On the Loveseat

One Dragon

Chapter 1

I sat on the loveseat with Mom's blanket beside me. Johnny and Jojo (that was Joanne's nickname) were sprawled out on the sleeping bag spread out on the living room floor antsy in anticipation. Dad was already in his recliner opening his second beer. Mom and Aunt Jessica were in the kitchen making the popcorn.

We had sort of a family ritual on Friday nights; we watched movies together as it was really the only time the whole family could spend with each other. We ate dinner together first, again the only night of the week we knew we were all expected to be home, then we'd sit around and watch a few movies. My parents had bought a 60 inch flat-screen for this purpose (they claimed anyway, I think Dad got it for his Sunday games). Aunt Jessica, my Mom's younger sister who lived nearby and was divorced, would usually come over and have dinner and watch movies with us. First, we'd watch a kiddy movie for my little brother and sister who were only 11 and 8, then after they fell asleep in their sleeping bag (pretending to be camping out!); we would watch more adult fare. It didn't need to be one of the current movies, we watched classics, comedies, dramas, pretty much anything (even sometimes chick flicks to make Mom and Aunt Jess happy). I am happy to say that this ritual led me to an appreciation of film; so much so that I even contemplated studying it at college next year.

Now normally we would be situated thusly: Johnny and Jojo and a bowl of popcorn curled up in the sleeping bag on the floor dressed in

their pajamas. Dad would be leaned back in 'his' recliner, his because no one was allowed to sit in it under penalty of death (or so he said anyway), drinking his beer until he would fall asleep halfway through the second movie, Aunt Jessica would have the whole couch to herself so she would normally lay out with her feet up drinking her glass of wine and her own bowl of popcorn, and Mom would sit beside me on the loveseat also with a glass of wine and we would share our own popcorn. Now Mom got chilled easily and our living room was a little drafty sometimes from the sliding glass doors to the back yard, so she would curl up beside me covered with a blanket. I wasn't cold so I would get warm under the blanket and took to just wearing shorts and a tee shirt. I could've sat on the couch with Aunt Jess, but Mom liked to lay her head on the shoulder of her 'baby boy'. I would groan when she would say this but it was a little thing to make Mom happy so I let her.

On this Friday night we were re-watching the animated hit of last year for the third time by request of my brother and sister, not that it mattered much as the adults (I was 18 now, I was an adult!) would chat about the week and catch up with our lives. I was usually a hot topic as to which school I would be attending next year and what I would be studying. Dad didn't agree much with my wanting to study film and seeing as he would be sleeping through anything but the kid flicks he didn't see it as a real career. I wasn't one hundred percent sure I wanted to take it as my major but just Dad's negativity reinforced my desire. Mom and Aunt Jess would try to change the topic when this came up and fortunately this week the topic never came up, Dad was complaining about some new practices they were implementing at work to 'improve productivity and increase quality'. I shut him out as he rambled on and tried to focus on the movie. It really wasn't that bad.

During the second viewing I picked up on some subtle nods at more adult humor that little ones wouldn't get, so I was now watching for things that might be going on in the background of scenes that I hadn't caught the first two times. Dad started a new topic, Aunt Jess and Mom would chime in and I just sat there zoning out as I had spent a lot of time this week studying for the big mid-term coming up.

Soon the movie ended, my brother and sister out cold on the floor. Mom rose and covered them with the sleeping bag. Dad stood, went to the bathroom and returned with a normally unprecedented third beer. This guaranteed he would be out within an hour. The rest of us also took our turn in the restroom, Mom and Aunt Jess refilling their wine glasses and I grabbed another sports drink, though I normally refrained from drinking as I hated having to get up to pee during a movie, and everyone would complain if I made them pause it while I was gone. But tonight the second movie was a teen flick that was supposed to be hilarious, so I wasn't really worried about watching for the director's subtle use of fart jokes or titty flashes. I don't think any of use particularly cared one way or another about the movie, but after the week of studying I needed a mindless comedy and I knew Mom and Aunt Jess liked the male lead, a hot up and coming actor. So we all settled in to watch when Dad pressed play on the remote. Mom pulled the blanket higher up around us and laid her head on my shoulder with a content sigh as the opening credits rolled.

I have to admit the movie was better than I thought it would be and I followed along with the highly improbable plotline. Unfortunately for me there was more female nudity than usual. Now that may sound

strange coming from an eighteen year old male, but the unfortunate thing was I was getting excited and my rising cock was jammed in my briefs and causing me some discomfort. And when I say discomfort, I mean it damn hurt!

Mom was still resting comfortably on my shoulder, her right arm tucked between us and her left on her lap beneath the blanket and her feet curled up next to her on the loveseat. I tried to will my cock to shrink, but that never works. I shifted my legs a little to give my cock more room, and that didn't work either. I didn't want to stand up to adjust myself and let Mom and Aunt Jess witness my condition. Another flash of titties by the lead actress that I was starting to get a crush on, and my cock tried to grow more!

I was starting to panic a little. My squeezed cock hurt like hell! Could you actually break your cock? I didn't want to find out. I shifted again. Mom lifted her head and looked at me, then resumed her attention on the screen. The last flash of female flesh had led to a scene with the actress making out with another girl. I had fantasies of two girls together and seeing the actress I was falling in lust with making out with another girl was the final straw. My cock was going to get completely hard, unforgiving cotton fabric be damned!

I was wincing now. I looked over at Aunt Jessica then down at Mom and neither seemed bothered by the movie, watching intently. Dad was passed out. I couldn't avoid it any longer. I didn't want to risk any damage to my favorite appendage whether it was possible to break it

or not! I just had to get up and rearrange my cock without fully standing and revealing my dilemma to my Mom and her sister. I leaned back against loveseat and lifted my ass up and reached down and pulled my cock up to lay against my abdomen. Then sat back down trying to be nonchalant the whole time.

'Jeremy, what are you doing?' She exclaimed as she slipped off of my shoulder. And then it happened! As she reached out to catch herself from falling to loveseat with her right hand, rather than landing on the cushion, rather than landing on my thigh, Mom's hand landed on top of my rock hard cock!

My eyes bugged out!

My heart possibly stopped!

My body froze!

I couldn't look at Mom to see her reaction. I was petrified with fear and embarrassment. I had a thousand thoughts race through my addled brain. What would she think? Would she stand up and slap me? Would she send me to my room? Forcing me to walk past my Aunt in this condition? Would she laugh? Would my Aunt laugh? Would they wake Dad and tell him of my predicament?

All this happened in a fraction of a second.

In a blink of an eye.

A hummingbird's wing beat.

And then a new thought hit me.

Mom hadn't moved her hand!

Surely she could tell immediately where her hand was resting!

Why wasn't her hand moving?

I gulped air. My eyes locked ahead but was seeing nothing. Inside I shook, but my body was stone. And Mom's hand was still resting on my cock! I was sure it would shrivel up now and never get hard again. But it never budged. Maybe I would be stuck with a hard-on forever. What was that commercial about an erection lasting more than four hours... see a doctor? After two dozen or two hundred heartbeats (I don't know, my heart had jumped to light-speed!) I looked out of the corner of my eye as far as I could strain without moving my head to look at Mom. She didn't move. Her head was back against my shoulder, her soft hair tickling my boiling skin. She gave no indication she knew

where her hand rested or what had happened. She had to know what a cock felt like! She had three kids! And a husband! Who was sitting right there, albeit asleep!

A minute passed. Maybe two, I couldn't tell time. Still her hand rested on my cock. I could feel the warmth of her hand now. Added to the inferno boiling in my dick. Then her hand stirred. Finally! She had been in shock and not realized and now would pull her dainty fingers away. But no! They didn't move away! Those fingers curled around my hard flesh! What?! Mom was grabbing my cock! She gave it a squeeze. Yep, I was never going to get soft ever again. They were going to do medical studies about me. I would tour the country at medical conventions and be shown to gasping young doctors. 'The Everhard Cock' they would call me.

Mom continued to squeeze until it became almost uncomfortable (Wait, how comfortable was it to have your mother grabbing your hard dick?) Then she eased up her grip. Okay, now she was going to move her hand, now that she had confirmed that it wasn't my thigh she was holding. She eased her grip but she didn't release. She squeezed again. Not as hard but it was healthy enough. She did this a half dozen times. I was still frozen. The house could be on fire and I wasn't moving. The firemen would have to rescue me with my mom's hand holding my hard penis! Mom hadn't given any outward indication of what she was doing either; her face and her eyes were locked on the TV screen. Just as her right hand was locked around my fabric-covered cock! Then she stopped squeezing! But instead of moving away she began to shift her

fingers back and forth. Barely perceptible at first, but then grew into an actual rubbing motion.

Oh.

My.

God!

My Mom was now stroking my cock!

The strokes were only a couple inches at first, but every up and down motion moved onto new territory. She was holding onto me through my shorts and briefs and the fabric was rubbing on my tender skin and after a minute or so, I winced. I don't know if she heard me or just realized that it was hurting me, but she eased the pressure she grabbed me with and was now rubbing her fingers along my shorts. I don't know if she had been aware of how big my cock was when she grabbed it, but she had to be aware now as she caressed up and down almost the whole shaft. The head of my cock had sprung from my waistbands when I had adjusted it, so now as Mom's hand reached the waistband of my shorts without finding my cock's head I almost thought I heard a breathy gasp from her lips. I finally took a soothing breath as I had shocked Mom as she had stunned me. I could feel I was getting light-headed and tried to breathe deeply. I still didn't look at mom, and she didn't look at me. Mom's strokes continued up and down the shaft of

my cock, now from the base to my shorts elastic waistband. She did this twice, and then moved up over the elastic and onto my uncovered skin finally finding the flare of the head of my cock.

Mom was touching my cock!

She ran her fingers over the velvety skin of my cock head before resuming her stroke down to my balls. She moved back up to the head but this time on the downward stroke she worked her fingers under my shorts and briefs and pushed them down as she fully stroked my bare cock. My dick sprang outward as it was released from the cotton containment and as Mom continued to move her hand up and down its length, evidence of her activity was now visible to anyone that looked as the blanket was now tented up by my dick. I don't mean to sound like I'm bragging, but I am eight and a half inches long and my fingers can't reach around it. So I was making quite a noticeable hill in the blanket. And besides the gasp I thought I heard Mom make, I saw the first sign that she knew what was happening. I saw her eyes quickly look down at the hump in the blanket. Her hand was still travelling the length of my cock, but the way the fabric of the blanket spread around the mound, it hid her motion. I felt her shift her movement to stroke up and down closer to my body and not straight up and down to help conceal what was happening. I turned my head the smallest degree to look over at the couch to my aunt. She was watching the movie and paying Mom and me no attention. Dad was softly snoring, and my brother and sister were sound asleep.

Mom continued a nice gentle stroke up and down my shaft and as the friction of our flesh began to make me flinch, Mom would run her fingers around the head and collect the pre-cum oozing from me and coat my cock. I must admit, my mother definitely knew how to give a hand job! Yes! My Mom was giving me a genuine All-American hand job! Her strokes became less of an up and down motion; she gave her wrist a bit of a stuttering motion even as she began the normal half-twist of her hand around my now-slick covered cock. I finally couldn't contain myself. I let out a moan as Mom worked my cock like a pro (as if I would know!). I was sure I saw a small smile on her lips as she stared ahead. I knew she was watching the movie as little as I, the activity under the blanket taking up both of our full attentions.

I was getting close!

I mean with nubile teen girls making out on the screen getting me hard, and being a teen guy, I was always close. Mom grabbing my dick didn't help either! She was able to get me ready to shoot, but then slowed and changed rhythm to keep me from cumming, and then increase her speed and intensity. My body was quivering! I don't know how I hadn't shot my load already! Every muscle in me was clenched. I actually looked over at Mom, she ignored my glance, but her movement took on a new rhythm and I knew I had crossed a line. I was going to cum by my mother's hand and there was nothing on earth that would prevent that.

'Oh, hi Grandma. Mom is giving me an orgasm now if you don't mind?'

'Sorry, Your Holiness, I can't stand right now, Mom's going to make me shoot my load.'

'Go ahead and shoot me Mr. Burglar sir, but I have to cum now.'

And Mom did make me cum then!

My ass lifted up, I gave a very audible grunt, and I shot stream after stream of jism into Mom's hand. She continued to stroke me with her right hand, but had moved her left to catch my cum. I groaned again as she milked the last of my juice from my balls. I sank back onto my seat still shaking. Mom had sat up a little as I came to allow use of both hands and now she pulled back the blanket and rose to her feet, cupping her left hand holding my milky ejaculate. I assumed she was going to go wash her hands. Her actions had left me weak and satisfied. She announced that she couldn't watch the rest of the movie and she was going to bed. I barely watched her walk across the dimly-lit room, but I thought I saw her bring her hand, her left I was sure, to her face and her tongue reach out and lick her palm! And she was standing before the couch and looking at her sister. Aunt Jess looked up at her, seeing what she was doing, but she had no way of knowing what was in Mom's hand. And she gave another lick before moving down the hallway towards her bedroom. I glanced at my aunt who barely noticed my look.

I couldn't believe that that had happened!

My Mom had jerked me off!

She had made me cum in her hand!

And she licked it up!

I managed to look at the television screen and watched blankly at the final scenes of the movie before the credits started to roll. I looked again at Aunt Jess and saw the wine had had an effect on her as her eyelids were now drooping. I stood shakily, grabbed Mom's blanket and covered my aunt, collected the glasses, used the remote to turn of the video and TV, took the glasses to the kitchen and headed off to bed myself.

Chapter 2

The next week was a blur. Mom gave no indication of what she had done with me, and there was no way I could bring it up. 'Oh, yeah, Mom. Remember the other night when you jerked me off?' That's a conversation no guy wants to have with his mom! I jerked off numerous times that week remembering the feeling of Mom's hand on my hard cock, her stroking it up and down, the easy rhythm ... shit! Now I have to again.

Anyway, the week passed. I wondered if it was just a one-time event or (as I hoped) if it would become a regular occurrence. I mean, I had never thought about Mom in that kind of way before, she was just my mom you know, do your chores, finish your homework, blah, blah, blah. I now looked at her like I might do checking out a friend's mom, looking at her ass filling her jeans, trying to glance down her blouse, that type of thing. Mom was about 5' 7", was fairly slim as she did yoga and swam a lot, decent size breasts that I hadn't paid attention to before, and had deep brown hair with a short swept back style that was feminine but didn't take hours to care for. I realized that for an older woman, Mom was kind of hot! I always preferred brunettes over blondes anyway and now I wondered if that wasn't one of those subconscious things. I never noticed Mom looking at me any differently, but I didn't know if it was because she didn't or that I didn't catch her.

I managed to ace my mid-terms that week regardless of the fact that my brain was always mush and my dick was always hard. I had talked with Aunt Jess about next Friday's movie selections. I had picked out a sexy film noir flick that I hoped to get Mom as revved up as I constantly was. She agreed it was a good choice and said she couldn't wait until Friday. She gave me a sly smile that I didn't understand at the time. I knew Dad never cared what we watched as he only saw half a movie at most. Unless it was an action flick with lots of explosions and bullets flying and heroes kicking bad guy ass (and we did watch one upon occasion just to say he got a choice too).

Friday night arrived. I wolfed down dinner so fast Mom made a comment while Johnny and Jojo made pig noises. I couldn't wait to see if Mom would jerk me off again! After dinner I was about to race into the living room to set up the movies, but Mom told me to take out the now full bag of trash. I looked at it, then at her. "Can't it wait until tomorrow Mom?"

"Now Jeremy!" She said in that tone that brooked no argument.

I obeyed, if not only for her tone, but because I didn't want her upset with me and use that as an excuse not to jerk me off tonight. So I grabbed the bag and headed out the kitchen door. When I returned, my dick was already at half-mast, I saw everyone must already be in the living room. I was disappointed when I walked in. Mom was lying down on the couch covered with her blanket, which didn't give me

much room to sit down, and Aunt Jessica was curled up on the loveseat under a blanket of her own. I looked at Mom, but she didn't look up.

"Come sit next to me Jeremy." My aunt beckoned.

Dad was already reclining in his chair, halfway through his second beer and my brother and sister huddled in the sleeping bag. Dejectedly I moved to the loveseat. Aunt Jess patted the cushion beside her. I sunk down and she covered me with the blanket.

"All comfy cozy." She smiled at me. I was anything but smiles. My dick, seeing it was getting no love tonight, fell back to sleep.

Dad started the kid's movie, a live-action remake of a classic animated movie, which turned out to be quite good actually; I think all four adults enjoyed it. My brother and sister loved it and had managed to still be awake when it ended, but by the time everyone took turns in the bathroom they both had conked out. Now during the first movie I was sitting close beside my aunt but wasn't 'cuddled up' like I would be with Mom. I had noticed Mom look a few times over at her sister with a scowl. I didn't know if it was because Aunt Jess had taken her spot, taken her spot so nothing could happen with me this week, or some other sisterly slight. They had seemed fine at dinner. I pulled the blanket up a bit higher as the room seemed chillier. Aunt Jess on the hand seemed cheerful with me. We chatted during the break and she reached out and touched my arm, patted my shoulder, and kind of kept

touching me. I wondered how much wine she had already had but gave no more thought about it.

After everyone had arranged themselves again Dad started the movie. As I said it was a sexy film noir, kind of a retro-classic made to imitate the black and white films of the 40's and 50's. This left the room nearly dark for a lot of the time. This had been part of my plan to help induce Mom into repeating last week; sexy to get her revved and dark to hide what happened. Now with my aunt sitting next to me I resolved myself to just watch the movie and get lost in the intrigue and drama. I did notice fifteen minutes into the movie Aunt Jess had moved up against me, sort of leaning on me with both hands wrapped around my left arm. I told myself it was the effects of the wine. I continued to watch the lead actor as he seduced a few femme fatales while trying to sort through the conspiracy plot. I was into the movie and had given no more thought to missing out on another handjob from Mom. Then I felt Aunt Jess's hands running over my forearm. I would have to make sure to find a bucket for her when she crashed on the couch later if she had drunk that much alcohol! I shrugged her hands off but they soon returned. Then she reached across with her left and put it on my chest, and soon after it moved to down to begin to massage my abdomen.

What the heck?

Did my aunt think I was some kind of boyfriend she could make out with? I gave her a gentle push and tried to concentrate on the screen.

She had let me push aside, but only for a moment. She put her feet up underneath her and again leaned over against my side. Her right hand was now resting on my thigh almost on my knee, but her left again rested on my stomach. I turned to look at her and in the dim light from the screen I saw her just smile at me. I shrugged and thought, 'Whatever.' Then looked back to the film. I wasn't going to let my obviously drunk aunt ruin the movie for me. She continued to rubbing my stomach which kept me from noticing her other hand creep up my leg until I felt it slide down to my inner thigh.

What the hell!?

I looked over at my mom and could see her focused ahead. Did my mom say something to her sister? Was Aunt Jessica trying to jerk me off like mom had last week? I couldn't even imagine them having that conversation! No. It had to be that Aunt Jess had too much wine and it had affected her libido. But I was her nephew! What was she thinking? But as weird as it might be, if she was going to go for it I wasn't one to stop her. I may not get Mom to jack me off, but my aunt's hand would work just as well!

Well if that's what she wanted I was going to let her! I leaned back further on the loveseat, sliding my ass forward so I was more reclined and giving my aunt easier access for whatever she wanted to do. I don't know if she knew why I had shifted but she took advantage of my new position. Her hand on my abdomen pushed aside my tee shirt and was now caressing bare skin and the other was practically touching my

balls! I was losing focus on the movie as I concentrated on where and what my aunt's hands were now doing. Needless to say, during this my cock began to twitch and make its presence known, well to me at least. I had put on a pair of boxers under my shorts to prevent the complications of the previous Friday. What I didn't realize was that as my cock grew it was moving down my leg and not up to my stomach. This would normally be fine. I wasn't in any pain. But if someone would be inclined to want to stroke it, it most definitely needed to be pointed north and not south!

That was when one of those that were so inclined felt the head of my cock seeking to escape through the leg of my boxers and shorts. I felt Aunt Jess's knuckles brush against my cock's head as she rubbed up my inner thigh. I heard an intake of breath. Her hand quickly retreated a few inches. I don't know if she had expected to get me hard or that its southern migration had surprised her, but her hand moved forward and confronted my stiffening cock again. This time she moved her hand over my shorts and along the shaft. The next intake of breath was my own! Meanwhile Aunt Jess's other hand had moved from my stomach and had crept under my waistband. My dick was being assaulted from two fronts!

Aunt Jessica's movements were becoming awkward as she was now massaging my crotch with her hands crossed. She pulled both hands back, shifted her body and was now conducting a single frontal assault. Her right hand now pushed into my boxers and was rubbing along the shaft of my cock which was fully awake and throbbing now. I think Aunt Jess realized now the dilemma of south vs. north. She used both

hands to solve the problem; by pushing my shorts and boxers down my thighs and releasing my cock to spring upright. Like previously, this cause a hill to appear on the blanket covering us. Unlike previously, Aunt Jess was fully attentive to the new terrain. I heard a faint giggle over the movie's dialogue. I didn't think it was loud enough for mom to hear; dad had been asleep for quite awhile by this point. I glanced to mom as she turned her head back to the movie.

Did mom know what was going on over here?

Was this something the two of them planned? No. If they had mom wouldn't be acting upset with her sister.

Did they talk about mom jacking me off last week? And mom was upset because Aunt Jess preemptively took mom's spot so Aunt Jess could jack me off instead? How crazy did that sound?

As crazy as your mother giving you a handjob!

I was confused, but Aunt Jess now had her hand wrapped around my shaft and had started to give it a good stroking. She made no effort to conceal the tent or the movement beneath the blanket. I just sat there and let her have her way with my cock. What else could I do?

Now I should mention that although I had never thought of my mother as a woman before last week, my Aunt Jessica was a different story. I mean I would never have ever considered ever doing anything with her, but I had looked at her before. In that way that a nephew should never look at his aunt. She had short curly reddish-blonde hair with a trim figure from lots of exercise, but what you first noticed about Aunt Jess was her curves. And I mean curves! Her breasts were large and stood up firm on her chest so that I wondered if they were real. Her waist was so thin that it looked almost unreal in relation to the rest of her, and then her ass, what can I say? If you look up the definition of female posterior it would have a picture of the finest pair of buttocks you've ever seen. And that's Aunt Jess's ass. Her legs are exquisite too, but no one notices them. If you were in front of her you were staring at her tits, and if behind well, her behind. I admit I had fantasized about Aunt Jess, but always before completion I would think how wrong it was and visualize some other girl to get me off.

And right now this woman was openly running her hand up and down my cock! Well not completely open as the blanket still covered our lower halves. Much like with my mother I knew that Aunt Jess knew how to 'hand'le a cock (see what I did there!). She let me know just how good she was too. She spread my pre-cum all over and was giving me a thoroughly good handjob. Her rhythm was a very brisk pace without being enough to bring me to the peak and she kept varying the pressure of her grasp as she stroked me that I wondered that she could probably make a very good living doing this. 'Handjobs Я Us'. I laughed. Aunt Jess looked at me. I just shook my head.

Now her rhythm might not be enough to make me cum but boy was it getting me charged up! Whenever she was ready to make me shoot I knew I was going to explode! But she was relentless and I began to wonder if this pace would get me off. Could she make me I don't know, spontaneously orgasm? Was that a thing? I don't know but my legs were now spasming and I was trying to fuck her hand to push me over, but Aunt Jess just adjusted her strokes to counteract what I was doing. I was getting ready to yell at her to make me cum! I gave another quick glance at Mom. She was watching the screen almost too intently; like maybe she was trying somehow to sense what was happening on the loveseat. Aunt Jessica was stroking my cock with my mom in the room knowing her sister was going to make me shoot my load!

I was screaming in my head! Do it! Make me cum! My brain was spinning! I got light-headed before I realized I hadn't been breathing. I was grabbing the cushion beneath me so hard I was sure I would rip the thick fabric. My every muscle was clenched. Damn it woman, make me cum! Cum now! And her hand did something and it was like the switch to my balls! I blacked out then.

I don't know how long had passed when I 'awoke'. Aunt Jess was still slowly stroking me, but my cock had started to wither. I could hear my breathing as I gasped air into my lungs. My legs were still trembling and I had a cramp in my right calf muscle. I stretched my leg, trying to relieve the cramp. Then I noticed Aunt Jess rising from her seat, pushing the blanket aside and now exposing my shrinking dick. I grabbed my shorts and pulled them back up getting caught on my boxers still around my thighs. I managed to adjust everything even as

I continued lifting and stretching my right leg. I saw Aunt Jess had also managed to collect most of my spunk in her other hand and same as Mom had done last Friday she was now slowly walking past the front of the couch. Mom glanced up at her sister as Aunt Jess took an exaggerated lick of her palm, my cum dripping off her tongue back to her cupped hand.

Holy Shit!

And Mom just watched her!

Aunt Jess paused a moment between Mom and the TV and took another lap out of her hand, before moving off down the hall, to the bathroom I presumed. But as she turned the corner I could see her bring her hand up to her face again!

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Now I was pretty sure I had had a seriously major accident last Thursday. There was no way the events of the last two Fridays were real! I was laid up in some hospital on life support clinging to life and dreaming all this. My orgasms must have been some lowly nurse giving me a sponge bath and getting me off. There wasn't any other explanation. Or. I wasn't clinging to life. I was dead! That's it! Some drunk driver had swerved out of his lane and hit my car and killed me. I was in Heaven. Or I guess it could be justified to say I was in Hell. My

aunt had looked devilishly sexy licking my cum from her hand! I reached down and pinched my thigh. Ouch! Well that was no proof. If I can feel my aunt and my mom make me cum, I could also feel a pinch. I glanced up and saw the credits rolling on the flat-screen. I looked over at Mom who still lay unmoving. Would she get up and go to bed now with me still there knowing what had just occurred? Could I get up and walk past her? I sat there frozen as the piracy warning came up and then flick back to the main menu screen. Well the half of the movie I had seen was good. Though I was still puzzled about Mr. Boone; was he dead or not?

I decided I had to get up as it appeared Mom wasn't moving and Aunt Jess hadn't returned. I wondered if she was now embarrassed and couldn't face her sister again and had gone to sleep in my parent's bed. I grabbed the remote and turned things off and started down the hall. I thought I heard Mom voice my name, so I paused and turned around, but it wasn't repeated so I went to bed. Yep. Heaven, Hell, or hospital.

I awoke the next morning late, everyone else was already up and I found mom in the kitchen tidying up from my sibling's breakfast. 'Where's Dad?' Though I suspected I already knew the answer.

'You know, golfing with Jack.' As I thought.

'And Aunt Jess?' I tried to sound uninterested.

'She left awhile ago.' She dried her hands on the dish towel. 'Why?' It sounded innocent but to me it was an accusation.

'Just curious.' 'I wanted to see if she'd jerk me off again mom.' I thought joking to myself. 'Unless you're willing to do it?' I grabbed the orange juice from the fridge and started to take a drink but stopped myself before mom could scold me. I got a glass from the dish strainer and poured it full. 'I'm thinking of going to shoot some hoops with Billy.'

'Be back by dinner.' I couldn't be sure but it seemed as if mom was avoiding looking at me. She knew as surely as I knew she knew. Technically I was the 'victim' here so I wasn't going to act ashamed of what she and her sister had done. In fact I was going to take the 'high road', so I gave her a quick peck on the cheek as I put the empty glass in the sink before I left. I could feel her eyes on my back without turning as the back door closed behind me.

Chapter 3

Needless to say, the next week was tense. More so when I came home from class one day and Aunt Jessica was there. Mom tried to act like nothing was wrong and my aunt only gave my curious glances when she thought I couldn't see her. I couldn't stay in the room with them, it felt too weird. I wished I could have listened in on what they were saying; if anything was said about me. Neither said anything to me as I crossed the room to the stairs. I could hear the murmurs of them talking but not any words much less the topic. I tried to put it out of my mind and played some video games to distract me. I lost track of time until my sister barged into my room and informed dinner was ready. I was relieved to see Aunt Jess had left even though I usually liked to 'see' her more often. The rest of the week passed quickly. I was unsure if I was anxious or dreading Friday night.

I did not need to be either it turned out. Aunt Jessica had a rare date and wasn't going to be here. I wondered about mom though. Would she attempt anything without her sister here? I'm sure she hadn't intended to do anything that first Friday, but with the way she acted after and then with last week with Aunt Jess, I could tell there was something going on between them. What, a sibling rivalry? Was I the prize between two hot sisters? Sisters that just happened to be my sexy aunt and my mom!

Ended up with nothing happening that night, though mom still sat next to me on the loveseat and leaned on my shoulder as usual. I couldn't

pay attention to either movie as I was constantly on edge waiting for mom to make some indication whether my stiff dick would get any attention from her. When the film ended I had to stay sitting until she got up and headed for bed before rising and turning everything off and going to bed to take care of things myself.

I came home from hanging with friends the next afternoon and Aunt Jess was talking with mom in the kitchen about her date. I walked in and grabbed a soda from the fridge, listening to what I could as they continued to talk. It seemed Aunt Jess's date had been a bust; the guy had gotten drunk then 'handsy' with her before passing out. I did hear her say as I walked out of the room, 'I should've come over for movie night; I would've gotten more action here.' I spit soda all over the stairs! Was my aunt being that blatant with my mom? The only action she could've been implying was in my pants! Holy shit! I didn't hear mom's response but I was sure I could hear them both laugh.

So it was another stressful week for me. I was spending quite a bit of time in my room relieving that stress and my perpetually hard cock. The sight of my aunt or mom and remembering the feeling of their hands on me made sure I was constantly adjusting myself. I was wearing boxers exclusively now (I had liked to change things up; briefs and boxers each gave a different feeling) as I needed to keep things loose down there. I was sure mom had noticed my erection more than once. She never had a reaction or said a thing. Even if she had come to me and apologized for having jerked me off and that it would never happen again would have at least given me closure. I was left confused, wondering, and hard as steel.

By the next movie night I didn't know what to expect. Aunt Jessica showed up before dinner wearing a sexier than usual dress. Now she would make a burlap sack sexy but this wasn't her normal attire so I was immediately curious. Mom was wearing her robe as she always did after dinner. Things followed our normal routine through dinner, but when we all made for the living room I saw mom say something to her sister who then came and sat next to me on the loveseat. Mom moved to the couch and sat reclining on the end of it, wrapping her blanket about herself. Yep, something was definitely up between them. And something was up in my pants! We sat through the first movie making the usual small talk as my brother and sister were entranced by the CGI characters. We all took our intermission break and I saw my aunt fold her legs under her allowing her mid-thigh length dress to hike up enough that I was sure I could see the glimpse of a different colored fabric than that of her dress before pulling the blanket over us both. Her panties! I wondered if I wouldn't be shooting my load in my pants before she could even put her hands on me. If in fact that was what was going to happen.

Now the second movie this week was a spy thriller; giving dad something he might be interested in (though I doubted it as it was more of intrigue than a shoot 'em up). But again I couldn't focus on the screen as the glimpse of my aunt's panties and thinking of what might be about to occur left my head spinning. I had decided earlier in the day that if anything ever did happen again with either my aunt or my mother, I was no longer going to be just a bystander in this sisterly game. Ten minutes after the movie started I wasn't too surprised when

Aunt Jess shifted, ostentatiously to make herself more comfortable; but I felt her right hand land on my bare thigh.

Obviously my cock was already at full attention.

It only took Aunt Jess a few minutes of casually rubbing my thigh before her hand had moved up and discovered this fact for herself. She paused as she touched my erection; whether from surprise at my condition or if deciding to continue.

She continued.

Her palm was pressed against my shorts covering my manhood, making small motions along the shaft. I winced and moaned, both in pleasure. She rubbed her open palm along my hard cock for only a few minutes before she dropped all pretenses at any innocence and quickly pulled my shorts and boxers down enough to allow my dick to spring upward. Her hand wrapped around my warm flesh adding the warmth of her palm and fingers. Aunt Jess's deft fingers slid up to the head of my cock then down to the base, again and again. It seemed she wasn't wasting any time and wanted to see how fast she could make me cum.

I wasn't going to argue!

I would miss the protracted torture of a prolonged hand job, but having my sexy aunt doing this at all was bliss enough so I couldn't complain about the way she was doing it. But as I said, I wasn't going to be a bystander this time. So I casually (or so I thought anyway!) moved my left hand under the blanket to Aunt Jessica's smooth thigh, just below the hem of her short dress. Her strokes on my cock paused as she had not expected this.

I held my hand on her leg for a brief moment and then inched it under the light fabric of the dress. She gripped my stiff member in a firm hold as my hand moved further up Aunt Jess's thigh. I wanted to massage the smooth skin but I was intent on reaching her crotch before she could decide to stop me. She wiggled a little and it took me a moment to realize she had spread her knees wider to allow easier access to her private parts. Her grip lessened and resumed its stroking even as the tips of my fingers encountered the gauzy cloth of her panties. I had my hand, my fingers anyway, on sexy Aunt Jessica's panties! My heart was racing as I pushed onward over her pubic mound covered with such thin fabric I could feel the small patch of hair beneath.

My aunt's pussy hair!

I ran my fingers over the front of her panties for a couple seconds before withdrawing to her inner thigh so that I could push my fingers under her panties and towards her pussy lips. My mind was picturing every detail that my fingers felt as they traversed her shaved skin around her cleft. The feeling was electric as I made contact with the folds of her

outer then inner labia lips. I felt like a blind man reading Braille as I moved over and along her slit. Now I was no virgin and had seen a few pussies before, not even counting any I had seen on internet porn, so I knew my way around this unseen terrain. But this was my aunt! My aunt with her hand wrapped around my pulsing cock! And my fingers about to invade her dampening opening!

Aunt Jessica's stroking of my hard cock had taken on a new rhythm, one not so intent on how fast she could make me shoot my load. Did she now want to delay my gratification to coincide with her own? I held off on pushing my forefinger between her spreading lips as I wanted to explore the entirety of her nether reaches since she was allowing it. I moved my probing digits over every bit of her concealed beneath her panties, travelling over her increasingly wet pussy as I felt my way across her pubic area. I found she had a 'landing strip' of hair a few inches long at the crest of her womanhood; I ran my fingers through her small bush, luxuriating in the sensation. I couldn't hold back any more. I had to finger that hot snatch!

My fingers moved back to the center of her crotch, running once again along the length of her slit. It was definitely seeping juices now! Her pussy lips had blossomed open before my touch. I ran my middle finger between her lips, pushing somewhat into her soft crevasse. I was so focused on what I was doing I almost didn't sense that her rhythm had become broken and irregular. Her breathing was now audible and also irregular. I was heating her up! I kept my eyes forward and I could tell her focus was straight ahead also, though neither one of us saw the TV screen or anything else.

I pushed my middle finger into her now. I heard her give a small gasp. I sensed rather than saw that mom had looked over at us then. She couldn't know that I was taking an active part in this game of theirs. That I had sunk my finger well past the second knuckle into her sister's sweet snatch!

I kept my finger buried in Aunt Jess's pussy feeling her inner walls squeezing around it. Her hand had continued to rub up and down my shaft, spreading my oozing pre-cum over my length; her pace now quicker. I took up my own rhythm as I pulled my finger out slowly only to push back into her depths again. I felt her insides struggle to hold my finger within and then try to prevent its return as I plunged in and out. I noticed that her up and down stroking matched my in and out cadence.

I took it up a notch then. As I was pulling my finger up I pulled it completely out of her hole. I pushed my forefinger and middle finger in on the next beat. Aunt Jess suddenly had an iron hold on my cock as muscles throughout her body clenched. Her head fell onto the back of the couch and she let out a very audible gasp. I quickly looked around the room. My siblings were still sleeping, as was dad. Mom didn't look over but it seemed as she was forcing herself not to turn her head. Aunt Jess's inner pussy muscles pressed tightly against my two fingers as I resumed the tempo.

It was a couple strokes in and out of her now dripping pussy before she began to stroke my dick again, but I could tell she was struggling to maintain any sense of a steady pace. Every few penetrations of her pussy and she was again squeezing my cock almost painfully. As much as I wanted to make my aunt cum I also wanted my own release so I stopped my finger fucking so she could concentrate again on my hard cock. Instead I began twisting my fingers around inside her squeezing cunt, exploring the inner depths of my aunt's tight pussy. Aunt Jess was able to continue her strokes but I could tell I was giving her some new pleasure as her breathing got more ragged and her eyes now had a glazy quality. Then I heard her speak, barely a whisper, but the sounds had surely formed a word.

'Fuck!' She mouthed.

Aunt Jessica was going to cum by my hand!

This needless to say increased my own need. Her hand had enough of nice firm stroke that I could let myself shoot my load if I so choose. I still had enough thought to realize that if she made me cum that I would make a mess on the blanket covering us. And probably my shorts, the couch, Aunt Jess's dress, and for all I knew the ceiling! Aunt Jessica must have thought the same thing because she pushed the blanket off of us, exposing us both. But the next thing she did shocked me almost to the point of cumming right then. She dropped her head down to my lap and took the head of my cock into her mouth! She contorted herself enough that I was able to continue fingering her pussy.

She grunted as if from her belly as her body began to tremble. I increased the motions of my fingers and must have found her g-spot because her body reacted like she had touched a live electric wire! Her hand was now franticly jerking me off, her mouth sucking my cockhead. That did it for me! I blasted load after load of my cum into her mouth as she tried to swallow it down even as her own orgasm was sweeping through her quivering and shaking body, her cum juices coating my hand. For a few moments we were both caught up in our mutual orgasms.

My awareness returned before Aunt Jess and pulled my drenched fingers from inside her panties. Aunt Jess was still trembling as my wilting dick slipped from her mouth, my spunk trailing down her chin. Her eyes opened and for the first time since we sat she looked up at me with a sexy smile. She brought a finger from around my cock and ran it through the cum on her chin scooping it into her mouth, her tongue darting out to catch what it could reach. She sat back up pushing her dress hem down over her panties as I pulled the elastic waistbands of my shorts and boxers up. Aunt Jess continued to run her finger across her chin to get the last drabs of cum. My cum! On Aunt Jessica's chin!

I noticed the movie was still playing as Aunt Jess stood. She walked past my mother on the couch while licking her lips. She was letting mom know I came in her mouth! I panicked. What would mom say now? Had this gone too far? (Not as far as I was concerned! But who was I but a pawn in their sibling rivalry.) Would this be the last time

this happened? I wanted more, but I had to admit that I had gotten more than any normal guy could've asked for. Jerked off by my mom and aunt, and to cum in my aunt's mouth! Aunt Jess walked down the hall to the bathroom; I heard the sink as the door closed. No sign from mom that she acknowledged her sister licking her lips or what it implied. I sat frozen. I shouldn't have let this happen! It was my fault. Once I suspected what was going on between the two of them I should have stopped anything further from happening.

Ah, who was I kidding?

Like I was going to turn down a hand job from anyone, even if it was my mom or hot aunt?

Then I realized that most normal guys would have.

Wouldn't they?

Mom still was watching the movie, though I knew it wasn't her normal interest. She was purposefully ignoring what had happened even if she had known ahead of time, but of course not to the full extent it would go. She had known her sister was going to jack off her son! She had sat on the couch with the intent of letting it happen! She shouldn't be mad at me for that! I didn't know that they had planned this, even if I might have suspected. Should I get up? I should wash as I had Aunt Jess's cum all over my hand. I realized the import of this thought. I brought

my hand up to my nose to smell my aunt's fragrance, although there was a definite odor in the living room now from the two of us! I touched my tongue to my forefinger and tasted Aunt Jess's flavor. Tangy, but slightly sweet. Kind of appropriate for Aunt Jessica. I was licking more off my fingers when she returned from the bathroom, smiling when she saw what I was doing. I pulled my hand from my face embarrassed. Her smile got broader. I got up then and headed for the bathroom as Aunt Jess sat back down and pulled the blanket back up around her lower half. Mom didn't even glance at me as I crossed in front of her. In the bathroom at the sink I just shook my head, wondering what the hell I had gotten mixed up with.

I finished washing up and rearranging my soft dick in my underwear, decided I hadn't seen any of the movie to make a difference if I saw the end or not, so without word to either woman I went to bed, suddenly more drained than I had thought.

Chapter 4

The next morning, I woke early and decided I didn't want to face my mother or my aunt, who I saw was sleeping on the couch, so when my father asked about joining him for a round of golf, I agreed. By early afternoon when we returned home Aunt Jess was gone and mom was in the basement doing laundry. I retreated to my room and my X-station. I hid there until dinner.

The next couple of days were very awkward for me to say the least. I knew my mother and my aunt had planned for my aunt to jerk me off with mom's consent. And that they had both done the same earlier without the others' knowledge (though mom had to know what would happen the first time with Aunt Jessica). I'm sure mom had gotten the details about my fingering her sister, even if she hadn't figured it out from what she'd heard across the room. Mom didn't avoid me per se, but things were different between us. I did 'notice' mom more. I hoped she hadn't seen me checking out her nice curvy ass or see her medium-sized tits when she wore a tight blouse and imagine my hands squeezing them. I did manage to catch her one evening as she came out of the upstairs bathroom from a shower wearing her knee-length fluffy cotton robe and when I said something she hadn't heard and turned around to me her robe swung apart enough for me to see her thigh nearly to the top. It was a chance thing, my eyes looking the right direction as she turned and the robe swung just the right way to allow me to view a majority of mom's inner thigh and nearly her pubic area. I don't think she realized what I had almost seen and when she asked me what I had said I had now forgotten so I said, 'Never mind', and

walked away leaving her to stare after me. That was probably half the number of words we spoke to each other alone for those few days.

Considering all that had already happened to me and as weird as things were for me around the house my next actions may not have seemed to be the smartest in the world but I wasn't going to wait for Friday to see what mom and Aunt Jess decided would be next. I have to confess that I may not have been thinking with my big head so much as with my little head, so it seemed like a perfectly reasonable thing to do. I hadn't planned anything, I just did it on impulse; spur of the moment. So one afternoon after coming home from classes I walked into the kitchen while my mom was wiping down the counter. She was dressed in a form fitting light blue blouse and a black flowing skirt that made her look very motherly but with my knowledge of her made her look pretty hot. She was facing away from me and this idea just came to me. I had planned on going to my room and watching some internet porn and jerking off when I thought here was my mother that had already given me a hand job and was good enough about it that she had invited her sister to as well. With a stiffening prick as the thought hit me, I undid my pants and pushed them down to my knees.

'Hey mom.' I said holding my hardening cock.

She turned at the sound of my voice and her eyes went wide when she saw my state of undress. She seemed focused on my dick. 'What the ...?' She choked.

'I want you to jerk me off mom.' The bravest words I have ever spoken.

Mom just stared at my rising penis then up at my face. I could see the shock in her eyes as she glared at me as if I had just told her to ... well, jerk me off.

'What?!' She now screeched, her voice in an octave I had never heard from her before.

'Come on, you've done it before.' I semi-pleaded. I wasn't sure if she would or not and actually expected her to flat out refuse, but I had an evil thought come to me that made me not care either way.

'No!' I saw her eyes had dropped back to my fully erect cock.

'This is the kitchen! Put that thing away! I can't believe you would even ask such a thing!' She looked back into my eyes with utter disbelief. The shock wore off and now outrage and disgust replaced it. 'Why would you even think such a thing?' She shook her head, but seemed as if she was trying to avoid looking down again.

I bent down and grabbed my pants and began to pull them up.

'Fine, I guess I'll go over to Aunt Jess's I bet she will do it.' I said as nonchalantly as could muster, while not looking back at mom. I wished I could have seen the look on her face at that moment, but I had to appear unconcerned by her response.

I finished zipping up my pants and snapping them and headed for the back door. I tried to move slowly without seeming too, so as to give her time to think about what I said. Sure enough before my hand touched the door knob mom spoke.

'Wait.'

I was jumping up and down inside! I knew I had her!

I slowly turned around to see a dejected look on mom's face as she looked at me. She had taken a step closer to me as if to stop me from leaving.

She looked me in the eyes as she slowly said, 'Okay.' She paused searching for the words. 'Pull it out.'

I couldn't help grinning then and I didn't care that she saw it. She had already resigned herself to do as I had asked.

I took a step towards her closing the distance by half as I began to unfasten my jeans again. She gave a sigh like she was being tasked with an onerous chore, but I wasn't fooled. If she hadn't wanted to do this she would have pulled her hand away that first night. I was learning mom was a sexual woman and had probably done many things I would never imagine her doing. And now she was going to do something she would never imagine herself doing, jacking her son off in the kitchen in the middle of the day!

I pushed my jeans to the floor this time as this time was for real. Mom closed to stand next to me her eyes fastening on my still stiff cock. I just stared at her as she contemplated her own thoughts. She had already known the feel of me, but hadn't actually seen my dick until then. Now she was studying it like an art student, taking in every part of my cock, every variance in coloring, the flare of the head, the pattern of veins, the pulse of my heartbeat visible beneath the skin.

Her right hand slowly rose from her side like she was about to pet a tiger. She brushed her fingers along the shaft at first, confirming that my cock was real. She felt over it for a moment and then realized she wouldn't be able to stroke my cock very well while standing and facing me. Her eyes looked back up to mine. She seemed to be asking an unspoken question. She moved next to me, her hand never leaving my steel rod dick. She was now able to get a nice grip around my shaft and began to slowly stroke. I leaned back against the counter for support. Mom was slightly bent forward to watch what she was doing, though she had already proven she didn't need sight to be able to jerk me off. She wanted to see my cock wrapped in her hand!

Her pace quickened a little as I was sure she wanted to finish this as soon as possible. The shaft began to redden from the friction. I was leaking pre-cum but instead she took her hand off me and brought it to her mouth so she could spit a large glob of saliva into it which she spread over the length of my pulsing dick. I have to admit that although I had already had mom, and my aunt, do this before, the fact I was able to visually witness it this time made it so much sexier and made me even harder (what's harder than steel?). I wanted this to last because I didn't think I could use the trick of threatening to go to her sister for relief would ever work again. If I upset mom enough she could conspire with her sister to the point that I would probably never have a woman jerk me off ever again! And that's if she didn't just decide to castrate me and I wouldn't ever need to worry about it again!

She brought her hand to mouth for more saliva a couple more times until I was well coated in mom's spit. She then began a serious rhythm. With the lubrication she able to get a fierce grip around my cock and continue with her quick up and down motion, her hand twisting on the shaft as it travelled its length. I wasn't going to last long regardless of wanting it otherwise! Her fist was nearly a blur! My knees quivered. I knew she knew what she was doing to me and she managed to increase her speed! Oh god I was going to cum like never before! She sensed this and, surprising me, she dropped to her bare knees. She never broke her stroke.

I was groaning now, unsure if I was still breathing, and every muscle in my body no longer seemed in my control as I shook as mom was bringing me to that glorious release! I would have been shouting at mom if I had command of my lungs and vocal cords. Pig-like noises came out of my mouth. I think I might have been drooling too! I was going to repaint the kitchen with gallons of my spunk! I stared at mom willing her to take me over the top. She may have started off wanting to finish fast, but even as fast as she was going she somehow was keeping me from unloading all over her as she had shifted around more in front of me.

I saw her glance up at my face, returning my look. She no longer seemed adverse to her actions; a faint smile touched her lips. I saw her look down at the floor, up to her blouse, then back to my dick dripping pre-cum. As little thought as I was capable of at the moment I was able to formulate that mom had just realized the mess I was about to make on her clean floor and blouse. She glanced up at me again. I knew what she was about to even as she took my cock into her mouth and that's the moment my world exploded! I felt like both my balls and most of my organs were being shot from my cock!

My hands gripped the counter behind me as my knees nearly gave out, my heart hiccupped, and I made a strangled gurgling sound. Mom's lips were locked around the base of the head of my cock as I blasted load after load of my sticky cum into her mouth! She managed to suck it all down her throat as I poured my insides to her insides. Even as I finished cumming she continued to suck out any remaining organs I had left. I would have slid down the counter to the floor if mom hadn't

been before me propping me up. I saw her pull her mouth off the cock I had thought had gone down her throat with the rest of me and a small trickle of white fluid dripped off her lower lip. As well as she had sucked my cum from me she had to have intentionally let this little bit stray onto her chin. She made a show of sticking her tongue out and lick it back into her mouth. She leaned back as my dick shriveled. Even as I had tried to use her I wondered if I hadn't been used.

Mom stood back up without a word. I waited for one. Mom merely moved over to the sink and began to wash her hands. My strength slowly returned and so I bent down and pulled my pants back up and tucked everything into place. Mom picked up the dishrag she'd been wiping the counter with when I'd entered and started wiping again. I stood straight and looked to her.

'Thanks mom! You're the best!' I mean I had to say something to her, she had just given me the best orgasm I ever had! I moved again for the back door as she continued to blindly wipe the counter. I knew she was avoiding looking at me. She must be so embarrassed to have just sucked her son's cum down her throat!

'I'm going over to Billy's to shoot some hoops. Be back for dinner!' And I exited the house.

Jenny continued to wipe the counter absent-mindedly after Jeremy left. Her mind was racing but no thought lasted very long. She asked herself

how things had come to this point. She knew when it started; that night when Jeremy was wiggling and shifting so much she had fallen from leaning against him and her hand had landed, not on his leg as she first thought, but on his big hard cock! She knew her son had to get erections, he was eighteen, but it wasn't something she consciously thought about. And she definitely wouldn't have thought about how big it would be! And big it was! She couldn't believe first that he'd been hard (and obviously now the cause of his fidgeting) and second that she had left her hand resting on it when she realized where her hand was. It had been weeks since she and her husband had had sex and she had to admit feeling that huge stiff dick had made her horny. Even if it belonged to her son! She would never believe she would jerk him off, much less right there in the living room! Everyone but her sister was asleep by then but it still made her wet to make her son cum in her hand! Then to lick his cum from her palm where Jessica could see her if not know what she was doing nearly brought her to her own orgasm!

And Jeremy's cum had tasted so good too!

That should have been the end of it.

She should never have admitted to her sister what she had done or how big her son's cock had felt.

She and Jessica had always had a rivalry over boys ever since Jess had stolen her first serious boyfriend in junior high. After that it had become

a contest of trying to seduce the other's dates from them. Jessica being honestly the hotter of the two of them, won more often than not. It wasn't until she met Justin that she found someone her sister couldn't lure away from her, even after the night she came home from studying at the library and found Justin had come by to ask her to dinner and her little sister was prancing around in her bra and panties! Justin had been unaffected by her half-naked little sister and his eyes never left her when she walked in. That's when she knew he was the one she would marry! The day she got married is when their competition had ended. Jessica soon found a steady boyfriend and had dated for two years before she too got married. Her husband's eyes weren't so focused on her as Justin's were on Jenny, and after eight years Jessica discovered he was having an affair. She divorced him immediately and had been single since. Too many guys saw just the hot woman they wanted to bang and not a girlfriend or wife. She felt bad for her sister even after all the boyfriends she'd lost to her, because in the end her sister had helped her find the right guy for her.

Jenny normally confided everything with her younger sister, so thought nothing about confessing her indiscretion with her son to her. She didn't realize though that the rivalry had never ended between them until the following week she discovered Jess sitting in her usual spot for movie night. She was suspicious but didn't think Jess would dare to do that with her nephew! She had had an innocent action escalate; Jess's would be premeditated. She saw her son and sister shifting about on the loveseat but continued to trust nothing would happen. She tried to trust anyway. But when her sister stood and licked her palm as she had done seven days prior she knew Jess had done as she had.

She hoped that it was merely a matter of her sister doing everything her big sister did and that it would be a one-time thing for the both of them. She'd been thrilled when Jess had come over that week to announce her date on Friday. She had no intention of doing anything again with Jeremy. Of course Jess's date had turned out as many did and she felt bad for her, but when her sister had commented about the 'action' she could get here with Jeremy barely out of the room, she couldn't believe her sister would be so bold! Jenny told her sister then that nothing was going to happen by the two of them with her son and made Jenny promise. A promise that didn't last long. The next week Jessica told her sister she wanted to jerk Jeremy off again, that it had gotten her so hot and horny before and that it wasn't as if she had a faithful husband like Jenny did. Jess had convinced her to allow her one more time with Jeremy and she would never do it again. Jess had once again played on her sympathies for her 'lonely, single' sister and she had reluctantly agreed to allow one more time but then it would be over.

Sitting on the couch while she knew her sister was running her hand up and down the shaft of her son's hard cock was one of the most difficult things she'd ever done. She forced herself to ignore what was happening just feet away between her sister and her son. She was stunned when she heard the sounds her sister soon began to make. It sounded as if she was getting off too! Was she rubbing herself or, god forbid, was Jeremy doing it for her!? The thought of Jeremy rubbing her little sister's pussy had made her wet too. She couldn't believe what was happening to her family. That Jessica had been able to even talk her into allowing her to what amounted to molesting her son!

And now this afternoon Jeremy walks into the kitchen with that huge cock out! And telling her to jerk him off! Yes, she'd already done it before, but it had been in a dark room and underneath a blanket, not in the middle of the kitchen in the middle of the day! Anyone could have walked in! Of course she'd told him no. She wasn't going to do that again! At least she told herself that. But then she'd looked at that magnificent cock begging for her touch! She was proud of herself for resisting. Then he threatened to go to Jessica's! She wasn't going to give in to her lust, but she couldn't allow him to go over to her sisters' either. In the end she did give in. And she enjoyed it too! She would never had intended to let him cum in her mouth, but she hadn't planned on doing it so she had no choice as he would have made a mess on the floor she'd just cleaned or on her new blouse! She had to accept that deep down she wanted another taste of his hot spunk! He'd cum so much too! She couldn't believe when he started to shoot his seed down her throat that there could be so much!

After Jeremy had acted like it was nothing to have his mother blow him like that! How dare he! She wondered if maybe he had played her by using his Aunt Jessica against her. Could he be so manipulative? She was going to have to talk to Jess and end this for good. If her son had discovered he could use them against each other nothing good would come from it!

She rinsed out the cloth and hung it to dry. She could still taste his cum! So salty sweet! Much like his father's but better. And so much more

recent. She realized how damp, no soaked, her panties were. She normally took care of herself in the shower in the evening if it was necessary, or in the warm bath she took Sunday afternoons. But her lust was screaming for release right now! She would go over and talk to her sister, right after she made herself cum first!

Jenny hurried upstairs, not even bothering to get undressed as she knew her orgasm wouldn't be long in coming. She dropped the soaked panties and lay back on the bed and drove the fingers of her right hand under her skirt. Her fingers were insistent on her stiff clit, rubbing furiously back and forth, pushing her to the peak of her pleasure. Unbidden, the memory of her son Jeremy shooting his delicious sperm into her mouth overcame her and triggered her own heavenly orgasm. Her frantic fingers continued flicking across her hard nub giving her numerous mini-orgasms as her body convulsed about the bed. After some minutes a cramp in the back of her hand caused her to cease the ministrations on her clit. She continued to shake as orgasmic tremors swept through her as she gulped in air.

Oh fuck! Jenny thought. She hadn't realized the effect her actions with Jeremy had had on her own libido. She hadn't had an orgasm that good in quite a long time! She lay there for a few moments contemplating going again. No! She had to get up and go talk to her sister. This couldn't go on. She took a deep breath and sat up. She sat on the edge of the bed for another moment collecting her strength and her thoughts, and tried to resolve herself for the confrontation with her little sister.

Chapter 5

Now to be honest I had every intention of going to Billy's. Really, I did! But as I walked down the street (he didn't live too far from me) I realized I would be near Aunt Jessica's house. I had just had a tremendous orgasm but I was eighteen and the thought of my sexy aunt giving me a hand or blow job got my dick stirring again. If mom was going to cut it off after this afternoon, I might as well enjoy as much as I can until then. I gave my cock a quick squeeze and detoured towards Aunt Jess's.

It only took a few minutes to walk over to the next block to my aunt's house and after a quick knock I walked in. Aunt Jess was crossing her living room to answer the door when I entered. She seemed only a little surprised to see me; I didn't usually come over to her house as I saw her frequently at my own.

'Hello Jeremy.' She gave me a hug then pulled back with her hands still on my shoulders. 'What are you doing here? Something you need?' She smiled inquisitively at me.

'I hope so.' I said calmly. I took a step back breaking her contact with me. 'I just had mom jerk me off and I wondered if you could do better.'

Now I know what they mean when they say you could hear a pin drop! I'm pretty sure both of our hearts had even stopped beating for a second as her mouth dropped open and her eyes sprang open wider. I stood staring back at her boldly as she just gaped at me. The universe might have even paused as my words sunk in to my stunned aunt. As I stood there I took in the sight before me: Aunt Jess was wearing a tight navy blue sweater that didn't conceal the voluminous voluptuous orbs of Aunt Jess's tits and black yoga pants that clung to every curve of her scrumptious hips and ass. (I have to admit here that I believe yoga pants to be one of the greatest inventions of all time!) Her burnished blonde-tinted hair was pulled back in a rough pony tail.

And the universe un-paused.

'What?!' She breathed softly.

'I asked her to jerk me off and she did. Even let me cum in her mouth!' I smiled innocently as if I'd just told her I had eaten cake for lunch today.

I noticed her body twitch and it was like she'd become a whole different person. She smiled sexily back at me.

'Well if you'd wanted a real blow job you should have come to me first!' Then stepped back up to me and gave me a passionate kiss. It only lasted a few seconds but wow!

I immediately kicked off my shoes and began to fumble with my jeans, my fingers suddenly forgetting how to work a zipper. Aunt Jess pushed my hands away and unfastened my jeans herself. She pushed them and my boxers down, then as she ran her tongue over her luscious lips when she saw my cock spring forth, she dropped to her knees and pulled them off completely. I was left standing there in a tee shirt and my socks. Aunt Jess looked up at me with my dick inches from her face and again gave me that sexy smile of hers. I couldn't believe that I had managed to get mom and my aunt in this same position in less than an hour!

Aunt Jessica reached both her hands up and began to fondle my cock and balls, running her fingers over every inch of my private parts. The feeling was incredible even so soon after the tremendous cum mom had given me! Aunt Jess's eyes were glued to my raging hard-on, her fingers continuing to dance over my delicate skin. She kept this up for a minute or two as if she was fully acquainting herself visually with my cock. 'Cock, Aunt Jess. Aunt Jess, my cock.'

Then she took it into her mouth! And not just a tentative suck in the head, or run her tongue around it. No! She took more than three-quarters of me straight into her throat! My knees buckled and I nearly fell forward atop her before she put the palm of her left hand on my abdomen to push me upright.

'Holy shit Aunt Jess!'

She pulled her mouth slowly back off my dick, holding it with her right hand.

'I told you, a real blow job!' She giggled and again took me into her mouth, taking my cock even further down her throat!

She held me enveloped in her warm moist mouth for a moment before pulling back up to just the head still trapped by her lips. She swirled her tongue all over the head and around underneath, then focused on the sensitive cleft on the bottom. Her saliva was drooling from her mouth as she did this and her right hand twisted and stroked up and down my shaft spreading it until my member was coated with her spit. Then again she pushed her mouth down on me and this time she gave my pubic hairs a kiss! She held it there for a second even as I heard her choking around my cock. She pulled back off with watery eyes and her thick saliva leaving trails at her retreat.

'You're probably the biggest one I've ever done that with!' She coughed out with a grin.

I knew my cock was bigger than average but it's not like you go down the street asking guys about the size of their dicks. I caught a glimpse of a few in the shower after gym in high school, but that was soft, and I tried actively to 'not' see other guy's junk. So it was nice to get

confirmation about my manhood; and from someone I was sure had seen more than her fair share of hard cocks in her life.

'I can't believe you could do that!'

'Oh I can do much more than that.' She took me back down to the base again, up to the head, down to the base, up to the head. She continued this for a couple minutes while I heard her fight back her gag reflex every time she took me down into her throat. During this her tongue was not idle either. It wrapped around my shaft like a third lip caressing me within her oral cavity. Aunt Jess eased up her activity to catch her breath as she was only able to breathe through her nostrils. She was taking shorter strokes with her mouth but making up the difference with her spit-covered hand. My footing was steady now so she pulled her left hand from my belly and cupped my hairy balls like she was about to roll dice. Even without taking my cock down her throat, Aunt Jess continued her relentless tempo of sucking me in and out of her mouth. It was a pace to entice me, to increase my passion, to make my blood hot and my skin boil. Aunt Jessica was in this for the long haul. She wasn't going to let me cum quickly, this was going to last and last and ... well you get the idea. Her bobbing up and down with her mouth, her hand stroking in an opposing beat; both with a precision and an intensity to make any V-8 engine jealous! I just stood there trembling from her treatment. I had just cum within the hour, so even with my youthful recovery time it would still be some while before I was even in danger of shooting my load again. I wanted my sexy aunt to continue for as long as she was willing.

'You're so hot Aunt Jess! I almost can't believe you're doing this for me!'

'Maybe I'm doing this for myself? I love sucking big dicks like yours! When I felt it that first time I couldn't believe my little nephew was packing such a magnificent cock! When your mother told me how big it felt I had to find out for myself. And I'm glad I did!' She took my 'magnificent cock' back into her wet mouth and resumed sucking it. Mom had told her!

'Mom actually told you about my dick?' Not that I was trying to distract her, but I wanted to know.

'I know huh? She and your dad haven't been tearing it up in the bedroom department if you know what I mean?' Aunt Jess kept stroking with her hand as she talked.

'Ew! That's my parents!' I interjected.

'Your mom that has jerked you off twice and as you claim sucked down your cum!' She laughed at my protest.

'Yeah, you're right. But still, I don't want to think of mom and dad having sex.' I chuckled.

'But you have no problems with your 'hot' aunt do you?' Her laugh turned sexy.

'Never a problem with you, Aunt Jess!' I exclaimed as she resumed sucking my steely bar of flesh.

'And I have no problem with your big hard dick!' She proceeded to deep throat me again.

She deep throated me until she was struggling for air and then resumed her previous sucking and pumping. I had seen a lot of internet porn in my time. Seen many blow jobs by women being paid to suck cock. I seriously have to say that Aunt Jess could give most of them lessons! She was able to keep me ready and wanting to blast my cum all over her but also able to keep me from doing so! My breathing was so ragged I was getting a bit light headed but I wasn't about to tell Aunt Jess to slow down or, God forbid! To stop! I would collapse first before I ever told my aunt to stop sucking my cock!

Aunt Jessica knew as well as I that this was one of those once in a lifetime events and she was putting every effort she could, using everything she knew about sucking a cock into her performance, even as I was doing all I could to remember everything she was doing to me, every sensation and every touch. Even the greatest performances must come to an end eventually, so I was slightly disappointed as I was also

elated as Aunt Jess began to increase her efforts and rhythm to make me cum.

Or so I thought!

It was at that moment that unheard by either of us that mom had shown up and entered when no one answered her knocks. She had taken a step out of the small foyer into the living room when all three of us were suddenly aware of each other.

'What the fuck?!' Mom screamed.

I just stood there frozen. What else could I do? I was naked from the waist down with my hard cock in my aunt's mouth!

Aunt Jess paused for a moment then just resumed her motions.

'What the hell do you two think you're doing?!' Mom screamed again, her face turning beet red.

Aunt Jess pulled her mouth off my dick and looked upward at her sister and said so calmly that I loved her so much more at that moment, 'Nothing you haven't already done today.'

I tensed at Aunt Jess's comment as I could tell mom did too. My aunt just kept pumping my cock while staring at mom.

The color that had risen in mom's face had drained completely out. She turned from beet red to milky pale in two heartbeats! She said nothing, just staring straight ahead at her sister and her son. I didn't know what I wanted to do more, apologize profusely to mom, run home and hide in my room, go home and move out so I would never have to see either of them again, or cum all over Aunt Jess's face!

I have to say now how much I love my aunt! She presented a different option. One I should have thought of first.

'Come over here and join me Jenny! There's plenty for both of us!' She let out a slight laugh.

My head swam as the import of my aunt's words hit me.

Both of them!

At the same time!

Together!

I really was still in that hospital bed clinging to life!

I turned my head to look at mom. She was still frozen in place, but her eyes were locked on what her sister was doing with my stiff cock. Her eyes were glazed over. I saw her quiver then take a step slowly closer. Then another. She was about two feet from us when she stopped moving forward. Aunt Jess pulled my cock from her mouth and waved in mom's direction.

'Don't you just love this big hard cock your son has? I know I do!' And she took it back in her mouth again. Mom just stared down at her. And then she dropped down to her knees! She hobbled closer when her sister once again swung my dick at her. Mom's right hand rose and grabbed me around the base of my cock and gave a not too gentle squeeze. I didn't know if it was unintentional or it was payback for any of this.

The next time my aunt pulled my cock from her mouth, mom leaned forward and took it deep into her mouth. Aunt Jess kept up her stroking as she allowed mom to suck me in and out of mouth. Mom loosened her grip on the base as she started to bob up and down at a pretty pace herself. After a minute she pulled her head back and looked at her sister with a somewhat blank look at first then slowly emotion filled back into her features.

'What the hell have we started here?' She spoke calmly as she licked out at my cock head.

My aunt smiled but said nothing as her own tongue ran up my cock shaft.

The two of them ran their tongues over my hard dick, never meeting but licking it from top to bottom. I watched both their faces crowded close to my groin as their tongues engulfed me in a flood of new sensations. My aunt may be the better cocksucker (as far as I could tell so far anyway), but having two women licking and sucking you was world's beyond! Aunt Jess even trailed down and was sucking and licking my balls while mom had begun to bob up and down my cock, more than half my length filling her mouth as she pumped me with her right hand. Aunt Jess licked her way back up and mom pulled off to allow her sister to suck me back into the depths of her throat. Mom smiled but didn't try to duplicate the feat when she took her turn taking me into her mouth. Mom may not have been able to deep throat me, but she was able to do things with her tongue that her sister couldn't match. However I looked at it I was clearly the winner here!

They continued to lick and suck me, deep throat and tongue me, bob and blow me for quite awhile. At least fifteen minutes or so. I had been ready to cum before mom had shown up and Aunt Jess had been ready to make me, but with the addition of mom I was willing to go all night like this if necessary. But I wanted more! Like I didn't have more than

some guys could only dream of already. I know. Sue me. You'd do the same!

I took a step back from the two of these gorgeous women, staring at them as they both looked up at me confusion in both sets of eyes. In unison they started to knee-walk closer to me, reaching out with their hands for my absent cock.

'No.' I told them firmly, liking this power I seemed to have over these two beautiful women. They looked up at me wantonly. 'You have seen mine. I want to see some tits!'

Aunt Jess reached down and had her sweater over her head in a flash, her bra quickly following it. Her large breasts barely sagged when released from their confinement. They must have been about 33D. Mom had paused and looked down at her blouse. She looked back up at me with her reluctance all over her face.

'No more sucking until I get to see both sets of your tits!'

Aunt Jessica turned to glare at her sister. 'Come on Jenny! It's only your boobs! What's the big deal? You have been sucking his dick after all!'

Mom looked over at her sister feebly trying to return the glare and failing, then looked up at me again. I just looked sternly back at her

while waving my cock with my hand. Her eyes looked down to it and her fingers began to feebly unbutton her filmy blouse. She looked down at her hands fumbling with the buttons and then hungrily back to my cock. She finished with the buttons and pulled the blouse out of being tucked in her skirt. She paused with her blouse hanging open, her white bra now visible. Then with more determination she let the blouse drop off the back of her shoulders and reached behind her with both hands and undid the bra which fell to the floor in front of her.

Mom had fantastic tits! They did sag a bit more than Aunt Jess's did, but they weren't much smaller, D's for sure, with very prominent and now erect nipples!

Aunt Jess had already moved back to my side as my mother removed her bra and mom took her place at my other hip. I was still holding my cock, waving it at both of them, but I wasn't done with them yet!

'I want to see you together.'

They again looked at me confused.

'Rub your tits together.'

They both grabbed their breasts and squeezed them together. Now it was a sexy sight to be sure, it wasn't what I had meant.

'No, not that. With each other.' I repeated.

Aunt Jess's face brightened. She grabbed the sides of her boobs and turned to mom and rubbed them against mom's. Mom understood and turned so they were able to rub their nipples on their sisters'. I was ecstatic! This was probably the sexiest thing I'd ever seen (so far!)! Mom's face showed signs of her reluctance returning.

'We shouldn't be doing this!' She protested while Aunt Jess continued to rub her tits on mom's.

'Now kiss!' I wasn't sure how far they would go, mom was faltering, but Aunt Jess seemed more than willing.

Mom definitely gave me a look then! Aunt Jess just smiled gleefully. Mom glanced over to her then back up to me, then at my hard cock I was still waving in front of them. Aunt Jess leaned over and began to lightly kiss mom around the edges of her mouth, barely touching her lips. Mom's lips were closed but she wasn't returning her sister's kisses. Aunt Jess began to kiss over mom's lips and I saw mom return one. Their lips met again this time more firmly. Mom began to match Aunt Jess's kisses with her own and the two women were soon lip locked in a very sexy passionate kiss with tongues entwined in one another's mouths.

'Oh yeah! That is so hot!' I said but I didn't think either of them heard me, at least they didn't show they had.

I took my cock and pushed between their lips; they separated only enough to let my hardness squeeze past their lips. They both started kissing and licking the sides of my dick, kissing one another as their lips met. The sight of mom and my aunt kissing my cock and each other all together ... well, all I can say is just Wow!

I swung my hips back and forth sawing my pulsing penis between their mutually saliva-coated lips. Both women ran their lips and tongues all over me. This was all I could take! I didn't know if either of them wanted me to shoot my load in their mouths or if I could cum all over both their faces as I wanted to do. I wasn't sure if I should warn them I was about to spray all over them. And at that moment the front door opened and in walked a vaguely familiar woman.

My orgasm shriveled inside me even if my stiff cock didn't. Mom and Aunt Jessica froze upon hearing the door, neither had time to try to hide or cover up. The woman was standing in the exact same spot mom had stopped upon entering the room, but she wasn't shocked like mom.

'Who's the cutie with the big pecker?' She said whimsically. She was about the same age as mom and my aunt, had medium length curly auburn hair and a decent looking figure beneath her khaki shorts and black tee shirt. Her breast were at least D cups.

I noticed Aunt Jess took a breath in relief when she seemed to recognize this new intruder. Mom was still tense, her eyes wide, but she too took a deep breath. Meanwhile I'm standing there with my mother's hand locked around my 'big pecker' in a vice grip still only wearing my tee shirt and socks in front of this woman I was sure I had seen before but that gave me little ease in my current state.

Aunt Jess laughed easily, 'He's my nephew.' Then she leaned back to suck half my dick into her mouth. It was a strange way to greet someone I thought, but hey I was still getting my cock sucked!

The woman gave a short gasp in mock surprise still smiling as if not sure to believe her answer. Then she looked to mom with her hand still locked on my most precious member. Her surprise suddenly became real on her face.

'But, then ... he's your ... your son!'

Mom was barely able to nod, her face turning red as Aunt Jess fed her my dick. She pushed her head to me until I was halfway down her throat and pulled back off with her cheeks hollowed as she sucked.

'Well you better share that thing with me!' She exclaimed and moved into the room, kicked off her sandals and knelt beside mom and Aunt

Jess. Okay now I had three very fine looking mature women about to suck my cock! I must have been one miserably poor itinerant down-trodden disease-ridden peasant in a past life to have earned this much karma! I mean, holy fuck!

This new woman took her place facing me with mom and Aunt Jess to each side of her as she immediately began to take me down her throat. Not as deep as Aunt Jess, but more than mom. The other two licked the shaft as they could around this other woman's quick bobbing. The woman continued for a few minutes, my cock as hard as it had ever been still, but my long denied orgasm quickly resumed building inside me. I again fought it as when would I ever have three women like this again?! How much karma could I have coming to me?

Aunt Jess pulled away enough that she could reach down and with some little effort managed to remove her yoga pants and a pair of blue lacy panties. Then reached over and grabbed the hem of the new woman's tee shirt to pull it over her head, pulling off my cock only enough to release the clothing. My aunt then reached down and undid her khaki's and pulled them off her. The woman had no panties on! Mom had noticed her sister disrobing this new person and reached behind her ass to unzip her skirt letting it fall to her knees, but that's as far as she went. She never took her tongue off me though!

'Okay you three have me revved to go now! I need to get fucked! I want this cock buried in my cunt!' She moved to the side and put her hands on the floor, nodding to me to get behind her. Aunt Jess and mom slid

aside as we got into position. I put my cock head against her very wet opening, teasing it along her slit.

'Fuck that teasing! Put that fucker in me now!' She exclaimed forcefully.

'Jeremy, by the way this is my friend Margie. Margie, Jeremy.' Aunt Jess introduced us as I introduced her friend to my big friend and pushed more than half its length into her with one strong shove. She was very tight and very, very wet. Her cunt was making very audible squishing sounds as I rocked my hips forward and back, my hands grabbing two handfuls of her firm ass. I pushed deeper into her with each pump and she eagerly accepted me. Soon I was giving her all I had and she was gasping and squealing out shrill squeaks with every thrust in her.

'Oh fuck! Oh ... ooo ... oh! Yeah, shit! Ooooh! Fuck, just like that! Fuck me you fucker!' She bellowed between gasps of air and squeaks.

I couldn't believe it! I was now fucking my aunt's friend in front of her and mom! I looked over to see her reaction. They had resumed their earlier kissing but now Aunt Jess had her hands massaging mom's plentiful tits. As I looked mom's hands crept up to her sister's equally splendid fleshy orbs.

'God you're fuh-fucking me so-so gooood! Unh ... I ... I can't believe you ... you're fucking me ... with your rrr mom here!'

I slammed a couple quick deep pumps in her causing a new series of squeaks.

'Damn you! Fuck me good!' She heaved as she breathed deeply. 'Jenny!' She called looking over at mom. Mom broke her kissing and looked back. The expression on her face as she actually witnessed her eldest child having sex with her sister's friend was priceless! I think she might have accepted to making out with Aunt Jess so she wouldn't have to see me fucking! As she looked I intentionally began to pound against Margie's ass, my cock filling her as her inner walls squeezed me back. This caused Margie to be unable to speak for a few long moments as she could barely breathe between her grunts of pleasure.

'Jenny! Come ohh verr here! I want ... oh ... want ... to eat ... eat you! Ohh! Your pusssy! While ... while your, oh fuck yes! Your son! Fuck me! Fuck me harder ... fuck you!'

I was still looking at mom as Margie struggle to get her words out as I was slamming as hard as I could against her ass muscles, making them ripple on contact. She was staring in Margie's eyes but then her eyes slid to mine and I could see a flurry of emotions cross her face. Then to my surprise she crawled the few feet and moved her legs splayed to either side of Margie's sweat soaked body revealing her trimmed pubic hair and her pussy lips spread wide with her passion. I could only catch a glimpse of my mom's wet pussy before Margie dropped her face into mom's crotch. I caught mom looking up at me over her sister's friend's

back, she had a look somewhere between forlorn and lust. Then as Margie's mouth began to work on her womanhood her head fell back and a moan fell from her lips. This increased my own lust and thus my pace as I tore even harder into this woman I had just met.

Aunt Jess followed soon after mom, moving over to start to suck on mom's erect nipples. Marge was having an effect on mom as she began to tremble and quiver. The altered sensation from blow job to being buried in a hot pussy had kept me from blowing my load immediately upon entering Margie, but I was giving her everything I had and could no longer keep from now unloading my balls into this sexy sweet stranger. I didn't care at that moment if she was protected or not, I just needed to cum so badly. My own grunting escalated and this must have alerted Margie as to my status.

'I'm going to cum! Cum in your fucking pussy!' I groaned harshly.

'Fuck yeah! Cum in ... in my pussy! Mmmrrrhhmmrr.' She planted her mouth back over mom's pussy.

'Unnnh! Uhhnngg!' I grunted as I erupted deep in Margie's sloshing snatch, shooting stream after stream, my hands etched onto her ass cheeks. I kept pounding her pussy as I finished pouring my seed into her wanting to keep fucking this woman. I managed to stay erect and having been a little worn from my frantic fucking, I took up a slower tempo that seemed to still work on Margie.

'Oh fuck! He's still ... hard!' She was moving her head from side to side with her own frantic tempo as she pushed mom over the peak. Mom was now thrashing about with both her hands holding onto Margie's head, her legs were kicking out to either side. Mom made a high pitched keening sound as her ass lifted up pressing harder into Margie's eager mouth. She stay locked like that for nearly a minute as her orgasm hit her hard. Mom's ass fell back to the floor and her eyes opened again, but they stared at the ceiling unseeing, a glaze over them. Aunt Jess mouth was still fastened about one of mom's nipples with a hand on the other pinching it. The sight of my mother having an orgasm, and from another woman's mouth, excited me causing me to again pound relentlessly into Margie. No longer having to concentrate on pleasuring mom she could now focus on her own and within two minutes she began to babble a stream of curses and commands that left no doubt as to her impending orgasm.

'Fuck me! Uhn! God damn it! God, yes! I love ... yourrr huge ... cock ... fill filling ... me up! You ... fucker! Oooo! Pound that pusseee! Fuck! Make ... me ... cum! Yes! Unh ... unh ... shit ... fuck! C-c-cuuuummminnng!' After that it was incoherent syllables as her body shook so badly I couldn't keep my cock in her. I leaned back as she convulsed onto her side. The tremors continued for a few seconds before she regained control of herself. Her hair was now stringy with sweat and possibly mom's cum and lay about her head as an orgasmic halo, a blissful smile covered her face.

'God fuck! That was a helluva fuck Jeremy! And Jenny you came so much I could barely drink it all down!' She rose on one elbow looking from me to mom. 'Mother and son huh? Jessie, I love your family!'

Aunt Jess laughed. 'So do I.' She paused a second, seeing I was still kneeling my hard cock pointing at them proudly. 'But there's still a pussy that hasn't cum yet!'

'No you haven't!' Margie looked from her friend to my cum-covered cock then to mom who was still half-dazed. 'Lay on the floor. I want to sit on your face so you can eat your nephew's cum out of my pussy while he fucks you!'

I was really starting to fall in love with this coarse-mouthed woman!

Aunt Jess never hesitated once told what Margie wanted. She lay where her friend had recently been on her hands and knees, lined up with where I still sat on my heels. Margie moved over her head facing me with an evil-looking grin and lowered her cum-dripping cunt onto my aunt's mouth. I leaned forward and grabbed Aunt Jess's ankles and lifted both legs up to provide easier entrance to her entrance. I kneed my way closer and rubbed the side of my cock against her splayed pussy lips. This was the pussy I had spent many a night fantasizing about and dreaming of being where I was right now, knowing it would never happen in a million years! Well I must be one million and one

years old because here I was! About to shove my big hard cock into Aunt Jess pretty pussy!

'Don't you dare tease me either!' Aunt Jess scolded me as she looked at me from between her friend's thighs.

'Yes Ma'am!' I laughed and shoved my prick into the place I had dreamed about. It was as tight and wet and incredible and fantastic and slick as I could've imagined! Did I say incredible? Cause it was!

She must have been impressed with my cock too as she right away began to breath heavily, groaning on my downward stroke. 'Fuck its big!'

'Isn't it though?' Her friend chuckled. 'Now eat his creamy cum out of my cunt you bitch!' I couldn't help but grin at this command.

I was fucking my aunt with slow deep strokes wanting to soak up every sensation of having my stiff cock stuck in her sweet snug snatch. I was fucking my aunt! The more I say it, it is still was unbelievable! Fucking Aunt Jessica!

'Yeah that's so goooood!' She said between licks on Margie's clit.

'Yeah so is that!' Margie moaned.

Mom was still lying on the floor but she had turned to her side propping her head with a bent arm, and was lazily watching the three of us. I glanced at her but was too focused on pleasuring Aunt Jess to pay any attention to her expression or what she was thinking about all this. I was fucking Aunt Jess and I wasn't going to stop for anything until I made her orgasm or my dick fell off!

I began to pick up the pace of my pounding into Aunt Jess not knowing how long I could hold off my own orgasm. I had just cum and also not that long ago with mom back at home in the kitchen so I fairly sure it would be a while at least, but this is Aunt Jess I was fucking! The increased tempo must have gotten to her too as she was struggling to match my strokes while keeping her lips and tongue fastened to Margie's slick slit.

I have to admit that this position wasn't really doing it for me, but then again I just wanted to fuck Aunt Jessica and to get her off; to see her have an orgasm because of me. Though the view of her with her face covered with hot pussy, the beautiful woman it belonged to positioned above her and the fact my cock was in my aunt's cunt would be the inspiration for many a lonely nights, but for now I had to soldier on.

It might not have been working for me but this position was very much working for Aunt Jess! My cock must be hitting a good spot with this

upward angle because she was wiggling all around on my cock. And she seemed to be having trouble maintaining contact with Margie's clit, which wasn't pleasing her friend.

'Quit bouncing all over and eat my pussy you slut!'

'You came already so don't bitch that Jeremy's big dick is going to make me cum!'

'You like your sister's son's big dick don't you? It fills you so full doesn't it?' Margie teased her. The words only increased Aunt Jess's passion.

'God I love it! I'm so full of his huge cock! I feel like I'll explode! Fuck me Jeremy! Fuuuck Meee!'

Okay, that was doing what the position couldn't! Having my aunt say how good my cock felt inside her and telling me to fuck her! My speed thus kicked up about three gears. I was into overdrive now! I was still giving her the long stroke; all the way in and all the way out to the head, but at this pace that was beginning to become impossible to keep up for very long. So I started alternating between a series of short quick strokes, then a half dozen deep ones. This must have been even better for Aunt Jess because she was bouncing about even more!

'Fuck! Fuck! Oh fuck!' She yelled out.

'She likes that!' Margie said, sex dripping from her words.

'I love that! Fuck me!' Aunt Jess had given trying to tongue Margie's snatch anymore as her arms flailed about and her legs fought in my grip.

'I can't believe I'm fucking you Aunt Jess!' I was speaking my thoughts out loud. 'I've wanted to for so long!'

'Fuck me then Jeremy! Fuck me with your big hard dick! Fill my pussy! Fuck my pusseee!'

Right then the rest of the universe ceased to exist for me! It was just me and Aunt Jess, my cock and her pussy! That's all that mattered anyway. My hard cock slamming into her wet pussy! And slammed it I did! And finally Aunt Jess reached her crescendo. Her speech became gibberish as I was making pig grunting noises, sweat falling from my face to her own perspiration-coated belly. Her flailing stopped as her muscles all tensed, her jaw clenched closed. I continued to fuck her as her orgasm hit and swept her away for a moment or more. Suddenly all tension evaporated from her and she quivered from aftershocks of her sexual tsunami. I slowed my strokes and pulled from her, letting her legs drop listlessly to the floor. Margie moved off from Aunt Jess's face and head and sat on the side of her thigh. The two of us watched as my aunt returned to the world still oblivious to what mom was doing.

'Shit!' was all Aunt Jess could say as she sucked in air.

We sat in our spots for maybe a minute, Aunt Jess regained her strength. She looked up at me with the sexiest smile I had ever seen on her, and then she looked at where mom still reclined, though I saw she had removed her panties sometime while I had fucked her sister.

'Someone else still needs to try your big cock.'

Holy, holy fuck on a stick!

Did she want me to fuck mom?!

My mom!?

Fuck Mom?!

I looked at mom. I'm sure my face was pale and I expected hers to be also. It wasn't! She actually looked anxious. Or was it anticipation? Or lust? Did mom want me to fuck her? Did mom want my big cock like her sister and her friend? Could I fuck my mom? I looked down. My cock was still standing firmly so he didn't object. Nobody moved. I wasn't frozen; I knew my muscles would still respond if I wanted. It

was just that if I moved it would signal my acceptance of this idea and I wasn't sure if I was capable of it yet, if I even wanted to or not, and most importantly, if mom wanted to or not! I mean I wasn't against the idea of having sex with mom, hell I just did with my aunt! I would never say no to sex with a sexy woman. But it would change things between mom and me. In ways I couldn't even guess. First off, dad. How could I look him in the eye after having sex with my mother, his wife? Or my little brother and sister? If we did it this once would it be the only time or would we both want to do it again (well I always wanted sex again, but hey)? It would be difficult enough with what we had already done, but a hand or blow job was far short of having sex with mom. Truth be told though, she was the one that had instigated this whole affair. A million thought flew through my head in an instant, though it felt like an hour. I could tell mom was thinking some of the same thoughts I was having. What would she say? Or do? I waited.

Mom moved.

She got up to her knees and crawled the couple of feet to me. She knelt upright before me, reaching up with her right hand and brushed it along the side of my face tenderly. She looked deep in my eyes and I felt myself falling in. I spoke first, still unsure what she had decided.

'I love you mom.' She smiled at that. 'I always will and nothing will change that.' Her face became more somberly.

'I know honey, and I love you too. I don't know how any of this got to this point. I know I have done some things no mother should do. I regret them. A little. I also enjoyed them too.' The smile crept back at the corner of her lips. 'We shouldn't be doing any of this. None of us should.' She glared weakly at her sister, then continued. 'Well maybe Margie, you are both adults. Though I really can't condone someone banging my son even if they aren't related to him!' The smile grew. 'I do love you Jeremy. I know Jess loves you.'

'Oh I love him long time!' Aunt Jess joked. Margie slapped her shoulder.

'Neither of us will ever do anything to hurt you, and I'm pretty sure you would never willingly or knowingly do anything to hurt either of us.'

'Oh he can hurt me.' Aunt Jess joked again. 'I've been bad and need to be spanked!'

'I've been bad too. You can spank me too.' Margie laughed.

'And then comes the oral sex!' Aunt Jess quoting Python.

'Yes, yes the oral sex!' Margie replied catching the reference.

'Stop it you two! You're the ones that have put me in this position.' Mom tried to be stern, but they weren't having it.

'My favorite position is doggy.' Aunt Jess was laughing hard now.

'I like cowgirl! Giddy up lil' doggie!' Margie added.

'Actually I like cowgirl too!' Mom said bluntly.

'Mom!' I gasped, which I shouldn't have as we were discussing the possibility of her being in such a position shortly.

'Well, I do. It lets me take control of the pace and the penetration. Usually guarantees that I don't get left behind, if you get my meaning.'

'Mom!' I got her meaning. Something she would never have to worry about with me! If she decided to.

Aunt Jess and Margie had separated somewhat from us and had positioned themselves in a sixty-nine with Margie on the bottom. In moments the noises of their slurping could be heard. Obviously they couldn't wait for the decision. Or the talk of oral sex got to them! From the looks of the two of them going at it this was probably not their first sixty-nine. Maybe that's why Aunt Jess hadn't had too many dates. She

wasn't as desperate as I thought! She had a friend with benefits to take care of her. Hopefully also a nephew now too!

'I love you Jeremy. I do. I know it's been weird around the house lately. For both of us. Things between your father and me have been ...' she trailed off trying to think how to put it.

'I know, Aunt Jess said things have been ... slow in that department.' I filled in for her.

'I love you father. I still do ... even though we've lost some of the fire. But that night, you were fidgeting so. I fell and then I felt your ...'

'My 'big pecker'?' I grinned.

'Well, yes. I knew I should've moved my hand right away, but it was so big. And it was naughty! I felt like I was in high school again and was being sneaky with my parents in the room feeling my boyfriend's ... big pecker.' She giggled like a schoolgirl.

'Your boyfriend?' I looked questioningly at her.

She glanced between us and saw my cock had sagged somewhat. She glanced slyly back up at my face. 'If you asked me ...'

It only took me a second or two. 'Mom, how about you give me a hand job.' I tried to copy my tone from just hours ago but now felt like weeks.

'Only a hand job?' She said coyly. She reached a hand across and took my dick into her hand. It began to revive at her touch, and her question.

'Anything more is up to you. I will guarantee you though that you would never get left behind by me.' We were being subtle while being blunt as a mallet.

'After this afternoon ...' she spoke shyly which was strange as she was now stroking my stiffening cock pretty good.

'When I came in your mouth?'

'I got so turned on, I had to run, I mean run, upstairs and rub my pussy. All I could think about when I did was this, you putting this 'big pecker' in my pussy and fucking me good with it.'

'Mom, language!' I mocked her.

'Jeremy I want you to fuck me with this big ... hard ... throbbing ... cock! I want you to fill my pussy with it, and fuck me until I see stars! Fuck

me until I walk funny tomorrow!' She had me at full strength and more then. 'Is that language enough for you?'

I couldn't wait any longer! This would be even better than Aunt Jess! She'd been a dream. Mom was going to be my reality!

I laid down on my back, my cock standing upright like a stripper pole. And mom was going to dance on that pole!

She saw me lay down and the biggest shit-eating grin swept over her face as she moved to straddle me. She slid up with her pussy lips next to my cock but didn't put it inside her. She saw the confused look on my face.

'I want to be teased all the time honey!'

Chapter 6

I have included a brief portion of the end of chapter 5 to refresh the memory. Jeremy has just fucked his aunt's friend Margie, and then Aunt Jessica, all while his mother watches and awaits her turn.

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On the Loveseat Ch. 06

Jeez!

Not only was I going to get my cock in my mom's hot cunt, she would technically be the one fucking me!

I grabbed my steely dick and slapped her luscious labia lips with it. Mom cooed. I took it and began rubbing it back and forth across the opening as her juices leaked from her hole.

'I can't believe I'm letting you do this to me!' Mom exclaimed breathily as my cock played over her pussy, her lips spread open, ready to hug my member in their welcome embrace.

'I can't believe you are either! Can't believe any of this!' I gazed up at her eyes filled with passion and lust, and yes, love. 'I was pretty sure you would be so pissed off at me after this afternoon. I tricked you into jerking me off, but then you let me cum in your mouth ...' her stare never wavered as I confessed. 'I felt a little bad about that, but ... I just wanted to feel your hand on me again!'

'I knew what you were doing. I shouldn't have let you; should have told you no. Then I should have called Jessica and told her what you were up to. I should have done a lot of things differently.' She sighed as I was

still rubbing my dick on her pussy lips. 'But I didn't trust my sister. Hell, I didn't trust myself!' She glanced down at my instrument of her pleasure. 'I still don't. But it's been so long since I've felt the way you've made me feel lately.

'Sexy.

'Wanted.

'It's also been awhile since I've had a nice hard cock in my pussy!'

With that, she lifted her ass off my crotch and as I aimed my hard cock towards her soaked slit, she dropped down forcefully, taking my entire length within her!

My cock was buried in the chamber from whence it was created!

I grunted, no, we grunted loudly as mom impaled herself on her son's dick.

'Don't move mom!'

She opened her eyes and looked down at me.

'I just want to feel myself inside you! Feel your pussy squeezing my cock while I am filling you!'

And it felt so good!

I don't know if it was because it was my mom or if she just had the tightest, best pussy ever ... it felt like, like when I was little and afraid and not feeling well and mom would come and wrap me in a blanket and cuddle with me until I slept. That feeling of comfort and of being surrounded by her love. It also felt like a warm, soft, supple, encompassing vice of firm flesh made specifically to fit around my dick; grasping, wringing, clutching, milking me.

'You are filling me, Jeremy!' Mom sighed. 'Your big cock is stretching my pussy sooo goooood. I love it! I want to just sit here with you inside me forever!'

'God mom! So do I! But I also want to make you cum so hard, so many times, to repay you for everything you've done for me in my life!' I pushed up with my ass, my cock pressing deeper into mom's cunt. Clear fluids leaked out from between our joining and into my pubic hair to mix with Margie's and Aunt Jess's.

'I want you to make me cum! You don't need to repay me for anything though. The joy you have given me ... oh!' Mom's hands had been caressing her tits and nipples but as I pushed up into her again caused her to drop them to my chest to keep herself upright. I gave another shove into her.

'Oh God! The joy you're giving me right now! Shit!' Mom gasped out.

'Ride me mom! Take this big dick in your pussy!' I brought my hands to her hips and managed to lift her a little and let her fall as I pressed up again.

'God Jeremy! I want to fuck you so badly!' She lifted her ass up until only the tip of my cock was still within her channel and then with a force I didn't know mom possessed pounded back down onto my well-abused cock. She repeated this a few times, really slamming down so hard that I hoped she didn't smash my balls or break my dick!

'Damn mom! Don't break me before we get to enjoy this!' I exclaimed with a loud grunt as she slammed me again.

'I'm gonna ride you so hard baby that you won't be able to walk tomorrow!' She increased her pace, which only slightly decreased the intensity with which she pounded onto me with. The faster she went only urged her to further the speed of her efforts. I added my own

efforts as I bucked up at her, but with nowhere near the fury or power mom was fucking herself with my rock hard cock!

'Mom! I ... love you ... fucking ... meee! You're the ... unnh ... best fuck ohh ever! Keep fuck-king me!' Mom's eyes had been locked on mine since she had begun to bounce up and down, but now they bore into me with a passion I had never seen in a woman! She had become a sexual beast!

'Unnggh ... bet-bet-bet-ter than Jess-Jess ... iih ... cah?' She grunted out as she slammed down. Her fingers were now digging into my pecs.

'You ... are ... my ... mom! No one ... can ... top ... you! Jeeeezz zuuhs! Fuuhhhk meee momm!'

'I I do love uv you dear! Love yourrr cah caaahhk toooo!'

I couldn't believe how hard or how fast mom was now riding my cock! All her pent-up sexual tension was being released like a tsunami onto a tropical island, hard, hot, and wet! My now feeble thrusts were adding nothing to either of our passions and only threatened to cause mom to pull off me with a miss timing of either of our strokes. So I lay as motionless as I could and let mom buck herself to her orgasm.

Mom fell forward with a start, her tits pressing against my reddened chest, and her lips pressed to mine. She was now sliding up and down on my cock using her hips and knees to pivot herself forward and back. My dick was now driving into her at a new angle, one that must have more than made up for the lack of ferocity in her fucking. Mom's mouth opened and her tongue pressed into mine. I welcomed it graciously and enthusiastically! As my cock explored and filled her cunt, her tongue explored and filled my mouth!

We moaned our mutual bliss as our tongues danced together in our conjoined oral chamber, our loins pistoning our ecstasy with the inevitability of a summer thunderstorm. Our bodies were covered in our shared sweat, we were two parts made whole, I was the seed grown tall returning my seed from whence I came!

The storm broke, the pieces merged, and the seed bloomed!

Our mouths were too firmly locked together to cry out our orgasms, but mom and I increased the volume of our moans such that it would be evident to any who heard that I was now filling mom's deepest recesses with stream after thick stream of my cum! The sudden gush of juices running around my balls and hips was proof of mom's thunderous orgasm. Our tongues still danced, our bodies still fused as one, and our nether regions continued to rock together, not as the storm but as the gentle spring rain.

Even as the rain must cease to fall, that which is merged must break, and the dancer must tire, so too did our passion conclude.

Mom half-fell, half-rolled off me, my once mighty cock now only half its former self as it was removed from within mom's gaping pussy. I didn't know if I had even that much energy left in me, so I just lay there looking up at Aunt Jess's ceiling. I heard mom's labored breathing as loud as my own and both were the only sounds to be heard. I let gravity aid in turning my head to the side to where Aunt Jess and her friend had been. They were sitting up and staring intently and as full of wonder as a Christmas morning. Aunt Jessica spoke first.

'That was truly the sexiest, hottest, most erotic, and loving thing I have ever seen in my life!' She said softly and reverently. She looked at her friend.

'Oh God, yes! Me too! That made the sex he had with me and Jess pale in comparison. Almost wish I had a son right now.' Margie said.

'Oh no, that may have started as sex, but that's not what you two were doing there at the end!' My aunt replied to Margie and to mom and me.

'I agree. I've never had sex like that before!' I looked back at mom who now had watery eyes. I had not only had sex with my mother, I had ended up making love to her. I gave her an easy smile and rolled over enough so that I could kiss her gently on her lips.

'Jeremy, I ... that was ... I mean ... um ...' Mom stuttered as she stared into my eyes.

'Its okay mom, I know. Me too. You may have accidentally grabbed my dick, but I think what you really found was my heart.' I may have gotten something in my eyes then, as they began to water too.

I heard two synchronous, 'Awww.' Mom's eyes were now leaking tears.

'Honey ...' she reached up and caressed my cheek as I was still leaning above her face. She raised her head up so she could return my kiss, still gentle but with some renewed passion. I pulled back before we could get carried away. And I knew my cock was done for some time, if not the rest of the day. I looked up at the clock on the wall above the couch.

'Crap! Mom, dad will be home soon!' She glanced at the clock and sat up with a little panic.

'Jeremy! Your father can never find out what we've done, what we ...' She looked at her sister and Margie who were slowly gathering their discarding clothing.

It was my turn to caress mom's cheek. 'Don't worry mom, things will be okay. I certainly am not going to tell him anything!' I gave her another gentle kiss, no more than a peck on her lips, but with so much more feeling.

'Well, we, I mean I, have to get home. He'll wonder where the hell I am and why dinner isn't ready.' She got up and collected her clothes as I got a beautiful view of mom's ass and her pussy tucked between her curvy cheeks as she bent over to pick up her bra and blouse.

'Give me another look at your ass like that and I'll say dad can make his own dinner and take you again right now mom!'

Aunt Jess and Margie were dressing and both laughed at me. Mom quickly stood straight and turned to face me to hide her ass but this gave me a view of her pussy with my cum leaking out and down her thigh.

'Well that's an even better display!' I exclaimed as I put on my boxers and picked up my jeans.

Mom gasped as I leered at her. She glanced down and saw the condition she was in.

'I should take a quick shower before I go!' She looked to her sister. Aunt Jess backhand waved her approval.

'I'll join you mom. We can get clean together!' I said gleefully.

'Anything we do together will be anything but clean!' She said with a smile. I grinned back at her as I pulled on my jeans. Margie and Aunt Jess were now dressed. Mom walked from the room holding her clothes in her arms as she went to shower.

'I'll meet you at home mom. Anything you want me to do when I get there?' I called out before she closed the bathroom door.

'Make sure your brother and sister are home and you can see what leftovers are in the fridge that I can fix when I get there.' She answered.

With all that had happened today, I hadn't thought about my siblings. Well they knew that if no one was there when they came home from school that they were to go to the next-door neighbors' until someone came and collected them. They would be fine. Thinking of them suddenly brought home the enormity to me of what mom and I had done. Things were going to be much different around the house now!

***

I fast-walked and half-ran home.

No one was there as expected. I went next door and Jojo and Johnny were happily playing in the backyard. I thanked Mrs. Jones for watching them and escorted them home. They questioned me where mom or I had been and I told them that we had been at Aunt Jessica's house for a while and lost track of time. I told them mom would be home and would be fixing dinner soon. They went to their rooms to play until it was ready. I looked in the fridge and found half a pot roast that we'd had Sunday and pulled it out. I turned on the oven, put the roast in a casserole dish, and put it in the oven to warm. Mom could sort out how long. I had started to peel potatoes when mom got back. She seemed genuinely surprised that I had put the roast in the oven and was peeling potatoes. She may have had a reasonable reaction, as I would only show up to consume the food, never the preparations, or the clean-up. I had to admit I had a newfound respect for everything that mom did for the family. I was hoping to get more 'special' attention from mom and so I didn't want her upset with me, or too tired from housework or caring for my siblings to be reasons to turn me down. It may not have been entirely altruistic, but I hoped she saw my heart was in the right place so I could put my hard cock in the 'right' place.

Hey, at least I was being honest with myself about it!

I was also surprised when mom gave me a kiss on the forehead to thank me for starting dinner; it just seemed so normal after everything we had

done at Aunt Jess's and even right here in this kitchen. I looked up at her from the chair on which I was seated. She had a smile on her face that I wouldn't have thought anything about on any other day, but on that day, at that moment, I saw mom for the complete woman that she was. Mother, yes, but so much more than that. She was a woman, with sexual needs and desires, hopes, fears, and dreams like any other person. This might make her seem less than the superwoman most kids see their mother as, but to me, it made her so much more. A superwoman was unrealistic, a fantasy person that could do or solve anything. Mom was grounded in real life, in the day-to-day drudgery of the real world, and yet, still managed to be larger than life. My love for her had been based on a mother son perception, but with my new eyes and the new light I saw her with, I realized I might love her more than just as my mother. That regular smile on her lips made her whole face shine. Well, the smile and the just-fucked glow that I could now perceive from her. It gave me a warm feeling in my gut that I had been the one to give her that glow! I returned to my task and was just finishing when Jojo came down the stairs to greet mom.

She stared at me. 'Why are you helping mommy, Jeremy? You are normally hiding in your room until someone comes and gets you.'

Mom looked at her young daughter with a grin from the counter where she had been cutting vegetables. Then I saw her turn to me with a question in her look.

'Tell her why you're helping me Jeremy.' She had a curl to her upper lip that was either an evil grin or a heavenly smile about to be born. She knew full well my motivation; she was purposely trying to put me on the spot. Or she wanted to hear the words from my own mouth.

I paused to think of how I could tell an eight-year old without giving away anything out of the ordinary.

'Mommy works hard taking care of all of us, but no one takes care of mommy. I've just come to realize that we need to help her out sometimes too.'

'I thought that's what Daddy did.' Jojo responded innocently enough to my explanation, but it hit too close to the truth that mom and I both choked, coughing at the same time. Jojo looked from mom to me.

'Yeah Jojo, but Daddy works a lot too, to pay for everything. I wanted to help out. You should think about what you could do to help out too. You're a big girl. Mommy shouldn't have to pick up your toys for you, should she? Or your dirty clothes?'

I must have given her quite a look because a tear formed in one eye. She ran to mom and wrapped herself around mom's leg.

'I'm sorry mommy!' She sobbed. 'I'll go pick up my things!' She turned and ran up the stairs, her chest heaving with sobs.

'That wasn't very nice!' Mom exclaimed.

'I didn't mean for her to take like that! I just meant that ...' I was lost for words. I looked at mom blankly.

'I know what you meant. I know why you're helping too. I appreciate it. We have to be careful that things don't change too much around the house that anybody gets suspicious. Your father most of all. Sometimes children pick up on things that you don't suspect and bring it up at the most inopportune moments. Like just then. You know the old saying 'out of the mouths of babes'. You never know what they might say.'

'I know! Shit! She brought up Dad and I couldn't help coughing up a lung.'

'That's what I mean. Even if she, or Johnny, says something innocent, not knowing any better. We can't react as if it might mean anything more. Your father may seem somewhat clueless most of the time, he truly isn't. He's one of the most perceptive people I've ever met.'

'I know mom. I just wish that he could sometimes see things from someone else's point of view.'

'Are we back on the school argument?'

'I'm sorry mom. Well, I'm done with the potatoes. Do you need help with anything else?'

I meant it innocently enough when I said the words but when mom turned to respond to me, and her skirt swirled as she did, I pictured her as I had seen her less than an hour ago, naked and full of my dick in her pussy. The vision of her nude superimposed itself over the woman standing before me and, surprising me, I felt a tingle in my shorts.

I suddenly couldn't help myself. I stood and walked the two steps to her and planted my lips on hers. It didn't last long but it left me a bit dazed. She reacted as if it had the same effect on her.

'Jeremy! This is what I mean! We can't do things in the house with anyone around that might see!'

'Sorry mom, I couldn't help myself. I saw you standing there and I pictured you,' I glanced around, 'Naked. Like earlier. I just had to kiss you!' I was still standing next to her, downcast from my impulsiveness. Mom leaned forward and gave me a kiss to match the one I gave her.

'Mom?'

'I know honey. I get this feeling when I see you now, not as my son, but as my ...' She glanced around as equally guiltily as I had, 'Lover. This is very strange for me.'

'Me too!'

'Like I said, we have to be very careful! More so since obviously we can't even trust ourselves together!' She gave me another kiss, longer and pressing harder against me. I wanted to grab her in my arms and continue that kiss for eternity. Mom pulled back with a deep breath, smoothing the front of her blouse with two nervous hands.

'Perhaps you should go do whatever until dinner is ready. Your father will be home any minute, and I have to finish here.' She started to turn from me but before I could take a step, she stopped and gave me another kiss, shorter than the last three.

'Thank you for this afternoon! It means more to me than you can guess.'

'It was pretty special to me too mom.' I made a move to kiss her again but before I did, I turned it into an innocent hug any son might give his mother. 'Call me when dinner's ready.'

I bounded up the stairs, hoping to get one match in of the game I was currently playing. I glanced in Jojo's room and saw that she had picked up every stray item on her normally cluttered floor. She was sitting at her small desk coloring. I smiled to myself, and then entered my own cluttered room. Guilt prevented me from turning my game on; instead, I spent the next half hour straightening my own room.

Jojo showed up at my door as I was finishing and gave me a proud look before she informed me that dinner was ready. I patted her head and followed her down the stairs, dreading this moment all afternoon. I had to face my father with the knowledge of what I had done with my mother, his wife. Before I approached the table, I realized I was shaking. Mom noticed with an intense glare at me. I half-shrugged back as I struggled to control my rebellious nerves.

Dinner was otherwise normal, Dad even in a better mood than usual. I gave mom a glance after dinner to indicate my willingness to help clear the table, but she quickly scowled at me loud enough for me to retreat back to my room. I got lost in my game for the next couple of hours. It was only as I began to think of going to bed that I saw mom again when she appeared unexpectedly at my doorway.

She looked at me hesitantly. I quickly turned the game and the TV off. She stepped into the room and closed the door behind her. I stared at her curiously.

'Jeremy.' I could tell she wanted to say something important so I kept my peace and let her take her time.

'I wanted to say thank you again.' She fidgeted. She looked at my bed as I was sitting in my desk chair, but I wasn't sure if she looked at it like she wanted to sit or if she was thinking of other things to do there. I gestured her to sit, keeping my distance, as I didn't want to make her any more nervous than she apparently already was. She took a cautious step to the bed, then a more confident one and sat on the edge, ready to spring up in an instant.

'More than that though, I would like to say that today won't happen again.' She paused, my world crumbling away with these words. 'I would like to say that because we shouldn't do anything more.' She had been looking at the floor as if afraid to look at me. I wondered if seeing Dad, her husband, the man she had been willing to spend her life with, had stirred up feelings about what had happened. Guilt chief among them.

'I would like to say it, but as the past few weeks has shown, it would be a lie if I did.' What's this? The crumbling world reversed itself. 'I love your father. That hasn't changed. He may be neglecting me in certain departments, but he is still my husband, still is your father. I don't want to see you treat him any differently now. You still owe him your respect.' She paused but I knew she wasn't expecting me to answer just yet, or if at all.

'We aren't going to fool around the house like horny teen-agers ... even if one of us still is.' Her serious tone was broken by a small smile at me. Her eyes fell back to the floor when she continued.

'I can't deny what you've woken in me. I do want to have,' her voice dropped to a whisper, 'sex with you again.' She continued at normal volume. 'So much do I want to! Sex, and what we had this afternoon when you ... when we ...' She looked up shyly.

'When we made love?' I finally spoke.

'Yes.' She said it with the firmness of bedrock, the surety of time.

'Jess and Marge may have seemed like they were making more of it than it seemed to be, but ...' I let her find her words. 'It really was special. May have been the most magical, amazing ... love making ... I've ever had.' Her eyes found mine and I returned the feeling expressed on her face much more than her words.

'That it happened with you ... my son ... should have made it repulsive. However, it made it only more special. I love you so much; I have ever since I first saw your little helpless face look up at me in the hospital. It seems like only weeks ago. And here you are. My handsome, loving son, my beautiful ... lover.' Her eyes watered now. The room must have

been dusty from when I had cleaned earlier, because my own eyes were watering now also. That's as much as I'll admit too also.

'You are eighteen. I have no hold or control over you. If you continue on with Jessica, that is between you two. I can't say I approve, but I am the last one to judge, especially as far as my sister is considered. Her friend Margie is up to you, I have no opinion there, though it seemed pretty obvious that she and Jess are more than a little friendly.'

'I thought the same thing. Maybe there's a reason Aunt Jess doesn't date much.'

'I know. It is a bit strange with how much of a ... slut she was back in the day. Playing both sides of the field never seemed to be like Jess. Maybe Margie has given her a new view. Anyway. I would also say that I think that just because it seems that you'll have no shortage of willing females that you should still look for a girl your own age, or closer to your age anyway. Don't let me or your aunt keep you from finding someone that you can date, be in public with, maybe one day marry.'

'Mom ...'

'No, I mean it. If I think you aren't keeping yourself available to some girl that wants to go out with you because of your feelings for me, I will cut you off immediately! As much as it would hurt me, I would even

go so far as kicking you out of this house! And trust me; your father would back me up also, even if he didn't know why!'

'Mom!' I protested not believing her words.

'Just tell me that you won't close your eyes to the possibility?'

'Okay, I will.' I could agree to anything to make mom happy and willing to have sex with me.

'You may be just agreeing to make me happy, and I have little or no way of knowing any differently, but I hope your feelings for me as your mother will keep you honest with me, and with yourself.' She knew me too well! Knew that I couldn't let her down, regardless of any sex I might hope to have with her.

'I know you probably, um, take care of yourself before bed. I would love to take care of that for you, but you're probably worn out from today. Three women!'

'Three amazing women!' I corrected her. 'Two of them anyway.'

I looked deeply in her green eyes. 'Anytime and anywhere you want mom. Trust me, I'll be ready and willing!'

'You may be ready and willing at any time, but this old woman needs to recover from that marathon session this afternoon!'

'You are not old mom! I see many of my friends checking you out. You are like a fine wine that gets better with age.'

'So now you want to put me in a barrel and cork me?' She smirked. She rose up and closed with me. I stood also.

She put a hand on my cheek, caressing it with her thumb. 'I love you Jeremy.'

'I love you too mom.' She bent her head forward and met mine halfway, our lips joining wetly.

I don't know if she had intended it to be a quick kiss, but it prolonged into a passionate embrace as our arms wrapped around each other. Her breasts were pressed tightly against my chest and I could feel her hardened nipples; she ground her pelvis to mine and she had to feel my stiffening cock.

Mom pulled away with a breathy gasp. 'We can't ...' She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand.

'Tomorrow. Somehow.'

'We could go over to Aunt Jess's again.' I suggested.

'No. She's been too involved as it is.' She leered at me. 'You probably want two women again, or three! But I want you to myself!' She did give me a quick kiss this time. Well a minute was quicker than the last one!

'Good night Jeremy.'

'Good night sexy!' She winked back at me as she left and closed the door.

Now I was hard and no women in sight! I would have to handle it myself, as I wasn't going to sleep with a pole jabbing into me. With a multitude of images from this event-filled day, it didn't take me long at all. I rolled over and fell asleep.

I had a late start the following day, which was also Friday, so Dad and my siblings would be gone when I normally got up. I was eighteen, so like most teens my morning routine was to get up fifteen minutes before my class started, take a quick shower, throw on whatever clothes

were nearby and grab a sport drink and whatever portable leftover I found in the fridge as I left.

The next morning broke that routine as I awoke from a fantastic sex dream long before my alarm went off. I had been getting an exquisite blowjob from some faceless sexy woman. As the dream faded and my eyes opened to the morning light, I realized that it hadn't been a dream! The woman wasn't faceless now either. It was mom's face as I peered down my body and saw my mother looking back at me with her mouth full of my hard dick!

'Mom!' I gasped as her activity had me already close to cumming!

'Good morning Jeremy.' She barely stopped to speak. 'Better than an alarm clock?'

'God yes!'

Five minutes later, I was filling her mouth with my creamy cum. She swallowed it down with relish. After she finished sucking the last drops out of me and made sure nothing had been left on my wilting cock, she sat up licking her lips.

'Better than my morning smoothie!'

'A protein shake?' I quipped.

She smiled in response.

I glanced at the clock and saw I had at least twenty minutes. I decided to put them to good use. I reached over to the alarm and turned it off, then looked at mom. She was sitting almost in the same spot as last night. She was wearing her robe still, so I knew she had on her short nightie underneath.

'It's your turn now mom.'

'You don't have time. You're in no condition to ...' She gestured to my mostly soft dick.

'It's not the only thing I use to please a woman!'

She looked quizzically at me.

'Take off your robe and your panties and get up here and sit on my face! I want to taste you!'

She continued to look at me for a second or two longer before she comprehended my words.

'Really?' She almost squealed.

She sprang up and dropped her robe almost simultaneous with pulling down her white panties. Her tits flopped about as she climbed on the bed and crawled up to my head. As she moved up my body, she kissed me briefly before she placed a knee to either side of my head, grabbed the headboard and leaned against the wall.

'Eat me Jeremy! I want you to make me cum so badly!'

So did I!

I had only licked one other girl's pussy, Veronica Richards; because she had demanded that if I wanted her to suck me that I would have to make her cum with my tongue first. We didn't date long and never progressed to intercourse, but we more than made up for it with the amount of oral sex we had! Before we had broke up Veronica had told me (after a lengthy sixty-nine session) that I had become the best pussy licker she'd ever had.

I never did know why she had split with me.

Mom's pussy was different then V's but much the same too. I dove in knowing that I didn't have a lot of time to get mom off but I still wanted to make her cum as hard as I could in the time available. I explored in and around her labia, teasing her with gentle licks and soft kisses. I reached around her smooth thighs and firmly grabbed her cushy ass, holding her tightly in place on my face. I licked up and down her cleft as her juices seeped out. Mom's breathing was becoming labored and she was twitching her hips, smashing her pussy lips against my tongue. I could sense she wouldn't take long; she truly was desperate for sex!

I tried to delay as I still had plenty of time. Mom was now humping her hips against my head, trying to increase the contact with my probing tongue. I held onto her ass and hips as her movements were making it hard to keep my mouth against her cunt!

'Fuck! God damn Jeremy! Lick me! Right there! Keep going! Jeeez zuss Cahrist!'

I was hanging on as hard as I could and I still hadn't even touched her clit yet!

As heated as mom was becoming I knew she might just cum without any stimulation of her little nerve center. I couldn't allow that so I focused on her clit, sucking on it and the hood while flicking my tongue over and across the sensitive nub. This set her off!

'Gaaahhhd! Fuuuuhhhk!'

Those were the only comprehensible words she uttered as she convulsed and heaved atop me. A rush of her clear cum flooded my mouth and ran down my chin and neck.

'Oooohhh! Gaaaa!'

I heard her head hit the wall; I could see her hands locked onto the headboard, the tendons standing out on her arms. She gave one last wail as I continued to flick her clit. Her body jerked up from my face, her knees lifting off the bed. She fell back as gravity reclaimed her, slumping to the side, and ended lying on my chest, her head hanging near the edge of the bed.

I gave her a moment to recover before I gave her ass a slap. She moaned groggily. Another moment later and I gave her a firmer slap. That roused her. She rolled to the side a little so she was no longer laying directly on me.

'Wow!' She gasped hoarsely. 'Your father doesn't do that much anymore. In fact, it's probably been years. Margie yesterday and now you today!'

'I can tell! I barely even tried! You were already so ready to go I didn't have to do much!'

'You mean you could do better? Than that?' She asked incredulously.

'Easily.' I wasn't trying to brag.

Mom slid about on the bed so she was lying beside me. She looked into my eyes so deeply I wondered if she could see my pillow beneath my head.

'You're a man of many talents it seems!'

'Just lots of practice and a willing partner.' I replied.

'Oh, really? Who?'

'You remember Veronica?'

'Long black hair to almost her waist?'

'Yeah.'

'Whatever happened with her? You never said why you two broke up.'

'I don't know why. Things had been good. At least I thought so. She never told me the reason, just the old we should see other people bit. We just stopped seeing each other soon after that.'

'Oh. I always wondered. She seemed nice. I liked her.'

'So did I. Then I didn't. But I got to get up now. I thought about skipping a shower, but now I've got mom all over me I really need to take one!'

She gave me a satisfied smile as I rose from the bed.

'You didn't enjoy your morning smoothie?'

'I could drink that all day long! Like that old beer commercial, it's less filling and tastes great!' I responded.

'Go take your shower! I'm going to just lie here for a moment.'

I grabbed some clothes off the chair, but did get a fresh pair of boxers out of the dresser and boldly walked naked down the hall to the

bathroom. Seven minutes later I emerged, dressed with my hair still damp. As I passed by my door, I saw mom still sprawled on my bed asleep, mostly exposed with her nightie pulled up around her torso. I stopped and entered the room to cover mom with a blanket before rushing downstairs and with a quick stop in the kitchen, out the front door.

It was once again Friday. I arrived home and noticed that mom wasn't around. I only wondered for a moment about why she wasn't there. It could be any number of reasons. She could be grocery shopping, paying bills, running errands, doing whatever mom's do to keep the house going. She could also be at Aunt Jess's. Planning for tonight? Or telling her to stay away from me? She had told me last night that she was okay with me having sex with her sister, but that didn't mean mom might tell her differently. So that it would be Aunt Jessica refusing to have sex with me instead of mom telling me I couldn't.

Would mom do that? Be that conniving? The past couple of weeks argued for it. Did mom want me all to herself? I had to admit that I didn't really mind that, but then I pictured my aunt's bare ass, her bouncing tits, and her pussy after I had fucked her and made her cum, and I had to change his mind and tell myself that I did mind it! I did want to have sex with Aunt Jess again. And again!

I told myself not to go jumping to conclusions; mom could just be at the store picking up dinner for tonight. But something just told me that that was not the case. I went up to my room and was playing on my X-

station when I heard mom come in at the same time as Johnny and Jojo. Maybe she had picked them up from school.

'Jeremy!' Mom called out from downstairs. I turned the game off even though I'd been in the middle of a major battle; the importance of my mother calling me trumping my game for the first time ever.

With the new situation, I wondered how much free time I would have for the game. Not that I minded one bit! Sexy women beat video games every time! I went downstairs and found the kitchen table with a couple bags of groceries on it. So she had gone shopping!

'What's up mom?' I glanced around for my brother and sister and didn't see them.

'They are helping bring things in. You should have seen Jojo scolding Johnny into 'helping mommy cause she works so hard', it was so cute!'

I stepped up to her and kissed her. She stepped away only a moment after our lips met.

'Not with the kids around!' She glared at me for a second, then her cold tone melted into a warm smile. 'There's later! It's Friday you know.'

'It's becoming my favorite day. Even better than Christmas! I get better presents on Fridays!'

'You got a pretty good present yesterday.'

'And this morning!' I grinned at her, which she returned.

'Now go help your brother and sister bring in the rest of the bags. And by help, I mean you get the rest!'

'Yes ma'am.' I saluted at her order. I met my siblings struggling halfway from the SUV, Jojo hugging a gallon of milk and Johnny wrestling with a family -size bottle of laundry detergent.

'Can you guys handle that?' Johnny huffed as he set the plastic container on the porch. Jojo just hugged the milk tighter though it was clear the cold temperature was affecting her small hands.

'How about after you two get those inside that I get the rest and you can go upstairs and play?'

Big smiles bloomed on both faces, my words giving them boosts of strength to last them to the kitchen. I was behind them by the time they reached the kitchen, mom grabbing the more vulnerable milk from her

daughter's cold fingers. Johnny left the detergent on the floor as the two headed for the stairs.

'Johnny, play a game with your sister!' Mom called out before they were halfway up the stairs.

'Aw mom!' Johnny called back annoyed.

'One she can play too! I don't want to hear her crying up there!'

We heard Johnny as he stomped the rest of the way up the stairs. Mom opened her mouth to scold him, but I was there instead. I only gave her a brief kiss, nothing that wouldn't be usual in most households.

'You know, I just never paid attention to everything you do before, too busy being an obnoxious teen-ager I guess, but I don't know how you do it.'

'It's not easy sometimes. Obnoxious teens aside. I love you guys. I would do anything for you, you know that right?' She was in mom-mode now. I had to fix that!

'Oh I know! You do mean anything too! Handjobs on the loveseat, blowjobs in the kitchen,' I looked towards the not visible stairway, 'screwing at Aunt Jess's.'

Mom slapped me lightly on the arm.

'That's not what I meant!'

'Sure mom!' I wrapped an arm around her waist and kissed her cheek as I pulled her closer. She put both hands on my chest and pushed me away.

'Go get the rest of the groceries Casanova.'

'Are you saying I'm the greatest lover of all time?' She rolled her eyes as I left the room.

She was busy putting away the most important items when I returned with the next load.

'Is that it?' She asked, keeping the topic on the job at hand so I didn't get distracted or get her distracted too.

'One more should do it. You don't normally go shopping on Friday, why today?'

'I would've gone yesterday, but I got sidetracked by my blackmailing son.'

I gave her pout but she ignored me.

'Plus I had some errands to do, and a couple other stops to make, and I figured I could pick up your brother and sister while I was out.'

'Other stops? Like Aunt Jessica's?'

'Why?' She drawled out the question suspiciously.

'No reason. Not like the two of you ever plan things about me behind my back or anything.' I hurriedly left before she thought of throwing something at me. I returned a couple minutes later.

'That's it.'

'Did you shut the door and lock it?'

'Of course.'

'Are you going to go pick up some movies or are we going to just going to stream something?'

'For as much as I've gotten to see anything the last few weeks because I get sidetracked by my handsy mom and her gropey sister ...' I grinned at mom as I turned her words back on her.

She leered back at me. 'Touché.'

'We'll just stream something. I have a suspicion I'm not going to be able to pay much attention tonight anyway!'

'Why my darling boy, what makes you think that? I might be offended by that remark.'

'Do you need any more help with anything else?' I ignored her reply.

'Well you could put this meat in the freezer for one.'

'What's for dinner by the way?' I asked as I fit the cellophane wrapped packages in the freezer.

'I thought I'd make your favorite, my famous lasagna casserole.'

'Are you trying to get in my pants young lady?'

She stared back momentarily paused by my bold comment.

'Because it'll work. Just so you know!'

'Get out of here! You're just going to end up distracting me or getting us both in trouble when your father gets home!'

I blew her a kiss that she pretended to catch and put on her cheek.

'Go!'

I went back upstairs, checked on the two youngsters who were happily in the middle of a game of Monopoly. I couldn't tell them that you can't have a hotel on one of the railroads, or houses on Go!, but it was their game and they appeared to be having fun so who was I to tell them otherwise. I heard dad come home shortly thereafter and was able to get caught up in my game until I heard Aunt Jessica arrive. With her and mom downstairs together, my focus on the game was suddenly shot. I knew I couldn't go downstairs until I was called, otherwise it

might look suspicious. Or one of the three of us might somehow reveal something inadvertently to Dad. I turned the game off and instead absentmindedly roamed the wastes of the internet. A long hour later Johnny came up and said that mom had made my favorite for dinner with a question in his voice as to why his older brother rated such a treat without an obvious reason. I grinned at my little brother's tone. If he only knew!

When I came down, I greeted Aunt Jess. She was wearing a tight navy blue sweater that did nothing to conceal her ample tits, and a wide flowing black knee-length skirt. I gave her an innocent hug upon seeing her, but followed it with a leer that travelled from her eyes to her exposed calves. She smiled uncharacteristically shyly back at me. Mom had already changed into her robe with her nightie on underneath it.

Dinner went normally, though awkward for me with my new intimate knowledge of aunt and mother. More so than the previous evening as both of them were here together, and with the knowledge of what was soon to occur. It was after the table was cleared and everyone had their allotment of popcorn that I found that there would be a new seating arrangement.

Mom declared that the loveseat was too close to the patio doors and even though it was getting warmer out, she was still too chilled to sit there. She asked Aunt Jess boldly if she and I could join her on the couch. Dad was paying no attention to the drama playing out

practically under his nose. I felt somewhat guilty in the charade, but the anticipation quickly drowned it out.

Aunt Jessica made a show as if reluctantly allowing us to sit with her.

I sat next to my aunt with a wide grin on my face and mom sat down with her feet curled up beneath her and to the side away from me. I was now sandwiched between two hot and sexy older woman with which I was sure that there would be some sexual activity of some sort shortly. Mom pulled her blanket up around the three of us, barely covering us all, mostly just her and me. Aunt Jess had her feet tucked up under her skirt so I was sure she was fine.

We had decided on a current superhero flick for the first movie; the blonde in the tight neon blue catsuit caught my attention immediately. Dad made a comment about having her arrest him that surprised me. I have to admit I had had the same thought myself. Aunt Jess and mom behaved themselves during the movie, mostly. Their hands did tend to wander all over me under the blanket, but not to a degree that caused me any difficulties.

At the break Johnny and Jojo were still awake, so after bathroom stops, the two of them were sent to their rooms to sleep. They protested sleepily but relented when mom gave them 'the look'. I'm sure you know 'the look'; you're mother probably used it on you many times; that look that turned the most hardened rebellious teen to a quivering

obedient babe. It wasn't directed at me and I still felt its effects. A chill ran up my back.

The adults made pit stops and got additional beverages suitable to each of us; beer, wine, and sports drink. The following movie was a thriller but I paid no heed as to its content as I was sure I would be otherwise occupied. Well, I did watch about fifteen minutes as the women waited until dad passed out soon after an opening scene and the elaborate title credits. It looked like it might be interesting but I would have to catch it another time as I had more interesting things to concentrate on.

Two hands were all over me like slithering snakes seeking out my own growing python. I looked from Aunt Jess to mom; both had sexy grins on their faces as they each got a hand on my upright cock! I brought my left hand up behind Aunt Jess's head and pulled her to me to kiss her soft lips. It only lasted a few minutes because mom grabbed my chin, turned my head to face her and she gave me a hot sexy kiss with her tongue driving into my mouth. For the next twenty minutes or so I was pulled from one soul-searing kiss to a cum in your pants tongue battle and back and forth. I may have learned more about kissing a woman in those twenty minutes than I had in the years up to then! Their hands never ceased the attention to the iron rod in my shorts either! Neither made an effort to release my cock, content to tease it with grasping fingers and rubbing it with soft palms. It wasn't enough to make me want to cum, but more than enough to drive me crazy with lust!

I was roasting beneath the blanket with the heat the three of us were generating. I knew my female relatives were willing to tease me mercilessly so I took matters into my own hands, as you could say. I moved the one from Aunt Jess's head and the other that had been wrapped around mom's back and moved them under the blanket and to a thigh of each woman. I pushed aside mom's robe and discovered she wasn't wearing her nightie underneath! The other hand lifted Aunt Jess's skirt and moved up her soft smooth upper leg. I was going to tease them both as they were doing to me. My hands merely caressed and massaged each creamy thigh, rubbing right up to that wonderful female junction, moving away before I reached either crotch. Their legs widened in anticipation of my probing fingers but I held myself back from invading their nether realms. This seemed to work them up to deciding to dig my throbbing dick from my shorts. I was tempted to shuck them off along with my boxers but thought better of it in case dad roused from his snoring in his recliner.

Mom was busy kissing the side of my neck while we teased each other; her sister was occupied with licking my ear and sucking the lobe. I didn't know if it was because they were sister's, if they had ever done this before, or just something like woman's intuition, but their hands seemed to work in concert on my cock; never was one caressing or rubbing the same area as the other, like the two hands were doing a duet on and around my hardened member. I was now in danger of blowing a load of cum and soaking the cotton blanket.

Mom's soft wet kisses had progressed from my neck, along the ridge of my chin and back to my lips, while Aunt Jess likewise had moved on

from licking around my ear to across my cheek and down to the edge of my mouth. They met as one with wet lips and hot tongues as they stole my breath from my lungs in a three-way kiss! I didn't know if they were kissing me with the other, or kissing each other with me just a bystander! Either way, it was the most sensual, sexy, blistering hot kiss I've ever been a part of! It must not have been just me either. Mom and Aunt Jess separated from each other and from me and the three of us just sat staring hungrily at each other as we struggled to catch our breaths.

Mom giggled, which set off her sister. I just looked at them both. Our four hands were still busy beneath the blanket, though my two hands had ceased teasing their thighs and had progressed to massaging over two damp pussies. I waited while their fit passed. Mom wiped the corner of an eye with her free hand, leaned back in, and kissed me again, this time more as a tender lover's kiss, still not one a mother should give her son. But a mother wouldn't have her hand wrapped around his cock while his own hand was rubbing across her pussy lips in gentle circles. Mom lifted her lips from mine and Aunt Jess's replaced them in the same warm caring way. My lips followed after hers as she separated from me. She turned to look at mom with a glint in her eye that wasn't a reflection of the TV screen.

Aunt Jess and mom leaned together and they began to kiss much as they had with me. But whereas my kisses with each were short and sweet, this kiss was soon so hot I was worried about the paint on the wall behind me peeling off! I was fortunate that they had focused on each other as their hands had ceased caressing my cock, which was

threatening to explode while I witnessed these sexy sisters swap spit less than a foot from my face! I didn't want them to stop but I also wanted them to get back to making me cum too!

I took my hands from their snatches and put one on both women's shoulders, gently guiding their heads closer to mine. As they felt my touch, they turned, their lips barely separating. They once again attacked me with open lips and probing tongues. This time the kiss didn't end until I almost passed out from lack of oxygen. Mom and Aunt Jess were likewise winded; both fell back against the couch breathing heavily.

'Maybe we should move this elsewhere.' Aunt Jess suggested quietly.

'What about dad?' I asked breathlessly.

'He's not moving. You know that. Not until he gets up to go play golf with Jack.' Mom answered a bit louder than either her sister or me. She almost seemed a little disturbed that she could get away with this while he sat there sleeping. I didn't want her to break the mood, even as much as I felt guilty at myself at putting mom in such a position or that dad had neglected her enough for her to even consider it.

'Do we go to your room mom? My bed won't fit all three of us.'

Aunt Jessica started to rise. Although she hadn't needed to worry as her skirt merely fell back into place, I was half-undressed and mom's robe was hanging open with nothing underneath. I pulled my shorts back over my still stiff cock as I rose, and mom wrapped her robe across her lap. Mom threw the blanket aside on the couch as I retrieved the remote and turned the TV off.

'We still have to be quiet.' Mom whispered now.

I couldn't know what was going on in her mind as she was about to cheat on her husband, my dad, while he was in the house. Before when she had blown me in the kitchen, no one had been home, and at Aunt Jess's it wasn't our house. Now Dad was close by and we were going to be in their bed! If she was in any inner turmoil, she wasn't showing it.

Aunt Jessica showed no doubts and was halfway down the hall before mom and I followed her.

As Aunt Jess entered mom's room, I reached out and grabbed mom's arm. She turned and looked at me with questioning eyes.

'Are you sure you want to do this mom? I mean dad's in the living room ... In your bed?' I could barely see her in the dark hallway but her emotions were bright as day as she spoke.

'I told you before. I do want you, your father notwithstanding. You've gotten me so turned on these last couple of weeks; it's like a forest fire I don't want to put out! I can't resist you, and I don't want to! I said I still loved your father. I do. If he got up and wanted me right now, I would be just as eager as I am now for you. But that isn't going to happen.'

I could tell she had gotten a little sullen. 'I would have a hard time deciding which of you I want more. I'm leaning more towards you, but I don't know if that isn't just because you're ready and he's not.'

'I'm glad I'm at least in the running!' I could see her smile return with the dim light coming from the bathroom night-light (even though Johnny and Jojo's rooms were upstairs we had a light in the downstairs bathroom for guests or on Fridays when the two were sleeping in the living room). I reached out half-blind and found her face with my hand almost by luck.

'It's dad's loss mom. He has an amazing wife and he chooses to sleep in a chair when he could have you. It seems like a no-brainer to me!'

'Thank you honey. You continue to prove why I love you.'

'I love you too mom.'

'We better get in there before your aunt thinks we're fucking in the hallway!' She quietly laughed, her spirit lifting.

Aunt Jess hadn't thought we had forgotten her; she had stripped and was lying spread-eagle atop the comforter without pulling it open. She had turned on one of the bedside lamps to give the room some illumination. I had to pause; it wasn't every day that I got to see my gorgeous aunt spread so open to the world. Well, maybe it was every day. The past two anyway!

'Shouldn't we at least pretend to be in bed?' Mom asked her, somewhat amazed too.

'What? Aren't I hot enough to keep you two warm?'

I choked back a laugh. 'You're plenty hot Aunt Jessica, but mom's probably right, we should at least pull down the covers.'

She huffed but rolled to the side as her sister lifted the pillows to pull the comforter aside. I kicked off my shoes and hopped onto the bed next to my aunt.

'Uhn uh. No clothes in this bed buster.' I looked at her but she returned it with a serious glare.

'No problem there!' I exclaimed and quickly shucked my shorts, my boxers, my socks, and my shirt, leaving me as naked as the girl next to me. We both looked over at mom who was still standing with her robe on.

'I can't believe that two people as sexy as my sister and my son would want to be with an old woman like me.'

Before I could voice my reply, Aunt Jessica spoke up.

'Now listen here Jenny! Regardless of what's going on in this house, or should I say, not going on, doesn't reflect on you. You are a very beautiful woman in the prime of her life. The fact that two people who obviously love you very much are telling you this should mean something to you. Not as your sister, or as your son,' she gestured at me with my dick slightly wilting but still standing tall. Well, if eight and a half inches is tall, it was. 'Your handsome son with his very nice cock ready and willing for you should tell you something!'

Mom stared at my very nice cock, which was very much ready and willing for her. I flexed my ab muscles, making it twitch.

'See, it even dances for you!' Mom broke out with a loud guffaw, even as she relented and dropped her robe, revealing her very sexy figure.

'I'm not saying you're perfect mom.'

'Oh thanks a lot!' She huffed.

'No, it would be a lie to say that you were. I'm not. Even my sexy aunt isn't perfect. No one is.' Aunt Jess gave me a pout. 'You are who you are. You have a few years on you, yes, but they've been good years and they look good on you. I'm sure there's lots of women who would love to look as good as you. And lots of men would love to love you. You're my mom so I may be biased, your sister may be biased. I told you a lot of my friends have commented that you're a MILF. So believe that.'

'Okay, okay. I get the point. So are you going to just wave that thing around or are you going to do something with it?' Mom smiled at me with a nod to my dick. Aunt Jess quickly wrapped a hand around it and bent down, taking my head deep into her mouth.

'Isn't this about where we were yesterday before your friend interrupted us?' Mom said as she too bent down to suck my cock into her mouth as her sister released it from her own.

'Somewhere like this I think.' The two began to alternate sucking me into their mouths as they crouched on either side of me. I looked from Aunt Jessica's curvaceous ass along her tanned back over her burnished

short curls to mom's walnut colored tresses, pale smooth skin to her shapely rounded butt. Everything I could want between one sweet ass to another fine derrière! As good as I had it right then I had a question that had been bothering me for a while. Since last night anyway.

'I have a question for you two.'

They paused with their mouths on my reddened dick.

'If Margie hadn't shown up ... and wanted me to screw her, would either of you ... have gone any farther than this. Than just sucking my cock? I wouldn't have gotten to fuck ... either of you would I?' I knew it was something of a mood killer, but it had been bugging me, like that itch in the middle of your back that you just can't reach.

Aunt Jess and mom both sat back and looked hard at me. I was sure I knew the answer, but I wanted to hear each of them say it. Mom just stared, I could see her mind working behind her eyes, but her mouth hung half open. Aunt Jess was a little quicker to answer.

'If I remember rightly, you were about to blow a big load of cum into our mouths when Margie showed up. Therefore, my answer is a question to you. Would you have been satisfied with that? If not would you have been able to get it up for anything else to happen?'

Well I hadn't really thought about it like that!

'True. After tricking mom earlier, then coming to your house, I probably would have been satisfied that I had gotten you both to blow me. Given a few minutes or so though, yes I think I would have been ready for more, even if I didn't expect it. I sure didn't then!'

'So your real question is, would either of us been willing to fuck you if we hadn't been provoked into it. Right?'

'I guess so.' I looked from her to my mother, their naked tits momentarily distracting me. 'It's just that my life the past couple weeks has boiled down to a random chance changing my life. Like I had no control over it. If we had watched a different movie, maybe I wouldn't have gotten 'excited', wouldn't have made mom slip and end up with her hand in my lap. If Margie hadn't shown up I wouldn't have had amazing sex with my gorgeous aunt and my wonderful mother.' Aunt Jessica had a wide sexy grin on her face and mom had a look I can't describe, as if maybe she'd been given some award, but it was more than that.

'I don't know about Jenny, but I would have to say probably not. I know it was wrong what we did in the living room but it was so hot I couldn't help myself. And the fact that your mom had done it first was like it made me doing it okay. That's speaking as your aunt. If I didn't know you ... yeah, I might have let you fuck me silly!' Aunt Jess reached out

and gave my dick a soft stroke up and down. 'After seeing what you had, I want you to do it again!' She looked over to mom who smiled weakly back at her sister.

'No Jeremy. I would not have let you have sex with me. I was ashamed for what happened in the kitchen, ashamed for how hot it made me. Then I went over to Jessica's house to tell her we had to stop our little game, and I find her sucking you herself! If you hadn't gotten me so worked up in the kitchen I never would have accepted sucking your dick at Jess's, much less what happened next.' She paused. 'But you're right about chance changing your life. If your father had paid more attention to me, then that little slip would have been just an embarrassing moment and nothing more. Everything escalated from there. No mother should have the thoughts I've had of you lately!'

'Oh really?' Aunt Jess drawled. 'What kind of thoughts Jenny?' She gave mom an impish smile. As if she didn't have those thoughts herself!

'Again I'll say no Jeremy. I would never have had sex with you. We would have finished sucking your beautiful dick, you would have cum in our mouths or all over our faces and that would have been it. I would have told Jess that we weren't doing anything with you anymore like I went there to do!' Mom's words were harsh, but her look was tender. She too reached over and gave my cock a more than friendly squeeze. 'But things worked out better for us in the end, and I'm glad Jess's friend showed up when she did.' She gave me a soul-rending smile that was all the answer I needed.

'That's what I wanted to know. I don't think I would have ever had the guts to have either of you do anything more than you had done.'

'That's not the way it seemed to me. Ordering your mother to blow you in the kitchen. Coming to my house to see if I could do better. Telling us to show you our tits. Making us kiss each other so you could shove your cock between us. Sounds pretty gutsy to me.' Aunt Jess's face took on a solemn look. Mood killer for sure! Mom looked over at her sister with some surprise. But neither one had taken their hand from my dick.

'Jess.'

My aunt's face broke then into the widest smile I'd seen on her.

'Gotcha!' She poked the forefinger of her other hand into my ribs. 'None of us would have ever done anything, we all know that. We should be thankful that things happened the way they did and accept what we have now.' She looked hungrily down at my cock.

'One last thing though. I've already talked to Jeremy, and now I'll tell you. None of this must get out!' Mom looked sternly at Aunt Jessica, who nodded as if it was obvious. 'I'm serious Jess. This isn't like the old days where you just bounce those tits around or bend over to show your assets. This could cause real problems for all of us. All of us!'

'I know Jenny! I'm not sixteen anymore!' She then bent and took my cock in her mouth again. I turned to mom with a wide-eyed questioning look. Mom sighed and joined her sister.

After a few minutes, I was ready for more than a double blowjob. Luckily, so were the two women.

'What now? Who goes first riding this magnificent cock?' Yep, I loved my aunt.

'I need it so bad.' Mom sighed like a drug addict.

'And I don't? It's not like you two haven't been fooling around without me.' Aunt Jess whined back.

'Actually we haven't ... well, I did wake him up with a special present.' Mom said semi-innocently.

'See! What present? A blowjob?' Aunt Jess questioned.

'Yeah.' Mom answered shyly. She perked up then. 'He had me sit on his face and he gave me an amazing orgasm. Claimed he hadn't even really tried.'

'Oh? Great cock and a fantastic cooch muncher?' Aunt Jess turned to look at me.

'I'll ride his cock and you can see for yourself Jess.' Mom said enthusiastically. Especially since she'd get her way.

'I'll let you go first only because I know seconds can be so much better!' Aunt Jess quipped.

They practically threw me down on the bed so that they could both take up positions on either end of my torso. Aunt Jessica quickly moved around to mount my head while facing her sister as mom grabbed my cock and lined it up with her already soaked cunt. I got one quick glance at mom as she pushed herself down, her pussy squeezing my aching cock so damned good. The look of ecstasy and bliss on her face as my cock filled her was priceless. It was only a moment, as Aunt Jess ground her own sopping slit on my nose and mouth.

'Okay mister, show me what you can do!' She demanded as she ran her hands over her tits, pinching her nipples, before I lost sight of anything but her ass cheeks.

I proceeded to do just that.

Now in all honesty, if Aunt Jessica's friend and her were in the 'with benefits' category, I knew I had no chance to be a better 'cooch muncher' than Marge. Women knew women better and few men could hope to compare. I just hoped I could do a good enough job to impress my mom's sexy sister with my twat tonguing skills. And make her cum all over too of course!

I started with slow soft licks along the length of her slit gradually extending the range of my tongue until I was licking from her asshole up to nearly her belly button that I could not stretch far enough to reach. When my tongue swirled around her puckered asshole, she let out a little shriek that let me know that she didn't normally get any ass action. I hadn't either, but it was nice to see that I could still expand Aunt Jess's horizons along with my own. I increased the pressure of my tongue as I rasped it across her pussy lips, forcing them aside. As I licked to the top of Aunt Jess's succulent slit, I avoided her clit hidden under its hood and ran my tongue alongside her thin patch of hair. I traced my way back over her seeping cunt, giving her inner thighs soft kisses and gentle bites, then sucked each labia into my mouth and running my tongue over the crinkled flesh. Aunt Jess cooed and moaned softly. I wanted to make her scream but that would be far too dangerous!

Mom meanwhile had been slowly sliding up and down my stiff pussy sticker with a gentle rhythm that showed she was really enjoying my cock filling her tight hole, building her orgasm to its maximum release. I was enjoying it too! I lay there and let her ride me at her own pace hoping I wouldn't cum before she made herself cum first. Her hands

planted on my chest and her head was thrown back as she groaned quietly, matching her sister.

I focused on Aunt Jess's now very wet cunt, licking up with wide, slow strokes of my tongue. She tried to wiggle her hips to bring my tongue up to her pleasure center. My hands had been grasping mom's hips but I brought them up to Aunt Jess's ass to try to hold her in place. She giggled and wiggled even more. I pulled my tongue completely away from her hole and she ground her body onto my chin. In response, I took one of her labia lips between my teeth and gave it a not-so-gentle bite. She lifted up immediately with a cry.

'Hey!'

'Then keep still and let me eat you. Trust me you'll enjoy it if you let me do it my way!'

'I am enjoying it! Just make me cum already!' She exclaimed softly.

'Oh you'll cum alright!' I dove back into her wide cleft, driving my tongue as deep as I could.

'Ooo!' She gasped.

I swirled my tongue within her as well as I could manage, trying to feel every bit of her warm moist chamber that my tongue could reach. I collected her juices as I retracted my tongue, still moving it in circles until I ran it around the edges of her orifice, along the ridges of her pussy lips, her frenulum, and under her now exposed clit. I made a second circuit around her chasm coming back to her sensitive nub and made a similar circle around it. I then began to lick back and forth over it with long slow wet licks. This definitely was what Aunt Jessica was waiting for as she trembled her hips on each stroke of my tongue over her nerve bundle. I increased the speed of the licks until I was merely flicking the erect button nearly as fast as I could. Her groans rose in volume even as they seemed to come from deeper within her. They became muffled so I assumed she had covered her mouth with one of her hands. I could still hear mom moaning as she bucked up and down in a quicker tempo that was still far from what I was sure would take to make her orgasm; so I knew it wasn't her mouth muffling her sister's. They each seemed to be content to take their pleasure from me separately from one another.

I was now in my endgame with Aunt Jess's clit. I wrapped by lips around it and sucked it into my mouth while I was still flicking it, now as quickly as I could manage. Her trembling increased, along with a now pronounced general shaking of her whole body. I sucked harder and bit lightly on her clit, holding it under my tongue's assault. This seemed to do the trick as her entire body stiffened as if she touched a live electric wire.

'Sh-shit!' She yelled out and started convulsing on my head as she came hard on my mouth. She grabbed mom's arms for support as she fell forward. A moment later, she fell to the side still trembling from the intensity of her orgasm.

Once my aunt was finished with me I grabbed mom's hips and pulled her hard down to my own hips. I flexed my ass and shoved my cock deeper into her pussy that was squeezing and milking my shaft. Without the distraction of Aunt Jess on my face, I found my dick had been getting quite the pounding from mom. I had to make her cum very soon or it would be too late; I was much closer to filling my mom's hot cunt with my cream than I had realized. I took one hand off her hip, reached to where we were forbiddingly joined and found her hard little clit, and began to rub it with my forefinger. It wasn't easy to keep my fingers in place as mom continued to bounce and buck on my lap, my cock throbbing within her.

I then heard mom muttering, whispering something. It slowly became audible between the hoarse breathing gasps we were both making. As she got louder, I could finally discern the words, or rather the one word repeated.

'fuck ... fuck ... fuck ... Fuck ... Fuck ... FUCK ... FUCK!' She sounded like a steam locomotive approaching the station, a sex train.

'Come on mom! Fuck your son's hard cock! Your tight pussy is going to make me cum so hard! I want to fill your hot cunt full of my cum!' I almost-yelled through clenched teeth.

'Cum for me baby! Cum for mommy! Fuck! Fucking me so good!' Mom was gritting her own teeth to keep from screaming out her delight.

'I'm close mom, so fucking close!' I couldn't take it anymore, grabbed mom's waist, swung her around on the bed next to Aunt Jess, and climbed on top of her, shoving my cock back into her drippy cunt. I took her legs, hooking them over my shoulders, and rammed into mom with every inch I had. I was braced on my arms beside her shoulders as I looked down into her emerald-tinted eyes. She reached up and curled her hands behind my neck; her own eyes staring lovingly back up at me. I was sweating up a storm, the bed was creaking quite loudly, and I was gasping for air as I furiously pounded the pussy of my creation! Mom was gasping with every stroke of my cock, and with as fast as I was pumping her she began to sound like a teakettle about to boil over. I was about to boil over! With one final burst of energy I jack hammered into mom's cunt so hard I was sure we would both have bruises around our genitals tomorrow.

'Fuck me Jeremy! Fuck me hard! God damn it fuck me!'

'I'm going to cum mom! So close ...'

'Fill me baby! Cum for me now! I'm cumming for youuuu!'

That did it! I blasted a cannonball of cum out of the end of my cock and into mom's womb. Then a second cannonball. A third. I couldn't stop shooting load after load of my sperm into mom's pulsing pussy. My arms gave out and I collapsed onto her chest and tits, but continued to pound into her and cum in her. I began to see spots in front of my eyes as the last of my cum leaked out of my dick. I couldn't help myself and I fell to the side, unfortunately, Aunt Jess was still there! She had recovered enough that she was able to push me off her and roll out from beneath my weak frame. I closed my eyes for a second to regain my bearings and my strength.

Mom nudged me.

I opened my eyes and looked around slightly disoriented, as both women weren't where I had seen them a second ago.

'Whuht?' I mumbled.

'You passed out.' Mom said softly sitting near my head. Aunt Jess was lying across the end of the bed resting with her arm braced against the side of her head.

'We wore you out!' My aunt teased.

'It wasn't fair! It was two on one!' I quipped back, still barely able to move.

'It can't be said that you don't give it your all!' Mom smiled at me tenderly. She handed me a glass of water. It quivered in my grip, so she quickly grabbed it and held it to my mouth. I lifted my head to sip gingerly from the glass. After I finished half of it mom pulled it away and set it on the nightstand.

'I wasn't like this yesterday.' I exclaimed hoarsely.

'Yesterday you were at full strength. Clearly it took more out of you than you thought.' Mom said being a mom.

'You're eighteen, but you're not superman!' Aunt Jess patted my leg. 'If you're going to keep up with us girls you're going to have to take better care of yourself. So you can take better care of us!'

'Stop it Jess.' Mom looked from her sister then back to me. 'Do you feel any better?'

'I'm fine. I just needed a minute to catch my breath.' I sat up and looked at each of them. 'I didn't realize what high-maintenance women you

two were.' I smiled at each of them. 'I did manage to take care of both of you didn't I?' I did not need them to respond, their reactions had been answer enough.

'You do have quite the tongue.' Aunt Jess smiled wickedly at me.

'And quite the cock too.' Mom blushed as she spoke.

'Give me another minute and I'll show you both some more!'

'No. You obviously need your rest young man!' Mom scolded.

'What, now you're a mom? Not the hot cougar you were moments ago?' I teased back at her.

'No matter how good you fuck me, I'll always be your mother! And as your mother, I'm telling you to go to your room and get some sleep! Your aunt and I will have need of you again tomorrow I expect.' Her words were so incongruous together they made my head spin. Half mother, half slut. Just the way I loved her to be!

'Why can't I just sleep here?' I argued.

'Are you going to be up at six a.m.?' Mom asked.

'Of course not. Why?'

'Well what will you say to your father when he comes in here to get dressed to go golfing in the morning and he finds you naked in his bed? Hmm?'

'I'll be in my bed.' I climbed from mom's bed and grabbed my clothes and shoes. I leaned over the foot of the bed and gave my aunt a quick but passionate kiss. 'Good night Aunt Jess.' I turned and walked up to mom and gave her a similar kiss, though it may have lasted longer than her sister's had. 'Good night mom.' I shuffled naked down the hall passing briefly through the living room, looking guiltily at dad, and quickly went upstairs to my room. I put on my boxers and fell into my bed, and much as I hated to admit it, I was wiped out and was asleep in mere moments.

Chapter 7

Strangely, I awoke from that same sexy dream that I had the night before, a hot woman giving me an amazing blowjob. Only this time when I opened my eyes, it wasn't mom that greeted me but Aunt Jess!

'Morning handsome. Your mom said you liked this form of alarm clock! Or should I say, alarm cock!' She was slavering away on my rock hard dick.

'If there were alarm clocks like you and mom, productivity in the world would skyrocket with all the early risers!'

'Or no one would get out of bed and just keep hitting snooze!'

I lay there and let her work her oral magic on my very recovered member. Ten minutes later, she had me feeding her my specially blended protein shake down her throat!

As I took a moment to catch my breath and for my aunt to lick her lips clean, I asked what everyone else was doing.

'Your mother is making breakfast for everyone. Except your dad, who has already left. Johnny and Jojo are watching that superhero flick from

last night again. Your sexy aunt is waking up her favorite nephew with some expert dick sucking.'

'Yes it was! Expert, I mean.' I pulled my boxers back up over my now wilted dick and got out of bed. 'I need a shower. Tell mom I'll be down in a couple of minutes. I'm going to need a big breakfast to build up my strength.'

'I could join you in the shower. I'm pretty dirty too!'

'You are pretty. And you're dirty too. Just how I like my aunts!' She started to rise. She was wearing a spare robe of mom's.

'Now you heard mom last night. Much as I want to wash your entire hot body, with the kids here we can't!'

'I know, I know. I wasn't really serious. Unless you change your mind?' She eyed me sexily.

'You don't know how tempting that it Aunt Jess. You should probably get back downstairs before I change my mind. Or my dick wakes back up.'

'I bet I could get it to wake up!' She stood and as she turned for the door, she lifted the robe to reveal her bare ass.

'Go!' I foolishly ordered. She left and I headed for the bathroom for a quick, somewhat cold shower.

Fifteen minutes later, I felt refreshed as I went downstairs to find mom and Aunt Jess serving a big breakfast of eggs, bacon, hash browns, and blueberry pancakes with milk and orange juice. I was somewhat amazed by the spread as mom only went all out like this on special occasions such as holidays. I shouldn't have brought attention to it but I spoke before I realized it.

'What's with all the food mom?' She was wearing her robe and I wondered if she had anything on underneath.

'Yeah! Jeremy gets his favorite for dinner last night and now you're making this big breakfast.' Johnny protested.

'Yeah!' Jojo parroted our brother as she clutched her favorite stuffed animal against her.

Aunt Jess looked from me to mom. Mom grimaced at me then her sister. I shrugged in apology.

'I woke feeling so energetic this morning! I thought that I would treat my kids with a nice big breakfast. I didn't know that they would look for ulterior motives from their mom!' She said defensively while looking at the two younger children.

'What's ulter motions, mommy?' Jojo looked up at mom as she was setting the platters of food on the table.

'It's when you do something because you want something.' I crouched down before Jojo and answered my sister.

'Like when I be good so I can have a cookie?' She looked at me so innocently that I wished I could go back to that age and not have to worry about all the things life dumps on you as you become an adult. Things are so much simpler when all you have to worry about is what you have to do to get your next cookie!

'Yeah, just like that Jojo.'

'Does mommy want a cookie too? She's mommy. She can have one whenener she wants can't she?' I glanced back to my mom trying to hold back my laughter. I noticed Aunt Jess grin too.

'Adults want things they sometimes can't have, just like little girls.' This explanation was very off-track, or rather too on track.

'Then why be adult?' Sometimes kids can be so wise!

'I don't know Jojo. I'm still new to it.' I took her animal, set it aside, and lifted her into her chair with her booster seat. Johnny had already started in on the bacon as I took my seat. I looked at mom as she sat across from me.

'Thank you mom. You didn't have to go to all this trouble.' I placed a couple pancakes on Jojo's plate and poured the syrup for her. She dug in, all concept of motives, ulterior or otherwise forgotten when presented with mom's blueberry pancakes.

Mom gave me an innocent smile that I read as anything but innocent. She turned to look at her other two kids with a gaze of such pure love that I was momentarily touched. I normally viewed my siblings as annoying pains since I was so much older than they were. I felt closer to them then as I saw our mother's love for us all.

'I love all of you. You know that.' She said subdued.

'Love you too, mom.' I answered first.

'I love you too mommy!' Jojo said as syrup dripped down her chin.

'Me too.' Ever the eloquent Johnny said still shoving bacon in his mouth.

'Eat something besides bacon!' Mom scolded him lightly. He sighed and forked a pancake onto his plate, strips of bacon sticking out of his half-open mouth.

I dug into the abundance of food and ate more than my share with teen-age gusto. Nothing further was said as the five of us set about putting away as much of the profusion of fare as possible. I won't tell the amount I consumed as I somewhat embarrassed myself with the quantity. Needless to say the rest were finished while I was still eating, watching me with some amazement. I sat back and gave a loud compliment to the chef as they say, causing my younger siblings to giggle. I excused myself. I saw mom and Aunt Jess stare at me.

'What? I was hungry.'

'Obviously.' Mom replied as she rose and began to collect the dishes. Aunt Jess stood and helped Jojo to the floor. She and Johnny ran to the living room and from the sounds, it appeared that they had paused the movie while they ate. I stood slowly and adjusted my waistband. I

grabbed a couple of plates and carried them to the sink. As I returned to the table, I passed mom and paused. I glanced around quickly before I gave her a soft kiss on the edge of her lips.

'Thank you mom.' I whispered.

'It wasn't just for you, mister big head.'

I guffawed at her inadvertent pun. I heard Aunt Jess giggle too.

'What?' Mom said then a moment later caught what she had said. 'Yes that too!' I laughed louder.

'I just woke up today feeling better than I have in quite awhile. I feel energized!' Mom put her hand on my cheek. 'I'm sure that has a lot to do with you honey.' She gave me a lingering kiss with her tongue gliding along my lips.

'I'm right here too you know!' Aunt Jess protested, pulling my arm to spin me around to her. She planted her lips on mine and her tongue didn't linger on my lips, she pushed it deep into my mouth! I had to take a step back.

'Girls! Girls. Remember Johnny and Jojo!' I pushed my aunt away, which she maneuvered herself so that my hands ended up on her tits! I couldn't help myself from giving them a firm squeeze. Mom grabbed her sister's arm and pulled her back.

'He's right Jess. Not here. Not now.' Mom said sternly.

'We just need to get rid of the two of them for a couple of hours.' As much as I wanted time alone with mom and/or Aunt Jess, even I was shocked my aunt would suggest such a thing about my brother and sister. They were annoying yes, but even I wouldn't be so cavalier about them being around just for my own sexual pleasure. Mom was aghast at her sister's words.

'Jess!' Mom stared at her angrily. 'They're my kids too, as much as Jeremy is!'

'That's not what I meant! You know that! God.' Aunt Jess sighed exasperated.

'We aren't going to have sex all the time.' Mom told her sister. 'Even though it's all I can think about most of the time now!'

'Mom!' I exclaimed. I was glad I wasn't the only one, but still, this was my mom! Even if I was the one she wanted to have sex with! Boy, I

couldn't believe how complicated and confusing and messed up my life had become.

'Sorry honey. I know that's not what you want to hear.'

'Well it is and it isn't! It's strange to hear your mother say how much she wants sex, but then I am the benefactor of those thoughts, so ...'

'And the reason for most of them too!' Mom smiled sexily at me. She returned to cleaning the table.

Aunt Jess gave me another kiss, this one an innocent one with no tongue involved, and she resumed carrying dishes to the sink. I stood there for a minute watching these two sexual women going about routine housework. Even doing this mundane task, dressed as least attractively as they were (though both were showing lots of long shapely legs), they were still two of the sexiest women I'd ever seen. It might have helped that I could picture them naked walking around the kitchen! I shook my head to clear away those thoughts before my cock heard my thoughts and decided to arise looking for some more morning nookie.

'Well if I'm not going to get any action here, I'm going to mow the lawn before it gets too warm out.' I started out of the kitchen when I heard them both suddenly laugh. I didn't know if I should be nervous or not.

'When you get done here, you could come over to my house and do mine too!' Aunt Jess called as I went out of sight. I had mown her grass a few times, but she had a boy on her block that normally did it for her so I didn't know if this was just her asking a favor or a set up. I realized a moment later that I didn't care one way or the other.

'Sure thing!' I called as I headed upstairs. I passed Johnny and Jojo still watching TV. I came back down a few minutes later and went out the front door rather than dare to pass through the kitchen, but Aunt Jess still called out again.

'After you do my grass I have a bush you can trim!' More laughter from the kitchen.

I was sure she wasn't talking about her hedges! I hoped I'd get a chance to look at Aunt Jessica's bush today!

I went about mowing our lawn, first the front, then the more difficult backyard. By then it had gotten warm enough that I had removed my t-shirt. I could see Aunt Jess and Mom talking in the kitchen through the window. I'm sure they weren't talking about me; I'm not egotistical enough to think everything now was about me, but still, with previous experience, I wished I knew what they were talking about. Halfway through doing the backyard I stopped and drank some water out of the hose and splashed it on my head and face, before I finished mowing. I

entered the house from the back door to find Aunt Jess had already left as she had some errands to run before I came over later. Mom was finishing the dishes as I entered. I could see my brother and sister still sitting on the living room floor.

'They are still watching that movie?' I asked in amazement.

'No, they're playing some game off the internet on the tv.' Mom answered drying her hands. I noticed she had dressed and was wearing a plain white blouse and not-completely black slacks. She noticed I was still shirtless, eyeing me up and down.

'No, young lady. You have to keep your hands off the garden help.' I teased her. I glanced to make sure my siblings couldn't hear me. They were focused on the TV that was out of sight from the kitchen.

Mom cocked her head and gave me a puzzled stare. She gave no reply.

'I'm going to take a leak then head to Aunt Jess's.' Mom continued to stare.

'What?' I asked as if she could see signs of a rare disease on my body.

'We both know what is going to happen over there.' She said woodenly. She glanced to the living room, then turned back to me. 'You're going to 'trim her bush'.'

'If she wants.' I felt awkward. Mom knew I was going to go have sex with her sister. One, she was probably jealous; two, she couldn't very well tell me not to go. I tried to look her in the eye but I couldn't maintain it and glanced to the floor. She stepped closer to me and put one hand gently on my bare shoulder and with the other she lifted my chin until I was again peering into her sparkling green eyes.

'What am I supposed to say mom? You know I'd rather stay here with you.' I glanced quickly out of the kitchen, then continued. 'Even if we can't do anything now, if you don't want me to go to Aunt Jess's, tell me. I won't go.'

She pulled away reluctantly, looking at the hand that had left my shoulder as if she didn't realize it was hers. She shook her head and looked me in the face when she spoke.

'No.' She paused as if she was translating her thoughts into a second language to speak. 'I can't stop you going. I don't want you to feel that way either, as if you have to choose one of us over the other. I certainly have no hold over you; I'm a married woman for God's sake!' It was her turn to look down to the floor. 'This is a difficult situation for all of us Jeremy. We knew that when we decided not to stop this from

continuing. I know how you feel about both of us. You've fantasized about your aunt for years and I'm your mother. I know Freud's theories. I'm also mother to your brother and sister, so my first obligation is to them. You're eighteen now, a young man. You go to your aunt's. Have fun. Pay no heed to me. It's just my long-standing jealousy and competition with my sister speaking.' She lifted her head and looked at me with a weak smile. 'Really. Go. We'll get our own chances. I'll let Jess have you for an afternoon! Just try to be back for dinner please.' She leaned toward me and surprisingly with the two kids in sight, gave me a very passion-filled kiss, even wrapping her arms around my neck. It lasted less than ten seconds, but those seconds seemed like eternity!

'We could sneak upstairs for ten, fifteen minutes before I go.' I said knowing what her answer would be already.

'No, you know we can't.' Her eyes said otherwise.

'I know.' I put my shirt back on and headed for the door. 'Do you know if she was serious about doing her grass or was that only a ploy for me to come over?'

'She didn't say anything to me. I don't know. If she's not there yet when you get there, then just start it anyway. It's a nice gesture even if she wasn't serious. Pay her back for ... you know.'

'Sex?'

'I guess. Do you still have her house key if she isn't home yet? She didn't know how long she'd be on her errands.'

'Yeah.' I patted my pocket to verify my keys were there. 'You owe me now mom.' I stared intensely at her, trying to burn her image in my head before I left.

'Shouldn't it be you owe me?' She queried back.

'Depends which of us wants it more.' I said with an upturn at the corner of my lips.

'Go! But six o'clock please.'

'I'll try.'

It felt very weird to be leaving the house with the express purpose of going to my aunt's to have sex and mom sending me on my way! Like a deviant Little Red Riding Hood.

Auntie, what a hot tight pussy you have! The better to fuck you with my dear!

I shook that thought from my head and decided to walk over to Aunt Jess's rather than drive the few blocks there. It also gave her more time to get home before I arrived, as I didn't necessarily want to mow another lawn and tire myself anymore before Aunt Jess wore me out. Of that, I had no doubt!

I did get there and found no one there. I sighed, opened the garage, and pulled out the mower. I was three-quarters of the way done when Aunt Jess pulled up. She sat in the car for a moment watching me cross the front grass, once again shirtless in the mid-day heat. She got out and let out a wolf whistle. I looked around to see if there was anyone to hear her. Some of her neighbors knew I was her nephew! She laughed when she saw me glance about, then did it again.

'Aunt Jess!' I yelled only loud enough to be heard over the mower, afraid to further broadcast our familial relationship.

'Calm down! No one is going to think anything about me whistling at you! It's only your guilty conscience!' She yelled back, far enough away to be out of range of the discharge. 'How much longer?'

'Fifteen minutes or so!' I wiped a rivulet of sweat from my brow.

'You should've worn a hat!' Aunt Jess yelled before she climbed atop the porch and entered the house. Seeing her dressed in sky blue yoga pants and tight white knit halter-type top motivated me to finish as quickly as possible!

I finished ten minutes later, cleaned the mower, and returned it to the garage, collected my t-shirt and wiped as much sweat off my face and neck as it would absorb, and brushed away any stray blades of grass that stuck to my pants. I went to the back door so as to not track any grass that still clung to me on the living room carpet. Aunt Jess met me at the back door with a large glass of iced tea with a fresh cut lemon in it. I downed half of it with one drink.

'Easy there!' My aunt cautioned.

'I wasn't sure if you were serious about your grass. You weren't home, and it needed it, so I figured I'd just do it for you.'

'I wasn't completely serious about it, but you're right it did need it. Bobby has been sick I've heard, that's why he hasn't done it.'

'It's alright, I didn't mind. Much.' I took a sip this time from the now dripping glass.

'I'll have to pay you now for your hard work.' She eyed me sexily. 'I'm afraid I'm all out of cash right now. How else can I pay you?' She asked in a sexy higher pitched voice. She batted her eyelids at me for extra emphasis. I couldn't help but smile back at her.

'I'm sure I can think of something.' I made to reach for her, but she squealed and quickly pulled away from me.

'You're not touching me until you've taken a shower first!'

'That's one way you could pay me!' I eyed her up and down with a lecherous grin.

'You just can't wait to get me in the shower can you?'

'You're dirty and I need to clean you up!' I replied.

'I'm so dirty!' She squealed.

She turned and we both headed for her bathroom. I removed my shoes and socks in the kitchen before moving through the rest of the house, now dressed in only my pants and boxers. As I entered the room, I witnessed my aunt removing her white top, her arms stretched above her head. She wore no bra and her remarkable tits now hung freely.

'Wow!' I stood and stared at Aunt Jess's breasts. She gave me a puzzled, but proud look.

'It's not like you haven't seen them before. Like yesterday. The day before that.'

'They are still amazing! No matter how many times I see them!'

She reached up and cupped them as if she was presenting them to me.

'I might almost say seeing those are payment enough.'

'Really? You're kind of cheap.'

'I said I might say it was enough. But I know you can afford to pay me more.'

'Like what?' She smiled knowing we were playing a game now.

'Take off those pants!' Her smile broadened. She put her hands on the waistband and started to slide them down.

'Turn around first!' I ordered.

She giggled then, immediately realizing my intent. She turned slowly allowing me to take in her whole wonderful form. She made an exaggerated show of bending over as she slid the clingy yoga pants down her shapely legs. My cock suddenly noticed there was a mostly naked woman nearby and began to rise for duty. Aunt Jess removed her sneakers and ankle socks while still bent over letting me stare at one of the sexiest asses I've ever seen! The tiny pair of red panties hid nothing but her most intimate depths.

'Enjoying the view?'

'You know I am!' I exclaimed still standing there in my pants. The pressure of my engorged dick reminded me of its imprisoned status. I undid and unzipped my jeans and pushed them down, bending as I did, bringing my head in proximity to the gorgeous ass in front of me. I gave it a kiss when I got near.

'Oh!' Aunt Jess cried out with a little sigh.

I liked her response so I gave her another kiss. And another. With this one, my tongue happened to reach out and give her a wet kiss too.

'Ooo!' She squealed.

I quickly finished pulling my jeans off, dropped my boxers, and kicked them aside while Aunt Jess stood there bent at the waist.

'We'll never get in the shower if we keep this up!' I said.

'You're just going to get all hot and sweaty again anyway!' She responded, but rose upright.

'We'll just have to shower again then!' I replied. She giggled as I put my hands around her waist and pulled her panty-clad ass against my now-solid cock.

'Oh! What's that I feel? Is that your gardening tool?' She wiggled her ass against my cock.

'You did mention a bush that needed to be trimmed!' I pushed harder into her. The shower was getting further from my few remaining thoughts!

Aunt Jess giggled and groaned as we mashed my stiff dick into her firm ass cheeks. I lifted my hands from her waist to grab her bountiful breasts to knead and fondle them.

'Oh yes! That feels so good!' She cried out. It felt pretty good to me too!

I bent forward and kissed the side of her neck, tracing along it with my tongue.

'God you're such a tease!' I kissed her for another minute and reluctantly released her. She turned to look at me.

'I really, really need a shower! I feel ... icky!' I said firmly. Aunt Jess laughed at that. 'Whether you join me or not I'm getting in that tub!'

'If you put it like that.' She slid the door aside and bent again to turn on the water, once again giving me such a beautiful view!

Aunt Jessica's shower wasn't your normal affair. The tub was slightly oval-shaped and the width of two regular tubs. There were showerheads at either end, both of which were detachable with extra long hoses that could reach the opposite end. They had multiple settings, from soft rain to vigorous pulse. I wondered how many times she and Margie had enjoyed a double vigorous pulse together!

She had only turned on one end of the shower, testing the temperature of the water out of the bottom spigot before turning on the spray. I saw that it was set somewhere in the middle. Aunt Jess shucked off her

panties and climbed into the wide tub ahead of me. I followed right behind her.

To her initial dismay, I had been serious about cleaning off the accumulated sweat from mowing two lawns and washing off the itchy feeling of mown grass on my body. I spent ten minutes showering under the warm spray while admiring Aunt Jess's naked body with water running down over it. When I felt clean and refreshed, I turned my attention back to my aunt. She had given herself a quick wash and rinse behind me. So now that we were both clean I felt it was time for us to get dirty again! I took a half step from under the spray, grabbed an ass cheek with one hand, and cupped her pussy with the other. She likewise grabbed my ass and my mostly soft dick. I bent close enough to mash my lips to hers while leaving room between us for our hands to massage each other's genitals.

Aunt Jess let out a soft cry as I dug two fingers into her warm cunt. She had meanwhile quickly stroked my cock back to hardness. I tried to focus on her pleasure rather than her expert hand job, so along with the two fingers squishing in and out of her clamping chasm, I began to wiggle my thumb over her hard clit. Her hand tightened around my dick as she let out a loud shriek.

'Fuck!' She said into my mouth. I pulled my head back, stared into her hazel eyes looking back at me, and increased the tempos of my invading fingers and spastic thumb. Her eyes grew wide and the hand on my ass flew to the wall to brace herself as she began to tremble. Her

hand on my cock only tightened and was beginning to hurt. It was now a race to see if I could finger her to orgasm before she pulled my dick off!

Luckily for me I won the race as within another minute Aunt Jess released my dick and grabbed my shoulder to keep from falling as her body convulsed and shook as she came all over my hand. She stared at me with a look of such concentration and ecstasy before nearly collapsing, her head falling to my shoulder while I braced myself to take her weight. Fortunately, Aunt Jess had anti-slip pads on the bottom of the tub! I held her against me until she was able to regain her wits, enjoying the feeling of the wet naked woman in my arms. She lifted her head from my shoulder and looked at me again.

'Maybe we should get out of the shower before we slip and fall?' She said weakly.

'Probably. I don't want to have to explain to the paramedics what I was doing in the shower with my gorgeous aunt!' I joked as I turned the water off.

'You wouldn't have to tell them I was your aunt!' She said as she stepped from the tub and grabbed a towel. She handed it to me and grabbed a second.

'Sure I do! I have to let everyone know what a sexy woman my aunt is and that I had made her cum by fingering her tight box!' I answered as I took the offered towel and patted myself dry.

'Everyone?' She replied clearly knowing I wasn't serious about revealing this most intimate secret, at least I hoped she did.

'Is that the only way you're going to make me cum today?' Her look and her tone were still almost too serious.

'Of course not! You're not even close to paying me your total bill yet!' I exclaimed.

'If I'm paying you, shouldn't you be the one cumming?' She queried.

'It's my bill, I say how I want to be paid! Giving you continuous orgasms is my currency.'

'Continuous?' She stared at me intently, but had a dreamy look in her eye as if contemplating that. 'I think I like your currency better than cash or gold!' She smiled then. She wrapped her towel around her waist after she dried, leaving her tits bare to my eyes. I gave her a look when she did this.

'I like you looking at them!'

'Well I sure like to look!' I put both hands on her soft firm tits and squeezed them gently. 'I like to hold them more!' She laughed lightly.

'Shall we adjourn to the bedchambers? Or do you just want to stand here and play with my boobies?' With my hands full, I didn't understand the choices. Aunt Jess then reached out, pulled my towel off of my waist, and grabbed my soft cock. She then pulled me by that delicate flesh from the bathroom and into her adjoining bedroom. I stumbled behind her trying to keep slack in her grip. The room was somewhat a mess, but I wasn't going to complain. I was more interested in the occupant than things being in the proper places. As we neared the bed, she let go of my dick that, although she had been somewhat rough with it, was aware that it was being called to action and was rising to salute.

Aunt Jess wrapped her arms around my neck as she pressed her nipples into my chest with some force, the same force that she was applying her lips to mine. I in turn wrapped my own arms around her waist and pulled her towel against my fully erect cock. I lost myself in our tongue dance for some number of minutes, or hours. I was unaware that Aunt Jess had maneuvered us closer to the unmade bed until I felt the back of my thighs hitting up against it. We were falling onto it with my aunt still attached to me, landing on top of me and causing me to let out all the air in my lungs, breaking our kiss.

'Whew!' She sighed from her perch with her arms and legs to either side of me, enclosing me with her limbs like a naked aunt cage. Oh, to be so imprisoned!

'Whew indeed!'

'What now Casanova?' She turned her head to look at me. 'How are you going to go about giving me these 'continuous orgasms' you mentioned?' Her lips rose into an expectant smile.

'Well first off, I suppose I could lick your pussy!' A month ago, I would never believe I could be so bold!

'Ooo! The fabled oral sex!'

'Or maybe we could start with the spankings?' I teased back.

'I have been bad! I keep having naughty thoughts about my nephew!' She cooed.

'Really? Like what?'

'Like him giving me oral sex!' She said loudly.

'As the lady wishes!' I scooted across the bed and moved her up so she had her head resting on her pillow while I was positioned between her tanned thighs. She spread those thighs wide, offering me the sight of Aunt Jess's stunning pussy, her petal lips just beginning to part.

I wanted to drive Aunt Jess wild before I made her orgasm, so I started slowly, licking and kissing her inner most thighs, upper hip, and across her pubic area, avoiding her pussy for the moment. She moaned as my lips and tongue traced wet trails over her body. Goosebumps rose on her as I teased her soft skin.

'You really are intent on teasing me aren't you?' She sighed, looking down at me through half-lidded eyes.

'It makes it so much better in the end though!' I replied with a soft lick across her pussy lips.

'Ooo! Have your way with me sir! Just make sure you take all day down there!' She teased back.

I gave her a few more lingering kisses along her legs before moving closer to her beautiful pussy. I licked as softly and gently as possible, eliciting a few giggles from my aunt from my tickling tongue. I licked over the two ridges of her lips, tasting her flavor as I explored her

womanhood. My tongue flowed over every exposed surface of her pussy, once, twice, then a third time. Her breathing was a continuous sigh punctuated with sharp intakes of breath as I hit a particularly sensitive spot. I carried on for some length of time, alternating between licks and kisses so as to not tire my tongue or jaw muscles too early. Aunt Jess had her legs wrapped lazily across my back and they twitched restlessly as I worked on her nether realm. Her hands were fastened to her large tits, rubbing and kneading them, also working her nipples between her fingers. My own hands were massaging her upper legs and hips as my tongue probed in between her inner labia lips. I slowly pushed my tongue into her cleft as deeply as I could, wiggling it around within her dampness. Her ass twitched up, pushing my mouth harder onto her opening. I licked the length of her slit, first along the twin ridges then deeper and deeper into that succulent valley. Her legs clamped against the sides of my head as I increased her ecstasy.

'Oh God!' She suddenly exclaimed. 'You're doing such a good job down there, my nephew!'

I replied with a gentle flick on her hidden clitoris.

'FUCK!' Aunt Jess yelled out. 'Keep it up and I'll be cumming all over your face!' As if that was a threat!

'Or three or four times!' I answered and flicked her hood again. I thought I might have felt the little nub poking out from beneath it.

'I'm okay with that.' She said weakly, her head falling back to the pillow.

I continued my slow teasing of my aunt's cunt, now sucking her pussy lips and tenderly fucking her with my stiff tongue. Her juices were flowing freely now and I lapped them up wherever I found them. I knew I was leaving my own wet spot as my cock leaked pre-cum on her sheets. I had a hand on either thigh to keep them apart as her squeezing legs had begun to cause a headache with the force of their pressure on my ears.

After more than half an hour (though I had no way of knowing exactly how long it was) of licking and kissing her pussy I had my sexy Aunt Jess worked into a near frenzy and I still hadn't actually tried to make her cum yet. I now resolved to really get to work and stop the teasing and fix myself on making her cum as hard as I could make her. I brought my right hand up to her cunt and after wetting them, pushed one finger, then a few minutes later, a second finger into her tight chasm. Her cunt squeezed my invading fingers as I curled them around inside her tunnel, probing for her most sensitive spot. Using my tongue to tweak her emerged clit as my fingers pushed in and out still seeking her g-spot.

During all this time, Aunt Jessica was very vocal about my ministrations with frequent urgings to cease teasing her and to make

her orgasm. I ignored her protestations as I fingered her cunt and lapped at her hard clit.

'God fuck! Lick my clit! Make me cum damn you Jeremy! Make me cum all over your face! Please make me cum!' She yelled at me as she flailed about on the bed. I held on tightly but didn't relent in my attentions.

'Fuck you and your teasing! Eat my pussy and fucking make me cum! Finger fuck me harder! I'm sooo close, sooo fuck-king close!' She wailed unheeded.

I knew when I had finally found her elusive Gräfenberg spot, as Aunt Jess's ass leaped from the bed, smashing against my face. But I still maintained contact with her clit, although I had almost bit my tongue from her frantic actions!

'Holy shit fuckkkkk!' Aunt Jess shrieked as her orgasm crashed through her body. Her ass fell back atop the sheets as her legs shook wildly about. Gushes of her cum soaked my face. I kept up rubbing her sensitive secret area, and flicking and sucking her little nub. More shrieking followed as she was beyond vocabulary now. Even as her tremors quieted, a new convulsion built and then exploded through my aunt's gorgeous body as a second orgasm hit her.

I didn't stop. I didn't know if I could bring her to a third orgasm but I was willing to try! My dual attacks on her two most sensitive spots

continued as she continued to vibrate on the bed, her legs shaking uncontrollably. Her shrill wail shook the room and I hoped it wouldn't be heard by any neighbors.

I could no longer keep my tongue on Aunt Jess's clit as she bucked my head away from her. I relented and l sat back as my aunt quivered with her pleasure. The only sounds were her hoarse gasping breaths for long minutes as she recovered. Her eyes stared at me unfocused.

'My God!' Aunt Jess croaked out.

I jumped from the bed, went to the bathroom and filled a glass with water. I returned and handed it to her with a smile. She smiled weakly back at me.

'Thanks.' She responded after drinking nearly the whole glass down. I took the glass and set it on the nightstand.

'I have to say, wow!' Aunt Jess exclaimed, her head resting on her pillow. I said nothing.

'I may have to give up Margie!' I grinned at her comment, whether it was serious or not. 'But really, how did you get so good at eating pussy?' She stared at me intently. I struggled to find my voice.

'Lots of practice.' I finally was able to respond.

'Really? Lucky girl. Or girls.' She paused to sit up. 'You can practice on my anytime!'

She took the glass and finished the last of the water.

'Do you want more?' I asked.

'No. Wait, yes. And you should clean your face. You have your aunt all over it!' She snickered. I licked around my lips collecting as much of her cum as I could reach with my tongue.

'And she tastes so delicious!' I exclaimed.

I crossed to the bathroom and looked at my face in the mirror. My hair was damp and sticking up in all directions, my face covered in a wet sheen. I splashed water, rinsing Aunt Jess's womanly cum off. I filled the glass and drank it down before refilling it. I returned to the bedroom and handed the dripping glass to Aunt Jess, who was now sitting up against the headboard. She took a sip, paused, then took another. She handed me the glass and I set it on the nightstand again.

'Do you want more?' I asked Aunt Jess again.

'I'm fine now ... oh, you don't mean water do you?' She smiled wickedly.

'No.'

'I don't think I could take any more of your cunt munching!' She looked around the room before her eyes returned to me.

'I could if you wanted.'

'You are just too precious!' She laughed softly. 'No. What I want now is that big hard cock in me!' She looked down to see that my dick would need some attention before being capable of penetration.

'It appears we do need some more oral sex! This time on you!' Aunt Jess giggled. I climbed back onto the bed and took her place as she moved to lie between my legs, her eyes locked on my half-hard dick.

It took her less than two minutes to get my cock to full erectness.

'The male anatomy always amazes me!' Aunt Jess said as she pulled her lips across the tip of my cock.

'How so?' I asked her, not really looking to get into a conversation right now. I wanted to fuck the hell out of my aunt without any distractions or worries of satisfying another woman at the same time.

'That a dick can normally be soft and small, but with some additional blood pumping in it, it becomes so hard and sometimes so much bigger!' She stroked my now hard and much bigger cock with her fingertips.

'So, how is that amazing? It's only the blood filling the empty chambers that causes it to get so hard.'

'But still, it starts so soft, but becomes so hard.' Her fingers trilled over my cock.

'Are you going to study my cock or do you want it in you?' I said harshly.

'Oh, in me without a doubt!' She cooed excitedly.

'Well then.'

'How do you want me?' Aunt Jessica asked as she looked up at me across my body. I didn't respond verbally, but leaned down and grabbed her under her arms and pulled her up to face me. I put a hand behind her head and guided her mouth to mine. She eagerly returned my kiss, our tongues and lips eagerly embracing.

We continued making out, Aunt Jess lying atop me, her tits pressed to my chest and my cock pressed to her abdomen. When I finally had to breathe, I released her head from my grasp and we both gasped for air for a moment. Aunt Jess slid a short distance up my body until my cock was pressed against her wet snatch. She ground her pussy against the side of my dick and flexed her ass to rub my cock with her pussy lips.

'Oh! That's nice!' I gasped.

'It's sooo nice!' Aunt Jess gasped too. 'But I need more than that!'

She shifted and my cock head pulsed against her opening. I tried to push up into her but she lifted up with me.

'Tease me and I'll tease you back!' She laughed sexily as she stared down at me. 'I want just the head in me. I want to feel every inch of you as you enter me. Feel you filling my cunt so good!'

'Do to me whatever you want, my sexy aunt!' I cried out as she let the head of my cock enter within her hungry labia.

'Tell me all the things you want to do to me!' She sighed as she wiggled her hips making my mushroom head dance around within her clenching cleft. I wasn't sure what she wanted.

'I want to fuck you until you can't take anymore!' I groaned. She slid an inch further down my shaft.

'What else?' She breathed heavily.

'I want to make you cum so hard you pass out from the ecstasy of your orgasm!' Another inch.

'Ooo, that's good! More!'

'I'll pinch your nipples until they are harder than they've ever been, making your pussy leak all over my cock!' And I reached up and did just that! Well, pinched her nipples, her pussy was already leaking profusely.

'God yes! Keep going!'

'I'll smack your amazing perfect ass until it is so red and hot!'

'Do it!' She ordered.

I reluctantly took my hands from her nipples, reached down, and grabbed Aunt Jessica's best asset, squeezing tightly with both hands filled with her firm but pliable flesh. I played with her butt, massaging those glorious cheeks until she protested.

'Spank my ass! I'm so naughty!' She dropped another inch onto me. Her inner muscles gripped my shaft like a satin vice.

Smack! I rubbed my right hand over the smooth flesh after contact.

'Harder!' Aunt Jess cried out.

Smack! This time twice as hard. Again, even harder. Her hips twitched this time as my hand impacted on her ass. My dick gained another inch of territory. She was now halfway down my rod.

'I'm naughtier than that! Really spank my slutty ass!' She stared intently down at me.

Smack! This one hurt my palm. Smack! Smack! I alternated with each hand on her rounded rump.

'Keep going! Tell me more of what you want to do to your naughty slutty aunt!' She begged breathily.

Smack! Smack, smack, smack! My palms hurt but Aunt Jess seemed to enjoy the jolts of pain. I slid another inch into her.

'I want to eat your pussy until you squirt all over my face and then lick up your cum from every inch of your body.'

Smack, smack!

'I'll throw you on the floor on those big beautiful tits of yours and shove my cock so far up your ass you'll feel me in your belly!' Smack!

'Ooo!' She squealed. Another inch was enveloped in my aunt's pussy.

'Would you like my dick in your ass auntie?' Smack, smack.

'I've never had a cock back there. I don't know. You're so big!' She wiggled her ass and I was nearly completely within her. With a cry of

pleasure, Aunt Jess dropped down the last inch of my cock. I was now totally engulfed with my aunt's tight cunt!

'You're so big! You fill me so full! I love you Jeremy! I love my nephew's big cock filling my pussy!' She ground down on me making sure every millimeter was in her. Her eyes clenched shut as she focused on my cock in her cunt.

'You're pussy is so tight, so wet! I just want to fuck you forever!' Smack!

'Oh God yes, fuck me!' Which was a contradiction as she was the one on top. And to prove the point she began to rock slowly up and down the length of my shaft. Her speed quickly increased, as she was apparently ready for another orgasm. In five minutes Aunt Jess was franticly fucking herself with my stiff cock. I lay there as she rode me the bed squeaking its protestation beneath me.

'Fuck! Fuck!' Aunt Jess moaned. Her hands moved from my chest to either side of my head as she leaned forward and planted her lips to mine. She groaned into my mouth as our tongues swirled together. I wrapped my arms around her back holding her tight as she continued to buck along my cock shaft. I could tell she was really close! I ceased spanking her ass and held it tight as I suddenly began to pound up into her sodden cunt as hard and quick as I could muster in this position. She gasped and then yelled out.

'Fuh fuh fuuuckk meeeee!' She twitched, trembled, then spasmed in my arms as the tsunami of her orgasm swept over her. I continued my motions but with less intensity as Aunt Jess convulsed on my cock. Her eyes looked into mine but I could tell she wasn't there at the moment. I gently lay her beside me as her breathing evened out and her eyes focused on her bedroom ceiling.

I hadn't cum yet and I remembered my earlier promise of continuous orgasms for my gorgeous aunt, so I rolled myself over on top of her, bracing on my elbows after replacing my still stiff cock between her swollen and reddened pussy lips. She looked up at me with focused but distant eyes. There was no teasing now; I sank the full length of my hard cock into her cunt with one quick hard thrust. Aunt Jessica still looked blankly up at me.

'I told you continuous orgasms!' I pulled back slowly and pushed all the way back in again as hard as I could.

'Ungh!' My aunt moaned, showing signs of life after her orgasm. I expected she was still primed and ready to cum again with some additional effort. I pulled out of her pussy until only the head was still trapped within then again drove hard down onto and into her.

'Oh! Unnh!' Was her response.

I retreated and thrust in her chasm of passion with as much force as I could, focusing more on how hard I was fucking her rather than how fast. I was a sledgehammer not a jackhammer! I grabbed her thighs roughly, pulling her body to me as I jammed my hips forward. I slammed into her, our hips slapping together, the bed creaking loudly with each thrust as it rattled against the wall! I might owe my naughty slut aunt a new paintjob but I didn't let that lessen the ferocity with which I was fucking her with now!

'Unhgh! Ooo! Fuh fuck ... unhg ... me! Gun-gun nuh cum cum cum ah ah genn!' Only the context of the situation allowed me to understand her near gibberish.

I felt like I had just run a mile as fast as I could, but I was now approaching the finish line.

'I ... am ... gonna ... fuck ... you ... so ... hard ... your ... head ... will ... spin!' I grunted out with each intense thrust.

'Cuuum-mming!' Aunt Jess wailed loudly. The neighbors could surely hear that! But I didn't stop as my aunt flailed through another orgasm. Two minutes later and she cried out again.

'Cummmminnng ... ah genn!' This time her body stiffened as she came. I was close at this point, my own long simmering orgasm ready to boil!

'I'm gonna cum too Aunt Jess!' I groaned through clenched teeth as my balls tightened and I felt as if my cum was being ripped from my body!

'Cuumm innn meeee!' She screamed. My entire body locked up as my muscles tightened with my cock buried in my aunt's womb! Aunt Jess was convulsing and spasming beneath me as I unloaded seeming gallons of my warm cum into her cunt channel!

I fell on top of my aunt, unable to muster the strength to roll off her. She was lost from the aftermath of her own orgasmic release and didn't notice me. A minute or two later I recovered enough to finally roll over and lie beside my seemingly unconscious aunt. She stirred a short time later; I was still immobile next to her.

'Jeremy?' She spoke weakly.

'Huh?' I wasn't much better.

It was at least a minute before she spoke again; I almost thought she had passed out, or at least had fallen asleep.

'That ... was ... in ... cred ... ible!' She said slowly when she did manage to speak again.

'Unh huh.' My vocal ability may have been lost.

'Wow! Just wow!' She turned on her side to look over at me. I could only turn my head. Barely.

'Yeah!' My limbs refused to work. Aunt Jess didn't appear to be in much better condition.

'Never will I doubt you again about continuous orgasms!' She gave a small laugh but it turned into a slight cough. I could've used some water at that moment too. The half-filled glass on the nightstand felt a million miles away to me. I felt the bed move as she must have turned over and reached for the water. Aunt Jess must have sensed my need was greater than her own was and handed it to me. I struggled to lift my arm to grab it. She laughed again roughly and held the glass to my lips. I swallowed greedily.

The bit of water, but mostly passing time, helped me recover some little strength that I was at least able to sit up. Aunt Jess must have been in better shape as she had gotten to the bathroom and returned with more water. I drank half of it and felt loads better. I glanced up at her naked beauty, my eyes still focusing on her tits!

'You must be feeling better as I see you staring at my tits again!' Her laugh was easier now.

'I think I might have gotten more sun than I thought!'

'Do you think?' Aunt Jess teased me.

'I must've gotten dehydrated between mowing both lawns and my oversexed aunt!'

'Oversexed? No such thing as oversexed!' She gave me a sexy smile. 'Now we need another shower!'

'I agree!' We were both coated in sweat, perspiration in my aunt's case (women don't sweat!), and a shower sounded so good right now, even thought we had just had one a few hours before. A nice cold shower would do wonders with the way I felt.

'But seriously, are you okay? You're not going to collapse in my shower and make me have to explain to the paramedics why my naked nephew is in there with me?' She laughed loudly now.

'You don't have to tell them I'm your nephew!'

'Sure I do! I have to let everyone know how many orgasms you've already given me today!'

'And how many is that?' I was actually somewhat serious with this question. I did want to know how many times I'd made her cum today!

'Continuously!' She answered as she held out her hand to me. I grabbed it and she pulled me from the bed. We made it to the bathroom before she turned and wrapped her arms around my back pulling me into her lips, which I met with equal passion. Unsurprisingly, my dick began to revive while being pressed against Aunt Jessica's nearly bare crotch. I moaned as she rubbed her pussy lips over my hardening member.

'Someone wants to play some more!' Aunt Jess giggled breaking our kiss. I only stared into her hazel eyes with lust even after the afternoon I'd had.

'We'd better get in the shower before your little friend distracts us!' She gave me a quick peck on the lips.

'Little!' I protested righteously.

'He is getting bigger!' She turned to start the shower showing her amazing ass once again. It was still somewhat reddened from my

earlier abuse. I gave her another hard smack causing her to spin about to face me again.

'Do that again and I might have to let you fuck me again!' She grinned though her eyes were intense. I made a half-hearted effort to swing my arm behind her, but she merely turned her hips to offer her butt to me. I gave her a soft swat leaving my hand where it landed and giving her supple flesh a firm squeeze. I, myself, was nearly completely hard again.

'Ooo!' Aunt Jess squealed as my hand massaged her ass cheek.

'Aunt Jess.' I began, looking deep into her eyes. She saw the seriousness in my face. 'I wanted to say ... I mean, I have dreamed of this, you, for so long and now ... It's just so unreal. You. Mom. Just everything.' I babbled.

'Aw, Jeremy!' She laid a palm against my cheek. 'I know. It's been surreal for me too. I've never had thoughts about you like you have for me. You've thought about all this. I haven't. It's just suddenly my reality now. The cute little baby boy my sister brought home from the hospital is now a handsome young stud standing in my bathroom with his big hard cock tempting me. After having just fucked me senseless!' She let out a short laugh. She reached down and took my stiff dick in her hand, giving it soft slow strokes. 'I've had sex with my nephew! I've made out with my sister! You aren't the only one bowled over with all this!'

She looked down at what her hand was doing before continuing.

'Part of me is yelling at me what the fuck am I doing? The other half is telling me to get as much of this cock as I can get!'

'I like that second half!'

'Am I your aunt or am I your slut?' She asked sounding very serious.

'Why can't you be both?' I saw no basis for one excluding or the other.

Aunt Jess smiled wanly. 'Yes. Why can't I. I don't know the answer. I don't want to know the answer. I just want to enjoy this,' she nodded down to my very hard cock, 'and enjoy you.' She stepped into the tub pulling me in with her, her hand still wrapped around my dick.

'I want to enjoy you too!' I brought my hands up and played with her tits and erect nipples as the warm water ran over the both of us.

'Pinch 'em!' And so I did. Then I bent forward, licked, and sucked her nipples, giving them gently bites.

'Oh yes, bite them!' Aunt Jess's hand was working up and down my shaft using the water for lubrication. I reached behind her with one hand and gave her another not-so-gentle swat on her ass.

'That's it! I warned you!' She pulled free from me, releasing my cock from her grip. I stepped back unsure what she was up to. She turned around and bent over, grabbing the hot and cold water knobs for support, wiggling her hips and ass in front of me. 'Fuck me! Put that cock in my cunt my hot stud!'

I was duly reprimanded and guided my pussy missile into her awaiting launch bay with all the force I could manage. I grabbed her hips and rammed into her with renewed vigor. I made sure to plant my feet as solidly as I could, again grateful for the anti-slip pads on the smooth porcelain surface.

'Yes! Fuck me Jeremy!' She squealed. I only grunted in response. Repeatedly.

I didn't know how long I could last, I had just cum not long before so I expected it might be awhile, but Aunt Jess bent before me with the water running down her back and over her curvaceous ass was a sight to make the pope cum! I had already given her numerous orgasms but I still wanted to be sure to get my hot and slutty aunt off again before I did. She seemed to be quite worked up already, or maybe it was that

she was still, so I hoped it wouldn't be too long. I could already feel stirring in my balls!

Aunt Jessica started to wheeze with high-pitched breaths in time with every stroke of my plunging cock, her face pressed up against the tiled wall. I reached one hand up and grabbed a handful of her strawberry blonde curls, but I didn't tug it hard enough to pull her head from the wall, I didn't want her banging it against the hard tile while I slammed into her rear.

'Ooo!' She squealed between wheezes. I kept any words I had to myself.

It was only a few minutes when I felt that surge that let me know that I was past the point of holding my orgasm back any longer. I increased the tempo if not the force with which I was pounding my aunt's tight clenching pussy. The effort was not lost on her as her wheezing grew in pitch even as it became a near constant shriek. She suddenly was silent as her body went rigid. I knew she was about to cum and that knowledge was enough to cause my balls to let loose sending my creamy cum to shoot deep into Aunt Jess while her own cum sprang forth around my pulsing cock.

'Fffuuuucckkkk!' She screamed out. If I hadn't been in the midst of my own wrenching orgasm, I might have worried more about police showing up than paramedics.

I held tightly to her hips as I emptied my balls once more into my mother's sister. Aunt Jess's hands were white on the spigots. I struggled to regain control of my limbs before the two of us toppled to the smooth white surface. I released my hands, leaving white prints that quickly turned to red to match the color of her buttocks. I took a step back, out from the water's spray and Aunt Jess struggled to stand, her face now under that spray. She allowed the water to run over her face and down to her jutting tits, causing the most exquisite waterfalls in world as the water ran off her still stiff nipples. She lifted her hands to run them back through her matted hair, also lifting those gorgeous orbs standing proudly on her chest. I stepped forward and wrapped my arms behind her, letting my hands fall over her ass.

'Aunt Jess ... every time is as good as the first time! You are so incredible!' I grinned as she opened her eyes, the water still running over her face. We took a step together out of the spray. She put her hands on my shoulders, giving me a sexy grin.

'You're not so bad yourself there stud!' I loved hearing her call me that!

'We should probably rinse off and get out of here before we turn into prunes!' Aunt Jess said.

'Yeah, we can't have these babies getting all wrinkly!' I exclaimed while grabbing her tits! She laughed in response.

'But these are already wrinkly!' She said grabbing my balls and giving them a painful tug.

'Hey!' I yelled out.

'Come on!' She turned the shower, then the water, off. I pushed aside the shower door and stepped out. I saw no towels in sight.

'Aunt Jess? Towels?'

'In the closet.' She stood dripping in the shower while I crossed the bathroom to the adjoining closet and grabbed two towels. I tossed one to my aunt and began to dry myself with the other. While I did, I couldn't keep my eyes off Aunt Jess while she rubbed the cotton fabric over her smooth skin, especially when she bent forward to dry each leg.

'I can't get over how beautiful you are Aunt Jess! You are way too hot to be with me!' I exclaimed with awe in my voice.

'That's sweet Jeremy! But you're kidding yourself if you think you aren't good enough for me, or any woman for that matter! You are very handsome! You have a nice big cock,' she looked to my shriveled dick, 'well, not now, but moments ago it was plenty big enough!' She giggled. 'Plenty big!' She continued to dry herself then wrapped the towel around her body, this time concealing her tits.

She answered my questioning look. 'I can't provoke you anymore with my boobs!' She smiled at my downcast face. 'And that's the other thing. You are always so eager to please a woman! We are rather attracted to that sort of thing you big goof!'

I wrapped the towel around my waist while she went to the closet to get another smaller towel to dry her hair with, wrapping it around her head in the way that I could never master. I wasn't ready to dress again even if we didn't do anything more today (and I have to admit, regardless of being an eighteen-year-old male, I may have actually been all fucked out at that moment. However, don't tell anyone else. I'll deny it!) Aunt Jess must have felt the same, as she made no move to dress either. She did bend to collect both hers and my clothes, roughly folding them and setting them on the counter beside the sink.

'I take it you want something to drink?' She asked as she headed for the kitchen. I followed, wishing the towel didn't hide her derrière so well.

'Definitely! I feel so ... dried out!'

'It couldn't be from all the liquids you've left in me could it?' She smiled so innocently and yet so sexily also.

'It could be.' I tried to be stoic, but failed as a grin overwhelmed my face.

'And you're so cute, even without trying!' She laughed at me.

'A guy doesn't want to be 'cute'. Handsome, rugged, dashing. Not cute.' I responded dryly. Aunt Jess only laughed more.

'I'm sorry! Sometimes a woman wants cute too!' Her laugh became a wide smile. 'What do you want to drink?'

'What do you have?' I let her answer slide.

'Hot, or cold?'

'Cold.'

'I have milk, orange juice, apple juice, pomegranate juice, sparkling water, sport drink, iced tea ... and of course water.'

'Pomegranate juice?' I questioned.

'Yeah, why? Want some?' She questioned with surprise.

'God no. Orange juice.'

'Coming up. Unless you want something with more zing to it.'

'Huh?'

'Could make that a screwdriver.' Aunt Jess grinned conspiratorially.

'Alcohol? I'm only eighteen.'

'And you've never drank alcohol?'

'I didn't say that. I'm just surprised you are offering.'

'Well you did just fuck my brains out. Giving you a drink seems okay compared to that.' She said with such a normal tone I had to chuckle.

'What?' She asked innocently.

'Just the way you said that!'

'Said what? Fucked my brains out?'

She tried to keep a straight face, but when she saw me holding back my laughter, it escaped her, causing me to burst out laughing also.

'Well you did!' She retorted. I wasn't going to argue the fact.

'Straight orange juice will be fine. I don't want to go home smelling like vodka!'

'Why not? You're screwing your mother's brains out too!'

'Aunt Jess!'

'You are.' She filled a glass and handed it to me. I took it, walked into the living room, and sat on a large cushioned leather chair.

'I love you Aunt Jess! You tell it like it is!' I said after taking a large drink of my beverage. She sat on her couch, tucking her feet beneath her.

'Speaking of which, Margie was asking about you yesterday. Wanted to know when she could have you again.' My aunt had this strange look on her face, as if she was giving me ten pounds of chocolate but telling

me it was poisoned too. 'I told her you had recently gotten a girlfriend and wouldn't be able to fuck her again, at least while you were with this girl. She seemed unhappy but didn't question me any further about it.'

'A girlfriend?' I was caught off guard. 'Recently? Since Thursday? It's only Saturday. She believed that?'

'I said it happened Friday. That it was kind of a sudden surprise.' She shrugged her bare shoulders.

'Who is this girl? You or mom?'

'That's up to you.' Her tone said she knew what my answer would be if I responded. I let her down easy.

'I couldn't choose between you two. You know that!' Her eyes had a touch of sadness for a brief moment, but she blinked it away.

'Doesn't matter. I have you for the moment!' She smiled brightly at me.

'I think I'm done for the day.' I said solemnly.

'I don't want to be with you just for the amazing sex, silly!'

'Are you sure?'

'Of course. Just sit here and talk with me for a bit.'

'Okay. But Mom wanted me to be home by six for dinner. But I could stay if you want.' I wanted to make up for her realization of being second place to her sister.

'No, that's okay. We can sit here until you have to leave. You need to have dinner with your family.'

'Your family too, Aunt Jess.' She smiled back, but I could tell her heart wasn't completely in it.

We spent the next hour talking easily about nothing important, just enjoying being in each other's company. I don't think I was ever so relaxed in the company of a beautiful woman before, and it wasn't just because of the sex. I knew I could be myself with Aunt Jessica, with nothing to prove and no need to hide anything about myself, she already knew almost every embarrassing thing that had happened to me. If it hadn't been my mom, she very easily would be my first choice.

The hour passed quickly and if I hadn't happened to glance at the clock on the wall, I wouldn't have thought it to have been more than twenty minutes or so. We both stood. I gave Aunt Jess a quick kiss but she pulled me tight and the kiss stretched out to five minutes. I went to the bathroom and dressed again, while she stayed wrapped in her towels. She wouldn't let me leave without a promise of visiting sometime during the week, telling me she couldn't last until next Friday without getting a nephew injection! I made no promises, but told her I would really try. I left feeling a little melancholy, which was strange considering the amount of sex I had had, but for some reason I felt blue.

I got home at ten to six and was greeted by mom as I entered the back door. Dad was sitting in the living room watching golf. I snuck a quick kiss from mom who didn't argue, instead giving me a wide smile.

'How was your afternoon honey?' She asked seemingly innocent enough. Only the two of us knew any better.

'Oh, it was fine. Did Aunt Jess's lawn, trimmed her bush, took a shower, and then talked for a bit.' I acted nonchalant about the day I had.

'That's nice. Dinner will be ready in a few minutes, so go wash up and tell Jojo and Johnny to also wash before they come down.' I started across the room. 'And thank you for coming home on time.' She said softly so only I could possibly hear her.

I went upstairs, passing through the living room and giving a quick greeting to dad as I did so.

Dinner was okay, nothing special, except I noticed mom kept giving me intense looks. I couldn't guess as to their meaning, unless it was more sisterly jealousy. Dad didn't say anything about my absence this afternoon, but before all this started, it wouldn't be unusual for me to be gone all day. I had gotten the lawn mowed so he shouldn't have anything to say to me about what I had done. Except if he knew what I had been doing! Or should I say whom I had been doing!

After dinner, I went to my room and after doing a little homework, turned on my X-station and lost myself in the computer-generated battles. I heard mom come up to make sure my siblings were in bed and then she appeared in my doorway. She looked around as if verifying the existence of the hall and my room. She nodded to herself, came into my room, and closed the door behind her. I paused my game, knowing I was probably done for the evening. I noticed that she was still wearing her slacks and blouse.

'What's up sexy?' Mom looked to the floor but I saw her smiling demurely.

'I was curious about what happened today.' She said hesitantly, looking about my room without looking at me. Her dark brown hair hid her eyes from my gaze as she moved to my bed and sat.

'Mom. That's not fair.' I said flatly. I didn't know if I wanted to have anything happen with mom right now, I was still worn from Aunt Jessica, but I didn't know if I could resist her if she wanted something to happen. This conversation wasn't going to help the situation.

'What? I'm not supposed to wonder what my son is doing with his time?' She looked at me, but her green eyes seemed ready to dance away.

'You want to know what I'm doing with your sister. You are still competing with her. I don't want to be caught in the middle of you two. It's not fair to me, and it's not fair to her.'

'No, it's not like that. It's ... I mean ... Okay, it might be jealousy. But you're also my son and I don't want you to get hurt.'

'I'm not going to get hurt with Aunt Jess. You admitted that the other day. Matter of fact, Aunt Jess was the one that was hurt today.' I said with an accusatory tone in my voice.

'What do you mean?'

'She told me Margie asked about me, but that she had told her that I had a girlfriend now and wouldn't be able to be with Margie while I had this girlfriend.'

'Margie bought that?' Mom asked as incredulously as I had been.

'Apparently.'

'That's good. You have more than enough on your plate right now.'

'You and your sister?' I asked smugly.

'I meant school, and preparing for college next year. But yes, Jess and I too. That still doesn't explain Jess being hurt today.'

'I joked with her who this girlfriend of mine was. You or her.'

'Jeremy! Regardless of what we happen to be doing, I'm your mother, not your girlfriend! Jess isn't either.'

'I know mom. It was a harmless lie to let Margie down easy. She was nice enough, but I'm not sure I want to be doing anything more with

her, I mean I already have two hot girls to handle.' I gave her an easy-going smile that she returned with a bit of hesitation.

'Still not the point.'

'I'm getting to it. When I asked if it was you or her she said it was my choice. I told her I couldn't choose between either of you, but she seemed to know whom I would pick. She downplayed her reaction but I could see it affected her.'

'You'd pick me? Over Jessica?' Mom seemed genuinely shocked at my declaration.

'You're my mom. You gave me life. You've taken care of me during that life. How could I not prefer you? You'd have to be quite a hag for me to pick my aunt over my mom!'

'So I'm not a hag? That's good to know!' Her tone was offended, but she looked at me with half a smile that let me know she wasn't affronted.

'Mom, just because you're aren't built the same as your sister, doesn't mean you are any less than her. Yes, Aunt Jess is sexy and hot and everybody wants her, but you have more substance than just looks. I'm not saying Aunt Jess doesn't have substance either, it's just you both have different levels of each. It's like comparing apples and oranges.

Some people like one more than the other, or vice versa. I like both. I like you both. I prefer you though.'

'So am I an apple or an orange?' She was relaxed enough now that she giggled.

'You're my sexy, hot mom!' I replied lustily. Maybe something would happen!

'You are so sweet.' Her eyes became troubled then. 'But you are right. Jessica realized that you would obviously pick your mother regardless of how much you might have dreamed about her. Since I'm not a hag!' A twinkle lit up those cloudy emerald eyes. 'You're the second man to pick me over my sister. That had to sting a little for her. Not many reject her, they just turn into assholes and she has to reject them!'

'See. If I come running to you to tell you what happens, it's just driving that point in further.' I explained. 'You wouldn't want me telling her everything we might do together do you?'

'You're right, it's not fair. To either of us. But maybe I do want you to tell her everything we do!' The fingers of her right hand played with the top button of her blouse.

'No. That's just you trying to rub it in her nose.' I watched those fingers intently.

'I suppose. Again, you're right. I don't want her know what we do, I don't need to know what you do with her.' She said dejectedly.

'I'm not saying I won't share anything! I want to brag a bit and you two are the only ones I can talk to about this.'

'Okay then, spill it buster!' Mom demanded. I gave her the highlights.

'You need to be careful! All that sun, then all that exertion. You could have gotten heat stroke. I don't want to have to call the paramedics on you!' I burst out laughing at her words. She looked at me oddly. Only when I was able to contain my laughter could I explain the reason to her. A faint smile snuck onto her lips.

I studied my mother then. Her hand still played about her blouse, the other was tucked between her crossed legs pressing against her crotch. I sensed that she might want to say, or do, more but was reticent to say anything. The silence grew until it became awkward. Neither of us moved, just sitting watching the other wordlessly. After almost five minutes, I could take it no longer.

'Did you want something else mom?'

'No. I mean, no. You're probably worn out.'

'Mom.' We both knew what we wanted, and after everything that had already happened between us, but both of us were not bold enough to say the words. We weren't getting anywhere unless one of us said something. I guess it would have to be me. 'I don't know if I could ... 'perform' tonight, but if you want I could still take care of you if you want.'

'Could you eat my pussy honey? I've been going crazy all afternoon. Thinking about what you two were doing. That's kind of why I wanted to know. It was making me so wet! I had to change my panties twice today! I wanted to ... take care of it myself, but the kids were here, then your father came back from his golf game and then planted himself in front of the TV watching more golf! It was all I could do to keep myself from jumping on you when you came home!'

'Mom!' I'd fucked my mother, made love to her, handjobs and blowjobs, but for her to admit to wanting to jump me as I came in the door was a shock to hear!

'Jeremy, I need you to make me cum so badly!' Mom almost pleaded. I couldn't ignore a damsel in distress!

'Well, you're wearing too many clothes to start!' I told her. 'Maybe you should go change first.'

'No. I want you to undress me.' This was new!

'What's dad doing? Is he in bed yet?' As excited as I was getting, I still had the looming shadowy presence of my father. I did want mom right then, even if only to lick her snatch, but I had to make sure we were still being careful and not pushing our risk.

'No, he's watching 'Sports Tonight'. Besides, he wouldn't come upstairs anyway. If he couldn't find me, he'd just call up the stairs.' Mom reasoned calmly.

It seemed we'd be reasonable safe. Mom was right. Dad would watch the highlight show, then the news before he would budge. We had at least an hour, more than enough time.

'We have to be quiet though.' I said implying I meant her. I stood to approach the bed.

Mom rushed at me as soon I reached my feet. Words were impossible with her tongue in my mouth. I brought a hand to the back of her head, running through her soft curls. I didn't know if it was her moans I heard, or my own. I was reminded of my parting kiss with her sister.

No, I didn't need to be thinking about Aunt Jess, this was mom's time now. My other hand found its way to her cloth-covered ass and pulled it against me; she eagerly ground her crotch over my hardening cock. We continued until we both needed to breathe. As we separated, I stared into her emerald eyes. I saw her love, but mostly I saw her need.

I moved my hands from her ass and her head and placed them on her breasts, rubbing them through the white polyester fabric of her blouse. Her nipples firmed beneath my touch. Mom stared back at me silently, still pressing her pussy against my completely hard dick. I slid my hands from mom's tits to the button she'd been playing with earlier and pushed the plastic through its hole. I trailed down to the next button, this one at the top of her cleavage, and released it also. The third button was level with the bottom of her breasts and when I undid it, her blouse fell open enough to reveal a light pink bra with a tiny bow at the junction of the two cups. Mom kept staring at me, but my eyes were pulled downwards with the gravity of her increasing nakedness. The next button fell away to show the bare skin of her taut belly. The last visible button opened but her blouse continued inside the waistband of her pants. My eyes travelled back up to hers, while I grabbed both sides of the blouse and roughly pulled it wide. The last button that had been concealed in her slacks flew across my room.

'Oh!' Mom gasped from my display. Her lacy bra fully revealed as I let her blouse drop from her shoulders to floor. My hands went gently to her sides, causing a shiver. My mouth went to her neck just below her right ear and I dragged my open lips over her skin, my breath kissing her flesh as I went. Mom moaned softly in my ear. I let either hand

caress her sides up her ribs and then around to trace over her back. I kissed her earlobe, pulling on it with my lips before softly licking and butterfly kissing my way down her neck to the juncture of her smooth pale shoulder then along her collarbone to the cavity at the base of her throat. Her hands went to my shoulder blades, holding me loosely. I kissed my way down between her lacy breasts and my fingers tugged at her bra closure.

Fortunately, I was able to unfasten it without much trouble as it definitely ruins the mood to have to stop and have the woman you're seducing undo her own bra! I reached up and gently pulled the straps off her shoulders and gravity finished the job for me. Mom's wonderful tits hung free before my face. I cupped each one, running my fingers delicately over the pale white skin, swirling my fingertips over her areolas and hardened nipples. Mom shivered again. I kissed up the expanse of her breast and replaced my fingertips with my tongue, dancing it around the darker flesh. I took the little eraser tip buds of flesh into my mouth and sucked firmly, flicking my tongue as if it was her clit. Louder moans emanated from her throat. I teased and pinched the other nipple while still cupping and caressing her tits. A hand ran through my hair, another along the back of my neck. I moved my head to the other breast and repeated my motions.

'Yes, yes.' Mom sighed for my ears only.

I knew her need was great so though I could spend hours worshipping her breasts I trailed my gentle kisses and soft licks down her breastbone

and onto the plains of her belly. My hands moved in advance of my lips and tongue and found the button of her slacks, quickly releasing it, then lowering the zipper to free the slacks from her hips. With a gently tug, they fell around her ankles. Mom easily kicked them aside, after her shoes, and planted her feet further apart than before. Her odor filled my nostrils; a dark spot on the matching pink panties informed me of her ardor.

'Please! I need it so bad! I want your tongue in me, licking me!' She yelled in a whisper.

I paused and looked up at her standing before me as if a statue of Venus made flesh.

'Please Jeremy.' She begged with a sigh.

'You are so beautiful mom.' I said, truly in admiration of her motherly beauty.

I was eager to get my face into mom's most intimate location but I wasn't done with her foreplay yet. She was already quivering!

I massaged the insides of her hips even as I kissed the skin over the top of her pelvic bone, from right to left and left to right, above the thin elastic waistband of her flowery pink panties. While my lips moved

about her upper mons, my hands cupped her bare ass cheeks, the panties barely more than a thong. Her gluteus maximus wiggled in my grasp as I squeezed and rubbed mom's butt. It was firmer than most women her age, but had a mature fullness to it. Something you could really sink your hands into! I kissed down onto her panties; both of mom's hands were in my hair, almost pushing me downward. I kissed in a zigzag pattern, as if I was sightseeing with no destination in mind. Mom's breathing was harsh and I saw her eyes were clenched closed. I stopped my tender ministrations and grabbed her hips, urging her backwards. Her eyes popped open and she looked frantic at me.

'Lay back on the bed. I don't want you to think about trying to stay standing. Just focus on what I'm doing.'

She silently took a step backwards and when she felt the bed hit her thigh, sat down and fell back on the mattress.

'I'm already sooo close!'

'Just lie there and enjoy mom.'

I pushed her legs wider, kissing wetly each inner thigh. The dark spot on her panties had grown. Mom was soaking wet! I leaned closer and ran my tongue over that spot, faintly tasting her flavor. I pushed my tongue firmly against the wet fabric, causing the panties to sink into her oozing slit. I pretended I was licking her pussy without the panties in

the way, running my lips and tongue over her labia and the hood of her clit. Even through the cotton fabric mom was trembling on the brink of orgasm! I grabbed the waistband at either hip and tugged the delicate piece of fabric down; mom lifted her ass to allow me to remove her panties. I sucked them into my mouth, tasting the abundant juices there. I tossed them aside and once again peered at the opening from which I emerged into the world so many years before. Her lips were already spread wide as if to invite me back in again!

I stared for a moment, taking in every inch of mom's wondrous cleft. The wrinkly ridges of her pussy lips, the stubbled areas on either side of her love tunnel, the star-pattern of her asshole, the full patch of her brown curly bush, the mound on which it grew, the puffy outer lips. This was my mom's pussy! I could hold back no longer!

I bent to drink the nectar that was flowing from my mother's fabulous font. Lapping away at every millimeter of her precious pussy. Slurping at her succulent slit, sipping slowly from that sweet savory spot!

I licked up and down along her widened hole, pushing my tongue in as her walls pressed around it. I knew mom couldn't wait any longer, so I brought my tongue up against her clit and while sucking on it, flicked my tongue insistently across it. And off she went!

She pulled my pillow to her face and bit down into it as her body locked tight before convulsing and flailing about, her juices flooding my face.

I wrapped my arms around her thighs to hold her hips in place while the rest of her bounced about the bed. I kept sucking and flicking her clit expecting that she would experience more than one orgasm from her heightened passion. Sure enough, before she finished bucking from the first waves of ecstasy, her body trembled and convulsed again, this time more violently, her hips jumping up from the bed, smashing against my front teeth. I released my grip on her legs, falling back on my knees in some pain.

This orgasm must have been something because mom lay on the bed twitching for a couple minutes staring blindly at the ceiling, while I knelt there watching her, holding my hand against my upper lip. I realized she might need water after that, so I stood, opened my door and cautiously peered out, as mom was lying naked in post-orgasmic bliss on my bed! I hurried to the bathroom, filled the glass with water, returned to my room, and closed the door. I had heard the TV still on so dad was still in the living room. If he only knew what his wife was doing at that moment! Or his son for that matter! No, I didn't want dad to know what I was doing. I still valued my life!

Mom had recovered a little when I reentered the room. She glanced worriedly at me until she saw the glass. I stepped to her and handed it to her, but she shook her head, her hair matted against it. I set it down on my nightstand.

'Thank you, but I don't think I can manage a glass yet.' She said hoarsely. I saw my pillow had a wet spot from where mom had bitten it. 'I'd get up, but I don't think I can yet.'

'Its okay mom, just lay there. I'll just sit here and stare at you!' I was still standing but she knew what I meant.

'Jeremy!' Mom smiled weakly up at me.

'Was that alright for you, mom?' I partially teased. I full well knew it had been more than all right for her!

'God yes!' She looked back up at the ceiling for a minute as if she was expecting God to answer her.

'Good. I'm happy just to make you cum. I love to give you pleasure mom.'

She nodded to the water glass and I started to hand it to her but she shook her head. I understood immediately and instead held the glass to her dry lips. She sipped carefully to keep from spilling it over the bare skin of her chest. After a couple of sips, she was able to take a healthy drink before pushing it away. I set it back down and turned to once again gaze at mom's naked magnificence. Mom saw me staring and made a move to sit up. She struggled a second but before I could

move to help she managed to lean against the headboard, and, regretfully, pulled my bedspread up around her chest.

'I wish I could just stay here and sleep with you tonight. I don't want to get up.' She gazed at me with such a look on her face that it nearly broke my heart.

'I wish you could too mom.' I stared a minute longer. 'Dad's still downstairs. I heard the TV.'

A morose look passed over her features for a moment then was gone.

'If it hadn't been for that little slip that first night, I might not have realized everything that I've been missing these last few years. I just thought this was the way things went and accepted it without fighting it. Here I am now, lying naked in my son's bed after he's given me another one of the greatest orgasms I've ever had, or it may have been more than one.'

'Two that I could tell, but that second one seemed to be a doozy.' I interrupted.

'It was! But, my husband sits downstairs watching TV and I'm in my handsome son's bed, my son that I think I'm falling in love with.' Her eyes shined wetly.

'Mom.' I drawled out. I had no other words.

'Seriously Jeremy, you've brought such joy back into my life. I hadn't known that it was missing, and suddenly ... all I can think about is you, and me, and all the things I want to do with you, to you. I think that may be what has been bothering me about you being with Jess, it's not about her and me anymore. It's about you and me. It's not that I'm jealous that you are with her, it's I'm jealous that you aren't here with me. Does that make sense?'

'So much sense mom. Do you want me to stop doing anything with Aunt Jess?' I suddenly remembered my promise to go over there sometime this week.

'No. No. I told you before, I'm married, for what it's worth, and I can't try to make any hold over you. You're young. You have your whole life to live still. I'm your mother. Not your girlfriend.' She ended flatly, but I felt more behind her words.

'You'll always be my girl mom.' I sat on the edge of the bed and put a hand on her shoulder. She leaned forward, hugging my arm against her. I moved the arm around her back and pulled her to me in a tight hug.

'But I shouldn't be.'

'Can't we just enjoy what we have now? As you said, I'm young. I can handle taking care of a couple of hot middle-aged sisters!'

Mom gave me a strong smile, letting me know the crisis was over, at least for now.

'I don't know what else to do for the moment. We'll just take it one day at a time.' She kissed my cheek and threw back the covers. 'Hand me my clothes dear.'

'Sure mom.' I rose and collected her scattered clothing. I remembered her blouse when I picked it up.

'Sorry about the button. I don't know where it flew, but I'll find it and you can sew it back on.' I apologized, handing her the pile.

'It's alright, don't need that button anyway. But if you do find it ...' She paused, looking down at her clothes. 'That's what I mean though. I want someone to rip my clothes off me! To be so consumed with me as to not worry about tearing my buttons in the hurry to get my clothes off!'

'I'll rip your clothes off whenever you want mom.' I grinned lecherously at her.

'I know you would honey. However, it should be your father. I still wish it was your father.' She stood slowly, holding her clothes and making no move to put them back on.

'You're not dressing?'

'I'd only be removing them again when I get to my room. What's the point?'

'I guess.' Besides, she was naked still!

'Again, I'm leaving you in the lurch after you took such good care of me!' She patted my half-hard dick.

'It's okay mom. He's had a busy day as it is.' I joked.

'As long as I can get my protein shake in the morning!' She demanded with a grin.

'Sure thing mom.' I answered.

'Get some sleep and I'll see you in the morning.' She kissed my cheek. 'And I'll see you too!' She gave my dick another pat, before opening my door and with a quick look, exited, shutting the door behind her. I undressed down to my boxers and climbed into bed. Only to find a large wet spot where mom had cum all over my sheets! I did my best to sleep around it, but it was kind of a thrill to be sleeping on mom's cum stain!

Seemingly, only a moment later I was awoken from a familiar dream, but this time it wasn't a faceless sexy woman in the dream, it was my mom. As I woke, the dream became reality and I saw mom with half my dick in her mouth. She was slowly working up and down the shaft, taking her time as I had last night with her. Only a few short hours before!

'Morning honey!' Mom engulfed my cock once more.

'Good morning beautiful!' I answered with a groan.

Her eyes locked on mine while she continued to bob on my morning wood. One hand cupped my balls and the other was wrapped around the base. Now that I was awake mom quickened her tempo and drooled a mass of saliva down the shaft, bringing her hand from my balls to stroke up and down with quick motions of her wrist. I lasted five minutes before I shot my thick cum into her mouth and down her

throat! Mom continued her movements until she was sure I had nothing left in me. She sat back with a wide grin.

'You taste so delicious Jeremy!' She licked her lips even though she hadn't missed a drop.

'What time is it? Anyone else up yet?' It felt way too early. I pulled my boxers back up.

'It's just after six o'clock. No, no one else is up.' She climbed off my bed. I saw she was wearing her plain nightie but not her robe.

'It's Sunday morning mom! It's too early to be up yet!' I protested, though I couldn't argue about a blowjob from mom no matter the time!

'It's okay. Go back to sleep. I was just impatient for my morning cumshake!'

'Is that what you're calling it now?' I asked, a wave of exhaustion coming over me after my orgasm.

'Only to you!' Mom patted my bare leg. 'I'm going to be making breakfast again this morning. Wake up hungry.' She smiled at me as

she exited my room, closing the door behind her. I rolled over and was once again asleep.

Chapter 8

Surprisingly I awoke again three hours later at nine twenty, still much earlier than I would usually get up. Breakfast smells filled the air; I could clearly detect bacon chief among them when I opened my bedroom door. I decided I needed a quick shower before going downstairs. Both Jojo and Johnny's doors were open showing they were up already. Fifteen minutes later, I threw on a tee shirt and some loose shorts then descended the stairs to find everyone just about to sit down at the kitchen table.

'What perfect timing!' Mom exclaimed upon seeing me, giving me a sly wink that no one else noticed.

'I can't believe you're up this early on a Sunday morning!' Dad chimed in, looking up from his tablet.

Mom had told me I had to continue to respect my father, and I did, but something had changed in me with the way I felt about him. I loved him, sure. He had always been a big part of my life, teaching me how to hit a baseball, how to ride a bike, shave, drive a car, etc. He worked hard to support the family and to allow us to have all the extra things

we had. But something was different. He wasn't the large looming figure he once was, and not just in the physical sense either. Dad always seemed a giant to me, even after my adolescent growth spurt and I could look him eye to eye. Now though, he was just a man. A man with a sexy wife that he was neglecting.

'I smelled bacon.' I said dryly. I walked up behind mom and wrapped an arm around her waist in a seemingly innocent hug, but as I pulled my arm away, I let my hand drag across her ass. Mom was wearing her knee-length robe with her nightie underneath. She turned to look at me askance as she finished dishing the food onto platters.

'Good morning honey.' She said softly and sexily.

I turned to the table and sat at my usual spot. Dad was drinking coffee and was glued to his tablet; Johnny and Jojo were bickering over who got the first pancake. I smiled to myself at the normalcy of the scene, with so many undercurrents going on. I helped myself to a serving of eggs, pancakes, and some bacon before Johnny could wolf it all down. I poured Jojo's syrup, then my own, and dug into my breakfast. I glanced up as mom sat and dished herself. She looked back at me, then at dad, before concentrating on her plate.

We were just finishing (I restrained myself this morning!) when dad announced, to everyone's surprise, that he was taking us all to the zoo. Well, all but mom. Her extreme allergies around animals, even from the

distance visitors were kept, would cause her face to swell, her eyes to water, and her nose to run like a faucet. It was the reason I never had a pet while growing up. Except for a goldfish I had when I was eight that lived for three weeks. I was so upset when Mr. Fishy went belly up that I never wanted another fish, the only pet I was allowed. So I knew mom wouldn't be going.

Johnny began to roar like a lion going around the kitchen pretending he was about to eat each of us. Jojo started to recite all the different animals that she would see, listing about a dozen before she began to repeat herself. The zoo wasn't far from where we lived and we usually would go once or twice a year. Much as I wouldn't have minded going, if only to witness my younger brother and sister's excitement, I had other things I wanted to do more than see my sister's joy at the penguin exhibit or Johnny pretending to be an elephant with an arm hanging from his face as if it was his trunk. I pretended to be heartbroken when I announced that I had a major paper due later that week that I had barely started.

'That's what you get for procrastinating.' Dad said without sympathy, staring at me with a bit of disappointment in his eyes, but for the fact that I wasn't going or that I had gotten behind on my schoolwork, I couldn't tell.

Mom looked at me suspiciously, but with a sly curve of her lips. I figured she suspected my story was fiction with the expectation of spending the day naked with her.

'That's too bad Jeremy. I know how much you enjoy going to the zoo.' Mom said winking at me. I smiled weakly back at her.

'I do, and if this Econ paper wasn't thirty percent of my grade I would love to go, but ...' I trailed off dejectedly.

'Well school is more important than seeing some gazelles.' Dad said with the paternal air of imparting a valuable lesson. Gazelles were now added to Jojo's list.

'You'll just have to stay home with your old mom.' Mom said like it was a punishment.

'You're not so bad mom.' I replied. Dad chuckled.

'Well you two, it looks like it's only the three of us!' Johnny and Jojo cheered for some reason. 'We'll leave the party poopers at home and have fun by ourselves!' At this, the two youngsters began to run around the living room yelling 'party pooper, party pooper', and laughing hysterically.

Mom stared at dad and said, 'you had to say that didn't you?' Dad shrugged his shoulders and grinned. He knew full well the result of saying 'party pooper' would have on the two kids.

'Party pooper, party pooper.' He pointed at mom and me. This caused Johnny and Jojo to fall to the floor holding their bellies from their laughter. I grinned at the sight, but mom scowled. It only lasted for a second or two before a smile broke out on her face.

'I should make you some sandwiches and bags of snacks before you go.' Mom turned to the fridge.

'I'll get the cooler from the garage so you can take some bottled water; I know you don't want to pay the prices they charge there.' I headed down the short hall past the utility room and through the door that opened into the garage. I returned a couple minutes later and mom was busy at the counter, Johnny and Jojo were heading upstairs to change out of their pajamas, and dad was headed for the bathroom for his morning constitutional. I set the cooler on the table and stood at mom's side as she made sandwiches. She turned to look at me as she worked.

'You don't really have a paper to write, do you?' She eyed me skeptically.

'Yes ... well ... it's not due until next week and it's not part of my grade. Not any more than any other homework. I wanted to make it sound important so I could get out of going.' I said sheepishly.

'But you used to love going to the zoo.' Mom looked at me over her shoulder.

'I thought we could ... you know ...' I stammered.

'You thought you could get your old mom into bed all day long and have your way with her, didn't you?' She shook her head with a sense of disbelief.

'Don't you want to?' Had I presumed too much?

Mom turned and had a huge grin on her face. 'Honey. You have to ask? You know how I feel. I can't get enough of you. And of this.' She grabbed my crotch briefly, then looked around guiltily.

'Mom!' I jerked back. Not that I didn't want her hand on my dick, but dad could return in any moment, or Johnny and/or Jojo could come back downstairs.

'See, you make me so horny I can't keep my hands off you!' She mockingly reached for my crotch again.

'I've created a monster!' I joked.

Mom started to turn back to the counter before whirling and putting her hand on my dick, which was beginning to grow.

'No, I've created a monster!' She laughed as she gave me a firm squeeze. It would be soon!

'I'm going upstairs until the three of them leave.' I turned to leave.

'You could put the bottled water in the cooler and fill it with ice from the freezer in the garage before you do.' I dodged wide of mom, lest she make another grab at my stiffening cock. After putting a dozen half-liter bottles in the cooler I carried it into the garage and covered them with ice from the large freezer in the garage that we use to store meat that mom buys when it's on sale, a couple turkeys, some hams, and ice for when we have parties. I came back and found dad and my siblings busily making plans and supervising mom as she finished with the sandwiches and small plastic bags filled with assorted nuts, snack mix, raisins, and a variety of cereals that the trio could eat throughout the day. The cooler had a small inner tray to keep items out of any water on the cooler's bottom. Mom filled it with the food items and put it in the cooler, sealing the lid. She turned to dad.

'Let me know when you leave, so I can start dinner before you get home.' She gave him a peck on the cheek and I felt a tinge of jealousy. I'd seen mom kiss dad thousands of times and now I felt jealous. I should feel guilty. I saw mom glance at me out of the corner of her eye. I bent down and gave Jojo a similar kiss on her cheek, then ran my hand through Johnny's hair.

'I want a full list of all the animals you see Jojo! And a menu of all the ones you ate Mr. Lion!' My sister smiled up at me, and my brother began to roar again. Mom and dad smiled at the three of us. Like we were an ordinary family. As if!

'Well I have to get started.' I said and went up the stairs, keeping up my pretense.

'Come on you two, we got a full day ahead of us. Let's leave these party poopers!' Dad herded them to the front door, giggling as they went. I heard the front door close from my room, my own door left open. Would mom come up immediately or did she expect me to come back down? I decided to wait for her in my bed.

It was nearly half an hour before mom came upstairs. I was leaning against the headboard, playing on my phone. She stood at my doorway, leaning her back against the doorframe, one hand on her hip and the

other on the opposite doorframe. She looked at me sexily which was betrayed by her definitely unsexy cotton robe.

'I thought you would come up right away after they left.' I questioned.

Mom gave me another sultry stare and whispered in the voice of a seductress.

'I had to change first.'

She stood turning slightly towards me and casually dropped her robe.

'What the ...?!' I had suddenly lost my voice.

Mom was standing there, not wearing her normal drab nightie, but instead, the sexiest lingerie that I had ever seen!

The top was white lace in arabesque patterns on a sheer background that hung from straps on her shoulders down to intricate cups that hid her breasts while concealing nothing. It draped from beneath her tits flaring out to hang just above her belly and hips, the entire piece was tied in the front by two small ribbon bows. Clinging around her hips were white ribbons connected to a matching piece of white lace, in similar patterns to the top, that barely covered mom's patch of pubic

hair, and when she twirled around, I saw the ribbons converged into an even smaller triangle of lace that only enhanced the curves of mom's ass cheeks. I'd seen her naked before, but this was so much more sexy!

Mom could have been a Vanessa's Closet model!

She had a funny smile on her face. 'Do you like?'

My throat had dried up like the desert that had moved into my open mouth! My eyes were probably as wide as my mouth!

'No answer?' Mom walked, no, mom strutted across the room to stand beside my bed.

'Cat got your tongue?' Mom asked licking her lips slowly.

My cock was trying to grow hands to rip its way out of my pants!

'If you don't like it, I can put my regular nightie back on.' Mom put a hand on my right calf, softly tracing her fingers along the muscle. Every hair on both legs stood up at her touch.

'No!' I finally managed to croak out. 'No. I love it. So love it! You are so amazingly sexy mom!' I sat up straighter.

'Really?' She purred.

'I can't believe dad wouldn't be all over you wearing this!'

'I bought it hoping to bring a spark back, but I've never had a chance to wear it. Until now.' Her sexual confidence faltered for a moment as her eyes dropped to the floor, but they quickly returned to look at me.

'Spark, hell, this should have ignited an inferno!' I gasped at this sex kitten standing two feet away from me.

'Thank you honey. It's nice to know that someone in this house thinks I'm sexy.'

'You know I think you're one of the hottest women I've ever seen mom!' My eyes didn't know where to look; I was trying to imprint this vision of mom on the inside of my eyeballs so I would always be able to see her dressed like this!

'It's not just because I let you fuck my brains out? Or that I wear my most risqué lingerie for my handsome son?' Mom said coyly.

'It may help.' My brain was now running off a couple hundred copies of her image to save for later!

She laughed softly.

'Are you going to just sit there and stare, or are you going to unwrap your sexy mom?' She batted her eyes at me.

I sprang from the bed in one motion to stand beside this angel. I wrapped my arms around mom as she raised her hands to the back of my neck. Our bodies merged along with our lips, and in a moment both our tongues also. Neither of us was in any hurry, so even though both our passions were racing, we took our time with our kiss, breathing as deeply as we could so we would not have to separate any time soon. I'm sure my tongue could have recreated the inside of mom's mouth from memory!

We did eventually pull apart enough to stare into each other's eyes for many long moments. As I held mom with my arms encircling her waist I asked a question that may have broke the mood, but I had no fear that we could regain it.

'What made dad want to go to the zoo today?'

Mom looked back at me with a questioning stare.

'That's what's on your mind? Not the half-naked woman in your arms?' She pushed her hip against my stiff cock. She had a point, what was I thinking?

'I told him that he hasn't spent any time with his kids in some time. He wanted to do something with all of us, but the only idea he could come up with was the zoo. The four of you haven't been in quite awhile.' She continued to stare into my eyes. I was happy to let her!

'I did just go golfing with him a few weeks ago.' I stated in response.

'I know. The day after Jess jerked you off and you fingered her. I remember.' Mom's hands were playing in my hair. My own hands drifted down to caress her bare ass.

'I was so confused back then about what was going on. With the two of you. I didn't know that you knew what Aunt Jess had done to me, and I couldn't face either of you the next day. I wish I knew then what I know now, I could have spent that morning with both of you!'

'Do you think it's wise to talk about my sister now? Am I not enough for you?'

'That's not what I meant!' I leaned forward and kissed her softly. It was a short kiss, but it was full of the emotions I felt for mom. 'Just that we could have had more time together. You are all that I need mom!' I kissed her again, this time on the forehead.

'What I need is some of this.' Mom moved a hand down between us and rubbed it against my aching cock. I gave her ass a slap and sat back down on the bed.

'Give me a show, mom! Show me how sexy you really can be!' I exclaimed.

'You want me to do a strip tease for you?' She smiled back at me. 'I hoped that you wanted to undress me!'

'I do! I don't want you to strip. Well I do, but not now. Just dance around and show off your sexy lingerie and your hot body for me!'

'I've never danced around for your father!' Mom said breathily.

'I want you to do everything for me, mom! I want to do everything for you, and to you!'

'Oh honey!' Mom drawled out with emotion.

Mom took a step back from my bed and with a momentary pause to collect herself, she bent her knees and began to shimmy her hips, rising back upright as she twisted around to reveal her wiggling ass. She raised her arms over her head as she turned, twisting her head to stare back at me over her practically bare shoulder. She gave a shudder and quickly bent forward, putting her hands on her knees and shook her full curvy ass in my direction. I almost couldn't resist the urge to reach forward and grab it! Mom continued her dancing, twisting and bending, shaking and wriggling all her finest attributes for my enjoyment. Her hands ran over her bare skin and her barely covered torso. Her glistening green eyes glowed with her lust and with her love. Mom was Terpsichore and Venus combined in one mortal body, dancing her passion and her lust for me.

I could no longer suffer the confinement of my raging cock, so I unfastened my shorts, and dropped them to the floor. My boxers didn't form a tent, it was a whole damn circus big top! My eyes followed mom as she twirled and swirled before me. I had to end her teasing exhibition, reached out with both hands, and grabbed mom by her sides, pulling her to stand next to the bed. I looked up at her face; a faint sheen from her exertion gave her a pale glow in the late morning light from the window. Mom looked down at my face, then at the pole hidden by my boxers.

'Is that for me?' Mom exclaimed, licking her lips.

'Yes. Now let us unwrap both our presents.' I grabbed her ass again, cupping each cheek with a firm squeeze, while I bent forward and kissed her exposed upper chest. Mom put a hand under my chin, raised my head, and bent to kiss me. She pushed forward until I fell backwards onto my bed, her lips still fastened to mine.

Mom climbed up on the bed straddling me, her bush peeking out from the tiny piece of fabric as she spread her legs wide. She pushed her crotch against my dick as she sat on my hips and then began to grind her panties on my boxers. I was already about to cum and the image of this lingerie model rubbing her panty-clad pussy against my aching cock didn't help at all! There was a full day before us and I was ready to pop before we barely started!

'Mom! Keep that up for another minute and you'll be washing cum stains out of my boxers!' I grunted.

She giggled from her perch, staring down at my face through half-lidded eyes. She did relent after two additional harder thrusts.

'We can't have you wasting that delicious cum in your shorts!' Mom smiled deviously and rolled off me. She grabbed my boxers and pulled them down to my knees, I lifted my feet up to allow her to remove them completely. My cock, now reddened from mom rubbing the rough

fabric against it, stood tall. Mom's eyes grew at the sight of it; her hands reached out and fondled it reverently.

'You have such a beautiful cock, Jeremy.' Mom said softly as her fingers traced the bulging veins.

'You made it that way mom.' I replied, meaning both that she had created it and had made it erect.

Mom chuckled. 'I did, didn't I?' She glanced up at my face for a second before her gaze returned to her creation. 'I did a good job!'

Mom moved around on the bed until her head was within a foot of my crotch, my eight and a half inch dick positioned between her face and mine. She looked at my face past my flesh tower. Her viridian eyes glimmered. She licked her lips slowly and moved those twelve inches closer. Mom took my cock leisurely into her warm wet mouth, swirling her tongue over the mushroom head as her lips traveled over my taut skin. I unconsciously let out a groan. Mom's eyes flicked up to mine for a moment. I watched as I was engulfed by mom's oral chamber, torn between the sight of her beautiful face and the urge to throw my head back, clench my eyes shut, and just focus on the exquisite sensations mom was giving me.

She had almost two-thirds of my shaft deep in her throat when she stopped. I could hear her making gagging sounds, but she didn't pull

back up. I could feel her tongue caressing my length as well as she could with her mouth full of my cock. A small coughing sound came from her throat and she quickly lifted her head, drooling masses of thick saliva on my rod as she did. After a breath and clearing her throat, mom sunk her mouth down again, quicker this time, and was able to get a bit more of me into her throat. She held me there, making swallowing motions around my pulsing dick.

'God mom! You are a damn good cocksucker!' I said loudly.

She pulled off me with deep slurping sounds. 'Jeremy! That's not something you say to your mother!' She then returned my cock to the depths of her mouth.

'Most moms don't suck their son's cocks either!' I grunted as she began to bob up and down, squeezing the base to hold it steady.

She lifted off with a soft pop around the head. 'Only most? Not all? Besides, they would if their sons had one as nice as my son does!' Mom was giving me the best she had now; words were beyond me as she sucked hungrily on my cock. Moments later my balls tightened and my ass sprang from my mattress as I sprayed my cum down mom's greedy throat! She kept her suction somehow as I pumped the last of my seed into her. Mom didn't remove her mouth until my dick was half shrunken.

'Has it really only been four days since the first time you did that to me? Seems like an age ago!' I exclaimed.

Mom looked up at me, a small drab of cum on the edge of her lower lip. She seemed a bit reserved at my words. Was she regretting anything we'd done this weekend?

'Honey ...' It was then that she felt the drop on her lip and her tongue darted out and licked it cautiously.

'Mom. You don't feel bad about anything we've done, do you?'

'No, dear. I may have wished that things hadn't turned out like this, but not any longer. You have been such a perfect lover! I could wish that it was you I had met all those years ago and we could've spent those years together. But at the time, I thought it would be like that with your father. I do still love him. I don't want you to be jealous. I do love you too. Right now, though it is too soon between us to know if this is real or just the excitement of the sex. Great sex! Amazing sex!' She smiled widely at me after the serious tone of her words.

'Awesome sex!' I agreed with a smile myself.

'Let's just keep this going and see where it takes us. I've accepted that what we are doing is wrong to most, or all, people, but I don't care

anymore. You're my son and I love you. I'm your mother and you love me. We are sharing that love. Whatever I may have regretted, I don't any more. I can't imagine not having you to make love to me, to eat me to such amazing orgasms, or ...' mom looked coyly at me, 'fucking my brains out!'

'We should probably get on with each of those, shouldn't we?' I grinned.

'I don't want to wear you out too soon. You've had a very busy weekend, or extended weekend I should say!'

'I have to say, I'm glad I'm eighteen!'

'I have to say, I'm glad too!' Mom ran a hand through her soft brown hair. 'I want to thoroughly enjoy my handsome young stud!'

'And I want to thoroughly satisfy my beautiful sexy MILF!'

'MILF? Isn't that a mother I'd like to fuck? You're already past that!' She exclaimed.

'No, now you are my mom I love fucking!' I replied boldly. Mom laughed.

'And I love you fucking me too!' Mom took my hand in hers, clenching them tightly. 'We should get back to it. I unwrapped my present, but you haven't touched yours yet!'

I pulled my tee shirt over my head and looked mom up and down as she knelt beside me. Her bush had escaped further from her visibly wet-stained panties, a large dark spot discoloring the white lace. Her nipples stood prominently, barely concealed behind the lacy patterns and sheer fabric.

'I can't believe you are my mom! You are so incredibly sexy in that!' Her eyes lit up with my words. 'You are almost too hot to touch! Like you might disappear as if an illusion if I tried to touch you!'

'You are so sweet dear! I want you to touch me! Touch me all you want! However you want!' I could tell mom was in a state similar to what I was a short time ago; she was as ready to cum as I had been before we had done anything!

'I want to touch you everywhere, my sexy mommy!' I reached out towards her. 'First thing I want to touch, is your gorgeous ass!' I grabbed her and swung her around on her knees so she was facing away from me, her face planted to my sheets, bent over to give emphasis to the curves of her ass!

'Ooo! Do you love my ass, Jeremy?'

'It's sooo perfect mom! Tight, firm, but still so squeezable!' And squeeze I did! I dug my fingers into those cheeks, rubbing and massaging her buttocks around the small piece of lace at the junction of her spheres.

'Spank my ass Jeremy!' Mom squealed from my manipulations.

'Really mom?'

'Spank me hard! I love it!'

Okay! I wasn't going to argue!

Smack!

Smack! Smack!

The first was a gentle slap, but from the experience with Aunt Jess, the next couple I really laid into her.

'Ouch! Oh, yes! Like that! More! I'm a bad girl!'

Smack! Smack! Smack!

'I like bad girls, mom! I like to spank them too!'

I have to admit here that before Aunt Jessica the other day, I had never given much thought to spanking, or any other form of physical abuse, it just wasn't my thing. Besides, I'd been taught that a man never touched a woman in such a way. I knew some people got off on it, hell, some people couldn't get off without it! Whippings, caning, electro-torture, those things made my skin crawl to contemplate. But after my aunt and now finding out my mom seemed to like it, I found that spanking them both gave me a perverse thrill. The intense stinging of my palm after connecting with the full firm flesh of their asses, and the fact that it gave them pleasure excited me too!

Smack! Smack!

'Spank your bad mommy! Spank her hard!' Mom cried out with each contact.

I could feel my dick responding to mom's enthusiasm. Not enough to make me hard, but there was a definite tingle down there.

I gave her a steady series of hard slaps, making sure to cover the full area of her curvy butt, until both cheeks were bright red! Mom was moaning with each stroke, and I noticed a thin clear rivulet running down one thigh. She was more excited than I thought!

When her entire ass, and even the top of her thighs were burning, I ceased, my hands half-numb themselves. I then placed my hands on that glorious ass and began to massage it firmly, but gently. I ran my fingers down over those ass cheeks, under the wisp of fabric and between her thighs, around her puckered asshole, and to the edge of her dripping pussy.

'Oh yes! Rub my pussy! I'm so wet for you honey!' Mom moaned. Her words went right to my dick!

I moved a hand further under her panties, feeling the wet fabric on the back of my hand as my digits caressed over her oozing pussy lips. Mom sighed.

'Keep going!' She begged. I obliged happily.

I pushed the delicate cloth to the side, giving me unobstructed access to my mother's beautiful gaping cleft. I rubbed my fingers along her slit, careful to avoid her sensitive nib. I pushed the lips wide with two fingers, slipping the longer middle finger into her warm, sloppy chasm.

'Ooo!' My mom jerked up as I penetrated her.

I moved my hand, rubbing her labia while plunging the one finger in and out as my hand slid back and forth.

'Yes! Fuck me with your finger!' Mom cried out. 'Put two in me! Fill me with your fingers Jeremy!'

On the next forward stroke, I pushed my ring finger in with the middle one.

'Oh God! Ooo! Harder! Finger me harder honey! I'm close! So fuck-king close!' Mom bucked as I increased my tempo.

'Cum for me mom! Cum on my fingers!' I urged her, needlessly, as she was trembling and shaking like a leaf in a sirocco.

'Ungh! Oh! Ooo!' Her body tensed as her orgasm hit, a gush of fluids coating my fingers and hand. I kept up my motions throughout, trying to stretch out the length of mom's orgasm. I had to stop when mom fell to her side, pulling off my dripping fingers. I brought my hand to my mouth and licked and sucked her succulent cum from my digits.

Mom lay there for a few moments watching me clean her juices from my fingers.

'How is it that you are able to give me such amazing orgasms?' Mom whispered hoarsely.

'I don't know. Because what we are doing is supposedly wrong? It makes it more intense when you cum?' It's what I figured made me cum so hard with Aunt Jess and mom, that it was taboo to give each other such pleasure.

'I suppose.' She sighed closing her eyes.

'Or I'm just that good!' I added.

Her eyes flashed open, she grabbed my pillow and weakly hurled it at me.

'Okay, Mr. Bighead!' She laughed as she rose to a sitting position.

My cock had fully risen by now and I displayed it proudly to my mother.

'Ooo! Is he ready already?' Mom cooed happily.

'Apparently.' I don't know if mom caught my unintentional pun, but I smiled.

'What?' She asked suspiciously.

'Nothing.' I answered. Then to get back to the subject at hand I said, 'someone has too many clothes on!'

'I bet it's me!' Mom giggled.

'You look so hot in that lingerie mom; it's almost a crime to take it off!'

'You say the sweetest things honey. But I want this big head in me right now!' She kindly demanded.

I chuckled back at her, turned and dove on top of her soft figure. I sought her lips with mine as my body covered her own, my stiff cock rubbing on her outer thigh.

We stayed joined for many minutes, our breath coming in heaving gasps when we finally separated our mouths. I looked down at the

angel beneath me. Mom stared back at me wordlessly. I shifted my position, moving my crotch between her legs. She reached down between us, pulled her panties aside, and then guided my hardened flesh into her channel. We both grunted as I entered mom's luscious pussy.

'Yes honey! Fill mommy's pussy with your big cock! I love you inside me!'

I agreed with her one hundred percent!

I grabbed both her legs behind the knee and lifted them up until her feet were beside my face. I turned and kissed each foot with numerous soft wet kisses while I lay motionless half on top of her and completely buried in her. Mom's eyes stared glistening as I praised her feet with my lips. I slowly pulled back until just the tip of my cock was still inside her, then pushed slowly but firmly back downward. Mom's eyes widened as I filled her again.

'Fuck me Jeremy! I want you to fuck my pussy!' Mom said fiercely.

I moved slowly back and then forward again.

'Don't tease me now! I need you to pound my cunt! Fuck your mommy's cunt with your hard cock!'

I would never have thought that mom would utter the 'C' word, but then again I would never have imagined mom ordering me to fuck her either!

'You are so tight mom! Your pussy is squeezing my dick soo good!' My body was in control now. I was pounding into mom's tight pussy with a fury! I was an animal now focused on only one thing, making us both cum!

'Fuck me! Harder! God damn fuck me!' Mom screamed, lost in her own haze of lust and passion.

The two of us moved as one in that ancient primal dance that has been performed by every living creature seeking to perpetuate its species since the dawn of time. That dance called sex; primitive, animalistic, ferocious, and inexorable. The only way to finish or end that dance, that gambol, that frolic is with the release of all one's being into their partner. Mom and I danced that dance for moments and for ages until the promised release relinquished us from its hold. Yes, I wax poetic to describe our rutting as it was beyond words for me to describe otherwise. Or I could just say we fucked for ten furious minutes before we both came in overwhelming orgasms and collapsed on one another. Tomate-o, tomahto.

'Jeez Jeremy!'

'I agree mom!'

We both lay there holding each other for quite awhile, content and without care for the moment.

'And you still have too many clothes on!' I finally broke the silence. Mom giggled softly.

'You just can't seem to get me out of my lingerie!'

'Challenge accepted dear lady!'

I reached out and pulled a strap off her shoulder. I moved my head so I could kiss that shoulder. I pushed the other strap aside and kissed that shoulder too. Mom sighed breathily. I gingerly tugged at the upper bow between her breasts; the two ties fell away. I kissed the hollow between those glorious globes. Mom's hands caressed the back of my head, twirling in my hair. Only one more tied bow was holding mom's delicate lingerie in place. I tugged the ribbon and the front fell open; after a shrug of mom's arms, it dropped behind her. I kissed again between mom's tits, bringing my hands up to cup her barely sagging breasts. I ran either thumb over her nipples, teasing them. Mom let out moan from deep in her throat. I kissed a trail up the slope of one tit, then the other, until I reached her sensitive tips, giving each a gentle

suck. Her moan became more vocal. I played my tongue over those ultimate peaks while she ran her fingers through my hair, holding my head against her magnificent chest.

With my mouth fully engaged on mom's tits, my hands slipped down her sides until finding those ribbons draping her hips and tugged them down her thighs. Once past the wide hips and upper thigh, the panties fell about her knees. Mom kicked her feet, working the tiny piece of fabric to her ankles, then with a final kick, sent her panties across the room. I pulled my lips from mom's nipples and stared at her beautiful face, the glimmering green eyes, strong but delicate nose, her wide and full lips, cheeks ruddy from our exertions, brown hair plastered in damp masses to her head. My dick was out of commission for the moment and I told her so.

Mom slyly and seductively said, 'I bet I could get it up again.'

'I bet you could too.' I agreed. 'I think we might need a break though.'

Mom pouted at me.

'You pleasure me while I have my lingerie on and once I'm naked you want to take a break? Maybe I should put it back on?'

'Oh, I am more than ready to keep going, sexy mommy! I just don't want us to get worn out and fall asleep and have dad find us together.'

'Me neither, honey. But I just can't resist doing everything with you!'

'Everything?' I asked doubtfully.

'Everything!' Mom said determinedly.

'How about another show?' I said moving back on the bed, half-sitting near her feet.

Mom looked suspiciously back at me, seeing as she was already fully exposed to my scrutiny.

'Spread your legs and play with your pussy, mom.'

Mom's eyes stared intently back at me. She didn't move for long moments.

Mom slowly inched her long shapely legs apart, staring at me as she did so.

'I've never done this with someone watching me.' Mom spoke softly.

'You are so sexy, mom! I want to see you make yourself feel good. To see you make yourself cum! Can you cum for me, mom?'

'I want to! You make me feel so sexy, so naughty. So nasty!'

'You're my naughty, dirty mommy!'

'Oh honey! I love it when you call me mommy while we are being so nasty!'

'Spread your luscious legs mommy! Play with your mommy pussy and cum for your son!'

Mom jerked her legs wide and a hand shot to her gaping slit.

'I'm so wet for you honey! Mommy wants to cum all over her slutty fingers for you!' She sexily whispered, her eyes still locked with mine. I was torn with where I wanted to focus my eyes, where her fingers were working their way on her wide spread pussy lips, or staring back at those eyes while she worked herself into a frenzy for me. I darted from one to the other trying to capture this vision within my eyes.

'Finger yourself mommy! Shove them in your cunt for me!' Mom pushed two fingers into her hole, a moan escaping her mouth. 'Harder slut!'

'Fuck!' Mom gasped as she did so.

'Do you like that mommy? Is your pussy all wet from fucking yourself?'

'God yes! I love fucking myself for you dear!' Mom groaned as she slammed her hand into her dripping chasm.

'Do you want to cum mommy?'

'Yes honey! Mommy wants to cum for her sexy son!'

'Too bad! I want you to stop fucking yourself!'

'No Jeremy!' She begged.

'Rub your clit!' I ordered. Her hand darted to the top of her gash and franticly massaged it with her fingertips. She couldn't keep her eyes open any longer with her self-induced bliss, clenching them tight.

'I am so close! Mommy is gonna cum for you honey!'

'Not yet mommy! You can't cum until I say so!'

She growled back at me as she neared paradise.

'Please Jeremy!' Her fingers were a blur.

'Shove two fingers of your other hand in your cunt, you fucking slut mommy!'

Her eyes shot back open, defiantly shooting her glare at me. She rammed the fingers into her hole.

'Unnngh!' She groaned with her teeth grinding together.

'Ready to cum mommy?' I asked flatly.

Her look was molten lava filled with lightning bolts. Both her hands were going full speed.

'Cum for me mommy! Cum all over my bed, you nasty slut bitch!'

Mom screamed as loud as I've ever heard her!

'F-f-fuuuuuuuhhhhkkkk!'

Her ass jerked up from the sheet, the fingers of the one hand jammed as deeply as she could push them, her other hand still jerking over her clit. She seemed frozen in that position for about ten seconds before her legs gave out and she collapsed back down, her thighs shaking and her feet bouncing around on the blankets. A large flood of fluid shot forth from her pussy, and when she then removed her fingers from within her, another smaller but equally forceful gush was ejected. Mom continued to quake and more liquid oozed out, this was thicker and white. The hand on her clit fell to the side and mom lay there covered in her perspiration, quivers still raking through her body.

I have to say, the sight of mom giving herself such a massive orgasm had me hard again! Our words, as dirty and naughty as mom, helped greatly too!

Mom lay stretched out on the bed, every inch of her fabulous figure displayed gloriously to me. I bent and kissed one of her well-rounded thighs, tasting some of her cum that had sprayed there. I was a bit sorry that she had soaked my bed instead of my face! Mom opened her eyes and lifted her head just enough to look at me, then fell back, unable to hold it up long.

'Jeremy.' She said in a hoarse and weak whisper.

'Yeah mom?' I kissed her thigh again and raised my head so she could see my face without lifting hers again.

She looked at me for more than a moment as if unsure of her next words, or awaiting the strength to speak them.

'That had to be the best orgasm I've ever had!'

'You soaked my bed again!' I smiled at her.

'Sorry honey, I couldn't help it.' She returned my smile. 'You watching me, saying those things, making me wait until you said to cum, just made it more than anything I've ever felt before. I don't think I could ever deny you anything again after this.'

'How about raising my allowance?' I joked. I hadn't gotten an allowance since I turned sixteen. Dad felt that if I wanted or needed money at that age that I should get a job (and I had too).

Mom understood my jibe.

'I could probably give you a raise. Maybe a quarter.' She grinned.

'Oh you gave me a raise. Much more than a quarter!' I said.

Mom glanced down to my stiff dick.

'I want that raise!' She smiled again. 'I told you I could get you up again!'

'I knew you could. You always can!' I moved to give her a kiss on the lips, but merely a peck.

'So now you are ready and I need a break?' Mom rose to her elbows.

'I can wait mom.' I gave her a hand until she was sitting beside me on the edge of the bed. I turned to look at the large wet area of my bed. I hoped it would dry before I went to sleep!

'We should take the sheet off and put some towels down to dry that out.' Mom said following my eyes, her motherly words so incongruous to the fact of her cum soaking my bed.

'And I could use a bite to eat and something to drink. I would suggest a shower, but I don't think we are done for the day yet.' Mom looked quickly at me.

'Give me a few minutes and I'll be ready for this again!' She grabbed my cock firmly.

'Well you've regained your strength!' I joked.

'Come on. You take off the blankets and sheets and I'll go get a fresh sheet and some towels.' Mom rose to her feet.

'Shouldn't we wait? In case you soak my bed again later?' I stood, then reached down to pick up her discarded lingerie top.

'Do you think you could do that again?' Mom eyed me with some disbelief.

I didn't respond, knowing we both already knew the answer. I glanced to where I had seen her panties fly and saw them hanging on a dresser knob handle. I went and retrieved it. I handed the scanty pieces of clothing to mom, both of us still nude. My cock had wilted somewhat, but I knew it would be back to full size at a moment's notice. Mom left the room and I stared at her ass as it wiggled out of my room.

I pulled the bedspread, blanket, and top sheet off and put them on my chair. Then I pulled off the fitted sheet, amazed at the size of the wet area, and a bit proud that I had made mom cum so hard. I bundled it up in a ball as mom returned, surprisingly still naked, with a new sheet and a stack of fluffy towels.

'Put that in the hamper in the bathroom. I'll wash it tomorrow.'

I went to exit my room and as I passed mom, I gave her a firm slap on her bare plush ass.

'Jeremy!' Mom said startled by the unexpected spank.

'Shake that naked ass at me and I just want to slap it. Or grab it. Or kiss it. I can never decide which!'

Mom blushed. 'You make me want to be naked with you all the time!'

'I'm okay with that.' I answered. I went quickly to the bathroom and shoved the sheet into the hamper. When I returned to my room, mom was laying towels out over the wet area.

'I can't believe how wet this bed is. Are you sure this is all from me?' She turned to look at me. That she was so comfortable being unclothed around me somewhat baffled me, I was getting a little bit self-conscious around her without a hard dick. Although that could be remedied! Especially with the sight of her leaning over my bed spreading towels!

'You should have seen it gushing out of you! It was the sexiest thing I've ever seen!'

'I don't know if I believe that! I for one know of some of the things you've seen in the past few days!' She waved her forefinger at me.

'Okay, you got me. But it's definitely in the top five!'

'Okay mister. Let's go get some food and drink.' She turned to leave.

'Shouldn't we put something on first?' I asked.

'Don't you like looking at your naked old mom?' She said suggestively.

'All. The. Time.' I answered whole-heartedly. 'But what if someone shows up? Are you going to answer the door like that?'

'Well. You may be right. You just can't stand my wrinkly old body.' She noticed where her robe still lay where she had dropped it. She crouched down to pick it up.

'You are definitely not old mom. Don't make me spank your ass again young lady!' To paraphrase a warning she had given to me many a time in my unruly youth.

Mom giggled a bit on hearing my warning as she wrapped the robe around herself. 'Okay Sir Galahad.' She teased me back.

I put on my boxers and called it good.

The two of us went downstairs to the kitchen. Mom made sandwiches while I poured us a couple glasses of juice, orange for me and fermented grape for mom. She glanced at me as I poured hers.

'Are you trying to get me drunk? So you can take advantage of me? Like I'm some college girl?' Mom asked demurely.

'Maybe.' Was all I said. Mom smiled and took a big drink of her wine.

'Can't take advantage of the willing, mister.'

We sat beside one another at the table and ate the sandwiches quietly, but our stares at each other spoke volumes. I bit into my sandwich with a passion, while mom licked her lips slowly after each dainty bite. We were having foreplay with our lunch. I, of course, finished my food first, while mom drained her glass before my OJ was gone.

My eyes were mesmerized by hers as I reached over to mom and snuck my hands inside her robe, caressing those delightful orbs hidden within. I played my thumbs over her crinkled nipples feeling them come alive again. Mom leaned closer and kissed my lips, keeping her own sealed. I could taste the mild alcohol there. Mom's hands made their way to my naked torso, running them over my skin from shoulders to hips. I broke out in goose bumps at her tender touch. We kissed again, more firmly and more passionately. I squeezed her tits more firmly, mom's hands migrating to my back, pulling me even closer. I nearly fell out of my chair as I scooted closer, causing our lips to part. Mom put a hand to her lips to hide her laugh. I ignored her mirth and stood, pushing my chair back away from me. I grabbed that same hand and jerked mom to her feet and against my naked chest. As one, we sought out the others' lips again, parting them and allowing our tongues to dance together. Our arms encircled each other, our bodies pressed together. We remained this way for an unknown amount of time, but we were breathless when we broke apart.

'I could never feel old around you Jeremy! You make me feel so young! Like I'm a high school girl again!' Mom sighed as she spun the two of us around. 'Some young girl with her first real crush.' Mom stared at me then with an intense look.

'What?' I asked, the intensity a bit startling.

'I just noticed how much you look like your father when he was your age.' She glanced at me up and down.

'Well I am related to him!' I said as explanation.

'Of course, but it's more than that. I can't explain it.' She shook away her distraction. Mom looked at me with fresh eyes.

'Maybe because you see me now as you once saw him?' I didn't like bringing up dad while I was making moves on mom.

'That's probably it.' She still looked wistful.

I kissed her again, just a gentle but still passion-filled kiss. I had her attention again.

'What does my handsome young stud want to do with his slutty mommy now?' Mom asked, her voice dripping sex.

'I want to do my slutty mommy now!'

'Ooo!' She responded in a high-pitched tone. 'I like that answer!'

We kissed again, no gentleness at all this time. It was hungry and raw, like tigers might kiss. Not as a single meeting of the lips, but a series of skirmishes with each of us trying to win our oral battle! My hands grabbed her ass through the cotton robe, her own hands around my neck. I was unhappy with the cloth barrier, so I pulled up the robe to her waist and squeezed her firm flanks. Mom was grinding her hips against mine, my cock eager to rise to meet her pushing. Mom grabbed the sides of my head, trying to hold it as she attacked me with her mouth and lips. I was fed up with her robe, so I grabbed the sash, and tugged the simple knot undone. Mom shrugged it off her shoulders without a truce to the tongue tug-o-war. Her tits and hard nipples were pressed into my chest, my hands cupping her fleshy buttocks to grind my own crotch against hers.

'I want you in me!' Mom said around my tongue.

That seemed like a good idea to me right then!

I wasn't even willing to wait!

I pushed my boxers down, mom's hands eagerly helping. My cock sprung free, as ready as mom and I. I kissed mom again and grabbed

her hips, pulling her bare skin against my leaking dick. She pushed up and down against it, dampening her skin with my pre-cum. With one hand, I reached between us, and after crouching a little to get us lined up, I pushed my very hard cock up into her very wet cunt! Mom sighed and groaned with a single breath as I sunk, or rather, I rose into her. I grabbed her ass as I stood back up straight with mom impaled on my steely bar of flesh and blood! She draped her arms around my shoulders to help support her weight while she bounced slightly upon my invading dick. Mom's legs wrapped around my back.

'This is nice!' Mom said flexing her pussy muscles around my shaft.

'I thought it might!' I lifted her ass a few inches and let it drop back down. I did it again, lifting higher this time. Mom let out a small squeak each time I dropped her onto my cock. Gravity created a decent force, but I didn't think it would be enough to make either of us cum. Especially not before my arms would give out! I continued while I could, figuring out how high I could raise mom up without slipping out of her clenching hole. I managed to last for longer than I thought I would, our crazy fucking lending me strength! After about ten minutes or so, my biceps were burning so badly I had to lift mom off me. She seemed unhappy we couldn't keep going; maybe it would have been enough to get her off!

'Sorry mom. I'm not a bodybuilder that can just carry you around on his dick all day!' I apologized. I rather liked the idea of being able to

fuck mom like that, bouncing her on my cock while I squeezed her luscious ass cheeks!

'It's okay honey. I already know there is no problem with you making me orgasm!' She placed a palm on my cheek. 'The problem is in how hard you make me cum!' She kissed me lightly.

'That's a problem?' Her logic escaped me.

'When I soak your bed it is!' Mom grinned widely.

'I still don't see that as a problem! I would rather have a soaked bed, then not be able to get you off at all!' I countered.

'Well, that would be a problem!' She kissed me again. She grabbed my cock and stroked it, rubbing her juices along its length. 'I'm sure we can find other positions we can try that we can both enjoy very much!'

'Maybe we should go back upstairs.' I suggested.

'How about the kitchen table?' Mom's eyes were on fire as she spoke!

'Really?' The idea actually intrigued me!

'You seem to like eating here. Maybe there are other things you'd like to do at the table!'

'I'll never be able to look dad in the eye at dinner ever again!' I said, grabbing mom's waist and pulling her to me, my damp dick rubbing on her hip. Mom gave a laugh and then kissed me, her tongue once more in my mouth. I held her for a few minutes, before I gently pushed her away.

'Okay, let's do it!' I said enthusiastically. Mom turned and removed our empty plates and glasses, and the fake floral centerpiece from the table. 'Do you think it's safe? I don't want to explain to dad how the kitchen table got broke!'

Mom looked at me guiltily.

'What?' I asked, not sure I wanted an answer.

'It's safe.' She said in almost a whisper. I looked questioningly at her until she went on. 'I'm fairly sure that's where your sister was conceived.'

'Mom!' I exclaimed loudly.

'You asked.' She said sheepishly.

'I had a feeling too, that I didn't want to know.' I looked again at the table where I had eaten untold number of meals, where I had sat doing homework in junior high. I had eaten food spilled on that table! I shivered uncontrollably. Mom saw it and smiled wickedly. I had second thoughts now.

'You still want to?' Mom asked seeing my doubt written on my face.

I was actually more determined now. It would be payback to my father! As if screwing mom anywhere wasn't payback enough!

'Definitely!' I said firmly.

Mom moved next to the wooden surface and allowed me to lift her up so she was sitting on it. She wiggled and scooted further toward the middle. I watched amazed at the most delectable main course ever to grace that table! I had to tell her so.

'Now that is a meal fit for a king!' Mom turned to look at me, my compliment bringing a gleam to her eye and a curl to her lips. 'I would eat this for dinner every day!' Mom chuckled at that one.

'I would let you eat me every day too!' Her innuendo was very blunt.

I hoisted myself up and half crawled until I loomed over mom's slightly smaller figure. She moved around until she was lying on her back. She looked up at me with a question.

'Is missionary alright?' She asked, as if she was wondering if I wanted nacho cheese instead of cool ranch!

'It's probably the least risky.'

'You're worried about risky? You're about to screw your mother on the kitchen table in the middle of a Sunday afternoon', she said boldly, looking about the visible portion of the house, 'with a curtain open to the world, and I think the front door is unlocked! I don't think that means what you think it means!'

I glanced about too and saw the window she meant. It faced the neighboring house, but their entire wall was brick without a single window in it. The front door bothered me a little, but not enough to ignore the beauty spread before me. It obviously wasn't enough to worry mom either as she didn't move to eliminate either risk. The prospect of fucking mom on the kitchen table right now was a bigger allure!

'Spread 'em mom! If you still want me to fuck your brains out, that is!' I said loudly, getting into our sexual repartee.

'I should be satisfied with what you've done to me already today! But I can't seem ever to get enough! I do want you to fuck me again Jeremy! Fuck me until I squirt all over the table!' Shit! I hadn't thought about that possibility! I was now as hard as I possibly could be!

Mom did indeed spread 'em. Both legs were pointed at opposite ends of the table, her pussy lips splayed open revealing the warm, wet, welcoming canal of mom's cunt! I stared at the vision before me, a buffet of sex of which I was about to partake! Mom smiled under my stare, luxuriating in my visual adoration.

'You do know how to make a girl feel sexy!' She purred at me.

I knelt between those gorgeous gams and aimed my cock at her enticing target. I slowly pushed into her, sliding deliciously until I was fully enveloped by mom's tight twat! I lay fully atop her, only taking off some of my weight with my arms that were still slightly sore from out previous coupling. I stayed there for a moment or two, savoring the sensations mom's pussy was producing around my cock.

'That makes me feel sexy too! Being filled by your big hard cock! I love it Jeremy! I love you filling my cunt with your wonderful cock!' Mom crowed loudly.

'Your pussy feels so good on my cock, mom! I can feel you squeezing it with your cunt! I wish I could stay like this forever!' My voice wasn't as loud as hers, but the emotion and the passion were just as loud.

'No honey! It feels better with you fucking me! Pound that cock into your mommy's cunt! I need it so badly!'

I was easily convinced. Fucking her would feel better! So I did!

Once again, I was engaged in giving my mother every inch of my hard cock, vigorously slamming in and out of her as we both gasped with the exertion. The table bounced about the kitchen as I fulfilled mom's wishes, the table legs knocking loudly on the floor as they gradually moved about the room. I paid no attention to the table slow migration around the room, or the amount of noise we were generating. I was only focused on mom's cunt squeezing my cock, staring into her eyes as our passions built, and holding off the growing sensations in my balls, trying to last until mom peaked first. I sensed mom was close from the tempo of her panting breaths, the contractions around my cock, and from her screams declaring to the world of her impending orgasm.

'God fucking damn! Fuck your mommy's pussy Jeremy! I want to cum all over your cock! I want you to fill me with your delicious cum! Fuuuuckk meee haarrrdd!'

I merely grunted and growled in response.

'Fuuuccckk! Cuuuummminnggg!' Mom yelled out. I was to the bursting point myself and let loose my burning load of cum deep into mom's pussy.

'Cuuuumm in mooommmeeee's cunnnt!' Mom wailed, her own orgasm increased and prolonged by the release of my own. Her body was shivering and convulsing on the smooth, sweat-coated surface of the table. I fell completely on her, spent from my orgasm. Mom didn't seem to even notice, lost in the aftermath of her ecstasy. A minute or two later I was able to roll to the side and off mom's sticky wet body. I slipped around a bit on the glassy-like tabletop.

She opened her eyes and looked about until she found me lying next to her.

'Jeremy.' She sighed. She seemed to be searching for words. 'I love you so much honey! You make me feel so ... good, so ... alive! You make me cum so hard, so easily, and even when we're done, I just want more! I don't know if my body can keep up with my desires though!'

'I know mom! I want to wear myself out with you, and I know I want more too! It's as if every cell of me wants to fuck you! We just had sex, but I wish I could again right this second!'

'Me too dear, but I don't even know if I can move right this second!'

'We can just lay here! I'm good with that too!'

'Did we move the table?' Mom hadn't lifted her head, but it was obvious from the overhead light that the table was no longer in the same spot.

'It bounced about quite a bit. It kind of 'walked' around the kitchen.'

'You bounced me about quite a bit too. I feel like I've been to the moon and back!'

I was able to sit up, and I moved to the table's edge and carefully stood on the floor. My legs were still able to support me. I reached a hand out to mom and helped her off the table. She gave me a hug, gentle and loving.

'I think I need a shower now!' Mom said softly.

'We both do!' I agreed.

'I don't know if we should shower together.' Mom stated. 'I don't know that we could keep our hands off each other and we don't seem too good on our feet just now.'

'I don't know, I think we could manage.' I gave her a little slap on her ass.

'Well, you seem to be recovered.'

'I have a hottie MILF for motivation!' I grabbed her by the hips from behind, pressing my inactive dick against her marshmallow cheeks, and kissed her on the side of her neck just beneath her right ear.

'Stop that or you'll give me some motivation too!' Mom giggled cheerfully and oh so sexily!

'That's not all I've give you mom!' I leered at her and reached around to cup her breasts, nice firm handfuls. I kissed her neck again, sucking her salty skin.

'I've been in a sexual desert and now I'm drowning in an oasis!' Mom softly said, as she reached up with her right hand to caress the side of my face.

'And I want to drown in your squirting cum, mommy!' I said in my best child-like voice.

'Don't do that!' She scolded me harshly. I pulled my head back, startled. 'You are eighteen! I would never have allowed this to happen if you hadn't been. Don't even joke about that! Ever again! Do you hear me?' Mom stepped away from me and turned to face me with a stern motherly look.

Wow!

She was right though. Even the thought of the other two being involved made me sick.

'Sorry mom!' I said seriously chastised.

'You better be!' Mom's eyes bore into me like laser drills. Then in half a second turned back into her sex kitten eyes! 'Where were we?' She said purring softly.

I stood there; the sudden switch stunned me. Mom turned and pressed her ass back into my crotch and put my hands back on her tits. She looked at me over her shoulder, wiggled her ass, and squeezed my hands with hers, my fingers sinking pleasantly into her boobs.

'I think it was about here.' Mom wiggled her butt again, which got my attention.

'God mom! Don't do that to me! Temptress, mother, and back to my sexy MILF! I think my dick was halfway to hiding in my stomach!' I did give her tits a good squeeze to show I had gotten over her sudden turnabout.

'There are just some things that are off-limits, even in jest.' Her wiggling ass was going to wake up mister bighead if she kept it up!

'I get it mom. Can we take a shower together? Please?'

'Okay, you did say the magic word. Let's go.' Mom pulled away from me, reached down for her once again discarded robe, and headed for the stairs.

A second later I followed, hypnotized by her swaying hips as I stayed three stairs behind, my eyes level with those beautifully molded curves!

Once in the bathroom, she bent and turned on the water, adjusting the temperature before turning on the spray. I stood behind her in awe.

'Getting an eyeful back there?' Mom said, but didn't shift her position.

'Yes ma'am!' I knew mom was smiling even though I couldn't see her face. She stood up straight, turned to me, and wiped her wet hand down my chest. I got a chill from the cool water on my hot skin. Mom smiled and stepped into the tub, leaning forward for a moment to run the water over her head, soaking her sweaty hair. She moved back and allowed me to climb in next to her. I did a quick rinse then faced my wet Venus standing in her porcelain shell as if painted by Botticelli.

