaking. Sophie stayed open for a second, breathing through her nose, letting him see. Her tongue, the roof of her mouth, everything was coated in it. A little spilled over the corner of her mouth and landed on the expensive red coat she'd never bothered to take off.

Richard watched, suddenly uncertain. Helen had given him dirty looks for far less. Part of him expected Sophie to shove the door open and spit.

She didn't.

She closed her mouth. Swallowed once. A visible gulp. Then she opened again just long enough to show him it was gone. Her tongue came out and slowly cleaned the rest from her lips and chin. She wrinkled her nose, the expression half genuine, half pure performance.

"Salty," she said, voice rough.

Richard's cock, which had been softening, twitched and started to thicken again.

Sophie laughed, a short, breathless sound. "Dad. You look ridiculous."

She sat up, dug into the small purse on the floor, and pulled out a condom. She held the pink square between two fingers and offered it to him.

"Main course."

He took it with shaking hands, tore the wrapper on the second try, and rolled it on. The second he was covered he shoved her dress higher, hooked his fingers in the crotch of her black stockings, and ripped. The

nylon split with a sharp sound. Her panties were already ruined; he yanked them aside.

Sophie was trimmed neat, still swollen from the orgasm she'd just had. Her lips were parted and glistening, a thin thread of her own wetness stretching when she shifted.

Richard braced one hand beside her hip, lined himself up, and pushed in with one long, hard stroke.

Sophie's head hit the door panel. A raw, helpless sound left her. Her toes curled inside her heels. He was thicker than Ethan. The stretch was immediate and intense; she felt full in a way that made her clench around him without meaning to.

"Dad—fuck—you're so thick," she breathed against his ear, voice breaking. "You're stretching me open. I can feel every inch. Go deeper. Right there—harder—"

Whatever control Richard still had evaporated. He drove into her with heavy, uncontrolled thrusts, the car rocking on its suspension. Sophie kept talking, filthy and breathless, telling him exactly how he felt inside her, how she wanted him to use her, how she was going to come again on his cock.

Outside the window, an older man in a dark jacket had stopped on the path. He was watching the rocking car with open curiosity.

Sophie saw him. For half a second her body locked.

"Dad—someone's—someone's right there—"

Richard didn't stop. If anything he fucked her harder, mouth against her ear. "You weren't this shy at the office with my employees watching."

Something in her snapped. Instead of trying to stay quiet, Sophie opened her mouth and let go.

"Harder! Right there—Dad—fuck, your cock is so deep—I'm gonna come—don't stop—use me—"

Her voice carried. The man outside jerked like he'd been slapped. His face went red. He turned and hurried away, muttering about people these days.

The risk, the noise, the way Sophie's body kept milking him—Richard lasted only a few more brutal thrusts before he came again, groaning into her shoulder while he filled the condom.

He collapsed on top of her, breathing hard. Sophie, still trembling, reached for her phone. She unlocked it, switched to the front camera, and angled her arm around Richard's back. She held up two fingers in a peace sign next to where they were still joined and took the picture.

Then she kissed him. Deep, messy, tasting herself and him. When she pulled back she was smiling.

"Want to do something even worse?"

She didn't wait for an answer. She shoved the door open. Cold evening air rushed in. Sophie climbed out barefoot, dress bunched around her waist, ruined stockings hanging off one thigh. She checked both directions, confirmed the open car door blocked the only line of sight from the path, then turned back to him.

She crooked one finger.

Richard followed. He was already half-hard again by the time his feet hit the grass. Sophie handed him a second condom without looking, then bent forward over the back seat, hands braced on the leather, ass pushed out toward him.

The lake was quiet. The only sounds were the soft lap of water and the low, wet noise of Richard pushing back inside her.

CHAPTER 50

Grace Notices the Cracks

Sophie gripped the leather headrest with both hands, upper body pressed flat against the back seat. Sweat had darkened the hair at her temples; a few strands clung to her flushed cheeks. Behind her, the view was enough to ruin any man's judgment.

Her stockings were already torn in several places from earlier. The ruined nylon stretched tight over her skin, somehow making the damage look deliberate. Her black lace panties were shoved aside, barely hanging on one cheek. Between her legs, the place Richard had just used hard was still swollen and wet, a slow leak of clear fluid running down and catching the light.

Richard's hands shook as he rolled on the fresh condom. He lined himself up and pushed back in with one long stroke.

Sophie moaned, long and high. He filled her completely again. The sound of skin on skin started immediately—heavy, rhythmic slaps that rocked the Audi on its suspension. Her ass rippled with every thrust. Fluid flicked off his cock and spattered the ground near their feet. The whole car creaked softly.

They were both close when distant voices drifted down the path.

"...nice evening for a walk..."

"Beats sitting in front of the TV all day..."

More than one person. Getting closer.

Richard's brow tightened. The risk hit him all at once. His control slipped. Heat flooded the condom in thick pulses while he buried himself deep and stayed there, breathing hard against her back. For a second he felt emptied out, almost lightheaded.

The voices kept coming.

He pulled out, condom still on, and yanked his pants up. Then he grabbed Sophie by the thighs and half-lifted, half-shoved her back into the car. The door slammed. He walked to the driver's seat as steadily as he could, started the engine, and pulled away just as the group of older men rounded the last bend.

They watched the Audi disappear.

"Did you see how that car was rocking?"

"Yeah. The second he spotted us he peeled out like his ass was on fire. Something shady."

One of them lowered his voice. "Think that guy was fucking his mistress out here?"

Another laughed. "Probably. These rich guys get bored. Though if you ask me, a mistress is amateur hour. Getting your own daughter-in-law? That's the real prize."

They kept talking as the taillights vanished.

Richard never heard them. His hands were tight on the wheel, palms damp. Ten more seconds and they'd have been seen. The thought sat in his chest until the Audi merged back into normal traffic and the fear slowly drained.

In the rearview mirror he glanced at Sophie. She looked wrecked in the best way—coat and dress tangled, makeup smeared, lipstick past her lip line. Her eyes were half-closed, unfocused, but the corner of her mouth was still curved. Like she was still feeling it.

Something possessive and satisfied settled in his chest.

For right now, she was his.

They got home. Dinner was already on the table.

On one side of the table sat a son who had spent the afternoon inside his own mother. On the other sat the sister who had watched it happen. Between them, a father-in-law and daughter-in-law who had just finished fucking in a parked car by the lake.

The meal passed in careful, ordinary conversation.

Richard talked about work and plans like any father. Helen served small pieces of meat to the baby with steady hands. Sophie and Ethan sat close, trading quiet comments the way married couples do. Grace fed Mason without looking up much. Everyone stayed inside their assigned roles. No one slipped.

After dinner Richard went to his study. Helen returned to the bedroom. Sophie curled against Ethan on the living-room sofa.

Soft footsteps came down the stairs. Grace appeared carrying Mason, freshly changed. She still wore the loose sweater and black yoga pants

from earlier; the pants hugged the full curve of her hips and ass. There was a faint, warm smell of milk on her.

She stopped at the bottom of the stairs and looked at the couch.

Ethan was watching something on his phone. Sophie was tucked against his chest, head on his shoulder, both of them laughing under their breath at whatever was on the screen. The picture was soft. Domestic. The kind of thing that made people say "they're cute."

Grace felt a brief, sharp envy.

She and her ex had stopped looking like that a long time ago. She remembered one of the last attempts—new black lace, her on top, moving the way she thought he wanted. When she looked down his face had been tight with something closer to discomfort than pleasure. He'd finished fast, almost apologetic, while she was still trying to get there. The memory left a sour taste.

She looked at Ethan again. He was solid. Young. Energetic. He probably gave Sophie everything she needed. They looked like a normal, happy couple.

Except Grace had seen the kitchen.

She had watched her quiet, almost awkward little brother fuck their mother in broad daylight, both of them too far gone to care who might walk in. The sounds were still stuck in her head. The memory made her mouth dry. Her thighs pressed together without her deciding to do it.

What she couldn't square was Sophie.

Sophie was young, pretty, built in a way that turned heads. Ethan had that at home. So why was he sleeping with their mother? It didn't make sense. And yet the two of them looked completely fine together right now.

Helen's bedroom door opened. She came out in a short purple lace nightgown, heading toward the kitchen for water. The hem barely reached the tops of her thighs. The light caught the slope of her shoulders and the shape of her legs.

The second Helen appeared, Ethan's eyes left the phone and locked onto her. Open, hungry, completely unconcerned that his wife was still pressed against him. He watched his mother cross the room, then leaned down and said something low against Sophie's ear.

Sophie didn't stiffen. She smiled—small, knowing—and answered him the same way. They both laughed.

Grace's stomach dropped.

The only explanation that fit was impossible. Sophie knew. Or at least suspected. A wife did not watch her husband look at another woman like that—especially her own mother-in-law—and then smile.

Sophie turned her head and spotted Grace on the stairs. Her face lit up.

"Grace. You're down."

Grace's heart was pounding. She nodded and carried Mason over. Up close she could smell the two of them—warm skin, soap, the faint edge of whatever they'd been doing earlier. The ugly idea in her head got clearer.

She looked at Sophie's face, pretty and a little too knowing, and made a decision.

"Sophie… do you have a minute?"

Sophie sat up. "Sure. What's up?"

Grace glanced at the baby, then back at Sophie. Her voice was careful. "Could you watch Mason for a bit? I want to go downstairs and walk. Get some air."

Ethan answered first. "Yeah, go. You've been cooped up all day."

Grace didn't look at him. She kept her eyes on Sophie when she added, "Ethan… I want you to come with me."

The air in the room shifted.

Sophie's smile paused. She glanced at Ethan with a clear question: *Is there something going on with you two?*

Ethan gave her the smallest head shake. His face stayed neutral, but his mind jumped straight to the kitchen earlier—his hand on Grace's breast, the way she hadn't pushed him away. Probably not that. She hadn't looked angry.

Sophie relaxed a fraction. She reached for the baby.

"It's dark out. Better if someone goes with her. I've got him." She settled Mason against her chest. "Come here, little man. Auntie's got you."

Ethan gave her a look. "Aunt. You're his aunt."

Sophie shrugged. “I’ll call him whatever I want.”

Mason didn’t fuss. He just stared around with big dark eyes while Sophie adjusted him.

Ethan stood, still turning the request over in his head, and followed Grace to the entryway. They put on jackets and shoes and went downstairs together, the door closing behind them.

CHAPTER 51

Grace Is Smooth

The night air was sharp. Grace and Ethan both pulled their collars up the second they stepped outside the building.

They crossed the complex quickly. At the security booth they nodded to Miller, who was reading the paper behind the glass. He looked up, smiled at the pair, and watched them walk away. Tall, good-looking, matching stride. In his head he thought the Hale family had won some kind of genetic lottery. He had no idea what the two of them were about to do.

On the sidewalk the streetlights stretched their shadows. Cars passed. Neon from a few late shops flickered. Grace walked a step ahead. Ethan stayed half a pace behind. Neither of them spoke. The silence sat between them, stiff and heavy.

Ethan couldn't stop looking at her back. The long coat was belted tight, and every step made the full curve of her ass shift under the fabric. The motion was slow and heavy, the kind of weight that made his thoughts go places he didn't want them to go. He was still confused more than anything else. Why had she asked him to come out alone?

In his memory Grace had always been the bright one. The one who stepped in when kids picked on him after they moved to the city. The one who slipped him cash for fried chicken when he failed a test and didn't want to go home. The one who searched every internet café until she found him after he stayed out all night, then walked him home and lied to their parents so he wouldn't get in trouble. When she got married he'd cried harder than anyone.

She was warmth. She cried at movies and laughed like a kid over small things. In his head she was the clean version of everything good. He could picture her as a wife and a mother. He had never once let himself put anything dirty on her. Even this afternoon, when she'd let him put his hand on her breast, he'd told himself it was just her being comfortable around her little brother. Nothing else.

A quieter, uglier thought kept trying to surface anyway. Maybe the sister he'd put on a pedestal was the kind of woman who got loud under a man. He shook his head hard, trying to push it away. He didn't want that version of her.

Grace stopped. She turned halfway and held out her hand under the streetlight.

For a second the years folded. Ethan saw her the way she'd looked when they were kids, standing at the end of the school day with her hand out, saying they should go home. His body moved before his mind caught up. He took her hand.

Her fingers were cold from the night. Soft. No rough spots from housework the way Helen's had. The simple contact loosened something between them. They walked side by side after that, still quiet, still holding on.

When the sidewalk emptied, Ethan finally asked, "You okay? Something on your mind?"

Grace stopped again. The light hit the side of her face and softened the lines. Her expression stayed flat. She looked at him for a long moment.

"If I said yes… would you help me?"

Ethan relaxed a little and smiled the way he always did with her. "Of course. Whatever it is. You short on money? I'll send you more."

He let go of her hand and pulled out his phone, already opening the transfer app. Grace didn't stop him. She just watched him tap through the screens with a look that was half fond and half something else he couldn't name. When he finished he glanced up.

"Sent. Check it."

She didn't look at her phone. She kept staring at him.

Ethan's smile faltered. "Something on my face?"

She shook her head.

"Not enough?"

Another head shake.

"Is it about Mason?"

A pause, then another no.

"Mom?"

Her eyes flicked away for half a second. Still no.

"Your ex?"

This time the no was immediate, almost sharp. A flash of dislike crossed her face.

Ethan ran out of guesses. The way she was looking at him felt familiar in a way that made his stomach tighten. He'd seen that look on Sophie when things got heated between them. Want.

The memory of his hand on Grace's breast that afternoon slammed back into him. The weight. The give. His breathing changed.

He tried the question carefully. "Grace… do you want to kiss me?"

She didn't shake her head. Under the streetlight and the weak moonlight she nodded, small but clear.

Ethan's mind went blank. He stepped in, wrapped both arms around her, and pulled her against him. One hand slid into her hair. She didn't pull away. She let him hold her and breathed in the younger, sharper smell of him.

After a moment she tilted her face up. Close enough that he could see every detail. The shape of her mouth. The look in her eyes.

"Do you like your sister?" she asked, quiet.

"Yeah," he said before he could think.

Grace's expression shifted into something that didn't care about consequences anymore. She rose onto her toes and pressed her mouth to his.

The first contact was soft and cool. Ethan froze. Then the fact that she had kissed him landed, and everything else dropped away. He took her lower lip between his, then pushed his tongue past her teeth. She tasted faintly sweet. Her tongue was soft and a little clumsy, like she hadn't done this with him in her head before. He kissed her harder. One hand stayed in her hair; the other locked around her waist and dragged her tighter against him. Even through the coat and sweater he felt the heavy press of her breasts against his chest.

When they finally broke apart they were both breathing hard. Grace's cheeks were flushed. A thin line of spit shone at the corner of her mouth. She touched his face with her free hand.

"Ethan… take me somewhere."

He knew what she meant. He looked at her for a second, then nodded. He turned them toward the neon sign of the cheap hotel on the corner and started walking, her hand warm in his now.

Inside the room the lights were bright. They went into the bathroom together and shut the door. The space felt smaller. In the mirror Grace stood with her back to him and unbelted her coat, hanging it on the hook. Without it the sweater and yoga pants showed every curve. Different from Sophie's tight, athletic shape. Different from Helen's softer weight. Somewhere in between, and somehow more.

Ethan felt like he was dreaming. The kind of dream he'd never allowed himself even as a teenager.

Grace turned and gave him a small, almost gentle smile. The hunger from the street had eased into something closer to the way she used to look at him when they were kids. Like this was just another evening they were sharing.

"Don't just stand there. Arms out."

He turned his back to her and opened his arms. Her hands came around his waist from behind and found the zipper of his jacket. She worked it down, then peeled the layers off him one by one—jacket, hoodie—until her fingers touched bare skin. He shivered. She slowed down on purpose, fingertips dragging lightly across his back, tracing the lines of muscle.

"You're grown and you still need your sister to undress you," she said near his ear.

He didn't answer. He let her push his pants and underwear down. His cock was already hard. Behind him he heard the soft sound of her breath catching.

Grace stepped back and started on her own clothes. The sweater came off over her head. Underneath was a nursing bra, pale and stretched tight over her breasts. The clips at the top for easy access sat right in the center of Ethan's vision and made the whole thing feel heavier. She hooked her thumbs in the yoga pants and looked at him while she worked them down. The fabric clung to the heavy curve of her ass and thighs before it finally dropped to her ankles.

Ethan's eyes stayed fixed. Her ass was full and high, the kind of shape that looked made to take hard thrusts.

She reached behind her and unhooked the bra. Her breasts spilled free, large and heavy, swaying with the motion. The nipples were darker and bigger than he expected, already tight from the cool air and whatever was running through her. Then she pushed the last piece of lace down her legs and stepped out of it.

Ethan went still.

Between her legs there was nothing. Completely smooth. Not a single hair. The skin looked soft and bare under the bathroom light, the outer lips already parted just enough to show a hint of pink. He stared, mouth open, the image of his sister as someone clean and distant cracking straight down the middle.

CHAPTER 52

The Saint Who Falls

Grace's most private place was fully exposed in front of Ethan, nothing hidden, only skin as smooth as a newborn's.

The soft, pale mound rose gently like a small hill. Fine, almost invisible down caught the warm bathroom light and gave off a faint glow. The outer lips, already parted from her excitement, showed a glistening, deep-pink slit deeper inside.

This was the so-called… bare, hairless one.

Something Ethan had only ever seen in cheap porn, something men online treated like a mythical prize, and here it was on his own older sister.

Ethan's mind blanked. A ringing started in his ears.

The pure, almost untouchable image of Grace he'd carried his whole life collided hard with the naked, openly displayed body in front of him. The disconnect was violent.

Seeing her little brother's stunned, slack-jawed stare, Grace's mouth curved into a pleased, knowing smile.

She took one deliberate half-step closer, bringing that smooth, bare cunt so near his face he could almost smell the warm, female scent rising from it.

"Never seen one without hair?"

Ethan swallowed hard and nodded, voice dry.

"…Only… only in videos."

Grace laughed, light and clear, then reached out and lightly hooked a finger under his chin. The gesture was blatantly sexual.

Ethan's eyes stayed locked on the sight he'd never imagined on her. His breathing grew heavier. His hand came up, trembling, and reached for that place that was both sacred and filthy in his mind.

The moment his fingertips brushed the full, soft mound, Grace's whole body jerked. A low, nasal sound slipped out of her.

"Mm…"

Something in Ethan loosened. His fingers followed the shape of her down, parting the already open lips. The pad of one finger slipped inside and met a smoothness that felt unreal.

She was already soaked. Thick, clear fluid welled from the small opening and coated everything, so wet he could barely tell where her flesh ended and the slick began.

This much…

He pulled his finger out. A long, sticky strand stretched from her entrance to his fingertip, shining under the lights.

Grace's cheeks flushed deeper at the sight. She gently pushed his hand away, breathing uneven.

"Enough… stop playing… go… go shower."

Hot water poured from the rainfall head, wrapping both of them in steam as they stood facing each other.

The brother and sister who had already crossed the line seemed hungry to map each other's bodies with their hands, confirming every difference.

Ethan's palms moved greedily over the smooth line of her back, the soft give of her waist, then lower to the full, heavy curve of her ass. Grace's hands did the same on him—solid chest, ridged stomach, and the thick, burning length that felt almost too large in her grip.

"Damn… it's gotten long."

"When we were kids it was like a little worm."

She measured it with her fingers, then wrapped her whole hand around it, feeling the heavy pulse against her palm.

Ethan flushed at the blunt teasing. His eyes dropped to the heavy breasts in front of him.

"You weren't any better. Flat as a board back then. Now they're bigger than my head."

The half-complaint, half-compliment made Grace laugh again. The initial awkwardness of seeing each other naked started to fade into something hotter and more familiar.

Grace squeezed body wash into her hands the way she used to when she was still the responsible older sister, worked up a thick lather, and began washing him with careful, soft strokes. Her palms were gentle. For

a second Ethan felt like he was a kid again, the one she always cleaned up after no matter how much trouble he caused.

But the reality in front of him kept slamming the memory away. Back then there had only been plain sibling affection. Now he wanted to push his cock into that smooth, bare cunt.

Her large breasts, slick with foam, swayed and brushed his arms and chest with every movement. The weight, the soft give, the slippery friction kept testing what little control he had left.

He couldn't take it anymore. He caught the hand moving across his chest.

"Grace… I want… your tits…"

She paused, understood immediately, and gave him that fond, slightly helpless smile that said she was going to let him have it.

She moved behind him, drew a deep breath, and pushed her chest forward. Both arms came under his, around his torso, and she pressed the heavy, foam-covered breasts hard against his back.

"Fuck—"

The sensation hit him all at once: two large, soft, warm, slippery mounds grinding and sliding over his skin. It was better than any massage, sharper even than when Sophie had done something similar.

Grace watched him melt into it. Her own breathing quickened. Desire flared again. Her tongue came out and traced wet lines over his shoulder and the side of his neck.

Ethan shuddered. Her other hand reached around, wrapped his cock, and began stroking him fast under the running water and soap.

Breasts grinding on his back, tongue on his neck, hand working him from the front—three different kinds of pleasure hit him at the same time. His brain felt like it was shorting out. Soft, helpless sounds kept leaving his mouth.

After a while he turned his head, found her mouth, and kissed her hard in the steam.

When they broke apart he was still breathing hard.

"Grace… the front… I want the front too…"

She looked at him with heavy-lidded eyes, released him, and moved in front. Under his stare she slowly lowered herself to her knees, tilted

her face up, and pressed her breasts together with both arms, creating a deep, soft channel. She slid his cock between them.

"Ah…"

Ethan let his head fall back. Seeing it from the front was a hundred times stronger than feeling it on his back. His cock disappeared into the pale, heavy flesh, and every time she squeezed and moved, the friction dragged a low sound out of him.

Grace worked him steadily, eyes on his face the whole time, clearly getting something out of watching him lose himself. This was different from anything with her ex-husband. Ethan's hand settled on her wet hair, gentle even while his hips moved.

They were siblings. They were also this. Each one feeding the other's want.

But it still wasn't enough. The smooth, bare cunt he had just touched kept pulling at him.

"Grace… let's finish washing."

Later, on the large hotel bed, their naked bodies stayed close.

Ethan's hands kept moving over her, relearning the give of her skin, the curve from shoulder to waist to the full ass that made thinking difficult. His cock rested hard against the slick heat between her thighs. One push and he would be inside.

Just as he shifted to do it, Grace stopped him with a light push.

"Wait…"

She reached toward the nightstand.

"Use that."

Ethan followed her gaze and saw the small box of hotel condoms. Something in his expression dimmed. To him the barrier felt like an insult to what they were about to do.

Grace read him instantly. Instead of arguing she smiled, slow and warm, then rose up. Her heavy breasts swayed with the motion. She pushed him gently onto his back and knelt beside him.

"Don't want to wear it?"

She leaned down. Long dark hair spilled across his stomach.

"Then… let your sister give you something first."

Before he could answer, her hand closed around him. She opened her mouth and took the head in.

"Shit—"

Ethan's back arched off the mattress. Her mouth was hot, wet, and strangely familiar—the same clean scent he associated with her from childhood. She wasn't skilled the way Sophie was. Sophie had always been playful and precise, knowing exactly where to lick and how deep to take him. Grace seemed almost unsure how to breathe or use her tongue. She simply opened wider and tried to take more, occasionally grazing him with her teeth in a way that mixed pain with sharp pleasure.

That clumsy, wholehearted effort hit him harder than any practiced technique. This wasn't performance. It was her choosing to do this for him.

He watched her face in profile, the way her cheeks hollowed, the slight tremble in her lashes. The old, saintly image of his older sister cracked and fell apart in real time. She was on her knees for him, mouth full of him, deliberately stepping off the pedestal he had kept her on.

The knowledge burned through him—guilt, hunger, and a dark, possessive satisfaction all at once. His little sun was willingly falling for him, and he was the one catching her on the way down.

CHAPTER 53

Not Fishy at All

On the large hotel bed, Ethan and Grace lay completely naked, the air between them thick and heavy.

Just as Ethan's cock pulsed hard in her mouth, right on the edge, Grace pulled off in time. A thin strand of saliva trailed from the corner of her lips, equal parts obscene and almost innocent.

She looked at his dazed, pleasure-wrecked face—the way he was clearly lost in what she was doing to him—and something satisfied and proud settled in her chest.

Grace smiled the way she used to when she was still just the older sister handing out rewards. She tore open a condom packet and rolled it onto him carefully, her soft fingers smoothing the thin latex all the way down the length of him.

Ethan stayed still and let her do it.

Once it was on, she swung a leg over and settled on his waist. Both hands braced on his chest as she sat upright, those heavy, full breasts hanging above him.

"Now… is this okay?"

She licked her lips, already impatient.

Ethan didn't answer. He gripped the soft weight of her ass and thrust up in one smooth motion, driving the full length of himself into her.

"Puh—"

The sound of him sinking into that slick, bare heat was loud in the quiet room. Both of them exhaled at the same time.

He was finally inside his sister.

It was better than he had imagined. Hot—almost too hot—like sinking into bathwater that was just a little too warm. Tight, even after having a child, the walls gripping him in slow, living pulses. Wet enough that even through the condom he could feel how soaked she was.

But there was still the barrier.

Ethan's brow tightened. The latex dulled everything. He could feel pressure and heat and that perfect squeeze, but not the exact texture of

her, not the way her inner walls dragged over the head, not the faint give of her cervix when he pushed deep. It was like looking at something perfect through thick glass.

The frustration made the need to claim her sharper.

Grace, meanwhile, was drowning in the simple fact that he was inside her.

He's in… he's actually in…

The thought kept looping. His younger, harder cock was stretching her open, filling every empty inch. She couldn't help comparing. Her ex-husband had been smaller, softer, always half-hearted. Ethan felt like he had been shaped to fit her.

She bit her lower lip and started to move, slow and deliberate, like she was tasting something expensive.

Every time she sank down she took him to the root, feeling the head press firmly against the deepest part of her. Every time she rose she dragged it out almost all the way, the tight walls clinging, reluctant to let go, before she dropped again.

Wet, rhythmic sounds filled the room.

Ethan watched her breasts sway and bounce above him, heavy and pale, the nipples tight. He reached up.

"Grace… let me hold you."

She nodded, brushed hair out of her face, and leaned forward until they were chest to chest. Her full breasts flattened against him. He could feel her heartbeat, smell the clean scent of her hair, the heat of her skin. Their hips kept moving, smaller now, more intimate.

Grace buried her face against his neck.

"Ethan… do you want to kiss me?"

"Yeah."

Their mouths met again, slower this time, trading breath and the taste of each other while their bodies stayed locked together.

He didn't last long. The condom kept him from fully feeling her, and he didn't want to. He just wanted this first imperfect round over so he could do it right.

"Grace… I'm close…"

"Me too… together…"

She tightened around him, arms and thighs pulling him deeper.

"Ah—ah—ah—"

"Grace—"

Her voice broke near his ear, soft and wrecked.

"Ethan… do you like this? Do you like your sister like this…?"

He pressed his face into her neck, voice rough.

"Yes. Yes. I've always liked you. Always."

"I like you too… Ethan—I'm coming—"

He drove up hard through the last few strokes and emptied himself into the condom while she shuddered around him.

They stayed tangled afterward, still kissing, still breathing hard, until the shaking eased.

The fire didn't go out.

Ethan rolled them so she was under him. He looked down at her flushed, open face, then slowly pulled out. Without the condom blocking anything, clear fluid immediately leaked from her.

The urge hit him hard and sudden.

Just like this. No barrier.

He stripped the used condom off—full and heavy—and tossed it aside. Then he spread her legs again and pushed back in bare.

"Ah—!"

Grace arched, eyes wide.

"Wait—no condom—"

Ethan froze at the panic in her voice. The heat in his chest cooled instantly. He didn't want to scare her.

Grace saw the hesitation and touched his cheek, gentle again.

"It's fine. Just put one on."

He nodded, quiet, and reached for another. Once it was on he didn't hesitate. He gripped her waist and drove back in hard.

"Nn—ah!"

The second thrust hit deeper, harder. Grace's eyes went unfocused. She started moving with him without thinking, soft broken sounds falling out of her.

"Ah… Ethan… you're… you're going to break me…"

He watched her breasts bounce with every thrust and the old, almost childish want rose up.

"Grace… I want to suck them."

She let out a small, breathless laugh.

"You're such a kid… still wanting to nurse…"

Even so, she cupped both breasts and pushed them together, offering them to his mouth.

"Here. Tonight… all of me is yours."

Ethan didn't wait. He latched onto one nipple, sucking hard, tongue circling. The second his mouth closed around it, her cunt clenched around his cock so tightly he groaned.

There.

He sucked harder, almost greedy. After a while a different taste hit his tongue—sweet, thin, unmistakable.

Milk.

He swallowed without thinking.

Grace jerked in shock.

She hadn't expected to leak. Not for him. Not like this. The shame hit her so hard her face burned. Being fucked by her little brother was one thing. Having him pull milk out of her was something else entirely—motherhood and incest twisted together in a way that made her walls flutter and soak the sheets even more.

Ethan eventually lifted his head, a faint white smear at the corner of his mouth.

Grace stared at him, voice small.

"…Is it fishy?"

He licked his lips and shook his head.

"Not fishy. It's sweet."

Something in her chest cracked open. She remembered, years ago, her ex-husband trying once out of curiosity. He'd spat it out immediately and called it disgusting. She'd felt ugly about it for weeks.

But Ethan drank it like it was nothing.

He didn't know she was thinking about that. He only knew her milk tasted good, and he wanted more.

"Grace… I'm going to keep going."

He dropped his mouth to the other breast and started thrusting again, harder, while he sucked. The room filled with the wet sounds of his mouth, the slap of skin, and Grace's rising moans.

CHAPTER 54

Falling Together

Ethan stayed buried between Grace's heavy breasts like a hungry infant, mouth sealed around one dark nipple, tongue working it in slow circles. Every time he sucked harder, the soft body under him twitched. Her cunt tightened in little pulses around his cock, drawing a low sound out of him.

After a while he lifted his head and let out a small, satisfied burp.

Grace stared at him. The picture was ridiculous—milk at the corner of his mouth, that dazed, full expression—and yet something warm and dangerous moved through her chest. She was happy he liked this part of her. She was also deeply, hotly ashamed that the same breasts that fed her son were now being used like this by her little brother.

Most boys, she thought, had fantasized about their older sisters at some point. Most sisters, if they were honest, had done the same. Not the ones who barely spoke, or the ones who hated each other. But the ones who grew up close, who knew every version of the other person from childhood onward… once the line broke, the pull was worse than anything with a stranger. You had watched the person grow. You knew the history. That made the violation feel both safer and far more forbidden.

She reached up and lightly tapped his forehead with one finger, half scolding, half fond.

"Alright, you little menace. If you keep drinking, your nephew's not going to have anything left tomorrow."

Ethan licked the milk off his lip and shrugged.

"He can drink formula."

The casual, selfish way he said it made her stomach drop and heat at the same time. He had already fucked her. Now he wanted to keep her milk for himself too. She gave him a look that was mostly embarrassment, a little irritation, and something softer she didn't want to name.

Her body was still wound tight, still needing more. She wrapped both arms around his neck and pulled him down until her mouth was against his ear.

"Ethan… it's not enough. I still want it. Move… please?"

He smiled against her skin, deliberately dense, and gave one sharp upward thrust that made her gasp.

"What was that? Couldn't hear you."

Grace knew he was teasing. She tightened her arms, pressing her soft breasts harder against his chest until more milk leaked between them. Her voice dropped, low and unsteady, right against his ear.

"My good little brother… use that big cock… and fuck your sister's pussy. Hard. Please."

The words went straight through him. His cock swelled inside her, thicker, hotter. This was Grace—the same Grace who used to be the bright, untouchable one—now under him, asking him, her own brother, to ruin her.

He rose up on his arms, gripped her waist, and started driving into her with no gentleness left.

The wet sound of him pulling out and slamming back in filled the room. Every time he withdrew, a thick rush of her fluid followed, coating both of them. Every time he pushed deep, the head of his cock struck the soft barrier at the end of her and she made a broken, high sound.

"Ah—ah—there—Ethan—fuck me—ah—"

He kept the hard rhythm for a long time, longer than most men would have managed. Eventually the urge to finish rose sharp and heavy, but she still hadn't come. He didn't want to go first.

His eyes drifted to her legs. One pale thigh was raised high beside him, smooth and tight with tension. On impulse he slowed his hips, leaned down, and pressed his mouth to the soft skin of her calf.

"Ah—!"

Grace jerked. The spot was sensitive. Heat shot up her leg and pooled between her thighs. She tried to twist away, voice turning high and breathless.

"It tickles—Ethan—don't—ah—"

The small movement only made her cunt grind against him in a different angle. He groaned and almost lost it right there. He stopped thrusting completely and focused on her leg instead, kissing and licking the smooth skin while she squirmed under him, half laughing, half desperate.

The taboo of it kept circling in his head even while he touched her: this was his sister. The same girl who used to scold him for staying out too late, who used to clean his cuts, who had a son sleeping somewhere else right now. And she was currently wrapped around his cock, leaking milk onto his chest, begging him not to stop. The wrongness of it made every sensation sharper. He didn't want it to end. He wanted to stay inside the place that had always been off-limits and keep hearing her say his name like this.

Grace's breathing turned ragged. Her hands found his hair, not pushing him away anymore.

"Ethan… don't stop… please…"

He lifted his head just enough to look at her face—flushed, eyes wet, mouth open—and drove back into her in one long, deep stroke that made both of them shudder.

CHAPTER 54

Falling Into the Abyss Together

Ethan Hale nursed like a starving infant, face buried between his own older sister's heavy, melon-full, snow-white tits.

Every time his lips latched hard and sucked, drawing a stiff, dark nipple into his mouth and rolling it with his tongue, the lush body he was buried inside convulsed. The hot channel around him tightened in that moment, giving him a pleasure so deep it felt unreal.

Time passed.

Ethan finally lifted his head and let out a satisfied baby burp.

"Burp~~"

The sight was almost ridiculous to Grace, yet somehow tender in a way that twisted her. Her face, already flushed crimson from shame and need, flickered with a helpless, half-laughing expression. She looked at the ring of white milk around her little brother's mouth, at the smug, milk-drunk kitten satisfaction on his face, and felt both proud and mortified.

Proud that the most sensitive part of her body could make him this happy.

Ashamed that the very symbol of her being a mother had become a toy for sibling incest.

And if boys fantasized about their older sisters, sisters sometimes fantasized about their little brothers too—at least the ones who weren't brats, the ones they'd actually grown close to. He was, in a sick way, the perfect partner. They knew everything about each other. She had watched him grow from a tiny worm into this dragon. Once the line was crossed, the satisfaction was something no outsider could ever understand.

Grace's body and heart were both flooded with that dark bliss. She reached out and flicked his forehead with fond exasperation.

"Alright, alright, you little devil. Keep drinking and your nephew really won't have anything left tomorrow."

Ethan licked the milk from the corner of his mouth in a slow circle and said,

"Then he can drink formula."

The casual, arrogant declaration made Grace's pupils shrink. Her heart skipped. Inside, she thought:

This little bastard. Not only did you fuck your own sister, now you want to use me as a milk bottle too?

She shot him a sultry, half-scolding glare—four parts embarrassment, three parts helplessness, and a few parts genuine masochistic thrill at his dominance.

Desire was still peaking. She couldn't wait. She looped her pale, soft arms around his neck and pulled him down, full lips brushing his ear, breath sweet and hot.

"Ethan… it's not enough… Sis still wants it… move a little, okay?"

Ethan deliberately pretended not to understand. A wicked smile curved his mouth as he thrust the thick, scorching cock still buried inside her upward in a mean, deliberate grind.

"Mmm—ah!" Grace's whole body jerked. A sharp, electric tingle shot deep into her cunt.

"Sis, what'd you say? Wind's too loud, couldn't hear you."

He knew perfectly well. He was savoring the way she writhed under him, desperate and needy.

Grace knew he was toying with her. A helpless yet seductive smile touched her lips. After a moment's thought she decided to drop the last of her restraint. Her arms tightened, crushing his upper body down into the soft mass of her tits hard enough to squeeze out more milk. She didn't care. She liked the feeling of him pressed so tightly against her. Lips against his ear, she whispered, breath trembling:

"My… good little brother… use that big cock of yours… and fuck your sister's slutty pussy hard… okay?"

Ethan's already rigid cock swelled even thicker at the filthy words. This was his sister—the one who had once shone like a little sun—now lying beneath him like the most wanton whore, begging her own little brother to wreck her with his dick.

How could he refuse? He arched his back like a dog in heat, ready to hammer her, then caught sight of her face: eyes glazed, lashes fluttering, expression utterly lost in pleasure. The sight poured gasoline on the fire already burning in him. Both arms snapped around her soft waist. He seized her and began driving into her with no mercy at all.

Puch! Puch! Puch!

Wet, obscene sounds filled the room as their pale bodies slammed together.

Grace was wetter than most women. Every time Ethan pulled halfway out, a thick gush of clear slick followed, splashing and coating their joined flesh in a mess. When he slammed back in, the long cock struck straight against the mouth of her womb. Grace cried out in a string of helpless, lewd moans:

"Ah—ah… haah… ahh… mmn… ah… Ethan… ah! Right there… ah… good brother… fuck Sis to death… mmn…"

He pounded her for hundreds of strokes. Even with his stamina, the constant filthy sounds and the way she clenched were pushing him toward the edge. But she hadn't come yet. He didn't want to finish first.

His gaze drifted to the pair of snow-white thighs lifted high on either side of him. An idea surfaced.

Those thighs were smooth as the finest jade, taut from the way she was holding herself, every line of muscle under the skin radiating sex. Leaving them untouched would be a crime.

He slowed the brutal thrusting and bent down, pressing warm lips to the firm, smooth curve of her calf.

"Ah—!"

The sudden wet heat made her gasp. The sensitive skin of her calf lit up with an almost unbearable ticklish current that raced through her entire body.

"It tickles… Ethan… don't… don't kiss there… ah…"

She twisted, trying to escape his mouth, voice full of soft protest. The movement ground the thick cock inside her against even more sensitive walls and made the pleasure spike harder. Ethan groaned into her skin, almost coming right then.

He stopped thrusting altogether and focused on what was in front of him. Mouth open, he gently bit and licked along her calf, leaving wet, shining trails. When most of her lower leg was coated in his spit, his eyes moved higher—to the small, perfect foot. He lifted it to his mouth despite her struggles.

Grace realized what he wanted and paled.

"No! Ethan! Wait—don't—stop! Ah! It's dirty! It's dirty!"

This was the first time any man had touched her feet. And it was her own little brother.

Even with her current hunger, she couldn't picture her foot—the one that walked on floors and wore shoes and socks—being sucked into a man's mouth.

Ethan was already too far gone. He studied the perfect little foot: graceful arch, pale skin, five small toes like unripe grapes, nails painted a barely-there soft pink.

He opened his mouth and, over her panicked cries, took all five toes and half her foot inside.

"Ahhhh! You're going to kill me! Let go! Mmnn… dirty… wuwu…"

The warm mouth sealed around her. His tongue carefully licked every toe, slipping between them, sucking.

At the same time his hips began slow, deep thrusts again.

"Don't… ah… don't lick and fuck me at the same time… ah… I can't take it… I really can't… Ethan… be good… stop for a second… ah… mmn… ah…"

Tongue on her toes and cock in her cunt—two extreme sensations from opposite ends of her body—hit her brain at once. Shame, taboo, and a pleasure she had never known crashed over her like a flood. Her whole body locked. Toes curled inside his mouth. She thrashed under him like a beautiful snake.

"I can't… ah… I really can't… ah! I'm dying… Ethan… listen to me… stop licking… Sis is begging you… don't… ah… it's coming… it's coming… ah—ah—ah—!"

Her scream tore through the room. Her back arched into a sharp bow. A violent gush of hot fluid erupted around the cock still buried inside her, flooding him.

She came hard, body shaking in the aftermath, little broken moans spilling out as she floated.

Ethan felt like he was fucking a spring that kept bubbling warm water. The wet sounds were constant. Her body still twitched with aftershocks.

He wasn't done. He slowly released the foot in his mouth, then caught her other still-untouched pale foot and brought it to his cheek. Eyes closed, he inhaled deeply, expression almost worshipful.

The look sent a spike of fear through Grace as her mind cleared.

No… if he keeps licking my feet while he fucks me I'm really going to die.

She needed something to snap him out of it.

This afternoon's image flashed in her mind.

Mom? And Ethan?

Yes.

She bit her swollen lower lip. A desperate idea formed.

Just as the tip of his tongue was about to touch the sensitive sole, she spoke.

"Ethan…"

She paused. Conflict flickered in her eyes—whether it was wise to say this out loud to the person involved—but the need to survive won.

"Today… this afternoon…"

"I saw… you and Mom… in the kitchen…"

?

?!

!!!

The words hit him like lightning.

What?!

Sis… saw it?

Saw me and Mom… in the kitchen?

How?!

Ethan's face went blank with disbelief. The cock inside her softened a fraction.

When did she see? How much did she see? Did she see me take Mom from behind?

No wonder… no wonder she was acting strange at dinner. No wonder she asked me out. No wonder she did this with me… she already knew.

Everything clicked into place. A cold realization crawled up his spine.

But…

The irony was that he was currently buried inside his own sister doing something just as—or more—depraved.

What right did he have to be shocked? What ground did he have to panic?

If the deepest, ugliest secrets were already exposed between them, what was left to hide?

The moment the thought settled, a dark, broken pleasure replaced the fear.

Nothing left to pretend.

The two of them had already fallen into the abyss together.

His eyes changed.

Where there had still been a trace of tenderness and guilt for his sister, there was now only raw, brutal possessiveness.

He stared down at her.

Then his hips slammed downward in one vicious thrust.

"Ah!!"

Grace screamed, the sudden violence shocking her.

"Gentler! Ethan… you've lost your mind! Gentler! You're going to—break me! Ah… mmn… no more… haah… mmn…"

Her pale arms flailed and then locked onto the sheets.

Ethan either didn't see or didn't care. It only made him harder.

Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!

The hotel room filled with the brutal, wet sound of flesh on flesh.

Grace's heavy tits bounced and rolled with every impact, white waves of flesh.

Finally, after one especially deep, womb-punching thrust, Ethan's body arched tight like a drawn bow.

"Ahh~!"

With a roar that filled the room, he emptied his second load of the night into the condom.

CHAPTER 55

No Barrier Between Us

The hotel room was quiet.

The afterglow of the second climax receded like a tide.

Ethan Hale lay sprawled across his older sister Grace's sweat-slicked, lush body, breathing hard.

Everything felt unreal.

He lifted his head slightly and looked down at the face that was both familiar and strange. Grace's eyes were closed, long lashes trembling faintly with each breath. Her cheeks were flushed deep pink, lips parted and swollen from all the rough kissing—full and red.

So beautiful…

Ethan thought she looked more beautiful right now than he had ever seen her.

But in the middle of that brief satisfaction, the confession she had whispered into his ear during their second round suddenly rose in his mind like a midnight ghost.

"…I saw… you and Mom… in the kitchen…"

The memory snapped him fully awake.

Sis had really seen it.

She wasn't bluffing. She wasn't joking.

She had watched him with their mother.

What now?

Would she tell someone?

Would she tell Dad?

Would she tell Sophie?

No—Sophie already knew. But Dad… if he found out—

Ethan's throat worked as he swallowed.

No. She wouldn't.

He forced the thought down. This was his own sister, the one who had doted on him since they were kids. She wouldn't destroy him.

But people said it best: you can prepare for a thousand possibilities, but never for the one you didn't see coming.

What if she slipped one day?

What if the guilt became too much and she confided in someone?

People's hearts were the hardest thing in the world to predict.

As long as this secret sat in someone else's hands, it would hang over his head like a sword. He would never sleep soundly again.

No.

Absolutely not.

In a few short seconds Ethan's expression shifted from blank to fearful to something cold and decisive.

He couldn't allow any accident.

Begging was useless. Reasoning wouldn't eliminate the risk.

With a woman, there was only one reliable way to make her keep a secret forever.

Bind her to the same sinking ship.

Make her part of the mess instead of an outsider. Turn a witness into an accomplice.

A reckless idea formed quickly.

Ethan reached down, peeled the condom off his cock, and tossed it onto the carpet.

Grace was still soft and dazed from her orgasm, eyes unfocused. Before she could fully come back to herself, he spread her pale thighs, lined his still-hard cock up with her smooth, bare cunt, and pushed back inside.

Puch.

This time there was nothing between them.

Both of them felt the difference at once. A low, shared sound of pleasure left their throats.

Grace was soaking. The hot, slick walls wrapped directly around his entire length. The sensation was a hundred times better—no, a thousand—than the thin layer of latex had been.

The pleasure hit so suddenly that Grace didn't register what had changed at first. She simply clenched around him out of instinct, welcoming the new thrust, until she turned her head looking for water and noticed the last condom still sitting untouched on the nightstand.

Her eyes widened.

She looked down.

A thick, veined, glistening cock was sliding in and out of her bare pussy.

"Ethan… you…"

"You're not… wearing one?"

Ethan saw that she had finally realized. He didn't pull out. Instead he drove deeper, feeling the tight, wet grip of her depths, then leaned down and spoke softly against her ear, voice low and coaxing.

"…Sis, it doesn't feel as good with a condom."

"When I'm with Sophie, and with Mom… we don't use them either."

Grace's pupils shook.

She understood in an instant. This wasn't an accident. He had done it on purpose.

Saying it out loud—bringing their mother into it while he was inside her—was a clear statement. He wanted to pull her into the same filthy circle.

Would she refuse?

Some part of her didn't want to.

She had tasted his cock tonight. That feeling had already ruined her for anything less.

But the idea of him finishing inside her bare still made her stomach twist.

With a condom she could tell herself she was only chasing the sensation.

Without one, it meant she was willing to take his cum, willing to risk getting pregnant by her own brother.

No… she couldn't accept that.

Fear and shame surged. Grace pushed against his solid chest with both arms.

"No… no! Ethan, pull out! You have to wear one!"

Her voice cracked with a hint of tears from how hard she was fighting.

"Ah… don't—don't thrust right now… you little bastard… ahhhh!"

Ethan ignored the push and drove harder.

Slap. Slap. Slap. Slap. Slap. Slap.

His hips slammed between her thighs like an animal. Sweat beaded on his forehead.

Grace's resistance began to melt. The moans that left her turned softer, more helpless.

"Ah… Ethan… you're so mean… ah… ah… mmn… gentler… gentler… ah… ah… ah…"

"Sis, you're so warm inside… so tight… doesn't it feel better without the condom?"

When she stopped demanding he put one on, Ethan's expression eased. His tone lightened.

But the moment he mentioned it, Grace's hazy eyes sharpened again.

"Ahhh… it does… it does feel better… no! …ahhh! Put it on! …ahhh… you're going to break me… ahhh…"

Ethan wanted to slap himself for bringing it up. He stopped talking and just focused on fucking her, determined to push her over the edge again so thoroughly she would forget everything else.

Grace took thrust after thrust. Her walls kept flooding with slick. Before tonight she had only done this bare with her ex-husband. Ethan was only the second man who had ever been inside her without protection.

Her ex's ordinary cock couldn't compare to this one.

Every bare stroke was sharp and clear—the head dragging over sensitive flesh, the tip kissing her cervix. The sensation was overwhelming.

Even as her mind kept trying to refuse, her body had no strength left. The arm that had been shoving at his chest was now gripping his forearm. Her moans had turned quieter, almost content.

"Ah… mmn… mm… ah… mmn… ah…"

Ethan felt her surrender. Satisfied, he leaned down and kissed her full lips again.

"Mmm… mmm…"

Grace jolted under the kiss. Her half-closed eyes opened a little and found his handsome face right in front of her.

She hadn't expected the words she'd used to try to stop him to provoke this kind of rough, aggressive response. But somehow it didn't feel bad.

It felt… good.

Something that had been sleeping inside her for a long time seemed to be waking up.

Her teeth parted. She let his tongue in, let it curl around hers and take her saliva.

They kissed for minutes before breaking apart, both breathing hard. A thin strand of spit stretched between them and fell against her lip.

The whole time they kissed, Ethan never stopped moving his hips.

The pressure building in his cock grew sharp. To distract himself he turned his attention to her heavy tits. The soft flesh bounced and rolled with every thrust, two pale, full weights.

He lowered his head, found one stiff nipple, and sucked it into his mouth. His other hand grabbed the second breast and squeezed hard.

"Ah—! Ethan… you're so mean… mmnn… I can't… gentler… there… ah…"

He didn't ease up. He sucked harder, as if he wanted to pull her soul out through the tip.

The stimulation was intense, or maybe her body was still in that nursing phase—either way, a thin trickle of sweet, milky fluid leaked from the nipple he was sucking.

The taste pushed him further. He drank greedily while fucking her harder. The wet sounds between their bodies grew louder and filthier.

Grace's nipples had always been sensitive. With him sucking and kneading them, it didn't take long before she was climbing again.

"Ahh… haah… I can't… I'm going to… I'm going to come… Ethan… hold me… hold me tight…"

She cried out and clung to his neck like she was drowning. Her soft, pale thighs locked around his waist, pulling him deeper.

Ethan felt the change and knew she was fully gone. He stopped holding back. He wrapped both arms around her soft, hot body, buried his face in her hair, and listened to the broken, filthy sounds she made.

“Ahhh… ahhh… so good… harder… Ethan… harder! …close… so close… ahhh… I’m coming… I’m coming!”

Ethan drove into her with everything he had left.

“Together… Sis… come with me.”

“Mm! Together… ah… together! Ahhhhh—!”

Their voices filled the room. Grace’s body snapped taut. Her cunt clenched in hard, rhythmic spasms.

At the same moment Ethan poured his third and thickest load deep into his own sister’s womb.

…

The hotel room fell quiet except for their tangled, heavy breathing.

The air was thick with the mixed scent of sweat, spit, cum, and pussy.

Their clothes were piled neatly on a chair.

The sheets were ruined—bunched and wrinkled, dark with wet patches.

Grace lay limp across Ethan’s chest. She had never known sex could leave her this exhausted. Or this satisfied.

Her full breasts, slightly reddened from being handled, pressed against his firm chest. The tips still twitched and stayed stiff.

Between her thighs was a mess. Even after resting she could still feel the warm, thick fluid slowly leaking out of her.

Ethan held her soft body. One hand stroked the smooth skin of her back. The other rested on her head, fingers gently combing through her slightly damp hair.

Silence settled between them. It wasn’t awkward. If they ignored who they were to each other, it almost felt warm.

A long time passed.

Grace slowly lifted her head. The flush of orgasm still colored her beautiful face. Her eyes were hazy, half-lazy, half-self-mocking.

She licked her swollen lips with the tip of her tongue, then looked at him and spoke in a half-joking, half-testing voice.

“Hey… you came inside like that… aren’t you scared Sis will actually give you a fat little boy?”

The words drifted into the quiet like a bird cutting across an afternoon sky.

Ethan let out a low laugh.

He pulled her closer so her soft body pressed tighter against him, then bent and kissed her forehead. His voice was young and arrogant when he answered.

“Then have one. What’s there to be scared of? Your little brother can afford it.”

“Pfft…”

Grace laughed despite herself. She reached up and tapped the tip of his nose with one finger.

“Smooth talker. Is that the same mouth you used to get Mom into bed?”

“Heh.”

Ethan didn’t answer directly. He just gave two short, smug laughs.

【To be continued】

CHAPTER 56

My Little Brother Husband

Grace Hale looked at her little brother wearing that smug, boyish-hero expression and felt something complicated twist inside her.

She shook her head helplessly, then reached out with one pale arm and gently stroked his handsome face. There was a softness in her eyes that even she couldn't quite name—something between affection and surrender.

"Look at you… you've really grown up."

Her voice was light, almost like a feather drifting down.

Joy and sorrow mixed on her face so thoroughly it was impossible to tell them apart. She tapped his chest once more and said,

"Not only did you fuck Mom, you came inside your own sister… how the hell are you this bold? Aren't you scared… scared Sophie finds out and divorces you?"

When she asked it, there was real worry in her heart.

In the world she had known until tonight, no woman would tolerate a husband doing something this monstrous.

At the mention of Sophie, Ethan's smile faded a little, but there was no panic in it.

Seeing the genuine curiosity and concern in his sister's eyes, he knew it was time to stop hiding anything.

Here, on this bed that already carried the proof of their incest, in the moment right after he had emptied himself into her womb, any further secrecy would have been ridiculous.

His expression turned serious.

"Sis… actually, Sophie… she doesn't just know. You could even say… she made all of this happen."

"…What?"

Grace's pupils shrank. The lazy, sultry look on her face vanished instantly.

"Ethan, don't lie to me!"

The shock made her tone sharp. She even tried to push herself up out of his arms, as if putting physical distance between them would help her process what she had just heard.

Ethan quickly pulled her soft, slippery body back against his chest.

He took a breath, then began slowly telling his own sister the full, filthy truth about what their family had become.

"Sis… listen to me first. The thing is… I've had a certain kink for a long time. I never told anyone."

His gaze drifted toward the ceiling, a self-mocking edge in his voice.

"I like… watching Sophie with other men. Especially when the guy is someone close to me. The closer he is, the more it turns me on."

Every word landed like a bomb in Grace's mind.

Cuckold? A hotwife kink?

Her own little brother had that kind of twisted preference?

She was too stunned to speak. All she could do was stare with wide eyes as he continued, revealing even more shocking layers.

"So I don't just allow Dad to touch her. I… I actively set things up. I create opportunities for them to fuck. Because Sophie has something similar. She has this… abnormal desire toward Dad. Like a daughter wanting her father. A kind of daddy complex."

"As for Mom…"

Ethan paused. His expression grew complicated—there was a trace of guilt, but mostly the calm of someone who had already accepted how far things had gone.

"What happened with Mom… she allowed it. Even encouraged it. Maybe… maybe in her mind it's 'fair.' I fucked Dad's woman, so she gets to watch me fuck Dad's wife. That way the two of us are even."

"Anyway… the four of us just ended up tangled together like this."

…

Grace was completely frozen.

Her mouth hung open as she stared at him, mind blank.

She had almost forgotten that she was still naked, still lying on top of her own brother.

Before hearing any of this, she had believed she had simply stumbled onto her brother and mother having sex, then been pulled into the game

by a messy mix of jealousy, curiosity, and dissatisfaction with her own marriage.

She had never imagined that behind that seemingly accidental incest sat something so much deeper and more chaotic.

Father and daughter-in-law.

Son and mother.

Husband allowing his wife to sleep with his father.

Wife encouraging her husband to sleep with his mother.

And her…

What was she, then?

Just another player who had been dragged in because she happened to catch them?

Or had they already noticed the cracks in her marriage and deliberately pulled her into the mess?

Grace didn't speak for a long time.

Those beautiful eyes—so similar to Helen's—lost focus. She sank into chaotic thought.

Everything she had built over more than twenty years about family, ethics, and love had just been overturned, torn apart, and ground into dust in a few short minutes of her brother's confession.

Ethan saw how lost she looked and swallowed the words he had been about to use to comfort her.

He knew she needed time.

But male desire often turned most predatory when a woman was at her weakest.

His gaze landed on her slightly parted, spit-slicked lips.

He saw the delicate furrow between her brows as she struggled to process everything.

His hand felt the warm, slippery, voluptuous body beneath him—still marked with his own fluids.

A stronger, darker urge rose: the need to drag her fully into the abyss and bind her to him permanently. His cock, which had only just softened, began hardening again.

Quietly, he spread his legs so that her relaxed lower body settled between them, exposing the soft, pink opening that had just taken his cum.

He reached down, gripped his stiffening cock, aligned the swollen head, and while she was still dazed, thrust upward and sank deep inside her once more.

Puch.

"Ah!"

The sudden invasion jolted Grace out of her thoughts. She looked down and met his eyes—eyes that looked like they were burning.

Her body instinctively wanted to resist, but the full, satisfying stretch deep inside her was impossible to deny.

"Ethan… you… mm… ah… gentler… gentler… ah… mmn…"

He ignored the plea. One hand locked onto her soft waist to hold her in place while he began driving into her with long, deep strokes.

Every withdrawal left only the head inside. Every thrust went all the way to the mouth of her womb.

Guch… guch… guch… guch…

Wet, obscene sounds filled the space between their bodies.

Because she was on top, the thick mixture of his earlier cum and her fresh slick was quickly fucked out of her. It coated his shaft, dripped down, and even landed on the dark hair at his base and the firm plane of his stomach.

"Sis… you're really wet."

Grace, still lying on him, lifted her head and shot him a sultry, half-scolding look.

"That's… that's because you fuck me so well… my ex… he never could."

Hearing her call the man "ex" sent a sharp thrill through Ethan.

"Is that right, Sis… so tell me, whose cock feels better? Mine, or his?"

He suddenly sped up. The thick cock churned more of the white mess between them, sending it splashing.

Grace moaned without restraint, voice breaking as she answered honestly.

"Ah… mm… yours! Yours! My little brother's cock… feels the best!"

“Really?”

Ethan felt a fierce pride, but he deliberately slowed, stopping the hard thrusting. He buried himself deep and ground the swollen head against her most sensitive spot in slow, relentless circles.

“Mm… ah… really… it’s really better…”

The sudden change in pace left an unbearable emptiness and itch deep inside her.

Grace squirmed, rolling her soft, pale ass, trying to get more friction from him.

“He… he always… only lasted a few minutes… then he came…”

“Move… move a little… mm… good brother… don’t stop…”

The answer was exactly what he expected. The satisfaction of having outperformed another man settled in his chest.

Just as he was about to answer her begging and start thrusting hard again, an old question surfaced.

Sis was this beautiful, this wet, this responsive… why had her husband cheated?

Could it be…

A possibility occurred to him. His expression turned playful as he probed.

“…Sis, when you said your husband cheated… was it because he couldn’t satisfy you? Did you scare him off, so he went looking for comfort with other women?”

Grace froze for a second. Then a furious blush flooded her face, neck, and chest. She raised a small fist and punched his chest.

“You… what do you take your sister for?! A slut?! And… couldn’t satisfy me?!”

“Then why did you seduce me?”

Ethan shot back without mercy and drove upward hard, the thick cock striking her sensitive core again.

Grace’s whole body shuddered.

“Ah! That’s… that’s because of you!”

“You’re the one… you’re the one who started with Mom… and you were so careless… you let me see… ah… ahh…”

She couldn't continue. Every thrust hammered against her cervix, sending waves of pleasure that scattered her thoughts.

"Ah… haah… ah… stop… stop talking… harder… fuck me harder… fuck me until I break…"

Right now she only wanted to be claimed and filled by the little brother beneath her—someone far stronger than her husband had ever been.

Ethan looked at the way she was actively begging and smiled faintly. He lowered his head and spoke in a commanding tone.

"Call me husband. Then I'll fuck you hard."

"…"

Grace's body stiffened.

"Are you going to?"

When she hesitated, he stopped moving entirely. He kept the cock—already coated in her slick and his cum—buried deep and began rotating and grinding it maliciously inside her.

"Ah… mm… it feels so empty…"

Her hesitation only lasted a moment of shock, not refusal.

After he had come inside her the first time, she had already felt that nothing else mattered.

Ethics, morality, the title of wife—none of it held any weight next to the powerful cock filling her.

Her little brother was excellent. Handsome, generous with money, the type who would transfer ten thousand the moment he saw her unhappy.

Most importantly, he was obsessed with her body, obsessed with her, and he could fuck her until she felt like she was floating.

Where else in the world would she find a man this perfect?

Once she accepted that, the last of her resistance dissolved.

"Hus… band…"

"Louder. I can't hear you."

"Husband!"

Grace happily cradled his head, pressing her soft lips to his ear and whispering the word over and over without tiring.

“Husband… husband… my little brother husband… fuck Sis hard, okay… fuck Sis to death on your big cock… ah… ah… ah… ah… ah…”

Her reaction surprised him again.

He had expected more resistance. Instead she had dropped every last bit of pride and fallen completely, willingly.

Didn’t that just prove he had conquered her?

The realization removed any remaining restraint.

“Slutty sister… my good wife!”

Ethan let out an excited growl. Both hands gripped the soft, bouncy flesh of her ass. His waist snapped upward like a spring, driving into her soaked, bare cunt with the hardest, fastest thrusts yet.

Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!

Sharp, wet sounds of flesh meeting flesh echoed through the hotel room.

“Ahh so good! Ahh! Little brother husband is amazing! So good! You’re hitting it! Hitting it again! Ahhh mmn! I can’t… I’m going to come! Husband! Let’s come together, okay! Come inside Sis together!”

Grace’s full E-cup breasts bounced and rolled with every impact, creating obscene waves.

Ethan didn’t speak. All his focus was on the rhythm of his thrusts. Between the tight, hot, dripping grip of her cunt and the filthy words spilling from her mouth, he could feel his control slipping, pleasure surging toward his head.

“Sis… I’m close too…”

“Mm… ahh… together… come inside together… husband…”

“Ah—!”

On his final deep thrust, both their bodies arched high, then crashed back down, fitting together perfectly.

His cock pulsed and flooded her once more.

Ethan emptied his fourth load into the sister who was now calling him husband.

This time he came harder and deeper than any of the times before.

As if he truly intended to plant a child in her.

CHAPTER 57

A Girl Named Ava

The afterglow still lingered in the hotel room. The air carried a heavy, intimate scent.

Ethan Hale and Grace Hale lay tangled together, naked. The sheets were shoved to the foot of the bed in a messy pile, dark with sweat in wide patches.

Time slipped past without them noticing. The clock on the wall quietly edged toward midnight.

Ethan rolled to the side, grabbed his phone from the nightstand, unlocked it, and opened his chat with Sophie. His thumbs moved quickly.

"What are you doing?"

Grace's warm, soft body pressed against his back.

Her face was still flushed. She pushed her full E-cup breasts tightly against his spine, chin resting on his shoulder as she curiously watched the screen. The nipples that had been played with earlier had returned to a soft brown after a short rest, but they were still stiff, brushing lightly against his skin with every breath.

Ethan didn't turn around. His free left hand reached back and gently stroked the top of her head.

"Just letting Sophie know about us."

Grace let out a soft hum through her nose—part confusion, part challenge.

"You two are really that close? She watches you mess around with other people and doesn't get jealous? I don't buy it."

Her warm breath brushed his ear, leaving a ticklish heat.

Ethan was about to explain, but Grace moved faster than his words.

In the next moment she flipped over, slid off him with surprising ease, and knelt at the edge of the bed. She lowered her head, opened her wet lips, and took the soft cock that had already come four times into her mouth.

"Mm…"

Even though he was tired, the warm, slick heat of her mouth made him harden again almost immediately.

Grace's technique was clearly inexperienced. She mostly just used her lips and the inside of her mouth to suck on the thick length. It didn't look like something a mother would do—more like a girl tasting forbidden fruit for the first time, clumsy but earnest.

The sudden stimulation made Ethan's body twitch. A low, satisfied sound left him, followed by a quiet urge to teach.

He smiled and spoke in a patient, guiding tone.

"Sis, use your tongue… yeah, press it against the head and swirl… like that…"

Grace stopped abruptly. She lifted her head with a soft *pop*, a thin strand of spit stretching from the corner of her mouth, looking both lewd and strangely innocent.

Being taught by her own little brother irritated her. She shot him a glare full of embarrassment and annoyance.

"What do you mean 'like that'? Stop lecturing me. Don't forget—I'm your older sister."

She pouted, but one of her soft hands reached out again and wrapped around his cock, stroking it at a steady pace. The veiny shaft was slick with spit, sliding smoothly through her fingers.

While she played with him, she suddenly changed the subject.

"Did Sophie reply?"

Ethan answered with restrained calm. "Yeah."

"What did she say?"

Grace refused to let it go. Still holding his cock, she stretched her pale, elegant neck, trying to see the screen.

Ethan simply turned the phone toward her.

Grace read Sophie's message word by word.

"Got it. Come home soon, hubby. I'm scared all alone, wuwu… By the way, Mom's watching the baby."

A complicated sourness rose in her chest.

Her expression shifted. There was envy, jealousy, and a quiet sense of loss.

The easy intimacy between her brother and his wife felt like an invisible thorn pressing into the part of her heart that had already dried out from her failed marriage.

"Sis, what's with that face? Jealous?"

Ethan watched the change in her mood and teased her lightly.

Grace didn't answer. She suddenly let go, lunged forward, and hugged him with everything she had, burying her face against his chest as if she wanted to crawl inside his body.

Ethan froze for a second, then understood the insecurity and fragility underneath.

He dropped the teasing and held her back gently, one broad hand stroking the smooth line of her back in slow, steady passes.

A while later he checked the time again.

"Sis, we should head back."

"Mm…"

Grace's reply was muffled against him. She slowly sat up, cupped his face with both hands, and kissed him without hesitation.

Ethan was briefly surprised, then kissed her back. His tongue slipped past her teeth and tangled with hers.

When they finally parted, both of them were breathing harder.

Looking at her right now—eyes soft, cheeks flushed, the way she leaned into him—Ethan thought about her failed marriage, the husband who couldn't satisfy her, and everything that had happened tonight.

Her body was fully ripe. Most men wouldn't be able to handle it.

A wave of tenderness rose in him. He brushed his thumb lightly across her soft lips and made a quiet promise.

"Don't worry, Sis. As long as your little brother is around, I'll make sure you're properly fed."

Grace finally smiled, bright and unguarded, the corners of her eyes turning soft and alluring.

"Mm! Then let's go. Home."

For a moment Ethan saw the older sister from his memories again—the capable, protective one. The sexual filter that had covered her tonight faded, leaving only the warmth of family.

"Yeah. Home."

(A short transition, then the story continues with the sister threesome line.)

Three days passed.

The house stayed strangely calm.

Ethan was buried in work. The big project he had closed earlier had officially kicked off, and he was running from early morning until late at night with almost no breathing room.

Sophie had returned from her business trip only to run straight into an urgent company launch. She was just as busy. The two of them barely had time to touch each other in bed before collapsing into sleep.

There was even less chance for any secret meetings with Richard.

Richard grew irritable because of it. Several times in the study he watched Sophie come home in a tight work dress, the sway of her back and hips making his darkening cock twitch inside his pants, but there was never a clean opportunity.

Grace, ironically, was living the best of anyone in the house.

The four rounds of intense sex with her brother at the hotel had thoroughly satisfied her long-starved body.

A woman who had been properly fucked glowed from the inside out.

At home Grace looked radiant. Her skin was flushed and full of color. When she walked, her waist swayed and her full ass moved in a soft, eye-catching arc.

She no longer carried the heavy, depressed air she'd had when she first returned. Every day she hummed lightly while taking care of her son, folding clothes, and looking up new recipes. The house ran smoothly under her hands.

Helen saw the change in her daughter and assumed she was finally adjusting to life back at the family home and stepping out of the shadow of her failed marriage. She felt relieved, completely unaware that the glow came from taboo sex with her own brother.

Today was the fifteenth day of the first lunar month—Lantern Festival.

It should have been a day for family, sweet rice dumplings, and lanterns.

Instead, Ethan stood at the gate of a key university in the city with two of his employees, running a simple recruiting booth.

A sharp winter wind cut across the early spring campus, making the recruitment posters flutter.

Beside him, a newly hired young guy hunched his shoulders against the cold, breath fogging white as he asked,

"Boss, school hasn't even officially started yet. Are we really going to get anyone out here? It's freezing."

"That's why you still have things to learn."

Ethan stood in a black down jacket, hands in his pockets, calmly watching the sparse flow of students entering and leaving the gate.

The other employee offered him a cigarette. Ethan waved it off.

He had quit smoking after getting married, for the sake of trying for a baby. These two were still new enough that they didn't know.

When both of them still looked confused about why they were recruiting on such a cold day, Ethan explained patiently.

"This university is one of the city's key pilot schools for education reform. Their winter break ends earlier than the others, and they start earlier too."

"Even though it's Lantern Festival, today is also the first day for new students to report early for pre-semester military training and orientation."

"Every other campus is still empty. This is the only place where the smartest, most motivated students in the city are already gathered. We want to lock in the good ones before anyone else gets here."

The two young men nodded along, suddenly understanding. Their respect for Ethan's foresight rose a notch.

While they were talking, a figure stopped in front of the booth.

It was a girl with her hair in a high ponytail, wearing a slightly worn white down jacket.

Even under the thick winter clothes, her figure was impossible to fully hide.

The front of the jacket was pushed out into a full, high curve, clearly concealing a pair of substantial breasts.

Below, she wore tight jeans that wrapped around long, straight legs. A simple canvas bag hung from her shoulder. The overall impression was plain and understated—exactly the image people had of a hardworking college student.

The cold wind had flushed her pale face pink. She stood a little nervously in front of the booth, large clear eyes looking at Ethan as she asked in a soft, careful voice,

"Um… hello. Are you hiring part-time?"

Ethan looked her over without showing anything on his face.

His gaze moved from her cold-reddened nose to the full chest, then down to the round hips tightly wrapped in jeans.

Inside, he made a quick assessment.

An unpolished piece of jade that already showed impressive assets.

He pushed the flicker of interest down and switched to a professional tone.

"Yeah, we're hiring. You'd come in every afternoon and work until nine at night. If it conflicts with evening self-study, the company can issue an internship certificate so your counselor can approve an exemption."

The girl's eyes brightened, then she hesitated.

"Then… the pay…"

Ethan held up two fingers.

"Two thousand a month. We cover round-trip transportation and one dinner."

For a college student, the offer was generous.

Her face immediately lit up with poorly hidden excitement, eyes sparkling.

"…Then… can I apply?"

"You can."

Ethan nodded, then added,

"But the position requires a simple written test first. If you pass, you'll need to sign a three-year internship contract with the company. During that time we'll train you systematically."

“Of course, if you break the contract early, there will be a penalty fee.”

The goal of this recruitment had always been to develop long-term talent, not temporary help. The binding contract protected the company’s investment and pushed the new hires to take it seriously.

The girl was clearly inexperienced. A brief hesitation crossed her face, but it passed quickly. She seemed to talk herself into it, then nodded firmly.

“Okay. I’m willing.”

Ethan handed her a registration form and a pen so she could leave her contact information.

When she bent over to fill it out, the collar of her down jacket loosened slightly. Ethan’s eyes accidentally caught a glimpse of pale skin.

He tensed and quickly looked away. Then he saw the name she wrote in neat, delicate characters:

Ava Reed.

The handwriting matched her—clean and pretty.

“Alright. Go back and wait for our call about the written test.”

Ethan took the form, voice neutral.

“Okay. Thank you, big brother.”

Ava gave him a sweet smile and turned to leave.

Just as she started walking, Ethan called out again.

“Ava.”

She looked back, ponytail swinging in a clean arc.

“Is there something else?”

“If any of your classmates are interested, feel free to send them over. There’s a referral bonus if they get hired.”

Ethan offered a friendly smile.

Ava thought for a second, then nodded. “Okay, I understand. Goodbye, big brother.”

He watched her lively figure disappear deeper into the campus before the smile slowly faded from his mouth.

The plan was only to hire two people. This girl named Ava had a clear, clean look about her. Ethan was almost certain she would pass the test.

That meant half of today’s work was already done.

The three of them waited another hour in the cold wind. No other suitable candidates appeared.

Ethan checked the time and spoke.

"Alright, that's enough for today. Pack it up."

The younger employee who had been playing on his phone the whole time looked up sharply.

"Huh? Boss, we're wrapping up this early…"

Halfway through the sentence he seemed to realize something. A knowing, slightly dirty grin appeared.

"Damn… Boss, you didn't plan this whole thing just so you could finish early and go home for the holiday, did you?"

Ethan was already efficiently packing the materials. He glanced back at the kid and laughed.

"Took you long enough. Hurry up and clean this up. We're going home to eat dumplings."

"Okay, okay! Home for dumplings!"

The two employees cheered and started moving faster.

On the drive back, Ethan turned the heater up high.

A festive Lantern Festival song played on the radio.

The city streets were lighting up, lanterns and decorations everywhere, full of holiday atmosphere.

But Ethan's thoughts drifted.

The image of the girl named Ava kept rising in his mind without permission.

Her pure face, those slightly timid yet stubborn eyes, and the full breasts that the thick winter jacket couldn't completely hide…

It was a kind of youthful energy completely different from Sophie's mature sexiness, Grace's lush softness, or Helen's refined allure.

Like an unripe fruit waiting to be picked.

The thought stirred a familiar heat low in his abdomen. His cock twitched and began to harden inside his pants.

Ethan laughed at himself.

He really was getting more and more lecherous.

CHAPTER 58

Close as Siblings

A little past one in the afternoon.

Ethan drove into the underground garage of their luxury condo and parked. Outside the wind was howling, sharp and cold, but the moment he turned the key and stepped inside, a completely different warmth rushed to meet him.

The smell of home.

Warmth.

The living room looked the same as always.

The big mahogany dining table was empty. The TV was on, volume deliberately low, replaying some afternoon variety show. On the sofa sat his mother, Helen, and his sister, Grace, side by side.

Helen was wearing a pale off-white turtleneck sweater that clung tightly to her full, mature curves. The soft, heavy swell of her breasts stretched the knit clearly enough that the texture of the wool rose and fell with every breath. Below, she wore fitted black pants, legs crossed, long and shapely even under the fabric. A pair of thin gold-rimmed glasses sat on her face—age, or maybe just the afternoon light—and her still-alluring almond eyes were fixed on the screen.

Grace looked far more relaxed. She was in a soft pink fleece lounge set. The oversized sweater swallowed the impressive E-cup breasts that usually dominated any room, making her look like a big, lazy cat sprawled across the cushions. Her legs were folded under her; the plush, generous curves of her ass had pressed a deep indent into the sofa. Her pale ankles were bare, toes small and rounded, the kind of feet that made a man want to reach over and play with them.

A few feet away, in the bassinet beside the sofa, her baby, Mason, slept soundly, cheeks flushed pink.

Sophie and Richard weren't home yet.

Right now it was just Ethan, his mother, and Grace.

"Mom, Grace, I'm back."

He called it out from the entryway as he toed off his shoes.

Helen turned at the sound. The moment she saw her son, her face softened into a warm smile, those almond eyes curving into pretty crescents.

"You're home this early? I thought you wouldn't be back till tonight."

Ethan shrugged out of the coat the wind had soaked through, leaving only a thin sweater, and walked over with a grin. He dropped onto the sofa, wedging himself right into the space between mother and sister.

"Heh. Pulled a little trick today. Got things wrapped up so I could sneak home early for tangyuan."

Helen stood up immediately.

"Then I'll start the dough now."

Ethan nodded. "I want the red-bean ones."

She gave him that indulgent look mothers reserve for their sons and smiled. "Alright."

She headed for the kitchen with long strides.

Ethan's eyes followed the round, swaying curve of her ass without quite meaning to, as if he'd forgotten there was another woman sitting right beside him.

Grace turned her head. Eyes that were a solid seventy percent Helen's slanted toward him. The moment she saw the faintly lecherous smile on her handsome younger brother's face, she knew exactly what he was thinking. She reached over, pinched a small bit of soft flesh on the inside of his thigh, and twisted with about thirty percent of her strength.

"Hss—"

Ethan sucked in a sharp breath at the sting. With their mother still within earshot he didn't dare yell, so he just whipped his head around and glared at his sister. The look said *Ow! What the hell, Grace?*

Grace met the glare and didn't push it further. She let go, leaned in close, and tapped the tip of his nose with one long finger, warning him with nothing but her eyes.

"Ethan, I'm warning you. Don't start getting ideas in the middle of the afternoon. Mom's still home. If this gets out, how is she supposed to hold her head up?"

The way she said it—half scolding, half sultry—landed on Ethan with zero deterrent and full provocation. Heat flared low in his gut.

He glanced toward the kitchen. No sign of Helen. Quietly he slipped his left arm around Grace and pulled her tight against him. Her waist was soft, plush, and felt perfect under his hand.

"Grace, look how funny that guy is…"

He used the TV as cover while his right hand slid under the hem of her loose sweater.

"Ah—"

Grace let out a short, startled sound. Her whole body went taut as a string.

Ethan's palm, still cold from outside, settled precisely over the warm, heavy curve of her right breast through the thin nursing bra.

"God, that's cold."

He was already burning. He deliberately left his hand there, savoring the clash of ice and heat. The breast was impossible to fully cup—dense, heavy, absurdly soft even through the fabric.

Grace shivered at the chill, but the slow, possessive kneading that followed sent a hot, syrupy ache straight through her. After that night a few days ago, when Ethan had fucked her full and left her floating, her body was still in that raw, hungry state. She had no defense against this.

Heat coiled low in her belly. A faint wetness gathered at the bare, smooth cleft between her legs.

Ethan pressed the advantage. He brought his mouth to her small ear and exhaled warm, damp breath.

"Grace… your tits are so hot. Warm my hands up."

The crude request lit her up completely. It had been four days since he'd touched her. Her body had been waiting.

She pressed her lips together, made one last show of resistance, then tipped her head back onto his shoulder. Turning, she brought her own damp red mouth to his ear and answered in a trembling, almost whimpering voice:

"Then… then be gentle… don't squeeze the milk out… my… little-brother husband~"

The last words came out soft, looping, filthy-sweet.

Ethan felt a jolt go straight through his chest and straight to his cock. The thick length in his pants surged upright, rock hard.

“Okay… my big-sister wife.”

He answered with the same barely restrained heat, tightened the arm around her waist, and let the hand under her sweater get rougher. He squeezed the heavy, melon-sized breast for a while, then found the already-stiff nipple through the bra and flicked it with just the right pressure.

“Mm…”

Grace’s throat released a tiny moan. Her face had gone soft and flushed with need. With Helen only a room away she couldn’t let go, so she bit her lower lip and swallowed the rest of the sound.

They stayed like that—intimate, wrong, perfect.

Grace was almost entirely in Ethan’s arms, head resting against his shoulder, long hair spilling down to hide half her pink cheek. His right hand was completely hidden under the oversized sweater, openly playing with her E-cup breast. Even if Helen walked out right now, all she would see was a brother and sister cuddling the way they used to as kids. Nothing obvious. Unless she took off the filter of motherhood and looked with different eyes.

Ethan’s hand grew bolder. His warming palm was just about to slip under the edge of the nursing bra and touch bare skin when a voice cut through.

“Grace, come give me a hand with—”

Helen stood in the kitchen doorway. She had on a floral apron and held a spoon, voice kept low. The moment she saw the picture on the sofa, the rest of the sentence stuck in her throat.

Ethan froze.

The hand still cupping his sister’s breast felt the sudden spike of her heartbeat under his palm.

Grace, for all her earlier boldness, was still a woman with limited nerve. Being caught mid-groping by their mother made her flinch hard. The pretty flush on her face drained to white in a second. She didn’t dare breathe.

Helen stood there, beautiful almond eyes quietly watching them. The moment stretched, frozen. A strange, delicate standoff.

Ethan could see the fine fibers of her turtleneck and the slight part of her lips in surprise. He couldn't tell whether she had also seen exactly where his hand was.

Helen's gaze moved over how tightly they were pressed together. It did look… overly intimate. Ethan was about to be a father. Grace already was a mother. Clinging like that was a little much.

But mothers look at their children through a thick filter. Especially after the mess of her husband's affair and the cracked family this Chinese New Year, Helen needed the picture of harmony. Even though both kids were well into their twenties, in her eyes they were still the little boy and girl who used to wrestle and refuse to be separated.

The crisis passed. In a few seconds her expression shifted from startled to helpless fondness. She shook her head and scolded gently:

"One of you is already a mother, the other's about to be a father, and you're still stuck together like a couple of kids. What does that look like?"

Both of them exhaled at the same time.

Ethan was fastest. He didn't let go. If anything he pulled Grace a little tighter, put on the bright, harmless smile parents love, and said,

"Mom, come on. No matter how big we get, we're still your kids, right? Still brother and sister. I just got back from outside—it's freezing. I'm just borrowing Grace for a little warmth."

The half-true line landed perfectly. Helen's smile deepened, even the fine lines at the corners of her eyes softening. She waved a hand.

"Alright, alright. You and that mouth. Stop fooling around. Grace, come help me with the dough in a minute."

She turned and walked back into the kitchen, the full, rounded curve of her ass swaying. A moment later the faucet was running hard.

The danger had passed, but Grace was still shaken, chest rising and falling fast. The second she tried to sit up and escape, the arm still around her soft waist locked her in place.

"Grace, don't rush…"

The near-miss hadn't cooled Ethan at all. If anything the thrill of almost getting caught had his cock aching, hard enough to hurt.

"No—Ethan! Mom's right there in the kitchen…"

She glanced at the unmistakable tent in his pants. Cold fear washed through her. She pushed at his chest, but she had no real strength; it came out more like teasing.

"Grace…"

He needed an outlet. He turned his head and checked the kitchen. From this angle all he could see was Helen's busy back at the sink, and the water was running loud enough to cover almost anything.

Maybe they really could risk it.

He leaned in, opened his mouth, and flicked the tip of his tongue across her earlobe. Grace shivered hard.

"Grace, Mom's busy. She's not coming back out. Give me a few minutes… just a few minutes. I promise I'll finish."

Caught off guard by the lick, her body went soft. She actually heard him. She turned, checked the kitchen herself, and saw that he was right—Helen wasn't coming out any time soon.

Grace gave up on running. Head lowered, voice barely a whisper:

"Then… then how do you want to do it."

Ethan smiled.

He leaned even closer and said two words.

"With. Your. Mouth."

The color that had drained from Grace's face rushed back. In the living room? With their mother right there in the kitchen? That was—

"You…"

She wanted to refuse. She remembered how long he could last, and how average her own oral skills were. If it went over time and they got caught…

She didn't let herself finish the thought. She just looked at him, uncertain.

"Are you sure?"

Ethan nodded hard.

He knew that if he didn't hold back, he came fast—especially under this kind of risk. A few minutes of Grace's mouth would be enough.

"You have to be quick, otherwise—"

She didn't get to finish. Ethan was already done waiting.

He didn’t take his pants off. He just yanked the zipper of his dress pants down. A soft *zzzzt*, then his hand reached in and pulled out the thick, fully hard cock.

“Hhh…”

The heavy, vein-laced, dark-red length jumped the moment air hit it. Heat rose off the shaft. The swollen head was flushed and mean, a thin clear strand already beading at the slit. The dense, ripe male smell of an adult man flooded the space between them.

CHAPTER 59

Restless Hunger

The second Grace saw her brother suddenly pull that thick, dangerous length out of his pants, her breath caught hard in her throat.

A few days ago it had been this exact thing slamming into her body, driving her past every limit she thought she had and giving her a kind of pleasure she'd never known existed. Seeing it again, the last scraps of resistance in her chest dissolved.

Her throat went dry. Heat gathered low in her belly. The smooth, bare slit between her legs started to weep again. Her hazy eyes locked straight onto her brother's cock. She swallowed, lips parting, the picture of a woman already lost to the sight of her little brother's dick.

The look on her face made Ethan's blood surge higher. His cock twitched and jumped upward.

He couldn't help teasing her.

"Grace… have you always been this fucking slutty?"

Grace snapped back to herself. She lifted her flushed face and shot him a sharp glare.

"None of your business!"

After the scolding she pressed her lips together, like she'd finally made up her mind. She brushed the stray hair behind her ear, took a deep breath, and leaned down.

She didn't open her mouth right away. Instead she brought her nose close to the hot shaft and inhaled deeply.

Ethan had been out working all afternoon. The head carried a sharp, ripe musk—not overwhelming, but thick with male scent. The moment it hit her nostrils it flipped a switch. Grace's face went soft and dazed; a low, satisfied hum slipped out of her.

Ethan watched her pale cheek press so close to the ugly length of him. He put a hand on the back of her head.

"Grace… hurry."

She obeyed. Lips parted. She lined up with the dark, swollen head and slowly took it in.

"Mm—!"

The second her hot mouth sealed around the whole crown, Ethan's body jerked. Pleasure slammed up his spine and into his skull. It was better than he expected. Maybe because everything else had been stripped away and it was only her mouth, the heat and slickness hit harder than he remembered.

He kept one eye glued on the kitchen while she worked him. Helen's silhouette was still moving, busy, the water still running. The sheer wrongness of it made his scalp tingle. Strangely, though, he still wasn't close.

The reason was simple: Grace's technique was clumsy.

She took half his length and started bobbing like a complete beginner, using her mouth like she was trying to fuck him with it. No suction in her cheeks. No spit to make it wetter. No attempt at going deeper. Just mechanical up-and-down in the middle of the shaft.

It left him hovering. Being in her mouth at all was already filthy and hot, but at this pace he might not come for half an hour.

He sighed inwardly.

Looks like I still have to teach her.

He leaned down, fingers sliding into her hair, and murmured against her ear.

"Grace… not like that. Use your tongue. Lick the head… yeah… don't bite—lighter. Lick the ridge… right there…"

Grace answered with muffled sounds, clearly understanding. She stopped the mindless bobbing and put her tongue to work. The tip circled the hot crown awkwardly, then followed his instructions and dragged along the sensitive groove. She even pressed the tip against the slit.

"Ah… fuck…"

The difference was immediate. Sharp, electric pulses shot from the head of his cock through his whole body. Her inexperience somehow made it worse—or better. A practiced mouth knew exactly what it was doing and the calculation showed. Grace was still figuring it out, mixing his directions with her own desire to do it right. Her tongue wandered

left, then right, light one second and heavier the next. The unpredictability drove him crazy.

Ethan straightened a little, face tight with pleasure.

"Yeah… that's it… that's it…"

The pressure built fast. His hand tightened in her hair. He started rocking his hips in small thrusts, chasing her tongue with the head of his cock.

"Grace… almost… faster…"

His breathing turned ragged. The peak hit. He couldn't hold it. His hips snapped upward hard, several deep thrusts that shoved toward the back of her throat.

"Mm—!"

Grace gagged. Ethan didn't care.

"Coming—"

He growled it low. The slit opened and thick, hot ropes of cum—slightly yellowed from the long day—blasted into her mouth.

Spurt. Spurt. Spurt.

More than a dozen heavy pulses filled her completely.

"Mm… mmph…"

Her cheeks ballooned. The dense, bitter-salt taste flooded her tongue. She didn't spit. Eyes closed, she swallowed hard. One thick gulp took the whole load, mixed with her own spit, down her throat.

It felt like she'd just forced down an entire bottle of yogurt that had been left open too long—thick, rank, faintly salty, sliding down her soft esophagus.

"Ugh…"

A small dry heave escaped her. When she lifted her head her pretty face was twisted with discomfort. Tears had sprung at the corners of her eyes from the choke. A white thread she hadn't managed to swallow spilled from the corner of her mouth and hung on her chin.

Ethan was still floating from the orgasm. Seeing her like that—wrecked, filthy, and having actually swallowed every drop—hit him with a fresh, twisted rush of conquest. The heat roared back instantly.

He didn't care that he'd just come in her mouth. He grabbed her face with both hands and kissed her hard.

“Mm?!”

Grace froze. She remembered what was still coating her tongue and teeth. Instinct made her clench her jaw shut. Ethan didn’t stop. He pushed his tongue against her teeth like a man possessed, then switched tactics and licked slowly across every tooth and along her gums the way someone might clean with a toothbrush.

She fought it for a moment, then gave in. Part of her wanted his tongue anyway. The second her jaw loosened he drove in, caught her tongue, and the two of them kissed deep and messy, trading spit that still tasted of his cum.

The kiss lasted about a minute.

“Hah… hah…”

Ethan finally pulled back. A long, shining string of saliva stretched between their mouths. Grace gasped hard, chest heaving. The first thing she did was glance toward the kitchen.

Helen was still busy. No sign she’d noticed.

Relief flooded Grace. She turned back to Ethan, eyes wet and sharp, and pinched the muscle of his thigh hard while she hissed under her breath:

“You really are… a pervert!”

Ethan grinned. He wiped the white smear from the corner of her mouth with his thumb, sucked the finger clean, then asked,

“So… did you like it?”

Grace’s eyes slid away. She didn’t want to answer straight. A slow, wicked smile curved her lips.

“Guess.”

She slipped out of his arms before he could reply, stood, and straightened the wrinkled pink sweater. Then she walked toward the kitchen, hips rolling, that full, heavy ass swaying with every step.

Ethan watched her go, dazed. The lewd motion of her backside and the words she’d just said sat together in perfect, absurd harmony.

“Mom, I’m here to help. We’re making the dough, right?”

—

The Lantern Festival dinner passed on the surface in warm light and forced cheer. Underneath, currents moved in every chest.

Grace was the only one whose expression kept slipping. She held Mason, ate the rice balls in small bites, and her eyes kept drifting—father, mother, brother, sister-in-law. Knowing what she now knew about the house made the picture of family reunion feel slightly unreal.

Worse, the afternoon on the sofa had left her unfinished. Ethan had come hard in her mouth, but her own need had only been stirred. A faint salty aftertaste still lingered on her tongue. Between her legs the soft, bare mound pulsed with empty, restless heat.

She focused on her son instead.

After dinner everyone scattered. Ethan and Sophie traded a look only the two of them understood, then excused themselves early and went upstairs hand in hand, like they had something urgent to take care of.

In the living room the ice between Helen and Richard still hadn't thawed. Helen cleared the table in silence. Richard's face stayed dark; he walked into the study without a word. He was still sleeping in there. He'd bought a better mattress, at least, so his back wasn't as bad.

Grace had already guessed the real reason from what Ethan had told her. Father's betrayal. Mother's retaliation. She watched quietly and didn't ask. As long as the surface stayed intact, it was enough for her. She had neither the nerve nor the skill to step into decades of their marriage and try to fix it.

The truth was Grace had never been especially sharp about people or sex. If she had been, her old husband might not have been so scared of how much she needed that he went looking for other women. And she certainly wouldn't have watched her brother fuck their mother in the kitchen, felt her own body light up instead of panic, and then dragged him to a hotel and fallen completely under his cock.

She sighed softly, looking at the empty living room, then carried her sleepy son upstairs.

When she passed Ethan and Sophie's master bedroom the door was shut. Faint voices and low laughter still leaked through the gap. Grace's steps slowed for half a second. She didn't want to hear more. Those private sounds between husband and wife only made the empty ache inside her sharper. She quickened her pace and carried Mason into her own room.

CHAPTER 60

A Bold Design

Inside Ethan's room.

A soft click—Sophie locked the door from the inside.

Neither of them had changed out of the clothes they'd worn at dinner. Ethan had barely found his footing when Sophie suddenly wrapped her arms around him from behind and, with surprising strength, shoved him backward onto the big soft bed the two of them shared.

"Mmph—!"

He went down hard, caught off guard. Before he could even ask what she was doing, a soft, springy body was already on top of him.

Sophie sprawled across his chest. The full, pale D-cups she usually kept under ordinary clothes were squashed and deformed by the angle.

"Babe, what's the surprise? You're being all mysterious. I haven't even showered yet."

Ethan laughed under her weight, hands sliding naturally around her narrow waist.

"Hehe. You'll see in a minute."

A sly, wicked little smile lifted the corners of her mouth. She leaned down. Her long hair spilled over him like a dark waterfall; a few strands tickled his cheek.

"Husband… kiss me."

Her voice had gone sweet and sticky. She looped her bare arms around his neck. Her mood was unusually bright tonight. She'd kicked off her slippers; her legs dangled off the edge of the bed, swinging idly, white and distracting.

Ethan gave her the fond, helpless look he always wore when she got like this and leaned in to kiss the red mouth that was already so close.

"Mm… nn…"

Tongues slid together. Saliva mixed. He sucked lightly at her tongue the way he might sip something sweet, and he could still taste the faint sugar of the rice balls from dinner on her. Sophie, already thoroughly

worked up, deepened the kiss on her own. They rolled across the mattress, mouths locked, heat climbing fast.

When they finally broke apart both of them were breathing hard.

Ethan's cock was painfully stiff. The longer she stayed pressed against him without doing anything else, the worse it got.

"Alright, wife. What is it? I'm dying here."

Sophie felt the thick, rigid length pushing against her lower belly through both their clothes. The feminine instinct it triggered made her cunt clench and grow wetter. She still wanted to wait. Good things were better when they were saved for last, and tonight's meal wasn't quite ready yet.

She flicked the tip of her tongue over her swollen lower lip, eyes half-lidded and teasing.

"Why so impatient…"

She deliberately rolled her hips and ground the heat between her legs—still covered by two layers of fabric—against the hard ridge of his cock.

"Fuck…" Ethan hissed through his teeth.

Sophie giggled, pleased. Then she braced her hands on his chest, slid off him, stood up, and looked down at him with a commanding little smile.

"Take your clothes off yourself. Then turn around. No peeking."

Ethan recognized the look. She was planning something big tonight. He didn't argue. He got up, turned his back to her, and stripped quickly—shirt, pants, underwear—until he stood naked in the room.

He'd inherited his father's solid build but carried it taller and cleaner. Broad shoulders, thick back muscles, clear abs, strong calves. And between his legs the long, heavy cock stood fully erect, veins raised under the darker skin, the swollen head flushed deep purple and pressed tight against his lower stomach. The body itself looked like walking aphrodisiac. No wonder both Helen and Grace had fallen for it so completely.

Seconds ticked by. The only sound was the soft rustle of fabric from Sophie's side of the room.

After about three minutes Ethan's patience started to fray. His cock had been out in the cool air long enough that it was beginning to ache.

"Babe, you done yet? I'm wilting over here."

Her voice came back immediately, sweet and a little flustered.

"Ugh, these stockings are impossible… almost, almost!"

Stockings.

The word lit up every old memory at once. Back when they were newly married and still living alone, the two of them had loved playing with stockings—especially black ones. Ethan liked the way she looked when he fucked her in them. After they moved in with his parents the opportunities had dried up. They almost never did it anymore. Hearing her say the word now felt like something half-forgotten being dragged back into the light.

His cock thickened another fraction while he waited.

Then her voice, lighter:

"Okay! You can… turn around!"

Ethan spun.

What he saw stopped his breath.

Sophie stood at the foot of the bed with her arms slightly out, presenting herself.

"Ta-da~ Look."

She was wearing a set of black lingerie he had never seen before—minimal, professional, built for one purpose. Not ordinary sheer pantyhose. Proper garter stockings. Four thin black straps ran from a waistband so narrow it barely existed, down to black fishnet stockings that wrapped her long, pale legs. Every hole in the net dug into the soft flesh of her thighs and calves. Her small feet looked delicate and filthy inside the mesh.

The open panels at her hips made her ass look even rounder. But the top was the real shock.

It couldn't really be called a bra. Two black "brackets" of fabric cupped only the lower halves of her breasts and pushed them upward. Everything else—the upper curves, the pink nipples, the areolae—was completely bare. The contrast of black fabric against pale skin was brutal. Both nipples were already hard, shining under the light, obscene.

And she wasn't wearing panties.

The neat little patch of trimmed hair, the soft mound, the pink inner lips—all of it was right there in the open. A thin sheen of wetness already glistened at the entrance from whatever she'd been doing while he waited.

Ethan's throat moved. He swallowed.

"Wife… it's just Lantern Festival. Did you really have to go this hard?"

There were two meanings in the question. First, she'd clearly spent time and money on this outfit. Second, he knew his wife. When Sophie dressed like this on purpose, it usually meant they weren't stopping until two or three in the morning and she'd come at least seven or eight times.

Sophie read the flicker of concern in his eyes. She arched her back so the bracketed breasts lifted higher and looked at him with that mix of innocence and pure filth.

"What, you don't like it?"

"I like it. Jesus Christ, I love it."

Ethan shook his head hard. Days of work fatigue vanished under the visual hit. If his wife wanted it, he wasn't going to play the reluctant husband. They were going until neither of them could walk. Tonight he was going to ruin this lingerie and fuck her until she was crying.

He growled low, stepped forward, and scooped her up by the waist.

"Ah—!"

Sophie yelped. Her fishnet-covered legs curled instinctively. Ethan carried her to the bed, set her down carefully instead of dropping her, then climbed over her. He used his knees to spread her thighs and settled his weight between them. The thick, purple-headed cock lined up perfectly with her wet opening—hot hardness against slick softness. One small push and he'd be inside.

He looked down at her face, flushed and beautiful, eyes dark and shining with want. His own need peaked.

"Wife…"

Sophie met his gaze without flinching. She lifted her stocking-clad legs and hooked them around his waist, then arched so her bare nipples dragged across his chest.

“Husband…”

“Take me.”

The words set him off, but he didn’t give her what she wanted immediately. A slow, handsome smirk crossed his face.

“Take you?”

“How?”

The air was already thick. He decided to drag it out a little longer and keep control. Tonight was long. Better to make it burn hotter first.

When she didn’t answer he lowered his head—not to her mouth, but to the completely exposed breasts framed by the brackets. His tongue dragged across the smooth upper curve of one. Sophie shivered. Then he took the hard pink nipple into his mouth, teeth grazing, tongue circling hard. Wet sucking sounds filled the quiet room.

“Ah—!”

A sharp current shot from her chest straight to the top of her head. Her already wet cunt clenched and pushed out more slick. Her nipples had always been sensitive. Not as extreme as Grace’s, but right now, this close to the edge, the sensation felt almost as strong as being fucked.

“No… husband… not there first… mmh…”

Her body started to twist under him. The more she said no, the more it turned him on. He let the first nipple go and moved to the other, one big hand cupping and squeezing the soft weight while his mouth worked harder.

“Dirty wife… dressed like this… these tits were just waiting for me to suck on them, weren’t they?”

“Mmh… yes… waiting for husband… ah… lighter…”

Her toes curled hard inside the fishnets. While his mouth stayed busy on her chest, his free hand slid down her flat stomach, hooked under one of the tight garter straps, felt the tension, then moved lower. He didn’t go straight for the center. He drew slow circles through the neatly trimmed hair first.

“Tickles… husband… mm…”

Sophie went soft under the teasing. Only after a minute did his fingers finally reach the swollen little bud of her clit and begin to rub it with steady pressure.

“Ahh—!”

The scream tore out of her before she could stop it. A woman’s clit could be more sensitive than a cockhead; the pleasure hit ten times harder than the nipple play had. Ethan chuckled low, feeling how soaked his fingers already were.

“Little slutty cunt… look how wet you are…”

CHAPTER 61

Hot Cheeks

A short while passed.

Ethan was no longer satisfied with the outside. He curled one finger and pressed it against the already soaked opening, then pushed inward with steady force.

Hot, tight, soft. The ridged walls inside closed around the intruder like they were welcoming it.

"One finger and you're already this tight…"

He smirked and added a second finger. The two digits moved together, mimicking thrusts, dragging out wet, obscene squelching sounds that made the air feel thicker.

"Ah… ah… husband… not enough… fingers aren't enough…"

Sophie twisted under him, the almost perfect body rolling with frustration. The halfway pleasure was driving her crazy.

"Get in me… use your big cock… hurry… fuck me…"

She pushed back against his fingers, trying to take them deeper.

"Then take it, my little slutty cunt."

Looking at how wrecked and beautiful she was beneath him, Ethan's control finally snapped. He pulled the two soaked fingers free. A thin, shining strand of her wetness stretched between them and her pink opening. He used it as lube, coating the swollen head of his cock, then gripped the shaft and lined the glistening tip up with her slit.

"Wife, I'm going in."

Sophie's hazy eyes opened. She looked down and watched the thick, familiar length slowly force her soft petals apart.

Squelch…

Just the head sliding in made her gasp with pure relief. The broad crown pushed into the wet entrance.

"Ah… so… so good…"

Her walls stretched to take what belonged to her. Sweat beaded on Ethan's forehead.

Since he'd started fucking Grace, he'd now been inside three women. The comparison came automatically. Helen was deep. Grace was slick. For pure tightness, it was still Sophie.

The thought circled once, then he stopped holding back. His hips dropped hard.

"Ah!"

All the way in.

It had been days. The last time they'd fucked was the fifth night of the new year. After that Sophie had been traveling, or Ethan had come home too late, or the one free night he'd spent with Grace instead. Now the long cock—seventeen centimeters at least—was buried to the root inside his wife again.

A heavy, wet slap sounded as his pelvis met her ass. Both of them froze for several seconds, breath stolen by how deep he was.

Sophie's mind went blank, like the thrust had knocked her soul halfway out of her body.

"So… so full…"

She trembled from the intense fullness. Ethan exhaled a rough, satisfied sound.

"Fuck… still so tight… wife, your little cunt still knows how to suck…"

Her hot walls pulsed and spasmed around him in waves, clamping down on the shaft.

After the brief pause the storm started. Ethan gripped her waist and began long, brutal strokes—pulling out until only the head remained, then driving back in to the hilt without mercy.

"Ah… ah… ah… so good… ah… so deep… ah… so full…"

Sophie moaned without restraint, voice gone sweet and broken. Every thrust was complete. The sound of skin slapping skin mixed with the wet noise of her cunt being stirred, filling the room. The usually solid bed began to creak and rock.

Her breasts, still framed and lifted by the open brackets of the lingerie, bounced hard with every impact, pale and shining.

"Husband… ah… too fast… slower… ah… I can't… your wife's little slutty cunt… ah… you're going to break it…"

Her thoughts were already starting to blur.

"Slower?"

Ethan laughed, breathless and mean.

"You dressed like this just so I'd fuck you slow?"

Whatever restraint he'd had left was gone. He grabbed her fishnet-covered thighs, pushed them up onto his shoulders, and the new angle let him hit even deeper and harder.

"Ah! There… right there… husband… I'm gonna die… ah! You're gonna fuck me to death! Ah! Ah!"

The thick cock kept hammering her cervix. Small orgasms kept crashing into her and getting swallowed by the next wave, building toward something bigger.

"It's still early. Don't talk crazy."

Ethan's eyes were bright. Then a thought hit him and he asked, voice rough:

"Wife… your cunt's this tight, and Dad's cock is thicker than mine… is it hard for him to move? When he fucks you… does he go this deep?"

The cuckold heat made his cock swell thicker inside her on the spot.

"Ah—! I don't… I don't know… husband… I'm dying! I don't know! I don't know! Ah! Ah!"

Mentioning Richard made Sophie's body jerk. The forbidden thrill made her walls clamp down even tighter.

"Hah… this little slutty cunt… the second I say Dad you squeeze like that. You want him to fuck you right now, don't you? He probably feels even better than me when he's inside you, doesn't he!"

Ethan felt the extreme suction and growled, hips speeding up.

"Ahhh… husband… husband… I can't… I'm gonna… gonna come… ah… faster… harder… I'm coming… I'm coming…"

The heat in her lower belly had finally reached the breaking point. The climax was right there.

"Together!"

Ethan felt it too—the rhythmic, pre-orgasm spasms of her walls pulling him right to the edge. He slammed into her a final dozen times, each one brutal enough that it felt like he was trying to ruin her.

"Ahhhhhhh—!!!!"

Sophie screamed. Her back arched hard off the bed like a drawn bow. Her legs shook violently on his shoulders. Hot fluid gushed out of her in thick pulses—one, two, three, more than he could count—soaking the place they were joined and flooding the sheets underneath them in seconds.

The unexpected squirt hit his cockhead like hot water. Ethan's control shattered.

"Fuck—!"

He roared low and buried himself deep, emptying days of built-up cum straight into her womb in heavy, endless spurts.

Both of them lay there afterward, soaked in sweat, gasping. Ethan stayed on top of her, cock still buried and twitching with the last pulses. The room smelled thick with sex. Cum, her fluids, and sweat mixed and ran down the inside of her thighs, turning the black fishnets and the sheets beneath them even darker and stickier.

After a minute Ethan found enough strength to kiss her damp forehead.

"Wife… did it feel good?"

"Mm…"

Sophie looked blissed out, face soft with the afterglow of a real squirt she hadn't had in a long time.

"Husband… you're amazing… I… I think I squirted so much… it's been forever…"

Ethan laughed quietly against her skin.

"Yeah. A lot. I don't think changing the sheets is gonna cut it. We might need a new mattress."

Sophie didn't look guilty. She rubbed her face against his chest, deliberately dragging her still-hard nipples across the muscle.

"Husband… did you… like me in this?"

"I liked it."

Her smile widened.

"Then next time… we can try something else. We don't really have to hide it as much anymore."

"There's more?"

Ethan didn't bother hiding the interest in his eyes.

“Hmph. What did you think…”

Sophie pouted, cute and filthy at the same time.

“We still haven’t tried the nurse outfit… the white one… what do you think?”

Ethan’s body went still. His cock, still half-hard inside her, twitched with fresh interest.

“Wife, let me wipe off real quick and we’ll keep going.”

He started to pull out. A wet, sticky sound followed as the head began to slip free. Right before he was all the way out, Sophie suddenly clamped her thighs together. Her hot cunt caught him again.

“Don’t… don’t leave…”

She switched into a soft, pleading little voice.

“Husband… just stay like this… it’s fine… the baby’s still hungry…”

Ethan looked down at her. Face flushed, eyes unfocused, breasts still rising and falling inside the open lingerie, and between her legs the messy, swollen cunt slowly leaking their mixed fluids. The picture was too good.

“Alright. Tonight I’m feeding you till you’re full, my little princess.”

He pushed her stocking-clad legs aside, gripped her shoulders, and flipped her onto her stomach so she was on her knees.

“No crying later. Or if you cry, it still counts as time.”

Sophie obediently pushed her full ass up. The fishnet stockings framed the swollen, glistening opening between her cheeks, still red and wet from the first round. Ethan knelt behind her, hands on her narrow waist.

“Wife, here I come.”

He lined up and sank in to the hilt again in one smooth thrust.

“Ahhh!”

Sophie howled like a small animal as the emptiness was filled. Ethan didn’t give her time to adjust. He started pounding immediately.

Slap. Slap. Slap. Slap.

His balls and hips slammed into her ass with heavy, rhythmic force. Sophie’s body rocked forward with every thrust. Her pale D-cups bounced hard under her, drawing pretty waves. Ethan’s thick, veined

cock pulled most of the way out, shining with their fluids, then disappeared back into the tight heat.

Then one big hand rose and came down hard across the full cheek that was bouncing under him.

Smack!

The sound was sharp and loud. Sophie yelped, body jerking, her cunt clenching hard around him. A clear red handprint bloomed on the pale skin.

"Husband… why'd you suddenly hit me…"

There was no anger in her voice. Only excitement.

Ethan lifted his hand again and again, bringing his palm down on both cheeks in steady, controlled slaps that made the soft flesh ripple. It looked rough, but he kept the force just on the edge of real pain.

"Little slutty cunt. Ass this fat, it needs to be fucked. Needs to be spanked."

He kept fucking her while he spanked, voice low and filthy.

"Ah! …harder… husband… spank my slutty ass till it's ruined… then fuck my slutty cunt till it's ruined… ah!"

Sophie moaned and pushed back into the slaps, meeting them. The sound of his hand on her ass mixed with the wet slap of his hips, drowning out the quieter sounds of his cock moving inside her.

Pain and pleasure tangled. Sophie felt another orgasm building fast.

"No… I can't… husband… I'm coming again…"

"Husband… ah… husband… I'm… I'm coming again… ahhhhh~"

Her arms and legs gave out. She collapsed forward onto the bed with a soft thud, but her cunt kept spasming wildly, milking his cock hard.

"Wife! Me too!"

Ethan gripped her slim waist and drove into her for another few dozen brutal strokes, then came a second time—thick, hot pulses flooding deep into her.

"Hah… hah… hah…"

He stayed buried for a moment, then leaned forward and rested his chest against her smooth back. The room filled with nothing but their heavy breathing.

A long time later he finally pulled out, slow and reluctant. A soft wet sound, then a thick mix of white and clear fluid spilled from her and ran down her thigh, soaking another large patch of the already ruined sheets.

CHAPTER 62

Three Rounds with the Little Vixen

The afterglow of the second climax had not yet fully faded. The bedroom was thick with the heavy, filthy scent of sex.

Two pale, gleaming bodies lay stacked on the bed.

Ethan was still a little sweaty. He had just pulled his thick cock out of his wife Sophie's body, but he didn't pull away. Instead, he stayed right there, eyes greedy as they raked over the perfect, maddening figure beneath him.

Sophie was covered in a thin sheen of sweat too. The flush of pleasure had spread from her cheeks all the way down to the pale swell of her chest.

The black lace lingerie she was wearing looked even more obscene now. The bold cut-out design across the cups—almost like parentheses—lifted and framed her full, snowy D-cup breasts perfectly, squeezing the soft flesh so it bulged slightly. The pretty pink areolas and the stiff, swollen nipples sat proudly exposed to the air.

Black fishnet stockings sheathed her long, toned legs all the way up to the tops of her thighs, connected to the garter straps of the lingerie, outlining pure, unapologetic sex.

Even in this brief pause, Ethan could already feel his cock stirring again. He pressed Sophie's soft body back down beneath him.

Sophie let out a soft, breathy whimper as another wave of tingling heat rose through her.

When Ethan's broad tongue moved toward her, Sophie obediently tilted her chin up, offering more of her pale neck. Her smooth, white arms circled his neck on their own. Her eyes were hazy and wet, completely lost in the pleasure.

Ethan's tongue traced the elegant hollow of her collarbone, lightly outlining the delicate dip. The hot, wet sensation made her shiver.

But just as that tongue was about to slide down and attack the pair of trembling white mounds still framed by the open lingerie, Ethan suddenly got a wicked idea.

He lifted his head sharply and dragged his tongue hard across Sophie's pretty face—still flushed pink from orgasm—with a loud, wet **smack**, leaving a glistening trail.

"Ah!"

Sophie jolted at the sudden wet, sticky feeling and pouted, "Bad husband! Licking my face again. It's gonna stink later!"

Ethan didn't care. His heavy breath washed over her cheek as he grinned and asked, "Do you like it, though?"

Sophie let out a soft "hmph," deliberately pouting those lips that were already swollen from kissing. She didn't answer, which was as good as a yes.

Ethan looked even more pleased. He stuck his tongue out again and left a second wet streak on the other side of her smooth, jade-like cheek.

Then, almost in passing, he gave her vivid red lips a light touch before immediately lowering himself, eyes locking onto the pair of snowy D-cup breasts perfectly framed by the black lace parentheses.

This lingerie had been designed for exactly this kind of free, shameless play.

Ethan grabbed the left breast first, fingers spreading wide as he squeezed the soft flesh out through the cut-out, molding it into an even more tempting shape. The pads of his fingers deliberately pinched and rolled the hard, pink nipple.

At the same time, he opened his mouth wide and swallowed the right nipple.

His lips didn't even need to touch the fabric. He took Sophie's pretty pink tip and a good portion of the breast right into his mouth, then used his tongue to skillfully circle and suck the sensitive peak while his teeth occasionally nipped lightly at the edge of the tender areola.

"Mm… ah… nn… ah… husband… softer…"

The dual assault of tingling and faint pain made Sophie's perfect body tense again. Her slim waist twisted unconsciously on the sheets as a stream of bewitching moans spilled from her mouth.

"Ah… mmm… nn… nn… nn… ah… mmm… husband… I want more… I still want…"

Ethan lifted his head and released the nipple, now even redder and more swollen from his sucking. A thin strand of saliva hung from the corner of his mouth, looking wild and filthy.

"Want what?"

Sophie's eyes were dazed, pupils slightly dilated with lust, full of spring. She panted without a shred of shame, "Want… want husband's big cock…"

"Want husband's big cock to do what?" Ethan deliberately slowed his words, knowingly leading her on.

"…Use your big cock to fuck me hard… fuck my little pussy until it's ruined!"

Sophie was riding high on desire and naturally played along with her husband's dirty talk.

But the moment the words left her mouth, before Ethan could even react, Sophie suddenly let out a soft **pfft** and started laughing.

"Hahaha…"

The sudden laughter instantly stalled the lewd atmosphere in the room.

Ethan paused, his cock twitching in confusion. He frowned. "What are you laughing at? You're killing the mood."

Sophie forced the laughter down, but the seductive look in her eyes only grew stronger. She reached out with a slender finger and lightly poked Ethan's chest.

"Nothing… I just feel like… what I just said was wrong…"

Then she pursed her red lips again and continued in a deliberately cute, coquettish tone, "Husband, you can't actually fuck my pussy until it's broken… If you break it, then your dad won't have anything left to fuck."

Holy shit.

Ethan's pupils contracted sharply.

So this was what she'd been waiting for.

Sophie mentioning "dad" hit like a live wire. The moment that taboo word left her mouth, a violent current shot from Ethan's brain straight down to his cock. The thick shaft that had already cum twice and was

starting to soften suddenly surged with veins, swelling and hardening at a visible speed, burning hotter than it had at any point before.

"Oh, you little slut. One cock isn't enough for you? You've still got my dad's dick on your mind. Looks like I need to teach you a real lesson today!"

With that, Ethan rolled off the bed, grabbed Sophie's slender ankle, and roughly dragged her entire body to the edge of the mattress.

The motion left her firm, peach-shaped ass completely suspended in the air. Her long legs in the black fishnets were forced even wider apart. The soft, pink pussy that had just been thoroughly used—still glistening—was completely exposed to Ethan's eyes with nothing covering it.

Just as Ethan was lining up his thick, vicious cock for another thrust, Sophie suddenly spoke again.

"Husband, cum deep inside me again. Let your wife give you a big, healthy boy."

Ethan held his scorching-hot cock, aiming it at her slick entrance while laughing breathlessly, "But I'd rather have a daughter."

"Ah~ you're so annoying! Same thing!"

Sophie twisted her waist in dissatisfaction. The suspended position made the deepest part of her pussy itch so badly it was almost unbearable. She desperately needed that thick shaft to fill her.

Clearly, watching her nephew Mason every day had started putting ideas in Sophie's head about having one of her own.

Ethan didn't hesitate any longer. He straightened his waist and lined the still-powerful, repeatedly used cock up with the messy entrance that was already a mixture of his cum and Sophie's own juices.

He sank his hips. The entire length drove in.

Squelch!

A sharp, wet sound rang out.

The hot inner channel was already flooded from the previous two rounds, thick and sticky. Ethan's cockhead slid in with almost no resistance.

The scalding shaft squeezed the mixture of white and clear fluids hard, forcing them to spill out from both sides of her tight slit and slide down her round, pale ass cheeks.

Ethan held nothing back. He braced both hands at the roots of Sophie's thighs, locking her in place, then arched his back like a dog and started pounding with pure, basic force.

Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!

The crisp, rapid sound of flesh hitting flesh filled the room. Ethan's firm lower stomach kept slamming into Sophie's full ass, making the pale flesh flush red with every impact.

Squelch… squelch… squelch…

His cock pistoned at high speed through the fluid-filled channel. Every withdrawal dragged out a string of filthy wet sounds and foam. Every thrust accurately hammered the deepest part of her, right against her cervix.

Sophie was fucked until she trembled like a branch in the wind. Both hands clutched the sheets desperately as her moans grew even more intoxicating.

"Ah! Ah! Ah! Husband… so good! So good… ah! Husband's so amazing… hitting it! Hitting it! Ah… ah… so long… so big… so comfortable… ah! Ah! Husband… I can't take it! I'm gonna die!"

Her lewd cries drove Ethan wild. He was desperate to flood this body—his own, yet still coveted by his father—with his seed once more.

He leaned down, sliding both arms under Sophie's armpits and locking her upper body tightly against his chest for leverage, making the thrusts from his hips even more powerful.

Their bodies were glued together. Sweat mixed between their chests until it was impossible to tell whose was whose.

Sophie, on the verge of another orgasm, instinctively lifted both of her fishnet-clad legs and tightly wrapped them around Ethan's constantly moving waist.

The black stockings rubbed against his sweat-slicked skin, creating intense visual and tactile stimulation.

"Ah! Husband! Ah… faster! Harder! I'm close… it's coming! Husband's gonna fuck me to death… hurry! Together… let's go together… ah! Ahhh—!"

"Nnngh—!"

Amid Sophie's sharp, high-pitched scream, Ethan let out a low, heavy groan.

He felt his cock being squeezed mercilessly by the spasms of her inner walls. He couldn't hold back any longer. This third load—still thick and scalding—exploded deep inside his wife's pussy in heavy spurts.

"Mm!"

The moment her husband's hot cum flooded her cervix again, Sophie was slammed straight to the peak.

Her lower body convulsed violently. She felt like her soul had been fucked right out of her body. Her slim waist arched and bucked on its own, as if she was trying to milk every last drop of life from that big cock and swallow it into herself.

……

After a short rest, the aftershocks of orgasm were still flowing through both of them.

Ethan finally pulled his now slightly softened cock out with a soft **pop**.

A thick mixture of white and clear fluid gushed out from Sophie's slightly swollen entrance as soon as he withdrew, dripping onto the sheets.

The hole was still opening and closing gently, as if it was still savoring the fullness from moments ago.

Ethan lay back in a big X shape, arms spread, chest heaving hard as he caught his breath and stored energy for the next round.

Sophie was just as breathless, body limp like mud, still wearing the sexy lingerie, skin glistening with sweat.

Ethan turned his head and looked at his cock, coated in both of their fluids, sticky and messy. He suddenly ordered Sophie, "Wife, clean it with your mouth."

Sophie let out a soft "hmph," as if protesting the unreasonable request, but her body obediently moved.

She dragged her sore, soft body over like a lazy cat and slowly crawled to the foot of the bed where Ethan was.

She knelt there, head tilted up slightly, looking at the cock that had just been pounding inside her. Even after three loads, it was still hard, just a little smaller than before.

It was covered in their mixed fluids—white cum and clear juices blended together, looking utterly filthy.

Sophie stuck out her small, pink tongue and carefully licked around the coronal ridge of the head first, cleaning the mess there.

Once that area was mostly clean, she opened her red lips and took half the head into her mouth, focusing on sucking the residual fluid from the tip.

Then she held the shaft with one hand and licked it from base to tip, then tip to base, like a child licking a popsicle, carefully cleaning every trace of fluid from the entire cock until it was spotless.

After that, she leaned lower. Her warm tongue dragged across Ethan's wrinkled balls, licking away the traces stuck there as well until they were clean.

Ethan watched the entire thing in silence.

For a man, sometimes the visual hit was even better than the act itself: watching his beautiful, normally sharp and capable wife—still wearing such sexy lingerie—obediently kneel between his legs and clean up the aftermath of their fucking with her mouth.

The sharp contrast and the sense of conquest felt even better than sex itself.

When Sophie finally finished and lifted her face—now even more alluring with the sheen of saliva on it—she let out a long breath.

"Hah… done. Husband, how are you going to reward me?"

Ethan beckoned her over with a wave of his hand.

Sophie immediately understood. Like a beautiful snake, she twisted her waist and climbed up along Ethan's body until she was sprawled across his chest.

"Mm… nn…"

They kissed again.

(The chapter continues directly into the next, but the full text of Chapter 62 ends with the kiss and the transition into the following scene.)

CHAPTER 63

Slutty Pussy, Dog Cock

After a long moment, their lips parted.

Ethan and Sophie's chests were both heaving hard, both of them gasping for breath.

Sophie's hot, explosive body was limp like mud. She lay sprawled across Ethan's solid chest, long hair stuck messily to her sweat-damp cheeks and neck.

The already skimpy black lingerie was now completely soaked through with both of their fluids, clinging tightly to her body and outlining her deadly curves.

Sophie tilted her head, listening to the strong, steady heartbeat inside her husband's chest—*thump, thump, thump*—like it was the most beautiful music in the world.

A long while later, she finally recovered from the post-orgasm weakness. Her fingertips absently drew circles on Ethan's chest muscles.

"Husband." Her voice was lazy and a little hoarse.

"Mm?" Ethan kept his eyes closed, enjoying the quiet afterglow. One hand lazily stroked the smooth line of her back.

Sophie lifted her head slightly. Those misty, seductive eyes held a strange gleam. She licked her slightly swollen lips and asked softly, "What if…"

She deliberately stopped halfway, as if searching for the right words.

Ethan opened his eyes and looked down at the woman in his arms. "What if what?"

The corner of Sophie's mouth curved into a sly smile. "I was thinking… our house is already pretty lively. What do you think would happen if it got a little livelier?"

Ethan blinked, not quite catching her meaning. "Livelier?"

"Yeah!"

Sophie shifted her body upward a little, warm breath brushing his ear as she whispered, "Like… this big cock of yours, at the same time, not just me, but also…"

Ethan's heart jumped hard. He instantly understood the hint and let out a short laugh. "You really know how to come up with ideas."

But when he looked into his wife's eyes—so bright they almost glowed—it didn't feel like a joke.

His expression turned strange. "Wait. You're not actually thinking about… doing this with Sis, are you?"

Sophie's willow-leaf brows lifted with a pleased, smug look. Those long, pale legs that had just taken a brutal pounding now wrapped restlessly around Ethan's waist.

"Why? Don't you want it, dog cock?"

"Don't you want two beautiful women serving you at the same time?"

As she spoke, her soft, boneless little hand slid precisely between them and firmly grabbed the thick shaft that had just released but was still half-hard.

The long, thick cock twitched lightly in her palm.

Ethan sucked in a sharp breath at her bold words and actions, then gave a helpless, bitter smile. "How did it suddenly become a dog cock?"

At the mention of that, Sophie's face fell. She shoved him lightly with no real strength. "Hmph. Talking about that just pisses me off!"

Ethan's heart sank. He instantly sobered up and asked nervously, "What? What did I do this time?"

Seeing how tense her husband looked, a sly light flashed in Sophie's eyes. Then she let out a soft *pfft* and laughed, collapsing softly against his chest again.

"Hehe, just messing with you~ My dog-cock husband~ haha~"

Her little scheme had worked. Sophie giggled.

Even though she said that, Ethan knew his wife too well. He had caught the brief flash of loneliness in her eyes.

"No. What is it, really? Wife, tell me. Don't lie to me."

He put on a serious face, pinched her small chin, and forced her to look at him.

Sophie felt a little guilty under that serious gaze. She twisted her mouth, pouted, stayed quiet for a while, then said quietly, "It's your good sister… She looks like such a proper person. Who would've thought she's a sneaky little cat under all that."

Ethan immediately relaxed.

So that was it.

He stroked Sophie's head with a doting look. "Why bring this up all of a sudden? When I told you that day, you didn't react that strongly."

Then his tone turned teasing. "What, is my good wife jealous?"

Sophie shook her head, then nodded hard. Her voice sounded a little muffled when she answered honestly. "A little uncomfortable… I'm your wife. This big cock is supposed to be mine alone. Now not only do I have to share it with your mom, but Sis has joined in too… But… but the most annoying part is…"

She spoke with clear frustration, then suddenly lifted her head and stared straight at Ethan, two patches of excited red rising on her cheeks.

"But the most annoying part is, the moment I think about you, you bastard, not only fucking your mom that old woman until she was half-dead, but now you've really fucked your own sister until she was completely lost… my… my pussy actually starts to itch a little…"

"……"

Ethan was stunned by how blunt and filthy his wife's words were. Then he couldn't help bursting out laughing.

He flicked the tip of her nose and laughed, "Slutty pussy."

"You!"

Sophie wasn't angry at being called that. Instead, she gave him a seductive side-eye and shot back, "Dog cock."

"Slutty pussy."

Ethan laughed even harder. He really thought his wife was an irredeemable little treasure.

"Dog cock!"

Sophie got into it too and leaned up to bite his neck.

"Hahaha…"

Ethan laughed and flipped them over, pressing Sophie beneath him. Their naked bodies pressed tightly together again.

"Ah!"

Sophie let out a startled sound, breathing a little faster under his weight.

Ethan lowered his head until their noses almost touched. Hot breath washed over her face as he stared into her eyes, desire completely open.

"My slutty wife, let's go take a shower first. Wash off all this sticky mess, then come back and I'll fuck you seven or eight more times, okay?"

Sophie also felt sticky all over. Sweat and cum mixed together really was uncomfortable.

She nodded firmly, then reached out with a slender finger and playfully poked the tip of Ethan's nose.

"Yes, sir. My… dog-cock husband."

Ethan grinned, lowered his head, and kissed her clean forehead hard.

Then he got off the bed, grabbed a clean pair of underwear from the closet, pulled them on, and got ready to leave.

Sophie sat up as well. The ruined lingerie had already been pulled aside earlier. She grabbed a silk robe and threw it over herself. The robe was loose and didn't hide much at all—her long, pale thighs were completely bare.

They smiled at each other, held hands, and walked out of the room together.

What they didn't know was that in the nursery next door, Grace was going through her own intense torment of desire.

The apartment's layout had been designed so the nursery had deliberately poor soundproofing, so the parents in the master bedroom could hear the baby's cries immediately when the time came.

That same design had become Grace's personal torture.

Ethan and Sophie's hour-plus session—three full rounds of intense fucking—the high-pitched moans, the crisp, lewd *slap, slap, slap* of flesh hitting flesh, and Ethan's low, excited groans… all of it had faintly carried into Grace's ears.

Those sounds had set the desire she had barely managed to suppress during dinner on fire again, like a volcano erupting.

While her son Mason slept soundly in the crib, she turned her back and quietly slipped a hand into her pajama pants.

Her classic smooth, puffy mound was already so wet it could float a boat.

Grace's pale fingers rubbed over her clean, full mound, imagining it was her brother's thick, long cock ravaging her insides.

Her other hand roughly gripped and squeezed her heavy E-cup breasts. Her nipples were hard as little pebbles.

"Mm… ah…"

She bit her lower lip, trying to hold back the moans while also trying to control the restless heat inside her.

After who knows how long, a violent shudder ran through her and she came.

But the pleasure from touching herself was nothing compared to the feeling of being truly filled by her brother that night. The difference was night and day.

Instead of putting out the fire, it only made her feel emptier and thirstier.

Just then, the sounds from next door suddenly stopped.

Grace thought they had finally finished. She felt both disappointed and relieved.

Her hand was sticky. She wanted to go upstairs to the bathroom and wash it.

But the moment she opened the door a crack, she saw her brother Ethan and her sister-in-law Sophie walking out of the master bedroom hand in hand.

Seeing her brother's tall, strong back and Sophie's graceful figure that even a robe couldn't hide, a sharp wave of jealousy and sourness rose in Grace's chest.

The hidden slit between her legs itched again on its own, as if her body was actively demanding more.

So, almost without thinking, Grace didn't go upstairs. Instead, she held her breath and quietly followed the two of them downstairs.

She watched them walk into the main bathroom on the lower floor.

Click.

The door locked from the inside.

Grace's heart was pounding. She hesitated for a moment, then still didn't leave. Like a thief, she quietly leaned against the wall outside the bathroom door and pressed her ear close to listen.

Soon, the sound of the shower turning on came from inside, along with their faint talking and laughing.

……

Inside the bathroom, steam rose quickly. A layer of white fog soon covered the glass door.

Ethan and Sophie had stripped off the little clothing they still had on and stood facing each other completely naked.

Hot water poured down from the showerhead, rinsing their post-sex bodies.

Ethan grabbed the body wash, squeezed a big amount into his palm, and worked it into rich foam.

He started with Sophie's fragrant shoulders. Everywhere his hands touched became slippery and soft.

He carefully spread the foam over her pale, tender skin. The feel of her under the bubbles was incredibly good.

His palms slid over the delicate hollow of her collarbones, around to her back, over her tempting shoulder blades, then down to her firm ass. Faint handprints that hadn't fully faded were still visible there. A pang of heartache hit him, so he spent extra time gently massaging and soothing them.

Then he moved to the front. Both big hands covered her snowy breasts.

"Nn…"

Sophie trembled lightly under his kneading.

Ethan's thumbs and index fingers caught her nipples, which had already stiffened again, and gently rolled and pressed them.

"Husband… itchy…" Sophie pouted softly.

Watching his wife's perfect body respond so sensitively in his hands, Ethan felt the desire he had just spent slowly rising again. Under the stimulation of the hot bathroom steam, the thick shaft between his legs stood up strong and proud once more.

After finishing her upper body, Ethan slowly crouched down.

In that moment, he clearly saw thick white cream slowly leaking from the tender opening beneath Sophie's neatly trimmed pubic hair.

It was the cum he had shot into her earlier, mixed with her own juices, sliding down the inside of her thighs.

A strange mix of satisfaction and wastefulness rose in Ethan's chest.

"Wife, so much is leaking out. Feels like a waste."

As he said it, his foam-covered hand covered her pussy. His fingers gently parted the soft petals and lightly rubbed the wet entrance.

"Ah…"

Sophie's body went weak with a wave of tingling pleasure. Her legs almost gave out. A soft moan she couldn't hold back slipped from her mouth.

She looked down at her mischievous husband with eyes full of spring.

"It… it's fine… just shoot more inside… then… then it'll be okay…"

"True."

Ethan looked up and smiled, showing clean white teeth.

He didn't keep attacking her most sensitive entrance. Instead, he slid his hands down the inside of her pale thighs, past her tight calves, and finally stopped at her jade-like ankles.

He carefully washed every inch of Sophie's skin, as if he were polishing a rare treasure.

Once he finished, Ethan stood up and naturally spread his hands, like a king waiting for a maid to serve him.

Sophie saw it and smiled. She squeezed body wash into her own palm. Her soft fingertips, covered in foam, moved over Ethan's broad chest and circled his firm abs.

Her movements were gentle but full of teasing. Ethan's thick cock jumped and lightly slapped against his stomach, sending a clear signal that it wanted more.

When Sophie moved behind him and saw his wide, solid back, she suddenly remembered something and asked, "Husband, last time at the hotel… did Sis give you a titjob?"

"Hmm?"

Ethan paused, then realized and answered calmly, "Yeah. Why? I already told you about it."

Sophie pouted, her beautiful eyes narrowing like she had just overturned a huge jar of vinegar.

“Hmph. Then I want to do it for you too.”

Hearing the clear jealousy and competitiveness in her tone, Ethan didn’t find it annoying. He only found it funny and cute.

“Jealous again? My little vinegar jar.”

“None of your business! Dog cock!”

Sophie pouted and complained.

Then she suddenly hugged him tightly from behind, arms wrapping around his waist and gripping his hard abs.

She deliberately lifted her lower body and used her wet, full mound like a cock, thrusting forward hard against Ethan’s ass.

Slap!

Two pale bodies collided in the water with a crisp, lewd sound.

“Hmph. Watch me fuck you to death～”

CHAPTER 64

Opening That Door

Ethan burst out laughing at his wife's sudden "backdoor thrusting" move.

Before he could finish laughing, Sophie had already pressed her firm, elastic D-cup breasts tightly against his back.

The incredibly soft sensation made Ethan close his eyes in pure comfort.

Sophie's D-cups were a size smaller than Grace's, but they made up for it with amazing elasticity—tight, full, and bouncy.

Sophie pressed both breasts against her husband's back muscles and started deliberately circling them, treating her tits like a bath scrub.

With the body wash helping things slide, the two soft mounds deformed and squeezed against Ethan's back. Her stiff pink nipples scraped across his skin, sending waves of indescribable tingling pleasure through him.

"Does it feel good, husband?" Sophie breathed in his ear.

"Feels good…" Ethan sighed contentedly.

Sophie wasn't letting it go. Jealousy surged up.

"Then… is it my good, or Sis's good?"

The question was a trap.

Ethan answered with strong survival instinct: "Of course it's yours!"

"Mm?"

Sophie didn't look happy. Her face suddenly darkened. She stopped moving and let out a threatening "Mm?"

Ethan immediately corrected himself. "Uh… it's Sis's good…"

"What's good about it?" Sophie pressed right away.

Ethan stammered and told the truth. "Hers… hers are bigger… softer…"

"Hmph!"

Being compared like that made Sophie instantly jealous.

But right after, an even stronger wave of excitement rose from deep inside her.

Just thinking about how Sis's big tits had also rubbed against her husband's back like this made the place between her legs start leaking nectar again without her control.

Jealousy and excitement tangled together, pushing her desire higher.

Sophie peeked out from behind him and immediately saw the thick cock between Ethan's legs that her teasing had made hard as iron again.

Driven by both lust and jealousy, she let go of him, quickly walked around to the front, and slowly crouched down under Ethan's stunned gaze.

Both of her pale arms gripped his thick thighs to steady him.

Then she lifted her devastatingly pretty face, gave him a seductive glance, and in what felt like slow motion opened her red lips and took the entire thick, scalding cock deep into her mouth in one go.

"Nn~~"

Ethan sucked in a sharp breath and let out a groan of pure pleasure. Both hands instinctively threaded into his wife's wet hair.

Sophie's oral skills were refined and lethal.

This time she didn't use her tongue to tease the head. She went straight to her signature technique.

Her sexy red lips sealed around the entire shaft. She paused briefly, took a deep breath, and completely emptied the air from her mouth. Her lips immediately locked tightly around the base.

In that instant, a vacuum formed inside her mouth.

Ethan felt his entire cock being tightly squeezed by warm, soft flesh, just like the empty jelly cups he used to play with as a kid—squeeze the air out and it would stick hard to your hand or face.

Then Sophie started bobbing her head back and forth, mimicking real thrusting.

Slurp… slurp… slurp…

Wet sounds and sucking noises echoed in the bathroom, extremely lewd.

Gulp… gulp… gulp…

As the range of her movements grew larger, Ethan felt a strong pulling sensation, like his cock was about to be sucked right out of him.

Waves of tingling numbness shot from the head straight up to the top of his skull.

Ethan looked strained. He clenched his jaw and tensed every muscle in his body just to barely hold back the intense urge to cum.

"Hah… wife… slower… ah…"

Sophie didn't slow down when she heard that. Instead, it was like she was punishing him. She sped up, and deep swallowing sounds came from her throat.

This continued for nearly a minute. Ethan felt he was truly at his limit.

When he couldn't take it anymore, he placed both hands on his wife's head while she was fully focused on serving him and panted, "Wife… look… at me."

Sophie wasn't actually mad at him. She obediently stopped bobbing and slowly lifted her pretty face.

At that moment her hair was soaked and stuck messily to her cheeks. Her seductive eyes were already hazy, her face flushed with desire. Her mouth was stretched full by her husband's thick length, yet her cheeks still looked slightly hollowed, and a thin strand of clear saliva hung from the corner of her lips.

This pitiful yet extremely lewd expression, combined with a face that even Grace envied, was beautiful enough to topple kingdoms. Ethan's waist went soft. His control broke.

"Ah…!"

With a muffled groan, Ethan's hips jerked forward an inch.

The next second—*squelch, squelch, squelch…*

Wave after wave of thick, scalding cum, not a bit thinner than the previous loads, exploded out and shot straight into the depths of Sophie's mouth.

In the next instant, Sophie's throat made a series of *gulp, gulp* sounds. She didn't waste a single drop. She swallowed every bit of her husband's fourth load.

Only when Ethan's cock had completely gone soft did Sophie release it with a soft *pop*.

"Haa~~ haa~~"

After spitting the cock out, Sophie's cheeks ached. She felt like she was oxygen-starved. She opened her mouth wide and panted hard, making her snowy breasts bounce up and down.

More than ten seconds later, Sophie recovered from the "hurt the enemy a thousand, damage yourself eight hundred" technique. She wiped the corner of her mouth with a pale hand, then deliberately complained as if dissatisfied:

"Husband, how did you cum so fast? I hadn't even used my full strength yet~"

"Is it because Sis's technique is bad, so your threshold got lower?"

Ethan was still immersed in the afterglow of the blowjob. He couldn't help laughing when he heard that.

He knew exactly what his wife's little thoughts were.

On the surface Sophie was jealous of Sis, but in reality she enjoyed this taboo family dynamic more than anyone.

When she mentioned Grace, it was less jealousy and more excitement.

And the way she had just used her superb oral skills to force him dry wasn't for revenge. It was a way of declaring ownership.

She wanted to prove with her actions that even if Sis's tits were bigger, even if Mom had also gotten involved, she, Sophie, was still the one in this house who understood him best, satisfied him best, and would always be his official wife.

It was an extremely complicated kind of kink, mixed with possessiveness, competitiveness, and shared corruption.

Once he understood that, Ethan felt even more loving and tender toward his wife.

"Doesn't that just make you look even more amazing, Miss Sophie?"

After speaking, he affectionately scraped her pretty cheek with a finger.

"Mean~"

Sophie gave him a seductive side-eye. The little competitive thought in her heart was greatly satisfied.