The semi-warm water revived me somewhat, but I wasn't what needed to be revived, it would take more than a refreshing shower for that! Mom wrapped her arms around my lower back, pulling us together under the shower's spray. I put my hands on her shoulders, massaging them and her upper arms with small circular motions. Mom looked at me with half-lidded eyes, her brown tresses smoothed by the water which dripped from everywhere on her. This soaked aspect of mom, a new vision of her beauty. No one deserved to possess such a heavenly creature! Surely not I!

I may not deserve to possess mom, but I did want to satisfy her!

I dropped one of my hands from her shoulders and ran it through her pubic hair for a brief moment, long enough for mom's anticipation of my next action. I slid my fingers along her outer labia, pushing in to the treasure hidden between them. Mom sighed and her eyes flickered. As I massaged the stubbled skin, her body opened up to me, revealing the sinuous inner lips, reddened still from our earlier abuse of them. I caressed along the ridges of those lips, gently teasing them to part. Mom was indeed ready again as her lips opened like arms welcoming me. The sounds of her gentle moans mixed with the susurrus of the shower. I used my middle finger to slip into the widening opening; water running down mom's body to drip from her pussy and my hand.

I had no intention of fingering mom though. I wanted to drink her juices from her sacred font!

I got down on my knees; mom watched me curiously. I pulled her hips closer, but then twisted us both around so that she had her back to the spray, thinking she could at least hang onto the showerhead while I licked her twat. Mom's eyes were alight at the prospect of my tongue tickling her precious pussy. I have to say that I too was looking forward to another go at mom's tasty cunt!

'Lick mommy's pussy Jeremy! You're such a good cunt muncher! Get in there and make me cum on your face!'

I had to obey my mother!

I inadvertently ended up drinking up quite a bit of water as it flowed down mom's flat belly and over her pussy lips, but I didn't let that hinder my ministrations. I licked up and down her slit, tasting her flavor even being watered down. I darted my tongue into her channel, swirling it around in her warmth. After a minute or so of exploration, I replaced my tongue with a finger and moved on to the fold of her clitoral hood to coax her most sensitive nub from its hiding place. I was somewhat in a hurry to make mom cum, as I didn't trust her footing as she came, and if I gave her at least a decent orgasm we could finish rinsing off and move back to a more comfortable setting, like her bed! I lapped at the bottom of the hood, which triggered a shiver from mom. I took this as a good sign and doubled my effort with my tongue, and doubled my digits jamming into mom's chasm. Her shiver escalated to a tremble and then began bucking up against my face. Mom planted a hand on my head holding it tightly between her shaking thighs! I sucked at her hidden clit, sensing it just out of reach. Mom was now letting out a sound like a leaking steam pipe, a constant hissing that almost drowned out the shower.

Mom got the idea I had intended, and the hand that wasn't ripping hair from my head, was holding just as tightly to the pipe extending from the tiled wall. I continued my relentless attack as her clit emerged to be sucked into my mouth and abused by my tongue. Everything mom was doing suddenly went to eleven, her voice became a shriek, her body was shaking so badly I braced myself in case she fell, and I swore I was going to have a large bald spot from the hairs she must be ripping out

of my head! I added a third finger and that was the impetus that sent her into orgasm!

'Fucckk meee! Cuuummminngg! Ooooo oh!'

I kept fingering her, but I stood up, held her in my free arm, and kissed her wet lips, her tongue welcoming mine within her mouth. I didn't plan on it, but as mom continued to shake as I plunged the three fingers in and out of her, so I added my pinkie as well as I could, my thumb rubbing on her erect clit! Mom's voice became a shriek again and I am sure that she was cumming a second time!

'Ohhh! Fuuukk kkinng Caahhrriisst!' Mom wrapped both her arms around my neck so tightly she threatened to pull me down on top of her. I put a palm of wall and braced myself. Mom's mouth was fastened so tight to mine I thought we might have to be surgically separated!

It took awhile before mom cooled off and released me from her multiple holds. I took a half step back while she leaned against the cool smooth wall. She was no longer under the shower's spray; it was an ephemeral wall between us. I stared at mom, the post-orgasmic bliss evident on her face. We still needed to wash, so I reached out a hand and she took it. I pulled her back into the warm spray, grabbed her body wash, and poured some into my palm. I placed my hands on her chest above her heaving tits and began to lather her skin. I want it known that I didn't only focus on mom's breasts, I also made sure her nether region was

sparkling clean, and that there wasn't a speck of dirt on her behind either. The rest of her was clean too.

After I finished with her body, mom understood it was my turn. Or hers, depending on the viewpoint! She took the bar of soap (I surely didn't want to end up smelling like lilacs!) and worked up a good lather on my chest before moving on to my limbs and of course my own nether regions. I have to say she took her time and I have probably never had a cleaner cock and balls! It helped her that I was getting quite hard from her dutifulness!

We rinsed off, running our hands over each other's bodies to make sure there wasn't a trace of cleaning product left and then turned the shower, then the water off. I stepped out, grabbed a towel, and handed it to mom. I took a second and patted myself down. I was distracted as I watched mom dry her sexy figure, suddenly wishing I were a towel! She finished before me; her eyes only had one thing to focus on!

'Do you need help drying off honey?' As if I was five again!

'It would help if you weren't distracting me all the time!' I exclaimed a bit loudly.

'Do want me to stop distracting you?' She tilted her head to the side.

'Oh God no! I love your distractions!' I bent and kissed her right nipple. 'I love this distraction. I love this distraction.' I kissed her left nipple. I cupped her damp pussy, a finger carelessly running over her clit. 'I love this distraction. A lot!' Mom swatted at me.

'Stop that!' She grinned widely. 'I get your point.'

'And I really love this distraction!' I planted my lips on hers, to her surprise. I pulled back before she could respond.

'You are just too good to me!' Mom said gleefully and gave me a peck on the cheek.

'No, I am not good enough for you, my heavenly angel! And my sinfully sexy, devilish mom!' I grabbed her ass for a quick squeeze.

'You are terrible Jeremy! Terrible and wonderful!'

'I am only what you made me mom.' I said a little seriously. I threw my towel on the hamper. Mom immediately gave me that motherly look.

'I'm standing right here! Put that in the hamper!'

'Except it's full with a soaked sheet!' I answered knowing that I finally had one in on mom after her continuous complaining to and about her family. She didn't believe me and opened the wicker basket to discover that it was indeed full. 'Told you.' I said triumphantly.

'I guess I'm behind on the laundry. I've had my own distractions of late.' Her hand shot out and grabbed my semi-hard cock. 'I really love this distraction!' She squeezed and I cried out.

'Hey! If you break it, you can't play with it anymore!' I protested as she giggled.

'Okay, well put the towels on top and I'll do it all tomorrow. I have more distractions to attend to today!'

'You're not satisfied yet?' I said with mock surprise.

'You've awoken a monster in me. I want sex all the time!' Mom said with a bit of desperation in her tone.

'A sex monster! And I seem to remember it was your hand. You awoke the monster.' I stared intently back at mom.

'It's such a nice little monster too!' Her gaze was on my dick, which was rising with all this talk about it.

'Little! That's not what you were moaning earlier!'

Mom just laughed. 'Let's go to my room, since your bed is probably still wet.'

She walked naked into the hall, leaving me to grab her robe from the floor. I couldn't remember where I had left my boxers. I needed to find them before I had to explain why my underwear was wherever they currently were. Maybe the kitchen?

I followed her to my parent's bedroom, that chamber of parental superiority, which most children feared to tread. The sanctum where you were conceived, or so I had believed until this afternoon. If Jojo was the kitchen table, what about Johnny and me? The garage? On the washing machine? The couch? Granted, the couch and washer were probably not the same ones as back then, even Johnny was eleven and I knew the couch was newer than that! I couldn't ask mom that question though!

Mom was sitting on the edge of her bed, her legs crossed; making her kind of sexier with nakedness that didn't reveal everything. Much like her lingerie! Her tits were still on full view and happened to be the first things I saw as I crossed her doorway. Mom noticed and shook her

shoulders making her breasts dance. I coughed, feeling like I'd just been caught staring at my mom's boobies! Oh, right! I had!

Mom smiled at the guilty look on my face.

'It took awhile to wean you off of them. You wouldn't drink your formula, and it was forever before you would eat anything solid. You seemed like you wanted to just suck on them all day long!'

I smiled with my guilt this time.

'Can you blame me? They are so magnificent!' I took a couple more steps closer to mom and her tits.

'What about Jessica's? From past experience I happen to know most men prefer her bigger boobs!'

'They're not that much bigger than yours mom. They are very nice, I can't lie, but they aren't my mom's tits! That means quite a bit to me. I've clearly spent more time sucking yours than hers. I guess I should try to make up the difference!'

I was close enough that she could reach and grab me, which she did, pulling me to stand before her. She took both my wrists and placed my

hands on her smooth pale breasts. I had to give them a squeeze! Mom had practically told me too!

'I like you playing with them. Love it actually. Love you playing with all of me, dear.' She uncrossed her legs, lifted her feet, and rested them on the bedrail, exposing her bush and her still gaping pussy. I stared as if it was the first time I'd seen it.

'I love playing with all of you mom. I feel privileged that you allow me too.'

'I guess you should be. It's probably not too many moms that let their sons' play with their bodies, huh?'

'I don't care about other mothers and sons, I am just glad mine does. Mine's the best anyway.' I said proudly. I meant it, but saying it out loud also meant that I would get the chance to play some more!

'My son is pretty good too!'

'You do have two, mom.' I thought this might be dangerous ground. I should probably get myself out of this minefield fast.

'Don't remind me. I might regret what we've done.' Signs of remorse showed in her eyes.

I removed a hand from her tits and took her hand, placing it on my limply hanging dick. Mom's eyes focused with laser accuracy on it. My hand darted back to her tit. I lifted both of them, watching them jiggle in my hands. I thumbed over her nipples, which gave her a shiver. Mom's hand had wrapped itself around my cock and was slowly coaxing it to erection. Her hand was slow; my erection was quick in its return! Literally thirty seconds in mom's grip had it to full size! She pulled her eyes off it and looked up at me standing there. Those green gems said it all as she watched me and took the head of my cock into her mouth, her lips creating an airtight seal around the shaft. She pushed her head down, my cock disappearing into her warm wet mouth slowly and surely. The feeling her lips created caused my dick to pulse on her tongue curling around delightfully.

'Damn mom! Suck that cock! Aunt Jess may get it all down her throat, but your tongue and lips make up for that!' I wanted to give mom some playful competition without upsetting her by telling her sister surpassed her. With more practice, maybe mom would be able to get me down her throat and we would both be winners then!

Her eyes told me she wasn't completely buying my bullshit, but she seemed content enough to keep sucking my cock!

Mom had me at the back of her throat, she was starting to gag, but she didn't pull back. She swallowed the saliva I knew she was creating as she gagged, and this seemed to help allow her throat to get accustomed to my dick in it. Mom was coughing in her throat, my cock blocking her airway.

'Breathe in through your nose mom! Part of your choking is that I am keeping you from getting air and your body is automatically responding to that.' She gave me a panicked look that made me fear for her. I pulled from her mouth even as she fought to keep me within it.

'Breathe first. Then try again. You'll get it. You'll be the best mommy cocksucker there is!' I'm not sure she bought the compliment, but hey, I meant it!

Mom took a few deep breaths and launched her mouth back on my dick. I was quickly back in my former position. She was gagging again, but it didn't seem as bad this time. She swallowed, and I see her nose move as she was breathing through it. I sunk a little bit further.

'That's it mom. Just relax your throat and let it get used to my big sausage shoved in it.' I said with a full grin. Mom didn't make a sound, but I knew she was groaning at my words!

Mom actually had more than just my head past the back of her mouth when she had to pull back to breathe again, large strands of thick saliva

trailing from her mouth. She tried immediately to suck me in her mouth again. I placed a hand on her cheek.

'That's fine for today mom! It takes time and practice from what I've heard. You'll have to start a training regimen.' Mom's eyes rolled up, my bullshit getting kind of deep even for me. But I knew how much she wanted to deep throat me and I couldn't deny her. See, I even bullshit myself!

Now I knew that one or two more orgasms for me would finish me for the day, well, at least past the time dad and my siblings would return. I couldn't count on mom coming up to my room later.

'Do you want me to cum in your mouth or your pussy mom?' The things that I say to my mother! 'I don't know how many times more I can go before the others get back.'

'I want it all! Every time!' Mom whined.

'That's not physically possible mom!' I wished it were as much as she did!

'You need to grow another cock as wonderful as this one!' She gushed.

Well that wasn't going to happen!

'How about you get on your hands and knees and I bang the shit out of you one more time today?' The look mom gave me at that question was priceless! I was going to have to start bringing my phone with me and record some of these! It was one of shock, surprise, and also lust and longing.

'You are getting a little free with the mouth, young man.' She said flatly, but I knew she wasn't serious.

'Like when you tell me to fuck you and to fill your slut cunt with my cum?' I said it in as normal a voice as I could manage. A mere week ago, I would have been terrified of mom finding out that I'd written those words much less saying them right to her face! A week ago I couldn't contemplate fucking mom either so there was that!

'Jeremy! It's one thing to say that in the heat of the moment and a completely different one to just say it so nonchalantly.'

'Are you saying you don't want me to fuck you and fill your slut cunt with my cum?' I knew I was pushing my luck with mom. I knew it was different from during sex, but I liked to tweak mom's buttons too!

'You know that I do! You don't have to go around repeating it.'

'Well get on your knees bitch so I can fill you with my sausage!' Mom rolled her eyes again, but she did turn around on her bed and stuck that gorgeous naked ass in the air!

Mom said as fake and unsexy as humanly possible, 'Oh yes Jeremy fill mommy's cunt with your big man-meat. Fuck me so hard.' The words were there, but her delivery almost made my dick soft.

'That's not funny mom!' And for that, I gave her ass a moderate smack.

'And neither was yours! Now get back there and put that thing in me and give me a good fucking!' She said it appropriately this time, sexily and dripping with need!

'Yes ma'am!'

I noticed she was getting me to do what she told me a whole lot more lately than I ever had growing up! But then if her commands had been so enticing back then I would have obeyed as eagerly as I did now!

I gave mom everything I had, grabbing her sensuous hips and slamming my throbbing dick into her warm, slick channel, mom groaned with every plunge. I could feel her pussy walls gripping my

cock, but mom's cunt was so slick with her flowing juices that it felt like dozens of fingers playing along my rigid shaft! I couldn't remember if Aunt Jess's pussy had felt this good, all I knew right then was that I wanted to feel these sensations forever! Mom must have felt the same, as the deep guttural moans had risen in pitch and was a staccato wail now, still matching each thrust. My own grunts turned to growls as my primal urge to rut with the female in heat beneath me took control of my body. I reached a hand up and grabbed a fist full of mom's chocolate hair, pulling her head back forcefully, the other hand trying to keep a hold of her sweaty body.

I was beyond conscious control of my body by now, anyone and everyone could have walked in right then, but until I did as I promised and filled mom's tight cunt with my creamy seed, I could not stop ramming my cock into her!

'Jer eh mee! Fuucck meee, keeeep fuuucck kinngg meee! Gonn nah cuuumm on yourr caahhck!' Mom screeched out between her harsh gasps of breath. My teeth were ground too tightly together to make words!

'Cuuuummminnng! Gaaahhh!' Mom yelled, ripping her hair out of my sweaty grip and pushed her face into her bed hard, arching her ass higher and changing my angle of penetration. I kept up my fucking, trying to elicit my own orgasmic release. Mom convulsed as if having seizures, flopping around like a rag doll in a dog's mouth. Her frenetic motions weren't helping me as I couldn't maintain a decent rhythm

anymore, and even after she began to settle down I no longer had the energy to keep going hard or fast enough to trigger my balls to unload my cum in mom. Reluctantly and unhappily, I fell back, my dick giving a plop as it was jerked out of mom's soggy and very red pussy. Mom fell on her side, the imprint of the wrinkled sheet left on the side of her face, her eyes glassy, her hair again matted, and a damp sheen covered her body. I dropped down beside her, various muscles in my body burning from overuse. We lay there panting and staring at one another for many long minutes. It was once again mom that broke the verbal silence.

'You didn't cum?'

I shook my head, my eyes never leaving hers.

She smiled weakly and her eyes glistened. 'I thought you were going to fill my slut cunt with your cum?' Her words were the exact opposite of her gentle tone.

'I tried. I guess you are too much for me.' I tried to smile back at her, but I'm not sure how it must have looked to her.

'I doubt that.' She put a hand on my cheek and rubbed softly. 'How do I deserve you? You're just too precious.'

Was I a prize now? Something she'd won? I was the lucky one! Mom was the prize! I remained silent.

Mom continued caressing my cheek as we looked deeply in each other's eyes. I had a sudden impulse then. I used what strength I had and placed a finger on her lower lip, running it across the damp delicate skin. Mom kissed it very softly. Then again. Her lips parted only enough to let the tip of her tongue brush my finger. Another butterfly kiss followed by the daintiest lick. All this was so innocent and yet so sensual; more intimate then the frantic coupling moments ago. I smiled tenderly at my mother. Her eyes smiled back, twinkling with wetness.

'Mom?'

'Hmm?'

'We should probably get up.'

'Probably.' She kissed my finger again, so softly that if I hadn't seen her do it, I wouldn't have known. 'I just want to lie on my bed and enjoy being here with you.'

'So do I.' Laying there with mom caressing my cheek and whatever it was with my finger, each of us without any clothes, I felt closer to her than I ever had before. The rest of the world didn't exist right then, it

was just mom and me and her soft bed. But I knew it couldn't last. We had this moment, but it would end, and our life had to go on.

'So are we getting up?' I asked.

'Mm hmm.' Mom didn't move.

'That doesn't look like getting up.'

'You spent a lot of time to get into my bed, and now you seem pretty eager to get us out of it.' Mom's hand on my cheek retreated. She gave a firmer kiss to my finger and pushed it away with a little forlorn longing.

We each glanced out the window to check on the sun's position in the sky, and then mom additionally looked to the clock beside her bed. It was almost six o'clock. I had expected the day to be just full of non-stop sex with mom. I had had images of us screwing in every room in the house, in every imaginable position, but I guess that was too much for reality. We had done quite a bit though!

'I should check my phone to see if your father has texted me to say they are on their way back.' And now dad was back on her mind. Our day together was now officially over!

Mom got off her bed, her still completely dry bed I may add, and walked over to her dresser. She picked up her phone and was playing with it for a couple minutes, longer than just checking for messages.

'Anything wrong mom?' I asked with a bit of worry in my voice.

'No, nothing. There's no text, or call, from him. They must be still at the zoo.' Mom's voice was off, also worried. Dad wouldn't stay there past dinnertime.

'Maybe you should text him? Maybe he forgot to say when they were leaving.' I was slightly nervous, waiting for the front door to open suddenly heralding the rest of the family's return.

'I guess I should.' Mom looked distracted. Regret about today? Worries about the effect on her marriage? These were things that I didn't want to be thinking about with my naked sexy mom standing in my sight!

I saw her fingers move about on the phone, then when she finished she looked at me. My dick wasn't soft, but it was nowhere near erect either. Was she contemplating anything else in the little time we had left?

'I think I owe you one more orgasm honey.'

'You don't owe me anything mom. Just making you happy is good enough for me. Well and watching you walk around the house without any clothes on. Oh, and seeing you in your sexy lingerie. Maybe taking showers with you too. That's all I need from you.'

'Oh, is that all?' Mom snickered.

'Give me a second. I could maybe think of something else.' I teased.

'How about another blow job?' She said it as if she was offering me a second helping of dinner. My answer would be the same to either question.

'Okay!'

I lay on my back on her bed, expecting mom to suck me there, but she still managed to surprise me when she asked me to stand up.

'I want you standing while I'm on my knees like a slut.' Mom said with a tint of begging.

To say that I leaped to my feet would be an understatement!

Mom took the three steps back to the bed and dropped to her knees before me. I looked down at her as she looked up at me. With one hand, she grabbed my limp dick and licked the mushroom head. Her other hand she placed on my thigh. I could feel the tingling sensation of my cock growing. Mom ran her tongue and lips all over my dick, which was responding intensely. It was like watching a time-lapse video of a skyscraper's construction. The steady rise of the tower, growing taller and taller. I liked the comparison of my cock to a skyscraper, it seemed comparable. Mom had my entire cock in her mouth as it continued to swell and lengthen, until its growing size became too much for her to hold within her lips. Her hand stroked the shaft as she drooled her spit down it for lubrication. She was building up quite a tempo with her bobbing head and the uneven pace of her hand. I was now anxious to cum down her throat.

'Don't worry about trying to deep throat me mom. Just make me cum as fast as you can!' I urged her. She looked back up at me hurtfully. She pulled off my cock to speak.

'Is that the best you can say?' Mom engulfed me and resumed her sucking.

I stared down at her confused for a moment. Then I realized what she had meant.

'Just suck my big cock you fucking whore! Make your son cum in his bitch whore mother's mouth and swallow my creamy cum down your slut throat! Do you hear me mommy? Suck my cock mommy; suck my sweet cum out of my balls like the damn bitch mommy that you are!' I slapped her on the cheek as she stared up at me with her mouth full of my raging cock! It was as if I had touched a live wire to my mom, because she went wild on my dick! She was sucking with such a frenzy and a furious passion that I knew just from watching her, much less the feeling in my clenching balls, that I would be soon be unleashing my cum into her mouth and down her gulping throat!

'Oh yeah slut mommy! Make me cum! Just like that! Mommy is such a good cocksucker, aren't you whore? Oh fuck yeah!'

This was like nothing I'd ever experienced before! Calling my mom such names seemed sacrilege! That she seemed to be getting a charge from them even moreso!

I gave her another slap, this time on the other cheek. Mom flinched but kept up her hurried bobbing.

'Do you like that slut? Does mommy like me slapping her whore face? Do you mommy?' Mom managed to nod without breaking her rhythm. I seriously didn't think I would last another minute or so!

'Make me cum mommy! I want to fill your whore belly with my cum! Come on slut, suck my cock!' I slapped her again, a bit harder, though it was hard to time it as she was bouncing her head so fast.

'Cuuummminng mommmeeee!' I blasted a gallon of cum, or it felt so anyway, my balls seeming to shrink up into cock as they were drained into mom's mouth. Stream after stream shot from me, my dick twitching as each load departed my body. My knees locked painfully and I grabbed mom's head for balance as my muscles tightened. I came long after I thought I had anything left in me after the numerous orgasms I'd already experienced today. Mom, the cock-sucking trooper she was, hardly spilled a drop, a thin drool hung from her lip, and a few spots dotted her upper chest. Her eyes had bulged as I filled her mouth with the combined volume of cock and cum, before she managed to swallow the one but not the other.

As she sucked the last of my cum out of me I could no longer keep to my feet and fell back to sit on the bed. My still mostly hard but shrinking cock escaped her lips causing another drip of cum on her lip and chin. I stared at her in amazement and love for a few moments before even sitting upright became too much for me. My head hit the bed before I realized I wasn't sitting anymore. Mom rose slightly, concern on her reddened face. And maybe some pride.

'I'm okay mom. You just took a lot out of me.' She literally had!

'Jeremy.' She paused, still looking concerned. 'I hope you don't get the wrong ideas about me having you say such things to me. I don't know why, but it makes me crazy inside when you say them. I'm not a slut. Only for you honey. Does that make sense?'

'Sure it does mom. Like everything we've done. That it seems wrong only makes it hotter. Us having sex, me calling you a cock sucking whore, they are two of the same thing.'

'That's a somewhat extreme example Jeremy. As a mother, I can't say I approve of you saying that to anyone. And about your mother on top of it! But as your cock sucking whore, I have to say it makes my pussy so wet!'

'Well if you want anything more, you'll just have to handle it yourself, I'm beat!'

Mom stood and walked over to where her phone lay. She seemed intent on it for a few seconds.

'They are on their way home. Your father did forget to text me and answered when he stopped for gas. We have to get dressed and I have to start dinner. Would you like to help me?'

Important tip for any guys out there, if your naked mom, whom you have just spent the afternoon having sex with, asks if you want to help her with anything, your answer should most assuredly be yes!

'Sure mom, as soon as I recover from your amazing blowjob!'

'I don't know if I should take that as a jibe, or a compliment.' She winked though. She then opened a drawer, pulling out matching bra and panties, black and silky. Mom put these on as if her oldest son wasn't in the room staring in wonder at his sexy mom getting dressed in front of him. She went to her closet and pulled out a plain white blouse and knee-length dark green skirt. She slipped on the blouse and began to button it.

'If you weren't my mom, I can tell you that I'm pretty sure that I would still be in love with you! We've spent the last few hours having all sorts of freaky sex and I'm lying here in your bed, just watching you get dressed is so sexy! You are an amazing and attractive woman, mom!'

'Gosh, thank you Jeremy! I wish others noticed too.' The looming shadow of the absent third wheel of our familial drama darkened the room's atmosphere at mom's offhand comment.

'I can't see how dad can neglect you like he does. I know we haven't been at this very long, but I don't think I could ever get tired of you, mom! I can see how some marriages could, when both partners let

themselves go, but you are as hot looking as any of the girls in school! Dad's still in good shape, so that can be why he isn't all over you. I just don't get it.'

Mom had finished with her blouse and slipped on her skirt, zipping it up at the side. Even plainly dressed as she was, mom was still a MILF! She looked over to me; I still hadn't moved.

'The two of us have been together for almost twenty years. Whew! Twenty years!' Mom looked around the room as if she was picturing it as it had changed in that time, then continued, looking back at me like I was a recent addition to the room's furnishings, 'That's a long time. We have had more sex than you can imagine. Thousands of times. Even if you spice things up, that's still a lot of sex. With the same person. Year after year. It's not that we don't excite each other anymore, it's just that it seems we've done it all. That's part of my attraction to you, you are new, full of energy, eager to please, and you see me as your father used to. Does that make sense?'

I rose up to a seated position. 'A little. I can't even imagine having sex with you that many times! I should be envious of dad. But I'm not. I don't know why, but I'm not. I think I pity dad.' I too looked about the room mom and dad have shared for so many years, seeing items belonging to him on his nightstand and their dresser, his clothes hanging in the still-open closet, just feeling his presence filling this room.

'I don't want you to feel like that Jeremy. I don't know what's changed with him, why he doesn't see me as you now do, but I don't want you to think any less of him. I mean it's not as if we don't ever have sex anymore! It's just not as much as I seem to need. Maybe it's that women have increased sex drives later in life, while men have it in their early twenties.'

'Or late teens.' I corrected her.

'I can't even consider you that anymore. Not with what we've done. That could be another factor in our situation. That we are both hitting our sexual primes together.' Mom had a curious look as she considered this.

'That's fine by me.' I grinned with a huge smile. I finally found the strength to move off the bed. 'I'll have someone to keep up with me!'

'That's not what it looks like to me.' Mom gave me such a wicked smile that it took me a moment to grasp her meaning until I saw her eyes dart to my crotch.

'Like you are ready for more right now yourself?' I stared back at her, feeling very self-conscious at being naked and, let's just say, 'unprepared' for any more action, in front of my fully clothed mother.

'I could be if the rest of the family wasn't going to be here at any minute. Although I will admit, I may be a little sore tomorrow from the banging you gave me.' Mom said this so nonchalantly that I had to smile. She looked at me confused.

'Oh mom. You are such a cougar now. Just innocently saying how you might be walking funny tomorrow because I 'banged' you so well!' My smile grew.

Mom may have blushed, which seemed odd after what we'd said and done, but she covered her face with her hand so I couldn't see.

'Get your naked butt out of my room and go put some clothes on before we have to explain to Jojo about you giving mommy her cookies!' Mom hissed at me, swinging out an arm to smack my bare bottom. I dodged out of her reach and closed her door behind me to prevent her chasing me. I hurried up the stairs and out of sight.

I wasn't worried about anyone catching me in the nude. If I heard the front or back doors, I could be in my room in a second and slip on my boxers and shorts in another two or three. Before anyone could cross the living room, I would be in the clear.

Then I remembered my missing boxers, and the kitchen table hadn't been moved back from where mom and I had left it!

I dressed in a flash and raced back downstairs. Sure enough, I found my missing underwear on the kitchen floor and saw that the table was almost all the way to the sink. I hurriedly pushed it back into place and returned the fake flowers to their customary location atop it. I was halfway back up the stairs when mom started down them.

'Aren't you helping with dinner?' She looked crest-fallen.

'I remembered my underwear we left on the kitchen floor and had to move the table back!' I waved my boxers at her.

'Oh, yeah, right! You'll be back down?' Mom continued down.

'In a sec.' I turned at the top of the stairs and called out louder. 'What are we having?'

Mom twisted to look up at me. 'I had planned on a roast, but I don't have time now that your dad forgot to text me. I'll have to figure something out.' She turned and disappeared into the kitchen.

I threw my underwear into my room but saw my unmade bed covered in towels. I removed the damp towels and found my bed was mostly dry, dry enough for me anyway, and put the new sheet on it. I piled the

towels on the hamper in the bathroom, and then joined mom again in the kitchen. I looked at the table, picturing us there a short time ago. Mom saw my glance and as she turned away from me, I know I saw her smile.

'I'll have a new appreciation for what you put on that table now mom!'

'Maybe I'll put something on that table that you can really eat all day!' Mom said as she opened the pantry door. She rummaged among the shelves for a few minutes.

'Gladly mom! I am a growing young man!'

'Growing in any way I want to see right now?' She asked over her shoulder.

'No mom, not now anyway. Maybe you can have a treat before bedtime.' I quipped in return. I sensed rather than saw her smile.

We set about fixing dinner together, moving about the kitchen in a sort of dance, with an ease and a sense of effortlessness as if we had done this many times and not the first time that it was. The hurricane of my siblings return came while we were in the midst of our preparations, my father giving me an unusual look with seeing me in the kitchen helping mom.

'Who are you and what have you done with my oldest son? He is normally a hermit, hiding out in his room at all hours of the day, playing that video game of his or whatever it is he does on the internet.' Dad joked over the hubbub of Johnny and Jojo reciting everything they'd done that day to mom, both at the same time and in such excited hurried voices that they combined to become a kind of white noise. Mom nodded and smiled, saying 'Oh,' and 'Really?' and 'Unh huh,' appropriately to them that they didn't notice that they were incomprehensible.

I gave dad a mock-boxing swing at his upper arm that he deftly dodged. 'I'm not a hermit.'

'Well not at dinner time, you aren't. I'm just not used to seeing you before the food is ready to eat.'

I couldn't help it and glanced at mom. She looked back with a hint of a smile.

Mom and I finished fixing dinner, and we all sat down and made it disappear. I did have a second helping, as I had to replace numerous calories that had gone missing this afternoon. We chatted easily, mostly about things my younger brother and sister had seen and done at the zoo. Dad had questioned me about my paper, and I said it was almost done and that I had taken a break to help mom since he hadn't let her

know in time to make the roast she wanted to fix. Mom glared at me as I made my jab at dad. I hadn't intended it the way it had come out. Did I do it unconsciously?

We finished, I said I was going back upstairs to do some more work on my 'paper', the two younger kids went to their rooms, mom set about cleaning up the meal, and dad went into the living room and turned on some sports recap show. It must have been a couple of hours later, I was in the midst of a pretty intense battle on my X-station, when mom knocked and opened my door. I turned the game off irregardless of the fact that I had been nowhere near a save point.

'What's up mom?' I questioned, looking her over in the way I found myself doing a lot in the last couple of days.

'Thank you for the wonderful day today.' Mom said somewhat shyly.

'No, thank you, my beautiful sexy, and nasty, mother!' I rose from my chair and crossed the room.

'Careful, your brother and sister are just now getting ready for bed.' Mom semi-whispered.

'Mom, you'll only seem guilty if you act guilty.' I said calmly.

'Or you get caught!'

'I guess.' I wrapped my arms around her narrow waist.

'You didn't get enough already today?' Mom asked quietly.

'Never get enough of you, mom!' I said boldly.

Mom kissed me then, putting her hands on the back of my neck and pulling my head to her. I returned the kiss with as much passion as I felt. My dick must have recovered as I could feel the lump growing between us. Mom must have felt it too as she wriggled her hips against me. We stayed pressed together for a few minutes, but as mom had left my door open, we couldn't get too involved. I pulled my head away from hers enough that I could stare at her beautiful face. Mom stared back, her love pouring from her pores to me.

'We can't get caught up in anything tonight.' Mom whispered, then kissed me again. Gentle at first but quickly growing in intensity. I recklessly kissed her back with a hunger I couldn't resist. We devoured each other for another couple of minutes before it was broken by a shrill voice.

'Mom! I can't find my blue dress! I've looked everywhere!'

'Jojo.' We both said at the same time.

'Back to being mom.' Mom sighed. Our arms didn't disengage though.

'I suppose.' I said.

Our eyes stayed as locked as our arms.

'Mom!' Came that plaintive cry again.

A look came over mom that told me that our day was now over. I was a bit remorseful that it had come to an end. Mom noticed my look.

'I don't think I'll be able to come for my morning shake tomorrow.'

'That's alright, I may be out of stock of it anyway.' I said and kissed her cheek. My arms reluctantly released her waist.

'I love you Jeremy.' Mom said softly.

'I love you too, mom.'

She went to my door, turned to look back at me again, then pulled the door shut behind her. It was still kind of early, but the events of the day suddenly fell on top of me and my limbs felt like lead. A good night's sleep wouldn't hurt I guess, I told myself. I changed into my sleeping shorts and climbed into bed. I was asleep within five minutes.

Chapter 9

I awoke the next morning, Monday, more than an hour before my alarm was set to go off. I remembered mom's statement about not visiting me this morning, so I unhappily rolled over and went back to sleep, trying to ignore my morning woody. That was just an indication of how the rest of my week would go. After such a sex-filled four days, I spent the next week much as I had before walking into the kitchen and asking mom to jerk me off, which is too say, handling things myself. Only worse now, because I knew what sexual treasures lay so close by, within my sight and practically untouchable. I noticed that mom seemed to be dressing sexier; shorter skirts, tight sweaters, blouses with an extra button left undone, jeans or slacks that clung so temptingly to her curvy ass. I had to believe her attire was for my benefit only; I never saw dad notice or make one comment about what mom was wearing. I stared blatantly, letting mom catch me almost drooling over her, a smile or a wink her only response to my ogling. She was also showing off her figure while no one else but I was looking. Mom would emphasize her ass when she bent over by not crouching at the knees but rather from

the waist, stretching her arms up and outward, pushing her breasts forward in my direction, a few times I could tell that she wasn't wearing a bra! Mom also would touch me more frequently, putting her hand on my arm when we would talk or during dinner, brushing up against me if we passed each other, usually rubbing her tits on my arm, one of her hands would stray over my dick that was almost constantly hard, or pushing her ass against my crotch. Mom was driving me crazy!

Not to say that I wasn't doing the same things to her. I made sure she got an eyeful of the perpetual bulge in my pants, even grabbing it once or twice to emphasis its size and hardness. Mom would lick her lips hungrily at my display. Every time I got near mom, my hands were pulled to her body as if she was a black hole, her irresistible gravity causing me to grope her terrific tits or her full firm ass! I got into the habit of giving her a swat on her derrière every chance I could, mom would always respond with an almost imperceptible, 'oh!' Our hugs became more frequent, our lower halves grinding urgently in the brief moments we were connected.

Needless to say, our lips were never far apart if no one else was nearby. We would duck into an empty room and make out for a few minutes; sneaking into a bathroom, the utility room, or either of our bedrooms and press our tongues into the other's mouth until we were breathless and flushed. Once we were nearly caught by dad when he came into the downstairs bathroom during a commercial break while I had my tongue in mom's mouth, only the creaking of a floorboard under the hallway carpeting giving us a one-second notice before he appeared in the doorway. Mom made a hurried excuse about checking some rash

on the side of my neck when dad found us standing close together. He gave us both a strange look and thankfully never asked about looking at my nonexistent inflammation. We exited, and after dad closed the bathroom door behind us, we resumed our lip lock for a precious few seconds more, before returning to the living room laughing with nervousness at our close call.

That wasn't the only close call that week either. It was probably the least risky of any of the incidents that occurred.

Tuesday afternoon when I got home from school, I knew that there was some time before my sibling's bus would drop them off, so I went into the kitchen where mom could usually be found. Sure enough, she was cleaning out the microwave oven, various racks and the rotating tray spread out on the counter. Mom turned as I entered the room. She gave me a big smile but continued what she was doing.

'Hey, mom! Do you have a minute?' I casually asked.

She turned, hesitantly.

This was justifiable after last week's incident.

Even more so, as I had undone my jeans and dropped them and my underwear to my ankles.

Mom saw my erect cock with her widened eyes. There wasn't the anger that she had last week, instead a hunger consumed her look.

'Jeremy! Again?'

'It worked pretty well last time!' I wiggled my hips causing my cock to dance back and forth.

Mom smiled, her eyes never leaving my little buddy.

'That's not exactly how I remember it, though the day did get much better after that!' Mom answered, dropping her cleaning rag and moving over to me.

'How about a blow job my cock-sucking slut mom?'

Mom's eyes moved from my cock to my face, staring at me for a long moment. She then dropped to her knees and had her mouth wrapped over the mushroom dome before she even managed to get her hands around the shaft of my stiff dick.

'Mmfrb nuhgle sunhrm.' Mom mumbled with her full mouth.

'What was that, whore bitch?' Mom's eyes glowed up at me.

She didn't repeat it and never took her mouth off my cock, instead taking me deeper into her mouth. Mom was soon gagging with my cockhead pressing against the back of her throat. She pulled off for a second and then had it back deep in her mouth. She bobbed up and down, her tongue tickling the sides as she did. After a few strokes, mom again attempted to swallow my throbbing cock. She was within an inch of deep throating my whole length, her lips being brushed by my curly pubic hairs.

'Good job, mom!' I praised her. She looked up to my face, her achievement and my compliment reflecting from her emerald eyes.

Mom withdrew off my cock and began a thorough job of licking her thick saliva off me, one hand gripping the base and the other cupping my balls. She had me ready to cum in no time! Mom seemed desperate to have me unload in her hungry mouth, but she also wanted to prolong her enjoyment of sucking and licking my big hard dick. I, too, wanted both those things!

Mom once again took me deep into her mouth, intent on getting my entire dick down her throat. Even after she started to gag, she pushed her head forward. She was swallowing and gagging as my dick pressed deeper, getting to within an inch again. I grabbed her head with both

hands and pushed my hips forward until I felt her lips smash against me, my ball sack rubbing her chin. I held her like that for two seconds before I let her go. She fell back to sit on her heels still making choking sounds and coughing up bile and saliva, her face a mess with tears and sweat. She stared at me with some fear. It wasn't a look I wanted to see on her face ever again! Even if it meant never being able to do anything with her again. But, I was also proud that she had finally managed to get my whole cock in her mouth!

'You really are a true cock-sucking mother now!' I said. 'Are you going to be okay?' I know my concern may seem false since this wasn't the first thing I said, but mom was breathing, she hadn't puked, and she hadn't gotten up and fled. She coughed again before she answered.

'I'll be fine.' Mom gave me a look that I couldn't decipher through her bedraggled face. 'Don't ever do that to me again, Jeremy.' Her tone was a bit on edge.

'I'm sorry, mom. I was just trying to help you get it all in your mouth. You seemed so intent on being able to get my dick down your throat and you were so close!' I apologized profusely with my spit-coated cock still pointing at mom's face.

'I know you were just helping. It just startled me. I couldn't breathe and you were holding me there, I felt ... it doesn't matter. Just please, don't do it again.' She took a deep breath.

'I won't! But you did it.' Mom gave me a little smile, then her eyes returned to my hard dick.

'Now let's see if I can get you to fill my mouth with your tasty, creamy spunk!' Her smile grew as she took hold of my cock and replaced her mouth over the head. In a moment she was bobbing her mouth up and down over my veiny shaft, franticly trying to milk my balls of my cum.

I had recovered from our short intermission and was within moments of unleashing my load in mom's awaiting mouth, when the front door banged open.

My heart jumped into my mouth as mom fell away from me, my pulsing cock standing prominently between us. I bent and grabbed the waistband of my jeans, tangling them with my boxers as I pulled them up urgently as I heard my siblings barge into the living room and drop their school bags on the floor. Mom sprang to her feet, wiping her face with her hands, not making any improvement. I darted behind the counter island, trying to arrange my underwear and zip up my pants. I threw mom a towel that she caught with one hand and was wiping her face as Johnny and Jojo called out simultaneously, 'Mom!' and entered the kitchen.

'You two are home early.' I said as mom straightened her blouse and ran a hand through her hair.

'Mrs. Darby drove us home.' Johnny said without any further explanation as he went to the refrigerator.

'Mommy, you look funny.' Jojo looked at mom with cute concern on her face.

'I was cleaning the microwave when your brother startled me.' Mom looked from her daughter to me. I hoped my sister accepted this weak excuse for mom's flushed and streaked face.

Johnny had pulled the fruit juice container from the fridge. I turned behind me and grabbed two glasses, then added a third, and set them on the counter before me. He managed to get the cardboard juice container onto the counter that was almost as high as his chest, and I took it and poured out for the three of us. Mom gave me a look as she picked up her rag and resumed her work on the microwave as her kids drank their juice. I finished mine with one long drink and went upstairs to my room. I knew that mom would probably scold me later with how close we had come to being caught by Jojo and Johnny.

Another incident happened Wednesday night while dad and the kids were watching TV after the evening news. I had been upstairs in my room as was usual. I heard mom come up and go into the bathroom. I crossed the hall and pushed the open door further to find mom putting away towels in the closet. I startled her when I entered, but she set the

towels down by the sink and was in my arms. I kicked the door closed blindly. I kissed her hungrily as she pressed her body against me. We were consumed by our lust in not more than two minutes, mom's hands on my ass pulling me urgently against her. I ran a hand down her belly and over the valley of her crotch, pushing my fingers into her polyester pants. This increased her need; she wrapped a leg around mine and ground against my hand. I moved my hand and managed to unfasten her slacks and slip my fingers down into her soaked panties. Her mouth was sucking the breath out of me as I sunk one, then two fingers into her oozing gash. I couldn't finger fuck her with her pants on very well, so I wiggled them inside her cunt as well as I could. I did this for a few minutes, mom's moaning into my mouth letting me know that she was very close to her release. I brushed my thumb over her stiff clit and I felt like that guy in the Alien movie with that thing clamped on his face as mom had locked herself on me so tightly as she came on my probing fingers. She was still trembling when there came a knock on the door. We froze for a second, then I pulled my hand from mom's pants and she redid them up. I opened the door to find Jojo standing there.

'I have to tinkle. Dad's in the downstairs.' Jojo said looking at both of us, curious to find us in the bathroom together.

'Mom was putting away towels,' I indicated the towels sitting on the counter, 'and one of the shelves was wobbly. I fixed it for her.'

'Thank you, Jeremy.' Mom said emphatically.

'No problem, mom. I'll fix your wobbly shelf anytime.' I stepped out of the room, and after putting the towels away, mom followed me. She slapped me on the shoulder as the door closed behind us.

'My wobbly shelf? More like my wobbly legs you little shit.' She smiled, kissed my cheek, and headed down the stairs. I was watching her when I heard the toilet flush and Jojo opened the bathroom door.

'Remember, we all have to help mommy, Jeremy.' My sister grinned at me and she too headed back downstairs. I shook my head and went back to my room with a smile.

With the risk of being caught, and the consequences if we did, it might seem like we should be doing nothing and just stay away from each other. That would be the wise course of action. Mom and I weren't thinking with our heads though. Our loins and our lust were making the decisions. And it almost came crashing down around us on Thursday afternoon.

I had come home from school and found mom vacuuming the living room. She was dressed in a pair of jeans that were practically painted on her, and a semi-sheer creamy white blouse that revealed the plain white bra underneath. I dropped my bag in my room and came back downstairs. Mom had put away the vacuum and she met me as my foot left the bottom step. We kissed briefly but passionately. Mom suggested we move to another room, and we had an all too brief make-out session

in her bedroom (to give us more warning time if we should hear the front door) that we ended long before Johnny or Jojo would get home, by whichever way they got here. After the twosome got home and were busy in their rooms doing homework, I came downstairs to find mom doing dishes. I went up behind her and wrapped my arms around her waist in an innocent hug. The soft kisses and gentle licks I left on her neck and cheek were not so innocent!

'Jeremy! Haven't we pushed our luck enough? Jojo and Johnny are just upstairs.' Mom exclaimed in a half-whisper, but she stopped what she was doing and turned the tap off. She dried her hands and spun around in my arms. I allowed my hands to drop onto her cushy ass in her tight jeans.

'I'm just giving my mom a hug and a kiss.' I said as if affronted by her tone. 'We aren't doing anything wrong.'

'Yet.' Mom answered and melted into my lips, wrapping her arms around my neck. We stood there entwined together for five or ten minutes when mom broke our kissing.

'Let's not be so in the open if we are going to continue this.' She said in a breathy whisper.

I followed as she walked to the utility room off the hall to the garage. Mom shut the door behind us and was back in my arms again. With a

modicum of privacy now, we let our hands roam free over the other's body. Mom couldn't seem to get enough of her tongue in my mouth and it was as if she was sucking all the oxygen she needed out of my lungs! When I started to feel dizzy, I stepped back.

Mom stared hungrily at me, sizing me up as if I was a rack of lamb. I figured, barring any interruptions from my brother and sister, that mom and I had enough time for both of us to get off before dad was due to get home. Mom had the same idea as she dropped to her knees on the bare concrete floor and began undoing my jeans. She bared my lower half, revealing a very stiff cock that she engulfed in her mouth. Her intensity caught me off guard and I had to put my hands on the washer and dryer behind me.

Mom didn't spend any time trying to deep throat me, she was strictly intent on making me fill her mouth with my hot cum. I held her head gently as she bobbed along my shaft, soaking it with her spit. Her hands were busy too, one stroking me and the other playing with my balls. The lack of activity during this week had me ready to blast my load into mom and right out the other end! Mom sensed this and quickened her bobbing tempo, her stroking hand squeezing so hard she might pull my cock off along with my load of cum!

'Fuck mom! I'm gonna cum! Suck my cock, whore!' I tried to keep my voice at a reasonable level as a thick load of white cum shot from my dick. Another followed the first. Then a third, and a trickle of a fourth. Mom never slackened her pace, her throat visibly gulping down my

seed. She spent a moment after I finished, licking every trace of cum from my still hard dick. Mom looked up at me as she pulled her mouth free, lavishly licking her lips with a big smile.

'I love your cum, Jeremy! I don't know that I've ever had any that tasted as good as your does!'

'Could it be because I am your son? Or that I am just that good.' I beamed proudly.

'I don't know. Don't go getting a swelled head,' mom gave a gentle bite on my cockhead, barely brushing her pearly whites on the smooth dome. 'Or I should say another swelled head. I like just the one you already have!' Mom rose unsteadily from her knees.

'It's your turn now, mom.' I reached down and began to unzip her jeans.

'No, we can't!' She protested, trying to bat my hand away. 'These jeans are hard enough to get on! I don't want to have to try getting them back on if your brother or sister come downstairs for anything, or if your father comes home!'

'Oh they won't come downstairs, trust me. And there is plenty of time before dad comes home!' My hands had succeeded in undoing her jeans and were sliding inside to start pushing the thick fabric downwards.

'Jeremy, stop! I don't want to get caught!' Mom's remonstration grew firmer.

I moved one hand from her hip around to the front and down further, finding her panties damp. I slipped beneath the delicate cloth and ran two fingers over her pussy lips. Mom moaned and her hands fell onto my shoulders.

'We can't! The kids ... oh!' I brushed a fingertip over her hidden clit.

'Jeremy, please ... ' Mom begged as her cheek fell against mine, her breath hot on my ear. I pushed one of my fingers between her closed lips, using the liquid seeping out to ease its entry.

'Oh ... God! We shouldn't do this!' Mom gasped as she started to suck on my neck.

'Shouldn't do what, mom? This?' I pushed a second finger into her; its access was less restricted.

'Fuck!' Mom grunted.

My second hand had continued pushing the tight denim down around her hips, her curvy ass now a hindrance.

I pressed my fingers in and out of mom's grasping cunt as well as I could, but the jeans only made it possible to wiggle my fingers within her hole. I couldn't get enough grip with only one hand to get mom's pants down past her hips and ass! Mom now began to help, grabbing with her hands and wriggling her hips. Once we got them over mom's curvaceous figure it was somewhat easier. I had almost unlimited access to mom's pussy now, only a pair of blue cotton panties hiding her treasure.

Now that I could fully finger fuck mom's cunt, I frenetically pumped my fingers and hand. Mom was gasping for breath with her hands gripping my sides, her breasts pressed wonderfully against my chest.

'God, yes! Fuck me Jeremy! Fuck me with your fingers!' Mom's voice got softer the closer she came to her orgasm.

'Cum for me mommy! Cum on my fingers like a slut!'

'Fuhh, gaah, cuuuhh minng!' Mom's body locked up against me as she orgasmed. I braced us against the washer to keep her from falling to the floor. It took a few minutes for mom to recover, her lips covering mine in a multitude of soft kisses.

'Jeez, Jeremy. You shouldn't have done that.' Mom said quietly but firmly.

'It seemed like you wanted me too.' I answered just as firmly.

'I did. I do. But if we get caught,' she paused, letting the silence add gravity to her words, 'if we get caught, then it will all be over.'

'But you did like it, didn't you?' I didn't need her answer.

'You know I did, but that's not the point.'

I kissed her, quieting her fears. One kiss became two. Three, and four. Then on up into double digits. We were soon consumed with lust that hadn't been fully satiated. We had hands on the other's genitals, coaxing them closer to climaxing again. I had an idea and lifted mom up onto the washer. She looked at me with confusion.

'I want to eat you out with the washer on!'

Mom's eyes went wide at my words. I tugged her jeans completely off, then slid her panties off too.

'What was I just saying about this?' But she made no move to hinder or stop me.

'I'm not sure about this.' Mom said as she moved her butt on the washer lid until she was positioned reasonably comfortable and still allowed me to be able to lick her pussy. She spread her legs wide and I could only stare at mom's gaping wet pussy. 'Do you have to stare at me every time you get me naked?' Her mirthful eyes betrayed her tone.

'I stare even when you aren't naked, mom!'

'I guess you do. Well, go ahead, eat my pussy!' Mom told me forcefully.

I wanted to get her worked up, well, moreso, since she was already excited enough to be willing to comply with this strange request, so I held off starting the washer just yet. I bent to my task and started to lick gently around her pussy, tasting her salty perspiration. I ran my tongue up her slit with a long slow lick. I could taste the remains of her recent orgasm, her cum tangy sweet in my mouth. I teased around her clit and then back along her labia lips.

'We don't have time for you to tease me. I'm hot enough already, just get in there and eat my cunt!'

Well, okay!

I reached up and spun the washer's dial, setting it for the longest wash cycle. The sound of water filling the empty washer started. I bent my head between mom's pale thighs and licked the gentle flow of clear liquid. Mom must have been excited about this idea also!

'Damn!' Mom suddenly exclaimed.

'What?' I looked at her, keeping my face buried in her pubic patch.

'I should have at least thrown a load in while we are doing this.' She gestured to the full clothesbasket sitting on the floor against the wall behind me.

'We could go for a second load.' I licked her clit with an intensity that had her trembling immediately.

'Fuck that! Just lick mommy's cunt and make me cum, honey!' Fortunately the washer had began its agitation cycle and drowned out some of mom's volume.

The irregular motion of the washer added to the rhythm of my tongue and mom's wriggling ass that seemed to give her a powerful vibration

through her clit. The amount of juice seeping out of her increased. Mom grabbed the back of my head and held it firmly against her crotch while she grunted and moaned.

'Gaaa! Mnhnhrm!' Mom said in a new language that translated as don't stop!

A loud knock came at the utility room door.

'Honey? Are you in there?' Dad's voice!

I may have died for more than a few seconds at the sound of my father's bass voice. Mom froze, her eyes as big as saucers! I had heard that phrase before but I had always thought it was just a metaphor until I saw mom's face that day!

'I'll be done in a minute, dear!' Mom was barely able to croak out loud enough to be heard over the washer and through the door.

I've never been particularly religious, but at that moment, I was on my metaphysical knees praying like a zealot that dad would not open that door!

'I've got some news from work! I'll wait until you are done in there!'

My heart resumed beating, but I couldn't move for another few moments until I was assured that I would live for another day! Mom still hadn't moved, but her eyes had shrunk to their normal size as she stared at me. I was unsure what to do. Mom told me.

'Make me cum, Jeremy! I was so close!' Her voice begged, no, pleaded me.

'But dad ... '

'Eat me now!' She growled as loud as she could and still be unheard outside this room.

Once again, I couldn't argue with my mother!

I hadn't moved from my position so I placed my mouth back on mom's drooling tunnel. I heard her groan vibrate through her body as I resumed my ministrations on her stiff clit. I don't know if the momentary pause had inflamed her need, or as might be possible, the near miss with dad has sent her lust to another level. I knew she was keeping her mouth tightly clenched closed in fear of screaming out as her orgasm hit her like a tornado, spinning her senses as she was sent skyward!

I tried to hold her down as she convulsed wildly on the washer top as it continued through its cycle, her thick cum flowing into my mouth as I drank it up greedily.

The washer clicked into rinse as mom finally recovered enough to sit up straight.

'Jeremy.' That one word spoke more volumes than the old Encyclopedia Britannica's.

'I know, mom.' I helped her off the washer.

'We really have to be more careful.' She said emphatically.

'I know, mom!' I replied just as emphatically.

'If your father had opened that door and found us like that ...' Fear tinged her voice.

'I thought I was going to die!' I exclaimed. I bent and pulled up my pants.

'I don't know what he would do, but you might have!' Mom saw the look on my face, reached up, and put a hand on my cheek. 'I wouldn't let him really kill you.'

'What about you? I don't know what dad would do to you either.' I pulled her hand around to my mouth and kissed her palm.

'A divorce would probably be the least of it. I would definitely never be allowed to see any of my kids again.'

'It's okay, mom. He didn't catch us.' I tried to calm her.

'But how long until he does?' She stared into my eyes, as if searching for the answer there.

I had no answer for her, my fears matched my mother's.

'You stay in here. I'll distract him so you can sneak out.' Mom said glancing at the clothesbasket. She pulled a skirt out of it and slipped it on quickly. Once again, I stared in awe as mom dressed so casually in front of me. I noticed that she didn't bother to put her panties back on. She smoothed the front of the skirt and turned the doorknob while I stood to the side to stay hidden behind the door. Mom glanced out and stepped through the gap, pulling the door shut behind her.

I waited nervously, unsure how long to wait. Without actually being caught in the act, dad would never guess what we had been doing in here if he saw me leaving so soon after mom, but I didn't want to have him guessing any thing! After a few moments to allow mom to engage my father's attention, I slowly opened the door and peeked out. Upon seeing no one, I stepped forth, hearing mom and dad talking in the living room.

I entered the room casually, trying not to look as guilty as I felt. Dad was sitting in his recliner and mom was sitting with her feet tucked up underneath her on the couch. Mom looked up at me with a slight smile, whether it was welcoming or of guilt, I couldn't tell.

'What's up mom? Dad.' I said. I moved to sit on the loveseat so as to be as far from any association with mom in front of dad.

'Your dad has just told me that he has to go for a week-end business trip and he is being allowed to bring the whole family with him.'

'When? Where?' I grew excited, hoping for someplace like Florida, or California! Or Hawai'i!

'South Carolina. It's going to be a golfing trip for work with some distributors and vendors being invited along. We'll have meetings and

conferences, but we'll be spending the weekend golfing. We'll being leaving next Thursday evening and come back either Sunday night or Monday afternoon.'

'I can't go then.' Mom said bluntly, staring at dad.

'What? Why?' Dad asked in surprise.

'The kids have school. Jeremy has school.'

'It's only for one day, maybe two. Jeremy has good enough grades that he can miss a couple days.' Dad exclaimed, taking a position that was in opposition to everything he had ever said about schooling before. 'And he doesn't even have a full day on Friday anyway.'

'This is going to be a golfing trip?' Mom asked. I could sense from mom's tone that this was a loaded question. Dad fell right into it.

'Yeah. But there will be a ton of things to do at the resort.' I have to say that he did try to save himself well, but he was a goner from the start.

'Me and the rest of the wives just sitting around while all the husbands go golf?' Mom had always been ambivalent about dad's golfing. She was fine that he had a hobby and wasn't sitting around the house

whenever he wasn't at work, but the amount of time and effort he put into his sport, while leaving her ignored and neglected greatly irritated her.

'Well, that's up to you. I'm sure we won't be golfing all the time.' Dad could tell he wasn't getting anywhere with how this conversation was going.

'Yes, you'll have to leave some time for the drinking.' Mom's tone was now ice. It wasn't directed at me and I still wanted to leave the room.

'Honey ... '

'If it's all the same, I think I'll just stay home and the kids won't miss any school.'

'What about you, sport? Up for a weekend of golf with the old man?' Dad turned to me with an eagerness in his voice to deflect mom's chilly response.

'I wish I could, dad. It sounds like it will be fun, but I really can't miss any classes now. This is my final semester, and I don't want to be catching up for the rest of the year. I'm sorry, dad, but I have to stay home too.'

I saw how downcast dad was at that point and regardless of what was going on with mom and me, he was still my father and I did love him.

'We can take some time this summer and go for a week-end, just you and me.' I said cheerfully.

'Yeah, we'll have to do that.' He gave me a weak smile, but I could tell his heart wasn't in it. We both knew that it probably wouldn't happen.

'You go and fun, honey.' Mom smiled openly and honestly at dad. 'You'll have more fun if you don't have to worry about the rest of us.'

'I suppose you're right. I just thought that we could do this as a family.' Dad was resigned to having to go alone now.

'It's for the best this way.' Mom rose. 'I have to put another load in the washer and start the dryer.' She left the room, leaving me sitting there with dad. I felt bad for him, but I didn't know what to say to him. I stood slowly and with a somber look at my father, I headed upstairs.

Mom had practically ignored me the rest of Thursday night. I don't know if it was guilt, or if she was just mad at dad about his trip. I came down for dinner, and the atmosphere was icy between my parents; I

ate and escaped back to my room. I expected mom to show up after my brother and sister had gone to bed, but she never appeared.

I awoke the next morning from my familiar dream to my familial dream!

Mom was hungrily sucking my raging morning wood!

'Good morning, mom!' I gasped roughly.

Mom's eyes smiled back at me, but she didn't cease her bobbing and sucking until she made me blow my creamy load of cum down her throat. No matter how many times mom sucked my cock, I would never get over the fact that it was my own mother doing it! The woman that had birthed me! That had kissed my skinned knees, hand-fed me soup when I was sick, and sat with me when I spent the night in the bathroom puking up my guts from the stomach flu.

'Morning, honey.' Mom said cheerfully after swallowing my cum and licking her lips clean.

'After yesterday I wasn't sure if you would be here this morning.'

'I wish I could come for my morning protein shake everyday!' She gave me a huge smile that showed me her fears about yesterday were gone, or at least momentarily forgotten.

'So do I! You're my most loyal customer!'

'Oh? How many customers do you have?'

'Well ... um ... two? But you are the most loyal!' I grinned at mom.

'I'm sure that is only because of the location. Your other customer would love to be just as loyal I'm sure!' Mom said without a hint of jealousy, which was somewhat surprising, all things considered.

'That's what they say. Location, location, location!'

'Okay, mister. It's time for you to get up.' Mom climbed off the bed. She was wearing her usual knee-length drab robe. It made no difference to me; mom was still beautiful no matter what she wore. Or didn't wear!

'You sure you don't want a little ride on my face before I go?' I looked at her enticingly.

'As tempting as that is, you don't really have time. We have tonight.'

'Is Aunt Jess coming?'

'That's up to you, isn't it?' Mom smiled sexily. I was confused. Then I caught her, or actually my own, pun. I grinned back.

'Only if she shows up. Is she supposed to?'

'As far as I know. But we do have a problem.'

Uh oh!

'What?' I asked cautiously.

'Your father isn't golfing tomorrow. His friend Jack is having some family issues and can't go. That means that he probably won't be falling asleep so early tonight since he doesn't have to get up early in the morning.'

That could be a big problem!

'Are you sure you don't want a ride? You may not get another chance for awhile.'

'We are already doing so much more than we should. If we can't get to do anything tonight, we'll survive.'

'Speak for yourself, miss! I might just explode!'

'Then I will enjoy myself cleaning up your delicious mess!' Mom licked her lips as if anticipating my imminent disaster!

'Now get up. You have enough time for a quick shower before school.'

'Do you want to join me in there?' I was only half-joking in my offer.

'Go! Don't tempt me!'

I took a fast, kind of chilly shower as my cock was threatening to rise again and I had no time to placate it. I saw mom briefly as I hurried through the house. I gave her a quick kiss as I left, with the promise of so much more for later.

That night, Aunt Jessica did show up. It wasn't much before dinner was ready when she arrived so I only had time for a quick hug and a brief kiss when no one was looking. She was wearing a tight woman's tee shirt and a knee-length skirt patterned in cool colors. I did manage to grab her scrumptious ass even though Jojo saw me do it. I just smiled at my young sister, pretending to be as innocent as she was.

Mom and dad had warmed a little, or their fight was put on the back burner while her sister was here. Aunt Jess, being unaware of this, engaged everyone with her usual boisterous banter. I was looking forward to the evening and my two sexy relatives! I had picked out our evening's movies as I usually did, this time choosing a classic animated favorite for the kids, and since it was quite possible dad would stay awake for a complete movie, one of his all-time favorite movies with Clint Eastwood. It was a favorite of mine too, but I had given up watching movies with the family anymore since that fateful night when mom's hand slipped into my lap! I had too many other interesting things happening to pay attention to the TV!

We all got situated in our usual places, except that mom and I now took our places on the couch beside Aunt Jessica, one of them on either side of me. Jojo and Johnny were already half way through their bowl of popcorn before we even started their movie, the adults having hardly touched ours. Dad was focused on his beer, and mom and Aunt Jess's hands were focused on my lap! I had barely pulled the blanket around us when two hands found my growing dick. They both giggled as they rubbed me through my shorts, coaxing me to full hardness. Dad turned to look at them with an accusatory stare. I just looked ahead as

innocently as I could. Dad turned back and took another gulp of his beer. I turned to look at both women with an admonishing glare that only got evil grins in return. I probably should have removed their hands from my pants, but who was I to refuse my elders?

Aunt Jess and mom continued to massage my stiff cock through my shorts, causing me some distress, as they made no effort to release it from its constricting confines. I wriggled on the couch to rearrange my dick. The two hands grabbed onto my shaft to keep from being displaced by my movements. One of them squeezed a bit too hard and I grunted loudly. My brother, sister, and father all turned to look at the three of us on the couch. Aunt Jess and mom both turned to glare at me along with the rest as if it hadn't been either of their faults. Mom even shushed me! I bet it had been her hand that had squeezed my cock!

When the rest of the family returned to the movie, the two hands began a well-choreographed job of unbuttoning and unzipping my shorts and pushing them down around my thighs, and then my boxers also. My cock sprang free, poking into the blanket, causing a hill of the cotton fabric. Two sets of soft delicate fingers caressed along the sides of my stiff member, causing me to shiver. I caught them looking around me at each other with conspiratorial smiles that seemed more dangerous in the shadowy light of the TV. I glanced at dad, but he was caught up in the brightly colored shapes on the screen.

I wasn't sure how far my mom and aunt were planning on going, especially with my dad awake and only six feet away! It was more than

I expected already as my free, throbbing cock could attest! I knew I was going to be hard-pressed to keep quiet enough not to give away what was going on under the now-seemingly very flimsy blanket. Should I turn the tables on the women and tease them too? Why was I even thinking this question? Two hot, sexy women that wouldn't object to my roaming hands and fingers, and I was asking myself if I should. Of course I should!

So, with two hands working over my painfully erect dick, I put a hand on both their warm thighs and moved them under mom's robe and Aunt Jess's skirt. It shouldn't have surprised me, but I found neither of them was wearing any panties! With this open invitation, I ran my hands up to that most perfect junction of legs and body, and over two moist clefts. I heard mom give out a most gentle sigh while Aunt Jess's mouth formed the letter O. I smiled to myself at their reactions. The motions of the hands on my cock became disjointed and irregular as my fingers caressed over the women's sensitive little nubs. Wetness seeped out of each of them that I collected as lubricant and increased my manipulations. Aunt Jess groaned a bit too loudly, earning another glare from dad. I wondered if he could have any idea what we were doing under that blanket!

The three of us continued to tease each other until the animated movie ended; both Jojo and Johnny were sprawled asleep as usual. Dad rose to get another beer and use the bathroom, giving me a chance to pull up my shorts and make myself presentable enough to renew my beverage and relieve myself after dad finished. When I returned, I saw Aunt Jess and mom had gotten more wine and another bowl of

popcorn. They each made trips to the powder room and then we all got situated once again with expressive smiles from my female relatives. Dad started the movie and was humming the distinctive title music as the credits began. Yeah, there was no chance of him falling asleep during this movie! I did want to watch the film too, but with Aunt Jess and mom so close by I knew there would be a snowball's chance in hell of being able to do so. Maybe dad and I could buy the flick, and then we could watch it whenever we wanted.

Mom and Aunt Jess wasted no time in getting my shorts down again and had me fully erect again. Needless to say, my fingers had resumed their probing interrogation of the ladies' humid privates. As the last of the beginning credits finished scrolling by, dad turned to look at the three of us very intently.

'I hope the three of you can keep quieter over there than you have been. It's been years since I've seen this movie and I want to be able to hear it and not you goofing around on the couch.' He said with an unusual harshness.

Mom made a zipping motion on her lips, Aunt Jess put a forefinger upright over her lips in a shushing gesture. I just looked blankly innocent back at dad. I honestly didn't know if we would be able to comply with dad's request though.

The woman did slow their assault on my tower and I kept my fingers to a leisurely pace over their clits.

It was well over half an hour before we had worked each other into a near-frenzy. Mom was breathing in shallow uneven breaths; Aunt Jess had fallen against the back of the couch as my fingers worked their magic on her pleasure center. I wasn't unaffected either. I was gritting my teeth and raising my ass to meet their strokes trying to build up the pressure to make me cum. Mom let out a loud moan that she attempted to cover with a cough, which earned a glare from dad.

'Sorry.' She whispered back at him. Aunt Jess tried to appear nonchalant when dad looked our way with two of my fingers planted deep in her tight twat. I wiggled the two in mom's crevasse when dad turned back to the TV screen. She looked at me with a look half between a glare and bliss. I pulled my fingers from her wet pussy and made a shushing gesture back at her, then I licked my fingers coated in mom's juices with delight. She smiled at me and I quickly replaced them with an additional tweak of her clit. Her eyes rolled up when I did that!

Aunt Jess had seen me licking my fingers and with her free hand, she grabbed my wrist from under her skirt, pulled it out from under the blanket, and brought it up to my mouth. I ran my tongue over her proffered prize, tasting her tangy flavor. She took my wrist back under the blanket and under her skirt. I plunged them back into her awaiting hole. She grinned sexily and closed her eyes.

I knew that I was well on the way to making either woman cum on my fingers with the wet squishy sounds that were only audible to those of us on the couch. Dad was focused on the semi-frequent gunfights that gave us some aural cover. I knew from having seen the movie before that we still had some time before it ended, maybe forty minutes or so. Another twenty minutes and I would have mom and her sister going in a frenzy. That is if they didn't make me go off first!

I continued plunging four fingers into two soaked pussies, adding the extra stimulation of rubbing my thumbs agonizingly gently over the two love buttons. They both squealed. Quietly, but loud enough for my father to hear. He whipped around quickly, his voice quite aggravated.

'I don't know what the hell you three are doing over there that you can't keep quiet, but if you can't keep it down, you can go do whatever horseplay you're doing somewhere else!'

'We'll be quieter, dad. Won't we ladies?' I thumbed both clits as I questioned them. I could see them both trying to keep from indicating what 'horseplay' we were doing as I did this.

'Sorry honey.' Mom said holding back another moan.

'I'm sorry. Oh! So sorry.' Aunt Jess gasped out.

'See that you do.' He turned as another gunfight broke out between Clint and the man dressed in black.

I used this as cover for a quick twirl of my thumbs and a wiggle of the fingers buried deep in the two hottest pussies I would probably ever know! I heard them both grunt with pleasure, but it managed to be quiet enough that dad didn't hear either of them. Mom leaned closer to me and whispered so softly in my ear that I knew even Aunt Jess could not even hear her.

'I'm so close, Jeremy. Make your mommy cum. Please, I want to cum!'

Aunt Jess may not have been able to hear mom, but I knew that she could tell what mom was whispering to me. I could see the desperate pleading look on her shadowy face that she was ready to orgasm also. I quickened my thumbs on both their hard clits, rubbing and flicking them as well as I could. Mom, having my more agile right hand under her robe and nightie, was getting quicker thumb action and was the first to be carried off to that land of ecstasy. She threw her head back against the couch, her body locked up in a quiet convulsion, and she brought her free hand up to cover her clenched mouth to further silence herself. I was only able to glance over at mom, before Aunt Jess almost exactly duplicated mom's actions as she went off to female never-never land. I watched my aunt for a moment, then back to my mother, both women having been brought to an explosive orgasm by my hands! And with my father feet away and completely unaware!

Mom and Aunt Jess had released my sore dick when I had gotten them off. I hadn't produced nearly as much lubricant as either of them did, and now I was raw and I could tell without seeing it, quite red. After they both had regained their breathing and were able to sit more upright, they both leaned in and kissed me on either cheek. Mom then took my chin in her hand and turned my head to her. She planted a second, very passionate kiss on my dry lips, dampening them with her soft tongue. Not to be outdone, Aunt Jess grabbed my chin, pulled it towards her, and also gave me a lusty wet kiss, her tongue not just grazing my lips, but plunging deep between them! I quickly glanced towards dad. Clint was seducing the gambling hall singer, whose breasts were nearly hanging out of her flimsy gown. He was well distracted. I smiled at Clint and thought, my pair beat whatever he had been dealt!

The two hands now returned to my cock and I moaned slightly. I faced each of them in turn.

'You've rubbed me raw. It hurts too much right now.' I repeated to both. I jerked away from their still questing fingers and managed to stomp my right foot on the floor as I did so. I turned to dad before he could look my way.

'Sorry. I got a cramp in my calf.' This must have worked, as he didn't budge, besides another gulp from his nearly empty beer can.

I knew we were now done for the night. I had made mom and Aunt Jess cum by my fingering them, and they had rubbed my cock raw, the blood returning to the rest of me as my poor dick shrank back to usual size. I saw from the look on of both their faces that the women weren't fully satisfied with the night's events, but they had their hands in their laps on top of the blanket. They each gave me a knowing smile that had me wondering what each of them was thinking. Knowing them as I did, I was sure that it was a similar thought. I didn't know if I should be excited or worried.

I watched the final tension-filled gunfight between Clint and the morally challenged sheriff, so brilliantly paced and filmed that, even though you knew who had to win in the end, it brought you to the edge of your seat. When the final gunshot rang out, mom and Aunt Jess rose and took their drained wine glasses and empty popcorn bowl into the kitchen. I had never even seen them eating the popcorn! I continued to watch as the townsfolk came out of their hiding and encircled the nameless savior of their town. He tipped his weather-beaten hat to the gambling hall woman, climbed on his horse, and headed out of town with a young boy and his barking dog following the gunslinger out of town. The End scrolled onto the screen as it did back in the day when real movies were made and the screen went black. Dad looked across the room to mom and her sister with an annoyed look, then turned to me. I froze. My shorts were still around my upper legs under the blanket and I surely didn't want my father to catch me in such a compromising position.

'Whatever were you doing that you couldn't keep still?' He questioned me.

'Uh.' A million thoughts went through my head, but I was unable to voice any of them right then.

'We were tickling him. And then he tickled us back. We're sorry honey. I know how much you love that movie. We shouldn't have been fooling around while you were trying to watch it.' Mom walked back into the room and saved me.

'Yeah, sorry. It was innocent enough but we kind of got carried away.' Aunt Jess added.

Dad turned back to me and I could only look at him sheepishly. I couldn't move with my shorts hanging open. He drained his beer and stood slowly. He handed the empty can to mom.

'I'm going to bed. I don't know what kind of family problems Jack is having, but I can say he can have mine instead!' And he moved off down the hall to my parent's bedroom. I looked at mom, who just shrugged her shoulders, set the can on the edge of the kitchen sink and then followed my father down the hall. Aunt Jess gestured at me to stand. Since it was only the two of us left in the room awake, I pulled the blanket aside and pulled up my shorts and underwear. She watched me intently as if she thought that there might still be a chance of more.

'It really does hurt,' was all I said.

'I'm sure I could make it feel better.' She whispered back.

I ignored my sexy aunt, something I would never have thought possible just a few weeks ago. I headed up the stairs to my room, leaving Aunt Jess to make herself comfortable on the couch. I fell into bed without changing and was out like the proverbial light.

Next thing I knew I was on a white-sanded beach with numerous scantily clad bikini babes lying all around me. I sat up from where I had been lying and glanced over the bevy of beauties, ogling each for their specific charms when one of them walked up to me unseen and fell to her knees before me. She then lay on her belly between my legs and with the magic of dreams, I was suddenly naked and rock hard. This woman took my cock into her mouth and began to give me an amazing blowjob. I noticed the rest of the women watching her with envy on their faces. I groaned loudly and the beach melted into darkness, then that darkness reformed into my unlit bedroom. The blowjob didn't cease though. I rose up on my elbows and with what little light there was in the room, I saw my mother lying between my knees. She was bobbing energetically on my steel-hard cock.

'Mom!' I gasped loudly. 'What are you doing?'

'You really have to ask that? Haven't you been paying attention all this time?' She went back to engulfing my full cock with her luscious lips.

'I know what you are doing. I mean why?' Her tongue was magic!

'Because I love your cock, honey. Do you need more reason than that?'

Of course I didn't!

I glanced over at my clock. 1:20 was illuminated in red LED. I had more questions, but they seemed unimportant at the moment. Mom's wonderful mouth soon had me ready to erupt.

'Mom, you're going to make me cum!'

'Mfhringbr ohmirlur.' She answered without letting up.

'Oh shit mom! I'mmm cuummminnngg!' My balls tightened up and then released their load down my mom's hungry throat. She drank as quickly as she could, but our earlier excitement had made me orgasm extra hard, sending streams of cum over her cheeks and chin. I felt like a dried plum as mom continued to suck my seed from me. When she could coax no more out of my prune-like balls, she ran her fingers over

her cheeks, collecting the thick white substance and slowly sucked each one clean. I truly had the best mom in the world!

'Mom, that was incredible! Thank you!'

'It was my pleasure dear. I really do love the taste of your cum!' She licked her lips again, searching for any last drops. 'Now go back to sleep.' Mom rose from my bed and wrapped her robe tightly around her as she left my room.

I fell asleep immediately, pleasantly drained.

I next found myself adrift on the ocean, lying on a wooden raft of rough-cut logs. There was a slight breeze and it was bright out, but the sky was bereft of a sun. I looked around and the horizon was empty, just unending ocean under an equally empty sky. Then suddenly there was a shadow that encompassed me. It descended from the sky like an ominous gull. I shivered then realized that I was naked, my body red from the invisible sun. The shadow fell about me and the rest of the monotonous world disappeared. I felt the darkness swirl around my unclothed body and a strange and yet familiar sensation came over me. Something was tugging at my balls! I jerked upright and the shadowed world was replaced by my shadowed bedroom. The tugging sensation continued. I looked down my bed and saw Aunt Jess pulling my shorts aside as she took my cock all the way into her mouth. I felt myself hardening with her ministrations.

'Aunt Jess!' I exclaimed, no less surprised by her late-night rendezvous then I was with mom's.

'Shh!' She hushed me and took my thickening dick back into her warm wet mouth.

I fell back on the bed and let her suck me back to erection. She seemed consternated as it took more effort than she expected to get my cock fully stiff. I knew this was because of mom's earlier blowjob. I looked at the clock. 2:15, it read. Hardly more than an hour since mom had visited me.

Aunt Jess was an expert cocksucker, and it wasn't that much longer for her to get me completely hard with her deep-throating skills. And not only hard, she had me ready to shoot another load of cum that night! She seemed determined to suck my seed out of my balls, working over my saliva-soaked dick with a frenetic energy. She had a hand still cupping my balls, and the other was stroking as fast as her bobbing head.

'Jeeezz Jess!' I groaned.

This only encouraged her all the more. I groaned again, wordless this time as the suction of my aunt's lips coerced my orgasm from me. I

didn't know how much cum I had left in me, but she was desperate to suck me dry! I felt my body boiling over and then I stiffened as I started unloading whatever I did have left into Aunt Jess's pistoning mouth. I may not have shot as much as with mom, but it seemed to last far longer this time, as if Aunt Jess was draining reserves from somewhere else in my body. She drank it down as greedily as her sister did, not missing a drop as she swallowed. She continued to clean every bit of creamy fluid from me before she replaced and refastened my shorts.

'Do I need to guess that someone was here before me?' She smiled in the nearly full darkness.

'Maybe.' Was all I said.

'I knew it. I was going to come in here earlier but I fell asleep.'

'You didn't have to Aunt Jess.'

'But I love sucking your big dick, Jeremy. And I had to repay you for what you did on the couch earlier tonight.'

'You don't owe me for that. But I'll let you suck me anytime you want. For no reason at all.'

'Oh, thank you.' She said snidely, but I knew her tone was sarcastic.

'You should get back to sleep.' I told her, wanting to return to its embrace myself.

'Good night, Jeremy.' She rose and walked to the doorway.

'Good night, my sexy sucking aunt.' She gave me another shadowed smile and slipped out the door. I was asleep before the door shut.

The morning light filling my room was the next thing I saw, groggily opening my eyes unsure if I might not have another unexpected encounter by either my mother or my aunt. I was thankfully by myself, and yet sorry I was alone too. Both women could quite possibly wear me out! I moved slowly to go take a shower, cold in the hopes that it might refresh me. It did somewhat, and I dressed then headed downstairs for some much needed nourishment. I was met with the bustle of mom and Aunt Jess making breakfast for everyone, obviously an event since dad was home. Both women looked as out of it as I still felt. I smiled at mom when she turned at my entrance. Aunt Jess was mixing pancake batter when she looked around at my approach and pursed her lips, giving me a kiss from across the room. Jojo was watching some crudely animated cartoon on TV, while dad was sitting in his recliner and intently studying his tablet. Johnny was playing on his handheld gaming system. We were the epitome of a normal family.

Yeah, right!

'Good morning honey.' Mom greeted me, returning my smile. 'Did you sleep well?' Did I detect a sly tone to her voice?

'I had a couple of strange dreams come to me in the middle of the night.' I kept my voice as normal as I could.

'Oh really? Strange how?' Mom asked, the tone more pronounced now, but still sounding innocent. She was in the process of cooking eggs in a variety of styles.

'You know how dreams can be, things that could never happen while you are awake.'

'Really. Like?'

She really was pressing me to say more than I should.

'I was on a beach filled with beautiful women in bikinis.'

'How could that never happen?' Aunt Jess chimed in. She was adding cut blueberries to the pancake batter.

'It's what happened next.' I said sheepishly, uncomfortable to be talking about this so openly. Everything had been innocent so far.

'Did you have sex with her?' Aunt Jess pressed further, while slowly licking her mixing spoon with a lingering tongue.

'Jess! You can't ask him that.' Mom exclaimed.

'I woke up before it got too far.' I answered staring at mom intensely.

'You said a couple of strange dreams. That one wasn't that strange. What about the other?' Aunt Jess asked.

'I was on a raft in the ocean with nothing else in sight. Then a shadow came out of the sky and attacked me.'

'That's not strange.' Aunt Jess replied. She was pouring batter onto the griddle.

'It was more about when I woke up from both of them that it got strange.' Why was she not dropping this?

'Oh? What happened then?'

'Jess, leave him alone. I think we both know what happened.' Mom swatted her sister's shoulder.

'Are you implying something, Jenny?'

'I know you couldn't resist, same as me.' Mom smiled over at me as she continued with the eggs.

'Resist what?' Dad said out of nowhere, walking into the kitchen unnoticed by the three of us.

I froze.

Aunt Jessica turned back to her griddle without a word.

'We were talking about last night.' Mom said without any real explanation.

'I was a little upset with you three.' He looked at me, then at mom and her sister.

'I know honey, and I'm sorry. We were just fooling around.' Mom crossed the room and gave dad a tender kiss. I winced inside at her show of affection. She looked at me and I had no idea what she was thinking. We had definitely been fooling around!

'Now go back in the living room and let us finish. Breakfast will be ready in about ten minutes. Jeremy will you set the table?'

'Sure mom.' I moved to the cabinets, while dad retreated back into the other room. Aunt Jess broke out in a giggle.

I placed the plates, glasses, and flatware around the table as mom and my aunt finished the cooking, the room filled with the aromas of breakfast. I got hungrier just from the smells. Soon everything was done, and mom called the others to the table. We all ate heartily; I of course had seconds of nearly everything. Afterwards Aunt Jess gave us all a parting kiss and left. Johnny went over to a friend's house down the street, while Jojo went to her room to color. Dad grabbed a beer and plopped in his chair, turning the TV to the all-golf channel. If he couldn't play it, he was going to watch it. I lingered in the kitchen with mom as she cleaned up.

'What are you planning on doing today?' Mom queried me.

'I don't know. I thought I might find something around the house to interest me.' I gave her a knowing look.

'You mean like last Sunday?' She stared at me over her shoulder as she wiped her hands on the dishtowel. The hungry sexual look in her eyes told me everything I wanted to hear.

'Well, dad is here today.' I replied, my tone dripping with regret.

Mom stepped closer to me, both of us out of view of the living room. My hands rose up to meet her hips, pulling her closer. Mom looked cautiously to where dad was sitting, or would have if the intervening wall hadn't blocked her sight, then back to my eyes.

'Jeremy.' She said with a sigh in her voice.

'I know mom.' Most of our conversation went unspoken.

I let my right hand drop off her hip and slid it under her robe, pushing her nightie aside. I reached her panties, and in a rare event found that they were dry. I meant to change that! I rubbed a finger over the delicate fabric, knowing exactly where to press my digit. Mom responded with wide begging eyes and a slight shake of her head.

'Not here. Not now.' She barely whispered.

I slipped my hand up her thigh into her cotton panties and found her lips parting. I caressed along their length, gently pushing them further apart. I ran a finger up to the top of her opening and found that her clit was already starting to poke its way from beneath its hood.

'It seems that you do want it now.' I whispered into her ear. She sighed in response. My fingers continued to dance in her underwear, mom's juices began to seep out and dampen the soft cloth.

'Oh! We shouldn't!' Mom's breath warmed my earlobe. Her hands gripped my shoulders tightly.

'We shouldn't have last night either, but that didn't stop us.' I pushed two fingers past her splayed labia.

'We had the blanket ... oh! Yes, like that!'

'Do you want me to make you cum, mom? To cum all over your baby's fingers?' I was forcefully and slowly shoving my fingers deep into her tight chasm.

'God, yes.' Mom moaned.

I could hear the muttering commentary of the announcers on the TV over mom's hoarse breathing. Mom seemed lately like she was always only about five minutes from an orgasm, but I seriously didn't know how long it would take to get her to cum. I continued to ram my fingers in and out of her. If dad happened to stand up and take two steps, he would catch us and there would be no explanation to cover what we were doing. What I was doing. To his wife. My mother.

I think that was what added to the thrill of what we were doing. That we could be caught at any time. Not that I wanted to be caught. Far from it! I had no idea what dad would do if he found me with my fingers pounding into mom's pussy, and I didn't want to find out either! Besides the consequences to me, I didn't want anything to happen to mom, or the rest of the family for that matter. I tried to imagine what I would do if I found another guy having sex with my girlfriend. I thought back to mom kissing dad and my reaction to just a kiss. It wouldn't be out of the question for me to get physical with someone in response to that.

Mom was gasping in my arms as she was pushed closer to orgasmic release.

'Honey? Could you bring me another beer?' Dad called out.

My hand froze in mom's panties. She stared at me in a panic. I pulled my hand back, mom's juices coating the two fingers. I put them to my mouth and licked them clean. Mom just watched me, unable to move.

'I'll get it, dad.' I kissed mom on her soft lips, then headed over to the fridge.

'I didn't know that you were still down here, Jeremy.' Dad said as I handed him the cold can.

'Do you really need a second one so early in the day? It's not even noon yet.' Mom said as she stepped up behind me.

'Jack and I would be on our third by now. If we had been out golfing anyway.' He said defensively.

'But you would at least be getting some exercise if you were golfing.' Mom said harshly, whether from her husband's drinking or from being denied her orgasm. Probably both.

I wasn't sure if an argument was brewing or not, but I wasn't going to stay around to find out. I retreated up the stairs. I could feel mom's eyes follow me as I went. Their voices became a murmur. I lost the next couple of hours while on my X-station.

Mom's voice called out just after one o'clock.

'Jeremy! Could you come down here?'

I hurried down the stairs, wondering why mom would be calling me.

'Jessica is on the phone. She was wondering if you could come over and do some minor repairs around her house for her.' Mom said as I reached the bottom of the stairs.

'I wasn't doing much anyway. Tell her I'll be there shortly.' I wondered if this was for real or if it was another scheme to get me to Aunt Jess's house so she could have her way with her nephew. Like the lawn mowing, I didn't care either way!

'I'll come with you.' Dad said.

If my aunt was looking for some nookie time, I definitely didn't want my father tagging along!

'I'm sure it's nothing I can't handle, dad.'

'We could finish it quicker with the two of us though.' Dad replied.

'If you want to do some repairs so badly, how about you do some around here?' Mom cut in, her tone brooking no arguments. I didn't know if she was covering for me, or if she was just upset that he was so quick to go to her sister's when there were things to be done here at home.

'Come on dear.' Dad said pleading.

'The upstairs bathroom door has been sticking, I have a drawer in the kitchen that won't close all the way, the light bulb in our closet needs to be changed, the ...'

'Okay, okay. I'll get them today. Can I finish watching this tournament first?'

I left my parents to work things out, heading into the garage to get my toolbox and put it in my car. I needed to be prepared in case Aunt Jess was serious about her repairs. I drove the short distance to my aunt's house. She came out to meet me as I was getting out of my car. We exchanged greetings and she informed me that she had a number of things she hoped I could fix for her. I carried my toolbox into the house, studying her tight denim shorts as I followed her. The hot pink halter-top she wore hid its own charms that I hoped to investigate soon!

'I admit that my motives aren't all innocent though.' Aunt Jessica said after I gave her a quick kiss. Well, five minutes was quick to me!

'I find that easy to believe.' I replied, putting an arm around her waist, letting my hand cup as much ass as I could.

'I'm also a little mad at you.' She turned to look me intensely in the eye.

'What for?' I stepped back from her.

'You never came over this week. You've probably been spending all your time with your mom. Haven't you?' She said accusingly.

'Yeah, with dad and Johnny and Jojo around all the time.' I answered more defensive than was necessary. 'No, it's not like that. I've just been busy with school and stuff.'

'Relax Jeremy. I'm teasing you. You are not expected to take care of my ever-increasing needs. I appreciate it, but I don't expect it.'

'I'm more than willing to take care of any of your needs, Aunt Jess. It's just that life gets in the way. Ask mom. We've hardly done anything all week.' I exclaimed hurriedly.

'Hardly done anything? Hmm. That is more than I got.' Her hazel eyes bored into me. I just stood there, unable to respond.

'You are just too easy!' She laughed. I relaxed slightly. I really did feel bad about not coming over and angry with myself for passing up a chance of sex with Aunt Jessica!

'So what do you need me to do?'

The next few hours I spent going around my aunt's house, making minor repairs, fixing broken items, and other simple maintenance chores. No single thing took more than ten or fifteen minutes, and most were jobs that Aunt Jess should have been able to accomplish on her own. She followed me around, showing me what needed to be done, watched me perform each job attentively, and to be honest, distracted me pleasantly numerous times. Her halter-top clung delightfully to her generous globes, and her jean shorts hid nothing as she bent over next to me. It was all I could do to focus on the tasks I was performing with my hot, gorgeous aunt close by! A few times, I almost quit what I was doing to ravage her sexy form. I knew that it was only a matter of time before I would be allowed to have my way with her anyway, so I bit my lip and tried to keep my eyes off her body until I finished her menial tasks.

'Do you need a shower?' Aunt Jess asked when I completed the last item on her list. I had hardly broken a sweat.

'Do you think I do? Or do you just want to get your dirty nephew naked?' I answered back inquisitively.

'I thought you liked getting me in the shower. And yes, I do want to get you naked. Watching you be so manly has gotten me so hot!' She rubbed her hands over my chest.

Manly? The hardest thing she had had me do was to pull out her refrigerator from its space between her counters because of a foul odor that we discovered to be a couple of dead mice in an advanced state of decay. I, of course, had to dispose of the rodents too. I wasn't sure if that qualified as manly, but if it got my aunt hot, I would accept her definition!

'Well that's one word that always describes you Aunt Jess.' I tried to seem manlier.

'Manly?' She stared at me.

'No, hot.' I corrected her.

'Oh. Would I be hotter without my clothes on?' That seemed the most ridiculous question ever!

'Do I honestly have to answer that?' My eyes roamed over her barely clothed figure.

'I think you do.' Aunt Jess's eyes watched mine travel over her body. She swiveled provocatively before me.

'I think you are one of the most beautiful women in the world, Aunt Jessica.' I swallowed reflexively, then continued. 'You are hot regardless of what you have on. You would look sexy in a burlap sack!' I gushed.

'Thank you, Jeremy! A girl likes to hear that once in awhile. But, I don't think I'm all that attractive, there are many more women sexier than me. I bet there are dozens at your school that you would rather be with than your aunt. You just like me because I'm easy!' She had a carefree smile on her face that made it glow.

'No way, Aunt Jess! They are only girls, you are a true woman! Some of them may become sexy and hot one day. It may also be because that I have known you for a whole lot longer. And that I know you as more than just your attractiveness. I like the inner you too!' I argued.

'And the fact that you've been fantasizing about me for years too?' She probed too very close to the truth. I stared down at the carpeted floor. Aunt Jess lifted my chin with a finger until our eyes met. She stepped closer to me, close enough that I felt her breasts press against my chest. I held my breath.

'It's okay. I know that it's embarrassing to you, but I find it so sweet that I was able to give you pleasure even if I didn't know about it.' She gave me that smile again. I held her gaze without the support of her finger.

'Aunt Jess.' Her name was a talisman to me that I held tightly. I took another breath before I continued. 'I just can't believe that some guy hasn't found out how special you are. That I get to spend any time with you is a treat I can't repay.'

'Jeremy. Words like that are going to make me all mushy.' She paused, her eyes glinting with unshed moisture. 'I did have a guy once, I married him. He took me for granted and found someone new. I won't say that I may not have contributed to the end of the marriage; we just became two different people than from when we met. It happens. I think I may have found another guy who finds me pretty special.'

'Who?' I interrupted. Did I now have competition for my aunt's attentions?

'You, silly.' She continued. 'The time I get to spend with you is much more than a treat to me. I haven't known someone like you in a long time. You make me feel like a princess.' Her words became soft and she had to divert her eyes.

'A sexy princess.' I corrected.

She looked back at me with a sly grin. 'A sexy, slutty princess.'

'The best kind!' I quipped.

'So are we going to get naked or not?' Okay, we have a new winner for most ridiculous question ever!

I grabbed the bottom hem of her top and pulled it over her head. When her arms were clear they went to my tee shirt, lifting it free. Both our hands went to our pants as our lips melded together. Her tits pushed against my bare chest, her nipples evidently erect as they were buried into my skin. After we unfastened each other's jeans, our mouths separated so we could bend and tug the last of our clothes off. We kicked our pants and underwear aside and rose to kiss once again, my hands gliding up her hips and across her smooth tanned back. Her hands were wrapped over my shoulders and behind my neck, holding my head down to hers. This kiss was much longer than our earlier five-minute introductory one!

We were both gasping when we parted again, our arms still entwined about the other. We stared wordless at each other for a minute or so as we regained our breaths.

'You are one of the best kissers I've ever known!' Aunt Jess said with a sigh.

'You aren't so bad yourself!' I grinned effusively back at her.

'Shall we take this somewhere more comfortable?' We had been standing in her living room after I had fixed a loose cord on one of the room's lamps. I glanced over at the couch.

'I thought we were taking a shower?'

'I think we might need to get sweatier before that. Besides I have to take care of your tool here that's been poking into my belly!' She grinned as she gestured to my hard dick pressed tight to her lower abdomen.

'I have one last thing I need to fix. And I have just the 'tool' for the job!' I quipped.

'It's my favorite tool too!' Aunt Jess said as she wrapped her feminine hand around its girth. She gave a gentle squeeze that caused me to tense up with pleasure.

'Watch how you handle that, Aunt Jess, it has a hair trigger!'

She laughed and ran her other hand through my pubes. She plucked one out. I cringed from imaginary pain.

'Is it this one?' She pulled another. 'Or this one?' Her laughter increased. 'Maybe this one?'

'Stop that!' I swatted her hand away. She gripped her other one tighter around my shaft and continued to giggle.

'You men think that it's no big deal for women to shave our pubic hair, but you really don't know what it's like to have it waxed! Do you know the trouble it is to keep this looking so good?' She pointed to her thin strip of burnished golden hair above her visibly damp slit.

'And we love you for it! They are such beautiful pubes, pointing the way to heaven and everything!' I replied as best I could. 'But I'd love it just as much if you left it alone like mom's.' I wondered if I should bring up mom at a time like this.

'You think hers takes no time either? Keeping it trimmed and plucked isn't much better and possibly harder if it is getting daily attention with someone.' Her laughter ceased with her imaginary slight from me.

'Aunt Jessica. That's not what I meant and you know it.' I was drowning and I knew it.

'See, too easy again.' She grinned and released my dick, turning to leave the room. My eyes followed her wiggling naked ass. 'Are you coming?'

'Not yet.' She paused, and looked over her shoulder at me in surprise. 'But I'm sure you'll have me cumming soon enough!'

She smiled at me, then headed to her bedroom. I was indeed coming, and followed after her.

Aunt Jess was standing next to her bed as I entered the room. It was clean and organized this time, again not that I cared. All I cared about was standing before me. My sexy, hot, naked aunt! I crossed to her and wrapped my arms around her back as she did the same to me, my flagging dick revived at the touch of her warm skin pressed against it. Our lips joined as she fell back on the bed pulling me down next to her. Without breaking our kiss, I wiggled Aunt Jess atop me. She ground

her pussy along the side of my dick, letting me know how damp she already was as she leaked all over my steel bar of flesh.

'Jeremy.' Aunt Jess said flatly as pushed herself up with her hands on my chest.

'Yes?'

'Do you remember last week?' She looked at me with a tilt of her head.

'For the rest of my life.' I answered honestly.

'You made a comment that has had me thinking all week. When you were telling me the things you'd do to me. Do you remember?'

'Vaguely.' I remembered spanking her scrumptious ass while fucking her senseless.

'You said you'd shove your beautiful cock up my ass until I felt you in my belly.'

'Yes.' I remembered saying that. 'Do you want me to do that? To fuck your ass? This sexy ass?' I brought my palm down on her firm ass. I kept it there, slowly massaging that fabulous flesh.

'Ohh!' She cried. 'I haven't been able to stop thinking about it! I've never had someone do that, and I want you to be the first.'

'I can't believe you've never had a guy fuck you in the ass. You seem just the type to try something like that.' I think I may have just implied that my aunt was a slut. She either didn't notice, or didn't mind.

'Many have asked, but I've always turned them down. I didn't think that it would feel good, or that it would get me off.' She peered deep into my eyes, still grinding along my shaft.

'I've never done it before either. Why do you want to do it now? With me?'

'You just make me feel so safe with you. Like I could try something and not have to worry that you'll get upset if I make you stop, or that you'll just keep going even if it is hurting me. Does that make sense?'

'I think so. It makes me feel good that you feel that way with me. You know that at anytime if you told me to stop doing anything with you, I

would. Even if you told me you didn't want to continue to be with me anymore. I would never hurt you, Aunt Jess.'

'I know, Jeremy.'

'Unless you want me to hurt you.' I gave her ass another loud smack.

'Ow! That's what I mean. You know just what I like; I could never give up being with you. Unless you wanted to stop.'

'Never!' I bent my head upward and kissed her soft lips. She smiled as I rested my head back on the bed.

'Don't say never. There may come a day when you find a girlfriend and you don't have time for your old sexy aunt anymore.' Her smile became wistful.

'If that day ever comes, it is a long way off, but I don't think I'd ever not want to be with you. Not until you're all grey and wrinkly anyway.'

She slapped my shoulder gently. 'It'll come sooner than you can believe, trust me.' She sat up, pressing her weight on my throbbing dick. 'Now do you want to fuck my ass or not?' I was going to have to make her Minister of Silly Questions if she kept this up!

'I'll try anything with you, Aunt Jess. You know that by now. I'm just not sure how to do it.'

'Really? You put your cock in my asshole and fuck me, simple.'

'It seems kind of small back there, and like you have said plenty of times, I'm kind of big.' I didn't want to brag, but that did seem to be the popular consensus. 'Besides, if it was that simple, I think a lot more people would be doing it.'

'How do you know they aren't? We can try it. See if either of us likes it or not.' Her eyes seemed to be telling me she wasn't sure, but she was still willing to try. How could I not also?

'Well, I just don't want to hurt you.'

'And that's why I'm willing to try with you, Jeremy.' She rolled off me and the bed, crossing the room, and grabbed a large tube off her dresser.

'I bought some lube just for this.' She handed the plastic container to me. I stared at it realizing that this was really going to happen. I was

going to fuck Aunt Jessica's beautiful behind, delectable derrière, fabulous fanny, righteous rump, terrific tush, and amazing ass!

'This is the real reason you wanted me to come over and fix things for you, isn't it?'

She climbed back onto the bed, but turned to stare at me. She had such an innocent look come over her face that it was hard to think that I was about to take her anal virginity.

'Yes.' That single word said so much. 'I haven't been able to stop thinking about this. I've been so wet fantasizing about your big cock shoved in my asshole! You really should have come over sometime this week!'

I was really kicking myself now!

'I'm so sorry Aunt Jess. If I only knew!'

'Well, you're here now.' She got onto her hands and knees with that ass pointed at me. Dat ass!

'Put some lube on my asshole, then coat one of your fingers and push it in me. Slowly! Let me get used to your finger and we'll progress from there.'

This seemed more like a chore than sex!

I did as she'd instructed, still not sure about putting a finger in her shithole! I piled a glob of the thick gooey lube in Aunt Jess's butt crack, covering her puckered star. I ran my right forefinger around between her ass cheeks until it was well coated. I squeezed more lube onto my finger and spread it over her sealed sphincter. Well, here goes! I thought to myself as I pressed the tip of my finger to her opening. I slipped into the first knuckle without any trouble; Aunt Jess said nothing, just looking over her shoulder as I continued to push my finger in her ass. I got to the second knuckle when she let out a gasp.

'You okay?' I asked.

'I'm fine. It just feels kind of strange. Keep going.'

I pushed the rest of my finger in, her sphincter squeezing my digit tightly. When I had the whole finger in her hole, I tried to wiggle it around; she was so damned tight! There was no way my cock was ever going to fit in there!

'Push it in and out. Let me get use to it.' Her voice was unchanged; I might have been putting suntan lotion on her back from her reaction.

After a minute of gentle finger fucking her ass, Aunt Jess had me coat a second finger and put them both in. Her puckered asshole spread around the two fingers, but even as she widened, she grew tighter. I feared for the safety of my dick if I tried to put it in this vice of flesh! It would surely rip it right off! I will admit though that I was finding this somewhat erotic, as I played with my fingers in her barely-yielding rear channel. I pulled my fingers free after I had finally managed to get the entirety of both in her. Her asshole gaped open for a few seconds, slowly closing. I noticed that it didn't close completely. I pushed my fingers back in and fucked her slowly with the two of them. This drew sighs from my aunt.

'How is that?' I asked.

'Still not sure. It doesn't feel bad, but I don't see the attraction for it yet. Let's try the real thing now.'

Aunt Jess twisted around to face me as I climbed up onto the bed. She took the lube tube and poured large amounts onto my cock. It was cool on my very warm flesh. Aunt Jess took great pleasure in coating my cock with the goo, spreading it over me with an eager hand. My dick stood taller after she had me thickly covered in the lubricant. She looked down at her also covered hand.

'Shit. Should've thought about a towel.' She complained to herself.

'I could still grab one.'

'Nah, I need to change these sheets anyway.' She wiped her hand on the thin fabric, leaving a greasy-looking smear.

'Will that wash out?'

'It's water soluble, so it shouldn't be a problem.' She got herself back into position. 'Now put some more on me. Remember. Go slow. I'll let you know if it hurts too much.'

'It shouldn't hurt at all should it?'

'I've heard it can, mostly at the beginning. So go slowly!'

I squeezed the tube over her asshole as well as I could, not bothering to spread it around, assuming my dick would do that. I moved closer until my knees were placed on the inside of hers. I lined up my cock with what I'd always considered as the wrong hole. I rubbed the tip of my cock in the thick gooey lube and then pushed up against her barely open sphincter muscle.

'Ready?' I gave her one last chance to change her mind. I hoped she didn't.

'Go ahead. Just push the head in then stop and let me get used to that.' She told me.

I pushed against the hole, holding my dick to keep it from slipping aside with the slippery lube. Her asshole resisted my insertion. I pressed harder feeling her exit encircle my head, her opening opposing my entrance. I could feel Aunt Jess pushing towards me to aid with my penetration. With a plop, the head of my cock surged past her sphincter which was squeezing me tighter than I'd ever felt before. There was going to be no way the rest of my dick was going to get any further into her anal passage!

'I don't know Aunt Jess. Your asshole is so freaking tight! I don't know if I can get anymore in.' I exclaimed.

'Just try. It does hurt some, but I can take it right now. I'll stop you if it gets to be too bad.' She dropped her head onto the bed, her arms splayed to her sides. I grabbed her hips to give me more control with my penetration.

'Okay, if you say so.' I put some more lube around the sides of her asshole and pushed slowly and firmly forward. I had to force every inch of progress I made. I had another inch or two in Aunt Jess when she suddenly cried out in pain. I immediately stopped pushing.

'Should I pull back out?' I was worried. How do I explain this if I have to take her to a hospital? Yeah, doc, I was trying to fuck my aunt's sexy ass! I mean, just look at it!

'No. No, just don't move right now. I can feel you stretching me out. I can't say it feels good, it's just a bit much to take.' She took a couple deep breaths. 'Okay, pull back a little, but then push forward again. Slower!'

I still wasn't convinced this was a very good idea! I had gotten enough of my dick in my aunt that I could still claim that I had fucked her ass!

I obeyed her command and pulled back two inches, having to struggle to retreat as much as I did on my entry, every bit of her insides pressed on my cock. I paused a second or two, then started my penetration again, pushing forward at a glacially slow pace. Aunt Jess moaned slightly, but I couldn't tell if it was pain or pleasure. She didn't say anything so I kept going forward. I had almost half my dick in her circular vice when her moan became more of a shriek. I stopped. Had I ripped her insides open?

'No, don't stop. I'm okay.' She really didn't sound okay.

'Are you sure?'

'Just start fucking my ass, but keep pushing farther in. I feel so full. Like you were in my cunt, but you're not!'

'This is definitely not like fucking your pussy!' I agreed. I pulled back then pushed forward. My dick only moved a distance of an inch, but with each stroke, I was able to increase this. And the depth that I was plunging within her.

'Oh God!' Aunt Jess yelled out. She didn't say anything about stopping, so I continued.

'Shit! Oh fucking shit!' That didn't sound like she wanted me to stop either. I increased my range of movement and my speed. Her passage was slowly widening to allow me easier pistoning, but she was still so incredibly tight around my cock. Maybe my cock had gotten smaller because she was cutting off the blood flow! As I continued I was slowly working more of my dick into her passageway and in not too long a time, I had nearly the whole length inside Aunt Jess's ass!

'Fuck my ass!' She yelled out loudly. I thought that was what I was already doing!

'Harder you fucker! God! It feels so good, so full!' She screeched at me, her hands grabbing the bunched sheets and her face burrowing into the bed. I gave no more care for going slow and easy anymore, and started to pound into her butt as hard as her squeezing sphincter allowed me.

'Damn it! I wish I had done this long ago! Fuck my ass, Jeremy, fuck it so good!' She wailed.

'If you had done it long ago, you couldn't have given me your anal virginity!' I huffed.

'Just fuck me! Fuckkkk meeeeee!' Her wish was my command!

'Rub my clit! I'm gonna cum with your big cock in my ass! Aaaaa!'

I reached around under her and found her little nub as the two of us continued our mutual thrusting, me into her, her onto me. I struggled to keep my fingers on her clit as we slammed together on the squeaking bed. Aunt Jess was well on the way towards her first anal orgasm, unable to resist my fingers on her clit and my big cock shoved in her clenching ass!

'Gaaaahh!' She screamed, signaling to me her orgasm was sweeping over her. 'Cuuuummminnnngg!'

I couldn't contain myself any longer either, I gave one last hard thrust, and with my own loud grunting added to her wail, I unleashed my torrent in Aunt Jess's ass! I came and came, seemingly unable to stop filling her with my cum! Her sphincter milked out my creamy effluence until I could give no more. I let out one more groan/grunt and then fell onto the bed as Aunt Jess still trembled from her bliss. Her ass fell away from me to fall to the sheets, our eyes meeting once again like old friends. Hers were very bleary, mine stinging with sweat. I stared back at her silently as we recovered our breaths, our strength, and our ability to speak.

'That was ... fucking ... amazing!' Aunt Jess whispered hoarsely. I just nodded. Her hazel eyes peered at me like a cat with a mouse.

'What do you want me to say? It was amazing. Besides your ass practically ripping my dick off me! I've never felt anything so tight before in my life.' I said with more force than I thought I was capable of giving.

She leaned over to give me quick, gentle kiss. 'That was one of the most incredible things I've ever felt! Did you ... I mean, were you all the way in?'

'Every inch.' I said proudly.

'Wow! I would never have thought you could've fit.'

'Me either, but you took it all.'

'We are definitely going to have to do that again!' She stated with determination.

'But not now. Now I know we are sweaty enough for a shower!' I replied as I rolled off the bed.

'Agreed. Though I don't think we should be doing anything in there.' Aunt Jess climbed off the other side.

I looked unhappily at my aunt, giving her a pout in disappointment.

'Okay, almost nothing.' My smile returned.

'We need to wash my favorite tool.' She said as she left the room, I was right behind her. 'I know where it's been!' She laughed.

'In my dirty, naughty aunt!' I grabbed her waist and began to tickle her sides.

'Stop that!' She wriggled about, trying to escape my fingers, giggling uncontrollably. I continued as we entered the bathroom. 'Stop, Jeremy. Please stop.' She was breathless again, her face red from her laughter, tears on her cheeks.

I stopped tickling her sides and let my hands just rest on her skin.

'I think I may have better uses for my fingers anyway.' I said.

'Oh, really? And what uses might those be?' She looked at me expectantly over her shoulder.

'In my dirty, naughty aunt, of course!'

I let my fingers trail down the front of her abdomen and through her trail of pubic hair down to her pearly treasure. Even with having been left out of our recent activity, her pink petals were opened and inviting. My fingers walked into her chamber and felt around for Mr. G, knowing he was to be found on the ceiling of the humid orifice. Aunt Jess sighed as my fingers worked their magic with her intimate parts. One set of digits within, the other set outside.

'Oh, Jeremy!' She leaned back against my chest, reaching her arms up around the back of my neck, pulling my head closer towards her. I kissed her neck just under her ear. She sighed again. I left a trail of kisses down her neck, along her clavicle, and onto her soft round shoulder.

'This isn't ... getting us ... in the ... shower.' She gasped between her words as I worked her passion to a crescendo.

'I could stop if you want.' I tickled her clit more intently.

'Aaa! No! Don't stop! Don't ... stop!' She cried out loudly. Her body was quivering like a hummingbird wing. I had no intention of stopping, not until my aunt came on my probing and persistent fingers.

'Jeeez uhh fuuhh ... cuumminng!' Her voice dropped to almost a whisper as the orgasm hit her, my arms were all that kept her upright, the sudden pull on me nearly jerking me off my own feet.

Aunt Jess whirled around and planted her lips on mine, urgent and insistent. I was caught unaware, but only for a moment, wrapping my arms around my aunt's perspiration-coated back. We continued for only a few minutes, but totally caught up in each other for those precious moments.

Aunt Jess broke from my grasp. 'We really need that shower now!' She turned to the tub and started the water, adjusting the temperature and pointing her gorgeous ass at me. I couldn't resist and gave it a smack that reverberated in the tiled room.

'Ow!' She swiveled around to stare at me. 'Do that again and I'll have to make you fuck me with your big cock!'

'Is that a threat?' I swatted her derrière again in response. 'It's not a very good one since I very much want to fuck you with my big cock.'

'After we get out of the shower!' She gave me a sly grin as she stepped into the porcelain tub.

We actually took a shower without any hanky-panky (do people still say that?), though Aunt Jess did take excessive care in making sure my dick was clean from our anal encounter. I was sure it was just because she liked to play with my hard cock! I didn't argue as I may have taken extra time to make sure her private parts were equally sparkling clean too. After we finished, we dried off and returned to her bedroom. She dropped her towels on the floor and climbed onto the bed, presenting her naked body to my eyes to feast upon.

'I swear I have to be one of the luckiest guys on the planet!' I said as I dropped my towel beside hers, my throbbing hard cock admiring my aunt's body in its own special way, dribbling pre-cum down its side.

Aunt Jess lifted her head to stare at my naked form standing next to the bed.

'I see you're all appreciative and ready. Why don't you come up here and fuck me like you promised.' She lifted her knees and opened them wide. She had her own dribbling leaking from her.

'Yes ma'am!' I grinned and sprang onto the bed between her legs.

'Don't ma'am me, you hot young stud!' She growled at me somehow still sounding sexy as hell!

'Okay ... slut! You want this big ... hard ... dick? You want me to fuck you with it? Make you cum all over me and your bed?' My own voice sounded almost like a growl.

'Yes I do!' She squealed delightfully.

I took my dick and aimed it at the enticing gates before me; the gates of heaven couldn't be more inviting!

I placed the head at her entrance, but I didn't push into her. I merely swirled the tip around her labia lips, spreading my juices over them. I also ran it through her own oozing liquids, mixing our love fluids together. I teased her until she voiced her impatience.

'Fuck me with that thing already! I need you to fuck me with your big, hard cock! Don't tease me! Fuck! Me!' She commanded me with a hunger and intensity I couldn't resist.

I sank the entire length of my nearly nine-inch cock into Aunt Jess in one quick forceful thrust. She gasped, grunted, groaned, and growled all at once. I stayed buried in her, letting her feel my fullness inside her clutching, wet pussy. I withdrew until just the tip was still holding her lips apart, then thrust just as hard again. I didn't stay sunken inside her as long on this stroke and pulled back again. I thrust, held, and retreated a number of times while my aunt could only answer my motions with babbling gibberish. I was too ready to cum again that I had to take care to control my increasing tempo. It was no good, my basic animal nature soon took over, fucking Aunt Jess with mad, wild driving force! Her hands grabbed my shoulders and pulled me closer to her. I bent to kiss her, but she pressed her face into the juncture of my neck and shoulder and wailed her pleasure into my ear. I continued pounding her for as long as I could manage, feeling her orgasm as she shook and convulsed beneath me. I wasn't going to last any longer and gave myself over to my own intense orgasm, unleashing my cum into her pulsing pussy!

I lay atop her for a couple minutes, mindless of my weight pressing down on her smaller frame. I saw stars swimming in front of my eyes for a moment as I fought to regain my breath. Aunt Jess was having a harder time with me lying on top of her.

'Get off me, you oaf!' She grunted as she struggled to push me to the side. I groggily rolled over, my wilting dick covered in our combined juices falling on my hip.

'Wow!' I gasped out.

'You never fail to please, that's for sure! Every time is as good as the first. If not better!' Aunt Jess complimented me. She turned to look me in the eye, her strawberry-blonde hair hanging lankily with sweat around her face.

'You make me want to please you! I don't ever want to give you a reason to not let me keep this up!' I exclaimed. I turned onto my side, resting on my elbow, and reached my free hand to run a finger along the ridge of her jaw. I saw a tear form in one of her eyes.

'Jeremy.' She said, pausing as if searching for the words to continue. 'We, I ... want to continue as long as you'll have me.' She gave a small choking cough. 'I know it can't last forever, but you've made your slutty

old aunt feel more special than I have in a long time.' The tear finally freed itself and ran down her cheek. My finger stopped it and wiped up along its course. She smiled at me wistfully.

'I can't see a time that I wouldn't want to be with you, Aunt Jess. Old and slutty or not.' I returned her smile, then it turned into a grin. 'But we have to get up. I need to get back home soon before dad shows up to help me! Unless you'd like that!'

'Ooo! Father and son! Never had that before!' Her smile widened as her eyes sparkled.

'And you aren't going to either! At least not with me!' I looked around the room. 'Where are my pants?'

'In the living room where we left all our clothes.' She watched me with a hungry look still in her eye.

'Haven't you had enough yet?' I asked her with wonder.

'I have a young stud at my beck and call, I don't know if I could ever get enough of him.' She drawled sexily.

'Me either, but I really should go. I really don't want dad catching me with you like this.' I wanted nothing more at that moment than to just be able to linger in bed with my aunt, but the thought of my father finding out that I was sleeping with Aunt Jess was more than enough to fight that feeling!

Aunt Jessica rose from her bed, her just-had-sex glow making her radiant. Her lips were cast in a frown though. 'I don't want you to go, but you're right, we don't want your dad to discover our secret.' She crossed to me and put her hands on my shoulders. I gave her a quick kiss that she tried to prolong.

'If he found out about us, he might start to suspect mom too.'

Oops! Shouldn't have brought up mom!

She must have seen the dismay on my face and suspected its cause. She got a distant look on her face as she peered at me, but then it passed and her eyes once again focused on me.

'Then all our fun would be over regardless of what we want.'

'Exactly.' I agreed. She had to realize that things would be far worse for her sister if dad suspected something was up with mom, me, and his sister-in-law.

I went to the living room and collected my discarded clothing. I started to dress as Aunt Jess stood naked watching me. It was one of the hardest things I've ever had to do, getting dressed with my incredibly sexy aunt naked in the room with me! Whether my dick was capable or not, all I wanted to do was to throw her on the couch and fuck her senseless once more!

When I was finished dressing, Aunt Jess stepped up to me and put her arms around my neck. I stared at her face in awe of her natural beauty. She lifted her face up to me and we were once again kissing passionately, hungrily, ravenously. It wasn't as if we had never had locked lips before, but it seemed that as soon as our lips touched, the rest of the world simply melted away.

'I really need to go. It's late enough already.' I said after reluctantly parting from those sensuous, full, pink lips.

'Don't make me wait until next Friday, before I see you again. I want you to fill my ass again.'

My naked aunt was telling me how she wanted me to fuck her ass again and here I was in a hurry to go home! What was I, stupid? In my defense, I did have my sexy mom at home who would be more than willing to get naked for me and let me fuck her too! So not stupid, just torn between two beautiful willing sisters!

'I will really try, Aunt Jess. Maybe Wednesday. We will have the whole weekend though with dad being gone.' I stared at her, unable to take my eyes off her nakedness.

'Wait, what? Your father is going to be gone?'

'Didn't mom tell you? I'm surprised'

'No, she didn't.'

'Well she was pretty upset at dad about it.' I answered.

'We were also a bit distracted last night if I remember correctly!'

'I don't know, maybe she had a reason or maybe it was just an oversight, but don't let her know that I told you, just in case.' She agreed and I proceeded to fill her in on dad's business trip. Her eyes lit up as I told her the details.

'Maybe I do need to wait until next weekend! So I'm extra horny for you to satisfy!'

I retreated from her, as she seemed ready to pounce on me! I reached the door and cautiously opened it, not wanting the neighbors to see the dishabille of my aunt. Regardless of this, she stepped next to me and kissed me again. This one was short and still just as sweet. She stood in her doorway as I walked to my car, waving at me as I drove away shaking my head at her brazenness.

I returned home to find mom and dad in the kitchen laughing together. I noticed dad's hand on mom's hip suggestively. He withdrew it when he saw me look at him. Mom tittered as she looked from dad to me. Did I catch them fooling around? I saw dad give a long look at mom as he left the room. Mom looked at me guiltily. She surely shouldn't feel that way about doing anything with her husband. I was the one that should feel guilty. I smiled at her, seemingly carefree and unaffected by my parents' affections for one another.

'So how was your afternoon dear?' Mom asked trying equally to seem unaffected with me catching her and dad.

'Wasn't really that much to fix or do.' I said flatly, as I got myself a sports drink from the fridge.

'You were gone for quite awhile.'

'Well, you know ...' I knew she knew and I didn't know why she had even brought it up.

'I figured.' She sounded somewhat disappointed. I don't know why since it seemed like she and my father had been up to something themselves.

'It appears you and dad aren't fighting anymore.' My voice was as dry as the Atacama.

Mom ignored my tone, but she didn't meet my gaze either. 'We weren't really fighting. I was just upset with him and I let him know about my displeasure with him. He has now realized that he was wrong and we've moved on.'

'Oh.'

'Dinner will be in about an hour or so. I'll call you when it's ready.' She seemed to be brushing me off. Had something more happened between her and dad?

I shrugged and left. I saw dad in the living room as I passed through, but didn't say anything to him. Fortunately, he didn't inquire about the work at Aunt Jess's. I went to my room to play my X-station until dinner.

Dinner was a struggle to get through. Dad was sitting closer to mom than usual and I could see them giving each other looks, or laughing for seemingly no reason. My father was paying more attention to mom too. Something was up and I suspected that it wasn't going to be good for me. Jojo and Johnny didn't seem to notice anything different with our parents, just sitting and eating their food quietly. That alone should have been a clue that something was wrong. I also ate quietly, eating as quickly as I could. I returned to my room afterwards and couldn't focus on my game, so instead watched some mindless TV shows. I went downstairs to get another beverage and found mom sitting sideways across dad's lap. I pretended not to pay any attention as I crossed the room to the kitchen. I could hear them both laughing in the other room, but it ceased suddenly when I reappeared. Johnny was sitting watching TV while our sister was sprawled out on the floor coloring, crayons spread all about her. I asked my brother if he wanted to play one of my video games with me. He jumped up enthusiastically and raced up the stairs to my room. I followed him after a glance at mom. The longing look on her face spoke volumes, but she said nothing to me. Dad had an expectant grin on his face.

I let Johnny beat me playing one of my two-player games. No, actually I should say that I was so distracted that he beat me fairly. We played until his bedtime, sharing some rare brother bonding time. I heard Jojo come up the stairs and she asked if I would tuck her in tonight. I wondered if my parents had prompted this. I did so anyway. I could hear the laughter continue downstairs; wondering what might be going on without my siblings around to keep them respectable. I knew that I would be receiving no visit from my mother tonight, no enquiry about my time at her sister's, and no licking her pussy until she came on my

face. I lay in bed upset. I had to tell myself that I had no reason to feel this way. I shouldn't be having sexual activity with my mother, or even her sister. I had fucked Aunt Jess in the ass today! I shouldn't feel upset because my parents were obviously going to have sex tonight! Shouldn't be feeling betrayed by mom for sleeping with her husband, my father. But I did. It wasn't right for me to feel like this, but I did anyway.

I heard them go to their bedroom and then it was quiet. I imagined they were kissing and I remembered the feeling of mom's lips on mine. I could feel her mouth move down my chest, the sensation of her stiff nipples rubbing along my skin. I could smell the scent of her ardor, the tangy odor filling the air as if she was there now. My dick rose with the memories and though I tried to resist the urge, my hand crept to my shorts. I heard another sound downstairs, my parent's bedroom almost underneath my own. It was an all-too-familiar sound, the creaking of bedsprings, slowly at first but with a relentless tempo. I pulled my dick free, imagining it was mom releasing it. As the creaking got louder, I stroked myself; no, it wasn't my hand, it was mom's tender fingers on me.

I heard a barely audible moan and recognized it all too well. Mom was experiencing ecstasy without my presence. I couldn't fault her, or my father, even with as much as I resented him at that moment. They were married and sharing one another's love. I, as the son, should only be happy that my parents felt that way still. Mom's (my) hand moved quicker on my shaft and even after this afternoon, I wasn't far from my release. It was my luck, or not, that I exploded at the same time that I

heard a woman's cry come out from below; mom and I having our orgasms simultaneously, even if we weren't together.

I pulled my shorts into place and pulled my pillow over my head to block out the continued creaking from beneath my room. Sleep overtook me some time later, but I tossed restlessly all night long.

Chapter 10

I was in the midst of a dream in which I was chopping wood for some unknown reason, and had gotten quite stack beside me when I awoke. I felt a familiar sensation at my crotch. Sure enough, it was my mom giving me a morning blowjob! After last night's activities, this kind of surprised me, I would have thought that mom would be doing this with my father. Not to say that I wasn't thrilled with the unexpected attentions of my sexy mother, but I still had some unresolved feelings from the previous night.

"Mom? What are doing here?" I queried with a slight tone of displeasure in my voice.

"Why do you keep asking me that? Isn't it obvious yet?" She answered between her bobbing, either missing my tone or choosing to ignore it.

"I mean why aren't you blowing dad?"

"Are you saying you'd rather I was doing this with him instead of you?" Her own tone grew frosty. But her hand never left my rigid cock and her mouth never strayed far between replies.

"No, no. I just thought that after last night ..."

"That I should spend all my time with my husband rather than my loving son who pleasures me far better than his father?"

"No mom. But it sounded like he was doing an alright job last night."

"You heard?"

"Enough. Enough to tell that you were pleasured at least once."

"It was twice if you must know."

"I didn't." I paused, debating how to proceed. I did want her to finish what she had started regardless of whatever issues I had. "It's just I heard some of it and I wanted it to be me with you. Doing that to you. It was hard to listen to it. I shouldn't think that, you and dad should be together, you should be having sex. It's not my place to say I wish you

weren't. I shouldn't be jealous of dad, but I am." My tone was plaintive, maybe even a bit maudlin.

"No, you shouldn't feel that way. You have no cause to be jealous with the amount of time we've had together. Regardless of whether we want more time. To be honest, you have no cause to be jealous of your father. I was being honest when I said you were better than him. He has always been what I thought was an excellent lover. He has never left me wanting, so to speak. Other than the quantity in recent years that is. But that was before we started our ... fling. Now I realize that with dad that we are both just using the other get ourselves off, not seeking to give each other pleasure. With you Jeremy, it's not about you fucking me so you can cum; you fuck me so I can cum. It may seem a small difference, but it is a world apart."

"As I've told you mom, giving you pleasure, making you cum, excites me."

"And it's why I have fallen in love with you Jeremy. More than I ever felt for your father." She may have ceased her blowjob, but her hand was still able to do wonders on my dick. She wasn't trying to make me cum, but she was giving me delightful sensations.

"I have to confess to you." Mom continued. "What you heard last night. That was you. I was thinking of you when I came. Wishing it was you."

"What? No."

Mom had a demure and embarrassed look on her face, as if she was a shy teen instead of a sexy cougar. She nodded in confirmation. "Both times. I felt bad about it. Even while being with your father I still felt like I was cheating on him because thinking of you made me orgasm. But even worse, I felt I was cheating on you because I was sleeping with my husband."

"I have a confession too mom. I was doing what you're doing right now last night. I was dreaming it was you doing this. I came thinking of you too. I heard you in your orgasm and was cumming at the same time with you."

"Really?" She asked incredulously. She gave my cock a more vigorous burst of strokes. "Did I do it like this?"

"Oh no mom, you do it so much better in reality than you do in dreams."

"Aw, thank you honey. I wish I had been there for you. But your dad wants it so rarely that I couldn't deny him. I do still love him. I'm not going to leave him just because I can't get enough sex. Our marriage is built on more than that. I also can't leave him because I love you, my son." In the midst of this conversation, she continued her blow-now-hand job, using the time as I spoke to drool saliva onto my raging cock

and stroking me with a relentless rhythm. She may not have been trying to make me cum but she wasn't keeping me from the brink either.

"I don't want you to divorce dad because of me, mom. I don't want my desires to hurt Johnny or Jojo. They are just innocent bystanders in this mess we've gotten ourselves into." I grunted unconsciously as mom's tempo grew. "Speaking of messes, I'm close to making one now!"

"Oh no honey! I won't let you waste any more of your delicious shake than you already have!" Her mouth dropped back around my cock and she worked fervently to release my cum into her mouth. Mom's wonderful oral skills dispelled the shadowy thoughts and the solitary doubts of last night as she brought me to that excellent peak and sent me grunting and growling into the orgasmic bliss beyond.

"Oh shit, mom!" I said when I could speak again. "If I may say so, you are the best cock-sucking mother I know!"

"How many do you know?" She smiled back at me obviously with no offense at my vulgar compliment, my cum on her lips.

"It doesn't mean you're not still the best. If I could mix your tongue with Aunt Jess's throat, I would have to marry that woman regardless of her relationship to anyone!"

"Are you comparing my sucking to my sister's?"

"No. I'm not comparing them. Just that you each have your own talents and that if they were combined, would be beyond compare."

"So I could be doing a better job?" She said coolly.

"Mom, everyone can get better. Even the best can improve." I knew I was in a hole I couldn't escape.

Mom's look grew stern. I gulped. Then she grinned.

"I never thought of myself as that great at sucking cock. But I never gave much effort to improve. I never had any incentive to improve until you. That you consider me to be in a class comparable to Jess is compliment enough."

Whew! I wasn't going to be buried in that hole!

"Your dad won't be asleep much longer. I had to come for my protein shake. And I felt guilty about last night."

"Mom, you should never feel guilty about being with dad. I'll have to man up and learn to deal with it. It's not something that is ever going to go away. Not while you're married and not while I'm your son. So, never. Neither one of us should feel bad. It's the way things just are."

"That seems so pessimistic." Mom answered bluntly.

"I didn't mean it to, but we have to be realistic. We have a very unique situation. You, dad, me, Aunt Jess."

"I know honey. I just try to be more optimistic about things."

"I do too, mom. Me most of all. I mean, I have two sexy experienced women that can't seem to get enough of me. I'm the least pessimistic guy ever!" I knew this was counter to how I felt last night, but even superman has to have a moment of doubt right?

"Do you think we have time to take care of you mom?" I changed the subject back to sex.

"I don't think so Jeremy. I may have worn out your dad, but he won't sleep forever. You should take a shower and I'll get breakfast ready before my other children get up."

I glanced at the clock and it read 8:22. "Mom, its sacrilege for a teen to get up before at least 10 a.m. on a weekend! Give me another hour and a half."

"Only because I want you to keep your strength up so you can go on making my delicious cum-flavored shakes!" She rose from my bed, not bothering to wrap her robe back around her nightie. Nothing was revealed, to my regret, but I had seen it all before and positively would again. "I'll send one of your siblings to get you up. Your breakfast will be cold, but I'll save you some."

"Thanks mom! You're the best!" I rolled over, pulled my pillow over my head, and fell to sleep more easily this time.

I awoke from no dream, but to a nightmare!

An earthquake was shaking my bed! I bolted upright, knocking my pillow from my head and discovered that it wasn't an earthquake, but a more fearsome force of nature, an eight-year-old girl jumping up and down on the bed around my feet!

"Jojo! What are you doing?"

"Mommy said I could jump on your bed to wake you up sleepyhead!" My sister jumped more enthusiastically, taking advantage of this rare

event of being allowed to jump on furniture. Her joy killed any irritation I had at being woken as she had. I remembered the secret thrill of jumping on the bed! I might have even joined her if I didn't worry I would probably break my bed. I had many future plans for that bed that I surely didn't want to destroy it!

I discretely made sure that mom had put all my parts away before I pushed aside the blankets, grabbed my little sister, and tackled her to the bed. I pulled up her little top and buried my face in her belly, blowing loud raspberries on it. Whether from the sound I created, or the feeling on her stomach, this brought on an equally loud giggling fit from Jojo. My hands tickled her sides and her voice escalated in octave, pitch, and volume. I'm sure some dogs in the neighborhood heard the parts of that screech that were beyond human hearing!

"What are you doing to your sister?" Mom yelled up the stairs.

I merely blew another raspberry on the bare belly.

Jojo's larynx didn't know to giggle some more or to screech again. I didn't know it was possible, but she produced both sounds at once. Must be a superpower of little girls!

This also elicited another yell from below.

"Jeremy! Stop whatever you are doing to Jojo right now!"

I wasn't sure from her tone, but mom almost sounded mad. I stopped my tickling, but I did blow another raspberry on my sister's stomach. The sounds she was making descended back to ordinary human ones. I suddenly grew solemn. This could well be the last time I could do this so innocently with Joanne. She would soon sprout into a young woman and her older brother making farting sounds on her belly would become a thing of the past. Much like mom and I. No longer would we be able to go back to just being mother and son, even if we never had sex again. This thought brought on a bit of melancholy. I never wanted to lose what we had right now, but I also missed the days, seemingly now not so long ago, when she would tuck me in at night, or wipe my nose, or any of the thousands of things a mom did for you when you were a kid that you never thought about until moments like now when they were gone. I noticed Jojo looking up at me, tears running down her face in seeming sympathy to my thoughts but I knew were caused by my horseplay.

"What's wrong Jeremy? You seem sad."

"I was just thinking what a big girl you are getting to be. I'll be going to college soon, you'll grow up to be a woman and we won't be able to do things like this anymore."

"Why not? You'll always be my brother; I'll always be your sister."

"Things get complicated when you grow up Jojo."

"I don't want to grow up then. I don't like compilated, com-kilated. I don't like hard."

"Nobody does Jojo; you just have to deal with it. Now let's get downstairs before mom ... oh, hi mom."

I saw mom standing once more in my doorway. She had dressed in a plain white blouse and a pleated dark navy blue skirt. She had a strange look on her face.

"Go downstairs Jojo. I think Johnny was setting up a game on the living room floor."

My sister then did something that I would remember for the rest of my life. She turned to me, gave me a peck on the cheek with her tiny lips, and said, "I love you big brother."

I was caught off guard, but a second or two later I answered her innocent declaration with my own. "I love you too Jojo. Go play with Johnny. I think mom wants to talk to me."

"Are you in trouble?" She sounded concerned.

"No. I don't think so. It's okay, go on."

She scooted off the bed, crossed to mom, and hugged her hips. "I love you too mommy! Don't be mad at Jeremy. We was just playing." She then hurried down the steps.

"I hope you aren't here for another shake. I think I'm sold out." I gave her a playful smile. Her eyes seemed watery.

"No. Not that. Not now, anyway. I heard what you told your sister."

"What part?"

"All of it I think."

"What about it?" I tried to replay what I had said.

"I agree with Jojo. I don't like compilated either." I had to smile at her repeating my sister's mangled pronunciation.

"Do you like hard mom?" I knew that that wasn't appropriate at the moment, but I couldn't pass up the opportunity.

"Not now Jeremy, I'm serious."

"Okay. I'm sorry."

"You were right though. You'll go to college next year, everything will change and where does that leave me. Us."

"That's a long way off still mom. Don't worry about that now."

"It'll come sooner than you think Jeremy."

"Its months and months away." To me that was almost eternity.

"Months and months ago I brought you home from the hospital for the first time. It goes faster than you realize. You're young and think you have all the time in the world. Then you wake up one day and wonder where your life went."

"Come on mom, you're not that old. You have plenty of life left in you."

"As you said, Jojo will soon be a teen, then a young woman. I don't want her ever finding out about ... us. I would feel worse about that than if your father did."

"You're right mom. I was also thinking of the things we miss after they are gone and not appreciating them while you had them."

"That's a very wise thing to say."

"I was playing with Jojo and I realized in a few years her body will change and she probably won't let me blow farts on her belly anymore. I would miss that."

"I used to do that to you. And I miss it too."

"You still can mom!" I lifted my tee shirt. She eyed the patches of hair on my pecs and sprouting up from below my belly button.

"It wouldn't be the same. And would lead to other things we really shouldn't be doing."

"But we love doing!" I added.

"Yes. We do. And now things are complicated."

"Like I told her, that's just life and being an adult. There's nothing we can do about it. Just deal with it."

"We don't need to try to make it harder." She caught herself and gave me a sly wink.

"Harder isn't so bad sometimes!" I replied.

"I do like it harder, just not life." Her innuendo just might make it harder! "I think we should get back downstairs before someone comes upstairs."

I had to agree, as much as I always wanted to be alone with mom. She started to turn, then looked back at me. "I love you Jeremy." She said quietly although her words were innocent enough for the rest of the family to hear. I knew her intent, and that no one else should hear!

"I love you too mom." I answered in a voice equally low.

I quickly rose with a glance down to check the readiness, or lack thereof, in my shorts. Mom saw the look and smirked as she turned back to

leave. I ran my hand through my hair to get rid of my bed head and followed mom's shapely calves down the stairs.

At the bottom mom said without turning, 'there's a plate in the oven for you. Since you weren't up at breakfast time."

I glanced at my dad in his recliner to see if he had caught mom's intimation. A long drive onto the green kept his attention from us. Or so I thought, because as mom walked past him, he gave her a swat on her behind. He saw me watching him and he smiled with a leer.

"Someday you'll find a woman like your mother and you won't be able to keep you hands off her ..." He glanced at the two younger kids playing some board game I didn't recognize, then said, "butt."

"Daddy!" Jojo cried out in disgust.

"Daddy said butt!" Johnny laughed loudly.

Their two responses covered my reaction before I was able to respond. "Yeah dad, someone like mom and I wouldn't be able to keep my hands off her either. Just like you."

Mom darted into the utility room to cover her reaction to my come back, of which I knew ninety percent of it went over dad's head. I couldn't tell if mom had been about to laugh, cry, or scream. I heard the washer start, but whether that was a cover or just doing chores, I couldn't guess.

The memory of mom sprawled on top of the washer caused a stirring in my boxers. The kids had focused back on their game, dad riveted to the TV screen. I went into the kitchen and pulled the warm plate from the oven. I turned the oven off, grabbed a fork and using the hem of my shirt to hold the somewhat hot ceramic plate, again crossed the living room.

"I've got homework to do so I'll be in my room." I said to nobody, and nobody was all that heard me.

I returned to my room with the intention of actually doing some schoolwork. Hours flew by as I lost myself in a history assignment; learning about the unsung achievements of George Washington Carver. When I finished I realized how thirsty I was and that I had neglected to get something to drink with my late breakfast. I also realized that it was now past lunch so I went back downstairs to replenish.

I noticed Johnny and Jojo in their rooms when I passed, and dad of course appeared to have never moved. Mom was in the kitchen doing

something as I had a vision of her standing there, not wearing the white blouse and dark skirt, but only wearing her birthday suit. My dick rose immediately, apparently enough time had passed for it to want to get out and look around.

I went to the fridge and grabbed a sports drink. Mom looked up at me and gave me a small smile when she saw I was just getting a beverage and returned to whatever she was doing. I moved slowly and she glanced at me a few times. I moved behind her as if I was getting a glass, which should've made her suspicious, as I never used a glass with my sports drink. While I was out of her sight, I slipped my dick out of its confinement and with a quick movement, lifted her skirt with one hand and pulled her panties aside with the other. Mom let out a small cry when she felt this, but before she could react, I pushed my cock forward and managed to find her hidden cleft right away. Mom gasped both with surprise and I hoped, pleasure.

She whispered loudly. "We can't do this now! Not here! Your father is right there in the living room!" As her voice grew more insistent, it dropped in volume, until it was as stern as a prison guard and so soft I could barely hear her.

We were standing behind the island counter and only visible from the waist up for anyone entering the room. I gave another thrust and she leaned forward, planting her hands wide on the granite top.

"Dad's not getting up and the counter is hiding anything he might see." I explained calmly.

"We still shouldn't! It's too dangerous! Oh! That's so goood!" She sighed.

I pumped her with a slow tempo, not wanting her to get too vocal with her pleasure. I put my hands on her shoulders to steady us both, giving her a few quick hard thrusts. This drew the response I wanted and yet feared. Mom moaned out somewhat loudly. I looked to the entrance to the living room, but neither heard nor saw anything from my father. I returned to the slower rhythm and mom moaned in short gasps with each plunge of my cock, the gentle murmur of the TV hopefully covering her noise.

Without any warning, my dad suddenly appeared at the kitchen's edge.

"What's going on in here?" He asked casually.

So he couldn't see what we were doing. Mom stood back upright, but my cock stayed buried in her cunt.

"I thought I heard you moan Jenny. Are you okay?" Dad asked with concern.

Mom was quicker to answer him than I was.

"Jeremy just came in for a drink," she nodded to the bottle on the counter dripping condensation down its sides, "and he surprised me with a hug, that's all."

Dad looked at us both, at mom then me standing behind her, my hands still on her shoulders. Mom spoke again.

"My neck is sore, so I asked if he could give me a ... massage."

I took this cue from her and began to rub my hands into her lower neck. With our other activities being unnoticed, I also jerked my hips forward, my pubic hairs buried in mom's fleshy ass cheeks.

I heard mom's faint gasp before she said, "Harder honey. That feels so good."

I massaged her neck with exaggerated enthusiasm as I ground my dick forward again with more force.

"Oh yes! Just like that. You know how to make your mother feel better."

I saw dad give us a strange look, but it didn't appear that he realized anything. I pushed into mom again. She moaned out as my 'massage' covered for her vocal reactions to my stiff cock filling her pussy. While dad stood about eight feet away! He moved to the fridge and got a beer out. He gave us another stare, mom's hands now atop mine.

"Yes dear, more of that! Right there! Oh yes!"

I felt mom was overdoing her mock and yet so real moaning. Dad shook his head and went back to the living room.

Mom and I stood without moving for a long minute before she took a step away from me, turned to take my arm in her grip, and pulled me out to the garage. Once the connecting house door was closed, she burst out laughing from the obvious nervous tension. There was a quiet emptiness in me, as if I had stared down death. I'm sure that wasn't metaphorical either. I noticed my heart had been so frightened that it hadn't even thought to beat faster. Maybe because most of my blood was still in my cock, which seemed unaffected, standing tall and wet from mom's excitement.

"I can't believe he didn't realize what we were doing! And when you said harder, I almost had a stroke!"

"You gave me a stroke though! Be glad that he didn't realize. That would have been the end for both of us! You did give it to me harder

too! I almost screamed out right then!" She reached out and grabbed my dick and pulled me around her car that was parked there.

I followed willingly regardless of the hand gripping my member. Mom bent over the car's hood, spreading her arms wide on the formed steel.

"Now finish what you started and fuck me good and hard!"

I needed no invitation, so I lifted her skirt, her panties still on her ass cheek, and slid back into her. With more distance between us and dad and the closed door also, I started to really give it to mom more enthusiastically. Her moaning came from her lips more freely, allowing herself to enjoy my pounding cock.

I didn't think it would be too long for me so I tried to concentrate on making mom cum first. She must have been really in need because she began pushing back on me harder than I was ramming into her quivering cunt.

"Oh, fuck, yeah! Almost ... don't stop! ... Gaaahd!"

I was slamming so hard into her ass that I was sure we were going to leave a dent in her fender! As she shook in the midst of her orgasm I kept going, whether I made her cum again or did so myself didn't

matter to me. Mom recovered enough to join again in our mutual movements. Not long now!

We both heard the house door release and open. Mom pulled her arms off the hood but stayed bent over next to the side of the car. I moved back as she changed positions, which worked out to my benefit, I hoped, as I was now more hidden by the car's passenger compartment. But my cock was still lodged deep in mom's soaked pussy.

"Oh, here you are. I wondered where you two went when you weren't in the kitchen anymore."

Once again, quick thinking mom said, "Jeremy told me there was a scratch on my car and I came ... to check it out."

I had to put my hand over my mouth as I coughed to cover my choking.

Mom looked at me over her shoulder. "Are you okay?"

"Something in my throat."

"I get that a lot lately." She replied dryly.

I almost lost a lung then. I saw mom's evil-looking grin as she looked at the side of the car.

"It's not that big Jeremy." She wiggled her ass against my crotch.

I knew she was teasing me some more. "What do you mean? It's huge!" I shoved into her so hard I almost toppled her forward.

Dad took a step closer. "Let me see it."

The next cough stuck in my throat.

Mom simply answered, "No, it's really nothing. You can barely see it. Jeremy is just exaggerating how big it is."

I wasn't sure if this was another crack about my dick or just panic as dad took another slow step.

I quickly added, "I'll get some of that scratch concealer at the hardware store tomorrow. You won't even be able to tell where the scratch was." Dad paused. "It really is nothing dad. Don't worry about it."

"Well I guess, if you say so. Don't forget to do that tomorrow. I have a couple small nicks that could be covered up too."

Great! Now I really did have to go to the hardware store tomorrow! I heard mom giggle. She stood up and her skirt simply fell back into place. I was left standing there with my softening dick hanging out in the open.

In an effort to keep mom with me I said, "What about this spot here mom?"

She looked directly at me, a sly grin covering her face. "I think you can take care of it dear. You can probably just rub it out."

Her grin grew wickedly as she turned to follow dad back into the house. She paused at the door.

"That's what you get for scaring me like you did."

I could hear dad's voice saying something about scaring, but I couldn't hear it all. I pulled up my shorts, taking a minute or two for my erection to subside before I reentered the house. I couldn't let dad see me with a woody after having been pressed up behind mom whether he didn't suspect anything or not!

As I walked into the kitchen mom asked with a portion of her evil grin still on her lips.

"Did you rub it out?"

"No." I answered petulantly. "My customers might get upset if they found out I was throwing out perfectly good product."

The grin turned into a sexy smile.

"Touché." Mom said. She licked her lips slowly and sensually. "I'll be there later tonight." She paused and her smile died.

"Seriously, that was so dangerous. We can't afford to get caught Jeremy."

"I'm sorry mom, but I saw you in your skirt and I pictured what was hiding underneath and I couldn't help myself."

"I know dear. I should've stopped you right away, but once I felt this ..." she patted my barely softened dick, "inside me, I couldn't tell you no. We have gotten very careless lately."

"I know. I just find you so sexy mom. The danger makes it even more exciting."

"Yes dear. Until we get caught that is. I find it exciting that you think I'm so sexy that you can't keep your hands off me. Or is that you know just how willing I am that you can't resist?"

"It's not that mom. Not all that." I sputtered out.

"I feel the same about you too honey." She put a hand on my left cheek and kissed my right one. "We just have to be more careful. Maybe if I could give the little guy more attention, he wouldn't be so ready to spring up unannounced."

"But that doesn't help you mom. Making you cu- ..." I glanced to the living room expecting dad suddenly to appear for the third time. "Giving you pleasure is what I like most about being with you, mom."

"And that's why I love you too Jeremy. If you had been doing this just for your own ... release, it would have ended long ago. Not many men feel like you do. It's why you are able to keep me and Jess happy even with us knowing about the other. And when you are with one of us, it is all about the one you are with. It's why Jess let's you continue with

her even though she knows you, for some reasons I cannot fathom, prefer me."

"Mom. I wish you could see yourself with my eyes. Yes, Aunt Jessica has the figure and the looks, but that is superficial. Not that I don't like superficial, and not that that is all Aunt Jess is to me, but you have an amazing figure too. You are more than just looks though. Your style, your bearing, your confidence. What mother would be so bold upon feeling her son's ... not to pull her hand away, but to do ... what you did? And when you cleaned your hand in front of Aunt Jess! Do you know how hot that was? That has nothing to do with looks. Looks had nothing to do with what you did right there in this kitchen that time." I had to struggle not to be too explicit in case dad should hear words he shouldn't hear me saying to mom.

"It wasn't looks true. It was more about need though. Your father and I have gotten complacent about sex. With family, and work, and golf," she added with a touch of disdain, "we haven't had as many chances as I would like. Women hit their prime later than men. So I think I need it more now than your father does. He may be fine with once or twice a month, but as you've fortunately or not learned, once or twice a day almost isn't enough."

"I like that frequency!"

"You're in your prime now dear. You want it all the time!"

"Not all the time. Sometimes I want to eat!"

Mom laughed at this. "That's a male teen, sex and food!"

"What more do you need?" I asked honestly. I mean really.

"Well now that you've caused enough trouble for one day you should go find something else to do before your father gets suspicious of all the time you are spending in the kitchen with your mother."

"Something to do, besides my mother?" I gave her a grin, then a kiss on her cheek, but let my lips slide down to hers before I pulled away. "I haven't been spending much time with my friends lately. I suppose I could spend the rest of the day with them instead of my sexy aunt and her equally hot sister!"

Mom moved to swat my arm but I dodged her feeble swing. "I may be home late. Don't wait up."

"Remember it's a school night!" There was still some of my former mother left in this incredible woman standing before me.

"Yes mom." I replied. "We'll probably just troll the suburbs looking for some hot moms that need some good lovin'." I teased as I went out the door; the dishtowel she'd thrown hit the door's window.

I chuckled to myself as I walked to my car parked at the curb. If I didn't already have almost more women than I could handle with the two I had, I might have thought about bringing it up to the other guys. This was a secret I would have to keep to myself. Let them each discover the joys of an older woman on their own.

I did have to dodge their questions as to what I had been doing lately that I didn't come around as much. I let them believe that I had a girl that they didn't know about, which was mostly true in its own way. They didn't need to know I had two!

The five of us whiled away the afternoon in the time-tested way of all teen guys, hanging out at the local gathering place and talking about music, movies, and of course, girls, while scoping out any cute or hot girls that wondered by. I found them all to be, well, girls. Not women. I played along, still enjoying the sights. There had been a couple women pass by that drew my attention, but after making a comment about the first one and their response having been, 'she's old!' I made no further comment and enjoyed the views silently. I think one or two may have even glanced back at me upon catching my stares. If not for mom or Aunt Jess, I might have tried to talk to one (or more) of them. If there were more desperate housewives out there ...

We grabbed some burgers, played some hoops, a few of the guys had to leave early, and when darkness fell and the bugs finally got intolerable the rest of us after awhile called it a night. I promised not to ignore them as much but with their belief in my girlfriend, I could tell they didn't really hold me to it.

I knew everyone would probably be in bed when I got home just after eleven. I saw a light in my parent's bedroom window, but I knew it was too late for a visit from mom; dad would be in bed, but would still be awake I was sure. I entered the house as quietly as I could, not because of any curfew but out of respect for the rest of the family. My parents had never set a time to be home, feeling that that was my decision and if I wanted to suffer the next day that was also my consequences for a bad decision. As long as my grades were good, they relied on knowing that they had brought me up right to make the right choices.

I was about to head up the stairs when I heard my parent's bedroom door open. The light from the small nightstand lamp was still enough almost to blind my dark-adjusted eyes. I looked into the glow down the hall and mom emerged with a halo of light around her like an angel. She turned back when dad said something low enough that I couldn't hear, even in the quiet house.

"I just want to check on Jeremy." Mom pulled the door almost closed behind her, and moved gracefully down the hall to my side. She took my head in her hands and kissed me. I knew nothing more than kissing would happen with dad waiting on her return, but even just kissing

mom, hungrily and passionately, was fine by me. My dick, having had no release all day even though we had fucked in the kitchen and garage, rose with this small encouragement. I knew mom could feel its expansion as she kissed more fervently. Was she trying to torture me? Mom pushed tighter against my now erect cock.

"You shouldn't coddle him so much. He is eighteen." Dad's voice called out louder than necessary. I'm sure it was directed at me as much as it was at his wife.

I whispered to mom as I groaned my cock into her body. "If this is coddling, you can do it all you want mom!" I could see her radiant smile even in the dim light.

"I know you've had no release today and I'm sorry now for not taking care of you earlier, but I'll make up for it in the morning when I come for my shake first thing in the morning." Her gentle smile took on a twisted turn.

"Not too early I hope." Mom kissed me again but it was quick and more motherly. She turned to go back to her room. I watched her for no reason other than to watch and when her door closed, I climbed the stairs to my room. I had to pee, but had to wait for my mother-induced hard-on to wilt before I could. I crashed in bed wearing just my boxers to make it easy for mom to access my protein shake machine in the morning. It took me a good while before I could fall asleep. Thoughts

about our multiple near misses this afternoon and what could happen should dad discover what we were doing literally almost under his nose. These shouldn't have been my thoughts before going to sleep as they clouded my night; I tossed and turned for hours before settling into a deep dreamless sleep.

A whole day without any release allowed mom to have me ready to cum before I even woke. I returned to the world mere moments before giving mom a Mucho Grande Morning Special Protein Shake topped with whipped cream and hold the cherry. She guzzled it down in one drink, although she didn't expect the Mucho Grande to be so large and had some trouble swallowing it down fast enough. She choked a little and spilled on her chin. She clearly enjoyed it as she had a big smile on her face as she licked her lips and wiped her chin with a finger, then sucking that clean too.

"Thank you sir. Please come again soon!" Mom quipped with a happy grin.

"Isn't that the proprietor's line?" I said as she tucked my wilting dick back in my underwear.

"Not at this shop." She said.

"The customer is always right."

"This customer says get your ass up and get ready for school."

"I knew there was a mother in there somewhere!"

"Get up before I ..."

"What? Suck my cock again? Sit on my face so I can make you cum as hard as you just made me? Or you'll bounce up and down with my big dick in your wonderful pussy?"

"No." Mom was barely able to get out the single word.

I got up groggily as mom moved off my bed. I gave her a tight hug when we were both standing.

"Thank you mom. You really are the best!"

I grabbed some clothes and headed for the shower. The cool water fully woke me and I had to rush dressing as I was slightly running late. I gave mom a quick kiss on the cheek as I rushed out the door.

When I returned after school, I saw Aunt Jessica pulling into our drive just before I did. Was mom planning on something? We wouldn't have much time before my brother and sister got home. Was she going to have her sister watch the kids so we could fool around before dad got home? That seemed also unlikely. Aunt Jess waved to me after she got out of her car. I parked and met her at the steps.

"What are you here for Aunt Jess?"

"I know what you're thinking! I'm not here for sex. Not that I don't want to jump my handsome nephew!" I probably blushed at her comment. "You're mom called and asked me to come over. So it might be sex!"

"I doubt sex." I responded quickly.

"What could it be that she couldn't tell me on the phone?" She asked with a hint of worry.

"Did she ask you to come now?" I thought that maybe it was something to do with our situation. After our close calls yesterday, was mom going to say that we had to stop? Now was a terrible time for that to happen, what with dad being gone all of next weekend! I started to worry now!

"Some of us have jobs you know." She said wryly.

"Oh. Yeah." That didn't mean mom wasn't thinking of ending things between the three of us.

I opened the door and allowed my aunt to enter. She was wearing snug but not overly tight jeans and a white ribbed knit turtleneck sweater that hugged her fabulous tits, as I wanted to do. I did stare at her ass as she passed by me. She noticed, or had assumed that I would, and gave it a gentle wiggle. I heard her giggle.

"Do you want to fuck my ass again Jeremy?" I coughed as she had said it quite loudly in the middle of the living room.

"What is this about ass fucking?" Mom asked as if she was inquiring about the weather as she came out of the hallway.

"Didn't Jeremy tell you?" My aunt said with a look at me.

"Tell me what? Did you have him fuck you in the ass? You have always been the slut!"

"Yes I did. Actually it was my first time for your information!" Aunt Jess replied to mom snidely.

"Really? You always seemed like an anal girl."

"Is that a thing?"

"I don't know." Mom shrugged. She looked at me. "Jeremy and I have agreed that I didn't need to know everything you two do and that he would not 'kiss and tell' about us. Not everything, but I would've thought that that would be something you would've been eager to share." Mom gazed at me.

"Remember mom, Saturday was the day you and dad were carrying on, and with our carrying on yesterday, I never got the chance. It's something you tell right away or not at all. Unless it comes up."

"Fair enough." Mom answered.

"What's this about you and Justin?" Aunt Jess asked with great interest. Mom gestured her sister to sit, then sat also.

"Jeremy, I made some iced tea. Why don't you get your aunt and I a glass? I suppose you could have a glass too, this concerns you as well."

That sounded very ominous.

I went into the kitchen, and I admit I tried to overhear what was said. It was only about mom and dad's big night and Aunt Jess describing our anal encounter. Boring huh? I returned and set the glasses next to the women. I sat in dad's recliner until mom's fiery glare made me move. I sat on the loveseat while they sat at either end of the couch. Mom proceeded to tell Aunt Jess about dad's trip and the fact that she had refused to accompany him. Aunt Jess looked to me with a question in her eye.

"I'm not going either. Not with school almost finished."

She looked back at mom.

"I didn't refuse to go just so we could have sex all weekend!" Mom answered her sister's unvoiced comment. "Not that we won't. But it's not why I said no. The kids have perfect attendance and are proud of that. I'm not taking them out of school so we can sit at a resort while Justin is golfing and drinks all day without us. If it was a family trip I might be more willing to agree, but it's a work trip that they are bringing families so they don't feel guilty about it. I won't agree to token trip like that."

"As nice as it sounds, it is pretty crappy that all the wives will be babysitting kids all day while the guys actually have a vacation!" Aunt Jess agreed.

I didn't think that the trip was what they were making it out to be, but I wasn't going to argue with either of them. And if it got me a weekend with mom and her sister, I would agree to pretty much anything! So I simply nodded to their complaints.

"But what about Johnny and Jojo? We can't do much with them still here."

"You're as bad as Jeremy, Jess! Already planning on the togas and the tequila aren't you?" Mom asked rhetorically. Togas and tequila? I was in!

"Tell me you're not as excited at the prospect as we are?" Aunt Jess asked less rhetorically, but still not expecting an answer. "We could take them to mom's! I'm sure she'd love to see the kids for the weekend!"

"We can't do that Jess. They'd tell their dad about being with grandma and when they were the reason I made about not going it would look suspicious for me not going with him. Not that he would suspect the truth. I hope."

"But mom you told dad it was because of Friday and Monday. If you say grandma asked to see them on Saturday and Sunday, your excuse is still valid and we can have our weekend free. I'm sure they both would love to see Grandma Sharon."

"I'm not dumping my kids off at my mother's so I can have a debauchery filled two days with my sister and my son!" Mom said defiantly. To me it sounded like a perfect plan!

"Jenny I'm not saying that we want to dump Johnny and Jojo on mom. You know I love them both. I love all your kids." Aunt Jess looked longingly at me.

"We love you too Aunt Jessica!" I replied. She smiled sexily at me.

"You know how thrilled mom would be to have them. You're always saying that she makes comments about how much she doesn't get to see them, not like she did when Jeremy was younger."

I had always loved going to Grandma Sharon's house. She'd give me treats and we'd play games all day and I would ... but I digress.

"Yes mom would love it, the kids would love it, but then why do I feel so guilty about agreeing to it?"

"Because you want the debauchery and the togas and the tequila too mom!"

"There will be no alcohol!" She said sternly.

Aunt Jess laughed at the same time as I did. Mom looked at us puzzled.

"No alcohol, but you're fine with the togas and debauchery?" Aunt Jess asked. I held back more laughter. A smile grew on mom's lips.

"I guess when you put it like that, it is amusing."

"Toga! Toga! Toga!" Aunt Jessica chanted.

It seemed that I remembered those words from an old 80's movie that I couldn't think of at that moment. Mom must have remembered it because she laughed then.

"But what if Justin asks?" She questioned us.

"Do you really think he would mom?"

"Yeah Jenny, just tell him mom called after he left and that it was a coincidence and just a spur of the moment thing. It's not like he's going to think you have a hot young stud lined up for the weekend is he?" Aunt Jess said and gave me another undressing with her gaze.

"Well, no." Mom answered still wavering.

"Come on mom, how many chances will we get like this? You keep saying how dangerous it is with dad and the kids here. Now's our chance with none of them around." I pleaded.

Mom looked me square in the face and I could see the pleading in her own eyes. She did want this as bad as Aunt Jess and I; she just had to convince her practical, motherly side to let the sexy cougar half have some fun. A look crossed her face that let me know the cougar had won out.

"Okay, I'll call mom. I'll have to tell her that it has to be her idea if it ever comes up." She gave a resigned sigh.

"That'll make her suspicious, but mom's suspicious of everything!" Aunt Jess added with too much glee. "It's not like Justin and mom will ever stop and compare notes. They hardly ever talk, even standing right next to each other."

Aunt Jessica did have a point. I don't think I've ever heard dad say anything more than hello to Grandma Sharon, and she talked to everyone, and I mean every one, and she only ever added goodbye to their conversations. I never knew why and had never asked.

"I still feel like this makes it official now, that I'm cheating on Justin, your father." Mom added that last while looking at me. "That by making whatever excuses to not go with him, I'm trying to justify staying home to spend time, a whole weekend, with my new lover." She made a point of not looking at me then, like that would cause her to lose any resolve to voice her concerns. "I can't say I'm sorry that all this started, or that I've involved you Jessica, but that doesn't make any of this any easier."

"You've never denied that you've been cheating on dad, but it's not the same really. You're not doing it with some strange man you picked up at the grocery store." I tried to ease her consciousness, but I wasn't sure if I did though.

"No Jeremy." Mom did look at me now, with sad but smiling eyes. "This makes it worse. That he's not good enough for me, but his son, our son, is. It's not only me cheating on him, it's you too!"

I had to turn away from mom's gaze with this near-accusation. Aunt Jessica nodded her agreement. How did this suddenly become all about me? I was still technically the victim here. I hadn't started this. Not with mom. And not with Aunt Jess either. I hadn't done anything until our third encounter. I had been a willing bystander, very willing, but still just a bystander. Both of them were still looking at me and I was getting very uncomfortable.

"But it's not all our fault mom. If he'd been taking care of you, none of this would have even started." I tried to deflect this unwanted attention.

"That's a feeble excuse Jeremy. I'm sure that there are millions of wives that aren't being fulfilled that aren't cheating. That doesn't justify this. And at this point, I don't know that even if he had been taking care of my 'needs' that I wouldn't have kept my hand there. I've since learned that there is something about you Jeremy that makes me want to be dangerous with you!" Her tone had softened and I was able to look at her again.

"I've always wanted to be dangerous with you." Aunt Jess added, not wanting to be left out. Well, anymore than she already felt. I turned to take in her gaze.

"You two are the most dangerous women that I know, and I don't ever want to lose you. Either of you." I stared intently at my aunt with my last statement to show she shouldn't feel slighted in the least. A smile bloomed on her lips. Mom saw this and smiled too.

"Just because we are going to do this doesn't mean I am completely okay with it." The smile didn't leave her lips though.

"I'm not either mom. I've accepted that since that first time we had sex. I love to be with you. Both of you. But I didn't set out to steal you from dad. I don't want to do anything to hurt him, or the family. I want you for myself, but I don't want to have my parents get divorced either." I said with my deepest sincerity.

"You didn't steal me Jeremy. I gave myself to you willingly." Mom's loving look swelled my heart. It hurt that being with her was also causing her any anguish. It only made me want to comfort and please her all the more.

Aunt Jessica looked on with an odd stare that to me looked like jealousy. But it seemed to be directed at me and not her sister. My aunt obviously had her own unvoiced issues to deal with. I don't know what I had done to her for her to be jealous. She saw me staring at her and the look washed from her face and was replaced by a weak smile that seemed forced. Mom broke the silence that had filled the room.

"So I'll call mom to make sure it will be okay for the kids to come for the weekend. Justin leaves Thursday evening but we'll still have our usual Friday movie night routine; we shouldn't change that just because you're dad isn't here." Aunt Jess got a lecherous grin on her lips. Mom continued unaware. "Johnny and Jojo do look forward to Fridays."

"Me too!" I interrupted. Mom waved aside my words.

"Jessica will stay over like she does ..." Mom's eyes drifted as she contemplated what we would be doing that evening. "Saturday morning we will have breakfast, then take the kids to mom's. Sunday night we will go pick them up and things will go back to normal." She finished as if our plans were set in stone now.

"Normal? Is anything in this house normal mom?" I said.

The front door burst open at that moment as Johnny charged in, Jojo not far behind him.

"Aunt Jess!" My brother shouted and leapt into her lap. The way he hugged her made me wonder if he had realized her full breasts were more than a hindrance to his hugging her. Jojo was swept up in my aunt's arms along with my brother. Mom's eyes grew solemn as she watched this scene, obviously doubting herself and her choices.

"It'll be okay mom."

She looked over at me and although the look stayed in place, her eyes did light up. Aunt Jess had started to tickle her young nephew and niece, their raucous giggling filling the room with unbridled joy. Mom glanced back to the mad piling of arms and legs, then returned her look to me.

"I'm sure it will honey. I sure hope so."

I picked up my untouched tea and drank it in one long drink, gulping it down thirstily. Mom watched and picked up her own glass, but she only sipped it before setting it down again. I took my empty glass to the kitchen. I didn't know if there was more that mom wanted to say, anything that she could say with other ears now in the room. I reentered the living room and nodded to mom to draw her attention.

"Anything else for me? If not, I'm going to my room to do some homework." She just nodded.

I went upstairs, grabbing my backpack as I did. I heard mom break up the other two with commands of doing homework and their protests in return. I lost myself to learning for a few hours, hearing my siblings come up to their rooms at some point. Mom called us for dinner, and I saw that dad was home but that Aunt Jess had left without my hearing her leave. Dad asked about mom's scratch and I remembered that I hadn't stopped at the hardware store. I made up something quickly that it was only color-match and so I had only gotten enough for mom's car. He looked disappointed that I hadn't thought to get some for his SUV, but said nothing more about it.

I was disappointed that mom didn't come to 'tuck' me in that evening, nor did she come the next morning. It was only when I got home after

school on Tuesday that she made up for her lapse. I walked in the front door and mom was waiting for me on her knees. She attacked my pants when I approached and had them and my boxers down to my knees before I had even set down my backpack. She engulfed my rising cock with obvious hunger.

"Jeez mom!" I croaked out.

"I hope you haven't had to throw out any of your delicious product. I think I may need a double helping today." Her eyes peered up at me with such helpless longing.

"I was thinking I might have to before the pump blew out with the back pressure!" I replied.

This ongoing protein shake innuendo was getting a bit old for me, but it seemed to excite mom to have this slang for sucking my cock and swallowing my cum, so who was I to deny her that? Hearing my words caused her to suck with greater vigor and I knew that it would only be a couple of minutes if she kept up as she was doing.

"God yes mom! Suck my big cock! Your mouth feels so good!" I exclaimed loudly.

"Give me your cum Jeremy! I love it!"

She was bobbing up and down at a reckless pace, her lips sliding along my shaft so tightly, her tongue somehow swirling around my dick as it pistoned in her mouth to the entrance of her throat. I gasped and had to grab her head as my legs quivered. She drooled her saliva, coating my shaft, so that she could use a hand to stroke me from the base up as her mouth sucked me from the top down. Her second hand played with my boiling balls.

I lost it then and called out heedless of any ears that might hear me.

"Cuumming mommm! Cummming!"

Mom pulled back until only my domed head was still in her mouth, to make room for the amount of sperm I began to pump into her oral chamber. My other hand grabbed at her hair, my chest tightened, my breath ceased, my eyes clenched, and I continued to fill mom's mouth as fast as she could swallow. My balls must have been huge with the amount of cum I was spraying on mom's tonsils.

When I finished and mom had cleaned my dick off, she rolled back onto her feet and stood up. She was wearing a satiny off-red blouse with a fair amount of cleavage showing, and a black, knee-length pencil skirt that made me marvel at how she had stood without trouble. I bent down to pull up my pants.

"Don't bother with that. I said I wanted a double. I'm not done yet, but you should probably sit on the couch before we continue." She glanced at the clock over the couch. "We should have plenty of time before your brother and sister get home."

I shuffled to the couch with my pants still around my knees. I sat, or rather, dropped onto the cushions. Mom knelt again, gracefully in her skirt, pushed my clothes to my ankles, and then moved between my knees and took my sagging cock in her delicate fingers. I shifted to get more situated and comfortable. Mom broke out laughing and I had to stare at her.

"Isn't this what's gotten us into trouble?"

"Huh?" I asked as sagely as I could manage.

"My hand on your cock and you shifting around."

I looked down at her hand doing nothing more than holding my maleness as if I had just realized what she was doing.

"Um yeah, I guess so."

Either the recent loss of blood to my brain, or its return, seemed to make me slightly loopy.

"Must just be me."

Mom's curled up lips drooped, and then dropped to kiss the tip of my mushroom head. She ran her tongue over the small hole as if she could push it in. That wonderful tongue then began an elegant dance on, over, around, and under my cock head. The smooth skin tightened like a drumhead as it expanded. Her fingers drummed in pattern along the sides, somehow coaxing the return of my blood. My dick grew by half in half a dozen minutes, and from there exponentially, geometrically?

As her tongue continued its ballet, mom had taken the entire head and a third of my growing length in her mouth. The hand not tapping the sides of my dick was now squeezing the base of my dick so tightly that it hurt. This squeezing caused my cock to bulge bigger than normal. Mom gurgled as she bobbed her head down and up. She had half of my length in her mouth, pushing past the entrance to her throat. I she had no inclination at this point with the little time we had to try to deep throat me now.

"Oh my God mom!" I groaned out. I couldn't believe how quickly she had me ready to cum again. I wasn't ready yet but the end was in sight. "You really love sucking my big hard cock don't you?" It was mostly rhetorical as her actions answered louder than any words.

"Mmrgerglm mhfm!"

I didn't need an interpreter; I got the gist of her meaning.

"Take it mom! Suck that cock like a slut!" I encouraged her.

"Mmm hmm"

Mom was now taking my dick deep into her mouth while humming that caused my cock head to vibrate while in close proximity to her vocal cords. She then withdrew until only the bare tip was still encased in her suctioning lips, the humming now vibrating the nerves on the sensitive tip. She then repeated the process. This seemed beyond anything she'd done to me before that I wondered if she'd taken tips from someone. Someone new though, as this wasn't even something that Aunt Jessica had done.

"You've learned some new tricks mom! That feels amazing!" I declared.

Her green eyes glowed back at me. Her squeezing hand was beginning to hurt beyond my tolerance to take.

"Ease up on the hand mom. It's really hurting now!"

Her hand lessened its hold but also began to stroke the distance my loose skin had to give. The burning sting as the blood filled back in to the base of my cock also added to the numerous feelings from my rampant cock. I was sure that if mom had made an effort to push me over the edge to ecstasy right then she would have been richly rewarded, again!

"Shit mom! I'm so fucking close! Make me fill your slutty mouth! Oh yeah!" I grabbed her dark brown hair in my fingers in an effort to increase her already frenetic pace. I don't know which hand it was, but fingers tickled the underside of my ball sack along some nerves that must be there. That was the straw that pushed me over.

"Holy fuck mom! I'm cummming again!"

My entire body locked up as it focused on draining whatever was still in my tender balls into my mother's sucking mouth and down her swallowing throat. It didn't take as long this time and mom struggled hardly at all to drink down my seed.

I flopped back listlessly as mom finished collecting every last dribble and then gave my dick a spit shine. She pulled my pants and underwear back up, struggling with the little help she was receiving from my spent limbs. She zipped and buttoned my pants only minutes before Jojo and Johnny exploded in the front door. I glanced at mom worried she'd be

mad at how close we'd cut it. The satisfied and triumphant look on her face seemed to imply that she had timed it perfectly. If that had been her intent, then indeed she had!

"Wow mom! That was fuh ..." I caught myself with tender ears now present. "That was incredible! Twice!"

She permitted herself a slow lick of her lips. I grinned at her.

"Mommy, can I have a cookie? I was good at school today! I got two gold stars!" Jojo crowed in delight.

"And some milk too!" Johnny added without professing any achievements to warrant his reward.

Mom sprang to her feet with more energy than I could muster right then.

"Two gold stars! That deserves two cookies!" Mom hurried to the kitchen with my siblings following her.

"And some milk too!" Johnny repeated as if it might be overlooked in the excitement of getting cookies.

I stood roughly, feeling as drained as I in reality was.

"Do you want a cookie too mommy?" Jojo waved one of her two towards mom. "Were you good today mommy?"

I had to cough then. Mom raised her eyes to mine.

"Mommy was very, very good today! She should get three cookies! And a ... nice ... big ... glass of ... creamy ... milk too!"

Mom's eyes widened as I emphasized each adjective.

"How many stars did you get mommy?" Jojo asked innocently.

Johnny answered before mom or I could correct my sister. "Mommies don't get stars silly."

"Mommy would have gotten all the stars Jojo." I gave my own response. Jojo beamed at my answer.

"Good job mommy!" She exclaimed proudly.

"Yes, good job mommy." I said just as proudly.

Mom swatted my shoulder with more force than she'd intended as she then rubbed it with maternal care. Mom and I each ate a cookie as the younger two ended up with three each. Jojo still tried to offer mom one of hers as a reward.

"It's yours honey. You eat it. Mommy is full right now." She eyed me with a glint in her eye.

I chuckled quietly.

I grabbed my bag and went upstairs to lie down for a while. I was seriously going to have to start working out! Though with my schedule already full I didn't know when I would have any time. It would cut into my mom-sucking-my-dick time or the banging-my-aunt's-fantastic-ass time! As I said, my schedule was quite full already!

I had no nightly or a.m. visits that night or on Wednesday either. I had to take it upon myself Wednesday night when I heard mom's bedroom door shut without 'tucking' me in first. I had plenty of visual stimulation stored in my brain that I lasted as long as if mom had actually been there.

I forgave her for not showing up, as I knew we had a big weekend coming. I regretted having to take any action knowing how spent I

would be by Sunday and would be wishing for that extra bit in the tank. Unfortunately, it didn't work like that. Regardless of how empty I would be come Sunday night, it didn't relieve the overload pressure earlier in the week.

During school, I lost focus during my teacher's lectures as I tried to think of things, positions, situations to do with mom and Aunt Jess. Thursday afternoon in Ms. Jennings's class I had pictured the thirty-something brunette bent over her desk and me sticking my cock in her big ass as I had done with my aunt. The hard-on I received from these thoughts would not go away before class was over and I was forced to exit the room trying to hide my hard cock. I'm sure I failed as I noticed Ms. Jennings giving me a curious look that in my teenage sex-crazed mind I took to be interest. I reprimanded myself that it couldn't be that and with mom and her sister (and I still had Margie for an emergency call if required) that I had no need for another sexually needy older woman! But Ms. Jennings was fairly attractive. No! I told myself, I had enough problems now. New thoughts of Ms. Jennings on her knees sucking me, or laying naked on her desk with her ankles on my shoulders and my ...

I had to contemplate risking an extended stop in the men's room or walk around with an obvious cucumber in my pants!

I got to Mrs. Graham's class and one stray thought of the nearly seventy year old dumpy woman in her ill-fitting muumuu on her knees caused my dick to not only shrink, but it practically clawed its way into my

body to hide, followed by my balls. I still shiver in horror to this day from that nauseous image. (Ooo, see there I go again!)

I got home from school and found dad's truck already there. I entered the house and could feel the air temperature drop as I did. Mom was sitting on the couch in a light blue blouse and jeans with her legs crossed, the top leg twitching restlessly. She had a delicate white knit sweater unbuttoned over her blouse. She was watching some daytime talk show, but must not have been too interested in it as she had the remote control in her hand. She looked up as I entered.

"Hello Jeremy." She said as flatly as I have ever heard her.

"Hey mom." I answered. I wondered if I should try to talk to her, as it was obvious something was going on between her and dad.

"I saw dad's car. He's home already?"

"Obviously." Mom said frostily.

Ouch!

"He's leaving tonight isn't he?" I don't know why I was asking questions I already knew the answers to, I was just uncomfortable.

Mom looked up at me and I wanted to beat a hasty retreat. The hard edge in her gaze suddenly softened.

"I'm sorry Jeremy. It's not you."

"Still about the trip?"

She nodded, returning her stare to the TV screen. Dad appeared from the hallway.

"Oh it's you Jeremy. Still have a chance to change your mind." He said hopefully.

Mom looked from dad to me. Dad didn't see this as he was focused on me. However I answered, one of them would be disappointed with me. I'd been living with dad's disappointment for years, which didn't influence my choice at all. Memories of mom's naked body writhing in pleasure beneath me did.

"Sorry dad. As you've always said, school comes first. Have to look to the future." I know how much parent's hate to have their words come back and bite them years later.

"Well okay. It's your loss." He replied.

I don't know if he sounded upset or not. Like I might be a hindrance to his fun, or tattle back to mom for any misdeeds. I didn't necessarily like his low opinion of me, but right now in my life, mom's opinion of me was all that mattered. I think I caught a glimpse of joy cross mom's face.

"Listen, when Bob shows up could you help me with my bags and clubs?"

"Uh sure dad." I couldn't deny him that.

"Bob?" I questioned. "Mom's not taking you to the airport? Or I could've."

"Bob, from work. This just makes it easier on all of us. Your mother will have the kids to deal with as it is."

I could detect hints of what the argument was about from his answer. Mom had refused to drive him by using the kids as an excuse again.

"Look, if this trip works out like the VP thinks, the company will increase business by twenty to twenty-eight percent. That'll mean bonuses and raises for us. And more money for you all. This trip isn't

all fun and games." Although he was looking and speaking to me, I could feel his target was on the couch. Mom was pointedly ignoring him.

"When is Bob supposed to be here?" I asked hoping to end this ice age soon.

Dad looked at his watch. "Anytime now."

He started to go get his luggage; I assumed his golf bag was in his truck still since I didn't see it.

"You're not going to be able to say goodbye to Johnny and Jojo?" I asked with some surprise. Dad paused near the hall.

"I know, I feel terrible about it. I really do." He almost glanced at mom. "We're cutting it close anyways. Tell them I'll bring them both back something."

"Golf balls?" Mom quipped coldly. I felt my own balls shrivel from the additional temperature drop.

Dad didn't respond to the jab.

"Did you want me to bring you something?"

The answer I wanted to give then was 'no, I have enough golf balls' but I refrained.

"If you want. As long as Jojo and Johnny get something nice." I saw mom smile at that.

"Yeah, yeah sure." He patted his pockets and then disappeared towards their bedroom.

I looked back to mom; her crossed leg was rocking furiously. She had flipped through a half dozen channels since dad had left the room. I stood there awkwardly, unable to leave with dad's ride about to arrive. I shifted feet uncomfortably.

I heard a honk out front. Dad came huffing out, carrying two suitcases and a garment bag. I grabbed the larger suitcase.

"Thanks Jeremy." He paused and turned to mom. "I'll be home Monday afternoon, Jenny."

Mom looked up at him and seemed to realize that even in the midst of a fight that she should acknowledge his departure. She stood woodenly, allowing dad to lean into her and kiss her cheek.

"I'll bring you back something extra special honey."

"That would be nice dear." She accepted his buss, her voice still chilly.

I opened the front door and got waved at by a large overweight man in an equally large SUV. I nodded to this stranger as I walked to the vehicle. He slowly got out, the rear hatch opening as if by magic.

Dad appeared and called out, "Bob, this is my oldest son, Jeremy."

Bob reached out a large hand that I had to shake with my left, dad's bag in my right.

"When's he going to come to work with his old man?" Bob asked with a large grin.

"He wants to go to film school." Dad said dryly.

"Oh." Bob's grin faded and his hand retreated as if dad had told him I had leprosy or AIDS.

The three of us went to the back of the SUV and stowed the suitcases, dad laying the garment bag atop Bob's golf bag. He then hurried to his truck to get his clubs. Bob and I stood there. Dad returned and got his bag in next to his co-workers.

"Well, I'll see you Monday then sport. Take care of everyone. Especially your mother. She's not been happy about this trip."

"I've noticed." I didn't say anything about how well I'd take of mom!

He looked uncomfortably at me and started to reach out his hand for me to shake, then he sighed and grabbed me in a hug. I patted his back uneasily.

"Well let's go Bob. We may catch Charlie before we have to board." Dad walked around the other side of Bob's behemoth. They pulled out and I saw dad wave. I waved back with little energy.

I couldn't believe it. The reality was only beginning to hit me slowly. Mom and I and Aunt Jessica actually had the whole weekend to ourselves! I was what can only be described as giddy. My feet didn't feel like they were on the ground, as if I had little clouds beneath my

shoes holding me aloft. I floated back into the house, or as it was now in my head, my den of uncounted sexual pleasures!

As I closed the door I found my mother attached to my lips. This was a much better welcome than fifteen minutes ago!

I embraced her tightly, feeling her breasts push into my chest. I tried to keep our loins apart as I didn't want to get an erection when my siblings would arrive momentarily. Mom must have sensed this, as she didn't try to grind against my crotch.

"We had another fight." Mom declared when we pulled apart.

"I could tell."

"He came home and told me flat out that he didn't need a ride because I had to watch the kids and that someone from work would take him to the airport. Just because I was upset about the trip doesn't mean I wouldn't have driven him. He's my husband. I'm his wife! Then he goes and makes his own plans! Like I don't matter!" She trembled in my arms.

"It's okay mom. It's okay." I held her against me and rubbed her back.

Ten minutes later the two tornadoes tore into the house.

"Daddy!" Both cried out simultaneously. They looked around the room with confusion on their faces. I was glad that they hadn't been there to witness our parent's fight, though I'm sure mom and dad would have tried to hide it better from the young ones.

"Daddy is already gone on his trip for work." Regardless of how she felt, she covered it well for the kids. "He was sorry he had to leave without saying goodbye to you both. I'm to give you a big hug from him." She scooped them both in her arms and squeezed tightly. I knew this was more for mom, but if it made her feel better, whatever.

"He said he'd bring us all back something special." Mom said when she'd released them.

"Like a crab?" Johnny asked.

"A mermaid." Jojo added.

Well, I might not turn down a mermaid!

"I'm sure whatever it is, it won't be alive." Mom said with a shake of her head and a wisp of a smile at her children's requests.

"A dead crab!" Johnny laughed. Even I had to grin at that response.

"More like sea shells Johnny." Mom said.

"Those are boring!" He stomped a foot.

"I like sea shells!" Jojo said gleefully.

Mom looked at me.

"Whatever daddy brings I'm sure it'll be nice and that each of you will love it. And even if you don't love it, you will tell him that you do because he thought of you to get you something." I said firmly. "Daddy has to work all weekend, so he might not have time to go to the ocean and catch crabs. Or mermaids. Besides I think those live in the Caribbean." I wouldn't destroy Jojo's childhood illusions; they were more precious than any mermaid.

"I want a mermaid too!" Johnny now proclaimed.

Mom looked at me with wide eyes. I smiled back with a nod. Mom looked at Johnny anew. Some of mom's illusions shattered then.

Mom had them do any homework they had (and me!), and then we had a quiet dinner without dad for the first time in a very long time. Even Johnny was unusually quiet through the meal. Maybe he was growing up. Mom broke the news to them after dinner about spending the weekend at Grandma Sharon's house. Mom might have been better to tell earlier as they both cheered at the news and went around the house seemingly telling every inanimate object that they were going to grandma's house. After more than thirty minutes, mom and I were finally able to get them to calm down enough that they could go to bed. Mom sat on the couch afterwards and I joined her. I felt very parental at that moment with the kids settled in bed while sitting beside my lover and mother.

"Are we really ready for this weekend Jeremy?" Mom asked quietly.

"Why do you ask? It's just going to be a lot of sex. And some eating. Sometimes together!"

"I'm serious Jeremy. This isn't like anything we've done before."

"Sure we have. That first time at Aunt Jess's with Margie, that day they went to the zoo. All the other things we've done"

"That first time is all that is similar and that was something special and completely different. That other day was only you and me, not Jessica too. This will be all three of us. Like that night we didn't watch the movie and went to my bed and you passed out on us. But that was only for an hour or two. This will be for two days!" She said emphatically.

"We aren't going to be having sex all the time mom. We have to rest sometime. Even me!"

"I've never had sex for an entire day Jeremy, not even when I first got married. We were broke and both working. We couldn't afford to have sex all day!"

"And now you can!"

"And I want to. I want you. Even if I have to share you with Jessica."

"I told you mom. You don't have to share me. Aunt Jess and I are grateful you do, but I could tell her no. Well maybe I could."

Mom gave me a weak smile and kissed the edge of my lips. "I told you I wouldn't do that to you. Or her. I have no right to keep you for myself. I shouldn't have you at all! But I've given up beating myself up about what we are doing, and now I just don't want to get caught doing it." I put my arm around her back and pulled her against my shoulder.

"I don't know what will happen with us. I don't even want to guess. I could never have guessed that I would be sitting here with you, holding you, being able to kiss you," and I did, a quick but tender kiss," and that we are about to have a sex-filled weekend together."

"I know honey. This all seems so unreal sometimes. Other times it seems all too real. I don't know what the future holds either, but I'm a little afraid to find out. I have so much more to lose now. You, the kids, even your father. We may be fighting now, but we'll get past it, we love each other too much to let this ... disagreement break up our marriage. Even this thing with you. No matter how I feel for you, I couldn't divorce your father because of it."

"And regardless of how I feel mom, I don't want you too either. Even if I get jealous seeing you with dad."

"You do?" She turned to look at me.

"Just because I'm your son doesn't mean I like seeing you with someone else. But parents are supposed to be together. When I heard you and dad last week, it was killing me to listen like that. To know what he was doing with you. Wishing it was me."

"Oh honey, I never guessed. I'm so sorry! But that's exactly what we are talking about. I want you both." She saw my surprised look. "No, not together. Although that would be ..."

"Mom!"

"You're about to have two sisters for an entire weekend! You are not allowed to complain about anything mister!" She poked a finger in my ribs. I guess she had a point. But it also brought up another question I had.

"What are we going to do mom? Am I going to be with you and Aunt Jess all the time, or are we going to switch off? I'm young, but I'm not a superman?"

"You're asking if it will be like the first time where everyone is together doing ... things. Or if you'll screw me, then Jess?"

"Yeah. It would help if I wasn't doing all the work."

"You're trying to ask nicely if Jess and I are going to do anything together aren't you?" She pulled out of my grasp and looked at me earnestly.

"Well obviously Jess has been with a woman before." I interrupted with a long held question I'd had. "But what about you, mom? You ever ... experimented?"

"It feels strange to talk to you, my son, about this, but I guess at this point there really isn't much I can't tell you, is there?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Yes. I have." She said coyly. "Years and years ago, but I'll never forget it. Shelia. That was the girl. We ... did things together. I might tell you one day, but not today."

She paused, took a breath.

"It would beyond weird to do anything with Jessica. Or more than you've already had us do."

I remembered them kissing, then kissing my cock between both pairs of lips!

"She's my sister. I've known her longer that anyone besides my mom. But her being my sister isn't an excuse is it? I mean I'm having sex, great sex, with my son. And I have been with a woman too. So I have to say

... I don't know. I may, I may not. Jessica might have an issue with us together. I can't see it, but she may. I don't want you to get your hopes up and it not happen. Thinking about it now, now that you've brought it up. Reminding me about Sheila. I have to say I'm intrigued by the idea. We'll see. Any more ideas pervert?" She chuckled.

"That was the main one. I want to make this as great for you both as it already is for me. I just don't know if I can do that on my own. You both are easy to please but hard to satisfy, or rather, keep satisfied!" Mom giggled at that.

"You have any friends you can call?" She teased. I hoped she was teasing!

"You said it's already great for you, what do you mean?"

"Just that everything that's happened is more than I could have ever dreamed. I don't need this weekend to know how good I have it with you two. Even dad back in the day didn't manage that!"

"Are you saying we can cancel then?" Mom asked with a grin.

"I said I didn't need it, not that I didn't want it! Besides I don't think you and Aunt Jessica would let me cancel anyways."

"Jeremy!" She sounded shocked. At what? "I would hope you would realize that if you, or any of us for that matter, didn't want to do something or no longer wanted to continue this for any reason, that the rest of us would respect that decision. I hope you would."

"Oh, absolutely mom. You know me though, I would still want you both if my dick fell off!"

"But then you would be useless to us!" She teased.

My eyes and mouth opened wide with exaggerated surprise. I then licked my lips and wriggled my tongue at her.

"Oh yes! Not completely useless then!"

I gave her another hug and as inevitably happens when we were this close, we ended up kissing. Without anyone to worry about catching us, and seemingly all the time in the world, we kept at it for eternity. I had never spent this much time kissing anyone in my life, even the few girlfriends I'd had, we always had things to do or someone close by, so that it was only like twenty minutes, forty tops. I hadn't been paying strict attention to the clock, but by my best estimation, we spent about ninety minutes just sitting on the couch kissing! Our hands did roam,

but mostly we held each other's heads in place, ran fingers through our hair, or caressed necks and shoulders.

Mom finally sat back breathing heavily and looked at me with half-lidded eyes. "Wow!"

"I agree completely!" I felt light-headed.

"I haven't had a make out session with someone like that since high school!"

"I never have."

Mom looked at me with disbelief.

"Not that long." I clarified.

"I think I could spend all night just kissing you Jeremy! You kiss like no one I've ever known!"

That was a definite ego booster!

"I hope you were thinking of more than just that for tonight." I said in a hopeful tone.

"I could, not that I would, or was going to." Her smile lit the room brighter than any or all of the lamps there. "We have all night and I don't want to waste one moment!"

"Would you like to see how useful I could be without my big dick?" I gazed lecherously at my mother.

"Oh Jeremy. I want to do so much that I don't know where to start." She said exasperated.

"Based on what I know, you haven't had an orgasm since Sunday young lady! I think you are due for at least few!" Mom's laugh was almost a giggle.

"Yes sir. Please." She stood and began to remove the white sweater.

"No mom. Let me undress you. As my eyes have already done a dozen times since you stood."

"Since you asked so nicely!" She dropped her arms to her sides.

I stood and faced mom.

First thing I did was lean forward until our lips barely touched and ran my tongue over both her sensual damp curves. I felt mom sigh more than heard it. I didn't want to get distracted by our kissing again, so I regretfully moved my tongue along her jaw line, leaving a wet trail to her earlobe. I felt her breath on my cheek, as soft and gentle as the heated breath of a needful woman. I sucked her earlobe, feeling the tiny hole of her piercing. Mom's hands came up to my shoulders, but I pushed them back down.

My tongue now journeyed down her neck and under the double layer of clothing on her shoulders. I blew my breath onto her skin as I pulled the white sweater off the one shoulder. I allowed her to lift her arm and pull it free of the snowy fabric. I let it fall behind her, held up by the other half of the sweater. I pushed her light blue blouse open and kissed the newly exposed skin. My fingers found the first fastened button and undid it. I pushed the cloth aside and kissed my way to mom's soft, rounded shoulder. I had to undo another button before I could reveal her pale joint. I kissed my way back down over her clavicle and onto the hollow of her neck. I stopped there and once more brought my lips to hers. As my tongue slid up her jaw, her lips tried to follow. A gentle finger on her chin pulled her face forward.

I repeated my actions on this side of mom's feminine form, only undoing one more of the blouse's buttons, the sweater falling to the floor when her other arm was released. Mom's breathing was ragged

and I noticed she had closed her eyes, her head slightly tilted back. When I reached her breastbone this time, I trailed downward into her cleavage with my breath, soft kisses, and wet tongue. Her skin pimpled beneath my touch and her bra brushed both my cheeks.

I rose and after another butterfly kiss, I moved behind mom. I let her jeans covered ass brush against my half-hard dick but pulled back when she tried to increase the pressure on my erection. Or on her ass.

I kissed behind her right ear and trailed my tongue back under her chocolate tresses and down the back of her neck. She bent her head forward and I swept her hair over a shoulder. Her blouse hung barely on both upper arms. I reached around mom's incredibly soft flesh and undid the second to last button. The blouse was struggling to stay on now.

I kissed gently down between mom's shoulder blades and she shivered once then twice. I heard her sigh my name no louder than a breeze through the leaves.

My tongue and lips crossed both bony surfaces, my fingers caressing across the small amount of taut stomach that was bare. Mom let out a sound that might have been a laugh if it had been given time to ripen. I held off with the last blouse button and instead undid the button on her jeans. Mom's fingers came up and ran over my own. My mouth had finished exploring the hard uneven terrain of her scapulas and the

straps of her white brassiere and moved on to the undergarment's semi-complicated fastening.

I licked the skin around the joining and brought my hands slowly back around her sides to un-join it. The straps pulled aside with a springy release. I put my hands on either side of mom's neck and brushed outward, pushing the bra straps off. It and the blouse now hung on at mom's elbows.

I kissed the middle of her back and cupped her breasts, soft and sensually, not sexual. I slid my palms upward, my fingers brushing over both sensitive and erect nipples. Mom gasped.

I kissed the back of her neck amidst her stray hairs as my hands continued upwards and then out and down her arms, finally pushing the clothing off her upper limbs. I unbuttoned the final barrier to mom's toplessness and bra and blouse fell to the floor. I moved back to her front and attempted to keep my eyes off her peaks. I of course failed, but it was merely a glance.

I kissed mom again but this time left my lips in place for two long moments. Then I kissed her chin, crouched slightly to kiss the cleft in her neck, and her breastbone between her mammary mounds. I sensed mom struggled to refrain from pressing those orbs into my face. I began to swirl my tongue in ever-increasing circles until I was licking up the inner sides of either tit. I granted her desire and using my own hands

pushed her tits together smashing against my cheeks. I had to motorboat even if it broke the sensual moment. Mom giggled. Remembering the other day with my sister, I dropped my head suddenly and with as much breath as I could suck in, blew the loudest raspberry I'd ever heard on mom's abdomen.

"Jeremy!" Mom exclaimed, but I could see and hear her child-like glee from my discordant action.

"See. You never have to stop doing that!" I said in a loud whisper, which seemed unnecessary compared to the raspberry.

"Don't stop what you are doing!" Mom cooed.

What was I doing? Oh yeah.

I brought my lips to her right nipple and softly brushed them over the rigid nib. I didn't kiss the nipple, but just let my lips bump it. My tongue also bumped against it. Then circled it along the areola. Mom's breath hitched at each touch.

I smiled to myself and moved to the other nipple. I knew she suspected the same treatment there but that's not what I planned. I breathed heavily around the delicate bud then nibbled gently on it. Then more firmly.

"Oh!" She groaned with some surprise.

I kissed it gently but was not done. I took the nipple in my teeth, holding it there while pulling my head back, drawing her nipple with me.

"Oh God!" Mom cried out.

Her hands were on my head, holding it, but to pull it back to her chest or encourage me to pull harder wasn't evident. I opened my mouth and her nipple leapt three inches from my face.

I flicked my tongue on the one and then the other, before continuing my licking kisses further southwards. The gooseflesh appeared with my touch, my warm breath tickling the tiny near-invisible hairs on mom's stomach. My hands fell from her magnificent breasts brushing their way down her sides and onto the waistband of her denim jeans. I grabbed them on both sides, just in from her hips, and I pulled either hand down and outward, causing her zipper to move downward roughly. My hands then moved over her hips and around to her firmly encased ass cheeks. I could get no grip to squeeze them with the thick fabric, so settled for rubbing my palms over her hemispheres.

I kissed the triangle of skin revealed by her retreated zipper, a glimpse of red fabric hidden below. A few more kisses and I put my hands at the top of her jeans and grabbed tightly to pull the pants down over mom's motherly hips. A pair of read satiny panties was now revealed with mom's jeans around her knees. I left them there for the moment and knelt down, kissing mom's belly button and swished my tongue inside the wrinkled hole. This elicited another faint giggle from mom's throat.

I made my way down zigzagging over her lower abdomen and the more abundant and more visible hairs until I reached the elastic edge of the panties. Mom twitched as I moved closer to her hidden treasures. I could see the evident wet spot and when I inhaled, the womanly fragrance of her excitement filled my nostrils.

My kisses followed the elastic trail of that delicate article of clothing, over mom's hipbone to the outer heights of her leg and around the top of the swell of mom's ass. I shuffled on my knees as I moved around behind her again. I wanted to grab that ass and never let go, but I would have my hands on those wonderful curves plenty of times in the next few days, so I refrained myself. I continued my licking kisses through the soft valley and up the next swell then to the other hip. My knees struggled to keep up with my travelling tongue.

When I reached back to my starting point, the dark stain had grown.

I jumped my kisses over her panties and kissed the top of mom's left thigh in the front, then trailed slightly down and mostly inward to her innermost thigh. I followed down the inside of her thigh until I reached her knee and her clumped jeans there. I pushed them to mom's ankles and the pair of black flats on her feet. I took one of mom's arms for balance and she lifted her foot to allow me to remove the shoe. Then she lifted the other and was now shoeless.

I decided to discard the jeans now while she was braced in my grip. She lifted a foot and I pulled the pant leg off, then repeated with the other leg. The only thing mom was now wearing were her red panties.

I kissed the inside of the knee on the opposite leg I had descended and now I ascended on this one. Mom took a step to open her thighs wider, revealing the damp gusset of her rosy panties.

I was torn now. I wanted to return to her ass to run my tongue over that vast terrain, but I could tell mom and I were near the brink of how much more slow teasing we could take. I was ready to move on to more intimate pleasures!

But I must finish my undressing of mom first!

I kissed the center of the smooth cloth and could feel the rough texture of mom's pubic hair beneath. I alternated kisses and tongue flicks in a

wide circle around mom's intimate cleft. I could taste her flavor as I reached the dark area, my tongue lingering there.

When I reached my origin, I made a beeline down the middle, knowing all the sensitive spots I would be trailing over. Mom moved her feet to rebalance herself as she trembled at my touch. I pushed my head as far down as I could with her thighs as barriers. My tongue pressed more firmly as I ascended back up that same line. With a hand at either hip, I drew the red panties up tighter, the outlines of her feminine features now more pronounced. While still holding mom's panties as I was, I again dragged my tongue down then up between the evident valley ridges.

"Oh my ...!" Mom gasped loudly.

I moved my tongue to the apex of that wonderful valley and held it there while I quickly pulled mom's panties down to her knees. The sudden movement of the red fabric being pulled between her clit and my tongue created a unique sensation that caused mom to cry out.

"Fuck!"

I flicked my tongue a half dozen times over her hidden nerve bundle, then licked down and up her unclothed labia lips. I pulled back to allow mom to bring her legs closer together as the panties couldn't stretch far enough to drop any lower. After she stepped free of the last piece of

clothing I kissed her nether lips then rose and kissed her lips. Both pairs had their own allure.

I stood back, leaving mom staring at me with half-closed eyes.

"That's how you get undressed." I proclaimed proudly.

Mom seemed lost in another land.

"Yes please."

She blinked her eyes and then again.

"Could you do that for me every night?" She half-whispered, half-sighed.

I reached up and pushed a few stray hairs from her face. I whispered my lips on hers and breathed in her breath. I answered with a snowflake's diameter between our mouths.

"Every night milady."

Mom's eyes glazed a bit, but a sudden fire flared up and she looked to the clock.

"It's a school night and we have to get you in bed young man." She said with a hint of seriousness and one heap of sexuality!

My only question was, to whose bed was I going?

Mom bent to collect her discarded clothes but I halted her.

"I got 'em mom."

When I rose with the five pieces of clothing, I found her lips on mine once more.

"I want you in my bed Jeremy!" Mom said with animalistic hunger.

She took one of my hands in hers, my other held to my chest with clothing, and holding hands my naked mom guided me to her bedchambers.

We passed through the doorway and I dropped my load beside her dresser. We embraced again, mom's hands working my shirt off as our

lips were joined. My hands roamed mom's heated skin tracing geometric shapes over her flesh. She flung my shirt heedless of its trajectory and her fingers dug into my pants, pulling them down as far as possible without our mouths separating.

We stumbled across the room toward the bed. Mom separated from me reluctantly.

"We should close the door, the kids ..."

I kissed her again quickly and sprang across the darkened room, shucking my pants in the process. Mom meanwhile turned on the bedside light, filling the room with a magical presence.

I still had on my underwear, but I left them for my lover to remove and reveal the present I had for her inside!

First though, I still had to fulfill my promise to her. One of multiple orgasms.

Our hands encircled one another, then lips clinched, and I fell atop mom on her bed. Her breasts pressed so wonderfully against my skin, the hardness of her nipples an added thrill.

"I'm not done with you yet mom. I owe you some amazing orgasms. And I mean to pay you back. With interest!"

Mom's eyes glowed in the pale light like sparkling emeralds.

"You already have me so hot Jeremy."

"I had noticed."

I kissed her lips, a brief peck with promise of more, then as I had while undressing her, I trailed my lips and tongued down her fantastic trim figure. I didn't dawdle so much on this trip. I visited her two mountain peaks, flicked each tip, then crossed the pale plains down to the Promised Land. My tongue wove its way through the grove of hairs and arrived at its destination.

I stared in renewed amazement at mom's splayed pussy lips, so wide and inviting. I had teased her enough, so I didn't bother with kissing her thighs or licking along her pussy lips. I bent down, fastened my lips on her clitoral hood, sucking with as much force as I could muster, and did a drum roll with my tongue. I then pushed two fingers as far as possible into her chasm, curling them as I drove them in and out of the well-lubed channel.

I was right in guessing mom's arousal level. Superhot!

"Oh! Jeez zus fucking God! Aah! Don't stop! Don't ... fucking ... stop!" Mom yelled.

I worried she'd wake the others and we'd have to explain to my brother and sister why I was in bed with our naked mommy! I also had no intention of stopping regardless of any difficult explanations.

"Fuh ... cuh ... cumminngg!" Mom had gone rigid, her head thrown back and her back arched. Then as her orgasm ransacked her body, she flailed about like a tornado in a trailer park!

I paused as she shook, letting her bliss subside a little before I bent to the task of a repeat performance. My tongue danced a tango on her clit, then a waltz, a paso doble, and then a quick step. Thanks to Julianne Hough's sexy body and that dancing show, I knew far more about dancing than I needed to know!

I also explored mom's inner reaches, searching for that elusive treasure long sought after. I knew when I found it because mom's second orgasm made the first seem like a barn dance two-step! (Okay, enough of the dancing metaphors!)

If I hadn't seen mom convulse with a powerful orgasm before, I might have become worried, but as I had, I pressed and rubbed harder on her

famous spot while humming, sucking, and flicking her sensitive nub. Mom was almost beyond words as she came again.

"Gah! Fah! Jeez! Me! Cum! Gah!"

As she shook about on her bed I wondered if I should try for a trifecta or if that might incapacitate my mother! We had all weekend beyond all night tonight. And I did still have school tomorrow, late start or not! So I let her recover from the double whammy I'd given her and I just lay there staring at my mom's beautiful naked body. When her eyes eventually refocused, they found my own gazing at her intently.

"Hello." Mom said.

"Hello beautiful."

"I like that."

"I like you."

"I like you too."

"Was that an alright start?" I asked quietly.

"As if you need to ask! You had me flopping all over my bed like a rag doll! As always, that was amazing!"

"You're welcome." I did love getting mom's praise, even if it was for how well I ate her pussy!

She pulled my up beside her and gave me a quick, gentle kiss.

"If I ever see that Veronica again, I will have to thank her profusely, I think."

If mom ever saw my ex-girlfriend to tell her thank you, I'm sure it wouldn't be my cunnilingus skills for which Veronica would expect gratitude.

"That would be an awkward encounter." I said with little emotion.

"You're right, I wouldn't thank her, I'd reprimand her for breaking my son's heart!"

"It wasn't that serious mom. It was just a lot of blowjobs with a good dose of pussy licking before."

"Still, she should have given you a reason."

"I've long gotten over it mom. And she did make me pretty good at the rug munching."

"I don't like it called that Jeremy. And you're better than just pretty good!"

"You did seem to like it!"

"I did, didn't I?" Mom rose. "Now I think its you're turn!"

She started to shift on the bed, her head heading for my lower realms.

"You do that enough mom. I want you to ride my cock!"

"Oh, I like that too!" She grinned happily.

I laid on my back after I hastily lost my boxers, my rigid cock standing proudly like a flagpole.

"You do have a magnificent cock Jeremy! I can't believe that Veronica never wanted to ride it after all those blowjobs. But I guess your pussy licking might make up for not having this gorgeous dick in her! I can't say that I would think so, but I like, no, love your skills and your attributes!"

"Enough about V mom and get on me already!"

Mom couldn't resist still getting my cock in her mouth as she took half of it in her, soaking it with her saliva. She saw my look.

"I have to lubricate it." She tried to justify her action.

"Except mom, that I know full well just how lubricated you already are! Your pussy is so freakin' wet you make the Atlantic jealous!" She smiled at my jest.

"Only because you made me this way. Are you going to complain about my mouth around your dick?"

"Never mom! You can suck me whenever and wherever you want! Just not now." I slapped the side of her hip. "Now sit on my cock bitch, before I throw you down on this bed and fuck the shit out of you!"

This elicited a giggle from mom.

"Okay! Okay! I guess I'll just have to ride my son's big hard cock until he makes his mommy cum all over it!" Her Cheshire cat grin split her eager face. I gave her another playful slap as she knee-walked on the bed.

"Do you want to watch my ass jiggle or my tits bounce?"

'What is 'things you never expect your mother to say' Alex?' 'Tell him what he's won Johnnie!'

"That's not fair, I can't choose between choices like that!"

"I want to see your face as I fuck your cock, so you'll just have to suffer with my floppy tits!"

Floppy was one thing mom's tits were not!

"Oh such is my fate!" I cried out in faux distress.

Mom grabbed my rampant dick, guided it to her cunt, and sank slowly down on me. I groaned with her as that exquisite feeling of my mother's

tight wet pussy surrounded my dick. After she dropped down with our pubic hairs kissing, mom sat there unmoving.

"Goddamn Jeremy! Your cock fills me so fucking full! Anything more and I think I would explode!"

I had a sudden vision of the fat guy from 'The Meaning of Life' eating that sliver of after-dinner mint and then exploding. It became mom sitting on my cock as she exploded. Not to say that mom didn't explode because of my cock regularly, just not in the same way, and far less messy. Usually!

"Ride my cock mom! Fill that tight twat of yours with my big dick! You know you love my dick pounding into you!"

"I do honey! I love it! I love your dick in mommy's cunt!"

Mom began to raise herself up and jam herself back downwards. It was slow and measured in either direction, but with a noticeable faster tempo with every downbeat.

"You like that honey? You like my cunt squeezing your cock? Do you love it as much as I do?"

Mom was bouncing at a frantic pace, riding my body as if I was a racehorse and we were in second place only a half length back. She was the sexiest jockey I had ever seen!

"I do mom! Faster, bitch, faster"

"I'm so close to cumming Jeremy!"

"Me too mom! So fucking close! Fuck me!"

"Oh God! Cum in me honey! Cum in my cunt! I'm cummming nowww!"

That set me off too and I blasted stream after stream of my creamy seed in mom. She fell to the bed, my cum shooting in the air to land on my belly as the last bits dribbled down the sides of my shining wet cock. Mom's syrupy cum pooled around my still stiff rod and ran down my hips to soak the sheet under my ass.

I was temporarily unable to move anything more than my head, which I turned to look towards mom, also motionless. Her eyes were slightly hazed but pointed in my direction. They seemed to focus a bit more when she saw I was looking at her. I smiled as well as I could manage. Her smile in reply seemed just as feeble. A tiny tear struggled to break away from her right eye; when it finally did, it trailed a zigzag path

down her cheek to her upper lip and was lost in the groove of mom's lips. My eyes returned back to mom's.

"Seventy-two or more hours of this to go mom!" I don't think I sounded as enthusiastic as I wanted. Mom's smile grew a little.

"That seems a long time doesn't it?"

"I don't know if I'll make it. I may be the first eighteen-year-old guy to die of too much sex! But what a way to go!"

"I don't think there is much chance of that! This little guy seems ready to go at any time."

Mom reached up and tenderly held my still mostly hard cock. Her soft touch caused the small amount of blood that had fled to return. She gave it a few slow strokes that sent chills to my brain and my balls.

"I suppose I'll have to take him out for another ride since he's still up."

"I could wait if you're not up for more." I said trying not to sound disappointed. I knew I would all too soon be ready to accept worn out partners. If that was possible with mom and her sister! And to prove my point mom answered me.

"Jeremy, this started because I wasn't getting enough sex! I can't very well refuse when there is an awesome cock here hard and ready to go, can I?"

"I suppose not." I tried to keep my glee from my voice.

"Don't sound so excited or anything there honey." She chided me.

"I just wonder which one of us will tire first mom! Eighteen-year-old ... stud," not that I thought of myself as such but I can't argue with Aunt Jess or mom's assessment of me, "or a forty ..."

"Watch it mister! I can still take you over my knee!" Mom scolded with a trace of seriousness.

I continued. "... forty something sex-crazed cougar. I don't know if I'd bet on me! And I could threaten to take you over my knee mom, but you'd enjoy it too much!"

"Oh yes spank me! Spank me!" Mom said in a falsetto voice.

"I know, I know mom, then comes the oral sex. I have the movie remember!"

"I've already had the oral sex. But if you're offering more ... Or are you asking for some yourself?" She licked her lips.

Her hand hadn't ceased its gentle stroking and though it wasn't enough to trigger anything, it was making me want more.

"Mom, I'll take from you anything you are willing to give me. I was the one with the hand in my lap!"

"How long are you going to remind me about that?"

"As long as it keeps getting me more sex!"

"And I am very willing to keep giving you more sex!" Her eyes studied my face. "But seventy-two hours? We aren't going to be having sex for that long! You have school. We are still having movie night. We have to drive the kids to mom's, then pick them up. And we have to sleep sometime. Or eat!"

"I could skip tomorrow," I saw the clock on the bedside table, "today." I corrected myself.

"You could. I can't stop you. But you won't be getting any sex from me while you are. Jess has work, so you'll get nothing there either!"

"I guess I'm going to school then." I smiled lecherously. "I'm sure I could tempt you though."

"Are you willing to bet on that?"

"No. Guess not."

"So if we are going to do something more with your friend here, we should get to it so you can get to sleep."

"How about doggie since you still owe me some ass jiggling!"

Mom actually laughed at that.

"One ass jiggling coming up!"

She rose up on her elbows and raised her hips enough to swing in my direction, shaking her ass as she did. She was teasing me of course, but I still loved to watch mom's ass for any reason. It wasn't her sister's equal, but the genetics were still there!

"Shake your booty for me mom!"

She responded with a booty roll as well as any dancer!

"Oh yeah mom, shake it!" I rose up with renewed energy, my motivation bouncing the bed beneath me. I reached over and gave her a moderate smack.

"Oh yes baby! Smack that fat ass!"

I gave her a few more swats on an ass that was by no means fat! Her yoga and regular swimming made sure of that!

"How about this cock? You want this in your ass too?" I had gotten into position behind mom. She looked over her shoulder as I waved my meat stick.

"Not now honey, but I do want to try it. Jess says it feels so good. It's on my list for this weekend!" Now it was on my list too! "Just fuck my hot cunt now Jeremy! I can't believe how hot and ready you already have me again!"

I had a sudden urge for pizza!

"You always have me ready mom!"

And with that, I sank into that hot and ready pussy. It wrapped around me so incredibly!

"Fuck mom! You have the best pussy I've ever fucked!"

"Thank you dear. You have the best cock I've ever had! Now fuck me with it, damn it! Fuck mommy with your big hard cock honey! You know how badly I need it!"

Not really, but I'm glad she let me know!

I wanted to make this last but it was late and I knew how badly we both wanted to cum again. Well I did anyway!

"You ready for a good hard fuck mom?"

"Oh God yes honey! Fuck me so hard! Make my spin, make my eyes pop, just make my pussy cum!"

I slammed into my mother's quivering cunt using every muscle I had. Then I repeated it a dozen times. Took a deep breath and then did it again. Deep breath. Repeated slamming. This counted as a workout right? I've heard it's all about the reps.

Mom was moaning and groaning almost the instant I had started, and with each new rep, her voice took on a new pitch. Would she run out of oscillations before I ran out of energy?

Sweat poured off me and collected in a pool in the small of mom's back, rippling as I pounded my cock against mom's tight ass. I randomly gave it a hard slap, enough to sting my palm.

"Spank me! Fuck me! Abuse your mother like the slut I am! Just fuck me hard!"

I was already giving her all I had!

Another rep, another hard smack. Mom squealed. I could feel stirrings in my balls again as mom's pussy walls coaxed my cock to unload my precious cargo with her squeezing inner muscles. Did that count as a workout for her? We both continued our reps, building our expectant bliss to higher limits.

"Fuck me Jeremy! I'm going to cum so fucking hard! All over your amazing cock! Cum in mommy and make me cum with you! Make mommy cummm!"

I've learned to tell when mom was close to her orgasm, I was nearly as close myself. I wanted to do as she asked and have my filling her cunt with her son's thick sperm send her to the land of eternal ecstasy. I dug deep and found some extra energy to ram my cock somehow harder into mom. She wailed now as if I was beating her. I guess in a way, I was. My cock club was pounding away in her love channel!

"Cum for me bitch! Cum on my big cock as I fill you with all my sticky seed!"

"Fill me up honey, fill your mommy's cunt with your delicious sperm! I'm gonna cum too!"

Just when I thought I could no more I felt my balls tighten up, and then that surge as my load rushed through my burning cock and shot from my dick to cause mom's impending orgasm to arrive in full force. I had nothing left so with one final thrust I kept my exploding cock buried deep in mom's trembling pussy and let my cum shoot into her womb.

Mom was babbling incoherently and I refrained from speaking so as to not test my capability right then. I fell to the bed a moment before mom rolled to her side almost up against me. With my last bit of energy, I

put my arm over her side and held her as well as I could since we weren't pressed together. I didn't mean to, I wanted to tell mom how great she'd been, but I drifted out and was asleep moments later, mom's own deep breaths the last thing I heard.

Chapter 11

I expected to be awakened by the usual Friday morning blowjob, but I was mildly disappointed. Mildly, since mom had seemingly drained me only hours before. I could hear my brother and sister getting ready for school and heard mom's voice urging them about their ways. I looked at the clock and saw I had plenty of time before I had to get up but not enough to risk falling back to sleep.

I heard the twosome tromp down the stairs and after grabbing my boxers off the floor, darted to the bathroom, fighting my morning wood to be able to urinate. I climbed back into mom's bed, hoping that after my siblings had left that mom would rejoin me. It was only then that I realized that I had spent the night in my mother's bed (my father's too, but I didn't want to think about him at that moment)! That I had been so blasé about it, to wake up, go pee, and then come back as if I had done it every day! I expected to be sleeping in this bed every night this weekend. I pulled the covers back over myself and was tempted to skip today whether I had sex with mom or not. Just to lay here in my parent's bed and savor this feeling all day.

Yeah, right!

Mom appeared in the doorway looking far more chipper than I could have managed at this hour, late night sex or not!

"You're up early." I said.

I stared in awe at her. Even with her brown hair unbrushed, wearing her plain worn robe, signs of our late night on her eyelids, and the harsh light of the early morning sun, she was just as radiant and beautiful to me as ever. Or even more so.

"I still have my motherly duties to perform. I have to get my children up for school. All of my children!"

"I still have plenty of time." I unconsciously looked at the clock again even though I had just looked three minutes before. "Any other motherly duties you have to perform mom?"

"Um? No, none."

"Are you sure? Not thirsty?"

"No. I had some juice with your brother and sister for breakfast." She answered coyly. She knew what I meant and was toying with me.

I pulled my boxers down revealing my mostly limp dick.

"Care to wake him up?"

"Are you sure he wants to be up now? He had a pretty late night. Eventful too."

"You should have seen him five minutes ago before I went to the bathroom!"

"He was up then? I'm sorry I missed it."

I could tell she was fighting two urges, one to smile and the second to attack my cock with her mouth!

The smile won out. For the moment anyway.

"You look a little pekid mom. An energy drink? A protein shake perhaps?"

My dick sensing mom's presence began to rise up and stretch out with in the morning light.

"I heard that place went out of business. Misuse of company property or something."

I did notice mom's eyes had fastened on my hardening cock the moment it twitched.

"Sure you don't see anything you like?"

"I'm not sure. Seems a little small. I was looking for something quite a bit bigger."

We were in a contest to see who would give into the other's teasing first. My money was on my dick. Or rather, mom's lust for it! I grabbed the base and waggled it at her. Her smile grew and I could tell how much she was fighting that second urge.

"I don't know how much more time I have until I have to get up. I was thinking of a nice ... long shower. I would have to get up fairly soon if I did that. You would miss your friend here then!"

Mom almost laughed. She could sense I was almost out of ammo in our war of words.

"I already took one. I think I used all the hot water. I don't think my 'friend' would like the nice ... cold water!"

I was sure she hadn't used all the hot water. After last night, I really was thinking of taking a quick shower before school. A hot one! I could think of nothing more to come back with; I had lost our battle of wits and would get no action this morning.

Wait! What's this?

While I was trying to think of something to say, mom had broken down and succumbed to my raging cock's beckoning call. Her lips were fastened firmly around my shaft, her tongue swirling on the swollen dome, no doubt tasting the remains of both our fluids crusted on it. This didn't seem to faze her, possibly even encouraging her.

"I knew my number one customer wouldn't let me down!"

Mom mumbled something around my shaft that gave my cock wonderful sensations from her incoherent words.

"What's that mom? Can't understand you with my big cock in your mouth!"

She mumbled a long stream of humming vibrations that I felt sure weren't meant to be understood as much as felt. And it felt wonderful!

"Keep talking mom, my cock likes it when you talk to him!"

Mom pulled up her head and looked all-serious at me.

"Why should I talk to him? All he does is spit at me!"

Her look, along with her hand stroking my dick, caused me to laugh aloud.

"It's not spitting, he just does that because he really likes you!"

Mom smiled and resumed her sucking, bobbing fiercely, now intent on extracting my ball juice.

"You really want my cum in your mouth, don't you mom?"

"Mm hmm."

"Keep going, I'm close!" I ran a hand through her short brown curls in encouragement.

Mom worked her oral magic on my wand causing the muscles in the rest of my body to clench in preparation of my imminent release.

"God yes mom! Fuck, I'm cummmingg!"

After last night, I don't know where it came from, but my dick really liked mom this morning! I grunted as she gulped down my offering and I fell deeper into her bed.

Mom sat back on her ankles.

"You have two minutes to regain your breath and regroup, because I want to ride your face before you go to school!"

I was focused now!

"I don't need two minutes for you, mom. I'm always ready to lick your pussy!"

I scooted down on my bed to give mom room to climb up and straddle my head. She watched me shift on the bed with a smile.

"We'll have all weekend and you did take good care of me last night, so I just need you to take the edge off honey with your wonderful tongue!"

Mom moved up the bed before draping one leg over my head. I saw she was naked under her robe as she untied it and threw it open. She grabbed the headboard with both hands and looked down at my eyes over her bush.

"Don't go too fast Jeremy, but you don't have all day either."

She spread her knees wider, lowering her pussy into my tongue's reach. I grabbed her hips and pulled her down so she was practically smothering me. I gave her a wide-opened mouth kiss on her genitals and began to French kiss her damp cleft. It quickly went from damp to wet to dripping. I sucked her delicious dew as it ran from her depths.

"Oh God yes Jeremy!" Mom commended me.

I began to tongue fuck her as well as I could with her pussy lips clamped to mine and her hips holding my head down on the mattress.

"Oh! Yes. Fuck me with your tongue baby! Mommy loves that!"

She loved it so much she started gently to bounce on my face, my tongue driving deeper into her cunt. I hoped she didn't get so caught up in her pleasure that she accidently suffocated me! She'd have a hard time explaining that to dad!

I ceased jabbing my tongue at her, even if she didn't suffocate me. The way she began to bounce harder, I was worried she might break my nose! Besides, I wanted to tease her clit some before I made her cover my face with her succulent syrupy cum. I heard a disappointed groan from above that became a breathy gasp as my tongue brushed gently over her hidden nub. I meant to coax it from its shelter to come out and play with my friendly tongue.

"Yes baby! Lick mommy's clit! Hurry up, you've already got me worked up enough to cum!"

I glanced around her thigh enough to see the clock. Plenty of time to tease mom still.

I removed my tongue from her and breathed heavily over her damp hood. Then I shifted to blowing cool air over her entire length from asshole to her furry patch. Mom sighed pleasantly. I flicked her just at the extant of her folded lip. Her breath caught. Another quick flick. Mom's hips shivered. Two quick flicks and I could feel her bump

emerge beneath my tongue. I sought that bump with the tip of my tongue and as I tapped on it, it sprang forth and hardened. My tongue swirled around the small nib of female heaven, then fastened my lips around it and sucked deep in my throat. When I got it as fully extended as I could, I took it gently in my teeth to prevent its retreat and now used that bundle of nerves as a boxer's speed bag with my tongue.

Mom rewarded me for this with the full weight of her body now pressed down on my mouth and chin!

"Fuck Jeremy! Just like that! Just like fuck king that!" Mom bellowed.

"Yes! Oh, yes! Oh fuck!" She screeched.

"Oh God! Oh God! Oh fucking God!" She squealed.

'C-c-cuuummminng!" She orgasmed with a yell.

All our neighbors should be at work or school. I hoped. No, dad's truck was in the driveway, so unless anyone saw him leave with Bob, then I could make mom, and later Aunt Jessica, yell all weekend as much as I wanted. Or as much as I could make them anyways!

Mom shook fiercely, her hands white and clenched on the varnished wood, as her tremendous orgasm thundered through her. She had her cheek lying on the wall as she trembled with the last of her bliss.

I patted mom's firm rear and said, "Get up mom. I need to get up myself."

"If you could do that all day honey, I might be tempted to let you skip!" She said breathily, her chest still heaving.

"Gladly mom, but you would have to take breaks to take care of my dick!"

She struggled slightly to move off my head.

"No. You get up before you do talk me into something we want too much." She patted my shoulder. "Besides, in eight, no seven hours, Johnny and Jojo will be back And Jessica is coming later."

"I hope so." I interjected. "I hope your cumming later too!"

Mom slapped my bare arm then. "Get up!"

She wrapped her robe around herself and tied the sash loosely. I groaned and got out of her bed. I headed for the bathroom to take a shower since I must have reeked of sex.

"Where are you going mister?" Mom's stern voice halted me.

"To take a shower." I answered wondering about her tone.

"What about your clothes?"

"No one's here but us!"

"I meant how about you take them with you!"

"Nah! Let the maid get them." I waved the air in disregard.

"The maid is on vacation. She's spending time with her son, who will be sleeping alone if he doesn't pick up his clothes!" Mom growled, pointing at my pile of clothes.

"Wow! The maid sounds like a bitch. I'm glad I have you for my mom instead of her." I replied. I did turn and bend to grab the pile.

"My mom is the best!" I smiled widely at her teasingly. "You should probably fire that maid mom; it sounds like she doesn't do anything."

I darted out of her room before any objects should suddenly fling themselves my way!

The shower was quick and cold. Not because mom had used the hot water. I needed to keep my little friend asleep, at least until I got out of the house and away from my motherly temptation!

I couldn't focus again that day; the promise of a seemingly life-long dream clouded my thoughts. Visions of naked mom and naked Aunt Jess danced in my head like very naughty Christmas fairies. Until I got to Ms. Jennings class that is. My bespectacled brunette teacher joined the other two naked nymphs parading around in my noggin with glee. Nymphs, or should I say nymphos with what I envisioned them doing. I didn't even bother trying to hide the slide rule in my pants that I was obviously trying to sneak out of her class. A few of the girls tittered childishly, but Ms. Jennings stare today was clearly of interest. I pretended I didn't notice her gaze and headed for Mrs. Graham's cock-shriveling classroom.

As the end of the day grew closer, I got light-headed with excitement. And probably the fact that most of my blood had spent the entire day in my pants! I had to sit in my car after school was out to calm my breathing and think unpleasant thought to get my dick to subside

before I could drive home. I knew mom wouldn't allow us to fool around so as to 'save' up for tonight. And for the following few days. I just had to make it six more hours. Okay, eight because I did intend on actually watching a movie this week. Unless my resolve broke before then that is. And the two nymphos, I mean nymphs, I mean mom and Aunt Jessica would be there to tempt me! But is it still called tempting if the victim is willing?

I debated about going right home or not, knowing how willing mom and I would be to get a jump-start on the weekend. Well, I guess we already had done that with last night and this morning! If I waited until the other two got home, then mom and I would have to keep things clean until my siblings were asleep. I almost wished I could take a nap. Would mom tease me if I went home and tried to sleep until dinner? My indecision led to no decision and I ended up just going home

Mom came out of her bedroom to greet me. She gave me a quick and passionless kiss on my lips. I was already longing for more. I noticed that she was dressed casually and as motherly as possible with a loose pair of chocolate-colored slacks that did still hug her ass nicely, and an equally loose pullover cream-colored blouse, a black or dark-colored bra barely visible underneath.

"Hi mom."

"How was school dear?" She asked and actually sounded interested.

"Don't really know. I couldn't concentrate all day. All I could thing about was you and Aunt Jessica naked and ... doing things."

"Didn't that make things hard for you all day?" She almost giggled.

"Absolutely! Ms. Jennings noticed. I think she even looked interested. I couldn't do anything with a teacher though." I saw the trap even before I finished speaking. Mom did too and was quick to spring it.

"But you can with your aunt and your mother?"

"I didn't set out to do anything with you two though. I just got sucked in, so to speak."

Mom was struggling not to laugh. "Would you care to get 'sucked in' before your brother and sister get home?"

As tempted as I was, and I can't believe I said it, but I actually told mom no. She was as surprised as I was.

"Already turning me down. It took your dad years for that to happen!" She grinned slightly so I knew she wasn't serious.

"You know I would never really turn you down mom. I just figure I should have something in the tank before we even start tonight. Otherwise by tomorrow night I will be shooting dust in your mouth!"

"But I bet it will be the most delicious dust ever!" She licked her lips slowly.

I just shook my head and really thought about a nap. I did have a somewhat late night last night and an earlier morning than I would have asked for.

"Actually mom I think I might lie down for awhile before dinner."

"Afraid you won't be able to keep up with the cougars?" She did laugh at this.

My pride was wounded and I was half-tempted to stay up and prove to mom that I could match them both. She saw my face.

"Don't worry dear. I napped after lunch myself. I've been cleaning my room, the house actually. Sterilizing and disinfecting everything before we cover everything with our ... excretions."

"You mean, before I cum on everything!" It was mom's turn to shake her head.

"I don't plan on your tasty cum going anywhere but in me, somewhere. Or in Jess."

"So you just mean you and Aunt Jess then!"

"I only said your cum, nothing about how much you'll be sweating everywhere! By the way, we have to make sure you stay hydrated. Don't want you passing out again on us. I bought some more of your Tigerade."

"Thanks mom, but I'm not the only one that needs to stay hydrated. Or have you forgotten about soaking my bed quite a few times. I plan on making you soak your own bed."

"Ooo! How about we soak both beds?" She squealed.

"How about I just fuck you in the tub all weekend and leave the beds dry!"

"But we can get in so many more positions in a bed!" She answered coquettishly.

I gave up.

"Give me a couple hours or until dinner is ready." I told her.

"I'm not making dinner. I figured we would order some pizzas that way if we get hungry during the night there will be something to eat without have to make anything new."

"Good idea mom, but don't we have to get up early to take Jojo and Johnny to Grandma's?"

"There are three of us to drive. The other two can rest while one of us drives. It's not that far and if we get that tired we can all nap tomorrow after we get back."

"You truly think any of us will be able to sleep then mom?"

"I said if we were that tired. I don't expect that we will, but we could. Besides we have big plans for you tomorrow night!" Her eyes lit up like a Christmas tree. I was as nervous as I was excited at whatever these plans could be!

I chose to go to my room at that moment. Before anything might happen because of our risqué talk. I lay in bed and drifted a bit but I don't think I slept; I was too hyped for what was to come.

Jojo came up to my room and kept her feet on the floor this time. She informed me that mom said it was time to get my lazy bones out of bed. I asked my sister if Aunt Jessica was here yet. Jojo said it looked like she was moving in. I asked her what she meant. Jojo said that Aunt Jess had brought a couple suitcases of clothes with her. I tried to cover this supposed gaffe of my aunt.

"You and Johnny won't be home tomorrow and Sunday and I'll probably not be home much either, so maybe mommy wanted to spend some time with her sister."

"I like Aunt Jessica." Jojo said out of nowhere.

"I like her too, Jojo. Let's go see her."

I climbed from my bed without any lumber to hide from my little sister and with my nervous exuberance, I picked Jojo up and placed her on my shoulders. She giggled gleefully. I carefully walked down the stairs carrying my priceless cargo, but occasionally playfully bumped her head lightly on doorways or the ceiling.

As I reached the bottom step, I proclaimed loudly. "Watch out everyone! It's Jojo the Giant! Oh no! Jojo the Giant is here!"

This brought squeals of delight from my sister. She raised her little arms brandishing her fingers like claws and growled at Johnny, Aunt Jess, and mom. The two women shrieked with mock-horror while Johnny laughed and began to beat his fists against my legs.

"I'll kill the bad giant mom!" He announced.

"Save us Johnny!" Aunt Jess said, as she held up her arms halfway to ward off the bad giant. She had on a tight pastel green sweater, a short mid-thigh black skirt, and forest green knee socks, with two-inch black heels on her feet. The greens set off her reddish-blonde hair and she looked very much like a schoolgirl. I wondered what color her panties were. I expected black lace!

The bad giant was probably going to have bruises on his thighs tomorrow! They would go good with the hickeys or any other bruises I might acquire the next few days from mom and her sister! Johnny may not have been hitting as hard as he could but the repetitive hits were really beginning to hurt. I reached up and lifted Jojo down. She continued her growling, much less threatening at three feet than at seven and a half feet.

Mom dropped to her knees and hugged her youngest son.

"You saved us! My hero! For your reward we are having pizza for dinner!" Mom announced.

All three of her kids cheered.

"Now you two go outside and play until we are ready to start the movies. We'll eat while we watch"

They both wandered off, Jojo growling again and Johnny raised his fists.

"No hitting your sister! The giant is dead now."

"Aw mom." He groaned.

As they went out the back door mom gave me a loving motherly look, a wistful smile touching her lips.

"See, we can still be a real family." She said softly. I had no answer to that.

Aunt Jess came up behind me and wrapped her arms around my middle. I felt her tits press into my back.

"And later the two of us will do our best to slay this giant!" One of her hands dropped to my still sleeping dick.

"Did you say slay, or lay? Because you don't want to wake the giant until you are ready!"

Aunt Jessica repeated her playful defensive move at me.

"Oh no the giant cock!" She said with a lower voice while fighting her laughter.

Mom smirked, but her laughter burst out in a loud guffaw.

"I definitely don't need Johnny to fight that monster for me!" She said bravely.

"Me either!" My aunt said with glee. I felt that her hand had retreated, to my relief and dismay.

Mom looked at me, "Did you nap?"

"Not really, but I did rest somewhat."

"Nap? What's this, I work all day and you take a nap? You did too I suppose?" Aunt Jess glared at her sister.

"Jess, you work in a call center, the hardest thing you do is push a button. Besides both of us were up late and up early this morning." Mom explained calmly.

"Starting the fun without me again!" My aunt protested with a smirk. "I hope it was good at least."

"I'll have to tell you later Jess, but yes it was ... good."

"It's always good with mom." Then I had to add quickly. "It's always good with you too Aunt Jess!"

I turned quickly around in her arms and wrapped mine around her.

"It's alright Jeremy. I understand. You and Jenny have something special. I'm just glad my sister shared with me and that I get to be a part of things."

"If it wasn't mom, it would be you Jess." I kissed her forehead tenderly.

"I don't know about that, but thanks anyway." She had that second place face you always see at awards ceremonies. If she said it was nice to be nominated, I would lose it!

I noticed neither one of them said anything about my slip in forgetting to use the familial title with mom's sister. I guess I didn't really need to call her Aunt Jessica when I'd filled her hot ass with my cock and cum!

"Any ideas on what we are watching tonight there studly?" Mom thankfully changed the subject. Aunt Jess broke her hold on me, sensing the moment was passed. I reluctantly released her, my chest already missing hers. I moved to sit down and they did so too.

"I figured Johnny and Jojo's favorite movie first."

Mom interrupted me. "Again?"

"They'll be sure to fall asleep by the end since they know it by heart." I reasoned.

"Hell, I know it by heart!" Mom replied.

She was right. I was sure I could repeat most of the movie's lines myself, but hey, if it made my brother and sister happy ...

"And the other one?" Aunt Jess asked.

"It's a new one. I missed it at the theater. A techno-romance. You two may like it."

"Techno-romance? Is that even a thing?" Aunt Jess said with disbelief.

"Is this an attempt to distract us so you can watch it without us teasing you?" Mom said with a raised eyebrow.

Would I try to use such subterfuge on my two best girls to get to watch a movie? Damn straight!

"It might be. But the trailer looked really good."

"They all look good Jeremy. That's the point. If the trailer looks terrible no one would go see the movie regardless of how good it might be."

"It's also got that hunky actor you always get gooey over." I told mom.

"I don't get 'gooey' over anyone." Mom said defiantly, then looked at me and her face melted. "Except maybe you honey."

"Whatever you say mom."

"Oh! What's his name? I know whom you're talking about. I saw a commercial for it. It did look good." Aunt Jess gave me a sly, sexy look. "It has nothing to do with the fact that it has that busty actress that's so hot right now is in it. Kate Lawrence, I believe."

"No." I said in protest that even I didn't believe.

"It's okay Jeremy. I think she's hot too!" Aunt Jess gave me a wink.

"You do? Wow! I guess I have a new fantasy now!" I never would have believed that I could so openly comment about a sexual fantasy about either relative with them actually present.

"She is very hot. I'm sure she could switch a lot of straight women!" Mom said without any overtones.

"You too mom?"

"I wouldn't kick her out of bed for eating crackers, or me, if that's what you're asking." Mom had a dreamy look as if she might actually be thinking of it.

Holy fuck! Even if I already had a few lifetimes worth of wank thoughts, the idea of my favorite actress in bed with mom and her sister just shot to the top! My cock was also intrigued with the thought!

"Jeez mom! The two of you are more than enough for me and now you tell me that! The shake machine is going to be empty in the mornings from now on!" I saw Aunt Jessica's puzzled look.

Mom explained. "When I ... help him out in the morning, I refer to it as my morning protein shake. It's become our code."

Aunt Jess's eyes lit up.

"It's not really a code mom. It's only ever the two of us. You could just say you're giving me a morning blowjob." I said slightly exasperated.

"But that's so crude Jeremy. Do you think I'm crude?"

"Most definitely!"

Aunt Jess burst out laughing at that. "You tell her Jeremy! That was her name in school. Crude Jenny!" She laughed harder.

"No it wasn't. Don't fill his head with such ideas." Mom grinned to me. "He already has enough bad thoughts about his mother."

"You're the one that just gave me my latest one. And it's a doozy!"

Mom patted my cheek and gave me a smile.

"Maybe I should order the pizzas before we start attacking each other right here!" Mom changed the topic again. It's funny how everything became about sex with the three of us!

"What do you want Jess?"

"I want lots of meat on my pizza. Lots ... of ... meat!" Aunt Jess gave me a sexy smile, then glanced down at the large tent I had pitched.

"We won't have to seduce the pizza boy Jenny; it looks like Jeremy will deliver." My aunt said so seductively, her voice was dripping sex!

"With you sounding like that maybe Jeremy wouldn't mind a breather if the pizza boy was here to take turns." Mom laughed but I could tell she was getting as worked up as her sister. Or her son!

I was going to have a hard time, literally, watching the movie now with visions of Kate between mom's, or Aunt Jess's legs. Or they between Kate's legs, making Kate's large breasts jiggle ...

Where was I?

Mom went into the kitchen to get the menu and phone number to order the pizzas.

I recalled what Jojo had said earlier. I scolded my aunt for letting the younger kids know that she was spending the weekend here and that I had covered for her.

"I didn't think it would be an issue. It's not like I've never done it before."

"But we don't need dad having any cause to be suspicious."

"Why would he? Just because his sister-in-law spends the weekend with her sister?"

"And his son." I added.

"He would never suspect anything close to the truth."

"Mom and I have had some ... close calls." I revealed haltingly.

"What? Do tell!"

I related a few of the instances to my aunt. The washer incident when dad almost walked in on us, last Sunday when dad did walk in on us, twice! In the kitchen and then the garage. Aunt Jess was aghast.

"Right in the kitchen! Behind the counter?" I nodded.

"So if enough other seemingly innocent things happen that he might connect with the others, that it would be obvious if dad had any inkling." I then told her of dad complaining about mom coddling me. "If he starts to put things together ..."

"I see what you mean. But my being here should actually help things, because surely nothing could happen with me also here right?"

"Well, I hope dad thinks that, because we know better!"

"And if he knows Jenny is upset with him, my staying with her seems totally plausible" Aunt Jess said with emphasis.

"I suppose." I had seen her bags and it seemed excessive for three days.

"What's with all the stuff Jess? You don't need that many clothes; we're going to be naked most of the time!" I grinned widely.

"I need clothes for tomorrow for the drive to mom's house at least, and the trip back Sunday night. We may take a break and decide to get dressed, if only so we can get undressed again. Or go somewhere. It's better to be prepared."

Getting dressed just to undress again? Must be a woman thing. Though as I pictured Aunt Jess removing her tight sweater, then to dress in another outfit that showed off her body, only to remove that one too. There could be something to it after all! Still, it seemed too much trouble and it would be better to stay naked. Then I realized that would apply to me also and as much as I expected them to keep me hard all weekend, as some point surely I would be walking around soft and naked. Clothes might be a good idea then. I let it drop. I knew it would be pointless to tell a woman how many clothes she needed. She needed exactly as many as she needed and not one stitch more, or less.

"What are you two talking about so intently?" Mom asked as she reentered the room.

"Jeremy reprimanded me for letting Jojo and Johnny know I was staying the weekend. And for how many clothes I brought. My closet isn't just down the hall you know."

"It's only ten minutes away."

"That's too far if I'm naked!" She exclaimed as if it could happen.

I had to giggle at the image of Aunt Jessica running down our street trying to cover herself as she went!

"What's so funny?" Mom asked suspiciously.

"Nothing." I said guiltily. Mom let it drop.

"He was also telling me how close you two have been cutting it with Justin." My aunt said with an inquisitive glint in her eyes.

"Yes well, we get caught up and things happen. I've warned him but I am just as guilty."

"I don't know if I would be able to keep my hands to myself either if I was around him all the time." Aunt Jess teased me.

"Would it help to keep your hands to yourself by the fact that if you got caught that your life would basically be over?"

"Whoa! Major downer. But I see your point. You two need to cool it when Justin is around. Or the kids. You could send him to my house more! It'll be easy to not get caught if he's not even here!"

I was torn. Home with mom, or at Aunt Jess's. That was almost like asking me which nut I wanted to lose. There was no answer to that question!

"That's not the solution and you know it Jess!"

"Hey, I tried!"

"Well the pizza should be here in about thirty-five minutes or so. I want the kids to take a bath before they go to mom's, so I'll get them going

with that. Johnny will take his by himself, but Jojo still likes having mommy there."

"You can be there when I take a bath mommy!" I said in a child-like voice.

"You're too dirty to ever get clean, and my being there wouldn't be any help!" Aunt Jess and I laughed at mom's reply.

"Jess, would you call the kids in, Jeremy pull out the sleeping bag. Also get that raggedy blanket of yours; I don't want pizza grease all over the sleeping bag. It's a pain in the ass to wash and dry." Mom then headed upstairs to await the dynamo duo while Aunt Jess went to the back door.

I opened the hall closet where we kept the sleeping bag for movie night. The blanket was in the garage. I used it in the yard when I needed to cover something, kneel on the ground without getting grass stains, or whatnot. Mom may not recall, but it was the first blanket I ever remembered having, since I was younger than Jojo was now. I had pulled it from the trash so many times that mom had given up getting rid of it. It was just one of those things from my childhood that I couldn't let go. There are some things like this that no matter how old you got, that they were just a part of you. Thinking about it now, and other than in the heat of the moment (and maybe even then), I think I would give up having sex with mom before I could throw that blanket

away. Hey, I'm a sentimentalist. I like to think that that was part of why Aunt Jess and mom liked me so. Besides my big dick anyway!

As I laid the (my) blanket over the sleeping bag I could hear Johnny protesting his bath and mom loudly telling him then he wasn't going to Grandma Sharon's and would be stuck here with her and his brother and aunt. I then heard him relent though I'm sure mom really wouldn't keep him home over a bath. I would have personally held him in the tub until he was clean!

I smiled at Aunt Jess who was already situated on the couch; her bags had vanished to my mother's room I presumed. She patted the cushion next to her. I shook my head as I got the kid's DVD from the rack and popped it in the player. I left the TV off, as I couldn't stand one more repeat of the title menu music while we waited for the baths to finish and the pizza to arrive.

Ten minutes later, it did so. Mom was still upstairs finishing with my sister, Johnny and Aunt Jessica were waiting in their movie seats. Mom called down that the money was on the kitchen table. I darted to retrieve it and the stack of plates waiting there. I handed those to my aunt and opened the door. I was surprised to discover it wasn't a pizza boy, but a pizza girl! And a very hot one too!

She had long brown hair tied in a ponytail under an ugly ball cap with a pizza logo on the front. The uniform pullover shirt fit her figure nicely

and was tucked into a tight pair of black denim jeans. She was slightly shorter than I was, though I stood on the balls of my feet to appear taller. She didn't seem much older than I was, and she wasn't anyone I recognized from school. I was surprised such a young attractive girl was delivering pizzas, as it seemed somewhat dangerous. One psycho invites you in to pay and you're never seen again.

I tried to be suave as I chatted with the girl, but with my little brother and my aunt watching me as I did so made me self-conscious and I'm sure I only ended up looking like a fool. I'm sure she got hit on by guys who were richer, hotter, and in college. She smiled at me as I tried to drag out our thirty-second conversation. I dug an additional two dollars out of my pocket to add it to her tip, which looked so completely obvious, but I'm sure looking as she did, she'd gotten many times. She gave me a wave as she left while I stood in the doorway holding the hot boxes and staring at her very cute rounded ass. She smiled again as she pulled away making me feel completely stupid. I turned and shut the door with my foot. Aunt Jess began clapping which Johnny joined in.

"What?" I asked as I set the three boxes on an empty end table.

"I was applauding that delightful show you just put on."

Mom and Jojo came down the stairs at that moment and I hoped her comment would be lost.

"What show?" Mom asked.

Oh, damn!

"The pizza driver was a cute girl and you should have seen Jeremy trying to hit on her!" Aunt Jess nearly giggled.

"Fail!" Johnny said gleefully.

Mom stared at me without expression. "I'm sorry I missed it."

"Maybe we could order more pizza and he'd do an encore." My aunt quipped.

"Don't you have enough on your plate?" Mom asked blankly.

"You've told me I need to change my diet." I answered her, understanding she was not talking about food. "I was just checking out the other menu items."

We were talking around two pairs of ears that didn't need to know what we were referencing.

"But some of those things are fattening or no good for you." Aunt Jess chimed in with a grin.

"I'm young. I can eat a wide variety of things. Whether it's fresh or slightly moldy with age." I looked pointedly back at her.

"Ouch! I think I might be offended."

"If ... that's slightly moldy, what about your regular choice." Mom stared quizzically at me.

I smiled happily at her. "I don't drink, but it's like a fine wine and only gets better with age." Mom gave me a wide smile and her emerald eyes lit up.

"Now I know I'm offended!" Aunt Jess complained from the couch.

Johnny and Jojo just stared at the three of us with confused looks on their faces. My brother spoke up then.

"I thought we were just having pizza?"

"We are honey. We are. As soon as your brother hands it out that is." With that mom sat on the couch an arm's length from her sister pulling her blanket up over her legs.

I stood there three seconds longer in silence, then opened the boxes and handed out slices to everyone depending on their tastes. Hence the three pizzas with different toppings. Only pepperoni for my siblings, veggie for mom, and a meat extravaganza for Aunt Jess and me. Once everyone had plates and beverages (cans of soda for everyone), I hit play and turned on the TV. I squeezed in between the two women who each wiggled to give me room. When my brother and sister saw which movie it was, they both cheered. The adults not so much. We focused on our food as the movie played. I found myself mouthing the words to the infamous popular song from the movie. I groaned to myself when I realized this, but noticed both women to either side of me were doing likewise. I grinned and they caught me glancing between them both. They each returned my grin with embarrassment. I guess that's why the movie made so much money; even though you hated yourself for it, you couldn't help yourself either!

After only two pieces of the meat pizza Aunt Jessica switched to the veggie to my relief. I would never eat that pizza, but felt it was sacrilege to throw out any pizza. I would gladly finish either of the other two!

"Too much meat for you Jess?" I joked with my non-eating, non-greasy hand on her knee.

"No. I'm just waiting to eat the meat later!"

"I'm going to get a piece of that later myself too!" Mom ran her left hand from my knee halfway to my ... meat. It was already willing and waiting. Mom's eyes wandered farther than her fingers. "It's definitely more than a mouthful!" She said too loudly for the younger crowd.

Johnny shushed her and Jojo protested, "Mommy!"

"Sorry kids."

My aunt and I laughed softly. I did notice Aunt Jess's hand, greasy or not, was now on my knee too! I really did want to watch my movie next! I slapped both hands away but that did nothing to relieve the pressure in my shorts.

Jojo was asleep first, long before the big final scene. Johnny was yawning hugely but was also fighting his sagging eyelids. Everyone was done with the pizza, so I got up and put the mostly empty boxes in the kitchen, my stiffy protruding prominently north. Both females' eyes locked on it with intense gazes. If only I could put that away until after the second movie! I heard them both giggle like schoolgirls as I left the room. Much like my blanket, I guess there were other things you never outgrew.

I grabbed some more fluids for me; it would be a long weekend!

When I returned to my seat, I saw Johnny's head was now on the floor and the reflected light of the TV on his eyes showed them to be almost closed. His lips still moved to the character's lines. I wondered if they could do that while asleep, but saw Jojo's slightly open lips didn't stir. I felt a bit of guilt then as I was waiting on my little brother and innocent sister to fall asleep so I could molest our mother and aunt.

How twisted did that make me?

Well-sexed, but still twisted!

The movie was so close to the end when my brother's gentle wheeze indicated that he'd finally succumbed to slumber that we let it play out. I ended it as the end titles started. Mom got up to cover her younger children in the sleeping bag. The three adults then relieved themselves and the women refilled their wine glasses.

"You two need to behave yourselves. Don't make me scold you like dad did!" I even shook my forefinger at them with at least a little menace. They both gave me reprimanded faces that they couldn't hold for more than ten seconds.

"I won't do anything you don't want me to do." Mom promised.

"Me either!" Aunt Jess even held up the first two fingers in a scouts' pledge.

Thing was I knew they were false promises as anything that they would do would be exactly what I wanted them to do!

I went through the video service menu and found the movie. I settled myself on the couch, my mother and aunt getting comfortably tight against me on either side, mom's blanket mostly covering our lower halves. I gave them both a stern look before starting the film. With my face pointed at the TV, I could see them both give the other a lingering glance. I at least hoped that they waited until after the main titles played before they started playing with me.

When mom saw the lead actor's name cross the screen she cried out in a loud whisper, "Oh, that's who you were talking about. I love him in movies." I gave her an I-told-you-so look. "And I don't get 'gooey' over him, he's just very attractive. Definitely would not kick him out of bed!" She cooed. I just shook my head.

After a short teaser scene over which ran the title credits. Art director, production designer, cinematographer, and so on and on, then finally the director. I was hooked with the first scene as it opened with Ms. Lawrence in a women's bedroom, presumably her own, standing before a mirror wearing only a skirt and a bra that was fighting to

contain those terrific tits. I noticed both women had their eyes on the screen too. Perhaps I would be able to get through the movie unmolested. A shadowy figure crept up behind Kate, wrapped an arm around her bare middle, and spun her around. I appreciated the director's use of the mirror to let you see behind her without revealing whom it was that she was willingly giving herself to. The bra fell to the floor but the camera followed it as it fell leaving me disappointed and yet still excited that Kate was now topless. A cut shot and her bare back was visible in the mirror, the other person still only a shadow. Direction and editing like this was why I wanted to go to film school. If only dad could see scenes like this as I did, and not just be upset because he couldn't see Hollywood's top actress's large breasts!

The movie continued on just as exciting using light and shadow, ordinary objects as foreshadowing for upcoming scenes, and cutting from shot to shot so deftly you barely knew the camera had moved. Mom's actor had a few scenes with Kate. First, a tense short encounter, then an argument that led to blows between the leads. Then they had a love scene that showed, if you were watching closely, a glimpse of Kate Lawrence's right butt cheek (43m 29s, watch the bottom left of the screen!).

Mom and Aunt Jess had been relatively (ha!) good girls (ha! ha!) until the first onscreen kiss between Kate and another male character about thirty minutes in. I felt hands on both thighs in a slow race up my leg. My dick had returned to sleep but was on call, to be ready at a moment's notice. Mom laid her head on my shoulder as she used to do; Aunt Jess hugged my other arm and was nearly lying on my shoulder. Now I

enjoyed this! The simple affections of two beautiful mature sisters. At least for now I enjoyed it. I'm sure given time, on call or not, my dick would demand some affection too!

By the time we reached the aforementioned love scene my female relations, and my dick, were interested in more than cuddling. I felt a hand go up under my shirt on mom's side, while a palm grazed over the gentle mound of my crotch. I slapped blindly at both hands, but that did little to stop their predications on my body. I was completely engrossed in the movie and sex with them both or not, I was going to see the end!

Mom was breathing heavily on my neck causing all the little hairs to stand up. Aunt Jess was nibbling on my earlobe. I shivered. I more than shivered when I felt both tongues softly licking up my neck, below my ear and around to the back of my neck on one side, just over my shoulder up under my ear and along my jaw line on the other. If it had been almost anyone besides Kate on the screen, I think I would have crumbled. My resolve was suddenly strengthened when bare breasts were suddenly revealed. Both tongues paused so I knew they were at least paying some attention still to the movie. The breasts were smaller so it was immediately apparent not to be Kate's character. The other top name actress from the credits was known to be vehemently against onscreen nudity so I knew it could not be her. But they were bare tits, so I didn't care whose they were! As I watched intently it wasn't reveled which character it was. I was intrigued and left wanting more.

"Those were very nice." Aunt Jessica let out. Her lips were trailing along my clavicle. She put a hand just inside the waistband of my shorts.

"They weren't Kate's though." Mom sighed, her lips brushing the junction of jaw and neck. Her voice had some longing in it. But was it for Kate or me? Was mom showing some curiosity? Maybe Kate could turn straight women. At minimum at least to bi-. A stirring from below showed my dick's interest in that. Then again, there wasn't much about mom that my dick wasn't interested in!

I felt I had been paying pretty close attention to the film, but that brief flash of female nudity was left unexplained. Both pairs of hands lifted my shirt and I (stupidly?) resisted it. You don't show tits and not explain who or why. Well, except maybe in a porno!

"Stop it." I whispered but without any conviction.

To cease their distractions I quickly whipped my shirt off and threw it aside. Both of them had to pull away from me as my arms flailed with my disrobing, but were back on me like moths to a streetlight. Feminine hands ran over my shoulders and upper chest. I felt mom's lips and tongue on my nipple; never had thought of such a thing in reverse. It really did nothing for me, but I wasn't against it either. Aunt Jess was doing her best to suck my blood through the skin of my neck. I would have a large bruise there tomorrow. I know it's called a hickey!

The movie played on and I noticed a lot of filming references to the noir genre. Was techno-romance another term for modernistic noir? Or at least a new slant on the classic films? See, film school for sure! I knew or suspected many of the intricacies of the film were lost on the other two viewers, but at least on an unconscious level they were appreciating the filmmaker's work. I was enthralled with it.

Four lips trailed over my body. Little hairs rose. Goosebumps rose. Dicks rose. I was going to pay them back shortly. With interest. Great interest! But I had to get to the end of my movie first!

[Spoiler Alert! Skip ahead if you plan on seeing the movie.

Kate's character in a twist of traditional relationships ends up killing the lead actor so she can be with her real lover, the other female lead whose breasts those were. They were a flashback memory of Kate's character from when they had first met and ultimately led to her killing her male lover. The movie ends with the two women kissing deeply. It was a twist I didn't see coming and left me flabbergasted. Word of mouth had been quiet about it, contrary to most shocking twists in modern movies. It was impossible to have a twist because everyone knew about it before going to see the movie. Now, it wasn't as shocking a twist as some, or as it might have been in another age, but for nothing being said about it was surprising.

End Spoiler]

As the credits rolled and I was trying to regain my composure from that ending, mom and her sister had slowed in their attentions on me.

"Wow! Didn't see that coming." Aunt Jessica exclaimed.

"Wasn't that that actress that swore she'd never show her tits in a movie?" Mom asked casually. I'd had sex with mom, but her saying tits so easily made me tingly.

"I guess if you pay them enough anyone will change their tune." I commented. I made a mental note to check online to see if maybe it had been a body double. They hadn't shown a face (as that would have possibly given away the ending), but I had to believe it really was her. Such is the fickleness of actresses.

Now that the movie was over, I expected to be attacked by the women. The movie's ending may have distracted them momentarily but I knew how heated the sexy thriller had helped to make them both (myself included I admit). I wasn't wrong.

Aunt Jess's planted face on mine was trying to see if she could touch my tonsils with her tongue. Mom's deft fingers worked my pants undone while she kissed my stomach. I saw Jojo stir out of the corner of my eye. I pushed them both off me to their surprised looks.

"Movie's over." My aunt said. I glanced to the sleeping bag.

"We should move the party elsewhere." I whispered. Mom looked at her other children and suddenly had a more motherly, less cougar air.

"Yes we should. Get up Jess. Turn off the TV Jeremy. We don't want either one of them waking up and having to wait until they fall asleep again." Mom stood and straightened her clothes.

Aunt Jess stood a couple seconds later as she realized how much more we would be able to do in mom's bed. I found the remote and ended the stream of credits playing. One day maybe people will skip my name in a movie's credits! Mom rechecked the sleeping siblings and as she stood, I saw a flash of the mother I had known before her hand found my dick. The look flickered a moment longer, then the cougar was back.

"Now let's get you tucked in too!" She said in a sexy whisper.

"Or fucked in, which I like better." Aunt Jess said with a purr.

I really don't think I could find two better women in the whole wide world!

"Let's go so you two can ravage me!" I did remember to pick up my shirt not that that would mean much to the kids in the morning, but the maid was still lazy. I saw mom smile as I passed her down the hall. "Still say you should fire that maid mom."

Aunt Jessica asked, "Maid? You have a maid? How did I not know that?" Mom and I laughed then mom explained.

"You can leave your clothes wherever you want at my house, just so long as they aren't on you!" My aunt said with her hands on my bare chest. Mom followed behind us. She pulled the bedroom door closed after she entered.

Aunt Jess's hands went from my chest to around my shoulders as she pulled me in for a kiss. Or should I say, a blistering, paint-peeling, eggs cooking on the pavement kiss! Minutes later, when we split I had to take a step back and shake my head to clear it. That was all it took for mom to step in and kiss me too. I could say how hot it was but I already used up all my metaphors. Besides, by now you should know how steamy mom and I get when out lips met!

Aunt Jess advanced and her lips replaced mom's. Both of them were pressed against my body, both their heads inches from mine, their lips so close I barely had to turn my head to kiss one or other. I wanted to see them kiss again, but I wouldn't press anything now. Mom knew

about my fantasy and if she was ready, she would respond. But not now.

Both pairs of lips did move down my chest and four pairs of hands made short work of my shoes, pants, and boxers. My aching cock stood proudly under their gazes. Gazes that became kisses as mom's and my aunt's lips were pressed along the sides of my cock. Their tongues joined their lips and they were soon giving me a double blowjob. They weren't purposely avoiding each other but their mouths never sought the other either. My legs shook and I decided I had better move to the bed.

I sat leaning back on my arms and mom and Aunt Jess got on their knees and went back to work on my incredibly hard cock. I had been too excited all day, the sexy movie adding to it, plus the visions of them with my favorite actress and I was ready to explode in minutes. I didn't have to say anything as I could tell that they slowed to keep me from cumming. But in my state, I could still go off with the smallest trigger. I didn't know if I wanted just to let the first one go, or to try to last and pace myself out.

The sisters took that decision from me as mom bobbed once on me, then Aunt Jess did, then mom again. Each bobbing stroke was the other's mouth. Both their hands were grasping my base, both their eyes staring up at mine. Their timing was exquisite, it didn't even seem like separate mouths around my dick. Nothing could have held me back then! I burst like an old water main on a winter's day! They continued such that I

was shooting cum in both their mouths almost seemingly at the same time!

"Oh holy shit you two! Suck me! Suck my big cock!" I didn't need to tell them, they were doing so already! Hungrily.

I fell back off my arms onto the mattress while the two women who probably be the death of me cleaned my still pulsing member. They were cleaning it long after there couldn't be a microbe of cum left on it. I used this extra time to suck in as much oxygen as I could manage.

"Girls, that was so fucking amazing! If that is ever an Olympic sport, you two are a lock for gold!" I said when I had enough lungpower to form words. I rose back up, sitting upright as I did.

"What, synchronized cock sucking?" Aunt Jess asked after giving my cockhead one last kiss.

"I think it would be more popular on TV then the swimming or gymnastics." Mom said with a grin.

"But is it a winter or summer sport?" I asked as if it could ever be a thing.

"Both!" They both exclaimed.

"Speaking of both," I said after a brief silence, "I want to lick both of you now. At the same time!"

"But we're still dressed." Mom said with a sly grin. "You'll have to undress us first!"

I knew she was implying a repeat of Thursday night's disrobing.

"With the two of you, I wouldn't be done before morning! I would like to do something with you both before then, mom!"

"Aw honey." Mom whined.

"What?" Aunt Jessica questioned us, lost to what we were implying. Mom quickly filled her in.

"I wouldn't mind that! But Jeremy is right; we don't have time for him to take hours just to get our clothes off! I need him before then!"

Mom smiled wistfully. "So do I."

"The two of you could give me a show. Do a strip tease for me."

"That's a good idea too!" Aunt Jess happily said.

"I suppose." Mom agreed moodily. "Do we undress each other?" She lit up.

"That's up to you two." I tried not to sound too enthusiastic for this idea. I wanted them to do what they wanted, not what I wanted. At least right now.

"Just ourselves is fine." My aunt said a bit quietly. Was she not into this?

"We need some music to do this properly." Mom said.

I pulled my phone from my discarded pants pocket and started my playlist. Mom looked at me.

"I don't know your music Jeremy." She said blankly.

"It's okay Jenny. Just move to the beat, what song it is doesn't matter." Aunt Jess started swaying seductively to the music.

I have to say that the contrast between her very womanly figure and her school girlish attire dancing suggestively intrigued me. She kicked off her black heels first as mom watched her studiously. Mom started to move her hips from side to side, lifting her arms up halfway as she 'danced' to the modern beat. My aunt and I smiled broadly.

"What?" Mom said when she saw our reactions.

"Nothing, keep going mom." I didn't care what mom did; she still was hot to me.

To prove it she started running her hands over her body, giving me her sexiest smile and eyes so fiery they would have made Superman jealous. She cupped her breasts as her hands roamed over her figure. She swayed her hips so that her ass was in profile to me and bent slightly to emphasize its curves. Her sister ran her hands over her large orbs that in the pale green sweater truly resembled melons. The black mini-skirt hugging her hips flounced about tempting me with what stayed hidden underneath. I didn't know which sister to watch!

Mom turned away from me and bent over and touched the floor with both palms, her blouse falling down, or up, to reveal her black lacy bra, but my eyes were focused on those luscious ass cheeks encased so delightfully in her snug slacks. Not to be outdone my aunt also bent over but was only able to touch her fingertips to the carpeting, but I didn't notice as the short skirt rode up and revealed a silvery thong

wedged between Aunt Jess's amazing ass cheeks! Both women were bent over to showcase their fabulous fannies for me! Each had its own appeal, but Aunt Jessica's had always been in a class by itself!

Mom, knowing she was beaten, stood back up and pulled her creamy blouse over her head with a magician's flare. She ran her hands over her bra squeezing her tits as she did so. The pale flesh oozed out of the lacy fabric and from her fingers. Then she slipped her hands underneath the undergarment forcing it up and off her motherly mounds. Mom kept dancing with her hands holding her tits hidden. Seeing mom wearing her brown slacks with her bra hanging loosely above her hands while holding her breasts, moving rhythmically, and staring at me hungrily gave me chills. I had to fight to keep from leaping up and mauling her.

Aunt Jess slowly unzipped her skirt, letting it fall to the floor and kicking it to join her shoes. She moved more seductively than my mother, like a tigress on the hunt. And I was the willing prey! While mom was basically just moving in place, my aunt danced around the room, roaming from mom's side to alongside the bed, just beyond my reach if I had chosen to lift my arms. She bent over again, this time to slide one of her green socks to her ankle. She swung that foot towards me with a dancer's grace. Aunt Jess spun about to face me staring at her. Our eyes locked for a moment before I turned back to mom.

Mom turned slightly away from me and raised her hands up, pulling her bra free as she did, and with a backhand toss flung the bra towards

me. I caught glimpses of the sides of mom's tits as she swayed about, but she didn't turn back around. Instead, she looked at me over her shoulder as she ran one hand then the other over her curvy lower hemispheres. The color of the slacks made mom's ass look like two large chocolate balls smooshed together. The image made my mouth water. And the promise of taking that ass made my dick stir!

My aunt continued to dance about, sliding her other sock to her ankle by lifting her leg up before in a move reminiscent of a ballerina, revealing a dark spot on her silvery panties. She then stepped close to where I sat on the edge of the bed and shook her ass in my face, then with a quick spin my face was inches from her heavenly green mounds. I fought the desire to grab those tits and never let go.

Mom meanwhile had undone her pants and had shimmied them down around her hips slowly while keeping her tits from my view. She squatted down, bent over, and turned back around with her hands covering her breasts again. My dick was well on its way to full erection, and possibly nuclear meltdown! Mom stepped from her slacks and was moving her hands in circles over her tits, revealing large amounts of flesh, but never a nipple or more than a fraction of glorious mammary flesh.

Both of them had long since ceased moving to the music or any kind of beat but their own, each removing their clothing for my eyes only to the rhythm of the passion we felt for each other. Their eyes wondered down to my hard dick very frequently as they moved around, my own

eyes the second focus of their attention. Neither of them would ever make it as a stripper, but the dance each was doing was only for an audience of one person only, me, and I was the most appreciative audience either would ever have.

My beautiful sexy mother was now standing with her slacks around her ankles, a black pair of panties covering her intimate treasures, and her hands covering her tits let slip her nipples between her fingers. My curvaceous lusty aunt had lifted her sweater up and off, showing surprisingly a white plain bra that barely contained her huge breasts. Mom did a mock-pirouette as she spun showing all her feminine charms as she did so. Aunt Jessica almost did jumping jacks without her feet leaving the floor, her large tits bouncing as her arms spread upwards. My eyes were overloaded with all the sights to take in, all the female flesh to feast on, and more tits and ass than any one guy would ever need!

The two of them were as close to naked as I could stand anymore. I leapt from the bed towards Aunt Jessica and wrapped my arms around her in a hug that was a cover for unfastening her straining bra. I gave her the briefest kiss and turned to my mom. She stood in her just her panties and a huge grin. I stepped to her and gave her a kiss too, then grabbed at her hips and lifted her enough to land her on the bed pulling her panties off as I did. She gave a cry of surprise at my physical action but stayed on the bed. I turned back to my aunt and momentarily paused to stare at her glorious naked tits and prominent nipples. I also grabbed her and half-threw her on the bed next to her sister. She shrieked more in glee than surprise. Before she could move, I grabbed

the waistband of her shiny panties and pulled them down her legs. I noticed that both women made no effort to hide their womanly charms from my eyes, spreading their legs to let me see even more of them.

"Mom, get on top of Aunt Jessica." I instructed.

She stared at me, more in confusion than shock.

"Sit, or rather lay, in her lap so I can lick you both together." As if I was asking my mother to get me a soda!

"Oh. That won't be too much for you, will it Jess?" Mom answered just as plainly.

"What do you weigh? Like one-forty? If that? I've had guys more than twice your size on top of me. I think I can handle you!" Aunt Jessica retorted.

"Okay." Mom moved over her sister to sit on her upper thighs and cautiously leaned back until her back was pressed onto Aunt Jess's jugs. A better pillow mom could never find!

"Your tits feel very nice in my back!" Mom excitingly exclaimed. Aunt Jessica reached up around mom's body and grabbed mom's boobs, cupping them and giving both nipples a gentle pinch.

"Oh!" Mom cried out.

"Your tits feel pretty nice too, Jenny!"

If my cock hadn't been hard already, watching my aunt play with mom's firm tits would have raised it from the dead!

"Are you going to eat us or just stand there staring?" Aunt Jess anxiously asked.

They both spread their legs as wide as they could. The two most gorgeous pussies I'd ever seen lay before me awaiting me to pleasure them! If I didn't already think I was in heaven, I would be assured of it now!

"I'm sorry that the two of you are so stunning that I can't believe it. I just can't ..." And I couldn't, whatever it was I was talking about.

"Come on honey. We're not that stunning." Mom said, as she casually lay on her sister with their legs spread open. I almost wished I could get a picture of them like this!

"You should see you from my angle!" I answered back.

I stepped to the bed and as I knelt, I had mom shift up slightly so I could easily access both delicious cunts! I didn't know which one to start with. Aunt Jessica? Mom?

"You're staring again!" Mom's voice broke my indecision. Start at the top and work my way down!

I buried my face in mom's already wet pussy. She giggled, which was a strange reaction.

I licked up and down a few times on mom's pussy before I moved a few inches lower and ran my tongue all around my aunt's equally wet snatch. She moaned more appropriately. I moved my head between the two sets of pussy lips, licking them, sucking the lips, pushing my tongue in both gaping holes, tasting the distinct and delicious flavor of each. I had them both moaning now, vocal approval to my oral ministrations. I licked from the bottom, starting at Aunt Jess's puckered asshole and licked up and over her entire slit, pausing to give a bit of extra attention to her love button, then up to mom's butthole and on to

her dripping pussy and ending at her little clit, which also warranted additional consideration.

I glanced up and saw that Aunt Jess's hands were still all over mom's tits with mom's hands pulling at her nipples roughly. I had two hands and I brought one up to each pussy. I pushed the first two fingers of both hands into those pussies. This caused an increase in the moans, deeper and louder too. I returned my tongue to each clit in turn without spending too much time on either, alternating between both groaning women. The addition of my fingers did make licking them trickier, but I was able to work around my hands.

"Lick my clit Jeremy! Mommy wants to cum on your face!" Mom cried out.

"Not before you make your naughty auntie cum! Lick me!" Aunt Jessica cried louder.

"No! Lick mommy!" Mom ordered forcefully.

"Lick my pussy Jeremy!" Aunt Jessica almost yelled.

I licked furiously back and forth while ramming both hands in them. I did this for a minute, two tops. I decided to up their ecstasy. I pulled both hands free and added a third finger to jam in their soaked cunts.

"Shit!" Aunt Jess shrieked.

"Oh God!" Mom's voice was a touch louder.

I continued licking their clits, sucking and flicking the sensitive nibs as hard and as fast as I could. I wanted to make them both cum at the same time. I didn't know if I could without being able to have a tongue on each of them. All I could do was try to get each as close to cumming without setting either one off. Was that even possible? Before my tongue fell off?

"Faster honey! I'm so close! Lick mommy's cunt!" Mom begged.

"Fuck that bitch. Lick my fucking pussy Jeremy! I want to cum all over your face!" Aunt Jess commanded.

I played no favorites, only intending to make them both cum as hard as I could make them. I debated about a fourth finger, but rejected the idea. I didn't want them getting used to anything bigger than my dick! Although it was longer than any of my fingers, but why risk it. I couldn't curl my fingers to trigger either g-spot in this position so I had to rely on my oral skills and pure pistoning power with my fingers.

"Oh God! Oh God! Oh God!" My aunt chanted.

Mom was right there with her!

"Fuck! Oh Yeah! Oh, fuck! Oh! Right there baby, right fucking there!"

I switched between them every few seconds, sucking their clits and flicking them in my mouth with my tongue for a quick ten-count before moving up or down to the other sister.

"Don't stop baby! Mommy's going to cum! Mommy's going to cum so fucking hard! Gah!" Mom grunted as I resumed licking Aunt Jess.

"That's it Jeremy! Suck my clit! Just like that, fucking just like that! Oh, shit! Damn it!"

Back to mom.

"Oh baby! I need to cum! Make me cum now! Please baby! Pleeease!"

"Make me cum damn you! You can fuck my ass again! Just make me cuuuumm!"

Having this kind of control over these two sexy mature women was so intoxicating, so erotic; I felt so powerful right then as they begged me to make them cum. By trying to make them wait, I was hoping that they would be so close to bursting that it wouldn't take much of anything to trigger their orgasms. I may not have been able to lick both clits at the same time, but maybe that wouldn't be required to set them off. Back and forth, my tongue went, in and out slammed my fingers.

"Fuck my cunt with your fucking fingers! Harder! Lick that fucking clit!" Mom yelled.

"Suck my clit! Bite it! Fuck me, suck me! Don't fucking stop now!" Aunt Jessica screamed.

"Oh God honey! You can fuck me whenever you want, just make me cum! Make your mommy cum!"

"Jeez zus fuck king damn! If you don't make me cum now, I'll rip your cock off!"

I stopped licking both of them and increased the intensity I shoved my fingers in their drenched cunts. I pulled my head back to watch.

"Cum you fucking sluts! Cum mom! Cum now Aunt Jess! Cum on my hands! Fucking soak my fingers with your cum, bitches!" I commanded as forcefully as I could while panting from my exertions.

"Oh fuck yes! Fuuuuckk yessss!"

"Fuck you! Fuuuckkinnng cuuummminng!"

They yelled out together.

I had done it. I had made them both cum at the same time! This was almost better than cumming myself!

I said almost.

Both women shook and bucked as their tremendous orgasms ripped through their bodies, Aunt Jess limited in her movements by the weight of mom on top of her lithe frame. They had both done as I had commanded and my hands were covered with their slimy film, more of it running out of them and coating Aunt Jess's crotch and then the sheets.

I ceased my finger fucking soon after their dam's broke and pulled my hands to my mouth to taste both of their savory fluids. Their trembling

and quivering continued after I finished cleaning my digits, gradually calming into gentle twitches. Mom slid off her sister's slick figure, a sheen covering her own skin. They both looked down their bodies to where I knelt upright.

"That was fucking incredible!" Aunt Jessica gasped between breaths.

"Oh God was it incredible! You made us both cum together!" Mom said equally breathless.

"I really didn't think you could." Her sister added.

"Either did I, really." I responded.

"Oh honey! Thank you!" Mom sat up, pulled my face to hers, and kissed me. With company present, it was kept short.

"Oh don't you two start!" Aunt Jess exclaimed and pulled my head from mom's face. Her lips replaced her sister's.

"The same applies for you too!" Mom pulled Aunt Jess's shoulder away from me. "Besides, it's getting late. We have to get up early tomor-, or I should say, today." She altered as she saw the bedside clock.

"Why does it matter what time we take Johnny and Jojo? We'll just go later in the morning. Or the afternoon." I asked with a hard dick ready for more. I know mom and I had already discussed this, but I all I could think of right then was the two willing women beside me.

"So we should deprive your brother and sister of their fun tomorrow, so you can have more time to fuck your mother and aunt tonight?" Mom asked all too sincerely.

It was a trick question. The answer I wanted to give I knew wasn't the right choice.

"No. Of course not. They should get most of the day with Grandma Sharon. We can just fuck more tomorrow afternoon." Having a serious conversation about the amount of time you get to screw your mom with your mother can really mess with a guy's sense of being!

"So, we shouldn't be up all night fooling around." Mom said all too motherly.

"Jenny, we have three people that can drive tomorrow. We can rest on the drive there and back, taking turns driving if we have to." Aunt Jess piped in, repeating mom's words from yesterday.

"Do you really think there will be any resting going on during the drive back?" Mom asked with an inquisitive look at her sister.

"Well ... we could after whatever we did with Jeremy."

Wait, what?

I had never thought of fooling around with mom and Aunt Jess coming back from Grandma Sharon's house! Were they more perverted than me? Or hornier? Was that even possible?

"Regardless. But before we attempt to go to sleep, I want to watch him fuck you Jess. I know you don't get as much time as you would like." Mom said with a slight smile looking at her naked sister.

Mom wanted to watch me have sex with Aunt Jessica?

Granted she had seen me with her sister before, that day with the two of them with Aunt Jess's friend, Margie. Mom had been a very unwilling participant back then, but she had watched me fuck Margie and then my aunt. Right before I had had sex with her for the first time. Now she was almost too willing, but still graciously wanted to share me. I knew how much mom wanted me to fuck her senseless, and yet she would allow Aunt Jessica more time with me and my dick. I didn't

necessarily care which one of these sexy women I got to sink my dick in, as long as I got to have one of them.

"You'd do that for me? You won't argue about having a shot tonight too? Thanks Jenny." Aunt Jessica said sincerely.

I moved up onto the bed next to them. This much naked female flesh was making my not-so-little friend very anxious.

"I can't say that I get enough of Jeremy's big cock, I seem to want it constantly now, but I know that you get it even less. And you don't have another man at home like I do, not that that has made much difference. I just really wanted to see what he is like while having sex with someone, from the outside so to say." Mom confided. Her eyes had lingered on my swollen glans.

"A little kinky, huh? I get it." Aunt Jess answered with a crack in her voice.

"Jeremy is such a good lover; I want to see that while not a part of it."

"Yes, he is. Very good."

"I am right here you two." I said.

Aunt Jess turned to look at me.

"Then what are you waiting for? An invitation? You should be all over me already!"

She had a point.

I remedied this by being all over her!

I grabbed her shoulders and turned her to face me. I leaned forward until our lips met and devoured her mouth with a passion-filled kiss. Mom moved to the headboard to sit up against it and be out of our way. I tried to put her out of my head right now so I could focus on my aunt's curvy body and the sensual lips attached to my own.

We fell back onto the mattress locked together, our arms wrapped around the other's back, Aunt Jess's legs entwining with mine. I trailed my lips down to her chin then up along her jaw line. I nibbled on her earlobe a moment before licking down the side of her neck. I heard two gasps in unison. My aunt was trying to wriggle her body beneath mine to bring my stiff prick into contact with her skin, if not her pelvis. After her recent orgasm, I assumed she didn't need any further warming up so I shifted with her until my dick rubbed along her damp womanhood. This elicited only a single gasp, from the woman beneath me.

"Put it in me." Aunt Jess sighed. "I want you to fuck me nice and slow." She purred softly. "At least to start."

"Yes Jeremy. Fill her with your dick. I can almost feel you in me!" Mom also purred from nearby.

I kissed my aunt's neck, giving her gentle love bites and flicks of my tongue on her skin. For a moment, I tried to find my way to her lovely gash without a guiding hand, but after two false stabs, I reached down before Aunt Jess did and slipped slowly and easily into her pussy. A much louder gasp escaped my aunt's lips that I caught as I placed my mouth on hers once more. A soft moan came from mom who must have been touching herself in some way.

I didn't sink all the way in that warm enveloping chasm, but rather only about a third. I slowly slid back and forward once more, gradually working my length deeper as her grasping walls hugged my girth. She moaned with every plunge, short quick breaths filling the gaps between. It was probably five minutes or so until I was pressed fully within Aunt Jessica's wonderful womb. I lay atop of her for minute, my full weight on our joining. Her hands grabbed my ass, holding me in her.

"Oh God Jeremy! You almost don't even have to fuck me. I think if you just stayed like this for an hour or so I would cum!" Aunt Jess moaned out in bliss.

"I might even be able to stay hard that long in your wonderfully tight hot pussy!" I responded and ground my pubic hair into her thin coppery strip.

"Oh yes! That feels amazing!" She grabbed my lips with hers.

"Your pussy squeezing me feels so amazing!" I said in return barely breaking contact with her mouth. Her warm tits mashing into my chest felt damn good too!

"I can't take it! You have to fuck me! Ram this cock in my amazing pussy Jeremy! Ram it in me hard!" Aunt Jess begged.

I wasn't one to make a woman beg, so I did as she wanted. As I wanted.

"Fuck her hard Jeremy! Fuck her like you fuck me!" Mom chimed in, as worked up as the two of us. I glanced to see she was shoving two fingers in herself, her other hand working her clit rapidly.

"Yes! Fuck me hard! Fuck me like you fuck your mother! You motherfucker! Oh yes!"

Aunt Jess would never have lasted an hour with my hard dick in her!

I wouldn't have lasted a fraction of that in her hot cunt!

"You like my big hard cock in your tight wet cunt Aunt Jessica?" I asked hoarsely between thrusts. I gave her a quick hard jab. "Do you like that?" Then another. "Or that?"

"God!" She cried out. "I love that! I love your cock in my cunt! Fuck me with your big cock!"

I rapidly increased the tempo of my thrusts as I tried to pound her harder.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" Aunt Jess repeated with each penetration.

"Fuck her!" Came mom's shrill voice.

I did so for the next few minutes, but even though I had already cum once, the excitement I had built up all week put me on edge. Having

sex with my gorgeous aunt while mom was watching us was quite the thrill. Even if I had already done it once!

"I'm gonna cum soon Jess! I'm gonna to fill your cunt with my cum!" I was so close! My balls were burning and my dick was going to burst if I didn't cum soon!

"Shoot your cum in me! You'll make me cum too!" She wailed.

It only took a couple more minutes of slamming deep into my aunt's pulsing cunt to cause my balls to tighten and finally release my creamy white sperm into Aunt Jessica. I kept ramming into her as I was cumming, shooting stream after stream of my cum. This triggered my aunt's own powerful orgasm.

"Fuck me! Fill me with your cum! I'm ... gonna ... cuuumm ... too! God! Cuuummminntooo!" Her head jerked back, her eyes rolled up in her head, her hands reached wide and grabbed the sheets, and her legs curled around my upper thighs like a pair of calipers. She let out long shivery whimper as her body quivered in the aftermath.

I looked down at Aunt Jessica, her eyes glassy, her strawberry curls plastered to her head, a sparkling sheen covering her skin. I bent and kissed her lips, which barely responded to my touch. Her eyes slowly focused on my face, a smile trying to form.

"Hello beautiful." I smiled back.

"Wow." She said weakly.

"Yeah." I kissed her again quickly and rolled to her side.

"That was really sexy." Mom said softly. Her hands were lying casually beside her. She had a soft glow about her.

"Did you enjoy it too?" I asked with a touch of innuendo.

"Yes. Well enough." She answered without answering.

"Jenny. You had better not mess up with Jeremy. I would steal him in a minute if you do." Aunt Jess said as she looked to her sister with an odd look. It appeared almost to be lust or was it just more jealousy?

"Jess, he's my son. He isn't mine to lose. Or yours to steal." Mom said with a soft edge to her voice.

"I'm just saying don't mess up what you have together. It may be irregular, but it is special." Aunt Jess told her sister, then looked back to me by her side. "Not everyone gets to have what you have."

For some reason the words struck me as prophetic. I knew what I had with mom was amazing. With my aunt also. I hoped not to do anything that would lose me either one.

"I know Jess. I feel guilty about what I do with my son, but he makes me feel like I've never felt before. It may not be right, but what we do, what we have, just feels so right. Even with you part of it. I wouldn't change any of it. But where does that leave me with Justin? It's not fair to him. I love him too. Jeremy being with us isn't fair to him either. He should have a girlfriend. Not his mother and her sister." Mom's voice sounded more naked than her body then.

"None of us planned any of this, Jenny. It just happened. We don't know what will happen with us. We all know this won't last forever, it can't. All we can do is enjoy it while we can." My aunt sagely answered.

"I plan on enjoying it all weekend!" I tried to break the solemn tone that had suddenly hung over the room.

Mom smiled then, not a big one but enough.

"We need to get to sleep, it's late." She patted the bed next to her as she moved to lie down. "You get to cuddle with both of us tonight."

Sleep is what I wanted to do right then, naked women or not.

Unless mom wanted me first. Or Aunt Jessica again!

I mean, I am eighteen! I'd pick sex over sleep any day, every day!

I noticed Aunt Jess almost staring at where mom was now laying. I shifted about to lie next to my nude mother with the expectation that my naked aunt would join me on the other side. I saw her pause, her eyes still lingering on her sister. Did she want to sleep on a specific side of me? Some people were fussy about the side of the bed they slept on.

"Do you want to sleep on the other side Jess?" I asked her.

She broke her gaze. "No. I, uh no. Let's get some sleep." She moved up next to me.

Both women pressed close to me, the delightful feeling of their soft, curvy bodies against me might just have kept me from being able to sleep. I actually fell asleep quickly, with their breaths on my shoulders and hands on my chest.

I awoke in the middle of the night as if from a dream. I felt the two sleeping women still on either side of me, their soft breathing proof I hadn't dreamt any of it. Or that I was still in the dream. I fell back to sleep with a content smile on my face.

Chapter 12

Next I woke, I found the bed empty on one side of me. I turned to the other and found Aunt Jess still sleeping peacefully. There was a pale early morning light only bright enough to make the curtains glow. Mom must have gotten up to get Johnny and Jojo up and ready for our little voyage. When I listened closely, I could vaguely hear footsteps upstairs. I then realized and hoped I had closed my bedroom door so my brother and sister wouldn't realize that I wasn't in my room! The sounds upstairs grew somewhat louder.

I heard a sound next to me and saw my aunt open her eyes and look at me with a smile.

"Good morning handsome. How's my favorite nephew this morning?"

"I don't know, mom's getting him up right now." I quipped.

"I meant you Jeremy." She pushed down the blanket enough that I could see her bare tits. My eyes were riveted there.

She waved a hand before my face. I turned to look at her eyes.

"Even with all this, you still shouldn't say you have a favorite, Jess."

"I know, but how can I not?" She sat up with her pillow against the headboard. "We have some time. Do you want more time with your auntie?"

"That's a silly question and you know it. Of course I do. We can't get too loud though. Or take too long. Johnny may take forever to get out of bed, but I don't know when mom got up." I cautioned.

"Can I get a morning shake?" My aunt almost giggled.

"Sure thing! However, the pump may be a little slow this morning. I just had it flushed out last night."

Her almost-giggle became a loud snort, a hand coming up to cover her face.

"I'll just have to see what I can do with it!" Aunt Jess said as she pulled the blankets off both of us. My eyes were pulled back to her exquisite figure. Her eyes lit up when she saw me staring.

My dick was still sleeping, but my aunt was able to rouse it in very little time. Her vacuuming mouth pulled my blood into my rising penis as she grabbed the base in one hand and the other found my balls. The bobbing of her head, her lips wrapped around the shaft, and her tongue swirling around my cockhead had me as hard as I had ever been. Her ability to take me deep into her throat so easily also astounded me still.

"I was telling mom awhile ago, that between her tongue and your throat that you two would make the greatest cocksucker ever." I wasn't sure I should bring up my comparison to Aunt Jessica. I must have had a thing for being in a hole.

"Jenny has a great tongue?" She asked after pulling my dick out of her throat.

Okay, definitely not the response I had expected.

"Oh yes. She can't deep throat like you, actually she can't really do it at all, but she does do things with her tongue while she's blowing me that are just incredible." I gushed. "But so is what you do."

"Oh, you like this do you?" And she proceeded to take my dick back down her throat. She hummed as she kissed my pubic hair, keeping me like that for far longer than I thought was possible. I didn't want her to choke on my cock! But the sensation was amazing! She pulled back off me, trailing long globs of thick saliva. She sucked them and me back in her mouth.

"Shit, Aunt Jess! I don't know how you do that, but I love it!" I gasped out as she continued to bob up and down, her lips going from mushroom head to the base of my cock on every stroke.

She gurgled in her throat as she rose up and then pushed her head down. This was far different from my normal morning blowjobs, but by no means any less. I could tell my aunt had taken my comment about mom's tongue to heart as she was using hers more than usual. It wasn't as good as mom's, but then mom couldn't engulf me the way Aunt Jess could either! I would just have to enjoy them each for their unique individual skills.

In less than ten minutes, Aunt Jess had gotten me from soft to hard to aching and ready to burst!

"Oh yes! I'm going to cum Jess! Suck my cock! Oh shit!"

I managed to unleash a torrent of cum into her suctioning mouth and down her esophagus. My hips left the bed as she kept up her base to tip

sucking throughout the entire time I was shooting my thick streams of cum into her. Even when I thought I was empty, my sexy aunt still managed to coax one more stream from my balls. I sank deeper into mom's mattress when Aunt Jess's lips finally left my shiny clean cock. It still stood proudly, but only because it hadn't realized that it was done yet. I felt literally sucked dry!

There was suddenly a loud commotion in the hallway. Aunt Jessica and I both froze for half a second. I looked at her, then the door.

"I hope Aunt Jessica is awake! She's been in bed a long time! I hope she is covered up because Johnny and Jojo want to see their aunt!" Mom's voice was extraordinarily loud as she gave us warning.

I sprang from the bed, still naked. I looked around the room quickly. A number of places to hide were spotted, evaluated, and discounted as too obvious, all in the matter of a nanosecond. I threw my aunt a robe so at least she'd be covered. I would just be caught standing naked in the middle of mom's bedroom!

"Under the bed, Jeremy!" Aunt Jess whispered loudly as she whipped the robe around her body.

It was cliché, but I dropped to the floor and wriggled under the bed on the opposite side of the bed from the door.

The door opened and my raucous siblings rushed the bed. I could see their smaller feet and then mom's that were unmoving near the door. The bed squeaked as my brother and sister climbed on the bed. After a few minutes of morning greetings and, I assumed, hugs all around, Aunt Jessica climbed off the bed with the kids, and the three of them crossed the room to where mom's feet still stood. Mom was still there after the other three went down the hallway in a tumult of noise. I poked my head up and saw mom staring at me. I stood and her eyes surveyed my still naked form. She had a twisted smile as she stared.

"Put something on and sneak upstairs. You need a shower before we go. I'm going to make breakfast while you and Jessica get dressed." Mom said in her 'mom' voice. I saw she was already dressed, appropriately for a visit to her mother, in a flouncy black dress covered in a multitude of tiny flowers in a variety of types and colors vaguely similar to polka dots without being so plain. The loose ruffled sleeves to her elbows helped the motherly look that was betrayed by a fairly low cut front that only revealed pale skin but no cleavage. A few months ago, I would have paid no attention to her in this dress, but as I pictured what lay hidden underneath ...

"Quit staring and get moving!" She said sternly, but I could detect the smile she was hiding. She turned quickly causing the hem of the dress to swirl around her knees. I swore I saw a wiggle of her barely visible ass as she left the room.

I pulled on my boxers, gathered the rest of my clothing, and paused at the door to look out. No one was visible; everyone's voices were heard in the kitchen. I quickly darted down the hall and up the stairs. I eyed my bed as I entered my room. If it hadn't been for the expectation of more sex, I would have told mom that I would stay home while she and my aunt dropped the kids off. Well, and the fact that I really did want to see my grandmother. This made me think of what she would say about me having sex with her daughters. This brought what we were doing a bit closer to heart. Not that I would stop what we had started!

A cold shower woke me fully. I dressed in loose shorts (for easy access!) and a tee shirt. I almost skipped wearing underwear, but I just couldn't do it. I returned downstairs to find the others getting ready to eat. Aunt Jessica was wearing a soft blue sundress with only thin straps over her shoulders. The prospect that she could be bra-less enticed me. I noticed Johnny might have glanced at her once or twice. She had sandals on her feet, which I now saw that mom was wearing also.

There were only scrambled eggs, plain pancakes, and bacon as the choices, but there were quantities enough to fill us all, even me who was trying to stock up on energy for the long day before me. The only sounds were Johnny and Jojo chattering nonstop about their two days spent with grandma. I was almost jealous of them. Until I looked to mom or Aunt Jess that is! The smiles they gave me let me know the thoughts that were in their heads were similar to mine!

Aunt Jess and I cleaned up the kitchen while mom had my siblings collect their backpacks with clothes for tomorrow and any assorted items that each had deemed important to take. All I needed was my hard dick! A last minute check and we were out the door.

Grandma Sharon lived about ninety minutes away, depending on traffic on the highway. It was close enough that we had gotten to see her plenty of times throughout the year, but just far enough away that it made it a special trip. Mom drove, all of us in her car, she and Aunt Jess in the front seats with Jojo, Johnny, and me in the back. The journey went quickly as there was little traffic this early on a Saturday morning. I occupied my time with my siblings playing the alphabet game twice (finding something that starts with A, then B, and so on), a couple games of twenty questions, and calling out any of the out of state license plates that we saw. I even saw a Hawai'i plate that I joked about it driving across the ocean floor to the mirth of my brother and sister. Johnny seemed really stumped as to how it really could have gotten here. I left him guessing.

We arrived mid-morning just as my siblings' excitement was beginning to fade. My anticipation on the other hand was growing. Mom pulled the car into Grandma Sharon's driveway and the car had barely stopped when Johnny opened his door and he and our sister piled out. Grandma opened her front door just before the two would have slammed into it. We spent half an hour chatting, mostly mom and Aunt Jessica talking with grandma. I noticed their demeanor towards me had become completely different around their mother, as if Grandma

Sharon could tell they'd done something wrong like naughty young girls. Little did grandma know how naughty her daughters really were!

As we were about to leave grandma realized that I wasn't staying also. She looked disappointed and I felt bad. I told her that I'd had plenty of times visiting grandma and that now it was Johnny and Jojo's time. I promised that once I had graduated I would make a point of coming to visit her this coming summer. This cheered her up somewhat and I think she understood that having their much older brother there would interfere with the younger kids' fun. After hugs and kisses all around, mom, Aunt Jess, and I were soon back on the road.

Mom and Aunt Jess had switched front seats for the drive home, at least for the start of it. I sat by myself in the back, knowing it wouldn't last very long, as we only had to make a show for grandma and the kids as we left.

Aunt Jessica suggested before we were down the street that we should just find a motel or cheap hotel nearby and just spend the weekend there so we wouldn't have to drive back and forth from home. Mom asked her about her plans for teasing me during the drive. Her sister merely replied that we would have more time alone this way. I had to agree with my aunt's thinking but I would miss my bed, or rather mom's bed. We would just have more options if we were at home. We wouldn't necessarily lose anytime during the drive, as there was much we could still do while we drove. New wild ways to have sex with Aunt Jess and mom! Mom said she was almost tempted to agree with her

sister, but finally said that she didn't want to be cooped up in a motel all weekend just to get a few extra hours. The deciding factor was the fact that we'd brought no change of clothing; showing up back at grandma's wearing the same things we had on now would make their mother highly suspicious. More than she always was already.

Mom had Jess pull over before getting on the highway so she could get in the back seat with me. I was surprised that mom wanted to be the one to start things off; Aunt Jess was the bolder one. Although it had still been mom's hand in my lap that started everything! I wondered if mom hadn't planned this by driving all the way to grandma's, so it would appear reasonable for Aunt Jess to drive on the way back. I wouldn't have thought it of mom mere months ago, but I hadn't known what a sex-crazed woman she was then either! Added to the fact that she'd let Jess have sex with me last night, and had given us time this morning to do whatever, she obviously felt it was her turn now! That was fine by me!

"Don't go wearing him out before we get back to your house Jenny! Save some of that big beautiful dick for me!" Aunt Jessica said looking into the rearview mirror at us.

"You already had a shot at him this morning!" Mom retorted.

"We really didn't have time to do much before you came barging in with the other two." Aunt Jess complained.

"Just keep your eyes on the road and try not to kill us and you'll get more time with Jeremy."

I felt like an order of pork roast that the two women were protesting over. A pork roast with a growing hot dog as mom ran a hand over my meat!

"I already blew him this morning, so you'll have to do more than that!" Aunt Jess bragged when she saw her sister's hand.

"Oh, I plan on it!" Mom said in a tone that spoke volumes.

As she continued to rub my hardening cock, I placed a hand on her thigh and caressed it softly. I moved up the smooth skin, not letting the fabric of her dress slow me at all. Mom brought her other hand to my crotch and began to work my shorts undone. When she had my dick standing tall, she stroked it gently, her fingers barely grazing my warm skin. My hand had pushed aside most of her dress below the waist as I massaged her pale inner thigh. They parted more than slightly, the dress falling aside to reveal that mom had no panties on!

"Mom!" I exclaimed in surprise.

"Jenny! You sat there talking to mom without panties on? What a bad girl you are!"

"Just as bad as my sister is!" Mom giggled with sex dripping in her tone.

"You know it!" Aunt Jess answered just as sexily. "Move a little to the left Jeremy. I can't see your cock!" She said as she adjusted the rearview mirror.

"Just you keep driving and don't worry about back here!" Mom scolded her.

"Not likely!" Was the response.

I expected mom would now suck me as she could never seem to get enough, but she surprised me by lifting her ass and pulling her dress over her head!

"Holy fuck mom! You're naked!" I blurted out loudly.

"Jeez Jenny!" Aunt Jess exclaimed just as loud.

Mom merely moved over and hunched over to get on top of me, guiding my erect cock into her already damp pussy.

"Oh yes. That feels so good." She said like warm honey. Like the warm honey that it felt like my cock was now buried in!

"Move over! I want to see you ride that cock!" Aunt Jess begged. I lifted mom's hips as well as I could and slide a few inches to the left.

"Better?" I asked.

I was going to have mom bounce on my dick in the back seat and I was making sure her sister could watch. I could only hope a cop didn't see us positioned like this, as it would be very obvious what was happening! I'm sure there is some kind of law about fucking your mom in the back seat of a moving vehicle with your aunt watching while she was driving!

Mom did start to bounce on my dick, slowly at first, clearly wanting to take her time. That was fine by me as I was already prepared to start rationing the number of orgasms I would have, to make sure I lasted until tomorrow night, which seemed so far away right now!

"Ride him Jenny! That looks so hot!" Aunt Jess's eyes appeared in the mirror. "That's something I've never done in any backseat, even back in my 'slut' days of high school!"

"You weren't a slut Aunt Jess, you were just well-sexed!" I commented.

"Is that the PC term nowadays?" She asked with a slight laugh.

I reached around mom's body to grab her tits, squeezing them roughly, and pulling her pink nipples.

"Oh yeah! Pinch my tits! Pull on them while your big cock fills me up, Jeremy!" Mom moaned.

I could only do as my mother told me!

I made no effort to move my hips or ass, letting mom ride me at her own pace, I just enjoyed the woman bucking on my lap. She had her hands on the two front seats as she worked up her tempo. I worked at staying hard and not letting myself get too excited. Mom was starting to breathe heavily and her even rhythm became rough. I glanced around out the windows to distract myself as I felt tingles from below.

Aunt Jess was driving a bit slowly as she constantly glanced in the mirror at us; other cars were zipping by us in the next lane. That is, until I saw one car go by not much faster than us. I saw it slow, appearing to be in reverse as it fell back next to us. I could see a young couple; I presumed them to be married, glancing over at us.

At mom as she bounced in my lap!

I smiled at them, thinking they would move off when their voyeurism was noticed. They only fell back further until their front side window was even with our back window. I waved innocently. The young woman in the passenger seat waved back, a wide grin on her face.

"Wave mom! We have spectators!" I said softly, even though with the closed windows of both cars I couldn't be heard.

"What? Where?" She cried out but didn't stop her irregular tempo. She looked to the side and saw the man and woman wave at her, lecherous smiles on both faces.

Mom surprised me again when she lifted a hand off Aunt Jess's seat and waved back. The couple laughed and both of them gave us thumbs up before speeding away.

"If I knew we'd have a show, I would've charged admission!" My aunt quipped. I did notice that she had sped up a little herself.

A few other cars paused as they passed us, speeding up when they saw us looking back. Aunt Jessica swerved in her lane a little as her attention was distracted from the road ahead. I saw she only had one hand on the wheel. I guessed where the other was. So did mom.

"Quit playing with yourself and drive straight Jess!" Mom bitched between harsh breaths. She was working herself into quite a state!

"I'm going to pull over so I can try that!" Aunt Jess's breath wasn't all that regular either.

"Not yet! I want to cum first! I'm getting close!" Mom's grip on the front seats had her hands white.

I had distracted myself well enough that I was barely more than just hard. I know it defeats the purpose of fucking your mom if you don't even let yourself get excited by it, but I knew there was so much more to cum, so to speak. Right then I was merely a fleshy dildo for mom to fuck herself with until she orgasmed. Then I hoped to give Aunt Jess her turn and that we didn't get home before she could cum too.

"Oh God! I love your dick in me Jeremy! You're going to make mommy cum so hard! So fuck-king hard!" She bellowed.

I wasn't going to do anything; this was all her own doing! However, I'd take the credit if she was going to give it to me!

"Fuck me mom! Ride my big dick! Make yourself cum all over my cock! Come on and fuck me mom!" I could at least encourage her, couldn't I?

"Oh yes! Oh, fuck! Oh! Oh! Jeez zus! Gonna cum! I'm gonna cuuumm!" Mom planted her forehead on the back of the passenger seat as she used her hips alone to fuck herself with my cock. I pinched her nipples harder as she came.

"Cum Jenny! Cum on your son's beautiful cock!" Aunt Jess cried out in support.

Mom sat, or rather fell down, hard with my dick deep within her cunt as she shook in orgasmic bliss. Her face came off the front seat and she leaned back against my chest, her head resting on my shoulder. I massaged her sore nipples in slow circles for a minute then let my hands fall to my sides.

Minutes later, I felt the car slowing as Aunt Jessica pulled onto an off-ramp and into the closest gas station, parking the car in the corner of

the large lot. We all sat there for a moment while mom finished collecting herself. She climbed off me before anyone might look our way and pulled her dress back over her head.

Mom said she needed to freshen up before we continued, so I took the opportunity to buy myself an energy drink, figuring I needed every bit of energy I could get! I didn't care that my hard cock was prominent in my shorts, but there were few people in the small station. Mom returned to the car and she looked a little better, though she was still flushed with that just-fucked look. She took the keys from her anxious sister and got behind the wheel. Aunt Jess eagerly joined me in the backseat.

I had assumed that my aunt would repeat her sister's actions. I don't know if she just had to be different or if mom had made her bolder, but Aunt Jessica told me to take off my shorts while she removed her panties and then pulled her dress up over her head. I complied eagerly while I wondered what she was planning on doing. She got on all fours, taking up most of the backseat as I moved out of her way the best I could.

"Fuck me Jeremy." Aunt Jess simply said while shaking that most magnificent ass at me!

I looked at her in this position, not only staring at her best asset, but also trying to assess how to go about filling her request. The low car

roof prevented me from kneeling upright, so I would have to assume a position similar to my aunt. I wrangled myself around her, lining up my once-again fully hard dick into her sweet sexy pussy while pressing my chest to her back and holding myself up with a hand on both the front and rear seats. I rocked in and out of her while mooning any passing cars. Aunt Jess pushed back on my cock, trying to add force as I pushed into her. As interesting as the idea may have been, it was now obvious that this wasn't going to work in a car.

"I'm getting a cramp Aunt Jess." I complained pulling out of her pussy.

"Yeah, this isn't going to work. A back seat really limits what you can do. Sit back down. I'll just have to ride you like your mom did." She sounded dejected.

"You could face me instead." I offered as consolation.

"You won't get to stare at my ass then." My aunt replied as she moved back into a sitting position.

"But I will." Mom said with a glance in the rearview mirror.

"Mom!"

"What? She does have a very nice ass!"

"Jenny! I never knew you noticed." Aunt Jess said with a bit of surprise.

"Hell Jess, everyone notices your ass. You practically stop traffic with it!" Mom exclaimed boisterously.

"Thank you Jenny."

"Now get on my son's dick and fuck that thing!"

I don't know if I've said recently how much I love my mom!

"Sure thing sis!" Aunt Jess swung her knee over me, reached down to put my dick back in her pussy, and thrust her double D's into my face. "If I'm going to ride you cowgirl, you're going to have to suck on my tits!"

Okay!

It was a burden I would just have to bear!

I reached up and grabbed those bouncing boobs, holding them against my face and mouth. I licked and nibbled them as I could as Aunt Jess bucked on my cock. With the minor break between switching sisters, my cock had calmed down somewhat, but with my aunt who had for so long been my fantasy riding me like the Pony Express, I was soon struggling to hold off my orgasm. She was having no such trouble!

"Oh God Jeremy! I love your cock in my cunt! It's so big and fills me so good!" Aunt Jessica moaned.

"Fuck that cock Jess!" Mom chimed in, her eyes filling the mirror.

"Watch the road mom!" I grunted.

"I can't see anything but Jess's ass anyway!" She grumbled.

"There's an old guy behind us. I think he knows what we're doing!" Aunt Jess stated with panting breaths.

"Wave at him Jess." Mom told her sister.

"He's pulling up beside us." Aunt Jess said.

I glanced to the side, leaving that bountiful bouncing bosom. A large late model car came into view, a man that looked to be at least sixty or more staring towards us as he hunched over his steering wheel.

"Give him a good look Aunt Jess!" I said dropping my hands to her wriggling hips.

She did, turning to face the driver's side while still riding my dick, her tits doing a dance for our voyeur. I saw his eyes bulge and suspected his pants were too now. Aunt Jessica continued to shake her breasts at the man for a good minute until his car swerved dangerously close to ours. Mom slowed drastically, letting the larger car dart ahead of us.

"Maybe we shouldn't be letting everyone see these tits!" I exclaimed loudly after the near miss.

"They are pretty dangerous!" My aunt quipped lightly, but I could tell she had been startled too.

"Nice driving mom!" I complimented my mom, then said to her sister. "Get back to riding my cock Jess!"

"Yes sir!" And she proceeded to do just that.

We had both been close to cumming before our elderly audience had diverted our attention, but we were soon quickly nearing our peak again.

"Fuck me Jess! I'm going to fill your cunt with my cum!" I groaned through clenched teeth.

"Oh yes! Shoot your cum in me! I'm so close myself! Soo clossse!"

"This is so sexy!" Mom said, clearly affected by our show regardless of how much she could see of our actual joining.

I wrapped my arms around Aunt Jessica's slick back, holding her tight against me as she worked us towards our impending blissful conclusion, my lips fastened on the side of her neck.

"Oh God Jeremy! Oh God! Oh yes, oh ...! Cuh ... cumming ... I'm cuuuummminng!" Aunt Jess wailed moments before I too was sent spinning into orgasmic ecstasy.

I didn't cry out though, instead grunted quietly into my aunt's soft neck as I shot thick gushing cum into her quivering cunt. She sat with her full weight on my dick as our orgasms left us near senseless. I felt the car slightly swerve, letting me know mom's attention wasn't completely ahead of us.

When Aunt Jess sat up, pulling my grasp loose, she stared at me a moment. She then gave me a quick playful kiss. I returned that with a mild slap on her curvaceous ass. She rolled to the side, pulling off me and grabbing for her discarded dress. She drew it over her head easily and gave me another kiss, this time more heated. I let myself fall into her lips.

Some minutes later, we broke apart and I looked out the window to see where we were. It took me a moment before I saw anything I recognized. We still had probably twenty minutes or so until we reached home. Not nearly enough time for any more action on the road, even if I could get hard again, which I was sure wouldn't be a problem. Not yet anyway. Tomorrow would be another story! I just cuddled next to my dreamy aunt for the rest of the drive.

We arrived back home tired from our late night, early morning, long drive, and our sexual activity. As much as any of us may have liked a nap, none of us would dare suggest it. Instead, we ate a heavy lunch, filling up on carbs that we would soon be burning off. I finished off most of the leftover pizza, while the women shared a large chicken salad they had whipped up. I drank two sports drinks, hoping the electrolytes would help keep me charged for the rest of the long afternoon, evening, and late into the night! Mom and Aunt Jess sipped on wine, even though it was barely after noon. We ate mostly in silence, the sexual tension between us surprisingly, still very thick. It was just the three of us in the house, alone for the first, and possibly only, time.

Our desires overwhelmed us, but we didn't know how or where to start. It was like a table filled with all our favorite foods. What do you eat first?

I had eaten them both last night, and not that I didn't want to do it again, but I wanted to make this weekend a time of new experiences and not just unfettered old ones. Mom and Aunt Jess stared at me while we ate, their eyes devouring me as much as they did their salad. My own eyes were ready to burst with all the possibilities I was imagining with the two gorgeous sexy sisters that happened to be my mother and my aunt!

When I had eaten my fill of cold pizza, I made a quick pit stop, and returned to find the women rising. I stared at them both in their loose dresses, my memory and my imagination picturing them in various poses and positions. My dick stirred in my shorts, anxious for action. I didn't know if we were going to just go to mom's bedroom and pass the weekend there, or if we would just have sex wherever the mood took us. I saw mom glance at me after they'd piled the dishes in the sink. That was all it took for me!

I crossed the kitchen and grabbed mom roughly, pulling her into my arms, and kissed her hard and deeply. It only took her a second to react to me grabbing and kissing her before mom's lips responding with equal passion. I felt Aunt Jess's arm pull me from her sister a moment later and her lips were on mine, her tongue forced itself into my mouth. Forced, invited, po-tay-to, po-tah-to.

I went from one warm sensuous set of lips to the other, my tongue exploring both women's open mouths as their tongues wandered around in mine. For the next eternity, I kissed and was kissed by the two most sexual, erotic, and beautiful women I knew. Our hands also explored each other; I had mine on both hot asses, theirs on my ass and crotch. My dick was now aching to be released, and I think the girls wanted him out to play also.

I broke our three-way kiss reluctantly.

"With your talk earlier of hot asses, I want to see both of yours together." I said hungrily. "Let's go in the living room at least. I want you both on your hands and knees!" I commanded.

"Ooo!" Aunt Jess cooed.

"Oh kay!" Mom said with a schoolgirl voice.

The three of us moved into the adjoining room, mom and her sister removing their dresses, Aunt Jess's panties still in the car. They both looked at me as they stood there fully naked to my scrutinizing eyes. How was it that I was so lucky? They both turned and let me see their backsides, one amazing and the other Aunt Jess's. As if choreographed, they both shook those fantastic derrières at me. I tore at my shorts to

remove them and my underwear, freeing my raging dick that was ready for action.

Mom, then Aunt Jess knelt down to floor, each of them looking over a shoulder at me, their eyes locking on my cock. They bent over anxiously, eager to have my cock back in them. I stared. To have either of these women, separately and alone, would be almost any man's dream. Both of them alone, beyond fantasy. Together, willing, and bent over naked, those delightfully sexy asses beckoning me, the epitome of heaven!

"You're staring at us again." Mom said.

"Oh, let him stare. He'll never find two nicer asses anywhere." Aunt Jessica scoffed her sister.

I had to agree with my aunt. She may have thought she was bragging, but not in my experience!

"We already know that Jess has the best ass. I was never trying to compete." Mom stated with a hint of surrender.

"You have a great ass too mom! Someone has to be second." I tried to boost her spirits.

"Well, if I'm second to that," she gestured to her sister's butt, "then I should be happy. It's nicer than even that Kate Lawrence's ass!"

I couldn't argue that fact. Especially as I had no shot ever at Kate. Like I shouldn't have had a shot with Aunt Jessica or my mom either!

"So are we here like this just so you can stare at us, or were you going to do something?" Mom asked petulantly.

"Fuck us Jeremy! Both of us like this, one then the other!" Aunt Jess suggested joyfully.

I was very agreeable today. Or the women just kept saying things I wanted to hear!

"Good idea Jess!" I answered.

"It's my idea, so I get to go first!" Aunt Jess said, putting her hands on her ass and pulling her pussy lips further open.

"You had him last in the car!" Mom whined, reaching under her with one hand to spread her pussy with two fingers.

They were fighting as to whom I got to fuck first!

"Ladies! Ladies! There's plenty to go around! Everyone will get some of me."

I had a big decision to make. I did have Aunt Jess last in the car, but it was my mom. Aunt Jess's ass! But my mom ...!

I decided not to play favorites; Mom had allowed me to have sex with her sister last night and had given us more time this morning, so it was mom's turn. I shook my cock at them each as they watched me avidly, then moved behind mom and sank between her fingers. I could do this a thousand times, but every time I got to put my dick in mom's pussy, it felt so special.

"Oh yes Jeremy! I love your cock in me!" Mom moaned loudly, both hands now under her head.

Aunt Jessica looked at me wistfully. I gave mom a few slow thrusts then pulled out, shifted to the right, and pushed deep into Aunt Jess's wet velvety hole.

"Ooo! Give me that dick! Fuck me with it!" My aunt ordered in nearly a shriek. Her hands were back on the floor.

I gave her a dozen slow strokes, her pussy grabbing my dick so nicely. I moved back to mom and did the same to her, mom's cunt as deliciously tight as her sister. I kept the strokes deep and slow, trying to work up the women's passions without threatening to overwhelm my own. Each of them seemed to be content with this arrangement at first, but after a little bit, they demanded more time and more force.

"Fuck me harder! Give me that hard cock! Keep fucking mommy's cunt, Jeremy!"

"Damn it! Pound my pussy! I love your big cock! Fuck me! Mooore!"

"That's it! Just like that! Mommy loves your big cock in her! Fuck me Jeremy!"

"Oh God! Give it to me! Harder! Faster! Oh yes, oh fuuuck yes!"

I had thought porn dialogue was bad! Maybe my life had become a cheesy porn movie!

I kept switching between the two gasping women, shoving my very happy dick harder into the two soaked cunts. I grabbed onto their two pairs of curvy hemispheres as I pushed in and pulled out of the clamping holes. It felt like heaven being buried in those two slick pussies. One, then the other. In and out. Mom, then Aunt Jessica. Back and forth. My aunt, then my mom. I just felt that for me to be this privileged, that the universe was depriving some poor schmuck of his share of hot pussy! I was glad I wasn't that guy!

"Fuck me Jeremy! Mommy wants your cock! Harder, fuck me harder!"

"I want you to make me cum! I want to cum all over your big hard cock! Give me your cock Jeremy!" Aunt Jess ordered.

"I think you two would make great porn stars!" I said as I panted heavily. Just because I wasn't going to cum didn't mean this was easy!

"Really? You think ... your mom ... is hot enough ... to do porn?" Mom gasped between the thrusts of my dick.

"I could tell you that you are, Jenny!" Aunt Jessica said as she looked at her sister.

"I think you are too, Jess!" Mom breathed deeply as I moved back to my aunt.

"Thanks Jenny! Fuck me harder Jeremy! Fuck your porn star auntie!" She bellowed.

Going back and forth helped in holding off my orgasm, but I could start to feel the urge building in me. I needed to make the women cum soon, or I would need them to get me hard again before I could get them off. Not that that should be a problem with these two! I decided to take longer with mom to make her cum first, doubling the time I pistoned in her hot hole. Aunt Jess bitched briefly, but I knew she could tell what I was doing as she eagerly awaited her own turn to cum.

"Oh God Jeremy! I'm gonna ... cum! Keep ... going! Yes! Yes! Oh fuck yes!" Mom groaned as I slammed as fiercely as I could into her.

"Fuck her Jeremy! Fuck your mom's tight cunt! Make her cum with your big ... hard ... cock!" Aunt Jess cheered me on.

"Oh! Oh! Yes! Ooo! Gaaah! Cumming ... I'm ... cuuummminnng!" Mom's face pushed into the carpeting her grasping hands were trying to tear up, her legs shook uncontrollably against mine.

I kept fucking mom as her orgasm continued through her body, stopping only when she fell onto her side and off my cock dripping

with her cum juices. Mom's eyes were glassy and unfocused as she blindly stared at the ceiling.

"Oh, do that to me now!" Aunt Jess said as a demand.

"I'll try." I answered as I lined back up with her.

No longer having to spread myself between the two, I could focus more intently on the one I was ramming my cock into then. I grabbed tightly to her hips, my groin slapping my aunt's fine ass. Aunt Jess responded to my new ferocity with a yelp. Her ardor had sufficiently built up enough that she was now not far from her own imminent ecstasy. But so was my own!

"Fuck me ... Jeremy! Keep going ... like that! I love it! Make me cum ... like your mom did! Make me ... cum on your ... big cock!" She yelled harshly, struggling to get the words out as I ravaged her cunt with my pounding dick which was about to burst.

"Cum Jess! Cum on my son's magnificent cock!" Mom weakly said as loud as she appeared able.

I had reached my own limit and began shooting jets of my cum into Aunt Jess's cunt as she quivered around my dick. Whether this

triggered her orgasm, or that she was already over the edge, my aunt yelled out at that moment.

"Oh yes! Fuck me! Fuck me! Ooo! Yes! Oh, yes! Fuuucck! Cuuuummminnng!"

Aunt Jess didn't shake as mom had done, her body instead tightened up as if electrocuted and almost appeared as if she might levitate off the floor. I couldn't keep up as she pulled off me in her rigidity. I let her slump to the floor next to mom, as I was ready to collapse right alongside the two spent beauties.

Some many minutes later each of us was recovered enough to sit upright, mom and Aunt Jess leaning against the couch; I leaned on dad's recliner. I felt like I was at least two or three quarts low. The women may have been tired, but they both had a glow about them. On the other hand, it might just have been the light shining on their slick-sheened bodies.

"That was a nice start!" Mom happily said.

"Start? The two of you barely ever stop." Aunt Jessica grumbled.

"I'm sure you think the two of us are having sex left and right." Mom said back with a touch of a caustic tone in her voice. "But I assure you that is not the case. Tell her Jeremy."

"I'm sure it's not as much as you think Aunt Jess. It's only been a couple of times with a lot of near misses." I said as I tried to keep my eyes on their faces and not on their naked tits.

"It's not like he's fucked my ass." Mom then grumbled herself.

This wasn't what I imagined a sex-filled weekend would be! Mom and Aunt Jessica griping about who has had more time with me. We had lots of time right now!

"It's on your list mom. How about now?" I said trying to settle things between them. Nothing like calming your mother down by suggesting anal sex!

"Oh! I want to, but I don't know. You're so big! I think it'll hurt too much." Mom said with some fear in her voice.

"I thought so too at first Jenny, but once you get it in there, you won't believe how amazing it feels!" My aunt extolled.

"Don't you need lube? I don't have any." Mom stated. She was trying to backpedal the idea now. Luckily, my aunt came prepared.

"I hoped to get another shot at it, so I brought some with me." Aunt Jess rose up and went to mom's room.

I noticed mom's eyes followed her sister's ass as closely as mine did. Getting her to remember that Sheila may turn out to be a very good thing! Mom saw me looking at her and she lowered her eyes, she might have even blushed. I nodded towards her bedroom, merely indicating her glance at her sister's hot ass, but she took it to mean that we should adjourn there.

"We should pretend to be in a bed I guess." Mom said, rising and walked towards the hallway. My eyes followed her ass. "Are you staring at mommy's ass, Jeremy?" She looked back with a sexy grin.

Of course I was!

I had to respond. Truthfully.

"You know I am! Shake your booty mom!"

And she did!

It wasn't Aunt Jessica's ass, but I would still have followed it anywhere she went! I jumped up and did follow it, and her, to our den of sex.

Aunt Jess was about to return as we entered the bedroom, startling her.

"Mom decided we should be in a bed."

"The living room floor is a bit hard." My aunt stated with a slightly covert glance at my semi-hard dick.

I felt somewhat self-conscious even though I had no reason, as I had performed numerous times already this morning. Still.

They both must have seen the look on my face.

"Don't worry, Jeremy. I'm sure we can work our magic on you." Mom said, her tongue licking her lower lip. Aunt Jess turned and twerked her ass at me.

"Thanks girls. I think it may take more than that though." I glanced down at my dick struggling to harden for these sexy women. "I think I may need a minute or two."

Mom and Aunt Jess gave me sympathetic smiles, but I detected a little disappointment too. I thought about it for a moment and realized what I needed was some inspiration. Additional inspiration I should say, these two were enough to inspire epic poems, heart-rending operas, or fantastically beautiful paintings. There was something that I had wanted to see for quite awhile, years for my aunt, weeks for mom.

"How about the two of you put on a show for me?" They looked at me quizzically, mom more pointedly so. I shook my head at her to dissuade her of what she thought my intent was.

"We're already naked, Jeremy." Aunt Jess stated, as if it wasn't plainly obvious.

"I want to watch each of you play with yourselves." I said as casually as I could. I didn't believe that they would calmly accept performing this most personally intimate act for me, or with their sister present. But since the two women had continually surprised me since all this started, I found once again that I didn't really know either of them as I thought I did.

"I would have thought that you would have asked for that long before now." Aunt Jessica replied so matter-of-factly that I wasn't sure she understood what I had said.

"If you had been paying attention to more than Jess last night, you would've already seen me do that, honey." Mom scoffed lightly.

"You don't have an issue doing that?" I was a little taken aback. Clearly, I had a lot to learn about women still. I don't know if I would have been so blasé if they had asked me to do the same.

Aunt Jess got into the middle of the bed, grabbed a pillow to put under her head, spread her legs wide and casually began to run the fingers of her right hand over her reddened pussy lips. Mom and I watched her closely. Well, mom did for only a moment as she grabbed a pillow and lay somewhat close to her sister, spreading her legs, putting one over her sister's sprawled calf, and slowly ran two fingers over her equally rosy labia.

"You mean like this?" Mom asked softly.

Both women were staring at me, and at my face, not my wilted dick, with such easy, yet completely serious focus. I wasn't sure I could get hard under those stares, regardless of how erotic a show they might give me.

"I don't think he thought we would be so willing." Aunt Jess told her sister. "Don't you know how much we love you Jeremy? Or how much we love what you do for us?" She asked me, her hazel eyes never leaving mine.

"There are very few things that I wouldn't do for you honey. I love you so much."

"I love you too, mom. I love you Aunt Jessica." I responded trying not to get mushy. This was supposed to be a sex-fest, not a love-fest!

"I love you too, Jeremy. I will love to play with my pussy for you! Moreso if it gets your dick nice and hard again. I want to see you fuck your mom's ass!"

Wow!

"Jess!" Mom exclaimed. "I'm still not one-hundred percent sure I'm going to do it!" Her fingers were going in slow circles over her womanhood.

"Yes you will, and you will wonder why you never did it before!" Aunt Jess's fingers rubbed faster up and down on her ridged nether lips.

I was sure I was going to go cross-eyed trying to watch them both at the same time! Moreover, the fact that they were doing this while staring at me so intently! I had assumed that they would close their eyes

while they masturbated for me. This was so much more than I expected, as with everything from these two beauties.

"You like watching your mother rub her pussy for you, dear?" Mom said so sweetly.

"I'm sure you've fantasized seeing your sexy auntie finger herself haven't you? How much cum have you wasted over the years dreaming about me doing this?" She let her middle finger slip into her chasm as she continued moving her other fingers up and down. The vision before me was so much better than all the fantasies I may have had over the years!

"Unh huh." I muttered in response to both of them.

"Mommy likes rubbing her pussy for her handsome son. You watching me is making me so wet!" Mom lifted her fingers from her pussy, leaving a spiderweb of liquid between her two disconnected body parts.

Aunt Jess pushed two fingers into her cunt, wiggling them around inside her. I could hear the squishing sounds they made as evidence of her state of arousal. She pulled her hand to her face and sucked those two fingers into her mouth!

Inspiration struck me like the proverbial lead balloon!

I sensed my dick thickening from this visual assault. I may not have much cum left in my balls right then, but my cock was going to be hard no matter what!

Mom had moved on to jamming two fingers into her twat, her other hand was running over her tits, pinching and twisting her hard nipples. Aunt Jess was fingering herself again as she was brushing a finger of her other hand over the hood of her clit. Both of them were breathing heavier now as they pleasured themselves so blatantly before me. And still they maintained eye contact with me.

"Are you going to get hard for us again honey? Is your beautiful cock going to nice and big for us?" Mom's eyes were now half-closed but still focused. Her second hand was alternating from playing roughly with her nipples to rubbing her clit. Her hips were bucking as she thrust her fingers in her cunt.

"Auntie needs your dick to get hard so you can fill my aching cunt again. Or you can fuck my ass again! We can show Jenny how good it can be! Do you want to fuck my ass again Jeremy? Fill my asshole with your hot sticky cum." Aunt Jess moaned as she worked her fingers in and out, getting aroused by her words as much as her actions. I was affected by both as well!

"God Jess, you are so fucking hot like that! Rub your clit! Faster!" I commanded and was rewarded by a long low groan that was almost a growl as she complied.

"I want you to fuck my asshole Jeremy! I do want you to fill my ass with your cock!" Mom moaned louder as her fingers pistoned in her cunt, her other hand jerking rapidly on her clit.

I had to grab my cock then as it throbbed painfully. I had to wonder if they could make me cum just from this charged show! If I had anything left in my balls right now to shoot!

"Ooo! My baby's cock is all hard again! Do you want to fuck mommy's ass?"

"He has to fuck me again first! Shove that big beautiful cock in this ass he loves so much!" My aunt's voice was pure sex! "Do you love my ass Jeremy?"

"Of course I do!" I again responded to both of them with one answer. "I want to see both of you cum first! Show me how much you want this cock! The first one to cum gets fucked first. Ass or pussy." I even shook my now dripping dick at them as incentive. Both sets of eyes were now focused exclusively on it.

"Ahhh, fuck!" My aunt howled.

"Oh, yes. Fuck yes!" My mother wailed.

All four of their hands moved rapidly with their individual motions, whether on a hard clit, or in and out of a hot wet pussy! I had given them reason enough to finish themselves off, working their little clits and soaked cunts to make them cum for me. That they did so willingly, without any hesitation, showed how much they did love me. What other nephew or son in the world experienced this kind of love? I was ready to fuck either and both of them in whatever holes they wanted even if they didn't orgasm, just to show them how much I loved them in return!

"I'm getting close honey! Mommy is going to cum so you can fuck her ass!"

"Oh shit! You're going to fuck my ass first, damn you! I'm gonna cum so hard for you. So fucking hard!"

If I hadn't already cum three times this morning, I would have been spraying them both with my creamy white cum right then! Had it really been three times already this morning? I momentarily wondered what the record was for the number of times a guy could cum in one day. And I wondered if I could break it. As if anyone kept those records!

"C-c-cuuumminng honey! Fuck-king cuuumminng!" Mom yelled and threw her head back as her fingers flew in and over her pelvis. A stream of clear fluid shot a foot into the air from her spasming hole.

Aunt Jess wasn't far behind her sister though.

"Gaah! I'm cuuumminng too! God! Oh God! Aaaaa!" Her body stiffened, even the fingers jammed in her cunt ceased to move; the hand on her clit was nearly invisible with the speed it was shaking on her nub. Aunt Jess's hips rose up, her body supported now by her feet and the back of her sweat-soaked head like an inverted spider. No cum shot from her loins, but thick pale fluid did pour from her pussy and down her creamy skin to her ass and the already wet sheets.

I was squeezing fiercely on the base of my cock just in case it thought to erupt itself. I moved to sit on the edge of the bed, pushing feet out of my way. Both women were trembling with the aftermath of clearly powerful orgasms. That they had been willing to do this for me (though granted it was also for themselves too!), made me all the more determined to fuck them each until they came just as equally hard by me.

Aunt Jessica was the first to reopen her eyes.

"I lost didn't I?" She said a little dejected. She looked down to my erect dick.

"Just because you don't go first doesn't mean you lost." I consoled her. "Besides, in a way, you already went first."

"I suppose." She tried to sound okay about it.

Mom's eyes slowly opened then. She swallowed before she tried to speak.

"I came first didn't I?" She asked, disoriented.

"You came first and came in first." I joked. I'm sure I'm the only one that thought it witty.

"That was very hot. I've never done that in front of anyone before. Not so openly or boldly." Her voice creaked.

"What about last night?" I asked.

"No one was paying attention to me then. You two were kind of preoccupied at the time. Not like this. Not with you staring at me ... with me staring at you, it made it so much more ... intense, erotic."

"I know what you mean Jenny! I have done that before, but never with my eyes open though. It was almost like you were fucking me with my own fingers!" Aunt Jessica said.

"Exactly! That's how it felt. Fucking me with my fingers! Did I squirt again?" She added the last as almost an afterthought.

"You sure did! Soaked your own bed for a change!" I told her.

"You squirt Jenny? I never knew."

"Not very often, almost never before Jeremy. I just get so excited that it feels like my insides are exploding. And then obviously they really do." Mom's eyes studied her sister's face with unusual interest. "Jeremy, could you get me some water?"

"Sure mom."

I returned with two small glasses and handed one to each of them. Mom finished hers, Aunt Jess only drank half. I gulped the last and set the glasses on mom's dresser.

"That was so hot! You two are amazing!" I said enthusiastically when the two women seemed to be mostly recovered.

"I don't know about that, but I'm glad you think so Jeremy." Mom's eyes sparkled as she looked at me.

"I don't know Jenny, I'd have to say that was quite hot too. Especially if you squirted. I almost wish I'd seen it." Aunt Jess stared at mom strangely.

"We can try to get her to do it again." I suggested, not even done with this weekend and I was already lining up our next threesome! "Probably not today, she's never done it twice in one day. Or have you mom?"

"No. Like I said, I haven't done it in years or only have recently because Jeremy gets me so hot and excited!"

"He seems to have that ability." My aunt looked deep in my eyes with barely a smile on her lips, but I knew it was in her heart.

"Then why haven't I had girls all over me? It's only seemed to work with the both of you." They were attributing some special talent to me that in my experience didn't exist.

"The better question is why are you standing there with a hard cock while we are waiting for you to fuck us in the ass?" My wonderfully perceptive aunt asked of me. Mom was staring at me with longing but also trepidation.

"Are you ready mom?" I asked tenderly.

"Come on Jenny, get out of that wet spot you made and get on your hands and knees!" Aunt Jess commanded her sister.

Mom sat up slowly, her eyes bouncing from mine to my throbbing cock. She moved a foot to one side then rolled over, raising her body up off the bed as she did so. Mom's firm, yet squeezable ass was now in hands' reach. I put a hand on each smooth cheek and flexed my fingers into that forgiving flesh. I massaged mom's rump ardently while she looked back at me over her shoulder and Aunt Jess got up to get the lube.

"You really do like my ass, don't you honey?" Mom asked with surprise.

"Mom, you have an amazing ass! Tight, firm, with just enough oomph to it! You should never feel bad about your body! I keep trying to tell you how hot and sexy you are! I'd want to do you even if you weren't my mom!" I exuded fervently.

"I don't know if that is praise or not!" But she smiled largely and her eyes twinkled with delight at my words.

"Jenny." Aunt Jessica looked at mom so fixedly as she sought the rest of her words. "You are hot! Trust me. You just had the misfortune to be my sister." Mom's gaze back at her sister grew more focused. "I don't mean that in a bad way! I don't know how to say it without it sounding bad. You ... you are Kate Lawrence. You are world-class hot. It's just that I happen to be Marilyn Monroe. Both hot, both 10's. One is just more ten than the other. Does that make sense?"

It made sense to me. I agreed completely with Aunt Jess's comparison. Except that to me, it was the other way around. Aunt Jessica was so crazy hot she made your head spin (and your dick hard!), but mom was ... well, she was mom, and that was an 11 in my book!

"See mom, it's not just 'cause I'm biased. Even your sister thinks you're hot!" I got up on the bed near her ass.

"It doesn't matter what I think anyways, just as long as my wonderful son thinks I'm sexy enough for him! Even if Justin doesn't always see

it." I wished she hadn't brought up dad, especially as I was kneeling there and she was teasingly wiggling her ass. The thought that I was about to do something with mom that he never had, made our bond even more special.

"Last chance to say no mom." I prayed to every god that had ever been that she wouldn't chicken out now!

"Jess is right. If I don't do it, I'll wonder and always regret it. She's given you her vote of approval and I don't think my sister would steer me wrong. No matter how many of my boyfriends she stole from me back in the day!"

"I was just weeding out all the losers for you Jenny. If not for me, you wouldn't have met Justin, and you wouldn't have had Jeremy! All this is due to me!" Aunt Jess bragged. She opened the lube and put two fingers into the thick viscous goop. She slathered it over mom's puckered asshole.

"Ew. That's cold." Mom shivered. I was sure it was more for the sensation of the lube on her then the relative temperature.

"Oh, it'll get very hot soon enough!" Aunt Jess said as she piled a large amount on my pole. She lavished my cock with lube, spending more attention on it than was required. I had to stop her before she took me too far!

"That's enough Jess. You make me cum before I get to fill mom's ass and you'll probably lose your shot at it. At least for awhile!" She pouted at me and reluctantly let go of my well-coated rod.

Mom had watched this as well as she could, dropping down to her elbows.

"I feel like how you do when you're on a roller coaster and you are going up that first hill. Scared, but excited. You know that it will be a thrilling ride, but right then as you climb higher and higher, all you can think about is that you hope you don't die!" My mother explained her fear.

"That's a perfect analogy Jenny. It's exactly how I felt too. I wanted it so badly, but I was afraid that it would hurt so much because Jeremy is kind of big." Aunt Jess agreed.

Kind of big? I was almost offended.

Aunt Jess rubbed the lube on mom's ass, covering the starburst until it was lost under the ooze. Then to both mine and mom's surprise, her sister pushed a finger in mom's backdoor.

"OH!" Mom cried out loudly. "Jess!"

"Holy ...!" I had to grab my dick then.

"What? She needs to loosen her asshole." Aunt Jess said.

"I could have done that." I replied. I hadn't expected just to shove my cock in mom's asshole!

"So you get all the fun?" My aunt griped.

"Well, I didn't think you would think it fun, Jess." I answered her.

"Are you two arguing about who gets to put a finger in my ass?" Mom moaned as her sister wriggled the finger.

"Not arguing. I just did it. Like this." She pushed a second finger into mom's forbidden hole.

"Oh! Oh!" Mom gasped. "That doesn't feel so bad."

"That's only two fingers Jenny. Jeremy's cock will feel so much better than this!"

It would have if I ever got to put it in! Aunt Jess seemed to take just as much enjoyment fingering her sister's ass as stroking her nephew's cock!

"I think she's ready, Jess." I may have had a slight impertinent tone in my voice.

"Remember, slow at first. Once you get the head in past her sphincter, stop and let her get used to your cock."

"I have done this before." My tone had grown coarser.

"Oh, you do it once and now you're the expert ass-fucker?" Aunt Jess's tone grew a bit harsh.

"I'm sorry Aunt Jess. I'm just anxious."

"Do you two even remember that I'm here?" Mom complained justifiably.

"Sorry mom."

"Go ahead honey. Put your cock in me. Just go slow. And take it out if I say so, okay?" Mom's voice trembled.

I put my aunt out of mind. This was about mom, not her.

I swirled the tip of my lubed cock over my mother's asshole, slightly opened now from her sister's fingers. Mom cooed. I put the head over the hole and gently began to push forward. Her asshole widened as my domed mushroom head entered her slowly.

"Oh!" Mom gasped indeterminately good or not.

"Keep going." Aunt Jess said.

I pushed harder, the sphincter muscle fighting my entry. I could just shove in forcefully, but I didn't want to hurt mom. I wanted her to enjoy this enough that I would get future opportunities to repeat this!

"Ungh!" Mom cried out as the flared head pushed past her tight ring.

The head of my cock was now in mom's ass!

"That's good Jeremy. Now wait a moment. How does that feel Jenny?"

"Oh! It's not too bad." Mom sucked in a breath. "It feels strange but in a good way I think. Go ahead honey. Push deeper now. Slowly."

I had to take a deep breath myself!

Mom's sphincter ring was squeezing my cock so tightly I was worried she was going to take the skin off!

I flexed my ass muscles and pushed forward slowly. I didn't need to guide my rigid dick anymore so I grabbed two handfuls of mom's ass cheeks. I slid in much easier now that the wider head was already in her anal passage. I could feel mom's inner muscles flexing along my shaft so marvelously. I almost felt like a virgin again, pushing my dick in that first tight pussy, only this was so much better! It was mom's virgin ass I was now shoving my cock into; mom's asshole I would soon be fucking until she hopefully came!

"Jeez! That feels ... so ... different!" Mom groaned. Her head had sunk to her crossed arms on the bed, her breathing still even, but in long slow breaths.

"Do you like my cock in your ass mom?" I really had to make a list of all the inappropriate things I had said to my mother!

"I do so far! It's getting my pussy so wet! I can't believe that this would get me so excited. Keep going honey!"

I didn't need any encouragement!

I glanced to Aunt Jess who'd grown quiet. She was kneeling, with her ass on her feet near the headboard, watching mom and me as I sank my dick deeper in mom's incredibly tight asshole. She had a dreamy look on her face and her hands were playing over her large fantastic tits. I wanted my hands there too. But I wanted my cock buried in mom's ass also! I grabbed tighter to mom's derrière and began to push harder. Mom grunted loudly.

"Easy Jeremy!" Aunt Jess cautioned. "I know you want to just ram it into her. She will too, once she gets used to your cock where she's never had anything before! Do you like Jeremy's cock, Jenny? You've given your anal virginity to your son and his big cock!"

"Oh, I do! I love it! I think I love his cock in my ass. I feel full in a completely new way! I wish he could fuck my pussy too!"

Mom wanted a DP?

It was beyond me fulfilling alone, and there was no way I could, or would, fuck her with dad! I got a sickening chill at the thought. But

maybe if it was with another woman. Aunt Jess? No. It wouldn't ever happen. I guess there were some things left that I could dream of and never obtain.

"Two cocks? That's a pleasant idea." My aunt said wistfully.

I still didn't think it would ever happen. Focus on what I was doing!

I had almost half my length in mom now, slowly creeping deeper. I decided that I should stop a moment and let her adjust to how far I'd gotten already. Mom moaned in protest when I halted my progress.

"Fuck my ass, Jeremy! Don't stop yet!" She cried out desperately.

She wanted me to fuck her, then I would fuck her!

I pulled back, faster than I had entered, until only my head was still within her. I pushed forward again, still slow, but at more than double the speed of my initial entrance. Mom wailed at this but she didn't tell me to stop. I retreated and advanced again, increasing the speed again. Back. Forward. I was now at a pace that I would use to begin fucking her pussy. I pushed deeper on each forward stroke slowly getting more of my raging cock in mom's ass!

Mom was gasping for air now, letting out a small shriek on each forward thrust. I was clutching her butt cheeks so tightly that I knew she would have my hand imprints there for quite awhile after I finally released her! My tempo still increased, now a nice steady pace. I was getting more than three-quarters of my hard cock into her anal channel. Aunt Jess may have the nicer looking ass, but mom definitely had the tighter one! I was struggling with every forward push.

"Oh, fuck my ass Jeremy! I love your cock back there! It feels so goooood!" Mom howled.

"Goddamn it! Fuck my ass too Jeremy! Fuck us both like you did our pussies!" Aunt Jess scrambled from her position and knelt next to mom, lifting her ass up in the air for me to penetrate.

I stared at that proffered ass as I pounded mom's rear passage.

"Go ahead ... honey! Fuck Jess's ... ass too! Fuck ... both our ... amazing ... asses!" Mom cried out between my deep thrusts.

There may be things I'd never get to do with these women, but it would be a very short list!

"Yes! Fuck my ass Jeremy! Fill me with your cock!" Aunt Jess yelled.

I pushed her most gorgeous ass up against mom's, the sight of that flesh as it pressed together ...!

"What about lube Jess?" I asked as I pulled somewhat reluctantly from mom's tight asshole.

"I don't care. I'm sure you have enough on you already! Just put it in me!" She ordered harshly.

I obeyed. Cautiously. After the rapid pace I had built up to with mom, going glacially slow again would be agonizing.

"Shove that thing in me! I want it now and I want it hard!"

"Fuck her Jeremy! I want to see you fucking my sister's beautiful ass!"

Well, this escalated fast!

Once I had my cock head pressed against Aunt Jess's slightly gaping asshole, knowing she must have been getting herself ready before she had joined us, I pushed forward forcefully.

"OH FUCK!" She yelled so loudly that I froze, afraid I'd really hurt her.

"Don't fucking stop! Fuck my ass!" She yelled at me.

Relieved that she was okay, I quickly increased the rhythm I was ramming Aunt Jessica's gorgeous ass. Soon I was going just as fast as I had gotten to with mom. I wasn't pressing as deep into my aunt's ass chute as mom, as I was still trying to maintain some caution.

"Fuck me again!" Mom demanded.

"Fuck your mom's ass Jeremy! Give it to her good!"

I pulled from Aunt Jess, staring at her gaping asshole as I moved back behind mom who had put her hands on her ass cheeks and was pulling them apart, letting me see her own gaping hole. I pushed into that tight channel and was intent on getting my entire cock in mom's ass. She grunted and groaned and howled as I forced my cock deeper than I had gone so far. I didn't stop until I pressed my pelvis against her plush bum. I shook my hips to let her really feel my entire cock in her.

"Oh! My! God! You have your whole cock in my ass!" Mom yelled as I stayed buried in her for a long moment.

"Put it back in me! Put your whole cock in my ass!" Aunt Jess yelled just as loudly.

I did so, at this point not taking any caution and just rammed my cock into the depths of that ass that I had marveled at for so many years!

"Oh! Fucking! God!" Aunt Jess shrieked.

As nice as this was, and by nice I mean fantastically, unbelievably, extraordinarily, fucking incredible, but I'm sure that that was a given. As nice as this was, this wasn't going to get any of us to orgasm. Not anytime soon anyway.

I moved back to mom and got back to giving her a more thorough fucking, just that it was her ass!

After a few minutes, I moved back to my aunt and did the same to her.

Much as two pussies felt similar but different, I can say both sisters' tight assholes were different also! I could never pick one over the other and I hoped that I would never have too. Now that I had taken both of their rear cherries, I would have to make sure that this became a regular occurrence with both women! If they allowed it of course. But with the way each was begging for more as I pounded into them, I didn't think either would deny me this pleasure!

It was somewhat tiresome to get a good rhythm going, making sure I didn't get too involved with one horny woman, and then pull out and begin on the other desperate female. But such were the sacrifices that I was willing to make for the love of my sexy aunt and my wonderful mother!

It wasn't actually too long before I had either and both of them ready to cum from my ass fucking. Each had started to rub their clits as I sodomized them, bringing themselves to a fever pitch as I alternated between them.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!" Mom chanted as I rammed into her backdoor.

"Fill my ass Jeremy! Fill my fucking ass with your big load of cum!" Aunt Jess nearly screamed as she approached her brink.

"Fuck mommy's ass! Give mommy all your cum baby!" Mom demanded with a loud and throaty growl.

Five minutes or so in one, a half dozen minutes in the other. I was pouring sweat now, mom and Aunt Jess slick-sheened figures beneath me. I struggled to grab either ass, having to try to hold onto their hips instead.

"More! Give mommy more, honey! I am gonna cum so fucking hard baby! Make mommy cum!" She shrieked and shook.

"Gonna cum! Gonna cum! Aaaa! Cuuummming! I amm cummminng!" Aunt Jess's body seized tight, her face planted in the soaked sheet and her left shin was beating a rapid staccato on the mattress. Her hand continued to flutter over her clit.

I moved back to mom, intent on getting her to cum soon as I was by now barely able to keep from spraying cum all over the room with my need.

"Yes, baby! Fuck mommy's ass! Give me that beautiful cock! Oh! Oh! Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh God yes! Fuuuucck! Cuuummming!" Mom yelled and proving me wrong, a forceful blast of her cum shot from her pussy down into the bed. Her body was unusually calm as she came, hardly trembling at all. She did pull off my cock and slumped to the bed.

I had gone over the edge myself a few seconds before and as my cock was freed from mom's asshole I shot my cum onto Aunt Jess's nearby ass, thick stream after pale creamy stream flying from my dick to those incredible hemispheres of flesh. I grabbed my cock and aimed it unsteadily onto my aunt's smooth ass cheeks as my own body shook as I came hard. I fell away from them opposite from my mom, and landed in mom's earlier wet spot.

I think I may have blanked out for a few seconds because as I was able to focus again and raise my head, I saw movement from mom. She rose up and saw her sister's cum-splattered ass. She lowered her head to it and began to lick up my cream lovingly!

"Jenny!" Mom's licking tongue must have roused her sister.

"Don't move Jess!" Mom told her. She looked to me as she sensuously lapped that fanny. Her emerald eyes were as if she was making love to my own pale blue eyes. I just lay there spent, watching mom lick my cum from Aunt Jessica's most wondrous ass!

When mom finished she patted her sister on her butt.

"All clean Jess!"

"You could have shared!"

"I'm sure Jeremy will have more for us soon enough!" Mom nearly whispered, her voice so much softer than the wild raucous yelling she had let out fifteen minutes ago.

"I don't know." I sat up. My dick was as soft and shrunken as never before. "You girls may have broken me!"

"I'm sure you will be full up again in very little time!" Mom reached over and patted my thigh, her hand lingering there for a moment as if she might rouse me again.

"But what do we do until then?" Aunt Jess asked, her eyes on mom's hand, then they moved up to her sister's face.

"I want to take my two best girls out to dinner." I stated. I looked to either face for their responses.

"I don't know." Mom said warily.

"Why not Jenny? I think it's a great idea. I'm famished."

"You know he won't be able to keep his hands to himself." Mom warned.

"Who says I will be able to?" Aunt Jess smirked.

"Jess! In public? Someone might see us!"

"We'll go somewhere no one could possibly know us." I pleaded gently.

"Come on Jenny. It'll be fun to dress up and take our handsome stud out to show off!" My aunt begged mom.

"Oh yeah! You both can dress real fancy. And sexy! We'll go to Rinaldo's." I responded enthusiastically.

"We won't be able to get in there. Not without reservations." Mom still stubbornly resisted.

"Oh, I would love to go there with you both!" Aunt Jess said somewhat sexily. I could tell she wanted to go out and be seen with mom and I. The thought thrilled me too!

"I don't have anything sexy to wear. Not like you two are intending." Mom's resistance was crumbling.

"I got a couple of things you could try on, Jenny." Aunt Jess suggested.

"Come on mom, it'll be fun. It's just a nice dinner out with your son and your sister."

"There won't be any funny business going on!" Mom stated as if it was an order.

"Of course not mom, just dinner." I said smiling.

Aunt Jess lifted her hands as if innocent. Her slight grin said otherwise!

"Well, okay then. Just dinner. And since it was your idea mister, you are going to pay for it!" Mom conceded.

"I planned on it. I'll call and see if we can get an early reservation, before they fill up. Then we can come back home and continue where we left off." I sprang from the bed with renewed energy. First thing though, I had to find my pants!

That's right, the living room!

Mom and Aunt Jessica came down the hallway a few minutes later, now wrapped in a pair of robes. I had put on just my boxers and was hanging up my phone.

"Good news!" I informed them. "They just had a cancelation minutes before I called. We can get in at 6:45."

"That seems early." Mom said, clearly not completely sold yet.

"It'll give us plenty of time afterwards. For ... well, you know." I answered. I was now almost as excited to go out with mom and my aunt all dressed up as I was for what would come later tonight.

Aunt Jess bent down and picked up both the discarded dresses, her robe riding up enough that I could catch a hint of her well-rounded bottom. I leaned over to see more. As she stood, she saw me slanted to the side.

"Jeremy! Are you trying to look up my robe and check out my ass?"

Guilty!

"This ass you just fucked so nicely." She lifted the robe's hem, bending slightly forward, and giving me a good look as she shook her ass at me.

"Don't you ever get enough?" Mom playfully asked.

"Do you mom?"

She sighed and resignedly shook her head very motherly.

"My son is a pervert."

"You love that I am mom." I laughed.

Aunt Jess had removed the robe and set it on the couch, handing mom her dress, then pulling her own dress over her head.

"Let's go Jenny. It's already four-thirty; we'll have to hurry to be ready in time!" My aunt urged mom as she slipped on her shoes.

"Where are you going?" I asked her.

"To my house, why?"

"What about all the things you brought with you?"

"I have something I could wear tonight here, but not for your mother too. I didn't expect to need anything for her to wear. Since we have to go anyways, I'll just find something even better to wear for myself!" She made it sound so reasonable. Not counting the fact that she claimed they had to hurry when we had over two hours until our reservations! Women!

Mom slipped her dress on, then her sandals. She moved to my side as I stood. She gave me a maternal peck on the cheek.

"We'll be back, just make sure that you are also ready when we do." Mom then gave me a very un-maternal open-mouthed kiss with plenty of tongue on the side. She smiled sexily as she followed her sister out the front door. I was a bit disappointed Aunt Jess hadn't kissed me.

I now had almost two hours to kill. Without any sexy naked women around. Yes, I had to get ready also, but that would take like half an hour including a shower. Damn it! We had missed our chance of getting all three of us together in Aunt Jess's large shower!

I did some long-neglected homework for about an hour before I took a long hot shower, luxuriating in the steam and the pulsing jets. I wondered at what the women would consider sexy as I put on my one and only suit. I felt very dashing dressed as I was. I had hoped that mom and Aunt Jess took my sexy suggestion seriously. I didn't want them in any full-length, full-sleeved dresses, nothing involving multiple layers that I would have dig my hands through, and definitely wanted nothing that resembled a pantsuit!

I was in my room playing on my X-station when I heard a car door outside. I quickly saved my game and shut it off. I stepped back in the bathroom to make sure everything was still in place, tucked in, or zipped up. After buttoning my suit coat, I walked down the stairs.

When I reached the landing and turned, I almost fell down the last three steps! I'm sure my eyes grew three sizes, my heart jumped into my throat, and my dick finally stirred, showing that it wasn't broken.

"WOW!" I exclaimed, not so much a word as just all the air escaping my lungs as my mouth dropped open.

Standing in the living room were the two hottest and sexiest women I had ever seen!

Aunt Jessica was in the classic little black dress, but hers was so tight that it looked almost to be painted on her shapely curves. It had a low cut front that revealed so much cleavage she might just as well have left her large tits hanging out! It went down to mid thigh and must have been made out of elastic for how well it clung to her hips and ass! The black high heels she wore had straps over the tops of her feet and continued up around her ankles.

Mom's dress was like nothing I had ever seen her wearing! It was a sparkly cherry red that looked like fish scales, with sleeves so short that they hardly covered her shoulders. The square-cut neckline revealed the tops of mom's ample breasts and the hemline was so high I wondered if this dress was actually just a top that was supposed to be worn with a skirt! If mom bent, or moved her legs in any way, I was sure I would be able to tell what color her panties were! Her long legs seemed to shimmer so that I suspected she was wearing some kind of

nylons or other hosiery. The heels she wore were high, but were plain open-toed and matched her dress in color.

These were the kind of dresses that girls in their early twenties would wear to go clubbing, or maybe even hooking! Not middle-aged women, mothers! Not that mom and Aunt Jessica didn't pull the look off, they did, oh man did they! They would have every man with a heartbeat staring at them all night long! They looked like supermodels! Not the thin waifs of today, but the nicely curved ones from before I was born!

And they were both going to be with me!

I was definitely underdressed next to these two women. But then with the way they looked, who would even notice me?

I then noticed that they had done their hair and put on make-up to accentuate their sexiness. Aunt Jess's burnished copper hair had tight tiny curls that hung vertically that gave her an innocent look that belied her dress. Her eyes were dark and smoky and her lips were a maroon so deep they almost seemed to border on black. Mom's chocolaty tresses were made to look like she'd just gotten out of bed, but in a wild and sexy look that I'm sure took quite awhile to achieve. I don't know what she'd done with her make-up around her green eyes, but they seemed to pull your attention from her open cleavage and hold them. A hint of blush brought out her cheeks and her lips were the same cherry red as her dress, shoes, and fingernails.

I may have started drooling when mom finally spoke.

"I think that was the reaction we were aiming for Jessica." The hottie in red said.

"Oh, definitely! I'm sure he's filling his tank for us now." The babe in black responded.

"Jess!" Mom admonished her.

"Isn't that part of why we dressed like this? I mean, it'll be nice to be stared at by guys ... or girls, all night, but I don't care about them. I just want to entice my naughty nephew for the evening!"

Oh, I wanted to be enticed!

"It will be exciting. The three of us together, like this. I'm sure we'll be turning heads."

"And if there's a guy that isn't hard in that restaurant, then he surely will be gay."

"Jess!" Mom gasped again. "Are you sure this dress isn't too short? I feel like I'm exposing myself. What do you think honey?" Mom did a spin. If the dress hadn't been tight against her hips, I would surely have seen if mom's panties matched the rest of her!

"God mom! You look so amazing! Fantastic! And if I may say, red hot!" I croaked out.

"What about me?" Aunt Jess spun about too.

"How long did it take to spray paint that dress on? If I hadn't have been having sex with you both, I would be upstairs in my room right now!"

"Jeremy! I'm your mother!"

"Pardon my French mom, but I'm your motherfucker."

"Jeremy! Do you kiss your mother with that mouth?" Mom exclaimed in shocked outrage.

I merely moved to her and kissed her with this mouth. Hard and deeply. When I pulled back, I saw her lipstick was smeared all around her mouth.

"Now you've messed up my lipstick young man!" She scolded me, but was slightly breathless from our kiss.

"You look very handsome too, Jeremy. We might just let you join us." My aunt complimented me. I still felt out of place beside them. "I would kiss you too, but I don't want to mess up my ... aw hell with it!" And she planted her soft and yet firm lips on mine and we messed up her lipstick too.

Mom laughed as her sister and I split. "You have two shades of lipstick all over your face!"

I pulled a handkerchief from my pocket and dabbed at my mouth. I would be willing to have lipstick all over my body, because it would be evidence of where their lips had been on me!

"You ready to go?" Mom asked more seriously now.

I checked my pockets for my phone, wallet, and keys. I nodded.

I escorted my lovely dates to mom's car, as it was nicer than mine. I couldn't show up at a fancy restaurant in my car, even with mom and aunt looking like this. Especially with them dressed like this! I took the keys from mom's hand and told her that I would drive them. I helped them both into the back seat noticing that they took great care to

prevent me seeing any more of their legs and possibly their panties! I had them both get in back to avoid rivalry of who would get to sit in front with me, and so they wouldn't try to distract me while I was driving! They both pulled their lipsticks from their small clutches and fixed the messes I'd made.

It was a thirty-minute drive to Rinaldo's, a four-star restaurant in the area. I'd picked it because it was a nice place we could dress up for, and that it was a place that no one we would know would likely to be, or so I hoped. Aunt Jessica and mom chatted quietly in the back and didn't try to mess with me during the drive. I pulled up in front and a valet ran around the car. I helped mom and her sister carefully extract themselves from the car, drawing stares from the college-aged valet as he caught sight of a whole lot of the ladies' toned legs. I put an arm around each woman and guided her to the door, holding it open as we entered.

Rinaldo's was well lit but in such a way that there was a shadowy secretness that lent itself to intimacy. At this early hour, the restaurant appeared to be only half-full. I informed the maître d of my name and with a quick check in his book and a discreet glance at my dates; he guided us to our table. Many of the patrons looked up as we crossed the room and stared openly at mom and Aunt Jess. Both women smiled with the attention they were getting. Aunt Jess paused and gave me a passionate kiss, right in the middle of the room! Mom turned and saw what her sister was doing and as soon as my aunt released my lips, mom fastened herself there as well. I heard a loud murmur rise in the

restaurant from their bold displays. I even felt a stirring rise down below.

The older maître d had paused also and appeared perturbed but not surprised by my dates' sexual outburst. We resumed following him.

The table turned out to be an L-shaped booth against the wall with partitions on two sides. I saw as we approached it that you really couldn't see the table until you were nearly next to it. I smiled with what this suggested might happen during our meal! Also that the white tablecloth reached nearly to the floor caused ideas to start running through my mind!

We sat, me against the wall, with mom on one side and my aunt on the other. Mom and Aunt Jess wiped their once-again smeared lips with a napkin and didn't bother reapplying more lipstick. Within in a minute an attractive young woman in her mid-twenties came over, and after she introduced herself as Gretchen said that she would be our waitress. She had straight, mid-length blonde hair, pale blue eyes, and what appeared to be large breasts constrained in her white blouse and black vest. A knee-length black skirt hid most of her legs. I noticed Aunt Jess giving the girl a once over before she left after getting our drink order. She saw that I had noticed and leered back at me.

"Don't you two start anything!" Mom told us in a firm whisper. I raised my eyebrows in reply and Aunt Jess just grinned at her sister.

"I was just admiring our cute waitress." My aunt stated.

"Just don't start getting cute with her. And I didn't necessarily appreciate that little stunt either."

"It didn't stop you from kissing him too! Admit it, you liked everyone staring at us, at you, as you did that."

"It was ... exciting." Mom confessed, her eyes lowering slightly. I reached over and put a reassuring hand on hers.

"It was exciting mom. That we did it with all these people who don't know that you're my mother made it even better!"

"Jeremy! Shh!" Mom gasped in her whisper.

Okay, I may have been a bit loud considering the content of my words.

"Sorry mom." I whispered just as low.

"Maybe you shouldn't call me that while we're here." She looked around but the partition was higher than her head and cut off her view of the rest of the room.

"What do I call you?" I asked.

"You don't have to call me anything; I know when you are talking to me. Or you could use my name."

"What? Jenny?" I struggled to say the word. Jenny was a girl in my third period class. Cute, but kind of chunky. This beautiful woman beside me had always been mom. To call her otherwise would be like saying grass was blue, it was just wrong.

"It is my name." Mom stated flatly.

"I'll try mah- Jenny." The syllables tangled my tongue.

Gretchen returned with our beverages, water for me and glasses of wine for the ladies. She handed out menus and recited the evening's specials. I paid little attention to her words and was trying to picture her without her waitress uniform on her shapely figure. Mom must have noticed because she kicked my shin. Gretchen may not have seen me staring or chose to ignore it as she cheerfully answered mom's and Aunt Jess's questions about the specials, though it seemed that my aunt

was asking only to just keep the Nordic blonde at the table. Was she trying to flirt with this girl? As she walked away, I watched the gentle sway of her well-rounded rump.

"You have two women sitting her with you, and yet you still stare at the waitress's ass?" Mom huffily complained.

"You've told me I need to find a girlfriend." I stated, staring back at her boldly.

"I have. But you shouldn't do so while out with your ... mother." Her voice dropped to barely audible. I grinned at her caution.

We studied our menus for the next few minutes. I noticed the prices and choked. I hope my mom and her sister didn't go getting crazy with their orders. Dinner would take a big chunk out of my bank account! But it was worth it to be out with them both, all dressed up and looking so hot and sexy! I would have to remember to get a picture of us together to remember this night.

Gretchen returned and took our orders. I saw she kept glancing at me even while talking to mom or Aunt Jess. My aunt put her hand on the girl's arm, gently holding it casually, but purposely. Gretchen looked down at Aunt Jess's hand with a smile but her gaze returned to me. I was picturing Aunt Jess with Gretchen, much as she had been with her

friend Margie, and my little friend was becoming not so little anymore. Mom just watched the interactions going on with a discerning grin.

I ordered the steak and mushrooms, Aunt Jess had decided on the Chicken Marsala, and mom chose the lasagna. As Gretchen gathered the menus, I saw her wink at me with her pretty blue eyes. She must have decided that mom and Aunt Jess weren't actual dates of mine. Obviously, she hadn't seen the two of them kiss me in the midst of the restaurant! Mom gave me a knowing smile as she had seen the waitress's interest. Aunt Jess had a slight scowl, she evidently had too!

As we waited for our food, we were relatively quiet. Mom and her sister finished their wine, so I raised a hand to signal Gretchen for two more. Her face lit up as she looked my way, more so than seemed normal for a diner to get from their server. As she went back about her job, I felt a hand on my lap. From the angle, it was clearly my aunt's seeking for my half-erect dick. I looked quickly at her and she just smiled innocently. She worked my pants undone and released my rapidly growing cock, her fingers feather-light over my hot skin. My breath caught in my throat as I noticed our blonde waitress returning with two more glasses of wine. As Gretchen set the glasses on the table, Aunt Jess gestured to her and moved aside to allow the blonde to witness her hand stroking my totally hard dick. I gasped loudly.

"Nice." I heard Gretchen comment. She looked up at me with a wide smile.

"Jess!" I complained, having enough thought not to say aunt.

Mom then realized what was going on and added her voice of disapproval.

"Jessica! I said no funny business!"

Our waitress walked away without another word. Mom looked over the edge of the table and saw her sister's hand caressing my shaft, pre-cum drooling from the hole. She may not have approved, but her eyes lingered for longer than just a glance.

"See something you like mom?" I asked her. This seemed to break her reverie as she looked up at my face.

"You know I do. Just not here." She turned her face away and took a large drink of her wine.

Aunt Jess had no such qualms. She glanced around to see that no one could see her, ducked down, and hid under the tablecloth. Next, I knew her head appeared from the white linen and her mouth engulfed my cock. She took the entire thing with her first bob. I grunted loudly, and that made mom return her gaze. Her eyes bugged wide when she saw the strawberry curls of her sister's head.

"What the hell are you doing Jessica?" Mom yelled at her in a soft voice. Gentle sucking sounds were her answer. Mom looked at me sternly and I looked back innocently.

"I'm not going to stop her." I whispered. Aunt Jess was wasting no time and was using all her skills on my hard and aching cock. I had to tap on her head after a few minutes to stop her before I came in her mouth.

"Stop Jess, you'll spoil your dinner if you fill up on me first." I quipped.

She slowed her tempo, but didn't stop. I had to admit I was enjoying her ministrations and didn't necessarily care if she stopped or not!

Mom had a look on her face that I didn't know if it was actual anger, or she was frustrated it wasn't her sucking my cock. She took another gulp of wine, nearly finishing it, and again looked at me, this time with determination. She glanced at her legs, or I thought that's what she was doing, when she slid off her seat and disappeared under the table.

I sat there not knowing what to do. It would appear that I was alone but I could feel the two women shuffling around my legs. Aunt Jess's head pulled off my dick and disappeared under the tablecloth. I could hear faint muttering from below but couldn't determine any words or even the tone of what was said. Aunt Jessica suddenly popped up,

brushing her hair back and rearranged her décolletage. Mom also reappeared, her tits barely held in by the scant neckline. She saw me looking and glanced down. She actually pulled the dress further downwards, the bumpy edge of her darker areolas now visible. My eyes widened slightly. Mom just smiled seductively at me. I sat there with my cock standing free from my dress pants.

Gretchen came back carrying a large tray with our meals. She looked cautiously around the table verifying where everyone's hands were placed. I wondered what she would think if she saw that my raging dick was still in the open. She spent a few minutes setting out our plates and chatting with Aunt Jess who was flirting relentlessly with the girl. Gretchen seemed to take it in stride, and was even playfully teasing back with my aunt. Her eyes kept glancing to me and I just tried to act suave and nonchalant, surely failing miserably.

Mom, Aunt Jess, and I set about eating our meal. Within a minute or two, I felt a hand on my bare cock. Aunt Jess's hand. She winked at me and stroked me slowly, keeping me hard. I downplayed her actions and kept eating my steak as if her hand wasn't there. After a couple minutes, her hand returned to the table, but then another hand was now massaging me from the opposite side. Mom also winked at me as she continued to eat while playing with her son's hard cock under the table's edge. The two of them took turns rubbing, stroking, and teasing me tirelessly. I squirmed under their loving hands, but I was intent on eating my delicious meal.

More than halfway through her food, mom finished half her glass of wine in a long sip, then she looked nervously around. She slid down under the table and pulled Aunt Jess's hand from my painfully hard dick. I felt her mouth surround my head and her tongue swirl over the smooth mushroom head. I glanced at Aunt Jess in surprise. She smiled and finished her own wine. With the constant attention I had received as I ate, mom's mouth had me ready to burst in moments. This wasn't on her agenda, as she just played her tongue over my shaft and head, especially the sensitive spot just under the flared edge. I moaned tortuously as my mother sucked my cock in this fancy restaurant.

Aunt Jess waved Gretchen over, indicating the empty wine glasses. The young blonde nodded and headed for the bar. She returned in a few minutes and set the two glasses down. Once again, my aunt gestured for her to look closer. Gretchen looked over the table and saw mom licking up the side of my cock then take it deep into her hungry mouth. The waitress's eyes grew very large, but she didn't appear shocked, merely intrigued. The sucking sounds mom was making must surely be heard at nearby tables. I just looked at the cute girl uncomfortably as she watched this older woman that she couldn't know was my mom giving me head.

"Miss, I don't think that is on the menu!" Gretchen said playfully and laughed. "It is one hell of a special though!" She did continue to watch for more than a minute before she was called away.

Mom kept going a short while longer before she sat back up and returned her attention to her meal.

"I think I should have ordered that special, this," she indicated her almost empty plate, "isn't nearly as nice. Or as filling." She grinned at me.

"Jenny!" Her sister and I both exclaimed.

As we finished, mom and my aunt contemplated ordering desert, but eventually decided against it considering their tight attire. They finally allowed me to put my cock away without having let me cum at all. I had to struggle to get everything tucked back into place. I signaled for the bill and Gretchen brought it over. I looked it over, filled in the tip, and then gave her my credit card.

"Are you sure the three of you don't want anything else tonight?" She said suggestively. I decided it was my turn to shock the sexy girl.

"Not unless you are available?" I asked with all the seduction I could muster. She smiled so beautifully back at me.

"I'm sorry. It's still very early. I'll be here for quite a few more hours. Sorry." She seemed to be genuinely disappointed, but I was sure that was just from years spent dealing with people.

"Then that's it, thank you." I said. She turned and walked away with at least two pairs of eyes watching her sway.

When she returned with my card, we had risen and were about ready to leave. I was anxious to get these two vixens home and make them pay for their torturing me all night. I took the card and as I was returning it to my wallet, Aunt Jess had taken Gretchen's wrist and placed her hand on my still swollen cock. I was stunned that my aunt would do this, but after the previous events of the evening, I shouldn't have been surprised. What did surprise me was when Gretchen didn't pull her hand away but gave my cock a firm squeeze. She let her fingers trail over my bulge when she did release me. I locked eyes with her and I felt that connection spark between us. I smiled as mom and Aunt Jess led me away.

We got to the entrance and when I went to pull out my ticket for the valet, I found another slip of paper in my pocket. It was small and I unfolded it to reveal two words in a feminine script 'Call Me!' followed by a phone number. It could have only been from Gretchen, though I don't know when she was able to give it to me. While she distracted me by rubbing my cock? But that had been spur of the moment on Aunt Jess's part. I showed this to mom and my aunt. Both of them urged me to call the waitress. I replied that the two of them were more than enough for me. I could barely keep up with just two women, I didn't need a third!

"If you don't call her, I just might!" Aunt Jessica teased. Even though Gretchen had played along with my aunt's flirting, she didn't strike me as the type to go both ways, but then I wouldn't have guessed I'd be having sex with my mother or my aunt either, so what did I know!

Mom was looking at me with a steely gaze. I already knew what she would say.

"I'll call her, I'll call her." I conceded to their demands, putting the slip in my wallet. I wasn't sure how serious either of them actually was, I knew how much they seemed to like being with me. Even if it was supposed to be forbidden, that was part of what made what we were doing so exciting!

I was on a date with mom and Aunt Jess, regardless of what they might call it, and they were insisting on me hooking up with another girl! I still wasn't completely convinced that this wasn't a dream! The longest, most real-seeming dream ever, but still it must be a dream. There was no way things like this happened to anybody in the real waking world!

As we got in mom's car, it was clear that the wine had made the ladies slightly tipsy. I started to pull from the parking lot when Aunt Jess declared that she wanted to go dancing.

"Jess, no. We've done enough in public. Let's just go home. We can dance there." Mom protested with little conviction.

"That's a great idea, Aunt Jess. Come on mom, it'll be fun. I know you love to dance and that dad never takes you."

"I do love it! Justin hates dancing. I could barely get him to dance with me at our wedding reception." Mom said reflectively. "But I don't know any of the current music, I'm an old woman!"

"You're not old Jenny. It's the same as it was when we used to go. You just dance to the beat regardless of the song. You'll do fine."

"I don't know Jess. We can't move much in these dresses. It was one thing to have a table hiding us most of the time, but everyone will be able to see ... everything!"

"If you didn't want anyone to see anything, you shouldn't have picked that dress, you should've worn the blue one."

"But I wore this one for Jeremy. I wanted to tease him with it."

"And you are gorgeous in it mom!" I said over my shoulder. I was driving in no particular direction until we decided, or I should say, until we convinced mom.

"Thank you honey." She paused a moment, then said, "I suppose we could go for a little while. The two of you can dance and I'll just sit and watch." My mom didn't sound certain with this idea either.

"We can't go dancing without you dancing too mom! You love to dance; you would look so incredible with that dress. Everybody will be staring at you!" I tried persuading her.

"I don't know if that helps your case, Jeremy." I could hear the wavering in her voice.

"You'll make every guy there hard, and all the girls jealous Jenny." Aunt Jess added, more convincingly than me.

"You really think so?" Mom asked with disbelief.

"Absolutely mom! I keep telling you how sexy you are. I wish you could believe me." I told her forcefully, staring at her face in the rearview mirror. Her eyes stared back.

"We'll go, but I won't promise anything. And we won't stay long. I want to get my handsome son back in bed!" Mom said with more vigor in her tone.

That was what I wanted to hear! I knew once we got there and mom had one dance that she wouldn't be able to resist doing more. I saw Aunt Jess's face light up as she looked pointedly at me. I grinned back at her. She nodded, obviously thinking the same as me.

"I don't know what the two of you are grinning about, but I'll dance one dance with Jeremy, then I'll watch you two. One hour, and then we go home!" Mom said sternly as if her mind couldn't be changed.

"Okay mom. One dance." I agreed with a side-glance to my aunt. Her eyes twinkled conspiratorially and still sexily back at me.

"Do you know Triangles, Jeremy?" Aunt Jess asked.

"I've heard of it. Not sure where it is though."

She proceeded to give me directions to the dance club. I drove quickly, anxious that mom might change her mind. She didn't say anything about my pushing the speed limit, so she must have been anxious too. She sat quietly in the back and looked blankly out the window. That same window that she had stared out as she had rode my cock that morning!

I parked in the large lot, skipping the valet parking this time. I encircled the waists of my beautiful dates as we walked to the club's door. There

was the standard line of people waiting to enter. A faint booming beat could be heard as the bright lights covering the front of the club blazed. Before we reached the end of the line, a large muscular man waved to us, gesturing for us to bypass the line. A chorus of boos came from the line. I ignored the protests as I guided the two hottest dressed women past the wannabes. Besides the boos, there came a few catcalls and wolf whistles. I noticed quite a few of the men in line checking out mom and Aunt Jess's luscious bodies, and their scanty clothing. A few girls gave them approving nods. Mom had a big smile on her face that she tried to hide from her two companions.

The equally large bouncer at the door took our entry fee and waved us in, the volume of the beat growing exponentially as we entered. I looked around eagerly, having never been in such a place. I was still a senior in high school and this was beyond what I'd heard about it. There was a long bar along one wall that I could only see by the wall of bottles over the large crowd of people gathered there. On the opposite wall, a DJ had a large setup with lights flashing all around him as he mixed the beats. In between, the crowd of twenty-somethings moved, shimmied, and danced to the pounding music. Even being familiar with the current music, I could barely recognize the song that was playing with the over-amped bass beat.

Mom and her sister looked around also, Aunt Jess eagerly, mom as if she was in a foreign country. I guided them across the dance floor, pressing past the masses to where I saw some tables on the opposite side. We managed to find an empty one and sat. I saw mom was staring at the crowd of writhing bodies. I had told mom and Aunt Jess to leave

their clutches stashed in the car, as there was nothing they would need, beside maybe IDs, which I had put in my pocket, but I doubted they would need them. They may have been extremely sexy, but it was still clear that they hadn't seen twenty-one in a few years!

"Do you want to dance mom?" I yelled at her over the music.

"What? Oh. Yes. But still call me Jenny."

"Okay. Let's go." I took her hand, and with a glance at Aunt Jess, I guided mom into the crowd.

I had only danced a few times, at school dances and family events, weddings and such. I considered myself to be a fair dancer; I wouldn't embarrass myself or step on a girl's feet. Mom stared at me, unsure at how to begin. I wasn't sure either, but I leaned forward and spoke loudly in her ear.

"Don't worry about trying to do any current moves ... Jenny. Anything you do will be hot!" Mom smiled at these words and she began to wiggle slightly, obviously still cautious about her very short dress. She shouldn't have worried, because I'd been trying to see what color her panties were all night and had yet to catch even a glimpse! That dress must have been taped to her hips and thighs.

I put the rest of the crowd out of my head and focused on what I was doing, and my beautiful mom's moves. I tried to match hers to make her less self-conscious about out-of-date dance moves. It didn't matter though, as whatever mom did looked sexy, and she was drawing stares from all around us. A few other girls began to copy mom's seductive steps. The longer she danced, the more relaxed she became. We continued when the song ended, and when the next one finished Aunt Jessica joined us.

"I thought you two weren't going to come back!" She yelled. "I was getting tired of getting hit on by these young guys!"

"No you weren't Jess!" I told her. She grinned back.

"I missed my sister and my ... sexy stud. I don't need these guys."

"Thanks Jess!" I answered and pulled her close, even though the song had a fast tempo. Her tits pressed against my chest and she took the opportunity to grind her pelvis against mine.

Mom must have gotten jealous as she put her hands around my neck and pushed her breasts against my upper arm, and was practically dry humping my hip. I turned to her and kissed her briefly. Mom stared at me when I turned to Aunt Jess. She grabbed my head, turned it back to her, and kissed me fiercely, trying to merge her body with mine. My aunt pulled my lips from my mom's, and she tried to give me a

tonsillectomy using her tongue. These displays drew cheers and whoops from around us. Mom looked around, now nervous about her outburst of passion. She drew away from her sister and me. I felt this and separated from Aunt Jess reluctantly.

"Perhaps we should sit for a bit." Mom said barely audible.

"Let's get something to drink Jess." I said in case she hadn't heard mom.

We walked back to the table, attracting the attention of a waitress dressed in skimpy Lycra shorts and a tube top that did nothing to hide her over-abundant tits. Aunt Jess ordered two rum and colas for them, and a non-alcoholic one for me. The waitress glanced at me, surely noticing how young I was. She nodded and moved off.

We sat for two songs. I sipped my beverage while mom and Aunt Jess drank somewhat faster. When they finished and seemed antsy to get back to dancing, I gulped the rest of mine down and stood. Mom looked up at me expectedly. I reached out a hand and she grabbed it. I knew she was telling herself about her resolution about only one dance, but that she was also so willing to return to the dance floor. Aunt Jess grabbed her other arm, and the two of us guided mom back into the crowd. Once there, mom lost whatever reservations she'd had, and she became almost a wild woman with her swaying hips, quick stepping feet, shaking booty, and flailing arms. Aunt Jess and I had to step back

from her as she took over her little section of hardwood. Others nearby began clapping to the beat, encouraging mom along.

I recognized some of the moves as classic dance steps, but mom was going from one move to another such that it was hard to tell when one was done and the next had started. Mom was no professional dancer, but she was clearly far better than I had realized. I wanted to dance with her, but she far outshined me that I didn't want to look foolish next to her. My aunt took my hand and we danced together while mom got her groove on. Aunt Jessica shimmied and swayed provocatively in my arms, rubbing against my dick like we were home in bed.

A few young men came up to mom and tried to dance with her, but she would move away from them, or dance in such a way that it was obvious that they were alone and looked somewhat silly. As I moved to the beat with Aunt Jess, I managed to keep an eye on my mom; I didn't want any crude guys making advances on her, but as she fended off numerous attempts, I realized mom didn't need any help from her son.

A few songs later mom must have gotten tired of dancing alone, or she was jealous of her sister dancing with me. She came over to me and began to dance so seductively and rather erotically. She pressed tight against my body as she shook and wiggled hers, pushing her ass to mine, grinding her pelvis on my hardened cock, and ran her hands and fingers over my body, including my crotch! I had never had a lap dance,

but I figured this had to be damn close to one! I wasn't really dancing much, but mom's movements had me breathing heavily.

A small group of people had surrounded us, meaning mom, and had kept cheering and urging her on. I don't know how much she was paying attention as she seemed to be in her own world, one in which I fortunately happened to be included. I don't know how long we danced, mom and I, but I was getting quite winded. Aunt Jess had wandered in and out of our orbit, dancing with me for a few minutes and had even swayed together with mom. Mom grinded her body against her sister as well as she had done with me. This got more than a few whistles.

Eventually we made our way back to our table, surprising to find it still empty. A different waitress passed by and I ordered another round of drinks. Mom must have made quite an impression with her dance moves, because a steady stream of guys came by our table asking her to dance. She pleasantly turned each one down, but there were a few that were rude and couldn't, or wouldn't take her refusal. Aunt Jessica also got her own group of misfits that she sent away unhappy. We finished our next round of drinks quickly and went back to dance just to avoid more guys begging the two women to dance with them.

Mom, Aunt Jessica, and I now danced as a threesome, weaving in and out, going from one to the other. Me and mom, mom and Aunt Jess, Aunt Jess and I. We danced freely, and also pressed tightly to each other. As much as I loved having either of their barely covered bodies

against me, it was so hot to watch the two of them mashed together as they gently moved as one. A couple of different guys came up and tried to cut in, with Aunt Jess or with mom, only to be shot down. None seemed to get the hint that mom and her sister wanted to dance with just me.

All night, I'd heard comments from other guys about how I was too young for such a hot pair of women, often using vulgar euphemisms for the ladies, but I'd just ignored them. I was with mom and my aunt and I didn't care what others thought about it as long as they didn't suspect that either was related to me, as our actions were definitely not family-friendly!

At one point a dark-haired, mid to late twenties guy approached Aunt Jess, and after she told him no, he turned to mom and she also turned down his request for a dance. He grabbed mom's shoulder and tried to pull her away from me. She turned and told him to bug off. He then grabbed her by both of her upper arms. He told her that I wasn't man enough for her, I was too young to handle to fine ass women like them, and that he would show her what a real man was like in bed. Mom laughed at him, but I could see some fear in her face. The guy was much beefier than I was and I didn't think I could take him on, but I would go down swinging in defense of my girls!

Aunt Jessica stepped up to him boldly, and in a move that surprised me as much as it did the guy, she grabbed him very tightly by his crotch, so much so that I saw his face scrunch up in pain, and told him that if

he didn't go away, she'd rip his balls off and feed them to him. I don't know if she was fed up enough with being hit on, or the alcohol had helped her release her inner beast, but she then half-yelled over the pulsing beat.

"Jeremy here knows very well how to handle the both of us very well! He did so this very afternoon when he fucked us both in the ass and got us both off before he was finished!"

Dark-haired guy's eyes went wide, and the crowd that had heard Aunt Jess's words gasped. Mom's eyes grew also, but she laughed and then added, "He fucks me so much better than my husband does!"

The guy winced when Aunt Jess released his crotch and hobbled away. A few women nearby cheered my aunt, obviously not the first woman he had annoyed. Dark hair didn't get very fair before a pair of burly bouncers appeared and grabbed him before he could disappear into the crowd of people milling about after my aunt's spectacle. Many of them were staring at the three of us. A new song started and the crowd slowly returned to what they were here for, dancing. We did too and were left alone from any further interrupting men.

After that, it wasn't mom and Aunt Jess that were being pestered, but rather it was me! A number of girls and young women came up and would dance near me, drape themselves around me, or wrap their arms on me, even though the women I was obviously with were only a few

short paces away. I disentangled myself from one, and another would magically appear. My female relatives found this quite amusing and giggled as I fought off the feminine flock. We tried dancing some more, but after these events among the other incidental occurrences, the thrill had gone, the desire for more intimate interactions too great.

"Maybe dancing wasn't a good idea." Aunt Jessica said dejectedly as we exited the raucous club. "We might have lost Jeremy to that horde of young women."

"No way! You two are the ones that I want!" I declared. I saw mom's eyes light up at my words. Aunt Jess grabbed my bicep and pressed herself to me.

"You're the one we want too, right Jenny!" She exclaimed loudly as we returned to the car. Mom only nodded, but she giggled some more.

"It was a good idea, Jess. I had fun dancing with my stud." She giggled again.

"Our stud." Aunt Jessica corrected her.

After the wine at dinner and the hard liquor at the club, both of them were more than tipsy. They weren't exactly drunk, but they definitely couldn't drive; I didn't want them passing out before we could get to

do anything more tonight. I remembered mom saying something about plans they had for me. I hoped they remembered about them, and were still capable of whatever it was. I suddenly wanted to get home very much!

I rolled the car window's down and the cool night air sobered them somewhat, mom more so as my aunt didn't seem as affected by what she'd drank. We returned home; a gentle reminder of what was at stake when I pulled in next to dad's truck. I saw mom glance at it quickly then look to me. I smiled hopefully at her in return. Her lips tried to form a smile, but trembled weakly. I reached around her back to guide her inside. Aunt Jessica was already at the front door awaiting me to unlock it.

As we entered the house, my aunt viciously attacked my mouth, surely leaving her dark lipstick all over my mouth. I opened my eyes after a few moments to see mom staring at us hungrily and with a trace of sadness. Surely, the alcohol was making her weepy. I pulled away from Aunt Jess and kissed my mom, softly at first, but with increased passion. She was caught off guard at first and it was a moment or so before she got as caught up in our joining as I was. She pushed me off her a couple minutes later, turning to glance at her sister, then back to me with a touch of surprise on her face. Mom looked as if she couldn't believe she'd just kissed me as she had. I looked back at her quizzically; she couldn't be doubting herself now after all we've done.

"Something wrong mom?" I asked worried.

"No. I was just thinking about something. Something from long ago."

"What Jenny?" Aunt Jess sounded worried too.

"No, it's ... nothing." She looked at the two of us with a renewed smile on her face. She continued with a sultry voice. "I think it's time for our surprise, Jess."

"Oh yes! I forgot about that!" My aunt's face suddenly glowed brightly. I was more than curious now!

"As handsome and sexy as you are in that suit, I think you should go change for bed!" Mom said in the same seductive tone.

"Why don't you two just undress me?" I suggested with a leer at them both.

"We have ... other things to do first." Mom answered with another glance at her sister.

"Just go take off that monkey suit and come back in your boxers, or even better, your birthday suit!" Aunt Jess said with a wave of her hands at

me. "Come back to your mom's bedroom in ten, no, fifteen minutes." She urged me away with her hands again.

"Go on honey. You won't regret it." Mom urged me also.

"I never regret anything with you two, mom. Jessica." I replied and reluctantly, but hastily headed upstairs to my room to strip out of my restricting clothes.

That only took me three of the fifteen minutes they requested, so I went through some emails and texts on my phone that had piled up during the day. It was hard to focus on the mundane task when I had Aunt Jessica and mom planning something special for me in mom's bedroom. At fourteen minutes and fifty seconds, I galloped back down the stairs in my underwear, anxious to see what they had planned. Mom's bedroom door was open as I walked down the hallway to it. I got to the doorway and cautiously peeked in. It appeared to be empty. The bedside lamp was the only light in the room. It cast a pool of illumination over mom's king-size mattress.

"Aunt Jess? Mom?" I called out suspiciously. "I'm here. Where are you?"

"Get on the bed and lie down." I heard mom's voice call out. It sounded like it came from my parent's bathroom.

I did as instructed, propped up with pillows.

The bathroom door opened slowly and I could see mom step out. She was wearing a full length, plain white robe. Aunt Jess stepped up behind her, wearing one of my mother's old worn robes. They stood just inside the bedroom expectantly.

"I liked the dresses better." I stated. "I wanted to undress you again like I did Thursday night, mom."

"You'll like this better, honey!" Mom said breathily. "I hope."

"Oh, I know he will!" Aunt Jessica added just as sultry.

Mom opened her robe slowly and dropped it to the floor.

Aunt Jess's cotton covering soon followed it.

The two of them were standing there in lingerie so erotic, so sexy, so fucking fantastic that my jaw had to be on the floor, my eyes surely had grown to three times their size, and my brain took a temporary vacation from the sensory overload. My cock sensed the gorgeous and scantily clad women and grew to enormous proportions at the vision of the two

sisters in lingerie so hot that the fire marshal had surely deemed them fire hazards!

I had no words as I stared at my mother and my aunt.

No quips, no cracks, no comments.

For one of the few times in my life I couldn't speak!

They both giggled mischievously as they saw my reaction. Each glanced at the other, then looked hungrily back to me more like actual cougars and less like their namesakes.

"I think he likes them!" My aunt understated my response.

"Oh, I think so!" Mom purred beside her sister.

My Aunt Jessica was wearing a teddy of thin black ribbons that crisscrossed all over her body making her almost appear to be wrapped in rope. It both hid and didn't hide her voluptuous figure. Black stockings covered my aunt's toned calves and thighs, held up a garter belt that matched her teddy. She had strappy black stiletto heels on her feet.

Mom was encased in a sheer blue sleeveless body suit that actually didn't hide a thing, her dark areolas and stiff nipples, her brown bush, and the ridges of her labia all clearly visible. She wore no garter to hold up her light blue thigh-high stockings. There was only one thing of my mom that was hidden; white pumps covered her feet.

They both took a step and twirled around so that I could see them from every amazing angle. Aunt Jess's tie-me-up teddy (as I now called it!) continued much the same in the back, but with her spin, the lower hem rose up and I glimpsed the skimpy black thong that she was wearing underneath. Mom's full firm rear was on display, and I found her outfit was backless down to the dimples above the crack of her ass.

They each sauntered, sashayed, and strutted across the room. My eyes ping-ponged between them, taking in every detail of these dazzling dressed damsels. I wanted to freeze this moment so I could feel like this forever! Or to capture it, so I could relive it over and over again! Mom and her sister sat on the edge of the bed and placed an arm down to lean forward giving me views down cleavages that were covered but very well exposed. I could now see my aunt's nipples poking out amongst the black straps encompassing her breasts.

Mom licked her lips slowly and sensuously, a mischievous grin beneath her delicate tongue.

Aunt Jessica blinked come-hither at me while pouting her lips in the semblance of a kiss.

I slowly overcame my stunned wonderment, but wasn't sure what to do next. Did they have more planned than just sexy lingerie? Was I to lay here and let them have their way with me, because I was very okay with that if they did!

"Do I have to do anything?" I queried with a glance at the tent my boxers had created.

Both women softly laughed as their eyes fastened on my hidden pole.

"Oh, you'll have lots to do honey!" Mom cooed.

"It might even take you all night long to finish!" Aunt Jess said and put a warm hand just above my right knee. One of mom's hands soon followed on the other leg.

"Do I get to remove these delightful outfits?" I let my hungry gaze wander over the ladies' figures.

"Oh, eventually." My aunt sighed as she moved her hand up my thigh to the leg opening of my underwear.

"We'll have to remove these first!" Mom stated with girlish glee. Her hand had beaten her sister's to my erect cock, running her fingers gently over my excitement.

"Yes! These must come off immediately!" Aunt Jess gripped my cloth-covered shaft with a firm squeeze.

I grunted my agreement and my consent.

Mom leaned further forward and kissed the tip of my dick, then licked a circle around my cock head, probably tasting the dampness my arousal had left there, even through the thin fabric.

"You're going to have to let that go if we want to take off his boxers, Jess." Mom smiled to her sister, who responded with a couple of quick strokes, the cloth of my boxers sliding across my skin.

"I still can't believe what a nice cock my nephew has! It was such a cute wee-wee when he was a baby and now ..." Aunt Jess said grabbing one side of the waistband. Mom saw what she was doing and gripped the other side. They both pulled down together causing my erection to spring back upwards as it was released from my boxers. "And now it is an amazing big, hard cock that just makes my mouth water!"

"I never cared much for giving blowjobs back in my heyday; Justin has to complain all the time to get me to ... oops! Enough about him. But with Jeremy and this beautiful and magnificent cock, I just can't seem to keep my mouth off of it!" Mom licked her lips with a quick swirl of her tongue.

"I love giving blowjobs! Always have. But this has to be one of the best cocks I've ever seen!" My aunt's hand resumed its former position. My dick bulged bigger in her grasp.

Mom leaned back in and kissed my now bare head, her dancing tongue felt incredible on the smooth skin.

"Don't go hogging all that, Jenny!" Aunt Jess bent down and joined her tongue with mom's.

The two feminine tongues teased all around and over my mushroom dome. They weren't giving me a blowjob, regardless of what they had been talking about, this was pure tease and wicked torment! Aunt Jessica lowered her gripping hand to the base of my mighty member and those tongues now wandered further afield, under the flared head and down the veiny shaft. We had no time limits and no fears of being caught or interrupted; my mother and aunt took their time trailing their tongues and lips over my entire throbbing hard cock.

"If I can't have all your talents in one woman, I'll just have to accept having both of you sucking my dick together!"

"Jeremy once told me I was only second to you in my cock-sucking skills, Jess!"Mom bragged between long licks.

"And he told me what a great tongue you have, Jenny!" I saw a barely perceptible look of hope in my aunt's eyes. It belied her earlier hints of hesitation.

"Really?" Mom pulled her head back and looked up at me. I merely smiled back at her.

Aunt Jess took this opportunity to take my cock deep into her mouth, not getting my whole length inside, but my pubic hairs were tickling her nose. I groaned deeply with unexpected surprise. Mom looked back to stare at her sister's sunken cheeks.

"I don't know how you do that Jess. I get most of it in my mouth and I can't help gagging on him." Mom said with some amazement.

Aunt Jessica lifted her head off me, long trails of saliva connecting us still.

"It does take a bit of practice. Though I've heard, some women can do it easier than others can. I've spent years to be able not to gag when I do. Your throat can be trained to accept something in it. I saw a special on cable about sword-swallowers, it's the same technique." My aunt explained before taking my dick all the way in her mouth.

"I don't have years to learn, or train, or whatever." Mom said, eyeing her sister engulfing her son's cock.

"It's alright mom, you have your own talents. I don't need you to be able to take my dick down your throat." I tried to sound comforting.

"But honey, I want to be able to please you!" Mom looked at me with such a loving gaze.

"You do mom! You don't need to be able to deep-throat me to please me. You should already know that by now."

Aunt Jessica had continued to bob her head the full length of my bulging dick. I had to let out a groan in appreciation.

"But if you want to practice mom, I'll let you all you want! You can catch up for all the lost time."

"That's awfully kind of you Jeremy." Mom responded and then gently pushed her sister from my dick. Mom quickly lowered her mouth three-quarters down my saliva-coated cock. She pushed her face forward, gagging sounds coming from her throat as she did. Nevertheless, mom didn't stop, merely creeping deeper with my dick. She sounded like she was about to choke. I hurriedly grabbed her head and pulled her off me. Very thick globs of spit fell from her mouth to my erection as she began to cough roughly.

"Mom! Don't go killing yourself! I'd rather have normal blowjobs from you than you choking to death trying to deep-throat me!"

"Yeah, Jenny! You'll get it, just give it time!" Aunt Jessica gave mom a slap on her back to help her ragged coughing.

"I suppose I will." Mom said teary-eyed and red-faced.

"Besides, I think that's enough blowing, he's hard enough now. I want this cock other places!" Aunt Jess exclaimed, waving my cock around in her grip. Mom's eyes lit up at her sister's words.

"Oh, yes!"

"Who goes first?" I asked enthusiastically. I didn't care, as I was sure I would get many chances with both of these enchanting women tonight!

"After last night, I want to watch you fuck your mom first!" Aunt Jess said excitedly.

"Really Jess?" Mom asked.

"I think what you two have is magical. I feel blessed that you allow me to spend any time with your handsome son, Jenny. I've said that before, and I mean it. Besides, watching Jeremy screw your brains out will be so hot!" Her wide grin broke the solemn tone with which she had started.

"Jess. I don't deserve Jeremy. I shouldn't be doing any of these things with him. I'm his mother! If I allow myself to enjoy my time with my ... handsome son," mom paused and gave me a longing look, "I can't stop you from being with him either. As long as he wants either of us."

Both women stared at me.

"Hey, you know I want you both! Dressed like this, I don't know if any guy on the planet wouldn't want either of you. I'm just lucky I get you both!" Four eyes glittered back at me.

"Before we do anything, don't I get to unwrap my surprises?" I asked and gave each of them an intense look.

"From what I heard, I don't know if I can hold off that long!" Aunt Jess said.

"Well, neither of you has that much for me to remove." I responded, gazing still and once again over their sexy attire. I was sure I would burn my fingers if I tried to touch either of these gorgeous beauties!

"Start with Jessica." Mom suggested. She then scooted further onto her bed.

"Okay. Stand up Jess." I told my aunt. She rose from the bed with a slight squeal of exhilaration. She stood before me, hands at her sides, slightly trembling. I suddenly had a vision of her as a young girl from her excitement, and as a sexual woman from her lingerie. The two halves merged into my hot, beautiful aunt awaiting me to remove these tiny bits of cloth from her incredible figure!

"Have you found that he tends to stare at you?" Aunt Jess asked mom.

"Yes. A lot." Mom laughed. "But I forgive him."

"Oh, I wasn't complaining. It just takes him a bit to get around to doing anything!" My aunt nearly giggled as she looked at me.

"If the two of you weren't so incredibly beautiful, I wouldn't find it so hard not to stare at you!" I responded boldly.

"I don't believe that you're not sweet talking the entire female senior class!" Aunt Jess mocked me.

"I would've said I wish a few weeks ago, but now I don't need to. I have the two of you to charm out of your panties!"

"Well then, get on with it!" She gestured up and down her body with her hands.

"Turn around and bend over!" I said forcefully.

"Ooo! A little bossy now, aren't we?" Aunt Jess cried out with a sexy voice. She stared me in the eye as she spun halfway about and leisurely bent forward, her fantastic ass slowly revealed to my wide eyes.

"Oh!" I heard from the bed behind me as mom apparently appreciated the female perfection before me.

Aunt Jessica ran her hands down the back of her legs as she leaned over, caressing her fingers over the dark shimmering stockings.

"Have you ever thought about modeling Aunt Jess?" I sat there staring, and probably drooling.

"For a minute when I was twenty-one. But I'm not in the same league as real models, but thanks for thinking so Jeremy."

"Aunt Jess. Do you know how many guys would jerk off to the sight I have right now?" I was fighting to keep from doing so myself!

"Really?" She shook her fanny, her teddy swung over her hips. "You think I could get men to cum just by staring at my ass?"

"I'm sure of it." Surprisingly, mom answered.

"What about you Jenny?" My aunt asked her sister provocatively.

"What do you mean, what about me?" Mom's voice cracked nervously.

"Could you cum from staring at my ass?" Aunt Jess's voice seemed strangely tentative.

"I've said how nice I think your rear is before. I thought you were undressing her Jeremy, not having her tease us, you." I think mom's 'slip' was showing then.

Mom's sister let her non-answer pass without further comment.

"Okay. Enough with the show Aunt Jess. Turn back around." I said dryly. I would have been happy to stare at my aunt's ass all night long!

She did so with a large smile on her lips as she faced the bed. I once again took in the entire magnificence of my aunt's curvy figure as I surveyed the task ahead of me. She giggled lightly, her eyes wandering to my lower half.

She only had the teddy, her panties, and shoes to remove, as I wanted to leave her garter belt and stockings on. I pondered how best to remove these items in the most erotic manner. As I studied the strips of the teddy, I realized that I couldn't see an obvious closure that held it on. When she had spun about, I didn't see if it was tied together in the back, but then I had been distracted by the glimpse of her thong and full view of her amazing ass. Well, as I teased her with my hands and mouth I would just have to discover how her lingerie was fastened!

I stood and stepped close to the vixen that was my mother's sister. I encircled her with my arms, running my hands and fingers over her smooth back, from her shoulder blades down to the edge of the near-backless teddy. My dick was pressed between us as I pulled her against me and kissed her with a burning passion. Aunt Jess melted into me and my lips. We weren't in any real hurry, so I let us linger together. Mom gave a gentle cough to break our molten mouths. As I pulled away from Aunt Jess, I glanced back at mom with some consternation; she only gave me a smile.

My lips now molded onto my aunt's neck, kissing and softly trailing my tongue from her earlobe to the concavity above her breastbone. This elicited an audible sigh from my illicit partner. I tickled my lips along her skin to her right shoulder, feeling the strength and the softness of the rounded joint. I grabbed the teddy's strap in my teeth and pulled it aside, letting it hang loosely on my aunt's upper arm. I kissed my way across her chest and up the other side of her neck, sucking the curved edge of her ear and gently breathing into her canal. I used a hand to push the second strap off her tanned shoulder and placed my lips where it once lay. I licked down to her barely concealed breast and then into that delightful valley between Aunt Jessica's double D's. She let out a sound half between a sigh and a squeal.

I so wanted to take Aunt Jess right then, but I struggled to restrain myself. I knew both women were probably having the same struggle themselves!

I ran my hands over those wondrous mounds, feeling the heft of them in my palms. As my hands then continued around to her back, I let my tongue dart between the ribbons and teased it along the slightly concealed skin of her tits. I eventually found her darkened areola and the stiffness of a nipple. I flicked it softly, then nipped it between my teeth. Aunt Jess gasped. I smiled to myself. I slowly worked my mouth over, between, and through the thin dark straps that tried to hide my sexy aunt's fantastic tits from my sight. I found her other nipple and played with this one with teeth and tongue.

"Bite them." Aunt Jess whispered.

I did so, gently, but also roughly.

My wandering hands roamed over her back, bare skin and cloth covering. I found a small zipper with my fingertips, delicately hidden in the middle of the back, but I left it alone. I wanted more time to tease my mother's hot sister.

"Don't forget you still have me to undress too." Mom's soft voice urged me impatiently.

"You already had him do this once. Just sit there and let me have my turn!" Aunt Jess breathily scolded my mother.

I looked to mom, seeing her covered and exposed simultaneously. It was an incentive to hurry, as I would then be closer to thrusting my still throbbing cock into mom's wet pussy! Her eyes blinked twice slowly, a code that told me of her need. I returned my attention to the women before me.

Now that I knew how to unfasten this unbelievably hot lingerie, I could delay its removal. At the moment, I wanted to tease my aunt more than hurrying so I could have sex with my hot mother. I would get many opportunities for that later!

I flicked the tip of my tongue around Aunt Jess's sensitive nips some more, nibbling on them and pulling them with my teeth. She grabbed my head and held it against her breasts as if I didn't want to bury my face in her tits forever! Not to say that I didn't, but she had other wondrous treasures I would bury my face in for a lifetime, and I needed to explore those delightful bits also. I bit extra roughly on one nipple, which caused her to release her grasp and yell out with a shriek.

"Ow! Don't bite them off!" She scowled at me.

I looked up at her with a playfully guilty smile as I kissed the injured nip. I then lowered my head and teased my tongue between the black ribbons along the partially exposed skin of her belly. Aunt Jess swatted my head lightly. My own hands caressed over her body, attempting to

touch every inch of her exquisite figure, lingering over her rear, the bare skin of her upper thighs, and then down past her knees.

The teddy flared out at her hips to just below her hidden panties, her garter straps emerging from beneath it to fasten to the wide decorative band of her dark stockings around the midst of each perfectly formed thigh. I had seen my Aunt Jess naked many times now, but these stockings added an extra exotic eroticism to her gorgeous gams. She seemed even sexier with them on then without, which was obviously the point.

I grabbed her hips firmly and urged her to turn about, rising upright myself. I breathed on her shoulder blades, lifting her strawberry-blonde hair so I could tickle my tongue along the back of her neck. She leaned her head forward as she sighed with my touch. With her hair aside, I reached my hands around to her front and cupped her tits, sneaking my fingers between the concealing ribbons. Aunt Jess pushed her ass back to me, pressing tightly against my cock. I groaned, fighting the urge to shove my dick in that bountiful booty! I heard her softly laugh.

"He's supposed to be teasing you, Jess, not the other way around!" Mom spoke up from far away.

"No one said this was only one way!" She then wiggled her ass, bouncing it across my seeping dick.

I fastened my lips on that special place on the side of a woman's neck that turns them to jelly and rolled her nipples with my fingertips.

"Ooohh!" Her ass wiggling ceased as I felt her relax in my hold.

As I kissed and sucked on her skin, I also circled my tongue along her taut tendons, the flowery scent of her perfume filling my nostrils. After a time enough to have probably left my mark on her neck, I trailed my kisses and hot breath down the middle of her back, following the bumpy line of her spine. Halfway down I left her spinal ridge and my lips wandered over the expanse of golden skin aimlessly, leaving a thousand kisses as I went. Aunt Jess's breath was ragged and caught in deep gasps numerous times as I explored.

I didn't know if I wanted to remove her lingerie yet, or to move on other parts of Aunt Jess's body. I knew I couldn't spend too much longer with her, the growing desires of the three people in the room was nearly palpable. I decided I would move on to her legs and take off her panties before the teddy.

I knelt. I ran my hands up and down slowly along her stocking-clad legs, the smooth fabric electric to my touch. I pressed my face to her ass cheeks, and even through the impeding clothing, it felt incredible. I lowered my head until I could lift her hem with my forehead, her black thong two inches from my staring eyes. If not for the already dark material, I was sure there would be a wet stain visible; the scent of her

ardor overwhelmed me. I was consumed by the need to drink from its source!

Aunt Jessica giggled when she felt my head at her legs. She took a step to widen her stance and once again wiggled her derrière, this time against a different head of mine. I grabbed the bare skin above her stockings to hold her still while I kissed the most delicious ass ever.

"Hey! You can't start on her! You haven't even removed a single thing yet!" Mom called out.

"He's working on it! Give him a chance!" Aunt Jess crouched, pushing her butt once more on my lips. I eagerly accepted her offering!

Between numerous kisses, I ran my tongue along the silky material tucked between those glorious hemispheres, feeling her tighten her cheeks, trying to catch my invading tongue in their grip. As I reached the T-junction, I bit the cloth and tugged back downwards, the panties resisting slightly before pulling free from my aunt's ass crack. I was only able to work them halfway down, as the tension from the front was too great. I released the delicate cloth and kissed my way over one fleshy globe then the other, gradually moving down to her toned thighs, pressing my head between Aunt Jess's legs so that I could lick and kiss up over the widest section of her underwear. As my tongue crossed around the right thigh, I tasted a wet trickle. I licked up the moisture there, tracking it upwards to the source.

"Oh God!" Aunt Jess moaned, even though I hadn't touched any sensitive spots yet.

"I'm supposed to be first Jeremy! You better not make her cum until I have!" My mom could be so strict sometimes!

I moved upwards, licking over her triangle of pleasure softly. I was only passing by, not stopping for any extended visit, no matter how much me or Jess wanted otherwise. Mom was right. I was only supposed to be teasing and undressing my aunt, not making her orgasm!

I nipped the waistband in my teeth and as I had in the back, I pulled down the very damp cloth. Her pubic hair tickled my nose as I let it then trail over her wet womanhood. Again, I was only able to tug her panties down halfway, the elastic bunching up on her hips. Frustrated and impatient at this point I reached up with my hands and quickly whisked the tiny bit of fabric down to her knees and let them drop to her ankles. Aunt Jess laughed at my annoyance. She lifted one foot, intending to let me free her panties. I took her shoe and removed it, holding her shimmery foot up and massaged it firmly.

"Oh!" Aunt Jess cried in surprise.

I did pull off the panties as I let go of her foot. She quickly raised the other to allow me to repeat my actions. This time though I bent and kissed all over the top of her foot and dragged my lips up her calf. My tongue circled around behind her knee, causing her to shiver as I tantalized a lesser-known erogenous zone. I now knelt as if I was worshipping this goddess standing over me, one many men would prostrate themselves before gladly and willingly.

"All that and all you've taken off are her panties?" There was no scorn in mom's tone though.

"I could definitely get used to this treatment." My aunt said in a hoarse voice.

"Don't I know it." Mom agreed softly.

I started down the homestretch of this seductive teasing. The only piece of clothing left was Aunt Jess's sinfully sexy tie-me-up teddy. I kissed her wetness that elicited another sharp cry and then returned to my feet. I kissed her other damp lips as they melted against mine. My dick had managed to sneak under the hem of the lingerie, eager to kiss those lower lips too! However, its first kiss was promised to another; one that I was sure was eager to return its passion!

Without any more hesitation, I hugged Aunt Jess tightly, the top of her bare thigh rubbing my cock and threatening to cause me to erupt too

early. I found the tiny zipper with my fingers again and after a little trouble getting it to initially move, quickly pulled it down. Just before it would release, I paused and kissed her again, as fiercely and deeply as I ever had. One last tug and the material separated.

It was many minutes before Aunt Jessica and I separated though, I was light-headed and seeing stars dance over her head when we did. Our entwined bodies kept the lingerie trapped between us. I longed to see my aunt's naked figure once again, but also still entranced by the vision of her in the sexy outfit. I couldn't have her both ways, so I took a step backwards and let the garment fall to the floor, letting my eyes roam over the pale and tanned expanses of naked flesh on view before me.

"I'm truly not worthy of you, Jessica." I stated as my eyes worshipped her.

"Or you either mom." I glanced to my mother.

"No, you're not, but we'll keep you around anyway." Aunt Jess teased, a playful smile lighting up her face. I noticed her eyes dropped down to my stiff dick.

"Don't you get any ideas, Jess. That's for me. You said." Mom warned her sister.

"I can still admire it, can't I?" Aunt Jess's smile went from playful to seductive, her voice from teasing to sultry.

"Admire all you want, but keep your hands off." Mom said with menace.

Aunt Jessica stepped further away from me and raised her hands to shoulder-level at mom's warning. She looked at me with intensity and said, "You'll have to undress me like this again one day. When I have more clothes for you to remove."

"Oh, definitely. One day very soon." I agreed, staring back into her hazel eyes with equal forcefulness.

"He's all yours now, Jenny." My aunt turned to climb on the bed, taking position next to her sister.

Mom looked at me expectantly, but also hungrily and with some surprising shyness.

"Jeremy, I'm so ready for you right now, I don't know if I can wait for you to undress me!" Mom's voice was almost a whine with her womanly desires.

"Me either mom!" I knelt on the bed and met her as she scooted towards me. Our lips met as I fell atop her, our arms entangling us.

After a few long moments I lifted from mom's face and stared down at her, her eyes fluttered open and stared back with longing. I glanced down between us at her beautiful breasts in the sheer blue fabric, her dark areolas capped with stiffened nipples poking up. I looked back into her eyes as I moved my head down to those wonderful peaks and slowly licked my tongue across each tender tip. Mom sighed as I sucked her nipples through her lingerie, flicking them lightly. She put a hand on the back of my head, her fingers curling in my brown hair.

I supped at her breasts for a dozen minutes before kissing her belly a couple times. I longed to taste the abundant juices my mother must surely be leaking from her pussy. I paused for a second to stare at the point from which I entered this world, then lowered my face down, and gently, softly kissed her there in gratitude. My tongue emerged and danced about her warm womanhood, which was well soaked with her ardor.

"Oh yes! Lick me Jeremy! Lick mommy's pussy!"

I eagerly obeyed. I increased the vigor with which I licked, pressing my tongue and the transparent cloth into mom's open nether lips. I grabbed her inner thighs and held them wide as she tried to squeeze my head between her legs.

"Yes baby, lick me. Fuck me with your tongue! Oh God yes! I love it honey!" Mom groaned loudly.

I had been semi-teasing with my licking of mom through the sheer lingerie, but I wanted full access to mom's cunt. I pulled the band of translucent cloth aside and replaced my hungry tongue on my mother's bare pussy lips. I could now push my tongue deep into her love channel and drink her flowing juices unfiltered. She voiced her approval with a near-wail.

"Yes Jeremy! Oh God yes! You're gonna make mommy cum! I'm gonna cum so hard from you licking my pussy! Please baby, make mommy cum!"

Mom was desperate for an orgasm, so I didn't make her wait any longer. I attacked her precious nub with tongue and lips. Her legs flailed about my head and her hands held my face against her pelvis as if I might move it away before she was brought to her orgasmic bliss.

"Lick my clit baby! Keep going! Just like that! Oh God, oh God, oh fuck-king gawwwd!" Mom shrieked as she shook violently. I clamped my mouth over her pussy lips, flicking her clit and drinking her delicious fluids, both as fast as I was able.

When she slumped back motionless, I ceased my licking and lifted my head up so I could look at mom's face. She looked back at me with contentment, but with still more than a hint of sexual hunger.

"That was incredible honey, but I need more than my pussy licked! I need you to fuck me! I need it hard and I need it now, baby!"

"There is nothing that could stop me from fucking you mom! My dick is aching to get in your hot, wet pussy!" I answered her plea with my own in return.

"Yes honey! Fuck mommy's pussy with your big, hard dick! I love your dick, Jeremy! Give it to mommy now, baby!"

I knelt between her legs and lined up with my mom's wide-open pussy. She stared up at me with such love and lust, her eyes wide and twinkling, and her lips slightly parted as her breath caught as I entered her. No matter how many women I might have in my life, the feeling of sinking my cock into my mom's tight, hot pussy would always be the most amazing thing I would ever experience! Nothing else could ever come close!

I pushed my entire length in her on the first stroke. I lay there, bottomed out in mom's cunt, our pubic hair meshed together, and wallowed in the incredible sensation of mom's pussy walls holding my dick tight. I stayed that way for only a moment, though I could have spent an eon

locked in her loins like this. Mom and I needed to fuck and needed it badly! I slowly pulled back out until just the head was still held within her lips, then shoved back as hard as I could. Then repeated this action again faster.

Mom and Aunt Jess had been relentlessly teasing me all night and I was desperate to cum. I knew mom was just as desperate, despite the brief respite of her oral-induced orgasm. So I wasn't going to waste any time and began to pound into her with the intent to get us both off as quickly as possible. Mom clearly was in agreement, as she grabbed my shoulders and pulled me down on top of her, her tits pressed into my chest and her ankles were planted on my ass. Her breath came in short, harsh gasps in time with my thrusts, as if I was pushing air through her body.

"Fuck me Jeremy! Fuck me good and hard honey! I need it so badly. Fuck mommy's cunt baby!"

This was not the woman that I knew just a few short weeks ago!

I wondered if she knew how much she had changed since that fateful incident. On the other hand, maybe I just didn't know mom, or the real woman that was my mom. The horny, sexy woman that lay beneath me then, urging me on, eager for us both to cum together, and doing this in the presence of her equally horny and sexy younger sister! This was the woman that I had come to love, not as a son loves his mother of

which I still did, but as more, as a man loves a woman, as a lover. Our animalistic passion notwithstanding, this was still an act of love. A man giving ecstasy to a woman and getting the same in return. There was no greater gift that one could give another.

I rammed into mom's cunt with an increasing fury, giving no thought of making her orgasm first, as there was no doubt of both of us climaxing very soon. My balls were already burning, ready to fill my mother with my sticky seed! Mom was producing plenty of lubrication for my pumping iron-hard rod; it was flowing freely from her and was soaking the sheet under her ass. I felt her breath on my neck and my ear as we clenched together, my forehead pushed onto the mattress as I focused all my energy on jamming my dick in her pussy as hard and fast as possible.

I was a few seconds from unleashing a torrent of cum in mom when she shrieked out so loudly I was sure the local police would show up to investigate the torture that must surely be going on at our house. Mom let out a second shriek almost as loud as the first and suddenly began to convulse beneath me. I was pressed so tightly down upon her that she could barely move, but her limbs shook and her body trembled as an intense orgasm overcame her. My balls tightened and I felt like they were being pulled inside out as I blasted my thick white cum with each powerful thrust. It wasn't as if I hadn't cum in days, but the force of my orgasm felt that I hadn't. Even as my insides felt like they were deserting me, I could feel mom's fingernails digging in my shoulder blades. Whether from pain or lust I cried out with an animalistic grunt that would have been understood by any male primate.

"Ahh, fuck!" A third voice seemed to come from far away, as I dribbled the last of my spunk in mom's overflowing pussy.

I felt as I was about to black out and struggled to let gravity pull me to the side. I lay there, only a few sensations filled my overloaded brain. The yellowish circle of light on the ceiling, my sweat soaking the sheet beneath my back, my ragged breathing, and the warmth of the body lying beside me. Those four things consumed me for seeming ages, but could only be moments. As I recovered my strength and senses, the rest of the world intruded, my universe no longer just mom and me. I heard mom's breath calming, the neighbor's backyard security light brightening the curtains, the smells of our combined passions, and other minutiae made themselves known.

"That was frickin' hot as hell!" That third voice, which I now recognized as Aunt Jessica's, exclaimed.

"Wow!" Mom answered.

"I think you both are right." I slowly moved my eyesight to verify the room's other occupants. I saw my aunt pull her right hand from between her tanned thighs and mom was staring back at me with a glaze in her eyes.

"Jeremy." Mom almost whispered. A hand reached up to touch my face but her strength gave out and it landed on my forearm instead.

"I know mom. Me too." I rolled onto my shoulder and was able to bring my lips to hers. It was a short kiss but had enough heat to worry a few polar bears.

"It's no wonder I can't stay away from you." Her voice lowered into a whisper when our mouths separated.

"Or me either." Aunt Jess intruded.

It was then that I realized that the condition of my cock hadn't changed; I was still stiff as a flagpole! The hours spent in the presence of these two gorgeous beauties had aroused me more than a single incredible orgasm could alleviate.

"Oh, good! You have some left for me!"

"I wasn't going to let you go without, Jess." I smiled at her.

"You may have to find another bed, I don't know if I can move out of your way." Mom rolled her head to look at her sister and me.

"That would defeat the point of having you both together then mom." I sat up. I then knelt over my mom and kissed the end of her nose.

"Then you shouldn't have screwed my brains out honey."

"Didn't you want me too?" I asked rhetorically.

"All the time." Mom answered anyway.

"You could fuck me in your bed. I'm sure you've dreamed of that many times!" My aunt and fantasy dream lover turned reality suggested. It was a suggestion with the power of a runaway freight train! I could not resist.

"Do you mind mom?"

I'm sure she noted my unrestrained enthusiasm.

"Go ahead. I'll rest here for a few minutes. I'll come watch in a bit. If you're not done by then." Mom gave me an evilly sly grin. She surely knew the power her sexy and curvy sister must have had on my adolescence!

"Oh, I don't think this will be as quick as we were! And don't worry, I'm not done with you yet tonight either!"

"Promises, promises." Mom said with a sultriness that let me know she would be ready for more before too long. The look Aunt Jess gave me made me hope I had something left for mom later!

"Come on handsome. Lead me to your bed! Show me how you've dreamt of me all this time!" My naked aunt grabbed my hand and pulled me from the bed and out of my parent's room.

I may have been having sex with a woman that was one of my favorite fantasies from back when the only action I was getting was my right hand. That was real life though, and it bore no resemblance to any fantasy I had gotten off on about my mom's hot sister. Now, this dream woman was asking me to act out on those sexual fantasies! I suddenly felt as shy and exposed as a young girl letting her knickers show in church! My dick certainly wasn't shy though! If anything, it had grown diamond-hard!

Aunt Jess pulled me up the stairs, dropping my hand, but her magnificent ass drew me up behind her with more force than any machine man has ever invented. I suddenly was nervous about the state of my room. I had never had girl in there before with the intent of having sex, my mother didn't count, she was my mother. Then I

remembered the condition of Aunt Jess's bedroom when I had visited and I didn't care if she saw my underwear lying on the floor.

She pushed my bedroom door open and flicked the overhead light. The room wasn't clean, but it wasn't as bad as it might have been. Aunt Jess looked around as if she hadn't seen my room before, though it may have been a year or two. I wondered how many gallons of cum she inspired in this room. The look on her face said she was thinking the same thing.

"Get in your bed and start stroking that beauty!" Aunt Jess told me. I was self-conscious, but knew I shouldn't be. "Then you can tell me what you fantasized about me doing with you. I'll make your dreams come true!"

"You already have Jess. Between you and mom ..." I looked at her solemnly.

"Don't start that mushy stuff. I love you, you love me, I know that. We're here to make some fantasies of yours a reality! Now get on the bed, young man!"

"Yes, ma'am!" I went over and got into my bed. My skin pimpled and I was trembling more than slightly.

"Don't get cocky Jeremy!"

"I thought you wanted me cocky!" I quipped back at her.

"Okay smart ass!" She stepped next to my bed. "Start rubbing that cock! Pretend you're dreaming about me."

"I don't need to; you're standing here in my room without any clothes. Reality has gotten so much better than any dream I've ever had." I truthfully confessed. I did grab the base of my dick, but that was mostly so I wouldn't spontaneous erupt in my aunt's presence.

"You may have a point, but indulge me. That someone has dreamed of me in this way is a turn on for me."

"I'm sure many guys have dreamed of you like this Aunt Jess. Hundreds, I'm sure." I couldn't resist giving myself a slow stroke.

"But it's not the same if I never knew about them. They are just nameless unknown men, you are a real boy."

"What? Am I Pinocchio?" I asked with distaste.

"Well, you do have a body part that grows pretty long!" Aunt Jess laughed sexily. "I'm sorry about calling you a boy; you've been one to me for so long it's hard to remember what a man you have become."

"Did you say long? Or hard?" I waved my long, hard dick in her direction.

"Maybe I'll start calling that thing Pinocchio!" She laughed again.

"Only if you sit on it and make it lie to you!" Her laugh at this burst from her throat.

"Oh my goodness!"

I started to stroke in earnest, staring at my fantasy standing two feet away. Aunt Jess's face grew serious as she stared at my hand wrapped around my cock. I could have closed my eyes right then, but the image in my head would not vary one iota from the vision with my eyes open.

"Very few guys would be comfortable doing that with someone watching them. It's very sexy to see!"

"There isn't anyone here. Just me and the incredibly hot and sexy woman that I am dreaming of right now."

"Ooo." Aunt Jess cooed. "I like that. What are you dreaming I am doing?"

"First thing you would tell me how much you want to suck my dick. Then you would blow me. You would do such an amazing job, but you wouldn't let me cum, even though we both want me too. You want to ride my cock like bronco."

"I think I can do that!" Her voice took on an ethereal quality, as if the real woman was becoming the dream. She knelt down slowly, her large tits resting on the edge of my bed, her nipples showing her excitement.

"I want to suck your dick, Jeremy. Can I suck your big dick, my handsome nephew? Please let me suck your big, hard cock. I want your cock in my mouth so badly!" She pleaded, seemingly mockingly, but also very realistically.

"I don't know. You don't seem like you're interested in it. Maybe I can get mom to suck me. She does a nice job blowing me." That may have been a bit over the top and was a jab from the first time she'd actually given me a blowjob.

She might have taken offense as she reached out and grabbed my cock around my own hand and pulled it toward her lips. Aunt Jess plunged

her mouth down in one quick motion until her nose was buried in my thick pubic hairs. She stayed this way for far longer than I thought she could. She slowly withdrew, actually sucking my dick as her lips retreated. When only the domed head was within her mouth, Aunt Jess quickly bobbed her head up and down with her lips caressing the flared edge. Her tongue tickled along the broken seam on the bottom, teasing the nerves there.

"Suck my cock Aunt Jessica!" I called out as if she wasn't there.

She continued sucking my cock head for a few minutes until I thought she might make me cum regardless of my earlier comment. Then she took the whole shaft again down her throat. She didn't hold it there like the first time, but completely pulled back off. She held it in her hand and stared intently at the rippled length. Aunt Jess flicked her tongue across the tip and around my piss-hole, licking up the pre-cum leaking out. She then licked lovingly down and up my burning skin, further coating my cock in her saliva.

"I can't take it any more Jeremy! I need to ride your big cock! I need you in my aching cunt! I want to fuck myself on your dick!" Aunt Jess sprang upright and stretched her left leg over my hips, straddling my awaiting dick so invitingly. She slid her soaked pussy lips along my throbbing cock in imitation of actually fucking me, the sensation was nearly as nice!

I laid there and let my dream lover do as she wanted with me. I knew she was doing this as much for herself as she was for me. She may not have fantasized about sex with her sister's son, but she had some nasty thoughts that she was acting out, even if I wasn't the specific subject of them. I didn't care what she was pretending in her head, as I was the one that was the recipient of whatever these dirty dreams were about.

When my cock was coated in her pussy juices more than her oral juices, Aunt Jess rose up enough to let me aim my stiff member at her gaping hole. She lowered herself until just my dickhead was within her heated chamber. She wriggled her hips, teasingly playing with the end of my cock, her wet lips swirling on my smooth head. I braced myself for the imminent plunge I knew she would make down my shaft.

Aunt Jess did not disappoint. With more force than gravity alone, she dropped onto me until our pelvises and pubic hairs were joined. I don't know which of us grunted the louder, but if hers was comparable to mine in my own head, I would have to admit that it was probably her.

"Oh fuck Jeremy!" She exclaimed.

"God, Aunt Jess! Your pussy feels so good around my dick!" I groaned.

"No. Your dick feels so good in my pussy!" She corrected me. I couldn't argue with her, she was the one on top.

"Fuck my cock Jess! Ride me like a slut! Are you a slut Aunt Jessica?"

"I'm your slut Jeremy! I'm a slut for your big hard cock! It's filling my cunt so wonderfully! I wish I could ride this beautiful cock everyday!"

"I wish you could too!" I agreed. I thought about my impending graduation and the many hours over summer that I would spend buried in my aunt's wet pussy!

Aunt Jess slowly lifted up, her labia dragging along on my skin. I stared in amazement at the gorgeous woman on my dick. She had been staring blankly at nothing, focusing on the feeling our interlocked flesh created, but must have sensed my stare. She glanced towards my face and met my eyes. At that instant, she began to buck down and up while our eyes never left the others'.

"Ahh, fuck! I love your cock! If I didn't love you both so much, I would be so jealous of my sister! I can't be jealous though, as she lets me ride this big cock! She lets me fuck you so deliciously!"

"Fuck me Jess, fuck me with your tight pussy!"

"It's tight because you cock is so big in me!"

I might have had sex with Aunt Jessica before now, but this was the fantasy I had of her for so long, and now it was occurring in real life as it had happened in my adolescent mind! If I hadn't just had an orgasm with mom, I would have pumped a gallon into Aunt Jess's pussy in less than a minute! I still fought to keep from shooting my cum in my sex-hungry aunt!

She had no qualms about cumming too quickly. Aunt Jess stuttered her tempo as her passion built to where she couldn't focus on her pace. I took this opportunity to jerk up into her with a frenzied burst of thrusts. This sent my aunt over the top. She called out my name that trailed off into a wail as she came on my cock.

"Jer-eh-meeeeeee!"

Aunt Jess flopped down onto my chest as she trembled in bliss. I slowed my rhythm but continued ramming up into her honey pot. This seemed to stretch her rapture longer as she hugged my neck and made little squeaking noises in my ear.

I could feel my own need burning deep in my loins. I didn't want to cum just yet though; I wanted this vixen to experience her own ecstasy once again before I filled her with my burning seed. I don't know if she somehow sensed this, as she put her hands on my chest and pushed

herself up, bracing on her arms and staring like a wanton sex-crazed woman down at my eyes.

"Make me cum again goddamn you! Make my pussy soak your fucking cock!" Aunt Jessica's voice burned the air as she commanded me like some brothel-whore. "When you cum, I want your spunk in my mouth! I want to drink your cum down my throat!"

Wow!

Words like that helped me hold off my impending orgasm. I surely couldn't deny her this request, even if it meant my balls might explode!

"You like my cock in your cunt, Aunt Jess?"

"I looove ittt! Fuck me harder!"

Well, okay then!

My thighs may have been burning from the muscle strain, but I fought through the minor pain and jammed my dick in her still leaking channel with a fresh volley of frantic fucking. My need, as well as Aunt Jess's, gave me the energy once again to lift her to her orgasmic heights. I maintained a staccato rhythm to extend my exertions. That, and my

aunt's already stimulated state, meant it wasn't very long before she announced very vocally her impending second orgasm.

"Fuck! Oh, fuck! Yes, yes, yes! Oh, God yes! I'm gonna cum again Jeremy! I'm gonna cum all over your amazing cock! Fuck me dammit, fuck meeee! Ahh! I'mm cuuuuuummmmminngg!" Aunt Jess once again collapsed to my sweat-soaked chest, her hard nipples pressed into my skin like lightning bolts.

I was so close to my own explosion that I could wait no longer! I roughly pushed my still-dazed naked aunt to the side and sprang up to kneel beside her, holding the base of my dick in an iron grip. Her eyes focused slightly when she saw my throbbing cock covered in feminine dew pointed at her face. A light burned in her eyes as she realized how close I was to spraying her with my creamy white seed. She rolled over onto her belly and lay ready to accept my offering.

"Give it to me! Fill my mouth with your cum!" Aunt Jess cried out weakly, still recovering from her double whammy.

Before I could unleash my balls burning contents, mom appeared in my doorway.

"Jeremy! What have I told you about girls in your room?" She demanded firmly.

I stood dumbfounded, my hard dick in my hand about to burst.

I had never had a girl, girlfriend or otherwise, in my room before. My parents had never before made a comment on the subject, necessary or not. I stared blankly at my mother.

"You've never said anything." I stated emotionlessly.

"Well, I'm telling you now. If you have a girl in here, she has to share with me!" Mom's tone turned jovial as she crossed the room.

I grinned in relief and no longer able to hold back anymore, pushed my cock into Aunt Jessica's awaiting mouth.

I had to put a hand on my mattress to stay upright as I felt my ball sack turn inside out. I shot a thick stream of cum in Aunt Jess's hungry mouth, then a second equally strong stream. A third, then a fourth, before the torrent became a trickle. She struggled to contain it all as she swallowed, but a large amount of white fluid dripped from her lips. Before I could pull back to collapse on my bed, mom was there, on her knees and her tongue licked her younger sister's chin and lips.

The two sisters joined in cleaning my shaft and sucking the remnants of cum from my tip. I then watched mom press her tongue into my aunt's mouth, seeking my cum there. Aunt Jessica seemed all too willing to accept mom's invading tongue and was offering up my creamy cum to her sister. I could only stare as they swapped my spunk between them with true sisterly sharing! As they focused on each other, they now ignored my wilting dick. I was fine with this for the moment and fell back onto my pillow, still able to witness the Sapphic scene.

"From now on mom, any girls in my room have to share my cum with you!" I declared as I slowly regained my breath; my strength would take a bit longer.

Both women laughed lightly as they broke their kiss.

Aunt Jessica rolled over to her back again and mom moved up next to her, lying on her stomach. The three of us were pressed together in my bed, but I wasn't complaining about sharing my small bed with these two beauties! I just lay there collecting my wits and wondering what would be next. Mom gave Aunt Jess a small peck on the lips, seemingly so innocent, but that they were sisters made it more intoxicating. Was mom going to grant my fantasy now? Her hands caressed her sister's skin, moving up to those prominent peaks and cupped them in her palms.

"I've always been so jealous of these tits, Jess." Mom said softly, her eyes staring at those mounds as intently as I ever had.

"You have no reason to be jealous, Jenny." Aunt Jess's voice was barely above a whisper. "You have awesome tits too."

Mom looked across her sister's figure at me. Her eyes invited mine closer. I felt somewhat renewed and moved to lie opposite mom next to my aunt. I leaned over her fabulous flesh to meet mom's lips with mine. The kiss wasn't much more than the one she had given Jess. Mom looked back down at her sibling's breasts with a hungry want. I had my own want then. I bent and kissed the nipple closest to me. I flicked with my tongue and gently nipped at it. I lifted my eyes and saw mom's mouth on the other nipple, tenderly licking it in circles. She felt my gaze and returned it with a slight smile parting her lips. We kept our eyes locked as we each once again lapped at Aunt Jess's tits.

As mom was sucking her baby sister's sensitive nipple, I left the other and joined my tongue with mom's on the stiff nub of flesh. I danced my tongue with mom's around the pinkish areola and over the tip at its center. Aunt Jess put a hand on the back of each of our heads and gently mewed her contentment as we jointly supped and suckled at her breast. We moved as one to the other tit and lovingly teased it also. After an unknown while, I lifted my head and kissed my aunt, mom still nibbling at her tit.

"I haven't had a guy and a woman suck my tits together since ..." she paused unusually long, "in quite awhile."

"You've had a threesome before?" Mom asked with some wonder.

"You mean before you and Jeremy?" My aunt looked at the ceiling. "Yes. A long time ago." Her voice trailed off letting us know the subject was closed.

"You've had quite a sex life, Aunt Jess." I commented. I may have had limited information on the subject, but it seemed so from what I knew.

"You're a fine one to talk, my sexy nephew!" Aunt Jess grinned as she rose up on her elbows. "Two sisters at the same time, your aunt, your mother, and a foursome also as I seem to remember!"

She had a point I guess. And I was only eighteen still!

"It's not my fault I have sex-crazed relatives!" I responded indignantly.

"It is that you are able to pleasure us both so well!" Aunt Jess stated coquettishly.

I felt both their stares burning my skin.

"Speaking of pleasuring us well, I want you to eat me again Jeremy." Mom said with a brief glance at my wilted dick. Whether her request came from a desire, or from a lack of alternatives didn't matter. I was readily willing to comply.

"Absolutely mom! Whenever you want." I answered.

Mom turned onto her back, bent her knees up, and opened them wide. Her gaping opening now visible. She was already damp with excitement. I remembered how much cum I had filled her with earlier and paused as I bent towards her pelvis. I had no desire to taste my essence there but I couldn't let it stop me. On top of mom's scent, I detected an odor of strawberries. I took a deeper whiff, it was definitely strawberries. Mom let out a giggle at my momentary pause.

"Do you like it? I uh ... freshened up for you." Mom said with a girlish tone.

I looked up at her face and saw the woman that was my mother, but the woman that was also my lover. That face was angelic to my eyes.

"Yes." I answered simply. "Freshen..." I halted mid-word when I realized what she meant. "Oh."

Mom had douched herself in anticipation of the request. She didn't have to, as I would have just overcome my discomfort, but that she realized this and had accommodated me, made my respect for my mother ever greater.

"Thanks mom. I'll make sure you cum extra hard for that." I bent to my task.

"Oh goody!" She said giddily.

"What about me?" Aunt Jess asked from beside my mother.

"It appeared that you already came extra hard, Jessica." Mom responded before her voice became a long low moan.

I gave mom's pussy my full attention and every bit of my skill. I explored her depths with my tongue, drinking up every drop of her delicious dew that I discovered. I licked and kissed over every inch of her pelvic triangle, from hipbone to hipbone, and from belly button down to even mom's puckered asshole. I sucked on each of her labia, pulling each of the soft flaps with my lips. I trailed my lips through her pubic forest as if I was lost there.

I was giving mom the full treatment before I concentrated on her pleasure points, building her imminent orgasm to a grand crescendo before I sent her spiraling into ecstatic oblivion. I must have been doing an alright job as mom's vocal responses ran a gamut from a guttural moaning to loud gasps, incomprehensible gibbering to a low wail. She even did manage a few complete sentences.

"Oh God Jeremy! Lick me! Lick my pussy! Oh fuck, you do that so well! Lick mommy's pussy, baby!"

I was back to licking the length of her slit, up one side then up the other, then fucking her with my firm tongue as deep as I could drive it into her. I brought my right hand up and thrust two fingers in, sinking them slowly in, then pulling them back. I pumped my digits in mom's pussy, freeing my lips and tongue for the final assault on her most sensitive flesh.

"Lick my clit honey! I need you to make me cum Jeremy! Make mommy cum!"

It was as if she could read my mind!

I paused and looked up my darling mother's body. Her beautiful breasts were heaving with her heavy breathing, her head leaned back without support, her mouth wide and her eyes scrunched closed. One arm was hanging over the edge of my bed, while the other was held by

her sister who sat up near mom's head and was watching us both raptly. Aunt Jess saw me glance up at her and she smiled innocently as if I had caught her with her hand in a cookie jar. Well, she did have one of her hands tucked between her thighs, unseen. I winked back at her and returned to my task.

I fastened my lips around mom's erect and visible clitoris. I sucked it gently, which drew a gasp from her lips. I softly teased it with my lips, rubbing them around her little pearl of pleasure. A low moan was heard. I then ran my tongue in and around the folded hood, brushing it against mom's nerve bundle.

"OH!"

I gave her a quick flick of my tongue.

"God, yes!"

I sucked greedily at her nib and did a drum roll with my tongue tip. My two fingers were relentlessly and steadily pumping in and out of the dripping chamber beneath my chin.

"Oh fuck! Oh ... oh ... oh my fuck-king God! Like that! Just like that! Lick me faster! Oh God, oh yes!" Mom practically wailed.

I kept up my oral attack on my mother's special spot, fighting to keep my mouth locked on her womanhood as she began to wriggle about. Her legs wrapped around my back with a wrestler's strength, her free hand now pressed against my scalp so firmly she might be capable of pushing my head back from whence it emerged many years ago. My mouth sucked harder at her wet flesh and my teeth nipped as my tongue flicked.

"I'm going to cum Jeremy! You're gonna make mommy cum in your fucking mouth! Oh, yes! Keep going, keeeep gooo-inng!"

Like I would suddenly stop right then!

"Mommy is cumming baby! Cuuummminnng nooow!"

A flood of juices splashed my chin and my pumping hand. I kept up my actions as mom jerked her pelvis into my face; I would probably have a sore neck tomorrow as a result. Mom shook and trembled for a few minutes as her powerful orgasm wracked her sweaty frame. I lifted my head to watch, but my fingers continued their pounding invasion. When mom ceased her spasms, I withdrew my fingers.

"I should give you a moment to recover, but let me say, I want some of that!" Aunt Jessica exclaimed with panting breath.

"Oh honey. That was so good! You know just what to do to me." Mom said struggling to sit up.

"You're my mom. I want to do everything for you. You too Jess, you're my beautiful aunt. I love both of you." I gushed.

"It's okay Jeremy, I love you ... we love you too." Aunt Jess said with a lighthearted tone that belied no other feelings from her.

"You know that I do dear. And not just because I'm your mother, or of things that you do to me." Mom said sincerely. Then added with a less serious tone, "Like making me soak your bed again!"

Sure enough, there was a large wet spot on the sheet between her legs.

"Mom, if I get to eat you or have sex with you, you can soak my bed all the time! It's kind of sexy to sleep in your ... cum."

"Still, you shouldn't have to. We should move back to my bed. I don't think I'm done with you yet tonight, even with how long today has already been!" Mom smiled with a sexy devilish grin.

"I know I want more of my nephew's talented tongue and big, pussy-pleasing dick!"

Speaking of which was now showing signs of life; some little attention from either or both females would surely have me back to full rigidity!

"Jessica! That sounds so naughty, but I have to agree. I've had more sex recently than in the past year with Justin. That it is with my son is just so incredulous. But I can't imagine anyone else that I could give so much of myself to. No one that I could love as I do you honey." Mom said turning to stare at me. I returned her stare just as intently.

"I love you too mom. Now let's get back to your bed so I can show you how much!" I reached over and gave her a slap on the side of her ass.

"You want to fuck my ass again, don't you?" She asked as she rose from the bed.

"Only if you want me to mom." My eyes dropped to her rounded rear with anticipation.

"I do, but I don't think I could take it again today, I've been sore back there all evening."

"Whatever you want mom. How about you Jess? You want another ass-fucking?"

"Like Jenny, I do, but not tonight. It does feel amazing, but your big dick does stretch things out that aren't used to it. I do want you in my pussy again though!" My aunt said enthusiastically.

"Oh yes! I need you to fill mommy's pussy again dear. Maybe a couple of times." Mom looked at me seductively under her lowered eyelids. "If you're capable, that is."

I would die trying to fulfill that request! And the unspoken matching one from my Aunt Jessica.

"We still have another day Jenny! We can't completely drain him tonight! Even Jeremy has his limits I'm sure!" Mom's sister exclaimed with a little disappointment in her voice at what my limits might be.

Hell, I was willing to find out how far I could go! Give one for the team, go down swinging, the Gipper and all that. Isn't that what they say?

"I'm sure he has some more in him for tonight still." Mom stared at me as if daring me to contradict her.

"Whatever I have left is yours, girls." I said carefree. I would happily let them drain every ounce of energy, every drop of sweat, and every bit of cum I had. I would worry about tomorrow when it came, whether I could or not.

"Well what are we waiting for then?" Aunt Jess rose from my destroyed bed. "I believe it's my turn again!"

"I didn't know we were taking turns or keeping track." I responded as I stood next to her.

"We aren't, but it is still my turn." She said defiantly.

"I won't argue that, Jessica." Mom said, but she took my hand as she walked past me and pulled me from the room.

"I mean it Jenny! He has to fuck me now." My aunt argued as she followed mom and I down the stairs.

I stayed neutral. I did want to have my aunt again, but I did just have her in my bed and made her cum, twice! I had also eaten mom twice and had sex with her since we came home from dinner and dancing. It seemed like they were both about equal in the time spent with me so far. When I had thought about this weekend, I had just thought it would be all three of us together, but I hadn't thought about the actual logistics

or how capable I was to follow through on those thoughts! Reality was turning out to be much harder than fantasy! It was so easy to just dream about romp after romp with both women than to actually accomplish said dream.

"I don't care whose turn it is, or if we are even taking turns. I want you both. All the time. At the same time." I stated as diplomatically as possible.

"That's not really possible honey, but thanks anyway for the thought." Mom said as we entered her room. She laid the palm of one hand on my cheek tenderly. "Go ahead and have my sister again. Since she seems to think we spend all week in bed together."

"I want you both." I said firmly. My dick stuck out before me in agreement.

"How do you propose to accomplish this feat?" Aunt Jess said from behind me.

I thought about all the positions we'd done already, today, yesterday, or at any time since this began. I wanted to try something new, but it seems there really wasn't anyway of pleasing them both that I hadn't already done. Was I out of fantasies with mom and Aunt Jessica already? Besides the two of them together, but that wasn't so much me

having sex with them as them having sex with each other. It was only just variations of things we'd done before. Was this all there was to sex?

"What are you so lost in thought about, Jeremy?" Mom asked with a touch of concern.

"I was trying to think of a way to have you both that we haven't done before. I can't think of anything."

"A teen-age guy that can't think of anything new sexually to do? I think that might be one of the signs of the Apocalypse." Aunt Jess joked dryly.

"I'm serious Jess. I just did you twice in my bed. I licked and had mom. Both of you on your knees this afternoon, front and back, so to say. You've sat on my face while mom rode me. Unless you want to ride me and I eat mom's pussy again."

"You have such a dilemma, kiddo. How many of your friends would love to have these problems?" Aunt Jess teased some more.

"Jess." Mom scoffed. "Whatever you want to do is fine by me. I just love being with you, dear. You satisfy me with whatever you do with me."

"Me too. Don't take me serious. We've honestly had more sex today than I've had in a single day since ... probably my honeymoon." Aunt Jess spoke quietly now, her tone more serious than required. "The both of us can lay on the edge of the bed with our legs open and you can screw both our brains out. Or we can lie on top of each other again and you can fuck us like you licked us last night."

"Ooo, I like that one!" Mom said gleefully. "Except you get on top this time, Jess!"

"I can accept that." I agreed.

Mom got into place on the bed, her ass almost hanging off the side and her legs spread wide towards either end of the bed. I stared at my mother in this very exposed position and noticed that she was smiling eagerly back at me.

"Not many sons get to see their mother's like this on their parent's bed, do they dear?" Her easy tone opposed her words and situation.

"Uh, no, I guess not." I said with a bit of surprise at mom's question.

As I stared, I saw that mom's sister was also staring. Aunt Jess was confusing me. At times, she seemed like she wasn't interested in being with mom and I, and at other times she was over-eager to participate.

She was acting very strangely and I could see no answer for her bizarre behavior.

"Aunt Jess?" I nudged her.

"Huh? What?" She looked at me startled. "Oh, yeah." She got onto the bed next to mom and cautiously laid down on mom's stomach spreading her own legs wide on top of her sister's long limbs.

I now had two gorgeous women with their legs spread open revealing their intimate centers, so similar and also so different. Both wet and inviting, and both were waiting for me to fill them with my hard cock. Who was I to deprive them of that?

Aunt Jessica had declared that it was her turn, so I would start with her. I moved next to the bed and found that they were both nearly at a perfect height for me to stand there and put my dick in either of them; I would only have to rise up a little to enter my aunt. I looked the length of the body I had dreamed about for years and the pussy I had never thought possible to be in this position. I wondered if I would have these thoughts every time that I got to have sex with her. I took it that it was just gratitude that made me feel that way. And I would be grateful for every opportunity I had to screw Aunt Jessica. But I would feel that way about my mother too!

"Quit staring at my pussy and put your big magnificent cock in me!" Aunt Jess commanded.

"And I get to play with these huge tits of yours, Jess!" Mom declared as she reached up and firmly grabbed her sister's heavenly globes. Mom's fingers kneaded those fleshy pillows as if they were exercise balls.

I shook my head of the fantastic double visions that had captured my sight. I grabbed the base of my dick and lined it up for the gaping hole above the other. I pushed forward slowly, my aunt's inner muscles welcoming my steel bar of flesh so deliciously. This drew a whimpering moan from her throat.

"Fuck my sister Jeremy! Give it to her hard and fast!" Mom ordered me.

It was as I had intended to do anyways!

"Yes! Fuck me! Give me your big dick Jeremy!"

"Just try and stop me Jessica!" I pulled back and slammed in as hard as I could. I grabbed her hips to keep her in position.

"I'd never stop you! Just give me more! Faster!"

I proceeded to do just that. Her pussy was squeezing my shaft so wonderfully, but I tried to push my sensations away. I wanted to give both women a right proper screwing and I couldn't let myself get overly stimulated by the sights or feelings I was receiving. I was going to keep going like this with both of them until I collapsed!

After a dozen or so minutes I pulled free from my aunt's excellent cunt, lowered my cock a few inches, and slipped deep into mom's equally perfect pussy. Her hands tightened on Aunt Jess's tits as the force of my penetrating dick sent shocks through her body.

"Oh God! Fuck me honey! I want it as hard as you can give it to me, baby! Fuck my pussy, Jeremy!"

"You like my cock, mom? Do you like it pounding into you like this?" I slammed extra hard into mom's channel.

"OH!" She cried out.

"Fuck your mom, dear nephew. Give her the fucking of her life! Pound that dick in her like you do with me!"

"More! Mommy wants more!"

I gave mom more. For almost ten minutes or ten hours, I pistoned in mom like a freight train. She was so tight, but also so wet that it was like sliding in and out of ... I don't know, something tight and slippery!

I alternated back to the upper chasm of delights and thrust deep and hard in Aunt Jess's soaked cunt.

"Fuck me!" She cried out simply.

I did so, as if I had never done so before.

Mom twisted Aunt Jess's nipples roughly; my aunt grabbed her sister's hands and ground them tighter against her breasts.

"Harder, Jenny! Faster, Jeremy! I love you both so much!" Aunt Jess wailed.

I switched back to mom for another round of pussy pounding.

I kept this up, ramming my cock in one, then the other, each for five minutes, more or less. I paced myself so as to last and not to completely exhaust myself. I alternated between a flurry of strokes and hard, steady thrusts. Going back and forth between my two amazing women gave me a moment in between to keep from getting too worked up

myself. I felt like a machine in a factory, in and out, in and out, just churning out satisfied women as I went. I hoped they were satisfied; their vocal demonstrations seemed to indicate their contentment. The neighbors probably could tell how pleased my aunt and my mother currently were.

"Oh jeez zus, Jeremy! Fuck mommy's pussy! Give me your wonderful cock, honey! Make me cum again, baby!" Mom yelled out.

Then from Aunt Jess:

"Just like that you handsome stud! Fuck your auntie's cunt! I'm gonna cum for you! I'm gonna cum so goddamn hard from your goddamn big cock!"

Mom again:

"Honey! Fuck me, fuck me hard! Oh, shit! I'm going to cum, baby! Mommy's gonna cum on your dick, going to cum so hard!"

I don't know how I managed to keep going for as long as I did, except that these two beautiful, sexy, gorgeous, incredible, stunning, did I say sexy, women were incentive enough for anyone to want to give their last breath to please them. Okay, that may be over the top, but if you had gotten to see what I saw then you might agree!

I didn't know what time it was, all I knew was that I was starting to feel very tired. Even eighteen year olds can't last forever. I was at that point giving my aunt a good pounding and I needed to make them both cum again very soon. I struggled to ram Aunt Jess's cunt more intensely. It seemed to work because she was at a fever pitch as I pistoned my dick in her.

"God Jeremy! I'm so close, sooo fuck-king close! Oh, oh, oh!" She cried out in time with my thrusts. "Oh, oh! Ah! Oh God! That's it! That's ... ooo! C-c-cuuummminnng!"

Mom looked to be about to pull her sister's nipples right off those terrific tits as my aunt orgasmed violently on top of her. My sweaty hands could barely hold Aunt Jess's slick hips as I slammed in her pulsing pussy. I could feel her juices further soaking my pubic hair and balls.

"Fuck mommy now, honey! Make me cum too!" Mom exclaimed as her sister was still trembling in ecstasy.

I eagerly complied.

I slipped down and sank into my mother's pussy covered with Aunt Jess's oozing cum.

"Yes baby! Fuck me! I want to cum on your cock, honey! I want it so baaad!"

Maybe as badly as I did! It wouldn't be much longer before my own dam would burst.

Mom must have been very close, because I had only slammed into her seven or eight times when she yelled out.

"Fuuuckk! Ohh!"

Aunt Jessica lying atop mom prevented her from flailing about too much, but mom's legs did tangle about her sister's while trying to wrap around my back. I kept going even as mom appeared to recover, ready to unleash my torrent in my mother's squeezing tunnel. My balls tightened and I gave in to my body's need.

"Here I cum, mom!" I grunted, not even close to as loud as either woman did when they orgasmed.

"Yes baby! Fill mommy's pussy with your cream!"

Parts of my brain may have been draining out of me while I pumped mom full, as I saw spots before my eyes and the room began to spin around me. I had the sensation of the floor slipping out from beneath my feet and the world shifted.

Next I knew, I was lying on mom's bed staring at the ceiling.

"What happened?" I asked the dimly lit room.

"We may have actually drained you dry, honey." Mom's soft voice came from next to me. I turned my head and saw her lying beside me. Aunt Jessica was lying next to mom on the other side of her. Both their faces looked at me with parental concern, even if one was my aunt.

"You almost blacked out for a second. I managed to catch you before you fell." Aunt Jess explained.

"When I ... came, I felt everything start spinning." I stated, slightly embarrassed that I had nearly fallen in the midst of my orgasm. "I've said before that the two of you are too much for me!" I tried to make light of my weakened condition.

"Oh no." Mom answered. "You almost outlasted me. I can honestly say that I am ... fucked out." Mom paused as if uncomfortable to drop

another f-bomb. Or was it that she didn't want to admit she couldn't keep up with her son?

"Oh, definitely. Me too." Aunt Jess said with a sympathetic smile. "I may have to call in work Monday. And we still have another day to go still!"

"We don't have to do anything tomorrow, if you two don't want." I said, not trying to sound let down. I may be out of it now, but I knew that come tomorrow I would be ready, more than ready, for more action with these sexy pair of ladies.

"You are giving up on us already?" Mom queried with a twist on her lips.

"I didn't say that, I said if you wanted ..." I realized that mom was teasing me. I had to know that she wouldn't, or couldn't, pass up the available time with me. Or her sister, I hoped.

"We had a late night last night and were up early today, or actually yesterday." The bedside clock read almost one a.m. "It's been a long day for all of us. We should get some sleep. We can sleep in late tomorrow, then we'll have a big breakfast. We can decide what we are doing in the morning." Mom said very maternally. She did give me a sly wink. What this meant was beyond me, but I was sure I would find out.

"I feel like I could sleep until noon!" Aunt Jess stated as she shifted on the bed, lying on my father's side of the bed, propping pillows under her sweat-soaked strawberry curls.

"I feel like I need a shower, but I don't have the energy right now to get out of this bed." Mom moaned.

I struggled to move to the center of the bed, lying beside my naked and stunning aunt.

"As long as I get to sleep with the both of you pretty ladies, I don't ever want to get out of this bed!" I declared gallantly.

Mom moved up next to me, cuddling up against my side, her tits pushed into my side. I put an arm under her neck and pulled her close. Our lips joined and the world faded from me again. A tap on the back of my head made me turn to Aunt Jessica. She pressed up against my other side, her wondrous orbs sandwiching me in breasts. Her mouth merged with mine and I was lost to her lips. Mom cleared her throat loudly to let us know our time was up.

Both beauties rested their heads staring at me. Each laid a hand on my sweaty chest, teasing the small hairs there. I turned my head back and forth to gaze on both their lovely and glowing faces.

"I love both of you, you know that, right?" My voice nearly broke during this admission.

"Aww. I love you too, Jeremy." Aunt Jess answered.

"You have to know how much I love you, honey." Mom sighed as she brushed my cheek with her palm.

I turned my head to give each of them another kiss. Both were short but filled with love.

Aunt Jess reached down to pull the sheet over us as mom turned off the lamp. My aunt and my mother both then snuggled close to me with my arms around them, feeling as close to heaven as any guy could get. The darkness and the long day overtook me and I was asleep immediately. Any nightly dreams avoided me as I had already had my share of delights for one person in one day.

Chapter 13

I awoke with no memory of any dreams.

My mom and my aunt lay next to me still asleep. Each looked so peaceful, and so serenely beautiful. And knowing that under the thin blanket covering them that they were both naked in bed with me gave me was a wonderful feeling. The sunlight shining on the curtains told me that it was past sunrise, but was still early morning. I luxuriated in the warmth of those two sexy women beside me.

My stirring must have roused them, because Aunt Jess opened her hazel eyes and looked at me with a sleepy smile. Mom yawned as her emerald eyes peered at me. She stretched out her arms, causing the blanket to fall away from her upper torso. She glanced down at her revealed breasts.

"We fell asleep without anything on?" As if her sister and I hadn't realized that fact. "I haven't slept in the nude since ... well, probably before you were born." She looked at me as if it was my fault for her lack of sleepwear.

I guess it was.

"If it's warm enough, I love to sleep in the nude." Aunt Jess stated.

"I would have guessed that about you, Aunt Jess." She always had been in my dreams anyway.

"You would. Thinking about your naked aunt all the time I bet." She teased me.

"Not all the time. There is also Kate Lawrence, a few girls from school, a teacher, and a cashier at the grocery store." I answered.

"Do we all sleep naked?"

"You're not sleeping when I'm thinking about you." I said with a leer in my voice.

"Ooo, you're so naughty! Having nasty thoughts about your aunt." Aunt Jess shifted such that the blanket fell away from her terrific tits. "Are you having any of those thoughts now?"

"Jess, between you, mom, and any various other women, it's a wonder I can get any schoolwork done at all."

"You have been keeping up at school, haven't you?" She may be lying in bed with me without a stitch on, but she was still my mom!

"Yes, mom. I haven't let my sex life interfere with school, or graduating. I don't want to have to repeat my senior year, or even have to go to summer school to finish. In a month or so I'll be done with school and I'll be able to spend all my time with my two best girls!"

"You won't be done with school. You still have college to think about."

"Yes mom." I'm in bed with two naked women and I'm talking about school?

"Can I interest either of you in a morning pick me up?"

"Do you think you are even capable?" Mom asked with an all-too-serious tone.

"I don't know why not, you two haven't completely worn me out yet." At least I hoped not, not yet anyway!

I felt a hand from either side of me run down my chest, over my abdomen, and on to my still sleeping dick. If anything could wake it, it would be these two hands for sure!

"No morning woody?" Aunt Jess quipped with a look in my eyes.

"A couple of beavers took care of any wood I might have had this morning." I deadpanned back at her.

"That's what you get for feeding the wildlife." She responded to my innuendo smoothly.

Mom meanwhile had pushed the blanket from my body, revealing my still shriveled little buddy. I had no doubts that they could rouse him, but knew that it would take some little effort on their parts until my woody would grow tall and stiff. With the blanket removed, the evidence of last night's activities crusted on my dick was revealed. It looked somewhat gross to me, but obviously not to my bedmates, as they both moved their heads down to get a closer look.

"It looks like we put your wee-wee through the wringer last night!" Aunt Jess gave a weak laugh.

"I remember his wee-wee putting me through the wringer last night!" Mom retorted.

"It wasn't so wee then though." Her sister joked.

I didn't appreciate my wee-wee being called wee, and as their female hands caressed it, it responded slowly.

"It seems tired." Mom said as she rubbed her fingers along my thickening dick.

"It did have an eventful day yesterday." Aunt Jess added, her own fingers wrapped around my flesh.

"I bet we could revive it." Mom said with a tone too calm for a conversation involving her son's dick. One that was beginning to grow!

"I know we could!" Aunt Jess said with more excitement than her sister. "The question is whether there is anything left in here!" She grabbed my balls. A bit roughly for me.

"Hey! Watch it with those!" I cried out.

Mom laughed.

"Yeah, Jessica. Those are the family jewels!"

"Aw! Here, let me kiss them and make them feel better!"

And my aunt did so. And it did feel better!

"I'm his mother, I'm the one that gets to kiss and make it better!"

And mom did so.

Let me tell you, having your aunt and your mom kiss your sore balls makes them feel sooo much better!

However, mom didn't stop at just kissing my nuts. She started kissing and licking my stiffening dick.

"Oh, no! You're not going to hog all that, son or no son!" Aunt Jess burst out. She leaned back in and began to slather her tongue on my shaft.

My mom and my aunt competed as to which of them could lick more of me than the other. Each grabbed the base and then danced and teased their tongues enthusiastically over my now-saliva soaked cock. Needless to say, this got me rock-hard! As much as they had drained me just a few hours ago, I had no inclination to cum any time soon, so I laid back and enjoyed the two-tongue fellatio from my favorite pair of women.

They savored being able to spend the extra time on my steely rod. It was as if they were worshipping my cock with their soft lips and firm lapping tongues. Mom and Aunt Jess may have started out in competition on my dick, but after some minutes, their duel became a team effort. Neither of them had taken me into their mouths, instead lavishing my skin with kissing, licking, and sucking on the sides of my bulging veined shaft. I could tell that they knew I would need this extra effort to excite me enough to get me off and they loved getting to tease me without worrying about keeping me from exploding unexpectedly.

Aunt Jessica was of course the first to engulf my cock, taking the whole length in one swift plunge. She kept my cock head in her throat for more than a moment, and drooled masses of saliva on me as she pulled off. She then licked up the shaft twice, sucking a majority of her spit back in her mouth as she did.

Mom wasn't going to be left out, and when her sister lifted her head to regain her breath, mom sucked as much of my hard dick in her mouth as she could manage without gagging. She twirled her tongue around my shaft as only she could do as she sucked her way back up to my smooth-domed head. I had to let out a groan. Mom took this approval and bobbed a couple more times up and down. I could feel tingling in my balls and realized that it wouldn't take long before it would become a burning need. I grunted as mom let Aunt Jess suck me again, her lips tightly wrapped around my girth as she bobbed on my heated cock.

"He may not be completely dry anymore." Mom said breathlessly after she had taken another turn.

"Wab ahblm mohb ruhlm."

"I can't understand you Aunt Jess, with my big cock in your mouth."

"Gah frimb -- I said, you're probably right Jenny." She said when her mouth was empty. "And don't you want your big cock in my mouth Jeremy?"

"God yes! I just can't understand you when you try to say something while you do." I exclaimed.

Mom took this opportunity to suck me as only my mom could do.

"Shit mom!" I gasped.

"Give me your delicious cum honey! I want to drink all your tasty cum!"

"Oh no you don't, you cum-whore! I want some too!"

Every guy should get to have his mother and her sister argue over who got to swallow his spunk!

Each of them fought now over sucking my cock, hopeful to be the one that would cause me to shoot my load into her mouth. I fought to hold back my release, as they were giving me the most sublime, exquisite joint blowjob ever, and I wanted to relish this moment. Not that I wouldn't ever get to enjoy them both together again!

As each woman sucked and licked me as only each of them could do, with the hopes that they would be the one to receive my creamy surprise, their competition only made the blowjob that much better!

"Keep going girls! I'm getting close!" I warned them, which only increased their frenzied attack on my now throbbing dick. My balls were definitely getting ready to burst!

"Oh shit! Oh damn and shit!" I groaned, as I could no longer refuse them their reward!

In their zeal to be the sole benefactor of my prize, they both were denied, and instead I sprayed my load all over both mom and Aunt Jess's faces. I grunted and groaned and bucked my hips off the bed as my dick shot my cream on the awaiting women.

"Ah, yes!" Aunt Jess cried as she tried to catch a glob in her mouth.

"Come on mommy's face, honey!"

They milked me until the last dribbles oozed down my reddened cock. Both tongues quickly had me spit-shined even before my well-worn dick had begun to shrink. Then to my surprise, the two sisters started to lick each other's faces clean. One would lap a streak of my cum from the other's cheek, or forehead, chin, or neck. Then the other would reciprocate. They giggled as they licked my ball juice off each other, and I could only lay there watching with delight. Mom turned at one point and gave me a devilishly wicked smile as she slowly licked a particularly long glob from Aunt Jess jaw line and cheek, dragging her tongue on her sister's skin like it was the most delicious ice cream!

"Damn! You two are just too sexy! I wish I had more cum for you clean off each other!"

"I'm sure you'll have more soon enough!" Mom said sultrily as my aunt licked a line of droplets from the side of mom's nose.

"I sure hope so! I love your cum Jeremy!" Aunt Jess grinned at me.

"I'm sure I will, but right now I feel like going back to sleep!" I could feel my eyelids already weighted down.

"It is still fairly early. I'm sure we could all use a few more hours sleep." Mom agreed.

"Don't expect another blowjob when we get up again!" My wonderful aunt declared.

"I didn't really expect that one! But thank you! I don't know how I got so lucky to have both of you!" I stared at each of them while I could still keep my eyes open.

"I'm the lucky one, dear. To have such a caring, loving son who gives me so much." Mom gushed.

"Aw, mom!"

Both of them resumed snuggling with me and I fell back into nothingness with a huge smile on my face.

I awoke again to find myself alone.

Had everything been a dream? I thought to myself in that sleepy daze upon waking.

I hadn't really been having sex with my mom and my aunt?

Then as the cobwebs cleared from my brain, I realized I was in mom's bed.

It still wasn't a dream.

I lifted the sheet and saw my little buddy was down for the long count. Then I smelled food and found that I was starving.

Mom and Aunt Jessica must have gotten up and were making us breakfast. At least, I hoped there was some for me too. I wanted to spring from the bed, but my muscles creaked, so I rose slowly and looked around for my boxers. I figured I shouldn't show up to the table naked! Although, I have to say, I hoped that the other two didn't have my misgivings about clothing!

I walked down the hall following my nose. As I turned into the kitchen, I saw regretfully that both mom and my aunt had slipped on nighties. Sexy white lacy nighties that didn't cover much, but still ...

Mom saw my disappointment and must have read my mind.

"No. We weren't going to walk around naked just so you can ogle us!"

"Especially when we know that your best feature is going to be non-existent for a while." Aunt Jess teased.

"I'm sure the two of you could get him up, whether it would be capable of anything more than that." I responded.

"I'm sure we could honey, sit down. Jess and I decided to make you a big breakfast so you can recharge your strength." Mom said motherly. This was discordant with her tits and ass practically hanging out of her sleepwear! She was truly stunning in whatever she wore!

"Stop staring at your mother's tits, dear." Mom scolded. "Or my ass!"

"You can stare at me all you want Jeremy!" My aunt said gladly.

"Like my telling him to stop would actually work?" Mom asked semi-rhetorically.

I wasn't going to stop staring at either of them!

My stomach growled loudly and we all laughed.

"Hadn't we decided that all you needed was sex and food?" Mom asked with a glint in her green eyes. "You've had your sex, so we better get some food in you, huh?"

"I wouldn't turn down sex either." I declared.

Both women laughed as they went about fixing three plates. With their backs to me, I had my eyes glued to both butts, which were barely concealed beneath the lacy cloth. Aunt Jess even gave hers a shake for me!

They obviously knew how hungry I would be, or were trying to build up my strength for any activities later in the day, as they had fixed a large breakfast. It was mostly for me as I saw only one plate was heaped with food. There was scrambled eggs, hash browns (that we rarely had, and that I loved), sausage links, a generous pile of bacon, and cinnamon toast. The girls' plates were almost bare next to mine, with only eggs (over easy for mom, and sunny side up for my aunt) and plain toast for each, although Aunt Jess did steal a couple pieces of bacon off my plate. Mom got a large glass of O.J. for me and when I asked, she also got me a similar glass of milk. They both had smaller glasses of juice and cups of coffee (I detested the stuff!). I was nearly finished with my plate while the women were only half way through with their own. Mom noticed me glance at the stove and reassured me that there was plenty more if I wanted it. I then leered at her.

"Yes, there's plenty more of me for you too!" Mom smiled at my intention.

"And for seconds, you can have me!" Aunt Jess added.

"You're never second Jess!" I told her, then leaned over and gave her a loose hug. I felt her lips peck my cheek.

"Thank you Jeremy. You know you're first in my book too." But her eyes said she knew where she stood next to her sister.

There was nothing I could say to reassure her that we both wouldn't realize was just a lie. I could wish things were otherwise, and in a different reality, it might have been, but in the here and now, we all knew how things stood between us. Not to say that we couldn't, or wouldn't enjoy ourselves, but my aunt would always have the feeling of being a third wheel. Mom had a look of pity for her sister that thankfully Aunt Jessica missed.

I continued to eat while they each sipped at their coffees. Other than our brief interchange, breakfast was quiet. Despite our intimate time together, sitting there at the table almost naked, we were almost strangers in the way we acted. I was just focused on eating.

After a loud belch, then a second at a lesser volume, I decided I was full. Mom sprang up to put the dishes in the sink. I saw her look at the mess of pans and utensils from preparing our meal and I knew that her motherly side wanted to straighten up. She shrugged and sat back down at the table, clearly deciding to be mom later.

"I have to say, right now, I am what can only be called satiated." Aunt Jess said as she sat visibly relaxed in the wooden chair.

"I'm glad, I think, because I don't know if I could do anything right now even though I still want to." I leaned back in my chair, my stomach gurgling from my intake.

"You're eighteen. You always want to. It took two hot and hungry women to make you unable to continue." Aunt Jess teased.

Looking at her in a lacy nightie, remembering her in the black lingerie from last night, and then mom in that sheer blue number, I wondered if I was truly incapable! I may be temporarily empty, but that didn't mean the will wasn't still there!

"Is that what we are Jessica? Hot and hungry? That makes us sound ... so ... I don't know, like sluts." Mom said as if her sister's words had demeaned her.

"Jenny. Think about what we did last night, what we have been doing, what we still want to do with Jeremy. We may not be common hookers, but do regular women act like we have been?" Aunt Jess tried justifying her meaning.

"I'm sure they don't, but it's not like we've been out trolling for any young meat we can find."

"Okay. We're only sluts for your son. How's that?"

"That doesn't sound much better. But I do have to admit that being with you honey makes me feel kinda ... slutty." Mom admitted sheepishly.

"I like you kinda slutty mom! You can be a slut for me anytime!" I turned to my aunt. "Do you want to be my slut too, Aunt Jess?"

"You know I do, handsome." She gave me the most penetrating smile, her eyes gleaming. I was almost ready to see what I was capable of at the moment.

"Speaking of slutty." I glanced at both of them. "I want to thank you both for your choice of attire last night. Your dresses, and then ... later."

"I'm glad you liked it, them. I wasn't sure if you would." Mom's eyes fell to the table shyly.

"Are you kidding mom? The two of you were so hot I thought you would set the bed on fire!"

"Really?" Aunt Jess asked.

"Really! You two left me black and blue with that lingerie."

"Oh, I get it. Because mine was black and Jenny's was blue. That's clever."

"Why would you think I wouldn't like them mom? You know how I reacted with that first one you wore. I think you're hot in anything you wear!"

"And I still don't know why. You could have any of the pretty young girls in your school. You go and pick your old mother."

"You're not that old mom. You're what, thirty-eight, thirty-nine? That's not old at all. That's like the prime age for women."

"Thirty-nine. I sure don't feel like I'm at a prime age. Who decided that?" Mom asked.

"Everyone. Late thirties, early forties is when women are at their peak, mentally and sexually. I've heard of plenty of studies about it." I told her, them.

"Oh, studies." Mom said with tone of disbelief. "I'm sure these studies are done by a bunch of horny old men that decide when women are at their peak. Did any of them ask a woman?"

"Mom, you're proof."

"How so?"

"I seem to remember an older woman's hand roaming in my pants and not pulling back like anyone else would do. Then she let herself be blackmailed into giving her son a blowjob, and then later let her sister talk her into having sex with said son."

"I think he's got you there Jenny!" Aunt Jess laughed quietly at her sister.

"I ... but ... Okay, you may have a point. I just don't feel like I'm at any prime age." She added dejectedly.

"You sure seemed very prime last night mom!"

"Thanks, I guess."

"Quite a fantasy for you, huh Jeremy?"

"Both of you are my fantasy, Jess. But taking you out to dinner, with you both looking so stunning in your skimpy dresses and everyone staring at you, and that it was me you were with. Then going dancing and having to fight off the men and women. Coming home and seeing you both in those outfits, then out of them! I don't need fantasies anymore. I'm living them!" I extorted.

"It was quite a night." Mom said with a sigh.

"You did enjoy yourself, didn't you mom?" I asked. "Even after you said you didn't want to go. To dinner, or dancing."

"Yes. I did enjoy myself. It was much better than I imagined. All of it." She was staring pointedly at me, implying so much more.

"I know you did, Aunt Jess." I stated as I smiled at her.

"I haven't had a night out like that in ages. Most of my dates take me to cheap dives, try to get me drunk, then want to go back to their place so they can feel me up, and then fuck me. It was good to go out to a nice restaurant and then a nightclub. Even if we still did go back to his place so he could feel me up and fuck me." She chuckled at that last.

I didn't catch her reference at first so I could only stare back. When I realized she meant me, I laughed also, though awkwardly.

"Jess and I went shopping the other day. Went to the mall. The lingerie shop there. Met a cute young girl there ... don't remember her name," Mom paused, thinking.

"Cherry." Aunt Jessica answered for her.

"Yes, that was it." Mom looked at her sister for a second, then back at me. "Too bad she said she had a boyfriend, she would have been perfect for you."

"Mom, you barely met the girl. I doubt if she could be perfect." I interjected.

"Anyways. We explained to her what we wanted and what for and she was just so helpful. Wasn't she Jess?"

"So helpful. Very cute too. You would have liked her Jeremy." I had the feeling my naughty aunt would have liked her too!

"You told her what for? You didn't tell her ... about ...?" I gasped nervously.

"I didn't tell her you were my son, no. Really?" Mom said mildly exasperated. "We just said that there was a special man that we wanted to treat with some ... revealing lingerie." She seemed almost embarrassed.

"Both of you? What did she say to that?" I asked with great interest.

"She was intrigued by the idea. She said she had thought about doing something like that for her boyfriend, but didn't have another girl she thought would be interested in joining her." Mom said. "I even let slip that it was for a much younger man than either of us."

"She lit up at that. Two cougars sharing a young stud!" Aunt Jess said with a sexy tone.

"I thought she was going to offer to join us!" Mom responded exuberantly.

"You too? I was trying to think of a way to turn her down easily. I think at the last moment she thought twice about it. Probably didn't want to have to explain it to her boyfriend. It could have been ... interesting though!"

Three women?

It would have been more than interesting! I was somewhat intrigued by this girl now.

"What'd she look like?" Couldn't hurt to ask.

"Blonde. Cute. Very nice ass!" Aunt Jess answered. Mom gave her a very pointed look.

"What? She did. I saw you looking too!"

Now I was more than intrigued! Mom had checked out this girl's ass?

"You were practically drooling over her!" Mom barked back at her sister.

"Ladies, ladies." I said with a stern look at either of them. They quieted. "It doesn't matter. I have the two of you. I don't need, or want anyone else."

"Jeremy. I've told you before. You need a real girlfriend." Mom scolded me. I could tell that it lacked the force her admonishment once had. She wanted me to get a girlfriend, but really, she wanted me for herself!

"I know mom! I'm not rejecting the idea outright. It's just that between finishing school, deciding about college and dealing with dad about it. And then ... the two of you. It's almost more than I can handle right now. If something comes up, if I meet someone that seems, you know, right, I would ask her out. But I'm not actively looking at this point." I told my mother. And really, this weekend was setting me back on some schoolwork I had coming due, but I wasn't going to miss this weekend because of a couple of projects I hadn't finished yet. Not for anything!

Mom gave me that stern motherly look and I felt like I was ten again!

"I said okay." I said weakly.

"Leave him be, Jenny. If he finds a girl, he finds a girl. Don't pressure him."

"Thanks, Aunt Jess."

"Don't thank me; you really should have a normal girlfriend. What are you going to do about your Senior Prom? I hope you are going to go to that?"

"I hadn't thought about it. What are you doing May 18th?" I would be the envy of every guy in school if I showed up with Aunt Jessica! Especially in that tight black dress she wore last night!

"I'm not going to your Senior Prom with you!" She said firmly. Then her tone softened. "Though it would make quite an eventful night! We could even make out under the bleachers! Do they still do that?"

"Jess!" Mom yelled at her sister.

"Yes, Jess. They still do that. I would have loved to make out with you under the bleachers. In the bathroom. The teacher's lounge. The locker room."

"We get the idea, Jeremy!" Mom stopped me. Aunt Jess just giggled.

"I've done a few of those!"

"Jess, don't provoke him!" Mom scolded her again.

"Okay, Aunt Jessica." I decided to change the subject. "I'm living my fantasy, but what about you? Do you have any secret fantasies you would care to share?"

"Jeremy!" Mom gasped out, slapping my wrist. "You can't ask her that."

"Why not Jenny? After all that we've done, the fact that he's told me about jerking off to thoughts of me. I don't have much left to hide from him."

"But your private thoughts? Of ... things!" My mom was clearly shocked at the idea of her sister telling me, and mom, about Jess's intimate fantasies.

"Is that so scandalous to you Jenny? That I would tell my nephew what I think about when I satisfy myself?" Aunt Jess clearly enjoyed teasing mom. And me!

"I didn't necessarily mean those fantasies, Aunt Jess."

"Yes, you did. Even if you didn't realize it. If it's a fantasy and it excites me, why wouldn't I think those thoughts when I'm rubbing myself?"

"Well ..." I hadn't thought this fully through.

"It's alright. I'll tell you. It's only fair after learning about yours." She looked deeply in my eyes and I was entranced in those hazel orbs.

"Jess." Mom still protested, though weaker than before.

"Come on Jenny. Then you can tell us one of yours!"

"I couldn't!"

"But you can screw your son? Give him a good thorough blowjob? Ride his face until he leaves you a limp rag?" Aunt Jess questioned mom.

Capable or not, I would swear I felt tingling down below from my aunt's questioning of my mom.

"Go ahead with yours then, and maybe I'll see if I can reveal one of ... mine."

Oh, this was going to get hot!

"Okay, first off this is only a fantasy. It's not anything I would ever want to actually happen to me. Well, I don't know." My aunt actually seemed almost demure then, and not the outgoing knockout that she was normally.

"I never thought mine would happen either." I added calmly.

"Still." Aunt Jess then proceeded to relate one of her sexual fantasies to mom and I.

"It really doesn't have a beginning. I am just having sex with a big, muscular man, a steel worker or maybe a body builder. We are really going at it. He is huge and is really going to town on me. He's so big and powerful and I just feel helpless beneath him. He makes me orgasm, but he keeps on slamming into me. My insides are like jelly, but I don't want him to stop; he feels so big inside me, stretching my pussy so wide! I am cumming a second time before he fills me up with his load.

"I lay there hardly able to move as this unknown man leaves me. Moments later though, another man appears, equally muscular, equally well-equipped. He kisses me, grabs my tits roughly, and then

shoves in me hard. I cry out, both with pain and with pleasure. I pull him onto me as he ravages me the same as the first man had done. I orgasm, then again, howling out with pleasure as this man takes me. He pulls out and shoves his huge cock in my mouth, nearly choking me with the amount of cum he shoots down my throat!

"This man leaves and before I realize it, there are two more men beside me. One is white and the other is black. Both are just as big and beefy as the first two, and just as well-hung. I grab one of their cocks and begin sucking on it as I've never had before and he grabs my head and fucks my mouth with his huge schlong. The black guy gets between my legs with the biggest dick I've ever seen and sticks it in my wet pussy. I scream around the cock in my mouth as the black goliath enters me! They both are fucking me at either end and I can only lay there and let them. My body is overwhelmed with the pleasure and I have a few more orgasms as they switch places. I can't even get my lips around this dark giant of a man, so I just lick his monster as best I can. The other man is nearly ready to burst, and when he does, I can feel the force of his cum on my cunt walls! The giant cock sprays its delicious cream in my mouth so hard that I can't breathe and as I am choking, I sense the men leave.

"As I regain my breath there are more men around me, black, white, Hispanic, Asian. All are huge, with bulging muscles and big dicks. I can't keep even track as they kiss my breasts, shove their dicks in my face, and plunder my cunt with their giant cocks! I have one orgasm after another as they have their ways with me. I am beyond pleasure as

they use me as their fuck toy. I pass out before they finish with me and I awake later covered with their cum all over my body."

Aunt Jessica had very obviously gotten worked up recounting her fantasy. Her breath was heavy and her eyelids hung low, her cheeks were reddened and I noticed she had a hand pressed between her crossed legs. Mom was also affected by her sister's story; her face was equally flushed.

"So you want a gangbang with a gym full of body builders?" I said bluntly.

"Not exactly, but I guess it sounds that way." Aunt Jess answered coming out of her self-induced reverie.

"That's not a bad one, Jess. Sounds ... interesting." Mom said lazily as if lost in Aunt Jess's words.

My aunt's fantasy about men that I couldn't hope to match, in build or size, left me feeling a little inadequate. It was silly, as they both had let me know that I was more than enough for either of them, but still the fact that Aunt Jessica dreamed about this left me wanting.

She must have seen a look on my face, as she smiled graciously at me.

"It has nothing to do with you Jeremy! I've had this ... fantasy for years. Don't give it too much thought."

"Surely it means something that they were all so muscular." I said dryly.

"Muscles aren't as sexy as the care and consideration that you give either of us. Would you want a girl with big tits or one that gave great blowjobs?"

"I don't have to make that choice. I got one with great tits and gives excellent head!" I declared with a wide grin, staring fixedly at Aunt Jess's bountiful breasts.

"Oh, thank you honey." Mom retorted.

"Well, you too mom." I said a bit guiltily. "But I see what you mean Aunt Jess. Tits aren't everything in a woman. Although they are very nice!"

And to prove my point both women shook their scantily clad chests at me.

"They are very, very nice!" I said approvingly. Mom and Aunt Jess giggled as they jiggled.

"What about you, mom?" I asked after a long pause. "Any fantasies you will share with us?"

I didn't really expect her to relate one, as I still thought of her as proper and motherly, regardless of recent events to the contrary.

"Just being with you honey feels like a dream. One that I shouldn't be having, but one that I can't deny enjoying."

"If you don't want to tell us, that's okay." I said a little glumly.

"No, it's not that. I can't really consider you as only my son anymore. Not after some of the things we've done." Mom looked at me deeply and put a hand on my arm lying on the table. "We've become so intimate that sharing anything with you, both of you, should be easy. I've just never told anyone my ... fantasies. Especially not ... well, you know."

"He who must not be named." Aunt Jess answered.

Even bringing up dad in a roundabout way still made his presence known.

"Jess!" Mom scolded quietly, as if dad might appear like some dark lord.

"Don't mind her mom. If you want to tell us, go ahead. I, for one, am very interested in what gets you hot." I said.

"Besides you, you mean." She smiled as if she might let out a laugh, but I could tell the turn of her lips was being forced.

"Mom."

"Okay, okay. Here goes." She took a deep breath, her cleavage expanding nicely. Not that I was looking mind you. Well, just a little.

"I'm walking down a dark street. I don't know why. Or why I'm alone. I would never risk wandering about like that at night.

"Anyway, I'm walking. Just the sound of my heels on the concrete. I walk beneath a street light that gives off feeble light, as if it's about to burn out. I'm nervous but oddly, I'm not afraid. I walk a block or so, my footsteps echoing off the darkness, and I have a strange feeling that I don't know where I'm going.

"I hear a sound behind me that startles me. I turn, but can see nothing there. I pull my overcoat tighter and keep walking, a bit faster now. I hear another sound, this like the sound of a shoe heel on the sidewalk. I quickly spin about, but there is still nothing. A chill runs up my back and I quicken my step even more.

"Another block passes and I suddenly notice the street is wet and water is running along the curb into the grate. I cross an intersection and I hear a quiet splash behind me. I look over my shoulder and am sure that I see a shadow flutter into the trees. I still feel nervous, but still not the fear that I should be feeling. I'm nearly at a jog, roughly in my high heels. Another sound behind me, still just as close as the others. I glance back and almost stumble. A large shadowy figure is a few feet to the left behind me. I regain my footing and break into a half-run. Footsteps behind me, but they are unhurried, and are keeping pace with me.

"Now I am afraid. I run. I dart through a field that is on the right. In the darkness, I almost run into a tree, its branches grabbing at my coat. Then it's not tree branches holding me, but arms. A dark figure of a person is there. I know it's a man even though there is no evidence to show that. I struggle, swinging my arms, kicking my feet.

"The man keeps a hold of me, easily resisting my efforts to break free.

"My coat is pulled off in the fray and my blouse and skirt suddenly feel too tight on my body. The man hardly seems to move regardless of my fighting. Then I feel his breath on my face. I still cannot see anything more than shadows and darkness, but he must be right beside me! His breath is hot on my skin. I can smell some odor about him, not cologne or cleanser, but it is intoxicating. My breath catches in my throat and I cease struggling for a second.

"I feel his mouth on my lips, and even in my heightened state I still succumb to his kiss.

"It is like no kiss I've ever had. I can no longer resist his hold on me. As we continue to kiss, I grab his shoulders with both hands. His dark hands tear my blouse open, then rips my bra off too! A quick motion and my tight skirt is at my ankles. I know if I tried to run now I would merely trip and fall, but I have no desire to flee anymore. I want more of his kiss!

"He kisses my neck and I shiver with delight. I shrug off my torn blouse and useless bra and stand in only my panties. I can see no details of this mysterious man, but I can now prove his manhood, as I can feel his hardness against my hip. I close my eyes and give myself to this dark knave of the night.

"He kisses roughly over my pimpled skin as his hands work over my trembling body. He pushes me further into the shadows and I trip and

fall onto the wet grass. My mysterious marauder is on me and tears my panties off. He lies atop me and I feel his rod push into my willing pussy. I orgasm almost immediately as he thrusts deeply in me. I grab hold of his shoulders as he pounds me recklessly. I beg him for more and he obliges eagerly. As he continues to penetrate me, I plead for him to make me a woman! I am delirious with our passion; orgasm after orgasm overtaking me.

"I lie on the damp ground in bliss after, when I see the dark figure rise and seemingly melt into the night."

Mom looked down at the table when she ceased her story, momentarily unable to meet our eyes.

"Wow Jenny!"

"That almost seemed like a rape fantasy mom!"

"No. I was willing."

"Not at first. Why were you running away?" It was a fantasy and I probably shouldn't try to have her justify it to me, especially as I was her son. It could be said she wasn't willing that day in the kitchen when I had her blow me. She had definitely been resistant at Aunt Jess's later that day.

"I was ... I ... I don't know. It's only a fantasy Jeremy! Don't ask me to explain it."

"I thought it was hot Jenny! A dark, mysterious man comes up to you and takes you practically in the open ... you've made me wet!"

"Aunt Jess!"

"Sorry Jeremy. It might sound like rape, but I guess only a woman would know the difference between a man forcing himself on you when you say no, and a man forcing himself on you when you want him to."

"And a man never knows when no means no, or when no means take me."

"No always means no, don't get me wrong. But sometimes if you ask again, that no might become yes."

"I don't think I'll ever understand women." I sighed dejectedly.

"You seem to be doing pretty good to me." My aunt said with a sexy leer.

"Present company excluded."

"What's wrong with present company?" Mom gave me a fierce glare.

"Ab ... so ... lutely nothing! It is perfect!" I gave mom my best innocent face.

"You don't think that look is going to help you, do you?" She asked intently.

"It has so far. At least with you." I answered glibly.

"Only because I love you so much, you little devil."

"Who, me?" I looked heavenward.

"It's your turn now, Jeremy." Aunt Jess said.

"My turn for what?" I asked with confusion.

"For your fantasy story."

"You already know it. We lived it last night." I answered emphatically.

"Not that one. I know you must have loads of fantasies."

I couldn't deny that! Aunt Jessica was a favorite fantasy, but hardly the only one.

Mom cut in before I could say anything.

"He wants to see us together." She said so emotionlessly she might have been telling her sister her shoe size.

"What?" Aunt Jess asked blankly. "We have been together all weekend."

"No. Together." Mom said with more emphasis this time.

"Together?" Aunt Jess still didn't grasp the concept. Then the light bulb went on. "Oh! Together!" She croaked out. She stared at mom for a moment, then turned to me.

"You mean, together together?"

"Yeah." I said weakly. I was sure she would be against the idea. She had shown resistance any time she had done anything with mom, whether blatantly or not. Whatever she had going on with Margie, she obviously was pro-sausage and not into Taco Tuesday.

"We have already done plenty with each other. I'm not sure what more you're thinking." She still seemed reticent about the thought of sex with her sister. I guess it would stay a fantasy.

"He wants to see us having sex." Mom said in that blank tone again.

"He gets to have sex with us both, but he wants to see us together?"

"It's alright Aunt Jess. You don't want to. Like your gangbang or mom's forced sex thing, it's only a fantasy."

"I didn't think you had an issue with being with another woman after Margie. I know you two have had a friends with benefits thing going on." Mom said with a concerned note in her voice. "I told him I would think about it, but if you have a problem, we won't try it."

"No. It's not that I'm not willing. I am. But you're my sister."

"And Jeremy is you're nephew. So?"

"It's not the same. And I don't mean because we are related. If I found out we had a hot long-lost sister, I would be all over her! It's because we've been so close for so long. I've known you longer than I've known anybody! It would just seem so ... strange."

"Well, yes. Of course. It was very strange the first time with Jeremy too. Sometimes it still is. He's my son. That doesn't mean that I don't still want him. I know what you mean though. You are the person I've been the closest to in my whole life. But that should mean that you are the one person that would understand me, and I you." Mom reasoned. "I still want to try it Jess. If you do."

I could see the mixed emotions written plainly on mom's sister's face. Mom could read it too.

"He has done so much for either of us. I wanted to do something for him."

"We've done plenty for him too!" Aunt Jess said over-emphatically.

"Well, yes. I suppose we have." Mom looked down at the table. She raised her eyes slowly as she spoke next. "But I want to be with you Jess. I'm curious what it would be like."

"Really?"

"Yes." Mom answered firmly.

"You ever been with a girl before?" Her tone implied she thought she knew the answer already.

"Yes."

This answer clearly surprised my aunt.

"Who? Anyone I know?" Aunt Jess asked with disbelief.

"Sheila." Mom said that singular name as if it explained everything.

"I always thought the two of you were very chummy!" Aunt Jess stated with an exasperated breath. "I never guessed there was more though!"

Mom blushed with this revelation to her younger sister.

"Did you like it?" My aunt asked almost quietly, seemingly very interested in the forthcoming answer.

"Definitely! It was only a onetime thing though." Mom sounded disappointed at that.

"No one else?"

"No."

"Why not? If you liked it."

"I never found anyone else." Mom paused a moment. "It's not like I could just go up to a girl ask her if she wanted to have sex with me."

"Actually, it's not as hard as you think Jenny." Aunt Jess said with a playful smile. Clearly, she had some experience there!

With mom and aunt relaying their private fantasies so openly, and now with the two of them discussing my own fantasy, my dick had finally revived. I used this moment to inform them of my present condition.

"Yes it is! Very hard!" I stood and waved my stiff cock towards them both. Four eyes locked on my favorite body part, and they both laughed easily at the sight.

"If you're willing Jess, I am. You're my sister and I love you. Even if you say no. We'll just do something else with Jeremy." I could hear the disappointment in mom's voice. I didn't want Aunt Jess to feel pressured.

"It's alright Jess." I said as I seated myself again.

"No. I want to." She still seemed unsure to me.

"I figured we'd let Jeremy tell us what to do. At least at the start, since it is his fantasy."

Aunt Jess's lips parted as if she was about to add something, but stayed silent. I could tell something was going on in my aunt's pretty head, but I wasn't going to pry. If she had something to say, she would say it.

She did finally speak, but I knew it wasn't whatever had been troubling her. Hesitantly she asked, "Is this about the two of us, or will you be joining us?"

I thought that she was still reluctant and only was agreeing to get some more of my hard cock. But since she'd clearly been with Margie, I couldn't understand her unwillingness. Was it that Margie was the only

active participant of the two? Aunt Jess hadn't reciprocated with her friend? She had that day at her house. I was confused at her reactions.

I answered her question.

"Just the two of you. I'm sure it'll get so hot that I won't be able to keep my hands off you."

Mom laughed.

"We don't need to have sex for that; Jess, or I just have to be in the room with you for you to have your hands all over us!"

"Ain't that the truth!" Aunt Jess agreed.

I couldn't argue, as it was the truth! I saw mom's sister nod in agreement.

"Neither of you have to do this if you don't want to. Just being able to be with you as we have been is more than good enough for me." I wanted them both to be able to say no if they wanted, I didn't want them feeling obligated to do more than they were willing. Especially Aunt Jessica.

"If I don't do this, or at least try this, I know I will regret it." Mom seemed anxious, which was understandable.

Aunt Jess nodded her head, unable to voice any words.

"What do you want us to do?" Mom asked cautiously, staring at me before she looked nervously at her sister.

We were still sitting at the kitchen table. I hadn't expected mom to initiate this situation anywhere besides the bedroom, so I was off put. I decided to see how serious either of them really was about this.

"How about you start at the beginning. Why don't you just kiss?"

"Okay." Mom said softly while staring at Aunt Jess.

She slid her chair closer to her sister and gingerly gave Aunt Jess a peck on the lips. I didn't understand their anxiety, as that day at Aunt Jessica's they had kissed each other, right before they both sucked my dick. Mom gave her another kiss, this one lasted slightly longer than the first. Aunt Jess sat there without responding, or returning the kisses. Mom seemed perturbed at the lack of response and on the third try, gave her sister a hard, passionate kiss with parted lips. Aunt Jessica kissed back with a fiery intensity. They stayed locked together for a couple minutes before separating breathlessly.

"Whew!" Mom gasped.

"I agree!" Aunt Jess said between deep breaths.

"We should probably move to another room." I said as I stood.

"You just want to get us back into bed!" Mom said emphatically.

Guilty!

"Wouldn't you two be more comfortable in your big, warm bed?" I asked.

"I'm sure wherever we are, will be more than warm. It will be volcanic!" Aunt Jess stated.

I had to agree!

Whether they agreed with me about location or not, they both stood up, as sexy as ever in their lacy white nighties. Of course, I had to stare at the double cleavage that was revealed and the tops of four pale-skinned

globes. I laughed as they both shook their chests at me, making those tits dance so delightfully just for me!

"I love that he stares at me Jenny! In the good way, not that lecherous leer most guys give you. Like I am an expensive present for him!"

"I never said I didn't like my son staring at his mother's body, I just don't know why he would want to when he can stare at girls much prettier, and younger than me."

"Don't start on that again mom!" I grumbled.

Mom leaned over and gave me a very un-motherly kiss, tracing her tongue along my lower lip as she did.

I reached around her and gave her a soft swat on the ass, leaving my hand there to cup that wonderfully firm and yet pliable flesh. Her eyes gleamed back at me. She then turned to her sister, put a hand in Aunt Jess's coppery curls, and pulled her head closer. Their lips met, merged, and melted together. Aunt Jess wrapped an arm around mom's lower back, smashing their tits together. My aunt definitely was no longer uncertain.

"Come on girls. Unless you're going to make out on the kitchen table. Mom's bed will be much softer." I urged. Not that I was in a hurry to

separate them. Watching mom and my aunt kissing like this was better than any porn ever filmed, even if they hadn't done anything serious yet!

I was antsy to see how far they were willing to go!

"Let's go Jess. He's right, the bed will be so much better. And we can take off these nighties. I'm sure Jeremy wants to see all of our tits!"

I had the best mom ever!

"And our asses!" Aunt Jess giggled.

"Well, your ass anyway!" Mom gave her sister a swat.

Aunt Jess made as if she was going to smack mom back, but as her hand was about to make contact, she gave mom's butt a good hard grab, digging her fingers into mom's spongy ass.

"You have a great ass too, Jenny. You spend more time keeping yours in shape than I do. And it shows." She gave mom's tush another squeeze.

"I guess I can't argue with the two of you, though you are biased. You both say that just to get in my panties!" Mom laughed.

Aunt Jess's eyes burned brightly at those words. Her earlier reluctance had become a raging desire.

"Mom, I don't have to do anything to get in your panties. You practically invite me in!" I gave them both a gentle shove out of the room. Yes, I had a hand on each curvy ass when I did that!

Mom took one of Aunt Jessica's hands and gently pulled her down the hall towards her darkened room. I followed staring at four long luscious legs beneath their delightful rears!

Mom flipped the switch for the overhead light, as the room was shaded from the late morning sun by neighboring trees. The room had been dim, but there had been enough light to see by. Clearly mom wanted to be able see everything she, or we, were about to do.

Mom turned around and after giving me a wide smile, stepped over to Aunt Jess. They resumed their kissing, getting more heated now as they put everything they had into this expression of their love for each other. I stepped around the interlocked pair and sat near the end of the bed, leaving room for them to migrate there when they were ready.

The room was quiet except for the sounds of their heavy breathing as the sisters explored each other's mouths with their questing tongues. They had wrapped their arms around the other's backs, holding each other tightly in their incestual lesbian embrace. My mom, being the surprisingly bold one of the two, moved her hands lower on Aunt Jess's back and grabbed a double handful of her sister's perfect ass. This caught Aunt Jess off-guard and she pulled back to stare into mom's eyes.

"Even I can't keep my hands off your ass Jess!" Mom dug her fingers in those wonderful buns and leaned forward to replace her lips on Aunt Jess's. A moment later, my aunt was again caught up in their mutually passionate kissing. Aunt Jess's hands also moved southward and cupped mom's ass cheeks.

"How about you ladies lose those nighties. You look amazing in them, but I know you look better without them!" I suggested.

The two women's faces parted but they stayed locked in their embrace. The both turned to look at me with blank-eyed stares. They turned to each other again. Four hands were quickly engaged in lifting the white lace of the other over their two heads, leaving them standing in only the white panties. Each of them then removed their own panties with quick minimal motions and they were once again kissing with as much passion as I had ever felt for either of them.

My dick was throbbing now! However, I didn't want to do anything to break up the fantastic scene before me. Seeing two women together like this was an even bigger fantasy of mine than being with Aunt Jess. That it was my aunt and my mom was beyond anything I could ever have imagined! I would almost kill to keep them going together! My cock would just have to wait! I gave my balls a rough squeeze, sending shooting pain up into my abdomen. That should keep my need at bay, at least for a short while. However, if the view I was witnessing got any hotter, I knew almost nothing would keep me from showing my appreciation with blasts of my white cream!

"Play with Jess's big tits mom." I said. I wasn't sure either of them was even still paying any attention to anything that wasn't their sister's lips and tongue.

Mom's hands moved from her sister's derrière, up and around her slender frame, to the large firm breasts pressed against her own. Mom squeezed those orbs, pressing them together and kneading her fingers into the soft pale skin. Aunt Jess's fingers dug deeper into mom's ass muscles.

"You too Aunt Jess. Play with mom's nice tits."

My aunt's hands came up to mom's boobs so quickly.

Both of them broke their kiss and stood there staring at each other while their hands played over the other's breasts. I saw mom grimace with pleasure as Aunt Jess tweaked her nipples. Mom returned the favor. I was jealous of those hands but I sat quietly watching my live-action porn show! Each of them played with the other's tits as eagerly as any guy would have!

"Kiss them mom!"

Mom broke her stare and bent to her sister's beautiful bountiful chest, kissing the left nipple while still pinching the right one. I was having my mother initiate each escalation to avoid whatever Aunt Jessica's issues were, although she hadn't seemed to balk once they had started. Her eyes were closed as her sister kissed and sucked her tit. Mom moved to the other nipple, lovingly licking the hard wrinkly nib.

"Bite 'em mom."

"Oh yes!" Aunt Jess cried out.

Mom nipped and nibbled her young sister's nipples, one then the other, licking them even as she bit either tip.

"Yes Jenny! I love that!" Aunt Jess's hands were on mom's chocolate-colored tresses, lightly holding her head at her breasts.

I was jealous of my mom at that point, feasting on my aunt's awesome tits, but I knew that I could join her if I truly wanted and only my overriding desire to see mom and Aunt Jess together held me at bay. If I joined them, the women would be on me and not each other. So, I gritted me teeth, gave another brutal tug on my nuts, and enjoyed the show.

Mom had stood upright and Aunt Jess was now rubbing mom's tits and sucking hungrily on her erect nips. I didn't know what to stare at, my aunt licking mom's nipples or the perfect curvature of her ass as she was bent over!

"Suck my tits Jessica! That feels sooo good!" Mom moaned with her hands in Aunt Jess's strawberry-blonde curls.

"Your nipples are so hard Jenny!"

"My pussy is wet too!" Mom exclaimed loudly.

"Mine has been dripping down my leg!" My aunt said between mouthfuls of mom's beautiful titties.

I leaned over behind her to verify her statement. The proof made my mouth water.

Mom must have noticed me checking.

"Is she that wet Jeremy?" She asked. "Ooo, yes. Just like that Jess!"

"Oh yes!" I answered.

Mom reached down with both hands and grabbed Aunt Jess's bare bottom then ran her hands around until she could feel the wet thigh. She ran her fingers back up the generous curve of my aunt's booty, giving it another firm squeeze.

"Oh, Jess. Your ass is just so ... perfect!" Mom sighed.

Aunt Jess moved her hands down to her sister's nearly equally fantastic fanny.

"Yours is extremely nice too, Jenny! And so are your tits!" And she lapped at a nipple, slathering it with her saliva.

"I think you two should come get on the bed." I patted the mattress beside me invitingly.

"I can't believe you've gotten me to make out with my sister!" Mom said as she guided Aunt Jess to her bed.

"You seem to be enjoying it. Both of you."

"It's soo ... naughty! And having my son watching us too! With his cock all hard watching his mommy play with his auntie!" I could tell how turned on mom was as she had gone into 'mommy' mode!

Aunt Jessica just gave me an odd stare as she joined mom on the bed.

Was that a look of disgust or desire?

Whatever it was, it wasn't stopping her.

"What now, honey?" Mom asked as she sat on her bed with her legs curled under her, her feet beside her ass. Aunt Jess looked expectantly at me.

"You both looked so sexy playing with yourselves yesterday. Do that again."

"Only with ourselves?" Mom asked suggestively. She knew me too well!

"To start with. Then you can do it with each other." I said so calmly. I was sure my head was going to explode. One of them anyways!

Mom leaned back against her headboard after rearranging a few pillows. She spread her legs open and ran her hands over her tits and upper chest seductively.

"Do you really think I'm that sexy, Jeremy?"

"Fuck yeah mom!"

"You like it when I play with my hot, wet pussy for you?" She purred.

"If you don't watch it, I'll have to come over there and fuck the shit out of you!"

"Ooo!"

Meanwhile, Aunt Jess moved over next to mom, her eyes were glazed as she also watched her sister performing so sexily. She splayed her legs out, putting one over mom's leg so that they were both fully exposed to my hungry staring eyes. My aunt pinched her nipples before running both her hands down to her open gash that was very wet. She ran a finger up and down her slick slit, sighing as she did so.

"God, Jess! I just want to gobble you up like that!"

"My naughty nephew wants to eat his auntie's dripping wet cunt? You don't want to watch me rub my clit and make myself cum for you?" Her voice was dripping wet too!

"Don't you want to eat mommy's wet snatch? Mommy wants to cum on your face, dear!"

Mom's fingers were trembling over her stiff clit like spasming hummingbird. But so were Aunt Jess's!

"God! I don't think there can be two hotter women on the planet!" I croaked practically tearing at my balls to keep myself from jumping on one of them!

My mother's fingers suddenly ceased their frantic motions.

"But this isn't what you want to see is it? You want this."

Her hand snaked over her sister's thigh and pushed aside the fingers strumming Aunt Jess's clit.

"God, Jennnyy!" Aunt Jess yelled as mom rubbed her sensitive nub.

"Shit, mom!"

Aunt Jess put her displaced hand into mom's lap and began to wiggle her fingers on mom's erect clit.

"Yes, Jess!"

Now both my mom and my aunt were diddling each other's clits and pushing each other to their imminent orgasms. Mom leaned over and gave her sister the hottest, most passionate kiss I'd ever seen two women give each other (granted all the others were in porn!).

These two fantastic women were now so caught up in their constant kissing and frantically rubbing each other's clits that I knew the rest of

the world no longer mattered to either of them. Only the need to make the other orgasm as the other was going to make them cum so powerfully. I was in heaven as I watched mom and Aunt Jess masturbating each other while in a lesbian lip-lock. I really didn't know how much longer I could last without becoming involved too. My balls couldn't take much more abuse before they spontaneously exploded!

My aunt and my mother were also as close to cumming as I, but they weren't holding back as I was. Mom was struggling to continue kissing her sister as her breathing quickened and grew raspy. Aunt Jess took deep breaths between kisses, her chest rising and falling in an irregular rhythm.

"Fuck, Jenny! I'm so close! Keep rubbing me just like that!"

"Oh, Jess, I'm going to cum so hard on your hand! This is so amazing!"

"God, you're going to make me cum so fucking hard, Jenny!"

"Why haven't we ever done this before!" Mom screamed. "Fuck, fuck! I'm cummmminng! Jessss, cummmminng!"

"Me too Jennn! I'm fuck-king cummminnng toooo!"

I was squeezing my dick so hard!

The two women shook from the other's touch, their legs twitching and their free hands clutching the rumpled sheet. It was a few moments as their orgasms passed over them. They kissed again, less forceful but just as lovingly. They lay there languishing in their mutual bliss as I sat there in a near-stupor from the incredible scene I'd just witnessed.

"Whew! That was nice!" Mom stated with a loud breath.

"That's an understatement, Jenny."

"That was as hot as anything the two of you have ever done!" I panted.

"It was pretty incredible." Mom said with a loving look at her sister.

"Was that what you wanted to see?" Aunt Jessica asked me with an intense look. Her tone sounded as if she wanted more.

"Shit yes! Well, to start anyways. But I can't stand to just watch anymore!" I stared at both of them, the beauty of them in their post-orgasmic disarray, skin flushed, hair damp and unkempt, and that sparkle in their eyes that told that they had just had sex.

"To start?" Aunt Jess asked, her eyes on the tent in my boxers with a hungry look.

"I agree Jess. I want more too. But Jeremy seems to need to be taken care of first." Mom had a nearly beatific smile on her face.

"You want more?" Mom's sister questioned her.

"Don't you? We don't have to if you don't want." Mom's smile fell a little.

"Oh, I want to, don't doubt that." Aunt Jess said defiantly. Where was her earlier reluctance?

"We seem to still be acting out your fantasy, dear. What do we do now?" Mom asked.

"How about what we were doing before Margie interrupted us." I said, hoping they remembered.

Mom looked at me with a questioning gaze.

"Are you sorry that she did? Interrupt us, I mean." She asked meaningfully.

I started to answer, but then had to stop and think about it.

"At the time, yes. I was so frustrated when she barged in. But if she hadn't, I would have cum and I'm sure that that would have been it for the day, and probably forever. We would never have ... done what we did." Even after the number of times I'd had sex with mom, it was still difficult to say the words in front of her. She was my mom, and it was ingrained in me not to talk about sex in front of her, even if it was about sex with her! "And everything we've done since. So, now looking back, I'd say definitely not! I should be grateful that Aunt Jess's friend decided to visit that day."

"As wrong as it is to say, I am grateful too." Mom said with a quiet tone that spoke of her conflict over the results of that fateful day. She turned to look at Aunt Jessica.

"Don't look at me. I've made it clear that I've accepted what happened that day. I got fucked instead of merely having gotten my pussy licked." She paused with a brief glance at me. "And now I get fucked regularly by my loving sister's handsome and well-hung son!"

None of this was taking care of my still-throbbing dick! I pulled down my boxers with an exaggerated motion to display my rampant need. I lay on the bed with my erection standing fiercely.

"I think he wants this." Aunt Jess said as she bent over and licked the side of my shaft.

Mom smiled as she bent and licked the other side.

They ceased licking and wrapped their lips around my pole until they met. It wasn't a kiss compared to few minutes ago, but this one had my cock between their lips! They slowly rose up and then down the sides of my length leaving a trail of spit as they did. When they rose up again, they travelled to the base of my smooth head and engulfed half of it in both mouths in a somewhat three-way kiss of mom's lips, Aunt Jess's lips, and my cock head. I could feel their tongues dancing together on my bulbous tip.

"Damn girls! That feels so amazing!"

I could tell that they were both giving more effort now than that first time. Both of them were far more willing than they were then, especially my mother, who had been mostly just caught up in the moment that momentous day. It seemed so long ago now.

Each of them was giving me extra special attention. It had felt incredible that first time but now their enthusiasm for their task made their joint kissing blowjob even more special. Only the tight grip they both had on the base of my cock held off my cum explosion, and even both hands wouldn't prevent me from cumming very soon.

"Suck it ladies! I want to cum in both your mouths! So you both can taste my cum!"

"Yes, honey! Mommy loves your cum in her mouth!"

"Not as much as me! Fill my mouth Jeremy!"

With such attentive and appreciative cocksuckers, how could I not give them what they wanted?

"Oh yeah! Here ... I ... uh ... cuuuumm!" I grunted out as I timed it while they were kissing each other over the head of my cock. I shot my load into both mom and Aunt Jess's mouths, their hands milking my spray between their hungry and greedy lips. As I felt my balls emptying, I could see them sharing the milky fluid between them, dribbles leaking out of their mouths as they sucked my mushroom head.

When I finished, their mouths lifted off my dick and they continued their lip-smacking, open-mouthed kiss. Mom, and then Aunt Jess

reached up with their hands and held the sides of the other's face as they explored the other's mouth with their tongues. I was suddenly taken over with the fear that by having them perform together, that they may now have less need for me!

I coughed to get their attention.

Mom gave a small laugh as the two women broke apart.

"I think we're neglecting my little boy." She said.

"Little?" I argued. My dick had barely shrunk.

"He's definitely not little, Jenny!" My aunt eyed my not-little dick.

"We should make sure that he doesn't get that way either, shouldn't we?" Mom asked her sister with a sexy smile.

"Yes, we should."

They both returned their attention to my cock. I could feel it wilting, but the sensations of my mom and my aunt's mouths on it made me sure that it wouldn't deflate very far before they had it back to full

hardness. My two gorgeous relatives were no longer concerting their efforts, but they were no less effective. Two licking tongues and two sucking mouths worked me over as I lay there and let them have their way with me.

Within five minutes or so, it was very evident that my cock was once again ready for action.

"I'm sorry Jenny, but I need this thing in me! I want to ride your magnificent cock Jeremy!"

Mom merely shrugged her shoulders as her sister got up and positioned herself to mount her favorite ride. Mom moved up and gave me a smile as she perched herself over my head facing Aunt Jess. I waggled my tongue at her in approval for her plan.

Mom sat on my face as Aunt Jess sank down on my dick. Both of them seemed very pleased with this arrangement.

"Oh God." My aunt moaned as I filled her tight cunt. "I love this cock so much!"

I loved her pussy too. And I would have let her know that if I didn't have my mom's now covering my mouth!

"Lick mommy's pussy, Jeremy! You're the best pussy licker I've ever had!" Mom ground on my lips as I pushed my tongue deep into her wet channel.

I let Aunt Jess ride my dick at her own pace and focused on the dripping pussy on my face. I reached up and grabbed mom's hips to hold her in place, as I knew she would soon be squirming like a recalcitrant toddler.

I knew both women were already extremely excited from the action they had experienced, so I wasn't going to waste any time with teasing mom. I dove in with a frenetic tongue fucking that had her bucking on my chin.

"Fuck me with that wicked tongue of yours! Shove it deep into mommy's cunt, Jeremy! I love your mouth as much as I love your big cock! Don't you Jess?"

"Oh ... God ... yes! I ... love ... this ... cock!" She answered as she bounced feverishly on my meat stick.

"Yes! Play with my tits Jess! Like that! Pinch 'em!" Mom moaned out, letting me know where at least one pair of hands was.

"Please bite mine Jenny! I like it when you bite them!"

I almost wished I could see what was going on above me. But I had a wet snatch to focus on pleasing!

"Mommy's gonna cum very soon, honey! You're tongue makes me so wet, and so hot! Lick me like that, just like that! Oh, fuck! Keep going baby!"

"Lick ... that ... pussy ... Jeremy! Make your ... mother ... cum as ... hard ... as your ... big cock ... is going ... to make ... me ... cummm!"

"Ride my son's beautiful cock, Jessica! Give him a good fucking! Fuck him as good as he's eating my pussy!" Mom wailed.

Aunt Jess was slamming herself down on me so hard I was sure I would have bruises on the tops of my thighs tomorrow, while mom was rocking her hips to rub her clit even faster on my tongue. The 'whap, whap, whap' sound of my aunt's and my flesh smacking together rose in a crescendo alongside the wheezing gasps of my mother as she approached her ecstatic peak. I just tried to keep my stiff tongue on mom's clit and my stiff dick in Aunt Jess's pussy.

"Mommy's so close baby! I'm gonna cum on your face Jeremy! Keep doing that! Keep licking mommy's clit, just ... like ... fuck-king ... that! Aaaaa!"

My face was suddenly covered in syrupy fluid as mom came hard. I felt her body slump forward towards her sister who was doing a reverse jackhammer on my ravaged cock.

"I'm ... close ... too ... Jeremy! Don't ... you ... dare ... cum ... yet! Not ... until ... I ... doooo!" Aunt Jess shrieked as she slammed herself onto me. "Aaaah fuuuuucck! I'mmm cuuuummminnng onn yourr caaaaahkk!"

My aunt dropped down onto my dick as she was finally pushed over into the neverland of ecstasy. I felt her legs shaking besides mine and her ass wiggling on my thighs as her body rocked with its bliss. It was clear that both sisters were using each other to support themselves in the aftermath of their orgasms.

I hadn't felt a moment of urgency in my own loins and felt ready for more action!

Mom and Aunt Jess mostly just fell off me wrapped in each other's arms. The wetness of mom's orgasm and the combined sweat of our three bodies coated me, making me feel like the inside of a used condom. Nevertheless, I wasn't ready for a break yet. Not as long as either woman was still capable of having sex!

After a momentary breather, I sat up and saw that my sexy nymphs were once again kissing as they lay beside each other. As erotic as the sight was, I had to put the end to it.

"If you keep that up, I'll feel like you don't need me anymore!"

Mom turned to look up at me. She had a guilty look on her face. Aunt Jess then followed my mother's gaze and the look she had was altogether too serious for her usually playful manner.

"What would you do if we didn't need you anymore?" Aunt Jessica asked morosely.

Her tone scared me. How could I answer that?

"Come on Aunt Jess, what would you two do without me? Or my big dick?"

Mom's laugh was shaky.

My aunt's face slowly melted back to her normal lighthearted one.

"Is it still big? And hard?" She asked, her shadowy tone gone like a wisp of smoke.

"It's my turn Jess. You'll have to settle for his tongue." Mom said petulantly.

"His tongue is never settling. You know that Jenny!"

"I truly don't know which is better, his dick or his tongue! They both make me cum so quick and so hard!"

"Are you good to go another round with your pair of hot cougars?" Aunt Jess asked.

"I'm not dead yet, so that's a resounding yes!" I laid back down, ready for the pair of hot sisters to ride me again!

"You look like you're ready for a shower." Mom said with a concerned look as she saw my condition.

"If you don't mind getting your sister's sloppy seconds, I'm ready to go!"

Mom laughed at the semi-reversed intent of my words.

"I'm the one that has to sit in Jenny's sloppy seconds!" Aunt Jess stated as she saw the state mom had left my face and upper body.

"I'm sorry that Jeremy makes me cum so hard!" Mom said without an ounce of apology in her voice.

"He makes me cum hard too; I just don't spray it all over everything when I do!"

"You wish you did." Mom teased her.

"I'm not sure I do, but I wonder what it's like." Aunt Jess moved to mount my head, also facing down my body to where mom was now preparing to slide my abused, but still stiff dick in her slippery cunt.

"I want you to cum this time honey! I want you to go ahead and fill my pussy with your cum!" Mom said with the same care as she would tell me to wear my coat in the rain!

"I will if I can. I don't know if I have anything left!" I said before my aunt smothered me with her hot snatch.

I felt mom slowly lower herself on my cock, as if she was savoring every inch. I was savoring every inch of her tight pussy!

"Oh God!" Mom moaned. "It's like this cock was made just for me!"

"Well, in a way you did make it Jenny." Aunt Jess drawled as I began to work my way along her labia and plunged into her gaping hole.

"I guess I knew what I was doing when I did." Mom's voice sounded far away, as she started to slowly rock up and down.

"You made a damn fine tongue too."

"That has more to do with a girl named Veronica."

"Oh?"

"An old girlfriend of his that taught him very well. And let him practice a lot!"

"Thank you Veronica!" Aunt Jess gasped as I brushed her clit with a twirl of my tongue.

"Why did she ever let you go Jeremy?" I took it as rhetorical as my mouth was full and my tongue was busy.

"Her loss ... is our ... gain!" Mom started to increase her pace.

"It sure is! I've said that he could give Margie a run for her money. If he was a woman, I'm sure he would be miles better!"

If I were a woman, I wouldn't be having sex with my aunt and/or my mother! Or had all that practice with V.

"I'm glad ... he's not ... a girl!" Mom groaned as she bucked rapidly. "I ... wouldn't have ... this amazing ... cock ... to ride ... on then!"

"There is that!" My aunt agreed. "Fuck! Right there Jeremy! Lick your auntie's clit just like that! Oh God yes!"

They both became wordless, if not silent as they groaned and growled, moaned and mewled as they were once more being pushed to another powerful orgasm. I grunted into Aunt Jess's pussy as mom rode me, the vibrations only increasing my aunt's pleasure.

They wriggled, bounced, shook, pistoned, and jiggled on face and dick while I felt my own need building in my balls. It may have helped that

the notion that I would shoot my cum once more into mom's hot, wet pussy increased my excitement! Or even that I was licking my dreamy aunt's tasty wet slit!

"Keep ... sucking my ... tits ... Jess!"

Mom's rhythm was irregular so I could tell she was getting close. Aunt Jess was grinding on my tongue that let me know she was also almost ready to cum. I felt my own tingling, meaning I wasn't far from cumming either. Who was going to be first was anyone's guess; I just hoped it wasn't me, at least until mom got off. Aunt Jess I could still make cum with my tongue, whether I was hard or not.

"Mom-mmee's gonna cumm, oh God! Oooh fuuuucck! Yeeeesss!"

Mom's wail and final slam down on me was enough that I no longer had to worry about finishing before her. This was good, as she was squeezing me with her pussy muscles as she orgasmed that it was making it difficult to hold off much longer. I gave in and my hips jerked up as my cock spewed its gushing load forcefully into mom's still spasming cunt. I might have decried my orgasm had I not had a hot mature babe mounted on my lips ready to cum herself.

"Yees! Cuuumm in meee! Fillll mommmy's pussseee!"

I don't know if my shooting in her made mom orgasm again or merely extended her already intense release.

My orgasm delayed Aunt Jessica's, as I had momentarily paused my attentions on her hard clit. It didn't affect her arousal though as once I resumed my flicking and sucking her little nib, she announced loudly her own approaching orgasm.

"Shittt! Suck it! Lick it! Oh God, oh God, oh ... Gawwwddd!"

She may not have drenched me as mom did, but she let out a small flood of thick juices that was more than enough evidence of her satisfaction.

Both content and fulfilled ladies flopped off me again, leaving me panting and even more soaked than earlier.

"Honey." Mom whispered with a happy sigh.

That single word told me everything that she felt about me in two simple syllables.

"Jeremy. I think I want to adopt you." Aunt Jess said with a raspy voice.

"Sorry sis, he's taken and not going anywhere." Mom rolled over to give me a partial hug as neither of us could rise up from the mattress.

"I hope you're taken care of for awhile. I don't know how long it will be before I will be ready again." My dick was halfway to slumber already.

"Don't worry dear. That was plenty nice."

"Nice?" I questioned her.

"Just nice Jenny?"

"Very nice then?" Mom added.

"It was way more than nice. As it always is, Jeremy." Aunt Jess rose up enough to give me a short, but more than nice, kiss. She had to have tasted herself on my lips.

"You know what I meant don't you Jeremy?"

"Yes mom. It was nice." I teased her back, and by nice I meant incredibly, blistering hot and awesome! But she knew that too!

"You two." Aunt Jess said with a playful sigh.

We laid there for a few minutes, recovering our strength and breaths. Not surprisingly, mom was the first to stir, but her sister sat up before her. I rose slowly, feeling as drained as if I had been the one doing the work. I glanced at one then the other. Now that I was out of the action for a while, I wondered if the women would continue without me. As incentive to motivate my recovery.

"Are you still doing what I want or not?" I questioned suggestively, hopefully.

They both turned to me and stared at me pointedly, even expectantly. I took that to be a good sign.

"You love my cum, don't you Aunt Jess?"

She hesitated before she answered. "You know I do."

"There's some in mom you can have. Why don't you lick it out of her?"

There was a heavy silence for an eye blink. Mom stared at me, then turned to stare at her sister. Aunt Jessica's face was oddly blank.

Mom looked at me again, a touch of agitation in her eyes.

"You don't have to Jess. Don't listen to him. You know men with their girl-girl fantasies."

Aunt Jess shook her head, whether as negation or acceptance, I couldn't tell. Until she moved to mom and kissed her briefly, and then positioned herself between mom's legs.

Holy crap!

She was going to do it!

Aunt Jess was going to lick my mom, her sister!

"Are you sure Jess?" Mom asked cautiously, but it was evident that she wanted this also.

Aunt Jess answered by giving mom a kiss on her other lips.

I was suddenly very glad that I was out of commission, so I would be able to enjoy the sights without worrying about trying not to explode.

Though, with as hot as I expected this to be, I didn't know how long it would be before I would have to worry again!

"That's nice Jess." Mom breathed out the words.

I moved around to have an unobstructed view and be out of the way of whatever they would do. So much more, I prayed!

Mom shifted to get more comfortable, Aunt Jess moving to keep her lips on mom's wet pussy. She appeared to have gotten over whatever issue she had had as she was eagerly digging her tongue in her sister's hole seeking my creamy goodness buried there.

"Oh God Jessica!" Mom cried out. "Lick Jeremy's tasty cum from his mommy's cunt!"

Yeah, mom was into it too!

I then noticed Aunt Jessica's ass pointing upwards. Capable or not, it was still a sight to inspire any man!

My eyes took in this fantastic vision, better than the whole entirety of internet porn! Aunt Jess's inviting ass, her head between mom's firm thighs, and the look of pleasure on mom's face as her sister licked her

pussy. I couldn't ask for anything more in my life. I grew sullen for a moment when I realized I had nothing to look forward to that could ever top this moment now. The dour moment was gone, overwhelmed by the sights and sounds from my deepest of dreams!

Aunt Jess slurped noisily on mom's wet snatch, hungrily licking up my cum and obviously lots of mom's leaking syrupy juices too. Mom's breathing regained its rough irregular rhythm of mere minutes ago. I hoped she wouldn't replace me with her sister now!

"You like that mom?" I didn't really need her to answer me.

"Oh fuck Jeremy! Jess is licking me so good! She really knows what she's doing down there!"

"Better than me?" I didn't know if I wanted her response or not.

"I can't answer that honey. Like you said with our cock-sucking, each has their highlights." She said diplomatically.

I had to accept that, non-answer or not. Maybe I would need to practice more now to keep in the running.

"My clit Jess! Just like that!"

"Jess, why don't you move around and let mom lick you too?" I could only ask, couldn't I?

Aunt Jess stopped only long enough to get up and swing around so she could straddle her sister's head. She sank her face back in mom's sodden nether reaches.

Mom looked up at me as she grabbed Aunt Jess's firm and fantastic ass cheeks. She then slowly dragged the tip of her tongue between her sister's splayed pussy lips. Mom kept her eyes on me as she licked Aunt Jess. The pleasure her sister was giving her was clear with the way her eyes gleamed at me, the focus she gave me as her tongue lapped at the juicy slit perched above her mouth.

Without a doubt the sexiest thing that I would ever witness in this, or any other life! My mother licking the pussy of her sister, the subject herself of so many late-night creamy offerings!

Sure enough, regardless of how many orgasms I may have had, this sight had my dick stirring restlessly.

Even with her eyes locked on mine, mom still sensed the state of my cock. She glanced down to see it slowly filling out as her tongue kept up its relentless lapping.

"Lick me Jenny! Lick me until I cum!" Aunt Jessica begged before filling her mouth with mom's labia again.

I wanted to watch Aunt Jess licking mom, but I was frozen as I witnessed my mother's tongue slather on Aunt Jess's pretty pink petals. My head was spinning! I wanted all of it, all at the same time! Watch Jess lick mom, mom lick her sister, even fuck either of them as they continued to please each other!

There may actually be something to that phrase, too much of a good thing!

I was nearly back to complete hardness, even as spent as I still felt. I gave myself a squeeze to hold off my need.

Mom's eyes still stared at me, her hands tightly on that ass, her tongue buried in that pussy!

I groaned loudly.

"Do you want to fuck this delicious pussy, Jeremy?" Mom asked then returned to sucking her sister's clit standing out from its hidey-hole.

"Fuuuck Jennnee!"

"Jess is a great pussy licker, Jeremy! She's eating me so fuck-king good! She's going to make me cum on her face!" Mom declared to me with Aunt Jess's pussy lips millimeters from her lips. Mom gave a long slow emphatic lick as her eyes pierced me.

I couldn't resist!

Who could?

I knelt up and holding my dick, I moved behind Aunt Jess's ass. I started to put it forward to enter, mom's face in the way or not.

Mom slapped my hand away, grabbing my cock and guided into her mouth.

From this angle, she was able to take me deeper than usual. Unconsciously I gave her mouth two thrusts, until her choking sounds made me pull back.

"Sorry mom."

She took my cock and aimed it towards her sister's wet and red pussy. Mom reached back and grabbed my ass, pulling me forward until I was buried deep in my aunt's cunt.

"Oh! Fuck!" Aunt Jessica yelled out, surprised by my sudden invasion.

Of the many memorable sensations I've experienced with my mom and my aunt, having mom licking my balls hanging in her face as I was full hilt in my gorgeous aunt's cunt is near the top to be sure!

I had to fuck Aunt Jess then! As hard as I ever had before!

I could feel mom's tongue on my shaft as I pulled out, and from the way Aunt Jess was gurgling into mom's gash, it was clear I wasn't the only recipient of mom's tongue's attentions. Only a few minutes of our joint assault on her womanhood was enough for my aunt to neglect her oral pleasuring of her sister.

"Fuck you two!" She bellowed. "Lick my clitty Jenny, while Jeremy slams that incredible cock in my burning cunt! Fuck me Jeremy, you motherfucker!"

What was once a curse word was now a title I wore proudly! As long as I was my mom's motherfucker!

Nevertheless, right now I was an aunt fucker!

I kept up my rapid pace, confident that mom would keep any of her sensitive bits out of the way of my pounding dick and bouncing balls!

"Oh fuck! I'mmm cuummminng. Fuck-king cuuummminng!"

I would have sworn that Aunt Jessica rose up off the bed without any support as she was hit by her orgasm. The combined actions of my cock and mom's tongue must have caused a powerful one from her reaction. And her screech!

My cock was still planted deep, although I ceased my thrusts as Aunt Jess shivered and shook. Mom's nose was in my nuts, so she must have been still lapping away. Probably licking up her sister's sweet cum!

Mom gave Aunt Jess's ass a good smack and told me, "Keep fucking her Jeremy! Keep fucking my slutty sister until she cums again! I love the taste of Jess's drippy cum!

I was an obedient son, so I did as my mom asked me!

I felt empty as I resumed pounding at that gorgeous shaking butt, and yet I felt like I just might be capable of cumming again soon. I would have blasted already, if not twice, from the sight of mom licking her sister, that perfect ass perched over mom's face, and fucking my aunt with mom's tongue licking me and Aunt Jess's erect clit, if not for numerous orgasms this morning and last night! I was fairly sure that I would last a long time now, but then again, I hadn't thought I would even get erect again for awhile, so what did I know?

I knew that these two women made me so horny and ready to pleasure them all the time!

After her orgasm, Aunt Jess had tried to recommence her own licking of mom's tasty twat, but soon after I started slamming into her again, she threw her head back and let out an ecstatic shrill cry. Between cock and tongue, my aunt must have been in sheer bliss!

"Keep going! It feeeels soo good! Oh my God, it feels so fucking good! Slam that cock in me! Suck my clit sis! I love it!"

"Doesn't Jeremy have the best dick ever sis?" Mom cooed below us. I could feel her tongue at the junction between my aunt and me as I slid in and out of that sopping cunt!

"Ooh, he does! I love his big cock! It stretches my cunt so wide!"

"Fuck my sister's tight cunt Jeremy! Make her beg for it!"

"Fuck me Jeremy! Fuck your sexy auntie! More! I want more of your cock!"

I could hear mom slurping away beneath her sister, even over the sound of my dick fwapping in and out of her wet hole and my hips slapping against her soft cushy ass! An ass that I just had to smack!

"Spank her Jeremy! My sister is such a naughty girl! She has such a tasty pussy too!"

"I know mom, I love it as much as I love yours!"

I slapped Aunt Jess's ass with either hand, twice. I loved the way it jiggled as my hand made contact. I also loved the way it felt against my palms! I gave each cheek a third smack.

"Are you a naughty girl, sis? Letting your nephew fuck you while your sister sucks on your hard little clit?"

"Oh fuck, I'm so naughty! Keep fucking me, keep licking me!" My aunt seemed almost beyond the capacity for speech as mom and I drove her beyond ecstasy!

"You like my big dick, Aunt Jess?"

"Oooohh yeeessss!"

In another minute or so, she began to shake uncontrollably, her head fell limply between mom's legs and her own legs splayed outward, smothering mom with her pelvis.

"Okay, Jeremy. I think she's had enough of the two of us." Mom said, lifting her sister's crotch off her face.

Aunt Jessica weakly fell to the bed, my still hard dick plopped free and dripped onto mom's already wet face. She reached up, grabbed my dick, pulled it down to her mouth, and licked her sister's cum off it, savoring the delicious filmy liquid while again sucking her son's hard cock! After spending long moments enjoying her dual sensations, she looked up at me from the damp sheets.

"I want to try this too."

I was more than ready, but I wasn't sure about my aunt's condition to continue. She looked at us with her eyes glassy and her face flushed. Her naked body was splotchy red almost like a rash.

"Give me a minute." She paused, staring at mom and I. "Maybe a couple minutes."

"Are you okay, Jess?" I asked, even though I wasn't feeling all that great either. Mom on the other hand, had a serene and blissful look on her face.

"That was ..." Her eyes nearly rolled up. "I don't know if I've ever cum so hard before in my life." She continued weakly.

"You looked like you were enjoying it." Mom said softly, a gentle smile on her lips.

"Oh, Jenny ..." Aunt Jess trailed off with an evident loss of words. I saw moisture in her eyes, but didn't I press anymore.

"If I had known how good you tasted, or how much I would love doing that to you, we could have done this years ago." Mom said, the love for her baby sister filling her voice.

"Come on mom, enough with the gushy stuff. It's your turn now." I said giving her a gentle slap on her wide hip.

"You have to make me cum just like you did for my sister!" Mom exclaimed as she rolled onto her hands and knees.

"That wasn't all me, mom, I think that you were a big part of it too!" I had to stare at her beautiful butt as she did so.

"It's not as nice as Jess's, but do you really like mommy's big ass Jeremy?"

"I wouldn't call it big mom, but it's a fantastic ass!" I gave her a moderate slap as she wiggled that extraordinary ass at me!

"Is it fan-ass-tic?" She tittered.

"I'm the one that's supposed to make the cracks mom. And speaking of cracks ..." My hand had lingered after the slap, and I now trailed my fingers down between mom's cheeks and over her puckered starburst.

"Oooo!"

"Don't you two get started without me." Aunt Jess half-rose from where she had collapsed. "Can't leave you two alone even for a minute before you start getting up to no good." She sat up fully, looking more aware than few moments ago. "I just need a breather. Jenny ... it feels so ... amazing."

"It sounded like it. I couldn't see much with your pussy in my face. And Jeremy's hairy balls!"

That there would ever come a day where I would have my mother telling my aunt about the amount of hair growing on my testicles ...

"I love his hairy balls!" That selfsame aunt declared to my mom.

"Enough about my nuts, my dick's going to shrivel here if I don't get to stick it in something soon!" I complained.

Aunt Jess chuckled and lay out on the bed. Mom moved over to straddle her and quickly replaced her face in her sister's worn-out cunt.

"You can't wait, can you Jenny?"

"From what I could hear, I'm guessing I won't be able to do this for very much longer!"

The sound of mom's mouth slurping on Aunt Jess's soaked slit was the only thing heard. For a moment.

"Shit Jenny! Eat that pussy! You're pretty good at that! Maybe I'll have to tell Margie to find a new friend with benefits!"

"Mrfrlbrgrmv." Mom mumbled into my aunt's muff.

"I've told you before about talking with your mouth full mom!"

"Leave her be, I love it with her mouth full ... of me!" Aunt Jess said, now looking up at me from beneath mom's great ass with wide eyes, all glassiness gone. She emphatically gave mom's gaping labia a long slow lick while she looked up at me. It was just as hot as it had been when mom had done the same to her!

"You ever have this fantasy Jeremy? Your hot aunt licking you mommy's wet and tasty pussy? Getting her ready for you to fuck the hell out of her?"

Uh, no.

"I never dreamed of most of this Jess. Anything beyond just regular sex with you that is." I would never have imagined any of this, not in a million years!

"What's regular sex Jeremy? Just missionary and done? That's boring sex." She said as she gave mom two more long licks. I could tell mom's ministrations were affecting her from the way her eyes widened and rolled about.

"Well, I would never imagine screwing either of you while you were in a sixty-nine, that's for sure!"

"In your defense, neither would I."

My aunt gave mom another lick then grabbed my stiff cock and as mom had done, she took me into her mouth. As this position seemed to help mom with the amount of my cock she could take, my aunt had never had any such issue, so this position didn't affect her ability to get her lips to the base of my dick. Only now could I see the bulge in her throat caused by my length. It seemed unreal. I had to jerk slightly in and out, watching my cock head under her skin. I could hear her gurgling and quickly pulled back.

"Watch it kid, you don't want to choke you auntie with that monster. I can't pull off from here."

"Sorry Jess. I've never seen my dick in someone's throat before. I can't believe that you can do that!" I said still in awe of her ability.

"Give it back to me and I'll do it again."

I don't know if she was serious, but I pushed my dick back towards her face. She did in fact suck my cock again, but not all in like before.

"You need to shove this big piece of meat in your bitch of a mother's wet cunt and fuck the shit out of it!" Aunt Jess ordered.

"Yes Jeremy! Fuck mommy's cunt! Make me so wet, make me cum all over your auntie's face!" Mom cried out between slurps.

Aunt Jess guided my man missile right at mom's pink hole. Once the head was in, I pushed forward as hard as I could. I felt my balls slide across my aunt's forehead and nose.

"Oh, fuck me!" Mom bellowed. It was a cry of surprise and exclamation, not a command. Not yet anyway.

"Oh God, I love your cock Jeremy! Mommy loves her son's big hard cock in her cunt!"

I loved it there too!

"Ooh! Oh, shit! Yes, lick my clit Jess! That is incredible! Jeremy's cock and your tongue! Aaaaa!" Mom wailed.

"Fuck her Jeremy! Don't just sit there like a lump!" Aunt Jess commanded.

I had been enjoying the feeling of mom's tight pussy. Once again.

Now I had it with Aunt Jessica's tongue running along my shaft and sucking on my balls too. My hairy balls!

"Yes, fuck me Jeremy! Fuck me hard! Mommy wants it soo hard!"

"Shut up and eat my cunt Jenny!"

If I wasn't in heaven now, what would heaven be like when I really got there? Would they tell me that I had already reaped all the rewards I was due before I had died and that they couldn't do any better? Then again, I was fucking my mom and my aunt. I probably wasn't going to heaven! I was going to have to pay for getting my rewards early after I died! Ah, what did I care? I was in heaven right now!

Mom bent her head down on her sister's cunt as Aunt Jessica had demanded, her forearms resting on the sheets as she nuzzled at her task. I was shoving my cock in mom's very wet pussy, and my aunt's tongue was busy on me and her sister. Each of us was busy with trying to give enough pleasure to set one of the other two off. We were each focused on our separate actions and were quiet except for the sounds of our individual exertions and the effects that they were having. I was breathing heavily as I pressed into mom, the sounds of our slapping flesh, mom's wet sucking noises and gasps on my forward strokes, Aunt Jess's barely audible deep breaths, and of course, the protesting squeaks of the bedsprings. With mom being the one that was getting double-teamed, she was the obvious one to become vocal once again. I was actually surprised that she had kept silent for as long as she had.

She lifted her head from Aunt Jess's loins and gave a long wordless yell. Whether she had orgasmed or was just sounding out her bliss, I didn't know. I didn't detect any volume of liquids coming from our joining, if that was any indication. I could still feel my aunt's wandering and probing tongue on my male parts and I assumed they were journeying over mom's girly parts also.

Mom confirmed this loudly. "Suck my fucking clit Jess!"

She further encouraged me with my frenetic hip rocking.

"Fuck me harder Jeremy! Give me that cock!" She wailed.

Then she informed us both of the success of our joint task.

"Fucking ... God ... I ... am ... c-cummm ... innng!" Mom croaked out as she shivered in ecstasy.

"Shit Jenny!" Aunt Jess protested. I felt the splash on my pubic hairs and balls.

I wasn't content on only giving my mother a single orgasm, and as I wasn't ready to unload yet, I continued to pound mom's now dripping pussy. After a moment, I felt that tongue return too.

"Oh fuck, keep going! Oh yes, don't stop, oh God!"

Mom wasn't ready to stop either, evidently. I wouldn't have anyway. Unless she directly ordered me to quit.

"Lick me, fuck me! You're going to make me cum again! Just like that Jess! Oh God, right there ... right ... there!"

Mom trembled once again, and I was fairly sure we had made her orgasm a second time. Still I rammed away.

"Ungh! Ungh! Yes! Yes, yes, yes, oh fuck yes!" Mom huffed in time with my penetrating thrusts.

Could she go for three?

I had little doubt. Once worked up, mom seemed insatiable!

"Keep ... fuck-king ... mom-mee! Oh! Fuck, fuck me! Fill ... my ... puss-seee ... Jer ... eh ... meee!"

Mom's head bent back at a seemingly impossible angle, nearly parallel to her shoulder blades as she let out a loud caterwauling shriek, as her body froze solid.

Should I keep going?

"Make the bitch cum again Jeremy! Don't stop until she's begging us to stop!" Aunt Jess chimed in from under her sister's immobile figure.

Well, if we killed mom with orgasms, it would be on Aunt Jess's head then!

"Fuck this bitch!" My mother ordered me. Clearly she wasn't done yet either!

So, I fucked the bitch!

I may have finally reached the point that I could feel my balls churning. I hoped I would be able to cum soon, my rear thigh muscles were really burning and my knees were nearly numb dug into the soft mattress.

"I'm going to cum in you again mom!" I declared. Maybe that would be an extra incentive to set her over again.

"Fillll myyy cunnnnt honnneee!"

"Go on Jeremy! I want to taste you both together!" Aunt Jess told me. "Fill your mother's sweet soaked cunt with your delicious creamy cum!"

With two women like these, why would I ever want even to look for another to take their places? I mean, I wasn't crazy.

But yes, I was definitely feeling the urge building, and building very quickly! Vesuvius would have nothing on me when I finally erupted.

Mom though looked ready to boil over again and I didn't know how much longer she could keep going. Or remain conscious with her intense overwhelming orgasms. I couldn't, with a clear conscious, continue to fuck mom after she had passed out. Whether I was ready to cum or not. As much as what we were doing could be considered wrong, I couldn't take advantage of a helpless woman, mother or not, or willing while she'd been aware, or not.

I normally would be struggling to hold back my orgasm, but now I was willing my nuts to release whatever I might have left in me as quickly as possible. Before mom collapsed.

Aunt Jessica may have rescued me then. She was giving extra attention to my overworked nuts, urging them to spill their labor in her sister's awaiting chamber of life. My aunt was licking the underside of my wrinkly ball sack as they flopped above her face. This seemed to trigger my explosion and almost at the same time as mom was ready to cum again for the fourth or fifth time. Sixth? I lost track.

Mom could only manage a shriek at a normal volume, her voice cracking and hoarse.

"Fuck ... mommy ... dear! I'm ... gonna ... gonna ... ungh! Ooooo ...!" She trailed off, as her body was overloaded again.

I felt like I was cumming, but I didn't really feel anything coming out of me. Could you cum without actually shooting anything?

Nevertheless, I went through the motions regardless of if I was empty or not.

"Enough." It sounded like mom spent her last bit of voice to sound out that one word.

It was exactly how I felt right then!

I fell, collapsed, in a heap of spent flesh and bones beside the two women.

For probably the first time in my adolescent life, the thought of sex was absent from my head. I didn't crave it, wasn't obsessed with it, and almost didn't even want it at all right then.

Almost.

I mean, I wasn't dead yet.

I felt I nearly was though.

I must have emptied something in mom, because her sister was greedily licking something from mom's very red and very abused pussy. Mom was slumped listlessly on Aunt Jess's body, unconcerned now for the weight piled on her sister's frame. A brief flicker of a thought returned to me at the sight of those two ladies, spent because of me and the bliss I had given them. And they had given each other. Just because my dick didn't work anymore, didn't mean I still couldn't ...

No. I was done.

Then I realized that I wasn't completely done.

My dick still stood proudly erect.

It obviously saw the futility of getting soft with mom and Aunt Jess naked close by.

But right then, my hard dick was the only one of us capable of anything, even movement. Well, Aunt Jess did manage to roll mom off of her. We

regained our breaths and the girls soon noticed my prominent condition.

"I can't believe you're still hard!" Aunt Jess exclaimed softly.

"Neither can I. It felt like I barely came at all that last time in mom."

"I did have to dig around in her pussy for awhile to find it, I wasn't sure you did cum."

"Well honey, if you still have an erection in four hours, don't go see a doctor, come see me! I'll take care of it for you!" Mom joked.

"Or I will!" Aunt Jessica added with a laugh.

"If I am hard in four hours, it'll be because I am hard again. And it will be because of you two." I proclaimed.

"We are the cause, and the remedy!" My aunt teased.

"It's a shame that it's going to waste, but right now I'm too sore and tired to do anything with that. Even if it does look so nice, all big and hard for us." Mom said regretfully as she stared at my pillar.

"It's alright Jenny, it's not like he has a problem getting like this anytime we want him hard." Aunt Jess answered with her own disappointed stare.

The three of us lay there, weak, weary, and worn for some time. I don't know how long exactly; I may have drifted off for a bit.

I sat up and shook my head, losing the cobwebs in my brain. Mom and Aunt Jess were still sprawled near me. Their eyes followed me as I rose.

"I think I need a shower." I stated.

"We all need a shower." Mom corrected.

"It's too bad we're not at Aunt Jess's, we could have all gotten into hers together." I said dejectedly.

"We can barely move and you're thinking of sex again?" Mom questioned me with surprise.

"I didn't say sex did I? I said a shower." Of course I meant sex!

"We're not traipsing over to my sister's just to fit in her shower." Mom declared derisively.

"Of course not, but it would've been fun, wouldn't it Jenny?" Aunt Jess asked as she sat up too.

"The two of you have so corrupted me that I want to say yes. But it doesn't matter. We can't, and we aren't. We'll have to wait and do it another time."

That mom had said that we would do it another time surprised me. That she wasn't discounting the three of us together again, and that all three of us would get in Aunt Jess's huge shower! It was something to look forward too!

"We don't have much time left before we have to go pick up your brother and sister. We should have a bite to eat before we go."

"What about our shower?" I asked neither and both of them.

"Jeremy." Mom said exasperated.

"Come on mom. You want to don't you Aunt Jess?" I hoped mom's sister would back me up.

"I don't know, yours is pretty small after I've gotten used to mine." She answered bleakly.

"Aw, come on you two."

"You know you aren't able to do anything right?" My aunt asked pointedly.

She didn't know what I was capable of doing. Even if she might be right. I did feel three quarts below empty.

"We don't have to do anything, just getting clean." I pleaded relentlessly.

"He just wants to see our wet, naked bodies." Mom stated.

Just because she was right, didn't make me wrong!

"I wouldn't mind seeing our wet, naked bodies." Aunt Jess answered with a leer at me that seemed aimed at mom. "And we all do need a shower anyway."

"You have to encourage him, don't you sis?"

"He is a man after my own heart."

"Okay. We'll try to squeeze in ours." Mom gave in with resigned sigh.

Just because we all had agreed didn't get us moving any quicker. The bed felt so soft and comfy and ...

"If we're doing this, we have to get up. I know we've worn you out. You've worn us out too. But you still have to move your ass Jeremy." Mom said sitting up herself. She moved to the edge of the bed and slowly stood. She stretched out her arms and groaned slightly.

I sat there in awe of mom's beauty. Her dark brown hair was a mess, she was covered in sweat and had wrinkle lines from the rumpled sheets etched in her skin, and she looked as tired as each of us felt. Nevertheless, her firm tight, but still curvy ass, her large tits with nipples still standing erect, her slim figure and long, toned legs, not to mention that just-fucked glow she radiated, made her so beautiful to me.

I then noticed Aunt Jess looking at mom with an interesting stare.

"Come on Aunt Jess. While mom is still willing." I patted her calf encouragingly. "I'll let you wash my back."

"You know that's not the part of you that I want to wash." She turned to look at me with a devilish smile. I don't know if she realized I had caught her stare.

I followed mom into her bathroom, my aunt close behind me. She grabbed my ass as we entered the smaller room.

"You have a pretty nice ass too, Jeremy. Even if we haven't said anything before."

It hadn't been an issue for me.

"Uh, thanks." I answered feebly.

"Are you abusing my son Jess?"

"If she's abusing me, can I ask for more?" I quipped.

Mom just groaned and shook her head. She went to the closet, grabbed more towels, and laid them on the sink within reach of the shower.

"Ladies first." I gestured to the narrow tub.

Mom just looked at me, but then climbed in. She turned on the water, putting her hand under the faucet as she adjusted the water's temperature. I had to admire the view as she was bent over, her hanging tits and her wonderful rump.

"He's staring at me again, isn't he?" Mom asked without even looking up.

"We both are." Aunt Jess stated boldly.

"Well, get your asses in here and stop checking out mine!" She said as she turned on the spray.

I stepped in next, wanting to be sandwiched between the two, knowing there was no room to change positions once we were in the shower. Aunt Jess followed, closest now to the showerhead.

I took the bar of soap and began to lather, while mom and Aunt Jess used mom's body wash (lilac and aloe). We were, innocently enough, actually washing ourselves. At least to start.

Not surprisingly, it was mom's hands that wandered first, as they had seemingly so long ago. Being behind me, she began to wash my back by rubbing my shoulders. It felt very good so I let her continue. Her hands roamed down to my lower back, pressing her fingers into my muscles. But then her hands reached around me and began to fondle my semi-hard dick. It's not as if I was going to tell mom to stop playing with my cock!

"You just can't keep your hands off that thing, can you Jenny?" Aunt Jess sighed as she turned to see her sister's hands gently gliding over my male parts tenderly.

"Can you blame me?" Mom said with a guilty tone.

I stared at my aunt, water cascading over her shoulders and down over her well-formed tits. My hands were compelled to fondle them. She giggled lightly.

"Just like Jeremy can't keep his hands off my tits!"

"And I can't blame him either!" Mom also laughed.

"But what about me?" Aunt Jess complained. Then answered herself by dropping to her knees and took my dick in her mouth. Mom began seriously to stroke me as her sister sucked on the head.

Mom was jerking me off into her sister's mouth!

All softness of my dick melted away leaving only rampant steel again!

"I think I'm ready to have him fuck me again!" Aunt Jess declared as she stood back up and turned around, presenting her perfect ass to me. An ass made even more perfect by the water running over it, giving it a glistening sheen!

Mom's hand kept stroking me, casually with no further intent other than getting and keeping me erect.

Jess leaned against the porcelain-tiled wall, offering me her target. Mom helped guide me in, tickling my balls as I sunk once again into my aunt's amazing pussy. Then to my surprise, mom grabbed my ass and began to shove me into her sister! Having my mother help me fuck my delectable aunt, her own baby sister, was another something that I would never have ever dreamed about!

"Fuck her Jeremy! Fuck my sister good!" Mom said into my ear, pressing her tits and her evidently hard nipples into my shoulder blades.

"Her pussy feels so good around my cock mom! Push my big dick into your sister's cunt!"

"Yes, baby! Fuck my sister's cunt with your big cock. Make her beg for it!"

I may have been running on empty, but this was good enough to make me want to be able to cum!

"Oh God, Jeremy! You're going to make me cum! Fuck me harder with that cock of yours!"

"Hear that honey? She wants it harder!" Mom was shoving my ass forward with far more force than I could have managed alone.

"Oh ... oh ... oh! Oh, yes! Oh, oh ... oooooh!" Aunt Jess cried out, her face planted on the smooth wall, her hands seeking something to grab on to as she was sent into great bliss.

Mom and I kept up our mutual fucking of Aunt Jessica as she shook through a strong orgasm. As my aunt ceased trembling, I backed up into mom, pulling my hardness from the wet pussy.

"My turn now!" Mom said and turned around, at least I assumed she had, she was facing the far wall when I spun about.

Aunt Jess's wonderful jugs were now pressed against my back as she put her hands on my shoulders.

"Now I get to fuck my big sister with her son's big cock!" She cooed with her head on my right shoulder. She dropped her hands to my hips and urged me forward. I grabbed mom's curvaceous hips to hold her in place. And to make sure she didn't fall when we sent her to la-la land.

"Please Jess! Fuck me with Jeremy's magnificent cock! Make him make me cum good and hard!" Mom commanded.

"I love your cunt mom!" I declared as Aunt Jess was moving my hips to piston my cock in my mom's tightly enveloping love canal.

"And I love your cock Jeremy! Shove it in my pussy! I love your cock filling my burning cunt!" Mom yelled out with her hands splayed against the tile.

I wasn't doing any shoving. I was letting my aunt direct my motions and I was just enjoying the squeezing of mom's pussy muscles on my dick. Aunt Jess had even moved right up behind me and was pressing

her pelvis into my ass, and was fucking her sister with me in the middle and my dick as her tool.

I was trapped, no, not trapped, I was wrapped in a wonderful sister sandwich, of which I was the cream in the middle!

Aunt Jessica and I fucked mom with my rock hard cock and mom just grunted and groaned animalistically with her primal passion. I was making my own grunts from the exquisite sensations of our activity. Aunt Jess's gorgeous body was pressed into my back and mom was bent forward as my dick was slammed into her by her sister's rocking hips pushing me in and her hands pulling me back. I was fucking without any of the work!

"I want ... you to fuck ... me in my ... ass again!" Mom croaked out between thrusts.

"Really?" I probably didn't need to ask, but it wasn't often that mom had told me to have anal sex with her.

Like never.

Even yesterday, she hadn't been very positive about the notion.

"Please fuck my ass Jeremy!"

She didn't need to beg!

"I'll go get the lube!" Aunt Jess volunteered. She got out of the shower without grabbing a towel or bothering to cover.

She returned a minute later while I had kept up my motions without her guidance. I stopped when she climbed back in behind me.

"Here," she said. I half-turned as she put a handful of the thick goo on my wet (from the water and from my mom) and hard cock. The coolness of the lube counteracted the heat I had felt from mom's fiery furnace.

"Give me that dick! I want to feel you in my tight ass! I want you to fill my back door with your big cock!"

I must have made a good impression yesterday that mom was now such an advocate of taking it in the ass!

Aunt Jessica lined me up and placed my dickhead against mom's puckered little hole. I thought I would be doing the work now, but my

aunt's hands on my ass shoving me forward without any care for going slow and easy!

"Oooooooo!" Mom bellowed as half my length was implanted in her incredibly tight asshole.

"Holy shit!" She cried out appropriately, as she adjusted to the new presence within her.

"That wasn't me that was Aunt Jessica!" I pleaded my innocence of her anal assault.

"You have to just slam that ass Jeremy!" My aunt said without any remorse.

"It does feel good! You just could have warned me!"

"Again, not my idea."

"Go on, shove the rest of that wonderful cock in your mother's tight ass!" Aunt Jess said with a playful pat on my ass.

I had to listen to my elders, didn't I?

"Fuck my ass Jeremy!" Mom commanded.

See.

I took a bit more caution and not as much force as Aunt Jess as I slowly pressed the rest of my dick between mom's butt cheeks. It wasn't a slow as yesterday, but mom knew what it felt like and had seemed to have no aversion having her asshole filled by her son's big cock! In a minute or so, I was buried to the hilt. I could feel mom's muscles milking my dick so much better than any pussy I had ever had!

"Goddamn Jeremy! That feels so incredible! Fuck your mommy's tight asshole! Give me that big cock of yours!"

I pulled back until just the head was still in that squeezing chute.

"You like my dick in your ass mom? This big dick?" And I rammed the entire length of my eight and half inches back into her.

"Oh! Fuck!" She shrieked. "I love your big dick in my ass! Fuck me with it honey! Make me cum again with your dick in my ass!"

I proceeded to give mom a good royal ass-reaming. Well, I thought it was a good one. Mom's wordless shrill cries also let me know that she thought it a good too!

"Fuck Jenny's gorgeous ass! Give your mother the ass fucking of her life!"

She had only had two! So it shouldn't be that hard to top yesterday's.

I could feel that familiar churning in my balls and suspected that I just may have something still in the tank after all, or that my youthful vigor had made some more of my oft requested cum. I knew mom wouldn't last long with her ass fucking and I let that feeling build within me.

It couldn't have been more than five minutes when mom screamed so loudly that I knew she had cum from my cock in her butt. I kept ramming in and out, feeling my own need closing quickly. Mom must have realized I was ready to cum again from my increased tempo and the force of my strokes.

"Cum in mommy's ass, Jeremy! Fill my asshole with your thick cum!"

Just her words were incentive to do as she ordered!

"God mom! I'm gonna shoot my cum right in your hot, tight asshole!"

And I then did so. Whatever I had, I gave to my mother.

I felt my dick pulse as mom's anal muscles massaged my white creamy load from my balls. I grunted loudly as I gave myself to my orgasm. Not sure how I, or mom for that matter, stayed upright as we each shuddered and quivered as our ecstasy took us over. I did feel my aunt's hands steadying me, but she couldn't have supported me if I had fallen.

Mom rose back upright, pulling off my stiff, but soon to wilt, cock with an audible pop.

"I never would've imagined that a dick in my asshole could make me orgasm!" Mom said in amazement. I wish that I had tried it long ago!"

"Me too! All those times that I turned guys down that tried to fuck my ass! I didn't know what I was missing out on."

"And we had to have my handsome and hung son to let us know how amazing it could be!"

Hey, what could I say?

As I stood there with the shower running over the three of us, mom and Aunt Jess each gave me a kiss on either cheek. On my face, not where you were thinking!

"Thanks for a great butt fuck!" Mom said giving me a second kiss on my cheek. I tried to turn my head to meet her lips with mine, but she turned away with a slight giggle.

Aunt Jessica was giving herself a quick rinse under the quickly cooling spray. She leaned to the side to allow me to catch some of the barely hot water. I slid the shower curtain aside to step out so that mom could get some of the water before it became cold.

"We could probably use at least a bite to eat before we go and retrieve your brother and sister." Mom stated in her usual motherly voice, so different from the wild sexual screaming she was doing less than ten minutes before.

"I wonder if they had as good of time as we have." I asked rhetorically.

"I'm sure they have, just in a different way." Mom gave me a studious look as she took one of the towels.

"What?" I questioned.

"It's like I can't believe you're still my son. You're not my little boy anymore."

Aunt Jess cackled loudly.

"It sure isn't big now!" She teased with a glance at my shriveled wiener.

"The two of you have abused him enough!" I protested defiantly.

"I feel pretty abused by your little friend." Mom laughed.

"He can abuse me all that he wants. Whenever he wants." Aunt Jessica smiled greatly. My eyes watched intently as she dried her tits with the cotton towel.

I had to kick myself then. I should have offered to dry them both! It was too late then; we were all nearly finished before I'd had the thought. I was done and tossed the wet towel on top of the closed hamper. Mom gave me an evil eye as she dried her brown hair. I gave her an easy smile.

"Is the maid still on vacation?" Mom's look never wavered. "When she comes back, I may have to try hooking up with her. I hear she likes hot young studs!"

I never saw the snapping towel coming!

"Ow!" I yelled as the wet cotton stung my right ass cheek.

Aunt Jessica started laughing so hard she soon had tears on her cheeks. Mom had a wide grin on her face.

I jumped to properly take care of my towel.

"Watch it, or the maid will start making you do your own laundry!"

"I'm sure I could sweet-talk her into doing it for me. I have a big dick that I'm sure she would love."

"Not if your mother cuts it off first." Mom said in a semi-serious tone.

"No she won't, she already loves my big dick!" I responded with my own wide grin.

"Go get dressed before your mother gets your big dick hard again and we end up late to my mother's!"

I laughed as I left the bathroom. Her threat may have been idle, and I'm not sure she could follow through with it anyway, but after all we'd done, I would have been tempted to find out if that threat wasn't so idle after all! I could hear the women talking quietly as I left mom's room and walked down the hall. I climbed the stairs with achy muscles. Who knew that fucking was such a workout? I once again told myself that I needed to start exercising if I was going to keep up with my two cougars.

I dressed quickly and returned downstairs. My mother and my aunt were still in mom's bedroom, but now the door was shut. I had seen everything either of them had to reveal, and I mean everything! So, I didn't know why the bedroom door was sealed, but I guessed it had to be some female thing and left them to their secrets. I hoped it wouldn't take them long, as my stomach rumbled. I realized I hadn't eaten since our, or I should say, my big breakfast, even if it had been a late one. But with the workout our sex-fest had been, I shouldn't have wondered why I felt famished.

It wasn't really that long before my ravishing beauties emerged like butterflies from their cocoon. Like butterflies, the two women came out looking just as beautiful.

My mom was wearing a white silk blouse that looked expensive with a brown pencil skirt to her knee that matched her tresses. On her feet were black pumps. Aunt Jess had a blue knit, high-neck, form-fitting dress that came to mid-thigh, with long sleeves and shoulder cutouts. She wore strappy black high heels. Both had done themselves up with makeup and some jewelry, earrings, necklaces, and Aunt Jessica had silver bracelets on her right wrist. While not as stunning as last night, they still looked quite dressed up for just going to Grandma Sharon's. Of course, I was expecting shenanigans to happen on the drive there.

"Wow! You two look beautiful! But we are just going to grandma's. Why all dressed up?"

"Thank you honey." Mom said with a smile.

"We aren't that dressed up. Besides can't we look good for our favorite guy?" Aunt Jess answered.

"I hope Johnny appreciates what you did for him." I joked.

"Jeremy! Don't even insinuate that!" Mom's tone was harsh with scorn.

"Well, with the way he's been checking out Jess's breasts ..." I trailed off.

"What? Johnny too?" Aunt Jess stared at me.

"I've seen him more than glance at them." I told her. Mom gave a reluctant nod herself.

"I saw it the other day too." Mom said regretfully.

Aunt Jess grabbed her tits as if to hide them even though they were fully covered with the tight stretch fabric.

"It's all right Aunt Jessica, I'm sure it's just that he's at the age that he may be starting to realize that girls aren't icky."

"Icky? Is that what you think?" She asked still holding her chest.

"I guess. That is until you start growing into such hot babes."

"Really? Hot babes? Is that all we are to you?" My aunt asked with a hard tone.

"Oh, no. You're not going to trap me in any word games. You both know how I feel about you, your fabulous attributes not withstanding!"

"Now we have attributes." Mom stated with bit of ice in her voice.

"I said fabulous! Should I say how much I love your tits and asses? Your long legs and beautiful faces?"

Mom glanced at her sister and they both broke out laughing.

I just stood there staring at them both.

Women!

"We should have something to eat before we go." Mom said as she fought to regain a straight face.

"Do you really feel like cooking? Especially in that blouse?" Aunt Jess asked nodding to mom's attire.

Mom looked down at herself then at me and her sister.

"Do either of you mind stopping for something to eat on the way?" Mom asked.

"I don't care, just as long as it's food! I'm almost starving." I stated.

Aunt Jess just nodded.

"We'll stop somewhere before we get on the highway." Mom said. "If you two are ready?"

"I should get all my stuff in my car before we go. The kids will be tired and it will be a bit late, so it'll probably be better to do it now. Then when we get back I can just go home." My aunt said.

"You don't want to spend another night?" I asked as if I was let down. Honestly, I didn't think I would survive another night!

"I have to go to work in the morning." Aunt Jess said.

"You have school tomorrow." Mom interjected in her mom voice. "And the kids will be here. The weekend is over Jeremy."