Then she stood up, stepped forward with her long pale legs, and prepared to walk under the shower to rinse the foam off her body and the taste from her mouth.

But just as she took one step—

"Shh!"

Ethan suddenly grabbed her. His expression changed and he made a silencing gesture.

Sophie was startled, but her usual alertness kept her from panicking. She silently mouthed along with his gesture, "What's wrong?"

Ethan still didn't speak. He signaled her to be quieter again, then pointed toward the frosted glass door in the distance.

Sophie followed the direction of his finger. Through the thick steam, she could faintly make out a figure outside, standing motionless against the wall by the bathroom door, eavesdropping. Only half the body was visible.

The figure cast a blurry silhouette under the lights.

Sophie's heart jumped. She lowered her voice as much as possible and guessed doubtfully, "Mom?"

Ethan shook his head.

He stared tightly at the silhouette, especially at the chest…

That curve was exaggeratedly full.

Having made his judgment, Ethan leaned close to Sophie's ear and whispered in a voice only the two of them could hear:

"Mom… isn't that big."

"……"

Sophie rolled her eyes at him unhappily and cursed inside: *You sure know a lot!*

But she instantly understood too.

If it wasn't Mom, then it could only be the other woman in this house.

Sis. Grace.

Sophie rested her head against Ethan's chest, held back a laugh, and whispered back, "Sis really is… just like you said. She's not getting enough."

Ethan could only give a bitter smile when he heard that.

Even though it had been a few days since he'd taken care of Sis, and he knew her sex drive wasn't small, he really hadn't expected her to be so thirsty that she'd openly come outside the bathroom to eavesdrop.

Sophie lifted her head and looked at her husband with those clear, watery eyes.

What do we do?

Ethan looked at the blurry figure by the door again. An extremely bold idea quickly formed in his mind.

Since this relationship would eventually become clear to everyone sooner or later, why not just be direct and tear open that layer of window paper tonight?

The house was only this big. Getting caught was bound to happen one day.

They couldn't keep going to the trouble of sneaking out to a hotel every time they wanted to do something.

Never mind whether hotel rooms were clean or not. If they got secretly filmed, that would be trouble on top of trouble.

He didn't want someone he knew to suddenly ask him one day:

"Hey, is that you and your sister? Holy shit! That's insane! You're really a fucking animal, even fucking your own sister…"

……

With that thought, Ethan steeled his heart. He leaned close to Sophie's ear and quickly proposed his idea.

After hearing it, Sophie's beautiful eyes widened sharply, filled with disbelief mixed with a trace of doubt.

"You… really thought it through?"

Ethan nodded heavily, his face full of the kind of masculine confidence that said he would take responsibility.

Sophie only stayed silent for three seconds.

Three seconds later, an excited and mischievous smile immediately bloomed on her face.

She first nodded, showing she agreed with her husband's proposal.

Then she rose on her toes and, also next to Ethan's ear, stated her condition:

"Then later… you have to fuck me more than you fuck Sis."

Hearing his wife's condition—which looked like jealousy on the surface but was actually staking a claim—Ethan felt completely reassured. He then made a serious "OK" gesture.

Pfft.

Sophie was amused by him. She raised a hand and slapped his raised hand down.

"Then… should I go open the door?" Ethan immediately suggested.

But Sophie stopped him.

"Wait. Better if I do it. I'm afraid… Sis will get scared and run if it's you."

As she said it, her gaze deliberately and casually glanced at the still-impressive cock between Ethan's legs, even though it had just cum.

Ethan also knew that the "scared and run" Sophie was referring to wasn't only about that.

If he, the cheating little brother, went to open the door completely naked, Grace's first reaction under shame and shock would definitely be to flee.

But if his sister-in-law opened the door, the nature of it completely changed.

It represented a kind of tacit permission and invitation between women. It was equivalent to laying the cards out directly to Grace:

We both know. And we don't mind.

Thinking of this, Ethan couldn't help giving his wife's intelligence and decisiveness a big mental thumbs-up.

He had wanted to open his mouth and praise her a couple more times, but Sophie had already started moving.

Sophie took a deep breath. Her D-cups rose and fell with it. Completely naked, still covered in foam and her husband's fluids, she calmly stepped forward and walked to the door.

Both of her pale arms reached for the door handle at the same time.

Click.

The lock was turned.

Sophie yanked the bathroom door open hard.

"Sis, do you want to take a shower too?"

Night had deepened. Outside the bathroom on the lower floor of the apartment, the hallway lights were dim.

Grace was leaning against the cold door. Her body, however, was burning hot.

Under her loose pink fuzzy loungewear, her skin had already produced a fine layer of sweat.

The sound of water rushing inside the bathroom, mixed with the intimate talking and laughing between her brother Ethan and her sister-in-law Sophie, slipped through the door crack into her ears.

"Then… is it my good, or Sis's good?"

"Uh… it's Sis's good… hers… hers are bigger… softer…"

When she heard Sophie coquettishly ask that question, even encouraging Ethan to compare their bodies, Grace felt her legs go weak. She almost couldn't stand.

An uncontrollable current of shame mixed with excitement ran through her limbs and finally gathered below her lower abdomen.

Deep inside her completely smooth, puffy mound, her honey glands let out a soft *gurgle* and released a rich gush of wetness.

Grace couldn't help clamping her thighs tightly together. Her full ass cheeks tensed.

Almost without thinking, her right hand once again slid into her loose pajama pants and into the cotton underwear that was already soaked.

Her fingertips skillfully bypassed the wet folds and accurately found the little pearl that was already standing stiff like a bean.

Leaning against the door, she tilted her head back slightly, closed her eyes, and quickly comforted herself.

"Mm…"

Soft, broken little moans spilled from her throat.

Just as Grace's face was fully flushed and she was about to be pushed to the peak by the pleasure of touching herself, the sounds inside the bathroom suddenly changed.

The water sound paused for a moment. It was replaced by a series of urgent, ambiguous *squelch* swallowing sounds and Ethan's muffled groans that he couldn't hold back.

Grace's movements froze.

Even though she wasn't that experienced, she could tell it was Sophie using her mouth…

This realization pushed the shame in her heart to the peak, but what followed was even deeper frustration and jealousy.

She remembered this afternoon, how she had also tried to please her brother on the sofa with clumsy technique, even needing him to teach her in return.

But now, with Sophie—this sister-in-law—it took less than a few minutes for Ethan to surrender.

The gap between them was really too big.

Grace should have left right then. What was behind this door was her brother and sister-in-law's private space.

But a thought suddenly surfaced.

She wanted to listen a little more.

Listen to whether they would talk about some… techniques afterward?

Listen to how Sophie managed to make a man so obsessed?

So Grace held her breath, pressed her ear even closer, and tried to catch any valuable fragments amid the water sounds.

She completely failed to realize that it was precisely this voyeuristic thought that had thoroughly exposed her.

The two people inside the bathroom had long since reached a new consensus in this game of desire.

Click.

The sound of the lock turning was light, yet it exploded in Grace's ears like a thunderclap.

She snapped back to her senses and tried to pull the hand still inside her underwear back out, but it was already too late.

The bathroom door was yanked open with a *whoosh*.

Blinding white light and steam mixed with the scent of body wash rushed out together.

CHAPTER 65

Little Vinegar Jar Sophie

Sophie stood completely naked in the doorway. Her hot, sexy body was covered in glistening water droplets and leftover foam that hadn't been rinsed off. A few wet strands of hair stuck to her clean forehead. Her bright eyes held three parts teasing and seven parts clear understanding as she stared straight at the woman in front of her.

"Sis, do you want to take a shower too?"

Sophie's voice wasn't loud, but it made Grace's whole body jolt, as if she'd been caught in the act.

"No… no… I… I was just passing by, I…"

Grace's words came out in a mess. Her pretty face turned bright red. The hand still hidden in her pants was stuck, unable to go forward or back.

"Passing by?"

Sophie let out a light laugh. Her gaze dropped to the spot where Grace's hand was hidden.

"Sis, your 'passing by' is pretty loud."

Before she finished speaking, Grace heard her brother's voice from behind Sophie.

"Wife, what's going on? Is it Sis?"

"Yeah."

Sophie answered over her shoulder, then turned back to Grace and lowered her voice into a tempting tone.

"Sis, it's fine. Mom and Dad aren't like us young people who sleep light. At this hour, they're already sound asleep."

The clock on the wall pointed to ten-thirty at night.

Grace's heart was pounding wildly. Shame almost drowned her.

Even if she wanted to run, her legs felt like they were filled with lead.

"This… this… this…"

Sophie didn't give her any chance to escape.

A pale arm shot out and firmly grabbed Grace's arm. Grace immediately cried out.

"Ah!"

"Sis, didn't we already say it? Loosen up a little. We're all family."

Sophie smiled sweetly, but her arm used hidden strength and pulled Grace straight into the bathroom without any room for argument!

Bang. The bathroom door was hooked shut and locked with her foot.

The force made Grace stumble. Thick steam instantly wrapped around her.

She steadied herself in a panic. All she could see was white mist and the harsh lights reflecting off the white tiles.

Inside, Grace couldn't help cursing:

Family? Sure, we're family… but what kind of family messes around like this?!

Ugh, I've really boarded this pirate ship. There's no getting off now.

While Grace was sighing like that in her heart, Sophie had already let go of her arm and started undoing the buttons on the pink fuzzy pajama top.

Her movements were skilled, and there was a hint of excitement on her face, as if she wasn't helping her undress but unwrapping a Christmas present.

"Sis, lift your arms."

Grace heard it and, like a puppet on strings, instinctively lifted her head instead of her arms.

Her gaze went past the naked Sophie and landed on the man standing not far away.

Ethan.

He was also completely naked. His tall body had smooth, defined muscle lines and was covered in white body wash foam. He stood under the shower. Water poured down from above, flowing over his firm chest, flat stomach, and finally gathering between his legs.

A thick shaft that had just released was hanging there in a half-hard state. Its length and thickness were still shocking.

Whether it was stimulated by the hot water or because it felt a woman's gaze, it even twitched slightly.

Seeing that scene, Grace's breathing stopped instantly.

Her body froze in place. She forgot to resist. Her mind was completely filled with her brother's body. Her eyes only saw that big cock. She unconsciously cooperated with Sophie's movements and let her peel off the pajama top, pajama pants… one piece after another.

When Sophie's fingers hooked into the cotton underwear that was already completely soaked with wetness, her movements paused for a moment.

The heat and stickiness that reached her fingertips made a flash of surprise appear in Sophie's eyes.

She couldn't help looking down at the fabric that was wet with juices and tightly stuck to the smooth, puffy mound. She gained a more direct understanding of just how bottomless Grace's sex drive was.

Then she thought about how a woman this hungry still had to sleep alone because of a useless husband, and even had to eavesdrop and masturbate outside her sister-in-law's bathroom…

A sense of pity for a fellow woman rose in Sophie's heart.

The bit of jealousy from having to share her husband lessened by several degrees in that moment.

She pushed the thoughts down, lifted her head, put on her usual smiling face, and teased:

"Sis, Ethan really wasn't lying to me."

Grace was still in a daze, her soul half out of her body. She blankly lowered her head when she heard that.

"Ah?"

Sophie bent down, cleanly pulled the soaked underwear off her ankles, casually tossed it on the floor, then stood up and smiled.

"I said, you're really wet."

"Ah!!"

Faced with her sister-in-law's teasing words, Grace felt all the blood in her body rush to her head. She couldn't take this kind of blunt humiliation anymore. She screamed, both hands covering her burning face.

"Sophie, what… what are you saying!"

Sophie let out a "hehe" and stopped teasing her.

She grabbed Grace's clean arm instead and pulled her over to Ethan like she was leading a little sheep.

The bathroom was spacious, but Sophie's long legs covered the distance quickly.

In no time they reached him. Sophie pushed Grace into her husband's arms, then took a step back, crossed her arms, and announced loudly like an auctioneer:

"Person delivered! Money ready?"

Ethan watched his wife messing around again. His heart was already burning.

In front of him stood his sister—the Grace who had always been high above him since childhood—completely naked.

Those E-cup papaya-sized breasts were full and perky, trembling slightly from their owner's shame. The light-brown areolas were shockingly large, and the nipples at the tips had already hardened into two tempting little red beans.

Below was a flat, tight stomach and that smooth, hairless, slightly raised white mound.

Further down were two long, well-proportioned legs that were currently pressed slightly together from nervousness.

Grace's mature, full body radiated deadly temptation at every moment.

Ethan forcefully held back the urge to pounce immediately. He played along with Sophie's words, reached out, and provocatively lifted Sophie's chin.

"Then… shouldn't I inspect the goods first?"

"Mm…"

Sophie pretended to think, then clapped her hands.

"Makes sense! Here, take her!"

As she spoke, her arms used strength again and completely pushed the still-dazed Grace into Ethan's arms.

Thud.

Grace crashed into a firm chest covered in foam.

At this moment she didn't look like a sister two years older than the man. She looked more like a girl who had just experienced sex for the

first time—head turned aside in panic, hands hanging at her sides, fists tightly clenched.

Ethan took on the role of guide. He reached out both hands and cupped his sister's face.

Her skin was fine and burning hot, with a thin layer of sweat from nervousness.

He was forceful yet carried a trace of gentleness as he gently turned her head, forcing her to look at him.

Their eyes met. The air seemed to freeze.

The next second, Ethan didn't hesitate. He lowered his head and kissed her directly.

"Mm…!"

Grace's beautiful phoenix eyes widened sharply.

This kiss was different from the passion in the hotel last time, and different from the stolen moment on the sofa that afternoon.

This kiss, happening right under his wife's gaze, felt especially taboo and especially unrestrained.

Ethan's tongue domineeringly pried open her teeth, drove straight in, hooked her still-dodging tongue, and sucked and stirred it wildly.

Grace's brain completely shut down. She could only make clumsy "mm mm" sounds.

When the kiss ended, both of them were a little out of breath.

Grace's eyes had already gone completely hazy. Her body softened against Ethan's chest as she murmured the last question:

"Ethan… Sophie… do you really think what we're doing… is right?"

Sophie, who was rinsing the foam off her body under the shower not far away, immediately turned her head when she heard that. Her expression showed the kind of disdain that said "I can't believe how dense you are."

"Sis, we're already like this. What's right or wrong? Husband, block Sis's mouth for me again!"

Ethan didn't act immediately.

Instead, he lowered his head again and looked at the woman in his arms who was still conflicted, his face full of pity.

He knew Sis was different from them. She needed a step, a reason to convince herself.

After a brief thought, he said:

"Sis, this is our family's business. What other people say is their business. We haven't hurt any outsiders. We haven't damaged anyone else's interests. We just want us… to all be a little happier."

"Is there right or wrong in that?"

Those words were like a key that precisely opened the last lock in Grace's heart.

Yes… her husband had cheated. Her marriage was unhappy. She had suppressed herself for so long… Now her family was willing to "help" her and make her happy. Even if it was wrong, what was so wrong about it?

Once she thought it through, Grace's tense body finally relaxed.

A big stone fell from her heart. She let out a long breath, and then desire took the high ground.

Grace lifted her head and looked at the tall, handsome brother in front of her. There was no more confusion or resistance in her eyes. What replaced it was burning indulgence.

In the next instant, she actively reached out both jade-like arms, tightly wrapped them around Ethan's neck, and buried her head deep against his shoulder.

"Mm…"

Because of this hug, her shocking pair of huge breasts were fiercely squeezed against Ethan's chest. They instantly deformed into two soft, elastic meat pies. The incomparable sensation made Ethan suck in a sharp breath.

Not far away, Sophie watched the two of them being intimate as if no one else was around and muttered under her breath:

"Tch. A pair of cheating man and slut."

Grace had already completely accepted this twisted relationship by now, and her hearing had become especially sharp.

In that instant she immediately recovered some of an older sister's dignity. She turned her head, glared with her beautiful eyes, and said unhappily:

"Sophie, what did you say?"

Sis was still Sis.

That natural pressure that had accumulated over the years didn't lessen at all even while she was completely naked.

Seeing that, Sophie immediately raised her hands in "surrender," giggled, but felt a little unconvinced inside.

She had originally thought this sister would at least act reserved and resist a bit. Who would have thought she'd be so "shameless" and get convinced by her brother in just a few words.

All the big principles she had prepared to "guide" her with had gone completely unused.

Her competitive nature made her eyes turn. She decided to attack in a different way:

"I said… you two are really such an 'affectionate' brother and sister!"

Sophie deliberately bit down hard on the word "affectionate."

Grace seemed not to catch the hidden meaning. She proudly lifted her chin. Both hands were still hooked around Ethan's shoulders. Her whole body hung in his arms as she said in a showing-off tone:

"Of course. Ethan has liked me especially since he was little. He's always been especially clingy with me."

Grace and Sophie were equally tall, only half a head shorter than Ethan. This posture looked extremely intimate.

As she spoke, Grace deliberately twisted her lower body a little, using her full, smooth mound to deliberately rub against the cock at Ethan's lower abdomen that had become hot again.

"Nn…"

Ethan trembled all over from the grind. His cock sprang up fully hard with a *twitch* and pressed rigidly against his sister's pubic bone.

Hearing his sister's words that clearly carried a competitive edge, Ethan was afraid the backyard would catch fire, so he tightly shut his mouth and didn't respond.

Seeing that, Sophie let out another "tch."

Since she hadn't successfully stirred things up, she couldn't be bothered to keep arguing with this "cheating pair." Things had already come to this point. Even if she was jealous and felt a little uncomfortable, she was also looking forward to it.

Since she had already finished rinsing, she walked to the bathtub with her long beautiful legs, turned on the faucet, and hot water began pouring into the tub. She stepped in, lay down comfortably, then said to the two who were still being clingy:

"Husband, I'm going to soak first. You two, wash up and come over."

"Okay, wife, right away!" Ethan quickly answered loudly.

After speaking, he looked down at the sister in his arms and said gently:

"Sis, let's wash up quickly too and go soak together."

Grace leaned against her brother's solid shoulder, feeling the scalding hardness of the thick thing at his lower abdomen. Half her bones went soft. When she heard him, she let out a coquettish "Mm," her voice sweet enough to kill someone.

Then Grace actively let go of the arms wrapped around her brother, turned around, and walked to the shelf nearby to get the body wash.

This movement was extremely deadly, especially with a man whose cock was standing up still standing behind her.

When Grace bent over slightly and reached for the bottle of body wash, her full, plump ass was perfectly displayed in front of Ethan's eyes.

Two round, perky cheeks with a shallow groove in the middle.

At the very top of that groove, the soft pink, smooth white mound was slightly parted, as if inviting something.

Further down, the light-brown little bud that had become moist from masturbating was also clearly visible.

This scene made Ethan's breathing turn heavy.

In an instant he felt the blood in his body *boom* and rush entirely toward his lower body. The already fully erect big cock was now even more veined, swollen purple, with a thin strand of clear fluid leaking from the tip.

If Sophie hadn't been right nearby and he still had a bit of restraint, he probably would have pounced in the next second, grabbed his sister's slim waist from behind, and driven his thick shaft hard into her smooth pussy.

Sophie was currently lying back in the bathtub with her eyes closed, hands leisurely resting on the edge of the tub, her long pale legs stretched out.

The water in the tub had already covered her chest, only showing the upper curves of her D-cups.

The water temperature wasn't low. It had heated her already pale skin until it was slightly red, showing an extremely tempting white with a flush of pink, like a freshly peeled lychee.

She had no idea what kind of intense internal struggle her husband had just gone through, and that he had ultimately won and not directly lunged and committed the act.

The most basic reason Ethan was able to hold back was still that he respected his wife.

In his view, throughout this taboo game, Sophie had always been the one in control.

Even though his heart was itching unbearably right now, since Sophie hadn't clearly given permission, Ethan couldn't get impatient and destroy this hard-won balance.

So Ethan closed his eyes, took a deep breath, forced himself to look away, took two steps to the side, and stood under another shower.

He turned the faucet to the left. Instantly, cold water poured over his head and slightly cooled the desire that had almost exploded.

Then Ethan quickly rinsed the foam off his body and said to Grace, who was still slowly applying body wash:

"Sis, hurry up."

After speaking, he turned off the shower, no longer looked at his sister's tempting bare back, and strode toward the bathtub.

"Wife, I'm here."

CHAPTER 66

A Perfect Fit

In front of the bathtub.

"Babe, I'm here."

At the sound of her husband's voice, Sophie's eyes—already soft and hazy from the rising steam—slowly opened. Long, curled lashes held a few tiny, glistening droplets that trembled when she blinked.

She deliberately drew her long, pale legs a little closer in the water and shifted her body forward. The movement made her full, rounded ass draw a small swirl across the warm surface.

"Hubby… come in behind me."

Ethan's throat bobbed. He stepped in. A loud *splash* followed as his tall, muscular frame sank fully into the tub; the water level jumped and nearly spilled over the rim.

Good thing Sophie had insisted they buy this oversized, ridiculously expensive jacuzzi tub that could easily fit three or four people.

Ethan pressed in tight against her from behind. His solid, burning chest met the smooth, silk-like expanse of her bare back. The contact pushed his newly hardened cock straight into the cleft of her ass, right against the small of her back.

His hands slipped under her smooth, hairless armpits and closed over the pair of full, slightly upturned D-cup breasts. They were perfect—plush and heavy yet still firm and high. His big palms cupped the soft flesh completely; the feel was warmer and finer than the best jade. Thumbs and fingers kneaded and rolled, and under the hot water and his touch the nipples stiffened almost instantly into hard little cherries.

He lowered his head and kissed the elegant line of her pale shoulder, sucking and licking the delicate skin until it shone with wet marks.

The caresses melted Sophie. She tilted her head back, exposing the graceful curve of her neck and collarbones, eyes closed, a deep flush spreading across her beautiful face. Soft, broken moans slipped from her parted lips:

"Mmm… mmm… mmm…"

The sound was sweet and nasal, clear even over the quiet lapping of the water.

"Hubby…"

"Yeah?"

Ethan's voice was rough. His hands never stopped; if anything he pinched the stiff peaks harder and rolled them between his fingers.

"Ah…"

Sophie's whole body jerked. Need surged to the surface. She reached back with both arms, slender fingers sliding into his short hair, nails lightly scraping his scalp—half seeking support, half urging him on.

"Hubby…" she called again, the last syllable trembling. "Fuck me…"

Those two words lit him like a match in oil. The sight of his wife so openly offering herself made him want to line up and drive in right then. But a last scrap of awareness made him glance sideways at the naked, equally lush figure still standing under the showerhead.

"Babe…" He dropped his voice, hot breath brushing her ear. "Grace is… watching."

"So what?"

Sophie rolled her hips without hesitation and deliberately ground her ass hard against the iron-hard cock. In the hot water the friction was slick and intense; both of them sucked in a sharp breath.

She paused half a second, then muttered, "My own husband fucking me is the most natural thing in the world. What's it got to do with her?"

"You…" Ethan laughed, pure fondness in the sound, and tapped the tip of her cute little nose with one finger.

Sophie turned her head and caught the finger between her soft red lips. Her tongue immediately wrapped around it. She treated it exactly like his cock—sucking hard, licking from knuckle to tip, making wet, lewd *slurp* sounds that filled the steamy room.

Every second of it was fully visible to Grace under the shower.

Warm water ran over her mature, full figure. The old saying was true: when you can't see your own toes, the view is already exquisite. Her heavy E-cup breasts hung free, swaying slightly with each breath. The areolas were large and light brown; the nipples had already stiffened from the heat and the scene in front of her.

She had prepared herself, yet watching Sophie so shamelessly suck her little brother's finger like a bitch in heat, and seeing Ethan's face lost in pleasure, still made her waver.

Could she really fit into *this*?

This kind of complete, almost shameless intimacy between husband and wife was something she had never experienced in her own failed marriage. Sex with her ex had been routine, stiff, and boring. She had always been the one initiating; it felt almost like their roles had been reversed.

The hesitation lasted only a moment.

Grace's mind flashed back to the hotel room a few nights ago—the four rounds of pure, insane sex with her brother. The way her long legs had been folded over his shoulders. The way he had taken her from behind until she nearly blacked out. How she had willingly lowered her head to lick his cock still coated in her own juices. The helpless, overwhelming rush when he came deep inside her.

"What we did… wasn't any less intense than this," she thought. "Maybe even more."

Something solid settled in her chest—along with a thin thread of competitiveness. She sped up her rinse, determined to join them.

…

Meanwhile Ethan's finger was being thoroughly worshipped by Sophie's soft tongue; every stroke sent sparks straight up his spine. When the shower shut off he looked over again. Grace had finished and was slowly drying herself with a clean towel. Her expression was almost unnervingly calm, as if she were watching nothing more unusual than ordinary family life.

Seeing that, the last of Ethan's restraint vanished. He pulled his finger free with a glistening string of saliva, then slid both hands down to cup Sophie's firm, perfect ass. With a small lift he tilted her forward into a clear, open position for entry from behind.

Sophie understood immediately. She bit her lower lip and pushed her ass back a little farther.

Ethan gripped his thick, veined cock with one hand and spread her with the other, rubbing the swollen head along her slick slit. The

moment the tip pressed against her wet, slightly open entrance, he drove forward.

Schlup.

A clear, wet sound. His cock sank steadily into her.

She was already soaked—leftover cum from earlier in the bedroom mixed with the fresh arousal flooding her now. Inch by inch the thick shaft pushed past soft, clinging walls, the warm water helping it slide deeper toward her cervix.

"Ah!"

Filled again, Sophie's whole body trembled. She threw her head back, voice breaking into continuous moans.

"Ah… so good… hubby…"

Being watched by her sister-in-law while her husband filled her sent her shame sky-high. She reached back, hooked both arms around Ethan's neck, and pulled him close.

"Hubby… move… hurry… fuck me…"

He gripped her narrow waist and began a steady, controlled rhythm in the hot water. The strokes weren't large, but every thrust and pull sent soft *gluck, gluck* sounds through the tub and set small ripples bouncing against the walls.

Sex in the warm water felt strangely heightened. The buoyancy made her light; the resistance made every inch of friction sharper. Pleasure seemed multiplied, flooding both of them from the place they were joined.

Just as Ethan leaned down to kiss her flushed cheek, a tall, naked figure stepped quietly to the edge of the tub.

Grace stood there, dried and completely bare, looking down at them. When her eyes clearly registered her brother's thick cock buried inside Sophie's pale body, her brows drew together.

Old nursing instincts stirred: fucking in a bathtub… the bacteria in the water… it really wasn't the cleanest idea.

At the same moment Ethan, startled by how close she was, froze and pulled out on instinct.

Pop.

The long, heavily veined cock slid free, trailing a thick mix of white cum and Sophie's clear arousal from her slightly gaped entrance. Even in the hot water it stayed rock-hard, the slit at the tip twitching.

"Hubby!"

The sudden emptiness hit Sophie hard. She opened her eyes in protest—"Hubby, why'd you pull out—" and then saw Grace standing right there, frowning.

Instead of blushing, Sophie's face lit up. She waved like she was inviting a late friend to a party.

"Oh, Grace is here! Come on in, the water's still hot!"

Grace's frown deepened.

Normally Sophie was the quiet, refined one at home. Why was she acting so… unhinged?

Ethan saw the confusion and the thin resistance in his sister's eyes. He scratched his head awkwardly.

"Sis… you'll get used to it. Sophie… when we do this she kind of… gets into a state. You know."

He couldn't exactly say *my wife turns into a total slut the second my dick's in her* while Grace was standing there. He gave Sophie's ass a light, sharp slap—*smack*—and said, "Babe, dial it back a little. Don't scare Grace."

Sophie realized she'd gone overboard. She stuck her tongue out like a kid caught misbehaving, then lowered her head with a small "okay." She gripped the tub edge and scooted farther forward, deliberately leaving the space behind Ethan open.

He caught on at once. "Sis, the temperature's perfect. Sit behind me."

Grace looked at the couple—shameless, perfectly in sync, acting like she wasn't even there—and felt a complicated mix of exasperation and envy.

This is nice, she thought quietly.

In front of the family they were proper: one sunny and handsome, the other elegant and beautiful. In private, when it came to the most raw and shameful things, they could completely let go and accept every filthy, desperate side of each other.

Wasn't this exactly what she had always wanted—the perfect fit of both body and soul?

(Chapter ends as Grace stands at the edge of the tub, the next chapter beginning with her stepping in.)

CHAPTER 67

Lost in the Bathtub

Grace said nothing more. She no longer hesitated.

In the next instant she drew a deep breath, lifted those long, perfectly proportioned legs that could have belonged to a runway model, and stepped over the rim of the tub to settle behind her brother Ethan.

Splash.

The water rose again. Hot overflow spilled across the edge.

The bathroom heater was already running high, so the temperature stayed comfortably hot.

The moment Grace's full, mature body sank completely into the water, an indescribable warmth wrapped around her.

"Mm…"

She let out a soft, contented sigh. Every pore on her body seemed to open at once. The exhaustion and pressure that had piled up from a failed marriage and from the secret affair with her brother felt as if they were being smoothed away by the hot water.

She closed her eyes and simply enjoyed the brief quiet.

After a few seconds of adjustment she slowly opened them again.

What she saw was Ethan's broad, solid back—clean muscle lines, strong and fluid, carrying the easy sex appeal of a young man, made even more striking by the rising steam.

She hesitated for maybe half a second.

Then both arms slipped under his and around his narrow waist. She pulled herself forward until her body was pressed tightly against him.

Instantly those heavy, full breasts flattened softly against his back.

Skin on skin, both of them shivered at the same moment.

Once she let go of the last restraint, Grace's hands slid down over the hard ridges of his abs. The firmness under her palms was the kind that made a woman want to keep touching. She leaned her head lightly against his wide shoulder.

From that angle she could look down past his side and clearly see what was in the water in front of him.

Right there, half-floating in the rippling surface, was the thick cock that had only just been pulled out of Sophie. It had never gone soft. It still stood rigid and angry, veins standing out in sharp relief, the swollen head a deep, flushed purple.

Grace's mind went straight back to a few nights ago—the same cock driving into her body, giving her pleasure she had never known before.

Just looking at it this close made the place deep inside her that the hot water had calmed start to itch again. A fresh rush of wetness slipped out of her smooth, bare pussy and dissolved silently into the warm water.

"Even if…"

"This cock doesn't belong only to me…"

"So what?"

"As long as it can satisfy me the same way it satisfies Sophie…"

That was the last bit of mental preparation she gave herself.

For all her strong sex drive, Grace was still surprisingly traditional in her thinking. She had never once watched anyone else have sex. She had never even watched porn. The clumsy, hesitant way she had sucked her brother that night in the hotel had been pieced together from dirty stories told by the older nurses at the hospital.

Now a live, full-color show was happening right in front of her.

Curiosity overpowered the remaining shame and the lingering hygienic concern.

She suddenly wanted—needed—to see exactly how her brother and his wife fucked.

So she spoke in the calmest voice she could manage, careful not to let it shake:

"Ethan… you two… just keep going. Don't mind me."

Then, almost immediately, she added, "I'll just… watch."

"Yes!"

Sophie twisted around at once, looking past Ethan's shoulder at Grace with the bright expression of someone who had just found an accomplice. She lifted her pale ass again, rubbed it back against the hard cock behind her, and purred:

"Hubby~ did you hear that? Grace said it's fine!"

“Baby wants it~ hurry up~ I can’t wait anymore~!”

His wife’s sweet, shameless begging in front of him and his own sister’s heavy breasts pressed tightly against his back—Ethan felt the double assault of pure luck pushing him past his limit.

He stopped holding back. He took hold of his burning cock again, lined it up with Sophie’s waiting entrance, and drove in hard.

“Ah!”

Sophie cried out in pure satisfaction. Her whole body trembled lightly in the water.

Ethan was fucking his beautiful, legal wife in their own bathtub while his voluptuous, mature sister held him tightly from behind, her body warm and fragrant against him.

He felt so overwhelmed with forbidden pleasure he nearly blacked out.

The double taboo hit so hard that his usual self-control shattered. For a few seconds his mind went blank. He simply stayed buried deep inside Sophie and forgot to move at all.

A moment later he felt Grace’s breathing against his shoulder turn heavier and hotter.

Something stirred. He turned his head slowly, testing.

Grace had already turned her face toward him. Whether it was the bathroom heat or the rising need inside her, her cheeks were flushed a deep, lovely red. Those narrow, elegant eyes were fixed, unblinking, on the place where he and Sophie were joined.

Seeing her like that—clearly aroused—Ethan leaned in closer.

Grace’s entire attention was locked on the half-hidden, water-blurred view in front of her.

She was watching it happen.

Watching her brother’s cock push apart Sophie’s soft flesh and sink deep into her.

The rippling water kept the details from being perfectly clear, but the way the water kept blooming outward from the point of entry, and the way Sophie’s waist kept trembling with satisfaction, told her everything about the size and the depth.

This was the same cock that had been pounding her only days ago, fucking her until she cried and nearly lost her mind.

Now it was inside another woman.

Her brother's wife. His legal spouse.

The rush that hit Grace was almost too much.

Jealousy, twisted excitement, helpless surrender, and a secret expectation all twisted together.

"Technically… I'm the third person in this."

"But the same rule still applies… it's already done."

Her body was more honest than her head.

Her smooth pussy was soaked. The itch deep inside was so sharp it felt close to driving her crazy.

Without thinking she loosened one arm from around Ethan's waist. That free hand slipped under the water, parted her thighs, and began to touch herself.

At that exact moment she felt his face moving closer.

That familiar, handsome face filled her vision. She could even see the faint stubble on his jaw. It was real.

"Is he… trying to kiss me?"

"Right in front of Sophie?"

"While he's still inside her… kissing me?"

The thought shot through her like electricity. Her scalp prickled.

She was so desperate that, in the instant before his lips reached her, she opened her mouth first and offered her tongue.

Ethan had only meant to give her a gentle, reassuring kiss. He hadn't wanted her to feel left out while he was busy with Sophie. He never expected her to meet him halfway so openly.

He froze for a fraction of a second.

Then he saw the soft pink tongue trembling slightly because he hadn't responded yet. He abandoned the cautious plan and met her with his own tongue.

In the steamy, overheated bathroom.

In the narrow, crowded tub with water still rocking around them.

Ethan's cock was still buried deep inside Sophie's hot body.

And his mouth was about to meet his sister's tongue.

Two wet, warm tongues touched in the air.

First the tips—light, almost electric.

Then one of them moved, and suddenly neither held back. They tangled together completely.

The deep, greedy kiss made wet, lewd sounds. Because they were so absorbed in it, Ethan's cock unconsciously slipped most of the way out of Sophie. Only the thick, burning head remained caught at her tight entrance, moving in and out by the barest fraction with every shift of their mouths.

"Mm…"

The incomplete penetration left Sophie burning and restless. The full, stretching pleasure was gone, replaced by an empty ache that felt like ants crawling inside her. Ethan showed no sign of moving, so she took over.

Both hands braced on the rim of the tub. She began to rock her pale, round ass in the warm water, swallowing the hard head an inch deeper each time before slowly letting it slide back out. Waves spread outward from her hips and slapped against the sides of the tub with soft, wet sounds.

Ethan's head felt especially hard today. The ridge of the corona dragged precisely over her most sensitive spot with every small movement, sending sharp, dizzying pleasure straight up her spine.

What made it even worse was the knowledge that Grace was right there behind Ethan, almost certainly staring at the place where her brother's cock was working inside her.

The double layer of taboo burned through Sophie's head like wildfire.

Even though the movements were small and slow, the grinding quickly pushed her into a sharp little orgasm.

"Ah… mm…"

A soft, broken cry left her. Her body shook hard. A hot rush spilled from deep inside as her walls clenched tightly around the half-inserted head.

A moment later she went limp against Ethan's chest, panting. Color stayed high on her cheeks. Water droplets ran down the line of her jaw and dripped onto her rising and falling breasts.

She caught her breath and realized the cock still inside her hadn't softened at all.

Once her own need was satisfied, a different thought appeared.

She had already come. Wasn't it rude to leave Grace just watching?

She started forming the words to encourage Grace to join, or to tell Ethan to take care of his sister properly.

Before she could speak she turned her head—and saw the two tongues still tangled together, still deep in the kiss.

Annoyed and amused at the same time, she muttered under her breath:

"…two little cheaters."

But she had to admit the picture in front of her was filthy in the best way.

Her husband's cock was still inside her, and he was kissing his own sister like that.

To anyone who couldn't understand the thrill, she wanted to say:

They're blood siblings. They came from the same mother. And now they're acting like lovers.

This was even more twisted than what she had done with her father-in-law, Richard.

…though that had been pretty twisted too. Still, this sister-and-brother scene felt like it sat one level higher on the forbidden scale.

She got so caught in the thought that she forgot to say anything.

Grace seemed to feel the weight of a stare. Realizing Sophie might be watching her like this made her tense. She gave Ethan's tongue one last slow lick, then reluctantly pulled back, a thin strand of saliva stretching between them.

When she lifted her head from his shoulder she met Sophie's half-smiling, half-teasing gaze. Color flooded her face. She spoke quietly, a little guilty:

"Sophie…"

Seeing Grace suddenly shy, Sophie snorted inside.

"Hmph. A second ago you were all over my husband's mouth. Now you're embarrassed?"

She didn't say it out loud. Instead she waved a hand with deliberate generosity, speaking like someone who had already been through it:

"It's fine, Grace. From now on my husband is your husband too. If you want his cock you don't need my permission. Just use it."

Ethan let out a short laugh.

Sophie shot him a look. "What are you laughing at?"

Grace understood immediately. Her face turned even redder. She explained in a small voice:

"Last time… when we did it… Ethan asked me to call him hubby…"

Sophie's expression froze, then collapsed into pure wounded disbelief. She turned on Ethan at once:

"I spent so long working up the courage the first time I called you hubby! The first time you fucked your sister you already had her calling you that? What does that make me? Just because she knew you first? I'm the one who showed up late?"

She curled in on herself, arms wrapped around her long legs, face buried against her knees, shoulders trembling. She looked small and miserable.

She and Ethan had been each other's first loves. From the day they met until they married they had never even raised their voices at each other. The feelings between them ran deep.

When Sophie had still been pure, the word "hubby" had carried an almost sacred weight for her. In her mind it was the most intimate, exclusive title between husband and wife—the final proof of belonging.

The first time she said it to Ethan her palms had been sweaty and her face had burned. That moment had been her way of giving herself to him completely.

Now that same exclusive title had been handed to another woman—and that woman was his sister.

How could she not feel hurt?

CHAPTER 68

Three in One Bed

Ethan knew his wife had this particular soft spot. In the heat of the moment earlier he hadn't thought much of it, but seeing how much it was affecting Sophie now made his chest tighten.

He smiled, all fondness, and reached out with both arms. In one smooth motion he pulled her—legs and all—into his lap so she was straddling him in an openly indecent position. The half-hard cock settled right against her still-wet entrance.

"It's okay, babe. You're the first. You're the most important one. Even if you called someone else hubby right in front of me, I wouldn't mind."

The "someone else" he meant, at this point, could only be his father, Richard.

Sophie's body went rigid. Her pretty face flushed hard, the color spreading all the way to her ears.

A vivid image rose in her mind unbidden:

Richard's thick, slightly darker cock pounding into her on the hard surface of the study desk. She was taking every heavy thrust while shamefully moaning:

"Hubby… ah… hubby… Daddy hubby… fuck me to death… fuck your slutty daughter-in-law…"

And Richard's low, rough voice growling against her ear:

"Slut… you called me hubby… from now on you're my little wife…"

Just imagining it made fresh wetness seep from her again.

"Okay… okay. I'll forgive you this time."

She hid her face against the side of Ethan's neck, voice muffled, unusually shy.

Grace, listening from the side, understood exactly who Ethan was talking about.

Still, she found it hard to reconcile the stern, quiet father she knew with the man her brother and sister-in-law were casually describing as someone who slept with his own daughter-in-law.

People really are hard to read.

Even as his own daughter, she couldn't fully see the desires he kept buried.

Because she had no clear picture, she didn't ask.

The three of them stayed in the tub a little longer until the water began to cool. Only then did they reluctantly get out.

Droplets ran down three young, fit bodies.

Sophie's full, pale D-cups, Grace's even heavier, exaggerated breasts, and Ethan's lean abs and the thick cock hanging between his legs formed a raw, living picture in the steamy bathroom.

Ethan pulled on a clean pair of boxer briefs and loosely tied a robe over them.

Sophie had forgotten to bring clean clothes, so she simply put the robe on over bare skin.

Grace, also without a change of underwear, dressed enough to cover herself and planned to finish getting ready in her own room.

No one spoke while they moved. The silence carried a clear, unspoken understanding.

All three of them knew the night was not going to end here.

The quiet was only the calm before the storm.

—

Ethan and Sophie reached their bedroom door. Sophie stepped inside first.

Ethan stopped and looked back at Grace, who was heading toward the next room. His eyes lingered on the full, round shape of her ass. A strong reluctance rose in him.

It wasn't only about wanting her body. He simply couldn't stand the idea of sending her back to an empty bed after everything that had already happened.

That wasn't acceptable.

He also knew Grace had an app on her phone that monitored the baby monitor for her son, Mason. If the baby woke or cried, the phone would alert her immediately.

With that in place, there was no reason to worry about the child tonight.

"Grace."

She turned, one hand on the door, looking mildly confused. “What is it?”

Ethan closed the distance and pulled her soft body into his arms without another word. The faint mix of milk and body wash on her skin filled his nose and made his thoughts scatter.

“Come with us… stay, okay?”

He spoke the words low against her ear, almost a request.

Grace stiffened for a second. Heat rushed from her ears down through her whole body. Her face burned again.

“Sophie… she really doesn’t mind?”

Ethan gave a firm nod. That was enough.

She stopped resisting and let him take her hand, walking with him through the open bedroom door.

Inside, Sophie was standing by the bed.

When she saw her husband walk in holding Grace’s hand, her expression froze for only a moment before settling back to normal.

She didn’t say anything. She simply untied her robe and let the silky fabric slide off her shoulders, revealing her completely naked body underneath.

Then she turned to the closet, pulled out a stack of clean sheets, and looked back at the two of them still standing there like posts.

“What are you two staring for? Help me.”

They moved. Together the three of them stripped the damp sheets. The heater had already dried the mixture of cum and arousal into pale, stiff patches. Both women flushed while they worked. Ethan, thicker-skinned, didn’t seem bothered.

Once the bed was fresh, Sophie was the first to climb in. She slipped under the covers completely naked, then picked up her phone from the nightstand and pretended to scroll, using the motion to hide the nervous flutter in her chest.

What was going to happen next?

Was she really about to have sex with another woman for the first time?

And not just any woman—her husband’s older sister. Her own sister-in-law.

The thought alone made her pussy start leaking again. The insides of her thighs felt sticky.

From what had happened in the tub, she knew she had to hold back. She didn't want to come across as too wild and scare Grace, who was just as new to this as she was.

In truth, Sophie's current state was classic: plenty of theory, almost no real practice when it came to threesomes.

One-on-one, whether with Ethan or with Richard, she knew exactly what to do. With Ethan they had already tried far more than most couples. With Richard, a little of that experience was enough to keep the older man under control.

But this—three people, and one of them her husband's sister—left her without a clear script. It made her more cautious than usual.

Grace, for her part, was just as lost. Her desires were strong, but both her knowledge and her actual experience were limited. Aside from her unsatisfying ex-husband, the only real reference she had was that one wild night with Ethan. Facing something this far outside her imagination left her equally unsure of herself.

Of the three, Ethan looked the most relaxed—and the most impatient.

"Grace… you can lie on that side."

He pointed to the other half of the bed, voice carrying clear excitement.

Grace gave a soft "okay."

She turned her back to him and awkwardly began removing the rest of her clothes, once again exposing her full, pale body to both of them.

Under Ethan's heated stare her face burned. She hurried to the far side of the bed, lifted the covers, and slipped underneath like she was trying to hide.

Ethan's eyes moved across the wide bed.

Two naked women. Two completely different kinds of beauty. His breathing grew heavier.

Sophie lay on her side, one hand propping her cheek, the other holding her phone as if she were reading. Long lashes hid the excitement in her eyes. The covers had slipped below her chest, so her full breasts rose and fell with each breath, nipples still stiff from the bath.

On the other side, Grace looked tense. She was curled under the blanket with only her shoulders and the upper swell of her breasts visible. The thin cover half-hid her heavy E-cups, which were noticeably larger than Sophie's and carried a soft, heavy weight. The large, light-brown areolas showed faintly through the fabric.

Feeling her brother's gaze, Grace seemed to want to disappear. Her long legs, inherited from their mother, drew up tighter under the covers.

Ethan didn't wait. He yanked off the robe, shoved the boxer briefs down, and his cock sprang free again—thick, fully hard, veins raised, the head swollen and glossy. It stood upright in front of both women like it was claiming the space.

He was about to move toward Sophie when Grace suddenly spoke.

"Ethan… should we… turn off the lights?"

Even now, she couldn't quite picture doing this under bright lights—naked, with her brother and his wife.

Ethan paused and looked back at her, a small smile on his mouth.

"No need. We're not doing anything we have to hide."

Then, realizing how that sounded, he added, "I like the lights on."

Grace's face flushed hard again.

She remembered the hotel that night. He hadn't turned the lights off then either. She could still clearly recall how his cock had looked slamming into her, how wet she had gotten, how her face had looked when she came, and the humiliating way her milk had leaked while he watched.

She didn't argue. Silence was agreement.

Ethan nodded, satisfied—then immediately ran into a small problem.

His original plan had been to start with Sophie while Grace was still settling, then move to his sister. Grace's interruption forced him to rethink.

Who first?

Sophie was his wife. She should come first. But Grace was the new one here. Hospitality suggested he should take care of her first. He and Sophie had already gone several rounds tonight. If he went straight to Grace and left Sophie waiting, Sophie might stay quiet in the moment,

but she would almost certainly bring it up later. And if Grace found out, she might feel awkward enough to pull away.

He didn't want his first threesome to end with bad feelings.

While he was still stuck between the two choices, Sophie broke the tension herself.

She set the phone down, turned onto her side, and let her breasts shift with the movement. She looked at Grace first.

"Grace, in a bit Ethan and I will show you how it's done. You can watch and learn how I take care of your brother."

The words cleared the air at once.

Grace had been struggling with how she was supposed to face what was about to happen. Sophie's offer gave her the easiest way in.

"Then… you two go ahead. I'll… watch and learn."

As she spoke, her heavy breasts moved slightly with the small nod. Between her legs she was already wet from the memories of that night and from everything happening now.

A warm sense of being accepted settled over her—and was immediately swallowed by a sharper excitement.

She was about to lie in their bed and watch her own brother fuck his wife.

CHAPTER 69

In Front of Her Sister-in-Law

Once the two women reached their strange agreement, Ethan stopped hesitating. He moved straight for Sophie, cock already hard, pulled the thin cover aside, and pressed her warm, smooth body down beneath him.

"Mm…" Sophie let out a soft sound from the impact.

Ethan breathed in first. Her scent filled his nose.

Then his hands started moving over her skin.

One palm covered her flat, smooth stomach. The skin there was soft as silk, the faint lines of muscle barely visible underneath. He rubbed slowly, feeling the gentle rise of her pubic bone and the neatly trimmed patch above her pussy.

Next was her waist.

It was narrow, almost too thin to hold properly. His fingers followed the curve of her waist downward and Sophie's body gave a small shiver.

Then her ass.

His hand closed over one firm, rounded cheek. It was tight and springy. He squeezed hard enough that his fingers sank into the flesh.

Finally her thighs.

Sophie's legs were long and straight, skin pale. The inner thighs were especially sensitive. Ethan's palm slid up from the back of her knee. When his fingers brushed the soft skin high on her thigh she clamped her legs together on instinct and let out a quiet "mm…", clearly already affected.

When she blocked his hand he switched tactics. He lowered his head and kissed her stomach, tongue lightly circling her navel, tasting the faint sweetness of body wash.

Sophie kept her face turned to the side the whole time, cheeks flushed, trying to look calm like she was simply demonstrating. Her quick breathing and the small tremors running through her body gave her away.

Inside she was already wet. Slickness had started seeping out, coating her small lips and the slit between them.

Ethan's kisses made heat gather low in her belly. The feeling of being wanted by her husband mixed with the knowledge that Grace was watching, and the combination turned the ordinary pleasure into something sharper and more forbidden.

His mouth moved higher, past her stomach, toward her breasts.

Under the lights her D-cups shifted slightly. The cleavage was deep, the shape full and high. The pale pink nipples were already stiff, the areolas lightly puckered.

Ethan didn't hesitate. He closed his mouth over her left breast.

His tongue circled the soft pink areola. The wet heat raised fine bumps across her skin. He took the hard nipple into his mouth, teeth grazing, tongue flicking.

Suck… slurp…

The wet sounds were clear in the quiet room. They reached Grace along with everything she was watching, and her face burned.

"Mm… hubby… mm… ah…"

Sophie's back arched. Low, sweet sounds left her mouth.

Ethan took more of the breast into his mouth, sucking the nipple like he was trying to pull something out of it.

The intensity, mixed with the extreme shame of being watched by Grace, started to blur Sophie's thoughts. A strange, heavy pleasure rose and she stopped holding back.

"Ah… mm… mm… ahh… ah… mm… ah… mm… mm… hubby… ah… mm… ah… feels so good… mm… ahh… ah… mm…"

At the same time his other hand moved lower.

It slid past her stomach and between her legs. Fingers parted the small lips and met the wetness he expected.

Sophie's inner lips were delicate. From memory Ethan found the swollen clit and rubbed it the way he would a small pearl—light pressure, slow circles.

"Ah… hubby… gentler… mm… hubby… ah… don't… ah… mm…"

Sophie jerked like she'd been shocked. The moan came out higher. Her long legs clamped tight, the soft skin of her inner thighs trembling.

Her breasts rose and fell with her breathing. Color spread across her face.

Ethan kept rubbing. The goal was to push her all the way open.

The small bud swelled under his fingers. Sharp little currents ran through her body.

Having her husband play with her most private place right in front of his sister made the wetness come even faster.

He stayed like that for about a minute—mouth on her breast, fingers working her clit—until Sophie was clearly lost in it. Then he eased off.

Two fingers, already slick from her, pressed slowly into her tight entrance.

Squish.

The moment they entered, soft, ridged walls closed around them. Sophie's pussy gripped and fluttered, welcoming the familiar intrusion.

Ethan had only meant to get her wetter so he could enter more easily. She was already ready. His fingers moved in something warm and slippery; every time he pulled them back they came out coated.

"Oh… hubby… deeper… ohhh…"

He thrust his fingers harder a few times. Sophie's waist snapped up. Her eyes rolled slightly from the pleasure.

Even Ethan rarely saw her like this. She was clearly far gone. His cock throbbed in response.

He decided to stop following any careful order.

Pop.

He pulled his fingers out. A thick string of clear fluid stretched and shone under the light.

With a small, wicked smile he wiped the wet hand across her other breast, spreading it evenly. The pale skin turned glossy. Even the nipple shone.

"Mm? Hubby… you're bad…"

Sophie's eyes were half-lidded, voice sweet. She felt completely open now.

"The good part's still coming."

Ethan straightened, caught her pale ankles, and lifted both long legs high, resting them on his shoulders.

The position left her completely exposed. Her pink, glistening pussy was open and clearly visible to Grace on the other side of the bed.

Ethan knelt between her legs, lined his cock up with the slightly parted entrance, and said,

"Babe, I'm going in."

Then he drove forward hard.

Schlup—!

A wet, heavy sound.

The thick shaft pushed through soft walls and sank all the way in, the head pressing deep against her cervix.

"Ah~~ hubby… so deep… you're… you're hitting the deepest part… ah…"

Sophie's body bowed. Her breasts shook. Her long legs locked around his waist. Even her toes pointed tight.

Ethan sucked in a breath at the tight, wet grip.

"Fuck… babe… you're so tight… so wet…"

It wasn't only the feeling on his cock. Grace was watching. That made everything sharper.

He didn't wait. He started thrusting hard and fast.

Both hands locked on Sophie's waist. His hips moved without pause. The cock slammed in and out of her.

It would pull almost all the way to the entrance, then drive back in, the head kissing the entrance of her womb each time.

Slap! Slap! Slap!

Squish! Squish! Squish!

The sounds of skin hitting skin and wet flesh being stirred filled the room.

"Mm… ah… ah… hubby… faster… harder…"

Sophie's breasts bounced with every thrust. Her waist twisted to meet him. She made no effort to quiet the moans and heavy breathing.

Her long legs stayed hooked over his shoulders, the perfect brace. Her toes curled and flexed.

Being fucked openly for the first time pushed both her shame and her excitement to the limit.

Grace saw all of it.

She was curled under the covers, only her eyes visible. Those eyes were hazy with arousal. Her breathing had grown as quick as Sophie's. Under the blanket her heavy breasts rose and fell. Between her legs she was soaked.

She refused to miss anything. Her gaze stayed fixed on the thick, veined cock moving in and out of Sophie's pink entrance.

Every withdrawal pulled out shining fluid and a glimpse of soft inner flesh. Every thrust drew another broken sound from Sophie.

"Ethan's cock… it's really that big… and it's making Sophie this wild…"

Grace couldn't stay still. One hand slipped between her own thighs and started rubbing her swollen clit.

Want rose hard. She wanted that cock inside her. She wanted to be fucked the same way Sophie was being fucked.

"Ah… babe… you're gripping so hard…"

Sophie's walls suddenly clamped tight. Ethan nearly came on the spot.

From experience he knew she was close.

He changed position. He lowered her legs from his shoulders, caught her ankles, and lifted her hips high so her legs formed a wide V.

The angle let him see all of her and drove the head of his cock more directly against her most sensitive spot.

"Oh… oh… I'm gonna die… hubby… I can't… right there… ohhh…"

Her breasts bounced even harder. Her face, already flushed, twisted with pleasure. Her voice cracked.

Slap slap slap slap!

The sound of their bodies meeting grew faster and louder.

Not long after, Sophie came.

"Ah—! It's here… I'm… I'm gonna squirt… hubby… hubby… hubby… ah… I'm coming!!"

Her scream cut through the room. Her body seized. Hot fluid gushed from deep inside and washed over the head of Ethan's cock.

Then she went limp, eyes rolling, body slack on the bed like she had been fucked unconscious. Only her pussy kept clenching in small, involuntary pulses.

The sudden flood and the tight sucking walls pushed Ethan over the edge.

"Babe… I'm gonna come too…"

He started the last hard thrusts.

Sophie, still half-dazed, answered in a hoarse voice between breaths:

"Come… come inside… hubby… give it all to me… fill your little slut's pussy…"

"Ah!"

The last words finished him. He drove in as deep as he could, the head pressed against her trembling cervix, and thick, hot cum poured into her in heavy pulses.

Grace, still rubbing herself, sped up. Almost at the same moment she came with him.

"……ha… ha… ha……"

The room went quiet except for the three of them breathing hard.

Ethan stayed on top of Sophie, riding the aftershocks. His softening cock still twitched inside her, emptying the last of it.

Sophie's long pale legs stayed locked around his waist like she didn't want him to leave.

Grace had watched the entire thing—her brother's cock pounding Sophie's wet pussy, Sophie's face going blank with pleasure, and the thick cum that belonged to their family being pumped deep into her sister-in-law.

She had managed a small orgasm of her own, but her body was still restless. It wasn't enough.

After a short while Ethan pushed himself up. Sophie's beautiful face was still flushed. Sweat dampened the hair stuck to her cheeks.

Pop—

He pulled out. His cock was still half-hard, coated in her arousal and his own cum.

CHAPTER 70

Grace Peaks Again

Ethan slowly pushed himself up, looking down at the beautiful wife beneath him.

Sophie was already exhausted, eyes half-closed. Crystal beads of sweat clung to her long lashes. Her devastatingly pretty face was flushed pink, like a peach after rain, lips parted and glossy, utterly tempting.

"Pop—"

A clear, wet sound broke the quiet of the room.

Ethan slowly pulled his still half-hard cock—coated in his wife's juices and his own cum—out of her hot, wet pussy.

As it withdrew, a thick mixture of creamy white semen and clear arousal could no longer cling. It "glubbed" out of Sophie's slightly swollen, still-open entrance, trickling down the inside of her smooth thigh and spreading into a small wet patch on the sheet beneath her.

The sudden emptiness startled Sophie awake. Instinctively she tightened her arms around his neck, voice thick with nasal softness.

"Husband… when you and Sis… you're really not going to use anything either… what if she gets pregnant?"

Ethan leaned down and kissed her sweat-damp forehead, answering in a short, dominant tone:

"Then we have the baby."

Those three words were like a pardon. The last knot in Sophie's heart loosened.

Whatever. Creampie is creampie. Worst case, like he said, Sis just gives her another fat little nephew.

Wait—no. If the baby is from her husband and her sister-in-law, what would she even call it? Little brother-in-law? Or little son? Hmm?

Sophie couldn't untangle the family titles and simply stopped trying. She smiled sweetly instead and offered her red lips.

"Okay then. Since you've already decided, I support you. Kiss me, husband…"

Ethan smiled, pleased. They shared a deep kiss, tongues tangling, exchanging saliva and affection.

When the kiss ended, Sophie's watery, flirtatious eyes turned slyly toward Grace, who was still burning with desire and waiting her turn.

Then she looked back at Ethan, licked her now even wetter lips, and whispered in a breathy voice she thought only he could hear:

"Go on. Go creampie your sister. I want to watch."

Ethan hummed in agreement and was about to climb off Sophie when Grace suddenly spoke.

"What do you mean 'your sister'?"

Grace's voice was husky from recent masturbation, carrying a faint, barely-hidden note of vinegar and displeasure.

"Sophie… don't you call me Sis too?"

Looking over, Grace was lying on her side, one hand propping her hot cheek, the other still under the covers on her smooth, hairless white-tiger zone.

With the movement, the blanket slipped from her chest. Those outrageously full, heavy papaya-sized breasts trembled, the light-brown nipples already hard as little stones from prolonged excitement.

Her face, flushed from watching and touching herself, was deeply flushed and alluring.

Hearing that, Sophie's eyes sparkled with mischief. She crawled out of Ethan's arms and boldly knelt on the bed, completely unashamed of her naked body marked with red handprints and love bites.

"Oh~ my dear big sister~ are you ready? Ready to be thoroughly fucked and creampied by your little brother's big cock—the same one that just finished with me?"

As she spoke, her own D-cup breasts swayed, and she smiled sweetly at Grace, voice full of teasing.

Ethan watched the two women spar and gave Sophie a helpless look.

"Alright, wife. Stop messing around. I'm going."

He flipped off the bed cleanly. His cock, hit by the cooler air, shrank a little but stayed impressively half-hard.

Sophie could still see her clear juices and his white cum mixed on it, making the whole shaft glossy and especially lewd.

Ethan climbed onto the bed from the other side and crawled over on his knees, stopping in front of his sister Grace.

At first he intended to give her a soothing kiss like he had with Sophie, then warm her up properly. After all, this was her first time in such a messy scene; she might still be shy.

But before he could move, Grace did something none of them expected.

She lifted one fair, slender arm. Her fingers were slim, nails neatly rounded. She gently blocked his approaching mouth with that hand.

"No… don't kiss."

Her voice trembled, thick with barely restrained hunger.

Her phoenix eyes were misty, staring straight at the cock between her brother's legs.

"Ethan… you… just put it in."

Ethan froze for a second. Following her gaze downward, he realized Grace had already prepared everything herself.

Somehow she had kicked the thin blanket away and spread into a shameless M-shaped pose, fully exposing the most private part of her body to both her brother and sister-in-law.

That white-tiger paradise so many men dreamed of but could never touch was perfect enough to leave people speechless.

With not a single pubic hair, the whole area looked especially pink and tender.

The mound rose high and smooth, the outer lips tightly closed around a tempting slit.

But right now that slit kept overflowing with crystal-clear strands of wetness. Clearly watching and masturbating had gotten her truly turned on.

The slippery fluid stretched in long threads and had already soaked a small patch of the sheet beneath her, filling the air with an intensely lewd scent.

Seeing this extremely wanton sight, Ethan's blood roared straight to his head.

His sister's lewdness and initiative far exceeded anything he'd imagined. His earlier hesitation had been completely unnecessary!

Extremely excited, his Adam's apple bobbed. He trembled as he reached out with two fingers, gently parting those wet, plump inner lips and revealing the still-dripping pink entrance underneath.

"Sis… I'm going in."

"Mm… just put it in. Sister's pussy… it's so itchy down there…"

Hearing that, Ethan's spirit surged again. His cock instantly stood fully hard. He gripped it with one hand, heart pounding with massive excitement, as if holding some divine weapon about to charge into a cave and slay a dragon to rescue the princess.

He thrust forward. The next moment, they were joined.

The thick shaft still carried the slick fluid from Sophie's pussy, providing perfect lubrication.

Grace's hole was already so wet it felt less like a pussy and more like a hot spring. The large glans pushed in with a sticky wet sound, easily spreading the tight entrance. The shaft followed, sinking deep.

"Mm… ah…"

Grace's body trembled. A deeply satisfied sigh escaped her lips, making her E-cup breasts jiggle violently. Her long legs instinctively spread wider.

"Ethan… so… so thick… so full… feels so good… ah… mm… ah…"

Listening to his sister's soul-melting moans and feeling the incredible warmth of her channel, a forbidden thrill of conquering his own blood sister exploded in Ethan's chest.

He was actually even more excited than when he'd just fucked Sophie!

Grace was enjoying the multiple layers of taboo just as much.

The cock she had been craving—her brother's—was finally back inside her body.

It was so much thicker, harder, and hotter than her useless ex-husband's. This feeling of being completely filled was something she had never experienced in her entire marriage.

And on top of that, the cock still carried her sister-in-law's fluids… the extra layer of incestuous, backdoor pleasure made the sensation inside her double.

After fully burying himself, Ethan didn't start moving right away. He let her adjust to his size, almost like breaking in a virgin. Only when he felt her body stop trembling did he pull halfway out and slam back in, repeating the motion, gradually increasing force and speed.

Hip bones collided with wet, lewd smacks. Juices splashed. Moans never stopped.

"Ah… so deep… ah… ah… Ethan… ah mm… ah… so deep… so good… ah… ah…"

Seeing his sister's beautiful eyes completely unfocused, Ethan suddenly drove in with a deep thrust, burying his entire cock to the root!

"Ah—!" Grace screamed.

Ethan began wild, full-length thrusts.

His roughly 6.7-inch thick cock pistoned rapidly in and out of Grace's soaking wet, hairless pussy.

Every withdrawal dragged out large amounts of juice and white foam. Every thrust accurately slammed against the sensitive spot right before her cervix.

Grace's full, plump ass was lifted by the force, then dropped heavily under the impacts. Talent seemed to kick in—she quickly found the rhythm and started actively twisting her hips to meet her brother's thrusts.

As Ethan buried himself in hard work, Grace's upper body E-cup papaya breasts heaved and bounced violently, the sight spectacular.

"Ah… ah… Ethan… you're amazing… a million times better than my ex… ah… deeper… even deeper… Sis can't… Sis can't take it anymore…"

Grace completely let go, moaning wildly. The stimulation was so intense that her light-brown nipples even began uncontrollably spraying small amounts of crystal-clear milk onto the sheets.

The extremely lewd scene left Sophie watching from the side stunned. She thought her usually dignified sister-in-law was actually no less wild in bed than she was.

Looks like she'd have to work harder in the future to satisfy her husband's kinks, or she might lose favor.

That natural female sense of crisis made Sophie decide this, but before she could think further, Ethan spoke again:

"Sis… you're so slutty too… so much water…"

He panted, looking at the wanton display his sister was putting on beneath him, conquest desire exploding.

At that moment, Grace's long, beautiful legs suddenly wrapped tightly around Ethan's waist from extreme excitement.

Ethan straightened up, broke free of the hold, then grabbed one of her fair, petite feet. Under Grace's shocked gaze, he stuffed several of her cute toes into his mouth.

"Ya—!"

Ethan clearly remembered this was one of his sister's most sensitive spots.

Last time in the hotel, this exact move had driven her to an unprecedented climax.

So now he was doing it again—making her experience the fall right in front of his wife.

His tongue skillfully licked her sole and between her toes. His teeth gently nibbled the soft pads of her toes, sending wave after wave of electric, numbing pleasure.

The sudden dual stimulation nearly broke Grace on the spot. Her upper body arched violently, whole body shaking hard:

"No… don't… Ethan… ah… don't lick there… ah… I'm coming… I'm coming… ah…"

The pleasure from below and the sensation from her feet merged. Grace instantly lost control. Tonight's first orgasm crashed over her.

Ethan had no intention of stopping. He kept licking her jade-like foot while thrusting wildly.

In the room, the continuous "pap pap" of flesh colliding mixed with the wet "squish squish" of juices being stirred—loud and filthy.

Sophie watched the entire shocking live incest show with great interest.

She saw her sister-in-law's E-cup breasts surging under her brother's fucking, even spraying milk, leaving her dazed.

Especially when Ethan licked Grace's toes and Grace came instantly—Sophie got even more excited.

Desire stirred again. She reached down and slipped fingers into her own just-creampied pussy still leaking semen, gently stirring while talking dirty:

"Sis… you're so slutty… does it feel good getting fucked by your little brother?… Wow, Sis, you're even spraying milk… does getting your toes licked feel that good?… Moan louder…"

Ethan glanced at Sophie with a look that seemed to say "See? Your husband's pretty amazing, right?"

Then he suddenly freed one hand and grabbed one of Grace's papaya-sized breasts.

"Ah! Don't… don't touch… it'll spray milk…"

Having her most sensitive spot attacked made Grace clear her head a little.

But Ethan's beast side was fully out. There was no way he'd let go of these deadly weapons.

Despite her protests, he firmly gripped one of the soft, full, incredibly good-feeling breasts, then maliciously pinched the already peanut-sized erect nipple and twisted hard.

"Ah—!"

A jet of milky-white fluid shot out like a water gun from the nipple, splashing all over Ethan's hand and arm.

The intense stimulation pushed Grace over the edge again. Her body spasmed, phoenix eyes rolling back until only the whites showed.

Inside the filled white-tiger hole, the tender walls clamped tightly around Ethan's cock, slowing his thrusts.

"Oh… hoh oh oh… Ethan… Sis can't anymore… Sis is going to die… cum inside… hurry and cum for Sis… hoh oh oh…"

The climaxing channel squeezed Ethan so hard his scalp tingled and he nearly came. He finally released her toes and breast, braced both hands beside her body, and launched a final frantic sprint against the convulsing core.

"Pap pap pap pap pap pap…"

He slammed hard more than a dozen times with full strength, every thrust bottoming out.

"Sis… I'm cumming!"

“Cum… give it all to Sister…”

The moment the words fell, Ethan’s floodgates opened. He pumped several thick, still-dense spurts of semen deep into Grace’s white-tiger pussy, filling her completely once more.

……

(End of Chapter 70)

I have updated the project memory with the localized title for consistency.

CHAPTER 71

Mutual Assault

After the climax, Grace went completely limp, collapsing onto the bed like a pile of boneless mud. Only her E-cup breasts rose and fell with her rapid breathing.

Ethan was also panting hard as he pulled his cock out of her still-spasming body.

"Pop…"

As the cock withdrew, a thick white mixture of Ethan's semen and Grace's massive amount of juices "glubbed" out of that smooth, hairless mound and spread across the freshly changed sheets.

Sophie had been watching the whole time with wide eyes.

Suddenly a strange smile appeared on her face. She crawled over, extended one fair, slender finger, and boldly dipped it into the messy white mess.

Then, under the shocked gazes of both Ethan and Grace, Sophie put the finger coated in the mixed fluids into her own mouth. She stuck out her small tongue and carefully licked it clean.

"Mm… sweet…"

She smacked her lips like she was eating dessert. Her D-cup breasts trembled slightly. Her long legs were curled in a duck-sit pose, and a cute smile spread across her face.

Ethan didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

"Wife… what are you doing?"

Sophie answered righteously:

"What? Haven't you ever seen someone eat yogurt before?"

Ethan was thoroughly defeated and laughed.

"I've seen it. Just never seen someone treat the cum I shot into your sister's pussy as yogurt."

Sophie pursed her lips and stopped talking. She seemed to think eating her husband's semen was only natural—even if that semen had just flowed out of another woman's pussy.

Watching this lively pair, and seeing her sister-in-law's bold, perverted action, the last traces of shame, distance, and unease in Grace's heart completely disappeared.

She thought with relief: They really are one family. No wonder they get along so well.

This young couple's relationship was unusually good—and unusually perverted.

Compared to them, her own hidden desires were completely normal.

Then Sophie moved again.

She actively crawled over to Grace's side and, like an obedient child, flopped into her sister-in-law's arms, burying her face between those soft, warm E-cup breasts and rubbing hard.

"Wow, Sis's tits are so soft and big… they feel better than mine…"

Sophie's D-cups pressed against Grace's lower belly. Her long beautiful legs wrapped around one of Grace's legs as she spoke in a spoiled tone:

"Sis, sometimes when I get really into it I say weird things… like just now with the yogurt… don't laugh at me, okay?"

So the acting cute was for this.

Grace remembered how, earlier when she got excited, she had moaned more shamelessly than anyone and even sprayed milk. She couldn't help but laugh.

Her hand gently stroked Sophie's smooth back, feeling the slippery texture of her sister-in-law's fair skin.

A mix of maternal feeling, sisterly affection, and leftover desire welled up in her heart.

Grace's voice softened:

"We're all the same. Nothing to laugh about."

"I… I just hadn't seen a scene like this before, so I was a bit reserved. Now it's fine. I'm completely open."

Sophie lifted her head. A satisfied smile appeared on her beautiful face.

"Mm, Sis is the best. Let's always stay this close… ah…"

Just in this warm moment, an unharmonious object suddenly inserted itself.

Ethan had somehow gotten hard again!

His cock—which had already cum multiple times tonight—miraculously stiffened once more at the sight of his wife's perfect body pressed against his sister's. It suddenly pressed up from behind Sophie.

It aimed at Sophie's still-unwashed pussy that was still hanging with white fluid and, with a "squelch," thrust in smoothly once more!

"Ah… hey! Husband, what are you doing!"

Sophie's body jerked hard. Her D-cups shook violently against Grace's chest. Annoyed that her words had been interrupted, she complained:

"I was just whispering with Sis!"

Ethan leaned close to her fair ear from behind and laughed softly:

"It's fine. You two keep talking. I'll keep doing my thing."

With that, he didn't wait for Sophie's reaction. He gripped her waist and started thrusting hard.

Because her pussy was already full of previous cum, it was incredibly slick—even smoother than before.

Every time the glans slammed, it easily reached the deepest part of Sophie's core.

Sophie couldn't stop gasping from the fucking:

"Ah… mm… Sis… you… aren't you going to control your little brother… ah… he's just a beast… ah… Husband… gentler, my pussy is already swollen from you fucking it and you're still fucking… ah…"

Watching her sister-in-law being fucked by her little brother while lying in her arms, Grace felt no awkwardness. Instead, the scene stimulated her into excitement again.

"It's fine, Sophie. If Ethan wants it, of course you as his wife have to satisfy him~"

Hearing that, Ethan immediately gave his sister an agreeing look, then thrust hard once.

"Ah… the words are right… no… he's also your husband, Sis, you have to help me share the load… ah… why so hard all of a sudden… you dog-cock husband, you get so happy the moment you think about fucking your own sister, don't you… ah! Gentler! Ah! Ah!"

Seeing that every dirty line Sophie spoke made her brother increase the force, Grace let out a light laugh. She extended one long, fair hand

downward, accurately found Sophie's clit that was half-hidden in the juices and already swollen red, and began skillfully rubbing and pinching it with her fingers.

"Ah—!"

Sophie immediately screamed.

"Sis, don't touch there, ah!"

She couldn't stop it in time. Being touched in her private place for the first time by another woman, she felt like she'd been electrocuted and quickly lost the ability to form words.

Seeing her reaction, Grace got playful. Her fingers kept rubbing that tender, fragile core.

"Ah! Ah! I'm dying! I'm going to die from pleasure! Ah! Ah!"

Seeing his sister actively tease his wife, the fire of desire in Ethan's heart burned hotter. His cock swelled to its limit and thrust wildly inside Sophie's pussy. The glans endured the squeezing of her walls and repeatedly hit the deepest point.

Sophie's long beautiful legs weakly spread. She let her husband slam into her from behind. Before long, red marks bloomed again on her pale ass.

"Hus… husband… change position… I really can't take it anymore…"

Sophie panted cutely from the fucking.

Ethan also felt bad for his wife. He quickly pulled out, then opened his arms and lay flat on the bed.

Sophie immediately understood. She rose from Grace's arms, straddled her husband's waist on her knees, and used her fair hands to hold the cock covered in fluids, slowly sitting down on it.

"Ah…"

Ethan had switched to cowgirl so Sophie could control the rhythm herself—depth and speed—so he wouldn't actually break her.

Of course, he had overthought it.

Sophie had only been unable to handle being touched on the clit by Grace while also being slammed by her husband's big cock.

Now that she had the initiative back, Sophie held her constantly swaying D-cups, twisted her waist like a water snake, and rode hard up and down.

Her reddened ass deeply swallowed the cock. Every time she sat down she reached the core. Every time she lifted she left only the glans, producing crisp “pap pap pap” impact sounds.

At this moment Grace looked down at the juices on her fingers, then glanced at her sister-in-law’s wanton appearance beside her. Feeling unsatisfied, she slowly leaned over.

She knelt beside Ethan’s head, opened her red lips from the side, and took one of Sophie’s snow-white breasts—which had swayed right to her mouth—into her mouth. Her tongue skillfully sucked and flicked that erect, pink nipple.

“Ah… Sis… don’t… don’t suck there…”

Sophie was pushed to the peak by this sudden dual attack from below and from her chest.

She suddenly threw her head back. Her beautiful hair whipped wildly. A piercing, high-pitched scream tore from her throat:

“Ah! Husband… Sis… unfair! You two with the same last name are bullying me, the one with a different last name! Unfair!”

Hearing that, the two of them exchanged a tacit glance, then each continued what they were doing.

“Husband! Ah! Sis! Gentler! Ah! You two! Ah! I’m going to squirt! Going to squirt! Ah! Ah! Ah…”

Before the words finished, a clear stream of juice suddenly sprayed from the hole that was riding the cock, drenching Ethan’s face and chest, and even splashing onto Grace’s face as she sucked the breast right in front.

After climaxing, Sophie collapsed weakly onto Ethan’s body.

Ethan wiped the fluid off his face and affectionately patted her ass:

“Wife is amazing. You actually squirted twice tonight~”

Then he looked at Grace, who was wiping the accidentally sprayed liquid from her lips, and revealed a wicked smile:

“Sis, your turn. Get on all fours. Little brother is going to fuck you.”

Grace obediently knelt on the bed right there.

This position made her fascinating E-cup breasts hang heavily from gravity, almost touching the sheets.

Her full, plump white ass stuck high in the air. In the center, that white-tiger hole that had just been creampied was exposed to Ethan's eyes. The pink entrance was slightly open and still shamelessly leaking white fluid.

Ethan gently pushed his wife aside. After a kiss on her flushed cheek, he knelt behind Grace and thrust his big cock in again.

The cock once more forced open that warm hole. The shaft rubbed against the wet vaginal walls.

Inside was a slippery mix of his and Grace's fluids.

"Sis… your pussy… is full of my cum… now there's even more water… feels so good… does it feel good for you?"

"Good… feels so good I'm dying… Ethan, harder… Sis also wants to be like Sophie… wants you… wants you to fuck me to climax…"

How could a beauty's request be refused? Ethan immediately began the most intense sprint.

"Pap pap pap pap pap pap…"

In just over a dozen thrusts, the originally pale big ass was fucked red and hot.

Grace's E-cup breasts swayed violently. Her long legs knelt hard on the bed. She had completely gone crazy and let out satisfied low moans:

"Ethan! Ah…… harder… use the cock you just used to fuck Sophie… fuck Sis to death… Sis is going to die…"

The doggy-style position, due to gravity and angle, often reached deeper than from the front. For both parties it was even more stimulating.

Ethan's glans kissed hard against his sister's cervix with every thrust.

Just then, Sophie, who had just recovered her strength, nimbly crawled under Grace's body and lay beneath those constantly swaying papaya breasts. The huge breasts right in front of her eyes made her dizzy.

Sophie unconsciously swallowed.

Speaking of which, this was also the first time she had looked at another woman's tits so closely. She was a little shy.

But she immediately remembered that Sis had sneak-attacked her earlier while she was being fucked. That competitive heart made Sophie

gather courage. She lifted her head and took one of Grace's hanging, milk-dripping nipples into her mouth.

"Ah!" Grace trembled again.

While forcefully sucking her sister-in-law's milk, Sophie mumbled unclear praise:

"Sis's milk… is so sweet… tastes better than the yogurt just now…"

Behind her, her little brother was madly slamming into her womb with the cock that had just creampied her sister-in-law. Beneath her, her sister-in-law was sucking her most sensitive, currently spraying nipple.

Grace completely collapsed. A tsunami-like climax crashed over her again.

Her body shook violently. Inside the white-tiger hole, streams of honey-like juices gushed like a spring.

"Ah… ah… Ethan… cum… cum inside Sis again… all of it inside… ah—!"

Seeing his sister climax, Sophie added the finishing blow at that moment:

"Husband… shoot it in hard. Let Sis also give you… a fat little son… no… a daughter…"

Seeing this scene, Ethan's expression turned strained. He could no longer hold back. Extreme numbing pleasure rushed from his glans. He quickly gripped his sister's plump ass, and then five or six thick spurts of dense semen erupted, the essence that could create new life once again entering the deepest part of his sister's body.

……

In the end, all three of them were completely spent and collapsed limply on the bed.

This large bed was covered everywhere with traces of juices, semen, and milk—an absolute mess.

Sophie contentedly nestled in Grace's arms, pressing her face against those soft, warm breasts that still carried the scent of milk. There were still some white milk stains at the corner of her mouth; it looked like she had drunk quite a bit.

Ethan stretched out both arms from behind and hugged the two equally sweat-soaked naked bodies together.

Only the steady, satisfied breathing after release remained in the room. The afterglow lingered long.

Tonight, this absurd and stimulating threesome finally drew to a close.

CHAPTER 72

Amusement Park Reunion

Ten days passed in the blink of an eye.

During those ten days, the atmosphere at home maintained a surface calm.

Richard and Helen barely spoke at all, each occupying their own territory—the study and the downstairs bedroom—like they had signed a non-aggression treaty.

Grace continued peacefully taking care of the baby. Whenever she found an opportunity, she would still sneak in some intimacy with her little brother.

But most of the time it was just kissing. Nothing further.

Because Ethan was simply too busy. After landing that major project, he had been directly promoted to department head and was even busier than before.

As for the girl named Ava, she had successfully started the job, but she had been assigned to the administrative department, handling basic paperwork and miscellaneous tasks. For the time being she had no overlap with Ethan's business line.

————

The date reached January 25th, Saturday.

It was a rare clear day. Although the chill of early spring was still sharp, sunlight pierced the thin mist and finally brought a bit of warmth when it fell on the body.

People are not machines. They cannot truly keep spinning nonstop.

Ethan did not work overtime today. He planned to take his equally overworked wife out to relax.

"Wife, are you ready yet? Hurry, hurry, hurry…"

Ethan pushed open the master bedroom door and urged impatiently.

Sophie was sitting at the vanity. Hearing him, she gave her husband a side-eye through the mirror:

"Almost."

With that, she set down the eyebrow pencil in her hand. Her slender fingers had nails painted with crystal-clear nude polish, making her skin look even fairer and softer.

Next, Sophie applied a bit of lipstick, pressed her lips together, stood up, and began searching through the wardrobe.

Sophie's figure was that perfect, explosive type—any more would be chubby, any less would be too thin.

Today she wore a light off-white high-neck cashmere sweater. The soft fabric clung tightly to the full contours of her D-cup breasts, making the breathtaking cleavage appear and disappear.

When she bent over, the tight jeans wrapped her ass into round, perky curves, while her waist remained so thin it could be encircled by one hand.

"How about this one?"

Sophie held up a pink long down jacket and turned to ask her husband's opinion.

"Too young-looking."

Ethan leaned against the doorframe, desire completely unhidden in his eyes.

Sophie pursed her lips, then switched to a black parka with thick fleece lining inside.

"This one?"

"Perfect!"

Ethan walked over, wrapped his arms around his wife's slim waist from behind, and buried his face in her fragrant hair.

"Wear this. It's convenient."

"Convenient for what?"

Sophie asked knowingly, yet her body honestly leaned back, using her plump ass to grind against her husband's already-awakened cock through the fabric.

"Convenient… for doing something in the haunted house."

Ethan laughed lowly. His hand had already mischievously slipped under the hem of the cashmere sweater and grasped that soft, snow-white tit.

"Get off, it's broad daylight."

Sophie pouted and slapped his hand away:

"You reek of horniness."

……

Before long, the two finished changing amid their playful tussle and prepared to go out.

In the hallway, Ethan walked back a few steps to the nursery and poked his head in:

"Sis, we're going to the amusement park. Want to bring Mason?"

Grace was wearing a loose gray lounge set and sitting on the soft carpet feeding Mason solids.

Even the baggiest clothes could not hide the terrifying volume of her E-cup papaya breasts. The fabric in front was stretched high.

Hearing him, Grace looked up. That mature older-sister face carried a lazy note:

"I won't go… I'm a bit afraid of heights. I even get dizzy on the carousel…"

"Alright then. We'll bring back good food tonight." Ethan did not insist.

Grace hummed, then lowered her head to continue feeding the child. But the moment Ethan turned away, a trace of loneliness that was hard to notice flashed in the corner of her eye.

Downstairs, Helen was sitting on the living room sofa flipping through a magazine. She wore a dark red silk blouse, the collar slightly open, revealing delicate collarbones and a stretch of snow-white skin.

Her legs were still clad in her signature nude stockings, wrapping long, shapely calves, and she wore soft-soled slippers.

Richard was reading the newspaper at the dining room's redwood table. Between the two of them it was as if a galaxy separated them.

"Dad, Mom, we're going out to play." Ethan took Sophie's hand.

Helen raised those beautiful phoenix eyes. Her gaze paused for a moment on their tightly clasped hands, then she smiled:

"Go ahead. Be careful, and come back early."

Richard glanced at Sophie a few times from behind the newspaper without changing expression, then only gave a "hmph" as a response.

————

Ten o'clock in the morning, amusement park ticket counter.

The weekend crowd lived up to its reputation. The air mixed the sweet scent of popcorn with children's screams.

Cold wind blew past. Sophie's exposed fair hands were a bit red from the chill.

Ethan heart-achingly took his wife's hand. That little hand was soft as if boneless, the skin as fine as top-grade silk.

Ethan brought the slightly cool fingertips to his mouth and blew a puff of warm air.

"Wife, warmer now?"

Sophie was amused by this childish action. Just as she was about to pull back, her gaze suddenly locked onto a figure queuing not far away.

"Husband…" Sophie gently tugged Ethan's sleeve.

"What is it?" Ethan followed her gaze.

"That guy looks really familiar,"

Sophie slightly furrowed her brows, those beautiful eyes searching her memory:

"Seems… seems like I saw him at our wedding."

Ethan squinted and looked carefully. At first he didn't recognize him.

The boy wore a slightly oversized black down jacket, back to them, a head shorter than Ethan, his build looking a bit thin.

"Who?" Ethan muttered.

Just then, the boy seemed to sense the gazes and slightly turned his head.

In that instant, Ethan's expression froze.

"Shit!"

Before Sophie could ask, Ethan suddenly let go of his wife's hand, took three steps as two, and charged over. He slapped a not-too-light, not-too-heavy palm on the back of the boy's head.

"Noah! When the hell did you get here, you brat!"

The boy was slapped into a stagger and turned around in alarm.

When he clearly saw it was Ethan, a surprised smile instantly bloomed on that delicate face.

"Ethan… Ethan!"

This boy was exactly Ethan's younger cousin, Noah Hale.

Noah had just turned eighteen this year. His features were seven-tenths similar to Ethan's.

But Ethan was sunny and handsome, while he was delicate and scholarly, fair-skinned, with thin lips. Those eyes always carried a bit of timid shyness when looking at people. If not for the obvious Adam's apple, at a glance he even looked a bit like a girl.

Ethan threw an arm around Noah's shoulders and vigorously ruffled his hair, both doting and complaining:

"You little brat. You came to the city for college and didn't even tell your big brother? What, afraid I wouldn't host you? Looking down on your big brother?"

Noah was seven years younger than Ethan.

Before the Hale family moved to the city, Noah had almost been Ethan's little shadow.

When Ethan went to the river to catch fish, Noah stood on the bank holding the bucket;

When Ethan went to steal bird eggs, Noah kept watch under the tree.

Noah had been frail as a child and got bullied a lot by kids his age. Every time it was Ethan who beat them back for him.

In Noah's heart, this cousin was his only idol.

Being hugged by Ethan like this, Noah was both happy and shy, cheeks flushing:

"N-no, bro. I was afraid you were busy…"

Just then, Sophie also walked over. Her heeled ankle boots made crisp sounds on the ground.

"Husband, who's this?" Sophie curiously sized up this delicate boy.

Ethan turned back and introduced with a smile:

"Wife, you forgot? This is Noah, my cousin! When we got married, wasn't he the flower boy who handed us the rings!"

Hearing that, Sophie suddenly realized and covered her mouth with an "ah":

"Oh— I said why he looked so familiar! Wow, it's only been almost two years and he's grown so tall. He's a big boy now."

Looking at the shy boy in his arms, Ethan couldn't help thinking of himself at that age and felt both frustrated and fond:

“Call her sister-in-law! What are you standing there for!”

Only then did Noah raise his head. His gaze met Sophie’s.

Sophie had put on delicate light makeup today. Her already stunning features looked even brighter and more moving under the sunlight.

Those affectionate beautiful eyes curved slightly with a smile.

The moment Noah’s gaze touched her face, it flustered and dropped.

But that fleeting glance made his heartbeat suddenly accelerate.

His gaze then uncontrollably slid upward again, landing on Sophie’s high, full chest.

The contours were so plump. Even through the thick winter clothes, it seemed he could feel that astonishing elasticity.

In that moment, Noah’s mind uncontrollably flashed back to the scene at the wedding two years ago.

That day, as the flower boy, in the backstage lounge, he had accidentally peeked through a door crack and seen his cousin-in-law Sophie in her white wedding dress kissing cousin Ethan inside.

At the time his first reaction was to run, but most of the spring scenery exposed on Sophie tightly seized his gaze.

He only saw his cousin-in-law’s pair of snow-white D-cup big tits constantly deforming in his cousin’s hands…

And the moans from her mouth that made people’s legs go weak just hearing them…

……

From that day on, cousin-in-law Sophie’s pair of huge, snow-white tits became the source of all of Noah’s sexual fantasies during puberty.

The girlfriend he later found through online dating was largely because she also possessed a pair of D-cup big tits.

“Sister… sister-in-law, hello.”

Recalling that scene made Noah’s voice thin as a mosquito. His face had already turned red to the ears.

Fortunately, no one noticed his brief daze.

Sophie only thought he was shy and was amused by this pure appearance.

She happily responded first, then took two steps forward and very naturally extended her hand to dotingly ruffle Noah’s head.

“Such a sweet mouth. Sister-in-law will buy you candy later.”

Sister-in-law’s fair fingers slid through his hair. That slightly cool touch and the fragrance coming from in front made Noah’s whole body stiffen. A numbing electric current shot from the top of his head down to his tailbone.

In his crotch, that unhelpful cock slightly lifted its head at this moment.

Thus, he dared even less to raise his head.

Ethan, however, suddenly laughed without any good temper:

“My little brother is already 18. A real man. Where does he still eat candy.”

Just then, before Noah could answer, a clear female voice carrying surprise suddenly came from behind the group.

“Who are you guys?!”

Ethan and Sophie turned back at the same time.

They saw a girl standing behind them, holding two steaming cups of milk tea, warily looking at Ethan who was hugging Noah.

When Ethan clearly saw who it was, he froze again.

It was actually Ava.

Ava was also dressed very youthfully today.

A white short down jacket, below it a pair of tight acid-wash blue jeans that outlined her astonishing honey waist and full ass.

Her body proportions were extremely good. Although she was not tall—only about reaching Ethan’s chin—those legs looked especially long.

Especially in front, the short down jacket simply could not conceal her D-cup fullness. It was stuffed full, as if the zipper might burst open at any time.

A pure, innocent baby face paired with this explosive figure created a strong contrast.

“Ava?”

Ethan asked in confusion:

“What a coincidence. You’re out playing today too?”

Seeing it was Ethan, Ava’s eyes instantly brightened a few degrees.

That day in front of the recruitment booth, she had been attracted by this sunny, handsome, gentle-smiling man, which was why she had mustered the courage to go up and ask.

Unfortunately, after starting the job she had been assigned to admin, ordered around all day by a middle-aged lady, with no chance to see Ethan again.

Ava had thought her "workplace romance" was over, yet she unexpectedly ran into him here.

"Director… Director Hale?"

Ava called out in pleasant surprise.

"Just call me Ethan." Ethan smiled.

Sophie stood to the side, watching the strange eye interaction between the two, and alarm bells immediately rang in her heart.

For a moment, those shrewd beautiful eyes quietly swept over this young girl once.

Conclusion: young, pretty, and critically, that pair of tits was actually no smaller than her own, and that waist, that ass… tsk tsk…

With the thought falling, Sophie's gaze turned back to her own husband, carrying a bit of suspicion and scrutiny.

Ethan was a bit flustered under his wife's stare and hurriedly explained:

"Wife, this is a new intern our company hired, named…"

"She… she's my girlfriend!"

A voice suddenly interrupted Ethan.

It was Noah.

Noah had somehow broken free of Ethan's arm, mustered courage, stood beside Ava, and took the milk tea from her hand. Although his face was still red, his eyes were very firm.

"Huh?"

This time it was Ethan and Sophie's turn to be shocked.

Ethan looked at his introverted cousin in amazement, then looked at the hot-figured, sweet-looking Ava beside him.

This kid… not bad! He actually landed a top-tier one like this?

Ethan secretly gave Noah a big thumbs-up in his heart.

Sophie, however, immediately dropped all defenses.

The suspicion on her pretty face instantly transformed into warm laughter—that of an elder looking at a junior.

"Oh—"

Sophie lengthened the tone:

"So you're Noah's girlfriend! Then speaking of it, we're all family."

As she spoke, Sophie gracefully stepped forward and actively walked in front of Ava.

Sophie was already tall, and wearing heeled ankle boots, standing in front of Ava she was a full head taller, creating a natural aura of suppression.

"Your name is Ava, right?" Sophie opened with a smile.

Ava was stunned by Sophie's powerful presence and astonishing beauty and subconsciously nodded.

Earlier she had already felt this woman was very beautiful. Now looking at Sophie up close, she discovered this woman's skin was simply white enough to glow, her features more refined than celebrities on TV, especially those eyes that seemed able to speak.

Sophie did not notice Ava's little thoughts and continued:

"We're your boyfriend's cousin and cousin-in-law."

Only then did Ava understand. The girl immediately bowed slightly toward the two of them in a respectful manner, her voice sweet enough to be cloying:

"Hello, big brother! Hello, sister-in-law!"

Then she raised her head, her gaze landing on Sophie, and sincerely praised:

"Sister-in-law, you're so pretty~"

This sentence "Sister-in-law you're so pretty" made Sophie bloom with joy.

She was the type who ate soft but not hard. Her favor toward this sensible girl instantly rose greatly.

"You're very cute too."

Sophie smiled, yet thought in her heart:

Cute is cute. Best if she doesn't have any big schemes.

Once women start playing with their own beauty, they can do many things they originally couldn't or shouldn't.

Sophie had always been confident in her own looks, so thinking this way was understandable.

At this moment Ethan suddenly seemed to have an epiphany and slapped his forehead:

"Noah! I remember now! Didn't you tell me before that you had an online girlfriend and wanted to introduce her to me? Said she also came to the city for school?"

Hearing that, Noah nodded with a red face.

Ethan then turned his gaze to the cute girl:

"Ava, the person who recommended you on your resume… that wouldn't be my little brother, right?"

Hearing that, Ava also nodded vigorously.

Ethan laughed:

"Holy shit! The world is way too small!"

Thinking of the relationship between the two and their future prospects, Ethan immediately made a decision and waved his big hand:

"Alright. You don't need to stay in admin anymore. That place won't teach you anything. Next Monday, you and Noah both report directly to my department. I'll train you myself."

Hearing that, Ava's watery big eyes instantly shone like stars.

These past few days interning in admin, that middle-aged lady made her serve tea and water and photocopy documents every day. The old hands in the department saw she was an intern and dumped all the miscellaneous work on her. She had suffered quite a few cold looks.

If it weren't for the relatively good internship benefits at Ethan's company, she would have wanted to resign long ago.

Now being able to directly pull strings and go through the back door, following this handsome and tall director, was naturally the best!

"Thank you, big brother!"

Ava smiled even sweeter. The joy in her voice was completely unhidden.

Ethan smiled and nodded, then raised his hand to check the time:

"Alright. Stop standing at the entrance. Tickets are already bought. Let's go. Today big brother's treating. Let's go in and play!"

———

The four of them entered the amusement park together.

Ethan and Sophie walked in front. Noah and Ava followed behind.

Ethan's hand very naturally held Sophie's hand, tucked into his own down jacket pocket.

Sophie rested her head on her husband's shoulder, enjoying this rare leisure time.

They first went to ride the carousel. Sophie insisted on pulling Ethan to sit. Two adults sat on the ornate wooden horses. Sophie laughed like a child.

Noah and Ava sat on the horses behind them.

Noah's gaze always involuntarily drifted toward his cousin-in-law diagonally in front.

Sophie was turned sideways talking to Ethan. The tight cashmere sweater, because of her twisting motion, pulled sexy folds at the waist. The fullness in front was squeezed even more as if about to spill out.

The black parka was open, fully displaying the proud curves.

"Noah, what are you looking at?"

His girlfriend's voice suddenly sounded in his ear.

Noah was startled and hurriedly withdrew his gaze:

"N-nothing… just looking at the scenery."

A flash of understanding passed through Ava's seemingly pure eyes. She followed Noah's previous line of sight and glanced at Sophie's back, then leaned close to Noah's ear, breath like orchids:

"Does sister-in-law have a really good figure?"

Noah's face "boom"-ed completely red. He stammered:

"You… what nonsense are you saying!"

Ava, however, laughed lightly. She extended her small hand and boldly pinched Noah's earlobe:

"Look at how little guts you have. Hers are indeed big, but… mine aren't small either."

Saying that, she even deliberately pushed out her own equally D-cup chest.

Noah was made red-faced and hot-eared by his girlfriend's bold words and actions. His heartbeat accelerated, yet he dared not refute, and could only let Ava tease him.

……

CHAPTER 73

Getting the Ring

Next, Ethan suggested going to the haunted house.

Sophie was the first to agree. She liked this kind of thrilling stuff the most.

Ava also raised her hand saying she wanted to play.

Noah was a bit scared, but in front of his girlfriend and cousin, he could only tough it out and follow along.

Inside the haunted house the lighting was dim, with chilly winds. From time to time "ghosts" would pop out from corners.

Ava was indeed scared into continuous screams, but she wasn't like other girls who burrowed into their boyfriend's arms. Instead, while screaming, she excitedly grabbed Noah's arm, the force so strong it almost bruised his flesh purple.

Noah was scared badly enough, and still had to pretend to be calm while protecting his girlfriend. He looked quite wretched.

Walking in front, Ethan turned his head to look back.

Under the dim red and green lights, Ava's pure baby face was flushed bright red from fear and excitement. Those big eyes sparkled with water, her mouth letting out "ya—ah—" screams, yet her body trembled slightly from the thrill.

Ethan noticed that when a hanging "ghost" suddenly dropped from the ceiling, Ava screamed and crouched down. But her posture of covering her head perfectly displayed the curve of her ass under the tight jeans to Ethan behind her.

It was an extremely perky ass, stretched tight by the jeans, like a fully ripe peach.

Ethan's Adam's apple involuntarily rolled.

Could it be… she wasn't really scared, but… enjoying this fear?

Thinking this, Ethan's gaze grew deeper.

This sister-in-law who looked pure and harmless seemed far more "interesting" than he had imagined.

Sophie also noticed her husband's line of sight.

She quietly tightened her hold on Ethan's arm, deliberately using the softness of her chest to press against his arm, her voice carrying a coquettish tremble:

"Husband~ I'm so scared too~"

Ethan came back to his senses and laughed as he hugged his wife:

"Alright, stop acting. Your guts are bigger than mine."

Hearing that, Sophie immediately changed her expression. She pinched his waist and lowered her voice to a volume only the two of them could hear:

"Does that little girl's ass look good?"

Ethan's heart tightened. He quickly put on a flattering smile:

"How could it compare to yours. Wife's ass is the most beautiful."

"Hmph, you know what's good for you."

Sophie said that, but the good impression that had just risen toward Ava weakened another fraction in her heart.

……

After playing for most of the day, time reached the afternoon.

The four of them still felt a bit unsatisfied.

Ethan suggested getting something to eat, then dropping them back at school.

In the amusement park's fast-food restaurant, Ethan ordered a big table of burgers and fries.

Only while eating did the conversation really open up.

Ava was clearly much more talkative than Noah. She chattered asking about things at Ethan's company, then asked Sophie where she worked.

When she heard Sophie was a game planner at a large internet company, the envy in her eyes almost overflowed.

"Wow, sister-in-law you're so amazing! Game planner! Does that mean you get to play games every day?"

Sophie elegantly wiped her mouth and smiled:

"It's not that great. Overtime is the norm. But it is a bit more interesting than regular jobs."

Ava turned her head to ask Ethan:

“Big brother, then our company… like, how’s the treatment after becoming permanent? I heard your department has really high year-end bonuses!”

Ethan smiled: “It’s alright. Work hard and you won’t be shortchanged.”

Ava excitedly said “wow,” then started fantasizing about the future:

“When I graduate, I’m also going to earn lots and lots of money, then buy a big house and a pretty car!”

Sophie listened quietly on the side. She noticed that when Ava said these things, her eyes were sparkling, but the cousin Noah sitting next to her always kept his head down, silently gnawing on his burger, unable to get a word in.

Moreover, when Ava spoke to Ethan, her body would unconsciously lean slightly forward. This action made the curves of her chest even more obvious.

In her eyes, besides respect for a superior, there seemed to also be a bit of… a girl’s worship of a mature man and… seduction?

Sophie coldly laughed in her heart.

Her evaluation of her changed another few points:

This little girl… her level isn’t low…

……

After finishing the food, the group walked out of the amusement park.

Ethan said to Noah:

“Noah, when you have time bring Ava over to big brother’s place to play. Let your sister-in-law make you guys something good to eat.”

Before Noah could answer, Ava rushed to reply:

“Okay big brother! I’ve long wanted to see where you live! When Noah and I have time we’ll definitely go!”

Ethan smiled and ruffled Noah’s hair:

“Noah, you need to learn more from your girlfriend. Be more generous. Don’t be so quiet.”

Sophie also chimed in: “Yeah, boys should be more outgoing.”

Ava immediately spoke up for her boyfriend:

“Sister-in-law, don’t look at how he doesn’t talk much usually. He’s really good at games! I met him through gaming.”

“Oh?”

This was something Ethan didn’t know:

“That’s great then. Later you can chat more with your sister-in-law. Your sister-in-law is now a game planner at a big company. Maybe you can even give her some professional suggestions.”

Hearing his cousin mention sister-in-law’s profession, Noah’s eyes finally lit up a bit. He looked toward Sophie, but still with that shy appearance:

“I… I’m just average. Just casually playing.”

“Don’t be so modest.” Ethan laughed loudly and led the group to the parking lot.

When Ethan pressed the car key and that black Audi A6 “beeped” twice and flashed its lights, Ava’s eyes instantly widened.

“Wow! Bro! This is your car? An Audi A6!” She covered her mouth in surprise.

Ethan scratched his head: “Ah, although it’s under my name, actually it was bought by my dad… cough, your uncle, as a daily driver when I married your sister-in-law.”

Ava seemed to have completely not taken it in. She happily circled the car once:

“That’s still really impressive! This car must be five or six hundred thousand, right? Big brother you’re too awesome!”

Noah stood to the side, looking at his girlfriend’s excited appearance, then looking at his cousin’s impressive luxury car. His expression darkened a bit, and his head hung even lower.

Ethan quietly opened the car door: “Alright, stop looking. Get in. I’ll drop you two back at school first.”

———

After dropping off the two young people.

On the way home, Sophie sat in the passenger seat and didn’t say much.

The car’s heater was turned up high. She took off the parka, revealing the light off-white cashmere sweater that outlined her figure inside.

Ethan drove and tilted his head to glance at her:

“Wife, what’s wrong? Tired?”

Sophie was silent for a while before speaking:

"Husband, that cousin of yours… he's pretty handsome, it's just…"

"Just what?"

Ethan asked curiously.

Sophie hesitated a moment, then still decided to voice her view:

"It's just… I feel like he can't quite handle that little girl Ava."

Saying that, Sophie paused, afraid her husband would misunderstand, and added:

"Just saying first, I'm not trying to stir up their relationship. I just… have a feeling."

"How so?" Ethan became interested.

Sophie began analyzing: "Didn't you notice? The whole day today, it was almost all Ava leading everything. Whatever she wanted to play, Noah followed and played. When she spoke, Noah just listened. And…"

Sophie recalled the later details and continued: "The way she looked at you, the way she looked at this car, was too direct. She has a craving for material things and… how to say it, 'success,' that exceeds her age. And Noah, he's too shy, too pure. He can't give her these things."

Sophie's analyses had always been accurate.

But Ethan actually had quite a bit of good feeling toward Ava.

In his view, a college freshman having a bit of vanity and yearning for a good life was completely normal.

Moreover, Ava's pure yet hot appearance had a "mini version of Sophie" feeling, which really suited Ethan's taste.

Therefore, facing his wife's questioning, Ethan just smiled, then extended one hand onto her thigh, lightly stroking through the tight jeans. The skin under the fabric was firm and elastic.

"Ah, wife…"

Ethan thought for a moment, then still decided to soothe her:

"Children have their own fortunes. Noah is already 18, an adult. He's dating on his own. We elders shouldn't meddle blindly."

"Tsk~"

Sophie was amused into anger by his phrase "we elders":

"This girl is only 23! You're making me sound like an old woman!"

She glared at her husband without good temper, but her body was very honest. Not only did she not push away her husband's hand, she instead placed her own hand on that warm big hand of his, letting him stroke the root of her thigh.

The atmosphere inside the car became somewhat ambiguous.

Ethan smiled, withdrew his hand, and focused on driving.

The Audi A6 drove steadily on the way home. The sky outside gradually darkened.

————

The evening cold wind swept through the streets. Streetlights lit up one after another.

The black Audi smoothly entered the residential complex and stopped in front of the building's unit door.

Just as they were about to get out, Sophie's phone suddenly rang. The screen jumped with the two words "Sister."

Sophie pressed speakerphone.

"Sophie, are you guys back?"

Grace's voice carried a barely detectable tension.

"Just got downstairs, Sis." Sophie answered while undoing her seatbelt.

"Then wait for me a bit. Mason just fell asleep. I'm coming downstairs to buy something."

Because the speaker was on, Ethan in the driver's seat heard clearly. He leaned over and said:

"Sis, buying what? Just say it and we can bring it back for you."

Grace's tone was a bit abnormal:

"Buying… personal items. Ethan, you go upstairs first later. Just Sophie and I going is fine."

Hearing that, Ethan muttered softly:

"So mysterious…"

Sophie immediately took over the conversation. A woman's intuition made her sense that Sis seemed to have serious business to discuss:

"Okay Sis. Then come downstairs now. We'll wait for you."

The call hung up.

In just a few minutes, Grace came down quickly wrapped in a thick down jacket.

Her 27-year-old mature charm was hard to hide even under the bulky winter clothes, especially those E-cup papaya breasts in front that propped the down jacket into an astonishing arc.

“Ethan, go up quickly. It’s cold outside. Don’t freeze.” Grace urged.

Ethan didn’t think much. He picked up the car keys and turned to go upstairs.

The elevator doors closed, leaving only Sophie and Grace standing under the unit door’s cold lights.

“Let’s go, Sophie. Keep Sis company for a walk.”

The two women walked side by side into the night, gradually moving away from the building.

Sophie was a bit taller than Grace. Her legs in the tight jeans looked even longer and straighter. Every step outlined the firm lines of her legs.

Grace was relatively fuller, especially that plump ass which still showed rounded contours at the hem of the down jacket.

The cold air made Sophie’s exposed delicate face slightly flushed. The white breath she exhaled looked like mist under the streetlights.

Neither spoke until they reached a sparsely peopled corner of the complex’s garden. Grace suddenly stopped.

She turned around. The streetlight outlined her mature face. Her expression was more serious than ever before.

“Sophie… today… I went to the hospital and got an IUD.”

“IUD?”

Hearing that, Sophie’s steps abruptly halted.

These two words made all the guesses she had along the way fall empty.

Her beautiful eyes widened in disbelief as she looked at the sister in front of her.

“Sis… you don’t want… don’t want to get pregnant with Ethan’s child?”

Looking at her shocked appearance, Grace instead smiled sweetly.

She took two steps forward, extended her fair hand, and gently held Sophie’s slightly cool fingers.

“Sophie, don’t overthink it.”

Grace’s voice was as gentle as her eyes.

“I just feel that right now… I’m already very happy, very satisfied. I don’t want some ‘other things’ to disturb our current life.”

Sophie was extremely smart. She instantly understood that the “other things” Sis mentioned referred to pregnancy.

Although the relationships at home had already completely tangled, if Sis suddenly got pregnant, that would indeed be no small trouble.

The appearance of a “child” would completely change the nature of these matters.

It was fine at home, but children grow up, enter society. As a mother, as a father, one really needs to consider these things.

Thinking of this, a complex emotion welled up in Sophie’s heart. It was both lamenting how deeply Sis had fallen, and more admiration for how thoroughly and resolutely she had thought it through.

Seeing Sophie silent, Grace patted her shoulder in return:

“As for you, Sophie.”

Halfway through the words, Grace’s gaze fell on Sophie’s flat abdomen:

“You need to work harder. Strive to give Sis… and also Ethan, a nephew as soon as possible? …No, give birth to a son.”

Bringing this up, Sophie’s complexion instantly darkened. Her long lashes cast a shadow under her eyes.

“Sis… I don’t know… Ethan he… works very hard, I feel…”

As she spoke, Sophie’s voice gradually lowered: “…I feel maybe… it’s my problem…”

Seeing Sophie’s embarrassed state, Grace did not awkwardly comfort her like an ordinary person. Instead she seriously began thinking for the other party.

“Now that you say it, it does make sense.”

“After all, you and Ethan have been married almost two years.”

Saying this, Grace lowered her voice another few degrees:

“How about… when you have time one day, Sis will accompany you. Let’s go to the hospital for a check-up? See what the problem actually is.”

Sophie suddenly raised her head. A flash of hesitation and panic passed through her eyes.

"Go to the hospital…"

"Yes. We'll go quietly. Once we figure it out, we'll have peace of mind."

Grace said this as if encouraging Sophie, and gripped her hand tighter:

"If it's a small problem, we'll treat it! Don't worry."

Sophie hesitated for a long time. The cold wind blew her hair. In the end, she still lightly nodded.

"Okay."

……

Before leaving, the two walked back.

When passing a corner, Grace suddenly turned her head and added:

"Sophie, these things… let's keep them secret from Ethan for now."

Sophie was stunned and showed difficulty:

"This… not telling him, is that okay?"

Looking at her sister-in-law's appearance of putting her husband first in everything, Grace "pfft" laughed out.

"Aiyah, I know you two young couple's feelings are good, sticky as can be."

Grace said half-jokingly, half-seriously:

"But now Ethan is also my husband, right? Then as another woman of his, shouldn't I… also have a bit of say?"

Sophie was made to blush by these words and nodded.

Seeing that, Grace revealed a successful smile.

She suddenly stood on tiptoe, extended that slender fair hand, and dotingly ruffled Sophie's head.

"Good. Then our two votes beat one vote. We'll keep it secret from Ethan for now. Agreed, okay?"

"…Mm."

This time, Sophie nodded affirmatively.

CHAPTER 74

Passion on the Sofa

The story splits in two.

While Sophie and Grace were secretly having their "boudoir private talk," Ethan had already returned home.

He pushed the door open. The living room was warm and quiet.

Father Richard seemed to have gone to the factory again. In the spacious living room, only Mother Helen's figure was present.

The crib was placed not far from the sofa. Nephew Mason was sleeping soundly.

And Helen was lying on her side on the sofa, dozing.

Seeing this, Ethan lightened his steps and changed into slippers.

He slowly walked to the front of the sofa, crouched down, and looked at his mother without any restraint.

Helen had changed out of her morning clothes. She was currently wearing a comfortable beige cashmere sweater and a dark green velvet long skirt.

Her forty-three-year-old yet still charming body undulated with moving curves under the soft fabric.

The big tits that were no less than Sophie's stretched the cashmere sweater full, trembling slightly with her steady breathing.

The hem of the long skirt was piled at her calves, exposing her slender ankles clad in nude stockings.

Helen's sleeping appearance was beautiful. Those phoenix eyes that usually carried shrewdness and sharpness were now peacefully closed. The long lashes were like butterfly wings.

Ethan's heartbeat began to accelerate.

Speaking of which, since the last time he forced himself on his mother in the kitchen, it had been a long while since they had a secret tryst.

In this moment, that primitive desire for his mother's body buried deep in his heart rose like flames.

And under Ethan's greedy gaze, Helen's lashes trembled a few times, and in the end she actually slowly opened her eyes.

Those beautiful phoenix eyes first flashed a trace of just-waking confusion, then instantly became clear when she saw the son crouching in front of her.

"Mm…"

Just as she was about to speak, Ethan immediately raised a finger to his lips, making a "shush" gesture, while using his eyes to indicate the sleeping crib beside them.

Helen understood and immediately lowered her voice.

"Ethan, you're back."

Saying that, she propped herself on her elbows on the sofa, wanting to sit up.

"Mom, don't move."

Ethan, however, extended his hand and gently pressed on her shoulders, pushing her back into the soft sofa cushions.

Helen's body stiffened.

In this instant, she felt the burning heat of her son's palm and also clearly saw the unconcealed flames in his eyes.

"Ethan, you…"

Thinking of what happened that day, a panicked blush instantly floated onto Helen's face. She struggled in a small voice:

"No… Grace is still home, and your wife…"

Ethan's gaze, however, fell straight onto his mother's opening and closing red lips.

"They went downstairs to buy something. Mysteriously, deliberately sending me away. Mom… they probably still need a while…"

Hearing him say this, even if Helen were a fool she would know what her son wanted to do next.

Alarm bells instantly rang in her heart. In the next instant, she fiercely crossed both hands and tightly hugged those full big tits in front of her chest, glaring at her son with a vigilant face.

"Ethan, I'm telling you, if you dare mess around…"

But before she finished speaking, Ethan had already leaned down and fiercely kissed her.

"Mm…!"

Ethan's tongue pried open his mother's teeth, roughly rolled up her little tongue, sucking and plundering the saliva in her mouth.

Helen didn't react in time. She was kissed until she was a bit suffocating, her hands weakly pushing against her son's chest.

After a long while, the kiss ended.

"Ha… haa…"

Helen panted heavily. Her cheeks were flushed, and physiological tears even seeped from the corners of her eyes.

And Ethan, the instant he released her lips, one big hand had already slid down along the momentum, probing toward her long skirt.

His palm stuck to those smooth nude stockings, going upward from her calves, about to touch that forbidden triangular zone.

"No!"

Helen shivered and fiercely grabbed Ethan's wrist that had already probed into the skirt hem.

"Ethan, not now…"

In this moment, her voice had become husky from the deep kiss just now, and carried a trace of pleading.

She could feel how burning her son's hand was, and her own body…

Her period had just ended these past few days. It was the most hungry, most sensitive time.

Her son's kiss had already made her little hole start shamefully wetting.

Ethan's hand was pressed by his mother. He didn't force it forward either, only staring at her with those eyes burning with desire.

"Then… Mom's meaning is, tonight is okay?"

Helen was made hot all over by his stare. She wretchedly turned her head to one side, not daring to look at him.

"…Mm."

About dozens of seconds passed before Helen finally compromised, squeezing out a faint voice from her throat:

"Tonight… tonight you come find Mom…"

Ethan was overjoyed beyond expectation.

He hadn't expected his mother had already been thoroughly developed!

For a moment, Ethan couldn't help fantasizing: Last time the 3P with Sis and his wife was so stimulating. Could it be… if there's a chance in the future, pull Mom in too…

And just as he was distracted by this instant, Helen hurriedly seized the opportunity, fiercely sat up, and broke free of his control.

She first flusteredly arranged her slightly wrinkled velvet long skirt, then smoothed her somewhat messy hair.

Ethan looked at his mother's coquettish appearance of arranging her clothes:

Those slightly red cheeks, watery phoenix eyes, and those D-cup breasts that rose and fell slightly from nervousness.

He only felt the flames in his lower abdomen burning even hotter.

How could he wait until tonight.

Ethan silently made up his mind, then without changing expression, sat on the sofa first himself, right next to his mother.

Helen immediately vigilantly shifted to the side.

But Ethan took advantage of her not paying attention and fiercely extended both arms, scooped her up by the waist, and made her sit directly on his thighs!

"Ya!"

Helen was just about to cry out in surprise, then immediately remembered her sleeping grandson, and hurriedly covered her mouth!

But her body was still twisting in Ethan's arms, trying to break free.

"Ethan! Quickly let Mom go… let go…"

Hearing his mother's anxious request, Ethan who was burning with desire only tightly locked his arms around his mother's soft abdomen, buried his head in her hair, and took a deep breath.

"Mom, you're so soft… you're so fragrant."

With his words, a thick, hard object, through two layers of pants, fiercely pressed against Helen's lower back.

"Ethan, quickly let go! In a bit Grace and the others will come back…"

In this moment, sensing that her son had already erected, knowing something bad was about to happen, Helen's voice even carried a sobbing tone.

But Ethan took advantage of the gap while his mother was speaking and distracted. One hand held her while the other hand had already quickly undone his own pants, half-pulled down the waistband, exposing most of his firm ass.

At the same time, that big cock emitting steaming heat and bulging with veins instantly popped out.

Immediately after, he grabbed the thin blanket on the sofa armrest and tightly covered Helen's lower half and his own exposed lower half.

"Mom, this is fine now, right?"

Helen's body completely stiffened.

She clearly felt that through her own velvet long skirt and nude stockings, there was a fiery, hard, throbbing thing pressing right against her ass crack.

This sensation was more real than just now. No need to think—her son had definitely pulled that cock of his out!

This beast!

He actually wanted to, in broad daylight, in the living room, next to his grandson… rape her!

Hadn't she already promised him tonight was okay!

Thinking of this, Helen's face completely cooled. Her phoenix eyes were full of anger.

"Ethan, if you keep this up, tonight Mom… won't give it to you!"

Hearing that, Ethan instead broke into a wicked smile. He pressed his cheek against his mother's cheek and laughed softly:

"Mom, that's what you promised me. How can you go back on your word?"

"That's because you didn't listen first! I was just…"

Helen still wanted to argue, but Ethan had already extended his head from behind and once again used his mouth to block hers.

"Mm… mm!"

This kiss was deeper than just now, and more overbearing by a few degrees.

Ethan's big tongue messily swept across his mother's red lips, then fiercely hooked up her soft tongue, as if sucking Sis's nipple, sucking tightly in waves.

……

A short while passed.

“Mom… your tongue is so sweet… Mom… you’re so beautiful.”

Ethan released his mother’s lips that had been kissed swollen and red, and instead began licking her snow-white neck.

Helen’s body began to soften.

“Ethan… you… can you not do this… Mom begs you… ah~”

Halfway through the words, Helen suddenly covered her mouth and let out a suppressed cry of surprise.

Because one of Ethan’s big hands had already, from under the blanket, drilled into her skirt hem and was continuously stroking her hole through that thin layer of real silk panties!

“Mom, look, you’re already wet.”

Ethan’s whisper was like a demon’s murmur.

While pressing the already moistened slit with his fingertips through that silky fabric, he used the tip of his tongue to gently lick her earlobe.

That was exactly Helen’s sensitive spot.

“Ethan… ah! No… no… don’t touch… don’t… ah! Don’t lick ah!…”

Electric-like pleasure surged from both the earlobe and the lower body at the same time. Helen’s defenses were rapidly collapsing.

In this instant, she could clearly feel her panties being gradually soaked by the juices gushing from her hole.

“Mom, be good.”

Ethan’s breath sprayed on her ear.

“Let’s take the panties off first, okay.”

Helen turned her head, wanting to look at him from behind.

Those beautiful phoenix eyes were misty with water vapor. She tightly bit her lower lip, looking as if she had suffered great grievance, yet carrying an unspeakable coquettishness that made one feel tender.

Ethan’s cock pressing against her ass crack immediately throbbed violently a few times.

Ethan’s panting grew heavier:

“Mom… it’s fine. Look, there’s a blanket covering… even if Sis and the others suddenly come back, they won’t see anything.”

While speaking, Ethan's fingers were no longer satisfied with scratching the itch through the boot.

The next second, his fingertips nimbly probed toward the edge of those thin panties, drilled in, and completed the final touch.

A stretch of hot, wet softness.

Helen's butterfly pussy's characteristic large labia were currently slightly open because of desire, plump, tender, and slippery.

And her pubic hair that was like a black forest had also been soaked by the juices.

Ethan stroked it. Two fingers naughtily clamped Helen's plump labia, gently pulling and twisting.

"Ah… Ethan… no… don't… ah… gentler… Mom… don't… don't touch there… ah… Mom can't take it anymore…"

Helen endured until tears overflowed from the corners of her eyes again, but she still tightly covered her lips, afraid of waking the grandson not far away.

Ethan then took advantage of the instant Helen gradually lost strength and desire rose. In a moment of inattention, the empty hand also reached under the blanket.

Using both hands together, he god-speed pulled down her panties!

The silky panties were stripped to her thighs. Helen was suddenly startled and wanted to struggle to stand up, to escape this shameful restraint.

Unexpectedly, this exactly gave Ethan the perfect opportunity!

He saw him use one hand to tightly support Helen's plump waist, not letting her completely escape, while the other hand gripped his own big cock that had long been hard to the point of purple.

Just in the instant Helen instinctively lifted her full ass, trying to stand up!

Ethan fiercely pressed her waist downward!

"Squelch—!"

A sticky wet sound rang out.

Helen's hole—which was abnormally slippery and tight because her period had just ended—was directly inserted to the base by her son's thick, long cock.

“Ah~!”

Helen’s cry of surprise was tightly covered by her own palm, leaving only a muffled whimper.

Her body completely stiffened from this sudden penetration, then as if losing all strength, thoroughly collapsed into Ethan’s arms.

She had actually been inserted without a condom again in broad daylight, by her son on the living room sofa, even in front of her sleeping grandson……

The rise of this thought made Helen’s heart unable to raise even half a point of resistance.

She even began to somewhat look forward to how her son would fuck her next. Would it be hard and fierce, or gentle thrusts?

Helen sank into confused desire.

Ethan, however, did not rush to thrust.

He only buried the cock deeply in his mother’s vagina—which was deeper than both Sophie’s and Sis’s.

Feeling how that tight, hot, wet inner wall contracted and clamped in waves because of the owner’s shock and pleasure.

A short while passed.

Only then did Ethan lower his head, look at his mother’s moving face, extend the tip of his tongue, and tenderly lick away the tear tracks at the corners of her eyes.

In the living room, only the two’s suppressed breathing sounds and the slight snoring from the crib remained.

After a long time.

Ethan opened his mouth again, voice husky:

“Mom… move a bit yourself.”

Helen’s head weakly leaned in Ethan’s arms. She lightly shook her head, as if talking in her sleep:

“Mom… has no strength…”

Ethan lightly laughed:

“Mom, you should exercise too. This is nothing yet.”

Hearing that, Helen actually rarely gathered her spirits and coquettishly elbowed her son’s chest:

“You think Mom is still you young people… Mom… is old…”

Ethan saw the trace of loneliness in her eyes and hurriedly tightened his arms:

"Mom, you're not old at all. If you were old, how could I… like you so much."

Hearing that, a warmth that husband Richard had never given welled up in Helen's heart.

But her mouth still pretended to pout:

"You only know how to sweet-talk…"

Ethan looked at his mother's coquettish appearance. Those slightly pursed red lips—where did they look like a forty-three-year-old woman?

Unable to resist, he kissed her red lips again.

"Mm…"

After a gentle kiss, Ethan looked at his mother's completely dazed phoenix eyes and asked in a low voice:

"Mom, do you like it?"

Helen also looked at her son's handsome face so close, lost in passion, and lightly nodded.

"…Like it."

Hearing that, the corner of Ethan's mouth hooked into a wicked smile.

Immediately after, he maliciously thrust the cock still buried inside his mother.

"Mm ah… ah… mm…" Helen let out a soft moan.

Ethan took the chance to ask again:

"Then Mom… do you like my mouth…"

Ethan deliberately paused, spraying hot airflow onto his mother's extremely sensitive earlobe.

"Or… my cock?"

Helen's entire body, because of this vulgar question and the stimulation on her earlobe, fiercely trembled!

The vaginal walls deep inside her body also violently contracted and tightened along with it!

In this moment she was completely confused. Her mind was blank. She only answered by instinct:

"…Both… both like…"

Hearing that, Ethan was overjoyed in his heart. He was just about to take the chance to try again whether he could touch his mother's tits this time, but before he could take any action,

At this moment!

"Click."

A slight sound of the door lock being turned came from the entrance…

CHAPTER 75

The Secret Slips Out

The sound of the door lock turning came.

It startled Helen so badly her whole body trembled. Between her legs, the hot, wet, tight inner walls of her flower hole suddenly contracted.

"Ugh…"

Ethan was stimulated by this sudden clamping. A numbing sensation hit his glans, and his control almost failed.

He let out a muffled groan. His waist went soft, and for a moment he couldn't even muster strength.

By the time he finally came to his senses and looked toward the door, everything was already too late.

The door had already been pushed open more than halfway.

What to do?

Ethan's mind raced. In the panic, he reached out, grabbed a magazine from the sofa armrest, opened it, and placed it on the thin blanket covering the two of them. It counted as finding an excuse for their ambiguous posture.

In that instant, two slender figures, carrying the cold air from outside, stepped into the entryway.

Grace and Sophie had returned.

As soon as they entered, while changing shoes, the two women's gazes habitually swept toward the living room.

Then their gazes both froze on the sofa.

What was this situation?

They saw Mother Helen "sitting" in the arms of little brother (husband) Ethan, while Ethan was almost half-lying on the sofa.

A thin blanket covered the two of them, and on top of the blanket a magazine was abruptly spread open.

Helen sat upright, both hands unnaturally pressing on the edge of the magazine. Her face was an extremely abnormal flush.

Ethan had his head tilted back. There even seemed to be fine sweat at his temples. His Adam's apple rolled, and his breathing was heavy.

Even with the double cover of the thin blanket and magazine, how could that ambiguous action and atmosphere be hidden from the two women?

Seeing this scene, the two women immediately exchanged a glance.

Sophie's eyes carried teasing and a bit of "as expected" mockery, as if saying:

"Look at your husband. We only went downstairs to say a few words, and he's already messing around with your mom."

Grace's eyes were much more complicated—helplessness, reproach, and a trace of… envy that even she herself was unwilling to admit. She slightly raised her brows, as if responding:

"What do you mean my husband? Aren't you his proper wife?"

They stared at each other's beautiful eyes for a few seconds, then the two women looked at each other and smiled again. In that smile was hidden a tacit understanding and conspiracy that outsiders could not see through.

Immediately after, they acted as if they had seen nothing and began slowly taking off their heavy coats.

Sophie took off that black parka, revealing the light off-white high-neck cashmere sweater tightly wrapping her explosive figure inside.

The texture of that cashmere sweater was extremely soft, clinging tightly to her full D-cup chest shape, outlining breathtaking curves.

Below were tight jeans that perfectly displayed her perky, firm peach ass and long, straight leg lines.

That young, beautiful face of hers, under the invasion of the cold air, showed a healthy pinkness. A pair of bright eyes sparkled with spirit.

Grace also took off her down jacket. Her clothes underneath were relatively casual, but those proud papaya big tits almost stretched the cotton inner layer transparent.

That full, plump ass of hers, now without the obstruction of thick clothes, also appeared extremely rounded.

After changing into slippers, Grace first walked to the crib beside the sofa, leaned over, and looked at her son Mason.

The child was sleeping soundly, little face flushed pink.

Grace's face was full of maternal love. Then she gently tucked the blanket corner.

Meanwhile Sophie, carrying her coat, strode with those long beautiful legs wrapped in jeans straight toward the sofa.

With every step she took, Helen's heart sank one more fraction.

In this moment, Helen's cheeks were no longer flushed—they were burning hot.

She could clearly feel that her son's huge cock was still hard and rigidly inserted in her vagina. The coronal ridge part would sometimes swell, sometimes recover, as if it could breathe, consciously rubbing against her sensitive walls.

As daughter-in-law Sophie got closer and closer, a strong sense of shame and forbidden stimulation rushed straight to the top of her head.

Helen only felt that deep in her canal, unhelpful juices were seeping out in streams.

How could she have thought that one day she would be fucked by her son right in front of her daughter-in-law and daughter.

Extreme shame made her not dare to look at Sophie. She could only stare fixedly at the magazine Ethan had spread in front of her, as if there were some peerless masterpiece on it.

And Ethan was not comfortable either at this moment.

On one side was the extreme pleasure brought by the constantly wriggling walls in his mother's hole;

On the other side were his own wife and sister watching from the side, who might expose them at any time.

Although Ethan himself didn't care—the three of them had already done 3P, so what was there left that couldn't be seen—

Mom was different.

She had thin skin and was relatively traditional. If she was exposed, it would be more unbearable than killing her.

Therefore, Ethan's cock was almost hard enough to explode, yet he dared not move randomly.

Seeing Sophie already right in front, Ethan subconsciously cast her an inquiring look.

Wife, what to do?

The two of them were so in sync. Sophie of course understood Ethan's eyes.

But she had not the slightest panic. Instead she found this scene extremely interesting.

Anyway, the one losing face wasn't herself.

Rather, Sophie really wanted to see how this mother-in-law who usually pretended to be dignified was currently receiving pleasure under her own son.

Thus, Sophie nodded extremely lightly toward Ethan.

Seeing his wife support him, Ethan who had been muddled by desire finally stopped caring about too much.

That already swollen yang root from excitement seemed to thicken another circle!

Then his waist and abdomen slightly sank. Through the thin blanket, he lightly thrust once against his mother's soaked core!

"Squelch!"

A tiny sound of joining came from under the blanket.

"Mm…"

Helen was caught off guard. She only felt her son's big cock had reached a place husband Richard had never reached.

A strong electric current shot from her tailbone straight to the back of her head, making her throat tighten. A coquettish moan carrying a sobbing tone overflowed from between her teeth.

Sophie stood beside them, taking everything into her eyes.

Toward her mother-in-law's abnormality, she pretended surprise and covered her little mouth. Those beautiful eyes were full of smiles:

"Mom? What's wrong? Are you not feeling well?"

Sophie asked sweetly, then as if only just noticing, tilted her head to look at Ethan:

"Aiyah, how come you're sitting in Ethan's arms?"

Saying that, she also cast Ethan a playful look of "I caught you doing bad things."

Ethan endured the pleasure in his lower body with difficulty. He squeezed out a stiff smile on his face and explained for his mother:

"Ah… Mom said she was a bit dizzy today. I was afraid she'd faint, so I helped her rest for a bit."

Sophie lengthened her voice with an "oh—" and took the chance to sit on the armrest on the other side of the sofa.

Her round ass tightly stretched by the jeans only barely touched the edge. A pair of long legs elegantly crossed as she continued with a face full of concern:

"Then you really need to be careful."

"Mom, is this dizziness of yours… because you're too excited?"

Sophie's words of course had implied meaning. Her eyes were like X-rays, seeming to want to penetrate that thin blanket and clearly see the big cock currently rampaging inside her mother-in-law below.

"Hmph, it must be this slutty woman who actively secretly seduced my husband."

"Usually acting so high and pure, inside isn't she just a rotten goods who can't close her legs the moment she sees a cock. Today I want to see where you're going to put this old face of yours!"

Sophie cursed in her heart, yet her face smiled even more sweetly.

Grace also walked over at this moment.

She wasn't as penetrating as Sophie, directly seeing through that the two were joined under the blanket. She only thought Ethan was hugging his mother and taking some advantage.

Therefore, she still thought what Ethan said was the truth. She couldn't help walking over, leaning down, and concernedly reaching out to feel Helen's forehead.

When Grace leaned over, those papaya big tits in front almost poured out from the collar, and also emitted a faint pleasant milk scent.

"Mom, if you're really dizzy, go back to your room and sleep for a bit first. I'll heat up dinner later when it's time to eat."

Helen's forehead was of course burning hot.

Grace made an "eh" sound and was just about to look closer when her peripheral vision glimpsed something wrong.

Under the blanket, little brother Ethan's ass seemed to be performing an extremely regular, yet extremely slow… thrusting.

Once, then again.

The amplitude was very small, but it was definitely not unconscious trembling.

Extremely suspicious in her heart, Grace turned her head again and exactly met Sophie's expression of holding back laughter and looking unkind.

No matter how slow Grace was, in this moment she instantly understood.

They had directly done it!

Ethan you also…

Ah…

Having figured out the reason for the matter, Grace was both shy and angry. Her cheeks also "teng"-ed red.

Looking at her mother's uncomfortable appearance, it was definitely because she was afraid of being discovered. Yet Sophie was still deliberately teasing Mother. Therefore Grace glared at her without good temper:

"Alright, Sophie! Didn't you say you were tired from shopping today? Quickly go upstairs and rest!"

After saying that, she also coldly looked at Ethan who was still hugging their mother:

"I'm tired too. I'll go to the bathroom to wash my hands first, then heat up the dishes later."

The meaning of these words went without saying. It was giving Ethan and their mother a step down.

So she wouldn't completely lose face in front of the younger generation.

After hearing his sister's words, Ethan finally calmed down a few degrees. After recovering his senses, he clearly felt the mother in his arms, that full warm body, had been trembling slightly the whole time, shaking like a fallen leaf in the autumn wind.

For a moment, a bit of tender pity also rose in Ethan's heart. He knew he had indeed played too far.

Thus, going along with sister Grace's words, he immediately said:

“Yeah yeah, Sophie, didn’t you say your feet hurt from walking today? You go upstairs first. After I help Mom to the room to rest later, I’ll come up and accompany you right away.”

Seeing that Grace had already gotten angry, Sophie knew today’s “good show” ended here. She also couldn’t continue forcing Helen.

And her original intention was only to tease this “hypocritical” mother-in-law a bit, not really tear faces.

So she obediently nodded, squinted her eyes, and put on a cute appearance to say:

“Okay~”

However, just as she stood up, holding her coat preparing to go upstairs, and passed by Ethan’s ear, it was as if she thought of something again and suddenly stopped.

Sophie slightly turned that delicate face of hers and used a voice she thought only her husband could hear to say:

“Husband, don’t mind me. Later… fuck this shameless slutty woman to death for me.”

The volume of this sentence was indeed not loud. Grace didn’t hear it, but it accurately fell into Helen’s ears.

Instantly her brain “boom”-ed as if struck by lightning.

Wh-what?!

Daughter-in-law… daughter-in-law she actually… knows?!

When did she find out?

Did her son tell her?

Or did she guess it herself?

Fuck this… shameless slutty woman to death…

For a moment thoughts kept turning in her heart. That sentence from her daughter-in-law, like a nightmare, kept echoing in Helen’s mind.

The secret of her and her son’s illicit affair had just been nakedly exposed by her daughter-in-law!

Helen only felt the world spinning. That face that had just been flushed from desire and shame, within a few short seconds, completely lost its color and turned pale as paper.

Grace had only walked two steps when she turned back and saw her mother's expression suddenly change greatly. That lost and dispirited appearance made her heart tighten.

She also saw Sophie still sticking close to her little brother's ear, and immediately felt she might have said something she shouldn't. Anger surged at once.

Before Sophie could turn her head back, Grace took a big stride over and slapped a not-too-light, not-too-heavy palm on that perky ass of hers with a crisp sound.

"Smack!"

"Alright! I told you to quickly go upstairs. What are you dawdling for!"

"Aiyah!"

Sophie was startled. She turned her head back aggrievedly, one hand rubbing the ass cheek that had been slapped sore.

Grace glared at her both angrily and amused.

Only then did Sophie yield:

"Alright alright, I know. What's there to be fierce about… Then husband, come up quickly okay."

Waiting until Sophie stood up preparing to go upstairs, Grace also calmed down. Knowing she had been a bit out of sorts just now, her expression softened and she apologetically nodded toward Sophie.

Sophie of course wasn't really angry either. She was just a bit unhappy that she couldn't continue watching her mother-in-law's joke.

In the end she made a face at Grace, then held her coat, twisted her slim waist, and stepped up to the second floor.

Seeing this, Grace also no longer hesitated. She turned and went to the bathroom, hiding by the wall secretly watching her little brother and mother.

In the living room, only this mother-son pair who had just been joined together remained.

Ethan lightly patted the mother in his arms who had already lost her spirit.

"Mom… Mom?"

Helen's whole body violently trembled, as if just waking from a nightmare.

"Mm?"

"Mom, it's fine now. Sophie… they've all left." Ethan comforted.

But Helen had no reaction at all. She still dully stared at the ceiling.

Seeing his mother have no movement for a long while, Ethan thought her legs had really gone soft and she couldn't muster strength.

Also afraid his sister would wait too long, he exerted strength on his own. Both hands supported his mother's full, plump ass cheeks and fiercely lifted upward.

"Pop!"

Accompanied by a loud sticky wet sound, that thick long cock covered in veins was pulled out from Helen's hole. The entire shaft was coated in lewd juices.

Losing the support of the yang root, Helen seemed to also lose all support and fell sideways along the momentum.

Ethan was greatly alarmed. He hurriedly reached out, caught his mother's soft body in one grab, and steadily hugged her in his arms.

Only then did Ethan clearly see that on his mother's well-maintained beautiful face, at some unknown time, crisscrossing tear tracks had already covered it.

"Mom! Mom what's wrong with you!" Ethan panicked.

Helen didn't look at him. She only stared at a certain point in the void and muttered to herself:

"Ethan… you say… Sophie she… will she tell others later… if she tells, how… how can you still be a person…"

Even at this moment, what Helen prioritized thinking of was still her son's reputation.

Ethan was stunned.

Only then did he understand. His mother hadn't not heard Sophie's words—she had heard them too clearly.

A wave of irritation instantly rose in Ethan's heart.

But he also couldn't blame Sophie. She was just that kind of personality that dared to love and hate.

If he really had to blame someone, he still had to blame himself.

Blame himself for being blinded by lust. Blame himself for being too impatient, actually raping his own biological mother in the living room, right under the eyes of his wife and sister.

Right now Helen's reaction of all hopes dashed was what was most thorny for Ethan.

Should he confess?

Tell her that Sophie not only knew, but was even a "co-conspirator"?

Ethan didn't dare.

Afraid things would become even harder to clean up.

Then pretend nothing happened?

But his mother had clearly already heard that sentence "fuck this shameless slutty woman to death."

Just as Ethan was in a dilemma, Grace who had been hiding in the bathroom peeking finally couldn't stand it anymore.

She strode out.

Grace had originally planned to wait until her mother returned to her room, then come out and question her little brother alone.

But the current situation had obviously exceeded her expectations.

Mother's lost, dispirited, grief-stricken and furious appearance made Grace's heart clench.