I gave her my most sullen pout.

"Don't give me that face."

I pretended to unzip my pants.

"That's not going to work either." But I noticed that she smiled at my intent. "Besides, I don't think that can work!"

My sexy aunt laughed at that remark.

"We did give it quite a workout this weekend!" She looked at me sultrily and stepped into arm's reach of me. "Though we'll have to see if you have maybe one more in you on the way to mom's!" She added as she ran a hand over my crotch sensually.

"Do you really think you can coax anything else out of him?" Mom asked her sister incredulously.

"I'll give it a try!"

I hoped she could succeed!

"Okay. Well, Jeremy help your aunt get her stuff and put it in her car. Then we'll go." Mom ordered.

I followed Aunt Jess back to mom's room. A bit sad that nothing was going to happen while we were in there.

I will say though, that when she bent over and the tight clingy cloth clung to her perfect ass, pulling up slightly to reveal more of her toned thighs, I had to fight the urge to grab her and throw her on the bed!

"Get a good look! It'll have to last you for at least a few days!" She giggled at me. She even gave her ass a wiggle!

"Aunt Jessica, I have enough sights imbedded in my brain to last for more than a few days! Years even!"

"I'm sure you do!"

We collected her bags, throwing the odd items lying around the room into one, and I carried most of it back to the living room. Mom had her purse and pulled out her keys.

"Okay. Let's go."

I put Aunt Jess's closet into her trunk, then we piled into mom's car. Mom decided to drive, and me and Aunt Jess got in the backseat.

"Don't go doing anything funny until we get on the highway!" Mom scolded us, giving us a glare in the rearview mirror.

I had to laugh inwardly.

Mom wasn't telling me or her sister not to have sex or anything similar (depending on my ability!), but that we just had to wait until we were off the local streets first!

Nevertheless, my aunt had a sly grin on her face that let me know she had plans for something before we got up to 55 mph!

I would be okay with whatever she wanted to try!

Mom headed to restaurant row, that stretch of road that most towns had with every fast food chain within a half mile of each other.

"What'll it be?" Mom asked looking in the mirror.

"I don't care. Burgers will be okay." I answered.

"How about chicken, it's not as fatty or greasy." Aunt Jess looked at me.

"Sure, chicken is good too." I said.

"But not as easy to eat while I'm driving." Mom said with another glance at us.

"You're not going to eat much anyway, just get the strips or popcorn chicken." I told her.

"I guess that'll work. But I still get my fries too!" Her look in the mirror was pointed at me.

I was notorious for stealing fries from others!

We were silent as mom drove. Aunt Jess did rest a hand on my crotch and was idly massaging it, but with no obvious intent to wake up my dick. Even if that was the result! Not that I was getting hard, but her gentle touch definitely was doing something to my loins!

I saw that mom was giving frequent glances in the mirror to check up on us, not just the traffic behind her. I held my most innocent smile on my face when she looked back.

As we pulled into the drive and mom negotiated the drive-thru lane, Aunt Jess reached over, undid my pants, and worked my mostly-soft dick free. After telling mom what we each wanted to eat, she then leaned down and took it into her wet mouth. I bolted upright even as

my cock filled out further. She twirled her tongue around the head within her lips while creating great suction with her lungs.

Now I was on the passenger side of the car, so as mom pulled up to the window after giving our order, my aunt's activity would be obvious, but not actually visible to the person in the drive-thru window. Mom happened to look back as she waited for service and gasped out when she saw her sister with her head in my lap.

"Jessica!"

"That'll be $23.68 ma'am." A young voice was heard.

I quickly looked out the passenger window to hide my face in case the employee was a possible classmate. Aunt Jess was making over-exaggerated noises as she worked on my rising dick. I saw mom fumbling with her purse as she got out the money. I don't know if the girl even noticed, or could see what was happening in the back seat, but didn't want to turn to find out.

I heard the voice cry out, "oh my!" that let me know we'd been seen. I then heard the drive-thru window close and risked a peak as the girl was making change. I could see a flurry of activity in the small window and then there was three or four faces scuffling to look out and see my aunt's bobbing head.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" Mom whisper yelled at her sister.

"Here's your change ma'am. Your food will be up in few seconds." I could hear the nervous laughter in the girl's voice. It didn't sound familiar, but I couldn't be sure, and didn't want to risk being identified. Especially if it was someone that might know my mother too, regardless of the unknown woman (to them) in the back seat with me!

"Here you go. Have a nice evening!" I could hear multiple voices in the background.

Mom didn't respond and merely took the bags of food and put them in the empty front seat and drove away from the restaurant with almost a squeal of the tires. She pulled out into traffic with the engine revving and sped down the road a bit before pulling off into a big box store parking lot. Aunt Jess had lifted her head from my near stiffy with mom's almost reckless driving. She was straightening her hair as mom parked.

"What the hell was that? I told you not to be doing anything until we were on the highway!" Mom said angrily. Her irritation was focused on Aunt Jessica, but she gave me a dirty look also.

"It was exciting! Did you hear their voices? Don't tell me you never did anything like that, way back when!" Aunt Jessica's playful voice showing she was unaffected by her sister's anger.

"I saw their faces Jess! As if they'd never seen a woman give a young man a blowjob before! And maybe they hadn't!" Mom's tone had cooled but was still full of contempt.

"In this day and age? Hardly. Besides, it's not like any of them would know us." My aunt scoffed.

"A lot of kids at school work at fast food places Jess." I told her matter of factually.

"Oh! I hadn't thought of that! Oh shit, I'm sorry. I just thought it would be fun to do, give them a cheap thrill." She said apologetic.

"I'm sure it's okay, but still, Aunt Jess."

"Tell me you didn't get a kick out of it?" She grinned at me.

"That's not the point Jess." Mom answered, her fury fading.

"It was kinda hot when I realized what you were going to do. To have you sucking my dick while those employees knew what you were doing!" I had gotten a kick out of it, and other than having mom in the front seat, I almost wished someone I did know had seen it!

"Yeah, it would be kind of hot also if one of them recognized you and realized I was your mother too! How do you think that would go over at school?"

Well, I'm sure quite a few would think of me as a legend because of it, but I understood what my mother meant.

"I had nothing to do with it mom. It was just harmless fun."

She gave me a stern look over her shoulder until her eyes caught sight of my struggling erection.

"Not quite hard yet." Her tone hadn't softened, but there was an undercurrent of suggestion in her voice.

"Give me a bit more time." Aunt Jess said devilishly.

"Eat your food first." Mom said as she sorted the items and passed them out.

Even with her anger, she hadn't ordered us to stop doing anything. Again to just wait.

I shook my meat at her.

"Anything you want to eat back here mom?" I asked suggestively.

She glanced back over the seat again and gave a breathy sigh as she shook her head.

"I can see he must have gotten it from you Jess."

"If you mean me, by way of his mother, then you're probably right." Mom's sister teased back.

Mom just put the car back in gear and pulled back into traffic.

We ate our simple fare quietly, letting our bodily hunger outweigh our sexual hunger for the moment. The sun was sitting low when mom entered the onramp and we were well on our way. After Jess and I finished eating, her hand returned to my still displayed dick, now sitting with a slump. Her delicate fingers worked over the soft skin as my blood slowly returned. About fifteen minutes later she had it

completely erect. Mom's eyes were evident in the mirror as her sister caused her son's dick to grow.

"I want to sixty-nine with you Jeremy. I've never done that in a moving vehicle." Aunt Jess said after a brief, but heated kiss.

That implied that she had done it in a non-moving vehicle. I hadn't done it in any kind of motorized conveyance!

"Okay." Like I would say no?

I assumed I would be on the bottom, so I moved to lie down on the seat, glad that they weren't the bucket type. To do this with my hot aunt, I still would have, regardless of the hump I would have had in my back.

Aunt Jess pulled her clingy dress's hem up over her feminine hips and wriggled around until she was positioned on top of me, that amazing ass of hers above my face! I pushed her pink panties aside to access her prized petals of flesh.

"That looks very hot!" Mom declared as she angled the rearview mirror to get a better view.

"Just try not to crash mom. Though I guess dying with my face crushed by Jess's fanny is by far one of the best ways to go!"

"You don't want to die with your mom's ass on your face?" Mom asked with mock hurt in her tone.

"How about we don't die at all and you can both put your butts all over my face!" I exclaimed.

Aunt Jessica dropped her butt onto my face, practically smothering me. She even shook her hips for emphasis.

I grabbed her ass and lifted it up enough that I could breathe again.

"Is that too much ass for you Jeremy?" She teased.

"Never get enough of your ass Aunt Jess. Just let me enjoy it, not smother me with it!" I said, then planted my lips on her outer lips coaxing them to part, allowing me access to the delightful wet center. Aunt Jess's lips were now encircled around my firming shaft.

We passed the miles with my tongue entrenched in my aunt's wet and quivering pussy, her mouth eagerly Hoovering my cock, and mom avidly watching us pleasure each other in the mirror. The sun slowly

sank to the horizon as I made Aunt Jess cum twice before she finally managed to milk my dick enough to entice my balls to give up their contents, whatever volume that might have been, as she gulped it all down without a drop slipping from her hungry lips.

Mom pulled into a gas station so we could switch positions, Aunt Jess getting into the driver's seat and mom joining me in the back.

"I know you probably can't get hard again; at least not as quickly now. Do you mind just licking me?" Mom said quietly.

"You could see if you could get me up again. If anyone could I'm sure it's you mom." I said just as quietly. I didn't want mom's sister to hear my admission. I then added louder. "If you want to sit on my face, I have no problems with that either." I would never have an issue with that!

"Honey, I just love what you do for me! There is so much that I would do for you." Mom's eyes got hazy.

"Like lick your sister?" I teased, but then realized it was not the time.

"Yes, even that." Mom kissed my cheek tenderly.

"Are you two going to do something, or am I going to just have to watch the idiots on the road for my entertainment?" Aunt Jessica called out from the front seat.

Mom reached down and unzipped her tight skirt and pulled it up to reveal she was once again not wearing panties.

"Mom! You're becoming quite the daring slut aren't you? And you complained about what we did." I scoffed at my mother.

"I know. It just feels so open and freeing, and also a little naughty. I'm setting a bad example for you; I'm such a bad mother!" Mom said lightheartedly and yet sexily.

"Such a bad mommy! Now come sit on your son's face!" I told her as I once again laid out on the back seat while she shifted around me. She placed one bent leg on the seat beside me and crouched over me, with her other leg crookedly hanging off the front of the seat. Like before with Aunt Jess, I had my knees in the air in the tight confines, and mom leaned back against them for support.

I once again stared at the gaping hole with wet splayed lips from which I had entered the world. It was truly the most beautiful sight I have ever seen. And that my mother was so willingly opening herself to me, for me to lick her and please her, was so exciting and so intimate. I could wish for a poster of this view so I could stare at it all the time. I'm sure

that would go over well, if I had a giant picture of mom's pussy on my bedroom wall! Though with the way events have played out, I could wonder if dad would even recognize whose it was!

"Lick me already Jeremy! I love that you find it so entrancing, but I need you to eat me!" Mom passionately exclaimed.

"Yeah, Jeremy! Lick your mom's pussy! Make her cum like you just made me!" My aunt told me.

I was getting to it. I just liked to survey my task first!

I reached up and pulled mom's pelvis closer, wrapping my arms around her thighs and grabbing her hips in my hands to keep her in place when her excitement built. I suspected that mom didn't want a protracted cunnilingus session; this was to be a make mom cum as fast as I could affair. That was fine by me too!

"Oh yes, honey! Just like that! You know just what I like! Oh God!" Mom cried out.

"You're so sexy sis! Ride your son's face! Soak him with your flood of cum!"

"Mrmmlvrmmlrrm." I added.

"Oh God! Oh ... oh ... oh! Lick my clit, oh yes! Like that, like that!"

Mom started to squirm on me, her lame leg adding nothing to her balance. I struggled to hold her in place so that I could continue to tease her sensitive nib of flesh.

The miles melted away as I was lost in licking mom's very wet cunt. Once she had her first orgasm, it was as if a floodgate was opened and she couldn't stop. She came and came and came again on my hungry mouth, soaking me with her delicious syrupy juices. I could go like this forever!

But reality intruded, and mom's limp form told me that she had had enough, at least for now. I eased her off me and stretched out my cramped legs as well as I could with the limited room available. Mom just sat listlessly at the corner of the seat and the car door. The blissful look on her face was all the approval I needed. I dried her cum off my face and neck as well as I could with a spare blanket we kept in the back seat.

"I almost want to take another turn back there with you, my hunky nephew! So you can turn me into jelly with your tongue!"

"How about I drive so the two of you can spend more time together back here?" I teasingly suggested. Actually, I was serious, but I was pretty sure that they wouldn't agree.

"I'd be up for that, but you would kill us all by watching us and not the road!" Mom responded showing she had regained some of her senses.

Aunt Jess stayed silent.

It wasn't too much further to Grandma Sharon's so we rode the rest of the way quietly watching the sun melt into the horizon in a spray of shades of oranges. While there, mom and Aunt Jessica reverted to their more conservative selves, well what was considered conservative for my carefree aunt. The two daughters talked with their mother for a few minutes while Johnny and Jojo collected their things and I shepherded them into the car. They started telling me all the things they had done while there, interrupting each other and trying to talk over each other. I smiled and nodded as if I caught every word. Everyone hugged each other as we all said our goodbyes. Grandma Sharon told mom that she didn't need to wait so long to bring the kids back and with a sly glance at Aunt Jess and myself, mom promised that it would be very soon.

Mom was once again driving with me in the front passenger seat and Aunt Jess in the back with my siblings. My brother and sister began to relate their weekend adventure to mom and Aunt Jess as we backed out of our grandmother's drive, seemingly hyped up on about ten pounds

of sugar and caffeine, but twenty minutes into the drive their endless energy finally ran out and the two of them zonked out. Aunt Jess had mom pull over so she could come up front and sit on my lap. I saw the look on mom's face at the request, but she complied and stopped.

Aunt Jess climbed onto my lap with a sly grin at me. Not that she needed to, we all suspected what she planned on doing.

She did sit innocently in my lap as we watched the road signs pass by in the darkness. Well, she may have been acting innocently, but my aunt had to know the outcome of positioning herself on her nephew's lap. The close proximity of her ass and pussy with only a few millimeters of cloth between them and my dick caused an increased blood flow in my pelvic area.

Aunt Jessica somehow managed to wiggle around subtly enough that mom didn't notice, even though my mother surely was suspicious of some kind of naughty behavior going on beside her. I helped my aunt get my pants open and she pulled my now-hard cock out, hidden beneath her knit dress that had somehow scrunched up under her ass. It wasn't completely obvious, as she had been sitting semi-sideways across my legs, but she managed to wriggle around until the tip of my cock found her damp opening. Aunt Jess pretended to shift to get comfortable, but actually, she was sliding onto my hard cock!

I heard her intake of breath as I pushed into her tight canal. She coughed to try to cover it, but it sounded faked, even to me. Did mom buy it?

Aunt Jess sat with my cock sunk deep within her without making any movement. I loved the feeling of her tight pussy muscles clamped on my dick! I suspected that she was staying still so mom wouldn't think anything was happening. As enjoyable as being buried in my aunt's cunt was, we both wanted the sensations that only moving would bring us. Aunt Jess lifted up only inch or two, while I subtly shifted by pressing my butt deeper in the seat to pull back another inch. With seeming telepathy, we both pushed back at each other together. We repeated this, giving us a slow motion, short stroke fuck. It was exquisite!

We continued this for quite some time; not enough activity to cause me to cum, but it seemed to build my naughty aunt into a slow boil. I could tell she was fighting to keep her breathing normal, and tried not to get so worked up that she moved too much and revealed what we were doing. Short slow strokes. Two or so inches in, equal amount out. Over and over.

"Are you two fucking?" Mom asked bluntly.

"No. Of course not." Aunt Jess denied with a heavy breath.

"You seem kind of flushed." Mom probed.

"Just from the wild weekend." Aunt Jess said quickly, keeping her answer short so her breathing or voice didn't betray her.

"Maybe I should detour down some dirt road, one with lots of potholes. I'm sure the two of you would like that. I mean, since you're not fucking." Mom said sarcastically.

"Whatever. You're the driver." Aunt Jess answered snidely.

I stayed silent. I was also trying to keep my breathing normal. I wasn't going to orgasm, but that didn't mean my aunt's velvety pussy wasn't affecting me!

Of course, fifteen minutes or so later the jig was up when Aunt Jess finally reached her crescendo and cried out loudly and wordlessly. Mom turned to glare at her sister and added a dirty look at me. I just looked back at her with a wide-eyed innocent face.

When Aunt Jess returned to reality, she turned to mom.

"Do you need me to drive now? So you can get a ride too?" She said with a big grin on her face.

Mom turned on her with a sudden fury that startled both of us.

"No!" She yelled in a whisper. "Not with my other kids in the car!" Mom's look would have taken paint off any nearby cars if there had been any.

We drove through the darkness without another word among us.

Aunt Jess and I had rearranged our clothing, putting my still stiff dick away and sliding her hemline back down. She still sat on my lap, but our activity was now limited to her wriggling her ass on my covered cock and I had reached around, grabbed her tits and felt her up for most of the rest of the drive.

We arrived home.

We woke Johnny and I carried the still sleeping Jojo up to her room. Mom and Aunt Jess brought in the kids belongings and followed me up the stairs. We came back downstairs after getting the kids into their beds. I gave Aunt Jessica a tight hug, which she returned with an added passionate kiss. Mom then hugged her sister and even they kissed more than sisterly!

Aunt Jess looked at the two of us and a light went on in her eyes.

"You didn't want him in the car, because you knew you were coming home to sleep with him!" My aunt spoke her revelation.

"No, that's not why." Mom argued back. "I really can't have sex with one of my children while the other two were only a few feet away!"

I saw Aunt Jess cower with mom's vehemence. She turned to leave, but added over her shoulder to me.

"Come see me sometime this week. We'll see if there is anything new we can come up with to do!" She gave mom another look, cautiously. "That is if your mom says you can!" She teased. Then her face grew stony serious.

"Thank you both for a great weekend. I really mean it." She said so sincerely, more intensely than my easygoing aunt was known for being. She turned and got in her car and then was gone.

Mom and I stood there in the drive for a moment, silently.

I felt mom's hand grip mine and she walked back into the house with me beside her.

Once back in the house, mom stopped. I moved next to her to kiss her, but she raised a finger to my lips, holding me back. She looked at me intensely, her gaze going deep within me.

"I want to thank you for a great weekend too. A wonderful weekend! Possibly the best three and a half days of my life. Well, besides the days that I gave birth to you and your brother and sister." She paused. "I suppose I shouldn't compare that with what we've just done." Mom's weak smile was almost beatific.

We had turned off the lights downstairs after we'd gotten my siblings in bed, so we stood in the faint light coming in the front windows from the streetlights. Mom seemed to glow brighter than that feeble illumination.

"I have to agree mom. I don't know how we could top that!" I stopped to think. "Unless, maybe we had gotten Gretchen to join us!"

Mom weakly slapped my arm, but her face belied her response.

"Men!" She sighed.

"Seriously though mom, thank you too. I could only fantasize about something like this, but the reality was so much greater than the dream." I returned her gaze just as deeply.

"It was magical, wasn't it?" She said wistfully.

"Truly!" I said.

"Even when you were ramming your cock in my asshole?" Mom said so seriously that I doubted that I had heard the words correctly.

"Mom!" I exclaimed in shock. Then in a moment added, "Especially then!"

She slapped my arm again, but laughed with ease.

She put a hand on my cheek and stared at me with shiny eyes.

"The weekend isn't over yet."

Her words held the promise of untold bliss.

I leaned towards her and she didn't hold me back this time, but eagerly accepted my hungry lips on her own soft damp petals of flesh. Her arms wrapped around my shoulders, her hands holding my head to hers.

You could expect that we stood there with our lips locked for hours, but mom pulled away after only a few minutes, a hand dropping to grab one of mine that had held the small of her back. She pulled me across the living room towards the hallway and her awaiting bedroom. I let her pull me two steps before I halted her. She turned to look at me with such longing and need as I had ever seen in a woman. I stepped next to her, bent enough to reach down and picked her gently up. Her arms swept around my neck and she buried her face into my neck.

There were no obstacles for me to navigate around in the dim darkness as I carried mom across the room. I angled to allow us to traverse the narrow hall, and luckily, her bedroom door was open. We entered the room and I saw her eyes glance around as if seeing the room for the first time.

There was even less light here, a few tiny rays coming from the neighbor's backyard security light. Her lips were still able to find mine in the deeply shadowed room.

With those lips on mine, I would have had the strength to hold her forever.

I felt moisture on my cheek and pulled from those sensuous lips. I saw a few tears streaming from both her eyes.

"What's wrong mom?"

I didn't think it was anything serious, but my mom crying twisted something inside of me.

"Right now ... absolutely nothing." She whispered, wiping her salty remains from my cheek but leaving hers untouched. "Right now everything is so perfect that I can't believe it is happening to me."

"Aw, mom. For me too." I answered feeling my own eyes fill.

"Jeremy ... for tonight ... could you call me ... Jenny again?" Her soft voice asked.

I gulped the sudden cough back down.

"Sure mom, I mean Jenny."

"Make love to me Jeremy."

Her eyes pierced my soul.

"Forever Jenny. Forever."

I laid her on her bed, our bed and lay atop her, resting my weight on my elbows, her breasts, and of course, her lips.

Her arms encircled my back, holding me tight, which was pointless, as I wasn't going anywhere but with her. As we continued kissing our clothes magically disappeared; I had no memory of removing mine or ... Jenny's clothing, we were just suddenly naked lying together.

I won't relate the intimate sharing we enjoyed long into that night. Of how our bodies entwined, enveloped, engaged, enchanted, enraptured, entangled, and enthralled one another. I could never expect to experience that level of oneness with any other person. Jenny was the woman that had created me, nurtured me, guided me through my life. She was my encouragement, but also my conscious. Everything I was was because of Jenny. That night I sought to repay that debt, giving back all the love she had given me.

Hours later, as we lay there still in each other's arms, half-delirious and half-drowsed, I looked into Jenny's eyes and saw she was crying profusely. I kissed her wet cheeks, drinking away her tears. She pushed my hair out of my eyes, the birth of a smile on her lips.

"I love you Jeremy. Not as my son, but as my love, my true love. I've never felt for anyone what I feel for you. You make me feel like a complete woman. That you want me more than Jessica, more than someone like Gretchen, makes me feel so full, full of love for you like no other. That makes me so happy. But then I think of how I am preventing you from finding someone your own age to be with, to love, and have your own family. A wife you wouldn't ignore. As long as we continue this though, you won't look for someone else. Don't lie and tell me you would. But I'm addicted to you. And not just the great sex, or your lovemaking. You're such a caring, giving man. So I either deprive you, or myself."

"I love you too, Jenny. I never knew what love was before ... this. You're more than my mom, you're my world. I can't say that I won't find someone to love, to marry, but she would never be you. You are my true love also Jenny. Mom."

A new batch of tears streaked from her eyes, caused by the overflow of love from her.

I gave her a kiss, softly, gently.

Then a second.

The third and fourth merged, and the fifth was unending. I entered her again and we made love again, but this time it was more. More primal, more defiant. We were declaring our love for each other against the world's rules and expectations. We were who we were and nothing could change that. After, we fell asleep again. Jenny, mom, had her head on my chest, my arms around her, holding her, protecting her.

Chapter 14

I awoke to a multitude of emotions.

That my mom was still lying next to me elated me.

I was ecstatic to have experienced this weekend, but also depressed that it was over and would probably never have a chance like this for it ever to happen again.

I was in love. And it was even better that I knew that she loved me too!

Dad was coming home this afternoon and after this weekend, I now had some trepidation of how things would continue with mom and I, or with mom and dad.

It was only a few moments that I was able to feel all this as mom's clock started beeping. I glanced over and realized that it was the time that I normally got up for school. Somehow, during the night, mom had set her clock to make sure I would get up. Even in the middle of our moment, she was still being a mom!

I turned it off. Mom opened her beautiful green eyes and looked at me with such love.

"Morning." She said, seemingly plainly but her emotions poured from that one word.

"I love you mom." I responded, letting my words speak for me.

"I love you too honey, but you have to get up for school. We both need showers after ... last night." She lowered her head demurely as she reminded us of the evening that we had shared.

"You go first. I just want to lay here and savor being in your bed before I have to go back to the real world."

"This is the real world too dear." Mom said sweetly.

"You know what I mean. You'll have dad coming home today."

"Yes, I know. I have to pick him up at the airport this afternoon. I'll need you here when Johnny and Jojo get home."

"Actually ... I'm thinking of taking the day off." I declared suddenly. I looked to mom who turned to stare at me. "I want to spend my last moments before dad gets back with my girl."

Mom smiled at this, but I knew her well enough that I detected the little turn in the edge of her lip.

"You're going to skip school to be with me?"

"Please mom." It wasn't a question, but not a statement either. I saw her face waver.

"We still need showers. And I need to get the others up and out the door. I'll think about it." Mom said as she pulled the covers off her naked figure. My eyes were drawn down to gaze upon her beauty. She noticed this and tried to hide her grin.

I knew right then that her saying she was thinking about it already meant that she had accepted my decision. Mom wanted to be with me as much as I wanted her.

I watched my naked mom get up off the bed and head for the bathroom, grabbing her full-length robe on the way. I had my eyes glued to her as she crossed the room. That she could now do that so casually in front of me amazed me. She turned her head, not enough to look me in the eye, but enough that she knew that I was staring. I was sure she was smiling at that.

I had intended to go to school that day. Regardless of the fact that not missing any school had been part of my excuse for not going to golf with dad on his trip. But, as I laid there in my mom's bed remembering this wonderful weekend, seeing her lying beside me, feeling her warmth against my bare skin, missing one day of school seemed inconsequential compared to extending my time with mom. That she hadn't outright denied me, or had scolded me about skipping let me know she felt the same.

Having made my decision, I lay there with the remnants of mom's warmth on the sheets, hearing the water running in the shower, and feeling tempted to join her, but then rejecting that. If we started in there, we'd be back here, and my siblings would get up and be late themselves. Mom or I would have to take them to school after missing the bus, and we would miss more time together than if I just let mom shower alone. I wondered if she was thinking the same thing. That thought alone almost made me get up and check.

Mom soon returned, looking just as sexy with her wet hair. She ran a towel through it and tied it up before taking a pair of lacy panties from a drawer and pulled them on. I gave her a disappointed look as she did so, but she ignored me and pulled her nightie over her head, replaced her robe around her shoulders, and tied it shut.

"You can't hide that beauty from me." I complained. Mom just gave me a frowning smirk and a shake of her head.

"Keep my bed warm while I go deal with your brother and sister. Don't come out of here until they are gone." She admonished me.

"I'm not going anywhere my lovely mother." I said in a lilting voice.

She rolled her eyes at me, but I saw the touch of a smile on her lips as she left the room, making sure to close the door behind her.

I lay there and then suddenly wondered if my own alarm had gone off. That would have sparked at least Jojo's curiosity. But no, I hadn't set it last night with never having been to my room. I listened to my siblings getting ready and then being sent off to school, the soothing everyday sounds lulling me gently back to sleep.

I hadn't intended to fall asleep; I wanted to spend every minute I could with mom. I could sleep when I was dead. Nevertheless, I was awoken

sometime later when mom brought in a tray and set it on the bed before me. I looked at her with surprise, delight, and as always love.

"Breakfast in bed? How'd I get to deserve this?" I asked as I surveyed the full tray.

"For taking such good care of your mother last night, or actually, all this weekend. It was all so wonderful!" She said so cheerfully.

The tray was filled with a plate heaped with scrambled eggs and hash browns, three smaller plates, one with a stack of sausage links and bacon strips, another with six slices of toast with strawberry jam, and the third had a couple blueberry muffins with orange slices stacked around them. For beverages, there was a large glass of orange juice, a smaller one of milk, and to my confusion, a cup of coffee. I looked at mom as she beamed at me.

"This is way too much, even for me!" I declared. "And I don't drink coffee!"

"It's not all for you! I thought we could both have breakfast in bed, that is unless you don't want to eat with me?" She asked diffidently.

"I'd rather eat you!" I said boldly. "But I can do that later; I'll eat with you now."

Mom climbed back into bed, sitting beside me while I had the tray over my legs. She grabbed one of the muffins and took a bite. I had been staring at her (go figure, huh?) and she returned my look with a questioning stare.

"What?" She asked demandingly.

"You are incredible, you know that right?"

"So I've been told, once or twice." She smiled back at me.

"I want to shout it from the rooftop. My mom is the best mom in the world!" The table shook with my exuberance.

"Best mom? Is that it?" She asked as she took another bite of the muffin.

"I can't really go shouting the best lover from the roof, can I?"

"No, I guess not. Not without me right there with you, shouting just as loud." Mom answered.

"We shouldn't go getting too mushy or we won't get to finish breakfast! I almost feel like I might be able to eat all this!"

"Save some for me, I need my strength too to keep up with you!"

I took a forkful of eggs and fed it carefully to her. She was surprised to see the fork coming towards her and leaned in to take it in her mouth.

"Keeps me satisfied and feeds me too!" Mom said after she swallowed.

She took a piece of bacon and fed it to me. I bit hungrily at it. She laughed at my display.

We spent the next little while eating mom's prepared feast, feeding ourselves but also each other. I assumed mom had picked the muffins and orange slices for herself, but in the end we each had partook of all the choices, mom had even sipped my juice. I hadn't touched her coffee though.

The time we spent there, together, just eating and enjoying each other's presence, not thinking of the rest of the world or any of the worries that it might have for us, was the most sublime feeling I had ever felt. Not even the great sex or the lovemaking we had shared matched it. The glow on mom's face, the twinkle in her eyes, the smile on her lips that

wouldn't fade, the way she looked at me that matched the feelings I had inside me for her.

We barely finished the wonderful breakfast as our wont for the other grew. I set the tray with the nearly empty dishes on the floor and turned to take mom in my arms. She pressed against me with as much need as I grabbed her. Our lips were joined and the world disappeared completely for the next long while. When we were finished, panting as we lay next to each other, our heads on her pillows, I looked at mom.

"I guess you're letting me stay home."

"I guess I am." She stared at my face for a long moment. "I should make it official and call the school and tell them you're not feeling well."

"I'm not feeling well." I stated. Mom continued to stare at me, but her look became quizzical. "I'm not well. I'm way beyond well, deep into fantastic, possibly even euphoric!" I teased.

"Jeremy!" She turned her head away with an almost snort.

"You should call the school and talk to the principal, Mr. Dawkins while you are riding me, mom!" I told her.

"I'm not going to talk to the principal while I'm riding your dick." Mom answered rudely.

"You're not going to talk to Mr. Dawkins or you're not going to ride my dick?" It was a reasonable question, questioning minds wanted to know!

"Stop it. You get a little nookie and you start to get full of yourself." Mom chided me.

"A little nookie? That was a whole lot of nookie, miss. And it seemed to me that it was you that was full of myself!"

A bit far, granted, but mom still laughed.

"Are you going to get out of bed at all today?" She asked.

"I don't want to. Do you?"

"I've been up. Remember? Got the kids off to school, did some housework while you slept, made breakfast."

"Oh yeah. I suppose I could get up. If someone gave me incentive that is." I said suggestively.

"Get up. Go finally take your shower." Mom ordered. "I'll call the school and tell them you're at home and not terrorizing the streets like a hoodlum."

I chuckled at that.

Mom got out of bed and put her panties back on. She then went to her closet and picked out some clothes while I rose and went to the bathroom. It was partly out of necessity that I had obeyed mom, I had really needed to go by then!

I took a shower, a cold one, and dressed myself in a t-shirt and shorts. I didn't figure that I would stay in them for very long, it was barely eleven a.m.! Mom and I had at least three more hours before she had to go to the airport and our weekend would at last be officially over. I grew sullen at the thought. Something like this would never happen again. But then, sleeping with mom was something that should never have happened at all, and see how that was going!

Mom had gone downstairs while I had been occupied. I hurried down the stairs, nearly tripping as I went. I realized that killing myself in a hurry to be with mom would result in no more nookie!

"Be careful honey! I don't want to have to tell your father I had to take you to the hospital because you were skipping school to stay home with me!" Mom teased me when I reached the bottom of the stairs. She was sitting on the couch and she looked up at me with that loving twinkle in her eyes that seemed to be reserved only for me lately. She had put on a loose cotton print dress and a pair of sandals. Clearly not the clothes she intended to pick dad up wearing. Meaning she too didn't intend to stay dressed for long either!

"I was in a hurry because I missed you!" I said, sounding corny. But I meant it.

"That's sweet honey, but you have to be careful. I don't want to have to clean up any blood." Mom jested.

"I have other bodily fluids that you could clean up." I replied. I sat in the chair opposite her. Not dad's chair.

"I'm surprised you have anything left in you."

"You did feed me a big breakfast. Now I need to work it off!"

"And how did you figure on working it off?" She queried with a raised eyebrow.

"Oh, I don't know. I'm sure something will come up!"

"Are you trying to get a rise out of me?" Mom quipped back easily.

"Hey! I'm the one that makes the cracks." I said petulantly. "But that was a good one."

"Thank you. No ideas? We only have a couple hours left."

"I know." I stared at my mom in her loose dress, one leg tucked up under the other giving me a brief view of her inner thigh.

"See something you like?" She asked coyly. She looked at me as if she had caught me doing something wrong.

"You know I do!" I said matter-of-factly. "Open your legs mom. Let me see it all."

"That's an awfully bold thing to say to your mother, young man!" Mom had a frown on her lips, but I knew her too well; she was fighting back a sexy smile.

"But not to my hot and sexy lover!" I corrected her.

"Oh, really now. Lover?"

Mom may have been able to hold back the grin, but she did slowly slide her foot out from beneath her. She lifted her other foot and set it on the edge of the couch, letting her cotton dress fall to her waist. My beautiful mother was now sitting there with both feet on the couch with her knees wide and exposed to me. A tiny pair of blue panties was spread over the visible shape of her pussy lips.

"See anything you like now?" Mom asked with a sexy growl.

"Oh, God yes! I could eat it all up!" I said enthusiastically.

Mom couldn't help but chuckle at that.

"You're not full yet?"

"There's always room for Jello. Or pussy!"

"Jeremy!" Mom gasped with no surprise in her voice. I did notice that one of her hands had drifted down to rest on her thigh, just inches above her panties.

"Pull you panties aside. Let me see how wet my slutty mom is!" I told her. Mom's eyes bore back at me intently, but I saw her hand move to her panties, momentarily covering them with her palm. Her eyes never left mine as she slowly drew the blue fabric to one side. Moisture clung to her splayed petals. I licked my lips unconsciously.

"I want to watch you play with yourself again mom! You're so beautiful and sexy when you do that!" My eyes darted from hers to her womanhood.

"You seem to like that, don't you?" She asked, pulling her panties further aside. "But I have a request too. I want to watch you stroke your dick."

"What? Jerk off with you? I don't know." That was very private!

Okay, I know it was a double standard, as I had requested this of mom and Aunt Jessica already, and now again with mom. I didn't need to play with myself much anymore now that I had mom and Aunt Jess

willing to do that if I wanted. Or, anything else really! But, to sit there and stroke my cock while my mother watched? That seemed the very definition of dick softening!

Well, with most moms I suppose it would be!

"You expect me to do it for you." Mom said with some disdain. Her knees were still upright and everything still very visible.

"I know, and I know that it's not fair to not do the same for you. I just never have ... you know, done that in front of anyone."

"Either had I until that day. But I wanted to do it for you, because I love you and that you wanted to see me do that. I hope that you would feel the same."

"If there is anyone that I would do that for, it is you mom." I looked at her. I don't know how I hadn't seen her beauty before that fateful night, it was nearly overpowering now as I stared at her. I'm sure a lot of it was colored by everything that we had done recently. Moreover, that she was my mother.

"Are you saying you won't?" She had a look of disappointment in her eyes that cut to my soul.

"No, I'm not saying that. I will. I ..."

Actions speak louder than words.

I stood and undid my shorts and let them drop to the floor. I tugged my boxers down with them. My dick had sensed more action and the sight of mom's exposed crotch had it growing as I undressed.

"Ooo!" Mom cooed at sight of my loins.

I sat down again, leaving my shirt on for warmth, though I expected the room would soon be an inferno.

Mom had whisked her panties off; they were now carelessly lying in the middle of the living room floor.

I looked mom in the eyes. Hers darted back up to mine. She had been staring at my cock. It twitched at that.

"What do I do?" I asked. As if I hadn't done this a thousand times. A hundred thousand, at least.

"Do what you usually do." Mom said flatly. She lifted her dress over her head, leaving it bunched behind her.

"Before you and Aunt Jess, I'd be laying in my bed in the dark trying to not make any noise." I said.

"No porn?" Mom had never let on that she knew or suspected that I watched any porn. I guess in this age of internet, that it would seem obvious that any guy with a smartphone had seen some illicit videos. "Or just imagining your aunt naked?"

"Either, I guess." I admitted. My dick was nearly at full size. Mom ran a finger over her pink lips. No, the other ones.

"Let me see you grab it. Wave it at me." Mom said with a curl to her lips.

I grabbed the base of my hardened dick and shook it towards her.

"Is that what you want mom?"

Her eyes flicked up to mine, then back down to my prominent member. She nodded slightly. Her delicate tongue slid along her bottom lip. She now had two fingers running over her very wet pussy. Her own show

helped to encourage me. I let my encircling thumb and forefinger rise up along my shaft to under my domed head. Then I slowly slid my hand back down towards my pubic hair, giving the base a squeeze causing the shaft and head to bulge out.

"Oh!" Mom gasped at this.

I then stroked up and down a couple times as I stared at mom's fingers roving over her dampness. We were both clearly getting very worked up.

"Mom. Let's see who can last longer!" I said suddenly, breathily.

"What? You want to make this a contest?" She shook her head to clear her wits as I had caught her off guard with my comment.

"Not a real contest. The loser won't have to do anything or such. Just to make it more interesting. Just to tease each other."

"Oh. That could be ... nice." She sighed. I saw that she had sunk down further into the couch, her head rested comfortably against the back of it.

As we resumed our mutual individual pleasures, my hand slowly caressing up and down, mom's fingers teasing over her opening, I saw her almost as if for the first time, not as the mother that I had barely acknowledged while I was growing up, nor as the woman that I had been having sex with, but as the woman that I had fallen in love with. The perfection that was Jenny, my mother and my lover, and yet so much more also.

Her deep brown hair with just enough curl in it not to be boringly straight, that made me want to run my fingers through it as it hung down over her shoulders.

Her emerald green eyes that sparkled and twinkled with intelligence and a renewed joy as they looked back at me; two pools that I would dive into and swim there forever.

The gentle upswell of her nose that was feminine but also strong.

The flush of her cheeks that gave her face a youthful vigor, only belied by the small creases at the edges of her eyes. Smile lines, not wrinkles.

The bottoms of her earlobes peaked out from her hair, asking to be sucked on; her small everyday earrings hanging like treasured ornaments.

Also hidden in her chestnut tresses was her soft, pale neck, begging to be kissed with a thousand kisses, the tendons standing out as she focused on her pleasured task.

Lean long legs toned and bent, inviting to that not-so hidden pinnacle at their junction. Toes, painted cherry red and just as delectable as the fruit.

Her smooth belly, nearly flat with just the hint of a ripple of her age.

Large breasts that heaved with her increased breathing, nipples poking proudly erect.

Lithesome arms and delicate but firm hands; fingers with tips also painted red similar to the depths that they were probing.

Mom was all these and so much more in total. I was in awe of her beauty.

I must have zoned as I stared at her, watching my mother masturbating for me. She stared back with just as much intensity.

"Jeremy, you have to keep your hand moving." Mom's gentle lilt broke me from my reverie.

I was squeezing the base of my aching dick. I gave mom a small smile and resumed my slow stroking. I could feel the boiling in my balls already.

I saw mom had her pinkie and forefinger holding her lips open while she plunged the middle two fingers into her depths, the squishing sounds as she did so revealing her excitement. Her other hand was casually tweaking a nipple, rolling the hardened bud in her fingers.

What guy could last very long with such a sight before them?

Not me, that's for sure!

If I was going to outlast mom, I would have to pull out some sort of trick.

I waggled my dick at mom.

"You like my big dick mom? Do you wish it was filling you?"

Mom's eyes widened at my words, her gaze locked on my stiff prick. Her fingers had increased in force as they sank into the wet tunnel.

"Wouldn't you rather it was my hard cock in your pussy instead of your fingers?" I gave myself a squeeze inflating my girth.

I heard her gasp. Her green orbs seemed ready to spring from her sockets as they focused on my pre-cum covered rod.

"I'd fill your hot pussy with my spunk mom. You'd cum so hard you would squirt all over your son's big cock. Would you cum all over my dick mom, soak me in your sweet pussy juices?" I teased as I struggled to keep from spraying my pearly cream.

"Oh! Shit!" Mom groaned. Her fingers dug deep and locked there. Her legs leapt to life, shaking like leaves in a tornado. Mom's eyes locked to mine and I watched in awe as mom was swept into a strong orgasm.

I couldn't contain myself any longer either with this spectacle triggering my own release.

"I'm gonna cum too mom! Oh fuck!"

Mom either quickly recovered or her hunger overcame her bliss as she sprang across the distance separating us and enveloped my cock in her lips.

"God mom!" I croaked as my mother swallowed my shooting cum. Even as many times as she had done this, I still felt a powerful thrill as she sucked my dick, cleaning every drab of my essence.

After she felt satisfied with my cleanliness, mom looked up at me from her knees.

"I think I lost." She said quietly.

"I don't know. It seemed like you got the reward!" I smiled at the beauty at my feet.

"It was a delicious reward too!" Mom licked her lips.

My dick had wilted a little but didn't seem inclined to go soft. How could it with this sexy vixen ready for more activity!

Mom glanced up at my face, then at my dick with hungry eyes.

"You want more don't you?" I questioned her.

Mom took my dick in her mouth as her response.

"I want to taste you too mom. Here," I carefully stood and stepped around my kneeling mom. I crossed to the couch, pulled off my shirt, and lay down. I gestured to mom.

Needlessly, as she had already risen and was nearly upon me.

Mom had understood my intent without any word. She climbed atop me, placing her ass above my face and dropping her head once again to take my dick in her awaiting and eager mouth.

My mouth was just as eager as I grabbed mom's firm, but very squeezable ass and pulled it down until her pussy covered my lips. I drove my tongue up into her soaked slit and lapped up her abundant fluids that still seeped out of her reddened gash. I felt more than I heard mom's choking gasp as I licked over her sensitive nib. I could eat mom's tangy sweet pussy until my tongue fell off!

Having already cum twice, I felt comfortable that I wouldn't go off again very soon, even with mom hungrily sucking and bobbing on my dick. I focused on seeing how many times I could get mom to cum on my face. She was clearly still very much worked up as I had her near her peak within only a few minutes, teasing her for a few more before sending her over the edge, gagging as her body seized up on her with her mouth full of her oldest son's hard cock. I didn't let up and only increased my lapping on her clit, causing her to quake with a second

orgasm hard on the heels of the previous surge. As I continued my oral attack on her intimate bits, it distracted her from her own labors on my steely dick, which only made it easier for me to concentrate on her blissful release again.

After a fourth orgasm, I finally let up and released mom's ass from my grip. Her hips lifted up from my face as if gravity no longer held them. If it hadn't been for her lips clamped around my still stiff dick, mom might have rolled off me and also the couch, to fall to the floor.

"Oh, baby!" Mom cooed when she pulled her mouth off my saliva-soaked dick.

"You liked that?" I asked, stretching my jaw from side to side.

"Oh my God honey! I don't know how you are able to make me cum so easily or so hard!"

"Turn around and let's see if you have any more left in you!" I commanded easily.

"I don't know." She said.

I knew it wasn't a reluctance for more ecstasy, more likely mom didn't know how much more bliss she could take. She still climbed off me, on shaky legs, and turned around to face me. She knelt down on my lap, not lining our parts up, merely resting on me. My cock pressed into her pelvis, anxious to penetrate mom's welcoming pussy.

Mom leaned down until her face was inches from mine. Her eyes were clouded with an orgasm-induced haze but there was still a sparkle that shone through. Her ragged breath warmed my cheeks.

"You're too much for me Jeremy." Still, I could feel her hips shifting. I didn't move, letting mom position herself as she wanted.

"Nonsense. You are too much for me. I don't deserve you mom."

"Oh Jeremy." Mom sighed. I felt the tip of my dick press against her wet opening. I was motionless. I let mom push herself down around my raging pole.

"Oh God!" Mom cried out as she dropped down on me. "I love your cock in me Jeremy! It's so big, filling me so sooo good!"

"Ride me, mom! Fuck yourself on my cock! I love your tight pussy too!"

"God baby! Mommy loves your cock! I'm gonna fuck your cock until you fill my cunt with your wonderful cum!"

Mom was clearly at least half-delirious with the delight she was experiencing. To say that I was proud that I had given her such joy was an understatement.

Mom rode me with a rough, irregular rhythm that kept me from getting any closer to my eventual orgasm, and I wasn't sure that it would do anything for her either, but when she started shaking and trembling on top of me, I was proven wrong. She must have been in such a state of arousal that she wasn't far from her next explosive outburst. As she recovered from my dick-induced orgasm, mom kept bouncing on me.

"I want you to cum too, honey. Fill mommy's pussy with your spunk! I need you to cum in my cunt baby!" She begged as she used her well-worn pussy muscles to milk my dick.

"Here mom. Let me." I grabbed her and flipped the two of us around so that I was on top of her, my cock still buried in her through this repositioning.

"Ooo!" Mom gasped, cried, moaned.

I was ready to cum and intended to give mom a thorough fucking to make that happen.

I stared down at mom, as I slammed as hard as I could into her cunt. Her eyes looked deep into my soul as I pistoned in and out of her very wet chasm. We were locked as tightly together with our eyes as we ever were with our loins. A spiritual joining along with our physical connection. It took only minutes for my need to build and overwhelm me. Mom was right there with me as I exploded into her, her own orgasm taking her as I filled her with my creamy seed. Our eyes never flinched as we came together.

After, I fell against the back of the couch, barely room for the two of us to rest together there. We lay wordlessly for a while, regaining our breath and our sense of ourselves after the powerful bond we'd felt.

"Wow." Mom muttered.

"Wow, indeed." I agreed. I continued my ragged breathing.

A few minutes later and we still hadn't moved.

"Wow." Mom said again.

"You said that." I turned my head to glance at my worn mother. Her face was still flushed, her hair a sweaty tangle.

"It bore repeating." She half-turned to look at me. "Don't stare at me. I'm sure I'm a mess after that." She turned her head away as if that would stop me from looking at her.

"You are a mess. A beautiful mess. My beautiful mess."

"Oh ... thank you." Mom said petulantly. "You don't look all that great right now either mister."

"I know you're only teasing. I'm serious though. You are even more beautiful now mom." I grabbed her chin and turned her face to me.

"That's only your dick speaking. Your well-satisfied dick, I should say."

"Satisfied because of you, mom." I told her.

"I'm not doing too badly because of you either." Mom stated.

"Though, speaking of messes, I will say that you're getting kind of unruly down there mom." My eyes glanced down her body.

"What? What!" She tilted her head up to look at herself then at me.

"You're a bit on the wild side." I pointed southward.

Understanding dawned on her and mom let out a chuckle.

"Yes, I am overdue for a trim. It hasn't been an issue until recently. Your father doesn't spend enough time with me to notice the state of the landscaping."

"If you need someone to help, or even to do it for you, I volunteer."

"Really? You want to shave me?" Mom asked incredulously.

"Why not? I love your pussy. Why shouldn't I want to help in its upkeep?"

"I've just never heard of that being a thing." Mom said, the disbelief still in her voice.

"Do you want to do it now?" I asked. I didn't think we would get a chance to do this once dad got home or with Johnny and Jojo around all the time.

"Now?" Mom looked at me intently. "I'm a bit tuckered out right now. Someone had his way with me." Her smile beamed at me.

"We won't get much chance any time else." I pleaded.

"I suppose that's true." She looked at me again, verifying my intent. "You really want to do this?"

"Absolutely." I climbed over her. I grabbed my boxers, tugged them on before reaching out to take mom's hand, and pulled her upright.

"Well. Let me collect my clothes." She was stalling as she only had the two articles to pick up. "And you shouldn't leave your clothes lying all over either."

"No comment about the maid?" I teased her.

"The maid may have succumbed to your sweet charms, my dear." Mom stood, testing the steadiness of her legs, then grabbed her dress from the couch and her panties from the floor. I figured I was done with any

more action today and put on my shorts and shirt. I felt drained and wanted a shower to help revive me. Mom didn't dress I noticed.

"We should get this done if we're doing it. We could use a shower again anyway." Mom headed for the hallway. She paused at the edge of the room when I hadn't moved. "Are you coming or not?"

"Probably not again today, but I don't underestimate the effects that you have on my body, lady."

"Oh, jeez! I set that one up, didn't I?"

I just laughed and came up behind her and placed my hands on her ass and gently urged her onwards.

We entered her bathroom and I disrobed again, mom dropped her dress and panties. I turned on the shower, adjusting the water.

"This isn't like shaving your face. It's far more delicate and sensitive than your hairy mug!"

"More beautiful too." I answered and leaned forward to give her a quick kiss on the lips.

"Charm will get you everywhere."

"It's gotten me in your panties."

"It's gotten you much farther than that dear." Mom said as she handed me her can of shaving gel and a curvy woman's razor. "I'll take a quick shower before we get started."

"I'll join you. We'll get clean faster that way."

"I doubt it'll be faster, but I'll trust that you'll keep your hands to yourself."

"It's more likely that you know that I am out of commission for awhile." I said.

"That won't keep your hands off me will it?" Mom said as she spread her body gel over her wet skin.

"Guilty as charged." I held my hands up. Mom just shook her head and continued washing herself. I grabbed the soap and quickly washed myself. It was odd to wash my dick with mom only a foot away and not to have any reaction occur. My dick was pretty worn out!

We both rinsed and mom then sat on the wide edge of my parent's tub. She looked up at me with a bit of trepidation in her face.

"You ready?" She asked with a quaver in her voice.

It was a silly question as I was more than ready.

I felt that this was almost more personal than having sex. Then, you are lost to the sensations of your body, doing just what feels good. This was more focused. Mom was opening her intimate, and sensitive, womanly parts to me. Even while eating her pussy, I had my mouth and lips covering her, and my eyes were usually closed as I felt my way around with my tongue. Now I would be getting an up close and personal look at mom's pussy, with the added detail that if I cut her delicate womanliness, I would be cut off from enjoying it. At least until anything healed.

I got down on my knees, uncomfortably on the porcelain, but the view that was afforded me when mom spread her legs wide made any pain I felt disappear instantly.

"What do I do?" I had a general idea, but I surely didn't want to mess this up with any assumptions I might make.

"I've already wetted the area with the shower. Take the gel and spread it over the areas you'll be shaving. Be generous with it." Mom looked pointedly at me.

"How much am I shaving?" I asked as I studied mom's pubic hair.

"You're just going to trim where I've already shaved. We're not getting elaborate and cutting my bush into any fancy shapes."

I pouted at her.

I hadn't thought about doing anything more than a trim, but I didn't have to let her know that.

"Oh, I don't know. A nice heart. Or, an arrow pointing my way to your clit. How about shaving it all off? Going nice and bald!"

"Bald might be nice to try, but not today. No hearts or arrows either! You clearly already know you're way to my clit! Just a plain cleaning up of my wildness." Mom said firmly.

"Spoilsport."

I took the can of gel and spread a liberal amount into my right hand. I then, more cautiously than required, spread it around the sides of mom's labia and around the edges of her patch of pubic hair.

"Get down around my asshole too." Mom said all too plainly, considering the content of her words.

"Really? You shave there too?" I asked surprised.

"Well, I have to keep that looking nice too. Now that it is a two-way street." She teased me.

I had to think for a second as to her meaning. She laughed as she saw my face light up with realization.

"I can't wait to fuck your ass again mom." I said eagerly.

She giggled nervously. "Either can I honey."

I finished applying the semi-clear gel.

"Now shave the areas. But you have to hold the razor at the right angle so you don't nick me. Dabs of toilet paper stuck all over my crotch won't do at all!"

Mom showed me how to hold the girly razor and with some practice strokes around her inner hips and below her belly button where the skin was less sensitive, I was able to do well enough that mom trusted me to attempt the areas to the sides and up to her inner labia. I took the care I would use with a scalpel on my own private parts, or even more so. It would be one thing to cut myself, but I dreaded the sight of a speck of red on mom's beautiful most intimate skin.

As I focused on excising mom's unwanted hair, I also noticed that mom's breathing had gotten shallow and somewhat quicker. Was my shaving her getting mom excited? Moisture that wasn't water from the shower appeared from between her spread pussy lips. I hadn't intended on this becoming a sexual act, but mom's arousal made me want to tease her a bit.

I reached out with my free hand and gently pulled on one of her soft labia with the appearance of moving it aside while I shaved, but I pulled on it more firmly than required. Mom's legs trembled. I repeated this on the other side, pulling the wrinkly flap of skin roughly as I shaved around it. Mom shivered again. I expected her to admonish me for my carelessness, but her only sound was a sharp intake of breath.

Mom had a thin area of skin between the top of her slit and her bush that she kept bare. Logically I should have moved on to there next, but mom's excitement made me want to save that delicate area for last. So I patted her lower inner thigh and said, "Lift up."

Her eyelids fluttered and she slowly raised her feet into the air.

"Rest them on my shoulders. This shouldn't take long." At least that's what I told her!

Mom set her feet alongside my head as I grabbed the shaving gel and filled my palm with it. I spread it around the edges of mom's puckered starburst and up over her 'taint'. [I always loved that term for the area between a woman's asshole and pussy. 'It taint pussy and taint asshole!']

"Oh!" Mom gasped in a sigh.

"Hold still mom." I commanded.

Mom's eyes looked at me and yet past me in her clouded haze.

I drew the razor around my mother's asshole, eradicating the few short hairs that circled her darkened hole. I used the razor to collect the gel

onto mom's backdoor as I finished shaving the area. With a glance up at her face, seeing her eyes closed, I switched the pink razor to my left hand and put the tip of my forefinger at the entrance of mom's asshole. I ran circles over her sphincter for a few seconds to the sounds of mom's soft cooing breaths. I then plunged my finger in to the second knuckle.

"Jeremy!" Mom cried out, her wide eyes focusing on me.

"I couldn't resist mom!"

"Just finish shaving me. I don't have much time before I have to leave."

I noticed she didn't tell me to pull my finger out of her! I wiggled it around in her tight ass.

"Ooo!" Mom gasped. "Stop that! Or I'll have to get you hard again so you can really fill my ass!"

"That's so tempting mom!" But, I pulled my finger out anyway.

I took the razor and resumed my task. I went back over the areas I had already done to make sure no stray hairs had been missed before moving on to the delicate spot around the clitoral hood and mom's very

visibly erect clit. I used my left fingers to squeeze the sides of her hood making her clit stand out even more.

"Oh God!" Mom moaned.

"Don't move mom. I don't want to nick you here!"

With the precision of a brain surgeon, I drew the sharp razor over mom's skin. She trembled slightly. I continued to trim away the bits of hair as if I was cleaning the Mona Lisa. Also, the slowness of my shaving passes on her skin seemed to heat her even more. I saw she had a steady stream of dew running from her womanly fount. I licked my lips in anticipation of tasting her.

I had left her feet on my shoulders so I could enjoy the view of all the parts of a mother that a son shouldn't get to see. From the fullness of her breasts down to her freshly trimmed pussy and her plush ass with her hole not completely closed from my digital invasion. I had to think the Mona Lisa had nothing on my mom!

I surveyed my work, shaving a few hairs that I had somehow missed. I reached over, grabbed a washcloth, and was able to run some hot water on it. I then ran the cloth over mom's pubic area roughly, eliciting a gasp from my mother as the fabric rubbed against her sensitive bits. I wiped up the remains of the shaving gel, rewetting the washcloth and wiped her again. Mom hadn't been as wild as I had made it out to be,

mostly just some hairs poking their way back through her skin, but the difference with her bush now edged and trimmed made her pussy as beautiful and inviting as any porn mag model.

I felt proud of my work and felt I now deserved a treat for my labors.

"When the workday is done, it's pussy time!" I paraphrased an old beer ad.

"What?" Mom said in confusion. But, before she could move or understand what I was going to do, I leaned forward and planted my lips on her newly smooth skin.

She repeated, "What ..."

My tongue drove away her bewilderment with its burrowing into her wet tunnel. I lapped up all her juices I could find, sucking on her excited bud between long licks. Mom's feet moved behind my neck and pulled my head closer even as her ass slid down on the tub's rim.

"Oh fuck Jeremy! Eat me!"

Ever the obedient son, I once again obeyed my mother and I ate her pussy with gusto and fervor. Not that any extra effort was needed with the state of excitement mom was in from her erotic shaving.

"Omnhmmlrh." I hummed as I licked, flicked, and sucked. I had gotten equally turned on; I was just showing it in a different way than her.

"Oh God! Oh! Yes, lick my clit! Just like that honey, just like fuck-king that!" Her hands were clenched to her tits, rolling her nipples relentlessly.

I wasn't sure of her stability on the tub's edge, even as wide as the edge was. I had seen mom have some powerful reactions when hit with her orgasms. Not that I was going to stop. I don't think I would have stopped if dad had walked in. No, I was just prepared to have to hold her in place in case she started to fall.

"You're gonna make me cum Jeremy! Lick mommy's pussy baby! Lick it sooo good! Oh God! Oh ... God! Aaaaaa!" Mom screamed as she was sent over the edge. Orgasmically, not physically.

I continued to work over her clit as mom shook and shivered in bliss. Not to make her cum again, but merely to make sure this one was all that it could be. After almost a minute of trembling, mom's hands pushed at my head, her feet freeing their hold.

"Stop honey, stop. I can't take any more." Mom gasped with labored breathing. She wiped her forehead with the back of her hand as she stared down at me. I wiped my mouth with the back of my hand as I stared back at her.

"I hadn't meant for that to happen! I didn't expect to get so turned on by getting a trim!"

"Neither did I. But it was so hot shaving you mom! It was so intimate and erotic!"

"I think I may let you trim me from now on. I never have this reaction when I do it myself!"

"I'll be the best pussy groomer you've ever had!" I said enthusiastically.

"Well, you already are! Not that there has been any competition." Mom looked so radiant at that moment. That I had had anything to do with that made my heart ready to burst.

"Now get up. Out of my way. I have to get ready to leave. You've already made me a little late. I hope traffic isn't too bad at the airport." Mom pushed me aside as she stood, grabbing a towel to wipe herself

down, then her bathrobe hanging on the door. She swept out of the bathroom in a whirl.

I knelt there in her wake. My motherly mom was back. I slowly stood and took a towel. After I was dry, I dressed and entered mom's bedroom. She was hurrying around the room getting dressed, already in a plain white pair of cotton panties and a somewhat lacy, but equally boring white bra. She had a calf-length black skirt laid out on the bed and she was putting on a sky blue blouse.

Mom clothes.

Only I knew the real woman that would soon be hidden by her attire.

"Don't be going anywhere. You have to be here when Jojo and Johnny come home. And don't get wrapped up in that video game of yours. I want you to be responsible while I'm gone."

Yep, mom was back. Even if she was standing there in her underwear!

"I know mom, I know." I was also back to being her son. Granted, a son with benefits!

"Do you think dad remembered to get anything for Johnny and Jojo?" I asked as I stood there watching her pull on the skirt and zip it up.

"I don't know. I don't know a lot of things about your father anymore. I hope he remembered. He better hope he remembered!" She added with a snort.

With as close and intimate as we had gotten, I certainly wouldn't want to get mom mad at me! How was it that dad didn't seem to be bothered by it? I get that people have disagreements, but how would you not want to do everything you could to keep this amazing woman happy? I shook my head and left my parent's bedroom while mom was slipping on a pair of black flats.

Mom mentioning my video game reminded me that I hadn't played for the whole weekend. Actually, more than five or six days! I couldn't believe this, but then again, I had been pleasantly distracted the whole time. I would have given up my whole collection of games for more time with mom. And Aunt Jessica! Then I thought of all the time that I had spent playing those games, when they had been my world while playing. Games or my mom and aunt? I didn't want to have to decide.

Luckily, I didn't have to. I got to have them all!

While I was contemplating my good fortune, mom came rushing up the stairs.

She came into my room and planted a kiss on my forehead. When I looked up at her in surprise, she gave me another on my lips. A passionate, loving kiss. But short.

"Thank you again. For everything. This weekend, the trim, just ... everything."

"You better hurry mom. Dad's flight lands in forty-five minutes." I didn't want to go get mushy with her right then. Who knew where it might lead?

Back in her bed if I had been lucky!

But no, she really did have to leave and I knew it.

"Drive safe." I said, sounding as dumb as it felt.

"I love you mom." I called out as an afterthought as she hurried down the stairs.

"I love you too Jeremy!" I heard her call from the living room and then I heard the front door shut.

I thought back over this remarkable, incredible ... well, adjectives fail to describe the past few days. I was fairly sure that I would never experience anything like it again. But then again, you never know! I would surely be looking for a way to plan for a repeat! Not to say that the day-to-day activities with mom or Aunt Jessica were nothing to sneeze at! Even as lucky as I was, I was also greedy and wanted more!

I debated about turning on my game, but I realized that I hadn't had anything to eat since mom's breakfast in bed. Well, and mom's snatch! I was hungry. I was making myself a couple sandwiches when the front door burst open and the twin tornadoes that were my siblings stormed into the house. Seeing me eating, they demanded that I make them each one also. I set about making custom sandwiches for each of them. Peanut butter and jelly and peanut butter for Jojo. My sister asked that both slices of bread have peanut butter on them with the jelly in between. Johnny demanded a PB and J and M and M (mustard and mayo!); I looked curiously at my brother for this selection, but made it anyways.

After we ate, I helped them both with some homework and I wondered what homework I was now behind on with skipping today. When the schoolwork was done, we sat and watched cartoons together. It was a rare bonding moment with just the three of us, and with college next year, I wondered how many times it would be just us kids. I still considered myself a kid with my brother and sister, regardless of the age gap between us. I made a mental note to try to spend some time

with them this summer and not just with my aunt and mother. Even if the games I got to play with the two women were so much more fun than anything with my siblings!

Time passed and soon enough our parents returned. Dad had obviously gotten a fair share of sun, as his face was deeply tanned. If not for his weekly golfing getting him some color, he might have gotten burnt. He seemed cheerful, but I could tell mom was being cool around him. Was it because of how she felt for me, or just seeing him reminded her of their tiff from before he left? Mom frowned at me, but I knew that it wasn't because of me; dad must still be in the doghouse.

Dad started to relate his trip to us, telling us how fabulous the resort was and how much we would have enjoyed ourselves. Mom gave him a scowl as they hadn't specifically told my brother and sister about going with dad, and now they were looking at dad curiously, feeling like they had missed something. Dad caught mom's cold look and realized he'd slipped up and covered it by saying how much fun we would have had if we had been able to go. It didn't totally satisfy my brother and sister, but they didn't seem as upset. Mom brought up the fact that it had been all golfing and that calmed my siblings. I enjoyed the occasional round of golf with dad, but we all rolled our eyes at dad's obsession with the sport. That golf was involved with the trip made the little ones less upset that they hadn't gone. Though getting mom on the beach in a skimpy bikini might have made the trip worth it! Dad would have been gone just as much as he was with us at home.

Still dad talked about the trip, the weather was great, the meetings were great and that they expected an increase in business from the way things had gone, the golf was great, the food was great. Then he started telling us anecdotes about different people that he worked with. Joe had fallen in a sandtrap and had struggled to stand back up while the rest of the foursome had watched him while laughing. Dennis from accounting had drunk too much one night and had started putting the little umbrellas from his drinks in his golf cap to the amusement of his coworkers. Then Frank had gone to the bathroom and ...

I blanked dad's voice out. I had zero interest in the antics or politics of his trip. I could tell that mom felt the same and she gave me a sympathetic smile. She had an escape at least when she got up to make dinner. I noticed that she hadn't brought up dad's promised gifts. Whether from the fact that she wanted to see if he remembered or that she was upset that she suspected that he had forgot. I waited with apprehension for Johnny or Jojo to bring it up. Dinner was soon ready and any further word about dad's trip was dropped.

He did ask about how each of our weekends had gone. This set Johnny and Jojo off, as they recounted their time at Grandma Sharon's house. Dad looked at mom as the duo told their stories. She told him about how her mom repeatedly asked about seeing the kids at which dad nodded. He knew about my grandma's jibes at mom. Mom told him that her mother had called Thursday night after he had left and she relented to her mother's begging. Dad seemed to buy the story, which really wasn't that far from the truth.

Mom then said that I had been in and out all weekend, which made me choke on my milk at mom's obvious innuendo. Obvious to me at least. She then said that she had gotten to spend some quality time with her sister. I nearly sprayed the table at that comment. Dad looked at me with concern.

"It went down the wrong pipe." I merely explained.

Mom then added that she had done a bunch of things around the house while she looked intently at me. I couldn't believe mom was being so brazen, even if it was all lost on dad. She looked back at dad and asked, "Can't you tell?"

Dad may have been oblivious to some things, but he had been married for quite awhile.

"Of course I can. Everything looks lovely dear." He replied as diplomatically as any husband could.

Mom snickered at his response, and I had to fight back a chortle myself. If dad only knew the things mom had been doing around the house! Or whom she was doing them with!

After dinner, we all moved to the living room. I sensed a weight to the air and watched mom cautiously. She had sat at one end of the couch. I sat at the other end, trying not to look like I was trying to be as far from mom as possible. Jojo sat between us while Johnny sprawled on the floor. The nightly sitcoms started and I really didn't want to stay, but I didn't want to miss anything either. Plus, there was the added attraction of being in the same room with mom, even if we couldn't do anything.

Dad got up from his recliner after ten minutes and looked pointedly at mom. He reached down next to his chair and brought up a flattish rectangular box and he handed it to mom.

"You didn't think I'd forget my girl did you?" He smiled as charismatically as he could at mom. Mom just looked up at him with a confused shock on her face.

"No, well, I wasn't sure." She sputtered.

"It wasn't easy finding anything. Most of it was all the tourist stuff, you know, cheap and tacky." He nodded at the box in mom's hands. "I couldn't get anything like that for you Jenny."

Mom looked at the box, then up at dad again.

"Thank you honey. I'm sure I'll love it." Her tone didn't make me believe she would.

"Open it and see." Dad urged.

Mom looked down with some skepticism. She opened the lid and I saw her eyes light up in surprise. She looked back at dad with an open joy.

"Justin. It's beautiful!"

Mom lifted a necklace from the box. It was made of seashells, but not the type that you would find in a tourist trap. I then saw that there was also turquoise mixed in with the shells. I didn't know jewelry, but even I could tell that this was not something that was cheap. I was a bit surprised at dad. My feelings may have been mixed; I wasn't sure if dad was buying his way out of their earlier disagreement, or if this was a real sign of his love for mom.

Dad bent down so mom could kiss his cheek, then another on his lips. It was quick, but it still felt like a knife in my chest.

"And that's only the first! Who's next?" He cheerfully asked.

Johnny and Jojo each sprang to life with "me, me, me."

Dad brought out another box and handed it to Jojo who accepted it like it was made of glass. She just stared at the brown package.

"Open it honey." Mom urged her.

Jojo then just sat on the floor. Not bend down and sit, no, she just fell butt flat on the floor as if someone had pulled an invisible chair out from under her. I had to smile. The flexibility of an eight-year old!

Jojo carefully pulled off the ribbon that crossed over the plain brown box. I was more anxious to the contents than my sister appeared to be.

I had to smile when I saw what was inside.

It was a stuffed unicorn with sparkly beads all over it and its horn appeared to be glow-in-the-dark. What had made me smile was that sitting astride the fantastical beast was a mermaid, her tail that looked like sequins hanging on one side of the equine mount. The seashell bra she wore appeared to be actual shells too.

"Look mommy! It's a mermaid! Just like I said! And a unicorn!" Except she pronounced it 'oon ee corn'. Her glee now exceeded my anticipation.

Johnny looked on as his sister hugged her gift tightly. "I don't want a mermaid like that." He said flatly.

"Why would you want a mermaid?" Dad asked his youngest son.

"I don't want a mermaid. I want a crab!" Johnny said petulantly.

"Well, I don't have a crab for you ... but ... how about ..." Dad pulled out a small glass aquarium, possibly a gallon or a gallon and a half, no more than two. It was filled with water and some plants. "Some sea slugs?" Dad said like a circus announcer.

"Ew!" Johnny and Jojo both cried out. Their tones weren't the same though. Jojo's ew clearly meant gross, while Johnny's was more of cool!

Mom looked at dad with consternation.

"What do they eat?" Johnny asked as he studied the small aquarium. "Mermaids? Or unicorns?" He eyed our sister.

"No, these are herbivores." Dad answered.

"They eat herbs?" Johnny asked confused.

"No, plants. Specifically algae."

"Awesome! Thanks dad!" Johnny set the glass tank on the floor and stared at it. It was then that I could see bright yellow and red creatures amongst the rocks and plants.

"Are they saltwater or freshwater?" I asked.

"Salt actually, but freshwater won't kill them. I got a test kit so we can check the salinity. Or Johnny can check it, right son?"

"Sure dad. I'm going to call this one Ralph and this one is Explosion."

"Ralph? And Explosion? Interesting choices." I said.

"Especially since I think Explosion is a female." Dad said quietly, unheard by Johnny.

"They'll mate?" That didn't seem like a wise decision.

"They are different species. And if they could breed, they are controlled by the amount of food available. As long as the tank is small there would be little chance of babies even if they could mate." Dad explained. Clearly, he had done some homework before getting this for Johnny. It wasn't just something he walked into a pet store and bought. My faith in my father had risen.

"And for you ..." He announced reaching behind his chair again. I felt a shiver of anticipation, wondering what my father might have gotten me. His other gifts set a high level of expectation, but I didn't think my dad understood me enough to get an appropriate gift.

Dad handed me a smallish sized box that I took with some trepidation. I took in its heft and weight distribution for clues as to the box's contents. Nothing came to mind. All I could do was open it.

My heart sunk when I saw what appeared to be a snow globe with an overly large base. That didn't strike me as a South Carolina gift. I looked at it closer and saw a hula girl in grass skirt and skimpy cloth covering an ample bust. I gave it a feeble shake. The resultant flurry of flakes caused her skirt and top to reveal her naked figure underneath. I got the naked girl thing, but it was just a small bit of plastic and in no way compared to the real thing that I had sitting close by. Dad saw my obvious disappointment.

"It's more than it seems." He said with a secretive smile. "Take it to your room later, turn off the lights, turn on the switch on the bottom, and give it another shake. I think you'll appreciate it better then."

I admit that this now made me curious.

"I'll check it out now." I stated without emotion.

"I want to come too! Johnny said, looking up from the study of his gift.

If I took dad's implied meaning, I assumed it wasn't anything for my younger brother to see.

"No, stay and watch your slugs." I wondered then why he hadn't picked 'Sluggo' as one of the names.

Dad gave a subtle nod as I rose. Mom watched me with more interest than was appropriate. I smiled discretely back at her.

I walked up the stairs without any motivation even though my interest had been piqued.

I turned the snow globe over and found a switch that I turned on. Nothing happened. I gave it a vigorous shake, which seemed pointless in the darkness of my room, and set it on my desk.

To my startled surprise, the globe lit up and by some system I hadn't noticed about it, my room was lit up with floating 'snowflakes' of light. To further my astonishment, on the wall appeared a very detailed image of a hula dancer shaking her attributes while her clothing melted away much like the smaller physical figure. I didn't know if it was a representation of a real woman or just a generated depiction of one, but the detail of it made it beside the point. It seemed very realistic! After a minute or so, the image faded out.

I have to admit that I was impressed. It was still kitschy, but in a very high-tech way. I also had to acknowledge that I actually liked the odd gift. I gave it another shake and watched the resulting show, not caring how it was produced. I admired the woman's figure as it was revealed. That dad would give me something with a naked woman as part of it seemed very unparental of him. Was this a sign of dad accepting my adulthood?

I flipped the globe off and returned downstairs. Dad looked at me with studied curiosity. I gave him a nod and leaned over to give him a hug. He half rose to accept it with a grin on his face.

"It's pretty cool dad, thanks. I don't know where you would even find something like that." I said.

"I was talking with one of the guys we were meeting with and I mentioned having an eighteen year old son that I needed a gift for and he mentioned this out of the way shop. I was pretty amazed by it too. It's done with a laser and a special etched crystal or something. I saw it and hoped that you would like it."

"It's different, that's for sure. Thank you." Mom looked at me with a questioning glance. I mouthed 'later' at her.

"You're welcome. I hope dear old dad did a good job with his gifts." He glanced at the rest of us expectantly.

Jojo gave the answer for the family by rushing over and leaping into his lap and hugging dad exuberantly.

"I love it daddy! You're the best!"

The smile on dad's face revealed his pleasure. He looked at mom.

"I told you I'd get something special for each of you. We may disagree on some things," he looked at me, "but you're my family. I would do anything for you guys. I hope you know that."

Dad's admission made my feelings of guilt grow. I looked at mom and I saw that she felt it too. She smiled weakly back at me, but it didn't ease my discomfort. Not that I could change the way that I felt, but it didn't make things any easier either.

The rest of the evening passed without note. I thanked dad again and headed up to room after an hour or so. I smiled weakly at mom as I left the room. She looked back forlornly without any other indication of affection. After some time spent catching up on emails and messages from friends (who I had woefully been ignoring), I went to bed early to recover from a very long but well-spent weekend.

I barely saw mom the next morning as I rushed through the house and off to school. I did manage a peck on her cheek as I grabbed some leftovers for breakfast before I left.

It should have been an uneventful day, but between all my teachers concern for my missing the previous day that was so unusual for me that they took note of my absence. Not one questioned my illness and all hoped that I was sufficiently recovered. Many friends or even just classmates showed their concern too. If any of them had known how I had spent the day ...

Also, I should have been all sexed out, but at the oddest moments during the day, I would get a flash of memory of some event that had occurred in the last hundred hours or so, and my dick would be a steel bar in my pants. I managed to make it through the day without any embarrassing incidents, though I was very uncomfortable while my dick struggled to break free of its confinement. I was glad when the day was over and I could go home and see my beautiful mother.

I walked in the front door and was stunned to find mom kneeling before me with her bountiful tits hanging out, her blouse unbuttoned and hanging open!

"I'm hungry Jeremy. Drop your pants!" Mom said seductively.

"Umm ..." was my response.

Thud, as my backpack hit the floor.

I don't remember dropping my jeans and underwear, but the next thing I knew mom was lavishing my cock with her tongue. I stood there dumbfounded as mom sucked my dick with all the loving skill she possessed. In my heightened state, I lasted about ninety seconds. Give or take thirty seconds.

Mom swallowed every drop that I pumped into her mouth.

"Somebody missed his mom!" Mom purred as she kept her gripping hand wrapped on my still straining dick.

"I've been thinking about you all day!" I exhaled.

"Did you think about me like this?" She licked the head of my cock like a lollipop.

"Not specifically. Mostly about stuff we did over the weekend." I stared down at my cock-sucking mother.

"I hope you have another load for me! I've been craving your cum all day!" Mom took me deep into her mouth and pulled back using every bit of suction she could muster. My dick left her mouth with a loud smack.

"At least another one! Or a dozen!" I grabbed the back of her head and pushed my dick back into her mouth.

"Mrmhlrmm!" Mom gargled as my dick filled her oral cavity.

"Suck me mom! Show me how much you love my big cock!" I gritted my teeth as mom gave me such sensations as she worked on my throbbing slab of flesh.

"I do love it! Mommy loves her baby's big cock! Fill me with your creamy spunk honey!"

I was well on my way to a second explosion!

"Oh God mom! You are so incredible!"

Mom worked my cock like a hungry slut and within ten minutes, I once again spewed my ball's contents down her throat. She spent a few minutes making sure to get every dribble and to clean my cock with a motherly care.

"No more for mommy?" She looked up at me with wide eyes. My dick was struggling to stay erect but was failing.

"Give me a half an hour or so." I tried to keep my footing in my now weakened state.

"We don't have that long." Mom sounded disappointed.

"I want to make you cum now mom." I stated.

"We can't. I would probably cum as fast as you did, I've been so horny all day long, but if we started, I don't know if we could stop. We just don't have time before your brother and sister get home. I'm sorry honey." She stood and buttoned her blouse. I watched her hands conceal her gorgeous breasts. Mom smiled when she saw my focus on her chest. "I've had more sex in the last ... five days than I've had in months with your dad. I'm sure I can try to last until we get some time." Mom reasoned but I saw she was somewhat disappointed too.

We may not have been able to do anything more that day, but that didn't stop mom from teasing me. I lingered downstairs hoping for some kind of opportunity to arise. As mom went about her motherly duties, I would catch sight of her, and if Jojo and Johnny were distracted or looking elsewhere, she would grab her tits and shake them at me with a big smile on her face. At one point, she even turned around, bent over with her snug black slacks, and shook her delectable ass at me! I was fighting a hard-on once again with her actions. I even grabbed my dick through my jeans and let her see my erect state. She licked her lips slowly as she stared at my bulging pants.

I should clarify that we weren't able to do anything sexual. We were able to steal kisses numerous times during the night, either of us getting up and following the other to the bathroom, or the kitchen, or just out of sight down the hall, so we could lock lips for a few minutes like sneaking teen-agers. Well, technically I still was!

When we couldn't steal time for a kiss, mom would blow them at me. I smiled every time she did, surprised that she had gotten so bold to carry on as she had. Also, that she was still treating dad somewhat coolly, even after his apology gift. To his credit (and my dismay), I did notice that dad was trying to pay more attention to mom. He kissed her more readily, drew her in for a hug once or twice, and just seemed to be more involved in conversations with her or my siblings. He even helped Johnny with some science homework. Fortunately, he was still oblivious to mine and mom's activities. This almost seemed to make mom more daring. As was evident over the next few days.

The next day was Wednesday. Try as I might, I couldn't make it through the whole day with thoughts of my sexy mom awaiting me at home. I ditched my last period so I could go home and have time enough with my lust-fueled mother. I surprised her when I arrived home early.

"What the hell are you doing home Jeremy?" She seemed mad as she questioned me. Surely, she had to know why.

"I wanted time with you, mom. And not just a blowjob, even as awesome as those are from you. I want us both to cum." I said calmly. I stepped close to her and wrapped my arms around her. She didn't fight my grasp, but she didn't clinch with me either.

"I don't want you skipping school whenever you get an itch in your pants so you can come home and bang your mother!"

I couldn't have put it better myself! If not in the same context.

I pulled her closer and kissed her. She didn't exactly resist, more like just didn't react.

That only lasted thirty seconds before she succumbed to my persistent kissing. Her arms wrapped around my neck and we were lost to our passion. Ten minutes later when we finally broke apart, gasping for air, I guided her to her bedroom. Once there, we again were joined at our lips, but now our hands worked at disrobing each other. I unbuttoned her red blouse and she pulled off my concert tee. I worked her bra fastening like a pro and moved onto her skirt zipper. Her hands quickly had my jeans free and we each struggled to remove the last of our clothing without breaking our kiss. My boxers hit the floor and I pushed her back onto the bed while she was wearing just her cotton print panties. I did notice the damp spot darkening the absorbent cloth.

"I think I owe you some oral sex before we move onto anything more involved." I growled at her. Mom just looked up at me meekly, submitting to my commanding air.

"I'm so wet Jeremy! I need you to lick me!" Mom begged.

"I can see that. How many times have you changed your panties today?" I was making an assumption.

Mom held up three fingers.

I gaped at her.

"You didn't relieve yourself?" I asked her.

"I wanted to wait for you." She answered demurely.

"God, I love you mom! I love you so much!"

"I love you too honey. Please eat me now! Please?"

How could I refuse that?

And why would I?

I lay down with my head above mom's crotch. Her aroma was evident. It made me thirsty.

I bent and licked over her damp panties, tasting mom's flavor. I knew her terrain well enough by now that I licked her through her increasingly wetter underwear. It was a waste of her nectar to be soaked up by the cotton cloth, but I suspected that there would be much more to come, or cum, as the case may be.

"Yes! Lick me honey! That feels so good!" Mom moaned.

After quite a few minutes of getting mom very worked up, I wanted to survey my trimming job, so I pulled the now soaked panties to the side and took in the sight of mom's pubic hair and the lack of it.

"You did a great job! Stop staring at it and fucking eat me!" Mom ordered.

Umm, okay.

I bent back to my task now uninhibited by her panty barrier. I pushed my tongue deep, swirling it around in mom's dripping pussy. She would need no teasing today! I decided to get her off quickly. At least the first few. Two flicks of her little clit set her to bucking against my face.

"Fuck! I'm cuuuummminng! Cummm mminng!" Mom grabbed my head with an iron grip, mashing my face in her cunt as it soaked me.

I kept up my attack on her clit and pushed two fingers into her quivering slit. This dual assault triggered another orgasm, even before the first finished shaking her form.

"Aaaaaa! Gaaaaa! Fuuuuuuck!" Mom's thighs clenched my head as she rocked side to side with my face buried in her womanhood.

I was struggling to breathe when mom's legs relaxed enough for me to break free.

"Jeez mom! Suffocate me and you'll get no dick!" I gasped for breath.

"Oh, I'm so sorry honey! It's your own fault for making me cum so hard!" She said apologetically.

"Would you rather I didn't?" I grinned back.

"God no! I love the way you make me cum! No one has been able to do to me what you do to me!"

"I'll take that as a compliment." I said. "Now it's time for you to get that dick!"

"Jeremy! It's so wrong the way you talk to me, so wrong of what we are doing, but I am so hot right now! I really need your dick, honey!"

I waggled my hardened dick towards mom.

"Tell me what you want mom. Tell me in the most wrong way that you can!"

"Oh God." She stared at my face but also at my prominent erection.

"I want you to fuck your slutty mother with your big hard cock! Fuck me so hard and so good! Fuck me until my head spins and you fill me with your tasty cum, you motherfucker!"

"That's it mom! Tell your son what you want me to do to you!" I encouraged her some more.

"Goddamn you Jeremy! Fuck me! Fuck me now!" Mom's coarse language seemed to have her close to her next orgasm already.

"If you're sure mommy." I teased as I moved between her legs and brushed the head against her wide-open gash.

"FUCK ME!" Mom screamed at the top of her lungs and from the depths of her cunt.

I pushed hard into mom's tight pussy. The sensation just as good as the first time! I knew I would never find a pussy that felt as good to pound into as my dear, sweet mother's did.

"Oh yes!" Mom groaned loudly.

I started at a steady tempo, even though I knew the super-heightened state that mom was in. I felt I deserved something out of this too! And the fact that I had been just as ready to blow today as I had yesterday meant that I knew my first orgasm wouldn't take very long at all. I had no fear of not being ready for a second go, but I had to make sure mom was satisfied enough so that I didn't have to worry about a third attempt. I'm not sure I could before my brother and sister arrived home, even with the extra time we had.

Mom was obviously enjoying what I was doing as she was panting out 'yes, yes, yes' with every thrust. Her eyes were glazed as she stared up at me, or possibly, at the ceiling, I couldn't be sure. Her tits bounced wonderfully as I began to increase my rhythm. The voicing of her affirmations became louder as I did so. Her legs wrapped around my

ass tightly, which was comforting but did restrict my pistoning action. I applied more force instead of more speed.

I was so close!

"I'm gonna cum mom! I want you to cum with me! Cum all over my cock as I spray the insides of your cunt!"

"Yes, yes, yes, yes! Cum for me, cum for mommy! Fill mommy's cunt baby! I'm gonna cum right with you!" Mom was barely able to croak out these words, as she was lost in the delirium of her ecstasy.

"Cummmming mom, I'm cuuummminng in youuu!"

My body went rigid as I was buried deep in mom's pussy, blasting my cum into the depths of her womb.

"Mommyyyy's cummminng toooo!" Mom wailed.

I dropped my head to hers and kissed her hard, thrusting my tongue in her mouth with as much force as I had shoved my dick in her cunt. Our tongues battled as our orgasms rattled our bodies. I felt sure that mom had squirted, as my lower half seemed wetter than mere sweating would account for. I lay there on top of my mom for longer than I

probably should have, but I was resting up for round two. My dick was already prepared to go again.

"You want more?" Mom asked weakly, clearly feeling my stiffness still within her.

"Don't you?" My question seemed as unnecessary as hers did.

"Always, Jeremy." Mom breathily replied.

"Whenever you're ready." I was still panting so wasn't ready to go full steam right away.

"Go slow. You've overwhelmed me and I need a minute to recover."

"Lady, I'm the one that needs to recover! I'll start slow, but I'm sure we'll both soon be begging for more."

"I'm sure too! As much as you wear me out, I still want more! As if the more of you I get, the more I need and want."

"I feel the same mom! I could drink an ocean of you and still be thirsty."

"I like that." She put the fingertips of her right hand on my cheek as if she was blind. Her touch was light and gentle.

"Fuck your mom again dear, make her feel like a woman again." Her words were as soft as her touch.

"As you wish my love."

This time I started much slower, savoring each stroke. Mom's eyes bore into me as intently as I was sure mine drilled into her.

"That's it. Oh, I love that so much!" Mom cooed blissfully.

"It's just as nice from this side too."

Mom seemed to be glowing as I ratcheted in and out of her well-lubed channel. It was the affirmation I needed that what we were doing couldn't be wrong. That I was making mom feel so good that she radiated her bliss surely meant that this was as it was intended to be. Surely, it couldn't mean anything less.

"Faster honey!" Mom urged.

My passion was building in time with hers as I was increasing my pace already.

"That's it! Oh, yes! That's so nice. Oh!" Mom's breathing was becoming labored. I had learned to take long measured breaths for as long as I could.

"For someone that's surely had as much sex as you have had mom, your pussy is still sooo tight! It feels so good on my cock!"

"I don't know about tight honey, but there are exercises I do to help maintain my womanly functions, especially after having three children. They also help keep things ... firm ... down there."

"Kegels? I've heard of them, but I thought they were only for guys. To help to keep from cumming. I've thought about starting them."

"Men and women can do them. Especially woman that have had kids, as it keeps the muscles in shape after passing your fat head out that hole!"

"You mean this hole?" I slammed extra hard in mom's hole.

"Oh! Yes, that hole! I much prefer your little head down there."

"It's not that little!" I exclaimed.

"Compared to this melon it is." Mom gave the side of my head a decent slap.

"You don't seem to mind the orgasms this melon can give you!" I retorted.

"But you're not trying to shove it out my pussy either!" Mom exclaimed.

I couldn't believe that I was having a conversation with mom about my birth while I was fucking her!

I knew how to quiet her, or to keep her from talking I should say!

I started really to slam into mom, the slapping of our joining now very audible.

"Oh, shit! Like that! Mommy likes that!"

"Mommy is a slut that loves her son's cock fucking her soaking wet cunt!"

"Ooo, yes! Fuck my cunt!"

"You like that don't you slut?"

"I love it Jeremy! Your mommy is such a fucking slut that can't get enough of her baby's big cock filling her pussy!" Mom groaned between her sentences. "Fuck me as hard as you can! Oh God, fuck me harder!"

I was jackhammering mom's pussy as she quivered beneath me. She was so wet that it felt like I was sinking into jelly. Or, what I imagined that would feel like. It definitely wasn't enough pressure to worry me about cumming. I was sure that it wasn't only mom's muscles that would trigger my orgasm, because as I remembered hearing once, sex was only ten percent physical and ninety percent mental. And my brain was more than ready to cum!

"Almost honey! Mommy's almost there! Keep fucking me Jeremy, keep fucking your slutty mommy!"

Mom's words were more of an aphrodisiac than the tightness of her pussy muscles! Just sitting there listening to her talk like that might be enough to cause me to cum!

"Cum mom! Cum like the slut that you are! Letting your son fuck you like you do! Only a slut would do that!"

"I'm a fucking slut Jeremy! Your mom is a slut! Fuck me! Your slutty mommy is gonna cum!"

And mom broke out into a wordless wail as another strong orgasm took over her body. I merely kept up my breakneck pace as she thrashed about. A few minutes passed before she settled down.

"Stop Jeremy, I can't take anymore!" Mom panted heavily.

"But I'm not done yet." I stated. I lay atop her with my throbbing erection buried deep in her pussy.

"Get up. I'll blow you, but I can't take any more of your dick in me."

I pouted down at her, but I lifted off, pulling my red dick free from its favorite place to be.

"Doesn't my slutty mommy want more of her son's big cock?" I flexed my pubic muscles causing my slick dick to bob.

"You know I don't care for that language except when we are having sex." She seemed so shy now.

"You really seem to get into when we do have sex." I countered.

"You just make me feel so out of control. You make me a ... slut." Mom looked at me almost embarrassed.

"No, I think you are always a slut, I just make you comfortable enough to admit it out loud." I was prodding mom.

"You could be right, but I ..." She paused.

"It doesn't matter mom. Now get down there and suck my big cock!" I said forcefully while staring at her.

"Yes sir!" Mom let out a small laugh as she rose so she could take my dick into her mouth.

"Should I deep-throat you?" She asked meekly as she wrapped a hand around my firm shaft.

"Mom, I've told you. What you do is more than enough for me. If you can never manage it, I will still love how great you suck me anyways."

"I don't know if I should feel proud that my son says he's happy enough with my cock sucking skills!" Mom smiled.

"Whatever you feel, you should hurry up. It's almost the time that I would be coming home, and that means the other two will be here soon enough." I told mom.

"Am I supposed to do this properly or just quick enough to get you off?" Mom questioned me.

"Whatever you want mom. But you have less than thirty minutes to do whatever you're going to do."

"That's not nearly enough time to give you a proper blowjob!" Mom said sexily.

"Do your best."

Mom's best had always been more than enough to make me cum!

Mom bent to her task, first licking up her juices then soaking me in her saliva. She used exaggerated licks from base to dome, going slow with a flick of her tongue as she reached my mushroom head. She looked into my eyes with her eyes half-lidded. When she had my dick dripping with her spit, she sucked the smooth head in her mouth, letting it out with a pop. She then twirled her tongue over the velvety skin and around the wide rim. I watched with rapture.

"Do you like the way your mommy sucks your big ... hard ... delicious ... cock?"

"You know I do mom. Ever since that first time in the kitchen. You'll always be my mother sucker!"

"Ooo! I'll suck you whenever you want Jeremy! I just love your cock in my mouth!" Mom exclaimed.

"I love it in your mouth too! In your hot pussy! And in your tight ass!" I crowed exuberantly.

"You've already had my pussy today. Now my mouth. Too bad we don't have time for a trifecta!"

Yeah, too bad!

"Well, two out of three ain't bad!"

Mom resumed sucking my cock head before proceeding to take more of my length in her mouth. She managed two-thirds easily before she began to gag. She wasn't trying to get it all in her mouth and down her throat, but she was struggling to get more than she usually could get. Her thick saliva trailed when she pulled her mouth off, using it to stroke me firmly with her hand. Mom took me between her lips again, stroked with her tight grip, and sucked me with her wonderful mouth. Hand and lips met mid-shaft and retreated to either end of my dick before going to meet again. This dual action felt incredible!

"Mommy wants you to cum in her mouth! I want to taste your delicious cum! Fill my mouth with your seed Jeremy!"

"Keep going like that and it won't be long mom!" I lauded her. This gave her added incentive as she used a twisting stroke now and extra suction as she lifted her head.

"Go on mom! You're going to make me fill your slutty mouth with my cream!" I goaded her to greater efforts.

Her eyes were wide in anticipation of my gusher as she worked fervently. Her free hand then grabbed my balls and mom began to roll

them in her fingers. Gently, but still firmly enough to be moderately uncomfortable.

"Be careful with those! Especially if you want any grandkids!" I teased her semi-seriously. Her hold didn't lessen, and the look she gave me as she continued to bounce her head on half my dick increased in intensity. Mom was serious about milking my cum from my balls!

"Shit mom! I'm getting close! Keep going, keep ... going!" I growled.

I had been holding back, struggling to keep from unleashing my load too quickly, as I found it made it more intense when I did cum. Mom was just as focused on getting me to release my delicious creamy reward for her to savor! Could mom suck me harder than I could restrain myself?

Of course she could!

"God mom! I'm cummmming! Fuck, I'm cumming!" I jerked my hips upward, forcing more of my dick in mom's mouth unexpectedly. She gurgled and pulled her head up so she could receive my cum in her mouth and not half down her throat. She really wanted to taste me! Her stroking hand squeezed tightly as it now traveled the full length of my shaft, truly milking my cum through my dick!

Mom kept sucking as the last dregs of my balls emptied into her mouth, eager not to miss a drop. She may have even sucked the beginnings of my next load from me!

"Ah!" She sighed loudly when she finished cleaning me. It was unnecessary, but she slowly licked her lips and finished with a smack. "Tasty!"

"Mom, you are truly incredible!" I exulted her.

"Why, thank you Jeremy! You're not too bad yourself." Mom grinned widely at me. She patted my bare thigh. "Now get up and get dressed before the dynamic duo arrive."

As I rose, I kissed mom on the forehead. "Thank you mom! I really needed that!"

"So did I, but I don't appreciate you skipping school to do it!"

"I shouldn't skip so I can give you a good fuck?"

"Don't try to put this on me! No, you shouldn't miss school to come home and take care of your lonely mother!" She admonished me. I

could tell she was only half-serious though. That she was serious in any measure after having such great sex was warning enough for me.

I dressed and headed up to my room to catch up on some of my accumulated homework, and in a short while, I heard the loud commotion that indicated Johnny and Jojo's arrival. Johnny of course had to rush to his room to check on Ralph and Explosion. I didn't know if Jojo had given her mermaid and unicorn names. My hula dancer was very obviously a Marguerite!

I returned downstairs shortly before dinner, greeted my father in the living room, and as I entered the kitchen to get something to drink I found mom in my arms. We kissed for only a couple minutes. As mom moved away from me, I gave her ass a slap, letting my fingers linger there after contact. Mom grinned sexily at me over her shoulder. As I entered the living room again, carrying my sports drink I caught a glimpse of mom down the hall and out of view of dad and my siblings sprawled on the floor. She had opened her blouse and her bra-less tits hung free! She wiggled her body, making her tits dance wonderfully for me. She turned and half bent over, lifting her skirt to shake her thong covered ass at me. She'd changed her panties again! I sensed, but not heard, her giggle as she went on towards her bedroom. Oh, how I wanted to follow her there!

She still blew me kisses when she could and sneak real ones whenever possible. When in the same room we each made a conscious effort to keep our distance, but given the opportunity of our distracted, or

unaware family members, we would pounce on each other. Even if only to draw our fingers over the other's body.

After dinner, I reluctantly had to return to my room to do homework. I didn't want mom to discover how far behind I had gotten with our recent activities. Skipping Monday hadn't affected my workload much, but the previous few weeks surely hadn't helped! I did let myself get distracted a few times with Marguerite's charms! I had decided that I didn't want to know how my snow globe worked. It would lessen the wonder of my beautiful hula girl!

A knock on my open door brought me back from the horrors of World War I and the exuberant times of the 1920's. History really went from one extreme to the other!

"Whatcha doing?" Of course it was mom.

"History homework. Why? Did you have a nookie craving?" I gave her my best charming smile.

"I might, but we can't do anything now. You know that." Her downward glance made her look demure and yet seductive.

I knew our desire didn't care about what we should and shouldn't do.

"No, I was just interested in your father's present. I haven't had a chance for you to show me yet."

"Oh. Shut the door and hit the lights." I got up and got my gift. I turned it on and gave it a shake after mom turned off the switch.

She watched with curiosity at the snowflakes on the walls and then the illusionary hula dancer and her vanishing clothes.

"Interesting. It's definitely something your father would buy. Do you really like it?" Mom seemed actually unsure.

"It's not something I would have picked out, but yeah, I do. It's touristy, but high tech. Simple, but magical. If you don't try to figure it out. Which I've decided not to do. And look at her, she's hot and naked!"

"I could be naked." Mom said simply.

"How I wish you were mom." We couldn't start something now. We really couldn't.

"Even after this afternoon, I do want more." Her voice had a tinge of hunger to it. A hunger for me apparently.

"Mom. The others are just downstairs." My door was closed, but that wouldn't protect us.

"Oh, I know. I know we can't. That doesn't mean I don't want to."

"I always want to mom. Even if my body can't."

"Aw, honey." Mom sighed wistfully. "Well, I should let you get back to your work. I just wanted to see your gift. And you."

The real reason for her visit came to light.

I stood and crossed the room in half a second.

Our kiss broke ten minutes later with our loud breathing.

"I should go." Mom said looking towards the door, her body still pressed against mine.

"You probably should." I hadn't moved either.

Dad's voice calling out unlocked our ability to move again.

"Well ... um ..." Mom said.

I gave her another very short kiss, her eyes fluttering as my lips touched hers. I reached for the door and opened it. Mom turned with a stuttered step, half turned back to me, and then resolved herself to leave. I watched as she disappeared around the corner and down the hall to the stairs.

My history book seemed all that much drier now.

I did go back downstairs much later, ostentatiously for some water, of which I could have gotten in the upstairs bathroom, but I had to see mom again. She joined me in the kitchen while the other three watched pratfalls on TV. We did nothing we shouldn't have, but our fingers connected and lingered together while I filled my glass, our eyes locked together. I took a large drink, too large, as I slopped some on my shirt. Mom's fingers were on my chest wiping uselessly at the wet spots.

"Night, mom." I said quietly. In my mind, we were kissing to make a romance novel jealous.

"Goodnight Jeremy. Sleep well." Mom said equally quiet.

I passed back through the living room and wished dad a goodnight.

"Going to bed already?" He glanced at the clock.

"No, not yet. Just slogging through some homework before I crash. But I won't be back down again."

"Well, goodnight then. Don't stay up too late. It's better to study with a fresh mind. Cramming never works, trust me I know."

"Okay, thanks dad."

I glanced longingly at mom and I saw her eyes follow me.

I tossed and turned before I fell asleep that night.

As close as mom and I were becoming, or as naughty also, there was also a playful side. To my chagrin.

I came home from school Thursday, without skipping any classes. Mom was there to greet me with abundant kisses, but we did nothing more. My brother and sister came home. The three of us did some homework.

Mom did whatever it was that she does that we didn't appreciate her for doing. Dad came home. We had a normal dinner. After dinner, Johnny and Jojo talked dad into playing a board game with them. I regretfully declined as I still had homework to do (I really was that far behind!) and mom said she had dishes to do. She said this, but she had a wicked grin on her face as she nodded to me towards the dining room of which we rarely used. Only when we had guests over or for big holiday meals.

I knew mom was up to something. And since it included me, I assumed it meant sex. Dad and my siblings were sitting around the coffee table playing their game, so I wondered what mom had in mind with the others so close. I assumed that we wouldn't be having sex. Or, much of anything else for that matter. Mom may have gotten bolder since our weekend, but she hadn't gone insane. Or maybe she had? I cautiously followed her into the dim room.

I stood there dumbly as mom approached me.

Mom was wearing a tight-knit sweater with abstract patterns on it that hugged mom's matronly charms. Or it showed off her nice tits! The snug yoga-type leggings mom wore showed off her equally nice ass! My eyes followed her curvy figure as she moved in front of me.

"Do you like what I'm wearing today Jeremy?" She said as she did a twirl.

"Mom, you look great in whatever you have on. Or don't have on!" I quipped.

She ran her hands over her chest. My eyes followed her fingers. She turned her back to me and barely bent forward, but it was enough to accentuate her posterior curves. She dragged her hands over each smooth cheek. I licked my lips. Not with desire, but to catch my drool. Mom stepped back until her ass touched my groin. One that was twitching its approval. Mom wiggled her ass against me, causing my blood to drain down to my dick. I was rock solid in moments!

Mom spoke then in a slutty school girlish voice, playful and seductive.

"I feel a lump in your pants Jeremy. Is mommy's ass getting her son's dick hard? Am I giving you an erection? That's so wrong of your mommy!"

It felt awfully right to me!

I still had no idea of what mom was up to, so I let her continue her teasing.

"It feels sooo big! Do you have a banana in there? Mommy loves bananas! Or is it a salami? I do love a big hunk of meat even more!"

I struggled to keep from grabbing mom there and throwing her to the floor and giving her my big hunk of meat!

"Mommy, Johnny's cheating and daddy won't stop him!" Jojo whined, entering the room unnoticed.

I coughed, my steel cock digging into mom's firm ass.

Mom merely said, "Then why don't you cheat too, honey?"

Which wasn't a very parental answer, but considering the fact that my mom was rubbing her ass on her oldest son's dick in his pants while her husband was in the next room, probably should have excluded her from any morality questions. I certainly wasn't going to contradict her.

I just wanted to dick her!

Jojo went running back to the other room, "Mommy said I could cheat too!"

I had to wonder what dad's response to that would be, but not his response to mom's cheating!

Mom resumed her ass grinding. I was sure that she would have stopped after her daughter's intrusion. Not that I was complaining!

Mom turned, and as she stared deep into my eyes, she placed her palm on my lump and massaged my jeans.

"Your mommy is being very naughty Jeremy! I can be very good at being bad!"

I stared at her wordlessly.

What could I say?

"It feels like your weenie would like to come out and play. It's too bad he can't. Someone might see us!" Mom cooed.

Someone had already seen us!

Her hand rubbing my cock had me groaning softly.

"Do you like that honey? Is mommy's hand making your dick feel good? Like I did that night on the loveseat? When you pumped your delicious cum into my hand and I licked it up in front of my sister. Do you remember that night?"

How could I forget! That was the night that changed my life forever!

"Do you want to cum on mommy's hand dear? So I can lick it up like a sexy kitten." She purred.

I was incapable of answering. All my focus was on her hand caressing my straining dick!

"It's too bad that you can't. That would be so naughty! Do you like your naughty mommy?" I just stared. "It feels like you do. Your dick is sooo hard for mommy. Mommy likes your hard dick. I love it so much!"

Clearly!

Mom grabbed my dick as much as she could through my jeans. I grabbed the table behind me with both hands.

"Mommy loves Jeremy's big hard cock! I wish we could let it out so I could see it. So I could run my tongue over it, lick up and down over it.

Would you like that honey? Do you want your mommy to lick your hard cock?"

"Uh."

I didn't know if it was a rhetorical question, but right then my brain was quite scrambled by mom's actions.

Mom knelt down and looked up at me with wide seductive eyes, her emerald jewels glowing in her sockets.

She glanced at the other room as if she could see the rest of the family through the wall. Her eyes returned to my face as it neared my crotch. She pressed her cheek against my straining dick, rubbing her face along it. She blinked her eyes so sexily up at me. Mom was now the definition of a vixen!

"I so wish I could lick your dick Jeremy. Is that wrong for your mommy? Should mommy lick your dick?"

My throat was too dry to attempt to answer, even if I could form any words in response.

Mom's tongue darted out and ran along the prominent ridge my cock made in my pants.

"I would lick it like this! And this."

Mom was licking my dick as if my pants didn't exist! The super-sensitivity of my dick right then made it feel like they didn't.

"Do you like your mommy licking your big cock Jeremy?"

Duh!

I finally had to respond somehow. I started to unbutton my pants. I needed mom to suck me, regardless of the nearness of dad and my brother and sister. It wouldn't matter, I would only last about ten seconds in mom's mouth right then!

Mom grabbed my hands and batted them away.

"We can't do that here. I'm your mother. It wouldn't be right for me to blow you right out in the open like that!"

With what she was doing, she might as well be!

I knew that she was using the taboo of what she was doing to get us both excited. It certainly was working!

"Is your mommy licking your dick going to make you cum, honey? Do you want to shoot your tasty semen in your mommy's mouth?" She continued to lick up the length of my enshrouded shaft.

I pictured her as she had blown me so many times before. I could also picture her without her clothes as she knelt before me running her tongue over my throbbing cock.

"Is your naughty slutty mom going to make you cum? Are you ready to explode, honey?"

If my cock had a trigger, it would have had a hair trigger. And mom's tongue would be running over it!

Mom grabbed my balls through my jeans, grasping them as she could through the thick fabric.

"Is this where all you delicious cum is? Do you have a nice big load for your mommy? It feels like you do!"

It felt like I did to me too!

"Are you going to shoot your tasty cream because of your nasty mommy?"

I was going to die if I didn't!

She blinked her eyes at me again. It was almost unbelievable that this was my mom!

She kept running her tongue all over my cock, lapping at me with long exaggerated licks, dampening my jeans with her saliva. My boxers had to be soaked with my pre-cum with the way my dick was pulsing in my pants!

"Do you love your nasty, naughty mommy licking your hard cock Jeremy? Are you just going to explode because of your slutty mommy?"

Damn straight I was!

I could feel my balls burning beneath her tickling fingers. Whether she was actually going to suck me or not, I was going to cum very soon!

"Damn mom!" I finally was able to articulate.

"Cum for mommy Jeremy! Cum for your nasty slutty mommy!"

"Fuck!" I whispered as my cock burst in my pants.

Mom's one hand was cupping my boiling balls, the other was massaging over my shaft, while mom looked up at me with her tongue over my denim-covered cock head as if she was ready to receive my load.

"Are you cumming honey? Did mommy make you cum in your pants? That is very naughty of your mommy to do that to you!"

My mind, and body, was spinning with my orgasm. My eyes glazed as I stared down at my kneeling mother.

I felt the last shreds of my ball's contents seep from my dick. I also felt the wetness of my cum filling my boxers. I felt dizzy and realized I hadn't taken a breath since mom pulled my trigger. I took a couple lungfuls of air.

"It's a shame that you wasted all that wonderful cum in your pants instead of filling your wicked mommy's mouth with it so I could taste

it before swallowing it all down my throat!" Mom looked up at me with disappointment.

It wasn't my fault she couldn't! I had been ready to pull my pants down and fill her up!

"I'll have to make sure to find those underwear when I do laundry and keep them for myself for later!

I just groaned.

Mom licked her lips slowly, hungrily.

I almost felt ready to go again. Except for the last load soaking my privates right then.

Mom rose. She kissed me quickly, and went to the living room as if she had just finished vacuuming, leaving me standing there with my lips still puckered. I stood there not knowing what to do.

I looked down at the wet spot on the front of my jeans.

Obviously, I needed to go change my pants!

Dad walked in then and I hurriedly covered the evidence of mom's misdeeds.

I looked at dad while trying to act innocent.

"I gotta go to my room." And I rushed out with my hand still covering the dark spot.

I went to cross the living room, mom now sitting on the couch. She looked at me innocently.

"Jeremy. You have something on the front of your jeans. Come here and let me see what it is." This sounded normal and motherly, but you and I know differently!

I just glared at her as she smiled with a touch of wickedness on her lips. I continued through the room and hurried up the stairs.

I didn't see any more of mom that night and not that I necessarily wanted to. I mean she did get me off, even if I didn't get to see any nudity. However, I didn't appreciate her teasing. Her actions seemed more for herself than for any attempt to make me orgasm; that I did was only incidental.

And after mom's admonishment about language earlier, her use of it during her teasing seemed that she was admitting to herself that it got her off to use such coarse words, even when we weren't having sex. However, even her teasing could be considered to be sex, since it still resulted in me cumming!

I hung out upstairs on the internet (probably the only eighteen-year-old guy not checking out porn right then!), going through some emails, messages, and a few updates that needed to be downloaded. I heard mom bringing Jojo up to bed; Johnny was too old to need his mom to put him to bed. I was the contradiction to that idea! I loved mom putting me to bed!

But she didn't poke her head in to say good night or give me a kiss. I hadn't avoided her since our encounter, but I had no legitimate excuse to go back downstairs. It was odd that she hadn't come to my room, but I just considered it more of the mystery that was my mother.

It was no mystery that I was awoken from whatever dream I had been in the middle of, but of which I'm sure included mom and/or Aunt Jessica, to mom's mouth fastened firmly around my stiffening dick.

"Good morning Jeremy!" Mom greeted me when she saw that I was awake. "I have plenty of time now to do this properly! And no wasting

of your shake this morning!" She resumed her leisurely licking and sucking.

Of course, it was Friday morning. My late start to classes gave mom more than enough time to give me a proper sendoff! And according to her, a proper blowjob! I lay back and enjoyed my mother's loving lips and tender tongue!

"You aren't mad at me for my teasing you yesterday, are you?" She flashed her eyes at me as she ran her tongue over my cock head, a hand holding my erection perpendickular to my body. (No, that's not a spelling error!)

"Why would I be mad? You were so sexy like that. I might have preferred being in you, but you still made me cum! And you know how I like pleasuring you, since you seemed to be getting off on it too!"

Mom drooled over my velvet dome then used her hand to spread it liberally over my shaft.

"Talking dirty like that isn't something I do. You know that. But it seemed so erotic to make you cum in your pants! That we didn't even have to be naked for me to be able to excite you enough to orgasm. You just seemed kind of upset afterwards."

"No, not really. It just felt like I was just some toy that you were using to play with while you talked dirty. It seemed like it was more for you than me." I didn't mean to make it sound like I was whining, but even to my ear, that's what it sounded like.

"Oh, honey! No! That's not what I intended! I was trying to be a sexy mistress that wanted to please her man, even if we couldn't in the traditional manner because of the others nearby! I'm sorry if you felt otherwise!" Mom exuded painful regret.

"I didn't say that was your intent just that that's what I felt."

What I felt like now, was a fool.

"I'm so sorry dear. I thought you knew how much I love you and want to please you. We are limited in what we can do, so I was trying something new. I won't do it again."

"No mom, don't listen to me. I'm an idiot. It was fantastic. I mean, you did make me cum in my pants! No one has done that to me before! And you really were so incredible acting like you did, or was it even an act?" I exclaimed, trying to soothe mom's distress about my reaction to last evening.

"I was acting. But it did come pretty easily to me. Maybe you are right. I am a slut and need to just accept it." She still didn't seem pleased.

"Mom, you make it sound like it is a bad thing! You're a woman and you like sex. There is nothing wrong with that!" I pleaded with her.

"Especially since you are the recipient of this sex that I like having?" She cocked her head slightly at me. Which was amusing as my cock was slightly cocked at her! Her hand was still slowly stroking me, though her saliva had mostly dried.

"Your disappointment with dad in the sex department shows you like it, regardless of who the recipient might be! I'm only too glad it is me. But I'd love you just the same mom. It just took the sex to make me realize it."

"Speaking of sex ..." Mom dropped her head back to my aching cock and took most of its length into her mouth, slightly gagging as she did so.

"Easy mom." I cautioned her uselessly.

Mom lifted her head and repeated this action. To a similar result.

When she lifted her head again, she smiled at me with her lips around my thick shaft. That emerald twinkle caused me to melt in her gaze. I dropped my head to my pillow and allowed her to have her way with my fleshy flagpole.

I don't think that there was a thing that a woman could do to a stiff cock with her hands, lips, and tongue that mom didn't do to me. She jerked me with her hand quickly and forcefully until I was just about to burst, then she slowly licked every square millimeter until I cooled down, then bobbed her head up and down nearly as fast as her hand, using her tongue to swirl around my dick as she did so, as only mom could do. She had me practically fucking her face, my ass and hips bucking up from my bed as her brown hair was tossed about in her sucking tempest. She played her hands over my ball sack, then used her lips and tongue to do the same, nearly reaching down to my hidden back door.

Mom then resumed her licking on my shaft in conjunction with a stroking hand and one cupping my nuts like she was about to roll dice. Mom clearly loved what she was doing, her every action was filled with her lust and desire for my tower of flesh. Her hunger radiated from her green pools and her skin practically glowed with her love of me. I was grasping at my sheets, my legs twitched, and my head shook back and forth, as mom teased my cock relentlessly. Numerous times I felt ready to burst, but mom's skill kept me from reaching that peak, no matter how close I thought it might be.

"Oh, mom! You are just so fucking incredible! I don't deserve a mother like you!"

"Oh? What kind of cock sucking mother do you deserve?"

"Fuck mom!" I moaned. "Just suck my cock please."

"Anything for you dear!" Mom agreed cheerfully.

I was ready to cum a couple more times before mom finally relented and was again bobbing her head, but the suction she was able to create around my cock was so great, I was sure she would peel my skin off! She wasn't going to back off this time and I knew that this was when she'd at last allow me to shoot my thick milky cream into her hungry mouth!

"Keep going mom! Keep going! Fuck, your mouth feels sooo good on my cock! I could let you suck me forever!"

"Cum for me Jeremy! Fill my mouth and belly with your delicious sperm! I want it so badly!" Mom pleaded with a needy whine.

"Fuck yeah mom! I'm gonna cum! It's a big one! Here it comes! Suck my cum mommm!"

The first eruption felt like it contained as much volume as any other normal orgasm (had I had any normal orgasms with mom?), then the second shot out of me almost as powerfully as the first. A third, fourth, and fifth stream of cum shot from my cock deep into mom's vacuum of a mouth. She was overwhelmed with the amount I was spewing into her and it sprayed from her sealed lips, much as it had sprayed into those luscious fleshy petals. As the last dribble seeped from my spent dick, mom struggled to swallow my offering, large globs running down her chin and cheeks. Her eyes were wide in surprise at the amount of spunk she had received.

"God mom! That was stupendous! I haven't cum like that since ... um, like last weekend!" Every orgasm from mom was unbelievable, some were just more so!

"Wow! You're little balls must have been very full!" Mom exclaimed as she was cleaning my spent from her face with her fingers and tongue. "Are you sure that I made you cum yesterday?" She looked at me with a mischievous grin on her lips.

"Once a day isn't nearly enough to keep me from overflowing mom! You should know that by know!"

"Obviously. I'll need to make sure I do more to relieve you of your precious fluids. We don't want the pumps to break down from being

overloaded!" Her carefree cheer about emptying my balls regularly was only one of many reasons I loved my mother!

"We have tonight to help in that regard." I stated. I didn't know what she might have planned; I just usually played things as they came along. It had worked for me so far!

"We do. But you have to get to school first!" She said now in her motherly tone.

"Nothing for you m'lady?" I asked.

"You don't have time, I've used it all on you." She stated almost flatly.

"On your proper blowjob, you mean?" I retorted.

Her lips curled into a beaming smile.

"Did you enjoy it?" Mom asked. It was a pointless question.

"Duh!" I answered intelligently.

"Get up you!" Mom laughed as she herself rose from my bed. I then noticed that she was only wearing a short robe with no nightie underneath. Her beautiful breasts threatened to peak out of the lightly cinched covering.

"Gee. If I'd known that you had come to my bed with only a robe, I might have been more inclined to forgo my pleasure and been more focused on your enjoyment!"

"Oh, really?" Mom turned on her way to my door. With one tug, her robe broke open and she flashed me with a view of her exquisite womanly figure. My eyes drank it in! She spun and exited my doorway, leaving me there with my jaw hanging open. In addition, no, that wasn't drool on my chin!

I took my quick (and chilly) shower, threw on some clothes, and dashed downstairs to raid the fridge, kiss mom all too briefly and dart out the door.

The day dragged and passed all too quickly. The minutes seemed like hours, and the hours passed like minutes. Soon I was leaving my last class and anxiously returning home. I blew off some friends that had called to me as I headed for my car. I didn't need my friends; I had my sexy, incredible, lusty mother waiting for me!

And awaiting me she was!

Her lips crushed mine before I even managed to shut the front door!

"Jeez mom! Let me close the door before you attack me!" I panted after our lengthy greeting.

It was then that I noticed that mom was wearing a light floral-patterned dress that revealed as much as it concealed. It was low cut, but was so narrow that only a hint of mom's cleavage was visible. It only fell to mid-thigh, revealing a large amount of toned leg. Brown flats covered her feet.

"Are you complaining about how much I missed you?" Mom pouted, her arms still around the small of my back. My own hands were where they belonged. Firmly planted on mom's tight and very squeezable ass!

"No, but we should probably try to keep the neighbors from seeing how happy you are to see me, or me you."

Then we were kissing again. As if we hadn't just pulled our mouths apart. It had felt like a year!

Mom pulled away struggling to breathe. I had begun to see stars with the lack of oxygen.

"We can't start anything we can't finish." Mom gasped. "Johnny ... and Jojo ... will be home all ... too soon."

I felt a need to kiss her again, but I was able to refrain. I would probably have woken up on the floor if I hadn't!

"You're father has a request for the second movie tonight." Mom said as her flushed cheeks resumed their natural coloring.

"Oh?" I questioned.

Dad very rarely said anything about the movie choices, and even rarer was it for him actually to make a request. This also meant that he was less likely to allow himself to fall asleep during the movie. Would that put a crimp in what Aunt Jess, mom, and I could do tonight? I felt myself getting upset with my father.

"What is it?" I asked coarsely.

Mom's eyebrows rose at my tone.

She gave me the title. It was a World War II flick; long, bloody, and filled with some gruesome action.

The war, and the movie.

"You can't risk letting Johnny or Jojo seeing any of that one!" I stated.

"No. I've heard about this movie. It sounds good, for a war movie, but I definitely don't want them to wake up and see something that will give them nightmares. Or even worse, give your brother ideas!"

I gave a feeble grin at that. If prompted, my brother could get into all sorts of mischief. Even more than I had in my day! I guess I was still getting into mischief, even at my age! But this mischief was all the more enjoyable than anything I had done in my younger days!

"No, they'll have to go to bed tonight. Even if we have to wake them back up. They won't be happy. You know how much they love their 'camping out'." Mom made air quotes to emphasize her words.

"I'm not even sure I'm old enough to see this movie from what I've heard. There are a couple scenes that ... let's just say, you know that they have to be CGI!"

"I heard it was supposed to be good, but now I don't know if I want to see it!"

"Are you going to see it mom? Really see it?" I prodded.

"Oh. I guess you have a point." Her concern drained from her face with her realization.

"Jess won't have any issues. She's always been big on the blood and guts, horror movies, and all that." Mom said.

"She's not going to see much either is she?" I asked. Mom was alluding to something.

"I want you to myself tonight. We'll be sitting alone on the loveseat. She can have the couch as usual." Mom let go of me and broke from my gentle hold.

"Oh. Just the two of us?" I wasn't trying to sound disappointed.

"Don't you want that?" I don't know if she picked up on my tone, or was just responding to my words.

"Oh definitely. You are all I need mom!" She was out of my grasp, but she was still within reach of my lips. I leaned over and gave her a very quick kiss. Like only ten seconds or so. Maybe more the so than the ten.

I wondered what Aunt Jessica's response to this plan of mom's would be? I wasn't unhappy with having just mom, but I would be happier to have them both! Two hot sisters! Who wouldn't?

"Well, now go do whatever it is you need to do. We can't be hanging on each other every time your brother and sister come home. They're only kids, but even they can get suspicious if we're hugging all the time." Mom pushed me away, patting my ass as I walked past her. I guess I wasn't the only ass fan in the house!

I went to my room and spent an hour finally finishing up with the homework that I had missed from skipping, and all that I was behind on because I had been spending quality time with mom.

(Quality time = Sex.)

I went downstairs to refresh my beverage and saw my siblings watching TV and coloring while sprawled on the floor. Dad had come home and was studiously intent on his tablet, allowing the kids the use of the large screen to keep them distracted. He looked up and saw me, his gaze going back to his small screen.

"Hey dad."

He only nodded in response.

I crossed to enter the kitchen when I saw movement in the dim hallway to my left. Mom was standing there. Looking guilty. I quickly glanced back into the living room and the other three family members. Still focused on what they were each doing. I looked back at mom. She gestured at me not to move. I didn't.

She used her left hand to grab the hem of her dress and lifted it above her waist. She was wearing no panties and my handiwork was now revealed. Mom smiled when she saw where my gaze had traveled. She took a step to widen her stance, affording me a nicer view of her nether regions. Mom glanced down at herself, and I wasn't sure what she could see, but she then placed her right hand over her Mons. She looked back up at me standing there like a deer caught in her headlights. Mom rubbed her right hand slowly over her womanhood, the pleasure causing her face to loosen.

Mom sensuously circled her pelvic area in a wide loop. Her eyes peered intently at me as she performed for me. Her knees slightly bent as she rubbed herself. The circles shrank as mom's focus narrowed. She raised that hand to her mouth and wet a finger with her tongue. She dropped her hand back to her crotch and ran that finger over what must be her clit even though I couldn't see for certain with her hand in my way and the dimness of the light in the hallway. Mom's face lit up though as her finger massaged her sensitive little bud. Her eyelids fluttered but she managed to keep her eyes focused on me. After almost a minute of this

caressing, she ceased her intimate rubbing. Mom then held the finger away from herself almost like a magician showing nothing up their sleeve.

She then placed her finger at her dark opening and plunged it in with a sharp stroke. Her eyes widened for a half-second as she did. My own eyes had been wide since she lifted her dress!

Mom fucked herself with her finger for a baker's dozen or so short, quick thrusts. I swore I could've heard her sigh, though I suppose it could have been my breath catching in my throat at the sight of this angel before me.

Mom pulled her finger slowly from her wet hole. Wet, because she raised her finger to let me see it dripping with her nectar! The gasp I heard was definitely my own. I wanted to check that everyone was still in place in the living room, but I could not tear my gaze from this heavenly creature!

Mom lifted her finger and placed it on her lips, her tongue darting out to lick the sides of it. Slowly, sensuously, and oh so seductively! After a minute of licking her finger, she plunged it between her lips the same as she had inserted into her pussy lips. I was mesmerized.

She began to suck her finger as if it was a tiny cock. My own cock was no longer tiny at all! I remembered her from this morning as she had

worshipped my dick and she was treating her finger much the same now. Her finger was pistoning in and out of those red lips, the illusion was so great that I was waiting for the impending orgasm with my breath held.

Mom pulled her finger from her mouth and held it up as if to show that it was all clean. Her left hand released her dress and mom gave me a wicked smile as she turned with a flounce and walked to her bedroom, giving her rear an extra wiggle as she stepped lightly.

"What are you staring at Jeremy?" Dad asked as he stared at me. I'm glad his eyes were looking at mine and not noticing the stiffy that I wasn't concealing in my pants!

"Oh, nothing. Just thinking." I did angle my body to hide my hardened dick in case dad's gaze left mine.

"Thinking isn't what I would say it looks like you're doing. You looked brain-dead there for a second."

Brain overwhelmed, more likely!

"Uh, no. Just thinking. I was getting a drink." I said dumbly.

"The kitchen is that way." Dad said, teasingly pointing the way.

I got my drink and as I passed by the hall again, I paused to look, hoping for a luscious vision to appear for me again.

No such luck!

"Call me for dinner." I said to no one.

And no one answered.

I actually did manage to turn on my video game, playing it for a short while. It didn't seem as engaging as it once had. I didn't know if it was just my anticipation for tonight or an overall lack of interest in the imaginary worlds it created. The real world around me was so much more incredible!

I happened to come down as Aunt Jessica arrived, wearing a snow-white turtleneck sweater that looked to be a size or two to small. The black skirt she had on was so short it was more like a wide belt! She moved deftly enough that you never got a glimpse of anything underneath. To my disappointment!

I gave her a big hug, maybe more than was appropriate for a nephew and his aunt, but she didn't seem to mind. The hug Johnny gave her seemed totally inappropriate though, but I guess that's hypocritical of me! I noticed that dad gave a disapproving glance at his sister-in-law, but I suppose that was better than him ogling her.

That was my job!

While we ate, I was unhappy to hear when my aunt stated that she couldn't stay all night as she had things to do first thing in the morning. I don't know why I was let down, as mom had already told me that Aunt Jessica wasn't going to be included tonight, and even if she had, it didn't matter if she stayed or not.

We got ourselves situated as usual. Johnny and Jojo on the sleeping bag rapidly eating their popcorn, dad in his chair sipping his beer, Aunt Jessica with a glass of wine and a bowl of popcorn with a blanket covering her lower half, and mom and I on the loveseat with our beverages, but we skipped the popcorn. I saw Aunt Jessica eyeing the two of us suspiciously. She knew we would get up to something. I don't know if she felt bad for being left out or not, as she didn't act like it. I wondered if her statement about not staying was just a way to voice her disappointment with our seating arrangements (and the activities that would result). That didn't seem like my aunt, but the dynamics between her and mom had only gotten more confusing to me since all this started. But they were both women, and that explained a lot of things!

The first movie was a classic non-Disney animated fantasy story. I had seen it before, but Johnny and Jojo hadn't yet. I liked to pass on the legacy of movies that I had liked when I was little to my younger siblings. Watching their joy was almost like seeing the movie again for the first time. There were too many great movies that were being forgotten because the new generations weren't being exposed to them. Though to be honest, I guess there were only so many great movies you could see in one lifetime, and with new classics coming all the time, the oldies were left wanting an audience. At least I was doing my part to pass on my favorites.

Mom had me sit sideways on the loveseat and then she climbed in between my knees, with her back to my chest. She claimed her feet were cold and she wanted them off the floor. This didn't suggest anything illicit to me, but I'm sure mom had something in mind to have gone to this much trouble to set this up. She had her blanket pulled up to her chest, but I suspected that she would be all too warm very soon!

She snuggled up against me and I placed my hands on her tummy. I wanted to locate them either higher or lower, but there were too many conscious people in the room to start any hanky panky. Mom put her hands atop mine and I heard her give a soft sigh. If I had been anybody but mom's son and if I was dad, I would've have been very suspicious of our positioning, but dad said nothing. I was her son and nothing could possibly happen.

Little did he realize!

Mom sitting like this (or, I guess anyway she sat!) with my dick pressed against the separation of her ass cheeks with only her thin dress covering her, soon had my dick noticing the nearness of female flesh and began to twitch. Mom noticed this and she flexed her plush cheeks against my rising pole. Was mom going to tease me again, this time using her ass? Not that I would argue, but I had hoped for something more ... intimate.

With penetration!

Mom giggled softly as I hardened against her back. I merely awaited whatever it was that she was going to do.

She said louder than required, "Sitting like this won't be sooo hard for you, will it?"

I was shocked that mom was being so bold. She clearly spoke loud enough for dad, and her sister, to hear her, but only one of them knew what she was suggesting. I had to answer her with my own innuendo.

"It's not so hard with you here mom." I wasn't as loud as she had been. But I was more afraid of dad than she was.

Aunt Jessica glanced our way while sipping her wine. I couldn't tell what her hard look meant. Dad never flinched.

Our words were obviously the opposite of what we were alluding too, the state of my dick. It was now all too hard!

"Here, let me make it easier for you." She said, again louder than a whisper.

Mom shifted about and I was surprised when I realized she was lifting her dress above her waist. I could feel her bare skin against my thighs. I should say here that I had worn a pair of jogging shorts, with an elastic waistband so I/we wouldn't have to deal with zippers or buttons. I had chosen right it appeared. Mom shifted again, her hand reaching under the blanket as she pulled my shorts down enough to let my stiff cock spring free. She leaned back against me, my cock now pressed against her ass and up mom's spine.

Mom wiggled subtly, massaging my dick with her back. But two could play this game! My hands left her belly and I cupped her tits through the light fabric. Her nipples were already stiff in my palms. I brushed over them, giving mom a shiver. I leaned in and kissed her neck, trailing my breath over her skin as I dragged my lips up towards her ear.

"Oh!" This was only loud enough for me to hear.

Mom continued to move her back slowly on my cock. I kept up my kneading of her tits and my soft kisses below her ear.

That dad was less than ten feet away and awake made it even more thrilling! That we also had an audience with my aunt there only helped too! Of which I looked up and saw her looking our way again. I knew her interest to be more about what was happening with me and mom than on the flat-screen on the wall! I raised a forefinger to my lips to keep her silent and she gave a wide smile in return. Maybe she wasn't that upset about not being included, but I guess in a way she still was, if only as a knowing spectator.

Mom must have seen her sister's grin. She moved about again, much more this time. I sat there immobile, letting her do whatever it was she was going to do.

She rose up and let my dick slid under her, and with a slight shift to line us up, she sank down hard on my rigid rod.

"Oh!" She cried out much too loudly.

Loud enough for Johnny to have heard her at least.

"What's wrong mom?"

"Mommy's ... belly is sooo full from dinner." She answered. That she was responding to Johnny while my dick was now buried deep in her womb showed how much she wanted, or needed, to have sex with me that she would do so while her other kids were close by. Whether dad noticed or not was beside the point.

Mom sat on my cock without moving for a long time. I had to flex my muscles to cause my dick to twitch inside her clutching pussy. Her head fell back onto my shoulder. I smelled the floral scents of her shampoo and perfume. I only hoped the scent that emanated from down below wouldn't be too noticeable, especially by the one that should recognize it! Though, I guess Aunt Jess should be able to recognize it too, as she had once had her face buried there!

I saw Aunt Jess had a hand covering her mouth as if she was trying to keep from laughing at mom's answer. I'm sure my aunt knew then what mom was actually full of!

Slowly mom lifted and fell on my dick. It had to be the slowest fucking in the history of sex! It was minutes from the upstroke to her slowly sinking back down. And that she was only traversing about half my length made it even more interminable! I wasn't complaining! Any time that I got to plant my dick in mom's wet pussy was a good time in my book!

After the fourth or fifth complete cycle, mom groaned.

"Does your tummy still hurt mommy?" Jojo asked innocently.

"No, honey. I'm just sitting on a bump and need to readjust my ... seat." Mom drawled out as she fought to complete her sentence.

Aunt Jessica giggled audibly at that. I'm sure she wished she was sitting on a bump too!

"That's why you get a nice recliner." Dad interjected, with a pat on the arm of his chair. "You don't have lumps from the cushions in your aa..., I mean, rear."

I almost choked!

Even mom dropped from her upstroke with quick force.

Aunt Jessica was looking at us, and even in the dim light, I could see how red her face had become as she fought back her outburst of laughter.

Mom continued her slow fuck for the rest of the movie and was able to control any more moans or groans, or any that the others could hear, as I heard her soft whimpering sighs constantly. My hands also never left her bountiful breasts, even managing to get them free so I could massage her bare booby skin. I also gave her unending kisses all over her neck and jaw line that I could reach. That she was moving so slowly up and down was only enough to keep me hard (though at times it was a struggle, but I'll never admit that openly!). It was hardly the pressure required to make me explode. It was driving me nuts though! I wanted to grab mom's hips and give her a few dozen quick hard thrusts to push up both over the edge!

I didn't know what kind of condition mom would be in by the time the kid's movie ended, if she would be able to stand or be coherent. But when the credits rolled, she shifted up off me and pulled her dress back over her thighs. I reluctantly put her tits back in her bodice. We did still have another movie to go!

Mom was able to speak and when she informed Johnny and Jojo that they now had to go to bed, they both protested that they couldn't go to bed as they were camping. Mom told them a second time, which ended any arguments from the pre-teen crowd. They each got up and slowly went upstairs, with mom following Jojo.

Aunt Jess got up to get more wine after a look towards me. Dad got another beer, paused, then grabbed a second. It was a long movie. Mom returned, having also got herself another glass of wine, though I never

saw her drink the first one. After I had waited long enough to be able to stand up without embarrassment, I saw mom and Aunt Jess animatedly talking in the kitchen.

I had to make a pit stop. It was odd after having been hard for more than an hour that the need to pee had never intruded on our activity. For which I was thankful, but hardness had never precluded the need to urinate. As evidenced by many mornings trying to take a leak with a morning woody! Guys know what I mean!

Mom followed after me, her own need to relieve herself overriding any attempt to try anything right then with me.

I was accosted by my aunt before I got back to the loveseat.

"You two were fucking weren't you?" She asked me very directly.

"Mom wouldn't do that with the kids there, with dad very awake." I sidestepped with my answer.

Was that what she and mom had been talking about? Why would mom deny it? Or did my aunt merely want my confirmation? I didn't know how to respond. I didn't want to lie and upset my aunt as I did have plans to have sex with her again at some point in the future, but I also didn't want mom mad at me for saying something to her sister that she

didn't want Aunt Jess to know. As my aunt stared at me so intently, I couldn't resist her evil eye and broke down. Stick with the truth, I decided.

"We might have been."

"I knew it! It was so obvious. I can't believe she'd do that with Justin right there and wide-awake. I surprised he couldn't tell what you two were doing!"

"I know. When he made that comment about his chair, I thought I was going to lose it!"

"I know. Me too! I thought about going to the bathroom to burst out laughing, but I knew I would be too loud even in there!"

"I couldn't even do that. I had mom on my lap." I guess that was confirmation.

"I may not be having any fun with my nephew, or sister," she said sister with a very strange tone, "but just knowing what you two are doing, in front of everyone! It is just so hot!"

"It's pretty hot from my side too!" I told her.

"I bet! I now wish I had had children so I could have a hot son to ride!"

"No you don't. Whatever me and mom have, it's not something you can decide to do, it just happens."

"Yes, you're right. I didn't mean it; I just want what you two have for myself. It's so magical and wonderful!"

"Yes it is!" I whole-heartedly agreed.

"What's wonderful?" Mom came up beside us, standing in the entrance to the kitchen.

"You." I answered truthfully.

"You told her didn't you?" She asked emphatically.

"Was it supposed to be a secret? Besides, with your innuendoes, and moaning and groaning, how could she not know?"

"What she suspects doesn't need to be confirmed."

"It's okay mom. Not like we haven't done anything in front of Aunt Jess before."

"You two are going at it all the time and the one chance I get ..." She paused to look back at me. "He doesn't even come over during the week like he keeps promising." Aunt Jess complained. With some justification. I had promised a few times to visit her and didn't live up to those commitments.

"Are we going to start this movie or not? You know it is two and a half hours long! I still have golf with Jack in the morning!" Dad called out from the living room.

"Coming dear." Mom answered.

I had to snicker at her choice of words.

And that I hoped to be hearing those words very soon myself!

Mom, Aunt Jess, and I resituated ourselves in our previous positions. Mom had to wait for me to stiffen again before she could plant herself on my cock. This only took about a minute or so, her warm flesh pressed against me enough to make me harden. That, and the promise of continuing our slow fuck!

Dad started the movie with a huff, unaware of the drama going on almost under his nose.

It started of course with a big battle scene. The deaths that were shown were graphic and I thought a bit overmuch, but I understood that the director was showing right off the bat how brutal war could be. Mom's ass on my dick diverted my attention after that.

Aunt Jess looked over repeatedly. I smiled back. I don't know if mom did so too, as her back was to me.

Mom lifted up and got my dick out, tugged her dress up, and managed to press my cock head to her warm opening. She fell down on me with her tight wet pussy engulfing my once-again throbbing hardness. I may have groaned this time!

Mom leaned back against my chest practically inviting my hands to her tits again. At least I took it as an invitation and ran my hands over the thin cloth covering her double D's. It wasn't long before I managed to work them out of the dress, still hidden from anyone's view by the blanket.

I also resumed my gentle kisses on mom's neck and ears; soft wet kisses with my lips and tongue. Mom sighed quietly as I did so.

At first mom just wiggled her hips while I was buried inside her. This gave the simulation of having sex without any change in penetration. Mom was just causing my dick to jostle around within her clenching pussy. It was an interesting sensation and I did love being deep in mom's cunt. The effect on her was much more than it had on me. I almost thought she might cum like this. Part of her excitement might have been just having my dick filling her. That, and the fact that we were having sex with dad and Aunt Jess in the room! It was an added thrill for me too, but the looming threat also balanced out any enjoyment for me. Getting to fuck mom in front of dad may have been nice, but not if it resulted in my death!

Mom moved on from this teasing to resume her slow, slow rising and falling. My hands squeezed her tits harder as I tried to resist thrusting up into her with all I had. Mom seemed very comfortable with her pace. I sat there and let mom do her thing and just tried to keep hard for her to enjoy herself.

I caught bits of the movie but not enough to follow the storyline, only that it was clearly anti-war in its message. I'm sure dad just enjoyed all the battle scenes and explosions. I wasn't sure how much Aunt Jessica was watching the TV or trying to figure out what we were doing on the loveseat. I know she wanted to join us, or at least me, but seemed okay to be just an observer.

The glacial slowness of mom's grinding on my dick was driving me crazy, and not in the way that I desired! I knew that with dad sitting there, though paying no attention to us, that we were lucky to be getting away with as much as we were. I still wanted more! I guess I was just a greedy, horny teen! That could be part of why mom loved being with me!

I licked around her right ear, gently nibbling on her lobe.

"I love you doing this mom!" I breathed into her aural canal. "I love you. And I love pleasing you!"

"I love you too, Jeremy." Mom sighed more than said.

"Do you like this? Is it getting you hot?" I licked down the side of her neck.

"So hot." She murmured.

"Just keep fucking me mom." I said with a kiss just behind her ear.

"I will honey, I will."

Mom kept going throughout the movie with only brief pauses. I assumed that she was getting too turned on and had to stop to keep herself from cumming and moan out her bliss to our discovery. Nearly every time I looked up, I saw Aunt Jess staring back at me. It was hard to tell in the dim light, but she seemed somewhat flushed herself. Could she have a hand under that very short skirt? Was she having sex with mom and I by proxy of her fingers? Whether she really was or not, she was now in my mind. I had two women to please now.

At one point during a lull in the action onscreen, dad turned to look at us. I barely noticed his glance in time to hold mom still. I'm sure her eyes had been closed, or at least, very glazed over with her ecstasy. Her head turned towards dad as he spoke.

"I was thinking about finally fixing that sliding closet door this weekend. I'll go to the home improvement store and get the parts. You'll finally be able to slide it back and forth again."

Mom was totally able to slide it back and forth right now!

That was my first thought.

The second was how much was visible to him in the half-light.

I checked where all my limbs were located and the condition of any coverings.

My legs were under the blanket, as were mom's. That my feet were spread farther than usual was no indication of wrongdoing. My hands were still on mom's tits, and though the blanket had slipped down, I hoped dad took my fingers as the pattern on mom's dress. The blanket hid mom's hands and I didn't know what they had been doing this whole time. I hadn't felt them with my cock, but that didn't mean she couldn't have been rubbing her clit. Mom's head had been on my shoulder, but again, that didn't mean more than she was resting against me. That she was positioned higher on the couch than me right next to her wasn't noticeable by my father. Or so I hoped!

Next, I was using all my mental power that I might have to make dad turn his head away before he saw enough to make him realize what was going on here on the loveseat.

All this took a millisecond.

My heart might have stopped, but it wasn't long enough for even the time of a heartbeat.

"That's nice honey. I'd appreciate it. It's been so long since that thing worked right." Mom managed to speak clearly her response. "There's a

few other things I'd like you to get to also. I'll make a list tomorrow. Nothing too much, I promise."

Mom and dad were having a conversation with my dick stuck deep in mom's burning pussy!

At the same time as he was looking at the two of us while we were locked together in lust! Albeit under the blanket, but still!

I was fucking mom while dad was looking at me!

I may have temporarily left my body for a few additional milliseconds.

"Have me do too much and I might ask for some special payment!" Dad smiled with a slight leer.

He was alluding to sex with mom!

I was grossed out with him so clearly talking about my parents having sex!

Eww!

But I was also jealous that he was cutting in on my girl! I did have to tell myself that she had been his first.

That mom was riding my cock at that moment while he suggested that was priceless. Deep in my inner self, I wanted to tell him, 'Sorry dad, she's already having sex with me! Right here and now!'

It wasn't irony, but surely there was a term for him suggesting something that we were currently already doing!

Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Aunt Jessica studying the three of us with the intensity of a tigress on the prowl of prey that could outrun her. The redness on her face wasn't any reflection of the gruesomeness of the movie.

I wished I could see the reaction on mom's face!

Dad showed no indication that he suspected anything was going on besides a loving mother snuggling with her son.

"Maybe Jeremy can give me a hand with some of the things for you Jenny." Dad turned back to the TV as a firefight broke out. A gulp of his beer and he was oblivious to us once again.

If mom hadn't been gripping my cock so firmly with her pussy muscles, I might have lost my hard-on immediately!

It wasn't a hand I was giving mom!

"That would be nice, dear. Both my men taking good care of me." Mom said pleasantly.

I so wished I could have seen mom's face right then!

Aunt Jessica rose and said she had to use the restroom. She headed for the stairs with a hand over her face.

"Just use the one down the hall." Dad told her.

"Trust me; I need to use the one upstairs." And she rushed up the stairs.

I was beyond stunned right then. Mom's words were too much for me to comprehend!

I was taking care of mom right then!

Mom was motionless for a long while after that. Aunt Jess returned and gave us an intense look with her better vantage point while standing. I just watched her with an innocent grin on my face. I saw mom's head turn to look at her sister but I didn't know her expression. My aunt returned to the couch and covered herself with her blanket.

I moved my hands, massaging mom's mammary mounds once more and playing over her stiff nipples.

This revived us from our scare. At least I had been scared, I don't know about mom!

She moved up and down with a fractionally faster pace. The difference between a racing snail and a lazy turtle, between a hyperactive slug and an indolent sloth. Well, you get the idea. Not much faster.

The minutes crawled by into hours. Teasing was one thing but this was beginning to seem like torture. The only thing keeping me from putting mom on the living room floor and pounding her brains out was that dad was sitting there. He was the nail keeping me in my seat. I dared do nothing more than what mom was doing for fear that he might find out what we were up to. If not for my attention to mom's tits, neck and ears, I would have become bored. Bored fucking my mother, I know, it sounds ridiculous! You let someone ride your dick for a couple hours without being able to do anything that would risk you orgasming, and tell me how excited you would be able to stay! I was surprised that I

stayed hard the whole time. I did have a few moments when I felt my interest lagging, but mom must have noticed it too, and she would give me one quick stroke and an extra squeeze of her pussy muscles to revive my flagging pole.

I was so relieved when the credits finally rolled. Dad finished his beer with a long drink. He looked at the empty can and the names scrolling on the screen.

"It was an alright movie, but for being a war movie, it certainly seemed to be anti-war." He said to the room. Only then did he look our way. We both froze with that gaze. "Well, morning is going to come all too soon. I'm going to bed. Are you coming Jenny?"

I held my breath at that question. She would if I had my way! More than once!

Aunt Jessica also stood up, turning her head as a smile burst on her face.

Mom responded as the loving wife. "In a few minutes Justin. I want to say good-bye to Jessica, and then I have a few things to do before I come to bed."

"I'll probably already be asleep then." Dad said, and with another look at mom, moved off to their room.

"I need to get going too. I will say it was a memorable evening. Even if I didn't get to have any fun with Jeremy." She took the few steps to the loveseat. Mom rose, letting gravity straighten her dress. Aunt Jessica bent down to me.

"Don't bother getting up, I'm sure you're already up, since it didn't seem like you two were finished." Aunt Jessica gave me a short, but passionate kiss that left me longing for more.

And yes, my dick was very much still up!

"Have fun, but be careful!" Her hand ran over the hump under the blanket.

Mom gave her sister a warm hug and after a half-second pause, a kiss on the cheek. Had mom contemplated one on the lips? I wanted to think so! If I had to share mom with anyone, it was her voluptuous sister!

Mom guided Aunt Jess to the front door and they hugged again. My aunt looked at me and as she turned to leave, she bent over and revealed her most gorgeous ass to me. A string thong ran from her

waist to disappear between those incredible globes! I vowed once again to visit my aunt during the week!

I wondered if we were done. Neither of us had cum. I certainly hadn't and I assumed mom hadn't either. Or she had been amazingly quiet and still if she had. I stood, safely now that no one was there to see the cucumber in my shorts! Well, no one besides mom!

She turned from the front door and took a few steps into the living room.

"Sit in your father's chair." She ordered brusquely.

I stared at her with a bit of surprise. No one but dad sat there!

"I said sit! And drop those shorts!" Mom demanded fiercely. Her eyes were emerald fire!

Uh ... okay!

My shorts and boxers hit the floor and my ass flew into dad's leather recliner.

My dick stood proudly if a bit worn from the night's activities. Mom's glance down was briefer than I would have thought it would be considering her professed love for it. Her eyes travelled up my body until they locked with mine. It was like looking into twin volcanoes!

Mom lifted her dress and climbed on top of me while facing me.

"Fuck me hard!" She growled fiercely.

I would gladly comply even though she was the one on top!

Mom pressed her body so tight against me I thought she might merge our bodies. I didn't think I would look as good in her dress as she did! Her lips began working on my face and neck, covering me with steamy kisses, some even making it to my lips. I once again plunged in her dripping pussy, the hours I had filled it not loosening it one bit! I was thankful for the time she spent doing kegel exercises that kept her this tight!

I jerked my hips and ass upwards to thrust hard into mom's womb.

She cried out. Not loudly, but she wasn't trying to keep her silence either.

Her own hips returned my thrust with identical or more force. With a dozen strokes, we were both equally fucking each other. As fierce and primal as we ever had. I held mom tight as I drilled up in her boiling channel. Her hands clutched my shoulders as she buried her face into my neck to cover her whimpering gasps. It was fortunate that she was so wet, as the friction we created might have caused us to spontaneously combust and burn the house down otherwise. She wasn't so wet that she could douse the fire we both had for each other.

The hours on the loveseat had gotten us so turned on and worked up, and now that we were able to vent that lust, we were like an inferno. Two infernos! Two, which combined and fueled the other until we were beyond white-hot!

Neither of our orgasms took long in arriving. As mom cried out into my shoulder, I filled her with torpedoes of hot semen! I kept cumming and cumming in mom's quivering cunt as she bucked through her own overwhelming orgasm.

Mine slowly finished leaking out of my dick and mom was able to regain some breath, but neither of us was done by any means. We kept going as if we hadn't just had our most powerful orgasms, as if we were still on the brink of our release. This was certainly true for me, as I could feel my balls still burning with need. Mom suddenly started convulsing again as a second wave of bliss swept her away.

"Keep fucking me lover! Fuck me forever!" She yelled in a whisper.

I wordlessly agreed and complied.

Within minutes mom was again cumming as hard as the first time. I was nearing another myself!

We weren't man and woman having sex anymore. We weren't animals ferociously mating either. We were more primal than that. We were the ocean beating down on the land's shore. We were the lava causing the waves to burst into steam. The forest fire that consumes everything in its wake. The earthquake that shakes and leaves the landscape ruined and yet new and fresh.

I had cum a second time and mom was in the midst of a chain of orgasms that rattled her like machine gun fire as I felt my dick finally begin to wilt. I managed to stay erect enough for mom to finish herself. She lay atop me as we struggled to breathe. We kissed regardless of the need for oxygen. Our lips joining was more important than breath right then.

Mom stayed there as I shrank out of her cum-filled vagina, my essence trailing my dick from her hole. I hugged mom loosely, the sweat that covered us both mixing on our chests. Her eyes looked worn but still burned like the sun on a July day, warming me with her gaze. How could I want anyone besides this lovely lady?

Many minutes later, we were able to move more than our eyes or our lips, not that we wanted to get up.

Mom slowly rolled off me and I squeaked as I rose off the sweat-soaked leather.

"Should we dry it?" I asked. A nonsensically normal question after what we had just performed there.

Mom strode to the kitchen, returned with a dishtowel, and gave dad's chair a quick wipe down. Even that simple action was beautiful to me, like a butterfly fluttering on a breeze-kissed leaf. Mom saw my look and she gave a demure smile in return. She didn't bother returning the towel, merely balling it up and tossing it towards the other room, heedless of where it landed. Much as her life had recently become.

Her eyes bore into me as she started to walk towards the hall and ultimately, her bedroom. I followed, unable to break that look. Our fingers were still touching, a small part of us that hadn't separated. I felt like I had when I had walked my first girlfriend home, all shy and innocent. We got to her closed bedroom door and the impression of dropping her off at her house strengthened.

"This is good night." Mom felt the vibe too. She turned to gaze at me.

"I guess so." I looked at the floor then up at her face. Her angelically beautiful face. "Tonight was ... I have no words mom."

"Yeah. It was ... nice." Mom gave the understatement of the year! No, the millennium!

She looked at me with a curious glance.

"What?" I asked.

"I think I may have given you a hickey!" She giggled much like the young girl she seemed right then.

"What? Really?" I said with surprise, but also pride.

"You'll have to try to hide that."

I gave her a frown.

"That never works mom. I'll just have to make up a story about the amazing girl that gave it to me!" I teased back.

"Oh, Jeremy ..." Mom started but I interrupted her with my mouth. She melted into my lips.

It wasn't long, maybe ten minutes, before we broke and she looked at the closed door beside us.

"We need to get to bed."

"I want to sleep with you again mom." I blurted out.

"After what we just did?" Mom's eyes flickered between both of mine.

"Not that. I just want to sleep next to you. Feel your warmth, your skin beside me. To wake up with you next to me."

"I want that too Jeremy." She kissed my cheek so quickly I barely felt it. Mom then grabbed her doorknob and with a longing look at me, turned, entered her room, and silently shut her door.

I stood there for a few minutes, remembering the warmth of her lips on mine. I put my hand on the cheek she had kissed. I looked down and realized I was standing outside my parent's bedroom door with no clothing below my waist!

I went back to the living room, picked up my clothes, and trudged upstairs, still naked save for my shirt.

Sleep came quickly and blissfully.

Chapter 15

I slept long and deeply.

As worn and sore as I should have been, I woke feeling exhilarated. A wide grin crossed my face and I didn't resist it. I felt on top of the world! A warm, wonderful place filled with love and beauty, not the cold desolate wasteland that was at the actual top of the world.

I casually trotted downstairs.

Mom coughed loudly and I looked to where she was sitting. My brother and sister were engaged in a game with her. She pointed to her neck emphatically. I stared at her in stupefaction. Then it dawned on me. Mom's words of last night hit me. The hickey that she claimed she had given me. I put a hand to my neck and turned back upstairs. I went in the bathroom and studied the reddish mark standing out on the side of my neck. Mom entered behind me with a jar of make-up.

"You can cover it with this until you get some time away from the family so you can then make up a story about a ... remarkable ... girl that gave it to you." Mom glanced at the floor when she used the description I had called her last night.

"Make-up?" I questioned with disdain. "What about a bandage?"

"If you put on a bandage big enough to cover that, your dad would wonder who tried to slit your throat!"

"But make-up?"

"Actors wear it all the time, newscasters, even the sports guys!" She declared.

"But ..." I protested.

"Or do you want to explain to your father, or Johnny, even little Jojo, about how you got a hickey between the time when they went to bed last night and you got up today?"

"Umm ..."

Maybe it wouldn't be too bad. It's not as if I was going anywhere today. Oh, wait. That was the whole point of my explanation. I had to get away to give this 'remarkable' girl time to give me a hickey. Damn!

"I thought so. Here let me apply it. Try not to rub it or to get it to wet."

"Like sweating while I'm with my remarkable girl?" I leered at mom.

"Yes. No sweating for you." Her grin in reply glowed.

Mom quickly applied the concealer to my neck, which I learned was with what she was covering me.

"There. As long as no one looks too closely."

"Can't I just pretend that I have been hiding it and have had it for awhile already?" I pleaded.

"You may have to if this doesn't work." Mom patted my neck again. She didn't seem too confident in the job she'd done.

"Maybe you should just hide in your room like you usually do." She suggested.

"Would you care to join me, beautiful?" I looked deep into those green pools.

"You know we can't." Mom broke my gaze.

"That didn't seem to stop you last night."

"That was ..." She started.

"Don't say it was different. That was magical. Incredible, stupendous, awesome, breathtaking ..."

"Okay. Stop. I get it. I was there too. I feel the same. I don't know why, but I am so ... enamored with you Jeremy. That you are my son, my remarkable son, just doesn't seem to matter. Not in the grand scheme of things."

"But what about dad?" I didn't want to bring up my father, but he was the pink elephant that hung over us no matter where we were or what we were doing.

"Honey. I don't know. I'm the one that is lost here. You know what you want, even when your mother tells you otherwise!" She glared at me,

but it quickly turned playful. "Your father also knows what he wants, even if he doesn't show it most of the time because he's too involved in that silly sport. I'm the one that doesn't know what I want."

"Yes you do mom. Your problem is you want me, but you also want dad. You can't have both and that's tearing you up."

"That sums it up pretty well."

"We should get back downstairs before the other two wonder what we are doing."

"Luckily they wouldn't think anything like what we are doing." Mom sighed without any relief.

"And let's keep it that way." I stated. It would crush me for Jojo to find out I was having sex with mom, even if Jojo wasn't sure what sex even was yet. She would all too soon enough.

Mom's look at me told me she was thinking along the same lines. That stung me, that what I was doing caused her pain was a knife in my gut.

Mom left me standing there studying her handiwork. It was a bit discolored from my surrounding skin but far less than what lay beneath

the make-up cover. The fact that I wanted to shout from the rooftop that mom had given me a hickey while we had had explosive sex was lost by the additional fact that it had been my mom and thus I had to keep it secret.

Maybe I should just spend the day playing video games. Or I could text some friends. If I still had any after my neglect of them. What I really wanted to do was spend the day with mom! Even spending time with Aunt Jessica now paled beside her sister. Aunt Jess may have the better figure, but there was something about mom that had just clicked with me. And not just the fact that she was the woman that gave me life.

I didn't want to spend the day holed up in my room. I wanted to get out and enjoy life. But I didn't want to push my luck with my neck either. I'm sure that is the type of thing that dad would notice right away, even if he didn't realize other things going on in the house. Dad was normally very perceptive and could deduce the truth about a great many things. Except for probably the biggest thing in his life.

I hadn't had breakfast yet so I had to go back downstairs.

"You're back." Mom stated plainly. Johnny and Jojo were now playing the game without mom. She was paging through a magazine. Like she was killing time. Until I returned?

"I need breakfast." I stated just as plainly.

"Breakfast? It's close to lunchtime." Mom answered.

It was only ten thirty!

"Do you want me to make you something?" She appeared ready to leap to her feet. That she wanted to make a meal for her ... what did she call me last night? Her lover, seemed so sweet. It made my footsteps light. However, I didn't want her slaving away for me. I was eighteen and fully capable of feeding myself. If I was forced to it.

"No, don't get up mom. I'll find something." I went in the kitchen. What I found was cereal. I might have preferred one of mom's big breakfasts, but there was no way I could manage that! Cereal was easy. I even cleaned up the milk I spilt!

"You're going to have cereal?" Mom questioned when I walked into the living room with the bowl.

"It's what I wanted." I declared my lie.

"Really? When I've seen you devour half a cow." This drew a laugh from my siblings.

"I can have another bowl." I defended my decision.

"Okay." Mom let it drop.

The problem was, I'm sure she knew my whole thought process anyway. That I didn't want her to get up, my inability to do much more in the kitchen than boil water and make toast. I might have even managed some scrambled eggs. Or, that I just wanted her to relax. Mom's slight smile confirmed my suspicion. My mother knew me all too well!

I, meanwhile, was discovering volumes about my mother! And I was a fast learner!

I sat and ate my cereal as if it was the best breakfast ever. It did have marshmallows! Mom pretended not to be staring at me. I told myself it was because of how she felt about me and not because she was amused by me. Johnny and Jojo got tired with their game and decided to go outside and play. I gave a glance at mom and she shook her head slightly but that spoke loudly. Hey, it never hurt to try!

I returned my bowl to the sink, even rinsed it and put it in the dishwasher. Mom was going to domesticate me like this!

"Let's do something mom!" I said enthusiastically. Her eyes looked up from her magazine.

"I did shake my head no if you didn't see." She said calmly.

"Not that. Well, that's not what I meant anyway." I grinned as charmingly as I could. Not that it seemed like I needed to with mom!

"What did you mean then?" She put the magazine down and studied me now.

"I don't know. Something. Just you and me."

"And the others won't get suspicious? Or question us?"

"Something they wouldn't get suspicious about. Like when they went to the zoo."

"You want to go to the zoo?"

"No, but something like that." I thought for a long moment. I also happened to be staring at mom. She was wearing a plain white blouse

and deep navy blue slacks, her normal black flats on her feet. Then I had it.

"Let's go shopping mom!"

"What? You want to go shopping with me? For what? Video games? I don't think so." She lifted her magazine again.

"No. For you. For some new clothes. Maybe even some lingerie?" I said suggestively.

Mom looked at me for a long time as if looking for a hint that I was playing with her.

"You want to go shopping for clothes with your mother? Said no son ever!" She said with disbelief, but I saw a trace of interest. "You sure you don't want to go meet the girl your aunt told you about?"

"I'm interested in checking her out, but no, I really want to buy you some sexy new clothes. Well, you'll buy them, dad will actually, but I'll pick them out. Or suggest what I think you should get."

"You're serious aren't you?"

"Completely." My tone was granite.

Mom looked at me again for quite awhile, confirming my resolve.

"I can't believe you're serious. Clothes shopping with your mom. Going store to store while I go through endless racks of clothes? Spending hours with no video games, no hot young girls, no ... porn?"

"I don't need those things mom, I got you. It'll be fun to shop with you. As long as I get to see you in whatever we end up getting!"

"You think it'll be fun? You are either the greatest guy on the entire planet, or you are an alien that has replaced my son at some time!" She joked, but I could tell she was becoming agreeable to my idea.

"I choose to go with the first option!" I stared at her. Her stare in return told me that she had already decided which. I only had to hear her voice the words.

"I think so too." She paused before she said the words. "Okay. We'll go shopping." Mom sounded mystified by her decision. "My eighteen year old son really wants to go to the mall to go clothes shopping with his graying old mother!"

"And lingerie!" I added ardently. "And you don't have any gray hairs mom."

"You didn't argue about my being old!"

"Oh, you are old mom, positively ancient. You need your virile young son just to help you get around!" I teased.

"Oh thank you. I'll learn you, you young whippersnapper!" Mom's voice sounding like an old lady. "That's the last time I let you trim my bush!"

"There were definitely no grey hairs down there! I checked thoroughly!"

"I'm sure you did. I suppose I should be glad I have you to check that for me."

"Anytime you want mom. I'll be your bush inspector!"

"My bush inspector!" She broke out in laughter. "Just what every little old lady needs."

"Mom, if last night didn't prove it. You are anything but old. Do you want me to start reeling off the list of what you are? Marvelous, stunning ..."

"No, no. We don't have all day." She grinned. She was finally becoming comfortable in accepting that she was as beautiful as I thought she was. As I constantly told her that she was. I'm sure it wasn't hurting for her to be getting all the sex we'd been having either to help her boost her self-image.

"I guess I should enjoy this shopping trip with you. After we're done, I'm sure it'll be the last. Your future wife will hate me for using up her one shopping trip with you!" Mom teased. She looked vibrant now. The excitement of shopping, something I knew she hadn't done in quite awhile, sinking into her.

I ignored her jibe. Shopping couldn't be that bad. I loved shopping for myself. It couldn't be that different. Moreover, if I got to see her model some lingerie ... I had to shake myself before I got lost in that fantasy. A fantasy that very soon might come true!

"We'll go after dad comes home. Sound good mom?"

"Positively thrilling. I don't know why I would expect anything less from you, dear." I think I may have given my image a major boost! Not

that I needed it with mom. "Now, go do something besides hanging on me or staring at me." She shooed me away.

"Those are the best things I could be doing." I responded, but stood to leave.

"The best things? I seem to remember something better last night. At least for me." I saw her eyes followed me as closely as mine had ever followed her.

"Oh, that. I was okay. Nice even." I teased her with her own words.

"Get out of here you shit before I put you to work cleaning the gutters or something just as 'nice'!"

I walked up the stairs as I kept my eyes on my mom for as long as I could. I know she noticed too as her eyes were on me!

Later, I heard dad come home, followed by Johnny and Jojo coming back inside. Mom called out that she was making lunch. I came down in a rush. I was famished! I should have had a second bowl of cereal!

Mom made a round of sandwiches for all of us, each to our individual tastes. I hadn't thought about the effort mom put into making each of

happy. I had always taken her for granted, well, until recently. But as I paid attention to the things mom did, she continued to astound me. I made sure to thank her for what she had done. This elicited responses from my sister, then my brother. When Jojo stared pointedly at dad, he coughed and added his own thanks.

As large as my sandwiches were, the first two disappeared quickly, even for me. Mom eyed me as I ate.

"Quite the appetite. Seems like you've exerted yourself pretty thoroughly recently." She teased. We'd exerted each other pretty thoroughly last night. "Or you didn't have enough to eat at breakfast." This even drew a giggle from the younger crowd.

"I'm trying to maintain my figure." I deflected mom's teasing.

"Your figure?" Dad looked up at me. Then he cocked his head and looked all too closely at me. "What's this?"

"What?" I said nervously. I saw mom watching closely out of the corner of my eye.

"On your neck. Is that concealer?" Dad rubbed his thumb over the spot, then pulled out a towel from his golf pants pocket. He wiped vigorously. The reddish blob underneath was slowly revealed.

"Is that a hickey?" He asked me incredulously.

"Uh." I answered the best I could.

"Leave him alone Justin. He got it a few days ago and had me help him hide it.

"A few days? This looks awfully fresh. Are you sure?"

Damn! Now dad has to be Sherlock Holmes!

"Yes. I saw it soon after he got it." Mom glanced at me with a sly smile.

"Why'd you hide it? Ashamed you got a girl that hot that she gave you a hickey?"

Dad was making this very difficult.

"No, I was just trying to avoid being teased about it." I gave an intense look at my sister and especially my brother.

"You should be proud to wear a hickey. It's a badge of honor." Dad proclaimed. "I made sure everyone know when I got one."

"Really? Did you get one from all your girlfriends?" I smiled discretely at mom.

"Not all, most. Even my favorite girl gave me quite a few. Right dear?" Dad put his hand on mom's.

"Uh, yeah." Mom looked almost uncomfortable to hear dad talk about their passion-filled days.

"Who is this girl? Why hasn't your mother or I heard about her?"

"She's remarkable." I just had to slip that in no matter what else I revealed about my 'girlfriend'.

"That's it? Remarkable?"

"Mom knows all about her." I added. Mom gave me a sudden glare.

"Really? What's she look like? Cute, I bet."

"I don't know if you'd like her dad." I teased mom some more.

"I'm sure I'd love her." He grinned at me.

If dad only knew!

"You should have her over, let us meet her."

"She already knows all about all of you."

"Told her all about the family huh? And she still likes you?" Dad quipped with a poke at my shoulder.

"She loves my family actually. It's almost like she's one of us."

"Sounds like I'd like her!"

"I wouldn't want you to steal her from me, dad!"

"I'm sure there is no chance of that! I'm an old man compared to her."

"She's older than me." I admitted boldly.

"Really? College girl huh? Good for you." He gave me another poke.

I didn't clarify the age any further lest dad get any bit suspicious.

It was strange for dad to act proud of me. It had so rarely happened. Mom's face was so strained with the direction of the conversation. I could see a few veins bulging on her forehead. I wasn't proud to be marring her beauty, but dad was setting up my lines as they were written for him!

"Why haven't you said anything about this girl to me, Jenny?" Dad turned to look at mom. I was glad I wasn't under his microscope anymore!

"Nothing special about her. I was waiting to see if it would even last."

"Oh? They been together very long?"

"No, not long at all. Practically brand new."

"Still, bring her around to meet your parents Jeremy. I can judge a girl pretty good. Tell you if she's a keeper or not!"

Oh, she's a keeper!

I just couldn't tell dad that!

"Matter of fact, mom and I are going to go shopping so I can get her something ... sexy!"

I caught mom's shocked look at me.

"Shopping with your mom? For clothes? Women's clothes? You really must like this girl!" Dad said with amazement.

"I kinda do." I looked at mom for a brief moment to see her reaction but she was looking at dad.

"Have your mother pick something out; we men are notoriously bad at shopping for clothes that our woman would like. Remember that first dress I bought for you dear?"

"Hideous," was all mom said.

"I planned on mom helping. I'm sure if mom likes it then my girl will like it also!"

Mom looked at me then with a scrutinizing stare.

"I want to go too mommy!" Jojo chimed in.

"Me too, I wanna go." Johnny said around a mouthful of sandwich.

"I would love to take both of you with us! I just don't know if you'd like it. You'll get bored and act up, and mommy will get upset with you. You don't want that do you? Besides, I need you to both stay here and babysit daddy. Make sure he doesn't fall asleep during his golf show." Mom told them diplomatically.

"Golf, ugh!" Jojo said with an exaggerated huff.

Mom, Johnny, and I laughed.

Dad seemed upset at this comment and our reaction to it.

"It's a very intricate sport. You have to know the hole, read the conditions, pick the right club, and then execute your swing just right ..."

"I'll bring you guys a treat when we come home, how about that?" Mom interrupted her husband.

"What about a treat for me?" Dad asked, miffed that we were joking about his obsession.

"You're old enough to get your own treats." Mom told him coarsely.

Jojo and Johnny began to rattle off a list of treats, or things, that mom could bring back for them. I just smiled at some of their suggestions. I was sure mom wasn't bringing Johnny a new bike, or a dress for 'Missy Fishtail', the name of Jojo's unicorn riding mermaid doll!

Mom then said that if she was going shopping she had to change first. I looked at her. I thought she looked fine. I then turned to dad who put his hands in the air showing his own bewilderment.

I hadn't gotten dressed yet, so I headed upstairs to change myself. I also wiped off mom's make-up from my neck. I felt exposed with this testimonial of mom's passion being so visible. I tried to look at it as dad said, as a badge of honor.

I was stunned when I saw the outfit mom had changed into.

A crisp white, sleeve-less blouse with a low neckline that showed a large area of her chest and the beginning rises of her breasts. A barely-knee length black skirt with a slit that ran nearly to her hip displayed the floral lace tops of her tan thigh highs with an interlocking oval appliqué that ran up the back of her legs. Strappy open toed three-inch heels barely covered her feet. She was carrying a small black pocketbook. Modest hoop earrings, a silver bracelet, and a string of pearls around her neck accented her wardrobe. I'm sure she had on make-up, but it was so subtle that I couldn't tell what she'd done. It was mom's face, only better.

I felt underdressed with my black jeans and light blue button up shirt.

But next to mom in a burlap sack and me in a high-end suit, I would still feel the lesser. However, I was biased.

"That's what you're wearing to go shopping?" Dad questioned mom when he saw her.

"This is an event. It's not as if I get to go shopping all the time, and never with an escort. When was the last time you went into a store with me? Any store?" Mom said fiercely.

Dad looked chastised.

"I wanted to look extra nice for my handsome son while we are out. What do you think Jeremy?" Mom's gaze at me wasn't at all motherly.

"I think you look ..." I started too exuberantly for a son's opinion of his mother. "Nice. You look ... nice." I stared intensely at mom, using our 'nice' euphemism that stood in for incredible, tremendous, fantastic, well, you get the idea.

"Thank you dear." Her smile let me know she understood what I meant.

"I think you look nice too." Dad stated, but his nice didn't mean the same thing as mine!

"Thank you too, dear." Mom kissed his cheek and turned to me. "Are you ready?"

For mom, I was always ready!

"Sure, let's go."

"Mommy, you look real pretty!" Jojo looked up from her coloring book when she noticed mom cross the living room.

"Thank you honey. Mommy feels pretty. Now you be good for daddy and watch him real closely. Don't let him be bad, okay?"

"Okay mommy. And I'll get a treat!"

"Yes, you will."

Mom and I left.

As we walked to the driveway, I declared I was driving.

"In your car?" Mom gave me a questioning look.

"No, your car. Just I'm driving it."

"Don't want to be seen in your car with your 'girl'?" Mom ridiculed me.

I couldn't answer her.

I followed mom to the passenger side and opened the door for her. She boldly allowed much more of her legs to be revealed as she seated herself.

"So gallant." Mom beamed up at me.

I rushed around to the driver's side and climbed in. Mom handed me the keys and we were off.

"So mom, why did you dress up? I mean, not that I'm complaining!"

"Like I told your dad. I wanted to look good for my man."

"Your man?" I had to turn to look at her.

"Aren't you my man?" She asked a bit demurely.

"Oh, absolutely!"

Mom smiled widely at that.

I drove the thirty minutes to the Westside Mall. I opened mom's door and helped her out, getting a glimpse of her black lace panties for my

effort! It was then that I noticed that mom had unbuttoned the top button of her blouse, which caused a large amount of cleavage to spill out! I bumped my knee on the car door as a reward. Mom grinned surreptitiously.

We wandered through a great variety of stores, the bulk of which I had paid no attention to on my own trips to the mall. The two of us drew stares from a great many people as we walked around the different stores. The age difference between us implied we were a mother and son, but the way we acted together almost shouted that we couldn't possibly be related! We held hands, we kissed frequently, and my hand was on mom's ass a good part of the time. Mom's hand found its way to my rear a few times also! Mom's outfit also garnered more than a few approving and disapproving stares. My stares were frequent and wholeheartedly approving!

Mom was an eager browser, but she seemed reticent to actually buy anything. Clearly, she had gone too long without shopping for herself!

"You need to buy something mom! This trip is for you. That ivory blouse would have looked amazing on you!" She had tried on a number of pieces but always found some reason not to buy them. "You are like the worst woman shopper ever." I taunted her.

"I haven't shopped, really shopped for myself in over a decade. I'm just out of practice." She defended herself.

"The next thing that you like, we are going to get. Maybe if you buy a couple things, it'll come back to you." I told her.

"I don't know, we've seen some nice things. I just don't know when I would ever get to wear any of them. It's not like I have a full social life." She complained.

"How about you think of it as, what do you want to get to dress up for me."

"For you, I want to get undressed!" Mom said with a devilish leer.

"And I'm all for that! But I like seeing you dressed too. I'm going back and getting that blouse and then you are going to look for something to go with it." I headed across the store and took the blouse off the rack. A saleswoman walked by and glanced at me with more than surprise. I smiled at her and returned to mom.

"Here. Now find a skirt or slacks or whatever that you'll wear with this." I said firmly.

"Okay." She didn't sound confident, but she had agreed. I carried the first of what I hoped would be many articles of clothing. We walked

down a row with a variety of skirts. None looked nicer than the one mom had on, but she needed more than one sexy skirt.

Mom actually chose three skirts. Of different lengths and colors. I added them to the crook of my arm.

"See mom. You can still shop!" I teased.

"If I get this pear green skirt, then I need to get a pair of shoes to go with it. And maybe a sandalwood top, or a coppery one."

"That's what I want to hear!"

Mom gave me a somewhat dirty look, but she had an enthusiasm burning in her eyes too.

We spent the next hour or so collecting bags from a half dozen stores. Mom had even bought me two shirts. Having unleashed the shopping beast inside her, I couldn't deny her when we had ventured into a men's department. I felt lucky actually that I had limited her to only two shirts. She seemed inclined to buy me a whole wardrobe!

I suggested we make a trip back to the car before purchasing anything more. Mom countered with that maybe we should call it a day, she'd already bought too many things and spent too much money.

"Nonsense mom. We still haven't done what I came here to do."

"And that is?"

"Get some lingerie." I said matter-of-factly.

"Oh, right. Get your wrinkly old mom some slutty underwear so you can have your way with her?"

"You're half right mom."

"Which half?"

I didn't answer and just grinned at her.

We did go back out to the car. I may have found a few new muscles in my arms from carrying mom's haul around. I gratefully piled them into her trunk. She surprised me by wrapping her arm around mine as we

walked back into the shopping center. I glanced briefly at her and saw her looking ahead with the most beautiful smile glowing on her face.

Even as we walked through the busy mall, mom kept her arm entwined around mine as if I was a prized possession. I saw a few people's eyes follow us, surely shocked that an older woman was with a guy as young as me. Or that they'd seen the proof of our lust on my neck! On the other hand, maybe they were just checking out the sexy woman at my side!

Mom slowed as we approached the large shopfront of the lingerie store. She seemed apprehensive.

"Nervous? It's not like you haven't been here before."

I mean, it was only a store. Full of sexy undies! A shiver ran over me as I imagined all the half-naked women that would be wearing these flimsy pieces of cloth! And that I was with one of those women right now!

"Something wrong?" Mom asked when she noticed my shaking.

"No, just everything right."

She added nothing further.

"Hello, can I help you with something?" A cute blonde-haired girl came up to us after we entered. I saw the quick glance-over she gave each of us.

"Hello ... Cherry I think it was?" Mom greeted the salesgirl.

This was the girl mom and Aunt Jess had talked about! I could see what my aunt had said, she was very cute! Her breasts weren't large but they were very perky! And her ass was just made for grabbing!

"You've been here before?" Cherry asked mom.

"A few weeks ago. With my ... ah, friend. We were looking for something special for our young man." Mom said.

"Oh. I remember." The blonde girl looked at me. "Is this your date?"

It seemed an odd question, but I guess mom and I were unusual.

Mom looked at her, then at me, and then said proudly, "He is for today."

Mom smiled at me. Then she looked back at Cherry. "If you remember, then I can tell you that this is the young man we were shopping for." She said conspiratorially.

"Oh really?" Cherry reevaluated me, eyeing me up and down. She was still looking at me, but she spoke to mom. "How was your evening, if you don't mind my asking?" Her tone was cheerfully secretive, as if mom was sharing a sexy secret. Oh, I guess she was!

"It was ...uhh, memorable." Mom beamed as she blushed.

"Very memorable." I agreed.

Cherry grinned in return.

"I just hope I can find a hot guy like him when I'm your age." She blurted out. Then she realized her mistake. "Not that you're old or anything, just ..."

Mom put a calming hand on the girl's wrist.

"It's okay. I know what you meant." Mom looked over at me. "I was very lucky to find Jeremy. He almost fell right into my hands."

I chuckled to myself at mom's reference to how this started between us!

I returned mom's look, but was surprised that she'd used my name. Shouldn't we be trying to keep our identities a secret? However, from the brief time with Cherry so far, it seemed she was very open-minded. She hadn't been shocked when mom and Aunt Jessica told her of their threesome with a younger man. Would she be if she knew the whole truth?

"We want to pick out some more items; maybe I could even model them for him?" Mom said coyly.

"Well ... we don't normally allow gentlemen in the fitting rooms." She paused and looked around the store cautiously. "But we do get so few men that actually come in the store with their lady friends. It's been somewhat slow and you are returning customers, so I'll allow it. But you'll have to leave if anyone else wants to use the changing area." Cherry looked at me meaningfully.

"Oh sure, no problem. Thank you." I smiled as suavely as I could. I'm sure I looked like a dork. A lecherous dork!

Mom and I roamed the store going through the wide selection of lace, silk, satin, leather, spandex, and other assorted materials with which the variety of intimate apparel was made. I was agog at some of the items! I wanted to see mom in nearly everything! Mom limited me to

things that she would actually want to wear and steered me away from the BDSM department completely! Seeing mom with her arms strapped together behind her back, with a ball-gag, nipple clamps, and with fishnets and garters sounded very sexy! Nearly every other fantasy I could possibly have had already been fulfilled by my mom and her hot sister!

We found quite a few items that mom agreed to try on, corsets, teddies, bustiers, crotchless panties, bras with nothing more than thin strips, a see-thru floor length robe, and things that I had no idea what they were called, but that they consisted of very little fabric and that mom would be wearing them was all I needed to know!

I could see mom had gotten very excited by the prospect of modeling these sexy articles for me, the smile on her face lit up the store as we browsed. When I had a full armload, we headed to the back where the sign indicated the fitting rooms. We passed through a curtain that opened on a wide hallway with a number of curtained cubicles. All of them were open indicating they weren't in use. I guided mom to the one furthest from the curtained entryway.

We entered to find a largish room for a fitting room, with a bench seat, a high shelf to store purses and such, and two full-length mirrors on opposite walls, and a few hooks on one wall for hanging clothes. I took a seat on the bench with the pile of lingerie beside me.

Mom undressed slowly, giving me a modified strip tease. Needless to say, I was hard in seconds! And we hadn't even started the modeling yet! Mom's eyes fell to my crotch as she removed the lacy black panties that had been hidden beneath her skirt, a sultry smile on her lips. When she unbuttoned her blouse, I found that she had been braless! She grinned as my eyes locked on her tits and hard nipples.

"You like what you see?" She said in a smoky voice.

"God mom, you know I do!" I said exuberantly. Too much so!

"Shh! I'm Jenny when we are out, remember?" Mom, Jenny, looked intensely at me.

"Oh yeah! Right. Sorry." I apologized. My eyes traveled over her body. Only her sexy hosiery was left and she wasn't removing those.

Mom first tried on a red bustier with black stitching that lifted her breasts from beneath without hiding their fullness or beauty. I showed my approval with a slack jaw.

"I think that means this one is a keeper!" She licked her lips slowly. I was ready to ravish her already and it was only the first item!

"Keep your excitement in your pants Jeremy. I have quite a few things to still model. I can't have you going off half-cocked as you might say!" She teased with a soft laugh.

I was going to go off full cocked! There was nothing half about my state right then!

Mom removed the bustier and chose a sheer green chemise with a satin bodice. I was unhappy mom's tits were being hidden, but the tantalizing effect of the sheer fabric was erotic.

"Of course I would have to have on a pair of matching panties!" Mom said as she twirled for my judgment. I nodded. "Here, let me try on these crotchless ones, even though they are the wrong color." Mom quickly pulled on the straps that called themselves underwear. There was nothing to them, how could they be the wrong color?

The result was so sexy; the covering was there even though nothing was covered. It was the illusion of being dressed while being almost fully exposed. My dazed look voiced my opinion of both items.

"I don't know if you are a worthy judge of lingerie." Mom stated standing there almost naked. "I have a feeling you are going to like everything I try on!" I could see a touch of a smile beneath her stern exterior.

"It's not my fault if everything looks incredible on you, mah ... Jenny!" My wide eyes soaked in the view.

"We might as well just buy the whole pile then. I don't need to try anything else on." She gave a resigned shrug as if she was serious.

"No! No, don't do that! I'll try to be more critical of our choices. I blame the gorgeous model that is skewing my judgment!"

Mom fought a grin as she bent to remove the panties, then took off the chemise and put both items atop the bustier. I didn't know if that meant she was getting them also or not.

Mom modeled the rest of the pile, twirling, bending, and posing for my opinion. And my enjoyment! Although I did have to stand and rearrange mom's number one fan a couple of times as 'he' struggled in the confines of my pants! Sitting there in the small room with mom trying on lingerie with my dick straining to be free with no room to stretch out was slightly more than painful.

I had a, let's say hard time trying to find fault with any of our selections. But they were all seductively nice, that was why we had chosen them in the first place! To be honest though, there were a few things that didn't seem to be as nice as when we had selected them. The model I

had made them look appealing, but that was mom and not the lingerie. We did have a small pile of things that didn't make the grade when we had finished. Mom had made two piles, one of items we liked and one with those that weren't quite right. I wondered how much she planned on buying. Certainly not the whole 'like' pile? Even as I was having dreams of all the nights that I would have with her in each of the outfits!

Could we manage to get that much time alone?

Mom was still wearing the last item she had modeled for me, a deep blue corset that left everything exposed by itself (as mom didn't have the matching panties for it), but still made her look more erotic than just being nude.

"I think I have tortured you long enough honey!" Mom looked at me sitting on the bench seat. I just stared up at the angelic vixen before me.

"Stand up Jeremy." She gestured me up with a wave of her hand.

"What for?" I asked as I slowly rose. I was sure I had leaked a bucket of pre-cum into my boxers. My pants didn't appear damp though.

Mom dropped down to her knees and her fingers deftly worked to free my raging erection. She grinned hugely when it sprang free.

"Don't make any noise dear." Mom looked up at me with her tongue lapping the end of my rod.

I couldn't make any promises that I was sure I would be breaking!

Mom didn't waste any time, as she surely knew how close I had to be after her seductive show. She licked over my entire cock before she began to bob her head over me with a quick hand stroke at the base.

She had been at it for a few minutes when we heard a cough outside the curtain.

"Is everyone decent?" I recognized Cherry's voice a split second before she entered the room.

Me and mom froze.

"Oh! I'm so sorry!" The blonde girl's eyes went so wide and her mouth was held in an 'O' as she backed hurriedly through the curtain.

"Someone else wants to use the fitting rooms so your ... um, gentleman will have to leave. As soon as you're done, I mean."

We couldn't hear the mortified girl walk away, but I was sure she wasn't staying for the blow-by-blow rundown!

Mom quickened her actions while staring up at me. The feeling she was giving me combined with her hungry eyes peering up had me ready to unload in approximately forty-two seconds!

"Suck me ... Jenny! Suck my cum, you sexy slut!"

Mom's eyes widened even more as she drank my cream like a hungry kitten.

When she finished making sure I was properly cleaned, I pulled up my underwear and pants while mom changed back into her own clothes. She still looked just as sexy as she had in any of the skimpy lingerie!

As we were exiting the fitting room hall, we passed a middle-aged woman that was entering who stared at us, me specifically, with an almost horrified look on her face.

The two of us laughed conspiratorially!

Afterwards mom went back through the store, picking out the matching panties and bras for the different items we'd chosen that required them. I had quite an armful when she decided that we were finally finished shopping.

We walked up to the checkout area and found Cherry there. She apologized again for interrupting us. Her cheeks were flaming red and she had trouble looking at either of us.

"It wasn't your fault Cherry. We just got caught up with my ... show." Mom explained. It didn't seem to mollify the girl.

She rang up mom's choices. Mom did get almost the entire selection that was the 'like' pile. My brain was reeling with mom's purchases! So much lingerie to enjoy!

Cherry said she was sorry one more time before we left the store. As we walked away, I heard the salesgirl's voice.

"Please come again!"

Mom and I both burst out laughing at her unintentional innuendo!

We had been shopping for a number of hours and I was hungry again. Mom allowed us to stop and have a bite to eat in the mall's food court. Well, for me to get a bite to eat. She did steal a couple of my fries though.

"I'm sure you would be hungrier if you hadn't filled up on me recently!" I teased her. Mom gave a sexy leer at me and licked her lips as if she had just polished me off. I felt a quiver in my jeans! I changed the subject quickly before my dick thought it was getting some more action.

"I can't believe that you bought all that lingerie!" I exclaimed as I ate heartily.

"I have to keep my man happy! I don't want to lose him to a younger model."

We both chuckled at her word.

"But what about what you said about me getting a ... younger model?" I repeated her words back at her. Doubly with her words.

"We both know that you aren't going to. I'm not sure I still want you to." She had a strained look on her face. "It's not right, but I can't resist you. I wouldn't want to share you either."

"I have to share you." I declared defiantly.

"Oh, Jeremy! I didn't mean that. It's just that ... I mean, everything is just so mixed up! I don't know what to do about this all!" She seemed close to tears.

"It's all right mom! Don't cry, I can't stand to see you cry! I don't like sharing you, but if that's the only way to have you, then I can accept it. I'll have to accept it!" I took both her hands in mine and held them tight as if that would ease her pain. My own eyes got misty as mom fought back her tears. She wiped her cheeks nevertheless.

"I'm sorry. You're right. I would accept sharing you over losing you. I mean, I already am sharing you with your aunt!"

"That's not the same. With Aunt Jessica, it's only sex. We like each other just fine, even love each other. But that is more that she's my aunt than because I'm having sex with her, if you understand what I mean."

"I do Jeremy. I do." She looked at me as if she was reading my mind.

If she actually could, we would have to get a motel room!

Mom continued after a pause. "We should be getting home and not sitting here getting all maudlin."

I'd never heard the word before and didn't know what it meant, but I'm sure it wasn't something I wanted anyway.

"We're going to have to sneak these bags into the house. Past dad." I said, gesturing at the clearly marked lingerie store bags that surrounded us like a barricade.

"We'll tuck them inside the other bags when we take them in." Mom said, her episode now behind her.

"I can't wait to see you in one of them! Very soon!" I growled at her as we rose. I grabbed at her ass to show my intent.

"Stop it Jeremy!" Mom said looking around at the crowds of mostly teens like me. My focus had been on the woman across from me, but I'm sure a great many of teen guys were staring at me with envy and jealousy. My love of mom protected me from consideration of their petty emotions. That she loved me in return made me invincible to what others thought about us!

We went back to mom's car, stashing our newly bought booty in with the other bags from the more respectable stores. I had a momentary

thought of if mom would ever wear any of this lingerie with dad. I had to cringe at that thought. These were for mom and I, not for dad's pleasure! I couldn't tell her not to have sex with her husband because I was jealous of him, and I couldn't tell her not to wear any of the intimate items for him when technically dad's money had just bought them. But I hoped that she felt the same and wouldn't degrade these bits of fabric by using them with a husband that didn't truly appreciate anymore of what he had with his wife.

I tried to fight off the sullen mood that had crept over me. I mean, I had spent the day shopping for new clothes for mom to wear as I stared at her and the number of sexy undies that she'd gotten just for me after having modeled them so seductively, and finished it all off with a surprise blowjob!

I was the last person to have cause to be moody!

Mom noticed as I drove homeward and asked what was wrong.

"I hope I didn't depress you with my outburst."

"No, it's nothing. I'm fine." I gave her a fake smile that I hoped she bought. She did smile graciously back at me.

"Stop at the grocery store. I have to get something for your brother and sister." Mom said as she stared out the window at the world passing us by.

She was only in the store for a few minutes when I had stopped. She had two bags of items when she came out.

"That's more than treats." I stated.

"I picked up some other things too. I have a human vacuum cleaner that continues to clean out my cupboards and refrigerator!" She purposely didn't look at me as she spoke.

"I've told Jojo not to be eating everything in sight, but what can you do with an eight year old girl?" I quipped back, some of my normal tone returning.

"Or an eighteen year old son!" She did now look at me, with a measured smile that grew into a grin.

We returned home with a much lighter mood between us. I dutifully collected mom's clothing haul and followed her into the house. Mom was instantly barraged by pre-teens. Dad was watching his golf, of course. I could see the aftereffects of his late night and early morning, as his head nodded to the side every few minutes. He did perk up soon

after we entered. The look on his face as he mentally counted the number of bags that I was carrying was as the commercial says, priceless! And he didn't even know about the hidden packages!

"So what'd you buy?" Dad asked as he surveyed the store names on the bags.

"Some blouses, some slacks, some underwear." Mom's voice became muffled at that last; clearly hoping dad didn't pick up on it.

No such luck.

Dad looked at me with a surprised intensity.

"You went bra shopping with your mother?" Not that he was suspicious, more that he was mortified.

"It wasn't like that. Jeremy was ... a gentleman the whole time." Mom said with a shy smile at me. I caught mom's use of Cherry's title for me from the lingerie store.

Dad groaned but said nothing more.

"What'd you get us mommy?" Jojo asked for the fifth or sixth time as we talked. "I made extra sure daddy was good! I told him I would punsh him if he was bad. Didn't I daddy?"

"She was a very strict babysitter dear. I don't know if I want her to watch me again. Johnny lets me do what I want!" Dad teased as he tickled Jojo's belly.

"I bought some popsicles for you two."

"That sounds good. I'll take one too, Jenny." Dad stated.

"Posicles!" Jojo cheered.

Johnny just looked expectantly at his mother.

Mom handed them each one. Dad took one and sat back down. Jojo tore into hers and was in the process of covering her face with the frozen syrup. Johnny, who was normally the messy one with most things, was fastidious as he consumed his, not missing a single drop. Johnny never messed around when it came to food; he always made sure it all ended up in his growing stomach.

"Don't you want one Jeremy?" Mom asked as she slowly opened one for herself.

"Nah, I'm good."

Mom brought hers to her lips and for some reason I was drawn to watching her.

Mom saw me studying her.

Her tongue dragged along the sticky Popsicle, licking it with such exaggeration. I suddenly become very intent on watching mom. She licked it up and down, sucking it seductively into her mouth while I could see her tongue clearly underneath. Mom stared at me with smoky heat as she sucked. My dick was suddenly jealous!

"Are you sure you don't want one? It is sooo good!" She pushed the Popsicle into her mouth again, her encircling lips forming an 'O' as she pursed her lips around the treat and at me.

Yep, my dick was jealous now and standing up to protest! I shifted uncomfortably with my brother and sister so close by that they might see my awkward condition.

I in fact, did want some of that, not the Popsicle, but rather the hot mother sucking on it!

Mom continued her show of licking with large strokes of her wide tongue and sucking the entire Popsicle into her mouth with only the wooden stick barely protruding from her wet lips. Her eyes never left my face as she put on a second show for me today.

I unconsciously grabbed my crotch and shuffled my feet as I was glued to the sight of mom sucking the melting dick.

"Don't eat the stick mom." Johnny warned.

I choked up at my brother's comment!

Mom coughed as she pulled the Popsicle from her mouth. I saw the realization wash over her face as she noticed her young children unknowingly witnessing her lewd behavior. I had to grin after I caught my breath.

Mom saw my amusement at her having been caught and with a purposeful glare at me, she bit the Popsicle in half and chewed forcefully, her eyes daggers pointed at me.

My dick shivered in mock pain at the sight. I hurriedly left the kitchen and went up to my room.

Mom was able to keep herself restrained for the rest of the evening.

Well, reasonably so.

She still blew me kisses whenever possible. She came up behind me at one point and pressed her tits into my back, the condition of her nipples very evident. She even came upstairs to tuck Jojo in and before she returned downstairs, she came to my bedroom door and with her blouse fully unbuttoned and hanging open, she flashed me those marvelous and beautiful breasts of hers.

"To use as a visual incentive for whatever might come up tonight. Have a nice night honey." She gave me a cheerful motherly smile as she closed my door.

Mom was teasing me about jerking off?

And flashing her tits at me to help me? With all the memories I had of her, even from just earlier today, I didn't need that flashing of female flesh! Not that I wasn't always glad to see mom's boobs! I had a whole file cabinet in my brain of images of mom's tits!

I did resist the urge to relieve myself anyway!

Thoughts of mom's bouncing breasts filled my dreams all night.

Mom was absent from my room the next morning when I awoke.

The stiffness of my morning wood made me regret my decision last night of relieving any pressure.

I hoped that I would get a chance with mom soon to alleviate the problem! Especially as I nearly sprayed the bathroom trying to take a leak with it pointing at the ceiling!

First thing though, I wasn't going to have a repeat of yesterday. I needed breakfast!

Mom was in the process of preparing one of her banquets as I came downstairs. She was wearing her robe with her plain nightie underneath, or so I assumed.

"Morning honey. Hungry?" She eyed me slyly. She knew what I wanted! Besides food that is.

"You didn't have too hard a time last night did you?" Mom asked subtly with a wink.

I came up behind her to give her a hug. I pressed my stiffy against her firm ass.

"Not too hard at all, thanks for asking." I gave her a kiss on her cheek, innocently enough with my siblings watching. Dad was sitting in his chair focused on his tablet.

Mom jerked up straight when I poked my bulge into her.

"Are you saying you want sausage for breakfast?" She looked at me sternly.

I smiled back at her retort. "I'll have whatever my lovely mother fixes for me." I said so sweetly I could feel my teeth rotting!

"Gruel for you then." She tried to hold back her grin but failed.

"Sit down. Justin, the food is ready! Come sit down and put that thing away!" Mom called to dad.

We had a large breakfast, enjoying it as a normal family. Only the sly smiles and sneaky grins mom and I gave each other said otherwise. When I felt satisfactorily full, I had one more helping and quit the table. Mom gave me astonished look when I finished.

"I don't know where you put it all and remain fit!" She questioned.

I glanced around as dad had returned to his recliner and Johnny and Jojo had gone outside to play, as it was finally nice after a few days of rain and gloom.

"It goes into the protein shake machine. How else did you think I am able to produce so much ... cream for you?" I said the last in a lower volume.

"I'm going to have to change your diet then. I think I need to switch to fat-free shakes!" Mom rose and began to collect the dishes the others had left on the table.

"Let me help you mom."

"Don't you think that looks suspicious? My son wants to help out?" She eyed me cautiously.

"A guy can't help his mom without being questioned about it?" I said.

"Said no son ever." Mom rejoindered.

"Jeez. I'll let you do it all if you want. I just thought I could help out."

"You're just trying to get in my ... panties." She whispered the last.

"Nah!" I countered. "I've been there. I'm looking for something else." I made a point of averting my eyes from mom.

She smacked me in the arm and said, "If you want to help out of the goodness of your heart and not for a ... reward, then I welcome it."

"I'm sure I'll get the reward whether I help or not!" I stated.

We quickly cleaned the breakfast mess. Mom rinsed what could be put in the dishwasher and then soaked the rest. I wiped down the table (hey, I can manage some housework!) and then came up behind her as she wiped down the counter. My dick had gone back to sleep but could wake at a moment's notice.

"I don't feel any interest in you." Mom stated, noticing my condition.

"You could fix that if you wanted." I whispered in her ear.

"Your father is right there." She said softly.

"Sitting oblivious right there you mean." I placed my right hand on her curved hip.

"You're pretty bold for someone whose life could be on the line." Mom teased. I'm sure she wasn't serious about what dad would do to me. I hoped his fatherly love would stave off any filicide.

On the other hand, we could just continue to keep him from finding out what was going on!

"You seem to like bold, pretty lady." I breathed in her ear.

"I do, don't I?" Her left hand fell down and snaked between us to play over my crotch. It wouldn't take long for my dick to notice mom's touch.

"Don't start anything you don't intend to finish. I resisted the temptation you lured me with last night. I am on a hair trigger." I warned her.

"You resisted? I didn't think that was possible!" Mom's voice rose.

"I resisted with the possibility of your involvement in the near future."

"That's a big assumption!" She turned to face me with a sparkling smile on her face.

"It's more than just an assumption that is big!" I fought the urge to take her in my arms and bury my face in hers.

"It doesn't feel like it." She glanced down to where her hand still caressed the front of my shorts.

"If you're serious, give it a minute. If you're not, you should stop what you are doing very quickly." I too glanced down at mom's delicate feminine fingers fondling my jewels and staff. They soon withdrew, to my relief and disappointment.

"Your father is supposed to be fixing that closet door today. He'll have to go to the home improvement store. You know he'll be gone for

awhile, I think he loves that store almost as much as he loves the golf course." Mom had a definite tone for the other loves in dad's life besides her! "We'll have some time to take care of your friend. And my kitty!"

Whoa!

Where did that come from?

But she had forgotten about one other problem, or actually two little problems.

"What about Jojo and Johnny?"

"Have you seen outside? After being stuck in the house the past few days, they won't be coming inside for hours, except maybe to pee!"

Mom had definitely become a sex addict! Had she and dad ever been so bold when I was younger? I certainly hadn't seen anything, but I suppose that is the point. I mean, at some point they had managed it, as I have a brother and sister as evidence. I assumed any sex that they would have had (Eww!) would have been at night like usual parents. But now seeing the state my mother was in, I had to wonder if they had been having sex all the time when I had been napping, or playing, or even had been just in another room! Mom had said that she thought Jojo had been conceived on the kitchen table! (Again, eww!)

"You want a quickie while dad is at the store and the kids are outside playing?" I studied mom intently. "I'm certainly not going to argue. Except maybe about the amount of time I get to spend with my special lady!"

"Spend time with, or in your lady?"

"Both!" I exclaimed.

Mom snickered.

"Justin. When are you going to get to that closet?" Mom stepped into the living room. I stayed out of view while I peeked in. I didn't want dad to think I had any concern about his completing the task for mom.

"Right after this hole dear. I'll go get the things I need, come back and fix that quick. Then I can catch up on what I missed." Dad's eyes never left his tablet. I was surprised he didn't have it on the TV. Unless it was online only. A golf only channel and he still did not get enough that he had to get additional content on his tablet! I really had to wonder at my father.

"Remember, you said you'd do those other things on that list too. They shouldn't take you long." Mom remarked.

"Oh, yeah sure, honey."

It seemed a husband's stock answer. I wasn't convinced. I'm sure mom wasn't either, but she didn't say anything more.

I was waiting expectantly for dad to leave, but I couldn't hang around loitering downstairs until he did. I crept past him and hurried upstairs. I'm sure dad never noticed me.

I piddled around on the computer until I heard the front door close. I think I took the steps in three bounds!

Mom was wiping her hands at the entryway to the kitchen.

"Let me check on your brother and sister first." She said.

Plainly.

Motherly.

Not as if she was about to have illicit sex while her husband was gone.

With her oldest son! Of which was me!

I saw she'd gotten dressed. Which seemed pointless if we would soon be undressed!

She had on a light colorful pastel-striped blouse with wide lapels and an olive colored calf-length pleated skirt. She appeared the epitome of motherliness. I had to wonder though if she had on a bra or panties beneath her matronly exterior! My vote was for no.

Mom went to both doors and looked out. I heard her speaking at either door.

"Jojo is swinging and Johnny is doing laps around the block on his bike. Both of them can go for hours like that."

Jojo would swing day and night if she could. That and coloring were her chief interests.

Johnny on the other hand had somehow gotten in his head that he could make the book of records by the number of times he rode his bike around the block. He'd done eighty-seven one day! We all had been

suitably impressed, but when I had told him that that wasn't how the records went, he took that as a challenge. He'd been trying to beat his record ever since. However, with either the weather, the time he would start his laps, or being an easily distracted eleven year old, he'd never managed to get close. I think fifty-eight was the next highest amount. Yeah, he could be out there awhile!

Therefore, between the two activities of my siblings, I was reasonably sure that they would stay occupied for the duration. Long after dad would return. More than enough time for some hanky panky with mom!

We both turned simultaneously from across the living room to stare at each other. Mom returned my look of incredulity that we were actually going to do this. Have sex in the middle of the day. When anyone could come over. The kids could come in, or heaven forbid, dad could return early. Each of us was frozen in place for a second as our last chance to change our minds. Not that that could ever happen!

We didn't bolt at one another, as you would expect. Mom looked at me with determination. I looked at her with youthful lust. We both walked purposefully towards the other. My arms wrapped around her slim waist as if they belonged there, mom's hands came up to my cheeks holding my head in place as our lips met. It was as if we were trying to merge our lips into one set with the force that we pressed together. Our tongues darted into each other's mouths, dancing together in their grand oral hall.

My hands moved up from her waist to her shoulder blades, pulling her breasts tighter against my chest, my hips twitching against hers as if eager to begin our joining. Mom's arms went up behind my neck, her hands caressing my shoulders.

I pulled back with reluctance.

"We should use my room. It's farther away." I said peering deep in mom's sparkling emerald pools. She understood my intent. If anyone should interrupt us, my room would give us the most time to respond and cover ourselves.

I let mom dart up the stairs first, not that I could stare at anything while following her, with her longish loose skirt covering everything. All I could see was a bit of her smooth calves. Still, they were mom's calves! We didn't run, but it certainly wasn't a leisurely walk either! Mom entered my room and turned as I entered.

"Close the door." She almost ordered.

I didn't know if I should lock it also. Would that look too suspicious? I did anyway. It would be better to explain why mom was in my room with me with a locked door, then to be caught in the middle of coitus. We could not explain that away!

I turned back towards mom and she sprang on me.

I accepted her charge graciously.

Our hands replaced themselves where they had been downstairs as if they had never been removed.

As did our mouths. Tongues and lips.

We swayed about as we shared our passion, but didn't move specifically towards my bed. We did start to remove each other's clothes, I unbuttoned mom's blouse as she undid my shorts. As I tried to kick them off around my sneakers, I tripped and stumbled with mom until the wall beside my desk kept us both from falling to the floor. Mom was between me and the wall and I was worried I had injured her.

"Are you okay?" I asked with great concern.

"I'm fantastic. I need you in me. Right now, right here! Up against the wall!" Mom panted as she made her demand.

I stared at her for a second.

I lifted her skirt and discovered that I had been right earlier, mom was wearing no panties. I gave a questioning look. She just smiled sexily in reply. I pushed my boxer to my ankles and as I stared into mom's eyes, I sank my eight and a half inches as deep into mom's soaked pussy as possible. Her eyes widened as I filled her and her arms held tighter to my shoulders. My hands dropped to her ass and held her in position. Mom took this opportunity to wrap her legs around my waist and lock them behind my back.

"Fuck me Jeremy! Fuck your mother's pussy as hard as you can! I want it so badly! I need it! Shove that fucking cock in me!" Mom begged me like an addict looking for a fix.

Mom had gone from seductress to slut in a record time!

I grunted as I pounded my hard cock into mom, rocking us off the wall behind her. The lack of cushioning made my thrusts that much more forceful. Mom's eyes took on a haze of ecstasy as I pleasured her. After a few dozen strokes, her head went limp and fell to my shoulder. Arms and legs gripped me tighter.

"More! Fill me up with your huge cock Jeremy! Mommy needs you to fuck me hard! Fuck mommy's slutty cunt honey!" Mom whimpered into the nook of my neck.

I did as best I could to fulfill mom's desires and fill her tight pussy. Over mom's haggard breathing, I thought I caught the sounds of Jojo's laughter as she was swinging in the backyard.

"You like this cock mom?" I gave her a few rough thrusts.

"I love it!" Mom moaned loudly.

"I don't think you do. You don't convince me."

"I LOVE your cock Jeremy! I love it sooo much! Fuck me with it!" She screamed in my all-too-close ear. Her fingers clawed my back.

I slammed mom fiercely for a few minutes then slowed to a measured tempo, letting the alternate speed increase mom's heat and to cool my need.

"You know just the way I want it honey! The way I need it." Mom kissed me then while I continued my slow pistoning.

When I felt I wasn't going to burst anymore I once again jack hammered my dick in mom's hungry hole.

"Aaaa! Oh! God! Yes!" Mom wailed. "Fuck me! Fuck me!" She trailed off to a continuous stream of 'fuck' every time I bottomed out in her.

Mom's hands fought for purchase on my sweaty back and I had to hoist her up again in my hands. After a few minutes I had to once again slow or orgasm. I knew mom was far from being finished.

"Oh God! I was just about to cum Jeremy! I was so close!" She complained.

"So was I mom, but I'm not ready yet. And neither are you." I told her and kissed her, moderately at first, but more hungrily as the seconds passed.

"I just want you to fuck me like this forever honey! Fuck your slutty mommy for eternity!"

"I wish we could mom, I wish we could." I looked her in the face and at the risk of breaking the mood, I quipped. "But I'll get hungry sooner or later and you'll have to feed me!"

Mom looked back with a straight face and responded with, "or I'll get hungry for you and you'll have to feed me!"

God, I loved my mother!

"I wish I could keep both your holes satisfied!" I grunted as I gave a couple quick hard thrusts.

"Oh!" She gasped out. "Only both?"

"I think I'd need another set of balls to keep all three holes filled up, my sexy, sex-hungry slut mom!" I declared.

"Fill me up now honey! Fill my cunt with your cock! Keep fucking me until I cum for you!" Her eyes pierced mine until my rapid-fire strokes made them roll up behind her lids.

"Oh! Yes! Like that! Mommy loves that! Oh God yes, I love that!"

"Cum for me mommy! I love to see you cumming! You're such a sexy slutty mommy when you cum on my dick!"

"Mommy is a slut! I'm a slut for my baby boy! Ohhh! Oooo! Fuuuuckkkk! Mommmmeee iss cuuuumm minnng!"

Her arms and legs squeezing me may have been tight before, but she was a steel vice now as an orgasm crushed her with its blissful release. I felt wetness run down my thighs and legs, surely soaking my boxers with mom's syrupy juices.

"Don't stop honey! Keep going. I want to cum again on your cock! I neeeed to cum again!"

Mom had really become a sex fiend! Was she becoming more than I could handle? I wouldn't accept that. Not until she killed me with sex!

I couldn't keep up the intense rhythm that had set her off, so I instead slowed my pace and shoved my dick hard in her tight twat on each stroke, pulling back and jamming hard into her again and again. It was still an exertion, but not as much as the quick, fierce fucking I had been doing.

"Oh ... yes ... honey ... I ... think ... I ... like ... this ... too ... ooo!" Mom grunted with each jab of my dick. "Keep ... go-ing ... my ... cunt ... loves ... your ... huge ... hard ... cock!"

My cock loved her tight wet cunt too!

And I had to tell her so!

"My dick ... loves my beautiful ... slutty mommy. Are you ... my slutty mommy?" The irregular motion was giving me a twitch in my lower back muscles as they were not used to being used in this way.

"Oh yes ... honey! I ... love being ... your slut-tee ... mom-meeee!"

"Tell me what you want then, slutty bitch! Tell your stud, what you need!"

"Fuuuckk meee! Fuck meee sooo harrrrd!" She wailed again.

I once again upped my pace until I was slamming her hard against the wall. She might have some bruises and some sore muscles, but she was certainly going to know that she'd been thoroughly and royally fucked good!

I might not be able to walk tomorrow, but that was a small price to pay for mom's sexual contentment!

"Oh! Oh! Shit, oh! Mommy's gonna cum again, Jeremy! Mommy's cunt is going to cum ... all ... over ... your beautiful big cock! Keep fucking mommy's pussy, keep fucking me, keep fuck-king meeee!"

Mom clamped her mouth to mine, catching me off-guard as she took the breath out of me. Literally!

Her tongue dueled with mine as she shook with ecstasy in her second orgasm. I had been so close myself before she had succumbed. Mom had cum twice now, so I kept up my pace and gave myself over to my bubbling balls that needed to overflow!

"God mom! I'm cummminng now toooo!" I struggled to remain standing as my muscles refused to respond to my overloaded brain.

"Yes baby! Fill mommy's cunt with your creamy white cum! Fill mommy's cunt up to the top! I love the feeling of you cumming in me, dear. To feel your spunk shooting deep in mommy's womb!"

That word triggered a shiver in me. I had never considered the possibility of the consequences of having unprotected sex with my mother before. I mean, I assumed she was on the pill or something. I certainly didn't want another brother or sister that was also my child!

Mom must have seen something come over my face, because she looked at me with concern.

"What's wrong honey?"

"I know I've never asked, and I've never thought about condoms, but ... you're on the pill right?" I released my hold on her ass and her legs fell until they touched the floor. She wobbled for a second.

Her concern melted into a smile.

"No, honey, I'm not. But don't worry. You're not going to get me pregnant. I had my tubes tied after I had Jojo. Three kids were plenty for me! You don't honestly think I would be having all this sex with you without making you wear a condom if I thought there was the slightest chance of getting pregnant do you? Come on. I may love you, and your ... dick. But not enough to have to raise another of you hellions!" Her laugh was so pleasant and carefree.

"Thank God!" I exclaimed with great relief. I don't why it took this long for me even to think about protection. I just got lost in my excitement.

Mom looked at me with some disquiet.

"I suppose I should scold you for waiting this long to bring this up and not asking that first time if I was safe, but I guess that day at Jess's was a bit ... uh ... unique!" Mom stared into my eyes. "I should have told you before now. Just that a mother doesn't normally discuss her contraceptive habits with her son."

"Most moms aren't having sex with their sons either!" I said with an easy smile. It was a heavy and touchy subject and I didn't want to break the mood.

"I know you don't want to be a daddy yet. I do want grandkids, but not quite yet. If you ever have sex with another girl, I hope you take more care than you have with me. Or your aunt. Or that you have in the past."

"Oh, I made sure before, just you and Jess were a shock."

"Not only to you." She put a hand on my chest. "I'm sure when you're ready, and you find the right girl, that you'll make an excellent father! I can tell that just from how you are with your brother and sister, even though they are only your siblings." Mom smiled. "Now, enough talking and more sex!"

"You're not done yet?" I asked.

"Are you?" She cocked her head as if my question was silly.

I guess it was!

"Oh, hell no!" Though by that point my dick had gone to sleep.

"I'll just have to get you ready then!" Mom said with a slyly seductive grin as she sunk to her knees.

Mom's wonderful mouth had me ready again in less than five minutes. Although, I think she was taking a bit of extra time getting me hard. I'm sure she could have done it in three minutes if she had wanted!

Mom rose with a hand still gently stroking my pussy-pleasing bar of hardened flesh. She looked at me with a curious intent.

"Up against the wall again? Or maybe just here on the floor?" Mom asked with a devilish smile.

"Why not the bed?"

"That's kinda tame. I loved it when you slammed me against the wall! I want that again!" Mom's eyes pleaded with me.

"Whatever you want mom." I kissed her again, as fiercely as I could.

"Fuck me honey! Slam this mighty sausage in my cunt! Fill me with your hard cock!" Mom begged with a hungry voice.

I knew the floor would be easier, but I did have to agree with mom, fucking up against the wall had been so intense!

I reached between us and guided my meat missile into mom's slick launch bay. I then reached under, grabbed that scrumptious ass, and lifted her up. Mom instantly wrapped herself back around me with a squeal. Her lips locked on mine as I pressed her to the painted wall. I jammed into her with some force.

"Be rough with me honey! Slam me against the wall, make me really feel it. Fuck me like a slut! I want to be a slut for you Jeremy! Bang me against the wall! Throw me on the floor! I don't care; just fuck me with your cock! Fuck mommy harrrdd!" Mom had grabbed my hair with one hand and pulled it to separate our faces looking at me with such ferocity that it startled me and maybe even scared me a little. If it had been anyone besides my sultry, sensuous, and libidinous mother, I might have been worried.

I grabbed her head, pulled it back to my mouth, and kissed her again, using my teeth to bite gently on her lip. I then pulled her thick hair so she could see my face again.

"You want it hard bitch! I'll show you rough! You won't know what happened when I finish with you, you damn slut! I'll fuck you so hard, fuck you so deep, I'll shoot my cum right out of your fucking mouth!

Would you like that, mom? Or should I call you Jenny? Do you want me to fuck you Jenny?" I tugged her hair back so hard, leaving her neck exposed to me. I gave it a hard kiss, trailing my tongue across it like an animal teasing its prey. Mom gave a grunt in response, but in pleasure or fear, I didn't know.

I really had to force myself to go to a darker place to talk to and treat my mom like I now was, but she had seemed to be asking for this, and if it was what she wanted and did no real harm to her, I would attempt to comply.

"Oh! Yes, Jeremy! Fuck your mommy hard. God, I love you so much! Call me whatever you want, you motherfucker! Just. Fuck. Me. Now!" Mom growled, grunted, howled, and screeched at me.

This was a whole new side of my loving mother. One that I wasn't enamored about. I still loved her, but I hoped I hadn't brought out a side of her that I would dislike.

But meanwhile I had to fuck this ravenous beast-woman!

I pulled her from the wall just far enough so that I could slam her back into it. My dick also jammed into her.

"Do you like that mommy? Am I being rough enough for you? Am I going to make mommy cum again?" I growled hoarsely at her face.

"God! Jeremy! Oh! Oh!" She whimpered now. "More, I want more of your cock!"

I pounded her pussy, letting her body rattle off the wall as I did. I would do as she wished this once, but I didn't think that I could repeat this again. I kept up my relentless jack hammering, causing mom's ass to bang against the wall. It made a lot of noise and shook a bookshelf a few feet away. I was heedless of anything now but giving mom what she seemed to want, regardless of how I felt about it.

I was fortunate that mom was holding so tightly to me and that the pressure I had with her against the wall had taken some of her weight off my arms, otherwise I wouldn't have lasted through her first two orgasms, much less this rough treatment I was now giving her. I wasn't even worried if I came or not, I just wanted to get mom off so I could be done with this. Though the squeezing of her pussy muscles around my dick as she trembled and quivered as I fucked her was making my dick feel so incredible that it just might overcome any other feelings I had and cause me to erupt deep in mom's cunt.

"Fuck! Me!" Mom demanded. "You are going to make me cum Jeremy. Your Jenny is going to cum so hard. Do you like that honey? Do you want me to drench your cock with my squirting cunt?"

"Do it now bitch! Spray your juice now!" I grunted as I kept fucking the wall with her ass.

Then I heard the front door close!

But who? Johnny or Jojo would normally use the back door, but with my brother on his bike...

Or was it dad returning?

"Don't stop Jeremy! Mommy is going to cum for you! Cum ... so ... fuck-king ... hard ... for ... my ... bay ... beeee!" Mom wailed at a lesser volume. So she had heard the door too!

I gave her every bit I had left! I had only moments left myself!

"Cum now Jenny!" I whispered as I emptied my balls deep in mom's griping cunt.

"Oh, I am! I ammmm!" Mom said with clenched teeth.

Mom shook so hard that I had to drop us to the floor. I tried to take the brunt of the fall, but mom landed hard too. This did not cease her convulsing. She was shaking harder than I had ever seen her. She had squirted, her fluids running over my legs and I could see, down her own also. There must be a puddle where I had been standing, but my concern now was for mom. Then for the possibility that dad had heard something he shouldn't have. Mom was breathing, if hoarsely, and her eyes fluttered. She let out a low moan, but it sounded more from passion than pain.

I needed time to recover, but I could see mom needed it more. I would have to go distract my father. I searched for my shorts, even if I didn't get my boxers on. I put them on. My shirt was MIA. I grabbed another from the floor and tugged it on. I looked at mom, her eyes found mine. I took that look to mean that she would be fine. I had to go distract dad if in fact it was him. I was nervous about leaving mom naked on my floor with the door unlocked, but it only locked from the inside and mom didn't appear capable of movement yet.

I rushed downstairs.

Dad was in the kitchen with a bag of things from the next gen hardware store that he had set on the table and was sorting through his acquisitions.

"That looks like a lot of stuff dad." I said as I came up behind him.

"Your mom has made quite the little list for me. Nothing too major, but it required a lot of parts." He continued to pull things out of the bag.

I went to the fridge and pulled out a sports drink. I had to keep dad occupied long enough for mom to recover and get dressed. I went over and started looking at the different things he'd gotten. Hinges, a PVC pipe elbow, a piece of molding, a doorknob with all the guts, boxes of different size screws, and an assortment of other repair items.

"Seems like you will be busy for a little while." I said with a carefree voice. I was anything but!

"Not too long. Most of the things are fairly simple. Things that you could actually do. You need to help out around the house more. Especially with summer coming soon. If you can go over to Jessica's house to fix things for her, you can certainly do the same around here too!" Dad looked at me with an all-too-serious face. I had to fight a grin at my father's words. If he had known what I had done at my aunt's house! Or that I had indeed been doing the same things here also! Taking both women's anal virginity among the many things that I had done!

I tried to keep my face blank.

"By the way, what was that banging or pounding I heard as I came in?"

He had heard!

Thankfully, he didn't know the cause!

Always go with the truth!

"I was nailing mom's box."

Dad had a questioning look on his face. He didn't know what I was talking about, but didn't inquire further. The concept of what I had been really doing could never have entered his mind!

"I've been doing a lot of things for mom lately."

Dad actually smiled at me. "Well, thank you for the help."

"I've really been helping mom with a lot of things that you've been neglecting."

I heard a snort. I turned to see mom standing there. The look she gave me could cut steel!

With the knowledge of what we'd just done, I could see that she was still flushed. And her clothes had the appearance of being hastily donned. But she seemed otherwise fine from my rough treatment. I gave her a wide grin that dad couldn't see, even if he hadn't been looking at his pile of goodies.

"Hello, dear. I see you've got all your ... parts."

"Yeah, yeah. Just need to sort them for each of the jobs." He looked up at mom with a glance. "Jeremy was telling me that he fixed your box."

Mom's eyes went wide. "My box?"

"I told dad that I was nailing your ... box. That that was the banging that he heard." The double entendre was so thick in my words that it was dripping.

I thought mom's jaw would hit the floor!

"Oh." Was all she answered.

"He said he's been doing all sorts of things for you. It's about time that he stepped up. He's a man now. He needs to know how to take care of things around the house."

"Oh, he's been taking care of quite a few things." Mom stared at me fiercely.

I could see her clenching her jaw with the direction of the conversation. I was just enjoying the barbs. I know that I had promised mom to treat dad with the same respect, but this I couldn't resist. He was making it too easy!

"Don't you have something to do?" Mom's eyes were daggers at me. And after I had given her such astounding orgasms!

"Hearing about all he's been doing, I hoped that he might help me do your list." Dad said expectantly.

"Sure dad, I'd love to!" I said cheerfully. "See mom, now you have me and dad taking care of you, just like you wanted!" I teased her with her comment about her two men taking care of her. Just not what she had meant!

The look she gave then made me glad that I knew how much she loved me, or I might worry about her cutting off my prized appendage in the middle of the night and hanging it on my door!

I just gave her my biggest smile. I walked over to her and gave her a big innocent bear hug.

"I love you mom!"

Dad glanced over at me. I'm sure he was questioning my manliness right then, but I've seen him hug my grandma Norma just the same as I was doing with my mom. Not that it was anything the same!

Mom accepted my hug reluctantly. She couldn't do otherwise in front of my father.

"I'll talk to you later." She whispered fiercely.

I spent the day helping dad. As he said, most of the things I could have done myself, but he seemed to take it as a fatherly duty for us to do them together. It added a bit of time for him to explain what he was doing at each task, rather than just do it or to let me handle it by myself. I know he was well-intentioned, but there was a few times I almost grabbed whatever tool he was using and just finished it by myself without his instruction!

I'm sure this slow torture was payback for the teasing of both my parents.

Didn't the pleasuring of one of my parents count for something? Multiple times, even!

Dad and I took almost four hours going through mom's to-do list. I saw her at various times, as if she was checking up on us, to see that we were still working and not hiding somewhere. I'm sure she doubted dad getting everything done. I know some of the things we fixed or replaced had been waiting for months! I could see why mom had gotten so upset when dad had suggested going to Aunt Jess's with me that Saturday! Well, mom should be ecstatic now with everything fixed, replaced, and running right.

Except, I'm sure I would probably have to get her 'running right' again soon!

Mom's attitude to me improved by the time we had finished. I'm sure she had only been upset by our close call, my practically admitting to dad what we'd done and what I'd been doing, and my gentle teasing of her when she heard my admission. I was curious as to her feelings about what we had done and how I had treated her. I needed to tell her how I had felt about the incident.

I wouldn't get the chance until well after dinner.

I was in my room just messing about on my computer when mom came to my door.

"Do you have a minute?" She asked almost cautiously.

"Sure mom. What's up?" I was sure I already knew what was up.

"We need to talk. About today, this afternoon." She stepped into my room as if it had been forbidden territory.

"Okay." I said a little nervously. I don't know why. We'd already proved that there wasn't anything that we couldn't say to the other. I mean, we'd talked about my birth while having sex, contraception while having sex, her fling with another girl while we weren't having sex. She'd told me one of her fantasies, I'd fucked her ass, and we'd had sex in a moving vehicle. Hell, we'd had sex while she had a conversation with dad less than eight feet away! There was nothing between us that should make me nervous.

And yet I was. Nervous as all hell.

"I want to first say thank you." Mom said a bit shyly, her eyes downcast.

"For what?" I gestured to the bed for her to sit. She looked at it as if it might bite, and then sat.

"For doing what you did. Treating me like that. I know it was hard for you to do it. I know that is not the type of person you are. That's why I love you, part of it anyway. That you wouldn't ever be like that, but that you would do it for me. Does that make sense?"

"Sure mom." I said briefly. I could tell she had more to say and I wasn't going to interrupt or sidetrack her.

"I hadn't planned that. But I guess we don't really plan much of what we do huh?" I just shook my head and let her continue. "When you tripped, stumbled, whatever, and we fell against the wall ... it was ... I ..." Mom stumbled over her words. "Let me start again. I've had a deep, secret fantasy about being treated like that, being abused and treated rough. Similar to the one I told you, but where I wasn't so willing, if you know what I mean."

I nodded again.

"So, when we fell and you took me against the wall, I had those feelings come over me. Like I wasn't in control and you were having your way with me regardless of what I wanted. It got me ... worked up. Even after

we were talking and you started again, I felt that way again. I mean, in my ... fantasy, the man is much rougher than you, treated me worse ... but I couldn't expect you to be that way. You surprised me for being as ... rough as you were." She paused taking a deep breath. I had to interject here.

"I'm glad you told me this mom. When you started acting ... like that, it kind of scared me. If I had made you become a person like that, or that you had been and I just hadn't known ... I don't know if I could have ... kept going, I mean us, together. It was difficult for me to act that way with you. I'm not that person, not normally. I managed only because I was doing it for you, that you wanted it. I don't think I could do it again, especially not with you. I love you and would never ever treat you like that, even in a fantasy. Don't ask me to again."

Mom's eyes looked watery. She stared at me as I spoke with a small, hard smile, her lips pressed tightly together.

"I'm so glad to hear you say that honey. I scared myself too. A fantasy is one thing, but sometimes they need to stay in our heads. I would never ask that of you again and I'm sorry that I made you feel uncomfortable like that. I did ... cum ... very hard that last time. Especially after you dropped me on the floor." Her voice grew quieter at the last sentence. Her eyes darted to the spot then back to me.

"I didn't drop you, we fell. I tried to take most of the fall. I was worried that you got hurt."

"See. That you would fall and possibly hurt yourself just to keep me safe is another reason I love you!" Her smile eased and widened.

"I know you ... squirted. I had a huge puddle on my floor. So I know you had a pretty good orgasm, a few of them actually." I said joking, easing the heavy air in the room.

"Even in the middle of my ... episode, you were still able to send me places I've never been with anyone else."

I assumed she meant her orgasms.

"Then when I heard the door and I just knew that it was Justin coming back and what we were doing and the possibility of being caught, and while you were being ... like that. It really scared me. But it excited me so much too! In a way that I don't think I want to try again. I'm glad to hear you say that you won't. I won't have an opportunity to let that side of me out again."

She sounded very relieved. So was I. It was side of her that I didn't want to see again. Who knew where it could lead.

"That leads me to my other topic."

Uh-oh! That sounded ominous.

"Nailing my box? You actually told your father that that was what you were doing?" She asked me incredulously, the faint hint of a smile at the edge of her lips.

"You've always told me to tell the truth!" I replied.

"So literally?" She asked.

"He never questioned it. He looked like he didn't know what box I meant, but he just said nothing." I explained.

"Why didn't you just tell him that you'd thrown me against the wall and was banging my brains out? I'm sure he wouldn't have questioned that either!" Her tone grew a touch dismissive.

"He started in about me helping around the house. That if I could go to Aunt Jess's, then I could do the same here! I didn't tell him what I did at Aunt Jess's. Or that I had already done some of those same things here. I only told him that I'd been helping out with you and taken care

of some things that he'd neglected!" I said emphatically, justifying myself to mom.

"I heard that last part! I actually heard most of it, but that was the part that I burst out when I heard it." Mom did smile then, it was weak, but with a little time, it could bloom into a full-blown grin.

"What did I tell you about still respecting your father? That's not what that was. That was rude and condescending." She didn't say it harshly, but more heartfelt. I knew what she meant.

"I hadn't meant for it to come out as it did, but he was treating me like a kid while telling me to act like an adult. It just made me frustrated. I didn't mean for it to sound like it did."

"It was funny though!" Mom said cheerfully. There was the grin!

"It was like he was the straight man in a comedy duo, just laying out the easiest lines for me to respond to." I exclaimed.

"Still, honey." She looked at me in that motherly way that let me know that I had done wrong but that she still had faith in me. That way that made you feel worse for having let them down.

"I know mom. I'll try to keep my smart mouth shut." I said earnestly. I would try.

"I saw you got your payback by agreeing to spending time with him!"

"I had thought the same thing!" I smiled at mom. I knew everything was okay now.

The rest of the day passed mostly uneventful. I mean, mom and I still fooled around, kissing when we could sneak them in, she was still blowing kisses at me, we touched secretively as we passed each other, groping when we thought we were safe, and mom even managed to flash her tits at me again!

I went to bed stiff as a board and didn't know if mom would come to relieve me before I fell asleep, or if I should just expect her in the morning. However, it was a normal school day, and she normally didn't have time to give me a blowjob while dad was getting ready for work, or she was getting Jojo and Johnny off to school. Unless she came extremely early! I was undecided about that. Blowjob, but have to get up extra early for it, or be able to sleep with no relief? I was about to take matters into hand, when there was a light knock at my door.

Mom!

"Yes?" I called out softly as I sat in bed.

"Jeremy?" My door opened slowly. Mom's head appeared.

"Did you come to make me cum?" I felt witty. But mom didn't seem to notice.

"Your father is asleep. I came up here to make sure that you were okay." She seemed concerned, but I suspected that she was subtly covering for something else.

"I am now that you're here!" I said gleefully.

"I shouldn't be here. I should be asleep beside my husband. But as I lay there, all I could think about was you." Mom said softly. She was feeling guilty again.

"Mom, don't feel bad. Dad could have you right now if he wanted. He's sleeping. I would pick you over sleep every time!" I guess I just answered my earlier question. Though mom's presence negated the need to decide then.

"See if you would say that in twenty years." Mom's voice still was tormented.

"I may be biased since I am your son, but as your lover I don't think I would get tired of you after a hundred and twenty years!" I exclaimed. I might be stretching it, but it was how I felt right then!

"Thank you honey. I know what you're saying. As your mother, I could never stop loving you. I think that's the definition of motherhood, you always love your children, no matter what."

"Do you want to give me some love now, mom?" I grabbed my hard dick through my sleeping shorts.

Mom's eyes stared at my hand and what it held as if she wasn't sure if it was a beautiful marble sculpture or a paper bag full of angry wasps. I tugged my elastic waistband down until my dick sprang free. Her eyes widened, but showed she still hadn't decided if it was sculpture or paper bag.

"You know you won't have time in the morning." I stated, trying to persuade her.

"Even after this afternoon, I still have a terrible ... itch. My panties have been ... soaked ... all evening." She shyly admitted.

"Do you want to have sex? Now?" I wasn't sure about that. Well, of course I was sure! One hundred percent sure! Even one hundred ten percent! But it might not be a good idea. Dad was almost right below us, asleep or not!

"No, no. We couldn't. But I do need some relief. As do you, clearly." Her eyes moved to stare at my erect dick again.

"What are you saying mom?" I had a suspicion, but I wanted her to say it.

"Could we do each other?"

"What do you mean?" I was goading her.

"I want to suck you while you lick my pussy!" Mom was almost whispering. No one else was still up, no one to overhear her.

"You want to sixty-nine? Why didn't you just say so!" I shucked my shorts and underwear, then after a moment of thought, whipped off my tee shirt too. I didn't want mom soaking that, it was my last clean one!

"Jeremy. You make me feel like a schoolgirl!" Mom's eyes had followed my motions, but now were cast at the floor.

"That was no schoolgirl in here earlier today!" I stated. "If so, can I transfer to that school?"

"I really don't know what came over me. If it was because we were doing it while Justin was gone, but could have come back, or ... I don't know. I guess I am a ... a slut ... like you said." Her eyes kept darting from the floor to my dick and back again.

"It's not a bad thing mom! You just like sex and want to get as much as you can! I love you for that!"

"Because you get me in here to fuck you and suck your cock, you mean." Her voice was more forceful, no longer so demure.

"No, I mean, well yes! But that's not all it is. That you know what you want and that you're bold enough to go after it. It's not only about the sex; it's how you live your life. That confidence and attitude are sexy. That's what I love." I explained. Her face was now pointed at mine and understanding of my words washed over it.

"You like it when I just take what I want?" Mom walked over to my bed and grabbed my dick with her right hand.

"I love it!" And I loved what her hand was now doing! Slowly stroking up and down with a feather-light touch!

"I love this!" Mom bent down enough to be able to flick her tongue over my cock head.

"I love that too!" I said as I reached over and untied the sash of her robe. With a shrug mom let it fall off her shoulders. I grabbed the hem of her plain white nightie and lifted it up as far as I could with her hand still caressing my flaming skin. Fires of jade burned in her eyes then. With a whirl, she flung the white cotton nightdress into the air and her hand was back on my cock.

"Get in bed with me mom." I shifted down on my sheets so I could lay flat. "Come take a seat on my face mom!"

"I don't know why I let you get away with talking to me like you do." Mom said in a half-purr, half-growl.

"Because I make you orgasm so well!" I smiled broadly.

"You mean, you make me cum so hard! Make me squirt as no one has before! And all over your bed!"

"My bed, my face, my dick! You can cum wherever you want mom! As long as I'm the one that is making you!"

"Oh God. I need you now honey! Mommy needs your amazing tongue so fucking badly!"

"Hop aboard and take a ride!" I patted the bed next to me.

Mom climbed on the bed and situated herself over my body, her marvelous ass perched above my face!

"Lick me Jeremy! I'm so horny I'll be cumming in no time! But don't stop eating me! I want to pass out on your face from the incredible orgasms you're giving me!" Mom told me, almost ordered me. She then vacuumed my cock into her mouth to make any Hoover jealous.

"Oh fuck mom! Suck my big cock!" I could say no more as I dove into mom's very wet pussy. Mom pushed her hips towards the bed, smashing my head between my mattress and her deliciously dripping cunt.

The only sounds heard in the house was the loud double slurping as I lapped at mom's slit and she hungrily engulfed my raging cock. Luckily, we were the only two able to hear them!

Mom was correct in that it took her only a few dozen licks before she went off the first time. I say first time, because as I was told, I kept my talented tongue teasing and tickling her tasty twat until she came again. And again. And a fourth! It was fortunate that mom's mouth was full of fat dick as it muffled her shrieks of pleasure so that she wouldn't wake anyone else.

I was excited enough that it shouldn't have taken mom very long to get me to fill her mouth with my semen, but she was struggling to maintain her tempo as each powerful orgasm struck her and left her trembling. Before she could regain enough wits to give me a passable blowjob, she was struck once again by a lightning bolt of bliss and was shaking with the resultant ecstasy. I was losing focus as mom's uneven sucking and stroking hand was teasing me closer to my relief, but with each pause, I was forbidden my own conclusion. If she passed out on my face, I would still be left wanting!

I slowed my oral assault enough to let mom concentrate on her own task. Being on the brink for so long meant that it didn't take long for mom's sucking skills to send me skyward as I rocketed jets of pearly cum down her throat! I was unable to lick her at all for thirty seconds as my body locked up and I saw stars.

Mom rolled off of me with a Cheshire cat grin on her face.

"You almost did make me pass out!" She panted heavily. "If you hadn't let me make you cum, I would have possibly spent the night in your bed!"

"That's not necessarily a bad thing." I said drinking long draughts of air also.

"It would be if your father found me in here naked lying astride his son!"

"Good point." I responded. "But if you ever want to see if I can make you pass out from cumming just let me know!"

"Oh, Jeremy!" Mom rose from my bed with that after-sex glow. She saw my focused staring.

"What?" She asked as she looked down at herself as if covered in black splotches.

"Oh, nothing. I was just thinking how incredible you are! How beautiful, fantastic, and amazing you are!"

"Oh. Is that all?" Her smile was brighter than the summer sun.

"Not at all, but we don't have time for me to list everything you are. I need to sleep. You need to get to bed before dad misses you. And don't come back here in the morning looking for more!" I admonished her. "Unless you really need to." My playful smile showed my seriousness.

"With that kind of attitude I might have to find a new shop to visit in the mornings!" Mom joked as she redressed.

"Not in this neighborhood, you won't!" I pulled my blanket up over me after putting my own clothes back on.

"Good night dear." Mom said as she leaned over and gave me a motherly peck on the cheek. She started to rise and I gave her a childish pout. She paused, giving me a put-upon look. She sighed heavily, but then smiled lovingly. We were in awkward positions for our passionate kiss to last very long. Five, ten minutes tops!

"Good night dear." She repeated as she rose again. She strode across my room and before she closed the door behind her, she gave me a smile and blew a kiss at me.

I think I lasted two minutes before I was lost to the world of consciousness.

Give or take ninety seconds.

I was running late the next morning, Monday, and I barely saw mom as I hurried through the kitchen, only able to trade the briefest of kisses. I regretted my rushing, but I knew mom would be awaiting me when I returned from school.

And I was correct!

When I entered the house, I found mom just inside the living room on her knees in black slacks and her usual black flats.

And nothing else!

Her beautiful breasts hung free, her nipples erect in the halo of her darker pink areolas. I gazed in wonder at this gorgeous vision before me.

"Do you like?" Mom fluttered her eyelashes at me. Her hands cupped those glorious fleshy orbs.

Not your normal welcome home from your mother, but my mother wasn't yours! Jealous, aren't you?

"I love my mom's amazing tits!" I responded with childish glee.

Mom put a hand on the growing bulge in my jeans.

"It seems someone else likes your mother's tits too!" She said teasingly.

"He loves everything about you, mom. Just like I do."

"Let's get him out of there before he suffocates!" Mom said sultrily as she worked my zipper and button open.

Then my pants and underwear were around my knees and mom's mouth was around my stiff cock!

Mom attacked my cock with a hungry gusto, as if mine might be the last dick she would ever suck. My legs wobbled and I struggled to keep my balance with my restrained legs. I placed a hand in mom's brown curls, massaging her scalp as her lips massaged my dick!

"I just love your big beautiful cock, Jeremy!" Mom said between long wet licks up my quivering cock. "I just want to suck on it all day long!"

"I'm fine with that." My response was limited by the awesome sensations mom's tongue and lips were giving me! She grabbed the base and squeezed firmly, afraid I would go off too quickly for her. If

she'd touched my balls with her other hand I just might have, regardless!

"Is your mother making your huge dick feel good? Am I making it all tingly with my licking?" And she licked from balls to piss hole.

"My wet kisses." And she kissed a dozen tiny kisses over the swollen head.

"Or with how I suck it so slowly?" Mom took most of my cock in her mouth and dragged her lips up my shaft while creating the most delightful suction as she did. Her tongue danced on me as I slowly withdrew from her warm, wet mouth.

"Oh! Fuck!" I had no more words with which to comment. Mom seemed to take that as an affirmation and continued doing each of those incredible actions.

"Am I getting you close to cumming? Are you going to fill my mouth with your delicious creamy cum?" She looked up at me with her wide glimmering eyes that whispered her hunger from those emerald orbs.

"Uh!" I grunted. My dick was doing all the thinking right then!

"Cum in mommy's mouth, honey! Fill me with your tasty cum!" She was stroking my shaft with my cock head poised at her open lips, her tongue circling around my smooth-skinned dome.

"Shit, mom! That's it! Oh God, here it cums mom! Here it ... cummmms!" My hand clenched her head tighter as my pelvis jerked forward. Mom's lips locked around my bulbous head and I saw her cheeks pulse as she struggled to contain my sperm rocketing into her mouth!

Mom's face gazed up at me as I trembled my dick in her mouth. If I didn't already love her so, the look she was giving me then, of lust, and longing, a joy from the pleasure she was able to give me, her first born son, and a passionate glow for having made her lover cum; I would I have fallen for her right then!

"Jeez mom! I love you so much! You are so incredible!" I ran my hand softly through her hair now as I stared back at her.

"I love you too, dear. And I love your delicious cum!" She made exaggerated swallowing motions. Then licked her lips all the way around.

Mom then stood, a bit slowly. I didn't know how long she'd been kneeling there waiting for me to arrive. As her tits came within arm's reach, my hands were irresistibly drawn to them like a ... well, a guy's hands to a beautiful woman's tits!

"Ooo! I like your hands on my boobs!" Mom cooed easily, like it was nothing for her son to paw her breasts.

"My hands like being on your boobs!" My inner self just kept repeating 'boobies, boobies, boobies!' I'm sure you would have been too!

"Unfortunately, I have some bad news for you, honey." Mom frowned with saddened pout.

"Oh no! What's wrong mom?" I panicked only slightly. Mom wasn't acting overly concerned. Not like grandma had died, more like we were out of ice cream. My hands fell from her tits.

"My ... lady friend is visiting."

'Huh?' I thought.

"Huh?" I replied aloud.

"The red moon rising? The girl flu? Shark week? The scarlet P?" Mom looked expectantly at me.

Still.

"Huh?"

Mom just stared at me as if I was the village idiot.

Then it hit me.

"Ohhh!" I felt like an idiot! But then again, how many sons did their mom tell that she was on her period? What, like two, three tops?

Now up to this point I hadn't ever needed to be told. I would see the packaging in the bathroom trashcan, or the box wouldn't be so discretely hidden sometimes. And even without these not-so subtle clues, mom's behavior was usually the best indicator of 'that' time of the month!

"It'll only be for most of this week, four or five days usually." I could see she was feeling some discomfort discussing this with me. I felt it too. It might have been my limp dick hanging out also.

"I can still give you blowjobs. So it's not like we can't do anything." Mom tried to sound optimistic.

"We can still have sex. A little blood won't bother me." I said trying to sound the same.

Hell, to have sex with mom, there was very little that would bother me!

"No, honey. I ... I don't like to do it while I'm ... flushing the pipes." Mom seemed awfully shy talking about something that was a natural part of being a woman. Not that I was all that confident talking to my mom about this either.

She saw the dejected look on my face.

"It'll go by faster than you will realize. It's not like we haven't gone that long before."

Yeah, but as we got more involved, it was getting harder not to just jump her all the time!

"You can focus on the things that a normal eighteen year old does. Your friends. Your college prep. Your video games." Mom said calmly and plainly.

None of those things compared to fucking my mom though!

"What about dad? What does he do during this time?" I shivered. Still the thought of my parents having sex unsettled me. To say nothing of the jealousy that I felt for my father. This led to the disbelief that he wasn't all over his beautiful wife as much as I wanted to be!

"He barely even notices. Except for my ... moodiness."

Moodiness? Bitchiness is what I think she meant. I mean, I love my mom. As a mother, and as a lover. But sometimes, well, let's just say that if she was swimming in the ocean during that week, then the sharks should be warned before trying to attack her!

"We'll just see if you can last all week without getting some of this!" I patted my soft dick.

I know, not much of a threat in that condition.

Mom smiled as her eyes caressed my dick. As if that could work!

"If history has proven anything, I think I can go longer without than he can!" Mom chuckled. She went to the couch and picked up a thin button-up blouse from it, tugging the floral print cloth around her so casually. She straightened it on her frame, but with a final tease, mom cupped her tits and shook them at me. I just stood there with my pants around my knees and a tingling in my dick that spoke of being ready

for round two. I didn't want to tell him that there would be no round two. Not for some hours at least anyway!

I pulled up my pants and retreated to my room before the imminent invasion of my brother and sister.

I came down at one point after dad got home and entered the kitchen where mom was just finishing preparing dinner. I came up behind her, reached around her, and grabbed her tits. She jerked in surprise but also pushed her ass back against me and my now rising dick. Mom turned around to face me forcing my hands to migrate from her breasts to her ass. Her own hands wrapping around my lower back. She then ground her pelvis on me.

Before our passion took over, I worried about getting anything started right here in the kitchen with the other three family members not far away. It didn't stop me from giving mom a quick kiss.

"I didn't get to give you one when I got home." I said while squeezing her delectable cheeks firmly.

Mom smiled cheerfully back at me. She didn't voice her response, but instead leaned forward into my lips and let her kiss be her answer. It was nearly the best reply she could give me!

Our lips fought each other for a number of minutes when I was suddenly aware of someone else in the kitchen!

"What are you doing with mommy, Jeremy?" The innocent voice of my sister asked plainly.

Mom and I hurriedly pulled back to a respectable distance but kept our hands on each other's hips as if we were not doing anything wrong.

"We have the best mom, Jojo. I was giving her a hug and a big kiss to say thanks for all that she does for us. Isn't mom the best, Jojo?"

"Oh, she is Jeremy! The bestest mommy ever!" Jojo came over to mom, brushed me aside with the strength of an eight-year old girl, and hugged mom's waist, the cheek of her little face against mom's belly.

Mom smiled serenely at me. She reached down and with a bit of a strain, picked Jojo up and kissed her cheek. Jojo returned this with one of her own. Mom stood there with my sister hooked in her arm.

"Well, I have the bestest daughter ever!" Mom exclaimed, her motherly love beaming from her face. She gave Jojo another kiss on her cheek and then set her back down. "Now go tell my bestest son that the two of you need to wash up for dinner. It'll be ready soon." Mom patted Jojo on her

head before my sister hurried into the living room bragging that she was the bestest daughter.

"I'm not your bestest son?" I looked curiously at mom.

"You're my bestest lover!" She said with a quick kiss and a pat on my crotch. "Now get out of here and let me finish."

"I'll accept that." I left the kitchen surprised that I could get my huge grin through the entryway. Dad glanced up at me with a puzzled look at my expression as I passed him.

After dinner, Johnny and Jojo had retreated to the living room, Johnny on his handheld gaming system while my sister colored. I was in the midst of my second helping of everything, and mom and dad were idly chatting about the day's events, mostly his and none of her illicit adventures! Dad had been about to get up when his cell phone rang. He looked at the screen and answered it. Mom got up to start clearing the table.

"Hey, Jack." Dad said.

I assumed it was his golfing buddy Jack. Mom glanced at me while standing behind dad with that slight look of derision as her husband discussed golf with his friend. I kept my face blank even if dad wasn't

really looking at me. Mom then got a sly smile. She began slowly to unbutton her blouse while giving me a sultry seductive grin. I fought to keep a straight face.

Mom finished with the buttons, her flowery blouse fell open and her bra-less tits spilled out. I gritted my teeth to keep my jaw from dropping. Mom's grin grew so wide as she stared at me openly admiring her exposed womanly features.

"Still hungry for more?" Mom asked me as she cupped her tits.

My dick lurched in my pants! Food was no longer on my menu!

"I'm getting very ... full. I want to save some room for desert." I said as normal as I could. Mom's eyes brightened as she caught my innuendo. My dick was very full right then!

Neither of us was paying any attention to what dad was saying on his phone. Mom was jiggling her tits and playing with her nipples while I could only stare in awe at my mother's brazen display. I tried to glance around the room so as not to seem as I was staring at anything in particular, even as I kept some portion of my sight on mom's uncovered chest. It seemed that mom was getting more excitement with dad between us and unaware of her exhibitionism than from just teasing me with her bare tits!

"Okay, bye." I heard my father say. Mom turned around with her blouse still open just as dad twisted in his chair to talk to her. "That was Jack."

"I heard." Mom said pretending to be busy at the sink. I hoped dad didn't notice the way her blouse was hanging off her sides!

"He's cancelling our golf Saturday morning."

The seconds crept by as dad stayed turned in the chair.

"I hope it's nothing serious, dear." Mom said calmly still with her back to us both.

"He didn't fall off the roof and break his leg did he?" It was the first thing that came to my head in an effort to distract dad from mom and to get him to look back at me. It was a ridiculous response, but it worked. Dad turned back to me with a stupefied look over his face.

"No, of course not. Why would you even think that? Why would Jack be on the roof anyway?" He asked incredulously.

My eyes saw over his shoulder that mom had turned again and bounced on her feet to cause her tits to jiggle as she redid her blouse. I pouted at this. Dad took this as my response to him.

"What? Did you want him to break his leg? Why would you want that?" Dad's tone grew irate.

I looked back at dad and tried to think of an answer. Mom saved me, as she usually did!

"Jeremy never said he wanted that." Mom came up behind dad and laid a calming hand on his shoulder. "He only asked a simple question. A very strange question, but innocent regardless." Mom's eyes rose to meet mine and they had a knowing twinkle in them that let me know that she knew of my diversionary tactic.

"Why don't you go upstairs and stop aggravating your father." She gave me a secretive smile that spoke that we weren't done.

"For that, he can play with me Saturday!" Dad grumbled. "I may have to find a new partner if Jack keeps cancelling on me." He rose from the hard wooden chair, walked into the living room, and sat again in his plush cushioned chair.

"Jeremy would love to play golf with you Saturday, honey." Mom said with motherly aplomb. "Wouldn't you Jeremy?"

It was a maternal request that I could not, or dared not, refuse. Having sex with her or not.

"Sure thing! I'd love to." I'm sure my face showed my real reaction at having to get up early on a weekend and spend the morning with my father, now my sexual rival. I gave mom a slight glare that she returned with her good-natured cheerfulness.

"See, everything's all right now." Mom said.

I trudged upstairs wondering why I was being banished. I could've stayed in the living room.

No, I guess not.

I spent some time on the seemingly endless homework that I could never catch up with, checked some emails and messages, and then roamed the time-sucking wastes of the internet for a short while. Well, it seemed a short time.

I heard a knock at my door and then mom stepped in and shut it. I glanced at the time and realized it was later than I had thought.

"I just tucked Jojo in bed. I don't have very long. Not that your father would notice how long I'm gone anyway." She practically whispered as if that would cover her sneaking into my room. But it was only sneaking because of the way she was doing it. A mother had every right to be in her son's room. Right up until she started to unbutton her blouse again that is!

"I can't believe I did that earlier!" She exclaimed with a quiet exuberance. "With Justin right there!"

Mom reached up and cupped those magnificent melons when she had them bared.

"Did I get you hard with my little show?" Her shy smile glowed.

"Mom, I can barely get soft with you around!" I didn't try to lower my volume.

Mom knelt in the middle of the room. It was all the invitation I needed. I rose from my computer desk and crossed to stand before her. Mom lifted a hand and rubbed my pants, her fingers tracing along the outline of my erection. She looked up at me with a hunger in her eyes.

"I haven't had desert yet." She said in a tone she could have used in front of dad.

"I have a sausage with cream surprise that you can try." I said flippantly.

Mom giggled and used both hands to work my pants open. She pushed them and my underwear aside so that she could access my 'sausage'. Her lips and tongue were seemingly all over my shaft at once, licks and kisses in abundance. She wasn't wasting time, but she wasn't hurrying either. I just stood there and let my mom do what she would to my raging cock!

After a couple of minutes, my dick well coated with her saliva, mom looked up at me with wide eyes as she stroked around my cock head and gave me a long slow lick from my balls, up my heated shaft, through the cleft in the mushroom head and circled my piss hole.

"I've never seen you cum before."

Umm.

How do you respond when your mom says this?

Mom's hand stroked the full length of my dick, down then back up, with a lap of her tongue at the nerves in the cleft. Her face was locked on mine, her eyes like laser beams into my own.

"Would you like to cum on my tits, Jeremy? Shoot your wonderful creamy load on mommy's chest?" She said in her most sexiest voice.

I was almost ready right then!

Mom wouldn't have that though. Not and end her playful teasing fun so quickly. Her slow strokes were only inflaming my need, but wouldn't relieve it!

"Maybe you want to spray your cum all over mommy's face? Would you like that? To see your mother with your milky cum all over her face, or in my hair?"

Fuck!

I did now!

"Unh!" I groaned.

"Do I take that as a yes?" Her tongue did a swirl around the base of my flared head, then added more spit to that that her hand was distributing over my burning skin.

"Mommy wants to see your tasty cum shoot out of your dick, honey! I want to see how hard it comes spurting out. If it is as hard as it feels when you are filling my pussy or are cumming in my mouth!"

Oh!

Fucking!

God!

"Come on honey! Cover mommy's tits with your cum! Cum on mommy's big titties!"

There was no stopping me from doing as mom had urged; her hand, her words, her tits, and her loving look at me sent me over the top, as she always was able to do!

"Moooom!" I wailed out. "I'm gonna soooak youuu in myyy cuuummm!"

My legs locked so tightly while my body trembled. I almost felt like I hadn't orgasmed in a week!

"That's it honey. Give it all to mommy! Cum on mommy's tits, Jeremy!" Mom's hand milked my cock as I shot stream after stream, load after load on her proffered tits and chest, the pale cum standing out on her tanned upper chest and barely visible on her milky breasts.

I had to take a step backward after mom coaxed the last dribble onto her tongue.

"Damn, mom!" I said with a ragged breath.

"I never knew it was so much! How do I manage to swallow all this?" She looked down at her breasts covered in globs of her son's cum.

"You look so, so hot like that mom!" I exclaimed with exhilaration.

"If you didn't taste so good, I'd let you do it more often!" She rubbed her hands through my essence, covering every bit of her chest in my cum. "You really did soak me good!"

"God, I love you mom!" I bent and kissed her forehead. This increased the smile that already covered her lips.

Mom rose with a huff from the exertion. She started buttoning her blouse. That was the third time just today that I witnessed that act. I never tired of watching mom dress after we'd done something. It wasn't as nice as her undressing, but I still found it alluring.

"I love you too, honey! And not just because you cover me with your ... stuff." She teased, but her voice was soft, caring, loving. "Thank you."

I don't know why she was thanking me; I was the one that was grateful!

"No, thank you mom! I'll cum on you anytime you want!"

She gave me another smile as she brushed at her knees and gave a straightening shrug to her blouse as she exited my room, closing the door gently behind her.

Again she'd left me standing with a limp dick and my pants around my knees!

I made one final trip downstairs before I was about to go to bed. Dad was watching the news and barely glanced at me. Mom looked up with

a motherly smile, as she would give any of her three offspring. She was sitting on the couch with her legs crossed reading a book.

"Did you finish that homework?" She asked as if I knew what she was talking about.

"Umm ..." I said blankly.

"After I helped you with that part that you were stuck on?" She expanded.

Oh.

She'd made an excuse to dad.

"Oh, yeah. You really helped me out with that problem." I answered quickly. "Yeah, I was able to ... finish ... with your help."

"I'm glad I can still help." Mom looked up at me with half-lidded eyes. A touch of a sexy grin edged her lips.

I then noticed that her thin blouse had damp splotches on the top half. Mom saw my gaze and the grin grew to cover her face. She gave me a sly wink.

"I just came down to say good night. So, good night dad. Mom."

"Oh, yeah, good night son." Dad looked up from the TV for half a second.

"Good night, honey. Pleasant dreams."

"I will." She'd never said that last before.

I'm sure she hoped that I'd be dreaming of her. I was sure that I would!

Tuesday morning I was again running late. Due to having to relieve a morning woody without my mother's help! I had to be satisfied with a quick kiss from her as I zoomed through the kitchen.

The day passed in a blur, as many did recently, leaving me wondering if I really was learning anything at school and not just killing time there before returning home to mom and whatever shenanigans that we would get up to. Not that that was a bad thing, but if that was the case, then why didn't I just stay home and have sex with mom all day long?

Oh.

Because mom would cut me off from having sex with her, and maybe even cut off my dick if I tried to quit school to satisfy her. Not that she wouldn't appreciate the thought, but she would be very upset if I just wanted to be her gigolo. But the thought made me smile.

I came home wondering how she might greet me today. Not that I minded her on her knees ready to suck my dick, but she had been more creative than that. That curiosity had me hard before I turned the doorknob!

I had to close the door hurriedly, hoping any nosy neighbors hadn't seen mom on her hands and knees with her gorgeous ass pointed towards me, with her skirt up and not wearing any panties! It was an intoxicating sight to make any man give up a life of learning to become a male whore to pleasure such a woman!

"Mom!" I gasped, dropping my backpack along with my jaw.

"You can't fuck my pussy, but my ass is still available." Mom said as she looked at me over her shoulder with the gaze of a sex kitten, or I should say, a sex cougar!

"Really?"

After what we've done, why would I doubt her? But that was the only word that came to mind then.

"I've already lubed it all up for you. Come here and let me get you ready." She said plainly, as if telling me she had cookies on the table for me.

I was already more than ready for her!

Mom turned and crawled the few feet to where I stood flabbergasted. She worked my pants down, allowing me to kick my shoes aside. She had my dick in her mouth even as she was still removing my pants and boxers. She gurgled around my steel cock as she coated me with her thick saliva. She may have spent a few minutes longer than was required, but I'm sure that was just that she so loved having my dick in her mouth. I sure did!

Mom turned back around and got back into position. She stared at me over her shoulder again with a desperate, hungry look.

"Just shove it in."

I wasn't sure about that! I didn't want to hurt, or injure, my mom just because she was in a hurry to have my cock up her butt! I didn't think just having her spit on my big dick would be enough lube to stick it in her asshole. Not that I didn't want to get my dick back in her ass, but if I ripped her apart, it might minimize my chances to do so again!

Mom was still staring at me and she saw my reticence.

"Fuck my ass Jeremy!"

I responded to that maternal command with complete obedience!

I quickly knelt behind her, admiring the landscape before me, and lined myself up to fuck mom's ass once again. I pushed forward, put my cock head at her entrance (or was it an exit?), and shoved into her dark hole. I had to press fairly hard to get her tight starburst to open for me and get my wide flared domed head past her sphincter muscle. Once in, I continued to bury my dick in mom's colon.

Mom cried out loudly, but I could tell that it wasn't from any serious pain and was mostly from intense pleasure. I knew that because of the many times I'd given it to her! Intense pleasure, I mean.

"Oh! Fuck mommy's tight asshole, honey!" She shouted at me.

Those were the last words that she could form for a while, with only grunts and groans of gratification coming from her as I slid in and out of mom's incredibly tight back door. I still couldn't believe that I was able to get my big dick into that little hole! Or that my mother was allowing me to cram my cock in her firm ass!

Mom's head dropped to the floor, her face planted in the carpet as she reached under her to rub her clit. Her ass muscles were clenching and gripping my cock so hard that I knew it wouldn't be long before I came in mom's ass! I began to increase my pace as I could see that mom was okay with my penetration, my dick driving deep in her dark dirty asshole. Mom must have been very excited too from the wheezing gasps, rapid breaths, and loud moans she was making. I was making some unusual noises myself as I worked my dick in and out of my mother's asshole!

I gave her some smacks on her plush ass cheeks, enjoying the slight jiggle when my hand made contact. Mom squealed with each spank between her guttural gibberish as I filled her ass with hard cock. We were both very close, and in only minutes mom wailed as her orgasm shook her, and I pumped her full of my thick seed!

After my balls were empty (or were they? Were they ever empty?), and my dick began to grow soft, I pulled it out with a soft pop. I rose up just enough to plop onto the couch and I saw mom roll to her side. Half her

face was red from the carpet, but her whole face was bright with a well-satisfied look, her eyes shimmering as she gazed at me above her.

"I'd clean you up, but I know where you just had that thing!" She said still breathing a bit heavy. Her eyes had glanced to my sleeping dick.

I just nodded my understanding, sex with my mother always leaving me woozy afterwards.

"Now get dressed, your brother and sister will be here soon!"

I saw that she wasn't moving all that fast herself, and as she rose I saw a trickle of white leak from between her butt cheeks and down her inner thigh. I had to tell myself that that was my cum dripping from mom's asshole! I shivered with excitement at that thought.

"Quit staring at my ass and get your pants on!" Mom scolded me, but her voice carried a hint of delight also.

"Have I told you how incredible you are lately, mom?" I asked before stepping into my clothing.

"I don't know about incredible, but I'll accept your compliment anyway. And no, not lately." Mom stood looking at me, still naked.

"But you don't need words to tell me how you feel, this works too!" Mom said and ran a finger between her thighs and brought it up to her lips, my pearly essence coating her finger. She took that finger into her mouth and slowly pulled it back out with her lips tight around it.

"Fuck mom!" I stared in continual wonder at this remarkable woman that was my mother.

"Language, Jeremy!" Her frown struggled to stay in place, but the smile underneath broke free.

"You complain about my language while you stand there, in the middle of the living room, without a stitch of clothing on!" I exclaimed, with not an iota of complaint in my voice. Mom could stand naked in any room she wanted and I would be completely fine with that!

The front door jiggled. Mom's eyes went wide and she turned and darted down the hall to her bedroom. She'd clearly not left clothes here to put back on!

Johnny, then Jojo, came bursting in as I finished buttoning my jeans.

"Where's mom?" Johnny asked loudly. "I got an A on my test today! I want to show her how I did!" He added proudly.

"She had to change." I said. "Let me see it!" I sat on the couch as my brother rummaging in his backpack. He pulled out a piece of paper and showed me his achievement.

"Good job, Johnny! Nice work!" I was proud of my little brother. He was a decent student, but he was much smarter than his grades told. He just had issues focusing on anything for any length of time. I was worried that as he came to notice girls, that this problem would exacerbate. I had had a similar problem myself at that age.

"I made a new friend at recess!" Jojo interjected, jealous at the attention Johnny was receiving.

"Oh, really! A boy or a girl?" I asked, showing her the same interest I'd shown my brother.

"A girl, silly. Boy's are ninnies!" She said as if it was obvious.

"But I'm a boy, Jojo. So is Johnny." I replied.

"But you're my brothers. You don't count."

I had to chuckle at my sister's words.

"So, what's her name?" I asked.

"Who's name? Oh, it's Nina."

I then listened to Jojo relate her encounter with her new friend. Mom came out of her room and smiled when she saw me with my sister.

"Mom! I got an A today!" Johnny jumped up when he saw our mother.

"Wow!" Mom said proudly. "Good job, Johnny. Let me see!"

And so it went. Proving that we could be a normal family. Some of the time at least.

Only some of the time though.

Soon after my father got home and had seated himself, I was able to pull mom aside and down the hall so that we were out of view and began kissing her, running my tongue over her lips and into her mouth as we pressed our bodies together. Her hands wrapped around my

back lightly, ready to retreat if need be. My hands reached up between us and played over her tits, rubbing my thumbs over nipples that poked up through two layers of fabric showing her excitement as she ground against my own excitement poking through its two layers of fabric. It was only a few minutes, but it was enough to get us both very heated. I had to escape into the bathroom until I 'settled' down enough to be seen by the other family members. I did invite mom to join me in the small room, but she shook her head and whispered "dinner" back at me. She did blow me another kiss as I closed the bathroom door.

After dinner and the others had already left the room, I came up behind mom at the bottom of the stairs and gave her a moderate slap on her ass. The sound was unusually loud and I had to turn to see if anyone in the other room had heard.

"Your ass looks bigger tonight mom. Almost as if it was filled with something." I quipped quietly.

Mom smiled at me before heading for the living room to join dad. She stopped and turned back.

"It was, but isn't anymore and I miss it!" Her beautiful smile became a delightfully sexy grin.

I retreated to my room before my stiffening dick was noticeable!

I was able to get lost in my current video game for a couple of hours when I heard a soft knock. I glanced at the time and saw that it was late, so mom hadn't been tucking in my sister at this hour. Dad would normally still be up, so I was nervous about how much time we might have.

"Jeremy." Mom said in a whisper as she poked her head through the half-opened door.

"Yeah, mom?" I saved my game and flipped it off.

"It's funny. I always get nervous opening your door. Like I might find you masturbating. The mother in me is mortified by that possibility. But the horny woman in me hopes to see it happen." Mom glanced down at the floor nervously, then slowly up at me with a devilish grin.

"If you want, I could make that happen!" After what we had done, I didn't know why it would be an issue. Especially if it got mom hot!

"No, no. I mean ... It's just a silly thought I have whenever I open your door." She waved her hand in negation of her thought. I could see her nervousness.

I stood.

Mom was on me in an instant! Her arms around my neck, her lips smashed to mine, her hips trying to interlock with me!

I welcomed this attack graciously, returning it with one of my own. My hands grabbed her shoulders, my cock rose to meet her pressure, and my tongue dove between her soft lips to wrestle with her tongue.

We forced ourselves to part all too soon as we both knew the limited time we had before dad would notice her absence.

"I told him I had to clean the upstairs bathroom." Mom said as if reading my mind, or just explaining her nervousness.

I just stared at her beautiful face, her words only gnats in the wind.

"He gave me a look for the time of night, but I told him he hadn't seen it after your brother and sister got done with it at night, since he rarely he ventures up the stairs. That seemed to work." Mom prattled on.

"Shut up mom." I told her.

She looked back at me, taken aback by my words.

My lips soothed her with their passionate massage.

Once again we separated with deep breaths and longing stares.

"I should go. It's been too long as it is." Mom glanced at the door behind her.

"You should." I stated emotionlessly.

Yet we were joined once again.

I grabbed her upper arms and pushed her back, her eyes still closed and her lips pursed. Her eyes fluttered open.

"Mom." I said. "Dad." I implied.

"Yeah. Yes, right." She brushed the front of her blouse as if she'd spilled something on it. Her eyes drifted to the floor, almost as if she could see my father, her husband through the floorboards.

"Have a good night, Jeremy." Mom turned to leave, her hand on the doorknob. She whirled back to me and gave me one last peck on my lips, so quick and soft that I wasn't sure I had felt it. Then she was gone, my door clicking shut behind her.

And I was again left standing there with a raging mother-induced hard-on!

If she had come back in five minutes, her fear and her desire would have been fulfilled!

Chapter 16

Wednesday afternoon I decided that I had neglected my aunt Jessica for far too long and decided to pay her a visit.

I texted mom to let her know I wasn't coming home from school so she wouldn't be left in some awkward position or dishabille when my siblings arrived. That was something she didn't need to have to explain to them. How would she tell either pre-teen why mommy was kneeling in the living room without any clothes on!

I didn't say why I wasn't coming home. I mean, I wasn't trying to keep it a secret from my mother. Not that I could. I'm sure my aunt would

let her sister know that I had come over at some point. I just wasn't being outright in informing her of my intentions. I might even let her know where I'd been when I did return home, but I wasn't going to do that before the fact. I'm sure she wouldn't have argued about my decision, or complained that I wasn't there with her, but the situation between mom and her sister was still delicate and I didn't need to make it worse.

Besides, with mom in her current 'condition' she couldn't fault me in seeking something more than a quickie oral or even anal. Not that anything that I could do with mom wasn't always awesome, but ...

I guess I was just trying to justify it to myself. I just wanted to go have sex with my dreamy aunt and fuck her brains out!

Can't blame a guy for that!

I knew that Aunt Jessica got home from work soon after I got out of school, so I hung around chatting with some friends before making my way to her house. Her car was in the drive when I pulled up. I wondered if I maybe should have texted or called her before just showing up. She'd kept telling me to come over during the week, even though I had never gotten around to it, so I hoped my unexpected arrival wouldn't be a problem. If it was, it would be too late to go home and be able to do anything with mom as Johnny and Jojo would be home by then. Not that mom and I couldn't find a way!

Aunt Jessica seemed truly surprised to see me when she answered the door. She gave me a quick hug and ushered me in.

My aunt looked as scrumptious as ever in her snow-white turtleneck sweater and skin-tight stretchy black leggings. Unfortunately, her ass was hidden by the white knit.

"What brings you over?" She asked curiously.

"You, of course! You keep telling me not to leave you waiting. Since you couldn't do anything Friday night, I'm here to give you a nephew injection." I'm sure that that had sounded better in my head.

Aunt Jessica snorted at that.

"A nephew injection! I'll have to remember that one!" She wiped at a watery eye. "You've never managed to get here before, why now?" Her look became more serious. Suspicious even.

"Can't I want to see my gorgeous and sexy aunt?" I answered guilelessly.

"Not unless there was something wrong at home. Is Jenny sick or something?" She suddenly seemed concerned.

"Something." I said flatly without meeting her stare.

"Something?" She paused for a few seconds, her tone alluding to more coming. "Hmmm. Oh, wait! I know!" She suddenly exclaimed. I stood in fear.

"It's her time of the month, isn't it? You can't get any at home, so you decide to grace me with your presence like I should be grateful!" She scolded me, fire burning in her hazel eyes.

I withered beneath her verbal attack. Maybe this hadn't been a good idea! But it had seemed so before I had arrived!

"I ... uh ..." I studied her carpeting intently, unable to look up at her face.

"Gotcha!" Aunt Jessica cried out, poking a finger into my ribs as she did.

I looked up at my aunt astonished. She had the biggest grin on her face.

"I can always get you to fall for it, can't I, Jeremy?" The fire in her eyes was no longer a blast furnace, but was now a welcoming cozy warmth.

"You scared the crap out of me, Aunt Jess!" I felt embarrassed that she'd made me feel like she had.

"You deserve it for thinking so little of me. That you can't get it at home, so you'll throw one my way?" I could still feel a touch of ice in her voice. The way she put it, I deserved it too.

"It's not like that Aunt Jessica. I do mean to come over, I really do. It's just so busy with school and homework and everything. I don't even mean mom either!" I pleaded. "And it's not that I can't get any at home."

"Oh?" Aunt Jess stared at me as if I had the answer to everything (42, BTW). "I know Jenny doesn't have sex when she's on her period. What, is she blowing you day and night?"

"No!" I answered vehemently. "Well ... not just that. I mean when she told me the other day, and then said she didn't want to ... have sex, I had been a little upset. But we've still been able to manage. It's only for a week. And well ... yesterday, she had me do her ... ass again." I shouldn't have felt nervous around Aunt Jess, she had been my first anal, among many other firsts, but that didn't alleviate my feelings.

"You're making her quite the anal slut huh?" She teased.

"So, if you've not been cut off at home, why are you here then?" She glanced at her watch.

"I did really want to see you, to be with my naughty auntie. I've missed you. But if you've got something to do, I can go." I guess it had been a bad idea!

"No, no. I've missed you too! As I've told you, I don't expect you to come over, I mean, you don't have to. I love that you do, when you do, but I know you want Jenny, not me."

"It's not like that Jess, you know that. I do want to be here with you. I've dreamed about you for so long, I still can't believe that I've gotten to live my fantasy. It seems like it still is a fantasy! No matter what happens with mom and me, you will always be kinda my first girl." I spoke from my heart.

"Your first?" Aunt Jessica looked at me curiously, with her head cocked.

"The first that I ... you know." I couldn't say it.

"That you what? I wasn't the first you slept with. I know you've had girlfriends before. I thought that Beth you were with was cute, in her own way. So what do you mean, first?" Her eyes bore into me.

She was going to make me say it!

"The first one that made me ... um, uh cum." There, I said it!

"What! Wait, what?" Her mouth hung open. If it hadn't been for the awkward moment, I might have wished for my dick to be in that mouth right then!

"You had come over one day. You had on a short skirt, very short! And your blouse hung open and I could see the tops of your ... tits. My dick got hard and it scared me. I had to go to my room and as I grabbed it trying to make it go back to normal, it started to feel so good. Then it happened. I had my first orgasm." I'm sure my face was tomato red right then. I couldn't meet Aunt Jess's eyes.

"You saw my ass and my tits and I made you cum?" She asked so nonchalantly. "Aww, how cute." Her voice was the tone used for a six-year old!

"Aunt Jess!" I protested.

"Does your aunt's tits and ass still make you cum Jeremy? Do I still make your dick get hard?"

"You are now!" I finally looked at her face.

Her hand went to my crotch.

"Does my hand feel good, like yours did that day?"

"Aunt Jess!" I exclaimed.

"What do you think my mouth can do?" Her smile would have melted glaciers!

"Shit, Aunt Jess!"

"Jenny may have won the war, but that doesn't mean I've given up the fight." Her fingers had me rock hard beneath her gentle touch.

"I'm a lover, Aunt Jess, not a fighter. I'm not a prize to be won, and I don't want you to fight with mom over me. I'm sorry if my mom means more to me than my devilishly sexy angelic aunt, and I'm sorry that I've

hurt you because of it. I can't say that I would change anything that's happened; I just wish that someone didn't get hurt because of anything we've done, and no matter what happens, someone is going to be hurt. Mom, dad, Johnny and Jojo, you, me.

"People have problems with regular relationships, love triangles seem impossible; what does that make you, me, mom, and dad? It all makes my head spin. Maybe that's why I just let my little head do the thinking. It feels better with what he thinks!"

Aunt Jessica just looked at me with a wistful curiosity when I finished.

"I don't mean to feel hurt because of you and Jenny; it's just something I can't control. You're right though that someone is going to get hurt in all this, but I love each of you and I don't want anything to happen to any of you. Even your father in his way. He's made Jenny so happy over the years, though I guess, not so much lately. You should have seen the two of them when they got married, you wouldn't recognize either of them! Jenny was Justin's whole world. I was so jealous for them! But I was so happy that she'd found the one for her. Maybe that's why I feel hurt. Because now she's found the 'one' twice! And I get her scraps. No, sorry, you're much more than scraps. And that's where you are wrong; you are a prize, Jeremy. And not one that can be won; only you can award yourself to someone. Having picked your mom, there is nothing that I could ever do to change that. It doesn't mean I won't try, it just means my attempts are futile. Maybe that's what hurts. That I'll try even when I know that it's hopeless."

"Like I said Aunt Jess, maybe that's why I let my dick do my thinking! I didn't mean to come over here to start some deep, soul-searching conversation about my, our lives."

"Then what did you come over here for?" Her eyes glinted that suggested she already knew my answer.

"To spend time with my," oh, how did I put it just now? "My devilishly sexy angelic aunt!"

"And do what with her? Oh, that's right; you're a lover, not a fighter." She stepped closer to me. I could feel her breath on my face as I stared at her. "I think you said something about a nephew injection? Is that a shot I take orally or anally?"

I'm the one that snorted now!

"I do love you Aunt Jessica! I hope you know that. And not just because you're so damned hot!"

"I know, Jeremy. I know." She kissed me. Lightly and tentatively.

At first.

She pulled away from me after a few minutes of intense spit-swapping, tongue-tangling, lip-locking making out! She glanced at her watch again. I stepped back.

"Is there somewhere you have to be?"

"No. It's just that ... Well, to be honest, Margie is coming over shortly." Aunt Jess looked at me guiltily. "I can tell her to leave if you want. Or if you want to go ..."

"Come on Aunt Jess. You should know me better than that!" I looked at her intensely.

"Or you could stay and join us?" She asked somewhere between hesitant and hopeful.

My aunt always knew the best options!

"If neither of you mind." I half asked.

"I sure don't, and I'm sure that Margie won't either. She's mentioned you a few times. I'm not sure she's completely bought the girlfriend story."

"Oh really? Why not? Teens hook up at the drop of a hat; break up just as quick too." I said.

"Not ones that have sex with their aunts, or their mothers!" She said emphatically.

She was right there!

"I think she thinks that your mother and I are keeping you to ourselves."

"Aren't you?"

"Well, half of us are." Aunt Jess said a little caustically. Then her tone changed. "I'm sorry. That's not fair. But Margie is kind of right. Jenny and I are hogging your affections."

"And I am more than okay with that!"

"You know, even if it is to my benefit, I do agree with your mom. You should have a girlfriend your own age. You shouldn't be keeping your mother and your aunt satisfied. There is a whole generation of girls being deprived of you!" She looked unhappily at me.

"A generation that had its chance. It's not like I had girls knocking my door down when mom's hand slipped into my lap!" I defended myself. I had flirted with a number of girls since this started, but once you find what you want, why keep looking?

"What of Gretchen? Still have her phone number?" Aunt Jessica said accusingly.

"She's not really 'my age' is she? Yes, I still have her number. I do plan on calling her ... sometime."

"Oh, you think she's just waiting around for you to deign to give her a call? Maybe your generation isn't avoiding you, maybe you are avoiding it."

"Hey! Gretchen only came along after you and mom. I would have been all over her before that fateful night. But that's not the way it worked out." I was feeling somewhat picked on. Maybe I didn't want to stay and take this abuse. I didn't see that I had done anything wrong. Even Veronica had left me without an explanation, and that even with all the oral sex we'd given each other, she'd never let me fuck her. I felt I had done nothing wrong there and yet had ended up alone. But I also didn't want to lose my aunt's affections either. Even if we didn't ever have sex anymore, I didn't want her to come to hate, or even dislike me.

"Truce?" I asked.

"I was just saying that I agreed with Jenny. I did also say that it was to my benefit that you weren't looking, didn't I?"

Yes, she did.

"I'm sorry Aunt Jess."

"I'm sorry too. My brain says this is wrong, but my pussy seems to win the argument!"

"Go with your pussy then Aunt Jess!"

This brought us both to tears with laughter. The laughing broke the mood, and the tears washed it away.

It was at that point that the front door opened and Aunt Jessica's auburn-haired friend walked in.

"Oh, sorry. I didn't know you had company Jess." Margie took a half step backwards.

"It's okay Margie. You remember Jeremy?" Aunt Jess said waving towards me.

"I remember his big cock!" Margie took two steps forward.

"Margie!" Aunt Jess exclaimed.

"I remember how well he fucked me! Like I haven't had in a long time, or since!" The redhead said boldly. "I also remember how good he fucked you and then," she looked at me like a prosecuting attorney, "his mother."

It almost sounded like she was about to blackmail me, us.

"Jeremy came over to visit me today. I asked him if he wanted to join us. If you don't mind?" My aunt glared at her friend.

"What about his girlfriend?" The accusatory tone in her voice was very evident.

"She um ..." I began. How do I explain that I was still with my 'imaginary' girlfriend but that I could still have sex this one time with her and my aunt, without Margie wanting to see more of me?

"They kind of broke up. That's why he came over; he wants to get back together with the girl and was asking for my advice. I think they will be able to work things out, but for now, he's available. Lucky us!" Aunt Jess explained.

Margie still eyed us both suspiciously.

"Yeah, lucky us." Her eyes devoured me and found I was tasty! "I personally don't think she's good enough for you. You need a real woman that can appreciate your ... gifts!"

"You mean his big dick don't you Margie?" Aunt Jess asked snidely. "And why would you wish ill to a relationship that has just hit a rough patch?"

"Is this girl out screwing other people like he's doing, if it's such a good thing?"

"Maybe I'll leave." I said. I may have liked the coarse woman the first time I met her, but she was beginning to grate on me now!

"Is that what you want Margie? Should Jeremy leave? Or I'll have my nephew stay and ask you to leave?" My aunt looked harshly at Margie.

"No, no, no. I want him to stay, I want to stay. Oh, what do I know of relationships? I can't get a guy to stay with me for more than two months, or a girl for much more!" Margie looked back and forth between Aunt Jess and me. "If it wasn't for you Jess, I'd never have any sex! And you found a nice cock for me and here I am, getting him pissed at me. I'm sorry Jeremy, I really am. I hope for the best with you and your girl. She's lucky to have you. I know I would be."

Her apology seemed genuine and heartfelt. I glanced at Aunt Jessica. She nodded her head.