"Mom."

Grace called out. She had already walked to the front of the sofa.

Helen was like a startled rabbit. She suddenly raised her head, then subconsciously wanted to pull her skirt hem to cover her private parts, only to discover there was no need to cover at all.

"Grace… Grace…" Her voice trembled.

Grace walked to her mother's other side and sat next to her.

Immediately after, as if to comfort her mother, she extended her fair hand and held her mother's ice-cold hand covered in cold sweat.

"Mom, no need to worry."

"Me and Sophie… neither of us will say anything carelessly."

Grace's voice was very light, yet extremely firm.

Hearing that, Helen violently trembled.

Those unfocused phoenix eyes of hers looked at her own daughter in disbelief.

“Me and Sophie neither will say anything carelessly”?

This… what did this mean?

Helen finally seemed to realize something.

She stiffly turned her head again, glanced at her handsome son, then looked again at the beautiful daughter holding her hand.

An extremely absurd, and also extremely terrifying thought slowly floated up.

Could it be…

Could it be that even Grace she… also…

“Ah—!”

Helen suddenly let out a shrill scream!

She fiercely stood up, as if using all her strength, raised her hand, and slapped a hard palm across Ethan’s face!

“Smack!!!”

This slap was crisp and loud, making the entire living room buzz.

On the crib, little Mason’s eyes were tightly closed, as if he might turn awake from his beautiful dream at any time.

Ethan was slapped until his face turned sideways. Five finger marks quickly floated up on his handsome cheek. He covered his face in pain and looked at his mother in shock:

“Mom…”

Helen was so angry her whole body trembled. She pointed at Ethan’s nose and cursed:

“Beast!!”

CHAPTER 76

The Pity Stratagem

The slap landed hard.

Ethan's handsome, sunlit face was wrenched violently to the side by the full force of it. For two solid seconds the air in the living room seemed to freeze. Only then did five vivid red finger marks slowly bloom across his pale cheek.

Helen was shaking from head to toe with rage. Her beige cashmere sweater clung tightly to the full curves of her D-cup breasts, rising and falling sharply with every furious breath. The phoenix eyes that were usually so gentle were now bloodshot with anger.

"I… I'm going to beat this animal to death today!!"

Helen screamed, arm already raised again, every ounce of strength behind the second slap aimed at the other side of Ethan's face.

"Mom, stop!"

Grace moved faster than the words. She lunged forward and seized Helen's wrist at the last possible instant, just before the second blow could land. Even she hadn't expected her mother's reaction to be this violent. This was no longer scolding. This was a genuine attempt to hurt him.

"Grace, let go of me!" Helen struggled, voice cracking. "Look at him! Look at what he's done! He… he even… even you…"

"Mom! Calm down first—just listen to me!" Grace locked her grip, refusing to yield.

"I can't calm down! I won't!"

In that moment the poised, elegant woman Helen usually presented to the world vanished completely. She looked and sounded like a street brawler.

"I'm going to beat this animal to death today, I swear it!"

Grace's heart clenched. She knew her mother too well. Helen came from a comfortable middle-class family and had grown up used to being obeyed. Twenty-plus years as a homemaker had taught her to hide that dominant streak, but her pride and her bottom line were higher than

anyone's. What Ethan had done today had shattered the core of her dignity. People said you should never push a quiet person too far—once they finally exploded, the stored-up force was far more terrifying than anything from someone who lived with their emotions on their sleeve.

Grace's eyes darted frantically around the room and landed on the quiet crib in the corner of the sofa.

There.

Her voice softened instantly, turning almost pleading.

"No matter how big this is… can we talk about it in the bedroom? Please?"

She tilted her head slightly, eyes flicking toward the crib.

"Look… Mason's still asleep. You… you don't want to wake him, do you?"

That crib. That peacefully sleeping grandson. It felt like the last remaining symbol of anything "normal" left in this thoroughly broken, twisted household.

Helen's scream cut off mid-breath. Her gaze snapped stiffly toward the crib. Seeing Mason's innocent, sleeping face, the violent heaving of her chest finally… slowly… began to ease. The towering fury didn't disappear. It was simply forced down, compressed into somewhere deeper.

"Hmph!"

Helen yanked her arm free of Grace's grip. She didn't spare Ethan another glance—looking at him felt dirty. With a sharp swing of her sleeve, the dark-green velvet skirt flared in an arc. Then she turned on her heel and stalked heavily toward the master bedroom downstairs.

"Haa…"

Only after the bedroom door slammed shut did Grace finally let out a long, shaky breath. She steadied herself, then turned to look at her brother, who was still covering his face and standing frozen.

"…Pfft."

The sight of him looking so thoroughly wrecked broke her. She couldn't hold it in and started laughing.

Ethan was still frozen in the pose the slap had left him in. Five glaring red marks stood out on his handsome face, and his eyes… were actually

glistening with tears. He looked like a wronged little boy on the verge of crying.

Grace didn't know whether to be angry or amused.

Was this really the same man who, just days ago in that hotel room, had fucked her until she could barely move and had even licked her toes? Was this the same man who, only minutes earlier, had been bold enough to shove his cock into their own mother's pussy right in front of his sister and his wife?

No.

This was the Ethan she remembered.

The little boy who used to trail after her, timid and indecisive, who always cried and ran to his big sister whenever he got into trouble so she could clean up the mess for him. Not the sex-crazed man who turned into a demon in bed and made her call him "husband" while he fucked her.

"Haa…"

Grace sighed inwardly. This was probably just the two sides of him.

She stepped closer, reaching out with the same hand that had just restrained their mother. Long, pale fingers gently covered the back of Ethan's hand where it still pressed against his cheek.

"Does it hurt?" Her voice had softened back to its usual gentle tone.

Ethan nodded pitifully.

Nearly twenty days ago, when Ethan had tried to force himself on Helen in her room, she had slapped him then too. But that slap had been nothing compared to this one. It had been a caress by comparison. This one had been so hard, so final, that it really did seem to have knocked him back into the little boy who needed his sister's protection.

Grace looked at him and felt a flicker of pity… until her gaze dropped lower. In that instant she clearly saw that, even after everything that had just happened, the cock that both she and Sophie couldn't get enough of was still… standing rock-hard against the front of his casual pants.

This bastard!

Grace's expression darkened. Her other hand came down without mercy, a sharp "smack" landing right on the tented crotch.

"You deserve it!"

"Ow!"

Ethan jumped like he'd been electrocuted, clamping his thighs together and yelping exaggeratedly.

"Sis! Are you… are you trying to murder your own husband?!"

"Tch."

Grace shot him an unimpressed look, eyes full of sultry disdain.

"You still think of me as your sister? Still think of me as your wife?"

Ethan rubbed his crotch. The pitiful look vanished in an instant, replaced by a lewd smile. He nodded without hesitation.

"Then what the hell are you doing going after Mom and leaving a beauty like me untouched?"

Grace crossed her arms under her chest, the E-cup melons squeezed into a shocking display. After speaking, she spread her arms as if ready to grab him.

Ethan quickly dodged to the other side of the sofa, his smile turning even more shameless.

"Mom's my woman too."

He licked his lips and said slowly, word by word:

"All of you… are."

"Hmph. Bold of you to even think that."

Grace snorted coldly.

But…

The moment those four words left her mouth, an extremely absurd yet intensely stimulating image forced its way into her mind.

She suddenly pictured it: Helen's still-beautiful, full, well-proportioned body… those long legs hidden under stockings… that round, plump ass wrapped in the dark-green skirt… and the place between those thighs, the very hole she herself had come into this world through…

Right now being pounded again and again, tirelessly, by her own little brother's thick cock.

…

"Mm…"

The image hit her so hard that a sudden electric current of pleasure shot up from her lower belly straight to her core. Between her legs, her smooth, bare pussy instantly grew wet.

Feeling her body's reaction, Grace was both furious and ashamed. She glared hard at Ethan, thinking to herself:

This bastard…

If he hadn't fucked Mom right in front of me, I wouldn't even be having these filthy thoughts.

Yet as she stared straight at her brother's handsome face, her breathing quickened slightly. Grace was shocked to realize… she was getting turned on too. She was even starting to feel jealous—jealous that their mother could also enjoy that addictive cock of his…

Bit by bit, she grew lost in it. Without making it obvious, she pressed her thighs together, rubbing her already-wet pussy. Then she crooked a finger at him, her tone unconsciously turning seductive.

"Come here."

The moment Ethan saw that look on his sister's face, he knew she was in heat too. He hurried over with a mischievous grin.

"What's up, sis?"

Grace grabbed his collar and yanked him close. Her impressive breasts nearly pressed against his chest. She leaned in to his ear, warm breath mixed with a faint milky scent brushing his ear.

"Ethan…"

"In a little while, you better perform well for me."

"…Try to completely take Mom down today."

Ethan's breath caught. Before he could even process it, Grace's warm tongue flicked out and lightly licked his earlobe. She finished in a low voice:

"Then… I'll let you… taste what mother-and-daughter together really feels like."

"!!!"

The words hit Ethan like a bomb. All the blood in his body roared downward at once! The cock that had just been smacked instantly swelled to its absolute limit, straining so hard against his pants it felt like it might tear through.

Mother and daughter together!

His sister meant… later, with Mom… both of them letting him fuck them?!

He'd only fantasized about it before. Now it was actually about to happen—and it had come straight out of his sister's mouth!

"Sis!"

Ethan was so excited he couldn't contain himself. He grabbed Grace's pretty face and, without thinking, planted a wet "smack" of a kiss right on her cheek.

"Ew! That's disgusting!"

Wet saliva stuck to her skin. Grace recoiled in disgust, shoving him away and scrubbing at her cheek with the back of her hand. But when she finished wiping and looked up, she found Ethan staring at her with an unusually serious expression.

"Sis… so… so how do you think we should do this later?"

Grace was caught off guard by how earnest he looked.

She… she had only gotten carried away for a moment, swept up by the sudden rush of desire, wanting to see their mother's usually proud, composed face completely filled with lust, crying and begging…

As for the actual "how"…

"This… I haven't really thought about it yet." For once, Grace was at a loss for words.

"It's fine!"

Ethan didn't care at all.

As long as his sister had opened the door, that was already a massive win!

He could figure out the method himself!

"Sis, just watch me work later!"

He patted his chest confidently, then quickly pulled out his phone and typed fast.

He texted Sophie:

[Babe, Mom, Sis, and I are having a "family meeting." Might take a few hours. If Dad comes back, can you stall him for me?]

Sophie replied almost instantly:

[Babe, be careful. I'll… I'll figure out a way to keep an eye on Dad. [kiss]]

Ethan's head was so full of excitement that he didn't even spare a thought for whatever method Sophie might use. He put the phone away, feeling steady, then took a deep breath, grabbed Grace's soft, boneless hand, and said in a low voice:

"Sis, let's go."

They looked at each other and both saw the same madness reflected in the other's eyes.

Inside Helen's bedroom.

The air felt so heavy it was as if the temperature had dropped several degrees. Helen hadn't turned on the lights; she was relying only on the faint evening glow coming through the window. She wasn't on the bed either. She sat upright on the vanity stool at the foot of the bed, legs crossed, the hem of her dark-green velvet skirt covering her knees completely. Her long legs in nude stockings were crossed tightly, as if trying to hold something back. On her still-beautiful face the tear tracks had dried, leaving only cold, frosty indifference. Her pretty phoenix eyes were fixed dead on the door.

"Click."

The doorknob turned.

Ethan and Grace walked in one after the other.

Helen watched them with cold eyes.

Ethan reached behind him and quietly shut the door. There was another soft sound as he pressed the lock on the inside.

Helen's pupils shrank sharply.

Locking the door? What were they planning?!

Before she could even open her mouth to scold them, Ethan did something she never expected.

With a loud "thud," his knees buckled and he dropped straight down onto the floor in front of her!

"Mom—!!"

He shouted the word with every bit of strength he had, as if it carried the weight of unbearable grievance and regret.

"I was wrong!!!"

As he yelled, he shuffled forward on his knees, throwing himself beside her legs. He didn't dare actually touch her. Both hands braced on the floor, he slammed his forehead hard against the cold surface.

"Thump!"

Helen jolted from the sudden turn of events.

While he was still bowing, Ethan shot frantic looks at his sister, who was still standing there motionless. Grace understood instantly.

So it was the pity play.

When dealing with elders, this kind of move really did work. Even if it was a little underhanded—exploiting their care—Grace still couldn't help giving him a mental thumbs-up for thinking of it so quickly.

She approved silently, but she moved just as fast. To make it more convincing, she quietly dug her neatly trimmed nails hard into her own palm.

"Hss…"

Sharp pain shot through her. Her eyes instantly reddened.

"Thud!"

Grace dropped to her knees as well. She wasn't as dramatic as Ethan; she knelt on the soft carpet on Helen's other side. She didn't bow. Instead she threw herself straight into her mother's arms. Her E-cup breasts, separated only by cashmere and velvet, pressed softly against Helen's thigh.

"Mom—!"

Grace copied her brother's acting, voice thick with tears. Between the pain in her palm and genuine worry about their mother's mental state, the tears came easily, sliding down her cheeks as she cried:

"Please don't be mad at Ethan… if you're going to blame someone… blame me!"

"It's all my fault… I… I failed as his sister! Wuuu…"

CHAPTER 77

Completely Fallen Tonight

Helen was completely thrown by the brother-and-sister double act of the pity play.

The two children she cared about most—one kowtowing on the floor, the other clinging to her leg and sobbing. The sight blocked every scolding she had prepared, every bit of anger she had stored in her chest, right in that instant.

"What… what on earth are the two of you doing?!"

Helen felt suffocated. Her well-maintained hands instinctively gripped the edge of the vanity tight.

"Mom! Hit me! Yell at me!"

Ethan lifted his head. The handsome face still bearing the vivid red handprint was now streaked with tears from his "repentance."

"It's all my fault! I'm worse than an animal! I was bold beyond belief! I… I defiled my sister…"

"No!"

At that moment Grace also jerked her head up.

Her pretty face was equally "crying," tears like pear blossoms, pitiful and endearing. She followed her brother's words:

"It's not Ethan's fault! Mom! It was me… I was the one who seduced him first!"

"Sis! Don't say that!"

"No! I have to say it!"

And so the loving brother and sister fought over the blame right in front of their mother.

The next second, as if feeling it still wasn't enough, Ethan finished speaking and slammed his forehead against the wooden floor again with a dull "thump" that made Helen's long lashes tremble.

"Mom! Don't listen to Sis! She… she was hurt so badly by that bastard Mark. I… I took advantage of her when she was vulnerable! I'm not human! Just beat this animal to death!"

"That's not true!"

Hearing that, Grace immediately cried out and threw herself forward to hug her brother's arm, as if stopping him from hurting himself.

"Mom! It was me… I was empty, I was lonely! I… I couldn't take it… I was the one who… who seduced Ethan first! It has nothing to do with Ethan! He's my little brother, how could I…"

At that point Grace seemed too ashamed to continue. She just covered her face and wept. The E-cup melons on her chest heaved violently with her rapid breathing, stretching the fabric of her loungewear into tempting curves.

"Sis! Shut up!"

"Ethan! You shut up!"

Brother and sister truly were brother and sister. Their coordination was seamless. Helen was left dizzy by this masterful, heart-wrenching performance.

The anger in her heart was being slowly extinguished bit by bit under the assault of their—especially her daughter's—scalding tears. The expression on her beautiful mature face gradually loosened.

Ethan glanced from the corner of his eye, saw the timing was about right, and pretended to wipe the forced tears from his face before climbing up from the floor.

But he didn't stand fully upright. Instead, like a shameless rogue, he leaned forward and wrapped his arms around his mother's thigh in its nude stocking.

"Mom! Actually… you should have already figured it out. Me and Sis… we did it willingly!"

"That's right, Mom!"

Grace quickly cooperated, raising her arms to circle her mother's full, well-proportioned waist.

"You… you know my ex-husband, Mark, had someone outside… but actually… it wasn't his fault… it was because of me… my desires were too strong… he got… scared off by me… I… I needed a man so badly… so I ended up with Ethan…"

Helen was startled the moment she heard it, her phoenix eyes widening.

Only then did she understand that her daughter's seemingly failed marriage had this kind of reason inside it!

No wonder she had looked like she was suffering in silence back then.

Helen had always assumed she was ashamed and angry because she couldn't control her own man. She never expected the truth to be even more unbearable.

Yet even though her daughter's tearful confession looked extremely believable, Helen still found it hard to connect the usually dignified, composed daughter who resembled her so much with some sex-starved woman.

Moreover, if she admitted it so easily now, wouldn't that just prove that her education of her children had been a complete failure?

In that instant, seeing a flicker of hesitation in her mother's beautiful eyes, Grace pressed her lips together and continued adding fuel:

"Mom… even though Ethan is my own little brother, after I moved back here, whenever he saw me sad he would secretly comfort me in private, stay with me… he treats me… ten thousand times better than Mark did! Mom! We really didn't do it on impulse. We… we truly love each other!"

Truly love each other?!

Hearing those words come out of her daughter's mouth, a trace of shock and absurdity appeared in Helen's eyes.

Honestly, if those four words appeared between any ordinary man and woman, how beautiful that would be.

Unfortunately, the ones in front of her were a blood brother and sister.

"Heh… what a fine 'true love'!"

Helen trembled with anger. She jerked her leg hard, trying to shake off Ethan's hold, but he clung like sticky plaster. No matter how she shook, she couldn't get free.

"So this is your reason… for the two of you… to disregard human ethics?!"

"Have you thought about it! If this gets out, how are the two of you… supposed to face anyone later?!"

Even at this moment, what Helen cared about most was still her children's reputation.

Hearing that, Ethan and Grace felt a warmth in their hearts, but immediately afterward the desire to drag her completely into this abyss of lust grew even stronger.

Just then, Ethan, who had been hugging her thigh the whole time, seemed to come up with a new idea. His eyes shifted, and he suddenly muttered in an extremely low voice, almost as if talking to himself:

"Mom… you're the same…"

"What?" Helen was still in the middle of her anger and didn't catch it.

Seeing that, Ethan acted as if he was throwing caution to the wind, or as if he had planned it all along. He lifted his head and stared straight at Helen.

"I said… Mom, you're the same, aren't you."

"…Just now on the living room sofa, weren't you also fucked by me… until you were meowing…"

Those words struck Helen's head like a bolt of lightning!

Her mind went "buzz" and blanked out completely.

The face that had been pale from anger and shock instantly flushed with the deepest shade of shame.

She wanted to refute it, but what Ethan said was the truth. She was so angry she trembled all over and ground her teeth:

"You… you little… animal!!"

And Ethan's goal was precisely to make his mother clearly remember, in front of her sister, that she herself was already no outsider.

So he stopped pretending to be sad and continued teasing in that low, desire-filled voice:

"You even said just now that compared to my mouth, you liked my cock more…"

"You… what nonsense are you spouting!!"

Under this heavy blow from her son, Helen seemed to recall her earlier lewd appearance. She finally broke down, screaming as she freed one hand, reached past her own thigh, and grabbed Ethan's ear with all her strength, twisting hard!

"Owww—!!!"

“Mom! Mom! It hurts! It hurts! It hurts! My ear… my ear’s going to fall off!!”

Ethan was caught dead to rights and let out a series of earth-shattering screams. Fortunately the room’s soundproofing was good enough that it wouldn’t carry outside.

“Serves you right if I twist it off!!”

Helen was ashamed and furious beyond measure. She no longer felt so soft-hearted toward her son. Her still-beautiful face turned bright red as she increased the force in her hand.

“I told you not to talk nonsense! I told you not to talk nonsense! When did I… when did I… when did I…”

Helen was too ashamed to say the word “cock,” and even more ashamed to admit she had said those words. Without realizing it, the force in her hand increased a little more.

“Ow! Mom! I was wrong! I was wrong, okay?! Let go already!” Ethan’s tears were real this time. This wasn’t acting.

“Mom! Mom, please let go!”

Seeing this, Grace was also startled. She finally reacted, quickly releasing her arms from around her mother’s waist and tentatively trying to pry her mother’s fingers open:

“Mom! Ethan’s ear is really going to get ripped off! Look, it’s already turning purple!”

Hearing her daughter’s words, Helen seemed to come to her senses a little. Looking at her son’s grimacing, clearly not-faked expression of pain, that ear really had been twisted red and purple by her, looking like it was about to bleed.

In that moment, the viciousness in her heart ultimately couldn’t overcome more than twenty years of maternal love.

Her heart softened and she let go.

“Hmph… serves you right if I twisted it off!”

Helen released Ethan. She herself looked as if she had been struck hard, all her strength drained away. She slumped back onto the vanity stool, her eyes instantly becoming desolate and empty.

Perhaps all this absurdity had started from that New Year’s Eve night in the bathroom when she saw her son’s impossibly thick and long cock.

From that day on, this family had completely fallen into chaos.

"Tell me… what kind of sin did I commit in my past life…"

Helen murmured to herself. The strength she had forced herself to hold up inside finally… couldn't hold any longer.

"How did I… how did I give birth to a pair like you… haa… what kind of sin…"

As she spoke, Helen's beautiful eyes gradually grew wet.

She no longer roared or scolded. She just sat there, covering her face with the hand that had just twisted her son's ear. Her shoulders began to jerk and twitch… as she started to cry.

"Wuuu… wuuu…"

The suppressed, aggrieved, despairing sobs sounded especially clear in the quiet bedroom.

Any man who saw it would feel pity.

A trace of reluctance also passed through Ethan's heart, but at the same time, didn't this precisely prove that his mother had lowered her guard, and that this was the best moment to launch the final assault?

A look of understanding appeared on Ethan's face. Rubbing his burning ear, he exchanged a glance with his sister Grace, who was half-crouching nearby.

The two nodded in tacit understanding.

Then Ethan took the chance to straighten his waist abruptly. In that moment he was no longer the kneeling, begging son, but had transformed into a strong man full of possessiveness.

He didn't go comfort his mother who was crying in sorrow. Instead he strode forward and, before Helen could react, swept her up from the vanity stool into a princess carry!

"Ah! What are you doing! Put me down!"

Helen cried out in shock. The sudden loss of balance made her instinctively struggle. Her long legs in nude stockings kicked wildly in the air.

Ethan ignored her. With arms like iron clamps he tightly held her full, well-proportioned waist, took a few steps to the bedside, and tossed the body in his arms—still carrying the scent of a mature woman—onto the soft large bed!

Even though Ethan controlled his strength, Helen was still thrown hard enough to feel dizzy.

Before she could sit up, a tall black shadow pressed down on her!

To prevent her from escaping, Ethan pressed directly on top of her.

"Mom… don't cry anymore…"

Ethan braced both hands beside his mother's ears, completely covering her in his shadow. The handsome face still bearing the slap marks was now less than ten centimeters from his mother's face.

"If you keep crying… I'll… feel bad…"

Helen was stunned by this sudden forceful posture. Her tear-filled phoenix eyes widened. For a moment she even forgot to cry.

Seeing this, Ethan let out a low laugh, moved aside, and sat on the bed.

Then he stretched out his arms and, ignoring his mother's symbolic resistance, forcibly pulled her soft body up from the bed and made her sit sideways on his thigh.

Helen's soft, full ass, separated only by the dark-green velvet skirt, settled onto her son's leg.

Even more fatal was that she could clearly feel a scorching-hot cock standing rigidly erect, pressing hard against her perineum.

"You… let go of me!"

Helen's face flushed red again. Shame surged up once more. Her arms pushed at the man in front of her.

Ethan ignored her. Instead he held her even tighter, pressing her closer against his hot, throbbing cock.

Then he lowered his head and leaned close to his mother's most sensitive, small earlobe.

"Besides, Mom…"

"Just now on the sofa… didn't it… feel really good… too?"

"…Your little pussy… clamps way better than Sis's pussy…"

"You have no idea… how tight you were clamping me just now… how good it felt…"

"…"

"…There was so much water in that little pussy of yours…"

These vulgar, blunt, extremely filthy words came out of her own son's mouth, one by one, in a murmuring tone that only lovers would use, drilling into Helen's ears.

Helen's whole body stiffened. She felt a current of numbness that was both shameful and stimulating shoot from her sensitive ear and instantly spread through her entire body!

"You… shut up… you…"

Ashamed, she raised her jade-like hand again and slapped Ethan's face away.

But this slap was soft and weak, completely without force. It was more like a coquettish, half-rejecting, half-inviting protest.

Seeing his mother like this, Ethan couldn't help but smile knowingly.

Mouth saying no, but the body is still honest, huh~

Just as he was about to make another move, he suddenly felt the other side of the bed sink slightly.

Looking up, he saw his sister Grace—the daughter who had been crying her eyes out just moments ago—now with a pathological flush of excitement on her face. She had taken off her slippers and climbed onto the bed.

Then she knee-walked over to the two of them and, from Ethan's side, extremely gently wrapped her arms around her mother's waist.

Those melon-sized breasts, full and soft, pressed seamlessly against her mother's back through only a layer of cotton loungewear.

One in front, one to the side, the two of them completely enveloped Helen, the female head of this household, between them.

"That's right, Mom…"

Grace's voice, carrying a husky seduction, sounded beside her other ear.

"Actually, that day in the kitchen… I already saw it…"

Hearing this, Helen's body, which had gradually calmed down, jerked violently!

If her son holding her in his arms right now and pressing his big cock against her perineum was the beginning of her loss of control;

Then her daughter's words were the final straw that crushed all her remaining reason and dignity.

“Grace… you… what… what are you saying…”

Helen’s voice trembled so badly it was almost unrecognizable. Belatedly she turned her head, wanting to see her daughter’s expression clearly.

Grace only smiled. There was not a trace of accusation in that smile, only a kind of… shared excitement.

She pressed her cheek against her mother’s shoulder blade and, in a breathy voice, spoke an even crueler reality:

“That day I quietly hid behind the door and saw… Ethan lift your skirt…”

“Saw… that big white ass of yours…”

“Saw… Ethan’s big cock just like that stuck in your pussy… thrusting in and out… fucking out so much white cream…”

“I also heard… Mom… even though you were covering your mouth… you were moaning… so prettily… even better than how I moan…”

“No… no… don’t say it… don’t say any more!!”

Helen completely collapsed!

They say hearing is false, seeing is true.

Although since her daughter and son had a relationship, her own affairs would definitely be told to the other.

But compared to being told about it, the feeling of having it witnessed with one’s own eyes was different.

In this moment, the last shred of dignity and face she had as a mother was torn to pieces by the joint efforts of this pair of children!

“Mom… don’t be afraid…”

Ethan felt the violent trembling of the body in his arms. He knew the timing was right.

So he was no longer satisfied with verbal teasing. He lowered his head and took his mother’s sensitive earlobe into his scalding lips, tongue tip gently licking.

“Ah…”

Helen was stimulated by this sudden sensation and shivered. A low moan she couldn’t suppress spilled from her mouth.

“Mom… look… Sis wants to join us too…”

While sucking on his mother's earlobe, Ethan used his free hand to grasp his mother's well-maintained hand that wore a jade bracelet.

Then he guided her hand downward, into his pants…

CHAPTER 78

Assaulted from Both Sides

Helen's fingers were seized by her son and forced to touch that scorching-hot, rock-hard cock with its bulging veins.

"Ah! Ethan… no… don't…"

The shocking size and heat transmitted through her fingertips made her want to jerk her hand back as if electrocuted.

But Ethan pressed her hand down hard, forcing her to grip his cock.

"Mom… feel it… it's hard for you again…"

"It wants… to fuck your pussy…"

"It also wants… to fuck Sis's pussy…"

"No… don't…"

Helen shook her head in despair. Tears welled up again, her phoenix eyes hazy and unfocused.

Behind her, Grace's body clearly trembled with excitement when she heard "also wants to fuck Sis's pussy."

In that moment, Grace's actions grew bolder.

Her hands were no longer just circling her mother's waist.

Those equally pale but younger hands began to slowly travel upward along Helen's full, well-proportioned curves.

Through the expensive beige cashmere sweater, they accurately covered her mother's D-cup breasts.

"Mom… your tits… are so soft… so big…"

Grace's voice carried a slight tremor. Through the cashmere she gently kneaded and pressed her mother's breast mounds. The feel was completely different from touching her own breasts.

"Ethan… has he also… touched here?"

"Ah…!"

Attacked simultaneously from front and back, Helen cried out.

In front, her son's scalding cock was pressing against her pussy while his lips sucked her most sensitive earlobe.

Behind her, her daughter's heavy breasts were pressed tightly against her back, and her daughter's hands were kneading her tits.

This double taboo stimulation was like two currents of numbness rampaging wildly through her body, leaving her mind blank. She couldn't form words, and her breathing turned rapid.

Under the dark-green velvet skirt, those beautiful legs in nude thigh-high stockings began to involuntarily clamp together.

Between her legs, that sweet spring shamefully seeped out a thread of viscous fluid at this moment.

"Mom… are you wet…"

Ethan's cock was only pressed against the outside, yet it keenly sensed the change in moisture.

He chuckled low, released his mother's ear, and looked at her flushed face with burning eyes as he continued teasing:

"Mom… your pussy… is leaking…"

"Mom… stop holding it in…"

"Let us… make you feel good together…"

"Okay?"

"…No! Not okay… we… we're mother and son… brother and sister…" Helen made a last futile struggle.

"Heh…"

Ethan let out a light laugh and stopped wasting words.

He released his mother's hand, then pulled open his zipper with a sharp "zrrrip."

That proudly erect big cock—with its massive, purple-black glans—sprang out with a "slap."

The big cock radiated heat. Thick precum had already overflowed from the tip, looking ready to charge at any moment.

Just like that… it was exposed straight in front of Helen's eyes.

Seeing this scene, Helen's breathing stalled.

What should she do?

Scold them?

Or run?

Where could she even run to?

"Mom…"

While Helen was torn between heaven and man, Ethan's seductive voice came again.

“Didn’t you say… you like it?”

“…Use your mouth… to make it feel even better…”

Saying that, Ethan shifted backward to make space, then forcefully pressed his mother’s head down toward his cock.

“No… Ethan… don’t…”

Because not long ago this thick, long cock had still been buried in her own pussy, a strong, lewd scent mixed with her juices and precum hit her face. Helen resisted in terror.

Ethan was consumed by lust. Today, no matter what, he was going to make his mother suck his cock and completely fall.

Just as Helen couldn’t overpower her son and her beautiful mature face was less than an inch from the big cock, more sorrowful tears spilled from the corners of her eyes.

Seeing this, Grace behind her suddenly stopped kneading her breasts.

She gave her brother a displeased push:

“Don’t be so impatient, you sex fiend…”

Saying that, Grace knee-crawled to Ethan’s right side. Then, under Helen’s terrified gaze, she actively opened her cherry-red lips and leaned toward Ethan’s big cock!

“Sis…?” Ethan was stunned for a moment.

Grace looked up and gave both Ethan and Helen an extremely charming smile.

“Mom… watch carefully…”

“How amazing… Ethan’s cock is…”

After speaking, she lowered her head again, opened her sexy red lips, stuck out her soft, fragrant tongue, and lightly licked the purple-black glans in front of her.

“Mm…” Ethan let out a comfortable low growl.

Then Grace opened her mouth and without hesitation took the thick cock inside!

“Mm… slurp… slurp… slurp…”

Grace’s oral skills were average, but her initiative and lewd energy were enough to drive any man crazy.

Right in front of her mother, she worked hard bobbing on her brother's cock. The big breasts buried under her clothes swayed back and forth because of her kneeling posture.

Helen sat there stunned, beautiful eyes wide, forgetting to think. She was watching at such close range as her own daughter gave her own son… a blowjob!

Her worldview was refreshed once again.

"Mom…"

While enjoying his sister's blowjob, Ethan pulled the dazed mother who was sitting nearby back into his arms. One large hand circled Helen's waist and reached behind her, resting on her round, beautiful ass.

Then he flipped up that dark-green velvet skirt in one motion!

"Ah! Don't!" The sudden cool air on her backside made Helen cry out.

But it was too late.

Ethan was fast and accurate. At the same moment Helen cried out, the skirt hem had already been lifted to her waist, revealing her soft white ass wearing only a thin silk panty, and those nude thigh-high stockings that only reached mid-thigh.

The top of the stockings had lace edges that tightly gripped her jade-white skin, outlining an astonishingly fleshy look. Anyone who saw it would want to grab and knead that area as soon as possible to feel the softness that could take one's breath away.

"Mom… your ass… is so perky…"

Ethan's breathing grew heavy because of it. His large hand heavily grabbed and kneaded his mother's ass cheek. The full, meaty feel made it impossible to let go.

"Smack!"

Ethan couldn't help lightly slapping his mother's plump ass, producing a crisp sound and sending a wave of flesh rippling.

"Ah…" Helen's sense of shame soared and her body trembled.

"Mm… Mom…"

Grace, who was kneeling in front of her brother, heard the sound. While still sucking him, she spoke unclearly:

“Mom… your pussy… must be… must be even more tender… than my bald pussy…”

After saying that, she sucked even harder, continuously making wet slurping sounds. One jade-like hand skillfully fondled her brother’s wrinkled balls. The saliva that overflowed made them feel rather smooth to the touch.

Helen, subjected to this double humiliation from her children, felt as if she were a small boat swept into a vortex of lust.

“Ethan… Grace…”

She called out in a lost voice. In those phoenix eyes, the flame of resistance had already been extinguished, leaving only the hazy water-light of sinking desire.

Ethan looked at the flush on her face, spreading from her jade-white neck all the way to her small earlobe.

Knowing his mother had already fallen, his gaze slowly moved downward and landed on those full, well-proportioned jade peaks of hers.

Ethan licked his lips and said in a hoarse voice:

“Mom… it’s your turn…”

As soon as the words fell, Ethan shoved aside his sister who was still diligently serving his big cock.

Grace’s cheek was pushed askew. The cock was forcibly pulled from her mouth, bringing a wet “slurp” sound and a crystalline sticky thread, looking extremely lewd.

Seeing this, Ethan grew even more impatient and immediately said:

“Sis, go to the back…”

“Mm…”

Grace answered excitedly. She didn’t mind the fluid at the corner of her mouth at all. Instead, like a lustful woman, she stuck out her fragrant tongue and licked all that filth clean.

Then she turned around. Those E-cup breasts swayed as she knee-crawled behind Helen and once again hugged her mother’s soft waist from behind.

But this time, her hands were no longer teasingly kneading the breasts from outside.

Grace's hands, cool and tender, directly slipped under the hem of Helen's clothes and went inside.

"Ah…"

The cool fingertips touching warm skin made Helen tremble with numbness.

Grace's hands accurately moved upward, bypassed the bottom band of the lace bra, and directly grasped her mother's D-cup breasts. Thumb and index finger gently pinched and rolled those two nipples that were as hard as peanuts.

"Ah… Grace… don't… there… ah…"

When had Helen ever received this kind of stimulation? Even her husband and son, with whom she had had sex, had never bullied her nipples the way her daughter was doing today.

She immediately trembled like she had been electrocuted, her body shaking like a flower branch.

Meanwhile Ethan knelt upright again in front of his mother.

He aimed that big cock—wet with his sister's saliva, looking glistening, with its massive glans and overall purple-black color—back at Helen.

Only this time he knew he couldn't rush. He didn't force his mother to give him oral.

Instead he set his sights on her chest, that sacred ground he had not yet stepped into.

Ethan bent at the waist, gripped his own cock, and aimed the glans at the middle of Helen's full breasts wrapped in the cashmere sweater.

"Mom…"

"Use your tits… to give me a titjob…"

Helen's soul trembled. Looking at that cock so close, radiating a lewd scent, while also feeling the stinging pleasure from her daughter behind her playing with her breasts…

As if possessed… she actually listened to Ethan's words and slightly pushed her chest forward.

"Heh…"

Ethan was overjoyed. A low, triumphant groan left his mouth as he immediately thrust his cock straight downward.

The expensive beige cashmere fabric was excellent—soft and fine.

That scorching-hot, hard flesh pillar was forced into the warm softness of his mother's jade peaks through only a layer of cloth!

"Oh… so good… Mom… your tits are so soft… so warm…"

Ethan's glans was tightly wrapped and frictionally squeezed by the soft, fine cashmere fabric, bringing an indescribable pleasure that was both teasing and doubly stimulating.

He began thrusting his waist, pumping through the clothes.

The cashmere fabric was repeatedly ground by his thick, long shaft. That scalding heat seemed able to burn through the cloth and scorch the skin of Helen's breasts.

And Helen's body temperature in turn heated that layer of fabric, making Ethan's cock feel as if it had been inserted into a warm, tender hole with a woolen texture.

Not long after, a small patch of the beige fabric was quickly soaked by the viscous fluid overflowing from the slit of his glans.

"Ah… ah… Mom… even fucking your tits through the clothes feels this good…"

Seeing her brother looking like a sex fiend incarnate, Grace behind Helen also grew highly excited from the lewd scene. She sped up the kneading of the breasts with her hands and even opened her mouth to lightly bite her mother's smooth shoulder blade with her teeth.

"Grace… Ethan… ah…"

Helen was swallowed by the pleasure attacking her from front and back at the same time. Her full hips unconsciously twisted on the bed.

The honeyed pussy between her legs was already glistening with moisture.

Gurgling lewd water overflowed with wet sounds, completely soaking her silk panties and even seeping onto the sheets beneath her.

"Mom… you're so wet…"

While pumping his big cock between his mother's breasts through the clothes—the sound of flesh slapping mixed with the friction of fabric, extremely lewd—Ethan reached out with his other hand and probed under his mother's skirt from behind.

His hand first touched the velvet skirt hem, then the smooth lace edge of the nude thigh-high stockings, and then grabbed those already thoroughly soaked panties in one motion!

With a "rip," he roughly yanked the expensive panties down!

The panties were pulled to the bend of her thighs, hanging on the stockings.

Ethan's fingers, no longer obstructed, directly probed into that secret slit dense with pubic hair!

"Ah—!"

The foreign object entering made Helen's body suddenly spasm!

Her son's fingers—scalding and rough—pushed apart the soft, tender petals of her flower and entered her honeyed hole!

"So much… so much water… Mom… your pussy is full of water…"

Ethan's fingers stirred inside that hot, wet inner cavity. The sticky honey juice instantly coated his entire hand.

He could feel the elastic wall flesh tightly spasming and sucking on his fingers.

The next instant, Ethan accurately found that pulsing flower core.

"No… don't… there… ah… ahh…"

Ethan's fingers and his daughter's breast-kneading movements from behind formed a perfect coordination.

One giving a titjob in front, one kneading breasts from behind, one fingering her little pussy down below!

"Mom… moan out loud… let Sis hear… how slutty… how wanton you sound… when your son is… fucking your pussy… fucking your tits…"

Ethan continued coaxing in a hoarse voice, but the movements of his fingers grew even rougher.

"Ah… ah… Ethan… I… I… I can't… I'm going… going to come… ah…"

Helen couldn't hold it anymore.

She was fingered until she broke the dam!

Her lower abdomen suddenly convulsed. Those long beautiful legs in nude stockings clamped tight, and a scalding squirt… suddenly sprayed out from her honeyed hole!

"Psshh—!"

A thin, clear stream of honey juice splashed onto Ethan's hand, with quite a bit also splashing onto his pants.

"Oh… Mom… you squirted…"

Although his mother's squirt wasn't as violent as Sophie's—one like light drizzle, one like a downpour—it still made desire surge.

Ethan grew excited because of it. He couldn't help putting force into his waist and speeding up the titjob even more.

That big cock madly thrust and impacted in the cleavage of the beige cashmere sweater. Fortunately the fabric was soft enough, and there was also lewd water as lubrication, so Ethan didn't feel too uncomfortable.

"Ahhhh—!"

In the afterglow of his mother's squirt, Ethan threw his head back and let out a low roar.

"Pfft—!"

Strand after strand of scalding semen erupted from the open slit of his glans. A full dozen or more spurts all shot onto Helen's chest…

CHAPTER 79

Enjoying Grace First

Ethan's scalding cum had exploded across his mother Helen's beige cashmere sweater.

The thick, sticky fluid carried that sharp male scent and slid slowly down the curve of her full, high breasts, filthy and glistening.

Ethan panted hard, chest heaving.

Yet the thick cock that had just unloaded stayed iron-hard. The taboo high kept it rigid, veins still pulsing.

He slowly pulled the heavy shaft free from between his mother's soft tits.

His eyes greedily took in Helen's face. She was still beautiful at her age. Those pretty eyes were shut tight, long lashes wet with tiny tears. She looked dazed, broken, soul half-gone.

The sight made Ethan's control snap even tighter.

But when he saw Grace still holding their mother from behind, he abandoned the idea of pushing further into Helen right then.

Grace was trembling with excitement, sweat darkening the strands at her forehead.

She felt her brother's stare like he wanted to devour her whole. Instead of shrinking away, she slowly licked her own lips, tongue gliding over the shine of spit and excitement.

"Sis…"

Ethan's voice was raw, like he'd just crawled out of the desert.

"That blowjob… felt fucking incredible."

Grace let out a soft, filthy little laugh.

She slowly released Helen. Their mother collapsed like a cut puppet string, body going limp and falling back onto the soft pillows at the head of the bed.

Helen's empty eyes stared at the ceiling. She looked gone, just a warm, used body left behind.

Grace crawled out from behind her, hips swaying like a serpent as she moved straight toward her brother.

She knelt in front of Ethan. Their eyes locked. The air between them was thick.

They stared at each other in silence.

Just understanding.

Then Grace leaned in and they crashed into a wet, hungry kiss.

Tongues tangled hard, fighting for air, swapping spit. The wet smacking sounds were loud in the too-quiet master bedroom.

Ethan sucked the sweet saliva from his sister's mouth while one big hand shoved roughly under her soft cotton lounge top.

Riiip—a button popped free.

He was too rough. He just tore the top open.

His hand slid behind her and undid the nursing bra clasp with practiced ease.

Grace's heavy E-cup tits spilled free. Big, pale, and full. Her light-brown nipples were already hard little beads. The heavy flesh swayed and bounced with every breath, waves of soft weight moving in the air.

Grace didn't stay passive. While her tongue answered his, her hands pushed his lounge pants and briefs down and off.

They shifted from sitting to standing to sitting again.

In seconds most of their clothes were gone.

Without the pants, Ethan's cock looked even bigger—thick, dark, and heavy, easily seven inches, twitching with leftover frustration.

They kept kissing for another minute. Then Grace suddenly shoved him back. When he looked confused, she rested her arms on his shoulders and pushed him down onto the mattress.

She panted, eyes hazy, licking the wet shine from her lips. Hands braced on the bed, she twisted her full ass, ready to climb on and sink down onto him.

Ethan smirked.

He still had plenty of energy. No way was he letting her set the pace.

He grabbed her soft shoulder and shoved her flat onto her back.

Then he moved up, spread his thighs, and knelt over her face, thick legs framing her cheeks.

Grace's pretty face was right under his heavy cock.

All of it happening less than a yard from the head of the bed.

Helen lay there limp, empty eyes forced to watch every second.

Her son was trapping her daughter's head between his thighs.

Smack.

Smack.

Ethan held his cum-slick cock and lightly slapped it against Grace's cheek, slow and humiliating.

The dark shaft left wet streaks on her pale skin.

The hard head pressed dimples into her soft cheek.

The sharp, dirty smell filled the air.

"Sis. Lick it clean."

"Nnnh…"

Grace had never been treated like this, especially not with their mother right there. Shame hit hard. Her body jerked. A low sound escaped her—half excited, half protesting.

Her smooth, bare pussy flooded instantly. Wetness poured out and soaked the sheets under her.

"Sis. Be good. Open your mouth."

Grace focused again. Her eyes sharpened with a little spark of heat. She stuck out her tongue.

Then she licked her own brother's cock like a well-trained bitch, slow and thorough.

She'd been with him enough times now that the size no longer shocked her. There was no real resistance left, just a strange, warm familiarity.

She licked carefully along the veined shaft, traced the ridge of the head with the tip of her tongue, then pressed against the slit to clean the last of the cum.

Ethan watched through half-lidded eyes, enjoying it.

After a while his hands reached back and grabbed her heavy tits, squeezing and kneading them roughly so the soft flesh changed shape in his palms.

Helen saw everything. The twisted heat made her body tremble.

She watched her son's cock slap her daughter's face, push into her mouth, and saw the humiliated, turned-on look on Grace's face.

"Sis…"

Ethan's voice was thicker now.

"Want me to lick you too?"

"Nnnh… no… no need…"

Grace was focused on sucking him, words muffled.

"Ethan… hurry… fuck me…"

"My pussy… itches so bad…"

She didn't want to wait for his mouth. She just wanted the thick cock currently in her throat shoved into her cunt instead.

Ethan smirked at how desperate she looked and stopped asking.

He let go of her tits and released her head.

When the cock pulled free of her warm mouth it left a long, filthy string of spit.

He shifted aside, grabbed her waist, and flipped her over onto her hands and knees like a bitch in heat.

Grace's full, pale ass rose high.

Her smooth pussy was soaked and puffy. The pink opening twitched open and closed like it was breathing, silently begging.

Ethan didn't hesitate. He lined the hot head up with the wet hole and drove his hips forward hard.

Schlick!

The thick length sank all the way in, bottoming out in one thrust.

"Ahhh—!"

Grace moaned loud right in front of their mother as she was filled.

"Ah… Ethan… ah… so good… ah… don't… don't stop… harder… ah… fuck your sister harder… ah… Ethan… ah…"

Every hard thrust made her heavy tits swing and slap against the mattress.

Ethan's cock kept hitting the spot that made her lose it. Sharp sparks shot from her belly up her spine. She clawed at the sheets while her hips pushed back to meet him.

Ethan's hands gripped the soft dip of her waist. He fucked her like a machine, long strokes that pulled almost all the way out before slamming back in deep.

Smack! Smack! Smack! Schlick! Schlick!

The wet slap of skin and the filthy squelch mixed with their heavy breathing and Grace's rising moans. The sounds filled their mother's bedroom, right in front of her.

Helen's ears were forced full of it.

She wanted to turn her head away, but the scene held her eyes locked.

It was the first time she'd ever watched other people fuck.

From the side she saw how focused a man looked when he was deep in it.

She saw how filthy a woman's voice could get, how her waist could twist and roll when she was being taken.

Helen forgot about right and wrong for a moment. Right then her world was just the color of raw need.

"Ethan… ah… so deep… you're hitting it… ah… Ethan! Harder! I'm gonna come! I'm gonna come! Sister's gonna come! Ah! Ah! Ah!"

Grace's body arched hard. Her smooth cunt clenched and spasmed around him. A rush of wetness poured out around the thick shaft still buried inside her.

It soaked a wide patch of the sheets.

After the orgasm she collapsed, body trembling, skin shiny with sweat.

Ethan had nearly lost it when her hot cunt squeezed and flooded around his head. He clenched his jaw, veins standing out in his neck, and forced himself not to come. There was still another woman waiting.

A few seconds later he slowly pulled out.

His cock was still rock-hard, even meaner-looking after fucking without finishing.

"Sis… rest a minute."

He looked at the woman he'd just fucked limp and gave her reddened ass a squeeze.

Then he rose up on his knees and turned his attention back to the head of the bed.

Their eyes met. Helen flinched like his stare burned her and quickly turned her face away.

Ethan showed his teeth in a small smile and crawled toward his mother one slow step at a time.

She lay on her side, one arm tucked under her hot cheek. The beige cashmere sweater was stuck to her chest with cum and sweat. The dark green velvet skirt was still bunched messily around her waist.

Ethan leaned in. Helen's eyes were still hazy.

But when she felt his body close in, her lashes still trembled.

"Mom…"

"Grace is done. Your turn…"

Helen didn't move, so Ethan simply started undressing her.

"No… don't…"

When his hot hand settled on her soft waist she made a weak sound of protest. It had no strength behind it.

Grace, still shaky from her orgasm, crawled over on her own.

She didn't stop him.

She helped.

"Mom… don't fight… your clothes are dirty. You'll feel better without them…"

Her daughter's voice in her ear felt like temptation from somewhere dark.

Helen had no strength left. Or she had already stopped fighting.

She let them strip her.

The siblings worked together and peeled everything off their mother.

The cum-stained cashmere sweater.

The expensive velvet skirt.

Even the sheer nude thigh-high stockings.

Ethan held the thin stocking and slowly rolled it down her long, soft thigh, past her knee, over her pale ankle…

Helen's well-kept, full body was suddenly completely bare in front of her own children.

CHAPTER 80

Mother and Daughter Together

Helen's full, well-kept body lay completely bare in front of her own children.

At forty-three her skin was still pale and firm. Her D-cup breasts sat high and full. The soft plane of her stomach, the round weight of her ass, the long smooth legs—all of it was the body of a mature woman at her peak.

Ethan's breathing turned heavy again. His eyes locked on the place between her thighs, on the thick dark hair covering her pussy.

He knelt between her legs like he was studying something rare and expensive.

Then he reached down and spread the larger, darker lips of her cunt with his fingers.

One hand braced on the soft flesh of her thigh. He lowered his head.

Helen's eyes went wide with panic as Ethan's tongue suddenly pressed against her.

"Ah… nnh!"

Her whole body locked up like she'd been shocked. A sharp, impossible heat shot from that most private place straight through her.

Her own son was licking her pussy.

It was worse than watching him fuck her daughter. The shame made her soul shake.

Ethan's tongue was better than she expected. He circled the wet opening, found the hidden clit buried in the folds, and worked it with soft licks and harder sucks. The tip even pushed into the channel that was already leaking.

"Ah… ah… Ethan, don't… ah…"

Helen's hands tangled in his hair. She pushed weakly, uselessly.

Her mind cracked under his tongue, but her body betrayed her. The long legs that had just lost their stockings squeezed around him, then opened again. Her full ass shifted and rolled against the sheets.

"Ah… ah… ah!"

Not long after, Helen came under her son's mouth. A thin but strong rush of wetness spilled from her and Ethan swallowed all of it.

He lifted his head, wiped the shine from his mouth, then gripped the thick, aching cock that was still rock-hard and lined it up with the wet, twitching hole he'd just made come.

"Ethan…"

Right as he was about to push in, Grace spoke from the side.

Her voice was hesitant.

"Should… should we use a condom?"

Ethan paused. His brows pulled together.

"Don't like them. We never used one with Mom before anyway…"

Grace hesitated.

She looked at her brother's heavy cock, then at the dazed woman beside her.

She had already helped. She had already joined. She had already gotten off.

But in this last moment, when the final line was about to be crossed in front of her, she still turned to their mother.

"Mom…?"

Helen's empty eyes moved slowly at the sound of her daughter's voice.

The bedside lamp couldn't reach the hollow look in them.

She seemed to understand.

Her dry lips parted. The answer came out thin, almost like she was talking in her sleep.

"…pull out…"

Ethan's face broke into a bright, open smile.

"Sis, that means she's okay with it, right?"

He looked at Grace.

Grace didn't argue anymore. She shifted back and knelt at the edge of the bed like a quiet audience, ready to watch.

Ethan took a breath.

He lined his cock up again, the thick dark head pressed against Helen's opening.

He rubbed the head slowly over her swollen, wet lips first.

Helen's body trembled from the contact.

Then his hips drove forward hard.

Schlick—!

"Ahh—!"

A sharp cry tore out of Helen, half pain, half unexpected pleasure.

It was the first time she was being taken with someone else watching. That someone was her own daughter. The man inside her was her own son.

Helen's mind went blank. Her cunt flooded harder than it ever had with her husband.

Ethan felt how wet she was but didn't start thrusting yet. He stayed buried deep, arms braced on either side of her head, covering her body with his.

His eyes stayed fixed on her D-cup breasts.

They shook slightly with her breathing. The nipples that had once fed both him and Grace were now a deep, almost painful red from the shame and the stimulation.

A hard pulse of conquest ran down Ethan's spine. His cock twitched inside her.

Helen's pussy felt completely different from Grace's.

Grace's smooth cunt was soaked and slippery, like fucking into warm water.

Helen's was tighter. The larger lips clung to the base of his cock. The inside was deep and gripped harder. Even with his size it took the right angle to bottom out. She was still tight enough to squeeze, even after two kids. More accurately, her cunt was tighter and better at milking him than Grace's.

Helen felt his staring like he was judging a prize he'd already won. She didn't feel like a person. She felt like something he'd conquered.

Heat rushed to her face. She lifted her weak arms and crossed them over her chest, trying to hide her breasts.

"Don't… don't look…"

"Hm?"

Ethan looked mildly confused.

"Mom, you're still shy now?"

He pushed her arms aside without effort, caught both wrists, and pinned them high above her head against the pillow.

"Mom… your tits are really pretty…"

With her arms trapped he lowered his head and kissed one of the breasts he'd never touched before. The kiss was hot.

"…so pale and firm. Even fuller than Grace's… what's wrong with me looking?"

"You… you animal…"

The soft heat on her chest made her twist her head away. Her hair spilled across the pillow. The long line of her neck and collarbones was fully exposed to both her children.

Ethan ignored the insult.

He started moving slowly, almost like a punishment.

The thick shaft slid in and out of the soft, folded walls inside her.

Schlick… schlick…

The wet sound was loud in the quiet bedroom.

"Mom… your pussy really knows how to squeeze…"

His voice dropped, low and rough.

"…sucks harder than Grace's…"

"…you really like your son's cock, don't you?"

"…Dad's soft little thing never satisfied you, right?"

"Shut up… ah… shut up…"

Helen shook her head hard, face burning.

But the slow friction low in her body was stronger than anything her husband had ever given her. She knew, with a sick clarity, that her son was better at this than Richard by a wide margin. Her body was more honest than her mouth.

Schlick… schlick…

More wetness leaked out around him with every stroke. Ethan felt her getting slicker.

She was still telling him to stop, but her cunt was gripping tighter. Her full ass was even lifting a little to meet him without her meaning to.

His control snapped further.

"Heh… Mom… this slutty pussy of yours still talks tough…"

He let go of her wrists and grabbed her waist instead.

“Since you’re so good at squeezing…”

“…then I’ll fuck you hard.”

He drove his hips forward hard.

“Schlick!”

“Ahh—!”

He pulled almost all the way out, then slammed back in deep. Over and over, fast.

Thud. Thud. Thud.

Helen’s ass lifted off the bed with every impact. The soft flesh slapped against him. Her breasts bounced hard, heavy waves of pale flesh moving with the rhythm.

Her long legs instinctively wrapped around his waist.

“Ah! Ah! Ethan! No! Too deep! Ah! Slow down! Mom… Mom can’t… ah!!”

Broken, filthy moans spilled out of her. Her eyes finally opened, unfocused, tears and sweat mixing on her cheeks.

On the other side of the bed, Grace knelt and watched her brother fuck their mother from only a few feet away.

The sight and the sounds pushed her over the edge again. Even after coming once, her smooth cunt was dripping heavily. She needed to touch herself.

Her face was flushed. Her breathing was short.

One hand slid between her own legs. Two fingers found her clit and rubbed while the others pushed inside, matching Ethan’s rhythm.

“Nnh… Mom… Mom looks so slutty getting fucked by Ethan…”

“…brother… brother’s cock is so good… ah…”

Grace’s quiet moans became part of the noise in the room.

Helen heard her daughter and the shame peaked so high she wanted to disappear. But Ethan didn’t give her space. He fucked harder.

Schlick! Schlick! Schlick!

He gripped her waist and drove into the deepest part of her again and again.

“Mom! Does it feel good?”

“Say it! Say your son’s cock feels good!”

“Ah… ah… I… I…”

Helen's mind was gone. On one particularly deep thrust her stomach clenched hard.

"I… ahhhh—!"

A sudden rush of wetness sprayed out around his cock. She squirted, small but clear.

"Oh… Mom… this slutty pussy really likes to squirt…"

Ethan thrust through the tight spasms a few more times. The grip almost made him come. He stopped, breathing hard, and looked over at Grace.

Grace was still touching herself, fingers shiny, chest rising fast. She froze when she felt his eyes.

Ethan smiled like something dark had just occurred to him.

The mother-daughter part was only getting started.

"Sis. Come here. Lie on top of Mom."

"Ah? Oh… okay…"

Grace crawled over, body shaking with excitement.

Her naked body settled on top of Helen's. Her heavy E-cup breasts pressed down onto Helen's D-cups.

Two full, pale, mature bodies stacked together.

"Nnh…"

Helen made a small, ashamed sound. Her daughter's weight made it hard to breathe.

Ethan looked at the picture in front of him.

He pulled his cock out of Helen with a wet sound. It was coated in her wetness.

Grace's smooth pussy was slightly open from the position. Her own wetness was dripping, drop by drop, straight onto Helen's already soaked cunt.

Their fluids mixed.

Ethan's cock throbbed harder at the sight.

"Sis… you first…"

He lined up and shoved all the way into Grace in one thrust.

"Ahh—! Ethan… so good…"

Grace cried out, ass rising higher.

Ethan gripped her full hips and fucked her hard for several dozen strokes.

Schlick! Schlick!

"Ah… ah… I'm… I'm close… Ethan…"

"Don't come yet."

He pulled out suddenly. He was close himself.

The cock hung in the air, wet from both of them.

"Mom… your turn…"

He drove back into Helen without warning.

"Ah…!"

Helen had barely caught her breath before she was filled again.

Ethan switched between them. Dozens of strokes in Helen, then pull out and bury himself in Grace, then back again.

"Ah… Ethan… slower… Mom can't take it…"

"Ah… Ethan… you're so mean… I need it too… faster…"

Their moans overlapped.

Both women were pushed right to the edge under his cock.

"Ahhhh—!"

"I'm… I'm coming… Ethan…"

"Me too… me too… ah…"

When he pulled out of Helen and slammed back into Grace, both of them came at almost the same time. Hot wetness flooded out around him.

"Ah!"

The double grip from mother and daughter pushed Ethan over. He grabbed Grace's ass and drove deep for the final strokes.

"Ahhh—! Sis! Take it! All of it!"

"Ethan, together! Ah! Together! Ah!!"

Schlick—!!

He came hard, thick cum pumping deep into Grace's cunt.

"Ah… you're… you're coming inside… Ethan… my… my husband…"

Grace screamed. Her heavy breasts pressed against Helen's back and milk leaked from the nipples.

Ethan finished and slowly pulled out, then collapsed beside the two of them.

Helen had already passed out, mind completely gone.

The bedroom was left with the thick smell of sex and three people breathing hard.

At the same time, downstairs in the living room.

Sophie, following the plan she and Ethan had made, was keeping watch on the couch.

She was curled up in a thin silk nightgown, imagining what was happening behind the closed door of the master bedroom.

How was her husband's cock handling both of them?

Was he fucking Helen first or Grace?

Whose breasts felt softer when he squeezed them?

Which one felt better when he was inside?

The thoughts made her own pussy wet. Wetness seeped into the fabric of the nightgown.

"Nnh… husband…"

She slipped one hand under the hem, pushed past the open crotch of her lace panties, and started touching herself.

"Ah… Mom… and Grace… both getting fucked by him…"

"…so slutty… nnh…"

A small orgasm rolled through her.

……

She had already been tired from the amusement park earlier. After coming once, the afterglow pulled her under. Sophie fell asleep on the couch.

Her tall body was curled up. One strap of the nightgown had slipped off her shoulder. The hem was bunched at her waist. The lace thong was pulled to the side. The skin between her thighs was shiny and wet.

She lay there half-exposed, face soft in sleep, looking indecent without meaning to.

Some time later.

Click—

The lock at the front door turned quietly.

The door opened.

Richard came home, body heavy with exhaustion.

It was getting dark outside.

He turned on the entry light. Warm yellow light spilled into the living room.

The first thing he saw was his daughter-in-law, Sophie, asleep on the couch with her clothes in disarray.

Pale thighs. The soft outline of her pussy. The clear shape of her D-cup breasts under the thin silk.

Richard’s breathing stopped.

CHAPTER 81

Living Room Heat

Night had settled over the city like spilled ink.

It was Saturday. It should have been a day off. Instead Richard had spent the whole day at the plant dealing with a ruined rush order. A critical bearing had failed. He'd had to stay on-site, handle the angry client, and keep the line from falling apart.

It was past seven when he finally dragged his heavy body back to the house.

Click.

The front door lock turned quietly.

Richard stepped inside. The warm yellow light from the entryway fell across his tired face.

Forty-six years old, temples already going gray. The usual authority he carried at work had been worn thin by the day. Work problems on one side. Home problems on the other.

He counted the days in his head. The last time he and Sophie had been together was that afternoon by the lake in the park. After that she'd been busy with her own schedule. Their timing never matched.

Helen was even worse. They were still in a cold war. No end in sight.

The result was that his thick cock had basically become decoration.

The living room was quiet.

Too quiet.

Richard paused while taking off his shoes. Something felt off.

Where was Helen? Where were Grace and the baby? Where were Ethan and… Sophie?

He loosened his tie. The low, restless heat that had been sitting in him all day sank lower with his exhaustion.

He looked toward the living room.

One glance.

That heat ignited hard.

On the couch was a sight he hadn't expected.

His daughter-in-law. She looked asleep. Her pretty face was flushed in a way that wasn't quite natural.

She was wearing only a thin silk nightgown. One of the thin straps had already slipped off her shoulder, leaving pale skin bare. Her full breasts spilled out from the side of the fabric, soft and shiny under the light.

The hem of the nightgown had ridden high from the way she was sleeping, bunched all the way up around her waist.

Her long, pale legs were completely exposed.

They were slightly parted. The crotchless lace panties were twisted to the side, the opening barely hidden by the fabric. The soft line of her trimmed pussy was almost visible, or maybe it was just the angle.

Richard's breathing turned heavy at once.

Blood seemed to rush both up into his head and straight down between his legs. The cock that had been quiet for days hardened fast, pressing tight against his stomach.

But this was home. There had to be other people around. He didn't move right away.

He glanced at the stroller a few feet from the couch.

Mason, Grace's baby, was asleep. His small chest rose and fell steadily.

Richard moved quietly. He shrugged off the coat that still smelled like the factory and dropped it on the entry table.

Then he walked toward the couch, steps light.

Sophie was half-asleep. The sudden presence of a strong male scent close by made her open her eyes.

Their gazes met.

Richard had just reached the side of the couch. He hadn't done anything yet. Sophie's eyes were already open.

When she realized it was her father-in-law standing there, her stomach tightened.

Shit.

She remembered what was happening upstairs. She quickly raised one finger to her lips, signaling him to stay quiet, then pointed at the stroller.

Richard understood.

A small, knowing smile crossed his tired, bloodshot eyes.

"Don't want to wake Mason?"

He asked it softly, but he still sat down right beside her, his thigh pressing against her bare one.

"Mm…"

Sophie bit her lower lip and nodded, voice small.

The way she looked made Richard's heart skip. His cock throbbed harder, impatient.

His eyes stayed on her face. One hand rested on the back of the couch, only an inch from her bare shoulder.

"Where's your mother-in-law? And Ethan and Grace?"

The question made Sophie freeze for a second. She didn't know what to say. Without meaning to, her eyes flicked toward the closed door of the master bedroom.

The answer he wanted was behind that door.

The three of them were probably naked and tangled on that bed right now.

Sophie's scalp prickled. She had to keep him here. If Richard opened that door right now, the whole house would explode.

Her mind raced.

Under the nerves and the fear, a thin thread of excitement rose too.

She forced herself to stay calm. She even put on a lazy, soft look. Her eyes went a little watery. She tugged the fallen strap even lower, showing more skin.

"Oh… they said the three of them hadn't gone out together in a while, so they went for a walk."

She paused, then licked her dry lips with the tip of her tongue, slow and deliberate.

"…so it's just me here watching Mason."

Just her.

To Richard those words were like finding something expensive lying in the open with no one around. All he had to do was reach.

"Is that right…"

His breathing thickened. The hand behind her moved.

The next second he pulled her into his arms.

"Ah…"

Sophie let out a small sound when his strong arm closed around her. She immediately covered her mouth, afraid of waking the baby and drawing anyone out of the bedroom.

When she didn't push him away, Richard grew bolder. His other hand started at her smooth ankle and slid slowly upward.

The soft skin under his palm felt good.

Sophie allowed it, but inside she was screaming.

That door could open at any second.

Ethan could walk out at any second.

Sophie wasn't the type to hesitate for long.

The problem was Richard. If she dealt with him, the problem was solved.

This horny old man just wanted her body. Fine. She'd handle it.

It was a direct solution.

But the truth was, after so many days without him, she missed his cock too.

Ethan's was longer. Richard's was thicker, heavier, and the way he used it was different. Rougher.

And right now her body was still restless. The small orgasm she'd given herself earlier had left her unfinished.

Once she decided, heat rose in her face. Her breathing quickened.

Between her legs, her pussy started to get wet on its own.

Richard's hand was already under the nightgown. He pushed her thighs apart and reached the top of them.

His fingers found the thin lace. It was soaked.

"Little slut…"

He said it with clear excitement. His fingers pressed straight onto her swollen clit.

"Ah…!"

Sophie's legs went weak from the sudden touch.

"Dad… you… ah…!"

The sensitive bud under his fingers sent sharp sparks through her. She arched, a soft moan slipping out.

“Quiet… Mason’s right there,” Richard reminded her, but his hand never stopped.

He felt her trembling under his touch. The light scent of her filled the small space. His cock ached. He pulled his hand free, then unzipped his dress pants.

The thick, dark cock sprang out and pressed against Sophie’s soft thigh.

“Ah! Dad… don’t…”

Sophie’s eyes were already hazy. Seeing the heavy shaft so close, smelling the sharp male scent, made her legs even weaker.

But this wasn’t like the other times. If he actually put it inside her and they made too much noise, and that door opened…

She also knew that once he’d taken it out, he wasn’t going to stop.

The fastest way she knew to finish a man was with her mouth.

She made the decision. Her arms went around his neck.

“Dad… not here… Mason’s right there…”

“Let’s… switch…”

She turned, used her knee to push lightly against his chest, guiding him to lie back.

Richard saw what she was doing and understood immediately.

Sixty-nine.

Something he’d never done with his wife.

His eyes lit up. He lay down on the couch without argument.

Sophie moved with him. She straddled his face, knees on either side, ass lifted high. Her wet pussy, the slightly open lips, the clit he’d just been rubbing—all of it was right above his mouth.

The sweet, heavy scent hit him.

Richard stuck out his tongue and pushed it into her. He licked and sucked at the wet walls like he was starving, drinking everything that leaked out.

“Nnh…”

Sophie moaned softly. Her neck arched. Not wanting to fall behind, she lowered her head.

Richard’s thick cock stood in front of her face, dark and heavy, carrying the sharp smell of days without release.

That smell would have made most girls pull back. For Sophie it did the opposite. Something deep in her responded to it. Her need flared harder.

She opened her mouth and licked a slow circle around the broad head.

Then she took the tip all the way into her mouth.

"Oh…"

The hot, wet suction made Richard groan low.

Sophie worked him the way she knew best. Her tongue moved carefully over the ridge under the head. One hand gently cupped and stroked the heavy balls beneath.

For a while the living room held only the baby's quiet breathing.

And the sounds.

Schlick… schlick…

His tongue working her wet pussy.

Slurp… slurp…

Her mouth moving on his cock.

The sweet scent of her mixed with the sharp male smell.

Richard's thick cock swelled further under her skilled mouth. The veins stood out. It pulsed. He was close.

"Ah…"

Not long after, he groaned and thrust his hips up.

The cock throbbed hard inside her mouth.

Then it came. *Pulse*—! A heavy load of hot cum shot out.

It didn't stop. One thick spurt after another. By the end he had emptied eight heavy, slightly yellow ropes of cum straight into her mouth.

"Nnh… nnh…"

Sophie was caught off guard. Her mouth filled completely.

The sharp taste hit her tongue hard, but she didn't pull away. Her throat worked. She swallowed every drop of her father-in-law's cum.

"Ah…"

At almost the same moment, Richard's rough tongue pressed hard against her swollen clit.

Sophie's body jerked.

A small orgasm rolled through her.

More clear wetness flooded out. Richard licked it up greedily.

“Hah…”

Sophie collapsed weakly onto his chest, breathing hard.

Finally done…

She wiped the corner of her mouth, tried to push herself up on shaky arms.

A strong hand closed around her wrist like a clamp.

Sophie startled and looked back.

Richard wasn’t finished.

The cock that had just come was still completely hard.

It stood up thick and dark, shiny with her spit.

“Dad…”

Sophie panicked.

Richard sat up with sudden strength. He pushed her down onto the couch, spread her legs wide with his own.

Her wet pussy was fully open in front of him.

He breathed hard, gripped the thick shaft, and lined it up with her entrance.

“Dad… don’t… no condom… ah…!”

Her frightened cry was cut off by the rough thrust as he pushed inside.

CHAPTER 82

Caught in the Act

Richard's heavy breathing mixed with the sharp scent of the cum he'd just shot and the sweet smell of Sophie's spit.

His desire hadn't faded. If anything, the wet heat of her mouth had burned away the last of his restraint.

The thick, dark cock that had just emptied itself stood fully hard again at the open zipper of his dress pants, shiny with her saliva and his own cum.

Sophie was pinned under him on the couch. The thin silk nightgown was already a mess, sweat-damp fabric stuck to her pale skin.

She hadn't fully come down from the last high when she felt the completely hard shaft press against the soaked opening of her crotchless lace panties.

"No…" Sophie started to push back.

Richard grabbed her shoulders and forced her soft body down into the cushions with a strength that didn't leave room for argument.

He stared greedily at the woman under him while he yanked at the thin nightgown until the neckline hung crooked. Her D-cup breasts rose and fell under the silk with her fast breathing.

Her cheeks were flushed deep red. Her eyes looked wetter in the panic.

Richard's gaze dropped between her legs.

The twisted crotchless lace was soaked through with her own wetness. The soft folds of her pussy were half-visible, twitching open and closed like they were inviting him.

Richard swallowed hard. His palm slid over her flat stomach, then he gripped his own thick cock—nearly two inches across—and lined the slick head up with her wet entrance.

"Dad…!" Sophie snapped back to awareness and dropped her voice to a shaky whisper.

"No… no condom…! Mason… Mason is right there…"

“Don’t care!” Richard was past listening. He stared at the wet hole opening for him and growled low.

“Little slut… I’m fucking this pussy right now!!”

His hips drove forward hard.

Schlick. A wet, muffled sound.

It was nothing like Ethan.

The hot, thick head forced the soft folds open and shoved into the tight, wet channel like a blunt weapon.

“Ah…!!” Sophie’s mind went blank.

“Dad… too… too thick… you’re going to split me…” The cry stayed trapped in her throat. Her body locked up around the sudden stretch.

Too thick.

Without a condom she felt every difference between her father-in-law and her husband.

Ethan’s cock was longer, a little over seven inches, with a big head that turned dark when he was hard. After so many times together, her body knew him. Wet or not, he slid in without that foreign feeling.

Richard’s was shorter—around six inches—but the sheer thickness filled her in a way that stole her breath. There was no space left.

“Fuck!” Richard felt the tight grip the second he was halfway in. The hot walls sucked at him so hard his scalp tingled.

No rubber. Every ridge and fold inside her pressed directly against the thick, veined shaft.

No gaps. No empty space.

This was her father-in-law’s cock.

Sophie’s body stayed tight around the stretch. The taboo of it and the raw skin-on-skin contact hit her at the same time. She could feel the cock pulse inside her. Every throb made her clit and the deepest part of her flutter.

Richard let out a rough, satisfied sound.

In over forty years he had never felt anything this tight and wet.

Helen’s pussy was deep, but years had loosened it compared to this.

Sophie’s was young, snug, and alive. It clung to him like a greedy mouth, every inch of it working him.

"Slutty… daughter-in-law… you're so fucking tight…" He pushed the rest of the way in while he spoke.

"Ahh… all the way…" Sophie's whole body jerked when he bottomed out.

"A hundred times tighter than your mother-in-law's loose cunt."

The raw pleasure made him talk filth.

"This thick cock fill you up? Hmm?"

He stopped caring about the stroller. His hips started moving hard.

The couch creaked under the force. In the quiet living room the sound was loud.

Louder still were the sounds from where they were joined.

Schlick, schlick… schlick, schlick…

Without a condom the thick shaft dragged heavy wetness out of her on every stroke. Every thrust and pull came with a shameful, wet noise.

Smack, smack, smack… smack, smack, smack…

Richard's stomach slapped against Sophie's firm ass in a steady rhythm.

The initial stretch faded fast. The raw friction of skin on skin took over.

Every time the thick shaft dragged over her sensitive walls it sent sharp sparks through her.

Sophie finally understood why Ethan hated condoms so much.

Skin against skin, their fluids mixing—it was too easy to lose yourself in.

Her mind was unraveling. Her body took over.

"Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Dad! Ah!"

Lost in it, Sophie's arms went around Richard's neck on their own.

"Ah… nnh… Dad… right there… harder… ah… so good…"

Her long legs lifted and wrapped around his waist. Her ass stopped fighting and started meeting him, small pushes forward to take his thrusts deeper.

The living room held only the wet sounds of their bodies, the slap of skin, and the muffled breathing they were both trying to keep quiet.

The bare sensation was too much for Richard.

He hadn't had sex this good in a long time.

After only a few dozen strokes a strong urge to come hit him hard.

He locked his hips and forced himself to slow down.

Not yet. He wanted to enjoy this young body longer.

The sudden stop made Sophie let out a small, unhappy sound.

"Mm? Why'd you stop…"

She had been grinding the thick head against her G-spot. His coarse hair was rubbing her clit. The pleasure had been building hard, and now it was cut off at the peak.

Annoyance and a need for control rose in her.

Sophie rolled her hips in complaint. Her cunt clenched down on the still cock.

"Dad… you already done?"

Her eyes were soft and wet. She leaned close to his ear. Her breath was warm and a little rough.

The challenge hit Richard like a spark. He breathed hard. "Little slut… you trying to provoke me? I'll fuck you so hard you can't get out of bed tomorrow!"

Sophie laughed softly. Her voice turned sweet and coaxing.

"Dad… let me…"

"…I want to be on top…"

"I want… to watch… Daddy's big cock go into my little pussy…"

The filthy, direct words wiped out the last of Richard's control. He nodded.

He pulled out of her slowly, reluctantly.

Schlick—

Another wet sound.

His thick cock was coated in her wetness. Clear fluid slid down the shaft.

In the low light a long, shiny string of fluid stretched between the broad head and her open hole before it finally broke.

Sophie pushed herself up and turned.

Her pale, firm ass moved through the air in a smooth arc.

She straddled his stomach, then shifted into a riding position.

The angle put her face toward the other side of the living room.

Toward the closed door that led to the master bedroom downstairs.

Sophie reached down with one slim hand and gripped the still-hot, twitching shaft.

"So thick… Dad…" she murmured almost to herself.

"This big cock just came in my mouth… and now… it's going in my pussy…"

She lined the head up with her wet opening and slowly sank down, inch by inch, back straight.

"Nnh… ah—!"

When he was fully inside again the stuffed, stretched feeling made her moan in satisfaction.

Pleasure shot straight up her spine. She rolled her hips like she couldn't help it.

This position let her control the pace. She wasn't just taking it anymore. She was using him.

She ground shallow, letting the thick head rub over her most sensitive spot again and again.

Then she dropped hard, taking the whole length deep and feeling completely filled.

"Oh… Sophie… ride it… feels so good…"

Richard lay back on the couch, hands on her bouncing ass, enjoying the wrongness of his daughter-in-law riding him on purpose.

"Sophie… your slutty pussy is sucking my cock… you're going to drain me…"

Sophie's pleasure climbed faster. One hand braced on the back of the couch. The other went to her chest and squeezed her hard nipples through the thin silk.

Her moans started to slip free, harder to hold back.

"Nnh… ah… Dad… you're so thick…"

"I… I can't take this thick black cock anymore…"

"Ahh… I'm close… Dad… fuck me… fuck me harder… your daughter-in-law's going to squirt…"

……

At the same time.

Inside the master bedroom downstairs, the air was thick with the mixed smell of sweat, cum, and pussy.

Ethan lay naked on his back on the messy bed, still in the afterglow.

The mother-daughter session had taken almost everything out of him.

On his left side was Helen, also naked, passed out from her last orgasm. Her full body still showed the marks of it. Her legs were open. Her pussy was slightly swollen.

On his right was Grace, equally spent.

Grace was naked too. Her heavy E-cup breasts rested soft against her chest. Her smooth pussy was a mess between her thighs.

Three naked bodies tangled together.

Just then, Sophie's rising, unrestrained moans drifted faintly through the door.

"Ah… Dad… you're so good… better than Ethan… better than Ethan's… ahh…"

"Fuck me… father-in-law… fuck your daughter-in-law's slutty pussy harder… I want it inside… give me all your cum…"

The high, broken, filthy words set off the baby monitor app on Grace's phone on the nightstand.

She had it set to alert for Mason's cries.

Buzz—buzz—

The phone vibrated hard on the wood.

Beep… beep…

A quiet alert sounded in the quiet bedroom.

"Mm…"

Ethan stirred at the noise. "Sis… what's wrong?"

Grace, pulled out of her haze, opened her eyes with clear annoyance. Her voice was thick.

"Don't know… probably Mason woke up."

"I'll go check."

Grace pushed herself up from between her brother and mother. Completely naked, her body moved through the dim room with soft, heavy curves.

When she stood, her E-cup breasts swayed heavily. The areolas were still a light brown from the earlier intensity.

Her full ass tightened as she walked. Long legs carried her barefoot across the cool floor.

She didn't bother with clothes. She was only going next door to check on the baby.

Grace reached the door and wrapped her fingers around the cold brass handle.

She cracked it open just a little.

She leaned out.

The living room was dim. Only cold light from the windows.

Grace's eyes went first to the familiar stroller.

Mason was sleeping peacefully. No crying.

Not the baby?

Then the sound was…

"Nnh… ah… Dad… you're so thick… I… I can't take this thick black cock anymore…"

Grace's gaze snapped toward the couch.

The first thing she saw was her pretty, sexy sister-in-law, Sophie.

Sophie's thin silk nightgown hung messily on her. Her pale back was mostly turned toward the door… no, slightly to the side.

Sophie was riding someone.

She was moving hard, waist rolling, hair whipping.

Grace could clearly see one of Sophie's hands braced on the back of the couch. The other hand was openly squeezing her own full breasts.

Riding who?

Ethan… no. Ethan was still on the bed behind her.

Grace's pupils shrank. Her eyes moved past Sophie's moving shoulder and looked down.

She saw the man lying under Sophie, letting his daughter-in-law ride him—

The face flushed red with pleasure. Familiar and wrong at the same time.

It was her father. Richard.

Time seemed to stop.

Richard lay on the couch. His view was completely blocked by Sophie's body. He was staring up at her bouncing breasts and the twisted, beautiful look on her face.

"Slutty daughter-in-law… this pussy knows how to squeeze… you're going to suck my soul out…" He thrust up while he talked, voice rough and filthy.

He never saw the eyes in the door crack. Never heard the quiet sound of the door opening.

Sophie was right on the edge.

She ground hard on Richard's cock. On one deep thrust she threw her head back and moaned without holding back.

"Ah… I'm coming… Dad… you're making me squirt… ahhh—!"

At that moment her hazy eyes drifted.

They locked straight onto Grace's eyes in the crack of the door.

Grace stood naked behind the door. Her heavy breasts trembled slightly in the cool air.

She stared, mind blank, at the impossible scene in front of her: her father fucking her sister-in-law on the living room couch.

In the living room the wet *schlick, schlick* sounds and Sophie's sweet, uncontrolled moans filled the silent space between their locked eyes.

CHAPTER 83

A Stimulating Scene

Sophie.

The sister-in-law who, in Grace's memory, was always smiling and gentle, with skin so pale and soft it looked like it could be pinched and water would come out.

Right now this woman was completely naked, face full of lewd expression, riding another man in an extremely wanton posture.

That man was not her brother Ethan.

It was their father, Richard Hale.

As Grace stared, Sophie's pink nipples trembled with the rocking motion. Sensing something, she slowly opened her eyes.

Across nearly thirty feet of dim distance, Sophie's eyes—filled with lust, wet and unfocused—met Grace's through the crack in the door.

Sophie's movements stalled for half a second. Then a meaningful smile, like an evil yet extremely beautiful flower, bloomed at the corner of her mouth.

Seeing that her sister-in-law had caught them in the act, Sophie not only didn't stop—she seemed encouraged. Her tight, round ass twisted even more wildly, greedily taking the thick cock slamming up into her cunt.

Grace's gaze was dragged, uncontrollably, to the place where they were joined.

Father Richard—the man who was usually stern, rigid, and even a little intimidating—lay on the sofa with his face flushed deep red. His shirt was open, exposing a chest that wasn't particularly muscular but was clearly that of a middle-aged man.

His dress pants were unzipped and shoved down to the root of his thighs.

Sophie: the silk nightgown thin as cicada wings had long been bunched up. The crotchless lace panties hung crooked at her thigh, soaked through by the copious juices produced by their coupling.

Her pair of snow-white, full breasts bounced up and down cheerfully with her violent riding, tracing breathtaking arcs in the air.

But what made Grace's heart race and her mouth go dry was the thing connecting father-in-law and daughter-in-law.

Father's cock.

It wasn't as long and proudly erect as Ethan's, yet it had a brutal thickness that felt like it belonged to an older man.

The diameter was shocking, the color deep black, veins bulging and twisted.

In that moment, Grace's mind uncontrollably summoned the image of her brother's long, thick cock and began comparing them.

By comparison, Father's was thicker, darker, more like a meat pillar that had settled with years, radiating a mature male charm that Ethan simply didn't possess.

That thick black cock was buried deep inside Sophie's already swollen, overflowing little cunt.

Every time Sophie sat down, the pussy made a wet "gluck" sound as it swallowed the cock to the root. Every time she lifted, it dragged out large amounts of thick fluid mixed with white and clear.

Father-in-law's cum and daughter-in-law's pussy juice.

They kept overflowing from the tender hole, coating the pubic hair of both of them, with quite a bit dripping onto the expensive leather sofa cushion.

Two large, similarly dark-colored balls swayed and slapped between Father's own thighs with a "pat, pat" every time he unconsciously thrust.

Realizing she was greedily staring at her father's cock and balls, even comparing the father and son's masculine prowess, Grace's cheeks instantly flooded with blood, burning so hot they felt like they would catch fire.

She sucked in a sharp breath as if she had just sprinted a race. Her heart rate hit 180.

The next second, Grace quickly and lightly pulled the door shut again.

"Thud…" After a very soft muffled sound, the face-reddening "gluck" water sounds and flesh-slapping noises from the living room finally disappeared from her ears.

Grace leaned her back against the cool carved wooden door and slowly slid down as if completely drained.

Because she was stark naked, her exaggerated E-cup breasts rose and fell violently with her rapid breathing. The two light-brown nipples on them had become rock-hard from the voyeurism just now.

Grace felt the world spinning.

Remembering what her brother and sister-in-law had said before—those words about this family's chaos, taboo, and absurdity—only now finally had the most direct, irrefutable proof.

"What's wrong, sis?"

Not far away, a hoarse male voice came from the bed.

Ethan had already fallen into post-nut sleep after the extreme release of the mother-daughter sandwich, but was startled awake by his sister getting up and the soft sound of the door closing. Half-asleep, he sat up on the bed.

Grace took several deep breaths, her chest heaving, trying to force down the huge waves in her heart.

She straightened up and looked forward.

Brother Ethan sat on Mother's bed equally stark naked. He rubbed his sleepy eyes; that handsome face still carried the flush after orgasm.

Between his legs, that nearly seven-inch cock, after round after round of battle, was now half-hard and hanging between his thighs, as if still full of energy and ready to rise again at any moment.

Grace's gaze landed on that cock and refused to move away.

Father's cock was currently buried in her sister-in-law's tender cunt.

Brother's cock had just been buried in Mother's and her own secret places.

This family…

Thinking of these things, a sudden intense itch gradually spread from deep inside her little pussy.

The scene just now, Father's big cock, had re-ignited Grace's desire.

She needed it. She needed it right now!

And right in front of her, wasn't there exactly something good enough to put out the fire?

Grace licked her lips, showing a seductive expression, and strode back to the bedside. She temporarily ignored Mother Helen, who was still asleep on the other side, equally naked, legs slightly parted.

Under Ethan's surprised, not-yet-fully-awake gaze, Grace directly knelt and crawled in front of him.

Grace didn't speak.

She simply lowered her head, opened her full red lips, and took her own brother's still half-hard cock into her mouth in one go.

"Mmm…!"

Ethan was caught completely off guard. A warm, wet sensation instantly came from his cock, making his whole body shudder.

Grace licked his shaft hard, her soft tongue focusing on the sensitive coronal ridge of the glans.

"Ah… sis… feels so good…"

Ethan tilted his head back in comfort and let out a satisfied moan. One hand braced on the soft mattress; the other gently pressed on the back of his sister's head, enjoying her clumsy oral service.

Grace sucked and swallowed hard. Her mouth was filled by her brother's thick, long cock. The scent of male musk filled her nostrils.

But in her mind, the scene she had just peeked at through the door crack kept flashing.

Father's thick black meat pillar with its powerful impact…

Sister-in-law's tender cunt that had been fucked until it was dripping wet…

Father-in-law and daughter-in-law…

Father and son…

Absurd, taboo, yet… extremely stimulating…

One thought after another rose. The itch deep in Grace's cunt had already turned into a raging flood. She could feel her own pussy juice "glug, glug" bubbling out, soaking the sheets.

Ethan enjoyed it for a while. After all, he had just cum twice. Reason slowly returned. He gently pushed his sister's head and asked in a hoarse voice:

"Sis, is Mason awake?"

He thought his sister had gone to check on the crib, found nothing, and then simply got horny.

Grace reluctantly pulled the now fully hard, swollen cock—so big she could barely fit it in her mouth—out of her mouth.

A crystal-clear strand mixed with her saliva stretched from the corner of her lips to the tip of that purple-black glans. It was extremely erotic.

Then, while lifting her fair hand, coating it with the saliva filling her mouth, and stroking the excitedly "throb-throb" pulsing cock up and down, she raised her head.

Those eyes that usually carried an older-sister air were now silkily seductive, misted with moisture.

She looked at her brother, her voice carrying a sob: "No… just now, maybe there was a problem with the app."

"Oh…" Ethan responded, still wanting to ask what exactly she had seen that made her react so strongly.

But Grace couldn't wait any longer.

The visual impact from Father plus the dual stimulation of her brother's cock had already pushed her desire to a peak she had never experienced before.

At this moment, she was even more excited than the first time she had a threesome with Sophie.

Her little pussy itched unbearably, as if ten thousand ants were gnawing at it. She urgently needed a scalding-hot, hard cock to fill this emptiness.

"Ethan… little brother husband…"

"I… I got stimulated by Dad…"

"I want… I can't take it anymore… fuck me quick!"

"Dad"? "Fuck me"?

Hearing this, Ethan's pupils suddenly contracted.

He instantly understood. His sister had probably walked in on something she shouldn't have seen.

And most likely, it was Father and his wife Sophie doing that kind of thing!

But the expected anger or awkwardness didn't appear. Ethan's face was full of excitement.

Sister—his dear sister—had seen Father and his own wife cheating and gotten so horny that she was now kneeling in front of him, begging him to fuck her!

Was there anything more stimulating than this?

"Okay! My sister wife!"

Ethan's cock, because of this extreme excitement, suddenly "slap" jumped upward, almost hitting Grace's chin.

He smiled wickedly and caressed his sister's flushed, burning-hot cheek with one hand:

"Then you come yourself."

After speaking, Ethan moved back a bit, propped the pillows higher, and half-reclined comfortably against the headboard, pointing that proudly erect monster straight at his sister.

Grace immediately understood.

A flash of impatience crossed those watery eyes.

She then quickly turned from the kneeling position, stuck that pale, plump beautiful ass high up, facing away from her brother.

Feeling it still wasn't enough, she even actively spread her ass cheeks, presenting that completely soaked pink hole to her brother.

Seeing this, Ethan knew his sister was truly desperate and no longer hesitated.

He took a deep breath, one hand gripping that amazingly elastic plump ass, the other grabbing his own scalding big cock. The purple-black glans ground twice at the wet entrance, coated in juices, then pressed against the opening.

"Plop—!"

The next second, Ethan's waist suddenly powered forward and slammed upward hard.

The thick, long cock, carrying overwhelming force, pierced through layer after layer of wet, slippery soft flesh and thrust all the way in!

"Ah—!"

Grace let out a short, satisfied scream. Her beautiful eyes shut tight, long eyelashes trembling.

Barely an hour later, the brother and sister were joined again.

Ethan had just cum too much inside his sister earlier. Although he had roughly wiped it, now, because the big cock was inserted again, the residual semen mixed with the huge amount of pussy juice that his sister had been stimulated into by the father-in-law and daughter-in-law's affair instantly overflowed from the stretched-open cunt.

Ethan felt like he had stabbed into a scalding, tight water hole full of slippery liquid.

Sister's little pussy was wetter than either of the other two women he had fucked.

"Mmm… good little brother… you're so good…"

Grace was almost soul-leaving from this long-missed (though it hadn't actually been that long) sense of fullness. She kept the posture of facing away from her brother with her ass high up, both hands tightly gripping the sheets.

Ethan half-reclined against the headboard, gripping his sister's impossibly slender waist, controlling the rhythm of his thrusts.

"Slap! Slap! Slap!"

Crisp, lewd flesh-slapping sounds immediately rang out in the room.

Grace's E-cup papaya breasts, under her brother's fierce impacts, violently swayed and swung in front of her, "slap-slap" hitting her own body and raising circle after circle of flesh waves.

And that plump, snow-white fat ass was slammed into a circle of red under her brother's powerful thrusting.

"Mmm… ah… Ethan… husband…"

"Oh… fuck… fuck me to death… just like… just like Dad fucking Sophie… no… harder than him…"

Grace was drowned in pleasure, mind unclear, randomly spouting dirty talk from her mouth.

"Fuck! Sis, you're so slutty!"

Ethan, hearing the words "Dad fucking Sophie," was stimulated until his eyes turned red. The force of his lower body grew even heavier.

Looking forward, he saw his sister's beautiful back, fat ass, and the light-brown anus that was contracting and expanding from extreme excitement.

“Plop… plop… gluck…”

The two of them coupled wantonly on Mother’s bed.

The sounds of flesh colliding, the lewd water sounds, and sister’s wave after wave of slutty moans finally…

woke Helen, who had fainted from orgasm beside them.

Helen’s eyelids trembled violently a few times, then slowly opened a slit.

The sounds by her ear made her think for a moment that she was still dreaming.

But when she lifted her eyes, she saw a scene that made her blood reverse flow and her brain crash again.

Son Ethan was half-reclining on her own pillow.

And daughter Grace was facing away from her son, sticking up a huge, snow-white ass.

Son’s thick, long cock—which she was already familiar with—was buried in daughter’s little pussy, “plop-plop” fucking that white-tiger cunt that kept leaking water.

“……!”

Chaos, shock, absurdity, taboo…

All vocabulary felt so pale at this moment.

But…

Perhaps because she had just been satisfied by this cock not long ago, Helen’s body actually reacted to this brother-sister spring palace scene.

Being young is so good…

Helen sighed, and at the same time, a hot stream slowly seeped from her thick butterfly cunt, wetting the sheets beneath her.

The brother and sister’s fucking sounds grew louder and more passionate, as if they were going to smash the bed boards apart.

Grace, in the heat of the moment, actively twisted her ass up, down, left, and right, meeting her brother’s beast-like thrusting.

“Ah…! Ah…! Husband…! Fuck me to death…! Sis… sis is… is going to cum…!”

And right then, Grace, at the peak of the waves, casually turned her head back, wanting to see her brother’s expression because of the passion.

Her gaze swept to the other side of the bed.

She saw Mother's equally long, beautiful legs move.

Grace was startled and abruptly looked up.

She was shocked to find that Mother was open-eyed, staring without blinking at her being fucked by her brother!

But looking carefully, Grace saw a trace of… arousal on Helen's face full of complex expressions.

This discovery stimulated Grace even more. The soft flesh inside her cunt spasmed and tightly sucked her brother's cock.

She couldn't help but stop her meeting movements, slowly turned her head back, looked at Ethan whose forehead was already covered in fine sweat, and licked her dry lips.

"Little brother husband… look…"

"Mom is awake too."

"She wants it too……"

"…You go make Mom feel good too."

CHAPTER 84

A Mother's Spring Desire

Gluck… gluck…

A wet sound that Helen had personally experienced not long ago—one that made ears burn and hearts race—drifted into her ears along with her daughter Grace's satisfied, slutty panting.

Helen stiffly turned her neck.

Right beside her, on this European-style bed she had slept on for half her life, her son Ethan—the boy she had raised with her own hands—was sitting half-reclined against the headboard, his muscular upper body completely bare.

And her daughter Grace—the daughter she had always treated as the apple of her eye—was in a riding posture Helen had only ever heard of, facing away from Ethan, swallowing a thick, long cock deep into her body.

Grace's pair of papaya-sized breasts, far larger than Helen's and reaching a shocking E-cup, were violently swaying with her unrestrained twisting. Her pale, big ass was covered in red marks from where her brother had just kneaded it.

Right now she was like an engine running at full power, mechanically moving up and down.

Driving that monster connecting brother and sister deep into her white-tiger secret place again and again.

Each impact brought out large amounts of pussy juice mixed with the semen Ethan had previously shot inside her, flowing steadily down the tightly connected gap between them and soaking the sheets underneath even more thoroughly.

Gluck… plop… gluck… plop… the water sounds never stopped.

It was lewd to the extreme.

Grace seemed to sense something. That older-sister face covered in orgasmic flush suddenly stiffened. She stopped twisting her waist and slowly turned her head back.

When she saw Mother Helen's phoenix eyes wide open and filled with shock and confusion, Grace showed an even more dazed, even more wanton smile.

"Little brother husband… look…"

"Mom is awake too."

Grace's voice was hoarse and heavy with desire. While speaking, she deliberately pushed her waist forward so the cock in her cunt would go even deeper.

"She wants it too……"

"…You go make Mom feel good too."

Grace, eyes full of daze, actually made such a suggestion to her brother.

Hearing this, Helen's pupils felt like they had been hit by an earthquake.

The chaotic, shameful, yet boundlessly pleasurable mother-daughter sandwich experience from just now surged back into her mind like a tide.

Being held from the side by her daughter…

Being pressed down by her son…

Having that thick, long cock take turns thrusting into mother and daughter's little pussies…

In an instant, Helen felt a hot stream rush from her lower abdomen straight to the top of her head. That still-charming mature woman's face instantly turned as red as dripping blood.

"N-no… no need…"

She said it instinctively. The moment the words left her mouth, she regretted them.

In front of this pair of lewd children, it seemed she should just act like a transparent person, otherwise she was afraid she couldn't escape another round of fucking.

But…

Both Ethan and Grace noticed.

Although Mother had verbally refused, her body made no attempt to dodge.

She didn't even pull the thin blanket beside her to cover that completely exposed, spring-light-leaking mature body.

Helen's pair of D-cup full breasts were still standing firm after the earlier ravaging, areolas slightly dark, nipples swollen and red.

Below her flat abdomen, that dense forest of pubic hair was wetly plastered down, as if announcing the earlier battle situation.

Those long, straight, well-maintained beautiful legs were slightly curled, the posture seductive.

Ethan turned his head and stared blankly.

The cock buried in his sister's little cunt involuntarily swelled another size because of it.

His gaze passed over his sister's pale ass and happened to meet Mother's phoenix eyes that couldn't dodge in time—yet were clearly filled with desire and confusion.

"Mom… now… you… don't think it's strange anymore?"

Helen wasn't afraid either. She met her children's gazes.

One was riding the other, and she, as the mother, was lying naked right beside them.

The bedroom was full of spring atmosphere.

Helen suddenly turned her body sideways. This movement fully exposed the curves of her full chest and buttocks. Her jade-white arms propped up her upper body; the other hand coquettishly hooked a strand of hair that had fallen across her cheek.

Those phoenix eyes were no longer confused. Instead, they revealed a sharpness that saw through everything, along with a trace of self-abandoned charm.

"We've already done it to this point…"

She lightly parted her red lips. Her voice wasn't loud, but it stunned both brother and sister.

"Do you think your mom is the kind of… stupid woman who can't see reality clearly?"

Saying this, Helen seemed truly sleepy. She covered her red lips with her jade hand and let out a small yawn, a bit of physiological tears spilling from the corners of her eyes.

"You two continue."

"Let Mom… rest for a bit."

After the words fell, this thoroughly sunk beautiful woman slowly lay back down and turned sideways again, facing them.

Ethan and Grace were stunned at the same time.

This… what kind of reaction was this?

No scolding, no breakdown, not even avoidance.

Helen was of course not without shame, not without anger.

Just now, the moment she woke from fainting, she really thought she would go crazy.

Being jointly raped by her own children—what kind of human tragedy was that?

But when she truly saw the scene in front of her clearly…

Seeing her daughter's addicted expression, seeing her son's excited appearance…

Helen suddenly understood.

Just as she said, things had already reached this point. All of this had long been irreversible.

From her husband Richard humiliating her in the King game, from discovering her husband's illicit affair with daughter-in-law Sophie on the power-outage night, from her decision to take revenge…

Her life had long been shattered. It didn't need to wait until today.

And now, in this pile of rotten mud, two flowers seemed to have bloomed…

No, three of the most bewitching, most taboo flowers of evil.

Helen had never been a cowardly person.

Otherwise, the moment she suspected her husband of cheating, she wouldn't have calmly bought a mini camera and installed it in a hidden corner of the living room.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have handwritten that detailed divorce agreement, preparing to make Richard leave with nothing.

But now, this pair of children she cared about most and most wanted to control had, in the most extreme way, broken free of her control and in turn controlled her.

What else could Helen do?

When it came down to it, she cared too much about this pair of children.

They were everything she had in her life.

Since she couldn't resist, why not frankly enjoy this moment of pleasure and twisted familial affection?

Sister Grace looked at Mother's face that had calmed down, even carrying a trace of weary beauty, and felt mixed emotions in her heart.

The next second, while keeping the cock buried in her little cunt, she slowly turned her body, facing her brother and also facing Mother.

That older-sister face was now full of delicate red. Sweat stuck her hair to her cheeks, adding even more charm.

"Mom…."

Helen, hearing this, lifted those beautiful phoenix eyes and hummed through her nose: "What's wrong, Grace?"

Grace bit her lower lip, a genuine trace of apology on her face: "I'm sorry… just now… we forced you…"

Helen shook her head and interrupted her.

"It's fine."

After speaking, her gaze swept across Ethan's face and then fell back on her daughter.

"Anyway… just like you two said at the beginning, my thing with Ethan is already set in stone. Even if we hid it from you, we probably couldn't have hidden it for long. And your thing with Ethan…"

Speaking of this, Helen's gaze fell on the still tightly connected parts—that purple-black monster and that muddy white-tiger place.

"…might really be, just like you said, true love."

Helen actually smiled.

That smile was full of maternal kindness.

This kindness, paired with the shocking, outrageous incestuous scene in front of them, formed a harmony that was bizarre to the extreme.

Grace and Ethan looked at each other and both saw shock and wild joy in each other's eyes.

Grace reacted first, covering her mouth and laughing "giggle," her pair of E-cup papaya breasts trembling along with it:

“Mom… if we had known you were this easy to talk to, we wouldn’t have needed… to use force in the beginning.”

Ethan also immediately reacted and climbed the pole, pointing at his own ear, deliberately frowning and acting coquettishly pitiful:

“Yeah! Mom! I even got pinched by you… my ear still hurts a little.”

Helen looked at her son’s sometimes rogue and overbearing, sometimes coquettish and pitiful posture and felt both angry and amused, completely helpless.

As a mother, she was too susceptible to this.

Her heart completely softened. She glared at her son reproachfully; the water in those phoenix eyes no longer held any anger, only doting.

“You child…”

After speaking, Helen actively extended those snow-white, jade-like lotus arms. Her slender fingers gently touched her son’s reddened ear root.

“That’s because you yourself don’t know your place. You deserve it.”

Although her mouth said this, her soft fingertips, carrying a slightly cool body temperature, affectionately kneaded the soft flesh she had pinched red.

“Mom… let me rub it for you.”

“Hehe…” Ethan smiled successfully and obediently rubbed his head against Mother’s warm palm again.

Helen affectionately stroked her son’s head. That soft hair, that warm skin… everything was just like when he was little.

Except…

Her gaze involuntarily moved downward again.

It landed on the place where the two of them were still connected.

Grace was still riding her brother. That monster was still buried deep inside her.

Helen’s brows imperceptibly furrowed slightly.

Grace was extremely sharp and immediately noticed that trace of worry in Mother’s gaze.

What was she worried about?

Her thoughts turned in an instant and she understood.

Grace suddenly leaned close to Mother. That delicate face approached Helen's sensitive ear.

Helen felt a warm, humid breath carrying her daughter's body scent and the aura of desire blow into her ear.

Grace used a voice only the two of them could hear and softly whispered a few words into her ear.

Immediately after, Ethan saw Mother's beautiful eyes first suddenly contract, filled with shock…

Then that shock turned into understanding.

Helen relaxed. Her tense fragrant shoulders also slumped. Finally, she even lightly nodded. Those bright red lips softly murmured:

"Mm… like this… this is indeed better…"

Ethan's curiosity was completely hooked.

"Mom! Sis! What did you two say? I want to hear too!"

Grace straightened up upon hearing this, raised her hand, and used a finger stained with who-knows-whose fluid to poke Ethan's lips. She smiled seductively at him:

"Not telling you."

Helen was still immersed in some deep thought at this moment.

Did she get an IUD… This child, in order to be with Ethan, really… dared to do anything. That's fine, that's fine… better than causing an even bigger scandal…

"Mom! What exactly did you two say?" Ethan was even more confused and shook Mother's lotus arm.

Helen came back to her senses and glared at him: "Nothing."

She naturally wouldn't reveal her daughter's secret. Her daughter choosing not to tell her son was probably also because she was afraid he would feel uncomfortable in his heart.

And to stop her son from continuing to ask, Helen patted Ethan's chest and, in a lazy tone with a nasal voice, changed the subject:

"Ethan… hold Mom."

This single "hold Mom" was light, yet heavy as a thousand pounds.

Helen's phoenix eyes rippled with water, the corners slightly raised. That coquettish appearance was no longer that of a dignified mother—it was clearly that of a mistress waiting to be favored.

Ethan only felt a heat in his lower abdomen…

That thick black big cock still buried in sister Grace's little cunt "bang" jumped hard!

"Okay!"

Ethan answered excitedly.

Saying this, he laboriously moved downward so he could lie flat on the bed. Grace also cooperated extremely well, twisting her slender waist and carefully moving backward, letting that monster slowly slide inside her hole without pulling it out.

Ethan finally lay flat and opened his right arm, like a husband waiting for his lover to return to the nest.

Helen rolled with the momentum and sent her warm, soft, plump mature body into her son's arms.

She rested her head on that solid, warm arm bend. A pair of full jade breasts pressed tightly against her son's ribs.

Grace saw that Mother had actively helped her keep the secret and felt warmth in her heart.

But when she looked down, she saw Mother lying in her "husband's" arms like a docile little cat…

While her "husband's" cock was still buried in her own little cunt!

This scene of maternal kindness and filial piety mixed with brother-sister debauchery made her feel her little cunt start to itch again……

That white-tiger steamed-bun cunt that had just been baptized by orgasm—the tender flesh deep inside began to unconsciously contract and suck.

So Grace slowly, bit by bit, began to rock that charming slender waist again.

Gluck… gluck… gluck… gluck…

The lewd water sounds rose once more.

CHAPTER 85

The Mischievous Daughter-in-Law Demands His Seed

Helen rested her head on her son's warm shoulder, feeling his strong heartbeat. The air she breathed was filled with his dominant male scent.

The moment she lifted her eyes, she could see…

Her daughter's snow-white fat ass rising and falling.

She clearly saw how that purple-black meat pillar withdrew halfway from her daughter's swollen cunt slit, and how her daughter actively sat down and fiercely swallowed it to the root.

Every time their bodies made contact, her daughter's body would tremble with satisfaction.

And her own body…

Between Helen's legs, that plump butterfly cunt also began to react because of this lewd scene.

Streams of fishy-sweet honey liquid uncontrollably seeped slowly from the slightly parted hole.

Ethan was about to go crazy with pleasure.

His right hand was pillowing his own biological mother whom he had longed for day and night, feeling the squeeze of her D-cup breasts and that mature body scent.

In front of him was his equally beautiful biological sister. His little brother was being sucked by his sister's wet, tight, juice-rich white-tiger famous vessel!

As she actively thrust herself, the pair of hanging big tits on her chest swayed out wave after wave of flesh that made people dizzy.

What kind of dual blessing was this!

How soul-stealing!

Ethan took in the gradually aroused, moving appearance of his mother completely and could no longer hold back.

He suddenly lowered his head, one hand supporting Helen's chin, and ignoring her startled cry, kissed her hard!

“Mmm…!!”

Helen’s phoenix eyes snapped wide open!

Her son’s tongue, as if still carrying the slutty taste from his sister’s cunt, domineeringly pried open her shell teeth and drove straight in.

Ethan used his tongue to suck her saliva, sweeping across her upper palate, her teeth, every inch of soft flesh in her mouth.

That barbaric momentum seemed as if it wanted to suck her soul away as well.

Helen’s body instantly softened. She actively used her own fragrant tongue to meet her son’s tongue.

As if she had forgotten that her daughter was still on her son, swinging wildly at this moment.

Grace watched her mother being kissed by her brother, watched her mother’s appearance of sinking, intoxication, and actively seeking pleasure…

She became even more excited.

“Little brother… husband… you’re so good… even Mom… has been fucked into submission by you…”

Grace’s waist swayed faster, more fiercely!

“Ah… ah… gluck… plop…”

“Mom’s mouth is so soft… Sister’s little cunt… Sister’s little cunt is also so good at sucking… ah…”

In this extreme pleasure of mother and daughter jointly serving him, Ethan quickly felt the urge to cum that was about to explode.

He released Mother’s lips that had long been kissed red and swollen. A crystal-clear strand of saliva stretched from the corners of their separating lips.

“Huff… ha…” Ethan panted heavily.

Grace immediately noticed her brother’s abnormality, stopped her movements, and asked with concern:

“Husband… are you going to cum?”

Before Ethan could answer, Helen—the mother who had just been kissed into a daze—suddenly interjected:

“Grace… you… why are you calling Ethan… husband?”

The moment the words left her mouth, she regretted them.

As expected…

Ethan, hearing this, showed not a single bit of embarrassment. Instead, he revealed an extremely evil, extremely proud wicked smile.

He turned his head. Those scorching eyes stared straight at Mother Helen's flushed face and said word by word:

"Mom."

"Not only will Sister call me husband from now on."

"You."

"Also have to call me husband."

Boom—!

Helen only felt her mind go blank. Shame, anger, absurdity… all kinds of emotions surged into her heart.

She raised her pale hand and, without using much force, punched Ethan's chest once.

"Not knowing your place… what nonsense are you saying…"

This time, her strength was light as a feather, more like flirting.

Ethan was not afraid at all.

He grabbed Mother's wrist in one hand and pressed that boneless jade hand against his own chest. His gaze burned as he looked into her eyes and, in a tone almost like a declaration, shouted:

"Mommy wife!"

"My… Mommy wife!"

Helen became even more shy and desperately tried to bury her burning face into her son's broad chest.

"What nonsense are you shouting… so… so embarrassing…."

Her voice was as thin as a mosquito's buzz, yet it carried a perverted sense of satisfaction that even she herself had not noticed.

Grace, seeing this, was also stimulated to the point of almost reaching climax.

A surge of extreme pleasure shot from the hole core being rubbed by the glans toward her limbs and bones.

She no longer held back. Supporting herself on her brother's shoulders, her waist spun like a windmill, stirring that monster until it made "gluck" sounds.

Ethan's face instantly changed drastically!

“Sis! Sis! I’m about… about to cum…!”

“I’m almost there too… ah…!”

Grace screamed excitedly. She released the hand supporting her brother and instead grabbed her own pair of violently swaying, extremely sensitive E-cup big tits.

“Husband… little brother husband… let’s cum together… together… ahh…”

At the final moment before climax arrived, Ethan turned his head back, looked at his sister’s face twisted by extreme pleasure and still charming, and asked hoarsely:

“Sis… you… are you happy?”

“Happy…!”

Grace was on the edge of orgasm, forcefully gripping her own breasts, her slender white jade fingers sinking into the flesh.

“Happy… little brother husband’s big cock… fucks Sister so comfortably… Sister is so happy… ah… ah… it’s coming… it’s coming ah… ahhh—!”

Immediately, brother and sister reached the peak at the same time.

And Helen, this “Mommy wife,” lay in her son’s arm bend and witnessed the entire process.

……

Earlier, the living room.

The moment Helen’s bedroom door was gently closed from the inside by Grace.

On the living room sofa, Sophie’s soul-stealing beautiful eyes widened like copper bells.

She… had been seen by her sister-in-law…

By Grace…

Seen riding naked on her father-in-law Richard’s body, shamelessly shaking!

Sophie’s mind instantly went blank—but not because of shame.

It was more from excitement.

All her movements came to an abrupt stop, but her body made the most honest reaction.

The already extremely tight hole between her legs, in extreme excitement, suddenly contracted to the limit!

"Hiss—!"

Richard, who had his eyes closed enjoying the second round of bareback insertion after his daughter-in-law's blowjob, was stimulated by this sudden extreme tightness that seemed as if it wanted to clamp his soul off, and sucked in a sharp breath.

That thick black big cock of his was instantly twisted hard as iron by this force!

"Slut… you slut…"

Richard felt so good his scalp went numb. He felt his long-suppressed sperm gate about to lose control.

Dissatisfied that his daughter-in-law had suddenly stopped moving—this slutty little bitch, stopping at the most critical moment!

The old man's long-suppressed desire for control and rough desire completely erupted at this moment.

"Move for me…!"

Richard let out a low roar. He no longer passively enjoyed. Those rough big hands suddenly grabbed Sophie's impossibly slender waist and actively began thrusting from below upward!

"Ah—!"

Sophie was still immersed in the huge stimulation of being discovered by Grace and completely didn't expect her father-in-law to suddenly launch a surprise attack!

That thick black cock, carrying an unreasonable brute force, heavily slammed against her most sensitive cervix!

Once, twice, three times, countless times!

"Ah! Dad…! Gentler…!"

"Ah… you… you lecherous old man…! No martial virtue… ah… ahh…"

Sophie's scream instantly changed tone.

That sour numbness from being slammed, mixed with the shame of being peeped on, plus Father-in-law's rough rhythm…

An unprecedented, surging pleasure immediately submerged her.

"No… can't… I'm… I'm going to cum… ahhhh—!"

Sophie's body suddenly tensed straight. The pair of jade feet stepping on the floor, ten toes like green grapes, tightened. She threw her snow-white neck back and let out a high-pitched scream. A stream of scalding love juice sprayed out from deep in her flower heart!

"Oh…!!"

Drenched by his daughter-in-law's scalding squirt, Richard felt as if his glans had been poured over with hot oil. That overwhelming pleasure could no longer be suppressed.

"Slut… slut Sophie… Dad… Dad is going to cum… shoot…!"

Father-in-law was about to surrender.

But at this critical moment.

Sophie, this woman who had just climaxed and whose whole body was limp, suddenly used her last bit of strength, turned her head, and used those beautiful eyes soaked in desire and watery, staring straight at him.

She made an extremely bold decision.

"Dad…!"

"Shoot inside…!"

"Shoot it all inside…! Ah… ahhh…!"

Richard's last bit of reason completely snapped.

"Slut… slut daughter-in-law… Dad… Dad will give it to you… all of it to you… ahh—!"

The old man let out a suppressed low roar. That thick black cock pulsed again and again deep in his daughter-in-law's tight hole. The urethral opening opened wide and irrigated every last drop of his thick semen into the depths of his daughter-in-law's young, warm, tight uterus.

Extreme pleasure, like a category 10 typhoon, swept across every nerve ending of Sophie's.

Father-in-law Richard's scalding semen, carrying an incomparably fierce force, heavily slammed against her cervix.

Internal ejaculation.

This was the first time she had been creampied by a man other than her husband Ethan.

Sophie's waist suddenly arched into a breathtaking curve. Her snow-white, slender neck tilted backward. Broken, high-pitched moans overflowed from her throat.

That young and fiery body of hers was thoroughly soaked by desire. It violently trembled and spasmed on her father-in-law's body, actually having another small orgasm.

The soft flesh inside the honey hole madly sucked and contracted, trying to squeeze out the last bit of essence from that thick black cock that had brought her supreme pleasure.

Sophie felt like she was about to ascend to heaven.

Her soul seemed washed by this taboo flood, floating in clouds of satisfaction.

Richard had also never had such an experience.

This cock that had accompanied him for forty-six years and had only tilled the "barren" land of his wife Helen seemed to have regained a second spring at this moment.

Daughter-in-law Sophie's tight, wet, winding inner cavity was a thousand times more wonderful than his wife's dryness and resistance.

The moment that semen sprayed out, Richard panted heavily. His tensed back finally relaxed.

For the first time, he had shot his own descendants into this youngest, freshest honey hole that should have belonged only to his son.

The afterglow of climax lingered for a long time.

Some time passed.

Sophie, forcing her almost-melting body, slowly stood up from her father-in-law's still-hard cock.

"Plop……"

A clear yet extremely lewd soft sound.

That thick cock finally reluctantly withdrew from her hole that had been fucked red, swollen, and glistening with water.

With its departure, a thick white paste mixed with Father-in-law's semen and her pussy juice slowly flowed down the inside of her smooth-as-jade thigh with a "gluck" sound.

Richard looked up in a daze at the place of separation—that peach-source holy land he had just ravaged—and then looked at the white turbidity flowing down.

That old face of his that was used to giving orders actually looked a bit uneasy at this moment.

Richard felt it was somewhat inappropriate. After all, this was his daughter-in-law.

"Sophie… I'm sorry."

Sophie did not immediately turn around.

Her slender waist was slightly bent. Her fair arms reached toward the coffee table not far away and pulled a few tissues.

With her back to her father-in-law, she carelessly parted her long legs and carefully wiped the sticky fluid at the root of her thighs. She even extended her index finger and gently hooked at the hole, scooping out more white turbidity.

She didn't turn around, but her voice carried a trace of post-orgasm laziness and a strange comfort:

"It's fine, Dad."

Saying this, Sophie paused, threw that ball of soaked tissue into the trash can, and only then turned around.

"Anyway, Ethan shoots inside every time too."

Boom—

This sentence was like a bolt from the blue, fiercely striking Richard's reason.

Ethan… every time… fills… this beautiful daughter-in-law's little cunt in front of him just like this…

This cognition not only didn't make Richard feel guilty—instead, that big cock that had just released and should have gone soft "buzzed" again and shamefully, slowly hardened once more……

That thick black meat pillar, with crystal-clear fluid still hanging at the tip, raised its head energetically just like that. Veins twisted and pulsed under the slightly blackened skin.

Sophie's beautiful eyes misted with moisture saw this scene. She first froze, then laughed out with a "pfft." That smile was full of charm and understanding.

Then she walked forward, extended that slender jade finger that had just wiped her own body, and boldly lightly tapped her father-in-law's hard object.

"Lecherous old man~ look at you~"

Sophie laughed without any good temper, her seductive eyes like silk.

This young, sexy, bold-to-the-point-of-lawlessness daughter-in-law was like a scorching ray of sunlight, driving away all the gloom and repression in his heart.

Her vitality was continuously being transmitted to this aging man through this most primitive method.

Richard's face actually rarely reddened, revealing an expression almost like shyness.

"Dad."

Sophie put away her joking expression, glanced upstairs, and lightly parted her red lips: "I'm going upstairs to wash. You… go wash downstairs too."

"Okay, okay." Richard quickly nodded.

Sophie said no more. She grabbed her thin silk nightgown that had been bunched into a ball, casually draped it over her shoulder, and like this—naked from the waist down, with only that crooked, fluid-soaked crotchless lace panty hanging at her waist—stepped those long, straight beautiful legs and, swaying her figure, walked up to the second floor step by step.

Richard sat in place, greedily watching his daughter-in-law's graceful back as she went upstairs.

Those perky, tight ass cheeks, with her steps, drew two perfect arcs in the air.

That pale skin under the living room's dim yellow light seemed plated with a layer of honey.

In the man's eyes, there was no longer guilt—only a near-pathological fullness of comfort.

CHAPTER 86

Spring Desire in the Bathroom

Time quickly moved to late night.

At 11:30 p.m., although Richard and Helen slept in separate rooms, both had already gone to bed.

Mason had been awake for several hours earlier, but now he was sleeping soundly in the crib upstairs.

In the bathroom downstairs, steam filled the air.

In the huge bathtub, the water made “splash-splash” sounds. Overflowing hot water bubbled, and the air was filled with the sweet scent of body wash and a faint, ambiguous fishy musk.

If someone were to barge in at this moment, they would surely be stunned speechless by the extremely absurd scene in front of them.

Ethan, the second son of this family, sat stark naked with his muscular body in the middle of the bathtub, legs spread wide.

In front of him was his wife Sophie.

Sophie had her back to him. Most of her body was submerged in the water, only revealing her snow-white, round fragrant shoulders and the graceful curve of her nape.

Her fiery D-cup snow breasts gently swayed under the buoyancy of the water, and her honey hole was precisely sheathing her husband’s half-hard cock, lightly grinding with the water waves.

And behind Ethan was his biological sister, Grace.

Grace was equally stark naked, tightly hugging her brother from behind.

That pair of dizzying papaya big tits, made even plumper by breastfeeding, were now pressed without any gap against Ethan’s broad back, deformed by the squeeze.

Her long legs wrapped around her brother’s waist from both sides. That mysterious, plump steamed-bun cunt unique to a white tiger was intentionally or unintentionally rubbing against Ethan’s tailbone.

The three of them were squeezed into this bathtub in the most intimate, most depraved posture.

“Husband……”

Sophie’s voice was lazy, carrying a trace of hoarseness after satisfaction. She didn’t turn around, only tilted her head back and leaned her wet hair against her husband’s chest.

“How many times… did you two do it?”

Ethan lowered his head and kissed the top of his wife’s hair, his voice full of pride: “Twice each.”

“Mmm… Husband is so amazing.” Sophie let out a coquettish hum, twisted her body in the water, and made that cock grind deeper at the entrance of her hole. “Kiss.”

Ethan smiled and lowered his head, accurately finding her red lips.

“What about you?” Ethan asked vaguely while kissing: “How many times did you do it with Dad…”

“Just once.” Sophie answered honestly.

She suddenly lifted her head. The water rippled. Those bright eyes flashed with excitement in the steam.

“But…”

“Husband, today… I let Dad cum inside.”

The water waves in the bathtub seemed to freeze at this moment.

Grace clearly felt that the brother she was holding in her arms suddenly stiffened.

Ethan wasn’t angry.

Instead, those originally somewhat dazed eyes instantly burst with terrifying brightness.

“Really?!”

Ethan’s voice suddenly rose, filled with unbelievable excited ecstasy.

Sophie in his arms could even clearly feel that the originally only half-hard cock, after hearing this sentence, suddenly expanded and jumped inside her cunt, “swish,” and completely hardened into an iron rod!

“Really?!” Ethan, seeing that his wife didn’t answer, impatiently asked again.

“Aiyo, really.” Sophie was thrust forward by him.

“Let me see!” Ethan excitedly tried to turn his wife’s body around.

“Aiyo, annoying!” Sophie pressed his hand, both shy and amused: “I already washed clean long ago. Where is there any left! Do you think I don’t know how to take a bath!”

“What a pity……” Ethan said with a face full of regret upon hearing this.

If Sophie hadn’t washed clean, letting him personally watch his own wife’s cunt flowing with his biological father’s sperm…

Just thinking about that scene, Ethan felt like he was about to explode.

His cuckold fetish was pushed to a brand-new peak at this moment!

“Splash-splash—”

The water sounds grew loud.

Ethan suddenly stood up fiercely.

His well-defined muscular body looked especially impactful in the steam. Water droplets slid all the way down his firm abs and Adonis belt.

And between his legs, that nearly seven-inch cock with a purple-black, huge glans was standing proudly erect because of extreme excitement, “throb-throb” jumping in the air.

Sophie and Grace both tilted their heads up, staring blankly at this man who belonged to both of them.

Ethan’s breathing became heavy. He looked down at these two most intimate women in the bathtub—

one was his legally married wife, the other was his blood-related sister.

Stimulated by Father creampieing his wife, a thought madly grew.

“Wife, Sis. You two… lick it for me.”

Sophie and Grace looked at each other and both saw the same depraved excitement in each other’s eyes.

This was a permitted indulgence.

Sophie acted first. She stood up halfway from the water. That jade-white, fiery body hung with crystal-clear water droplets.

She first extended her small lilac tongue and licked her rosy lips, then supported her husband’s thigh on this side with both hands, slightly lowered her head, opened her small mouth, and took that purple-black glans into her mouth.

"Mmm……"

Grace was not to be outdone.

She leaned over from the other side. That pair of E-cup giant breasts swayed out seductive waves in the water with her movements.

She didn't go for the glans. Instead, she extended her tongue and started from Ethan's balls, licking all the way up, carefully licking that shaft covered in veins.

Two women—one sucking the head, one licking the root.

Sophie's oral skills were clearly higher. Her tongue flexibly circled at the coronal ridge, sometimes deep-throating, sometimes shallow tasting. The sucking force was just right. The "slurp-slurp" water sounds she made were especially lewd in this quiet bathroom.

Grace was more like tasting a work of art. She licked very carefully, even using her light-brown nipples to rub against the root of Ethan's thighs, bringing him double stimulation.

"Ah…… so good…… Sis, Wife…… you two are amazing……" Ethan tilted his head back in comfort, his Adam's apple rolling up and down.

Just as Ethan was about to be pushed to the clouds by this dual service, Grace suddenly stopped licking.

She lifted her head. That gorgeous older-sister face was stained with steam and her brother's fluid, looking both holy and lewd.

"Ethan, is it really okay to let Dad cum inside Sophie?"

Sister asked, her voice somewhat muffled.

Ethan was in the middle of feeling good. Upon hearing this, he waved his hand indifferently. His free hand even grabbed a handful of his sister's full papaya big tits.

"What's bad about it. Dad hasn't had it easy for this family, and his relationship with Mom isn't good—they've been in a cold war all day. Now Sophie… Wife can be filial to Dad for me in this way. I'm happy enough."

Grace frowned. This reason clearly couldn't fully convince her. She immediately raised the most critical question:

"Then… what if Sophie gets pregnant with Dad's child?"

This question was like the strongest aphrodisiac, instantly injected into Ethan's body.

He was so excited his whole body trembled. Even the cock being held in Sophie's mouth thrust hard into Sophie's throat, making Sophie dry-heave.

"Give birth to it!"

Ethan's voice became sharp because of extreme excitement.

"Give birth to it! I'll treat… treat him as my own biological son and dote on him!"

Sophie couldn't take it anymore either. She "pfft" spit out the glans in her mouth, gasped for air, and glared at her husband.

"What do you mean your son." She coquettishly complained, wiping the saliva from the corner of her mouth with the back of her hand while speaking.

Then she suddenly turned toward Grace and revealed a sly smile:

"Sis, tell me, if it really is born, this one in my belly… at that time, should we call him… little brother?"

Sophie tilted her head and looked naively at Grace:

"Or… nephew?"

Grace was completely defeated by this pair of lawless husband and wife.

She didn't know whether to cry or laugh, but reason told her that all this absurdity was precisely the most reasonable.

Father Richard, even if he really got Sophie pregnant, as long as the few of them kept their mouths shut afterward, no one would suspect.

After all, to outsiders, the one in Sophie's belly would only be Ethan's child.

"You… you this slut……" Grace pointed at Sophie and couldn't speak for a long time.

"So what?"

Sophie indifferently puffed out her chest. In the water, that pair of snow-white D-cup breasts, pink tender nipples, stood proudly.

"I am a slut!"

After saying that, she turned her head toward Ethan again and continued in that sweetest, most pitiful tone:

"Husband～ you… you don't like Baby being slutty?"

Ethan couldn't take this at all. He dotingly stroked Sophie's head:

“Like it, like it the most. I like Wife no matter what she’s like.”

“Perverted woman!” Grace scolded coquettishly, but suddenly reached out a hand and pushed Sophie away.

“Let go of my little brother husband’s cock. Let me lick it!”

Grace also laughed.

She no longer cared about any ethics, no longer thought about any consequences. Now, she only wanted to satisfy herself, satisfy this newly acknowledged “husband.”

She saw Grace grab that hard cock in one hand, open her full red lips, and take it to the root in one mouthful.

“Mmm!”

Sophie was pushed away and wasn’t angry. Instead, she looked up at Ethan with a pitiful face.

Ethan was being deep-throated by his sister and felt so good he was gasping, but he still noticed his wife’s gaze and quickly signaled with his eyes toward behind him.

Sophie immediately understood.

Like a flexible mermaid, she turned in the water and dove behind her husband.

Ethan, while enjoying his sister’s deep throat, turned his body 180 degrees, with his back to Sophie and facing Grace.

Sophie poked her head out of the water. She of course didn’t go to snatch that cock. Instead, she supported her husband’s well-defined, robust ass with both hands.

Then, she extended her warm, soft lilac tongue and accurately licked toward Ethan’s chrysanthemum.

“Ah—!”

A strong, numbing pleasure, like a volcanic eruption, instantly shot from Ethan’s tailbone straight to the top of his head.

The front was wrapped by his sister’s warm oral cavity. The back was served by his wife’s nimble tongue.

Ethan felt so good he almost fainted. He let out lewd moans belonging to a man from his mouth.

The water in the bathtub violently swayed because of the three people’s movements. Water droplets kept splashing onto the cold tiles.

Not long after, Ethan's body began to tremble violently.

"Sister… Wife… I'm going to cum……" he urged urgently.

Grace, hearing this, immediately released her mouth. The cock "plop" popped out. The glans was covered in saliva. The urethral opening opened and closed—it was indeed about to erupt.

"Okay…… where do you want to shoot?"

Grace panted and tilted up that flushed face.

Ethan looked at his sister's open, watery red lips and said hoarsely: "In your mouth."

Grace obediently closed her eyes, slightly opened her mouth, and even actively extended her tongue, ready to receive.

And Sophie, from behind Ethan, while continuing to lick her husband's chrysanthemum, extended her hand, grasped her husband's heavy balls, and gently stroked and pressed them.

Ethan then gripped his own scalding cock and aimed it at his sister's tongue.

He began to stroke quickly.

"Ah! Ah! Ah!"

The cock frantically rubbed on his sister's tongue. The glans constantly hit her upper palate.

After dozens of strokes.

"Ah…… shooting! Shooting! Sis!"

Accompanied by a satisfied roar, streams of thick, fishy semen all sprayed into Grace's mouth, onto her tongue, and even splashed onto her face, making her look extremely lewd and erotic.

……

After shooting, Ethan's whole body was drained of strength.

The three of them returned to the original posture. Ethan leaned his back against sister Grace, using her warm, soft, full body as the most comfortable flesh cushion.

And Sophie, like a well-behaved koala, sat facing Ethan from the front.

Ethan's cock that had just released and had not yet completely softened was once again sheathed by her little cunt, wrapped by the wet, hot soft flesh.

Sophie buried her head on her husband's broad shoulder, comfortably closed her eyes. Water droplets still hung on her long eyelashes.

This absurd yet satisfying sex had also made her feel good to the extreme.

In the bathtub, the water had already cooled a bit, but the three people's bodies were still scalding hot.

"Sis……"

After some time, Sophie suddenly lifted her head. On Ethan's shoulder, she looked at Grace who was close at hand.

"You're really good."

Her voice was soft and sticky, charming to the bone.

Grace was still closing her eyes savoring the taste of her brother's semen and hadn't come back to her senses.

Sophie was very grateful that her sister-in-law could accept everything about her, so she continued:

"Sis… you're so beautiful."

Grace finally opened her dazed beautiful eyes: "What did you say……"

Before the words finished, Sophie suddenly stretched her neck forward and lightly pecked Grace's equally sexy red lips with her own lips.

Mmm!

It was only an instant.

Being kissed by her sister-in-law who was also a woman, Grace froze.

But she wasn't angry. Instead, she revealed a wicked, charming smile, extended a pair of snow-white lotus arms, and turned the head of the brother in her arms.

"What's wrong, Sis?" Ethan looked confused.

Grace didn't answer. She directly kissed him.

"Mmm……"

After the kiss, Grace licked her lips, looked at Ethan, then looked at Sophie who was lying on Ethan's shoulder beside her, and seemed to complain:

"Your wife just got horny and secretly kissed me."

Boom!

This sentence made that thick, long cock of Ethan's that was inserted inside wife Sophie's body suddenly jump again.

It thrust the Sophie who was closing her eyes enjoying herself, making a slight coquettish hum from her mouth:

"Ah～ Husband～ don't～ let me just comfortably lie here for a while……"

Grace was amused. She extended her jade finger and poked Ethan's nose tip:

"Look at how lecherous you are～"

Saying this, she lowered her head and extended her fragrant tongue to lick Ethan's shoulder and neck, her movements gentle.

"Ethan, you're so handsome."

"Sis… you're also very beautiful." Ethan enjoyed it.

Grace suddenly stopped her movements and looked at him seriously:

"Ethan, before I heard you mention that you have a cuckold fetish, right?"

Hearing this, Ethan's heart suddenly jumped. He realized some possibility, but wasn't sure yet.

"Yeah… Sis, what do you mean by this?"

Grace let out a string of charming laughs. That older-sister face shone brilliantly in the steam:

"What I mean is……"

"You see, I'm also your wife now, right……"

"Then would you… also let other men fuck me?"

Ethan's pupils suddenly enlarged:

"Sis… you… really?"

Grace laughed "pfft," but suddenly grabbed Ethan's ear and twisted hard!

Ah—! Ethan cried out in pain and begged for mercy: "Ah! Sis! Gentler! Gentler! How did you also learn Mom's trick!"

Grace hummed: "If you want me to let go, you have to promise me one condition."

"Promise, promise! Sis, Wife! Don't say one—I'll promise a hundred!"

"You have to guarantee."

Grace's expression instantly became serious:

“No matter how much you want to cuckold your wife in the future, you absolutely cannot send Sophie to those unclear men to fuck!”

Ethan froze: “Sis, I’ve talked to Sophie. If we swap wives in the future, we’ll also find ones we get along with.”

“Less of that crooked reasoning!”

Grace refused to let it go: “As long as it’s those people outside, there will definitely be problems. Just say whether you can promise!”

“Promise, promise! Okay Sis, okay Sis! I absolutely won’t!”

Only then did Grace release her hand.

Then she extended her hand again and gently stroked Ethan’s ear that had been twisted red. Her tone suddenly became extremely charming.

“Husband～”

This “husband” made Ethan’s scalp go numb.

Grace continued softly: “Husband～ little brother husband～ since you have this fetish, then……”

She took a deep breath, as if having made a huge decision:

“Then… I’ll also find an opportunity and give it to Dad.”

Ethan was stunned: “Really?!”

“Mm. It’s not just for you either.”

Grace nodded, her eyes firm.

She thought of that afternoon, the absurd scene of the three of them.

“This afternoon… the three of us… like that… but Dad can only sleep alone in the study now. Since I was little… Dad has doted on me a lot…”

It’s no wonder people say a daughter is a father’s little padded jacket.

Ethan was moved: “That’s right, Sis! I also just see that Dad is lonely!”

“Less of that!”

Grace glared at him: “Sophie really didn’t say it wrong. This dog cock of yours is very slutty!”

“Then… then do you like it, Sis?”

Grace answered with a kiss.

After the brother and sister’s hot kiss, Sophie, who had been pretending to sleep the whole time, suddenly lifted her head, blinked her watery big eyes, looked at Grace, then looked at Ethan, and asked:

“Sis, then at that time… will you go first, or… will we go together?”

Only then did the two of them know that this perverted woman had been pretending to sleep the whole time.

Grace considered for a while and said:

"Still… I'll go by myself."

Sophie obediently nodded: "Okay, then I'll cheer for you at that time!"

Saying this, Sophie excitedly grabbed her sister-in-law's arm, stretched her jade neck, and quietly said:

"Let me tell you, Sis, Dad's cock… is really so thick. It feels so good when it's inserted."

This sentence made Ethan's soft cock harden a few degrees again.

"Ah! Husband!"

Ethan let out a low roar, hugged Sophie, and in this bathtub with water splashing everywhere, launched a fierce charge…

"Ah! No!" Sophie wanted to resist.

"Sis! Save me!"

Grace giggled continuously, completely "united against the outsider." She reached out and grabbed Sophie's hand, laughing:

"Be good. He's my little brother husband. We all have to listen to him ～"

"Ah! You two…"

In the end, Sophie climaxed and fainted again in her husband's arms. She still muttered in a daze:

"You… two Hales… just wait for me…"

"Don't… ah! I'm dying… ahh……"

CHAPTER 87

A Couple with Bedroom Problems

January 27th. Monday.

Early spring still had no warmth. Outside the window the daylight was a dull, oppressive gray. Inside the office tower the fluorescent tubes had become the real rulers, casting a cold, sterile glow over the cubicles.

Ethan Hale arrived at the company as usual.

He was department manager now. His steps felt a little more solid than before.

The soft tap of his polished leather shoes on the carpet was quiet, yet every subordinate he passed nodded and called out, “Morning, Manager Hale.”

It felt good. Damn good.

The price had been years of sleepless nights and, not long ago, closing a major deal.

He had earned it.

Ethan stepped into his private office. It wasn’t large, but the glass partition let him see everything happening at the desks outside.

Time slipped by.

Just after two in the afternoon, two young figures appeared at the entrance to the department.

Noah and Ava.

College interns. Their hours were flexible.

That had been the arrangement from the start: they only needed to come in from afternoon until evening.

That morning Ethan had already gone to HR and formally transferred both of his relatives under his own team.

Now, through the glass, he watched them sit down at their desks, looking a little awkward.

Noah still had that soft, delicate look about him. He kept his head down and didn’t even dare glance toward his cousin’s office.

Ava, on the other hand, turned her pure, pretty face toward the office and gave a sweet little smile.

……

Dinner time. Overtime was normal.

Ethan didn't make a big deal of it. He ordered three identical takeout meals (expensable) and ate with them at the desks outside his office.

The greasy aroma of the boxed meals filled the air.

Years of eating on the run had made Ethan fast. He shoveled a few bites, swallowed them almost whole, and set his chopsticks down.

He wiped his mouth with a napkin and looked at the two young people beside him.

His cousin ate with his head down, still smacking his lips the way he used to as a kid. Exactly as Ethan remembered.

Ava, the youthful girl full of campus energy, ate much more delicately.

She was dressed simply today.

A thin, off-white turtleneck sweater. The collar hugged her slender neck tightly—almost puritanically modest, completely covered, the kind of look that shouldn't stir a single dirty thought.

But under the office lights the fabric turned slightly sheer.

Especially across her chest.

Those big tits that seemed no smaller than Sophie's were tightly bound by the soft knit, pushing up into a heart-stopping curve.

The weave of the sweater was stretched and pulled taut by her high, full breasts. It was almost possible to see the plump outline of the snowy tits beneath the cloth.

Ethan's Adam's apple bobbed. He didn't look away. He looked more openly.

Tits that big… the areolas can't be small. Those nipples have to be a fresh, tender pink…

While both of them kept eating, Ethan let his eyes drift lower without changing expression.

The girl's waist was tiny. The hem of the sweater was tucked into her jeans, outlining a waist so narrow it looked like it could be circled with one hand.

But the extreme contrast with that slim waist was her ass.

That ass was lush and full.

The denim was stretched tight, wrapping the two round, high cheeks of her ass.

She was just sitting quietly in the chair, yet the shadowed cleft between those cheeks was already enough to spark the imagination.

If he took her from behind… one hand gripping that slender waist, the other grabbing those big tits, and drove his cock hard into that plump ass…

It would be pure ecstasy. Enough to make a man die of pleasure.

The girl kept her head lowered. A few strands of hair fell forward, covering half her face.

Her face was pure—the classic campus goddess type. Fair skin, thin lips that were slightly flushed from the spicy food, like petals still wet with morning dew. Silent, yet inviting someone to pick them.

Ethan's gaze moved without restraint—from her lowered lashes, to the tip of her upturned nose, to that full chest, and finally settled on the plump ass stretched tight by the jeans.

Right then.

Ava seemed to sense something. She suddenly looked up.

The girl's puzzled eyes met Ethan's desire-filled stare.

Their gazes locked.

Ethan's heart jumped. He awkwardly tugged at the corner of his mouth and forced a kindly, uncle-like smile.

Ava's pretty face instantly turned redder than the spice had made it, the flush spreading all the way to her ears.

This boyfriend's cousin was handsome, rich, already a manager at a young age, drove a nice car. Next to the boyfriend who just buried his face in food and smacked his lips, the difference was night and day.

The kind of man countless girls dreamed about.

Ava loved her boyfriend deeply, but some instincts couldn't be avoided.

Everyone had secrets they couldn't speak of.

They took root in the deepest corners of the heart.

No sunlight. No rain.

They could never grow. They only slowly turned to ash with the passage of time.

Unless…

Unless some special opportunity appeared…

Realizing she had once again started fantasizing about her cousin without control, Ava lowered her head in a panic like a startled fawn and took small bites of rice. But the red tips of her ears betrayed her shyness.

She had gotten hot from the way her cousin looked at her.

Seeing the girl's shy, flustered look, Ethan suddenly thought of Sophie for no reason.

If they had met earlier, when Sophie was a freshman, would she have been this pure and tender too?

The moment his wife's face appeared in his mind, Ethan snapped awake. He realized he had just been fantasizing about his cousin's girlfriend!

As an elder, that was wrong.

He immediately cursed himself in his head:

Fuck.

You're getting more and more shameless.

You've already got Mom, Sis, and your wife at home. How can you still be thinking about other women!

"Manager Hale!"

Just as Ethan was feeling thoroughly awkward and looking for an excuse to escape, Dave from the neighboring department stuck his head over.

"Hey, eating with the interns?"

Dave was a middle-aged man in his forties with a receding hairline. When he smiled, his face was full of wrinkles.

"Got something on the project I want to go over with you. You free right now…?"

Ethan shot to his feet. The usually annoying Dave was a savior right now.

"Perfect, I'm done eating."

"You two finish up. Noah, remember to throw the trash out later."

Ethan patted his cousin's shoulder. Noah finally looked up and said a blank "Huh?"

But Ethan was already walking away with Dave.

……

The work dragged on until nearly eleven.

There were far more problems with the project than expected.

When Ethan finally left Dave's smoky office, he stretched and realized the entire floor was almost empty.

In his own department only two lonely desk lamps were still on in the corner.

It was Noah and Ava.

The two interns were pretty diligent.

Ethan lightened his steps and walked over.

He had planned to say hello and tell them to go home.

Just as he reached the partition, he heard low, muffled voices coming from inside.

It was Ava's young voice, carrying a hint of grievance and the edge of tears.

"…Don't touch me!"

Ethan's steps froze instantly.

He instinctively hid in the shadows and listened.

"Ava, don't be mad…"

Noah's voice sounded panicked, almost pitiful:

"I… I don't know what happened…"

"You don't know? Noah, are you even a man?!"

Ava's voice rose a little, then immediately dropped again, as if she was afraid of being overheard.

"We… we already agreed… that Saturday…"

Ethan's heart jumped hard.

Saturday?

January 25th?

That day he had been at the amusement park with Sophie, and they had run into the two of them.

…After they went back that day, they…

Hearing these words and realizing a certain possibility, Ethan grew even more curious. He stretched his neck and kept eavesdropping.

Noah stammered out his defense:

"I… I was too nervous that day…"

"You… you're so pretty… the moment I saw you take your clothes off, I… I just…"

"You went soft!"

Ava almost ground the words out between her teeth.

"Noah, we've been dating for almost a year! I… I made up my mind to give myself to you… and what happened? You couldn't even get hard!"

"I did! I was hard at the beginning!" Noah said urgently.

"Hard? You call that hard?"

Ava let out a cold laugh. "It was limp. Like a cotton stick! You couldn't even touch my… my down there…"

Noah got angry too. The sore spot had been hit. He snapped back:

"It was you… you were too dry down there!"

"I… I touched you for ages and you didn't get wet at all! It was bone dry! How was I supposed to get in?!"

"You…"

Ava seemed choked by those words. She didn't speak for a long time. Only the faint sound of sniffling could be heard.

Outside, Ethan was dumbfounded.

Holy shit!

This is…

Given his cousin's personality, Ethan had guessed he might not be great in bed, but he hadn't expected him to be this bad.

A girl like Ava—what man wouldn't get hard looking at her?

She was willing to follow Noah, a broke college student. What was she after?

His soft, pretty face?

From the sound of it, Noah couldn't even satisfy her most basic sexual needs.

Ethan suddenly remembered the look Ava had given him that Saturday afternoon.

Shy, but with a thread of longing?

"Ava, stop crying…"

Before Ethan could keep thinking, Noah's voice came again from inside.

“Let’s try again, okay? Next time… next time I’ll definitely be fine! My… my dick isn’t small either, I was just too nervous that day…”

“You still dare say that!”

Ava cried harder.

“I… I feel so humiliated… My friends… they all said… the first time would feel really good… but all I felt was pain… and… disgust…”

“You were disgusted?!”

Noah’s voice changed too.

“I’m disgusted by you! Disgusted by this useless piece of shit!”

“Slap!”

A sharp sound.

It sounded like Noah had been slapped.

Ethan figured that was enough.

If he kept listening, these two might break up on the spot.

He cleared his throat and deliberately made his footsteps heavier.

“Ahem!”

The voices inside cut off instantly.

Ethan pretended he had just returned and rounded the partition.

“Still here?”

At the desks, the two of them were frozen in place.

Ava’s eyes were red and swollen, tear tracks still on her face. When she saw Ethan, pure panic and embarrassment filled her innocent features.

She ducked her head hard, both hands clutching the hem of her sweater.

Noah covered his face, looking ashamed and furious, his face the color of liver.

“Cousin… when… when did you get back?”

Ava asked timidly, her voice still thick with a nasal tone, sounding especially pitiful, like she had just been bullied.

“Just got here.”

Ethan lied without changing expression. He walked to his own desk and picked up his water cup.

“Saw your lights were still on. What were you talking about so intensely?”

He asked in a deliberately casual tone so they wouldn't feel even more awkward.

"N-nothing…"

Noah hurriedly waved his hands.

"Just… just talking about school stuff… yeah, school stuff."

"Oh? Really?"

Ethan smiled meaningfully, but his eyes fell on Ava's slightly trembling shoulders.

Her off-white sweater had been pulled a little crooked from the earlier agitation, revealing a small patch of snowy collarbone.

The lines of that collarbone were so delicate they looked like fine white jade.

Ethan suddenly felt a bit of sympathy for his cousin. He remembered his own younger days, when he had also been weak and helpless in front of a girl he liked.

Of course, he had never gone soft.

"Alright, stop studying."

Ethan set the cup down.

"It's already eleven. Not early. Pack up and head back to campus. Take a cab, the company will reimburse it."

"Oh… okay, okay, cousin."

Noah looked like he had been granted amnesty and started stuffing his bag in a flurry.

Ava also kept her head down and said softly, "Thank you, cousin."

She didn't dare look at Ethan right now. She was afraid the monster hidden in her heart would suddenly leap out and swallow her whole.

She had felt every bit of that scorching gaze from her cousin earlier.

That gaze was much harder, and much hotter, than Noah's limp thing.

……

On the drive home, Ethan merged into the traffic after the evening rush had died down.

City neon streaked past the windows.

But in his head, Ava's tearful complaints and Noah's excuses kept echoing.

One bone dry, the other soft as a cotton stick.

Sigh…

Ethan let out a breath. He suddenly felt that not everyone in this world was as lucky as he was to find a suitable partner.

Should he help them somehow?

He couldn't think of a solution for the moment. Just as he was getting annoyed and trying to stop thinking about it, an ad suddenly cut into the radio.

"Tired of the noise of the city? Outside the city, Hot Spring Valley Resort has just opened! Japanese-style hot springs, private enjoyment…"

Hot springs?

Hearing that, Ethan's thoughts shifted. He temporarily pushed the poor young couple to the back of his mind and immediately associated it with the porn scenes he had watched.

Once this busy period was over, maybe…

He could take the family on a little vacation.

Sophie, Helen, Grace.

Mom's plump D-cup tits, Sis's E-cup papaya breasts, and Sophie's squirting little pussy…

Then, in a private hot-spring room…

Ethan's breathing grew heavy.

Right—he also remembered that last night in the bathtub, Grace had promised she would satisfy his cuckold fetish and actively give herself to their father.

So when the time came, could he use the hot-spring resort to…

Set up Sis and Dad?

The moment he imagined his father's thick, dark cock driving into Grace's smooth, hairless white-tiger pussy while he watched from the side…

"Fuck!"

Ethan growled low. His seventeen-centimeter cock, the head swollen with blood, pressed painfully against the zipper of his suit pants.

He slammed the accelerator. The car roared into the darkness ahead.

CHAPTER 88

My Miracle Drug

A few days later.

The end of the month.

Night had already settled like thick ink across the sky above the city.

Inside the apartment, one room was warm and quiet.

The short hand of the clock had just passed ten.

Ethan stood in the steamy bathroom, hot water streaming over his solid chest.

By chance, both of the busiest people in the house had gotten off early for once. Ethan planned to have a long-overdue, thoroughly satisfying round with his wife.

When he finished drying his hair and walked back into the bedroom with only a towel around his waist, he saw Sophie already clean and leaning against the headboard.

She was wearing a relatively modest white silk robe.

The fabric was excellent—smooth, draping well, clinging to her elastic body.

Under the bright lights the robe had a pearl-like sheen, yet still faintly revealed the jade color of the skin beneath.

The neckline was slightly open, covering Sophie's full white chest just enough while exposing a stretch of long, fair neck and delicate collarbones.

Her long hair fell loosely over her shoulders like a waterfall. A few damp strands stuck to her cheeks, making her pretty face look pure and refined, yet carrying a lazy, seductive air after the bath.

Ethan's breathing grew heavier.

He walked over, casually tugged the towel off his waist and dropped it on the floor, then climbed onto the bed completely naked, his solid body bare.

His cock was already half-hard, swaying slightly between his legs as he moved.

Ethan leaned in close. His hot breath brushed Sophie's ear as his low voice carried clear desire:

"Wife…"

Sophie turned toward him. Those usually lively, mischievous eyes now held a touch of apology.

She raised one slender, jade-like finger and pressed it against her husband's burning chest.

"Honey… not tonight. It came."

Ethan froze at the words.

Seeing the light immediately dim in her husband's eyes, Sophie couldn't bear it. She took his hand and placed it on her flat lower belly, speaking softly:

"Really. I just changed it. It's still flowing… I've got a pad on down there. It's not convenient."

Ethan sighed. The fire in his body slowly eased.

No matter how badly he wanted it, he would never force his wife when she was uncomfortable.

That was his baseline as a husband, and it was how he loved her.

A soft look rose in Ethan's eyes. He lay down and pulled his wife into his arms.

Sophie was slim, but not bony.

Her curves were delicate. Through the thin silk robe, Ethan could clearly feel the warmth and smoothness of her skin, and the surprising elasticity of those D-cup breasts pressing against his arm.

"Then… want to watch a movie?" Sophie suggested. She knew her husband was pent up and wanted to distract him.

"Yeah."

Seeing him nod, Sophie grabbed her phone. The two of them cuddled against the headboard and opened a classic foreign romance—*Love & Other Drugs*.

They had already watched this one several times and knew the plot well.

They dimmed the bedroom lights. Only the phone screen cast a faint glow across their faces.

Ethan was bare from the waist up. His broad chest and solid abs looked even more defined in the light and shadow.

His large cock, already a bit soft, hung half-limp between his legs.

Sophie stayed in the white robe, nestled against her husband's chest like a well-behaved cat.

Her head rested on his shoulder, hair spilling across his arm. She breathed in the clean scent of him after his shower.

The movie moved forward slowly.

When the plot reached a climax and the male and female leads started getting intimate—especially when Anne Hathaway's young, fit naked body appeared on the screen…

Ethan's breathing grew heavier, almost imperceptibly.

Sophie still noticed.

She turned her head and, by the light of the screen, saw her husband's Adam's apple bob.

Looking lower, that half-hard cock was already rising at a visible speed.

Before long it was no longer half-soft. It stood straight up against Ethan's lower belly.

The dark purple head, under the dim light, looked like a purple rose about to bloom—fierce and sexy.

Sophie swallowed. The corner of her mouth curved into a sly smile.

Her husband was just that lecherous, that easily stirred.

And right now she couldn't satisfy him.

A mix of apology and mischievous excitement rose in Sophie's chest.

She quietly slipped her slender, fair hand downward.

Even with her period still heavy, she decided to soothe this hungry beast another way.

That hand had clear knuckles, long fingers, nails neatly rounded and faintly pink.

The soft hand gently closed around her husband's burning shaft.

"Mm…"

Ethan's body jerked hard. A muffled groan escaped his throat.

He didn't look away from the movie, but all his attention was already on his wife's hand.

Sophie's hand was soft and smooth, with a slight coolness.

When her palm wrapped around the scorching cock, the contrast of ice and fire almost made Ethan's soul leave his body.

Sophie was used to this.

She and Ethan were each other's first love. During their passionate early days they had tried countless positions and ways of playing. Handjobs were the most basic.

Still nestled in her husband's arms, her eyes stayed on the movie screen, as if the hand currently misbehaving didn't even belong to her.

Sophie quietly, slowly stroked her husband's cock.

The movements were light and gentle.

Like she was caressing a precious work of art.

With her palm she felt the pulse of his cock; with her fingers she traced the veins standing out along the shaft.

After a few strokes it felt a little dry. Sophie tilted her head up. Under the screen light her pretty face looked especially attractive.

She parted her red lips, the tip of her pink tongue extended, and she lightly spat a little saliva into her palm.

The soft hand immediately became more slippery.

"Squish… squish…"

When Sophie gripped the big cock again, it made a wet sound that was enough to make anyone blush.

Ethan let out a comfortable sigh.

He liked this feeling. He liked everything his wife did for him.

The movie continued.

Because of the heroine's illness, the male and female leads fell into a fierce argument.

Sophie seemed to empathize. She furrowed her brows, and the force of her hand increased, as if she was venting.

Ethan hissed from the pinch.

Hearing her husband's pained sound, Sophie came back to herself. She glanced at him apologetically, lightened her grip, and turned it into a gentle caress.

When the relationship in the movie improved and the story moved toward the end, the male and female leads finally held each other tightly again after all the twists.

Ethan was deeply moved. He turned his head and pressed a light kiss to his wife's smooth forehead.

Sophie never stopped slowly stroking him.

This handjob lasted a long time.

From the climax of the movie all the way to the ending, nearly a full hour.

Ethan's big cock stayed hard the entire time.

The movie ended. The room fell into darkness and silence.

Only the "squish squish" of Sophie's hand and the gradually heavier breathing of the two of them remained.

After another stretch of time, Sophie finally stopped.

She raised her hand and used two jade-like fingers to lightly pinch the still hot, hard head of her husband's cock.

Clear fluid had already leaked from the tip, making her fingers sticky.

"Honey… does it feel bad? It's been hard for so long. Do you want to come?"

"Like this is fine. It feels good." Ethan shook his head.

He wasn't lying.

Ethan liked the hard, intense thrusting with his wife, but he was equally obsessed with this gentle, slow current.

Life was like that, wasn't it?

There were ups and downs, peaks and valleys, great rivers and quiet streams.

No matter what the feeling was, as long as it involved his wife, Ethan liked it.

Sophie didn't believe him. She laughed lightly. "I heard that if a man stays hard too long, his cock can get ruined."

Ethan was amused by her. He reached out and tapped the tip of her small, perky nose with mock annoyance.

"Then why did you play with it for over an hour? You really want it ruined, huh?"

"Hehe…"

Sophie smiled awkwardly, but her hand didn't leave the big cock. Instead she gently held it again, feeling its shocking heat and hardness, and continued:

"It's because your big cock… feels too good in my hand."

Those words were another dose of aphrodisiac.

Ethan's cock seemed to grow even harder in her grip.

Suddenly a wicked smile appeared on his face. He pinched his wife's small chin and forced her to look up at him.

"Is it my cock that feels good… or Dad's cock that feels good?"

At those words, Sophie's pretty face flushed red in an instant.

The blush spread from her cheeks all the way down her snowy neck to the skin of her chest that the white robe couldn't fully cover.

They had just been sweetly lost in their own world. Sophie hadn't expected her husband to suddenly ask such an explicit, shameful question. Her white teeth bit her lower lip. Her breathing turned uneven. For a moment she didn't know how to answer.

"…"

"Say it."

Seeing her stay silent for so long, Ethan's fingers tightened slightly, pinching her chin hard enough to hurt a little.

"…Both feel good." Sophie avoided his gaze and answered vaguely.

Now it was Ethan's turn not to believe her.

"Tell the truth."

Sophie knew her husband's cuckold fetish had flared up again. She also knew what he wanted to hear.

To satisfy his preference, she thought of what to say, closed her eyes, and let her long lashes tremble in the dark.

When she opened them again, those beautiful eyes were already covered with a layer of hazy mist.

She licked her dry lips. Her voice was as thin as a mosquito's, yet filled with fatal temptation:

"…Dad's."

"Boom—!"

It was as if fireworks exploded in Ethan's mind.

All the blood in his body seemed to rush wildly downward in that instant.

The hand gripping his wife's chin trembled slightly from excessive excitement.

The big cock Sophie was holding between his legs jerked hard, as if trying to break free, reaching a new level of hardness!

"Wh… why?"

Hearing her husband's follow-up, Sophie's beautiful eyes grew even more misty.

In that moment she recalled every detail of her affair with her father-in-law, as if she had traveled through time and returned to the scenes of sneaking around with Richard in the study, in a secluded park, on the living room sofa.

She remembered how that cock—thick, dark, and terrifyingly large for his age—had filled her and pounded into her…

So Sophie's voice turned utterly coquettish as she answered in a sweet, seductive tone:

"Dad's cock… is bigger than yours… and thicker than yours… Once it's inside, there's not a single bit of extra space in my pussy… If we do it a few more times… your wife's little pussy… is going to be molded into Dad's shape…"

!

Ethan was wildly excited. He leaned in and kissed those alluring red lips, his tongue roughly prying open her teeth and rolling her sweet saliva back into his own mouth.

Sophie knew how worked up her husband was right now and actively responded.

While her tongue enthusiastically met his demands, her hand sped up the stroking of his cock.

"Squish, squish, squish…"

The sticky wet sounds mixed with the "smack smack" of their tongues intertwining, weaving into a lewd symphony in the quiet bedroom.

After a long while.

Just as Ethan was almost driven to the edge of coming from the dual stimulation, Sophie suddenly pushed him away.

“Hah… hah…”

Both of them panted heavily.

Sophie’s pretty face was already as red as a burning cloud.

Her sexy red lips were slightly swollen from Ethan’s kiss. The white robe had become messy from the earlier entanglement. The neckline was pulled open, exposing most of one snowy breast to the air.

Sophie looked at her husband with seductive, half-lidded eyes, then glanced down at the upright big cock still in her hand. A trace of apology flashed in her eyes, along with a trace of… resolve.

As if she had made some decision, she spoke in a soft, sticky voice that still carried an irresistible temptation:

“Honey, you must really want it right now, right?”

Ethan didn’t speak. He just stared straight at her with eyes burning with fire.

“My down there isn’t convenient… I can’t satisfy you…”

As she spoke, her soft hand lightly stroked the big cock a couple more times.

“How about…”

“How about we call Sis over?”

Ethan’s pupils suddenly contracted.

He almost agreed immediately, but a flicker of hesitation still passed through him.

He was worried his wife might get jealous.

After all, a woman’s heart was hard to fathom completely.

But quickly he thought: since Sophie was the one who brought it up, and he really did want it after being stimulated by her dirty talk…

So he chose to follow his heart. Looking into his wife’s sincere yet seductive eyes, he nodded.

Seeing that, Sophie smiled.

She was truly doing this to make it up to her husband.

Since she couldn’t satisfy him when he needed it most, she would find someone who could.

And Sister-in-law Grace was undoubtedly the best choice.

Sophie immediately sat up on the bed. As she moved, the white robe slipped down to her waist, revealing her perky, tight ass.

She grabbed her phone and quickly sent Grace a message.

The message was simple, only a few words.

After sending it, Sophie turned back and gave her husband a playful wink.

Ethan shook his head with a bitter smile.

His wife really was a little vixen.

Less than a minute later.

“Knock, knock, knock.”

There was a soft knock on the door.

“Honey, I’ll get the door!”

Sophie jumped off the bed happily. She didn’t even bother fixing the robe that had slipped down. Half-naked, she ran to open the door.

The door opened.

Sister Grace appeared in view.

Grace was wearing a set of conservative, cute pink home pajamas.

The pajamas were cotton, ordinary in style, even a bit childish.

But on her twenty-seven-year-old, sexy, hot older-sister body, they created a strong, strange contrast.

Especially at the chest.

Those E-cup papaya breasts, even under the loose pajamas, couldn’t be fully hidden.

The fabric was stretched tight and bulging, as if the pair of huge tits might burst through at any moment.

The two women looked at each other and smiled. Everything was understood without words.

“Sis, is Mason asleep?” Sophie took Grace’s hand and asked quietly.

“He’s asleep.” Grace’s voice was as steady as always, but if one listened carefully, there was a barely perceptible tremor.

Sophie pulled Grace inside by the hand, then closed the door behind her.

The moment Grace entered the room, her eyes landed on the man half-lying on the bed, completely naked.

Between his thick legs, a fully erect big cock stood tall, pointing straight at the ceiling!

The head was swollen and shiny from too much blood, with crystal-clear fluid still hanging at the tip.

Seeing this scene, Grace immediately felt a sharp itch deep inside her pussy!

A flood of wetness surged out like a spring.

Before Ethan could speak, and before Sophie said anything else.

Grace revealed a charming, hungry smile.

Then, right in front of her brother and sister-in-law, she actively began taking off her clothes.

First she grabbed the hem of the pink pajama top and quickly pulled it upward.

"Swish—"

The top came off, revealing what was underneath…

She wasn't wearing anything at all.

Those enormous breasts bounced free with a heavy "boing!"

The visual impact was intense.

Snowy, full, heavy breasts.

Without a bra to restrain them, they hung slightly, yet looked even more alluring.

The light-brown areolas and the nipples in the center had stiffened from excitement and stood upright!

It was another time Ethan saw his sister's body. Even though they had already fucked many times, he still couldn't help swallowing hard with a "gulp."

Grace didn't stop.

Under the gazes of her brother and sister-in-law, she untied the drawstring of her pajama pants. The cute pink cotton pants slid down her plump, round ass, over her long thighs, and finally dropped to the floor with a soft "thud."

In an instant, a mature, sexy older-sister body was completely exposed before them.

A flat lower belly with no extra flesh.

And below that belly, completely smooth, not a single hair on the pussy—something any man would marvel at.

At that moment, because of the wetness that had just gushed out, the entrance to her secret place was glistening with moisture.

Ethan's cock jumped wildly in response.

CHAPTER 89

Milk Overflowing

Grace stood completely naked at the foot of the bed.

Like a beautiful Western oil painting.

Before the other two had fully recovered, Grace had already climbed onto the bed, her naked body writhing across the white sheets like a seductive snake.

She started with her knees spread, kneeling beside her brother's feet, then crawled upward.

Snowy thighs, plump ass cheeks, a flat lower belly, and those papaya-sized breasts that swayed with every movement—all of it fell into Ethan's view one by one.

When Grace's chest was about to pass over her brother's fully erect cock, she deliberately thrust her chest forward a little more.

The head of his cock brushed against the soft underside of her E-cup breasts.

A tingling, electric sensation made both of them let out a satisfied sigh at the same time.

The thick cock twitched upward hard.

Grace didn't stop. She continued climbing until she was straddling Ethan's waist.

She adjusted her position so her back faced the cock, her full ass cheeks pressed tightly against the base of the huge shaft.

The scorching length was perfectly wedged in the shallow cleft of her ass.

Grace's mind went hazy. She then stretched out her snowy arms, wrapped them around her brother's neck, and pressed her body against his.

She lowered her head. Hot, damp breath sprayed against Ethan's ear as she spoke in a soft, coquettish voice that could melt a man's bones:

"Brother-husband… did you miss big sister?"

Ethan had already been driven half-mad by the vivid, erotic scene in front of him.

His sister's snowy naked body, her plump ass, and those enormous breasts right in front of his face, still carrying the faint scent of milk.

"I missed it. Missed my sister-wife's slutty pussy so bad it hurts."

Right at the moment their desire was about to explode, a light "pfft" of laughter rang out, completely out of place.

The atmosphere stalled for a second.

Sophie was still wearing that white silk robe. The neckline had opened a little from her movements, revealing her delicate collarbones.

Somehow she had already lain down. Under the gazes of the other two, Sophie wriggled her body like a mischievous child and forcefully squeezed her head into the gap between Ethan's chest and Grace's high, full breasts.

Sophie's cheek pressed against her sister-in-law's warm breast flesh, her hair rubbing against her husband's solid chest muscles.

"Okay, you two continue."

Grace was amused by her sister-in-law's playful behavior. She reached out and lightly tapped Sophie's forehead with a finger.

"You're acting like a little kid."

Sophie giggled and nuzzled against Grace's breast, then tilted her face up toward Ethan.

"Anyway, no matter what I do, my husband likes it, right, honey?"

Ethan was also amused by his wife's actions and words. Endless affection welled up in his chest. His free left hand gently stroked Sophie's soft hair as he said:

"Yeah. Husband likes his cute, slutty wife the most."

Sophie got the answer she wanted and looked thoroughly satisfied.

She then glanced up at Grace, who was still straddling Ethan but hadn't taken the next step, then looked at the thick, long cock that kept twitching from the friction of Grace's ass.

"Sis, let me help you!"

Without waiting for Grace's reply, Sophie suddenly pulled her head out from that warm gap.

The silk robe rustled against the sheets.

She quickly moved behind Grace.

Grace was still sitting with her back to the cock, straddling Ethan.

Sophie knelt behind the two of them and leaned forward.

Her soft hand steadied the cock that was hard to its limit. Its seventeen-centimeter length and shocking thickness made her small hand almost unable to fully grip it.

Then Sophie opened her red little mouth and took her husband's source of endless pleasure deep inside in one go.

"Mm…"

Ethan let out a comfortable hum.

Grace turned her head. A flash of helplessness and surprise crossed her eyes.

She watched her sister-in-law kneeling there, earnestly sucking and swallowing her brother's cock. The white robe had slipped from Sophie's snowy shoulders with her movements, revealing a large stretch of smooth back.

Sophie said she was helping, yet she had gone ahead and claimed their shared husband's cock for herself first.

Grace shook her head with a helpless smile and could only turn her attention back to the front.

Looking down at her brother, who was enjoying the blowjob with half-lidded eyes, love and desire intertwined in her heart.

Grace gazed at him affectionately and said softly:

"Husband… kiss me…"

Ethan had been waiting for this.

Hearing the words, he immediately raised both hands and grabbed his sister's enormous breasts.

The fermented-dough fullness and shocking elasticity made him knead them without restraint.

While he was groping those E-cup tits, he suddenly lifted his head, turned it, and kissed his sister deeply.

"Mm… nn…"

Two tongues tangled wildly. Saliva was exchanged between their lips and teeth.

It was an extremely lewd scene:

The brother was sucking on his sister's tongue while his hands ravaged her tits, and his wife was kneeling behind his sister, sucking his cock.

As a human being, this was probably close to the ultimate enjoyment.

Ethan sank into his sister's fragrant kiss and the warmth of his wife's mouth.

Seeing the two of them kissing so passionately that they were starting to ignore the huge cock in her mouth, Sophie felt a little jealous.

So she played a small prank.

Just as Ethan's tongue was once again carrying his sister's sweet saliva back into his own mouth, Sophie lightly used her fine teeth to nip the sensitive head of his cock—not too hard, not too soft.

"Hiss!"

A sharp burst of pleasure mixed with a faint sting shot up from below.

Ethan's whole body jolted. He almost bit Grace's tongue.

He snapped his eyes open, ready to shoot a scolding look, but Sophie had already released the cock that was hard to its limit.

A thread of clear saliva stretched from the dark purple tip to her bright red lips.

Sophie casually wiped her mouth, then raised her hand and gave the big white ass right in front of her a crisp slap.

"Smack!"

Flesh rippled.

Grace let out a soft "mmph" and turned her head in confusion.

Seeing that her sister-in-law didn't understand, Sophie explained:

"Sis, lift your ass a little. I'll put husband's cock inside you."

Only then did Grace finally understand what Sophie had meant earlier by "helping."

Her sister-in-law's actions were like those of an old-fashioned chambermaid preparing everything for the mistress and master when they shared the bed.

Doing something like this now, considering their identities, was undeniably lewd.

Grace's heart jumped hard. Looking at Sophie's pretty face with that mischievous smile, a strange shiver rose inside her.

She hadn't expected this little girl to be even sluttier than she imagined.

Would there be even more, even more stimulating ways to play in the future?

Grace started to look forward to it.

Grace didn't hesitate. She fully followed her sister-in-law's arrangement.

She placed both hands on her brother's broad shoulders for support, then slowly lifted her plump, full ass upward.

As she moved, that already thoroughly wet, hairless white-tiger pussy was completely exposed to Sophie and Ethan's eyes.

No matter how many times he saw it, Ethan still felt this was a perfect, flawless pink little hole.

Because its owner was extremely aroused, the entrance was opening and closing slightly, continuously leaking clear love juice that slid down the cleft of her ass.

Seeing this, Sophie once again gripped her husband's big cock.

First she weighed its shocking weight in her hand with a bit of reluctance, then she aimed it at the entrance of her sister-in-law's beautiful pussy.

"Sis, ready." Sophie reminded her.

Grace took a deep breath and nodded.

Sophie held the cock and suddenly thrust it forward!

"Plop!"

A wet, sloppy sound.

The entire cock sank deep into Grace's hot, tight passage.

"Ah—!"

The empty feeling was filled. Grace threw her snowy neck back in pleasure and let out a soft, coquettish moan.

Her brother's big cock stuffed her slutty pussy completely full. The scorching, pulsing shaft felt like it was going to cook the mouth of her womb.

There was no need for Sophie to urge her anymore. Her body's instincts had already taken over.

Grace actively twisted her waist. Her plump ass began to rise and fall, grinding against Ethan's lower belly.

"Smack! Smack! Smack!"

The lewd sound of flesh colliding never stopped.

The thick, long cock thrust and pounded inside the wet heat, bringing out large amounts of clear juices.

"Oh… husband… you're so good… Sister's pussy… is going to be fucked to pieces by you…"

Grace kept moaning dirty words.

Ethan enjoyed his sister's tight passage while his hands rampaged over her E-cup papaya breasts.

Sophie was still kneeling behind Grace.

She admired the ultimate view of that smooth white-tiger pussy swallowing the dark purple cock, and the waves of flesh that rippled across her sister-in-law's fat ass from the impacts.

After going at it for a while.

Sophie seemed to feel it still wasn't enough.

She suddenly reached both hands forward from behind and also grabbed Grace's breasts that were shaking violently with every thrust.

"Ah!"

Grace let out another startled cry.

The soft, huge breasts filled her hands. The shocking feel even stirred a strange sensation in Sophie, another woman.

Sister's tits were really so big and so soft.

She suddenly remembered that Grace's sensitive spots were her nipples.

Sophie's fingers accurately found the two light-brown buds and gently rubbed and pressed them.

Her pussy was being fiercely pounded by her brother's big cock while her nipples were mercilessly toyed with by her sister-in-law.

This dual stimulation quickly pushed Grace to the edge of climax. The pleasure was so intense she felt like her soul was about to fly away.

Her cheeks were flushed, her breathing rapid, her body trembling.

She suddenly clenched around her brother and begged:

"Ah… Sophie… lighter… Husband… slower… Sister… Sister's milk… is… is going to come out…"

"Milk?"

Sophie paused, a little curious.

Ethan, the moment he heard the word "milk," immediately lit up.

He leaned forward hard and pushed Sophie's hand off the left breast.

He opened his mouth wide and took his sister's light-brown nipple inside.

"Mm!"

Ethan really used the strength of a hungry baby and sucked hard, mouthful after mouthful.

Instantly, a clear, sweet liquid gushed out and filled his entire mouth.

It was his sister's breast milk!

Ethan excitedly swallowed it down. His big cock also swelled even harder inside his sister's slutty pussy.

Sophie watched from the side with wide, curious eyes. This was the first time she had seen something like this.

"Honey, does it taste good?"

Ethan released the breast. The nipple had already been sucked swollen and stiff. He wiped the milk from the corner of his mouth and panted:

"Why don't you taste it yourself!"

Hearing that, a flash of alarm crossed Grace's eyes.

Her nipples were extremely sensitive. Every time she breastfed little Mason, her lower body would involuntarily react. If both of them sucked her milk at the same time, she was afraid she really would die from pleasure once.

But before Grace could refuse, Sophie had already excitedly lunged forward and took the other breast into her mouth.

"Ah—!"

Grace's body arched violently. Two of her three souls nearly left her.

Her pussy and nipples—the two most sensitive places—were being claimed at the same time by her brother and sister-in-law.

Milk was being sucked by both of them, and large amounts of pussy juice gushed out as well.

In that moment, Grace's soul and body reached the peak of desire together.

"Ah ah ah… I'm… I'm going to come! Husband! Sister can't take it anymore! Ah—"

Grace broke down and screamed. Deep inside her white-tiger pussy, spasms hit. The soft folds of her passage writhed madly as scorching juices sprayed out like a dam bursting.

Ethan's big cock was suddenly drenched by that hot flood. His control was about to break.

He was also on the verge of coming.

"Sis, I'm going to come!"

"Come! Come for sister! Fuck sister pregnant! Ah—" Grace screamed without restraint while climaxing.

"Ah!"

Ethan growled low. His cock slammed hard against the mouth of his sister's womb more than a dozen times, then he shot all of his thick cum into her.

After landing, Ethan fell backward again and leaned against the headboard, completely spent.

After her orgasm, Grace's soft body collapsed into his arms.

Ethan gently stroked his sister's head. Both of them were breathing hard.

Sophie had also released her mouth, wiped the milk from the corner of her lips, and looked at the two of them with a satisfied smile.

The bedroom was filled with the mixed, lewd scent of semen, pussy juice, breast milk, and sweat.

They rested for a good while before the afterglow of climax slowly faded.

Grace lifted her head, then raised her ass. The big cock that had been clamped inside her for so long during orgasm finally slipped out of her pussy.

"Pop—"

It was clearly visible that Ethan's cock was still hard, though the head was no longer as dark purple. It was coated with his sister's juices and his own cum.

Seeing this, Sophie immediately crawled over.

She took her husband's cock back into her mouth, extended her fragrant tongue, and carefully cleaned him off.

From the coronal ridge to the shaft, all the way to the balls—she missed nothing.

After cleaning him, Sophie lay down on Ethan's other side just like her sister-in-law.

Ethan held both women. On his left was his naked sister, still carrying the scent of milk on her body. On his right was his wife, clothes in disarray, with saliva at the corner of her lips.

A feeling of ultimate satisfaction rose in his heart.

In the afterglow, Ethan remembered the place he had heard about a few days ago and spoke up:

"Sis, Sophie, a few days ago I heard about a place called Hot Spring Valley. It's Japanese-style and supposedly very private."

Sophie immediately understood what her husband meant and coaxed sweetly:

"Husband wants… to take us there to play?"

Ethan murmured low: "I want… to offer sister to Father there."

Sophie giggled. "Husband, you're so bad. But Dad's cock really is big and thick. Sister, you're definitely going to like it."

Grace's body trembled slightly from Sophie's blunt dirty talk.

But she was more concerned about their mother. She said softly:

"Then… what about Mom? (Right now Helen still doesn't know about Richard's affairs; she only suspects.) If we all go play, she'll be alone at home. Won't she be too lonely?"

Hearing that, a sly glint flashed in Ethan's eyes.

He kissed his sister's forehead, then kissed his wife's cheek.

"So right now, we're going to pull Mom in too."

Grace was startled. "Now? She's probably already asleep."

Before she finished speaking, Ethan's hand had already picked up the phone from the nightstand.

“Asleep is better for getting things done.”
He chose to call her directly and wake her up.
On the other end, Helen’s lazy, sleepy voice quickly came through:
“Hello? Ethan? It’s so late… what’s the matter?”

CHAPTER 90

Laying the Cards on the Table

Night fell like ink.

The apartment was silent. Only the occasional wind outside brushed the glass, low and mournful.

The view shifted to the second floor.

In the couple's master bedroom the air still carried the heavy scent of what had just happened.

Ethan Hale had kept his real intentions to himself. He'd said only a few words, confirmed his mother was awake, then hung up.

His eyes drifted, unbidden, to the two women lying on either side of him—his wife Sophie and his sister Grace. Two beauties who could have been cut from the same cloth.

He reached out, still greedy for the heat of Sophie's body. His palm slid over the curve of her ass, the silk panties impossibly soft under his fingers, then traveled up the line of her waist and came to rest on the smooth plane of her back.

He hadn't fucked his wife tonight, but he'd played with his sister alongside her and had come inside Grace again. That was already more than enough. He was certain Sophie had enjoyed it just as much.

He needed to settle things with his mother quickly. He spoke.

"Babe, we'll be back soon. If you're tired, just sleep."

His gaze lingered a moment on the conservative white silk robe she wore, apology and reassurance mixed in his eyes.

Sophie leaned against the headboard, hair slightly mussed, the flush of sex still on her cheeks. She looked like a white rose blooming alone in the dark—pure and wicked at once.

She nodded, voice lazy. "Mm. Don't take too long."

Grace had already slipped off the bed. She wore nothing underneath, only the pink jacket she'd casually thrown over her shoulders. The jacket hung loose on her lush figure, doing nothing to hide the long, pale legs that gleamed like ivory under the lights.

"Come on, husband-brother. Don't keep Mom waiting."

She glanced back at him, eyes soft and knowing, the corner of her mouth curved, then pushed the door open and walked out first.

Ethan drew a deep breath, forcing down the heat still burning in him. He pressed one last kiss to Sophie's forehead, got out of bed, and followed.

Hand in hand they moved through the dim hallway and down the stairs. Passing the study they both glanced sideways. The door was shut tight, the room dark. Their father, Richard Hale, was already asleep.

At the door of the master bedroom Ethan's heartbeat picked up.

Behind that door was his mother. The most hidden, most forbidden piece of this family. Tonight he had decided to put every card on the table.

He looked at Grace. She returned a steady look, something almost feverish burning in her eyes.

Knock, knock.

The sound was neither too loud nor too soft.

A moment of quiet. Then the lock turned.

The door opened and Helen Hale stood there.

She had clearly been pulled from sleep. She wore a pale lotus-pink silk nightgown so thin it clung to every mature, full curve. Her black hair was slightly messy against her shoulders, a few strands falling across one drowsy, phoenix-shaped eye. The neckline had slipped open, revealing a wide expanse of snowy skin and the deep valley between her breasts that rose and fell with her breathing. She radiated the exact right amount of ripe, mature womanhood.

"Ethan? Grace? What can't wait until morning?"

Her voice still carried the softness of sleep and an unconscious allure.

She rubbed her eyes, looking at the two of them in confusion, searching for the answer she hadn't been given on the phone.

Ethan didn't speak. His gaze caught and held on the bright stretch of skin at her chest.

The sight of his mother like this—unguarded, lazy, quietly seductive—reignited the fire that had never fully gone out. Awe, taboo, and raw want crashed over him in a single wave.

He didn't answer. His breathing grew heavy. In one step he closed the distance, caught her soft waist in both arms, and lifted her clean off the floor.

"Ah!"

Helen gave a short cry of surprise. Her body tensed. Her hands instinctively gripped his shoulders so she wouldn't fall.

Only when she felt how steady and strong his arms were did she relax a little. Then she remembered the door was still wide open. She quickly covered her mouth with one hand, eyes wide as she looked past him into the hallway.

Grace stood in the doorway and watched.

She watched her tall, powerful little brother carry their softer, fuller mother in long strides toward the big bed. Something strange and bright flickered in her eyes.

The next second she shook her head, pushed the last of ordinary reason aside, and quietly closed the door behind her. The soft click sealed the three of them off from the rest of the world.

Grace walked toward the bed, slowly shrugging the pink jacket off her shoulders. The fabric slid down her pale skin and pooled on the carpet. Naked, she moved under the single soft lamp by the bed. Every curve of her body looked like fine porcelain and carried a deadly pull.

Ethan laid his mother gently on the mattress. It sank under her weight. Before Helen could sit up, his tall body covered hers, pressing her down.

"Mm…"

She had only just opened her mouth to ask what was happening when his lips sealed over hers. A hot tongue pushed inside.

Her teeth met him first. He patiently traced every ridge with the tip of his tongue. Helen made a token show of resistance, then yielded. His tongue found hers and drank the wetness of her mouth.

By then Grace had reached the other side of the bed. She climbed on silently, graceful as a cat.

She looked at her mother's face, already flushing with feeling, and at the full breasts half-visible beneath the thin silk. Memory rose of what

she had just done with Sophie and Ethan. The forbidden pleasure was like a poison once tasted. It never left.

Desire stirred. Grace's slender fingers slipped under the strap of her mother's nightgown and eased it down. The silk slid from Helen's rounded shoulders. The breasts that had once nursed both of them were suddenly bare to the air.

Even past forty they were still high and full, the nipples a soft pink that time had not darkened. They trembled slightly in front of Grace's eyes, as if waiting.

Grace lowered her head and took one into her mouth.

"Mm!"

Helen's eyes flew wide. Her whole body shook hard.

The double assault from above and below wiped her mind blank. Shame and pleasure shot through her like current.

Ethan felt his sister's movement. From the corner of his eye he saw the soft white flesh deforming inside Grace's mouth. His desire climbed to a new peak.

He released his mother's lips. One large hand claimed the other breast without hesitation, rough palm kneading the soft weight, savoring the impossible give.

"Mom, you're so beautiful…" he said, voice rough with open want.

Helen had already been half-adrift when the phone woke her. Under the hands and mouths of the two children she loved most, her eyes went hazy, her cheeks deep red.

The line called reason was crumbling. Heat gathered low in her belly.

She twisted restlessly on the sheets, thighs rubbing together, soft moans slipping out.

"Ah… Ethan… Grace… you two…"

Ethan ignored the words. His hand slid down her flat stomach and into the secret place between her legs.

His fingertips met wetness. He lifted his head, eyes bright.

"Mom, you're so wet."

Helen closed her eyes in shame, breathing hard. Her chest rose and fell sharply, the full breasts swaying, lewd in the soft light.

After what had already happened once, she no longer played the woman who said one thing and meant another.

"Ethan… hurry… Mom wants it…"

The shameful words seemed to cost her everything, yet they tore the last veil away.

Grace raised her head, a thin strand of wetness still shining at the corner of her mouth. She looked at her mother's flushed face, then at her brother poised and ready, and smiled, soft and wicked.

"Husband, what are you waiting for? Mom already asked."

Ethan grinned, part boyish triumph, part pure male conquest.

He knelt between his mother's beautiful legs, took the cock that had been hard for a long time, and pressed the head to her slick entrance.

"Ah—"

In the next breath he pushed inside. Both of them made the same satisfied sound.

It was the perfect opening for blood-bound, ethics-shattered pleasure.

Ethan held her long, full legs and began a slow, steady rhythm. The thick cock slid in and out, wet sounds filling the room.

"Mom, does it feel good?"

He looked down at the woman who had given him life, now blooming beneath him in the most female way.

"Mm… good… Ethan… harder… Mom feels so good… ah…"

Filled again by her son's big cock, Helen no longer cared about shame. Her hands clutched the sheets. Her hips rose to meet him.

Grace lay quietly beside them, head propped on one hand, the other hand resting on her mother's breast, gently squeezing and playing while she watched the beautiful, absurd scene.

Every light pinch of the nipple made Helen's moans sharper. Grace never overdid it. She eased off, then stole another pinch at the right moment, working in perfect time with Ethan's thrusts until Helen was nearly out of her mind.

The room filled with wet sounds and soft, broken breathing.

Time passed.

When Ethan's cock drove hard against the most sensitive place deep inside her, Helen's body suddenly locked tight. A high, sharp cry tore from her throat.

"Ah! Ethan… Mom can't… ah! Faster… Ethan! Ah!"

He felt her cunt clench hard around him and knew she was about to come. He clenched his jaw, held back his own release, and sped up.

Sweat ran from his forehead and dropped onto the heaving white breasts beneath him, vanishing into her skin.

"Okay, Mom. I'll make you come right now."

The next second he drove hard and deep. The bed creaked under the force.

"Ah! Ethan! Ah!!—"

Helen's long cry broke. Her whole body went soft, as if every bone had been taken out. Her eyes unfocused. Soft, meaningless sounds left her mouth.

Hot liquid poured from deep inside her, bathing the head of his cock. Ethan held on by pure will and did not come.

He slowed, carefully lowered the legs he had been holding, then wrapped his arms around her soft waist and moved more gently, riding the quiet after the storm.

When the tight fluttering of her cunt finally eased, he drew a breath and looked at his sister.

Grace gave a small nod. The pure heat in her eyes had dimmed, replaced by something more serious.

If everything until now had been preparation, the moment had arrived.

"Mom," Ethan said quietly.

Helen opened her eyes slowly. They were still hazy, her face soft with afterglow.

"What is it, Ethan? You still haven't… should I let Grace help you?"

Grace shook her head at once. She reached out and gently smoothed her mother's messy hair.

"No need, Mom. Husband and I already finished upstairs."

Hearing her daughter call her brother "husband" so naturally again made Helen pause. She still wasn't used to it.

But then she saw the look on both their faces—the clear signal that something else was coming. Her gaze moved between them. She sensed it.

"You two… have something to say?"

She forced herself upright, pulled the sheet up to cover her chest, and her expression turned serious.

Ethan nodded. The openly hungry look on his face softened. He took her hand.

"Mom, we need to tell you something. When you hear it… try not to get angry."

Grace leaned in at once, resting her head on her mother's shoulder.

"Mom, this is important. About us. About this family…"

The lingering heat in the air thinned. What remained was the heavy quiet that comes before a storm.

Outside, even the wind seemed to stop, as if it too was waiting for the secret to be spoken.

CHAPTER 91

Acceptance

In the bedroom.

"…Mom, that's basically how it is."

When Ethan's last sentence fell, the explosion he had braced for never came.

No screaming. No sound of something being thrown. Not even a sharp scolding.

Helen Hale sat on the edge of the bed with her back to the two of them, naked. The thin silk sheet covered most of her body. Her shoulders, though, had visibly slumped under a weight that showed even from behind.

Without warning, one pale, smooth arm reached out. Her fingers trembled slightly as they picked up the glass of water on the nightstand.

Gulp.

The sound of swallowing was loud in the quiet room—especially loud to the brother and sister waiting for what came next.

Ethan knelt behind his mother. The cock that had just been buried inside her was still half-hard, standing awkwardly in the air. He had prepared a dozen speeches in his head—about "true love," about "getting back at Dad," about modern ethics collapsing, and worse, more shameless arguments. He had fully expected another slap, another round of curses, maybe even being cut off. That was the price he knew he would have to pay for pushing this far.

Her silence, though, felt like soft cotton stuffed into his chest.

"Mom…"

"Are you… okay?"

His voice came out dry. He slowly reached out, wanting to touch the smooth line of her back.

Helen didn't turn around. She let his large hand rest on her skin. The fingers wrapped around the glass had gone slightly white.

After a long moment she turned.

Ethan and Grace both felt their hearts skip.

Helen's face still held the beauty of a woman in her prime, but there was no furious scowl. Only those phoenix eyes that usually carried a quiet authority were now full of tears. It looked as if a dam had cracked after a heavy rain and was about to give way.

One tear, then another, slid down her elegant cheeks and fell onto the full, pale breasts below. They followed the curve and disappeared into the deep valley between them. The sight was pure, tear-streaked sorrow that made the heart ache.

Helen was not calm. She was simply too overwhelmed to show it.

The chaos in her mind had wiped everything blank. Reason had already fallen apart.

What had this family become?

Her husband, the man who had once been the pillar of the house, was asleep in the study next door. In his dreams he was probably still savoring the tight young body of their daughter-in-law, Sophie.

Her own daughter was lying naked beside her son, casually calling him "husband."

And she herself—the mother who should have been holding the moral line—had just been fucked by her own son until she came hard, had even begged him for it right before the climax.

Wrong lines tangled into a net inside her head, tightening until she could barely breathe.

Ethics. Morality. Generations. Shame.

All of it looked pale and useless in the face of naked desire and facts that could no longer be undone.

When people face something they cannot understand, the first instinct is to run.

But Helen was the mother. The elder. She had no choice but to face it. No choice but to bear it.

Seeing the tears, the last of Grace's nervousness faded. What replaced it was a strange, shared sense of having already fallen together. Naked, she moved closer on her knees like a beautiful snake and pressed herself against her mother's side.

Two mature, full female bodies touched. Grace's heavy E-cup breasts soft and elastic against Helen's arm.

“Mom, don’t cry.”

Grace’s voice was soft, yet carried a quiet, persuasive pull. She gently wiped the tear at the corner of her mother’s eye, then wrapped her arms around Helen’s neck and whispered in her ear.

“This family has been rotten for a long time, hasn’t it? From the day Dad and Sophie started, from the day you and Ethan crossed that line… there hasn’t been any real morality left.”

Helen’s body jerked as if the words had stabbed an old wound.

Grace continued, a faint, almost sweet sickness in her tone.

“It’s okay, Mom. No matter what happens later, we’ll stay with you. Ethan really cares about you. I do too. We’re still a family. We comfort each other. We keep each other warm. What’s wrong with that?”

What’s wrong with that?

The question echoed in the hollow space inside Helen like a spell.

Yes. Her husband had already betrayed her. That cold back no longer belonged to her.

She had only suspected before. Now, at the worst possible moment, she had the answer.

She should never have taken down the hidden cameras so early. They must have caught something.

Her son hadn’t only known about his wife sleeping with his father. He had helped make it happen.

None of that mattered now.

What mattered was the daughter holding her, whose body heat felt real.

What mattered was the son kneeling in front of her, eyes full of both concern and desire, looking at her with open heat.

In this cold world and this broken home, the only warmth left that still made her feel needed was this twisted, incestuous closeness.

Seeing the tension leave his mother’s face, Ethan finally felt the stone in his chest drop. He moved forward on his knees, opened his arms, and pulled both of them into his embrace.

“Mom, I’ll make you happy. Trust me. We’ll be happier than before.”

His voice was low and rough, carrying a man’s promise.

He lowered his head and kissed the lips that still tasted of salt from her tears.

This time Helen did not pull away.

After the shock of everything she had just heard, her heart felt like a ruined field that needed a storm to fill the emptiness. The walls of morality had already collapsed. She might as well let the flood of desire drown everything.

She closed her eyes and answered her son's kiss with clumsy, almost desperate need.

Tongues tangled. Wetness passed between them. The young, living heat of his tongue slowly washed away some of the chaos inside her.

As the kiss deepened, the heavy atmosphere began to change.

Grace was not idle. While her mother and brother kissed, her hand slid down Helen's waist. Being a woman herself, she found the way easily and slipped between Helen's thighs.

"Mm…"

Helen made a muffled sound into her son's mouth. Grace's fingers had already found the swollen clit and were lightly rubbing it.

The sensitivity from the earlier round had not fully faded. The moment Grace touched her, fresh heat spilled from deep inside.

"Mom, you're wet again."

Grace whispered in her ear with a wicked little smile.

"You really like my husband's big cock, don't you?"

Helen's face burned. Shame rose like a tide, yet it mixed with sharp pleasure. She broke the kiss, breathing hard, and looked at the strong body in front of her—at the thick, vein-covered cock that was now fully hard and dark purple at the head.

It was the source of the sin. It was also the source of the pleasure.

"Ethan…"

Her voice shook. There was begging in it, and also a kind of final decision.

"Come in… put it in… fill Mom up…"

She did not want to think anymore.

Since she had already gone this far, she might as well go all the way.

She needed that cock to fill the emptiness in her body and the emptiness in her chest.

Ethan's eyes lit with raw joy.

He gripped her full, rounded ass with both hands and pulled her toward him.

Helen opened her legs obediently, revealing the dark, messy place between them. The thick petals of her cunt were coated with her own wetness.

This place that had once given birth to them was now her son's playground.

A wet, soft sound.

Ethan pushed forward. The thick head parted the swollen lips without resistance and slid into the hot, tight channel on a flood of her juices.

"Ah… mm…"

As he sank deeper, intense, melting pleasure ran through her. Helen arched her pale neck and let out a long, soft moan. The sound made Ethan's bones feel weak and his cock even harder.

Being completely filled, claimed, and stretched open gave Helen a strange sense of solid ground under her feet.

In this moment she was not the woman her husband had discarded. She was a woman being held and desired.

Only when her son's thick cock was buried deep inside her did she feel real again.

Ethan did not start thrusting right away. He stayed buried to the root, hips pressed tight against hers, soaking in the extreme taboo of mother and son locked together.

"Mom, who am I?" he asked quietly, looking at her flushed face.

Helen's eyes were hazy. Both arms wrapped around his back. Her breasts were flattened against his chest.

"You're Ethan… Mom's good son… Mom's… man…"

The words sealed it for him. She was his.

He began to move—deep, strong strokes. Each pull dragged out a shining trail of wetness. Each thrust came with the sharp sound of skin meeting skin.

Because their bodies were pressed so tightly together, Grace could barely get a hand in. She squeezed close anyway, sometimes kissing her mother's cheek, sometimes reaching in to knead the breasts that bounced hard with every impact. The three of them tangled together like a painting of extreme pleasure drawn in hell.

Time passed. The storm settled again.

Ethan still had not come. Helen had climaxed once more.

In the afterglow she lay limp on the bed, skin covered in a fine sheen of sweat, as if she had just been pulled from water. She curled against her son's chest like a tame cat. Tear tracks remained at the corners of her eyes, but her expression had softened into something that looked almost like acceptance.

Ethan gently stroked her smooth back, feeling her breathing slow.

He glanced at the clock on the wall. It was already past two in the morning.

Then he looked at his sister. Grace was lying on her side, head propped on one hand, watching them with a satisfied expression.

He thought for a moment, then said quietly, "Sis, I'm not going back upstairs tonight. I'll stay with Mom."

Helen shifted slightly at the words but did not refuse. Instead she pressed closer into his arms on instinct.

She needed someone there. The emptiness was too big. Only her son's warmth made her feel steady.

Grace raised an eyebrow. Her eyes moved over the two bodies locked together. A knowing smile touched her lips.

"Fine. Take good care of her."

She stretched, showing off the full curves of her body.

"I'll go back and keep Sophie company so she doesn't get lonely."

Ethan suddenly remembered. He picked up his phone from the nightstand and quickly sent a message.

"Babe, I'm staying with Mom tonight. Sis will be back soon to keep you company."

The reply came almost instantly. Only a few short, obedient words:

"Okay, husband."

Warmth moved through his chest. He set the phone down, kissed Helen's forehead, and said,

"Sleep, Mom. Tonight I'm yours."

Helen answered with a soft, sleepy sound. Her hand, though, closed tightly around her son's cock. The solid, burning heat of it filled her palm.

As if it were the only piece of wood she could hold onto while drowning.

CHAPTER 92

Early Morning Affairs

Ever since the family had decided to take a trip to the hot-spring resort at Tang Valley, Ethan Hale had been grinding nonstop at the office for days just to clear enough vacation time.

Finally the last of the projects wrapped up. A few free days opened in front of him.

The first thin rays of morning sun slipped through the gap in the curtains and scattered like golden sand across the big bed in the second-floor master bedroom.

Ethan woke early.

A young man's body was basically a precision machine. After a night of rest he was already full of energy again—too full.

The cock that had slept all night was now hard and angry, pushing the loose cotton boxers into a tall, stiff tent. The head rubbed against the stretched fabric, a small dark wet spot already blooming at the tip from the clear fluid leaking out.

Beside him, Sophie lay on her side, breathing slow and even. A few strands of hair stuck to her pale cheek. She looked peaceful, almost angelic.

Ethan endured the morning ache and didn't want to wake her. He carefully lifted the blanket, stepped barefoot onto the floor, and slipped out of the bedroom.

The hallway was quiet. A faint milky scent drifted from the direction of the nursery.

He found himself walking toward the room next door without really deciding to.

That room had once been prepared for a future child of their own. Now it held his sister Grace and her eight-month-old son, Mason.

The door was ajar, left open a crack for air.

Ethan set his fingertips against the wood and pushed it open without a sound.

The light inside was soft. Grace was already awake.

She sat on the edge of the bed with her back to the door, holding little Mason against her chest and gently patting his back while she hummed a half-tuned lullaby. She wore a loose silk slip. One strap had slipped down in her sleep, baring a smooth shoulder and half of one heavy, pale breast. Her long black hair spilled down her back, covering the curve of her waist and hips and giving her that lazy, ripe-woman softness.

Ethan's throat moved. He kept his voice low.

"Sis?"

Grace startled slightly at the sound of another person. She turned. Sleep still clouded her eyes. When she saw it was her brother, the corners of her mouth curved at once.

"Ethan?"

"Can I come in?"

He stood in the doorway, gaze moving greedily over the pale line of her back.

Grace smiled gently and nodded.

"Come in."

He closed the door and walked to the bed.

The closer he got, the stronger the male scent rolling off him became. Grace's eyes dropped on their own. She saw the large, obvious bulge in his boxers. With every step the thick shape shifted and bounced inside the fabric, crude and heavy.

"Sophie still asleep?"

The question sounded ordinary. To Ethan it felt like an opening.

He didn't answer. He stepped behind her, bent down, and wrapped both arms around her soft body from behind.

His chest pressed tight to the smooth skin of her back. His hands naturally covered the heavy E-cup breasts, kneading them through the thin silk.

So full. So soft.

He kissed the side of her neck. Warm breath brushed her ear.

Grace made a small sound but didn't push him away. Instead she tilted her head back and offered her lips.

Their mouths met. Tongues touched, then tangled. Wet sounds filled the quiet space between them.

One of Grace's hands stayed on Mason, who was busy with a rattle. The other hand reached behind her and, through the fabric, found the hard, hot length of her brother's cock. The heat against her palm made her whole body soften.

She broke the kiss and looked at him with soft, teasing eyes.

"Is it bothering you? Want big sister to help you out?"

Ethan looked at the woman in his arms, then at the baby still happily shaking his toy, completely unaware. The taboo of it hit him hard.

Right here? In front of the kid?

He hesitated. His cock only jumped harder.

"It's fine. Mason's a good boy. He plays with his toy. We play with ours."

Grace seemed to read his thoughts. She laughed softly.

Then her soft hand slipped straight under the waistband of his boxers.

Hiss—

Her fingers were cool. The pads were smooth. The moment they wrapped around the burning shaft the temperature difference made Ethan suck in a sharp breath. Pleasure shot straight to his scalp.

He tilted his head back, both hands gripping the fabric of her nightgown at the shoulders.

Since she had said it herself, why pretend to be a gentleman?

His eyes darkened. He yanked his boxers and sleep pants down to his knees in one rough motion.

The long, thick, dark-purple cock sprang free, heavy with a strong musky scent, and pointed straight at Grace's cheek.

She understood. She brushed the loose strands of hair behind her ear, showing her delicate face. She turned her head slightly, opened her mouth, and gave the head a slow lick with the tip of her pink tongue. Then, as if tasting something rare and delicious, she slowly took the hot length into her mouth.

Wet, soft sounds.

The warm, slick mouth closed around the head. After all the practice, Grace's technique was no longer clumsy. Her tongue circled the slit with easy skill.

Ethan looked down at the scene.

His usually gentle, proper older sister was sitting on the edge of the bed with a baby in her arms while her mouth was full of her brother's cock. Her cheeks were stretched. Soft, obscene sounds came out with every slow bob of her head.

He rested one hand on the top of her head, fingers sliding into her black hair, and simply enjoyed it.

"Sis, does it taste good?"

Grace pulled back until only half of him remained in her mouth. She looked up with watery eyes at the man who was both her little brother and something more.

"Mm… good… so good… Ethan's big cock tastes the best… it's exactly the flavor sister likes…"

Affection and lust mixed in his chest. He stroked her hair.

"If you like it, eat more."

"Mm."

She answered obediently and lowered her head again, taking him deeper this time, almost to the back of her throat.

The wet sounds rose and fell in the quiet room, mixed now and then with the soft rattle of the baby's toy. The whole thing felt like some absurd, filthy morning song.

After a while, under Grace's increasingly skilled and eager mouth, Ethan felt the familiar tight, electric pressure building at the head. He was close.

He drew a breath, gently pushed her head back, and pulled out. A thin silver thread stretched between them for a second.

"Sis, I want to come inside."

Grace straightened. She licked the corner of her mouth clean with the tip of her tongue. She didn't speak. She only gave him a look full of soft invitation.

She shifted Mason a little farther onto the bed and gave him a new stuffed toy. Then she turned, braced both hands on the edge of the mattress, arched her back, and pushed her full, round ass high toward Ethan. She swayed it slowly from side to side, a silent invitation.

The silk nightgown stretched tight over the heavy curves. The line of her panties was faintly visible underneath.

Ethan felt the last of his control snap. He raised his hand and slapped the soft flesh hard.

Smack!

The sound was sharp. The flesh rippled.

“Ah…”

Grace moaned and dropped lower.

He knelt on the bed, grabbed the edge of her sleep pants, and yanked them down in one hard pull.

Pants and panties both slid to her ankles. Two pale, perfect cheeks appeared, and between them the soft, tight slit, completely bare and smooth. The lips were already slightly parted, shining with clear wetness.

Ethan swallowed. Instead of pushing in right away, he leaned down, brought his face close, and gave the soft folds a slow lick, as if tasting morning dew.

“Mm ah…”

Grace shivered. Her legs opened wider on their own.

His tongue slipped inside, licking and curling, drinking the sweet, clean fluid that kept flowing out.

“Good brother… good husband… ah… slower… don’t lick there… put it in… sister wants it…”

She twisted her hips like a female in heat, broken little sounds leaving her mouth.

Ethan stopped and lifted his head, smiling wickedly.

“Want what?”

Grace turned her head. Her eyes were hazy, her cheeks deep pink. She gave him a half-scolding look.

“Want… want husband’s big cock…”

The answer only made him more interested. He straightened, took the purple-hard length in hand, and pressed the thick head against her wet entrance.

He only rubbed it up and down along the opening, the ridge of the head catching against her clit, never quite pushing in.

For Grace, already empty and aching, it was pure torture. She kept pushing her hips back, trying to swallow him herself.

Ethan pulled back a little more and asked again, voice low.

"My slutty sister, what do you want little brother's big cock to do?"

Tears of frustration gathered in Grace's eyes. She bit her lower lip. Her voice came out soft and pleading.

"I want little brother's big cock… to fuck deep into sister's slutty pussy… fuck sister until she comes… please, husband…"

He slapped her ass again. The flesh jumped.

"Ah!"

In the exact moment her mouth opened on the cry, Ethan drove his hips forward. The thick, burning length sank in with a wet sound, all the way to the root in one hard thrust.

"Ah—!"

Grace had no time to prepare. The sudden full stretch made her arms give out. She collapsed onto the bed, face buried in the pillow.

Just a short distance above her head, little Mason kept happily playing with his toy, completely unaware of what was happening to his mother.

The contrast made Ethan's scalp prickle with excitement.

He gripped her soft waist and began to fuck her hard.

Slap-slap-slap-slap-slap!

Skin met skin in a rapid, heavy rhythm.

Every time he pulled back, more wetness followed. Every time he drove in, the full cheeks of her ass deformed under the impact.

Grace's moans were broken into short, wet pieces. She clutched the sheets and took the rough pounding.

"Sis… I'm gonna come…"

He hadn't been holding back. After only a few dozen deep, uneven thrusts the pressure surged to the tip and he couldn't stop it.

"Come inside… give it all to sister… give sister a baby…"

Grace cried out, body shaking hard. She was right on the edge herself.

Just as both of them were breathing fast and climbing toward the peak, a teasing voice suddenly came from the doorway.

"Husband, why are you bullying sister first thing in the morning?"

Ethan and Grace both froze.

Sophie stood in the doorway. No one had noticed her arrive.

She had woken up needing to pee. When she didn't feel Ethan beside her she assumed he had gone downstairs. On her way to the second-floor bathroom she passed Grace's room and heard the sounds. She looked in and saw her husband mounted on her sister's back like a dog in heat, thick cock sliding in and out, wetness flying, the whole scene filthy and raw.

Grace was already on the edge. The sudden sound of her sister-in-law's voice made her cunt clamp down hard. She came with a sharp cry.

"Ah!"

Hot liquid poured over Ethan's cock.

The sudden tight squeeze almost pushed him over. His body wanted to finish, to bury every drop deep inside his sister.

But Sophie had already walked over to the bed on quiet feet.

"Hold it. Don't come."

Her voice wasn't loud, but it carried the clear authority of the wife of the house.

Ethan stopped, face tight with frustration and confusion as he looked at her.

Sophie reached out, grabbed his arm, and forced him to still.

"Pull out."

He had no choice. Jaw clenched, he dragged the throbbing, ready-to-burst cock out of Grace's warm, tight cunt.

A soft wet sound. A long strand of clear fluid stretched and broke.

Before he could ask anything, Sophie dropped to her knees in front of him.

A sly little smile sat on her pure, beautiful face. She lowered her head and took the cock still coated with Grace's wetness straight into her mouth.

"Mm…"

Hot, slick warmth closed around the sensitive head. Her tongue moved fast, circling and sucking with practiced skill.

While she worked him she spoke around the length, voice muffled.

"Husband's first load… has to be mine…"

Grace was only just coming down from her orgasm. She lay limp on the bed and turned her head to watch the strange, possessive sister-in-law. The corner of her mouth twitched in helpless amusement. There was no real anger in her eyes.

Ethan had no room left to argue. He was already past the point of holding back.

Sophie's mouth felt like it had magic. Every soft movement hit exactly the right places.

"Babe… I'm close… take it…"

He growled low, both hands on the back of her head, and drove his hips forward.

A thick, hot rush of cum shot straight into Sophie's mouth.

It was days of buildup. The volume was heavy.

"Mm-mm…"

Her cheeks puffed out like a squirrel's. Her throat worked as she swallowed, but there was too much. Some still spilled from the corner of her mouth and dripped onto the white silk robe, staining it.

When he finally finished, Sophie slowly let the softening cock slip from her lips.

She licked the remaining cum from the corner of her mouth, then looked up at Grace, who was watching the whole thing like it was a show.

A wicked idea formed.

Before Grace could react, Sophie leaned in and kissed her.

Grace's eyes widened at the sudden close-up of her sister-in-law's face.

Sophie pushed her tongue past Grace's teeth and fed her the mix of spit and leftover cum still in her mouth.

Gulp.

Grace was forced to swallow the thick, salty mouthful. Her cheeks flushed deep red at once.

Ethan watched the two women share the fluid, soft and intimate, and felt his spent cock already starting to stir again.

Sophie pulled back, looked at both of them still a little dazed, then stood and straightened her robe. She clapped her hands lightly.

“All right. Both of you go wash up. We need to pack for the hot springs. The earlier we leave, the earlier we can enjoy it.”

To be continued.

CHAPTER 93

On the Way to the Hot Springs

The sounds from upstairs finally died down.

Ethan came down first, looking refreshed but a little unsteady on his feet—the particular mix of drained satisfaction that follows a hard release. His usually bright, handsome face carried an unmistakable look of satiation; even the corners of his eyes seemed clearer, lighter.

Sophie followed right behind him.

No matter how many times he saw her, she still took his breath away. A fitted cream cashmere coat hugged her curves, the hem parting to show a stretch of calf wrapped in sheer black stockings as fine as night. Her ankles looked delicate enough to snap, yet her calves were rounded and full, like polished jade under a layer of dark, seductive gauze. With every step the coat swayed, faintly outlining the tight, high curve of her ass. She moved like she was walking on the edge of someone's nerves—graceful, deliberate, every step a little invitation. Her long black hair was loosely pinned up, a few strands falling beside her ears. There was a lazy, freshly fucked glow about her; her eyes were soft and wet, as if still holding the memory of what they'd done that morning. The faint smile at the corner of her mouth wasn't only happiness—it was the lingering taste of it.

Grace came last.

As the older sister, she carried a richer, more mature fullness now. She wore a deep purple knit dress that clung to her, the color bold against skin as pale as snow. Her heavy breasts stretched the fabric taut, shifting and trembling slightly with each stair, the weight of ripe fruit. Her waist wasn't as willow-thin as Sophie's, but it was soft and generous, full of maternal warmth and raw sexual weight. Her legs, also in black stockings, were longer and more substantial—thick through the upper thighs, strong enough that a man could feel them lock around his waist and refuse to let go. She wasn't carrying the baby. Her expression was languid, the corners of her eyes and mouth still soft from being

thoroughly used, as if she hadn't quite stepped off the rumpled bed upstairs.

In the living room, Richard had been up earlier. He sat on the leather sofa with a newspaper he hadn't turned a page of in a long time, posture rigid, back straight. The faint sounds of flesh meeting flesh and broken moans from upstairs had drifted down and clawed at him. He had heard them clearly—the song of younger bodies colliding, a world he, at his age, was no longer supposed to enter.

Helen had appeared at some point, sitting on the other side with Mason in her arms. Her face was calm, unreadable. She watched the three of them come down—Ethan's satisfied expression, Sophie's flushed lips, the slight give in Grace's legs—and her eyes moved over each of them in turn. She had already known everything when she'd gone upstairs earlier to collect the baby.

"Breakfast is ready. Eat something first."

Helen's voice was gentle, the steady tone of the woman who ran the house, yet two spots of color rose on her cheeks. It wasn't embarrassment. It was heat—the kind that grew in a household feeding on its own forbidden lines. Her fingers tightened slightly around the baby; her nails were neat and pale pink against the soft yellow of Mason's clothes.

They ate quickly. The atmosphere was strange and oddly harmonious.

Ethan wiped his mouth, spun the car keys once around his finger so they clicked, then said, "Dad, Mom, everything's packed. Let's head out. The earlier we get to Hot Springs Valley, the more time we'll have."

Richard set down his napkin and answered with a low "Mm."

Down in the garage, Richard started toward his own car, then stopped when Ethan called after him.

"Dad, take a break today. Let your son drive." Ethan's smile was filial, but something darker flickered in his eyes. "You just relax. Be a passenger for once."

Richard paused, turned, and looked at his son's young, energetic face. For a moment he felt disoriented. Somewhere along the way the somewhat shy boy had become a man who could stand beside him.

He pulled his foot back. “All right. We’ll do it your way.”

He loaded the luggage into the trunk himself, then opened the rear door and got in first.

Ethan took the driver’s seat. Helen settled into the front passenger seat with Mason, who was already dozing. She adjusted the seat so she could sink back more comfortably; her long legs crossed at an angle, the sheer nude stockings catching soft light, knees rounded, calves curving like freshly washed lotus root.

The back seat was a different picture.

Sophie opened the opposite door and slid in on the left. She kept her knees together; the black stockings made the shape of them sharp and tight, the hem of her dress covering only half her thighs and leaving that charged band of skin bare.

Richard sat between them—Sophie on his left, Grace on his right—two young, full, recently used bodies pressed close on either side of him. The Audi A6’s rear was spacious, but three adults still made it feel tight. He could feel the heat coming off both of them.

On the left, Sophie’s light perfume mixed with the warmer scent of her skin, a thin thread that climbed straight into his head. He knew that scent. He had tasted it by the lake, in the study, on the sofa—had taken it hard and repeatedly. His eyes drifted left. The black stockings against the leather seat looked deeper, more deliberate. Under the pressure of sitting, the flesh of her thigh had been pushed slightly outward into a soft, full ridge.

On the right, Grace had not yet crossed any final line with him, but the blood tie itself, plus the mature weight of her body, made it hard to sit still. Her legs were long; the stockings showed firmer muscle than Sophie’s—another kind of pull, the pull of something fully ripe and waiting.

Richard’s mouth went dry. The heavy thing between his legs, which had been quiet, began to stir like a shark catching blood. It had been a while. The thick length, still too substantial for his age, started to fill inside his trousers, slowly lifting the fabric into an obvious tent. He straightened his back, set both hands carefully on his knees, and tried to hide the shape with stiffness.

The car pulled out and joined traffic.

Through the rearview mirror Ethan watched his father's rigid posture, the fine sweat on his forehead, the way the pressed-together thighs only made the bulge more distinct. A twisted satisfaction cracked open in his chest. This was what he wanted. The itch of watching his two "wives" with his own father in a confined space made his pulse jump.

Once they were on the highway, Ethan spoke casually. "Dad, temperature okay back there?"

Richard's throat moved. His voice came out tight. "Yeah. Fine."

Fine?

Sophie almost laughed inside. Her fox-like eyes flicked sideways at the old man beside her. His body was strung like a drawn bow. Even under the trousers the raised shape was impossible to miss—thick, high, unmistakable.

What a dirty old man, she thought. But the fact that it was because of her sent a sharp thrill through her. Like a lot of women, she liked that feeling—liked watching a man lose composure over her.

"Dad, sitting that stiff has to be tiring," she said, voice soft and sweet. "Just relax today. We're all family."

As she spoke she leaned a little toward the middle. The movement brought her stockinged left thigh against his right thigh.

The faint slide of nylon against wool trousers hit Richard's ears like a small explosion. The smooth, elastic give of it traveled straight through the two layers of fabric and into his nerves. His body jerked. The hard cock inside his pants jumped and thickened further, the head pressing hard against the underwear.

From the front seat Ethan immediately backed her up. "Yeah, Dad. Get comfortable. No need to be formal."

Richard couldn't push back against both of them. More than that, his lower back had been bothering him; holding the rigid posture was already starting to ache. He let the breath out slowly. In the tight space, bracketed by the two women, he gave up the last of his resistance.

The moment he relaxed, the shape in his trousers surged upward. The heavy mass formed a clear, undeniable ridge along the zipper.

Grace had been watching the trees blur past the window. Her mind was noisy—flashes of what the three of them had done upstairs, and then the promise. A few days earlier, in the tub, she had agreed, half in a daze, to give her brother what he wanted and let their father have her. The idea had taken root and kept growing. When she heard the small sounds she turned her head without thinking. Her eyes landed squarely on her father's lap.

Her pupils tightened.

So… big.

She had glimpsed something between him and Sophie that evening in the living room, but the light had been low and she hadn't seen clearly. In daylight the outline was sharp and shocking. Was that her father's? Was that the thing that would go inside her?

Her mouth went dry. The body that had only just settled stirred again. Between her legs the soft, bare mound and the thick outer lips began to seep, a thin wetness dampening her panties. A second later her face flushed hard, the color of a ripe tomato. She jerked her head the other way, heart slamming, but she didn't look again.

Richard kept his eyes forward, yet he felt the heat of his daughter's stare. His face heated with shame and the weight of the taboo; he wanted to disappear into the seat. Instinctively he tried to press his thighs tighter, to hide the embarrassing rise.

Hunters don't let wounded prey escape.

Sophie's smile deepened. A moment later her hands slipped back, found the dark gray wool blanket Ethan kept in the car, and pulled it free. She shook it open with a soft rustle; a faint lavender scent drifted out.

"Dad, the air back here is cold. Don't catch a chill."

Her voice was gentle, full of a daughter-in-law's careful concern. She leaned forward and spread the wide blanket across both their laps.

The gray wool instantly covered the awkward tent and cut off Grace's line of sight. Richard exhaled. The tension in his shoulders eased a fraction. He glanced at Sophie with quiet gratitude—she understood how to protect his face.

"It's fine, I'm not cold…"

The rest of the sentence stuck in his throat.

Under the blanket a soft, boneless hand slid over like a quiet fish. The palm was cool and smooth. It didn't grab the hard length directly. Instead it found his rough hand and guided it onto her own stockinged thigh.

When his palm met the black nylon and the warm flesh beneath, his mind blanked for a second. The silk of the stockings and the fine skin under them fused perfectly; his fingers sank slightly and felt the firm texture underneath. The heat and life in it were enough to make an aging man feel briefly renewed. The cock that had softened a little inside his trousers jumped hard and swelled to its full, aching size.

In the front seat Ethan couldn't see under the blanket, but he saw the sudden stiffness in his father's face, the flash of panic in his eyes, and the way the blanket suddenly rose in the middle. His hands tightened on the wheel. The same twisted pleasure shot straight through him.

Grace kept her eyes on the window, yet she registered the change in their breathing, the faint shifting sounds beneath the wool, and the sudden density of the air. It all whispered the same thing against her ear:

Under that gray blanket, a quiet, forbidden unraveling had already begun.

CHAPTER 94

Swallowing in the Audi's Back Seat

Helen sat in the front passenger seat with her grandson already asleep against her, making soft little snoring sounds. Her eyes were closed. The fitted coat still outlined a straight, composed waist even while she was seated; her legs in sheer nude stockings stayed together, angled toward the door.

Ethan kept both hands on the wheel and his eyes on the road ahead, yet every few seconds his gaze drifted, almost furtively, to the rearview mirror. What reflected back was the large wool blanket spread across the back seat and the vague shapes moving beneath it. His throat worked. A twisted excitement spread through him like a virus. His father, his wife, and his sister—lines that should have been absolute—had become his private viewing gallery.

In the back seat Richard sat stiffly upright. On his left, pressed close, was his daughter-in-law, Sophie.

Sophie looked devastating today. The cream cashmere coat hung open over a tight black mini dress whose hem barely reached the tops of her thighs, leaving both black-stockinged legs fully exposed. The stockings weren't pure black; they were a sheer dark shade that showed skin beneath, catching light along every curve of her legs. Knees rounded, ankles fine, the nylon climbing upward until it disappeared into the shadow under the dress.

Her face was pale and smooth, the corners of her eyes and mouth carrying a natural, unforced allure. Long hair fell loosely over her shoulders, smelling faintly of orchid. One hand rested casually on the blanket in front of her; the other moved silently underneath it.

Grace sat on the right in the deep purple knit dress that clung to every full curve of her body, especially the heavy breasts that shifted slightly with the motion of the car. She kept her head turned toward the window, watching the scenery blur past, eyes unfocused, breathing a little faster than usual.

As the heater ran, the air inside the car grew warmer.

“Dad, is it more comfortable now?”

Sophie spoke suddenly. Her voice was quiet but soft and sweet, like warm honey dropped onto Richard’s already taut nerves.

His whole body jerked.

To anyone who didn’t know, it would sound like a simple question about the temperature. After all, Sophie had complained about the cold and then pulled out the blanket. Under that blanket, though, her hand had never left his thigh; her fingertips were still stroking lightly.

“Y-yeah… better.”

Richard answered unevenly, staring straight ahead.

“Good.”

Sophie smiled, a small, almost cold curve at the corner of her mouth, a flicker of amusement in her eyes. She shifted lower in the seat as if simply getting more comfortable. Beneath the blanket the hand didn’t retreat. It moved higher, sliding along the sensitive inner thigh. Every inch it traveled made the muscle under Richard’s trousers tighten. The mix of fear and pleasure made his scalp prickle.

Then her hand stopped.

It had touched something hard and hot.

What could it be?

Sophie already knew. She didn’t pull away. Instead she opened her fingers and, through the fabric, gripped the thick length.

Ngh—

The sudden sensation nearly dragged a sound out of Richard. He bit down hard on his tongue to swallow it. He felt her fingers trace the shape of him, from the base all the way to the head, mapping every contour as if she were handling something rare and valuable.

He couldn’t stay still any longer. The hand that had been resting on her stockinged thigh began to move. His palm stroked the smooth nylon, producing the faintest rustle. Her thigh was full and elastic; when he pressed, the flesh gave under his fingers and sprang back the moment he eased off. He let his hand roam greedily over the black-stockinged leg, feeling the heat through the sheer material.

Being stroked through his trousers was stimulating, but the barrier made it worse—an itch he couldn't scratch. It wasn't enough. Far from enough. If they were going to do this, why not go further?

He decided. Like a thief, he glanced sideways at his daughter with the corner of his eye. Grace still rested her chin on one hand, watching the trees streak past the window. He assumed she hadn't noticed. He didn't see how heavy her breathing had become, how her chest rose and fell more deeply, or the restless shift of her stockinged legs as she tried to hide the reaction between them.

When he thought no one was watching, his free left hand slipped under the blanket and covered Sophie's hand where it was stroking him. The smooth skin of her palm met his. He pressed down lightly and, at the same time, the fully hard cock beneath them twitched upward. The combined sensation almost pulled a groan from him.

Sophie paused for half a second at the pressure, then understood. *This old man really has no shame,* she thought. The idea only made it more interesting. She didn't pull her hand away. Instead she turned it and gripped his larger hand, letting him feel the heat of her palm.

Realizing she wanted more of the same risk he did, Richard's breathing grew heavy. Slowly he unzipped his trousers. The moment the restraint was gone the thick length sprang free. The broad, dark-purple head pressed against the underside of the blanket, twitching, a bead of clear fluid already leaking from the tip. The blanket rose into a distinct, unmistakable mound.

If Grace had turned her head at that moment, one glance would have shown her everything. She didn't turn. She only bit her lower lip, color rising in her face, both hands clutching the fabric of her skirt. From the moment Sophie had brought out the blanket she had known something would happen. The thought that the father who had always seemed so severe might now have his cock out while her sister-in-law played with it made her wet without any hope of stopping. Slickness seeped along her thighs, soaking into the crotch of her black stockings—sticky, uncomfortable, and sharp.

Sophie's hand finally closed around the bare length. Skin to skin. The thing in her palm was thick and burning hot; she could feel the veins

standing out along it, pulsing with his heartbeat. Her fingers were long and slender, her palm soft; wrapped around the heavy cock they somehow looked almost delicate.

She began to stroke. Not fast, but steady. Her thumb dragged lightly over the ridge of the head—the most sensitive spot. Richard's eyes half-closed. His head tipped back against the seat. His mouth opened and a long breath left him. Once her hand was truly on him, the last scrap of restraint dissolved. All he wanted now was more.

His own hand grew bolder on her stockinged thigh, sliding higher until it slipped beneath the hem of her dress. Through the thin nylon he gripped the full, firm curve of her ass. The flesh was round and soft, like a ripe peach under his fingers, the feel of it nearly enough to make him lose control.

While she stroked him, Sophie still kept part of her attention on the front seat. Helen's eyes remained closed, but her breathing had grown uneven. Ethan kept glancing in the mirror; the look in his eyes wasn't anger. It was hunger.

This whole family is sick, Sophie thought with a private smirk. Her hand worked a little harder, thumb pressing against the wet tip.

Mm…

A low sound escaped Richard's nose before he could stop it.

Sophie leaned closer. Warm breath touched his ear as she whispered, "Dad… do you want to come?"

Seven simple words hit him like a weight.

He did. Of course he did. The thought of finishing on those perfect stockinged legs, or inside her the way he had before, made his blood pound. But the last thin thread of caution told him the risk was too high. The entire family was in the car. One wrong sound and everything would collapse. Being stroked to the edge was already as far as he dared go.

Sophie had no intention of stopping there. If they were going to play, she wanted it pushed all the way.

"Ugh, how much longer?" she said louder, voice lazy and a little whiny. "Sitting this long is making my back ache."

Ethan checked the mirror. "Babe, if you're tired just sleep for a bit. We've still got… about an hour and a half."

“Okay. I’ll lie down for a while.”

Sophie turned her body. She didn’t lean against the window or the seatback. Instead she boldly laid her upper body sideways and rested her head directly on Richard’s thigh.

Grace had been listening. She almost turned, then stopped herself at the last second when she realized what might be happening. Richard nearly jumped, then the shock was swallowed by a wave of raw excitement. His daughter-in-law’s head was on his leg. Through the blanket, her face was inches from his bare cock.

Sophie settled into a more comfortable angle. Her long blonde hair spilled across his lap. She pulled the blanket higher, completely covering her head and his waist. From the outside it looked as if she had simply fallen asleep on her father-in-law’s thigh.

Under the dark, close space the view was different.

Sophie opened her eyes. Right in front of her was the thick, heavy length, standing rigid, the head less than a centimeter from the tip of her nose. The broad purple crown looked swollen, a few clear drops still clinging to it from her earlier strokes. The sharp, masculine scent of it hit her hard. Instead of pulling back, the smell made her hotter. She extended her tongue and gave the head a slow, deliberate lick.

Richard sucked in a sharp breath. His body locked rigid.

Her tongue. On him.

On the highway. With the whole family in the car. His daughter-in-law was under the blanket, licking him.

The sheer wrongness of it felt stronger than actual sex.

Sophie opened her mouth and took the head between her lips. Her mouth was small; he was not. She had to work her jaw wider, taking him in gradually. Soft wet sounds rose under the blanket, mostly masked by the noise of the tires. The inside of her mouth was hot and tight. Her tongue curled and moved along the shaft. She didn’t push all the way down the way she had with him before; instead she used suction and pressure, cheeks hollowing, working him with deliberate skill. Every slow stroke dragged the head along the roof of her mouth and across her tongue.

Richard's scalp tingled. He felt like he was floating. His hand moved under the blanket on its own and settled on the back of her head. Her hair was soft under his palm. He wanted to push her down farther, but he didn't dare. He only stroked her hair lightly, the way someone might pet something obedient.

Sophie felt the tremor in the hand above her and deliberately sucked harder. Her tongue slid like a slick little fish, teasing the sensitive slit at the tip.

Wet, rhythmic sounds rose between them.

As she worked him more deeply, Richard's breathing turned ragged. His chest rose and fell. His eyes were red, fixed on nothing, mouth open. Inside his head he was shouting at himself to hold on, then begging for more.

He was close. Very close.

Sophie felt the cock in her mouth begin to throb. She sped up, and at the same time her other hand slipped lower and gently rolled his heavy balls.

The combination broke him.

Richard's whole body shook. His thighs locked. Heat rushed up his spine. He couldn't stop it.

The cock jerked hard. The first thick, hot pulse shot straight into the back of Sophie's throat.

She didn't pull off. Her throat worked once, and she swallowed.

Then the second. Then the third.

It felt as if he were emptying everything he had held back. He came in long, heavy spurts. Her mouth filled. Some of it escaped the corner of her lips, ran down her chin, and dripped onto his trousers. She kept swallowing, the strong taste filling her mouth and throat.

When the shaking finally eased, the length was still thick but beginning to soften. Sophie didn't lift her head right away. She sucked the head clean, then used her tongue to gather the last traces from the ridge. Only when she was sure nothing remained did she let him slip free.

She quietly took a wet wipe from her pocket, cleaned her mouth, wiped the mess from him, and zipped his trousers again. Everything had been fast and hidden.

Sophie pushed the blanket aside and sat up. Color was high in her face, her eyes soft and unfocused, her lips swollen and glossy from the long work of her mouth.

She gave a small cough, as if she had just woken, and smoothed her hair.

Grace turned at that exact moment.

Their eyes met.

Grace saw the flush on Sophie's face and the unnatural shine at the corner of her mouth. More than that, a faint, unmistakable scent had begun to fill the closed space of the car.

The smell of semen.

Grace knew it too well. Not long ago she had swallowed what Sophie had shared with her. The realization hit hard. Her pupils tightened. Her heart slammed.

She looked at her father—still dressed, yet pale and spent—then at Sophie, who was quietly licking the corner of her mouth with a satisfied expression.

The thought formed clearly: *Just now, right beside me, did Dad come in Xiaoyu's mouth?*

Sophie met Grace's shocked stare without flinching. She even let the tip of her tongue touch the last trace at the corner of her lips, then gave her sister-in-law a slow, meaningful smile.

The smile said everything:

Sister, you smell it too, don't you? That's Dad's.

(Chapter 94 complete.)

CHAPTER 95

Hot Springs Valley

It was past noon.

Sophie sat up again. A soft, flushed color still lingered on her face. She tilted her head and lazily tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear. Her eyes drifted and caught the rearview mirror—Grace's wide, complicated stare.

Sophie didn't look away. The corner of her mouth lifted in a small, provocative curve. She winked at the reflection.

The look said everything: *Sister, you smell it too, don't you? That's Dad's.*

Richard was deep in the empty calm that follows a hard release, yet the physical weakness only sharpened the high still running through him. The thick cock that had just emptied itself now lay soft inside his underwear, the head still wet with spit. When he saw Sophie glance toward him he almost turned, then noticed Grace had already twisted her face toward the window as if the dull highway barrier outside were something worth studying. He didn't think further. He assumed Sophie was simply trading looks with him.

The afterglow of having come in his daughter-in-law's mouth left him light-headed, as if he had suddenly dropped twenty years and returned to an age when he could still empty himself whenever he wanted. He gave a low chuckle. Under the blanket his rough hand reached out again.

His palm met cool, smooth nylon. Sophie was wearing sheer black pantyhose today; the thin material clung tightly to the long, rounded shape of her thighs and made the pale skin underneath look even softer. He gripped the upper part of her thigh hard, fingers feeling the fine texture of the stockings and the warm, resilient flesh beneath. A year ago he wouldn't have dared. Now he did it without hesitation, almost without guilt.

Sophie trembled at the squeeze but didn't pull away. In the blind spot of the seat she parted her legs a little, letting his hand slide higher along the inside of her thigh. She even arched slightly so he could reach

farther. She rolled her eyes with deliberate heat and let out a tiny, soft sound. The noise made Ethan's hands tighten on the wheel.

Ethan kept his eyes on the road, but every sense was fixed on the space between the front passenger seat and the back. He hadn't seen the actual motion under the blanket, yet the clear swallowing sounds, the lingering scent in the air, and the swollen shine on his wife's lips were enough to set his nerves on fire. His father's cum was currently sitting warm in Sophie's stomach. The thought made his own cock throb painfully against his trousers. For a wild second he wanted to pull over, bend her over the hood, and push himself into the same place his father had just filled.

In the front seat Helen held a bottle and fed Mason. Her expression stayed eerily calm, like still water. She had seen her husband's hand moving on Sophie's thigh, heard the swallow, and caught the same sharp scent. She said nothing. Her eyes swept the back seat once, cold, and the faintest curl touched the corner of her mouth.

Let them rot. The deeper the better.

The car left the highway and turned onto a winding mountain road. The landscape grew sparse and quiet—dry grass that hadn't fully greened yet, distant ridges under a pale sky.

Hot Springs Valley.

The three characters were carved in gold on a large raw stone at the entrance. It was a newly opened high-end hot-spring resort, Japanese-style, private, remote enough that certain things could stay unseen.

They parked on the gravel lot. When the doors opened, cold mountain air rushed in and thinned the heavy scent that had filled the car.

Richard got out first. He straightened his shirt and put the stern-father mask back on, though the red in his eyes still hadn't fully faded. The others followed. Sophie's heels clicked on the gravel; the black-stockinged legs caught the light as she pulled her coat tighter. The coat covered most of her body, but it couldn't hide the heat that seemed to live under her skin. Grace took Mason from Helen and walked last. Her head was lowered. The knit dress clung to the full curve of her ass with every step. Only she knew that the crotch of her stockings was already

soaked; slickness had been running slowly down the inside of her thighs the whole way.

Two rows of large opening-day flower baskets stood at the entrance, red ribbons moving in the wind. The six of them walked into the lobby together and immediately drew attention.

The lobby was done in warm wood and soft yellow light, with a faint sandalwood scent in the air. Behind the desk sat a heavyset middle-aged man with a receding hairline and a thick neck. He had his feet up, scrolling through videos of women on his phone with the sound turned up loud. When he heard them he looked up. His dull eyes lit instantly.

"Well damn… where'd this family come from?"

The younger woman in front, even in a coat, showed enough calf and heel, and a face that was both pure and hungry, to make him stare. The older one still had fine lines at the eyes but carried a mature, expensive air; the nude-stockinged calves made him want to grab. The one carrying the baby had an even more exaggerated figure—those breasts shifting with every step looked heavy and full. Three women, different ages, all together.

He nearly drooled. He dropped his feet, wiped his mouth, and forced a wide smile.

"Hello, hello! Do you have a reservation?"

Richard frowned, instinctively disliking the way the man was looking at the women in his family. Before he could speak, Ethan stepped forward and blocked the line of sight, holding up his phone.

"Yes. Two nights."

The man looked annoyed at being blocked but still tried to lean around Ethan for another glance at Sophie. Ethan kept him covered. The man gave up, turned to the computer, and typed with thick fingers.

"Right, Mr. Hale… found it. How many rooms?"

Ethan held up three fingers. "Three."

"Connecting?"

"Preferably."

Just as the man was about to confirm, a clear sound of heels clicked across the floor, followed by a voice that seemed to melt the air.

"Hi… is this where we check in?"

The voice wasn't Sophie's practiced softness or Grace's lower, controlled tone. It was natural, sweet without being cloying, the kind that slipped straight into the ear.

The front-desk man's fingers froze. Every male head in the lobby turned.

A young couple stood at the door. The woman was striking. Early spring in the mountains still called for coats, yet she wore only a short white down jacket left open over a low-cut lace top. The deep line of cleavage was bright against her skin. Below that she wore a plaid mini-pleated skirt so short it barely covered her ass. Bare legs, no stockings, pale and smooth, with a faint pink at the knees. Over-the-knee leather boots gripped the tops of her thighs and pushed the flesh into soft rings. The combination was direct enough to stop thought.

Ethan's eyes locked. His throat moved. He already had Sophie at home and usually kept high standards, but this woman's appeal wasn't polished. It was raw, almost animal. She stood without posing, yet every part of her seemed to broadcast invitation. The words that rose in his mind were simple: born for it.

Sophie felt the threat immediately. Female instinct flared. She turned and saw her husband staring at another woman's thighs like an idiot, and even Richard's older eyes sliding toward the woman's chest. A cold sound left her. She reached over and pinched the soft flesh at Ethan's waist hard.

Ethan hissed and snapped back. He met Sophie's half-smile, quickly looked away, and put on a respectable expression.

The woman seemed used to being stared at—maybe she liked it. She walked to the desk with a slow, rolling gait and leaned forward without hesitation. The jacket fell open further. The heavy, pale breasts nearly spilled from the lace right in front of the front-desk man's face.

"Are you the owner?"

He stared, mouth open, swallowing hard, unable to form words.

A curtain behind the desk was yanked aside. A middle-aged woman with permed hair and a thicker build stepped out, face dark. She saw her husband's expression, glared at him, then forced a professional smile toward the new guests.

“Yes, checking in? Do you have a reservation?”

The man beside the woman stepped forward. He wore black-rimmed glasses and a neat casual suit, the look of a professor or a well-paid office worker. His expression was calm, but something harder sat behind the lenses.

“Yes. Here’s the confirmation.”

He held out his phone the same way Ethan had. The woman behind the desk pushed her husband aside—her fingers dug hard into his waist as she did it—and took the screen.

“Mr. Brennan… oh, you booked the downstairs room.”

Sophie, who had been watching coldly, spoke up, voice clear and a little sharp.

“Excuse me. I think we were here first.”

The man in glasses turned. His eyes moved over Sophie’s face and the stockinged legs, then flicked across Grace and Helen with a deeper, more assessing look. He quickly smoothed it into a mild smile, adjusted his glasses, and said, “Oh, of course. Please go ahead.”

He stepped back half a pace and made a polite “after you” gesture. Perfectly mannered.

Sophie returned a sweet, empty smile and let it drop. Ethan explained their booking again to the woman now running the desk. A problem appeared immediately.

“I’m so sorry,” she said, frowning at the screen. “The system’s been unstable since we opened. It showed three connecting rooms free, but the middle one is actually already reserved by Mr. Brennan.”

That left only two free rooms on the first floor, with the third separated by the Brenns’ booking. Either one of the Hale party would have to go upstairs, or they would have to sleep with strangers between them. For what Ethan had planned, neither option worked. His expression darkened.

Before he could negotiate, the woman in the short skirt spoke. She leaned against the man in glasses, voice soft and sweet.

“Honey… they’re a big family. Let’s just let them have it. Upstairs is fine for us.”

She glanced at Ethan as she said it, a quick, hooked look that lingered. The man smiled indulgently, patted her shoulder, and told the woman at the desk, “Switch us upstairs. Give them the connecting rooms.”

Ethan thanked them quickly. After a few more keystrokes and apologies, he received three connecting room cards.

“Appreciate it,” he said to the man in glasses.

“No problem.” The man’s eyes paused for a second on the heavy shape of Grace’s chest before moving on.

The two groups started toward the rooms. The Hales walked ahead; the younger couple followed. Once they turned a corner and were out of earshot, the woman who had been acting like a cat in heat leaned in and licked the man’s earlobe.

“Honey… that guy was so hot. Especially the way he looked at people. Like he wanted to eat them. I’m already wet.”

The mild expression vanished from the man’s face, replaced by something sharper and more excited. His hand slid under the short skirt, gripped the bare upper thigh, and pushed two fingers straight into the wet opening.

“You little slut. You can’t even walk past a good-looking man without stopping now? You weren’t like this before.”

She went soft against him, eyes half-lidded, and pouted. “Whose fault is that? You wanted to swap. All those men trained me like this. Now every time I see a hot guy my pussy starts itching.”

He didn’t get angry. The front of his trousers rose. He muttered, “Slut. You’re just begging to be fucked. Wait till we get in the room.”

She laughed softly and reached down to grip the hard shape through his pants. “That family doesn’t look simple either… the way the older man looked at his daughter-in-law, and the way the young one looked at his sister. Maybe we just found people who play the same way.”

He smiled and said nothing. The eyes behind the glasses had turned darker. He pulled his fingers free, licked them once, then wrapped an arm around her waist and followed the signs upstairs.

At the front desk the heavyset man was still staring at the corner where the short-skirted woman had disappeared, mind full of pale thighs and cleavage. A sudden pain yanked him back.

“Ow—ow—easy!”

The woman behind the desk had his ear twisted hard. “You piece of shit. Soul already gone, huh? What’s so special about that little fox? You’ve never seen a woman before? Keep staring and I’ll dig those eyes out.”

“I won’t, I won’t—honey, mercy!”

He yelped, but the image stayed. Later, when the place was quiet, he decided he would find a way to listen at their wall.

(Author’s note: This new couple is provisionally from another book. Characters and plot are still unset. Also, none of the women around Ethan will become involved with this Mr. Brennan or any other unrelated man. The story remains focused on incest and family.)

(Chapter 95 complete. To be continued.)

CHAPTER 96

The Young Couple's Intimate Heat

The luxury mountain spa resort sat hidden deep in the peaks—Serenity Peaks, famous for its natural hot springs. A faint sulfur scent hung in the air of Hot Spring Valley, mixed with the crisp mountain chill and the warm wood-and-cedar fragrance of the buildings. It felt unfamiliar yet strangely cozy.

On the first floor, the three rooms at the very end stood side by side, each with a plain cloth curtain over the door. The leftmost had been given to the parents, the middle one to Grace (who had the baby with her), and the rightmost—the one with the best view—naturally went to Ethan and Sophie.

Card swipe. Push the door.

The heavy wooden door rumbled on its track, and a wave of warm air rushed out. Inside there was no bed, just classic Japanese-style tatami. The woven rush mats gave off a dry, pleasant scent, and two soft futons lay side by side in the center. Tonight was clearly going to involve some floor wrestling.

Sophie walked in first and shut the door behind her. Her black high heels clicked lightly as she kicked them off in the entryway; the heels clacked together, then her feet—still wrapped in sheer black pantyhose—stepped onto the slightly springy tatami. Early spring in the mountains was still cold, so the heater was cranked high.

She raised her hands and undid the buttons of her creamy-white cashmere coat in a graceful motion. As the coat slid off, a body that made the blood race was immediately on display. The tight black mini dress clung to every curve, the hem so short it only just covered the fullest round of her ass. One wrong move and it looked like you could glimpse the dark mystery underneath. Her long, straight legs gleamed under the black stockings; the bony sharpness of her knees contrasted perfectly with the soft fullness of her inner thighs, making anyone want to leave fingerprints and teeth marks on that taut flesh.

She glanced around the room, then spun once in satisfaction, clearly pleased with the décor.

Ethan stood in the entryway with the suitcase, eyes a little glazed. The seductive line of his wife's back made him think, uncontrollably, of the woman he'd just seen in the lobby. That woman's skirt had been even shorter—a pleated one that bounced with every step, like it was constantly inviting someone to flip it up. She was the kind of slutty that was baked into her bones, like a peach left to rot on the ground, juice running everywhere. Sophie, on the other hand, was a finely carved piece of jade: cold and elegant on the outside, with a flood inside that could melt a man. Comparing the two lit a quiet spark low in Ethan's belly.

Sophie seemed to feel the heat of his stare. She turned, saw her husband staring blankly at her ass, and the corner of her mouth curved. A few steps later she was pressed against him, arms winding around his neck like vines, voice sweet enough to pull silk.

"Hubby~~ what are you thinking about?"

Ethan swallowed, set the suitcase down, and wrapped an arm around her impossibly slim waist. His hand slid lower and grabbed a firm handful of that full, perky ass.

"Nothing. Nothing."

It was an obvious lie.

Sophie was far too sharp. Those alluring eyes that seemed to see straight through people narrowed slightly. She rubbed the tip of her nose against his chin and pouted.

"Hmph, staring like that, you definitely weren't thinking anything wholesome. Still thinking about that woman in the pleated skirt just now?"

Ethan opened his mouth to deny it again, but two warm, soft lips sealed his. Sophie didn't give him a chance; her tongue skillfully pried his teeth open, slipped in like it was coming home, and stirred his saliva. A faint sweet scent exploded in his mouth.

At the same time, her soft little hand wasn't idle. It slid down his stomach and settled precisely over the half-hard bulge in his pants. She

kneaded it with varying pressure, occasionally scraping the sensitive head with a fingertip.

"Nngh…"

Ethan let out a muffled groan. The cock buried in his pants rapidly filled with blood under his wife's teasing, swelling like an awakened dragon and pushing the fabric into a high tent.

A few seconds later their lips parted. Sophie was slightly breathless, two charming blushes on her cheeks, eyes hazy like they might drip water. She stared into Ethan's hungry gaze and licked the silver thread of saliva at the corner of her mouth.

"Hubby, you got hard so fast… want a quick round first?"

Her voice had hooks in it; every word brushed like a feather across the tip of his heart.

Ethan couldn't hold back. Both hands went behind her, and through the smooth stockings he kneaded those two incredibly elastic ass cheeks, reshaping them under his palms. The feel was perfect—the stockings slick yet with just enough friction to make him reluctant to let go.

Just then he remembered the satisfied look on his father's face in the car earlier, and the dirty fire in his chest burned hotter. He leaned to Sophie's ear.

"Babe, just now in the car… did you give my dad a blowjob?"

Even though he'd noticed something off in the rearview mirror afterward, he wanted to hear her admit it out loud. Confirming the affair through words was, in some ways, even more stimulating to Ethan than actually fucking.

Sophie's body stiffened for a second, then went soft. Even though she'd grown used to this twisted relationship, being asked so bluntly by her husband still made a shameful blush rise on her delicate face. She quickly turned her head away from his burning gaze and said in a voice as thin as a mosquito's buzz:

"You bad boy, why ask me… you already saw it in the rearview mirror, didn't you?"

Just mentioning it sent the thrill of cheating rushing through her body again. Sophie's thighs unconsciously squeezed tighter; deep between her legs, that hidden honey hole had already begun seeping clear love juice.

Ethan wasn't letting it go. He thrust forward, the iron-hot cock pressing hard against Sophie's lower belly through their clothes. The rigid contact made her body tremble.

"Come on~ I want to hear it~ Tell hubby, what did Dad's cock taste like?"

Cornered, the shame of being interrogated about the affair by her own husband only ignited the depraved genes inside her. Yet for some reason, Sophie didn't give in.

She bit her lower lip, shot him a sultry glare, and suddenly pulled free of his embrace.

"No, you perverted hubby!"

With that she turned, hands behind her back, and walked lightly toward the wooden sliding door by the floor-to-ceiling window. The short hem of her dress swayed with every step; the black-stockinged legs alternated under the light, each one seeming to step on Ethan's heart.

She pulled the curtain door open and was immediately captivated by the view. She pointed outside with a pale finger.

"Hubby, look! The water's really steaming!"

Her voice was like a naïve girl discovering treasure. Ethan temporarily suppressed the urge to throw her down on the floor and take her right there. He took a deep breath and strode up behind her.

He wrapped his arms around that tempting body again from behind, chin resting in the crook of her shoulder as he breathed in the faint scent of her hair. Following the direction of her finger, he saw that every room had its own private outdoor soaking pool. In the bluestone pools, milky-white spring water steamed gently, surrounded by a half-height bamboo fence that kept things private without blocking the distant mountain view.

Yeah. Private baths. Perfect for… fucking.

His wife's soft body in his arms made the dirty fire rise again. One lecherous hand slipped under her dress hem and stroked her flat, tight stomach, fingertips circling the slight dip of her navel.

But as Sophie watched the rising steam, a barely noticeable loneliness flashed through her eyes.

"Hubby, we haven't gone out and played like this in a long time since we got married, have we?"

Back when they were dating they'd been full of passion—traveling everywhere, leaving traces of love in tents, on beaches, on mountaintops. Now life seemed to consist only of work and that tangled mess of family drama.

Ethan paused at her words. The scent of his wife filled his nose, but his mind involuntarily went to a few hours ago, when that same scent had filled the cramped interior of his father's car. Had those rough big hands of his father's also stroked this body that used to belong only to him? Had that dark old cock just been thrusting in and out of those cherry lips, leaving a salty, fishy taste?

The ache in his cock grew stronger. It throbbed angrily against the cleft of Sophie's ass.

"Yeah, after we got married we were so busy with work, we rarely had time to go out."

He answered patiently, though the desire he was suppressing still colored his voice.

Sophie seemed to feel the protest of the weapon behind her. Mischievously she pushed her hips back, clamping that hard, bad thing between the two tight cheeks of her ass and grinding left and right.

The friction made Ethan suck in a sharp breath. His arms tightened, squeezing her until she could barely breathe.

Sophie closed her eyes, enjoying the feeling of being controlled. Her sweet, sticky voice rose again, laced with provocation.

"Then tonight I'm going all the way until dawn! Hubby, you'd better not surrender~"

Ethan opened his eyes and looked at his wife's incredibly seductive face in the glass reflection. He remembered countless nights when she'd been like a juicer, endlessly demanding, that pink honey hole seeming

like a bottomless pit that could never be filled. Part of him was a little wary, but a man's pride wouldn't let him back down now.

"Damn right. Tonight I'm going to fuck that slutty pussy of yours until you're meowing, until I've fucked all your juice dry!"

As he spoke, his hand suddenly moved up and grabbed a soft, full breast. The big tits felt amazing—soft yet with shocking elasticity, like freshly baked cream dough that changed shape under his kneading.

After enjoying the wonderful feel of his wife's snowy breasts for a while, he leaned to her ear again and added viciously:

"Besides, if I can't handle it, there's still my dad, right? Father and son taking turns—still not enough to satisfy this little bitch?"

Hearing her husband mention her father-in-law Richard, the corner of Sophie's mouth curved in a meaningful arc. When she'd first met him, that man who always kept a stern face and rarely smiled—who would have thought that underneath he was an old lecher with an insatiable appetite? But wasn't this exactly what Sophie wanted? The thrill of breaking the taboo, of dragging that lofty elder off his pedestal and turning him into a subject under her skirt, was more addictive than an orgasm.

As the saying goes, it takes two to tango. A horny father-in-law and a slutty daughter-in-law—they were a perfect pair of adulterers.

Sophie's mind was already filling with possible scenes for tonight: in that steaming private pool not far away, her husband fucking her ass from behind while her father-in-law stuffed his big cock into her mouth… or her riding her father-in-law while her husband watched from the side… Those scenes she'd only dared fantasize about late at night now had a real chance of happening.

What positions were still left to unlock?

While she was lost in the fantasy, completely unprepared, Ethan's lecherous hand took the opportunity to go further. Through her bra he accurately pinched a stiff nipple and gave it a firm twist.

A current of pleasure instantly shot through her body.

"Ah… hubby~"

Sophie went weak, a coquettish whimper escaping her lips.

By now Ethan's eyes were bloodshot with lust. He spun Sophie around, pressed her against the glass door, and asked urgently:

"Babe, let's do it once first? I want to put it in right now and fuck you hard!"

He really wanted to strip off all these annoying clothes and drive into her, mark every inch of this body with his cum.

But Sophie hit the brakes at the critical moment. She slapped away the hand still kneading her breast, straightened her slightly disheveled clothes, and put on that tsundere little expression again before saying unhurriedly:

"Hmph, go find that tramp you were thinking about just now. This missy is busy—I'm going to check on my big sister and see if my nephew got carsick!"

With that she gave Ethan a flirtatious roll of her eyes and turned toward the door.

Women… so changeable, and they hold grudges.

Ethan watched that swaying back and gave a helpless, bitter smile. Sure enough, he couldn't hide anything from his wife's eyes. That brief fantasy about Mrs. Carter in the lobby had clearly made her jealous. But the two of them had never really fought; these little spats were more like seasoning that got them going.

He looked down at the high tent in his pants, took a deep breath to calm himself, then lifted his feet and followed.

…

CHAPTER 97

Grace's Glistening Shaved Pussy

Grace's room was right next door.

The wooden sliding door wasn't locked; it was only slightly ajar.

Sophie walked up, gently pushed it open, and leaned half her body inside.

"Sis, you busy?"

But the room was completely silent. No answer.

Something felt off.

Curious, Sophie kicked off the resort slippers and stepped barefoot onto the cool wooden floor of the corridor. The slight chill traveled up through her soles.

She slipped past the wooden screen painted with cherry blossoms near the entrance, and the full room came into view.

It was a bit smaller than theirs. An unopened suitcase sat in the corner. In the middle of the tatami, nine-month-old Mason was lying on his stomach, clutching a plush toy and babbling, little bubbles forming at his mouth.

The heater was cranked high. The baby only had on a thin onesie, so he wouldn't get cold.

Sophie looked around, wondering where her sister-in-law had gone, when she suddenly heard a tightly suppressed moan coming from the bathroom off to the side.

"Mmm… ah…"

The sound seemed forced from deep in the throat, thick with nasal tones and trembling. It made the face heat and the heart race.

As someone experienced, Sophie instantly recognized what that noise meant.

Her heart jumped hard. An unbelievable suspicion flashed through her mind.

Could it be…?

Realizing the possibility, she lightened her steps like a thief and silently approached the closed bathroom door.

Up close, she saw it wasn't fully latched. A thin crack remained, leaking a sliver of warm orange light.

Sophie held her breath, leaned in, and peered through the narrow gap.

Even for someone who played as freely as she did, the sight made her eyes widen. She quickly covered her mouth, terrified of making a sound.

There, on the clean toilet seat, Grace sat without a shred of dignity.

The usually elegant, mature older sister now had her head thrown back. Her wavy long hair was a mess over her shoulders. Her beautiful face was flushed deep red, brows tightly furrowed, lips parted to show white teeth, as if she was enduring extreme pleasure and torment.

Her deep-purple form-fitting knit dress had been hiked up to her waist, revealing a black nursing bra. The E-cup breasts strained the cups to the limit. From extreme arousal, the two points had hardened like pebbles, pressing against the thin lace.

Even more shocking: the left cup had been pulled down. That large, light-brown nipple was exposed to the air. With every tremble of her body, it was actually leaking drops of milky-white milk!

Drip… drip…

The milk slid down the full breast and landed on her thigh. The obscene image hit with overwhelming force.

Her gaze traveled lower.

The black pantyhose had been pushed down to her knees, tightly binding her calves. Her long, pale thighs were spread wide in an extremely shameful M-shape.

The most private core was completely exposed.

That legendary white-tiger pussy—completely smooth, not a single hair, like a freshly steamed white bun. Only the pink slit in the middle was opening and closing, oozing clear honey.

Right now, one of Grace's hands was frantically rubbing that smooth mound. Her middle and ring fingers were buried deep in the slit, thrusting and curling rapidly. Every time they pulled out they dragged sticky strands.

"Schlick… schlick…"

The wet sounds echoed in the small space, especially loud.

"Ah… so itchy… I can't… little brother…"

While fingering herself, Grace mumbled incoherently. Her other hand roughly kneaded the leaking breast, hard enough to leave red marks.

So this is what a woman masturbating looks like?

Sophie felt her mouth go dry and her heart pound like it might leap out of her throat.

She had never tried masturbating herself. Ever since she got with Ethan, her body had been so thoroughly developed that she always got filled by a real cock. Why would she need her own fingers?

In her view, that hard, scorching-hot big dick was ten thousand times more comfortable than a few slender fingers. That feeling of being roughly stretched open and slammed against the cervix—how could any pathetic finger friction compare?

This was truly a case of the full not understanding the hungry.

Back to Sophie: watching Grace's unsatisfied appearance, she felt both shock and a vague, hard-to-describe sense of superiority… mixed with a strange excitement.

Was big sister… thinking about Ethan?

That muffled "little brother" just now—she had heard it crystal clear.

She never expected this woman who always acted like the perfect older sister to be secretly fantasizing about her own younger brother, using her fingers on this milk-leaking, filthy body!

Sophie felt a sudden wet heat between her legs. The desire she'd just forced down surged up again.

Without realizing it, she got completely absorbed in watching. She never noticed the soft footsteps approaching from behind.

Ethan had only come over to call his wife back and maybe ask if Grace wanted to join them in the private bath. He stepped in, saw the outer room empty, and was about to call out when he spotted his wife bent over with that round ass he loved, pressed against the bathroom doorway like a peeping thief.

The pose was far too tempting.

Under the tight mini dress, those two black-stockinged peach cheeks were raised high, drawing a perfect curve.

Feeling playful, Ethan silently walked over, raised his palm, and delivered a crisp slap to that soft flesh.

"Smack!"

"Babe, what are you looking at!"

Sophie nearly jumped out of her skin. Her body jerked hard and she couldn't stop the yelp.

"Ah!"

She spun around, saw it was Ethan, and her pretty face instantly turned crimson, eyes full of panic. Remembering her sister-in-law in the bathroom, she quickly pressed a finger to her lips in a shushing gesture.

"Shh…"

That panicked, caught-peeping expression made Ethan's heart itch.

But he was confused why she was acting like this. He lowered his voice.

"What? Why so mysterious?"

Before Sophie could stop him, Ethan reached out and pushed the half-open door.

"Creeeak—"

The light sound was like thunder in the quiet room.

Inside the bathroom, Grace—who was right on the edge of orgasm—jerked violently.

At that moment she had been lost in the fantasy of her little brother roughly fucking her, that imaginary big cock pounding her cervix. Then the real-world voice of the man she longed for suddenly reached her ears.

Her whole body froze. Her mind went blank.

Her fingers were still buried in her soaking-wet pussy. She even forgot to pull them out.

The door swung open.

Ethan, still grumbling, casually glanced inside.

Then the scene before him made him freeze too.

The picture seemed locked in place.

Grace held that extremely shameful pose: clothes in disarray, breasts exposed, milk flowing, legs spread wide, fingers stuffed in her hole.

Those originally hazy, seductive eyes were now wide open, full of terror and despair. The lingering orgasmic blush on her face looked especially ironic.

Her smooth white-tiger hole was still unconsciously opening and closing from the earlier stimulation, like a little mouth waiting to be fed.

Ethan's gaze swept back and forth between the milk-leaking huge breasts and the hand stuffed in her cunt. His throat went dry. His cock instantly hardened to the extreme, aching painfully.

The visual impact was too strong.

At this moment, sister Grace looked exactly like a bitch in heat, shamelessly satisfying herself right here.

And the object was clearly him.

The silence lasted a full three seconds.

Ethan took a deep breath. The corner of his mouth slowly curved into a wicked smile.

His eyes roamed shamelessly over his sister's bare private parts. His voice was low and teasing as he broke the deathly quiet:

"Sis… I'm right next door. If you wanted it, why not just come find me? Did you really need to hide in here and use your fingers?"

Grace lifted her head. The face that usually carried mature, elegant charm was now full of panic and grievance. Tears welled in her eyes but stubbornly refused to fall. In that gaze was extreme shame and anger at being caught by her little brother, mixed with an indescribable, yearning-to-be-filled resentment.

Just moments ago her fingers had been thrusting in and out of that wet hole, fantasizing about her brother's scorching cock, trying to find a little relief. Now the object of that fantasy stood right in front of her with a wicked grin, his gaze so substantial it felt like it was roughly licking every inch of her skin.

Looking at his sister's tearful, adorable appearance, the dirty fire in Ethan's lower belly instantly roared up, burning away all reason.

The fire Sophie had just stoked had nowhere to go. This sister, ripe and ready to be plucked, was the perfect outlet that had delivered itself.

Without waiting for Grace to explain or beg, Ethan stepped inside in large strides.

The air was thick with the scent of his sister's juices—musky enough to drive a man crazy.

He said nothing. Dominantly he reached out and yanked Grace's soft, boneless waist into his arms.

"Ah…"

Grace cried out, the sound soft and bone-melting.

The next second she was lifted completely off the ground.

The weightlessness and shame made her instinctively try to close her legs to hide that embarrassing place, but the half-lowered stockings became the best restraint, making that spring scenery even more blatantly exposed to her little brother.

Ethan was too hungry to wait. Carrying his sister, he crossed out of the bathroom in a few steps and into the tatami room.

Not far away, Mason was still lying there playing with his plush toy, completely unaware that his mother was about to do it again with his uncle.

The taboo scene didn't make Ethan feel guilty. Instead it doubled the thrill of the forbidden.

Like a continuation of this morning's sex, he gently laid Grace on the tatami.

He didn't let her lie flat; he turned her onto her side.

Her black wavy hair spilled across the pillow, a few strands stuck to her flushed cheeks, looking utterly alluring. The deep-purple knit dress was still bunched at her waist. The black nursing bra on her upper body was half undone yet still half-covering those enormous E-cup breasts. From the earlier masturbation the nipples were already hard like purple grapes, trembling slightly from shame, still hanging with a few crystal milk droplets and giving off a faint milky scent.

The lower body was an absolute view.

The black stockings hung at her knees, making those snow-white thighs look even more delicate. Her round, full ass stuck out slightly from the side-lying pose, like a ripe peach waiting to be bitten hard.

That white-tiger hole was opening and closing with her breath. Even without touching it, Ethan could see the layers of soft flesh inside writhing madly, craving invasion.

He couldn't hold back anymore. He quickly undid his belt.

Pop!

The button flew open.

Then a thick, vein-bulging, purplish-red monster sprang free, swaying in the air with scorching heat, aimed straight at that muddy hole.

Ethan pressed forward against Grace's side. One hand roughly reached under her armpit and grabbed a heavy, full breast.

The feel was incredible—soft and warm like a ball of dough. His five fingers sank deep. It was a texture only a breastfeeding mother could have, even better than Sophie's tits just now.

"Sis, I'm going in."

Hearing her little brother's lust-filled words, Grace turned her head and looked at him with sultry, silk-like eyes. All resistance from earlier was gone; only thick desire and submission remained.

"Mm… gentle… don't scare little Mason…"

Ethan understood.

The next second—plop!

The huge cockhead smoothly broke through layer after layer of resistance and drove straight into Grace's soaking-wet, shaved beautiful hole.

"Ah… so big… little brother's big cock… so deep…"

Unexpectedly, the one who broke the quiet agreement first was Grace herself. As the thick cock sank in to the root, she arched her neck in pleasure and let out satisfied moans that reached their peak.

It was the relief of long drought meeting sweet rain. The empty, scratching itch of earlier masturbation was instantly filled, replaced by the extreme fullness of being stretched, possessed, and penetrated.

The feeling of that scorching cock filling every fold of her pussy made all ten of her jade-like toes curl.

Ethan didn't immediately start wild thrusting. He ground slowly instead.

The cockhead circled deep inside at her sensitive cervix. Every rotation scraped countless sensitive spots, making Grace's body tremble and her mouth release broken moans.

"Hubby… so good… there… more…"

In that instant Grace was completely lost. Ethics, identities—none of it mattered anymore.

She only wanted to be a shameless slut under this big cock, to have her little brother shoot every drop of his scorching cum deep into her pussy.

CHAPTER 98

Mother Walks In

Sophie stood to the side in a daze, watching the vivid, erotic scene unfold.

She was still wearing that tight black mini dress, black sheer stockings wrapping her legs, toes curling restlessly against the tatami. She watched her husband press down on her sister-in-law, that cock that belonged to her currently buried deep inside Grace's body, thrusting in and out, dragging out strands of filthy white cream.

Grace's wanton expression, those huge breasts swaying with every impact, that stunning face twisted by pleasure—all of it slammed into Sophie's senses.

Especially Grace's mouth.

Those red lips that were slightly parted right now, pink tongue tip peeking out as she panted and moaned.

Sophie walked over as if guided by something unseen.

She knelt down beside Grace's head, movements gentle, and spoke:

"Sis, your mouth is so pretty."

Grace was completely lost in the pleasure of being fucked by her little brother. Her mind was mush; she hadn't even registered what her sister-in-law said.

"Ah… Sophie… what… hubby's too good… sis is gonna get fucked to death…"

Before she could finish, a pair of warm, soft lips covered hers.

Ngh?!

Grace's eyes snapped wide, pupils contracting violently.

Sophie's red lips pressed tightly against hers, bringing a completely different sensation from a man—smooth, soft, carrying a faint sweet fragrance. No stubble stinging, only water-like gentleness.

Sophie had been captivated by Grace's flushed, aroused lips and couldn't resist leaning down to kiss her.

She didn't give Grace any chance to react. Her pink, wet little tongue slipped in like a nimble loach and pried open Grace's teeth.

In that instant the picture became extremely strange and obscene.

Down below, Ethan was no longer slowly feeling out the shape of his sister's pussy with just the head. He was thrusting hard. Every collision produced crisp *smack-smack-smack* sounds, and the wet *schlick-schlick* of his cock sliding in and out filled the air.

Up above, Sophie was cradling her sister-in-law's head, tongue deep and passionate, kissing her intensely.

Grace was completely overwhelmed by the dual assault.

Hard invasion below, soft entanglement above.

The extreme contrast felt like being struck by lightning.

"Mmmph… mm…"

Grace tried to resist, but Sophie was sucking hard on her tongue. She couldn't pull back at all.

Sophie kissed seriously, like an explorer.

Using her own tongue she mapped every inch of her sister-in-law's mouth, exploring that unique, delicate texture that only existed between women.

Grace's tongue was very soft, carrying a faint sweetness of saliva. Compared to Richard's tobacco-flavored mouth or her husband's lust-filled kisses, this feeling… was surprisingly good.

As the two beautiful women's tongues continued to tangle, Sophie was shocked to discover a heat rising in her lower belly that she'd never felt before—an excitement even stronger than simply having sex with a man.

Like a moth chasing flame, Sophie kept sucking. Their tongue tips hooked and chased each other like two little fish playing in water, intertwining and sucking.

"Slurp… slurp… slurp…"

The sounds of saliva being exchanged rang between their lips and teeth, incredibly lewd.

Ethan fucked while looking down at the scene.

Two peerless beauties—one his sexy, fiery wife, the other his lush, alluring older sister—were right beneath him, kissing passionately in front of him.

Those entangled tongues, the silver threads being pulled, those hazy eyes…

Fuck!

This was too fucking stimulating!

Everything flooded his vision. Ethan immediately felt his cock swell another size. The veins on it throbbed wildly; it felt like it was about to explode.

"Sis, does it feel good? Getting your pussy fucked by your little brother while your sister-in-law force-kisses you… you dirty slut…"

He growled low, and his hips immediately sped up.

Smack-smack-smack-smack-smack!

Like a violent storm, every thrust drove his big cock ruthlessly to the deepest part of his sister's cervix, stretching those already tight walls to their absolute limit.

"Mmmph—!!"

Grace was nearly suffocated by her brother's sudden fierce assault.

But her mouth was blocked by her sister-in-law. She couldn't cry out, only produce muffled whimpers.

Countless indescribable waves of pleasure surged over her, one higher than the last, bringing contradictory thoughts.

Grace felt like a tiny boat being tossed in a raging storm—about to be capsized at any moment, yet craving to be completely submerged.

Not long after, while kissing, Sophie suddenly felt Grace's body tense and knew she was about to break.

So she sucked even harder on her tongue.

Pleasure kept stacking.

Physically being penetrated by her little brother, plus being force-kissed by her same-sex sister-in-law—Grace quickly reached the critical point.

"Ngh… mm!!!"

With Ethan's final dozens of high-speed thrusts like a pile driver, Grace's body suddenly locked rigid.

Deep inside the shaved pussy, as if it had been fucked broken, it contracted violently, tightly clamping Ethan's wicked big cock. The soft

flesh inside writhed and squeezed madly, trying to completely devour and fuse with the invader until they were indistinguishable.

In the next instant, a gush of scorching juices sprayed out from her cervix with a *pfft*, all pouring over Ethan's cockhead and even flowing down the shaft, soaking the tatami below.

"Haa—"

At that exact moment Sophie suddenly released her mouth. Grace could finally breathe, gasping in huge lungfuls of air. Her entire body went limp like the bones had been pulled out, eyes rolling back. Only her slightly twitching thighs still told how violent the climax had been.

Sophie was also panting as she lifted her head.

Both women's mouths still had crystal silver threads hanging; their saliva was already mixed, connected by an ambiguous thin line.

Seeing that his sister was satisfied, Ethan let out a long breath.

Perhaps because the scene had been too stimulating, he actually calmed down a bit. Thinking that scenes like this would probably happen many more times over the next couple of days, he forced down the urge to cum.

After a few dozen seconds of lingering, he slowly pulled his cock out of the still lightly spasming pussy.

Pop~

Because their bodies fit so perfectly, and because Grace had produced so much juice during her orgasm, when Ethan pulled out it actually made a crisp sound like a cork being yanked from a bottle.

Looking down, the swollen, red hole was still gaping open, full of white foam and juices. He could even see the deep-red tender flesh inside.

Then Ethan, still rock-hard and coated in his sister's love juices, turned toward Sophie and waved the big shaft at her.

"Babe, you have this kind of hobby too?"

He teased with a wicked grin.

Sophie was still savoring the taste of that kiss. Hearing his words, she rolled her eyes at her husband.

The look carried three parts coquettish pout and seven parts allure, making Ethan's heart stir.

“What? You’re allowed to bully sis but I’m not allowed to bully her a little?”

With that she looked over at Grace, who was still in a daze, and gently poked the still-trembling nipple with a finger.

Hehe, right, sis? Did that feel good just now?

Only then did Grace slowly come back to her senses, gazing hazily at the two people in front of her.

Ah?

The blank moment from earlier still hadn’t fully returned her reason.

That kiss… was too crazy.

Grace could actively seek out her little brother to fuck, yet she’d never imagined one day tongue-kissing this sister-in-law.

Seeing her expression, Sophie worried she might feel awkward once she fully processed it, so she quickly laughed it off.

“Nothing, nothing. Sis, just rest well.”

With that she stared at her husband’s big cock still coated in filthy juices and slowly crawled over.

Those black-stockinged beautiful legs dragged across the tatami, the pose extremely provocative.

Sophie moved between Ethan’s legs, opened the red lips that had just tasted her sister-in-law, and took that ferocious big cock into her mouth in one go.

Ngh…

The sensation on his cock: warm, wet, tight.

Ethan sucked in a sharp breath from the pleasure.

Sophie’s oral skills were excellent. Her tongue flexibly circled the head, attending to every spot, while the back of her throat gently squeezed, giving him waves of tingling suction.

She was cleaning up for her husband, licking away all the remaining juices and taste of her sister-in-law and swallowing them down.

The fluids of several people mixed together inside those equally alluring red lips.

After about a dozen seconds Sophie felt the taste in her mouth lighten and the cock had been licked shiny.

Just as she was preparing to take it deep for a throat finish, a shadow suddenly fell over them.

Ethan's originally pleasured expression stiffened slightly. His gaze went past the top of Sophie's head toward the doorway.

There was a wooden screen.

And at that moment, beside the screen, a pair of legs in nude stockings had appeared without anyone noticing.

His gaze slowly traveled upward.

Helen Hale's still-attractive face, currently expressionless, was quietly standing there.

She wore a fitted trench coat and held an unopened toiletry bag in her hand.

Those phoenix eyes, through the gap in the screen, coldly watched the absurdity filling the room.

On the floor, her biological daughter Grace was lying on her side like a puddle of mud.

The deep-purple form-fitting knit dress had been roughly shoved up to her waist, bunched into messy folds. Those beautiful long legs were now sprawled weakly open. The black pantyhose had been pushed down to her knees, binding the still-slightly-trembling feet. She looked like a toy that had been played until broken.

What made Helen's eyelids twitch was that inside Grace's half-undone black nursing bra, the snowy breasts were completely exposed to the air. The crimson nipples still looked hard and engorged, and a few drops of milky-white milk were slowly dripping down the full lower curve, leaving a small wet stain on the floor.

The even more impactful scene was on the other side.

Her daughter-in-law—the one who usually seemed a bit rebellious but still reasonably well-behaved—was now kneeling on the ground without a shred of dignity.

Sophie's tight black mini dress clung to her fiery body, the hem barely covering her ass, while those legs wrapped in black sheer stockings were spread wide to support her balance.

Her cheeks were puffed out, mouth stuffed full.

It was something Helen knew all too well—her own son Ethan's cock.

That thick, ferocious shaft that had ravaged her insides multiple times and sent her to the clouds was now being held in her daughter-in-law's cherry mouth, only a small section of the base still visible.

And finally, the infant still playing nearby.

The air froze in that instant.

Only the wet *slurp-slurp* sounds coming from Sophie's mouth still echoed mindlessly.

That wooden screen was like a torn veil of shame, shoving the extremely debauched scene inside the room nakedly in front of Helen, who had just stepped through the door.

But unexpectedly, Helen didn't scream as one might have imagined. She didn't even breathe faster.

She slowly walked in.

She was wearing a well-tailored khaki fitted trench coat, the belt cinched tight, outlining the waist and hip curves of this middle-aged beauty that still made hearts skip. Those calves in nude stockings gleamed with fine porcelain light under the lamps. On her feet were low-heeled leather shoes.

Her gaze was extremely calm on the surface, yet deep inside something that made the heart race was surging.

Sophie clearly hadn't expected her mother-in-law to enter at this moment. Those eyes that had gone hazy from sucking cock suddenly widened. A muffled "ngh" came from her throat as if she were choking. For a moment she didn't know whether to keep holding the wicked thing or spit it out immediately.

And Ethan's cock—which had softened slightly after cumming—under the sudden tightening of Sophie's shocked mouth, and with his mother suddenly walking in, visibly twitched. Veins bulged as it filled with blood and hardened again.

The scene stayed deathly silent for three seconds.

Helen's heart was actually far from as calm as her surface appeared, but those towering waves didn't come from anger.

Ever since that night when she heard the truth from her own children—that this family was already riddled with holes—her heart

that had once strictly kept to a wife's duty seemed to have died by half. Or rather, it had switched to a different way of living.

Just like not long ago in that cramped car, she had clearly seen her husband Richard's old face flushed red from desire, and also seen the unconcealed allure in her daughter-in-law Sophie's eyes and brows. The faint fishy scent in the air had stabbed into her nose like needles.

She didn't speak. She just silently looked at the thing between her son's legs.

And now, watching with her own eyes as her son had just shot thick cum deep into his own sister's body, then turned around and had his legal wife kneel on the ground like a bitch to clean up the battlefield.

These scenes that violated ethics and morality, falling into Helen's eyes now, somehow produced an absurd sense of reasonableness.

Even, faintly, an unspeakable sourness and jealousy?

CHAPTER 99

A Stalling Tactic

Just as Helen became aware of this inner shift—something shameful enough to make her want to die of embarrassment—a voice carrying both innocence and wickedness broke the dead silence.

"Mom, you want a taste too?"

Ethan's magnetic voice drilled clearly into everyone's ears.

His still-handsome, sunny face wore a smile. There wasn't a trace of panic at being caught by his mother. While speaking, he even bucked his hips a little, making that purple-red monster slide in and out of Sophie's mouth and pull out glistening strands of fluid.

Helen's body jerked hard at the words. Her gaze instinctively followed the sound down to his lower body.

That cock which had given her endless forbidden pleasure and kept her tossing and turning at night was now mostly buried in her daughter-in-law's red lips. Because it had been sucked for so long, thick saliva ran down the purple-red shaft, dripped from the corner of Sophie's mouth, and landed right on the black stockings.

The entire picture was obscene to the extreme.

The visual impact made Helen feel the secret slit between her own thighs uncooperatively dampen.

In that moment the calm on her face could no longer be maintained. A girlish blush rose. She lightly bit her lower lip. A flash of annoyance crossed those still-charming phoenix eyes as she glared fiercely at Ethan, pretending to be angry.

"You child, what nonsense are you spouting!"

Helen scolded in a low voice, using the reaction to cover her body's disloyalty.

Only after she struggled to tear her gaze away from the cock still twitching in Sophie's mouth did she take a deep breath. Those long legs moved, low heels clicking lightly on the wooden floor as she walked toward her daughter who was still collapsed on the ground.

When she passed Ethan, a faint, elegant fragrance washed over him.

It was a scent that had deepened with age—rich and alluring, different from Sophie's sweetness and different from Grace's milky scent. It belonged only to a mother.

Breathing it in, Ethan felt the cock that had already hardened again swell even larger, pressing against Sophie's cheek until it ached. She had to let a little more of it slip out just to feel comfortable.

Helen ignored the movement behind her and went straight to Grace's side, slowly crouching down.

The hem of her trench coat spread with the motion, revealing the tight curve of her ass underneath.

Then she pulled a pack of wet wipes from her pocket, took several out, and gently began wiping the messy stains on the insides of her daughter's thighs.

Grace's legs were truly beautiful. She had inherited Helen's excellent genes—long, straight, skin as pale as a freshly peeled egg. But right now those beautiful legs were covered in dried and wet fluids. Some was Grace's own juices; some was the essence Ethan had left behind.

As Helen wiped, her fingers accidentally touched a thick white clump. Her fingertip paused for a moment.

This was her own son's semen.

To put it another way, it was flesh that had fallen from her body, now shot into another piece of flesh that had also fallen from her body.

This return and merging of bloodlines made Helen's heart clench hard.

She didn't feel disgust. Instead she stared at that white clump with complicated eyes for two seconds before continuing. She even carefully wiped the stains off the floor as well.

"Mom?"

By then Grace had finally come down from the afterglow. She looked at the woman cleaning her body with hazy eyes. Her voice still carried a bit of soft allure when she spoke.

Helen didn't answer. She only nodded at her, eyes showing a trace of helplessness and pity.

Then she stood, walked over, and tossed the wad of tissues stained with the entire family's evidence into the nearby trash can.

On the other side, Sophie watched her mother-in-law's slightly desolate yet still alluring back and felt a strange irritation rise in her chest.

This mother-in-law's eyes were practically glued to Ethan's cock, yet she still acted like some pure saint.

Sophie muttered inwardly: Who are you pretending for? I bet you're dying for this big cock. If I weren't here you'd have already pounced and joined Grace for a mother-daughter threesome!

But then she thought again—she was still her husband's legal wife. No matter who he did anything with, it still had to go through her consent. That sense of control gave Sophie a mysterious thrill.

Only then did she notice how sore her cheeks were and how numb the root of her tongue felt.