"It's okay, Margie. I've just been on edge since this thing with ... my girlfriend happened. I think she's the one and I don't want to lose her." I acted remorseful over my supposed loss.

"Is she the one that gave you that hickey on your neck?" Margie asked as she cocked her head to stare at me.

I nodded without a word.

"Well then, should you be having sex with your aunt and her friend then?" Margie's tone still seemed a touch unsympathetic, but I ignored it. The prospect of grabbing her big tits and ass while shoving my dick in her wet pussy may have been clouding my judgment also!

"Probably not, but are you going to tell her?" I asked defiantly.

"I don't even know the girl!" Margie answered happily, realizing her silence got her pussy filled!

"So what now? I only have a couple of hours until I should get home for dinner." I asked.

"Aren't you eighteen? Do you have to rush home to mommy and daddy?" Margie asked condescendingly.

"You haven't seen him eat Margie. And after we're done with him, I'm sure he'll be able to clean out a whole aisle at the grocery store!"

I wouldn't go that far!

"I certainly don't have enough food in my house to feed him!" Aunt Jess added.

"Well, okay then." Margie said as if to say she was dropping it.

"I think I want to see you two kissing first!" I said as a way to change the subject and to get the proverbial ball rolling! I was going to have sex with two women again and I didn't want to waste a second of it!

"What? Are we just supposed to be your live porn show?" Margie asked coarsely with a glare at me.

"If you want my dick you do!" I answered back in the same tone. I was risking having her refuse, but I presumed how badly she wanted to get fucked!

"Lucky for you I've been waiting all day to kiss Jess!" Margie practically bowled my curvy aunt over with the way she went to her and grabbed her roughly.

My cock lurched in my pants at the sight of the two women, one auburn-haired and the other strawberry blonde, with their lips locked together. Soon their tongues were evidently involved. Within a minute four hands were roaming over both their bodies. Within four minutes, those hands began to pull clothing off.

"Are you going to stand there gawking or are you going to get naked too?" Margie said fiercely. "I want to see that cock again!"

Well, okay!

I whipped off my shirt and shucked my jeans down in one motion. My cock showed how happy it was to see the two now-naked women by standing and saluting them!

"God, that's a nice cock!" Margie crowed.

"Isn't it?" Aunt Jessica agreed happily.

I wiggled my hips so that my nice cock waved at its appreciative fans.

"Sorry Jess, but I gotta suck that thing!" Margie pulled from her friend and dropped to her knees before me. She gave me a hungry look before she grabbed my dick with one hand and wrapped her red-lipstick coated lips around my solid shaft, then enveloped me nearly to the base.

"Let me show you how it's done!" Aunt Jess knelt beside her friend and grabbed my dick from Margie's grasp, and in one quick motion that I still found hard to believe even if I had seen it many times, my aunt deep throated me with a kiss on my short curlies!

"Give me that thing!" Margie wrapped her hand over Aunt Jess's and pulled my dick back to her own open lips.

The two of them proceeded to battle over sucking my raging cock with the only winner being me!

"Girls, girls! There is plenty for both of you!" I said diplomatically, even though I was enjoying their fierce cock sucking!

"No there isn't! I want this whole fucking thing!" Margie crudely demanded.

"I barely get any time with him, and now I have to share?" Aunt Jess whined.

This drew a bewildered stare from her friend.

"Barely any time?" Margie questioned.

Uh-oh!

"Um ..." Aunt Jess realized her mistake and was lost to how to explain her words.

"I've been kinda ... seeing ... Aunt Jess on the side." I said timidly. I pretended to be embarrassed at being caught. "But I spend most of my time with my ... girlfriend. So I don't get to see my aunt as much as she would like."

I hoped Margie bought that, but felt that she wouldn't.

"Why do I get the feeling 'this girlfriend' of yours lives at your house?" Her stare up at me could have cut I-beams!

"What are you implying? That my mother is my girlfriend? Do you know how absurd that sounds?" My voice was fire and ice at once!

Not that we needed to hide anything from Margie. She had witnessed the first time mom and I had had sex/made love. But I didn't want her to use that knowledge to force me into having sex with her.

Listen to me, I'm arguing against having sex with an attractive woman!

But, it was one thing to do it while you were willing and another because you were being blackmailed into it! I mean, I was always willing, I just preferred it to be mom, or even Aunt Jessica, before I would have chosen Margie.

"You can't act like that with me. I saw you that day. What you two did was ... so special. You can't tell me that neither of you have done anything together since then. If it had been me, I would be on you like flies on shit! 24/7!"

I could only look at Aunt Jess for any kind of reply.

"Yes. That day was special between them. Except Jenny is married. She doesn't want to jeopardize that because of a one-time fling. Especially since it was her son! They both realized that it couldn't happen again. I, on the other hand, have had no problems like that. But then he went and found this new girl, and now I'm not getting enough time with my well-hung nephew."

That sounded like a lie even to me!

"What's this girl's name then?" Margie looked at me like a laser pointer.

"Emily." I blurted out. I don't know where the name came from. I didn't currently even know any girls named Emily.

"Emily huh? I still don't buy it." Margie gave me a studious glare.

"Do you want to suck my dick or not?" My dick had begun to flounder during the discussion.

"I suppose that I'll just have to be in the same category as Jess here; someone not getting enough of this gorgeous hunk of meat!" Margie then took half my length into her wide mouth.

The two redheads went back to lavishing my dick with their tongues and lips.

Crisis averted!

Though I felt sure that my aunt's friend still didn't believe me, or us, but it didn't really matter what she thought. I was only going to have sex with whom I wanted. Fortunately for her that it happened to include her at the moment! I was glad that I was able to silence her accusations, even if I had to use my big cock filling her mouth to do it!

"I think someone needs to get their pussy filled!" I exclaimed as they were getting me to quite a fever pitch.

Aunt Jess looked longingly at me, but I could tell that she knew that I meant Margie. I would quiet the woman's doubts with a thoroughly good fuck!

"Lie on your back Margie. Aunt Jess, sit on her face. I want to see what you two get up to when you don't have a cock around!"

"Is he always this bossy?" Margie asked as she got into the requested position. "It's good for him that I really need his cock inside of me so badly!"

"Yeah. He's learned how to throw that thing around. And that he throws it around so well too!" Aunt Jess said with a smirk as she straddled Margie's head. My aunt made sure Margie's long auburn hair was out from beneath her legs as she faced me and lowered her pussy to her friend's mouth, tongue already extended to meet it.

"You better fuck me good you fucker!" Margie demanded with a mouthful of my aunt's wet pussy. "A big hard cock fucking me and your delicious cunt on my face Jess!"

"Well, start licking me bitch! Make me wail!" Aunt Jess ground her crotch over Margie's face. "Fuck her really good Jeremy! Give the hungry bitch the fuck of her life!"

I would use the ire this woman had stirred up in me as the fuel to pound her cunt really good and hard!

I knelt between her spread legs, grabbing her thighs as I lined up with her still hidden hole. I slapped my cock head on the slit of her labia, coaxing it to open for me.

"Oh!" Margie cried out, sounding muffled.

"Here." Aunt Jess said and leaned forward. She put two fingers on Margie's stubborn pussy lips and began to rub over them like a practiced expert.

"Oh, fucklpl!"

"Shut up and lick my pussy!" Aunt Jess's fingers became more vigorous, causing the pink petals to open and widen.

"Ram that cock in her Jeremy! Show her what a real fuck is like!"

I had a feeling that Margie was the more dominant one between them when they were alone, and that my aunt was using my presence and Margie's need for dick, to retaliate in some small way. I was only too happy to help out my gorgeous aunt!

I drove my cock into Margie with as much force as I could muster. There was no care in my thrust, no concern for her pain, only in ramming my dick hard and deep!

"Do you like that bitch!" I growled huskily.

"Owlplm!" Came her reply. Her tone inclined that she did.

"How about this?" I drew back slowly and then jabbed my dick again. "Or this."

"Fuck me!"

Somehow, Margie had been able to break her lips free of Aunt Jess's crushing cunt to speak clearly. Or, I should say, to scream clearly.

"Really ram that wonderful cock in her Jeremy! Fuck her like you fuck me! Or like you fuck ... Emily!" Aunt Jess groaned out loudly.

Obviously, Margie knew well how to please my aunt!

Maybe I should fill Aunt Jess's mouth with my dick if she was going to keep speaking and nearly blab our, my, secret!

Luckily, she didn't call out mom's name right then. We would never convince Margie otherwise then!

Margie was only focused on two things right then, Aunt Jessica's snatch smashed in her face and my cock being crammed in her tight cunt! Her muffled groans were evidence of her lack of concern for anything else! I intended to fuck any suspicions right out of her mind!

"Oh shit Marg!" Aunt Jess's eyes stared at me through a heavenly haze. "Keep doing that! Oh, fuck yeah! Eat me bitch!"

Even though it would cause some distress to my lusty aunt, I intended to fuck her friend so hard and so well that Margie wouldn't be able to concentrate on licking Aunt Jess. I knew that I would be able to make it up to her shortly!

"Fuck her Jeremy! I can tell she loves that cock of yours! Fill her cunt with cock!" Aunt Jessica barked at me. "Make her cum so hard!"

The problem was, that at that moment I was ready to cum so hard myself! Not that these women wouldn't be able to get me ready to go again, but I still made it a point of the woman cumming first, even Margie. I wasn't about to stop that now. So I gritted my teeth, and tried to think of anything other than the wet pussy that was like a vice on my

dick, or the stunning angel that was before me experiencing her own blissfulness. The inviting lips or the quaking breasts of my Aunt Jessica, the woman that I had cum from thinking about so many times.

No!

I thought about the names of WW2 battles, A-Rod's old batting stats, Lebron's shooting percentages, listing national holidays in order, and family member's birthdays. Anything to keep me from cumming right then. While still thrusting incessantly in Margie's plush figure.

Oh, shit!

Mom's birthday was coming up! I needed to get her something special for it!

Thrust, thrust, pump, pump!

"Harder Jeremy! Make her really feel it!"

What? Oh yeah. Harder.

I focused on the mechanics of what I was doing, and not the sensations that were driving me crazy.

In, out. In, out. Wiggle the hips for more range of penetration. Back and forth. Forth and back.

My eyeballs felt like they were full of semen, I was so ready to cum!

I must have been doing something right, because Margie bucked Aunt Jess right off her head and wailed loudly.

"Oh God! Fuck me fucker! Fuck me, I'm gonnaaa cuuuuummm! Fuuuuuu ...!" Her voice trailed off as her body was transported to a wonderful place that everyone wanted to visit.

"Keep going Jeremy! Make her really feel her orgasm! Make Margie cum like she never has before!"

I did my best.

It must have been enough as Margie flailed about as if having a seizure. Her eyes were surprisingly open, but were unseeing. Her mouth was slack and drooling. Or, it might have been some of Aunt Jess's tasty juices there! Her legs beneath me were shaking like flag in a hurricane.

And her pussy was oozing a seeming gallon of feminine fluids around our conjoined crotches.

I pulled out just before I crossed that line, picturing Mrs. Graham in her muumuu to pull me back from the brink. I involuntarily shuddered at the image.

"Holy fuck!" Margie gasped in a hoarse whispery voice.

"Good, huh?" Aunt Jessica needlessly asked.

"Holy fuck." Margie said in a more normal, but still breathy tone.

"You didn't manage to cum yourself Jeremy?" Aunt Jess looked at me.

"No, what about you?" I was straining to take deep breaths as stars filled my vision.

She merely held up two fingers.

What? She'd cum twice? Either I couldn't tell, or I was too occupied with my own task to have noticed.

"Really? I didn't see them."

"Margie has a way of making me cum very quickly and repetitively!"

"Really?" I asked again.

"Oh, don't worry! I'm not giving up your tongue either!"

This caught Margie's attention.

"What's this about his tongue?" She asked Aunt Jess but her eyes were on me.

"You've got some competition Margie. Jeremy here can eat a mean pussy!"

Or even a nice one! I don't discriminate, I'd eat them all!

"A big dick and a great tongue? I may just have to steal him from this girl. Whoever she may be." Her gaze was blistering.

No, she still wasn't buying my girlfriend story!

But she didn't know how stacked the odds were against her!

"I'll have to try him out then. Lay on the floor stud. I'm going to ride your face while your hot little aunt rides that big hunk of cock!"

I was okay with that!

The way that Aunt Jessica's face lit up showed that she was okay with it also!

I laid on the carpeted floor, my dick slick with Margie's pussy effluvium and still standing tall. Aunt Jess straddled my thighs and reached down to give me a couple quick strokes. Not that I needed them! Then I saw the reason. She brought her hand up to her mouth and licked the wetness that had accumulated in her palm!

My aunt had wanted to taste her friend's cunt from my cock!

"Does she taste good Aunt Jess?" I grinned at her.

She gave an exaggerated lick of her damp palm.

"Taste her yourself and see!" She had such a gleeful look on her face as she grabbed my cock and placed it at her entrance before slowly lowering herself down onto me.

Margie had knelt while watching the two of us but now moved over my head with her full auburn bush that was trimmed only around the sides of her leaking pussy lips. She was facing towards Aunt Jessica, which meant, I assumed, that they would be making out while enjoying both my talents and my attributes.

"I had always thought how disgusting incest was until I saw your nephew screw you that day. It was so incredibly hot! And then when he fucked his mother! I haven't been able to get that image out of my head since! Even now, when you sank down on that gorgeous cock, it is so sexy, but more so because you are related! That you are family and love each other, but that you can share that love like this ..." Margie exclaimed, her pussy still out of reach of my hungry mouth. "It makes me so fucking hot!"

She then dropped down on my face, catching me slightly unaware.

"Eat that fucking cunt, you motherfucker! Show me how good a pussy licker you are!" Margie bellowed at me. "Ride that cock, Jess! Make that meat stick make you cum all over it! I want to lick his cum from your tasty snatch, to taste both of you together!"

Margie was winning back some of my good favor with her crude comments!

I repaid her with my driving tongue digging into her very wet pussy. She tasted very sweet for being so brash.

I used all my oral talents as I explored this new feminine canal, finding the spots that made her twitch, sucking her large labia with gentle nibbles, swirling my tongue in her depths and her shallows, before trailing my lips around her exposed, and in my experience, very large clit.

Her fuller figured frame flopped on my face as I flicked and fluttered my tongue in her womanliness. Both women used the other to support themselves, their individual ecstasies too much to do anything else with each other.

Margie squealed and squeaked, shivered, shook, and shuddered as I supped on her seeping slit.

She commanded me, asked me, and begged me.

I treated her pussy like a queen, and like a street whore.

But I didn't let her find that release that she was seeking as I drove her to even higher pleasures.

Meanwhile, Aunt Jess had started slowly to slide up and down my shaft, not in an immediate hurry to orgasm again. But after an intensifying five minutes, she began to increase her pace until she was riding me as fast and hard as I would have dreamt of fucking her tight pulsing pussy! If not for my focus on Margie's dripping snatch, I would already have had filled her tunnel of love with my creamy seed! Even still, I was fighting the urge!

"Oh fuck!" Aunt Jess cried out as she impaled herself fiercely. "I'm gonna cummm!"

"Fuck that cock Jess! Fuck the cum out of his balls!" Margie growled like a sexy beast.

I could attest to the fact that my naughty and dreamy aunt was doing exactly that!

"So am I Aunt Jess, so ammm I-I-I!" I yelled around the pussy threatening to suffocate me.

"Cum with me Jeremy! Cuuummm with yourrr auntieeeee!"

Clearly, she was peaking whether I did or not!

But oh, was I ever!

My hips jerked up repeatedly, my ass bouncing off the floor as my cock and balls went about injecting Aunt Jess with their creamy concoction! I felt a seeming gallon of cum pump into my aunt's cunt as it spasmed around my shaft, milking me so wonderfully.

Margie was left wanting as the two of us came together.

Aunt Jess almost fell off me as she sank to the floor beside me.

"Give me that pussy Jess!" Margie demanded as she moved off my soaked face.

I felt bad that I hadn't made her cum with my tongue, even if I had done so using my dick.

"Get on your back Margie." I said.

She looked at me with confusion.

"Trust me. You can still lick Aunt Jess's pussy. Jess, sit on her face. Let my cum ooze into her mouth!"

They both stared at me as if they didn't comprehend my request.

"I haven't finished eating her pussy yet. I have to make her cum too!" I explained.

Both faces lit up with understanding.

"You do have a remarkable tongue, young man!" Margie said without her usual coarseness.

"Your pussy tastes so good! I'd eat you anytime if I could." I didn't want to make promises that I knew I wouldn't keep, but it really was quite delicious! I just didn't have enough time in the day to satisfy all the women that wanted me!

"I'll hold you to that!" Margie smiled devilishly. "Come on Jess, sit on my face. Let me see if your big dick nephew tastes as good as he fucks!"

Aunt Jess gave me a wry smile as she placed her knees on either side of Margie's head, the woman's hair tucked under like a pillow of fine copper wire.

I lay between Margie's plumpish thighs and returned to my task, my wet and shrinking dick leaving cum stains on my aunt's beige carpet.

I glanced up at Aunt Jess as I licked her friend and she smiled back at me so openly and delightfully that I wished somewhat that it had been her that I had fallen for.

"Here, let me help you with that." She said as she leaned forward.

Aunt Jess brought her mouth down close to my face and I felt the urge to kiss her. As our lips joined, she moaned into my lips as Margie worked her magic on my aunt's cunt. After only a few moments, I broke the kiss and placed my lips back on Margie's secret lips. Aunt Jess's mouth followed mine and joined me there.

I was eating pussy with Aunt Jessica!

The woman I grew up dreaming about, the one that had received gallons of my spunk in secret tribute, was now helping me lick her friend's pussy! My tongue and her tongue met and danced about Margie's large engorged clitoris.

How many fantasies was I going to get to experience in real life?

"HOLY FUCK!" Margie screamed as Aunt Jess and I flicked our tongues on her sensitive bud.

I felt so close to my aunt right then, to be licking someone together as one, to be giving pleasure and enjoying in the giving.

Our heads were so close that I couldn't see anything of Aunt Jess's face besides her shining hazel eyes, my tongue working by feel following Aunt Jess's own around as we licked Margie's now quaking pussy.

"Fuck you two! Lick me! Make me cum!"

I was flicking Aunt Jess's tongue tip as much as I was Margie's clit, and I felt certain that she was doing the same with me!

Within a few minutes, we were both rewarded for our efforts that had been no effort at all.

"F-f-f-fuuuuuuuckkkkkkk!"

Margie exploded like a hydrogen bomb!

She didn't squirt, but she did release a flood of clear syrup followed by a thick oozing white flow. Her body shook and quaked as a very powerful orgasm ripped through her. Aunt Jess and I continued our licking, but now instead of focusing on Margie's stiff clit, we were hungrily lapping up the river of cum escaping her channel. Our tongues still tangled together as we tasted the tart woman's delicious juices.

There was more than the two of us could scoop with our mouths before it soaked the carpet.

I felt less bad now for the stains that I had made.

Margie took quite awhile before she was able to open her eyes, or even to do more than breathe in ragged breaths. Aunt Jess and I just laid on either side of her until she recovered.

"That may have been the best orgasm that I have ever had!" Her face gave off such a glow of satisfaction, exhaustion, and a good dose of Aunt Jessica's own delicious cum! "Where can I find this Emily, so that I can plead for her to share you with me and Jess?"

I knew that she was teasing. Or I was fairly sure that she was.

Wasn't she?

I had no idea how to respond to that so I hoped that it had been a mostly rhetorical request.

"You want to go to his girlfriend and ask if his aunt and her neighbor friend can have more sex with him?" Aunt Jess asked so plainly that it made Margie's question seem nonsensical. She rose into a sitting position, crossing her legs before her and leaving her splayed lips visible.

"Not when you put it like that!" Margie answered. She looked with pleading eyes at each of us. She was a bit slower to rise up, leaning on one arm with her knees bent, one pointed at the wall and the other at the ceiling.

I just looked at my aunt as I sat up, resting on both arms behind me.

"I loved eating pussy with you, Aunt Jess. I never expected you to join me!"

"I told you how good she tastes. I couldn't pass up the opportunity to share!"

"Fuck! You should feel what two tongues on your puss feels like Jess!" Margie exclaimed.

I was willing to eat my aunt's pussy with Margie anytime!

Or, even without her!

Aunt Jess had other ideas, as she usually did.

"Not today. I want you to eat me while he fucks my ass again."

She said it with almost no emotion in her words, as if she was listing options on a used car.

"What? Anal? I didn't know you went for that Jess." Margie looked at my aunt with surprise.

"I didn't. Until Jeremy got me thinking of it. I gave him my anal virginity." Her tone hadn't altered. She almost seemed not to be interested.

"Really?" Margie glanced at me with renewed interest.

"It was new to me too!" I said defensively.

"Emily is a very lucky girl, or woman." She said with a hint of accusations still. "Why would a girl give all this up? You sound like quite the keeper."

"She's not the first to split up with me for no apparent reason, so there must be something wrong with me." I explained.

"More than one?"

"I had a girlfriend named V, I mean, Veronica. We never actually had sex, but she's the one that I learned to eat pussy from. Told me we needed to see other people too."

"I could be other people this time." Margie offered, but there was an undercurrent that she had finally accepted that it was a futile attempt.

"Margie." Aunt Jess looked sternly at her friend. "I've met this girl. I think this is the real thing. I don't want you standing in the way of real love just because you can't find it yourself."

Aunt Jessica was showing emotion in her words now, her tone attacking Margie like a viper.

"Probably because I always come on too hard for most people." Margie seemed to shrink into herself with Aunt Jess's offensive tone.

"But I love you anyways!" Aunt Jess leaned over and kissed Margie on the cheek. "And not just because you eat my puss so well! If I didn't love dick so much ..."

"You and me both!" Margie's voice grew more cheerful.

"And speaking of dick, we need to get this one back into action!"

Aunt Jessica turned towards me with a lusty smile.

"I suppose the two of us will have to suck you hard again huh?" She asked as if I might have a problem with that.

"I guess, if you have too." I glanced between the two of them like a condemned man.

A man condemned to have two hot redheads suck his dick hard again so that he could fuck one of them in the world's most beautiful ass!

I don't know how I suffer this torment that fate has given to me!

"Lie back Jeremy. Let Margie and I get this thing huge again."

And the two of them commenced to sharing in licking over every bit of my dick. They both may be expert pussy lickers, but they were also equally talented in reviving a dick, especially one that was as ready to get back into action as they were in getting it there! It only took the two tongues a dozen minutes to have me as hard as ever. This didn't stop them from continuing their hungry slurping on my cock as if I might get even bigger and harder if they kept going.

"Enough girls! If you keep going, you'll be cleaning me up instead of me filling your ass!"

"Ooo! We can't have that, as tempting as that also sounds!" Aunt Jess cried.

"You'll have to fuck my ass one day. I've never done it either. I can't believe that you get that in Jess's ass! I need to see this for myself!" Margie exclaimed excitedly, almost like a little kid.

"Let me get some lube." Aunt Jess got up quickly and left the room for a minute.

She returned and handed the tube to her friend. My aunt then got on her hands and knees.

"Coat him real good Margie, then squirt some on me."

Margie did coat me real good, taking more time than required to slick me up as she stroked my raging cock in her tight fist.

"Don't jerk him off Margie!" Aunt Jess scolded when she looked back at what her friend was doing. "I need that cock in my ass!"

Need?

Aunt Jessica needed me to fuck her most gorgeous ass?

I suddenly had the same need myself!

"Get under her Margie! Let's make my Aunt Jess cum like crazy!"

"Ooo! Yes please!" cried Aunt Jess.

"I can't wait to eat you Jess with your nephew's big cock pounding your ass before my eyes!" Margie scrambled beneath my aunt as I placed the head of my cock at the lubed starburst entrance.

The sight of Aunt Jessica's perfectly formed spheres of flesh entranced me once again. I grabbed a cheek in each hand and squeezed. Whether it was from my groping hands, Margie's tongue exploring her pussy, or my dick about to enter her sphincter, Aunt Jess let out a low moan. I took that as my cue to pierce that tight back door.

"Oh! Fuck!" She gasped.

"Damn! That is sexy as hell!" Margie exclaimed from below. "His cock is going in your ass!"

That ass was squeezing the crap out of my cock!

It felt incredible, but it was like pushing my dick into dry mud. Or what I imagined what that would feel like.

"Fuck my ass Jeremy! Shove that whole cock in my asshole!" Aunt Jessica called out.

That was my intent!

"Oh God! He's doing it! His huge cock is in your ass Jess!"

"Fuck! It feels so good! Pound your auntie's ass Jeremy! Show Margie what an ass fucking looks like! And get back to licking my cunt bitch! I want your tongue on my clit with his cock in my asshole!"

Wow!

Aunt Jess was getting quite riled up!

I had finally bottomed out (as you could say) and I paused deep inside her while Aunt Jessica's colon milked my cock and I lovingly kneaded that fine ass.

"His whole cock is buried in you Jess! Damn, I can't believe it!" Margie gurgled with her mouth deep in pussy.

"Fuck me! Fuck this ass that you love so much! Fill me with your big cock!" Aunt Jess shouted.

I pulled back until I was almost out and then shoved forward until I was again planted deep.

"Ooooo!" Aunt Jess screamed.

"It sounds like you're killing her!" Margie protested.

"No! It feels so fuck-king good!" My aunt yelled. "Just wait til he fucks your ass!"

I then made my aunt incapable of intelligible speech as I began to jackhammer in her very tight ass. I felt as if that if I stopped my motion that my dick would be stuck if I did. I didn't want that, so I pumped vigorously between those beautiful butt cheeks.

I grunted as my sweat poured from my skin, my hands moved to Aunt Jess's hips for better grip and Margie's took their place on those full buttocks. The only sounds were the wet slapping sound of my fucking, the heavy breathing of the three of us, and the constant moaning 'oh's of Aunt Jess. I can't say that I was giving her my all, as I was already somewhat wore out, but what I was giving her seemed to be enough as she wailed out that she was about to cum. Margie licking her clit adding to whatever I was lacking.

"Oh! Fuck! Fuck! I'm cumming! Keep licking my clit! Just like that, just like thaaaat!" She shrieked as she came hard.

I felt my own need building and continued to pound my aunt's ass as she shook through her orgasm, her curvy figure rattling like a screen door in a windstorm. Margie reached around and grabbed my balls as they were getting ready to empty and then I felt her tongue on the underside of my nuts. That sent me off and I unleashed a torrent of cum into Aunt Jessica's ass.

I was spent and worn, falling back from the two women even before I finished shooting my seed, the last blast landing on the slick skin of that beautiful ass and the remaining dribbles running down my already wilting dick. I lay on the floor with my chest heaving and stared at the ceiling.

"That was so hot I am tempted to let you do that to me someday! Clearly not today though as you look wiped out." Margie said excitedly. Then she saw my white cum slowly dripping on Aunt Jess's butt cheek.

"Oh!" She wriggled out from beneath my aunt to reach her tongue to lick up my offering. "You have some of the tastiest cum I've ever had!"

I didn't know how to respond to that so I just smiled back at her.

Aunt Jess fell, or rolled to her side to lie beside her friend and looked over to where I lay prone.

"I'm so glad you visited today!" She panted.

"So am I." I felt like I would just lay there until school tomorrow.

"So am I." Margie agreed. "I'm even more jealous of Emily now. Big cock, great pussy muncher, ass fucker, and you're even a little bit cute."

I didn't want to be cute!

The other three great, but not cute!

That was for little girls. Jojo was cute, not me!

But I was too tired to protest. Besides, if I did get to fuck Margie's plump ass one day or even just her pussy again, she could call me whatever she wanted I guess.

"Jeremy. Take a quick shower before you go home. You reek of sex." Aunt Jess wrinkled her nose at me as I rose, even though she was in much the same condition as me. "You don't want your dad to find out

you've been over her fucking his sister-in-law's ass! Or my friend either!" She said with a glance at Margie.

"I don't know your father. You can tell him whatever you want about me. Especially if that means you can come over and do this again."

As much as I enjoyed most of the time here, there was still her nagging accusations that haunted me. I wasn't in a hurry to repeat our discussion.

"Margie, leave him alone. When he's done in the shower we'll take one too."

"We can all fit in there together Jess. One last bit of fun?" Margie's voice bordered on pleading.

"I don't think Jeremy is capable of anymore fun, are you?" Aunt Jess turned from Margie to me and the look she gave me almost dared me to contradict her.

"Much as I would love to, no, I think I feel like a nap right now." I said tactfully. I mean, I always wanted more sex, especially with Aunt Jess, but I knew that this was her way of letting me bow out gracefully. I did need to get home to eat.

"A nice cold shower will help revive you. Go on." Aunt Jess came over to me and gave me a quick peck on the cheek.

If Margie hadn't been there, I would have prolonged that kiss, and probably had gotten revived in more ways than one!

But I relented and trudged to the bathroom. I took a quick refreshing shower, and afterward I did I felt much better. I returned and retrieved my clothes to the penetrating stares of the two redheads. They appeared to be sizing up my capability for any more action. I hastily dressed while they watched me, and with a goodbye kiss to each of them, I left and headed home.

I got home just after my father did. Mom gave me a curious stare but didn't ask about where I had been. I would have admitted to her what I'd been doing if I had had a chance to do so privately. Dad, on the other hand, asked with fatherly interest.

"I was with a couple of ... girls." I answered him. I saw mom's eyebrow rise at that.

"A couple of girls huh? One of them the one that gave you that hickey?" Dad grinned at me as if he'd been in on some private joke between us.

"No. It wasn't either of them." I avoided making eye contact with mom. Not that I was hiding anything from her, but I didn't want to reveal anything about the truth of the now-purplish bruise on my neck.

"You doing any fooling around with these two?" Dad asked, not really accusatory but not just curiosity either.

I hesitated before answering.

"Some."

"You have to be careful when you start messing around with too many women at a time." Dad sounded like he was speaking from experience. I couldn't imagine dad with a bevy of girls. I mean, he was practically ignoring the one he had right now.

"Oh, I agree completely." I gave the briefest glance at mom but she was looking at my father then. "One, or two, is more than enough for me."

Mom's eyes turned to me and I met them firmly.

"Well, two can still be trouble." Dad continued.

"I know. But these two, the two that I'm ... seeing, they already know about each other." I said calmly, nervous about what I was revealing. "They seem to be okay with it."

"Oh? Really?" Dad asked in surprise. "How did you manage that?"

It seemed like he really wanted to know. Like I might impart some valuable information to him.

"Well ... they are sisters. It's not like I would be able to keep anything from either of them."

Dad actually choked up at my answer, coughing a few times before recovering.

"Sisters?" He stared at me as if seeing me for the first time. "What a lucky guy you are. Nevertheless, you still should be careful. You could get them both mad at you and lose them both."

Dad's tone sounded incredulous at my claim.

"Oh, I doubt it. These are the best sisters that a guy could know!" I responded enthusiastically with a piercing look towards my mom. Her eyes darted from mine guiltily. She was smiling though.

"I'll still warn you to be careful. You never know how these things can blow up in your face. Trust me." Dad then went to the kitchen and mom and I stood there awkwardly trying not to acknowledge the other in any overt way.

Later, after dinner and I was in my room idling on the internet, mom came up and knocked on my open door as if I hadn't seen her standing there. She closed the door as she entered.

I didn't know what her intentions were, but I sensed that they didn't include sex.

Even as my dick was rising with mom's presence.

Mom hadn't indicated that her monthly friend had left town so I ignored its pleas.

"You do have to be careful Jeremy. Saying so much to your father. So close to the truth."

"I didn't say anything that would make him suspect mom. Probably the last thing that he would guess now." I answered.

"It was still a risky thing to tell him. Sisters?"

"Hot sisters!" I corrected her.

Mom smiled secretively and seductively.

"I did find it exciting for you to be telling Justin about your two girlfriends. It got me turned on."

She took a step closer to me and pressed her mouth to mine. Her heat overflowed to me as we passionately kissed for minutes. Or hours.

After we reluctantly pulled apart, she asked me about my afternoon. She wondered who the second woman was as she had assumed that I'd gone to her sister's, even though I suspected that she had known that it was Margie. I gave the quick details, especially over Margie's suspicions of us. Mom didn't like it either, but she didn't see anything sinister in the intent of Aunt Jess's friend.

"I don't think she'd report us or anything. If she were so inclined, she would have already. No, I think all she wants is more of this." Mom patted my stiff dick tenderly.

"But that is already reserved for someone else." I said.

"Thank you dear. However, would it be so terrible to give Margie what she wants? What Jess and I want." Mom studied me, her emerald eyes smoldering with green fire.

"Mom. You ... and Jess ... are all I need." I answered defensively.

"Jeremy ..." She trailed off, her eyes falling to the floor.

I stared back at her.

Whatever thought she had been about to voice, it went unsaid.

"I need to get back downstairs." Her eyes flicked over mine.

She made to leave, then turned and kissed me again, her tongue trailing on my lower lip. She took two steps to the closed door like a fleeing prisoner. Her hand paused on the doorknob before pulling it open quickly and leaving without another glance.

And once more, my mother left me standing in my room with a woody in my pants!

Mom wasn't home when I returned from school the next day.

I was curious, but not worried.

I mean, it's not as if I expected to have my mom waiting to blow me every day when I got home from school!

I loved that she did, but it was unreasonable to think I would get one every day.

That I had my mom sucking my dick at all was beyond expectations. Even if it was becoming my norm.

I was making myself a sandwich when mom, Johnny, and Jojo arrived. I gave mom a curious glance. She returned it with a stern frown. She was wearing black slacks that hugged her ass and a grey pullover sweater that clung to her breasts. My eyes were as snug on her as were her clothes.

While my siblings were rushing upstairs to put away their backpacks, mom approached me as I chewed my snack.

"I'm sorry I wasn't here when you got home. I had some errands to do, and I picked up your brother and sister from school. You can't expect

me to be here every day awaiting your arrival." Her tone was almost a rebuke, but her eyes smoldered with need.

"I understand. You still have mom things to do." I said between mouthfuls. Then I added with a lighter tone. "But why not?"

Mom smiled at this and gave me a peck on the cheek before her other two children came stampeding down the stairs asking for their own snacks. Mom gave me another smile that bid me farewell. I went up to my room while my siblings ate their cookies, did homework on the living room floor, and watched cartoons on the TV. I became immersed in a video game on my computer, barely hearing dad come home, and only paused it when I was called for dinner.

With mom still out of commission with her red friend and not expecting anything while the others were around, I returned to my game after dinner. A short while later, mom appeared at my door. I glanced up at her from my desk, but continued playing.

"I want to make up for earlier." She said quieter than normal.

"Make up for what?" I asked without looking away from my monitor.

"For not being here." Mom said with a glance at the floor. She was being circumspect about something.

"I said I didn't expect you to suck me every day when I get home. I may have teased you, but I really don't. It's okay mom." I told her sincerely, glancing at her. Not that I would turn down her apology BJ!

"Can I blow you because I want to?" She said with a bold stare at me.

Like I would refuse her!

"Well, sure." I replied. I paused to swivel around to face her.

"I didn't think you would argue." She said.

Then she surprised me by telling me to keep playing my game. I didn't see how I could manage that if she was between my knees. Mom fell to her knees and crawled under my desk while I stared agog at her. She worked my pants open and down enough to allow my rising dick free.

"Now go back to playing." Mom said as she began to lick my cock with slow languid strokes.

I couldn't as I was staring at my wonderful mother working her tongue on my stiffening dick!

"Jeremy." Mom said looking up at me from beneath my desk with her irises half-hidden beneath her eyelids. "Your game."

I struggled to tear my eyes from this vision of beauty contained.

I rolled my office chair back nearly into its original position, only slightly farther out with mom now almost hidden. I glanced at my lap and mom's wavy brown hair that filled it. I was all too conscious of every movement she was making unseen as her hand gripped me, and her tongue and lips caressed me so sensuously.

"Damn mom!" I exclaimed loudly. "This is ... incredibly hot!"

"You just use your mouse to play your game and I'll use my mouth to play with your ... joystick!" Her voice said with the slight echo of her cramped space.

"Like I could focus with you down there!" I said.

I unpaused my game and then immediately saved it in case I twitched and made some stupid move because my mom was sucking my dick!

OMG!

It was like a surreal experience, two of the things that I enjoyed most. Playing video games and having sex! Together they were bizarre. Concentrating on one with the other going on was very difficult. As I'm sure I don't need to say!

Mom was clearly savoring what she was doing and was in no hurry to make me finish. As I calmed from the initial thrill of mom blowing me while under my desk, I began just to enjoy her ministrations and could pay more attention to my game. I'm sure this allowed her to get me closer to the edge numerous times than if I hadn't been partially distracted by something so nonsexual. The slurping and wet sucking sounds from below added a strange dissonance to the blasters shooting and screams of dying aliens from my speakers.

Knock, knock came from my door.

"Jeremy?" My door crept open.

Dad's voice!

My life passed before my eyes right then!

I quickly paused the game, even as I noticed that mom hadn't stopped what she was doing.

Dad entered my room and stood near the door. This angle kept mom from his view unless he looked closely below my waist. I was hopeful that he had no cause to look anywhere but at my face. I just had to make sure that my face didn't betray me, or us.

"Have you seen your mother?" Dad asked.

"I haven't seen her in awhile." I answered truthfully.

What was the exact amount of time in awhile? I certainly hadn't seen mom since she climbed under my desk a dozen or so minutes ago. Surely, that qualified as awhile.

"Well, okay. I can't seem to find her." He said dejectedly.

"You've lost your wife? That's kinda a problem, dad." I also realized the portent of my words without intending it when I spoke them.

I had to grit my teeth after I said that as mom started bobbing enthusiastically then.

"I've been all over the house. Her car is still here so she hasn't gone out." He glanced around the room as if he might find her hiding behind my bed or in my closet. Surely, she couldn't be under my desk! And definitely not giving me another of her amazing blowjobs!

"I hope you find her. I kind of like having mom around." This was a jibe directed at my unseen lover. The grip on my cock tightened uncomfortably.

"I even would say that I love mom." I added keeping any reaction from my face.

"So do I Jeremy, so do I." He said with such sincerity that it felt like a stab at my own heart.

Dad looked down at his hands forlornly.

At that quiet moment between dad and I, mom, inadvertently or not, at least I hoped it hadn't been intentional, made a loud sucking noise that sounded unusually loud in the silence.

Dad's gaze suddenly was piercing me.

"What was that?" He asked sounding almost normal, but to my ears was all accusation.

"Whatwaswhat?" I said quickly, almost stumbling over the syllables.

"That sound."

"What sound? I don't know what you heard." I tried to keep from sweating or my eyes darting guiltily around.

Just because he had heard something didn't imply that mom was there. Just that he'd heard an odd noise.

Still.

I was panicking then. There was nowhere for mom to go if dad took another step and happened to glance at my lap. What would dad do if he found mom between my thighs? To me, or even to mom?

My eyes did wander and I noticed an old 50's movie DVD case sitting on a shelf. In a flash of inspiration, I spoke up then.

"Oh. I'm watching a monster movie. One of the guys just got sucked into the monster's mouth." I said, trying to sound as reasonable as possible. I was almost certain that he couldn't see my monitor's screen at that angle as you had to view it from straight on to be visible.

Mom added her own effects to this excuse. More slurping was then heard.

I kicked gently at her thigh.

"Oh." Dad said as if I'd given him the meaning of life.

His gaze still wandered the room but lingered longer on my desk.

"It sounded like it came from below your desk, not your speakers." Dad said absently and half-turned back to the door.

"It's the sub-woofer under there, it creates some strange acoustics."

"I'm sure." Dad agreed as if he completely understood.

"Well, if you see your mom, tell her I'm looking for her. I'll try the utility room. Maybe she's doing some late night laundry." He wandered out the door, pulling it almost closed behind him.

I didn't know that I'd been holding my breath until I gave out a huge sigh.

I heard a giggle from below.

"Mom!" I cried out in a hoarse whisper.

I also found that I was still rock solid and that mom was now no longer just teasing me, but was in the process of getting me to cum.

I don't know if the near-death experience had put me closer to orgasm, or just that my loving mother's oral skills were good enough to overcome my heart failure, but in a couple minutes, I was ready to fill her sucking mouth with my cream.

"Shit mom! You're going to make me cum! Oh God! Suck it mom, suck my cock!"

I exploded, as I had done so many times before, mom hungrily swallowing my cum with relish. Blast after blast of my seed shot down

mom's throat. Even as the last drabs seeped from the end of my dick, mom kept sucking. She then thoroughly cleaned every remains of cum or saliva from my wilting shaft. She clambered out from the desk and pushed herself upright with my knees as support.

"If there is a greater mother than you mom, I would surely love to meet her!" I exclaimed with ragged breath, my eyes following her as she stood.

"If there is a greater mother, then I definitely don't want you to meet her! I don't want the competition. You are mine and mine alone." Mom said firmly while licking her lips.

Those weren't the words of a woman that wanted me to find a girlfriend!

Or even to share me with her sister!

"And what's this that I'm a monster now?" Mom asked with a demanding voice, her head tilted to the side as she stared at me.

"What?" I asked confused as to what she was asking. Then I remembered my comment to dad.

"You're the best guy-sucking monster ever!" I teased back.

Mom gave a mild chortle to that.

She stepped closer to me, kissed my forehead, and told me thanks. Again, I'm the one that needed to thank her!

"Now I have to go find your father and figure out what to tell him about where I've been." Mom said with an exasperated look to the ceiling.

"You're the best, mom!" I called out as she left my room closing the door behind her.

Now having had mom blow me on Thursday evening made the next morning somewhat redundant when I was awoken by mom's soft lips caressing my woody.

"This seems like déjà vu mom." I said groggily as I lifted my head to look down at her.

"What do you mean?" Mom said after her lips pulled up off my swelling head.

"You were just here doing this just hours ago." I said staring at my cock-sucking mother.

"Are you complaining?" She dragged her tongue up my length while staring in my eyes.

"Oh God no!" I gasped loudly. "You can suck me all day long if you want! But we do have lives and can't spend it here in my bed."

"Why not?" She said as she swirled her tongue around my dome.

Shouldn't I be the one arguing for all day blowjobs?

"Yeah, why not." I agreed.

"At least now your father won't come looking for me." Mom took half my cock in her mouth at this point.

"There is that. How did you explain last night to him?" I asked. I clearly wasn't smart enough not to engage in a conversation with the woman that was sucking my dick! I blamed it on the lack of blood in my brain.

"I told him I had gone outside." Mom said then gave me an intense stare. "Now do you want to talk or can I suck your big beautiful cock?"

Hmm.

I needed to think about that one.

Which did I want?

Chitchat?

Or mom blowing me?

Of course, you know my answer.

"Suck away mom. Don't let my big mouth stop you."

"I do love your mouth too, and I hope to give it a ride soon!" Mom smiled deviously at me. She waved my cock with her clenching hand. "But right now, I love this thing more! Or what it contains!"

She resumed her loving sucking.

I didn't correct her on the difference of the contents of my cock from my balls; I knew what she meant. Mom wasn't in any kind of hurry to release those contents though. She was spending her time in lavishing my rod with her soft, and yet firm, lips and her magical tongue. She may not have been keen on blowing dad back in the day, but mom obviously loved what she was doing with her son's cock!

I just laid there and let her have her way with my pulsing member for as long as she wanted. Numerous times I was ready to erupt, but mom always knew when to slow her efforts before I did, and then would slowly build me back to that point once again. I was willing to let her do what she wanted with my dick, but that doesn't mean she wasn't also teasing me relentlessly. Twice I nearly grabbed her head and would have fucked her mouth to my release. But I gritted my teeth and clutched at my sheets with an iron grip. Mom merely smiled serenely at me in my torment and continued her ministrations.

After what seemed a million years and only mom's gentle hold on my nuts keeping them from bursting like a balloon themselves, did she finally proceed to build me up to my final crescendo that would be more bombastic than the 1812 overture!

"Are you ready to cum Jeremy?" Mom asked in her smoldering voice.

I had been clenching my jaw so tightly that I was sure our dentist would scold me for the damage I'd caused. I forced my mouth to open to answer my sweet, beautiful mother's question.

"FUCK MOM!" I screamed. I don't think I would have been any more restrained if the rest of the family had been in the house at that moment.

"I guess I can take that as an affirmative." Mom said with almost a giggle in her voice.

"Suck me mom! Make me cum now!" I ordered her.

"I suppose you do have to get to school soon."

If not for her tight grasp around the base of my raging cock, I might have gone off without any further stimulus from mom.

"Do you have a nice big load of tasty cum for mommy?" She said sweetly with a singsong voice.

"Mom!" I moaned in agony.

Mom placed her open mouth just above my dick and with two quick strokes triggered my cum cannon.

"Cum for me honey! Cum in mommy's mouth!"

Oh, boy did I!

It's not as if she hadn't had me fill her mouth less than twelve hours before, but it felt like I had been storing up about a week's worth of spunk for mom. It seemed like I had surprised her with the ferocity of my orgasm. The first three blasts hitting the back of her mouth caused her eyes to widen with their unexpected force. Two more of a normal strength, and a following two with much less intensity. Mom had my semen flowing across her lips and down her chin before she was able to begin to swallow my seed.

"Gawp Jurmy!" Mom sputtered with her full mouth while trying not to lose any more than she already had.

"Oh damn mom! That was incredible!" I replied. "I take what I said last night back. "There is truly no better mother than you! Or cocksucker either!"

Not necessarily the best compliment to give a mother, but mine definitely deserved it!

When she managed to gulp twice mom looked at me with watery eyes. I felt sure that it was a physical reaction from my orgasm and not an emotional one.

"God! Did you install turbos on your shake machine?" Mom asked incredulously and wide eyed.

"No. It's all from the skillful operator!" I responded calmly.

Mom laughed at that.

"I suppose I should take that as a compliment!" Her smile lit the room with its generous intensity.

"Now, get out of that bed and get your ass to school!" Mom said with a playful swing at my posterior as I rose.

"Yes mother dear!" I chimed back.

Mom swung her robe around her as she got off my bed and headed for the door.

"Hurry home. You may get a surprise!" She exclaimed as she disappeared down the hall.

A surprise?

Was her period done?

Would I get to bang mom when I got home today?

The thought made it all the more difficult to go to school, even more so to get through the long torturous day.

Even Mrs. Graham in her muumuu wasn't enough to quell my erection of the prospect of sinking in mom's hot pussy once again! I did contemplate skipping a period or two to get home to find out if I guessed correctly about her surprise, but I didn't want to make mom upset enough with skipping that she changed her mind about giving me access to her secret chamber!

The last bell rang and I found that I had made it through the day at last. I didn't break any traffic laws on my way home, but I definitely bent more than a few! My tires squealed as I braked in the driveway and almost rear-ended mom's vehicle. I'm sure that would cancel any surprise she had for me!

I opened the door unsure of what I would find when I did.

Mom was sitting on the couch and when she saw me, she gave me an unhappy pout.

"Sorry Jeremy. Aunt Flo is reluctant to leave." Her sad face showed she was possibly more disappointed than I was. "It has lessened, but ..."

Mom was still not easy with discussing this with me. As was I, even if I was ready to fuck her silly!

"Sorry honey. Maybe tomorrow." She stood and gave me a regular motherly peck on the cheek.

That only led to another, this one on my mouth that hungrily accepted it and returned it doubly.

We broke apart only when we heard the front door open.

The rest of the afternoon was filled with the raucousness of a normal household. Snacks for all, homework was done, Dad arrived home, and dinner was prepared.

It was just before dinner that mom announced that Aunt Jessica wouldn't be joining us for movie night as she had a date.

I don't know if I was disappointed or not. For numerous reasons. I loved my aunt (not just for the sex, but that she was my aunt!), and I did love seeing her (and not just because she was so damn hot!). I didn't think that anything would have happened that night between her and me anyway, but then again what did I know anymore? As I was getting more involved with mom, I had felt the desire for Aunt Jess lessen, though upon the sight of her I'm sure my lust would once again be enflamed!

There was also an altruistic side of me; I wanted her to find her own happiness, and that would only happen if she got out more. That meant she had to go on more dates. Which would mean no messing around with her nephew. I couldn't expect my aunt to carry on with me if she got involved with some guy, or even a woman, unlike what my mother was doing.

Mom looked at me after she gave us all the news and I don't know what she saw on my face, but she gave me a comforting smile. Even as much as she wanted me for herself, mom still felt bad for me that her sister wouldn't be here. Only another of the many reasons that I loved my mom!

It was while we were getting situated for movie night that I got more bad news.

Dad sat down on the couch and he indicated that mom sit next to him instead of on the loveseat with me as usual.

Mom had a bowl of popcorn and her glass of wine in her hands as she stood there after dad's request. She glanced at my father then at me. She had a lost look on her face as she once again looked at each of us in turn. She moved to the couch and sat down next to her husband with her legs curled up underneath her. Dad pulled the blanket over them and leaned closer to mom.

I'm sure my face showed my disappointment. I reacted before I had a chance to hide my emotions. I hadn't wanted to display my frustration about where mom was seated, as being her son I should not care. I was glad for mom to get some attention from dad, but that it was at my cost hurt.

I felt karma was paying me back for some of the incredible events that had recently happened to me. Why else would this occur the same week as Aunt Jess was absent? To have them both at once, and now to have neither.

While dad was putting popcorn in his mouth, mom looked over at me and gave me a sad pout to show she was sorry about the situation. I

nodded back at her with a weak smile to let her know that I was okay. Even if I wasn't completely okay with it.

Once more, I was torn by the mess I was in. I didn't want my parents to split, but that implied them having 'relations' together. That I wanted to be the one that was with mom and not my father was a Catch-22. I didn't want them to divorce, but I didn't want dad to be with mom. I knew that mom felt much the same as I did. Or I thought she did. I only knew what she had said, of how she had professed her love for me on countless occasions. If she had been honest, and I had no reason to doubt her, then she wanted to be with me, but also didn't want to leave dad. I almost wished for the days when I played in my sandbox with my big dump truck. Things had been so much simpler then!

The first movie was an old live action Disney movie with a very young Kurt Russell. It was one my brother and sister hadn't seen, though I had watched it when I had been Johnny's age. Dad, and mom, had no interest in it and with dad cozying up with mom, soon the two of them were quietly giggling like teenagers. But I was the teenager!

I tried to watch the movie, it was enjoyable for a second, or even a third viewing, but the distraction on the couch was too much. I know mom felt my attention on her/them, and I couldn't help but notice that they were kissing, and who knew what their hands were doing beneath the blanket.

I did.

Those hands had been mine for the past few weeks! Mine and mom's!

Now they were dad's and mom's.

I fidgeted on the loveseat, finding no position to be comfortable. Not without the warm body beside me that was usually there. I pulled mom's blanket over me, smelling her perfume on it, and then throwing it off me. I fought not to glance at the couch, but I was iron to mom's magnetism. I caught her eye a couple of times but I tried to show no reaction, even though I knew she knew me well enough that I couldn't hide what I felt even with the blankest of expressions. I saw no reaction on her face, but I knew she was just as pained as I was by the circumstances.

I wasn't the only one affected by my parents' show of affection. They had been pressed closely together, whispering and softly laughing between their frequent bouts of kissing. At one point Johnny, who'd been laying on his stomach, his head propped up on his arms, turned around and said, "mom and dad, eww!" My sister and I laughed, my brother's reaction similar to my own, but so much more innocent. My short laughter eased my torment for a brief moment. But the moment passed quickly.

I was the first one to stand when the movie ended, rushing to the bathroom even though I barely felt the need. As I stood there dripping in the bowl, I wondered if I had fled just so I didn't have to meet mom's gaze? That felt petty and I scolded myself for it. I resolved to face her bravely when I saw her.

Which happened as I exited the bathroom, nearly bumping into her after I opened the door.

"Oops." Mom said taking a quick step backward.

I stood, blocking the doorway, but said nothing.

"Can I use the bathroom too?" Her eyes cautiously found mine. They were soft but also burned with a green fire.

I stood for another second. Wanting to say something, but no words seemed right. I then stepped to the side to get around her, afraid of making any contact with mom.

Our hands touched briefly, then sought the other.

"Jeremy ..." Mom whispered, as if her feelings would be revealed at a normal volume.

"It's okay mom. I understand. I mean, I don't, but ... you know."

"I'm sorry." She said and her hand left mine. She stepped into the bathroom and closed the door.

I stood there staring at the wood door.

Dad belched behind me.

"Didn't you already go in there?" He asked.

"Yeah. I'm done." I said emotionlessly and started to move away.

"I'm sorry for the free show. Your mother is ... well, you know how it is. Speaking of, how is your girlfriend? You two doing okay?" Dad asked, the beer very evident on his breath.

Mom opened the door then.

"Yeah, dad. I know how it is. My girlfriend is fine, we're doing fine. Everything is just fine." My rough tone said things weren't fine, but dad didn't pick up on that.

"Good, good. Have to keep the little woman happy. Right dear?" Dad said putting an arm around mom's shoulders.

A shadow flickered across her brow and she glanced so quickly at me that I knew dad missed it. She looked at him with a forced but wide smile.

"Yes honey. Whatever you say." She stepped out of dad's hold. "Excuse me; I'm going to get more wine."

Dad gave me a lecherous wink as mom walked away and then he took his turn. I returned to my seat, forgetting to get another beverage for myself.

Mom, being mom, noticed this and came out of the kitchen with her glass of wine and a Tigerade for me.

"I saw you didn't get a drink. I brought you one." She handed it to me while keeping her distance.

I reached out and took the plastic bottle from her with a piercing stare. Our bodies might not be able to touch, but our gaze lingered over each other like old molasses.

"Thanks mom." I filled those three letters with all the emotions that I was feeling then.

"You're welcome dear." Her endearment was just as full in reply.

Our gazes broke and we returned to our seats as dad came out of the kitchen with another beer for himself.

"What are we watching next?" He asked.

Like he was going to watch anything while he was fooling around with mom!

"It's the latest Bond film." I answered.

"They still are making those?" Mom asked needlessly.

"As long as they make money they will." I said.

"Let's see what trouble Jimmy boy gets into now." Dad said as he cuddled up with mom, putting his arm around her and hugging her closer.

I turned away from his display.

The action-filled adventure managed to distract me somewhat, with only the scene where OO7 seduced the sexy Parisian croupier reminding me of what was going on across the room. The smacking sounds of wet kisses redundant with the action on the TV screen.

Two hours and eighteen minutes had never seemed so long in my life.

During the first movie, they had kept things PG and that was tough enough. But with the second one, dad and mom were definitely rated R, even without any actual nudity. They were no longer worried about what Johnny and Jojo might witness even though I was still their son too, regardless of my age. Why would dad think that it didn't matter if I saw what they were doing? I was the one more likely to know full well what they were doing. The thought of what would happen when they went to bed and things got X-rated gave me the willies.

I was about to leap to my room as the first credits appeared when dad spoke.

"Could you turn off the TV and get the lights and such?" He asked me.

I noticed that mom's blouse was almost completely unbuttoned and her skirt hung askew on her hips as she tried discretely to cover herself. If dad only knew how much of mom I had already seen! Her eyes avoided mine. My own eyes were trying to avoid looking at dad and seeing any of the signs of what they had been doing.

Dad's hand was on mom's ass as they went to their room.

I couldn't believe how open in front of me they were being with their intent to have sex. I knew it was more of dad's doing than mom's; she was obviously embarrassed by it, as if I had caught them doing something illicit. The fact that mom had denied me that afternoon because of her lingering condition, but that was now consenting with her husband stung. I knew that mom must have been only allowing this because of the irregularity of dad's interest. That she had told me that we might have sex tomorrow was small comfort for me right then.

I went about closing the house for the night; lights, TV, checking the locks on the doors and then headed for bed myself. I put on my headphones with some thrash metal playing to avoid hearing anything that I didn't want to hear from downstairs.

Sleep was a long time coming.

And cumming was the last thing I could think about as I tossed in my bed before I was lost to consciousness.

I was startled out of a forgotten dream by hard knocking on my bedroom door.

What the ...!

I could barely see my clock. 6:15.

"Get your butt out of bed Jeremy!"

Dad's voice.

Oh shit! I was golfing with him this morning!

"Give me five minutes, dad." I called out.

Every part of my being complained at getting up that early. However, I had agreed. Moreover, maybe mom would reward me for my good deed later! Though, truth be told, she'd probably reward me later regardless of any deeds!

Now, I didn't mind golfing with dad. It was time that we could spend together. We never said the words, but it was our way of showing our

affection for each other. It was a little awkward for me this time as it was the first time we'd done something together since I'd started having sex with mom. That fact made me feel more of an adult; that I was playing eighteen holes with a guy that I was sleeping with his wife!

Isn't that something that real men did?

It wasn't until the eleventh hole that dad said something that wasn't related to our game.

"I want to apologize to you about the little show that you witnessed last night." Dad said casually.

"Uh, it's no problem dad." It was the last thing I wanted to talk with my father about.

"Your mother is still a very attractive woman. I know she's only mom to you, but she's really got it when it comes to the bedroom!"

"Dad! I don't want to hear this!"

I knew full well what mom was like in the bedroom! Or in the kitchen, the living room, or even the garage!

"You're a man now, you know how things are. You've got a girlfriend, and a few on the side it seems." He gave me a knowing and almost lecherous smile while nudging my arm with the back of his forearm.

"Dad."

"It sounds like you really know how to swing your club, if you know what I mean!" His grin grew two sizes.

I did know what he meant. If he only knew who it was that I was using my club with! Not that I wanted him to know. Oh no, far from it!

"You have to tell me where you found these sisters that you're dating. How'd that happen?" He leaned closer conspiratorially.

"Dad. Are we golfing or not?" I saw the party behind us was closing on us.

"No, come on. I want to hear this." He waved the foursome up, indicating for them to play on. We stepped aside from the tee box.

"You want me to give up my secrets? Isn't that something sacred between guys?"

"But not with your old man. Besides, I'm married. Not like I'll be using anything you tell me."

"There's actually no secret. My ... girlfriend, um, kind of let her sister be with me."

"She shared you with her sister? You dog." Dad grinned fiercely then grew more serious. "I still say that it will only end up causing trouble. Don't let yourself get hurt."

"Yeah, I know. I'm kinda having that problem now. I like being with them both, but ... I like my girlfriend more than the sister, even though I'd always dreamed about the sister. I want to spend more time with the one without hurting the other." I said trying to be vague.

I know, I was giving out far too much information to my dad, but it wasn't as if he could narrow my comments down to mom and Aunt Jess.

"Anytime you are involved with more than one person, you'll eventually have stronger feelings for one of them. Then you start to treat the others differently and they will notice it, and then without being aware of it you end up sabotaging any relationships you are trying to carry on besides the girl that becomes the main one. And if or when the main girl finds out that you've been fooling around with others, that's usually the end of that one too. But you don't seem to have

that problem, if your girl already knows you're dating her sister too. But the other day, you said you were with two girls and neither of them was your girlfriend. That sounds like trouble!" Dad explained.

"The other girl is the sister's friend. I'm not into her really, just some fun on the side. Mostly just because she was a friend is how she became involved. She seems to want to be with me though." I answered discreetly.

It was tough to explain the situation without being too specific and without using any names. I was most definitely not using names!

"It sounds like you're finding out why men choose to be with only one woman. Any more than that isn't worth the trouble, no matter how enticing it may seem!" Dad patted me on the shoulder as he passed on his fatherly wisdom.

I had to change the course of the conversation!

"It sounds like you've gone through this yourself."

"Oh yes." He paused as he recollected. "Back in college. I used to date quite a few girls at the same time. Nothing serious, you know. But then I went on a few second dates with some, then thirds. Next I know, I'm going out with four girls at once. None of them knew about the rest and

I had to claim I was doing all sorts of studying as to why I couldn't go out with each of them more frequently. Ended up blowing up in my face when I had gotten so tired from classes and dating, that I mistakenly made a date for the same event with three of them! And the fourth showed up on her own to find me getting told off by the other three!" I could see by his expression that dad was reliving that incident. "Word got out, and it was six months before I could get another girl to go out with me. So, trust me. It won't end well. No matter what you might think."

Wow! My estimation of dad rose after hearing him recount some of his past dalliances.

"Four! That's ... just, wow!" I exclaimed. Maybe I had more of dad in me than I knew!

"Not sisters mind you, but yeah, I was proud of myself. Until it ended in disaster. After that, I learned my lesson. Focus on one girl or woman. You can think all the sex is great, but too much isn't necessarily a good thing. Those six months was an eye-opener. I did manage to raise my GPA though."

"And that's when you met mom?" Yeah, I know, back to risky ground.

"Oh, no. I didn't meet her until a few years later." He gave me a somber look. "I had a few more lessons to learn before I was ready for the right

woman to come along. And when she did, I was ready for her. And we've been happily together ever since!"

Dad smiled and patted my shoulder.

Not as happily as he believed!

"Come on. Let's finish our game. I still have you by three shots. If you hadn't missed that putt on eight! You should come out with me and Jack more often."

"If you'd play at noon, I would." I answered.

"We're halfway through the back nine by then!" Dad exclaimed and gestured toward the tees. "It's your shot."

We finished the rest of the course with no further conversation about women.

Afterwards, we stopped at the clubhouse. Dad even tried to order me a beer along with his, but when they asked for my ID, dad relented and I ordered a Coke. Dad seemed as if he wanted to linger at the course, but I was in a hurry to get home to see mom. Not that we would be able to do anything with everyone home. It was no longer just about the sex

though, I truly enjoyed being with mom even when she wasn't sucking my dick!

We arrived back home and mom welcomed us both with an atypical hug. I thought mine lasted longer than the one she gave my father. I even managed to surreptitiously grab her ass and give it my own welcoming hug with my palms. I heard her squeak in my ear as I did!

I was starving and asked mom about lunch. She informed me that lunch had been two hours ago but that she could be persuaded to fix me something. Dad joined in and said that he could use something to eat also. Out of dad's sight I gave mom a sly knowing smile and asked what I needed to do to get her to make me a sandwich (or two!). As dad grabbed a beer from the fridge and couldn't see her, mom opened her mouth in an 'O' and pushed her tongue against the inside of her cheek. She then brought her right hand to her face as if drinking from a glass.

Or as if she was holding my dick!

I understood her intent.

I let her see me look at dad then back at her.

"I'll have to owe you that mom."

"I'll owe you too honey." Dad said as he headed for the living room.

I saw mom's face light up at that moment.

"You spent time with Jeremy this morning, how about you do something with the other two this afternoon? Jeremy just said he was going to play basketball with some friends. That would give me some time alone to soak in the tub." Mom's glance at me was so slight that if I hadn't been studying her, I would have missed it.

Mom was up to something!

I played along.

"Yeah, Alan and Jim said they got a bunch of guys together. Should be fun." I interjected.

Dad paused before he sat and he looked back at mom.

"I suppose I could do that. You do spend a lot of time with them. And with Spring Break coming up next week, you'll have them all day long." Dad said. "After I have something to eat, I'll take them somewhere. Maybe the movies."

"Maybe the movies and something else." Mom said in a firm tone. "More than just a couple of hours. Like don't come home until dinnertime."

"Oh. Okay. Well, I'll think of something. Or the kids will, I'm sure."

Mom went about preparing dad and I our late lunch, and though dad was sitting in the other room oblivious, I sat at the kitchen table and watched mom go about her task. I noticed that she would glance secretly at me from beneath her lidded eyes.

Definitely was up to something!

Something that surely meant sex for me!

Well, and for her too.

I wolfed down my two large sandwiches and big glass of juice. Mom called my sibling in from the backyard and informed them of dad's plans for them. They went upstairs to wash up before going. I made a show of leaving, telling dad once again thanks for the golf game. He turned his attention from the big screen for longer than his usual glance at me.

"You too. It was nice to get out with you, Jeremy. We don't spend enough time together. We'll have to get out more this summer."

"Yeah dad, sounds good. See you at dinner. Bye mom!" I called out. My words sounded fake to me. I hoped it was only my conscious talking.

"Okay, bye, Jeremy! Have a good time this afternoon!" Mom stepped into view from the kitchen.

That was going to be up to her!

I headed slowly down the street. I planned merely to walk around a block or two, just killing time until I saw dad leave with Jojo and Johnny. I circled our block and the next one behind us then cut across the intersection with our street and saw dad's truck still in the driveway. So I walked around the two blocks across from us and coming back from the opposite end of our street, saw his truck was now gone. I almost ran down our street back home.

I was slightly winded as I entered and the little breath that I had left was quickly sucked from me when mom mauled me with her mouth. After more than a few minutes, we parted. Just before I would have collapsed from oxygen deprivation!

"I need you so badly Jeremy!" Mom gasped, breathing deeply herself.

"Me too mom!" I replied, having her half undressed with my eyes. "My room." I said as if it was already understood.

"Yes." She answered in the process of removing my shirt over my head.

Another lingering kiss and we headed up the stairs.

Do you know how hard it is to walk up stairs side-by-side while trying to undress someone and kissing them at the same time? It's very difficult.

We reached the top of the steps with me stumbling with my pants around my knees. Mom's saffron colored blouse was open and hanging on her elbows revealing her lacy black bra. Her trim white slacks were undone and pushed around her hips.

We paused to lock our lips again, our arms wrapped around each other.

"My room." I repeated as we again regained our breath.

Mom's eyes darted down the hall to my open doorway. I almost picked her up and carried her there. We instead walked the dozen feet, our hands wandering over our bodies and our lips meeting in a multitude of quick kisses. Both of us still had enough wits about us to bring any removed clothing with us and not to leave any incriminating evidence along our route.

After going a week without we skipped any foreplay and I entered her almost as soon as we fell onto my bed. Neither of us lasted more than a few minutes.

We were both ready to go again but we took a moment to lie beside each other in the afterglow and collect our breaths and our wits. Mom and I stared at my ceiling in mutual silence for long minutes before mom spoke.

"I was glad you and your father were able to spend some time together this morning. With all this," she waved a hand above her sheen-covered belly, "going on, I don't want any rivalry to come between you and your dad." She then turned to look at me.

I felt her gaze on me and twisted my head to look back at my beautiful mother.

"That's funny that you should say that." I then related the conversation that occurred between me and dad. I did leave my own personal conflicted feeling about her unspoken.

"I'm sorry about last night too. Regardless of my own dilemma, I don't want you to feel caught in the middle of your mom and dad. You shouldn't have to choose between us."

"There is no choice mom." I interrupted.

"Let me finish. You only say that because of the sex. Would you still say that if my hand hadn't landed in your lap? Don't answer that. Again, I don't want you to have to choose. Your father and I love you equally as our son. Things have become complicated beyond that, but that will always be true and I don't want you to forget that. Whatever else might happen if Justin ever found out about us, that he would stop loving you would break my heart Jeremy." Mom turned onto her side to stare at my face. Her eyes were glassy with excess moisture.

"Mom." I rolled onto my shoulder and put a soft hand on her cheek.

"I can't say that I appreciate him telling you details about our ... sex life." She gave me a weak smile but her voice was a notch harsher.

"Wasn't really ... details. Just that you were still attractive and ... hot in bed." I declared. "Both of which I already knew."

Her smile grew stronger, adding brightness to the daylight lit room.

"He said that?" Her green eyes warmed.

I could see the love that she still felt for dad. It may not be the fierce roaring flame that we felt for each other; it was more of a warm comforting fire that kept the chill of a winter's day at bay. I could also see the conflict that mom felt between the two.

"Mom. Can we not talk about dad while I have you naked in my bed?" I put my hand on her shoulder and pushed her over onto her back again. I moved my upper body over her, her full breasts and wrinkly nipples pressed to my chest.

"You didn't have to hear anything again did you?" Her eyes flickered between mine, searching.

"I put on headphones. After a week of not being with you, I wouldn't have been able to bear hearing you ...," I could not continue.

"Oh, Jeremy." She lifted her head to kiss me gently.

"You get to hear me now though." Mom gave me a devilish smile.

"Are you going to get loud mom? Are you going to scream out in pleasure as I fill your pussy?"

"Oh, yes! Fill me good honey. So many times this week I was nearly ready to jump on you!"

"What was that about you saying you could last longer than me?" A sly smile crept on my lips.

"I didn't have you blowing me almost every day either!" She retorted.

"I don't remember twisting your arm with any of them." I responded calmly. "And it seems that it was your decision that we didn't do anything more than that also. I was willing."

Willing was an understatement.

Mom's eyes dropped from mine.

"I'm sorry Jeremy. No matter how horny I get, I just can't have sex when I'm on my period. It maybe just a quirk, but it's how I feel." Her apology sounded hurt.

"It's okay mom. That I get to have any sex with you, or do anything with you for that matter, is more than I can ever ask."

"Aww, honey. That's how I feel too." Mom cooed.

"And speaking about blowing me ..." I glanced downward at my hidden loins.

"Are you asking your dear mother to suck your dick dear? You're such a naughty son to talk to me that way! I might have to let you spank me for that!"

"Don't you mean you spanking me?" I teased back.

"Which do you want?" Mom asked in a sultry voice.

I was now torn between mom sucking me or me spanking her gorgeous ass!

"Mom, you are just too amazing!"

I leaned down and kissed her. Once. Twice. Our lips parted and our tongues danced together. We breathed from one another's lungs as we consumed each other.

"You still haven't answered me." Mom sighed when we had to part.

"I need to fuck you again!" I declared firmly.

"Ooo! I need that too!"

We kissed again, or rather, tried to take each other's mouths into our own.

"Jeremy." Mom said with her eyes full of lust.

"Mom." I'm sure my eyes matched hers.

"I have to ask." Her tone grew serious. "Why do you never ask to do doggy with me like you do with Jess? You claim to like my ass too."

If her tone and the look on her face didn't say otherwise, I would have taken this as teasing.

I answered her just as seriously, and completely honestly.

"I'd rather stare in your eyes while we are having sex mom."

I saw my words surprised her.

They also melted the look on her face.

"Jeremy. Honey."

Mom raised her head to mine and she pushed her lips against mine tightly, her hands wrapped around my neck pulling me downward.

Our activity, or my need, revived me without need of mom's lips there. I moved the rest of my body over her until our bodies slid together as they were made to be.

"Oh honey. Make love to me, slow and tender." Mom gasped around my lips.

I pushed deep into her and held there enjoying her enveloping heat and pressure. My lips wandered from hers, trailing over her face and down onto her neck and collarbone. My hands came up to cup her breasts with a firm grasp, my thumbs playing over her stiffening nipples. Her hands roamed through my hair, down my neck, and over my shoulder blades before returning to my head.

"Oh Jeremy!" Mom moaned.

I brought my mouth back to hers as I began slowly to withdraw from her moist vice. I was halfway out when I thrust back down. I paused there again for a few moments before repeating. I didn't give her the full stroke, as I wanted her to feel filled with my cock and not empty at its loss. And I wanted to feel her pussy muscles squeezing me so tightly it was as if there was a hand inside her grabbing me better than any normal hand could.

"Fuck, mom! Your pussy feels so good!"

"So does your cock dear! Fuck me Jeremy! Fill mommy's pussy with your huge cock!"

Her mouth covered mine taking the breath from me.

I continued my slow stuttered strokes. Mom moaned on my lips, I grunted in response.

"Faster Jeremy! Fuck mommy harder!"

I gave both to her.

Faster and harder.

But not the most of either. I wanted to build our passion longer and was leaving something for our finale.

"I love you honey! You and your wonderful cock! You fill mommy's cunt so fucking good!"

And I intended to keep doing that too!

I gave her a few quicker rougher jabs.

"Oh God, yes! Like that!" Mom squeaked loudly.

I kept up the jabs for a few dozen strokes before resuming my measured tempo.

"How do you know how to fuck me so well?"

Practice.

But, I didn't voice my answer.

"Keep going honey! I'm getting so close. You're going to make me cum so hard!"

I felt my own release approaching but fought it back. I drove into mom with a need to get her off.

A few minutes later mom let out a low moan that rose in volume and escalated in pitch until it was a loud wail.

"Fuck meeee honeeeey!"

I was sure that was what I was already doing, but I knew that this was just mom's need about to explode.

I did increase my force and speed.

"Oh God! Oh God! Oh God! Ohhhh Gaaawwwwddd!"

Mom's head jerked back and her face clenched, much as her hands tried to clench on my back and as her legs clenched around my own, twitching uncontrollably as she orgasmed hard beneath me.

I bit my lip as I struggled to keep from exploding myself.

As mom was swept through her orgasm, I lay atop her, my weight unnoticed by her, my cock still lodged firmly in her pulsing pussy. I saw stars before my eyes and I felt sure my room was slowly twisting beneath my bed. I rolled to the side, my dick popping free and standing tall, mom's juices dripping down it.

"Oh God." Mom said again, this time breathlessly and with far less passion.

"I take it that was good?" I slightly teased.

"Oh honey ..." Her eyes found mine. "Every time with you is good. Better than good." Her voice was soft and halfway to a whisper.

"Better that dad?" I knew I shouldn't ask, but it slipped out. I blamed Freud.

"Jeremy. That's not fair. Your father is very good." Mom looked at me guiltily. She paused then added. "You take it to another level though. I don't know if it is because we share DNA, or that we have some special natural bond. Or that you just strive to be so good."

Mom had a demure expression over her face.

"Or all of them." I said.

"Or all of them." She agreed. "All I know is that you make me feel like no one ever has before."

"I love you mom." I took one of her hands and brought it to my lips. "I love you Jenny."

"Honey, I love you too. As your mother and as your ... girl."

"You'll always be my girl mom."

"We should get cleaned up." Mom rolled over and slowly sat up. I will admit, my eyes followed her jostling breasts.

"We still have lots of time before they get back." I said, putting my hands behind my head.

"Are you saying you don't want to shower with me?" She gave me a partial pout.

Oh!

"Well, when you put it that way!" I sprang from the bed ahead of her.

I took mom's hand and held it as she stood, her naked magnificence still able to stun me.

"I think I'm growing accustomed to your staring." Mom said with a grin, stirring me from my reverie.

"And you just get more beautiful the more I stare!" I stated. "Shall I escort you to your bath, sweet lady?"

"I never know if you are teasing or are being chivalrous."

"Chivalrous, of course my fair queen." I gave my best bow. I'm sure it was flawed as it was also my first ever bow.

"It loses something with the nudity." Mom said, then gave a girlish giggle. "Maybe if your little friend was refreshed it would come off better!"

"Well let's get in the shower and you can work your magic on waking him." I grinned and pulled her arm after me.

Mom smiled in reply, not saying a word. She did allow me to guide her to the bathroom.

"Should we bring clothes with us? No telling how long we might be in there." I asked.

"We should hear them come back. Your room is just down the hall; you can sneak down there if need be. I'll just say I was using the upstairs bath."

I was still unsure. Mom never ever took her Sunday bath upstairs, but it also wasn't Sunday. And it was only on the chance that dad and my siblings returned before mom and I finished whatever hijinx we got up to while showering. The unusually cautious side of me grabbed a pair of shorts and brought them with us.

It did start off as an innocent shower, even with the two of us standing in the tub together. We did wash each other instead of ourselves, so it wasn't all innocence. Our hands made sure every inch of the other's body was sparkling clean, some inches were cleaner than others, but none were left ignored. It was very sensuous to wash mom's hair for her, running my fingers over her scalp and through her soft wet tresses. Her own hands washing my chest was non-sexual but so arousing nonetheless. Mom's soapy hands worked my dick into quite a lather, which threatened to release my own sticky white lather. My fingers did make mom's personal faucet flow quite freely.

When we were thoroughly cleaned, mom and I then set about getting very dirty together!

"Jeremy, I've been taking care of you all week with ... my mouth. Can you, I mean, could you ...?" Mom said while standing beneath the running shower, the water running down her figure giving her a glassy sheen.

"You want me to lick your pussy?" I finished her question for her.

"Yes. Please."

"Anytime you want mom. Anytime, anywhere. Just not here though. I don't trust your footing if I'm going to eat you out. Let's dry off and go back to my room." I told her eagerly.

"Okay honey." Mom almost whispered with hushed anticipation. I'm sure this was because of her expectation of an overwhelming orgasm. Or, more than a few!

We walked naked back down the hall, unusual that we weren't joined or touching in some way while we did.

This only lasted until we closed my door and fell on my bed locked together with arms entwined, lips pressed tightly, and our tongues twirling as one. I lifted from her and stared into those shimmering green pools that revealed her soul. Mom smiled serenely back at me.

I bent to kiss her again, this time on her cheek. I trailed kisses down her neck, between her bountiful breasts, my fingers teasing the tips erect, my lips continuing across the plains of her smooth stomach.

"I'm already so wet for you honey and you haven't even started yet!" Mom sighed, raising her head to look down her body at me.

This only encouraged me to make her wait longer until I did begin.

"Lie back mom. Enjoy this." I returned to my kissing, teasing her belly button as I did.

"I am Jeremy, I am." Mom said as if in another world.

I gave wide berth to mom's pelvis as I kissed down her right hip and over her firm thigh. I caressed her leg with my fingertips along with my tongue, lips, and heated breath.

"You're going to tease me to death, aren't you?" Mom whispered almost rhetorically.

I didn't answer her anyway. I just kept teasing her.

I gave soft kisses to the back of her knee while drawing my fingers across both calves. I moved my head to the other leg and kissed behind that knee also. I then made my way up the back of mom's left thigh, lifting it as I kissed lightly and repeatedly. I gently pushed her knees apart as I kissed down to the beginning curve of her ass and ever closer to where she desired me to be. Where I desired to be also, even with my gentle kisses and soft teasing licks.

"Please just lick me Jeremy! I need your tongue on my clit!" Mom begged.

I couldn't have my mother begging now could I?

I put my tongue at the lowest part of her open lips and dragged it slowly up over her gaping cleft until I reached that most sensitive bud. I sucked it tenderly and then suddenly nipped it with my teeth and flicked it quickly with the tip of my tongue.

"F-f-fuuuuuucccckkkkkk!" Mom wailed as her hips jerked up into my face, her ass leaping from my mattress.

I was seeing stars and red blotches as mom's pelvis dropped back to the bed only to bounce back up to brush against my face.

As soon as I could focus again, I dropped my mouth back down onto her seeping slit and attacked mom's clit again, sucking and flicking on it relentlessly. It took thirty seconds for her to cum the second time.

"Ooohhh Gaaaawwd! Yessss!"

Her body stayed down on my bed, but I saw that her muscles had locked up as her orgasm overwhelmed her, mom's face in a rictus grin and her eyes screwed closed.

Before I continued for a third, I pushed two fingers deep into her well-lubed channel, tickling that secret area behind the top of her opening. I

must have found the spot because as soon as I placed my lips around her hard nib mom began to convulse violently. Her hands grabbed my hair and pushed my face harder into her loins. Her legs shook as they clamped around my back. Gurgling noises seemed to bypass her lips and came straight from her throat.

I worried if continuing would be too much for mom's body to take, so I paused to let her recover and collect her wits. My face and neck were covered in mom's syrupy juices as a result of her explosive orgasms.

As I stared at her, mom's empty eyes were pointed towards the ceiling. If it weren't for her harsh breathing, I would have worried that I had orgasmed mom to death! Was that even a thing? What a way to go!

"Are you okay mom?" I asked with concern.

"Oh, Jeremy." She whispered contentedly. "I am sooo okay."

Her head turned towards me. It wasn't just her mouth, her whole face smiled at me.

"That was ... out of this world. I could say I want that every day, but then that would lessen the specialness of it." Mom's eyes pierced me with their intensity. "Maybe every other day."

I returned her easy smile with a wide grin of my own.

"I'm here to please." I said.

"You sure are." Mom rolled onto her side and her eyes surveyed my naked body. The part she was most interested in was hidden beneath me. "I'm here to please too though. And it seems that I now owe you some pleasing. At least a couple! Turn over mister."

I rolled onto my back, moving around on the smallish bed to reveal my still stiff rod.

"Does this thing ever go down?" Mom joked as she turned to take her place between my knees.

"Not for you!" I replied with a quip.

"I would love to take the time to tease you too as payback, but I don't know if we have the time and I don't want to leave you ... unfinished if the others come home before I'm done with you." Mom gave me a sultry stare as she grabbed my dick in her right hand.

"Do to me as you will sweet lady. I am all yours!" I declared.

"I do love you Jeremy, even when you are being so ridiculous." Mom said before giving my cock head a soft long lick.

"Ridiculously in love with you, mom!"

"Lay back and shut up Jeremy." Mom sucked my flared head in her mouth, dancing her tongue on the smooth flesh.

"Shutting up." I said and laid there and focused on the magic of mom's mouth on my mighty male member.

"I want to make you feel like you made me feel honey!" Mom exclaimed as she licked up and down my shaft.

"I feel like that all day long mom. Just being with you is like magic." Corny, I know, but mom ate it up.

"Aww honey."

It was tender and sweet, which was contradictory to the way she was then sucking my dick deep into her mouth, her lips clamped around the pulsing veined skin.

"Suck me good mom! Suck my big cock like a good mother!"

"Like a good mother? A good mother sucks her son's big cock?" Her eyes widened in question.

"Only the best do. Like mine!"

And mine was the best!

"Only because it is so big and gorgeous and makes me feel so good!" Mom said between sucks.

"Not because I'm your son?"

"Jeremy! I don't blow you because you're my son! Now shut up and let me finish."

Mom had said she couldn't take her time, but she certainly wasn't rushing either. She had me ready to fill her mouth more than a few times when she squeezed the base of my cock until my need lessened. She had my whole body tensed as she worked over my cock, my muscles quivering as they awaited my imminent explosion. The feeling of mom's lips sliding up and down my shaft, her tongue swirling,

dancing on my sensitive skin, her grip stroking me as much as her head bobbed. I had the feeling that if mom could get any other part of her body involved she would.

"Fuck it mom! I need to cum now! Let me fill your slutty mom mouth with my cum!" I screamed through gritted teeth.

"Oh no! Not this time. I want you to come all over my face!" Mom jerked my dick at a frenetic pace.

That was all it took.

"Shit mom! I'm cummmin' nowww!" I called out before I lost control of my body.

Cum shot from my dick and splattered on mom's face. The first blast hit her right cheek and sprayed over her eye, making her blink. The next one hit her on her forehead, streaking down the bridge of her nose. Mom's hand continued pumping and milking me. The third blast landed on the side of her nose and left a trail across her left cheek. The fourth, without as much force behind it, only carried to her bottom lip and her chin. The remains dribbled out and down her fingers.

I let out the breath that I had been holding and filled my lungs with fresh oxygen. I looked and saw mom take my cock in her mouth and

clean up the mess I had made. Most of my thick cum clung to where it had landed, but there were streaks that were dripping down her face.

"God mom! I wish I had a picture of you right now. You are the sexiest thing I've ever seen!" I said between breaths.

"Oh no Jeremy! You can't have any evidence of what we are doing!" Mom protested but a smile grew on her cum-covered lips. "You like your mom covered in your cum?"

"In you or on you, I never really cared. But you do look so sluttily sexy like this!" I propped myself up on my elbows as I stared at my mother.

"Sluttily sexy? I suppose that was the look I was going for!" Her smile became devilishly wicked. "I could only wish it was on someone else's face so that I could enjoy licking it all up!"

"Like Aunt Jess's?" I asked in wonder.

The image of mom doing just that formed in my mind. My dick trembled as it tried to resume its stature.

"Not anyone in particular, just someone I could clean your ... stuff ... off of." Mom grew shy now that we had both been satiated. But not completely.

"I wonder what kind of skin cream this would make?" She asked and began to rub my cum all over her face and into her skin. I just stared.

When she finished, her face with a subtle sheen, she carefully licked her fingers clean, sucking each one slowly afterwards. As she drew the last fingertip from her lips, she looked at me again, with only the briefest of glances at my still soft dick to verify its inactivity, and her lips formed a flat smile that left me undecided as to what it meant. If not for the restraints of my physical body, I would spend all day pleasing this angel made flesh.

"We need to get dressed." Mom said with a look at my clock beside my bed.

"I just want to lay here and stare at my beautifully sexy naked mother for the rest of the day." Well, until my dick recovered anyway!

"Get your butt out of that bed." Mom ordered as she herself rose up. She bent to pick up her clothing giving me a terrific view of her butt.

She must have realized this as she stood and whirled towards me.

"Another one of those mom and Mr. Willy will stand back up. Then we'll have to start all over again!" I joked.

"Then 'Mr. Willy' will have to explain to Jojo what he is doing in her mother, and why she and her brother have no clothes on." Mom said sharply.

"Good point." I reluctantly got out of my well-used bed. I continued to stare at mom as she collected her clothing and went about putting them back on. I knew she knew that I was watching as she did both slowly, and even exaggerated some of her movements for my visual enjoyment. I caught a brief sight of a smile on her face.

It only took a moment for me to dress, finishing as mom was buttoning her slacks. She stepped closer to kiss me. I remembered the state of her face moments ago and pulled back.

"Really?" Mom asked exasperatedly. She licked her lips thoroughly. "There."

She leaned forward again and when I still paused, she grabbed the sides of my head and pulled me to her. Once our lips touched, I lost any reticence and was lost in our kissing. My hands wrapped around her

back and held her tightly. Mom's hands dropped to my rear and she squeezed my buttocks as firmly as I was holding her.

"Mom!"

"You have a nice ass too Jeremy!" She gave me another quick kiss and another squeeze before turning for my door.

I was undecided about mom's compliment. But if she liked what she saw in me, how could I complain? I'm an equal opportunity sexist. To each their own leering.

As I caught up with her on the stairs, mom paused. I almost ran her over and had to grab her before she fell down the stairs. Naturally, my hands found her well-formed handholds.

Mom looked calmly at me over her shoulder.

"You need to leave before they get back." She said casually and with a glance at her chest, added, "And you can take your hands off my tits."

"Don't you like them there? I love 'em myself." I gave a firm squeeze and released those fabulous orbs.

"I do, but ...," Mom could think of no excuse.

"It's okay mom, I know." I slipped past her as she hadn't moved. "See you in a bit, sexy!" I called out as I went out the back door.

I hopped our back fence and cut through Mr. Williams's yard. I heard his yapping little mutt in the house protesting my intrusion but was soon behind me as walked down the street. I had no certain amount of time to kill, I could just as easily have stayed home and told dad that our game had been cut short, but I wanted nothing for dad to suspect. Besides, it was nice out, even though I had spent that morning on the links with dad.

I kind of wished that I had made plans with some friends. It was a perfect afternoon for some b-ball. I could head over to the park and check out the courts. I'm sure I could join in a game. I did end up making my way to the local park where the courts were located and I watched a group of middle-age men play. They weren't bad for old men. I also did notice a few cute young girls, one or two that glanced my way too, but having just had amazing sex with my mom, I had little interest in them. I did smile back as it seemed the personable thing to do.

After forty-five minutes, I decided to return home, whether dad and my brother and sister were home yet.

In a matter of perfect timing, I saw dad's SUV coming down the street as I came down the block. I wiped pretend sweat from my brow as a cover before they were close enough to see that my skin was dry. I waved as dad pulled in the driveway and my siblings clambered out.

"Jeremy, Jeremy. We went golfing! Golfing is fun!" Jojo cried exuberantly.

"It wasn't golf Jojo. It was mini-golf. It's totally different." Johnny corrected her.

"No it's not. It was golf, wasn't it daddy?" My sister asked our father as he shut his door.

"Yes it is honey. Johnny, don't upset your sister. Let's go see if your mother has anymore of those Popsicles for you two." Dad looked at me with a curious stare. "Good game?"

"Yeah. We actually didn't play that long. Billy got a hamstring and then teams weren't even and we all got to talking and stuff." I lied.

"Stuff being girls?" Dad asked with a knowing sly grin.

"Well, you know ..." I said and nonchalantly shrugged my shoulders.

"Don't you have enough female problems?" He asked and grabbed my shoulder with a father's affection.

I just grinned back at him and said nothing more.

Dad and I followed the other two into the house and found mom with her head wrapped up in a towel and a cotton bathrobe wrapped around her. I glanced at her with a questioning look. She turned her eyes from me.

"Daddy said we can have posicles mommy!" Jojo said as if giving mom a directive.

"Oh did he? Before dinner?" Mom looked at dad firmly.

"One won't hurt them." He said stoically.

Mom gave dad another long look and then went to the kitchen to get my clamoring siblings their promised treat. I even accepted one when mom looked at me.

"So how was your bath dear? Your skin has a glow about it." Dad asked sounding interested.

I held my face in place at that comment.

Mom glanced at me with a meaningful look.

"I'm using a new skin cream that I just loove!" Mom raved to her husband.

I nearly choked on my Popsicle.

"Jeremy, why don't you go get your sister cleaned up and I'll finish getting dinner ready." Mom said to me. I could see her holding back her response to her statement to dad. "Johnny, go wash your hands too."

We each went about our ways.

I burst out laughing in the bathroom and Jojo stared at me in confusion. She asked what was funny. I told her it was just something that mommy had said. Her confused look remained.

Dinner was ready twenty minutes later, mom was in her jeans and yellow top again (if she had ever removed them!), and we all sat down as a nice normal family.

Was any family normal?

That night mom and I were barely able to steal a quick kiss a few times, groping at each other as we did so. I went to bed and received no visit before I fell into a dreamless sleep.

Chapter 17

After Saturday's early arising, I slept in late Sunday. I also had no visit that morning, so I took ten minutes to relieve my built up pressure. A quick trip to the bathroom and I made my way downstairs to get some food, expecting that breakfast for the others would be long over. I was not wrong in that assumption. Mom looked up from the couch as I came down and started to rise. Jojo was laying sprawled on the floor coloring and watching cartoons. I assumed Johnny was outside on his bike.

"Do you want me to make you something to eat?" She said eagerly.

"He's eighteen. He can feed himself if he isn't going to be up at mealtime." Dad said coarsely, looking up from his tablet.

Where was his fatherly affection from yesterday?

"I'm his mother. Feeding him is part of the job." Mom said decisively.

"You coddle him much too much." Dad snorted.

"Again, I'm his mother. It's what I do. Besides when he's gone next year, you'll miss him being around." Mom glanced slyly at me from beneath her eyelids.

"Thanks mom, you're the best!" I went over to her and gave her a peck on the cheek. The hand that I was ostensibly hugging her with was firmly on her ass through her thin robe and nightgown.

"You're up kinda late. Did you have a hard night?" Mom asked casually as she went to the kitchen.

"I was wiped out last night. It was hard getting up this morning." I looked deep in her eyes for a brief moment.

"I'm sure it was." She said over her shoulder. I followed her to the other room. "Did it get better?"

"I handled it." I answered flatly.

"That's a shame." Her eyes flicked to me as she went about pulling out a couple pans. "Eggs and pancakes alright?"

"Yeah, thanks mom. Maybe some bacon too?" I looked hopefully at her.

"Sure honey. Whatever you want." Mom hurried about making me breakfast.

I didn't want to return to the living room and have to sit with dad's glare on me, so I pulled out a chair and sat at the kitchen table. This also afforded me a view of my lovely mother moving around the room as she cooked. It also let me see her as my mom and not my lover. I loved her as both, but being my mom would never change no matter what else might happen between us.

Dad came into the room and got a beer from the fridge.

"I was thinking, now that it is spring that I should clean out the gutters. Jeremy can help out, can't you son?" He looked at me expectantly.

"I would love to dad, but I have a paper to do for tomorrow." I glanced at mom but she was busy.

"You should have been doing that instead of basketball yesterday." His tone hadn't changed but I felt the harshness of his words.

"Jeremy. You can help your father with the gutters." Mom turned and scolded me.

"No, he's got homework to do. That's more important, even if he doesn't do it in a timely manner. It's nothing I can't handle on my own. Been doing them myself for years." Dad trailed off muttering to himself as he returned to the living room.

"Do you really have homework?" Mom's tone was still cold. It was a pinprick to my heart.

"Actually, yes. I was going to do it later this afternoon. I thought that maybe we could ..." I looked up at her longingly.

"I don't know. You're father is right. Homework is more important than ... fooling around with your mother."

"Nothing is more important than that mom!"

"School is." Mom answered as solidly as granite.

"I'll get it done. I promise." I said defensively.

"You better. If your grades falter because of me, us, I will cease doing anything with you." Mom's eyes burned into me with cold fire.

I was confident in my schoolwork, and my grades. Fortunately, though, the next set of grades I would get would be the last set! But no, I was good with school.

Mom's face lit up as she placed the food before me.

"Justin will be up the ladder and not be able to come in and out of the house." Mom said suggestively.

"Are you implying that we should do something we shouldn't?" I grinned at her.

"It's been almost twenty-four hours." She said calmly.

"That sounds like an addict talking mom."

"An addict for addict." Except she made that last word sound slightly different.

"Mom!" I exclaimed in a loud whisper.

She turned back to the counter but as she did so, she bent over and lifted her robe and nightie to reveal her panty clad ass. She gave it a wiggle at me and I heard her giggle.

Thoughts of the plate of food before me suddenly fled from my mind, I was now hungry for something else.

"Mom!" I said again.

She giggled again.

"Eat your breakfast Jeremy. I want you to keep up your strength!" Mom went about cleaning up the small mess she'd made making me breakfast.

I know what mom wanted!

I finished eating, the helpings large enough that I didn't need seconds. Not that I couldn't have eaten more, but lunch wasn't far off.

Not much later, dad went outside and made a production of pulling the ladder and the other tools he would use from the garage. Johnny and Jojo were playing in the backyard; I didn't know what they were doing, but I could hear their loud laughter. I hid upstairs until mom was ready for me. My dick was already half hard in anticipation!

It was only about twenty minutes later when mom showed up at my door. She was still wearing her robe but she pulled it open to reveal a deep green satiny camisole that matched her eyes and clung snugly to her figure. It hung above her hips and didn't hide the tiny pair of matching panties that barely hid her trimmed bush. It was one of the pieces that we had bought when we had gone shopping together.

"So, do you like?" Mom said with a hand on one hip, the other stretched up my doorframe, and one leg bent provocatively to the side. She truly could have been a lingerie model. Minus the old plain white robe of course.

I just gave a wolf whistle as I stared at her.

She smiled at my response.

"I guess that's a yes."

To leave no doubt, I sprang at her, took her in my arms and pulled her tightly to me. I stared into her jade orbs for a moment before I was irresistibly attached to her lips. Her hands, one up and one down, came together behind my neck as we joined.

We had only been kissing for a couple minutes when mom pulled from my face.

"We don't have much time. We shouldn't spend it all just kissing." Mom said in the same voice she would have told me pick up milk while I was out.

"Mom, I love doing anything with you. Kissing ... or other things." I said with my hands now cupping her silky panty-clad ass cheeks.

"Other things, you mean like eating me out, or fucking me silly?" She asked in nearly her normal voice, but with a touch of sultriness coating it.

"Yeah. Those things are nice too."

"Nice as in nice, or nice as in incredible, amazing, remarkable, etc., etc.?" Mom cocked her head to the side.

"Yeah, nice." I tried to hold back my grin, but failed.

"How about we try those 'other things'?"

"You just don't want to kiss me, admit it." I teased her.

"Jeremy. Kiss you, suck you, fuck you. I want to do them all with you forever."

Have I said that I love my mom?

"Oh, is that all you want?"

"Now Jeremy, now!" Mom practically ordered me.

"Yes, pretty lady. Okay."

I grabbed her ass even tighter and picked her up. This surprised her, but when she realized what I was doing, she swung her legs up and wrapped them around my hips. Her arms held tight to my neck, but her eyes locked on mine more firmly than any of her limbs. That I was holding this sexily dressed, beautiful woman in my arms and that we

were about to join our bodies together still overwhelmed my mind. Well, almost sexily dressed.

"Can we lose the robe?" I asked her.

Mom smiled and with some little trouble was able to remove the drab once-white robe.

Except now, sexy didn't even come close to describing my mother!

"Can I just say how hot you are mom? Cause you are. Smoking hot!"

"You can and you just did. I don't feel hot, smoking or not. But that you keep telling me makes me feel like I'm twenty again!"

"Twenty? You're still too old for me." I joked.

"Jeremy. Take me to your bed." The most wonderful chore mom had ever given me!

"Okay mom." I agreed eagerly.

Whether we had time for it or not, our lips met again as I crossed my room with my angel in my arms. We fell together on our sides into my bed.

Mom broke out laughing a moment after we fell.

"You really do make me feel like I'm twenty again Jeremy! I love that you make me feel this way. I love you too. My handsome son. My wonderful ... lover." Mom's voice was playful, sincere, loving, and serene. Her hand came up and brushed against the side of my face as she stared deep in my eyes.

"Are we going to fuck or not mom?" I asked. Not that I was trying to break her mood, but we needed some levity before we both got all mushy. We didn't have all day for that.

"Always direct." Mom smiled. She had understood what I meant. Her smile showed she agreed. "You're right though. I need you to fuck me Jeremy. Good and hard."

The sexy cougar was coming out.

"Don't I always?"

I didn't wait for mom's answer as I kissed her again. This wasn't just kissing to be kissing. This was kissing as a prelude to sex. I kissed my way from her lips, along her jaw line and down her neck, across her collarbone and between her wonderfully encased breasts. I kissed the visible skin of mom's tits as I pushed the thin green threads off her shoulders. I kissed under the lacy trim, pushing aside the smooth fabric. My hands pulled the straps of the camisole down her arms that mom slipped free. I ran my fingers along her arms, causing her to shiver and her tiny hairs to stand up, and gently pulled the bra cups off her boobs revealing her erect nipples waiting for the touch of my lips.

"I love your teasing ... but we don't have the time Jeremy." Mom sighed.

"I haven't begun to tease you. I am hurrying, but I want to taste you first." I stated.

"Oh." That one syllable said so much of how mom felt right then.

I worked my lips and tongue over each nipple, teasing them, tugging on them, tweaking them. Mom cooed as I worked.

I did need to hurry. It would take dad a few hours to do the gutters, especially when he got to the second story ones along the back of the house, but we couldn't expect him to not come in the house for a break or need mom for something at some point.

I left her lingerie in place and kissed her belly button just barely visible under the bottom of the green cloth. Mom giggled as if I tickled her. My tongue and lips made their way over the gentle rise of the female pelvic mound to the edge of the emerald satin that hid mom's intimate treasure. I dragged my tongue in a swirling pattern over the slick material, feeling the thickness of her pubic hair, the bumps and dips and the long valley that lay hidden beneath.

"Oh!" Mom gasped as I brushed her sensitive bits.

"Lick me Jeremy! Make me cum on your face!" Mom growled like a caged beast.

Yes ma'am!

But not before I was done licking her panties first!

I zigzagged my tongue over the barely discernible ridges off her labia, circling down almost to the netherlands of her asshole, then around the edges along her thighs. Mom's panties were now damp, inside and out.

"Are you sure you want me to lick your pussy mom? Last chance to change your mind." I teased her verbally with my tongue to match the physical torment.

"Lick me now, dammit!" She yelled through gritted teeth.

"Yes, mom."

I pulled the small triangle of satin aside and gazed once more at the spot from which I had entered the world. It seemed kind of bizarre that I had once come out of that beautiful chasm. And now, I was spending my days trying to get back in that velvety tunnel. Actually, only parts of me were. My tongue, my fingers, my dick.

I gave one long lick up mom's slit, from asshole to her clit. When my tongue flicked her little bud, she quivered like a leaf brushed by a breeze.

"Like that honey." Mom purred.

I knew how to do it. But her reassurance was nice too.

We had little time, but I still had to do this right.

I pushed my tongue in mom's pussy and sent it on a site-feeling trip in that dripping cavern. I pretended to get bonus points for every drop of mom's nectar I collected. I intended to get high score!

Mom was moaning continually by then. Moaning, and uttering helpful hints to me. Like, 'right there', 'deeper', 'faster', and the old favorite, 'harder'.

Speaking of harder, I could get no harder at that moment; my dick was like a fallen tree beneath me. It would get its chance soon enough. When I had mom good and ready for it!

I spent about twenty minutes working mom into a frenzy, lapping her voluminous flowing fluids as she tossed about beneath me. I removed my shorts and boxers, then moved up between her legs and aimed my shaft at her gaping hole. Mom's hands reached between us to grab my dick and guide it into her.

"Let me mom. Just lay back and enjoy this." I swatted her hands away and pressed my cock head against her opening. I stayed this way for a few seconds, staring in mom's hungry eyes with an equal desire.

I pushed forward until I was completely buried in mom's saturated cunt.

Mom's eyes widened and her mouth formed an 'O' as if she was going to cry out, but no sound emerged.

I stayed there deep in mom's womb, my eyes just as deep in hers, as we were joined as man and woman.

I slowly raised my hips until my smooth dome was again at her entryway. I slammed back in and mom did cry out this time.

"Fuck! Fuck me Jeremy! Fuck me hard!" Mom wailed.

I clamped a hand over her mouth. She stared up at me in disbelief.

"Quiet mom!" I hissed at her. "Dad's only outside."

She nodded. I pulled my hand away. I started a slow rhythm up and down while mom lay near silent staring into my eyes. Near silent, because on every downstroke she let out a little yelp of pleasure. I stared at mom's face as I fucked her, seeing the woman that raised me, the woman that had always stood beside me, and the woman that had welcomed me to her bed.

"I love you mom. Not just because of this ..." I never ceased my motions, relentlessly driving us both closer to our mutual ecstatic oblivion.

"I ... love you ... too ... honey!" Mom moaned. "Just ... keep ... fucking ... me!"

I think the moment was lost on mom as I had her on the brink of an orgasm.

"I want you to cum with me mom! I want to cum together with you!" I groaned as I fought back my own orgasm. At least for a few more moments.

"Yes, honey, yes! Mommy's gonna cum soon baby! Oh yes, yes, yes!"

Mom was still staring up at me, but the focus had gone from her eyes. She was either staring at me, the ceiling, or Alpha Centauri!

Suddenly her head flung back, she let out a muted shriek, and her hands pulled me on top of her with a jerk. Knowing that I had made mom orgasm sent me off likewise. Mom shuddered with another spasm as I began to spray her insides with my spunk, my cumming in her adding to her own orgasmic bliss.

"Yes, honey, yes, oh God, yes!" She whimpered.

The room spun as I came, my every muscle clenched as my body put every bit of energy into sending my seed deep into mom's pussy. As I recovered my wits, I found that I was still solidly erect and mom's pussy was still pulsing around my dick. I took up my tempo again, slowly rocking in and out.

"More Jeremy! Give me more!" Mom's eyes found mine again. They were strained and seemed to have trouble staying on me. "Keep fucking mommy baby!"

My room suddenly darkened.

It took me a half second to realize the implication.

Dad was outside my window on the ladder!

I quickly looked at mom who had also noticed the dimness and why. Her eyes bugged wide.

We both rolled out of my bed and out of view of the window.

Mom was holding her nightie against her sweaty frame and I stood beside her in only my tee shirt. She turned to look at me and clearly, the nervous tension was slipping away as she began to laugh. I stared at

her. Then I broke out also. We hugged each other as our laughter became giggles. Then we were kissing again.

Our interrupted passion returned and mom was rubbing herself against my damp hard cock. I reached around, grabbed her ass, and lifted her up until my dick found her hole again. Mom slid so deliciously around my shaft as our lips stayed locked together.

"Against the wall again honey." Mom whispered in my mouth.

I pressed her between me and the wall, the one that was opposite the corner from the outside wall where dad was working.

"Fuck me Jeremy. Fuck me hard." Mom breathed.

As always!

I put my hands on the wall on either side of mom's head, letting her arms around my neck, her legs around my back, and the pressure of me pushing her against the wall to keep her in place. I stared deep in her eyes as I worked my dick just as deeply into her nether realms. Mom stared back at me just as intensely.

"Dad's less than ten feet away. On the other side of that wall." I nodded over my shoulder, my eyes never leaving hers. "He could look in if he wanted."

"I know." Mom said quietly and full of portent.

She knew and still she wanted me to fuck her!

And so I did!

Mom and I took up right where we had been interrupted. Whether the pause or the close call had heightened our arousal, we were soon on the brink of mutual orgasms. Mom was gasping loudly as I pounded her, the noise of her ass smacking against the wall becoming a favorite sound for me.

"Close. I'm close." Mom choked out.

"Me too mom. Me too." I grunted back at her.

"Fill me up honey. Shoot your cum in mommy's cunt."

If I hadn't been about to, her words would have had me ready also.

"Cum with me mom. Cum with meee!" I groaned as I jerked against her, my orgasm breaking my rhythm.

"Gaaaah!" Mom moaned as her body trembled with blissful convulsions.

I struggled to stay standing with the now-limp weight of mom draped around me. I pushed against the wall and unlocked her legs from my hips; they slowly sank to the floor. Mom stood as shakily as I felt. I noticed her glance towards my window and the dark shadow there. A shadow passed over her brow before she turned her gaze to me.

"We really shouldn't have done that. Not with Justin, your father, right outside." Mom whispered, as if dad might hear her.

"I know mom. But when I'm around you, I just can't help myself." I said defensively.

"Me too Jeremy. Me too." The shadow was now in her eyes. "One day, we are going to go too far and it will all come crashing down around us."

"Well then, stop being so damn sexy!" I said with a leer.

"Or easy?" She responded.

"You're not easy mom, you're just willing."

"Or desperate." Mom's gaze flickered to the window again.

"Like on that old show. Except that you're way hotter than any of them." I paused dramatically. "Although Eva and Terri are probably ..."

"You better not finish that sentence if you want any more of this housewife!" Mom retorted.

I had to laugh then. This broke mom's serious tone. Her cheery smile lit the darkened room more than any sun could!

In that moment of silence between us, I could hear Jojo and Johnny outside. They were obviously on the swing set as they were having a contest to see who could get higher, and if they could get as high as dad. What they didn't know was that I had taken mom higher than they, or dad, could ever go!

"Get dressed." Mom ordered. She picked up her robe and went to grab her silky green panties. I beat her to them.

"I'm keeping these. As a souvenir." I told her. Her eyebrows rose at that, but she didn't protest. I lifted the bit of fabric to my nose and took in mom's aroma. Her eyes were sharp on me but I knew that she was excited that I wanted to keep her dirty undies.

The rest of the day was uneventful. I did go outside and help dad finish the gutters. After mom's insistence that I did so (and following our afternoon delight, I couldn't refuse her!). I only got a moment to give her a quick kiss before dinner, and a quick grab of her ass afterwards. The memory of the afternoon filled my head as I went to bed that night, the memory also stiffening my dick.

It was a struggle to make it through the dreary day at school. I had decided to skip the plans I originally had for the upcoming Spring Break next week. I couldn't pass up the opportunity to have a week of spending all day with mom, even if we would have my brother and sister at home too. I had to break the news to the group of friends that I would have joined on a crowded Florida beach that I wasn't going. I could think of no good excuse as a cover for staying home to have sex with my mom. It turned out that I didn't need one. They brought up the girlfriend that I had been neglecting them to be with and they assumed I was spending the spring break with her. It was close enough to the truth that I didn't deny it. I didn't confirm it either, just letting them believe what they wanted. I know I was passing up a trip I would have probably remembered for the rest of my life. But sex all day for a whole week would be more memorable than getting rejected by hordes of

drunken girls in skimpy bikinis. No matter how many flashed their tits or made out with their scantily clad friends ... I was now debating my decision.

No.

A mom in my hand was worth more than two score of hot bush. Or something about birds or other.

Of course, I still had to tell mom of my decision. And dad too. He would also assume (correctly) that I wanted to spend time with my girl. He just didn't know that it also happened to be his girl!

I didn't get the opportunity to inform mom of my choice when I arrived home as my mind went dumb when I entered the house. I found mom sitting on the couch. So what, you would say. Except, she was wearing a button up white blouse that was completely unbuttoned, and with no bra on so that her full tits were on display. Mom was also barely wearing a navy blue short skirt that was hiked up to her waist showing off the garter belts that held up her dark brown nylons. She wasn't showing enough that I could see her panties, or if she even had any on. She was sitting with her legs on the couch, one stretched out and the other bent at the knee. One arm was on the back of the couch and the other was crooked behind her head.

My mouth went slack.

"Will this get you hard? So I can suck your great dick." Mom purred.

I've said before that mom could wear a sack and get me hard, so of course my 'great dick' was already responding. Even if I had been half-hard before opening the front door!

"Jeez mom! You just look fantastic! I'm sure if dad saw you like this things would be different." Not that I wanted things to be different, so I don't even know why I brought it up.

"You like?" Her voice was sweet honey.

"You know I do. I don't think there are many guys that wouldn't be all over you looking like you do."

"Thank you honey. Now about that blowjob?"

I wanted more than just to come home and for mom to make me cum. I wanted her to get her pleasure too. If we had time for her to get me off, then we had time for her also.

"I want you to cum too, mom. I want to see you play with yourself again." Like it was no big deal to ask mom to masturbate for me!

"We don't have time dear. Remember your brother and sister?"

"We do if we do both at the same time." I declared.

"Huh?" Mom looked blankly at me. Sexy, but blankly.

"Let's go to my room." I waved toward the stairs adding a nod of my head in the same direction.

"Honey ..." Mom started to protest. But she started to rise.

I needed to go first to lure her upstairs but I wanted to follow mom so I could look up her skirt. Not that I couldn't see that almost whenever I wanted, just the act of getting to check out mom's ass and pussy was a thrill. The fact that I could see mom's bush anytime didn't mean I didn't want to see it more!

"Come on mom." I urged her.

Mom did take the lead but with a glance back at me she coyly held her skirt down as she ascended.

"Are you trying to look up my skirt?" Mom asked with a devilish glint in her eyes.

"I might be." I tried to sound suave.

Mom let out a slight giggle and she rushed up the stairs, but not before she lifted the hem of her skirt to flash me her full ass cheeks around her thong.

I chased after her. I caught her at my bedroom doorway. She paused and I wrapped my arms around her back. I expected her lips but was disappointed.

"We really shouldn't do this." Mom said in a serious tone.

"That isn't going to stop us though." I countered.

"No, I suppose not."

I pulled us into my room.

"Lay on my bed mom." I gestured to my unmade bed.

Mom still eyed me curiously. But, she did as I asked.

She must have had an inkling of what I had intended as she laid with her head near the edge of the bed. The undone blouse left the peaks of her tits revealed. I shucked off my pants and boxers and presented her with my eager dick. As mom eyed my prized appendage, she lifted her skirt and pulled off a damp pair of pink panties. She twirled them on her finger then flung them to the floor. Her hand then darted out and grabbed my dick.

"Give me that thing!" She demanded.

I wasn't going to refuse her!

My bed was lower than my crotch so we had to adjust our relative heights. My pillow beneath her head helped. I had to crouch slightly but mom managed to get her lips around my shaft regardless. As her mouth encircled my stony flesh, her other hand fell between her spread legs. It began to dance about on her widened lips.

"Rub that pussy mom! Get it nice and wet." I encouraged my mom.

We may not have had a lot of time but mom wasn't rushing just to suck me, instead she was lavishly licking along my length. I could hear the squishing sounds as her fingers worked around in her sopping pussy.

I suspected that the combined action of fingering herself while sucking me was getting mom worked up. It certainly was working for me!

"Do you like that mom? Sucking my cock while fingering yourself for me."

Mom's eyes looked up at me. But she didn't take me dick out of her mouth to answer. And that was answer enough.

I was only standing there so I reached out and grabbed one of mom's exposed tits, roughly squeezing it and tweaking the nipple. I ran my other hand lovingly through her dark brown hair.

I knew I wouldn't last very long.

I could see by the way that her hand was going that mom was close too. I took my hand from her hair and took my dick from her mouth. She looked up at me almost seemingly upset.

"Try this mom." I said.

I laid my dick across her still open mouth and moved my hips so I was rubbing the bottom side of my shaft along her lips. Mom's eyes were curious but I felt her tongue dancing on my dick and her lips tried to

curl up around my cock. This was a pleasant sensation but it also allowed me to pull back from the brink of eruption. Mom's fingers hadn't ceased their frantic dance. I suddenly worried for the future of my dry sheets. Mom was certain to soak them once again!

"Hold on for a sec mom." I told her and darted from the room.

I returned ten seconds later with a towel. I placed it on the bed between her sweat-sheened thighs. Her eyes burned at me with her need.

"Much as I love you drenching my bed ..." I trailed off.

Mom said nothing as she grabbed my dick and pulled it back to her mouth. In her rush to consume my cock, she took me at an angle that caused my dick to bulge out her cheek. The very obvious evidence of the presence of my dick in my mom's mouth sent shivers through my loins. I pushed slightly to make her cheek bulge larger before she managed to realign her open mouth and get my cock head back near her throat.

"You really love sucking my cock, don't you mom?" I didn't need, or expect an answer.

"You know I love you doing this." I glanced at her frenetic fingers flailing around on her femininity. "And I love watching you make yourself orgasm."

As involved as we had gotten, neither of us had heard the front door. It was only when a knock came at my bedroom door did mom and I realize how late it had gotten.

"Jeremy. Are you home? Where's mommy?"

Jojo's voice!

Mom's eyes widened but she didn't pull off my dick.

All my blood pumping in my nether extremity must have kept my brain from panicking. I calmly and serenely answered my sister's questions.

"I'm here. Mom's in here with me, but don't come in here right now. Mom's ... mom's helping me with something. We'll be down in a few minutes. Why don't you and Johnny have a couple of cookies and watch some TV." I said with as much authority as I could manage in that situation.

"Before we do homework?" Jojo asked incredulously.

"Mom said its okay. We'll be down soon." I looked down at mom who was still playing with her pussy and had a mouth full of my dick! Her eyes just looked at me in wonder.

I could hear my sister stampeding down the stairs telling her other brother of their reprieve and reward.

"Jeremy." Mom managed to say with most of my cock still between her lips.

"We better hurry." Was my response.

Mom's head barely nodded as she increased the ferocity with which she attacked my heated cock.

I was quickly back to the edge of bliss, mom's mouth and hand working on me nearly as feverishly as she was on herself.

"That's it mom! Oh ... shit." I gritted my teeth and fought to keep my positioning until mom's wonderful mouth and tongue made me orgasm. My knees trembled and I could feel my right hamstring tightening, but I struggled to stay upright.

"God, mom! You're about to make me ... cum! Here it comes mom, here ... I ...cummm!"

Mom pulled me from her mouth and her jerking fist stroked me vigorously, milking my dick as I sprayed my full load all over mom's face and into her hair. This triggered her own powerful orgasm as she bucked about on my bed while she struggled to get me back in her mouth. Before I finished exploding on her face a long pearly string landed on her chest.

My fears of her squirting were warranted, but the necessity of the towel was not.

As mom shook with her orgasm, her legs bent causing her ass to rise off my mattress. A thick stream of fluid arced from her pussy and cleared the end of my bed to land on the floor. I could only stare in wonder as mom yelled out around my semi-soft dick still filling her mouth, as she was coherent enough to suck the last bits of my seed from my spent rod.

"Holy shit mom!" I exclaimed loudly.

Her eyes were still unfocused as the last of her ecstasy swept through her.

"Holy shit mom!" I said again. It bore repeating.

"Jeremy." Mom said weakly. She did lick her lips seeking any trace of me that might be within reach of her tongue.

Most of my cum had landed on her upper face and in her chocolate locks, but there were bits of cum along her left cheek.

Mom's eyes found mine and the clouds cleared from those green depths.

"Jeremy." She repeated.

"That was incredible mom! Just ... wow!"

"I soaked your bed again, didn't I?" She asked almost in a whisper.

"No. Not really." I inspected the towel. Okay, my eyes did linger on mom's reddened pussy for a second or three! I did notice that the towel looked a little damp, so not all mom's cum shot across my room!

"No?" Mom asked before I could finish.

"No. You squirted clear over the bed. You should have seen it shoot through the air! It was like you had a garden hose in there!"

Mom's face looked at me as if I was lying to her. It brought out an adolescent defiance in me.

"Really!" I declared. "It just sprayed across the room! Check my floor!" I said firmly.

"I believe you." Mom's voice was still shaky. She half rose on her elbows and saw the strand of cum across her chest.

"It looks like you sprayed me pretty well yourself." She brought a hand up and ran it through my pearly essence. She glanced at her wet fingers. Then she began to rub my seed into her skin like massage oil. She continued this on her face, smearing the globs around until they were no longer noticeable. Save for a shimmering sheen.

"Probably the best skin cream I can get. Only problem is that it tastes too damn good to waste on my body or face!" Mom said with renewed vigor in her tone.

"That goes the same for me. You taste too good to be spraying my room and wasting it soaking my floor!"

Mom laughed deeply at my words. I knew that she had never considered her 'release' a treat before, but then she had never had anyone that loved eating her as I did either!

I knew mom would be a few more minutes recovering. Not that I wouldn't have minded a moment to savor what had just occurred, but one of us needed to check on my siblings. I gave mom a loving smile and hurriedly redressed.

"I love you so much mom." I said as I exited. Her glowing smile was the only response that I needed.

As I went down the stairs I marveled at the fact that mom had let us continue even though Johnny and Jojo had come home. Granted we were in the midst of our business and the twosome would have little inkling of what might be going on behind my closed door, but still ...

That spoke volumes about mom's willingness, or her need, to have sex with me!

Mom came down about a dozen minutes later. I was instructing my young brother and sister about the virtues of Tom & Jerry or Wile

E. Coyote and the Roadrunner over Ed, Edd & Eddy or Dexter's Laboratory. The looks on their faces told me that my points were lost on them. The youth of today didn't understand the finer points of a well-crafted Acme Atomic Hammer or the resilience of a cartoon cat's anatomy.

Mom gave me a small smile as she passed through the room and down the hall to her own room. I nodded to her and continued my lecture as Jojo ignored me and nibbled her second cookie. I could see Johnny contemplating the uses of his own Atomic Hammer.

After dinner that night, I decided that I needed a shower after my afternoon escapade. I was innocently going about the task when the bathroom door opened. The shower door was semi-opaque so I couldn't see who it was. I suspected that it was my brother, or at least, I hoped it was.

To my surprise, the shower door slid open!

What?

Then mom's naked body came into view.

"Mom!" I croaked out.

"Can I join you?" Mom inquired sexily.

As if she had to ask!

However, dad and the others were only downstairs!

"What are you doing?" I gasped.

I may have been astounded, but my dick had taken notice of mom's naked presence and was rising up to greet her. As it always did.

"I'm taking a shower with you." She eyed me seductively. "May I?"

Surely, she didn't think I would refuse?

"Uh ... well, sure. Of course!" My eyes were darting all over her body, but weren't neglecting her face or eyes either.

"What about dad?" I asked as I put my hands on her hips.

"He's watching the other two. Or the news. I don't even know if he noticed I was gone." Mom's eyes got hazy then.

"I'm sure he did. He probably just thinks you are doing some housework. Or something." Much as I always wanted mom, I didn't want her to feel bad about dad either.

It was my personal dilemma.

"But why are you here? Now." I asked.

"Isn't it obvious?" She asked coquettishly. Mom stepped closer and nuzzled her face into my neck and cheek.

"You want to have sex now?" I know I can be kind of dense sometimes.

"Don't you?" Her hand had found its way to my hard dick and was slowly caressing it. It strained to grow larger.

"It seems your friend is ready." Mom cooed.

"My friend is always ready for you, mom. But are you sure you want to do this? Now?" I questioned her.

Why was I being resistant to sex in the shower with mom? A willing naked woman, a gorgeous woman, and I hadn't entered her yet? Was I stupid?

Oh yeah. Dad was downstairs. Self-preservation was rearing its head.

"I want you to fuck my ass again!" Mom whispered in my ear. Her hand had my cock straining in her grasp.

"What? Now? Mom!"

"Fuck my ass Jeremy! Fill me up with your huge cock!" Mom pleaded. "I need you inside me!"

"You'll have to be quiet. You can't be wailing out, dad is only downstairs." I warned her again.

Not that I didn't want to do this, I loved fucking mom's ass. I just couldn't believe that she was willing to be taking so bold a risk. It's not as if dad came upstairs very often, but it also wasn't unheard of either. If he should come looking for mom, or investigate any strange sounds that he might overhear. And I knew any of those strange sounds would not be coming out of me!

"Hurry up then!" Mom ordered coarsely.

"Do you want me to just stick it in without lube?" I asked. I didn't think it would matter to my dick, but mom could yell out.

"Use my body gel." Mom gestured to the spare tube she kept here.

"If you're sure mom." I took the odd-shaped bottle, shook out a good dollop, and worked it over my stiff cock.

Mom whirled about, facing into the shower's spray, and flung her wet hair back with a snap of her head. She arched her ass up towards me in a glorious invitation. There wasn't much in the world that would have kept me from doing as mom wanted right then!

"Ready mom?" I lined my cock head up to her puckered asshole.

"Fuck me Jeremy, fuck me now!" Mom said in a forceful loud whisper.

"As you wish." I answered her lovingly. Then jabbed my scepter in her dungeon.

"Oooo!" Mom moaned. Too loudly for my comfort.

"Quiet mom!" I whispered with my mouth near her right ear. I reached around and roughly grabbed her tits, massaging them in the warm spray of water.

"Pump that fucker in me! Fill my ass with cock!" Mom grunted.

I started a slow tempo fuck, stretching her tight tunnel as much as she was squeezing my shaft.

"Ohh! That feels so gooood! Keep doing it like that honey! Mommy loves her big boy's dick in her big butt!"

So did her big boy!

We went at it for about ten minutes or so, just enjoying the ecstatic sensations we were giving each other. Mom did manage to keep her moaning and groaning to a quiet minimum, even though I did provoke her with a few hard thrusts that had her gasp loudly.

I should have taken it as inevitable, but we were both surprised when there was a gentle knock on the door. Before I could answer, mom spoke up first.

"I'm taking a shower!" She called out.

Then the bathroom door opened!

"Oh, hey dear. I thought Jeremy was in here." Dad's voice! "Why are you taking a shower up here?"

To my utter shock mom slid the shower door open and stuck her head out. I still had my cock in her ass! My dick may have stayed hard, but I felt like shriveling up and joining it to escape my father's notice!

"We're out of towels in our bathroom. I need to do a couple loads of laundry later. I just figured I'd take one up here."

"Oh." Dad answered with no answer.

"Did you need me? Or Jeremy?" Mom queried my dad.

"Well, Jeremy. He mentioned cancelling his plans for spring break next week, I was just curious if he was serious and if so then why." After a slight pause he continued. "Is he home? I thought he had gone to take a shower."

"Does it look like he's in here?" Mom asked completely straight-faced.

I'm sure I let out a straggled yelp. The running water must have covered any noise I may have made.

"No. Of course not. I just didn't seem him go out, and his car is still here. I'll catch him later then."

I saw the dark blob appear to leave.

"Unless you wanted me to join you, Jenny?"

Holy crap!

This was it!

Today was the day that I would die!

My mind was racing, searching for a way out of the shower without dad seeing me. There was none. Then it went over every excuse I could think of for why I would be in the shower with mom. I came up with:

1 - . . .

2 - See #1

3 - See #1 or #2

That was my list.

"Justin. The kids are downstairs. They could come upstairs at any time. This is nominally their bathroom." Mom told dad.

"You're using it." Dad answered flatly.

"Not to have sex though."

I had to cover my mouth with a hand to silence my guffaw. I felt mom's ass tighten as if in warning.

"Just you say we don't get to have sex enough ..." Dad's quiet tone nearly made me offer him to take my spot.

"Now's not the time though." Mom started to slide the shower door. "I'll make it up to you later."

I'm sure I didn't want to know that!

"I'll hold you to that." Dad said, then shut the bathroom door.

It was only then that I thought to take a breath.

I also then remembered where my dick was at that moment.

"Jeezus mom! That was close!"

"He wouldn't have come in any farther and he couldn't see you through the shower door."

"But did you have to make small talk? I was dying back here!"

"It was kind of exciting wasn't it?"

That wasn't the word that I would have used!

"And when you said you couldn't have sex up here now ..." I choked back the tension laughter.

"With your cock in my asshole, yes, I know!" I could see mom about to break out too.

"Now get back to that fucking. I was almost ready to cum when your father interrupted us." Her sphincter flexed around my unaffected dick.

"I'm starting to think that you are too dangerous for me mom!"

"That's not going to stop you from having sex with me though." She said very confidently.

She was probably right.

"Go ahead honey, mommy wants to cum with your huge cock in my ass!"

I resumed my task, increasing the tempo as I did so. I could feel my own building urge to release coming.

It was only a few minutes, not more than five, before mom urged me to slam into her. That she was about to peak gave me all the incentive I needed to really pound against her ass cheeks. They bounced against

my loins delightfully, her curves quivering in wonderful waves of booty flesh.

"Gonna cum Jeremy! Your cock in my ass is making me cummm! Oh fuuucck yeaaah!"

That she was orgasming kept me from shushing her again. That and the fact that I was about to dump my creamy load in mom's tightly squeezing asshole.

Mom must have sensed this.

"Cum in mommy's ass, honey! Give me all your tasty spunk; fill my ass with it until it is pouring from my naughty ass!"

When mom was turned on her language became so ... interesting!

"Yeah, mom! I'm going to cum in your ass! It's so fricken tight!"

Words were then lost to me as I let loose my balls contents in my mother's butthole. Grunts were all I was capable of then.

When I finished I could tell mom was on her way to another blissful release. I moved a hand from a tit down to her clit and massaged it vigorously. This sudden additional stimulation was what she needed to trigger another strong orgasm, shaking in my hold as the cooling water poured over us.

Mom spun on me after she recovered and planted her wet lips on mine. The kiss was short but voiced all our feelings for one another.

"That makes all the risk worth it." Mom sighed as she stared in my eyes.

"It makes a lot of things worth it." I responded. "But I think we should get out of here before dad wonders what is taking you so long for a quick shower."

"Your father has long since learned not to question about the time that a woman spends in the restroom, no matter what she might be doing in there!"

"Well, I guess I need to learn that too then!" I teased back.

We quickly dried each other. Okay, it wasn't that quick. But we were dry!

Mom started to head downstairs. I was right behind her. She warned me back with a stern eye. I just wanted to see dad's face when I appeared alongside with mom. I'm sure she knew this and thus the warning glare. I just looked back at her innocently but I did retreat to my room. After patting her full rump!

I had briefly mentioned to dad about my change of plans for next week after he had gotten home. He had wondered why I was passing up a week out of the house spent with my friends on a beach. A mysterious girlfriend didn't seem like reason enough for him. He told me a Senior Spring Break was something I would remember for the rest of my life. I was sure I would remember it even if I didn't spend it in another state!

I did have a little remorse for letting my friends down, but with as little time as I spent with them the last few months, I wondered if they even still considered me a friend. The thought of mom's hot body and what we could possibly get up to for a week raised me from my regret. I'm sure many men lost friends from the time they spent with a woman. Besides, most of our time together had been spent trying to hook up with girls anyway. I just had managed to succeed.

I waited a half hour before I went downstairs to dad's mystified expression. Mom's cold glare offset my joy at my father's confusion. I don't know if all the activity we had already had today was the reason, or I had earned mom's reprimand, as she didn't appear at my door later. I decided I would make it up to her in the morning.

Mom was surprised to find me still in bed as she was getting Johnny and Jojo ready for school.

"Jeremy! You need to get up! You're going to be late!" She exclaimed.

"I'm going in late. I think you need more than just a protein shake this morning mom."

"What? No. You need to go to school." She said sternly. But, I could see that glint in her eye that said she was interested.

"Let me finish with your brother and sister, then we'll talk about it."

And by talk, I knew she meant she would soon be joining me in bed!

Fifteen minutes later mom appeared in my doorway again.

"Now listen. I'm worried about your schoolwork. You've skipped a lot recently. Because of me. I won't be the reason for you not getting good grades. I'll cut you off first." I had to wonder if Mom meant we wouldn't have sex anymore or if was implying my dick. She stood in the doorway as if afraid to cross that boundary, and that if she did, her motherly moral high ground would evaporate.

"It's okay mom. There's nothing going on much this week. The teachers know the week before Spring Break that no one is thinking about school. Even the teachers." I explained. "Besides, it's not the missing of classes that could affect my grades; it's that I can't stop thinking about you and what I want to do with, or to you."

"That's sweet honey, but I will, I promise you I will stop fooling around with you if it messes with your graduating."

I could that mom was fighting the two sides of herself, the disciplinarian mother and the lusty mature woman. I was sure I knew which side would win out.

"Mom, nothing will keep me from graduating, and with good grades. The incentive of spending the summer with you is all I need to guarantee that!" I said unflinchingly.

"Nothing better." Her tough demeanor wavered. She took a step forward, crossing that invisible border. "Now, you said something about a shake? Or more." A thin smile broke through her lips.

We spent the next forty-five minutes much as we would if it had been a Friday with my late start. When we were finished, mom appeared satiated, at least momentarily. I kissed her forehead and took a quick shower before I rushed out to make my second period class.

As a teen, or a young adult male, I wondered if I might even be getting more than enough sex!

Memories of the many things I had done with my mother, and even my aunt, would cause my dick to harden throughout the day as they usually did, so I was sure more sex was not a problem for me. Mom appeared insatiable, so that didn't seem to be a worry either.

I rushed home after a long, hard day and found our front door locked. Mom's car was still there, so it was odd that the door wasn't unlocked. I was also disappointed that we wouldn't get to do something before my brother and sister got home.

I opened the door and stepped in. As the door closed, I turned and found my mother naked on the living room floor fingering her clearly wet pussy. She looked at me with a wild and hungry gaze.

"Fuck me now!" She demanded in a tone not to be disobeyed.

I was instantly hard, a spontaneous erection if you will. One second soft and the next hard as granite. I had to struggle to remove my clothes, which could also have been from the fact that I couldn't take my eyes off my wanton mother frigging her sopping cunt on the living room floor!

"Hurry up Jeremy! I need your cock in my pussy! Fuck me as hard as you can with that big hard cock of yours! I've been so wet all day waiting for you."

Obviously, she hadn't stayed satiated for very long this morning!

All thoughts fled my brain except for the desire to do as my mom had ordered; fuck her hard!

"Oh yes honey! Shove that cock in me! Mommy needs you to fuck her!"

"I have the best mommy in the world!" I declared as I lay atop her and shoved my cock in her wet and amazingly tight pussy.

"And I have the best motherfucking son! Give it to me!"

I did give it to her. Hard and fast. I had no concern about trying to last or worrying about making mom cum. One was a guarantee and the other was impossible. I'm sure you know which was which!

"Oh God! Like that Jeremy! Pound that pussy!" Mom wailed.

Yeah, it wouldn't take long for mom to orgasm!

Which was good because my own was already brimming in my balls.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck." Mom groaned on each stroke.

I merely grunted as I exerted myself to my utmost.

"Mommy's gonna cum dear! Mommmmeee's gonnnnna ... oh fuckkk ... cummmminnng nowww!"

That was it for me and it felt like my balls were exploding directly in mom's convulsing cunt. My body was continuing on autopilot as I jerked in and out of mom. We were each lost in our respective orgasmic ecstasies. When I regained my senses a few moments later, I found I was still hard. Mom was panting heavily beneath me but made no effort to move me off her.

"Can you go again?" Mom croaked.

I had paused and was lying heavily on her, my stiffy still firmly planted in her slick channel.

"Can't you tell?" I asked staring in her emerald eyes.

"I can feel that your dick is ready. I think it is always ready." She gave me a weak smile. "But I mean can you? Do you have the energy?" Her look was one of concern.

"To please you mom, I always have the energy." I tried to sound ready to go.

"I know. Right up until you pass out." She said calmly but with a trace of teasing.

"That was only once. And it was from the sun!" I said defensively.

"Are you going to just lay there crushing me then?" She cocked her head, her eyes glinting with a cheerful hunger.

I withdrew enough to give her a good hard thrust.

"You want more of this?" I gave her another jab of cock.

"Oh yes! Give me all you got honey! I love you fucking me!"

"And I love fucking you mom! I just love you so much!" I exclaimed while I still had breath to spare. I resumed my vigorous tempo to mom's enthusiastic moans.

I thought I might last longer on this second trip, but being with mom like this lately, I could no longer be sure. She seemed to have me constantly ready to burst. Apparently so was she as she began to babble that she was ready to cum again. I had to wonder if all middle-aged women were this turned on all the time or was my mom just an anomaly.

"Harder, Jeremy! Like that! Keep going! Keep fucking me with that big cock! I love it and I love you!" Her calves were clamped around the back of my thighs, her tits pressed against my chest as I balanced on my elbows. Mom grabbed the back of my neck and stared into my face with an ecstatic grimace as I pushed her closer to her next orgasm. I just stared back as sweat poured from my brow, shaking my head to prevent it dripping in her face.

I dug deep and was able to hammer my hips harder into my mother's outspread thighs knowing that we had little time until my siblings would burst through the front door. Had I known what was waiting for me, I would have locked it when I had entered. It was too late to do anything about it now. Except pray that my horny mom came again before they got home.

"Yes! Fuck me you fucker! I love it! I looooove itt!" Mom yelled.

Maybe it was the neighbors that I had to worry about, and not my brother and sister's imminent arrival!

When her head fell back and I saw her eyes roll up I knew she was about to explode again. I did what I could to make sure it was as powerful and wonderful as she made me feel.

"Cu-cu ... I'mm cummm minnng!" Her grip at my neck pulled my head down into her neck, her legs falling to the sides as her thigh muscles spasmed.

I kept my rhythm through her orgasm hoping to extend her rapturous release.

When she seemed to return to normalcy, I rolled off her and took great gulps of air, my dick standing tall and dripping mom's juices. Mom's breathing was rough and erratic but she rolled her head to the side to look at me with hazy eyes. Her weak smile was all that I needed in thanks.

"We need to get dressed." Mom said matter-of-factly.

"We do." I answered just as plainly.

A minute later, I struggled to my feet and then reached down to help mom rise up. She wobbled to her room while I grabbed my clothes and went into the bathroom to redress. I emerged as the front door opened. It was only a few moments later that mom came from her bedroom wearing a snow-white sleeveless blouse and a crisply pleated black knee-length skirt. Very motherly looking and yet to me, so intoxicating. She glanced at me as she smoothed her blouse with a slight but knowing look. I smiled quickly back at her.

Mom gave them a snack of carrot sticks, then asked them to both go upstairs and draw a picture for her before they did their homework. I gave mom a curious look but she either didn't see it or she ignored it. My brother and sister tromped up the stairs happily anxious to take up mom's assigned tasks. Before they got to the head of the stairs, mom spoke again.

"I want you to stay upstairs until I call you. I need Jeremy to ... help me in the garage with something."

Johnny said nothing, but smiled in acknowledgement. Jojo cheerfully listed a dozen things that she would draw for mom.

I was staring at mom during this. What did she want now? More sex? I didn't think it likely, but I was truly at a loss. Would she do something

with the kids upstairs and dad home in a not-too-long amount of time? Could she not have gotten enough sex only a dozen or so minutes ago? I was worried.

When my brother and sister were out of sight, mom grabbed my arm and pulled me after her towards the garage with a gleeful grin on her face.

"What do you need mom?" I asked cautiously once we closed the door connecting the garage and the house.

"What do you think I need?" She raised her eyebrows as she turned to face me. I stared blankly at her.

"I need more of this!" She reached out before I could react and grabbed my still half-hard dick.

"More?" I questioned her with surprise.

"I can't get enough of your cock Jeremy." Mom dropped to a crouch and began to undo my pants. She pulled out my dick and started stroking it lovingly but firmly. "You only came once. I owe you another." Her eyes flickered from my face to my throbbing cock.

"You don't owe me anything mom." Not that I was going to refuse her offer though.

She seemed to be satisfied by the stiffness of my dick. Mom stood and turned, bending and lifting her skirt. I wondered if she put on this skirt with the intention of what we were about to do. She was wearing no panties, so clearly had had some premeditation.

She didn't bend over her car, only placed her palms on the fender as she presented her ass for my appreciation.

"Don't stare at it! Stick your cock in me!" Mom ordered harshly. As if she hadn't just been fucked to two very nice orgasms.

I shuffled closer with my pants around my knees and managed to get my dick lined up with mom's reddened gash. I grabbed her waist and entered her.

"Fuck me hard Jeremy." She half-asked, half-demanded. As if there was any other way to do it. (Slowly or gently was for making love, fucking was always hard and fast!)

"Whatever you want mom!" I said as I slammed forward. Her hands slipped on the car but I was in top gear already with my pace. Mom

struggled to remain standing while getting her hands back in place. Her face ended up lying on the smooth metal as I jack-hammered her pussy.

"Uh! Oh, yes! Fill me with your dick Jeremy! Fuck me with that huge cock!" Mom's voice almost echoed in the large space.

I pretended that I hadn't just had her in the living room and gave her a thorough vaginal probing with my oversized tool. Mom's clenching pussy muscles massaged me so deliciously that it was if no time had passed since our episode in the living room.

"Fuck mom! Your pussy feels so good on my dick!" I said through gritted teeth. I squeezed her waist tighter in effort to maximize my furious pace.

"Your cock feels sooo good in my cunt Jeremy! Keep fucking me!"

Mom was definitely starting to be more than I could handle if she kept going at this rate!

Not that I was about to quit. I would go until I collapsed. Or died.

Was my mom going to fuck me to death?

But, what a way to go!

"Harder!" Mom ordered, shaking me from my momentary delirium.

"You got it mom." I answered ignoring the burning in the back of my thighs. No pain, no gain, right?

It wasn't long before I began to feel that tingle in my balls that announced my orgasm would be soon.

"Oh yeah mom! You're going to make me cum again!" I extorted loudly.

"Yeah, cum for me baby! Mommy wants your delicious cream in her! Give me your cum Jeremy!"

I didn't hold back knowing the time limit we were under, letting my building pleasure rise until it was about to overwhelm me.

"I'm close mom. I'm going to fill your cunt again!" I said barely louder than our slapping flesh.

"No, no! I want you in my mouth!"

Mom pulled off me, spun around, and dropped to her knees, taking my dick as deep in her mouth as she could take it. Her hand stroked my shaft covered in her thick syrupy juices. She slurped hungrily at my rod as I got closer to shooting my load.

"Give it to mommy! Give me your tasty cum Jeremy!" Mom said around my cock while still bobbing her head back and forth.

"Oh shit mom! Here it comes! Suck my cock mom!" I had to grab her shoulders to keep from falling as my legs stiffened as hard as my dick in mom's mouth.

Mom continued her actions as I unleashed whatever remained in my nutsack into my mother's mouth and throat. The image of mom dressed so nicely kneeling on the dirty garage concrete floor with my dick in her mouth and her hand milking me so expertly burned into my brain. Another one added to the thousands already on file in my head.

Oddly though mom was normally very thorough when she blew me, never missing a drop of my cum. And here she was with my milky essence spilled over her lips like some sloppy three year old. She licked her lips with an exaggerated swipe of her tongue but there was still a wetness covering them.

Mom stood back up grinning widely. She made to kiss me and I pulled back nervously, which earned me a pat on my cheek instead.

"Thank you honey. You are still delicious." Mom blew me a kiss, wiped at her knees, then headed back into the house.

I shook my head with my pants still around my knees and my dick shriveling with mom's exit. Mom still confounded and amazed me.

It wasn't long after that that dad came home. He looked more cheerful than usual and mom greeted him with her usual kiss on the cheek. It was only when I saw dampness on dad's face that I scowled at mom. She looked back at me with curiosity. I wasn't able to get her aside to talk to her as dad announced that he had big news. I saw mom's face drop at that. The last big news dad had announced had led to a fight between them. I grew worried also.

Dad told us, mom and I mostly, as the younger pair seemed uninterested as dad spoke, that the company had already seen an increase in business from the company trip they had invested in. As a result, the management team was taking the employees out for a night of celebration. Dad watched mom closely when he said that this party was limited to employees only, not even spouses were being invited. Mom's face showed no reaction to this bit of info. Dad continued hesitantly. He told mom that he would tell them that he couldn't make it if it would cause a problem between the two of them. Clearly, dad didn't want a repeat of the iciness around the house after the last company event. I breathed a sigh when mom broke into a smile. She told him happily that he had earned his reward and that she was okay

with it if he wanted to go out with his coworkers and celebrate their success. I saw dad take a deep breath then. He added that the party was being planned for the next Saturday night, assuming she didn't have other plans for them.

"When was the last time we had any plans, for a Saturday or any other night?" Mom's smile wilted and the room temperature dropped a few degrees.

For as perceptive as mom claimed dad was, he didn't seem to catch the scorn in her voice.

He just said, "Okay, then."

Mom reminded him Spring Break next week and that the three of us would be out of school. Not that that affected dad going out for an evening. I wondered why she even brought it up, as it was common knowledge. The family wasn't going anywhere and I had changed my plans. Would we be doing anything with dad gone? I looked pointedly at mom until she caught my stare and gave me a slight nod, wordlessly understanding my questioning glance.

I caught mom later and scolded her about her kiss with dad. She just looked back at me blankly.

"Remember when you told me that I had to still respect dad. That goes for you too."

"You're right. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done that. I wouldn't have done it with you and I shouldn't have done it to him either." Mom's eyes were downcast in repentance. I shivered at the thought of mom pulling something like that with me.

"So, we're going to do something while dad's out?" I changed the subject.

"I'm sure we will be able to find something to occupy our time." Mom said with a sly grin as she lifted her head. She saw the look that came over my face.

"It won't be any sex extravaganza like last time!" She warned.

"Aunt Jessica?" I asked hopeful.

"I'd rather keep it just the two of us. Besides, it seems like this new guy might be something." Mom said with a studious look at me.

"Are you saying I might not be getting anymore auntie booty calls?"

"Jeremy! That's a crude thing to ask." Mom gasped.

"Yeah, I guess it is. I hope it works out for her. I want her to be happy. I've told her that I never expected anything with us, that it was always just physical. I mean, I do love her, but as my aunt. Not like you." It still struck me how awkward it was to be talking about my sex life with mom, and with the subject being her sister! That mom and I were also having sex didn't make it any less awkward, only more bizarre.

"Besides," I continued as I stared in mom's eyes. "I'd rather it was just the two of us also." I hoped my tone conveyed my feelings.

"Even if you could have us both again?" Mom met my gaze just as intently.

"Even then. I love you more than anyone mom. And, not just as my mom. I love you Jenny."

"Aw. Thank you Jeremy. I love you too. As more than just my loving, handsome and um ... well-hung ... son." Mom's eyes darted away from mine for a second, the demure woman replacing the sex-crazed cougar for a moment. "I just wish your father felt the same way."

"I'm sure he does mom. He told me so on the golf course. He just has a problem showing you anymore."

Here I am, talking up my competitor for mom's emotions. Hell, as his son, I was rooting for him. As mom's lover, I wanted him ... no, I couldn't wish ill on him even for my love of his wife.

"Thank you again dear." Mom said quietly before giving me a short but passionate kiss.

As expected that evening, mom pointedly avoided coming to my room. I'm sure it wasn't because she'd had enough sex that day. My dick still rose in hopes of her arrival. I fought it into submission so that I could get to sleep. I awoke in the morning and was reminded who was truly in control. I took a very cold shower before I rushed off to school. I couldn't skip my first class again this week. I gave mom a peck on the cheek as I zipped past her.

I tested the front door when I returned home and wasn't sure how I felt when I found it unlocked. So mom wasn't going to be naked and fingering herself on the living room floor today. She wasn't in the living room when I entered and the hard-on in my pants began to sag.

Then from the hallway, she appeared. Mom was wearing one of my long-sleeved, button-up shirts, but had none of the buttons fastened. The shirt was off-white with dark blue pinstripes. She paused and posed as sexily as any supermodel could, with one arm raised over her head holding the archway to the hall, the other on her hip. One foot was

on the floor and the other rested atop it, her knee bent slightly open. I could see hints of her breasts, the erectness of her nipples was evident, and her trimmed bush peaked out from between the shirttails. Her tousled brown tresses hung over the collar of my shirt, a shirt that I would now always picture as hers. Her loving smile overwhelmed me.

"Welcome home honey. I may not be on the floor today, but I thought you'd approve."

"Thanks mom, but you don't need my approval." I said when I got my jaw to work again. Mom was as sexy, or even more so, than if she'd been in lingerie. My dick was definitely working again too!

"I know, but I like that you do." She said sultrily.

"Oh God mom, you know that I do! You are so hot in my shirt!"

"A woman always likes to wear her man's shirt. It has your smell on it." She made the motion of smelling my collar.

That shirt had been in my closet, any smell it had was of detergent or fabric softener. I liked her intent though.

"You look so much better in it than I do!" I exclaimed beginning to get myself in a similar state of dress as mom.

"Oh, I don't know. I think you could pull off that look from 'Risky Business'." Her smile would have melted icebergs in a minute.

"What? Shirt, underwear, and socks?"

"Sure. You'd look so cute like that." Her playful look revealed that she knew what affect calling me cute would have.

I ignored her bait.

"So why do I deserve this ... outfit?"

The smile grew devilish.

"I've been thinking of sucking you all day long and it's gotten me so hot and horny that I need you to lick my pussy. Would you do that please?" Mom asked as if looking for a fix.

A fix I was only too happy to give her!

"In the kitchen then." I told her as I gestured to the other room.

Mom looked at me questioningly but moved with measured grace to her usual sanctuary. She turned to face me expectantly once there.

"Up on the island counter." I pointed.

Mom's eyebrows rose as she understood my intent.

I stepped close to her, my own shirt unbuttoned and my pants undone. I put my hands around my mother and grabbed her hips. She jumped up and I lifted her to sit on the smooth granite surface. Mom looked down upon me, then bent and kissed me. We had little time so it lasted only a brief few minutes.

"Lie back, sexy." I requested.

Mom looked playfully at me, pulling the front of her/my shirt closed, keeping her arms over her breasts.

"Why sir, are you trying to ravage my virtue?" She teased.

"Madam, any virtue you may have had has long been ravaged and plundered. Pillaged, robbed, sacked, and stolen. Any you may have had after that, you have freely given away." I declared attempting a noble accent.

"Sir, your barbs do me injustice." Mom started but then broke out in laughter. My own joined hers.

"Lie back mom and let me do more than ravage your virtues."

She did so; also spreading her fabulous legs wide, giving me unobstructed view to her most womanly charms.

"Have your way with me my dear son."

"What is you want mom? Tell me."

"Eat my fucking pussy, damn you!" Mom ordered fiercely.

The words I wanted to hear!

"Yes, ma'am!" I said gladly as I bent to my task.

Mom was most assuredly wet, soaked even. I licked up every drop I found but as they seemed to be replaced at a quicker rate than I could consume, I dove my tongue deeper to seek their source. I let my stiff tongue probe every bit of mom's nether tunnel that I could reach, teasing over the spots that drew a reaction. Her legs wrapped around my back tightly, as if to prevent me from escape. I reached one hand up to clench a firm breast, tweaking the stiff nipple that topped it. My other hand hooked easily around her leg and rested on her lower abdomen.

I kept up the assault with my tongue, teasing, licking, lapping hungrily at every millimeter of mom's splayed pussy lips and the darkness that lay between them. I carefully ignored the ridge that lay above and between those petals of flesh and most especially that little nib that was peeking out from its tiny cave.

Mom's hands were equal parts holding my head in place and pinching her other nipple. Her lower half wriggled on the countertop, trying to get my tongue to the right spot or as a reaction to her pleasure. This motion didn't make my task any easier, but I accepted it as a challenge.

"Lick me Jeremy! Lick that cunt for mommy! You are the best pussy licker ever! Keep licking mommy please!"

For such kind words, I felt she deserved something in return. I gave a soft flick of her emergent clit.

"Oh fuck! Do that! Lick my clit! Mommy loves that honey!" Mom's voice rose in pitch as I teased her nib of pleasure.

I played my tongue over her clit for only a few moments then returned to lapping over her soft lips. I wasn't ready yet to make mom cum and wanted to prolong the short time we had this afternoon. That, and I wanted to make mom's orgasm as powerful as possible. I returned to her clit after a while to keep her at a heightened state of arousal. I kept up this switching off and on and mom worried me with the way she was flailing about on the countertop. I didn't want her to toss herself off the granite surface.

"Lick my clit Jeremy! I need to cum! Lick my clit and make mommy cum hard baby!" Mom wailed suddenly.

I teased her for a minute longer and she grabbed my hair with both hands and pushed my face harder against her crotch.

"Fuuuuckkk!" Mom screamed when I sucked and flicked her clit furiously. She planted both feet flat on to my back as her own back arched, lifting her ass off the counter. I kept my mouth attached to mom's trembling body as she shook and shuddered in orgasmic delight.

Mom pushed my head away when she finished shivering.

"Stop Jeremy. I'm too sensitive now." She almost whispered.

I'm sure that if I pressed her I could have continued until she came again, but we didn't have the time to keep going. Mom couldn't be seen wearing only my shirt by my brother and sister, even if she buttoned it up.

Mom sat up stiffly, pulling my shirt half closed in a needlessly modest attempt to cover herself. She smiled slightly at me when she saw me staring at her. She raised a hand to my face and ran a finger around the outside of my lips.

"You have ... mommy ... all over your face." She said demurely, casting her eyes downward for a blink. She held the finger up and I sucked it between my lips.

Mom smiled sexily as she watched me. "I'm sorry we don't have time to take care of you. I'll make it up to you later."

"You know you don't have to. Just giving you pleasure is enough for me." It actually wasn't, but my words sounded good. They may have made her want to repay me even more.

Hopefully!

"You're so sweet." Mom answered.

I helped her off the counter and she gave me a quick kiss, her tongue playfully brushing my lips before she turned to go dress more appropriately. She lifted the back of my shirt and slightly bent over, giving me a wonderful view of her positively perfect posterior. I heard her giggle as she disappeared around the corner and down the hall.

Mom reemerged from her room in slacks and a knit sweater, just moments before my siblings clamored in the door. She grinned at me guiltily, her face radiant with its Cheshire smirk. I gave her a brief nod and quick smile in return before I went upstairs, not wanting my siblings to see the Big Top my pants were making.

I distracted myself with a bit of homework and a lot of video gaming until mom called out dinner was ready. I could still picture her in my shirt and I sat quickly at the table as my dick rose at the memory.

The evening passed.

After watching some sitcoms with the rest of the family, I went up to my room for a few hours before I went to bed. I was disappointed by

mom not showing up, as I was sure she would. Her earlier promise of repayment stung as I drifted into slumber.

Movement on my bed woke me to darkness. My first reaction was to glance at my clock. The LED read 2:14. I could barely discern a figure moving about on my bed. At the appearance of the dark orbs of breasts, I realized that my nocturnal visitor was my mother.

"Mom!" I whispered loudly. "What are you doing here? It's the middle of the night."

"I can't stay away from my man. I need you inside me." Her voice was close to my ear as she shuffled about above me.

The comment of her man struck too closely.

"What about dad?" I asked her as her lips found mine.

A few moments later, she answered me.

"I left the TV in our room on. That should cover any noise." She had realized her husband's presence beneath my bedroom.

Mom pulled my blankets aside and my boxers down. My dick was already on the rise and mom's gentle touch sped up the process. She then moved atop me, her hand guiding my stiffness into her wetness.

"God mom! I can't believe you're doing this!" I groaned as I filled her tight pussy.

"I promised you. Do you want me to stop?" She sat back, my dick deep within her. Mom's shadowy head faced me.

"God no! It's just that dad might hear us." I jerked my hips up, eliciting a squeak.

"He can practically sleep through anything." Mom bounced once. Up, then back down.

"Even his son banging his wife?" I asked.

Mom froze.

"Jeremy!" Mom gasped.

"What?" I asked as I placed my hands on her hips and tried to lift her for another stroke.

"Just because I've come to accept what we are doing, doesn't make it right. I don't want you rubbing my nose in my infidelity." Her voice was stern and I was glad I couldn't see the disapproving look that was surely on her face.

"I'm sorry mom. I didn't mean ..." I didn't know what I didn't mean.

"Just don't bring it up. I feel bad enough about what we are doing." Her tone wasn't as harsh, but it wasn't encouraging to the situation either.

I tried to fix my error. I bucked my hips upward again.

"Does this feel better?" I flexed into her again.

"It helps. You need to do it like this though." Mom bounced twice on me.

I took that as a sign that her crisis had passed.

She slowly pulled off me then slammed back down. The bed's creaking seemed very loud to me.

"I'm serious though. Don't make light of my unfaithfulness again, this is hard enough on me as it is." Her tone was easier but with a touch of ice still.

"This is no picnic for me either mom. Knowing that you are with dad ... doing ... this." My voice cracked with emotion.

"I know honey. This is hard for both of us." Mom said soothingly.

"Speaking of hard. For both of us." I said evenly.

"Yes. Very hard." Mom cooed with a slight rise of her hips.

She started a slow rhythm, gently rising and falling around my penetrating member. Mom's hands fell to my chest only moments before I felt her nipples and breasts press against me. Her breath was on my cheeks.

"Really though Jeremy. Just because I love you as I do, doesn't mean I don't love your father the same or any less. We both just have to accept that and try to live with it." Her slow pace never faltered.

"Shut up mom and just ride my cock." I grunted as my hands helped guide her hips.

"Yes sir!" Mom answered then planted her lips on mine.

My tongue entered her mouth the same as my dick was plunging in her pussy. The effect on mom seemed to be almost the same at either end. After a few moments of our tongues dancing in her mouth, she pressed hers into mine. We were almost focused more on our oral invasions than on my penile one.

Almost.

"Fuck me Jeremy!" Mom croaked into my mouth.

"You're fucking me mom!" I returned.

"Shut up and fuck me baby!" Mom moaned.

We weren't having wild sex, but it wasn't making love either. Both of us were making the motions, a slow even but forceful tempo. Our kissing continued but we frequently had to break to regain our breaths.

Mom's palms were at the sides of my head, while I had mine caressing her back.

I couldn't see mom as we lay there in almost complete darkness. I used my memories of the countless times we'd been together to fill in the shade laying on me. Images of her in my shirt this afternoon. Visions of mom in her drab nightie with her old robe wrapped around her, the lacy white teddy she wore when the rest of the family went to the zoo, that sexy little red sequined dress she wore when we went dancing, and the sheer blue bodysuit and blue stockings she wore later that night. Apparitions of the light blue blouse that was nearly translucent and black slacks that hugged every curve of her lower body, that new crisp white blouse that she sucked me the first time to protect from my staining it. And the beautiful dreamy nakedness of my mother that day at my aunt's when we first consummated our intimate relationship.

Not seeing her was as if I was able to relive all those previous encounters again, each memory replacing the shadowy form of my mother. This made me ready to burst very quickly. I wondered about how close mom was, but that wasn't going to keep me from overflowing into her grasping wet pussy.

"Oh Jeremy!" Mom groaned out, emphasizing each syllable as a separate word.

"I'm gonna cum in you, mom!" I warned her.

"Yes, honey, oh yes!" Her lips returned once more, trying to merge with mine.

It seemed mom was already there before me.

That set me off to greater heights, that I could give my loving mother such heavenly pleasure. It felt like I would never stop cumming in mom's wonderful pussy. Nothing else existed then, me, and my dick in mom. Even she didn't exist, except as an existential entity that gave and received ecstatic bliss.

I don't know if it was the experience or a physical reaction, but I was seeing stars as mom fell off me, pressed tight to me on my too narrow bed. Or she just wanted to stay close after our intense joining.

"Wow mom." I was able to barely whisper.

"Yes honey." Mom's voice wasn't any stronger. "Wow."

"Thank you mom, but aren't you worried about us being tired tomorrow?" I could see glints reflected from her eyes and only the vague impression of the other features of her face as I looked towards her.

It seemed a long time lying there in the darkness before she answered. I almost thought she had fallen asleep. Not that I wouldn't love to have mom sleep with me in my bed, but it would be very awkward in the morning.

"I can just take a nap tomorrow while all of you are gone." She answered without any inflection.

"What about me?"

"Oh, you're young. You can handle it." The bed shook as she moved onto her side and bent her head closer to me. We were once again kissing. And not the soft gentle kisses of post-coitus. No, these were the passion-inflamed kisses of two people about to have sex.

Again.

In minutes we were ready to go again. Which only proved my youth and mom's lust.

Afterwards we lay there again afraid to say anything or even to kiss, in case it would lead to a round three. I was nervous of either of us falling

asleep, not that I had a problem of sleeping in my own bed but mom certainly would.

"You need to go mom." I nudged her shoulder.

Mom rose slowly and before she stood she leaned and kissed me. It was quick and soft. Then she was up and at my doorway. The dark angel disappeared when my door closed. I was asleep again before I even realized it.

I awoke groggily with my alarm. I reached out an arm, imagining I could still feel the warmth of mom's body beside me. It was just my imagination though. My cold shower was longer than usual but did little to refresh me. I came downstairs in a rush but stopped when I noticed mom barely looking at me. When I asked what was wrong she only said later and gave me a peck on the cheek. I left her standing in the kitchen in her cotton robe with her arms crossed on her chest. I felt a chill colder than the shower.

This was the last day before spring break and I only had a half day, of which I was glad after mom's demeanor that morning. Did she regret our middle of the night rendezvous? Or did my inadvertent crack about her cheating upset her more than I had realized? I was anxious to return home, but nervous also. Would her lust ease her conscious or would her anger negate her need for sex?

I slowly opened the front door, unsure of what I would find.

I stopped slack-jawed as the door swung shut of its own accord.

Mom was reclining on the couch; yes, I now understood what was truly meant by reclining. But this couldn't be my mother. Not this magazine model lounging sexily on the family sofa.

She was wearing dark brown stockings held up by black garter belts, which were connected to a lacy black thing around her waist. Mom had no top on with only a black lacy shelf bra that left her nipples exposed. Fancy black high heels covered her feet that seemed out of place with her lack of clothing. Her hair looked styled, with ringlets framing her face. A face that was made up as if she was going out on the town. I could see she was wearing no panties but her luscious legs were poised in such a way that left no doubt as to her nudity while not revealing any of her intimate parts.

I was speechless as I jumped at her. She seemed startled at my reaction as her arms jerked up to receive my attentions. I was smearing lipstick a half-second later, all worries I might have had melted away. My pants and underwear only made it as far as my ankles when I entered mom.

We finished not too shortly thereafter.

I was still ready for more as mom still looked as hot as hell; I had barely mussed her up at all. But I was curious as to the explanation for her ... attire. Or lack thereof. I also still wondered about this morning's chilliness.

"So what was this all for?" I gestured at mom's body as I sat beside her. The sheen of perspiration only made her sexier.

"Can't I get dressed up, or dressed down, for my lover?" The words dripped from her lips.

"You just don't seem to wear stockings very often. Those ones that you had on when we went shopping were very nice, and these," I rubbed my hand along her shimmery thigh, "are pretty good too. Why don't you wear them more often?"

"Who am I wearing them for? Your father? It's not as if he notices when I do wear anything nice, or says anything about it when I don't. I just wear pantyhose when I need to, or just go bare." Her tone was coarse.

"You could wear them for me. I love how nice your legs look with the sheer and shiny stockings." My eyes ventured from hers back down to my hand playing over her smooth thighs. "But most of all, you should wear them for yourself if you like how they feel and that you feel sexy and desirable in them."

Mom watched my hand roaming her thigh, then looked up at my face.

"I do like wearing them, the feeling of them on my legs." Mom's voice was quiet, as if she was confessing a dark secret. "I do feel sexy wearing them. It's even nicer if I have someone to appreciate them on me." Her hand ran over the brown stocking until her fingertips brushed against mine.

"You know I do mom!" I said. Then I changed the subject to something a little more serious.

"You seemed upset this morning. I wondered if I had done or said something wrong." I asked her trying to act casual with my concern. My fingers had left her thigh and were now occupied with playing over her hardened nipples. That I could carry on a conversation with mom while playing with her tits ...

"I was tired. Johnny was being ... Johnny. And Justin said something that ... well, just something that got under my skin." Mom shook her head as if to shake away the memory.

"What'd he say? You spoke to him before I left this morning?" Dad normally didn't leave until after I did.

"He had to go in early today. It was ... it was nothing. I didn't mean to make you think it was because of you. You didn't worry about it, did you?" Her motherly concern was out of place coming from the gorgeous woman next to me.

"No, not at all. Just curious." I lied.

"You did worry. I'm sorry Jeremy."

I should have known she'd see through my deception!

Mom put a hand on my cheek. "I didn't appreciate that crack you made, but I think you showed your repentance. Twice, if I recall." Her gentle smile made everything better.

"How about we go for twice today?" I asked with a leer in my grin.

"Only twice?" Mom's leer was more seductive than mine.

"Are you giving me more credit than I might be capable of?"

Mom gave a small laugh. "I know that you're capable of making sure that I can go more than twice!"

"I'd make you cum all day long if I could mom. Whether my dick is capable or not. I have my mouth and two hands!"

"Yes, yes you do! And you use them all so wonderfully on me." Her hand drifted to my dick, which had managed to keep a little iron in it. Mom's hand soon had it filling out.

"How about you use this on me again?" Mom gave a good hard stroke on my nearly hard dick.

I didn't use any words to answer her, I merely pushed her onto her back and moved between her silky legs and slid effortlessly back into her delightfully tight and wet tunnel. Even with our very recent incident, we both were quickly close to orgasms again. Whether I was really that good or it was just that mom was that much more aroused, she was the first to reach her peak. I continued to pound her steadily until I was ready myself to unleash my seed in her now drenched pussy. Mom was working herself to a third orgasm when I filled her a second time. I didn't think I had a third in me, at least not for some time, but I kept going as my cock slowly shriveled and it seemed enough because mom started shaking beneath me before I popped out of her.

"God honey! No one ... has been able ... to fuck me ... like you do! You're almost like ... that battery bunny. Even after you're done ... you just

keep going!" Mom struggled to get out the words as she gasped for breath.

I felt like I wanted nothing more than a hot shower and a long nap. The shower might not even be necessary.

Mom sat up and let me lay my head in her lap. She ran a hand slowly through my drenched hair. I could sense that she wanted to say something, but the words never came out.

I glanced at the wall clock and saw that there was still plenty of time before Johnny and Jojo got out of school. They were stuck with a full day today. I knew I was pretty well wiped out for a while, not that I wouldn't make a valiant effort if mom was ready for more, but she appeared to be nearly as spent as me. I knew that she would take more time than I would to appear presentable to my siblings, and then to my father when he came home.

"I think we are done for now." I said fighting my heavy eyelids. Mom may have had a nap this morning, but my youth was betraying me.

"I think that we both need a shower." Mom stated as she gave my head a pat. "A nice cool one will make you feel better."

"I don't think I could manage a shower with you, mom." I wasn't sure if my words were beginning to slur.

"Not together. We can't be trusted together in the shower." Mom lifted my head from her leg. I struggled to a sitting position.

"I'm sorry if I can't control myself when I'm near your naked beautiful body!"

"Nor can I, when I see your magnificent cock!"

My cock was completely at the ready to go again, but for the lack of blood to fill it up! Or the body behind it to back it up!

"Go ahead Jeremy. You'll be alright once you get moving." Mom patted my forearm in an all-too-motherly gesture. While looking like a Cosmo model. A well-fucked and tired Cosmo model!

"This is not a good sign for the beginning of a week off school with you." I groaned as I stood.

"We won't be able to have sex all week if that's what you were planning. I still have a house to take care of, your brother and sister will be here, you have things that you should be doing also."

"I planned on helping with the chores." In the hopes of freeing up mom's time of course! "And it's not like we can't keep Johnny and Jojo occupied for a few hours here and there."

I hadn't planned to spend the whole week in bed with mom. But, she was the reason that I had changed my plans.

After our long weekend with Aunt Jessica, I knew nine days, even with only one woman, would be impossible. No matter how much the dick, or the brain, was willing. The body in between those two just couldn't keep up. I had no doubts that we would find ways to get our time together, even if mom tried to deny it. I knew she wanted the sex just as much, or as it was beginning to seem, even more, than I did!

"You should be grateful that my time of month didn't coincide with Spring Break." Mom said flatly, as she crossed the living room to go to her bathroom.

God forbid that should have happened!

I trudged up the stairs and found I did have some little energy left in me that a cool, almost cold, shower was able to bring out of me.

I was hiding in my room when the tornado that was my brother and sister arrived home. I could hear their joyful exuberance at being out of school. I had to smile to myself as I remembered that feeling. A feeling I had had only hours ago.

The rest of the evening passed quickly enough. I revived enough to spend some time with the rest of the family watching some TV. Mom informed us that though we would still be having movie night the next evening, her sister wouldn't be joining us as she had another date with the same man. This meant nothing to my brother and sister, but I looked pointedly at mom. She just nodded her head as if she knew my thoughts. I didn't know what my thoughts were though.

I awoke late the next morning. Alone.

It was Friday and I had semi-consciously expected mom to wake me. Only when I came out of that sleepy haze did I remember that we weren't alone in the house. I contemplated going back to sleep but I realized that I couldn't blame mom for a school vacation. I rose grumpily, and hard. I debated about a cool shower, but took a long hot one instead.

I went downstairs and found mom alone, vacuuming the living room. She eyed me curiously but without any other intent. I looked about the room wordlessly. Mom mouthed 'they're out back' in response of my

siblings' whereabouts. I nodded and went to the kitchen. I heard the vacuum cease its whine and mom appeared behind me.

"You're up kind of late this morning." She bent down and pulled a pan out of the cupboard.

"My Friday morning alarm seems to be broken." I said off-handedly, as I watched mom's black slacks tighten on her ass as she bent. The loose bright yellow sweater hid her breasts fairly well.

"You knew Johnny and Jojo would be home this morning." Mom explained. "Do you want some breakfast? Or, actually an early lunch."

It was a silly question. Of course I wanted food. And it was breakfast! She wouldn't fool me out of a meal.

We were able to do nothing all day. Barely had time for even brief kisses. I noticed mom's eyes on me numerous times as mine were on her. She just gave me a sympathetic smile and went about her chores. I did help mom do some house cleaning, mostly of the muscular nature, moving furniture, lifting things, and such. I played some Frisbee with my brother and sister, though with Jojo it was mostly a matter of fetching the disc from wherever she managed to fling it.

Dad arrived home and actually came around to the backyard and waved to us as I was playing catch with Johnny while Jojo was swinging. I nodded to my father. It was then that I realized that he didn't seem as imposing as he once had. He was just a regular man working to support his family. He seemed cheerful as he watched his children at play. Little did he know that one of them was stabbing him in the back.

I received my own knife wound when dad pulled me aside before dinner and offered to pay for airfare so I could join my friends if I changed my mind about staying home. I explained again how my girlfriend couldn't go because of her family and that I wanted to stay with her instead of the bacchanal in Florida. Dad cautioned me about the good time I was passing up and that he would hate for me to regret it later on. I thanked him for his generosity, but that I was fine with my decision. He walked away in disbelief. Maybe if he actually noticed my girl, he wouldn't second-guess my choice. But then again, if he had noticed, I wouldn't have that choice to make.

After we finished dinner, but before any of us had gotten up dad spoke.

"Since you're not going anywhere Jeremy, I don't want you spending all your time with this mysterious girlfriend of yours. You could do some things for your mother. You know, to keep her happy." My father said gruffly as if he had already expected my resistance.

"I'll be able to do both, dad. I'll be happy to do it for you." I answered cheerfully in opposition to his tone.

I saw the smirk on mom's face at the intent of my words as she rose with a handful of dishes.

"Good. See that you do. I don't want you lazing around the house all day, or to disappear for hours either."

"You can count on me dad." I declared.

We weren't a very religious family; mom and dad hadn't tried to force any of us with their own religious beliefs, but instead presented the options and let us reach our own conclusions about higher powers. Nevertheless, we had a family tradition on Good Friday that we would watch 'The Ten Commandments'. It was also how I came to ponder the nature of sin. Watching Nefretiri in her clingy, and seeming see-through, outfits had made me a fan of Anne Baxter. Or mostly, of her breasts. Besides my aunt's, they were the first ones that I had fantasized of seeing. That Moses could turn her aside made me realize the power one's beliefs could have. I don't think I would have had such conviction.

With having seen it numerous times, each of us normally didn't spend much attention watching it anymore, but no one would suggest not playing it, as it was tradition.

As such, this year wasn't any different. Save for the huge horny elephant in the room!

Dad sat on the couch to my surprise, and patted the cushion beside him for mom to join him. She gave me a glance as she sat beside her husband. I scowled and sat on the loveseat. Jojo and Johnny were laid out on their sleeping bag with little inclination that they wanted to see the film again. The fact that both of them would be asleep before the almost four-hour epic finished gave them no incentive either. I had only managed to make it through the whole movie a few times. But again, it was tradition. It was the only thing that kept me from going to my room and killing computer Nazis.

Well, that and those breasts of course.

I will add that Yul Brynner and Charlton Heston are, or were, outstanding actors. Even outside of 'Westworld' and 'Planet of the Apes', two favorites of mine.

Dad and mom were sitting close, dad's arm resting along the back of the couch behind mom's head. They weren't being as 'playful' as the previous Friday, but if that was because they were more conscious of their children's presence or the weighty subject matter playing on the TV screen. Not that they weren't still nuzzling and canoodling. To my dismay.

We paused the movie around the time of the plagues. Johnny and Jojo were out, popcorn spilled around them after their tickle fight. I was first to the bathroom and then replenished my beverage. Mom was pouring another glass of wine while dad was relieving himself. She said, "Jeremy." I turned to look at her, but could not answer her. Her eyes dropped to the kitchen floor and as I exited the kitchen, she got my father another beer. I ignored them both as they sat down again, but I did see that mom's feet were up beneath her with her knees pointed away from dad. Apparently, dad wasn't getting any tonight either.

I shouldn't have worried as dad was asleep and snoring quietly soon after our intermission. I semi-hoped that mom would get up and join me, but that was only wishful thinking. The two of us watched until the end, which wasn't necessary, but neither of us could turn off the movie. Maybe the rulings of God and the morality that we were breaking regardless of any one religion struck too close to home for mom and me.

As the movie ended, we both slowly rose, avoiding the other's gaze.

"Good night Jeremy. Pleasant dreams." Mom said. Her eyes briefly glanced towards me. I met them and answered.

"Yeah, good night mom."

I went upstairs as mom covered dad in her blanket. I saw the caring in her act that made me cringe inside.

It had definitely not been a good Friday for me!

I tossed and turned before I finally drifted off. Dreams of Anne Baxter's tits melting to become mom's haunted my sleep.

I woke at an amazingly early time of 6:05, but only because of the urge to pee. Once done, I returned to my bed and slumber.

Sunshine filled my room when next I opened my eyes. It was still early, at least for me, but I could accept 9:21.

I made my way downstairs and found mom and my siblings still in the midst of breakfast. Nothing elaborate, just pancakes and sausage links. Mom eyed me with surprise but set about preparing a plateful of food for me.

Dad of course had already left to play golf with his buddy Jack.

"Mommy said she's taking us to the park today!" Jojo exclaimed. "Do you want to come with us? Please?"

How could I turn down those cute little blue eyes?

"Sure, I'll come with you. It sounds like fun." It did sound like fun. It's not as if having sex with mom was the only family activity I was interested in. Mom gave me a funny look. I just smiled back at her.

So in less than hour later, Mom, Johnny, Jojo, and I were walking down the street. Mom had decided on a red halter-top and a dark but flowery knee-length skirt with low-heeled mid-calf black boots. She looked much younger than usual, which only added to her appeal. To me anyway. I was wearing khaki shorts, sneakers, and a black tee. My siblings were in jeans and printed tees, a robot from some cartoon on Johnny's, and a pink unicorn on Jojo's.

It was a beautiful day outside. The sun was shining in a cloudless sky, the birds were chirping, neighbors were out doing yard work or walking their dogs. In other words, a perfect day.

Mom didn't appear to be heading towards the park as we walked. I realized almost right away, where she was leading us.

A few minutes later, she was knocking on her sister's door. I couldn't wait to see what Aunt Jessica would be wearing on such a nice day.

My aunt must have been called ahead of time because she was already prepared for our arrival and in only a few minutes joined us on our little walk to the park. Aunt Jessica was dressed more conservatively than I would have expected with a loose pair of jean shorts, a baggy oversized tee that tried, and failed, to hide my aunt's large DD breasts. A pair of brown hiking boots covered her feet.

Even with my brother and sister present, I wished any of my friends could see me with these two hot sisters!

Mom and Aunt Jess hung back and were chatting away like sisters. I wanted to hear what they were saying, but they kept their voices low. I didn't consider myself self-centered, but I wondered if they were talking about me. More likely, it was about my aunt's new guy friend.

The walk didn't take long and once Johnny and Jojo caught sight of the playground equipment, jungle gyms, and at least a score of other kids, they took off in a dash. We three adults just smiled at the enthusiasm of the younger pair. Mom, Aunt Jess, and I found an empty bench and sat to watch my brother and sister play. They each found a respective group to join in their fun.

"They are growing so fast." Aunt Jessica sighed to my mother.

"You don't have to tell me. Jeremy will be gone next year. Then it won't be long before Johnny, and then Jojo will be joining him. I don't know

what I'll do when they're all grown." Mom said with a glance to me. I didn't want to think about not being with mom.

"You need to enjoy them while you can, Jenny. Especially this one!" Aunt Jess gave me a leering grin.

"Jess! We try not to broadcast what we are doing!" Mom whispered through gritted teeth.

"Ah, go on Jenny! Why don't you two go for a walk? I'll watch the kids."

"What? No, Jess." Mom argued.

"Why not mom? It's nice out, the exercise will feel good." I countered. I stood and reached out and took her hand, attempting to pull her to her feet.

"No Jeremy." Mom resisted. "We're in public. Someone might see us."

"We're not doing anything wrong mom, it's just a walk. Unless you plan on something more?" I asked suggestively.

"Jeremy! Not out in the open! Just keep that thing where it belongs!"

"Come on mom. Just a walk. It's so beautiful out. Like you."

"Jeremy. Call me Jenny if you're going to talk like that!" Mom said harshly. That she wanted me to use her name suggested she was thinking of more. "Just a walk, nothing more." She looked firmly at me.

I saw the wide grin on my aunt's face and was glad that she hadn't felt slighted. All I saw was encouragement. Which she then voiced.

"Go on you two, have fun. The other two will be fine, just look at them."

My brother and sister were busy running around each with their own group of kids, laughing and having fun under the additional supervision of a number of parents on other benches.

"Come on ... Jenny!" I almost slipped as I urged mom.

She finally stood and with a smile at her sister, she willingly took my hand.

"No funny business, mister!" Mom warned me with a stern face, but I also saw a glint in her eyes.

The park was a large area, mostly wooded with a few small ponds with ducks floating around on them. There were trails wandering and crisscrossing the natural landscape. The playground occupied only a small portion of the park, but it was the part most visited. A dog run adjoined the playground, but was fenced off from the rest of the area. The basketball courts were across the playground from us.

I took mom's hand in mine and casually strolled towards the nearest path. Mom glanced at our joined hands but said nothing. She didn't remove hers either.

I looked back at my aunt and gave her a wave over my opposite shoulder. The wide grin was still there. She waved back and called out.

"Don't do anything that I would do!"

I'm sure she meant the exact opposite though! Mom ignored her sister's comment.

We walked into the shadows of the trees, side by side, hand in hand. Neither of us said anything, just content to be together. The sounds of the playground drifted behind us and all that we heard was the chirping of birds, the buzzing of insects, and the rustle as the breeze blew the leaves. The sun shone through the trees, speckling the ground.

We passed an elderly couple going the opposite direction, her arm wrapped around his. They gave us a friendly smile but I saw the question in the woman's eyes. After they were out of sight, mom put an arm around my waist. I did the same to her.

"It's so beautiful out here." Mom exclaimed as she made a circle with her head taking in the wonder of the wilderness, or this little patch of it.

"Just like you ... Jenny."

"Aw, Jeremy. Thank you."

We walked on in silence for a quarter mile. I took my arm from her waist and pulled her off the narrow path through the underbrush and behind the twisted roots of a fallen giant oak. Mom didn't resist my pull, but she was slow to follow. She stepped lightly through the rough growth. I hadn't accounted for her skirt giving her calves any protection.

"What are you doing?" She calmly questioned me.

"Sneaking a kiss." I stated as I did just that.

After a few minutes mom pulled back.

"Is that all you were stealing?" She asked slyly.

"For now it is." I guided us back to the path as the mosquitoes had zeroed in on us.

A couple in their early twenties went by and I saw the guy eye mom. I don't know if mom saw it or not, she acted as if she hadn't. Then a few minutes later, a pair of older women, possibly early fifties, walked past. They had been chattering together but ceased when they first caught sight of us. I saw them appraise me, but as the two went by, they seemed to ignore me but gave mom a cheerful smile as if congratulating her. Mom merely smiled back and nodded in greeting.

"I think they're jealous." I told mom when the pair of women was out of earshot.

"No they're not. Don't be silly." Mom disputed my statement. But I saw that her face was beaming.

I pulled her behind the large trunk of a tree that grew at the edge of the path. Mom was less resistant this time. Our kissing lasted longer too.

"Did you bring me on this hike to have your way with me?" She asked gaily.

"Do you want me to?" I countered. My hands were locked together just above her ass. Hers were around my shoulders.

"You can have me almost anywhere you want." Mom's eyes shone brightly amidst the spring greenery.

I quickly looked around us. There were the decomposing remains of a large fallen tree of unknown type a short way off the dirt trail. Mom's gaze had followed mine.

"That's not much cover." Mom said without complaint.

"You like the risk." I said. Then I led her on a roundabout route, avoiding some prickly bushes in our way.

Mom eyed the ground when we stopped. Her skirt was too pretty to kneel on in the decaying leaves, so I whipped off my shirt and laid it before her.

"What makes you think that you should be the beneficiary?" Mom asked coolly.

"Do you want to sit on this tree? Or lay on the ground for me?" I asked playfully.

"Good point." Mom said. She eyed my shirt cautiously, then knelt down.

"Aren't you kind of obvious though?" Mom asked me as she began to undo my khakis.

"I'll risk it. No one has come by for awhile."

Mom fished my rising dick out and with a wide shit-eating grin began to lick along my shaft. She gripped the base and played her tongue around my smooth dome.

"Damn mom!" I croaked.

"My name is Jenny!" She declared a bit loudly.

"Whatever. Just suck that dick woman!" I put my hands back to rest on the horizontal timber as mom sucked my vertical woody!

Mom gustily licked and sucked me. I could feel a load brewing for her.

I then heard approaching voices. They sounded young and numerous.

"Mom! I mean, Jenny. Get up!" I yelled in a loud whisper.

Mom bobbed down on my cock one more time before she withdrew with a pop. She stood and handed me my shirt just as a crowd of about a dozen noisy elementary school-aged kids came into view. An older man in his early sixties came up behind them. Every one of them turned to stare at mom and me. We acted innocent and waved at the now silent group. What must the man had thought of a shirtless young man with a middle-aged woman a dozen yards off the path standing together behind the dead tree? He ushered the kids along with a scornful glance back at us. I'm sure he knew something of what we were up to.

"Come on Jeremy." Mom said with a grin. She walked hesitantly back to the cleared path. "Put your shirt back on."

"But you weren't done." I said petulantly, still standing by the tree.

"I'm sure you'll live." She responded.

She took my hand again when I caught up to her and we resumed our little walk.

At the next branching of the trails, I pulled mom off to the side and kissed her. We were going at it still when a young man and woman came up behind us going in the same direction we had been travelling. They snickered as they walked by, but said nothing. We were only innocently kissing, so we merely continued.

Mom laughed when we separated, putting her fingers up to cover her lips.

"What?"

"It's like we want to get caught. By someone. Anyone." Mom's laugh mellowed into a chuckle.

"I don't want to. I just can't stop with you, even if someone else is nearby." I declared.

"That's one of the nicest things I've heard in quite awhile." Mom's hand brushed my cheek then gave a slight pat.

"You think that's nice, how about this?" I then pulled her arm and the rest of her to the nearest tree. We were in view of only one of the branching paths. I pushed her against the rough bark and with the hand obscured from the view of anyone that should pass, I slipped it up under mom's skirt. Mom's eyes widened wonderfully. I darted around her skimpy panties and caressed the dampness that I found there. My other hand grabbed her waist and I leaned in close to her. Should anyone come by, it would appear we were just emboldened lovers enjoying the outdoors.

"That's verrry nice. Very, very nice." Mom cooed.

"I thought you might like it." I planted my lips on hers and she parted her luscious petals and pushed her tongue into my mouth.

I may have been partially petty, but when I got mom into a fever pitch, I withdrew my fingers.

"Wait! Don't stop! I was almost ..." She then realized my intent.

"You think that was cute, do you?" Mom said mildly scornful. "I had a reason to stop."

"So did I." I said evenly.

"What reason?" She demanded calmly.

"Teasing you."

"I can do that too!"

With that mom put her hand on my crotch and gave my semi-hard cock a firm squeeze. I grunted in response. She released her hold, but she rubbed her palm across the hill of my khakis.

"Jeez ... Jenny!"

"Come on loverboy!" Mom started off down the fork the man and woman hadn't taken. I sucked my wet fingers before I hurried to catch her.

I slipped my arm around her waist when I did. Mom looked at me with love. I felt then as if we were walking on clouds through a heavenly forest with no one else around but us. There was a break in the trees and it seemed that the sun was shining down on just mom and I.

"Stop mom."

She looked at me with a cocked eyebrow.

"I just want to stay in this moment here with you, like this, forever. I don't want anything to ever change from right now."

"Jeremy. That's nice. I want that too." Mom's eyes were wistful as she faced me. "You know that can't happen. Things change. Nothing can stay the same. It's the nature of life."

I don't know if that last phrase was intentional or not, considering our surroundings. I was silent. I could already feel the moment slipping away. Nothing would be like this ever again.

Mom took both my hands in her own and lifted them up between us. She pressed closer, our locked hands caught against our chests.

"Honey. I do love you. Things are going to change. Maybe better, maybe not, but it'll happen. All we can do is just live each moment as if it was like this here now. The moment may pass, but the next one comes along and you have to enjoy that one also."

"Beautiful and wise."

"And I've been told I'm nice too." Mom grinned cheerfully as she recalled my earlier term for her.

"All that and more Jenny. So much, much more."

We continued down the trail, the sunbeam lost behind a stray cloud.

My dick was mostly hard and in need of some real attention. It didn't help that mom would occasionally rub her hand on it to keep it interested. It was very interested in what lay beneath her skirt!

We had passed the halfway point of the long circuit we had chosen to take. Ahead was a small glade with a few chest-high bushes amidst the field grass and an assortment of various flowers, mostly of blues and yellows, the only ones I knew were the white daisies.

"Come on ma-Jenny." I darted into the grass and flowers.

"Jeremy!" Mom called after me, but followed anyway.

"I want you now Jenny. Right here, right now." I stated firmly.

"Now, here?" Mom looked around the clearing and at the path that ran along its edge.

"The grass is long enough, the bushes will hide us. You'll just have to try to be quieter than usual." I had already undone my pants.

Mom looked about again then focused on my now visible cock.

"You make a strong argument." She placed her hands on either of my cheeks and pulled my face towards her. My hands left my pants and held her shapely frame.

I guided her to the ground as we kissed, laying beside a patch of daisies.

In moments I was atop her, between her, and inside her. It felt the most natural of things to have sex with mom in the wild like this. Well, the near-wild anyway. She kept her volume down to only moans and groans as I brought her to her peak quickly. I was about to orgasm myself when I caught a glimpse of motion. I glanced over my shoulder to see a longhaired man in his late twenties wearing a neon green shirt jogging past.

"You go dude!" He called out before he slipped back into the shadowy trees.

I resumed my thrusts and soon emptied my balls into my mom. She was still lost in the throes of her bliss, either the previous or another oncoming.

When we both were finished we lay there for a bit, savoring the moment, the warmth of the sun, the lover beside either of us, and the love we felt.

"We really should get back." Mom said idly.

"I suppose we should." I answered just as carefree. But I did start to stand. I helped mom up and as she brushed herself off and tried to appear as if she hadn't just had sex in a field. I picked one of the daisies near where we had lain, and placed it in her hair by her right ear.

"For my wild nymph." I said, beaming with a smile.

Mom's smile in return was blinding.

We were holding hands as we arrived back at the playground but they fell apart as we stepped back into the world of our ordinary lives. Aunt Jess grinned hugely at us when we walked up to her sitting on a bench. I saw her eyes take in the daisy in mom's hair.

"You two were gone for quite awhile. Did you hike every trail there is here?" Her suggestive leer made known what she thought we had done. Just because she was right ...

"We went here and there." Mom answered lightly.

"The way you glow Jenny, I know where you went!"

"Jess! How dare you suggest that."

"Didn't you?" My aunt glanced at both of us. I had to turn away to hide my smile.

"I knew you would. You two are like rabbits. You probably gave the rabbits out there pointers." Aunt Jess waved her arm to the surrounding trees.

"You're not jealous, are you?" Mom asked her sister as she sat down beside her.

"What? No. Not really." Aunt Jess answered. "Well, maybe a little. But I'm happy for you too. Both of you." Her eyes darted between mom and me.

"I just don't think it's going to end well." She added flatly.

"We've talked about it. We are just going moment by moment." Mom looked up at me where I was standing near them. I gave her a nod and a weak smile. My aunt's doubts shadowed my own. It's why I wanted to capture each good moment to hold on to for as long as possible.

"We should probably get back home." Mom said coolly.

"Why?" I asked her. "It's a beautiful day mom. Johnny and Jojo are having fun. The three of us can sit here and soak up the sunshine."

"What about your father?" Mom asked in reply.

"Dad is capable of being home alone for a few hours. He leaves you alone all the time." My voice may have had a tinge of iciness in it.

"Come on Jenny. I don't get outside as much as I would like anymore." Aunt Jessica pleaded with her sister.

"You can tell us about this new boyfriend of yours, Aunt Jess." I said as if it was decided that we would stay longer.

"Well, let me at least text Justin about where we are at so he doesn't worry." Mom pulled out her phone.

"Do you really want to hear about this guy?" My aunt looked hard at me.

"I want to know that you are happy. And if you aren't, I want to know if I can take him." I smiled at her, hoping she didn't see it was somewhat forced.

Aunt Jess smiled warmly.

"Ah, Jeremy. You are so sweet. Concerned about me even when I may no longer be available." Her eyes sparkled in the sunlight.

"You are my aunt. Whatever else we've had or might have. I love you Jess. If you're happy, I'm happy." I put a loving hand on her shoulder. "I know things haven't been exactly great for you with all ..." I waved my other arm in an arc for emphasis, "that's gone on."

"You're my nephew Jeremy. I love you too. That will never change. As for ... things ... It's as I have said, I'm just glad that I have been able to participate in what we've done. I've loved it." She cast an odd glance at

mom. "I won't say it's not possible for anything to ever happen again, but with you and Jenny, and now with things between me and Eric ..."

"Eric. That's his name?"

"Yeah. He's really good to me. He kind of reminds me of you Jeremy." Aunt Jess used a hand to sweep her burnished copper hair back over her shoulder.

"Oh? He's a great pussy licker with a big dick?" I questioned.

My aunt burst out laughing hard at that. Mom even had a wide grin.

"We haven't gotten that far yet. No, he has a wicked sense of humor like you. He makes me laugh."

"No sex yet? That's not typical of you Jess." Mom asked.

"It was his suggestion. That we get to know each other better before we go there. That he doesn't just want to get me in the sack and then dump me makes me think there may be more this time." She sounded very earnest.

"I'm glad for you, Aunt Jess." I gave her shoulder a gentle rub.

"So am I, Jessica." Mom gave her sister a comforting smile.

"So, what else have you two 'rabbits' been up to?" Aunt Jess teased.

"You don't expect us to kiss and tell, do you?" Mom looked pointedly back at her.

"Yes I do! I want all the sordid details! I'm horny and I need something, anything to tide me over." Aunt Jess extorted anxiously.

"Won't that only make it worse?" I asked. Not that I didn't want to confess, extol, and brag about my, or our activities. It wasn't just up to me.

Mom's light smile told of her willingness to do likewise.

We spent the next awhile making Aunt Jessica envious, but in a good way. She was delighted to hear of our 'adventures'. She told us that when she and Eric did decide to take that next step, that we had given her some ideas. That I had done anything sexually to inspire my aunt in any relationship she might have boosted my confidence and was

almost compensation for not being able to do anything with her for the foreseeable future.

Jojo and Johnny protested a little when mom finally declared that we had to go. Mom, Jess, and I had talked for a good amount of time, even after we finished our bragging. I had noticed that a few of the fathers had furtively been watching us, clearly jealous of me for the two hot women I was sitting with. Luckily, the jogger that had caught mom and I never appeared.

Dad gave us all a curious gaze when we returned home. Mom explained that it had been so nice out that we all had decided to go to the park with her sister in tow. Dad just looked at mom and I as if we were guilty of something. At least, that's what it seemed to me. It could have just been my conscious. I noticed that mom shifted on her feet as if she felt the same. She burst out, telling dad that if would choose to spend time with his family on a day like this instead of golfing ... She didn't finish her thought and walked fiercely into the kitchen. Dad's face looked stunned as he watched her go.

Dinner was a chilly affair.

As we were finishing, dad coughed slightly, more of a way of getting everyone's attention.

"I've been thinking. Since Jeremy is staying home, and after your mother's ... complaint this afternoon." He glanced at mom who just looked back blankly.

"Even though I just took Jeremy golfing last weekend and Johnny and Jojo to the movies and mini-golf." He said this as if it justified his actions. "We're all going to go to Willie World tomorrow."

You could have heard a pin drop in the living room.

For only as long as it took for a pin to drop.

The clamor that erupted as this announcement sunk in was near deafening.

I must claim that I was almost as loud as my younger siblings.

Mom protested, but with the three of us hounding her, she soon relented and agreed to dad's suggestion.

"Justin. It's Easter tomorrow. You want to go to the amusement park on Easter?" Mom asked with her final objection.

"Sure, why not? They're open. Maybe there will be fewer crowds because of it." Dad reasoned.

It sounded sensible to me!

We all went to bed at different times but while it was still daylight out, in anticipation of our ungodly early departure on the morrow.

Chapter 18

I rose the next morning earlier than anyone should have to on a vacation day.

Or any other day for that matter!

I would also need to buy a new alarm clock sometime during the next week as I had left mine in a pile of pieces when I had thrown it across my room.

I was the last one in the bathroom, as my brother and sister had risen earlier than anyone else and had gotten themselves almost completely ready without any assistance. I myself was in dire need of my mother's

aid! The cold shower did little to rouse me further and though I was truly excited for the day, my body still protested this tortuous treatment.

I had been surprised that dad had suggested a trip like this at such a last minute as he had. He normally was one for planning and investigating all the associated costs and best times for such an extravagant excursion. That he announced it only the night before was out of character for him. It might have made me worry about my father if not for the fact that this would probably be the last family vacation we would have with all of us together. Had my father realized this at the last moment? I was grateful for the effort that he was making for the family, even if it had been unplanned.

The amusement park, Willie World, was just under an hour and a half away. I had been there twice before with my parents and a few times with friends. My brother had gone the second time with our parents, but he had been only seven at the time so he had been limited to only the 'kiddie' rides. Jojo was four at the time and had been left at Grandma Sharon's. As such, this would be a new experience for them both. Thus, they were very excited for the trip. I was worried for Jojo's vocal cords before she even set foot in the fabled fantasyland as she talked nonstop the whole way there.

It was pleasantly warm, much as it had been the previous day. I wore a printed tee shirt and a loose pair of shorts. I didn't know what mom and I would be able to do with the family close by and the masses that

would be swarming the large park around us. Mom was wearing loose khakis, but that still displayed the firmness of her buttocks. She also wore a white semi-sleeveless women's tee shirt with a pink halter-top with thin straps over her shoulders atop it. I doubted the presence of a bra. My mother's attire made me hope that we would get a chance at something some time during the day! She noted my gaze and smiled measuredly in return.

I managed to doze for part of the trip, even with my siblings going on a mile a minute.

We parked in the acres of concrete lot and rode the tram to the entrance. We had arrived within twenty minutes of the opening and were able to get tickets for the five of us before the gates swung open and let in the crowds that had already gathered. It seemed like quite a lot of people, but I hoped that once they were spread throughout the park that it wouldn't seem so full.

Willie World was known for the variety of roller coasters that it had, among the many other attractions there. I loved coasters, as did my mom. Dad got motion sickness, so he avoided all but the tamest of the rides. I hoped to use this as an advantage to get mom alone at some point during the day. Jojo would be limited to kiddie rides and I wasn't sure if Johnny would meet the height requirements for some of the more extreme coasters.

Once in the park we huddled to make a plan for our assault on the various attractions. Mom and I were anxious to get on a few coasters before the lines got too long. It was decided that dad would take my siblings and go take on some of the tamer rides while mom and I hit a couple coasters before meeting back up in about two hours. Johnny wanted to join us, but mom worried about him being able to get on the rides and that he was young enough that she didn't want him left alone if he couldn't. He complained loudly, until I promised that I would take him on whatever coasters that he was tall enough to get on later that afternoon. This somewhat mollified him. Only the fact that dad was joining him and it wouldn't be just him with his little sister that he didn't protest more.

Dad gave mom a husbandly kiss on her lips as we parted. I felt a twinge of jealousy but fought it down.

Mom and I hurried to the first coaster we wished to ride, Monstrous.

You might think that we would use this time alone to get up to some hanky panky.

Not that I wasn't willing, and I'm sure mom was also, but today wasn't about that. Dad had paid a good amount of money already, and I really did want to ride the rides. I'm sure at some point mom and I would no longer be able to resist each other, but for now all either of us wanted was the thrill of the heights and the adrenalin of the speed.

The first line was still short and we were being fastened in our car within fifteen minutes. Half an hour later, we were getting on our second ride. Mom and I managed to hit five of the top coasters in the park before we were scheduled to meet back up with the others. We screamed together, we laughed together, we were together. There had been nothing sexual between us, but the way we acted with no one around that would know or recognize us, we were no longer a mother and son. We hadn't kissed and had only briefly held hands as we walked between rides, but there was an openness in the way we treated each other. We were just Jenny and Jeremy, having fun together at the amusement park, and nothing else mattered. I tried to pretend that mom was there with just me as we went from ride to ride, that she was my girlfriend in reality, and dad and my siblings didn't exist. My real life had become a fantasy, why couldn't my fantasy be as real?

We were laughing and giggling as we exited the Mighty Miner, a wood coaster that seemed to be made from a forest of lumber. I had reached out and my hand slipped easily into mom's. There was no glance from her to acknowledge that simple act, no glare of rejection and no smile of acceptance. It just was.

As we were walking towards the next coaster on our mental list, I looked at mom and I noticed the effect the exhilaration had had on her body.

"Ah ... Jenny" I started. I had been making a point of using mom's name, not in fear of anyone seeing or hearing something that would appear out of place for relatives, but that I wanted to treat her as herself and not as a mom, or as my mom.

"What Jeremy?" She smiled without care at me.

"Your excitement is showing." My eyes were pulled back to her nipples that were very evident, even through the two layers of cloth.

She glanced down at her chest. She gave me a sly grin.

"Watch it, or I'll make your excitement show!" Mom made a playful grab towards my crotch. "I'm sure it will be more of an embarrassment for you."

I dodged her feeble attempt. Then stepped closer to her.

My arm slipped around her back, my hand on her waist as if it had been meant to be there. Mom didn't resist this blatant show of affection, only grabbing my hand as it rested on her hip and held it there. She didn't look at me as we continued, and I saw an inner light shining from her face while we walked.

"Do you want to ride the Big Willie, Jenny?" I asked casually.

Mom froze in mid-step.

"Jeremy!" She gasped loudly. She looked around to see if anyone had heard my question.

I laughed hard and then had to explain to her that that was the name of one of the rides. She still looked at me with disbelief. I pointed to a sign that showed the way to the huge coaster. I was still chuckling as we headed in the direction indicated while mom's face looked perturbed at my teasing subterfuge.

Mom was in much better spirits when we exited the purple steel behemoth. Her flushed face, wind-blown hair, and gleaming eyes evidence of her enjoyment.

I then suggested we go on the Venetian Gondolas.

Mom eyed me suspiciously.

It was a ride in imitation of the famous Venice watercraft. The boats had an animated gondolier that took you through a recreation of the famous Italian city's Grand Canal. It was a ride meant for young

couples to make out in, or for older couples to pretend they were young again. It was a close scale approximation to the real thing, so you could pretend you were actually there to see the Doge's Palace, St. Mark's Campanile, the Bridge of Sighs, and many of the palaces built along the waterway. Mom's gaze at me told me she knew why I had suggested it. She steered us towards the line's entrance letting me know that she was fine with my choice.

While we stood in the short line, we drew quite a few stares. Our age difference made us stand out among the like-aged couples. The scorn in one older couple a few people behind us was withering. A few of the younger guys eyed mom admiringly, and one even gave me a grin and the head nod of approval. I nodded back and mom noticed. She jabbed me with an elbow, but I saw the small curl on her lips of her appreciation of the positive attention. I casually placed my right arm around her back and put my hand on her shoulder as if that was where it was supposed to be. She pretended to jab me again, but then put her right hand on mine to keep it from leaving. Her lip curl strengthened into an actual smile. I'm sure I wouldn't have gotten the same response if I had gone with my initial inclination of placing my palm on her ass!

The ride attendant did a double take as we took our seats in our personal gondola, but mom and I ignored it.

The boats were spaced far enough apart and the gondola's gunwale's high enough, that no one could really see anything that an amorous pair might get up to along the ride's route. Thus, once out of view of

the teen supervising the embarkation, mom and I glanced at each other for only a moment and were then lip-locked for the duration of the canal tour.

I had never gone on this ride before, as it was strictly for couples and I had only come to the park with family or friends before. I will say, I still have no idea what Venice looks like!

We arrived at a separate area to get off the ride, both of us flushed and out of breath. We followed a few other couples in a similar condition to the exit.

Little had I known, but there had been a camera along the canal's route. As we passed through the ride's gift shop I noticed a group clustered around a counter looking up at video screens. Curious, I went and found out that our making out had been electronically captured. Mom stepped up next to me and her jaw dropped open when she saw me eyeing the screen with the two of lip-locked.

"Oh my God! Jeremy! Did you know about this?" She tugged my arm as she growled at me through gritted teeth.

"No, of course not. It's pretty hot though!" I grinned in opposition of mom's reaction. "I'm going to get a copy."

"Jeremy! No! You can't!" Mom's rough whisper grew more vehement. She glanced around at the other people, checking to see if anyone was looking at 'our' screen. "It's bad enough that it's up there for everyone to see."

"Muh ... Jenny. It's okay. No one knows about ... us. Relax." I whispered back.

I stepped up to the counter, gave them the screen number, and ordered my print. A few minutes later, I took possession of the proof of our passion contained in a white paper bag. Mom continued to glare at me throughout the transaction.

"You can not let anyone see that!" Mom ordered me with a more normal volume of her voice, but her tone still made it seem a shout.

I grinned at her indignation. "I swear mom, the only ones that will ever see it are you, me, and whatever higher powers might exist." I gave a glance skyward, even though heaven existed right there beside me.

"See that it does." She glanced at the slim package in my grasp. I could almost have sworn that a quick smile crossed her lips. Was she secretly thrilled that I had a picture of us being so risqué? I liked to think that she was.

Mom suggested that it was nearly the time that we were supposed to meet back up with Johnny, Jojo, and dad. I gave her a quick peck on the lips, barely touching them before withdrawing. She stared back almost aghast, even though we had just spent however long, far more connected. She looked around nervously at the milling crowds that cared nothing about the two of us.

"It's okay ... Jenny. Nobody knows us. Or cares." I took her hand and tugged her into a walk.

Our hands stayed together for only a few dozen yards and then with unspoken acknowledgement, both hands dropped to our sides.

We met up with the others and listened happily to Jojo chatter on about the rides she had ridden. Johnny was less enthusiastic about the experience. He was noticeably unhappy about being in that limbo age-frame of too old for the kiddie rides but too young or short for the more thrilling coasters.

"Johnny, we'll go on some roller coasters that you can ride later this afternoon, just you and me. How's that little bro?" I told him cheerily with a playful jab at his shoulder.

This helped somewhat, but I could see his disappointment in not being able to go on the extreme rides.

I also noticed dad greeted mom with a longish peck on her lips that I had so recently kept warm. I tried to ignore the interaction and looked away when mom glanced my way to see if I had seen. To hide my angst I turned to my sister.

"Jojo! You haven't ridden the best ride here yet!" I said as I half-bent to her height.

Both my sister and brother stared at me blankly.

I grabbed Jojo and swung her up and around until she was seated on my shoulders. I took hold of her ankles tightly and leaned my upper body around in a wild circular motion, spinning as I did so.

"The Jeremy Twister!" I exclaimed as she shrieked loudly with glee, waving her arms around over her head.

Others close by turned to look at the source of the screams but smiled when they saw the exuberant expression on the little girl's face.

"Jeremy! Be careful with your sister!" Mom called out nervously.

"It's okay Jenny. She's safe with him." Dad said with a bit of a grin on his face as he watched us.

"Do you want to take a ride on the old Dad-anator, Johnny?"

Johnny looked at our father in surprise and some slight apprehension.

"No, that's uh, alright dad." My brother said diplomatically.

Mom giggled at that.

I ceased my gyrations with my passenger, to her dismay.

"I want to go again! Jeremy Twister!" Jojo declared loudly.

"Sorry sis, the ride operator is taking a break at the moment." I saw a nearby attraction. "How about I let you drive me around in a car?"

"Really? Driving?" My sister asked.

Mom glanced at me with worry until she saw we were by the Old-Time Car ride. I'm sure you know the ride. Scale replicas of cars from the beginning of the last century that followed a guide rail so that drivers

of any age felt like they were in control. Every park has some kind of similar attraction, whether its cars, trucks, or other type of vehicle. I headed for the entrance where a small group of parents and youngsters stood.

"I'm not going on that, its lame." Johnny said before I was out of earshot.

Fortunately, across the way was the Tilt-A-Whirl.

"Let's you and me go on that." Mom told him, taking his hand and leading my brother away. I saw dad head for a nearby bench.

I sat beside my sister as she gleefully drove for the first time. Her joy made up for the placid ride. She waved and called out to dad as we neared where he sat.

"Daddy! Daddy! I'm driving!"

"Hands on the steering wheel honey! Watch where you are going!" Dad called out in mock concern. His grin was almost as big as hers. Or mine.

Johnny appeared happier when each of our rides was finished and we rejoined dad. I hoisted Jojo to her royal seat as mom took Johnny's hand

and dad slipped his arm around mom's waist. We were just another happy family among the countless others.

"What's that in the bag Jeremy?" Dad asked out of the blue.

Mom's eyes went wide.

"Oh, it's nothing. Just a picture from one of the rides." I stated flatly.

"Let me see. Did you get a good shot of your mother?" He asked as he held out his hand.

I opened the bag I was carrying and handed him the 4" x 6" glossy.

"It's a good shot of me, even if mom is in the picture."

Mom's eyes were so wide I was sure I could see her brain right around her eyeballs!

"You don't want to see that! I look terrible!" Mom shouted hysterically making a grab at the picture.

"This is from the Monstrous, isn't it?" Dad asked after a glance at the photo.

Mom grabbed it from his hand and starred at the innocent picture of the two of us with our arms above our heads, the wind whipping her brown hair and wild expressions on our faces.

Although I knew I had upset her with my obfuscation, the look on her face was priceless.

"What's that still in the bag?" Dad then asked.

"Oh, just a copy for a friend." I replied as boringly as I could, now a bit nervous myself. But dad accepted my answer. Mom's blazing glare at me could have blistered crops for miles around!

"Its okay mom, you may have almost ruined my picture, but I love you anyway!" I smiled innocently and gave her kiss on the cheek, Jojo giggling from above. My hand on her back drifted down but she pulled away from me before it got too close to dangerous territory.

"We should take a break and get something to eat." Mom said and took two steps to separate us.

"How about one more ride before we do. Something we can all ride?" I suggested.

"No spinning rides, or twisting coasters." Dad declared.

"How about the Tunnels of Terror?" I offered.

"I don't know if I like that name." Dad said warningly.

"Trust me dad, it's about as tame as you can get. It only has a lap belt, and I'm sure that's only because the insurance company makes them. They let five year olds on it!" I explained.

It wasn't too far from where we were, so we headed in that direction.

Regardless of the name, Tunnels of Terror was more fun than terrorizing. It was a dark ride in which riders sat in a 'runaway' mine car through a haunted mine with ghostly figures popping out, a narrowly missed cave-in, tracks that were rickety, and a bundle of 'dynamite' with a lit fuse that appeared a number of times during the ride. It was a great attraction, but wasn't in the same class as a roller coaster. The darkness and tight turns made the speed of the cars seem much faster than the reality. Even without the lap belt, a rider would have to climb out of the car to be in any type of danger.

It was the perfect ride to satisfy the various requirements of our little group.

Jojo pretended to be scared, but the grin that kept appearing on her little face told the real tale. Johnny was ready to take on any ghosts that we would meet with his bare hands. I smiled at their reactions, but not in the way dad's arm held mom's waist.

The line that we encountered spoke much for the excitement of the ride, the various ages of those waiting spoke to its wide range of endorsement. It still wasn't that long that we had to wait. As we did, Jojo declared that she wanted to sit next to daddy. I was ready to ride with Johnny when he stated that he would sit by himself.

"I guess I'm stuck with you again mom." I said as if I was disappointed with the partner I was left to sit beside.

"You'll just have to suck it up and make do." Mom said without a hint of anything more.

"You'll have to 'suck' it up too, mom." I hoped my innuendo wasn't too noticeable.

Mom's head spun to me with a look that was either surprise, shock, or subtly sexual, but she said nothing in reply.

Johnny got in his car first, then dad and Jojo, followed by mom and me. I reached across her lap to fasten the single belt loosely. Moments later after a brief check from the ride attendant, we set off into the darkness of the mine tunnel.

I placed my hand on mom's thigh once I was blinded. I let it sit there for a few brief seconds, testing her willingness, before letting it drift closer to the hem of her loose shorts. A few flashes of light startled us but there was no protest from mom about my hand's placement.

A quick turn threw me closer to mom, and my hand inside her pant leg. It was only a few inches from the center of her femininity. A quick turn in the opposite direction had mom almost in my lap. Her hand was already there. Imitation torchlights barely illuminated the tunnel, enough so that we could see any potential peril that we would soon encounter. In addition to any peril we would face with our hands in each other's laps! Dad was in one of the cars just ahead of us.

My hand struggled but was able to reach its destination. There was a slight dampness there already as I set about trying to open the floodgates. Her gasp wasn't a reaction to the shimmery shape that appeared to our left and moved towards us, disappearing before it

reached us. The tightness of her grasp on my shorts certainly wasn't for fear of any undead nasties that might appear again!

Mom then grabbed my hand and pulled it from her pant leg, to my disappointment. Didn't she like what I was doing to her?

She definitely did!

She had undone her shorts and jammed my hand in them from above. I now had more wiggle room for my fingers!

"I shouldn't let you do this, but you've already got me so hot!" She hissed at me.

And wet!

"I noticed that you don't mind where your hand is at." I said.

A shrill shriek ahead from my sister cut off any response mom might have given.

The cause of Jojo's cry was a large boulder rolling straight towards us. I had been on this ride before so I braced myself. Mom must not have

remembered because as our set of mine cars suddenly veered left down another mineshaft, she was again almost on top of me. I had no objection at all for my mother's breasts abruptly pressing against my upper arm. A loud cheerful laugh from Jojo filled the air.

The force of our sudden turn had not only pushed mom against me, it had also caused my two fingers to slide into mom's wet crevice. The noise she let out wasn't loud, cheerful, or a laugh, but more of a sharp, gasping moan.

"Ohhh!" She added to the moan.

I took this new opportunity and wriggled my fingers in mom's clasping chasm. A deeper, long, low groan was heard, but it was no ghost bewailing its pitiful existence.

Mom's hand fell away from my crotch as she lost focus on it, now concentrating on what my fingers were doing inside her pussy.

"God, Jeremy!" Mom moaned in a whisper.

"You like that mom?" I didn't need an answer.

"Oh, yes. Keep doing that." Her eyes became hazy in the dim light as I diddled her clit with my thumb.

More phantom figures appeared, the car swerved this way and that, and a tunnel wall gave way behind us. But mom and I were only paying attention to what was going on in her shorts.

"Jeremy. Rub my clit, just like that. Mommy loves that."

I could tell she was fighting to keep her voice low; that she wanted to howl out her pleasure!

The sudden jerking of the car only intensified what my fingers and thumb were doing.

Mom's hand that had been in my lap was now clutching my forearm in a vice-like grip.

"Oh yes! Oh ... oh ... oh! Fuuh," Mom caught herself before the curse word fully crossed her lips. "Oh shhhitt!"

Not that that was much better!

Mom leaned against my shoulder as she shook with her orgasm, her body bouncing helplessly as the mine car careened down its track. I braced her to prevent her from battering on the car's sidewall.

A few moments later, she recovered enough that I let go of her arm with my left hand as my right still lingered in her overflowing passageway.

"Stop Jeremy. Not again. Not now, not here." Mom whispered hoarsely.

"I think I like this tunnel! There may not be any terror, but it's definitely got its thrills!"

"Jeremy!" Mom exclaimed in mild shock.

I pulled my hand from her shorts and put it to my lips, slowly licking the wetness from my fingers. Mom's eyes were fastened to what I was doing, her mouth curling in a grin.

"Always tasty!" I proclaimed.

We finished the ride a short bit after, surviving the simulated dangers and avoiding the detonating TNT at the ride's end, although mom's explosion had been far more concussive!

We rejoined the rest of the family, Johnny's expressive smile showed his delight, and Jojo's wild clamor expressed her reaction.

"Can we go again? I want to go again! Can we mommy? Daddy?" She begged as she tugged on dad's hand, her face looking to each parent.

"Do you want another go mom?" I asked slyly.

Mom gave me a dirty look that wasn't at all dirty!

"Let's get some lunch." Dad suggested. "If we have time Jojo, we'll ride it again later. Okay?"

Jojo's dejected face said she didn't believe dad's answer.

"There's lots of other cool rides sis. Is that the only one you've been on that you want to ride again?" I chimed in sympathetically. "Let's eat, then we can try some of the other rides."

Mom smiled as I soothed my sister.

We walked to the food pavilion and ordered a collection of hot dogs and fries with an assortment of toppings. We sat amidst the other

families and groups of people on the umbrella capped metal tables. We fought off the scavenging seagulls while we enjoyed our repast, though Jojo found it a game to sneakily drop fries so that the 'birdies' would fly down and grab them.

After we finished and had a few minutes of small talk about what we ridden and the rides still left to be conquered, we set off. Jojo insisted on taking position on my shoulders, even after dad had offered his perch to her. She requested another repeat of the Jeremy Twister, but instead I took hold and carefully leaned forward until she could touch the ground. I stood back up, grateful for the amount of exercise that I had been getting with mom that given me some additional abdomen and lower back muscles. Mom, and even dad, had looks of fright at my deed. Jojo just giggled maniacally.

We rode a few attractions that we could all go on, except the Octopus that dad refused to even attempt when he saw it.

I was able to sneak a few grabs at mom's ass as we walked about. I was even able to sneak a more-than-a-peck kiss that was still too short when we took a bathroom break, lingering a moment after the others had entered. Mom was startled, but didn't resist my lips or my firm hands on her back. She shook herself and entered the woman's room a moment after we separated.

Dad wrapped an arm around mom's waist as we walked along, chatting with her out of range of my hearing. She was smiling but I saw a furtive glance towards me. I pretended not to see it, grabbing Johnny at the waist and picking him up roughly, holding him horizontally at my side while I turned and then twisted him about before planting his feet back on the ground. He tried to act unfazed, but a reluctant smile broke on his lips.

"Me next!" Jojo cried out.

"You're not old enough for that ride, Jojo." I explained, trying to pacify my brother with my denial.

She pouted, but with her surroundings, it only lasted a few moments.

"You ready for some coaster time with your brother, Johnny?" I asked.

His eyes lit up as he looked to our parents as if asking permission.

"We'll take Jojo on ... the big girl rides while you two are gone." Mom said with the implication being that they would be going to the kiddie area. "We'll meet back here in an hour and a half, okay?"

Mom's eyes pierced into mine at our imminent departure. It would be only ninety minutes or so, but that she would be with dad during that time would make it seem that much longer. Her gaze seemed to reach out to me as Johnny and I walked away.

That morning, mom and I had avoided the lesser coasters for two reasons. One, that we wanted to go on the more extreme ones for our own thrills and two, I was saving those experiences to share with my brother for later. So first off, we headed for the Twin Twister.

It was a double coaster with two trains of cars that travelled on separate tracks, sometimes alongside each other, but mostly they curved and twisted so that the trains would race at each other nearly head-on, or at right angles only to dive down or curve aside. Even though you could see the track ahead of you and you knew the cars wouldn't actually crash, the thrill of the ride was still exhilarating.

Johnny's expression when we got off was repayment for his depressed looks earlier that day.

"Is that better?" I asked him.

"That was awesome! Is that as good as the Monstrous, or the Big Willie, or the Mean Streak?" He asked with hoarse breath.

"Each ride is different. But that's just as good as the others." I answered. It was really only a little lie. The others actually were similar, just more so.

"I don't know if I believe you, but let's go on another!" He exclaimed with a touch of intelligence for which I hadn't given him credit.

The two of us rode two more coasters and a motion-control ride based on his favorite robot movie. Any misgivings he had about not being tall enough for any ride were swept away with his excitement as we exited the robot ride.

"That was just like being in the movie!" He extorted jubilantly. "When Destroyatron was about to attack us, I almost shit my pants!"

The movie had been only so-so, geared as it was towards eight to fifteen year old boys, but it did have its points. That might just be the young teen boy that was still inside me though. The ride, with its innovative technology, was much better than the movie. To my surprise.

I was also surprised by my brother's expression. I had to realize that he wasn't the toddler I could still picture him as being. No, he was becoming a young man. I had to adjust my inner view of my brother to this new reality. Much like with him seeming to be noticing Aunt Jessica's womanly charms.

I only hoped that he never came to realize that his mother was a woman too. Not that I regretted what mom and I had done, but it wasn't something I would have ever set out to do. And not for my little brother to discover!

"You ready to go find the others?" I changed the subject.

"I guess." He was barely upset that our time together alone was done. He was making robotic fighting moves like from the ride or movie, adding whooshing and crashing sounds to emphasize his moves.

He was growing up, but was still just eleven!

When we rejoined mom, dad, and my sister, the two youngsters reveled in recounting each of their times apart. Even though there was a few years between them, a huge difference at that age, and their genders adding more distinction between my brother and sister, the two of them were closer to each other than to any one else in the family. I regretted not spending more time with either of them, and that they only had each other most of the time. A part of me was jealous of that also. I never had a sibling to play with like they could. I was Johnny's age before he was out of diapers and nearly a teenager before Jojo was born.

Now I was the one that felt sad.

Adding to that was the sight of dad giving mom a loving kiss while he held her tight. I didn't know what brought this display about, but I couldn't avoid mom seeing me watch them. She pulled from dad and made a show of then giving Jojo a kiss on her cheek, bending low to impart her favor on my sister. When she turned to Johnny, he tried to pull away with a grimace on his face. Mom held him in place and bussed his cheek. I had to grin at his reluctance.

Mom stood and turned to me, looking me deeply in the eye when she did.

"Are you too old to get a kiss from your mother?" The glint in her eye and the sneaking smile that no one else saw revealed much about her intent.

This whole incident was for my benefit, to make up for my father's caring outburst.

I sighed with an exaggerated resignation.

"I guess not. If you have to." I looked skyward as if I was being scolded for something I hadn't done.

As mom closed with me, I could see her grin and I knew that she knew I wanted so much more than a kiss on the cheek from her.

Her lips touched my cheek in a purely maternal gesture. The hand she managed to discretely place on my crotch was not! As she pulled slowly from me, her lips neared my ear.

"Later." She whispered to me with such promise in her voice.

The day was getting hotter as the sun filled the sky with its brightness and warmth. I could not picture a more perfect day to spend with the family. That is, if I couldn't spend it with just a single family member. In her bed.

"Everyone want to go on the bumper cars?" Dad questioned as we approached the large pavilion with canvas awnings that could be dropped to keep out rain if the weather turned dark.

We all did. In varying degrees of agreement, skewing higher as the ages decreased.

It was deemed safe enough that we all got in our own cars, though I could see the lingering doubt on mom's face about her young daughter.

After her turn in the Old Time Cars, Jojo declared she was fully capable of driving a bumper car. She acted as if tomorrow she would be ready for Le Mans. I smiled at the thought of my sister among the racing elite. Mom demanded that we would all look out for her baby girl.

The line moved quickly, and shortly we all got in our individual electric vehicles. When the attendant turned on the juice, the two dozen cars aimed for each other and took off.

I aimed at mom, hitting her from her rear quarter. She turned to see who had struck her. She had a look of consternation on her face. After a few hits from strangers and one from Johnny, I was able to get mom head-on. She scowled at me in warning. Dad then hit her from the side saving me from further ire. After some maneuvering, I was then able to get a couple solid hits on my unsuspecting father.

My brother and sister used this opportunity to catch me in a double t-bone, each of them crashing into me from either side in a move I'd seen in an episode of the old TV show Happy Days that had been called the Malachi Crunch. I doubted that was the source of their inspiration, but was instead just them teaming up on their older brother. I saw them both laughing and giggling conspiratorially as I moved away from them.

I headed to catch dad again, and was solidly hit in the rear by mom, with her own large devious grin at catching me unawares. Dad was

behind her and spun her when he collided with her. I drove away before someone else could hit me while I sat unmoving. A few moments later, I saw dad hit mom again and she had a very serious looking scowl on her face.

I prowled the open space watching cautiously. I saw dad lining up for mom again and I charged forward. I was able to connect with his car before he smashed against mom. She looked over and saw my intervention, hopefully forgiving some of my early collisions. Dad and I played cat and mouse trying to catch the other, each of us succeeding a few times before the power was cut and all the cars went dead.

In the aftermath of our cutthroat driving we were all laughing as we regrouped at the exit. I did notice that mom was standing at my side and not dad's.

I praised Jojo for her driving as my siblings recounted their numerous crashes, Johnny loudly adding sound effects for each one of his.

The heat had increased while we had been in the shaded car arena.

The younger crowd now insisted on going on a water ride to cool off. That sounded like a splendid idea to me, even though I knew what kind of lines would be growing while we decided. Mom added her agreement to the plan. The thought of mom getting wet with her two thin tops made me more in favor of a good soaking!

Dad was the only dissenting voice, declaring he didn't want to get drenched. He was outvoted and the rest of us headed for the River Rapids ride. Dad followed a moment later.

The line was incredibly long, only adding to dad's disagreement.

"Come on, let's go on some other ride. We could get on a few in the time this line will take. We could go on that Tunnels of Terror ride again." He pleaded as he stood in line with us, though he made it clear he still wasn't going to get in the simulated rough-cut log boats.

The mention of the mine car ride got the attention of my siblings, but the promise of the cooling water overrode dad's enticement.

"It won't take that long dear. And it really is hot in this sun. I'm getting very hot." Mom told my father firmly. I couldn't tell if she was making a sly reference for me or not. The temperature really had to be nearing 90^0, if not higher!

As she argued with dad, she bumped back against me, her soft, yet firm ass pushing against my crotch. It was a delightful accident that got me to thinking of the times I'd filled that posterior. I felt my dick respond to those memories.

Dad relented and though he stayed in line with us, it was clear he wasn't that happy with the wasted time we were spending for such a limited return in his eyes. Just the thought of the cool water covering me dropped my skin temperature a few degrees!

We moved a few feet forward, mom stopping suddenly in front of me, causing me to bump against her.

Just an accident. Again.

The line shuffled forward as each wave of riders boarded.

I watched mom to prevent another accident. And because it was the best sight in view. Even with a few college-age girls in bikini tops a couple bends of the queue ahead of us. Again that quote came to mind about a bush in the hand is worth two birds in bikinis. Or something. I really needed to look that up!

Mom suddenly bent over for some reason, her butt butting into my crotch. I was now thinking that this couldn't be an accident. She stood and resumed her idle chatter with my father who, having resigned himself to our decision, was a little more cheerful.

A few more feet gained and I purposely pressed my hardening dick into the tight curve of mom's shorts.

We turned in the queue, now going in the reverse direction as we moved closer to our relief. A few electric fans above the line of people blowing mists of water only partially helped.

Mom pulled a tissue from some hidden spot that mothers seemed to have and she crouched to wipe Johnny's nose.

Of course, this caused her to bump against me again. I gave a little shove in return to let her know I was aware of her teasing.

She stood, but then bent again, giving Jojo a kiss on her forehead.

"It won't be too much longer honey. I know its hard waiting in line."

That had to be clearly aimed at me!

I was getting very hard waiting in line!

Mom stood again, and as we waited to move again, she began to sway her hips as if impatiently.

Instead, she was rubbing her derrière across my steely flesh pole!

Dad was standing right in front of her!

Talking blandly to her.

She then accused dad of staring at the bikinis that were briefly visible as we rounded each bend of the metal turnstiles. I'm sure this was just a distraction from the lascivious activity she was engaged in at that moment.

"You don't see Jeremy staring at those hussies, do you?"

I was shaken from my focus on mom's sway by the mention of my name.

"What about me?"

"Are you finding it hard waiting in line?" Mom asked without turning to face me. The fact that moving from in front of me would have revealed the condition she'd induced.

"Uh, I guess so. But I don't mind it. I almost like it." I answered in a little daze.

Maybe the heat was getting to me. Or all my blood filling my shorts.

Mom was still continuing her gentle sway. I was worried I might orgasm right there with my whole family looking at me!

My mother must have guessed how close I was as she suddenly stopped her motion and even pulled away from our touch. I tried to think of anything except the feeling of mom's ass rubbing my hard cock!

Eventually we reached the front of the line, the smell of the chlorinated water strong in the air. Dad stepped aside as we prepared to board our four person craft. I slipped my slim treasure into one of the lockers to keep it dry. Mom declared that she would ride next to one of my siblings while the other would sit with me. Brother and sister stated loudly that they wanted to ride in the front so that they could get the biggest wave at the end. Mom gave me a resigned look and shrugged her shoulders as we were being 'forced' together again.

River Rapids was a log ride. We would travel down a seemingly gentle river through a simulated jungle that would become more turbulent as we went along. Then it would become a raging rapids and it ended with a plunge over a 'waterfall' guaranteeing that passengers would be soaked when you got off. Added to that, along the route 'rain' would drip from the trees, 'hidden animals' would 'spit' at us, things would

'fall' into the river and splash anything nearby, and other assorted gimmicks to spray water at the log boats as they passed by.

I had ridden it many times before and it was one of the better water rides that I had been on. My siblings were excited as they climbed in the front; mom and I clambered in behind them. We set off on the placid water.

Jojo and Johnny howled in delight when we encountered the first spritzing, each of them getting fairly wet in the process. Mom and I were relatively unscathed.

The log passed beneath a rock outcropping with a small stream pouring down into the river from above. Our boat weaved to the side a little and mom got drenched. She shrieked as the cool water covered her. Though the two in the front had avoided most of it, they seemed just as thrilled that mom had been soaked as if it had been them.

I had missed most of the little waterfall, but managed to get wet from my waist down from the splashing off of mom. I glanced at my seatmate and saw the cool water had caused mom's nipples to harden and the two layers of wet clothing to cling wonderfully to mom's tits. I could almost picture them bare and exposed!

Mom noticed where my eyes were directed, but made no effort to conceal her prominent nips!

"Keep your eyes in your head, young man." Her voice was only slightly lower than normal.

I whispered back, leaning towards her, "I'll keep my eyes in my head, but I may not be able to keep my hands off your tits!"

I made a half-hearted attempt to reach up, but mom slapped my hand before it got very far. Instead, I placed it on her bare thigh.

I kept my hand there for sometime before I began to inch it towards her leg opening. Her shorts were pasted to her skin so it wasn't as easy to slip my fingers inside as it had been this morning. Mom gave my hand a weak slap, but not hard enough to make me remove it. A moment later, she reached over and gave my wet crotch a squeeze but then pulled her hand back. I'm not sure if being caught unsuspected on the Venetian Gondolas had made her leery of any more hidden cameras. Or it was just the nearness of her younger kids and the openness of the plastic boat.

We were each caught in a few sprays, drizzles, or drips before we were caught up in the rapids and our little craft was tossed about. I'm pretty sure people at the front of the park could hear my sister's shrieks or my brother's whooping laughter. Mom and I weren't much quieter either!

After a few hair-raising minutes, our boat caught in the guide rails that steered us to the approaching falls. Even having been on it before I still grabbed the handle at my one side and mom's hand on the other. My fearless siblings had their hands raised over their heads as they screamed with joy. Not to be outdone, I raised our conjoined hands skyward as our log upended and plummeted downward.

I admit it. I shrieked like a little girl too.

The wall of water that rose before us blinded me and soaked us all as it crashed over the fake log boat.

I wiped a gallon of water from my face as I tried to see again, the incessant laughter that could be heard let me know the direction of my brother and sister, the giggle at my side was more than hearty.

"Whew! That feels better." I exclaimed.

I looked to my side and saw my beautiful mother now drenched, her brown hair now straggly as it dripped on her. She was more amazing looking than any wet t-shirt college girl I might have seen in Florida. It made my decision to stay home the right one.

"Mom, you'd win any wet t-shirt contest if I was the judge!" I told her with my eyes bulging. If not for the sudden drowning of cooling water in my lap, my eyes wouldn't be the only things that were bulging!

"Oh, stop it!" Mom averted her eyes demurely, but she had a huge smile on her face that let me know she liked my compliment.

We coasted up to rotating dock and roughly climbed from the wet boat. I shivered as my now cooled body again encountered the hot sun. Jojo and Johnny were laughing as they flung the water dripping off them at each other. I hesitated before I retrieved my photos in their white wrapping. I saw mom's eyes dart to the bag then look away.

Dad was awaiting us as we came down the small ramp. I saw his eyes react much as mine must have upon seeing the state of mom's clothing and what they couldn't hide. I know mom noticed her husband's gaze as she had seen mine. I saw dad's lips open as if he was about to make a comment, but then he realized the presence of little ones and his mouth closed tight. Mom just walked straight as if she didn't know both her lovers were staring at her chest. I was sure she was holding her shoulders back so that her tits were even more prominent. A number of other men of a range of ages took notice of mom's breasts, their eyes following her as she strode along.

I stepped up beside her as dad herded the other two after us.

"Mom ... you're being ogled." I whispered discretely.

She just kept walking, looking straight ahead.

"I know." She answered me without flinching.

God, how I loved this woman!

The five of us just wandered about for a little while, letting those of us that were wet dry in the sun's bright warmth. For that short time, it felt like we really were just another normal family having a day outing at the amusement park, enjoying ourselves and being together. I picked up Jojo and carried her in my arms, her wide smile beaming forward. It didn't even bother me much when I saw dad slip an arm around mom's waist and pull her close. Johnny walked in front of us, fiercely alone and self-possessed like a hunting tiger. I was caught up in the moment and gave my sister a kiss on her cheek. She glanced at me perturbed as she wiped her face with the back of her hand, but her continued smile made me sure she returned my love.

Mom guided us to a couple of benches by some trees, but not shaded by them.

We sat silently, just watching the crowds pass by, mom and dad sitting together with their hips pressed together. Jojo sat in my lap, Johnny at

my side on another bench. The excitement of the day must have even gotten to my brother and sister, as they seemed to understand that this was a brief moment of quiet time before we continued our fun.

As one, we rose and walked along.

We came upon a collection of carnival-type rides, the smaller ones that normally could be transported by truck and seemed to be made solely to induce vomiting. Most of them anyway. The four of us that were capable of taking the stomach-churning rode a few of them, being able to get on each in short order as most of the crowds were attracted to the larger, more flashy rides. Not that these rides couldn't still provoke their share of thrills. The four of us had our fun on the ones that we tried. We even talked dad into one that wasn't as wild as the rest.

It was now late afternoon though the sun was still high in the sky. My stomach was rumbling, and not just because of the flip-flops I'd subjected it to during the day. Mom declared it to be dinnertime, so we headed for the large sit-down restaurant/dining hall. We took our five dinner meals to a relatively empty bench table and sat. I finished mine in short order and sampled some from the other four to the protests of both parents. The ever-generous Jojo gladly offered me some of her plateful. I turned her down, but her resulting pout forced me to take a small portion of food. I saw mom smile maternally at her children.

I could have eaten another serving easily, but as I was going to be riding more spinning, twisting, rotating, and whirling rides I thought that maybe it was best that I didn't push my luck. I'd never ralphed on a ride before, and certainly didn't want this day with mom to be the first. I wanted her to act like my lover, not as my mother because I had gotten sick.

It may seem as if I was spending a lot of time alone with mom when this was supposed to be a family event, but it wasn't my fault that dad had a weak stomach and that my siblings were so much younger, or that mom was an adrenalin junkie like me. That could explain our seeming insistence of near misses when we fooled around.

For whatever the reasons, mom and I decided we were going to go on a couple more of the large coasters. Dad would supervise Johnny and Jojo on some more of the lesser rides. It was nearing the end of the day and we all knew we didn't have much more time left at the amusement park.

As we were about to part, dad swept mom up in kiss. Not deep and passionate, but not just a peck either. I tried to ignore it and there was no way I could pretend that I didn't see it. I just acted impatient at being delayed.

When we were out of sight of the others, their waving figures lost in the crowds, I jokingly asked mom if she wanted to ride the Big Willie again. She looked straight at me when she responded.

"I haven't ridden the Big Willie yet today, much less again." Mom's voice was firm without an ounce of teasing or mockery in it.

Yet?

She expected to ride me sometime today?

"Whenever you want Jenny." I tried to be as direct as she had been. Even with all that we had done together, this was still my mother and I just couldn't manage it.

"Soon." Was all she said as she marched onward.

We rode Monstrous again instead. It was definitely the best ride here.

Well, beside the one that I would apparently be going on soon!

After another two rides, both ones we hadn't been able to ride earlier, mom led me towards the back of the park. There were fewer people

here, being mostly the craft area with a blacksmith, glassblower, a small homemade cheese shop, that sort of thing. I had no idea what she intended, but as there were no rides in the area, I suspected at least something sexual.

We neared a restroom and I felt let down. Though, why we had to come to the farthest spot in the park just for mom to take a tinkle?

I slowed to allow her to take care of her business while I waited outside.

Mom grabbed my hand and tugged me into the woman's room with her.

What?!

"Mah ..." I started in shock.

"Jenny!" I corrected myself.

"What are you doing?" I whispered as she pulled me past the numerous stalls of plain silvery metal. Some I was sure were occupied!

"I'm going to ride the Big Willie. If it's alright with you?" She didn't whisper or lower her voice at all.

Uh ...

Mom eyed the handicap door at the end but then opened the stall next to it and pushed me in ahead of her. I wondered at her choice, as the other stall would have offered us more room to cavort.

"Do you need me to get you ready?" She asked firmly, as if she was asking if I wanted a sandwich.

The thought of having sex with mom in a woman's bathroom at Willie World was already firming me up!

My lack of immediate response was taken as an affirmative.

Mom reached forward, unbuttoned and unzipped my shorts, shoving them down forcefully with my boxers. She had a look of dismay at my lack of rigidity.

"Give it a minute." I said meekly.

"We don't have that much time." And mom dropped to her knees, her feet and calves projecting out under the stall door.

Her mouth had me fully erect in nearly as much time as it took for you to read this sentence.

Mom gently pushed my stomach away from her until I realized she wanted me to sit. It may have been a toilet, just like the countless thousands I had probably used in my life, but the fact that this was toilet in a women's room and had been graced by thousands, if not millions of women's asses and that not a single man's butt had touched it, made it feel strange, almost forbidden. Then again, maybe other women had brought lovers in here and mine was just another in a stream of illicit posteriors that had sat here!

Mom dropped her own shorts and pulled aside the tiny pair of deep blue panties. She moved to straddle my thighs, my raging cock straining upward toward her fabulous opening.

"Why didn't we use the handicap stall? It would be bigger." I asked with a glance to the narrow space on either side of me.

"In case someone with a real handicap came in." The first touch of a smile graced her face since she had led me here. "Though, I do have a handicap."

"Huh? What's wrong with you?" I asked with concern.

"I don't have my son's big cock in me!" Mom grinned then.

"Jenny!" I croaked out in shock.

Mom giggled as she lowered herself onto my pole. It fit so nicely into her pole hole.

I just made that up. It's mine. Trademarked, copyrighted, and patent pending and all!

We both groaned loudly with our need.

I think it was all of a dozen strokes before mom's noises made it apparent that she was orgasming already.

"Oh God, yes! Oh, yes! Like that, oh, oh, oh!" She mumbled ecstatically.

I clamped a hand over her lips to muffle some of the loud sounds she was making. She never ceased her riding strokes though.

It wasn't very many more before I grunted and filled mom's pussy with my cream. It felt like gallons after the teasing and arousing companion with which I had spent the day.

Neither of us was ready to stop; mom continued to bounce roughly on my thighs as I plunged deep into her twitching twat.

I could discern her crying for more beneath my palm.

More is what I wanted also!

It still didn't take long for us to erupt a second time, mom going off first of course, but it wasn't very much after her that my balls exploded again.

Mom sat on my lap, my shrinking dick still within her as we regained our breaths and stared in each other's eyes. We didn't say a word in the echoing chamber, but none was required.

Mom rose, straightening her two tops. Which seemed odd, seeing as her shorts and panties were still on the floor. Half naked, but only thought about the clothing she did have on. Must be a woman thing!

She bent to grab them, but at the waist and not the knees, bringing her face close to my little willie. Mom smiled lightly and gave it a soft kiss.

"Thank you sir." She said to my soft dick.

"Nothing for me?" I asked as I struggled to pull up my clothing while still seated.

"That wasn't you in me." Mom stated flatly as she turned to leave, now dressed. My shorts were only up to the middle of my thighs, my dick flopping openly if a woman should walk by.

"Oh, good day to you ma'am. Don't mind my nakedness. I was just having wild sex with my mother!"

I had to chuckle at that thought.

"What?" Mom asked curiously.

"Oh, nothing." I answered and finished zipping up.

I slowly peeked out of the stall. No one else but mom was visible. She was looking in the mirror and playing with her hair. She looked perfect to me.

"You're fine, let's go before we get caught. You'd have a hard time explaining to dad why we got kicked out of the park." I said as I came up behind her and wrapped my arms around her waist, hugging her.

We slowly stepped back outside to find a group of about a dozen women standing somewhat together, of various ages from early twenties to late sixties. As one, they all turned to stare at us. I wanted to shrink into a hole from that stare. Mom blushed.

One of the older women, gray haired and probably late fifties, took a few steps over to me.

"If you like 'em a little older ...," She said, obviously implying herself. Then to my great surprise, she reached around and grabbed my ass!

I might have jumped more than a few inches at the woman's firm grasp!

"Hands off, he's mine!" Mom declared loudly.

The woman removed her hand as if it burned.

Mom's hand replaced it!

An outburst of applause was the response.

I wasn't sure if I should be proud or embarrassed. I was grateful that there had been no security awaiting us when we exited the restroom.

Mom's strut as we walked away, her hand still on my rear, made evident her pride.

I could hear the tittering and feel the stares following us.

We rejoined the others, mom's hand having dropped off my butt. As did mine off of hers.

Dad made a comment about mom looking flushed after he greeted her with a peck on the lips. She quickly responded that it was from the rides, the sun, and the long day getting to her. He suggested we sit for a bit but she rejected it, saying the kids wanted to do some more stuff before the day ended. Dad relented and we set off for more fun.

Now during the day, mom and I walked close to one another most of the time we were together, dad usually on the other side of her. Our

hands had a habit of drifting together and even if we weren't actually holding hands, our palms would brush closely and our fingers played together in an erotic dance. I wasn't even conscious of this most of the time.

As the family was walking casually with no real direction, I happened to notice dad looking around mom towards me. I glanced down and saw his gaze on mine and mom's hands twirling together. I'm sure my heart stopped then. My footsteps did, which separated our slight grasp. I jerked my arm back and looked at mom with as much fake protest as I could.

"I'm not five years old anymore mom! I don't need you to hold my hand. If you want to hold a kid's hand, why not Jojo's?" I knew it sounded over the top, but I was nervous and scared, and that came out in my voice.

Mom just stopped and the shocked hurt on her face cut my heart. She looked to dad and saw that he had seen our semi-intimate touching. The hurt faded, but the shock was still there.

"You'll always be five years old to me Jeremy. I'm sorry if I want to hold my children's hands! I won't be able to do it when you are gone to college!" Her response wasn't all acting. I could sense it in her voice.

I don't know if our little charade negated dad's suspicions, if he even had had any, or if we only gave birth to some. I told myself to pay more attention to what dad saw or might see. Just because we'd gotten away with so much so far, didn't mean we could be complacent in our incestual infidelity. I glanced at mom when we resumed walking, more distance now between us, and saw the worry in her eyes too. Her step was closer to dad also.

"How about we all take another ride on the Tunnels of Terror? That sound good dear?" Mom asked, the second question directed at my father.

I knew there would be no canoodling with mom this time!

It was agreed (as if we could now say no to Jojo and Johnny with it having been brought up!) that this would probably be the last ride of the day and we should ride it all together.

The line was longer than before, this was obviously the last ride of choice for a lot of families. I kept my distance from mom while we waited, instead chatting and otherwise keeping my siblings occupied. It was also to distract me from my situation and the fact that mom was draping herself on dad, telling him what a great idea today had been and that she was glad that we were able to spend this time together as a family. I suspected her closeness with dad was her response to our most recent near (?) miss.

We finally boarded the mine cars again, mom and dad together, Johnny seated alone, and Jojo and me behind the others.

I paid more attention to the ride this time, but also to the reactions of my little sister. Though she had ridden it earlier that day, her responses were almost as if it was for the first time again. Was there anything better than the face of a kid on an amusement park ride? Even the look that mom had had in that woman's room couldn't match the unbridled joy and excitement on my sister's face.

That, and dad seeing mom and I with our hands together, left me feeling somber at the end of the ride.

My life had become much like any ride here. Exhilarating highs while riding with the danger and fears, but then when the ride was over came that post-excitement and then the lows from its lack. What I wanted was the certainty of the highs without the fear of the lows.

I then had an epiphany.

What I wanted was what my father had.

The surety of his love for mom, and hers for him. That she was there when he needed physical connection, but that that availability meant that he didn't have to have it constantly, as I seemed to need. He had the highs of being in love with mom and that she loved him, without worrying that that would change.

If you could have cake whenever you wanted, just because there was one in the fridge didn't mean you had to get up and have some now. I was the kid that had to sneak that cake whenever I got the chance. Which meant that I wanted it that much more.

He wasn't ignoring mom, he was just complacent in his love of her. She just needed more emotional, and yes, physical, connection at this point in her life than he did.

This realization was like a ton of bricks landing on me.

It didn't change my feelings for mom, or want to alter what we were doing. I just understood dad better now.

It finally grew darker as the sun dropped behind some of the taller trees. The park lights came on. Though there were still hours left, it felt like the beginning of the end. With our early morning start, the long drive to get here, and the many hours spent on this beautiful day in the hot sun, none of us had any inclination to go on any more rides.

Well, there was that one that I would have gone on again!

We headed for the midway to try our collective hands at winning a prize or two.

Many of those games of 'skill' are rigged in some way in the parks favor. It wasn't that they don't want visitors to win prizes; they just want to make it more difficult. There are tricks for some of these games, and others it is merely luck. Not that it wasn't fun just trying, but if you don't have a goal to achieve there was no point in the trying.

The five of us tried various games with no luck. That we would only play once and fail, without learning how to succeed didn't help our chances either.

Until we came upon a game where a number of players would shoot a squirt gun trying to hit a hole on a clown's face that would somehow inflate a balloon. The first player to inflate his balloon until it popped would win a prize. My first try I won. I don't know if my video game shooting skill somehow carried over, or if it was just my hand-eye coordination.

Unfortunately, my win meant Johnny and Jojo had lost. Jojo lost interest, but Johnny insisted on playing again.

Having won, I was given the opportunity to play again to try for a bigger prize. With the encouragement of dad, I went again.

And won again.

It seemed so simple, but it must not have been, or everyone would have been playing. And winning.

I played four more times until I succeeded in winning a huge stuffed purple elephant. Johnny was upset that he lost each time, and from what I could see, he hadn't been even second or third either. I took possession of my trophy and turned towards mom. The scowl on her face was furious. My eyes locked on hers, even with her scorching glare, she was beautiful.

"I won this for my favorite girl!" I declared loudly holding out my arms with their enormous treasure.

Mom was shaking her head firmly but trying to keep it unnoticeable from anyone but me.

I bent to one knee and gave the garish elephant to my sister who wasn't much bigger than the stuffed pachyderm. Jojo squealed noisily and

grabbed it from me. I'm sure there were parts of her screech that was heard by animals near and far. The relief on mom's face could have been seen by anyone if they hadn't had their eyes on the joyful little girl hugging her new best friend. Even I was soon forgotten. I didn't mind. The delight I had given my sister made it worth it.

As I stood again, I saw the disgust on my brother's face.

"Do you want me to try to win one for you, Johnny?" I asked him.

"I'm too old for a stuffed elephant." The look he had when he eyed his sister's prize said otherwise.

"Do you want one mom?" I looked at her while trying to be nonchalant.

Mom couldn't tell me no outright without seeming more suspicious. But she didn't want me to make such a show with a gift either. She didn't have to answer as she was saved by dad.

"If anyone is going to win you a stuffed animal Jenny, it is going to be me!" He proclaimed.

After his fourth try, my brother and I moved onto the next game with no luck there.

Across the way was a basketball-type game where you had to shoot a number of mini basketballs into a variety of hoops on a large backboard. The problem was that the hoops were at various slanted angles. The prize was based on the number of baskets you made and in which ones. Some of the metal rings seemed nearly impossible to get the ball through. Johnny played and though he didn't win anything, he seemed determined to keep trying. He got better the second time, making a few shots that I couldn't believe made it in. The third try he ended up winning a regular size basketball. Not bad for only playing three tries! I congratulated him on his success.

"It feels better when you win it yourself rather than be given it, doesn't it?" I asked as he cheerfully dribbled his new ball.

Johnny didn't answer me, but instead bounced the ball as he darted around behind me as if I couldn't stop him.

I smiled and told him we should go see how dad was doing.

Dad was just finishing his game, losing again.

But then played again.

I really didn't want to watch him continue to lose all night. I wondered how much he had spent already with nothing to show for it.

And then surprise! He managed to win. He was about to play again to try for a larger animal, but mom stopped him.

"That's alright Justin. I'll take that one. I don't have room to put anything bigger." Mom told him tactfully, accepting the small grey hippo.

"Mommy, mine is very bigger than yours!" Jojo crowed loudly.

"Yes dear, but I love mine just as much as you do yours." Mom told her daughter. With as much as dad had probably spent to win the barely-larger-than-a fist stuffed animal mom had better love her hippo!

We slowly made our way to the front of the park, all the shops there doing brisk business as the park patrons headed out. Dad suggested some snacks before we left. We stopped at one of the food shops and he bought a round of funnel cakes for us all, save Jojo who insisted on a cone of cotton candy. My sister promptly had a sugary pink ring around her mouth as she ate the fluffy confectionary.

Mom then suggested getting some souvenirs. Jojo started on that she wanted a pair of Willie ears as she had seen many others wearing.

Johnny declared he didn't want anything so lame, which started an argument between my brother and sister. I knew it was due to the fact that they were both getting very tired from the long day. Mom and dad both stated that they were getting the large cheesy ears also, whether by choice or to calm their children's fighting. That didn't sway Johnny's opinion of the large ears, and I had to side with him. The two of us ended up getting bendable rainbow glow sticks that each of us fashioned into bizarre headgear of our own. Of course, this was only after we had a mock laser sword fight. Mom gave us both a warning look but didn't stop our play fighting.

Jojo proudly carried her purple elephant (after she'd finished her cotton candy), showing it to many people as they passed by. Johnny bounced his new ball as we walked. It started getting a little annoying, but no one said anything to him about it. Mom had tucked her little hippo into the neckline of her two tops, a guardian for anyone that might violate her there. Not that I was thinking of it!

My own trophy I carried secretly in my little paper bag!

I noticed mom shivering as the world darkened, the cool wind soothing for most. I saw a tee shirt shop and darted into it, as the others never paused. I found what I was looking for quickly and thankfully the checkout line wasn't long, most of the people in the store merely browsing. I half-ran to catch up with the family. I presented mom the shirt that I had bought for her. She stared at it for a moment too long, then gave me a warning look.

The design on the front was of a rollercoaster with male and female figures straddling it like giants. The logo for the ride was in one top corner and emblazoned below the picture was, 'I rode the Big Willie at Willie World!'

I saw mom's grimace turn into a smile as she pulled it on over her two skimpy tops, repositioning her hippo under the shoulder of the new shirt as if it was sleeping there.

"Thank you Jeremy." She said gratefully. The sly wink she gave was only intended for me, knowing the referenced intent of my gift. I only hoped that she would have a chance to ride the Big Willie after we left the park!

Dad read the shirt and his own sly smile at mom told me he was thinking the same thing. He then whispered something in her ear that made her grin and give him a wicked glance. I pretended to be looking the other way. I was sure he didn't think anything more about my gift than it was just a shirt to warm mom, and not to any activity we might have had in one of the park's women's rooms!

At least I hoped he didn't suspect.

Even if a husband was given to think his wife was cheating on him with another man, surely he wouldn't ever dream of thinking it could be his own son! It was something so farfetched as to be impossible, except that my life had become the farfetched impossible.

The blazing neon, LED, fluorescent, and incandescent lights of white through the full spectrum of the rainbow illuminated the darkness making it nearly as bright as with the noon sun. This multi-hued show was almost an attraction unto itself. It struck wonder into the youngsters, and even I will admit that little kid inside of me was still amazed by it. The simple awe of a man-made rainbow!

The crowds were hurrying to take their last rides of the day, the screams of those now riding still heard in the nighttime air. The slow procession of people as they were unnoticeably herded to the exits gave a finality to the day. Even I was getting tired and was ready to head homeward. The youthful energy of my brother and sister was waning and I was sure they would be unconscious soon after we hit the road.

I offered Jojo her aerial seat but she declined, instead walking while holding mom's hand. I might have offered it to Johnny, but he was too intent on his dribbling. Dad moved next to mom and put a hand around her waist, holding Jojo's elephant in his other arm. We were the picture of a normal family, much like the hundreds of others we could see getting ready to leave. How many of those others also had their little secrets? Any other sons and mothers having sex? Fathers and daughters? I studied the various people, trying to detect the subtle

actions that spoke of something more. Whatever secrets that might be hidden, I didn't see anything out of the ordinary.

Dad finally declared aloud that we were leaving, Jojo and Johnny protesting the decision, but they had little energy left to argue for long.

We rode the tram back to our specific lot and weaved through the vehicles still scattered in it. There were far more empty spaces then seemed right for the amount of people still wandering about the park, as if the cars had left without their owners. Before we found dad's SUV, Johnny called out 'shotgun' with a sly grin at mom. She smiled as if acquiescing.

I told dad I could drive if he was too tired. Mom whirled to look at me, knowing that I would rather sit with her in the back then drive the long way home. My offer was a subterfuge, as I knew dad would refuse me and thus give me the guilt-free opportunity to sit where I wanted.

Jojo declared she wanted a window seat so she could stare at the lights of the park as we drove away. Mom sat in the middle of the back seat with me at the other window. Johnny and Jojo used the last bit of energy they had in recounting some of the highlights of the long day, both hugging their trophies in their laps. Dad put on the radio for background noise, and I'm sure to help him stay awake. Within twenty minutes, both siblings were unconscious. Mom's weary head rested on my shoulder completely innocently.

Not that I would keep it that way!

I had put a hand on her thigh, pleasantly pinked from the day of sun. I crept it up over her shorts, pressing on the sensitive spots hidden inside them. Mom made no move to stop me, or even to warn me about dad's nearness. I wiggled my hand into her khakis, the noises she made as I did so covered by the low music of the radio.

I unbuttoned and unzipped her shorts, which allowed me to get mom really worked up. Her responses were now louder, so much so that dad asked about them.

"Mom's fallen asleep on my shoulder. She's snoring a little." I replied.

"Don't wake her up; she's had a long day." Dad said over his shoulder without looking back.

"Oh, I won't. I've had a hard day too." I answered him softly over the classic rock that was playing.

I hoped mom picked up on my innuendo indicating my condition.

She moved her head from my shoulder and wriggled about until she could place it in my lap. Pretending she was asleep.

Yep, she got my message!

Her own fingers worked on my shorts, unfastening them and releasing my mighty member.

Mom slowly licked over the hot flesh, taking her time with her fellatio. My fingers in her shorts were in no hurry either.

In no short time mom worked her mouth over my domed head, her tongue slathering over it inside her lips. She was able to keep her silence now, as her mouth was full of hard cock. I, on the other hand, had to struggle to keep from gasping or moaning.

I failed, letting out a low groan.

"What's wrong now?" Dad asked as he looked at me in the rearview mirror.

"Mom's now sleeping in my lap and it's making me stiff." It may not have sounded too innocent to anyone that knew better, but it wasn't obvious enough for dad to realize.

"Well, just bear with it and don't wake up your mother." Dad commanded me sternly.

"Oh, I'm not going to keep her from what's she's doing." I knew it was a strange response but dad didn't question it.

Mom didn't like my answer and she gave me a soft bite on my delicate shaft to let me know of her displeasure.

My groan was louder than I intended from my surprised pain.

"Tough it out Jeremy. Your mom needs her rest." The scorn in dad's voice very evident!

"I know what she needs dad. I'm not going to keep her from getting it."

She was going to get my thick white cream with the way she was now sucking me deeply!

Mom nibbled again at my tender skin but I merely stroked her hair with my free hand in the darkened backseat.

But my fingers had her nearing her own brink.

The gurgling noises she made around my dick as she finally fell into ecstasy wasn't too far from a rough snort.

"It sounds like she's really deep asleep."

"Yeah, she's real deep now." I stated the position of my cockhead almost in mom's throat.

It had been a little while since our bathroom encounter and with all the teasing we had done during the day, that one time was not nearly enough to keep me from my own brink for very long. I unconsciously let out a soft moan.

"It's not that much farther." Dad said soothingly, as if I was suffering for him.

"Yeah, not much longer." I said to mom rather than dad, letting her know of my impending orgasm.

She worked her head quicker, pushing me over. I held mom's head still as I jerked my hips up a fraction, releasing my cum into her awaiting

and hungry mouth. I grunted as mom sucked and swallowed my more than a mouthful.

"Mom's shifted about. I feel much better now." I informed my father.

"Just don't wake her." Dad reiterated.

Mom continued to work on my dick, cleaning it dutifully, then quietly sucked my semi-hardness as the miles fell away behind us. I kept my hand in her shorts but I wasn't trying to stimulate her to a second cumming, merely massaging her womanliness tenderly. Her purring was only loud enough for me to hear.

Sooner than I expected, we pulled onto our street and then into our driveway. Mom raised her head, groggily, as if she had just awoken. She woke Jojo off her giant purple pillow and leaned forward to nudge Johnny awake, who suddenly gripped his basketball tightly as if one of us might try to take it from him. Dad got out with barely a glance back at the rest of us. He wobbled a little as he walked, his exhaustion visible.

Mom grinned at me deviously as she climbed out behind Jojo, leaving me with my erection poking out of my still undone shorts. I hastily zipped up around my hard-on, a minor struggle while trying not to catch any delicate skin!

I followed the others into the house, mom leading the other two upstairs, still clutching their prizes, my own tight in my hand. I saw dad go to the kitchen, opening the fridge and pulling out some lunchmeat to make a late-night sandwich before he crashed.

I darted upstairs with a burst of renewed energy, catching mom as she closed Jojo's door.

"Dad's making a sandwich." I said off-handedly, but implying his delayed attention.

We stepped close and kissed furiously.

Mom stepped back after a couple of minutes.

"I'm a kind of upset with you." Her eyes burned so beautifully.

I just looked back innocently.

"You were a little bold with your father on the way home." Her lips were stern, but looked delicious!

"But it was funny too!" A smile broke on those lips as she spoke.

"It was very difficult to keep quiet when you made me ... you know. And with your father only two feet away!" Her tone rose as she spoke.

"I hope you came hard." I was finding it much easier to talk about these things with mom now.

Her hand leaped forward, grabbing my still stiff dick in my pants.

"I came as hard as you are now." Mom said as she brought her face within a foot of me, her eyes burning into mine.

"That's pretty hard." I agreed.

"I'm sorry I can't do anything more to help you out, but Justin is probably expecting me already." Mom's voice was full of sympathy and regret.

"Yeah, I'm sure he is." I noticed she didn't reference him as my father, but by his name. Did she now think of him not as in relation to me but as my equal?

Mom glanced quickly at the bag in my hand.

"Make sure that you hide that!" She said firmly but quietly.

I nodded affirmation.

We kissed again, briefly.

"Night mom. Jenny."

Mom stood there. She was staring, but it didn't seem like it was at me. She seemed reluctant to leave. With a final look at me, she shook herself and turned, closing my door behind her.

Leaving her lover to return to her husband like some two-bit romance novel!

Everyone but dad rose late the next day, all of us wiped out from the previous day. Dad still had to go to work.

Mom was making waffles when I came down. My siblings though worn, still had more energy than mom or I. They were chasing each other around the living room. I stopped them while mom ordered them to sit from the kitchen. The TV had cartoons playing on it.

I entered the kitchen and with a glance toward the living room, I gave mom a quick passionate kiss. I surprised her a bit with my buss, but she gave me a huge smile in return.

"Morning sleepyhead. Breakfast is almost ready."

"No shakes this morning?" I quipped as I gave her a smack on her ass. I was almost tempted to reach under her robe and nightie, but I restrained myself.

"No, not today. Besides, the shakes would probably be watery and runny this morning. The owner left the machine in the sun all day yesterday." Mom teased back as she continued her cooking without glancing back at me.

"I always maintain my equipment in tiptop form. You never know when a customer will show up."

"I think the shop is closed for today." Mom nodded towards the other room. "Yesterday took a lot out of all of us."

"No trips to the bathroom either?" I asked as I sat at the table, wanting to be first one served.

"No trips to the bathroom either." Mom declared.

I wasn't sure how confident she was with that response. I mean, the two of us would have to 'use the bathroom' sooner or later. We just couldn't help it! Even if Johnny and Jojo were in the house.

The four of did much of nothing all day, sitting and watching daytime TV and playing a few board games. Even mom's housework was put on hold for the day, and she was particular about the appearance of her domain.

All that the two of us managed during the day was at one point I had gotten up to get a sports drink. I entered the kitchen while mom was cleaning up the small mess from our lunch of sandwiches. When I turned from the fridge mom put her forefinger into my mouth. My eyes widened when I tasted her delicious essence there.

"I would prefer to drink that, and from the source! All day long!" I stated as I stared into her eyes.

Mom smiled seductively back at me and turned to finish wiping the counter.

"What are we going to do Saturday night? While dad's at his work thing?" I asked.

"What do you mean? I suspect you know already." Mom answered as she twisted back to look at me.

"But what about Johnny and Jojo? Even if they'll be asleep? Dad won't be gone that long." Or not as long as I would like him to be.

"I know. I've asked Jessica if she could take them for the night." Mom said as she leaned back against the counter. Her arms crossed on her breasts seemed to be a ward against me.

"What about her new ... guy friend?" I queried.

"Eric?" Mom clarified. "She's already told him that she had plans for that night."

"She's okay with it? Even when she knows why?" I asked in disbelief.

I mean, I know Aunt Jess has said she was okay with the time I spent with mom, but to be left out and made to babysit so we could be alone? I wasn't sure.

"She knows and is okay with it. You know she is. Do you doubt your aunt's sincerity?" Mom looked at me questioningly.

"No, no, of course not. I just know she has seemed as ... desperate ... as you."

"Desperate?" Mom's tone rose dangerously. "Is that how you see me?"

"No, that's not what I meant, mom." I was in deep waters now.

Mom's face softened.

"I know what you meant. And Jess may be as 'desperate' as me, but she has someone now. It may be serious. She won't jeopardize it just to have some time with you." She paused, staring at me. "As nice as it is with you, don't go getting a swelled head."

I didn't dare make a quip then!

"What about dad? What did you tell him about Jess babysitting?"

"I told him that you would be with your girl," Mom gave me a slight smile, "and that I wanted the evening alone. He didn't question any of it. He didn't dare, not with a company event without spouses allowed."

Her tone grew harsh. Even if she told dad she was fine with his celebratory gathering, there was a part of her that wasn't okay.

I took my drink and retreated before I upset mom anymore.

Dad looked beat when he arrived home, but perked up when he was assaulted by his younger children thanking him again for yesterday's outing. I saw the expression on my father's face and the love for his family etched there. Again, I had that stab of guilt, as I was risking everyone's happiness with my affair with mom. I mean, I wasn't the only one at fault, all three of us adults played some part in what had happened, but I had let my teenage hormones run rampant. Mom's middle-age female hormones were a close second.

I was able to sneak into the laundry room with her for a few minutes of making out, our hands roaming our clothed bodies as if to impress the memory of the flesh beneath into our memories until we could make time for anything more.

There was no maternal, or lover's, visit that evening, leaving me to relieve my pressure myself. I couldn't count on a morning visit either,

with my brother and sister also home all week. And they were earlier risers than me.

I woke the next day late again. It was still before eleven, so not that late!

When I came downstairs mom and the siblings were in the process of leaving.

I looked at mom questioningly.

"I have some errands to run, and the kids are going swimming at the Murphy's for the day." She explained as she closed the front door behind her.

I liked the fact that Johnny and Jojo would be gone for the day, but that didn't help if mom also wasn't here! I wondered how long her errands would take while I made myself breakfast.

I didn't mind cereal. I just preferred mom's breakfasts.

I was playing on my computer when I heard the front door. I saved my game and was about to rush downstairs.

"Don't come down yet!" Mom yelled up to me.

I paused in mid-flight.

What was she up to? I suspected something good!

I could hear her rustling in the living room.

"Okay! Sit on the couch and close your eyes!" Mom called out.

I don't know if my feet even touched the stairs as I raced down them. Mom wasn't in sight. I suspected that she had gone to her room.

Was she putting on some lingerie for me?

I had trouble keeping my eyes shut, the anticipation making me antsy.

"Okay. Open them." Mom's voice said nearby. I hadn't even heard her.

Lingerie would have been great! Nudity, a heaven send. But I was not prepared or expecting what I saw when my eyes popped open.

My mother was standing there in a blue and white cheerleader outfit with my school's initials on her chest. The tight sweater top, short pleated skirt, matching pom-poms in her hands, with white socks and new white sneakers completing the outfit.

My mouth was agape in surprise and awe.

"You've never dated a cheerleader, and apparently never will because of me. So, I decided I would be one for you!" Mom explained as she posed.

"Gosh, mom!" I had no more words. My brain was doing flip-flops.

"Do you like it?" She stood with her hands on her hips; pom-poms held tight, one knee slightly bent.

Mom looked almost teen-aged. It was then that I noticed her short brown hair was in pigtails on the sides of her head, adding to the illusion.

"All I can say is, wow!" The million other descriptions of her were tumbling in my head, none able to escape my lips.

Mom smiled widely, my feeble expression of agreement enough for an answer.

"Can you do a cheer?" I asked. Why not get the whole experience?

"Okay. Um ..."

"Give me a D!" Mom cried loudly as she jumped up almost doing a jumping jack. Her tits bounced such that I was able to tell she had no bra beneath that soft sweater. Also, I didn't get a good look when her legs sprang wide as she leaped, but I didn't see any flash of color that indicated she was wearing panties!

"Give me an I!" Mom jumped up again, pom-poms swinging above her head.

"Give me a C!"

Oh, oh!

I saw where this was going now!

And I liked it!

"Give me a K!"

My crotch rose higher with each leap.

"What's that spell?" Mom's eyes seemed to be pulled from my face.

I don't know if it was just her cheer, or if she expected an answer from me.

"Give me a D ... I ... C ... K!" Mom yelled out, a bit too loudly for my comfort. Her voice dropped to half the volume. "Give me your dick, Jeremy!"

"Mom!" I croaked.

"I'm Jenny. Your cute cheerleader girlfriend silly." Her voice took on a school-girlish tone.

"Oh, you most certainly are!" I exclaimed as I stood.

"Do you give head as good as you cheer?"

"Of course! But only for my handsome boyfriend!" Mom cooed as she dropped to her knees and worked at my pants.

"Ooo! It's soo big!" Mom took my hard cock in her hand, staring at it in wonder as if seeing it for the first time.

"It's big for you Jenny!" Okay, corny, but I was getting into the act too!

Mom, or should I say Jenny, began to lick furtively on my head. Her eyes were big as she looked up at me.

"Is your ... thing ... going to squirt your stuff on my face? Or in my mouth?"

It may have been just an act, but it was working with me. I did feel like my Jenny was my cute high school cheerleader girlfriend!

"Wherever you want it, beautiful! Both, even!"

"Oh, no! I want you inside of me too!" Mom softly licked up my shaft between her words.

I was ready to coat her face right now!

Her tight grip around my base let me know she knew it too! She was playing innocent, but she was still my experienced, sex-hungry mother!

I grabbed her two pigtails in my fists and held her head close.

"Fill my mouth Jeremy! Give me your c ... u ... m!" Mom said as she pumped me with both hands, her mouth wide in anticipation of my orgasm.

That was all it took.

"Oh! God! Jenny!" If not for her tight grip on my cock and my hands in her hair, I might have fallen back onto the couch!

"Ooo!" I heard mom's voice as my eyes lost focus and the world grew dim.

"Cum for me Jeremy!"

And boy did I!

It may be a cliché about it feeling like a gallon, but I'm not sure if it wasn't true in this case!

I'm sure it was on purpose; mom's skill with my dick having been long proven, but she had a thick white streak across her lips as she looked cheerfully naïve and pure up at me. Mom brought a finger to her mouth and twirled it in my cum, sticking it between her lips so innocently.

"Mmm! It tastes so good!" She scooped another bit into her mouth. "I don't do this with any other boys, but for you, I'll suck you whenever you want!"

Mom took my cock back into her lips and cheerfully cleaned my shaft and head. Her enthusiasm, along with her act, kept me from wilting.

Hell, I was sure I could go at least two more times! Three even!

Mom wasn't playing the innocent now; she began to bob her head vigorously as she also jerked me with a hand.

At that rate, I would be cumming in her mouth in short order.

"Ah! Uh ... Jenny? Maybe you'd better stop that!"

Jenny looked up at me with half my dick in her mouth, her lips an O around me, her eyelids fluttering at me.

It was one of the images of her that I would carry in my brain for the rest of my life!

"Don't you want to cum again, boyfriend?" That voice she was using gave me chills.

"You said you want me inside you." My own voice was unnaturally calm. In contrast to every other part of my being!

"Ooo! I do! I want you in my little wet pussy! I just don't know if I can fit your big, huge dick in there!"

I couldn't control the shiver that went through me.

"Let's see if we can."

"Okay! I'm so wet for you! I can't wait for you to shove that dick deep inside me! To make me feel like a real woman!"

Mom was the most real woman I had ever known! And she proved it more each day!

Have I said how much I love my mom?

Recently?

"Can we do it on your couch? Your parents aren't going to come home are they?" Jenny asked as she rose enough from the floor to lie back on the couch, her skirt falling open as her legs spread wide. She was indeed panty-less. She grabbed the lower hem of her cheerleader sweater and lifted it up over her fantastic tits, the nipples already standing erect.

"Do you like my titties Jeremy?" Jenny asked as if it was possible to say no. "I see all the boys staring at them. But they belong to you."

"Uh, yeah. They're great Jenny."

Seeing my mom, my Jenny, my lover laying on the couch like that, her knees wide revealing her trimmed patch, her pure white sneakers' soles flat against each other, her hands holding her breasts, pushing them together, the cheerleader outfit still on but hiding nothing was another image that was burned permanently into my temporal lobe.

"Play with my titties, Jeremy! Suck on them!"

Uh ...

Okay.

I knelt beside the couch, but not between her inviting knees, and grabbed a tit in each hand. I squeezed and kneaded them before I leaned over and playfully licked one nipple then the other.

"Bite them!" Jenny said more forcefully.

I did so, nibbling lightly, then not so lightly.

"I like that! Do it some more!" Mom cried out putting her hands on the back of my head, holding it against her chest.

With no worry of anyone coming home anytime soon, I spent the next fifteen minutes mauling Jenny's breasts and stiff nipples.

"I can't wait any more! I need you inside me!" Jenny exclaimed, a deep hunger in her voice. "Put your big dick in me, Jeremy!"

There wasn't much on earth that could have stopped me from doing as my girlfriend demanded!

"You're such a naughty little girl, aren't you?" I asked expecting no answer.

I stood, removed my lower clothing, and moved between those open thighs. I could see the distinct line from the sun Jenny had gotten yesterday, forming gradients of tanning on her legs. With her lying back on the couch, she was higher than I could reach by kneeling. So, I had to lie atop her and guide my dick into Jenny's visibly wet pussy.

"Oh yes!" She gasped as my head entered her.

I held myself there. Enjoying the sensation on my cockhead and pretending I was letting her adjust to my size. Even though we knew she could take me with a single plunge when she was this ready for me!

"Be careful with me! My last boyfriend wasn't as big as you!"

She had never compared dad and I before, was this an unconscious reference to our sizes? Or was she still just acting?

"I'm sure you'll have no trouble Jenny. Here, let me go deeper." I said as I looked down on this gorgeous woman.

I sunk half my length into that warm, moist vice, her muscles clenching around my invading shaft.

"Oh! That feels so good! Go deeper! Fill me up with that big dick!" The contradiction of her schoolgirl voice with her vocabulary made it even hotter!

I dropped the rest of my weight down, my cock plunging completely into mom's tight snatch, my arms to either side of her then.

"Oh fuck!" Was her response.

"Do you like that Jenny? Do you like your boyfriend's big dick in your cunt?" I asked roughly, using the C word in disparity to her innocent act.

"Oh I do! I so do! I love your dick in my cunt!" Mom's tone cracked, the joy I was giving her making it difficult to keep up her act.

"Do you like this also?"

I gave her a dozen quick hard strokes.

"Fuck! Oh yeah! Oh ... fuck!"

Another dozen then a pause, then another dozen.

"Fuck me Jeremy! Give me that dick!"

I don't know if I would have stopped then, even if dad had walked in. If it would have been my last time with mom/Jenny, I would give it everything I had.

But that wasn't a worry for today!

Today was about giving my hot girlfriend and sexy mother a good fucking!

Having just cum, I was good for at least a few minutes of sex with the stunning babe beneath me. My dick may have been tingling and my balls were letting me know of their presence, but I ignored them both. I just focused on those deep green pools in front of my face as I flexed my hips.

"I have the ... best ... boyfriend ... ever!" Jenny gasped between my pistoning strokes.

"And I have the hottest cheerleader as my girlfriend! With the tightest pussy too!" I paused in my pumping to speak.

"No, don't stop! Keep fucking me!" Mom bucked her hips up to me, wrapping her legs around my back in an effort to get me to renew my movements.

So I did.

I never wanted to stop. If we could stay joined like this throughout eternity ...

But our bodies said otherwise.

"You're going to make me cum, Jeremy! I'm gonna cum so hard! Don't stop, fuck me harder!" Her schoolgirl voice was gone now; this was all mom's own needy vocal demands.

I was ready to erupt again and fought to resist the urge until mom came first.

"Oh God, Jeremy! Make me cum, oh fuuuck ... I'mmm ... gonnna ... cuuuumm ... sooo ... sooo hard!" Mom wailed out.

I couldn't hold off anymore!

Not that I needed to as mom was clearly in the midst of her own orgasmic bliss as I sprayed my hot load of cum into her quivering quim.

"Fillll meee upp honneee!" Her head fell back as her body tightened and yet also convulsed with her pleasure.

Next, I knew, I was lying atop mom's damp body.

I must have blanked out for a moment.

Mom beneath me didn't protest or try to move my limp weight.

"You alright Jenny ... mom?"

"Yes, I'm fine. More than fine." She raised a hand to wipe a strand of sweat-soaked hair from my face as she looked up at me tenderly.

"I like it when you call me Jenny." Her voice was barely more than a whisper. "Am I your Jenny, Jeremy?"

Her eyes bore into my soul.

"You know that you are. My Jenny, my mom ... my love." If my voice was any sweeter, you could pour it in your tea.

"You could get off me then." Mom said playfully.

"Oh! I'm sorry!" I rolled to the side and practically fell to the living room floor.

Mom smiled as she watched me slip.

She sat up stiffly but was still smiling. She didn't bother to pull her sweater down or rearrange her skirt.

"With this kind of reaction, maybe I should just buy a cheerleader outfit instead of merely renting it from the costume shop."

"You might say I'm lying, but you are way hotter than any cheerleaders at school!" I exclaimed. I'm sure my eyes were still wide.

"It's not because I'm sitting here exposing myself to my ..." Mom trailed off. Was her charade of me being her boyfriend over and I was back to being her son? A son with benefits sure, but no longer truly hers.

"It's more than just your body mom. I've told you that before." My eyes still roamed over her revealed bits. "But yeah, it helps!"

"You just want me to walk around naked all day long, don't you?" The smile had faded but there was still a glint in her jade orbs.

"I don't care what you wear mom. You are incredible no matter what you are wearing." I paused for emphasis. "And no, I don't want you walking around all day with nothing on. Sometimes I want you on your back beneath me. Or your hands and knees. Or just your knees."

"Jeremy! That's very rude to say to your mother!"

"My mother that's sitting on the couch barely wearing a cheerleader outfit and showing me all her delicious parts?"

Her legs spread wider.

"Delicious? Show me." Her voice went from delight to almost a command.

"I need a break. We need a break. And you need to clean up." I tried to skirt the issue, but I knew she knew too well what I was saying.

"You mean, you want me to wash all your cum out of my pussy before you'll eat me? Don't you?"

Mom's thighs closed slightly. Her tone was slightly caustic.

"Come on mom. Just because you don't mind how you taste. Very nicely, by the way." I gave her a charming smile. "That doesn't mean I want to try ... you know."

"Whatever, dear." Her tone was very dry.

"Why don't you do another cheer for me? Get me revved up again. Then we can get cleaned up so we can get dirty again!" I asked seductively. It sounded better in my head than it did coming from my mouth.

"I'll drop it, but only because you make me feel so good with all that you do. I can wait awhile." Her legs closed almost completely, but it was merely so she could stand.

"Sit and I'll give you another show." Mom didn't seem completely enthused, but she reclaimed her pom-poms from the floor, bending over towards me.

"I like that show!" I said happily.

Mom spun around quickly. Obviously, that hadn't been intentional!

She pulled her sweater back into place, but with the way her chest jiggled without a bra, I didn't see the need. Plus, I wanted to see mom's tits dance, not her sweater bounce!

Mom then proceeded to do a short routine where she did some common cheerleader moves. Waving her arms rhythmically, the pom-poms swishing as she did. She leaped and cavorted, giving me quick glimpses of her bare, and reddened, pussy. She swirled around, bending and twisting, giving me equal glimpses of her derrière. If not for our recent exertions, I would have been hard and ready to go very quickly!

"If you were one of our cheerleaders, the other team wouldn't even be able to play because they'd all be staring at you!"

"Because I'm flashing you my cunt?" Mom asked a little winded from her exertions. Or from the sex!

She leaped into the air and did splits while airborne. It afforded me a very nice view that would distract any teenage or young males. Probably some females too!

"Jeez, mom! I wish I was hard right now so I could give you another good fucking!"

"I'm sure I could fix that. You're right that I don't mind, and you do taste delicious too!" Mom's grin was devilish as she slunk to her knees and pushed my thighs apart so she could maneuver between them.

I wasn't soft, not completely, but also wasn't close to hard. Mom's soft hand, then warm mouth as she engulfed my smooth-skinned head let me know that it wouldn't be long before I was closer to hard and completely not soft!

"I love your dick in my mouth Jeremy!" Mom said between licks, no trace of her displeasure now evident.

All I had to do to make mom happy was shove my dick in her mouth? Or her pussy?

I wanted to make mom happy ALL the time!

Her loving slobbering had me stiffening in no little time. That she enjoyed what she was doing made it seem that it might have taken less time! That I was enjoying it meant I didn't care how long she spent orally stimulating my dick!

"Suck it mom! Suck that dick until I can't take it anymore!" I told her forcefully, glaring down at her head in my lap.

Mom paused and looked back at me with her mouth circled around my thick shaft. I shivered at the sight.

"Do you love that cock Jenny? You seem to love sucking it all the time. Did you suck your last boyfriend as much as you do me?" My tone was harsh, unforgiving.

She nodded her head at the first question and shook it at the second. Her eyes were wide and yet hungry.