She reluctantly let go, allowing that purple-red monster to spring fully into the open air.

Plop.

With a soft sound the cock bounced free, coated in her saliva and gleaming with an enticing shine.

"Hubby, I'm suddenly a little sleepy. That was a bit too intense just now… I'm going back to the room to rest. You come over after you're done here."

As she spoke she wiped the corner of her mouth with the back of her hand and blinked those seductive big eyes at Ethan, sending a signal only the two of them understood.

Ethan of course understood. She was voluntarily clearing space so he could be alone with his mother and sister.

Even if nothing happened today, it was an attitude.

"Go ahead. Rest well."

He smiled gratefully at Sophie, eyes full of doting.

Sophie braced her knees and stood, smoothed the black mini dress that had already been wrinkled, and casually tugged up the stockings that had slipped a little.

Before leaving, that slender, pale finger of hers couldn't help itself—it lightly dragged across the head of Ethan's cock. The moment her nail scraped the slit, it made him give a small shiver.

With a mischievous smile of success, Sophie swayed her slim waist and walked out of the room with cat-like steps.

As the door closed softly behind her, the atmosphere inside instantly became subtle.

Sophie's departure was like removing the only buffer, leaving the remaining mother, son, and daughter in a vacuum of awkwardness and ambiguity.

Helen turned after throwing the tissues away and her gaze landed right on the thing between her son's legs that still hadn't softened.

It stood rigidly upright, nodding slightly with Ethan's breathing, as if greeting her.

At once the itching in Helen's heart grew stronger, like thousands of ants crawling on her heart.

But a mother's dignity still forced her to put on a stern face. She said unhappily:

"Still not pulling your pants up! How old are you, still wanting to run around the house with your bare ass like when you were little? Ridiculous!"

Hearing that, Grace—who was still sprawled on the floor—burst out laughing.

"Haha…"

The laugh was a bit abrupt, breaking the taut tension.

Ethan, pressed by his mother's natural authority, fumbled to pull his pants up while looking at his sister in confusion:

"What are you laughing at, sis?"

Grace had already sat up. She casually gathered her messy long hair. The purple knit dress was still bunched at her waist. Her black-stockinged legs crossed, radiating a lazy sexiness.

She gestured while speaking:

"Nothing… I just remembered when you were little. It was so tiny, not even as big as my pinky. When Mom bathed you she had to pinch it to wash… and now you can actually make Mom…"

She paused. A mischievous glint flashed in her eyes. She deliberately lowered her voice:

“Now you can actually fuck Mom until she cries. My little brother really has grown up. Pretty impressive!”

The words were blunt and crude enough to make people click their tongues, yet they precisely stabbed every secret excited point in the room.

Ethan paused at that, then a proud expression appeared on his face. He even deliberately thrust his hips so the outline was still obvious through his pants:

“Of course!”

Helen was made red-faced and furious by her daughter’s completely unrestrained tiger-and-wolf words.

She wanted to scold her too, but when she opened her mouth she found she couldn’t get angry at all.

Because the most shameful part was that her body was honest.

Helen’s body truly missed that feeling of being filled, stretched open, and thoroughly conquered.

Or to put it another way, the little hole between her legs had long been trained by Ethan these past days into the shape of her son’s cock and already remembered its taste.

In the next moment, to ease the awkwardness that was about to suffocate everyone and to hide the desire that was about to overflow, Helen had a sudden idea and remembered the original reason she had come.

“Ethan… actually… Mom came over because there’s something I need to discuss with you two.”

She looked away like a little girl, a bit flustered, not daring to meet her son’s burning gaze. Her hands twisted together uneasily.

Seeing his mother rarely show this shy, girlish posture, Ethan’s heart tightened hard. He thought something serious had happened and quickly stepped forward, naturally placing both hands on her rounded shoulders and asking with concern:

“What’s wrong, Mom? What happened?”

Feeling the heat of those big hands on her shoulders, Helen’s body stiffened slightly, then softened. She turned her head away from her son’s breath and said quietly:

"I want to switch rooms… That room with your dad isn't convenient. I want… I want to switch with you two, or I can just stay in a room by myself."

Hearing that, Ethan immediately relaxed, then felt a wave of helplessness.

Again, avoiding Dad.

Of course he didn't know that in the drawer of the vanity in his mother's room there was already a handwritten divorce agreement—her final counterattack against this marriage that existed in name only.

In Ethan's eyes, his parents were just an old couple having a spat. Plus all the recent absurd stimulation, it was normal for Mom to not turn the corner right away.

He even calculated in his heart whether he should find a chance to properly reconcile the two elders. After all, the most important thing for a family was to stay together—even if that togetherness was built on an extremely twisted web of relationships.

"Mom, switching rooms now is such a hassle. The front desk already said they're fully booked."

Ethan began deploying his stalling tactic, palm gently rubbing his mother's shoulder to reassure her.

"Just bear with it for now. If it's really no good, you can stay in my room tonight?"

The phrase "stay in my room" was spoken with deep meaning.

While the three of them were still tugging back and forth, the little ancestor who had been sleeping peacefully in the corner—Grace's son—suddenly let out a loud wail.

The clear crying immediately shattered the ambiguous atmosphere in the room.

"Ah, he must have pooped!"

The moment Grace heard the sound, the instinct of a mother instantly overrode her physical exhaustion and desire.

Ignoring that she was still half-dressed, she scrambled up and rushed over.

Helen also seemed to find a lifeline. She quickly pulled free of her son's hands and hurried over to help.

“Is the diaper wet? Quick, get a new one!”

“That bag—pass it to me!”

Watching his mother and sister busy themselves around the child, those two full, alluring figures swaying under the light, Ethan stood where he was and smacked his lips with lingering dissatisfaction.

The current situation was no longer suitable for continuing the earlier topic, much less the earlier actions.

“Then I’ll head back first. Sis, Mom, you two handle it.”

Ethan tactfully said goodbye. Without waiting for either woman to reply, he turned and left the room.

He crossed the corridor, returned to the room he shared with his wife, and pushed the door open. A faint elegant fragrance washed over him.

Circling past the same wooden screen, Ethan’s eyes immediately landed on a scene that made his blood surge.

The Japanese-style tatami on the floor was a bit messy. Beside it an open huge pink suitcase was spread out, colorful inside, piled high with stockings of every style.

Black ones, nude ones, white ones, ones with lace edges, garter ones—it was practically a small stocking exhibition.

And Sophie was sitting on the edge of the bedding with her back to him.

Her black mini dress had already been hiked up to her waist, revealing that stretch of snowy, delicate wasp waist and the full, perky round of her ass.

Right now she was looking down, holding a pair of black lace panties she had just taken off, about to stuff them into the dirty laundry bag beside her.

Clearly these were the ones she had just been wearing.

Looking at the scene, Ethan’s mind instantly flashed back to next door, when Sophie had been kneeling and sucking his cock. He imagined how these panties had tightly wrapped that dripping honey hole and how they had gradually soaked through under the surging desire.

A perverted excitement instantly rushed to his head.

Ethan closed the distance in a few strides and snatched the panties from Sophie's hand.

"Ah! Who is it!"

Sophie was startled. She turned her head, saw it was Ethan, and rolled her eyes at him unhappily, pouting:

"Hubby! Are you a ghost? You don't even make footsteps when you walk. You scared me to death just now!"

Ethan didn't speak. He just held the small piece of fabric like some rare treasure and brought it right under his nose.

He took a deep breath.

Haa~

A rich scent shot straight to the top of his head.

A faint piss smell, plus the fishy scent of a large amount of love juices fermented from being in heat.

It truly lived up to the saying: I know the taste of the sea!

This scent might be hard for ordinary people to accept, but for someone with Ethan's complicated kinks it was the highest-grade aphrodisiac.

Unable to help himself, Ethan closed his eyes while gripping his wife's panties and greedily sniffed, as if through this scent he could imagine how his wife's pink, alluring labia had swollen with blood from the friction of the fabric, and see how the trickling honey had soaked every fiber.

"Pervert…"

Sophie watched her husband's obsessed appearance. Her cheeks flushed. She cursed once, yet her eyes carried a trace of proud allure.

Then she extended that still black-stocking-wrapped jade foot and lightly kicked Ethan's calf, commanding in a queen-like tone:

"Sniffed enough? If you're done then hurry up and wash them for me!"

"Yes, my dear wife."

Ethan opened his eyes, the corner of his mouth wearing a wicked smile.

He took one more hard sniff, expression as intoxicated as an addict, then contentedly dug out the special lingerie soap he had prepared

earlier from the suitcase, took the soaked panties, and turned into the bathroom.

【To be continued】

CHAPTER 100

A Blunt Invitation

Inside the en-suite bathroom of their room at Serenity Peaks.

The sound of rushing water filled the space.

Ethan Hale was scrubbing his wife's sheer, gossamer lace panties, humming a little tune under his breath as he worked.

When he finished and hung them to dry, he stepped out to find Sophie Hale waiting by the entryway, a small clutch in her hand.

She had changed into a fresh, casual outfit—loose and comfortable on top, but still wearing those dangerously tempting black stockings, only swapping the heels for a pair of flat shoes.

"Honey, are you done? I want to go out for a walk. It's too stuffy in here."

Sophie urged him.

Ethan snapped out of his thoughts and replied, "Alright, alright."

He shook the water from his hands and hurried over to her.

Hand in hand, the couple stepped out of the main doors of Serenity Peaks.

It was already afternoon. The mountain air was exceptionally crisp—something like a natural tonic for people who spent most of their lives in the grind of city traffic.

The temperature was a little cool, but that only made the warmth of their palms pressed together feel more noticeable.

They didn't go far, just strolling slowly along the quiet paths that circled the outer grounds of the hot spring resort.

On the stone-paved walkways, other guests occasionally passed by, but none of them looked as intimately close as this young couple.

"Remember that day? The first time we went out and got a hotel room… we were holding hands just like this."

Sophie swung Ethan's hand gently, a nostalgic sweetness in her voice.

Ethan turned his head and looked at his wife's delicate profile. A warm feeling rose in his chest.

"Of course. You were so nervous your palms were completely sweaty. You could barely hold onto your ID."

"I was not!"

Sophie pouted at being teased and lightly punched him.

"It was you who got so nervous you couldn't find the room number!"

Their eyes met. For a moment, the scene felt frozen in time.

Then they both smiled at each other. That quiet understanding and warmth that belonged only to a married couple who had started as first loves flowed between them in the air.

Talking and laughing like that, they unconsciously wandered all the way around to a small wooded area behind the main buildings.

It was farther from the main paths, a little more secluded—though it was actually closer if you came in from the rear entrance.

The rustling of wind through the leaves never stopped.

Then, suddenly, a strange sound broke the quiet.

Slap… slap… slap…

Ah… uh… mm… ah…

Listening carefully, it was the clear, rhythmic sound of flesh hitting flesh, mixed with a woman's unmistakable moans.

Ethan and Sophie looked at each other. Surprise was clear in both their eyes.

People were actually fucking out in the open here?

Without needing to speak, they both lightened their steps and quietly followed the direction of the sounds.

Pushing through a few bushes, an extremely lewd scene slammed into their vision with no warning.

Under a thick old tree, two pale bodies were tangled together.

The woman had her back to them, both hands braced straight against the tree trunk. She still wore a white puffer jacket on her upper body, but her lower half was in an extremely short pleated skirt.

At this point, the skirt had been shoved all the way up to her waist.

Her entire lower body was completely bare—pale and exposed, no stockings, no panties, fully naked from the waist down in the open air.

Her long, dazzling white legs were spread wide. One foot was up on its toes, trembling with every thrust from behind.

The couple could see clearly: the woman's round, plump, meaty ass was rising and falling like waves under the man's movements, pale flesh rippling with each impact. The visual impact was intense.

And the man who was frantically thrusting into her… wasn't her husband.

It was that greasy, balding front-desk manager.

His pants were down around his ankles. His own pale, fat ass was jiggling violently with every frantic pump, looking like a lump of dough being slapped around—ugly enough to make someone nauseous.

His rough hands were clamped tightly around the woman's slim waist. He was gripping so hard that red marks were already visible on her fair skin.

Even from a distance, it was clear the man's cock wasn't large. It was actually on the short side—ten centimeters at most—dark and stubby, matching his oily beer gut perfectly.

But that unimpressive little thing was currently thrusting in and out between the woman's legs at high speed, pulling out wet, squelching sounds with every stroke.

And the woman…

When she turned her face to the side and let out another bone-melting moan, both Ethan and Sophie recognized her.

It was Mrs. Carter—the one who had been so outrageously slutty in the lobby at noon.

"Ah… big brother… harder… ah… faster… I'm almost there…"

Unrestrained, lewd moans kept pouring out. Under the greasy manager's rough pounding, the woman's refined face was flushed deep red, her eyes glazed, saliva even leaking from the corner of her mouth. She was clearly completely lost in the pleasure of being used so roughly.

The greasy manager panted heavily while laughing in a low, sleazy way, yellow teeth on full display.

"You dirty slut… the second I saw you in that short skirt this afternoon, I wanted to fuck you… what, your useless husband can't satisfy you? So you came and seduced me? Watch me fuck you to death, you whore! Uh! Does it feel good? Does it feel good, you slut?!"

“Ah! Big brother! You’re so good! Ah! Don’t… don’t talk about that loser… ah… yours is so big… so good… it feels so amazing! Ah! Fuck me to death!”

Mrs. Carter cried out shamelessly, thrusting her ass back even harder to meet him, actively swallowing that not-particularly-large cock. Combined with her stunning face and incredibly hot body, the entire scene was pure filth.

Ethan stood in the shadows, watching. For a moment, it felt like he had stopped breathing.

At the same time, he could feel the soft hand he was holding growing hotter and hotter in his palm. Sophie’s skin was starting to sweat slightly.

He turned his head. Sophie’s beautiful eyes were wide open, staring straight at the couple fucking in front of them.

She had watched plenty of porn, but in real life, aside from watching her own husband fuck her sister-in-law, Sophie had never actually seen other people having sex.

This scene was more stimulating than any video. Especially the extreme contrast of an incredibly ugly man fucking an incredibly beautiful woman.

The visual difference was overwhelming.

A woman who looked like a goddess—elegant, fashionable, sexy—was being used like a toy out in the dirt and insects by this disgusting fat pig.

She wasn’t resisting. She was enjoying it. She was even urging him on.

Sophie stared, completely absorbed, at the woman’s lewd expression in the distance, at the shiny fluid running down that snow-white ass. Her lips parted slightly, the tip of her pink tongue unconsciously licking across her dry lower lip.

The expression on her face wasn’t disgust. It wasn’t contempt. It was the stunned look of someone who had just seen the door to an entirely new world open.

“That woman…”

Sophie thought to herself.

“…is such a slut.”

Right then, the greasy manager seemed to reach his limit. He let out a pig-like grunt, slammed his entire body forward, and drove his short, dark cock as deep as it would go into the woman's pussy. Then he started cumming hard inside her tight channel.

"Ah… hot… so hot…"

Lena Carter threw her head back. Her long neck arched into a beautiful curve. Her whole body shook like she was being electrocuted as she gripped the tree trunk with both hands.

Even though the greasy manager's equipment wasn't impressive, he still had some stamina. He had just finished shooting, but he didn't pull out. Instead, he used his own cum mixed with her juices as lubricant and started thrusting into her again.

Ethan was still staring, dazed, when a sharp pain suddenly hit his waist.

Sophie's delicate fingers had pinched the soft flesh at his side hard enough that he almost cried out.

"Are we leaving or what? You want to stay and join them?"

Even as she said it, her eyes clearly still looked like she wasn't finished watching.

The pain snapped Ethan back to reality. He really didn't dare stay any longer. He was afraid the two people having sex would notice them.

He gave his wife an apologetic look, took her hand, and turned to leave as quietly as possible.

But the moment they turned around and took only a couple of steps, they found a dark figure standing motionless under another old tree at the corner.

Ethan froze mid-step. Before he could steady himself, the figure slowly stepped forward, and Ethan finally saw his face.

Neat glasses. A well-fitted casual suit. A gentle, cultured smile at the corner of his mouth.

It was Mr. Carter.

The husband of the woman who was currently being creampied by that fat pig in the woods.

How long had he been standing there?

How much had he seen?

Or… had he been watching the entire time?

An unprecedented awkwardness settled over both Ethan and Sophie.

Catching someone cheating, only to immediately turn around and run into the person being cheated on—it was more dramatic than a soap opera.

What should they do?

Should they tell him?

Ethan and Sophie looked at each other. Sophie's fingers instinctively tightened around Ethan's arm.

If they told this Mr. Carter right now that his wife was having outdoor sex with the manager up ahead, would the situation explode?

Would they start fighting?

Or would this seemingly polite Mr. Carter snap and kill the other man, then kill the slutty woman as well?

Sophie's mind raced with possibilities.

But before either of them could figure out what to say, the man moved first.

He didn't angrily charge forward to catch them in the act. He didn't show any expression of shock or pain.

He simply looked quietly at Ethan and Sophie, then slowly raised one index finger and pressed it to his lips in a shushing gesture.

Shh.

The motion was elegant.

Then he beckoned to both of them with a "follow me" motion, turned around, and started walking toward the guest room area on his own.

His back was calm and composed, as if the green-hat scene that had just happened either didn't exist, or was exactly the show he had been waiting for.

Ethan and Sophie stood there, stunned.

Sophie's beautiful eyes narrowed slightly as her gaze moved back and forth between Mr. Carter's retreating figure and the bushes in the distance.

"Honey… let's go see."

Sophie suddenly said in a low voice.

The situation had developed in a way that completely defied normal logic, and her curiosity had been fully hooked.

Ethan also wanted to know if there was some hidden story behind this.

So, almost as if under a spell, the two of them followed him.

They went through the rear entrance, down the covered walkway, and up to the second floor.

Mr. Carter was staying in a suite with an excellent view.

The door was left slightly ajar—clearly left that way on purpose for them.

When they pushed it open, a faint scent of sandalwood drifted out.

It was a Japanese-style tatami room, decorated in a minimalist, elegant way.

Mr. Carter had already taken off his jacket. He was only wearing a dark gray shirt with the sleeves rolled up, revealing lean wrists.

He was kneeling beside the low tea table, calmly rinsing and warming the tea set.

"Please, sit."

His voice was warm and smooth, completely free of any emotional fluctuation.

Behind the screen, Ethan and Sophie somewhat awkwardly took off their shoes and stepped onto the soft tatami.

Sophie knelt beside Ethan and adjusted her skirt. Her black-stocking-covered legs were pressed together and angled to the side. Her posture was elegant, like a refined guest visiting someone's home. Only the slight rise and fall of her chest betrayed the turmoil inside her.

"You both saw it just now, didn't you?"

Mr. Carter poured two cups of tea and pushed them toward the couple. His tone was flat, without the slightest hint of panic.

Ethan coughed awkwardly, unsure how to answer.

Sophie, however, calmly picked up her teacup, took a small sip, and looked the man directly in the eyes.

"We saw it. Mr. Carter… you don't seem to mind?"

"Mind?"

The man acted as if he had just heard the funniest joke in the world. He let out a light laugh and pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose.

"Why would I mind? It's Lena's hobby. And it's also… my hobby."

After saying that, he raised his head. His gaze swept across Sophie's refined face, then down to the obvious bulge in Ethan's pants, before he continued:

"Allow me to properly introduce myself. I'm Marcus Carter. The one currently enjoying some… primitive pleasure in the woods is my wife, Lena Carter."

"We practice an open sexual relationship. Or, to put it more bluntly, I have a cuckold fetish, and she is a complete exhibitionist and sex addict."

Marcus's words were so direct they were almost suffocating.

Ethan fell into deep thought.

Even though he and Sophie had already opened things up quite a bit between them—even to the point of incest—facing an outsider who could so calmly admit to this kind of twisted preference still hit him hard.

So… they weren't the only ones like this.

A strange sense of belonging rose in Ethan's chest.

"From the way you two reacted just now, it seems you're not… opposed to that kind of scene?"

Marcus leaned forward slightly.

"Especially you, Mrs. Hale. Your eyes told me you quite appreciated Lena's performance."

Sophie's cheeks instantly flushed red, but she didn't look away. Instead, she straightened her back, making her full breasts push out proudly under her tight top.

"It was… alright. Just… a bit special."

"Special is exactly right."

Marcus smiled, the smile deepening.

"Tonight is going to be a long one. Since we happened to meet, why don't we… spend it together?"

The man didn't waste any more words. He issued the invitation directly.

“If Mr. Hale is interested, once Lena comes back later, you can personally inspect her body. I think she would be very happy to have a young, handsome man cover up the traces that fat guy left behind.”

Hearing this, Ethan’s heart started pounding wildly.

Personally inspect?

Cover up?

In his mind, the image of Lena Carter’s snow-white ass and that lewd, beautiful face instantly appeared.

If he could press that top-tier woman under him… right in front of her husband…

But his reason told him it was too dangerous.

In the end, they were still just strangers they had seen twice.

And Sophie was right beside him. If he carelessly agreed, what would she do?

Would she have to join in too? Was this supposed to turn into a full wife swap?

Suddenly, the words his sister Grace had said to him in the bathroom earlier flashed through his mind.

Ethan immediately calmed down. He took a deep breath and forcefully suppressed the fire that had been rising in his lower body.

“You’re joking, Mr. Carter. We… don’t have any plans for that right now.”

The refusal was reluctant, but it was still a refusal.

Sophie turned her head and glanced at her husband. Her eyes flickered, but she didn’t speak up to contradict him. She simply continued quietly tracing the rim of her teacup with her finger.

Marcus seemed to have already expected this outcome. He waved a hand dismissively, completely unbothered.

“No problem. We still have time. After all, we’re going to be staying here for several more days. Heh.”

After some brief, polite small talk, Ethan pulled Sophie along and they left the room almost as if they were fleeing.

(Note for readers who might skip around: Sophie will not have sex with any man who is not blood-related.)

CHAPTER 101

So Bored

Only after the two of them had rushed back downstairs to their own room did Ethan Hale realize his entire back was soaked through with sweat.

Thinking back on that invitation from the seemingly refined man just now, if his wife hadn't been right beside him, if his sister hadn't said those words to him that night, he probably wouldn't have been able to resist the temptation.

Sophie turned around, leaned her back against the wall, and looked at her husband with a half-smile that wasn't quite a smile.

"Honey… just now… did you get hard?"

As she spoke, both of her soft hands suddenly shot toward Ethan's crotch. Through his pants, she grabbed hold of that rock-hard cock in one firm grip.

Ethan sucked in a sharp breath from the pleasure. The strange, twisted feeling in his chest instantly transformed into pure lust. He pressed this little vixen who loved tormenting him against the wall and kissed her.

Less than five minutes after they had returned to their room.

The door to the room across the hall was pushed open again.

Lena Carter stood in the doorway.

At that moment, the white puffer jacket on her body was a mess, with a few dried yellow leaves still stuck to it.

Down below, that extremely short pleated skirt was still sitting in a dangerously high position. As she walked, the hem swayed, and the base of her thighs showed a shocking patch of redness and swelling.

Her walking posture was a little strange. Her legs were slightly parted, as if the moment she tried to close them with any force, something stuffed full inside her would immediately start leaking out.

"Honey, I'm back!"

Lena kicked off her tall boots and stepped barefoot onto the tatami.

Those feet were extremely beautiful. The arches rose in elegant curves, the toes were round and pearl-like, the nails painted a deep red. Paired with those jade-like feet, the overall look was intensely seductive.

Marcus Carter was still kneeling in place. His calm gaze fell on his wife's lower body.

"Why so fast? I only got back a few minutes ago."

"Ugh, don't even ask."

Lena sighed, a look of pure disdain on her face as she walked up to her husband. Without any hesitation, she turned around, back facing him, both hands braced on her knees, and stuck that ass—which had just been pounded countless times—high into the air.

"That fat bastard is useless. He looks big and strong, but he's just a silver-painted spearhead. Even though he came twice, added together it wasn't even a few minutes. I still didn't get enough."

"Well… he did shoot a lot, though. It was scalding hot."

While complaining, Lena reached back with one hand and spread her ass cheeks apart.

Pfft.

A wet sound.

As the hole opened, a large amount of thick, fishy-smelling white fluid mixed with clear love juice poured out of that still-pink little meat hole.

Drip… drip…

The filthy liquid landed on the tatami and quickly spread into a dark stain.

Marcus set down his teacup. His voice went hoarse.

"Let me see."

He leaned in closer, reached out, and wiped a hand across that muddy, messy hole. Then he brought his fingers up under his nose and sniffed, offering his evaluation:

"Really fishy. Looks like that fat guy had been holding it in for a long time."

As soon as he finished speaking, he immediately stood up, undid his belt, and a cock of impressive size sprang out.

In pure length, it could compete with Ethan's. However, the head wasn't particularly large. The overall shape was like a bamboo shoot—

long, yes, but thicker at the base and thinner toward the front. In that regard, it couldn't compare to Ethan's, whose shaft was more uniform and whose head was noticeably bigger and more impressive.

"Since you still haven't had enough, let me help you… clean the pot."

Marcus's voice trembled. Watching his wife's pussy stuffed full of another man's fluids, his excitement reached its peak. He guided his cock forward and pressed the tip against that hole that was still leaking cum.

There was no foreplay. At this moment, every single cell in Lena's body was already in a state of extreme arousal. She didn't need any.

Schlick.

The bamboo-shoot cock slid all the way in along the incredibly lubricated channel in one thrust.

"Ah… my husband's still feels better…"

Lena let out a satisfied moan. Her body went soft as she leaned back into Marcus's arms.

Marcus began thrusting. His movements weren't fast, but each stroke carefully scraped along the inner walls, stirring up and covering over the traces the greasy manager had left behind, bit by bit.

"By the way, that couple we ran into at noon… they just saw what you were doing."

While he was fucking her, Marcus suddenly brought up Ethan and Sophie. The moment Lena heard that, she seemed to recall Ethan's handsome face and immediately asked, impatient:

"And then?"

"Then I invited them."

Lena's body swayed with the rhythm of the thrusts. She asked in a broken, breathless voice:

"Did they agree?"

"No. They said they didn't want to."

Marcus let out a cold laugh. Both hands roughly kneaded the pair of large breasts on his wife's chest, deforming the snow-white flesh under his grip.

"But… that guy… I could tell he was very interested in you. His cock was so hard when I suggested it that it was almost about to tear through his pants."

“Hmph. Of course.”

Lena proudly lifted her chin. The kind of unconscious arrogance that beautiful women often carried naturally appeared on her face.

“Facing a top-tier piece of ass like me, if a man doesn’t get hard, he’s either a eunuch or he can’t get it up!”

“However…”

Marcus suddenly increased the force of his thrusts, making Lena cry out in surprise.

“That Mrs. Hale is even more interesting. While she was hiding back there watching you get fucked, that look in her eyes… it was even hungrier than a man’s. This whole family is definitely the same kind of people as us.”

“Ah… mm… then… let’s… drag them… down with us…”

Lena screamed amid the waves of pleasure, a wild light flashing in her eyes.

“I want to see… what kind of expression that woman would make… if she was also ridden by that fat manager…”

Marcus mercilessly exposed his wife’s lie:

“I think you just want to get fucked by that handsome guy more.”

“Mean~ ”

“Ah! Husband, harder! Ah! I’m cumming! Ah!!”

The sky gradually darkened. Twilight settled thickly over the valley.

In this deep mountain hollow of Serenity Peaks, a thin layer of blue-gray mist had already descended early.

The mountain wind carried a sharp chill as it passed through the trees, making a continuous rustling sound.

When you came to a hot spring resort like this, the most important thing was, of course, soaking in the baths.

Strip completely naked, sink into the scalding pool water, and let that warm liquid wrap around your entire body—it felt like it could iron out the exhaustion even from the cracks between your bones.

At this moment, Richard Hale was soaking alone in the large men’s bath.

Steam rose thickly. Several round wooden trays floated on the milky-white surface of the water, each holding a small pot of sake.

Around the edges were artificial rock formations built from rough green stone. Overhead was a simple wooden pavilion roof. A few dim yellow lanterns hung from the eaves, swaying gently in the wind and casting ambiguous, unclear shadows.

Richard leaned his head back, neck resting against the warm, slippery edge of the pool, eyes half-closed. His chest rose and fell with his breathing.

Although his body underwater hadn't deformed too badly and his muscles were still relatively firm, time spares no one. His skin had already lost the luster of youth and had grown somewhat looser.

Only that thing between his legs still held up against younger men. Right now, softened by the hot water, it lay limp and shriveled inside a patch of dark pubic hair, gently swaying with the ripples.

It felt comfortable, but inside, he felt empty.

His wife, Helen, was still giving him the cold shoulder.

That face that was usually gentle and proper now looked like it was covered in frost the moment she saw him. The coldness in her eyes made his heart skip.

He wanted to go find his daughter-in-law, Sophie. His mind was full of the image of that girl's red lips rising and falling while she gave him head in the car, and those soul-stealing, seductive eyes.

But right now, Sophie was with his son, Ethan.

If he went over recklessly at a time like this and happened to interrupt the young couple in the middle of something, would he still have any face left?

Thinking of his son, a complicated mix of feelings rose in Richard's heart. There was the dignity of a father, mixed with a jealousy and guilt that were hard to put into words.

After all, he was currently coveting his son's woman. He had even already tasted the sweetness several times.

It made him both excited and terrified.

Whenever he felt like this, Richard could only throw himself completely into work to distract himself.

But right now, he didn't even have that option.

So the head of the family had instead become the loneliest one.

He soaked in the pool until his skin was almost wrinkled. Feeling too stuffy, he finally got up, wrapped a towel around himself, and wandered aimlessly in the rest area outside the changing room in wooden clogs.

He heard from a young waitress wearing a kimono—with a snow-white nape—that farther off to the left there was an outdoor mixed-gender open-air bath. That was the real wild fun, but it only opened at night, and even then it depended on "fate." Not just anyone could go in.

Hearing that made Richard's heart itch. Images from those Japanese movies involuntarily appeared in his mind:

Pale bodies appearing and disappearing in the mist, men and women meeting each other completely naked…

Unfortunately, it wasn't fully dark yet, and the pool still wasn't open.

In the rest area, he drank two cups of free lemon water that was so sour it set his teeth on edge, and ate two pieces of watermelon, but still felt like there was no flavor to any of it.

Although there were other male guests around, most of them were middle-aged men with beer bellies. They were either loudly talking about business or lewdly discussing which masseuses had the best skills. Listening to them only made him irritable.

Wandering around in circles, soaking then stopping, this rare leisure time had somehow turned into pure torment for him.

After finally enduring until dinner time, he went to the dining hall and hurriedly stuffed down a few bites of refined but not-filling kaiseki cuisine, then returned to his own room.

A standard Japanese-style tatami room.

There was no bed. Everything was low to the ground. The moment you stepped inside, there was the fresh scent of rush grass.

In one corner of the room sat a low square table with a tea set on it, which could more or less be considered a coffee table.

A standing lamp in the corner gave off a soft glow, making the paper-covered sliding doors appear semi-transparent.

Wearing a bathrobe, Richard lay listlessly on the futon spread out on the floor, both hands pillowed behind his head, staring blankly at the wood grain on the ceiling.

This trip… didn't seem as interesting as he had imagined.

It was even quieter and colder than being at home.

Just as he was wondering whether he should turn on the TV and see if there were any adult channels to relieve his boredom, a sudden commotion sounded outside the door.

Immediately after came a series of knocking sounds: knock knock knock.

Before he could get up to answer, the wooden door was suddenly pulled open with a clatter.

"Dad!"

Two voices, one male and one female, overlapped as they called out, instantly shattering the dead silence in the room.

Richard quickly propped himself up on his elbows, staring in astonishment at the group of people pouring in.

His son, Ethan, was carrying two thick quilts in his arms. They almost covered half his face, leaving only a pair of smiling eyes visible.

His daughter-in-law, Sophie, stood prettily at his side, holding two bulging large plastic bags. The bags were semi-transparent, and inside you could vaguely see colorful snack packaging and a whole bunch of beer cans.

Behind them was his daughter, Grace.

She was holding her grandson, who had a pair of big, round eyes. Her expression seemed a little awkward, yet there was also a hint of barely noticeable allure.

Bringing up the rear was his wife, Helen.

Her face was stern. Although there was no smile, at least she had come along.

Looking at this formation, Richard was momentarily unable to figure out what was going on. He sat up straight, tugged at the somewhat loose collar of his sleepwear, and asked in confusion:

"What's all this?"

Ethan strode in with big steps, tossed the quilts in his arms onto the floor, and started spreading them out right next to Richard's bedding on his own while loudly saying:

“We were worried you’d be bored all by yourself, old man, so we came to hang out with you! Tonight the whole family’s gonna squeeze in together. We’ll make one big shared bed and liven things up!”

Sophie also set the bags in her hands down on the low table, producing a crisp rustling sound.

She had changed outfits again tonight. She was no longer wearing the proper coat from earlier in the day, but a casual silk slip dress with a loose knit cardigan over it.

The dress was a champagne color, excellent quality, clinging to her graceful figure like flowing water.

When she bent over to put the things down, the neckline naturally drooped, revealing a dazzling stretch of snow-white skin.

Those two soft mounds of flesh were pulled downward by gravity, hanging heavily and squeezing out a deep, bottomless cleavage.

Her skin was fine and smooth like top-grade sheep-fat jade, gleaming with an alluring luster under the light.

Her collarbones were delicate, as if carefully carved by a craftsman, supporting that faintly visible, fragrant sensuality.

Richard felt his throat go dry. The desire that had already been extinguished earlier was instantly rekindled by this one glance.

But with so many people around right now, he hurriedly shifted his gaze, afraid someone would notice the dirty thoughts of this father-in-law. Even so, he still couldn’t help saying politely:

“You all work hard and get tired normally. It’s rare to have a vacation, you should rest properly… I’m just an old man, what’s there to play with me for?”

“Dad, what are you saying? Of course you have to play with us too!”

While speaking, Sophie started taking out duck necks, peanuts, chips, and beer from the bags and arranging them one by one on the low table.

When she turned her head, that waterfall of blonde hair swung with the motion. A few strands stuck to the edge of her red lips, looking incredibly alluring.

A pair of beautiful eyes stared at Richard. As her gaze flowed, it was as if there were hooks in it.

When she looked at him like that, Richard's heartbeat skipped half a beat.

This wasn't a daughter-in-law at all. This was clearly a vixen who could steal a man's soul.

"…Playing games is something for you young people. Dad… doesn't know how to play."

Richard forcefully suppressed the dryness and heat in his chest, waved his hand, and tried to maintain the dignity of an elder.

Sophie was just about to act cute and persuade him a little more when she saw Ethan, who was busy spreading out the bedding, secretly shoot her a look.

The meaning in that glance was something the husband and wife understood without words.

Ethan, of course, wasn't really worried that his old man was bored.

Inside his head, that nerve called cuckold fetish and incestuous desire was currently throbbing hard.

This kind of scene where the whole family was together in one room was exactly what he had been dreaming of.

Only by stirring the water muddy and heating up the atmosphere could those desires that were normally suppressed by morality and ethics bubble up like the bubbles in this hot spring, one after another.

More importantly, that deadlocked cold war between his parents was also about time to come to an end.

And if, along the way, he could create an opportunity for his sister Grace… that would be even better!

CHAPTER 102

Daddy's Little Girl

Facing the look Ethan shot her, Sophie was sharp enough to instantly understand her husband's intention.

Her eyes flicked. She immediately straightened up. The two soft mounds of flesh on her chest swayed heavily with the movement, making Richard's eyelids twitch.

"Oh, sis! Give me little Mason. You go convince Dad! He listens to you the most!"

As she spoke, Sophie quickly walked over to Grace and took the sleeping infant from her arms without another word.

In the motion, it looked like she lost her footing. Sophie's body tilted slightly, and her elbow lightly pushed against Grace's back without leaving any obvious trace.

The push was extremely skillful.

The force wasn't strong, but it was just enough to break Grace's balance.

"Ah—!"

Grace let out a soft cry. The slippers on her feet slipped on the smooth wooden floor, and her entire body uncontrollably pitched forward.

Directly in front of her was Richard, sitting on the futon.

"Careful!"

Seeing his daughter falling toward him, Richard instinctively opened both arms to catch her.

Thud.

A soft, muffled impact.

Warm fragrance and soft jade filled his arms.

Grace crashed solidly into Richard's embrace.

The impact wasn't particularly heavy, but it made Richard's entire body stiffen. A buzzing sound filled his head.

His two large, thick hands firmly locked around Grace's waist.

In that moment, Richard could clearly feel the slenderness and softness of his daughter's waist.

It was full of elasticity and vitality, as if what he was holding wasn't flesh, but a piece of freshly risen dough, or a block of warm, heated jade.

Grace's chest had always been enormous. In this ambiguous position, it pressed directly against her father's chest.

This pair of extremely well-developed breasts, because they were so large, naturally hung downward. And because she was still breastfeeding, they were filled with milk, making them even bigger and fuller—completely packed with milk.

Two heavy, dense balls of flesh pressed against her father's hard pectoral muscles. With their uneven breathing, they squeezed and deformed against each other.

Because he was only wearing a thin bathrobe, Richard could even feel his daughter's two raised nipples—hard and stiff—pressing against his chest.

"Dad…"

Grace lay in her father's arms. Feeling the changes happening to her own body, her pretty face instantly flushed bright red. That charming blush spread from her snow-white neck all the way to the roots of her ears.

That soft, weak call, carrying a slight tremble, made people's legs go weak, yet it also made a certain part of the man's body show faint signs of rising.

At this moment, Grace's lower body was clad in a pair of black pantyhose.

The stockings were extremely thin, semi-transparent with a flesh tone, adding even more allure to her already beautiful legs.

Especially the flesh at the base of her thighs, where the stockings dug in and left a faint mark, making it look particularly fleshy and lewd.

And in the most secret place, deep between her legs, it was already wet.

Grace had a body that was extremely easy to arouse, and she produced a lot of juices.

Pressed against her father's chest like this, she felt the damp heat in that spot become even more obvious, as if an electric current was surging up from the places they were touching and striking straight into her lower abdomen.

That masculine scent—mixed with the smell of tobacco and the clean fragrance of body wash—suddenly rushed into her nose. It was her father's scent, the scent that had made her feel safe since she was little. But now, there was an extra trace of male presence in that scent that made her legs go soft.

Instantly, that smooth, hairless beautiful pussy deep inside overflowed with thick, sticky love juice, smearing across her labia. Every slight movement brought a friction that transmitted a shameful pleasure straight to the top of her head.

Richard was also stunned.

The body in his arms was so hot, so full and ripe.

But… this was his own daughter.

Time is ruthless. It ages young men, and it had also turned that little girl who used to ride on his neck and pee into the mature woman she was now.

In that instant, perhaps because of the loneliness he had been suppressing for so long, or perhaps because of the association with Sophie's young body and the taste of knowing how good it felt,

Facing Grace, a thought that shouldn't have existed actually rose in Richard's heart.

Fortunately, he was someone who was used to being the head of the family. He still had some self-control. Or rather, that layer of fig leaf called fatherly love hadn't been completely torn off yet.

He quickly steadied his body, but he didn't immediately let go. Instead, he took the opportunity to ask with concern:

"Are you okay? How were you so careless?"

"I-I'm fine… the floor was a little slippery."

As she spoke, Grace used the strength of her father's arms to slowly straighten her body, but she still hadn't completely left his embrace.

A pair of snow-white arms naturally rested on Richard's shoulders. Her fingertips lightly pressed against those firm muscles.

“That’s right, Dad. You’re not old at all. Look at this body of yours—it’s even more solid than Ethan’s.”

This wasn’t overly flattering. Richard’s capital was still there.

After saying that, Grace lifted her head. Her big, watery eyes stared straight at Richard. In her gaze was a trace of admiration, and a trace of desire that even she herself hadn’t noticed yet.

“Mom also agreed to play with us, right? So don’t refuse anymore.”

With that turn of phrase, her words were directed at Helen, who was standing by the doorway.

Helen had been watching this scene with cold eyes the entire time.

Watching her daughter pounce into her husband’s arms like a cat in heat, watching her husband’s hands linger on her daughter’s waist without leaving, a flash of disgust passed through the depths of her eyes. The corner of her mouth curled into a cold smile.

This father and daughter were putting on quite a show.

But who knew about the transaction behind this performance?

Thinking of that, Helen’s thoughts involuntarily drifted back to the moment before they came to this room.

That was when Ethan and Grace, the brother and sister, had cornered her in the hallway.

“Mom, this is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. Dad is feeling empty right now. As long as sis takes a little initiative, Dad definitely won’t be able to hold back.”

At the time, Ethan had a face full of excitement. His expression looked like that of an innocent child, yet he was saying the most heart-stopping words.

Grace also had a look of someone facing death calmly, yet there was a hidden expectation in it:

“Mom, just help us. I… I want to try.”

Helen had been so angry at the time that her whole body was shaking. She pointed at the noses of this pair of children and scolded them.

“Absurd! This is completely absurd! You two shut your mouths right now! I will not agree!”

But Ethan simply leaned in close to her ear and whispered in that tone that made her entire body go soft:

"Mom, you don't have to agree. It's just that tonight… you might…"

Ethan didn't finish the sentence, leaving two layers of meaning.

One was that tonight she would be left alone in an empty bed while he, his sister, and his wife played a threesome that would be easy to arrange.

The other was that it might be like last time. Since she wouldn't agree, it was simple—his cock would give her the answer.

If Ethan joined forces with Grace to violate Helen together, Helen honestly felt she might not be able to take it.

And if they ignored her, Helen would also find it hard to endure.

People can endure darkness if they have never seen the light.

Ever since that night they laid everything out in the open, when Helen held her son's cock and shared a bed with him for the night, that feeling of waking up in the morning surrounded by the overflowing scent of a man had already become something she could no longer forget.

In other words, Helen could no longer do without Ethan.

"Fine… I agree."

In the end, she still gritted her teeth and submitted to her son's open scheme.

However, even if she compromised, she still had her own demands. She immediately changed her tone, stared into her son's eyes, and said word by word:

"But I have conditions."

"First, when you do that kind of thing, you absolutely cannot do it right in front of me! I don't want to watch!"

"Second…"

At this point, Helen's voice suddenly lowered. Two unnatural patches of blush appeared on her cheeks. Her eyes darted away like a girl in the spring of her youth.

"Afterward, you… you have to properly keep me company for a few nights… and when the time comes… you can't be too rough with Mom…"

This second demand was humble to the point of being in the dirt, yet it was also lewd to the bone.

Truly a lovable woman.

Ethan and Grace looked at each other. Both of them couldn't help covering their mouths and laughing.

The ambiguity and smugness in that laughter made Helen so ashamed and angry she wanted to die. She turned and glared fiercely at them.

"What are you laughing at?!"

Ethan immediately reined in his smile and put on a serious face, patting his chest as he guaranteed:

"Mom, don't worry! When the time comes, your son will definitely serve you so well you'll be completely satisfied—so satisfied you won't be able to handle it!"

Seeing her son tease her like this, Helen's face turned red. She fiercely pinched the soft flesh at his waist. The pain made Ethan flail around, while Grace covered her mouth and laughed.

Back to the present.

Seeing that everyone was looking at her, Helen took a deep breath, suppressed the sourness and restlessness in her heart, forced out a stiff smile, and said lightly:

"That's right, Richard. The kids mean well. Don't spoil the fun."

Richard looked at his wife's rarely softened expression. Although he felt something was a little off, the big stone in his heart finally settled.

Since even his wife—who hadn't given him a proper face for over a month—had spoken up, if he still refused, he would truly be ungrateful.

"Alright then… let's play."

As he spoke, he nodded, counting as agreement.

"Yay! Great!"

Grace immediately cheered. That happiness was genuine from the heart.

Unlike the scheming smiles of Sophie and Ethan, who had succeeded in their plot, the smile on Grace's face right now held more pure joy.

She looked at the father in front of her.

There was already some gray at his temples, and the wrinkles at the corners of his eyes had deepened, but those broad shoulders could still give a person a sense of security.

During this period of time, her father had been too lonely.

Although occasionally there had been the secret affairs with Sophie to relieve him, on more nights, while she, her sister-in-law, her brother, and her mother were all sinking into the ocean of carnal pleasure together, her father could only hole up alone in that small study filled with the smell of smoke.

Spending one long night after another.

The next day, when everyone sat around the dining table, it looked harmonious on the surface, but in reality everyone had their own hidden thoughts. He didn't have any real communication with the family either. He would hurriedly eat a few bites and then go to the factory.

His entire person was in a state of drifting outside the core of the family.

He was clearly the head of the household, yet he was like an outsider.

Speaking of which, in Grace's heart, toward her father, although she temporarily didn't have the kind of crazy, explicit desire between man and woman that she had toward her brother, and she still mostly saw him as her father,

Even just this pure father-daughter affection was enough to make her heart ache.

She remembered when she was little, riding on her father's neck while they strolled through the park. Back then her father's hair was still jet black, and his laughter was so hearty it could shake the leaves off the trees.

But now, facing such a lonely father, even if it wasn't for her brother's perverted fetish, Grace still wanted to do something to fill the emptiness in his heart.

Grace looked at Richard. Her gaze gradually became hazy.

It was the gaze of looking at her father, and also the gaze of looking at a man.

She silently said to herself in her heart:

"Dad, you'll never be lonely. Your daughter will always take care of you."

"Even… even if it means using my body, using my milk, using everything I have to take care of you."

This might be corruption. It might be a sin.

But as the saying goes, only the one who drinks the water knows whether it is cold or warm.

Grace's fingers quietly brushed against the back of Richard's neck, feeling the temperature that belonged to her father.

And Richard knew nothing of this. He only felt that his neck was a little itchy, his heart was a little chaotic, and his body… was a little hot.

(The author felt this was a good place to end the chapter, so no more was added. The rest will be made up in later chapters.)

CHAPTER 103

Thoroughly Humiliated

Night was as dark as ink.

Richard Hale's room.

Since everyone had agreed to this gathering, the show could officially begin.

Richard somewhat awkwardly released his daughter from his arms.

That brief moment of warm fragrance and soft jade just now had shot through his spine like an electric current—something that hadn't been this restless in years.

Grace didn't get up immediately. Instead, under the pretense of adjusting her skirt, those long, beautiful legs wrapped in black pantyhose lightly brushed against the outside of her father's thigh as if by accident.

"Alright, everyone sit down. Don't just stand there."

Richard froze for a second, then spoke up to break the brief stagnation.

Hearing that, Ethan quickly and skillfully moved the low square table from the corner to the center of the tatami, then dragged several soft cushions out of the closet and tossed them in a circle around the table.

"Come on, come on, sit."

Everyone sat down as instructed.

At the long rectangular low table, Richard sat cross-legged on the main side. Right beside him was his daughter, Grace.

Across from the two of them was Ethan.

On Ethan's left—closer to Richard—sat his wife, Sophie.

On Ethan's right—closer to Grace—sat his mother, Helen.

Crack.

A crisp metallic sound of a pull-tab rang out.

Crack, crack, crack.

Ethan was overly excited. He opened several cans of cold beer in one go. White foam bubbled out of the openings with a hiss and slid down the aluminum walls.

He pushed glass after glass overflowing with foam in front of everyone.

Only when he reached Grace did he pause and switch it for a bottle of what looked like fairly high-end juice.

"Sis, you're still breastfeeding, so no alcohol. Drink this instead."

Hearing the words "breastfeeding," Grace's body trembled almost imperceptibly.

That deep purple tight-knit dress was already tightly wrapping her proud figure. Now, with her breathing quickening, the two astonishingly large mounds of breast flesh on her chest stretched the fabric until it was nearly transparent.

Two heavy mountains of flesh—E-cup was no exaggeration. The round, full contours drew a breathtaking arc under the light, as if they were about to burst out of her clothes at any moment.

Because she was still in her breastfeeding period, those two soft mounds were filled with milk, heavy and weighing down. As she lightly nodded, they trembled and swayed, sending out wave after wave of dizzying breast ripples.

"…Okay."

Grace answered softly. There was still a lingering trace of allure in her tone.

Taking the juice, in the moment she lowered her head, the corner of her eye couldn't help glancing toward her father beside her.

At this moment, aside from Grace, the other four all had golden beer in front of them.

Ethan raised his glass. His face wore that signature sunny smile, but deep in his eyes burned two dark flames of desire.

"We came out to have fun, so we should be happy. Tonight, no one goes home sober!"

With that, he didn't give anyone time to react and directly tilted his head back.

"Gulp, gulp."

His Adam's apple rolled violently up and down as the entire can of beer poured down his throat.

"Hah—!"

After finishing, Ethan heavily set down the empty glass, wiped the beer from the corner of his mouth, full of bold spirit.

However, the atmosphere wasn't as lively as he had expected.

The two women beside him moved far too genteelly.

Sophie's slender, fair hand picked up her glass and only lightly took a small sip. Her two charming red lips were stained with a bit of liquid, becoming even more moist and glossy.

The champagne-colored silk slip dress hung loosely on her body. As she raised her hand, one of the shoulder straps slipped down a little, revealing a large expanse of snow-white, soft skin.

They say beauty lies in the bones, not the skin. In the delicate, deeply indented hollow of Sophie's collarbone, it seemed like it could hold a pool of spring water.

On the other side, Helen only touched her lips and then set it down.

This mother who was usually proper was wearing a fitted coat right now, the collar buttoned tightly. But those full, plump legs wrapped in flesh-colored stockings were pressed tightly together, revealing the unease in her heart.

"Why aren't you guys finishing your drinks? This is boring."

Ethan complained with some dissatisfaction.

Sophie didn't speak. She just gave him a sideways glance.

That look carried a bit of coquettish complaint and a bit of teasing. As her eyes flowed, it was like there was a little hook scratching at people's hearts, making them itch.

After speaking, those legs hidden under the table quietly changed position.

The hem of that champagne-colored long dress was high. With the movement, it revealed those beautiful legs wrapped in black stockings.

Round knees, the lines of her calves smooth and elegant, extending all the way to those jade-like feet that weren't wearing shoes.

Helen said lightly:

"Why drink so fast? We still have to play games. How can we play if we get drunk?"

She said that, but in reality everyone knew these two women's alcohol tolerance was only so-so. If they really started chugging right away, two cans would probably have them swaying.

The atmosphere cooled for a brief moment.

Right then, Richard, who hadn't spoken the whole time, moved.

He was wearing a loose dark blue Japanese-style yukata. The open collar revealed a small patch of chest. Although the skin was a bit loose, you could still tell he had a decent build when he was younger.

Richard looked at his son's impatient appearance, then at his daughter-in-law's half-smiling expression, sighed inwardly, and raised the glass in his hand.

"If Ethan's happy, Dad's happy too. Come on, Dad will drink one with you!"

With that, he also imitated the younger people and tilted his head back to chug.

"Gulp gulp."

But after all, he was getting older. His swallowing wasn't that smooth. Drinking too fast, some of the beer ran down from the corner of his mouth, mixed with white foam, and hung on his chin, looking a bit messy.

"Cough… Hah!"

Richard set down his glass and was just about to raise his sleeve to wipe it.

A soft, delicate voice sounded by his ear:

"Dad, don't move. I'll wipe it for you."

Before Richard could react, a rich and unique fragrance rushed toward him.

A faint milky scent.

Grace had somehow already leaned over.

She was holding a clean white tissue in her hand. Her body leaned forward, and that refined, beautiful, mature face instantly enlarged in front of his eyes.

Because of the large movement, those two heavy, enormous breasts inevitably pressed against the edge of the table, squeezing and

deforming, turning that already deep cleavage into an even deeper flesh slit that seemed bottomless.

And when she raised her arm, the soft, elastic inner side of her upper arm lightly brushed against the back of Richard's hand that was resting on the table, almost as if by accident.

That instant of contact—smooth, warm, soft and sticky.

Richard felt as if he had been electrocuted.

Because they were so close, Richard could clearly see his daughter's long eyelashes, and those red lips that were slightly pursed from concentration.

"There."

Not long after, Grace gently wiped the beer from her father's chin clean. Her fingertip casually slid across his stubbled jawline, causing a numbing shiver.

This scene happened extremely quickly, yet it also felt extremely slow.

Ethan sat across from them and took everything in.

Watching his sister's chest that was almost pressed against his father's face, watching his father's body that instantly stiffened yet didn't dare to move, his throat went dry. That perverted thought in his heart grew wildly. He couldn't help giving his sister a mental thumbs-up.

Just as this ambiguous atmosphere was about to solidify, a fair hand suddenly reached toward the center of the table.

A few crisp clicks.

Five plastic dice cups of different colors were placed on the tabletop.

The cups weren't large—the kind commonly seen in karaoke rooms. Opaque black plastic material, with three dice inside each.

Sophie said with a smile:

"Today we're playing something a little different."

While speaking, she extended those fingers that looked like scallion roots and distributed the dice cups one by one in front of everyone.

"The rules are simple. Just compare sizes. Each person shakes once. Add up the points of the three dice. The one with the higher points wins, the one with the lower points loses."

Hearing that, everyone nodded. The rules were indeed old-fashioned and simple.

But unexpectedly, the depths of Sophie's beautiful eyes darkened as she suddenly changed her tone:

"However…"

"The loser of each round—the person with the smallest points—has to actively challenge any one person."

"If the loser wins against the person they challenged, then the challenged person becomes the new loser and has to continue challenging someone else."

"Until… everyone's points are revealed, and the person whose points are still the smallest at the end is the real unlucky one of that round."

Ethan was stunned when he heard that. His brows furrowed slightly as he rested his chin on his hand and thought for a moment.

"Wife, isn't that a bit too miserable for the loser? If his points are really small, wouldn't he have to compare against everyone one by one and get humiliated by all of them in turn?"

Hearing that, Sophie slightly lifted her chin. That slender swan neck drew an elegant arc as she righteously retorted:

"So what?"

"It's a game. The loser has to be thoroughly humiliated by the winners, otherwise what's the point?"

When she said this, Sophie's gaze drifted almost imperceptibly toward Richard, who was sitting diagonally across from her.

Richard's heart jumped when he was looked at like that.

He was just about to say something in agreement with his son, even if it was just to smooth things over. After all, rules that sounded like they would easily put people in an awkward position really weren't suitable for a family gathering.

However, the moment he opened his mouth.

Under the table.

A small foot wearing silky stockings suddenly slipped over.

That foot accurately found his calf, then used those round toes to lightly and ambiguously hook against his shin bone through the fabric of his pants.

Richard's whole body jolted. He almost didn't hold onto the glass in his hand.

That sensation was far too familiar, and far too soul-stealing.

It was Sophie's foot.

To avoid being exposed, Richard forcefully swallowed the words that had reached his mouth.

He dry-coughed once. His eyes darted a little. He didn't dare look in his wife's direction and could only force himself to remain calm as he changed his words:

"Well… actually what Sophie said is right. Since we're out to have fun, we should let loose a bit. More stimulating rules are fine too."

Seeing that, the corner of Sophie's mouth curved into a successful, seductive smile.

That smile was bright and moving, yet it also carried an indescribable wickedness.

"Good! Since everyone agrees, next we'll talk about the punishment."

"The person who loses at the end has to choose between Truth or Dare. If they really don't want to choose, that's fine too—they can just drink as punishment."

Hearing that there was the safety net of drinking as punishment, several people's expressions relaxed quite a bit. They no longer had any objections.

After all, Truth or Dare was the kind of thing that could easily get out of hand if it went too far, but drinking a bit of alcohol was always acceptable.

"Come on, come on, everyone get ready—ready—"

Sophie gave the order.

Rattle rattle—

Five dice cups were picked up at the same time and shaken vigorously in the air.

The dice hit against the plastic inner walls, producing crisp and dense sounds, like a heavy rain beating on banana leaves, or like the restless heartbeats of everyone present at that moment.

Sophie was still the one shaking the hardest.

The wrist pinching the dice cup was slender and soft as if boneless, but the frequency of her shaking was extremely fast.

As her arm moved, the two enormous breasts under her champagne-colored slip dress bounced up and down along with it.

Pale breast flesh rippled in layers at the neckline. The deep cleavage appeared and disappeared, making people dizzy.

Ethan shook his own while staring dead at his wife's chest, his throat dry.

Grace, on the other hand, shook a bit clumsily.

She held the dice cup with both hands. She didn't dare make the movements too big, afraid that if those milk-filled breasts shook too hard, the milk would overflow and wet her clothes.

That appearance of biting her lip, brows slightly furrowed, carefully protecting her chest, instead carried a fragile feeling that made people want to ravage her.

Slap!

Slap! Slap!

With several muffled sounds, the five dice cups were successively placed upside down on the table.

The world instantly quieted a little.

Sophie excitedly stretched out her snow-white neck. Her burning gaze swept across the entire scene.

Because it was the first round and no loser had been produced yet, Sophie's eyes flicked. Her gaze passed over Ethan and landed directly on Helen, who was sitting in the farthest corner and had been maintaining a proper posture the whole time.

Although Richard was the target she most wanted to "attack," to be honest, she had never looked favorably on this woman.

Moreover, now she was even sharing her man with her.

To say there wasn't a bit of jealousy in her heart would be a lie.

"Mom, shall we compare first?"

Helen was stunned for a moment.

She sat upright, both hands stacked on her knees. Those knees wrapped in flesh-colored stockings were pressed tightly together.

Facing this sudden challenge from her daughter-in-law, a flash of displeasure passed through those phoenix eyes, but it was quickly covered by a calmness belonging to an elder.

Helen actually had the same intention.

Ever since that night in the hotel when her son took her body, and then she was treated that way at home afterward, an indescribable jealousy had arisen in her heart toward this woman who occupied the position of her son's proper wife.

It was the jealousy of a woman toward another woman.

"Alright."

Helen said lightly. She extended her well-maintained hand and pressed it on the dice cup.

The air between mother-in-law and daughter-in-law seemed to freeze. That subtle tension of swords drawn was something even the dull Richard could feel. He subconsciously shrank back a little.

"Open!"

With Sophie's soft shout, the two dice cups were revealed at the same time.

Everyone's gazes gathered over in unison.

On Helen's side, it was clearly: two, three, five.

Added together, ten points.

Not large, but absolutely not small either. It was a standard, average score.

Helen breathed a sigh of relief. The corner of her mouth slightly rose, revealing a reserved smile.

However, when she looked toward Sophie's side, the smile instantly froze on her face.

Three, three, six.

"Twelve points!"

"Yay! I won!"

Sophie happily cheered. Even though she was already a married woman, she still clapped her hands like a young girl.

At that moment, those two heavy soft mounds on her chest trembled violently along with her. That deep groove seemed to be mocking Helen's failure.

Helen's expression turned a bit ugly.

Losing to anyone was fine, but losing to this little vixen made her feel especially unhappy.

But she still accepted the loss.

According to the rules, as the loser, Helen had to actively seek out the next opponent.

Helen took a deep breath and adjusted her sitting posture. That plump ass flesh ground against the cushion, producing a faint sound of fabric friction.

Since she had lost, she had to make it back.

Her gaze circled the table and finally landed on her son, Ethan.

After all, he was the flesh of her heart. Even if she lost, it wouldn't be embarrassing in front of her son.

"Ethan, Mom will compare with you."

Helen's voice softened a little, carrying a trace of grievance and coquettishness that only Ethan could understand.

Ethan grinned and without any hesitation lifted the lid.

One, four, six.

Eleven points!

Only one point higher than Helen's ten!

"Mom, thanks for letting me win."

Ethan smiled without a care in the world, but his eyes swept across the chest under his mother's coat, which was rising and falling with her breathing.

Helen only felt a stuffiness in her chest. That sense of defeat grew even stronger.

Two losses in a row.

Now, the only ones on the field who hadn't revealed their points were Richard and Grace.

Helen gritted her teeth. Her gaze turned toward that man who had once been her husband, but was now practically a stranger.

"Richard."

She called out. Her voice was a bit cold and hard.

Being named, Richard's body trembled. He smiled awkwardly and slowly moved his dice cup aside.

Five, five, six.

Sixteen points!

Currently the highest on the field!

"Oh, my luck's pretty good today."

Richard laughed loudly as if to cover his awkwardness, but his eyes didn't dare meet his wife's.

Helen's face completely darkened.

What was this?

Being suppressed by her daughter-in-law, winning one against her son, and now even this spineless husband could ride on top of her?

A strong sense of shame surged in her heart.

And this was precisely the cleverness of the game Sophie had organized.

Now, only one person remained.

Helen turned her head and looked at her daughter sitting beside her.

Grace felt her mother's almost man-eating gaze. Her body shrank a little. She somewhat timidly placed her hand on the dice cup.

"Mom… then I'll open it."

Grace's voice was very light, carrying a slight tremble. She slowly lifted the black lid bit by bit.

Two.

Four.

Five.

Two plus four plus five equaled eleven points.

Helen was ten points.

Grace was eleven points.

Again, only one point short!

Even if it was just one more point, it would have been better.

Helen stared blankly at those three dice. There was a flavor in her heart that was hard to describe.

After going around once, she had actually lost to everyone.

She was the complete loser of this round, and the only loser.

Sophie covered her mouth and let out a giggle. That laughter sounded especially piercing in the quiet room.

“Oh my, Mom, you’re way too unlucky, aren’t you? You actually lost to all four of us!”

This seemingly unintentional mockery—if it had come from someone else, Helen would have only taken it as a clumsy joke. But it had to be this vixen who had snatched both of her men.

Ethan looked at his mother’s face that had instantly gone pale yet was also flushing with shame and anger. He forcefully suppressed the smile at the corner of his mouth, cleared his throat with a feigned seriousness, leaned his body forward, and stared with burning eyes at his mother’s pair of helpless eyes.

“Mom.”

“Accept the loss. According to the rules…”

“Are you choosing Truth, Dare…”

“Or just drinking as punishment?”

CHAPTER 104

What Color?

Helen lost.

The atmosphere at that moment became subtle.

As an elder, Helen had always held a certain authority in the family. She had never been good at these kinds of young people's games. Now that she had lost completely on the very first round, her face couldn't quite hold up. A layer of awkward blush rose on it.

In her heart, she thought about the three options: "Truth, Dare, or drink as punishment," and found herself in a difficult spot.

If it was Truth, who knew what outrageous questions these young people would ask?

Especially with the messy relationships in the family recently. What if they asked about her and her son…

Thinking of that, Helen subconsciously clamped her legs together. She only felt a slight itch deep between her legs, which were wrapped in flesh-colored stockings.

And Dare was something she didn't even dare to think about. If they asked her to do some shameful action she couldn't bring herself to do, where would she put her old face?

"Mom, you have to accept the loss~ The one with the smallest points has to be punished."

Seeing that her mother-in-law still hadn't moved, Sophie smiled as she urged her. Her body leaned slightly forward. The two snow-white soft mounds under the neckline of her slip dress gently swayed with the movement, squeezing out a deep cleavage that was so white it was dazzling.

Hearing that, Helen gritted her teeth and reached out to pick up the beer glass in front of her.

"I'll drink."

She had never played these kinds of games before. Her steady personality made her choose the most conservative path.

With that, Helen picked up the glass, tilted her snow-white neck, and her red lips lightly parted as she held the rim of the glass.

"Gulp…"

Her throat rolled. The pale yellow liquid slid down her esophagus. Helen drank very quickly, perhaps wanting to cover her embarrassment, but she only managed to drink a little less than half a glass before wanting to put it down.

"Hey—Mom! We agreed on this~"

Sophie's soft, coquettish voice came over. There was a bit of refusal to let it go in her words.

"If the punishment is drinking, you have to drink a full glass in one go. That's the rule. You can't go back on it."

Hearing that, the movement of Helen's hand froze. The glass hung in mid-air. She couldn't put it down, nor could she raise it.

She clearly remembered that the rules just now hadn't specified this detail. This little girl was clearly adding on extra conditions on the spot.

Thinking of that, Helen raised her eyes. Her gaze carried a bit of anger as she looked at her daughter-in-law.

Sophie wasn't afraid in the slightest. She tilted her head, twirling a strand of hair near her temple with her finger. Her eyes were full of provocation.

The young woman's arrogance completely suppressed Helen at that moment.

Ethan sat to the side. Looking at his mother's eyelashes that were trembling slightly from shame and anger, he opened his mouth. His voice was lazy, and it was hard to tell who he was siding with:

"Wife, we really didn't explain it that clearly just now."

"Let's let this one slide. Mom's half glass counts as passing. For the ones after this, we have to follow the rules. If you lose, it's a full glass."

Sophie pursed her lips, seeming a bit dissatisfied with her husband smoothing things over. But looking at that hidden heat in the depths of Ethan's eyes, she smartly retracted her claws.

"Fine then. I'll listen to my husband. Just this once."

Helen felt as if she had been granted amnesty. She quickly set down the glass. Only the blush on her cheeks deepened a little more. It was

unclear whether it was from the alcohol rising or from the shame of being pressured by her daughter-in-law.

"Rattle rattle—"

The second round of the game continued.

With a slap, everyone finished their movements.

Sophie set down her dice cup. The first thing she did was look at her mother-in-law with ill intentions, hoping she would compare with her.

Helen, however, opened her mouth toward her son.

"Ethan, Mom will compare with you."

This time, Ethan's points were smaller than Helen's.

Ethan had no choice but to find the next person. When Sophie thought her husband would choose her, Ethan instead chose Grace.

Grace's was smaller.

Everyone turned their gazes toward Grace.

Grace then turned her gaze toward her father.

Richard's was smaller.

In the end, it actually came down to Richard and Sophie comparing.

To be honest, the two of them really didn't have any private grudges. If anything, there was a kind of twisted affection between them, so no matter who won or lost, it didn't feel particularly satisfying.

The results were revealed.

In the end, Richard still had the smallest points.

Richard, like his wife, had never played Truth or Dare, so he chose to drink.

"Alright, alright, I lost, I lost."

Richard was quite straightforward. He had spent half his life talking business over drinks. This bit of beer was nothing more than mouthwash to him.

Without another word, he picked up a full glass and tilted his head back to chug it in one go.

"Hah—"

He set down the glass, wiped his mouth, and seeing that everyone was playing with their dice cups again, he took the opportunity to let his gaze pause for two seconds on Sophie's chest, which was trembling slightly because she was laughing so hard her body shook.

“So white…”

After several rounds, the empty bottles on the table gradually increased.

Helen had drunk three glasses, equivalent to more than one can. Her face was already flushed like peach blossoms. Her phoenix eyes had become a bit hazy. Her originally proper sitting posture had also relaxed a little. Her legs wrapped in flesh-colored stockings were no longer pressed so tightly together. They were slightly parted, and her entire person gave off a lazy, seductive air.

Sophie wasn’t much better. She had also downed three glasses. The alcohol was surging. Her entire body was soft as she leaned against Ethan, playing with the hem of his clothes.

Only Grace, because she was still breastfeeding, was only allowed to drink juice by everyone.

Another round of revealing the cups.

Grace, as the loser of the previous round, looked at the two, two, three in her cup. Added together it was only seven points. She sighed inwardly.

Sure enough, comparing one by one, she was the smallest in the entire field again.

“Sigh, my luck is really bad tonight…”

Grace stuck out her tongue a bit embarrassedly and reached out to take the orange juice in front of her.

Right then, Sophie’s pair of hazy, drunken eyes suddenly lit up.

“No, no, sis, this isn’t right.”

While speaking, Sophie extended a finger that looked like a jade scallion and lightly pressed it against the back of Grace’s hand.

“This is way too unfair. We’re all drinking until we’re dizzy, how can you still drink juice? Always losing and always drinking juice—where’s the punishment in that?”

Grace’s hand trembled slightly. She probed:

“Then… then I can drink a little alcohol?”

“No way, no way. My little nephew still needs to drink milk!”

Sophie shook her head. Her hair lightly swung with the movement. Strands of fragrance drifted over to Richard's nose on the opposite side. She continued:

"Since you can't drink alcohol, then starting from this round, if you lose, you can only choose Truth or Dare!"

These words were spoken dominantly, yet they also carried a bit of coquettish unreasonableness.

Grace couldn't find a reason to refute. She subconsciously looked toward her brother Ethan, hoping to get a bit of support.

But Ethan only looked at her with a half-smile that wasn't quite a smile. That gaze clearly wrote:

I also want to see sis play Truth.

Thinking of how she had indeed taken advantage just now, Grace's cheeks couldn't help heating up.

"Fine… then we'll do as Sophie says."

"I'll choose Truth! Who asks? Is it the one with the highest points who asks?"

Seeing that her sister-in-law agreed, Sophie immediately perked up. She sat up straight and answered:

"Of course it's whoever has the highest points who asks! Let me see… Oh? It's Dad! Dad has eighteen points! A triple!"

Everyone's gazes turned toward the table in unison.

Not long ago, everyone had only seen one six and already thought Richard was higher than Grace. Looking closely now, the dice cup clearly contained three sixes!

If this were any other occasion, this would be a triple that swept everything.

But at this moment, this so-called winner appeared somewhat at a loss for what to do.

As a father, asking his daughter a Truth question—the scale was really hard to grasp.

And in this kind of setting.

If he asked something shallow, it would kill the young people's fun.

But if he asked something deep, would he and his daughter still have any face left?

Richard's hand gripping the glass tightened. He fell into a dilemma.

Sophie raised her pretty brows. Seeing her father-in-law's embarrassment, she grinned wickedly and leaned over. Her body was almost pressed against the table. The snow-white in front of her chest was fully visible in front of Richard.

"Dad, just ask anything~ What's the big deal~"

"For example… what color underwear is sis wearing today? Or… what style of panties?"

This charming little vixen breathed out fragrant air, yet the words she spoke nearly made everyone's jaws drop.

"Cough cough cough!"

Richard couldn't hold his breath and almost coughed blood. Grace moved quickly, freeing one hand to lightly pat her father's back.

"Sophie, you're acting up again! Ethan, aren't you going to control her?!"

Ethan was also experiencing pupil earthquake at this moment.

Although the relationships in the family had been a mess like a pot of porridge these past few days, he also hadn't expected his wife to go this direct after playing too wildly.

Under his sister's reminder, he immediately reached out and covered that unfiltered little mouth of Sophie's.

"Mmph mmph…"

Sophie seemed dissatisfied. She struggled in his palm. A pair of beautiful legs wrapped in black stockings kicked around under the table.

"Hehe, Sophie drank too much, drank too much."

Ethan dry-laughed as he smoothed things over. One hand covered his wife's mouth while the other arm naturally wrapped around Sophie's waist. His fingertips lightly pinched that soft flesh, and only then did she quiet down.

"Dad, just ask anything. Even asking what she ate is fine."

Ethan had resolved the situation this time. Richard let out a long breath, wiped the cold sweat from his forehead, and turned his head to glance at his eldest daughter.

"Grace…"

Richard cleared his throat. “What… what did you eat for dinner today?”

The question came out. Sophie let out a disappointed sigh and completely collapsed into her husband’s arms.

Ethan had only said it verbally just now to give his father a way out. He hadn’t expected him to actually ask something like that. Boring as it was, at least it allowed the game to continue.

As for Grace, before her father spoke, she hadn’t had any expectations. Or rather, she hadn’t even had any thoughts.

Now seeing that he only asked such a simple question, she smiled with relief in her heart and answered softly:

“Sushi.”

The punishment was over. The game continued.

The dice stopped. The results of a new round were revealed.

This time, the goddess of luck no longer favored that little vixen who didn’t know the height of heaven or the depth of the earth.

Sophie looked at the one, one, two in her dice cup. A full four points. She truly had a pitiful expression.

Even without comparing, she knew she was most likely the smallest.

Sure enough, comparing one by one, the other four all had higher points than her.

Sophie lost. She looked pitifully toward her husband:

“Honey… I can’t do it anymore… if I drink any more I’m going to pass out drunk… I’ll also choose Truth!”

The winds of fortune had shifted.

This round, the one with the highest points was actually Helen.

Three fives, fifteen points.

At this moment, this mother-in-law who had always been in a passive, beaten-down position seemed like she had become a different person. She sat upright in place, her posture straight. Her full chest rose and fell slightly. The corner of her mouth curved into a half-smile that wasn’t quite a smile. Her sandalwood-like mouth lightly opened and said:

“Sophie, today… what color are the panties you’re wearing?”

“Boom—”

As soon as these words came out, the air at the scene stiffened. Even little Mason seemed to sense how awkward it was at that moment and stopped sucking on the toy pacifier in his mouth.

Ethan also widened his eyes, looking at his mother in disbelief. This proper woman who was even careful and cautious when moaning during sex—what kind of medicine had she taken today to ask this kind of question?

Richard's eyes also bulged like copper bells at that instant. And the desire hidden in his heart made him subconsciously glance toward his daughter-in-law's skirt hem. His Adam's apple rolled.

Sophie was first stunned. Looking at her mother-in-law's beautiful eyes that appeared calm on the surface but actually hid a sharp edge, she then understood:

Well well, you little slut have been waiting for me here!

Helen could be considered patient. She had held onto the grudge from the first round until now to get revenge.

Now, she wanted to see how this slutty fox who had seduced both of her men would handle the situation.

But Helen's realm was ultimately not high enough. Who was Sophie? Her sluttiness—how could Helen, this old antique from a previous era, fully comprehend it?

After a brief moment of shock, the corner of Sophie's mouth instead lifted into a brilliant smile.

There was not the slightest shyness. Instead, she openly crossed her beautiful legs. The rustling sound of stockings rubbing reached everyone's ears. Then came her soul-hooking orchid voice:

"Black."

Sophie's red lips lightly parted. Her gaze boldly swept across every person present, finally settling on her father-in-law Richard's greedy old face. In an extremely teasing tone, she said:

"And they're… lace with cutouts~"

As the words fell, Richard only felt a buzzing in his head, as if he had already seen through that layer of champagne-colored skirt hem to that mysterious, dark triangular zone, wrapped in a layer of black lace, with the labia faintly visible in the mesh, calling out to be touched.

Thinking of this, Richard's blood pressure instantly soared. Fortunately he didn't have high blood pressure, otherwise he would have passed out on the spot.

"Cough!"

He also couldn't control himself and coughed again.

Ethan was a bit like a full man who doesn't know the hunger of a starving one. He was living it up every night and found it hard to empathize with his father's loneliness every evening. Or rather, he had developed some immunity to his wife's soft allure.

Looking at his father's appearance, then looking at his mother's face that had won one round back yet was still tense, in order for the game to continue, he quickly knocked on the table and said:

"Alright, alright, next round, next round! What kind of questions are these!"

This round, it seemed that because of the stimulation from Helen's question just now, the atmosphere in the room had heated up a bit.

"Rattle rattle—Open!"

Sophie: three sixes! A triple! Eighteen points!

Helen: one, two, three, six points.

This time, it was truly fate playing tricks.

Sophie had the highest. Helen had the lowest.

Seeing this result, Sophie was excited like a child. Her entire body was almost about to jump up from the floor. A pair of beautiful eyes sparkled. Her cheeks were flushed. Her breathing was rapid:

"Mom～"

Sophie spoke like an orchid, dragging out the end of the sound. This call of "Mom" was full of twists and turns, yet it made the listeners' spines go cold.

"Continue drinking? Or?"

Facing the daughter-in-law who was provoking her, Helen bit her lower lip. She knew she couldn't dodge this time, and she also couldn't drink any more alcohol. She could only accept the loss.

"I'll also choose Truth."

Hearing that, Sophie's body leaned forward. Two snow-white mounds of breast flesh were pressed and deformed against the edge of the table. She said:

"Mom, down there… do you have hair? Or is it hairless?"

CHAPTER 105

The Daughter-in-Law's Erotic Dance

Sophie leaned her body forward. Two snow-white mounds of breast flesh were squeezed and deformed against the edge of the table, pushing out a dizzying cleavage. The corner of her mouth held a wicked smile as she stared straight at her mother-in-law Helen and said:

"Mom, down there… do you have hair? Or is it hairless?"

The moment these words came out, Ethan's hand gripping the wine glass suddenly tightened.

Of course he knew what his mother looked like down there.

On those crazy nights, how he had buried his head in that mysterious black forest, using the tip of his tongue to part those curly, dense hairs, searching for that fully ripe red bean, tasting the spring that constantly overflowed with love juice.

Every time his cock entered, the dense hair would become stained with crystalline fluid as he thrust, and sometimes even get pulled into the vaginal opening. That intertwined sensation of roughness and wetness—just recalling it now made Ethan's lower body react.

But Ethan had never expected his wife to ask this question.

Although everyone's chaotic relationships were already in a semi-open state, this kind of thing still hadn't reached the point of being completely laid out on the table. If, because of this question, his mother got angry, Ethan temporarily didn't have a perfect solution that would satisfy both sides.

He subconsciously looked to the side. Helen, sitting beside him, was currently like a wooden carving. Her pair of beautiful eyes were wide open.

That still pretty face was red like a monkey's ass. Even her earlobes and neck were dyed with a layer of crimson.

A pair of fair hands tightly gripped the hem of her clothes. Her eyes wandered helplessly.

First, she glanced at Richard across from her.

No matter what, he was still her husband on the surface.

Richard had also fallen into chaos. His mouth was wide open, his face full of shock. But in those cloudy eyes, besides surprise, there was actually a barely noticeable trace of excitement hidden, as if he was also looking forward to the answer.

This gaze made Helen feel disgusted, and even more despairing.

She hurriedly looked toward her son on the other side.

But Ethan avoided her gaze at this moment, lowering his head and pretending to eat snacks.

Gradually, Helen's heart sank to the bottom.

As the saying goes, the way of heaven is good at cycling, and heaven spares no one.

Previously she had deliberately wanted to put her daughter-in-law in an awkward position. Although she hadn't succeeded in the end, now she was still receiving retribution.

They sat facing each other without speaking. The room was extremely quiet, with only the sound of hot spring water flowing in the distance.

Sophie was still smiling as she looked at her. There was not the slightest retreat in her eyes.

With no other choice, Helen finally answered this extremely private question.

"I have…"

A single word "have," squeezed out as if from between her teeth, seemed to have exhausted all of Helen's face. At this moment, she truly wished a crack would open in the floor so she could crawl right into it.

"Hehe, so you do have some~ Oh, don't mind it, don't mind it. I have some too. It's a normal physiological phenomenon."

Sophie covered her mouth and laughed secretly. The laughter was crisp and pleasant, but in the ears of the other two men, it was no different from a succubus's whisper.

Grace sat to the side, holding her eight-month-old son in her arms. Her brows were slightly furrowed.

Watching her mother being humiliated, although she felt Sophie's methods were a bit too much, thinking it over, in order for tonight's game to continue, she didn't open her mouth to stop it.

But that awkward atmosphere made her feel like she was sitting on pins and needles.

She slightly shifted her body. Under the deep purple knit dress, those beautiful legs wrapped in black pantyhose rubbed uncomfortably against each other.

"Alright, alright, last round! Last round to decide the winner!"

Trying to break this suffocating awkwardness, Ethan quickly shouted loudly. At the same time, the dice cup in his hand started shaking again.

Rattle rattle—

Sophie's attention was also diverted. She confidently grabbed the dice cup:

"This round I'm definitely still going to win! Hah!"

A soft shout fell. Her arm brought up a gust of fragrant wind. She shook it vigorously a few times, then heavily slammed it down on the low table.

Seeing that, the others also had no choice but to shake and set theirs down one after another.

But fate often plays tricks on people. It likes to give people a heavy blow right when they're most proud.

Sophie revealed her cup with a face full of smiles. However, in the next second, her expression froze.

Looking at the dice cup: one, one, two.

Four points.

This was almost the smallest number the dice could roll.

"How could this happen?"

Sophie unhappily pouted her little mouth and hurriedly looked toward the others.

Helen took the opportunity to compare with her.

Round after round.

Ethan had three fours, twelve points.

Helen had two, three, five, ten points.

Richard had one, four, six, eleven points.

And the largest…

Everyone's gazes concentrated on the sister who had been silently watching from the side the whole time, Grace.

Three fives, fifteen points.

Sophie was first stunned, then greatly relaxed, as if she had survived a disaster. She patted her chest. Two snow-white breasts trembled wildly with her movements, making Richard's eyelids twitch across from her.

"It's sis who has the highest. Then it's fine."

Her sister-in-law usually treated her the best, her personality was gentle, and plus the two sisters now even shared husbands. That incestuous secret made them closer than real sisters.

Therefore, Sophie believed that her sister-in-law would definitely give her this bit of face and absolutely wouldn't make things difficult for her.

Thinking of this, Sophie immediately put on a pitiful expression. Her body softly sprawled on the table. She put her hands together and desperately blinked her big watery eyes toward Grace.

"Sis~ I'll choose Dare, hehe. You have to go easy on me. I've already drunk quite a bit today."

Sophie's voice was soft and sticky, carrying a coquettish trailing tone that made people's hearts tremble.

She had originally thought Grace would, like usual, smile helplessly and then casually say a simple punishment, like singing a song or making a funny face.

But Sophie seemed to have forgotten.

Just a few rounds ago, it was she herself who had personally cut off Grace's retreat of drinking juice.

At this moment, Grace looked at her sister-in-law's delicate, dripping face. In her mind flashed the arrogant and domineering way Sophie had just interrogated her mother.

And previously…

Grace subconsciously clamped her legs.

She could only hide in the bathroom, using her fingers to masturbate to relieve her desire.

And Sophie?

She could openly enjoy her husband's favor, and even unscrupulously seduce her father-in-law, moving freely between these two men.

A never-before-felt impulse, mixed with jealousy, retaliation, and a trace of secret excitement, suddenly surged into her heart.

Grace's face, full of mature big-sister charm, slowly bloomed with a smile.

That smile was very beautiful, carrying a bit of decisiveness that was rarely seen on a normal day.

She didn't rush to speak. Instead, she extended a slender, fair finger. The fingertip lightly drew an arc in the air.

Finally, it stopped on Sophie.

More accurately, it pointed at the knit cardigan on Sophie's body, and she said:

"Sophie, take off that outer layer you're wearing."

Hearing these words, the smile on Sophie's face instantly froze. Those originally lively big eyes were filled with shock.

"Then…"

Grace paused. Her gaze swept over the two men present with a half-smile that wasn't quite a smile.

Father Richard had his eyes wide open, Adam's apple rolling. Brother Ethan's eyes were burning, the corner of his mouth holding a smile.

As if knowing what they were expecting, and as if speaking out the desire in their hearts on their behalf.

Grace continued:

"Then… dance for us!"

As the words fell, Richard swallowed with difficulty.

If, just now, his wife being forced to admit in front of everyone that she had hair down there had already made him extremely excited, then at this moment, being able to see this daughter-in-law who made him toss and turn every night and who he had fantasized about countless times in his dreams, take off her outer layer and dance in front of him wearing only a sexy nightgown.

Just thinking about this kind of thing made that old cock of his feel like it had been injected with chicken blood, stirring restlessly.

Helen silently nodded toward her daughter. A flash of satisfaction passed through her eyes.

It seemed her daughter's heart hadn't ultimately turned toward outsiders.

This girl was helping her vent.

At this moment, the resentment in her heart toward the memory from a few days ago, when her daughter had joined forces with her son to forcibly violate her, seemed to blur a little more.

Sophie also hadn't expected that her sister-in-law, who usually had a very good relationship with her, would actually not consider old feelings and join forces with her mother-in-law to retaliate against her.

A sour feeling of being betrayed surged into her heart. Sophie pouted her mouth, revealing her lower lip, looking as if she had suffered a great grievance, and pitifully looked toward her husband beside her.

"Honey~ look at sis, she's bullying me~"

Sophie had been drinking. Her cheeks were flushed red. Her originally beautiful face looked even more delicate and moving under the light.

Ethan lowered his head and looked at his wife's cute yet alluring appearance. Although he somewhat wanted to help smooth things over for her, thinking it over:

Wasn't the current situation exactly a good opportunity to heat up the atmosphere?

Being able to let his father see his wife's sluttiness, being able to let his mother see his wife's wantonness—this kind of chaotic and taboo visual impact was exactly what Ethan wanted.

Moreover, he believed that with the sluttiness in his wife's bones that hadn't been fully developed yet, she definitely wouldn't really feel shy. Perhaps in her heart she was even looking forward to this opportunity to show off her charm.

So, under the table, Ethan reached out his hand and slid it up along Sophie's inner thigh. Through that thin layer of black stockings, he felt that delicate, warm skin.

While stroking, he looked at her with a wicked smile and said:

"Oh, wife, you have to accept the loss. These are the game rules. There's no helping it."

Saying that, he deliberately turned his head to look at his father, kicking the ball over:

"Isn't that right, Dad?"

Richard was stunned by the question. He quickly withdrew his gaze that had been visually raping his daughter-in-law and subconsciously nodded repeatedly:

"Ah? Yes… yes. Sophie, since it's a game, you have to follow the rules~"

At this moment, Sophie seemed to understand the meaning in Ethan's words, and she also felt that big hand making trouble on the inside of her thigh.

But in her heart, she was still a bit unhappy that her husband wasn't siding with her. So under the table, she quietly reached out and fiercely pinched Ethan's thigh, then through his pants grabbed that half-erect cock and squeezed it hard.

Feeling Ethan suck in a sharp breath, Sophie only then resentfully withdrew her hand. The corner of her mouth curved into a playful arc as she said:

"I'm putting this out front. I won't go back on my word."

"Since you all want to watch, then I'll let you watch enough."

While speaking, Sophie slowly stood up:

"My figure is the best in this room."

Under everyone's gaze, while speaking, Sophie raised her jade-like arms. Her fingers pinched the edge of the knit cardigan.

With her movements, that cardigan slid down from her snow-white fragrant shoulders.

At that moment, everyone's gazes went a bit straight.

The outer layer fell to the ground, completely revealing the champagne-colored silk slip dress inside.

Silk fabric is the most testing of a figure.

It was like a layer of flowing water, tightly clinging to Sophie's graceful curves, outlining her slender waist and perky buttocks.

Large expanses of snow-white skin were exposed to the air. The beautiful butterfly bones on her back appeared and disappeared. The deep cleavage in front of her chest made it even harder to look away.

More importantly, the black lace bra straps weren't completely covered. They were boldly exposed outside, forming a strong visual contrast with the champagne-colored silk.

Her entire person radiated a temptation that intertwined purity and corruption.

"What should I dance…"

She tilted her head, finger tapping her chin, talking to herself. Black stockings wrapped Sophie's little feet. Her toes were round and cute, showing a faint pink through the stockings.

Soon, as if she had thought of a good idea, a flash of light passed through Sophie's eyes.

"Then I'll dance this!"

As the words fell, Sophie lightly hummed the slow-shake dance song that was currently the most popular on short videos.

Her graceful body also began to sway along with it.

At first, the movements were still gentle.

She raised a pair of snow-white arms, stretching them like a swan. Her waist twisted like a water snake.

The two beautiful breasts on her chest bounced up and down with her movements, sending out dizzying breast waves.

At this moment, Sophie's eyes were hazy. The corner of her mouth held a charming smile. Her gaze boldly swept across every person present.

When it swept over Ethan, it was teasing.

When it swept over Grace, it was a show of force.

When it swept over Helen, it was contempt.

Finally, her gaze landed on Richard.

It was naked seduction.

One movement fell. Sophie turned around accordingly. Both hands hung down. With her back to Richard, she slowly squatted down, sticking out her round, perky ass, and drawing circles in her father-in-law's direction.

The skirt hem flipped with the twisting of her buttocks, vaguely revealing a patch of black lace at the base of her thighs.

Richard only felt his mouth dry and his tongue parched. His heart was pounding wildly. The scene was too beautiful, too lewd. It shocked his mind into a blank. If there weren't other people present, Richard truly wanted to just mount up and fuck this little slut.

This extremely seductive movement fell. As the rhythm sped up, Sophie also became bolder and bolder.

In the next instant, she turned around. Both hands stroked along the curves of her own body, sliding from her neck past her chest, past her waist, and finally stopping on her thighs.

The final freeze-frame movement.

Sophie deliberately turned her body sideways and leaned slightly forward. Her shoulders lightly shrugged.

One shoulder strap slid down from her snow-white shoulder and hung on her upper arm.

In that instant, more than half of that snow-white breast ball trembled, almost about to jump out of the neckline.

"Huff…"

Richard's eyes went straight from watching. The cock between his legs was already fully erect.

Grace inadvertently glanced at her father's loss of composure, then looked at Sophie's nearly perfect body. Her face burned. She quickly withdrew her gaze.

While her heartbeat accelerated, an indescribable dryness and heat also rose inside her body.

She subconsciously hugged the child in her arms tighter, as if this could cover the abnormality in her own body.

Helen also hadn't expected that this slutty fox was truly a slutty fox.

She didn't have a shred of shame.

Previously she had not only told everyone the style of her panties in front of the crowd, now she was also dancing this kind of striptease-like dance.

"Truly shameless!"

But looking at her husband's infatuated gaze, in Helen's heart, besides anger, there was actually a trace of loosening that had been infected by this lewd atmosphere.

Perhaps Ethan's "hard work" had taken effect. The lust in Helen's heart was also gradually being developed.

Thinking of that, using the table as a barrier, one of her fair hands unconsciously reached toward her son.

Feeling his mother's hand reach over, Ethan was first stunned, then his expression didn't change. He turned his hand over and held his mother's.

His fingers lightly stroked the back of her hand. His fingertips scratched her palm.

A faint itch traveled from her hand all the way to her lower abdomen. Helen's body trembled, but she didn't break free. Instead, she gripped her son's hand even tighter in return.

The dance ended.

Sophie sat back down beside Ethan, but she didn't put the cardigan back on. Just like that, wearing that revealing slip dress, a light fragrant sweat had risen on her.

"That was good! Good!"

Only then did Richard come back to his senses. He dryly clapped twice.

He was very uncomfortable right now.

The fire of desire in his body had been completely ignited. That old cock was swollen and uncomfortable. The urethral opening had even already leaked a bit of transparent prostatic fluid, wetting a small patch of his underwear.

Thinking that he had to take care of this, otherwise his old face would have nowhere to go.

"That… I'm going to the bathroom to wash my face."

Richard said that and somewhat flusteredly stood up.

Fortunately the bathrobe was wide enough, plus he deliberately arched his waist so that his cock was pressed tightly against his lower abdomen. Only then was it not too obvious.

Richard's steps were a bit hurried. He almost fled toward the door leading to the bathroom on the other side of the room.

Watching his father's somewhat wretched back, Ethan's eyes flickered.

He knew his father's current state.

Men understand men best.

Just now, his wife's dance—forget about his father at this age, even he, a husband who had been through a hundred battles, found it a bit hard to hold back after watching.

And this was another excellent opportunity.

If at this time, he let his wife follow after him…

Thinking of this, the corner of Ethan's mouth curved into a barely noticeable smile. He turned his head to look at Sophie, who was still panting, and said in a concerned yet meaningful tone:

"Wife, go check on Dad. He drank quite a bit just now. The floor in these Japanese-style rooms is slippery. Don't let him fall in the bathroom."

Saying that, he even seriously added:

"There are quite a few cases in the news of elderly people falling in the bathroom after drinking. We have to be careful."

But Richard was only forty-six this year, still in his prime. How could he count as elderly?

Moreover, his strength—Sophie the daughter-in-law knew better than anyone.

That thick black rod when it thrust in was not inferior to her husband's in the slightest.

Sophie was a smart woman. She instantly heard the implied meaning in her husband's words.

This was creating an opportunity for her, and also hinting for her to continue the teasing from just now.

After understanding this, that sense of immorality of being personally pushed into her father-in-law's arms by her husband made her entire body go numb. Her lower body actually uncooperatively leaked pussy juice.

"Oh, got it~"

Her body had already reacted. Sophie no longer delayed. She immediately responded in a soft, coquettish voice that was so alluring it could pull out threads.

"Then I'll go check on Dad. You guys keep playing."

Saying that, Sophie stood up and deliberately thrust her chest toward her sister-in-law across from her, as if saying: “You’re the one who made me take it off. Later, listen carefully…”

Grace watched Sophie’s back as she twisted her ass toward the bathroom. Her heart jumped.

This sister-in-law going over there… she was afraid she was going to…

Grace subconsciously looked toward her brother and mother beside her, but found that one was drinking as if nothing was wrong, and the other had her head lowered, not knowing what she was thinking. As if they were completely unaware of everything that was about to happen, or perhaps…

They were tacitly allowing it?

In the room, a lewd scent that had spread out along with Sophie’s dancing seemed to have grown even thicker.

CHAPTER 106

The Pink Blossom

Splash—

Cold mountain spring water struck the white porcelain surface of the sink, stirring up fine foam.

Richard Hale cupped both hands, scooped up a handful of cold water, and splashed it onto his somewhat flushed old face.

Water droplets ran down his slightly graying temples, flowed over the skin that had grown a bit rough from years of hard work, and finally dripped onto the collar of his dark blue yukata, leaving a dark wet stain.

That scene just now had been far too stimulating.

Even though it had only lasted a few minutes from start to finish, it had almost been more than Richard could handle.

Even now, his mind was still filled with the lingering image of his daughter-in-law standing in the center of the tatami, that alluring waist twisting, and that layer of faintly visible black lace.

Richard braced himself on the edge of the sink. Without the gazes of others around him, he finally dared to pant heavily.

Right then, an extremely faint sound rang out. If one weren't paying attention, they would only think the fan in the exhaust vent had a minor problem.

Before Richard could react, a faint fragrance had already entered his nasal cavity first.

Immediately after, a lotus-root-like arm with a pearl-like sheen silently reached over from behind. With a soft pat, it lightly landed on his shoulder.

"Dad~"

This voice was soft and coquettish. Richard's whole body jolted. He was so startled his heart nearly jumped out of his throat.

Fortunately, that familiar scent had given him some warning. Even so, when he turned his head, his old face had still lost some color.

Behind him, his daughter-in-law Sophie was looking at him with a half-smile that wasn't quite a smile.

At this moment, that champagne-colored silk slip dress of hers, because of the hot dance earlier, still had one shoulder strap slipped down to her upper arm, revealing a large expanse of skin fairer than frost and snow, and that delicate, alluring collarbone hollow.

The dim yellow light fell on her face. That flush that had appeared from drunkenness was more moving than any rouge.

Seeing that his daughter-in-law had actually followed him in, Richard wasn't overly excited. Instead, he first subconsciously looked toward the doorway.

That thick wooden door had somehow already been closed tightly, and even the security latch had been fastened.

Huff…

Seeing that the situation was still safe for now, Richard let out a long breath, then said:

"You… why did you come?"

Sophie didn't rush to answer. Her beautiful eyes narrowed slightly. As her gaze flowed, it was full of charm. She raised her hand and extremely naturally brushed aside a few strands of hair that had fallen by her ear.

Her entire person radiated allure as she stepped closer and closer, until that warm, soft body was almost pressed against Richard's arm. Only then did she turn around, face the large mirror above the sink, and lightly pat her burning cheeks.

"Ethan was afraid you'd get old and fall. So he sent this unlucky girl to check on you."

While speaking, Sophie casually tidied her slightly messy hair. Her eyes, however, stared straight at Richard through the reflection in the mirror.

Richard awkwardly took a small step to the side, trying to create a bit of distance in this overly dangerous space.

But looking at his daughter-in-law's jade-smooth beautiful back in front of him, those slender spinal lines disappearing into the rise and fall of her buttocks along the groove of her back, the evil fire that the cold water had forcefully pressed down earlier seemed to have been licked

by a spark. It blazed up again in an instant, even more fiercely than before.

Between his legs, that cock hidden by the loose yukata was now stiffly propping up a small tent, jumping with each of his breaths.

But because he was truly worried about being discovered by the people outside, Richard could only forcefully suppress his lust. He pulled at the corner of his mouth and said:

"It's not that exaggerated. Dad isn't even fifty yet! My body is still sturdy."

Through the mirror, Sophie's gaze fell without any avoidance on that highly raised crotch of his.

Seeing that her father-in-law had clearly already reacted, yet still didn't dare to directly caress her, Sophie couldn't help cursing in her heart:

"This lecherous old man. He's hard enough to poke through the ceiling, yet his mouth is still pretending to be proper here."

Why did she always have to take the initiative every time? Truly a gutless old thing.

Sigh, there was no helping it. Perhaps she was born with a fate of hard work. Not only did she have to serve the young one, she also had to feed this old one.

Thinking of this, Sophie suddenly turned around without any warning.

With this turn, the originally narrow space rapidly closed the distance between the two of them.

Richard had been staring blankly at her back. How could he have expected her to suddenly turn around? His entire person froze in place. Before he could react, in the next instant, a warm, fragrant, soft body had already crashed into his arms.

A young woman's springy, soft touch. D-cup breasts, separated only by that thin layer of silk fabric, tightly squeezed against his chest, so soft it made his mind go blank.

"Dad, it's been a few days since you touched me… have you missed me?"

Sophie stood on her tiptoes. Her warm red lips pressed against Richard's ear. She exhaled like an orchid. Her breath, carrying the scent of alcohol, sprayed on the back of his ear, stirring up numbing electric currents one after another.

Before Richard could answer, that soft, boneless jade hand of hers had already slid in along the hem of the yukata, extremely skillfully and accurately pressing down on that scalding cock in one grab.

Hiss—

Richard sucked in a sharp breath from the pleasure. Both hands trembled as they were raised in mid-air. He wanted to push her away but couldn't bear to. In the end, as if accepting his fate, he wrapped his arms around this soul-stealing delicate body in his embrace.

Long-missed pleasure shot straight to the top of his head along his hands.

Seeing that her father-in-law finally dared to touch her, Sophie's heart rejoiced. She didn't show any weakness either. Those jade-scallion-like fingers lightly pinched through the underwear. That thick black dragon seemed to have been summoned and cheered excitedly in her hand.

"Sophie… Dad missed you, missed you so much… but right now…"

Facing his daughter-in-law's boldness, Richard's eyes were a bit unfocused. In his mind, on one side were the voices of his son and wife talking outside the door, and on the other side was the beautiful daughter-in-law in his arms.

This sense of immorality of possibly being discovered at any moment, intertwined with the real physical sensation in the present, made him both fearful and excited.

"Right now… your mom is still outside… and Ethan and Grace…"

Sophie had buried her head deeply into his broad shoulder. The tip of her nose was surrounded by the tobacco scent and sweat scent unique to older men. This masculine hormonal smell instantly made her lower body wet and messy.

Just as she was thinking about soon being filled by this big cock in her hand, hearing this spineless sentence, she immediately wickedly scraped

hard at that sensitive urethral opening and coquettishly complained in dissatisfaction:

"Dad, are you still a man or not? I've already delivered myself to your door, and you're still making excuses… I…"

Halfway through speaking, the remaining words were completely swallowed into a rough kiss.

Perhaps stirred by his daughter-in-law's words "are you still a man," Richard suddenly lowered his head and fiercely blocked that little mouth that wouldn't stop until it said something shocking.

"Uh… mmph…"

Sophie let out a sweet whimper. Not only did she not resist, she instead responded even more enthusiastically.

Her pink, flexible little tongue actively probed out and tangled with her father-in-law's rough, thick tongue.

The two kissed passionately. The sound of their saliva mixing was infinitely amplified in this narrow space, making wet smacking noises.

The long-missed yet familiar sensation came. Richard greedily sucked the honeyed fluid from his daughter-in-law's mouth. The tip of his tongue swept across her upper palate, as if wanting to roll away every trace of air in her mouth.

After a long while, their lips parted.

The two pressed their foreheads together, panting heavily. A lewd, crystalline silver thread was pulled between the corners of their mouths, about to break but not yet broken.

Looking at the daughter-in-law in front of him, her face full of spring color and her eyes hazy, Richard only felt his excitement reach its peak. His reason completely collapsed.

Fuck morality. Fuck the fact that there were ears on the other side of the wall. Right now he only wanted to fuck this slutty, lewd beauty until she was completely broken.

"Sophie, turn… turn around."

Hearing that, Sophie glanced at him with eyes like silk. That mischievous little hand forcefully gripped the thing in her hand that was as hard as an iron rod once more before reluctantly letting go.

"As you command, father-in-law…"

Smiling coquettishly, Sophie obediently turned around. A pair of snow-white arms braced on the sink. Her alluring waist skillfully arched downward. She stuck her entire round, perky ass high into the air, facing Richard.

As if deliberately seducing him, she even lightly drew a circle with her ass like she had when dancing earlier.

That champagne-colored skirt hem swayed with the movement, rising and falling like waves.

Looking at this extremely lewd scene in front of him, how could Richard still hold back? He suddenly squatted down. A rough big hand flipped up that obstructive skirt hem in one motion, directly piling it at Sophie's waist.

Instantly, a snow-white, plump, perky ass as smooth as congealed fat was fully revealed before his eyes without any covering.

Under the dim warm light of the bathroom, Sophie's ass was so white it was dazzling. Her skin was so fine that not even pores could be seen.

Two cheeks of ass flesh were round and full. Even a fully ripe peach would find it hard to compare. In the middle was clamped a pitifully narrow black lace panty. The extreme contrast of black and white had a visual impact strong enough to make one suffocate.

Richard greedily swallowed a mouthful of saliva. Both hands impatiently covered it.

"Ah…"

Sophie let out a short cry of surprise.

The contact between the rough palms and the tender skin brought a slight stinging sensation, yet it made her even more excited.

Then he was seen kneading those two soft mounds as if kneading dough. His fingers sank deep into the white, greasy flesh, rubbing them round and pinching them flat, transforming them into various lewd shapes.

"So soft… so slutty…"

Richard muttered to himself while feeling it. His face was almost pressed against Sophie's two ass cheeks.

The tip of his nose was surrounded by the rich feminine scent emanating from there, mixed with the smell of sweat, body fragrance,

and a faint musky scent. For him at this moment, it was simply the most potent aphrodisiac in the world.

"Ah! Dad… gentler… my ass is going to be pinched broken by you…"

Sophie twisted her waist. Her voice carried a crying tone, yet it was clearly that she was enjoying it to the extreme.

Richard looked at that black lace fabric that had already been soaked by love juice and was tightly wedged into the flesh slit. Hearing his daughter-in-law's bone-melting lewd words by his ear, he finally couldn't hold back any longer.

In the next instant, he directly stuck out his tongue and, like a mangy dog, forcefully licked at that snow-white ass flesh.

Schlick— schlick—

The rough tongue scraped across the tender skin, leaving trails of bright, shiny moisture.

"Ah! It tickles! Dad… don't lick anymore… I want it… I want your big cock to fill me up…"

Sophie tightly gripped the edge of the sink with both hands. Every lick from behind felt like an electric current surging along her spine to her limbs, making her legs go weak, almost unable to stand.

This caused her alluring body to arch even lower, making it even more convenient for the man behind to do bad things.

Not long after, the itching sensation in her little hole grew stronger and stronger, as if countless ants were crawling. Sophie impatiently shook her ass, trying to use this method to urge the man behind her to quickly get to the main point.

His daughter-in-law's bone-melting pleas for pleasure made Richard's cock jump hard again, swelling another size.

But at this moment, compared to directly thrusting into that warm meat hole, a more stimulating desire occupied his mind.

Richard wanted to see whether the honey hole tightly wrapped by this damned little panty was already flowing with lewd fluid.

In the next instant, following the idea in his heart, he trembled as he hooked his fingers onto that thin black lace string and forcefully pulled it to the side.

Instantly, the black lace panty like a bikini was pulled open. Those two originally tightly pressed ass cheeks were also forcibly separated by external force.

At this moment, the little hole he had expected to see didn't appear. Instead, a pink, tight, chrysanthemum-like wrinkled hole that looked like a budding daisy was fully reflected into Richard's eyes without any reservation.

Around that pink chrysanthemum bud were fine, radiating wrinkles. Because of the stimulation just now, it was unconsciously contracting slightly, as if breathing, and as if inviting.

Too beautiful.

Richard's eyes went straight from looking. In his more than forty years of life, this was the first time he had seen such a sight.

His daughter-in-law's chrysanthemum hole. That pink color appeared so delicate and dripping in this expanse of snow-white flesh that Richard temporarily forgot about the meat hole in front that was flowing with honey.

In another instant, as if possessed, he brought his face even closer, close enough that he could almost feel the heat emanating from there.

Then, the lust-driven Richard suddenly stuck out his tongue. Without any hesitation, he fiercely thrust it toward that pink chrysanthemum eye that had never been violated before!

"Ah—!"

The moment that sensitive spot was attacked, Sophie suddenly threw her head back and let out a sharp yet suppressed cry of surprise. Her body trembled violently, as if she had been electrocuted.

"Dad! What are you doing… there… that's dirty!"

A strong sense of shame instantly overwhelmed her.

That was the place for excretion!

Although she had simply showered before coming, after playing games for so long and sweating from dancing, there would definitely be a smell. And even with her husband and their many positions, Sophie would only let him lick her chrysanthemum when it was clean.

Now this lecherous old man actually…!

But Richard completely couldn't hear her.

The instant the tip of his tongue touched those wrinkles, a rich taste he had never experienced before filled his mouth.

To be honest, it absolutely wasn't a stinky smell.

It was like when he was young, boasting that he would never lick a woman there, and then tasting that salty, fishy flavor after growing up.

Although the latter taste was relatively stronger, the impact on the heart and that mood of wanting to taste more were the same.

At this moment, Richard was like a young man tasting forbidden fruit for the first time, savoring the most delicious delicacy in the world. His tongue forcefully circled on that tight chrysanthemum opening, trying to drill into that tightly closed little hole.

"Mmph mmph… don't… it's so dirty… ah…"

Facing her father-in-law's tongue's continuous assault, Sophie was so ashamed her face was completely red. Tears were about to flow out.

But as time passed, and as the memory of being licked there by her husband emerged, a perverted pleasure actually rose from that unspeakable place, even stronger than the flower hole in front.

Inside the bathroom, the sounds of wetness, panting, and flesh colliding intertwined, lewd to the extreme.

Richard's old face was completely buried between his daughter-in-law's snow-white ass. His tongue tirelessly explored that forbidden land.

This was his first time tasting a woman's chrysanthemum. That pleasure was like discovering a new continent, putting his entire person in a state of extreme excitement at its peak.

But right then, a voice faintly came from outside the door:

"Dad? Sophie? Why have you been in there so long? Mom's asking if we should call the staff to bring in a hot towel?"

This call exploded like a thunderclap.

Just as she was gradually getting used to this pleasure coming from behind, suddenly hearing her husband's voice, Sophie's body violently stiffened. Her sphincter unconsciously contracted fiercely, actually tightly clamping onto the tip of Richard's tongue that was drilling inward!

CHAPTER 107

Setting the Trap

A little earlier.

After Sophie followed Richard out of the room, Ethan pulled his gaze back and instinctively tightened his grip.

His palm still held his mother Helen's hand.

Her fingers were long and slender, the nails trimmed clean and rounded, a soft pale pink. The skin on the back of her hand was fine and smooth, like a freshly peeled lychee, with only the faintest lines at the knuckles recording more than forty years of this woman's life.

Right now that delicate hand was trembling slightly.

Helen's beautiful eyes were fixed on the distance, as if she could see straight through the closed wooden door to the absurd scene playing out on the other side.

Of course she knew what was happening in there. The sheer collapse of every moral boundary slammed into her nerves so hard she could barely stay seated.

"Mom, it's fine."

Ethan's voice came at the right moment, low and gentle beside her ear.

As he spoke, his thumb slowly stroked the back of her smooth hand. The sensation was exquisite, like the finest mutton-fat jade.

Helen flinched as if burned. Her eyelids jumped and she turned her head, looking at her handsome son in front of her. She thought of the old days—father loving, son filial, ordinary yet orderly—then looked at the chaos filling the room now, and a sour ache rose from her chest all the way to the tip of her nose.

"Easy for you to say. What if…"

Helen trailed off. Countless possibilities seemed to flash through her mind:

What if a child came of it?

What if outsiders found out?

Or what if they actually developed feelings?

Every single “what if” circled in her head, any one of them enough to destroy a normal person’s sense of right and wrong.

Seeing his mother about to sink back into the swamp of so-called worldly morality, Ethan’s brow twitched almost imperceptibly before he quickly smoothed it out. He put on a careless smile and cut her off at once:

“Hey! Sis, let’s keep going, keep going!”

With that he let go of his mother’s hand, snatched up the dice cup on the table, and rattled it hard.

The crisp clatter of dice broke the heavy atmosphere in the room.

Grace had been kneeling on the soft cushion in a daze.

She wore a tight deep-purple knit dress whose hem barely covered the tops of her thighs. Because she had shifted earlier to make room for their father, the hem had ridden up a little, exposing a wide expanse of her legs wrapped in sheer black pantyhose. The translucent nylon revealed the snowy skin beneath.

Those beautiful legs were anything but still. Her knees were pressed tightly together, looking prim and proper, yet her calves rubbed restlessly against each other at her sides.

Only Grace herself knew what a wrecked mess lay under that layer of black nylon.

The crotch of the pantyhose was already soaked through by the steady trickle of her juices, clinging stickily to her pussy lips. Every tiny shift sent a sharp itch and tingling straight through her.

Sophie’s erotic dance earlier hadn’t just made their father hard; it had soaked Grace as well.

Especially the moment their father stood up and the hem of his yukata tented high. It was only a fleeting glimpse, but it was so thick, so vicious-looking—clearly a full size bigger than her little brother’s.

In that instant Grace felt her sensitive points—her nipples—jolt as if electricity had run through them. They hardened painfully and two streams of warm milk shot out uncontrollably, soaking the padding of her bra until it felt heavy, even seeping through the knit dress to leave a small, barely noticeable wet patch on her chest.

Hearing her brother's call, Grace lifted her beautiful eyes and glanced at him.

There was a trace of resentment in her gaze, a bit of helplessness, but more than anything a bright spark of desire that had already been lit.

Things had already gone this far. There really was no turning back.

Since the affair behind that door had already begun, stopping on this side would only make everything more awkward and unbearable.

Better to ride this crazy momentum and let the secret fire in her own heart burn itself out a little.

With that thought, Grace extended a hand that was just as long and slender as her mother's, yet more seductive, and joined her brother in picking up the dice cup in front of her.

Helen watched them and felt the last of her resistance deflate like a punctured balloon.

At this point, saying anything seemed useless.

So even though she still felt sick inside, even though the alcohol from earlier was still churning in her stomach, Helen sighed and reluctantly picked up her own dice cup.

Rattle-rattle—

All three cups shook at once.

Then, with a sharp clack, Ethan was the first to set his down.

"Mom, last round Sophie lost, so just count me as the loser too. Come on, I'll open you!"

Ethan smiled as he stared at his mother, his gaze drifting over the collarbone revealed by the open collar of her tailored coat.

Helen's mind was long gone from the game. She didn't even have the energy left to hope for a good roll. When she heard her son's words she simply lifted the cup with a blank expression.

She leaned in to look: 2, 3, 2. Seven points.

Very low.

Ethan's mouth curved upward. He casually opened his own cup: 4, 5, 4. Thirteen points.

A complete crush.

Helen looked at the bright red dice and felt almost nothing—just a numb "of course." She turned to her daughter.

“Grace.”

Grace bit her lower lip at the sound of her name and opened her cup: 3, 3, 3. Nine points.

It was a triple, but under the high-low rules nine still lost to thirteen.

That didn’t matter. What mattered was that Helen had the lowest score.

Helen had lost.

Since Ethan’s score was the highest, he leaned forward, hands braced on his knees, and spoke:

“Mom, truth or dare?”

Helen’s first instinct was to avoid risk.

Earlier Sophie had chosen dare and ended up doing that shameless dance. Helen absolutely could not follow that path, so she said:

“Truth.”

Right then Grace suddenly cut in:

“Mom, you should pick dare too. Truth is boring.”

Maybe she just found her mother’s dead, lifeless mood too much of a buzzkill, or maybe the soaked panties clinging to her made her desperate for any outlet—even watching her mother get embarrassed would do.

Grace’s voice was soft and coquettish, almost pleading, yet her eyes flickered with a strange light.

Ethan saw it and immediately understood his sister’s intent. The two of them had a natural unspoken understanding when it came to setting their mother up.

“Yeah, Mom. Don’t worry, I definitely won’t make you do anything weird.”

Ethan looked completely sincere, eyes full of innocence, as if he hadn’t just quietly given his wife permission to follow their father.

Helen looked at their expressions and her heart pounded.

How could she not be suspicious?

But at that moment, from the bathroom, came several muffled, suppressed moans—Sophie’s voice, or maybe just the sound of water.

The sound hit Helen’s chest like a hammer.

Her daughter-in-law, right in front of her, had walked into the same bathroom as the man who was still nominally her husband. The shock of that was still too enormous. Her mind was pure chaos. She had no spare capacity left to spot the trap in her children's words.

In the next instant Helen closed her eyes wearily and gave a small nod, accepting.

As long as it wasn't too outrageous, she would just let them have their way.

Once that "screw it" attitude took hold, it was hard to pull back.

Ethan brightened at once, but he was afraid she would change her mind. He quickly put on a calm face, cleared his throat, pretended to think for a moment, then spoke:

"Ahem. Mom, since it's a dare, you should move your body a little. So just lie down with your legs open. Thirty seconds is enough."

At first hearing, the demand really did sound simple.

Just lie down. No taking off clothes, no embarrassing actions.

But a sense that she was about to be tricked still rose, and Helen looked at her son with suspicion:

"Oh? That's it?"

"Just that simple?"

Ethan nodded, smiling as harmlessly as could be:

"Yeah, just that simple. The tatami here is comfortable to lie on."

Helen hesitated a moment, then slowly shifted her body.

Tonight she was wearing a tailored coat over a light off-white knee-length pencil skirt.

Standing, the skirt looked proper and elegant. The moment she had to lie down, however, it outlined the full, ripe curve of her hips perfectly.

Unaware she was stepping into the trap, Helen first turned onto her side, braced one hand on the floor, and carefully lowered herself.

As she moved, the coat's hem spread open like a blooming flower, while the pencil skirt inevitably rode up several inches, revealing her knees and a stretch of plump, firm thigh above them.

Helen liked wearing nude pantyhose. The nearly skin-toned fabric, thin as a cicada's wing, hid any minor flaws in her legs and made her skin look as smooth and flawless as if it had been airbrushed.

Ethan looked down at her from above.

The light fell on his mother's beautiful legs. The nude stockings reflected a soft sheen, as if coated in glaze.

Her ankles were slender, yet her calves carried the fleshy softness unique to a mature woman—smooth, full lines. Her toes were pointed, the stocking tips faintly showing the curled toes inside, giving off an indescribable sense of restraint.

Watching this, Ethan's mind instantly jumped to his wife.

Was Sophie, right now in the bathroom, being stared at by their father the same way? Were her legs opened even wider?

The thought made Ethan's desire surge. His underwear tightened instantly.

A few seconds passed.

Just as Helen finished adjusting herself into a proper flat-on-her-back position, her son's voice drifted over, soft and deliberate:

"Mom, you have to lie still for thirty seconds. If you move, we start the timer over. Sis, you time it."

Grace was curious what her little brother was up to this time, but the feeling of doing something bad together with him gave her a strange excitement. She nodded firmly:

"No problem."

Then, before Helen could react, Ethan slowly crawled down between her legs on all fours, inching closer.

Helen watched her son's face grow larger between her thighs and a sudden sense of foreboding rose in her chest.

What are you doing?

Before the words even left her mouth, Ethan's hands shot out. He grabbed one of her ankles in each hand and yanked them apart.

Swish—

The stockings scraped lightly against the floor. Helen's originally closed legs were forced wide open into a shameful M-shape.

The sudden attack startled her. She cried out instinctively and tried to pull her legs back, her upper body rising:

"Ah! Ethan, what are you doing!"

But Ethan didn't go any further. He just pointed at her with a wicked grin:

"Mom, you moved."

Helen froze. Looking at the teasing expression on her son's face, she finally understood. The little bastard had been waiting for exactly this.

He was deliberately messing with her!

A wave of embarrassed anger surged up, but at the same time it stirred the competitive streak deep in her bones.

Helen clenched her teeth, took a deep breath, and lay back down again, forcing her voice to stay calm:

"Fine. That one doesn't count. Grace, start the timer over."

"All I have to do is not move, right? Let's see what tricks you can pull."

Grace, watching from the side, had already guessed seven or eight parts of what her brother was doing.

This wasn't a game at all. He was clearly using the chance to cop a feel. But she didn't stop him. Instead she found it funny, even felt a certain anticipation.

So she went along with her mother:

"Okay, Mom. Hang in there. Thirty seconds will be over fast."

Once those words were out, Ethan began his next move.

His palm slowly traveled upward from Helen's slender ankle.

Palm against nude stocking produced an extremely faint rustling sound and an incredibly silky sensation.

The stocking surface was cool and smooth, yet the body heat coming through was warm.

Ethan's fingers felt the tightness and spring of his mother's calf muscles—the soft, mature fullness of a grown woman, something no young girl could match.

No wonder some men preferred mature women.

At the same time, the large hand sent a tingling current racing up her nerves straight to her brain.

Helen bit her lower lip, both hands clutching the tatami beneath her. Because of what had already happened once, she forced herself not to move, not to make a sound—even though those hands had already started making her pussy heat up.

Seeing that his mother was still holding out, even closing her eyes and playing dead, Ethan's smile deepened. He escalated, covering her knee with his palm.

The back of the knee is one of the sensitive spots on the human body. Ethan deliberately traced a little circle there with his fingers.

Helen's leg jerked hard, but she used pure willpower to keep from pulling it back.

Grace watched her mother's trembling lashes, watched the face that was usually dignified and stern now flushed red, and the thrill of doing something bad grew stronger. Out loud she kindly reminded:

"Mom, hang in there. Time's almost up."

Hearing that, Ethan's big hand didn't stop. It continued upward.

Soon it reached the boundary where the stocking met bare thigh—the absolute domain's edge.

Above that was under the skirt.

Ethan's fingers touched the thin edge of the nude stocking. There was a bit of lace trim; the texture was slightly rougher than before.

Then his fingertips continued higher and touched his mother's truly bare skin.

In that instant the sensation was even smoother, even warmer than the stocking.

This was the softest, most tender flesh on the inside of Helen's thighs—skin that never saw the sun, dazzlingly white, soft as cotton.

"Mm…"

Helen finally couldn't hold it. A suppressed moan escaped her throat.

This kind of touch from her son had already completely crossed the line that should exist between mother and son.

Those rough fingertips lingered at the base of her tender thighs, drawing circles, completely open about their erotic intent.

Her cheeks instantly turned as red as a ripe apple. Her breathing grew rapid, her chest rising and falling with it.

"Grace… how… how much longer?"

Grace heard her. In truth she had almost finished counting, but she narrowed her eyes and smiled:

"Ten seconds left. Last ten seconds."

(End of Chapter 107)

CHAPTER 108

Caught in the Trap

Hearing there were only ten seconds left, Helen felt a wave of relief.

Just as she steeled herself to endure the final stretch of torment, thinking the ordeal was about to end, Ethan suddenly surged forward.

Both hands shot under the hem of her pencil skirt!

His broad palms seized the edge of her panties.

Then he yanked downward.

Rip—

The sound of nylon scraping against skin filled the air.

"Uh! Ethan, you… what are you doing!"

A sudden chill struck between her legs. Panic seized Helen. She jerked her head up and stared at her son in horror.

The sight before her made her eyelids twitch uncontrollably.

Ethan had already dragged her panties down to mid-thigh.

They were nude-colored lace panties—conservative in cut, yet still carrying the allure of a mature woman.

Because Ethan was kneeling between her legs, his body blocking any escape, she couldn't fully close them even if she tried. The panties weren't completely off, but they left her utterly unable to press her thighs together.

A cool draft brushed directly against her pussy, as if the air itself had thinned there.

The three of them had done outrageous threesomes before, but this was nothing like those times.

Back then they had been in their own room, doors and windows shut, completely safe.

Now?

This was a private room at the spa resort.

People were staying next door.

Worse—her daughter-in-law and husband were just a short distance away in the bathroom!

What could that thin bathroom door possibly block?

What if they suddenly came out…

The fear of being discovered at any moment, mixed with the shame of incest, pushed Helen to the absolute limit of embarrassment.

In the next instant she reached out with both hands, desperately grabbing Ethan's wrists, trying to snatch her panties back.

"Let go… let go! I… I'm not playing anymore! I'm done!"

Her voice cracked with a sob. Her eyes reddened.

Ethan's grip didn't loosen at all. Instead he seized her wrists as well and grinned wickedly.

"Fine. If you refuse the punishment, that's against the rules. Breaking the rules means three penalty drinks. So which is it—down three beers in one go, or finish these last few seconds of the dare?"

Three beers?

Helen glanced at the unopened cans still sitting on the table and fell into a brief silence.

She already couldn't hold her liquor. The drinks earlier had been her limit. Three more in a row and she would probably pass out completely.

On a night this chaotic, if she truly blacked out, who knew what these two crazy children would do to her?

A short burst of shame, or total loss of control?

Helen weighed the options.

After a few seconds of silence she clenched her teeth. A flash of resignation and resolve crossed her eyes.

"Grace, start the timer over!"

Seeing their mother agree to continue, Grace laughed so hard her whole body shook, the full breasts under her dress bouncing with her.

"Got it, Mom. Just keep lying still."

As she spoke she shot her brother a wink that clearly said: nicely done.

With his sister backing him, Ethan smiled quietly.

"Mom, thirty seconds really is quick. Just don't move."

Helen drew a deep breath, lay back down, and closed her eyes. She didn't dare look at her son's face anymore. She only wanted this nightmare to end as fast as possible.

"Don't… don't talk. Grace, start the timer!"

Grace immediately called out:

"Twenty-nine seconds left."

This time she wasn't lying.

Ethan didn't waste a second.

This hard-won chance couldn't be squandered.

Gripping the half-lowered panties, he pulled them smoothly the rest of the way down her thighs.

They scraped over her knees, slid past her calves, and finally left her ankles.

Helen was truly bare now.

Ethan pushed upward at the same time. The pencil skirt was shoved up to her waist, the coat already open.

Under the light, the most private part of his mother was completely exposed to him.

A classic butterfly pussy. The inner lips were larger, like two thick petals, their color deepened by the natural passage of years.

The pubic hair was dense and glossy black, untrimmed, carrying a raw, wild quality.

With Helen's nervous breathing the two petals twitched faintly, as if waiting for something.

At the sight Ethan's throat went dry, but he refused to waste time. He immediately lifted her legs again and folded them into an even more extreme M-shape, her knees nearly pressed to her chest.

Then he lowered his head, arms wrapping her plump thighs so they clamped around his skull, and brought his entire face right up to her pussy.

Only millimeters away.

A rich, pungent scent hit him at once.

It carried a faint musk of urine, the sweetness of her juices, and the body scent of a mature woman.

To an outsider it might have been strong. To Ethan, whose mind was already pure lust, it was the most beautiful smell in the world.

"Smells so good…"

He couldn't help taking a deep inhale and letting out an intoxicated sigh.

“Ah…”

Hot breath washed over her sensitive mound. Helen whimpered, her legs suddenly tightening as she instinctively tried to squeeze his head out.

“Ethan, don’t… don’t do this!”

The shame of that damp heat against her private place made her whole body tremble.

Ethan didn’t retreat. Instead he lifted his head, eyes hazy, and called out:

“Sis, Mom’s legs tensed. She moved!”

Grace sat nearby, watching her brother’s obsessed expression and their mother’s widely spread cunt. A flood of heat hit her own crotch. She swallowed and cooperated:

“Oh no, Mom! You were only ten seconds away again! Hang in there a little longer, it’s almost over! You don’t want to drink, right?”

The two children teaming up against her made Helen feel like she was crumbling.

Even though every part of her rebelled, even though shame was drowning her, the threat of alcohol and the “rules of the game” left her no choice but to surrender.

In the end Helen’s strength left her legs. They went limp, hanging powerlessly on either side of her son’s shoulders like a defeated captive who had fully opened the gates.

Ethan stared at the completely unguarded cunt before him and extended his tongue. The wet tip licked straight up her pussy.

Slurp, slurp. His head buried deep between her thighs, his slick tongue relentlessly lapping at her honey hole, lewd wet sounds filling the air.

Helen didn’t dare look down. She could only clutch the bedding beneath her with both hands.

Her long, rounded legs in the nude stockings—plump with the soft flesh of a mature woman—were now stretched rigid from shame and pleasure. Her arches bowed, toes curling tightly inside the nylon in a mix of agony and bliss.

The soft inner thighs, tender as fresh tofu, shivered in fine waves that crawled upward along the thin fabric with every movement of his mouth.

Schlick, schlick.

Saliva mixed with her juices as Ethan's tongue rampaged across the muddy entrance of his mother's peach grotto.

Helen's mound was full and high, astonishingly lush. The thick, messy pubic hair was soaked and plastered against the plump outer lips, gleaming black.

The slit itself opened and closed uncontrollably. Pink inner flesh curled outward, spilling strands of clear honey.

"Mm… uh…"

Wave after wave of pleasure crashed through her. Helen bit her lower lip hard, yet still couldn't stop the seductive moans escaping her throat.

Before long Ethan's clever, rough tongue found the little pearl hidden in the folds of her petals.

It was already swollen and engorged, like a ripe little red bean standing stiff and trembling in the air.

His tongue tip circled that red bean, sometimes light, sometimes heavy, occasionally even giving it a wicked little scrape with his teeth.

"…Ah!"

The sensitive bean under attack made Helen's body jolt violently. Her beautiful legs snapped inward on instinct and clamped around her son's head.

The stocking-clad inner thighs, with their unique nylon friction, pressed tight against Ethan's cheeks and ears. The sensation in that instant was soul-destroying.

Grace knelt to the side holding little Mason, staring straight at the scene.

Her long legs in black pantyhose were crossed. The dark wet patch at the crotch had already spread all the way to the tops of her thighs.

She watched her mother's usually dignified, gentle face now flushed deep red, watched the legs that normally stayed properly covered by trousers or long skirts now spread wide and shameless beside her brother's face.

The sight was intensely stimulating.

"Mom, you just moved."

Helen snapped back to herself like a drowning person grabbing at straw, only to find it was another sinking stone.

She frantically released her legs and looked toward her daughter with dazed eyes. Her chest heaved violently. The open coat revealed two large, heavy breasts rising and falling like waves with every breath.

"Grace… Mom… Mom didn't mean to… it's just…"

Helen wanted to explain, but the words stuck in her throat from shame.

What could she say? That her little brother was licking too well? That her little brother was about to make Mom come?

Grace's lips curved into a playful smile. One hand quietly slipped under the hem of her deep-purple dress.

Her fingertips met the thoroughly soaked crotch of the black pantyhose. Sticky fluid coated her fingers. Through the nylon she couldn't resist pressing down on her own clit, already hard and aching.

Watching her mother being played with by her brother was somehow even more exciting than being fucked herself.

"Since you moved, we have to restart the timer."

As she spoke, her other hand sped up the rubbing under her skirt.

"Mom, ah… just hold on a little longer, ah…"

Helen closed her eyes in helpless resignation.

Thirty seconds?

Normally it was nothing more than the blink of an eye. Now, under the assault of her son's tongue, every second stretched into a century.

Ethan, buried between his mother's legs, heard his sister's voice and seemed encouraged. He worked even harder.

In the next moment he opened his mouth, took both thick pussy lips inside, and sucked hard.

Sluuurp—

"Ah!"

Helen's body convulsed violently. The sensation of her soul being sucked out made her scalp tingle.

The tender flesh deep in her cunt writhed madly. A gush of warm liquid sprayed straight into Ethan's mouth.

"Mm… Mom, you smell so good here. Your juice tastes so sweet."

Ethan lifted his head. Strands of her fluid still clung to the corners of his mouth. He extended his tongue and licked them clean, the image utterly obscene.

Helen burned with shame, her face so red it couldn't possibly get redder.

"Ethan… don't say that… please…"

She tried to close her legs, to cover the shameful source, but her entire body was as limp as mud. She had no strength left.

The bathroom behind them was still silent, yet she knew that right now her nominal husband and the young, beautiful daughter-in-law were doing the exact same shameless things.

"Sis, Mom just moved again, right?" Ethan looked toward Grace with a wicked grin.

Grace nodded cooperatively, putting on a look of regret.

"Sigh, yeah. So close. It was almost over. Mom, your self-control really isn't great."

Helen looked at the two children playing off each other and felt a wave of powerlessness.

She struggled to sit up, hands braced on the tatami. The coat's hem slipped down, covering a little of her upper thighs, yet it couldn't hide the wide-open lewd view.

"No… we can't keep doing this… Ethan, can we not do it here… tonight… tonight Mom will give it to you…"

As long as it wasn't in this living area where someone could walk out at any moment, she… she was willing to satisfy him completely.

"Tonight?"

Ethan heard that and suddenly grinned. He pressed a hand down on the fragrant shoulder trying to escape.

"Mom, what are you doing? The punishment isn't finished yet!"

Helen was forced back down by his strength and let out a startled cry.

"Ah!"

Ethan looked down at his mother from above, possessiveness reaching its peak.

"Tonight? It is tonight. Look, the sky's already dark."

As he spoke he stood up straight. The loose bathrobe slipped off, revealing his hard chest and abs. His hand went to his waist, yanked the robe's belt open, and shoved his underwear aside.

In the next instant a vicious cock sprang free, bouncing twice in the air and pointing straight at Helen's face.

The thing was exaggerated.

Fully seven or eight inches long, deep purple-red all over, veins bulging like a coiled dragon of rage.

The massive glans was red to the point of purple, a bead of clear precum hanging at the slit. The entire shaft twitched slightly with his breathing, radiating a thick male scent.

Helen's pupils contracted. She instinctively held her breath.

It wasn't the first time she had seen it—she had even "eaten" it before—yet every time it was right in front of her the visual impact still made her heart race.

Grace, watching from the side, went wide-eyed.

The moment Ethan pulled his cock out she felt a hot throb deep inside. A rush of heat flowed down between her legs.

Her own little brother's cock—so thick, so long. If it were inside her pussy right now she would die from pleasure, wouldn't she?

She wanted… she wanted to throw herself forward right now, take it in her mouth, swallow it.

But she knew the current scene belonged to their mother.

Helen was startled by the big cock. Her body instinctively shrank backward, hands flailing.

"Ethan, don't… don't do it here… don't! Please!"

Ethan had no intention of giving her a chance to escape.

He grinned again and dropped his weight, pressing down on her like a mountain. Two burning bodies locked tightly together.

That iron-hot cock pressed directly against Helen's wet center with nothing in the way.

“Mom, if you move again, you have to drink the three penalty beers right now.”

As he spoke, hot breath washed over her most sensitive earlobe. Taking advantage of her distraction, one hand skillfully slipped under the hem of her shirt and gripped the soft flesh of her breast.

Helen’s body went rigid. Tears welled in her eyes.

Three beers? In her current state, three more drinks and she really might completely lose control—might even start begging her son to fuck her.

Helen didn’t dare.

She could only turn her head away in despair, unable to look at the desire-filled eyes of her son. Her last glance went toward the bathroom.

Still no sound.

Since she couldn’t resist… better to just let it end quickly.

That was what Helen thought.

(End of Chapter 108)

CHAPTER 109

Finally for Sister

Having made up her mind, Helen called out to her daughter in a trembling voice:

"Grace… start the timer, quick!"

Afraid their mother would change her mind, Grace immediately sat up straight.

"Okay, Mom. Thirty seconds really is fast. Just hold on."

Was it really fast?

Helen barely had time to think before she felt a sudden coolness between her legs, followed at once by a burning pressure.

Ethan braced both hands on either side of her body and thrust his hips forward.

The huge glans, slick with the juices she had just released, rubbed greasily against her entrance a few times, then drove in hard.

Squelch—

A wet sound.

The thick head roughly forced apart the layered soft flesh and stretched open the tight passage.

"Mm!"

Helen arched her neck, the long line of her throat forming a graceful curve.

There was no resistance of the kind she had imagined. It slid in with terrifying smoothness.

The cock advanced inch by inch like a bamboo splitting, packing her long-empty flower hole completely full.

The sensation of being stretched was crystal clear. Every inch of her inner walls was ironed and rubbed by that scalding shaft.

The fullness instantly filled the emptiness in Helen's soul.

Ethan sighed in pleasure as well.

"Mom, you're so tight inside… feels so good… hot and soft…"

Even after giving birth to two children, Helen had taken excellent care of herself. Combined with years of scarce sex, that secret place was like a locked treasury—tight as a young girl's.

On top of that, mother and son's organs fit by nature. The countless folds inside were like countless greedy little mouths, all rushing to suck at the invading foreign object, wanting to crush it and melt it at the same time.

Filled completely by her son's cock, the extreme aching stretch instantly transformed into tingling pleasure. There was even… even an urge to twist her waist and meet her son's thrusts.

She wanted him to move. She wanted that thing pounding hard inside her to scratch the maddening itch.

But she couldn't.

Not far away, her husband and daughter-in-law could walk out at any moment.

So Helen bit her lower lip hard, forcing herself to endure the tide-like waves of pleasure rising from below, and stammered:

"Grace… how… how much longer?"

Grace watched the scene—watched her brother's purple-red dragon fully buried in their mother's body, only the two heavy balls left slapping against their mother's snow-white ass—and her desire burned. The jealousy in her heart churned like a stormy sea.

"Mom, what's the rush?"

Grace's lips curved into a wicked smile as she drew a circle in the air with her finger. "If it were me, I'd make sure little brother felt good. I wouldn't be rushing him like this."

Saying that, and seeing the desperate expression on their mother's face, she joined her brother in bullying her:

"Almost, almost. Twenty seconds left."

Ethan heard it and a knowing glint flashed in his eyes.

Seconds? That was enough.

In the next instant he locked both hands on his mother's plump hip bones and yanked his waist sharply backward.

Pop. The cock was pulled out more than halfway, only the head still caught at the entrance.

The sudden emptiness made Helen's heart skip. Her body instinctively clenched the vaginal walls.

Right then Ethan's waist powered forward like a heavy cannon.

Slap!

The deep thrust landed solidly. The glans slammed straight into the tender depths of her flower heart, as if trying to push all the way to the place where he himself had once come from.

"Ah——!"

Helen couldn't control it. A scream tore out of her. Her whole body jolted as if electrocuted. Her waist arched uncontrollably and her stocking-clad legs kicked wildly in the air.

Ethan stopped with a wicked grin and leaned down to whisper in her ear:

"Mom, you just moved again. We have to restart the timer."

Helen's face was flushed deep red from her son's bullying. Tears finally spilled over.

"You… you two…"

In that moment she was so ashamed and furious she didn't know how to lash out. She could only turn her head to the side, bury her face in her scattered long hair, and clench both fists tightly, trying to offset the pleasure in her cunt that was about to drown her.

Ethan no longer held back. He began fucking her in long, hard strokes.

Slap-slap-slap-slap!

The sound of flesh colliding echoed through the room, dense and loud. Every impact was like a whip cracking against Helen's crumbling reason.

He drove with full force—full insertion, full withdrawal—dragging out white foam and clear fluid each time.

Those juices ran down from where they were joined and dripped onto the tatami, soaking a large patch.

"So good… Mom… your pussy feels amazing to fuck… tighter than Sophie's…"

Ethan fucked while spewing filthy words, trying to shatter his mother's psychological defenses completely.

After a while of thrusting, seeing that she could still grit her teeth and stay silent, a sharp light flashed in his eyes.

He simply reached through her shirt and grabbed the soft flesh of her chest that was bouncing wildly.

Truly a pair of top-tier big tits.

Easily D-cup, soft and plush, the hand-feel astonishingly good.

Even through the fabric he could feel the incredible elasticity and weight.

His fingers pinched and twisted the two protruding tips without mercy.

"Mmmph!"

Helen's body jerked.

From the very beginning of her relationship with Ethan she had drawn a hard line and refused to let him touch there. Now… her body seemed to have grown used to his touch. The moment his palm covered her again, her nipples shamefully hardened.

Seeing that even groping her breasts still hadn't broken her, Ethan ran out of tricks. He simply stopped playing around and focused on the most primitive thrusting.

The big cock worked like a tireless pile driver, constantly driving in and out. The lewd slap-slap-slap never stopped.

"Sis, how much longer?"

Too focused, Ethan's voice already carried heavy panting.

Grace stared at the juices splashing where the two were joined, swallowed, and reported in a trembling voice:

"Ten seconds… last ten seconds!"

Hearing that, Ethan's eyes sharpened.

The final ten seconds. He had to make their mother break.

With that thought he suddenly withdrew both hands, then drove them under his mother's armpits and hauled her upper body up so she was forced to sit. Yet she remained completely controlled by him, unable to escape.

This position drove the cock even deeper and let him hit places he hadn't reached before.

Helen was forced to arch. Ethan's hips swung wildly like a dog's, speed pushed to the extreme, leaving only afterimages.

Slap-slap-slap-slap-slap-slap!

The obscene sounds blurred into one continuous roar.

Under this level of assault Helen could no longer endure. She threw her head back and began moaning loudly:

"Uh… ah… gentler… gentler… ah… Ethan… ah… too deep… it's going to break… uh…"

In that moment Helen's mouth hung wide open, her eyes unfocused, saliva running from the corner of her lips. The image of the proper housewife was completely gone. Only a woman thoroughly conquered by lust remained.

This kind of attack had its price. Not long after, Ethan felt the pleasure building on his glans growing stronger and stronger. The urge to explode rushed over him.

In his ear came his sister's countdown, sounding almost like a ejaculation timer.

"Five… four… three… two…"

And before the "one" could even fall.

Helen's whole body suddenly seized in a violent spasm. Her vaginal walls contracted madly, like countless powerful little mouths biting down hard on the cock that had been tormenting her.

"Ah————!"

A long, warped cry left her mouth. Her toes dug into the floor. The insides of her thighs spasmed. A flood of scalding juices burst like a broken dam, continuously washing over her son's glans.

Their mother had finally been fucked to orgasm by him.

The hot stream pouring over him made Ethan's scalp tingle. His control instantly loosened.

But he still remembered the earlier agreement: no creampie.

On the verge of coming, Ethan urgently shouted:

"Sis! Get over here, quick!"

Grace pulled back the hand that had been secretly comforting herself, still holding the baby, and scrambled over on her knees in a few quick movements.

Seeing her arrive, Ethan yanked his waist back hard.

Pop!

The cock, coated in thick fluids, pulled free from their mother's still-spasming, twitching cunt.

That vicious giant was now swollen to its absolute limit, purple-red and glossy, covered in their mother's juices and white foam, even with a few curly pubic hairs stuck to it.

Ethan immediately cupped the back of his sister's head with one hand while gripping his cock with the other and shoved it forward without a second thought.

Grace had already opened her red lips.

Mmph!

The huge glans instantly filled her mouth. The fishy, musky taste of their mother's fluids mixed with her brother's precum was extremely filthy, yet it made her whole body tremble with excitement.

Everything happened too fast. Before Grace could even start using her tongue to please him, Ethan could no longer hold back. A thick, scalding stream of semen erupted from the slit.

Pfft—!

The first jet shot straight against the back of Grace's throat, so hot that tears spilled from her eyes.

Then the second jet, the third.

More than ten thick spurts, plus everything he had saved since the afternoon, poured into Grace's mouth like it cost nothing. There was so much she couldn't swallow it all in time. It overflowed the corners of her mouth and dripped onto the chest of her deep-purple knit dress.

Gulp, gulp.

Grace had experience. Her throat worked, forcing down the urge to gag as she swallowed hard.

Before long she had taken the entire mouthful of pungent fluid down her throat, managing to get a full load of cum.

To the side, Helen lay limp on the tatami, staring blankly at the ceiling. Her body still twitched unconsciously. Facing this even more immoral scene right in front of her, she could no longer produce any reaction.

Haa—

Ethan tilted his neck back and let out a long breath. His youthful face now showed nothing but the lazy satisfaction of a man who had just come. Eyes half-lidded, his big hand lazily stroked the hair of the woman beneath him.

The hair under his palm was soft, black, and glossy, carrying a pleasant shampoo scent, rising and falling slightly with the movements of the head that was still swallowing.

"So good! Sis, did you lick it clean?"

Kneeling on the floor, Grace looked up with seductive, half-lidded eyes. Physiological tears still clung to the corners. Her small cherry mouth was stretched full, cheeks slightly puffed. Hearing her brother's question, she didn't rush to let go. Instead she buried her head deeper, nose pressing into the dense pubic hair, and her tongue tip flexibly sucked hard at the slit.

Slurp.

A very soft wet sound, as if she had sucked out the last remaining essence of this cock that had done so much evil.

Only then did Grace release it. The cock that had just ejaculated was a little softer, yet still purple-red and vicious-looking, glistening with saliva, bouncing upright against her cheek.

Grace extended her tongue again, like a greedy little cat, and licked up a drop of white that had spilled at the corner of her mouth, swallowing it before she panted:

"Mm… all clean. Why'd you shoot so much? You almost stuffed Sister's mouth to death."

Ethan grinned wickedly, lifted Grace's delicate chin with a finger, and rubbed his fingertip over the lips still smeared with cum. This face that was usually so proper now looked unbearably lewd.

"Hehe. Originally I was going to save it and shoot inside you tonight. Didn't expect Mom's to feel that good. Couldn't hold it. She clenched a little and I was done."

Hearing that, a flash of coquettish annoyance crossed Grace's alluring eyes. She pretended to be angry, grabbed the big cock in front of her, and

stroked it up and down a couple of times with her soft hand, her tone sour:

"So mine doesn't feel good? That's why you could hold back this afternoon and not come for me?"

Ethan heard the dangerous question and quickly laughed it off. His other hand moved up to the two heavy, magnificent breasts on his sister's chest and, through the tight deep-purple knit dress, gave the erect nipples a hard pinch.

"No, no. Yours and Mom's both feel amazing. Each has its own tightness, each has its own wonder."

Grace's body trembled from the pinch. A sticky little hum escaped her nose. Hearing an answer that was acceptable enough, she let out a soft huff and decided to let Ethan off:

"Hmph. That's more like it…"

Before the words finished, a very soft, very weak call drifted over.

"Grace… is… is the time up yet?"

Grace's body stiffened. She turned her head.

On the tatami beside them, their mother Helen lay collapsed like mud, cheeks still flushed with the afterglow of desire.

The expensive tailored coat was wide open. The pencil skirt of her lower half had been shoved up to her waist, piled into messy folds.

A pair of beautiful legs wrapped in nude pantyhose were now spread powerlessly wide. The stockings were excellent quality, thin as a cicada's wing, clinging tightly to their mother's plump thigh muscles and outlining the mature woman's soft flesh perfectly.

Only now, at the heart of those legs that should have been mysterious, everything was a wreck. Clear juices mixed with the white cream produced by her son's fucking slowly trickled down the roots of her thighs, staining the nude stockings with lewd wet trails.

(End of Chapter 109)

CHAPTER 110

The Bathroom Affair

Grace looked at her mother, completely wrecked and played out, and a hard-to-describe thrill of taboo rose in her chest.

She lowered her head, gazing at the face that still hadn't come back from orgasm, and said softly:

"It's over, Mom. It's over. Little brother even went over by a few seconds at the end."

Helen's phoenix eyes, which usually carried a sharp, capable light, were now unfocused, struggling even to settle on a point. Hearing her daughter's words, she finally let out a breath of relief.

"Over is good… over is good…"

With that she struggled to get up. Both hands braced on the tatami, but her arms were soft as noodles after the climax. She barely lifted herself half an inch before she started to collapse again.

Yet the instant her body was about to fall, a shadow covered her once more.

Ethan had somehow already climbed on top of her. His bare chest, still burning hot, pressed directly against his mother.

"Ah! Ethan… you…"

Helen cried out, her body trembling on instinct.

In the next moment she felt it again—the cock that had only just left her daughter's mouth—forcing its way between her still-unclosed thighs. The scalding glans pressed shamelessly against the entrance that was still twitching.

Ethan wrapped both arms around his mother's waist, lips against her ear, hot breath washing over her:

"Mom, since we've already done it, just rest a little longer. You're not wearing panties anyway. Better than having cum dripping everywhere and having to clean it up."

This wasn't about worrying it would leak. He simply hadn't had enough.

Before Helen could protest she felt her lower body stretch.

Squelch.

Even after one round the cock was still terrifying in size. Riding the flood of her juices, it slid in with perfect smoothness.

Mm!

Caught completely off guard, Helen's body snapped rigid. Her toes curled. The feet wrapped in nude stockings kicked twice in the air before falling limply against Ethan's calves.

The flower heart after orgasm was already hypersensitive. Now this hard thing drove in and the thick coronal ridge scraped hard across her. A current of tingling electricity shot through her entire body.

On the spot she came a little again.

"Mm ah… you little… troublemaker…"

Helen's eyes rolled back. A soul-stealing moan slipped out. She completely gave up resisting and let her son press her beneath him, using her as a merciless flesh sleeve.

Beside them Grace's mouth was dry. She instinctively clamped her thighs together. The crotch of the already-soaked black pantyhose was now even stickier.

A sliver of onlooker's calm made her glance at the clock on the wall. Her brows drew together and she couldn't help reminding:

"Ethan, Dad and them… aren't they about to come out?"

If their father walked in on this—son pressing mother down, daughter kneeling nearby with a mouth full of cum—no amount of supposed open-mindedness would make the scene anything but horrifying. It could spiral completely out of control.

Ethan heard her but didn't stop.

While slowly thrusting in and out of his mother's warm, tight passage, enjoying the ultimate sensation of soft flesh wrapping him layer by layer, he casually lifted his head toward the bathroom only a wall away and called out in a loud, belly-deep voice:

"Dad? Sophie? Why's it taking so long? Mom's asking if we should call staff to bring a hot towel in!"

The shout was full of energy, penetrating.

…

At that moment, inside the bathroom.

Sophie braced both hands hard on the sink, upper body bent low. Her long blonde hair hung down the sides of her face, covering cheeks that were flushed deep red.

The hem of her champagne-colored long dress had been roughly shoved up to her waist, exposing the blood-pumping scenery of her lower half.

A pair of long, straight beautiful legs were wrapped in extremely thin black pantyhose, the snowy skin tone showing through. At the ankles the tight Achilles tendons stood out from the force she was using.

The black lace panties had long been pulled aside, cutting into the white, perky ass and only adding a touch of abusive beauty.

Between those two firm, rounded ass cheeks a gray-haired head was buried.

Richard knelt on the floor, both hands cupping his daughter-in-law's full ass cheeks, tongue tirelessly circling and licking the pink little chrysanthemum as if tasting some peerless delicacy.

Right then Ethan's loud shout came from outside the door.

"Dad? Sophie? Why's it taking so long?…"

The sudden yell made Sophie's whole body jolt.

No matter how bold she usually was, in this moment she had the guilt of a thief. The shock hit faster than her brain. Her previously relaxed sphincter clenched hard on instinct.

Squelch.

In that instant the two ass cheeks clamped like iron pliers around the tongue still making trouble in the middle.

Richard let out a muffled grunt. His tongue, gripped so tightly by his daughter-in-law's fragrant, soft ass flesh, didn't hurt at all. Instead a current shot straight from the tip of his tongue to the top of his head.

The cock between his legs that was already painfully hard jumped with excitement. The precum at the tip poured out even more freely.

This old bastard really had no shame.

Seeing her father-in-law still hadn't stopped, Sophie cursed inwardly, yet the perverted pleasure of being played with by him only grew stronger deep inside her body.

She also knew that if she panicked now it would be easier to give everything away.

Richard licked for several more seconds before lifting his head. His usually stern old face was now full of lewdness, a string of saliva even hanging from the corner of his mouth.

He lowered his voice, eyes burning as he stared at the stocking-wrapped center between Sophie's legs, and said urgently:

"Sophie, just tell him Dad drank too much, feels like he might throw up, needs a little longer."

How could Sophie not understand what the old lecher meant?

But then again, her desire today had been like a volcano building pressure all day long.

In the morning, in the car, she had only gotten a taste giving her father-in-law a blowjob.

At noon she had watched her husband fuck her sister-in-law half to death and soaked her own panties just watching.

In the afternoon she had run into Mrs. Carter in a micro-skirt having sex outdoors with someone. That voyeuristic thrill had only made the wildfire in her heart burn hotter.

Just now in the living room she had deliberately teased her father-in-law—wasn't it all for this moment?

Sophie took a deep breath, adjusted her breathing, and forced her voice to sound steady and natural as she called out loudly toward the door:

"Oh, no need! Dad just drank a bit too much, might throw up. We'll rest a little longer. No problem, we'll be out soon!"

Outside, Ethan's slightly teasing reply came quickly:

"Alright, then we'll wait a bit longer for you. Take your time, Dad, no rush throwing up."

Hearing that, the heart Richard had been holding in suspense finally settled back into his stomach.

In the blink of an eye the fire in the old man's eyes exploded. He no longer wanted to suppress the beastly desire to fuck the woman in front of him into submission.

In the next instant Richard stood up abruptly. In a few quick moves he untied the troublesome bathrobe. He didn't even bother taking off the loose boxer briefs, just shoved them down to his ankles.

An older male body, a bit soft in places yet still solid, was exposed to the air. Most eye-catching of all was the black-purple giant between his legs.

The cock was as thick as a baby's forearm. It wasn't as exaggerated in length as his son Ethan's, but it won on sheer girth and power. Veins bulged across it like a coiled black dragon, carrying a ferocity tempered by years.

Richard stepped forward. His chest pressed tightly against his daughter-in-law's smooth, fine back. A pair of rough old hands impatiently drove under her armpits and seized the two soft mounds on Sophie's chest.

"Ah! Dad, gentler… I'm not going to run…"

Sophie cried out coquettishly. Her body went soft as water and she leaned back into her father-in-law's arms.

Those big hands were not only rough; the kneading force was extreme. Through the thin layer of lace bra they nearly crushed her breast flesh.

"Sophie… your tits are so soft… feel so good… smell so good…"

Richard pressed against his daughter-in-law's back, panting heavily while burying his face in the crook of her neck, greedily sniffing the scent of perfume mixed with female hormones. His tongue licked downward from her ear.

Sophie was licked until her whole body tingled, yet she still couldn't resist teasing at a moment like this. She turned her head slightly, eyes and brows full of allure:

"So which feels better… my tits… or Mom's?"

Richard's brain was pure sperm right now. He had no capacity left to think about marital feelings. Almost without hesitation he panted:

"Yours… yours feel better… and you're way sluttier than that yellow-faced old hag of a mother of yours…"

Hearing those extremely humiliating yet extremely affirming words, Sophie felt a hot stream instantly gush from her flower hole.

She was very satisfied with the answer. The pleasure of stepping on her mother-in-law and monopolizing her father-in-law's favor was stronger than any foreplay.

Next she slightly parted her legs. The long legs wrapped in black stockings gleamed invitingly under the light.

Then she actively pushed her ass backward, using the two soft cheeks to grind and squeeze the scalding hard rod behind her, and urged in a coquettish voice:

"Dad… hurry and come in… daughter-in-law's place… is itching to death… so much water's already flowing out…"

Richard's eyes turned red from Sophie's lewd words.

He looked down. Between the roots of his daughter-in-law's legs wrapped in black stockings, sure enough, a sheet of crystal-clear juices had already run down the insides of her thighs, soaking the black nylon through and making it even more erotic.

This was almost more maddening than actual sex.

But in the end it was still that pussy he craved most.

So Richard freed one hand, pinched Sophie's pointed chin, forced her to turn her head, and said viciously:

"You little slutty cunt… watch Dad fuck you to death…"

With that he suddenly lowered his head. His big mouth, carrying the smell of tobacco, kissed Sophie's red lips hard.

His tongue roughly pried open her teeth, drove straight in, and wildly stirred with hers, exchanging saliva.

Smack, smack, smack…

A face-flushing, heart-racing wet sound echoed in the small space.

When they parted, a long silver thread stretched between both their mouths.

Richard couldn't wait any longer. He released Sophie's chin, held his already fully primed cock with both hands, sank his waist, and thrust toward the mysterious peach grotto behind his daughter-in-law.

But perhaps because sex with Helen was usually missionary, this standing rear-entry position was still a bit unfamiliar to him.

Plus he was too impatient right now. The glans bumped randomly several times against the slippery roots of her thighs and never found the right spot.

On the most off-target try the huge head actually pressed directly against Sophie's tightly closed chrysanthemum and tried to drill in hard.

"Ah!"

Sophie cried out in pain. Her body jolted. She turned her head and shot her father-in-law a fierce glare, pouting:

"Hey… Dad… don't just poke around… you can't go in there…"

Looking at her father-in-law's impatient yet clumsy expression, Sophie felt both amused and proud.

She reached back. Her slender jade hand accurately grasped the big cock that was thicker than her own wrist.

It was scalding hot to the touch, hard as iron. The veins on the surface jumped as if containing endless power.

"Here… I'll help you…"

Sophie's seductive eyes were like silk. She applied a little force with her hand and guided the giant, aligning it with her entrance that was overflowing with spring water.

The moment the glans pressed against the hole, Sophie felt all the blood in her body freeze. As Richard sank his waist and thrust forward:

A dull, wet sound rang out.

The thick black cock instantly broke through layer after layer of resistance. Riding the flood of juices, it drove in to the root like splitting bamboo!

Ah——!

Sophie's snow-white neck arched high in pleasure.

Because her father-in-law's cock was so large, the tender flesh around the entrance was dragged inward and curled, clinging tightly to the purple-black shaft.

This feeling was completely different from her husband Ethan's. Her father-in-law's cock was thicker and filled her more completely.

"Dad… so good… fucking daughter-in-law so good…"

Sophie couldn't hold it in. A coquettish moan with a crying edge left her mouth. To keep Ethan outside from hearing too clearly she

deliberately lowered her voice, but the suppressed moan only made it more bone-deep lewd.

Richard's scalp was tingling with pleasure right now.

His daughter-in-law's insides were simply too tight, tight like a greedy little mouth that bit down hard and wouldn't let go. Hot and wet, with countless little suction cups. Every movement felt like it was sucking his soul out.

Both hands locked hard on Sophie's waist that was almost too slender to grip, and he began thrusting in long, powerful strokes.

Slap! Slap! Slap!

The fierce sound of flesh colliding echoed off the tiled walls, crisp and loud.

"You slut… have you been wanting Dad to fuck you for a long time? Hmm?"

Richard asked through gritted teeth while slamming into her like a pile driver.

Every impact drove Sophie's body forward. The pair of big tits swung violently in the air, sending out wave after wave of alluring breast flesh.

"Yes… yes… ah… daughter-in-law has been dying for Daddy's big cock… ah… harder… a little deeper…"

Sophie had completely fallen into the pleasure by now.

Looking in the mirror in front of her at the version of herself with clothes in disarray, face flushed deep red, being fiercely fucked from behind by her father-in-law, shame and excitement intertwined and pushed her toward the edge of climax.

Richard's breathing grew heavier and heavier. The cock rampaging inside his daughter-in-law swelled larger and larger.

The taboo pleasure, plus the tight, soul-stealing beauty of her hole, made even this experienced older man struggle to hold on.

Under extreme lust Richard completely released the beast in his heart. He suddenly let go with one hand and delivered a hard slap to Sophie's ass that was jiggling wildly with the thrusts.

A bright red handprint instantly appeared on the tender white ass flesh.

“Call out! Let that piece of trash outside hear it! It’s his old man fucking his wife!”

Sophie trembled all over from the slap, yet her lower body clenched hard, clamping tightly around her father-in-law’s big cock.

“Ah! Husband… husband, are you listening… Daddy… Daddy’s so amazing… he’s going to fuck Sophie broken…”

This final cry with a sobbing edge became the last straw that broke the camel’s back.

Richard let out a low roar like a bull gone mad. The frequency of his hips instantly reached the absolute limit he could manage.

Squelch-squelch-squelch—

The lewd wet sounds blurred into one continuous stream.

“I can’t hold it… I’m coming… little slut… take it all!”

Richard drove hard against Sophie’s flower heart. The huge glans forcefully pushed open the deepest cervical mouth, like an old farmer forcibly pouring seed into fertile soil.

“Ah ah ah——!!!”

Amid Sophie’s high-pitched screams, thick, scalding streams of semen erupted like a mountain flood, shooting without reservation deep into his daughter-in-law’s tender uterus.

The scalding hot flow made Sophie’s lower abdomen spasm. Her eyes rolled back. Her entire body collapsed limply onto the sink. Only the beautiful legs in black stockings continued to twitch unconsciously…

(End of Chapter 110)

CHAPTER 111

Mouth to Mouth

Inside the bathroom.

It was nowhere near flower season, yet the air was thick with the scent of semen.

Sophie braced both hands on the sink. Her chest rose and fell continuously. The champagne-colored long dress was now bunched at her slender waist, trembling with each breath.

Below, the beautiful legs wrapped in black thigh-high stockings were spread wide. The roots of her thighs, which should have been tightly closed, were now a muddy mess.

As Richard's thick black cock fully withdrew, the flesh hole that had lost its plug could no longer hold those scalding fluids.

Drip. Drip.

Clumps of turbid liquid—her father-in-law's thick cum mixed with her own juices—slid down the snowy, fine skin of her inner thighs and gathered into a small puddle on the floor.

Richard, face full of satisfaction, pulled his underwear back up. He glanced at the wreckage on the ground. With the beastly desire fading, a little reason returned.

Immediately his old face flushed red and white in turns. He rubbed his hands together and said a bit awkwardly:

"Sophie, Dad just now… really got too excited. Couldn't hold it…"

As he spoke his eyes drifted, not daring to look directly at the still-trembling figure of his daughter-in-law.

But before he could finish, Sophie had already turned her head.

On that exquisitely beautiful face there was not a trace of blame.

Both cheeks were as red as drunken crabapple blossoms. Her eyes still flowed with lingering allure. A few messy strands of hair clung to the side of her neck, only enhancing the disheveled beauty of post-passion sex.

"It's fine, Dad. Ethan's shot so much inside me and I still haven't gotten pregnant. Your little shudder doesn't make a difference."

Sophie extended the tip of her tongue and licked her somewhat dry red lips. The words were clearly meant to comfort, yet to Richard's ears they carried an indescribable note of resentment.

He froze in place, mouth opening, unable to reply.

He had just solidly creampied his daughter-in-law again. In any era this was a grave sin that should bring divine punishment, yet now…

Richard sank into deep thought. Sophie's sharp eyes, which seemed able to see through people, swept over her father-in-law's dumbfounded expression and she laughed inwardly. Her body twisted lightly, waist soft as if boneless:

"Really, it's fine. Dad, help me get some paper. It's sticky and uncomfortable."

"Oh… oh oh! Okay!"

Richard snapped awake and fumbled to pull a long stretch of toilet paper from the roll on the rack.

When he turned back around, his breathing caught again.

By then Sophie had fully turned. She half-leaned against the sink, the long legs in black stockings opened wide without reservation toward both sides.

Facing him directly was the honey hole that had just weathered a storm.

The pink flesh lips were slightly turned outward, a bit red and swollen with blood, like a ripe peach that had been split open. Not only that, it was still pulsing out white cream in waves. The visual impact was truly shocking. If the guilt in his heart hadn't still been lingering, Richard feared he would have been unable to resist shoving his big cock back in.

"Sophie… should I… should I wipe it for you?"

He silently swallowed and squatted down.

Sophie lowered her eyelids, looking at the man who was usually the head of the household now squatting under her crotch like an old dog. The corner of her mouth curved into a playful smile:

"That's fine. Usually I'm the one cleaning up after you. Today it's Dad's turn to serve me. Come on."

As she spoke she lightly pointed her toes, spreading those exquisite beautiful legs even wider, almost pressing the pink pretty cunt right against Richard's face.

Richard tremblingly extended his hand. When the tissue touched that scalding, soft flesh his fingertips shook.

But in daily life with Helen, when had he ever done such meticulous work?

He failed to control his strength and wiped across the sensitive clit.

"Aiyah…"

Sophie let out a soft cry, brows slightly furrowed, body shrinking a little.

Richard's hand jerked in fright. He abruptly looked up, face full of panic:

"S-sorry! Dad's hands are clumsy. Dad will be gentler, gentler…"

This terrified, careful appearance was nothing like an elder. It was more like a newly entered male favorite afraid of being punished by his mistress.

Sophie smiled and said nothing.

Richard lowered his head again. His movements became especially careful.

The tissue gradually absorbed the overflowing fluids. Through the thin paper layer his fingertips felt the warmth and softness of his daughter-in-law's place. Richard only felt another surge of evil fire running wild in his lower abdomen.

Sophie looked down at him from above.

Her father-in-law's slightly graying temples brushed against the roots of her thighs. A man of this age carried the scent of tobacco and years, yet right now he was wholeheartedly busy in that small area.

Seeing it stirred Sophie's heart. She couldn't help extending a jade hand and gently stroking the top of Richard's head.

"Dad, you went so hard just now. Where did you learn all those dirty lines? One after another, listening to them made me…"

Sophie paused, her voice dropping a little:

"…made me feel like I was about to start dripping just from thinking about it…"

Richard had just finished wiping clean and casually tossed the tissue into the bin.

Hearing that he stood up. His old face reddened. He scratched his head and rarely showed a bit of youthful shyness:

"Hehe… that was… these past few nights I've been thinking about you so much I couldn't sleep."

While speaking, the old man's eyes flickered:

"I… learned them from those little movies online. I saw those young people all talking like that…"

Hearing this, Sophie's eyes lit up as if she had discovered a new continent.

She used to love pulling Ethan to watch porn and learn positions. She hadn't expected this seemingly upright father-in-law to play so wild in private?

"Dad, you watch those too?"

Sophie leaned forward a step. A pair of full, magnificent breasts nearly pressed against Richard's chest:

"That's great. How about we find a chance and… watch together sometime? I can teach you that besides just going at it hard, there are other new tricks."

Although Richard's lust knew no bounds, deep down he was still somewhat traditional.

Watching porn with his daughter-in-law? That… that was a bit too shameful.

But looking at Sophie's eyes filled with expectation and desire, the words of refusal reached his mouth and were swallowed back down.

That secret sense of anticipation in his heart grew wild like weeds.

"O… okay."

The two looked at each other and smiled, the smiles full of a dirty understanding only they shared.

Not long after.

Sophie straightened her skirt hem, linked arms with Richard, and pushed the door open to leave.

…

Back in the Japanese-style guest room.

Sophie had thought that while she ran off to have an affair with her father-in-law, her husband surely couldn't hold back either, and the mother-son-daughter trio must have gotten up to something. Yet the scene before her eyes was completely unchanged.

A low tea table sat in the center of the tatami. Ethan, Grace, and Helen were still seated in the same positions as when they had left.

Everything looked calm, as if nothing had happened here at all.

"Dad, feeling better?"

Seeing the two return, Ethan spoke first, the usual sunny smile on his face.

Richard's mouth twitched. He still hadn't fully recovered from the earlier intensity. His eyes dodged a little:

"Still… still okay. That, Dad's craving a cigarette. Going out for a smoke, get some air. You… you all play a round first."

With that, as if covering something up, he didn't wait for anyone's reply. He pulled cigarettes and a lighter from his yukata pocket, quickly slid open the glass door leading to the open-air private hot spring in the courtyard, and fled outside.

Click.

The lighter's sound was especially crisp in the quiet night, followed by curling smoke rising.

Watching her father's back disappear outside the door, the obedient look on Sophie's face instantly dropped.

Her small feet in black stockings rose on tiptoe. She walked a few steps to Ethan's side and sat down. Her perky nose twitched slightly.

Immediately, as if confirming what she had been thinking, a faint fishy, musky scent entered her nostrils.

Battle-hardened, Sophie was extremely familiar with this gunpowder smell.

But this scent, although similar to Ethan's, was mixed with something else… and it was absolutely not what she herself had brought back.

Guessing a certain possibility, Sophie's mouth curved into a wicked smile. She linked arms with Ethan and lightly pinched the inside of his upper arm with a jade finger:

“Husband, be honest. Just now while Dad and I weren’t here… did you guys sneak a bite?”

The moment those words came out, Helen, sitting diagonally across, stiffened hard.

Just minutes ago she had been pressed under her own son, fucked wildly with slap-slap-slap, two waves of afterglow still surging in her body, even making the beautiful legs in nude stockings a little soft.

Not to mention the son shooting in the daughter’s mouth…

Thinking of that, Helen guiltily turned her head away. Two clouds of burning red rose on her face.

Ethan looked at his mother’s appearance of wishing she could crawl into a crack in the ground. A twisted mix of protective desire and control desire intertwined in his heart.

Then, face unchanged and heart unflustered, he looked at his wife with an innocent expression:

“How could I? In that little bit of time we didn’t even have enough for chatting. Nothing happened.”

Nothing?

Sophie raised a brow, clearly not believing a single word:

“The whole room reeks of sex. You think my nose is decoration?”

After speaking her eyes turned and landed on Grace beside them.

“Sis, tell me the truth. Did you guys do it or not?”

Hearing that, Helen’s heart jumped to her throat. She quickly, almost imperceptibly, shook her head at her eldest daughter under the table.

If Sophie found out about the chaotic scene just now—although this family already had no bottom line—as a mother she still wanted to keep a little face.

But Grace, though usually obedient enough, tonight had been hooked soul-deep by the chaotic lewd atmosphere.

Clearly she still hadn’t tasted enough of that mouthful of cum earlier.

Seeing her sister-in-law ask, a meaningful smile hung at the corner of her mouth. She neither nodded nor shook her head.

Only those fingers, long and white as jade scallions, extended at the edge of the tea table and waved twice.

Sophie understood instantly.

Twice, huh?

"Oh, Ethan. Grown some skills, huh? Daring to lie to your wife!"

After getting the accurate answer from her sister-in-law, Sophie unhappily grabbed the soft flesh at Ethan's waist, used three parts real strength, and twisted hard.

"Hiss—ow ow ow! Wife, let go!"

Ethan bared his teeth in pain, yet inside he was blooming with joy. This feeling of being disciplined by his wife while secretly eating behind her back was pure bliss.

Seeing him beg for mercy, Sophie's heart softened and she let go. Then she curiously looked toward Grace again:

"Sis, so was it… one each? Or what?"

This time Grace didn't give her a straightforward answer.

She only slightly narrowed her beautiful eyes, tongue tip lightly licking her red lips as if savoring some peerless delicacy, then smiled and shook her head.

It seemed Grace also knew how to leave people hanging.

Just as Sophie was pouting and preparing to keep asking until the bottom of the pot, the sound of the sliding door came from the courtyard side.

Richard, finished smoking, walked in with a chill on him.

Seeing everyone still sitting around with no movement, he rubbed his hands to dispel the cold:

"What? Haven't started yet?"

Grace, holding the half-asleep Mason in her arms, shifted her body aside to free up a spacious spot for her father:

"Not yet. You're the head of the family. If you don't come, how would we juniors dare start on our own?"

Those words made Richard feel thoroughly comfortable.

"Grace, listen to you. Outside I'm just a small leader. At home I'm just an old fogey. Come on, come on, continue!"

As he spoke Richard sat down cross-legged.

Ethan followed the conversation, attentively picked up the wine bottle, and filled the empty cups on the table one by one.

Rattle-rattle—

The sound of dice hitting the cup walls rose again. A new round of the game began.

Because the round before the intermission had counted as Sophie losing, this hand she called first.

Right now Sophie's body had just been fed full by her father-in-law's big cock. The restlessness in her heart had temporarily calmed a lot. Her whole person radiated a lazy allure.

She casually shook a couple times and opened the round.

Round after round of comparison. Who knew if there really was a law of conservation of luck.

She had won pleasure in bed, so on the gambling table she lost down to the bottom.

Smallest again.

Sophie looked at the points in the dice cup. Her little mouth pouted enough to hang an oil bottle. Her face was full of unhappiness.

And the biggest this round was once again her sister-in-law Grace.

Remembering the shameful experience of being forced to do an erotic dance earlier, Sophie had learned her lesson this time. Before Grace even opened her mouth she first lifted the wine glass in front of her:

"Sis, I'm not choosing. I'm drinking!"

With that she tilted her head back. The yellow liquor slid down her throat. The bold posture made Richard's throat tighten.

Grace smiled and shook her head. She didn't stop her, only her eyes growing deeper.

The loser's punishment ended. The match restarted.

This time the goddess of luck didn't seem to favor Ethan either.

Opening the cup, Ethan's points were the smallest.

And the biggest one…

Everyone looked closely. It was still Grace!

This woman tonight was simply possessed by the god of gambling.

Seeing it was his sister who won, Ethan relaxed inside. Sister, after all, doted on her little brother. She shouldn't make things too hard for him.

"Sis, I'll pick dare. Drinking is too boring, not interesting either. Come on, whatever move you have, bring it!"

Believing she wouldn't set him up, Ethan patted his chest, looking ready to face death.

Grace pursed her lips. On her slightly reddened pretty face appeared an expression whose depth was hard to read.

In truth her heart had long been stirred into burning desire by the earlier scenes, plus the lewd tacit understanding between her brother and sister-in-law.

Especially now seeing their affectionate appearance, a long-missed jealousy seemed to surface again.

So her red lips parted lightly and she spoke a punishment no one present had expected:

"Ethan, you and Sophie… kiss."

Ah?

Just that?

Ethan froze. He had thought it might be simple, but this was too simple, right? They had shown affection in front of the family before.

He moved quickly, turned his head, and smacked a kiss on his wife's smooth cheek. He was just about to say his sister was really too good to him.

Unexpectedly, when he turned back he saw Grace extend her index finger and gently shake it:

"Tsk tsk tsk. Who told you to kiss like that?"

As she spoke Grace leaned her body slightly forward. Her E-cup papaya-sized breasts pressed against the edge of the tea table, squeezing out a deep cleavage.

"Mouth to mouth."

"And… use tongues."

"It has to be a French wet kiss. Less than one minute doesn't count."

(End of Chapter 111)

CHAPTER 112

Two Beauties' Passionate Kiss

After hearing his sister's demand, Ethan's mouth twitched. He froze stiffly in place, eyes secretly glancing toward his father opposite and his mother beside him.

Richard was watching with great interest, even leaning forward a little. He was clearly eager to see this kind of show.

As for Helen…

Before Ethan could clearly make out his mother's expression, a fragrant breeze already rushed at him.

Sophie was still Sophie.

She had long seen that her sister-in-law was a bit off tonight. The excitement couldn't be hidden.

Compared to Ethan's shock, Sophie appeared much more composed. So what if it was just a kiss?

While Ethan was still hesitating, she had already actively leaned in. Her arms, white as lotus roots, looped around her husband's neck. An absolutely beautiful face flushed with the red of desire rapidly enlarged in Ethan's pupils.

"Mm…"

In the next second two scalding lips pressed tightly together.

Sophie's little lilac tongue was like a flexible loach, drilling past Ethan's teeth.

Slurp… smack…

The room immediately filled with the face-reddening sound of saliva exchanging.

Ethan only froze for an instant before his wife's enthusiasm ignited him. He began to respond. Their tongues entangled, sucked, and stirred in each other's mouths, as if both wanted to eat the other whole.

Sophie kissed extremely deep, extremely lewd. Her body pressed tightly against Ethan. The full snowy mounds of her chest pressed hard against her husband's chest, constantly rubbing and squeezing with the intense kissing, changing shape.

And under the table, in the blind spot of everyone's vision.

Sophie's idle jade hand, like a swimming fish, secretly slipped under the hem of Ethan's loose bathrobe. Through the underwear she grabbed the cock that was already half-hard.

Uh!

Ethan's body jolted violently. He even forgot to move his tongue.

He only felt his wife's soft little hand skillfully stroking his meat rod. Her nails occasionally lightly scraped the sensitive glans, sending wave after wave of tingling current.

Sophie noticed her husband's pause. Her tongue worked even harder stirring in his mouth, driving his tongue to dance again, as if silently urging him.

Only then did Ethan come back to himself. A few seconds later his breathing turned heavy. The cock in his wife's hand rapidly swelled.

The passionate tongue kiss lasted roughly a full minute before their lips parted.

A crystal silver thread could be seen connecting the corners of their mouths, flashing with lewd light.

Sophie's mischievous little hand also quietly withdrew from Ethan's crotch. She casually straightened her own skirt hem as if nothing had happened.

This passionate performance ended. Richard's eyes were wide, and he forcefully swallowed a big mouthful of saliva.

Grace smiled in satisfaction.

However, the secret little action just now under the table, though it had fooled the two opposite, had not escaped the eyes of the person beside them.

Helen had said nothing the whole time.

But her peripheral vision had truly and clearly seen her daughter-in-law's hand reach into her son's bathrobe.

In that instant a sour wave of jealousy churned like a stormy sea in her heart.

Clearly just a little while ago Ethan had still been galloping inside her body, and now he was already being… by that little slut…

The moment the two's punishment ended, Helen's hand that had originally rested on her knee moved over as if possessed.

Also using the cover of the table, she grabbed the hand of her son that Sophie had just released.

Ethan hadn't fully recovered from the earlier stimulation when he felt a softness in his palm.

His mother's hand was a bit cool, carrying a fine sweat.

Then that hand guided his hand and gently… pressed it onto her thigh wrapped in nude stockings.

Hiss—

Ethan silently sucked in a cold breath. On the left was the wife who had just finished tongue-kissing him and was still savoring it. On the right his biological mother was pulling his hand and placing it on her thigh.

The hardest to bear is a beauty's favor. This mother-in-law and daughter-in-law rivalry was actually unfolding a battlefield on his body in this way.

This was simply…

Too fucking stimulating!

Ethan's fingers moved on instinct. The pads of his fingers traced across that layer of stockings thin as a cicada's wing, feeling the elasticity of his mother's leg skin.

His son's palm seemed to carry electricity. Helen's body trembled slightly. A watery light flashed in her phoenix eyes, yet she tightly pursed her lips and made not a single sound.

Before Ethan could carefully savor this taboo pleasure, Sophie's energetic voice already rang out again:

"Quick quick quick! Next round!"

While speaking she grabbed the dice cup and shook it hard, the posture as if she wanted to claw back all the luck she had lost earlier:

"This hand I'm definitely shaking three sixes to show you all!"

It seemed that constantly suffering Grace's vicious hands, Sophie had already decided on a full counterattack.

The room once again filled with the sound of dice colliding.

Sophie stared at the dice cup lid, pearly teeth lightly biting her lower lip, looking extremely serious.

Inside she was holding a surge of energy. That energy wasn't entirely about wanting to win. More of it was the fire stirred up by her sister-in-law Grace's earlier prank.

That fire wasn't anger. It was desire, competitiveness, the wildness of wanting to counterattack after being suppressed.

Sophie thought that if she won this hand, she absolutely had to make Grace's mouth—which always carried a faint smile—taste something fierce. Best if she made her publicly make a big fool of herself too.

Round after round passed.

The points were clear at a glance.

Richard had three fours. Helen had two sixes and a one. Sophie had a two-three-four straight.

And Grace, who was always excessively lucky, this time seemed possessed by bad luck. The three dice only added up to five points.

The biggest in the whole room was Ethan: three fives, a triple.

"Haha, fortune turns in turns!"

Sophie's beautiful eyes curved into crescents. Even though the winner wasn't her, the one who won was her husband. What difference was there from her winning herself?

Husband and wife of one heart. Right now it was time to fiercely take revenge on sister.

Grace looked at the points. Her delicate brows slightly furrowed. She helplessly sighed. Her body leaned back a little. The purple knit dress clung tightly to her, outlining the contours of the pair of huge, full breasts on her chest, making people's mouths dry.

"Ethan, you picked dare, so I'll pick dare too."

Grace's voice was soft and sticky, carrying a bit of coquettish meaning. Her eyes looked even wetter as she gazed at her little brother, hoping he would remember the reality of them being husband and wife and go easy on her.

But the dare she chose was exactly what Sophie wanted.

How could Sophie let this opportunity go? Under the table those beautiful legs wrapped in black stockings lightly kicked Ethan's calf. Her eyes were full of implication: Husband, go on, avenge me!

Ethan said nothing. He played with a die in his hand. His eyes moved back and forth between his sister and his wife.

On one side was the wife who had just been lip-to-lip with him, passionate as fire. The neckline of her champagne long dress was open just right, revealing a stretch of snowy chest and a deep, alluring ravine one yearned for.

On the other side was his sister who exuded mature-woman charm all over. That bright red mouth of hers probably still carried the taste of his semen even now.

How to choose?

In the end he still couldn't withstand Sophie's calf constantly kicking him. Ethan cleared his throat and said:

"Ahem. Sis, you just made me kiss Sophie, right?"

Hearing that, Sophie immediately cooperated and put on the appearance of a little wife who had suffered a great grievance. Red lips slightly pouting, eyes flowing, body soft as if boneless as she leaned against Ethan. The full side of her chest pressed on Ethan's arm, squeezing out a lump of alluring white flesh. She coquettishly looked at her husband as if saying:

Husband, you have to stand up for me!

Unexpectedly, Ethan suddenly changed the direction of his words. The calm in his eyes instantly turned playful as he said:

"Then… Sis, then you kiss Sophie too!"

The moment those words came out, the air in the room seemed to freeze for a second.

Sophie's face, which had just been hanging a coquettish smile, stiffened. Her little mouth slightly opened. She looked at her husband with an expression of disbelief.

It wasn't just her. The expressions of the others at the table were all colorful.

Richard's old eyes suddenly brightened. His gaze secretly swept back and forth between daughter-in-law and daughter. His Adam's apple

rolled up and down. He was clearly stimulated quite a bit by this sudden proposal.

Helen frowned. She instinctively wanted to open her mouth and scold, but the words reached her lips and she remembered her own earlier absurdity with her son. She could only force them back down. A blush of shame rose on that face that still retained its charm.

Two women kissing. What kind of thing was this?

Incest? Lily?

Thinking of these things, Grace's little face instantly turned red all the way through. Even though she hadn't touched a drop of wine, her snow-white neck was dyed a layer of crimson.

The corner of her mouth pulled with difficulty. She wanted to refuse, but looking at her little brother's eyes full of expectation, the words of refusal just couldn't come out.

Although Sophie and Grace had kissed at noon, at that time Grace had been fucked half-senseless by her brother. Her mind was a mess of paste. She had only been busy sinking in the tide-like pleasure. Even if she could tell who was kissing her, she hadn't properly tasted what the flavor was.

Thinking back afterward, that strange feeling in her heart, though strong, always seemed separated by a thin mist, impossible to see clearly.

But now it was different.

Now it was in this brightly lit room, in front of father, mother, and little brother, soberly kissing another woman—and this woman was her own sister-in-law!

This kind of shame was a hundred times stronger than being fucked by a man.

Speaking of Sophie, after a brief moment of stunned shock she quickly came back to herself. She was a smart woman, and on the matter of doing yellow things she had a crazy streak.

In just a few breaths she saw through the ball of flame at the bottom of her husband's eyes.

Ethan wasn't just wanting to watch a show. He wanted to stir the relationships in this family even muddier, more chaotic, more

stimulating. He wanted to watch his own wife and sister entangle in front of him, satisfying his twisted psychology.

Since that was the case, then she would go crazy with him to the end!

Anyway, Sophie asked herself—she had never been some rule-abiding good woman.

But just as she made up her mind and had not yet acted, Ethan saw his wife's heavy expression and thought she was a bit unhappy.

So he used the left hand that was temporarily free, and under the table lightly patted the back of Sophie's hand. His fingertip also lightly scratched her palm, counting as comfort.

A tingling itchy sensation traveled from the palm all the way into Sophie's heart.

At that moment Sophie also felt that this matter wasn't so hard to accept after all. She even faintly looked forward to it a little.

Sister's mouth always looked soft and red. Kissing it now, would it feel even better than at noon?

Heart itching, Sophie straightened her back. The pair of proud twin peaks on her chest trembled with the movement. A bewitching smile hung on her face again as she actively asked forward:

"Sis, are you coming over, or am I coming over?"

At this moment Grace still hadn't finished building her mental preparation. Her mouth stammered, not knowing how to answer. A pair of beautiful eyes darted around, like a little girl who had done something wrong.

"I… I… I…"

Having to kiss another woman in front of the whole family was still a bit too shameful. Even Grace found it a little hard to pull her face down. While speaking she instinctively hugged the Mason in her arms tighter.

But as the saying goes, a willing gambler must accept the loss. If she hadn't deliberately provoked earlier, she wouldn't be facing retaliation now.

This was like the cycle of cause and effect. No one could escape it.

Just as the scene was deadlocked, Ethan's gaze grew a bit sharp. That look seemed to say: Sis, you're not going to be a bad sport, are you?

Grace's heart trembled. She was afraid her little brother would be unhappy—or rather, she didn't want to make this man who was in fact her husband unhappy.

In the next instant Grace took a deep breath, as if making some major decision, and in the end still chose to face it calmly.

She slowly stood up while holding her son. The roots of her long thighs faintly showed under the purple hem. The ankles wrapped in black stockings were delicate and slender. Stepping on the floor, every step seemed to step on everyone's heart tips.

Coming in front, Grace turned her head again and said toward Helen sitting on Ethan's other side:

"Mom, help me hold Mason for a bit."

Hearing that, Helen first froze. She hadn't expected her daughter to actually agree to such an absurd demand. She instinctively wanted to refuse, but looking at her daughter's serious appearance she felt a bit of heartache. After a second of internal struggle she still chose to agree.

And just as she prepared to stand up to take her grandson, she suddenly remembered that under the table her son's big hand was still wantonly pressed on the root of her thigh.

Earlier, because she had been tense about her daughter's choice, Helen had temporarily forgotten this.

Now that she had to stand, before Helen could secretly push it away, Ethan deliberately pinched the soft flesh on the inside of her thigh.

Mm…

Helen's body trembled. She almost cried out. Two red clouds instantly flew onto her face again. She angrily glared at the son beside her.

Fortunately the table blocked everything. No one saw the filthy deeds of this mother and son underneath.

Ethan also seemed to know when to stop. Before his mother could flare up he somewhat reluctantly let go. His fingertips slid across the smooth stocking surface, bringing up a faint friction sound.

Helen hurriedly and quietly straightened her skirt hem, covering the wrinkles her son had pinched out, then stood up, came in front of her daughter, and reached out to take her grandson.

With the last delay gone, Grace only felt her arms empty, and her heart seemed to empty along with it.

She hurriedly took a deep breath to ease her emotions. Her full chest rose and fell once with the breath, then she strode over to her sister-in-law's side.

Seeing that, Sophie also stood up in turn.

At this moment two women who both possessed peerless faces and devilish figures stood face to face like this.

One wore a purple tight knit dress, whole body exuding the ripe charm of a mature young wife, an indescribable mature allure.

One wore a champagne-colored backless long dress, youthful and beautiful with a streak of wildness and rebellion, right in the full bloom of a bewitching rose.

In the next second, Sophie moved.

(End of Chapter 112)

CHAPTER 113

Prelude to Breaking the Ice

Watching her sister-in-law draw closer and closer, Grace lightly bit her lower lip. Her eyes dodged a little as she instinctively glanced at her little brother Ethan again.

Ethan was still sitting cross-legged, watching them with a comfortable expression.

In this moment Grace perhaps recalled that night on the eleventh of the first lunar month, on the big hotel bed, when desire had driven her to actively beg her brother for love, pleading for his cock like a shameless bitch.

Since she had long ago given everything to her little brother, what was there to be pretentious about now?

Grace steeled her heart and took the initiative to step forward.

In the next second she extended both hands and somewhat tremblingly cupped Sophie's cheeks. Where her hands touched was soft and burning hot.

Sophie was startled by her sister-in-law's sudden initiative. Her body stiffened slightly, but she quickly relaxed.

She closed her eyes. Long lashes trembled faintly, casting a small shadow under her eyelids.

In that instant Sophie's heartbeat also sped up a little.

She didn't reject it. One could even say she was somewhat moved.

Sister's lips really looked soft. The lip shape was full, the cupid's bow rounded. When she spoke it was always gentle and soft. That faint milky scent on sister's body really smelled good. It made one want to lean in and take a deep breath.

That noon session had been like Zhu Bajie eating the ginseng fruit—she hadn't tasted it carefully at all.

But after Sophie closed her eyes for a while she still didn't feel sister coming.

Waiting grew a bit impatient. Sophie opened her eyes and saw the beauty in front of her was still doing a final mental struggle. That pretty face was red enough to drip blood, eyes full of shame and hesitation.

So slow.

Sophie muttered inwardly. The forceful streak in her bones rose.

Since you're not coming, then I'll come!

The thought settled. Sophie suddenly extended her hand, wrapped both arms around Grace's slender waist, and with force pressed their bodies tightly together.

Mm!

Grace let out a low cry. Before she could react Sophie had already actively leaned in and fiercely kissed her lips.

Four red lips met.

Soft.

That was both women's first sensation.

A woman's lips were completely different from a man's. No rough stubble, no forceful oppression. Only endless softness and fineness, like two clouds of cotton candy colliding, or two pieces of warm jelly pressing against each other.

Grace's eyes widened. Looking at her sister-in-law so close, her mind went blank.

Sophie didn't give her more chance to zone out.

She slightly opened her mouth. A pink, nimble tongue, like a slippery loach, drilled in through the slightly parted gap of Grace's teeth.

This drill was like flipping some switch.

Grace felt her whole body tremble. A current shot from her lips straight to her tailbone. Between her already moist legs another hot stream instantly surged. The crotch of the black pantyhose became even stickier.

Sophie's tongue stirred inside Grace's mouth, licked across her gums, hooked her tongue tip, and sucked hard, making wet slurping sounds.

"Mm… mm…"

Kissed by her sister-in-law until her legs went soft, Grace's hands instinctively grabbed Sophie's shoulders.

Roughly more than ten seconds passed. Perhaps Grace was also ignited by this strange pleasure. Her tongue finally stopped passively defending and began, just like when kissing Ethan, to respond to the other's movements.

Two equally pink tongues chased each other inside the narrow mouth. The lewd sounds of saliva exchanging never stopped.

Slurp… smack… suck suck…

The more they kissed the more passionate they became. The momentum was not weaker than kissing a man at all. Even because they were both women they knew better where was sensitive, where felt good, and could control the force better.

Sophie kept kissing while hugging her sister-in-law's waist. Her body also kept squeezing into Grace's arms. Her own full chest pressed tightly against Grace's magnificent breasts. Four mounds of soft flesh were squeezed and deformed into alluring shapes. Both pairs of nipples hardened, rubbing against each other through the fabric and stirring up waves of scalp-tingling pleasure.

Grace's heartbeat was also thrown into chaos. Her breathing gradually grew heavy. She even felt Sophie's leg squeeze between her thighs. That knee part was exactly pressing against her already thoroughly soaked private place, lightly grinding.

Ha… mm…

Facing this scene of two lilies blooming, the two men present were so stirred their index fingers twitched.

Richard had originally wanted to use drinking as an excuse to secretly watch. The hand holding the wine glass stopped mid-air. His eyes stared fixedly at the two women entwined together. The cock that had already released once and been satisfied, under the stimulation of this fragrant scene, once again showed a trend of rising.

Watching his own daughter and daughter-in-law getting it on, that sense of taboo seemed even more stimulating than him personally going into battle.

Ethan need not be mentioned. Taking advantage of the cross-legged sitting posture, his hand went into the bathrobe. Through the underwear he gripped his fully erect cock and slowly stroked in time with the two

women's tongues, fantasizing that his cock was placed right between those four red lips.

It was also roughly a minute before their lips parted.

When the two women's lips separated they even pulled out a long silver thread, crystal clear, extremely ambiguous.

Ha… ha…

Both were breathing violently, chests rising and falling unevenly.

"Sis, your mouth… is so sweet."

Sophie licked her lips, looking at Grace with hazy eyes. The corner of her mouth curved into a smile of lingering unfinished business.

Grace was so ashamed she didn't dare look at her at all. She hurriedly let go and returned to her own seat like she was fleeing.

She even forgot to take the child back, still leaving him in mother Helen's arms.

After this experience Grace thoroughly restrained herself. She sat there with her head lowered, both hands tightly gripping the hem of her skirt. Her legs were pressed even tighter together, afraid someone would smell the rich fishy scent between them.

She no longer dared to have any plans of pranking Sophie. This sister-in-law, when she went fierce, was simply more terrifying than a man.

But Sophie was still holding a surge of energy.

After two consecutive tongue kisses—first Ethan, then Grace—the desire fire inside her body not only hadn't calmed, it was burning hotter and hotter.

After returning to her position Sophie only felt that the desire fire her father-in-law Richard had earlier calmed in the bathroom was gradually rising again.

Fortunately the lace panties on her lower body hadn't been taken off. The fabric was thin, yet it was holding the cum that had flowed out from inside, plus new juices.

The game continued.

The sound of dice rose again.

This time it was as if even heaven was helping Sophie.

Sophie finally drew the highest points.

And after round after round of comparison, the smallest was actually Helen.

Ethan looked at this result. The smile at the corner of his mouth deepened.

Given the incompatible personalities of mother and wife, there was sure to be a good show next.

Sophie swirled the wine glass in her hand. Her eyes circled between mother-in-law Helen and father-in-law Richard, finally settling on Helen's well-maintained face.

"Mom, it's your turn this time."

The voice was sweet to the point of cloying, yet it made Helen's heart skip.

"Truth or dare?" Sophie asked with a smile.

"D… dare."

Helen gritted her teeth. She didn't dare pick truth. If this lawless daughter-in-law continued asking about her and her son's matters, and right in front of Richard, then she really would have no face left to see anyone.

"Good! Then I won't be polite."

Seeing her mother-in-law also pick dare, Sophie set down the wine glass and leaned her body slightly forward:

"Mom, don't say I'm bullying you. Look, just now sister and I both kissed. That's called deep sisterly affection. Then you and Dad… shouldn't you also show something, a bit of deep husband-and-wife affection?"

While speaking Sophie paused, pointed at Richard sitting opposite, suddenly changed expression, and said loudly:

"Mom, go kiss Dad! It has to be on the mouth!"

The moment those words came out the whole room went silent again.

Helen's face instantly turned deathly pale. She instinctively wanted to refuse.

The relationship between her and Richard had long existed in name only.

Ever since New Year's Eve night when she discovered Richard cheating with Sophie, toward this man she had nothing but hate and nausea.

Make her go kiss this heartless man? It was simply more unbearable than killing her!

"No! Change it!" Helen blurted out without even thinking.

Richard also hadn't expected the fire to burn onto himself. Looking at his wife's ice-cold face, his heart was a mix of flavors.

Sophie refused to let it go. She acted coquettish and unreasonable: "A willing gambler must accept the loss! Mom, this is just a game. Everyone's having fun. Besides, you two are an old married couple. What's wrong with a kiss? Or… is your relationship bad?"

The little vixen's words poked right at the sore spot.

In this family, to maintain surface harmony, no one dared to easily pierce that layer of window paper.

And Ethan at this moment also recalled the delaying tactic he had used at noon. Right now, under the name of this game, wasn't it exactly able to improve the relationship between his parents?

Thinking of that, Ethan also timely interjected: "Yeah, Mom. It's just playing a game. Don't spoil the fun."

While speaking, under the table his foot quietly extended between Helen's legs and lightly hooked her ankle with his toes.

It counted as both threat and hint.

Feeling her son's movement, Helen's body stiffened. Her psychological defense loosened a little.

In the Helen of today, her son was already her true man. He had not only obtained her body but also won her heart.

If it was him telling her to go?

Perhaps she didn't want to make her son unhappy. Perhaps she didn't want to show weakness in front of her daughter-in-law.

In the next instant, as if completing an internal battle, Helen took a deep breath, forcefully suppressed the nausea in her heart, and holding Mason slowly stood up.

Only her movements were stiff, like a marionette.

She first slowly moved to her daughter's side, handed the child to her, then went to Richard's side.

Richard watched his wife approach, watched that expression of unwillingness yet having no choice, smelled the familiar fragrance on her body, and a strange feeling also rose in his heart.

This feeling that was hard to explain seemed to turn time back to the passionate dating period of their youth.

Although he had the guts to play with his own daughter-in-law at home, at this moment, looking at this woman who had followed him for most of his life, forced by a game to offer him a kiss, Richard opened his mouth and couldn't say a single word.

Helen looked at Richard's somewhat aged face, closed her eyes, and bent down as if going to the execution ground.

She slightly turned her head. Trembling warm lips gently pressed onto the face of this man who had once been her husband.

Peck.

A light sound.

Although it was only the cheek, the touch was extremely real. It was absolutely not another dream.

Helen's lips were as soft as in memory, only carrying a faint wine scent.

Clearly it was just a very simple kiss on the cheek, yet Richard felt half his face go a bit numb. In his heart an even more indescribable complex emotion surged.

Inside it there was nostalgia, guilt, and a sense of loss—something that clearly belonged to him yet was no longer his.

It was as if there had once been a beloved toy that he himself had broken and thrown into a corner. Years later, by chance, it reappeared in front of him.

Helen looked at the strange expression on the man in front of her and also froze in place, forgetting to straighten up.

What was he thinking?

Was he comparing her to that slutty fox?

No, that wasn't right. In his eyes there were clearly three parts sorrow, three parts reluctance, three parts unspoken words.

Could it be? He cared a lot that she kissed his face?

An impossible yet most possible answer floated up in Helen's heart. A strange train of thought also rose inside her.

But they say if one had known today, why do it then. Now she was already her son's woman. He could continue going to find his slutty fox.

Helen shook her head in her heart and drove that thought away, yet unknowingly a crack appeared in the solid ice layer of her heart.

The two people's relationship, in this absurd game, actually had that tiny bit of prelude to breaking the ice.

"Good!"

Sophie took the lead in applauding. Although she was a bit disappointed not to see them kiss on the mouth, this effect was enough. At the same time she didn't forget to throw her husband a look of seeking credit.

Ethan returned her a knowing expression and continued casting his gaze toward the mother who was already walking back. Seeing that this kind of behavior seemed effective, he also planned in his heart that when there was a chance later he would do it again, and maybe even upgrade it a little?

A new round of the game continued.

Just in time Ethan was the biggest, and Helen was again the smallest in the whole room.

Just as Ethan's eyes sharpened and he prepared to raise the stakes again and propose a further demand, waa——!!!

A loud crying sound suddenly broke the ambiguous atmosphere.

Everyone stretched their necks to look. They saw little Mason, who had been quietly lying in Grace's arms the whole time, suddenly crying.

Faced with the child's cries, the game was forced to interrupt.

Grace skillfully checked the diaper. Unsurprisingly, he had pooped.

A nearly nine-month-old infant. The poop already smelled quite strong.

Ethan somewhat instinctively covered his nose and asked:

"Pooped?"

Although her little brother was asking the obvious, Grace still lifted her head and answered:

"Mm."

Helen also finally found a reason to escape. She hurriedly continued:

"The new ones are in the next room, right? I'll go get them."

Helplessly the game was forced to stop. After everyone finished busying around, fumigated by that stench, no one had the mind to bring up continuing.

Ethan glanced at the time. Almost midnight. Thinking that tonight ending here was already pretty good, he proposed everyone rest in place and sleep in tomorrow.

Grace, because of the child, wasn't convenient, so she returned to her own room. Helen had originally wanted to leave too, but Ethan secretly pulled her arm and whispered a few words in her ear. In the end she still stayed.

Because the bedding had been laid out in advance, once the tea table was removed they could lie down right there.

Two quilts connected together. From left to right they were Richard, Helen, Sophie, Ethan.

Because of the fatigue from days of work, plus having fiercely shot a load in his sister's mouth, not long after Ethan felt his eyelids fighting. He soon fell into deep sleep.

Who knew how long passed.

Half-dreaming, half-awake, a woman's suppressed low moan entered his ears:

"Ah… Dad, gentler, don't wake them… ah, feels so good…"

"Is it Dad's that feels good, or Ethan's?"

"Dad's! Dad's big cock… fucks me the most comfortably… I'm going to die from pleasure… ah…"

(End of Chapter 113)

CHAPTER 114

Switching Positions

The room was very quiet. Only the faint hissing of the humidifier spraying mist intertwined with the rising and falling breaths of several adults.

Outside the window the courtyard lights were off. Only the open-air hot spring pool was still steaming. A waterproof spotlight at the bottom of the pool refracted a few faint, distorted rays of light into the room through the rippling water.

Ethan slept deeply. In his dream was a scene of absurdity. His sister's face and his mother's face kept overlapping, finally turning into his wife Sophie's face full of flush.

"Mm… ah…"

"Dad… gentler… don't wake them…"

"Ah… feels so good…"

Half-dreaming, half-awake, a woman's suppressed moan faintly entered his ears. Ethan's face showed difficulty. He slowly opened his eyes.

Wife?

He instinctively called out in his heart, thinking his wife was dreaming, or that he had misheard.

Using the faint light rippling in from the water, Ethan turned his head to look beside him.

This look made those originally hazy eyes instantly widen round. His pupils contracted.

The one lying beside him was not his wife at all.

It was a more mature, fuller body that wasn't even covered by the quilt.

Helen's white shirt, because of sleeping, had buttons popped open. The collar was wide open, revealing a large stretch of snowy, soft chest. The edge of the lace bra cut into her full breast flesh, rising and falling slightly with her breathing, gleaming with an ivory-like warm luster.

Gaze moving downward, under the pencil skirt were those beautiful legs wrapped in nude stockings. Knees together, calves slightly curled. The texture of the stockings under the faint light was like coated with beeswax, carrying a mellow charm unique to a mature woman.

Mom?

How is Mom sleeping next to me?

Before Ethan's brain could finish processing this chaotic information, that voice from the dream came again. This time clearer, and carrying wet watery sounds.

"Mm… hit it…"

Hearing it, Ethan's Adam's apple rolled dryly. His gaze passed over the sleeping mother and cast toward the far right.

There the quilt bulged into a huge lump.

In the dim shadow Ethan couldn't see clearly, yet he could faintly see a head of long hair scattered like a waterfall on the pillow, now slightly trembling with the heaving of that lump.

And beside that long hair, a broad back was lying on its side. It was father Richard.

In this moment Ethan felt all the blood in his body boiling. An indescribable stimulation shot from his tailbone straight to the top of his head.

Wife is doing it with Dad? Right next to me? With only a sleeping Mom in between?

Thinking of this, Ethan felt his breathing about to stop. The cock on his lower body that had originally been sleeping, under this extreme taboo stimulation, uncontrollably jumped hard once inside the loose bathrobe, rapidly engorging and propping the underwear high.

Desire told him that if he woke up now the scene would be impossible to clean up.

Ethan had to pretend to sleep.

He had to continue providing the soil for their incest!

Thinking of this, Ethan hurriedly closed his eyes, forcefully suppressed the storm in his heart, and imitated the sound of sleep-talking, mumbling unclearly in his mouth.

Then, taking the opportunity, he made the appearance of turning over. His arm seemingly casually swung, pulling a corner of the quilt over to cover the body of his mother that was exposed to the air.

When his palm inadvertently brushed his mother's thigh, the slippery hand-feel of the stockings made Ethan's fingertips tremble slightly. But he didn't dare linger. He casually rested his hand on his mother's waist and shrank his whole body closer to Helen's side.

This series of movements was done as smoothly as flowing water. Yet the moment the quilt covered his ears he pricked up all his auditory nerves, capturing every bit of movement coming from that side.

In the darkness time seemed stretched.

The movement over there seemed to pause for an instant because of his turning over. Immediately after came even fainter, more suppressed sounds of fabric rubbing.

In the darkness Ethan tightly pursed his lips. In his mind scenes that might have happened not long ago involuntarily floated up.

Let's first go back to earlier.

Grace returned to her own room. Everyone lay down in place. After the lights went out.

Sophie lay beside Ethan and did not fall asleep immediately.

Her body was very hot. That was the residual warmth of alcohol and the desire fire that had been stirred up earlier burning inside her.

Although the game had ended because the child cried, the emptiness in her body was like a black hole, urgently needing something to fill it.

Thinking it over, Sophie slightly turned on her side and looked at the husband beside her whose breathing had already become steady.

Ethan was too tired today. Driving and dealing with various situations, he basically fell asleep the moment his head hit the pillow.

Seeing that, a trace of unwillingness flashed in the depths of Sophie's beautiful eyes.

In the end she still couldn't help extending a soft hand and probing into Ethan's quilt.

Fingertips traced the inside of her husband's thigh, finally drilling into the underwear. Where her hand entered was soft and limp.

"Husband?"

Then Sophie leaned close to Ethan's ear and softly called in a voice light as orchid, while her palm stroked that soft meat a few times, even wickedly pinching the heavy balls.

But facing his wife's teasing, Ethan only frowned, turned over, and gave her his back. His mouth even let out a heavy snore.

How can he sleep so fast!

Seeing that, Sophie complained inwardly, withdrew her hand, and somewhat angrily lay flat again.

Yet that dryness and heat kept running wild in her lower abdomen, making her mouth dry and tongue parched.

She stared at the ceiling for a long time. The husband beside her slept like a dead pig. The father-in-law and mother-in-law on the other side also seemed to have long entered dreams.

Roughly a few hours passed.

Sophie tossed and turned on the bed and just couldn't sleep. In the end she couldn't stand it. She lightly lifted the quilt and sat up.

She was wearing that champagne-colored silk long dress. The hem was long, but when she got up, because of the posture, it stacked at her waist along the smooth thighs, exposing a pair of long beautiful legs wrapped in black stockings, emitting a fatal temptation in this dark night.

Then Sophie groped her way to the tea table in the corner, picked up a bottle of mineral water that wasn't finished, and tilted her head back to gulp a big mouthful.

The ice-cold liquid slid down her throat, yet still couldn't extinguish the desire fire in her heart.

And just as she put down the water bottle and turned to go back, she suddenly saw a black shadow sit up from the floor bedding.

"Ah!"

Sophie almost cried out in shock. She hurriedly covered her mouth.

Looking closely, it turned out to be father-in-law Richard.

He had drunk quite a bit of beer earlier. The old man was woken by the urge to pee. At this moment he was dazedly rubbing his eyes.

By the faint light from outside the window one could vaguely see that under Richard's open yukata a pair of gray boxer briefs hung loose. And in the middle a quite considerable tent was propped up.

Sophie's gaze stayed on that bulge for a second. Her heartbeat inexplicably skipped a beat.

"Dad, you can't sleep either?"

While speaking, to cover the awkwardness, Sophie instinctively raised her hand wanting to pull the collar closed.

But the hand had just touched the skin on her chest when she suddenly remembered. The neckline design of this long dress was originally a deep V. And the black lace bra inside was now hanging loose on the two mounds of snowy breast flesh. Two pink nipples were almost more than half exposed to the air.

And after all the two of them were not ordinary father-in-law and daughter-in-law. Covering up at this moment would instead seem pretentious.

Thinking of this, Sophie's hand turned a corner in the air and casually brushed the broken hair by her ear. The whole movement was full of allure. The snowy breasts on her chest trembled with her movement, like two startled white rabbits.

"No… no… Dad's going to the bathroom."

Noticing his daughter-in-law standing not far away, Richard's gaze fiercely gouged across that chest white enough to dazzle.

And the cock that had originally been hard from the urge to pee was also stimulated by the beautiful scene in front of him. It instantly swelled another circle, propping the underwear even tighter, almost able to see the outline of the glans.

But the urge to pee was really strong. After speaking, Richard somewhat awkwardly clamped his legs, arched his waist, and hurriedly brushed past Sophie toward the bathroom.

When her father-in-law passed by, that middle-aged man's tobacco smell mixed with a faint sweat smell drilled straight into Sophie's nose.

Sophie stood in place, watching her father-in-law's somewhat flustered back. The corner of her mouth curved into a playful smile. She turned her head and looked at that huge floor bedding again.

Helen was sleeping soundly, occupying the position next to Richard.

A crazy and bold thought grew wild like weeds in Sophie's heart.

"Since husband can't… then…"

Holding this lewd thought, Sophie lightly walked to Helen's side.

Mother-in-law was sleeping very deeply, breathing long and steady.

Sophie directly squatted down. Both hands passed under Helen's armpits and the bends of her knees.

Although Helen was full-figured, Sophie was young after all. She still had this bit of strength.

She held her breath and carefully used force, little by little shifting the sleeping mother-in-law toward the right, that is, toward Ethan's side.

Just when she had moved halfway, Helen suddenly frowned in her sleep, hummed once, and turned over.

Sophie was so scared her whole body stiffened. She didn't dare move.

Fortunately in the end Helen only adjusted a posture and sank into deep sleep again.

Sophie let out a long breath and finally used force to push her mother-in-law to her original position.

After doing all this, Sophie looked at the emptied spot. The place that originally belonged to father-in-law Richard, also the leftmost of this big continuous bedding, next to the outside. Without hesitation she directly lay down on it.

She pulled the quilt over her head, only exposing a pair of good-looking eyes.

A few minutes later the sound of flushing came from the bathroom.

Richard shook the water droplets off his hands and walked back relaxed.

The bladder that had finished releasing water was no longer swollen, but the cock, because his mind had been full of his daughter-in-law's pair of big tits just now, still hung half-soft, half-hard between his legs.

Just as he groped in the dark to the bedside and prepared to lie back in his original position.

Suddenly his movement paused.

He saw that the place that should have belonged to him was now occupied by a slender, delicate figure.

Although covered by the quilt, the astonishing curve drawn by the buttocks when lying on the side was still clearly visible.

"Dad, you're back?"

Sophie's voice came from inside the quilt, very light, and carrying a trace of tremor.

Then, without waiting for Richard to answer, that figure suddenly moved.

It wasn't making way. Instead it lifted a corner of the quilt behind it.

If this wasn't blatant seduction, what was it?

Richard's brain buzzed. Desire fire burned. The remaining reason made him finally turn his head and glance beside him. He saw his wife Helen had somehow already slept over to the son's side. There was a distance in between. She was sleeping soundly.

No one was awake.

No one saw.

In Richard's turbid eyes greedy light instantly exploded. He directly pulled off the troublesome underwear in a few moves, exposing a black-purple thick big cock.

Although the hardness might not match his young son's, it won on astonishing size. At this moment this black dragon was slightly raising its head, craving a warm nest.

In the next instant Richard came to the front, drilled in, pulled the quilt over, and tightly covered the two of them.

Two bodies tightly stuck together inside the quilt. A dark fragrance rushed at him.

"Sophie… Sophie… you smell so good…"

Richard was like an old dog in heat. He hugged Sophie from behind in one go.

In an instant an indescribable fragrance and softness filled his entire chest.

Sophie was lying on her side, back to him.

Richard's chest tightly pressed against Sophie's back that was smooth as jade. For a moment both couldn't help trembling once.

One of Richard's big hands impatiently came around from behind and grabbed Sophie's full breast.

Because of the side-lying posture the two mounds of soft flesh squeezed toward the middle, forming a deep ravine.

Richard's palm kneaded without any method on that lace bra, feeling the shape of the soft flesh inside changing.

"Ah… Dad… so itchy…"

Sophie was sprayed on the back of her neck by her father-in-law's scorching breath, and her tits were randomly kneaded by him. The tingling sensation kept coming. She couldn't help shrinking her neck. A suppressed low moan left her mouth.

Her body was even more like a female cat seeking pleasure, instinctively arching backward.

And this arch exactly made her round, perky big white ass solidly hit Richard's crotch.

"Oh…"

Richard was so pleased he sucked in a cold breath. His scalp went numb for a while.

Because of his daughter-in-law's movement his cock was exactly stuck between her two tight ass cheeks, that is, in the butt crack.

Sophie was wearing a dress. The silky fabric rubbed against the glans, bringing a pleasure that drove one crazy.

On the cock the huge mushroom head was very sensitive. At this moment clamped by those two warm ass cheeks, the hardness instantly surged, like a scorching iron rod, straight and stiff poking near Sophie's tailbone.

"Sophie… move a little more… Dad feels so good…"

Richard panted roughly and low-roared beside Sophie's ear. A mouthful of hot air sprayed on her face, making her also feel a wave of excitement.

Not long after, that big hand of Richard's that was kneading the tits began to restlessly move downward, following her flat, tight lower abdomen, groping all the way.

But after hearing her father-in-law's request Sophie did not obediently twist her waist.

In the next instant the corner of her mouth curved into a wicked smile. Her eyes were so seductive they almost dripped water.

Unhurriedly she extended a soft hand and grabbed that big hand of Richard's that was randomly groping on her lower abdomen.

Then she actually directly guided that big hand, slowly downward, probing into her own skirt hem.

Richard only felt the back of his hand brushed by that silky skirt material. Immediately after, his fingertips touched a stretch of scalding skin.

Daughter-in-law's thigh roots.

But Sophie didn't let him stay.

She led his hand and continued probing toward that most secret secluded valley between the two legs.

Here the heat wave was pressing.

Richard's fingers passed the inner thighs. He had originally thought he would touch that lace panties he had seen before.

Unexpectedly, no.

Nothing at all.

Where his hand entered was a stretch of crazily wet slipperiness.

Richard widened his eyes in disbelief. Even though he couldn't see in the darkness, he seemed able to imagine the scene there.

Feeling carefully, the pads of his fingers directly touched a clump of soft, tender, thick flesh lips. They were even more covered in crystal-clear, slippery love juices.

Pink pussy lips slightly open, spitting fragrant juices.

"Sophie… you…"

Richard was so excited his voice was shaking. The cock propping against Sophie's ass behind was even more swollen to the point of pain. Veins bulged.

Daughter-in-law actually wasn't wearing panties!

What an stimulating hint this was!

What a lewd invitation this was!

Only then did Sophie lightly twist her ass a little, letting that wet hole faintly brush past her father-in-law's fingers. Her voice was even more seductive to the bone:

“Dad… it’s all your fault… that panties were all covered in your sperm… I threw them away before sleeping and haven’t had time to put new ones on…”

Hearing his daughter-in-law’s such tingling words, how could Richard still hold it? His middle finger suddenly probed. Following that slippery pussy lip seam it directly poked in.

Slurp.

Water sounds rose inside the quilt.

Daughter-in-law’s tight, warm flesh walls instantly wrapped that rough finger, as if countless little mouths were sucking his finger joints.

The fine folds of the vaginal walls layered and pressed over. That soul-stealing touch made Richard so pleased he almost cried out.

Continuing to use force, the finger dug hard inside. The thumb, according to memory, ground up and down on daughter-in-law’s clit that was already engorged and swollen.

Sensitive parts both attacked, Sophie suddenly tilted her head up. Her snow-white neck pulled out a graceful curve. Her body also violently spasmed once.

“Ah…!”

A moan couldn’t be suppressed. It broke through the throat and spread in this silent night.

(End of Chapter 114)

CHAPTER 115

Eavesdropping

"Don't… don't put it in…"

After her father-in-law's fingers went in, Sophie's body suddenly tensed. It was a dual reaction mixing fear and pleasure.

She remembered her husband Ethan and mother-in-law Helen were sleeping under another quilt only a few feet away. As long as they turned over, or even just opened their eyes, they could see this immoral scene.

And this extreme tension of possibly being discovered at any moment instead acted like a potent aphrodisiac, instantly igniting the lewd blood in her body.

"Ah… Dad, gentler… ah…"

Sophie begged with her mouth, but her body was honest. The big white ass not only didn't dodge, it even slightly stuck out backward.

Richard at first only inserted one middle finger. At this moment, under his daughter-in-law's coquettish words, he grew even more aroused and instead probed both middle and index fingers in together.

Slurp, slurp.

"Mm!"

Sophie's whole body trembled. Both hands tightly covered her own mouth, afraid the lewd cry about to rush out of her throat would wake the people beside them.

Her brows tightly furrowed, yet the corners of her eyes brimmed with allure. Her face was full of a fallen expression woven from pain and enjoyment.

As for Richard, although he was a rough man in sex matters with no fancy techniques, that brute force of seeming to want to knead a person into pieces and swallow them into his belly unexpectedly fit Sophie's currently empty body perfectly.

His fingers stirred randomly inside. The finger joints scraped the sensitive inner walls. Every dig brought out a gush of scalding juices.

"So wet… really a slutty bitch…"

Richard cursed inwardly. The cock propping against Sophie's ass behind had already swollen to the limit. The glans was purple-red and huge, veins bulging, like a fierce beast eager to leave its cage, urgently needing a warm, tight, and moist nest to soothe its restlessness.

"Sophie… you… open your legs a little…"

Father-in-law's slightly hoarse voice trembled as it drilled into Sophie's ears.

Sophie's ear roots instantly turned red through. In this narrow quilt, in this room full of relatives, she was about to secretly have an extremely lewd coupling with her own father-in-law.

Even before actual insertion, just thinking about it, Sophie felt her legs go soft.

So in the next instant that long leg of Sophie's wearing black stockings quietly lifted in the darkness and opened backward an angle, exposing that muddy pink flesh hole.

And because of the earlier experience in the bathroom, Sophie was afraid her father-in-law couldn't find the hole in this position. She even actively extended a lotus-root arm and reached back.

That slender, tender little hand accurately grasped Richard's scalding, iron-hard big cock in the darkness.

Where her hand entered was a stretch of fire. The blood vessels jumping on the cock seemed alive.

For a moment Sophie's heart raced wildly. Her jade hand gradually guided her father-in-law's big cock, aligning it with her pussy mouth that was opening and closing and flowing water.

"Come in… Dad… fuck me…"

Just as the words fell, squelch, a small muffled sound came out of the quilt.

Richard's purple-black huge glans, relying on that brute force and the overflowing juices, extremely smoothly forced open layer after layer of his daughter-in-law's tight tender flesh. In just one go it easily pushed open this door leading to extreme pleasure.

Immediately after, his waist slightly thrust again. There was not the slightest obstruction. This thick meat stick fifteen centimeters long was like a mud ox entering the sea, completely swallowed by his daughter-

in-law's warm, tight little hole, buried to the root without leaving a single gap.

Haa—

After fully inserting, Richard let out a long satisfied sigh.

The sensation transmitted from the cock: that layer after layer of fine soft flesh was like countless little mouths rushing to suck the shaft. Warm, slippery, tight—an ultimate touch that no handjob could compare to.

Richard no longer stayed. His waist began small-amplitude heaving.

At first, because of the unfamiliar posture and space limitations, the movements were still a bit stiff, even appearing careful because of fear of making noise.

The thrusts carried probing. The glans only slowly ground inside the passage, scraping every inch of sensitive folds.

But soon this soul-destroying pleasure muddled his head.

Sophie's little hole was simply too wonderful. Tight, with suction, as if it wanted to suck his essence dry.

He also couldn't help increasing the force. Fortunately not long after, Richard gradually found the rhythm.

Slap, slap, slap.

The sound of flesh colliding was muffled inside the quilt, turning into a dull and lewd drumbeat.

In the next instant Richard's waist suddenly thrust forward again. The glans fiercely slammed into the deepest part of the flower heart.

"Ah! Dad… gentler… don't wake them… ah… feels so good…"

Extremely rapid pleasurable sensation came. Sophie also couldn't help it. Even though both hands tightly covered her mouth, the moan still leaked from between her fingers, carrying thick nasal sound and a crying edge, making one's bones go soft listening to it.

Richard was in the heat of the moment right now. How could he still listen to his daughter-in-law's begging for mercy.

These soft begging sounds, to his ears, were simply the highest praise of his sexual ability, the best proof that as a male he had conquered this young woman.

Just in the next instant after Sophie finished speaking, the thrusting speed suddenly accelerated. Every time he fiercely topped to the deepest. Quite a bit of lewd fluid fell onto the quilt along where the two were joined.

At the same time Richard's pair of big hands finally no longer idled. Following Sophie's soft waist they wandered upward. Fingertips traced the smooth back that was as silky as silk, finally stopping at the collar.

There the neckline of the champagne long dress was wide open, exposing a large stretch of snowy skin.

Richard's eyes darkened. He roughly yanked the collar downward.

The extremely elastic fabric let out a slight moan of pain, yet didn't tear. Instead it directly slid down, thoroughly exposing that stretch of snowy scenery on Sophie's chest to the air.

By the faint light from outside the window Richard saw the scene before his eyes clearly.

A pair of breasts that could be called perfect.

Full, round, like big white steamed buns just out of the steamer. The fair skin, because of the surging of desire, carried a layer of faint pink. Under the half-covering of the black lace bra it appeared even more lewd and erotic.

The black lace bra at this moment only hung loosely on top. It fundamentally couldn't cover those two mounds of soft flesh about to burst out.

Richard's throat rolled. His big hand unceremoniously covered it.

What entered his hand was a stretch of ultimate softness, yet carrying astonishing elasticity, as if a pinch could squeeze water out.

Fingers sank into that clump of soft flesh, wantonly kneading and deforming, kneading that originally round shape into various lewd forms.

After kneading like this for a while, Richard again roughly pushed the bra upward. Sophie's left extremely beautiful tit instantly popped out. As if shy, it slightly trembled in the air.

A pink-to-the-extreme nipple at the tip was already completely hard like a ripe little cherry, also standing erect in the air.

And seemingly stimulated by the slightly cool air in the room, a layer of fine goosebumps rose around the breast, looking even more tempting to pick.

Richard's eyes burned watching. The movements below involuntarily slowed a beat. He only felt his mouth dry and tongue parched.

"Is it Dad's that feels good, or Ethan's?"

Richard asked while panting roughly, hands and waist using force at the same time.

At this moment, below was the big cock fiercely pounding, above was the rough hand forcefully kneading. Under the impact of this dual pleasure Sophie was so pleased her whole person arched backward. Her long neck arched high.

"Dad's! Dad's big cock… fucks me the most comfortably… I'm going to die from pleasure… ah…"

Sophie's reason had long been shattered into pieces by the pleasure. Not only did she feel no shame, she instead strived to cater to her father-in-law's dirty questioning. Her voice was even more coquettish to the extreme.

Daughter-in-law's these lewd words were simply more effective than the strongest aphrodisiac.

Richard only felt a buzz in his brain. That originally already thick cock seemed to swell another circle. No longer caring about any suppression, his waist swung madly. Every thrust brought out a large amount of juices. Continuously there were "squelch squelch" shameful sounds coming out of the quilt.

And while this father-in-law and daughter-in-law pair was immersed in the carnival of immoral sex, they didn't know that in the quilt behind them Ethan had been secretly listening to all of this the whole time.

Let's return to the present.

After Ethan woke up, in order not to disturb that pair of cheating father-in-law and daughter-in-law, he actively shrank inside the quilt. In front of him was his own mother Helen.

That extremely lewd cry of his wife clearly transmitted into his ears.

At this moment Ethan's heart suddenly contracted. A complex current instantly ran through his whole body.

The twisted pleasure brought by cuckold fetish, also the humiliation as a husband, even more the ethical collapse of witnessing as a son his father possessing his own wife.

In this situation Ethan didn't dare move even more. Afraid of interrupting this good show, and also afraid of facing that awkward scene, he could only try his best to adjust his breathing and pretend he was still asleep.

Also because of tension he was panting in big mouthfuls under the quilt.

Right then a mature woman's subtle fragrance quietly drilled into his nostrils.

Thinking about it, it turned out to be his mother's scent, the scent he had smelled since childhood.

Attracted by this fragrance, Ethan slightly lifted his head. His gaze fell on the sleeping woman beside him.

Helen was lying on her side. The white shirt on her body, because of sleeping, had unknowingly been pushed open more than half, exposing the nude-colored lace underwear inside, and those breasts that couldn't be contained, full enough to make one click the tongue.

Different from the young, upright beauty of his wife, in Ethan's heart his mother's chest was always more magnificent, heavier, carrying an extremely alluring mature charm.

Before his eyes his mother's deep cleavage faintly appeared and disappeared in the shadow, lightly trembling with her steady breathing, as if silently tempting the him beside her.

Ethan's gaze was as if sucked by a magnet, staring straight at that stretch of snow white.

Although the final beautiful scenery was still blocked by the underwear, Ethan could also imagine how comfortable the touch underneath would be.

After all, he had touched it himself.

And at this time and place, on one side was the lewd sounds of his wife receiving pleasure under his father, on the other side was his mother lying completely unguarded beside him, displaying her mature body.

This extreme sense of taboo made the cock between Ethan's legs that was originally already hard now even harder to the point of pain. He wished he could quickly find a hole to stick it into.

However, if he made a move on his mother at this moment, it might wake her and thereby disturb the other side. That would be more loss than gain.

So Ethan held back.

Time passed.

Roughly another five minutes or so.

Ethan heard that the movements of the father-in-law and daughter-in-law cheating over there seemed a bit smaller. Perhaps they also realized the sound was too big and began deliberately suppressing it.

Ethan's taut nerves relaxed a little, but the dryness and heat of his body hadn't lessened at all.

He even produced a crazy thought: if he reached in right now and touched his mother's pair of big tits, what would it feel like?

Once this thought came out it could no longer be suppressed.

Before Ethan really made a move, on the other side the battle between Richard and Sophie was still continuing.

Although the desire was really strong, wishing he could directly press this slutty daughter-in-law under him and fiercely fuck her.

But he was also afraid of really waking wife and son and having no way to clean it up.

So after heavily doing it dozens of times, Richard slowed the speed. No longer madly thrusting like a pile driver, he changed to deep burial and shallow withdrawal. Every time extremely slowly grinding.

Movements below slowed, but hand movements didn't need to be concealed.

One of his big hands still tightly gripped Sophie's big tit exposed outside. Five fingers sank into the soft flesh.

And friends who often have sex definitely know that this kind of suppressed sex is more tiring than directly going hard.

Richard had to constantly control the force of his waist, and also divert attention to notice whether that damned tatami would make creaking sounds.

Not long after, a layer of fine sweat beads seeped on his forehead, sliding down his cheeks and dripping onto Sophie's smooth back.

"Huff… huff…"

Roughly thrusting for another minute, Richard panted roughly and stopped his movements.

That big cock was now deeply buried in Sophie's little hole, tightly adsorbed by those warm, tight flesh walls. So comfortable he only wanted to stop like this and rest a bit.

But he wanted to stop. Sophie didn't agree.

This feeling of neither going down nor going up was like going to the bathroom without bringing paper—the most torturous.

For a moment the emptiness inside Sophie's body greatly flourished. Father-in-law's big cock stopped inside without moving, making her feel itchy and unbearable.

This old lecher, why did he stop?

Sophie complained in her heart. That rebellious and slutty streak originating from her bones floated up again.

In the next instant she bit her lower lip, seductive eyes like silk. Her waist actually actively began to twist.

The perky big white ass swayed left and right, grinding in circles on that thick cock. The tender flesh inside the hole also contracted in waves, actively squeezing and stroking that bad thing that was resting.

Daughter-in-law's this sudden active assault made the completely unprepared Richard's scalp explode. That pleasure of being sucked by thousands of little mouths at the same time almost made him surrender on the spot.

Unable to hold it, a extremely muffled low roar left his mouth.

In this silent room, although this low roar was brief, it was also like a thunderclap.

The instant Richard made the sound he instantly froze. Even his breathing stopped.

Sophie was also so scared her whole body stiffened. Her ass didn't dare move another bit.

The two just maintained this extremely lewd joined posture, pricking up their ears to listen to the movements behind them.

They also didn’t know whether this sound had been heard by Ethan, or transmitted into Helen’s ears.

(End of Chapter 115)

CHAPTER 116

Jolted Awake

Ethan Hale curled tightly under the quilt and waited for a long time.

Finally, his father's low, muffled groan came through—just as he was getting excited—but that was all.

After that sudden sound, the other side of the room went completely silent.

Had they stopped?

Ethan's brow furrowed. A restless, unsatisfied ache surged through him, the kind that comes from wanting something and being denied it.

His thick cock had already pushed his underwear into a high, obvious tent. Pre-cum leaked from the tip, wetting a small patch of fabric. The discomfort was almost unbearable.

Minutes crawled by like that.

Just as Ethan finally lost his patience and stealthily extended one hand toward the side of the bed—toward his mother Helen's soft, full breasts, hoping the touch would ease the burning need—

"Mmm…"

A suppressed, bone-meltingly sweet nasal moan slipped into his ear without warning.

In an instant, a jolt of electricity shot straight to the top of Ethan's head. Every pore on his body opened.

Right after his wife's soft moan came the heavy, labored breathing of a man.

The sounds themselves weren't loud.

But this was Serenity Peaks. The private villa was built in the Japanese wooden style, and while the soundproofing wasn't perfect, they were deep in the mountains. There was no city traffic, no distant noise. In this stillness, even a pin dropping would have sounded like thunder to Ethan's ears.

So the hand he had only half-extended jerked back as if shocked, and he clutched the quilt tighter around himself.

About thirty seconds later, the lewd sounds returned. This time they were accompanied by the faint, sticky noise of wet flesh being stirred.

Squish… squish…

Listening carefully, it was the unmistakable sound of two bodies locked tightly together, the wet squelch forced out by every deep thrust.

Ethan bit down hard on his lower lip, excitement surging. In the next moment, dialogue finally drifted across the room:

"Dad… move a little more…"

Sophie's voice carried a slight sob, mixed with desperate, endless need. It was filthy to the extreme.

"Wait… wait a second… I'm afraid they'll wake up…"

Richard Hale's voice was wound tight, every word squeezed out between clenched teeth, trembling with the effort of holding back.

"It's fine… just go slower… hurry, please…"

Unable to endure it any longer, Sophie's tone suddenly grew urgent.

"You're too big… it feels uncomfortable just sitting inside like this… so full… it aches…"

The moment Ethan heard his wife talking about his father's size, his whole body jerked hard under the covers.

His own wife and his own father were fucking right now.

His father's cock—thicker, darker, and older than his own—was buried deep inside the tight little pussy that had always belonged only to him.

That snug passage, the one only he had been allowed to enter for the past two years, was now being brutally stretched open and filled to every last fold by his father's veiny, wrinkled shaft.

Shame, rage, jealousy, and a twisted, mind-burning pleasure flooded Ethan's head all at once. His cock throbbed so painfully it felt ready to explode.

Before Ethan could even move, Richard—clearly stimulated by the words "too big"—let his voice drop lower.

"Then I'll move a little… hold it in… don't make any more noise…"

The moment he finished speaking—

Schlick… schlick…

Slow but powerful thrusts began.

Even with his eyes closed, Ethan's mind instantly painted the scene:

In the dim light, Sophie lay on her side on the tatami like a pure white ewe. The neckline of her champagne-colored evening dress had already been torn open, the fabric bunched around her waist, exposing the smooth, jade-like curve of her back.

Her black over-the-knee stockings still clung to her long, straight legs, which trembled helplessly with every impact from the man behind her.

Richard's body—slightly softer with age yet still thick and solid—pressed tightly against Sophie's back. His hands were probably roughly kneading her snow-white breasts while the thick, black-red dragon between his legs drove tirelessly in and out between her thighs.

Every thrust pulled out a glistening spray of love juice.

Every withdrawal flipped out the soft, pink inner flesh.

The thought of the tight little hole he had fucked for two years, those layers of soft folds now greedily clenching around his father's big cock, made Ethan's toes curl with excitement.

Under the quilt, he couldn't stop himself from grabbing his own burning shaft and stroking it furiously in time with the wet sounds growing faster in his ears.

Squish… squish… slap… slap…

The noises grew louder. Even though Richard was clearly trying to control himself, the crisp sound of flesh hitting flesh kept leaking through.

"Mmm… ah… ah… yes… yes, just like that… ah… ah, Dad, harder… grope my tits… harder… ah…"

Sophie's moans, sweet enough to melt bone, linked together into one continuous stream, hooking at the listener's nerves until they itched unbearably.

Listening to these utterly depraved sounds, Ethan stroked himself faster and faster, his breathing growing ragged.

At the same time, he kept imagining exactly how his father's cockhead was slamming inside his wife's pussy, how it was hitting that sensitive spot only he had ever known about.

After another few minutes—perhaps because Ethan's side of the room had stayed so convincingly quiet—Richard's courage clearly grew.

The pace of his thrusts changed from careful and restrained into wide, heavy strokes.

Slap-slap-slap-slap…

It sounded like someone clapping right beside them.

Sophie completely lost herself.

The taboo of being fucked hard from behind by her father-in-law while her husband lay only a short distance away wiped her mind blank.

She stopped suppressing herself. She stopped moaning quietly. She started crying out wantonly.

"Ah… Dad, you're so good… faster… I want it… I want to cum…"

"Ah… just like that… you hit it… that's a place Ethan never reached… mmm… so good…"

In the shadows Ethan couldn't see, Sophie's left hand—still wearing her wedding ring—slid upward like a boneless snake and gripped the large hand that was roughly kneading her left breast.

Her slender fingers threaded into Richard's rough ones and pressed them down harder, as if he still wasn't being rough enough.

Being called "Dad" over and over made Richard's scalp go numb. He had never felt anything this stimulating in his entire life.

The forbidden pleasure of playing with his daughter-in-law right under his son's nose made his old cock swell even thicker, hardness rivaling the vigorous youth he had been twenty years ago.

But Richard was no longer young. The intense stimulation made the urge to cum grow stronger and stronger. His control was slipping.

Yet the thought that he might never get another chance like this made him grit his teeth. If he came now, he would regret it for the rest of his life.

Forehead veins bulging, sweat dripping onto Sophie's pale back, he drove forward one more time with savage force. His cock buried itself to the root and slammed hard against her tender cervix.

Slap!

At the same time Sophie's whole body jerked violently. A high, sharp scream tore out of her before she bit down on her lower lip at the last second, barely keeping the sound from filling the entire room.

"Yes, Dad… just like that… I'm about to break…"

Richard panted, a crooked smile on his face.

"Ha… you… you little slut of a daughter-in-law… Daddy's going to fuck you to death…"

As he spoke, he stretched his neck and sealed Sophie's chattering mouth with a hard kiss.

Mmmph!

Their tongues tangled wildly inside each other's mouths, saliva mixing, wet sucking sounds filling the air and swallowing the filthy words until only muffled, throaty whimpers remained.

Listening to the bestial, lewd sounds from the other side of the room, Ethan felt like his brain was boiling.

His hand moved so fast it blurred. The head of his cock burned against his palm. Waves of pleasure kept crashing over him, yet he still couldn't reach the peak.

Not enough.

Still not enough.

This was nothing but scratching an itch through a boot—being able to hear but not touch. It could never satisfy him.

He was a man who currently had a beautiful wife in front of him and both his mother and sister waiting to be tasted. How could ordinary stroking possibly be enough?

His cock ached and swelled, but no matter how hard he squeezed, it always felt like it was missing that final spark.

The emptiness made him want to roar.

In the next instant, Ethan's bloodshot eyes shifted downward in the darkness.

By the faint light coming through the window, he saw the soft curve lying beside him.

His mother, Helen Hale, was sleeping on her side facing him.

The white shirt she wore had most of its buttons undone. The collar hung loosely open, revealing a flesh-colored lace bra and more than half of her full, creamy breasts.

With every steady breath, those soft mounds rose and fell gently, releasing a mature woman's scent that drifted straight into his nostrils.

His gaze continued lower.

She wore a knee-length skirt that had ridden up slightly because of her sleeping position, exposing a pair of beautiful legs sheathed in nude stockings.

In the dim light, his mother's long legs glowed with a soft, pearl-like sheen.

Unlike Sophie's young, tight firmness, Helen's legs were fuller, rounder, every curve carrying the weight of years and a quiet, dignified sensuality.

They were no longer girlishly slender, yet they overflowed with maternal softness and an irresistible carnal tension.

The tops of the stockings bit into the soft flesh of her upper thighs, creating faint, shallow marks that would make most men lose control.

Unfortunately for everyone involved, Ethan was most men.

He swallowed hard, then—moving like a thief—held his breath and carefully slid his fingers downward until the tips lightly touched his mother's thigh. The silky sensation traveled straight up his palm.

When Helen showed no reaction and her breathing stayed even, Ethan's courage grew.

In the next moment he pressed his entire palm against her soft thigh, gently stroking the tender flesh while his fingers toyed with the lace edge where the stocking dug in.

Even under her son's touch, Helen still didn't wake. She only let out a soft hum in her sleep and instinctively shifted her body.

The movement made her full, rounded ass arch backward slightly—exactly the invitation Ethan needed.

He quietly lifted one corner of the quilt and adjusted his position without a sound.

Turning slightly onto his side, he tensed his waist, then pushed forward and freed his thick, burning cock from his underwear.

The purplish-red head, glistening with pre-cum, pressed toward the tempting gap between his mother's closed thighs.

The sensation nearly made him cry out.

Because one stocking sat higher than the other, one side of his cock was squeezed against the warm, soft inner skin of her bare thigh while the other side rubbed against the fine, silky stocking.

His shaft was tightly clamped between them. The friction of skin against stocking, mixed with the intense taboo, made his scalp tingle.

Even though he was dying to move, he forced himself to wait a few seconds before he began to rock his hips.

Facing his own mother, Ethan slowly thrust forward. The head of his cock dragged across the stocking that bit into her flesh. The slight resistance only made it better.

Right now he was listening to his father fuck his wife while he secretly fucked his mother's thighs with his cock.

The insane picture of the entire family drowning in incest filled him with wild joy.

He panted, moving faster and harder.

His hips began to produce soft *slap-slap* sounds.

Just as Ethan was losing himself in the thigh-fucking, completely unable to stop—

"Hmm?"

A soft, confused sound broke his rhythm.

Helen's beautiful phoenix eyes fluttered. Her lashes trembled, and under the continuous stimulation, she slowly opened them.

Their eyes met.

Ethan's heart lurched. It felt like a bucket of ice water had been dumped over his head. Instinctively he started to pull his cock back.

But when he saw the dazed, half-asleep look in his mother's eyes and realized she wasn't fully awake yet, a lightning-fast, extremely bold decision formed.

He didn't retreat.

Instead he thrust forward hard, wedging his cock even deeper between her thighs.

Then he quickly raised one hand, pressed a finger to his lips, and made a shushing gesture.

"Shh… Mom, don't make a sound…"

Helen's originally panicked phoenix eyes, upon hearing the familiar word "Mom" and seeing that the person in front of her was her most beloved son, slowly focused. The fear eased a little.

It was Ethan…

But before her mind could fully process why she was sleeping beside her son, why his face was so close, the strange sensation between her legs returned.

Ethan couldn't hold back. He kept moving his hips. His thick cock slid in and out between Helen's thighs.

Schlick… schlick…

The sound of stocking rubbing against cockhead filled the small space.

Every stroke sent a sharp, tingling itch racing up the nerves of her inner thighs and straight into her long-neglected core.

The feeling of her son's cock thrusting between her legs instantly dragged Helen back to that night in the small motel that smelled of disinfectant.

She had been forced to use her hand first, then her legs… and in the end… that same cock had pierced straight through her body…

The memory made a hot rush of fluid surge from deep in her lower abdomen.

Helen felt her panties grow wet. Panic immediately rose in her chest.

No… this can't happen… everyone is in this room…

Richard and her daughter-in-law are right beside them…

She wanted to clamp her legs shut, to push her son away, but her body had already turned soft as mud. She had no strength.

So Helen bit her lip, eyes filled with a tangled mix of pleading and resistance, and leaned close to Ethan's ear. In a voice only the two of them could hear, she trembled and whispered:

"Ethan… can we not do this here? We… we can go next door…"

Next door?

Ethan's movements paused for a fraction of a second. Then the corner of his mouth curved into a wicked smile.

So Mother wanted it too.

She was inviting him to go somewhere private and fuck.

But if the two of them got up and crossed the room in the dead of night, they would definitely make noise and interrupt Sophie and his father, who were still going at it on the other side.

Besides…

Ethan glanced at the two dark, writhing shapes not far away, listened to Sophie's suppressed, wanton cries, then looked back down at his mother's flushed face, the expression that was half refusal and half invitation.

Right now, with his wife being fucked and his father actively fucking her only a short distance away, he was playing with his own mother.

Wasn't that even more stimulating?

CHAPTER 117

Both Entering

The night was ink-black.

Outside, the occasional rustle of wind through leaves only made the stifled, heart-pounding gasps inside the room feel louder.

The two quilts had been pushed together. In the darkness, Ethan lay on his side at the far right, his mother Helen cradled in his arms, his cock still nestled between her thighs.

By any normal measure he should have stopped, or done what she had hinted at—moved to the next room, the bathroom, anywhere empty.

But once that twisted fire started burning, reason had no chance of putting it out.

The woman in his arms was soft as spring water.

Even in her forties, Helen's figure was still excellently kept. Especially the line of her back—full without being heavy, the groove of her spine winding down until it disappeared into the plump, rounded flesh of her ass.

The years hadn't loosened her skin. Instead she was like a perfectly ripe fruit; the lightest squeeze and juice would spill.

Ethan's palm rested on his mother's thick ass. The impossibly soft flesh filled his hand.

He didn't agree to her request. Instead his arm tightened and he suddenly pulled her entire body into his chest.

Warm softness flooded against him. Her two heavy breasts flattened from the pressure, spreading soft and heavy across his chest like two doughy cakes that had been squashed.

Instantly the already rock-hard cock between his legs felt like a torch someone had poured oil on. A sharp, aching throb shot through it.

In the next moment Ethan couldn't help rocking his hips again between his mother's thighs.

The thick, rigid shaft dragged against her legs. Helen's body jerked hard. She instinctively opened her mouth to cry out, but the word "no" barely reached her throat before panic seized her first.

She couldn't make a sound.

Her husband Richard was right behind them. Even with a body between them, even if he was asleep, any noise was far too dangerous.

Thinking that, Helen quickly raised her hand and clamped it tightly over her own mouth.

But the movement left her other hand with nowhere to go. The one that had been pushing against her son's chest slipped around and ended up looped behind his neck.

Ethan froze for a second at the sudden embrace.

Then he decided for himself that his mother was silently allowing it.

So the movement of his lower body grew larger. The head of his cock thrust again and again against the hot, damp center of her thighs, sending waves of numbing current through both of them.

Only then did Helen, her mind half-drowned in heat, suddenly remember a fatal problem.

She was here—but where was her daughter-in-law Sophie?

After that earlier ridiculous game had ended, Sophie was supposed to be sleeping in this spot, wasn't she?

Before her muddled brain could finish the thought, one of Ethan's hands had already slid up the inside of her thigh. His fingertips flipped lightly and hooked the edge of her panties.

Helen's thoughts shattered. Her beautiful eyes flew wide open.

In that moment, by the faint light leaking in from the window, she looked at her son's face only inches away—young, handsome, twisted with a desire that made her heart skip.

Something stirred in her chest. How could the man in front of her still count as her son?

He was clearly her little husband.

While she was thinking that, Ethan had already hooked her panties and started pulling them down.

Helen snapped back to herself. She quickly let go of his neck and frantically pressed her hands against the large hand that was doing wrong.

"Mmm! No, don't!"

Her lips trembled. She screamed the words only in her heart, not daring to let any sound out.

But her strength, in front of Ethan with every drop of blood in his body currently in his cock, was like an ant trying to shake a tree.

She had only just been startled half-awake. Her body was already soft, and that iron-hard cock grinding against the center of her thighs had long since melted half of her.

She simply couldn't win.

Helpless, she could only watch as that big hand roughly dragged her panties down her thighs, then peeled them the rest of the way to her ankles.

Her lower body was suddenly bare. A cool draft rushed in.

In the very next instant a scorching object pressed against her again.

"Mmm!"

Scorched by her son's cock, the burning heat made Helen's entire body go rigid. All ten of her toes, like green grapes, instantly curled tight.

Desperate to keep things from becoming completely unsalvageable, Helen quickly leaned to Ethan's ear and begged in a bare whisper:

"Ethan, don't… not here, mmm!"

She hadn't even finished speaking when Ethan's hips drove forward. The thick head of his cock forced its way into the seam of her thighs.

Her pussy still hadn't produced enough wetness. It was dry and tight; the friction wasn't smooth.

But because of that, the cockhead could clearly feel the plump shape of his mother's outer lips.

The raw sensation of hard flesh grinding soft flesh made Ethan suck in a sharp breath of pure pleasure.

And right now, body on fire, he had no interest in listening to her pleading.

Not here? Then where?

Right here. Right next to his father.

For a while Ethan only cared about savagely thrusting his cock through his mother's tightly closed thighs. The shaft scraped the tender skin on the insides, producing muffled *squish-squish* sounds.

Helen kept both hands clamped over her mouth. Tears gathered at the corners of her eyes.

Shame, fear, and the pleasure that kept rising uncontrollably from deep between her legs threatened to drown her like a tide.

She couldn't hold it in. Soft, muffled moans leaked between her fingers.

"Mmm… ah…"

…

On Sophie's side.

In the darkness her beautiful eyes gleamed.

Richard, that old lecher, might be getting on in years, but his cock was terrifyingly thick.

Right now he was holding Sophie from behind and pounding into her with single-minded force.

Because he was the one doing most of the work, and because all his attention was locked inside his daughter-in-law's tight, almost virgin-like little pussy, he was huffing and puffing too hard to really notice the sounds behind him.

But Sophie heard every bit of it clearly.

The soft rustle of fabric, the suppressed low breathing, and the one or two soft moans that escaped.

Wasn't that her mother-in-law Helen's voice?

The corner of Sophie's mouth curved into a playful, filthy smile.

Helen was definitely awake too.

And under these circumstances, being manhandled by her own son, she still hadn't exploded? Hadn't screamed and kicked Ethan off the bed?

Even those low gasps sounded more like reluctant-but-willing teasing.

The thought that this normally upright mother and son pair actually dared to mess around right in front of her, on the same tatami, sent excitement straight to Sophie's head.

That rush made her little pussy clamp down hard, squeezing Richard tightly.

"Oh… so tight… Sophie…"

Richard let out a low, pleasure-filled growl and sped up.

Sophie, however, was no longer satisfied.

Facing away from them, only able to listen—how was that enough?

She wanted to see it. She wanted to watch with her own eyes exactly what that usually dignified mother-in-law looked like right now, pinned under her own son and acting like a slut.

So in the next moment Sophie suddenly arched her long, pale neck backward. Her blonde hair spilled messily across the pillow as she breathed hotly into her father-in-law's ear:

"Dad, let's change positions."

Richard paused, his movements slowing half a beat. A thousand thoughts flashed through his lust-fogged brain.

He thought his daughter-in-law had finally come around and wanted him to properly pin her down and fuck her.

This side-lying position was comfortable—he could pull her fragrant, slippery body fully into his chest and still free a hand to grope those big tits he had been drooling over—but he was no longer young. Side-position thrusting demanded more core strength, and he still had to carefully control the force so he wouldn't make noise. It wasn't letting him fully enjoy it.

Now that she was actively suggesting a change, of course he agreed at once.

"Good, good, let's switch to something more comfortable for you…"

Richard answered eagerly, voice thick with impatience.

But before his excitement could last long, Sophie shifted forward. With a soft *pop* the thick cock, coated in her juices, slipped out of her. In the next second she did not lie on her back and open her legs the way he expected.

She stayed on her side.

She simply turned over in the dark.

From having her back to Richard, she now faced him.

In the faint light Richard saw his daughter-in-law clearly.

The neckline of Sophie's champagne silk nightgown had been completely torn open. A pair of snow-white breasts trembled lightly in the air, the two pink tips standing proudly, radiating silent seduction.

Under her father-in-law's gaze, Sophie's eyes turned soft and seductive. She lifted one long, stocking-clad leg and lightly draped it over Richard's waist.

This position…

Richard's throat went dry. The cock between his legs hardened until it felt ready to burst.

Once Sophie had settled, she extended a soft, boneless hand, reached down, and gripped her father-in-law's big cock—still slick with her fluids and burning hot.

Her fingertip lightly scraped across the huge head. The old man shuddered all over.

Then she stopped teasing. She guided that ugly yet powerful thing to her pink little entrance, and drove her hips forward.

Schlick—

It slid back into her tight pussy.

"Oh!"

Filled once more by her father-in-law's thick cock, the fullness made Sophie throw her pale neck back. A wanton moan she couldn't suppress escaped her throat.

"Ah… Dad… you're so big…"

But only three parts of that cry were for Richard.

The other seven were meant to provoke the mother and son behind them.

Compared to pure physical pleasure, Sophie had something more important to do right now.

She needed to confirm what was happening on the other side.

In the next moment she rested her chin on Richard's shoulder. Her gaze slid past her father-in-law's broad back and locked onto the movement over there.

On Ethan's side.

Helen first.

Hearing the lewd sounds coming from behind her—the *slap-slap* of flesh, her daughter-in-law's unrestrained moans, her husband's heavy breathing—even if she was slow, she finally understood.

Those shameless bastards!

They actually dared to fuck right in front of her, in this same place!

They weren't even trying to hide it!

Shame, anger, and shock rolled through her chest all at once.

In the past she would have already jumped up, slapped someone, and cursed the father and daughter-in-law until they were covered in blood.

But right now she didn't even dare move.

She had no right to explode either.

Because she herself was doing the exact same filthy, low thing with her son.

Just moments ago she had even been thinking about going to the next room so her son could fuck her properly and fill her womb with that big cock.

Self-disgust rose inside her, making her whole body tremble.

Even though she couldn't lash out, the grievance and sharp jealousy in her heart refused to stay down.

That old man usually just buried his head and pounded her in bed. How was he being so careful with that little vixen?

And Sophie—normally acting like some refined young lady—sounded this slutty when she moaned?

What a little fox!

Helen bit her lip, acid filling her chest.

All she could do was bury her face deeper and hug her son tighter, seeking some comfort from it.

Between her legs, her son's cock was still thrusting in and out without pause.

That feeling of being needed, of being desired, had somehow become her only consolation right now.

Back to Ethan.

Listening to his wife's completely unrestrained moans on the other side, feeling the woman in his arms go from stiff to obedient to clinging tightly to him, he could roughly guess that his mother already knew everything.

Since she knew, there was no point pretending anymore.

Once the paper window was torn open, the beast inside was fully free.

A twisted excitement rushed through his veins.

You're fucking over there, so I'm fucking over here!

Driven by lust, Ethan's eyes darkened. He was no longer satisfied with this thigh-fucking that only scratched the itch.

He grabbed one of his mother's beautiful legs. It was no longer as slender as a young girl's, but it was wonderfully full of flesh.

He showed none of his usual gentleness with her. He roughly hooked the leg over his own waist.

Her lower body was fully open. Helen let out a startled gasp.

Ethan ignored it. After finishing the movement he gripped his own swollen, purple-red cock and, without the slightest hesitation, drove it straight toward his mother's hidden entrance.

Her vagina had been stimulated, but there had been almost no real foreplay. It wasn't fully wet yet.

Only a little clear fluid clung to the slightly parted opening.

Fortunately the head of Ethan's cock had already coated itself with pre-cum while rubbing between her thighs, so it was somewhat slick.

Schlick.

With a lewd sound, the thick head forced the closed lips apart.

There was resistance, but the tight grip only made it more maddening.

Ethan gritted his teeth and slammed his hips forward hard.

Pop!

The entire length sank in.

The sensation of breaking through layer after layer of soft flesh and bottoming out against her cervix was so good it made his scalp go numb.

"Mmm!"

Helen cried out in pain. Her nails dug deep into Ethan's back.

Too big… too hard…

"Fuck, that feels good!"

Ethan let out a low roar, pleasure making him throw his head back.

And the instant he lifted his head, his gaze cut through the darkness, past his mother's body—

—and met Sophie's eyes, shining in the dark and full of excitement.

Their eyes locked.

One was a son currently fucking his own mother.

The other was a daughter-in-law currently being fucked by her father-in-law.

For a moment the air seemed to freeze, then instantly catch fire.

Sophie looked at the intimate position of her husband holding her mother-in-law. The corner of her mouth curved into an extremely lewd smile. She stuck out her tongue and licked her dry lips.

Under that gaze Ethan felt the thing between his legs swell even thicker. With a savage grin, right in front of his wife, he grabbed his mother's ass and truly began to thrust.

CHAPTER 118

Overflowing

The light inside the room was dim. A flushed face swayed only a short distance from Ethan.

It was no one else—his own wife, Sophie.

Only right now, that usually bright and charming face wasn't flushed from his touch. It was flushed because she was taking his father Richard's cock, writhing under him.

Ethan held his mother's warm, full body in his arms and stared straight ahead.

A scene that made his blood boil filled his vision.

His father's back—slightly softer with age yet still thick and solid—was thrusting wildly. Every forward drive looked like it might snap his wife's slender waist in half.

And Ethan himself had his own iron-hot cock buried deep inside the mother who had given birth to him.

Helen beneath him looked beautiful enough to pass for a younger woman.

The originally modest white shirt she wore was already ruined. Every button had popped open; the fabric hung messily around her arms, exposing large stretches of skin fine as mutton-fat jade.

The flesh-colored lace bra was half-off, hanging from one rounded shoulder. One large, full breast had spilled free of its restraint and trembled in the air with every one of Ethan's thrusts, the areola a soft brownish-red.

Ethan's hand tightly gripped Helen's thigh, still wrapped in the nude stocking.

The stocking was thin as a cicada's wing, clinging to the graceful lines of her leg. When his fingertips touched it, the sensation was slick with a faint fabric roughness. The contrast was enough to steal a man's soul.

He lifted that leg high, opening the secret place between his mother's thighs as wide as possible so his vein-bulging cock could drive straight in without obstruction.

"Ugh… mmm… mmm… slower… slower… ah…"

Helen bit her lower lip hard. Her teeth left the flesh pale. Tears spilled from the corners of her eyes, sliding down her temples and disappearing into the pillow.

Her mind was a tangled mess.

On one side, only a few feet away, her husband in name was shamelessly fucking their daughter-in-law right in front of her.

The sound of flesh slapping—*slap slap*—every hit felt like a slap across her own face.

But on the other side, even more absurd, she herself was pinned under her own son, being fucked again and again by a cock younger and harder than her husband's.

Over the past period she and Ethan had already been intimate many times. Subconsciously, that feeling of being filled had even made her start treating her son as her man.

But tonight was different.

This affair happening right under her husband's nose, this scene of four people in one room, two pairs fucking, was more stimulating than anything before.

Pleasure mixed with shame washed over her like a tide, making it hard to breathe.

She wanted to push him away, wanted to refuse, wanted to shout and condemn all of this madness.

But her body betrayed her will.

Inside her tight, warm passage the soft folds moved on their own, greedily sucking at her son's cock.

Helen had no strength left to resist. Those jade-like hands instead climbed uncontrollably up her son's back. Her nails dug deep into the firm muscle, leaving scratches.

The lewd affair of this loving mother and son, even with the quilt slightly covering them, could not escape Sophie's eyes.

Sophie faced Richard, legs wide open, her entire body wrapped around her father-in-law like a vine.

Her position was perfect. Her gaze slipped past his shoulder and clearly saw the two entangled bodies opposite them.

In the dim light she watched Ethan moving with steady rhythm. Every deep thrust was accompanied by Helen's suppressed, muffled moans.

Though she couldn't see the details of where they connected, the thrusting motion and the merciless force made the fact of what was happening impossible to miss.

Slutty cunt.

Sophie cursed silently, yet the corner of her mouth curved into an extremely lewd smile.

The usually dignified and virtuous mother-in-law was now being fucked half to death by her own son, acting like a bitch in heat.

Sophie had long known about the things between them—she had even helped push them along—but she had only ever heard about it. She had never seen it laid bare in front of her like this.

Watching the big cock that had once belonged only to her now buried inside his mother's pussy—

Eh, why did that sound like an insult?

Didn't matter!

This extreme sense of taboo turned into raging desire and lit every nerve in Sophie's body.

Her champagne silk dress had bunched around her waist from the violent movement, like a flower both blooming and wilting.

The neckline gaped open. A black lace halter bra barely contained her pair of snow-white breasts. With every tremor of her body those two soft mounds squeezed and deformed against the lace edge, sending out shocking waves of flesh.

Below, she wore nothing. A pair of beautiful legs sheathed in black over-the-knee stockings, long and straight, the stocking tops biting into her upper thighs and leaving shallow marks against the pale skin, looking especially erotic.

When Richard drove forward again, Sophie felt a spasm between her legs. Her already wet channel clenched hard, biting tightly around Richard's cock.

Orgasm was close. Her arms tightened without thought, locking around her father-in-law's neck. One stocking-clad ankle lifted high and hooked around his waist as she breathed hotly into his ear:

"Dad… fuck me… fuck me hard…"

Richard was already going at it with full force.

Even though this side-lying position made his old waist work a little harder and he couldn't fully stretch out, tonight his daughter-in-law's pussy was unbelievably tight.

It felt like countless suction cups inside, fighting to suck on his cockhead, making his scalp tingle.

With her thigh draped over his waist the way was wide open, letting him thrust as deep as he wanted.

Hearing Sophie's tearful request, Richard could no longer hold back. Hot blood rushed to his head. He no longer cared whether his son and wife were still asleep nearby and answered at once:

"Good! Daddy's going to fuck you hard… and then creampie you, okay?"

Hearing that her father-in-law was going to cum inside her again, Sophie's sensitive flower clenched violently. A large amount of love juice gushed out like a spring, pouring over Richard's dark-purple cock and producing wet *squish-squish* sounds.

"Mmm… cum inside… shoot it all in… pour all your cum into me…"

Her words were wanton and bold. Her dazed eyes carried a hint of challenge as she stared straight at her husband, who was still fucking his mother on the other side.

In the next moment Richard seemed to receive some command. Both hands viciously gripped Sophie's round, perky ass, fingers sinking into the soft flesh, and he began to thrust with wild force.

Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!

The lewd sound of flesh colliding suddenly exploded, crystal clear as it reached the other side.

Every impact came with Sophie's wanton cries and the constant swaying of those snowy breasts.

Richard had already been close to cumming; he had only been gritting his teeth and holding on. This high-intensity sprint finally made him unable to restrain himself.

He clenched his back teeth, veins jumping on his neck, his slightly aged face full of lust:

"I'm… I'm coming… you little slut… Daddy's giving it to you…"

In that moment Sophie felt the cock inside her suddenly swell. The head pressed against her cervix, making her whole body tremble.

"I'm… I'm coming too… Dad… Dad… do you love me…"

Perhaps it was pure female instinct. In this extremely chaotic moment Sophie actually asked such an absurd question.

Richard had no rationality left to think about love or anything else. He only knew that this young, seductive body had made him feel reborn.

"Love! I love your little slutty cunt to death… ah… I'm coming!"

The words had barely left his mouth when Richard drove deep one last time, ramming his cock into the deepest part of Sophie's womb and pressing tightly against that soft flesh.

Schlick—

A thick, scalding stream of semen erupted like a volcano from the tip, fiercely spraying over Sophie's tender cervix.

"Ah—!"

The moment that hot cum poured over her deepest place, Sophie instantly climaxed. Her whole body arched backward, her long neck drawing a beautiful curve. It was as if she had been electrocuted. Her lower abdomen heaved violently, her vaginal walls spasmed and clenched madly around the still-spurting cock, as if trying to milk it completely dry.

In the next moment white semen mixed with clear love juice overflowed from the seam where they were joined, dripping onto the bedding and spreading into dark wet stains.

Hearing the sounds from that side—especially Sophie's "do you love me" and his father's "I love you to death"—Ethan felt a sharp jolt in his chest.

An indescribable sourness mixed with even stronger excitement and exploded inside him.

His own wife was asking his father if he loved her.

And his father was currently shooting his cum inside his daughter-in-law's pussy.

This extreme NTR pleasure made the already iron-hard cock between Ethan's legs swell even more. The head jumped excitedly.

Ethan refused to be outdone—or rather, he was infected by this filthy atmosphere.

Holding his mother's thigh, he increased the swing of his hips. Every thrust went extremely deep and heavy.

But he deliberately controlled the distance, only letting his cock move halfway in and out, avoiding direct flesh-on-flesh impact between himself and his mother's ass so he wouldn't make too much noise.

"Mom… does it feel good?"

Facing her son's low whisper by her ear, Helen was already completely lost.

The lewd sounds behind her were like demonic music. In front of her, her son kept pressing closer.

She bit her lips tightly, both hands clutching the sheets beneath her.

It felt good—the sense of being filled was something she hadn't experienced in years—but the shame inside her still made her grit her teeth and refuse to make a single sound.

Seeing this, a teasing light flashed in Ethan's eyes.

In the next moment he suddenly pulled his cock outward with bad intentions until it was caught at the entrance, then slammed his hips forward hard, ramming directly against his mother's extremely sensitive cervix.

"Ah!"

Caught off guard, a sweet, startled cry burst from Helen's mouth.

But she reacted extremely fast. The sound had barely escaped before she quickly raised the hand still wearing her wedding ring and clamped it tightly over her own mouth. Only a pair of terrified yet alluring phoenix eyes remained, watery as they glared at her son.

The corner of Ethan's mouth curved into a successful smile.

Ethan wasn't afraid of his father hearing, and right now the other side couldn't hear them anyway.

Richard was lying on Sophie, panting heavily, his ears full of her post-orgasm breathing. He had no attention left for this side.

Ethan continued attacking his mother with dirty talk. The movements of his lower body grew faster and harder.

Looking at his mother's still-charming face, twisted and dazed by desire, watching those beautiful legs in nude stockings kick helplessly in the air, it didn't take long before Ethan felt the urge to cum surge over him like a tide. A numbing wave ran up from his tailbone.

"Mom… I'm about to come too…"

But the situation was different from before.

In the past, even in the bedroom or other places, he could pull out and shoot somewhere else.

Right now his father and wife were only a short distance away.

If he pulled out, the crisp *pop* of withdrawal and the sound of semen hitting skin would be piercingly loud.

And Ethan didn't want to pull out at all.

Stimulated by his wife and father, a desire to completely possess, to leave a mark inside this woman's body, occupied his mind.

So Ethan whispered by his mother's ear, in a voice only the two of them could hear, trembling as he asked:

"Mom… can I… cum inside?"

The moment the words fell, Helen's whole body went rigid.

Her beautiful eyes widened, filled with disbelief.

Cum inside?

Once he shot inside, the nature of everything would completely change.

It would no longer be just the release of desire. It would be more like a deep fusion achieved through the exchange of fluids, an almost primitive ritual of reproduction.

Thinking of this, Helen instinctively wanted to push her son away, wanted to shake her head and refuse.

But the words reached her mouth and she swallowed them back down.

Because behind her, Richard and Sophie had just finished. The room was now terrifyingly quiet, with only a few heavy breaths.

If she made too much noise while refusing—even just the creak of the bed from pushing him—she might attract their attention.

Once her husband discovered them…

It would be utter ruin.

Helen closed her eyes in despair. More tears gathered at the corners.

Caught between a rock and a hard place, under the double assault of desire and fear, she finally chose to compromise.

"Mmm…"

The sound was as soft as a mosquito's buzz. If one didn't listen carefully, the wind outside would cover it.

But to Ethan it was no different from heavenly music.

Hearing it, Ethan's heart surged with joy. He no longer held back. Both hands tightly gripped his mother's full thighs and pulled her entire body closer, making their joined place fit even more tightly.

Then he began thrusting with full strength, still carefully avoiding direct body contact.

Even so, the wet *squish-squish* sounds of his thick cock churning wildly inside the juice-filled hole still carried outward.

Because of her son's fucking, Helen's originally tight vagina had grown soft from the prolonged thrusting. Layer after layer of soft folds gently squeezed her son's shaft.

The extreme sensation traveling up his cock, mixed with the massive psychological stimulation of this exact moment and scene, finally made Ethan unable to hold on. Every muscle in his body tensed.

"Mom… I'm cumming…"

With the last deep thrust—*schlick*—just as Richard had creampied his daughter-in-law, Ethan's scalding semen erupted inside his mother.

Seven or eight thick spurts in a row. White essence of life was shot without reservation deep into Helen's womb.

If an egg happened to be released at that moment, Helen would bear a child for her own son.

CHAPTER 119

Changing the Battlefield

It was the middle of the night.

Outside, the wind had finally quieted for a while.

Helen was panting hard. The pair of full breasts on her chest rose and fell in waves with every rapid breath.

Her white shirt was open even wider than before. The flesh-colored lace bra half-covered, half-exposed, pressing out a deep, bottomless cleavage. Fine beads of sweat clung to the creamy skin from the recent passion.

"So… so hot."

Her own son's semen was flowing inside her vagina.

Helen's eyes were a little unfocused. A strand of hair at her temple was damp with sweat and stuck to her flushed cheek, making her look especially beautiful and desolate.

Her mouth was slightly open, red lips trembling, but she couldn't form a complete sentence.

When was the last time her husband Richard had creampied her?

The memory felt separated by a thick layer of gauze—blurry, as if it were some old story from the last century.

But now, the fullness deep in her lower abdomen, that sensation of being filled with scalding liquid, even the slight swollen ache, made her clearly realize once again that she was a woman.

A real woman, one with seven emotions and six desires, one who could swallow a man's essence.

A woman who had given birth to two children.

And the one who had given Helen this extreme experience—making her tremble on the edge of morality and sink into the abyss of taboo—was not the husband sleeping beside her, but her own son.

Helen's whole body was soft as mud. She couldn't gather even a little strength. One beautiful leg wrapped in a nude over-the-knee stocking hung limply against Ethan's waist. Her ten toes, round as green grapes,

were still curled from the lingering aftershocks, gripping the stocking tightly.

"Hah… hah…"

Ethan's breathing was equally heavy, spraying against his mother's neck and making her shrink back slightly.

After cumming, he didn't rush to pull his cock out.

That shaft—which had just been rampaging inside his mother and, even after shooting once, still retained a half-hard stiffness—remained buried in her vagina, plugging the essence that wanted to flow out.

The two of them maintained an extremely intimate, extremely forbidden position.

Face to face, lying on their sides.

Ethan's arm tightly circled his mother's full waist, feeling the pulse of her breathing. His face was buried deep in the crook of her neck, breathing in her scent.

"Mom… did it feel good?"

Helen stared blankly at the wall in front of her. The pale cherry-blossom pattern on the wallpaper twisted and spun in her eyes. She didn't answer her son, and didn't dare to.

How could she say it felt good?

That was the flesh that had come out of her own belly.

But as long as this cock was still inside her, Helen felt like she had found a place to belong. She was no longer lost, no longer alone.

So even though she didn't answer, she also didn't push her son away. Instead, almost instinctively, the hands that had been holding Ethan's back tightened a little more.

The room fell into brief silence again.

About five minutes later, Sophie on the other side was the first to come back to herself.

"Ah…"

A bone-meltingly sweet, soft sound broke the quiet.

Her body after orgasm felt like the bones had been pulled out. Sophie struggled to turn over. Her long, blonde hair slid like silk and spread across Richard's sweat-covered chest.

The neckline of her champagne dress gaped wide, exposing a large stretch of snow-white skin. The black lace bra had been put back on but was still a little crooked, half-covering the two soft mounds on her chest.

Below, the hem of the long dress had been pushed up to her waist. She wore nothing underneath—completely bare—except for a pair of black over-the-knee stockings that tightly wrapped her long, straight legs. The stocking tops bit into her upper thighs, creating a slight indentation that made the flesh there look especially pale, soft, and biteable.

Sophie struggled to prop up her upper body. Looking at her father-in-law, who was already a little dazed beneath her, she slowly leaned to his ear:

"Dad…"

"Earlier in the bathroom… you cleaned me up. Now… let me clean you up too."

Richard had his eyes closed, still savoring how good it had felt. His mind was like it had been filled with paste—muddled. He only felt that this little vixen in his arms was going to take years off his life, so he didn't really catch what kind of "cleaning" his daughter-in-law meant. He just unconsciously hummed through his nose.

The corner of Sophie's mouth curved into a wicked smile. She leaned back slightly.

Pop.

An extremely crisp, extremely lewd soft sound.

Like pulling a cork, she pulled Richard's cock—still soft and resting inside her little hole—out of her body.

As the cock left, the mixture of her father-in-law's semen and her own juices caused a strand of crystal-clear sticky fluid to be drawn out. It stretched into a thin thread in the air, then silently snapped with a soft *pat* and dripped onto the quilt.

Then Sophie's body moved like a fish. With a nimble *swoosh* she slipped under the covers.

It was stuffy and damp inside.

A strong, fishy, musky smell instantly filled her nose.

The scent of semen, the tang of pussy juice, the sourness of sweat, and the smell of a man's crotch all mixed together.

If it had been someone else, they probably would have already gagged.

But Sophie acted as if she had smelled some kind of stimulant. A layer of allure colored the corners of her eyes and brows.

By the faint light filtering through the seam of the quilt, she looked at the cock in front of her—the one that had just been rampaging inside her body and was now hanging soft and dejected.

It was still coated with white semen and clear fluid. A single bead of cum clung to the tip, ready to fall. All of it was proof of her illicit affair and incest with her father-in-law.

Something stirred in her heart. An inexplicable excitement rose.

Sophie gently parted her cherry-red lips and extended her pink tongue tip. First she tentatively, like a kitten drinking water, lightly licked the little eye that was still seeping a bit of fluid.

Slurp…

Salty, with a faint astringent taste.

Sophie narrowed her eyes as if tasting it, then opened her moist little mouth again and took the soft flesh, covered in both of their fluids, fully into her mouth.

Slurp… suck…

Soft but clear sucking sounds carried out through the quilt.

Sophie's tongue nimbly swirled over the soft cock, scraping off the remaining semen and pussy juice bit by bit, rolling them into her mouth and swallowing them down.

Finally, she wickedly used her teeth to lightly scrape the coronal ridge, making the soft flesh twitch.

"Mmm…"

Richard, half-asleep, hummed in pleasure twice. His old face relaxed. His palm unconsciously stroked the head that was rising and falling under the quilt. His fingers threaded through the soft, beautiful hair, as if petting a docile pet.

Only after Sophie had finished the full “post-sex cleaning” for her father-in-law—licking the entire cock clean until not a trace of foreign smell remained—did she contentedly poke her head out.

She extended her tongue tip and licked the remaining strand of fluid at the corner of her mouth with lingering enjoyment. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes bright. She looked like a cat that had just stolen a taste of fish, or like a well-behaved little wife. She once again hugged Richard’s thick arm, pressed her face to his chest, and nestled in his arms, pretending to sleep.

Time passed second by second.

The breathing beside her gradually became steady and deep. Richard seemed to have completely fallen into a deep sleep. Soft snoring came from his throat.

Sophie, however, slowly opened her eyes.

Her watery eyes were completely clear. There wasn’t the slightest bit of sleepiness. Instead they sparkled with excitement.

This level wasn’t enough to fill such a crazy night.

Sophie carefully moved her father-in-law’s arm off her body and quietly crawled out of the covers.

The champagne dress still hung messily on her. It couldn’t hide the chaos all over her body; because of her recent movements it only looked more disheveled and alluring.

Step by step she moved to the quilt on the far right.

There, Ethan was lying on his side with his back to her. Under the raised quilt, another person was clearly still hidden.

In the darkness Ethan seemed to sense something. He slowly opened his eyes, turned his head slightly, and their gazes met.

A complicated light flashed in the depths of Ethan’s eyes—surprise, amusement, and more than anything an unspoken understanding. The corner of his mouth lifted slightly into a curve.

Sophie’s gaze followed down from Ethan’s waist.

In the corner of the quilt that had been lifted, her husband’s thick cock was still inserted inside her mother-in-law Helen’s pussy!

And from the look of it, even though he had already cum once, it hadn't completely softened. Instead, from the long soaking and lingering, it was starting to rise again.

"Hehe… still going?"

Sophie lowered her voice, playfully blinked, her tone as casual as if she were asking "still eating?"

Hearing her daughter-in-law's voice, Helen's body stiffened hard. The shame made her wish she could find a crack in the ground to crawl into.

She quickly turned her head and buried her face in the pillow. But as if afraid Sophie would steal her other man, the jade-like hands holding her son's back instinctively tightened.

Sophie took in every subtle movement and smiled without speaking.

Protecting her food, was she?

She leaned to Ethan's ear and breathed softly: "Husband… let's change places. Don't wake Dad."

Ethan raised an eyebrow, glanced at his sleeping father, and asked quietly: "Where to?"

Sophie smiled mysteriously, extended a finger, and pointed in the direction of the next room. Her red lips parted and she uttered a few words:

"To Sister's place."

Ethan's eyes instantly lit up.

…

In the next room—Grace's room.

A small, dim yellow night light was on.

After coming back, Grace had changed into a pink cotton pajama set. She was lying on her side on the bed, half-hugging her son Mason.

Half-asleep, half-awake, three soft knocks suddenly sounded on the door.

Knock knock knock.

The sound was light but rhythmic.

"Hmm? Who… who's there…"

Grace was woken. She mumbled in a daze.

Immediately a clear, familiar voice came from outside, deliberately lowered:

"Sis, it's us! Open the door!"

Sophie?

Grace instantly woke a little more. She rubbed her sleepy eyes and propped herself up.

"Oh… wait a second…"

While answering, she adjusted the pink cotton pajamas on her body, trying to cover her overly full figure, then walked barefoot to the door and pulled it open.

Creak—

The moment the door opened, Grace's entire body froze.

Her pupils contracted. Her mouth opened wide enough to fit an egg.

Standing at the doorway, Ethan had only an open blue bathrobe draped over him. His firm chest and abs were fully exposed without reservation.

But that wasn't the point.

The point was that he was holding someone in his arms—their mother, Helen!

The classic train-bento style carry.

Helen was like a koala right now. Both arms were locked tightly around Ethan's neck. Both legs were spread wide and wrapped around his waist.

What made Grace's scalp go numb the most was that their lower bodies were still tightly connected!

Even while walking, Ethan's thick cock was still deeply buried inside his mother's body. He had no intention of pulling it out at all!

Grace also noticed that with her brother's breathing, the place where they were joined was even seeping a little white foam—extremely lewd.

And Sophie stood prettily to the side.

There was nothing unnatural about her expression. Instead she looked excited. Below, a pair of black-stockinged beautiful legs looked especially tempting under the corridor light.

Seeing her sister's expression as if she had seen a ghost, Sophie paid no attention to her shock at all. She put her hands behind her back and, like a curious baby, cutely leaned forward to look into the room:

"Sis, where's my big nephew?"

Grace only felt her brain buzzing.

I only slept for a little while. How did it become like this?

This… what is this situation?

They just… stayed connected… and walked over like this?

"Cough…"

Grace instinctively brushed the stray hair at her forehead, trying to hide the shock and the sudden surge of awkwardness inside her. Her eyes drifted:

"He's… he's sleeping."

Sophie nodded in satisfaction. The smile on her face grew even brighter:

"Move him farther away later, okay?"

Hearing that, Grace silently swallowed.

Looking at the scene in front of her, plus her sister-in-law telling her to move her son farther away…

Even an idiot could guess what was about to happen next.

Was it going to be… a foursome?

Just thinking about it, Grace felt a hot flow surge between her legs, instantly wetting her newly changed panties a little more.

While Grace was still a little stunned, the three of them had already walked boldly into the room.

Ethan walked at the back. He closed the door behind him with one hand, carried Helen, and took a few steps to the bedside.

Little Mason was sleeping very quietly.

Ethan set his mother down a short distance away. The cock that had already been inside her used the momentum to thrust even more viciously deeper!

"Ah! Ethan! Ah… gentler!"

Caught off guard, Helen's whole body trembled as if electrocuted. She panicked and glanced at her sleeping grandson not far away. Shame flooded her face red. A few tears even spilled out.

"Don't… don't do it here… Mason… Mason is still here…"

Ethan acted as if he hadn't heard at all. Instead, because they had changed to a new environment and he was no longer restrained, his hips powered forward like a stud dog and he began thrusting hard.

Slap! Slap! Slap!

The crisp sound of flesh colliding rang out continuously.

"Mom, you can scream as much as you want now…"

Ethan panted. While thrusting, he leaned to Helen's ear and said:

"Dad can't hear us anymore… only Sister is here… and our big nephew…"

Helen was so ashamed she wanted to die. Her hands weakly pushed against her son's chest, but the pushes were soft as flirting:

"You… what nonsense are you saying…"

"Hehe, oh… Mom, you secretly clenched me again."

Ethan wore a lewd expression. He suddenly thrust his hips again. The big cock sank in fully.

"Ah—!"

Helen let out another scream. Her body arched sharply. Her toes gripped the floor tightly.

"No… don't… don't say it… ah… so deep…"

Looking at his mother's face—twisted by pleasure yet still beautiful beyond words—Ethan's appetite was stirred. He suddenly lowered his head and kissed that chattering little mouth.