"How about I fuck your mouth with my cock. Would you like that? I bet you would. Cheerleaders are just cock hounds aren't they?"

Her eyes widened, but she still nodded her head at the appropriate questions.

I reached forward and grabbed her two brown pigtails tightly. I then jerked my hips up while pulling mom's head downward. I could hear her gag a little. That didn't stop me from continuing these actions, fucking mom's mouth as best I could from my sitting position.

"You're such a nasty hot cheerleader, aren't you Jenny? Did your last boyfriend know what a cock whore you are?"

We had progressed from cheerful high school cheerleader to cheap slutty sex kitten. That both were my mother, that she was a woman of the whole spectrum of femininity, only made her that much more a real woman. A hot, desirable woman, and my woman!

I loved every aspect of her, from the cheap whore to the loving mother and the sexy, caring woman in between!

It was now evident that she had some make-up on, as her eyes were watering from my treatment, and dark streaks ran down her cheeks. Those eyes showed no signs of protest though, giving me permission to continue doing what I was doing.

"Take that cock bitch! You love it rough! You're the sexiest, nastiest, dirtiest whore there is! I love you for that Jenny!"

I upped the tempo on my hips and my hands, mom gurgling around my cock as her saliva poured down my shaft.

"Do you want me to stop? Do you want me to pull this big hard cock from your mouth?" I asked her.

Her eyes were a mess, but I saw the refusal there, the hunger and the desire to keep going.

"I knew you didn't want to stop! You're such a cock-hungry bitch!"

I was using language that I would never have dreamed of using with any other girlfriend I'd had; I doubt I could have even written them down, and yet here I was speaking them aloud, and to my own mother! That she loved it and that it made her excited made me bold enough to voice them.

It also added to my own excitement!

I could already feel that familiar tingle down below that signaled a load of white creamy cum would be arriving soon.

"God mom! Your mouth feels so incredible! Nearly as good as your pussy!" I didn't want to compare the two, each were equally awesome!

"Nearly? I'll have to work on that!" She said after a deep breath and pulling out of my grip.

Mom pushed her head downward and surprised me when her lips touched my pubic hairs.

I fell backwards on the couch and let her do as she would with my privates, needing no encouragement or help from me. All that mom needed from me she was only moments from receiving. My thick frothy brew that was even then beginning to boil in my balls.

"You're going to make me cum mom! I'm gonna fill your slutty mouth with my cum!" I cried out when I could feel that surge. "Good girlfriends make sure they swallow it all too!"

Not that I needed to add that, but I would play along with her illusion.

Mom's bobbing head became frenetic and frantic when she heard my orgasm was imminent, just as anxious to make me cum as I was for her to make me.

"Oh fuck Jenny!" I bucked up when my semen burned through my dick and exploded in mom's vacuuming mouth.

Mom kept her lips locked on my shaft as I shook and pumped, never missing a bobbing stroke as I splattered the back of her throat. Only when I finished dribbling the last drabs of ball juice did she pull her face up. She looked up at me as she bent back to the task of licking every millimeter of my flaming red cock, as if it was even necessary to clean me.

"I owe you one hell of a cunt licking mom!" I croaked out, my breath wheezing. "Just not now. I can barely move. You took more out of me than just my cum!"

"Your tasty cum." Mom corrected me.

After a few minutes of silence with me crashed back on the couch and mom resting her head on my knee, I lifted my head and looked at my amazing mother.

"What made you think of doing this?" I asked her.

"I don't want my boyfriend straying. I have to keep him happy. And satisfied." She answered, a bare hint of that higher pitched voice.

"No, I'm serious mom."

"You don't like it?" Her voice sounded hurt.

"No, not that. I love it. I would never have thought of it, but I'm sure glad that you did."

"I always wanted to be a cheerleader when I was in school, but I wasn't popular enough. Or pretty enough." She declared with a touch of dejection.

"I can't believe that. With either of those."

"Not everyone saw me as you do now, Jeremy."

"Well, as you've just proved, three times I believe, you make a great cheerleader."

"Or just a slutty one." Mom said wryly.

"All the great cheerleaders are slutty!" I exclaimed.

"Oh? Really?" Mom cocked her head. "And you are the expert on slutty cheerleaders?"

"Oh no! You're the expert."

"I'm glad I'm good at something." Mom smiled.

"You're good at lots of things mom! Some of them even outside the bedroom." I teased and stood, my exhausted willie flopping useless. "You're great at making lunch for one."

"Is that a hint?" She stood, not looking like a mother in the slightest.

Mom didn't need an answer and went to the kitchen. I followed, staring at her well-toned legs as she walked.

"You're staring aren't you?" Mom giggled.

"Can you blame me? Just look at you! I would love to have a picture of you dressed like this."

"You want a picture of your hot cheerleader girlfriend?" Her voice was skeptical, but not resistant.

"Of course I do!"

"So you can brag to all your friends, I'm sure." Mom sounded almost willing. For the picture, or for me to be bragging wasn't clear.

Mom struck a pose next to the island counter. I reached for my phone and realized I was pant-less.

"Hold that position!" I held up the universal forefinger sign for wait a minute.

"You're serious?" But I saw that she didn't move.

I darted to my pants and retrieved my phone, fumbling to turn on the camera.

I took more than one pic, and even recorded a short clip of video that she didn't notice when she moved to the fridge.

"You better not go posting that on the internet. Or even show your friends." Mom warned me with a tone that had little menace in it. As if she liked me having pictures of her. Sure, what cute girl didn't want her boyfriend to have their picture?

"When you got your phone, you could have put on your pants!" Mom said exasperatedly.

"You don't like to see me naked the same as I like seeing you?" I asked, trying to sound hurt.

"I look the same all the time. I might not mind as much if your friend was up, but women don't want to see men as much as they do with us."

"So, I'm just a sexual object to you? I'm offended mom!" At least I tried to sound like I was.

"Yes. You're just my boy toy. Here to pleasure me whenever I desire it." Mom teased.

"I'm okay with that." I responded seriously.

"I'm sure you are. Just put on your boxers at least then."

I did put them both back on. After my three times, I was going to be out for quite awhile. Like an hour or so at least!

Mom presented me a sandwich fit for a king, with a side of chips, a banana, and a big glass of milk.

"Thanks mom. You're the best." I said and took a big bite of the sandwich. Mom peeled an orange, broke off a section, and ate it.

"And not just for the sex?" She quipped.

I gave her a grin but left her question unanswered.

I focused then on my lunch, but glanced frequently at mom as she ate her fruit.

I was almost done, my energy returning if not the will. Yet.

"Mom. Can I ask you something?"

"Sure. There's not much you can't talk with me about anymore." Her tone was cheerful but with a touch of gravity also.

"I've always wondered. About me, Johnny, and Jojo." I started hesitantly.

"What about you guys?" Mom eyed me across the counter. With her outfit and pigtails, it was hard to see her as my mother. Or picturing her as she sprawled on the couch waiting for me to enter her!

"Our ages. Why am I so much older than the other two? I'm not like adopted or something?"

Mom actually laughed. I'm sure it was because I was being so serious that she was worried and that my questions were nothing like she had expected.

"That's something you've wondered about? You could have asked at any time." She said.

"I was always nervous about the answer. Like if I was adopted, or if you or dad had gotten remarried and one of you wasn't my actual parent. I didn't know, and I didn't know if I really wanted to know. That it would ruin my life if I knew." Then I smiled slightly. "And it was about my parents and kids. You know ... sex."

"Oh, it's nothing so melodramatic or conspiratorial." Mom's soft smile made many things alright.

"But you've never mentioned it either."

"I didn't think it was ever worth mentioning. It's just real life.

"Justin and I didn't have a lot of money when we got married. We were in love, but that doesn't get you anywhere in the world. I was a waitress at a dive restaurant. He worked at a fast food joint. We were just barely scraping by. We weren't trying to have a kid, but then, we weren't not trying either when we found out I was pregnant with you. I worked as long as I could because we needed the money, but my tips got smaller as I got bigger. Justin decided that he had to get a 'real' job to support the family, since I couldn't work while I was taking care of you.

"A friend of his got him an entry level spot in the company where he is now. We barely got by, but he got insurance, and then a few promotions. When he started making a decent living so that we could afford to buy a house, this house."

Mom paused and looked around as if she was seeing the room for the first time. Maybe she was remembering when she did see it for the first time.

"Only when we got settled in and things got comfortable, did we start to talk about another child. That's why Johnny is so much younger than

you. We now had two boys, but both of us wanted a girl. So, we tried again. Thus Joanne."

"You didn't want boys?" I was hurt.

"No, no! Not like that! But after two boys, we wanted a girl too. You know, a full collection." Mom gave a short laugh.

"Waitress, huh?" I asked, changing the subject. "What did it look like? I bet you were hot in it!"

Mom smiled but didn't answer.

I was doubly satiated so I didn't feel the need to press her for an answer. In my mind, her waitress uniform consisted of a tight, low-cut blouse, a short black skirt, with fishnet stockings! The image was on par with her cheerleader outfit, the only difference was that that one was standing before me!

"If you were my waitress, I wouldn't give you a tip." I stated boldly.

Mom just stared at me curiously and with a hint of disappointment.

I grinned hugely.

"I wouldn't just give you the tip mom, I'd give you the whole damned thing!"

Mom understood my meaning with a relieved smile. That hunger in her eyes returned.

"Didn't you say something about getting cleaned up and then dirty again?" She leered at me when I finished the last of the milk. "Would you care to join me in the shower?"

I suddenly felt very dirty and in need of cleansing!

Mom rose and headed for the master bath.

I was right behind her!

She kicked off her shoes upon entering her bedroom, and with two quick motions removed her sweater and skirt. Mom bent and pulled off her small socks giving me an excellent view of her voluptuous ass. I was sure that this time it was totally intentional!

But my loins remained unaffected.

"I guess your friend isn't ready all the time!" Mom teased as she moved to the smaller room.

"Not for lack of want, or visual stimulation!" I answered, mentally scolding my dick.

"I guess we'll just have to concentrate on me then!" Mom called out to me while I removed my clothing.

"I don't mind that!" I said as I came up behind her while she bent over to turn on the shower.

"We could just take a shower." Mom intoned easily.

"What's the fun in that? It's not like we get to take one together all the time!" I argued.

"Yeah, it's only been what, like a week?" She asked sarcastically as she stepped into the porcelain tub.

"I would take every shower with you, mom!" I stepped in behind her, the warm water felt good on my skin.

"We would cause a water shortage then!"

Mom lifted her hands to my cheeks and pulled my face to hers.

"That won't get us clean!" I said just before her lips connected to mine.

We only kissed for a few minutes, letting the water soothe our bodies.

"You wash me, and I'll wash you." Mom said as she pointed to her body gel for me to use. She took the bar of soap and worked a lather in her hands before applying them to my chest.

I squirted some of the teal colored liquid into my hands and worked them into a lather on mom's ample chest! The effect was far greater on her than on me!

I filled my hand with more gel. I then kissed mom again while my hands spread the creamy gel over the greater part of her upper body and abdomen. Mom's hands were roaming over my shoulders and back, but there was no washing involved.

When my hands reached down to cup her ass cheeks mom pulled off my mouth.

"Jeremy, why don't you wash my legs and then ... the top of them. After you're done you can then lick me clean." Mom purred seductively.

If she was going to ask so nicely, how could I refuse?

I knelt on the hard white porcelain and gelled up both mom's toned legs, massaging the lather excessively over the smooth skin. When I finished one, I repeated on the other. I lifted one foot and worked the cleanser over it, taking care to clean each delicate toe. And then repeat.

"I should have you help me shower all the time!" Mom's breathy voice was as smooth as her body gel.

"I'm willing, but dad might object." Not that I wanted to bring my rival up then. "Or we'd have to explain to the kids as to why I'm in the shower with you."

Mom smiled like melting butter.

"I guess not all the time then!"

I then surprised her when I lifted the second foot and sucked on her little toe, slipping my tongue between it and its neighbor.

"Ooo!" Mom sucked in her breath.

I continued to each toe until I reached the big toe. I sucked it like a lollipop (I know what other allusion I could make, but I tried to keep that image out of my head!). Then trailed my tongue across the top of her foot and in a zigzag pattern over her shin and around to her perfect calf as I worked my way up to her kneecap.

Mom moaned softly, barely heard over the running water.

I set her leg down and lifted the other.

By the time I'd reached that kneecap, my own were burning from the hard surface. I shifted a little which only helped a little.

I had had my face not far from that breathtaking V, that junction of legs and body, that region that men very nearly worship. But my attention had then been focused on her legs. Now, I concentrated on what was before me, the wonders that were hidden by those two ridges of soft wrinkled flesh.

"I don't mind you staring at my pussy Jeremy, but could you finish before the water gets cold?"

I'm sure it wasn't the temperature of the water that bothered her, but how heated I had gotten her!

I put another spritz of gel in my palm and worked into her triangle of womanhood, lathering up her pubic patch down around her opening lips, and even to her little puckered cleft.

"Oh!" Mom gasped as my finger slid around her backdoor.

"Have to clean everywhere!" I said as I slipped a stiff finger into her rectum.

"Oh shit!" Mom cried out unconsciously appropriate.

I moved back upward, my fingers rubbed along those pink petals teasing them wider.

"Shove them in me Jeremy! Ram those fingers in my pussy!"

I would do nothing so rough yet. Instead, I massaged the undersides and then the insides of each spreading lip, the wetness there was indeterminate from the shower or self-induced.

"Finger me Jeremy! Please. I need you in me!" Mom moaned pleadingly.

"You're not clean yet mom! Let me finish washing, then will come the licking."

"Oh fuck!" She managed to sigh and moan as one with the promise to come.

I did have to wash her insides though!

I plunged two sudsy fingers into that awaiting chasm.

"Fuck!" Mom bellowed.

I swirled and twisted my fingers around inside her pussy as if I was washing a bud vase with the two digits.

"Oh God, that feels so good!"

Making her feel good wasn't the intention of the washing though, so when I felt that she was squeaky clean even as she was squeaky loud, I withdrew my fingers.

"No! Don't stop!" Mom's eyes glared hungrily down at me.

"Rinse." My tone was flat but was not to be denied.

Mom spun about under the streaming water, letting it cascade over front and back for a minute or two. She then faced me again.

"Finger me again! Make me cum, honey!"

My knees could take no more.

"I gotta stand mom." I pushed myself up on the tub wall.

Not that my position mattered for what she was demanding.

So I shoved two fingers into her again. I also grabbed a handful of ass cheek and pushed my hands together.

"Yes! Oh, yes!" Mom cried out, her head thrown back with the water running over her face and over her thrusting chest.

But this still wasn't the promised licking.

So I suddenly stopped and removed both hands from mom's slick body.

"What are you doing?" Her head dropped down and her eyes sprang open to shoot emerald fire at me. "I was almost there!"

I bent and turned off the shower and then the water. I stepped out with mom seemingly frozen in the tub.

"You wanted me to eat you earlier. Now you're clean, I can." I said calmly.

"But you can finger me and eat me!" Her insistent voice was as petulant as any five year old.

"I could. But I choose not to. I want to tease you, to get you so hot! You'll cum so much harder then!" I said still calmly. "Now dry off and go lie down on your bed."

Mom pouted but did as directed.

I gave myself a quick pat down and then joined her on her bed. Mom spread her legs wide when I did, inviting and insistent.

"Lick my pussy now, dammit!" Mom demanded, commanded, and ordered.

"Yes, ma'am!" I answered happily.

I crawled eagerly between mom's toned legs of which she threw over my shoulders as if to keep me locked in place. There was no other place that I ever wanted to be but face first in my mother's very wet pussy!

I kissed softly at her innermost thighs, the left then the right. Not that I was still teasing her, but you should never just dive into a hot pussy, no matter how wet and desperate it might be. You first had to introduce yourself to it. A kiss to either side before placing lips or tongue upon those wrinkly pink petals, or between them.

"Eat my fucking pussy Jeremy!" Mom growled very desperately.

I grinned to myself.

And began to lap quickly along and between those soft twin ridges, from bottom to top.

Mom was leaking like a Dutch dike as I licked her.

So what do you do with a leaking dike?

You put a finger in it!

This only caused more leaking.

So I added a second finger.

Mom wasn't so much as leaking anymore; she had become a gusher. Even with as fast as I was drinking her tasty clear juices!

"That's it honey! Lick mommy's pussy! I want you to make me cum real hard! All over your face!"

"Mrmlnghlm." I answered with my mouth full.

I know mom had always told me not to talk with my mouth full, but I'm sure right then she would admonish me more vehemently if I removed my mouth from what I was doing!

"Keep licking me and I will dear!" Mom answered as if she had understood me.

Mom flexed her hips to rub her crotch on my mouth that much harder.

"Keep doing that! Just like that!" Mom wailed.

I had begun to flick her clit at the end of each long lick. I knew this would get mom to orgasm in no short order.

Then I heard the front door!

I sprang up panicked.

"Nooo!" Mom shrieked.

"Mom! Someone just came in the house!" I stated in case she hadn't heard in her delirium.

"What?" Her eyes widened as she sat halfway up.

All I could think was that it had to be Johnny and/or Jojo. Could dad have come home early? He never had before. That I knew of anyway.

"Mom!" Johnny called out questioningly.

I sprang to mom's bedroom door and locked it. I figured that would take less time than trying to dress. Mom was still unmoving, frozen as she had been about to cum. Her eyes were locked on me.

"Get up mom." I whispered firmly at her. I picked up my underwear and pants and tried to put them on as quickly as possible. My shirt was then next.

Mom still hadn't moved, her gaze on me was of confusion.

"Johnny and Jojo are home!" I said between gritted teeth. "Get up and get dressed!"

This seemed to startle her to motion as she sat up completely and moved to stand. I tossed mom a pale blue blouse that was draped on her dresser. A pair of white slacks lay on the floor next to the dresser as

if they had fallen off. Obviously what she had been wearing before donning the cheerleader outfit for me.

Mom struggled to button the blouse, getting the buttons out of order with the corresponding holes and having to restart when she realized it was hanging crookedly on her.

"Mommy! Are you in your bedroom?" Jojo called out with a little knock on the door.

"Just a minute Jojo! I was fixing something for mommy." I answered.

Fixing to make her cum on my face!

"We came home early!" My sister stated from behind the wooden barrier.

"I see that."

I was presentable enough, but I waited until mom fastened her slacks before opening the door. Jojo stood there, still in her one-piece swimsuit, towel wrapped around her shoulders. I could hear the TV and assumed Johnny had turned it on.

"What happened?" Mom asked her daughter as she came up behind me. She still looked bedraggled, but only to me that knew the reason.

"Nicky fell and hit his head on the comcrete." Jojo looked at me curiously. If not for her age, I would have thought it to be accusatory. "His mom had to take him to the doctor. It was all bleeding all over."

We moved to the living room to find Johnny sitting on his towel on the floor, also wearing his swimsuit.

"Nicky smashed his head and blood was gushing all over! I told him I could see his brains! Mrs. Evans was upset with me and had to tell him he was fine; that his brains weren't going to leak out!" Johnny said exuberantly as if he had wanted his friend's brains to leak out!

"What? He's okay isn't he?" Mom, being a mother and hearing this type of news, feared the worst.

"He's actually okay." Johnny answered without taking his attention from the cartoon spaceships blasting each other. "He hit his head on the edge of the pool and it was bleeding a lot. Mrs. Evans said he needed stitches, so she had to take him to the emergency room. She dropped us off on their way."

"I should call her and find out how he's doing." Mom said with maternal worry.

I almost had to laugh. Only moments ago she had been about to have a powerful orgasm from my licking her, and now she was calling a neighbor to find out how her child was doing. From sexy woman to concerned mother in a few minutes time!

As she went to get her phone mom looked at me with a piercing stare.

'Later', she mouthed to me.

I had no doubt about that!

It turned out that the Evans kid had to get six stitches. It had only bled so much because it was a head wound, but I'm sure it wasn't spraying all over as Johnny had claimed. The real consequence of the accident was there was now a horny frustrated mature woman desperate to orgasm!

It had gotten later than I had realized as it was only ninety minutes before dad came home when my siblings had interrupted mom and me. Thus, mom's later turned out to much, much later. For me to satisfy her, at least. She attacked me with her lips twice that evening while the

others were focused elsewhere. But I knew she wanted my lips further south than her mouth!

I was hard when I was ready to crash for the night but I had already heard mom and dad close their bedroom door, so I knew that I would get no aid in my relief that evening. I handled it myself, regretfully.

I awoke early. For me anyway.

I could have gone back to sleep. But I was anxious and curious to find out what the day would hold for me.

I took a warm, soothing shower, willing my woody back to sleep even if I couldn't.

I strolled downstairs to silence.

Jojo and Johnny's bedroom doors had been open, so they weren't still in bed.

I went into the kitchen to find mom sitting on the table with her robe and her legs open. She was already damp in anticipation of my arrival.

"I have breakfast ready for you!" Mom's eyes shone like the morning sun.

Any thoughts of food I had had then fled my brain. My stomach rumbled, but I ignored it.

I dove in as hungrily as I would have had if it had been any of mom's breakfast feasts!

"Eat heartily honey! I don't want you to not get enough!" Mom leaned back with her hands planted on the table behind her.

"What about ..." I started before mom pushed my face back into her sopping snatch.

"They're out back. Playing." Mom moaned as my tongue plunged between her labia.

"What if they ..." Again her hands forced my head downward.

"They won't." She groaned as my tongue prowled her depths. "I locked the backdoor. Front door too. Oh, shit!"

Mom wasn't taking any chances on being interrupted again!

"And when you're done, you can have seconds. Even thirds if you want!" Mom grunted.

I ate as enthusiastically as I would have if it were an eight-course meal. Or an all-you-can-eat buffet!

An all-you-can-eat muff, you might say!

"Eat me Jeremy! Don't stop for anything!" Mom sighed and pleaded.

I didn't plan to!

"Mommy loves your tongue in her wet pussy, baby! You lick me so good! Ooo, yeah! Like that! Just ... like ... that!"

Her hands on the back of my head felt as strong as a weightlifter with as hard as she was holding me against her cunt!

With mom's ass stuck to the table and her legs wrapped around my shoulders, I worked my mouth and tongue in her tuna taco. I wasn't

teasing now, just intent on making mom cum as quick and hard as I could.

"Lick me! Oh God! Like that! Don't ... stop, don't ... fuck-king ... stop!" Mom yelled out as she began to shake.

I didn't effing stop. Even while she was quivering in the aftermath of the pent-up orgasm. I was still hungry for more!

And so was mom!

"Yes! Yes, baby! Keep licking my pussy! You're going to make me cum again Jeremy!"

That was my goal.

"Oh jeezus, eat me baby, eat mommy's cunt!" Mom panted harshly.

"Fuck, oh fuck! Yes, yes, yessss!"

And off she went again.

The trembling took longer to recede this time, but I was still not done.

"Oh baby! I don't know if I can take anymore!"

My tongue made its case, swaying her with its fine arguments and deft persuasion.

Mom's third orgasm took longer to coax out of her, her juices covering my face as I diligently worked on her hard little clit.

"Oh ... oh ... oh!" Mom moaned with every breath. "Oh! Fuuuuuccckkk!"

She went limp as the third blissful wave swept through her body, unlocking her hands from my head and her legs from my back.

I sat up and wiped my lips with the back of my hand. Then licked my hand.

Mom's eyes fluttered open and looked at me across her body without raising her head.

"Oh my God, Jeremy! You are amazing!" Mom barely whispered.

She didn't look like she had the strength to stand much less rise up, but she bent up onto her forearms, her chest heaving with her breathing.

"You taste amazing mom! I wish I could have this for breakfast everyday!" I grinned back at her drained but glowing face.

"I don't think I could take it every day! But I'd be willing to try. For a week or so!" She laid back down raising her forearm to her forehead.

I then heard the front door jiggle.

Johnny, or Jojo, was trying to get in!

"Mom." I said calmly.

Then I heard the latch turn as if with a key!

"Mom!" I exclaimed in panic.

However drained mom might have been, she was still capable of bolting upright. She closed her robe around her and slid off the table as the front door opened.

"Mom!" Johnny called out. "Why are the doors locked?"

My brother came into the kitchen with flushed cheeks that matched his mother's.

"I had to use the hidden key to get in." He waved said key with a flourish.

Mom had hurriedly gotten out a couple pans and opened the fridge as Johnny entered her sanctuary.

"I must have accidentally locked them. I'm sorry honey." Mom turned to him innocently. "What's your sister doing?" She added casually.

"What else. On her swing." He put the key on the counter and went down the hall, presumably to the bathroom.

Mom set about making me a real breakfast, with actual food.

My brother finished and as he went back out mom told him to put the emergency key back under the frog which sat by the porch.

When she was finished cooking, mom set a heaping plate in front of me.

"Have you eaten yet mom?" I asked seemingly innocently, but the sly smile mom gave me in return let me know she guessed my implication.

I had taken a few mouthfuls of my breakfast when mom wiped her hands on a kitchen towel and without a word got down on the floor and climbed under the table. Her hands were on my shorts and soon had my surging dick released. The warm wet feeling of her mouth followed.

I gulped down my large meal while mom feasted on her large meal also!

She had me grunting, groaning, and panting before I finished eating, her slobbering sucking noises sounding louder from her position.

"Yeah, mom! Suck my sausage! Take all my meat down your throat!" I encouraged her between mouthfuls.

It had to be coincidental that she had me ready to unload my cum in her mouth as I was finishing my food.

"I'm gonna cum mom! Suck that cock and swallow my cum you cock sucking slut!"

Okay, it was redundant, but grammar isn't what's on your mind when your mom is blowing you at breakfast!

Mom eagerly took every drop when I unleashed my torrent, slavishly cleaning my half-hard dick before putting it away.

She licked her lips as she withdrew from beneath the table.

"The best breakfast a mother can get!" Her smile was electric.

I ate my last bite and belched in gratitude.

"You really are the best, mom!" I complimented her.

"I'm sure I am. Now get out of her so I can get some work done without you distracting me." Mom scolded me mockingly, waving her hands in a dismissal motion.

I went upstairs for a short while, getting text updates on my friends' activities in Florida. As wild as some of the stories they told, none were

a match for having sex with a hot cheerleader or morning blowjobs at breakfast! And I didn't have the terrible hangovers or the puking that a few of them had experienced. I grew bored, not even a desire to play on my X-station. I returned downstairs and declared my boredom to mom, something that as a kid I knew never to do, as mom would come up with a list of chores that needed done. This time was no different, except that I didn't mind helping mom out now.

I fixed a few minor items that had escaped dad's list of a few weeks ago. I also carried baskets of laundry for mom, giving her a sultry look at the washer in reminder of our encounter there. The look on her face almost spoke of repeating it! I even watched what she was doing as she loaded the machine and then started the dryer. I think I might have been able to do a load of clothes if I was desperate enough! Mom was truly domesticating me!

With my help, she declared that she done with housework for the day. Johnny and Jojo had come in for lunch before returning back outside with a small group of their friends gathered in our backyard. I went back upstairs reluctantly, though I would have been content just to watch mom in her clingy slacks and tight semi-sheer blouse. I'm sure she knew this and before she could send me away, I went myself.

I played about on the internet for a while, even to checking out some porn, but with my hot willing mom downstairs, I had no need for any relief. I heard dad come home, my siblings still joyful at his return. I did love my father, but his coming home from work was no longer a cause

for celebration for me. And his neglect of mom had earned him my scorn, even if it had rewarded me with filling her needs.

I went downstairs for a snack and I saw mom go in the bathroom. Dad was sitting in his chair in the living room as I passed through, but his attention was on his tablet and the evening news on TV. I skipped the kitchen and instead opened the bathroom door unannounced.

Mom was sitting on the toilet with her slacks around her ankles, the slight tinkle of her urinating loud in my ears with its forbidden implication.

"Jeremy! What are you doing? I'm using the bathroom!" Mom whispered loudly and harshly at me.

I undid my pants and pulled out my stiffening dick.

Mom just stared at me in disbelief, her eyes burrowing into mine before dropping to my hand around my dick. I was worried lasers would shoot from those emerald orbs and burn away any chance of children for me.

"Go ahead mom." I said softly. "I know you want to."

The sound of her water splashing in the bowl continued.

That I was standing there with my dick out in front of my mother was one thing, but that I was listening to mom pee as she sat on the john was strange, bizarre, weird, and yes, even oddly sexy! That even this private intrusion was no longer off limits with everything else we had done together!

"I can't believe that you just walked in here while I'm going." Mom's voice wasn't as fierce, but wasn't friendly either.

"I can't either, but here I am." I replied flatly.

Mom was still eyeing my dick with disdain. I gave it a shake for her in invitation as it continued to bulk up. Her look became lusty and hungry.

Mom's hand replaced mine as I stepped closer.

"Take your time." I said over the continuing stream.

Her raised eyes spoke of her contained fury and her desire to finish me quickly out of spite.

I knew she wanted me to cum as soon as possible, one, in case anyone had to use the bathroom, and two, I knew how much she wanted to taste my creamy seed. Also, I'm sure she didn't want to prolong my pleasure in retaliation for my barging in on her!

That she had taken me in her mouth, whether she was happy about it at the moment or not, told me how much she loved sucking my cock!

Her furious bobbing and sucking, her hand stroking me a vigorously as her lips, had me ready to cum sooner than I thought I would. I should know never to underestimate mom's sexual effect on me!

A knock on the door sounded like thunder in the small room. And because my dick was in mom's mouth!

"Hurry up honey." Dad said through the all-too-thin-at-that-moment door.

Mom's eyes rose to my face, my dick half concealed in her mouth. She pulled off me.

"I'm going to be awhile dear. Use the one upstairs." Mom called out in response. She engulfed me again.

In a few minutes after that, I could hold off no longer.

"Here I cum mom!"

I grabbed her head to cease her bobbing as I filled her mouth with my cum. Her hand kept its rhythmic pumping on my shaft, milking every last bit from my balls.

"Ungnh!" I moaned.

Mom, even initially upset by my bold move, still cleaned my wilting member. When she lifted her head, I noticed that she had unusually missed a bit of my white sauce. There was a splattering across her wedding ring on her left hand. That my cum was on the symbol of my parent's love and my father's offering of his fidelity to his wife somehow signified something, but whether it was ominous or not was lost on me.

Mom rose, wiped herself with a bit of toilet paper, and flushed. I pulled up my pants and then mom did the same.

"Wait here." She whispered.

Mom peaked out of the cracked door and then darted out. I gave the departing curvy ass a smack, which earned me a glare.

I followed her out shortly after, crossing the living room to return upstairs.

Dad chose then to notice me.

"I didn't see you come downstairs Jeremy." His voice was casual but to me it felt like an indictment.

"Maybe you need to pay attention around you more." I retorted guiltily.

This got me another baleful glare from mom, as dad's attention was the last thing we wanted.

"When you stink up the bathroom like that mom, you really should spray some air freshener!" I answered teasingly with an added grin.

I received an absolutely evil stare at that!

I retreated to my room lest I get in more trouble than my big dick or my oral skills could get me out of! I avoided mom for the rest of the evening, coming down only for dinner.

The next day, Thursday, started uneventful, but I knew that that couldn't last long. Not with mom and I in the house together! We were like constantly horny teenagers that couldn't keep their hands off of each other. I at least had the excuse of being a teenager, even if only for another year.

Mom was wearing grey leggings and a baggy yellow tee shirt.

After the siblings had eaten lunch and were watching an animated movie in the living room, I noticed a small dark spot on mom's crotch. I brought this to her attention.

"Are you wearing any panties mom?" I asked as casually as if I was asking if it would rain tomorrow.

"Why don't you find out?" She answered me seductively.

I abso-fucking-lutely would!

Mom stood posing as sexily as any young model as I moved towards her.

I stared hard into her eyes as I reached my hand past her waistband and into the clingy fabric.

I discovered two things.

One, that mom was not wearing any panties!

And second, that she was very, very wet!

I told her so.

"You're dripping wet mom!" I exclaimed.

"You'll just have to dry me off. With your tongue!" Her eyes were hot enough to ignite steel!

I paused at her risquéness.

"Won't that only make you wetter?" I queried, feeling my crotch rising.

"Well then, you'll just have to keep licking until I am dry!" Mom poked a finger at my chin as if an invitation.

I glanced towards my siblings. Could mom and I dare doing anything with them so close?

"I need your help in my room Jeremy!" Mom said loudly enough for Johnny and Jojo to hear.

"Watch your movie kids; Jeremy is going to fix something for me in my room. Don't get into any trouble while we are busy, okay?" Mom said in her motherly stern voice. I almost thought she was serious about a chore for me.

Both of them just glanced at mom for a moment before returning to the brightly colored screen.

They would be fine.

I wanted to run to mom's room, but managed to look normal.

At least, I hoped I did.

As soon as we entered her private demesne, mom locked the door. She then turned to me and locked her lips to mine, her arms thrown over my shoulders. I wrapped my own arms around her lower back, resting them on the rising hump of mom's booty.

"We're going to have to be quiet mom." I warned when we parted, implying her more than myself.

Mom nodded.

She molded her face to mine again, her hands now roaming my body. My own hands merely drifted down and grabbed mom's ass tightly, pulling her against my stiffening steel bar.

She cooed at that.

We fell on her bed with a huff, mom on top until I rolled over her.

I knew that she wouldn't be able to stay quiet, and rather prided myself on my ability to make her squeal. But we couldn't risk that today. Even if the others didn't realize or understand what we were doing, they might say something to dad. I sat up to mom's curious look. I glanced around the room and saw what I was looking for.

I went to her clothes hamper and pulled out a pair of flowery pink panties. I returned to the bed with them balled in my hand. Mom's eyes darted from my hand to my face.

Her eyes widened when I pushed the ball of fabric into her mouth! Still, she made no further protest.

I slowly pulled down her leggings, teasing her with my lack of urgency. I sat on her naked lower half when I finished. I then grabbed both her hands, putting them under her head before holding both wrists in one hand tightly beside her head, her eyes pleading with me.

"Unh mah!" She tried to speak with her full mouth.

"I can't understand you mom with your dirty panties in your mouth!"

Mom wriggled as if resisting but my weight on her thighs and my hand on her wrists kept her restrained. Her struggle was only for show; if she truly wanted to get up, I wouldn't be able to stop her. But she didn't want me to stop.

Her eyes were laser drills as she stared at me.

I managed to work my shorts off while mom boiled beneath me. My dick was already stiff and ready to go.

"Uhnnh muh!" She mumbled forcefully when she saw my condition.

I knew what she wanted but pretended otherwise.

"What's that mom? You want me to leave?"

She wriggled her hips, trying to maneuver me and my cock closer to her opening.

"You're such a slut Jenny! With your old dirty panties in your mouth. Trying to get your son's cock in your cunt. With your other kids just down the hall. What kind of whorish mother are you?"

Her hips leapt up as she bucked beneath me.

I laughed, but put the tip of my dick near her soggy hole. I rubbed it on her hood, massaging both our sensitive bits together.

I thought mom might go off right then with the way she was squirming and moaning into her used underwear.

"Do you want me to fuck you with my big cock?" I stared down at mom as her wide eyes looked back.

I pushed into her hard, mom's eyes flared red-hot.

I then used my now free hand to hold her neck in a light, but firm hold as I began to pound into her furiously.

Mom made wordless moans into her used panties, but I doubted her capability of forming words regardless of her full mouth. Within moments, I felt a flood of liquid on my crotch and down the front of my thighs. Mom's eyes were still wide but were unfocused in ecstasy.

I slowed, then paused, but only for effect. I drove deep in her again, fucking her franticly fast as the bed let out its own rattling moan.

"You like that slut? I'm fucking you like a whore with my brother and sister down the hall watching TV!" I growled at her like a beast in heat.

Mom's eyes refocused on me. She made another futile attempt to pull her arms free. Her legs flailed uselessly behind me as she twisted under me. With all this, she made no move to remove my thrusting dick.

I was caught up in the moment, as the two of us usually were at times like this. Still, I doubted the wisdom of my next words before I spoke them, but they seemed appropriate.

"What would Jojo say of her mother if she saw you like this, slut? A bitch in heat getting screwed by her young stud son."

Her eyes did manage to widen even more before her eyeballs rolled back into her head that she threw back hard onto her mattress. She managed to lift me a few inches as her hips rose to grind my pubic hair. Every muscle of her lithe figure was clearly defined as she clenched in another powerful orgasm.

I paused again to let mom recover a little before I resumed again.

Knock, knock.

"Mommy, I'm hungry. I want a cookie. Or two."

My words now haunted me as Jojo's voice called from the other side of the door.

I answered as calmly as I could with my panting breath.

"Mom's kind of tied up right now. Have Johnny get you each two cookies. But no more than two!"

It wasn't physically possible, but mom's eye sockets did grow wider. So much that it seemed her eyeballs shrunk.

I rammed into her again, heedless if my sister could hear the bed rattling.

Mom was trembling and convulsing below me again.

"You wanted Jojo to come in and see you didn't you slut?" I asked huskily.

Mom shook her head vigorously almost breaking my grip on her slick wrists.

Not that I wanted that, but watching mom cum hard and the way her tight pussy was squeezing my throbbing dick, I could feel my own need quickly approaching. We had taken too much of a risk as it was, so I gave into that feeling.

"I'm gonna cum soon Jenny, my little slutty mother!" I bent and whispered in her ear. "I'm gonna fill your cunt with my young seed! Do you want that?"

Her eyes clenched shut in response as she nodded her head.

With my need and mom's need for my need, I could hold off no longer.

"Cummming mommm!" I groaned as I stared down at my beauty restrained.

I could swear that she was cumming again just because I was spraying her insides with my white cream.

"Cum mommy! Cum with me!"

I don't know if this worked or if it was unnecessary, but I felt it at that moment.

I was beyond breathless when I let go of mom's wrists and fell beside her, the sheets sticking instantly to my sweat-sheened body.

We lay there together silent except for our breath.

Mom still hadn't removed her panties from her mouth.

When I realized that, I reached over and tugged them free. They were now wet with mom's saliva. I tossed them to the floor. I rose up onto one arm and looked mom over, trailing my eyes up and down her gorgeous body. I stopped when I reached her eyes that were already on me.

"Mom." I whispered, that one word containing so much in three letters.

"Jeremy, honey." Mom answered.

Her hand rose slowly to stroke my cheek.

"I love you mom." I bent and kissed her lightly. "I love you Jenny." A second kiss, not so lightly.

"I love you too, my darling handsome son." Her fingers now stroked my matted hair.

"Not well-hung?" I quipped.

Mom laughed, the quiet moment now passed.

"He isn't now." Mom giggled as she looked down at my sleeping well-worn dick.

"Only because you exhausted him."

"You exhaust me Jeremy." Her arm fell back to her side but her green eyes were all over my face.

"I don't think that's possible mom." I wiped a strand of brown hair from her forehead and kissed the revealed spot.

"I need a shower, I'm a mess." Mom struggled to sit.

"A hot beautiful mess. My mess." I climbed off the other side of the bed. I came around and collected my clothes.

"I'll check on Jojo and Johnny. You go clean up." I tugged on my shirt.

Mom's gaze focused on me as she crossed the room to the master bath. It almost seemed an invitation. Her naked form was all the invitation I

ever needed! But I resisted the offer, if offer it was. With mom, it was always an invitation!

I had to wonder that she hadn't reprimanded me for bringing up my sister during our coitus.

Or were we past any recriminations for things said or done in the heat of the moment?

I was a mess also, but when I finished dressing, I unlocked the bedroom door and went to the living room. Jojo and Johnny were sitting on the floor watching their movie, seemingly at an earlier scene from when mom and I had left them.

Jojo looked up at me guiltily.

"We only had two!" She held up two fingers to emphasize her words.

Johnny merely held up three fingers.

I grinned in response to their innocent wickedness. I had snuck more than two or three cookies with mom!

I sat and mindless watched the action on the screen.

"You're all sweaty Jeremy." Jojo stated offhandedly a few minutes later.

"Mom made me work real hard for her." I answered. I glanced up as mom came into the room with a devious smile on her face, clearly having heard my words. My jaw might have dropped a bit when she did.

She had changed what she'd been wearing, not wanting to put back on her crotch-stained leggings. Mom paused at the end of the hall almost posing for me.

The first thing I saw was her knee-high heeled boots that hid all but a few inches of her legs beneath her just-above the knee black leather skirt. My eyes traveled up to her tight white ribbed knit sweater that hugged her breasts so wonderfully. When I met her eyes, I saw that they were gleaming brightly. She did a slight twist back and forth as if to show off her outfit, or her figure.

"Wow mom." I tried to not sound too interested in my sexy mom.

Mom had dressed like this before even if it was a bit sexier than her normal style; it was just that I had never really paid any attention to what mom had worn before that fateful Friday night months ago. It was

only now, with my intimate knowledge of what was hidden beneath her clothes, that I really took note of mom's wardrobe.

I wondered if my friend had taken notice of mom's leather skirt, tight sweater, and sexy boots! Or if he even could.

"You're pretty mommy!" Jojo declared.

"Thanks honey." Mom walked over and kissed her daughter's head.

Much as I wanted to stay and ogle my sexily dressed mom, I knew that would only lead to an embarrassing erection.

"I'm going to my room." I rose and crossed the room, pausing to give mom a peck on the cheek. And a grab of her ass cheek!

"You could stay down here and spend time with your family." Mom scolded me with only partial seriousness.

"No, no I can't." I gave my crotch a quick grab to explain to mom.

She just gave me a wicked smile in understanding.

"I'll call you for dinner." Mom called after me.

"Can I have what I had for breakfast?" I teased as I went up the stairs.

"You can't have breakfast for dinner silly." I heard Johnny's comment from the top of the stairs. I chuckled to myself.

I happened to come down long before dinner, coincidentally as dad came in the house.

His look when he saw mom matched what I imagined I had looked like when I had seen her.

"Wow! You look good Jenny!" He gave her a leering stare.

I was glad that my dad noticed my mom, but wasn't happy that dad was eyeballing my girl!

Mom saw my stare as she gave dad his usual welcome home peck on the cheek.

"Don't get too comfortable Justin, dinner's almost ready." She directed the words to her husband but she was looking at me.

The evening passed.

I watched some stupid sitcoms with the family, but was mostly checking out mom. I knew she had to be crossing and recrossing her legs only for my benefit, even if I never got to see anything beneath that leather skirt!

I was hard when I went upstairs and fortunately, mom was the only one to notice. I know that she had seen because she licked her lips as I went by her!

I resisted the urge before I fell asleep, mentally telling my dick that it would have to wait.

I missed my usual Friday morning blowjob from my mom the next day.

For most of the day neither of us could manage to find the time to do anything more than steal a quick kiss in the kitchen or the upstairs hallway before my brother or sister came looking for mom; though Johnny did need me once to help him fix his bicycle.

I went into the kitchen just before dad was due home. Mom was standing at the sink doing something motherly or wifely. I came up

behind her and pushed my half-hard dick against her slacks-clad ass. I expected her to be surprised and to jerk away, or to turn and slap me. I didn't expect her to wiggle her butt and give out a soft coo. I suppose I should have.

I reached around and grabbed her tits, giving them each a nice cupping squeeze.

Mom thrust out her chest, pressing her boobs into my palms. Her ass was still shaking and grinding on me.

I was the one that was surprised when she undid her slacks and then grabbed my right hand, pushing it into her pants.

Mom giggled quietly.

I took the invitation and shoved my hand deeper, past her panties waistband, and down over her hairy patch. I none-too gently put two fingers in her slightly damp coochie.

Mom gasped at the unexpected invasion. She leaned back against my chest with my one hand still holding tightly to her tit, the other in her panties with two fingers jammed in her pussy!

I went further and pumped my fingers in and out a few times.

Mom sighed contentedly as I smelled her berry scented shampoo in her hair as it was pressed to my face.

I pulled my hand out and backed away from her. Mom turned towards me with concern or disappointment on her face.

I licked my two wet fingers like delicious tasting suckers as mom stared at me.

"Thanks mom." I said coyly and walked away, leaving her with her pants open and now excited and wet!

Before I was out of sight, I turned back and pointed at mom's crotch, her saffron yellow panties visible.

"Mom. Your fly is down."

I darted around the corner before any sharp kitchen object should be hurled towards me!

It was Friday and so still movie night, even if it was spring break.

I was only a little disappointed, and not really surprised when mom said that Aunt Jessica wouldn't be joining us again. It seemed she was really getting serious with this new guy of hers. I had to wonder when the rest of us were going to meet him.

In keeping with the theme of the week, I suggested a couple of beach movies. Age appropriate for each film of course.

I had to wonder at the seating this week.

Would dad sit with mom on the couch again and fool around with her, or would she join me on the loveseat as usual? With Aunt Jessica missing and not needing the couch to fall asleep on, there was no need for mom and I to sit on the smaller piece of furniture. The fact that mom and I would have tomorrow evening to ourselves implied that we didn't need to dare doing anything during the movies. Not that that would stop us if given the opportunity!

We all got our beverages of choice and our bowls of popcorn. I held back waiting for my parents to sort their seats first.

I was partially relieved when dad sat in his recliner.

That only left mom.

She grabbed her blanket and sat with her legs curled under her on the couch. She patted the empty cushion next to her as she looked at me.

"Come sit next to me Jeremy! I don't have many more of these nights with you. You'll be going away and I won't be able to lean on my baby's shoulder anymore!" Mom said sorrowfully.

I wasn't sure if it was an act or true motherly distress.

"Oh come on mom. I have months yet. All summer."

College still seemed like years away.

Still, I sat next to her for whatever reason she wanted to call it. She snuggled up next to me, seemingly innocent enough.

The first movie was the classic of a pair of young kids that try to get their parents back together while they are on vacation on the Atlantic shore. Upon seeing it again, I will say it that it wasn't as funny as I remembered it being when I saw it when I was single digits old. Johnny and Jojo laughed joyfully throughout the movie so it had to be just an age thing. Was I really getting old?

Mom was able to control herself through the flick, but I'm sure mostly because dad was still awake and not really paying any attention to the large TV screen. He was on his third beer before the credits rolled. I had to wonder if he was still golfing in the morning.

With my brother and sister waking later than usual that morning, both were still conscious at the movie's end. Which meant that they had to go to their rooms to sleep. Their protests were mild and were more the usual whining children do when a parent commands something. Not that I whined anymore when mom told me to do something!

With the youngsters out of the room and after we took turns relieving ourselves, we started the second movie.

It was what would be called a teen movie, which I didn't understand as it was rated R and teens shouldn't be able to watch it. It followed the escapades of a group of misfit high school seniors on spring break. You know the type, a nerdy virgin guy, a hot guy, the foreign kid, the cool black guy, the girl with glasses that you suspected was actually hot, and the girl next door, that was the object of the nerd's affections. And their adversaries, the rich snooty teens with their designer clothes and fancy cars. Hijinx ensue, a multitude of breasts are flashed, and the girl realizes how cute the nerd was and they have sex at the end.

Or what could have been my week if I hadn't stayed home to be with mom!

I too, expected to have had sex at the end of the week!

The middle, and the beginning also!

Even with all the young boobs bouncing in bikinis, dad was asleep before one of the rich girls had her bikini top taken by a seagull, revealing her bountiful rack.

Like that would happen in real life!

One of mom's hands was on my crotch soon after.

"Are you sure you don't miss going with your friends?" Her hand gave me a soft squeeze.

I was worried if mom was testing me and what her hand might do if I gave a wrong answer!

Not that the answer I would give would be the wrong one.

"Maybe a little, but I wouldn't pass up spending all this time with you." I responded quietly. Dad might be snoring but I still didn't want to rouse him.

"Thanks honey. I should feel guilty for making you miss out going, but I am glad you stayed home." Mom's smile was lit by the nerd getting a wedgie. She gave me a maternal kiss on the cheek.

"That's not why I stayed home, Jenny." I said, indicating the innocent peck.

Mom's hand took my chin and turned me towards her. The next kiss wasn't innocent or maternal. It was blistering and smoldering (yeah, I know they are the same, but saying it was really hot and hot is boring!).

Or like lava hot!

"I'm not going to see this one either, am I?" I stared into mom's green eyes as they reflected the bright sunlit beach on the TV.

"Do you want to?" Mom purred.

"I'll take your tits over Mandy's any day mom." I said referring to the snooty sorority girl.

"Really? She had really nice ones!" Mom glanced at the TV.

"Mom!" I quietly gasped.

"What? You've seen me with Margie. You practically threw me at your aunt. I'm not supposed to notice a nice pair of tits?"

"Yours are nice." I repeated.

"These big ol' things?" Mom grabbed her breasts, giving them a shake.

I put my hands over hers as well as I could and gave another shake.

Mom's hands slowly pulled away leaving only mine on her hooters.

I could feel through her thin blouse that she had no bra on and her nipples were quite stiff.

"Are you excited from the movie or your company?" I leered at her in the dim light.

"That head frat guy is very hot! I'd give him a ride in his Porsche! Maybe even Mandy could join us."

"Mom!" I heard her laughing.

"You know you are the only young hot guy for me." Her voice was barely audible over the raucous antics of the movie.

I noticed her use of a qualifier. Not that I was the only guy for her. Just the only young one.

I had to glance at dad, snoring softly with his head laid back on the stretched out recliner.

Mom saw my glance.

"Don't think about him. As you've said, he could have me whenever and now he's asleep. You're here with me now."

Mom kissed me again. It wasn't blistering, but not innocent either. It was soft and warm and full of love.

My hands moved down her body until I reached the front of her pants.

"You don't think we're going to do anything now, do you? That's awfully bold of you mister."

"You can ride in my Porsche, miss." I said suggestively as I worked her slacks open.

"Ooo! Is it supercharged? Fuel injected? Leather seats?" Mom drawled out each sentence.

I was definitely supercharged right then! It wasn't fuel with which I would inject her! And leather seats ... nope, I had nothing there.

Mom's hand returned to my hardening dick.

"I can tell it has a stick shift." She deftly had my pants undone. Her hand dug inside and found my dick in my boxers. Her fingers felt cool on my warm shaft.

"I may have to take this thing out for a test drive."

I don't know how long she was going to go with these car metaphors but if it got me in her gearbox, I didn't care!

The blanket still shielded us from any overt inspection, but our body positions were becoming very obvious.

I needed mom's slacks off!

I started tugging at the waistband, getting them down only a few inches before mom gave me a questioning stare.

"Take off your pants mom." I said calmly.

"Young man!" She retorted as if shocked at my request.

"Do you want to ride my stick shift or not?"

Mom giggled then.

"Is it a four speed? Does it have ... overdrive?"

"It even has reverse." I don't know what I meant, but I was sticking with her routine.

"Oh! We're not going there tonight!" Her eyes widened.

Oh! I hadn't even thought about that when I said it!

I noticed that mom was slowly pulling her slacks down, trying not to be too obvious about it, even though only the two of us were able to notice. She deftly kept the blanket in place the whole time.

I whisked my shorts down to my ankles, not caring about hiding the fact. Dad was out cold.

I saw mom tuck her slacks on the couch next to her, keeping them close. My shorts were on the floor in front of me.

"Sit on my lap mom." I instructed her.

"Your lap isn't what I want to sit on!" She teased, a sly grin on her lips.

"Then go ahead, sit anywhere you want!"

"I don't think I could manage your face right now!"

Whoa, what!

"I could arrange that if you really want."

"I'll just take your lap."

What mom meant was she would accept my cock in her pussy. My rock hard cock and her dripping wet pussy!

"Hop on mom!"

"Ooo. This theater has luxury seating!" She cooed as she placed her legs on either side of mine and wiggled her now naked ass in my face.

I leaned forward and gave it a soft nip.

"Ooo!" Mom called out louder than she intended. "Do it again." She said softer.

"Just sit down mom." I held my cock in position for her lowering posterior. I felt her hand reach between her thighs for my stiff shaft, lining our parts up for insertion.

"Slow mom. I want to feel you slide all the way down." I grabbed her hips.

"Demanding now. I like that."

"I know what you like." I said as my bulbous head was pressed against her wet opening.

"I looove that." Mom purred as she slid a few inches onto me.

"I still can't believe how tight you are mom!" I extorted.

"It's because you are so big! You fill me up sooo good!" Mom softly exclaimed.

I was half in mom's pussy then. I saw a flash of tits on the TV, but the female genitalia squeezing my thick shaft had all my attention right then!

A few ecstatic moments later, mom was sitting fully on my lap, my dick buried deeply in her warm wet vice.

"Don't move mom. I love the feeling of me all the way in you."

"I love it too honey. You make me feel so full, like if you were any bigger I would explode!" Mom whispered excitedly as she pulled the blanket over her bare legs.

I'm sure that was an exaggeration. I came out of that hole, so I knew bigger things than my cock would fit there. But her compliment swelled my head.

No, my other head.

Mom leaned back against my chest so I reached around and grabbed her full tits even if they were still hidden in her blouse. She rubbed her palms over the back of my hands in appreciation.

"I can't believe you make me so bold that I would do this with Justin asleep right there!"

"What I can't believe is that you even let me do this with you. You are just so incredible, it's like I'm with an angel." I continued massaging her breasts while I twitched within that marvelous velvet grip.

"A devilishly sexy angel." I then added.

"I'm the one that is blessed. To have such a handsome loving son. That is witty, funny, caring ..." Mom paused as she twisted her hips, grinding her ass against my crotch, her cunt giving my dick a massage. "And fills his mother's pussy so wonderfully!"

"I can't take it any more mom, ride me like a slut!" I kept my voice low. I wasn't sure mom had even heard me, as she didn't react right away.

When she rose up, just as slowly as she had descended, she moaned in an almost subvocal manner.

"Call me a slut Jeremy!"

"You're my slut mom. My slutty Jenny 'ho!"

"Oh yes! I'm a slut for my son's big cock!" Mom whispered as she began to rock up and down with a quickening tempo.

I was worried she would work herself into a frenzy too quickly. I wanted us to savor this time together and not have it just a quickie.

"Easy mom." My hands moved to her shoulders so I could press her downward harder, but also to slow her vigorous bucking. "Just because you're a slut for cock doesn't mean we can't take our time!"

"I love your dick pounding into me Jeremy! You make me such a slut!" Mom's voice was hungry and needy.

And too loud!

"Who's a slut?" Dad asked suddenly.

!!!

Mom and I froze.

I think I actually died right then!

Heart stopped and I left my body dead.

Only hearing my mother's next words made me realize that I wasn't heavenly bound.

"That Mandy! She'll sleep with anyone." To emphasize her words, she pointed at the large illuminated screen that just fortunately showed said character kissing one of the nerd's friends.

"Huh?" Dad asked groggily.

My father looked towards the TV and then slowly back at us. I could see his eyes were only half-open. I could only pray that he couldn't tell what his wife and son were currently doing then.

"What are the two of you doing?" His voice was practically slurring with his sleepiness.

Neither of us could answer.

"It looks like you're banging your mom." Dad's tone hadn't changed. Neither did he seem to become any more alert.

I wasn't even sure I could breathe, much less answer. My dick was still just as hard and still in mom's still soaked slit. I felt like the world had paused, as if it was truly my last moments on earth and I was given a minute to soak in everything that I would soon lose.

My life hadn't passed before my eyes, but that could be just a cliché.

I felt mom's pussy in the middle of a spasm, my blood no longer surging in my arteries, dad's eyes were in mid-blink as they met mine, I felt mom's shoulders tight beneath my fingers.

My mother's voice broke the spell and the world lurched as it resumed.

"Justin! How can you even suggest such a thing?" Mom's voice was very loud. Louder than I would have liked. If dad was still half-asleep, I didn't want her to waken him further with her volume.

"My neck and back are sore from my yoga this afternoon. Jeremy offered to massage them for me. Like a good son." Mom was obviously glaring at dad as I saw him not-so-subtly flinch in the near darkness. "Not that my husband does anything like that for me anymore." That last was in a snide tone that cut bone.

Mom's ass gave a slight wiggle that let me know she was still aware of our joined condition.

I worked my hands on her shoulders as if I had been rubbing them all along.

"All I saw was what looked like you bouncing in his lap and then I heard you say slut." Dad explained.

"He was really giving me a deep muscle massage. It felt sooo good. I may have gotten too into it." Mom deftly countered. "I can't believe that your mind would sink so low in the gutter Justin! Jeremy is my son!"

I felt that mom might have been protesting too much! Not that she wasn't justifiably accused, but she didn't need to act so offended that it made her look that much guiltier.

"I'm just saying what it looked like, not that you were actually screwing our son, Jenny." Dad's eyes were still bleary and unfocused. "If you wanted a massage from me, why didn't you say so?"

Mom didn't answer immediately and with her pause it seemed dad had drifted back to sleep. His head lolled to the side and his eyes were either shut or so close as to not matter.

Neither of us moved.

"Justin?" Mom asked gently.

A soft snore was her answer.

"Mom?" I whispered as quietly as I could.

"Quiet Jeremy. In a minute we can continue." Mom said softly but flatly.

"Continue? Really? Do you think we should? Maybe we could go to my room." I was stunned that after our near-death experience that mom wanted to keep going. Not that my throbbing dick didn't want some relief, but not at the expense of the rest of my body's well-being!

"We'll stay here. He won't wake up again. We'll just have to be quieter." Mom rolled her ass and hips that gave me the feeling of fucking without as much movement.

I knew that would only last a short while, as both of us would get too excited to restrain ourselves. Mom was notoriously boisterous during sex!

"I don't know mom." I voiced my concern.

"Do you want to fuck me or not?" Mom asked harshly.

As if she ever needed to ask me that!

"Always mom, always. You know that!" I exclaimed.

"Then shut up and let me ride your dick!" She said coarsely.

"Yes, ma'am!"

Mom set to bucking on my lap gradually increasing her tempo until it appeared she was riding a galloping horse.

The feeling was incredible! As it always was.

Our slapping flesh was loud over the movie's volume. Mom grabbed the remote and turned up the TV. I was afraid she'd wake dad with the movie's noise.

But I was sure mom's noise would be getting louder too soon!

"Oh yeah mom! Ride my dick! Come on slut!" I whispered sharply.

"God baby! Mommy's gonna cum. Cum on that big hard cock!" Mom wasn't speaking so much as breathing the words.

"Go ahead, cum mommy! Soak my dick with your tasty juices!"

My hands were on mom's hips and encouraging her to a more rapid pace.

I didn't want to hold back any longer. The close call with dad had made me want to cum, make mom cum, and be done for the evening. We still had our plans for the next night while dad would be at his party. We could take all the time we wanted then. There was no point in jeopardizing it all tonight. Or anymore than we already had!

Mom didn't seem to be holding back either, her bouncing became irregular as she neared her release.

"Oh God! Oh! Oh!" Mom moaned at an almost normal volume, but still lower than the TV.

"That's it slut! Cum on that cock!" I hoped my words would push her over, or at least get her closer to orgasm.

"I am ... honey! Mommy's cumming ... on your cock! Oh ... God!" Mom was no longer riding my dick; she was more like flopping around while constrained by my cock in her hole.

I willed myself to let go and felt my dick lurch as my seed sprang from my balls and into mom's convulsing cunt.

"Aaaa!" Mom grunted.

Whether from her own orgasm or the fact that I was now cumming within her had added to her own.

The world was lost to me for a moment as I was temporarily turned inside out.

Next I knew, mom was rising up, my half-hard dick plopping out of her. It was covered in our combined orgasmic residue. Or to say, it looked a mess. She threw the blanket on the couch and stood there naked from the waist down. A thin trail of thick fluid dripped slowly from her labia, the droplet at the bottom straining to reach the floor.

Mom saw me staring; not that that was a new thing, but she still looked back at me.

"You're leaking mom." I pointed at the streamer now past her knees.

She widened her thighs and with two fingers held together, she caught the drip, following it back to its source and running the fingers over her reddened lips. She scooped a gooey mess onto them. Mom brought her

fingers to her lips, her tongue flicked out, and she licked her digits clean.

"Mmm! We taste good together!"

Like we were chocolate and peanut butter!

I glanced at my father with his head on his shoulder. My guilt had me quickly pulling my shorts and boxers back up even if mom was okay with being half naked in front of her two lovers.

"Mom." I whispered harshly. "Put your slacks back on." I gestured to her pants on the couch. I made no mention of the fact that she was panty-less.

"Nervous Jeremy?" She smiled slyly which looked evil in the low light.

"Mom. Dad just caught us! We only got away with it because he was half asleep!" I said softly but forcefully.

"He could never believe that I would do that. Or that you would." Mom said nonchalantly.

Still, she grabbed her clothing and shimmied back into the slacks.

"You want another go? In my room?" Mom said so easily that it was hard to believe that she even cared if she was caught by her husband.

"No. I can't believe I'm saying it, but no. We'll have tomorrow night mom. Try to keep it in your pants until then okay?"

I know what you're thinking. I was thinking it too. And no, I wasn't crazy. I was merely terrified of what dad would do to us. To me.

"That's not the Jeremy that I know." Mom reached out a hand towards my crotch playfully. I batted it away.

"Mommy will suck your cock, honey!" The changing light cast strange shadows on mom's face making her look demonic.

"No mom! I'm going to bed now. You should too." I held my hands out, warding her from me. I backed towards the stairway.

"Party pooper." Mom pouted at me.

"You wait until tomorrow night mom. I'll make it a night you won't forget." I said from the middle of the stairs.

"I'll hold you to that." Mom took her blanket and covered her husband. He snorted loudly. Mom then kissed his forehead as if I wasn't still watching. I turned and went up the last stairs.

Sleep came all too quickly.

I remembered none of my dreams, if I even had any. Any that I wasn't already living!

I woke excited for the day, or more specifically, that evening when dad would be gone for most of the night, leaving me alone with my love.

Mom was already dressed when I came downstairs for breakfast. She had on a simple wrap-around light brown skirt and a pale yellow polo shirt. I came up next to her and casually wrapped an arm around her waist, giving her a tender kiss on her cheek, as it was all I could risk with others in the room.

"Morning mom. When's breakfast?" I only asked because she didn't appear to be in the midst of its preparation.

"I'm not making any today." Mom said casually as if she wasn't telling me the world was ending.

"What!" I exclaimed.

"I'm taking us out for breakfast, so if you want to go you had better change from that tee shirt and those ratty shorts." Mom said as she gave a disapproving look up and down my current wardrobe. Jojo giggled at mom's choice of words. Johnny was playing on his handheld game device, ignoring us.

I didn't think it mattered what I wore around the house, as it seemed that mom would remove them sooner or later. But I wasn't going to miss a meal because of clothing, so I darted upstairs to change.

I hadn't been sure if dad would be golfing this morning as he had a late night to look forward tonight. But obviously, his work celebration wasn't going to interfere with his regular weekly outing. He would be exhausted tomorrow. I surely hoped that he wouldn't cut his night short because of a lack of sleep!

The four of us went to the local breakfast restaurant. That they let me in without knowing the amount of their inventory that I was about to consume, as I wanted to pack on the carbs that I expected to be burning later that evening. We had a happy pleasant time together as a family, minus one. I looked for signs that mom was unhappy about dad's

absence, but I couldn't detect any. We kept any interaction between us appropriate for a mother and son; mom actually doted more on the other two than with me.

We all ate heartily, Johnny almost a match for me. Even my health-conscious mom ate more than she usually did. Maybe she needed some extra carbs too!

The bill was more than she expected and mom eyed her two sons skeptically as she paid it.

We returned home and crashed onto furniture, each of us releasing excess gas as we did. This brought on a round of laughter.

Later, dad returned home and declared that he would be taking a nap for an hour or so.

I gave mom a curious look but she quietly shook her head no to my unspoken question. My eyes widened with pleading.

"No. Not now." Mom said stepping closer to me. "We have later."

Her tone meant the subject was dropped.

I pouted and went upstairs. Maybe I should take a nap too?

I skipped any rest and texted my vacationing friends.

More time passed then I was aware of when mom called out that she was going to drop off my siblings at Aunt Jessica's for the night. Not that I needed to, but I went downstairs to say goodbye to my brother and sister. They were enthusiastic about spending the night with their aunt, probably for all the things that they expected to get away with that they couldn't do at home! Aunt Jess was notoriously lenient with allowing her niece and nephews to do as they wanted.

Not that I ever complained about that quality in my gorgeous aunt!

Dad was hurrying around the house, anxiously worrying about which suit to wear. Mom simply told him to wear his blue one. That didn't seem to help his decision. I did see that when mom returned that dad was wearing his blue suit, but had three ties in his hand. She grabbed one decisively and told him that one. The other two she took from his grasp. He went to their room to put it on. Mom looked at me with her eyes rolled up as she shook her head.

Mom was still wearing the khaki shorts and a plain black top she'd worn all day. As if she had no plans for the evening. I had gotten so antsy that I couldn't sit still, wandering about the house almost as anxious as my father. Mom's eyes followed me as I paced. When she

could take it no longer, she told me to calm down and that maybe I should get ready for my 'date'. She suggested with an intense gaze that I wear my suit, as I should look nice for my girl.

I was coming back downstairs and met my father there. He looked me up and down appraisingly.

"What a pair we make, huh?" Dad said cheerfully. "A couple of guys ready for a night out."

He gave my shoulder a fatherly nudge.

"Yeah." Was all I could say. If he only knew that I wasn't going out at all.

"You make sure you treat that girl right! Take her to dinner, go dancing, the works."

As if he had all the answers on how to treat a woman.

"Do you have money? Do you need any?" Dad asked as he pulled out his wallet.

"No, it's right dad. I'm good. I know how to treat my ...," calling her my girl seemed so unusual. I couldn't use mom's name, which might seem too coincidental. What was the name I had used with Margie? "My Emily."

"Emily? That's her name? Are we going to meet her tonight?" Dad studied me intently.

"I doubt it. You'll be leaving before me." I nervously answered. Dad was spending more time now with me then he had in weeks. And after last night's sleepy accusation from him, I was on edge. I hoped that he just took it to be because of my date.

"Well, don't do anything that I would do!" Dad gave me another nudge, this one with a leer.

"And if you do, remember to use protection."

"Dad!" I exclaimed with exasperation. "We already had this talk."

"Just have to make sure you listened. You do have some? Protection?"

"Yeah, dad, I'm good." I was more anxious for my father to leave than he had been earlier.

"Good, good." He paused, seeming as uncomfortable then as I was. "Well, have a good evening."

Dad patted his pockets as if verifying all their contents. He walked over to mom who was standing near the hallway. He gave her a kiss goodbye. It wasn't just a peck on the lips, but there wasn't much heat in it either. Mom's lips were still pursed as he pulled away.

"Goodnight dear. I shouldn't be too late. You'll be asleep so I'll try not to wake you. Have fun Jeremy, don't stay out too late yourself."

"I won't dad." I answered truthfully.

"Have a good time honey. Tell Bob I said hello." Mom told dad.

With one last wave dad opened the front door and then was gone.

Mom and I stood there not moving until after we heard dad's SUV pull out of the driveway.

In the silence, I turned to look at my mother.

"What now?" I asked her.

"You're going to go to your room. I'm going to get dinner going, get changed, and then we're going to have dinner together."

"Why did I get ready so early then?" I asked earnestly.

"So Justin knew that you were going out."

"I couldn't just say that I was?"

"I want you in your suit anyway. I want to have a nice dinner with my ... lover." Mom looked at me longingly. "And its better that he sees that you are going out, that you really have a girlfriend."

There was a pained look in mom's green eyes.

"Do you think that he doesn't believe me?"

"You don't talk about her at all, no one has met her ..." Mom trailed off as if she'd already made her point.

Maybe she had.

"It's hard to pretend there is someone else when there isn't."

"It's hard to pretend that you are just my son too, when you are so much more." Mom stepped closer to me. She put her hands on my shoulders and drew me in for a kiss. It was short but contained more heat than my father could muster.

"Now let me get ready for my date. Go play your game, or whatever you do upstairs. It won't take me long." Mom pushed me away and added a shooing motion as if that would hurry me along.

I would have been happy with whatever she chose to wear, but clearly, she wanted this to be a proper event. If it made mom happy, I would go along too. I went to my room reluctantly. All I could do was fidget the whole time, not able to concentrate on anything for more than a minute as I awaited mom's beckon.

I was surprised a long forty-five minutes later by a firm knock on my door. I wasn't even aware that I had closed it.

When I opened it, I wasn't surprised that it was my mother standing there.

I was stunned at how beautiful she looked though.

She was in a black floor length dress that hugged her frame to her hips before falling in dark drapes to her hidden feet. The dress had short sleeves around her upper arms, but her shoulders were bare save for the spaghetti straps curled over them. The horizontal décolletage was only broken by a small V in the middle that gave more than a hint of cleavage. Her hair was done up with small ringlets that framed her lightly made up face. The reddish lipstick she wore played off her green eyes and the smoky coloring of her eyelids. Even mom's fingernails were unusually painted, a red to match her lips.

"Wow! Jenny, just ... wow!" I was shocked I could even speak, as I had been sure my jaw was beside my shoes.

"Would you like to escort me downstairs?" Mom asked with a shyness in her voice.

I suddenly didn't resent wearing my suit. Still, I felt shabby beside this vision of femininity given physical form.

I was lost with my stare when mom's eyes nodded, goading me to action.

"Oh, definitely, m'lady!" I held out my elbow for mom, no, for Jenny to take hold.

I noticed that she seemed taller, and her gait confirmed my suspicion that Jenny was wearing heels beneath her dress.

We walked beside each other down the steps, her light hold on my elbow barely noticeable.

I had the impression that it wouldn't be our living room at the bottom of the stairway, but would magically be a ballroom filled with beautiful people. But that Jenny would outshine them all!

It was just the living room. The presence of the woman beside me made even that drab room seem unearthly.

"I feel like I should bow." I felt I had to keep my eyes averted to be able to converse.

"It's just me under all this Jeremy. Just your Jenny." She disavowed my angelic companion.

"You are my Jenny, aren't you?" I turned to stare in her eyes, our hands clasped together between us.

Her eyes dropped coyly.

"May I kiss you, my dear?" I asked formally.

It may have been my mother beside me, but I had gotten to a place, an unusual easiness with this woman that was so far beyond her being just my mom, or even a girlfriend. I don't know how I could ever be more me with any other person, girl, or woman than I was with her.

"Certainly Jeremy." She unnecessarily whispered.

"But it can't be too long. Dinner will be ready soon. You don't want it to burn do you?" She added with a touch of whimsy.

For the first time in my young life, I had no care for food. Standing here with Jenny was all the sustenance that I needed.

I still needed to respond.

"No, I guess not."

I leaned forward and intended to make a mess of her lipstick before I finished.

We had kissed countless times before, and would countless times in the future. I won't say this one was any different from any previous; there was nothing either of us did differently. And yet, it still seemed singular from any other to that point. That each of us had given ourselves to the other in a way few others had.

"Whew!" Jenny exclaimed when we both were about to pass out from lack of oxygen.

"Can we skip dinner?" I asked.

"Whoa! I never thought I'd ever hear those words from you!" More than a touch of mom's voice broke through our moment. It did nothing to lessen what I felt.

"I fixed it though, so we might as well eat it." She said calmly, turning to guide us with our hands still grasped together.

"Only because you went to the effort for me." I stated.

"Not just for you, I'm hungry too." Jenny corrected me. "And for actual food." She added before I could interject with a quip.

Jenny led me to the dining room table, which had two places set up, one at the end and the second across the corner next to it. There were lit candles, the fine silverware, the good china, and even linen napkins. The specialness of the evening just ramped up a few notches.

"Mom." I exclaimed half-breathless. "I mean, wow. I didn't know you were going all out. I just figured we'd have a regular meal then go to your room and ..."

"How often do we get to do something like this? With just the two of us?" She gestured to the seat at the head of the table.

"Okay, never." I responded as I sat. "But isn't the gentleman supposed to seat the woman?"

"I have to get the food." And with that, my girl went into the kitchen.

A moment later, she returned with two bowls of salad. She placed them atop the plates.

I leaped up to pull out Jenny's chair. She smiled at my chivalrous action and sat, letting me adjust the chair's position.

"If you're going to go all out, I guess I have to step up my game too." I stated.

"Your game is perfectly fine Jeremy."

We ate the salad in silence, our longing gazes speaking volumes as we chewed.

Mom rose when we were finished. I started to also.

"Sit, sit. I have it."

I heard a clatter in the sink and three breaths later, my angel returned bearing two plates. She set one in front of me.

"It smells wonderful. What is it?"

"Honey glazed pork tenderloin on rice and veggies." Jenny told me with pride in her voice.

"It looks almost too good to eat!" I rose again to seat her.

"I'm sure that won't stop you though." The shine of her smile was matched by the gleam in her eyes.

I'm not much of a veggie guy, but I couldn't refuse this excellent repast. I could see cucumber, some sort of small bean, small green leaves, red bits that I suspected were red pepper, and a yellow something among the bed of rice. Mom was eyeing me cautiously as I raised the first fork of the rice salad.

"Whoa!" I exclaimed in mild surprise. "That tastes incredible! Let me try the pork."

Another bite, more culinary exquisiteness.

"This might be the second best thing I've ever tasted!" I complimented the cook.

"Second best?" Jenny queried me.

"Well, next to you, of course."

I had caught her off guard!

"Oh! Jeremy!" Mom waved a hand at me at my foolishness. Except I was serious.

She took a mouthful herself.

"Oh, that is good! And the second best thing I've had in mouth too!"

Her devilish grin would have had captured me if I hadn't already been hers.

"That's for later!" I leered back at her between mouthfuls.

We ate.

"Where did you get the recipe for this? It's nothing you've made before." I could barely get out the words between bites.

"I found it online and it sounded good." Her fork also hadn't stopped.

"You'll have to make it again." I declared.

"With the rest of the family? You don't want to keep this just ours?"

That was a tough question. I wanted this more often, but mom was right, this was somehow now our dish. But how often could we get time like this?

I didn't answer, letting her decide if she ever made it again.

I finished and could have gone for seconds, but I knew a meal like this wasn't something with which you had another helping. Besides, I didn't want my body bogged down by extra digestion while I was exerting myself later that night. Also, with a nice meal like this, I expected desert. That wasn't mom!

I was not disappointed.

Mom took our very empty plates and scurried to the kitchen.

She returned with a pair of smallish plates that were nearly bowls. In each was what looked like ice cream on graham cracker and two kinds of cake with a drizzle of chocolate or fudge on top.

My eyes widened again.

"How did you manage all this with dad around? He didn't notice any of this?" I had begun to doubt my father's powers of observation.

"He was busy getting ready for his party. You know he only goes in the kitchen as far as the fridge."

Mom was correct there!

"And most of the cooking was in the oven, I told him I was just making me something for later."

I didn't really care how mom carried out her subterfuge, only that she had done it.

I reached over and took mom's hand. I kissed the back of it.

"My compliments to the cook, it truly was a splendid meal."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it." She beamed back at me. "Now, I'll let you help me with the dishes."

We both rose and managed to carry them all in one load. We rinsed them and put them in the dishwasher.

"Now do we adjourn to your bedchambers my lady?" I asked eagerly.

"Keep your pants on mister. I want more than just dinner then a lay."

What more did anybody need? Food and sex.

"Okay. What did you want to do?" I asked. I was willing to do almost anything mom might want, just to be with her.

And the promise of later!

"After that night out with you and Jessica, you made me remember how much I loved dancing. Could you maybe dance with me for awhile Jeremy?"

"As long as you want Jenny." I suspected she wanted to dance close together and I was very okay with holding mom tight as we swayed and swiveled.

I synced my phone to the living room speakers and put on some romantic music. I knew it wasn't the songs so much as the act of dancing in which mom was interested.

A soft ballad came on.

"May I have this dance pretty lady?" I held out my hand to my beautiful companion.

"Of course sir." Jenny batted her eyelashes at me as she took my proffered hand.

I swept her into my grasp forgoing the traditional hands together outstretched with the other on her hip. Instead, I put both on the small of her back and held her tight. Jenny's arms wrapped over my shoulders and around my neck as if I was the only thing keeping her standing.

We started slowly, merely moving to the rhythm. Jenny dropped her head to my shoulder and hummed to the soft music.

"This is nice." She murmured.

It was much more than just nice. I felt like I had clouds at my feet as I swayed with my precious angel.

"Yeah, it is." I agreed.

I leaned in and kissed her forehead.

"How about some of that down here." Jenny said as she pursed her red lips.

"Definitely my love."

"Ooo. I like that."

We didn't kiss continuously. It was a series of constant smacking our lips together as we slowly danced.

A few songs played but were mostly just background noise as we made out and pressed our bodies tightly. Then one came on that mom recognized.

"Oh! I love this song! Turn it up!" She told me as she took a step away from me.

I grabbed my phone and raised the volume.

"Dance with me Jeremy!" Jenny said as she grabbed my hands, holding them in the air between us. She began to shimmy with the quicker tempo song.

I missed her body pressed against me, but now she was a treat to my eyes as I watched her gleefully shake her groove thang!

When the song ended, I switched the playlist to a more up-tempo selection to allow mom really to strut her stuff. I even pushed the coffee table aside to give us (her!) more room.

As I've said before, I'm capable enough on the dance floor, but mom was really made to move, so I mostly stayed at arm's length as she danced. She was at a deficit as she struggled a bit with the long dress. Even being hampered, she was still dancing circles around me. Literally. She was dancing all around me!

Mom's face was like a disco ball with the joy she was shining around the room. That I just got to be a witness to her unfettered happiness was a joy to me.

"You're not dancing enough lover!" Jenny grabbed my hands and twirled us both as if we were suns orbiting each other.

I was drunk on her exuberance!

I laughed as I spun her in place like a top, her dress rising up off the floor, giving Jenny the appearance of a forest nymph dancing in the center of a flower!

I wrapped her up in my arms, both of us giggling, her hands sweeping around my waist. Our faces close together until there was only a few inches separating us. We didn't kiss then, but just stared into each other's eyes with our delight.

"Jeremy, even without what's to come ..." Jenny paused, unintentionally making a statement about the night's activities. "This has already been a wonderful evening." She wiped a joyful tear from her eye.

"You ain't seen nothin' yet, lady!" I said in a drawl. "But meanwhile, let's dance!"

I put on a song that was straight from a nightclub playlist, all backbeat and bass.

"I can't really move in this dress Jeremy." Mom grumbled distressed with the floor dragging fabric.

"Here." I grabbed the dress at about her knees and folded it up around her waist, tucking it inside itself. Hopefully it would hold.

This revealed her stocking-clad legs and open-toed high heels.

"You really have great legs Jenny!" I admired mom's gams as she reveled in her new freedom of movement.

"You think so?" She asked as she swung a leg up and around.

"You know I think you have a great everything!"

"You always say the nicest things!"

Jenny proceeded to really dance around the living room, leaving me as a post she used to spin off of or as a focal point for her fancy moves. After a few minutes, she pushed up close to me. She tugged at her dress, releasing it back to the floor.

"Much as I love shaking my booty," Jenny smiled then lowered her gaze demurely before raising her eyes once again to me. "I'd prefer to just hold each other close and move side to side."

"I can handle that." I grabbed her hips and kissed her ferociously.

It didn't last long as Jenny returned my hunger just as fiercely.

We returned to dancing together even if it was more of moving in place. To be next to this beautiful, wonderful woman was all I needed.

And yet something nagged at me.

"Jenny," it felt so comfortable to use her name instead of her title, "did dad say anything to you about last night?"

She pulled away slightly, my hands still on her back.

"Did you need to bring that up? Now, tonight?" Jenny looked at me almost astounded.

"I'm sorry, but it's been bothering me. What he might have thought and if he said anything." I stared back with sincere concern.

"I'll admit, I was worried about it too. No, he didn't say anything. I'm sure he thought nothing more about it, if he even remembered any of last night. He had had more beers than usual."

I could see in her eyes that mom wasn't comforted by dad's silence either. It was a nagging twitch in the back of my head. I tried to ignore it and enjoy this time with my mother, my lover, my amazing Jenny.

"Let's not think about what might be or could be, and only focus on the now. The two of us here, together and forget the rest of the world for tonight. While we have it." Jenny said full of emotion.

"That sounds good to me, Jenny."

"It sounds strange coming from you, but I like you using my name." Jenny smiled as she moved her body back to mine.

"Not because you don't like being reminded that you're my mom?" As soon as the words left my mouth, I realized it was the wrong response.

"Jeremy!" Jenny almost pulled from my hold. "I have told you that I have reconciled myself to that, I hardly ever think of that anymore. You are just my wonderful son and lover. I have no problem being your

mother. It just feels nicer to hear you use my name. It's more intimate somehow. Don't make me tell you to stop calling me that." She warned me, but more out of love than anger.

"I'm sorry Jenny. Sometimes my mouth goes off before my brain can stop it." I apologized, pulling her hips back to mine. The rest of her body followed willingly.

"How about you put your mouth to better use?"

I looked at her with confusion. Surely, we weren't moving on to sex already. Not that I wasn't ready. I was always ready!

Jenny's face moved towards me giving me a clue to her meaning.

Our lips pressed close as they were meant to be.

Our bodies had ceased moving to the music, the love and passion we felt guiding our movements.

I turned the speakers off, without parting from Jenny's delicious petals of flesh.

Unconsciously, or by mutual intent, we had wandered closer to the hallway as we shuffled while pressed against each other. Even with both our eyes closed, the two of us were familiar enough with our surroundings that we were able to move towards Jenny's bedroom.

Our tongues were practically one when I broke us apart.

"I want you in my bed, Jenny."

The warm glow in her eyes as she stared back at me let me know of her agreement to my desire.

"Yes, my love." She answered unnecessarily.

I was caught up in the moment and the evening. With Jenny's arms around my neck, I bent and picked her up into my arms. Jenny giggled with surprise and excitement.

She felt so light in my arms, my love for her lending me strength to carry her. It might have also been the amount of exercise I had been getting with her that also helped.

However I achieved the feat, I carried Jenny towards the stairs. Her face was focused on mine, showing no doubt or fear as I literally swept her off her feet and started up the stairway to heaven.

Even in the middle of ascending those stairs her lips found mine.

I did keep my eyes open as I carried that most precious cargo to my room.

Not that I had planned it, but during the afternoon when I had all that nervous energy, I had cleaned my room. I was thankful now that I had. Not that I needed to impress my mom with the cleanliness of my room, but that my love didn't have to see my usual mess.

Her eyes barely opened as I lay her upon my bed.

I laid down beside her after kicking off my dress shoes, draping my upper body over hers as we resumed our oral love-making.

I slipped her straps off her shoulders as both our hands roamed our bodies, finding the zipper down her back and sliding it down to her buttocks. I heard her shoes hit the floor as she managed to remove them without using her hands. Her hands, which pulled my suit jacket from my shoulders, forcing my hands to leave her figure as they slipped from the sleeves.

Jenny fumbled with the buttons of my shirt as I got her dress down enough to release her marvelous breasts, fondling them with my palms and fingertips. This only caused her to fumble more as she moaned her delight.

I sat halfway up, tugging Jenny with me. Her eyes opened and stared at me. In response, I pushed her dress to her waist, the sight of her breasts drawing my eyes to them. I still saw her smile when she noticed where my eyes were focused. I started unbuttoning my shirt as Jenny continued the same with more determination.

As I was undoing the last button, Jenny's deft hands had moved on to my pants, releasing the button and zipper. My bulging dick sighed at its freedom. I hunched and shucked my pants down my legs, using my toes to pull my socks off as I kicked my pants to the floor. Jenny pulled my shirt from my chest and flung it carelessly to join my pants.

I slipped my hands inside Jenny's dress, caressing her warm skin as I forced the black fabric from it. She raised her knees so that I could pull the sexy dress down her calves to fall beside the bed. She wore a pair of black lacy and nearly see-thru panties that I was surprised to see, having expected her to go commando. Though I had my boxers on, so I shouldn't complain to find she had on underwear also.

To be honest, seeing her underwear was more erotic than if she had been bare!

Maybe that was the point.

Either way, she was still one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen. Clothed or not.

With a vision such as this in my bed, I doubted I would ever check out porn on the internet ever again. Jenny was all the enticement I would ever need!

She looked at me with disappointment that had me slightly worried.

"What's wrong?" I asked cautiously.

"I was going to change into some lingerie! We've bought all that lingerie, and I never get a chance to wear any of it for you!" She said with pain in her tone. "But when you said you wanted me in your bed, I couldn't say no. I want to be in your bed Jeremy! I can't go downstairs and change now, it would ruin the moment. Even now, I've spoiled it!"

"Jenny." I said with every emotion I had for her. I put my finger below her chin and raised her face up.

"You haven't spoiled, or ruined anything. That you want to make that extra effort for me is wonderful, but not necessary!" I stared deeply into those jade pools as if I could see eternity there. "We'll have more chances for you to wear all of it, don't worry about it. I mean, besides, I've already seen you in all of it once. That's so much more than I could ever dream about." I gave her a leering smile. "Or fantasize about!"

Jenny's face shone as my words calmed her.

"Come here lover; let me show you how much I love you!" Jenny said as sexily and seductively as any words she'd ever said to me.

I laid back next to her to receive her gifts.

Her soft lips upon mine.

Her full, firm breasts in my hands.

Her smooth legs rubbing against mine.

Her tender hands caressing over my burning skin. But not to that aching pole. Yet.

And her most special gift, her love, which warmed my soul.

As we shifted about on my bed, our lips and tongues fused together, our legs entwined, four hands plastered on our heated skin, maleness and femaleness joined as one. We were in no rush and just enjoyed the feeling of one another's bodies, our skin caressing together. Minutes or eons, it didn't matter to me and my love.

I slid into Jenny's wetness almost as an afterthought, slowly and easily. Once I was enthroned within her, we kept motionless except for our coupled lips and dancing tongues. The slow rhythm of both our hips began with a regularity of breathing, unconsciously, and a necessity for life.

After a couple of minutes Jenny's moans became more than she could contain while we kissed, letting out low soft utterances of her pleasure.

"Ohhh! Yes, Jeremy!" Jenny groaned out.

I put more energy into my slow grinding thrusts, our coupling becoming more vigorous. This elicited more intense moans from Jenny.

"God, yes honey! Like that! I love you Jeremy!" Her mouth again found mine, her tongue following after her moaning.

"I love you too, Jenny." I answered into her lips.

"Oooo!"

We made love as we lay there, slow and relentless like waves on a rocky beach, nothing so calm as a sandy shore as we drove each other to ecstatic bliss. The two of us rolled around on my bed like a mobile home in a twister, heedless of the limited space we had. Our superheated passion couldn't be contained for long and each of us erupted like a bubbling overdue geyser.

It would be poetic to say that we both orgasmed at the same time, but as much in sync as my lovely Jenny and I were, her ardor was more intense and the waves of bliss ripped through her body some moments before the same happened to me. There were no words announcing each of our releases, our lips pressed together, or on some other body part such as neck or shoulder.

I was still steel hard when we both recovered from our orgasmic explosions. Jenny wriggled her hips around it as she acknowledged my readiness for more.

Regardless of my dick's eagerness, I needed to take a momentary breather. I could tell that Jenny felt the same as she looked back down at me from her position atop my body.

"That was nice." She said breathily.

"Nice, or nice nice?" I asked implying our euphemism for incredible, amazing, stupendous ...

"Very nice nice." Jenny responded so happily, with her face also indicating her intention with its nice glow.

"Yes, yes it was." I agreed wholeheartedly.

"We're going to go again?" She asked.

As if it was necessary to ask.

"All night long, love." I pulled her head down, staring into her eyes until our lips met.

A minute or two later, but it might have been a dozen or more, Jenny lifted up her face from mine.

"Justin won't be gone that long."

I didn't want dad to be brought up at all tonight. I was in bed with my cute sexy cheerleader!

"I'm sure it won't be that early. The guys he works with will guarantee that. Especially if they're drinking." I countered.

"I'm sure they will be, but he isn't usually up that late. He'll get tired and leave."

"He isn't driving home I hope."

He may be my rival for Jenny's affections, but I did love my father and didn't want any harm to befall him. I just didn't want him finding me in bed with Jenny!

"No, he said he'd get a cab or one of those driving services if he had anything to drink. And knowing your father, he had a beer in his hand as soon as he got there!" There was a tone of concern mixed with one of disdain in Jenny's voice.

"I'm sure." And to change the subject I jerked my hips upward, reminding Jenny of my condition and my desire.

I grabbed her shoulders tight and rolled us over so that I was again on top of her lithe and yet curvy figure.

"Are you saying we're done talking?" Jenny asked with a sexy smile.

"Depends on which lips you're going to be using." I declared with another thrust between her thighs.

"I can't talk with those lips if you're going to put that huge tongue between them!" Jenny giggled as she wriggled her hips to match my pistoning cock.

My not-so-huge tongue dug its way between her ruby lips, ending all conversation. The verbal kind anyway. Our bodies were speaking volumes to each other!

The first time we had been making love. This time wasn't that.

I drove ferociously into her. She just as ferociously took me in.

We were animalistic, vicious, and primal. Each of us trying to make the other orgasm before bursting ourselves. We were two thunderstorms crashing together, molten steel pouring into icy water, a mountain avalanche falling into a granite cliff, each irresistible and resolute. Without another soul in the house, we neither held back nor kept silent our enthusiastic expression of our desire, our passion, or our love. I was the pile driver and she, the deep well.

Each of us couldn't last very long with the pace we were going and the energy we were burning. I did manage to last longer than Jenny again. And not only did she orgasm before me, she did so twice; one not long after the other, her body still twitching as the second wave of tidal force pushed her beyond awareness. My dick held off through her spasming pussy muscles before I too exploded with ecstatic delight.

Twice, or three times for Jenny, should have satiated either of us, but we were both still wanting, and hungry for more.

I paused my thrusts for only a moment. Jenny stared at me longingly, her hips still bucking up at mine. I answered her desire and her need, and my own, and breathlessly resumed my fierce fucking. My sweat dripping off me like a rainstorm, Jenny's body accepting it like a forest pool.

No matter how great our love or our desire, our bodies were still mortal. This round was rough and irregular, as we couldn't keep up the

energy or the motions for long enough to trigger our overload. This was not a detriment to our sex/lovemaking though, as it prolonged it longer than either of us was capable of at any other time.

The orgasms that resulted weren't any less for the effort, just as powerful and overwhelming as those before them.

We did manage to cum together this time, staring longingly and lovingly into each other's eyes as we shared our intimate juices.

I fell beside her as we continued our gazing stare.

Next thing I knew, I opened my eyes.

I darted my eyes around, searching for my love.

Jenny was asleep, her body entwined with mine in my small bed.

"Mom!" I reverted to her title in my panic.

"Huh?" She answered sleepily, but my tone rousing her.

"We fell asleep!" I half shouted. "What if dad came home?" My wide eyes searched her deep emerald pools for reassurance.

"Stay here." Her own voice shaky with her worry. "I'll go down and see if he came in."

"You don't have anything to wear, Jenny."

Even in this earth shattering moment, Jenny still found a way to entice me. She grabbed one of my tee shirts from my dresser drawer, tugging it over her shadowy female figure so wonderfully.

"Stay here." She repeated with a hand held out to emphasize her intent.

I was frozen in my bed, the twisted sheets beneath my body holding me as if they could be a prison.

Jenny was only gone for a few heart-pounding breaths. Her face looked pale when she returned, but I didn't know if it was from the dim light or her news.

"My bed is still made. Justin isn't home yet." Her voice didn't relay the calm she should be feeling at the discovery.

My heart pounded in my chest. That indicated that I was still alive, that I hadn't had a heart attack and that it was still beating. I looked to my clock. It read 3:12.

"It's after three, mom. Even late, dad would have been home by now." A new panic was rising in me. It was reflected in mom's face too.

"I pray he wasn't in an accident." Her words were ice. An ice I felt in my veins too.

I knew dad would never drive if he was intoxicated, but there were others that weren't as smart. The pain in my chest said I just might have that heart attack anyway.

"Let me check my phone. Maybe he texted me." Mom's voice tried to sound hopeful. She disappeared again.

This time Jenny was gone longer. A million scenarios went through my head as to why dad wasn't home yet, too great a majority of them were disastrous!

The vision in my tee shirt reappeared, holding her phone like a talisman.

"He did text me. He's spending the night at a hotel downtown with a bunch of the others." Her tone was strangely worried, calm, and icy at the same time.

I understood how she felt.

I was relieved that dad was okay, that none of my envisioned scenarios had occurred, but I was also a bit upset that he had made us worry for even the few minutes. If something had happened to dad while mom and I were in bed together doing what we had been doing ...

I saw in mom's face that she was thinking similar thoughts.

"It's okay Jenny. He's okay. We're okay, everything is okay." I assured her, or tried to anyway.

I laid back down and patted the mattress beside me.

Jenny was slow to join me.

As she snuggled up to me, still in my shirt, she said, "We can't do anything more. In case we fall asleep again and Justin does come home and finds us in your bed.

"Dad won't be home until the morning. Probably late in the morning if he's been celebrating with his work buddies." I tried to ease Jenny's anxiety.

She wasn't calmed.

"I'll still go to my bed." Jenny stated firmly.

"I'll join you then." I said eagerly.

"No, you won't." Her tone was unyielding.

"Just lay here awhile with me Jenny. Just a few more minutes." I pleaded with my eyes and a sorrowful pout.

"Just a few minutes. Then I'm going to bed."

Jenny gazed at me as I stared back. She seemed unsure and almost frightened.

"It's okay my love." I said softly, taking her chin in my fingers and guiding her face to meet mine.

One brief kiss.

A second, longer.

The third was very heated and led to a fourth, and then many more.

Our hands held our heads together before they drifted down and we were hugging tightly as Jenny moved half over me.

With her renewed passion, I turned and half rolled over her, shifting my body so that I was between her bare thighs. My dick had returned to its full and upright position. Jenny unconsciously, or eagerly, widened her legs to accommodate my body, and my shaft of steel.

I entered her again, just as tight and wet and wonderfully wonderful as she always was.

"Jeremy!" Jenny gasped loudly.

It was neither protest nor complaint.

"You do want more!" I grunted when I was buried all the way in her pussy. "I do love your pussy, Jenny!"

"Fuck it then! Fuck it with that big cock of yours lover!"

Yep, no complaint at all!

"Yes, my lady! All you want!"

We'd made love, and then we had screwed our brains out. This time was neither. And both.

It was passionate and fierce, but also soft and tender. Fiery hot and soothingly warm. Fast and furious, then slow and sweet. Our kisses numbered as many as my thrusts, as many as my heartbeats. Our eyes searched the others' for the meaning of everything only to be answered by our joined genitals. We were Jenny and Jeremy, mother and son, man and woman, boyfriend and girlfriend, friends and lovers. Nothing more and nothing less.

I may have filled her with my orgasm, but she filled me up also, in her own special way.

It was no surprise that we fell asleep again, once again wrapped in each other's arms.

As we were meant to be.

I jerked awake but had no concern for my situation in my weariness.

Until I looked about and saw Jenny lying with her hand on my bare chest. The first faint rays of light cut through the darkness on the windowpane.

That is when it hit me.

"Jenny!" I shouted as I bolted upright, her hand falling from me.

"What Jeremy? Come, lay back down with me." Jenny muttered as her speech slurred with sluggishness.

"Mom!"

"What?" Her eyes opened fully.

Then the look of horror overcame her face.

"Jeremy!" Mom exclaimed as she sat up beside me, her eyes wide.

"We fell asleep again." I stated needlessly.

Mom glanced at the window and the soft glow behind the treetops.

"Justin won't be home yet, why are you scaring me again?" She fell back on the mattress glaring up at me.

I looked at my lovely mother, bedraggled and yet glowing from our lovemaking. I laid back down, resting on my side as I continued to stare.

I had to wonder why I woke so early, but the sight of the woman beside me was more than enough incentive to have my eyes open.

"We shouldn't even be awake now." I told mom as her eyes blinked sleepily. "It must be because I want to enjoy your company. I don't need to dream, because I live that while I'm awake."

Mom nodded slightly at my words, returning my smile as if forgetting the panic, concern, and worry of earlier.

The smile became wistful, her palm coming up to my cheek lovingly.

"I do have to get back to my own bed." Mom stated gently.

"I guess so." I answered sullenly. "I just wish you could stay. So I can feel you beside me as I sleep, or to wake up and see your face first thing."

"So do I, dear. So do I." Her face became sad. "There are a lot of things that I wish."

Mom pulled back the covers, my tee shirt still barely covering her body.

I had to remind her of that fact.

"Jenny, my shirt?" I nodded to indicate it as she stood.

She grinned as she paused.

"You need it now?" Mom asked, but without waiting for an answer, she grabbed it and pulled it over her head.

The simple act of Jenny pulling my shirt off and revealing her beautiful naked body for me was so arousing that if I hadn't been so wiped out already, I would have taken her right then!

"You just want to see my tits again! I know you!" Mom said as she tossed the bit of cotton to me.

Guilty!

"You do know me. So well." I told her. "So well, that you know how much I want you right now." I rested on my elbows as I stared at my angel of the morning.

"I know you do. I also know that you are incapable of anything at the moment. Or, I think that you can't, I know that I can't be sure with you!" Mom giggled slightly.

She then did a slow spin for me and then shook her chest, making her tits bounce so nicely.

"That'll give you something to dream about!"

She then went to my door and was gone.

I was back to sleep with bouncing tits filling my exhausted brain.

I heard raucous laughter when I next was even close to consciousness.

It sounded a lot like my brother and sister.

Which meant that it was much later than I might have guessed.

I looked to my clock and was stunned to see that it was just after noon!

I'd missed breakfast!

However, for the night I had had, I would miss a dozen breakfasts.

Or not. Let's not go getting crazy!

I dressed enough to take a very warm shower and then dressed further to be presentable for the rest of the family.

As I slowly crept down the stairs, I could only wonder what Jenny, mom, was thinking about last night. And about dad not coming home.

I'm glad he didn't risk coming home inebriated, if in fact that was the reason. It just didn't seem like a decision he would make. Dad would find alternate ways home rather than stay out all night, that's just how my father was. I had a feeling something else was a factor in that decision. I guessed it was prodding by his workmates, but for what reason was a mystery to me.

I was surprised to see that mom was already dressed.

Or, I guess I shouldn't have. She was a much earlier riser than I could ever manage. And with the added factor of having kids, a husband, and a house to care for meant she was more used to getting up regardless of the previous night's activities. It was just one more thing that made me love my mother.

She was just wearing jeans and a loose, long sleeved melon-colored top with open cleavage but held mostly closed with crisscrossing ties. Mom smiled at me in a knowing way when she saw me.

"Look who finally graces us with his presence." She teased, but more for the benefit of the others. I wasn't sure, but her voice might have had a trace of ice in it. After last night, I knew that it couldn't be anything I had done.

Could it?

Dad looked haggard, but was sitting in his recliner his attention on his tablet as Johnny and Jojo, returned from Aunt Jess's house, watched some nature show about African animals. He barely looked up at my entrance or mom's comment.

It was then that I saw mom give dad a strange look. I pretended I didn't see it.

"I know I have missed breakfast, but is it lunch time yet?" I looked to mom.

My mention of lunch got my sibling's attention.

Mom decided that it was in fact lunch time, but whether because it was or just the pressure of her children.

I ate three large sandwiches, which earned me a shocked glance from mom. I just responded with the fact I had missed a meal and had to make up for it. She gave me a resigned sigh and an eye roll.

As much as I would have loved to spend more time with Jenny, I knew that it would be difficult to do anything with the other three around. I thus declared that I would go check on some of my friends that should

be returning from Florida that day. Mom gave me a curious look, but she said nothing to me before I left.

I spent a good portion of the afternoon with a couple friends, relating each of our adventures from the previous week or so. I skirted a few of the details as I told some of the exploits I'd had. This was mostly for the ribbing I received about having missed so much at the beach with them. That I was having sex regularly with my mysterious girlfriend helped my rep with them and explain my neglectful absence. The part about her dressing like a cheerleader really had them intrigued. This of course only led to them demanding to meet my girlfriend. I made up some lame excuse about her being shy and anxious around other people. This got me ridiculing looks from my friends. I couldn't very well introduce my mother to them as my girlfriend! A few of them knew Jenny as my mother. That would be very awkward to explain!

It was an enjoyable few hours. I was able not to have to think about the troubles I had with my conflicted love affair at home for a little while. I still thought about mom/Jenny, picturing her face as I recounted my escapades, heard her voice calling out my name as we made love, but they were just pleasant memories and not like the huge weight on my conscious that I had been feeling.

I left them with the promise (again) of hooking up more frequently. I knew it wasn't going to happen, not with the end of the semester quickly approaching. And my time consuming affair with Jenny.

I then realized that that was what we had. Only an affair. She wasn't leaving dad for me, and I didn't want her to do that. Though, at times that's really all I wanted. To run away with Jenny, just the two of us together. We couldn't go on dates; we couldn't arrange rendezvous without having to inform the rest of the family first, which negated any secrecy that we would need. We barely could acknowledge each other while in public, even if we had pushed the limits at certain times, and we were failing to keep our hands off each other, even with dad or my brother and sister around.

We weren't even having a decent affair.

Only the fact that we were living together and were able to get those few stolen moments during the day when we could hold hands for a minute, or kiss for more than a few minutes. The times that we had done more weren't as frequent as either of us would like, and we had risked everything at those times. That we had been practically caught numerous times and still gotten away with it may have been intoxicating with the jeopardy involved, but it would only take that one time when we couldn't explain away our embrace, our kissing, or our lovemaking that would bring everything crashing down around us.

It might seem as if I had no concern for the tremendous danger or the world-shaking consequences of what I was doing with my mother. That was not the case though. I knew full well what could happen if someone found out. My parents getting divorced was one of the least of the things that would result. Mom could go to jail. That I wouldn't ever get

to see her again was terrible to contemplate, but even worse would be that mom wouldn't get to see Johnny or Jojo again. I can only think that she would come to hate me for that alone; a knife in my heart that I would willingly accept if it came to pass. My brother and sister would probably hate me too for breaking up the family, and if they weren't able to visit their mother. That I could ever see hate for me in my little sister's eyes would be almost worse than losing Jenny as my lover, and as my mother.

I might now see her as my Jenny, but I had to remember that she was my mother. A mother that shouldn't love her son as she did, shouldn't be having sex with me, or allow me to do the things that I did with her. Not that it was her fault. I was just as much to blame. I was eighteen. I knew how wrong all this was from the start. I may have let my hormones tell me what to do, but I could have stopped it at anytime.

I still could.

Mom and I were living day to day, taking the moments as they came, but deep down we both knew that we were walking a tightrope and that eventually one of us would misstep. It was only a matter of time.

I was eighteen though.

I thought I had all the time in the world.

Until I didn't.

I returned home carefree and happy, eager to see mom's face again. To see her smile at me.

As I pulled in the drive behind dad's SUV knowing that I would be gone in the morning before him. That I had realized that made me also realize that my senior year spring break was coming to an end. It had seemed all too brief!

I saw Jojo sitting in the front yard. This was unusual. That she wasn't swinging in the backyard as she normally was.

As I got out of my car, I then saw that it appeared she was crying. Not bawling her eyes out, but just had tears running down her cherubic cheeks.

I worried she might be hurt, so I rushed over to her and knelt beside her.

"What's wrong Jojo? Are you hurt?" I could see no outward injury. My sister wasn't one to cry for a stubbed toe, or some imagined pain.

She shook her head in response.

"Then what's wrong?"

"Mommy's crying." Was her simple response.

Now I was a little more concerned.

I held off rushing inside, instead wanting to comfort my baby sister.

"Is mommy hurt?" I might have prayed a little right then.

Another head shake.

"Mommy and daddy were talking loudly and mommy started crying. I don't like mommy crying, Jeremy! I came outside and I started crying too! Tell mommy to stop crying Jeremy." Jojo wiped at her wet cheeks as she looked up at me with her little wide eyes.

"Let me see what's going on. Stay here okay."

Had dad found out?

Had he confronted mom and caused her tears?

Was my world about to crumble into dust?

I rushed to the front door even though it felt like I was walking through quicksand, as if everything had become slow motion.

I tried to appear only mildly concerned when I entered the house.

It wasn't the scene I would have expected if things were as I feared.

Dad, for one was sitting on the couch instead of his usual chair, or he barely was sitting with his rear on the edge of the cushion. He had a sorrowful look on his face that changed to blankness as he looked up at my entrance. His mouth appeared to be about to say something but it snapped shut.

Mom was standing rigid, but it evident that she had been pacing. She had her arms crossed on her chest, holding tightly as if in anger. Her face was a mess with evidence of the tears Jojo had witnessed, but it was held in a fierce scowl. When she looked at me, her face didn't soften in the least. Her response was unreadable with the tautness of her face. It almost appeared that dad was the guilty one and not mom.

"Hey mom, dad." I tried to seem unfazed by what I was seeing.

"Could you please leave us alone Jeremy?" Mom asked with a voice as stern and icy as an arctic glacier.

"Take your brother and sister out for something to eat, okay son?" Dad's voice was almost meek. He leaned forward to pull out his wallet. He handed me a few bills. "Maybe get some ice cream afterwards too."

"Is something wrong?" No matter my fears, I had to ask at least. I couldn't let their attitudes go unremarked.

"Yes." Mom said taking another few steps facing away from dad as she did. Her arms almost seemed to be gripped tighter.

"Just take the kids for a few hours okay?" Dad said with an almost pleading look on his face. It was a look I had never seen there before. I was getting more than a little scared.

It didn't seem that dad was the one confronting mom. Almost the opposite of that.

Had something more happened? Why would mom seemingly be upset with dad?

I was confused.

Glad that my secret with mom hadn't been discovered. If that was indeed the case.

"Just give me a call ... or a text." I said in a daze.

I left without further word between any of us. It was killing me not to know what was going on between my parents!

I informed Jojo that we were going out for dinner while daddy and mommy talked. I asked where Johnny was, but before my sister could answer, I saw him come around the corner on his bike. My brother pulled up with an unhappy face too. So he too knew about whatever had happened.

"Jeremy's taking us out for dinner Johnny!"

"Where are we going?" Johnny asked me curtly.

"I don't know, where do you two want to go?" I asked them obsequiously. I wanted them each to stay calm with the uncertain situation.

I hadn't needed to ask as they invariably picked the local burger joint. I herded them into my car and after a look at our now ominous house, I drove away.

We ate our unplanned dinner, and then we went for ice cream afterwards.

All three of our moods were improved as we tried to forget about the trouble at home. Jojo was easily diverted with eating out, but with Johnny, it was more difficult to distract him over whatever he had seen. My brother was at an age that he knew about parents having problems and the results that could occur. The two of us had a mental connection that we didn't mention the 'D' word in front of my sister. There was no sense upsetting her further if it wasn't required. She would learn about mommies and daddies that didn't get along and broke up soon enough. If she didn't know already. She didn't need to know that it was a possibility with her own parents.

I frequently checked my phone, but had no calls or messages. So I decided to take my siblings to the park for a little while, to work off their chocolate shakes a bit. I had a Frisbee in my trunk, so we tossed it around for a while until my phone buzzed in my pocket.

It was a short text from mom that merely said we could come home.

Shortly thereafter, we returned home. It was getting late enough that my siblings were informed to get ready for bed. With the palpable tension still felt, neither of them made any argument and went up the stairs obediently.

I looked at mom, searching for a clue or a hint of what had happened or was going on. She was sitting on the loveseat with her legs up under her. Her face was still stoic and tear-stained, but she did mouth one word to me while dad wasn't watching.

'Later.'

She then nodded toward the stairs for me to go also.

My father was sitting back on the couch and seemed to be more relaxed than he had been earlier, but there was still an uneasiness about him, as if he wanted to flee or hide. The iciness seemed to be gone, but the air was so thick with anger and the remains of whatever words had been spoken between mom and dad that it felt like walking through molasses. As if I knew what that felt like!

I glanced at mom again as I started up the stairs, but she didn't meet my gaze, staring intently at everything in the room but my father or me.

I was still feeling the aftereffects of the previous evening and the loss of sleep, so after a bit of texting I decided to call it an early night. I had hoped mom would come up to give me some kind of news but I fell asleep if she had.

I awoke in the middle of the night with an uneasy feeling. I crept downstairs for some ice water and saw mom asleep on the couch. I almost woke her, but if things were bad enough with her and dad, I didn't want to trouble her sleep with my questions. They could wait until the next day. Or later today, considering the time.

I did give her a soft kiss on her forehead as she slumbered before I returned up to my bed.

My new alarm woke me the next morning with its repetitive buzzing.

I hoped to get a minute with mom before I left for school. When I came down ahead of my father or my siblings, I found mom to look more haggard than I could ever remember seeing her. She still had her beauty beneath her tousled hair, worn face, and reddened eyes, but it was very strained with whatever had happened. My heart yearned to ease her pain.

Mom gave me a steadfast gaze that told me to ask no questions. Even as they were burning on the tip of my tongue.

"Have a pleasant day back at school dear." She gave me a motherly peck on the cheek as I stood there bewildered.

"Mom ..." I started.

"Not now." She said firmly. She then went about preparing for Johnny and Jojo to depart.

I stared at her for a moment then grabbed my stuff and left.

I was halfway to school when I decided to skip that day.

I was more worried about mom then what my teachers might say.

Everyone else had already left when I came back home.

Mom was surprised when I opened the front door. She was still wearing her robe and nightie and drinking a cup of coffee.

"What are you doing here? You're supposed to be in school." She said harshly, even a bit angrily.

"I was worried about you, mom." I explained.

Mom just glared at me.

"What the hell happened mom? With dad. It's not about us is it?" I gestured with my hand between us.

"No." She said brusquely. "It's not us."

Mom couldn't meet my eyes as she spoke. She sipped her coffee.

"Then what?" I asked searchingly.

"Your father ..." She started and then shook her head as if to block off the words.

"Dad what?" I took her upper arms in my grip and made her look at me. "What mom? What about dad?"

"Jeremy." Tears welled up in her eyes as she finally met mine.

"Please tell me mom. Please." Each tear down her cheek was a rip in my chest.

Mom took a deep breath, then another sip of coffee before she began again.

"Justin, your father ... slept with another woman." Her voice sound strained to get out the words.

"He what?" I asked incredulously. My dad?!

She then clumsily told me that dad's co-workers had hired some ... let's just call them what they were, hookers, for their celebration dinner party. Everyone had drunk too much and the night got long, so they had rented hotel rooms to spend the night. And to partake of their hired entertainments. After much coercing and cajoling, and with the effects of the alcohol, some of the others had convinced Justin, dad, to have sex with one of the hired whores.

I couldn't believe that dad would do such a thing. My dad!

Mom then went on to say that he had texted her while the 'woman' was performing oral sex on him. Then he had sex with her and afterwards had passed out.

My dad?

Mom had to pause, taking a long drink of her beverage. She had avoided my face as she talked but she looked at me then. I could see how her words were like new wounds on top of the ones she had received yesterday. I hugged her in the crook of my arm. That seemed to give her some comfort, and the strength to continue.

She told me that dad had come home and after a few hours of being around his family, the family that he loved so much, that the guilt had gotten to him, and he broke down and confessed everything to his wife.

Mom said that she had been stunned by this news, and also hurt by it. That it struck so close to what she was doing with me only made the pain more intense. She was in a fog that she didn't know how to get out of, that her life was so confusing now that she had no idea what to do about dad. Or me.

That she brought me up stunned me.

I had had nothing to do with dad sleeping with hookers!

"So what did you tell dad about this?" I asked mom gently not wanting to add to her pain but needing her to tell me the consequences of dad's infidelity.

"That he confessed right away without trying to conceal it or pretend that it didn't happen meant something to me. I told him that I still loved him. He said he still loved me, and that he had hurt me was killing him. I believed him." Mom turned away from my gaze again. She continued.

"I told him that he had made a mistake, but he owned up to it. I was hurt by what he had done but that I wasn't going to go to extremes to punish him."

"You mean divorce?" My voice quivered with my fear of that result.

"I can't very well fault your father when I have been doing the very same can I?" Mom's eyes came up to pierce mine.

I couldn't answer her.

"I have to forgive him otherwise I can't forgive myself. I'm just as much to blame as him. Also, I can't pretend it didn't happen. I can't just say everything will be okay either. If I just drop it without another word

what does that say about me?" I knew this was just a rhetorical question, but I didn't want her to beat herself up over dad's misdeeds. They didn't reflect on her own, no matter how right her deeds had seemed to me.

"Mom, you can't blame yourself for what dad did. He has a hot wife and has been ignoring her." I tried to console my mother.

"Can't I?" Her tone was chilly now. "We've been together for so long that we both take each other for granted. Things have gotten boring between us. That happens sometimes. Maybe if I had been more focused on my husband instead of on my son. A marriage is two people. Just because he may not have been paying enough attention to me doesn't mean that I should do the same to him. I should have tried harder to get his attention. I could've worn that lingerie for him instead of you."

Her voice was accusatory, aimed squarely at me.

"Mom ..." I tried to defend our actions but she cut me off.

"No. I'm his wife. I gave my promise to him all those years ago. For better or worse. If I just give up because he's more interested in golf than his wife, then I am just as much to blame as him. As you."

Her eyes were emerald lasers cutting me to my heart.

"What do you mean me?" It came out harsher than I intended, but I didn't like the way this conversation was going.

"Yes you. You are as much to blame as any of us."

"How so? Remember it was your hand in my lap that night!" I cut back at her.

"I remember someone practically blackmailing me to suck his dick in the kitchen." Mom pulled from my arm as she spoke.

"You seemed eager when you did mom." I was now shaking, afraid of both of our responses but unable to stop myself as my words shot from me like a rifle blast.

"And I'm sorry for that." Mom's voice grew softer, almost tender. "I'm not going to say that I regret now what we did, or whether it was right or wrong."

Her eyes melted and welled up with wetness. Her palm came up to my cheek, barely brushing it.

"I love you Jeremy. More than you can know."

"I love you too Jenny. You know that." I grabbed her hand and held it to my face. I felt my own eyes getting watery.

"Maybe if I had been fooling around with Justin instead of you, maybe we wouldn't be in this position now."

"What position mom? You've talked with dad. Let him stew a bit; make him buy you some jewelry or something. Then we can get back to how things were before yesterday." I urged her.

"Don't you see, that's the problem. Justin must have been feeling something if he could be talked into sex with a stranger. If I had done more, he wouldn't have been tempted at all. Like all those years ago with Jess half-naked and he never even noticed her. He was ignoring me, but I was also ignoring him. I was focused elsewhere."

Her face was less than a foot from mine. I had an urge to kiss her. A need to kiss her. But I had to resist my desires.

"You still had sex with him. That's not my fault."

"Yes I did. But mostly because I felt obligated to; I've told you that I had wished it was you instead of him any of those times."

I should have felt elated at her admission, but instead it felt like a knife cut.

"So, what are you saying?" I asked, the tears full in my eyes. I was sure I already knew mom's answer before I heard her speak the words.

"Jeremy ..." Her voice broke. Tears ran down both her cheeks.

"I can't ... be with you ... any more. I'm sorry Jeremy ... my handsome son ... my wonderful lover." Mom pulled her hand from my face, my tears replaced its warmth with cool streaks of pain. "I need to fix my marriage. To give my time to my husband. The man to whom I promised myself until death do us part. That promise doesn't end just because I found someone better. Especially that that someone is our son. You are just as much his son as you are mine."

"I don't sleep with him." I tried to sound as if I was blaming her, but also trying to reconcile at the same time. It came out as neither and more like a whine from a kicked puppy.

But that's what I felt like then.

Like mom had just ripped out my heart and kicked a field goal with it.

"This isn't easy for me either honey. I've never felt a love with anyone else like I do with you. My heart is breaking just as much as yours." Mom's cheeks were rivers of tears.

"But at least you'll still have your husband." My tone was as sharp as a scalpel. I almost expected her to slap me in response.

I added with another whine. "What about me?"

"Like I told you seemingly a long time ago, you have to find yourself a girlfriend. One your own age," she paused, "one that isn't already taken."

"But mom! Jenny!" I begged.

"No Jeremy! I'm no longer Jenny to you. I'm your mother. And only your mother." Her voice was very maternal with its scolding tone. She wiped her cheeks as if that would erase her pain.

"What about all that we've done together? Your morning shakes, me ..." I wanted to remind her of our sexual antics, but that seemed so crass

right then. And I knew that it wouldn't change anything. Mom's mind was made up and she wasn't going to change it because I reminded her how I took her anal virginity, or how I made her squirt, or any of the many things we'd done.

"Jeremy." Mom looked at me from beneath her eyelids. "The time we've spent together ... I'll treasure it always. You've made me feel things I've never felt before. I love you for that. I can't say that I won't miss ... some of the things we used to do, but I should be doing them with Justin, not you."

"We still can. Maybe not as much, but anything that you want mom." I was grasping at falling straws for anything I could hold onto.

"No we can't. You know that. We are too addicted to each other. One thing would lead to another, and we would be right back to here again." Her voice was more normal, the conflict inside her having worked itself out, leaving her pained but calmer.

"But here is such a great place to be!" I teased, my last effort to save my tortured world.

"Yes it was." Mom actually smiled, the smile she had give me so many times when we were together.

"It was truly magical being with you Jeremy. Wonderful, amazing ..."

"Nice?" I interjected.

Her smile grew larger, almost brightening the room. A room that seemed funereal to me.

"Yes, very, very nice." Mom's hand returned to my cheek, wiping away the wet streaks before holding it almost sensually.

Then she surprised me and kissed me on the lips with just as much ardor as she ever had!

I returned it, hoping that this was my reprieve.

After a few short moments mom pulled back.

"You really are a great kisser, Jeremy." Mom's voice was actually playful.

I gave her my most charming smile I could manage from my ruins.

"That was the last of those that you are going to get." Mom stated almost carefree. "A sort of kiss goodbye you could call it."

"But I'll still see you all the time! Still be dreaming about you!" I extorted as the warmth from her lips melted away.

"I can't stop the dreaming. I'm sure I've given you plenty to dream about." She smiled almost sexily as she must have thought about what I would be using those dreams for.

"It will be hard for me too, seeing you and remembering what we had, but it has to be this way. It's the only way for all of us." Mom said with a tinge of pain in her glistening eyes.

"It'll be harder for me." I hoped she caught my innuendo. No, it was mom, I know she caught it!

"I'm sure it will be. And I will miss your harder." She caught my tease and returned it with a lob.

"Mom ..." My last plea.

"Jeremy." Her tone was stone.

"You aren't going to tell dad that you had something going on too?" I knew that she could never tell him about us, but thought she might use an affair as a conciliatory offering to dad.

"Of course not! We have enough problems now without him having further suspicions about me." Mom drew away from me.

"What are you going to do about dad?" I asked my mom, now as only her eldest son.

"Probably let him stew for awhile. Have him buy my some jewelry." Mom joked with me.

I was glad that we wouldn't lose that.

"Can I still talk with you, mom?" I asked quietly, the weight of my question heavy on my words. "I mean, not as just your son. Maybe as ... a friend?"

"I'd like that Jeremy. We have talked about my period, my fantasies, you know too much about me to be just your mom. Yes, we can talk, but we can't do anything physical again. You hear me?"

"I do. It'll be nice to have you as my friend, mom. You know me better than any friend I've ever had." I felt a smile growing on my own lips.

"Can we talk about the ... things we've done? You know, reminisce?" I know, I was still reaching. But even as just friends, I wanted to be able to relive our experiences.

"I don't think that would be wise. At least for a while. Until we can control ourselves." Mom even took half a step back from me as if my presence was a temptation. I guess I was. Much as seeing her around the house would make me hard. "But, other than Jessica, you are the only one that I can talk with about some certain things."

I don't know what she was alluding too, but that she would feel comfortable to tell me was small compensation for my loss.

"I don't want you telling me about your sex life with dad!" I had to grin at that. Even in my pain.

"What kind of friend are you then?" Mom grinned back. She also stepped close again.

"The best kind. Your son."

"Yes you are." She gave me look with her head cocked slightly to the side. "Are you going to be alright Jeremy? I'm your mom and I want to comfort you. After that mean girlfriend of yours went and broke your heart." Mom teased and eased me at the same time.

"I'll be okay. I hope. I have a good friend to help me get over it, over her. And my mom will help me too." I almost thought things would be okay.

"Would you like a hug from your old mother?" She held her arms wide for me.

"I'm kind of old for that, but I guess I can. For you." I stepped into her clutch.

We held each other tightly for a moment.

Yes, I couldn't resist.

I pushed my crotch at her and let one of my hands drop to her incredible ass.

"Jeremy!" She exclaimed loudly and jerked away from me.

"Do that again and I will tell your father about you groping me!" Mom's tone was fierce and unyielding. I knew she was completely serious with her threat.

"I could tell him you groped me first!" I joked back. I gave her a big smile to let her know that I was joking.

"Jeremy!" Mom warned.

"Okay mom! I got it. No more grabbing your ass, or squeezing your big tits, or putting my hand in your panties!" I darted out of her arm's reach as she swung to slap my arm.

After a moment of silence, mom spoke again.

"You are eighteen, and I can't tell you what to do. However, if you love me and respect me I would ask that you don't go begging to Jessica now. She might succumb to your charms, even after I ask her not to. She does have her new boyfriend to think about now. Don't go messing things up for her also. Okay?" Her eyes were as sharp as her words.

I didn't answer right away.

Not only was mom cutting me off, she was also taking away my first fantasy girl, her sister.

"You hear me?" She repeated, more sternly.

"Yeah." I said half-heartedly. That she used my love and respect of her against me meant that Aunt Jessica was really off-limits as well.

"You haven't said anything to her yet?" I asked hesitantly.

"No. And I don't want you to either. Not until I've had a chance to talk to her first."

Mom continued to stare at me.

"You better go to your room. You have to reacquaint your hand to your friend!" Mom said with a bite in her tone.

"Mom!" I croaked out in shock!

I couldn't believe she suggested that!

Yeah, we'd done everything together, but in this new understanding we had I had thought some things would go back to being unspoken.

"You wanted us to be able to still talk about these things! That goes two ways mister!" She might have been holding back a grin, but if so, she was succeeding.

"You sure you don't want to help out?" I offered. It was teasing. Unless she accepted!

"No, I'm not doing that again! And I don't want to see it either. Don't go waving it around at me or I'll cut it off and stick it on your door!"

I grimaced and held my crotch in mock pain.

I had to smile to myself though. I knew full well that she really did want to see it again. And again. Only her resolve to patch things with dad was preventing her from jumping me right then.

That's what I told myself anyway.

I did go to my room. Not to relieve myself though. The anvil of mom's decision hung on my being, draining me of all energy. I fell into my bed to rest. We may have left things on an easy note, but I knew that I was

still in shock from mom's bombshell. Every ounce of me refused to believe that mom and I were done and over. I loved her so much! It couldn't be over. It just couldn't!

Jenny was my life! I loved her. We had too much between us to pretend that things could end with a few words. And that we had to continue to live in the same house and see each other every day! There was no way that we could stop just like that! Mom would see reason. Or fall to her ravenous libido!

It just couldn't be over!

That was my last thought before I fell asleep.

My sister roused me for dinner, teasing me for sleeping all afternoon. I had to tell myself that it was just the late night Saturday that had made me so tired.

Dad looked worn at dinner and I was fairly sure that mom had been crying again. Whether from dad's straying or I hoped, or feared, more likely, the end of our time together.

I tried to make eye contact with mom, but she clearly avoided looking at me.

She was just as upset about her decision as I!

Not that I felt she would change it. My karma had swung in the opposite direction. I suspected I would now have seven fallow years as a balance for what I had experienced.

I don't know if I had gotten too much sleep, or it was still Saturday paying me back, or the great sorrow that was welling up in me waiting to break free, but I fell back in my bed.

The tears came later that night and continued on through the darkness that permeated my body as much as it did my bedroom.

The picture of Jenny and I on the Venetian Gondolas making out so carelessly and carefree sat on my nightstand like the memory of a dream.

Chapter 19

To say that the following day was the worst of my life would be in no way an understatement. I was up in the morning and out of the house before mom came out of her room.

I went around to all my teachers first thing before school started to get any schoolwork that I had missed from the previous day. I was not the only student to have extended spring break by a day, but I was the only one that had looked to make up for it.

Not that this made it any easier to get through the day. It dragged on interminably. That I couldn't focus on anything in any class only made it worse. I saw a few of my friends that showed off their subtropical tans and regaled me with their drunken sex stories. When I revealed that I had been dumped by my mysterious girlfriend they offered their sympathies and told me I should have gone to Florida with them. I don't know if that would have altered the events of Saturday and that I wouldn't have had the previous week with mom.

The last week I would ever have with her.

I had to sneak off to the restrooms to staunch the breaking dam of my eyes.

At the end of the day, the first and last place I wanted to be was home.

I could think of no other place to go though. I wanted to find a hole where I wouldn't hurt and shut out the crushing dark world.

I got home and tried to sneak in without having to see my lovely Jenny, knowing that the sight of her would rip out my heart again. I almost made it, as she had been working in the kitchen, as she usually seemed to be.

"Jeremy." Her voice was almost a question.

I glanced at her but the pain forced my eyes aside. She may have only been wearing a pair of jeans and a loose pullover top, but she was still so beautiful. I didn't even want to have sex with her. I just wanted to hug her, hold her, kiss her.

"Your principal called today. He was worried about all the time you've been missing lately." She paused as if I might respond, then she continued. "I told him that we've had some family troubles and that you shouldn't miss any more time. Especially with graduation so close."

I was still silent.

"Jeremy." Again the questioning voice. "Are you alright?"

I found the courage to look at her face. My pain giving me a voice to speak. The audacity for mom to ask such an asinine question.

"No. No, I'm not. What do you think?" The chill of my words like icicles in the space between us.

"I'm sorry. I really am, Jeremy. It'll get better, I swear it will." Her words didn't sound too convincing.

"Whatever." I said with harsh derision. I looked away from this angelic appearing demon in my mother's form. "I'll be upstairs."

"I'll call you for dinner." Mom said apologetically as if her words could ease the hole in my chest. I could sense the pain she felt at my response.

"Whatever." Was my cold answer.

If she said anything more, I didn't hear it. It may have been petty and unnecessary, but I slammed my door so mom could hear it, letting her know I was shutting her out.

I wanted to do something to distract me, but after only a few minutes on my X-station, I knew I couldn't concentrate enough to play, even though I had the urge to destroy countless alien hordes. If I couldn't play a game, I knew homework would be beyond my capabilities also. I just lay in bed with my headphones on and lost myself in the darkest of songs that mirrored my empty soul.

Johnny might have knocked, but I didn't hear him. He entered my room and told me that dinner was ready. My brother had a stunned look on his face when I told him that I wasn't hungry. I almost would have thought mom would have come up to check that I was alive, but I had no other visitors.

In the darkness of the night, the tears came again. Their flood did nothing to fill the void within me.

The next few weeks were a numb blur. I went to school, tried to concentrate on this last bit of free education, came home and filled my evening with homework, killing those alien hordes, listening to the blackest playlist of songs, and then falling roughly asleep on my salty pillow. Everyone in the family knew that I wanted to be left alone, and they gave me my space without question.

Well, except the victor of course.

Dad came up to my room after a couple of days of my reclusiveness. He didn't knock but merely invaded my hermitage.

"Jeremy. We need to talk." He said as if there was no refusing him.

I was sitting in my desk chair. I spun to face him.

"I just want to be left alone. If you don't mind." I kept my voice flat, not wanting to let out any indication about how I felt about my father, or the actions he had taken that had precipitated my solitude.

"I do mind. You are upsetting your mother. Your brother and your sister." He declared while standing, as if he sat he would lose his authority. I noticed he said nothing about my upsetting him.

I was fairly sure that it wasn't my hiding that had upset mom. She knew the reason. The real reason.

"She told me that your girlfriend broke up with you." Like I didn't already know that.

"I know that can hurt. But you'll get over her. I've been there, I know. Life goes on and you find the right one. Like your mother."

I know he didn't know what he was saying but I had to stare at him with daggers in my eyes.

"Not some hooker in a hotel?" My words were as sharp as broken glass.

Dad looked stunned at my accusation.

There was a shift in our relationship then. No longer was he the father guiding his son through life's mishaps. And I was no longer the son seeking his knowledge, or his approval.

"Your mother told you?" He now looked at my bed as if his legs couldn't support him anymore. With a second glance, he did take a step and sat hesitantly.

I gave no answer, my silence was my acknowledgement.

"It was a mistake. One that should never have happened. I would take it back if I could. I had drunk too much." Dad's face grew pale as he recalled that night. "The guys ..." He trailed off solemnly.

"However it happened, it happened. And it shouldn't have. Things between your mother and I have been ..." Dad looked around the room seeking the words he wanted to say. "Things haven't been alright."

"And that's an excuse for that?" I asked chilly.

"No. There is no excuse for what I did." Another pause. The words this time hadn't escaped him, but rather were a tumble that he had to sort through.

"I have the most beautiful woman as my wife."

That statement almost made me break out in tears at their truth. I steeled myself.

"The problem is that I have become complacent to that fact. I forget how amazing she is."

He didn't need to tell me!

"Yeah, we all love her." I declared my feelings for mom to my father, even if shaded by our biological connection. My cold tone belied my words though.

"I was presented with a beautiful woman, practically a girl, almost your age. I was drunk. My buddies goaded me, telling me how okay it was. She was just a hooker. That it didn't mean anything. But even as I was

doing ... what I did, I knew that it wasn't okay. It was a violation of the oaths I gave to Jenny. I came home and it ate at me, seeing you guys, seeing her ..."

I didn't know why dad felt he had to confess all this to me. He already had to mom; she was the only one from whom he had to seek forgiveness. I was just his son.

His rival. And his vanquished foe.

"I had to tell her what happened. I could have just pretended it didn't happen and go about my life, but it would have eaten at me. I could only make it go away by telling Jenny. I am going to spend the rest of my life making up for that mistake, and I will do so gladly to keep her with me."

I could feel the love dad had for mom. The same love I had inside me.

"I don't want you kids to be mad at me for what I've done. I know Johnny and Jojo have no idea what happened, only that mommy is upset with me. I hope that they never find out either." Pause as he looked at me, studying me as if we'd just met.

"I'm surprised that she told you, but you are an adult. I keep forgetting that. You will always be the little man that I played catch with all those

years ago." A reminiscing smile graced dad's face. "Of course you saw that something major had happened and would want to know. You didn't think your mother and I would get a divorce, did you?"

I gave him a noncommittal shrug of my shoulders.

"Gladly it didn't come to that point. It would have killed me."

I was glad that it hadn't also, even if I had little sympathy for dad.

"But that's not why you came up here." I said.

"No, that's not." He looked me right in the eye. "You treated your girlfriend wrong and she dumped you. Next time don't treat a girl so callously. Fooling around with her and her sister. And her sister's friend, I believe." Dad told me, regaining some of his fatherly confidence.

"That's not what happened. It was ...," I couldn't tell dad that it was him that had caused mom to break up with me!

"It was more complicated than that and had nothing to do with her sister. She has gotten a new boyfriend herself anyway."

"The sister?"

"Yeah."

Dad and I had now spoken more than we had since our golf outing weeks ago.

"You did seem to have a very cavalier attitude about this girl of yours. She may have said she was okay with how you were treating her, but I think she wasn't. She went back to an old boyfriend?"

I nodded. "Real old."

Practically ancient actually.

Even in my dark place, I had to grin at that thought.

"Well, whatever the reason, it will get better. You just need to get back out there and find another one, a better one." He gave me a weak smile, his 'mistake' still clouding his demeanor. "You know what they say, you fall off the horse, you get back on."

I couldn't tell him that there wasn't a better one.

Dad would have had to agree with me if I did.

He already had said she was the most beautiful woman. To the two of us anyway.

"You still okay in school?" Dad asked changing the subject to a safer one.

"Just fine."

I will say that I was touched that dad had shown some interest in how I was feeling, even if I didn't want it. It showed he wasn't a complete ass anyway.

Dad stood slowly, trying to resume his elder status.

"Just don't shut out the family because you are having a hard time right now. We all care about you, son." His love did reflect from his face. I just didn't want to see it right then. "You should talk to your mother. She's been worried about you."

"Did she say that?" Could mom have changed her mind?

"Not in words. But I see how she looks at you. I can see the pain in her eyes."

It wasn't worry dad was seeing. Mom was just as hurt as I, and for the same reasons.

But now was when dad starts to notice things?

Which I guess was fortunate that it was when things had ended and that it hadn't been in the midst of our affair!

"Are you sure it's because of me and it isn't you?"

"Well, she's not so happy with me right now, but no, it is you. You should talk to her." He repeated his advice.

The last thing I needed was to talk to the woman that had broken my heart!

"I will dad. Thanks for checking on me." I tried to seem consoled; it would be the only way he would leave me alone.

"Cheer up. Tomorrow's another day." Dad gave me one more weak smile and having done his fatherly duty, left my room.

Later that evening I did look towards mom and saw the dual grief written in her eyes. I gave her a small nod of my head in acknowledgement. Her eyes brightened briefly but then turned away as if afraid to meet my gaze for too long.

I did notice mom sleeping on the couch a couple more times interspersed over that couple of weeks. So things weren't completely settled between my parents, even after dad's words to me. I was sure that that meant that they weren't having sex.

(Ewww!)

I also wasn't having any sex.

Not with mom. Not with Aunt Jessica. Not with anyone.

I actually debated one day about going to Aunt Jessica's friend Margie's house for a nookie call.

I quickly told myself no.

As good as she might have been, the brash woman seemed to have her own issues that could cause untold problems for me. Even as bad as I wanted to get laid, some women weren't worth the hassle for a bit of pussy!

Sacrilege, I know!

Dad did buy mom an expensive diamond bracelet that she wore all the time after receiving it. I didn't see dad give it to her, its appearance on her wrist was a reminder of my father's infidelity, or as I viewed it, mom's continued slavery to her cheating husband. The double standard was not lost on me, but I wasn't the one cheating at all. That mom seemed so happy with the trinket made it appear that she was glad that dad had had sex with a hooker, which was very much not the case.

Movie night on Fridays had been put on hold for a few weeks while mom and dad worked things out. Aunt Jessica was getting very serious with her boyfriend and would have been a no-show anyway. Mom and I could no longer get up to any hanky panky on the loveseat, so what was the point anymore?

Besides actually watching a movie I mean.

Johnny and Jojo were the only ones really disappointed by the decision and I felt bad for them. They understood that mom and dad were having issues, or as Jojo put it, they weren't friends at the moment.

Dad actually took mom out on the second Saturday night following the 'incident'.

I babysat my brother and sister; having our own movie night. I even joined them on the floor for most of the night. We watched two movies before the pair of them could no longer stay awake. I moved to the couch and started another movie before I too fell asleep.

I was awoken by a loud commotion at the front door.

It was dad and mom returning home.

They were all over each other and it seemed that they had had a bit too much to drink. I barely noticed dad, my eyes focused on mom in her slinky blue strapless dress that stopped at mid-thigh.

Both of them shushed the other when they saw their children sleeping on the floor and then burst out with loud laughter at their simultaneous action. Dad had an arm cradled around mom's back, holding her close as they kissed and laughed. They stumbled through the room as they tried to hold each other upright. Neither noticed my barely open eyes

as I watched them with some hostility. The woman I loved and the man that had stolen her back away from me.

Mom looked to the couch and she grew quiet with a thoughtful look on her face when she saw my supposedly sleeping form. Was it regret I saw on her face? Or just my wishful thinking?

I knew she couldn't see me watching her in the near darkness as she turned off the television before dad groped her back into his grasping hold. They headed down the hall towards their room, their lips as roaming as their hands on each other's bodies.

It was only minutes later and I was still half-conscious, my anger keeping me from slipping back into slumber, when I heard dad grunting faintly from the closed room. Mom's barely heard moans triggered a Pavlov response in me, making me hard as I fell from the world.

This was not the only incident of me catching my parents having sex.

By not spending my time with mom, I decided to spend some with my brother and sister.

I wanted to distract them from the tension at home, and with me going to college next year, I knew I had little time left with them before we all

grew up and went our own ways in life. Even if it seemed like there was no life for me without my dear sweet Jenny.

So I declared one afternoon that I was going to take the two of them to a local baseball game. It was only an amateur league, but it was inexpensive and the action would be the same as any big league game. And it would end early enough for the youngsters to be home for bedtime. Both were thrilled for this new and different activity.

I got caught up in the game, enjoying the time with Johnny and Jojo. I tried to explain some of the rules to my sister but all she was interested in was watching the batter's either swing and miss, of which she found hilarious, or in the sudden action when one did get a hit. She rooted equally for either team and equally booed them both also, sometimes for no apparent reason.

We filled up on hotdogs, chili fries, and lemonades.

Which led to a minor dilemma when Jojo stated she had to use the little girls room. I didn't risk letting her use the women's room by herself, but she argued about going into the men's room. I finally agreed to go in and tell everyone there to close their eyes before Jojo would enter. She even had to scold a few of the guys about keeping their eyes closed. I had to cover my mouth to hold back my chortle. I'm sure there was no safer place in the world for my cute little eight-year old sister to tinkle, as it seemed every male there was ready to fight for her safety. There

were even a few giggles as she strutted out of the room as if she owned it. Johnny just groaned and shook his sunken head at his younger sister's display.

A foul ball was hit our way in the fourth inning and everyone in our section scrambled to be the one to catch it. Unfortunately, a teen boy a few rows behind us caught it. Jojo declared loudly that he had to give it to her. I had to explain to her that that wasn't how it worked. She pouted for the next few batters, but when the next foul ball was hit in our direction, she cheered when someone in the section next to us pulled it in.

So much for the fickleness of little girls.

It was late when we returned home, but not so much so. But late enough.

I hadn't taken any consideration as to what mom and dad would be doing while we were gone, which was strange since I had lived on those stolen moments not so long ago.

We came in and I ushered my siblings to their bedtime rituals. Mom came from down the hallway with a quickened step.

As my eyes fell on her it struck me as to what she had so recently been doing.

I recognized the flushed look of her face, her breath heavy, hair tousled, and her clothes wrinkled and hanging not quite right on her frame.

It hit me like a sledgehammer, as I understood she'd just had sex.

With dad.

Her eyes lit over the younger pair, confirming they were whole and without injury. When her eyes met mine that were filled with sudden anger, I saw her flinch and shrink back from my knowing gaze. She ducked past me to hurry my brother and sister up the stairs while they recounted the game's highlights to her.

Dad appeared a few moments later as I stood in the living room, not wanting to be upstairs near mom right then but having nowhere else to go.

It wasn't as apparent with him, but that could be that I was all too familiar as to mom's condition after sex.

He eyed me with a seemingly judging eye that seemed contentious as he asked me how the game had gone.

I answered with as few words as I could.

The two of stood there wordlessly, each avoiding the other's gaze for very different reasons.

I couldn't even imagine the expression he would have had if he found out that I had been with mom as he had just been. And numerous times. That she had stated to me that I was the better lover. Even if I now doubted the veracity of those words, accounting them just pillow talk.

Mom came bustling back downstairs, pausing at seeing her two lovers standing awkwardly ignoring each other.

Her lowered eyes rose to meet my face and she wished me a good night.

I scowled and hurried to my sanctuary. Dad called out my name as a reprimand.

It wasn't only a renewed interest in sex between both my parents. They were seemingly constantly touching each other.

Dad would grab mom by her shoulders, resting his hands there as if declaring his possession. Mom ran her fingertips over his forearms as they talked, which they did more often. Dad would come up behind her and hug her around her waist; the implication of the little jerk of his hips as he did so wasn't lost on me. Mom would giggle and turn to take his cheeks in her palms then end in a kiss that would make me avert my gaze. It seemed a moment didn't pass that one of them wasn't in contact with the other.

It was sickening.

And I wasn't the only one affected this way.

One afternoon after dad had come home, the two of them were cavorting about heedless of their children's presence. My brother, bless him for speaking the words that I wanted to say in spite, came out and told our parents, "Do the two of you have to do that? Can't you be like other parents and ignore each other?"

I had to turn my grinning face before either of them noticed.

Dad came back with, "Sorry son, but your parents love each other and can't help but show it."

He grinned to show he wasn't offended by his younger son's words.

Anything I might have added would surely have caused offense.

Mom did glance at me, trying to do so discreetly, but her presence in the room was the focus of my awareness whether I was looking her way or not.

Not that I had any intention of breaking my promise to mom or cause any distress with Aunt Jessica, but I needed someone to talk to about my ruined life. And if something should happen while I was there, I wouldn't necessarily resist very much.

So one evening after dinner, I went over to my aunt's house.

She was surprised to see me, and yet also acted as if she had been waiting for me.

I shouldn't have been surprised, but it was kind of a shock to find that my normally ebullient aunt was cool to me.

We exchanged pleasantries briefly. She asked about school and if I had made any final plans for college next year. She inquired about Johnny and Jojo as if she didn't get regular updates about our household from

her sister. It was obvious that she was avoiding mentioning anything about mom and me.

"I said all along that things would end badly." Was all that she said in acknowledgement of the situation.

I silently nodded in a non-reply.

I wasn't going to get any sympathy here. At least not now while things were still so fresh and painful.

She did give me a loving hug as I was about to leave and I thought I heard the intake of breath as if she was about to say something more, but she just pulled away from me with a saddened smile.

My smile was more of a grimace as I said goodbye to my gorgeous aunt.

Mom's stare at me when I returned home told me that she somehow knew where I had gone. It was a cold and almost vacant look that made me feel guilty for something that didn't happen. I couldn't believe that her sister had called to inform on me, but I didn't know what to believe anymore.

To help distract myself, and to improve my academic standing, I took on an extra credit project for my History class. I threw myself at this diversion with all my pent-up energy. It was while studying the effects that the American Civil War had on the country that it hit me. Even when things looked bleak for the northern troops and the secessionists were only miles from Washington D.C. they didn't give up. They fought on for what they believed was right.

What was that saying? 'All's fair in love and war'. That's what this was, a war. A battle for my mother's love. I had conceded on her word without putting up a fight. I just had to prove to her that I loved her more than dad did.

I finished the project in a rush within days of this revelation as I was now focused on my strategy for getting mom back.

First, I had to make her aware that I wasn't done with her.

I came out of my seclusion to the smiles of my parents, as they believed I was now out of my funk. In a way I was. Mom's smile wasn't as broad and open as dad's, but was furtive and demure, still unable to meet my gaze.

A gaze that was now directed at her all the time. She caught my looks but turned away as if we had only met each other's eyes coincidentally. Only after a half dozen such times did mom finally realize that my stare

had never wavered. She still averted her eyes, but not as her attention was directed elsewhere, but more as if she couldn't bear up to my scrutiny.

Mom never commented about my staring, as it wasn't as if I was doing anything wrong. Her image was already burned into my brain; this was only incidental longing looks. She couldn't, or wouldn't, say anything as that would be admitting that she was bothered by my intense gazes.

I then began to make comments about her wardrobe, complimenting the different outfits that she wore each day. I could still picture her naked form beneath those articles of clothing as she moved about the house, even as I appreciated the drape of her skirt and the way a blouse clung to the curves of her tits. I never was so coarse with my words, merely praising her fashion choices and the way the colors brought out her eyes, or matched her hair color, or contrasted with her skin tone. She took my flattery in stride, giving me a warning look once or twice before accepting my words in the spirit that she assumed they were meant, as a conciliatory gesture.

That was far from my intent.

I wanted her to know that I still noticed her and respected her as a woman.

It seemed innocent enough that she came to smile back at me when I told her how good she looked.

I had to show her that it wasn't innocent praise though.

My lust for her had never faltered and now that my anger had passed through me, my hormones were once again in control. Staring at mom and seeing her as I had once had, on her knees, spread-eagle on her bed, on her hands and knees atop me in my bed, had me continually hard.

I didn't keep it hidden while I was around mom, instead I made an effort to let her know of my condition. Her dismay was clear, but I saw her eyes didn't avoid my loins, even if she did avert them nearly immediately. We might not be having sex anymore but I wanted it known the effect she continued to have on me and that she couldn't pretend that she did not know it.

At one point when we were alone, I pulled out my rock hard dick and I waved it at mom from across the living room. She stared at it for a moment and then into my eyes. She crossed the room purposefully and her hand shot out to grab my erection. Mom squeezed it so tightly that I could still see the marks her fingers left on it later. I winced as I stared into her eyes.

"If you ever do this again, I will rip it off and then have to wait for Johnny or Jojo before I get to have any grandkids!" Mom growled before she released me and stormed from the room.

I tried to grin through my pain. I saw it as a win.

Mom didn't have to put her hand on my cock to warn me!

Without mom as a release for my constant supply of semen, I had to relieve myself numerous times a day. I took this as an opportunity to melt mom's resolve. I made sure she knew of the time I was spending alone in my room, or in the bathroom. I would grin at her before and/or after I did this. Mostly she would just shake her head at my not-so-subtle subterfuge.

I had to believe it was having its affect.

I held off for a day and a half, building up a good amount, then took a plastic cup, and quickly jerked off into it. I wasn't done yet, and as I pictured mom on her knees sucking my dick, I was able to cum again into the container.

I rushed down to bring the cup to mom.

"You aren't getting it from the machine anymore, so I decided to deliver it." I said cheerfully.

Mom took the cup without pause, but then when she saw its contents and realized what it was, her eyes flared wide. She angrily shook her head in disgust as she dumped my cum into the sink.

I turned, cautiously, and said as I walked away, "Your loss."

Mom turned away from me and must have assumed I had left. Rather, I had slowed to study her reaction.

She gazed at the clear plastic for a moment, the remains pooling at the bottom again.

Mom looked up at the ceiling before she put a finger in the cup and ran it along the inside. She then brought her digit to her lips slowly as if trying to resist its lure. Her eyes closed in bliss as her finger entered her mouth as if she was tasting the most delicious ice cream.

Or her son's cream.

I hurried away with a smile before mom saw that I had witnessed her wicked act.

This single event gave me hope that all was not lost.

But the war raged on.

I had to take to wearing my headphones on Friday and Saturday nights as mom and dad would have sex in their room below me. They also were what only could be called frisky in the evenings after dad came home. Neither made any effort to conceal their affectionate activity, but I was sure mom was making it a point of doing so openly in front of me, making it obvious of whom she had chosen. Jojo would just laugh at their flirtatious attitudes while Johnny groaned and rolled his eyes at them. I just tried to ignore them.

One afternoon I came downstairs for a break from my homework. Mom was in the kitchen. I paused to look at her in her white blouse and black slacks. I felt that yearning for her that made me rise in my pants. Whatever had happened between us and whether anything ever would happen again, I didn't want my pain and loss to make me lose her as my mother.

I stepped up behind her and she didn't hear me with the water from the faucet running. I wrapped my arms around her waist innocently and gave her a firm hug.

She jerked in surprise but accepted my embrace.

"Oh! Jeremy. You startled me."

I will admit that I hadn't intended anything more than that, but my hormones pushed me further.

My dick was hard and pressed against mom's luscious butt cheeks. Semi-consciously, I rubbed it on her ass.

"Jeremy! What the hell do you think you're doing?" Mom scolded me harshly over her shoulder.

"I'm just giving you a hug. You used to like that." I responded calmly.

"It feels like your cock is in my ass!"

"You used to like that too." I said as I released her and drew back a step.

Mom turned and stared at me. It wasn't anger on her face, nor was it annoyance. I had no idea what she was thinking right then and I took another step backwards. That she had said 'cock' so easily and freely to me instead of dick or penis wasn't so motherly. This was telling even

though we were supposed to have a more open relationship between us.

I turned and retreated from the room while mom still stared back at me.

I had a memory vault of the things I had done with mom, or even with Aunt Jessica, but I found myself back to watching porn on the internet. But rather than the young starlets that I had once got off on, I now found myself checking out mother/son scenes.

Except for a rare few, most of the moms looked to be barely thirty while the sons appeared to be only five years or so younger than the mothers. Even with the scenes that skirted this by calling themselves step-mothers or step-sons, it was still so unbelievable. Not that that stopped me from watching. Or getting off on them.

Mom's birthday happened to fall during this period and as much as I had once looked forward to her special day, I now dreaded it. I would have to celebrate with the rest of the family and pretend to be happy for her when I only wanted to whisk her away for a romantic evening followed by a night of hot sex and lovemaking.

Something that was no longer going to happen.

It also meant that I had to get her a present.

One that would be in keeping with my being her son and not a spurned lover.

A spurned lover that hoped to win her back.

Thus I couldn't get her something that would seem petty or spiteful. Nor something cheap, but also not expensive either. Not that I had a fortune to spend anyway.

I also didn't want to ask mom what she might want me to get her, not wanting to admit that I had no clue for the woman that had meant so much to me until so recently. And knowing that she'd tell me that anything I gave her would be wonderful.

The normal motherly response.

It was a dilemma that troubled me for a few days.

It was actually dad's reconciliatory gift that gave me the solution.

I was staring at mom one afternoon. She was consciously ignoring me.

As usual.

I happened to catch a glint of the expensive bracelet on her wrist.

Then came the stab of pain for what it stood for, and the reason of why it even rested on the end of mom's arm.

I had to give her something to counter dad's, something to remind her of me and what we had had.

Of our time together.

Bingo!

We had a simple small party to celebrate the day. Only the family, Aunt Jess, Grandma Sharon, and a few of mom's closest friends. It was only a couple of hours of chitchat and catching up, followed by cake and ice cream and then the gift giving.

Mom overreacted to every gift, as if each one would be a cherished heirloom.

My sister gave mom a special collection of a small number of Jojo original colored prints.

Even signed by the artist!

Johnny's present was a slight surprise.

He'd saved money by returning cans and bottles and had bought one of those decorative plates with a stand. It had mom's name and birthdate written on it. Mom's eyes lit up when she opened the roughly wrapped gift.

Dad's was more mundane, a cookware set. Mom thanked him with a peck on the cheek, but I noticed the little resigned sigh she gave upon opening a gift that defined her by her housewife status and not as loving wife. She did also glance at her wrist like that might balance out dad's cost.

When it came to my turn, I saw that mom looked at me with some apprehension.

Did she expect me to embarrass her with my gift, to expose what we had done? Surely not.

I handed her the smallish box that caused her to give me a curious and yet, warning glance. As if she might suspect.

I just nodded to the carefully wrapped box in her hand.

She opened it as if a snake might spring forth.

The jewelry box earned me another glance. This one was all warning.

Dad also gave me a look.

I knew his was more of a question of cost.

Mom opened the black container slowly until she saw what it contained. I could almost hear her exhale in relief when she saw the simple watch inside.

"What is it honey?" Dad asked expectantly.

"A watch." Mom answered. She sounded almost a little disappointed, even after she had feared it might be some kind of expensive jewelry.

Then she noticed the small card tucked in beside it.

'To remember the time we spent together.'

Fortunately, she did not read it aloud.

This drew a quick stare from those green lasers above her cheeks!

I figured if dad could have something on her wrist to signify his possession, then so could I!

Mine just had to be more discrete.

Mom did look back down at the inexpensive timepiece, but it wasn't cheap either. She made a slight show of putting it on. On the same wrist as the diamond bracelet.

Did she realize my intent or was just innocently doing so?

She did give me a loving smile and said thank you. A smile for a son though.

After everyone was gone and we'd had dinner I approached mom with a large envelope.

"I forgot. I had a card for you too." I said simply and handed it to her.

"Thanks Jeremy." She looked quickly at me then down at the card as she pulled it out.

It was a normal card, though oversized, but I had glued a piece of paper on the inside.

Mom opened it and gasped loudly.

"Jeremy!" She nearly shouted.

I had to snicker.

I had taken a picture of my hard dick and then printed it out from my computer and stuck it into mom's card.

"Something else to remember me by." I said and gave her a kiss on the cheek before retreating upstairs.

Before I did, I did see that she didn't crumple up the card, or throw it away!

Only later did I worry about dad finding it and becoming enraged at finding a dick pic from another man in his wife's possession!

Even if he didn't realize it was a picture of his son's dick!

It was during these weeks when I was no longer rushing home from school for some illicit action with my mother that I lingered after the final bell to hang with my neglected friends.

I also noticed that an unusual number of girls would stop and chat with me.

I mean they were all girls I knew, ones that were in this or that class with me, ones that were friends of different guy friends of mine, or different ones that I had known previously. I didn't know if it was my recent absence on the school social scene that had brought on this sudden interest in me, or if I was just more at ease around girls because of my experiences with mom and Aunt Jessica that made me more comfortable around female presences. I certainly didn't recall having this many girls around before, even when I dated V, or Beth and the couple of others.

I was even pretty sure that any number of them had flirted with me.

Me!

I had never been part of the 'cool' crowd and my upswing in popularity threw me off.

No matter the reasons or causes, I played it cool with any of them, as I wasn't looking for anyone new.

One day after the rest of the group had already departed and I was putting off going home because of the pain seeing mom always brought on, even as I was trying to win her back, I was approached by a girl.

I didn't recognize her, but she must have been a fellow schoolmate. I sized her up quickly.

She was about 5 foot 6, finely curled reddish hair that hung past her shoulders, with the bluest eyes I'd ever seen.

She was wearing a fuzzy green short-sleeved sweater over a white long-sleeved blouse with its collar overlapping the sweater. Blue jeans and sneakers completed her outfit. She was slim with just enough curves to prove her femininity.

I was intrigued.

I had no idea what the girl might want.

"Hey." She said then cast her eyes down. She appeared nervous.

"Hey." I answered.

"I've seen you around." She glanced up at me and after a quick flick back down, her eyes stayed on mine.

"I don't think I've seen you before. You go here?"

"Four years." She answered sharply.

"Really?" I looked at her more intently, but I still had no memory of seeing her before. "You're a senior?"

Yes, I was very suave!

"Same as you." Her eyes darted aside then back to me.

Those eyes were incredible!

I was sure if I had seen them before that I would definitely have remembered them.

"You know me?" I asked cautiously.

I surely hoped she wasn't some crazy stalker type.

"I've seen you around." She repeated.

"You said that."

"I'm sorry. I'm kinda nervous." Her lips twisted charmingly.

"Nervous about what?"

I will say that looking back I could be quite clueless at times.

Maybe something I got from my father.

"I haven't seen you with anyone. You don't seem to have a girlfriend. You don't have one tied up at home do you?"

That question struck a nerve with me and I broke out with a short laugh.

"No. No one tied up at home."

I couldn't break my gaze from those azure pools. I felt the need to just dive into them.

"I wondered if maybe we could go somewhere. Have coffee sometime."

Her nervousness was quite cute.

"I don't drink coffee." I said blankly.

"Oh." Her demeanor collapsed. She looked around as if someone had interrupted her. "I'm sorry. I'll go now."

The girl started to turn, almost appeared ready to run.

I grabbed her shoulder lightly.

"That's not what I meant. I mean, I don't like coffee, but yeah, we could go somewhere if you want."

"Really? Like now?"

That she could be so bold to approach me and yet be so nervous at the same time was endearing.

"You have very pretty eyes." I blurted out for no reason other than to state it openly.

"You think so? Thanks. So do you." She held back a giggle.

I had pretty eyes?

That's not very manly to hear, but I accepted it graciously.

"Thanks, I think."

She did titter then.

We went to a nearby diner and had beverages.

And we talked.

For nearly four hours.

I hadn't realized it had been so long until I looked out the window and saw that it was dark.

I apologized and told her that I had to get home. She also had to leave.

It was only then that I realized that I didn't know her name.

We had been talking about everything like we'd known each other for years and it had never occurred to me to get her name.

"I'm sorry," I started as we stood to leave. "I never got your name. Mine's Jeremy."

"It's Erin." She said quietly with a demure smile. "I know your name. Jeremy."

She said my name as if proving it existed. I had to smile at that.

As we stood our hands met briefly like fluttering sparrows but withdrew shyly.

"I'll see you after school tomorrow?" I asked hopefully.

"By the flagpole out front?" Erin suggested.

"Sure." I agreed. "Here, let me give you my number."

Erin handed me her phone and I added my digits to her contact list.

"Tomorrow then." I stated not asked.

Erin nodded and we parted.

I walked back to the school parking lot and drove home.

The rest of the family looked at me oddly at my late arrival. I merely said I had been with some friends and lost track of time. Mom eyed me cautiously as I ate my cold dinner. Could she suspect that I had lied about my afternoon? I didn't want to say anything about Erin, not yet anyway. Even with all that we talked about, I hardly knew her.

Except those blue eyes!

I didn't know what to make of Erin. She was pretty enough, but it was more than that that I was attracted to her. I just felt so at ease with her. Her sense of humor seemed quite comparable to me in the short time we had spent together. She had many similar likes, except of course for her choice of drink.

For the first time in a long while, I had not thought of my mother for some hours.

I wasn't sure how I felt about that.

I still loved mom. Jenny.

I still wanted to get back together with her. To get her into my bed.

Or her bed.

But I now wanted to know more about Erin also.

Just as I was about to go to bed my phone buzzed. It was an unknown number.

'Goodnight Jeremy. Erin.'

I smiled when I read it.

But I was nervous too. It seemed very forward for someone that seemed so shy that afternoon.

I sure hoped she really wasn't some crazy stalker girl!

I looked for Erin the next day in the hallways but it was a large school and I hardly knew a tenth of my classmates. Much less the larger school populace. Still, I found it odd that we had never passed each other in the halls, or seen each other in the lunchroom. Or had we? She clearly knew who I was. I just didn't know Erin.

As much as I was attracted to this girl, I felt I should be cautious. At least until I knew more about her.

Or what my situation was with mom.

I did almost rush to the flagpole meeting place when school let out. It was only a few minutes later when Erin showed up.

She had on a school sweatshirt and wore jeans again. Her hair was tied in a ponytail. Erin's eyes had arrived a few milliseconds before her.

I unconsciously smiled at the sight of her.

"Hey." I greeted her.

"I wasn't sure you'd be here." Her smile was reserved.

"Why?" I asked. I didn't think I had given her reason to doubt my interest.

"I realized after I texted you last night how crazy that might seem. You just met me."

I laughed nervously but tried to make it seem as if she'd told me a joke.

"No, it was fine. Friendly." It was only a semi-lie.

"I'm sorry. I like you. For a while actually. I've just been nervous about approaching you."

The irony of a girl being nervous approaching me rather than the opposite wasn't lost on me. I might have acted the same in her position.

"I just didn't know if you had a girl already and I didn't want to be rejected if you did." Erin's eyes fell to the concrete.

"I ... I kind of had ... a girl. But she ... broke up with me recently." I said cautiously.

"It couldn't have been anyone at school." Erin looked around like any of the number of departing girls could have been her rival.

"No. No one from school. It was ... complicated." I looked squarely at her to bring her attention back to me.

"I just would like to get to know you better. I haven't talked with someone so easily as yesterday in ... like forever."

"Me either." I agreed. "I think I'd like to know you better too." I smiled at her to calm her nerves.

Her smile in return was like the sun on a cloudy day.

"Coffee?" I asked.

"I don't like coffee." Erin said with a wry grin.

"I think that's my line." I grinned back at her. "Let's take my car this time."

It was only a short two blocks but I didn't feel like walking back afterwards.

I tried to pay more attention to the clock that time but it was still almost dark when we left the diner.

Erin surprised me as we exited the building by grabbing me and planting her lips on mine. I melted into hers.

It lasted only a minute but it was one of the best kisses I'd ever had.

I smiled at Erin numbly.

"See you tomorrow." She said as she started down the street. She got a dozen paces and turned and waved. I flapped my arm back like a zombie.

I don't know if these past two days counted as dates or not, but to me it felt like things were going slightly quicker than I liked. I know we hadn't done anything but the one kiss and had talked for countless hours, but I was still getting over mom and I didn't want Erin to be a rebound relationship. If that was even where we were headed.

I don't want to say that I didn't want to have sex with Erin. I didn't need to know a hot girl to want sex with her, but if there was to be any chance of anything more with this new girl, we had to get to know each other first.

Or that's what I thought anyway.

And the fact that I still was working on winning mom back didn't make things any easier.

Mom was surprised to see me home late again. I repeated the same excuse as yesterday. Out with friends. I don't know if she believed it and that I wasn't just still avoiding her. She wouldn't have been completely wrong either.

I had been home only an hour when my phone buzzed in my pocket.

I pulled it out expecting it to be Erin.

'Wish I was still talking with you.' With a smiley face emoji.

I texted back, 'Me too. I like talking to you.'

Then I added, feeling foolish for doing so, 'I miss looking in your beautiful eyes.' With the smiley face and heart eyes emoji.

I looked up after typing and saw mom looking at me curiously. Did my face betray me? I may have been grinning widely.

I finished my cold dinner, again, and went up to my room.

Erin and I texted back and forth for the next few hours, not saying anything important outside of a high school's halls. Teachers, classes, our impending graduation, movies we each liked, music, the arts, world peace, you know, the usual things.

I fell asleep that night and it wasn't mom's face that I saw in the darkness behind my eyes, but Erin's blue eyes shining brightly.

The next day, I did see Erin at lunchtime at the far end of the large room. I waved to her and she caught my motion and waved back but she was with a group of people and didn't join me. I was slightly depressed at that. But I also didn't leave my friends to join her either.

We met after school and went to the diner. This time I bought us each some apple pie with whipped cream piled high. Again, I couldn't say exactly what we talked about, but the time just flew by as we babbled together. The kiss as we parted was longer and full of the building passions we were feeling about each other.

I did discover that she had been attracted to me for awhile but had been afraid to approach me and that the quickly arriving end of school and our graduation had made her finally overcome her apprehension. I was glad that she had and also was glad that she had done so when she had, any earlier and I might have discounted her attraction and turned her down since I was with my beautiful and sexy mother. But that was in the past and I had to move forward.

Besides this was exactly what mom had wanted me to do from the start, find a girl my own age to be with.

I don't know if that was still the case, but as mom had now rejected me, I had no recourse.

I still didn't know what would happen with Erin, but it appeared to be going good as long as I didn't do anything to jeopardize things.

Like continue my futile quest to get mom back.

And I had to make sure Erin didn't learn anything about my previous girlfriend!

Speaking of which, I got a cold glare from mom to go with my cold dinner.

"If you're going to be spending all this time with your friends, you're going to have to eat out or come home and make your own. I'm not going to keep making your meals if you're not going to be here." Mom told me sternly. The way she had emphasized friends made me think she knew I had been with a girl. She had good reason too, as I had never missed two meals in a row before because of time spent with friends. Dinner had been too important to me!

"I'm sorry mom. It's just I've missed spending time with them. You know, I've been occupied elsewhere recently."

My glare in return had a touch of a leer that was not lost on my mother.

"Yes, I know." She looked at the floor then back at me. "I'm sorry about that. Well, not sorry, but ..." She sputtered.

"I know mom." I interrupted her. "I'll try to be home earlier. I don't want to miss out on your delicious cooking."

This brought a smile to her face that stung my heart.

Mom leaned to me and gave me a kiss on the cheek.

"I do still love you Jeremy. I hope you remember that."

Her voice was heartfelt and she turned away from me. I wasn't sure if she meant that as just my mother.

"I love you too mom." I answered. I was glad she wasn't looking at me. Speaking those words while looking at her face would have crushed me.

I texted back and forth with Erin while I worked on the bit of homework I had that night. Mom knocked on my door cautiously after she had tucked in Jojo. She entered slowly as if expecting me to be jerking off. If it would have gotten any results with her, I might have been.

I put down my phone and said, "What's up mom?"

I could still picture her nude with her full breasts and stiff nipples inviting my lips, her patch of hair below that surely needed a new trimming, and those delicious hidden lips that ...

I had to shake the vision away.

"I just wanted to make sure that you are okay. You've been ... not your usual self lately."

"Things have been ... hard, but I think they might be getting better."

I couldn't pass up the chance for a bit of innuendo.

Mom's slight turn of her lips let me know that she caught it.

"I know things are going to be ... difficult between us for awhile, but I want you to know that this isn't easy for me either. I do miss being with you. Things are better with Justin than before, but he isn't you."

Mom's eyes were wandering all over my room, avoiding my eyes.

"Mom ..." I broke in.

"Jeremy," she continued. "I want to keep being your mom; I don't want you to hate me because of what needed to be done. You know it's for the better, or you will one day. Hopefully soon."

"I understand mom. I do. But that doesn't mean I don't still want to be with you. I don't think that will ever change. Even if I do find someone else." I stared into her emerald eyes fiercely.

I spoke cautiously. I didn't want her to think that I possibly had someone already. It felt like I was betraying those feelings so easily with the first girl that came along.

No matter how right things felt with Erin.

"That's nice dear. I feel the same way also. Who would have thought that the perfect man for me was my own son?" Mom glanced at the ceiling, her question not meant for me to answer. "But we can't go on like we were. Jessica was right, someone was going to get hurt. More than we are right now. Better to end it now then after Justin, or anyone else, found out about us. We were very lucky."

"I was very lucky." I declared, but meant it in a completely different way than she did.

Mom smiled at that.

"No, I was the lucky one." Her smile was so warming. Her eyes may have even gotten misty.

"This is for the better Jeremy."

"If you say so mom. It doesn't feel that way."

"Over time it'll get better."

I still doubted that.

"Are you still good with school? Graduation is getting very close."

"Yeah. Things are actually looking up at school." I responded quickly.

"That's good. I'd hate that this ... whole thing messed up you graduating with your class." The worry in her voice was touching.

"No, mom, things are good. I could probably miss the rest of the year and still graduate."

"Well, let's not go that far, shall we?" Mom knew I was teasing but she still looked firmly at me.

"You know me better than that."

"Still no plans for college?"

I had so many plans that they boggled my brain. I had acceptance letters from a few, even a scholarship or two, but I hadn't been able to decide where I wanted to go yet. Up to recently I had wanted to stay close to home to be near mom, still did actually, but that option had grown stale now.

"Lots of plans, but no decisions yet." I told her.

"Whatever you decide, you know your father and I are behind you." Mom said tenderly, adding more feeling to her words to cover her partial fib.

"Dad too?" I chided her.

"He may not be happy with your choice, but you know he will support you in it regardless. He does love you too."

"I know. He could show it better." I said, my tone darker.

"Like I did?" Mom teased trying to lighten the mood.

"No, not like that." I had to grin at mom's suggestion. And then I shivered at the further implication of dad joining mom and I.

"You would have loved that, wouldn't you Jenny?"

"Jeremy!" Mom's voice rose at my using her name. Then a smile creased her lips.

"It's an interesting thought. Being with the two men that love me, together." Mom's eyes got dreamy and unfocused.

"Earth to mom." I called out.

"Right. Well, as long as you're okay." Mom turned to leave.

"Not okay, but I'll live."

"That'll have to be enough for now I guess."

"Goodnight mom."

"Goodnight Jeremy." Mom closed the door behind her.

I glanced at my phone and there were a few messages from Erin, the last one saying that if I was busy she'd see me tomorrow.

'Goodnight Erin.' I texted.

Even having lost my mother as my lover, things weren't going to get any easier for me.

Erin and I did meet up at lunch after ditching our respective groups of friends. When the warning bell went off it seemed no time had passed. It was also the first kiss we had in school when we parted. Both of us were late to our next class.

We met up after school, but skipped the diner and instead just walked around the neighborhood for a few hours. I was thrilled because we held hands the whole time like we were a couple. But I guess we were.

We talked about many things again, never seeming to run out of topics or things to say even though it felt like we knew each other forever. I worried this was going too fast after my break-up from mom. I didn't want to ruin things by going too quick. I wasn't sure about our status and with me not being able to let things go, I had to ask.

We were halfway back to the school when I blurted out, "What are we now? Are we dating? A couple?"

Erin stopped walking and looked at me a bit stunned.

"Don't you want to be?" She asked plaintively.

"Yes. Yes, of course I do. But things are going kinda fast. We just met." I answered as I stared back at her.

"Do you believe in fate, Jeremy?"

"What? I don't know. Sometimes, but I'm not sure."

"I think we were fated to be together. Why did I wait so long until I met you? You were with someone and you would have turned me down or ignored me, right?" Erin looked intensely at my face.

I couldn't say she wasn't right. While with mom, I had been blind to many girls that had been possibly flirting with me. But there was another explanation as to why Erin chose now.

"School is about to end. We'd all go our separate ways. You knew you didn't have much time left to meet me. That isn't fate. More of desperation."

"Whatever. But you didn't answer about your ex-girlfriend, so I'll take that as a yes."

Erin took my hand and resumed walking, the matter settled. To her mind anyway.

When we got back to the school and were standing in the parking lot, unable to let the other go just yet, Erin declared that she wanted to go out with me the next night, Friday. I wasn't sure about this. That would make it a date, a real date. There were expectations on a date. Until now, we'd been good friends. And even with her belief that we were fated to be together, that only added a lot of pressure to make sure things went well. One date led to another and next you know, you're in bed together. I wanted to take things slow, make sure that things were good between us before we messed things up by including sex in the mix.

Not that I didn't want sex. I always, ALWAYS wanted sex!

But I really liked Erin. I didn't want to lose her like I had with the many others before her.

Okay, the few others. Still.

I got home before dinner. Jojo and Johnny were playing a game on the living room floor. Dad arrived soon after me and seemed surprised to see me. Mom came out of the kitchen and when she saw me, she commented on my presence.

"Decided to have a hot dinner tonight? Abandoned your friends to eat with your family?" She said with a snide tone.

I wanted to make a comment back but I held my tongue. Mom smiled at me and returned to the kitchen.

"Daddy when can we have movies night again?" Jojo came out with unexpectedly after dad had sat down.

My father gave me a look like I was the deciding factor. I just stood dumbly and looked back at him. He then turned to Jojo; Johnny was also looking at dad with interest.

"I suppose we could have it tomorrow night. What do you say to that honey?" He called out to mom in the other room.

"What's that dear?" Mom poked her head out.

"The kids are asking about our Friday movie night. Tomorrow night okay?"

Mom paused a moment like she had to think about it. Were they settled now that things could get back to normal? Well, normal for the rest of them. I don't know if things could ever be normal for me again after my affair with mom.

"I suppose it will be. I've missed our family time together." Mom actually looked at me then. Whatever she'd missed wasn't going to happen anymore. According to her anyway. It didn't matter to me, I had other plans.

"I won't be home. I've got plans for tomorrow night." I stated flatly, looking at no one as I did.

"Plans?" Dad spoke up.

"Your friends again?" Mom said with a tone of suspicion.

"Something like that." I said such that I wouldn't say anymore.

"You need to get out more." Dad surprised me with his encouragement. "You don't nearly go out enough for an eighteen year old almost graduate. I've been almost worried about you. Go find another girl, forget that last one." He said.

I had to look over towards where mom still stood half in the kitchen and half in the living room. Her eyes met mine with almost that old seductive look she used to give me.

"I don't think I'll ever forget her dad." I said as I stared at mom. "I might get over her though. I can only try."

Mom got a strange look, almost sad and maybe a touch jealous. Was she having second thoughts about me? Or was I still grasping at straws?

I had a new thing going with Erin now. I had to see where that led me. Mom had made her decision, now she'd have to live with it.

"We'll just have to pick our own movies then if our resident movie expert won't be here." Dad quipped with a touch of sarcasm. I ignored his jibe.

"Let him be Justin. You just said he needed to go out more. I think we can find something to watch without Jeremy here. Next year we'll have to anyway, might as well start early." Mom told dad. She gave me one more telling glance then retreated.

Dad also gave me a glare before returning to his tablet. I made my own retreat upstairs until dinner was ready.

Throughout dinner mom kept giving me knowing looks as if she knew a secret that I should know. I met her eyes but had to turn away before I got sucked into her green depths and brought up my hidden pain that still bubbled beneath the surface.

"I hope you have fun tomorrow night with your friends. Don't stay out too late and try not to get into any trouble." Mom told me very motherly.

After I gave a heavy sigh from her cautioning words, I replied with emphasis, "Okay mom."

"It doesn't matter how old you get, I'm still going to worry about you so don't give me that tone young man." Mom said sternly.

"Listen to your mother Jeremy." Dad said without even looking up from his eating.

I felt my phone buzz in my pocket so I quickly finished my meal. Without even having seconds. Which drew a glance from dad when I rose to leave the table.

Mom was not looking too intently to be anything but intentional.

I rushed up the stairs and spent most of the rest of the evening texting Erin.

Erin and I snuck off from lunch to be alone after I wolfed down as much of my food as I could in the few minutes Erin allowed me; we spent the rest of the time with our lips locked together.

I have to say that this was definitely what I needed to forget about what I had had with mom. Well, if not forget, at least take my mind off it. Erin was a good kisser and very eager too. I did my best in return, which seemed okay as she complimented me.

"You must have had many girlfriends. You are a great kisser Jeremy."

"Not many. And I have been told that before. Among my many skills."

"Oh? Like what?" Erin's eyes lit up expectantly.

"You'll just have to wait and find out." Was all I said before we resumed our tongue battle.

Before we returned to our classes, I asked what she wanted to do that evening. I couldn't go wrong if she made the decision.

"What do you normally do on Friday nights?" She countered.

"My family usually watches movies." I told her.

"I do love movies." Erin stated. I had already learned that about her. That we had a common love of the film arts was one of things that I found intriguing about this girl.

"How about we go to the movies? They're having a Kurosawa double feature at the Horus." I asked.

"Ooo! I love him! Which ones?" Erin asked enthusiastically.

"Yojimbo and Rashomon." I said.

"That sounds awesome. Are we going to be able to get tickets so late?" Erin asked.

"I'm sure it's not sold out. There isn't that many of us film buffs out there. Most people just want to see the latest blockbuster."

"Most of the movies made now are ... pardon my French, crap." Erin spoke the words straight from my heart.

"Words like that and I just might have to marry you!" I replied with a wide grin.

"Fate, I told you." She smiled back at me.

"They're having David Lean next week." I added. It may have been early to be planning that far ahead.

"Lawrence of Arabia one of them?" This dream girl asked me.

"I think so. Doctor Zhivago might be the other."

"It's a date!" Erin declared.

We hadn't even had our first one and we already had plans for our second!

"Normally I'm stuck watching whatever I can get my parents to agree on. You're a much better movie companion."

With a cringe, I remembered the movies that mom and I didn't watch while we were busy doing other things. Mom might have been a better 'companion', but for now, Erin and I would just watch and enjoy our films.

The rest of the day passed slowly for me.

I was now anxious to see Erin again and then our date that night. I couldn't wait to get her reviews of the film master's work. I was nearly giddy to be able to share my passion with Erin that I almost didn't care if we did anything sexual. It was only a first date after all!

We only hung out for an hour and a half after school, mostly talking about old films, before we each went home to get ready for our movie date.

I spent far too long trying to decide what to wear. I wanted to look sophisticated, but not obnoxiously so. I also didn't want to make too big a deal about the evening. It was only a first date, even though we did know each other fairly well by now. I had had first encounters go badly by getting too extravagant, overwhelming the girl, and scaring her off. I didn't think that would happen with Erin but I wasn't sure about much with her yet. Better to play it safe.

I decided on a button-up shirt and a pair of my nicer jeans.

It might have made a good impression on Erin, but unexpectedly it was also noticed by my mother.

"Friends huh?" Mom asked when she saw me.

"We might find some girls. I can't look like a slob all the time." I tried to deflect her suspicions.

"You look fine honey." Mom stated as she reached out to straighten my collar. "You'll make the girls weak in the knees."

"Is that a thing?" I asked.

"You did with this one." She said slyly.

"I still could." No, I really couldn't. Erin was waiting on me.

"You could, but you can't." Mom said firmly. Her eyes said otherwise but I pretended not to notice.

I left with her repeating her warning about any trouble.

I didn't think I would have any trouble with Erin.

It was a bit odd that Erin wanted to meet at the theater and not have me pick her up. If she was worried about me knowing where she lived then she didn't completely believe in her fate. I didn't take offense and understood a young woman's caution with a guy she barely knew.

I paid for the movie tickets and Erin bought us popcorn and drinks. For the next few hours, the two of us were lost in cinema magic. We shared our insights of the first film during the intermission and used the restrooms. We were still chatting as the second film started but immediately were silenced by our mutual love of the master.

We were both starving when we left the theater, so I suggested getting a bite to eat at an all-nite diner. Even after we finished eating, we sat talking more about the movies and about our lives in general.

I learned Erin was an only child, spoiled but not to excess. Her mother and father were still married, rare in this era. She had gone to different elementary and junior high schools than I, but had been in the same high school for the last four years. I couldn't believe that I had never noticed her before in all that time. We just hung in different circles. Erin had a more varied taste in music than I, ranging from some fusion folk to old-school R&B to progressive jazz and even liked some opera. I didn't think anyone under sixty listened to opera! We both had a distaste for country and most modern urban music. When she was young Erin wanted to be a dancer, but her aptitude wasn't on par with her dreams, so she now wanted to be a writer or go into veterinary medicine of some form.

I held back my opinion that she would be better off with being a vet, but as I was chasing a dream of being a big-time director, I wasn't one to be suggesting the safe route.

Erin also hadn't decided on a college for next year yet, but was leaning towards the local community college to take her basics before going to a bigger school to finish. This surprised me, as that was the path that I was leaning towards myself. I didn't want to jinx anything between us by suggesting so early about going to college together.

It was long after midnight when we decided that we should get home.

We walked back to the theater to pick up our cars hand in hand. Our parting kiss was nearly an epic in itself.

I expected the house to be quiet when I got there and crept in silently.

I wasn't expecting the bed-rattling coming from down the hall as I went upstairs. I couldn't believe that dad was up this late with his early golf game in the morning. I pretended I didn't hear mom's moans as I retreated to my room with a lump in my pants caused by my evening's company and the commotion from down the hall. I was too tired to do anything about it and fell asleep, ignoring my little friend's insistent plea for attention.

When I came down for breakfast the next day, I found that mom had made one of her feasts and that dad was still home. It seemed his friend Jack had canceled again at the last minute. Or rather, last night, hence his opportunity for nookie with mom.

The rest of the family was gathered around the table and barely glanced at me as I entered. Well, except for mom.

"You got home late, didn't you?" It wasn't an accusation but more inquisitive curiosity.

"A little." I answered as I sat.

The way she eyed me made me wonder if she knew I had heard her and dad last night.

Was she embarrassed that I had, or was mom worried how I would take her having sex with my father instead of me?

I wasn't happy about it but I had had no say about it, so why would mom care what I thought.

"Did you have a good night?" It sounded like mom was fishing for more information about what I had done last night.

"It was okay." I set about heaping my plate with pancakes, eggs, bacon, and a couple blueberry muffins.

"Did you meet any hot young girls?" Dad chimed in.

"No dad, no hot young girls. No girls of any kind."

"Too bad." He resumed his meal, having said his bit to me.

"What did you do?"

Mom really wanted to know!

"Not much. Ended up at the movies actually." I avoided looking at mom, but I could feel her gaze on me.

"The movies? Huh." That ended the conversation but I could hear the wheels turning in my mother's head. I didn't know what that meant though.

After I was full, after another plate and a half, I went to my room. I debated calling or texting Erin. I wanted to, but my inner voice said wait. I really wanted to see her again but had to remind myself that I was the one advocating going slow. Just as I was about to break down and call her, my phone rang.

It was Erin.

We talked on the phone for forty-five minutes before Erin finally said that she had only called to see if I wanted to do something that evening.

Of course I did!

She said she'd made plans for us but that she wasn't going to tell me, that she wanted it to be a surprise.

I readily agreed to whatever she had decided.

Erin told me to pick her up at 7:00 and gave me her address. I must have passed some test and was declared safe now.

The afternoon passed slowly as I was anxious for our second date.

Erin and I still texted each other during the intervening hours, but it was the mushy romantic things that I'd rather not admit to and wasn't anything important.

I wasn't sure how I should dress, and with mom obviously watching my activities like a mother hawk I decided to just wear some casual clothes. Jeans and a nice pullover shirt. If Erin had anything special planned, she should have warned me. She'd just have to accept me as I was.

Mom glanced at me as I went out but didn't say anything. I also said nothing about where I was going or what I was doing. Dad barely looked from the TV.

I was nervous when I pulled up in front of the average Middle American house. The porch light came on and a shadowy figure came running out. It materialized into my redheaded, blue-eyed girlfriend.

Yes. My girlfriend.

That's what I considered her now.

I wasn't sure how long this would last or where it might lead, but I was onboard wherever Erin might lead me.

She laughed vaguely when she approached my beat up car. It couldn't be because of the car, she'd seen it previously.

"What?" I asked when she opened the passenger door and got in.

Yes, I should have gotten out and opened the door for her, but in my defense, I had planned on going to her front door and was caught off-guard when she had rushed out from her house. Besides, if I was too

chivalrous she might expect it all the time and that was too much pressure for me right now.

"What what?" Erin responded.

"You were laughing. I hoped it wasn't my car."

Erin almost giggled again.

"No, it wasn't your car. I was just happy to see you and then I thought of something that made me laugh." She explained.

"What'd you think of?" I asked.

"It was ... private. But nothing bad. Or about you. Trust me." Erin looked at me soothingly.

Those eyes filled my sight.

I did trust her.

"Can I ask where we are going? Am I dressed alright?" I asked. I did notice she was dressed in nice, tight jeans with a striped pullover top that left one shoulder exposed. The bare skin was an invitation.

She gave me a once over and smiled at me.

"You look fine. Just drive, I'll give you directions." Her face turned forward.

"Okay Miss Secretive." A smile broke out on my face.

We ended up in a part of town that I hadn't been in before. It was rundown, but appeared to be on the turnaround. Erin had me go down a dark street with the streetlights out and a few boarded up houses. I grew a bit concerned.

"This isn't going to be some meth lab or pot house, is it?" I really didn't think those were possible, but I didn't know anything at that point.

Erin laughed.

I liked the sound of her laugh.

"No, nothing like that silly. I know you'll like it. Just keep driving."

It turned out the street was only a shortcut and two blocks later, we were in a small neighborhood hotspot.

It was an intersection and a block in any direction filled with activity. The buildings were still covered in graffiti, but more along the lines of street art than gang tags or foul language. There were people bustling the sidewalks and the dozen or so businesses. A party store, a small deli, a sushi restaurant, and an all-night bakery were the first that I noticed.

Was she going to fill me with donuts for the evening?

Instead, Erin directed me to a small parking lot that was almost filled. A man with a couple teeth missing asked for three dollars to park there. I looked at Erin.

"Pay the man Jeremy." She said as if there was no doubt that I would.

I dug out the money and we parked.

I heard some far-off music but it didn't sound like a car stereo at full volume as might be expected for this neighborhood.

Again, I looked at Erin.

She just smiled and started toward a darkened brick building covered in spray-painted religious figures.

I shrugged and followed.

We came to a door with a large Hispanic man in front of it.

I tried not to be nervous.

Erin grinned and greeted the man.

"Hey Hervè."

"Erin!" He smiled at her. He then looked at me like I might carry the plague.

"He's alright, Herv." Erin said happily. "Anything good tonight?"

"Dominic is here, so's Trevor and Isaac."

"Great!" Erin replied and started to slip past Hervè.

I made to follow her but her Hispanic friend held out his large palm.

"Five bucks buddy."

Erin was already in the doorway when I stopped to look at the two of them.

"Cover charge." Erin explained. "Pay the man."

I hoped that wouldn't become a usual phrase for her!

I gave a sigh and paid the man.

He stepped aside to let me enter behind Erin.

We were in a small entryway with another door before us, a large delicately carved oak door. It was actually kind of impressive.

Erin was tugging on it and I was hit by a blast of noise.

We were at the entrance of what appeared to be a bar. Dim with few lights, a long counter along one wall, a dozen tables filled with shadowy people. The only real lights were focused on the far end of the large room. A band, if they could be called that, was playing ... music. Well, I guess it could be called that.

I turned to look at Erin. She had a blissful smile on her face.

"Isn't it great?" She said as if I had already agreed with her.

"Yeah ... uh ... great." I answered with little enthusiasm.

"Give it a chance. I know you'll love it before too long."

The place was an indie club that didn't serve alcohol so anyone could enter. I later learned that technically you had to be eighteen, but that wasn't strictly enforced. It was a place to hang out with friends and listen to music. I still wasn't sure that was what it was called, but after awhile I did realize that the musicians were actually pretty good. This was the place for new groups to come and play and perfect their craft. Any style of music was accepted there, from deathcore to jazz to bluegrass, funk, and reggae, even within a single bands' playlist. Sometimes the lines between genres were blurred in ways that might work or might not. Three different groups played while Erin and I were

there and I wasn't sure if musicians were joining in or if band members were in multiple groups. It seemed very freeform at the club.

It wasn't long before I was able to open my ears to the music and throw away any preconceptions and just enjoy the sounds the performers made.

It did help that after two songs Erin had me dancing with her. Having a beautiful girl pressed against you made most things better.

I didn't know how to dance to the irregular beat but in a place like this, it didn't really matter. You just moved as your body wanted. It seemed almost a more pure form of music, without all the structure and rules.

We took a break from our gyrations and Erin bought us some colas.

"How did you ever discover this place?" I asked breathlessly as we sat.

"A friend played here and had me come listen. I fell in love with it and continued to come." Erin paused and looked at me seriously. "Do you like it? Honestly."

I would have lied to make her happy, but it wasn't necessary.

"I do actually. It's different. Very different, but in a good way."

Her smile in return made me glad.

We spent quite awhile there. Erin introduced me to a few acquaintances and we chatted about music. I had never been very musical, more of a spectator as it were, than a student, so I had little to add but I did learn a few things.

We left at Erin's insistence long before the small club closed. I followed her out blindly to discover whatever new thing she might show me.

We got in my car and I once again followed Erin's directions.

She had me get on the expressway and soon we were out of town.

Just as I was about to ask how far we were going, Erin directed me to the next exit. Now I was curious as the exit was deserted and led to seemingly nowhere. After going a mile down the dark road, Erin had me pull off down an unpaved road. I couldn't guess where she was leading us.

Suddenly before us, there loomed the dark surface of a lake.

Erin told me to park just off the shoulder of the dirt road and before the car even came to a stop, she jumped out and ran towards the water. I wondered what I had gotten myself into.

I parked my car and followed Erin into the near darkness, the more-than-a-sliver of a moon giving little light to guide me.

I lost sight of Erin but as I passed a young tree, part of its shadow detached and sprang at me.

Erin was on me before I realized it was her.

Her arms were around my neck, her lips pressed to mine as her body molded itself to mine.

I wasn't sure if she had brought me out here in the near-wilds to murder me, but at least at first she was kissing me.

I kissed back as if my life might depend on it.

Erin bit my lip then pulled back from me. She was grinning widely that in the dim light was either sexy or maniacal.

"Give me your keys." Erin held out her hand between us.

Um ...

I handed them to her. She darted back to my car.

Was she now going to strand me here?

My headlights came on, nearly blinding me.

Erin came running back to me giggling.

"What's going on Erin?" I asked intently. I really worried about what we were doing out here miles from anyone else.

"We're going to have sex. Right here." She declared firmly, leaving me no say.

Uhh ...

I was speechless.

I surely wasn't going to argue with her!

"Right here?" I finally managed to get out.

"Yep. It's where I lost my virginity and I've had sex the first time with my boyfriends here. It's kinda my lucky spot." Erin said gleefully. The lights from the car shining through her curly hair made it look as if her head was wreathed in fire. It was an eerie sight. I might have shuddered if not for the promise of sex with this fire-headed minx.

"That seems like an odd ritual." I answered back. "If you're not with those boyfriends anymore, how lucky is it really?"

This made her pause, her face blank in thought.

"Are you trying to talk your way out of my pants?" Erin studied me as if I was a Martian.

"Uh ... no. I just wasn't expecting this. Not so soon." I was thrown for a loop. "I figured I would be the one to make the first move."

"Girls aren't allowed to go for what they want? That's kind of sexist of you." Erin had a shadowed frown on her face.

"No, no, that's not what I meant. You've just surprised me. A pleasant surprise." I stepped closer to her to wrap my hands around her lower back. "Maybe this will be my lucky spot now too."

I gave her a leering smile.

"Shut up and kiss me." Erin demanded.

I did so.

We kissed for long minutes in the misty light from my car. Our lips playing over their opposites like long-lost lovers. It was a few minutes before either of us got our tongues involved, Erin's pushed between my lips and I welcomed her in. With the end result already a guarantee, I felt less pressure to get her willing to go there. This allowed us each to get more heated. We didn't rush, but we weren't wasting any time either.

I ran my hands over her clothed figure, getting the lay of the land before it was revealed. Erin's hands were more single-minded, grabbing my ass and staying there. Erin's ass was very firm and was a nice handful that my hands returned to frequently in their roaming. I think Erin was grinding her crotch on me more than I was!

It was by mutual unspoken decision that we began to disrobe the other. My hands had strayed around her waist and I caught my thumbs in her top's hem and raised my hands lifting her soft cotton top up. Erin lifted her arms vertically to allow me to remove it. She had on a pink bra with flowery trim. Erin grinned as I stared at her revealed flesh. She then tugged my shirt over my head, breaking my stare when she did.

Our lips met again as our hands ran over our bare backs.

I paused for a minute before I flicked her bra unfastened. It hung loosely on her shoulders unable to fall free because of our closeness.

"That was pretty deft of you. An expert at bra removal?"

I didn't know if I wanted to brag how many I had undone or just play the innocent.

"Desire is the mother of intention." I quipped.

"I don't think that's how it goes."

"Shut up and kiss me."

And she did so.

A few minutes later Erin lowered herself, pulling me down with her. I was lying beside her with my chest and head over hers. Her bra was pushed aside and her pert breasts pressed against my skin, her nipples' hardness very evident. My own hardness was wasted on the cool grass.

As we pressed our mouths together, our tongues wandering aimlessly around the other, I moved my hands between us and over the smooth flesh of Erin's body. I cupped her breasts, possibly a C at least a B, and tweaked her pale pink nipples between my fingers. She let out a squeak as I did so. I didn't let that stop me from continuing. Erin's tits were so resilient and pliable after the fullness and softness of mom's and Aunt Jess's boobs. I kept up our kissing just to play with her tits longer. She made a comment about that fact.

"Are you just going to feel up my tits all night, or are you going to put your dick in me?" Erin asked very seriously as she pulled from my lips to stare at my face in the bright glare of my headlights.

How is it I had women asking me the strangest questions all the time?

"I'm not a 'wham, bam, thank you ma'am' kind of guy. I want you to enjoy it. All of it." I responded with feeling.

"Just don't take all night. I'm already prepped and ready to go. And we don't want to run out your car battery."

I didn't think that was an issue. Erin being 'prepped and ready' might be. I didn't want her to lose her interest.

I kissed her again which she willingly returned. I moved my hands down to her jeans and worked at the fastenings. I wanted to push my hand in her panties and tease her a bit but instead I started to push them off. Or should say, that I tried to push them off. They were so tight that I struggled to get the denim around her hips. I was puffing into her mouth as I worked at the task.

"Okay, they are kind of tight. Here." Erin broke our kiss again and helped me peel her jeans down her sexy legs.

Her pale skin shone in the harsh light from my parked car. My eyes took in her youthful beauty.

"I like the way you look at me." Erin smiled almost shyly.

"I've been accused of staring too much." I confessed. Just not who had told me that!

"It's cute. A girl could get used to being stared at."

I don't know about cute, but Jenny liked me staring.

Or she used to.

I had to shake that image away.

"Something wrong?" Erin asked with concern.

"No, nothing. Just a bad memory."

"I'm sorry. Let me kiss and make it better." She said sympathetically. Even motherly.

Not that that helped.

But I let her kiss me just the same.

My hands now roamed over the newly revealed skin. I could feel the goosebumps on her thighs.

"Are you cold?" It was my turn for concern.

"Slightly. You'll just have to warm me up." Erin smiled. Her face moved into the light, her eyes gleaming almost whitely in reflection.

"I know just how to do that." I said as I half-rose.

"Oh?"

She may have expected me to move on to the main event, but I had a show-stopping opening act first.

Erin's eyes widened as I moved my shoulders between her cool legs, pushing them apart.

She had on a matching pair of pink lacy panties. I could smell her readiness.

"I didn't expect this." Erin said mildly surprised.

"There's a lot to me that you won't expect." I said slyly not exactly sure what I meant, but it sounded smooth.

"Oh really? Show me."

I pulled the pretty pink panties off.

The grass, weeds actually, prickled my bare chest as I pressed my face into the darkness of her hidden treasure. I wiggled us slightly to one side so I could get a bit of light for my task. Not that I needed light, I could feel my way around with my tongue, but this was my first glimpse at Erin's womanhood and I wanted to see it.

She had a small patch of hair that may have been trimmed at some point and was only sparse around her outer lips. Her inner lips were still hiding her depths but they were opening like an evening flower. I surveyed the terrain for my imminent oral explorations.

"You're staring again." Erin giggled slightly, nervous and excited.

"It's just so beautiful." I stated honestly.

"You're a sweet talker too?"

"I've been told."

I leaned forward and gave her a kiss.

Then a second.

Then a soft slow lick from bottom to top.

"Oh!" Erin gasped.

I had her attention now.

I put my best effort for this first time with Erin. Not that I ever slacked in the pussy-munching department!

"Oh, that's good! You've done this before I take it."

I didn't take that as a question.

I just proved my experience as I lapped all around her succulent opening. I was merely teasing her to start, but also finding what she liked, what spots she most responded to my tongue's roaming licking.

"Oh, damn! You are good at this! I didn't expect this, but I will have to demand it from now on!" Erin said forcefully as she grabbed my hair and held my head in place.

I wasn't going to be moving it away anytime soon!

I also noticed she wasn't in such a hurry to proceed further anymore either!

"Oh God! Oh God! Lick me! Oh shit! Just like that! Right there! Right fucking there!" Erin moaned as I flicked her clit sharply. Her hands were almost pulling my hair out as she clenched her fists in her pleasure.

But I wasn't ready to make her orgasm yet!

I resumed my earlier tender lapping, letting my tongue plunge softly into her wide-open chasm.

"Oh no you don't! Lick my clitty again damn it!"

I grinned, inwardly, as my mouth was already otherwise occupied.

I continued to tease Erin, giving her soft kisses on her innermost thigh, licking her outer lips, just pretty much licking and kissing everywhere but on her throbbing clit.

"Please stop teasing me Jeremy! Lick me and make me cum! I'll suck you so good it'll blow your mind, just please lick my clitty now!" Erin now begged.

I stopped my blatant teasing, but wasn't ready to let her get off just yet.

I did lick her clit. Gently. As soft as a butterfly wingbeat.

"No! God Jeremy!" Erin cried out desperately pushing my head harder into her crotch. Not that that would change what I was doing to her.

My velvet torture.

A few quick flicks made her gasp loudly. Then slow licks up and down each wrinkly labia, softly sucking them into my mouth.

"I'm going to make you pay for this teasing Jeremy!" Erin now threatened me. Still, to no avail.

I played with her for a few more long minutes before I finally relented.

I flicked her clit again, letting her think I was still teasing, then I sucked it into my mouth and gently, so gently held it in my teeth and licked it as rapidly as I could manage, continuing to pull on it with my teeth.

I was about to add a couple fingers to push her over, but they were unnecessary as Erin's body froze rigid as if paralyzed. Then just as suddenly she spasmed violently, her legs wrapping around my back in a vice and her hands, rather fists, beat on the back of my head.

"Fuck! Oh holy fuck! Oooo!" She yelled loudly as her orgasm broke through her, leaving her a trembling ragdoll in its wake.

I softly licked up her flowing juices, reveling in her sweet taste. I continued this until she pushed my head away weakly.

"Stop, stop. It's sensitive now."

"Was that good for you?" I asked cockily. And needlessly.

"Oh shit, oh holy shit!" Erin croaked hoarsely, still trying to catch her breath. "Where the hell did you learn to do that? I've never been eaten like that before."

I grinned again, openly and proudly this time.

"Just something I picked up." I might explain about Veronica sometime, but I didn't think our first sexual encounter was a time to bring up a previous girlfriend, no matter how good Erin's orgasm had been.

"Just picked up huh?"

"Here and there."

"Keep your secrets." Erin told me as she recovered. "It's lucky for you that you now have me even more ready to fuck, or I'd be torturing you with an out-of-this-world teasing blowjob!"

Lucky for me!

"Yay, me!" I mock cheered.

"Shut up and kiss me damn you!" Erin grabbed my shoulder and pulled me up to her face.

After only a minute, it was my pants that we were struggling with.

I stood and shucked them and any remaining clothing I had on. This gave Erin her first look at my dick, now hard as ever and leaking profusely as it was eager to meet Erin.

Her hand came up to grab gently my burning shaft.

"Ooo! Nice!"

I thought she might still give me that otherworldly blowjob, but she released my dick. But only by dragging her fingers along it as she pulled them away.

"Let's put that thing to good use!" Erin said and lay back.

In that, I was in complete agreement!

I couldn't help but stare at this beautiful red-haired angel below me, awaiting me to enter her.

I saw her grin and understood why.

"Sorry."

I knelt and moved into position between her thighs.

This definitely wasn't what I would've have imagined our first time being like. I would have thought it would be more romantic, dinner, movie or something and then back to ... someplace ... to make out before gradually progressing to making love.

Not just sex out in a field by a lake.

But I wasn't going to complain.

Sex anywhere was still sex!

If this is what Erin wanted who was I to say otherwise!

"Fuck me good Jeremy! If you screw as good as you lick pussy I might just have to marry you!" Erin said as she pulled my face to hers.

I'm glad I would get a say in that!

She didn't want to mess around so I didn't either.

I lined us up and after rubbing my dickhead around on her sticky pussy lips, I plunged in with one swift stroke.

"Holy fuck!" Erin gasped, the words coming out with her exhalation more than her enunciation.

I held myself above her, keeping my cock buried all the way in her wet and very tight pussy.

"You feel amazing." I told her, letting her know that I felt the same.

"You're so big! It feels much bigger in me than it looked." Erin cooed.

"Talk like that will swell my head." I quipped, not intending the innuendo. But Erin responded as such.

"No, not anymore. I might explode!"

"You're so tight; you're going to make me explode!" I teased back.

"Now fuck me. Go slow at first." Erin told me, those gorgeous eyes inviting me to dive in.

I might take suggestions on how to have sex, but they were only suggestions.

I declined to take Erin's!

I gave her a couple dozen hard and fast strokes, paused for a few seconds for it to register in her suddenly overwhelmed brain, then gave it to her again.

"Shit! Shit! Oh God damn and fuck!" Erin yelled out. Her hands jerked up to my shoulders and her fingers dug into my muscles.

I was suddenly glad we were out in the middle of the boonies. She could yell all she wanted.

I planned on making her yell a whole lot more!

I continued my stuttered rough pounding for a few minutes while Erin squealed wildly. I watched as she threw her head from side to side in ecstasy. Her eyes would find mine occasionally and those blue pools would inspire me with renewed energy.

Just as she was getting used to this, I stopped, with my cock planted deep and our pubes intertwining like Velcro.

"No! Keep going!"

I pulled out slowly until only the tip was touching her lovely lips.

"Give it to me Jeremy! I love your big dick in me!"

So did I!

I slowly slid all the way back into her, savoring her every inch of her tight clutching pussy walls.

I then withdrew again, still going slowly, agonizingly slowly.

"Ooo!" Erin moaned.

My arms were getting sore and I lowered myself down to my elbows. Erin's beautiful pert boobs pressed up into my sweaty chest. She didn't seem to mind as her arms reached deeper around my back, her short nails still enough to cut my skin.

Our faces were now close and I kissed her quickly.

Once, twice.

Erin's hands came up to my neck and pulled me down for a longer third until our exertions forced us to separate slightly to breath heavily into each other's faces.

I was now at my limit and couldn't continue much longer without cumming. I was fairly sure I would be able to recover and continue, but I was worried about how prepared Erin had been for this encounter.

"Uh ... Erin." I said hoarsely. "I wasn't ... expecting this. I don't have any ... I can't go much ... longer."

I started again. "Are you on ... I mean ... do you ...?"

I was starting to see spots and clearly, my brain or mouth wasn't working right.

"What?" Then she realized what I was trying to say/ask. "Oh! Oh, yes, I'm on the pill. Don't ... stop now!"

That was all it took.

With a half dozen more quick thrusts, I exploded with a full load of my spunk into Erin's pulsing channel.

My world momentarily went black and my body went slack. Save for my hips that continued to churn with a mind of their own.

Erin was trembling beneath me when I recovered and lifted myself off her. I didn't think she had orgasmed or if my own had triggered another in her. My dick had barely shrunk and with my returning wits, blood was beginning to refill it to full size.

Erin wiped a hand across my cheek softly, dragging my dripping sweat with it. Her eyes stared at me almost tenderly.

"That was nice." She said quietly.

I felt a stab of pain at her description.

It had been 'nice' with Jenny.

To fight back the hurt I gave Erin a slow thrust of my now steel-hard dick.

"Again?" She gasped. "Already? Wow."

"You make me hard." I said flatly.

Her, and the fact I had been without for awhile.

"My turn." Erin said without context.

She grabbed my shoulders and managed to roll us both over so that she was on top of me. All without dislodging our joined parts.

"Oh!" I gasped with surprise.

Erin sat up and proceeded to bounce herself on my rigid rod. Her auburn hair flailed about her head and in the bright lights of my car, made it appear as if her head was on fire.

That only matched the fire that was in each of our loins!

I grabbed her hips to help guide her but was not needed.

"Grab my tits!" Erin ordered as she looked down at me with the face of a wild woman. "Pinch my nipples, twist them!"

I looked up in amazement at this fiery-headed vixen riding my dick like an untamed horse! Luckily, I had just cum because she brought on a wave of lust in me that would have surely have triggered me otherwise!

I did as commanded, kneading her breasts that were definitely a handful, then rolling her stiff tips between thumbs and forefingers.

Erin bucked on me with increased vigor. Almost like she was trying to milk another load from my balls!

"God Erin! You're so beautiful!" I groaned in awe.

She looked down at me with eyes that burned like her head, cold flames of azure passion. Perspiration ran from her forehead and also down her bare chest. Where we were connected was a pool of sweat and the fluids of our sex. I almost wanted to be back on top to give her all the desire I felt for her then.

But I allowed her to continue her frenetic fucking, letting her take her pleasure from this position.

I did buck up into her as I could without altering her pace or dislodging myself from her wetness.

"Ooo! Ooo! Ooo!" Erin cooed between bounces, a staccato of bliss as she built up to another orgasm.

"Ride me Erin! Make yourself cum on my dick!" I encouraged her, my fingers still working her reddened nipples.

"Kiss me!" Erin grunted loudly as she bent to my lips, her hips still franticly working up and down my throbbing shaft.

She forced her mouth to mine, her tongue burying itself between my lips. I held her shivering shoulders as I tried to return her passionate kiss with an equal ardor.

Erin lasted a few minutes more before she suddenly sprang upright and sank her full weight on my pelvis, her fingers on my chest scratching her ecstasy into my skin. She seemed frozen in bliss but her skin trembled as she shook almost imperceptibly as her orgasm swept through her delicate frame.

I was nearly unfazed during this, my dick slick with her juices still ready to continue, but the vision of this youthful vision reeling with unbound pleasure made my lust rise even higher for her. I felt like a second skin was shed at that moment, a layer of shadow falling away from my being.

Erin fell from my lap still shivering, her eyes unseeing up at the night sky. I turned my head to stare at her, feeling the first pangs of love blossoming deep within me. Love, or the remains of my lust anyway.

"Are you okay?" I asked softly not sure if she could hear me in her state.

She turned her head, her hair, the ringlets now stringy with dampness, almost covering her face.

"I am sooo okay. Great even." She said soothingly.

Erin then noticed my pole was still standing upright.

"Still? Even after that?" Erin asked incredulously.

I just shrugged my shoulders. Or attempted to from my prone position.

Erin looked at me almost with disappointment.

"I'm sorry. You didn't get off too?"

"It's okay. You did." I said consolingly.

"Boy did I." She looked back up at the sky, then her eyes returned to mine.

"I can't leave you like that though." Her eyes darted back and forth from mine to my crotch.

"It's alright." I replied. "This was more than enough. More than I expected!" I added with enthusiasm.

"It's not alright. What kind of girlfriend has sex, great sex, and then let's her boyfriend lay in a field with an amazing hard cock?"

I didn't know if that was rhetorical or not. It was a definitely odd question.

I just stared back at her without answer.

"Not a very good one, that's for sure." Erin sat up with renewed energy. She grabbed her clothes but didn't put them back on.

I assumed we were done and picked up my pants.

"Don't put those on yet." Erin looked at me like she had a secret. "Follow me."

"Uh, okay." I left the rest of my clothes where they lay.

The ground was rough on my bare feet but I followed my girlfriend eager to see what she had planned next.

We walked back to my car and I regretted not grabbing my clothing.

"We're not leaving?" I asked hopefully.

"I'm not done with you yet." She said forcefully, dropping her wadded clothes. "Up against the car."

I moved next to my car curiously.

Erin stepped next to me and pushed me back against my fender. She dropped to a crouch and grabbed my faltering phallus.

"I said an out-of-this-world blowjob." And she engulfed me in her mouth.

Once again, she had caught me by surprise.

"I said you didn't have to do anything." I croaked as she slavered her tongue over my stiffening dick.

"Oh yes I do." Erin barely paused to get those words out before licking from my balls to my wide cock head.

"Oh shit!" I cried out as I fell back with my hands on my car's hood.

"Mmfrmlgrglm." Was the noise she made as she practically swallowed my dick. Enough to make Aunt Jessica proud.

I let Erin have her way with my meat stick, just as long as she didn't try to take a bite out of me! Blowjob by headlight was a new one for me!

Erin was totally committed to giving me a thorough dick sucking, lavishing every millimeter of my flesh with her loving attention using her tongue, her lips, and her hands to get me to release my manseed.

I know she was trying to impress me with her skills with this first BJ and she was succeeding!

"Jeez, Erin! Leave some skin on it please!" I could barely stand as she ravaged my dick made steel by her actions.

"I'm not going to hurt this dick ... much. I plan on using it a lot!" Erin said seductively with a devilishly sweet grin.

A lot?

I liked the sound of that!

I just hoped we didn't have to go to the ends of the earth each time for that to happen.

I hadn't been in danger of cumming the second time we had had sex, but it hadn't been far off either. Now with both of our full attentions on what she was doing with her mouth, I was building quickly to my second orgasm. And by building, I mean that it was coming on like a rocket train!

"Oh fuck! Oh ... Erin ... shit! I'm gonna ...," I mumbled as I tried to claw my fingers into the metal beneath me.

"Cum for me Jeremy! Fill my mouth!" She exclaimed holding her mouth wide to receive my cum bullets.

That was it!

Her one hand was pumping my saliva-soaked cock while her other gently teased my balls. Her eyes, those limpid blue pools that led to her soul, stared up at me hungrily. Somehow, she deftly managed to aim each blast into the dark hole between her lips.

Mostly.

Whether it was intentional or not, a few stray streams landed on her chin and one cheek. She blinked rapidly as if I had cum in her eyes but I didn't think I had, but once again, I was seeing more stars than were in the sky.

If not for my car and Erin propping me up, I would have collapsed to the hardscrabble ground.

It took me more than a few seconds to recover from Erin's marvelous cocksucking.

"Wow! That was intense! I won't ask where you learned to do that." I told her with wide eyes. "I just don't know why any guy would leave you! Not that I'm complaining, 'cause now I got you."

"I'm not something you have." Erin gave me a stern look that then turned playful. "If anyone has anyone it's that I have you. Not all my boyfriends have left me; some got kicked to the curb!"

"Fair enough." I said. "How about we never bring up our history? It's just us, in the now. Deal?"

"Agreed." She answered almost too quickly.

Did she have as much to hide as I did?

"Race you to the lake!" Erin yelled out and took off at a sprint.

I could call cheating as she distracted me by her naked ass shaking as she ran into the shadows.

I shook myself and took off after the dim figure giggling ahead of me.

I closed with her but couldn't catch her before she reached the shoreline.

Again, she surprised me by not slowing and continued on into the murky water, the splashing of her feet reflecting in the moonlight.

I paused at the water's edge.

"Come on in!" Erin called to me. "It's a bit cool, but it feels good!" She waved her hands in the water giving herself a shimmering halo of water.

I wasn't convinced and stepped cautiously into the lake.

It wasn't cool! It was nearly cold!

But there was a naked girl out there waiting for me!

I bravely stepped further, the water rising on my legs.

It might have been that my body was heated from our sexual activity as once I was more than half submerged the lower parts of my body didn't feel the temperature anymore. Or they were numb.

"Come on Jeremy! It's so wonderful out here!" Erin had ventured deeper into the lake, only her head was now visible.

"Isn't this the scene where the escaped mass murderer appears and kills the teen skinny dippers?" I half teased, fully alert for anyone wielding an axe, escaped murderer or not.

Erin laughed at that.

"Even the mass murderers don't come here!" She yelled as I approached slowly. Her head disappeared beneath the blackness.

I wasn't worried something had happened to her; I just wanted to know where she was.

Erin sprang up a foot in front of me, startling me. And spraying the last dry parts I had left.

I then startled her by grabbing her and pulling her face to mine.

We floated in the dim light, pale moon overhead and two faint lights up the hill where my car sat, and kissed softly.

I don't know how long we drifted in the water, our arms holding us together, our buoyancy holding us afloat, our passion growing. Neither of us had an interest in sex at the moment, it was just us being there together as if we were the only ones in creation. No sounds, not even crickets. The darkness enveloping us as much as the cool lake water. Floating, as if even gravity no longer existed. All there was was us and our merged lips sharing our attraction.

Erin pulled her head back a fraction of an inch; I could still feel the heat from her face on mine.

"It's getting cool. And late." She stated.

"It is." I agreed but made no motion to leave.

Neither did she.

"We really should go." I repeated her statement a few moments later.

"We should." She agreed.

Still we floated with arms around each other.

A sudden chill went up my spine.

Erin let out a slight giggle.

"It is getting cool."

"Yes it is. Let's get out of here."

I did pull my arms from her still warm skin. I made swimming motions towards shore. Erin still clung to my shoulders.

"Home James" She joked, her smile warming any part of me that didn't already burn for her.

"Yes, m'lady." I answered gallantly.

"My prince." Her giggle wasn't as pronounced, her tone nearly sincere.

Erin still hung from my neck, but she used one arm to paddle along with me, both of our legs gently kicking to propel us through the swirling darkness. In a few minutes I felt my feet hit the lake bottom. A few more strokes and I got a firm footing.

I clutched Erin in both arms causing her to look at me. Her eyes widened as she was lifted when I rose up out of the water. She grabbed me tighter and let me carry her to the dry land. She shivered in the night air and pressed as much skin to me as she could. I was chilled also, but I fought it off for the sake of my damp damsel.

While in my arms, Erin couldn't see my cold-induced shrinkage!

We stopped briefly by that lucky tree and collected the rest of my clothes. Erin donned my shirt and I resumed my carriage duties. I set her down when we returned to my car. We redressed, each in our own clothes now, covering our wrinkledness. I did open the door for her this time. I started the car and turned on the heat even though it was late spring. I also killed the headlights.

"I think that may be my lucky spot now too!" I said as we both shivered with our dampness, our clothes now not much help, as they were also damp.

Erin gave a small laugh in reply.

"I think it may have worn off for me. I don't want to bring any other guys here anymore." She said slightly meekly.

"I don't ever want to bring another girl here. I only want to think of you here." I said with feeling.

"Aw, that's sweet." Erin replied and gave me a quick tender kiss.

"Anywhere else you want to go, anything else you have planned that you can tell me about?" I asked.

"Um, dancing and sex. No, that's it."

"A decent second date then?" I said, my grin blooming a second later.

"A very decent second date!" Erin agreed. "You get to plan the next one."

She glanced at me, then her eyes stayed on me.

I felt like I was looking into forever in those eyes. And I could do so forever.

"Jeremy." Erin waved a hand in front of my face.

"Uh, sorry. I just got lost in your eyes."

I guess I couldn't do it forever.

"I don't think I can top this one though." I said.

"You don't need to top it. Just match it." Erin laughed softly.

"Oh, is that all? No pressure then."

I put the car in gear and turned around back towards the highway. I doubted I would ever return to this spot and I was already reminiscent about it. I would have to make a point to come back. But not in the daylight. I was sure seeing everything in the area with the light of the sun would spoil its magical quality.

Maybe it was best not to return.

"Home then?" I asked as we sped down the road.

Erin had put her feet up on the dashboard and she turned to look at me.

"Hmm? Oh, yeah. I guess."

"Something wrong?" I asked. Was she having second thoughts?

"No." She said slowly. "Not really." She looked forward towards the horizon.

"I know I'm going kind of fast. I know that." Erin started again, this time keeping her eyes straight ahead. "I just feel something with you Jeremy. I've felt it for a while, I mean, even before we met. I knew I had to introduce myself before we graduated or I would lose my chance. It sounds strange I know. I can't explain it."

Her eyes flickered to me then back to the windshield again.

"Do you think two people are meant for each other? You know, like destiny?" Her voice filled the silent vehicle like a thundercrack.

"I don't know. I guess I used to." This was no time to think of my mom.

"Hey, no history, remember?" Erin's voice broke my lapse.

"Sorry, but you brought it up." I too, stared ahead into the future.

"You think we're destined to be together?" I asked unable to hide my disbelief.

"Don't sound like that." She scolded me. "No ... I don't know. It's just this strange feeling I have. It gets stronger when I'm around you. A vibe."

"Do people still have those? Wasn't that like the seventies?" I made it sound like it was a century ago.

"Well, whatever you want to call it. A strange feeling." She paused. "You don't have a voodoo doll of me stashed somewhere? Putting a hex on me?" Erin's voice was strained but still had a touch of humor laced in it.

"What? Me? No, no doll's of any kind in my closet." I turned to look at my beautiful girlfriend.

Girlfriend!

I put my right hand on her thigh. She took it in her own hand.

"None that aren't inflatable anyway!" I joked loudly, breaking the tension. In my head it was funny!

"Jeremy!" Erin turned to look at me with mock-shock on her face. The turn of her lip let me know she knew it was in jest.

"I do feel something with you too Erin. It's too soon to know what. I can't say destiny, but I've never felt it before. I know I can be myself with you, I don't have to pretend to be ... better, different, just ... not me. You know what I mean?"

I swerved back into my lane after drifting from staring at Erin a moment too long.

"Yes I do. I feel the same. Just don't make us destined to die together in a car wreck!" But her tone was still light.

"Yes ma'am." I said.

The rest of the drive was quiet except for the soft music that Erin turned on the car stereo, an easy white noise for the background.

We soon pulled up in front of her house. It was after midnight, but her porch light was still on.

"Parents up waiting for you?" I asked nodding to the light.

"No. I'm a big girl." She did look up at the porch with a maybe nervous look. Or worried.

"You okay?" My hand was again on her thigh.

"I'm fine. Just sorry the night is over. I had so much fun with you." She was the one staring now.

"Me too." I answered. "And not just because you're easy on the second date!"

"Shut up and kiss me."

And I did.

I drove home feeling a million things.

I officially had a new girlfriend!

One that was amazing in bed, even if it wasn't a bed!

A girl that thought we might be destined to be together.

That was pretty heavy! And filled with all sorts of pressure.

A girl that I needed to keep hidden from my mother.

I didn't want mom to find out that I had gotten over her already, if in fact I had done so.

I still missed mom, Jenny, my Jenny.

But she had hurt me with her turning me away. A hurt that could only be healed by her being with me again.

But then what of Erin?

No.

I may not feel for Erin what I had (did?) for my mother but I did feel something. Something that could be special. I won't say that we were meant to get married and live happily ever after and that lovey dovey crap, but it was something. I had to find out what it was. Even if I ended

up getting hurt again. As bad as the past few weeks had been I knew I wasn't the type not to try again because of some past pain.

Get back up on that horse that leads you to water.

Or whatever.

For now, I just had to just keep living day to day and take what came. It had worked out reasonable well for me so far.

I had to know that carrying on with two mature sisters, separately and even together, also behind the back of one's husband, couldn't possibly go on forever. No man was that lucky in life. Something had to happen to balance the scales.

Was Erin coming along as she had the universe's way of saying it was sorry, here's how things were supposed to be?

That would make Erin's talk of fate seem almost believable.

No. That sounded silly, childish. I believed what was in front of me. The tangible.

Even when that tangible had been my beautiful mother and gorgeous aunt naked in bed with me!

That wasn't fate. That was reality.

Or it had been.

What was Erin now?

I got home and entered quietly. I heard no sound and headed upstairs. I had to pee when I got to the top of the stairs, so I relieved myself and entered my room. I was taking off my shirt when my door was pushed open.

"Jeremy?" Mom's soft voice.

"Mom. What are you doing up?" I whirled in surprise.

"I heard the bathroom. Figured it was you coming home." She paused, then, "What happened to you?" She took a step towards me in concern.

"What do you mean?" I asked, confused.

"You have scratches all over you." I caught the look on her face as she suddenly guessed the cause.

"Oh!" Mom took a step back with astonishment.

"Oh." She repeated somewhat coolly.

I just stood there with only my pants on.

What could I say?

So much for keeping Erin a secret!

I didn't have to offer her any more information though.

"You had a date?" Mom's voice sounded hurt and accusatory.

A tone only a mother could pull off.

"Something like that." I said flatly. She had no right to accuse me of anything. She'd even ordered me to go out and date!

"It appears you had a good time." Again with the tone.

It was my turn to get a jab in.

"It was nice." I said without inflection. I had to turn my eyes away when I spoke. I may have wanted to cause her some pain, but I didn't want to see it. I couldn't avoid hearing it though.

"Oh. Good."

Those two syllables were like a double-edged sword.

"Well, you're home. And safe. Good night then." Mom said measuredly but it was evident she was in a hurry to get out of my room. Her eyes did glance at Erin's scratches again before shutting my door.

Great!

Now mom knew that I had been with another woman.

But not that I now had a girlfriend. Just that I had had sex with someone.

If I continued with Erin, I wouldn't be able to keep it a secret for long. I couldn't keep leaving the house well dressed and come home with scratches all over and not have mom guessing what was going on. Dad might have been clueless, but I couldn't expect the same of mom.

Should I even try to keep it a secret?

What of our new open relationship, mom and I?

I should feel secure enough to be able to talk to her, shouldn't I? Or was it still too soon?

What of my plan to win mom back? Did I forego that as I moved forward with Erin?

I had too many questions to ponder right then. And I was exhausted.

I finished undressing, and fell into bed and sleep at almost the same time.

My dreams were confusing.

I was having sex at a lake but instead of Erin, it was mom that I was with. Then she blurred and it was Erin. Then mom again.

And then it was the both of them!

Even for a moment, Aunt Jessica was there but we weren't having sex.

I awoke in the darkness and had to shake the images from my head.

I clearly had some issues to work through!

I awoke again to the wonderful smells of mom's breakfast cooking.

As hungry as I was, could I face my mother?

I had to sooner or later, and my stomach was only grumbling louder with the odors drifting up the stairs.

I let my stomach decide and went downstairs. She couldn't say much with the rest of the family around.

"Morning Jeremy." Dad glanced up as I sat at the table. A full plate already awaited me.

I don't know how mom knew I would be down, or maybe she knew my digestive needs all too well.

I bravely looked up at her.

"Thanks mom." I tried to sound appreciative.

Her brief glance in reply looked sorrowful, haunted almost.

Did the thought of me with someone affect her that much?

It hurt that I was slightly happy at that thought, but I knew it was only the memory of my own pain that had made me feel that way. Whatever else, she was still my loving mother.

"Really, thanks mom." I said with genuine gratitude this time as I looked at her busy at her task.

My tone must have reached her as she looked back, more cheerful this time.

"Thank you Jeremy." Then she looked at my siblings and father eating their food. "If only the rest felt the same."

This brought on a round of heartfelt appreciation for mom's efforts. Mom shrugged them off, but was clearly buoyed by the outbursts.

I tried to eat my fill in silence amidst the commotion of the others. Mom didn't say anything further to me about last night, but I saw her eyes drift to me numerous times. I was sure it was concern that was on her face when she did so.

My phone buzzed in my pocket a few times while I ate, but I ignored it. I knew it was Erin and as much as I wanted to hear from her, I was still on the side of keeping her a secret.

Once again though I was foiled by my mother.

"Your phone is buzzing. Shouldn't you get it?" She asked me with the slightest hint of too much interest.

"I will when I'm done eating." I stated.

"Your friend obviously has something important to tell you." Mom said as my pocket buzzed again. Only I picked up on the added tone she

used when she said 'friend'. She had to know it was whatever girl I had been with last night. I didn't want to prove to her that she was right.

"It can wait." I forced myself to calmness, much as I was dying to see Erin's texts. And to let her know I wasn't trying to ignore her.

I continued eating.

I did skip having thirds which went unnoticed by anyone. Even mom.

"I'm going to go finish the next level of my game. I'll be back down for lunch." I announced. As if any of them cared. It was more of a cover for spending the rest of the morning texting or talking to my new girlfriend.

Mom did give me a suspicious look, unbelieving of my story.

My problem was that mom knew me too well.

What she knew or didn't know or what she might suspect, I didn't really care. I just had a feeling that I didn't want to tell her about Erin yet. I would have to at some point.

As Erin believed, I would at least have to invite mom to the wedding.

I didn't have to believe it though.

I consciously strolled, no, I practically meandered on my way back upstairs. It may have been too slow to be anything but obvious, but I didn't let that hurry me.

Dad was watching his golf, even his situation with mom hadn't diminished much the amount he watched. Jojo was sprawled with her crayons spread around her as she worked on a picture of a clown and dog. Johnny was intent on his handheld game. Mom came out of the kitchen in the middle of her cleaning it to survey her family.

Or to watch me creep up the stairs as I was sure she was doing.

I leapt the last three stairs as I was out of sight of the living room and bolted to my room, pulling my phone out as I went.

'Sorry!' I texted Erin when my door was closed. 'I was in the middle of breakfast with the family.'

I hadn't even read her messages yet.

'Good morning Jeremy!' read the first.

'or should I say, boyfriend!' with a smiley face with heart eyes emoji.

I didn't think Erin was the type for cute stuff. Maybe it was just the afterglow of our first time having sex.

'Jeremy? r u there?'

'R u sleeping still? Did i wear you out?' with a smiling devil face emoji.

'text me when u get this'

'just me again'

I had to smile as I read them.

My phone buzzed.

'have to keep me a secret? With a winking eye emoji.

'something like that' I texted back.

We proceeded to text back and forth off and on for a few hours, not saying anything much important and surprisingly not bringing up the previous night either.

Mom did come upstairs, surreptitiously to collect laundry from the bathroom hamper, but I guessed it was to check up on me. I was really playing my game when she poked her head in my open doorway. She couldn't see my phone sitting beside me.

"You okay?" She asked.

"Yeah, fine." I answered without looking away from my screen.

"You don't need some cream for those scratches?" It seemed motherly, but she was obviously fishing for more info.

"No, I'm okay." Truth was they did itch quite a bit, but I didn't want to admit that.

"Jeremy." Mom said with a drawn-out sigh.

"What mom?" I hit pause as she wasn't going to go away anytime soon. Not without something from me.

"You need to talk to me. I saw the scratches. I know what they're from." She paused as if I would say something. "Who is she? Did you finally call ... what's her name? From the restaurant."

"Gretchen? No. It wasn't her." I turned from my frozen screen.

"Mom. You're the one that told me, no, ordered me to find someone. Now, I may have but I don't want to get third degreed about it. Or her." I said harshly.

"Yes. You're right, I did. I'm glad you did. You needed to get out of that funk you were in." She paused looking around my room when she did. When her eyes came back to me, she continued. "I just want you to be careful. I know you're still hurting. It hasn't been that much better for me either. No matter what you may think otherwise. I don't want you hopping in the sack with the first girl that comes along just to get back at me for hurting you. You don't want a rebound relationship either. Those don't work and only hurts both parties."

"Mom." I interrupted her with an impatient sigh.

"No, listen to me Jeremy." Her eyes focused squarely on me then. "This is hard for both of us, you don't believe it, but it is. I have no idea how to handle this situation, it isn't normal. I'm trying to do the best I can.

I'm trying to fix things with Justin, I would like to go back to being your mother, and I have to worry about the other kids. I don't like that I hurt you Jeremy, I don't. Things couldn't go on like they were; I hoped you'd see that by now. Even if you end up hating me ..." Her voice cracked and I saw her eyes were watery.

"I don't want you to hate me Jeremy. I know you hurt and I've tried to let you deal with it in your own way, even with some of the crap you've pulled. I let it go because I hoped you'd move on and get over me. Even as I've been trying to get over you. You may not think so now, but I do still love you Jeremy, and not just as your mother." A tear did manage to separate from her eye and run down her cheek. That tear was a crack in the armor I had put on to shield me. I felt my eyes get cloudy.

"You are my greatest love, but we can't be together. I hope you do find someone else, I do. I hope you can be happy again, with whoever it might be. I'll be jealous of that woman, but glad for you. Both of you. However, I don't want you to just sleep with whomever you can find just to get your rocks off. You need someone that will care for you like I did ... like I still do."

Yes, I was crying now to match mom.

"I'm sorry mom!" I stood and hugged her. "I was an ass. It just hurt so much!"

"I know honey, I hurt too." Mom hugged me back, patting my shoulder in sympathy. "The one person that I wanted to talk to was the one person that I had caused the pain, the one that was trying to hurt me further." Her tears wet my sleeve.

"I am so sorry mom. I was just lashing out at the world, but mostly you. I knew I shouldn't, but I didn't care."

"I know. And I know I was guilty of that too. I flaunted being with Justin just to hurt you back. That was wrong of me, and as your mother, I should have known better."

"It's alright mom. You were right. You and dad need to be together. I need to get over you."

"I'm sorry Jeremy." Mom pulled back so she could look at me again. "As your mom, I want you to feel better, to be with someone that makes you happy. But as your ex, I want you to be miserable without me. Is that terrible of me?"

Mom calling herself my ex actually brought a smile to my face with the absurdity of it.

The truth of it still stung.

She cocked her head when she saw my smile.

"Is that funny?"

"My mom saying she's my ex? Yeah, a little. And as your ex I want you to miserable without me too."

A slight smile creased her lips.

"I see what you mean." She wiped my cheeks of their wetness. "There is no manual of how to handle this. Not even a cliché to go from. You have an ex-lover and you never see them again and forget they ever existed or how they hurt you. It's nearly impossible to be friends with an ex no matter what some may say, but I'm your mother, you're my son. How can I hate you and still love you too?"

"You hate me mom?" I was stunned at that revelation. Even if I had had moments of hatred for her. But she was the one that dumped me; I was just the one that had been tossed aside.

"Not you specifically, just that I hated having to make that decision, that I didn't want to have to decide."

Mom pulled from my arms, reached up and wiped her own face, a bit of makeup now streaking her cheeks.

"You need to fix your face mom."

Then I added more as a way to disperse the weighted air of our talk than any real hope of a response from mom.

"You know, the protein shake machine is still in tip top form." I said seriously but with playful look in my eye.

Mom was caught off balance with my comment, but she smirked and answered as lighthearted as I had meant it. Mostly.

"I'm sorry, but I've gone back to my regular supplier. The equipment is a bit old and it is usually out of service."

"You're welcome back at my shop anytime." I teased.

"What about your new ... customer? Have they tried the house specialty yet?" Mom's tone was still light but I know she was still trying to pry any information about Erin out of me that she could.

"Yes." I debated how much to tell. "But only a sample. I hope that they will be a returning customer." Mom did know that we'd had sex the once, I didn't intend to keep her up to date on my continuing sex life though.

Mom got a wistful look in her eyes. "I do miss yours; they were always such high quality."

"I could ... hand deliver them again."

"No." Mom stared at me. "I could have strangled you for doing that."

I debated for a second, then decided to admit to what I'd seen.

"You seemed to love it."

Mom went pale.

"What?" She gasped. "You saw that?"

"Its okay mom, I don't hold it against you."

My phone then buzzed.

"Your friend?" Again the tone when she said friend.

I saw no point now in keeping my secret. Not from mom.

"Erin. Her name is Erin." I stated as I glanced at the text.

"Is she nice?" Mom asked.

I wasn't sure if she had asked that innocently. She saw me pause and then realized the implication of her question.

I answered before she could clarify what she meant.

"Yeah mom, she is nice. And she's very nice."

"That's not what I meant, I'm sorry. But I'm glad for you Jeremy, I really am. But make sure before you go getting too serious. Please?" I couldn't deny those pleading emerald eyes!

"Okay mom." I told her, then added. "I'm glad we talked mom, I've missed being able to talk to you."

"Me too Jeremy, me too. Go ahead and text your ... Erin. I've got laundry to do."

I felt a great weight fall from my heart after talking with mom. I knew things would still be rough around her, things might not ever be completely okay, but I could see a little light now.

And now with being with Erin made things better too!

Erin and I decided not to get together Sunday night as we had spent the previous two days together. It wasn't like we weren't still texting each other and I did call her and we talked for almost two hours. I knew I would see her at school the next day. We just didn't want to get too overwhelmed with each other's presence, no matter how well we seemed to be getting along.

I will say that as I went to bed that evening that I missed having the opportunity to have sex again with my cute redhead!

But Erin did send me a nipple picture with the message, 'to remember me by!'

I suspected it might be something to help me relieve myself with while we were apart.

I had far too many memories as encouragement for me to need the picture!

But the sentiment was sweet.

I woke early on Monday morning as I had plans to see Erin before school started. As I zipped through the house, I even gave mom a kiss on the cheek that left her staring at me as I went out the door.

Erin and I chatted and canoodled before school started and we tried to arrange as many meetings throughout the day as our class locations allowed. We also had lunch together, actually eating our food and not spending the entire period making out behind the sports building. Not the entire period.

We met up after school was out and she invited me to her house. We both drove our cars and once there I learned of Erin's nefarious plan. Both her parents worked and wouldn't be home until much later. The two of us had the house to ourselves.

Or specifically, her bedroom to ourselves!

"You're a girl after my own heart!" I exclaimed when she informed me of her parents' absence.

"No. I'm a girl after your big dick!" She responded as she hugged me. With one hand on my growing crotch!

We kissed briefly as she guided me through her house to her private domain. Her hand managed to never leave the bulge in my jeans. That was alright though, as I kept a hand on her cute little butt!

Our second encounter was no less magical than the first, and much more comfortable being in her bed than on the ground of that field!

We kissed as we entered the room, or I should say that we tried to both, swallow the other person whole, and to shove our tongues down each other's throats!

I got only a brief glimpse of Erin's room before we were locked together and were stumbling towards her large bed. Her hands were pulling my shirt off as I was trying to do the same to her, except that her striped pullover top got caught on the hooks of her bra.

Erin giggled almost nervously as we had to break apart to untangle her cotton top.

While doing so I boldly undid her bra too.

"Whoever invented these things should be shot!" I said as I tossed the satiny pink bra aside.

"It was a man by the way." Erin responded, standing before me with her pert bare boobs with pale pinkish areolas and slightly darker nipples on display for my hungry eyes.

"What?" I said in confusion.

I was justified. I had naked tits in front of me!

"Brassieres were invented by a man." Erin stated, nonplussed under my stare. She may have even pushed her chest out more.

[Ed. note: bras were actually invented by a number of different women in

various countries, particularly Mary Phelps Jacobs in 1914 in the US]

"Still should be shot." I repeated as I stared.

"You can touch them." Erin lowered her face to try to meet my eyes.

"Huh? Oh."

I reached up and cupped Erin's pale breasts in each hand. They weren't as large as mom's, but they still felt great in my palms!

I didn't just stand there groping Erin's tits. I leaned in and kissed her again, sucking on her soft lips and breathing in her breath.

Erin tugged me closer as she stepped backwards. I shuffled with her. Within two steps, she spun me about and then gave me a gentle shove that caught me off-guard and off balance. I fell back onto her bed only to have Erin pounce on top of me, with a knee on either side of my hips. She ground her ass on my crotch with a laugh.

"Let's see about getting these pants off!"

I didn't know which of us she was talking about, but I was good with whichever either way.

Only, with her sitting on my lap I had no way of getting mine off!

Erin fixed that by setting to undoing my button and zipper, then pulling the waistband down beneath her, rising only enough to get my pants to my knees.

"There it is!" She exclaimed when she caught sight of my dick ballooning my boxers.

Erin whisked those down to my knees also.

"That looks good enough to eat, or to ride!" She said happily. "I don't know which I want more!"

"I know what I want to eat." I told her my option.

"Oh! That sounds good too!"

Erin rolled off me while in the process of pulling off her jeans with the deftness of a gymnast.

Beneath her jeans, she wore a pair of salmon colored cotton panties with a 'Hello Kitty' logo over her Mons.

"Hello Kitty!" I said cheerily in greeting.

Then I noticed that Erin wasn't removing them. I frowned in confusion.

"You have to work to get at what's underneath!" Erin grinned widely and clambered on the bed until she threw a knee over my face.

"I have to pretend I'm not easy!" Erin smiled down at me with her panty-clad pussy inches from my awaiting lips.

"I would never say that." I declared. "Beautiful. And tasty, is how I'd describe you." I noticed a discolored spot that spoke of her excitement.

"Good answer. You know how to suck up to a girl."

"I do more than just suck up; I also lick up a girl!" I reached up with my hands and grabbed her delectable ass and urged it towards my face. I gave a kiss to both inner thighs within an inch of the cotton cloth. Not close enough to make me seem too eager.

Even if all I wanted to do right then was to plunge my tongue deep into her cleft!

"If you do as good as the other night I might never let you up!" Erin warned with a sly grin.

"I'm good with that!" I responded as truthfully as I ever had.

Two more kisses to either side, these as eager as I could make them. I gave Kitty a forceful kiss to tease the folds of flesh hidden beneath. Then I gently gave the logo a nibble. Erin cried out in surprise. Or delight.

I pressed my tongue against her panties as I trailed it over the irregular surface.

"Ooo!" Erin cooed.

Since Erin hadn't removed her panties, this told me she wanted to be teased. I took the opportunity to run my lips and tongue over hidden treasures, even slipping my tongue under the leg openings to lick where I could reach. I could easily just have grabbed the panties and pulled them aside and I'm sure that Erin wouldn't have complained once I began to dig my tongue into her pussy, but I wanted to enjoy my auburn tressed beauty riding my face.

"Are you looking for something down there? A warm place for your tongue?" Erin asked cheekily.

"What? Me? No, I'm good. Your panties taste just fine." I teased back.

"Damn you! I can't take it anymore!" Erin reached down and tugged the fabric damp with my saliva to one side. "Get in there and lick me Jeremy!"

"Are you sure? You seem undecided." I looked up at Erin's face with my most innocent gaze.

"Eat me now!" Erin demanded, grabbing my hair with her other hand and shoved her crotch against my face.

"As you command m'lady." I was able to get out before I was suffocated in the most wonderful way.

Just because I had access to Erin's snatch now didn't mean I wasn't still going to tease her!

I repeated my licks all over the territory that her panties had covered. I licked up the trickle of juices that leaked out of her hidden cavern as I went, savoring her sweet nectar. Erin sighed as my tongue wandered around her intimate locale. I did notice that Erin had trimmed her rosy bush with not even a bit of stubble around her wrinkled labia. I would

have complimented her on her grooming, but my mouth was full at that moment.

"Still teasing?" Erin asked with a jerk of her hips towards my mouth.

"Aren't you enjoying it?" I gave her a long lick up her spreading lips.

"You're making me crazy!" Erin exclaimed loudly. "We don't have all afternoon! And I want you to fuck me til I pass out from pleasure!"

I wasn't sure if that was even possible, or if I could even if it was!

But I was willing to put in the effort to give it a try! Even if I had to fuck Erin all afternoon and into the evening!

Not that that was the way I would intend to meet her parents though!

I did see her point though. It was time to cease the teasing and get down to the serious muff munching.

I drove my tongue deep into her oozing chasm and wriggled it around. Also, I reached around her legs with my hands and grabbed her thighs tightly to keep her from wiggling once I got her close to cumming.

"Yes! Get your tongue in there!"

I pulled out all the little tricks I'd learned, from Veronica, from Beth, from Nicole, Mom, Aunt Jessica, and even Margie to drive Erin to the brink of blissful ecstasy. Sucking and nibbling her labia, deep tongue fucking, flicking and sucking on her little clit, and every other thing I knew.

"Omigod! Oh! My! God! Eat me Jeremy! Oh fucking cahrist, eat me!" Erin yelled. Nothing that I wanted her mom and dad to hear!

I slipped two fingers into her quivering quim as I assaulted her hard nub with lips and tongue making her tremble as she went into pleasure overload.

"Fuuuckk! Maaake meeee cuuuuum! Jerrrrremyyyyy!"

There was no greater sound than a woman screaming out your name as she came hard from your efforts.

Erin shook above me as if convulsing, one hand still clutching her panties, the other holding my head in place, her legs splayed to either side with nearly her full weight on my upper chest. I wasn't sure how

she remained upright save that that would have broke contact with my tongue had she not. And that my arms wrapped around her thighs helped support her.

When she ceased to shake Erin's eyes stared unfocused down at me and she let go of her underwear and my head and forced herself off of me. She fell limply to my side as if she was suddenly boneless, now staring at her bedroom ceiling.

"That had to be the gold medal in pussy licking!" Erin said breathlessly. "I don't know if I could take much more enjoyment than that without dying! I mean, holy crap!"

"I'll take that you were okay with my performance? You can be so wishy-washy with your evaluations." I taunted Erin.

"I'd give it a B, B plus tops."

"Oh? Is that all?" I couldn't hold back my grin. I reached over and tickled her flushed skin at her sides.

"No! Don't tickle me!" She warned me with a laugh that she fought to hold in.

"Oh! Are you ticklish?" I continued to wiggle my fingers on her sensitive skin.

"Stah ... dohn ... Jereh ..." Erin struggle to speak between gasps of breath and giggling fits.

I finally let up but I didn't let her regain her breath as I covered her lips with my own. I kept my tongue in my own mouth, but my kisses were still just as passionate regardless.

Erin's hands came up to hold the sides of my head, returning my passion with her own soft petals of flesh.

After some time we finally pulled apart.

"I don't know how you were single." Erin gasped harshly as she lay beside me.

"I know. I have to be the greatest catch ever for some lucky girl!" I quipped in reply.

"And you're so modest too! I wouldn't want to swell your head." Erin rolled to her side to look at me. "Speaking of swelled heads, it appears yours has deflated somewhat."

My dick had lost some stiffness while I had been orally engaged.

"I'm sure you can fix that." I suggested. "Just nothing out of this world today though, we don't have all day as you said."

"I won't take long at all. I'm ready to get this thing inside me!"

Well! Okay then!

"Clearly you've recovered then."

"No, but I still need to get fucked regardless." Erin said fiercely.

Do I have the best girlfriend in the world!

"Well, if you insist!"

Erin spent little time sucking my dick, jerking me softly with her feminine fingers as she did so. I'm sure my little buddy sensed his imminent spelunking tour and rose appropriately in response despite the cute redhead coaxing him upright. But she did seem to enjoy her efforts engulfing my engorged erection.

"Fuck me now Jeremy! Give me that big cock! Don't tease me either! Just give me everything you've got!"

Is that all?

She was my hot girlfriend. I guess I should listen to what she wanted, shouldn't I?

"If you say so dear."

I wasn't sure what position she wanted but as she was still lying on her back I decided missionary it would be. At least to start with, though, I wasn't sure how long I could last. Even with what little stimulation I'd had, with the excitement of our interactions, I felt a burning down below already.

I finished removing my pants and underwear and moved up between Erin's pale and slim thighs to her smiling approval.

"Shove it in me!" Erin ordered wantonly.

As if I was going to do anything but exactly that!

I bottomed out on the first stroke, her tight velvety tunnel holding my dick tightly.

I paused a moment to take a breath and to let Erin get accustomed to me filling her heavenly hole.

Before she could reprimand me for any staring I might have been doing, I began a series of quick and hard strokes.

"Oh! Oooo!" Erin cried out in approval.

Thus encouraged I continued my pistoning, fighting to pull out as Erin's pussy muscles strained to hold me in place. They equally struggled to keep me from entering once again, giving a sensation that was otherworldly in its delight.

Erin must have felt something similar as she was letting out whimpering sighs as I plunged in and out of her, our rutting animalistic and yet also something supernatural.

After a few minutes, I was grunting with my efforts, sounds that joined with Erin's squeaks of delight and the wet slapping noises of our genitals grinding together. I tried not to think about the feeling I got

from my throbbing dick and instead tried to focus on the mere motion of up and down. I wasn't a man fucking this girl. I was a machine. Up, down, in, out. Repeat.

"Ungh. Jer ... eh ... me. Oh ... God. Keep ... go ... ing. Feels ... so ... so ... goooood!" Erin mumbled as I gave her all I had.

"You're ... so ... tight. So ... gooood ... toooo!" I answered as I could between breaths, sweat pouring from every pore.

No matter how much I tried to wall off the pleasure I was feeling, it was becoming overwhelming. I had no idea if Erin had orgasmed or not as she seemed just a gibbering limp beautifully cute ragdoll beneath me. Just before I felt I could no longer hold back any longer, I leaned down and kissed Erin. Like Sleeping Beauty, this roused her from her ecstatic stupor and her own lips fastened to mine like a drowning person to a life jacket.

Ten seconds later Erin gasped out into my mouth, "Cuh ... cuh ... cuh ... ming!"

That I had made this beautiful angel orgasm pushed my own need beyond restraint and I plunged one last time deeply as I loosed the dam of my balls.

"Me ... too!" I grunted hoarsely.

Next I knew, I was staring at Erin's bedroom ceiling, noticing now that it wasn't white but more of a really pale yellow. And that it seemed to have specks floating around on it. Or maybe that was just my eyeballs.

"Whew!" I exhaled loudly.

"I knew I wanted you for a reason!" Erin spoke out from somewhere close to me.

I turned my head to look at her bedraggled hair surrounding her luminous face.

"For my quick wit?" I tried to smile at her. I'm not sure if I succeeded, as all my muscles seemed to have taken the rest of the day off.

"Yes. That's it exactly." Her smile was like sunshine, warm and overflowing.

"Can I just lay here with you forever?" I asked not completely metaphorically.

"I sure hope so." Erin smiled again and then with more energy than I could muster, she raised her head to lean to me and softly kiss my lips. The dryness of each of our lips caused us to stick. I licked mine with the remaining moisture in my mouth. I saw her lick hers too.

"Do that again." I asked.

And she did.

Much later, I returned home, sneaking out of Erin's before the expected return of either of her parents. Though our parting kiss might have lasted to the following day.

Mom was sitting in the living room when I arrived and though not uncommon, it caught me off-guard. She was paging through a fashion magazine, not that she kept up with such things, and she glanced up at me as I entered. I could hear laughter upstairs that let me know the whereabouts of my siblings. It wasn't quite time for dad to be home yet.

"Hey mom." I said. Not like I was being guilty of anything.

"You're home late again." She said plainly, but still almost an accusation. "Erin?"

I wasn't sure what she was asking. Did she mean was I with Erin? That Erin was the reason I was home later than usual? Or did she want to know if I'd had sex with Erin? The truth was all of the above. But what part of that did she want?

Or maybe she was just inquiring about my girlfriend's well-being.

"Yes." I answered just as plainly. It answered any of the possibilities without offering more.

"Oh." Her gaze went back to the colored pages.

Before I could take a few steps, she added.

"Dinner will be ready soon. You'll be joining us?" Mom's voice was so plain it was almost dry.

Why wouldn't I? It was dinner. The main meal of the day.

"Yeah, sure." I replied. "I'll be upstairs."

I didn't see, but I was sure her eyes followed me up.

I greeted Johnny and Jojo who were in the middle of some game that had stacks of Monopoly money in front of a number of Jojo's stuffed animals and Johnny's action figures. Johnny was rolling some dice as Jojo watched gleefully. Clearly, something they had come up with themselves. I declined their offer to join them. From the amounts of money, it appeared either Jojo's teddy bear or Superman was winning.

I shook my head and continued to my room. I crashed on my bed wanting nothing more than to sleep after my exhausting afternoon. But not before dinner of course.

I was only resting my eyes when my phone buzzed.

Erin.

'I miss you already!' with a big heart emoji.

'Miss you too!' I answered with two hearts and then a smiley face with hearts for eyes.

'My bedroom smells like sex!'

Probably like my stink too.

'You can come smell up my bedroom!'

'Now?' and a grinning devil emoji.

'I'm too pooped right now. Maybe in five minutes.' Winking face emoji.

We continued texting for a few more minutes before she had to go eat.

Two teens with families that ate together. What are the odds of that in this century?

I actually didn't eat with my family though. They just happened to show up when I was ready to eat whether I wanted them to or not.

;)

My own dinner was ready shortly afterwards and the thought of food reenergized me enough to make it back down the stairs.

"Who won?" I asked my brother and sister.

"Mr. Whiskers." Jojo said jubilantly.

Her stuffed cat.

"Because he cheated." Johnny stated dejectedly.

"Mr. Whiskers cheated?" I asked skeptically of my sulking brother.

"Waddles was too!" He said fiercely.

Jojo's toy penguin.

"I'm sure it was a conspiracy." I said holding back my grin.

"Mr. Whiskers won fair and square!" Jojo responded standing before our brother as if daring him to argue further.

"Stop it both of you. I'm sure no one was cheating. Especially Mr. Whiskers, or Waddles, or anyone else." Mom's tone ceased any more word on the subject. She gave me a slight almost secretive smile at her children's argument. I returned it.

"Did you both wash for dinner?" Mom demanded. She then gave me harsh glance. "Did you? You stink ... like ... well, you know."

Oops! I didn't think it had been that obvious and I'd been too tired when I got home for a shower.

"You'd better go before your father smells you." Mom ordered in her suggestive way.

It didn't matter if dad smelled sex on me; it wasn't like it was from mom anymore!

But I turned to go upstairs to the sounds of both my siblings calling after me.

"You stink! You stink!" And their raucous laughter at my expense.

I washed, and even changed my shirt. A fresh spray of deodorant should cover any lingering odors.

The evening passed. No word was said of any scents, odors, stench, or reek.

I texted Erin when I returned to my room but after only half an hour I admitted I was wiped out and wished her goodnight.

Two weeks later-

Jenny moved about the house doing her household chores on automatic as she thought back over the dramatic recent events of her life.

She had known for quite awhile that things with Jeremy could not go on as they were. No matter how strong either of their emotions seemed to be. Both of them had been getting too caught up in each other and had been bound to get discovered sooner or later. That threat may have enhanced the feelings they shared, but when she stopped and thought about the consequences of that dangerous obsession, she got a cold chill. To say that her life would be over would be an understatement. The thought of losing her husband and her small children tore her heart. And that would be among the least of the effects of her love affair with her son made public. She didn't know how she could continue on with Jeremy when that thought came to her. But then she would see him, or he would pull one of his shenanigans, and the desire and illicit love that she felt for her son filled her and drowned out all rational thoughts.

Jenny wiped down the kitchen table as she remembered that terrible day when Justin had confessed his indiscretion to her. To see him crying as he did had ripped her heart, even as his words cut at her gut. She couldn't doubt his apology or his commitment to make up for it. That it hadn't upset her as much as she would have thought such a confession would do had disturbed her. She wondered if her own secret

affair had mellowed the anger she should have felt. Furthermore, that her own infidelity had been incestual on top of it.

These thoughts caused her to glance at her wrist and the diamond bracelet that hung there. She smiled at its beauty, the glimmery stones sparkling in the daylight as it moved. It didn't lessen the impact of the gift with the fact that she was the one that had suggested Justin buy her some jewelry when he had asked what he could do for her to ease her pain. He was the one that had gone out and chosen the bracelet, and the one to pay the exorbitant price tag that it surely carried. Jenny shook her wrist knowing it was a small fortune dangling there. She wouldn't demean the peace offering by trying to find out how much Justin had spent. Just knowing the ballpark range of it let her know how serious he was in his apology.

Seeing the diamond bracelet meant that she also saw the nice, but nowhere near as expensive watch that Jeremy had given her for her birthday. Another smile crept over her lips unconsciously. It may not have cost as much, but the sentiment behind this gift was more heartfelt with its connection, as Jeremy had put it, to their time together. She wore them both proudly. It wasn't lost on her that the two gifts from her two lovers hung on the same wrist. Seeing the two gifts on her arm did cause her to wonder if Jeremy had planned on this, that he'd gotten her a present that she would wear openly and daily as a reminder of what they had done. Would he have actually given it that much thought or be that devious? She didn't want to believe that of him.

His other 'gift' had shocked her when she'd opened it. But what surprised her more was that she'd kept it. A dick pic from her son! But such a nice looking dick though! She had it hidden at the bottom of her panty drawer; a place Justin never went, safe and secret. She never planned on ever pulling it out again but just knowing it was there gave her that dangerous feeling she'd had while she was with Jeremy.

Yes, she had had to end things with Jeremy, but she wished it hadn't taken a fling by Justin to finally make her harden her heart to the reality. That she had to break up with her son, to cause her sweet loving son any distress, had broken her heart almost as much as the pain she felt herself at the loss. Trying to fix things with Justin wasn't made any easier with the knowledge that Jeremy was the better lover and that she felt such a stronger connection with him than with her husband.

Jenny shook off that pain and moved over to the counter and began to wipe it. More vigorously than was required.

It had been a couple weeks now since Jenny had discovered that Jeremy was now with a new girl. She wasn't sure about a girl that Jeremy felt that he had to keep secret from her. What was it about Erin that he felt that he had to hide her from his mother? Was Erin just playing Jeremy, using him for sex? That Jeremy didn't come home after school until dinner, and sometimes not even then, made Jenny sure that the young pair were hooking up somewhere for endless sex. Shacking up somewhere shady and probably seedy.

It was clear that the girl was only a rebound fling regardless of whatever might be the intentions of Erin, or of Jeremy. A relationship that was bound to end badly and that Jeremy would come away getting hurt again, something that she had never wanted to do to him herself. Something that she wouldn't let some cheap high school hussy do to her son. It was her duty to prevent that if she could. She would have to make Jeremy see the truth. A little pain now was better than seeing him go through the heartache that he had gone through the previous month or so.

Jenny then decided that if she could lure Jeremy away from this Erin then it wasn't really something serious and he would be spared the future heartbreak when she inevitably broke up with him. Jenny was sure a little teasing would be all it would take to get his mind, and his dick, off of Erin.

After all, she was his mother.

Will Jenny be able to break up the new lovers? Will Jeremy get back together with his mom? Is Erin really destined to be with Jeremy? Can Justin get out of the doghouse? What secret is Aunt Jessica hiding? Will we ever see Hervè again? And was Mr. Whiskers really cheating?

Chapter 20

The future was looking so much better for me now!

Erin and I had become almost inseparable. At least while I was outside my house.

I hadn't introduced her to my family, even though I had met her parents. They were nice and seemed to like me. If only they knew what I was doing with their daughter in their house while they were at work!

Mom questioned me about my girlfriend incessantly, trying to glean any information that she could.

I didn't know why mom seemed to be so fixated on Erin. Except for the fact that I seemed to be keeping her a secret.

I mean, I wasn't trying to. I just wasn't so sure about my current girlfriend meeting my former flame; especially that she was also my mother! How bizarre is that?

Also, graduation was only six weeks away!

The import of that momentous event was weighing heavily on me. It felt like the future was barreling at me like a freight train and if I didn't decide what I wanted to do soon, it would smash into me and leave me a broken wreck in its wake.

I was going to go to college. That was a surety. I just didn't know which one yet.

My parents were getting very fidgety about my procrastination, almost to the point of deciding for me.

As Erin and I got more serious, I was almost certain that I would go to the local community college with her. I just hoped that if I did so that it wasn't just to be with Erin and that I was just putting off making a decision for another two years.

As to Erin.

We were having sex four or five times a week. Usually at her house after school while her parents were gone. Also, in almost any other place that we had the opportunity. My car, her car, an almost deserted theater, even one of the school restrooms during lunch!

Every time was amazing with my redheaded sex fiend!

Erin was a dichotomy of shyness and boldness.

She would balk at initiating an encounter and then be reckless once we had begun, then the next day she'd be the opposite, pulling me behind a tree at the local park to give me a blowjob and then be as meek as a newborn deer when we were almost caught by a patrolman.

That Erin appeared so innocent on the outside, but that was such a sex-hungry vixen beneath her pure-seeming exterior. I would never forget the time I had with my mom and even as great as things were with Erin, nothing could ever top the sex I had had with Jenny. However, Erin was something that I could be open about, someone that I could show my friends. Mom might be a ten, but Erin was a nine point nine five!

Not that it was only just sex between Erin and me.

Even with as often as we were going at it, sex was only a small part of what was so great about her. We were like twins that had been separated at birth. We were so in sync with each other; we practically finished each other's sentences. Even as cliché as that was. We weren't just copies of each other though, we had enough varied interests that things were never dull for us, we always had something to say to each other. And we would spend hours doing so.

Erin was the first person, male or female, that I felt I could spend all day talking with and not miss having sex. Someone I could be stranded with on a deserted island and that we wouldn't get tired of each other. Or kill each other for getting on our nerves!

How many people in the world could say that about another person?

We had only know each other for barely three weeks, so I knew it was too early to say that we would always be so comfortable together, but it felt like a hundred years already. A hundred great years.

Erin was beginning to make me a believer in her belief in us being destined to be together. But forever? I wasn't a hundred percent sold yet.

Because I had a nagging feeling that I wasn't done with mom yet.

And the fact that she might not be done with me yet either!

The past week I had begun to notice that mom seemed to be flirting with me.

At first, I just chalked it up to my lingering feelings for her and the desire to be with her again.

The more I thought over the things that had happened, and tried to think of any other possibility for her actions, the more I became sure that mom was trying to win me back.

Were things not working out with dad?

That wasn't what it looked like to me.

The two of them were happier than I'd seen them in a very long time.

But if things were okay between my parents, then why was mom acting so strangely around me?

If it hadn't been for the fact that things were so awesome with Erin, I would have jumped at the opportunity to get back with mom. Even with the pain she had caused. I had finally put those feelings behind me, burying the ache I had felt and now only looked back on that time with a fond reminiscence. It was the only way I could go on.

However, if mom did want me back, could I resist her or refuse her?

Only the memory of the heartache she had caused, and would likely cause again, gave me the strength to resist mom's wiles.

But if mom wanted to flirt with me, I could do the same back to her!

I had come home one school day after my almost regular stop at Erin's house for some emergency sex. We were both horny, so it was an emergency!

Anyway.

I came home and I found mom in the living room seemingly waiting on me. Jojo and Johnny were in the backyard, and dad wasn't home yet. Mom was wearing a pair of snug black slacks and an off-white blouse. What caused me to pause was that the blouse was unbuttoned down to her navel, revealing a large amount of her clearly braless breasts. I couldn't help but stare at the expanse of skin.

"Jeremy! Don't stare at my tits!" She reprimanded me, but in a tone that was more suggestive than reproof.

My eyes came up to meet her half-lidded emerald pools. She batted those eyes at me.

I had never known what that was until that moment.

She was practically inviting me to stare at her tits!

Moreover, that she had actually said tits. Not breasts, not chest, not down my top. No, tits!

She also made no motion to button up or to try to hide her creamy bosoms.

I just shook my head.

If I hadn't been recently satiated with Erin, I might not have been responsible for my actions!

I came into the kitchen one evening to grab another drink. I almost walked right into the island counter as I stared at my mother.

Or rather, her ass!

She was bent over, but her knees were slightly angled, giving me the most perfect sight of her curvaceous hemispheres!

Well, almost perfect.

I had seen them bare right before I had shoved my dick between them!

"Oh, Jeremy. Just who I need."

What?

"Can you help me with my box?"

Huh? Her box?

Oh! She was trying to pick up a well-taped cardboard container.

"What's in it?" I asked, but unable to look away from her posterior.

That she hadn't moved made it obvious that she was so positioned just for my benefit.

"Just some dishes that I'm packing away." Still motionless, as if frozen in an almost sexual position.

If not for her tan slacks stretched over her derrière, I could have slipped my cock right into her ...

"Why are they on the floor?" The lack of blood in my brain impeded my thoughts.

"Can you help me? Or are you just going to keep staring at my ass?" Mom asked a bit petulantly.

Well, if she was going to make it look so appealing, then yes, I was going to stare!

"Uhh ... Where do you want it?"

Mom then stood back upright. Her buttocks still looked just as inviting.

"Um. In the garage. Just move some of the Christmas decorations." Mom stepped aside so I could pick up the box.

"Thank you Jeremy. It is handy having you around."

I was sure the whole thing had been staged just to flaunt her ass at me!

Saturday morning I rose late as usual, especially with the late night I'd spent with Erin!

I guessed that dad was golfing and I'm sure my siblings were about somewhere.

Mom knocked on my door and before I could answer or even make myself presentable (not that she hadn't seen everything before anyway!), she just walked in. I wouldn't have thought anything about it, except that she wasn't wearing her ragged old robe. No, she was clad only in one of the skimpy pieces of lingerie that we'd gotten that day we had gone shopping together. It was a caramel colored nightie with lace across her breasts that didn't hide a damned thing. The hem was only a few inches below her waist, tantalizingly revealing a pair of similarly shaded satin panties.

I could only gawk at her as she paused just in my doorway.

"Johnny and Jojo already had breakfast and I wondered if you were going to come down and eat to or were just going to sleep all day."

She said in the most motherly tone while looking like a sexy vision from any male's fantasies!

I had an image of mom cooking breakfast while dressed as inappropriately as she was.

Or appropriately, depending on your appetite!

"Mom!" I croaked out.

"What, Jeremy?" She asked as if she didn't know why I had my eyes bugging out.

"Do you go around the house dressed like that?" My eyes couldn't meet hers. They were too busy travelling over her body.

"Am I wearing too much?" She spun in place. This caused the nightie to swirl up and reveal that the panties were actually a thong as her ass was exposed to my wide eyes.

"Mom!" I croaked again louder.

"Breakfast will be ready in a few minutes if you can ... get up." Her voice was the definition of sultry. She twirled again and left.

I was definitely up!

And urinating would be as difficult as hell!

Mom and dad were going out that Saturday evening, and as Erin had other plans with her own family, a cousin's birthday, I believe, I was babysitting my siblings. However, they didn't call it that. I was just spending time with them while our parents were gone.

Dad was in the shower when mom called out for me from her bedroom.

"Jeremy! Can you come help me?"

I thought nothing of it and walked down the hall to her closed door.

I had assumed that since she had called for me that it was okay to enter.

I opened the door and stepped in.

Mom was standing there in just a flowery skirt and a sexy satin purple bra with a lot of boob exposed. In each hand she was holding a blouse hung on a clothes hanger.

"Which one do you think looks better with this skirt? The blue one or the maroon one?" Mom waved each of the choices in front of her almost topless figure.

I stared.

She held each of the blouses before herself again.

"Come on Jeremy. Stop picturing me without the bra and help me choose."

I hadn't pictured her like that.

But I was after she had brought it up!

She also wasn't wearing the skirt either!

"The blue one." I stated.

She held that one over her chest.

"Are you sure?" Mom looked down at herself and the blouse.

"Yeah. You'd look great in either, but better in the blue."

"Thanks honey. Now get out of her before your father gets out of the shower."

I noticed that she stood there in her bra without any indication of donning the chosen top.

"Go!" Mom waved at me, shooing me away.

These were the more memorable incidents, but mom would talk suggestively with me as well, innuendo and double entendre filled her speech. She also made frequent slips of the tongue, but only in my presence, never with dad around, and were always of a sexual nature. She made allusions to blowjobs, or sexual positions, most that we had experienced with each other. This was on top of the way that she bent, stretched, or moved that showed off her fit figure in the most provocative ways.

Mom seemed to be taking pleasure in the ways that she was sexually teasing me.

Any of this was just to Erin's benefit as anything that mom did, or said, that got me horny, or rather, hornier, would lead to the two of us having amazing sex. I mean, it was amazing without any incitement from my mother, but I was more eager to please my sex-hungry girlfriend because of mom's teasing.

Little did Erin realize though.

She just thought that I was as constantly horny as she.

I was, but ...

I was then in a new predicament.

I was having sex, great sex, incredible sex with Erin. Things were going great between us.

But I was beginning to have those old thoughts about mom again.

The thoughts that I was also having about Erin.

Thoughts that I got to act out on with my redhead nymphette.

Thoughts that I was having a hard time suppressing about mom. Jenny.

I wanted both women.

But I was only able to be with one of them.

Even as mom's lewd words and deeds suggested otherwise.

Did she truly want to resume our illicit love affair?

Was dad not enough to satisfy her, even with their renewed efforts to do so?

Did mom really mean it when she had said she preferred me over my father?

Or was it just her jealousy returning?

Only not about her sister anymore, but now about me. Me being with Erin.

I kept up the friendly sexual banter and suggestive activities with mom, but under the assumption that that was all it was. Just innocent playing.

But what if mom did want me back?

I was with Erin now.

Could I have both of them?

Mom had had dad and me. More me than dad, much more of me really.

Would I be able to keep both women happy while keeping one in the dark about the other?

And that I couldn't let Erin find out about mom and me.

For more reasons than just cheating on her!

This seemed like the universe was playing with me again.

Making me see things as they had been for mom not so long ago.

Torn between two lovers. Unable to choose between either of them.

This was all based on whether mom did want me once again.

What if she was just playing and not actually serious? I didn't want to open myself to that pain again if she didn't intend to act on her teasing.

I had to make mom reveal her intentions.

I could of course just ask her, but she could tell me whatever she wanted me to hear. As they say, actions speak louder than words. If mom and I had sex again, then there were no words that she could say that could deny that.

So I just had to get mom back into bed then.

The problem with that though, was that I was spending a lot of time in 'bed' with Erin.

And not just her bed either!

I had thought that it was just because mom and Aunt Jessica were at that stage in their lives that had made them so insatiable. Erin was eighteen. And she was just as voracious for sex as either of my older relatives had been. It seemed that she was practically all over me as soon as we got together. Not that I was complaining! Far from it. I was delirious.

Maybe girls weren't as prim and proper and pure as I had been led to believe.

Maybe they were just as sex-crazed as I was.

If that was the case, why wasn't everyone just going at it in the streets?

Oh.

Yeah.

Society.

As I said before, Erin and I were having sex four or five times a week. Okay, maybe it was six.

We didn't go to her house every day after school. Sometimes we couldn't even make it that far. Sometimes we would have sex before we got to her house and then did so again when we arrived there.

Hey, we were teen-agers! That's what we do!

We went to her indie club again; I never did learn the name of the place. If indeed, it even had one.

Hervè again gave me a warning look as we entered. This time Erin paid the cover charge. I still got the parking though.

There was once again sex afterwards.

But it wasn't at the lake again; rather it was in my car in the parking lot.

We'd had our clothes half off before we even opened a car door.

I'm pretty sure the jagged-toothed lot attendant had peeped at us as we went at it too!

Anytime that we had any expectation of privacy for more than fifteen minutes Erin and I would be lip-locked, pulling clothing off, and smashing our genitals together. It would almost be embarrassing, if not so comical, or that we just were that horny to not care.

Erin did bring up, repeatedly, about meeting my family. I had met her parents so she expected to meet mine.

I didn't mind if she met dad. Even Johnny and Jojo. I was sure Erin would love my sister, since she didn't have any siblings of her own.

But my mother was another story.

Not that I didn't want Erin to meet mom. But that she wasn't just my mom was the problem.

I didn't really want Erin to be introduced to the woman that had broken my heart.

I didn't want mom to see the girl who had replaced her. In my heart. And in my pants.

I couldn't keep avoiding it though. Otherwise, it would begin to look suspicious. Erin would wonder what was wrong with my family that I couldn't let her see them.

I did tell Erin stories about my home life, anecdotes about the antics of my brother and/or sister, things that had happened to me growing up, places I had gone with my parents on vacations and such. So she had to think of us as normal.

Except for that one fact that she didn't know.

That I had slept with my mother and had an affair with her.

'Oh yeah Erin by the way, I've had sex with my mom. Many times.'

Not the kind of thing to tell your girlfriend.

Or anyone!

But then I got to thinking about it, and I realized that it was mom who was the one that I wanted to show off my nice, cute new girlfriend. For mom to meet the girl that I was now having sex with, to make mom jealous of what she was missing because she had ended our intimate escapades. Therefore, my mom could see whom she was up against if she was trying to win me back again.

My life was a very treacherous tightrope!

I thus invited Erin over for dinner one Saturday night. It was a momentous event but I tried to downplay it. It was just dinner.

Nevertheless, Erin was all excited at finally meeting my mom and dad. It was a big step in our relationship I guess.

My family was even more eager to meet my girlfriend.

Dad wanted to since he had never gotten to meet the last one, even though he didn't realize that he slept next to her.

Jojo was thrilled because, even though she knew nothing about my previous predicament and had been disturbed by my near-recent depressed behavior, she already thought of Erin as a newly adopted big sister.

Johnny was the least thrilled of the family, as this was another girl. And if she took me away from the family, that left only him and Jojo.

Mom acted like she wanted to meet Erin, but as I could read mom better than almost anyone, I noticed that she seemed to be reticent about the dinner. Surely, she wanted to make a good impression as all mothers would, but that this was the girl with whom I'd been spending my time. Too much time, if I read mom's attitude correctly. In addition, the girl that she knew I was sleeping with, the girl that wasn't her.

I knew I could only sit back and watch what happened, and hope for the best.

I arranged with Erin that I would pick her up and bring her to my house. Erin was excited finally to see the side of me that I had been keeping her from seeing. We sat in my car in the driveway before we entered the house. I needed to brace myself for the forthcoming meeting.

"Are we sure we want to do this?" I asked Erin nervously.

She had worn a too-white loose pullover blouse and a pair of deep blue slacks. Her finely curled locks were held back with a plastic green hair band that contrasted with her auburn hair.

"I don't know why you're so worried. I'm sure I'll love your family. You came out alright." Erin took my hand and smiled at me encouragingly. Those blue depths boosted my resolve.

"You're right. What could go wrong?" Except I knew facts that Erin could never guess.

We entered the house.

Everyone was acting normal. Too normal. Pretending as if they hadn't known the minute that we had pulled into the drive.

Dad was on his tablet. Jojo and Johnny had cartoons on the big screen. And mom stepped into the living room drying her hands on a dishtowel as if on cue. She had on one of her nicest blouses, a pale blue one, and a pair of black slacks that clung too well to her hips and other assets.

All of them looked up as one to see the girl that entered with me. I could have been invisible.

"Everyone, this is Erin." I gestured with a weak wave of my hand. "Erin, my father, my brother Johnny, my little sister Jojo, and my mother."

"Hello all. I'm so glad to finally meet you." Erin said with a wide smile. "Jeremy's been acting like you're all misshapen trolls!"

This brought smiles to everyone's faces. Except mine.

I felt my family now notice me. To my detriment.

"Don't pay attention to him. We're so glad to finally meet you too." Mom spoke up for the rest. She stepped forward, took one of Erin's hands, and gave it a feminine shake.

Dad stood and offered out his hand. His shake was a bit uncertain before he returned to his seat.

Johnny just looked blankly at Erin.

Jojo then sprang to her feet and rushed over to Erin. My sister took Erin's hand in a tight hold.

"Doyouwanttoseemyroom?" Jojo said excitedly, speaking so quickly that her question sounded like a single word.

Erin had a cheerfully surprised look on her face as she turned to me.

"Jojo. Please. The poor girl just walked in the door." Mom gently scolded her daughter.

"No, no. It's alright." Erin then returned my sister's stare. "I'd love to see your room."

Jojo tugged Erin's hand towards the stairs. Erin looked back at me with a questioning glance.

"Go ahead. It's a girl's thing." I said smiling as Jojo tried pulling Erin up the stairs.

The pair vanished upstairs as I watched.

"She seems nice." Mom said with almost false easiness.

Dad just gave me an approving and nearly leering nod before returning his attention to his small screen.

Johnny was still looking at where his sister, or rather, my girlfriend had disappeared.

"I think so." I answered mom, ignoring any special connotation mom's judgment might have.

It would always be hard to say anything was nice without bringing up thoughts of my mom.

I glanced at the stairway.

"I should probably go rescue Erin. Jojo is probably introducing her to every one of her dolls and stuffed animals."

I saw mom smile in agreement.

"Dinner won't be much longer." She said and returned to the kitchen.

When I got to my sister's room the two of them were sitting on the floor nearly buried in plush toys.

"Has Jojo shown you all her friends?" I asked Erin in sympathy.

"Oh yes! We're having a party now." Erin answered with no sign of being bothered by Jojo's attentions.

"You okay?" I asked, giving her the chance to be able to retreat.

"I love your sister. You can go if you want. I don't mind staying here. Right Jojo?"

"Jeremy can stay if he wants. He's not too bad for a big brother." My sister stated without looking up from her colorful stuffed animals.

I guess I could take that as praise.

"He's not too bad as a boyfriend either." Erin grinned up at me from the floor. "Go on. Us girls are going to keep playing. No boys allowed. Right Jojo?"

"Can you be my sister?" Jojo looked pleadingly at my girlfriend. "All I have is brothers."

I left before they revolted on me.

Dad raised his eyes from his tablet but said nothing when I returned alone.

I went cautiously to the kitchen.

"Where's Erin?" Mom also barely glanced at me as she bustled around the room.

"Jojo's adopted her as a sister."

"Oh, really." Mom said as she paused to stare at me.

"I guess that's a good sign." I said, looking around the room to not have to focus on my mother's well-formed ass cheeks.

"Well, if you have nothing to do, you could finish setting the table."

She said it as if I had no other option.

We did use the main dining table, as this was almost a special occasion.

When mom finished all her preparations, we were all seated with some slight commotion, as we didn't sit in our usual configuration. Jojo insisted on sitting next to Erin and Johnny quietly but determinedly sat opposite her. Mom and dad sat at the foot and head of the table. This left me to sit across from Erin, next to Johnny who gave me a quick glare.

Mom brought out the food, refusing my help.

"We don't stand on any formalities. We just dig in." Mom told Erin as the rest of us paused in uncertainty.

We did allow Erin to go first with any of the dishes.

"I'm sorry." Mom said as we barely had begun with an almost embarrassed look on her face. "I never asked if you were vegetarian, vegan, or have any other dietary issues."

Erin just smiled back graciously.

"No, I eat everything like anyone else."

This eased mom's fear of a social gaffe.

Mom had prepared a large roast with dishes of beans, green and baked, scalloped potatoes, corn, carrots, salad with a choice of three dressings, a bowl of dinner rolls, and had even made some cornbread. For beverages, we had milk, water, and apple juice. Dad drank beer, but this time at least he used a glass for it. Mom had her usual wine.

Nothing extraordinary, except we didn't normally have so much at once, or in these quantities.

It might just be enough for me!

"Were you expecting the school football team too, mom?"

Mom looked at me with a response on her lips, but she remained silent.

"It all looks so wonderful, Mrs. ..." Erin told mom as she dished herself some potatoes.

"Call me Jenny." Mom interrupted.

"Okay ... Jenny." I could see Erin wasn't quite comfortable with that, but I hoped that she soon would be.

Dad took up the duty of cutting the roast, dishing out slices as plates were passed to him.

We started off mostly silent, each of us slaking our hunger before any conversation started.

I won't bore you with everything that was said.

Dad was mostly silent, refraining from any remarks he might have made about me as far as my future and thankfully about his opinion about my treatment of past girlfriends. Johnny was unusually quiet and well mannered as he peeked up from his plate across the table. Jojo was surprisingly mostly silent, but her admiration of Erin screamed from her little eyes.

Which left mom, Erin, and I to carry the conversation.

Mom scrutinizingly studied Erin for any flaw the young girl might have as we talked. I almost wanted to ask mom if she wanted a microscope to check Erin's genes.

Mom asked about Erin's life growing up. Erin told her about wanting to be a dancer when she was younger. Mom then surprised me with something I had never known about her when she said that she also had wanted to dance professionally. Having made some small connection with my girlfriend seemed to loosen mom's beneath-the-surface tension. The pair chatted away with me only interjecting small comments about whatever they would discuss.

Erin brought up college and her plans, and I had to steel myself for the disparagement from the head of the table. Nothing was said in relation to my plans, only of Erin's. Dad spoke encouragingly that it was a sound decision. I had to look aghast at my father before turning to mom for her reaction. She had a blank look, but I knew she was a bit shocked to hear her husband counter his opinion of any choices I had stated. Was it because I was his son, or because Erin wasn't, and was instead a pretty, young girl?

I let the one bump pass and followed the women's talking as it moved on to other topics.

The night was pleasant overall, leaving me to wonder about why I had been worried.

It wasn't as if mom was going to bring up anything about us with dad there. Or say anything to embarrass me about information that she wasn't supposed to have of me.

Erin also wasn't going to tell my parents anything that teenagers didn't want adults to know about them.

Like how often we had sex!

The night ended cordially. Dad told Erin again that he was pleased to meet her, mom said likewise. Johnny blushed when Erin gave him a hug before she left, and Jojo was the one that hugged Erin, seemingly not wanting to let the other young female go.

Mom told me not to be too late taking Erin home, as if we might dally for a little sexual dalliance before I returned home.

I didn't plan on it, but it wasn't out of the question either!

But Erin's parents were also expecting her not to be too late so we couldn't do much, if in fact we did anything.

Erin brought it up on the way, telling me that she'd suck me off but that we didn't have time for anything more. I gallantly replied that if I couldn't satisfy her too, then I would also bravely go without.

It did give us more time to shove our tongues in each other's mouths when I parked in front of her house!

"That was nice." Erin stated when we needed to breathe again.

"The kiss, or the dinner?" I asked.

"Um ... both." She grinned and I expected her tongue tonsillectomy again. Erin instead continued.

"I don't know why you put it off for so long. Were you worried that I'd learn some dark secret about you or your family?"

Exactly!

But I couldn't tell Erin that.

"No. I don't know." I had no other words.

"We should do it again." Erin said.

"The dinner, or the kiss?" I repeated my question.

"Um ... both."

I then received the expected tonsillectomy. It was a lengthy procedure and left me with the symptoms of heavy breathing, increased heart rate, and a very large steel bar in my pants!

Mom was the only one still up when I got home.

She eyed me cautiously but then caught sight of the bulge that hadn't receded yet.

"It didn't seem like you hurried back, but I notice that you didn't take your time either."

"Care to help?" I teased, not sure if I would accept if she did.

"I'm sure you can handle it." Mom grinned as she rose from the couch and headed towards her bedroom. "Good night Jeremy."

"Night mom."

She was right. I could handle it.

Mom continued to flirt with me and it was getting harder to resist her. Even with the almost daily sex with Erin. She'd bat her eyes at me, or kiss my cheek but her lips would brush against mine, or she'd grab my arm and gently rub it as we would talk. She seemed to spending more time in my bedroom than any other room of the house, just to be around me more. Or to let me be with her more.

Mom made frequent allusions to the sex I was getting with Erin, commenting such things as that she hoped my little friend was keeping me happy, or if I was getting enough, or if I was satisfied with Erin. I ignored such questions. That she even would say such things with other family members around but oblivious to her suggestive wording.

Once she called me into her room and I figured she needed help lifting something or killing some invading insect. I thought nothing of it as I entered her room and found her wrapped in a white towel with a second one wrapped around her head. I asked what she wanted, but before mom could answer, the towel around her body fell to the floor. Even having seen her naked hundreds of times, I still was stunned and stood staring. Mom took her time picking up the fallen fabric and even then didn't rewrap herself. 'It's not like you haven't seen me nude before, huh Jeremy?' She said cheerily, as if she wasn't standing before her son. I had to shake myself and drag my eyes kicking and screaming from mom's beauty. I left her room without knowing what she had called me for, if in fact there had been a reason.

All this was bringing up the feelings that I thought I had buried and the lust that had never been far away, even during the darkest moments in the days following her telling me we were done. I didn't know how much longer I could stand firm against such unrelenting insidious acts.

I didn't know if I still wanted to.

It was mom. Formerly my Jenny.

Things were still great with Erin, and were getting better all the time.

It's been said that there is one person for all of us in the world, and that you just had to find that person. I felt as if I had found that one person for me, twice. Or rather, those people had found me, as I hadn't been looking at either time.

I had to be one of the luckiest guys in the world.

Or Erin's feeling that we were supposed to be together might have some weight to it.

But then what did that mean about mom?

Surely if I was destined to be with Erin then I wasn't meant to be with mom, Jenny.

Why did I feel the same about both of them?

If I did succumb to mom's teasing (and that she was serious in trying to get me back), could I keep it from Erin?

Mom and I had managed it, and we had had dad in the same house with us.

Wait!

Was I now trying to justify letting mom try something with me without even knowing if she was actually trying?

I had to see how serious mom was. But without letting her know that I might be serious in case she wasn't.

Or would she just consider it more of my shenanigans, as she had put it.

The next day Erin had plans after school so I had gone straight home. It wasn't long that I was there that mom started her routine. She had known that I wasn't going to be with Erin that day, so when I walked in the front door I found her lounging on the couch in the living room. Mom was wearing a black skirt that was so short that if I had come from the other direction I would have seen what color her panties were. The pastel green blouse covered little of her chest, as nearly every button was undone. This made it evident that she had no bra on. If I had come from the kitchen, I suspected I would have found she didn't have panties on either!

"Mom!" I cried out when I saw her.

"Oh, Jeremy!" She responded just as loudly. "I wasn't expecting you!"

"Who were you expecting, dressed like that?" I asked in disbelief.

"I wasn't expecting anyone. Not until Johnny and Jojo get home." She had made no move to re-button her blouse, or to change her seductive position either.

Now, I knew something was up because I had told her I was coming right home that day. Said it a couple of times. So she was trying to get a reaction from me.

I decided to give it to her.

I hurried to the couch and laid down on top of her as well as I could. I slipped a hand into her blouse and cupped her full luscious breast. I leaned over her and before she could react, I kissed her hard.

Mom struggled beneath me, but I kept my lips glued to hers while pushing hers open to slip my tongue in. My hand kneaded her tit, my fingers digging into the soft flesh. I adjusted my legs to push hers open so that I could rest my crotch against hers.

Mom's hands came up to the curves of my shoulders to push me off her but as I continued kissing and pawing at her, those hands moved around to my back to hold me down on her. Her lips responded and returned my fire.

"Oh!" Mom gasped when I moved my lips from hers to her neck.

My dick had missed mom too and it rose to let her know that.

After a few minutes of this I suddenly stood.

Mom looked up at me with dreamy eyes and flushed cheeks.

"Just making sure we still weren't doing anything together mom." I gave her a feeble smile and went to my room, leaving her bedraggled and breathing heavy.

I did notice that she indeed wasn't wearing any underwear!

I heard my siblings arrive later, and figuring it was then safe, I ventured back downstairs.

I saw that mom had changed to attire more appropriate for a housewife and mother. I also noticed that she was avoiding my gaze.

Was she embarrassed that I had called her bluff? Ashamed that she had let things go further than she had intended?

Or sorry that things hadn't progressed farther?

Mom reigned in her flirtatious teasing for the next two days.

The second of which was Friday.

The family still had movie night and I had been tempted to invite Erin. Jojo and Johnny would love to see her, each for their own reasons. I was sure my parents wouldn't mind.

At least my parents as a whole wouldn't. I wasn't sure what mom's personal reaction would be after that incident on the couch.

Or should I just make other plans for the two of us?

Nah. I needed mom to see Erin and me together as a couple.

I texted Erin and she was thrilled with the idea. She specifically mentioned that she wanted to see Jojo again.

I had to admit to myself that I couldn't imagine what it would be like to be an only child.

As much of a pain as my brother and sister could sometimes be, I would never wish they didn't exist. Our only real issue was that of our age gaps.

I told mom that Erin wanted to come over for the movies and I saw a momentary pause before she answered that that was a great idea. That pause though suggested she might have other thoughts.

Erin showed up just before dinner; this one was nothing special, just mom's lasagna.

Dad did cut back on the number of beers he consumed before he planted himself in his recliner for the evening.

Jojo colored a picture in her coloring book, tore it out carefully, and presented it to Erin with a wide grin. Erin accepted it as if it was the Mona Lisa and gave my sister a hug in gratitude. I saw Johnny eye Jojo's coloring book and knew that he wanted an excuse to get hugged too. I was almost tempted to whisper to Erin to give him one, but then rejected the idea. I didn't like sharing my women with other family members!

Mom dished out the popcorn bowls and we all took our seats, or sleeping bag. Erin and I sat on the couch which left mom to sit on the loveseat. I was a little saddened to see her there alone. Even before that fateful night, I liked to sit next to mom and have her lean on my shoulder while we watched movies. Now I had Erin to cuddle with and since dad had his chair, mom huddled in her blanket by herself sipping her wine.

There was room on the couch and mom could have joined Erin and I, but that would have felt too weird. At least for me. To sit between two

women with which I'd had sex. A previous love and a current girlfriend.

I wasn't planning to do anything with Erin while we sat there, but mom probably didn't want to sit beside two lovebirds either, whether there was any hanky-panky going on or not.

We watched two of the most recent blockbusters, one PG and one PG-13. Not that we were against a more adult fare, but so many movies currently were aimed at that teen market. Even most R rated movies were really targeted for teens.

It was a pleasant night.

Dad fell asleep before the first movie ended, as had the youngsters. Mom sat with her feet up under her blanket in stoic silence while Erin and I commented about the movies in hushed whispers. During the 'intermission' mom refreshed our popcorn and refilled mine and Erin's glasses of juice. Mom spoke very little to either of us beyond what was necessary as a good hostess for our visitor. Not that she was being cold to my girlfriend, but the movies lent the room to quietness.

Mom wished Erin a good night when she was about to leave, telling her that she was welcome on any Friday evening. Erin gave mom a hug that mom almost seemed uncomfortable receiving. I walked Erin to her car, anxious to get away from my mother's eyes. Erin and I kept our

goodbye fairly short, with some idle chat and a good deal of lipsmacking.

Thirty minutes is short, right?

Fortunately, mom was already off to bed when I came back inside. I locked the door, saw that dad had been covered and the TV turned off, so I headed to bed.

I had very muddled dreams that vanished as soon as I woke.

I was curious that I didn't smell breakfast cooking. It wasn't that late that I could have missed it. The house was also strangely quiet.

I peed and showered before I headed downstairs.

Mom was making a couple hardboiled eggs but nothing more.

I also saw that she wasn't wearing her usual old robe, but instead had on a floor length satin-trimmed one.

She also didn't turn when I walked in.

"Good morning mom. Where is everyone?" I just stood near the table, unsure with the lack of food preparation.

"Justin is golfing with Jack. Your brother and sister are at mutual friends for most of the day." Mom said flatly. She still didn't turn. She took the pan off the stove and drained the water.

"Something wrong mom?" Her attitude seemed strange and worrying.

"No, nothing and everything."

That didn't answer anything.

"No breakfast today?" I asked hopefully.

"I'm not your maid. Or your cook." Mom's voice was still flat, but there was a faint quaver to it.

"I never said you were." I answered a bit chilly. "I'll just have cereal I guess."

I walked over to the cupboard.

I was then abruptly spun about, and without warning or before I could react, mom was on me.

So quick and forceful that I was pushed against the counter behind me, and if not for said counter, would have probably been knocked to the floor.

Mom's arms wrapped around my neck like tentacles, one of her legs curled around behind my upper thighs and was pinned to the lower cupboard door. Her insistent lips merged with mine as I tried to ask what she was doing. Her hands roaming my head, through my hair and the sides of my face.

"M-m-mom." I struggled to say under the assault of her soft lips.

"Kiss me Jeremy." Mom said without removing her mouth from mine.

I'm sure I could have pushed her away without much trouble, but she had caught me off-guard. Then having a beautiful woman, and former lover, throwing herself all over me had slowed my reaction too.

Mom felt so good like this, hot and needy, that I couldn't say that I actually wanted to push her away from me.

This is what I had wished for, dreamed about for many weeks.

Or was she just getting me back for leaving her all warmed up on the couch?

It didn't seem like that to me.

Or my awakening dick.

Mom's lips kept up her attack, a barrage of kisses spread over my lips and lower face as she pulled my head to hers. My hands had hung limp at my sides during my surprise, but I now brought them up and placed my hands on the curve of her hips. I could push her away now, or I could hold her tighter.

It would surprise no one to find that I grabbed tight to those hips and held mom closer to me.

Mom moaned in my mouth as I ground my hips into hers.

"Yes Jeremy!" She breathed between my lips.

And then I was kissing her with just as much ferocity as I was receiving.

My hands moved from her hips, up her sides, and then around her back.

"Mom." I groaned back.

We stumbled around as we fought our footing while we tried to squeeze our bodies closer together.

Mom was somehow able to grind her crotch harder on mine, my erection quite obvious as she did. This only made her press harder.

"Yes ... oh ... yes!"

My hands ran up and down the back of mom's body, from her smooth shoulder blades to her firm beautiful ass.

The sounds of our smacking lips and grunting seemed loud but didn't suppress our need.

"My ... room." Mom sighed between a dozen kisses.

Four legs and still the two of us could barely get across the kitchen floor. That both our eyes were closed or locked on each other made navigating more than slightly difficult. We did bump hard against the wide doorway into the living room before we found our way down the hallway.

Mom was practically trying to mount me as we moved towards her room, her feet leaving the floor as she tried to press more of her against more of me. I stumbled and we fell to the wall behind me, but as we recovered, we then fell against the opposite wall, my weight pinning mom there.

"I ... need ... you ... Jeremy!"

I opened my eyes to see mom staring back at me with an overwhelming lust burning in her emerald pools.

We spun about and made a few more feet of progress.

"Hurry." Mom said barely audible with her lips only inches from my ear.

In my head, I was moving at lightspeed. My feet, at a turtle's pace.

We pinballed off the walls down the hall and slammed into the bedroom door that gave way with a crash into the wall behind it. I could see mom's unmade bed behind her tousled haired head. Just feet away. It still took a couple of minutes for us to stumble. That felt like years!

Before we even reached mom's bed, we both fell back onto the giving mattress. It was only then that we both began to disrobe each other. This also was hampered by our sightlessness, our hands blindly pulling at fabric to release the naked flesh beneath. Our hands also roamed over our exposed and heated skin in which also hindered our undressing.

Not that either of us had much to remove.

I just had on my t-shirt, shorts, and boxers while mom wore her nice robe, a satiny powder blue nightie and matching panties.

We rolled over each other across the bed in our blind and consuming passion, grabbing and kissing as if it was our last time. As if we were starving for one another. As if we had never stopped.

It wasn't like neither mom nor I weren't getting any, though it had been two days since my last time with Erin. I couldn't say for sure for mom. It couldn't have been more than a half dozen days.

We tossed around the bed, finally getting naked, and then mom ceased her kissing.

"I want to suck you Jeremy." She pleaded.

Without waiting for my answer, knowing she didn't need me to reply, mom rolled me onto my back and her hands encircled my granite cock. She glanced up at my face as her head joined her hands and gave me a sexy smile.

A smile that made everything seem okay again.

I knew I wouldn't last long with this first of an eternity of blowjobs from mom, and I'm sure she was just as aware of that as me.

I also knew that it wouldn't take much to get me ready again for the main event, if in fact that I even faltered after the first.

Mom attacked my dick as if she'd been starving for it, but she also licked it gently to go along with her slavering bobbing. She drooled all over my dick as she sucked and slobbered on it. One hand squeezed the base that helped me hold off, while the other played with my balls, which pushed me closer faster.

Erin may be a great cocksucker, but she wasn't my mother!

"I want to taste you honey." Mom begged. "Cum for me Jeremy, give me your delicious cum!"

As if there was any doubt that I would soon fill her mouth with my cream.

"Suck it mom! Suck that cock that you love so much!" I exclaimed as I trembled with my need.

"I do love it! I love your cock Jeremy!" Mom cried out as she began to jerk and twist her hand up and down my enflamed saliva-soaked shaft.

"I'm close mom! Keep going, I'm going to cum in your mouth. I'm gonna ... gonna ... shit! Cumming!"

I jerked my hips up at least six inches as my entire body tensed with my release.

Mom fought to keep her lips sealed around my smooth cock head as I spurted thick streams of my seed into her mouth. I don't know where it was coming from, but it felt like I was shooting two loads at once, that I just kept cumming and cumming. Mom pulled her head back, her lips

overflowing with my cum even as I shot two more streams across her cheek and chin. I saw her throat pulse as she tried to swallow.

I was also seeing spots filling mom's room as my head spun.

"Jeezus Jeremy!" Mom gasped when she finally cleared her throat. "Have you been saving it up?"

Mom dragged a finger over her cheek and sucked her digit clean. She repeated this over her chin.

"I've missed you mom." I said with almost no emotion. Just because she missed me and that it appeared we were to resume our intimate relationship didn't erase the pain that she had caused. I was glad going forward, but I hadn't forgotten the past either.

"I've missed you too Jeremy." Mom's eyes were pained, evidence that she felt some lingering discomfort too.

I tossed her my shirt.

"You've got cum all over your face mom."

"Thanks." She swiped my shirt across the lower half of her face and then tossed it to the floor.

"Is it good enough for kissing again?" Mom asked knowing my displeasure.

I answered with my lips instead of my words.

And yes, my dick was still rock solid!

We kissed; long passionate kisses, countless little pecks, kisses that wandered over our faces, kisses with plenty of tongue, sucking of lips, and kisses that took our breaths away.

As we kissed, we shifted around on the bed groping each other, not exactly trying to line our genitals up but that was our ultimate goal. When I was between mom's thighs and I had managed to get the head of my dick poking against her wet lips, mom spread her legs wider, curling them around my waist. Then I felt her hand softly take my dick and press it against her pussy.

"Shove it in me Jeremy. I need you in me so badly." Mom barely said, more that she breathed the words than spoke them.

"No more than me." I said around her lips.

I sunk deep with the first stroke reveling in the exquisite feeling that was my mother's clenching pussy.

"Oh!" Mom grunted into my mouth.

I drew back and sank deeper the second time.

I was full in on number three.

There was no teasing, foreplay, or making this last.

I went full on as if I was on the homestretch and was back two lengths.

"Oh! God! Yes!" Mom broke from my lips as she cried out.

I had just cum only minutes before but was sure that it wouldn't be long before I would be ready to fill mom's pulsing pussy with a load at least almost equal to the first. At least it felt that way.

With the frequent practice that I had been getting lately with my girlfriend and past experience with mom, I had far more muscles and

stamina so that I would be able to last longer before tiring. So thus, I gave mom a pounding that I had never given her before. In no little time, I had her alternating grunting and gasping on each powerful thrust.

"Fuck ... me ... Jeremy! Give ... me ... that ... huge ... cock! I ... love ... it!"

Mom's hands clung to my shoulders as her legs grabbed my waist.

"You like ... that mom?" I groaned out.

"God yes!" Mom's eyes stared at me partially glazed over from bliss.

I hadn't been going too long when mom began to pant quickly. She was shivering as if she was cold, but was sweating.

"Make ... me ... cum ... dear. Mommy ... wants ... to ... cummmm!"

I was already fucking her as hard and fast as I could. It would have to be enough to push her over.

"Yes! Yes! Oh! Yes! Fuck! Fuck! Yes!"

Apparently, it appeared it would.

"Cum for me mom! Soak ... my dick!"

"Aaaaaa!" Mom shrieked as her body stiffened and then shook as if caught in a whirlwind. A whirlwind of ecstasy!

It was only a couple minutes later when I couldn't hold off any longer, not that I was even trying to anymore. My imminent explosion gave me a burst of energy that I ended in an increased furious flurry of thrusts as I again came in my mother. The room swum in my eyes as I spent myself and then collapsed, my last action was to throw myself to the side of mom.

Soft, warm kisses on my cheek and lips roused me from the stupor I'd fallen into.

"Hello, lover." Mom's whispered voice in my ear.

"Hi Jenny." I croaked out without turning to look at her.

"I have missed hearing you call me that."

I did roll my head to the side and found those jade orbs glistening with an overflowing love. Her skin seemed to glow with a renewed life.

"I've just missed being with you like this." I said trying to hold back some of my overwhelming emotions. "Not even the sex, just lying next to you afterward feeling all tingly and yet calm."

"I know what you mean. Just having you close by." Mom propped her head up with one arm. Her other hand she used to softly trace a fingertip over my face.

"Are we together again? This isn't just once is it?" I asked with my voice crackling from my tumbling feelings.

"No. This isn't just once." Mom said, her eyes turning from me.

"Why mom? Jenny?" I pleaded, lost in the maelstrom that churned in my heart.

"I'm sorry honey." Her voice sounded ready to break. "I know we needed to go our own ways. You needed someone for yourself. Like I had, have with Justin. Someone like Erin."

Mom's eyes returned to mine for a moment, staring intently as if she could see my soul. She turned away again before continuing.

"But I love you too much Jeremy. No matter how wrong I know it is, I can't resist you. I don't want to resist you." Her eyes came back to mine and were able to stay focused there. "Things are better with your father. Good even. I know how sorry he is for what he did. But that doesn't change what I've done, what we've done."

"When you started with Erin I was happy for you. I didn't want you to just go after the first girl with the way you were feeling, but I knew it was a start." A gentle smile curled her lips.

"However, as time went by, I missed you more and more. Even that last time we talked, I wanted you then. But I had Justin, and you had your new friend. I tried to tell myself that that was how things were supposed to be, I wasn't supposed to dream about you."

"Dreaming about me?" I broke in.

"Don't get cocky. But yes, I dreamt about you. Remembering how things used to be. How good you made me feel."

Her finger stopped gliding over my face as she peered intently at me.

"You made me feel good too, Jenny."

"You have Erin now." She paused as if in pain. "I was jealous. Am jealous. Of Erin. That she got to be with you when I wanted to be that person."

Another pause as she gathered her words.

"Then, seeing you two last night, whispering together on the couch while I was on the loveseat and Justin was asleep ..." Mom trailed off almost as if picturing all of us from the previous evening.

"We were just talking about the movie. Erin loves movies like I do."

"I didn't think you were doing anything ... naughty." Mom got a devilish smile on her face.

But then it fell away.

"Seeing you together, knowing that you should be together." She blinked once, twice. "She seems good for you. I was leery at first. You were getting too serious too soon with the next girl you met."

"I said the same thing at the start. I wanted to go slow." I said.

Mom looked at me with disbelief.

"I did." I restated. "But Erin has this feeling, this belief that we are meant to be together."

Still with the look.

"I know. I don't buy it either. Not completely. But there is something there." I took a breath. "Like I feel with you."

"I hoped. Seeing you two just made me realize how much I love you, still love you. I couldn't take it anymore. I had to have you back."

"I'm not going to lie Jenny, I've wanted you too. Never stopped wanting you. Then things started with Erin. And things have been great with her. But I still want to be with you too. How messed up is that?"

"You mean like I was with wanting to be with you but not stop being with Justin?" Mom had a grin crack her lips. "Shoe is on the other foot now. You now know how I have felt all along."

"What do we do mom? I don't want to break up with Erin, I really like her, might even be falling in love with her. But I hope we can keep doing this too."

"You had to share me with your father; now I guess, I have to share you with your girlfriend."

"We can do that? I don't know if I want to do that to Erin." My feelings now were even more mixed up.

"We obviously can't stop being with each other, and neither of us wants to give up our significant other either. There's not really any other choice." Mom stated.

"I guess not. I just feel like I'm lying to Erin now, like I'm cheating on her. On both of you actually."

"Welcome to my world bucko. That's how I've felt all this time."

"I don't know how you did it. I should love that I get to be with the two women I love most, but I also feel crappy about it."

"Two women you love most? Not Jessica?" Mom asked me quizzically.

"You know I love Aunt Jess. But it's not the same as you. Or Erin."

"I know Jeremy. I was teasing." Mom's eyes drifted to my soft dick.

"Do you think we could go again? I've really missed you."

It didn't take long for me to be ready again.

Once we had gotten our pent up lust for each other satisfied, we were able to spend more time on the second go enjoying just being with each other. We didn't make love, we were still too hungry for each other, but it was a slower pace than that first wild joining.

As I lay atop mom, resting on my elbows as I peered longingly into her green eyes, I slowly pivoted in and out of her tight wet tunnel. I savored every inch as I did, as she was loving it too. She caressed my legs and backside with her own calves, her hands massaging my shoulders and deltoids. I swiveled around inside her making sure I was pleasuring every bit of her love hole.

"You're so good to me honey." Mom cooed as she stared back up at me.

"Only as good as you are to me Jenny. I wish I could go on like this forever."

"Not with Erin?" Mom asked with a deep exhale.

"I wish I could be with you both forever. I don't know what I'm going to do." I continued my rhythmic measured motion, like a sexual metronome. "Things are going so good with Erin, I don't want to jinx it, but she might be the one. Well, since I can't have you."

It may not have been the best save ever, but I'm sure mom got my meaning.

No matter how much the two of us loved each other, we just couldn't be together. Not in the way that we would have wanted. Even discounting my father, there was still my brother and sister to consider. And the laws of the state.

"I don't want you to get your hopes up so soon after we ..." Mom trailed off, as her point was now moot. "Just that Erin is the first girl to come along. Don't make her out to be the perfect girl until you're sure. You haven't known her for long enough to know she's the one."

I slowly picked up the tempo and was now beginning to pant a little.

"I didn't really know you that long mom. Not really. Not as my ... lover. It was totally different from you being my mother. I hate to say this now, but I really barely noticed you. Except when I needed laundry done, or I was hungry. I'm sorry for that."

"I suppose that's just the reality of being a mom, your kids only miss you when they need something." Mom's eyes suddenly become more motherly. Which was disconcerting as I was fucking her.

"I need something from you now mom."

"And what is that?" Mom asked slowly as my pace was really starting to affect her.

"A kiss."

"A mother's work is never done." Mom said with a resigned sigh as I leaned closer to meet her lips.

It wasn't just one kiss. It was multiple, numerous, abundant, and relentless.

As our lips danced together, our breaths became faster and rougher. Mom's hands began to roam farther than just my shoulders, journeying down my back and up my neck into my hair.

I let my mouth travel down her jaw with tender little kisses, down onto the skin of her neck, feeling her heartbeat there. I circled near her ear and crossed over the top of her neck, feeling her panting breath in her throat, and then up to the other ear, my kisses never-ending.

"I love you Jenny." I whispered with my lips on her earlobe.

Her own mouth was correspondingly beside my ear.

"I love you Jeremy."

As if that was the cue, I began to really pump my hips as I plumbed mom's depths.

"And I love this!" Mom croaked out.

I kicked it into overdrive and was nearly at my earlier pace, ramming furiously into mom's pussy.

"Harder Jeremy! Give me all that wonderful big cock!"

Whatever I had was hers.

I was gasping into her ear, her soaked brown hair. I was beyond conscious thought; I was just a lever for my dick to thrust into my love's tight and incredible feeling velvety vice. Jenny's inner muscles were milking my shaft on every downward penetration and every return stroke.

"I love it ... Jeremy! You ... are ... going ... to ... make me ... cum ... again! Faster!"

Mom's words came to me as if from on high.

I could only comply.

"Yes! Like ... that! Oh! God! Yes, yes!" Mom yelled out.

"Ohhh ... Fuuuuuckkk!"

"Gaaaaah!"

Mom shook and trembled and jerked beneath me as evidence of her reaching orgasmic bliss.

Having accomplished my goal, I gave in to my own burning need and after another dozen strokes or so, I flooded Jenny's womb with my load of creamy seed.

I collapsed on top of my mom, my sight blurry and my limbs now almost useless. I felt her hold me tightly as if to never let me get away again.

I recovered slowly and mom tried to ease me off her.

"Oh. Sorry mom."

"It's okay. I love you on me, in me. But after a bit it's just too much."

"I love me in you too." I grinned feebly at her.

"We still have to be careful. I don't want to have the near misses like we did before. Especially now with Justin paying me more attention." Mom said warningly, but her eyes still glowed with that just-fucked aura.

"I should warn you too. I don't want Erin to even suspect that there might be another girl, or woman." I tried to be firm in reply, but I don't think I managed it. It was hard to be stern to my naked mother!

Mom just laughed.

"It's not funny mom!" I scolded her.

"Just what have we gotten ourselves into Jeremy? You have to keep me a secret from Erin; I have to keep you secret from Justin. We have to find time to be with them, but yet we want to be together. It's all just a mess!"

"But it's a big beautiful wonderful mess." I answered.

"You would think so. Remember, if anything happens, Erin will only break up with you. I'll have your father divorce me and take the kids from me. I don't think I could survive that. So be cocky all you want with your two girlfriends, but there's the bigger picture for all of us."

"Two girlfriends?" I asked in shocked disbelief.

"You're right! I have two girlfriends!" I sat up with renewed energy. "I have the two hottest girls! Wow!"

"I don't know about hottest. I keep in shape, moreso the past few months because I've had additional incentive," Mom gave me a sexy smile, "and Erin is cute enough, but the hottest?"

"You're hot to me!"

"That's all that matters I guess." My attitude infected my girlfriend as a wide grin covered her face.

"Can we go again?" I teased.

I would have tried. I really would have.

"Yeah, right. Like you're capable." Mom looked at my well-worn little buddy. It appeared to be taking a weeklong nap.

"I'm always capable to be with you, Jenny!" I bragged.

Given a few minutes, no more than thirty, I was positive I could be capable again.

"I know you are Jeremy, that's part of why I love you." Mom leaned towards me and gave me a loving peck on the lips.

"Part? Because I fuck you as much as you want?"

"Is that how you talk to your mother? I'm sure I didn't raise you to have such a foul mouth." Mom struggled to keep a strict look on her face.

"What do you expect from your motherfucking son?"

This made her open her mouth in near shock, but then she broke out laughing again.

"I know that you are a mother ... well, that. But to hear it out loud ..." Mom gave me another peck, slightly longer the second time.

"We need to get up. To get dressed. I'm sure we both need showers. Johnny and Jojo should be home in not too much longer. And Justin will be back from golf."

No matter how many times mom said the word 'golf' it always came out with disdain.

"I'll tell you Jenny, I think dad's playing the wrong round of holes. The best hole is at home. And it's only a par one!" I quipped. Before she could react, I added. "I get a hole in one every time!"

Mom chortled with a snort.

"That's because you have the best club!" She said. "But only one hole? I do have ... three."

"And I love every one! I need to try that back nine ... I mean one, again."

"Yes you do." Mom's angelic face beamed while she implied that she wanted me to fuck her ass again.

I was back in heaven!

"Now get up and go shower before your brother and sister come home to find us in my bed together."

"We could shower together." I said as a question.

"No. No more funny business today." Mom stated and with maternal finality, that was that.

Dad actually got home before the other two. I watched with a wry grin as mom gave my father a welcoming kiss on the cheek. A grin that would have been a frown a couple weeks ago. Before mom had stated she couldn't stay away from me!

As great as that morning had been, I was now in a turmoil.

Moreso after getting a text from Erin stating that she wanted to meet up.

Which I took as a cue for she was horny and wanted sex.

I normally would have been thrilled at that but regardless of my earlier boast, I'm sure my performance would be off with Erin.

Would she notice? Be suspicious? Even question it?

Did I tell her I didn't feel like it today?

That would certainly be suspicious.

I knew I didn't have to rely on my dick to satisfy Erin but it was a 'big' part of my repertoire. And that I prided myself for the ability to go more than once at a time, or even more than twice on most occasions.

If I was going to go on being with both my women, I knew I would probably have this happen frequently. I would just have to learn how to deal with it. And I really needed to try to get to that working out that I kept saying that I need to start!

I texted Erin back telling her that I would be over shortly.

I showered; taking extra time to make sure every bit of mom was washed off me.

As I left, I mentioned I was going over to Erin's and mom gave me a curious glance. I blew her a secret kiss behind dad's back.

I picked Erin up as her parents were home and so we couldn't use her house if in fact what she was thinking was sex.

She greeted me with a quick but passionate kiss.

I was somewhat relieved when Erin told me her plans.

"It's such a beautiful day out, don't you think?" She asked and I had to nod. And not just because I'd gotten to have sex with mom again, it truly was a nice mid-spring day.

"Let's go to the park. We spend too much time cooped up indoors."

Cooped up indoors because we were fucking!

"Sure. That sounds great."

I have to say though, that the sight of Erin in her tight grey stretch shorts that covered her cute little ass and the pale green tank top with her brown bra barely visible beneath made me have second thoughts about sex. I just wanted to grab those pale thighs and wrap them around my head. Or my waist!

We walked through the park, hand in hand like young lovers, listening to the birds chirping, the children playing on the playground, a small group trying to launch a kite, and the other miscellaneous sounds of a spring day. We stopped by the lake and watched some mothers and young kids feeding some ducks swimming about in the water. Erin put her head on my shoulder and sighed dreamily.

"Isn't today the kind of day that just makes you glad to be alive?"

I found it slightly odd that she would make this comment on the exact day that I had gotten to fuck my mother once more.

"Isn't it?" Erin lifted her head and gently punched my bicep to get my attention.

"Oh, yes. It certainly is." I looked into her blue eyes that made the sky jealous.

"I loved having movie night with you and your family." Erin's eyes drifted away to the panorama around us.

"They loved having you too. Especially my brother and sister." I told her.

"Brother and sister?" Erin's eyes returned to me.

"I think Johnny has a thing for you. Unfortunately for him, so does his older brother."

"Johnny?" Erin asked in wonder. "He is pretty cute. Maybe I'll just have to dump you and have him be my boyfriend!"

"I sure hope you are teasing." I put a hand on her waist and a moment later, I wriggled my fingers there.

Erin burst out laughing.

"Stop." She gasped. "No tickling."

I ceased. A minute later.

"I guess he is a bit on the young side. I guess I'm just stuck with you then." Erin said cheerily.

"Stuck with me?" I chided her. "You could probably get any guy you wanted. I'm glad you chose me."

"And you should be." Her voice was playful.

We continued walking in silence for a while as we soaked up the sunshine and the refreshing air.

Erin guided us to the crest of a small hill just off the smoothed dirt walkway. We sat and surveyed the scenery, enjoying being together

and being alive. Both our arms crept around the other's back and we snuggled close.

Inevitably, though, we were drawn even closer and we were soon gently kissing which grew deeper as our passion was aroused. I laid Erin back on the green grass and with my head above hers, resumed our oral joining.

My hand crept up to her chest and caressed a hidden breast.

Erin moaned into my lips but didn't stop me.

I didn't think that we do anything while we were so openly exposed. We were off the path but we were visible if anyone should walk by. No one had since we had sat, but that didn't mean that we were safe there. Not that that would stop me from fondling my girlfriend, just that I wouldn't be inclined to take off any clothing. Erin didn't seem to be stopping me and I wondered if she was so inclined also.

I had to force myself to stop before I got to a point that I didn't care if we were seen. I was also at a point where I felt fully capable of anything that we might do. And any number of times that we did.

I rose off her, leaving Erin breathless.

She stared at me.

"Did you want to put on a show for whoever should walk by?" I asked, nearly as breathless.

Erin smiled seductively back at me as if she was contemplating that.

"Come on Erin." I scoffed. I stood slowly then reached a hand down to pull Erin to her feet.

"It really is a beautiful day." I said as my eyes looked all about us. "All the moreso with you in it."

Erin's eyes sparkled at that comment, making the day even better.

We walked some more before we met with some young teens throwing a Frisbee around. At Erin's encouragement, we joined them for a while, carried away with the simple joy of exercise and fresh air. We parted from the youths, now flush with our exertions, and headed back towards my car. We were in no hurry, our hands back together as we walked.

"Have you ever thought about what the rest of your life would be like?" Erin asked, breaking a long moment of silence.

Her question seemed heavy for such a carefree day.

"Not really. Not in any details. You know, finish high school, go to college, get into movie-making, get rich, get married, maybe have some kids, grow old, and die happy. Just like everyone else." I answered, reeling my answer off the top of my head.

"Come on Jeremy, I mean really. You've never tried to picture yourself like when you're ... say, fifty-five. What you'll be doing, what kind of things you'll tell yourself you wished you had done, that sort of thing." Erin stopped walking, her hand pulling me to a stop.

"What? No. Not really. I try not to think too much about the future. You can make all the plans you want, but things happen that you can't foresee and throw all those plans out the proverbial window." I looked hard at my girlfriend. "Like having a cute redhead come up to you one day and tell you that you two are supposed to be together. That wasn't on my agenda for that day."

I kept to myself the example of having your mother's hand land in your lap, on your erect dick, and well ... you know.

"A cute redhead? Cuter than me?" She replied with only a touch of seriousness.

"Okay. I can see your point. But you've never thought about having kids and what they'd be like, or sitting on your porch when your old and watching the sun set with the person with whom you've grown old together?"

"No. Not til now anyway." I took Erin's other hand and turned her to face me. "What's with the thoughts of the future? It's a nice day today. Leave tomorrow for tomorrow to worry about."

"It's just that feeling I have." Her eyes darted around as if afraid to see my disbelief.

"I'm glad that you have that feeling. I may not trust it, but I'm glad that you do. I just don't want you to put too much faith in it and be let down if it doesn't come to happen. Live with what you have now and not what you might have tomorrow." I told her with as much emotion as I hoped I could convey. "I'd rather have you live with hope for tomorrow rather than regret about today."

"I wish I could live so cavalier, I do, but ..." Erin looked distressed. That was my cue to interrupt her.

I put a hand over her soft lips to silence her, then gave her a soft kiss to calm her.

It seemed to work, at least somewhat.

"Mmmm. You always know what to say to me." A gentle smile broke on her pretty lips. "But I think I missed part of that at the end. Tell me again."

I had to repeat myself. And to make sure she understood me, I told her again.

We returned to my car and decided that we were both hungry. For food.

We went to a takeout place, but ate in, taking our time while the other diners hurried about their however meaningful lives.

It was a Saturday evening and the two of us should have had plans and been eager to go out, but for whatever reasons, we mutually decided to call it an early night. As I dropped Erin off, I promised to text her later and that we would have to make plans to do something on the following day. This got me a ribbing.

"Plans for tomorrow? I thought you didn't make plans." Erin mocked me.

"I make plans. I plan on going to bed later. I plan on finishing high school and graduating. I plan on enjoying my summer off." I responded defensively.

"Is that all?" Erin asked leadingly.

"No. I plan on this."

I leaned across the center console of my car and grabbed Erin's shoulders, pulling her closer to me. I kissed her as fiercely and as deeply passionately as I could muster in the cramped quarters.

When I leaned back, Erin's eyes were fluttering open.

"I like those plans." She said with a sigh.

"And I plan on that a lot!" I said firmly.

"Good night Jeremy." Erin leaned over and gave me a peck on the cheek as she opened the car door. "Text me later and tell me more of your plans." Her smile told volumes. I especially liked the one titled 'J'.

My parents were surprised to see me home so early. Mom had a knowing smile on her face as if she guessed the reason.

I told them both that Erin and I were just tired and made it an early night. Dad looked at me in disbelief.

"You're eighteen. You should be out with your girl, living it up." He told me.

I related how we spent the afternoon, and that we had 'lived it up' plenty. As an extra excuse, I blamed the thoughts of our impending graduation looming over us. Dad still snorted but let it drop. Mom peered at me as if trying to see beyond my words.

Did she think I came home early because of her?

Not that I might not have, but I hadn't.

I may have jeered at Erin's words, but now after letting them simmer in my head, they troubled me.

What did I want out of my life? What did my future hold? The weight of what would happen with mom and I, or Erin and I was heavy on my mind. I wasn't planning on spending my life with either of them, but right now, I couldn't picture not having them both for the foreseeable future.

I may have been the only teen doing homework on a Saturday night, but I needed to take my mind off those profound thoughts. Math and History helped clear my head. One was fixed and unalterable, the other was over and past.

Texts from Erin also helped.

We did make plans for the next day, nothing like a 'date', but just that we would do something as we spent time together.

Besides, I considered us past the dating stage. We weren't doing that awkward going to dinner and movie, wondering how to dress, what to say, how to act thing. We got together, we hung out, we did things together, we sometimes had sex. That wasn't dating.

There was a street fair going on in the next town over from ours and Erin suggested going. It sounded kind of boring to me, but I would do almost anything to spend time with my copper-tressed girl. The only

reason I would have gone before knowing Erin would be to check out the girls, and I didn't need to do that now. I already had two girlfriends! And more than enough troubles to go along with them. Not that I was complaining!

Mom only prepared a normal weekend breakfast for Sunday morning; pancakes, bacon, sausage links, and hash browns. I took ample portions of each and washed it down with a large glass of OJ. I told the table of my plans for the day, but it was really only aimed at my mom. She eyed me warily, which made me wonder. I was going to be with Erin and not trying to get into trouble with her, so why would she give me such a look?

Or was it that we were a thing again so she felt she should get preferential treatment?

Dad and my siblings were going to be around. It wasn't as if we would be able to do anything with them there.

Not that that really had stopped us before.

But we did have to try practicing some caution. We had been too lucky before. We couldn't count on that luck continuing forever.

Having mom back had to have pushed all the odds I had going for me.

I didn't want to risk losing her for a second time.

That was a place I never wanted to go again.

It was about eleven when I went to leave. I made a show of giving mom a familial kiss on the cheek as I did. What no one but mom had noticed was my hand grabbing a cheek down below! Her eyes just widened at my brazenness. I'm sure she was upset that she hadn't thought to fondle me as I went out the door.

I picked Erin up and we drove the few dozen minutes to the neighboring town. Traffic was a bit of trouble with the long stretch of a main street blocked off, and then the added burden of numerous visitors using the remaining open roads. We ended up having to park quite a distance from the event and walking five blocks. It was made easier with Erin's hand in mine, proudly proclaiming that the beautiful redhead was with me. She had worn a pair of shorts as tight as the previous day along with a tattered-looking sweatshirt that was either very old or a bold fashion statement. I just wore what was comfortable, a tee shirt with a popular classic rock band logo and a pair of black cargo shorts.

It was as I expected it to be, four blocks of booths of crafts, art, food and drink, and a variety of performers from poetry reading, folk singers, street magicians, clowns making balloon animals for the kids, and a

small bandstand with the local amateur symphony playing in the background of the whole event.

By myself, or even with my friends, the event would have been a bust and a snooze fest. But I will say, that being there with Erin, with her indie-bent and personable charm made the day a wonderful and eye-opening experience.

Erin chatted with everyone, from kids' three-years old to ninety-three year young grandmothers. We ate strange sounding foods without care of what they might be, played a variety of carnival games, had our faces painted up like clowns, joined in a block-long version of the hokey-pokey, and even participated in a karaoke competition of movie theme songs. We browsed the numerous stalls of amateur arts and crafts with Erin finding a painting that she just had to have. We ate cotton candy, feeding each other the fluffy confection, sucked on sno-cones, and drank soda from cups with straws so long they wrapped around our necks.

Again, if it had been me and my friends, I would have been bored silly.

With Erin, I don't know when I had had so much fun. Not since I turned whatever-teen years old.

I never felt self-conscious with any of the somewhat childish or outlandish things that we did that day. Erin's child-like glee when we

joined in the sack race outweighed my sense of 'cool'. I just threw all my cares to the gentle wind that blew and let myself have fun, no matter what thing we were doing.

In the late afternoon we were sitting, having chili dogs, and I was staring at Erin as she ate.

"What? Do I have chili on my chin?" She wiped her hand over her painted face.

"No. You don't have anything on your face. I was just staring, just in awe of you." I gushed.

"What? Jeremy." Her eyes darted downward embarrassed.

"I haven't had this much fun in like forever. There isn't anyone that I would have done half of what we've done today, except with you. You make me feel that I don't care about what others think of me, that by being with you makes whatever I do okay. You bring the me out of me. And make that me a better me. If that makes sense."

"Jeremy." Erin took my hand, the hand without the chili dog and squeezed it tight. "That's very sweet of you to say. I don't think that I do anything, except maybe just let you be the you that you really want

to be without any preconceived notions of who you are supposed to be. That's all I want. I want you. The real you."

"That was kinda deep. You take psych?" I looked deep in her eyes, those beautiful blue windows to her soul.

"Just one semester. I got into it, but a lot of it seemed a bit pretentious. I didn't need a class to know how people are, or how they think. It's just kind of instinctual with me. I only took it because I thought it would help with my writing."

"I never thought of that as far as my wanting to direct. I may have to think about maybe taking a class or two in college." I had to take a bite before I dripped down my arm.

We finished our dogs in silence, the loud susurrus of the fair behind us.

Afterwards we walked back down the length of the four blocks but we didn't pause at any of the exhibits, booths, or stalls, merely absorbing the entirety of the atmosphere. I would have done more with Erin, but we pretty much had done everything there was to do and more. We reluctantly headed back to my car, Erin carrying her painting, the long silly straws still around our necks, our painted clown faces, and our happy smiles.

"I want to thank you again for today Erin." I paused and stared into her eyes.

"Thanks yourself. You were part of what made today what it was. It wasn't all me." Erin deflected my praise.

"But it was your idea. Did you want to do anything else?" I asked.

I wasn't alluding to anything sexual. Truly, I wasn't.

I wasn't discarding the idea either!

"I wish I could. My parents and I are having dinner at my dad's cousin's house tonight. I'm actually slightly late already."

"You should have said something." I said hurrying my step.

"If I know my mother, she'll be late in getting ready anyway. We don't have to break any speed limits getting back."

I didn't break any limits, but I had definitely bent a few by the time we got to Erin's house.

"Thank you for today Jeremy. I really had fun with you." Erin leaned over and gave me a quick kiss. I was left with my lips hanging in space as she exited my car and dashed up to her porch. I just stared at her curvy little tush until she entered her house.

The looks on everyone's faces at my house were priceless when I entered with my straw and clown face.

Jojo and Johnny were excited when they saw me like that but then when the realization of what they had missed hit them, they both pouted. Until I gave Jojo the serpentine straw, that she insisted on using with her milk at dinner. This of course did nothing to mollify my brother.

Dad just shook his head when he saw me, whether from disbelief or chagrin that an eighteen-year-old graduate would act so juvenile.

Mom struggled but couldn't hide a constant smirk whenever she looked at me.

"Did you have fun today?" Mom asked me, her voice almost a giggle.

"Yes I did." I stated plainly. As Erin had said, I just had to be the me that I wanted to be.

"Are you going to wash that off before you eat?" She asked. It almost sounded as if she hoped I would say no. I obliged.

"Why should I? I ate earlier with it on. It doesn't bother anyone does it?"

"I like it! I want a clown face too mommy!" Jojo gave her opinion.

"It's stupid!" Johnny frowned, but I'm sure he was just still upset that I had given Jojo the silly straw. I just stuck my tongue out at him.

"You look childish." Dad stated flatly.

I decided to keep the makeup on through dinner.

Later that night, I was in my room playing on my X-station when mom came up. My door was open and she stepped into my room.

"You looked very happy when you came home. Very different from not so long ago." She stated as she stood by the door as if she feared coming in too far.

"I was happy yesterday morning." I stated after pausing my game, alluding to our 'reunion'.

Mom understood.

"No, I mean more than just that. You had a calmness to you. You really care about this girl don't you?" Her voice was sincere and filled with motherly care.

"Mom, it doesn't change how I feel about you, but yes, yes I do." I felt my emotion fill my words.

"I'm glad. I am. No matter whatever we have, you need more than just that. You need someone that you can be with in the open, in public." Mom said.

"I feel like I shouldn't, but I like Erin. I like that she makes you feel good." Mom continued. After a pause, she added with a leering grin. "I don't like she is getting your ... stuff."

"Missing out on your morning shakes mom?"

"The kale ones I've been having lately just don't have the same zing to them."

"That healthy stuff will kill you." I teased. "The shop has been somewhat deserted for awhile, but it's still open anytime you want to visit."

Mom smiled at that.

"I just might have to." Then her smile slightly faded. "I really am glad for you Jeremy. I'm jealous of Erin, but I am glad for you. Both of you."

"Thanks mom. I'm jealous of dad too, but I'm glad that things didn't fall apart for you two. Even though I don't want him to have you, I don't want you to get divorced either."

"Things are better than they were, but we're still working out some things. I feel bad that Justin thinks he is the only one at fault, but I can't tell him what I've done ... what we've done. He'd never understand and probably wouldn't be as forgiving as I've tried to be. I know I have no moral high ground over him, my deeds weigh just as heavy on me as his ... incident, if not more so. His was one time and I know that it meant nothing. You mean everything." Mom's stance wobbled with her weight on one foot then the other.

"And I wasn't just one time either!" I quipped back trying to lighten her darkening tone.

"No, you definitely haven't." Mom started to turn but then paused. She took the few steps towards me in my chair and bent over to give me a kiss on the forehead.

Another pause. Then she bent further and kissed my lips. Soft and tender, but brief.

"Good night Jeremy. Don't stay up on that game too late."

"Good night Jenny." I stared at her until she disappeared out my doorway.

I have to admit that I was torn Monday afternoon when school got out. Erin and I had nothing definitive planned but that was also the only time that I could spend with mom to do anything illicit without anyone else at home. But if I went home to spend time with mom then by the time we would be done and I got to Erin's house, we wouldn't have enough time before either of her parents got home from work.

So which girlfriend did I want to be with more?

Luckily, I didn't have to decide as Erin texted me that she'd met up with some friends and that she'd talk to me later that night.

So home to mom then!

Mom was surprised to see me when I burst in the door. She had been in the middle of doing laundry. She was wearing a striped sleeveless blouse and wine-colored Capris.

"You're not doing anything with Erin?" Mom asked incredulously.

"She's with some friends. So I'm all yours Jenny."

"Am I the first choice or just the runner-up?" Her eyes turned cool but it was only for show. "No. Don't answer that. That wasn't fair. I'm sorry Jeremy."

"It's okay Jenny. I honestly can't answer that. I was thinking the same thing before Erin texted me." I couldn't hide anything from mom, and I hoped honesty would earn me some brownie points. Or maybe even some brownies!

"It may be terrible for me to admit this, but you are my first choice. It's just that I chose Justin earlier." Mom's emerald eyes grew hazy with this confession.

"I'm glad too, otherwise I wouldn't even be here!"

"I guess there is that." Mom's face broke out in a grin.

"So you think that you can just waltz in and expect me to drop everything to have sex with you don't you?" She gave me a quizzical look.

I just stared back in reply. How could I answer that without sounding like a jerk?

Mom chuckled at my expression.

"Let me put this next load in the washer ... then you can put your next load ... wherever you want on or in me!" She turned and hurried to the utility room.

That was the mom I remembered and loved!

I darted upstairs to change into something easier to remove.

Mom had returned to the living room when I rushed back down.

"I thought it was the woman that changed into something more comfortable?" Mom joked when she saw my change of wardrobe.

"If you want to change too, go ahead. I'll even watch you undress." My eyes locked on hers.

"I'm sure you would." Mom blinked once, twice, three times.

We were standing on opposite sides of the room and neither of us could take the first step. It wasn't that we were nervous, never that. We just both wanted the other so much that we didn't know how to start!

Someone somewhere must have dropped a flag because mom and I both sprang at each other at the same time.

Our arms wrapped around our shoulders and squeezed as tight as either was capable.

Our lips met, mingled, then mashed together.

All cares and worries just disappeared with Jenny's loving hold. My lust and passion were inflamed with her soft lips.

I ground my hips against hers with my dick a rigid pole squeezed in between us.

"I don't think I can wait until we can get to my room!" Mom gasped without taking her mouth from mine.

"I want you wherever and everywhere I can get you Jenny." I was as breathless as mom.

Our hands suddenly began pulling off clothes. Clothing flew in the air without either of us separating, they just miraculously sprang from our bodies.

My hands caressed and massaged and roamed over mom's smooth skin as if I could take nourishment from her flesh and I was a starving man.

I was starving for mom and I intended to take my fill of her.

I may have been rough when I pushed her so that she fell back on the couch. She landed in a thump and had an astonished look covering her face as she stared up at me.

"Spread 'em Jenny! I haven't eaten you in a long time!" I told her fiercely.

Mom's eyes widened more with her excitement than from my words.

"Oh God yes Jeremy! I've tried to get Justin to do it, but he just protests. Even when he has, he isn't you. I've missed that so much!"

I didn't need to know dad's opinion about cunnilingus, or his skill level.

I did like mom's appreciation of my willingness.

I would sip at mom's nether fount whenever she wanted!

I also noticed that mom was in dire need of another trimming.

"As your bush inspector, I have to declare that you need the gardener to make a visit!" I said as I got down on my knees.

Mom laughed at that.

"I haven't had the need. Justin has been ... uh, attentive to my needs, but he doesn't appreciate the scenery!"

I had to grin at that.

"I love your scenery Jenny!" I declared proudly then gave a kiss to either well-formed thigh. "Your yoga keeps you very trim. I don't know why dad wouldn't have been all over you all along. You've worked hard at staying hot!"

"I'm glad someone has noticed my hard work." Mom said breathily. "Go on, kiss my legs some more. Show me how much you like your hot mom's thighs!"

I did just that.

I ran my hands over the warm skin of her calves then up past her knees, feeling her quiver at my touch. I kissed the inside of either knee, and then trailed kisses, my tongue, and my hot breath up either thigh towards that magnificent junction of her legs.

"Oh! Yes, like that!" Mom cooed.

I wasn't necessarily worried about my own pleasure and I knew we didn't have too much time before Johnny and Jojo came home from school, but I did want to tease mom. To make her regret having forgone being with me. And that I did love teasing her endlessly!

I licked nearly to her open blossom, her nectar beginning to seep from within, but I held off proceeding any closer. My lips made contact with every bit and speck of the tender inner flesh of mom's thighs until she was begging for me to move along.

"Please lick me Jeremy! You know how much I love you eating my juicy pussy! Maybe almost more than I love you shoving your big dick in me!"

I'm sure that opinion would only last until I did just what she had mentioned.

But that depended on time permitting.

I was on my second pass of kissing every follicle and pore of Jenny's legs when I had pushed her too far.

"God damn it Jeremy! Are you going to lick my cunt or are you going to just worship my legs all day long?" She cried out. "Get in there and eat my pussy now!"

Um ...

Okay.

I would lick her pussy, but that didn't mean I was done teasing her!

I trailed my tongue up to where mom craved it, circling around her outer labia and through her pubic hairs, adding gentle kisses here and there as I went. I licked along her inner lips trying to keep contact to a minimum. I had to fight from lapping up the juices that were now abundant.

"Please Jeremy! Stick that wonderful tongue in me! I need it so badly!" Mom whined now, her voice trembling as much as her body now was doing.

"What do you need mom? Tell me."

"Fuck me with that tongue! Then lick me. Lick my clit and make me cum!"

"Are you sure?"

Mom grabbed my head so roughly she might have pulled it right off my neck! She then shoved my face hard into her gaping chasm.

"Lick that pussy damn it! Or I'll have to ground you!" Her voice was fierce but cracked with her need.

'I was sent to my room because I wouldn't eat my mother's hot pussy!'

That would be the oddest punishment in all of history.

And the least likely to ever happen.

I relented.

I lapped eagerly at mom's nearly gushing tunnel of love. I drove my tongue into her pussy and sucked her wrinkly labia. I still skirted her clit peaking from its hiding place. Her legs flailed at my back as her moans filled the room.

"More! Keep going! Lick that cunt you motherfucker!"

The ultimate curse word coming from my mother's tender mouth let me know that she was now ready for the finale.

However, I took that word as a proud title!

I gave her little clit a few flicks with my tongue, enough to escalate her pleasure but not enough to cause her to peak yet.

"Lick my clit, suck it hard Jeremy!"

I circled it with my tongue before I did suck on it. I also gently nibbled on it, flicking it with my tongue as I did so. Mom was panting so hard I wondered if she might be having a baby! That would be a helluva orgasm!

I pulled her clit with my teeth, sucking it and licking it at the same time. A feat that had taken long to master.

The result was mom's body now shook and quaked. Except that delicate flesh where we were joined.

"Ohhhh! Gaaaaaaah! Aaaaaaaaa!" Mom shrieked as her dam burst and her orgasm thundered through her weak frame.

I released my hold on her for fear of doing damage as she quivered and trembled in the aftermath. I softly licked up the oozing fluids that poured from her hole, even after mom ceased moving. I was slightly disappointed that I hadn't made her squirt again.

Her eyes crept open and slowly focused on me.

"I have so missed that, lover!" Jenny loudly whispered.

"I missed doing it too babe."

"Ooo! Am I your babe now?"

"You're that and more Jenny. You know that." I told her.

"I love to hear it still."

Mom's eyes grew intense.

"Have you so treated Erin?" Mom's voice was shy asking about her rival and equal.

"Mom! That's kind of invasive. Do you expect me to kiss, or lick, and tell?"

Of course she did, she even had about her sister. And I was usually eager to do the telling!

"Of course I have. She loves it as much as you."

"What girl wouldn't?" Mom's eyes shimmered with her passion, and her love.

"Any of my past girlfriends. Obviously." I didn't like bringing up my past failed relationships. Even if V was the one that taught me my special skills.

"Aw! Let mommy kiss you and make it better!" Jenny said in her motherly and childish voice.

"That's not how that goes." I replied. But I liked her version more!

And I let her do just that.

And it was better.

The rest of the kisses were just overkill, but I didn't complain!

"I'd love to suck you now, but we don't have much time. Someone decided to spend most of the time driving me crazy!" Mom said with only a touch of complaint.

"I suppose I'll just have to settle for giving you another chance to compare to see which you love most, my tongue or my dick." I grinned as I waved my stiffy at her.

"Ooo, yes! Give me the dick! But don't tease me this time. I want you to just fuck me, good and hard and fast!"

"Oh? Is that all? Good. Hard. Fast. I'll see what I can do."

Those were the only three ways that I knew how to fuck!

Lovemaking was a completely different category.

And one I would have to get a chance with Jenny very soon!

But for now, the fucking!

"Turn around Jenny. Lay your head on the armrest, put your leg up on the back of the couch."

Maybe I could just be a porn director! I could make films and watch live action sex!

I'm sure it wasn't as great as it sounded, but it did sound awfully good!

I knelt between those luscious thighs and laid atop my mother, using my arms to support me as she reached between us and placed my hard dick at her entrance.

"Go ahead and fuck me Jeremy! I'm almost ready to cum again already!"

I hadn't even entered her yet!

The act of licking mom's sweet pussy had gotten my system also revved up `so I shouldn't disparage her excitement.

I slide into her forcefully but slowly, reveling in her wetness and her tightness.

"God mom, your pussy feels so good every time!" I gasped in delight.

"So does your cock honey. You fill me so wonderfully!" Mom said as she grabbed my shoulders, pulling me down on to her. This also put my lips within reach of hers.

We kissed between panting, grunting and moaning into each other's mouths as I pistoned in and out of her exquisite grip.

I hadn't cum yet, so I was close in no time and mom was already nearly at the brink again. I didn't try to last and didn't try to prolong our joining. This was too passionate, too loving to be called a quickie, but I guess that was what it was.

Any time spent within mom, lengthy or swift was still amazing!

And now that I knew her feelings, I knew there would be more of each amount, long and short.

We both came within a short time, mom and then me.

We lay there together still naked having shifted around so she was now more on me than the couch. My dick was still mostly hard and would be ready for another go.

"I have missed your Eveready cock. But we don't have time for another round. We need to get up and get dressed before your brother and sister come in on us."

"Yeah, what would Jojo say at seeing her mommy being ravished by her older brother?" I teased but made no move to get up. Mom was on me, I couldn't rise.

At least, that was my excuse!

"Don't say that Jeremy! I don't know what I would do if my daughter saw me like this, being so slutty for her brother!"

"I know what I would say! I'd say give me more!" I had to chuckle.

"And I would too! You make me love being a slut for you. I can do things with you that Justin won't. I tried to get him to put it in my ass and he refused. Said that was gross and didn't know why anyone would do such a thing. He alluded that only gay guys did that."

"I'm not gay!" I argued.

"No. You definitely are not." Mom agreed happily. "I would still love you if you were. There is nothing wrong with that."

"Oh, I know. But you wouldn't love me as you do now. Or like you did ten minutes ago!"

"Jeremy! Get up."

"You have to move your gorgeous ass first Jenny!" I gave that ass a firm slap. If not for my siblings, I would definitely have given another go at her back door right then!

Mom got up with a huff, her beautiful body moving and bending gracefully. I could watch her move without clothing all day long. Well, once my dick was satisfied I would!

I got up and redressed, my wardrobe making it as quick as it had been to remove. It also allowed me to stare at mom's ass as she bent to put her white cotton panties back on!

"I've got to go put that load in the dryer." Mom said when she was clothed once more.

I laughed loudly at that.

Mom turned to look at me curiously.

"What?" She asked not getting the joke.

"What load are you putting in the dryer?" I asked suggestively.

The light bulb went on over her head as her eyes lit up.

"Oh no, that load stays where it is, nice and warm inside me!" She patted her abdomen.

If I hadn't known she was safe, I would have worried about another sibling on the way from her reaction.

I took a step towards her and gave mom a quick kiss on the lips.

"That was great mom, as always. Thanks!" I said and started to go upstairs.

"No thank you honey. I really needed that. Always need that. I love you Jeremy!" Mom called out after me.

I stopped halfway up the stairs and turned back.

I stuck out my tongue and wriggled it around. Mom giggled.

"I love you too Jenny. Mom."

I had left my phone upstairs when I had changed. It had been unintentional but I was glad that I had. Getting a text from Erin while I had been banging my mom would have been somewhat disconcerting.

I did have a text from my other girlfriend when I retrieved my phone.

For the first time I had to lie to Erin. I had to tell her my phone had died and waited on it to recharge as to why I hadn't responded right away. She didn't question my excuse and I felt terrible for telling it to her.

It had always been playful, mischievous when mom and I had made excuses with dad. Or it had been with me. Had mom felt like I did now anytime that she had had to lie to him? It gave me new respect for Jenny to have to have done that because of me and what we had been doing.

Erin told me that she would be spending the rest of the day with her girlfriends and not to worry if I didn't hear from her until later that night. I felt another twinge that I had been spending the time with my other girlfriend too.

I made an extra effort the next afternoon when Erin and I had gone to her house after school to have sex. I gave her a thorough pussy licking to equal the one that I had given Jenny, and it was no quickie that followed afterwards! I poured two loads into her young pussy to her great enjoyment and multiple orgasms.

That I had felt extra guilty had given me more incentive to please my fire-haired nymph.

This extra guilt had come during the school day when I felt my phone buzz with a notification. I was surprised to find that it hadn't been from Erin, but was in fact from my mom. Or rather, my Jenny, as it was no motherly message.

It was a picture, a selfie. One with a bare breast taken from above as from her viewpoint with the nipple very erect! The text with it read, 'thinking of you!'

I had gotten hard from the naughty pic.

That my mother had done such a thing was unbelievable. Her phone had always been just a way to get a hold of someone, to use in an emergency, nothing more. Now she'd moved into the twenty-first century and had sent me a nudie photo!

I didn't reply.

What could I say? Thanks mom?

As I said, I used this as further incentive to make sure Erin wasn't slighted with my attentions.

She did comment afterwards, asking if I was trying to spoil her.

I didn't want her to think that I had had a reason to go the extra mile because I'd been with my mother the previous day, or any other girl for that matter.

"Just trying to make sure my girl is happy." Was my response.

"Very happy! Very, very happy!" Erin exclaimed with an ecstatic grin on her face. "I'm so glad I finally got up the nerve to talk to you."

"So am I. I only wish we'd met years ago. I still can't believe we spent four years in high school and hadn't seen each other til now."

"You mean you hadn't seen me. I've known about you for a few semesters. Besides, if we'd met years ago, we wouldn't be the people

we are today, and possibly wouldn't have connected back then as we have now. We needed that extra time to become the one that we were each attracted to in the present. Are you the same person you were three years ago?" Erin explained.

"Sure I am." I stated. I was just older.

"Really? Exactly the same?" Erin stared at me with complete disbelief. "No experiences since then that have changed you? Girlfriends, family, teachers. No one or no thing has made an impact on you?"

I guess she had made a point.

Veronica had made me an excellent pussy licker.

I had had sex with my dream woman, Aunt Jessica.

I had sex with one, two, and three girls or women at the same time.

I had a sexual affair with my mom and then had my hardest breakup because of her.

Even Beth in some small way had altered me from what I had been before.

"Well ... you might be right." I didn't like admitting that and setting a precedent that might haunt me for years. "I still think that I would have liked you back whenever."

"You probably would have, I am pretty irresistible!" Erin declared with a mock fashion pose.

"Very pretty!" I agreed.

"Words like that will get you laid mister!" She stated.

I had a lot more words like that!

"But not anymore today. You've done your job taking care of me already, and we don't have much time until my mom and dad come home."

I wouldn't have admitted it aloud, but I was kind of wiped out from my exertions. Not that I wouldn't have continued on if circumstances allowed. I would have kept going if it killed me! Then I had to correct myself. If I died trying to go one more time, I would miss out on the

dozens or even hundreds, thousands of other times. Maybe there was something to be said for restraint!

We dressed and made ourselves presentable for her parents. We started a movie and were sitting cuddled on their couch acting totally innocent. Her mom invited me to dinner, but I respectably refused saying my mom would have leftovers for a week if I missed a meal. This got a chuckle from Erin's parents, but they had seen me eat before so they knew that it wasn't completely a boast.

Later that night mom asked if anything unusual had happened at school. I was sure she was hinting at her sexy picture.

"Not really." I kept my face blank. "Mr. Riley did have mismatched socks today, if that's what you mean."

Knowing me, mom gave me a gentle punch in the bicep.

"You know what I mean. You didn't answer me." Her voice softened conspiratorially.

"What was I supposed to say? 'Thanks for the picture of your boob, mom'?" My own voice lowered in volume even though we were the only two in the room.

"That made me so hot to do that. I had to ... take care of things because of it. If you know what I mean."

Her face was so adorably sexy as she confessed to getting so turned on by sending me that picture that she'd had to masturbate!

"Yes, I do. I only wished I'd been here to see it!"

"If you'd been here, you wouldn't have seen it, you would have been included!"

Now I doubly wished I'd been there!

"Just make sure there isn't anything recognizable in them if you do that again! I don't want to explain to Billy why you are sending me pictures of your naked body, or who was that nude woman in my house!"

It was meant as a warning, but I also wanted mom to get the hint and to take many naked photos of herself and send them to me!

"I wouldn't have my face in them if that's what you mean." Mom said as if it that was obvious. "You wouldn't mind if I did it again?"

I wanted just to eat her right up for being so innocently sexy. Or eat her out!

Instead, I gave her a hug, completely normal and non-sexual, but as a way to whisper into her ear.

"You can send me as many naked pictures of you as you want Jenny. I'll make up a folder on my computer just for them." I sucked on her earlobe and gave her ass a squeeze with one hand before I released her.

"You couldn't let anyone else see them." She pleaded in her command.

"Just me and my little friend, mom."

"I hope you mean your big friend and not Erin!" Mom grinned devilishly.

"I don't think Erin would be as interested in seeing you naked as my dick does."

"Jeremy! Shhh!" Mom whispered loudly.

"How about you get naked now mom? See if my friend gets big." I teased.

"I give back in to you and you become a monster!" Mom pushed away from me.

"Big maybe, but a monster? I guess that's your opinion. Erin seems to approve."

"Stop it Jeremy!" She tried to look appalled, but the curl of her lower lip betrayed her.

I did have to stop before my huge grin could crack my face in two!

During third period the next day, my phone buzzed. After the class, I looked to see that it was from mom. Another picture.

This one was the view from her chin looking down between the mounds of her tits that were barely visible at the borders of the photo. The flat sexy belly that was my mom's with the tuft of brown hair perched between the two legs that stretched out into the distance.

When I saw it, I quickly had to look around me to be sure no one else had seen my screen!

I felt my dick harden when I looked at the picture again. Remembering mom's words from last night, I had to imagine that she was fingering herself at that exact moment. I was no longer hard; I was ... what's harder than hard? That's what I was then.

It wasn't helped at all when my imaginings were proven.

My phone buzzed as I stared at mom's nakedness.

Mom again.

Another picture.

This one seemed innocent enough. It was a picture of her right hand with her first two fingers extended. The thing that made me want to rush right home was that they were both very wet with a thick ooze on them.

Proof of her excitement!

I stared at mom's digits dripping with her tasty cum!

My dick struggled to break free to also take a look!

The problem was that it didn't go away, and with lunch as the next period, Erin noticed my condition immediately.

"Is that my lunch for today?" She gave it a gentle rub that threatened to make it erupt.

I pulled back from her touch to her knowing grin.

"Is it ready to go?" Her implication very clear.

"You don't know how ready."

We had been walking down the hallway towards the lunchroom. Erin noticed an open janitor closet and pulled me towards it.

"What are you doing?" I asked, but very much suspected exactly what she was going to do.

Erin pushed me in and looked around the hall before closing the door behind her.

The room was small, but still roomy enough for its purpose, the storage of a couple mop buckets, a floor waxer, and shelves of cleaning supplies and toilet paper.

Erin crouched and was working at my jeans.

"Erin!" I whispered needlessly.

"Shut up and enjoy this!" She commanded. "Just try not to get any on my blouse."

It was a nice blouse.

We may have been in a little bit of a hurry, but Erin still tried to do a worthy job. This was made trickier by the fact that I was ready to pop and she was struggling to keep me from cumming too quickly.

"Just finish me Erin! I can't hold back!"

She may have tried to answer, but as her mouth was full, all I heard was incoherent mumbling.

I grabbed something to steady myself, but the mop handle only gave upon my grip and the bucket rolled into the shelves opposite me, knocking some spray bottles to the floor. It wasn't loud, but enough that someone might come to investigate.

I didn't want to have to explain to the principal about my girlfriend giving me a blowjob in the janitor's closet.

Or the resulting phone call to my parents, specifically my mother. Whom had been the cause of all this anyway!

I'm sure dad would have just have given me a proud slap on the back.

After school, I told Erin that I had to repay her, but she scoffed at me.

"That wasn't all for you! I enjoyed it too. Otherwise, I wouldn't have done it. I'm not just here for your pleasure." Her voice was calm even though I heard the lesson in her words.

"I never said you were. I kind of feel the opposite. I'm here for your pleasure." I stated. "I never asked you to do that and I just want to thank you. In my own personal way."

"Ooo. I like my pleasure. What is your personal way? Tongue or dick?" Erin eyed me questioningly, but with a warning look.

"Whichever you prefer." I shrugged.

"As much I would like either, I can't today. Mom told me she'd take me shopping for a dress for my graduation party."

"She's not working?"

"Only half the day."

"Okay. Text me later." I said and we kissed goodbye. I almost hoped to make her late for her shopping trip with how long we stood in the school parking lot making out.

"I really got to go." Erin said and dashed off.

Erin had worn a variety of outfits but I had never seen her in a dress. As feminine as she could be, a dress just seemed too girly for Erin. I was intrigued at the idea.

Meanwhile I was ready to please a woman and Erin had deserted me.

That left mom!

Not that I ever thought of her as just a backup sex partner. She was so much more to me than just sex. But that was great too!

Again I startled her by my early arrival, or not early, just not as late as I had been most of the time recently. Since being with Erin.

"Oh Jeremy. You're home." She was in the middle of dusting. I hadn't even realized that she did such a thing. Where did I think all the dust went then?

"You should get one of those sexy French maid outfits for when you do that." I said as I crossed to her.

Mom had on white blouse with frilly trim down the front and a pair of trim black slacks. Not a French maid outfit, but still just as sexy for being worn by mom.

"You didn't answer me again today." Mom almost scolded me.

"You almost got me in trouble today!" I returned the scolding.

"What? How?"

I explained what had happened and even Erin's involvement although I knew that would trigger mom's jealously.

"So I inadvertently managed to get us both off without us being together?" Mom smiled shyly and yet still sexily.

"Well, I guess you could say that." I grabbed her right hand and put her forefinger into my mouth. As if some of 'mom' might still be there.

Mom grinned at me with a sexiness of eleven.

"I could reload that finger if you wanted it fresh."

"You know that I do." I ran my tongue up the length of her finger.

"And I could take care of anything else that might arise?" Mom asked with a glance downward.

I was already stiffening.

"Your room this time?" I asked.

"Not as impatient today?" She asked as if that was even possible. I was never patient for sex. Not for mom.

"More interested in comfort. My left calf was a bit sore after that. Your bed will be more relaxing."

"I don't think relaxing is the term you want." Mom said with a wry smile, but she grabbed my hand and headed down the hall with me eagerly following.

When we entered her bedroom, mom twirled herself into my grasp, my arms encircling her waist and my lips smashing with hers. Her hands went up behind my head with her forearms resting on my shoulders.

A few minutes passed. At least I think it was only a few.

"No Erin again today?" Mom spoke in a muted voice.

"Shopping with her mom." I replied and returned my lips to hers.

"We could go shopping again." She suggested.

"You don't need any more lingerie mom. I haven't seen you in hardly anything we got last time."

I fought off the dark cloud of the memory of the last thing she'd worn that we had gotten that day. Which had been when she was with dad.

"It doesn't have to be for that." Mom pulled back and stared into my eyes. I felt hypnotized by those jade depths.

"For what then?" I was getting more impatient.

"Your graduation is coming soon. You could use a new suit."

I hated suits!

"That's what Erin is doing. Getting a dress."

"She'd look so cute in a dress. Why doesn't she wear one?" Mom asked. Like I would know.

"Jenny."

"Huh?"

"Are we going to talk or ..." I nodded over my shoulder to her bed.

"Shut up Jenny." Mom scolded herself. "You have a handsome stud ready to do your bidding and you're boring him."

She gave me a wink.

"You're not boring me, but there are other things I want to be doing."

"Like tasting me fresh!" Mom cooed with renewed excitement.

"If you want." That was plenty okay with me!

"I want to suck you too!" She added.

"We can do both."

We actually stayed apart and removed our own clothes. Mine took a bit longer than mom's as I was busy watching her disrobe. There could be something to not kissing her while we got naked. I got to see her beautiful body as it was slowly revealed!

Mom saw my stare and took pleasure in taking her clothes off for my longing eyes.

When she was nearly done, I whipped mine off in a rush.

We kissed again, but it was brief.

"Lay on the bed Jeremy. We can take care of each other together."

I immediately understood her suggestion.

Sixty-nine!

I laid down and awaited that delightful derrière to be positioned above my face!

Mom climbed on the bed, turned around, and straddled my chest before moving her tasty pussy within my reach. I glanced down and saw my cock standing tall before mom's hand grabbed it and her face came down to kiss and lick my smooth domed head.

I waited no further and dove once again into mom's leaking slit.

"Ooo!" Mom moaned around my pole.

It wasn't a race, but mom and I were both clearly trying to get the other off before we succumbed to our own blissful release. I licked fervently across her wet lips and teased her little nub from its cave, while mom's mouth and hand jerked and bobbed furiously on my granite shaft. Neither of us had any interest in teasing today, at least not then. We both wanted, needed to cum, and to make the other cum too.

"Oh yes Jeremy! Suck on my clit! Just like that!"

"Suck my cock Jenny! You know just how I like it!"

"Put a finger in my asshole honey! Fuck my ass while you eat mommy's cunt!"

Okay, now she was really getting into it!

I did as she asked, wetting a finger and pushing it in past her taut sphincter.

"You wish this was my cock don't you mom? My big hard cock filling your tight asshole!"

"I do! I want you to fuck my ass. I've been wishing to do that again!"

Unfortunately, it probably wouldn't happen today as we were too focused on our current position.

But soon!

Ha! Ha!

Butt, soon.

I reached an arm around and was able to get a finger in mom's pussy along with her ass while my tongue was dancing around and on her clit.

"Aaahh! You're fucking both my holes! Suck that clit and make mommy cum honey! I'm sooo close!"

So was I!

I may not have had Jenny sucking me recently but she'd lost none of the skill she'd had doing it!

I wanted to cry out my own imminence, but I couldn't let up on mom's delicate clit.

"Mrfvlmaaaaaa!" Mom shrieked around my dick.

Then she let loose a flood over my face that surprised me by its volume and its forceful eruption.

Mom cumming all over me only slightly delayed my own eruption with its own force, though of lesser volume.

Mom still had presence of mind to get her mouth around the head of my cock to receive my plentiful gift. Her hand pumped my shaft to milk out every last ounce of precious fluid. As she licked up any remains, I did the same with her soaked pussy.

I kept up my lapping until mom rolled off me, depriving me of her tasty snatch.

"Stop Jeremy. We don't have time for more and I want so much more! One more moment and I would let you eat me until ..." Mom paused when she saw the condition of my face, drenched hair, and the wet spot on her sheet. "I wasn't sure if I had squirted or not, holy shit!"

"No kidding mom! One second I'm licking you, the next I'm drowning!" I exclaimed.

"I'm so sorry honey! Just with your fingers in me ... and your skillful tongue, I just exploded!"

"Boy did you! You can drown me any day Jenny!"

Mom turned about and came up to give me a kiss. I pulled back a bit.

"Oh, stop it and just let me kiss you!"

I did let her. In two seconds I was giving as much as she.

It didn't last too long, not in either of our opinions anyway.

"Get up. Get dressed and get out of her. You may think it'd be funny for Jojo to catch us but I certainly don't. Corrupting one of my children is bad enough!"

"I'm so glad that you did corrupt me!" I teased.

"Sometimes I wonder if it wasn't you that corrupted me. It was you blackmailing me in the kitchen that day!"

Ah! The good ol' days!

"You didn't stop me and Jess after!" I countered. "In fact, it didn't take much to convince you to join us!"

"Don't remind me." Mom climbed from her bed. I saw her eyes get wistful. "It was the first time we ... that you ... when we made love."

"I'll never forget that day for as long as I live!" I said with a huge smile.

One of many with mom that I wouldn't ever forget!

"Either will I lover, either will I. The day that I fell in love with my son."

"I love you too, Jenny."

"Now get your ass out of my bed!" Mom said with a slap on the side of my bare thigh.

"Hey! That almost hurt!" I cried out.

"Then move it mister." Mom quickly redressed.

I waited myself as I watched her.

"It's lucky for you that I love you watching me!" Mom said with a piercing glare but also a loving smile.

"And I do love watching you!"

I did get up and get dressed. We might fool Jojo with what we were doing if she caught us, but Johnny would know only too well! My brother was too devious.

Much like his older brother!

Even as I returned to my bedroom after my coitus with my mom I texted Erin 'miss you' with a few heart emojis following it.

I felt guilty as I did so, but I had been honest. I did miss her.

I came out of the shower and found my brother and sister were now home.

I spent the afternoon playing a board game with the pair as I felt the future looming heavily on me. Mom came up to check on us and smiled motherly at all her children together. I caught her eye and gave her a smile and a nod in return. I almost thought her eyes had gotten watery.

The next afternoon I went to Erin's and as much I thought it only fair to replay my activity with mom with my girlfriend, I refrained from suggesting any positions involving numbers. The sex was equally volcanic even if I stayed relatively dry with Erin.

Thus it went, I spent my afternoons with one or the other of my hot girlfriends in their beds until other family members were about to come home. I also resumed my mischievous teasing with mom around the house in the evenings when Erin and I didn't go out. Mom and dad may have been getting along much better; I still had to witness dad's playfulness with mom and had to roll my eyes. Mom would allow him to grab and fondle her, but then I would sneak my own illicit caresses and loving touches. It almost became a game for me. That when I saw dad do something with mom, that I would have to try to match or exceed it. Mom just loved having her two men all over her almost all the time that we were at home.

I was now getting more sex on a regular basis then I ever had, even when I was with mom and Aunt Jessica from before the dark times. I managed to keep Erin in the dark about my other 'girlfriend', even though I felt a near constant guilt over it. Mom understood, or she said

she did, that I needed to spend time with Erin. That I wanted to spend time with Erin. I just wished that there were two of me so that I could be with both women all the time!

Life seemed like a dream.

It could have only gotten better if I could steal some time to be with Aunt Jessica again.

I didn't hear much from her anymore. I'm sure mom was talking to her sister regularly, but unless there was some special news for her to pass along to the rest of the family, my gorgeous aunt had become a stranger. I'm glad that she was happy with her boyfriend, as things seemed to be going well for them. I missed her on movie nights, but her having a life was more important than letting her nephew drool over her sexy body.

Mom sent more naked pictures of herself to me while I was in school. Once even while I was with Erin at lunch! I almost had to delete it to keep my inquisitive lovely from seeing it. I had to lie once again when I told her that mom had wanted me to bring home milk. The picture of her bare breasts squeezed together was what made me think of that excuse! And made me thirsty for some moo juice!

And also to suck on mom's tits!

The only difference between the times I had gotten to spend with each woman was that with Erin we were more carefree. I didn't have the looming specter of my father to shadow us. We went to her house, or in my car, or her car, and we would go at it like the proverbial rabbits. With mom I had to be more careful with Jojo and Johnny, and of course my father, being around. This gave it an added thrill, but limited the time we could spend together. Not that we didn't come up with numerous ways to get together.

One Saturday evening I was up late after coming home from a night out with Erin. We didn't have sex, one of the few times that we didn't when we had gone on a 'date'. I was still hyped and wide-awake, so was working on a new level of my game. I had on headphones as I had heard mom and dad going at it downstairs, making me regret doing something with Erin earlier that evening. I ignored my erection and focused on the electronic foes to be defeated. I dimly sensed the downstairs shower running and figured that the parents were done. I pulled off my headphones and a few minutes later, I heard a soft knock at my door. This surprised me with how late it was, by then well after midnight.

"Yes?" I asked. It could only be one person.

Mom opened the door slowly and stuck her head in.

"I saw the light under your door and guessed you were still up. Can I come in?"

"You can come in whenever you want mom. You know that."

"I still worry about catching you in an awkward ... um; I mean ... you know what I mean."

I had to laugh that mom couldn't say that she didn't want to catch me jerking off!

"You're the most welcome then mom!"

I think she might have blushed at that.

"Anyway. Any reason you're still up?" Mom asked in a leading tone.

"Not really. Just not ready for bed yet. Killing some aliens."

"You and Erin had a good night out?" She wanted something. And I suspected I knew what.

"We had fun. It sounded like you and dad were having fun too, at least until I put on my headphones."

"You heard? Sorry about that." She was wearing her nice satiny floor length robe. She pulled it closer to her as if to hide her shame.

"It's okay mom. You know I'm with Erin, I know you're going to be with dad. It's just how it's going to be."

"Were you with Erin tonight?" Mom's face was lowered, her hair spilling around it.

"If you mean did we have sex, then no we didn't. And that's kind of rude to ask. Like with Aunt Jessica, I'm not going to go kissing and telling."

"That's not what I meant." Mom took a step backward as if pushed by my rebuke.

"Just because we're eighteen doesn't mean we are always having sex."

"Of course not." Her tone said she didn't believe me.

We weren't always, just regularly!

Very regularly!

"Did you want something mom?" Just be direct and make her say it, if that was what she wanted!

"Your father ... we ... I mean, it was nice, but ... he's asleep now." Mom stuttered over her words.

"Say it mom."

"Could we ... sleep together?" Her eyes drifted up to meet mine; a fire was raging deep in those emerald pits.

"Sleep? Or have sex?"

"Well, I want you to make love to me." Mom said softly. "I wish we could sleep together. Again."

She took a step closer and let go of her robe. It hung loosely around her.

"I'll spend any time I can get with you Jenny." Her formally asking took her from being my mom to becoming my Jenny.

"Oh Jeremy!" Mom rushed to my side as I stood, my use of her given name as if a signal.

Her hands were all over my head as our lips joined while we tried to devour each other.

"Love me Jeremy!" Mom gasped and shrugged off her robe. She was nude underneath it.

"Are you sure dad is out?" My caution barely overruling the beauty before me.

"We could probably do it in my bed and he wouldn't know." Jenny whispered in my ear, tickling it with her tongue.

That was all I needed to hear!

I bent enough to grab my love and pick her up from the floor. I turned and took the two steps to my bed.

Jenny giggled as I gently dropped her to my mattress, which was blessed to be supporting her angelic figure.

"Take me Jeremy!" Jenny cooed.

I took a line from one of my favorite childhood movies.

"As you wish."

It was hot, passionate, sensual, and the ultimate intimacy that we shared. It mattered not that Jenny had been with dad or that I had gone without that night with Erin. We would have had enough to be together after a hundred other lovers. There was only the two of us and the love that we shared. There was no guilt, no shame, no doubts about what we were doing or what we felt.

I laid atop my mother and my lover and slowly filled her as she needed it. We ground together with barely disturbing my bedsprings, Jenny and the mattress taking the force of my thrusts. After we both had had our release but were far from finished, we rolled over and Jenny rode me, wriggling her hips to caress my firmness without a squeak from my bed in protest. As she increased her passion, her tempo, and her intensity, only then did the headboard begin to beat a staccato rhythm against the wall. It could have been thunderbolts and Jenny would not have slowed one iota. She was able to peak her bliss while I stayed the course, ready for yet another turn.

Even in the midst of our ecstasy, we were able to reign in our vocal release; sighs, grunts, moans not shrieks, yells, or wails. And that our mouths were seldom separate throughout helped keep the volume to a minimum.

It may sound hokey, but in truth waves crashed, volcanoes erupted, storms raged, and the earth heaved in my bed that night.

Afterwards, we were both spent and almost breathless, laying on our backs staring at my blank ceiling together. Our fingers danced with each other as the rest of our bodies were limp as if lifeless, the only point of contact after our merging.

"I love you Jeremy." Jenny breathed in a soft whisper that seemed loud in the silence.

"I love you more Jenny." I declared. I rolled my heavy head to the side to look upon her.

"That's not possible." She answered. She must have sensed my stare as her head turned to me, those green eyes alight with warm enduring love.

"I wish you could stay here." My eyes begged her.

"I do too." Jenny blinked repeatedly. I'm sure it wasn't a stray eyelash. "I don't want to move from here, from your side, for like a week."

Her admission filled my being and made my soul as hard as my maleness had been a short while before.

"Can't you just stay for a little while?" I pleaded.

"What happened the last time we tried that?" Her allusion to the night that had turned my world into hell broke the ease that I had felt until then.

"You had to bring that up?" I knew she hadn't done it intentionally.

"That only makes my point stronger. And you know it." Her tone hardened. "We'll still get our chances. As long as we don't ruin the ones we have now."

Jenny was right, there would only be more times with her if we weren't caught pushing our luck.

"Even when you're gone, you'll still be here with me." I told her as she slowly got up.

"And when I'm gone, you go with me." Mom answered.

She picked up her robe and wrapped it around herself. She was halfway to my door when she turned back to me again. The look of longing and love she gave me would carry me through the rest of the night.

It was only after she had gone that I realized that I hadn't saved, or paused my game! I had run through my extra lives and would now have to restart at the last checkpoint!

It was still worth it!

Not to say that it was all sex with Erin. We made love many times. Just as passionate, caring, and loving as that time with Jenny. Even our sex wasn't a method just to get our rocks off, although we had had plenty of quickies! We may have been fucking, but there was a deep and growing love there also. It may not have been as profound as a mother and son, but it was as great as any man and woman in love could be.

Yes.

I finally had to admit that I was in love with Erin.

More than I had felt for any woman save Jenny.

We just got each other on so many levels. We didn't finish each other's sentences, but we knew the thoughts almost before those words were even spoken. If it hadn't been for what I felt for Jenny, I would have sworn that Erin had to be my soulmate. I know that sounds like Erin's feelings about us being destined for each other to be true, but just because we seemed to be our other half, didn't make it destiny. I'm sure there were many halves out there in the world that never found their match.

I didn't want to say that I wanted to spend the rest of my life with Erin; we hadn't known each long enough to make such a profound and life changing decision. I was only eighteen, not even out of high school yet. I had so much more life to live before I settled down with only one woman. Not that I was discounting that Erin could be the one, or at least the other one, for me.

And once more, if Erin was my other half, then what was Jenny?

She was so much more than my mother, my lifegiver.

I didn't try to make it seem too obvious, but I tried to limit the amount of time mom and Erin were together, offering to pick Erin up to prevent her from coming to the house with mom home, or to have her come over when I knew mom was out running errands and whatnot. Not that the two didn't get along, Erin seemed to love talking with my mother, and mom made every effort to welcome Erin, even with the fact that the young girl was competing with her for my attentions. Although Erin was not aware of the competition. Just having the two women I loved and was having sex with in the same room together made me jittery and on edge with what either might say to the other. Not that I had anything to hide from mom, but I didn't want her accidentally revealing that there might be something more between us than a normal mother and son. That, and the normal fear of a son having his mom reveal embarrassing stories about him to his girlfriend. Mom had a library of those on me.

Frequently it almost seemed as if Erin would come over more to see Jojo, than me. She really appeared to love my sister's company. Jojo also loved having an older girl around. She would take Erin's hand and pull my girlfriend to her room as if she knew it was her that Erin had come to see and not me. Mom would just grin as I was left to stare blankly as my sister stole my girl. As much as I could sympathize with Erin's lonely upbringing I wanted to complain about Jojo capitalizing on Erin's time with me, but I would see the two of them playing with Jojo's dolls, or doing each other's hair in bright ribbons and all my protests would dissipate like smoke in the wind.

Even with my trying to regulate her appearances, Erin would still show up unexpectedly. Mom had told her that she didn't even need to knock, but I'm sure that was more just an offhand comment and not an actual 'just come on in'. We didn't need to worry about someone else catching us in flagrante delicto. Luckily, Erin was too proper just to enter though. Erin's parents were warm and welcoming whenever I was there, but I would never feel anything but as a guest in their house. That they had to know that I was screwing their daughter made me slightly uncomfortable there under their friendly eyes.

Erin and I had our close calls too. We would not pay attention to the time and a few times we were still in her bed going at it full steam when her parents came home and called out for her, having seen her and/or my car there. Once, I'm sure her dad knew what we had been doing when we came downstairs and we were out of breath. He just stared at me as if I had taken a crap in the living room, but he said nothing. His wife noticed his glare, which I think made her aware of our activities, because she looked at me in a seriously appraising manner, but also said nothing. Neither gave any indication to Erin about their knowledge. They didn't treat me any differently, but I still felt like I had violated their trust along with their sweet daughter.

Not that having had this encounter made me any more cautious.

Much like with Jenny, once in the midst of our passions, I would focus only on the beautiful girl I was with to the exclusion of the rest of the world.

One day Erin and I had decided to not to get together, as we each had homework that had been neglected while we had been satisfying our teenage libidos. Hers had to be greater than mine, or just that she didn't have any other distractions. I went home that day, a Tuesday I believe, and mom greeted me with a bit of surprise as she was anytime when I came straight from school anymore. Any time that I hadn't let her know about it before the fact. Which would signal some afternoon nookie for mom and me.

Just because we hadn't planned for that day didn't mean that we wouldn't use the time given us.

Mom had told me hello, but continued whatever chore she had been doing. I came up behind her and grabbed her shoulders. I startled her, as she jerked at my unexpected touch.

"You're too tense mom." I began to dig my fingers into her shoulders, massaging the tendons and muscles beneath her smooth skin.

"Oh! That feels good Jeremy." Mom sighed. She ceased her activity and stood there, letting my hands and fingers soothe her hard muscles.

I worked my hands over her shoulders and even down her back and the top half of both arms.

"If you keep doing that, I may let you into my pants." Mom breathed heavily.

Mom was wearing a pair of trim, and snug, chocolate slacks with a pale yellow blouse that didn't hide the black bra she wore beneath it.

I really didn't think that it required a good massage to get into mom's pants. All it took was my presence. And the opportunity for us to do anything.

"Oh? You may let me?" I asked forcefully.

To prove my point I drove one of my hands into her waistband and down into her panties.

"Oh!" Mom exclaimed loudly.

"You may let me do this mom?" I said as I pushed a finger between her labia and rubbed it along her growing opening.

"Oh damn Jeremy!" Mom fell back against my chest. I let my other hand fall from her shoulder to the firm mound of one breast, kneading it as I did.

"Will you let me do this?" I asked as I sunk my finger into her pussy, her dampness increasing even as her nipple hardened in my other palm.

"Oh! Fuck! Please do that!" Mom told me. Her hands came up to my head awkwardly running them in my hair behind her head.

I leaned in and kissed her neck, gently sucking her soft delicate skin.

Mom whirled around on me, nearly ripping my hand trapped in her pants off my arm.

"Jenny! My hand!" I cried out.

"Finger me Jeremy! I want you in me!" She said as her lips crushed against mine.

"Just my finger?" I asked with my mouth full of mom's tongue.

"Oh God, I want all of you in me!" One of her hands dropped from an ear to the lump growing between us.

"I don't know if all of me will fit. Not again." I quipped between mom's machine gun barrages of kisses.

"All of this will fit!" Mom said with a hold of my dick.

I knew it would. I would force it to make it fit!

"Take off your clothes Jenny! I want to see you get naked for me!"

"You get naked for me too lover!" Mom demanded.

I always obeyed my mother! Especially while she was removing her clothing for me!

My own were quickly discarded as I stared at the MILF making a show of taking off her blouse and unbuttoning her brown slacks. She kicked off her flats and did a twirl to show me her delectable ass. Jenny reached behind her and undid her bra but cupped her breasts to keep her motherly treasures hidden.

"Show me your tits Jenny! They are so fantastic!"

"No they aren't. They're old and saggy." She did drop her hands enough to allow her nipples to poke out.

"You're tits are great! They hardly sag at all. They just have character!"

Mom dropped her hands so that she could continue with her pants. She half bent forward then turned around to reveal her curvaceous ass.

"And you're ass is magnificent!" I declared allowing no argument otherwise.

"It's not as nice as Jessica's." She gave me a little pout.

"So, a ten next to an eleven." I may have been drooling.

"A ten?" Mom shook her ass at me.

"At least. I never get to see Aunt Jess's anymore. A butt in the hand is worth any number of supermodels."

"That's not how that goes. However, I will accept it." Mom smiled graciously as she pulled off her plain white cotton panties. "How about letting me see your ten?"

I know she wasn't talking about my length! I only topped out at eight and a half!

I was still in my boxers of which I dropped to my feet. My dick stood proudly in admiration of mom's beautifully aged figure.

"See. Even my friend agrees with how great you look!"

Mom smiled.

"I don't know if I would take his opinion. I think he would rise for any naked girl that came along."

She might be right, but she wasn't just any naked girl. She was my mother.

I stepped back next to her and grabbed her shoulders. I pressed my face to hers.

"No more words my love."

The built up passion from our disrobing and teasing was then released in numerous kisses, lip sucking, and tongue dancing.

I would have preferred her bed, but we couldn't wait that long. Instead, we stumbled the few feet to the couch and almost collapsed on each other as we fell onto it.

A complaint mom had made to me once came back at that moment. With my comments about hers and Aunt Jessica's asses, I then told her. "On your hands and knees Jenny! I want to see your ass when I pound your hot tight pussy! I want to grab it and squeeze it while I'm ramming my hard cock in you!"

"Oh God Jeremy! Yes! Spank my ass! I'm a dirty slut for you! A nasty mommy for my son's big cock!" Mom cried out as she stared at me over her shoulder while getting in position.

Mom was clearly more worked up than I had thought!

I knelt behind her, staring at her luscious and willing form.

"Are you a desperate to have your son fuck your cunt, mom? Do you need me to fill your hole with my dick?"

I added a very firm smack on her left cheek.

"Yes honey! I need you to fuck me baby!"

Another smack on the opposite cheek.

"Spank me harder! Make my ass red!"

I hadn't even entered her yet!

I rubbed my cock head over her opening, wetting it with the abundant juices seeping from within.

"Shove the damn thing in me! Fuck your mommy with your big cock honey! I need to feel you in me!"

I thus rammed my entire dick in my mom's pussy with one firm hard stroke.

"Oh God!" She wailed.

I may have done a bit of heavenly praising myself.

I paused a moment while deep in that excruciatingly wonderful vice of wet flesh to savor just how great it felt.

"I love you so much Jenny!" I declared before I pulled all but the head free.

I rammed in again.

"Shit!" Mom wailed again. "You just love my pussy!"

Rammed again.

And two more smacks, one per scrumptious cheek.

"I love your ass too! Your tits, your face, your mouth. I love everything about you, mom!" In my fervor, I reverted to her maternal title. I corrected this.

"I. Love. You. Jenny!" I said with a hard thrust on each word to emphasize my emotions.

"I ... uh ... love ... oh! You ... too ... oh fuck! Jeremy!" Mom gasped on each subsequent stroke.

I couldn't speak anymore as I concentrated on fucking my mom's pulsing pussy!

Words seemed beyond her also, with only a hoarse gasping cry coming from her mouth. Her face was now pressed into the couch cushion.

I occasionally slapped mom's ass as I continued to piston my throbbing dick in and out of that fabulous and leaking chasm. These would elicit a louder cry between the repetitive moans she was making.

Mom wasn't an impassive participant; she was working her pussy muscles and wiggling her ass around as I kept up my vigorous assault with my fleshy spear. I could feel my balls burning but I fought off my need. My only focus was on mom's building ecstasy and her imminent release. Her ass was cherry red, my hands leaving a white outline before blending into the surrounding rosiness. I grabbed her hips tightly and drove harder into her depths.

"I want you to cum for me Jenny!" I grunted.

"Close ... so close!" She yelled into the cushion. "Harder honey!"

I'm sure I couldn't and I was sure that that wasn't what she needed to push her over the brink.

"Cum for me mommy! Cum on your little boy's big dick!"

"Aaaaaaaaaaa!" Mom shrieked loud enough to echo in the rest of the house.

Having succeeded in my task, I gave myself to my own intense barely held off orgasm.

While mom was still shaking and trembling beneath me from her powerful release, I exploded into her womb with a full load of my cum, shooting thick streams of my seed repeatedly while I grunted and shook.

"Fill me up Jeremy!" Mom cried weakly, her voice cracking on my name.

I was trying!

After, I was momentarily spent and mom had turned beneath me, welcoming me into her loving arms with a more than motherly hug. I rested my cheek on her breast and resisted the urge to suckle on it.

"Wow honey. I can't believe that Erin leaves enough left for me. If I was her, I would be on you twenty four hours a day!"

"I'm sure you wouldn't. You weren't before. We may have tried though!" I looked at her face, into her gorgeous green eyes.

"I feel like I love you more than before, Jeremy. That it took that ... break ... to really realize what I really feel for you." Her eyes stared back at me as if seeing into my soul. "I still love your father and nothing is going to change between the three of us. I know that you are with Erin and you seem to be getting really serious. I know I warned you about going too fast with the first girl after ..." mom trailed off.

"The ... break." I filled in for her. Even though it was much more than that. It had been the end of the world for me.

"Yeah, that. But I like Erin. She seems good for you. You two get along really well."

"We do." I agreed.

Our eyes never wavered. As if we were having another conversation with just our eyes.

"I also know that you are going to go off to college, go off and have your own life. Maybe have Erin as your wife, have your own kids. You'd make a great father." Mom brushed some errant hairs from my forehead.

"Mom. Jenny. Don't ..."

"No Jeremy. We both know this." Her hand now fell and brushed my cheek softly. "I'm not saying that we have to stop what we're doing. We both know now that that won't happen while either of us is alive."

A pause.

"I just don't want to jeopardize any of your future happiness. If it came down to me or ... Erin." Mom struggled getting Erin's name out. She blinked hard. "I want you to be with Erin."

"Jenny, no." I protested.

"Yes Jeremy. You can't have a life with me. You can with Erin. I may not be able to live without you, but I don't want you to lose out on your own happiness. Or your life. Because of me. I would feel nearly as bad as not having you at all if that was to happen."

"Don't worry about me Jenny. I'm never going to leave you." I felt my eyes water.

"It's inevitable Jeremy." Mom paused, her inner strength wavering. "I love you and nothing will change that."

"I love you too mom!" I reached around her to hug her as if she would be taken from me right off the couch.

"It's okay honey. Neither of us is going anywhere for the foreseeable future. Aren't you the one to say, don't worry about tomorrow? Enjoy the time we have together. Enjoy your cute girlfriend."

"They're both cute!" I smiled and blinked away any dampness there.

"My son thinks I'm cute?" Mom smiled cheerily, her eyes now glowing with happiness and love.

"You know what I think of you, sexy." I wiggled on the couch beside her. "Give me a minute, or give me a hand, and I'll show you again what I think of you!"

Mom did reach out and grasp my half-soft willie.

"Much as I would like that, we don't have time now. Johnny and Jojo will be home soon enough." Mom gave me a valiant heave.

I was reluctant but let her push me off her. I stood and then went about the room collecting our clothing. I tossed mom's to her.

"Come on old lady, you have to get up too!" I held out my hand to help her up.

"Old lady?" Mom half-protested. "Cute, sexy, and old lady! You have to work on your lines buddy!" Mom hung her bra on her chest, reached behind, and fastened it. I stared as she shuffled her tits in their restraints. She smiled at me.

"You're my cute, sexy, old lady Jenny!" I said as I pulled my shirt on. "You're a very nice old lady!"

I hoped she caught my inflection on our private term, nice.

"I can be very nice to my wonderful son."

She gave me a kiss as she buttoned up her blouse. This distracted me from her bare lower half. I could only wonder why she put on her blouse before her panties. Maybe she was leaving herself exposed for me; leaving the best parts for last.

Thing was I loved all her parts nearly equally!

From her cute little toes, to her chocolate tresses. From her tight pussy, curvy ass, to her sexy neck, and delicate fingers.

I was an equal opportunity starer.

A short while later my siblings returned and our life became normal again. For a few hours anyway.

I did eventually get to that homework.

After tucking in Jojo, mom came to my room and gave me a lengthy and cock-arousing good night kiss.

The next day I met up with Erin, between periods as we could, then lunch.

I may have only known her for a few months, but well enough that I sensed something was off about her.

Not like she was mad at me, or was being cold or distant, but like she had bad news to tell me and didn't know how to break it to me. I didn't say anything to pressure her. Whatever it was, she would tell me when she was ready. It didn't affect her kissing. Or if it did, it was to make them even hotter. If that was possible!

By the end of the school day, I was very curious what it was that she wanted to say, if that was why she seemed different. I still held my tongue.

We met out front, as we always did, regardless of any other plans we had. Once free from the constraints of school and time, Erin practically attacked me, her kissing nearly causing me to fall to the ground with the intensity. I assumed she was unusually horny and that we would go to her house, or anywhere, and have sex. The way she was climbing on me and groping me, I almost thought she wanted it right there on the school grounds!

Not that I was averse to doing it in the open, hell, our first time had been in a field!

Having half the school population watching us was kind of a turn off though!

"Erin!" I pulled, no, peeled her from me. "What's gotten into you?"

Not that I was complaining!

I just wanted to know the cause. You know, for future use.

"Nothing's gotten into me. But I want you into me!" She grabbed me and kissed me again, while shoving her tongue almost down my throat.

Uh. So did I!

"Can we go somewhere more ... uh, private?" I asked hesitantly.

"You don't want to fuck me right here? In front of everyone?"

Something had turned her horny gauge up to full!

"Not necessarily." I answered. I wasn't sure what I would do or say if Erin demanded that we did.

"Take me home." Erin breathed her words into my mouth. "I'm going to fuck your brains out!"

Wow!

That was going to take awhile because I had lots of brains!

I practically carried Erin to my car; I don't think she could separate herself from me to drive her own car.

I raced to her house with my fiery nymph almost in my lap, with her tongue in my ear and her hand trying to get in my pants! I did have to carry her to her door as she had wrapped her legs around my waist and her arms clutching my neck as she kissed all over my face.

Whatever it was that had caused this, I wished I could bottle it! I'd be an instant billionaire!

Erin pulled out her house keys and let me open her front door, as she didn't pause in her oral attack of my face.

Once in the house, Erin knocked me to the floor, both of us landing on the entryway mat.

"Erin..." I struggled to speak.

Erin was already practically ripping her clothing off.

"Get your fucking clothes off! Now!" She demanded with such force that it almost scared me if not for where this was leading.

I may have broken a record for undressing. If there was such a thing.

Needless to say that my dick was already ready even before I was done.

The Tasmanian Sex Devil was on me again.

Erin had me on the floor with my dick pointing at the ceiling. She straddled me, rubbing her wet snatch along my steel shaft.

"I need you so badly Jeremy! I want you to fuck me like you never have before!" Erin growled, yes growled at me.

I didn't know how to do that, or what she was demanding of me, but I would give her my best efforts. As I always had before.

Erin slid herself on my dick then reached down and pushed it into her. She was soaking wet.

With her on top, I don't know how much I could offer. She would be the one the most in control of our fucking.

"Fuck me goddamn it!" Erin didn't growl this time, her voice had gone deeper and more feral.

Had she been possessed by some sex demon?

Was I about to be raped by some underworld beast wrapped in my girlfriend's body?

I needed to put a sign on the door if so. 'No exorcists wanted today. Go away!'

"Grab my tits! Squeeze them! Twist my nipples!"

I have admitted that I loved Erin. I didn't want to be dating a demonic being, sexual or not. Not all the time anyway.

Her unusual behavior and the intensity she displayed made it easier not to think about the feelings from my over-stimulated dick. I wanted to worry about her, but it was difficult to be concerned while she was bouncing recklessly on my throbbing cock!

I grabbed her tits, pinched her nipples, tried to add to the fucking I was getting, and just stay hard and enjoy the ride!

"I'm cumming! Fuck me!" Erin cried out like an animal.

Already?

She had to be on some kind of sexual stimulator, something that had gotten Erin this turned on.

I wasn't going to be just a helpless accomplice, or nothing more than a dick for Erin to ride on.

I grabbed her hips to stop her frantic bucking, already well on her way into round two. I rolled us over gently. Or I tried to.

Erin almost threw herself to the floor and pulled me over on top of her. She spread her legs wide enough to make a gymnast jealous. I had never known blue to burn as hotly as Erin's eyes did when she stared up at me.

"Fuck me!"

Two simple words.

One simple act.

But Erin spoke them, no, she threw those two words at me, as if they were a novella.

I was hard, she was willing, but still I paused.

It felt like there was more going on than simple hot sex with my girlfriend. Like I should maybe worry.

But I was hard and she was willing!

I guided my wet dick to the source of its dampness and sank back into that sweet young pussy!

"Give it to me! Give it to me hard!"

All I had!

After only a few dozen strokes Erin began to quake, her eyes rolled back into her head.

She was cumming again!

I was worried. But I didn't stop.

I managed at least ten to fifteen more minutes.

Erin came at least three or four more times.

I would have just let myself cum and moved on to my own round two, but I rather wanted to see how many times I could make her cum before I couldn't last anymore!

That time was fast approaching!

Erin sensed it and through her almost incoherent babbling managed to get out. "Cum in me Jeremy! Fill my pussy with your cuuuuummm!"

And off she went again.

And that set me off.

My arms were burning, my legs almost numb. I probably had lost five pounds just from sweating!

I still contemplated going again.

I had collapsed beside Erin, but even as worn as she had to be, she still managed to turn and bathe my face and lips with soft kisses.

"That was so incredible! Probably the best sex I've ever had!" Erin exuded to me.

"I'm glad I was here for it." I croaked, my throat dry as the Gobi.

I did feel like I had barely been a part of whatever it was that we had just done.

It hadn't really felt like sex. More like a whirlwind in which Erin came a lot and I got to know what a dildo felt like in a nunnery.

"You didn't enjoy that?" Erin's eyes searched mine, daring me to declare otherwise.

"Oh, I surely did. It looked like you really, really did."

"I don't know what came over me." I saw her eyes dart away from me. She was hiding something now.

"Really? You just attack me, can't stay off of me for five seconds and we barely get in your front door and you have no idea?"

Yes, we were still on the floor within reach of the front door. If anyone should open that door, they would have tripped over our two naked and sweaty bodies.

Erin's eyes danced from staring piercingly at me to gazing up to the ceiling.

"Come on Erin. What is it?" I asked earnestly. "You're not going to break up with me and that was our goodbye sex was it?"

"Break up with you? Oh God no." Erin answered slightly surprised.

"Then what?" I pleaded.

I saw her search within herself.

Was she dying and not know how to tell me?

I felt my heart lurch at that thought. Just as I had found happiness again.

She was still silent.

So I voiced my fear.

"You're not dying are you? Some incurable disease, or inoperable brain tumor?"

I have to give her credit. She broke out laughing at my questions.

"Dying? That's what you suspect? Breaking up? I think some girl has messed you up if those are the things that you worry about after that incredible sex."

Erin might be right.

All the issues I've had with girls may have given me some separation anxiety, most notably my mother. Even her turn around hadn't completely settled my worries about her.

"Maybe, but then what has come over you?"

"I don't know if I can tell you. Or how to tell you." Her face almost seemed to twitch with her indecision.

"What? You can tell me anything. You know that." I said in a soothing tone.

"I saw something. Something I shouldn't have."

"Is that it? What, like a dead body? Someone committing a crime?" As I spoke, I realized I had gotten off track. Neither of those would have gotten her horny. "You saw your parents having sex?" I added with an inner shiver. I then had an image of Erin's parents going at it and the next shiver wasn't only an inner one.

"No, nothing like any of those. Not really." Erin said slowly, measuring her words and delaying further.

Not really? Not really a dead body, or a crime, or her parents having sex?

"It was you." Erin stated. As if that explained everything.

"Me? You saw me. That's what got you so turned on? Me?" I asked incredulously.

Not that I wasn't glad to be the source of my girlfriend's arousal, but it wasn't as if she hadn't seen me before.

"Well ... not just you."

The excruciating slowness that she was revealing herself was making me twitchy!

"Not just me what? Me and other people? My friends? Someone at school?" I was just throwing options out there and hoping for the answer.

"No, no one at school." Her eyes searched mine as if she might find pain there. "Not your friends."

"Then who?" My voice quivered with my plea.

"Jenny." She said. "Your mom."

What?

What!

WHAT?!

"What about my mom?" I asked in my most normal unaffected voice ever. I was sure it would have passed every lie detection method known to man.

"I saw you. With her."

What!

No!

How?

"I'm with my mom a lot. I live with her. With my dad, my brother and sister. You remember them. Jojo."

I was trying to distract her while I tried to think straight!

My brain was reeling!

How had this happened?

She couldn't have seen anything!

Could she?

When?

"Jeremy. It's okay. I know. I saw you two together." Erin said calmly.

"You saw what? What do you think you saw?" My tone grew harsh as if she was trying to play me. Make me admit to something that possibly wasn't true.

"I saw you having sex with her. With your mom."

"Can we please put our clothes back on? Especially if you're going to be making disgusting suggestions about my mom to me." I got up angrily. But not at Erin, more at myself.

"It's not disgusting. I saw the two of you together. It was beautiful. Hot. Sexy." Erin's tone conveyed no disgust at what she was saying.

"Hot? Sexy? My mother? I think you're delusional. Maybe you do have a brain tumor. How could you suggest such a thing? To me?" I protested as wholeheartedly as I could with as much projected anger as I would think I would have if her words weren't true.

"Jeremy." Erin stood and grabbed my wildly flailing hands and held them tight. "It's okay. It's okay."

"It's not okay. You stand there and accuse me of ... what's it called, incest! How is that okay? What do you think I am? Sex with my mom? I don't know what you saw, or what you think you saw, but you're very confused about it."

"Jeremy." She forced me to look at her. I had kept my gaze off her so she couldn't see past my protestations.

"Jeremy." She repeated. "I know what I saw. That's what made me so hot for you. That you had sex with your mom has made me so wet since I saw you. Even after what we just did, I still want you just as much now."

What?

What!

"Huh?" Erin's words were just beginning to seep into my worry-addled mind. She was okay with it? She was turned on by it?

"Huh?" I repeated.

Erin then recounted part of what had taken place yesterday when I had gotten home. The details she told were too exact for her to be making it up, the description too perfect for her not to have seen what she claimed.

"How? Why?" I still protested defensively.

"Remember when I gave you my notebook to carry. You put it in your backpack. I got home and found I didn't have it, so I came over to your house to get it. I was at your door and I could see you and Jenny, your mom, together doing ... well, you know."

I still tried to argue otherwise.

"It wasn't what you thought you saw." I said, not as firmly as before.

Of course, it was what she thought she saw. That's exactly what it was!

She went over the details again. Of how mom and I were on the couch, with me fucking her doggie style, spanking her ass. Erin hadn't heard anything we'd said, but she did hear mom's wails and understood what they implied besides the visuals she'd witnessed.

"It was the hottest thing that I've ever seen Jeremy! It was just so ... amazing!" Erin exclaimed.

Her voice did sound like she claimed she felt.

Turned on by seeing me with mom!

"How long have you two been having sex?" Erin asked excitedly.

I hadn't actually admitted to anything yet.

"I'm not saying that we did what you claim we did, but why aren't you upset about it? Disgusted, and sick like anyone else would be?"

"I don't know. I just think that you and you're mom having sex is hot and even beautiful!"

"Beautiful huh?" I wasn't completely convinced about her sincerity. Before I confessed to my deepest secret, especially to Erin, I had to be sure. One hundred and ten percent sure. Even more if possible.

"You don't think so? That wasn't just sex that I saw. There was passion and love too."

"Passion and love? From me supposedly doing my mother on the couch on her hands and knees while I slapped her butt?"

"Deny it if you want, but you can't lie to me. You love your mother and you have sex together." Erin stated. Then asked, "Does your dad know?"

"Oh, shit no!" I protested before thinking, now confirming my affair.

"So it is all true! Do you fuck her a lot? How do you get away with it with the rest of the family around all the time? Do you go home and have sex with your mom after we've had sex? Have you had sex with me after her? Oh God, that's so fucking hot!" Erin barraged me with questions.

Before I had a chance to answer or not answer, Erin grabbed all our clothes up in one hand held to her breasts and then took my hand and pulled me to her staircase.

"Up to my room Jeremy. I need you to fuck me again, on my bed. Like you did with your mom yesterday. You can even spank me like you did her!"

I was pulled before I could protest, argue, answer, or even agree.

Erin threw our clothes on her floor and assailed me once again with her lips, tongue, and naked body.

I surrendered almost immediately!

I had to believe the veracity of her excitement from seeing me and mom having sex. We repeated what she had seen the previous day but to her memory, not to mine. I had lived it once; this time was Erin's fantasy, even if it wasn't exactly what we had done. It was close enough for either of us.

That Erin came multiple times, and so quickly and powerfully, lent truth to her confession of being aroused because I had fucked my mom. Even after we finished in her bed, she still asked me a million questions about mom and me. I answered some, but only enough to quiet her curiosity.

She then surprised me when she said she wanted me to have sex with my mom again and then to tell her about it afterwards.

Like an incestual voyeur!

I wasn't sure about that. It was one thing that Erin knew about mom and me, but to use mom to feed Erin's desire seemed wrong. I didn't want to have sex with mom just to make Erin hot. I wanted to have sex with mom to make mom hot!

Erin may have convinced me of her earnestness and sincerity not to reveal my secret, but that someone else had learned it only made the chance of it actually getting out and everything collapsing on me, us, that much greater! And what would mom say if she learned that my

girlfriend had seen us together? She would be furious, I'm sure! Did I try to keep the fact that Erin knew about mom and me from my mother?

Keeping all these secrets straight made my head hurt.

I have to say though, that I was intrigued that my affair with mom had made Erin so horny. A woman desperate to have sex with you was not a bad thing to have at all! And that all I had to do to entice Erin more was to continue to have sex with mom!

Sounded like a win-win for me!

I would still err on the side of caution before I allowed Erin to know about all the details of mom and me. I had a lot to lose if Erin wasn't truthful about keeping my secret. Destroying my family would be the least of it.

I returned home, not even concerned about how Erin would get her car of which was still parked at school. My brain was whirling with a tumult of thoughts.

Mom snuck me a kiss after dinner while dad wasn't looking and the younger pair were watching TV. She asked if I had a nice time with Erin so innocently that it almost seemed like she already knew that Erin

knew. I'm sure she was just alluding to me and Erin having sex, but after the afternoon I'd had, it had caught me off-guard.

I just said, "Yeah, it was fun."

Mom stared at me with a sneaky grin.

I barely noticed as I was going over what to do about Erin.

Mom came up to me innocently enough.

"You up for more fun?" She whispered in my ear.

"What?" I said as her words caught my attention.

"Justin." Mom said loudly so dad could hear. "Why don't you take Johnny and Jojo out for some ice cream?"

Those two words made my brother and sister bolt upright.

"Ice cream, ice cream, ice cream!" They both chanted.

"Really Jenny? Now?" Dad stared at mom.

"They've both been good, school's almost out, and you're not really doing anything right now anyway." Mom stated as if any of those were valid reasons to treat the youngsters.

Dad glared at her, but he knew that there was no getting out of going once mom had suggested it.

"I want choklick daddy! No, strawedberry. Do they have fudge and raisins ice cream?" Jojo asked our father.

"Chocolate with chocolate and chocolate on top." Johnny said decisively.

Mom grinned cheerfully at her husband.

Now having resigned himself in going, dad's attitude reversed.

"Why decide? We'll just get all the flavors! How's that?" He said rousingly.

"All the flavors! All the flavors!" Jojo cheered.

"I just want chocolate and chocolate with chocolate!" Johnny stated resolutely.

"You can have whatever you want, Johnny." Dad said calmly. "Are you going Jeremy?"

"No, I have to watch my figure. I don't want Erin dumping me for some skinny computer geek." I teased, now seeing mom's purpose.

"Do you want anything Jenny?" Dad's voice had a slight tone with mom's name at her having suckered him into this errand.

"You can bring me back anything that you think I might like dear." Mom said sweetly.

"Okay, kids let's leave the fuddy duddies at home." Dad gave mom another look as he herded the twosome out the door.

"That wasn't very nice mom." I stated after the door closed.

"Are you going to complain about getting some time with your girlfriend? Or should I dump you for a computer geek too?" Mom asked

as she moved to my side. The ribbed maroon sweater clung to her breasts as well as the black slacks that hugged her hips and ass.

"Those guys get all the hot girls!" I teased as I put my hands on her hips.

"Not this hot girl; this one is all yours!" Mom purred. She grabbed my hands and slid them to her buttocks, then put her hands on my ass.

"What did you have in mind, sexy lady?"

"I want some cream, but I don't want it iced!" She ground her pelvis against me. I felt my interest rising.

"I only have it in the one flavor." I grinned as mom brought her face closer to mine. "It's very popular though."

"I'm sure it is!" Mom's lips brushed mine softly. "I just hope you have enough after this afternoon. I want a large!"

"I'll give you everything I have in stock. You are one of my favorite customers!" I kissed the two corners of her lips, teasing them with the tip of my tongue.

"One of your favorites?" Mom's tongue licked slowly along my lower lip. "What do I have to do to be number one?"

I know she was teasing. We both knew what our situation was. She just wasn't aware of the new wrinkle in it.

"I wouldn't mind having a taste of you myself. If you don't mind, that is." I whispered in her ear letting my warm breath tease her neck.

"Mind? I would demand it!" Mom kissed me dead on the lips, forcefully and fervently.

We came up for air some minutes later.

"They won't be gone for that long. Let's go to ... your room!" Mom said breathlessly.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"It's easier to explain why I was upstairs then why you were in my bedroom." Mom pulled my hand towards the stairs.

Also, that we would be farther from the front door and have more time to get presentable if we were caught by surprise!

I chased her up the stairs, her ass shaking inches from my face!

Where I planned to have my face buried very shortly!

I slammed the door and prudently locked it. Better to find an excuse for a locked door than to explain why we were discovered naked together!

Even with a time constraint, neither of us could resist planting our lips together once again.

We did manage to remove clothing while we kissed. I sat mom on my bed and knelt before her. I had to stare at her beauty before we, or I began.

Mom opened her legs invitingly but that was not my first destination.

I reached up and lovingly cupped her two breasts, feeling their wondrous heft and firmness. I leaned in and kissed each areola, sucking the nipples into my mouth and lapped them both with my teasing tongue.

"Oh, I love when you suck my tits honey! You do it so much better now than when you were a baby!" Mom put her hands in my hair as I suckled.

"Then I did it for me, now I'm doing it for you." I said with a mouthful of my mother's mammaries.

"Oh!" She sighed. "I'm sorry honey, but I want your terrific tongue elsewhere right now!" Mom used her hands on my head to push me downward.

I went very willingly!

Mom fell back to lie on my bed, her thighs spread wide and her lovely petals open to me.

I wanted to tease her, but couldn't waste too much time, so I just trailed my tongue from each knee to within inches from her wet tunnel that called to me so sweetly. I answered that beckoning eagerly.

"Yes! Lick me Jeremy! Mommy needs your tongue in my cunt!" Her hands forced my head into position.

I lapped that luscious and luxuriant font as if I was dying of thirst, questing for each droplet of fluid hungrily. I licked each ridged flap, stuck my tongue deep, and sucked and slurped my mom's pussy as if it was the first, or last time. As with every time, I wanted this time to be memorable enough for her to allow me access once again.

"God yes! Lick that pussy! I love you licking me Jeremy! Suck on my clit! I'm ready for you to make me cum already!" Mom moaned as she stared down at me working between her legs.

I smiled at her with my eyes as my mouth diligently drove her to ecstatic heights of bliss. My tongue danced on her stiff clit.

"I love your taste Jenny! Cum for me, let me lick up your delicious nectar!"

"Yes! Right there, right there, oh god! Right fucking there!" Mom's voice rose in pitch and volume as she neared her orgasm.

I sucked and flicked her little pea furiously, hoping to send her to her heavenly high.

Mom shrieked such that she might have deafened me if not for the firm fleshy earplugs that were clamped to the sides of my head at that same moment! She bucked and heaved, pulling my head with her as she

convulsed in her climax. I followed her movements, keeping my lips clamped around her hood and the precious treasure beneath.

"Ahhhh, fuuuuuk!" Mom yelled when she was capable of forming words again, such as they were.

When she finally stilled and her legs loosed my crushed head, I crawled up atop her and kissed her other lips that were just as luscious, if less overflowing.

"What you do to me honey!" Mom said taking my cheeks in either palm so she could look at me with her blazing green eyes.

"I love doing it Jenny!" I replied with another, though lesser kiss.

"It's my turn to do it to you!" Mom sprang up with more vigor than I thought her capable of after her powerful release.

She pushed me onto my back and moved around so she was almost perpendicular to me, or to my dick. In this position mom took the base of my hardness in one hand and cupped my softness in the other.

"You have a beautiful cock dear. It really is." Mom looked at my face, barely able to tear her eyes from my upright appendage.

I didn't think that that was a way to describe it, but I would take any praise mom wanted to give my dick! Especially if it was followed by her engulfing as much of it as she could. In which is exactly what she did then.

"Suck my dick mom!" I gasped as her tongue worked its own magic on my genitalia.

Mom wasn't teasing as she drooled lavish amounts of saliva on my shaft to allow her to stroke it with the one hand as her lips sucked on the large head. I threw my arms wide and grabbed at my sheets. I wanted more than just oral sex but didn't know if I should cum from mom's blowjob and let her get me hard again to fuck, or just move on to the fucking and try to make mom cum as many times as I could before I was done.

I didn't factor mom's desires into my debate. As with most decisions, it was in mom's hands! She wildly bobbed on my cock, her hand twirling as she stroked rapidly, the other hand playing lightly with my balls. Mom wanted my cum, and she wanted it as soon as she could milk it from my raging dick!

Her skill and her hunger overrode any ability I might have had to hold off my explosion.

"Cum for me Jeremy! Give mommy your tasty cream!"

As if there was any doubt that I wouldn't!

"God Jenny! Suck that dick bitch!" My right hand grabbed her hair and urged her bouncing head to increased ferocity.

I came as hard as I ever had, as I always did, as I ever would.

Mom's lips clamped to my girth, her tongue twirling my smooth head, one hand almost choking my dick and the other teasing my seed from my testicles.

I shot cum down mom's throat without need of her swallowing, splattering the last few streams across the back of her tongue as she continued as if I hadn't already peaked.

Mom pulled off and coughed twice from the unswallowed ingestion of my sperm. Then, with barely a pause, she resumed her sucking as if she could still drain more from my nuts. My dick hadn't registered my orgasm, remaining as stiff as always.

This encouraged my lovely cock-sucking mother to greater enthusiasm.

I allowed it for a few minutes, enjoying her delightful suctioning lips on my erection.

"That's good Jenny, but leave some for your incredible pussy!" I said as I pushed mom's face from my dick.

Mom lifted her head from my crotch and looked torn.

"I do need you in me honey. I just love sucking you so much." She exclaimed lustily.

"So do I mom, but I want to fuck you too!" I declared as I sat up.

"Oh! Yes, please!" Mom cooed.

Now knowing that Erin knew about us and wanted me to tell her what mom and I did, I was thinking of ways to make the recounting more exciting. That wasn't completely fair to mom, that I was using sex with her to get my girlfriend, my other girlfriend, hot and horny, but hey, I was eighteen! Anything that got a girl worked up to have sex with me was on the table!

"I want you to ride me Jenny! I want you to bounce on my cock until you can't take it anymore!" I said and lay back down.

"Oooo!" Mom cried out gleefully.

She quickly straddled me, almost impaling herself before getting lined up. She rubbed my cock head up and down her wet slit and then pushed it into her clammy depths, sliding forward until I was totally encased within her pussy walls.

"Oh God, Jeremy! You are so amazing! I feel so full with your dick in me!"

"No, Jenny! You are the amazing one. Now ride that cock slut!" I gave her a playful slap on the side of her hip to goad her into action.

"Oh fuck yeah!"

My fucking mom bucked and fucked on my cock like an expert broncobuster and I was the wild bull she had to tame!

I was already under mom's power, but I would never be controlled!

Like our lust!

Having taken the edge off with our initial orgasms, we both were ready for a furious frenetic and forceful fucking. I used the bouncing mattress to drive my dick harder and deeper into Jenny's slippery and soaked pussy as she bounced her hips like a basketball on my crotch. I would never call a foul on her double dribbling! Even as she was dribbling her pussy juices all over my loins!

"God, Jeremy! Fuck me! I love your cock so deep in me!" Mom gasped. She grabbed my shoulders but found little purchase there with my sweat-soaked skin.

"Fuck me Jenny! Ride my cock like a fucking whore!"

"Yes, yes! I'm a whore! I'm your fucking whore, Jeremy!"

I gave her ass a couple hard smacks.

"You're such a nasty girl Jenny! Riding your son's big cock like a dirty bitch!"

"I'm soooo dirrrty!" Mom wailed. "A dirty nasty bitch for my son's huge cock! Spank me Jeremy! I'm such a baaaad girrrl!"

I really and truly had the bestest mom in the world. No, the entire fucking galaxy!

Mom wasn't far from cumming again, and our language and my spanking her only increased her Elysian ecstasy.

"Mommm meeee is gonnna cuuum ah ah gain!" Mom cried as her fingers dug into my chest like hammered nails.

I wasn't far either, but in my head, I went through a list of old TV cartoon shows in an attempt to keep from cumming in the bawling banshee still bucking on my dick.

Mom went stiff as her muscles locked in blissful rigor as waves of intense pleasure racked her sweaty figure. Her eyes rolled back and a wordless wail filled my room. I jerked my hips to ram my cock in her spasming hole while she sat rigid almost unfeeling.

A few moments later her eyes fell again to meet mine, a raging inferno burning in those orbs. Her hips resumed motion, but slower, methodical almost. This belied the intensity I felt flowing from her damp skin.

"F-f-fuuuuuucckkk! Mmmeeeee!" Her mouth barely opened, the sounds coming from deep in her diaphragm.

My blood was boiling and I felt an animalistic urge come over me as if I was suddenly a different person. Someone that needed to fuck the shit out this beautiful babe above me!

I rolled forcefully over, throwing Jenny to the bed with a rapturous glaze on her face. Her legs fell open almost impossibly wide as I slid between them. My dick knew where to go, and without guiding it, it pushed back into that velvety chasm effortlessly.

"Fuck ... me ... hard! Give me ... all ... that ... gorgeous ... cock!" Mom snarled up at me like a wanton beast.

"You're going to get every inch bitch!" I rammed forward and down to get maximum penetration.

"Oh God yes!" Mom shrieked, almost in pain.

I ravaged mom's cunt for the next few minutes, caring not for her pleasure, only in how hard and deep I could shove my cock. I grabbed her ankles and lifted them high in the air, using her legs as shaky support for my brutal fucking. Mom gave out a long guttural sound like a wounded animal, or one of the big cats hunting growl, or the shrieking noise of a collapsing building. Or all of them together!

I finally could no longer stop the inevitable, and without care if the woman beneath me was about to cum or not, I unleashed a torrent of my creamy seed into the vice that elicited my release with a deep groan.

I must have fallen to my mattress as I was then staring blankly at my ceiling.

After my time with Erin, I don't know where that last load had come from. Or what had taken me over at the end. I did know that I was well and truly spent, physically along with sexually.

"Oh, my God, Jeremy!" Mom purred somewhere to my left.

"Jenny?" I whispered with a cracked voice. I didn't feel myself turn my head, but her face came into my sight.

"What the hell was that?" Her voice still purred but with an edge to it now.

"That ... was ... amazing. That was what that was." I answered plainly.

"Are you sure you already had a go with Erin earlier?" Mom asked incredulously.

"I remember that we did, but I can see why you would question that. I don't know what came over me. But I could say the same for you too, my dear lady." I rolled onto my side so I could stare easier at the gorgeous creature beside me.

Mom accepted my stare, not self-conscious at all at her appearance. She was flushed, her hair a sodden mess, but to me she was one of the most beautiful beings in existence.

"We need to get up before the others come back." Mom urged me.

"I still can't believe you sent them out for ice cream just so we could have sex. Or whatever that was that we just did."

"I really can't either. I was a bit horny, but just knowing that you'd been with Erin made it so much more intense."

"Obviously!" I agreed.

We both froze as we heard the front door slam shut.

"Go take a shower! I'll tell Justin ... um. You were helping me clean out the hall closet and we both need showers because of that. I'll take mine

downstairs." Mom whispered, as if anyone downstairs could have heard her words. "Go!"

We grabbed our clothes; I carried mine to the bathroom while mom hastily donned hers. All but the panties that she tossed in my face. I smelled her scent and breathed it in deeply. As I closed the bathroom door, I could hear mom's voice along with the others. I could only hope she could get her shower before dad could notice, or realize her condition.

The almost cold water partially revived me, but only barely. Both incidents had really worn me out!

I went downstairs after and made an offhand comment to mom that I hoped she liked how her shelves were arranged now, playing into her excuse. Dad hardly took any notice of my words and mom gave me a look to silence me. She didn't want more made out of it than was necessary.

She was eating from a small cardboard cup of half-melted ice cream while Jojo was trying to relate all the various flavors the shop sold.

"Did you like your cream mom?" I teased her.

Her stare was ice in warning, but she licked her lips with an exaggerated swipe of her tongue.

"Best I've ever had!" Mom answered to no one but me.

Having made my appearance, I returned to my room and texted Erin. I didn't say anything about what had happened with mom, or make any statements about the fact that Erin had seen us together, leaving sex totally out of my missives.

Later that night I fell into bed so tired that any worries I had couldn't keep me awake.

I was nervous the next morning about seeing Erin that day. Did I tell her about mom and me last night? Should I just pretend that not as much went on with Jenny and I as Erin had hoped? That maybe it was just the one time that she'd seen. She wouldn't believe me. Then Erin would doubt everything that I told her.

I really didn't want to lie to Erin anymore. It would be so much easier to be able to be truthful about my very bizarre situation. I also didn't want to lose Jenny because I flapped my lips too carelessly either.

If only there was a cluebook online that I could reference for something like this.

'Chapter 112 - Cheating on your girlfriend with your mother.

What to do when your girl finds out and is turned on because of it.

Sorry buddy, you're on your own! We have no clue either!'

I would just have to continue to wing it and hope for the best.

Erin, of course, couldn't let it go.

She pulled me aside when I first saw her between periods.

"Did you do anything last night? You know, with ... her?" She looked around secretively. Our schoolmates ignored us.

"Erin." I started, trying to think of what to say. "I trust you. I do. But this is ... huge!" I whispered.

"You can trust me." She answered with a lowered voice. "I understand that you don't want anyone to know ... you know. I don't know how to make you understand how hot it makes me."

"Yesterday was a good way!" My voice rose slightly.

"I would never, never say anything. Even if we, God forbid, broke up. Trust me, I know why you are concerned. I can only guess how hard this can be for you."

She did sound sincere. Her eyes, those brilliant blue eyes, peered back at me with an intensity.

I wanted to believe her. In the depths of my being, I truly did.

There was just so much at stake. For more than just me.

"Yes, we did." I said slowly, unable to look at Erin as I formed the words.

My fate was now with my lovely curly haired Erin. As much as it already was with Jenny.

"Really?" She exclaimed loudly and pulled me closer to the wall behind her. "What'd you do? You have to tell me!"

I almost thought that Erin might jump on me right there in the school hallway. Even if I didn't tell her any details.

"I don't know if I should tell you now. Especially with your reaction yesterday!" I said cautiously. I looked either way down the long hall.

"Jeremy! You can't leave me hanging like that! Tell me you did something, but not any details!" Erin grabbed my shoulders tightly, slightly shaking me.

"I'll tell you that we had incredible ..." I lowered my voice further, "sex."

"Hotter than we were yesterday?" She asked as if she didn't believe it possible.

"No, but close." I said. "I'll tell you more after school. I don't want to get you too worked up. You might try to jump Mr. Groves."

"The gym teacher? I don't think so. Besides, he's already doing Ms. Bobwith." Erin retorted.

"No way." I exclaimed incredulously.

"Yeah. I thought everyone knew that." Erin stared at me. "But go on, if you want to torture me all day. I'm going to be worked up even without the details. But you will tell me at lunch!"

I withered at her piercing glare. It was sexy too, but the menace was unmistakable.

During my next period mom once again sent me another photo of her.

It was a picture of a mirror with mom bent over revealing her curvy, but firm ass in the reflection. Her face was off screen. The text with it said, 'waiting for you!'

I had to believe she was fingering herself while she was waiting!

I knew that Erin would drag me to her house, or somewhere, to have sex after I told her whatever I chose to reveal about the sex between mom and I on the previous day. But I also felt a desire to rush home and bend mom over the kitchen sink and bang away!

Having two girls wasn't necessarily as great as it might seem!

But I wouldn't trade it for having it otherwise!

Erin may have demanded I tell her all at lunch, but that didn't stop her from bugging me for more info before then. I held her off with difficultly. It also deprived me of any kisses I might have gotten!

I drifted through my classes waiting for lunch. Some of the weight had lifted off me. Erin already knew that something was going on between mom and me. What were a few details? I was worried about what might happen if she said something, but I did truly believe that she wouldn't. I had to trust myself and to trust her.

I pulled up mom's last message to distract myself, even if it left me with a woody as I imagined myself slamming into that ass!

Having decided to tell Erin brought on a strange inner peace, as if the whole world had ceased to matter to me.

Lunch came.

Erin demanded details and seemed surprised when I capitulated without any further hesitation.

I told her everything that had happened when I had returned home after our intense encounter. How mom had sent the others for ice cream just so we could have sex in their absence. That I had licked mom, she

had sucked me and then ridden me, and my furious assault on her womanhood.

I could see the fires burning in Erin's eyes as I recounted the encounter. I really did think she might rip my clothes off and have sex with me on the metal table in front of Mrs. Edwards, the lunchroom supervisor.

It may have been unnecessary, but I even pulled out my phone and showed Erin the latest picture from mom. She grabbed my phone and scrolled through the other illicit photos.

"God, Jeremy! You have one hot mom!" Erin exclaimed louder than I would like.

"Erin! Shhh!"

"Oops! Sorry." She looked around but our voices were lost in the general hubbub of the cafeteria.

"I can see why you screw her!" Erin continued quieter now.

"It's not like that. It's not just sex." I tried to explain.

"Oh, I know! Like I said yesterday, it was passionate and beautiful." She stared at me as if we were just discussing world politics.

"Yes it is. We love each other. But I love you also. Don't get me wrong. Jenny loves dad too." I said.

"Jenny? You call her Jenny?"

"I am ... you know with her. What would I call her?"

"Mom? She is your mother." Erin's face seemed to glow with her exuberance.

"I do call her that too. And some other things while we are ... in the midst of things. You know, curse words."

"If you keep going, we'll have to find another closet!"

"I can't believe how okay you are about all of this."

"Tell me more about what you two have done!" Erin pestered me.

While she pawed at my lap, I gave her an accounting of some of what had happened; I told her about how it had started with my jostling because of an erection that had caused mom's hand to land in my lap. I left out the parts with Aunt Jessica, only telling her that we had progressed from handjobs, to blowjobs, and then sex and making love.

This left Erin oooing and awwing and also inflamed with lust. She promised more hot sex after school.

Erin also made me promise to do more things with mom so I could tell her about them afterwards.

Again, that made me feel dirty for using mom in such a way. Not that mom minded the ways that I used her, but it made me feel guilty in my head. Or my heart. That the pureness of my love for Jenny was being tarnished by Erin's lustful knowledge of us. But I did love Erin too and this was something new to bring us closer together, however oddly.

I was quite hard by the time lunch ended and struggled to keep my condition concealed until my dick went back to sleep.

We both drove back to Erin's the second the last bell rang, only meeting up on her front porch for a lengthy lip-lock before entering her house. We forwent the sex on the welcome mat and instead used her bed for another steamy encounter that left us both winded and soaked in sweat. We didn't reenact mine and mom's activity, with the exception that I

did lick Erin's pretty pussy to a few mind-blowing orgasms before she had me fuck the hell out of it.

Erin had been no virgin on her wedding night when it came to us having sex, but now she was like a wild cat in bed. Or as I had thought she might be before, a sexual demoness! The sex we had that afternoon, much like the previous day, had risen to a whole new level.

I was actually done long before Erin was ready to quit, the effects of two days of out of this world sex taking its toll on my body. I surprised Erin when I claimed I had to go home and try to recover from both my girlfriends' excessive sex drives. This was a slip on my part, but Erin was thrilled that I considered her and my mother as girlfriends. She had none of the jealousy with which mom had difficulties.

I left her house before her parents were due, and told her not to expect any new stories tomorrow of my mother and I, as I was incapable of anything more that day even if we had a chance for something to happen. That's what I claimed anyway. I'm sure my first sight of Jenny would fill me with lust.

When I got home, the only hunger I had was for food. I was famished!

I'm sure my sexual escapades for the last two days had taken its toll on my body and it needed to refuel.

Even before dinner, I went to the refrigerator and ransacked the leftovers. Mom watched me finish plates of food in silence and in amazement. When I was done and then felt like a nap was when mom said something.

"Are you still going to have dinner?" She asked. Others were around so we couldn't do anything even I felt up to it. Mom didn't try to initiate anything.

"Oh, definitely. I don't think you'll have leftovers tonight. What are we having anyway?"

She told me, then asked. "I would guess that your time with Erin was fulfilling?"

"Very fulfilling, and very draining." I answered not so subtly.

"I guess then, that you have nothing left for later?" The gentle lift of her lip hinted at her desire.

"Mom. I would love to, you know I would, but I'm wiped out. With yesterday ..." I left out our adventure, "and today, I have to admit

defeat. The two of you might be too much for me." I whispered this last though no one was around to hear. Dad wasn't even home yet.

"More than my sister and me?" Mom didn't whisper.

"Maybe." I didn't want to tell her that Erin had become a whirlwind in bed now. Or why.

"Really?" She said incredulously but said nothing more.

I went upstairs and lay in bed until dinner. I didn't sleep, but I did nothing but lie there.

Later that night, mom did sneak me into the utility room and ravaged my lips for the length of a load of laundry to wash.

She was able to get me hard, but I again confessed that I would be terrible if she wanted to try anything. Her eyes said she doubted me, but she told me that I should go to bed early and get my rest, as she didn't want me getting sick. I gave her one last kiss, this one on her flushed cheek, and told her that's what I would do.

This went on for a week or so. I would have some kind of encounter with mom, she'd give me a blowjob, or sneak in my room late at night

to let me eat her pussy, or somehow manage to find the time and means to have a quick fuck with the two of us that much more aroused by its hurriedness. I would then relate what happened to Erin later, or the next day, and she would become so turned on that even the Pope wouldn't have been able to resist her!

The sex with mom wasn't as volcanic as that one time, which was fortunate, as it was every time with Erin. Even on the days when mom and I hadn't done anything to repeat, Erin would make me tell of some past encounter that mom and I had had and she would be just as aroused as if it was something we had done earlier that day.

I was finding that there was a breaking point for a teen male and that I was quickly approaching it!

Then one afternoon after another hurricane of sex in Erin's bed, she surprised me when she told me that she wanted to see mom and I having sex again. And not just through the window. She wanted to be in the room with us. Possibly even join us!

I was beyond shocked. To say the least!

Erin wanted to watch mom and I have sex? Watch us!

That was almost too kinky for me to fathom.

I had no problem with the idea of her joining us though!

I told her that.

"Well, of course you don't! That wasn't even a question!" Erin said with a gleam in her eye. "You'd get to have your girlfriend and your mom at the same time!"

That didn't tell me if she just meant that she was willing to be with me along with mom, or if she'd be willing to do more!

I didn't say anything about any lesbian fantasies I had now percolating in my sex-riddled brain.

That Erin wanted to be there to watch, or even to join in, meant that I had to let mom know that Erin had discovered our secret. How did I calm her down after her inevitable meltdown so that I could ask if she was okay with either option?

We would have to have some amazing sex first, of course!

The sex would be easy to accomplish; having the time to do so would be more difficult.

My one passion turned out to be the solution for the other.

It was mid to late spring, the beginning of the summer blockbuster movie season. One of the many superhero movies had just come out and I encouraged my siblings to 'ask' our father to take them to see it. And by suggesting asking him, I knew that that would result in them nagging dad until he agreed. He suggested in mom going also, and seeing the opportunity, mom told him that their absence would allow her to get some extra housework done. I don't know if she suspected that I had initiated her children's request, but I was glad that she hadn't missed the chance to be alone with me.

Before he could ask me, I claimed I was going to Erin's.

I hoped dad wouldn't notice that mom and I tended to have other things to do when he did something with Johnny and Jojo. Not that the five of us didn't do things together, but those things wouldn't interest anyone to hear about.

It was a Saturday afternoon and beautiful outside, but I had less public activities planned! And I expected it to be beautiful indoors too!

I figured that mom and I would have some hot sex, and then I would casually break the news about Erin to her. If I then had to repeat my

initial performance to make her more receptive to that news, then so be it! Or if she then decided to cut my nuts off, then at least I had had one last time with my mom!

After the other three were readied and out the door, mom turned to me with an expectant look on her face.

"You really aren't going to Erin's are you?" She asked.

"As much as you're doing extra housework." I answered.

"I really could. Under both their beds need a cleaning, everyone's bedspreads need to be washed, beds could be flipped, the living room curtains ..." She began.

"Stop Jenny."I interrupted her with a firm kiss.

"Or I suppose I could spend a few hours in bed with my studly son." Mom sighed when I let her breathe again.

"I like that idea." I smiled at her. "Your bed, by the way."

"You do like my bed don't you?" Mom took my hand and swung our arms playfully.

"Well, for one, it's bigger than mine!" I used my other hand and curled it around her waist, drawing us together. Mom dropped my hand and put both of hers on the small of my back.

"And I won't soak your mattress when you get me too excited?" Her smile was complete intoxication.

"You can soak anything you want when you're with me, my sexy lady!" I put my hands on her soft cheeks, no, not her ass, and I pulled her lips back to where they belonged.

"You're so sweet, my handsome lover!" Mom sighed into my mouth.

"I have something I want to ask you but it can wait until after ..." I quieted any questions she might have had with numerous passionate kisses that had us both ready for more.

We headed down the hall to my parent's private domain. That I had invaded many times!

I began to pull off her flowery sundress as her hands worked at my tee shirt and jeans.

Once we were naked, or almost, as mom still had on a pair of blue satiny panties, she paused and looked at me almost accusatorially.

"Did you tell your brother and sister to ask Justin to go to the movies today?" That she was only wearing sexy panties as she asked this made it impossible to pretend any seriousness. Or to lie.

"I merely reminded them both that the movie had come out and that everyone else had already seen it before them." My dick was already very serious with its stiffness.

"I should've guessed." Her indicting glare only lasted a moment longer before she pulled her panties down and lifted one leg, then the other to remove them.

"Are you complaining?" My eyes were now locked on her brown pubes and the luscious treasure just below.

"That's kind of rude." She pointed with a finger and lifted it up to draw my eyes.

"What? Staring at my mother's beautiful pussy?" I did lift my gaze to take in her entire loveliness.

"You need to do more than just stare at it." Her eyes pierced me as only hers could.

"Do you have any suggestions?" I leered at mom in reply.

"I have a whole list." She stated plainly. As if she wanted me to do some chores.

Chores I was only too pleased to perform.

I not only took in her beauty with my eyes, I swept her up in my arms and laid her in her bed.

I laid next to mom and kissed her lips, but didn't limit myself to just those soft petals. I also let my breath caress her neck, her shoulders, the bony ridges of her collarbones. My hands cupped her breasts and teased over the smooth rounded flesh of them. Her nipples arose at my touch inviting my lips to suck them.

Mom's hands fluttered in my hair as I moved my head down her lithe frame. She seemed to take a sharp intake of breath at each kiss and caress.

"As much as I long for you to use that amazing tongue on me, I need your cock in me more, honey!"

"If you insist." I responded as I was in the midst of circling her navel with licks and kisses.

Mom's legs sprang open like a switchblade knife revealing her dampness and the tiny rivulet down to her ass.

I ran a finger over her slit, gently sliding it just within her opening.

"It seems that you're already ready for me."

"Lay on top me and stick that fucker in me, Jeremy!" Mom pleaded, the fire in her eyes giving the room a jade glow.

Have I said before how obedient I could be?

"Yes, ma'am."

I climbed between mom's toned thighs only to be clenched tightly by them. My dick was pressed to her pussy without entering; mom's juices already getting it soaked.

Our hands collided as we each reached down to align my pole with her slot. I had mastered sticking pegs into holes before I had entered kindergarten! You never knew when you would need the skills you learned in your life!

"Shove that dick in me lover! Fuck me hard!"

The onerous tasks that my mom gave me!

I was all the way in on the first forceful thrust. I ground my pubes against her mound, wiggling my dick around in that tight crevasse, leaving no nook or cranny untouched.

"Ohhh!" Mom whimpered.

I knew neither of us wanted any teasing, prolonging of our pleasures, or anything but a good thorough fucking to bring about our climaxes. After a few initial strokes of getting her depth and my angle, I pistoned furiously for the next few minutes as my love clamped herself to me,

her pussy around my dick, her legs around my thighs, her arms around my back, and her lips around my questing tongue in her mouth.

Mom, as usual, was the first to orgasm. She cried out her bliss as I kept up my staccato beat. Her fingers dug into my shoulder blades as she held me tight to her heaving chest. Within moments, she was climbing to another peak as I panted into her ear.

Before she could build up to a third, I was ready to explode deep in her womb. Her moaning words coaxed me to my release, urging me to fill her womanhood with my manly seed.

I lay next to her still trying to catch my breath and stop the spots from swimming in my eyes.

"You are the best lover I've ever had. I don't know if I've told you that." Mom's eyes shone at me like a lighthouse, her skin glowing in that pale light.

"Many times. But I like hearing it."

"Erin is a very lucky girl." Mom sighed with a hint of regret.

It was strange for mom to bring up my girlfriend at such a time. Besides her recurring jealousy.

It did give me the opening I needed.

"I have something to tell you Jenny." I started, trying to keep my voice calm for one of the toughest conversations I could have with my mom.

"About Erin." I spoke slowly. "Do you remember that day on the couch?"

Mom interrupted me as I dragged on my words.

"We've had many days on the couch, dear." Her tone was soft. Loving. I hoped it would stay that way.

I related the specific incident, concluding with, "... and I was slapping your ass until it was so red."

"I remember. It was difficult to sit the rest of the day. But it was worth it." Still loving.

"Well, I had one of Erin's notebooks in my backpack. She came over to get it." I traced a finger over her stomach lazily to show my easiness despite what was churning inside.

"Yes?" Mom drawled out, her tone now suspicious. Her eyes no longer glowed, but narrowed to a laser focus.

"It's nothing bad. Don't freak out."

Maybe not the right words as this only made her more on edge.

"Yes?" That single word, that one syllable might have carved oak.

"She came to the door. She saw us. On the couch. Doing ... that."

"What?" Mom sat up, but she still seemed mostly calm, her tone not sharp but just as forceful.

"What!"

Uh-oh!

I could feel it coming. The air pressure dropped even as the room's temperature did.

"Erin saw us?" Her voice was still at a normal volume, but there was a quaver in it.

"Erin saw us having sex? On the couch! On the fucking couch!"

"Jenny." I said as soothingly as my nerves allowed.

"Don't Jenny me! Erin saw us fucking?" The volume was the same, but the pitch had jumped a few octaves. Waves of anger poured from those once-gorgeous eyes.

"Goddamn it Jeremy! Goddamn it!"

Mom suddenly sprang from her mattress, her eyes searched her room. Presumably, for her discarded clothing.

"Damn it!" Mom screamed. "I knew it! I just fucking knew it! How could we be so damned stupid! Aaahh!"

"Jenny!" I leapt to her. "It's not like that! Stop! Listen to me!" I grabbed her arm to make her face me.

"Mom. It's okay." I kept my voice calm. I wouldn't help things if I started yelling also.

She did turn to face me.

And I almost crumbled with her look.

There was a background of anger still writ on her skin, but the first thing that hit me was an overwhelming fear. Her bottom lip was quivering and I could see water building up in her eyes. Then I felt her arm in my grip was trembling.

"It's okay mom. It is." I loosened my hold on her arm.

"How can you say its okay? It's not okay. It's not fucking okay!" The fear was becoming panic.

I had to calm her down quickly.

"Mom. Erin is fine with it. It made her excited."

My words slowly sank in as mom shook, her gaze tossing about the room.

"What? What do you mean she's fine with it?" Her eyes found mine again, staring at me as if I was a stranger.

"What do you mean excited?"

"It made Erin so hot that she hasn't been able to keep her hands off me." I tried to infect my voice with Erin's excitement.

"What?" Mom could only stare at me blankly. This was better than the anger or the fear and panic.

"What?" She repeated just as emptily, before I could add anything more.

"Erin has been a sexual dynamo since that day! Knowing that we've been ... together, gets her so worked up that she has literally attacked me and ripped my clothes off!"

Mom may have heard my words but she just couldn't comprehend their meaning.

"What?" She asked again.

"Mom. Jenny. She loves the idea of us loving each other." I rubbed her upper arm as I stepped closer to her. "She wants to see us together ... again."

The room grew so quiet that I was sure I could hear our neighbors in their houses, the birds in the trees down the street, the traffic on the local highway two miles distant.

I didn't want to break that silence for fear of triggering mom's anger again.

"Again?" Mom didn't whisper, but her voice was soft, even with the hard tone of her question.

"Or even join us."

I imagined I felt at that moment like those first witnesses of the atomic bomb tests. The button had been pressed and they were just waiting for the imminent overwhelming blast from the explosion. That moment felt like that. I was waiting on mom's explosive burst.

The continuing silence suggested that maybe the bombshell was a dud.

Mom just stared at me, or even through me.

"Jenny?" I questioned. I peered into her irises for signs she'd heard me.

"Join us?" I heard the words even though it seemed her lips hadn't moved.

"Like we did with Aunt Jessica."

I tried to give her a point of reference. Like if, it was okay with her sister, then it should be okay with my girlfriend.

I couldn't guess her reaction. As well as I felt I knew my mother, she could go either way with this.

"Join us?" She asked again.

"No?" I asked sadly, ready to admit it was a bad idea. Regardless of what my 'friend' thought of it.

"You didn't try to deny it? You probably bragged that you'd been bagging your old mother! You only think with your dick Jeremy, not with that brain I gave you!"

"Jenny! No!" I exclaimed. "I did deny it. She'd seen too much, described the details. I even tried to pretend that it was just the once! I did!"

I gripped her arm tighter, as if that would lend weight to my words.

Mom's eyes darted to my hand and back at my face.

"Get your hand off me!" Her voice would have withered small trees.

"Mom!" I retorted in surprise. I did release her forearm.

"Jeremy!" She said in volume only just below yelling. "Someone knows about us! Don't you realize what that means? How bad that is?"

"It's not bad at all mom!" I responded, unconsciously my own volume rose. "Erin doesn't care that you're my mother! In fact, she loves it!"

"That makes no sense. How could she not be disgusted by the thought? That you're having sex with your mother! That you are cheating on her with me!"

"I don't know mom, but she isn't. She's had me tell her things we've done and then we have incredibly hot sex, amazing sex! I can't explain it, but it's true!"

"You've told her what we've done? More than what she saw? How could you? Do you have any brains?"

For the first time I almost thought my mother would slap my face. I had almost winced at the incoming expected blow.

Mom may have noticed my reaction as her eyes suddenly became softer.

"Jeremy." Her voice was gentle but intense.

"I'm telling the truth mom. Erin loves us having sex. You'd have to see how hot she gets because of it."

"I'd have to see it?" Mom asked suspiciously.

Okay, not a good choice of words.

"Well, not actually see it. But she does. She is."

"She's not just playing you? Getting more evidence to report us?"

"I don't think you could fake her reaction mom. Not just to get evidence." I explained. "Besides, it would still be our word against hers."

"Do you really want your father to start wondering about things that he's almost seen if this came out? Evidence, or not."

I, we, could exonerate ourselves in the public eye only to be convicted by the civil, or paternal court.

"No, I guess not. But really, Erin is okay with it. She really, really is!" I didn't know how else to convince my mother.

"I'm sure you want this just to get two women in bed with you again." Her tone was of disdain, but the anger seemed to dissipating. Was I making headway?

"It's not about that. But yeah. To be with the two women I love most? How could I not want that?" I questioned plainly.

"Two you love most? Not Jessica?" Mom's voice was full of disbelief.

"You know I love Aunt Jess, but not like I love you. Or Erin." I told her. "This isn't for me though. Erin asked for it."

"To be with the two of us. Together." Mom stated in question.

"That's what she's been nagging me about."

"Nagging?"

"Okay, requesting repeatedly. Insistently."

"I don't know honey. I just can't believe that anyone could be okay with us."

"Your sister is. Was. Margie hasn't complained much either."

"They're different." Mom said as if that was all the proof she needed.

"No, they aren't. Clearly, not everyone feels that what we are doing is all that wrong."

"The only thing we're doing wrong is my cheating on your father." The guilt was etched in her eyes as she spoke the words.

"Or me with Erin?" I countered.

"And now she wants to get in on the action."

"If you want to call it that."

"I'm sorry, Jeremy. I just can't wrap my head around the idea. That she's okay with this. That she hasn't gone to the police, or ... some other authorities. I don't even know who you would report this to." Mom shook her head in confusion.

"She hasn't mom. She said she wouldn't. I believe her."

"Is that just because you have feelings for her though? You don't seem to be looking at this all too rationally."

"All I know is what I've seen from her reactions. One day she and I have great sex, then the next she attacks me and the sex is ... just wow! Erin tells me she'd seen us, and since then it's like she's turned up to eleven all the time."

"It just makes no sense dear."

"Maybe she's as kinky as us." I answered. I didn't consider Erin kinky, but then I didn't think mom or I were either. Besides our incest, that is.

"So if I don't agree to this, then Erin could spread our secret?"

I hadn't thought about blackmail. I couldn't believe it of Erin. I did love her. But mom's words now gave me a niggling doubt.

No. I couldn't believe it.

"Erin wouldn't do that. Whether anything happened with her or not. No."

"Can you be sure?"

I couldn't.

"How about I have Erin come over? We can talk about it and you can judge her for yourself. Just keep an open mind about it."

"I don't know." Mom wasn't convinced.

"You know if she did join us, she couldn't say anything because she would then be complicit herself."

"That's a stretch and you know it. Still ..." Mom looked at me with curiosity on her face. "Erin is cute, I can see what you see in her."

That mom was now thinking about it was at least some progress. She wasn't screaming anymore.

She was also still naked.

And looking very enticing.

"How about we just drop it for now, let you think it over. It's been almost a couple weeks. I'm sure if Erin was going to do anything, she would have done it by now. I don't think she will, but she won't before I say anything more to her."

Mom nodded but still seemed unsure.

"Now that that's out of the way, how about round two?"

"Really?" Mom exclaimed in surprised disbelief. "You drop that bombshell on me and then want to have sex again?"

"I always want sex with you Jenny." I answered. "Don't you?"

I saw the chink in mom's affront.

Her eyes roamed up and down my body. Yes, I was in no condition at that moment.

Mom got a slight glint in her eye. One only I would have seen there.

"It doesn't appear that you're ready for any more rounds."

"I'm sure you could fix that Jenny!" I said enthusiastically.

"Do you think we have time for another go?" Mom asked.

That she had asked meant that she was ready!

We always found time.

And time enough was found.

Even for a round three!

Mom promised to think about Erin's request. I wasn't sure she took it seriously, but with our secret known by another person, I knew mom would think about it and how she would respond.

I could only hope it was a favorable response.

I just didn't know what favorable meant at that moment.

As long as things didn't blow up in my face was the extent of my hopes!

I let Erin know that I had told mom that she knew about us and this led to more amazing sex with my young firecracker. Or should I say, my atomic girlfriend!

A few days later, I was having some issues with my car and had planned on going out with Erin that evening. I asked mom to borrow her car and she readily agreed. That afternoon though, as I came through the living room, mom declared that she was going to the store and that she needed some muscle to go along with her. Dad was in his recliner, watching TV and working on his tablet. Mom immediately suggested me. I assumed this was a routine trip and I complained. I then saw mom staring intently at me and she mouthed the word, 'dad'. I didn't know what she intended, but I took her lead.

"Dad!" I whined as best I could.

True to form, without even looking at either of us, dad said with paternal command, "Go with your mother, Jeremy."

"Thank you Justin. Let's go honey." Mom smiled satisfied at me.

I really hoped that she hadn't used our intimate relationship to get me to agree to some menial labor!

I would still agree, but I didn't want to be used in that way.

We set out in her car, but didn't head in the direction of any store that I knew. I was curious but kept quiet. I would discover her intent soon enough. And that I figured I knew her intent only excited me!

Mom drove to an area where a new housing development had started, but with a drop in the economy, was now sitting desolate and deserted. She parked in a cul-de-sac barely visible from the main road.

Her intent was some hot sex!

The confines of the car made getting our clothes off enough to have sex difficult, but the back seat was adequate enough for our needs. Mom sat on me cowgirl and tested the car's shocks and suspension as she came to a half dozen orgasms to my two.

We sat gasping after, our clothes a mess, my dick worn and shriveled, mom's skirt still exposing her reddened crotch.

"I like shopping trips with you Jenny! They're so satisfying!"

"Oh! Yes, they are, aren't they?" Mom said breathily.

I didn't know how she was going to explain this to dad, and I really didn't care at that point. I was thinking ahead to my date with Erin that night. I hoped I had enough reserves left to satisfy her.

"We need to get home. Put away your tired little friend and zip up your pants." Mom said as she straightened her tousled blouse, and then pulled down and brushed out her wrinkled skirt.

We got back in the front seats and with very few words returned home.

Dad looked up as mom and I entered, a look of confusion spreading on his face.

"I forgot my pocketbook. I thought it was in my purse, but I had it out doing bills earlier and didn't put it back. We got through the store and had to put everything back." Mom explained as she picked up the 'forgotten' pocketbook off the kitchen counter.

She had given this some thought ahead of time!

"Come on Justin, we have to go back now." Mom declared.

"Jeremy can go again."

"No, he's leaving to go out with Erin in a few minutes. Right dear?" Mom looked to me for confirmation.

"Yeah, right mom. Sorry dad."

"We're going to have to use your vehicle too; Jeremy's borrowing my car since his isn't running now." She handed me her keys.

"Ah, jeez!" Dad groaned in further complaint. "And we'll have to take the kids too!"

"We'll pick something up to eat while we're out." Mom added as if it was all settled.

"Have a good night honey." Mom said and gave me a maternal peck on the cheek. She then called out loudly towards the staircase. "Johnny, Jojo! Come on kids, we're going to the store and then getting dinner!"

I took a quick shower and dressed for Erin.

I left shortly after the rest of the family and was soon at Erin's. She came out wearing a patterned knit sweater and loose black slacks. She gave me a quick kiss as she entered mom's car. She gave me a studied look.

"Mine's still not running. I'll get the part tomorrow." I said to explain although she had known about the trouble.

"It smells like sex in here!" Her gaze grew intense.

"Sorry." Did I tell her?

"Mom and I ... well, we kind of snuck out earlier. We had to use her car." As if that explained it.

Erin understood well enough.

"Really? In her car? In this seat?" Erin grew very animated.

"Yeah, but no, in the back." I nodded my head over my shoulder.

"We have a change of plans, Jeremy! Drive to wherever it was that you two went!"

"What about the movie?"

"We'll see it another time. Just drive. And make it quick!"

I had a feeling Erin was about to erupt, explode, or I didn't want to guess what!

I hadn't been totally paying attention earlier while mom had driven, but I was able to find the abandoned development without trouble. Except for the sex-hungry nymph in the seat beside me trying to distract me with her hands all over my pants!

I slapped her hands away before she caused me to drive off the road, but she did manage to awaken my dick and get it as hard as titanium.

I had hardly put the car in park when Erin tried to climb in my lap. The steering wheel made this impossible, even for my horny and flexible girlfriend.

"Erin. Stop. This won't work up here. Let's get in the back." I held her off, but only for a moment.

We both rushed to switch seats, our lips the first thing to connect in the slightly roomier rear compartment.

Our kissing only lasted a few moments before Erin pulled away from me.

"Tell me everything you both did!" She demanded in her best prosecutorial tone.

I related the events of that afternoon, from mom's blatant excuse to get us out of the house to her impassioned bouncing on my cock. Of course, as I did this, Erin was digging my cock from my pants and removing her own. Mom hadn't removed her blouse, but Erin pulled her sweater over her head to reveal a sheer lacy black bra that didn't conceal her hardened nipples. She pushed the bra cups down and pressed her tits to my face.

"Suck my tits Jeremy! Nibble my nipples!" She grabbed my head to her chest as if to encourage me to my task.

I leaned forward and eagerly licked, kissed, sucked, and yes, nibbled on Erin's pert boobs and pink nipples.

"Aah! Fuck! I need your cock in my pussy!" She whined needily.

"Not much on the foreplay anymore, are you?" I gasped as she moved to straddle my lap. The car roof limited her movements.

"Fuck that! I need to get fucked by your big cock!" Erin cried out as she lined herself up and sank halfway down my shaft. "Are you commm ... plain ... ingg? Oh, shit that's good!"

"Oh God! No ... no, I'm not!"

I may like teasing my women, but I equally loved their enthusiasm to get fucked also!

"Did your mom ride your cock like this?" Erin gasped as she slid up and down on my pole.

"Oh, yes. Just like that! Maybe harder!" I moaned as Erin's tight pussy squeezed my shaft so deliciously.

"Oh God, yes, harder! Like this, oh fuck!" Erin put her hands on the roof and used this leverage to drive herself down more forcefully. Something mom hadn't done, but I wouldn't tell her that!

"Just ... like ... that! Damn Erin!"

"Fuck me Jeremy! Give me that big ... hard ... cock!"

Why did women riding my dick tell me to fuck them? They were the one in control of the moment.

"Ride me Erin, take that cock!" I slapped at the sides of her cute tush.

"Yes! Spank that ass! Spank me hard!"

I did so, although this also wasn't something I'd done with mom earlier. I guess Erin didn't need an exact replay, just something to get her started on her own way.

I will say here, that though mom's car may have had roomy legroom according to the advertising, having sex twice in the backseat with a woman riding my lap was giving me definite leg cramps! Even with the front seats slid all the way forward, there was no way I could stretch out my legs. So after Erin had her first mind-blowing orgasm, I suggested moving to the outside of the car. She did frown at me.

"Did you get out with Jenny?" She asked intently.

"No. But it was broad daylight. It's nearly dark now. And my legs are falling asleep like this." I explained.

Erin was still perched on my still hard dick and seemed unwilling to get up.

"Come on Erin. I'll be no good to you if I have to get my legs amputated from lack of circulation." I patted her bottom.

She bounced a few more times while staring me in the eyes defiantly.

I didn't really believe I could lose my legs, but I did want to use them for the rest of the night!

"Oh, okay! But you have to really fuck me!" She clambered to one side and opened the door.

As if, I didn't already want to do that!

"As you wish." I said.

"Ooo! I love that! Say it again!" Erin cried gleefully as she exited.

"As you wish."

"Fuck me Jeremy!"

I climbed out behind her, my legs shaky for a moment as blood returned.

"Bend over the hood, sexy!" I pushed her towards the fender.

"Oh yes!" Erin thrust her ass up in invitation.

One day I would have to bring up having Erin let me shove me dick there. But not this day!

I grabbed her ass cheeks and pressed my dick against them.

"Shove it in me!"

I was almost tempted to make it today!

However, I didn't want to hurt her, especially before I got any relief!

I pushed my dick downward until I found her gaping lips. I teased it around her hole, getting it even wetter. If that was possible!

"I said, shove that cock in me!" Erin yelled.

The area may have been deserted, but it was also dead silent. Any sounds we made would be heard for a literal country mile! Not that I would let that stop me from slamming Erin's pussy with all I had!

So I shoved my cock into her. Hard.

I caused her thighs to bang on mom's fender as I drove deep. She threw out her arms to hug the hood, mashing her tits into the paint finish.

"Try not to dent anything please. Mom won't let me borrow it again if I return it with your boob prints embossed on her hood!" I gave a forceful thrust to emphasis my warning.

"Fuck me! Give me that dick!"

For the next dozen or so minutes I did just that. I gave Erin my dick repeatedly and vigorously. She moaned, groaned, whimpered, and cried out with her pleasure. I did get her to cum again without succumbing myself, although it was a close thing. I'm sure my earlier orgasms had lessened my need at the moment.

When Erin finished trembling, I pulled out. She looked over her shoulder at me desperately.

"I'm not done yet! And I know you're not either!" She said with a dart of her eyes at my rigid dick dripping with her cum.

"I'm not done with you yet either." I replied. "Come over here. Lie back on the hood."

I gestured to the front of the car.

"I want to see your face as I fuck you. See the ecstasy that I am giving you as I fuck your tight little pussy!"

"Oh yes! I like that!" Erin moved around mom's car and lay back on the hood. She spread her legs to the side allowing me to see her sodden snatch.

"That's so beautiful!" I exclaimed.

"If it's so beautiful, then fuck it good!" Erin said as she grabbed her toes in either hand.

I didn't understand the relationship of its beauty to how I fucked it, but just shrugged my shoulders as I stepped up to the car. I had to slide Erin closer, letting her ass hang half off the car, to allow me to be able to slam my whole dick into her. Which I did. Again.

"Oooo! Fuck!" Erin squealed.

Again. And again.

"More! Give me more!"

Yep, I'm sure someone nearby could hear Erin's cries of delight!

I gave Erin more and more until we were both ready to cum.

I grunted over her as her sweat-soaked back squeaked on mom's hood. I was within a minute of cumming at the same time as Erin, filling her spasming pussy with my never-ending seeming supply of semen.

Erin laid on mom's hood, wearing just her bra pushed beneath her tits. I wanted to collapse beside her but I worried the combined weight would surely leave a large dent.

"Come on Erin. Let's get back in the car. I'm sure you're getting cold now." I urged.

"No Jeremy. I'm fine. Come up here and lie next to me. We can look at the stars together." Erin countered.

"I don't think the hood can hold both us. You may be small and light, but I am not either." I said.

Then I got an idea.

I reached in the driver window and popped the trunk. I grabbed the blanket mom kept there for emergencies. I laid it out on the rough dirt of the half-built lot near the front of the car.

"Come lie here then." I gestured to the blanket.

Erin looked and with a delightful grin climbed from the car. She glanced at me and laid down. I may have stared a moment at my lovely girl before I pulled off my shirt and draped it over her chest.

"I could have just put my sweater back on. But thank you."

"Just trying to be gallant for my lady." I said as I knelt down to lay beside her.

"Here." Erin put her arm across my now bare chest and covered us both as well as she could with my shirt.

"I could get your sweater if you want." I said as I put an arm around her back.

"No. I'm fine laying here with you. Just looking at the night sky filled with its millions of stars."

There were more stars visible here with the slightly less light pollution. Somewhere far off, a dog barked. Otherwise, it was just the two of us.

"Are you really serious about wanting to join mom and me?" I asked while staring at the dotted sky.

"Oh, yes." Her hand rubbed on my chest slowly, soothingly. "Has she said anything yet?"

"I haven't brought it up again. I'm afraid of what she will say."

"You did tell her that I had no problem with what you two do, didn't you? That I would never, ever say anything about it."

"I did. She didn't really believe it. Mom can't understand why you aren't grossed out."

"Because it's not gross. It's beautiful. And very sexy." She moved her head to look at me.

"Don't you think it would be sexy?" Erin asked.

"I'm a guy remember." That was answer enough.

We lay there for far longer than I would have thought. Just watching the stars turn infinitesimally slowly above our heads.

Eventually I spoke up.

"Are you getting hungry? We could go get something to eat."

"I think you are always hungry. For food, or for pussy." Erin commented.

"Yep." I agreed wholeheartedly.

Erin giggled.

"Yeah, we should probably get up before we fall asleep here. Besides, there's this stone sticking in my side." Erin sat up and rubbed her bare skin.

"You should have said something. We could have moved." I sprang upright trying to inspect the spot in the near darkness.

"I was fine just laying with you." She said as if it was answer enough.

I stood and pulled her up. I grabbed the blanket and after giving it a shake, hung it over Erin's small shoulders.

"It is a bit cool to be naked."

"Let's get dressed and go somewhere warm and eat. Then maybe we can think of something to do besides the movie." I hurried her to mom's car.

"More sex?" Erin quipped. At least I assumed it was teasing. "But after we eat. I am a little hungry myself."

We dressed, warmed up with the car heater, and drove to find a restaurant.

Later, much later actually, as we spent a long time at the restaurant talking after we finished our meal, we were parked in front of her house. Neither wanted to part, but we were spent and it was late. We did spend at least twenty minutes with our goodnight kisses.

It was only when I returned home and I had time to think, that I had to wonder if maybe mom had set the whole night up for me. I had told mom that Erin and I had had sex after she and I had done so, and that it had gotten Erin very excited. Mom had known about me using her car tonight to be with Erin. Did she guess that my girlfriend would notice the smell or that I would just plain tell her about mom and me?

I didn't need my mother to arrange for my girlfriend to have hot sex with me! Would my mom be so cunning? What did she hope to get out of it?

Besides more sex with me that is!

A few days later in school, my phone vibrated during class. I assumed it was another picture from mom as Erin was in class and couldn't text me. After class, I pulled out my phone to check it.

There was a message from mom.

'wishing you were here!' with two heart emojis following it.

This was different, as there was a video attached to the text.

I lowered my volume just in case, before I clicked the video.

I was glad I did!

Mom had shot it from about her tits, as if she was watching her phone as she filmed. The scene showed mom's toned belly and across her brown bush. One of her arms was bordering one side of the shot and her hand was sitting on her lower abdomen. It was very clear though that her fingers were busy at work in her pussy! A very wet pussy by the squelching sounds that I could hear.

I looked around me nervously. People brushed past, but no one paid any attention to me or my phone screen.

The video was only three minutes and twenty-eight seconds, but I didn't have time to watch the whole thing before my next class. And that it would have given me a certified erection if I watched any more than I already had!

"What's the video of?" A voice sounded behind me. "You watching porn at school?"

Erin's voice.

"Shhh! No. Of course not." I tried to hide my phone, but Erin reached out and grabbed it from me.

"Whew! Amateur porn at that!" She stared at the small screen. "She's kind of hot though!"

"It's not ... porn. That's my ... I mean, it's ... Jenny." I whispered while looking in every direction.

"That's your ..." Even Erin had to realize discretion was necessary. "She sent that to you? Today?"

"During last period." I stated. I looked back at Erin who was still watching my phone. "Give that back."

I snatched my phone back from my girlfriend, switched it off, and stuck it in my pocket as if it was on fire.

"That is too hot! Pictures and now video. How is your not rushing home to screw your mom?"

"Erin! Quiet!" I urged, begged.

"Well?"

"I can't just leave school whenever I want to have sex. With ... Jenny. Or with you." I added her so she wouldn't feel slighted. Though with her excitement, I doubted she would even notice the slight.

"I want to go right now myself! I'm sure you're very ... ready right now!"

"Yes. I am. But we have school." I tried to get Erin's mind back where it belonged. And off my dick!

"I suppose you're right! But when we get out of here, we're going to my house! We're going to watch that video and then I'm going to ravish your body!" Erin declared savagely.

I thought that that was what men did to women, not vice versa! I would let Erin do whatever she wanted to my body!

I did reply to mom's missive this time.

'Erin saw your message! Won't be home til later. Sorry. Luv J'

I'm sure mom would be freaking from Erin having seen her masturbating, but Erin had seen her son fucking her, so she'd just have to deal with it. Especially if she did decide to let Erin watch us, or join us!

I half expected another text from mom after my reply, but my phone stayed silent.

Erin and I did go to her house after school. We watched the entire clip and though mom didn't get to completion in the video, she had Erin and me just as close as she seemed to be at the end. The two of us then proceeded on to our completions. Or, a few of them!

After, Erin pestered me to ask mom again. She seemed almost desperate to be with us, or at least witness us having sex. I promised I'd try to bring it up the first chance I got, but it wasn't something I could talk about with anyone else around. Erin acknowledged that, but was still insistent.

Mom was quiet around me when I got home. Erin had left me dry and nearly worn out, so I had dinner and went up to my room without further word.

When she finished tucking Jojo in, mom came to my door and needlessly knocked, as it was already open.

"Mom." I acknowledged her presence from my chair.

"Jeremy." She said somewhat coolly. She remained standing near the door.

She had on a light simple blouse and navy blue Capris. I immediately noticed that her nipples were stiff.

Had I left her in need when I had gone to Erin's?

"What's up?" I said casually.

"You shouldn't have shown ... Erin that." Mom's voice was flat, but was on the verge of showing emotion.

"I didn't. She came up behind me when I first played it. She didn't realize who it was."

"You told her?" There was surprise, some anger, and maybe a touch of disgust in her tone.

"I couldn't let her think that I was watching some random woman playing with herself."

"That was only supposed to be for you Jeremy!" She said almost pleadingly.

"I know mom, but it was only Erin. She has seen us ... you know. She wants to see more." I responded defensively. "She's been really nagging me about it."

"Really?" Mom questioned with disbelief. "She wants this that badly?"

"She's practically obsessed mom! We have the most incredible sex because she's constantly turned on thinking about us!"

"Really?" Mom still couldn't understand.

Not that I did either. I just didn't question why it made my girlfriend into a sex hellion!

"She's getting anxious for an answer too. I don't know what to say to her."

"I have thought about it. You may think this is just like with Jess, but it's more complicated than that. Jess is my sister, she's family. I can trust her, well, to a point." Mom was obviously alluding to my aunt intruding on our 'incident' and how she had provoked us to go further. "But Erin is a stranger. You may think you know her, but you haven't known her that long. Not long enough for something like this."

"I trust her mom. Almost as much as I do you."

"Almost?" Mom countered.

"You are my mom. There isn't anyone I could trust like I do you. Almost is as close as it gets." I stated firmly.

Mom studied me closely. I almost thought that I had a zit on my nose or something.

"I can't argue with that I guess." Mom took a deep breath before she continued.

"I'm not saying yes or no. Not yet. I don't know what you expect would happen, or what Erin expects. I don't think I could have sex with you, with anyone for that matter, with someone just watching us. And

before you say anything, this isn't the same as the video. I can't believe that I did that! You just make me so horny." Mom was now blushing but she kept her eyes on me.

"I was alone in my room when I did that. I only expected you to see it. You're the only one that I've done that for, at least while anyone was watching me. I feel a bit strange for Erin to have watched it. She's your girlfriend Jeremy! This isn't normal!"

"What about anything that we've ever done has been normal, Jenny?" I used her name cautiously, but I wanted her to know that I was talking to her as her lover and not as her son.

I saw her eyes sparkle when I spoke her name, so she did understand.

"How did we come to this honey? What happened that things have gotten so far from anything that resembles a regular life?"

"I don't know Jenny, but I really don't care. I have you. I have Erin." I purposefully left out my father. I didn't need to bring him up when I was talking about a threesome with mom and Erin! "I don't think that I could accept normal now."

"You're right. I probably couldn't either." Mom's gaze on me never wavered. It was as if I was the only thing that existed in my room for her. I felt the same about her.

"I've found that I can't live without you. I can't live without Justin." A slight pause. "I'm starting to think that Erin could become very serious. I've seen how you look at her, like how you look at me. I may have worried about your reactions after ..." longer pause, "but I guess if the right one comes along, even at the wrong time, they are still the right one."

I don't know what that had to do with her decision. I let her sort out her thoughts while I just stared at her.

"So I'm saying, that if I was to say yes, of which I'm not, it won't be Erin just watching us. She would have to be involved too."

Now she had my attention!

"I kind of miss watching you with Jess. It was exciting to see you with another woman." Mom's eyes had become playful, kittenish. "I could agree to see you with your girlfriend. And if you say she gets so aroused because of us ..."

Was she convincing herself? Had she agreed?

"What are you saying Jenny?"

"I'm not saying anything. Just sort of rambling actually." Her eyed did veer from mine for a moment. Clearly from some form of embarrassment from what she had revealed.

"It sounded kind of decisive from here." It hadn't, but I was trying to goad her that way.

"Okay."

"You'll do it?" I interjected.

"No, that's not what I was saying. I'm saying okay, I'll agree to talk with you and Erin about it. Let me decide how sincere she seems. About this or about our secret."

I guess it was a win.

Or at least it was having the lead in the ninth inning!

"I'll let Erin know. We can then plan on a time to talk, to sort things out." I'm sure I had a huge grin on my face right then. Mom didn't react as if I did, or at least she realized its cause and said nothing about it.

"Goodnight Jeremy. My love." Mom moved to the door to leave.

"Pleasant dreams dear Jenny." I answered.

Only after she was gone did I realize that we hadn't kissed or anything. That had never happened before while we were alone!

Fifteen minutes later, there was a single knock on my door and before I finished turning to look, mom was on me, kissing me like we wouldn't see each other again. I stood to take her in my arms, to wrap her in my love as I returned her kisses with a hundred more.

We parted and Jenny wiped at my lips for the lipstick she had left smeared there.

"Goodnight again honey." Mom's eyes were glimmering with moisture. I didn't know what would have made her about to cry. Everything was incredible, amazing, marvelous.

Nice.

"Goodnight sweet Jenny."

And she was gone again.

I went to bed not long after. I know I dreamed, I had the sensation when I woke of having partaken of some special adventures, seen magical sights, and lived a thousand lifetimes.

It was also the first time in a very long time that I had had a nocturnal emission, as I remembered it was called.

I had had such great dreams that they had made me cum in my sleep!

Chapter 21

Jenny stretched out her right leg for her yoga pose, making sure to keep her toes extended. She held her hands together behind her back. She felt her muscles stretch, but knew the bit of discomfort was worth the flexibility and the toned legs the pose gave her. She smiled slightly as she pictured Jeremy staring at her shapely legs. His constant gazes upon her made any amount of soreness worth it. That at least one of her lovers took notice of her figure and the work that she did to maintain it was appreciated. That it was her son and not her husband gave her that naughty feeling.

She moved into the next pose, stretching out her lower back as she pushed her arms outward.

Jenny had to smile again, wondering why she had never had Jeremy join her as she did her yoga. Surely, he would love to see her in her tight stretchy outfit. And that some of the poses could also classify as sex positions would definitely get his attention! That her routine would be interrupted for a few rounds of sex could be the main reason she hadn't let her young lover join her. And that she did her workout in the early afternoon while he was still at school was the intellectual answer.

School that he would very shortly be finished with, high school at least.

She frowned at the thought of Jeremy going off to college and not being around anymore. Not that that would be the end of their illicit relationship, just that they would not get to be together as much as she wanted. And she hoped, as much as he wanted. The frown deepened as she thought of how he would be meeting new people, new girls, girls his own age. Girls that weren't his mother!

That worried her the most. That her handsome son would grow distant to her and come to realize that he didn't need to be with his old mother, or have sex with her anymore. Even as he claimed that he would never stop wanting to be with her, to make love to her.

Jenny may have made peace with herself about how what she was doing with Jeremy was considered wrong and immoral. That they both were willing participants, both legal adults, and that they were very much in love with each other made any morality arguments immaterial. She could no longer get pregnant, so the argument about them passing on birth defects was null and void. The only valid complaint that could be made about her sleeping with her son was the fact that she was still married to Jeremy's father, a detail that did weigh heavily on her. She couldn't claim that Justin had cheated on her so that made what she was doing all right. His had been only one night. Hers was ongoing. And that she had started her affair with Jeremy long before Justin's incident didn't retroactively make it okay.

She fully acknowledged that she had been the one to start things with her son. Her husband's lagging sex drive or his interest in her was no

excuse to do what she had done. Not that she regretted the results of events after that fateful handjob. No, she had found the perfect man for herself, only that it had turned out to be her eldest son.

Jenny tried to put thoughts about Jeremy out of her head as they always led to making her horny. Already she could feel the dampness in her cotton panties, and the last thing she wanted was for that wetness to seep through to her tight yoga pants. She knew it was a futile effort; her son and his beautiful cock were never far from her thoughts. It wasn't just his dick that had made her fall in love with him though. That he was her son and that she had started out loving him was the first factor. That he was always ready to please her, even if his love of teasing her sometimes drove her crazy! His quick wit, carefree demeanor, and his intelligence were key ingredients to her love. And not to forget, his amazing tongue and oral skills!

Okay, now she was getting too excited!

Jenny ended her workout a little early, rolling the soft mat up and putting it away. She knew she couldn't wait until Jeremy got home that afternoon to get any satisfaction, if he didn't end up going to Erin's to have sex with the cute young redhead instead. She decided on one last pose, but this one was not any regular yoga pose. No, she lifted her stretchy top up, revealing her braless breasts. Jenny took her phone, stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling mirror, and while holding her hands with the phone in front of her face to conceal her identity, she snapped a photo. She checked it to make sure that her face was

completely hidden, and then sent it to Jeremy at school. She added the message, 'working out to stay hot for you!'

Only after she had hit the send button did she realize that there was a dark spot on the crotch of her gray leggings in the photo! That would be an added surprise for Jeremy!

As was the usual result of doing something so innocent, and yet so excitingly sexual, Jenny was now overwhelmingly aroused. So much so, that she couldn't even make it to her bedroom to play with herself. Instead, she laid down on the floor in front of the mirror and pulled her yoga pants and yellow panties down enough to allow her access to her soaked pussy. The added kink of seeing herself exposed in the mirror made her leak even more.

"Ahh, fuck!" Jenny cried as she placed two fingers in her tight hole and another one to flick at her hidden clit.

She could barely keep her eyes open to watch herself masturbate, the thought that it was Jeremy's fingers instead of her own plunging deep in her pussy caused her to roll her head back, her eyes clenched tight as she rocketed herself towards an orgasm.

That Jeremy would be getting that picture and seeing his mother, his lover thus exposed, and the effect that it would have on his little friend, then big hard friend, excited her as much as her fingerwork did. Jenny

looked again into the mirror. Her legs were dangling in the air with her grey tights at her knees along with her panties. Her labia spread wide and ready to be invaded, by finger or by magnificent cock! She reached out for her phone again and snapped another picture of herself in the mirror. She wondered as she hit send if that might be incentive enough for her studly son to come home instead of going to his girlfriend's house. Or for him to skip the rest of the day and come home immediately!

Regardless of what Jeremy might do, Jenny was too excited, too close to orgasm to delay her gratification any longer. She used both sets of fingers to finish their task as she moaned her pleasure to the empty room. She was quick to cum, and fortunately, she didn't squirt. She was still highly aroused and with no thought continued until she made herself climax a second time. Her desire was only partially dampened, but Jenny held off making herself cum a third time.

That, she hoped Jeremy would do sometime later that day!

Having at least some relief left Jenny in a post-orgasmic state of disbelief that she had taken the two pictures, much less had sent them to Jeremy! She could only hope that he was the only one to view them. The thought of anyone else seeing her so exposed, playing with herself, nearly mortified her. Even if it was Erin, in which Jeremy claimed had seen many of the previous photos she'd sent him.

The thought of Erin brought Jenny back to the new danger she and Jeremy faced. And the strange request his girlfriend had made.

That someone else knew of their secret love, that she was having sex with her son. Great sex. The best sex she'd ever had. But still that it was with her son, Jeremy!

Jenny mentally counted the people that now knew about the two of them. Her. Jeremy, of course. Jessica. Margie, who still worried Jenny with her desire for Jeremy. And now Erin.

The girl seemed nice enough, cute and innocent. But how innocent?

That Erin had seen them having sex on the couch had been a major bombshell. That she also hadn't said anything to anyone made Jenny give thanks to the heavens. Jenny just couldn't understand how the young female hadn't been repulsed by what she'd seen. Disgusted to have witnessed a mother and son in coitus together. Or angry at Jeremy for having sex with another woman, essentially cheating on her.

How was it that Erin was so calm about it? And that Jeremy claimed that Erin had not only been calm about it, but also aroused by the scene she had seen. Highly aroused if he was to be believed! That just didn't seem possible. Not that Jenny was one to judge what was possible. She would never have conceived of having sex with one of her offspring before that night. Not even then actually, as it was a few weeks later

when she had succumbed to his charms at her sister and her friends' urging. And Jenny's own lascivious lust, if the truth had to be revealed!

That she was so willing to do whatever Jeremy wanted that she was risking her marriage and her life to be with him. That she had let him take her ass when she had never, ever had any previous thoughts of sodomy. He had talked her into a threesome with her sister! And a weekend of endless sex between the three of them.

But that still didn't explain Erin's desire to watch them again. Or to even join in with her and her son.

Was Erin so enraptured with Jeremy that she, like Jenny, wanted to do whatever he talked her into? Was this more a ploy on Jeremy's part to have sex with two women again than an actual desire of his girlfriend? She wouldn't doubt that, but Jeremy seemed too innocent for any guile on his part. He did seem as surprised about it as she.

So then, it would truly have been Erin's request.

But that made no sense to Jenny.

Why would anyone want to watch their boyfriend have sex with his mother?

Not anyone that she wanted Jeremy to be with, that was for sure!

She was back to not believing that Erin was such a person, that she seemed too normal to be such a sexual deviant.

But then Jenny was screwing her son, so who was she to be a judge about deviancy?

Jenny had told Jeremy that she would think about meeting with Erin to discuss the situation so that she could judge the girl's seriousness herself. But such a meeting made her nervous. To see Erin face to face now that she knew Jeremy's girlfriend knew about them, besides what the girl thought about it.

What do you say to such a person?

'Hi, so you know that I'm fucking my son. How is your day?'

Not your typical conversation to say the least!

But she couldn't continue to lie here on the floor and contemplate her situation, Jenny told herself. She had to get up and at least get a few loads of laundry done before anyone returned home from school.

Maybe she'd call Jess later. Someone she could talk to that already knew of her unique situation.

She did make a point of changing her stained yoga pants and soaked panties before doing anything else.

Jenny was only slightly surprised when Jeremy came right home from school. He was on her even as she rose to stand from the couch, his lips insistent on her own.

"I didn't think you were coming home so soon." She said when she had a chance to speak. Her dampness was returning.

"I hadn't planned on it. I saw your picture. Then Erin came up when you sent the second one and saw it and she insisted that I come home right away. She said you needed me more than she did. I actually think though that she wanted me to be with you to get herself more turned on!" Jeremy said with a mischievous grin on his face.

This surprised Jenny more than her son's early appearance.

"Erin sent you home to have sex with me, instead of herself?" It only slightly bothered her to think of Jeremy having sex. He was her son and her maternal instincts weren't something that were easy to overcome.

That her young lover was sleeping with another girl was a totally different bailiwick.

"Yeah, I know. She was very insistent though. I had to come right home and take care of your 'needs'." That grin seemed almost set in stone.

"My needs?" Jenny answered flabbergasted.

"That's what she said."

Jenny didn't know if she wanted to smack that stupid look off his face or smack her lips on his cheery mug.

The burning desire that grew inside her chose the second option.

She didn't like proving the young girl's point, but her need had her grinding her pelvis on the growing lump of flesh in Jeremy's jeans. The more it grew, the more she ground herself against it. She ignored how damp it was making her panties. She'd just have to put on another pair when they were finished.

"You do seem fairly needy Jenny." Jeremy smiled when they paused to breathe.

Her name on her son's lips, or rather, her handsome young stud's lips, always gave her a special tingle inside.

Jenny didn't like to be made to sound like some wanton hussy. She might have needs, but she was the one in control of her body. Just because she wanted Jeremy as much as her body did didn't change that!

"I wasn't the one that came racing home to get his rocks off." Jenny countered. She felt herself getting warm, of which could easily be remedied by getting undressed. She took a few steps backward towards the hallway. Jeremy took a step to stay with her.

"How about we go to your room and discuss who the needier one is?" His strong arms encircled her back to keep her within reach.

Jenny felt so comfortable in those arms. As if with them around her she didn't need to worry about the rest of the world, or any of her problems, all her worries just melted away in Jeremy's firm hold. Her own hands joined together behind his lower back.

"If we go to my room there won't be any discussions, and you know that!" Jenny scolded him but kept a teasing tone to her voice.

"What else would we do in there if we're not talking?" His pale blue eyes, the color of ice under a sunny winter sky, peered intently at her as if he actually expecting an answer.

"I'm sure we could find something to do." She took another step backward, drawing him with her.

"Mrs. Robinson, are you trying to seduce me?" Jeremy said in his best Hoffman voice, which was to say miserably.

"Would you rather I didn't?" Jenny teased back. She didn't have his knowledge of movie lines for a more suitable response.

"Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn!" His Gable was even worse, but she still had to grin.

That grin became a squeal as he bent and grabbed her knees with one arm and her back with the other and picked her up with an oomph. Jenny's hands moved up behind his neck as he got a better hold on her, bringing her face closer to his.

"Those two didn't end up together did they? I don't remember." Jenny said into his ear before nibbling on it playfully.

"I don't know. I've never seen the movie." Jeremy stated plainly, as he moved across the living room.

"What?! Our movie expert hasn't seen a classic?" Jenny pulled her head from her son's in mild shock.

"I don't have to have seen it to know that line. Everyone knows that line. And sorry, but it's never interested me. Not really into historical romances." His face turned towards hers awkwardly.

"Oh." Was all with which she could respond.

"Ow!" Jenny exclaimed as her foot was bashed into the hallway wall. "Watch it!"

"It's okay. I'll just have to kiss it and make it better." His leer was almost comical.

"Just don't go smashing my tits or my ass into the wall just so you can kiss them too. And especially not my face!"

"I'll kiss them all just the same!" He bent his head so he could kiss the end of her nose, but pulled back before she could replace her nose with her lips.

Jenny bent her feet underneath her to avoid the door molding as they entered her bedroom doorway. She said nothing of the near miss, allowing Jeremy to continue to feel gallant as he carried her to her bed.

"We're about to land so replace all tray tables to their upright positions!" Jeremy called out to the room. This was only a moment before he gently tossed her onto the mattress. He then leapt up beside her, bouncing her as he landed.

Jenny was just as caught off guard when Jeremy placed his face to hers and planted his firm lips tightly to hers. She received his kiss graciously and warmly. The second kiss she accepted with as much passion with which it was given. Even as they continued to kiss, Jenny tugged at his tee shirt, trying to pull it off. It resisted with his weight as he lay on it.

Jeremy sprang up into a half sitting position, again startling her with its suddenness.

"Let me undress you mom." He stated as his eyes travelled over her figure. If it wasn't so endearing and loving as he worshipped her with his eyes, it might have become somewhat annoying, but that her son loved staring at her, she welcomed his gaze. It wasn't as if she hadn't done some staring at his mighty appendage from time to time.

Jenny remembered that one night that he had requested the same desire. She shivered at the delightful memory.

"We don't have time for that dear." She reminded him.

"No. Not like that." The glint in his eyes said he remembered that night too. "Just regular undressing."

Jenny doubted that there would be anything regular about her son removing her clothing, but she was obliged to let him do as he wanted.

"Have your way with me sir!" She cooed, raising her arms as if that would help him in his task.

Jenny was wearing an eggshell blouse with half-sleeves that had four buttons down the front. This was matched with a black knee-length skirt that was a touch too loose to be called a pencil skirt. The color of her underwear would be for her eager lover to discover.

She kicked off her shoes and got a glare from her son.

"That was my job!" He nearly whined.

"Oh. Sorry." Jenny apologized. "Do you want me to put them back on so you can take them off yourself?" She asked demurely.

"No. It's all right." He sounded dejected but started unbuttoning her blouse.

The attention that Jeremy took in taking off his mother's clothes belied his anxiousness to get on to the sex, carefully moving down her front. She almost wished that he would just rip the blouse open and ravage her body, but she loved this blouse and that it hadn't been cheap, so she allowed him his delicate removal.

Once he finished unbuttoning it, he swept it open to reveal her lacy-trimmed pink satiny bra. His eyes lovingly gazed on her breasts, even as they weren't fully exposed. Jenny had to smile at that almost blank look as he took in her maternal form. He startled her when he quickly lowered his face to her chest and began to trail tiny kisses along both collarbones virtually ignoring her fleshy hills. His warm breath tingled the tiny hairs on her skin as his face then moved down into the valley of her boobs.

Jenny was glad that she had chosen this bra for today, as it unfastened in the front and meant that Jeremy wouldn't have to struggle underneath her to undo it. Not that he ever had had any trouble with getting her brassiere off of her! She would worry over his experience with the undergarment if it weren't so sexy.

It did take him a moment to realize the location of the hooks, and then her bra was lying as open as her blouse.

Again, his eyes had to pause to take in her bare tits. Like he hadn't seen tits before, or hadn't seen hers hundreds of times.

That he looked at hers as if they were some swimsuit model's pert and firm breasts gave her a boost of confidence even as she knew that they were nothing special. Despite his denial, her tits definitely had some sag in them. The skin wasn't as tight as when she was his age, the small wrinkles in the gap between them proof of her maturity. Breastfeeding three kids had also left its mark.

To motivate him to get back to it, she spoke up.

"Suck my tits Jeremy!"

He shook his head as if awaking from a daze or a dream.

Then his mouth was on her nipples, his hands squeezing her flesh. He flicked his tongue over her taut nips, as his fingers fondled the heavy mounds.

"Yes! Like that, honey!" Jenny exclaimed with the titillating sensations she now felt. She reached up with her hands and held his head to her chest.

"I love your tits mom! I could suck, nibble, and lick them all day long!" Jeremy pronounced joyfully.

"I'm sure you could honey, and I'd be inclined to let you, but we don't have the time and there are other things we both want to do yet." Jenny informed her son.

"You want me to lick your pussy, don't you Jenny? I saw how wet you were in that second picture!" Jeremy's eyes pierced her own.

"You could?" She asked incredulously. Jenny might have blushed then if not for the fact that he had seen more of her than any other person, even her husband Justin.

"Actually, Erin did."

Jenny quickly covered her face with her hands as she did blush deeply.

"It's okay mom. She thought it was as hot as I did."

"Hot? Erin?" Jenny peeked out from her hands. "I don't know if I believe that!"

"She said she hopes she has your figure when she's your age."

He seemed sincere, and Jeremy wasn't prone to lie to her. But still, Erin?

"I seem to still have my skirt on, honey." Jenny said provocatively, getting them back to the matter at hand.

"Oh. Right."

Jeremy's eyes glanced over her hips looking for the zipper.

Jenny couldn't suppress a small smile at his searching look.

"In the back." She said and rolled onto her right hip. She shrugged out of the blouse and bra as she did so.

Jenny didn't know if Jeremy noticed, but she ever so slightly arched her rear to give her ass the best contour for viewing. Even if the skirt wasn't the best clothing for that. That she saw him pause before he reached for

the now revealed zipper wasn't exactly proof that he had noticed. She still reveled at his attention.

"You may not have the world's best ass Jenny, but it is very nice, and it is yours which makes it better than its appearance."

Not the best compliment, but Jenny appreciated his sentiment if not the wording. He loved her ass because it was hers. Not many mothers could say that their son's loved their ass, no matter what they might look like.

"Thank you honey. I think." In response of his praise, she flexed her glutes to give her butt a wiggle.

"I love it when it dances for me!" Jeremy said gleefully as he unzipped her.

Jenny wriggled her hips as he tugged the black fabric down her legs.

"Wow mom! A thong?"

Jenny smiled inwardly at the tone of her son's voice as her panties were revealed.

"I wore them hoping you might come home right away today."

"You've never worn a thong before." He almost sounded disappointed.

"I'm not wild about it buried in my crack, but I do like how they look." That almost annoying itch had to be something that women that wore thongs all the time had gotten used to, but Jenny only barely tolerated the feeling.

"I love how they look! Especially on you!" There was no disappointment in Jeremy's voice now!

Smack!

Jenny felt the sharp tingle as Jeremy gave her ass a slap. Then the tingle moved to her damp pussy.

He gave her another spank, this one quite a bit harder.

"Your ass is so firm mom! Even when I spank it that hard, it barely jiggles. I do love the way it does jiggle though."

"Spank my ass honey; make it jiggle all you want!"

The nerve endings from her butt had to make a detour through her crotch on their way to her brain because each smack of Jeremy's palm was a tiny tickle in her pussy.

Jeremy gave her a series of slaps on both ass cheeks. She arched her ass higher to meet his hand until she was almost on her knees.

She felt her ass getting hot, the initial jolting sting on her skin that caused the prickle in her pussy and then the deeper pain from the blow felt on her muscles.

"Spank me Jeremy! I've been so naughty!"

Jenny didn't know what came over her when she got so turned on by Jeremy. It was as if she became a different person. A darker, sluttier, nasty whore for her son. She had never felt that way when she was with Justin. Not that she hadn't been 'slutty' for her husband, but then it had been a conscious decision, something she made herself do for him. With Jeremy, it just came over her when she got so aroused she couldn't control herself, or her speech.

"Mommy is such a baaad girrrl! I need to be punished!"

Jeremy ceased spanking her and rubbed her red cheeks tenderly.

"Kiss my ass Jeremy! Make mommy's butt all better!"

Then his lips were on her derrière, softly, gently planting kisses all over her fleshy expanse.

"You're about the only one that can tell me to kiss your ass and I will do so willingly!"

"I'm sure that includes Erin. And Jessica." Jenny said in almost a whisper.

"And Kate Lawrence too." Jeremy added.

"I would probably kiss her ass!" Jenny declared firmly.

"Jenny! I have enough fantasies about you and Kate already!"

"Ooo! Really?" Jenny cooed suggestively.

"Well, Kate and just about anyone with me."

"I'm sure anyone that you think is sexy you mean!" Jenny teased him.

"Are we talking about Kate or about how hot your ass is?"

Her ass was actually quite hot then, but in temperature if not sexiness.

Jenny spun back onto her back and flung her legs wide.

"How about you start working your magic on the front of my panties?" She asked forcefully.

"My favorite part!" He cried out happily.

Jenny stared at Jeremy as he stared at her barely covered womanhood, his adoration plain on his face.

"Staring again." She said softly. Jenny loved his staring; his admiration, his yearning, his passion for her so evident in his eyes.

"Oh, sorry." Jeremy grinned as if caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

As experienced as Jeremy might be, he still showed some of his relative innocence sometimes. They had shared every intimacy possible between two lovers and yet he still seemed overwhelmed by the fact that she was his mother. Eighteen years of maternal conditioning had to be hard to overcome. But it didn't stop him from what he did next.

Jeremy leaned forward and kissed the damp front of her satiny panties, the pressure of his lips on her sex gave her much more than mere tingles.

He did more than just give her one kiss; he trailed a stream of them over the entire surface of pink cloth, his breath tickling her innermost thighs. Jeremy then reached up and pulled the fabric to one side revealing her most secret flesh. His slight intake of breath let her know of his joy at the sight of her pussy. Then his tongue was there and it was herself that breathed sharply.

At first it seemed his tongue was inexperienced as it roamed carelessly over her wet delicate folds, but Jenny knew him too well to believe that, more that he was just teasing her labia, luxuriating in the opportunity to lick his mom's slick pussy. She gave him a few moments to explore and caress her nether reaches, loving it almost as much as he did. Then she urged him to more than teasing.

"Lick my pussy, honey! Make me cum on your magic tongue! Like only you can do Jeremy!" She sounded more desperate than she wanted, but only so much as she actually felt.

"You taste so good Jenny! I could almost lick you all day long!" His eyes burned brightly as they looked up at her face.

"Like you can suck my tits? I don't know how many hours you think are in a day." Jenny quipped lovingly, only wishing she could be the subject of such worship. "And only almost all day?"

"I do need to eat something besides you. And my dick would like a few minutes down here too!"

That made Jenny laugh, something that would never happen with Justin while they were engaged in any sexual activity. For him it was all business and seriousness.

"Well, right now you just need to eat me! We'll see about getting your delightful dick his chance at my pretty pussy after you make me cum, or a few times!" Jenny commanded.

Jenny hadn't had many boyfriends that would lick her pussy, and none of those that did, ate her like her own son. She would gladly let him lick her all day long! All night long too! Jeremy may have been joking, but

his words were truthful. They would have to stop to eat a meal or two. She would also need him to fuck her equally as much as he would wish, and not just for a few minutes!

He continued to play his tongue around her lips for a short time longer, avoiding any place that she longed for him to lick, before moving up to flick around and over her sensitive bud.

"Yes! Like that lover! Suck my clit! Keep going!" Jenny grabbed at his head, holding it against her pelvis.

His amazing tongue danced on her clitoris like a tiny Fred Astaire, or a Gene Kelly. Coherent thoughts became hard to formulate as the ecstasy her sacred nub was spreading through her body was overwhelming her consciousness. It would have been enough to drive any woman mad with passion, but that it was her own loving son that was making her feel so good only added to the thrill. That she loved him as mother and as wonderful lover was icing on that erotic incestual cake.

"Mommmeee's gonnaaa cuuuummm baaabbbeee!" She barely could get out her pronouncement before the tidal wave of pleasure swept over her, through her, and swept her away.

Jenny felt her body writhing on her bed but she had no control anymore of her form, her limbs flailing of their own accord as her eyes rolled back.

She didn't know how many moments passed before she was aware of her surroundings again. Jeremy was still softly lapping at her pussy, licking up the abundant juices she now felt on her crotch. His tongue tickled but she allowed him to continue cleaning her womanness.

"All clean. You do still need that damned gardener to do some trimming, mom." Jeremy looked up at her across the expanse of her stomach and past her breasts. His lower face was wet with her excretions.

Jeremy calling her mom instead of using her name after he was finished licking her cunt with her cum all over his face was outlandish, and even slightly kinky.

"He is so hard to schedule. I can't seem to fit him in."

Jenny had never been much for innuendo, double entendres, or sexual wit, but Jeremy's own use of language to describe their unique situation had rubbed off on her. That they could playfully tease each other by only using words was just another facet of their very unique relationship.

"I'd get right on that, if I was you." Jeremy glanced down at his rigid dick. "If it doesn't fit, I'll have to pound it in."

She hadn't been aware of it, but he'd somehow had the time to remove his own clothing. It appeared his beautiful dick would need no encouragement to get prepared to enter her. To her disappointment. They did have limited time, and this would only give him more time to spend on their intercourse.

"Yes! Please pound me good sir! Fill my pussy with that big dick!" Only the lusty woman in her could use such words with Jeremy, the mother in her quailed at such language with her son.

Both, the mother and the woman, quivered with delight as Jeremy moved into position and guided his 'big dick' into her pussy opening.

"I love your pussy Jenny! I could only wish I was capable of fucking you all day long!" Jeremy grunted out as he sank the entire massive shaft into her on the first plunge. He was leaning over her while half-kneeling, holding himself up with his arms as he pivoted into her.

"Oooo!" Jenny gasped loudly as she was abruptly filled with cock. She felt as if she had been lacking all along and was now suddenly full beyond expectation. As if the piece of her that had been missing was now returned to its rightful spot.

"I don't ... know about all ... day. I ... don't think ... my body could ... take that." She struggled to say, as she was full of her son.

"You feel so good, so tight, that I could never last that long." He said with a strained voice.

Jeremy began slow deep strokes, stretching her insides so wonderfully as she clenched her inner muscles around his girth. He was taking his time to build her arousal, and of course, his own. Her loving son always seemed to be more focused on her pleasure than his own, even to his own detriment, going out of his way to make sure she was satisfied, even multiple times. That Jeremy seemed to be always ready to go, even soon after his own orgasm, was just that much more rewarding.

Not that she was able to give much thought to any of this as her excitement grew at an almost exponential rate.

"Fuck me Jeremy! Fuck me sooo gooood!" She wailed out as if as a release for her growing passion.

Jeremy only grunted in response as he increased his tempo while maintaining the depth of his thrusts.

"Yes! Like that honey! Fuck mommmee with yourrr biiig diiickkk!"

The woman and the mother were now pushed aside as the slut within Jenny came out.

"Fuck my cunt! Fill meee with yourrr cahhhck!" Jenny yelled out. "Oh God! Yes! Yes!"

She continued to yell her affirmation on each plunge of Jeremy's dick, the filling and withdrawal sending waves of ecstasy throughout her body, but centered on the nexus of her being, her leaking pussy.

"Yes, Jenny!" Jeremy managed to spit out. "Your pussy ... so good!"

Jenny saw her son, her lover, straining as he pistoned in and out of her at a reckless pace, one she didn't think he could keep up for long. But he always surprised her with his stamina. He was sweating profusely, but his eyes remained focused on her face.

"Kiss me honey! Kiss me while ... you fuck my ... cunt!"

Jenny felt her passion burning within her like a volcano about to erupt, or an approaching tornado, or a tsunami about to come ashore. Jeremy's lips tore at hers, his tongue driving into her mouth with as much force as his dick was in her pussy.

With his body now pressed close to hers, she reached her arms around his strong back and clutched at his muscled frame like a drowning person gripped a log in a raging river. Jeremy was now on his elbows, his pace now furious. Jenny was close to bursting, as if his thrusts were filling her with bliss until she couldn't contain it anymore.

"Sooo ... clossse! Fuuuuck meee honnneeee!"

Jeremy's eyes were now molten steel as he jackhammered her pussy.

Then the dam burst, the volcano erupted, and the tsunami swept everything away. Jenny's orgasm was one of her strongest and she was just a leaf in that tornado.

"Oh ... my God." Jenny croakingly whispered when she came back to earth.

"So. Was that good mom?" Jeremy was lying beside her. He was soaked in sweat, but looked so happy as he stared back at her.

Jenny knew he was teasing. It had to be evident as to how good it had been. She wasn't above teasing him right back though.

"It was fair, decent even." She held her lips stiff to hide her smile.

"It wasn't nice?" He used their private term of praise with a hint of disappointment.

"Okay. It was nice. Very nice." Her smile broke free and spread on her lips.

"I might have been able to try harder." His tone was still slightly serious.

"Oh, honey. I don't think you could. You gave it all you had. Like you always do." Jenny put her palm on his damp cheek softly. She stared into his face, the face that she had created, that face that she loved.

She hadn't even been aware if he had orgasmed with her.

"Did you cum too?" Not the question a mother would ask her son!

"Like you said, I gave you all I had!"

Jenny couldn't tell his creamy load from her own oozing wetness in her completely soaked pussy, so she had to take his word. She was glad

that he had been able to get off while she had been out of this world. And only slightly disappointed that she hadn't gotten to taste him.

"Oh, Jeremy!" She admonished him in a motherly tone. But then a mother wouldn't have her son's cum leaking from her cunt either!

"You're not going to go racing to tell Erin about this, are you?" Jenny asked in a tone of granite.

"I have to mom. She'll get so hot when I do!" Jeremy's enthusiasm was almost overflowing.

"If you want another go, we still have a little bit of time." Jenny tried to sound like it would be a struggle to do him that favor and not like she wanted it herself.

"No we don't mom." He said, not fooled at all at her tone. "I don't have time to get to Erin's and do anything before her parents get home anyway."

"Is her house the only place you two ... do it?" Jenny really didn't like to think about Jeremy having sex with his girlfriend. She knew she had to share him, but deep inside she considered Jeremy to be only hers.

"You're right mom! We can just take my car and go somewhere ... private. Or hell! We can just use my car!" His enthusiasm may have been overflowing before, now it was oozing all over.

"I'm glad I could help." Jenny said petulantly.

"Oh. I'm sorry Jenny. I didn't mean it like that. You know I love you. I do." The look on his face as he apologized showed his love far more than his words.

"I know honey, I know. And I love you too." Her tone was filled with that love. "I know things are strange for us. The situation is far from normal. And now with Erin knowing about us ... I just ... it's a lot to process. I want you to be right in trusting her."

"Don't worry mom, Erin would never say anything. Especially if she was part of it!" Jeremy kissed her, a short but loving kiss, then almost leaped from her bed.

Jenny watched as he redressed, doing her own bit of staring at her handsome lover.

"So you're just going to screw me and run off?"

"You could come with me. Tell dad to make dinner for Jojo and Johnny."

"Yeah, right. That won't happen." She scoffed. "It's okay. Go. Have your fun with Erin. It's not like you left me wanting at all." She forced a smile on her face to let him know she was okay with his leaving.

"Thanks mom! I'll probably not be home for dinner!" He said as he pulled on his shirt. "I love you Jenny. You know that."

Then he dashed down the hall.

Jenny heard the front door and she was alone.

She really was okay with Jeremy running off now to have sex with his girlfriend, even as strange as that sounded. It was a bit to get used to, having her love be with his girlfriend while Jeremy had to deal with her being with Justin. That the three of them knew about each other with only her husband left in the dark.

Jenny was also getting her head around the fact that Jeremy's girlfriend was okay with him having sex with her, his mother. That it got Erin turned on was only one more unusual fact about this whole mixed up state of affairs.

She did have to admit that now that she had come to accept Erin knowing about them and being okay about it, Jenny did find it somewhat exciting too. That the young girl wanted to join her and Jeremy might seem bizarre, but then what about her life now wasn't bizarre?

Erin was definitely cute. Even Jenny could agree to that. Her curled red hair, her little button nose, her thin but sensual lips. Erin may not have the curves of some girls, but her breasts were a nice size and she had a very cute tush.

Imagining Jeremy's girlfriend in bed with them got Jenny to remembering that time she'd been with Sheila. Ah, Sheila!

That had been a long, long time ago.

Of course, much more recently she'd been with her sister Jessica and Jess's friend Margie. It wasn't the same as it had been with Sheila, but it had been fun. And then that wonderful, magical weekend she'd spent with Jeremy and Jess!

She wondered if that was what Erin wanted, that the two of them would share Jeremy. There was plenty of him to keep them both happy, that was for sure! He'd kept her and Jess happy all weekend.

But that had also included her and Jess being together.

Did Erin want to have sex with her?

Or just with Jeremy after watching the two of them together?

Would Jeremy try to convince either of them to have sex with each other?

Jenny was intrigued to see Jeremy with another woman again. Not being her sister could make it less tense between the two women. Not that she had a problem with Jess being her sister, but Jess was her sister!

Jenny needed someone to talk to about this. Someone that she trusted and that already knew her situation. The one person she always turned to when she needed to hash things out.

Jessica.

Problem was, that was what she had done when she'd jerked Jeremy off that first time. And look where that had ended up! Jess coming over, taking her spot on the loveseat, and doing just what she had done. Jenny's 'incident' had started out as an accident, but Jessica set out intentionally to give her nephew a handjob. Then she sweet-talked

Jenny into letting her do it again a few weeks later! That was what had set all of this into motion.

So did she trust telling Jessica anything this time?

Jess was invested in her new relationship she had with Eric, so she would have less inclination to get involved again. But did Jenny want to reveal to her sister that she hadn't been able to stay away from Jeremy and that they were again together? Jess had been the most vocal one that things would go badly for her and Jeremy. Would she have to listen to her sister's recriminations if she told Jess about Jeremy? And what would she say about Erin's desire to have sex with a mother and son?

Knowing her sister, Jess would find it hot. At first anyway.

What she would say after that, Jenny wasn't sure.

She rose from her bed slowly, her lower half didn't recover from the abuse it had taken as well as it used to do.

Jenny finished dressing as she heard the front door open and her less troublesome children came in. She would call Jessica later, but she didn't know how much she would reveal or tell her sister.

It was actually the next day before she had a chance to call Jessica.

"Hey Jess, it's me." Jenny said into her phone.

"Oh, hi Jenny! Haven't heard from you in a couple of days." Jessica answered cheerily.

"Just been busy around here. How are things with you?"

"Never better. I'm starting to get worried about things with Eric though." Jenny could hear the distress in her sister's voice.

"Something wrong between you two?" Jenny had called for her sister's advice; she hadn't planned on having to give her own.

"Oh, no. Nothing's wrong. That's the problem."

"I don't understand."

"Everything is going so well with him that I'm wondering when the bombshell will drop. You know, the crazy ex-wife shows up, or the wife he had deserted finally tracks him down. Or that he's been on the lam

from the law for years and someone sees a wanted poster of him." Jessica explained.

"Just because you've had a string of bad luck doesn't mean it'll last forever. If things are going well, accept that. If you're worried about any of those kind of things, you should talk to him about it. You two have been together long enough that he should be able to tell you about any dark secrets in his past. And if there are, then the two of you will just deal with them." Jenny said encouragingly.

"Yeah, you're probably right. Just because I've found every loser there is, doesn't mean they all are. I mean, Jeremy surely isn't, though it's too bad he's my nephew and so much younger than me." Jess's voice sounded more upbeat then.

"That didn't seem to stop you before you met Eric." Jenny chided her sister.

"I think that being with Jeremy actually helped me with that."

"How so?" Jenny asked curiously. She couldn't fathom how sleeping with her nephew had helped her sister get a guy.

"I was so discouraged with dating that I had begun to not even want to try anymore. Jeremy made me see that there was some good guys out

there; I just had to keep looking. Farther than the family tree of course!" Jess joked.

"Yeah, Jeremy's great." Jenny's tone wasn't as confident as her words.

Jessica picked up on that.

"Is he still moping around because you cut him off? Didn't you say something about a girlfriend?"

"Yeah, no he's fine. He does have a girlfriend. Her name is Erin." Jenny dragged over her words.

"Have you met her? Is she cute? I bet she's cute." Jessica said excitedly.

"Yeah, I've met her. She's quite attractive, yes."

"There's something wrong isn't there? I can hear it in your voice. What is it?"

"No, no. There's nothing wrong. She's great. He's great. We're all great." Jenny tried to sound cheerful.

"I'm your sister Jenny, you can't fool me. What's wrong?" Jess's concern came through the speaker clearly.

Jenny didn't answer immediately.

"It's Jeremy, isn't it?" There was a pause on the line. "Oh no! Jenny, you didn't! Are you sleeping with him again?"

"Jess, you don't understand. I love him! He loves me!" Jenny pleaded.

"Jenny! He's your son! I know you love him and that he loves you. I've seen the two of you together. But you know things can't work out for you two. It just can't." Jessica argued. "What about his girlfriend?"

"Jess." Jenny had no more words to say.

"You both are going to get caught, you know that right? You've only gotten away with it for this long because Justin can't see the possibility of his wife and his son having sex together."

Her sister's words of warning hit Jenny harder than Jess may have intended as they had already been caught. Only that it had been Erin instead of Justin that had done so. Jenny said nothing about it because

she would then have to hear Jessica say I told you so. She instead responded, "I do love him Jess, more than anyone. Even Justin."

"That's the problem Jenny."

"Huh?"

"If it was just sex between you two that would be okay." Jessica stated flatly.

"Really? Okay?" Jenny asked incredulously.

"Well, you know what I mean. But because you love him, you are more likely to do something that could get you caught, or something that your rational self would keep your love-blind self from doing." Jess explained.

Like have a threesome with his girlfriend? Jenny thought to herself. She was finding the idea tempting the more she thought about it and now decided that she didn't want to tell Jessica about it, as she was sure her sister would advise against it. Jenny didn't want anyone telling her not to do something she herself hadn't decided on yet. She might agree just out of spite. Whether it was a good idea or not.

"You mean, like a sexfest weekend with my sister and my son?" Jenny responded instead with a jab back at her sister.

"That was quite the weekend, wasn't it?"

"You're not helping Jess."

"I can't help you Jenny. I've told you before what I thought. You've clearly chosen not to take my advice. You're flying on your own now. I am happy for the both of you. I do wish that things go well, but like most of my past dates, I can't see things turning out all right. That could just be the pessimist in me. I'm sorry."

"I suppose I knew what you'd say. I just needed someone to say things will be all right."

"I am here for you Jenny. I always will be." A pause. "I hope Jeremy can keep you a secret from this girl, what was her name? Erica?"

"Erin."

"I guess I should come over sometime so I can meet her. How are they doing?"

"Really good actually. I was worried when he told me about her because I knew how rough things had been for him when ..."

"When you broke his heart?"

"Don't remind me. I felt just as bad as he did."

"I know. Who was it that you cried to when you ended it? When you found out about Justin's ... fling?"

"Yes you. I just didn't want him hooking up with the first girl that came along. I didn't want him to get hurt again so soon." Jenny hesitated before she continued. "I was actually jealous of her. That was what made me realize that I wanted to still be with Jeremy."

"Jealousy? Really? You really need to work on that Jenny. It keeps getting you into trouble." She then continued. "Still, I guess I'm not really surprised. If you're happy, then I'm happy for you. And I guess I'm a little jealous of you now."

"For what?" But Jenny guessed why.

"I do miss my time with Jeremy. He is great to be around, funny, and was great in bed. That amazing tongue!"

"He's still great in bed!" Jenny corrected her. "Don't forget his big ... dick." She whispered that last.

"Oh, I don't!" Jessica exclaimed. "So now you have to share him with his girlfriend huh? How's that working out?"

"Well, it seems we're wearing him out. According to him, even more than you and me did."

"Oh, really? This girl is more of a dynamo than either of us? I really do need to meet her then!"

"You wouldn't know it looking at her. She seems sweet and innocent, very polite, nice."

"Sounds like you back in the day Jenny!" Jessica teased. "Does Jeremy talk to you about her? Like he did with us?"

"A little. Enough to know that she is, as you said, a dynamo."

"Things still okay with Justin? You had said he has been trying harder lately."

"Oh, yeah. If it wasn't for Jeremy, I would say that Justin and I are as good as we were before ... well, before Johnny."

"That good huh? Good for you. You seem to have it all then. A great husband, a great young lover, a great family."

"It still has its ups and downs. It sounds like you're good too. You just need to stop worrying about things you can't control. Eric is great. Don't try to make up something bad about him just so you don't get hurt again. You're better than that Jess."

"Yeah, you're right, you're right." Jess let her sister's words sink in. "So how's everyone else?"

Jenny talked with her sister for another half an hour, but nothing more was said about Jeremy, his girlfriend, or her awkward situation. She decided not to tell Jess about Erin's discovery of them having sex, or of the girl's desire to be with them both. She hung up her phone still undecided about what to do. She would just have to agree to Jeremy's suggestion to have a meeting with Erin and see what happened.

After talking with her sister, Jenny thought more about Jeremy and Erin. This led to imagining the two of them together. Kissing. Hugging. Groping. More.

Jenny felt a twinge at the thought of her wonderful Jeremy with another girl, but she beat that negative feeling back down into her dark inner self. This allowed her lust to blossom to fill the void left by the jealousy. She imagined what Erin looked like beneath her usually loose clothing. Jenny knew all too well what her son looked like naked! She shivered at that image. Her panties grew damp. She remembered what it felt like to watch Jeremy having sex with Jessica. Jenny replaced her sister with the cute young redhead. Her panties were now more than damp!

Jenny was surprised to find herself getting turned on by thought of seeing Jeremy screw his girlfriend. To see his firm ass rising and falling as he pumped his amazing big dick into Erin. She could almost feel him filling her leaking pussy at that moment. She was walking through the house and she faltered a step as her loins spasmed.

She was going to have to change her underwear before they leaked through her slacks. But first, she had to take care of the insistent 'itch' that was becoming intolerable.

"Dinner will be ready in a few minutes Justin. I just need to use the bathroom for a few minutes." She felt guilty excusing herself from her loving husband so she could go masturbate because she'd been thinking of her son and his girlfriend having sex while she watched.

Or of Erin seeing her get fucked by Jeremy. Having someone she barely knew watching her ride her son's cock like a wanton slut!

Her steps hurried to the master bath. She locked the door after she entered and fumbled with her slack's zipper in her haste to relieve herself. She pulled her pants off; her panties caught around one ankle and she left them there. Jenny spread her thighs wide, her right knee pressed against the toilet paper roll. The forefinger of her right hand was on her clit, rubbing it in small circles while she pushed two fingers of her left hand into her already sodden pussy. She let her mind run wild in its imaginings, picturing Jeremy with Erin, or remembering him entering her and the young girl staring at them.

It took two minutes for the first orgasm to cause her to shake on the toilet seat as it swept over her body, rising up from her depths until it bubbled throughout her being. But only one would not satiate her need and her fingers continued their feverish manipulations. The second climax came five minutes later and was more powerful than the first, such that she shook the small cup with hers and Justin's toothbrushes on the marble vanity countertop.

Jenny was breathless as she recovered her wits and she contemplated going a third time, the images of the two teenagers in different positions, and the memories of Jeremy and Jess with her still strong in her lust-fueled brain.

She pulled her hands from her sex forcefully, as if they might resist her control.

Her skin still tingled as she pulled her slacks back on. She went to the sink and ran the cold water, splashing it on her warm face repeatedly. Jenny looked at herself in the large mirror, at the flushed skin, damp hair ringing her face, and the green eyes that stared back at her.

Could she really agree to have a threesome with her lover-son and his girlfriend?

Obviously, she was going to fantasize about it, even if she didn't go through with it. Would she think about it while Jeremy was fucking her the next time they managed to rendezvous? Would she be imagining that it was Erin feeling what she would feel as he filled her pussy with that wonderful cock of his?

Jenny shook her head and splashed her face again trying to wash away those illicit thoughts.

She brushed at her hair until she felt almost presentable and then after wiping the front of her blouse needlessly, she opened the door to find Jeremy standing there. In her bedroom.

"Jeremy." She said startled.

His lips were on hers, his hands at her waist.

Even with just having the two orgasms, Jenny felt ready to push him to her bed and mount him right then.

Instead, she pushed him to her arm's limits. But only after their lips and tongues finished dancing for the length of one unheard song.

"Jeremy." Jenny said slowly. "Your father. Dinner's cooking. Johnny, Jojo." She added as excuses.

"Actually dad sent me to tell you he thought something was burning."

Yes, my pussy! Jenny thought. And Jeremy stood there before her with just the fire hose she needed to quench her fire!

"It's fine. It's just the seasoning on the roast." She explained, outwardly calm, but she was a maelstrom inside.

"You look a little ... um, flush, or winded." Jeremy asked, as his eyes peered at her as if he sensed her barely contained passion.

"I'm fine. Just been a hectic day." Jenny stated, then gave him a quick peck on his lips.

He eyed her as if he doubted her answer, but she saw him shrug his shoulders slightly and turn.

"I hope you made plenty tonight. I'm famished!" Jenny could hear his smile even if she could no longer see his face.

"When aren't you?" She gave him a push from behind, keeping her hands innocently on his back.

"I'm extra hungry. I have these two girls who are really wearing me out!" He teased as he led her into the living room. Jenny saw Justin glance up as she and Jeremy came into sight.

"Dinner is fine honey. Just trying some new seasoning." She kissed the top of his head as she passed her husband.

"It does smell good. I just hope there is some left for the rest of us. Jeremy was saying how hungry he is." He said.

"He was just telling me the same. Don't worry; there should be enough for the rest of us from Jeremy's scraps!" Jenny teasingly soothed Justin.

Jeremy went into the kitchen ahead of her.

"Jeremy! You have to be careful. You can't let Justin know that you have two girlfriends again. He might get suspicious." She warned him as he was about to grab a sport drink from the fridge.

"How would he know that you were one of them? He'd just think I was being cavalier with my girls again." Her son swept her into his arms, wrapping them around her back and giving her a kiss.

She pushed him away more forcefully than necessary because of her fear.

He stepped back and raised his hands outwardly in response.

"Sorry mom." Jeremy took his Tigerade. As he stepped past her though, he whispered in her ear. "Keep my belly full and I'll fill your pussy for you."

Jenny almost felt compelled to slap him for his rude remark.

"Jeremy! I hope I'm more than that to you!" Her voice was louder than she'd intended. She continued in almost a whisper with a nervous glance at the living room. "I'm not your cook, or your whore!"

"You're both Jenny. Both and more. So much, much more!" His voice was at normal volume, which made her eyes go wide.

"Shh!" Jenny warned. He dared much using her name like that!

She did have to smile inwardly at being his whore. She did love being a sexy slut for her hung stud son. And much more.

Jeremy left the room, striding across the living room past his father who never looked up.

Jenny was glad that Justin seemed so oblivious, but was also mad at him for his cluelessness.

She was also upset that her pussy was still damp with a need that hadn't been quenched. Could she somehow get Jeremy alone later to take care of her? One way or another?

Jenny wasn't able to get Jeremy alone that evening, but she did manage to get Justin to have some rare mid-week sex with her that night. He'd

been willing enough once convinced and he did make her climax before he shot his load into her, rolled over, and fell asleep. But Jenny was still left unsatisfied with only the one weak orgasm he'd given her, with no foreplay or any sexual banter like she had with Jeremy. She was almost tempted to go upstairs and rouse her son to give him a go around. She knew he'd be more than willing.

Instead, she thrust three fingers in her hungry cunt and with another finger teasing her sensitive nib she gave herself a second orgasm. She was able to do so without rousing her slumbering mate, although it was nowhere as good as it could have been with Jeremy. She fell into a fitful sleep with visions of naked redheads running through her dreams.

A few days later, and more than a few masturbatory fantasies, Jenny told Jeremy that she would sit down with Erin and him so that they could discuss things. He immediately jumped to the conclusion that she was agreeing to the idea. She had to tell him more than once that she wasn't agreeing just yet, only that she was willing to talk about the possibility. His grin was still ear-to-ear. His enthusiasm was infectious and made her more willing if only just to please her young lover. She had to caution herself from these feelings. This was exactly what Jessica had warned her about, agreeing to something just because she loved Jeremy. She was a middle-aged woman and mother, not some schoolgirl smitten by a dashing college boy.

Which was kind of ironic, as it was a schoolgirl fantasy that had gotten her into this situation now. Just that it was Erin's fantasy and not her own.

Jenny hadn't seen Erin since Jeremy had informed her that his girlfriend had seen them on the couch having sex. Confronting the girl face to face would be awkward, even with Erin's acceptance of what she'd witnessed. Jenny found her stomach doing flip-flops at having to talk to Erin about her illicit and incestual affair with Jeremy. Also that she'd have to look into Erin's blue eyes and try not to picture her without clothes or having sex with her son as they talked. Or wishing that she were with Jeremy in front of his girl.

Except that that was what Erin wanted to see!

Jenny told Jeremy that he could bring Erin over early that Sunday afternoon, and that she'd have Justin take Johnny and Jojo somewhere for the day to give them plenty of time to talk. She had continually to remind him that this was only going to be a discussion and that nothing would happen between them. He raved about how excited Erin had been about just being able to have this meeting. That he hadn't been home any afternoon since Jenny had told him that she'd talk with the pair implied that he was having explosive sex with the girl every day. Jenny did manage to go to his room one night before bed and give him a lavish, tongue-lashing blowjob until he more than filled her mouth with his delicious cum that seemed in such unending supply.

Jenny told her husband that she was going to have Erin over on Sunday so she could discuss Erin and Jeremy's college plans with them. She informed Justin that his presence would only antagonize his son and that it would be better if he weren't home at the time. She told him that she would present his option fairly, but Jenny also told him that the decision was ultimately up to Jeremy and that they as his parents would have to accept that and support that decision. Justin agreed reluctantly, as he knew too well his son's contentious attitude to his father's opinions that would only make things heated if he did stay. He declared that he would take the two younger kids into the city to the science museum and planetarium for the day so that she would have plenty of time to make sure their son made the right decision about his future. His implication that it was his plan that was the right one was heavy in his tone. Jenny said nothing to aggravate Justin, especially since there would be no discussion about schooling that afternoon anyway!

That Friday evening they had their usual movie night. Jenny had sat next to Jeremy on the loveseat as they had in the past, but they were not able to do any fooling around as Justin frequently looked their way as if he felt they were conspiring against him with Jeremy's schooling. Even after they heard his soft snoring, she still felt his gaze.

Jenny was able to run her hand under her blanket over the large lump in his shorts but did nothing to give him any relief. She wished he had taken the initiative to put his own hand in her lap, but told herself that it was probably for the better, as she doubted she would have been able to restrain herself if Jeremy had touched her down there!

They had each gone to their own beds after the movies were done, but Jeremy had stolen a few minutes of kissing her in the darkened hall behind his father's chair. He impressed his need to come to her bedroom without words and she was able to deny him just as silently. With regret. But they did need to try to practice more caution.

Saturday she had found almost no time to spend with Jeremy, even while Justin was out golfing. Jojo and Johnny were underfoot and he had stated that he had plans for most of the day with Erin. Jojo argued that her 'sister' hadn't been over in a long time and that she had been missing tea with her friends, otherwise known as her stuffed menagerie. Jeremy, with a big smile, told his sister that he would pass on her message to Erin.

Jeremy did return just before dinner and Jenny could almost read in his face that he'd spent most of the day in Erin's arms. She felt a slight twinge of jealousy but managed to fight it back. She did feel a little petty when she made sure he saw her give his father a loving kiss as they sat for dinner. Jeremy appeared to not notice, but she knew otherwise, and that made her feel even worse at her display. To make up for it she went up to his room after the younger pair were in bed and Justin was watching the late news. The kiss she gave him, at least the first one, was more than equal to the one she had given Justin. Ten minutes later, she left his room apologizing that they couldn't do more, not while Justin was awake and just down the stairs. She felt bad again, but that time

was for the erection that she had given him that both of them wanted her to relieve for him.

Justin was waiting for her when she came down and indicated that he needed her for some of his own relief. Having had none of her own for a few days, and with the nerve-wracking discussion with Erin happening the next day, Jenny was more than willing to have sex with her husband. He did put some extra effort into his attentions and with her restlessness, Jenny was able to cum twice before Justin finished. He even stayed awake for a few moments after, but he ruined them by asserting his case for Jeremy once again. She listened silently and gave a nod of her head when he was done. Justin was soon snoring lightly leaving her to stare at the dark ceiling wondering what she would do, and not just with tomorrow.

The next morning was a whirlwind for Jenny as she prepared Johnny and Jojo for their day with their father, and then prepared for her gathering. She fixed a variety of bite-size sandwiches, assorted chips with different dips, and a small tray of pastries. She had bought a selection of sodas, juices, spring water, and of course, Jeremy's Tigerade. It wasn't as elaborate as she would have liked, but it would only be the three of them and as that Jeremy and Erin were both only eighteen, much of it would have been overkill. She knew none of it mattered to her son, as he would go through the food like a tornado in a trailer park, heedless of how she had prepared and arranged any of it.

Jenny had clad herself motherly in a mid-calf dress with an abstract flowery pattern covering it with wide straps over her shoulders but that left her arms bare. On her feet, she wore her usual black flats, and had only put on a modicum of makeup. She did wear a silver bracelet on the opposite arm of her diamond bracelet and wristwatch, a string of small pearls was around her neck, and modest earrings hung from her lobes.

She felt herself getting damp, which offset the nervousness that nearly was overwhelming her. This would be the hardest thing she had done since having to tell Jeremy that they could no longer be together. She bustled around the house doing her various tasks in an attempt to keep her mind from the next few hours.

Jeremy had come through and given her an innocent kiss as the others were close by, but his eyes gave her a once over that was in no way innocent. She could tell he was picturing her without the dress. That didn't help the leaking in her pussy.

He told her that he would go pick Erin up and would be back shortly. Jenny saw him eye his father who returned the look with a glare of his own. She was worried she would have to go out there and separate her two men, but Justin stayed seated as he waited for the kids to finish getting dressed and Jeremy continued on out the front door without a word. She would have to say something to each of them later about their disagreement.

The two youngsters came racing down the stairs a few minutes later, ready for their adventures in science. Seeing them with their innocence in the midst of everything calmed Jenny for a few moments. She wished she could continue to shelter the pair from the rest of the world for a few more years, even as her own life's choices intruded on that seeming peace.

Justin gave her a nice kiss before he herded the kids to the door.

"Have nice day dear. Listen to your father you two. Have fun and learn lots." Jenny waved the group out the door.

She did feel the guilt hit her as the door closed. She was about to meet her son's girlfriend to discuss having sex with her and Jeremy after she had gotten the rest of the family out of the way. What kind of mother was she?

A lusty one with needs that she possibly could not control.

One that also was deeply in love with her oldest son.

A woman that had already had a threesome with her sister and son, and even now was really contemplating doing the same with him and Erin.

Her panties were more than damp, or even wet now. She stopped what she had been doing so she could go and change into a dry pair.

On a whim, she put on one of the skimpiest lacy pair she owned.

This was more daring than she realized when she donned them as she finished her preparations for the young couple's arrival she found that this pair would not prevent any leaking.

Jenny heard the car doors and suddenly felt like vomiting. She rushed to the kitchen to get a glass of water and was finishing it as the front door opened. She took a deep breath, held it for five seconds, and then let it out as she returned to the living room. She was sure she was forgetting something but it was too late now.

"I'm so glad to see you again Erin." Jenny felt her throat dry up and wanted to return to the kitchen for more water.

"Oh, me too Jenny! You look amazing!" Erin exclaimed without a hint of nervousness.

Jenny saw that the young girl was dressed in a black pullover halter-top with a bright red symbol on the front that Jenny didn't recognize. It

hugged Erin's clearly braless breasts tightly. She had on a pair of loose russet denim shorts that still managed to be snug on her butt.

Jeremy of course was dressed in his khaki cargo shorts and grey tee shirt with an image of some current musician that Jenny didn't recognize.

She shouldn't have worried about her wardrobe as she had!

"Come in, come in." Jenny ushered them further into the living room. "Sit. Would you like something to drink? I also have some snacks if you'd like."

"Mom was working all morning to make things perfect. I told her she didn't need to worry so much." Jeremy explained to Erin.

"No, it's nice. Thank you Jenny. Do you have any grape juice? I'm too nervous to eat anything right now." Erin almost giggled.

Jenny was glad to hear she wasn't the only one to be on edge.

"Yes I do, let me get you some. Jeremy?" Jenny looked at her son expectantly.

"What? Oh, you know what I drink."

"This is going to be the only time that I am waiting on you." Jenny stated as she strode from the room.

She returned and handed out the beverages, sipping the large glass of water she brought for herself.

Jeremy and Erin had seated themselves on the couch close together. Jenny felt too awkward to sit beside either of them. Instead, she sat in Justin's chair across from them. She couldn't relax enough to sit back and just sat on the edge of the seat with her forearms supporting her on her covered knees.

The three of them sat in silence for a long uncomfortable few minutes, each just sipping their liquids.

Erin broke the silence.

"Your house looks great! That must be really hard with two, I mean, three kids." She looked quickly at Jeremy before returning her eyes to Jenny.

"And a husband." Jenny didn't know why she had brought Justin up. Things were difficult enough without reminding everyone of the fourth wheel. "It's hard. But Jeremy is really a big help. More so in recent months."

Jenny had noticed that her son had been more considerate of what she did around the house and helped where he could without her immediate knowledge. The bathrooms were neater after he was in them; towels weren't left on the floor, even after his siblings were done with their baths. He did the trash before she had a chance to tell him, he was quick to step into the middle of disagreements between Johnny and Jojo, and he would carry laundry baskets up or down the stairs for her, and other miscellany of things that she noticed were being done, if not actually seen him doing them.

"Yeah, he can be very helpful when he wants to be." Erin was giving Jeremy another knowing look. He shrugged off the attention on himself.

"I try to keep my girls happy." He said without looking at either of them.

And there was the cat out of the bag. His allusion to his two women.

"Yes, very happy!" Erin's grin threatened to jump off her face if it got any larger. "Right Jenny?"

Jenny was caught off-guard by this question and Erin's intimate suggestion of her satisfaction.

"Uh, yeah. Right."

"Oh, Jenny! It's okay! I'm probably more nervous than you." Erin's curled lips had shrunk but still filled her jawline.

Jenny doubted that very much. The girl had nothing to lose if her gained secret knowledge got out.

"If you're worried about me saying anything, don't be. No one could drag that out of me, I promise you." Erin said so sincerely.

"I want to believe that, I do, you don't know how much I do. It's just that we have so much to lose. I have so much to lose." Jenny tried to convey the severe gravity with her tone.

"Oh, I know! That's why I will keep my mouth shut." Erin's blue eyes were crystalline with determination. "But it isn't just that. It's also that I want to ... you know."

Her determination faltered now that the subject was breached.

"Are you sure?" Jenny asked. "I mean, really?"

Erin answered immediately with a word carved from granite.

"Yes."

"It's just it's something that everyone else would find ... disgusting, immoral, reprehensible." Jenny paused to let that simmer. "How is that you don't? More so, that you want to ... you know."

"Oh, I know what people would think. Just that I don't. I don't know why. I just think that it is beautiful. That two people that are so close already can be so much closer." Erin looked from Jeremy to Jenny, sizing up each of them. "You two just seem so perfect for each other!"

"But he's your boyfriend!" Jenny exclaimed, even as the claim betrayed her own feelings.

Erin put a hand on Jeremy's knee.

"Yes he is." Those three words were like a steel chain connecting the two. "But he is also your son. He was yours long before he was mine."

It was evident from her tone that Erin implied a possession long before Jenny had put her hand on her son's penis.

"Yes, but I'm only his mother." Jenny didn't even believe her own words.

"You are much more than that Jenny. Even sitting here in the room with you both, I can feel it."

"Is that those feelings you have? Like with me, us?" Jeremy finally broke his silence.

"Kind of, but it's more of just sensing what is around me. I just feel this invisible connection between you both. I feel it with us also, but it's harder to tell with us I think because I'm part of it."

"You can't see your connection with Jeremy as easily because it's part of you, but ours," Jenny gestured to herself and her son, "is clearer because you are outside of it?"

"That's probably the best way to describe it, but doesn't really describe it at all. I don't see anything, I just feel it."

"You know, that all sounds a little crazy." Jenny tried to be delicate. She saw the agreement in Jeremy's eyes.

"Yes, it does, but it doesn't make me wrong though." Erin again looked back and forth at them. "You both feel it too, even if you don't know how."

"Well, I feel something for Jeremy. He's my son, I'm his mother."

"That's the most primal bond there is. A mother and her child. Why do you think a lot of religions have adopted that into their symbology?"

"I can get that, but what about the ... other?" Jenny demanded.

"That the two of you are having sex together?" Erin asked plainly, even as the air was seemingly sucked from the room.

No one spoke for a minute or two as the topic everyone had been talking about in circles was now made clear.

"I think it is kind of like that 'everyone has a soulmate' thing. You and Jeremy are two of those. It is made even stronger by the mother and son aspect."

"But if you believe that we are soulmates, then, what about you and Jeremy?" Jenny asked, trying to refute Erin's assertions.

"I think we are also." Erin stated calmly.

"That doesn't make sense." Jeremy shook his head to dispel his confusion.

"It doesn't but it does. That's the only way I can describe it. Can you find another way to explain what each of you feel about each other, or Jeremy, how you feel for me?"

Jeremy, being singled out, looked at each of the women that he loved.

"I can't explain it; I just know what I feel. I love Jenny and not just as my mom. I love you too Erin, but I don't know if we are in the soulmate category yet."

"That's fair enough. I don't expect us to be getting married tomorrow. Or if we ever will. One of us could die next week, or one of us could do something stupid enough to end our relationship. Just because anyone has a soulmate doesn't mean that they end up together." Erin explained.

"You mean like Romeo and Juliet?" Jeremy asked with a false seriousness that didn't mask his teasing.

"They are fictional, but yeah, like that."

"Well, I don't plan on dying any time soon. And I'm never drinking any poison, so that is right out!"

"Just don't cheat on me and you won't be dying." Erin said seriously, but had a slight turn to her lip.

"Doesn't that include Jenny?" Jeremy asked with concern.

"No, never. She trumps me, love."

"Oh, cool."

Jenny loved her son dearly, but he could still be such a teenager still.

As the couple talked, Jenny watched them interact, and not just their words. Erin's hand on his knee, gently rubbing it. Jeremy's arm snaked around Erin's back and then would retreat as he gestured with his words. The way each of them would look at each other as the other

spoke. The easiness they each had with the other. Jenny could understand somewhat of what Erin had said about a connection, it wasn't as if you could see a rope tying them together, but she now saw Jeremy and Erin as being as one.

She could also picture them laying back on the couch and kissing, Jeremy groping Erin's pert boobs and Erin rubbing her palm on Jeremy's growing dick.

Jenny now felt the uselessness of her panties as she leaked her growing excitement.

"Something wrong mom?" Jeremy asked with a slight concern.

"No. Nothing's wrong. I do see what Erin means about a connection. I can sense it between you two. But it is different in how I feel with us."

"Yes! See." Erin exalted, her proof now made.

"Whatever you two say. All I can say is that I love you both." Jeremy said with a man's lackadaisical attitude.

"I love you too Jeremy." Erin said at the same time as Jenny responded with, "I love you too, honey."

Jeremy took that opportunity to show his affection for his girlfriend by leaning towards her and kissing her.

Erin seemed surprised, but returned the kiss eagerly.

It started as just a lengthy and passionate but simple kiss. Then the pair grew heated and were soon going at it, as any young lovers would do. Jenny watched somewhat in shock, but also grew heated herself as she witnessed her recent fantasies made reality. As Jeremy and Erin continued heedless of her presence, Jenny's mind wandered lustily.

Was she expected to just get up and join them?

Even though she had declared that they would only be talking today and that nothing would happen. Nothing had actually happened yet, but that she had to add that identifier of yet, meant it wasn't excluded.

Jenny sat and watched, still on the edge of the chair's seat. Her water glass wobbled in her grasp so she set it on the floor beside her.

Did Erin want to share Jeremy with her? Or did the girl just want to watch them have sex again? Would Erin want to do anything with her? That that thought came to her made Jenny tremble, but for fear or

because of excitement? Jenny actually found that she wasn't opposed to that idea. If indeed something should happen between the two women, did Erin eat pussy? Was she any good at it? If Erin did so, then it would be expected for Jenny to do the same in return. How would Erin taste? Jenny's panties might as well been a sieve at that point. Still, she sat transfixed at the scene before her.

Jeremy stopped kissing Erin, leaving her breathless and half-reclined on the couch. He stood and stepped across the room to Jenny. He knelt next to the chair, reached up with one hand, and pulled her face closer to his. Jenny didn't resist, but with a glance at Erin watching raptly, she didn't move her head to aid him either. She let him kiss her. It was only a kiss.

His lips on hers were so firm and yet so tender. Then she couldn't resist returning his passion.

Jenny was lost in her lust and her lover's lips, everything melting away with his loving kissing. His tongue pushed open her lips to find her own awaiting it. Her hands came up to hold his head, running her fingers through his short and curly hair.

Jeremy's hand was then on her chest, cupping one of her breasts in his grasp, which squeezed the soft flesh of her tit. He was able to push the two straps on her one shoulder aside so that he could get his hand into her décolletage. Her bra hindered his hold if not his boldness.

"Oh my goodness! You two are too hot!" Jenny heard Erin say from miles away. She felt self-conscious at the sound of the girl's voice, but she was too caught up with her passion to cease their kissing.

Jeremy worked his hand in the bust line of her dress and managed to work her dress and bra straps off her other shoulder. His hand was once again down the front of her dress, massaging each of her tits and coaxing each nipple to extra stiffness. With his other hand at her back, he stood and guided her to stand also. He had to remove his hand from her breasts as she rose and she longed to have it back feeling her up.

"Bring her over to the couch." A female voice said somewhere.

With their mouths still joined, Jeremy made her take the few steps towards the couch.

Jenny sensed Erin sliding aside to allow her room to sit, now seated between the two teens. Jenny was only too aware of Erin's closeness even as Jeremy leaned her against the couch back with his lips now pressing down onto hers.

Her son pushed a hand behind her back and tugged at the dress's zipper, getting it halfway down before it caught with the wrinkled fabric. She felt the looseness across her chest and knew that she needed

to stop this before it went too far. She had not told them that she would agree to Erin's request, and regardless, she had never meant that it would happen today. If only Jeremy wasn't kissing her so deliciously she would have stopped right then.

Then Jeremy was no longer kissing her.

She didn't want him to stop yet. Just a little longer.

"Join us." Jenny heard Jeremy speak and before she could open her eyes, she felt another face above her own.

Soft lips replaced her son's.

Jenny instinctually returned the sensual kiss before it struck her that those gently pressing lips were Erin's.

She was momentarily startled, nearly enough to push the girl from her, but even as soft and gentle as they were, they were also insistent and longing.

It wasn't a hardship to allow Erin to continue kissing her, it felt very nice compared to Jeremy's more forceful kisses, so Jenny decided she

could let the young girl do so for a bit more. She could stop this at any time.

Erin's more delicate tongue slipped past her lips which made Jenny think that now was the time to put an end to this. They had fooled around long enough. Just that Erin's lips on hers, the small tongue probing her mouth, and Jeremy's hands once again on her tits felt so good!

Then she felt a second pair of hands on her breasts.

The young redhead was fondling her tits!

Jenny felt Jeremy reach around her and sensed him lifting up Erin's top. Then Erin's lips were gone as that top was removed. Jenny's eyes bolted open to stare at the girl she had been kissing, but it was also Jenny who leaned upward to have those same lips replaced on hers.

Erin's smaller breasts pressed to hers and Jeremy's arms encircled them both. His girlfriend's soft hands reached around behind Jenny's back and deftly unfastened her bra and she felt the cool room air on her warm tits as the undergarment fell loose.

That cool air was replaced by hot wet lips that shocked Jenny. Jeremy was still to her left and in no position to be sucking on her breasts. A

tongue teased her nipple with soft flicks and long damp licks. Another mouth was at her face, kissing her as nicely as Erin had just done.

Jenny then realized that it wouldn't be her son that was to be shared, it would be her!

She also resigned herself to let what happened to happen. She felt too good to make either of the young couple stop now. And that she found she did want to be with them both as she had been fantasizing recently.

Erin was sucking her nipples tenderly, playing her small tongue over the surrounding areola and the sensitive buds. Jeremy's kisses had moved down her chin and along her neck, behind and over her ears, even down to where his girlfriend's own kisses teased Jenny's skin. The two kissed each other, short passionate kisses, before each returned to Jenny's trilling body. Then Jeremy was at her breast as Erin trailed kisses back up to Jenny's hungry lips.

Someone's hands pulled Jenny's bra free and finished working the zipper down to fully free her tits. Four hands coursed and roamed over Jenny's hot skin followed by soft licking tongues and gently kissing lips that tickled her even as they burned.

The two teens pleasured her with their kisses, suckling at her breasts, and groping and massaging her firm body. Each of the three shared

kisses with each other; Jeremy with her, Jeremy with Erin, and Erin's gentle feminine kisses on Jenny's soft lips.

Erin continued what Jeremy had started by pulling Jenny's dress off, while Jeremy worked at getting Erin's shorts down her slim legs. Jenny tried to be more than just a victim of the couple's attentions, unbuttoning and unzipping her son's shorts to free his rampant erection.

"Oh how sexy!" Erin exclaimed when she saw Jenny's white lacy panties that concealed nothing, especially her excitement. "Jeremy, look! Aren't these the hottest panties you've ever seen? Did you wear these for me Jenny?"

Jenny couldn't respond. She hadn't worn them for anyone, but she couldn't say why she had put them on. She felt herself leaking more with the two pair of eyes studying her nether region.

Erin pulled the three ounces of lacy cloth down Jenny's legs and Jenny found herself now completely nude in her living room with her son and his more-than-cute girlfriend.

"God mom, you're so hot and sexy!" Jeremy cried out, pulling his lips from hers.

"Yes she is!" Erin agreed. "I could just eat her up!"

And Jenny discovered that Erin did very much in fact eat pussy!

And did it very well!

"Oh yeah!" Jeremy nearly shrieked in joy. "Doesn't Jenny have a great tasting pussy?"

Erin's tongue had been snaking its way around Jenny's swampy channel, licking up the abundant moisture there.

"It's very good! Your mom has a very beautiful pussy, Jeremy."

That this young girl, this sexy redhead, her son's girlfriend was extolling the attractiveness of her womanhood was beyond anything Jenny had ever experienced. And that Erin was licking her so expertly! She wondered if the girl had picked up something from Jeremy or it was just that she was a woman and knew what to do, but then Jenny didn't care as she was already about to have a very strong orgasm.

"God! Yes! Like that! Right there! Don't stop, don't stop, please ... don't ... stop!" Jenny wailed just before she was overcome as one of the hardest orgasms she'd ever had hit her like a semi-truck.

Jenny was slow to open her eyes after that. When she did, she looked down to her crotch to find Jeremy sharing a wet kiss with his girlfriend.

"Jeez Jenny! I didn't know you squirted! I've never had a girl cum so hard on my face before!" Erin's voice was the epitome of happy surprise. She then kissed Jeremy again sloppily.

Jenny found the sight very sexy.

Having cum so powerfully she found she was now eager to reciprocate on Erin.

Jenny slid from the couch and pushed one of Erin's legs aside to be able to get between.

Erin ignored her action and instead said with some command in her tone, "Jeremy, lie on the floor."

Whether trained or just eager for what was next, her son moved quickly to the carpeting. His magnificent cock stood tall drawing Jenny's eyes with it. Then Jenny felt Erin's hand on the back of her head guiding it to where it longed to be right then.

"Suck his dick Jenny." Erin's voice was softer, but just as demanding.

It wasn't that she was obeying her son's girlfriend, but that that was exactly what Jenny wanted to do.

She was surprised to find Erin's lips right beside her own as she licked her son's mighty shaft and sucked on the firm smooth head, tasting the ooze that seeped from it. Jenny had shared sucking Jeremy's cock before so this wasn't something new, but she still wanted to make it special for her son and lover. She also knew that no matter his stamina that having his mom and girlfriend working on his dick with their mouths would have him ready to explode in very little time. And surely after watching Erin work her delightful tongue in his mother's snatch!

Erin seemed to sense this too as she wasn't wasting any time with teasing.

They each took their turns bobbing their heads on his thick cock, lips locked around his girth. Jenny held his shaft as Erin sucked him deep into her small-seeming mouth and then Erin did the same for her as Jenny took her son's dick as far into her mouth as she could without gagging. Jenny was sure Erin wouldn't want to deal with her thick saliva if she choked herself on that fat dick, but found she didn't think she would mind Erin's if she still got to worship her young stud's beautiful cock.

Jenny found Erin's lips on her own between their licking and sucking, and Jenny returned the kiss just as passionately as if it had been Jeremy's lips. Erin teased her tongue over Jenny's lips before returning to Jeremy's marble hardness. Jenny's tongue ran up that fleshy tower following the other girl's path.

"Fuck girls! You two are so incredible! I can't hold off much longer!" Jeremy croaked in confirmation of Jenny's assessment.

They each had a hand pumping his shaft, twisting them in opposing direction as they did, their mouths and tongues dancing over the head even as they twirled with each other's.

Jenny felt Jeremy's cock twitch and knew he was about to shoot his creamy delicious seed. She put her mouth over the tip to receive his load, but Erin's mouth was there too, ready to push hers aside. Jenny looked deep into Erin's beautiful blue eyes and the two came to an unspoken agreement even as the first blast shot into Jenny's mouth. Before the second stream poured forth, Jenny allowed Erin to get her eager mouth around her son's dickhead. They didn't manage to get him to spray all he had into one of their mouths; it came too quickly and forcefully. One thick strand landed across both of Erin's cheeks and button nose, and Jenny didn't go unscathed, as one of the last drabs landed on her right cheek.

The both looked at each other and began to laugh together. Jenny was the first to run her tongue across the other's face, slurping up her son's cum. Erin returned the favor and ran her tongue in circles over Jenny's cheek, collecting Jeremy's remains there. Jenny had to make one more pass to make sure Erin was devoid of any of her son's cum.

Their gazes fell to the softening dick between their faces and fell to making it stiff as iron once more.

It took less time than either would have liked, as it deprived them of lavishing it with loving licks and savoring sucking.

Jenny was now ready to lick her son's girlfriend's pussy.

"I want to taste you Erin." Jenny found herself saying aloud.

Erin just grinned at her suggestion.

The girl laid on her back beside Jeremy.

"Jenny, come here and straddle my face so that I can watch Jeremy fuck your tasty pussy."

Jenny saw her opportunity and knelt over Erin facing the opposite direction.

Jeremy arose, his cock sprouting like a spear from his coarse pubic hair.

"Fuck your mom's wet snatch, Jeremy! Give her that great big dick!" Erin said from behind her.

Right then Jenny didn't know what she wanted more, her son to ram that wonderful cock in her pussy, or to feast on the pussy that now lay before her face.

"Give me your dick, honey! Fuck my cunt hard!" She told her son as almost a command.

Jenny then stared down at Erin's youthful pussy adorned with a small tuft of auburn pubes, the aroma strong and the small lips spread wide, as she awaited Jeremy's initial plunge. She felt him rub his smooth domed head over her labia, coating himself in her wetness. Then she felt Erin's dainty tongue dart around her lips ahead of Jeremy filling her.

"Lick my pussy, Jenny!" Erin called out with a hunger in her tone. "Suck my clitty like you suck your son's cock!"

Jenny did lower her face until she could no longer see that opening. She stuck out her tongue and found it placed at the wet opening. Just then, her own opening was suddenly filled with hard cock.

"Ohhh!" She gasped with pleasure.

Jenny wanted to lick this pussy, but she didn't know how well she would be able to do that while she had Jeremy fucking her.

He did start slow, which gave her the opportunity to find her way around Erin's pussy, discovering as she did that she found Erin's taste very enjoyable.

Jenny moaned as Jeremy rammed his dick into her and Erin's tongue danced around her clit, the vibrations of her enjoyment adding to Erin's bliss as Jenny lapped eagerly at the young delicious pussy. The dual sensations of having her clit flicked and her pussy filled repeatedly made Jenny crazy with ecstasy. No, the triple delights, with the juicy cunt spread wide for her to slurp and tickle. It was all enough to be unbearable. She struggled to keep her attentions on Erin's clit while her own was teased and sucked.

After a short while, no longer than a dozen minutes, Jenny could take it no longer and was overwhelmed with pleasure as the waves of her orgasm swept her away.

Even before she was completely coherent, Jenny resumed her pussy licking with a vengeance, desperate to make the young girl feel what she had just felt.

"Oh God, Jenny! Lick my clitty! Just like that! Oh yeah, oh, oh, oooooo!" Erin cried out. "Jeremy, yourrrr mommmm is gonnna make meeee cummm sooo harrrrd!"

Jenny concentrated further on the hard nib of Erin's clit, trying to do what she remembered Jeremy had done to her. Her tongue and lips weren't as coordinated as his were, but she was still able to drive Erin over the brink of blissful release. She lapped hungrily at the fluids that flowed forth from the nubile youth.

Jeremy hadn't ceased his pounding and soon after his girlfriend bellowed her orgasm, Jenny felt him spurt his cum repeatedly into her pussy, washing her insides with his virile seed. This brought her to the brink of a second climax and only when Erin was able to resume her expert clit licking, did Jenny cum again.

Her son fell in a lump beside her and Erin, his once-rampant cock slightly sagging from its exertions. Jenny only glimpsed Jeremy for a

second as she resumed her licking of Jeremy's tasty girlfriend, while Erin sought out his white cream from his mom's sodden and reddened channel.

The two women licked each other so eagerly as to make Sappho herself jealous, their tongues teasing and flicking over their clits until distracted by the other's persistent ministrations. The soft slurping sounds as they licked, sucked, and ate was all that could be heard along with Jeremy's panting breath as he watched.

"Jeremy! I love your cum from your mother's cunt! You both taste so good together!" Erin said boldly and used both hands to slap each side of Jenny's ass.

Those hands then gripped her flank firmly and pulled it closer to Erin's face. Jenny almost worried about smothering the petite girl except that Erin's hungry mouth was still voraciously licking the combined creamy juices oozing from Jenny's insides.

Both women attacked the other's genitalia with a passion. Jenny, no longer marvelously distracted by dick, was able to focus fully on the young pussy and was delighted to be able to make Erin cum again loudly on her mouth. Which was only moments before Jenny experienced her third orgasm, soaking the girl's face with her flood.

"I really have to be dreaming! You two are so hot; I think you are burning my retinas with your sexiness!" Jenny faintly heard Jeremy exclaim. She had briefly forgotten that he was there as she had concentrated on Erin's delicious pussy. Now reminded and wonderfully satisfied for the moment, Jenny slid off of Erin, her limbs rubbery.

The teen girl wasn't done with her yet and sat up next to Jenny. Erin's gaze went to her son and saw his temporarily incapacitated state before those blue eyes found Jenny's green ones. Erin then kissed Jenny as passionately, rapaciously, and intensely as she had ever been kissed. Jenny returned that hunger as well as she could, tasting the combination of all three of them on their joined lips and faces.

Erin's hands were all over Jenny's tits, fondling them, massaging them, and pinching the hardened nipples enough to make Jenny squeak with delight. Thus encouraged, Jenny let her own hands wander over the smaller, but still nicely sized breasts of the other girl. Their tongues dueled wildly and as fiercely as any swordsman wielded his blade.

Then one of Erin's hands drifted down across Jenny's belly, gently tickling the perspiration-damp skin, before her delicate fingers alighted in the older woman's very damp pussy lips. Jenny broke their kissing to stare into Erin's sparkling eyes and found a desire to equal her own there.

She let one of her own hands drop to Erin's lap and felt her fingertips slip through the rosy patch of hair. Jenny then found a wetness to match her own. As she had known she would, having just had her lips there. She let her fingers probe that secret spot as Erin's fingers delved deep into hers.

They resumed their kissing, but not as urgent as at first, now more gentle and feminine.

It didn't last long as they both heard their male companion croak out his appreciation of the show they were inadvertently putting on for him.

"I love you both so much! I only wish I had more dicks for you!"

Jenny looked to her son and found him with his hand wrapped around the base of his now proudly erect cock. She assumed that since she'd had her share of Jeremy already that he would now have sex with his girlfriend, who had now also noticed his condition.

"Oh great! You're ready again!" Erin said gleefully.

"Jeremy is never far from being ready in my experience." Jenny added ready to see her young lover fuck his girl.

"It's only because I have such hot girls all around me all the time!" He said as he waved his stiff prick in invitation.

"Are we hot Jeremy? Do you think your mom is hot?" Erin asked as if she doubted his word.

"You know I think you two are the sexiest women I know! And not just because I get to have sex with either of you!" Jeremy almost seemed at a lack for words.

Jenny had to grin at that. Whatever she thought about her own attractiveness, that her loving son and amazing lover found her hot and sexy was all she needed. He had proved it to her enough times for her not to doubt him.

"I want to see you fuck her again Jeremy! I want you to shove your big dick in your mommy's wet pussy and make her cum as hard as you make me!" Erin stated. "I think it's so hot and kinky that I might even be able to cum just watching you both!"

Jenny was only too glad to agree to this request as she could never seem to get enough of Jeremy's superb cock, but she felt that he really should be giving some attention to his girlfriend. Regardless of what Erin declared. That they couldn't leave it up to him to decide was obvious.

He wouldn't be able to choose between them without making the other feel the lesser. And that his desire for them both was undoubtedly equal.

"Come on Jenny. Let's give Erin a real show, huh?" Jeremy stared at Jenny, his eyes practically peeling off her skin with their intensity.

Jenny was past the point of being inhibited by Erin's presence, but to have sex with Jeremy for the sole purpose of the young redhead's pleasure was nearly too much for her. Only the fact that it was Jeremy that was going to be screwing her made it tolerable.

"Lie on your back Jenny. I want to see Jeremy kneel between your legs and plunge his cock deep into the pussy that he came from!" Erin told them.

Jenny looked at Jeremy for reassurance, seeing the lust and the love that he felt for her radiated at her. He gave her a confident smile that made her melt, and a nod for encouragement.

"Lie back Jenny. Let me give you what you need." He said calmly.

Jenny felt the absurdity of what she was doing, but he was right, she did need him. Needed him in her so badly that it made her quiver.

But she wasn't going to let Erin merely watch as Jeremy banged his mother.

"You come over here too, Erin. Your pussy tastes so good, why don't you sit on my face so I can lick you again while Jeremy fills my cunt with his huge cock." Jenny said far easier than she would have thought herself able to do.

"Yes please!" Erin practically sprang onto Jenny, straddling her head as she faced Jeremy. "Put that fucking dick in her Jeremy! Fill her pussy with that monster!"

Jenny could no longer see her son; her vision was filled with Erin's tight tush and her wet folds peeking out beneath.

She grabbed that ass, her fingers digging into the pliant flesh, and pulled it towards her mouth.

"Lick my pussy Jenny! Seeing Jeremy about to fuck you again, I'm almost ready to cum already!"

Jenny felt the girl's fingers playing over her own folds, teasing her for her own pleasure, or for Jeremy's visual enticement.

"Come on lover; stick that thing in your mom's pussy! She needs your dick inside her! Give it to her now!" Erin's voice sounded as if she was about to orgasm with its forceful enthusiasm.

Jenny had begun running her tongue through Erin's labia, licking up the tasty liquid that seeped over them. She wanted truly to savor the girl's delights, but she knew that once her son's dick drove into her she would have little concentration left for a thorough pussy licking, so she flicked her tongue over the little nib that was the center of Erin's bliss.

"Yes! Lick my clitty! Oh shit, yes!"

Jenny felt the smooth head of her young lover's cock wiggling around over her pussy lips, being coated in the liquid that was also seeping from herself. It pushed into her, but only that large mushroom head. Jenny exhaled, loving even that little amount of Jeremy put inside her, but wishing for the rest of his length to follow.

And then his entirety was within her, filling her, stretching her. She had truly never know such a feeling as having her son's huge cock deep in her, reaching to her womb from whence he had sprung. Jenny knew that it wasn't just his size or girth that gave her that feeling; that he was also her son, the baby, the little boy that had clung to her hand in fear of the big world, that was now making her complete was a feeling that she knew only too few could experience.

The rapturous feeling was interjected by Erin's vulgar expression of the experience.

"Fuck her Jeremy! Fuck your mom!"

Jenny was in complete agreement with the girl though!

Jeremy's dick was pistoning in her as if he might find oil there, if not a gusher of another sort. He was relentless, intense, and yet she could still feel his love and passion for her flowing from his powerful strokes. He grabbed her ankles and lifted them up, using them to help pivot in her hot hole.

"Yeah! Like that!" Erin cried out.

Jenny didn't know which of the two of them the girl was giving her approval. She kept up her licking and teasing of the delectable pussy being smashed against her lips as well as she could with that amazing cock being pounded into her loins. That Erin's hips bounced around didn't help her endeavor.

Then, as if a button inside of her had been pressed, Jenny was suddenly caught in the storm of her orgasm, its fury spreading outward from the

joining with her lover to the rest of her being. But it wasn't done with just the one onslaught of bliss, Jenny could feel a second climax building within, surging up from the depths of her being. She was sure she was screaming out her ecstasy, but she could hear nothing but the rhythmic slapping of her and Jeremy's flesh as he kept his breakneck pace.

Jenny sensed that cock in her pulsing with its need and knew that Jeremy was about to cum and fill her with his pale white cream. Erin had to have known from his expression, or from his body's movement, that he was close, as she encouraged him to his orgasm.

"Cum Jeremy! Cum in your mom's cunt! Fill her up and let me taste you both!"

Jenny felt her son shoot his seed in her; she could almost picture each stream spraying in her quivering pussy. On each stroke, she felt another strand hit her pussy walls from its forceful ejaculation. It continued with blast after blast. This sent tremors of excitement through her womanhood, planting the seeds of her next orgasm to spring forth.

The sudden emptiness she felt let her know that Jeremy was again spent, but that void was filled with Erin's insistent and intense pussy licking as she sought out Jeremy's cum in his mother's cunt. The girl's probing expert tongue had Jenny's still quaking cunt ready to explode again. Jenny flicked and sucked on her son's girlfriend's clit as

energetically as Erin was on her own, each eager to get the other off first.

Erin won that race, but only because Jenny had been halfway there before the redhead had started. Jenny had Erin shaking over her even before Jenny's orgasm finished sweeping through her, the young girl's thighs clamped to the older woman's head as she fell into a well of ecstasy and a whirlpool of bliss.

Jenny's head was spinning as her body spasmed, the pale nymph that was still trembling from delight falling from atop her head. She saw her son sitting on the floor leaning back against the couch with a look of wonder and flushed fatigue on his face. Jenny had to grin at her young lover's worn out posture. He wasn't as inexhaustible as he pretended to be.

Jeremy saw her look at him and he smiled in return. A smile that was a cross between a kid caught with his hand in the cookie jar and the leer of a sex fiend. Jenny smiled back with love. She heard Erin groan out behind her and then felt the girl's lips kiss her shoulder.

"I think we all could use a good hot shower." Jeremy stated.

Jenny couldn't argue; the hot streaming water would feel wonderful on her sweaty skin.

She sensed Erin rise behind her and then felt a hand on her elbow to help her up. Jenny accepted that help and gave a small glare at her son for allowing the slight girl to aid his mother rather than offering himself. His wide eyes as he stared at them obviously missed her scornful look.

It was an odd parade of nakedness that marched down the hall to the master bathroom, with Jenny leading and Jeremy following behind the two women. No one spoke as if their passions had left them speechless. Jenny would have voiced the futility of fitting the three of them in her bath, except her sister and son had already proven the tub's capability.

Jenny doubted that the three of them would keep it innocent as they washed mainly themselves. Hands did wander but only in a helpful, not sexual manner. That was until Jenny felt a hand creep over her pubic hair and down into her crotch. The thing was, it wasn't Jeremy's, as she would have suspected. No, it was Erin's fingers finding their way into her slit. Fingers were fingers, no matter to whom they belonged. Jenny widened her stance to give easier access. She leaned back against Jeremy as his girlfriend finger-fucked his mother.

"Jeremy, put two fingers in her pussy also! Let's finger her together!"

As strange as anything she had done with her son, having him and Erin both jamming their digits in her was near the top. She couldn't

complain, as the four fingers were stretching her out so nicely to match the feeling of them ramming into her pulsing pussy.

It took very little time before she felt another orgasm welling up within, growing and growing with each pistoning of the two sets of fingers. She was only able to maintain her footing with the help of the other two supporting her shaking frame.

"Fuck me! Fuck me with your fingers! Oh God, it feeeels sooo gooood!" Jenny gasped, her moan reverberating on the tiled walls.

"Go on, cum Jenny! I want to feel your pussy quiver on my fingers!" Erin said breathily in Jenny's ear.

The eroticism of their actions overwhelmed Jenny and the orgasm that had been pounding within her finally broke free.

"Aaaaaaa!" She wailed, her limbs nearly limp.

Jenny felt two pairs of lips on her skin. One at the back of her neck, the second on her right shoulder moving across her collarbone. As her world reeled, she didn't know which one was who. She just reveled in the afterglow.

The very warm water revived her, the heat loosening and also firming her muscles until she was able to stand on her own.

"Now it's your turn young lady!" Jenny said with a lecherous grin.

"Maybe we should get out of the shower first." The girl deflected Jenny's offer as if she feared the older temptress's advances.

Jenny let the other two get out first and towels were passed around. There was no trace of fear now as Erin took Jenny's towel and rubbed it sensuously over Jenny's wet skin. Jenny noticed that Jeremy was left to dry himself and his nubile girlfriend. Not that he was complaining!

Jenny let herself run her hands over the pert tits of her son's girlfriend, feeling their firmness, the smooth skin, and the erect nipples that looked so delicious. Erin kept rubbing the towel over Jenny's body, her eyes locked with Jeremy's mother's.

"Your mom seems to love my tits, Jeremy!"

"I love them too!" Her son added as if reminding Erin of his presence.

Jenny couldn't resist any longer, any self-restraint about being with the young couple now gone, and she leaned down and took one nipple in

her mouth. She flicked the bud with her tongue while still holding the breast in her hand. Erin's hand was in Jenny's hair holding her face to her tit. Jenny looked up to Erin's face as she gently nibbled the girl's nip.

"Oh yes, like that. I love that!"

Then Jenny felt Jeremy press around her to put his mouth on Erin's other nipple. Her eyes fell to her son's face and found him looking at her. To see him sucking on a tit as she was doing herself was pushing boundaries she would never have dreamed of only months ago.

"Mother and son sucking on my tits!" Erin raved as she cradled both of their heads to her young bosom.

It was one thing to be doing what she was doing, but for Jenny to hear it put to words was another. Not that it would make her stop. Erin had such edible nipples!

She continued to softly lap at the springy nipple, teasing it with her tongue and lips as if it was the girl's clit. A moment later though, Erin pulled away from her and Jeremy, leaving them both leaning over empty air. Erin sat on the toilet with the lid down and she spread her legs wide with a reckless glee on her face.

"Get down on your knees both of you. I want you to lick my pussy together!" She practically ordered the pair.

Jenny was taken aback.

She turned to look at Jeremy who could only stare at her in return.

Jenny did want to lick Erin's juicy and tasty pussy again, but to do so with her son! Could she be so daring, so nasty?

As she took a split second to debate between her desire and her decorum, she noticed that Jeremy had already knelt down between his girlfriend's legs, but that he left room enough for her to get between those pale thighs too.

"Come on mom, Erin tastes so good! Lick her pussy with me! I know you love it too!" Jeremy's eyes pleaded with her more than his words.

Jenny did love it.

But with Jeremy?

She knew too well how good Jeremy was at eating pussy. What would it feel like to have two tongues on her pussy? She shivered at the thought.

There was still a sweet tasting pussy that she wanted to make cum all over her face. Also her son looking expectantly at her. Jenny could not deny either of them.

She knelt next to Jeremy and it took a little maneuvering around for them to manage to get both their tongues in that sweet snatch. Jenny felt Jeremy's tongue tease over hers as they joined on Erin's stiff clit. Each of them trailed their tongues and hot breath down the wrinkly labia and followed each other through that wet cleft that oozed such delicious juices that they each fought to sip them up. They rejoined again at that not-so-hidden treasure to flick it between both of their tongues.

"OOOOOO! Fuuuuuuuuckkkkkk!" Erin wailed like never before.

Jenny then remembered how the couple had fingered her, so she pushed first two, then a moment later, three fingers in the shaking girl's pussy.

Only fractions of moments later Erin jerked rigidly, a wordless cry escaping her lips.

Mother and son kept on with their fevered lapping on that clit with Jenny's fingers deep in her pussy.

Erin's body spasmed again, her limbs seemingly stiff, but also as if made of jelly.

The third time she orgasmed, Erin shook as if her every bone was suddenly a vibrator turned on high speed.

Jenny felt the girl push weakly at her head as she drank up the overflowing cum leaking from Erin's pussy.

"Stop. Stop. I can't take any more." Erin barely managed to speak, her voice a coarse whisper.

There was still tasty cum to lick up and Jenny realized that both her and her son's faces were covered with Erin's orgasmic effluvium. She had to grin widely at what she had just done, but proud that she had been part of Erin's overwhelming bliss. She leaned to Jeremy and he expected her kiss, but she diverted her face so that she could lick at his chin and jawline. She then felt his tongue on her cheek and they spent a long few minutes cleaning their faces of female cum.

"If only you two could see how hot you are together!" Erin exclaimed as she had trouble standing.

Jenny hadn't realized their face cleaning had become a mutual tongue tonsillectomy as she and Jeremy broke apart from their kissing.

Jenny was still kneeling beside her son and she looked up at his girlfriend who had a smile on her face that looked like it might never leave.

"Here Jenny." Jeremy offered her his hand and then pulled her up when she gave it to him.

He kissed her again, not as deeply involved but still just as hot.

Then he kissed Erin. Jenny didn't know if he put more into the one with his girl, or if it was just the equal to her own. She found the sight of the two kissing, even so briefly, quite erotic. Even as it was with the man for whom she now longed.

To her surprise, or not really, Erin kissed her. This one was definitely hotter than the one from her son!

What did surprise Jenny was that then Jeremy's lips were also there! Erin and her son were both kissing her; both their tongues were seeking entrance between her lips. Jenny resisted not one iota, meeting their passion with her own, her lips pressed to manly and feminine lips equally.

Jenny pulled back just before she thought she might pass out from lack of air. The other two were standing and staring.

"We should finish drying off, and then go put our clothes back on." Jenny said calmly trying not to notice Jeremy's dick struggling to rise.

The young couple just nodded in agreement.

Jenny followed Erin back to the living room with Jeremy behind her. She expected him to do something, goose her ass, grab her tits, kiss her neck, but he restrained himself if he had felt like doing something. Jenny almost regretted that her son hadn't done anything. But then she hadn't done anything to the sexy girl before her either.

They each collected their discarded clothing and quietly dressed, staring at each other as their bodies were covered again. Erin stared at her almost more than Jeremy did and that said a lot! Jenny had to admit that she regretted Erin's covering up as much as she did her lover's. Well, now they were both technically her lovers!

Once dressed it was almost as the past few hours had never happened. Jeremy and Erin were seated again on the couch and Jenny had returned to her husband's chair. But not now because of discomfort of being near the teens, but for ease of looking at them.