"Mmmph—!!"

CHAPTER 120

Want to Take a Look?

On the brocade quilt spread open in the center of the room, a live spring scene that violated every moral taboo yet somehow felt inevitable was playing out.

Sophie sat cross-legged on the side, not very ladylike at all. The neckline of her champagne dress gaped wide. Her snow-white breasts trembled lightly with every breath.

One hand propped her chin. Those beautiful eyes that seemed able to speak were slightly narrowed, allure flowing in every glance as she carefully watched the mother and son in front of her, stuck together as tightly as glue.

At some point Ethan had already taken off the bathrobe. His strong, naked body was fully exposed. The muscles of his back tensed with every drive of his waist and abdomen. Sweat slid down the groove of his spine and dripped onto the full, mature body beneath him.

Helen was pinned under her son. Her white shirt hung open around her arms, revealing the flesh-colored lace bra that had been squeezed out of shape inside.

A pair of beautiful legs wrapped in nude over-the-knee stockings were spread on either side by her son, swaying constantly with his thrusts.

"Tsk tsk tsk, Sis, look how slutty Mom is."

Sophie extended a slender finger and pointed at Helen through the air.

"Look at that expression. At home she always puts on the mother-in-law act. Right now she's being fucked by her own son so hard she can't even speak properly."

Sophie didn't deliberately lower her voice. Helen heard every word clearly. That still-charming face instantly flushed the color of a pig's liver. She was so ashamed and furious she wanted to die.

But deep inside her body, the pleasure of being filled by her own son made it impossible for her to refute it.

So Helen bit her lower lip hatefully, simply closed her eyes, and looped both arms around Ethan's neck.

"Mmm… Ethan… gentler… Mom can't take it… ah…"

Stimulated by her daughter-in-law's words, Helen didn't retreat. She advanced instead, actively lifting her full ass to meet her son's cock.

Ethan had been immersed in the wonderful feeling of his mother's flesh hole. Hearing Sophie's teasing, then feeling the sudden answering movement from the woman beneath him, he couldn't help freezing for a moment.

He lowered his head, looked at his mother's flushed face, saw the tears seeping from the corners of her eyes, and grew even more excited.

"Mom, did you hear that? Sophie says you're slutty."

As he spoke, Ethan pulled his hips back, drawing out half of the thick cock along with a string of crystal-clear juices. Then his waist and abdomen powered forward, driving the cock deep again.

Slap!

His heavy balls smacked against Helen's ass cheeks, producing a lewd sound.

"Ah!"

That deep thrust from her son scattered Helen's soul. Her body arched sharply.

"Since you want it this badly, fine. Today your son guarantees he'll feed you until you're full."

Ethan growled low. His movements no longer held the slightest mercy.

The ferocious cock thrust in and out of his mother's tight passage without pause, stretching open those circles of pink, soft folds.

The sound of flesh colliding echoed in the room. The wet *squish-squish* never stopped. It was filthy to the extreme.

Watching the scene in front of her, listening to her mother-in-law's gradually wanton moans, Sophie was infected by it. A hot flow rushed straight from her lower abdomen to the center of her legs.

She turned her head. Her gaze fell on Grace beside her—Grace, whose face was full of shock yet also flushed red.

Right now Grace wore a set of pink cotton pajamas. The loose clothing temporarily covered the scenery of her chest.

But a pair of alluring eyes stared straight at the place where her brother and mother were joined. Desire was hidden deep in her gaze.

"Sis, are you wet down there too? Do you want it?"

Sophie smiled wickedly and slowly leaned closer to Grace.

Grace's body trembled. She instinctively wanted to back away, but the wall blocked her path.

"Sophie, you… don't talk nonsense…"

Sophie had no intention of letting her go. She leaned to her ear, breathing softly, voice pressed extremely low:

"Just now… I secretly did it with Dad again. Right now I'm full of Dad's cum inside. It's all warm. Want to take a look?"

Boom!

Grace felt another violent shock in her heart. Looking at Sophie's face, beautiful as peach and plum, her father's figure involuntarily rose in her mind.

"Ugh… I think you're the real slut!"

Grace cursed silently, but her face had turned as red as a monkey's ass.

In the end, even though she was also a lustful one, compared to Sophie's completely bottomless way of playing, she was still a bit greener.

Grace waved her hands, somewhat incoherently refusing:

"No… no need!"

Seeing Grace's expression of disdain mixed with shyness, Sophie only found it extremely interesting. Then she remembered that during the earlier game, Grace had actually switched sides and made her both dance erotically and tongue-kiss in public.

This grudge had to be repaid. Right now was a perfect chance to tease her.

"Hmph, you don't want to look at mine. Then… how about letting me look at yours?"

Sophie changed her angle of attack. Her gaze locked directly onto Grace's lower body.

“I want to see exactly how much water Sis is dripping right now.”

Hearing that, Grace’s face showed difficulty again. She bit her lip, first glancing at her brother and mother still going at it on the quilt, then at Sophie, who was pressing closer step by step.

In truth, the two of them had bathed together many times and had seen each other naked more times than they could count.

They had even been played with by Ethan together while watching each other. For both of them, there were already no secrets left about each other’s bodies.

Moreover, the newly changed panties had become sticky again. It really was uncomfortable.

Thinking of these things, Grace sighed, lowered her head, then slowly raised her hands and grabbed the edge of her pink cotton pajama pants.

“Really… there’s no dealing with you.”

Accompanied by the soft rustle of fabric, the pajama pants slid down Grace’s long, straight thighs.

Grace was a bit taller and more slender than her mother. These beautiful legs were even more well-proportioned and long. The skin was pale as the finest mutton-fat jade.

As the pants came off, only a pair of light-colored cotton panties remained on her lower body.

But it was clearly visible that the crotch of the panties had been soaked through by love juice, showing a semi-transparent dark color. They clung tightly to the outline of her labia. One could even faintly see the shape of the two thick petals inside.

Seeing that Sophie was still staring with an unsatisfied expression, her eyes full of teasing, Grace knew she couldn’t get past this stage.

She gritted her teeth, hooked her fingers into the edge of the panties, and lightly pulled downward.

The last layer of covering also came off.

A perfect female lower body was completely exposed to the air.

Grace had a classic white-tiger steamed-bun pussy.

The pubic mound was full and raised, smooth and hairless, pale and soft like a big steamed bun fresh out of the steamer.

A pink, delicate slit was tightly closed, yet it had become slightly engorged from the recent stimulation. Crystal-clear honey fluid clung to the gap and was flowing thread by thread toward her upper thighs.

Grace only felt her cheeks burning. She shamefully turned her head to the side, not daring to look Sophie in the eyes, then slowly opened her legs and assumed an extremely shameful M-shape.

This position fully opened her private peach garden, displaying it without reservation in front of her sister-in-law.

"Wow… it's really so pretty…"

Sophie let out a sincere exclamation. Even as a woman, she felt her sister's white-tiger pussy was as beautiful as a painting.

Then, like a curious baby, she directly lay down. Her face was almost pressed against the center of Grace's legs.

A rich fragrance rushed into her nose, making Sophie even more excited.

"Sis, can I touch it?"

As she spoke, without waiting for Grace to agree, Sophie's restless little hand had already reached over. Her fingertip was about to touch the wet labia.

Slap!

In the instant the fingertip was about to make contact, Grace seemed to come back to herself as if shocked by electricity and slapped Sophie's hand away.

"What are you doing! Don't you have your own? If you want to touch, go touch yours!"

Grace scolded, her face red as a ripe tomato. She quickly closed her legs. Although her body craved the touch, Sophie was not her brother after all. They were both women. In her heart she still felt a bit uncomfortable.

Sophie resentfully withdrew her hand, feeling a bit bored. She straightened up, rolled her eyes hard, pursed her lips, and muttered:

"Tch, stingy. Fine, I won't touch."

But how could she be someone who easily gave up? Her eyes spun in their sockets and instantly came up with another wicked idea.

Since you won't let me touch, then let someone who *can* touch do it.

Sophie turned her head, stared at her husband who was still working hard not far away, and raised her voice to call out:

"Husband—are you done yet? Sis wants it too! I see the water down there has turned into a river! You could raise fish in it!"

That shout made Grace ashamed to the extreme.

"Sophie!"

Grace was so ashamed and furious she wanted to find a crack in the ground to crawl into. But her body remained honest. Hearing the word "husband," the already wet entrance uncontrollably contracted a few times and squeezed out another hot flow.

On the bed, the battle was at its fiercest.

Ethan was already covered in sweat, but he showed no sign of fatigue. Instead he grew more vigorous the longer he fought.

Hearing his wife's call, he maintained the high-frequency thrusting while panting as he replied:

"Hah… almost…"

As he spoke, Ethan set his gaze on his mother's chest.

The lace bra on Helen's body was already hanging by a thread. Ethan reached out and tugged. The shoulder strap slipped down. Instantly, two large, pale breasts bounced free.

Helen's breasts were substantial. Because she took good care of herself, the skin was still fine as snow. Only the areolas showed a faint brown—the charm left by the years.

Ethan grabbed one of them. His five fingers closed tightly, sinking deep into the soft mound. Large stretches of creamy breast flesh were squeezed out between his fingers.

"Ah… gentler… Ethan… don't grip so hard…"

Helen was grabbed until it hurt, yet she also felt extremely good. The moans that escaped her mouth grew even more wanton.

While kneading his mother's breast, Ethan drove his hips. Every thrust slammed hard against his mother's cervix.

"Mom, you're almost there, right? Hmm?"

After hearing her son's words, Helen's eyelashes trembled. She bit her lower lip, showing an extremely alluring shy expression. Her dazed eyes looked at her son as she cooed in a voice as soft as a dying breath:

“Still… still a little more. Good son, a little… a little harder… wait until Mom feels good, then you can go find Grace… okay?”

This kind of blatant demand was simply unimaginable degradation for the usually dignified Helen.

The corner of Ethan’s mouth curved into a wicked smile. How could he not see his mother’s little scheme?

In truth, based on his understanding of his mother’s body, he had already felt a spasm in the walls of her vagina ten minutes ago.

Helen had indeed already climaxed once. She was just greedy for her son’s caresses and reluctant to let go of this feeling, so she had gritted her teeth and held it in, deliberately not fully releasing.

Now, seeing his mother depend on him like this, craving his cock so much, a warmth rose in Ethan’s heart—the dual satisfaction of being a man and being a son.

But since Sister was also waiting anxiously… then why not do them together!

With that thought, Ethan turned his head and glanced at Grace, whose lower body was bare. Her snow-white flesh radiated fatal temptation. He licked the corner of his mouth and said:

“Sis, don’t just stand there. Come up and lie down first. It’ll be your turn soon.”

Hearing that, Grace’s heart jumped with joy, but on the surface she still had to pretend to be reserved. She kept her mouth closed and said nothing, silently walking forward.

While walking, she also completely took off her top.

Because the mother, son, and daughter had already had threesome experience before, Grace was not unfamiliar with this kind of multi-person activity.

Reaching the bedside, she looked at her mother, who was currently pinned under her son. Her eyes flickered for a moment, then she obediently climbed up.

Her knees knelt beside Helen. Both hands braced on either side of her mother’s shoulders. Her body slowly lowered.

The large, papaya-like breasts on her chest hung down with gravity, dangling heavily in front of Helen's eyes. The nipples stood erect, still carrying a faint milky scent.

And Ethan, looking at the absolutely beautiful scenery in front of him—beneath him his mother's full, mature body, in front of him his sister's pale, big ass and that steamed-bun little hole that countless men fantasized about—

—felt his brain explode with a boom. The cock still buried in Helen's pussy instantly hardened to the limit. Veins bulged. It felt ready to burst.

Unable to hold back the excitement in his heart, Ethan let out a low hum. One hand continued kneading his mother's breast. The other hand rose and grabbed his sister's full ass.

Mother's tits were soft and warm, like a lump of warm dough.

Sister's ass was full of elasticity—tight yet plump.

"Ah! Husband, gentler, it hurts!"

Grace's brows furrowed slightly from the grip. A soft complaint escaped her mouth.

Ethan paid no attention. He only increased the strength of his hand. While wildly sprinting inside his mother, he played with his sister's big white ass.

Slap! Slap! Slap!

His waist powered forward. The sound of flesh slapping grew even denser, mixed with the breathing of three people, playing a lewd symphony in this small room.

After thrusting like this for a while, Sophie, who had been watching from the side the whole time, finally couldn't hold back either.

Silently, she circled behind Ethan.

She extended a pair of snow-white arms, hugged his waist from behind, and pressed her breasts tightly against his back.

Then she leaned her head forward, watching her husband's thick cock thrust in and out of her mother-in-law's body, bringing out swollen pink folds and white foam. Her eyes were dazed as she said:

"Husband, you're so amazing…"

Hearing that, Ethan enjoyed the pleasure of being attacked from both front and back while panting as he asked:

“Am I the amazing one… or is Dad the amazing one?”

The moment those words came out, the air seemed to freeze for an instant.

Helen beneath him stiffened hard. The shame in her eyes grew stronger, yet her little pussy clenched even tighter.

Grace, lying on top of her mother, also went a little pale. That aged yet powerful figure in her mind refused to leave.

Sophie, however, giggled. She extended her tongue and licked Ethan’s earlobe, smiling wickedly as she said:

“That I don’t know… unless… you also let me try…”

“Ow!”

Before the words had even finished, Ethan suddenly sucked in a sharp breath.

It turned out Helen underneath him really couldn’t listen anymore. She reached out and viciously pinched his waist.

Ethan quickly knew what was good for him and shut his mouth, no longer speaking. He only concentrated all his strength in his waist and abdomen, turning it into a storm-like assault.

“Ah! Ah! Ethan! Mom can’t take it anymore! Can’t take it! Ah!”

“Mmm… little brother…”

“Husband, harder! Fuck her to death!”

Wanton cries rose one after another. In this room at the Serenity Peaks spa, they wove together into a peerless symphony of incest.

CHAPTER 121

Vying for Favor

The air was thick with the kind of scent that made a person's face burn. There was the sharp, musky tang of semen, the sticky-sweet smell of women's juices, the salty wetness of sweat evaporating off heated skin, and underneath it all the faint sulfur from the resort baths.

Slap. Slap. Slap.

Flesh struck flesh in the room, fast and heavy, like a hard rain beating against broad leaves. Every muffled impact was answered by a woman's helpless, throaty cry.

What filled the eye was an utterly debauched tableau.

Across two beds spread with thick quilts lay several pale, gleaming bodies. A man knelt behind them, hips driving like a piston that refused to tire, pounding relentlessly into the mature woman beneath him. And atop that woman lay another younger, fuller body, mother and daughter stacked together like overlapping petals of a double snow lotus.

"Ah… mm… slower… slower… I can't… I can't take it…"

The woman moaning under the man was Helen Hale. Her still-beautiful face, the face of a dignified suburban housewife, was flushed deep red. All the usual composure was gone, replaced by the dazed, conquered look of a mother thoroughly claimed by her own son. Her dark hair was a tangled mess across the pillow, strands plastered to her cheeks by sweat, trembling with every thrust. Everything else had vanished from her body except a pair of nude thigh-high stockings that still clung stubbornly to her long, rounded legs. The elastic edges bit into the soft flesh of her upper thighs, creating an indecent indentation; the sheer fabric sheathed her calves. Her ten toes, painted a soft color, curled tight from the overwhelming pleasure.

Ethan stared down at his mother in that state and felt the animal hunger in his eyes burn hotter. Both hands locked onto the ripe ass of the woman in front of him. With every slam those two pale cheeks rippled in deep, hypnotic waves.

“Mom, your pussy’s so fucking tight. It’s soaked. It’s milking me so good.”

Ethan panted, driving his cock deep into Helen’s clutching heat without mercy.

The single word “Mom” made Helen’s body jolt. Shame shot up her spine like electricity, only to transform in the next heartbeat into sharper pleasure. Because her son’s cock was longer than her husband’s, every stroke reached places Richard never could. Her mouth hung open, eyes unfocused, the sounds coming out of her no longer words.

Behind Ethan, a pair of smooth arms wrapped tight around his neck. Sophie pressed her entire body to his sweat-slicked back. Her D-cup breasts flattened against him, hard pink nipples dragging across his skin with every movement.

“Honey… when’s it my turn?”

Her voice drifted into his ear, lazy and husky, trailing off like a cat in heat.

The champagne-colored slip dress she’d been wearing had already been shoved down to her waist, hanging loose on her hips and leaving her upper body bare. The hollow of her collarbones looked delicate; her neck was long and graceful. She looked like something that belonged on a pedestal. Right now the expression on that pretty face was pure, unfiltered want.

Ethan heard her but didn’t turn. Still buried in his mother, he growled, “Baby, get this shirt off me first. It’s in the way.”

“Yes, sir,” Sophie laughed, fingers moving quickly across his chest. In moments the shirt was gone. She didn’t stop there. As if under some spell, she yanked the half-fallen dress the rest of the way off her own hips.

The next second her body was fully exposed. She wore nothing below the waist. Beneath a neatly trimmed patch of hair, her pink pussy was slowly leaking a thick, cloudy white fluid that smeared her inner thighs.

Ethan was too far gone to notice the view behind him. In the whole room only Helen still had any scrap of clothing left. The other three were completely naked.

As he kept thrusting, Ethan felt the once-tight channel around him begin to loosen after the spasms. He asked, “Mom, you’re about done, right? It’s Grace’s turn.”

Helen was half-conscious in the aftermath of pleasure. At his words she forced her eyes open. What she saw was her daughter Grace lying on top of her, staring down with pure, desperate hunger. Grace’s heavy E-cup breasts pressed into her mother’s chest, the large areolas a soft brown, nipples so stiff from arousal that thin streams of milk were already leaking from them and dripping onto Helen’s collarbone.

“…Mm. You and Grace go ahead.”

Helen still wanted to cling to her son’s cock, but the look on her daughter’s face—the same filthy light she recognized in her own eyes—made her yield.

The moment the words left her mouth, Grace lit up. The mature, composed expression she usually wore cracked into something almost girlish. She ducked her head and pressed her lips hard against her mother’s damp cheek, then licked a bead of sweat away with the tip of her tongue.

“Thank you, Mom. You’re the best.”

She immediately started squirming, trying to catch her brother’s attention.

Ethan took it all in—the whole harem scene—and the corner of his mouth lifted. “Grace, lower your ass a little more.”

He gave her pale cheek a light slap. Grace obeyed at once, dropping her hips and settling back.

The view that opened between them was brutal.

Grace was completely bare, skin flawless. Her ass wasn’t lean; it was thick and soft, two full cheeks with a deep cleft that pulled the eye. And her pussy was a perfect hairless mound, pale and plump, the pink slit in the center parted just enough to glisten and weep clear fluid.

“Yeah. Just like that. Press it against Mom’s.”

Grace adjusted until her smooth, bare cunt settled against her mother’s. The two pussies sealed together. Helen’s lips, darkened by years, were fuller and fringed with dense dark hair that carried the scent of a mature woman. Grace’s was pale, pink, and completely bare. One

dark, one light; one mature, one young; one hairy, one shaved. The contrast was stark.

Grace felt the wet heat against her and flushed hard, yet she couldn't stop herself from grinding her clit against her mother's while she whispered, "Ethan… baby… can you not say stuff like that… Mom's embarrassed…"

Sophie, already sulking behind them, liked that even less. Still naked, she pressed closer to Ethan's neck, breath hot against his ear, breasts mashed harder against his back.

"Honey, don't listen to your sister-wife. Listen to your actual wife. Talk dirtier. The filthier the better. Don't you like watching them rub their pussies together?"

Ethan laughed under his breath and didn't take the bait. He knew better than to pick a side. Instead he said, "Grace, I'm coming in."

He pulled free of Helen with a wet, obscene sound. Helen's empty hole clenched a few times; a mixture of cum and her own juices spilled down her thigh and onto the quilt.

Grace was already rocking her hips, ass raised like a bitch in heat. "Hurry… Ethan… put it in… I want your cock…"

Ethan looked at the two pussies pressed together and hesitated. Both were perfect. One was the woman who'd given birth to him, tight and mature. The other was his own sister, pink and slick. Choosing either one felt like abandoning the other.

His gaze settled on the seam where the two cunts met, the soft flesh squeezed together into a tempting valley. An idea hit him.

He guided his cock—still glistening with Helen's juices—straight into that shared slit instead of either hole.

Slap-squelch.

The fat head forced its way between them.

Both women cried out at the same time, different pitches but equally wrecked.

He wasn't inside either of them. He was using the ridge of his cock to grind across both clits and both sets of lips at once. The rough, hot friction hit them like a shock.

"Feel good, Grace? Mom?"

He gripped Helen's thigh with one hand and Grace's waist with the other and started rocking. Wet sounds filled the room as the head of his cock slid back and forth through the slick gap, catching Helen's thick lips and Grace's sensitive clit on every pass.

"So hot… Ethan's cock is so hot… it's grinding me raw…"

Grace's head fell back, nails digging into her mother's shoulders. It wasn't penetration, but the constant pressure on her clit had her shaking.

Helen bit her lip and let out broken little sounds. Her cunt felt empty, yet the sensation of her son's cock rubbing her clit while her daughter's pussy pressed against hers was something she'd never experienced. Her body started flooding again, trying to catch the cock that kept sliding past without entering.

Sophie stood behind Ethan, eyes sharp as she watched. Seeing her husband's cock moving between the mother and daughter sent a twisted satisfaction through her, but it also left her aching. She wanted it too.

The next moment she let go of him, walked around the three of them, and stopped directly in front of Ethan. He was mid-thrust when the view in front of him changed. Sophie stood there with her long legs spread wide, completely open.

"Honey, look."

She reached down and used both hands to spread her pussy open for him.

Ethan's pupils contracted. Sophie's entrance was swollen and red, the clear mark of being fucked hard. And when she held herself open, what leaked out wasn't clear. It was thick, cloudy, and faintly salty—Richard's cum. When she pressed a finger against the soft, puffy flesh, more of it spilled out in a rush, running down her pale inner thigh.

"Look, honey… this is all from Dad. It's so full… Do you like it?"

She brought the finger coated in her father-in-law's semen to her mouth and sucked it clean, eyes locked on Ethan in pure challenge.

"I want yours too… Will you plug me up?"

(End of Chapter 121)

CHAPTER 122

The Married Couple's Passion

Sophie's shameless words hit Ethan's ears at the same moment his eyes locked onto the sight of her pink pussy still leaking his father's cum. His mind blanked with a hard rush, like a clap of thunder. The cock between his legs jerked, veins standing out as it swelled even thicker, the flushed head twitching with excitement.

He couldn't hold back. In the next second he yanked his cock free from the wet slit between his mother's and sister's bodies. The earlier friction had been good, but right now all he wanted was to wipe every trace of Richard out of his wife the most brutal way possible and replace it with his own.

He grabbed Sophie by one slender ankle and roughly hauled her toward him.

"Ah!"

She yelped, tipping sideways onto the quilt. Her body was dragged half a meter across the bed before she could even react. By the time she looked up, her husband's face—tight with raw hunger—was already coming down over her.

Ethan lined up his cock, hard as iron, with the slick entrance still dripping white. His hips slammed forward in one hard drive.

Squelch!

The sound of entry was loud and wet. Riding the lubrication of his father's cum, the thick shaft sank all the way in, bottoming out against the soft, deep spot inside her.

Sophie arched her pale neck and let out a broken, pleasure-drunk moan. The sound was pure filth. Tears of overstimulation gathered at the corners of her eyes, but her mouth curved into a helpless, dirty smile.

"Honey… yours is… so big… ah! So big!"

Her arms locked around his neck like vines. Both long legs wrapped tight around his waist and squeezed.

Their upper bodies pressed flush. Sophie's D-cup breasts flattened against his chest, the hard pink nipples scraping his skin with every movement and sending little shocks through him.

Ethan breathed hard, ass rising and falling in short, heavy strokes like a machine.

Slap! Slap! Slap!

The wet crack of flesh echoed through the quiet room. Every thrust pushed more white out around his cock. Father's and son's fluids mixed and churned inside the same tight hole.

"Baby, you're so fucking filthy."

He kept her locked against him, mouth against her ear, one big hand sliding down the slick curve of her back. His fingers dug hard into the full cheeks of her ass, leaving red marks on the pale skin.

Sophie was half-choked by the grip. Her face was flushed deep, eyes glassy but bright. She let out a breathless, wicked little laugh.

"Then… do you like it? My filthy-cock husband? Harder… push your dad's cum out… ah!"

Ethan's eyes darkened. A crooked smile pulled at his mouth.

"Like it? I fucking love this two-timing little cunt of yours."

He dropped his head and dragged the broad surface of his tongue up her face in one long, wet stroke—from her chin all the way across her hot cheek—then sealed his mouth over hers and sucked hard on her lower lip.

The degrading move made Sophie shudder. Her walls clenched hard around the cock still driving into her.

"Ah! So good… it's so good… honey, harder… fuck your little slut pussy to death… ah! Ah!"

While the married couple went at it without pause, Helen and Grace were left staring.

Helen lay on her back on the quilt, arms loose, bare breasts rising and falling. Her long legs, still in the nude thigh-highs, stayed parted. The elastic tops bit into the soft flesh of her upper thighs. The earlier grinding against her clit had left her dazed. She watched her son hammer into Sophie like a bull in heat, sweat sliding down the lines of his back.

“So… sex can be this rough?”

The sight was so raw she couldn’t help imagining herself in Sophie’s place. Her lower belly heated. Shame and want mixed together.

“All this time when Ethan was with me… he must have been holding back because he thought I was too old for this…”

A strange, quiet jealousy settled in her chest.

Grace was worse off. After climbing off her mother she had stayed on her knees beside her. Her heavy breasts still leaked thin streams of milk onto the quilt. Between her bare, hairless lips her pussy kept opening and closing on nothing. Ethan’s cock had rubbed right over her clit and then left. The denial was torture. It felt like a thousand tiny ants crawling inside her.

“I want it in… I want Ethan’s cock inside me…”

She bit her lip, watching Sophie take every hard thrust, wishing she was the one under him. To hide how badly she was shaking, she forced her voice steady and turned to Helen.

“Mom, let me clean you up.”

She didn’t wait for an answer. She got up and went to the bathroom. A minute later she came back carrying a steaming wooden basin and a towel soaked in hot water. She knelt beside Helen.

“Mom, lift your arm.”

Helen moved like a puppet. Grace carefully wiped her down—across the soft stomach, over the still-full breasts that had softened with age, then lower, to the swollen, leaking pussy. Helen never looked away from Ethan and Sophie. Even when the warm towel brushed her sensitive clit she barely noticed, only letting out a tiny, broken sound in her throat.

In those few minutes Ethan and Sophie hit their peak.

Bodies slammed together. Sweat and fluids made their skin shine. The room filled with the continuous slap of flesh. Ethan drove like he was trying to erase every drop his father had left. Each thrust shoved Sophie higher on the bed until she was almost against the low screen.

“Baby, switch.”

He pulled out hard.

Pop!

A bright strand of mixed fluid stretched between them.

“Okay… okay…”

Sophie was already gone, face flushed dark, hair stuck to her cheeks. She rolled over, planted her hands, and dropped her chest so her ass rose high—perfect, obedient, waiting.

From behind, the line of her back flowed into the full curves of her ass. Between the cheeks her used hole stayed open, pink walls fluttering, still wet and inviting.

Ethan didn’t speak. He lined up and pushed back in.

Slip—

The mix of fluids made the entry smooth. Sophie lifted her head and let out a long, satisfied moan, hair swinging.

Then the real pounding started.

Slap-slap-slap-slap!

Ethan locked both hands on her waist and drove like a jackhammer. His hips crashed into the soft flesh of her ass, sending deep ripples through it. Sophie’s breasts swung hard under her, bouncing with every impact.

After more than a hundred brutal strokes he felt the heat surge up his shaft.

“Baby, I’m gonna come!”

His neck strained. Sophie felt the cock jump inside her and knew she was right there too. She gripped the edge of the quilt, voice shaking.

“Me too! Honey… give it to me… come inside… together!”

Ethan lost it. The last dozen thrusts blurred.

Slap-slap-slap-slap-slap!

He locked deep, cock pressed hard against her cervix, and came in thick, heavy pulses. Hot cum flooded her, mixing with what was already there until it overflowed in a messy, forbidden mess.

He collapsed forward onto her back, breathing hard, riding out the last twitches. Sophie came at the same time, body going limp under him, pussy still fluttering around his cock.

After a long moment she whined, “Honey… get off… you’re heavy… you’re gonna crush me…”

“Yeah.”

Ethan pushed up and slowly pulled out. Another wet sound followed. Cloudy fluid ran down her thigh. He wiped the sweat from his forehead and looked over at Grace, who was still holding the basin.

"Grace, clean me up."

She had just finished wiping Helen and was wringing the towel. When she heard him she started over with it, assuming that was what he meant.

Ethan stayed sitting, looking at her with a crooked smile. He shook his head.

"Not with that."

Grace froze. Her eyes dropped to the cock still half-hard and coated in Sophie's juices and cum, then rose to the look on his face. Understanding hit. Her cheeks burned. She muttered something under her breath but didn't refuse.

She set the towel down, walked over, and sank into a slow squat between his legs. Her breasts swayed. She opened her mouth, tongue already out, ready to take him in.

Just as her lips were about to touch him, Ethan leaned back, pulling away. He looked past her to Helen, who was still watching with a dazed expression.

"Mom. You too. Come here."

Helen's first instinct was to refuse, to snap at him the way a mother should. But when her eyes landed on the cock that had just been buried in her daughter-in-law, something low in her belly tightened. The sounds Sophie had been making were still in her ears. The images replayed.

She moved before she fully decided to. Slowly, on her knees, she crawled closer until she was beside Grace.

Even Ethan was surprised. He'd only been testing her. He hadn't expected her to actually come.

Now two women knelt in front of him—one the mother who had raised him, one the sister who shared his blood. The cock that had started to soften surged fully hard again.

"Grace, show Mom how. It's her first time."

Grace felt a flash of irritation—she was being used as a demonstration—but looking at Helen's nervous, almost eager face, the feeling twisted into something else. Pulling their dignified mother down to the same level as her felt strangely good.

She turned to Helen, voice low. "Mom, you sure? It doesn't smell great."

Helen kept her eyes down, face burning. She wouldn't look at her daughter. After a moment she managed, "I'll… I'll try."

(End of Chapter 122)

CHAPTER 123

Longing

Grace saw that Helen wasn't backing out, so she didn't push further.

"Then let's start."

Mother and daughter took opposite sides and went to work.

Grace, the more experienced one, demonstrated first. She parted her red lips, extended her soft pink tongue, and gave the flushed head a slow, careful swirl. The tip of her tongue gathered the remaining wetness, rolled it into her mouth, and she swallowed.

She lifted her head, a thin strand of saliva still connecting her lower lip to the shaft, and said to her mother, "Mom, try it. Like you're licking ice cream. Start from the bottom and work your way up. It tastes a little salty, but you get used to it. And whatever you do, don't use your teeth. This part is really sensitive."

Helen nodded, half understanding. She knew what licking ice cream meant. She knew what sensitive meant. Putting the two together still made her face burn.

But she didn't pull away. She raised one arm, fingers trembling slightly, and tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear. The movement was graceful in a way that somehow mixed a mature woman's dignity with something much lower. Then she drew a deep breath, as if steeling herself, and slowly leaned forward.

Her mouth opened a little. A shy red tongue slipped out.

Following Grace's instruction, she carefully touched the middle of the shaft first. The heat and the solid weight made her body give a small jerk. Then she started licking upward the way her daughter had shown her, soft and wet, tracing over the raised veins until she reached the swollen head.

Shame hit harder. Helen closed her eyes, gathered her nerve, and clumsily circled the tip the same way Grace had.

Ethan sucked in a sharp breath.

The head was already oversensitive after coming. Having his own mother do this for the first time mixed the physical shock with the sheer wrongness of it so intensely that he almost moaned out loud.

He looked down at her, a crooked smile on his face. “Mom, does it taste good? How’s your son’s cock compared to Dad’s?”

Helen went scarlet. She immediately pulled her tongue back, lifted her head, and shot him a glare that was half anger, half flustered embarrassment.

“You— you— if you keep talking nonsense, Mom… Mom’s not doing this anymore…”

The look was devastating. That girlish shyness on her mature face hit harder than any aphrodisiac.

Ethan knew better than to push. If he actually drove her off, he’d regret it. He raised both hands in surrender.

“Okay, okay, I get it. I won’t say anything. You’re the best, Mom.”

He glanced at Grace. “Grace, keep going. Don’t stop.”

Grace gave him an annoyed look. In her head she muttered that she’d been reduced to his post-sex cleanup crew. He’d just fucked Sophie senseless, and now this was all they got. Still, her body wouldn’t let her refuse.

She lowered her head again and licked with more purpose, as if she could burn off the frustration through her tongue.

Helen watched her daughter working so hard and felt she couldn’t stop either. After only a couple of seconds of hesitation, she bent back down.

The picture that formed was filthy and strangely synchronized. Mother on one side, daughter on the other. Grace worked the left side of the shaft with practiced, firm strokes. Helen handled the right, clumsier but careful in a way that created its own sensation. Their dark hair spilled across Ethan’s thighs and tangled together. From time to time their tongues brushed. Their eyes met. The only sounds in the room were the wet, slick noises and Ethan’s heavy breathing.

When Helen finally gathered enough courage to take the entire head into her mouth and feel how it filled her, Grace smoothly shifted lower.

She dropped her head and used the tip of her tongue to lick and soothe every fold of the heavy sac beneath.

It went on like that for roughly two minutes.

When they finished, the cock was clean—shinier than if it had been washed—glistening with saliva.

Grace raised her head first. A strand of spit still clung to the corner of her mouth. Her face was flushed with open want. She stared straight at Ethan, the message clear: she wanted her turn now.

But when she looked at him, his eyes were already closed. His breathing had settled into the slow, even rhythm of sleep.

Ethan had passed out.

The long stretch of hard sex plus the post-orgasm crash had dropped him straight into rest, completely ignoring the heat still burning in his sister.

Grace stared for a long moment, then let out a helpless sigh, eyes full of quiet resentment.

"You little bastard…"

She was still desperate, but she also knew how hard he worked. He often came home late. She couldn't bring herself to wake him.

So she stood, picked up the wooden basin from the floor, and walked toward the bathroom, hips swaying, intending to take care of the ache herself.

Helen stayed kneeling where she was, watching her daughter leave. In the bright light she clearly saw the clear fluid that kept leaking between Grace's long legs, running down the inside of her thighs, dripping onto the floor in thin, shining strands.

The night passed without further incident.

The next morning.

Early spring light came in lazy and soft through the wooden lattice of the resort windows, broken into fine golden dust.

Richard Hale slept hard. Whether it was the mountain air or how thoroughly he'd used his daughter-in-law the night before, by the time he managed to open his eyes the sun was already high.

He reached sideways out of habit. Empty.

Only the memory of Sophie's body under him and the second load he'd put inside her proved anyone had been there.

He sat up with a grunt, lower back still aching, and immediately thought again of her ass and breasts and the way he'd come deep. He gave a dry little laugh at himself—still had it. Then he rubbed the puffiness under his eyes.

The room was quiet. No one else was there. They were supposed to have shared the space. Where had everyone gone? Probably Helen, the worrier, had gotten up early to check on the baby next door. He didn't dig any deeper into why his own wife wasn't beside him.

He picked up a discarded cloth sash from the floor, tied it around his waist, slipped on wooden sandals, and shuffled out the door.

The corridor outside was long and wooden, the floor polished enough to reflect the trees. The air carried a faint sulfur note mixed with the salty smell of miso soup.

Following the scent, Richard walked with his hands behind his back until he reached the resort dining hall. The place was solidly built—high ceilings, thick beams, open and bright. Breakfast service was already mostly over. Only a few people remained.

At a table by the window he spotted Ethan and Sophie sitting across from each other, with Grace beside them.

"Well, look who's all here."

His greeting barely left his mouth before his eyes stuck on Sophie.

She was wearing a soft pink yukata today—not a loud pink, but a muted cherry-blossom shade that made her skin look even brighter. She had her head lowered over a bowl of porridge, hair pulled into a high ponytail instead of left down. A few loose strands kept swinging near her ears as she ate. The loose robe had gaped a little at the neck from the angle. A white underlayer still covered her, but the half-hidden view pulled the eye more than full nudity would have. Richard's gaze followed the opening downward. He didn't catch anything explicit, but when the sleeve slipped he saw a slender wrist, so thin it looked breakable, blue veins faintly visible under the skin in the morning light.

Sophie seemed to feel the attention. She lifted her head. Her eyes were still soft with sleep, the corners slightly red—whether from poor rest or from the night before, he couldn't tell.

"Dad, you're up?"

Her voice was bright and sweet. It snapped Richard out of the private track his thoughts had taken.

"Yeah, yeah. That bed's too comfortable. Slept right through."

He pulled himself together, laughed, and walked over to sit.

Grace looked up as well. She wore the same style of yukata, only in a deeper lotus-root color. If Sophie looked like a fresh blossom, Grace looked like a fully ripe peach. The sash cinched her waist tightly, emphasizing the generous curve of her hips. The baby wasn't with her—probably with Helen. Even the slight turn of her body made the fabric stretch across her large breasts, full and rounded, shifting with soft weight as she moved.

Richard's eyelids twitched. He hadn't really noticed before how much more womanly his daughter had become.

"Dad, sleep okay last night?"

Grace didn't look at him. She kept eating while she asked. Her voice was a little rough, like she'd either caught a cold or shouted herself hoarse.

"Uh, fine. Fine."

Richard answered with a small edge of guilt, remembering the previous night. He covered it by picking up a cup of barley tea and taking a drink.

He had no idea that after he'd fallen asleep, his son, daughter, wife, and daughter-in-law had all ended up tangled together. He certainly didn't know that the composed young woman sitting in front of him had spent part of the night with her own brother's cock in her mouth. The table was full of secrets no one was saying.

Sophie set her chopsticks down. "Dad, you two keep eating. I'm going to pack something for Mom. She said her head hurts and she wants to lie down a little longer."

She licked a grain of rice from the corner of her mouth with a quick flick of her pink tongue. Richard's throat tightened.

“Go ahead. Tell your mom to rest. Don’t overdo it while we’re here.”

He waved her off with an easy, considerate air.

Ethan stood as well, looking surprisingly refreshed. “Dad, Grace, we’re heading back. I’ve got some work to handle.”

“Yeah, go on.”

Richard watched the young couple leave together and felt a brief, unexpected pang of envy. Being young really was something.

Only father and daughter remained at the table. The dining hall was quiet except for the occasional soft click of staff in robes walking past on wooden sandals. When a server came by to top off the tea, she mentioned in passing that there would be a traditional event that night—the full moon festival. The big outdoor pool behind the mountain would be open for mixed bathing.

Mixed bathing.

Grace’s fingers tightened slightly around her chopsticks when she heard the words.

A while later both of them had finished eating, but the silence felt heavy. Father and daughter kept to their own plates with almost no conversation. Finally Grace was the one who broke it.

“Dad.”

“Yeah?”

Richard was working on a piece of pickled radish, chewing with a crunch, when her voice continued.

“Want to… go for a walk?”

He paused. The radish almost stuck in his throat. He looked up. Grace’s eyes wouldn’t quite meet his. They drifted instead to the gray at his temples. Her makeup was light enough to barely show, but her lips looked unusually red and full, as if they’d been thoroughly sucked. She tucked a strand of hair behind her ear. The motion exposed a soft, pale earlobe with a faint teeth mark still visible on it—mostly faded, but from his angle it looked like a smear of color that hadn’t been wiped clean.

Something stirred in Richard’s chest. They had come a long way. He hadn’t really walked the grounds yet.

“Sure. Let’s walk, kid.”

He set his chopsticks down, wiped his mouth, and stood with an easy confidence.

(End of Chapter 123)

CHAPTER 124

Father and Daughter

Outside, the sunlight was perfect.

The back grounds of Serenity Peaks followed the slope of the mountain, a winding wooden boardwalk rising through dense green trees on both sides. Mountain wind moved through the leaves with a soft rush. Hot spring water seeped from cracks in the rock and formed small streams that ran beneath the walkway. White steam drifted everywhere, like a thin veil over the forest, making the air warmer than it should have been.

Richard walked ahead with his hands behind his back, steps unhurried. Grace followed half a step behind. Her soft flat shoes made almost no sound. The lotus-root-colored yukata swayed with her movement; the hem lifted now and then in the breeze. From the corner of his eye Richard caught what was under it—black pantyhose over pale, full calves. The contrast of black fabric against that soft white skin hit something basic. Her legs weren't loose; they were firm and smooth, the kind that would feel good under a hand. The stockings were sheer, catching a fine sheen in the sunlight.

He looked once and looked away. His throat felt dry.

This was his daughter. She'd grown up.

"Dad, this place is really nice."

Grace's voice came from behind, a little nasal.

"Yeah, it's good. I heard the source here has been around a long time. Just never got developed until recently."

Richard stopped and pointed toward a large spring vent farther up that was pouring out thick steam. He launched into a story.

"Take this water. Some old guy I soaked with yesterday was going on about how back in the old days a wounded soldier ended up here…"

He was making most of it up, stitching together scraps from a brochure and his own imagination. The soldier had broken his leg, soaked for three days and three nights, and walked out cured of

everything. Richard told it with energy, the same way he used to address the floor at the plant when he was younger.

Grace stood beside him and listened. She looked at the lines on his face, the slight stoop in his shoulders. Something complicated moved in her. This was the father who had raised her. He was also the man she had promised her brother she would give herself to. Once that thought took root it spread like weeds.

"Dad, come on. It can't be that magical."

She laughed. The soft weight of her breasts shifted under the yukata; the neckline nearly failed to contain them.

Richard's face reddened at the sound of her laugh, but he laughed with her.

"Eh, it's just a story. Still, the water's good. You can feel it in your bones."

Grace didn't answer out loud. In her head she agreed.

They continued up the boardwalk. The higher they went, the fewer people there were and the denser the trees became. The quiet made it easy to drop their guard and easy to remember old things.

"You know, Ethan was a handful when he was little," Richard said suddenly, voice distant. "Back when we still lived in the old complex, before we moved. One time he snuck off to swim in that wild pond behind the hill. I caught him and beat the hell out of him."

Grace's expression softened. "Yeah. He was still small. Cried like crazy, snot everywhere. Mom stepped in or you would've kept going."

Things had been simpler then. The four of them squeezed into a small two-bedroom unit. Poor, cramped, too hot in summer, too cold in winter. But there hadn't been any of this. Ethan had still been the little brother who followed her around calling her sister. Their father had still been the one who could fix anything. She hadn't been thinking about opening her legs for anyone.

"Dad, do you remember the little granddaughter next door at the old place? The Shaws?"

Grace's mouth curved with the memory.

"Who? The girl… what was her name?"

"Wendy, I think?"

Richard frowned, thinking. “The one with the pigtails who used to follow Ethan around?”

“Yeah. The day we moved she cried so hard. Held onto the moving truck and wouldn’t let go. Ran after it all the way to the end of the alley. Lost a shoe.”

“Oh—right!” Richard slapped his thigh. “That little girl. Stubborn as hell. I remember Ethan didn’t even want to play with her. Said she was a girl.”

Ethan had been what, ten? Eleven? That age when a boy knew nothing and somehow knew everything. The sound of that girl crying had stuck in the afternoon. Who could have guessed the same boy would grow into the man who now had every woman in the family under his control. And where was that girl now?

Richard shook his head. “More than ten years gone.”

“Yeah. All gone.”

Grace’s voice was low. She wasn’t sure if she meant the girl or the version of herself that no longer existed.

A gust of wind sent a few dry leaves spinning down near her feet. She hunched her shoulders.

“Dad, should we head back?”

“Yeah, let’s go.”

Richard glanced at her shoulders and almost took off his own layer to put over her before he remembered he was only in a thin yukata too. He settled for resting a hand lightly on her upper back.

“Come on, kid.”

The weight and warmth of his palm made Grace’s body stiffen. Then a current ran up her spine—shame, fear, and a thin thread of something that wanted more. She didn’t pull away.

They walked back side by side. Grace kept her eyes on the long shadows the two of them cast on the boards. At certain angles the taller shadow and the slimmer one overlapped, as if they were merging.

A ridiculous thought rose in her. If something really happened tonight. If she did what she’d promised her brother and ended up in her father’s bed. Would the same hand now resting warm on her back turn into something that gripped and spread? Would it handle her breasts

and open her legs the way he'd handled the story earlier? Just picturing it made the thin fabric between her legs feel damp again.

The walk back felt short. When the familiar wooden door came into view she almost didn't want it to end.

"Dad, go rest for a bit."

"Yeah. You check on the baby."

Richard stood at the doorway and watched her go into the next room. Just as the door was about to close she turned and smiled at him. There was something in it he hadn't seen from her before—something softer, more knowing.

"Dad… I'll call you for dinner."

"Alright."

The door shut. Richard stood alone in the corridor for a long moment. Something about his daughter today felt different. The look, the tone, that last glance. It was almost like—

He cut the thought off, shook his head, and went inside. The room was quiet again. Only the faint sulfur smell still hung in the air.

Night came early and heavy in the mountains. Wind moved through the trees outside with a low, restless sound.

Ethan sat on the tatami in their room, phone in hand, scrolling through work emails he wasn't really reading. His mind was on the two words Grace had mentioned earlier without thinking.

Mixed bathing.

On any ordinary day it would have been nothing. Here, after everything that had already happened at Serenity Peaks, it felt like an open door. The three women around him—his mother, his sister, his wife—had already crossed lines with him in different ways. The thought of the night ahead sat hot in his chest.

He looked over at Grace. She was still in the same yukata, kneeling on the floor with the baby, the curve of her ass clear under the fabric.

"Grace, you said eight o'clock, right? It's about that time. Want to go do the mixed bath?"

Her shoulders tightened. She looked up, eyes cautious but not entirely unwilling.

"But… what about Mason?"

She glanced down at the baby in her arms, as if he were the last excuse she had.

Ethan smiled like the answer was already settled. “I checked with the front desk this afternoon. They have a proper infant care room on the first floor. Staffed, clean, cameras you can check anytime. We’ll only be an hour or so.”

The last resistance in her eased.

Sophie was at the mirror putting on lipstick. She turned, eyes bright, and gave her husband a look that said she knew exactly what was running through his head. She didn’t call it out. The heat in her own body answered instead. If he wanted to play, she was ready.

Soon the five of them reached the entrance to the outdoor mixed-bathing area behind the mountain. A dark blue noren hung in the doorway with a large character for “hot spring” printed on it, shifting in the night air. The young woman at the desk, dressed in a kimono, took an extra look at the group—especially the three women.

“Evening mixed bathing has a few rules,” she said, voice pleasant but firm. “For privacy and safety, guests must enter with the opposite sex. Men need a woman with them, women need a man. No one goes in alone.”

The rule sounded odd, almost like it was designed to push people together, or to give couples a convenient excuse. Ethan liked it immediately.

“Works for us. We’re family. We can split however.”

Richard stood a step behind, hands behind his back. At the rule his eyes sharpened a little. He glanced at his full-figured daughter, then at the more openly tempting shape of his daughter-in-law. His throat moved.

No point standing around. They headed for the changing rooms.

The men’s room was steamy and empty. Ethan stripped quickly. Between his legs his cock hung soft but still heavy, the size obvious even at rest. He looked at his father.

Richard was older, solidly built, with a small soft layer at the middle. His cock hung dark and limp in a sparse patch of black hair, looking

tired. Ethan knew better. When the old man got hard, the force behind it was enough that even Sophie had trouble taking it.

"Dad, this place seems decent?"

Ethan wrapped a white towel around his waist as he spoke.

Richard tied his own towel and patted his stomach, gaze drifting. "Environment's fine. We'll see if the water lives up to the talk."

Bare-chested, towels low on their hips, the two of them walked out of the changing room.

(End of Chapter 124)

CHAPTER 125

Restless Hands

They passed through a wooden corridor and the space opened up.

A large outdoor soaking pool sat ahead, ringed by a bamboo fence half a person's height. The fence blocked the mountain wind and kept the pool private. The water was a thick milky white, as if someone had poured in gallons of milk. Steam rose steadily. Sulfur mixed with some soft, unnamed fragrance hung in the air.

The door of the women's changing room creaked open across from them.

Three women came out one after another.

Ethan felt his breath catch. Beside him, Richard's eyes nearly bulged.

Sophie was in front. She had chosen a bright yellow bikini that left almost nothing to the imagination. The color was sharp, like midday sun against her pale skin. The top was barely enough to cover her D-cup breasts; most of the soft flesh sat above the fabric and shifted with every step. The bottoms were little more than thin ties and a small triangle in front. From the back her round ass was almost fully bare, the thin string disappearing between the cheeks so that each step made the flesh roll. She had her hair in a high ponytail again, a few strands loose by her ears. Her neck and collarbones looked delicate. She seemed to enjoy the attention. She walked with her chest forward, showing off without apology.

Grace followed in a white one-piece. It looked modest at first glance. The fabric was thin, especially over her chest. Her heavy E-cup breasts stretched it to the limit; the shape of each breast was clear, and the stiff points of her nipples showed as small raised spots under the white. A band of white lace sat just above the deep line of her cleavage. Her legs were long and smooth, the skin carrying a faint ivory sheen. Color still lingered on her face from whatever she had been thinking earlier. Her eyes looked soft and unfocused. The whole effect was quietly provocative.

Helen came last. Unlike the younger two, she wore a traditional black one-piece and had wrapped a wide white towel around her upper body so that most of her was covered. Even so, the mature fullness of her figure was impossible to hide. Her breasts pushed against the towel with each breath. The calves that showed were firm, the ankles slender.

Richard's gaze moved between the three of them and kept returning to Sophie's nearly bare ass. He swallowed. Under Ethan's towel his cock stirred and began to lift.

"What are you staring at? Never seen a pretty girl before?"

Sophie stopped at the edge of the pool, bare feet on the stone, and shot the father and son a playful glare. Her eyes held no real scolding. The look was pure flirtation.

"Grace, Mom, let's get in. They say this spring is better for the skin than the ones by the rooms."

She stepped in first. The milky water swallowed her ankle. The bright yellow against the white steam looked almost indecent.

The five of them moved into the pool and started settling.

Ethan moved quickly, or perhaps he had already planned it. He pointed to the farthest left corner, where three wooden walls closed the space off and made it the most private spot.

"Dad, sit over there. There's an outlet. The water's hotter."

Richard didn't think twice. He sat.

Ethan kept arranging. "Grace, sit next to Dad. Keep an eye on him."

Grace hesitated. She glanced at her father's bare chest and arms. A flicker of unease crossed her face, but she still lowered herself beside him.

Ethan took the center seat without ceremony.

"Mom, you sit on my left."

"Baby, you're on my right."

The arrangement locked in. Richard on the far left with Grace beside him. Ethan in the middle, Helen on one side, Sophie on the other. The five of them formed a loose half-circle. Only Ethan sat at the true center; the rest kept a careful distance from one another.

The water was warm and slick, high enough to cover their chests. The milky surface acted like a natural curtain. Everything below it—thighs, hands, cocks, pussies—disappeared into the white.

Ethan leaned back against the stone with a long breath. He spread his legs a little and felt the heat move across his groin. The water had him half-hard already, the shaft drifting under the surface.

He turned his head slightly and looked at Helen. She had already taken the towel off and set it on the stone beside her. The black one-piece was conservative, but the water had pushed it up a little; a strip of soft white thigh showed at the edge. His heartbeat picked up. Under the water he opened his hands. His left hand slid through the current and settled lightly on her thigh.

The feel of it was almost too good. The warm water sharpened every sensation. Helen's thigh was full and elastic, the skin made even smoother by the spring. When he pressed lightly he felt the firm muscle under the soft give. He didn't rush. He simply moved his palm over the outer curve, learning the heat of her.

Helen stiffened but didn't push him off. She had noticed how completely the water hid them. If her son wanted to touch, let him. It wasn't as if she would lose anything. The resignation sat on the surface. Under it, something quieter and less acknowledged stirred.

At the same time his right hand found Sophie's thigh on the other side. Hers was tighter, smoother, younger. The muscle felt like a drawn string. The contrast between the two women under his hands sent a sharp, private thrill through him. Mother on one side, wife on the other. The scene that had only lived in the most shameless dreams was happening in the water around him.

Touching thighs stopped being enough. His breathing roughened. His cock stood fully hard now, twitching under the surface, wanting more direct contact.

He glanced at Helen. Her eyes were closed, face relaxed in the heat. A darker idea moved through him. His left hand suddenly closed around the wrist that hung loose in the water.

Helen's eyes flew open. She looked at him in alarm. From the outside it could have been nothing more than a mother and son holding hands.

Ethan didn't give her time to pull free. He guided her hand through the water and pressed her palm firmly against the thick, rigid length of his cock.

The moment her hand met him she went still. Even in the warm spring the heat of him was intense. The raised veins pressed against her soft palm. The swollen head pulsed against her skin like it was breathing. Her face went deep red. Instinct made her try to pull back. Her eyes darted toward Richard—her husband, Grace's father—sitting across from them. One clear look downward, or water a little less opaque, and everything would be visible.

But the milky water was the perfect cover. Richard had his eyes closed, humming something under his breath, completely unaware of what was happening under the surface.

Ethan felt her resistance. Instead of letting go he pressed harder on the back of her hand, forcing her fingers to close around him.

"Mom," he said, voice low enough that only she could hear, "does it feel good?"

The double meaning hit her like a slap. Was he asking about the spring, or about the cock she was holding? Shame and the sheer wrongness of it made her whole body tremble. Her hand, trapped under his, began to move. Once. Twice. The rough head dragged across her palm. The physical sensation and the collapse of every boundary she still had mixed together.

"It's… it's fine…"

Her answer was barely audible, thin and shaky. Her face burned so hard it looked like it might bleed, but to anyone watching it could have been nothing more than the heat of the water.

Grace, sitting opposite, watched her mother's stiff posture and unnatural expression. She didn't know what was happening under the water, but she recognized the heavy, sticky tension in the air. She shifted, trying to adjust how she was sitting. The movement was small. Because the one-piece was tight and her breasts were large, the soft weight of one breast brushed against Richard's arm.

It was light, but both of them felt it clearly.

Grace froze. A jolt went through her.

What am I doing? That's Dad…

Shame crashed over her. At the same time her nipples tightened so hard they ached against the fabric.

Richard, who had been resting with his eyes closed, felt the sudden soft drag across his arm. His eyes opened. In his peripheral vision he caught the heavy swell of his daughter's chest, close enough to touch. His throat went dry. Between his legs the cock that had been soft began to stir. He said nothing. He simply shifted a little farther away, as if it had been nothing. The heat that had started in him did not go down.

Sophie had been watching. She couldn't see under the water, but she had noticed Ethan's left arm disappear, the unnatural red on Helen's face, and the strange closeness between them. She put most of it together.

That old bitch is touching my husband right in front of me.

Jealousy flared hot and competitive. That was her man. Her cock. Even her mother-in-law didn't get to have it alone.

A cold little smile touched her mouth. The hand that had been resting on the stone edge slipped into the water and traveled up the inside of Ethan's thigh. She found what she expected. Another hand was already wrapped around him.

Whose hand could it possibly be?

She almost laughed. Instead of pulling back she grew more excited. She laid her own hand over Helen's, then slid her fingers into the small space between Helen's palm and the shaft until both women were holding him at once.

One hand full and mature. One hand slender and younger. Under the water the two of them competed without words for the same cock. Sophie's fingers circled the head, nails lightly scraping the sensitive tip. Helen stayed more careful, almost afraid to move. The dual pressure hit Ethan so hard that a current shot straight up his spine. He nearly made a sound. Two generations of women were servicing him at the same time. His head fell back against the stone. He breathed hard, face caught between strain and pure pleasure, as if he were enduring something and enjoying it at once.

Under the surface the water moved. Above it the steam continued to rise, calm and opaque. The family had turned the pool into something much dirtier than it had been.

(End of Chapter 125)

CHAPTER 126

Massage

In the outdoor pool the steam hung like a thin curtain, softening every shape. The water that should have been calm and cleansing now carried a thick, unmistakable heat.

Under the surface everything kept moving.

Ethan sat at the center of it. On his left, Helen's soft, well-kept hand still worked his cock with a reluctant, trembling grip. On his right, Sophie's slender fingers circled the head with open provocation and jealousy. The double sensation ran up his spine like two live wires.

"Fuck…"

His head tipped back. Muscles locked. His hips twitched in the water, sending small ripples outward. On any other night, in their own bed or a hotel room, he would have already come. Here the pool was technically public. Even with only family present, floating streaks of cum in the milky water would ruin the atmosphere and feel unclean. More than that, the night was only getting started. If he finished now, the rest of what he had planned would collapse.

He bit the tip of his tongue hard enough to hurt and used the pain to force the urge down. Under the water he reached for both wrists and pushed the two hands away from him with a firm, gentle pressure.

The sudden emptiness helped. He exhaled, opened his eyes, and looked around through the steam.

Helen pulled her hand back as if released from a trap. Her face was flushed. She turned her head away, unable to meet his eyes, yet the color on her cheeks only made her look more inviting. Sophie let out a small, dissatisfied sound and pouted.

Ethan steadied himself. A small, knowing smile touched his mouth.

"Baby, rub my shoulders for a minute. They've been killing me."

He rolled his neck for effect. A couple of soft cracks sounded. It wasn't entirely an act. He had been working long hours and planning every detail of this trip. The tension was real.

Sophie's irritation softened into something closer to concern. No matter how filthy things got between them, he was still her husband. She saw the tiredness he wasn't quite hiding and set the competitive heat aside for a moment.

"Turn around. I'll do it."

Ethan turned. The shift put his back to Sophie and his front toward Helen.

Sophie rose partway out of the water. Her pale arms settled on his shoulders. Her fingers were strong and warm; she worked the tight muscle across the tops of his shoulders with steady pressure.

"Mm… that's good," Ethan murmured, eyes closed.

Helen's awkwardness eased a little. She started to shift sideways to give the couple more room and to escape the way her son was looking at her. Under the water Ethan's leg moved without warning and closed around her calf, holding her in place. She went rigid, looked up, and met his half-smile. She bit her lip and stayed still, letting his leg rub slowly against her lower leg in the current.

Behind him, Sophie's massage changed character. What began as proper pressure grew closer. Her breasts, still in the bright yellow bikini, began to brush his back with every movement. Even through the fabric he felt the soft give and the stiff points of her nipples. She seemed to be doing it on purpose. Each time she leaned in, the weight of her chest pressed and flattened against him before springing back. The sensation was far more distracting than the hands alone.

Across the pool Richard tried to keep a father's dignity. His eyes refused to leave Sophie. From his angle she was half draped over his son's back, the yellow ties visible against her neck, the pale flesh of her breasts spilling over the edges of the top and shifting with every press. His mouth went dry. Between his legs the cock that had gone soft began to stir again. He cleared his throat, picked up the cup of clear water at the edge, and took a drink to cover himself.

Ethan let Sophie continue for several minutes until the earlier edge had faded. Through half-closed eyes he caught the strained, hungry look on his father's face. An idea formed. He could push things a little further and give Grace the opening she would need later.

“Baby, I’m good. Your hands are great. Why don’t you do Dad’s shoulders too? He’s been working hard for years. Might as well take care of him while we’re here.”

The suggestion landed cleanly, like ordinary family consideration. The air in the pool still tightened for a second.

Sophie’s fingers paused. She understood immediately. This wasn’t filial duty. He wanted her to tease his father right in front of him. A sharp, excited heat rose in her chest. She bit her lower lip, glanced at Ethan with knowing eyes, and answered in a sweet voice.

“Okay. Dad, I’ll do yours next.”

She straightened and started to turn toward Richard.

The movement was a little too large, or the yellow bikini was simply too small. A soft snap sounded. The right cup slipped.

“Ah—”

One full, pale breast spilled free into the steam. The skin looked almost luminous against the milky water. At the tip a stiff, cherry-red nipple stood out, still trembling slightly from the sudden release. The contrast of red against yellow and white was brutal.

Richard went still. The cup in his hand tipped; water spilled and he didn’t notice. His eyes locked on the exposed nipple. Under the surface his cock surged hard enough to tent the towel in an obvious shape.

Grace froze as well. She had large breasts of her own, but she had always kept them covered around family. Seeing her sister-in-law’s nipple out in the open, in front of their father, sent color flooding her face.

“Ahem!”

She coughed hard, trying to break the moment.

Sophie glanced down, saw the breast still fully exposed, and did not cover it in panic. A small, private smile touched her mouth. She reached up with calm fingers, pulled the cup back into place, and adjusted it as casually as if she were fixing a loose strand of hair. No rush. No apology. As if nothing had happened.

“Dad, turn around.”

Her voice carried a clearer invitation now.

Richard's first instinct was to refuse. His heart was still hammering. But Sophie's face looked composed, and her eyes held him. The refusal died in his throat.

"Oh… yeah. Sure."

He turned stiffly, like a man following instructions, and rested his forearms on the stone edge so his broad back faced her.

Sophie moved through the water toward him, hips rolling. Just as her hands were about to touch his shoulders, Grace spoke.

"Sophie… why don't I do Dad's? You've already been working on Ethan for a while. Your hands must be tired. Rest."

Her voice was quick, edged with tension. She had watched Sophie's earlier "accident" and trusted her instincts: it had not been accidental. If Sophie started massaging their father, things would escalate. Watching her sister-in-law display herself so freely in front of him also stirred something competitive and uneasy in Grace. She was the daughter. This kind of care should come from her. More privately, she remembered the promise she had made to her brother in the bath. If she was going to draw their father in, she could not hand the chance to Sophie.

Sophie paused and looked at her. Understanding flashed in her eyes. She smiled, almost amused, and gave Grace a small wink that seemed to say the older woman had finally decided to move.

"Alright, Grace. You take it. My hands are a little sore anyway."

She stepped back toward Ethan, content to watch.

Richard heard that his daughter would be the one touching him. Some of the heat Sophie had raised cooled into ordinary father-daughter awkwardness.

"Then… Grace, if you don't mind."

"Dad, don't say it like that."

Grace drew a breath, adjusted the straps of her white one-piece, and moved behind him. The suit was less revealing than Sophie's bikini, but it was cut tight. Her large breasts created a deep, shadowed line of cleavage. Wet fabric clung and turned faintly translucent.

She placed both hands on his shoulders. They were broad, the skin rougher from years of work. Her fingers were careful, less practiced than Sophie's but gentler. The problem appeared almost at once. Her chest

was simply too full. Even when she tried to keep her back straight and her distance, the heavy weight of her breasts still moved with every press. When she leaned in to apply more pressure, the soft lower curve of one breast brushed across his back.

Richard's body went rigid against the stone.

Was that… Grace's…?

(End of Chapter 126)

CHAPTER 127

Underwater Play

Grace realized her breast had just brushed her father's back. Her face burned so hard it felt hot to the touch. Her heart hammered. She didn't pull away. The accidental contact seemed to flip something inside her. She thought of Ethan watching, of the promise she had made him. Almost without deciding to, she let her posture soften so the heavy weight of her breasts pressed more fully against Richard's back.

"Dad… is the pressure okay?"

"It's… fine…"

Richard's voice came out rough. He kept his eyes shut and refused to turn around. He simply endured the soft, maddening drag across his skin.

Ethan watched the two of them and felt the heat in his own body climb. He turned to Helen. She had her head lowered, trying to make herself small. Since Grace was already moving, he saw no reason to wait.

"Mom, Grace is taking care of Dad. Let me do your shoulders."

Helen's head jerked up. Panic flashed in her eyes. She was still carrying the memory of being forced to hold his cock under the water only minutes earlier; the pulse of it still seemed to live in her palm.

"I… I'm fine. Mom's not tired…"

"Don't argue. You're the one who does everything at home. You're the one who needs it most."

He was already moving behind her before she could refuse again. Helen looked at the set of his face, then at her husband and daughter still absorbed in their own quiet exchange. She exhaled and gave a small, defeated nod.

"Then… be gentle."

She turned so her back faced him and her front faced the pool wall. She had no idea she had just stepped into the space he wanted.

Ethan looked at the full curve of her back. The black one-piece cut a deep line at her waist. Below it the water made the round shape of her ass shift and blur. His throat moved. He started the way a normal

massage would: firm, steady pressure on her shoulders. Helen's body gradually loosened. A small sound of relief left her.

The moment she relaxed, he changed. He pressed forward until his chest was flush against her wet back. No space remained between them. His hands slid under her arms, moved forward, and closed hard over both of her breasts.

"Ah!"

The sound escaped before she could stop it. His palms covered the soft weight completely. His fingers sank in and squeezed until the flesh bulged between them.

"Mom, what's wrong?"

Richard started to turn at the cry.

"Nothing!" Ethan answered first, voice easy and slightly scolding. "Her shoulders are just tight. I used a little more pressure and she jumped. Dad, stay where you are. Let Grace finish."

Helen was shaking. She tried to twist free, voice low and desperate. "Ethan… you're insane… let go…"

Tears of pure panic gathered at the corners of her eyes. If her husband turned around, everything would be over.

Ethan ignored the plea. He leaned in until his mouth was near her ear. "Mom, relax. If you keep moving, Dad's going to look."

The threat landed exactly where he needed it. Helen went still. She bit her lip hard enough to keep any further sound inside and let his hands continue. Through the wet black fabric he found her nipples—already stiff—and pinched them between thumb and forefinger, rolling and tugging. The sharp mix of pain and pleasure shot through her. Her legs weakened. She had to brace against the wall to stay upright. Between her thighs a thin, shameful wetness kept leaking into the spring, impossible to stop.

"Mm…"

Her head tipped back. The line of her neck stretched. Her face showed the war between humiliation and the sensation flooding her body. Richard remained facedown on the stone edge, humming under his breath, fully occupied by the soft drag of his daughter's breasts against his back. He saw none of it.

Sophie saw everything. Watching her husband handle Helen so openly, watching the usually composed woman turn pliant under her son's hands, sent a hotter rush through Sophie than if she had been the one being touched. This was the kind of ruin she liked.

She slipped through the water without a sound and pressed herself to Ethan's back. Her arms circled his waist. Her hands moved over the hard lines of his stomach, then lower. She found the knot of the white towel and undid it. The towel floated free. His cock, already rigid, sprang into her palm. She closed her fingers around it and began to stroke.

Ethan made a low sound in his throat. Front and back at once: his mother's breasts filling his hands, his wife's skilled grip working him from behind. Sophie knew exactly how he liked it. She dragged her nails lightly along the ridge, pressed her thumb over the slit, and kept a steady, affectionate rhythm that was also pure filth.

Above the water everything looked calm. Richard enjoyed his daughter's massage. Grace, face red, kept the soft weight of her chest against his back. Helen stayed silent while her son kneaded her breasts. Ethan took both of them at the same time.

He was not finished with Helen. His hands left her chest and slid down the narrow of her waist, over her stomach, across the flare of her hips, and settled on the soft inner thigh. Helen jerked. That skin was sensitive even on ordinary days. His rough palm against it sent a current straight up her spine. She tried to close her legs. He kept them open. His fingers worked the tender flesh, the texture of his skin catching against hers in the water. Heat from the spring and heat from his hand mixed until her lower body felt like it was burning.

"Ethan… don't…"

The plea was barely audible. He ignored it. His thumb moved inward and brushed, through the thin fabric of the swimsuit, across the center of her. Once. Twice. Each pass caught the full lips and pressed. The barrier of wet cloth made the friction worse than direct contact—rough enough to spark, not enough to satisfy. Helen's face went deep red. Her hands reached back and gripped his forearm, but the resistance was weak. To Ethan it felt like encouragement.

Sophie noticed the change in his movement. Still in the bright yellow bikini, nipples stiff against the fabric, she smiled. Her hand on his cock sped up. Ethan's breath caught. The shaft jumped in her palm, the head swelling, a thin clear fluid immediately diluted by the spring.

The extra stimulation pushed him further. While Helen was still dazed from the last wave, his hand slipped under the high-cut edge of the black one-piece. No barrier remained. His fingers met wet heat. Dark hair drifted in the water; he pushed it aside. The lips were swollen and parted, leaking. He found the stiff clit and pinched.

"Ah—!"

Helen almost screamed. The jolt was too sharp. Her grip on his arm tightened as she tried to rise and escape. Two meters away her husband sat with his back to them. One turn of his head and the entire family would shatter.

Ethan had already planned for the sound. The moment her mouth opened he leaned in and covered it with his own. The cry died against his tongue. Helen's mind went blank. Her son's face filled her vision. His tongue moved in her mouth. His fingers worked between her legs. And somewhere close, her husband remained unaware. The wrongness and the physical peak crashed together and dragged her under.

Ethan kissed her harder, drinking the soft sounds she couldn't stop, while his hand stayed focused on her clit and the thick outer lips—sometimes slow, sometimes rough. Small wet sounds rose under the surface as his fingers stirred the mix of her juices and the spring water.

Sophie pressed closer from behind. Her breasts flattened against his back. She licked up the line of his neck, took his earlobe between her teeth, and breathed hot against his ear. Her hand on his cock moved faster, nails catching the sensitive ridge on every upward stroke. Ethan felt like he was coming apart from both sides. He drove two fingers deep into Helen without warning.

A muffled sound broke against his mouth. Her body locked. The walls around his fingers clenched and fluttered, pulling at the intrusion. He thrust in steady, relentless strokes—ten, twenty, fifty. Helen broke. Her eyes rolled. Her toes curled hard against the stone floor of the pool. Her

body arched like a drawn bow and then released in a hot, pulsing rush that flooded over his hand and mixed with the water.

She came. In the open pool, with her husband only a short distance away, her own son's fingers had pushed her over the edge. The force of it left her boneless. She sagged against Ethan's chest, breathing hard, breasts rising and falling under the soaked black fabric.

When he felt the last of the spasms fade, he slowly withdrew his fingers and released her swollen mouth. He didn't pause. He turned his head and caught Sophie's lips instead. The wet sound of the kiss was soft and final against the constant rush of the spring.

(End of Chapter 127)

CHAPTER 128

The Nursing Room

Ethan had only just finished making Helen come on his fingers when he turned and pushed his tongue into Sophie's mouth. The taste of his mother was still on it. He kissed Sophie hard, deliberately passing that taste over. Sophie didn't pull away. She answered with equal heat, their tongues sliding together with wet, open sounds.

Grace heard the movement behind her and looked back. What she saw stopped her breath. Ethan stood bare-chested between the two women. Helen sagged against him, face flushed, eyes unfocused, clearly wrecked from what had just happened. Ethan had his head turned, kissing Sophie deeply. The image hit Grace so hard her stomach tightened. She cursed under her breath, yet the ache between her own legs grew sharper, wetness she couldn't control.

She turned forward again. Richard still had no idea. Through the thin white one-piece—already soaked and nearly translucent—she pressed her heavy breasts harder against his back. The wet fabric clung so tightly that the darker outline of her areolas showed. Sweat and spring water ran into the deep line of her cleavage. Using the motion of the massage, she ground the soft weight against him more deliberately. Her nipples had stiffened into hard points that dragged across his skin with every shift.

Richard had been resting with his eyes closed. The increased pressure on his back—soft, heavy, and slightly rough from the wet fabric—sent a fresh surge of heat low in his body. He shifted uncomfortably. Under the towel his cock had gone fully rigid, tenting the cloth in an obvious, painful shape.

The long kiss between Ethan and Sophie finally broke. Ethan looked down at Helen still limp in his arms, a satisfied curve at his mouth.

"Dad."

Richard turned at the sound. Through the steam he saw Ethan already helping Helen to her feet. Sophie leaned against the edge of the pool, color still high on her face.

“What’s wrong?”

Richard’s eyes moved over the three of them and settled on Helen’s unusually flushed face.

“Mom got a little lightheaded from the heat. I’m taking her back to the room to rest.”

Ethan said it without a flicker. One arm stayed tight around Helen’s waist—supportive on the surface, possessive underneath. Helen stiffened at the lie. She lifted her head and met her husband’s concerned look. The memory of Ethan’s fingers still moving inside her made it impossible to hold his gaze.

“You alright, Helen?”

Richard saw the color in her face and the way her eyes avoided him and assumed the heat had simply gotten to her.

Helen forced her voice steady. “I’m fine. Just a little tight in the chest. Probably stayed in too long. I’ll feel better after I sit down.”

The soft, breathless quality of it made Richard nod. The pool was hot. People got dizzy. It happened.

“Go on, then. Let Ethan help you.”

“Got it, Dad.”

Ethan turned with her. After two steps he glanced back at Sophie still in the water and gave her a clear, pointed look. Sophie’s cheeks darkened. She bit her lip and shot him a glare that was half complaint, half acceptance—the kind that said she knew exactly what he wanted her to do next with his father, and that she would do it anyway. Under the water her long legs stirred. She shifted her position and turned a slow, inviting smile toward Richard, who was still enjoying Grace’s hands.

Ethan looked satisfied. He half-carried, half-guided Helen out of the pool and behind a plain noren curtain. The water behind them continued to move.

They reached a quiet corridor. Ethan spotted the small nursing room beside the rest area—the private space meant for feeding infants—and guided her toward it.

“Mom, let’s sit in here for a minute.”

Helen didn't argue. Her legs still felt weak. Between the heat, the orgasm, and everything she had just watched, she had almost no strength left. She leaned heavily on his arm. The black one-piece clung to her, soaked and heavy, outlining the full curve of her ass and the soft tops of her thighs as water continued to run down her skin.

The nursing room was small and private, tatami underfoot, the faint smell of milk powder still in the air. The moment Helen sat, Ethan dropped the towel. His cock sprang free, thick and flushed, a clear strand still hanging from the tip, veins standing out along the shaft.

"Mom, lick it. I'm dying here."

Helen stared. She checked the closed door first, then shot him a glare that lacked real force.

"Put that ugly thing away. What kind of son does this to his own mother?"

The scolding came out soft, almost coy. Her eyes tried to avoid the cock and kept returning to it anyway—longer than Richard's, thicker. Ethan didn't push. He sat beside her, took her hand, and placed it on his thigh. Her fingers were long and pale, nails neatly shaped with a soft pink polish. The skin was warm and smooth from the spring. He pressed her palm against the inside of his thigh and felt the fine drag of skin on skin.

"Mom, I'm only doing this because I love you."

Helen felt the hard muscle under her hand—young, tight, nothing like the softer give of her husband's body. She tried to pull away and couldn't. "Ethan, don't. Sometimes you actually scare me."

"Scare you how? Think I'm going to eat you?"

He leaned closer. The mature scent of her skin filled his nose. One hand tipped her chin up; the other tapped the tip of her nose. Helen turned her face away.

"Ethan… can you at least not do it when other people are around…"

"Not do what?"

His fingers slid down her neck and settled in the hollow of her collarbone.

"You know what."

He smiled. "There isn't anyone else here now."

The room was empty except for the two of them. Helen's eyes flickered. "I… guess not."

"Then kiss me."

He offered his cheek. Helen hesitated, then leaned in toward it. Ethan stood instead and pointed at his cock, now level with her mouth.

"I meant kiss this."

The head hovered inches from her lips. The heavy male scent of it washed over her. Helen turned her face sharply.

"You… again…"

She gripped the cushion beneath her, trying to hide how hard her pulse had jumped. Ethan shrugged and started to retie the towel.

"Fine. If you won't, I'll go find Grace and Sophie. Grace still looked hungry earlier, and Sophie's waiting in the pool."

The mention of the other two women hit something in Helen. She had watched Sophie circle him at the pool and felt the quiet sting of being left out. Between her own legs the ache from his fingers had never fully faded. The wet fabric of the swimsuit still clung to her swollen lips and kept the need sharp.

"Don't… don't go."

Her hand caught his wrist before she fully decided to. Ethan turned, smile already in place.

"Then lick it for me. Same as last night. You remember how."

Helen looked at his face and sighed. She knew she had already lost. Still, some last scrap of dignity made her add, "Just… just a little."

Ethan stepped forward and brought the thick shaft to her mouth. Helen opened her lips. They were full and soft. Her tongue came out carefully and gave the flushed head one small, testing lick.

Both of them shuddered at the contact. For Ethan the soft, trembling touch of his mother's tongue on the most sensitive part of him sent a jolt straight up his spine. Watching the woman who had raised him kneel and lick his cock filled him with a sharp, almost dizzying sense of ownership. For Helen the heat of him, the faint salty taste, and the sheer wrongness of the act mixed into something that made her lower body clench.

She started to pull back. Ethan's hands closed around the back of her head and held her there.

"Mom, take it in. Like before."

She was trapped against the swollen head. Panic flickered in her eyes, but the pressure of his palms kept her from pushing him away. She opened wider. The head stretched her lips until she could barely manage it. Her tongue had nowhere to go except to curl against the shaft. Ethan tipped his head back and exhaled. He began to move her head, shallow thrusts that slid the cock in and out of the wet heat of her mouth.

Helen made small, choked sounds. Tears gathered at the corners of her eyes from the stretch. After a short while Ethan pulled free, breathing hard. He was too close and didn't want to finish in her mouth yet.

"Mom, turn around."

Helen released him with a wet sound, a thin strand still connecting her lower lip to the head. She gasped for air. Her breasts rose and fell hard under the soaked black fabric. She obeyed. Hands braced on the low changing table in the nursing room, she lowered her chest and raised her ass. The position was humiliating. The wet swimsuit disappeared between the full cheeks of her ass and outlined every curve.

(End of Chapter 128)

CHAPTER 129

Taking Care of the Daughter-in-Law

Ethan stood behind Helen and looked at the picture she made. This was the woman who had given birth to him, now bent over with her ass raised like she was offering it. He reached down, pulled the wet black swimsuit aside, and exposed her. The lips were full and dark, already slick and swollen. Dark hair clung wetly around them. Clear fluid coated everything.

"Mom, look how wet you are. You've been wanting this."

He dragged two fingers through the mess and lifted them. A thin strand stretched and broke. Helen buried her face in her arms. Her whole body shook. The full cheeks of her ass twitched, caught between trying to hide and trying to push back.

Ethan didn't wait. He lined himself up and pushed. The head forced the thick lips open and sank in one long stroke.

"Ah—!"

Helen cried out at the sudden fullness, then bit down on the sound. Ethan gripped her waist with both hands and started thrusting hard.

Slap. Slap. Slap.

The sound bounced off the small walls of the nursing room. Every impact sent deep ripples through the soft flesh of her ass. The soaked swimsuit clung and shifted with the movement, the black fabric rubbing against pale skin.

"Ethan… slower… you're too deep… you're hitting—"

His cock reached farther than Richard's ever had. Each stroke drove against the sensitive spot deep inside her. Helen's voice broke into helpless moans. She felt like he was fucking the sense out of her.

"Mom," Ethan said, voice rough, "who fucks you better? Dad or your son?"

He brought one hand down hard across her ass.

Slap!

A bright red handprint bloomed on the pale skin.

"Ah! …Ethan… don't ask me that…"

Helen wanted to disappear. Her body answered anyway. Her hips pushed back, trying to take him deeper.

"Say it. If you don't, I'm not stopping."

He drove harder, pulling almost all the way out before slamming back in, white foam forming at the base.

"Ah… ah… son… it's better with you… Ethan's cock… feels so good…"

The words came out broken and desperate. Ethan's control snapped. The urge to come hit him hard.

"Mom, I'm gonna come. Take it."

"Ah! Ethan, don't—don't come inside—ah!"

He knew better than to finish in her. He still pounded through another dozen brutal strokes, hips crashing into her ass until the soft flesh deformed under the impact. Then he pulled out. The moment he left the tight heat his cock jumped. Thick, hot ropes of cum shot across the black swimsuit and the pale curve of her ass, white against black, running in slow trails.

Helen stayed bent over the changing table, body still twitching through the aftershocks. Ethan breathed hard, looking at what he had done to her. He wiped a hand across the mess on her ass, brought it to his nose, and inhaled.

"Mom, did that feel good?"

Helen's answer came out weak. "It… it did…"

…

Back in the pool, only moments earlier.

Ethan had just helped Helen out under the excuse of the heat. The space they left behind did not grow calmer. With fewer bodies the remaining tension only thickened.

Sophie moved through the water until she stood behind Grace. Grace was still kneeling at Richard's back, hands working his shoulders out of habit. The white one-piece clung to her, wet enough to show the dark outline of her areolas with every breath. Sophie smiled. She slipped both hands under the water and rested them on Grace's flat stomach.

"Grace, want me to do you too?"

Her voice was soft and close. She leaned in until her lips nearly touched Grace's ear. Her fingers drew slow circles on the skin below the navel, drifting lower toward the edge of the swimsuit.

Grace's body locked. A sharp tingle ran through her. Her knees almost gave. She caught Sophie's wrist and pushed the hand away, voice unsteady.

"No… I'm fine."

Sophie straightened. A brief look of annoyance crossed her face, then vanished. Her eyes moved past Grace's shoulder to Richard's broad back—the same man who had been under her the night before, the same man who now tensed whenever she got too close. If Grace wouldn't accept the touch, Sophie would simply redirect the heat.

"Dad, how about I do your shoulders?"

Grace's alarm spiked. She knew her sister-in-law. Sophie looked proper on the surface and was anything but underneath. If she started on their father, things would escalate fast.

"No, really. Just relax. I'll keep going."

Grace reached to steer her aside. Sophie let herself be moved, then looked at the tension on Grace's face and felt the opposite of deterred. If Grace wouldn't let her touch him, she would make him touch her instead.

She used the buoyancy of the water, slipped past Grace in one smooth motion, and sat down directly beside Richard. The bright yellow bikini pressed against his bare arm. Skin met skin. A small current seemed to jump between them.

"Dad, is Grace doing a good job?"

Sophie turned her head. Wet strands clung to her cheek. Her eyes were bright and direct. Richard had been trying to keep his thoughts under control while his daughter's breasts rested against his back. He opened his eyes and found Sophie looking at him. His gaze dropped without permission. The yellow top barely contained her. Pale breasts shifted in the water with each breath, water beading along the deep line between them. On any ordinary night at home he would have already had her under him. Here the pool was public, and his own daughter was kneeling right behind him, watching.

He swallowed and forced his voice steady. “It’s fine. Grace knows what she’s doing.”

Sophie smiled, sweet and excessive. “Does she?”

Under the water her hand found his thigh. Fingers moved lightly through the hair there, scratching just enough to be felt. Richard’s body jerked. The restraint he had been holding cracked. Between his legs his cock began to harden again. Sophie felt the muscle tighten under her palm and grew bolder. She slid higher, fingertips brushing the thick shape already straining against his swim trunks, then pulled her hand back as if nothing had happened. She lifted one arm, tucked wet hair behind her ear, and exposed the clean line of her neck.

“Then Dad, you do me. I’ve been working hard too.”

Grace went still. She had expected Sophie to push for the chance to touch their father. She had not expected her to turn around and demand he touch her instead. Before Grace could speak, Richard was already sitting up. The movement forced Grace to shift back, creating the small gap Sophie needed.

Sophie turned without waiting. She presented her back to him.

“Dad, if you don’t mind.”

The yellow bikini left almost nothing covered. Richard saw the smooth line of her spine, the sharp wings of her shoulder blades, skin flushed pink from the heat. Her waist was narrow. Below it the full curve of her ass was cut by the thin string of the bottoms. Reason told him to stop. His daughter was right there. His body stopped listening. He raised both hands. They shook a little when they settled on her shoulders. The skin under his palms was soft and slick. He began to press, more to occupy his hands than anything else.

“Sophie… is the pressure alright?”

Sophie tipped her head back. A low, pleased sound left her.

“Mm… Dad… that feels good… harder…”

Under the water her hands reached back and found his thighs again. She scratched lightly, once, then again. Grace watched from the side, face tight with disbelief and something sharper. Her father’s hands moved over Sophie’s bare back. Sophie made sounds that had no place in a family pool. Richard’s expression had gone heavy with want. Grace

wanted to say something and found she had no clean sentence that would stop any of it. She sat back, eyes unable to leave the scene.

Richard's control continued to slip. Sophie's voice in his ear, the soft flesh under his hands, the teasing scrape of her fingers on his legs—his cock stood fully hard now, tenting the swim trunks and disturbing the surface of the water.

Sophie shifted. She turned her head and looked at him through half-lidded eyes.

"Dad, rub my stomach too. It's been feeling tight lately."

Richard glanced back at Grace, suddenly aware of her again. He covered the moment with an ordinary complaint. "Yeah, the sushi at lunch didn't sit right… here?"

His hand slid from her side to the front, under the water, and settled on the flat plane of her stomach. The skin was warm and firm. Sophie made a small sound. Richard froze, thinking he had pressed too hard.

"Not there," she said, voice soft. "That's my ribs… a little lower…"

Lower. Both of them knew what lower meant. Neither of them said it. Richard's breathing had gone heavy. His hand moved down, past her navel, across the soft lower belly, until his fingertips met the edge of the yellow bottoms. He didn't stop. His palm settled directly over her pussy through the thin fabric.

"Mm…"

Sophie leaned back into the touch, offering herself more fully.

"Right there, Dad… just like that… Ethan's been so busy with work he never has time to take care of me…"

The words finished whatever resistance Richard still had. He exhaled, eyes dark.

"Alright… Dad will take care of you…"

(End of Chapter 129)

CHAPTER 130

In Front of His Daughter

The surface of the milky-white hot spring water was thick with layered steam, like a sheer veil draping the little private space in a dreamlike haze.

The half-height bamboo fence around them had been steamed a deep, dripping green by the rising vapor.

In the center of the pool, three figures were spaced apart.

Richard Hale leaned back against the stone wall, chest half-exposed above the water. In front of him, his daughter-in-law Sophie sat with her back to him, wearing a bright yellow bikini. The vivid color of the swimsuit stood out sharply against the pale spring water.

A short but careful distance behind Richard, his daughter Grace was curled alone in the corner.

Her white one-piece swimsuit, thoroughly soaked by the spring, had turned slightly sheer. It clung tightly to her snow-white skin, tracing every breathtaking curve of her body.

In the place Grace couldn't see, her father's rough hands—supposedly just giving a massage—were sliding over his daughter-in-law's smooth back.

Under his palms, Sophie's skin was as fine and soft as top-grade jade, slick and warm, making the fire in his chest flare higher.

Richard's hands slowly traveled down her slender waist, fingertips tracing the clean line with not an ounce of extra flesh, until they stopped at the edge of her bikini bottoms.

The bikini fabric was minimal; most of her firm, plump ass was already exposed.

Richard's Adam's apple bobbed. Combined with Sophie's earlier teasing words, he moved almost without thinking. His fingers slipped under the edge of her bottoms.

In that instant, his fingertips touched an intoxicating secret place.

He could clearly feel the shape of her labia.

Richard quietly pressed three fingers together. He didn't rush to push inside. Instead, he simply pressed them against Sophie's tender little pussy. The soft flesh felt like freshly peeled lychee—so delicate it seemed it could be pinched until it dripped.

He held his breath, forcing down his excitement, and began rotating the three fingers counterclockwise over her entrance in the manner of an ordinary massage—one circle, then another.

His rough fingertips rubbed across her swollen, engorged clit and squeezed the wet opening that was already leaking.

"Ah—!"

The intense pleasure hit so hard Sophie couldn't control herself. She threw her head back, long neck stretching into a graceful arc, and let out a scream she couldn't suppress.

The lewd cry echoed through the open private pool, thick with desire, enough to make anyone's bones go soft.

Because her father-in-law was massaging her pussy, Sophie's body trembled violently in the water. Her long, beautiful legs—half-visible beneath the surface—snapped straight, toes curling tight. She was clearly at the peak of pleasure; her face had turned openly wanton.

Behind them, Grace, who had seemed to be resting with her eyes closed, had actually seen everything.

The water hid the exact movements, so she couldn't see clearly, but the sounds, the way her father's shoulders were moving, and her sister-in-law's shamelessly lewd moans left no doubt.

From the moment their bodies first touched, Grace had been certain the two of them would do something they shouldn't. They were definitely not behaving.

But still…

Watching this, listening to those moans that made her face burn and her heart race, Grace felt her own body start to react.

A strange heat rose from deep inside her, like a wildfire spreading rapidly through her entire body.

Her pretty face flushed crimson, her breathing quickened, and her pale, long legs under the water unconsciously squeezed together, lightly rubbing.

The desire in her heart grew stronger and stronger, like dry wood that had been set alight—burning hotter and hotter, crackling as it consumed her reason.

In the next moment, under the cover of the steam, Grace's eyes darkened as if she had made a decision. Her slender, onion-white hands quietly slipped into the water, sliding down her flat stomach until they reached the itchy place between her thighs.

Through the thin swimsuit fabric, her fingertips lightly covered her own little hole.

The juices leaking from her flower were diluted by the spring water. Grace bit her lower lip, eyes hazy as she stared at the shameless pair in front of her, and began rubbing in time with Sophie's cries.

For a while, the pool filled with the sound of water and continuous soft moans, playing out a ridiculous symphony in the quiet valley.

Sophie was now completely lost in the pleasure.

Her wet long hair was casually spread behind her, a few strands stuck to her flushed, pretty face, making her look even more alluring.

She lifted her head excitedly, eyes glazed as she looked back, red lips parting, breath fragrant:

"Dad, your fingers are so strong…"

Her voice was soft, sweet, and sticky, with a bit of coquettish begging that made Richard's bones go weak.

Richard was still worried about being discovered by his daughter behind him, so his movements were stiff and his voice trembled:

"Oh… is… is that so…"

Sophie acted like she didn't care at all. She twisted her water-snake waist and pushed her full, round ass back harder against him, then replied in an extremely seductive tone:

"Mm, it feels so good. Dad, use a little more strength…"

That urging was like a bugle call before a charge.

Richard took a deep breath and thought to himself: Fine, fine!

Without further hesitation, he lined up two thick fingers like steel rebar and pressed them hard against Sophie's constantly contracting entrance.

In the next second, his right hand drove forward. The fingers broke through layer after layer of soft flesh with a wet *squelch* and plunged deep inside!

"Ah!"

Sophie let out a sweet moan, her body jolting hard. Her pale hands gripped the green stone edge of the pool tightly. Head lowered, she felt like she'd been electrocuted. Right in front of her sister-in-law, her father-in-law's fingers had entered her pussy. A numbing current shot straight up her spine to the top of her head, paralyzing every nerve.

Not far behind them, Grace heard the change in pitch of the moan and sped up the rubbing of her own hole.

Her jade-like fingertips, still over the swimsuit, frantically stimulated her erect clit. Her breathing grew heavy and rapid. She stared fixedly at her father's back, hoping to catch some concrete, lewd details.

Richard had completely let go by now. Since he'd already put his fingers in, there was nothing left to hold back.

With that thought, the speed of his fingering under the water grew faster and faster. His fingers moved flexibly in and out of the tight, hot passage, bending and digging.

Every thrust brought out slick love juices that spread ripples in the water.

Sophie cried out even more alluringly, her voice soft and winding, lewder than a cat in heat.

Richard looked down and saw the two large breasts wrapped in the bright yellow bikini heaving violently with her breathing. The snow-white soft flesh nearly spilled out of the tiny fabric; the deep cleavage was filled with sweat and spring water.

Unable to resist the sight, he used his free left hand to reach around under Sophie's arm and grab hard.

The softness and fullness in his palm were shocking.

As he squeezed and kneaded, the soft flesh changed shape in his hand, overflowing between his fingers—utterly obscene.

After a while, feeling the little "stone" that had been pressing against his palm the whole time, Richard's heart stirred. He used his thumb and index finger to precisely pinch Sophie's nipple and play with it forcefully.

“Mm, ah! Dad… gentler… you’ll pinch it off…”

Sophie said she didn’t want it, but her body honestly leaned back so her father-in-law could play with her big breasts even more freely.

At this moment, being fingered in the pussy while having her nipples stimulated, wave after wave of intense pleasure crashed over Sophie like a tide. Every cell in her body was screaming, craving rougher, more stimulating treatment.

In the next instant, Sophie seemed to have reached her limit. She turned her head slightly, eyes hazy as she looked at the man behind her, and said in a spoiled tone:

“Dad, help me massage my legs a little more?”

Massage her legs?

How exactly?

Before Richard’s desire-fogged brain could figure it out, Sophie, enduring the waves of numbness from her pussy, pushed away the hand that was kneading her breast.

Then she braced both arms behind her, planting them on her father-in-law’s thighs.

Next, under Richard’s shocked gaze, Sophie sat back completely. Her two plump, juicy ass cheeks rose and fell and landed directly in his lap!

In that moment, their bodies pressed tightly together with no gap.

Richard froze, body instantly stiff.

Was his daughter-in-law trying to…?

Do it right here?

Grace was only a few meters behind them!

If the earlier massage of his scantily dressed daughter-in-law had already been a bit over the line for ordinary father- and daughter-in-law in Grace’s eyes—borderline behavior—then this kind of full-body skin-to-skin contact had completely crossed the ethical boundary.

What would Grace think?

Would she get angry?

Would she rush over?

Richard was worried. His eyes unconsciously wanted to glance back.

But Sophie was completely filled with desire. Between her pale thighs, her beautiful hole felt like countless little ants were crawling inside it.

Unlike Richard, Sophie had none of those concerns.

Her sister-in-law and she had long been co-conspirators. This absurd incest had always been something they tacitly permitted.

Moreover, the thrill of cheating right in front of someone else made Sophie shake with excitement. Asking her to stop now was impossible; she desperately wanted her father-in-law's big cock to push in and scratch the itch immediately.

In the next second, Sophie turned her head, eyes full of charm, and said to her father-in-law:

"Dad, spread your legs a little more."

Richard's mind was blank. He didn't think much. Hearing her words, he instinctively opened his legs.

The next moment, one of Sophie's pale, jade-like hands reached back under the water, groped for a bit, then firmly grasped her father-in-law's already raging hard cock.

Veins bulged on the surface of the meat rod. It twitched in Sophie's small hand, making her even more determined to start immediately.

Richard froze on the spot, feeling as if all the blood in his body had rushed to his lower half.

Without further hesitation, Sophie held the thick cock, slightly lifted her round, snow-white ass, aligned it with her soaking wet pussy, took a deep breath, and then slammed her waist down hard.

Squelch.

The huge cock broke through every barrier and sank in to the hilt in one thrust!

In that instant, the itching inside her hole was somewhat soothed. Sophie arched her long neck, red lips parting in a long "Ah," sounding completely wanton.

The tight, hot walls instantly wrapped the invading giant tightly. The feeling of being completely filled made her toes dig into the stone at the bottom of the pool.

Richard felt as if his cock had been plunged into a high-temperature furnace—tight and sucking—so pleasurable his scalp went numb. He nearly came on the spot.

He lowered his head and stared blankly at the daughter-in-law in his arms. Her face was flushed, eyes half-closed, full breasts rising and falling with rapid breaths. She was breathtakingly beautiful.

"Dad, don't just sit there… move…"

Sophie panted, turned her head, and whispered in his ear with a mix of pleading and complaint.

It sounded like she was urging him to continue the massage, but every word was actually telling him to fuck her hard with that big cock.

How could Richard hold back?

He let out a low growl, both hands suddenly gripping Sophie's willow-slender waist. Using the power of his hips, he began thrusting wildly in the warm spring water.

Slap! Slap! Slap!

The sound of flesh colliding mixed with the water, sounding especially crisp and loud in the quiet private pool.

Behind them.

Grace listened, face red and ears burning, heart pounding like thunder.

This… this was him going inside?

That wet *squelch* of flesh entering, followed by the sounds of bodies slapping, all went straight into her ears without any filter.

Looking at their tightly joined bodies, Grace felt as if she could see the scene:

Her father's thick, brutal cock violently tearing open Sophie's tender little pussy and then rampaging inside it.

Obscene images flashed wildly in her mind, making Grace's whole body burn with heat.

Her little hand was no longer satisfied with rubbing over the swimsuit. Trembling, she slipped it under the edge of her white swimsuit.

Her fingertips touched her smooth, hairless beautiful pussy—it felt incredibly slick.

Grace bit her lip, eyes locked on the pair rising and falling and intertwining in the water in front of her. Without hesitation, she pushed her fingers into her own white tiger hole and began thrusting in rhythm with the flesh impacts ahead.

“Mm… ha… so… so good…”

(End of Chapter 130)

CHAPTER 131

The Game Continues

The open-air private pool was extremely quiet. The only sounds were the soft bubbling of the spring water and the relentless, suppressed slap of flesh on flesh.

Slap, slap, slap…

Water splashed, the rhythm urgent.

Richard Hale was leaning against the edge of the pool, holding his daughter-in-law in his arms.

Sophie sat with her back to him, her entire body nestled against his broad, somewhat aged chest like soft jade.

The bright yellow bikini she wore stood out sharply—and provocatively—against the milky-white water.

That splash of yellow was like the most tender winter jasmine in spring, yet it couldn't contain the full bloom of spring color beneath it.

Her snow-white back had flushed a faint pink from the vigorous motion, covered in crystal droplets that slid down the delicate groove of her spine and disappeared into the slender waist her father-in-law's large hands were gripping tightly.

That waist was truly "slender enough to be held in one hand, soft as willow fluff in the wind."

Lower down was Sophie's firm, plump peach of an ass, mostly submerged, rising and falling with Richard's thrusts and sending out continuous ripples.

The ass flesh was white and soft as fat, deformed by his rough hands; the meat that spilled between his fingers was utterly decadent.

Richard panted, his old cock thrusting in and out of his young daughter-in-law's tight little hole.

Every deep plunge brought a muffled water sound and a soft, coquettish moan.

"Mm… Dad… gentler… we'll be heard…"

Sophie bit her red lips, head thrown back, her snow-white neck stretched into a graceful arc. A small pool of spring water had collected in the hollow of her collarbones, trembling with her body.

Her beautiful legs kicked helplessly in the water.

Sophie's legs were exquisite: thighs full and firm, calves long and slender, ankles as delicate as carved jade. Her ten toes curled tightly from pleasure, the rounded toenails faintly visible in the water like red beans scattered on a jade plate.

Richard paid no attention to her plea. His old eyes were bloodshot as he stared at the snowy twin peaks swaying in front of him. Even underwater, those heavy breasts couldn't hide their imposing presence, shaking violently with every movement and creating waves of flesh.

"It's… it's fine. Massage has to be firm to work."

He spoke as if covering something up, then drove his hips hard, slamming the head of his cock against Sophie's deepest spot.

Sophie's body jolted violently. Her pussy spasmed uncontrollably, clamping tightly around the thick rod that was tormenting her.

Not far behind them, separated by a thin layer of steam.

Grace's eyes were hazy, locked on the pair of intertwined figures in front of her.

Though she couldn't clearly see the joining under the water, the amplitude of the movements and the suppressed moans made the fire inside her burn hotter and hotter.

In the end, just like on so many nights before she had been with her younger brother, she used her long, pale fingers to push into her own smooth, hairless beautiful pussy.

"Mm…"

The itching inside her hole turned into numbness. Grace bit her lower lip, fingers thrusting rapidly in her passage while her other hand climbed to her full snowy breast, kneading her nipple hard through the soaked swimsuit.

Pleasure washed over her like a tide. Grace's eyes grew more unfocused as she stared at her father's moving back and fantasized:

"What if Dad was fucking me instead…"

Right in the middle of this pool full of spring color and lewdness.

Splash—

The glass door leading to the nursing room was pushed open.

Ethan Hale came out supporting his mother Helen.

At that moment, Helen radiated the mature charm of a beautiful married woman.

The black one-piece swimsuit she wore was somehow disheveled; one strap had slipped halfway down, revealing a rounded, pale shoulder.

Her previously neat updo was now loose, several strands of hair damp with sweat and stuck to her still-flushed cheeks.

After being thoroughly taken from behind by her son, her legs were still weak. If Ethan hadn't been supporting her, she probably couldn't have walked steadily.

Behind her full, plump ass, the swimsuit fabric was tightly wedged in the cleft, seemingly still stained with some undried fluids.

The moment mother and son stepped out, their gazes slammed straight into the heart-stopping scene in the pool.

Under the moonlight, in the steam.

Richard was like an old bull, pounding Sophie hard from behind. The sound of his hips colliding with her ass was clearly audible in the quiet night.

In that instant, time seemed to freeze.

Sophie was on the edge of orgasm. Suddenly sensing a gaze sharp as a sword, she snapped her eyes open and met her husband Ethan's half-smiling, half-not look.

That single glance made Sophie cry out in shock. Her body stiffened, and her already tight pussy clenched even harder, nearly snapping her father-in-law's cock in half.

After the cry, Sophie felt dazed. Shame exploded like a volcano. Her pretty face turned scarlet, the color spreading all the way to her ears and neck.

Yet at that peak of shame, she felt an unprecedented thrill shoot straight to her head. Her pussy uncontrollably squirted a gush of juices onto the head of Richard's cock.

Ethan was stunned at first.

Even though he had heard his wife talk about it countless times, seeing it with his own eyes—his father's big cock buried in the tender hole that normally belonged only to him; his wife's snowy breasts shaking wildly in his father's arms; his wife's long beautiful legs spread helplessly in the water—hit differently.

Ethan's heart jolted hard. It was an indescribable bitterness, and also a twisted, perverted pleasure.

His cock, which had just come inside his mother and was still half-soft, filled with blood again under the visual impact and tented his towel hard.

Grace was also startled by the commotion. Her fingers froze between her legs. She just sat there blankly, unsure whether to pull them out or pretend nothing was happening.

Only Helen, with her years of experience, though her heart was also pounding wildly from the scene, quickly recovered.

Her face flushed, eyes avoiding the place where her husband and daughter-in-law were connected. She gently pulled her hand free from her son's, then lowered her head and walked quickly without a word toward the lounge chairs on the other side. She grabbed a towel, wrapped it around her still-trembling full body, and strode toward the changing room.

The scene was extremely awkward. The air seemed about to freeze solid.

Ethan, being younger, thought quickly. He rolled his eyes, then forced a laugh to break the deathly silence.

"Oh, Dad, you're… still pretty vigorous! You and Sophie really get along well!"

The words sounded like teasing, yet carried an unclear meaning.

Caught in the act by his son and then hit with that remark, Richard's desire, which had swollen to the extreme, deflated like a popped balloon.

The big cock that had been showing off inside his daughter-in-law visibly softened and slipped partway out of the tight, hot honey pot.

His old face turned the color of pig liver. His heart pounded so hard it felt like it might jump out of his throat.

After all, this was something he was doing behind his son's back. Even if everyone had their own secrets, being caught red-handed was a different feeling.

"Ahem… that…" Richard stammered, hurriedly releasing Sophie's waist in a fluster.

Sophie also came to her senses. Once the excitement passed, she was so ashamed she wanted to disappear. Her body went soft and she slipped into the water until only her head remained above the surface. Her large, watery eyes were filled with tears, looking pitiful yet still carrying a seductive quality.

Seeing this, Ethan smiled inwardly but kept a casual expression on his face. He scratched the back of his head and said with a laugh:

"Mom said she was tired and wanted to go back and rest early. We've been soaking for most of the night already—should we call it a night? Dad, you guys wrap it up too. I'll take Mom back first."

After speaking, Ethan gave his wife in the water a meaningful look—one that held both possessiveness and a hint of encouragement.

Then he turned and strode toward the changing room as well.

Only after both Ethan and Helen's figures had disappeared behind the curtain did Sophie let out a long breath, feeling as if all the strength had been drained from her body.

Watching her husband's departing back, she felt a strange sense of loss. The high sexual tension from earlier had been completely scared away.

Behind her, Richard still looked shaken. One hand clutched his chest; the other stayed under the water protecting the now limp old bird.

Although the extreme tightness from moments ago still lingered in his memory, his heart truly couldn't take that kind of stimulation.

"Dad… let's go too," Sophie said softly, her voice soft and a little hoarse.

"Ah, yes, yes." Richard quickly agreed.

Sophie gritted her teeth, enduring the soreness between her legs, and turned around.

Then she squatted in the water, her boneless little hands reaching toward her father-in-law's crotch.

Even though it had gone soft, it had just been ravaging her body, covered in her juices and love fluids.

Sophie carefully cleaned the ugly thing for him. Her fingertips traced the wrinkled foreskin, gently pinched the two loose balls, and finally retied the scattered towel for him, covering that shameful cluster.

Only after finishing all that did Sophie slowly straighten up, adjust the bikini bottoms that had been pushed aside, and cover her pink peach blossom entrance again.

Then she turned, her gaze falling on Grace in the corner.

Grace was still holding the same pose, body half-leaning against the pool edge, eyes vacant, one hand still shoved between her legs. She clearly hadn't recovered yet.

Seeing her sister-in-law in this dazed state, Sophie felt a bit amused. The earlier shame faded somewhat.

She took a few steps through the water, creating a series of splashing sounds, and stopped in front of Grace. She extended the finger that had just touched her father-in-law's cock and waved it in front of Grace's eyes.

Her expression was teasing, as if saying: Sis, still not done touching?

Grace snapped awake. Looking at her sister-in-law's half-smiling gaze, then down at her own hand still misbehaving between her legs, her face instantly burned red all the way to her neck.

She yanked her hand back as if electrocuted and frantically adjusted her somewhat transparent white swimsuit. The movements were clumsy and panicked. The two snowy mounds on her chest shook wildly with the motion, flesh waves rolling—absolutely beautiful.

"L-let's go," Grace stammered, not daring to meet Sophie's eyes.

Sophie let out a light laugh, said nothing more, and linked arms with Grace's rounded arm.

Two equally exquisite bodies pressed closely together—one in yellow, one in white—both swimsuits wrapping full, alluring figures as they walked toward the women's changing room.

Richard was left alone in the water, watching the two women's departing backs, their firm asses swaying. A complicated light flashed in his old eyes. Finally he sighed and slowly climbed out of the pool.

……

Back in their respective rooms.

Ethan sat on the tatami, listening to the rustling of clothes being changed next door, replaying the earlier scene in his mind over and over.

His father's gnarled, old-tree body pressed against his wife's tender, flower-like body from behind.

That forbidden stimulation was like poison eroding his nerves.

Even though he had come once with his mother earlier, the evil fire inside him now seemed to burn even hotter.

Ethan muttered to himself: "This still isn't enough… Tonight is the last night. Tomorrow we go back to work, back to that rule-following world…"

If he didn't go completely crazy tonight, he would probably regret it for the rest of his life.

Just then, the door opened.

Sophie walked in wearing a loose bathrobe.

Under the robe she seemed to be wearing nothing. The collar was slightly open, revealing a large expanse of snowy breast and delicate collarbones.

Helen and Grace came in after her. All their faces still carried lingering redness, expressions different.

Looking at the spring scenery filling the room, Ethan took a deep breath. A decisive light flashed in his eyes. He clapped his hands and said:

"Since none of us can sleep, let's continue the game!"

Everyone froze.

Ethan then pointed at a bottle of clear sake on the table, the corner of his mouth curving into a wicked smile: "Serenity Peaks' sake is their signature. The alcohol content isn't high…"

What he didn't finish saying was that while the alcohol content wasn't high, the aftereffects were very strong.

And so, everyone gathered once again in Richard's room.

Same positions, same people.

Richard sat cross-legged in the main seat. To his left was his daughter Grace in a white bathrobe, skin fairer than snow.

Ethan sat opposite. To his left was his mother Helen, still full of mature charm with a peach-blossom flush on her face; to his right was his wife Sophie, eyes full of charm, looking gorgeously seductive.

With the experience from last time, they had also borrowed a baby stroller. Little Mason lay quietly inside.

On the wooden table were several unopened bottles of sake and a few delicate cups.

Under the warm yellow light, the five people's shadows were cast on the wall, overlapping and intertwining, as if hinting at the even more chaotic and crazier entanglement to come.

The sound of dice turning inside the dice cup rang out crisply once more.

But this time, the stakes were no longer simple truth or dare.

(End of Chapter 131)

CHAPTER 132

Everyone with Their Own Agenda

But this time, the stakes were no longer simple truth or dare.

Ethan sat cross-legged, looking around. His gaze swept over the three women present one by one before finally settling on the center of the group—the row of drinking sets that had just been arranged on the coffee table.

"Alright, tonight we're not playing the same way as last time."

His bright voice broke the faint, lingering stiffness in the room. After speaking, Ethan reached out and lightly tapped a stack of special cards on the table.

These were adult party cards he had specially ordered online before coming to Serenity Peaks.

In the original design, more than half the deck were dares that would make people blush to their ears, while the other half were punishments that would get someone blackout drunk.

"The rules are simple. Everyone opens their dice cups at the same time. The person with the lowest total draws a punishment from this deck. If you don't want to accept the punishment, you drink."

Ethan picked up a dice cup and shook it. When he said the word "drink," he deliberately paused, his playful gaze sweeping over his wife Sophie beside him before continuing:

"Of course, to keep things interesting, if you refuse the punishment and choose to drink, then if you lose again next round and still want to refuse, you have to draw twice. And so on. In short… tonight, this sake is getting drunk."

The cups in front of everyone were completely different from the large drinking glasses from last night.

Looking at them, they were sake cups with a strong Japanese style. Under the current lighting they looked like tiny pools the size of a thumb, with extremely thin walls that let light through. The capacity was tiny—one sip would finish it.

This design seemed merciful, but it was actually an excellent tool for boiling a frog in warm water.

Even though Ethan was doing his best to adjust the atmosphere and use the noise of the game to cover the awkwardness, the air in the room still felt stagnant, as if an invisible net was covering everyone.

The source of that net was naturally the unspeakable secrets in each person's heart.

Sitting in the main seat, Richard wore a blue Japanese-style yukata that looked a bit loose on his slightly overweight frame.

He sat cross-legged, hands resting unnaturally on his knees, occasionally adjusting his posture as if the soft tatami beneath him had grown thorns.

His eyes kept drifting uncontrollably forward, to where his daughter-in-law Sophie was sitting.

Richard's heart was in turmoil, like fifteen buckets drawing water.

Not long ago in the outdoor hot spring, he and his daughter-in-law had been pressed body to body. That soft, warm sensation still lingered in his mind and refused to leave, keeping his old cock in a half-hard state.

What made Richard uneasy was that he couldn't be sure whether his son and wife had truly seen him and his daughter-in-law coupling through the water.

Logically, the spring water was a murky milky white with low transparency. Aside from what was above the surface, everything underwater should have been a blur.

But even if they had seen nothing, just that extremely ambiguous closeness—the father-in-law and daughter-in-law almost neck-to-neck and intertwined in the water—had already far exceeded the bottom line that ethics and morals could tolerate.

As for Sophie, sitting to Ethan's right, her state was even more subtle to the extreme.

She was wearing a short pink bathrobe with a cherry blossom pattern. The tender pink color made her skin look even fairer and more translucent, like a peeled egg.

The collar of the bathrobe was open extremely wide. Whether because of the earlier panic or some hidden deliberate intent, the collar was slightly agape, revealing a large expanse of snowy, delicate skin on her chest and that deep cleavage capable of burying a man's reason.

Two snowy, rounded hemispheres rose and fell slightly with her breathing under the bathrobe. Every tremor radiated the unique carnal scent of a mature young wife.

Her beautiful legs were pressed together as she knelt on the cushion in a gentle duck-sitting posture. The hem of the bathrobe barely covered the roots of her thighs. Two long, full calves were exposed to the air, ankles slender and delicate. Her ten cute toes unconsciously curled slightly on the carpet, as if she was trying hard to endure something.

Faintly visible, a lingering flush still remained on her pretty face. In her charming, silk-like eyes there was both shame and a few traces of indescribable anticipation.

It was the same mixed bath not long ago—being fucked from behind by her father-in-law's cock, then interrupted by her husband and mother-in-law.

Her sexual desire had not been relieved. Her private place was still wet right now, a slick, cool sensation constantly reminding her of the absurd thing that had just happened.

Sophie's thoughts were a mess. On one hand, she had been cooperating with her husband Ethan to seduce her father-in-law, which had led to her current fall.

On the other hand, Sophie was clearly aware that deep in her heart there was a father complex.

Although Richard was older, the charm accumulated from years of life sometimes made her feel a deeper desire for him than for her husband.

The last point was the most primitive, purest carnal desire.

For a healthy young woman, the body is honest.

Different men's cocks, different men's caresses, the difference between roughness and delicacy, the difference in strength and rhythm—all of these bring completely different pleasures to the body.

Most women bury this craving for new flesh deeply for the sake of morals and reputation.

But clearly, Sophie in this chaotic web of relationships no longer had any need to hide.

Therefore, multiple complicated thoughts intertwined, making her gaze hazy as it occasionally drifted between her husband and her father-in-law, carrying an emotion that was hard to define.

Compared to Sophie's complicated feelings, Grace sitting to Richard's left was having an even harder time.

Tonight Grace was wearing a plain white bathrobe. Pure white was supposed to represent holiness, but on her it gave off a sense of trying to cover up lewdness.

The belt tightly cinched her willow-slender waist, making her already full breasts appear especially high and firm, as if they were about to burst out of the fabric at any moment.

Under the pressure of her sitting posture, her thighs were faintly visible, skin white as jade.

Her long hair was casually tied behind her head like a waterfall, a few loose strands falling between her long neck and swaying lightly with her movements, teasing the gazes of others.

At this moment Grace was like land that had finally received rain after a long drought, only for the water source to be cut off midway—extremely sexually unsatisfied.

At first, agreeing to give herself to her father for her younger brother was indeed because of the huge visual impact that afternoon.

Witnessing with her own eyes that usually elegant and virtuous sister-in-law shamelessly entangled with her father on the sofa—at that moment, some tall tower in Grace's heart collapsed.

The father in her memory who always had a stern face, like a great mountain, instantly became an ordinary person with the most primitive and vulgar desires of humanity.

This huge gap in identity brought not only the collapse of cognition, but also the opening of a forbidden door.

Grace herself was someone who was extremely easily aroused. Her body was like a black hole that could never be filled; her craving for sex far exceeded that of ordinary people.

In medical terms, this kind of constitution could even be classified as a mild sex addict.

Just like some people are full after one bowl of rice while others need two or three bowls to be satisfied, Grace was the latter.

Her ability to catch sexual hints was also terrifyingly sharp.

Even just an unintentional glance from the other party, or the faint scent of male hormones in the air, could make her body react instantly.

Even more deadly was that she had a naturally born “famous vessel” constitution—commonly known as being very wet.

Not long ago in the mixed bath, watching her younger brother pull their mother into the nursing room, and watching her father and sister-in-law pressed tightly together, Grace had hidden behind them and her hand had already uncontrollably slipped between her own legs.

But just as she was about to climb to the peak, everything had suddenly stopped.

This emptiness of being interrupted was more maddening than never having gotten anything at all.

Her gaze wandered between her younger brother and her father. The desire to be filled, to be violently penetrated, grew like weeds in Grace’s heart.

Sister and brother. Father and daughter.

In the secular dictionary, these two terms represent the iron rules of ethics, an uncrossable chasm.

But in Grace’s mind at this moment, these two terms had a similar effect.

An older sister looking at her younger brother often carries a bit of maternal indulgence; a daughter looking at her father carries admiration and attachment.

When a woman deeply trapped in the swamp of desire tries to find balance between the two, she only needs one catalyst—sex.

As long as the outer layer called identity is stripped away, at the moment of naked confrontation, she is just a woman, a female creature craving cock and craving to be irrigated by semen.

This allowed her to smoothly switch between the identities of mother and daughter, using her lewd body to receive the favor of two closest male relatives.

First, Grace had already crossed the line with her younger brother and accepted Ethan's love.

Now, she was forcing herself—or rather, hypnotizing herself under some perverted psychology—to accept the man who had given her life: her father.

This tension and anticipation of about to break through the last layer of taboo made Grace's heart beat so fast it felt like it would smash through her chest. She slightly parted her red lips, her eyes somewhat dazed, looking exactly like a cat in heat.

As for Helen sitting to Ethan's left, she was the one who looked the calmest among everyone.

After returning from the mixed bath, she had changed into a dark purple bathrobe. The smooth, form-fitting fabric perfectly outlined her full, gourd-shaped figure. The years had not taken away her charm; instead, they had given her a unique flavor belonging to a mature woman.

At this moment her sitting posture was proper, carrying the authority of a family head. But the faint peach-blossom flush on her face and the lingering charm between her brows deeply betrayed the waves in her heart.

Helen's calm was actually a numbness that came from being unable to bear it.

For her now, her son Ethan was heaven, was earth, was the only beacon in her life.

Husband?

Ethics?

Those things, in the face of her son's scorching body temperature and powerful thrusts, had all become insignificant.

Therefore, even watching her nominal husband and daughter-in-law mess around together, even knowing that her daughter was also about to step into this incestuous abyss, for Helen, as long as her son was still by her side, as long as her son's eyes still had her in them, the sky wouldn't fall.

This might sound somewhat unreasonable.

How could a traditional mother throw morality behind her and treat incest as a matter of course?

But this was precisely because Helen was a smart woman.

Smart people always find an airtight logical closed loop for all their unreasonable behaviors.

Her fulcrum was maternal love. Twisted, mutated, maternal love entangled with carnal desire.

A woman in her forties, her physiological needs were actually as vigorous as those of men in their twenties.

When the body received unprecedented satisfaction, and the pleasure produced far exceeded the pain brought by morality, people no longer consider whether they can do it—they only try every means to find a reason for this pleasure to continue.

Right now, Helen's reason was her son. Perhaps later, when she was even older, that reason could become her grandson.

And Ethan was the clearest among them, or rather the most fallen one.

On that New Year's Eve night, when he learned that his wife had betrayed him for carnal desire and had that romantic entanglement with his father, Ethan had not felt anger. Instead, he felt a current strike straight to the top of his head.

That sense of immorality from his wife's fall and the collapse of the family made him tremble with excitement.

From that moment on, everything changed.

As for the future, would more variables appear?

It was just like how people don't think about tomorrow when they're having sex.

Right now was everything.

"Alright, stop spacing out. Let's start."

Ethan's bright voice rang out again. Everyone, like wind-up dolls, simultaneously reached out and opened the dice cups in front of them.

Several pairs of eyes stared fixedly at the little dice on the table.

First round.

Richard had three sixes. Helen had two fives and one four. Sophie had three fours. Grace had two threes and one two.

And Ethan… was one, two, three.

The lowest.

Ethan raised an eyebrow, as if not surprised by this result. He reached out and drew a card, glanced at it, then smiled and shook his head, directly tossing the card back into the pile.

"Drink."

With that, he picked up the small cup in front of him and drained it in one go.

"Again."

The dice cups shook once more.

Second round, open.

Ethan was still the lowest.

He shook his head again and drained another cup.

Next, as if under some eerie curse, or a joke deliberately played by fate, Ethan actually lost five rounds in a row.

In terms of probability, this was an extremely low-probability event, but it had truly and solidly happened.

Nearly a whole bottle of sake had gone down. It was clearly visible that Ethan's face had begun to flush slightly. This sake brewed by the resort itself was soft and smooth going down, but the aftereffect was strong.

The alcohol rose, making his gaze even wilder and his breathing a bit heavier.

In the next instant, Ethan suddenly undid one button at the collar of his bathrobe, revealing a large expanse of flushed chest. A surge of male heat freely radiated into the air, making both Sophie and Helen sitting beside him feel a sudden dryness in their mouths.

Just then, the sound of the dice cups stopped again.

This time, there was finally a different loser.

(End of Chapter 132)

CHAPTER 133

Through a Closed Door

(A bit of psychological explanation, preparing to lay everything on the table.)

Richard looked at the three ones in front of him, froze for a moment, then shook his head with a bitter smile.

"Well, looks like the luck's finally turned my way."

In truth, he was also a little greedy for the sake.

Watching his son drink cup after cup earlier, the aroma of alcohol had filled the room, stirring the wine bug in his stomach long ago.

But just as he reached for the cup, Ethan firmly pressed down on his wrist.

"Dad, a bet's a bet." A glint flashed in Ethan's eyes. With his other hand he quickly drew a card from the deck and slapped it onto the table with a sharp *smack*.

"Take a look at this."

Richard squinted and leaned closer to examine the card.

On it, in clear writing:

"Spend one minute alone in the bathroom with the person sitting to your left."

Richard froze. Instinctively, he turned his head to look to his left.

Sitting there was his own biological daughter, Grace.

Grace had clearly also seen the content of the card. Her body jerked hard. Her already watery eyes widened instantly, her breathing grew rapid, and her cheeks flushed at a visible speed, like a ripe apple, all the way down to the base of her neck.

"This… this doesn't seem right…" Richard stammered, his tone carrying obvious panic.

A man and a woman alone. Father and daughter. A closed space.

The chemical reaction produced by those words combined was subtle enough.

Ethan cut his father off directly:

“What’s wrong with it? Those are the rules of the game. Since we’re playing, we play properly.”

“Dad, I’m covering all the drinking tonight. This round, you have to accept the punishment.”

As he spoke, Ethan picked up the cup of sake in front of Richard, drained it in one go, then slammed the empty cup heavily onto the table.

“Go.”

Richard looked at his son’s unyielding gaze, then at his daughter beside him, who had her head lowered and was tightly gripping the hem of her bathrobe with both hands.

The plain white bathrobe had been wrinkled by her grip. The taut fabric outlined the full contours of her thighs. Her chest was heaving violently, as if waiting for his final answer.

Richard swallowed, his Adam’s apple rolling with difficulty.

At this moment, under the atmosphere of immorality, he found that he simply had no mood to refuse.

A surge of evil fire shot straight from his lower abdomen to the top of his head.

“Then… then just one minute,” Richard said, somewhat clumsily standing up from the tatami.

Because he stood up a bit hastily, the hem of the loose bathrobe swayed, vaguely revealing a section of thick calf.

Seeing this, Grace also slowly stood up.

Her beautiful legs were a little weak. When she stood, she even staggered slightly. Her jade-like bare feet left a shallow indentation on the tatami.

“Dad…” Grace called softly, her voice as thin as a mosquito’s buzz, carrying a trembling tone that made one’s bones go soft.

That single “Dad” no longer seemed like the usual respect. It was more like some kind of code for desire.

Then, under everyone’s gaze, father and daughter walked one after the other toward the bathroom in the corner of the room.

In that direction, the lighting was somewhat dim.

Ethan watched their backs—his sister's swaying, seductive ass curve, his father's slightly stiff yet clearly eager steps—and the smile in his eyes grew harder to suppress.

Sophie and Helen remained seated where they were. Neither spoke.

Once the bathroom door was completely closed, Ethan picked up the sake pot, poured himself another cup, and drained it in one go.

Whether it was the catalysis of the alcohol, or that image in his mind that refused to leave:

Not long ago in the mixed bath, the snowy body pressed against his father in front of him.

Thinking of this, Ethan's gaze grew somewhat unfocused. His eyes slowly fell on his wife to his right. He felt a fire in his lower abdomen burning hotter and hotter. The cock that had already been half-erect under his bathrobe now fully raged, tenting the fabric into an exaggerated shape.

"Wife, come here."

Hearing this, Sophie's body trembled slightly. She lifted her head. Those eyes that usually carried a bit of provocation and charm were now covered with a layer of complicated mist.

She first glanced at the tightly closed bathroom door, then at her mother-in-law Helen sitting opposite, took a deep breath as if adjusting her mood.

Soon, she obediently moved on her knees, shuffling little by little in a knee-walking manner until she was in Ethan's arms.

"Husband… what's wrong?"

Ethan didn't speak. He simply wrapped an arm around her slender, flexible waist. His large hand slid in under the hem of the bathrobe.

When his palm touched his wife's skin, slick and soft as silk, he almost sighed with comfort.

"Mm…" Sophie let out a suppressed low moan. Her body instantly went soft and collapsed against Ethan's chest.

One of Ethan's hands kneaded wantonly at the root of her soft, tender thighs. The other hand, without any politeness, slipped in from the collar and grabbed a handful of that heavy breast meat.

The large, soft breasts changed shape in his hand. His five fingers sank deep into the snowy tender flesh.

His fingertips precisely pinched the already erect pink nipple and gave it a mischievous hard squeeze.

"Ah!" Sophie cried out, her whole body trembling. Her legs instinctively clamped shut.

Ethan followed the sound and lowered his head, kissing his wife's lips hard. His tongue roughly pried open her teeth, drove straight in, hooked her wet, fragrant, soft little tongue, and sucked forcefully.

Chu chu… zi zi…

The lewd wet sounds echoed in the room, making faces burn and hearts race.

Helen sat to the side, wearing a dark purple bathrobe, her whole person looking proper.

She held a die in her hand, her eyes somewhat unfocused as she stared at the scene in front of her.

Her son's hands were ravaging inside her daughter-in-law's clothes. The pale white breasts were being squeezed into red marks. Her daughter-in-law's face was flushed, her eyes hazy.

If this scene had happened a month ago, she would probably have been so ashamed and furious she wanted to die, or charged over to slap this shameless pair of dogs.

But now, looking at the flushed chest under her son's open collar, looking at his movements full of male charm, she actually felt a heat in her lower abdomen. An unspeakable wetness slowly seeped out along the root of her thighs.

Sophie was kissed until she was a bit oxygen-deprived. Only after finding a gap did she pant slightly, extend her arms to gently push her husband's chest, and catch a glimpse from the corner of her eye of her mother-in-law staring at them. Shame immediately surged into her heart.

"Don't… don't, husband, Mom… Mom is still here…"

Hearing this, Ethan's movements paused for an instant. He slowly raised his head. A wicked glint flashed in his bloodshot eyes. The corner of his mouth curved into a playful smile as he stared straight at Helen.

“What mom?”

He let out a cold laugh. His large hand suddenly tightened, kneading Sophie even harder. Then he turned his head, his gaze locking onto Helen like a wolf or tiger.

“This is also my wife.”

The moment the words fell, not only did Sophie freeze—Helen’s whole body jolted. The die in her hand clattered to the floor.

Before the two women could react, Ethan stretched out a long arm, directly hooked Helen’s neck, and yanked her full body hard toward himself.

“Mm!”

Helen’s eyes widened as she watched her son’s handsome face suddenly enlarge in front of her. The next second, her lips were sealed.

Ethan’s tongue forcefully pushed open his mother’s teeth, charging around inside her mouth, scraping every inch of fluid.

Helen instinctively wanted to struggle, both hands pressing against her son’s chest.

But when her palms touched that scorching skin and felt that powerful heartbeat, the struggle in her heart that could have gone either way instantly collapsed.

And recalling just now, watching her daughter-in-law being played with, the inexplicable sourness and jealousy that had accumulated seemed to be compensated for at this moment.

So the mother closed her eyes, no longer resisting. Instead, she clumsily extended her tongue and began actively meeting her son’s tongue.

Ethan held one on each side, kissing his mother while the hand still inside Sophie’s robe continued bullying those two big white rabbits.

Sophie watched this earth-shattering scene in front of her—her own husband, right in front of her, tongue-kissing her mother-in-law.

And that usually proper mother-in-law now looked like a girl in spring, face like peach blossoms, arms obediently climbing around her son’s neck, letting out sweet, sticky hums.

It could be said that her worldview shattered all over the floor, yet there was also a strange sense of excitement shooting straight up her spine to the top of her head.

Sophie couldn't help but click her tongue: "This… this is too messy. Too stimulating."

……

At the same time, behind that thin wooden door.

The bathroom space was extremely small, air not circulating well, feeling a bit stuffy and hot.

Richard and Grace stood face to face.

Grace had her back against the door panel, both hands behind her tightly gripping the door handle. The plain white bathrobe on her body was a bit disheveled. The belt at her waist was loose and slack. With her rapid breathing, the pair of E-cup heavy breasts on her chest rose and fell, incredibly eye-catching.

Richard stood in front of his daughter, so close he could almost smell the clear fragrance on her body mixed with a faint milky scent.

Facing this, he awkwardly turned his head away, not daring to look directly at his daughter's watery eyes. Yet his gaze still disobediently fell on her half-open collar. That deep, bottomless snowy cleavage truly made his throat dry.

"Ahem…"

Richard cleared his throat, trying to break this suffocating silence:

"Grace, this… this place is pretty small."

It was a pointless sentence just to fill the air.

Grace lowered her head, cheeks flushed red, and softly replied: "Mm, it… it is pretty small."

After that, the two fell into silence again.

The awkward atmosphere continued to ferment, mixed with the male scent radiating from Richard's body, making Grace a bit dizzy.

"That…"

Just then, Richard seemed to remember something:

"Just now… over at the mixed bath, I accidentally seemed to… Sophie she… did you see…"

Richard stammered, wanting to ask but not daring to.

Hearing this, Grace's heart skipped a beat.

Of course she knew exactly what her father was trying to ask, but even though she knew everything, she could only play dumb right now.

"Dad, what are you saying?"

Grace raised her head, eyes clear and innocent, pretending she hadn't understood her father's implication:

"I didn't see very clearly either. The steam was too thick. But… Dad, did you drink too much?"

As she spoke, her gaze naturally fell on the collar of Richard's yukata.

Because he had come in too hastily earlier, the collar was open more than halfway, revealing chest hair and slightly flushed skin inside.

"Oh no, Dad, your clothes are all messy."

Grace suddenly took a step forward, extended a pair of slender, pale little hands, and began tidying her father's collar for him.

His daughter's fingertips were slightly cool. Accidentally touching his scorching chest made Richard's whole body stiffen. He couldn't help but lower his head to look at the daughter so close in front of him.

Grace lowered her brows and eyes. Her long eyelashes trembled lightly like two little fans. Her expression was focused. Her pale white fingers skillfully moved through the blue fabric, gathering the loose collar bit by bit and tying it tighter.

"Dad, drink less in the future."

"Look at you, your belly's gotten bigger from drinking. It's not good for your body."

Grace said softly, her tone carrying a bit of the unique coquettishness and concern a daughter has for her father.

While speaking, she used those jade hands to lightly pat his slightly protruding beer belly.

In that instant, a warm current surged in Richard's heart. The lewd thoughts that had filled his mind miraculously dissipated for the most part.

Looking at this daughter who was already a mother in front of him, for a moment it felt like he had returned to when she was little, riding on his neck and acting spoiled.

“Okay, okay, Dad will listen to you. Drink less, drink less.” Richard smiled honestly, reached up to scratch the somewhat balding back of his head, his eyes full of paternal love.

Father and daughter stood face to face like this in the cramped bathroom, chatting about ordinary family matters. The atmosphere was surprisingly warm and harmonious.

This pure flow of family affection seemed to completely isolate the lewd world outside.

Unconsciously, they forgot the passage of time and didn’t notice that the one-minute punishment time had long since passed.

“Dad, actually that…” Grace had just started to say something when she suddenly heard a strange sound from outside the door.

Listening carefully, it should be the muffled sound of flesh colliding, and a woman’s uncontrollable moans of being fucked.

The two’s conversation came to an abrupt stop. Grace’s face instantly flushed red to the base of her neck. Richard’s expression also became extremely stiff. The originally warm bubble was instantly popped by this sudden lewd sound.

It was unclear how long had passed before Ethan shouted from outside: “Hey! The one minute was up long ago!”

That shout woke the two people in the bathroom.

Grace hurriedly fixed her hair. Richard also quickly adjusted his bathrobe.

“Coming… coming!”

Grace answered, reached out, and pulled open the sliding wooden door.

The moment the door opened, a special smell rushed out.

Looking up, the first thing that entered their eyes was Ethan sitting directly opposite.

He was still sitting on the tatami, but his posture had changed—legs spread wide.

And Sophie, at this moment, had her back to the bathroom door, straddling Ethan’s thighs.

Because the hems of the bathrobes blocked the view, Grace and Richard couldn't clearly see the specific connection of their lower bodies.

However, Sophie's slightly tilted-back neck, her blonde hair scattered like a waterfall, and the faint wet sounds in their ears all proclaimed what they were doing.

And to Ethan's left, Helen was leaning against his shoulder with her clothes in disarray, face carrying an unfaded flush, eyes hazy as she watched this scene. She even held a cup of sake in her hand, sending it toward Ethan's mouth.

"You're out?"

Hearing the door open, Ethan raised his head, a smug smile on his face. One hand held Sophie's waist, the other accepted the wine cup from his mother, looking toward his father and sister standing dumbfounded in the doorway.

Just then, Sophie also sensed the gazes behind her. Her body trembled slightly, but she didn't stop her movements. Instead, as if stimulated, she pressed her ass lower, grinding harder on that hard object, letting out a nasal sound that made faces burn and hearts race.

"Mmhm…"

(End of Chapter 133)

CHAPTER 134

Sensual Punishments

Ethan Hale, that boy who used to be so timid and cautious in front of him, was now sitting across from him with his legs spread wide like a king.

His nominal wife was nestled against his son's side. The daughter-in-law he had been longing for was being held by his son.

Richard froze in place, watching the absurd and lewd scene in front of him. A complicated mix of emotions flooded his heart.

Mixed in was an indescribable sourness, like a jar of aged vinegar had been knocked over in his chest, so sour it made his teeth ache.

When Richard's gaze lingered for a moment on those intertwined limbs and then landed on Helen's slightly flushed cheeks and hazy eyes, a nameless jealousy rose in his heart again.

But then he thought: if he was being honest, he was the one who had broken the ethical bottom line—the bastard who had been messing around with his own daughter-in-law.

At this moment, recalling his daughter-in-law's soft red lips and the way she had writhed and taken him beneath him, only a thick sense of guilt surged in Richard's heart.

Thinking of this, the guilt spread. He couldn't help but look away, sat back down, picked up the wine cup, and drained it in one go. The alcohol slid down his throat but did nothing to extinguish the dry fire in his heart.

Grace, who had come out with him, was still standing to the side.

It was visible that her long, beautiful legs were pressed together somewhat unnaturally.

Looking at her younger brother and sister-in-law in that shameless position, looking at the slutty way Sophie was almost entirely hanging on Ethan, she could roughly guess what was happening.

They were definitely doing something that couldn't be seen.

This made Grace, whose desire had not yet cooled, feel even drier in the mouth. She subconsciously clamped her thighs tighter. The panties

between her beautiful legs were gradually soaked through by leaking juices.

Her heart was screaming:

So itchy… I want it so bad.

This visual impact of watching family members being lewd right in front of her was stronger than any aphrodisiac, striking straight at the darkest part of Grace's heart.

It was only then that Ethan seemed to belatedly realize something. After swallowing the wine in his mouth, the corner of his mouth curved into a smile, breaking the eerie silence in the room:

"Why did it take so long? Sophie lost several rounds just now and is almost drunk."

As he spoke, the hand he had under the table suddenly lifted hard, and his waist thrust upward with it.

"Ah… mm…"

Sophie was caught off guard. A sweet, coquettish moan escaped her lips. Her whole body jolted hard. Both hands tightly gripped Ethan's arms. Her already flushed pretty face turned even redder, yet it also showed extreme pleasure.

After thrusting his cock hard into his wife's little hole, Ethan lowered his head with a wicked thought and asked again:

"Right, wife?"

Hearing this, Sophie leaned against his shoulder and replied in an extremely seductive voice:

"Yes… husband… you're too mean… always making me lose by myself… mm…"

These sweet cries made the other three people present have different thoughts.

Grace also felt awkward just standing there. She forced a laugh and sat down as well, trying to hide her embarrassment:

"Yeah, Sophie's never been good with alcohol. Better… better take it easy."

She said that with her mouth, but her eyes were like they were stuck by a magnet—she couldn't tear them away from Sophie's body, which was trembling slightly with Ethan's movements.

The desire in her heart was growing stronger and stronger. That emptiness felt like a black hole, urgently wanting something to fill it.

Ethan also didn't want to stop there. He reached out and picked up the dice cup on the table, shaking it with a clatter.

"Come on, continue. The game isn't over yet."

After several rounds, everyone had drunk quite a bit.

Alcohol paralyzes the brain nerves and also tears open the masks people wear every day.

Once again, the dice cups were opened.

Richard had fourteen points. Helen had thirteen. Sophie had eleven. Ethan had nine. Grace… seven.

"Ah! I lost…" Looking at the dice on the coffee table, Grace let out a frustrated soft cry.

"A bet's a bet, sis. Draw a punishment card." Ethan smiled and pushed the stack of special punishment cards in front of Grace.

Grace bit her lower lip, extended one slender jade hand, let her fingertips hover on the stack of cards for a moment, and finally drew one.

She flipped it open. On it was clearly written: Do twenty squats.

"Hah…"

Grace let out a breath of relief, but then felt a bit troubled. The bathrobe she was wearing today, though elastic, was still tight-fitting. Doing squats… would it…

"What? Sis, you trying to welch?" Ethan raised an eyebrow.

"Who… who's welching!" Grace's face turned red. She stood up as if in a fit of pique.

Then she walked to an open space nearby, took a deep breath, hugged her head, and slowly bent down.

In that instant, her figure, which had not been very revealing while sitting cross-legged, was fully displayed under the stretch of the movement.

As she held her head with both hands, the bathrobe was tightly stretched, outlining the graceful lines of her back. Her waist was slender, as if it couldn't be held in one hand. Further down was that blood-boiling, full-moon-like plump and rounded ass.

Because the bathrobe itself wasn't very long and was designed to open on the sides, as Grace squatted, the fabric inevitably slid upward, revealing a large expanse of snowy skin on those beautiful legs.

"One…"

Grace silently counted for herself and began doing the squats.

As her body lowered, the pair of E-cup papaya-sized breasts on her chest would sink heavily under gravity. The yukata collar wasn't tied very tightly to begin with, and now spring light was leaking out. Two white fleshy balls trembled up and down with the movement, creating layers of breast waves, as if they were about to jump out at any moment.

Richard sat to the side, staring fixedly at his daughter's ass rising and falling with the movements.

The snowy legs, especially the ass area, because the fabric was taut, even vaguely showed the outline of the panties inside.

With the up-and-down motion, the full ass flesh drew a heart-stopping arc in front of his eyes.

"Two… three…"

Grace didn't exercise much usually, so she was finding it a bit strenuous now. Her breathing gradually grew rapid.

"Mm… ha…"

Sweat slid down from her temples and dripped onto the floor. The soft panting echoed in the room. For everyone present who were all adults, this panting carried an indescribable erotic flavor.

Ethan was secretly playing with his wife's perky ass under the table while wantonly admiring his sister's beautiful scenery.

"Sis, keep your waist straight. If the form isn't standard, you have to start over." Ethan suddenly commented with a wicked smile.

Hearing this, Grace bit her teeth in shame and anger and subconsciously straightened her back a bit more. With this, the bathrobe shrank to its limit, almost revealing the mysterious triangle zone.

Finally, the twenty squats were done.

Grace collapsed weakly on the floor. Her chest heaved violently. The pair of heavy breasts was even more turbulent, making people dizzy. She only felt her whole body soft. The wetness between her legs was even worse. A dark water stain was faintly showing through her panties.

She struggled to get up and return to her seat, grabbed a bottle of mineral water, and gulped a mouthful, trying to hide her loss of composure.

Then the game continued.

The sound of dice rang out again.

This time, the loser was Sophie again.

Ethan slowly read out the content of the punishment card:

"Meow like a cat, and like a cat in heat."

Sophie was already drunk and hazy-eyed. Hearing this request, she not only didn't feel shy but giggled instead.

Then she stretched out both arms, struggled out of Ethan's arms, a transparent strand of lewd fluid sticking to the root of her thighs. Sophie just casually adjusted the hem of her clothes, then really crawled like a lazy little cat on all fours to the place where Grace had done the squats earlier.

"Meow…"

A sweet cry, soft and sticky.

Her full breasts were about to spill out under the light pink bathrobe. Sophie also deliberately lowered her upper body, exposing that deep cleavage to everyone's eyes.

Her ass was also stuck high up, so that the short hem couldn't cover her smooth beautiful legs. If someone were behind her right now, they could see that the little lace panties were completely soaked with juices.

"Meow… meow… meow…"

Sophie meowed like a cat while twisting her waist. That posture was slutty to the bone. The voice was also so coquettish it seemed it could drip water, making the cocks of the two men present harden a bit more.

Even Grace and Helen, the two women, couldn't help but flush red after hearing it, secretly cursing in their hearts: "Little slut, vixen."

But it couldn't be denied that Sophie like this was breathtakingly beautiful, so lewd that people couldn't look away.

Compared to jealousy or disdain, there was also a bit of envy mixed in.

After all, which woman doesn't want to be so beautiful that one glance can make men unable to walk away.

“Good! Wife, you did it so well!”

As the punishment ended and Sophie returned to her original position, Ethan laughed loudly, scooped her back into his arms, and his large hand gave her perky ass a hard squeeze. At the same time, he adjusted the position and shoved his cock back in, drawing another round of sweet moans from Sophie.

In the next few rounds, the unlucky one became Helen.

Her luck seemed extremely bad. She always drew drinking punishments.

Cup after cup of sake went down. Helen’s face, which was already flushed from shyness, was now even redder.

“I can’t… I really can’t drink anymore…”

When she drew another drinking punishment, Helen waved her hands, her voice soft and sticky, carrying a bit of drunkenness.

Her eyes had already begun to scatter. Her body leaned softly against Ethan, letting her son’s hands wander around her waist. The collar of the purple bathrobe was slightly open, the full breasts faintly visible.

Also because of the drunkenness, one of her beautiful feet unconsciously rubbed against her son’s leg. The slick touch of the skin made Ethan’s heart stir restlessly.

“Mom, a bet’s a bet. Last cup. Finish this one and it’s over.”

Ethan coaxed her, but his hand quietly slipped under the hem of the bathrobe, stroking his mother’s smooth thighs.

Helen let out a soft moan, as if resisting yet also as if responding. In the end, half-pushing and half-accepting, she finished the wine in the cup.

The wine liquid overflowed from the corner of her mouth, flowed past that long neck, and slid into that bottomless cleavage, adding a few more points of lewdness.

In the entire drinking session, only Richard lost the least.

Watching his wife, daughter, and daughter-in-law making such ugly yet vibrant and fragrant displays in front of him, on one hand he felt extremely awkward, on the other hand the suppressed beastly desire was howling madly.

He could only keep drinking by himself, trying to suppress that evil fire, but it only made him even drier in the mouth.

And Ethan, at this moment, was fucking his wife. His cock was buried deep in Sophie's hot, tight little hole, enjoying the layered wrapping sensation.

Because it was inconvenient to move, he didn't do the one punishment he drew either. He could only boldly drink several cups in a row as punishment, making his drunken eyes even more hazy.

Just then, the dice cup in Richard's hand was opened again.

One, three, three. Seven points.

The lowest in the room.

Ethan, drunk, stretched his neck, squinted his eyes to look, then burst into loud laughter:

"Haha… Dad… it's your turn this time…"

After drawing the card, the punishment content was: "Go outside with the woman beside you to buy something."

The woman beside him?

Seeing the punishment content, Richard turned his head and instinctively looked toward his daughter on the left.

Grace was currently in the torment of unsatisfied desire. Hearing this, her eyes lit up. An inexplicable anticipation surged in her heart.

"But… there's nothing really good to buy in this resort, right?"

"Then… go to the service station and get some more alcohol. We're almost out."

Hearing this, Ethan deliberately dragged out his tone. His gaze circled between his father and sister, carrying an unclear hint.

Richard froze for a moment, then felt a wave of relief, mixed with a vague sense of loss.

"Okay… then let's go get the alcohol."

After saying that, he stood up, his figure swaying slightly.

Grace also stood up. Her beautiful legs were a bit weak. She staggered and just happened to fall into Richard's arms.

"Oh…" Grace let out a soft cry. Both hands instinctively steadied themselves on her father's chest.

In that instant, the heat from her palms and the mature male scent lingering at her nose made her heart jolt hard.

Richard supported his daughter's soft waist. The place he touched was warm and soft. At his nose was the faint elegant fragrance on his daughter's body mixed with alcohol, which smelled especially good.

"Be careful."

"Mm…"

Grace lowered her head, cheeks burning hot.

Then the two of them, one in front and one behind, walked out of the room.

With a creak of the wooden door closing, only Ethan, Sophie, and Helen remained in the room.

And without his father and sister present, Ethan completely tore off the disguise.

He suddenly turned and pressed his seductive wife down beneath him.

He pulled out the cock covered in love fluids, drawing out a string of crystal threads.

Sophie let out a hollow moan. Her legs were spread wide weakly. At the center of her thighs, the flower lips were red and swollen. The hole was opening and closing, spitting honeydew.

Ethan didn't rush to insert again. Instead, he turned around and wrapped his arms around his mother, who was already so drunk her eyes were floating.

"Mom… I want to kiss you…"

Ethan didn't care if she could hear him. He directly kissed his mother's red lips.

"Mm…" In her daze, Helen felt someone kissing her. Instinctively she wanted to push him away, but smelling that familiar scent belonging to her son, her resisting hands went soft and turned into an embrace that was half-rejecting and half-welcoming.

At this moment, Ethan was wildly kissing his mother, his tongue prying open her teeth and wandering in the mouth full of wine aroma, while freeing one hand to reach between the legs of the wife beneath him.

Sophie lay on her back on the floor, watching her husband and mother-in-law kissing in front of her. Not only was there no jealousy in her heart, but a perverted sense of pleasure rose instead.

"Husband… so good… fuck Mom to death… fuck me to death too…"

Sophie murmured, actively lifting her ass to meet the thrusting of Ethan's fingers.

Inside the room, spring light was boundless.

And outside the door, the night was deep.

(End of Chapter 134)

CHAPTER 135

Lingering Affection

The night was as dark as ink.

Outside the corridor, cold wind carried the moisture from the mountains. A few dim yellow streetlights dotted the stone path, stretching long shadows.

Richard walked in front, his steps a bit unsteady.

Grace followed half a step behind.

"Mm…"

Suddenly unable to hold it in, she let out an extremely soft muffled hum from her nose. Her legs couldn't help but clamp together for a moment.

Richard heard the sound, stopped, and turned his head: "What's wrong? Are you cold?"

Grace hurriedly shook her head. Two patches of red flew onto her face.

"No, no, Dad. It's just… the path is a bit slippery."

In front of them was a section of downward stone steps. Because of the moisture soaking them, some moss had grown on the steps, giving off a faint dark glow.

"Be careful. This resort hasn't been open long, and the paths aren't fully fixed yet."

As he spoke, Richard turned around to wait for his daughter.

Grace took a deep breath and lifted her foot to step down. Perhaps she was distracted thinking about her soaked panties, or perhaps her legs really were that weak. When she stepped on the edge of the stone step, she suddenly slipped hard.

"Ah!"

A cry of alarm cut through the night sky.

Then Grace completely lost her balance and lunged forward.

Richard reacted quickly. Both arms opened wide and he firmly caught the daughter who was falling into him.

Thud.

A muffled sound.

It wasn't the sound of hitting something hard, but the sensation of extreme softness crashing into his arms.

Grace's pair of E-cup heavy breasts, under the force of gravity, pressed solidly against Richard's chest. Two heavy mounds of soft flesh were instantly squeezed out of shape.

Time seemed to freeze in that moment.

Richard felt as if he was holding a mass of cotton. His nose was also filled with the body fragrance on his daughter.

And because his hands had instinctively supported his daughter's waist, he directly felt how astonishingly slender that waist was.

"Dad… are you… are you okay?"

Grace's voice sounded a bit trembling, carrying a trace of lingering panic and a barely noticeable coquettishness.

She didn't stand up immediately. She maintained this posture. Her pretty face was only a few centimeters from her father's face. The hot breath from her breathing sprayed on Richard's neck—itchy, numbing.

Facing this, Richard felt his heart even more chaotic. His eyes uncontrollably glanced downward, staring straight at his daughter's collar that had opened even more because of the pressure.

Two snowy, soft hemispheres almost jumped out of their restraints. On the skin as fine as sheep-fat jade, a few undried sweat droplets still hung, crystal clear, tempting one to commit a crime. A bottomless cleavage looked as if it was going to suck his soul in.

In that instant, he was clearly looking at his own daughter, the child he had watched grow up.

But at this moment, Richard suddenly felt that the person in his arms was a woman radiating endless temptation.

At the same time, Grace also felt her father's burning gaze. But not only did she not feel disgusted, she felt the dry heat inside her body grow even stronger.

Her cheeks flushed red. She shyly lowered her head, yet she didn't push her father away. Instead, she pressed her body even tighter, lightly rubbing her big breasts against her father's chest.

"Dad…"

Hearing his daughter's soft, sticky call, Richard suddenly came back to his senses. As if burned, his body stiffened for a moment. Then he coughed awkwardly:

"Ahem, no, nothing. As long as you're okay."

After saying that, Richard somewhat flusteredly straightened his daughter's body. Only when his palm left that slender waist did he feel a trace of reluctance.

Grace steadied herself, adjusted her somewhat messy bathrobe, yet deliberately didn't pull the collar too tightly, still revealing a large expanse of snowy spring light.

She raised her head. In her large watery eyes there seemed to be a pool of spring water. She actively extended one boneless little hand and held Richard's large hand.

"Dad, it's dark and the path isn't easy to walk. Hold my hand…"

"Like… when I was little."

Richard's hand trembled. Reason told him he should pull away. After all, his daughter was this big now, long past the age of holding hands to cross the road. But in this late night, after experiencing multiple stimulations and the ambiguous contact that had just happened, he somehow didn't refuse.

So he silently tightened his grip on that tender little hand. His fingertips lightly rubbed the back of his daughter's hand. His Adam's apple rolled as he answered in a low voice: "Mm."

Next, father and daughter walked hand in hand like this on the path toward the service station.

This stretch of road wasn't very long, but in both their hearts, it felt as long as a lifetime.

The temperature transmitted through the palms provided soil for the forbidden seed to sprout.

Not long after, they reached the destination.

The service station was a small wooden cabin. A few red lanterns hung at the entrance. Inside were some snacks and alcohol.

When they pushed the door open, a middle-aged male clerk who looked a bit lecherous was sitting behind the counter, boredly watching TV.

Hearing the wind chime, the clerk looked up. His gaze swept over Richard and Grace.

This pair was really too eye-catching.

The man, though somewhat older, had an extraordinary bearing. He was wearing the highest-grade bathrobe from the resort—these had to be paid for extra.

And the woman beside him was even more of a stunner. Figure hot, face beautiful. The white bathrobe on her body couldn't hide her proud curves at all, especially those smooth beautiful legs. Looking at them made one's lower body throb, wanting to rush up and hold them and lick them.

And when the clerk's gaze fell on the hands the two were tightly holding together, the corner of his mouth revealed a meaningful smile.

His eyes finally lingered on Grace's high breasts for a few seconds, then looked toward Richard, saying in a tone mixed with some envy and some teasing:

"Sir, bringing such a beautiful lover out to play? You're really blessed. This is the newly arrived sake. It's good for adding excitement. Want two bottles?"

The two words "lover" stabbed hard into both their ears.

Grace's face instantly flushed red, all the way to the roots of her ears. She then subconsciously wanted to pull her hand back, her eyes also looking a bit flustered toward elsewhere.

Richard's old face also reddened. But he didn't let go. Instead, he felt that the pure remain pure. He gripped his daughter's hand even tighter, put on a stern face, and said with forced seriousness:

"Don't talk nonsense. This is my daughter."

"Ah? Daughter…"

The clerk froze for a moment, but then the smile on his face became even more ambiguous and greasy:

"Sorry, sorry. Looking at you two's temperament, this intimacy, I thought it was… hehe. After all, in this day and age, which father and daughter are this close? But your daughter is really beautiful, figure is good too. Whoever marries her in the future is really blessed."

The clerk said sorry with his mouth, but the teasing and disbelief in his eyes were blatant.

In his view, this kind of old man bringing a young beauty to this kind of secluded hot spring was nine times out of ten that kind of relationship. “Godfather” and “goddaughter,” you know.

Richard didn’t explain further. The more you explain these things, the blacker it gets. He just took six bottles of sake with a cold face, casually grabbed a few packs of drinking snacks, paid, and pulled Grace away in a hurry.

Walking out of the service station, the night wind blew on them and the heat on their faces slightly receded.

But that word “lover” was like a spell, echoing in both their hearts.

Grace secretly turned her head to look at her father’s resolute profile. A nameless sweetness surged in her heart.

Being treated as her father’s lover—this immoral identity dislocation made the heart that had long been eroded by sexual desire beat violently.

“Dad… that clerk is really annoying.”

Grace complained in a small voice, but her body unconsciously leaned toward her father. Her arm linked around Richard’s arm. The heavy breast on that side pressed against her father’s arm again.

“Ignore people like that.”

Feeling the soft sensation transmitted from his arm, Richard said in a deep voice. But there wasn’t much anger in his tone. Instead, it carried an indescribable complicated emotion.

Back in the room.

Seeing father and sister return hand in hand, Ethan’s eyes darkened, but he didn’t speak.

Ethan was still sitting in his original position, legs crossed. Only the bathrobe on his body was open even wider, almost revealing his entire chest.

Sophie lazily leaned in his arms. Her pink cherry-blossom bathrobe was already a mess. The collar was wide open, revealing most of the snowy breasts inside and the deep cleavage. On one beautiful leg, a few

water stains were faintly visible—whether wine or something else was unclear.

The moment Richard and Grace entered, both their gazes subconsciously swept toward the corner of the room.

In that trash can, several clumps of white toilet paper had already piled up.

These wrinkled paper balls seemed to be wrapping some sticky liquid.

Richard was a man who had been around. He naturally knew what that meant. Looking back at his daughter-in-law Sophie with a face full of flush and hazy eyes, and his son Ethan with a half-smiling expression, his heart skipped a beat.

It seemed that during the time he went out to buy alcohol, a not-small battle had happened here.

Even his usually proper wife Helen was sitting beside Ethan with her clothes in disarray and face flushed, eyes avoiding, not daring to look at the husband who had just returned.

A sense of being excluded and a jealousy of his own women being possessed by another man intertwined in Richard's heart:

What on earth is going on? Wasn't Helen there? Didn't she stop them at all?

Or… did she also participate?

No! How is that possible!

"Dad, sis, you're back. Did you buy the alcohol? Perfect, let's continue the game."

His son's voice broke Richard's deep thought. He took a deep breath, forced down the strangeness in his heart, and placed the sake in his hands on the low table in front of everyone.

"Bought it."

Saying that, Richard sat back cross-legged in the main seat. The spot beside him was still left for his daughter.

Grace obediently sat down beside him. Her snowy thighs were exposed from under the bathrobe, tightly pressed against her father's leg.

"Come on, come on, fill them up, fill them up!"

Sophie excitedly shouted. At this moment she was completely in a wanton appearance. She straightened her body. That pair of D-cup heavy breasts shook violently with the movement, like two restless little white rabbits.

Then she picked up the bottle and poured wine for everyone until it was full.

The sound of dice colliding inside the dice cups rang out again.

"Clatter—"

The dice cups were opened.

Helen had the lowest: only six points in total.

Sophie smiled and pointed at her mother-in-law, eyes full of teasing:

"Mom, you lost this round."

Helen's alcohol was rising. Her head was dizzy. She looked somewhat helplessly toward her son Ethan. That gaze didn't look like a mother's. It was more like a little girl who did something wrong seeking comfort.

Ethan picked up the punishment cards, casually drew one, glanced at it, and the smile at the corner of his mouth grew thicker.

"Punishment content: Hug the man on your right for ten seconds."

The man on Helen's right was Ethan.

"Mom, a bet's a bet."

Saying that, Ethan put down the card and opened both arms. His bare chest faced his mother.

Helen's face was so red it almost dripped blood.

Hugging her son in front of her husband and daughter—although it didn't sound like an excessive action, under tonight's lewd atmosphere, every movement was given a deeper erotic meaning.

In that instant, she secretly glanced at Richard.

Richard was holding his wine cup, eyes somewhat unfocused.

Watching his own wife, that usually elegant and virtuous woman, now facing her son's request for a hug, he actually didn't feel much anger in his heart. Instead, a strange sense of excitement rose.

Seeing that her nominal husband didn't object, Helen bit her lip. Her body slowly tilted and finally fell into Ethan's arms.

Seeing this, Ethan didn't hold back. He wrapped his arms around his mother's full waist and even deliberately gave that round ass a hard squeeze with his palm.

"Mm…"

Helen let out an extremely soft moan from her mouth. Her whole body went limp like she had no bones and collapsed in her son's arms.

Ten seconds felt especially long.

Richard watched this scene. The fingers holding the wine cup unconsciously tightened.

His wife's face was buried in his son's neck. That obedient, shy appearance was one he hadn't seen in a long time.

Searching his memory, it seemed only during the honeymoon period would there be such an expression. Now it was fully displayed in front of his son.

An indescribable sourness and stimulation struck his nerves. Richard tilted his head and drained the sake in his cup in one go.

"Okay, okay, next round!"

Ethan released his mother. His eyes were full of the pleasure after satisfaction.

The dice turned again.

This time, the loser was Grace.

"Sis, it's your turn." Sophie excitedly handed over the punishment cards.

Grace's hand trembled as she drew one.

"Punishment content: Kiss the cheek of the man on your left."

The man on Grace's left was Richard.

The air seemed to freeze for an instant.

Grace's heart began beating violently. She turned her head to look at her father.

Richard had drunk quite a bit of sullen wine alone. At this moment his face carried a drunken flush. His eyes were somewhat hazy. Looking at his daughter's pretty face so close, those red lips that looked like they could drip with desire, his throat felt dry again.

Grace softly called out, then under everyone's gaze—especially her younger brother Ethan's encouraging look—slowly leaned closer.

Richard only felt a faint fragrance getting closer and closer.

Then Grace's soft, warm lips lightly pressed against Richard's cheek.

The sensation of that instant made the tip of one's heart tremble.

Richard felt half his face go a bit numb and soft.

Were these his daughter's lips, or a woman's lips? He could no longer tell clearly.

And after kissing her father, Grace didn't leave immediately. Her lips stayed on her father's somewhat stubbled cheek for two seconds.

This prickly sensation made her whole body feel like it was electrified. Current shot straight down her spine to her lower body. The already wet panties became even more flooded.

When they separated, the two's gazes met in the air. Both saw the raging fire of desire hidden under the panic in each other's eyes.

Richard felt his lower body had a tendency to rise. The sleeping meat dragon was slowly waking.

Facing this, Sophie, fearing the world wasn't chaotic enough, cheered:

"Whoa! Sis, your face is so red!"

Grace pressed her lower lip and didn't respond.

(End of Chapter 135)

CHAPTER 136

A Long Minute

The game continued. The scale grew larger and larger, and more and more lewd.

Ethan had drunk too much. Shaking the dice cup, he shouted with a thick tongue: “Come on, come on!”

Then both hands slammed down hard. With a *smack*, the dice cup locked onto the coffee table.

Everyone opened their dice cups as well. Looking around, this round Ethan had the lowest points.

He drunkenly and hazily flipped through the stack of punishment cards. After flipping one over and looking, he immediately let out a lewd chuckle and read:

“Punishment content: Use your mouth to feed the woman on your right a chocolate stick.”

The woman on Ethan’s right was his own wife.

Hearing this, Sophie’s eyes flowed. A pair of beautiful eyes hooked toward Ethan like silk, and also vaguely swept across her father-in-law Richard opposite her. There wasn’t a trace of shyness on her rosy face. Instead, she slightly raised her chin, red lips parting lightly:

“Husband, come… hurry…”

Hearing this, Ethan’s heart stirred with appetite. He picked up the leftover snacks from last night on the coffee table, bit a chocolate stick, leaned his body forward, and moved closer.

Crunch.

In the crisp sound, the two faced each other across a thin snack.

As the continuous biting continued, the two’s faces grew closer and closer.

Richard sat to the side, watching his daughter-in-law’s cherry-like little mouth. The lips were full and red, the lip bead slightly raised, like a ripe cherry waiting to be picked. His Adam’s apple couldn’t help but roll.

In his mind also floated the scene from last night—Sophie under his crotch, how this little mouth had worked hard swallowing and releasing his thick, dark cock.

At that time she had the same seductive appearance, then extended her tender pink tongue and swirled it on the head of his big cock…

Zi zi…

Soon, the chocolate stick was finished. But this lewd couple didn't separate. With great tacit understanding, they continued forward. Four lips pressed together naturally.

Sophie closed her beautiful eyes, both hands hooked around Ethan's neck. Her fragrant soft tongue boldly extended into his mouth and stirred, making *tsk tsk* sounds of fluid mixing. And her lewd body also swayed back and forth with the kissing movements. Because of this, the collar of the pink bathrobe opened even wider. Two white fleshy breasts were clearly visible shaking violently inside, the cleavage bottomless.

Gulp.

Richard took everything in. He silently swallowed a mouthful of saliva. His lower body immediately reacted again.

This scene in front of him was truly stimulating.

Watching his son fuck his daughter-in-law was one thing. Watching his daughter-in-law act slutty right in front of him while his mind was thinking about her holding his cock—this immoral pleasure made Richard's scalp go numb.

"Good! Good!"

Just as the two were kissing to their heart's content, kissing as if no one else was around, Helen, who was seriously drunk, hazily clapped her hands. Like she was watching a good show, she had completely lost her usual proper motherly appearance.

Not long after, the intense kiss ended.

Sophie panted as she released her husband. A silver thread of fluid still hung at the corner of her mouth. But she didn't bother to wipe it. She maintained this lewd appearance, tilted her head, smiled seductively, and glanced at Richard. She seemed to see through the embarrassment under her father-in-law's bathrobe. She even

deliberately stuck out her tongue and licked her lips, as if savoring the aftertaste, and also as if hinting.

Facing this, Richard felt even more itchy in his heart. If the whole family weren't present, he really wanted to use his big cock to fuck this seductive fairy to death right then.

However, ideals are full, but reality is often bony.

The game continued.

Only the atmosphere had already been pushed to a climax.

"Clatter—"

Everyone shook the dice cups again.

Open!

Looking around:

The dice in front of Richard: 2, 2, 1. Total 5 points.

The dice in front of Grace: 1, 2, 2. Total 5 points.

For this result, the whole room was silent for a second.

Ethan was the first to react. He excitedly slapped the table. His flushed face was full of excitement:

"Hahaha! Dad, sis, you two lost together! This is a double barrel!"

"A bet's a bet. Quick, draw cards, quick, draw cards!"

Hearing this, the jade hands Grace had placed on her knees trembled slightly. But she still followed the rules. She extended her pale, long fingers like jade onions, hesitated for a moment in the card pile, and drew one.

After flipping it open, the writing on it was clearly somewhat glaring:

Punishment content: The man and woman with the lowest points enter a closed space and be alone for one minute.

Seeing this somewhat ambiguous punishment, and thinking that she and her father had lost together, Grace's little face flushed red all the way to the base of her neck in an instant.

Richard also realized the subtlety in this. His old face reddened. He subconsciously wanted to refuse:

"This… this… this doesn't seem good, right?"

"What's not good about it! The rules of the game are heaven!"

Ethan excitedly stood up. His eyes continuously scanned around the room and finally fixed on a standing wardrobe at the entrance.

Following his gaze, it was an old-style Japanese wooden cabinet. Although the workmanship was exquisite, the space was extremely small. It was originally used for hanging winter coats and storing spare quilts.

Seeing this object, Ethan's heart rejoiced again. He had just been worried there wasn't a suitable thing. Then he pointed at that cabinet and said:

"Perfect. There's a wardrobe right there. Dad, sis, that one! Just enough for two people to squeeze in."

Hearing this, Richard looked in the direction his son's finger pointed. Seeing that the cabinet was also a bit too small, he felt uneasy in his heart:

Two people going in? That would definitely be face to face, chest to chest, thighs to thighs. Even turning around would be difficult.

Thinking of this, Richard tried to make a last struggle:

"This… let's change it. This is too cramped. Grace is a girl…"

This was indeed a bit too absurd. Squeezing into that kind of place with his adult biological daughter—what kind of propriety was that?

"Dad! A bet's a bet! This is just a game. What's there to not be able to play?"

Just then, Sophie's spoiled voice rang out at the right moment.

The moment the words fell, as if worried her father-in-law would refuse again, she directly stood up, walked a few steps to Richard's side. Her boneless body almost pressed against him. Both hands pulled Richard's arms and started shaking them, acting spoiled:

"Go quickly, Dad… just one minute, it's very fast… don't spoil the fun… look, everyone has been following the rules the whole time. Okay? Hmm?"

While speaking, Sophie's breasts intentionally or unintentionally rubbed against Richard's arm. The sensation of those two soft mounds made Richard's heart sway. The words of refusal that reached his mouth were swallowed back down.

Grace sat in place, head lowered, both hands tightly gripping the hem of her white bathrobe. The feeling of shame rose in her heart like waves, one after another, following her sister-in-law's words.

Logically speaking, no one had targeted her tonight. She was the only one who hadn't drunk alcohol. But at this moment, she seemed drunk.

The punishment of soon being in intimate contact with her father made her head dizzy.

She couldn't help but think: This is an opportunity to legitimately get close to that man's body.

The mature male scent on her father, her father's broad shoulders, even… the burning gaze her father had occasionally touched under the table just now…

The thought fell. In the next instant, Grace somehow stood up.

A head of black beautiful hair swayed lightly with the movement. Under the bathrobe, those calves as round and long as jade pillars were faintly visible.

"Dad… just one minute. It's fine."

Her daughter's voice was as thin as a mosquito's buzz, carrying a trace of trembling, yet it became the last straw that crushed Richard's reason.

Richard looked at his daughter.

Tonight she was breathtakingly beautiful. That pure appearance of shyness mixed with some faint seductive charm, like a white lotus that was about to bloom and also longing for rain and dew to nourish it.

This flower was blooming at its most gorgeous. If he didn't appreciate it, it would instead make him seem a bit unromantic.

"Okay… then just one minute."

Richard took a deep breath and stood up.

Then, amid the cheering of Ethan and Sophie, father and daughter walked toward that wardrobe.

Opening the cabinet door, a faint wooden fragrance rushed out. Looking inside, it was indeed extremely cramped.

Richard stepped in first. His figure was tall. Once inside, he almost occupied more than half the space. He could only turn around, back against the cabinet wall, facing outward.

Then Grace also stepped in.

In order to close the door, she had to face her father and press close.

Bang.

The cabinet door was heavily closed by Ethan from outside.

"Hehe, I'm going to hold the door handle! No one is allowed to sneak out! Timing starts!"

As the words fell, with the last bit of light disappearing, the wardrobe instantly fell into darkness.

In the narrow space, the air was quickly filled and heated by the two people's body temperature and breathing.

Because the distance was too close, Richard could clearly feel his daughter's hot, delicate body tightly pressed against his own.

In order to stand steadily, Grace's hands were at a loss and pressed against her father's chest. Through the thin yukata, the sweat in her palms was wet. That sensation made the skin on Richard's chest go numb.

And the most deadly was the children's chest.

Although Grace looked somewhat slender, the meat had all grown in the places it should. The pair of breasts on her chest was genuinely full and large, the typical type that looks thin in clothes but has meat when undressed.

At this moment, because the two bodies were tightly pressed, Grace's heavy breasts had already been squeezed into a flat shape, tightly pressed against Richard's chest.

With every nervous breath, these two soft mounds wriggled up and down on his chest.

Richard directly felt that on his chest there were two silk bags filled with warm water—soft, springy and tender. He could even feel through the fabric that there were two erect nipples hard as they pressed against him.

"Dad…"

In the darkness, Grace's voice trembled as it rang out. The tone carried a trace of a crying sound, and also a seductive quality that seemed able to hook souls.

A hot breath sprayed on Richard's chin, carrying the faint aroma of sake and the body fragrance on his daughter.

Richard's whole body was stiff. Both hands hung at his sides. He fundamentally didn't know where to put them. Carelessly, the back of his hand touched the outside of his daughter's thigh.

There was no bathrobe covering there. What his fingertips touched was a layer of slick skin.

And as everyone knows, a daughter's thigh is a forbidden zone that a father absolutely cannot touch normally.

At this moment, Richard swallowed another mouthful of saliva. The cock in his lower body that had long been hard to the point of pain was now like a red-hot iron rod, thrusting straight out.

It just happened to press against his daughter's lower abdomen.

Even through the pants and two layers of bathrobes, this hard sensation made Grace, who was already a mother, instantly understand what it was.

That was her father's desire.

That was a man's symbol.

That was… his cock.

So big… so hard.

"Mm…"

Thinking of this, Grace couldn't help but let out a soft moan. Her legs subconsciously wanted to close, but because the space was too small, it was instead like she actively clamped her father's thigh.

Also because of this grinding, it just happened to make that raging dragon get stuck between her two legs, tightly pressed against her pubic mound through the bathrobe.

At this moment, in the darkness, the breathing of father and daughter instantly became as heavy as oxen.

"Grace… you, you move back a bit too…"

Richard's voice was terribly hoarse. There was still the last trace of reason remaining. He tried hard to arch his waist backward, attempting to make that thing of his farther from his daughter.

Hearing this, Grace's body trembled slightly. She also tried to shrink backward.

But behind her was the door panel. She fundamentally had nowhere to retreat. This movement instead made her lower body grind hard against Richard's cock.

A numbing sensation like an electric current instantly spread throughout her whole body.

And just then, sounds came from the outside world.

"Wife… you're so slutty…"

"Ah… gentler… husband… I still want to watch Dad…"

"Mom… you come too… open your mouth…"

The lewd words from outside clearly entered their ears. Without question, the two quickly distinguished that these were the voices of Ethan, Sophie, and Helen.

From the sounds, they seemed to be entangled together not far outside the cabinet.

Zi zi… bo… gu ci gu ci…

The sound of flesh colliding, the sound of fluids exchanging, and some kind of sucking sound.

The two first froze, then seemed ignited by these lewd sounds.

At this moment, in this dark corner, there was no longer father and daughter—only man and woman.

All of Richard's defenses completely collapsed at this moment. Even a trace of resistance thought was a bit superfluous.

Listening to those lewd cries outside, feeling the trembling yet hot delicate body in his arms, his cock had already swollen to the limit.

Grace of course also heard those sounds. At this moment her face was full of red. Her body was soft like a pool of spring mud. The male scent on her father was like a big net, tightly covering her.

Not long after, the two silently raised their heads. In the darkness, the two faces were extremely close.

Although they couldn't see each other's expressions, there was a thought brewing in both their hearts.

Finally, it was unclear who moved first.

Perhaps Richard lowered his head. Perhaps Grace stood on tiptoe.

Immediately, four lips met.

Boom!

In the mind it was as if fireworks exploded, an infant cried out at birth, a singer praised a prosperous age, a planet fell, a civilization changed.

Finally, everything returned to nothingness. Only pure desire spread.

Two fleshy tongues instantly entangled together.

"Mm… Dad…"

This vague call entered his ears. Richard no longer controlled himself. He extended his right hand and grabbed the pair of heavy breasts on his chest that had been squeezed for a long time.

So big!

So soft!

His daughter's tits in hand, Richard's eyes instantly widened. He only felt his hands full of greasy smoothness, full of warm fragrance and soft jade.

Then, using the techniques he had refined on his daughter-in-law, he roughly kneaded his daughter's big breasts through the bathrobe, feeling that breast meat that couldn't be fully grasped with one hand overflowing between his fingers.

Like this, after a while, while his mouth's movements didn't stop, his palm slightly loosened. He used two fingers to press on his daughter's hard nipples and continuously pinched them.

"Ah!…" Grace let out a muffled moan. Her body jolted violently. Her whole person went limp in her father's arms.

As if unwilling to show weakness, at this moment, that slender jade hand that had originally been pressed against her father's chest slid down along her father's abdominal muscles.

Through the gap in the bathrobe.

Probing further down.

Finally, a grab.

Grace finally gripped her father's scorching, hard, throbbing cock.

(So hard to write. Really want to just take off the pants and start fucking. 555.)

(End of Chapter 136)

CHAPTER 137

Inside and Outside the Closet

Time rewound slightly.

Just after Richard and Grace's figures had disappeared into the entryway closet.

Ethan returned to his spot, sat cross-legged, the collar of his blue Japanese-style spa robe hanging wide open, revealing his toned chest flushed with alcohol's redness.

He didn't continue the game. Instead, his hazy eyes swept over the two women in front of him—one the mother who had given birth to him, the other his lawful wife.

Alcohol surged through his veins. His cock stiffened inside his pants.

"Haa…"

Ethan suddenly exhaled a heavy breath, then leaned back, hands braced behind his head, legs spread wide.

Through the open robe, his thick purplish-red cock was visible, like a ferocious raging dragon pointing straight at the ceiling, a few clear drops of pre-cum beading at the coronal ridge.

"Mom, Sophie… since Dad and Sis went off to take their punishment, we shouldn't just sit around either… come here."

Ethan's gaze drifted between their faces.

Sophie heard him. Her eyes shimmered as a seductive smile curved her lips. She raised a slender hand, tucked the stray strands of hair from her forehead behind her ear, then casually removed the blonde hair tie from her wrist and elegantly gathered her long hair up, exposing her slender, pale neck. The entire movement was practiced and full of suggestion, as if a female warrior preparing for battle was donning her armor.

"Honey, you're so greedy. Are you saying one person isn't enough for you?"

Sophie scolded coquettishly, yet she was the first to move.

She didn't stand. Instead, she stayed kneeling on the tatami, knees alternating as she crawled forward. The motion caused her robe to slip down to her elbows, baring her rounded, fragrant shoulders.

Then, like a mother cat begging for affection, she crawled little by little until she was right between Ethan's legs.

In that moment, staring at the cock radiating a musky scent, Sophie extended her soft pink tongue and lightly licked her own scarlet lips. Then she lowered her head, opened her cherry-like mouth, and swallowed the swollen glans in one go.

"Mmm…"

His wife's warm, wet mouth wrapped around his cock. Ethan sucked in a sharp breath of pleasure, hands unconsciously spreading to grip the cushion beneath him.

Sophie's oral skills were excellent—techniques the couple had honed over countless nights.

Her cheeks hollowed slightly with each bob, her tongue circling flexibly around the tip, scraping the urethral opening and coronal ridge.

Then she pushed her head farther down. A wet "gulp" sounded as the entire cock was swallowed into her mouth. Her throat bulged high. Because deepthroating made swallowing saliva difficult, a lot of fragrant saliva flowed from her red lips onto Ethan's lower abdomen.

Ethan felt his scalp go numb. One hand involuntarily threaded into Sophie's hair, pressing the back of her head, controlling the rhythm of her sucking.

Watching his wife serve him so obediently between his legs filled him with immense satisfaction.

But men are greedy by nature—having the bowl in hand, they still eye the pot.

In the next instant, Ethan slowly turned his gaze toward his mother, who still looked a little dazed beside them.

Overcome by the alcohol, she was already drunk-eyed and hazy. A purple robe hung loosely on her body, exposing large expanses of snow-white skin. Her beautiful phoenix eyes were filled with misty water.

The alcohol had numbed Helen's mind and also amplified the repressed desires deep inside her.

Watching her daughter-in-law work hard between her son's legs, listening to the wet slurping sounds, she felt an uncontrollable heat rise in her lower abdomen. Clear fluid seeped from her private parts, wetting a patch of her panties.

Ethan looked at her ripe, pluckable appearance and extended one hand.

"Mom, you come over too… don't let Sophie do all the work alone."

Helen's pupils contracted. She clearly sobered a little, her body trembling slightly. Residual reason still struggled at this final moment.

If she went over like this, what difference would there be between her and those sluts in the news?

But when she looked at her son's tempting gaze, and at that cock that had driven her to paradise multiple times—now thrusting in and out of her daughter-in-law's mouth, looking irresistibly enticing—something in Helen's mind clicked. A switch flipped. As if possessed, she extended her jade-like hand and placed it on the palm her son offered.

With her son's pull, Helen's body went soft and she crawled over on her knees as well. Her voluptuous figure was half-hidden under the robe; the mature woman's charm formed a sharp contrast with the lewd scene.

Ethan took the opportunity to lean back further. Helen crawled close, looked at her son's penis, a flush of shame crossing her face. Yet under the catalysis of alcohol and desire, she still slowly opened her mouth.

Because Sophie occupied most of the space, Helen could only extend her tongue and gently lick along the root of her son's thigh, licking the firm muscle.

The warm sensation from the inner thigh made Ethan hum in comfort.

Sophie, who had been buried in her work, also noticed her mother-in-law's movements. She lifted her head from the cock, a crystal thread of saliva still hanging from the corner of her mouth, and looked at Helen with hazy eyes. Kindly, she suggested:

"Mom, since you're here too… how about we each take half?"

With that, Sophie actively made space on one side of the cock, then extended her tongue and licked along the shaft as if tasting a delicious

lollipop. At the same time, one hand reached into her own robe, grabbing her snow-white breast and kneading it wantonly in front of her mother-in-law and husband, white flesh overflowing between her fingers.

Watching her daughter-in-law's lewd appearance, Helen's heart trembled. Then, as if infected, she dazedly leaned forward, imitated Sophie's posture, opened her mouth around the other side of the cock, and gently licked with her tongue.

For a while, the room was filled with lewd swallowing sounds and wet slurps.

Two women, one on each side.

Sophie was skilled, her tongue flexible and changeable—sometimes light licks, sometimes deep sucks. Helen was still inexperienced, but the stimulation of receiving a blowjob from his own mother pushed Ethan to the peak of pleasure.

Watching these two women who loved him so deeply both kneeling beneath him, abandoning all dignity to please him, Ethan couldn't help but press both their heads with his hands at the same time. His hips thrust, fucking the two warm little mouths.

"Mom… Sophie… use your tongues… harder…"

This oral session lasted a long time.

Until, under the dual impact of alcohol and pleasure, Ethan's consciousness gradually blurred.

His originally high sex drive, after hovering at the edge of eruption multiple times, finally transformed into deep exhaustion.

Ethan's hands slipped from their hair. His breathing gradually became steady and heavy. In the end, he actually fell asleep from the pleasure.

Helen, already heavily drunk, plus the intense lip-and-tongue exercise, was physically drained. As Ethan fell asleep, she also lay down beside her son's legs, emitting light snoring sounds, and sank into deep sleep.

…

A few minutes later, the sounds in the room gradually quieted.

Sophie felt that although the cock in her mouth was still thick, its vitality had clearly weakened. She lifted her head, rubbed her somewhat sore cheeks, and when she saw her sleeping husband and mother-in-law, a helpless yet doting smile flashed in her eyes.

"Really… got me all worked up, then fell asleep first yourself."

Complaining in a low voice, Sophie wiped the saliva from the corner of her mouth with her hand.

The fire inside her hadn't subsided at all; instead, because of the earlier sucking, it had grown even more intense. Her empty flower hole was opening and closing, longing to be filled.

Sophie originally wanted to take the chance and sit down on it, playing a necrophilia scene while her husband slept. But seeing his exhausted sleeping face, she ultimately couldn't bear to.

Just then, a faint collision sound came from the doorway. Only then did she remember the two people still in the entryway closet.

"Right… Dad and Sis are still over there."

Sophie's eyes lit up, as if she'd found new amusement. She didn't straighten her messy robe. Instead, she deliberately pulled the collar wider, exposing most of her full breasts, and barefoot with her cute little feet, she walked silently toward the entryway.

Arriving in front of it, she saw that the closet door wasn't closed tightly; there was a thin gap in the middle.

Sophie leaned close to that gap and peeked inside. One glance, and she froze.

In the dim closet, Richard and Grace were pressed tightly together in an extremely intimate posture.

At this moment, her sister was being pinned against the closet wall by their father-in-law. Their robes were in disarray. Grace's white cotton robe had been pushed up to her waist, revealing two long, straight thighs. Between those thighs, their father's hand was buried deep at her crotch.

What surprised Sophie even more was that their faces were pressed close together. Four lips were glued together, fiercely sucking and biting each other.

"Mmm… ah…"

Sporadic, bewitching moans spilled from between their lips and teeth.

Richard's other hand roughly grabbed and kneaded Grace's large breasts, fingers sinking deep into the soft flesh. Grace offered no resistance at all. Instead, both her hands circled her father's neck. That little lilac tongue actively drilled into her father's mouth and tangled with it.

This scene was even more blood-boiling than the earlier threesome.

Sophie watched for a good while. Only when she saw them separate their lips, a crystal-clear strand of saliva stretching between their mouths, did she finally couldn't help laughing softly. She reached out, unlocked the latch, and yanked the closet door open.

"Whoosh—"

The sudden light and sound made the two people inside the closet tremble all over.

Richard felt as if struck by lightning. He abruptly released his daughter from his arms, flusteredly trying to straighten his clothes, stammering an explanation:

"So… Sophie… I… we…"

Grace was even more flushed with shame. Her exquisite mature-sister face was covered in blush. Her eyes were panicked, not daring to look at her sister-in-law. Head lowered, both hands tightly clutching her robe collar, yet she couldn't cover her erect nipples and the spring color all over her body.

Then, not daring to stay longer, she stepped forward, head down, silently squeezed past Sophie, and fled the room as if escaping, running toward her own room.

Sophie didn't stop her sister. She watched her leave with a playful gaze, then turned around, smiling brightly at her father-in-law who was still frozen in place.

Richard was extremely disheveled at this moment. The hem of his robe was wide open. That thick, dark cock stood stiffly erect, stained with some crystal fluid—presumably his daughter's juices.

Seeing this, Sophie showed not the slightest shock. Instead, she approached step by step, the smile on her face growing more radiant and seductive.

"Dad, looks like you two had a lot of fun."

As she spoke, she walked straight up to Richard, actively extended both arms, hooked them around her father-in-law's neck. A pair of alluring eyes like silk, breathing orchid-scented breath, she leaned close to his ear and asked:

"So? How does Sis's tongue taste… is it better than mine?"

Richard's brain went blank again.

He had thought he'd be caught in the act by his daughter-in-law, yet he never expected this reaction from her.

The relief after a taboo was broken, mixed with the stimulation of his daughter-in-law actively throwing herself into his arms, left him somewhat dazed.

He and his own biological daughter had gotten together, and his daughter-in-law had seen it… fortunately, his daughter-in-law had already gotten together with him long ago.

This family had truly become a complete mess.

Consciousness slowly returned. Richard swallowed and answered instinctively: "It… it's okay…"

Sophie heard him, rolled her eyes coquettishly at him, released the hands hooked around his neck. Her gaze fell on that cock standing angrily erect. She extended a slender finger and lightly flicked the darkened glans.

"Pap."

The cock twitched. His daughter-in-law's seductive voice came again:

"Alright, since you've had enough fun, come out quick and help me get Mom and Ethan back to the room. They're both sleeping like dead pigs."

With that, Sophie turned and walked toward the interior. That swaying, graceful back view made Richard's eyes burn.

After some effort.

Richard finally carried the drunk Helen back to Grace's room. Because Ethan and Sophie's room was next door, and for the

convenience of taking care of the grandson, everyone had tacitly agreed to this temporary room-swapping arrangement.

Sophie also returned to the room she shared with her husband.

On the made bed, Ethan was still dead to the world, robe open. That cock that had just been serviced by two women now hung half-soft, half-hard.

Sophie sighed. She felt sticky and uncomfortable down below. The stimulating scenes earlier had made her leak quite a bit of juice.

Just as she was about to grab a clean pair of panties to change into and take a shower, the door curtain was suddenly lifted.

Sophie startled and looked back. It was Grace, who had left and returned.

At this moment, Grace seemed to have changed outfits. She was only wrapped in a thin white robe. Her hair was still a bit damp, clearly having just simply washed, but the flush on her face hadn't faded. Instead, because of some determination, she looked even more alluring.

"Sis? Why are you back?" Sophie was a bit surprised, still holding the lace panties she had just dug out of the suitcase.

Grace stood at the doorway, hands twisted together, gaze somewhat evasive, not daring to look directly at Sophie. Her voice was as thin as a mosquito's:

"Mason and Mom are both asleep… I… I…"

She stammered for a long time without finishing, but those moist eyes kept glancing toward Ethan lying on the tatami, especially his open lower body.

Both women, and sister-in-laws sharing a husband in this chaotic relationship, how could Sophie not understand her thoughts?

Recalling the scene in the closet just now, then looking at her sister's current appearance of unsatisfied desire yet forcibly enduring shame, Sophie smiled knowingly.

She didn't speak. Instead, she walked straight to Ethan's side, yanked open the already loose robe on him completely, pointed at that cock which, though asleep, was still majestic, and looked teasingly at Grace:

"Sis, you want this, don't you?"

Grace's body jerked violently. The shame of having her thoughts exposed made her want to find a crack in the ground to crawl into. But her body's honesty left her unable to deny it. Biting her lower lip, under her sister-in-law's gaze that seemed to see through people's hearts, she ultimately still slowly nodded.

"Mm…"

Facing her younger brother and sister-in-law, she originally didn't need to be so nervous. After all, they had already done threesomes before.

It was just that she had just done such a depraved thing with her father in the closet, and now turned around to seek pleasure from her younger brother. This double incest guilt made it hard for her to face herself.

Seeing this, Sophie generously waved her hand, as relaxed as sharing a toy:

"Then Sis, you go ahead yourself. I'm going to take a shower. I feel sticky all over and it's unbearable."

She even specially added: "Just got fucked by Ethan's big cock earlier, then fingered by him later. Leaked who knows how much juice. Can't sleep without washing."

These naked dirty words made Grace's face red to her ears, but also greatly stimulated her senses.

Watching Sophie take her change of clothes into the bathroom, listening to the sound of running water inside, Grace took a deep breath. That sense of being permitted finally relaxed her tense nerves.

Then she closed the door, removed the only robe on her body, revealing a perfect figure that could drive any man crazy.

Her papaya-sized breasts trembled slightly with her breathing. Two light-brown nipples stood hard as beans. Her waist was slender, abdomen flat. And her bare, smooth little pussy below was slightly open at this moment, the pink hole a muddy mess, crystal juices slowly flowing down the roots of her thighs.

Grace, completely naked like this, walked step by step toward her younger brother.

CHAPTER 140

A Mother's Tenderness

Under the intense stimulation from his wife, Ethan, who had originally been deep in sleep, finally stirred.

He first furrowed his brows, a low muffled hum escaping from his throat.

Then his eyelids fluttered a few times and slowly opened.

The first thing that met his eyes was a dazzling expanse of white.

Two large, round, glowing white flesh balls were flying up and down above his line of sight with the violent movements, like two white doves fluttering and dancing.

These were… Sophie's breasts.

Ethan's consciousness was still somewhat fuzzy, but his body's instinctive reaction came faster than his brain.

The cock between his legs seemed to sense the summons. It jumped violently and swelled a size larger.

"W… wife?"

Sophie was at the peak of pleasure. Hearing her husband's voice, she lowered her head and looked.

Seeing Ethan with a pair of hazy eyes looking at her, the seductive charm on her face intensified. She extended her tongue and licked her red lips, coquettishly laughing:

"Oh, honey, you're awake?"

"How is it? Does it feel good? The feeling of being woken up by your own wife's little pussy clamping you…"

As she spoke, Sophie's waist suddenly sank downward, swallowing that cock whole until it reached her cervix, then grinding hard once.

"Hiss—"

Ethan sucked in a sharp breath. He only felt a current rushing straight from his tailbone to the top of his head, so pleasurable that his scalp went numb.

That pleasure of the cock being tightly wrapped by the hot, moist, and crazy squeezing instantly drove away all sleepiness. He gritted his teeth and squeezed out a word from between them:

"Mmm… feels good."

As his consciousness gradually returned, Ethan began to survey the surrounding environment.

The wooden ceiling, the dim yellow floor lamp, and the soft quilt beneath him.

"We… came back? The game… is over?"

His memory still lingered on the previous game segment. The numbness from the alcohol made the memories afterward somewhat fragmented.

Sophie tirelessly shook her waist while biting her lower lip, letting out one alluring gasp after another:

"Mmm… ba… back… ah… mmm mmm…"

Hearing this, Ethan temporarily searched the room with his gaze again. Not seeing anyone else, he couldn't help but feel a bit puzzled in his heart.

"Then… what about Dad and Sis? They…"

Hearing this question, Sophie's movements did not stop.

On the contrary, the smile at the corner of her mouth became even more seductive, even carrying a trace of wickedness.

In the next instant, she slowly leaned her body down. Two large breasts pressed against Ethan's chest, gently rubbing against his skin with the movements of her waist.

Then she extended a slender jade finger, lightly tapping it on Ethan's lips, and breathed orchid-scented breath into his ear:

"They… are probably already doing it by now?"

"That is to say, your biological sister… your sister-wife… has also been thoroughly eaten dry and wiped clean by your dad's thick black big cock…"

Boom—

This sentence was like a heavy bomb, exploding loudly in Ethan's mind.

Father… and sister?

In this instant, Ethan directly felt an indescribable heat sweeping through his entire body.

His eyes burst forth with the light of a hungry wolf. His breathing became as heavy as a bull's.

The cock between his legs was even more like it had received a buff. Inside Sophie's tight and charming hole, it swelled another size, hard beyond hard.

In the next instant, his hands suddenly gripped Sophie's slender and flexible waist. His fingers sank into that tender white flesh. His voice trembled as he confirmed again:

"Is… is it true?"

Sophie clearly felt the change in her husband's body.

That suddenly swollen cock stretched her flower heart until it felt sore and soft, making her tremble all over with pleasure.

She knew her husband was excited.

That excitement stimulated by being cuckolded and by the sense of depravity.

"Mmm… true… truly… ah… so hard… honey… your cock is so hard… topping me so comfortably… ah!"

Sophie responded in a trembling voice. Coordinating with her husband's excitement, her waist rose and fell, swallowing and spitting out the cock that was hard to the limit.

"Pap pap pap pap—"

The sound of flesh colliding was particularly harsh in the quiet room.

Ethan was just about to ask for more details, wanting to hear how his sister was moaning and receiving pleasure under their father.

Just at this moment, the bathroom door opened.

Helen walked out carrying a wooden basin that was still steaming with heat.

As soon as she came out, she saw Ethan who had already woken up.

In this instant, an inexplicable expectation surged in her heart.

"Ethan, you're awake."

Helen pretended to be calm as she called out. While speaking, she carried the wooden basin and walked up to the two of them.

Hearing this, Ethan had no choice but to pull himself out of that perverted fantasy.

Looking up, he saw his mother standing prettily in front of him.

Under the purple robe was his mother's figure that, even past forty, still retained its charm. At this moment, her face carried a faint blush, her eyes gentle as water.

The desire that had just been interrupted, upon seeing his mother at this moment, actually transformed into an even more stimulating longing.

"Mom, why did you come? Are you sober from the alcohol?"

Ethan tried his best to make his voice sound normal, but his rapid breathing still betrayed him.

Helen seemed not to notice. She just nodded, then gently placed the wooden basin on the ground.

Then she squatted down. The collar slightly opened, revealing the deep, bottomless cleavage inside.

She dipped the towel into the hot water, wrung it dry, and then gently began wiping her son's chest.

The warm towel slid across the skin, carrying a mother's tenderness.

"I'm awake. Fortunately, although that alcohol gets you drunk quickly, it also sobers you up quickly. After sleeping for a while, there's only a little dizziness. Everything else is fine."

Helen carefully wiped the thin layer of sweat beads on her son's chest while speaking softly.

Her gaze always stayed on her son's face, not daring to move downward.

Because there, her daughter-in-law was right in front of her, riding on her son's body.

Her son's thick cock was thrusting in and out of her daughter-in-law's body, bringing out pools of crystal liquid. Some even splashed onto the back of her hand.

Helen's hand trembled once, but she quickly recovered her composure.

Then, as if suddenly thinking of something, she raised her head and asked with concern again:

“By the way, are you thirsty? After drinking, and sweating so much… I’ll get you a glass of water.”

At this moment, Ethan was being burned by both alcohol and lust. He did indeed feel his throat a bit dry, so he nodded. His gaze lingered on his mother’s face:

“A little. Thank you, Mom. Mom is really good.”

This “Mom is really good” warmed Helen’s heart, as if all the effort and grievances were worth it.

“Look at what you’re saying. If Mom isn’t good, who is?”

She rolled her eyes at her son in a scolding manner, but the corner of her mouth held a smile that couldn’t be concealed.

Saying that, she stood up and walked toward the small table at the other end of the room where the mineral water was placed.

And in the instant Helen turned and left, Sophie suddenly leaned her body down.

That absolutely beautiful face approached Ethan. Between the flowing of her eyes, it was full of allure.

“Honey, if you’re thirsty, why don’t you tell me? I can also get you water…”

Ethan immediately felt a bit awkward.

On one side was the kind and gentle mother, on the other side the seductive and lewd wife.

This feeling of being sandwiched in the middle made him feel embarrassed, yet also strangely stimulating.

But if not handled well, it could cause big trouble.

“This… this…”

Just as Ethan was stammering and hadn’t thought of a good excuse, Sophie suddenly opened her red lips and fiercely kissed his mouth.

“Mmm—”

Ethan widened his eyes.

But Sophie did not rush to extend her tongue for intertwining. She slightly propped up her body. Her throat gently slid once.

Then she actually transferred a stream of warm saliva from her own mouth.

“Honey, open your mouth.”

Between the overlapping of lips and teeth, Sophie commanded unclearly.

Ethan subconsciously opened his mouth.

Then he saw a mass of silvery bright crystal saliva slowly flow from Sophie's pink, flexible tongue tip into Ethan's mouth.

That saliva tasted particularly sweet and fragrant. Ethan was almost reluctant to swallow it.

After transferring the saliva, Sophie did not leave immediately. She extended her pink fragrant tongue again and lightly licked a circle around Ethan's lips, rolling the remaining saliva into her belly.

Then she straightened her body, extremely seductively swept the stray hair hanging by her ear, and asked with hazy eyes:

"Is it good to drink, honey?"

Hearing this, only then did Ethan's throat "gulp" and swallow that mouthful of saliva.

"Good… good to drink."

Just at this time, Helen returned with the mineral water.

She had not seen the lewd scene just now. She only saw that her son and daughter-in-law seemed to be saying some secret words.

Therefore, she asked in puzzlement: "What's good to drink?"

Ethan was startled in his heart. A trace of awkwardness flashed across his face. He hurriedly covered up:

"No… nothing, Mom."

Sophie turned her head sideways, revealing a meaningful smile toward Helen, smiling without speaking. Only the movements at her crotch quietly sped up a few more points.

Although Helen felt a bit strange, she didn't think much of it. She unscrewed the mineral water bottle cap and squatted down beside her son.

"Here."

While speaking, she brought the bottle mouth to her son's lips.

Seeing this, Ethan didn't dare to be negligent. He slightly propped up his upper body and, like an obedient child, accepted his mother feeding him water.

"Gulp, gulp…"

The cool spring water flowed down his throat, extinguishing some of the body's heat, but it could not extinguish the fire of desire in his heart.

Ethan drank more than half the bottle in one breath.

Helen watched her son's eager appearance and couldn't help but softly remind him:

"Slow down, don't choke."

In this moment, the picture in the room was bizarre yet harmonious.

The son lay on the tatami. His lower body was being frantically pumped and ridden by his wife, enjoying the ultimate physical pleasure.

His upper body was being gently taken care of by his mother, enjoying the care of kinship.

This made Ethan feel an unprecedented satisfaction.

After drinking the water, Ethan raised his head. Between his brows was full of post-satisfaction laziness, and a trace of undisguised heat when looking at his mother.

"Mom."

In the next instant, he softly called.

The hand Helen was using to screw the bottle cap paused. She raised her head and asked:

"What is it now?"

Ethan looked at his mother's face that was so close.

Because of the busyness just now, a layer of fine sweat beads had seeped out at the tip of her nose. A few strands of hair stuck to her cheeks, looking exceptionally moving.

In those phoenix eyes, it was full of care for him.

"You're so beautiful."

These three words came out of his mouth.

Hearing this, a blush of shyness instantly appeared on Helen's face.

She subconsciously turned her head aside, not daring to look into her son's eyes.

In front of her daughter-in-law, being praised so bluntly by her son, Helen only felt her face burning hot, as if someone had stripped her of her clothes.

"What nonsense are you talking? You dead child…"

She scolded coquettishly. Her tone was soft like a pool of spring water.

But Ethan had no intention of letting his mother off just like that.

Borrowing the alcohol's strength, borrowing the pleasure brought by his wife between his legs, he extended one hand and gently held his mother's delicate and round chin.

The touch transmitted by his fingertips was delicate and smooth, like top-quality mutton-fat jade.

His heart trembled. He applied a little more force with his hand, forcibly turning his mother's face, which was stained with two patches of crimson, over.

Listening to her son's words full of thick lust, Helen was forced to meet his gaze.

Looking at the undisguised desire in his eyes, Helen's heart was in a panic as if a little deer was colliding chaotically, yet a trace of expectation secretly arose.

"Mm?"

She let out a nasal sound, carrying a tremble.

Ethan stared at his mother's slightly open, red and alluring lips. His Adam's apple rolled up and down once.

"Can I kiss you?"

As soon as these words came out, Sophie, who was riding on Ethan's body, immediately slowed her movements. A pair of beautiful eyes stared fixedly at this scene. Her breathing became even more rapid.

Hearing this, Helen's pupils also slightly enlarged.

Reason told her she should refuse, but her body was like it had been hit by a curse, completely unable to move.

She pursed her lower lip and hesitated for two seconds.

These two seconds seemed as long as a century.

In the end, Helen seemed to have resigned herself to fate. She slowly closed her eyes.

Her head also imperceptibly leaned forward a little.

Seeing his mother's tacit permission, how could Ethan still hold back? In the next instant, he lowered his head and kissed straight up.

Four lips pressed together.

Mother's lips were soft beyond belief, carrying a faint clear fragrance.

"Mmm…"

Helen let out a suppressed moan, then actively extended her fragrant tongue and stirred it together with her son's broad tongue.

For a while, mother and son transferred saliva to each other, lips and tongues intertwined.

Sophie watched this scene from the side. Her heart felt sour, a bit jealous.

But looking at her husband's intoxicated expression, a strange satisfaction rose in her heart again.

How could her husband's happiness not also be her own happiness?

Thinking this way, the flames of jealousy in Sophie's eyes transformed into even wilder flames of desire.

In the next instant, she once again frantically shook her waist.

The little hole full of love juices and slippery beyond measure, like a cherry little mouth, more diligently swallowed and spit out Ethan's cock that was hard to purple under the stimulation of incest.

The sound of flesh colliding, accompanied by the water sounds of the mother and son kissing, interwove into an absurd and lewd movement in the room.

Outside the window, the moonlight was like water, coldly illuminating this valley shrouded by desire.

And in the neighboring room, another even more stimulating play might have just begun to raise its curtain.

CHAPTER 141

Father and Daughter's Night Talk

Speaking of Grace.

The corridor was deep and quiet. She took a deep breath, like a soldier about to rush onto the battlefield, and finally stopped in front of her father Richard's room door.

Then she extended her jade finger, white as a scallion, and with a slight tremble, gently pushed that wooden door.

It didn't budge at all.

Grace was slightly stunned. At this moment, a bitter smile couldn't help but appear on her face.

It seemed her father was still of the old school after all, not like herself and her sister-in-law Sophie, whose room doors were always left ajar, completely without any sense of security.

Then, Grace steadied her mind, adjusted her somewhat rapid breathing, bent her knuckles, and knocked on the door.

"Knock, knock, knock."

…

Inside the room, the heating was sufficient.

Richard had also just finished washing. He was wrapped in a dark blue Japanese-style spa robe, the collar wide open, revealing a somewhat loose but still broad chest. On his lower body, he wore a pair of loose black shorts.

He sat cross-legged on the tatami. In front of him was that wooden tea table. Steam was curling from the mouth of the teapot. Richard picked up the teacup and sipped the green tea he had brought from home in small mouthfuls. The tea soup was slightly astringent then sweet, yet it couldn't suppress the restlessness in his heart.

In his mind, scenes from not long ago replayed like a revolving lantern.

In the closet, that scent on his daughter mixed with milk fragrance and subtle perfume, and the rapid breathing of each other in the

darkness, and that kiss which, if not called an accident, no one would dare to investigate deeply.

Also, at that time, the sounds coming from outside now felt particularly concerning.

"Could it be that Helen really…"

This thought had just emerged when it was forcibly extinguished by Richard.

Even realizing a certain possibility, as the nominal head of this family, a man who in reality had almost no say, he had neither the qualification nor the courage to question.

For one, his marital relationship with Helen was already like a pool of dead water, existing in name only.

Usually at home, the two would subconsciously avoid each other's gazes when their eyes met. The so-called mutual respect was nothing more than the most familiar strangers.

For another, the rotten accounts in his own pants—how could they be few?

And just as Richard was staring blankly at the teacup, trying to sort out these tangled thoughts, the knocking sound abruptly rang out.

Then, his daughter's familiar voice, carrying a few traces of probing, came through:

"Dad, it's me. Are you asleep?"

The hand Richard was holding the teacup with suddenly trembled. A few drops of scalding tea water splashed onto the back of his hand, yet he was completely unaware.

Grace? Why did she come at this time?

His thoughts were instantly pulled back to that moment in the closet.

The soft touch of his daughter's full red lips, that pair of astonishingly elastic large breasts, and the warm softness of her hot body pressing close…

Recalling these details, Richard's breathing immediately became heavier. The cock that had been silent between his two legs, like a beast that had smelled blood, although not yet fully erect, already showed signs of awakening at this moment, hanging heavily in the shorts.

At this, Richard hurriedly put down the teacup, lowered his head and glanced at his wide-open collar. To cover up this about-to-be-embarrassing state, he quickly and messily tied the robe properly, cleared his throat, and tried his best to make his voice sound calm:

"Coming."

The door was pulled open.

What met the eyes was his daughter Grace's face, tender and dripping with allure.

Whether it was the steaming from the hot spring heat or the mischief of the sense of shame in her heart, her cheeks were covered with a layer of charming flush, like a ripe red apple.

A white robe made her skin appear even more snow-white, her black hair like ink.

Richard's gaze was somewhat straight, staring fixedly at his daughter.

Grace was made flustered by her father's naked gaze like this. Her heart was like a little deer jumping chaotically.

She subconsciously extended her slender jade hand, tucking a strand of stray hair hanging by her ear behind it. Her eyes flickered. She hurriedly changed the topic:

"Dad, can I come in?"

Hearing this, Richard finally snapped back to his senses. A trace of awkwardness flashed across his old face. He stepped aside to make way:

"Oh, come… come in."

Although he didn't understand why his daughter would visit late at night at this time, as a father, as a man who had just had skin-to-skin contact with his daughter, a complex sense of responsibility and guilt intertwined in his heart, making him involuntarily begin calculating in his mind how to explain that kiss in the closet.

Grace put her hands behind her back and stepped into the room.

The room was filled with a faint tea fragrance. She pretended to look around at the layout of the room. Her gaze swept over a tightly closed screen, then fell on the steaming private soaking pool outside the floor-to-ceiling window, and only then did she turn around, deliberately finding a clumsy excuse:

"Dad, are you sober from the alcohol?"

Richard was stunned. His alcohol tolerance had always been good. The few bottles of sake earlier had only made him slightly tipsy, far from drunk, but facing his daughter's concern at this moment, his previous thoughts were interrupted. He casually replied:

"Your dad wouldn't get drunk from just this little alcohol."

Hearing this, Grace turned around.

Her gaze fell on her father's slightly protruding little beer belly. A physique unique to middle-aged men, but in her eyes full of twisted love at this moment, it appeared especially full of security.

Seeing this, Grace's heart warmed. Then, with a few traces of a daughter's coquettishness, she said softly:

"Then you should also drink less. You promised me before in the bathroom."

Hearing this, Richard's heart softened. A bit embarrassed, he scratched his head and smiled foolishly:

"Okay, Dad will listen to you. Drink less from now on."

Grace nodded satisfactorily. The corner of her mouth curved into a shallow smile.

Then, without being formal, she walked to the side of the tea table and elegantly sat cross-legged.

The hem of the robe slightly parted with her movements, revealing half a section of smooth as jade calf. Her ankle was slender, like a finely carved work of art.

Seeing that his daughter no longer spoke, Richard temporarily didn't know where to start. The draft he had just begun earlier was completely forgotten to the ends of the earth. He simply walked over and sat opposite.

Then he picked up the teapot, poured a cup of tea for Grace, and pushed it in front of her:

"Grace, want some tea? The one I brought."

Hearing this, Grace withdrew her gaze from the glass door not far away that was covered in water mist.

Looking at the cup of clear emerald green tea soup on the tea table in front of her, the tea leaves unfurling and dancing in the water, it looked quite nice. She nodded and said:

“Thank you, Dad.”

Saying that, she extended her jade hand, picked up the teacup, brought it to her red lips, and took a shallow sip.

The tea water was warm. Entering the mouth, it was fresh, with a trace of sweetness in the aftertaste, inevitably dispelling some of the tension.

Grace smacked her lips. Her pink tongue tip lightly licked the water stains on her lip petals, as if savoring. Then she raised her head. Her beautiful eyes looked brightly at her father:

“Dad, what kind of tea is this? It’s quite fragrant.”

Seeing that his daughter liked it, Richard’s mood also couldn’t help but relax a few points. He also poured a cup for himself, tilted his head and swallowed it, then replied:

“According to that client of mine, it’s pre-rain Longjing. Quite expensive. But I’m a rough guy. I feel it’s just so-so.”

Actually, pre-rain Longjing was top-grade, but perhaps Richard’s mouth was picky. He was used to drinking strong tea, or perhaps at this moment he wanted to put on a high and deep appearance of having seen the world in front of his daughter, deliberately speaking lightly.

Hearing this, Grace laughed. She actually couldn’t tell good from bad either. She just felt this tea was smooth and good to drink.

So, in the next instant, she handed the empty cup over again and said coquettishly:

“Dad, then give me another cup. Since it’s expensive, I have to taste more of it.”

“Okay, okay, drink more.”

Richard followed her words and filled it for her again.

For a while, the room only had the sound of pouring tea and occasional swallowing.

Father and daughter sat facing each other like this, silently tasting tea. Their gazes occasionally met and then quickly separated. More often, they looked toward the private pool outside the glass door where water vapor lingered, each with their own thoughts.

Time passed bit by bit.

Grace secretly raised her eyes and glanced at the wall clock, discovering that she had already been sitting dry here for half an hour.

Except for drinking a bellyful of tea and chatting a few inconsequential words of nonsense, there had actually been no substantial progress at all!

Thinking of the words she had said to her sister-in-law before leaving, thinking of her swollen breasts and empty body, she couldn't help but feel a bit discouraged.

And because she had drunk a bit too much tea water, a clear sense of fullness came from her lower abdomen.

A strong urge to urinate came fiercely, mixed with some unsatisfied restlessness inside her body, making her a bit unable to sit still.

So, Grace put down the teacup, propped her hands on her knees, and stood up elegantly:

"Dad, I'm going to pee for a bit."

Hearing this, Richard silently nodded, without saying more.

Only, the instant Grace stood up, the hem of the robe inevitably lifted.

Richard's line of sight uncontrollably captured that fleeting scenery. His daughter's pair of beautiful legs were long and straight, the skin white and tender enough to dazzle, and one could even faintly see that suffocating shadow at the roots of her thighs.

Richard's heart suddenly surged, as if hit by an electric current. He hurriedly moved his gaze away, picked up the teacup and took a big mouthful as cover, thereby suppressing that evil fire inside his body.

Inside the bathroom, the lights were snow-bright.

Grace sat on the toilet, listening to the trickling water sounds coming from below. Her brows were tightly locked, bitterly thinking about how exactly to open her mouth so that neither of them would be embarrassed.

How to naturally invite her father to cross that ethical line?

Involuntarily, Grace thought of her sister-in-law Sophie.

That woman, although she usually looked gentle and quiet, in this kind of matter she was definitely simple and rough.

Probably just take off the pants, spread the white legs, and directly go at it.

Actually, it was pretty much the same. Men, after all, are animals that think with their lower halves.

But Grace's identity was special after all. That was her biological father. If this layer of window paper was poked through, it would be eternal damnation, yet also the ultimate of ultimate pleasure.

And although Grace had already made up her mind, when it truly came to the critical moment, she just couldn't think of a perfect method.

A few minutes later, the water sounds had long stopped.

Still not having thought of a way, Grace sighed, pulled out some tissue, and carefully wiped that smooth and hairless private place.

Typical bare tiger blood. On the plump as a steamed bun mons, it was completely bare, without a single bit of miscellaneous grass. The pink hole, because of the thinking and memories just now, was slightly opening and closing at this moment, revealing crystal love juices.

And just as she had wiped clean and was preparing to stand up and put on clothes, her gaze unintentionally swept over the shelf beside her.

There, hanging, was a pure white soft large bath towel.

Grace's eyes suddenly lit up.

This was a hot spring resort.

Since she had come here, taking a soak should be very reasonable…

If she didn't wear the robe, but wrapped a bath towel and went out, wouldn't that better show her intentions?

Thinking of this, Grace's heartbeat accelerated. Her cheeks burned hot.

Then she decisively took off the obstructive white robe and casually threw it aside.

In the mirror, that mature and voluptuous body was instantly fully revealed.

The papaya-sized large breasts hung heavily in front of her chest, slightly trembling with her breathing. The areolas were large, the nipples erect, as if longing for sucking.

Her waist was slender, yet connected to a plump and round fat ass. The S-shaped curves not only represented good childbearing, but also represented being able to easily squeeze out a man's semen.

Immediately after, she reached out and took down that bath towel, simply wrapping it once around her chest, barely covering the key parts.

Snow-white fragrant shoulders, delicate collarbones, and that pair of long thighs were all exposed to the air.

In this moment, looking at herself in the mirror, a trace of seductive charm appeared in Grace's eyes.

She took a deep breath and pushed the door open to go out.

Inside the room.

Richard was feeling a bit empty because of his daughter's sudden departure.

Sitting alone on the tatami, holding the empty teacup in his hand, brows tightly locked, still meditating hard on how to open his mouth to explain the matter in the closet.

Just at this time, the bathroom door opened.

He subconsciously raised his head and looked.

He saw that his daughter had not put the robe back on, but was walking out wrapped in a white bath towel.

The bath towel was very short. On the upper body, it barely wrapped those large breasts that seemed about to burst out, squeezing out a deep and alluring cleavage. On the lower body, it only covered to the roots of the thighs. With her walking, the snow-white beautiful legs were fully displayed before his eyes.

Richard looked a bit dazed. His Adam's apple rolled up and down, emitting a loud swallowing sound.

And the cock on his lower body, which had already been restless, at this moment could no longer be restrained. It rapidly engorged and swelled, propping up a high tent in the loose shorts, and even the robe outside was propped up into an awkward bulge.

Grace took in her father's reaction fully. Her heart jumped, both shy and secretly pleased.

She slowly walked in front of Richard. She didn't sit down, but looked down at him from above, her tone carrying a trace of coquettishness:

"Dad, let's go soak together."

“Over at the mixed bath, I hadn’t even soaked enough yet, and you all called to leave. And soaking alone by myself is meaningless, too cold and quiet.”

Hearing this, a trace of expectant light flashed in Richard’s eyes, but more was the struggle between reason and desire.

After all, not long ago, this father and daughter had just had that boundary-crossing incident.

This matter still didn’t have a conclusion yet. Now if they bathed together again, that ambiguous atmosphere, the scene of facing each other naked… how could it not make one let their imagination run wild?

He opened his mouth, wanting to refuse, but found his throat dry and astringent.

Seeing that her father didn’t agree immediately and was still hesitating.

Grace hardened her heart, pursed her lower lip, and a trace of determination flashed in her eyes.

She suddenly stepped forward. Her entire person squatted beside Richard.

In that instant, the huge breasts under the bath towel sagged with gravity, squeezing out an even more heart-stopping arc.

Grace continued to add fuel. She extended her snow-white arms and tightly hugged Richard’s arm. Her entire person almost stuck onto him.

The soft large breasts, separated by the thin bath towel, pressed against his arm. Soft and bouncy, the touch was soul-stealing to the extreme.

Grace then tilted her head up. Her eyes looked wetly at her father. Like when she was little, she shook his arm and coquettishly said:

“Okay or not, Dad… okay or not…”

“Just accompany me.”

Feeling the astonishing touch coming from his arm, and the faint milk fragrance lingering at the tip of his nose.

Richard’s reason instantly collapsed under this gentle offensive and completely gave up thinking.

It was indeed as she said. After having the child, Grace spent all day revolving around the stove and the child. She basically had no time of her own.

Now that she had rarely come out to play, if he as the father still put on airs and spoiled the fun, that would be too lacking.

Moreover…

Thinking of this, Richard lowered his head and glanced at his daughter's face full of longing, and the deep cleavage so close at hand. The fire in his heart burned even hotter.

Seeing these, Richard's voice was a bit trembling:

"Okay… okay, then I'll accompany you to soak for a while."

Hearing this, a brilliant smile instantly bloomed on Grace's face. She fiercely let go of her father's arm, raised both hands high and cheered:

"Yay! Dad, you're the best!"

With the action of her raising both hands high, the bath towel almost slipped off. A flash of snow-white breast flesh was seen in a fleeting glance, making the corner of Richard's eye twitch.

"Then Dad, I'll go first. You come over quickly, okay."

After saying that, Grace stood up and, with light steps, walked toward that glass door.

Pushing open the glass door, a wave of heat rushed over.

Under Richard's scorching gaze, his daughter walked into the mist-shrouded soaking pool, leaving only a snow-white back view that invited endless imagination.

CHAPTER 142

Father and Daughter's Deep Affection

Richard stood alone in the center of the room.

As the glass door leading to the open-air private soaking pool not far away was gently closed, his daughter Grace's graceful back view wrapped in a bath towel disappeared into the hazy steam. The steps Richard had originally been about to take were as if nailed in place, stagnating where he stood.

There was no particular reason. It was just that the trapped beast named morality in his heart was making its last futile roar.

This was his own daughter.

His biological daughter, the daughter he had raised for over twenty years.

Richard had watched her cry as she was born, watched her go to school and study, watched her grow into an adult, watched her marry and become a wife, and then become a mother.

But now, in his mind, another voice was even more clamorous, even more deafening.

It was the whisper of desire released from the Pandora's box that had been thoroughly opened by his daughter-in-law Sophie these past days.

Under the entanglement of the two, a thought surfaced:

"Just treat it as… treat it as accompanying a lonely daughter."

Richard thought this way, as if he had convinced himself, yet he did not discover that the hidden desire buried deep within occupied the majority.

Just like this, he took a deep breath, walked toward the bathroom, and began undoing the clothes on his body.

The robe fell to the ground. At this moment, he only had a pair of black boxer briefs left on him.

Under the fabric, that sleeping giant, that cock thicker than his son's and of a deep black color, was slightly engorging because of the unknown stimulation about to come, propping up an obvious bulge in the underwear.

Richard lowered his head. His gaze stayed on that bulge for a few seconds.

Wear them? Or not wear them?

If he wore the underwear to soak, it would be wet and sticky against the body and extremely uncomfortable.

But if he took them off…

He hesitated for a moment in front of the mirror. In his mind flashed his daughter-in-law's seductive face, flashed the lewdness when she lowered her head and swallowed his cock.

Even the daughter-in-law was like this. This family had long been in chaos, hadn't it?

A ghost-driven impulse took the upper hand. Then Richard moved quickly.

"Whoosh—"

The last layer of fig leaf was pulled off.

The blackish-purple cock lost its restraint, hanging heavily between his two legs, slightly swaying with his movements.

The glans was huge, the color dark and dull, like a ripe nai plum, emitting a scent that made women's legs go soft.

Immediately after, Richard grabbed another wide white bath towel, wrapped it around his waist, temporarily covering his genitals. He clenched his anus, inhaled, walked out of the bathroom, and pushed open the glass door.

…

Arriving outside the room, a wave of hot and humid steam rushed over his face, mixed with the coolness of the mountain forest at night, stimulating every pore on Richard's body to instantly contract.

The scene before his eyes: all around was a circle of bamboo fences half a person's height, staggered and orderly. Further out were wooden walls several people high. This design both ensured privacy and revealed a bit of elegance.

Above was the deep night sky. A few sparse stars hung at the edge of the sky, cold and distant.

And between this heaven and earth was a soaking pool built of bluestone.

The pool water was not the milky white and turbid of the mixed baths, but clear to the bottom. Under the illumination of the underwater lights, the waves sparkled. Hot steam rose curlingly.

And the center of this picture was Grace.

Looking over, she was sitting quietly in the water with her back to the door.

A head of long hair that was usually casually draped was now carefully coiled at the back of her head. A few strands of stray hair were wetted by the water vapor, winding and sticking to her snow-white neck.

In the hazy mist, that stretch of snow-white extended downward and submerged into the water.

Her shoulders were thin and rounded, presenting an extremely beautiful right-angle line. The butterfly bones on her back slightly rose and fell, like a pair of butterfly wings about to fly.

The water surface just submerged her chest. One could faintly see that pair of large breasts under the buoyancy, slightly undulating with the water waves.

And because the water quality was clear, Richard could even faintly see through the undulating water waves to that body under the water that was white enough to dazzle.

His daughter's slender waist; the buttock curves that appeared even more plump and exaggerated in the water due to refraction; and that pair of long beautiful legs crossed together.

Those legs were full of fleshiness yet not appearing bloated. The skin was delicate as top-quality mutton-fat jade, soaked by the pool water until it revealed a faint pink. The ankles were slender. Ten round and cute toes were curled at the bottom of the pool like shells.

Richard's Adam's apple rolled. "Gulp," he swallowed a mouthful of saliva.

The cock between his legs, under the cover of the bath towel, uncontrollably jumped once, rapidly engorging and swelling, propping the bath towel high up.

And in the instant he was dazed, the beauty in the water seemed to sense something.

In the next instant, Grace slowly turned her head around.

On a face of exquisite perfection, no makeup had been applied, yet because of the steaming heat it was covered with a layer of charming flush. A pair of beautiful eyes had flowing light, half-drunk and not drunk, carrying a few traces of laziness rarely seen on ordinary days.

Seeing her father standing dazed at the door, her red lips parted slightly. In a soft and sticky voice she called:

"Dad, come in quick. The water temperature is just right. It's so comfortable."

With this call from his daughter, Richard suddenly came back to his senses. Flustered, he withdrew his nearly greedy gaze, hurriedly coughed coveringly once, and nodded:

"Ai, okay, okay."

After speaking, he tightened the bath towel at his waist again, as if afraid the ugly state of the erection below would be seen by his daughter. Then, sideways, he carefully walked to the edge of the soaking pool.

Entering the pool water, just as his daughter said, the temperature was just right, neither high nor low. But he did not directly walk toward his daughter's side. Instead, he specially circled to the diagonal position farthest from her, with his back to her, and slowly sat down.

The warm spring water wrapped his entire body, driving away the cold of the night wind, and also slightly relieving his tense nerves.

Only, because it was a private pool, this pool was inevitably too small.

Even at the diagonal, the distance between the two was only a foot away. The water waves undulated. The scent on his daughter mixed with milk fragrance and the body scent of a mature woman, following the heat, drilled strand by strand into Richard's nostrils.

"Dad…"

Just at this time, Grace's voice rang out again, carrying a few traces of coquettishness and dissatisfaction.

Richard's butt had not even sat steady when he heard the water sounds behind him splashing. He subconsciously turned his head. He saw his daughter paddling the water, moving a few points toward his side. The voice came again:

“Why sit so far? I’m not some spider spirit in the spider cave. Can I eat you or something?”

Grace said half-jokingly. The corners of her eyes and brows carried a seductive smile.

Hearing this, Richard dry-laughed twice, trying to use humor to resolve this awkwardness and ambiguity:

“You’re treating your dad as Zhu Bajie, is that it? In this desolate mountain wilderness.”

Hearing this, Grace covered her lips with a pair of jade hands and laughed “hehe.” The waves in front of her chest trembled violently with her laughter, stirring up layers of water flowers.

“No. Zhu Bajie has a big nose and big ears. Ugly to death. Dad, when you were young you were the handsome young man of the surrounding villages. Now you’re not bad either. This is called… the charm of a mature man.”

While speaking, Grace got lower and lower, closer and closer.

As his daughter approached, the ripples under the water surface continuously impacted Richard’s thighs.

Grace continued moving until she came to her father’s side.

In this moment, she no longer spoke. She just quietly leaned over.

The two sat side by side, forming an even more dangerous distance.

Grace’s body of snow-white skin gleamed with a pearl-like luster under the water. In the next instant, she suddenly slightly turned her body, hugged Richard’s arm with both hands, and gently rested her head on her father’s shoulder.

Because of this action, her daughter’s full, astonishingly large breasts gently pressed against his arm.

Richard sucked in a sharp breath. He directly felt that mass of soft flesh lightly rubbing on his hand with his daughter’s breathing. He could even clearly feel a erect nipple hard against him.

Immediately, a tingling like being electrocuted instantly transmitted throughout his body along his arm, rushing straight to the top of his head.

Causing the cock between his legs to no longer be able to be concealed. Under the bath towel it roared angrily, pointing straight at the sky.

"Grace…"

Richard's voice carried a slight tremble. He wanted to pull his arm out, yet he also coveted this depraved warmth.

"Dad, tell me… for people to live, shouldn't they enjoy timely pleasure?"

Grace did not care about his embarrassment. Instead, she hugged a bit tighter. Her long beautiful legs also faintly rubbed against Richard's calf under the water, and she raised such a quite fitting question.

Richard's mind was a complete mess. He could only mechanically respond: "I guess… I guess so."

"Then…"

Grace raised her head. Her wet beautiful eyes stared fixedly at her father's eyes. In her gaze there was both the attachment as a daughter and a desire belonging to a mature woman that made Richard's heart jump in fright. Only hearing her say:

"Then the things Sophie did for you, can I also do them?"

"Boom—", as soon as these words came out, it was like a clap of thunder exploding by the ear.

Richard's entire body stiffened. His pupils contracted violently. He looked at the daughter in his arms in disbelief:

"You… you heard it all?"

Grace did not deny it. She just gently nodded. The corner of her mouth curved into a bitter yet bewitching smile:

"Mm, over at the mixed bath… you two didn't restrain your movements at all. It was hard for me not to hear."

Hearing this, Richard only felt a cold air rising from the soles of his feet. Even though he was in the hot pool, he couldn't stop trembling.

"Grace, listen to Dad explain. It's not what you think. It's Dad's fault. It's Dad…"

Being discovered by his daughter that he was having an affair with his daughter-in-law, Richard was incoherent, ashamed to the point of wishing he could find a crack in the ground to crawl into.

“Dad, you don’t need to explain.”

Grace instead extended a scallion-like index finger and gently pressed it on Richard’s lips, blocking his pale defense.

She shook her head. Light flickered in her eyes, yet it was not blame. Instead, it revealed a kind of envy and jealousy.

“I think she’s very frank, living very freely. Really, Dad. At that moment I even envied her a bit.”

“Freely?” Richard smiled bitterly. Five flavors mixed in his heart.

“It’s just the price of this freedom…”

Grace murmured to herself. Then her gaze changed, becoming fiery and firm: “Frank… I also want to be frank once.”

With this call, one of Grace’s jade hands quietly released Richard’s arm. Under the water, like a swimming fish, it slowly slid toward his lower abdomen.

“Don’t… Grace, no!”

Richard was greatly alarmed. He subconsciously wanted to grab that hand.

But Grace’s movements were faster and more resolute.

Her eyes were filled with tears. She looked at him pitifully:

“Dad, am I not as good-looking as her? Why can she, but I can’t?”

This sentence was like a soft knife, fiercely stabbing into Richard’s heart.

Looking at his daughter’s aggrieved and longing gaze, that face that had some resemblance to his wife’s, a corner of Richard’s heart’s defenses instantly collapsed. He answered in a fluster:

“No… no. Oh no, you both look good. You’re the most beautiful in Dad’s heart.”

“It’s just…” Richard still wanted to make a last struggle.

Hearing this, Grace broke into a smile through tears. The smile was tragic and beautiful:

“Dad, there’s nothing ‘it’s just’.”

“Close your eyes… I beg you, close your eyes. Daughter will help you…”

In her words, that jade hand of hers finally broke through the last line of defense.

Under the water, she gently pulled open the bath towel at Richard's waist.

In this moment, the black giant dragon probed out. Immediately after, a soft little hand tremblingly grasped it.

Richard's entire body trembled violently. All reason turned to ashes in this instant. He obediently closed his eyes, leaned his head back against the pool wall, and let out a low roar that had been suppressed for a long time.

"Uh…"

This feeling could not be said not to be beautiful.

Daughter's hand was not as skilled in technique as the daughter-in-law's, carrying a few traces of clumsiness, but it was precisely this inexperience, this sense of taboo originating from blood ties, that amplified the pleasure several times.

Grace's hand was not large. That thick cock appeared especially ferocious in her hand. She somewhat struggled to grasp the shaft. Her fingertips gently rubbed the bulging blue veins on it, feeling the astonishing heat transmitted to her palm.

So, father's thing was actually this big… even thicker than younger brother's by a circle.

She marveled in her heart. This sense of depravity breaking ethics made streams of heat surge from the depths of her lower abdomen. Between her two legs, the smooth bare tiger hole overflowed with juices.

Then, Grace began trying to pump her father's cock the way she pleased her younger brother.

Once, twice.

"Splash… splash…"

With the slow movements of that jade hand, extremely rhythmic lewd water sounds came from under the water.

Grace's fingers circled at the coronal ridge of the glans. Her fingertips lightly scraped the sensitive urethral opening.

The lubrication of the water made her movements without any resistance. Every up and down stroke brought both of them a tingling current.

“Dad… it’s so hot… so hard… are you comfortable? Is daughter making you comfortable?”

Grace leaned close to Richard’s ear, breathing orchid-scented breath. Her voice also became hoarse and low because of lust.

At this moment, Richard could no longer speak complete sentences. He could only pant heavily:

“Haa… Grace… mmm… comfortable… too comfortable…”

After saying that, he felt his daughter’s other hand also swim over. The two hands together barely grasped that giant and began accelerating the pumping.

And because of the deprivation of vision, the sense of touch became abnormally sharp.

Richard clearly constructed the underwater picture in his mind: his daughter’s pair of little hands that were usually used to hold the child and do housework were at this moment wholeheartedly serving his penis.

The arms as white as jade rose and fell in the water, driving her pair of proud breasts to continuously sway.

“Squish… squish…”

The sound of the palm squeezing the cock, pushing aside the water flow and the mixture of prostate fluid overflowing from the semen hole, continuously entered his ears.

Pleasure surged like tidal waves, one wave higher than the last, continuously washing over Richard’s brain.

Grace looked at her father’s face that was intoxicated, twisted, and enjoying. She also obtained great satisfaction in her heart.

What Sophie can do, I can also do.

Thinking this way, Grace increased the force. Her fingers dug at her father’s sensitive ejaculation opening. Her body also unconsciously pressed closer.

In this moment, that pair of E-cup huge breasts had completely pressed onto Richard’s chest. Two swollen red nipples, separated by the robe, hard-rubbed against her father’s chest muscles.

“Dad… I want you to look at me…”

Grace suddenly stopped the movements in her hand and commanded.

Richard suddenly opened his eyes.

What met his eyes was his daughter's face flushed red enough to drip blood, eyes hazy, a thread of crystal saliva hanging at the corner of her mouth.

At this moment, whatever ethics, whatever morality, all go to hell.

Richard seemed as if he had suddenly awakened, and also as if the second brother had finally defeated reason. He fiercely extended his large hand, tightly embraced Grace's slender waist, and pressed her hard toward himself.

"Mmm!"

Grace let out a cry of surprise, then had her breath sealed by her father's thick lips. In her gaze carrying a few traces of astonishment and a few traces of pleasant surprise, her father was like a vicious dog, extending a greedy large tongue and continuously drilling into her mouth.

Prying open the shell teeth, sucking the saliva in her mouth. The large tongue wrapped her little tongue, as if wanting to suck it into the belly.

Grace was stunned for a moment, then pulled out her snow-white arms, circled her father's neck. Her body wound around him like a vine, passionately responding.

The two bodies pressed tightly together. There was no longer any distinction between father and daughter. Each other's tongues crazily intertwined in the oral cavity, emitting "smack smack" water sounds that made one's face red and heart race.

[To be continued]

CHAPTER 143

When Affection Runs Deep, It Moves Slowly

After a long moment, their lips parted.

Father and daughter both gasped hard for air. A glistening silver thread of saliva stretched between their four lips, catching the dim yellow light like a broken lotus root fiber—still connected, reluctant to break.

Grace's eyes were hazy. Those eyes that usually carried a mature, slightly commanding sharpness now looked soaked in spring water—wet, soft, and devastatingly seductive.

In the next instant, looking at the father in front of her, Grace's chest heaved violently. As if she had suddenly made some final decision, she stood up from the water with a loud splash.

Crystal droplets raced down the perfect curves of her body, dripping one by one back into the pool and sending out tiny ripples.

Richard hadn't even processed it yet when his daughter reached out with both hands—slender, pale as green onion stalks—and placed them on her own chest. Slowly, she loosened the only thing covering her: the white towel that had already soaked up plenty of water.

The towel slipped free, fell silently into the water, and sank.

A body that could drive countless men insane was now completely bare in front of Richard Hale. On this chilly spring night, it radiated a heat that made his blood run wild.

Richard's breathing stopped. His eyes locked straight onto his daughter's body.

Those two E-cup breasts, heavy as ripe papayas, hung full and soft on her chest, trembling slightly with every breath as if they might fall at any second.

Her snow-white skin was flushed pink from the steam. The light-brown areolas were large and round. The nipples in the center stood stiff and high from the cold and extreme excitement, and a faint milky fluid was already seeping from the tips.

Richard swallowed hard. His gaze slid down the deep valley between her breasts, over the flat, tight stomach with no extra flesh—only soft feminine curves—then lower.

The wide, full pelvis framed an enticing triangular area.

The mound was completely smooth and hairless. A true white-tiger pussy—flawless and bare.

Seeing that his own daughter had no hair there at all, Richard's breathing grew heavy.

Two thick, plump labia looked like a freshly steamed white bun. Even though the opening stayed tightly closed, it couldn't hide the flood of love juice that shone wet and obscene under the lights.

Grace stood there, chest pushed forward, offering those two weapons that could kill a man straight to her father.

"Dad… touch me…"

That single soft, trembling call was the last straw.

Richard could no longer hold back. He lunged forward and grabbed both of those astonishingly soft mounds with his big hands.

"Hiss…"

Instantly his palms were filled with warm, yielding breast flesh. The weight made him unable to let go.

The delicate meat felt like flowing fat, spilling between his fingers and changing into lewd shapes under his kneading.

His rough palms scraped against her tender skin, bringing a brutal yet extreme pleasure.

"Ah… mm…"

Grace threw her head back. Her long white neck formed a beautiful arc as a sweet, bone-deep moan left her lips.

Hearing it, Richard became even more impatient. He lifted his naked daughter with a splash of water and sat her straddling his thighs.

Skin pressed to skin. Heat transferred.

Richard opened his mouth wide. His thick tongue impatiently licked along her snow-white neck, leaving wet kiss marks.

His big hands kept working those heavy breasts, squeezing large portions of snowy flesh out between his fingers and kneading them as if he wanted to crush them.

Grace moaned “mm mm ah ah,” neck arched high, black hair messy and stuck to her sweat-damp face. Under her father’s caresses she looked completely lost in pleasure—utterly lewd.

Then she lowered her head slightly, eyes glazed, looking at her father’s face—still firm despite the years. Her heart stirred deeply.

Finally. She had finally taken this step.

The shame of breaking the taboo mixed with the raw thrill of incest and fermented wildly inside her.

So itchy. Her body felt so empty. She wanted to be filled so badly.

Thinking this, Grace cupped her father’s face with both hands, lowered her head, and offered her fragrant lips.

Her soft tongue stretched out long and skillfully slipped into his mouth, actively hooking and tangling with his thick tongue.

“Squelch… squelch…”

The wet sound of mixing saliva was especially clear in the quiet night. Crystal saliva dripped from the corners of their mouths into the water; it was impossible to tell whose was whose.

Under the water, Richard’s cock was already standing straight and hard as an iron rod, aching with stiffness.

While passionately returning his daughter’s kiss, he released her breasts. His hands slid down her slender waist and around to her back.

First he grabbed a handful of her tiny, perfect waist. Then, as if something occurred to him, his hands moved lower and fiercely seized her plump, high, rounded ass.

“Smack!”

The hard kneading made the white, tender ass flesh deform under his fingertips.

His big hands made Grace let out a muffled “mm” into his mouth. Her body jerked hard, and the hunger inside her burned even hotter.

In the next moment, Grace freed one hand and reached under the water.

She grabbed her father’s raging, fully erect cock in one firm grip.

So thick!

The instant her hand closed around it, Grace’s heart jumped.

It might not have been as steel-hard as her brother Ethan's in his prime, but this father's cock was a full two inches across in diameter. In her hand it felt like a thick rolling pin—heavy, dense, and carrying a scent that made her legs weak.

Grace stroked this slightly darker, massive thing up and down, feeling the bulging veins drag across her palm, while her mouth never stopped kissing. Her tongue sucked even harder on the root of her father's tongue.

Richard's cock twitched in her small hand, the tip continuously leaking excited pre-cum.

Finally unable to hold back, he pulled his lips free from the ones that had sucked them numb and asked in a hoarse voice:

"Gracie… can we?"

Grace didn't answer right away.

She lowered her head, leaned close to his ear, and breathed out words so soft and seductive they seemed to drip:

"Dad… I have an IUD. You can come inside… it's fine if you cum in me…"

Those words were the strongest aphrodisiac in the world.

Hearing them, Richard's hands clamped hard onto his daughter's two thick white ass cheeks and lifted her entire body upward.

Grace cooperated fully, bracing both hands on his shoulders and using a little strength to suspend herself in the air.

Water splashed. Her tightly closed white-tiger bun of a pussy hung completely exposed right above Richard's dark purple cock.

When that warm, wet opening was right in front of his upright tip, Richard could no longer restrain himself.

He impatiently let go with one hand, used his right hand to guide his thick cock, and aimed the head at the dripping, premium hole.

At the same time, the left hand that had been at her waist slowly pressed downward.

"Mm…"

The huge head had only just pushed open the tight entrance when a tingling electric current shot through both of them.

Grace's hands dug hard into her father's shoulders, nails sinking in. She bit her lower lip, brows slightly furrowed.

The head entered slowly, stretching the tender inner walls little by little.

Because it was too big, too thick, a trace of pain showed on Grace's face.

This feeling was truly different.

In that moment Grace instinctively compared it in her mind to her brother Ethan's cock. Ethan's was long and hard. Their father's was thick and heavy.

How is it this big…

If she got used to being stretched this full, she probably really wouldn't be able to go back later.

No wonder Sophie had fallen so completely, had shamelessly seduced her father-in-law. This sensation of being thoroughly filled was that soul-stealing.

Thinking this, Grace endured the tearing fullness and continued to press her hips downward in time with her father's movement.

Without a condom barrier, every detail—the sensitive corona, the slightly raised slit of the tip—came through clearly from the vaginal walls.

Bit by bit, inch by inch, she swallowed it all.

"Squelch… gush…"

As her waist kept lowering, the cock sank in completely. Their pubic bones pressed tightly together.

Grace's whole body went soft. She collapsed limply onto her father's broad shoulder. The pain on her face instantly turned into endless satisfaction.

"Dad… you're so big…"

She murmured by his ear, voice carrying a hint of tears yet full of pleasure.

Men love hearing a woman say they're big. Normally it would make anyone feel a surge of pride.

Even more so when the words came from his own daughter's mouth.

Hearing them, Richard was deeply stimulated. His already thick cock swelled even larger inside her, packing that warm channel completely full.

"Ah!"

At the same time Grace felt the change inside her. She cried out, body spasming involuntarily as her vaginal walls clamped hard around the invading giant.

Richard was squeezed so comfortably that he stuck out his tongue and gave a hard lick to the snow-white neck right in front of his mouth, sending a wave of tingling shivers through Grace.

"Dad, you're so bad… deliberately… deliberately bullying me…"

Richard patted her big white ass and urged:

"Gracie, move a little."

"Dad, you're too big… it fills me so full… I don't dare move…"

"It's fine. Take it slow. Dad will guide you."

Richard felt tender toward his daughter. Unlike the wild way he treated Sophie, he pulled his hands back from her ass, steadied her slender waist, and slowly took on some of her weight.

Slowly up, small range.

Slowly down again, buried deep.

Every rise and fall stirred the warm water around them. Ripples spread, and their hearts rippled with the same rhythm.

An older man and a young woman, two pale bodies tightly joined in the water. The scene was obscene to the extreme, yet it also carried a strange kind of warmth.

It wasn't storm-like pounding. It was slow grinding.

The thick head rolled over every inch of tender flesh inside her, carefully tasting each other's temperature.

They could fully feel each other—feel the sex organs locked tightly together, feel the forbidden feelings crossing the line in both their hearts.

Moving her hips in this slow rise and fall, Grace rested on her father's shoulder, eyes hazy as she looked at the bamboo fence in the distance, and suddenly asked:

"Dad… is mine tighter inside… or is Sophie's tighter?"

The question was a trap.

Grace's premium white-tiger bun pussy produced a lot of juice. It was tight, yet extremely slippery from all the wetness.

Sophie's hole was like a corridor—once a cock went in, layer after layer sucked and wrapped with incredible grip.

So if they were truly comparing tightness, Sophie's was tighter.

But right now, with his daughter in his arms and his cock still buried in her pussy, Richard didn't dare tell the truth. He quickly laughed it off, thrust upward with his hips, and said vaguely:

"Both tight… both tight… both are Dad's good treasures…"

Hearing that, Grace pursed her red little mouth and pouted in dissatisfaction:

"I don't believe you…"

Richard looked earnest. "Really."

"Really?"

"Mm."

Grace didn't press further. Anyway, she believed that no matter what, her father would be just as obsessed with her as her brother was.

Thinking this, Grace lifted her head. Those watery big eyes looked straight at her father. Four eyes met, full of dependence and lust.

"Dad… kiss me…"

How could Richard refuse? He leaned in again.

Father and daughter's tongues tangled once more, saliva exchanged. In this open-air hot spring pool they kissed passionately, lost in each other.

When the kiss ended, Grace seemed drained of strength and continued to lie softly against her father's shoulder.

Her two snow-white arms floated in the water. Her eyes were infinitely hazy, as if her soul had already melted in the warm spring water and the giant thing inside her.

Richard enjoyed this slow rhythm of making love with his daughter while his big hand wandered back and forth over her back—smooth as silk—feeling the wonderful texture.

In this moment he was in no hurry to cum.

In his memory, he had never made love like this before.

When he was young with his wife Helen, things were still harmonious, but Helen's personality was more conservative. She didn't like this kind of slow, lingering teasing and always urged him to finish quickly. Over time it formed Richard's rough habits in bed.

Later with his daughter-in-law Sophie it was pure dry tinder and raging fire—every time full of passion, big and open, and Sophie liked that rough style too.

Now, this slow caressing with his daughter Grace gave Richard a kind of special feeling he had never known.

So making love could be this slow, this delicate, and full of affection.

Not just thrusting the hips to chase release, but a dual blending of heart and body.

Only, this special feeling was coming from his own biological daughter. The absurd reality made him want to laugh and cry at the same time.

The night grew deeper. Mountain wind mixed with the faint cries of unknown insects brushed lightly across the water.

The spring was warm. Bodies intertwined.

This forbidden tenderness slowly flowed into the hearts of the father and daughter who were enjoying the slow time, stirring this pool of spring water into even greater chaos.

CHAPTER 144

First Receiving the Rain

Steam hung thick in the air. Grace sat astride her father's thighs.

Her two enormous E-cup breasts were crushed and deformed by the embrace, soft flesh overflowing and pressed tightly against Richard's broad chest.

The two brown nipples stood hard from her arousal, brushing against his skin with every breath and sending electric shivers through both of them.

Beneath the water they were locked even more tightly together.

Richard's thick, black, brutal cock was buried deep inside his daughter's premium white-tiger pussy.

The buoyancy of the spring water lightened their weight but made every friction slicker. He moved slowly; each small thrust of his hips let him feel her tight, warm flesh clinging layer by layer to his corona.

The sheer taboo of being wrapped so completely by his own daughter's soft meat drove him crazier than any technique ever could.

Grace's arms circled his neck, chin resting on his shoulder, eyes glazed, the male scent of her father filling her nose.

"Dad…"

In the next moment a faint, almost inaudible murmur left her. Her body trembled lightly in the water.

Even though he moved slowly, the fullness was real. This father's cock was so thick, so hot; the pleasure stabbed straight to the deepest part of her.

They stayed like that for a long time.

Richard's big hands supported her plump white ass underwater, fingers sinking into the soft flesh, feeling its incredible springiness.

Suddenly he turned his head, lips brushing her wet earlobe, and said quietly:

"Gracie, we've been soaking too long. The water's too hot; you'll get dizzy. Let's go back to the room."

Grace's long lashes fluttered. She slowly opened eyes filled with spring water.

Her cheeks, steamed by heat and desire, were as red as a ripe peach, carrying a heart-stopping allure.

"Mm."

She answered her father's suggestion with a soft, sticky sound that made a man's legs weak.

In this moment the incestuous taboo filled Grace with a satisfaction she had never known—not the respect a daughter feels for her father, but the belonging of a woman completely possessed by a strong man.

Feeling the soft submission in his arms, Richard's desire to conquer surged higher. He held her waist, about to pull out and stand, when her trembling request reached his ear.

"Dad… don't pull out… just carry me like this."

Richard froze. His pupils contracted.

"Okay."

The cock buried inside her suddenly thrust upward, the huge head slamming hard against her cervix.

"Ah!"

Grace cried out, arms tightening on instinct, long legs locking around her father's waist like a koala clinging to him.

Richard stood. Water splashed as two naked bodies broke the surface.

Supporting her full white ass, his hard cock stayed buried deep, like a nail pinning father and daughter together.

Every step made the cock grind inside her with the sway of his body, producing wet squelching sounds.

Grace buried her face in his neck in shame, not daring to look at the path, only feeling his steady footsteps and the deep, soul-penetrating thrusts each step brought.

From the outdoor pool to the room was only a dozen steps, yet it felt like a century.

They passed through the glass door. Warm indoor air rushed over them.

Richard carried her straight to the edge of the quilt-covered tatami.

He did not rush. He gently laid her on the soft bedding.

Water droplets clung to both of them, crystal clear, sliding slowly along skin.

The room's lighting was dim and intimate. Warm yellow light fell across Grace's snow-white body, making it look unbearably tempting.

Richard looked down at his daughter.

This was a body perfected to the extreme.

Wet long hair scattered across the pillow, a few strands stuck to her flushed cheeks, looking especially debauched.

His gaze moved lower: snow-white neck, a shallow pool of spring water still sitting in the delicate hollow of her collarbone.

Further down were those breasts he could never get enough of. The E-cup volume was astonishing; even lying down they stayed high and firm, like two proud snowy peaks.

Under the dazzling white skin faint blue veins showed. The two brown nipples, hard from cold and excitement, stood like little stones trembling toward the ceiling.

Richard's breathing grew heavy. His gaze, almost physical, lingered on her tits, then slid downward over the flat tight stomach and finally stopped at the place where their bodies joined.

That was what drove him most insane.

In the water the light had been dim. Now under the lamps every detail was clear.

Between his daughter's legs everything was smooth and bare—not a single stray hair.

The legendary white-tiger treasure, now like a blooming flesh flower, fully exposed before her father.

The two thick labia, swollen from long sex and hot water, had turned a vivid purple-red.

The once tight little opening was stretched to its limit by his thick black cock. A ring of pink tender flesh was forced outward, clamping tightly around the dark shaft, opening and closing with her breath as if begging for more.

Black and white. Rough and soft. Father and daughter.

The visual impact made Richard's throat roll hard. The cock that was already painfully stiff jumped again on its own.

Slick.

With the jump it slid a little inside the juice-flooded channel, making a tiny wet sound.

Richard slowly drew his hips back. The purple-black dragon, coated in crystal fluid, pulled inch by inch out of her body.

Emptiness hit instantly. Grace twisted her waist in need, a soft cry spilling out:

"Mm-ah…"

Just as the head was about to leave completely, Richard stopped, then drove his hips forward and slammed back in hard!

"Plop!"

The entire cock sank to the root. His heavy balls slapped against her snow-white pubic bone with a sharp crack.

Grace's whole body jerked from the sudden assault. Hands gripping the sheets, she lifted her head and complained with glazed eyes:

"Ah! Dad… you're so bad…"

Seeing that ready-to-be-picked expression, Richard's desire exploded. A wicked smile curved his mouth. Hands braced on either side of her, he rocked his hips again.

"What, you don't like it? My good girl?"

As he spoke the cock ground hard in a circle against her deepest spot.

Grace's toes curled. The pleasure shooting to her brain made lying impossible. She actively raised her legs, long jade-like limbs drawing beautiful arcs in the air as she tried to hook his waist, crying out lewdly:

"Ah… Dad… don't… I'm so uncomfortable… so itchy… it's so itchy there…"

She twisted her water-snake waist on her own. The plump white-tiger pussy clenched and sucked as hard as it could, trying to devour the cock that was driving her insane and soothe the itch deep inside.

Seeing this slutty display, the image of the obedient, sensible daughter in Richard's mind collapsed and perfectly overlapped with the lewd woman in front of him.

The contrast made his scalp tingle with excitement.

In the next instant he reached out, scooped up those long beautiful legs, and threw them high over his shoulders.

The position left Grace's lower body completely suspended, full rounded white ass raised high, her most private places exposed to her father at an unprecedented angle.

A pink little rosebud, pulled by the stretch, opened slightly—pitiful and extremely obscene.

"Ow, Dad, what are you doing… too deep…"

Grace cried out in alarm. The pose made her feel extremely exposed, as if her entire body had been opened with no secrets left.

Richard ignored her shyness. Laughing, old eyes full of feverish lust, he said:

"Fuck you! Fuck my precious daughter! Fuck my slutty daughter!"

Before the words finished his waist muscles clenched and he began thrusting hard and deep.

"Plop! Plop! Smack! Smack! Smack!"

Heavy flesh-slapping sounds echoed through the quiet room—obscene and wild.

Every impact was like a heavy hammer slamming into both Grace's heart and body.

Her father's thick cock rammed through her narrow channel, scraping every sensitive inch of the inner walls and pulling out more love juice.

Grace felt like a small boat tossed in the storm her father raised. Pleasure crashed over her in waves until she was completely submerged. Following his words she shouted the most taboo filth:

"Fuck me… fuck your slutty daughter to death… fuck your shameless daughter to death…"

Hearing that, a flash of madness crossed Richard's face.

"Good! Daddy's going to fuck this little slut to death right now!"

His movements grew even more violent. The cock swelled thicker after filling with blood, veins rising like dragons.

Every thrust dragged out large amounts of white foam and juice that ran down their joined bodies and covered her ass.

"Ah! Dad! Ah! Ah! I can't! Too deep! You're hitting it! Ah! I'm coming!"

Grace thrashed her head wildly, long hair spreading across the tatami. Hands clawed helplessly in the air before finally gripping her father's arms tightly.

Richard carried her legs like a tireless pile-driver.

The gentle sex in the hot spring had been comfortable, but it couldn't compare to this raw, brutal pounding.

After soaking so long the urge to cum that had been building was about to erupt like a volcano.

"Gracie, Dad's feeling it too! Dad's going to cum!"

Veins jumped on his forehead. Sweat dripped from his face onto her snow-white breasts.

Grace was already half-mad from pleasure. Her lower belly felt sore and swollen; she knew her climax was coming. Hearing her father's words she instinctively cried:

"Dad… cum in me… all of it inside… I have the IUD, it's fine… give it to me… give all your cum to your daughter…"

Richard was stunned for a second. He hadn't known when she got an IUD, but it no longer mattered. The night he had creampied his daughter-in-law in the living room had already given him a taste he craved, and the idea of filling his own daughter made him even crazier.

"Good! All of it for you! Daddy's thick cum is all yours!"

He then powered through another hundred-odd savage thrusts, each one slamming hard against the deepest point of her.

Ah—!

Finally, with a long roar, brows tightly furrowed, hips locked hard against her ass, the cock buried deep in the white-tiger hole jumped violently.

"Spurt! Spurt!"

Scalding semen shot out like a high-pressure hose, jet after jet, more than ten thick spurts, spraying without restraint against her tender cervix.

"Ah… so hot… full… Dad… I'm full… ah!"

Grace screamed. The scalding liquid deep in her belly made her tremble. The feeling of being forcibly filled with her father's essence pushed her instantly to a peak orgasm.

Her vagina spasmed hard, walls contracting wildly around the still-spurting cock as if trying to milk every last drop.

Her thighs twitched. A large gush of clear female fluid mixed with his thick cum overflowed.

The room was left with only their heavy breathing and the drip-drip of liquid.

After cumming, Richard did not pull out right away.

Even though it had shot, the cock stayed half-hard inside her, acting like a plug to keep the precious semen from leaking.

In the next moment he lowered her already limp legs and collapsed forward, pressing down on those cloud-soft big tits.

Grace's face was flushed deep red, eyes unfocused. She looked like she had just been fished out of water; sweat and leftover spring water mixed together, making her skin as slick as silk.

Richard looked at the woman he had completely conquered—his own daughter—and the sense of achievement was almost too good.

I actually fucked my daughter… and creampied her… left my seed inside her belly!

"Gracie…"

Thinking this, he called softly, voice full of tenderness.

Hearing him, Grace's scattered pupils slowly focused. Looking at the father so close, the usually stern face now full of post-climax satisfaction, any sense of ethics had long vanished, leaving only deep dependence.

"Dad."

She answered just as softly, voice bone-deeply tender.

Their faces drew closer. Breaths intertwined.

In the next second their lips pressed tightly together.

CHAPTER 145

Second Receiving the Rain

Richard's thick, rough tongue pried open his daughter's teeth and tangled with her soft little tongue.

Saliva passed back and forth; the wet swallowing sounds were loud and clear.

Grace kept her eyes closed, enthusiastically answering her father's demand. Both arms circled his neck, pressing her body even closer.

When their lips parted, a crystal, ambiguous silver thread stretched between the corners of their mouths.

Richard gave her swollen lips one last heavy kiss. Immediately he was shocked to discover that the cock still buried inside her—which had already softened somewhat—suddenly filled with blood again under the stimulation of the kiss and, in the blink of an eye, recovered its previous fierce hardness!

The revived dragon twitched once inside her wet, tight white-tiger pussy, then began tentative thrusts.

Grace froze for a second, beautiful eyes widening as she stared at her father in surprise.

"Dad… how did you…"

He was already this age. He had just shot so much. How could he be ready for a second round so quickly?

But right after that, the familiar fullness and friction sent a surge of wild joy through her heart.

This proved how obsessed her father was with her body. It proved how great her charm was.

Thinking this, Grace smiled seductively. The beautiful legs that had just been lowered rose again and clamped tightly around her father's waist like two white pythons.

"Mm-hm… Dad… you're amazing…"

While moaning, Grace's waist and hips moved with his rhythm, actively twisting. Because her little hole was mixed with large amounts of her father's semen, it was extremely lubricated.

“Squish! Squish!”

The cock slid in and out of the fluid-filled channel, the sounds even more obscene and loud.

Then let me show you whether your dad’s knife is still sharp!

Richard let out a low roar and buried himself in hard work once more. This time there was none of the earlier urgency—more a calm enjoyment.

He once again drove that thick thing into the deepest part of his daughter, grinding repeatedly against the soft, tender walls.

Every thrust brought out a gush of white fluid—the semen he had shot in earlier—now acting as lubricant for this second round of father-daughter debauchery.

Grace held her father’s head and brought those huge breasts to his mouth, letting him suck the already stiff nipple hard.

“Ah… Dad… suck… suck Gracie’s milk…”

Grace was deeply aroused, moaning coquettishly, wanting only to sink into this endless pleasure and never wake up.

…

No one knew how long it had been. Richard roared low, body tensing, and once again shot scalding semen into his daughter’s womb.

This climax was even more intense than the last. The two of them clung tightly together as if trying to knead each other into their own bodies.

Only after a long while did Richard slowly pull his cock out.

Pop.

After the soft sound, the cock left the opening.

Immediately, Grace’s swollen, turned-out hole could no longer hold anything back. Large amounts of semen mixed with clear love juice poured out like a broken dam, flowing down the roots of her snow-white thighs, soaking a large patch of the sheets beneath her and releasing a thick, unignorable fishy scent.

The scene was extremely obscene yet extremely shocking.

Grace did not try to hide it. Instead she lifted her head slightly, looking at the mess between her legs, watching the things that belonged

to her father flow out of her body, the corner of her mouth curving into a satisfied yet surprised smile.

"Dad, you're so amazing… you shot so much… I'm completely full…"

Richard lay down beside her, big hand pulling the young body that had just joined with him into his arms. He kissed her smooth fragrant shoulder, looking comfortable and proud.

"Of course. Your dad's knife hasn't gone dull yet."

Grace obediently curled into her father's embrace, listening to his strong heartbeat, finger drawing circles on his chest.

"I know. Dad's really amazing. You almost fucked me to death."

Moonlight outside the window slipped through the gaps in the curtains, falling on this pair of naked, embracing father and daughter, looking both absurd and harmonious.

Richard lay on his back on the tatami, chest rising and falling violently, skin covered in a fine layer of sweat that gleamed oily under the lights.

The brief blankness after the extreme climax made him pant hard, eyes still a little unfocused.

The two rounds of wild sex just now had been so crazy he felt as if he had grown twenty years younger, back to that tireless age.

In his arms was his daughter's soft body, warm as mutton-fat jade.

Grace curled like a lazy kitten in her father's broad arm.

A waterfall of black hair scattered messily across her smooth, round shoulders. A few strands wet with sweat stuck to her flushed cheeks, adding a touch of tragic beauty.

Her pretty eyes were now misty with water; spring feelings that had not yet faded hung at the corners of her eyes and brows.

A pair of huge, full breasts trembled lightly with her breathing. The nipples still carried the red marks left by her father's rough sucking earlier, like two red plum blossoms blooming in snow—enchanting and dripping.

Her entire snow-white skin was covered with kiss marks and finger marks of all sizes, blue and purple overlapping, shocking to the eye, yet carrying a broken beauty after being ravaged.

After a long time, the panting in the room gradually quieted.

Grace seemed to have recovered some strength. A pair of long, jade-like arms braced on the tatami as she slowly propped up her upper body.

With the movement, her black long hair slid down like silk, covering the two blood-stirring white mounds on her chest, yet in the gaps between the strands a hint of tempting pink showed. This half-covered, half-hidden haziness was even harder to look away from than full nakedness.

"Dad…"

While calling him, Grace extended a slender, tender white finger and lightly poked Richard's sweat-covered chest. The heat from the fingertip made his already calmed heartbeat skip a beat. Then his daughter continued:

"Let me clean you up."

Hearing this, Richard raised his head a little sluggishly. His eyes focused on her pretty face that could look happy or angry at will, and he nodded on instinct:

"Okay… sorry to trouble you, Gracie."

Grace's watery eyes glanced at him coquettishly. That glance was bone-deeply seductive, soul-stealing.

"With your own daughter, what's there to trouble about?"

She said it naturally, as if the earlier incestuous sex had been nothing more than ordinary father-daughter interaction.

Richard gave a silly laugh. A look of satisfaction appeared on his somewhat honest face. Then he saw Grace slowly rise.

But she did not go get tissues the way he expected. Instead she stayed completely naked, kneeling on the tatami. Her slender soft waist twisted gracefully; the two round, high peach-like ass cheeks drew a heart-stopping arc under the lights.

She crawled slowly. Her long, straight beautiful legs made faint rustling sounds as they rubbed against the tatami until she arrived between his legs.

"Gracie, you're…"

Richard froze. Before he finished the question, the scene in front of him shocked him speechless.

Grace lowered her head slightly. A head of black hair fell along her cheeks like a black curtain, covering most of her face, revealing only a bit of her refined upturned nose and full red cherry mouth.

Then her lips parted lightly. A pink fragrant tongue extended and licked across her somewhat dry lips. The entire movement was seductive to the extreme.

After that she did not hesitate at all. Her red lips opened wide and took the still soft, fluid-covered cock that belonged to both of them into her mouth in one bite.

"Hiss—"

Richard sucked in a cold breath from the pleasure. His hands instinctively grabbed the quilt beneath him; even his toes curled tightly.

An extreme warmth and wetness instantly wrapped his lower body.

Grace's mouth was not large, yet extremely warm. Her cute pink tongue flew up and down her father's cock, carefully licking the sensitive corona, rolling the remaining semen and love juice into her mouth bit by bit.

"Oh… Gracie… this…"

Richard was so comfortable he became incoherent, only able to let out muffled moans. He had never imagined that this eldest daughter of his would kneel between his legs and do something like this.

The huge contrast stimulated him until his scalp tingled. In that moment the cock that had already softened actually refilled with blood inside Grace's mouth at a visible speed, growing bigger and harder little by little until it recovered its previous fierce, swollen appearance—even a bit thicker than before.

At the same time Grace felt the change in the meat pillar in her mouth. Her heart stirred. She did not stop; instead she sucked even harder.

Her cheeks bulged slightly. Every swallow made a clear "gluck" sound that sounded especially obscene in the quiet late night.

Grace seemed to be tasting a supreme delicacy. Patiently and meticulously she cleaned every bit of her own love juice from her father's cock, even not sparing the thick, hard pubic hairs, combing them carefully with the tip of her tongue.

Only after dealing with the last bit of mess did Grace slowly spit out the already fully erect, purple-black, glistening cock.

A crystal-clear silver thread connected the corner of her mouth to that fierce head. As she lifted her head the thread was pulled long, then snapped with a “pa” and landed on her snow-white, high breasts—obscene to the extreme.

Grace stuck out her tongue and licked the corner of her mouth with lingering enjoyment. Then she extended a pair of slender, onion-white little hands, gently gripped this scalding cock, lightly stroked it while raising her head, and asked in a coquettish voice while looking at Richard with eyes full of silk:

“Dad, does it feel good?”

By now Richard’s soul had long flown away. Looking at his daughter’s pretty face so close, looking at the undried saliva at the corner of her mouth, he felt his throat dry, his heart about to jump out of his chest.

“It feels good… too good… Gracie, this move… who did you learn it from?”

Yet the moment the words left his mouth, Richard regretted them.

In his impression, although his daughter Grace had been married, she was an extremely pure and conservative woman at heart.

Her first man had been her ex-husband. Besides him, who else could there be?

Asking casually like this, wasn’t he digging at his daughter’s scars?

Sure enough, Grace also froze.

Her little hand holding the big cock paused slightly. A flash of panic crossed her eyes.

These oral skills—where had she learned them from her ex-husband? They had clearly been practiced day and night these past days on her brother Ethan’s body!

Even their mother Helen had once been one of her practice partners.

But could she say that?

If she said it, her father might die of shock on the spot.

So father and daughter tacitly chose silence, no longer bringing up this awkward topic.

The room fell into a strange yet ambiguous quiet. Only the faint stroking sounds from Grace's hand and their gradually heavier breathing intertwined in the air.

Not long after, as Grace's soft, boneless little hand continuously pumped up and down, the cock grew even harder, like iron. Veins bulged. The purple-red head was round and huge, glistening temptingly, like a freshly roasted ham, releasing a scent that made women lose their minds.

Grace lowered her head and looked at this powerful cock of her father's. She felt that the flower path in her lower body, which had already dried somewhat, was once again uncontrollably flooding.

Gush after gush of hot fluid slowly flowed down the roots of her thighs. A feeling of emptiness and itchiness, as if thousands of ants were gnawing at her heart.

It seemed the absurdity between this father and daughter tonight was far from over.

In the next instant Grace suddenly raised her head. Watery big eyes stared straight at Richard. Red lips parted lightly, breath like orchids:

"Dad, one more time?"

Looking at the longing in his daughter's eyes, then looking down at his own raging cock, how could Richard have any reason to refuse?

He swallowed, Adam's apple rolling hard, and silently nodded.

But he still felt a bit of heartache. He reached out a big hand and gently stroked Grace's soft long hair, voice carrying a bit of concern:

"Gracie… if you can't handle it, Dad's fine… don't tire yourself out."

Hearing this, Grace's red little mouth pouted cutely, as if she had suffered some huge grievance.

"What are you saying! What do you mean I can't handle it?"

In Richard's eyes his daughter glared at him coquettishly, eyes carrying a bit of teasing, a bit of stubbornness, and continued:

"I'm more worried you can't handle it!"

Saying that, Grace slowly stood up.

A pair of full, round heavy breasts bounced up and down with her movement, rippling out wave after wave of tempting breast waves.

Her slender waist was small enough to grip. On the flat, tight lower abdomen below, a few faint abs lines were faintly visible. Further down was the white-tiger holy land that made people yearn, now a complete mess.

Under Richard's shocked yet expectant gaze, Grace slowly straddled his body, legs spread, kneeling at his waist.

The skin on the inside of her long, straight thighs was so white it glowed, forming a strong visual contrast with Richard's somewhat dark and rough skin.

Grace extended one jade hand. Two fingers lightly pinched her father's cock and aimed it at her own wet, reddened opening.

The moment the head pressed against the hole, both of them couldn't help but tremble all over, heads tilting back in pleasure.

CHAPTER 146

The Shocking Truth

Grace straddled her father and slowly sank down, just like she had ridden her brother in the room not long ago.

That slightly swollen opening then swallowed her father's thick cock bit by bit, inch by inch.

"Mm… haah…"

The moment she sat all the way down, Grace's brows furrowed and she let out a moan that was both pained and pleasurable.

The feeling of her father's cock made her entire body go soft. She collapsed onto Richard, panting in small breaths.

"Hoo… hoo…"

Seeing this, Richard's heart tightened. He kindly reminded her:

"Gracie… don't force yourself… really…"

Of course Grace didn't listen.

After these few times joining, she had already gotten a taste she couldn't forget.

Although her father's cock hurt a little when it first entered, as long as she moved a bit the pleasure that followed was enough to send her flying.

So, facing her father's well-meaning advice, Grace lifted her head. Her beautiful eyes seemed to burn with two flames. Looking at the man beneath her with eyes full of silk, she panted and said:

"Dad… you just lie there nicely… watch how your daughter… how your daughter drains you dry!"

Hearing this, Richard chuckled. The smile carried a rare bit of honest foolishness, and even more pride.

Seeing that his daughter wouldn't listen and even wanted to turn the tables on him, he simply reached out his big hands and tightly gripped her slender, soft waist.

"Good! Dad's lying down! Dad's waiting!"

Getting her father's response, the corner of Grace's mouth curved into a smile that could enchant all living beings.

Then she straightened her body and began rocking her waist back and forth.

At first it was very slow, like a gentle breeze brushing the surface of a lake, barely making waves. She carefully felt the friction of this cock inside her, felt the shape of the head.

Gradually the speed began to increase.

“Smack! Smack! Smack!”

As Grace’s big white ass rose and fell continuously, crisp sounds of flesh hitting flesh rang out, accompanied by waves of wet sounds that made one’s face burn.

Grace’s long hair whipped wildly with her movements. A pair of huge breasts were like two startled big white rabbits, bouncing violently on her chest, breast waves flying, making Richard dizzy.

“Mm… ah… Dad… so deep… you’re hitting it… ah…”

Grace’s moans grew higher and higher, filled with endless joy. To make it easier to brace herself, a pair of snow-white arms propped on Richard’s chest.

Richard was also so comfortable his scalp tingled. He could clearly feel his daughter’s tight, warm inner walls wildly sucking and squeezing his cock. This soul-stealing pleasure made him want to die on this woman’s body.

His hands tightly pinched Grace’s slim waist, cooperating with her movements, thrusting upward hard. Every time he hit the deepest point, slamming against her sensitive, tender deepest spot.

And just as Grace felt a familiar wave of pleasure about to hit, about to push her up to the clouds, a thought suddenly flashed through her mind.

Although her father had only asked casually earlier, these days would be long from now on.

The chaos in this family right now was worse than a pot of eight-treasure porridge that had been boiled to mush.

The son had fucked the mother, the older sister had slept with the brother, the father-in-law had done the daughter-in-law, and now the daughter was also tangled up with the father.

If one day they accidentally got caught, how awkward would that scene be? How embarrassing?

Grace was a smart person, and even more a decisive woman. In this moment she felt that rather than passively being discovered in the future, it would be better to take the initiative herself right now, in this special moment.

Isn't there an old saying that a man's ears are softest when he's having sex? No matter what request a woman makes, even if she asks for the stars in the sky, they will agree without hesitation.

Especially now, her father had already been fucked dizzy by her. This was the moment when his psychological defenses were weakest.

Thinking of this, Grace took a deep breath, forcibly enduring the waves of pleasure about to explode, and made a bold decision.

In the next instant, when Richard felt he was about to welcome his third ejaculation of the night, Grace suddenly stopped all movement.

The waist that had been wildly swaying froze instantly. Only their rapid breathing continued.

This stop almost ruined Richard.

That feeling of being interrupted right in the middle of the best part was like a delicious piece of red-braised pork being snatched away just as it reached his mouth—extremely uncomfortable.

Although some people liked this kind of edging feeling, Richard was clearly not one of them.

He looked at his daughter in confusion and asked somewhat anxiously:

"What's wrong, Gracie? Are you tired? If you're tired, switch with Dad. You rest underneath for a bit."

Saying that, he was about to use his waist to flip over and take control.

Grace, however, extended one arm white as a lotus root and pressed it hard against his broad chest, forcing him back down.

In this moment her beautiful eyes flashed with complex light—both the haze of lust and a thread of resolute clarity.

"Dad… there's something I need to tell you."

The woman's voice trembled a little, but her tone was unusually firm.

Richard froze. What time was this? When the arrow was already on the string and had to be released, talking about things?

But this was after all his most beloved daughter, and also the lover he had just shared skin with. Although his heart was as anxious as a cat scratching, he still forcibly suppressed that evil fire and said patiently:

"Go ahead. Dad's listening."

Grace bit her lower lip, looking a bit troubled and a bit uneasy:

"Dad, if I say it, you can't scold me, and you can't scold anyone, and you especially can't get angry… can you promise me?"

What kind of thing was this? Serious enough for that?

The curiosity in Richard's heart was instantly hooked, even temporarily covering the desire in his body.

Looking at his daughter's careful appearance, his heart softened. He hurriedly nodded and said:

"Okay, Dad promises you. I absolutely won't get angry."

Hearing this, Grace still seemed to feel it wasn't secure enough. A pair of innocent big eyes stared hard at Richard, and she spoke again:

"No, Dad, you have to swear! Swear that you absolutely won't get angry, and won't blame anyone!"

Richard gave a bitter smile and helplessly shook his head.

This girl, why was she still the same as when she was little? As soon as something came up she forced him to swear.

"Okay okay okay, Dad swears! Dad swears to heaven that no matter what Gracie says later, Dad won't get angry, and won't blame anyone! If I break the oath…"

"Pah pah pah! Don't say anything about dying!"

Grace hurriedly covered his mouth with her hand. This jade hand still carried a faint fishy smell.

With this, Grace finally let out a breath of relief.

She slowly withdrew her hand. Her body still maintained the riding position on Richard. The cock was still buried deep inside her, and because of the earlier pause and conversation it had even become more sensitive.

"Then… Dad, I'm going to say it."

Richard nodded, eyes encouraging as he looked at her:

“Go ahead, Gracie. It’s fine. If the sky falls, Dad will hold it up.”

Saying that, he felt the cock between his legs actually harden a few more degrees because of this tense yet stimulating atmosphere, swelling another circle, making Grace unable to help letting out a soft hum.

Grace took a deep breath, as if using this method to give herself courage.

“Actually… Dad, actually Ethan… he knows about you and Sophie.”

The moment these words came out, it was like a clap of thunder exploding beside Richard’s ear.

His whole body stiffened hard. His pupils instantly widened, face full of disbelief.

“Wh… what?!”

He had never imagined that what his daughter wanted to say was this!

He had thought his affair with his daughter-in-law Sophie was seamless. How could his son possibly know?

In that instant shame, panic, guilt… all kinds of complex emotions surged to his head.

Richard directly felt the big cock between his legs rapidly shrink a circle inside his daughter’s tight pussy, clearly from the huge shock.

It was understandable. Since ancient times, a father-in-law climbing the bed of his daughter-in-law was a huge taboo. And now his own son knew. Where could he put this old face? How could he face his son in the future?

Seeing this, Grace hurriedly added, speaking extremely fast, afraid her father would get stuck in a dead end:

“But Dad! Don’t worry! Ethan isn’t angry! Not only is he not angry, he’s… he’s actually very excited!”

“Ex… excited?!”

Richard was completely dumbfounded.

There were men like this in the world?

His own wife had been slept with by his father, and not only did he not grab a knife and chop people, he actually felt excited?

Was this still the son he had watched grow up from childhood?

Looking at her father's collapsed worldview, Grace also felt a bit helpless in her heart, but at this point she couldn't care about that much. She could only harden her scalp and continue explaining:

"In medicine this is called a cuckold fetish, or a hotwife kink. Some men are born with special psychology. They get extremely excited from seeing or knowing their wife is having sex with other men, and get even stronger pleasure than from doing it themselves."

Richard listened with his mouth wide open, able to fit an egg inside.

What hotwife fetish? What cuckold kink?

These terms he had never heard of impacted the simple values still in his bones.

"Ethan… how could Ethan have this kind of… this kind of perverted idea…"

He muttered to himself, both shocked and somehow… relieved?

If that was the case, then didn't that mean he no longer had to carry such a heavy psychological burden?

However, before he could think too much, Grace threw out the second heavy bomb.

"Also, Dad… actually… actually…"

Grace stammered, her pretty face flushing red. That appearance was even more tempting than when she climaxed earlier.

By now Richard had already been numbed a bit by the previous news. He asked on instinct:

"Actually what? Gracie, just say it. Dad can take it."

Saying that, Sophie's alluring figure involuntarily floated into his mind. That had been his greatest source of joy recently.

And thinking of Sophie, plus the fact that his daughter was currently riding him completely naked, the cock that had originally shrunk actually miraculously hardened again—even harder than before!

Grace felt the change inside her. Knowing her father hadn't truly been scared stiff, and instead seemed even more excited, she opened her mouth again:

"Then fine, Dad… I'm going to say it."

Richard nodded heavily. His hands once again gripped his daughter's thighs.

Grace slowly closed her eyes, as if she had thrown caution to the wind, and said extremely quickly:

"Actually, Dad, I also have this kind of relationship with Ethan!"

"Relationship? What kind of relationship? A physical relationship?!"

Hearing this, Richard's entire person was once again struck by lightning.

If learning that his son had a cuckold fetish had only shattered his three views, then this sentence was simply going to flip his skull!

Brother-sister incest?!

This was even more taboo than a father-in-law climbing his daughter-in-law!

In that instant his pupils widened to the extreme. His eyeballs were covered in bloodshot. His breathing became incredibly rapid. His chest rose and fell violently like a bellows.

But the cock between his legs seemed to have its own consciousness. The moment it heard this taboo news it actually swelled another circle. Veins jumped. It was as hard as a heated iron rod, scalding Grace until her whole body went soft.

Seeing this, Grace was afraid her father would lose control. She didn't dare pause at all and threw out all the heavy material in one go:

"Not just me! There's also Mom! We… our whole family has this kind of relationship with Ethan! And… and just yesterday, in the middle of the night while you were asleep, the four of us… the four of us even did it together!!! A foursome!!!"

Grace finished saying these words in one breath, then tightly closed her eyes. Her long lashes trembled violently, as if she had returned to childhood after doing something wrong, waiting for her father's scolding.

And she could also clearly feel that as her words fell, the cock of her father inside her was undergoing astonishing changes.

It twitched and swelled. Every twitch slammed against her deepest spot, bringing her wave after wave of tingling pleasure.

Several seconds passed.

The expected rage did not arrive.

Grace carefully opened her eyes.

Richard was lying beneath her. The expression on his face was colorful to the extreme.

One moment green, one moment white, one moment red, one moment purple. Shock, confusion, shame, anger…