"I think I could use something to eat now, if I could please?" Erin said mildly.

"Oh yes, of course. Forgive me; I should have thought of that myself." Jenny apologized formally, as if she hadn't had her face in the girl's pussy not long before. "Jeremy, could you help me?"

Jenny stood and with a look to her son that made her question a demand, she went into the kitchen.

"Oh, sure Jenny. Be right back Erin." Jeremy replied and followed her.

Jenny collected the trays she had prepared that morning, so long ago now before their mini-orgy, and returned to the living room and set them on the coffee table. Jeremy set his beside them and sat back down with a double handful of items.

"If you want something, you better grab it quick before my human vacuum cleaner finishes everything off!" Jenny told Erin with a sideways glare at her son.

"Hey, I'm hungry too!" He mumbled around a mouthful of sandwich.

"You're always hungry dear." Jenny answered. She returned to the kitchen to renew each of their beverages and then came back to see Erin slapping at Jeremy's hands as he reached for another of the tiny sandwiches.

"Hey!" He yelped. "They're so small; I need more than just two!"

Erin looked up at Jenny as she took her glass of juice.

"He's hopeless." The girl said with a tone of almost despair in her voice.

"What?" Jeremy looked back and forth between the two women. "I feel like I'm being ganged up on here!"

"You wish." Erin laughed and hugged his arm lovingly.

"I think I was the one that was ganged up on!" Jenny quietly stated. Now that they were all clothed again, she felt almost shy of speaking about what they had done.

"That was so hot mom!" Jeremy didn't seem like he realized he was switching between her name and her title indifferently.

"I don't think my panties will ever be dry again!" Erin exclaimed boldly.

"I hadn't planned on that happening. We were only supposed to talk about it." Jenny looked pointedly at Jeremy.

"I didn't do anything!" He croaked back.

"It really was amazing, so much better than I could have ever imagined!" Erin almost glowed with exuberance.

"You've really dreamed about this?" Jenny pressed her.

"For a long time." Erin looked at Jeremy for a long moment before returning her sparkling eyes to Jenny.

"I guess after that, I can admit why.

"When I was twelve, I think it was, I found a book under my parent's bed. On my father's side. I was just starting puberty, my period, my boobs starting to grow." She looked again at Jeremy as if telling a male about the onset of her womanhood was a great secret.

"I loved to read, I think I read every book my parents had on our living room bookshelves. So, when I found this book of my father's, I took it to my room to read. I didn't know what it was at the time. It had lurid drawings on the cover and it was filled with words I had only heard in whispers on the school playground. You know, like pussy, and dick, tits, cock, and ... fuck." Erin paused as if she was once again twelve and was saying each of these words for the first time.

"It was filled with a number of different stories and while reading them I got sensations down there. Sensations that I didn't understand at first." Erin glanced down at her crotch as if it wasn't understood what she meant. "The stories were sexual fantasies of a wide assortment. I read them all avidly, many times, but I found that certain stories gave me stronger sensations than some of the others.

"The one that affected the strongest was one of a mother seducing her son and they eventually had sex together. It was all so fantastic and unreal. I never dreamed things like those stories ever happened in real life. I realized that they were only stories, like the ones I had read in school, only these were written specifically to give people those sensations."

Jenny listened raptly as Erin told her tale. She saw Jeremy seemed to be hanging on every word.

"I don't know if my dad ever missed that book; I read and reread those stories dozens of times. I did return it eventually as I had practically memorized the stories that I liked the most." She paused. "I also learned about ... masturbation soon after, and started to spend a lot of time alone in my room or the bathroom."

Erin looked at them both guiltily as she confessed this secret. Then she topped it.

"I even showed some girls at school how in the bathroom at lunch one day." Erin's eyes fell to the floor.

Jenny thought Jeremy's jaw was going to hit the floor. She was quite surprised too.

"But I never expected to really meet an actual mother and son that were having sex together. Not without going into the backwoods of some states where such things are said to be common.

"Then one day I go to my boyfriend's house and I see you two having sex ... on this couch!" She patted the cushion beneath her for emphasis. Erin's eyes darted from Jeremy to Jenny.

"I was so turned on; I was nearly cumming before I got home! You don't know how many times I've rubbed my clit and cum because of you two! Jeremy can tell you how hot it has made our sex since I got him to admit to it!" Erin looked to Jeremy for confirmation.

Jeremy nodded, but was unable to say anything.

Jenny knew her son only too well. She also noticed that he had a lump at his crotch that spoke of the effects of Erin's story on him.

"I can't believe that a young girl would get so turned on by something that is supposed to be so wrong." Jenny implied the twelve-year-old Erin and not the one that had seen her and Jeremy fucking on their couch.

"That could be part of the excitement. As with anyone that reads those stories, I suspect that it is forbidden is what makes it so thrilling. That you want what you know you can't, or shouldn't, have.

"There were other stories in the book that were equally taboo that didn't seem to affect me in the same way. There was a father and daughter

story that actually did nothing for me, I mean, it was hot and sexy, but not in the way that I would want it myself. Even though my dad is quite handsome."

Erin again looked at them both in turns.

"I did read that story and I wondered if it was just the story that got me hot; just the concept of a mother having sex with her son, or if it would be the same if I actually saw it. Clearly, it didn't matter."

Now finished, Erin's eyes kept going between them both, studying them each for their reactions.

Jenny was slightly shaken now that her libido had cooled. That that had happened without her intending for anything to occur just yet, if at all. She had gotten so turned on and unable to restrain herself even with Erin's presence. And that she so willingly allowed herself to get involved with the young girl. She couldn't argue with Erin's feelings about their incestual relationship because they matched her own, although she had never fantasized about being with Jeremy until long after they were already having sex. Jenny could see the allure that others might have about her illicit affair with Jeremy; having a hot young stud that happened to be the son she loved so much already.

Jeremy brought up the pair's graduation that was coming up very soon. Too soon for Jenny's liking. She had so many plans still to make. The

three fell to talking about the graduation, things they each wanted to do over the summer, and what Jeremy and Erin planned on doing in the fall in regards to college. It may have been their excuse for their privacy, but the threesome did actually discuss what they claimed they would.

They talked for another hour, chatting easily with no lingering tension about what they had done with each other. Jenny found Erin's eyes on her frequently and her own eyes drifted over Erin's youthful figure a few times. Jenny noticed Jeremy watching them both avidly as if he expected them once again to jump on each other. Jenny found that idea enticing but knew, as her son did, that it wouldn't happen. Jeremy may have been the catalyst for this event, but now it kind of seemed he was barely there. Jenny felt bad about that, but she kept glancing at Erin instead of her handsome son. She didn't ignore him, and neither did his girlfriend just that the conversation seemed to focus more on Erin than anyone else present.

Erin checked her phone and told Jenny and Jeremy that she needed to get home. She stood and took Jenny's hands into her own.

"I do truly want to thank you both for making my fantasy come true! It was just so ... so ..." Erin was unable to say what she felt. Jenny felt the same.

"Your fantasy? I thought it was mine!" Jeremy said petulantly, as if his girlfriend had stolen his afternoon.

"Whosever it was, it was very nice." Jenny said diplomatically. She rose to join the other two.

"I hope we can do this again." Erin said more as a question.

"Oh so do I!" Jeremy exclaimed with his arm around Erin's back. Jenny found her eyes focused on that arm.

Jenny had enjoyed herself, probably more than she thought she would, and more than she wanted to admit. Things would be very different between each of them as none of them could forget what had happened that day, even if it wasn't ever repeated. She was reticent about doing anything more together with the couple as things were already complicated enough just having to share Jeremy between her and Erin. And things with her and Justin. But with everything she had done, with Jeremy, with her sister, and now with Erin, she wasn't the one to say what was right or wrong or what any one of them should be doing at this point.

"Yes, maybe we can do that." Jenny agreed in a demure tone, which belied the implication.

Soon, she said to herself, her eyes taking in both male and female.

Erin was then kissing Jeremy good-bye. It was a long passionate kiss, as appropriate for the young lovers. Jenny felt awkward watching her son kiss his girlfriend, her jealousy creeping up on her, but also discomfited at watching the couple making out in front of her.

When they finished, Erin stepped to Jenny and kissed her just as deeply and hungrily as she had with her son. Jenny felt her own passion rise and gave the girl back what she received. The redhead didn't let go of her until the older woman was nearly breathless. Jenny felt self-conscious as Erin kissed her while her son and Erin's boyfriend was watching them. The kiss was intense enough though that Jenny just let him watch his mother and girl swap spit.

Then the fiery haired girl was gone.

Jenny had to wonder how she was going to get home, but put it out of her mind.

After the door closed, she found Jeremy staring at her intently as they returned to the living room. There was something about his gaze that bothered her.

"What?" She demanded louder than she should have. She returned his stare like a hawk.

"You continue to amaze me mom." He said with a sneaky grin.

"Why?" Jenny asked now curious. She was about to sit, but remained standing.

"I knew you'd enjoy it if you'd just let yourself, but you really got into it!" His voice was filled with his excitement.

Jenny was almost put off with his smugness.

"She's a very sexy girl." She said plainly. "I see now what you see in her."

Jenny did sit then. On the couch where Erin had sat. It was still warm.

"How about what I see in you?" Jeremy asked, his tone now more serious.

Jenny was curious to his answer.

"What do you see?" She asked looking up at him towering over her. She was also aware of where her face was in relation to his body.

"That you're just as sexy and hot as Erin. If not more so!" The seriousness was gone, replaced with an intensity.

"There's no way that I'm sexier than her." Jenny countered. However, he might feel about her, he couldn't be that blind.

"Yes mom. You are. To me." He stared down at her fiercely.

Whatever the truth, Jenny did like to hear her lover and son tell her that she was sexy.

"Don't tell Erin that. I like that cock of yours to stay attached to the rest of you." Her eyes did drop to his crotch for a moment.

"I think Erin might agree with me. Did you notice whom she went after first? It wasn't me!" Jeremy stated enthusiastically.

Jenny couldn't answer immediately. He was right in that regard.

"It's just because she's been with you before, many times." She felt a twinge as she said that. "I was just someone new."

"No mom, she found you sexy." His voice lowered but was just as forceful. He paused a moment, then continued. "Didn't you also notice that she never had me fuck her? Only you?"

Jenny had noticed.

"That was only because of her fantasy. She wanted to watch a son screw his mother." Jenny felt a moral tickle to put it as she had.

"A son with a sexy mother." Jeremy said as if correcting her. He sat beside her putting his hand on her bare knee.

"Whatever." Jenny could no longer argue with him. He was making a good point. She didn't agree, but her opinion wasn't the question. It was Erin's.

Jeremy leaned closer and kissed her deeply. Jenny couldn't resist and returned the kiss just as passionately.

A few minutes later, they separated. Jenny stared into his eyes and felt her heart ache.

"I love you Jeremy. I just love you so much." She kissed him again, but only lasting a few seconds. "I love you so much that I am willing to share you with Erin, my sister ... even Margie! I just don't want to lose you to someone else."

Jenny didn't know where all this emotion was now coming from. He had more than proved his feelings that afternoon. But Erin's presence there, and seeing how he clearly felt for the cute girl, a girl his own age, stung Jenny.

"You'll never lose me Jenny! I love you too!" Jeremy held his face before hers and looked deep into her eyes as if he could make her see his feelings for her. "And now with Erin, you can share me. But I can share you with her too!"

Jenny saw his face glow with his joy. The dark wave passed and was replaced by her astonishment.

"I can't believe I did all that with her! With your girlfriend! Or that I loved it so much!" Jenny gasped in confession.

"Mom. I'll be cumming for the next ten years just from the sight of you two together like you were." A wicked leer came over his face.

"Jeremy!" She scolded him. "You shouldn't say things like that to your mother!"

"Can I say them to my hot, sexy mom?" He teased. "My hot, sexy, pussy loving mom!"

Jeremy's grin filled his face.

"Jeremy!" She scolded him once more, but when he moved forward to kiss her again, she allowed him free reign with her lips.

Many, many minutes later as they breathed deeply, Jenny said that she would be up to thank him later that night. She almost giggled when she saw his eyes go wide from her words.

Not much later, Justin returned with her two younger children and Jenny listened to them each relate their afternoon to her. No matter how much she loved her eldest son, or on what level they shared that love, Jenny did love the other two just as much, if much more innocently.

She saw Justin give her an eyebrow shrug as if silently asking how the discussion went with Jeremy. At first, Jenny pretended she didn't see, but he repeated it with an additional intense stare. She just mouthed 'later' in reply. He accepted that and buried his face in his tablet. Jenny was actually surprised that he hadn't turned on the TV.

Later, after she had tucked her daughter into bed, she went to Jeremy's bedroom door and paused before it. She knew that something would happen if she entered that room. As it usually did. She had told him that she would come up, but she didn't think he would be upset if she had failed to appear. He might not be, but her rampant lust for him would make her upset if she didn't do something about it.

Jenny softly knocked, not wanting Justin to hear and knowing that Jeremy was always quick to acknowledge her presence. She turned the knob and felt that motherly fear of finding him doing things a mother shouldn't see. Things that as his lover, she longed to see!

"Mom." Jeremy said as she entered his room and shut the door behind her.

"I said I'd be up." Jenny said shyly. She didn't know why. That afternoon was proof that she was way beyond being uncomfortable around her son. It was just that he made her feel like she was eighteen again and she was sneaking out on her parents instead of a husband.

Speaking of which.

"What's dad doing?" Jeremy asked nervously.

"He's watching some game on his tablet. He has on his headphones so he can hear it at the 'proper volume'." Jenny had forbid him turning on the TV at that hour at the volume that he would have it, as Jojo and Johnny were in bed and had school in the morning.

"Oh. So he won't hear us?" His question implied much.

"No, he won't hear anything but that game. Also, he won't notice how long I'm gone either." Jenny said. Justin may be making a greater effort, but he still had some work to do. That she was using her husband's inattentiveness to her own gain added to the guilt she felt, but also to the thrill of what she was doing.

Jeremy was up from his chair, his computer monitor frozen as whatever he'd been doing was paused, and he was on her in a second.

"Mom." He repeated. Then added, "Jenny."

Then he was kissing her and she melted into his arms.

She was just as hot for him then as she had been earlier that day, as she was every time with Jeremy.

They shuffled towards his bed as they ran their hands over each other's bodies and their lips found new ways to meet and merge.

Jeremy's hands pushed off her robe that she'd been wearing, revealing the short lacy white teddy she had on underneath. His lips left her long enough to voice his approval.

"Damn Jenny, like I said today, you are so hot!" Jeremy exclaimed lustfully.

Dressed as she was, specifically for her son, and sneaking up to his room to do whatever it was that they were about to do, did make her feel sexy. That, and his reaction to her wardrobe and to her presence only increased that feeling.

His hands were on her back rubbing every inch of her. Her own hands were pulling up his tee shirt, feeling the muscles that were beneath the cotton fabric. Jenny felt the bed at her knees and then they were falling onto it, still connected at their lips. Jenny felt the hard shaft of her son's dick press against her lower belly and her pussy began to leak at its proximity.

"I want to sixty-nine Jenny. I want to taste you while you suck me." Jeremy declared.

It was the position that Jenny craved then also. She missed that she hadn't had him lick her earlier, although Erin did a very good job in his stead.

"Oh, yes please!" Jenny answered happily.

Jeremy whisked his shorts and boxers off in one seeming motion. Jenny's eyes were pulled to the flagpole of flesh that was her son's hard dick. He must have noticed her attention and he waggled it for her. Jenny held back the smile this caused not wanting to encourage his teasing.

He laid on his back still staring at her beside him.

"Come sit on my face mom. Suck my dick Jenny!" Jeremy demanded.

The way he used name and title had to be intentional, declaring her his mother and his lover. Jenny actually found it erotic, as she was exactly both of those.

Jenny rose up on all fours and moved into the required position, taking his rampant cock in hand, as she planted her pussy on his mouth. Jeremy's tongue dove into her opening with a suddenness that had her gripping that cock tightly. Too tightly!

"Easy mom! Suck it, don't rip it off!" He gasped before his tongue was tickling her labia again.

As much as Jenny did want to suck his cock, his magical tongue made it hard to focus on anything beyond the way he was making her feel.

She did force herself to lower her face down to Jeremy's crotch and the musky odor there. She had to wonder if there was something in that smell that made her so addicted to sucking her son's cock. That, and his wonderful size. Or his delicious cum that would spray forth from her efforts. Whatever the cause of her desire, she succumbed to it, and took that velvety head within her lips and ran her tongue over it as if repeating what he was doing to her equally hard clit. She felt it pulse with his heartbeat, felt it throb with his need.

Even as satisfied as she had been after that afternoon's encounter, Jenny felt just as horny and needy as if it hadn't occurred. Or more so that it had. That she had given in to her secret fantasy of her son and his girlfriend, a fantasy now a reality. Jenny remembered sucking this very same cock with Erin just hours ago, sharing her young lover with his lover.

Knowing she didn't have time to thoroughly lavish Jeremy's dick with her teasing tongue, Jenny let her spit coat his cock so that she could stroke him with a firm twisting grasp as she jerked her lips up and

down his veined rigidness. Being able to perform these actions allowed her to keep her attention diverted from the exquisite delights that his lips and tongue were giving her, if at least partially.

Jenny knew she was succeeding when she felt Jeremy's tongue falter in its attack on her sensitive little bud. She smiled inwardly and gave extra effort to her sucking and stroking. Jeremy moaned loudly beneath her. The vibrations of his appreciation thus passed on to her, making her moan out in return.

Both of them, mother and son, worshipped orally at the others' stiff expression of their lust, urging their partner onward to blissful release before they themselves could no longer hold off their own orgasm.

Jenny lost in that race that wasn't a race with a reward for both the winner and the loser. As she always did with Jeremy, his ability to make her cum before he himself did was just another of the hundreds of things that made her love him.

She was doubly rewarded when she was able to make him explode in her mouth shortly after she finished her trembling, his thick cum splashing against the insides of her cheeks hard enough that she was sure they bulged out with the force. She swallowed as she could, receiving each blast long enough so that she could savor the taste. Jenny used her grasping hand to squeeze and milk every bit of cum that she

could pull from Jeremy's balls, licking the sides of his thick shaft to collect any sperm that she had initially missed.

After Jeremy finished spurting his seed, even the last globs that only managed to drip from his small hole, Jenny gave his softening member a tongue bath that left it with a shiny wet sheen. One last suck on his head that she released with a pop of her lips before she allowed herself to roll off her son's body.

Jenny found Jeremy grinning back at her when her gaze met his.

"Jeezus Jenny! You may not be able to take it all like Jess, but you are definitely the best cocksucker I've ever had!" He exclaimed excitedly.

Jenny wasn't sure she could believe his words, her lack of ability to deep throat like her sister could do made her feel the lesser of the two, such that she did try to make up for it with other skills. Evidently, well enough to more than make up for the difference. Even though she had practiced and had a deep desire to be able to take Jeremy's whole length in her mouth and down her throat, she had only managed to accomplish the feat once. And that was with Jeremy forcing her face down on him. Something she didn't want repeated, as the act had terrified her when she felt herself choking and unable to breathe.

"I bet you say that to all the girls!" Jenny teased back, trying to downplay the topic.

"And I just can't get enough of your tasty twat either!" He complimented her as if he hadn't heard her words.

"I guess I should be thankful for either comment." Jenny looked deeply into Jeremy's eyes. "Especially as they come from my son."

"I have to tell you mom just how much I love what we did today. I wouldn't love you any less if you had said no, or had stopped us. But I doubt that there is anything that can ever happen to me that will top what I witnessed ... or experienced today. I still can't wrap my mind around it all!"

"I don't think I've let it all hit me yet either." Jenny said softly. She felt no regrets about what she had done that afternoon, but she did feel some embarrassment to have been so enthusiastic about the illicit rendezvous with the young couple.

"I have to admit, even if it is hard to do ... but I loved it more than I thought I would. And ... that I do want to do it again if you both want."

"God mom! I so hoped you felt that way! Erin has been texting me all evening about how great it was to live out her fantasy and that she wanted to do it again!"

"I don't want you, either of you, to think that the three of us are going to just be hopping into bed together every chance we get. It's not going to be like that." Jenny stated firmly, even as she herself desired what she was denying. "We will do it again, I just don't know when. Or how soon. So don't start nagging me. Or have Erin nag me either."

Jenny tried to give her words more force than she herself felt. What more had she gotten herself into?

"Oh, I won't mom! Just thank you." Jeremy rose, gave her a kiss on the cheek before he grabbed his boxers, and put them back on, hiding his shrunken penis.

Jenny noticed once again his avoidance of her lips after he came in her mouth. Even as they were discussing her being with him and his girlfriend again. She climbed from her son's bed and put on her teddy and robe. In a show of petty spite, Jenny wiped her mouth with her still damp panties and flung them at him.

"You can keep these. Maybe you can use them to wipe up your own cum next time." Jenny said sourly. She didn't know why she suddenly felt this way; he had more than satisfied her. Earlier and recently. She added in a more grateful tone.

"Thank you Jeremy. For today. And just now." She met his eyes as he looked up from her white lace panties. "Have a good night, honey."

"You too mom." He replied as she left his room, shutting the door solidly behind her.

In a further show of her spite, Jenny went downstairs to check on Justin and after wishing him goodnight, she gave him a firm kiss on his lips that left him staring at her as she turned and walked down the hall to their bedroom.

It wasn't Jeremy, or even Justin that Jenny was thinking about as she fell asleep an hour later. Rather, it was Erin that filled her thoughts as she drifted to dreamland.

The next week passed in almost a blur as Jenny prepared for the graduation of her eldest child. Not that she considered Jeremy as a child in any form of the word. No, he was a man now. Her young lover, and if Erin was to be believed, her soulmate.

Jenny wasn't sure she bought into the young girl's ideas of her and Jeremy being connected in a metaphysical way. Or that Jeremy and Erin were connected in a similar manner. Jenny did know that she had a special bond with her son, and not just because they were having sex with each other. She'd always felt something special with him, whether it was because he was her firstborn or if it was just that relationship of mother and child, or that there was just something between the two of them that she didn't feel with her husband. She felt a connection with

her other two children, but it wasn't the same thing as it was with Jeremy. The only thing close was with Joanne, but she assumed that that was a female bond, the link of mother and daughter. And the fact that Jojo was her youngest, her baby girl.

Jenny loved each of her children. That old adage that she loved them all equally was true. She loved them each differently, but she couldn't pick one over the other two, and the loss of any of them would destroy her world. That Jeremy had become her lover didn't make him stand out over the other younger kids, it was just another facet of her love for him.

And now he was making another step towards independence and becoming a full adult.

Jenny had already sent out the invitations for his graduation party, announcements for the ceremony, and she was in the midst of planning the party with its million little details that she wanted to be just right. Even if she was sure that Jeremy had little care for her preparations. He just wanted to be out of school and to eat and celebrate that achievement.

She had discussed with Justin whether there would be alcohol at this party or if they would keep it a sober affair. Jenny, against her normal maternal instincts, was inclined to allow beer, and wine (at least for herself!) at the event. Justin, who was normally the carefree parent,

argued against it, bringing up all the problems that having drinking would cause. He pointed out the possibility of vomiting, police involvement, and depending on where they held the party, the possibility of needing permits. That she was suggesting allowing underage teens to be drinking, whether it was under supervision or not was a danger that he was voting against. Jenny was leaving that detail as one of the final ones to decide.

As much as she did miss having Jeremy home to fool around with that week, she was glad that he spent more than an average time out with Erin. Jenny didn't think they were having sex all the time he wasn't home, but having experienced Erin's sex drive herself, she wouldn't have doubted it if she had been informed otherwise. She did still manage to sneak Jeremy aside to make out with him a few times. He'd snuck into the bathroom with her again and like before had her suck his dick while she sat on the toilet. Jeremy had also stuck his hand down her slacks while she was making dinner one night, and rubbed her clit until she'd had to clamp a hand over her mouth to stifle her cry when she came. With Justin just in the living room too!

Jeremy and Erin had come there one afternoon after school, but only for a few moments before they headed somewhere for the evening. Jenny should have only had eyes for her loving son, but she found that she could only stare at his sexy girlfriend. None of them said anything about their encounter, but each gave longing and knowing looks at the others. The air grew thick with the sexual tension as the three talked about the weather, the latest politician in the news, and the newest

movies to be released. It was the closest Jenny had ever felt to having sex without actually doing anything.

Before they left, Erin said she hoped to see Jenny again. Very soon.

Jenny knew exactly what the girl was implying.

She could only stare at Erin's tight ass in her jeans as the couple left the house.

Having had that experience didn't stop Jenny from having the fantasies she'd had about her son and Erin. It somehow seemingly increased them. To the point that one night while Justin lay atop her giving her a rather decent fuck, all she could think about was her son's girlfriend licking her pussy. The resulting orgasm had made her husband think that he had done a good job and Jenny had to allow him to think that as there was no way she could tell him the real cause.

'Oh by the way Justin, you should have seen Jeremy's girlfriend eating out my dripping cunt last week!'

Jenny had no idea what Justin's response to that revelation might have been; not that she would ever tell him such a thing! He had always been fairly tame with any sexual fantasies he'd had. Or, the ones that he'd told her about anyway. Tying her hands with her robe sash,

blindfolding her, or having her wear some skimpy lingerie had been as far as they had ever gone. All of which was very tame compared to what she had already done with her son.

His son.

It was another reason why she loved Jeremy as she did. That she had done more with her young lover in the short time that they had been in this incestual relationship than in the two decades that she had been with Justin. Not that Justin was a bad lover; if not for that momentous evening on the loveseat, she might have stayed content, if not wholly satisfied with the regularity, with her sex life.

But no, Jeremy met life head on and took risks, even if most of them were the results of others' inappropriate actions.

She may have improperly, and immorally, groped his hard dick that night, or had allowed her sister to do the same later; but it had been his indelicate blackmail to get a handjob-turned-blowjob that had set the course for their affair. She had done her fair share of initiating events, but overall it was Jeremy that would get her horny enough to succumb to his charms.

His charms being, his magical tongue, his wonderfully beautiful and big dick, and his enthusiasm to satisfy her!

Now, she also had his girlfriend to get her aroused.

Jeremy may have claimed that Erin wanted him to do more with his mother to recount later, but that week after their impromptu threesome and his increased absence left her more aroused than usual. As if that could even be possible. She might have the graduation preparations to distract her, but they weren't enough to take her mind completely off the constant dampness in her crotch.

On the last Friday morning before Jeremy got out of high school, his last day being the following Wednesday, Jenny snuck into his room. It felt like sneaking even though the house was empty save for the two of them. His late arrival to school that day allowed her to resume, if only for one last time, her previous routine of a Friday morning blowjob. She quietly opened Jeremy's bedroom door and found him sleeping on his back with only a sheet covering him. He had one arm draped over his forehead so she couldn't fully see his face, but she still had to pause to stare at her handsome son.

For a moment, he was still her son. The baby to which she had given birth, later the boy with the scratched knees from climbing trees in the backyard, and then the often-annoying teen that wanted very little to do with his pestering mother. Now he was a man, and upon sight of the hill the sheet made over the lower part of his body, she saw him as the lover that had made her feel more like a woman than any man before. She felt some guilt over that, not intending any slight of her

husband. He had made her happy, very happy, for many years and she hoped that it would continue for many, many more. Til Death do us part.

That rise of the thin sheet had her wet with what was promised underneath it.

Jenny crossed to the bed and teased the sheet out of Jeremy's other hand's grasp before pulling it aside. Her son, her lover was sprawled out in slumber with only a white tee shirt and the usual shorts that he slept in. Shorts that were stretched upward containing that magnificent dick that she had come to ravage and worship with her mouth. Just the thought of having that monster cock in her mouth had Jenny nearly drooling.

Jeremy slept fairly soundly, which allowed her to slide his shorts and the checkered boxers down to his knees. She was distracted by his dick that kept her from removing them all the way. His cock wasn't fully hard; it slightly sagged now that it was released from confinement. Jenny may have accused him of staring many times, but it was her that now stared, her eyes fastened on that pillar of flesh as if it was her last meal. A meal she intended to devour with gusto!

She slowly knelt on the edge of the bed; alert for any sign of Jeremy's waking. Jenny sat on her heels and leaned forward, cautiously put a hand around the warm flesh that was her son's penis. She was still

staring, although she would have claimed she was studying as she gently grasped it. She reluctantly took her eyes off its beauty as she gave the smooth spongy head a lick. She closed her eyes as she savored the texture beneath her flattened tongue.

Jenny had to restrain herself to keep from engulfing as much as she could and furiously bobbing her head down on Jeremy's dick.

It was only a few long slow licks when his dick woke, seemingly now aware of Jenny's presence and her loving attention to it. She had to smile to herself, thinking of how Jeremy called it his friend, whether it was little or not. It wasn't little now and was beginning to firm up as she rubbed her lips over and around the flared rim, darting her tongue under the edge of the mushroom head. She was sure that she could feel with her palm, his blood pumping as it inflated his phallus.

She held the cock that was her son's with a tenderness as she marveled at its growing size and hardness. She had never taken so much enjoyment in sucking dick before she had done so with Jeremy's. Whether it was because of its perfection, or that it was her own son's, didn't matter to Jenny, she only knew how much she loved lavishing that marble-hard erection. Jenny ran her tongue over every bit of flesh, spreading her saliva over the skin only to slurp it up again as she licked and sucked all over the stiffening dick that belonged to her son and lover.

Jenny wanted to take her time and enjoy sucking on Jeremy's cock, but as much as she wanted to take her pleasure from getting it hard and possibly erupting in her mouth, she also wanted her lover to get his own enjoyment from her attentions. Not that she was ready to have him awaken; his rousing would only hasten his arousal and shorten the amount of time she would get to delight in playing with his dick. She unfortunately accepted that Jeremy would wake up in no little time but Jenny knew that once he did he would want to pleasure her in one way or another. She felt the dampness in her panties increase at the thought of his delightful tongue dancing on her clit or his magnificent cock filling her cunt.

Jenny gave the nearly completely hard shaft one last long lick up from his musky pubes circling around the veiny pole until she got to the oozing head. She twirled her tongue in the seepage and then with the intent to wake her son quickly, Jenny sucked the large dome into her mouth and began to bob her head with as much intensity as any porn star.

In under two minutes, Jenny heard a groan and felt a hand on the back of her head.

"Unnh! Oh mom!" Jeremy moaned sleepily.

Jenny wanted nothing more than to have him cum in her mouth right then, to feel his spunk shoot so hard against the insides of her mouth

and back of her throat. But she also wanted to kiss her son good morning, and she knew his aversion to kissing her with his cum on her lips, so she held off giving him his release just yet.

"No. Don't stop mom! I'm almost ready to cum!" He complained.

Jenny pulled her mouth from his throbbing cock and rose up enough to bring her face close to his.

"Good morning Jeremy!" Jenny said cheerily as she pressed her lips to his, feeling them mold around hers as he accepted her kiss. And her tongue.

"Good morning to you too mom." His voice wasn't as cheerful, not being the morning riser that she was.

"You know this will be the last time for this, right?" Jenny stared into those ice blue eyes.

"The last time you give me a wake up blow job?" Jeremy asked incredulously.

"The last time before school anyway." She clarified.

"What? You're not coming to college with me so you can wake me like this every day?" He teased before giving her lower lip a loving nibble.

"You wish!" Jenny answered emphatically.

"I'd be the envy of every freshman on campus!" Jeremy put a hand on her shoulder and gently pushed her downward.

"What of Erin?" Jenny allowed him his aggressiveness as it was what she wanted as well.

"She'll be right there beside you!" He grinned so widely his lips nearly left his cheeks.

"I'll just tell Justin that. That I have to go with you to wake you up with your girlfriend with a BJ."

Jenny wrapped a hand around her son's cock again, rubbing it casually before gripping the base firmly.

Jeremy smiled at her retort.

"Suck my cock mom! When you're done, I'll take care of you too!" His forceful hand moved to her head and guided it to his crotch.

Jenny wasn't so much forced to Jeremy's cock as she eagerly resumed her oral attack on his rampant member. Jeremy's hand stuck to her head and did make her bobbing deeper than she had been doing otherwise.

"Come on bitch; suck that cock you love so much! Then I'll lick your cunt until you scream and fuck you until you beg me to stop!"

Jeremy was usually tender and caring when they did anything, but Jenny also liked that he could be strong and commanding sometimes.

Jenny sucked that cock as if she was desperate to make it erupt. That she wanted to have her soaking pussy eaten and then savagely fucked was as much incentive to finish as her hunger for his thick delicious creamy cum.

"God mom! That's it! Keep going!" Jeremy struggled to say, his hand no longer pressing on the back of her head so much as merely resting there in her hair.

"Mrphlmhrlm!" Jenny mumbled with the huge cock of her son filling her mouth.

"Oh shit! I'm cumming! Cuuuum ... mmingg!"

As much as Jenny didn't care for having him force her head further down on his dick, she accepted it then as he reacted to his orgasm by pushing her head harder. This caused him to blast his cum deep into her throat. Jenny swallowed as she could and tried to keep from choking until he was finished filling her with a large load of semen.

"Ahh ... damn Jenny; that was amazing!" Jeremy opened his eyes to look down at her as she wiped her lips with the back of her hand before coughing roughly.

"Too much cum for you Jenny?"

That wasn't even possible, Jenny thought.

She didn't know at what point she had become such a cum-slut for her son, probably not long after he had made her give him a handjob in the kitchen and she allowed him to cum in her mouth rather than risk ruining her nice blouse.

Or was it before that?

When she had first tasted his cream after she had jerked him off into her hand on the loveseat that Friday night?

Jenny stared at her son with the taste of his cum on her tongue.

Knowing his reaction, but still seeing it and getting him riled up, gave her a secret spiteful thrill.

Jenny moved up to give him a kiss.

"Mom!" Jeremy whined and pulled away from her.

"Baby!" Jenny scolded him but smiled inside.

"Do you want to sit on my face or just let me lick you while you lay on your back?" Jeremy diverted her with a most inappropriate question from a son to his mother.

But not from her young lover.

Choices, choices!

Jenny loved sitting on Jeremy's face, looming over him as he pleasured her as only he could do. But to be able to lay back and just let him do as he would without worrying about staying upright was nice too.

"Lie down honey! Mommy wants to ride your tongue this morning!"

Jeremy scooted down on his bed, his feet hanging off the end, so that she could kneel over his head.

"You still have your panties on Jenny." Jeremy informed her as if she wasn't aware herself.

"You have to work at getting at my pussy, dear." Jenny smiled graciously back.

"It's never work to eat your sweet snatch mom!" Jeremy wrapped his arms around her thighs and pulled her hips down until she was poised just hairs above his lips.

He began to run his tongue over her wet flowered cotton panties as if they didn't exist.

His unhindered enthusiasm made Jenny wetter than what his firm tongue was doing to her. Even wearing panties wouldn't keep her son from eating her pussy!

Jenny allowed him to tease her for far longer than she would have liked. She was so desperate at that point for her own orgasm, but that he loved to tease her like this tempered hew own need. When she could take it no longer she spoke up.

"Honey, as much as I love you teasing me, I think you need to take off my panties."

"Are you telling your sweet, innocent son to pull off his slutty mother's underwear?" His grin belied his words.

"Sweet, but definitely not innocent." Jenny responded. "And yes! Get my panties off so you can make your nasty mom cum all over your face and mouth!"

Jenny could be just as commanding!

"Yes ma'am!"

She lifted a leg to allow him to pull the wet material free and then the other leg. Jenny sat more firmly in position with no hair-widths between her son's lips and her needy cunt.

"Lick my cunt lover!" She ordered harshly and pressed her pelvis down. He could choke her with cock, but she could smother him with pussy!

"Oh, yes ma'am!" Jeremy was somehow still capable of speaking.

Then his lips were kissing her other lips with just as much passion as he did with her mouth. Those other lips drooled their own sweet spit into his sucking mouth while he French kissed her pussy. Jenny had to reach out to the headboard to keep from collapsing as Jeremy made her spasm with pleasure.

"Oh God baby! No one licks me like you! You're the best honey!" Jenny moaned thoughtlessly, her mind filled with the sensations that Jeremy's tongue was giving her.

"I love eating your cunt, mom!"

Jenny pressed down further. If he could still speak, he didn't have his tongue deep enough in her.

She was sure that he had used the 'C' word along with her maternal title intentionally, adding spice to the illicitness of what they were doing.

"Eat mommy's cunt Jeremy! Make me cum real hard!"

Jenny unconsciously started to rock her hips, grinding her soaked slit over her lover's mouth. Jeremy never paused in his firm lapping of her rigid clit. The feeling was exquisite, indescribable, and beyond imagining.

Much as she had wanted to enjoy sucking Jeremy's dick before he came and was disappointed, so now she wanted to savor his wonderful tongue licking her, but her orgasm was building too quickly within her, its presence a growing storm that would soon break.

"God honey! Lick me, just like that! Oh God, oh God, oh fuuuck-king God!"

She wasn't aware of it, but Jenny's knuckles were white as she clutched the headboard in a death grip. Her eyes were clenched tight, her body was shaking uncontrollably, and her hips were thrusting with wild abandon on Jeremy's face.

"Aaaaaaaah!" Jenny heard herself bellow.

Then her body went limp as all her energy passed from her figure.

Jenny fell groggily atop her son's wet body. She didn't know if it was sweat or her own excretions that had drenched him. She barely was able to move to his side as she recovered from her mind-bending orgasm.

"Wow, honey!" Jenny could only manage a whisper.

"And I'm not done with you yet mom." Jeremy said as he sat up. "I've got to give you a good fucking before I get to school. I've gotten Erin waiting for me and I have to tell her how I got woke up."

"You have to tell her?" Jenny asked. She didn't like the idea of him running off and telling details of what they had done, and not just because he was her son, but that she didn't want him telling anyone about their illicit activities.

"Sure I do. She gets so excited to hear about anything we do." Jeremy rose up on his haunches and stared at her with his icy blue eyes. "You know she hasn't stopped talking about what we did. She has been asking when we are going to do it again."

"Really? Again?" Jenny asked incredulously.

"Oh yeah! Just because we did it that once isn't going to satisfy her fantasy."

Jenny didn't believe that once, twice, thrice, or a dozen times would satisfy Erin's lustful desires. Truth be told, though she wouldn't admit it to anyone, not even Jeremy, especially not him, Jenny also wanted another get together with the young couple.

"I don't know if that is a good idea." Jenny said coolly, not wanting to reveal her own inner urges. If Jeremy discovered how she felt, he would probably hound her about it relentlessly. No, she knew he would.

"It's not a good idea, it's a great idea!" He replied enthusiastically. He then patted the side of her outer thigh. "Now spread those legs mom, I've got to give you a thorough fucking before I go to school!"

The matter wasn't settled although the consensus was in favor of another 'get together', even if one of the votes was unspoken at the moment. Jenny hid her doubts with a smile as Jeremy knelt between her knees and bent over her body.

"You are the hottest MILF around mom, you know that right?" Jeremy said as he shook his cock as he moved into position.

"The hottest? Not Jessica?" Jenny asked doubtfully.

"Aunt Jess has no kids. She's hot, but she not a mother." He clarified for her.

"I just hope I'm the only mother you're having sex with."

Jeremy placed the tip of his dick against her still wet pussy opening coating the head with her fluids. When he felt sure that he was in place, he placed his hands on his bed near her shoulders. His lips were then on her own. After a quick kiss he spoke.

"I have no time for any one besides you and Erin, Jenny. And no energy left when you two are done with me."

And he thrust into her.

On the second stroke, he was pressing his pubic hair into her own.

"Oh God Jeremy!" Jenny gasped. Her hands sprang to his strong shoulders gripping the muscles there tightly.

"You like that Jenny? You love my big cock in your tight wet pussy?" Jeremy grunted roughly.

"Oh yes ... honey! I love ... your cock! Fuck ... me with that ... beautiful ... dick baby!" Jenny's voice was strained equally.

"Like this Jenny?" Jeremy rammed deep and hard.

"Kiss me!" Was all Jenny could get out. Then her mouth was covered with Jeremy's once again. Even as his pistoning was forceful and vigorous, his kisses were soft and tender as he licked and sucked her lips. His breathing was rough and ragged but he kept up the kisses as he pounded her pussy with his hard and big magnificent cock.

"Oh God!" Jenny wailed around his insistent lips.

"Cum for me mom! I love to see you cumming!" Each word came with a hard thrust.

"Yes! Yes! Fuck me! God! Yes!" Jenny's words came only on the backstroke, incapable of speech on the downstroke.

"I'm gonna cum too, Jenny! Cum with me!" Jeremy's rhythm faltered as he approached his limit.

It didn't matter though as Jenny was already in the midst of her own orgasm, bursting from her depths unexpectedly and long overdue. It was as if her every cell was being overwhelmed with intense sensations of bliss. All she knew was that ecstasy and the constant ramming of Jeremy's cock filling her to overbrimming.

When she could focus her eyes again, Jenny found Jeremy still on top of her. He had ceased his action and was merely poised on her pelvis with his dick still within her vagina. It wasn't as full and she could feel it withering. Jeremy was staring into her eyes with a soft loving gaze.

"I could never get tired of that Jenny." He whispered. His dry lips lit on hers with the touch of a butterfly's wings.

"Jeremy." Jenny had no more words for her lover.

It was all that was needed.

"I know my love." Then Jeremy was rolling, or falling off her.

She shivered at the loss of his body heat, the lack of his manhood filling her, and the absence of his presence beside her.

"I've now got to take a quick shower before I leave." He stood, naked from the waist down until he pulled his tee shirt over his head. Even with his shrunken penis, Jenny found herself staring at her son's body. She thought he knew her eyes followed him and was sure when he gave his tight ass a slight slap as he left the room.

Jenny smiled to herself at that act. Jeremy was definitely surer of himself, more relaxed in his own skin since they had been having sex together. Even their separation had made him tougher, as hard as that time had been on either of them. It had made her realize to hold on to the good things in life tighter, no matter what others might say or think of her.

She pulled the sheet up around her damp skin, the cool air giving her a shiver as she did so.

Jenny laid there in her son's and her lover's bed listening to the water running in the shower down the hall. The bedroom smelled like sex, and like him and she didn't want to leave just yet. She may have much to do that day but for the moment, she was just going to lay in Jeremy's bed and soak in the feeling of having had great sex. Great sex regardless of the fact that it had been her son that had made her feel like a woman.

She was staring blankly at the ceiling when Jeremy returned.

"You're still here?" He asked with a towel wrapped around his waist, his wet hair dripping down his face.

"I was just laying here recovering from the amazing sex. And thinking about how we all got here."

Only as she finished speaking did she look over at him. Just as he dropped the towel and pulled a clean pair of boxers from his dresser. Her eyes darted down his body, a curl to her lips as she saw his worn penis and the memory of what it had done to her, and then they drifted over his ass as he bent to pull up his underwear and down his strong legs. Even as satiated as she was, she felt the lustful pangs return.

"You better get some clothes on before your horny mother pulls you back into bed for another round." Jenny said as she turned onto her side, holding her head up with a bent arm, the sheet pulled up over her breasts.

He turned and his eyes stared as if the sheet didn't exist.

"If you really are serious, I could skip my second period, or the third one too." He had a leer on his face that made Jenny wonder if he might not be teasing.

"But I do have to get there for lunch or Erin might get upset." Jeremy smiled hugely then. "Or maybe she won't be if she finds out why I wasn't there!"

"Get your ass to school you corrupter of mothers." She looked for something non-breakable to throw at him.

"Not if you're going to go shaking your amazing tits at me mom!" Jeremy pulled a shirt over his head and grabbed his wallet and keys off his dresser.

Jenny looked down to see that the sheet was now bunched over her stomach. She snatched it up around to her neck.

"Get out of here you! I've got a hundred errands to run today before you get back." Jenny told him loudly.

"We still doing movie night tonight? I thought I might have Erin come over." His face showed nothing about the awkwardness that might cause. But then of course he wouldn't.

"Of course, there's no reason not to otherwise." Save that she had had sex with every adult that would be present.

"Great, I'll let her know. See you later mom. I may not be home until dinner." And he dashed from the room.

Jenny knew for a fact that he wouldn't be home. Erin, upon hearing of his morning, would whisk him to her house for her share of sex with Jeremy. Jenny felt that twinge of jealousy even as she felt her pussy twitch with longing. No, she was satisfied enough for now. Or as much as she ever was lately. Which was to say, not really enough.

Movie night was awkward, but only apparently for herself as everyone else seemed at ease. Erin said nothing, even in private, to her or as far as she was aware, to Jeremy. The closest that could be interpreted as inappropriate was when Erin gave her a peck on the cheek on her arrival. Jenny was able to control herself from any naughty reactions to the cute young redhead with the sexy blue eyes. Even as she wished otherwise.

Everyone sat in his or her regular spots except Jeremy was paired with Erin on the couch. Jenny was still envious of her son's girlfriend, but she was envious of her son also. She sat and watched the pair of movies and allowed the young couple the little privacy available. Jeremy took Erin home afterwards with a warm goodbye to Jenny, but nothing that wasn't socially acceptable for a son's date.

Jenny knew it would be awhile until her young lover would return home, even if Jeremy and Erin had had their fill that afternoon, they

would still spend a good amount of time saying their own goodbyes at Erin's door. She covered Justin with her blanket, made sure the two kids were okay in the large sleeping bag with a thought that they would soon have to separate the growing youngsters, and went to bed. She fell to sleep after a quick masturbation session to thoughts of her older son and his girl.

She hardly saw Jeremy the next day as he woke unusually early for a weekend, his last weekend of high school. He zipped through the house, barely grabbing anything for breakfast and giving her a kiss on the cheek (as Jojo and Johnny were in the room) as he left saying he was meeting up with Erin. Jenny didn't expect that they were off to have sex, hoping that they had some kind of life besides their intimate connection.

The whole family went out on Sunday for a day to spend together. Jenny even willing played a round of mini-golf and was very amused to beat her husband at it. Jeremy kept his hands to himself while they were in public save for a couple discreet pats of her ass that she might have provoked with the way she bent over to pick up her ball such to give him an excellent view of her derrière that he loved to stare at for some reason she couldn't understand.

She was old enough to be his mother, for god's sake she thought to herself with a slight chuckle.

There were a few other activities before they stopped at a sit-down restaurant for dinner. If not for the underlying desire she had for Jeremy, it would have been a very normal and pleasant day for any family. It did make her wonder how 'normal' anybody she saw anymore actually was. Did everyone have some dark secret that they kept hidden from the rest of society? How many other mothers harbored desires such that she had got to live out? How many sons were sneaking off to have sex with those mothers? She pondered these thoughts as she ate her pie and avoided the knowing stares from Jeremy.

Nothing was said of Jeremy's upcoming graduation, as if speaking of it would bring the reality of the life-changing event to the fore. There was still a whole summer before he would leave, if in fact, he did go to a college away from home. But it went unspoken that this was the last time they would be together officially as mother, father, and the three kids.

Jenny tried not to think of it that way as it made her mood somber and she wanted to remember the day as cheerful. Especially the look on Jojo's face when she got a hole in one on the eighth hole. The small joys of motherhood to see the delight of her children's accomplishments and the pride that it gave them.

Of course, it wasn't very motherly to think of some of Jeremy's recent accomplishments and the pleasure that he got from them. Or her.

She had to give him a sexy smile as she thought this, which made him look back at her with confusion on his face as if he had done something that she had found amusing.

Jenny did go to his room after she put Jojo to bed and though they had done nothing that involved removing any clothing, they did kiss for at least ten minutes before Justin called out wondering what she was doing. The look in his eye said he was ready for more and she felt bad that she once again left him with a large lump in his pants, but she was mollified by the fact that she had left him soft far many more times.

The last three days of Jeremy's school year flew by so fast that Jenny could barely remember anything that had occurred. Not that he was home much. Between Erin and his other friends, it seemed he was gone from morning until late at night. He had already had finals and the last few days were mostly just a formality, a time for the classmates to say goodbye to school and friends that they had had for many years. As Jenny knew from her own time, there would be many that would say that they needed to stay in touch after school, but life would get in the way and next you knew, you were meeting those people years later at a class reunion wondering where the time went.

Jeremy informed the family at dinner that Wednesday night that he was sleeping in the next few days and that he was not to be awakened for anything. He then looked at Jenny and added, "Only if it is an emergency." In which Jenny understood to mean, emergency sex. She replied only with a grin and an exasperated shake of her head.

Jenny had restrained herself and later that weekend, he did complain to her. She looked at Jeremy with a straight face and informed him that no emergencies arose that had required his attention. That she had succumbed to her needs and had given Justin a rare blowjob before he mounted her and gave her an even rarer, two orgasms. The first was quick and fierce, and the second nearly on par for one she would have had with Jeremy.

In the interim days, she still saw only glimpses of her eldest son. He would rise just after the other two left for school, but that was only years of conditioning, and the need to urinate. She would hear the upstairs toilet flush knowing it was him, but then he would return to bed and sleep until eleven or even noon. He would come down give her a quick and passionless kiss, make a large sandwich with whatever he could find in the refrigerator, and then leave to spend the rest of the day with Erin or other friends. He would only return at dinner before disappearing again into the night.

She and Justin gave him the liberty to make his own decisions and said nothing about his late nights. Jeremy was just enjoying his new freedom and the lack of his usual responsibilities. Justin had told his son that this freewheeling would only last a short time and that he expected Jeremy to get a job over the summer, even if it was only part time. Jeremy, as usual, was taking this as permission to be out to the wee hours of the night, often returning at one or two a.m.

Jeremy surprisingly skipped their Friday night ritual of movie night that week, saying that he and Erin would be going to the movies themselves. Jenny and Justin kept up the routine for Johnny and Jojo but it didn't feel the same for Jenny not to have Jeremy there to snuggle up on.

Jenny had to rely more frequently on taking care of her own sexual needs without Jeremy around, and twice in one week was Justin's limit.

Jeremy was up one morning early enough that Johnny and Jojo hadn't left yet. As Jenny bustled around the kitchen getting them breakfast, Jeremy walked in wearing the shorts and tee shirt that he slept in. Johnny, upon seeing his older brother thus, declared his defiance.

"Why do we have to go to school when Jeremy gets to sleep all day?" He said vehemently.

Jeremy looked at her and smiled as he ate an orange slice.

"I've gone to school for thirteen years Johnny. When you have gone for that long then you can get out early too." Jeremy said as he looked sternly at his younger brother. "Besides, I'm not done with school yet. I'm going to college in the fall, so don't get too upset."

Johnny didn't look satisfied at the response, but he didn't say anything more.

Jojo had to add her own two cents.

"I love school! I wish I could go allll summer!" She said jubilantly.

Jenny knew that once her young daughter found the joys of carefree days in the sun, she would possibly change her tune, but she said nothing to dissuade Jojo's love of education.

Jeremy finished his orange and returned to his room with an idle scratch of his crotch that Jenny wanted to scold him about, but also wished she were the one to be doing the scratching. Rubbing. Stroking.

She really had to fight the urge to storm her son's bedroom after the other two were gone. She took out her frustration on some housework, especially since she would have guests from out of town that would be there for the graduation party that they were having on the following weekend. Her resistance was tested further when he rose a few hours later and came down still in his sleepwear and acted almost like his old self of nonchalant ignoring her as he rummaged in the fridge.

"Jeremy." She broke the silence.

"Oh, hey mom." He barely looked at her from behind the stainless steel door.

"Oh, hey mom? Is that all I am anymore?" Jenny said slightly petulantly.

"Oh! No mom! I'm sorry Jenny." He let the door swing shut empty-handed. He turned to look at her with all the longing and love with which she had come to know him.

"I know that I have been kind of ignoring you since I got out of school. Everything has just been so ... hectic ... overwhelming. Erin and I have ... gotten very serious." He then realized that this could be taken wrong. "Oh, not that I'm not serious about you too, it's just ..." He trailed off unable to get his thoughts into words.

"I understand honey. I do. This is a momentous time of your life. I want you to savor it and don't want to spoil it in anyway. But I do miss you. Miss being with you." Even though she knew her thoughts, Jenny's words weren't any easier to say. That she was practically begging her son to spend time with her with that being just a euphemism for wanting sex, or more importantly to make love to her again. As much as they had gone through, it was still hard to say it out loud. Jeremy may be her lover, but he was also her son and this past two weeks had emphasized that aspect more than the former.

"I miss you too ... Jenny." His pause let her know that he had also slipped into that former mindset. "Erin has too."

"What?" This surprised Jenny. "Missed me?"

"Well, not the same way that I do. But she does want to be with us again. With you."

"What?" Jenny was stunned. "Me? Not us?"

"Yes, us. But she really liked being with you too." Jeremy almost seemed as confused as she.

Jenny didn't want to reveal more than she would like, but her lustful feelings were very strong.

"The two of you could come visit one day instead of doing whatever you're doing. Your brother and sister still have two more weeks of school." They were normal words. Tame words. Ones she could say in front of anyone and not feel ashamed. But Jeremy would know very well what she really meant.

"What? Visit?" Well, maybe he wouldn't know.

That old adage about seeing a light bulb go on above someone's head was proven true as she saw the realization hit him.

"Oh! Visit. Yeah, we could do that. Erin would love to see you again." He said just as cryptically, even though there was only the two of them present.

Jenny was silent, having said what she wanted to say. And what she didn't want spoken.

"I'll talk to Erin. Maybe tomorrow?" Jeremy now had a look of ecstatic confusion on his face as if he had just gotten the greatest of news but didn't know what to do with it.

Jenny still couldn't speak. It would mean that she was giving her approval to another threesome with her son and his girlfriend. A girlfriend whose eyes haunted Jenny's thoughts.

Instead, she just nodded.

She was lost in what this meant when Jeremy was so close she could feel his breath on her cheek.

"Is there anything I could do for you now?" He asked all too smugly.

There was, she did, they couldn't.

"Tomorrow." Was all that she could say.

"Are you sure? I'm not doing anything for a few hours." His hand rubbed slowly up her forearm and along to her bare shoulder with the sleeveless sweater she was wearing.

She shivered at his touch and at his implication. Jenny wanted nothing more than to take him down the hall to her bed and let him do whatever he wanted with her, to her.

Jenny shrugged off his touch, but in such a way that showed it wasn't unwanted.

"Tomorrow." Jenny repeated. She found she couldn't meet his eyes, afraid she might melt under their icy fire. She repeated her single word, but so softly she knew that he couldn't have heard her.

"Well, okay then." Jeremy withdrew a half step from her, still closer than she wanted. Close enough that she could still wrap her arms around him and drown him in kisses or push him to the floor and climb on top of him.

"Now you've got me up. I can't sleep now. I've got to call Erin and tell her." His eyes made her regret her response, but they also seemed as if he had hoped he could get Erin there that afternoon.

"I've still got cleaning to do." Lots and lots of cleaning to get her mind off his strong shoulders, his slim waist, his ... "So much to do before next week." Jenny shook herself from her lustful thoughts.

"You do too much mom. No one's going to notice that under the couch is spotless. Or even go into the utility room."

So, she was mom again.

"It's okay honey, I need to stay busy. Until tomorrow." That word was almost her mantra now.

"Okay, but take it easy. You don't want to strain anything before ... you know." Jeremy walked out of the room at a regular pace, even though she knew he was ready to spring up the stairs in one leap so he could call Erin.

Jenny almost called out to him to have him tell Erin that she said hello, but stopped herself. That would seem very bold, and slightly awkward.

'Hello. Could you come over and sex with me and Jeremy please?'

She also stopped herself from following her son up those stairs to his room, his bedroom.

But he was right. The utility room was a mess.

Sleep that night was slow to come. Even after Jenny managed quietly to play with herself with Justin breathing heavily beside her. She was not slow to cum, her need bringing on the orgasm almost as soon as she decided to begin. It was still a restless night filled with deep blue eyes and icy blue ones.

Although she had already had intimate relations with Jeremy and Erin together, it did not make the second time any easier to prepare for. She did forgo spending time on making the tiny sandwiches like she had done before, deciding that if the kids wanted to eat, they could just have PB and J's. Or whatever Jeremy could scrounge from the fridge.

She then realized her errant thought.

Kids.

That's really what Erin and Jeremy were still.

The law may accept them as adults, but they had only graduated a week or so ago. Even if they hadn't had the official ceremony yet, that was only a formality.

The two were eighteen. Jenny remembered when she had been eighteen. Barely. It was so many years ago. She felt she knew it all and was ready to conquer the world. She knew that's what her son felt now. That he had already 'conquered' his first female crush, her sister Jessica; that he had won, lost, and regained the illicit love of his mother, and now had a girl that seemed as if she could be 'the One'. Jeremy had to feel on top of the world. Little did he know what the world would have in store for him.

As she had so recently found out for herself.

Jenny had found her apparent soulmate that just so happened to be her own son.

And now she was going to have sex with him and his girlfriend again!

Her knees were shaking; she had butterflies, no, they had to be ostriches, in her stomach, and her palms were constantly wet.

It was almost worse than the first time.

Was it because she wasn't expecting it that time, so had no time to worry as she was now. Or was it that even as it was occurring she only expected it to be a one-time thing. A second time implied a third time, a fourth. More. Jenny didn't know if she wanted to give the impression that this would become a regular thing. Even as her panties were soaked at the prospect of frequent 'visits' with the young couple.

Again, she had to think about what kind of woman, or mother was she, that she was going to do this. It was one thing to have done it once, even if she hadn't been the instigator. Now, she was a fully involved perpetrator. That was the word that came to mind and she expected that it was because of its connotations with crime.

She was a perp.

A pervert perp.

Or just a mother that loved her son, and who had an open mind about the various forms of sex.

Like the first time, Jenny had to go change her panties before Erin arrived.

She chose a pair that had more coverage, and cloth, to soak up her leaking pussy.

It had been a given that Erin would agree. Jenny hadn't needed to have Jeremy tell her the girl's answer last night. She was sure that he had gotten a secret thrill of announcing that Erin was coming over for 'lunch' in front of his father. Justin barely heard his son's words as he ate his meatloaf. If only her husband had realized what his wife was planning to do the next day. Or what she had hoped to 'eat' for lunch!

They had to have it early so that everything would be kosher again long before Jojo and Johnny came home. Jenny shivered with dread at the thought of her two younger children finding her like that. It was a thought that took a while before it left her head.

Jenny hadn't dressed for the event the first time, and though she wasn't going to go looking like some kind of sex-craved slut, she did give some added thought to her wardrobe. And its removal. She skipped wearing a bra, letting her breasts hang free, the hardened nipples rubbing on her tight white blouse only arousing herself more. Jenny might have also skipped wearing panties if not for the necessity of keeping her pussy from flowing down her thighs. She wore a wide flaring red polka dot

skirt that barely reached her knees. Easy access, she thought devilishly to herself.

It might have been for show, but she matched the skirt with a pair of red three-inch heels. A pearl necklace, matching earrings, and the diamond bracelet and watch rounded out her jewelry. She barely added any makeup as she expected it to be worn off with two pairs of youthful lips.

She twirled in front of her full-length mirror and thought she looked motherly enough and yet also very sexy.

Jeremy gave his vote of approval when he wolf whistled at her when he came down the stairs at the unusually early time of nine fifteen.

"You're up early today." As if Jenny didn't know why.

"Seeing you like that I'm completely up, if you know what I mean." Jenny did know what he meant, but his tone gave all the evidence of his sexual meaning needed.

"Keep that thing in your pants. At least until Erin arrives." Jenny consciously avoided looking at the tent she was sure stood out in Jeremy's cargo shorts. Even looking at the tight fitting plain black tee shirt was almost too much of a distraction.

"Could you make me some breakfast mom? I'm going to need my energy." Jeremy said too plainly.

As much as she wanted to make a comment about his cavalier attitude, or about her serving him, Jenny did need something to keep her occupied until ... later.

"What time did Erin say she was coming?" Jenny asked as she headed into the kitchen. If not for those damn ostriches, she could use something more than the two pieces of dried toast she managed to eat with Johnny and Jojo before they left.

"Around eleven. But she was pretty anxious, so I would say probably ten thirty."

The usual time for a brunch, not the typical hour for a mini-orgy.

'I'll have two eggs over easy, a pair of breasts, and a very hard cock ready to fuck please.'

The absurdity of such a request caused Jenny to giggle nervously.

"Something funny Jenny?"

The way he switched from mom to her given name was nerve-wracking. It seemed so random and unconscious most of the time. She just hoped that he managed not to slip in front of Justin. He hadn't yet, but it might only take once.

"Just a thought." She answered as she made a pan of scrambled eggs. It was as much concentration as she could manage at the moment.

After she had the eggs cooking, she turned to her son.

"I don't want you thinking that this is going to be a regular event. Even if it is just sex, I don't want you to go thinking that it means nothing, at least not to me, and from what I know about Erin, it's not for her either. You may think you're in heaven ... and you probably are, but women can't just turn it on and off like you seem to do." Jenny started.

"There's an off?" He quipped back.

"Apparently not for you. And just maybe not for Erin either." She couldn't resist a slight smile at his comment. He could give that battery rabbit a run for its money.

"This is very unusual and only because you both have gotten me so horny that I am even agreeing to this."

"We have gotten you horny?" Jeremy's emphasis of the plural made her revelation more embarrassing.

"Yes. Both of you. Erin is a very sexy young woman with incredible blue eyes." Jenny stared defiantly at her son.

"It's the first thing I noticed about her. The first thing that I loved about her."

Jenny could understand that.

"Her tits and ass were probably next." Jenny said.

"No, actually it was her mind. That she is so similar to me, and yet is completely different. Did I ever tell you about this club she took me too?"

Jeremy related his first of many times to the unnamed music club that Erin had taken him. He inadvertently revealed also that that night had been the first time that they had had sex. Hearing the teaser, Jenny made him recount the whole experience. He was only too happy to tell

her, even though it was about having sex with another person. As he told her about that night, she was struck once again with how much Jeremy had fallen for this girl. She felt a pang in her chest, but she was also so happy that he had found someone like Erin. Someone that was more carefree than he was, and also more focused. It was as if she was the yang to his yin. Opposites and also the same.

This only hammered home more fully that Jeremy wasn't the one that she could be with the rest of her life. It could very well be this girl that he was going on about, even to her, the woman he had declared to be his one love. Jenny grew melancholy at that even as she smiled as he talked.

She shrugged off those negative feelings. Nothing had changed. Jeremy still loved her. She still loved him. He just happened to love another girl as much, if differently, as he loved her. Also, that Jenny was feeling more than just lust for Jeremy's girlfriend. It wasn't love, she didn't think she could love a woman, not the way she loved Jeremy. Or Justin. But it was something more than just wanting to have sex with the barely legal girl.

"Mom, the eggs." Jeremy said loudly.

"Oh, sorry." She gave the eggs a quick flip/stir. Parts of them would just be more done than the rest. Not that Jeremy would take any note in that. His mouth seemed like just the opening to a trash chute, you just

threw whatever was at hand into it and it disappeared. She grabbed a plate and dumped the pan's half-brown contents onto it. He had made four pieces of toast while he had waited.

"That's all you're going to get right now. I'm sure we'll have something to eat ... afterwards."

Jenny just felt that they were taking this all too lightly. It was just sex. She kept telling herself that. But how was it just sex when you just casually agree to have intercourse with her son and his sexy girlfriend. It just seemed like it had more meaning. People didn't just randomly just decide, hey let's have sex together. Tomorrow good? Eleven o'clock? In the morning. No, it wasn't done. Not that she knew of anyway. Spontaneously, sure, all the time, but not something you put on your pocket planner.

"I'm sure I'll be hungry when the two of you are done with me!" Jeremy said between mouthfuls.

Thing was that if this was similar to that first time, it would again be Jenny that would be the 'star' of the event. Not that she minded having two hot young teens willing to satisfy her sexually, who wouldn't? But it did make her feel self-conscious. She didn't think she warranted such attention. Even after all the times that Jeremy told her how attractive and sexy her found her. He was biased; he was her son. Freud was right

there. But Erin? More than just wanting to see a mother and son together?

"Mom, you need to relax. Maybe you should have a shot or two."

Alcohol?

Maybe if she got those damn ostriches drunk they'd go to sleep.

"Yeah, that might be a good idea." Even if it was only ten a.m.!

She pulled out a bottle of Jack and poured out a shot of liquid courage. Jeremy just watched her as he scarfed the rest of the eggs.

"Do you want one?" Jenny asked, feeling odd for asking her underage son, for the current hour, and that having had sex, anal sex with him should not have her feeling odd at all. Which was odd.

"Really?" He stared at her as if he didn't know her.

"Really. You're not going anywhere for the next few hours, in most countries in the world you're already legal, and I'm sure you've already had your share of alcohol. I'm your mother, I'm not stupid." Jenny said

as she grabbed a second shot and pushed it towards her handsome young lover. "Besides, I feel weird drinking alone."

"You're just trying to get me drunk so you can take advantage of me later, aren't you lady?" He said with a disaffected air to his voice.

Jenny was glad she hadn't had the shot yet as she might have done a spit take with that comment.

"Take advantage of you? Said the lion to the sheep." She saw him eye the small glass nervously.

"You're no sheep Jenny." He grabbed the shot confidently and with a small tink of their glasses, they each upended their drinks.

"Hooa" Jeremy exclaimed and set the empty shot glass down. "That'll wake you up."

Jenny hadn't had a drink in some time. No, wait. That night she and Justin had gone out, she had had quite a few. During the time that she and Jeremy had been apart. Gladly she had realized that that had been a mistake.

"Another?" She asked. She poured herself a second, knowing that the one wouldn't be enough.

"No, I'm good. I feel really weird drinking in front of you." He pushed the empty glass away from himself.

"That's what makes you feel weird? Drinking with me? Not having sex with Erin and me? Or me and Jessica? Jessica, Margie, and me? Screwing your mother's ass? This is what makes you feel weird?" Jenny didn't mean to sound as intense as she did, and maybe it wasn't as much as she thought. Jeremy took no offense.

"Well, no, sure, they all were weird at the time. I'm sure in no time I'll be slinging 'em back with you Jenny as if you were Billy or Alan. And I'll tell you, my stomach is feeling kind of funny right now."

"So there is something that can affect that iron belly of yours." Jenny teased. "Don't worry; I'm sure mine is much worse."

"But why? This isn't anything new. With you, or with Erin."

"Good. Then it's because you realize that the sex isn't just sex."

"Huh?"

"You don't think real people just go around saying let's all have sex this afternoon?" She asked.

"No, of course not. Not other people. We aren't other people though."

"Yes we are honey, lucky, sex-hungry, but still just people."

"Okay sure." He agreed. "I'm going to go take a leak before Erin gets here."

Jenny suddenly felt the urge also. Jeremy, out of habit went upstairs, so she snuck quickly into the downstairs bathroom. He was back as she exited.

Ten minutes later came the doorbell.

Which was very incongruous to what was about to take place. That such a mundane sound could be the signal for the start of such debauchery as Jenny suspected would soon happen. Or that she hoped would happen.

What kind of person was she?

That she was craving to have sex with her son/lover and his sex deviant girlfriend.

Or that they also felt the same as she.

Jenny paused at the sound long enough that Jeremy gave her a look and rose to answer the door himself. Then Jenny heard the bubbly exuberance of Erin through the fog that had crept over her mind.

What was she doing?

Could she really do this?

Then she saw Erin and those incredible blue eyes of hers and the fog suddenly was gone, to be replaced by a burning lust.

The finely curled redhead was wearing a stretchy pair of cotton shorts that were so tight they seemed nearly painted on. This was paired with an off the shoulder cut-up sweatshirt that could have come straight from the 80's, giving Jenny a flashback to her early years. Black knee-high socks and Converse sneakers completed the girl's stylistic attire. Only when Erin was kissing Jeremy and giving him a hug, that Jenny

noticed the name of her favorite color printed across those scrumptious cheeks.

"Oh Jenny! Thank you for inviting me over again!" Erin exclaimed and was suddenly filling Jenny's arms with her youthful vigor, their breasts mashing together, probably intentionally on Erin's part; her lips pushed to Jenny's, the delicate tongue pressing into Jenny's mouth.

Jenny accepted the kiss, but restrained herself in returning the passion, letting the hot kiss die smoldering on her lips. She kept her hands on the cotton sweatshirt when all she wanted to do was to grab that PINK ass.

Erin pulled back noticing Jenny's restraint but was seemingly unslighted.

"I understand Jenny. We have to save something for Jeremy." Erin said exuberantly. She then turned to Jeremy with a devious looking leer. "Unless you want to watch your sexy mom and your hot girlfriend making out?"

Jeremy had a grin bloom on his face that spoke silently for his response.

"I'm just here for whatever you girls want to do." He said smugly.

"And to stay hard!" Erin teased back at him.

Jenny chuckled to herself. She knew there would be no problem there.

"Before we go getting all caught up with ... let me pretend to be a good hostess. Would you like something to drink Erin?" Jenny spoke, trying to cool the heat that was radiating off all of them.

"I could drink you up Jenny!" Erin declared, then with a look at Jeremy and a giggle, added, "But yes, I could take an ice water if you would."

"I'll just take a Tigerade mom." Jeremy said calmly.

"Get up and help your mother!" Erin gave him a love tap on the shoulder and sat down on the couch.

Jenny's eyes followed those pale thighs and she remembered the delicious treasure at their junction. Erin noticed her look and gave her a small smile in reply. Jenny gave herself a shake and turned to the kitchen.

"Sit mom ... Jenny. I'll get it." Jeremy said cheerfully. "Anything for you?"

"Yeah. I'll have another." Jenny said, letting her son figure out her response as she sat in her husband's chair.

"What? Oh!"

He went into the kitchen and the two women could hear him bustling about in there.

"I do want to thank you Jenny. I know it seems strange, but I think you feel it too. And I know how much you love Jeremy." Erin said plainly, almost quietly. Then her voice rose, as if to let Jeremy hear her words also. "I have to say that you do look very hot Jenny!"

It felt curious to be accepting such a compliment from her son's girlfriend, but her whole life had gone past curious and deep into bizarre.

"Thank you. I do like your outfit too. Pink is my favorite color." Jenny hadn't intended anything beyond the simple truth, but then realized her implication. Some deep pink colored her cheeks.

"Oh, mine too!" Erin's voice was filled with implications. Jenny blushed further.

Jeremy returned and handed out the drinks; Erin's ice water in one hand, Jenny's shot in the other, and his plastic bottle tucked between one arm and his body. Erin saw the shot glass and gave Jenny a stare.

"If I had known that was an option, I would have picked that!" Erin looked at her water now with disappointment.

"Hell! Everything about this is highly inappropriate. Jeremy. A round for everyone!" Jenny commanded with a twirl of her hand in the air.

"I suppose I could use another." He said as he stood again.

"Another? You two getting drunk before I even get here?" Erin stared at Jeremy as he left the room, then to Jenny.

"First time. Nerves." Jenny answered. The ostriches had shrunk back to butterflies and were mostly settled. She eyed the small glass in her hand.

Jeremy returned with two additional shot glasses. He passed one to Erin. She eyed it as if it could be poison.

"You have to be the coolest mother ever, Jenny!" Erin's eyes burned into Jenny's.

"You've sat on my face and this is what makes me cool?" Jenny said incredulously.

Jeremy had a shit-eating grin on his face that irked Jenny for some reason.

"I do hope you two aren't out getting drunk all the time. And you better not be driving!" Jenny let her own eyes pierce the two teens.

"We haven't actually been drinking mom. I didn't know Erin even did." He turned to look at his girlfriend with mild surprise. "I've only really been drinking like a dozen times. Not like I can just get beer anywhere."

"I hope not. I can wish you didn't, and I hope you don't get caught because Justin or I won't be bailing you out if you do!" She let her words sting for a second.

"I may be a mother, but I was young once too. I know you're going to drink, I can't pretend you're not, but like with ... sex," Jenny waved her hand indicating the three of them, "I hope you do it responsibly."

"I'm on the pill, Jenny." Erin answered too quickly. Jenny suspected her maternal tone affected the girl as it had with her son.

"If she wasn't, I'd use a condom."

Jenny had to smile.

"I'm done being a mom now. Cheers!" She raised her glass in salute and without waiting to see if the pair followed suit, quickly downed it in one large swallow.

Jeremy and Erin were slower to finish theirs, Erin actually sipping hers until it was gone. Jeremy collected the glasses and stacked them on the small end table beside him.

"Now," Jenny said suitably fortified, "who's going to be the first to kiss me?"

It was a fair race; both had sat equally distant from her. Jenny had to pull her head back to keep from having them both smack their faces into hers. She silently declared Erin the winner and let the girl resume the kiss with which she had greeted Jenny.

Jenny felt Jeremy caressing her hair and the side of her face as she tried to stick her tongue down Erin's throat, made extra difficult as Erin was trying to do the same to her. Jenny gripped Erin's shoulders as Erin's hands grabbed at her waist. Jenny could taste the strong liquor on both their lips as Erin kissed her with such ardor to make her knees quake.

Both teens were kneeling before her, as they adored her, each in their separate fashions.

Jenny spent many long minutes with her lips pressed to Erin's, softly sucking her delicate lips and savoring that questing tongue in her own mouth.

"I have the two hottest women on the planet! Or any planet!" Jeremy declared loudly.

Jenny was disappointed when Erin pulled back to answer him.

"Really? That ..." Erin then made some strange noise, "on Betelgeuse IX is pretty hot too! Or so I've heard."

Jenny had to laugh out loud, which matched with her son's.

"She does have a sense of humor to match yours honey." Jenny said staring longingly at the girl before her.

"I know, isn't she great?"

"Shut up and kiss me dear." Jenny pulled her eyes from the deep blue and into the icy blue.

"Yes, my love."

Jeremy's lips were equally forceful but more, the only fitting word was manly. She relished his probing lips and let his strong tongue wrap around her own.

More minutes were spent kissing her son.

Erin wasn't just watching them though. Jenny felt soft lips on the back of her neck, a gentle touch pushing her hair aside as that damp flesh made Jenny's skin tingle. The butterfly kisses travelled around slowly and progressed down her past her ear, with some sucking on her earlobe around the earring hanging there, then onto her jaw. Erin pushed Jeremy's head aside enough that allowed them to both suck and lick at Jenny's lips.

The three shared a kiss, or many smaller kisses, that was as hot as anything any of them had ever experienced.

Only after many more minutes, Jeremy was the one to withdraw.

"You girls have too many clothes on." He declared as his eyes travelled from face to face.

"I noticed you didn't wear a bra Jenny. Was that for me?" Erin gave Jenny a sexy grin suitable enough for a succubus.

"The less I'm wearing, the less to take off." She answered the young seductress.

"I have no bra too; it's just not as noticeable as you!" Erin gave a shake of her middle, but if her breasts wobbled, it was barely discernible. "My mom would have said something if she had seen. She's not as cool as you."

"I've been told I'm pretty cool." Jenny said almost demurely.

"And pretty hot too!" Jeremy added.

Jenny reached for Erin's sweatshirt, but the girl's own hands digging at the buttons of her blouse hindered her. She saw Jeremy kneeling and watching.

"Let's take this somewhere more comfortable." Jenny said all too comfortable now that they were in the midst of the event, all her doubts evaporated with the heat she now felt.

"Your room Jenny?" Jeremy asked.

"Unless you think you can fit us all in your bed?" She responded snidely.

"Oh, I think we could fit!" Erin added too cheerfully to be anything but sexual. "We both just sit on Jeremy! Either end!"

Jenny turned to look at the redhead as if she might be serious, but did think of the ramifications of having to squeeze onto the smaller bed with the two people with whom she wouldn't mind being crammed together.

Jeremy must have seen a look on her face as he declared they would use her bed.

"I love your bed Jenny!" Erin cooed with those dreamy eyes gazing at her.

Jenny couldn't get the couple to her bedroom fast enough. The leakage in her panties was becoming very telling.

"You already know I love your bed Jenny!" Jeremy had to agree.

"You love anywhere you can get me naked and fuck my brains out!" Jenny told her son, as she stood with her blouse open enough that she felt a cooling air on her chest, which couldn't counter the heat coming off her skin. Erin had already darted down the hall pulling Jeremy by the hand. Not that he needed to be pulled. Jenny followed.

Jeremy and Erin were already locked in a kiss in the extra two seconds it took for her to enter. Jenny worried she might feel that twinge of guilt again at seeing Jeremy kissing the girl, but all she felt was raging lust. For both of them.

She walked up to Erin and now unhindered, grabbed the bottom of the old sweatshirt and lifted it up. Jeremy had to release his hold when he noticed what his mother was doing.

Mother and son stared at the perky young breasts that were now exposed, each of them hungering to suckle on the taut nipples. Jenny restrained herself as Jeremy succumbed.

"Erin. You should let Jeremy undress you sometime. It's quite the experience." Jenny said as she watched her son suck a tit that wasn't her own.

"He undresses me all the time." Erin cuddled her boyfriend's head to her nicely sized bosom.

"Not like I mean he doesn't. Right honey?" Jenny asked her young lover.

He pulled his lips from his feast. Each hand continued to massage its handful.

"No, I haven't done that with Erin." He said as if he was surprised that he hadn't thought of it himself. "Yet."

"What? Undressing?" Erin looked confused.

"He takes off your clothes slowly. Very slowly. With lots of kisses as your skin is exposed. He caresses you with his tongue, his lips, his warm breath ..." Jenny was getting warm thinking about it.

Jeremy resumed his sucking and tongue tickling of the two nipples as Erin got a dreamy look on her face as she imagined what Jenny was describing.

"Oh yes. Jeremy, you have to do that to me someday soon!" Erin's hands ran through his hair more firmly.

"Make sure you wear extra clothes, so he has more to remove." Jenny suggested.

"I have a lonely tit here Jenny." Erin offered.

Jenny smiled. It was hardly lonely; Jeremy was slurping on each equally. It was still a tempting offer.

"I think we need to move on to getting some more clothing off." She said, trying to imply with her tone that she meant herself.

Either the teens' desire, or her tone succeeded, as they stopped what they were doing and reached out a hand to pull her to them.

"Come here mom."

Jenny then had two pairs of hands unbuttoning her blouse, one starting at the top, the other at the bottom. It didn't speed the process with double the number of fingers, as those fingers and hands took extreme liberties with caressing and massaging her tits through the tight fabric covering them.

"Oh yes! That feels wonderful!" Jenny sighed. The liberties may have been extreme, but that didn't mean they were unwelcome.

The young duo finally finished removing Jenny's blouse, letting it fall to the floor. Jenny then expected them to take off her skirt, but instead they lingered on her now bare breasts. Each took one and began to lap at her stiff nipples. It was very nice to have both her tits sucked on at the same time, and somewhat erotic to have a male and a female doing so.

Jenny held each head to her chest, softly mewling as the teens teased and pleased her nipples. Then, both were at the same breast, licking the same nipple together, dueling their tongues over the sensitive tip.

"Oh shit! That feels so damned good!" Jenny blurted out.

Jeremy's lips were then on hers while Erin's were still on her tit. Jenny kissed him hotly, trying to consume his firm lips with her own.

And then Erin's mouth was on hers as Jeremy returned to her aching nipple. The soft warm lips swam over Jenny's as they each took in the other's hot breath.

Jeremy and Erin alternated kissing her, and kissing and sucking at each of her tits. She watched as her son met his lips with his sexy girlfriend around her nipple, as if it was a three-way kiss.

"You have such nice tits Jenny! I only wish mine were this nice!" Erin purred with delight as her tongue danced around the pink areola.

"Yours are very nice Erin, all perky and not saggy like these." Jenny sighed in response to the compliment.

"You really like my girlfriend's tits, mom?" Jeremy asked. Jenny knew it was a teasing jibe at her by his use of mom.

Jenny responded in the only appropriate manner. She bent and took one of Erin's taut nips in her mouth and sucked it viciously, even giving it a little nibble with her teeth.

"Oh! That's good!" Erin cooed.

Jenny and Erin took turns licking, and sucking, and yes, nibbling at each other's boobs. Jeremy was still present; getting his mouth on whatever tit was available.

"Here Jenny, let's try this." Erin cupped her breasts and pressed them to Jenny's larger pair.

Jenny understood the girl's intent and brought her hands up to hold her own tits. They then rubbed the pairs of nipples against their opposite. It was a unique sensation that Jenny found very enticing. A glance to the side showed Jeremy with his mouth open as he watched his two girls playing together.

Erin must have seen his stare and wanted more.

"Suck on our tits honey! Mine and your mom's!"

Erin continued to rub her nipples over Jenny's, but she now made room to allow Jeremy to stick his face beside the younger and older tits and wag his tongue over their meeting. Jenny could only imagine what he was thinking to have two tits smashed together for him to suck on. She could also imagine what it would be like to be able to experience it herself.

"You like that Jeremy? Suck our tits!" Erin shook her breasts at him.

"Maybe we should move on to my bed?" Jenny suggested.

"Oh yes!" Erin agreed.

Jeremy deftly unzipped her skirt as Jenny bent to tug down Erin's tight cotton shorts. Both articles of clothing were left where they fell as the two females climbed onto the bed.

Jenny took no notice of what Jeremy was doing as she had Erin's lips now glued to her own, the girl's small tongue gliding along her lips. Only when she heard her son clear his throat did she pause and look over to him. She heard Erin's intake of breath, or it might have been her own, when she saw him standing there with his mighty pole seemingly waving at them both. His clothes were now piled behind him in a heap.

"Sorry Jenny, but I want my lips on that thing!" Erin began to sit up, her young eyes focused on Jeremy's crotch.

Jenny didn't fault the girl, as that was also what she wanted.

"Get up here on the bed dear and lay down."

Jeremy did as told, his cock now pointed at the ceiling, although at a slight angle.

Erin bent down and gave the smooth head a quick lick.

"Isn't this just the best dick you've ever seen?" Erin said as she grasped the base of that dick and gave it another lick, this from just above her knuckles up to the now leaking hole.

Jenny had to wonder how many dicks Erin had seen or how many dicks Erin thought that she had seen. Nevermind the truth of her words.

"Oh, it is! I always thought I was biased though." Jenny leaned in and sucked the entire head into her mouth, releasing it with an audible pop.

"That is such an incredibly hot sight Jenny! Watching you stick your son's big cock in your mouth like that! It makes me sooo wet!"

"You'll be next then!" Jenny said without thought.

"Oooo!" Erin cried out but her attention still seemed to be on Jeremy's big hard dick. She gave it another long lick from bottom to top.

Jenny repeated this herself, her tongue rubbing across Erin's fingers around her son's cock and then up the thick shaft that pulsed with his heartbeat to that seeping tip. She swirled her tongue around the hole, tasting Jeremy's slightly salty pre-cum.

"Yes Jenny! Lick my dick! You too, Erin!" He goaded them onward.

Jenny needed no coaxing in orally worshipping his magnificent cock. She didn't think she had seen that many dicks in her life, not that many more than a dozen or so, but Jeremy's was truly the best she ever seen. Or sucked.

Erin evidently needed no urging either as she was giving Jeremy's dick a good tongue bath.

Both women lavished that pole with large amounts of saliva, their tongues roaming over every glorious inch of that veined flesh, occasionally brushing each other as they did and giving that other tongue the same lusty caress that they were giving the tower between them.

"Oh, fuck!" Jeremy groaned.

Erin had reached the wide head and taken it in her mouth for a quick suck when Jenny stroked the shaft with her hand. Erin giggled with a

mouth full of man-flesh and Jenny jerked her son's cock into his girlfriend's drooling mouth. The redhead bobbed over that dick head as Jenny spread the spit over the rest of the expanse.

A minute later Erin pulled her head back and looked at Jenny as if in invitation. Jenny accepted and wrapped her lips where Erin's had just left. The pair switched hands and then Erin was stroking that shaft into her mouth. Jenny looked at Erin as she bounced her face with a mouthful of cock. The delight she saw reflected back countered any strangeness she felt.

"Suck your son's dick Jenny! Suck it good!" Erin stroked harder.

Jenny took her eyes from Erin's and concentrated on what her lips and tongue were doing, and on trying to get as much of that huge dick in her mouth as possible.

"Yeah! Suck that deep!" Erin said gleefully.

"Shit Jenny! That's so good!" Jeremy gasped and moaned.

Then it was Erin's turn to suck again. Jenny worked her hand up and down, twisting her wrist as she did to really give Jeremy the benefits of his joint hand and blow job. Erin's eyes never seemed to leave Jenny's face, glowing with such lust as to almost give the room a blue tint.

Erin pulled her mouth off and with a quick glance at the soaked mushroom head, offered Jenny her son's dick. As Jenny bent to take it back in her mouth, Erin's mouth was there too, kissing Jenny with that soft and yet firm flesh between them. Jenny felt Erin's tongue brush her lips and then slide against her own tongue. Jenny followed suit and gave Erin her best attempt at a French kiss as she could.

"Oh fuck me!" Jeremy bellowed.

Jenny didn't know if that was a cry of ecstasy or a command. Whichever it may have been, she took it as the former as she wanted to continue this double blowjob with his sexy and cute girlfriend. Neither of them had an intent in making him cum, not just yet anyway. They were merely enjoying in loving the dick that had pleasured each of them numerous times. No matter their plan, the intensity of a mother/girlfriend cock suck-fest was enough for Jeremy.

After ten minutes of tongue loving, he cried out.

"I'm close girls! You better stop or I'm gonna cum all over you both!"

Jenny loved his taste too much usually to want to waste it in such a way, but the telling look on Erin's face spoke of letting him do just that. Jenny returned the look and the girl's joy increased. They both stroked

the now-throbbing dick while giving it quick sucks and drooling licks on the sides.

Jeremy realizing their intent, no longer held back his release.

"Ahhh! Fuuuuuccck!"

A thick stream of white shot into the air.

Much higher than Jenny would have thought.

Another followed before the first reached its apex.

As the third burst forth, the first landed solidly on Erin's blissful face. Somehow, the second happened to land on Jenny's face, startling her with its force and volume, even as she had expected the cumshot. The rest of the massive amount of delicious creamy mess managed to land equally on the two female faces as Jeremy grunted out his orgasm.

"Holy fuck!" Erin laughed as she blinked bits of cum from her eyelids.

"Have you been storing that up for today?" Jenny said nearly as happily.

"I just have two amazing and amazingly sexy girls." Jeremy stated, his eyes semi-glazed.

Jenny was started when Erin put a hand on either side of her neck and pulled her closer. Then her tongue was on Jenny's cheek, licking through Jeremy's cum sprawled there. Jenny had to grin in response to the girl's touch. She took the cue and ran her own tongue over Erin's coated cheeks.

They each alternated lapping up Jeremy's cum from each other's faces, pausing to kiss and share their gained treasure before seeking more of the white cream. Jenny felt this was as close to a sex act as possible without penetration.

"Damn it Erin, Jenny! I've seen a whole mess of sexy things, but that ...!" His eyes seemed two sizes larger.

Jenny and Erin spent a good amount of time cleaning each other, broken up with hot breathy kisses. If not for her own satisfaction unfulfilled, she might have called this worth it for the day. But her need was leaking over her thigh.

"Kiss me honey!" Jenny demanded her son as Erin's tongue caressed her jaw line.

She saw him balk at her request, which she knew would happen even as she had made it. It was one of his few faults.

"There are other lips I want to kiss." He stated.

Jenny saw the confusion on Erin's face at that answer. So she knew of his aversion too.

"Mine are just as equally ... stained." Erin smiled in enjoyment from that staining.

Jeremy looked firmly at them each, aware of their playing him, and said, "You both have another pair of lips that I want to kiss!"

It was a split second for them each to understand and yelp with excitement.

"Ooo! Yes please!" Erin cried.

Jenny said nothing but knew the look on her face was answer enough. She had also noticed the still rigid condition of her son's dick, as did Erin.

"But who gets which end?" She asked blankly.

"I don't care. Either is amazing." Jenny said. She found she couldn't decide as each had its own pleasures.

"I know. Both are tempting." Erin practically giggled as she looked from Jeremy's face to his rampant member. "Which do you want Jenny?"

"I can't decide, which do you want?" Jenny found it amusing that they couldn't decide who got to fuck her son and who got to ride his face.

"I don't know, but I love seeing you fuck him, so you get the cock!" Erin declared and got up so she could wiggle her ass around to place it over Jeremy's smiling face and eagerly awaiting tongue.

Jenny had to smile at the redhead's joy, remembering the feeling of that magical muscle pleasuring her. She also remembered with equal bliss the feeling of his wonderful cock in her cunt. She almost sprang on top of it in her hurry to impale herself.

"Ride Jeremy's cock Jenny! I want to see your son's dick buried in your beautiful pussy!" Erin gasped loudly, the evidence of what Jeremy was doing already on the girl's face.

"Lick that pussy honey! Make Erin cum as hard as you do me!" Jenny said, now totally lost with abandon in the lewd activity in which she was now engaged. "I'm going to ride this cock ... this motherfucking cock!"

"Oh God yes Jenny!" Erin wailed. "He really is a motherfucker, isn't he? I never thought of it like that!"

Jenny grabbed that cock and placed the head at her wet entrance. She braced herself for the impending insertion and the resulting headiness of the feeling of fullness she would experience. She then plunged herself down hard on that rod of steel.

"Ahh, fuuuck!" She cried out, as she once again felt whole.

"Isn't that the best feeling? Feeling that dick fill your pussy." Erin was barely able to say as she wobbled around on Jeremy's head.

"Just as good as what he's doing to you." Jenny sighed before she lifted herself to drop down again.

"What he's doing to me is sooo ah ... maze ... innng!" Erin put her hands on Jenny's shoulders to prop herself up. The girl's whole middle was shaking with delight.

Was that what she looked like when Jeremy ate her out? Jenny wondered as she slowly withdrew and plunged repeatedly.

"We're two lucky girls to have such a great guy, aren't we Jenny?" Erin asked with her eyes rolling in her head. "Ahh just like that lover, ahhh gawd!"

Jenny couldn't resist and leaned forward while keeping up her now increasing rhythm and put her mouth on Erin's thin lips.

"Ahhmmm!" Erin moaned into Jenny's mouth. Jenny grunted her own bliss back as she gripped Erin's neck in her hands.

"Oh jeezus fuuhck!" Jenny yelled between half-kisses as both women's ecstasies built to powerful limits of pleasure.

Without any warning beside the intense intoxicating thrill of what she was doing with the young couple, Jenny's orgasm hit her like the proverbial Mack truck.

"Aaaaaaaa!" She screamed heedlessly as she shook and bounced.

Erin's orgasm followed only moments later; Jenny felt the girl shaking in her grasp, barely saw Erin's head flung so far backwards it seemed humanly impossible.

Only a couple dozen more bouncing strokes on the large cock that filled her like no other, with the addition of watching the incredibly sexy young girl cumming on her lover's face, brought on another orgasm for Jenny, her world blurring out from the overwhelming pleasure that no mortal woman was meant to withstand. As she felt consciousness slip from her, she was sure she could feel that dick twitching and then spraying her insides with its life-giving juices.

It may have been only moments later when Jenny opened her eyes and saw her two lovers staring at her.

"Oh God honey!" She gasped dryly as she managed to prop herself up on her elbows. "That was just amazing!"

"You don't know how amazing that was to watch Jenny! Even if Jeremy's pussy licking kept me from seeing a good portion of it!" Erin exclaimed with almost euphoric joy.

Jenny took her eyes off of Erin's rapturous face and looked to Jeremy's wide grin.

"Did I feel you cumming in me?" Just another normal question she asked her son.

Before he could answer, Erin interrupted.

"Did you cum in your mom's pussy? Did you fill her with your delicious spunk?" The intensity of Erin's gaze was blistering.

Erin turned to Jenny.

"Lie down Jenny. I want to eat your son's cum from your tasty cunt!" Erin practically pushed Jenny horizontal.

"By the way, yeah, I did." Jeremy said, but no one was paying any more attention to him.

Erin was buried in Jenny's sweat-soaked thighs with her tongue buried even deeper in Jenny's cum-soaked pussy. Both her own and her son's cum. Jenny could only moan weakly as Erin's dainty tongue danced over her clit.

"Do you like my tongue on your clitty Jenny? Am I as good as Jeremy?"

Jenny could only moan in delight her non-committal response.

"I think she likes it hun." Jeremy said somewhere far off.

"I know she does. So do I!"

Jenny may have had two very powerful orgasms in a short period of time, but Erin's tongue was working wonders as it searched out Jeremy's thick seed. And that it was the sexy young girlfriend of her son that was licking her pussy so pleasingly had Jenny ready to burst very quickly.

"Fuck! Lick me! Just like that! God! I'm gonna cum ... cum ... again!"

"Lick my mom's pussy Erin, make her cum hard!" Her son's voice was close but still seemed so far away as the waves crashed over her and tossed her about in that tremendous torrent. Once again, the world slipped from Jenny's sight.

"Jeez mom! You cum as easy as ..." Jeremy trailed off.

Even if he didn't know what to answer, Jenny knew the old jokes about being as easy as your mother. Then again, maybe he did know and stopped himself from continuing.

"I know, as easy as your momma!" Jenny finished for him.

"That's funny!" Erin laughed but it was hesitant. She did wipe the back of her hand across her chin.

"That's not what I meant Jenny, I really didn't." He looked upset to have disparaged her.

"It is funny honey. And it is actually the truth. I do cum as easy as your momma!" Jenny almost had to giggle as she said it. "It's only because I have two teenagers that get me so aroused that I can't help it."

Jeremy's downcast face lit up.

"Because you're so sexy Jenny!" He declared.

"And you taste so fantastic!" Erin added. She moved up to kiss Jenny.

Jenny, not having her son's issue, accepted the girl's lips eagerly. She detected a trace of Jeremy's essence along with the stronger taste of herself.

"We do taste good together don't we dear?" Jenny asked Erin, comfortable now to use a term of endearment with the girl that had just made her cum so strongly.

"Yes you do lover." Evidently, Erin was equally comfortable.

"I don't know what I ever did to be as lucky as I am." Jeremy broke in as the two girls traded soft kisses.

"You didn't feel so lucky when I ended things between us." Jenny didn't like bringing it up; it hurt herself as much as she knew it did him. "But you probably wouldn't have met Erin then."

"That's what I told him!" Erin said emphatically. "Only because you foolishly kicked him to the curb would he have accepted being with me!"

"It was foolish of me. I'm glad that I realized that, even if it was after he found someone new." Jenny looked from Erin to Jeremy for a long gaze, before returning back to his girlfriend.

"Someone willing to share him." Erin said.

"Thank you sweetie." Jenny felt inclined to give Erin another kiss in gratitude.

"So what is that now? Jeremy two, sweet delicious Jenny three." Erin gave Jenny a peck on the lips. "And poor old me only one."

"What's that?" Jeremy asked confused.

"How many times we've cum." Erin clarified. "Your mom cums so easy ..." She waited for the repeat.

"How easy is she?" Jenny supplied with a grin, as Jeremy was still blank-faced.

"She cums so easily that I don't get to!" Erin didn't make it sound as if she was complaining but that she had kept track meant something.

It was Jeremy that took offense though.

"Yeah, but you girls can keep going even after I'm done!"

"Only because you make us honey!" Jenny tried to soothe her son's wounded pride, even as mistaken as his feelings were. She didn't add the fact that they could clearly make each other climax without him.

"But I'm still behind!" Erin said with a false pout that looked so cute on her. "I think for that you both should eat my pussy together. Like you did last time!"

Jenny hesitated for a second. Not that she didn't want to lick the girl's scrumptious snatch, but it was just strange to do so with her son's tongue right in there beside her own. Though it was an extra thrill to be doing something as nasty as eating pussy with the son she was fucking.

"Come on mom!" Jeremy urged remembering her doubts from before.

She had no doubts now.

"Turn that sexy body around here so we can get in between those pretty legs of yours!" Jenny said forcefully.

"You think I have pretty legs?" Erin asked as she moved around so Jenny was positioned straight in line.

Jenny noticed the implication when Jeremy had to move to join her.

"They are very sexy Erin." Jenny said, then in her most sultry tone she added, "They're even sexier wrapped around my head!"

"Damn mom! You trying to make me cum again?" Jeremy complained.

"No! It's my turn! Now get in there and lick my clitty Jenny!"

No word about her boyfriend's involvement.

Not that it was necessary, he was right there as quickly as Jenny.

Jenny scooted slightly to allow her son access to the gaping chasm of his girlfriend's wet pussy. Jenny felt her own juices leaking from the thought of doing this again. And she might have drooled.

"You really are the best Jenny!" Jeremy said with such emotion and then he kissed her.

Jenny was then torn between her son's lips and Erin's dripping nether lips.

Jeremy guided both their mouths to the junction between Erin's pale slim thighs and Jenny no longer had to choose. She had both.

It might have been debatable which of them was more eager to lap at Erin's delectable font, Jeremy was more forceful, but Jenny was there first. Jenny reluctantly shared that succulent snatch with her son, but she couldn't get enough of Erin's taste. It was on par with Jeremy's own delicious cum.

"Doesn't Erin's pussy taste good Jenny?" Jeremy said with his mouth just a few pussy hairs away from her own.

"As good as mine, or better?" Jenny responded, already knowing that he couldn't answer.

"You both are delicious! And no calories!"

"Yes, she does taste wonderful, sweet and tangy. And you taste good too." Jenny didn't want him to feel left out.

"Less chatting down there, use your tongues on me and not for yapping!" Erin exclaimed and curled an ankle around both their heads.

Jenny smiled to herself and resumed her tender licking along Erin's labia as Jeremy attacked her clit.

Even with her son's presence, this took her back to her one time with her friend Sheila when they had started off practicing kissing, and as they had gotten heated, things had progressed to feeling each other up, fingering each other, and then Jenny had gone down on her blonde-haired friend. Sheila hadn't reciprocated, and soon after, they lost touch with each other. Jenny took that to mean that even though Sheila admitting to liking the experience at the time, that later she had regretted it. Jenny knew there was no regrets on Erin's part.

"I don't think I ever want to let you two up from down there!" Erin declared lustfully.

Jenny would argue against that; as much as she liked to be licked, by either of them, she really liked to be fucked just as much. She was sure that Erin felt the same. She continued her teasing twat tickling, licking up the leaking love juices that Jeremy was neglecting as he sucked and nibbled his girlfriend's sensitive clit.

"Oh fuck Jeremy! Bite that clitty! Not too hard though! And Jenny ... your tongue feels tremendous, keep licking me!"

Jenny was ready to make Erin orgasm and make the count a little more even. She joined her tongue with Jeremy's as well as she could, each of them flicking the hard little nub.

"Oooohhh! Fuuuuuuuccck!" Erin screamed out.

Jenny was flicking Jeremy's tongue as much as the girl's clit, as was his own brushing against hers. Erin's legs clamped tighter in an almost rictus grip. The girl's whole body was shaking as if with palsy and after a few minutes, Erin went rigid and wailed a keening cry that signaled her crescendo. Mother and son lapped up the flood of syrupy cream that gushed from the love canal, the two tongues almost equal to the task.

Jenny didn't know Jeremy's intentions, but she wasn't going to stop with giving Erin just the one climax. As she resumed her licking of Erin's clit, Jeremy caught on and also continued the torturous tongue teasing with his mom.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" Erin repeated as they licked her, seemingly one for each flick on her sensitive bud.

The second orgasm took only a couple minutes before it took over Erin's body and left her storm-tossed on the beach of bliss. Her shriek was loud enough that Jenny worried any neighbors that were home might have heard.

When Erin was still, Jenny took the opportunity to kiss her son. He returned the passionate buss without knowing that she was only seeking more of Erin's cum. Kissing him was just a lovely bonus.

"Come here and kiss me too!" Erin said weakly, still recovering from her powerful orgasm.

Jenny didn't know to whom she had spoken to, but she assumed it was her son. Nevertheless, she too moved up in case Erin had meant her.

Jeremy lip-locked with Erin for more than a few moments while Jenny watched, although she did run her hands over Erin's breasts as she did.

"You too Jenny!" Erin said when she pulled away from Jeremy, holding her arms open to embrace her boyfriend's mother.

Jenny was only too glad to oblige. Her tongue dove into Erin's mouth as soon as their lips touched and swirled around with the younger girl's darting tongue. It was much different from kissing Jeremy, but equally delightful.

"I need to get fucked now, but I need to rest a minute." Erin's voice was worn, but her stare at Jeremy was piercing.

"Well then, you can help me get our young stud here ready again as it seems he has faltered." Jenny grinned widely at her female love compatriot.

Jeremy gave them a hurt look.

"It's not my fault that I can't keep up with you two hot chicks! You are too hot!"

"I haven't been called a chick since I was practically your age!" Jenny stated with an incredulous tone in her voice.

"I don't think I've ever been called a chick." Erin said flatly.

"But neither of you are denying being too hot!" Jeremy gasped as the two females groped at his partially soft dick.

"Of course not!" Both of them said together.

Then both mouths were fastened onto that now hardening cock.

"We seem to spend a lot of time on this thing!" Erin said joyously.

"I don't mind." Jenny answered as she licked her son's thick shaft.

"Oh, neither do I!" Erin's mouth was then likewise occupied.

Jeremy's lust was equal to their desire and it was only a dozen minutes before the two loving mouths were able to make him as hard as advanced calculus. Mother and girlfriend were focused on getting him capable of filling Erin's need and her pussy, and didn't waste any time with teasing. His quick recovery almost surprised Jenny, not that she should have been, as Jeremy was never far from ready.

When Erin was satisfied with his stiffness she declared, "I want you behind me lover, so I can eat your mom while her son pounds me with this big cock!"

"And you can stare at her ass too, Jeremy!" Jenny added, referring to his predilection of doggy-style so he could ogle her sister's delectable derrière. Then Jenny realized that she didn't want to reveal Jessica's involvement with her and Jeremy. It was enough that the girl knew about her and Jeremy, she didn't need to know she had had sex with her sister also. Erin took no notice of any other meaning to Jenny's words.

"As long as he fucks my cunt, I don't care what he is doing back there!" Erin cried out as she got on all fours in the middle of the king-size bed. "Now get over here Jenny so I can lick your pussy! I want to pay you back for those two amazing orgasms you gave me!"

Jenny didn't correct her that Jeremy had also helped, as she was only too eager to have Erin repay her orally for whatever reason. She was also startled to find that she was excited as she would finally get to see her son screw his girlfriend. And that she had no twinges or doubts about it happening. Was she finally comfortable enough with her son's love, and her love for him, to have gotten over her bouts of jealousy? Or was it her lascivious lust for the both of them? She was sure that Jeremy had no second thoughts about having sex with Erin in front of her, even given his declarations of love for her. He'd made similar assertions about Erin. To show him that she didn't mind, Jenny voiced her approval of his action.

"Go on honey; give her that big dick of yours! Fuck her like you fuck me!" Jenny growled as Erin put an arm under each of her thighs and lifted until Jenny bent her knees. The curly headed girl placed her face deep into Jenny's crotch so that it almost appeared that she had a red haired bush that had gotten far out of control. Jenny chuckled to herself. Let the gardener trim that!

"Yes hon, do as your mother's tells you!" Erin gave Jenny's pussy lips a tender kiss that somewhat tickled. "Fill me with your cock like you fuck your mom!"

Jenny could tell the moment that Jeremy entered Erin's young twat with the way she jerked and yelped. She then settled into her lesbian feast.

"Yes dear, eat my cunt! Be a good girl for mommy!" Jenny didn't know where that came from. She didn't know how Erin felt about mother daughter sex; she hadn't mentioned it when she'd told her story after their first threesome. Clearly, Jenny had some more issues than just her son.

"Yes mommy! You taste so good!" Erin gasped between licks and Jeremy's deep plunges.

Jenny was forcing herself to keep her eyes open to watch Jeremy pound into Erin's firm youthful ass cheeks so she saw him react to his girlfriend's naughty response. The increase in the force of the next half dozen fierce strokes also was noticed by Erin.

"Do ... you like ... me ... uh, eating ... mommeee's ... sweet pussssee? Don't you ... oh, shit... wish ... you were ... sucking ... mom oh, meeee's clitttteee?" Erin was almost beyond the capability of speech.

"Eat that pussy my cutie!" Jeremy grunted and gave Erin's buttocks a slap, one that would have had Jenny wanting more.

"Spank her honey! She's such a baaaad girl! Aren't you Erin? Are you mommy's bad little girl?" Jenny grabbed a handful of red hair and pulled hard until Erin was forced to look up at Jenny's face. Her eyes were wide and her chin was wet.

"Yes ... mommy! I'm a nasty slut for ... your son's ... huge ... fuck-king ... cock!" Erin shrieked as Jeremy gave her a few more, barely harder slaps with his right hand. He seemed reluctant to do so.

"You're a nasty slut for mommy's wet pussy too! Get back in there and eat me up!" Jenny growled, her hand still wrapped in Erin's tight curled hair.

Jenny had to give Erin credit for being able to lick her as well as she did. Jeremy relentlessly slammed into her, which made it hard for her to keep her tongue on Jenny's clit along with the intense pleasure his large dick gave her.

"Keep going Jeremy dear, I think she's gonna cum all over your gorgeous cock!" Jenny urged her son to greater intensity even knowing that he always gave all he could.

In only a few more minutes Erin was overwhelmed and could not hold back her orgasmic release. Her body trembled limply as Jeremy continued his rough pistoning strokes.

"Uh, uh, uh!" Erin gibbered with each penetration.

No matter the amount of attention the young woman was able to focus on Jenny's boiling pussy, watching her loving son bring Erin to the joy she'd received from him so many times had Jenny nearly ready to cum herself. As Erin recovered, she resumed flicking Jenny's clit with extra vigor. Jenny soon exploded once again, spraying Erin with the rewards of her oral labors.

"Aaaah shit!" Jenny croaked out as she pressed Erin's head and that great little tongue harder into her pelvis.

"Fuck you two!" Jeremy moaned as he kept going, the rhythmic slapping of the two youth's wet skin telltale of their activity. "You are so fucking hot!"

Jenny was temporarily satiated and moved from around Erin's head who could no longer manage to pleasure her boyfriend's mother any longer anyway. Jenny took that head once again in her grip, but this time gently. She coaxed Erin to turn so Jenny could kiss her, tasting her own sweet juices on the girl's face. Erin eagerly accepted and returned her kissing with her hoarse breathing. Jenny reached around with her free hand and cupped a perky breast, rolling the pink nipple between two fingers.

Whether Jenny was in any way a help, Erin was soon ready to cum again. She was unable to make any intelligible sounds, the squeaks and yelps she made were signal enough. Jenny kept her mouth locked tight to her young lover and let Erin exhale her delight into the older woman's lungs.

Jenny could recognize the signals of Jeremy's impending release as well. His ragged breathing, the irregular strokes, and the way his head leaned back as his orgasm approached.

"Come on honey! Cum for us, cum for your sexy girlfriends!" Jenny urged.

"Yes, yes!" Erin cooed only partially recovered of her wits.

"Aaaaaaah!" Jeremy yelled and gave one final plunge deep into Erin's pussy.

Moments later, he collapsed to the other side of Erin from Jenny, his eyes closed, his hair soaked, and his chest rising and falling wildly. Jenny felt in a similar condition. Erin looked worn too, but her eyes were still alight with an intense blue glow.

"Are we even now? I've lost count." Erin asked her bedmates.

Jenny just looked at her and then to Jeremy who was likewise peering between the two women in wonder.

"Whether we are or not, I think we are done for now." Jenny said, wanting nothing more than a big glass of water, feeling enough moisture had poured from her to water the Atacama.

"I hate to say that I'm down for the count." Jeremy said without raising his head from the damp sheet. "But only temporarily!" He countered quickly.

"Not quite." Erin replied with a healthy pause as the other two stared at her.

"I want to sixty-nine with Jenny so she can eat her son's cum from my pussy!" Erin suddenly looked full of energy.

Jenny felt a renewed burst herself at Erin's suggestion, but didn't want to appear too anxious to agree.

Jeremy's wide grin gave all the answer from him that was necessary.

Jenny either didn't move fast enough or Erin's desire was greater, as she nearly sprang up to land on hands and knees over Jenny's body, her reddened pussy with auburn bush above Jenny's face. Jenny could only stare at the young vagina with the pink labia spread wide and the tiny clit barely visible in the folds of its smooth hood.

Erin's mouth was suddenly vacuuming Jenny's sodden womanhood, her delicate tongue digging around in that chamber of secrets.

Jenny gasped unaware that she had any lust left in her, but now found it overflowing. She grabbed Erin's taut butt cheeks and pulled that cunt down to her lips. Her lust would not be the only thing that would soon be overflowing.

She dug her tongue in Erin's canal, seeking the remains of her son's last orgasm, tasting the combined flavors of both teens and savoring them as she searched for more.

"Eat my pussy mommy!" Erin lifted her mouth just long enough to make her demand.

Jenny gave Erin no doubts to her response.

"The two of you just might get me interested again!" Jenny heard Jeremy declare but she didn't pause to look towards him.

Both their mouths were full and busy, but being unable to announce either orgasm didn't keep either girl from soon shaking as they each came on the other woman's face. When both pussies were shiny clean, Erin rolled off Jenny and sat up while Jenny could only stare at her youthful vigor.

"I haven't lost my interest, but I may be done for now. How about you Jenny, dear Jenny?" Erin spoke cheerfully.

"I may be done but Jeremy will be ready again in short order and will be trying to get us both naked again." Jenny answered, sitting up to cast her eyes on her young lovers.

"You can have him Jenny. I need to go soon." Erin said without explanation.

"No shower before you go?" Jenny asked with surprise.

"As long as it's fast and that nothing else happens." Jenny saw there wasn't much conviction in Erin's voice.

They took a moment's breath and collected their wits if not their clothing before they moved to the master bath.

It wasn't necessary for all of them to shower together, especially as they had set out with no intention of anything more than cleaning off the effects and remains of their coitus, but no one argued otherwise.

They each took turns washing each other down, seemingly with more than the six hands that should have been available. Things were as tame as having three naked adults in a shower together could be; Jenny and Erin making doubly sure that Jeremy's dick was thoroughly clean. Even still, it only could rise to half-mast, which Jenny saw disappointed her son. The hands on her own genitals weren't intent enough to make Jenny cum, but her interest was on the rise.

"If you get me halfway revved up now, you're going to have to finish me later this evening." Jenny gave Jeremy a knowing leer.

They finished in the tub and as they were each drying individually, Erin broke the unnatural silence that had fallen.

"How do you two manage to keep things a secret with kids and your husband around?"

"It's been hard." Jenny said too quickly before she realized her words.

Jeremy laughed.

"Yeah, that too!" She looked from Erin's interested face to the mirth of her son.

"It's been ... difficult. It's not like I'm trying to be fooling around behind Justin's back, but with," Jenny stared more intently now at Jeremy who tried to look as guiltless as he could, "an always horny eighteen year old around makes the temptation too great."

"What? I'm great?" He teased with pride.

"No. The temptation is great." She said flatly.

Jeremy frowned as if she had been serious.

"No, honey, you're amazing!" Jenny smiled happily.

"Is that better than great?" His frown faded but didn't disappear.

"You're always better than great, love." Erin said cheerily and gave him a peck on the cheek.

They finished redressing, Jenny now putting on a bra under her blouse before other family members came home and could notice. They paused at the front door, again silent.

Erin turned to Jenny and gave her as passionate a goodbye kiss as Jenny had probably ever received. The ferocity of it left Jenny breathless when the girl moved to her son to give him that kiss's equal. Then Jeremy was kissing Jenny, without the same intensity, but more of a slow burning heat.

"You're not going with me, why are you kissing Jenny goodbye?" Erin stared at her boyfriend curiously.

"Why not?" He smiled at them both.

Jenny couldn't argue with that logic.

Having received Erin's goodbye kiss, Jenny now felt obliged to give the girl one in return. She tried to match Erin's passion with her own.

Erin looked a little wobbly when they parted, to Jenny's delight.

"Thank you again Jenny." Erin's eyes seemed still hungry as they stared at Jenny. Then the girl turned to her son. "I'll text you later lover."

Then she was out the door.

Now that it was over Jenny was slightly amazed at herself for letting herself become such a wanton slut in front of the young redhead. She felt no concern about it with her son; he had seen her at her most lascivious. More than she had ever been with her husband who now seemed so vanilla.

"I'm leaving too Jenny. I'm going to go play some basketball at Billy's." Jeremy said innocently, as if he hadn't just been having sex with two women. He gave her a peck on the cheek, then gave her a stare as he remembered her face earlier.

Jenny just shook her head with resignation at his gaze, but then teased him in reply.

"The last time you said that you had just tricked me into a handjob and then gone to Jess's instead to get a blowjob!"

He smiled in memory of that day.

"And then you showed up to join us!" He exclaimed gleefully.

"If I hadn't, and if it hadn't been for Margie showing up, who knows where we would all be now." Jenny's gaze grew wistful.

"I would hope that I still would have met Erin. Though things wouldn't be so interesting if we hadn't ... hooked up back then." His face got contemplative as he thought about it.

"Yes, things wouldn't be as interesting, but they would be so much simpler."

"Looking back now, would you have been happy if things hadn't happened as they had?"

"I thought I was happy then ... but now ... I see I had just been going on autopilot with my life. My sex life wasn't satisfying, even if I wasn't aware that it wasn't. It's not that I was unhappy with Justin, just that I wasn't exactly happy either." Her eyes had strayed from Jeremy's as she revealed her secrets but they then returned to his face.

"I am glad that I decided, that we both decided that day at my sister's, to go ahead with our desires to have sex together." She paused, still staring in her lover's eyes. "It's funny, but in a way, being with you has made my marriage stronger."

His face twisted with confusion.

"How so?" He said.

Jenny knew how he felt about her, that he wanted to be the one to be with her instead of his father. Her declaring that he had helped his father couldn't make him happy, even as he also didn't want his parents to break up.

"I love your father." She stated simply so that there was no doubts. "Even if he hasn't been able to keep up with my libido. I don't fault him for his indiscretion, and it has made things stronger between us. That we both now remember how much that we love each other."

"Then, what about us?" His voice almost quivered.

Jenny smiled to ease his feelings. "With you taking care of my more ... physical urges, I have been able to connect on a more personal level with Justin."

She hoped he would take no offense at her confession.

"Then I'm just a sex toy for you?" His tone didn't sound upset. He was teasing, as he knew how she really felt about him, even if she didn't put it into words right then.

She could only tease him back. "Of course!"

Then, if only to ease her own conscious, she said more sincerely.

"You know how much I love you dear." Jenny let her eyes repeat her feelings. "I love you like I love Justin. Differently, but equally."

"You just like the sex with me more!"

Jenny had to grin at those words.

"Yes I do!" She said, then added. "You and Erin."

"This time was possibly even better than the first."

Jenny wasn't sure about that. Today was still too fresh.

"It was very nice." Her eyes did drop from his.

He responded immediately. "Yes, very nice!"

Jenny could only slap his shoulder as he left her standing alone in the living room.

In the aftermath of the day's events, Jenny's mind was awhirl with thoughts. She barely heard the younger duo enter, letting them have a half dozen cookies between them to silence anything that might come up before it did. She was in a haze, her body still aquiver from the sexual bonanza it had had. And yet if the opportunity should arise, she knew that she would not hesitate to engage in further activity. With Jeremy. Or Erin. Even Justin.

She almost cursed her hormones, even as she felt the elation from the amazing sex she'd had.

Jeremy returned only moments after Justin entered the house. She gave them each a warm welcoming kiss; Justin's openly and Jeremy's was more furtive, pulling him into the kitchen as his father used the bathroom. Each then retreated to their individual sanctuaries; Justin sat in his recliner focused on his tablet and Jeremy going up the stairs to his room. It was her son that her eyes followed.

She hoped that he had taken her words that afternoon about the completion of her pleasure later that evening seriously. The sight of his rear as he mounted the steps made her pussy tremble.

Dinner was a simple affair that evening, as she couldn't focus enough to prepare anything too involved or complicated.

Whether he had taken her words to heart or not, Jeremy made a point of teasing her almost shaking body. While everyone else's attentions were on other things he had come up behind her and lifted her dress so that he could reach under it and put a hand, more specifically two fingers, in her panties and pushed them into her slick pussy.

"Oh yes!" She whispered as he breathed down her neck from behind.

She hoped he was watching out as her eyes pressed closed from his manipulations.

He fucked her with those two digits as if they were his dick, strong and fast.

It only lasted a couple of minutes before he pulled his fingers from her still longing cunt and sucked them dry.

"No." She quietly complained. But he was already walking away.

There was no one close, so he hadn't ceased because of the risk of being caught.

She sought him out a half hour later, giving him the opportunity to continue. He took the unspoken offer and again pushed fingers into her dripping pussy lips, this time from the front as he held her close to him so that she could feel his own readiness, staring into her eyes as he invaded her, his other hand clutching her ass.

"Yes! Please!" She pleaded.

Jenny tried to kiss him as he finger fucked her but he pulled his face back. She threw her head back instead.

Again, he stopped suddenly, leaving her panting.

"No!" She said too loudly. "Please?" Jenny begged quieter.

She only got one word instead.

"Later."

If not for that promise, she might have declared that she was going to take a long bath so she could relieve the urge herself.

Jenny didn't know why she was still so worked up, that afternoon should have left her carnal desires quenched for weeks. Save for the walking temptation that she lived with. Jeremy practically seemed to sense this as he spent little time in his room that evening, instead watching TV with his siblings and making idle chatter with them and his father. He didn't ignore her, but more of his attention was on the others.

"Jeremy, can you give me a hand in the garage?" Jenny rose from the couch where she had been sitting.

"Now?" He said irritated.

"Now Jenny?" Justin looked up at her with surprise.

"I need my big cake pan for his party and I just remembered I packed it in a box in the garage." Jenny quickly came up with a plausible excuse. Well, not completely a lie, she did plan on making a cake for Jeremy's graduation party.

"Now?" Justin repeated.

"I don't ever know when Jeremy will be home to help me." She said sternly. Then gave him a jibe back. "Unless you want to get it down for me?"

"Help your mother Jeremy." Justin commanded with a paternal voice.

"Whatever." He said with a true teenager tone.

"You remember the box don't you honey? You helped me pack it before." Jenny didn't think her innuendo was as good as some of Jeremy's, but it brought a smile to her own face.

When they were out of sight of anyone in the living room her son's hands were on her hips.

"I'll pack your box anytime you want Jenny!" His lips were near her right ear.

"Jeremy! Shhh!" She hushed him. "The garage."

He followed her closely, his eyes surely on her dress-covered ass. Or her legs.

Once the connecting door to the garage was closed, she spun to face him.

"You don't really need that cake pan down do you?" He asked with a knowing leer. He was grinding his crotch against hers urgently.

"I will eventually, but I need you to finish me!" Jenny tried to demand but her need diminished the effect.

"You want this mom?" He put her left hand on his rising lump.

"I do, but not here, not now. Use your fingers again."

His hand was already headed under her dress and into her soaked panties. The third pair that day.

"You want this?" He asked huskily.

Those two fingers were back in her again. Rubbing her clit in between the insertions.

"Yes! More!" Jenny grabbed his shoulders tightly to help her shaking legs hold herself upright.

"Tell me mom, tell me what you want." His voice was a hushed growl.

"Fuck me honey! Shove your fingers in me!" Her own voice was possibly too loud in the large area.

Jeremy's mouth was only a breath away from her own but he made no impression that he was going to kiss her. He was going to make her beg for that also.

"Kiss me Jeremy!" She ordered.

"No. I want to see you cum mom. See you as you cum all over my fingers."

Fingers that were being shoved in and out of her pussy so hard it hurt. A pain that felt so good!

"I want to cum honey, I need to cum!"

"Cum for me Jenny, cum now for me."

Jenny did just that, falling against him as another powerful climax swept her away that day.

"Fuuuu ...!" She shrieked as his mouth finally covered her own. Her breath was taken from her along with her voice.

Jeremy held her tightly until she recovered and her legs could hold her weight again.

"Jeez mom, you wouldn't think you'd had sex in weeks with that reaction." Jeremy gave her a kiss on the cheek, but it was no peck.

Jenny could think of no reply and kept quiet.

"Now, where is that box?" He turned to look at the shelf on the back wall that held an abundance of memories along with the boxes holding them. "I think I know the one."

Jeremy climbed the small ladder used for this purpose and did indeed grab the correct box.

"Anything else you need mom?" He stared at her with his arms around the box of which she was now jealous.

"I think you have the need now." Jenny said as she rubbed the erection in his pants.

"Later." He again answered her.

He held the box lower than probably comfortable to hide his excitement as they reentered the house. Jenny told him to put it on the kitchen counter and she would pull the pan out tomorrow. She returned to the couch flushed, feeling more relieved as she sat. Jeremy told them all that he was now going upstairs as he was going to call Erin and didn't want the background noise. Jenny wondered if he was going off to tell his girlfriend of the new incident.

"You just don't want us hearing you getting all mushy with your girl friend!" Johnny teased his older brother. He added with putting the crook of his arm over his face and making smooching noises for effect.

Jeremy grinned hugely as he watched Johnny's antics.

"I could stay here and let you listen if you want." He replied.

"Eww! No. Go to your room!" Johnny turned his face away from Jeremy as if just the sight of the love-stricken teen was too much for him.

"I want to talk to Erin! She hasn't come to my tea parties forever!" Jojo said with all the anger of a young girl.

"I'll tell her that you are upset with her." Jeremy soothed his young sister with a comforting smile.

"I'm not mad, she just has to come." Jojo stated then returned to the dual attentions of television and coloring book.

Jenny saw Jeremy's devilish grin at his sister's words. It was good that he hadn't informed her that Erin had already been there that afternoon, and had indeed come. Many times.

Jenny couldn't resist adding her own bit.

"Tell Erin I said hello. She really does need to visit again."

Jeremy's grin somehow managed to grow even wider.

"I surely will. Mom."

Jenny made a special point of stopping at his room that night when she put Jojo to bed.

"You said something about later?" She said as she entered his room without knocking. For once, she was sure he wouldn't be engaged in

any secret young male activities he wouldn't want his mother to catch him doing. No, he did want her catching him!

"Come in mom." Jeremy rose from his computer desk.

He was undoing his jeans as he crossed the room to where she stood.

"Get on your knees Jenny." He said without the slightest trace of demand or command.

Jenny did so willingly, even eagerly, knowing the implication of her position.

"Give me that cock dear!" She whispered needlessly.

His pants and boxers were at his ankles and his mother was at his crotch, kissing and licking the prominent fleshy pole that had been revealed.

"Suck my dick Jenny! Take that cock deep in your mouth you dirty slut!"

Jenny had that monstrous and beautiful cock buried as deep in her mouth as she could get it. Then she pressed harder until she felt ready to vomit and her throat spasmed, her sight gone from the amount of tears then leaking from them.

"That's it! All the way!" Jeremy said unsympathetically.

As much as she had practiced, or did as her sister had suggested, Jenny just could never manage to get that thick huge cock entirely in her mouth. Some of the salty fluid from her eyes might have been from regret.

Jeremy's hand was in her hair. Jenny panicked that he might force her to accomplish her task again, even though she had told him never to do that again! No, he was pulling her back from him.

"Easy mom!" His concern now overflowing.

Jenny took a moment to regain her breath and to settle her throat muscles. She wiped at her eyes with the back of either hand, seeing the smears of her makeup on them.

"I look terrible now!" She said ashamed.

"You look beautiful Jenny! Just so, so beautiful."

His tone backed up his words such that she had to give a small smile in response.

Jeremy gave her a little nod to let her know she could resume her cocksucking.

Jenny fell to it with renewed gusto. She might not be able to deep throat him, but she would still give him a mighty blowjob!

"That's it Jenny! Oh! That feels sooo good!" Jeremy groaned lovingly.

His hands were in her hair again, but coaxing gently, guiding her head as she already knew how he liked.

"Yes, yes! Oh, damn it mom! Get ready, get ... I'm close. So close!"

Jenny was bobbing frantically, both hands twisting on that solid shaft, her tongue twirling and swirling on, over, around his swollen cock head.

He pulsed in her grip and suddenly was spurting his cum, his delicious cum, into her mouth. She felt it splash along her tongue, the back of her mouth, and gush down her throat. Jenny tried to savor the flavor as she fought to swallow what she had to to be able to continue letting her son shoot his seed into her mouth. She was surprised that he had so much after the numerous and not insignificant orgasms he'd had earlier.

"Damn Jenny! You are the best cocksucking mom there is!"

"You've said that before, even though you claim I'm the only one you've had. Have you sampled any others since then?" Jenny asked as she looked up at him while licking her lips exaggeratedly.

"When you've had the best, you don't need to try any of the others." He declared as if that was his proof.

"I guess I'll just have to take your word for it then!" Jenny grinned. She opened her mouth to show him it was empty.

"Truly are the best mom ever! Cock sucking or otherwise!"

"Thank you dear!" Jenny rose slowly. She wanted to kiss him but knew better.

"Now, I've got to get back downstairs before Justin complains what I am doing."

"Good night Jenny!"

"Good night Jeremy." Jenny closed his door behind her. She stopped in the bathroom to straighten her face and then went silently back to her husband.

The next day Jeremy apologized to her saying that he was going to be out with friends all day so he wouldn't be home to be with her. Jenny told him it was fine, he needed to have a life and not spend it with her all the time. He still looked upset. He told her that he did want to be with her all the time. She had to order him to go and be with his friends while he could. Jenny had to admit that she had a touch of amusement when she saw that Jeremy was almost ready to stay home just to be with her.

She didn't see him again until dinner and then he was off up to his room to call Erin whom he said he hadn't talked to all day. Jenny snuck to his room that night while Justin was engrossed with a sports talk show. She told him that she knew he hadn't had any relief that day and that she wanted to repeat the previous night's events.

Just after Jenny had begun to bob her mouth over Jeremy's smooth domed head, his phone rang. It was on his desk and still within his

reach. He looked down at Jenny and she nodded to him. He mouthed silently that it was Erin, though Jenny didn't know why he had to keep it quiet. Jenny didn't pause in her dick sucking, as she had nothing to hide from his girlfriend, even as odd as that might be.

Jeremy said nothing about her there as he talked to Erin. Jenny was sure the girl would have been elated to hear that Jenny was blowing her son as he talked to her. Unless Jeremy felt guilty about it, not that he needed to be. Jenny took a perverse pleasure in increasing her actions as he was speaking to get him to have to reveal the cause of his stuttering and the gasps and moans. She was rewarded when she heard him say that his mom was in the room with him, but he still didn't explain what Jenny was doing. She knew how to fix that!

She gave a small bite on his dick.

"Mom!" He shrieked.

Jenny just smiled back up at him with her mouth full of cock.

"She's on her knees sucking me." Jeremy spoke into his phone.

"Yes. She's doing a great job. She better hurry too."

Jenny doubled her efforts, and not just because she was eager to taste him again. She did have a ticking clock.

Jeremy was silent for a while; Erin clearly was going on about something.

"I'm close." Jeremy said. Jenny didn't know if that was for her benefit or Erin's.

Her suctioning lips and whirling hand brought about his climax but before he could shoot his cum into her mouth, Jenny had another idea. She pulled her mouth somewhat reluctantly off his spasming cock and let his thick creamy seed spray over her face. She reflexively blinked her eyes, as that was the one thing about doing this that she had always hated. Jeremy was grunting as he shook, but Jenny put her free hand on his hip to steady him.

When he finished Jeremy just stared down at her covered in his goo.

"Take a picture of me!" Jenny told him.

Jeremy just kept staring, now with confusion on his face.

"So you can send it to Erin." Jenny gestured to the phone.

It finally dawned on him what she implied.

"Hold on Erin." Jeremy glanced at his screen to switch to the camera and pointed the flat rectangle at her. The phone flashed and he checked the photo before pushing buttons to send the picture.

The girl must have given a favorable response.

"Yeah, I know, right!" Jeremy told her.

"Erin says she wishes she was here to clean you up."

"Tell her thank you, but I have got it." Jenny ran her finger over her cheek and sucked it clean.

She stood.

"Good night dear. Tell Erin I said good night."

"Thanks mom, I will. And thank you for that!"

"Any time dear."

Jenny left the room with Jeremy still talking to his girlfriend.

Outside his door, she quickly ran her forefinger over more of her cum-covered face and licked it off. She stopped in the upstairs bathroom, as she had to clean herself more thoroughly than she could do with her finger. She couldn't return downstairs with her son's cum all over her face to let her husband see it!

She had gotten most of it when she looked in the mirror but her face was still a mess. As Jenny wiped the cloth over her skin, she was hit with what she had just done. She had purposely let Jeremy cum on her face just so he could take a picture to send to Erin! Did she do it to brag that she was here to blow him and Erin wasn't? Or, was it that she herself was teasing the sexy redhead?

Either way, Jenny amazed herself.

For the next few days Jenny was so busy that she couldn't get any time with Jeremy, not that he was around much either. He was busy with friends, Erin, or doing things for his forthcoming graduation ceremony. Daily life didn't pause just because there was a major event taking place.

It was almost a week later when Jenny was busying herself around the house. Justin was at work, Jojo and Johnny were still in school. The doorbell rang and Jenny hadn't been expecting anyone. She answered the door and found Erin standing there.

"Jeremy's not here. Actually, I thought he was with you." Jenny told Erin hesitantly.

"Oh, he was, but then he got a text from someone he hadn't seen in years that wanted to meet up and I told him to go ahead. I expect he'll be gone for hours catching up." Erin explained as she stood at the doorway. "Can I come in?"

"Oh! Sure. I'm sorry. I've just been so busy with party planning." Jenny stood aside and ushered the girl in.

"If you're not looking for Jeremy, then what brings you over?"

"I just wanted to talk. With you." Erin walked into the living room and sat on the couch.

"Anything in particular?" Jenny queried. She felt nervous having the redhead here without Jeremy. She had no reason to feel that way and wondered why.

"No, not really. Just want to get to know you better." Erin said cheerfully.

Jenny almost stared at her visitor. Erin was wearing a blue tank top that nearly matched her eyes and a pair of grey yoga pants that clung to her shapely legs. Her red hair was held back in a hair tie. A pair of sneakers covered her feet.

"You out exercising or something?" Jenny asked as her eyes traveled over Erin's petite figure.

"Or something."

It was perfectly natural for the girl to want to get to know Jenny; she was almost like family, even discounting what they had done together with Jeremy. Jenny, on the other hand was getting a strange vibe from the situation. Was talking all that Erin wanted to do?

"Do you want something to drink? It's kind of hot out today." Jenny offered. Her eyes lingered on Erin's body, remembering it with less clothing.

It was kind of hot inside right then!

Erin may have noticed her stare but all she did in response was to smile happily.

"Do you have any iced tea? That would be perfect."

Like minds!

Jenny had just made a pitcher of it that morning.

"I just made some. I'll get us a couple glasses."

Jenny darted to the kitchen feeling Erin's eyes follow her.

She returned and gave one of the large glasses to the sexy young girl that was making her antsy. She sat on the couch too, but left adequate space between them.

Jenny was somewhat quiet at first, unsure of Erin's intentions, but as they talked, Jenny felt herself settle down and before long they were chatting like old friends. Nothing was mentioned of their two encounters, or of anything sexual in fact. As that was all they had had in common, that and their mutual love of Jenny's eldest son, Jenny was surprised that they found so much to say. Jenny found Erin very easy

to talk to, warm and friendly, like an old pair of shoes that fit your feet almost better than your skin. Jenny could see that Jeremy had found more to like about the girl than just sex.

They had been chatting for almost an hour, going through a second glass each of the iced tea. Jenny felt comfortable now and had no idea why she had felt as she had at Erin's arrival.

Then Erin was sliding across the couch. The girl put a hand on Jenny's shoulder and her face filled Jenny's vision.

Then Erin was kissing her.

Jenny was startled.

She didn't resist, but she didn't kiss back either.

Not at first.

After ten seconds, Jenny returned the kiss. Softly, tenderly. Innocently.

Erin didn't press for anything more, just continued the kiss. Jenny had to admit that it was an amazing kiss.

They pulled apart, but only for a second. Then there was another kiss, and another. Then they were kissing each other like long lost lovers, hungry and passionately.

Things didn't progress past the kissing for a long time, the two women just made out on the couch as if they were teens and their parents were expected home at any time and they just wanted to kiss as long as possible.

Kissing Erin was unlike anything she had ever felt. Even when she had kissed Sheila back in school. It was different from kissing Justin. Or Jeremy. Erin's lips were softer, less forceful. Whereas a man's kiss tried to consume you, kissing the young girl was more mutual, a sharing not a conquering. Not that Jenny didn't love kissing Jeremy. Or her husband. But it was ... just different with Erin. She wouldn't say better, but it might have been better.

Jenny lost track of the time, and much of anything else, as she lost herself in Erin's kisses.

Another thing Jenny learned with Sheila about kissing a girl, you had a whole lot more places to put your hands. Soft round places! Breasts, hips, asses.

Erin's hands started at Jenny's large D's, rubbing her hands over them, around them, cupping them, and massaging them. Jenny's nipples hardened from Erin's attentions and although no contact was made anywhere else at the time, Jenny felt the growing dampness in her cotton panties.

Jenny gingerly brought a hand to Erin's chest, doing much the same to the smaller breast as had been done to herself.

Erin moaned into Jenny's mouth in approval.

They had started sitting in an upright position, but as they got more aroused, their bodies' ability to sit up straight lessened. Jenny found herself leaning against the back of the couch with Erin practically on top of her. Not that she had any problem with that. She liked having the smaller, softer, lighter body pressed to hers, less curvy than her own but still delightfully rounded in the right places.

There was less of an urgency being with Erin.

Even though Jeremy could sometimes exercise restraint, it was more the exception than the rule. Jenny didn't feel any rush with Erin; she could sit, or lie, here for hours just kissing and feeling each other's bodies without any haste. But if she wanted to do anything more, someone would have lose some clothing.

Jenny ran her hand down across Erin's stomach until she reached her waist, and the bottom hem of Erin's tank top. Jenny then slid her hand under the loose fabric and worked her hand slowly back upward, feeling Erin's warm skin beneath her roving palm. Jenny had already noticed the girl's lack of a brassiere when she had felt her up, so soon had her hand cupping Erin's soft breast.

Erin took the hint and began to unbutton Jenny's loose white blouse. Blindly, as they were still locked together at the lips. She fumbled a bit as she worked at the small buttons, but Erin's deft fingers soon had Jenny's blouse hanging open. This was also the signal for more than lips to be kissed as Erin's mouth then travelled down Jenny's neck, licks and heavy breathing also caressing Jenny's tender flesh.

Jenny ran her other hand through the finely curled hair as Erin kissed her collar bones and down towards Jenny's abundant cleavage. As Erin moved downward, it made keeping her hand on Erin's breast difficult, so Jenny pulled her hand free, grabbed the tank top, and lifted it up and over Erin's head. Erin only paused her soft kisses long enough to be disrobed by the older woman, her lips back on Jenny's skin.

Erin ran her palms carelessly over Jenny's bra but made no effort to remove it, seemingly content to have just gotten the blouse out of the way. This was almost maddening to Jenny, as she wanted to feel Erin's hands on her bare tits, to allow the young woman to massage her nipples, to twist them. Just as Jenny was about to remove her bra

herself, Erin reached back with one hand and skillfully unhooked it. Jenny felt the weight of her breasts sag as the support was removed though the undergarment was still hanging on her shoulders.

Jenny now had two pieces of clothing half off while Erin had one completely removed. That Erin was still leaving a trail of tender kisses across Jenny's upper chest made taking the blouse off complicated. Until Erin's mouth was suddenly back on Jenny's, the girls hands pulling the blouse back and off, which then allowed her bra to fall forward and the straps down her arms. Jenny shrugged and was then completely topless to match Erin.

As they then kissed, two pairs of breasts jiggled against each other, sensitive nipples brushing together to entice their owners. Jenny wrapped her arms around the slim shoulders of her son's girlfriend and Erin brought her questing hands back to Jenny's large boobs. Having gotten topless, both women resumed their slow burning kissing letting their skin rub against skin in such delightful and tantalizing ways.

Jenny felt her lust build quicker with their lazy kissing than if they had progressed to further activities immediately, as if the waiting was hotter than the deed. She was content to continue as they were, but also needing to have more. If indeed, more was what they were going to do. They had gotten half-naked.

It was then Jenny that let her lips trail across the petite girl's smooth young flesh. Jenny breathed in Erin's scent, tasted the hint of salt, and gazed upon skin that Jenny wished that she had once again. They really hadn't done anything yet, kissing and taking off some clothing, and yet this was the most erotic experience that Jenny had in a while. She felt a tingling anytime anywhere their bodies touched, brushed together, or was pressed insistently against each other. Jenny didn't know if Erin was feeling any of this also; she hoped the girl was getting the same charge as she.

Then Erin's lips were on Jenny's breast, licking around the erect nipple but avoiding contact with it. She kissed the rounded flesh, caressing those mammary orbs with her gentle fingers, letting her cheek brush against the other tit teasingly. Jenny wanted to grab Erin's head and just burying that auburn head between her tits.

Only when Erin had let her lips cover every inch of Jenny's motherly skin did she move to each of the protruding tips aching for attention. The teasing youth only brushed the tip of her small tongue over Jenny's hard nips, the briefest of touches that was more heated than the most enthusiastic suckling.

"Oh!" Jenny moaned, in protest and in approval; the first sounds to come from either of them since Erin's lips had first touched hers.

Erin continued to do a butterfly dance on Jenny's nipples with her tongue until Jenny was ready to shove her tit in the teen's face. She heard Erin slightly giggle, the girl's touch making Jenny shiver, goosebumps rising on each arm.

Jenny grabbed Erin's head in both hands, brought it up to her face, and kissed her as firmly as she had wanted Erin's mouth on her tits. Erin drove her tongue into Jenny's mouth and let their tongues duel together. Jenny took that battle into Erin's hot mouth while each of their lips sought to merge or fuse with the others'.

It was then Jenny's mouth on Erin's pert and perky breasts, on the upturned pink nipples surrounded by pinker areolas. Erin cooed in delight at Jenny's touch, though Jenny wasn't as patient with her appreciation of the young tits. She kissed relentlessly over the resilient skin, flicking those wrinkled nubs ferociously, and trying to consume their entirety in her mouth. Erin's hands in her hair holding her head in place showed Jenny the redhead's consent of her actions.

As Jenny had her mouth clamped over hard nipples, her hands journeyed down to Erin's still-clothed lower half to caress her slim hips, her soft inner thighs, and her firm sexy ass. Erin wiggled her butt when she felt Jenny's touch there. Even as she was still sucking the tits, Jenny started to pull the stretchy material down Erin's hips. Jenny heard a thump, then another, and realized that Erin had kicked off her shoes. Jenny did likewise with her flats.

Erin then managed to get a hand under Jenny's black pleated knee-length skirt which had ridden up half way up her thigh with their twisting and turning on the couch.

Even though she wanted the girl's hand to venture farther, Jenny pressed her thighs together, teasingly trapping the invading hand. The not-so-gently nibble at Jenny's right nipple caused her to yelp and made her legs spring open, releasing Erin's hand, that instead of pulling free, pressed deeper.

Jenny felt the fingertips touch her wet panties and opened her thighs wider in invitation. Erin curled her fingers around that wet gusset and pulled down, dragging Jenny's panties off her curvy hips. In another motion, Erin had that soaked fabric down to Jenny's ankles, who then kicked the undergarment to the floor.

Erin rolled off Jenny's sprawled out form to end on her knees on the floor. She looked Jenny fiercely in the eyes as she grabbed each of Jenny's knees and forced them wide, the pleated skirt falling higher up Jenny's thighs. Erin let go of her knees and Jenny left them in place as Erin pushed her skirt even higher. Jenny saw Erin's gaze and knew that her pussy had to be visible. Jenny looked longingly back, even if Erin didn't notice her smoldering emerald eyes.

Hands roamed up Jenny's inner thighs, leaving skin burning so hotly, Jenny expected to see smoke rising from their touch. Jenny was sure she

would then feel Erin's lips and tongue at her intimate cleft, but instead it was a finger that was pressed into her opening. No matter the thing that was entering her, Jenny still gasped. Then she was surprised by a second slender digit.

"Oh yes!" Jenny broke the silence.

Those two fingers pistoned in and out at a slow pace. Jenny rocked her hips up to increase the tempo, as Erin did so too.

A third finger was added, almost equal to Jeremy's girth then, thrusting into her with as much gusto as her son would have managed.

"God yes!" Jenny cried out.

And then the fingers were gone.

"No! Don't stop!" Jenny whined in complaint.

She needn't have as fingers were replaced by warm soft lips and an incredible probing tongue that now danced on her clit.

"Ooo fuck!" Was Jenny's response.

Erin lapped at Jenny's oozing channel gently, in no hurry to bring about a climax, just letting Jenny savor the sensations she could give. Jenny savored them extensively and ecstatically, even if there wasn't a release on the horizon. She had never had anyone work so fervently on pleasing her without the goal of making her orgasm and it was making Jenny's head swim.

Jenny didn't know how long Erin supped at her slit but when she could no longer take any more exquisite torment, she pushed Erin's head away from her crotch and let herself fall to a kneeling position on the floor.

"Your turn." She told Erin and helped the girl to the spot she had just vacated. After Erin pulled down her clingy leggings and a pair of panties so small that Jenny wondered what was the point of them.

Erin sat defiantly and spread her slim legs wide, letting Jenny gaze in awe at the auburn tuft of pubic hair perched above the girl's beautiful pink pussy with its widespread lips open for Jenny to feast upon. And Jenny was very hungry. She looked up at Erin's face and saw the teen girl looking back with an expectant stare at her. Jenny let her eyes fall back to that delectable pussy that was waiting for her to lick.

Jenny ran her hands over both slender and pale thighs, tingling both their skins at the touch. She then kissed the inner right knee and trailed

a stream of kisses halfway up towards her ultimate destination. Erin's gasping breaths let her know her effect. She then did the same with the other leg, her kisses proceeding deeper towards that beckoning cleft.

"Please." Erin whispered and begged.

Jenny smiled to herself, eager to repay the girl with some teasing herself. Some mouthwateringly delicious teasing.

A bounty of tasty juices leaked from Erin's womanhood and Jenny eagerly lapped up them all, letting her tongue roam aimlessly over the entirety of that seductive scenery. Jenny didn't know if she was doing an equal job to what Erin had performed on her, but the way that Erin was squirming beneath her face let her know it was at least adequate.

"Damn you!" Erin groaned through gritted teeth.

Jenny took that as praise for her actions rather than as a curse.

She continued for what seemed a long time, longer than she thought Erin had licked her. It was getting difficult to keep going without setting Erin off, every touch threatened to bring about the withheld climax.

"Stop, stop." Erin pushed her forehead.

Jenny looked up curious as to what was next if they weren't going to orgasm.

Erin joined her on the floor and as Jenny watched, the girl sat next to her and grabbed one of Jenny's legs. With some wriggling and jostling about, Jenny realized what Erin was doing. She was trying to rub their pussies together. Jenny had never done that and she doubted the mechanics of it. A peg goes in the hole; you can't put a hole in a hole. Then Erin began to grind against her, the young girls wet lips rubbing on her own sodden slit. Some bit of flesh of Erin's would brush or rub on Jenny's aching clit and she began to see the attraction of this activity.

Erin held on to her thigh for leverage and Jenny was clinging equally hard to Erin's knee as they each ground their crotches together.

"Oh fuck!" Erin exclaimed.

"This is amazing!" Jenny groaned.

They clenched closely at an angle to one another for some long minutes as they each rocked their hips urgently. Moans and groans came in unison while they drove themselves, and the other woman, towards ecstasy.

Both long denied orgasms burst forth almost simultaneously as the two women wailed in bliss, as they were overwhelmed with very powerful orgasms that left them each trembling against the other.

Jenny still hugged one of Erin's legs, her body shivering.

"Oh wow!" She breathily said.

"I know, right?" Erin gave Jenny's ankle a soft kiss before twisting it aside to untangle herself.

"I've never heard of anything like that. I wouldn't have thought it would feel so good. Or that it could make me cum." Jenny told Erin.

"You sure did." Erin replied.

There was no signal, no word spoken, but they both stared at each other and with some telepathic trigger Jenny and Erin both dove at the other's pussy.

Older woman and young teen ended up in an interlocking semi-fetal position commonly called a sixty-nine. Heads were buried between clutching thighs, hands grabbed asses, and tongues explored soaked

vaginas. As one, they rolled around on the living room floor carpeting, either on top, on bottom, or lying on their sides as they licked, kissed, sucked, and ate each other's pussies. An orgasm by one would soon be followed by an orgasm from the other. There was little time between each climax as one woman recovered and refocused on her task bringing the other to the brink and so on and so on like an orgasmic spinning wheel, an ecstatic yin and yang.

Over and over, Jenny and Erin came and came again until neither had the energy left to continue. They fell apart, lying beside but opposite each other, breathing heavily with their faces covered in feminine juices that had gone unconsumed. They stared at the plain white ceiling without speaking, reveling in their post-climatic bliss.

Erin's hand crept around until it found Jenny's and intertwined her fingers with her female lover's digits. They laid there holding hands until the room ceased spinning for them both. Erin was the first to sit upright and moved to lean against the couch.

Jenny just looked up at the younger woman with her mind spinning. She shivered unconsciously as her body cooled.

Erin looked about and found her tank top. She pulled it over her head and straightened it on her slim frame. She bent her knees up and rested her arms on them. This gave Jenny a perfect view of the reddened and red-haired slit on which she'd had her mouth clamped for so long.

Jenny grinned at the sight. Erin noticed her glance and smiled too, but didn't move.

"Throw me my blouse. Please." Jenny also didn't move.

Erin saw it and was able to reach it without shifting much.

"Not your bra?" Erin asked as she handed Jenny her garment.

"I'm not putting it on; I got a chill and want to just cover up a little." Jenny explained.

"That's a shame. They are such great breasts." Erin's eyes caressed those mounds before Jenny draped her white blouse over them.

"You did give them a lot of attention!" Jenny almost laughed. "You have clearly been with a girl before me."

Erin looked away for a second or two then back to Jenny. She had an almost wistful grin on her lips.

"Yeah. A few." A slight pause. "I even had a girlfriend for a short while."

"Really?" Jenny reacted very surprised.

"Yeah, but then I missed getting dick too much to think that I could have been a lesbian."

Jenny said nothing and could only stare wondrously.

"Jeremy is the best of both in that he has a terrific dick and is almost as good at eating pussy as a lesbian." Erin said flatly, as if she was just discussing the weather and not her boyfriend's sexual talents to his mother.

Jenny laughed at Erin's words.

"That he is, not that I've been with a lesbian to know."

Erin stood at that moment and picked up the rest of her clothing.

"I probably should be going." She glanced at Jenny then redressed quickly, putting on her shoes last.

Jenny rose then, grabbing her panties and pulling them on as she stood. She slipped on her skirt and zipped it. She merely held her bra and

blouse. Erin's eyes did glance downward at the still erect nipples. Jenny allowed the girl her eyeful.

Erin stepped closer and leaned towards Jenny's face. Jenny understood and leaned in and they gave each other a mutual kiss. It was short and sweet. And then Erin turned to the door without any other word and left without even another glance back to Jenny.

The door closing didn't break the reverie into which Jenny had slipped. She absent-mindedly put on her bra, then her blouse, buttoning it without looking.

What did she just do?

She felt just as culpable as Erin for what had happened. If she hadn't wanted that to happen, she could have stopped it at any time. Erin hadn't pressed her affectations and Jenny had returned them just as eagerly as they had been offered.

Jenny had been with women before, Sheila, Margie, and of course, her sister, but never with just the one and had gone all the way as she had just done with Erin. It had been one-sided with Sheila after they had gotten past the kissing. Margie had only eaten her pussy with nothing in return on Jenny's part. With Jessica, it had all been for Jeremy's benefit and was more of just for show. But this? This had been full on lesbian action without any doubts!

With an eighteen year old girl!

Legal yes, but still a girl.

And Jeremy's girl!

Did it make it any more right that they had already had sex together, even if it had been with Jeremy and with his enthusiastic approval? Was it okay to have sex with Erin without her son's knowledge? Or did she just cheat on her son? With his girlfriend? What was worse? That she'd had sex with someone behind her lover's back? Or that she had had sex with his girlfriend?

Knowing Jeremy, she doubted that he would be upset. Other than being left out. But what did that mean for his relationship with Erin? That the girl was having sex with other people without his knowledge. Even if it was with his mother. Or that he considered them both his girlfriends. Did that give them the right to sleep together? Jenny didn't know how that worked.

Clearly though, doing anything without saying something to Jeremy beforehand implied that it was cheating, if only technically.

Jenny had to admit that it had been one of the most amazing sexual experiences she had had. Well, with only one other person anyway. Her threesomes had been experiences unto themselves!

These thoughts left her with a new dilemma. Did she tell Jeremy? Would Erin tell him that she had come over to have sex with his mom? It was obvious now that that had been Erin's only reason in showing up as she had. Whether Erin informed her boyfriend or not, Jenny knew that she had to say something. She loved him too much to hurt him by keeping this from him. Erin may be his girlfriend, and regardless of Jenny's own sexual relationship with him, Jeremy was and always would be her son.

Even as Erin had previously agreed. That maternal bond was greater than any hold Erin would ever have on him.

The other problem that Jenny would have was that upon telling Jeremy about her sexual liaison with his girlfriend, regardless of his feelings about the situation, he would be immediately aroused and want her to do something to alleviate his condition. Or at least, Jenny hoped her handsome young lover would be turned on! Hoped? No, it was a guarantee that Jeremy would have a boner at the thought of his mom and girlfriend having sex!

When Jeremy got home later that afternoon, after Jojo and Johnny had invaded the house but before Justin had returned from work, he gave

no indication that Erin might have called or texted him about the day's events. Jenny must have had some expression on her face when he looked at her because he asked curiously.

"What?"

"What do you mean what?" Jenny answered with her own question.

"You have a look on your face." He peered at her intently as if he might see something behind her eyes.

"Oh? Do I? I'll have to tell you later. After dinner." She informed him without explanation. "Or later."

Jeremy was only more curious then but he could see her resolution and kept quiet himself.

Jenny did get him aside as she was filling the dishwasher with the dinner dishes. She kept her voice low even though she intended not to say anything improper for a mother and son.

"Erin came over today." Jenny said calmly.

"Really? She didn't say. What for?" Jeremy didn't sound concerned, and was as if he now wondered why that would be a big secret as Jenny had acted.

"Me." Jenny had stopped what she had been doing and stood straight as she responded as if she was some kind of target.

"You? For what?" Jeremy only seemed more confused now.

"Me. For me." Jenny wasn't going to come out and say plainly what had happened. She assumed that her sex-crazed son would be able to figure it out.

"You?" His gaze was laser sharp, but his brain was a fog.

Jenny looked down her body and then back at him.

"You?" Jeremy repeated. Then the cannonball of knowledge hit him and Jenny could almost see him reel from the realization.

"You!" He practically yelled.

"Hey! Quiet in there, I'm watching TV." Justin's voice came from the living room. The living room where his wife had had lesbian sex that afternoon. Just feet from his recliner. Barely feet, more like inches.

"The two of you ...?" Jeremy's eyes were on fire now as he stared at her as if he expected she might burst into flames too.

"Yes. The two of us." Jenny turned away from him, her moral responsibility successfully achieved.

"What!" He did yell then.

"If you can't keep it down, go upstairs to Jeremy's room to yell." Justin called out again. "Or the backyard."

Jenny was tempted to do just that but knew what going upstairs would lead to. Not that she was against that idea either, but it was still early and the kids were currently upstairs doing homework. No, they would stay right here for the moment.

"Sorry honey!" She replied. She looked more firmly at her son, her voice becoming almost a whisper. "Keep it down. Unless you want Justin to hear about your girlfriend and I rolling around on the living room floor together. Without our clothes."

If it were possible for a jaw actually to hit the floor, Jeremy's would have done so at that moment.

"Really?" His voice was much lower. "Erin never said anything to me about coming over." Jeremy appeared to be contemplating pulling out his phone.

"I wasn't sure if she would say anything to you or not. I don't want to keep secrets from you. Not you." Jenny looked lovingly in those cool blue eyes. "I debated what to say, or do, and I knew I had to say something. Even if Erin didn't."

"Was it that she thought I would be here too?"

Jenny could see the smoke from the gears of his brain grinding in confusion.

"No. She knew you would be gone. She said first thing that you had talked to some friend you hadn't seen in a while and that you wouldn't be around for the afternoon. She purposely came over knowing you weren't here." It sounded more sinister the way she had put it, she was sure the girl's intentions weren't devious, just lustful. Jeremy's confusion arose from the fact that he hadn't been included and didn't know why he hadn't.

"So she came over just to be with you?"

If she weren't concerned for him, she would have found Jeremy's reaction humorous.

"Yes, just me. Is that so hard to understand?" She stood there and stared at him with indignation at his implication.

"No. I mean, she obviously finds you as sexy as I do." Jeremy did glance towards the living room as he said that, his voice a touch too loud to be speaking those words. "I can't blame her. Or you. With all that's happened, I wouldn't expect you to resist Erin if she came over. I just wish I had been here. Even if I just had to watch."

"Who was the friend?" Jenny changed the subject although she knew it wouldn't ever be far from his thoughts now that it had been brought to his attention.

"Huh? Oh, Ritchie."

Yes, his mind wasn't going to drop it.

"Really? How's he doing?" Jenny remembered the boy. He'd been a long-time childhood friend of Jeremy's that had moved away a few years ago. They still tried to keep in touch.

"Oh, fine, just fine." Jeremy looked around the kitchen as if it was his first time in the room. It was clear where his mind was, and it wasn't on his old friend.

"So ... what did you two do?" He asked so innocently though Jenny was sure he was picturing the two of them doing all sorts of things, many of which hadn't happened.

"Jeremy! I'm not going to tell you that." She glanced towards the opening to the other room as if her husband would suddenly appear. "Not here, not now. All I will say is that we kissed. A lot. Then other things, some you can guess, others ... you can't even imagine!" Jenny then walked past him towards the living room. She did give his crotch a more than friendly pat. Yes, he was fully aroused. It made Jenny wish she had time to partake of that arousal.

"Mom!" He shrieked.

"Hey!" Justin raised his voice once again.

"Sorry honey. I was just talking with Jeremy about Erin and about Ritchie. Do you remember him? That friend of Jeremy's that moved away a few years ago. Nice family."

"What was with all the yelling?"

"Just surprised Jeremy with some special news." Jenny smiled as Jeremy darted across the room towards the stairs while trying to keep the large lump in his pants concealed. At least from one of his parents.

Jenny picked up the book she'd been reading while Justin watched his show. The arousal that she felt may not have been as visible as her son's but it burned just as hot.

Later she went up to take care of her daughter's bedtime ritual and even peeked in on Johnny to not leave her middle child left out of her attentions, though he objected to his mother's unnecessary invasion. Jenny smiled at his response, thinking that if not for her errant hand, that that might have been Jeremy's response also.

When she showed up at his door, it was a very necessary invasion. He practically pulled her into his room.

Jenny only gave him the basics of what had happened with Erin, feeling that it had been a special, and private time between the two women. As

she recounted the events, he had pulled out his very stiff cock. She smiled at that, as she couldn't take her eyes off of it.

"You might as well put that thing away. After Erin this afternoon, I think I like women more." Jenny tried to keep a straight face as she spoke those words.

"What? No." He didn't want to believe her, couldn't believe her, wasn't sure if he had to believe her.

"No, not really, give me that thing!" Jenny's face broke into the grin that couldn't be contained any longer.

Moments later, with her mouth full of aroused male genitalia, she pulled off his dick long enough to say teasingly, "But it was really nice with Erin today!"

Making her son think about his mom and girlfriend had him readily filling her mouth with his tasty cream. If that were all it took, Jenny thought, maybe she'd have to do it more often.

When he regained his composure, and zipped up his pants, he asked exactly what she'd been thinking.

"Do you want to be with Erin again? Whether I'm there, or not?"

She knew he only offered his absence to be diplomatic, as his male brain didn't see that as a real option.

Jenny didn't answer. She didn't want to admit to one lover how much she was attracted to his other lover. As if he might think she loved him any less. He should realize the truth, as being with him or his father didn't lessen what she felt for either of them. And now she was lusting over a teen-age girl with incredible blue eyes that could lick pussy nearly as well as Jeremy, and with a few more sessions, might even get to be better than her son!

"You don't have to answer that if you don't want to. I understand. But if you do, you have my blessing. Without my being there, or knowing about it. Before or afterwards."

Jenny could see the distress Jeremy was in even as he was excited by the idea, but she could do nothing to relieve it, as she didn't have the answer herself.

In bed that night, after Justin fell asleep beside her, she remembered the day's events, and even as horny as Jeremy made her, it was Erin of whom she was thinking. So much so that she had to shove a hand into her wet panties and give herself an explosive orgasm thinking about her son's hot girlfriend.

Jenny's mind was reeling the entire next day.

Her life was spinning out of control. She was confused about how she felt about anything anymore, or anyone, apparently. She had a husband whom she loved dearly, even if he was failing in bed. She now had her son as her lover too; a lover that drove her crazy with lust as she also loved him. And then along comes Erin and makes Jenny rethink what she thought about herself sexually. Just because she'd had sex a few times with a woman, she knew that didn't make her gay, but Erin made her feel things she had never thought about with another female. She wouldn't mind if it turned out that she was bisexual, but why did it take this many years for her to discover it now?

With the multitudes of feelings she had for the various lovers she now had, how did she keep things straight between them? She may have things in the open between Jeremy and Erin, but she could never, ever say anything about either of them to Justin. He would have problems enough with her being with a woman, much less one that was eighteen, which was the same age as their oldest son. A son with whom she was also having sex. No, it would kill him to find out she was screwing around with his son. It was a secret that would go to the grave with her.

Jenny realized with some regret that she needed to talk to someone.

Again.

With her exceptional situation that hadn't changed much, and yet monumentally, there was still only one person with whom she could speak. The only one that could possibly help her.

Jessica.

Her sister.

Even as she was the only one Jenny could turn to, Jess also offered the distinct perspective of a woman who was bisexual. Maybe Jessica could offer some insight into what it was like to be attracted to both men and women. She may have had a failed marriage, but that was her ex-husband's fault, having run off with some floozy. Jess would be the one to tell her if she was bisexual or if this thing with Erin was just because she was Jeremy's girlfriend.

Though confessing any of this to her sister would mean she would have to admit to having sex with the girl to Jessica. But Hell, her sister had had a threesome with her and Jeremy, so she had little room to be judgmental about Jenny. Not that Jenny would expect that of Jessica, but it would be difficult enough telling this that she didn't want anything to make it harder.

No. It might be rough, but she had to talk to someone, anyone, and outside of confessing to a priest, who would have no insight to help Jenny, it meant she had to talk to Jess.

This wasn't something she could just call on the phone about either. This was a sit-down, three glasses of wine situation.

Jenny texted Jessica, asking if she could come over later after her sister got off work so they could talk. Jess answered right away in the affirmative, sensing from Jenny's text that something serious had occurred. Probably something involving Jeremy. As it always seemed to be lately.

Jenny was fidgety all day awaiting the chance to unload her problems on her sister. And that her mind often wandered into thinking of sex with Jeremy. And with Erin. She had to restrain herself from going off to finger herself. That wouldn't solve anything and would only add to the issue with whom she would be thinking of when she made herself orgasm.

She even texted Justin to let him know that she may not be home for dinner and that he could warm up some leftovers, or he could take the kids out for dinner. Jenny knew he would be unhappy with either choice, but he could man up for a change and be a parent too. She even texted Jeremy to be home when his brother and sister came home from school. He at least answered right away, even though he complained

about the task with a frowning emoji in his reply. But Jenny knew she could rely on her son, and not just because he hoped to get some sexual favor from her in return.

Knowing that Jeremy wouldn't be home that day and that nothing improper would thus happen with him, Jenny had worn a simple pull-over light green blouse with a ribbon around the waist that tied in the front and a pair of casual tan slacks. She wondered if she should possibly stick to darker colors for her lower half, as she tended to be leaking constantly and didn't want her horniness to be mistaken for a weak bladder.

Jenny was already at her sister's house before she got home, letting Jessica know the urgency of Jenny's problem. Her strawberry-blonde haired sister greeted her affably, though with a touch of concern. Jenny appeared cheerful so that it was clear that it wasn't a life or death situation about which she needed to talk.

"Hey sis." Jess said as she climbed from her car. "It must be really important if you couldn't even wait for me to get home."

"You know me, just impatient." Jenny replied. She tried to keep her eyes on her sister's face but they kept wandering away, not wanting to give any hint of what she wanted to say.

"How's everyone? Johnny pass that math test?" Jess unlocked her front door and ushered Jenny inside. The coolness of the A/C made Jenny shiver as she entered the house.

"Everyone's fine. Yeah, he got an eighty-two. He was so thrilled."

"That's great. He's a smart kid; he just needs to focus more." Jessica waved to the couch for Jenny to sit. "Something to drink?"

"I'll take some wine please." Jenny sat, her stomach now doing backflips.

"Oh? That means it's something major if you're ready for wine." Jess quipped as she went into her kitchen.

"I'm always ready for wine; I just restrain myself most of the time." Jenny called out, her eyes travelling around the room.

The very room in which she had first had sex with her son.

Jessica returned and handed her the wineglass that was almost full. Jenny looked up at her curiously.

"I figured you'd need a real glass of wine and not just a few sips." Jessica replied emphatically.

Jenny took a large gulp as if to emphasize Jess's words.

"Easy there! Don't go drinking that whole thing down. I only have so much in the house." Jess sat on the couch also but left a respectable distance between them.

Jenny looked at her again and set the glass on the table beside the brown leather couch. When she turned back to Jessica, she gave her younger sister a once over. Jess had on a snug pullover white sweater that was out of place in the warm spring weather, and a pair of black leggings that hugged her legs like paint. A pair of strappy modest heeled shoes revealed her cherry painted toenails.

"So, what's up Jenny? Problems in paradise?" Jessica sipped at her own moderately filled glass before setting it down.

"I don't want to just come over here and immediately dump on you. How's Eric?" Jenny wanted to grab her glass again, but didn't.

"Okay, we can do the small talk first if you want, but you really have me curious. You always have such interesting issues." Jess smiled warmly to ease Jenny's nervousness.

"It's not like I go looking for them, they always seem to find me!" Jenny declared innocently.

"Yeah, well. Anyway, Eric is doing well. You were right about talking to him. There's no skeletons in the closet that I need to worry about. None that he will admit to at least." Jess gave a little laugh. "He's actually been making hints about us moving in together."

"Really? That's a big step." Jenny couldn't resist and took another drink of the wine. She kept it to a large sip.

"Big? It's huge. He's only been hinting, like he's afraid that if he comes out and says something that I might reject the idea outright which would make it only harder to bring up again later on. Things are going so good though. I can't say that I'm not tempted. I do like having him beside me in the mornings, even when it's not after sex!" Jess's eyes darted about with her own nervous energy.

"Jess." Jenny put a hand on her sister's knee as a congratulatory gesture. "I'm so glad for you. You deserve someone that makes you happy."

"Like you have with Jeremy?" Jess teased back, but then wanted to retract her barb.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean it like that. Small talk." Jessica gave herself a weak slap on her cheek for punishment.

"No. It's okay. I know what you meant." Jenny took another larger sip, nearly a gulp, of the rosé.

"As I'm sure you have guessed, that's what I wanted to talk to you about." Jenny made a point of forcing her eyes to stay on Jess's hazel orbs. If she couldn't meet her sister's gaze then she wouldn't have the nerve to be able to reveal her startling information.

"It never crossed my mind." Jess replied dryly.

"Come on Jessica."

"Okay, I knew it had to be about my favorite nephew." Jessica admitted.

"Favorite? Don't do that to Johnny, Jess." Jenny scolded.

"Okay, you're right. How about my favorite pussy licking nephew?" A leer grew on Jess's red-tinted lips.

"Jess!"

"Yeah, yeah. Okay, what has my sexy little nephew done now? Have you changed your mind about getting back together with him? Problems with his new girlfriend?" Jessica sipped her vino gingerly.

"He hasn't done anything. Not really." Jenny said before pausing to take a breath. "No, I haven't changed my mind about us. My heart and my ... well, other parts, override anything my brain can tell them, not that my mind even complains anymore."

"It should. You know things can't go well, even if you've managed to outlast my expectations already. And now with this new complication ..." Jessica paused while trying to remember.

"Erin." Jenny filled in for her.

"Yeah, Erin. If she should find out ..." Jessica let her unspoken words be threat enough for her daring sister.

"There's more that you don't know. What I didn't tell you about before."

"More? What? Jeremy out hooking up with other girls too? That little horndog!"

"No, no, nothing like that." Jenny gulped air as the room suddenly seemed very stuffy, even in the coolness.

"Come on Jenny. Tell me. I can't help you if I don't know what's going on. What could be more than you and Jeremy each having significant others that you have to hide your illicit lust from?"

"Part of it was why I wanted to talk to you that time, when I told you ... that Jeremy and I were together again. I wanted to tell you then, but I was afraid of what you'd say, what you'd think." Jenny's eyes fell to the floor.

"Jenny! You can tell me anything. I thought you knew that by now. I mean, you told me about that first time with Jeremy! What is there that you couldn't tell me?" Jessica's tone sounded hurt as she tried to be supportive. "You're my big sister. I may not agree with some of the things you've done, but I will always be here to support your decisions, no matter how hair-brained they may be! You know that!"

"I know I do. But this is kind of major."

"More than having sex with your son? I don't know if you understand what major is, Jenny!"

"Oh, I do. Trust me, I do."

"Then spill."

"Before, when I told you about me and Jeremy, something had happened. Something much bigger than that day here with Margie." Jenny stopped to drink more wine.

"Jenny! You're killing me here! Bigger? What, did Justin catch you?" Jessica's eyes were huge circles. "No. It can't be that. I can't see him letting you two keep doing what you're doing."

"It was Erin. You warned me about being caught. We had already been caught. By Jeremy's girlfriend." Jenny's hands fidgeted in her lap and her eyes could only watch them unable to stay on Jess's face for very long at a time.

"What! Holy shit Jenny! Why didn't you tell me that! Oh my God! What happened, what'd she say?" Jessica grew animated with curious energy at the stunning news that Jenny revealed.

It wasn't wine that Jenny required then, she needed something much stronger. She didn't even know if there was an alcohol strong enough for what she craved. Her throat was dry but she forced herself to speak anyway.

"She had come over and seen us through the front door while we were on the couch ... well, you know." Jenny met her sister's wide eyes that showed nothing but absolute surprise. Clearly, any judgement she might have hadn't hit her yet.

"Erin told Jeremy about what she had seen. He denied it of course." Jenny remembered her own doubts about his attempt. "But she had seen enough. Thing was though, she wasn't outraged by it. She loved it. She thought it was sexy."

Wine or not, Jenny had to drink something.

Jessica was staring at her, her sister's mouth actually hanging open. It was a moment for her to realize Jenny had stopped speaking.

"Huh? She didn't break up with Jeremy or go to some authorities to report you two?" It took her brain a second to catch up to what her ears had heard. "Loved it? Sexy? What do you mean?"

Jenny gulped and continued.

"Yes, I know. That was my reaction too. When Jeremy finally told me about it. I couldn't believe that someone had discovered what we were doing, and on top of it, that she was fine with it. Excited actually."

"Hold on Jen. You've lost me somewhere. She loved it? Erin was excited by it?" Jessica gaped. Then as more of Jenny's words sank in she added, "Wait. When he finally told you? He knew about it and didn't tell you? They didn't break up?"

"How could he say anything to me? You can imagine what my reaction would have been. What it actually was." Jenny found strength now, her words easier to set free.

"I would think that you would be furious. Extremely pissed. And seriously afraid about what Erin would do or say." Jess calmed slightly as she imagined her sister's response to the frightening news about Erin.

"Exactly. You can see why Jeremy didn't want to tell me." Jenny felt a little hurt now that she thought about it, that Jeremy had been afraid to talk to her, and about something so important, no matter that the import wasn't nearly as dire as her reaction had made it to be. She would have to talk to him later about that. She wanted to be able to be open with him, and he with her. He shouldn't be afraid of her.

"I don't think I could tell you that kind of news!" A weak smile came to Jess's lips, some of the anxious tension easing with that small reaction.

"Why did he finally tell you? If Erin was okay with it and wasn't going to do anything about finding out about you two."

"He had to tell me. Erin kind of forced his hand." Jenny said cryptically.

"Huh? Did she blackmail him? You? Are you giving her money to keep quiet? Are you here to borrow money from me to pay Erin off? I don't have much but I'll give you what I can. How are you going to keep that from Justin?" Jessica's anxiety returned with her theories.

"She's not blackmailing us. I don't need your money Jess. Thank you anyway." It was Jenny's turn to smile then, a stronger one than her sister's.

Jessica just stared blankly at her.

"Erin was after something far more devious than money." Jenny surprised herself that she had grown calm enough actually to be leading Jess like that.

"More than money? I don't understand Jenny. What'd she want?"

"She has this thing about mothers and sons. Erin's actually kind of kinky. You'd really like her Jess." Jenny was actually worried that her sister would 'like' Erin too much!

It wasn't enough of a clue for Jessica to figure it out. Her look was still blank.

"Erin wanted to see us together again. But not from outside. She wanted to be in the room."

"Huh?"

Jenny chuckled inwardly. She shouldn't tease her sister like this, but it did make it easier to relay the information.

"She wanted to watch us having sex again Jess. Erin even wanted to join in with the two of us." Jenny let that sink in a moment. "That's really what I wanted to talk to you about. I didn't know if I should agree or not. I suspected that if I said no that Erin might then blackmail me, us."

"That's what you wanted my opinion on? Not that you were screwing Jeremy again? Oh my God, Jenny! I mean ... I don't even know what to say. What'd you do? Did you do it? Holy shit, Jenny! You did, didn't you?"

"She didn't force me. Or us. You know Jeremy. He was only too excited at the idea."

"I'm sure." Jessica continued to stare at Jenny, no longer blankly, but now stunned and maybe somewhat proud.

"After Jeremy told me that Erin had seen us. After I calmed down and got my head around the fact that Erin was obviously a freak like me, the idea got me turned on. I remembered our weekend with Jeremy and I couldn't stop thinking about Erin. She's very cute and sexy."

"I think that I really, really do have to meet this girl!" Jessica declared fiercely.

"You'd really love her Jess." If her sister could keep her hands off the girl, Jenny thought. "But anyway, I told Jeremy I would sit and talk with them after he told me that Erin had nagged him about it. It seemed that she got so horny thinking about it that she had been attacking him. Sexually. That was what I implied when I told you she was a dynamo."

"She got a charge out of you two fucking?"

"Erin had Jeremy tell her some of what we'd done just so they could have amazing sex afterwards." Jenny specified.

"That is some girl your son found."

"Actually, she found him. I'll give you the whole story later." Jenny told her, trying to keep her revelations on track. "I agreed to talk. That was all I wanted to do. Honestly."

"You three had sex together! Shit Jenny! I can't believe you! As dangerous as that was, it had to be sooo fucking hot! Two teen-agers! Jesus Christ Jenny! Now I am really jealous of you!" Jessica looked as if she was about to spring for the door to go in search of this girl she'd now heard too many stories about to believe.

"Oh, it was! I can't believe how hot it was, and I was there!" Jenny said with deep breath as the memory returned.

"I'm sure Jeremy was just in heaven!"

"We all were."

"So, you let Erin watch you two having sex?"

"Actually ..." Jenny started.

"What now?"

"I thought that it would be like it was with me and you with Jeremy. You know where each kind of took turns with him. Erin had other ideas of what she wanted. The two of them kind of ganged up on me." Jenny demurely admitted.

"You lucky bitch!"

"At least that's what happened the first time." Jenny said calmly without any additional emotion.

"The first time? The first time! Fuck Jenny! How many times have the three of you gone at it? That's why I haven't heard from you in days!" Jessica practically yelled. If there was a Richter scale for responses, Jess's was an easy 8.1.

Jenny raised two fingers.

"Twice! You little slut you!" Jessica was twitching from the news.

Jenny took another sip of wine, the glass now two-thirds drained. Having gotten out the majority of her bombshells, she felt more comfortable. Talking about her sex life and her sister's evident envy had gotten her excited. She shifted her legs hoping to get the material of her panties to stop rubbing on her inflamed clit.

The room was quiet for a long moment as the two sisters just stared at one another.

"Honestly Jenny, I don't see what the problem is. It sounds fucking fantastic to me" Jessica glared at Jenny. "Unless there is more that you haven't told me yet."

Jenny didn't speak, only holding up her right hand with her thumb and forefinger a small distance apart.

"What? You're having sex with her father too?" Jessica asked incredulously.

"No, nothing like that. Never met Erin's parents, though I'm sure with both of our graduation parties, I'll get a chance." Jenny again paused for effect.

"The other day Erin came over. While Jeremy wasn't home."

"She wanted sex again with the both of you?"

"No. Just me."

"Shit Jenny! If I had known you were going to lay all this out on me, I would have broken out the Jack." Jess almost stood; Jenny nearly thought her sister had risen until she realized that she was still seated near her.

The look on Jessica's face was one of awe as she stared at her sister.

"I didn't realize that you felt that way about women Jenny. I mean, I know you told me about that time in school with Sheila, and what we did together, but that was more for Jeremy's sake. Now you seem like quite the rug muncher. I'm sure you two did that?"

Jenny nodded.

"I don't care for that expression though Jess. It just seems so vulgar to me." Jenny stated although her complaint seemed miniscule compared to some of her deeds that had involved that act.

"Yes, you're right though. After Jeremy told me about Erin finding out about us and that she wanted to join us, the idea just got into my head. Remembering our time with Jeremy made me reminiscent and more than a little horny. Then thinking about being with Jeremy and Erin made me so wet. So that when she came over to talk, and then she and Jeremy were kissing, and then they were kissing me, and it was all I had fantasized and more." Jenny caught her breath as her words came tumbling out.

"When it happened again and I was more prepared for it, I realized that it wasn't just a one-time thing. I have actually been thinking about Erin as much as I do about Jeremy. It scares me a little. Not that it is wrong, but that I have enough people that I am having sex with already. I don't know what to do." Jenny looked with pleading eyes at her sister.

"You have such a difficult life Jenny!" Jessica said sarcastically. "To have your problems some people would give their left arm."

"It doesn't make them any easier. Come on Jess. I know that you and Margie are, or were, a thing. Even if you never admitted it to me so formally. I thought that you would have some kind of insight. Am I bisexual or is it just because Erin is Jeremy's girlfriend that I feel like this about her?"

Jenny felt like Jessica was looking at her for the first time in years. Or possibly the first time ever.

"What?" Jenny asked a little worried about what her sister might say.

"That's your answer. You have to find out if it is just Erin, or if you feel like this with other women." Jess stated with a resolution to crush skyscrapers.

Jenny had never heard her sister's voice carry such weight. It shook her.

"What? Just go find another woman to have sex with? Like Margie?" It may have seemed a simple solution, and it might have been for her carefree sister, but it was near impossible for Jenny. Especially with what she already had going on in her life at that moment. She thought that maybe this hadn't been the great idea that she had hoped.

"No. There are other options." Each syllable of Jessica's voice was as heavy as a mountain of granite, and just as solid.

Jenny had no idea what Jess was suggesting, feeling as obtuse as if it should have been obvious.

"Who?"

Jessica didn't say anything and Jenny felt like time might have paused as no one moved.

Then Jessica was kissing her longingly.

Jenny was stunned and couldn't move as Jess grew more passionate with her hungry kiss.

Jenny, already aroused by her recounting, felt herself getting urges she shouldn't have. She pulled back from her sister's lips with some effort.

"I don't think this is a good idea." Her eyes darted back and forth between Jessica's intense hazel eyes.

"Why not? You're having sex with your son. And his girlfriend. Together and separately." Jessica's tone was accusatorial. "What's wrong with me too?"

Jenny had no answer that seemed adequate. They may have done things together, but this just seemed different. Much like her time with Erin was different from being together with her and Jeremy. She understood that Jess was trying to do her a favor, but her life was complicated enough already without adding her sister into the mix. Any more than she already was, anyway.

"I've always wanted you Jenny." Jess's eyes never wavered as she spoke words that seemed to have been pried from the depths of her being.

It was Jenny's turn to be stunned by a sister's declaration.

"What!" Her chest felt very tight right then.

"I've always had feeling for men and for women." Jess stated the already obvious. It didn't clarify her confession.

"I think that that might have been a big factor in why I could never find the right man."

Jenny didn't follow, as Jess had already been married.

"What about your ex-husband? You thought he was right at the time. For eight years actually." Jenny didn't like bringing up the painful memories that Jess had gone through, but she was trying to deflect the conversation at that moment.

The pain was on Jessica's brow, but that was not the reason for her hesitation. She seemed to be fighting for words. Or the strength to speak them.

"We had a threesome too."

"What? You and the asshole?"

"You can say his name. I don't feel anything for Rob now." Jess did divert her attention for a minute that may have indicated otherwise, but they were in a highly charged moment so her words may have been true.

"Things were okay at the time. We had fun. The problem came when we each came to realize that we were more interested in ... the other woman ... then with each other. We didn't know that we both felt that way and individually and jointly decided to break things off with her to try to make things right in our marriage again. But it was too late. We both realized that we wanted things that we couldn't get from each other."

Jessica paused, clearly feeling something from that difficult time. She cleared her throat and with shift of her posture, continued.

"When I found out that ... Rob was still seeing the bitch, I realized that things were really over between us."

"That was the woman that he ran off with?" Jenny asked surprised by this twist.

"Yes." Jess replied simply.

"Why didn't you tell me this back then? Why did you make me think that he ... that you ...?"

Jessica shrugged her shoulders dejectedly.

"What? That he wasn't the only one at fault? I don't know. You and Justin were doing so well, with the kids and his job and all. My marriage had just failed. I didn't want you thinking that part of it was my fault. I was just the wronged wife with the husband who had run off with another woman. But I did blame myself. If I hadn't had those feelings, if I hadn't wanted to have sex with a woman while trying to keep a husband too, maybe Rob wouldn't have run off on me."

Jessica wiped away a small tear that had formed at the corner of her eye before it could fall.

Jenny looked at her little sister sympathetically.

"But what does that have to do with me?" Jenny still didn't see the connection.

"I've always wanted to have sex with you Jenny." The way Jess spoke her name then was more than sisterly.

"What!" Jenny felt more stunned then when Jeremy had told her about Erin. She barely had met that girl. This was her sister. The person that she thought she had known better than anyone, even better than herself sometimes. How could she just drop this announcement after all these years?

"That's why I went out with so many guys in high school. I was trying to sublimate my feelings for you by having sex with half the male students."

Jenny couldn't speak, couldn't move.

"You never noticed how I treated you all those years?" Jess asked with a girlish grin.

"You were my sister. Are my sister. How did you treat me any differently?" Jess could feel her lips working, knew her jaw was moving, but it was almost as if someone else was controlling her, as she was still stunned.

"That I was always running around the house barely dressed when mom and dad weren't home? That I was always touching you or hugging you?" Jess's hand started to move towards Jenny's knee but then stopped and retreated.

"I just thought that was just you being you, because you were so casual about sex and your body." Jenny answered vividly recalling those days.

"I was trying to get you to notice me." Jess paused as she made a point to stare into Jenny's eyes. "To see me in that way."

"Why didn't you ever say anything to me?" Jenny felt self-conscious under Jessica's scrutiny, now more intense with this confession.

"What was I supposed to say? 'Hey sis, do you want to make out with your little sister?' How would you have reacted to that?"

Jenny shrunk down under that stare.

"Not good, I guess." She forced herself to peer into those fiery hazel eyes. "But you could have brought it up more delicately than that. I might have been receptive to how you felt."

Jenny thought about her younger self and had to admit that if Jessica had come to her to expressing lesbian feelings for her that she would have been anything but receptive. She hated herself to see that truth.

Jess seemingly read her mind. "Would you?"

"No, I wouldn't. I'm sorry Jess. I never knew, never suspected that you felt that way." Jenny forced herself to smile. "Well, until recently. Did you ever ... have sex with girls back then?"

Jess returned the smile with no ill feelings.

"A few. Maybe more than a few! Enough to know that I liked it." The smile became a sexy grin. "As much as I liked it with boys. Maybe even more!"

"How did you keep it from everyone? From me?"

"We were discrete. It wasn't as widespread, or as acceptable as it is nowadays. You were the last person I could tell. You were the first girl that I had felt that way about. That I might like girls." The way Jessica looked at Jenny spoke of a determination that had been hard won. "I overcompensated by dating every guy that came along. And because of my looks I was able to get whomever I chose."

There was no guilt in Jessica's face at that admission; looks didn't give you the strength of character that Jess had apparently clearly earned.

"I even managed to steal some guys from their girlfriends and then have the girl too."

"Jess!" Jenny cried in indignation.

"I know. I was terrible back then. Quite the slut." It appeared she had reconciled with her earlier self. "Oh, I knew what everyone was saying about me behind my back. I encouraged it. See, if I was a slut, then I couldn't possibly be a lezzie!"

"But you weren't!" Jenny defended the reputation of a girl who had already faded into the past.

"Being bisexual was and is even less acceptable than being gay. Not that being a slut was acceptable, but people wouldn't call me names. Or hurt me. Whispers behind my back I could deal with." Jess's tone grew dark as she spoke of a time it was evident she would like to forget.

"Hurt you? No!" Jenny couldn't believe someone would hurt her sister because she had slept around.

"Jenny." Jess spoke sincerely. "I knew people that were gay, or bi-. I heard stories of some ending up in the hospital because of what they were. Some people just can't accept anyone that is different from what they expect everyone to be. A slut at least has a perverse respect with those kinds of people. It kept you out of the hospital. Or the morgue."

Jenny felt the pain that her sister had felt all those years ago.

"Jess, if you had come to me and tried to explain this to me, I can't believe that I wouldn't have listened to you!" There was moisture forming in Jenny's eyes.

"Hindsight is 20/20 Jenny. I had no idea how you would take it, but that at least by keeping my silence, I would be able to keep my sister."

Jenny felt the urge to hug Jessica then, tears appearing in her baby sister's eyes too.

"You could never lose me. You are my little sister. It's my job to take care of you."

Jenny wiped away a tear while she looked into Jessica's eyes. She kissed away a tear on the opposite cheek. Then kissed further down the wet trail from previous droplets.

"Jenny." Jessica whispered so quietly that Jenny barely heard her. "You don't ..." She blinked back another tear. "You don't have to ... if you don't ... want to."

Jenny brought a finger to that cheek, wiping away the salty residue. She then kissed the other cheek again, then down until their lips brushed together softly. Again, more firmly.

Jessica stared back at Jenny, blinking the excess liquid pooling on her eyelids.

The third kiss awakened her to Jenny's touch. She grabbed the back of Jenny's head and pulled it tightly towards her face, their lips molding around the others'.

Jenny's hands gripped Jessica's shoulder blades as their tongues danced together in each other's mouths.

Simultaneously they began to disrobe each other, pawing away the clothes without looking, their lips never leaving their siblings'.

Jenny felt gravity slip from her as they both fell back on the couch with Jenny lying atop her younger sister. She kissed her way down bare skin until she reached Jessica's large breasts, teasing them with her fingers, lips, and tongue.

Jessica mewled her contentment and pulled Jenny back up to her lips so she could then make her own way down to Jenny's tits. She rolled the pair over so she was on top and continued her kisses down her older sister's toned body until she had her face inches from Jenny's quivering pussy.

Jess licked and kissed all over Jenny's pelvis and pubic area, licking up the abundant juices that were pouring forth from Jenny's aching slit.

Her sister showed an enthusiasm to equal or exceed her son's, making Jenny cry out with pleasure numerous enough times that Jenny couldn't count.

When the stars stopped spinning and the couch ceased shaking, Jenny was ready and eager to reciprocate, hoping to be good enough to bring her sister half the bliss Jess had given her.

The two sisters shifted about to switch places, a bounty of kisses the intermission before Jenny put her face into Jess's damp cleft. She did

everything that she could remember that Jeremy, or Erin, and her dear sweet sister had done to her and repeated it back on Jessica's pulsing pussy. She felt great pride that she was able to make her cum at least a half dozen times, sure that part of Jess's excitement was that it was her long-loved sister doing this to her so that it took very little to bring her to her peak and send her into bliss.

Their lips then rejoined, tasting each other as they kissed.

It was a taste that neither could resist, and they shifted once more into that favorite number of so many lovers so that they could both savor the succulent juices from the source once again.

Long after, while they laid naked together on the couch, Jessica broke the reverent silence as they hugged and stared at the ceiling.

"Thank you Jenny."

"Thank you for what?" Jenny asked in reply, neither still looking at the other.

"For being my sister." Pause. "For granting my fantasy."

"You're not going to go getting all gooey on me like Jeremy are you?" Jenny partially rose to look at her sister's face.

Jessica laughed easily, peacefully.

"No. I'm not."

Silence again, but not for long.

"I've gotten over my teen crush on you. Now I'm glad that I have a sister that is a good friend."

Jess's words didn't seem completely true to Jenny, but she let it drop.

"Friends with benefits?" Jenny asked.

Jessica laughed again. "Yeah."

Jenny laughed with her sister, but without the same easiness as Jessica.

She returned to an empty house, Justin and the kids still out eating. She sat on her own couch still reeling from the numerous revelations of the day. That she had found that she did have a desire to be with another

woman was a minor surprise, more a confirmation of a suspicion she already had. Jessica's confession though had stunned her, but had also left her turned on. The one session hopefully not the last. She had gotten some answers, but was still in the dark about Erin. That one session also hopefully not the last. As she drowsily fell asleep sitting there, the only thing that she was still sure about with everything was her love for her husband and her son.

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Once again, thank you for reading my tale!

As always, let me know what you thought, even if only with your vote, though comments are always welcome!

There is still more to come as we return to our regular POV next chapter!

Next: Graduation and celebrations!

Chapter 22

Author's Notes:

Hello again Dear Readers!

I know that it's been a while since the last chapter and I apologize for that. I had gotten to a point in the story that was no longer clearly drafted, with only some vague ideas about how it would continue after Jessica's revelation. I've had difficulties working out the timeline after that and how I would relate Jeremy's reaction to the events that played out from Jenny's viewpoint. That, and the somewhat underwhelming response of the last chapter, made me take a break from the story to sort things out. Other things are also in the works so the time wasn't all wasted. Hopefully more on those soon (or soonish!).

This chapter starts off with a partial retelling of previous events from Jeremy's viewpoint and I hope that it works out well. For those that have mentioned about how long the story has become, I will say that there are only about 3 or 4 more chapters left (that I foresee), so the end is coming. Have patience!

As always, leave comments, suggestions, or complaints as you see fit. And please vote, it's the only way I know how you feel about my tale.

Onedragon

Oh My Holy Frickin' Jeezus Damn Shit and Fuck!

I could not emphasize enough how amazing, incredible, astonishing, unbelievable, wonderful, and incredible, did I already say amazing? having sex with Jenny and Erin together was!

As great as it had been having my mother and my aunt at the same time, being with my girlfriend and my mother, the two women that I loved most, watching them together as they had done, was on a whole another level of fantastic! I didn't think it would even be humanly possible to top that!

I had been able to eat my girlfriend's tasty pussy alongside my lovely Jenny!

With my mother!

On what plane of existence, what immortal realm was that even a possibility?

That the both of them had been so enthusiastic about everything that they did, with me or with each other, was also beyond belief!

I did love the time that I had spent together with Jenny and my heavenly Aunt Jessica, but as much as I had always fantasized about being with my curvy aunt, she had always just been that. A fantasy. I loved her as my aunt, but not in the same way that I loved mom/Jenny, or even my girlfriend Erin.

That I had gotten to be with each of the two women separately who meant more to me than almost life itself was more than any guy could dream. Together? Even the gods could only dream of that.

I hadn't intended things to happen as they had; as mom had said we would only have a talk with Erin. I had accepted that decision, suspecting that sooner or later, that things would happen. Then I had kissed Erin and things had escalated from there. From my living room through the stratosphere, to Nirvana, past Heaven, and on to who knows where!

Having experienced all that had actually calmed me for the next week of school of which was Finals Week.

With my mind reeling from the sex with my two beautiful, amazing, and sexy girlfriends, I had no thoughts for worrying about history tests, or math exams. This let the accumulated knowledge crowding my brain come to the fore of my mind more easily and helped me ace every Final. I don't know if I would suggest this as way of passing stressful tests,

but hey, not everyone got to screw their mother and their girlfriend at the same time!

Except, as I had told Jenny, I hadn't actually gotten to penetrate Erin with my dick. Not that I would say that what we had done didn't count as sex. Mom had astounded me, as she always did, with how involved she had gotten once she overcame her nervousness. Even as privileged as I was to have had that experience once, I really hoped that we would get to repeat it again.

Sometime soon!

Very soon!

The next week was as hectic, or even more so than preparing for my tests. The enormity of graduation loomed over the seniors. There was much cheer for the end of high school, but also that there would then be a large hole in our young lives that had been filled with school for thirteen years (or longer, for some of the multi-year seniors!). Everyone went about saying that they had to stay in touch over summer and over the coming years, but I had to wonder how many of these people that I had spent a good portion of my life around that I would actually see again. As happy as I was to graduate, I was also somewhat somber. Even the schoolmates that I mostly didn't know or didn't care if I didn't see again would be a loss, as they had been part of that 'school presence' of people that would now be a void. I would never again see that Joe

whatshisname from my freshman shop class who had cut off half his pinky with the band saw. Or that girl at lunch one day a few years ago that had slipped and fallen, her skirt then flew up and everyone had seen that she had had no panties on. Or the short Hispanic kid in gym class that had picked up a loose basketball and blindly flung it over his shoulders to make a basket with nothing but net to everyone's astonishment. Them, and a multitude of others that had filled my last four years would be gone as if they hadn't existed. It was a pretty heavy feeling that countered my otherwise heady excitement.

I may have been in the minority to think like that, but I could see in some peoples' eyes as they signed my yearbook that their pithy scrawl was more of an epitaph of our limited times together.

But enough with the gloominess.

I was about to graduate!

I had had a threesome with my sexy girls!

No. I should say, my two sexy women!

My last Friday morning of high school I was awoken wonderfully by my lover/mother with an incredible tongue-lashing of my dick. She almost ruined it by trying to kiss me with my spillage on her lips even

though she knew my distaste. I think she was maybe even doing it intentionally. I forgave her though and allowed her to sit on my face so that I could return the favor. I teased her through her panties before removing them and giving her a thorough pussy licking. I had her begging me to make her cum before sending her to the land of ecstasy. But I wasn't done with mom yet. I climbed between her legs and drove my cock into her until we both came together. Every time spent with my beautiful Jenny was just as magical as the first.

I did tell her that Erin wanted another tryst with the two of us and even though mom tried to downplay her interest I knew her too well by then to not see the lust that burned in her eyes. I knew it would take little urging for mom to allow another get together!

When I later told Erin what had happened that morning, it of course got her very worked up. We may have made record time to her house after school so that she could fuck me. She was very much the aggressor when we got to her bedroom and I allowed her to have her way with me. Having Erin discover mom and me together truly had to be the best thing to happen to my already unbelievable sex life! I was well worn when her parents came home from work. Her mother looked at me with a scrutinous eye, as if able to determine everything her daughter and I had done. I just flinched under that gaze.

Being as it was Friday; there was the usual movie night with the family. I had asked mom if it was okay for Erin to join the rest of us. There was something secretive in mom's eyes when she agreed. I guessed that it

might be uncomfortable for the three of us to be in the same room together with the rest of the family, the very same room in which we had had sex.

Erin and I sat on the couch. I felt bad for leaving mom to sit alone, but the three of us together on the couch would have been too tempting. So we sat and watched the two movies, an animated classic that Erin had never seen and a newer action thriller. I wasn't able to get into the second as much as I might have because of the presence of my hot girlfriend beside me whispering lewd suggestions of what she wanted to do with me. Or with Jenny!

On Sunday dad declared that we would have a family day together. Erin was busy with her own family so I didn't mind too much. I did like spending time with my family even if there wouldn't be any sex involved. I would still have mom there, so it wouldn't be a total loss. We teased each other secretly during the day while we played mini-golf. That had been dad's idea and though mom and I may have rolled our eyes together at the suggestion, Johnny and Jojo's exuberant responses outweighed our dislike. It turned out to be a fun day nevertheless. Especially when mom beat dad on the course and then set about razzing him about it. Afterward, we went out for a nice dinner. Mom though seemed somber for such a cheerful outing.

I still had a shortened week to finish and I have to say that I was feeling on top of the world during those last three days of school.

I didn't get to see mom as much as I might have wanted that week. With the impromptu and informal celebrations friends were having, the regular sex sessions with Erin that somehow had even escalated to another improbable level of heat, and the small, but important efforts I was making for my graduation party or the graduation ceremony itself, left me with hardly any minutes left in the day. Not that mom wasn't as important to me as any of the rest of those things. I did give her the opportunity for some action when I told her in front of the rest of the family during dinner after finishing my last day of school that I didn't want to get up early the next few days unless it was an emergency. I assumed, wrongly I guess, that she would wake me as she had done on many previous Friday mornings with a wonderful blowjob that would then progress onto other delightful activities. When this didn't happen, I confronted her later that weekend. She replied that there had been no emergencies that had required my attention. She didn't know about the emergency I had had in my shorts each morning when I awoke!

Not that I had really needed any attention from my sexy mom.

After having gotten to live out her secret fantasy (and my own!), Erin was on fire all the time! She would be on me between classes and practically had to be pried off my face. I thought I would have to duct tape my constant erection down so that it wouldn't be so noticeable all day long! Then we would barely make it to her house (and a few times we didn't make it!) to have blistering sex until I was left as dry as a bone.

Then when school was over for us, we would go out all evening and end up having more sex that had me wondering if she might wear my wiener down to a toothpick! But no, my dick was always ready for whatever Erin could demand of it.

So, I hadn't needed mom for sex.

That didn't mean that I didn't still miss being with my incredible Jenny.

I knew that she was busy with her over-planning for my graduation party. As always, doing far more than was required. I mean really, cleaning the utility room! Who cared! I just wanted my friends and family there to celebrate with me, plenty of food to eat, maybe some beer to drink, and my two favorite women in the world by my side. Well, three actually, as I wanted Aunt Jess there too. Having matching doilies and napkins with my name and graduation date on them was way more than what was needed. Hell, we had a whole pile of napkins left over from the taco place that always insisted on filling our bag with them! But I was sure that mom would have a scrapbook with at least one of the frilly doilies and a normal napkin saved in it. If I happened to drink too much and puke, she would probably save a vial of that too!

I had informed mom, and Erin had told her parents, that we wanted to attend each other's parties, so that there would be no scheduling snafus. Fortunately, my zealous mother had already considered graduation season and had planned on having mine on a later weekend so that

there would be less issues with friends, or more distant family members being able to attend.

My first week out of school was a whirlwind.

Erin and I hung together practically all day and even long into the night. It wasn't all sex between the two of us. We had long soulful discussions about almost every subject, from our political views, world events, and even our choice of French fry condiments (who puts mustard on them, really!). We even had long periods of time without even a word spoken between us, as if we were communicating with each other on a higher plane. There was also some sex too. Maybe fifty-fifty between the two. Give or take.

Mom and dad surprisingly said little about my late nights, obviously allowing me my moment of freedom. No more school commitments and not yet part of the adult world. I may have taken advantage of their unspoken lack of restrictions, though dad did tell me firmly one evening that he had expected me to get a job for the summer. Even just a part time job. I could accept that although it would cut into the time I expected to be spending with Jenny or Erin. Or both!

This was made more manifest when I awoke one morning after everyone else was gone and I went downstairs to forage.

Jenny was in the kitchen and I greeted her sleepily. My tone must have somehow upset her before she came out and stated that she missed me. It took me a second to understand her meaning. I was being worn out by my little nymph girlfriend! I told mom that I missed her too. And that Erin missed her. Mom then stated with very little subterfuge that Erin and I should come and visit with her. I at first just thought she meant it in a friendly manner. Then it hit me what she had really meant!

Mom wanted another threesome with Erin and me!

Hot damn!

I was beyond myself now thinking about getting to repeat my ultimate fantasy. Then I stopped and had to correct myself. My ultimate fantasy would also include Aunt Jess and actress Kate Lawrence too!

I told mom that I would talk to Erin (as if that was even necessary!) and then give her my girlfriend's response.

This did have me thinking of my interesting conundrum.

It was great that mom and Erin got along so well together. It might even be suggested, too well!

It's not that I was worried about losing Erin to Jenny, or my mother to my fiery-haired girlfriend, but their interest in each other was an unusual dilemma. I didn't want either of them deciding that I wasn't needed as much as I wanted to be. I was already giving them each everything that I could in the sack. Or as much I could give Jenny, given our complex situation with my father. Did I maybe bite off more than I could chew? Or screw?

I did get an indescribable thrill that evening when I announced at dinner that Erin would be coming over for lunch. Dad didn't even act as if he had heard my words. If only he could guess what his wife would be dining on. Or actually whom!

Mom just gave me a wide-eyed stare, as she didn't want to make a bigger deal about it than was required for such an innocent affair. I did have an issue with hiding my erection when I rose from the table as mom had made a show of licking her lips sensuously throughout the meal when it had been only me looking at her.

It was hard sleeping that night (pun fully intended!) as I dreamt of the next day's activities. Also, that Erin kept texting me dirty suggestions before we said goodnight. I almost expected Jenny to show up at my door for some pregame workouts and I was only slightly disappointed when she didn't. I tried to imagine what was going through her head. The first time hadn't been intended to happen when it had, but this time we all knew what was about to take place. Even with all that I had experienced in the past half dozen months or so, I actually felt nervous.

I woke early, or actually, I just gave up trying to get back to sleep at such an early hour. I pissed, showered, shaved, and dressed before sauntering downstairs just after nine. I was halfway down the stairs when I saw mom standing in the living room.

I had to whistle at the sight of her.

Jenny was wearing a tight white blouse, clearly without a bra underneath with the way her nipples were poking through the crisp fabric. A red polka dot skirt that didn't reach her knees spread out from her hips. She had on red, medium-heeled shoes that accentuated her legs. Pearl necklace and earrings, along with dad's conciliatory diamond bracelet and my watch on her wrist were her only accessories. It didn't appear that she had put on any makeup and I was disappointed, as some bright red lipstick would really have stood out on her. I felt under dressed in my khakis and tee shirt, but I hadn't expected to be wearing them for very long!

Mom commented about how early I was up and I joked that I wasn't the only thing that was 'up'. She ignored my innuendo and asked what time we expected Erin to arrive. We wanted this to be early enough that we would be finished long before Jojo or Johnny arrived home from school; so we had planned for eleven a.m. Far earlier than most orgies, but you get them when you can! I answered her and then asked for breakfast, knowing that I would need as much energy as I could get ahead of time.

As mom was cooking eggs, she looked at me with concern on her face. She gave me the spiel about this wasn't going to be a regular event and somehow we got on the subject of how Erin and I had met and then the first night that we had had sex. Mom seemed very interested as I recounted that evening, as if it wasn't my mother that I was telling!

I made no comment about the crispiness of the eggs that she had ignored while listening to my story. I could tell that she was feeling as anxious as I. I suggested that maybe she should have a drink to calm her nerves. As I ate the eggs and she poured herself a shot of Jack Daniels, I was surprised when she asked if I wanted one also.

Have a shot with mom?

It may have been an odd reaction with all that I had already done with her. I did take her anal virginity, so what was a drink with her in comparison?

I teased her about getting me drunk so she could take advantage of me and I saw her eyes go wide with laughter right before she was about to throw back her shot.

"Take advantage of you? Said the lion to the sheep." Jenny answered as she lowered her still full glass.

"You're no sheep Jenny." I said boldly, grabbed the small glass, and with a clink on hers, drank the shot.

"Hooa." I exclaimed as the liquor burned down my throat. "That'll wake you up."

"Another?" Mom asked me as she poured herself another.

"No that's okay. It's kind of weird drinking with you."

"This is what makes you feel weird? Having a shot with me? Not all the other things we've done? With Erin and me? Jess and me? Screwing your mother's ass! This is what makes you feel weird?" Mom came out with a strange intensity that I chalked up to nerves and the situation that we were in.

"Well, sure they were all weird at the time. Given time, I'm sure I'll be throwing them back with you like you were Alan or Billy. Truth is, my stomach is kind of churning right now." I answered plainly.

Mom assured me that her own was probably worse. I asked but why, this wasn't anything we hadn't done before. With a number of different people. She told me that it was because that it was more than just sex,

that I cared about the two of them and wasn't just out to get my rocks off. It wasn't an adequate answer, as I didn't think that I had felt that way about any other special encounter before. With her. Or Aunt Jess. Even Jess's friend, Margie. But she was right on one level; I did love her and Erin more than any of the other women.

It wasn't long before the doorbell rang which startled me as I had expected Erin just to enter the house. Mom seemed lost in thought so I rushed to get the door. My dick beat me there by a fraction of a second.

Erin was standing in the doorway wearing an old-style cut-up off the shoulder sweatshirt with a tight pair of stretchy shorts that I always loved when she wore them. She also had knee-high socks and her sneakers. She leaped into my arms when she saw me and I returned the kiss and hug she gave me. Neither lasted long enough for me!

Erin then turned and saw mom behind me.

"Oh Jenny! Thank you for inviting me over again!" My girlfriend sprang from my arms to my mother's and gave her a kiss to match any she had ever given me. Mom seemed overwhelmed at this and barely responded to the hot greeting.

"I understand Jenny. We have to save some for Jeremy!" Erin then turned to look at me with the sexiest smile. "Unless you want to watch your sexy mom and girlfriend making out?"

How was I supposed to answer that?

Of course I did!

"I'm just here for whatever you girls want to do to me." I'm sure I had a wide grin on my face but I couldn't tell.

"And to keep your dick hard!" Erin told me.

Jenny asked Erin if she wanted something to drink. Erin merely asked for some ice water. I told her I'd have one of my Tigerades. Erin gave me a small punch in my shoulder as she sat on the couch.

"Help your mother!"

I relented and told mom to sit, asking what she wanted.

"Yeah, I'll have another." I saw her sit in dad's chair instead of the couch.

It only took me half a second to realize that Jenny wanted another shot of Jack.

I could hear them talking as I got Erin's water, added a couple ice cubes from the freezer, refilled mom's shot glass, and grabbed one of my plastic bottles from the fridge door.

Erin just stared at mom's glass.

"If I'd known that was an option, I would have asked for one too!" She looked down at her perspiring glass with disappointment.

Mom came back with, "Hell! Everything about this is highly inappropriate. A round for everyone Jeremy!"

"I suppose I could use another one." I said as I stood again.

"Another? Were you two getting drunk before I even got here?" Erin's voice followed me as I went back to the kitchen.

I got another glass out of the cabinet, retrieved mine from the counter, and filled them both before returning to the girls.

"You have to be the coolest mother ever Jenny!" I saw Erin stare lustfully at mom.

"You've sat on my face and this is what makes me cool?" Mom stated too casually to match her words.

I almost dropped my small glass at mom's question. That, and that I remembered to what mom had referred.

"I hope you two aren't out drinking all the time. And you better not be doing any driving!" Mom's eyes drilled into me.

I reverted to being her son at Jenny's scolding.

"We haven't actually been drinking mom. I didn't even know that Erin did." I looked over at Erin with some surprise. "I've only gone drinking like a dozen times. I can't just get beer anywhere." I replied defensively as if I had just been caught doing as mom claimed.

"I hope not. I might wish that you didn't, and you better never get caught, because your father or I won't be bailing you out if you do get caught!" Jenny's tone was a long practiced maternal one. She then added with an easier tone. "I may be a mother, but I was also young once. You're going to drink, I can't pretend otherwise, but like with ... sex," She waved at the three of us, "I hope you do it responsibly."

Mom's tone obviously affected Erin as well as me when Erin replied quickly with, "I'm on the pill Jenny."

"If she wasn't, I would use a condom." I added in my defense.

Mom smiled.

"I'm done being mom now. Cheers!" Then she raised her glass in salute and then downed it without waiting for Erin or me.

I drank mine slower and I saw Erin only sipping hers. I grabbed the glasses when we were done and set them on the table beside the couch.

"Now, who's going to be the first to kiss me?" Jenny asked seductively.

I was caught off balance as I sprang from the couch. Erin must have been quicker as mom allowed my girlfriend's lips to linger on her own. I can't say that I was the loser as I got to watch these two sexy women that I loved so much kissing so passionately, both their tongues clearly in the other's mouth as they shared their lust.

I ran my hands through both of their hair, thick brown on one head, and an almost frizzy auburn on the other. I just watched in awe as their kissing drew on for many long minutes. Then I began to wonder when I would get my turn with either of them.

"I have the two hottest women on the planet!" I declared loudly to get their attention. "Or any other planet!"

Erin just grinned at me and said, "Really? That ..." Then she made a weird alien sounding noise, "on Betelgeuse IX is very hot too! Or so I've heard."

Mom laughed at that and I had to snicker myself.

"She does have a sense of humor to match yours honey." Mom was still staring at Erin longingly.

"I know, isn't she great?" Just another of a hundred reasons for which I loved Erin!

"Shut up dear and kiss me." Mom's eyes went from Erin to me.

I was only too happy to obey!

"Yes, my love."

I kissed her as hard as Erin had, pushing my tongue deep past Jenny's open lips locked to my own.

My world then consisted of just kissing my loving mother, my amazing Jenny, and my wonderful lover. All three wrapped up in one incredible woman!

I'm sure Erin wasn't sitting idle as we continued, but for the moment, my focus was mom's soft and firm lips and darting tongue. That is until Erin's head nudged mine aside enough to allow her lips to join mine and Jenny's. I wouldn't have thought it possible to kiss as we did if I hadn't been there.

The three of us shared the kiss, our lips travelling over the two other pairs. Three tongues twirled together; we breathed in each other's breath as we shared our lusts, our passions, and our love.

I have to say that that was the hottest kiss that I have ever had in my life!

I hate to admit though that I was the first to break from the other two.

"You two have too many clothes on." I said as I looked at Jenny and Erin in turn.

"I noticed you don't have a bra on Jenny. Was that for me?" My sexy girlfriend asked my other sexy girlfriend. Erin's grin would have made a priest forsake his vows.

"The less I'm wearing, the less I have to take off." Jenny responded calmly.

"I have no bra on also; it's just not as noticeable as you!" Erin shook her body, but the sweatshirt mostly hid any shaking her smaller tits might have done. "My mom would have said something if she had seen me dressed like that. She's not as cool as you."

"I've been told I'm pretty cool." Mom answered somewhat shyly.

"And pretty hot too!" I gave my opinion. My dick may have been slow to realize what was going on, but it was now beginning to wake and rise.

Mom reached out for the bottom of Erin's top but Erin's hands trying to get at mom's blouse's buttons got in her way.

"Let's take this somewhere more comfortable." Mom stated easily.

"Your room Jenny?" I asked curiously.

"Unless you think you can fit us all in your bed?"

I was willing to try, if only to have these two beauties in my bed together!

"Oh, I think we could all fit!" Erin cheerfully added. "We both just sit on Jeremy. One on either end!"

I was still fine with that! My cock was almost completely hard and ready for whichever bed we ended up in.

But mom's bed would be roomier for any number of different positions.

"We'll use your bed Jenny." I declared firmly.

"I love your bed Jenny!" Erin's eyes lingered softly on my mother.

"I already love your bed Jenny!" I added not to feel left out.

"You love anywhere that you can get me naked and fuck my brains out!" Mom stood with her blouse partially open, hints of her large

fleshy globes visible as the cloth swayed as she moved. Erin was already headed down the hallway pulling me behind her.

The two of us were already kissing before mom got there. My eyes saw her enter over Erin's one bare shoulder and stare at us. There was no jealousy in her gaze, only a smoldering lust that was on the verge of igniting into an inferno blaze!

Jenny walked over to Erin. I realized that she was pulling off the old sweatshirt and let go of my girlfriend long enough for mom to lift it over Erin's head. My gaze was immediately drawn to the now bare breasts before me. Erin's perky tits and stiff little nipples quivered slightly with her excitement. I couldn't help but bend down to suck on one taut nip.

"Erin." Mom's voice was a sultry drawl. "You should let Jeremy undress you sometime. It's something to experience."

Erin cuddled my head possessively to her chest as I continued to suck and play my tongue over her tip.

"He undresses me all the time." She said as if surprised that she had to state that fact.

"Not like I mean he hasn't. Am I right honey?" Mom asked me lovingly.

I lifted my mouth from Erin's breast. I couldn't believe that I hadn't already thought of doing that with my girlfriend!

"No. I haven't done that with Erin. Yet." I returned my lips and tongue to their rightful place. This time on the other nipple.

"What?" Erin's voice was full of confusion. "What do you mean, undressing?"

"He removes your clothes. But slowly. Very slowly. With lots of kisses as your skin is exposed. Caressing you with his lips, his tongue, his hot breath ..." Mom's voice melted as she was remembering the night that I had done that with her. The night before our hot weekend with Aunt Jess!

Erin's hands ran over my head tightly.

"Oh yes, Jeremy. You have to do that to me very soon!" Erin cooed dreamily.

"And make sure you wear extra clothes, so that there are more to take off!" Mom added.

I made a mental note to myself, even as I also kicked myself for not having done it yet. Or maybe, even both of them together!

"I have a lonely nipple Jenny." Erin told my mom.

I didn't see how, as I was moving between them both as I licked and sucked the hard little nipples of my girlfriend.

"I think we need to get some more clothes off." Mom stated.

Erin and I moved apart and towards Jenny, our fingers reaching out to finish removing mom's white blouse. I started at the top while Erin unbuttoned the bottom. Our hands didn't merely undo buttons though, they slid over mom's skin caressing her as she was exposed further; massaging her boobs through the thin cloth covering them.

"Oh yes! That feels wonderful!" Mom sighed with our touch.

Erin had the same thought as I as we both then leaned forward to take one of mom's stiffened nipples into our mouths. I snuck a glance at my girlfriend as she supped at my mom's tit. Just one more erotic sight to add to my never-ending list!

I moved over to join Erin's tongue with my own, both our tongues flicking over the nipple.

"Oh shit! That feels damned good!" Mom moaned as she held our faces to her breast.

I had to kiss Jenny then, leaving Erin to suck the tit alone. Mom met my lips with her own, each of us trying to suck in the other's soft flesh. Then Erin pushed me aside to kiss mom herself so I returned to mom's nipples. For a few minutes, Erin and I continued to switch back and forth from breast to lips. Mom was clearly getting very worked up with this foreplay.

"You have such nice breasts Jenny! I wish mine were this nice!" Erin licked around mom's pinkish areola in delight.

"You have such nice perky tits Erin, not saggy like mine." Jenny answered.

"You really like my girlfriend's tits, mom?" I asked with a gentle ribbing.

Mom responded by leaning down and sucking on one of Erin's nipples before giving it a small bite.

"Oh! That's great!" Erin sighed.

Then all three of us were sucking, licking, and nibbling at the two women's tits, though it seemed that Erin and mom were more focused on each other than in what I was doing to them. But what did I care! I had two pairs of boobs to suck on!

Erin straightened and said, "Here Jenny, let's do this."

She cupped her smaller breasts and pressed them against mom's larger ones. Mom cupped her own tits and the two of them rubbed their nipples together. I just stared at this delightful sight while my dick ached in its confined space.

Erin looked towards me with a playful grin.

"Suck our tits honey! Mine and Jenny's!"

They both kept up the tit rubbing but made room for me to shove my face in and flick my tongue over the nipples being smashed together. It was a three-way battle of which we all won.

Erin urged me on but Jenny suggested that we move over to the bed. I reached down and unzipped mom's red skirt while she pulled down Erin's tight shorts. The women stepped out of their clothes, climbed on the bed, and Erin took mom in a lip lock.

I took that opportunity to shuck my own clothes, too impatient to wait for the girls to do it for me. Neither took any notice of me, nor my dick standing tall and awaiting their care, as they continued to kiss deeply. I cleared my throat loudly to get their attention.

Erin's blue eyes lit up when she saw me and my condition.

"Sorry Jenny, but I want my mouth on that thing!" Erin exclaimed. She moved closer to the bed's edge to be able to reach my crotch.

"Get up on the bed dear and lay down." Mom told me.

I did, my dick pointed almost straight up at my parent's bedroom ceiling.

Erin grabbed the base of my dick and gave it a lick. I shivered at the touch of her tongue on my privates.

"Isn't this the best dick you've ever seen?" My girlfriend then gave it another lick, from where she held it and up to the tip, which was now leaking profusely.

"Oh, it is!" Mom answered happily. "I always thought that I was biased though."

Mom bent over, took the whole head into her mouth, and sucked it hard. She released me with a loud pop. Many more of them, and it would be more than just a pop though!

"That is such an amazingly hot sight Jenny! Watching you suck your son's hard cock in your mouth like that! It gets me sooo wet!" Erin cried out with her lust dripping from her words.

"You'll be next then!" Jenny stated with burning green eyes.

Erin gasped, "Oooo!" She gave me another long slow lick with her flattened tongue from base to tip.

Mom then did the same, her tongue running over Erin's fingers wrapped around my dick and then licked up my pre-cum at the top.

"Yes Jenny! Suck my dick! Erin, you too!" I wanted to grab both heads and shove my cock into either of them! I instead just held them behind my back so as to let the girls lavish their tongues and mouths on me.

They spent a good amount of time soaking my dick in their combined spit, giving me a double sloppy wet blowjob, alternating licking and bobbing as they went. I could only groan as they praised my dick with their mouths. Then Erin took me in her mouth while Jenny stroked my shaft. I almost lost it then as my mother jerked my cock into my girlfriend's wide-open mouth!

They stopped in time before I exploded, but only to switch places. Erin now stroked me as Jenny bobbed her mouth around my mushroom head.

"Suck your son's dick Jenny! Suck it good!" Erin yelled out to mom as she jerked me more fiercely.

This seemed to urge Jenny on as she started pushing her head further down my thick shaft.

"Yes! Suck that deep!" Erin cheered.

"Shit Jenny! That feels so good!" I'm sure my voice cracked as I gasped out my words.

Before I was about to cum, they switched again. Erin was sucking to try to match mom's recent efforts and mom was giving an amazing hand job that would have had me cumming in no time! Erin didn't bob for very long, and she pulled off and offered my dick back to mom again. As Jenny bent to take me again into her mouth, Erin's mouth was there also, kissing Jenny with my dick head between their lips. The two started to French kiss as well as they could around my huge dome.

"Oh fuck me!" I bellowed.

Jenny and Erin continued to work over my dick, never letting me go over the brink, and just enjoyed pleasuring me. As great as it was, and let me tell you that it was VERY great, I was shaking with my need to cum. It was only a few more minutes when I felt that urge in my balls and knew it wouldn't be very long before I couldn't hold off any more.

"I'm close girls! Stop or I'm gonna cum all over you both!" I warned them, but possibly too late to prevent just that.

They both paused for a half-second, a bolt of electricity seemingly shot between those blue and green eyes, then they attacked me with added fervor.

That was it! I couldn't stop the inevitable anymore!

"Ahhh! Fuuuuuccck!" I screamed as my cum burst from my balls and shot up my dick. I gritted my eyes as my ass lifted off the mattress. I just felt a multitude of explosions that didn't seem to ever end.

"Holy fuck!" I barely heard Erin cry out with laughter in her voice.

"Have you been storing that up for today?" Mom's voice asked with just as much wonder in it.

I opened my eyes and tried to focus as I saw the two of them covered in my white cream. I was shocked and kind of amazed at the amount! There was at least enough from two or three loads on mom's and Erin's faces.

"I just have two amazing and amazingly sexy girls!"

Only proven the more when Erin grabbed either side of mom's neck and pulled her close. Erin then ran her tongue over mom's cheek, licking up my cum dripping there. Mom smiled sexily and then ran her own tongue over Erin's wet cheek. They took turns lapping up my thick cum and then kissing each other to share their spoils. It was so sexy, sensual, erotic, and sexy! Did I say very sexy?

"Damn it Jenny, Erin! I've seen a whole lot of sexy things, but that ...!" I was speechless.

They continued seeking out more of my spunk on their faces in between some hot kissing.

Jenny then turned to look at me as Erin was licking up her jaw towards her ear.

"Kiss me honey!" Mom said demandingly.

I don't know why Jenny continued to press that. She knew that I didn't want that! I had a comeback though!

"There are other lips that I want to kiss." I plainly stated.

Erin then looked confused at me.

"Mine are just as ... stained as hers." She gave me a sexy grin and ran her tongue over her perfect lips.

I nearly burst out with a chuckle.

"You both have another pair of lips that I want to kiss!"

I saw the lights go on in both of those gorgeous pairs of eyes.

"Ooo! Yes, please!" Erin pleaded.

Mom said nothing but I saw her eyes looking at my crotch with my dick still standing at attention, the women's ministrations notwithstanding.

"But who gets which end?" Erin asked with concern in her tone.

Mom grinned. "I don't care. Either is incredible"

Neither could decide, as they both wanted to ride my cock and sit on my face! I certainly didn't care! Either could do both all day long if they wanted!

It was Erin that finally made the decision.

"I love seeing you fuck him, so you get his wonderful cock!" My equally wonderful girlfriend then rose so she could place her cute little tush over my head.

"Ride Jeremy's cock Jenny! I want to see your son's big dick buried deep in your beautiful pussy!" Erin then gasped out as my tongue drove into her very soaked and also delicious beautiful pussy.

"Lick Erin's pussy honey! Make her cum as hard as you do me!" Jenny ordered as she planted herself on my raging cock in one stroke. "I'm going to ride this cock ... this motherfucking cock!"

That really got to Erin!

"Oh God yes Jenny!" She wailed as she wriggled her ass over my face. "He really is a motherfucker, isn't he? I never thought about it like that!"

"Ahh, fuuuck!" Jenny also wailed out in delight.

"Isn't that the best feeling? Feeling that dick fill your pussy!" Erin's voice faltered as she spoke as my tongue was working its magic on her dripping channel. I may have just had one of the most amazing cums, but between these two gorgeous women, I didn't put much faith into how long I might last. I was focusing on licking Erin's tasty snatch and not on the way Jenny's tight pussy was squeezing my cock!

"Just as good as what he's doing to you!" Mom thrust down hard again before rising up again.

"He's licking me sooo ah ... maze ... innnng!" Erin shrieked.

The girls shrieked and wailed and cried out their pleasure as I gave them such ecstasy as I could manage to give. It was more than enough as it wasn't long before they each announced their orgasms with very loud voices. Mom came first as she jackhammered herself on my cock and then Erin joined her a moment later, her syrupy cum filling my mouth as she shook on my face. Mom continued to bounce even after she was coming down from her climax only to rocket herself into bliss almost immediately again.

I wasn't unaffected throughout this activity. My previous powerful orgasm hadn't been enough to relieve my need and with the two beauties bellowing their bliss, it pushed me past the point of no return. As mom was in the midst of her second mind-bending orgasm, I released another huge load of cum deep into her spasming cunt.

My head spun and I saw stars as both women fell off me. Erin quickly spun about to give me a deep passionate kiss that I returned as well as I could.

Jenny seemed slower to recover but she eventually opened her eyes to see Erin and I staring at her.

"Oh God honey!" Her voice crackled. "That was just amazing!"

"You don't know how amazing that was to watch! Even if Jeremy licking my pussy kept me from seeing part of it!" Erin's voice melted with euphoria.

Mom just looked at me.

"Did I feel you cumming in me?"

I had to grin. Not your usual question between a mother and son! I didn't even know what was usual anymore!

Before I could say anything, Erin interjected with, "Did you cum in your mom's pussy? Did you fill her with your delicious spunk?" Her lustful look burned into me. She then turned to mom.

"Lie down Jenny! I want to eat your son's cum out of your tasty cunt!" Erin ordered Jenny as she pushed mom flat on the bed.

"Yeah, I did." I finally answered but neither of them were listening to me.

I looked on in awe as my girlfriend moved between my mother's toned thighs and lowered her head to that most intimate spot. Mom's soft moans let me know that Erin had begun with her tongue. If not for having just cum a second explosive time, I would have been as hard as granite at that sight.

"Do you like my tongue on your clitty, Jenny? Am I as good as Jeremy?" Erin teased mom.

I felt proud to have Erin feel she was in competition with me as far as pussy licking went. What man didn't want to be better at that than a woman? I didn't know if I wanted to hear mom's answer though. Her moans may not have been a definitive answer.

"I think she likes it hun." I told Erin.

Erin glanced up at me over Jenny's creamy smooth thigh.

"I know she does. So do I!" And she returned her face into mom's crevice.

My red-haired girlfriend's head waggled about as she lapped at Jenny's slit and clit. Mom was writhing about in bliss under Erin's oral onslaught and even though she had already had some very strong orgasms already, I could tell she was on her way to another. I was

slightly jealous that it wasn't me that was licking mom's delicious pussy!

"Fuck!" Mom burst out. "Lick me! Just like that! I'm gonna cum ... cum ... again!"

I urged Erin on.

"Lick my mom's pussy Erin, make her cum real hard!"

I don't know if it was Erin's licking or my words that pushed mom over, but she shook such that her climax was obvious.

"Jeez mom! You cum as easy as ..." I had started speaking without realizing my comment. I was about to make the old joke about how easy your mother was when I caught myself saying so to my own mother!

Mom clearly had heard the jokes also.

"I know, as easy as your momma!"

"That's funny!" Erin laughed as she wiped her chin with the back of her hand. I would have cleaned her face for her!

I tried to apologize for my comment.

"That's not what I meant Jenny, I really didn't."

Mom took no offense and even laughed herself.

"It is funny dear. And apparently, it is true. I do cum as easy as your momma!" She chuckled again. "It's just because I have two lovely teenagers that get me so aroused that I can't help it."

I felt better then. "Only because you're so sexy Jenny!" I told her.

Erin added. "And you taste so fantastic!" She then rose enough to kiss mom.

"We do taste good together don't we dear?" Mom said huskily when they finally separated.

"Yes you do lover." Erin grinned back. She and mom resumed kissing, softer and more intimate.

I was almost overwhelmed with this.

"I don't know what I ever did to be as lucky as I am now!" I exclaimed.

"You didn't feel so lucky when I ended things between us." Jenny paused a second as the pain of that time was brought back. "But then you wouldn't have met Erin."

"That's what I told him!" Erin said emphatically. "Only because you foolishly kicked him to the curb did he accept to being with me!"

I still hadn't bought in to Erin's theory of us having been destined for each other and that it was only because of mom that we had met. She had gone to the same school as me! I was only surprised that it took four years for us finally to find each other.

"It was foolish of me, I agree. I'm glad that I finally realized that. Even if it was after he had found a new girl." Mom looked from Erin to me with a lingering eye and then back to Erin.

"Someone willing to share him?" Erin asked seductively.

"Thank you sweetie." Mom said sweetly.

And they were kissing again!

I didn't know if it was better to kiss them or to watch them do so!

"What is that now? Jeremy two, sweet sweet Jenny three," Erin once again kissed mom, but only a peck on her soft lips. "And poor old me only one." Erin's voice was full of pity and sorrow.

"What's that?" I asked concerned with her tone.

"How many times we've cum." Her tone cheered as she explained. "Your mom cums so easy ..." Erin waited for the repeat.

"How easy is she?" Mom chimed in with a huge grin on her face. I was lost.

"She cums so easily that I don't get to!" It wasn't so much a complaint with the way she teased, but it was a fact that she was counting!

"But you girls can keep going even when I am done!" I protested in reply. I couldn't help biology, or physiology, or why ever guys were built the way we were.

"Only because you make us so horny!" Mom explained. I could tell she was just trying to make me feel better.

"But I'm still behind!" Erin pouted so cutely. "I think that you both should eat my pussy together again. Like you did last time!"

Mom got a look on her face then. It wasn't nervousness as she had had that previous time.

"Come on mom!" I urged my sexy Jenny.

"Turn that beautiful body around here so that we can get in between those pretty legs of yours!" Mom practically demanded of my girlfriend.

Erin squealed in delight as she moved. "You think I have pretty legs?"

I had to move in beside mom to position myself in place.

"They are very sexy Erin." Mom said sultrily. "They're even sexier wrapped around my head!"

My mother could say the most beautiful things!

"Damn mom, are you trying to make me cum again?"

Erin voiced her complaint again.

"No! It's my turn! Get in there and lick my clitty Jenny!"

I then noticed that she had been leaving me out of her requests. Or of how she had laid out more for mom's ease.

I dove in just as quickly as my mother had done, nudging her aside to give me access to Erin's spread lips oozing her arousal.

"You really are the best Jenny!" I said lovingly and gave mom a kiss.

I then guided our joined lips to Erin's own lips.

Then I was eating pussy with my mom again!

Our lips danced over Erin's labia, her inner reaches, and her sensitive clit.

"Doesn't Erin's pussy taste so good Jenny?" Mom's lips were only a hair width from my own.

"As good as mine? Or better?"

I felt her teasing smile more than saw it.

I didn't know if she wanted an honest answer of if she was only baiting me. I just gave her the truth. Even if it wasn't what she was seeking.

"You both are delicious! And no calories!"

I don't know if this satisfied mom or not. She didn't let on about any disappointment if she had wanted me to declare hers better.

"Yes, Erin does taste wonderful. Sweet and tangy. And you taste good too."

I could almost hear her conciliatory tone. As if she was sorry I wasn't as good.

"Less chatting down there! Use your tongues on me and not for yapping!" Erin demanded. She put a foot behind each of our heads to hold us in place.

I gave an inner chuckle at my luscious girlfriend's bold attitude.

I started licking and flicking her clit while mom was slowly licking along Erin's wide labia.

This was to Erin's enjoyment as she gave a lustful declaration.

"I don't think I ever want to let the two of you up from down there!"

Mom and I continued tongue-torturing Erin's sopping wet pussy. We had her shaking in delight, her slim legs trembling as they were clamped to our backs.

"Oh fuck Jeremy! Bite my clitty! Not too hard! Jenny ... your tongue feels tremendous! Keep licking me so good!"

Mom's tongue joined mine flicking Erin's little nub. This was all it took as Erin then screamed loudly.

"Oooohhh! Fuuuuuuuccck!"

We kept up on her clit, our tongues brushing together as much as on Erin's delicate bud. Those legs pushed even tighter as Erin shook as if with a seizure right before she went rigid and gave out a keening cry that let us know she had peaked. A flood of her cum gushed out and mom and I lapped it up as quickly as we could.

I paused.

Jenny continued sucking and flicking Erin's clit.

I realized then that mom wanted to make my girlfriend cum again and I was only too happy to keep going!

This time we only focused on that little sensitive bundle of nerves, each of us flicking our tongues over that small hard pea. Erin barely recovered from the last orgasm and was soon on the wave upward again.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" She repeated, each word for each flick of our tongues.

Erin's next orgasm took only a few minutes to build and break over her. When it did so, the shriek she let out was so loud I worried about neighbors hearing her.

When Erin stopped thrashing about Jenny turned and kissed me, Erin's flavor on both of our faces and lips. I loved kissing mom, but I loved kissing her with Erin's cum on her lips even more!

"Come here and kiss me too!" Erin said weakly, her limbs still quivering.

I immediately moved to do so, kissing my girl tenderly letting her know my feelings through my lips.

Erin pulled away from me and looked at Jenny. "You too Jenny!" Erin's arms were spread wide to hug mom.

Their kiss wasn't tender, mom's tongue driving into Erin's mouth as soon as it was within reach. It only lasted a few moments and I just watched in awe.

"I now need to get fucked, but I need a minute to rest first." Erin said as she continued to stare at Jenny.

Mom gave her a big smile in reply.

"Well then, you can help me get our young stud here ready again as he seems to have waned a bit."

I took offense at that. There was two of them and only one of me!

"It's not my fault that I can't keep up with you two hot chicks! You're too incredibly hot!" I extorted in response.

Mom gave me a slightly shocked look.

"I don't think I've been called a chick since I was about your age!"

"I've never been called a chick!" Erin added without inflection.

"But both of you don't deny to being too hot!" I had to gasp as they both grabbed at my half-hard dick.

"Of course not!" Mom and Erin said in unison. Then their mouths were clamped onto my stiffening cock. To my eternal delight!

Erin lifted her head just enough to speak. "We seem to spend a lot of time with this thing."

"I don't mind." Mom said around her tongue sliding up my thick shaft.

"I wasn't complaining!" Erin returned to licking up the other side.

It took them almost no time to get me rock hard with their loving mouths. I was also eager to fuck Erin so that also helped get me ready.

Erin held my cock upright with an appraising gaze in her eye, apparently satisfied with its solidity.

"I want you to do me from behind lover, so I can lick your mom's great pussy while her son fills me with that big fat cock!"

That sounded perfect to me!

Hell, almost anything these two women could suggest would be perfect to me!

"And you can then stare at her ass too, Jeremy!" Jenny added. She knew how I liked to stare at the woman's ass that I was screwing. Even

though it had started with Aunt Jessica's scrumptious derrière. I was nervous about mom bringing up any reference to her sister. I wasn't sure I wanted Erin to know about that yet.

"As long as he fucks me good, I don't care what he looks at when he does!" Erin moved onto all fours in the middle of mom's big bed. She looked over her shoulder at mom. "Now get over here Jenny so I can lick your tasty pussy! I want to pay you back for all those amazing orgasms you gave me!"

If not for what I was about to do I would have commented that I had had a part in those 'amazing' orgasms too! But Erin wiggled her tight little ass at me in invitation and any annoyance I might have felt just melted away at that sight.

Jenny gave her vote of assent when she said in a deep voice, "Go on dear, give your girlfriend that big dick of yours! Fuck her just like you fuck your mommy!"

Erin reached her arms under mom's thighs and lifted until mom bent at the knees. She then pushed her face deep into mom's pussy and it almost appeared that mom now had an overgrown red haired snatch.

"Yes hon, do as your mother tells you!" There was a pause in Erin's words and I could only wonder what her mouth was doing in that time! "Fill me with your hard cock like you fuck your mother!"

When your mom and your girlfriend tell you to do something, you better do it! Especially if it was to fuck your girlfriend good and hard!

So I complied gladly.

I held my dick lined up with Erin's splayed lips and then waggled the head around them to soak up the fluid that leaked from her hole. Then I pushed my thick domed head between those luscious reddened lips. When I was situated, I then shoved forward causing Erin to jerk and give out a yelp into mom's tasty twat.

"Yes dear, eat my cunt! Be a good girl for mommy!" Jenny called out.

I saw that mom's head had fallen back and her eyes had rolled up as Erin worked at her sex. I was taken aback at mom's comment to my girlfriend. She had clearly gotten to that place where her language became dirty quick! I wasn't sure how Erin would feel about Jenny playing up the incest bit with her.

"Yes mommy! You taste so good!" Erin mumbled.

Well, okay then! That answered that question. All I could think was: Wow!

Mom seemed to be fighting with her eyes to watch me as I thrust in and out of Erin's cute ass. I have to say her response to mom's words had given me a boost in enthusiasm as I drove harder into her tight pussy.

Erin fought to respond to either of us.

"Do ... you like ... me ... uh, eating ... mommeee's ... sweet pussssee? Don't you ... oh, shit... wish ... you were ... sucking ... mom oh, meeee's clittttteee?"

I wasn't exactly sure what she was saying as I was focusing on slamming into her cunt and staring at the look on Jenny's face as she had her pussy licked by her son's sexy little girlfriend.

"Eat that pussy my cutie!" I grunted and gave Erin's left butt cheek a slap.

"Spank her Jeremy! She's such a baaaad girl! Aren't you Erin! Are you mommy's bad little girl?" Mom grabbed Erin's hair and pulled on it.

"Yes mommy! I am a dirty slut for ... your little boy's ... huge fuck-king ... cock!" Erin wailed as I slapped either cheek with my hands.

"You're such a nasty, dirty slut for mommy's wet pussy too! Get back to eating me up!" Mom growled pushing the hand in Erin's hair down.

I may have said before just how hot and sexy my two girlfriends were! I just have to repeat that again!

I kept up my pounding rhythm no matter how much Erin shook and wiggled from my assault. All three of us were working up to our individual ecstasies. I fought to hold my own off, as I wanted both girls to have their release first.

"Keep going Jeremy dear. I think she's about to cum all over your magnificent cock!"

I increased my tempo, angling downward to increase Erin's enjoyment of my plunges. It worked.

She came hard, mumbling 'uh, uh, uh' with every thrust of my dick. Even as her quaking slowed, I kept up my pistoning into her shivering pussy though now at a slightly slower pace. I would make sure that she was in the lead with her orgasm count!

"Aaaah shit!" Mom cried out. Erin had apparently recovered enough to resume licking her sweet cunt and had been able to make mom cum hard.

"Fuck you two!" I groaned out between strokes. "You are just so damn hot!"

Jenny moved out from beneath Erin's head, turned about, and took Erin's head in her hands. She kissed Erin fiercely as Erin gasped hoarsely with my rough strokes. In a few minutes of mine and mom's efforts, we were able to get Erin to cum again as she squeaked and squealed as she soaked my dick again with her syrupy cum.

All this was taking its toll on me. I could feel the boiling in my nuts and my cock was burning as it throbbed ready for release.

"Come on honey! Cum for us! Cum for your sexy girlfriends!" Jenny urged me sexily.

As close as I was, all it took was mom's words to push me over the brink.

"Aaaaaaaah!" I yelled as I gave one final push deep into Erin's pussy as I unloaded a huge amount of cum into her squeezing channel. When I finished spraying her insides, I fell to Erin's side opposite from mom. I wasn't sure I would be able to get up again. In either manner.

"Are we even now? I've lost count." I barely heard Erin ask. I looked at mom and then to Erin.

"Whether we are or not, I think we're done for now." Jenny stated slowly.

"I hate to say that I'm down for the count." I couldn't lift my head from the soaked sheet beneath my drenched head. I had to defend my reputation though. "But only temporarily!"

Mom looked very worn, but happy too. If I knew Erin though ...

"Not quite."

I stared at her. I didn't know what she thought any of us were capable of right then.

"I want to sixty-nine with Jenny so she can eat her wonderful son's delicious cum from my wet pussy!" Erin looked almost ready to go another three rounds!

Mom looked revived at that suggestion. I wasn't sure if it was for the taste of my cum or being able to eat Erin's pussy again. Either was actually fine by me! I got to watch no matter what the reason!

Jenny barely moved which wasn't enough for Erin who almost sprang on top of my mother. Both of them pressed their faces into each other's wet and worn pussies with more enthusiasm than I could probably have managed at that point. The mind was willing, just that my body was spent!

I could hear their efforts as they slurped at those enchanting and ever-flowing founts. I may have been jealous for either of them but that I also got to witness this event was just as awesome as if I could drink either of them up.

"Eat my pussy mommy!" Erin cried out. Clearly, my girlfriend found it just as hot to act out on this new angle between her and Jenny.

"The two of you just might get me more than interested again!" I exclaimed as I stared in wonder at my two beautiful girls pleasure each other.

I got no answer and it seemed that both of them were quickly approaching massive climaxes for either of them. My dick quivered as I saw them both shake and tremble with their apparent blissful orgasms. They continued for a few minutes afterward and I wasn't sure if they weren't trying to go for another when it was clear that they were merely cleaning up their soaked slits.

They must have heard my words as Erin said. "I haven't lost my interest, but I may be done for now. How about you Jenny, dear Jenny?"

My girlfriend still seemed too energetic!

"I may be done, but Jeremy will be ready again in no time and will be trying to get us both naked again!" Mom sat up and gazed at Erin and me.

"You can have him Jenny. I need to go soon." Erin stated without inflection.

"No shower before you go?" Jenny asked.

"As long as it's fast and nothing more happens."

I doubted that Erin would refuse if something should happen!

We could have taken turns that would have guaranteed that nothing did happen, but none of us questioned climbing in mom's shower all together. It was tame enough. Well, for three people all pushed together it was. All six of our hands roamed freely but stuck to just washing ourselves and each other. I'm sure there wasn't three cleaner crotches anywhere! Erin and Jenny took great pains to wash my junk and I was

upset that I could only get half-hard. Mom seemed to be on the way to getting aroused. As evidence with her comment.

"If you get me half wound up now, you're going to have to finish me later tonight!" She gave me a dirty leer.

I would have no problem with that!

We finished washing, rinsed off and climbed from the cramped tub. After all we had done, there was a strange silence as we dried off.

Erin broke the silence. "How do you two manage to keep everything a secret with the kids and your husband here?"

"It's been hard." Mom answered with an inadvertent pun.

I had to laugh even if neither of them got it.

"Yeah, that too!" Mom stated with her own grin. "It's been ... difficult. It's not like I'm trying to fool around behind Justin's back, but with ..." Mom turned to stare at me intently. "An always horny eighteen year old around, it makes the temptation too great."

"What? I'm great?" I teased Jenny with a puffed up chest.

"No, the temptation is great." She clarified. I frowned at that. "No honey, you're amazing!"

"Isn't that better than great?" I asked them both.

"You're always better than great, love." Erin said cheerily as she gave me a kiss on my cheek.

We collected our clothes and dressed. At the front door, the three of us stood silent not wanting this to be finished. Erin looked at mom and planted her lips on mom's own. I was stunned with the intensity of their passion. And then Erin was kissing me just the same. I gave as I was given. Not to let mom feel left out with me, I kissed her too, but with a slow boiling heat.

Erin just looked at me in confusion.

"You're not leaving with me? Why are you kissing Jenny goodbye?"

"Why not? Because I can!" I stated flatly.

Since Erin had been the one to kiss mom, mom must have decided to be the one to kiss Erin goodbye also. It was a kiss just as hot as the one that she had received. Erin appeared shaky when they were done. She thanked mom again as her eyes appeared ready to eat mom up. Erin turned to me. "I'll text you later lover."

Then she was out the door.

"I'm leaving too Jenny. I'm going to go play some B-ball with Billy." I gave her a kiss on her cheek.

Mom gave me a curious look and shook her head.

"The last time you said that you had just tricked me into a handjob and had then gone to my sister's instead to get a blowjob!"

A grin came to my face as I remembered that wonderful day. The first day that I had had sex with my mom!

"And then you showed up to join us!" I said happily.

"If I hadn't, and if it hadn't been for Margie showing up and escalating things, who knows where we would all be now." Mom's face grew thoughtful.

"I would hope that I still would have met Erin, though things wouldn't have gotten so interesting if you and I hadn't ... hooked up back then."

What would things have been like? I couldn't even imagine. Or maybe, I just didn't want to imagine.

"Yes things would not be as interesting, but they would be so much simpler!" Jenny answered with a smile.

I had to press.

"Looking back now, would you really have been happy if things hadn't happened as they had?" I asked seriously.

Mom thought for a second.

"I thought I was happy then. But now? I see I had just been going on autopilot with my life. My sex life wasn't satisfying, even though I wasn't even aware that it wasn't. It's not that I was unhappy with Justin, just that I wasn't exactly happy either." Her face had turned from mine as she spoke aloud her secrets. Her face had a glow when she looked back at me.

"I am glad that I decided, that we both decided, that day at my sister's, to go ahead and give in to our desires to be intimate together." She paused and seemed to be looking deeper into my eyes. "It's funny, but in a way, being with you has made my marriage stronger."

Hunh?

"How so?" I asked.

"I love your father." It was firm and rang of truth. "Even if he hasn't been able to keep up with my libido. I can't fault him for his indiscretion. It has made things stronger between us. We both remember now how much that we do still love each other."

That stung. Even after what we had just done.

"Then what about us?" I don't think my voice broke. Much.

Mom's smile could melt me.

"With you taking care of my more ... physical urges, I have been able to connect on a more personal level with your father."

"Then I'm just a sex toy for you?" I teased her. She had already said many times how she truly felt about me, regardless of any feelings she had for my dad also.

"Of course!" She could tease me back just as well I gave it!

"You know how much I love you dear." Mom reaffirmed. "I love you like I love Justin. Differently, but equally."

I guess I could accept that. Especially as she had to feel the same with having to share me with Erin.

"You just like the sex with me more!" I had to press whatever advantage I had!

"Yes I do!" Jenny agreed cheerfully, then added. "You and Erin."

I still wasn't sure how I felt that mom seemed to love being with Erin as much I did with either of them. It was great sure, but still.

"This time was possibly even better than the first time." I declared.

Mom didn't appear to ready to agree.

"It was very nice." I saw her eyes drop subtly and demurely.

"Yes! Very nice!" I used our personal compliment to give emphasis to my appraisal.

Jenny slapped my shoulder coyly just before I went out the front door.

Unlike that previous day, back when this had all began, this time I did go to Billy's.

Trying to play basketball after what I had just done may have been a mistake. Our shower had refreshed me but my system was still drained. When Billy was able to beat me in two consecutive games, he teased me relentlessly. I told him that I had just had an amazing session of sex with my girlfriend without telling him about both girlfriends. He eased up on his ribbing, as he was then jealous of me. He had met Erin and had given me his highest approval of my cute and yet sexy, fire-haired girl. This approval amounting to, 'I'd do her!' I knew my friend would never make a move on her while we were together, and I did not intend ever to let Erin out of my grasp! Even with today not withstanding! Billy did give me one last game to try to regain my honor. It was a close game; we tied until the end with neither of us able to get the two baskets needed to decide victory until with nice fading three pointer, Billy finished me off. He still congratulated me. I questioned him. He stated that winning at B-ball was nothing compared to getting between the

sheets with Erin. I had to agree. And that my lovely Jenny had been there too only made my little victory even greater.

I came back home in need of another shower, though I was forced to do so alone without either of my two female shower-mates!

Mom gave me a kiss when I got home, sneaking us into the kitchen while dad was in the bathroom. After my shower, I took a short nap. I really was tuckered out!

I did remember mom's admonishment about taking care of her later. I just wasn't going to it as she might have expected!

After dinner, I came up behind her while everyone was busy doing other things. I quickly lifted her red polka dot dress up and slipped my hand under it and into her panties. She was damp and my two fingers slid easily into her pussy.

"Oh yes!" Jenny whispered as I let my breath caress the nape of her neck.

I slid my fingers in and out fiercely as mom's pussy got wetter around my invading digits. I could tell how much she was getting worked up but I stopped and pulled my fingers out. I sucked them clean, savoring mom's taste.

"No." Mom complained as I walked away with a secret grin.

In less than an hour mom approached me furtively and I knew exactly what she wanted even though she said nothing about her need. I just stared into her eyes and replaced my two fingers into mom's hot chasm. I pushed close enough for her to feel my erection on her hip. I grabbed her full ass to hold her against me as I finger fucked her.

"Yes please!" My sexy mother begged me.

She raised her mouth towards me to kiss me. I pulled my head back as this wasn't about tenderness. This was just me having my way with her. When I could sense she was getting too close, I again stopped.

"No!" Jenny shouted through clenched teeth. Then pleaded more bashfully. "Please?"

I just stared at her indifferently and said, "Later."

Her eyes were on fire, probably as much as I had left her pussy!

I didn't hide out in my room that evening, as I wanted the temptation that mom had told Erin about earlier to be close at hand with my

presence. I sat on the couch and watched some TV with Johnny and Jojo, chatting idly with them and my father while I knew mom was going crazy with lust.

I wasn't surprised when mom rose from the couch where she had been fidgeting for an hour.

"Jeremy, can you give me a hand in the garage?"

That was pretty bold for my mom! I just might give her more than just my hand!

I had to act like a regular son though.

"Now?" I asked with as much irritation as I could fake.

Dad looked from me to his wife.

"Now Jenny?"

"I need my big cake pan for his graduation party and I just remembered that it's packed in a box in the garage." Mom stated, always able to come up with a quick cover for our escapades.

"Now?" Dad repeated.

"I never know when Jeremy will be home to help me." Mom explained. Her eyes glared at my father when she asked, "Unless you want to get it down for me?"

Without noticing mom's look, dad responded as expected to such a question.

"Help your mother Jeremy."

I held back a laugh and said, "Whatever."

I rose with a grumble under my breath as I made a show of false protest.

"You remember the box don't you honey? You helped me pack it before." Mom was really telegraphing her innuendos! I noticed her grin at her own words. I had to hurry from the room before I broke out in laughter.

When we out of sight of the living room I grabbed her hips.

"I'll pack your box anytime you want Jenny!" I said as I breathed into her ear.

"Jeremy! Shhh!" Mom said nervously. "The garage."

I followed her closely; watching her dress swish about around mom's toned legs.

She spun on me as soon as the connecting door closed. Her face was oh so close!

"You don't really need that cake pan down, do you?" I gave her my best leering grin. I pushed my rising dick against her pelvis.

"I will eventually, but I really need you to finish with me!" She was trying to sound demanding but only sounded needy.

I put her left hand on my dick.

"You want this mom?"

"I do! But not here, not now. Use your fingers again." Her breath was ragged as if she had just finished with her workout.

My hand was halfway to her panties.

"You want this?" I asked deeply as I pushed the two fingers into her again. In addition to this, I brushed her clit with my thumb.

"Yes! More!" Mom grabbed my shoulders with a vice grip as she trembled because of my manipulations.

"Tell me mom! Tell me what you want." I growled at her in a whisper, my face within a hand's span of hers.

"Fuck me honey! Shove your fingers in me!" Mom groaned loudly.

Her breath was hot on my face as her breathing increased.

"Kiss me Jeremy!" She tried to demand.

"No." I said firmly. "I want to see you cum mom. I want to see you as you cum all over my fingers."

I was shoving my fingers hard into her. I was surprised that she didn't cry out with pain. Her face just twisted up with her need.

"I want to cum honey. I need to cum!"

"Cum for me Jenny, cum for me now!" I commanded hoping I could push her over with my demand.

Mom fell against me as her legs gave out, her fingers digging into my shoulders almost painfully.

"Fuuuu ...!" Jenny shrieked as I covered her mouth with my own.

I let her shake through her orgasm, holding her just as tight as she clenched me. It took her a few minutes to recover enough to stand again.

"Jeez mom, you would think you hadn't had sex in weeks with that reaction." I kissed her cheek firmly.

Mom gave no response possibly still lost in her world of bliss. Or maybe it was lust.

"Now, where is that box?" I looked at the shelf on the back wall that was filled with boxes of junk we didn't use anymore. "Oh, I think I remember the one."

I grabbed the small ladder that we used and pulled the box down.

"Anything else you need mom?" I stared at her expectantly.

"I think you have the need now." Mom gave me a small smile as she reached around the box in my hands and rubbed my erection.

"Later." I told her again.

I had to carry the box lower than was comfortable just to hide my hard dick. I put it on the kitchen counter like mom asked. She went back to the living room and sat while I rushed through the room and said that I was going to call Erin and didn't want the noise in the background. Johnny teased me about getting mushy on the phone but I quieted him by stating that I could let him listen to me being mushy. Jojo made a comment about Erin's lack of visiting that had me grin as I headed up the stairs. I heard mom add for me to tell Erin hello from her and that she really needed to come visit again. My face grew wider with my grin.

I could always tell when Jojo went to bed as it usually led to a visit from mom shortly thereafter. And I did have her promise for later.

Jenny entered without knocking, to my surprise. She carefully closed the door behind her.

"You said something about later?" She sounded anxious.

"Come in mom." I stood and started undoing my jeans as I crossed to stand before her.

"Get on your knees Jenny." I said without any inflection.

Mom dropped quickly and looked up at me hungrily. She guessed my intentions.

"Give me that cock dear!" She whispered though it wasn't necessary.

My pants and underwear dropped to my feet and Jenny was already kissing my dick, running her tongue up the length of my thick shaft.

"Suck my dick Jenny! Take that big cock deep in your mouth you dirty slut!" I growled at her.

The words were barely out of my mouth as fast as my dick was buried into mom's mouth. She even pressed her face closer in her effort to get

it all in. She really seemed eager to get me into her throat! I could feel her eyes watering from her efforts. I felt she might finally succeed.

"That's it! All the way!" I said without concern for her struggle.

As she kept trying, I put a hand on her head and I felt her tense up.

"Easy mom!" I said as I pulled her head off me. I hoped that she hadn't thought that I would force her again. She had warned me sternly enough for me not to do that again!

Mom regained her breath and took a couple of deep swallows. She wiped at her eyes, which smeared her makeup. Those same eyes then came up to mine.

"I must look terrible now!" She had a look of pity on her face.

"You look beautiful Jenny! Just so, so beautiful!" I put every bit of my emotions into my loving words.

Mom gave me a small smile that lit up the room. I just nodded back at her.

She gave up trying to deep throat me, but she attacked my dick with such gusto that she had me shaking with her oral skills. I felt no regret about her lack of depth when she more than made up for it in her enthusiasm and the way her tongue worked over my cock.

"That's it Jenny! Oh, shit! That feels sooo damned good!"

I put my hands in her hair softly, gently guiding her head. It was unnecessary, as Jenny already knew very well what I loved.

"Yes, yes! Damn it mom! Get ready, get ... I'm close, so close!"

This drove her to double her efforts, bobbing her head, twisting both her hands around my shaft, and her amazing tongue doing what it did so incredibly as it twirled on my cock head!

And then I was cumming hard into my mother's hungry mouth. She swallowed as fast as I shot my cream into her, her hands pumping me furiously to milk every last drop from my balls. I was a little amazed at how much cum I had built up since just this afternoon when Erin and mom had so thoroughly drained me.

"Damn Jenny! You are the best cocksucking mom there is!" I exclaimed proudly as I found my breath again.

Jenny looked up at me as she made a show of licking her lips covered in my seed.

"You've said that before even though you claim that I'm the only one you've had. Have you sampled any others since then?"

"When you've had the best, you don't need any of the others!" I told her with complete conviction.

"I'll just have to take your word for it!" Mom grinned at me with pride. She then opened her mouth to prove that it was empty.

"Truly the best mom ever! Cocksucking or otherwise!" I exclaimed.

"Thank you dear." She answered as she stood slowly. She glanced at my face then turned away. "Now I've got to get back downstairs before Justin complains about what I am doing."

"Good night Jenny!" I said appreciatively.

"Good night Jeremy." Mom said as she closed my door behind her.

I slept like a log that night with no dreams. I didn't need them anyway; I had already lived them that day.

I awoke very late the next morning. I had a few texts from Erin when I checked my phone before rising. I waited until I relieved my bladder and showered before replying. She was just letting me know that she was going to spend some time with friends but that she missed me and wished we could relive some key moments from yesterday. I texted her back with a grinning emoji and said that I should probably see some friends too. She immediately answered back that she'd see me the next day and that she loved me. I responded in kind and added a large heart emoji. Then added a second before I hit send.

I headed downstairs and found mom busy. At first sight of her in a yellow sundress, I suddenly wanted to change my plans and instead spend the day with her. Mom asked what I was planning on doing that day and I didn't actually think she was looking for some action with me. I mentioned that I had thought about spending it with some friends. I then said unless she wanted me to stay home. Mom paused as if thinking about it, but then said no, that I needed to have a life and not be spending all my time with her. I was a bit disappointed. One word from her and I would drop everything I might have planned. I said that I wanted to spend all my time with her. I didn't say aloud that I meant with her and Erin!

So I spent the day with a group of friends. We talked about our college plans; some of them had already had scholarships for notable schools

from different parts of the country. We were all excited about what the future held for us, but we knew what going our separate ways would mean for our friendships. I still wasn't completely sure what I was going to do next year and the guys harassed me about my procrastination. This then progressed to ribbing me about my girlfriend. Word had gotten out from Billy about how I had spent the day yesterday and the guys wanted details. I tried to deflect their insistent questions and only let out the most general particulars about what I had done. Really, I wished I could tell them about both girlfriends, but I could never say anything about what I did with my mom. Even if the guys would have been okay about it. And probably very jealous! But I could not and never would, ever say anything about my intimate relationship with my beautiful Jenny. Even if I didn't say that she was my mother.

We spent some time playing B-ball and to my credit, I was able to put yesterday's miserable performance behind me and actually played some of my best game. A few of the guys gave the credit to Erin and asked for her number so she could 'improve' their game too! I was sure that it wasn't just because of their game that they wanted to be with Erin. Especially after I implied how much of an animal she could be in bed!

Later, when I related this to Erin she laughed. Then she asked which of my friends had asked about her. I gave her a frown. She joked that she wouldn't mind some more sausage in our get-togethers with Jenny. Or that Jenny wouldn't mind it either! If it wasn't for her large grin that she couldn't hold back, I might have thought she was serious. At least, I

hoped she wasn't serious! Erin and Jenny had both told me many times, that I was more than enough for either of them and I hoped also for the both of them together. Yesterday and the time before, the two women had seemed to be more than satisfied with just me. Well, and each other of course!

The guys and I went to a restaurant later and a couple of them hit on the waitress. She was cute and she took their attentions in stride, flirting back and giving out a few innuendos of her own. This only made them raucous. I just sat back quietly and felt that they were being somewhat childish, or teenagers. I felt more adult for having spent time with mom. And that I wasn't always so horny since I was having my needs met by one or another of my girls. I didn't feel any different; I just didn't think that I had to act as they were doing to get a girl.

It was after dinner was over before I got home. Not that that kept me from ravaging the fridge for the ever-present leftovers. I then told mom and dad that I was going upstairs to call Erin of whom I hadn't talked to since that morning. We didn't talk actually that long, only about an hour or so. I was messing about on my computer when Jenny came quietly into my room.

"I know that you haven't had any relief today if you've just been with your friends." My mother said so casually. "I want to repeat what we did last night."

My dick almost sprang up immediately. Especially as mom dropped to her knees.

She started licking the sides, twirling her tongue around my large head, covering my entirety with her slick saliva. She cupped my balls with one hand while she held the base steady for her oral ministrations. I stood over her and stared in awe with the way my mom loved my cock with her tongue and lips.

Just as mom took my head her mouth and began a slow bob past the flared rim of my dick head, my phone rang. It was sitting on my desk just within reach. I glanced back down at mom and she nodded up at me. I mouthed silently that it was Erin. Her eyes lit up.

I picked up the phone and answered it. Mom never slowed with her head bobbing. She started using the hand that had been gripping me to stroke my length as she looked up at me with wide eyes as her mouth encircled my cock. Her other hand had moved from my balls to my thigh to help support herself.

I chatted with Erin and didn't say anything about mom blowing me. I gasped once and had trouble getting a few words out, but Erin didn't say anything about the reason. I don't know why I didn't just tell Erin that mom was sucking me; my girlfriend would probably have gotten excited to hear that! Mom increased her sucking and stroking and I loved it!

I continued to talk to Erin about meaningless things, though she did bring up things that we had done the day before. Mom paused and then she bit my dick!

"Mom!" I shrieked loudly in pain.

Mom gave me a smile around her mouthful of my dick.

This got Erin's attention.

'Your mom is there?' Erin's voice sounded very interested.

"Yeah, she's on her knees sucking my dick." I explained.

'Really! I wish I was there to see that! Is she sucking you good hun?'

"Yes. She's doing a wonderful job. She better hurry though."

This spurred mom to greater effort; her mouth sucking me hard as she moved her head up and down, her hand following her lips as her fingers milked my throbbing shaft.

'You have the hottest, sexiest mom, Jeremy! I still can't believe that you get to fuck her whenever you want. Or whenever she wants. Just thinking of what she's doing to you is getting me so hot! I'm taking off my shorts so I can stick a finger in my soaking pussy! Let me know when you're about to cum! I want to cum with you over the phone!'

"I'm close." I answered, letting them both know I was ready to explode.

Mom sensed this, probably not needing me to tell her. She had sucked me enough times to know when she had taken me too far! Her actions proved this as she prepared me for my eruption.

Then without warning, she pulled her mouth off my cock just as I was cumming, my thick cream shooting in the air and spraying over her face. She closed her eyes just before the first stream landed on her cheek. The hand she'd been stroking me with continued its action as she milked my cum from my balls and dick.

Erin was quiet in my ear. I didn't know if she had realized that I'd cum, or if she was doing the same herself. I stared down at Jenny with her face now covered sexily with my thick cum. Mom's eyes were an emerald inferno.

"Take a picture of me!" She spoke as my strands of cum leaked down her cheeks and forehead.

I stared at her blankly. My mind was still foggy from my release.

"So you can send it to Erin." Mom pointed at my phone next to my head.

Shit!

I couldn't believe mom had suggested that!

"Hold on Erin." I thought I could hear breathing at the other end. I moved my phone so I could see my screen and switched on the camera. I aimed it down at mom's goo covered face and clicked a shot. Then I sent it to Erin.

I heard her phone bing in my ear. A slight pause as Erin probably was opening the file.

'Oh my God! That's so hot!' Erin's voice sounded breathless.

"Yeah, I know, right!"

'I so wish I was there right now to lick all over her face! Tasting your delicious spunk! Sharing it with her as we kiss!'

I almost thought Erin might be on the way to another orgasm, if she had in fact already had one!

"Erin says she wishes she was here to clean you up!" I told mom, trying to relay my girlfriend's excitement with my voice.

"Tell her thank you, but I have got it." Mom ran her fingers over her cheek and sucked them clean.

Jenny rose unsteadily.

"Good night dear. And tell Erin I said good night."

"Thanks mom, I will. And thanks for that!" I would have given her a goodnight kiss if not for the mess on her face.

"Any time dear." She said offhandedly.

Thing was that I knew she really meant it!

'Whose idea was that?' Erin asked breathily. I was fairly sure she was still playing with herself.

"Which? The blowjob? Or the picture?" I could feel my dick's interest in what Erin was doing.

'Either. Both!' Erin sighed.

"Well, mom came up to my room and wanted to suck me like she did last night." I started.

'What? She came to your room last night? Even after yesterday afternoon? She really loves your great cock!'

"You seem to love it too." I suggested.

'Yes, I do! But not as much as Jenny does!' Erin took a long breath. 'So, what did she do last night? Tell me all about it!'

I related how mom had wanted me to finish her from getting her worked up in the shower with Erin and me, and then later when I had teased her with my fingers. Then that she had come to my room to repay me.

'I don't think she was repaying you so much as she just wanted to suck her son's big dick!'

Erin may have been right. I didn't care what the reason was for mom to give me head!

Then I told Erin about the way mom had sucked me, just like a good slut would. That really got to my girlfriend. Her breathing was very rough then.

'And then tonight?' She asked quickly between breaths.

"She just came into my room without notice and said she wanted to repeat last night. We had just started when you called."

'You didn't say anything about Jenny sucking you while we talked." Erin sounded upset at that, even over her hoarse breathing.

"I didn't think it was necessary. I'm sorry. I should have known that you'd want to know about something like that."

'Damn right I do! I am your girlfriend!' Her voice cracked as she spoke. 'If your mom is going to suck that dick while we're on the phone, I want to hear about it!'

"I'm sorry. From now on I will always tell you when mom is doing something with me while we're on the phone. Or texting." I was very specific and was glad that Erin had been so also. She didn't say I had to tell her everything mom and I did, just what we did while talking, or texting, with Erin!

'You better! So what about the picture? Did you cum on her face on purpose just for me?'

"No, at least, I didn't. That was all mom's doing. It surprised me when she did because normally she swallows. She says how much she loves doing that."

'So do I, lover!'

"Yeah, I know. But anyway. When I was done, mom told me to take a picture, of which shocked me. She really doesn't like evidence of what we do to exist, or something that dad might find."

'I can understand that.' She answered quickly.

"But then she told me to send it to you." I said, then continued. "She must really trust you now, to let you have a picture like that. One that wasn't dad's doing."

I shivered at the thought of mom with dad's ... stuff ... on her face. But that she had let me take a picture of her like that, one that dad would know hadn't been with him, and to then let Erin have a copy! Mom must really trust either of us. I mean, I knew she trusted me, probably more than anyone else, but that she also included Erin. I wasn't sure if Erin realized the gravity of that.

That, or mom had just been so aroused at the idea that she had had me do it without realizing the possible consequences.

Both made me more in awe of my beautiful and loving mother, my amazing Jenny!

I heard loud breathing over my phone. Erin hadn't responded since I told her how mom must trust her. Then came a loud cry.

'Aaaaah!'

"Erin?" I asked curiously even though I was sure about the cause.

'Tell Jenny thank you!' Erin's breathing was labored.

"For what now?"

'For two incredible orgasms!' Erin said gleefully as her breath evened.

"Two?" I asked amazed. And disappointed. That I hadn't caused them. Or witnessed them!

'One because of that picture. That will probably be the source of many more! And then listening to you describing her being such a slut for her son's big cock! And that she would trust me that much to let me have something so ... incriminating! That is so hot!'

"I'll let her know." I said. "We should probably hang up now. It sounds like you had 'fun'. I know I did!"

'Yeah, I feel so relaxed now that I can't keep my eyes open much longer!'

"Goodnight Erin. I love you."

'I love you too, Jeremy!'

I had to take care of myself before I could fall asleep. Replaying mom blowing me and then how it had gotten Erin so worked up that she had fingered herself to two orgasms had gotten me so hard. Only after I

cleaned myself up did I realize that I should have had Erin send me a picture of herself getting turned on by mom's cum-covered face!

I would have to make sure that I downloaded that shot off my phone and add it to my private file of mom's sexy pictures!

For a few days, mom and I were busy enough that we weren't able to do anything of significance with each other. Sure, we still stole a few kisses when we could, or she'd rub my dick through my pants, or I'd feel up her tits or ass. Once, dad had caught me with my hand on mom's ass but I quickly withdrew it and acted as if I hadn't been squeezing her butt cheek. He only gave an indifferent snort and went back to his recliner. I'm not sure what he thought I had been doing, but it clearly wasn't what I had actually been doing. I sometimes wondered how dad could miss some of the things that mom and I did, and only the fact that he knew we were normally close, but that he could never grasp the concept of us being 'closer' than he could imagine.

Even closer than he and mom!

I didn't go without during those couple of days. Erin seemed to be constantly on fire with desire. I spent a good portion of that time at her house, practically arriving soon after her parents went to work and sneaking out just before they came home. Not that we just had sex that whole time; I loved just lying in her bed where she had grown up holding her and gazing around the room to the accumulation of things

that Erin had felt worth keeping over the years of her life. I felt that that was a greater insight into who she was than most of the conversations we'd had. Her words only reflected the current Erin; the mementos instead echoed Erin's whole life. From the spelling trophy she'd gotten in first grade, the pictures of her from when she'd done ballet that cluttered one corner of her dresser mirror, a few posters of young male stars that she probably yearned for in her early adolescence, a horrifying garishly-painted wooden mask that I hoped had been the remnants of an old Halloween costume, and a snow globe from a Florida beach town that had never seen snow that reminded me of my own souvenir from one of dad's recent trips. I would have to remember to show Erin my Marguerite snow globe!

The items in Erin's room were all a part of what made her the young woman that I had fallen in love with so deeply. I was struck with some of her earlier words about how I was only ready to be with her because of all the things that had happened to me over the years. Of how even if we had met when we had first started high school four years ago that we wouldn't have 'connected' the way that we did when we did finally meet. I had discounted her words when she spoke them, but as we grew closer and the things that had happened between us made me start to believe my little sexy minx.

If she hadn't found that sex book of her father's, she may not have had an interest in incestual relations between mothers and sons. If I hadn't had such a gorgeous aunt while I was growing up and discovered masturbation because of her luscious older figure. If I hadn't dated Veronica to teach me how to eat pussy. If dad hadn't lost interest in

having sex with his still-beautiful wife as her own interest had waxed. If mom hadn't been leaning on my shoulder that night when I had gotten a stiffy. If we had been watching a different movie so that I hadn't gotten that way in the first place. If I hadn't asked mom to jerk me off again that day in the kitchen. If I had actually gone to Billy's afterwards instead of Aunt Jessica's. If Margie hadn't shown up. If mom hadn't decided to let me fuck her that first time. Or if she had broken up with me and not taken it back.

All those things had led to this point. Any one of them happening differently and who knows how my life would be now.

We were lying in Erin's bed one early afternoon after our second round of sex that day when all this finally clicked with me.

"You were right I guess." I turned to look at those incredible blue eyes that had sucked me in the first day that I had met her.

"Of course I was." She smiled as she returned my stare. "Which time are you talking about?"

"About how everything has led to who we are now. We quite probably wouldn't have become a couple if we had met years ago." I brushed a finger along her cheek. "I wouldn't have thought that possible with how I feel about you right now, but I can see how things have happened that

have made us capable of being this much in love. At least I hope you love me as much as I love you."

"Of course I do silly!" Her smile was as the sun to me. "I just hope you'll learn that I'm right in the future."

I knew she was teasing and I gave her a kiss on the cheek I had ran my finger over.

At least, I hoped that she had been teasing!

Things moved closer to our graduation, both the ceremony and the subsequent celebrations afterwards.

I had to make a trip back to school shortly before the rest of the underclasses got out for the summer to pick up my final report card. It was only a slight formality, as I had passed my classes so as to be included in the graduating class, but this would give the particulars of my grades and my final grade point average. Which turned out to be a decent 3.85. If not for that required state history class during my freshman year, it well could have been much higher. It was strange to be back in those halls that I had almost lived in for four years, but now that I was done with high school, they seemed somehow oddly different even though it hadn't been no more than two weeks past.

I had a childhood best friend that had lived down the street that had moved away a couple of years ago. We had grown up together spending almost more time at each other's houses than our own. Though my friend, Ritchie, had moved away, we still stayed in touch, though not to the same degree as when he lived three houses down. One day Ritchie called me unexpectedly and said that he was in town visiting some family after he had also graduated. I was surprised to hear from him and after I explained all this to Erin, she told me to go spend some time with my old friend.

Ritchie and I spent long hours reminiscing about the old days, recounting what we had been up to since last we talked. I left out my adventures with Aunt Jessica or my mother. As open as we had been back in the day, there was no way that I could reveal my secret relationship with Jenny. I had no idea how Ritchie would have responded to that bit of overwhelming news.

As to Aunt Jess, Ritchie had had probably had a bigger crush on my aunt than me. I didn't keep my lust for my mom's curvy sister from my friend as it was understood that neither of us would ever have had a chance to satisfy our desires for the older babe that was my Aunt Jessica. And not that she was my aunt, it was just that she was older and out of our league. Ritchie really had had the hots for Jessica and would spend time outside her house hoping to catch a sight of her in the yard sunbathing, doing yard work, or just catch her in passing dressed in her tight sweaters or the stretchy yoga pants that she liked to wear. On a few of those stakeouts, I had also been a participant, even though I could go visit her anytime with justification. Young boys just

discovering their hormones can do some impulsive and maybe even a little creepy things.

It would have one thing to tell him about sleeping with my mom, but to tell him that I had had sex with Aunt Jess, and had even shoved my dick in that scrumptious ass of hers would have literally blown his mind!

So I left those things out of our discussion.

But as far as with Erin, I was completely open, well, I did leave out our times with mom! I did reveal that Erin and I had had sex with another woman, an older woman, but I didn't say any names. It was unneeded as just the fact that I had been with two girls at once was enough to gain me a series of friendly punches in my deltoids. I did tell Ritchie about how I felt for Erin and the unusual way in which we had met. He sounded impressed by my words and the emotions behind them. He was sorry that he hadn't gotten the chance to meet the girl that had seemingly caught my heart. He congratulated me and caught me up on what he was doing.

Ritchie planned on joining the Navy in the fall, as he had always wanted to see the world and had decided to let the government pay for it. I teased him that that wasn't the way that it worked, but I knew that he had a higher degree of duty than me and being in the armed forces had pretty much always been a given for my friend. He also joked that

he had to search the world to find a girl that was as fine as my sexy aunt. He made it really hard for me to keep my secrets!

We went and played some basketball and just enjoyed seeing each other. We knew that it might be a long time before we might see each other again. Or ever, as being in the military did come with some risks. I mentioned my graduation party but he was only going to be around for another day before flying back home. When we parted, we hugged, and then teased each other for our closeness. Knowing how things can happen I did speak the unspeakable, telling him, 'I love you man.' He grinned and answered, 'back at you bro!' We gave each other a half-hug and promised to call or text more frequently than we had been doing recently.

Sometimes, becoming an adult really sucked!

Why couldn't we just stay kids and play B-ball all day long with our friends?

When I returned home later that afternoon, mom had such a guilty look on her face that I had to ask her why. She tried to act innocent but I pressed. She told me she would tell me later. Johnny and Jojo were already home from school but dad wasn't home from work yet. If it was anything that secret, she could have told me then. But she wouldn't tell me until later, no matter how much I pestered her.

Dad was in the living room watching TV and my siblings were upstairs in their rooms. Mom was putting dishes in the dishwasher when I came into the room. She looked incredible in her white blouse and the pleated black skirt she wore. She looked at me furtively and I took it to mean that she was ready to impart her news, or whatever it was that she was keeping secret.

"Erin came over today." Mom said too quietly.

"Really? She didn't say anything to me. Why? She knew I wasn't here." This didn't seem like something to keep hidden.

"To see me." Mom stood up straight as if she was in a firing line about to be shot.

"You? Why? To talk about me?" I wasn't catching something, but I couldn't see what it was that I was supposed to understand.

"Me. For me." Mom's face appeared as if I should comprehend her words but they were gibberish to me.

"You?" Huh? I was still lost.

Mom looked down at herself and back at me as if it was obvious.

Wait! What?

Was she implying what I thought she was implying?

Nah, it couldn't be.

"You!" I squealed in disbelief.

Dad then complained from the other room about my noise.

"The two of you ...?" I was now picturing mom and Erin much as they had been not more than ten days ago.

"Yes. The two of us." Mom turned back to the counter as if she had told me everything.

"What!" I yelled.

Dad yelled back at me once again. I ignored his complaint as my mind reeled with this news. Mom apologized to him in my stead.

Why would Erin come over for ... obviously sex, when she knew I wasn't home? I had told her that, hadn't I?

"Did she think I was going to be here?" I asked trying to keep my voice at a more normal volume.

"No. She knew you were gone. She told me first thing that you were with some friend that you hadn't seen in a while and would be gone for the afternoon. Erin purposely came over knowing that you wouldn't be here."

She made it sound as if Erin had snuck over while I was not home. That still didn't make any sense.

"So. Erin came over just to be with you?" I spoke the words slowly so mom wouldn't misunderstand me and she could correct what I was apparently missing.

"Yes. Just me. Why is that so hard for you to understand?" Mom seemed somewhat peeved at me.

Erin came over specifically to have sex with mom?

Without me?

"No. I mean ... she clearly finds you as sexy as I do." I cautiously looked towards the living room as I spoke a bit too loud to be uttering those words. "I can't blame her. Or you. I wouldn't expect you to resist Erin if she wanted to have sex with you. I just wish I had been here."

"Even if I just got to watch." I added after a second.

"Who was the friend?" Mom asked as I was still picturing her and Erin together.

"Huh?" I looked back at mom's face. "Oh. Ritchie."

Erin sucking on Jenny's taut nips, mom lapping at Erin's ...

"Really. How's he doing?" Mom asked with interest.

"Oh, fine. Just fine." I nearly stuttered as I looked around the kitchen picturing my two girls doing an assortment of illicit acts. Had they done anything on the table? Had Erin pushed mom up against the sink?

"So." I didn't know how to ask this. "What did the two of you do?"

I almost couldn't look at mom's face for her answer.

"Jeremy! I'm not going to tell you that." Her words were louder with her umbrage and she glanced at the doorway.

Then she continued.

"Not here. Not now." A look came over her face for an instant that made me know that she was thinking about what they had done. "I will say that we kissed. A lot. Then some other things happened. Some you can guess, others ... you can't imagine!"

Mom then walked past me towards the living room. She even gave my rock hard dick a small pat.

She couldn't do that without a reaction from me!

"Mom!" I shrieked.

"Hey!" Dad yelled again.

"Sorry honey. I was just talking to Jeremy. About Erin and Ritchie. Do you remember him? That friend of his that moved away some years ago. They were a nice family." I heard mom telling dad.

"What was with the yelling?" He demanded loudly himself.

"I just surprised Jeremy with some special news is all." Mom replied.

I used mom's distraction to zip past dad while trying to keep the lump in my pants covered. Mom smiled at me as I passed them both. I took the stairs two at a time. When I got to my room, I rearranged my boxers and then texted Erin. Unfortunately, she must have been busy, as she didn't answer me back right away.

I stewed for hours; hoping mom would come up that night and give me some details. When I heard her outside my door, I leapt and opened it and pulled her inside. She gave a very brief recount of her activities that afternoon with my girlfriend. They had kissed a lot apparently. Had tasted each other. Even ground their pussies together. Was that a thing?

I tried for some more details but mom said that it had been special and only between girls.

As she told me the little that she did, I pulled down my pants and revealed my very hard dick. Mom smiled as her eyes riveted to my crotch.

"You might as well put that thing away. After this afternoon with Erin, I think I like women more." Mom said seriously.

Huh? No!

"What? No!" I exclaimed studying her face for proof otherwise.

Mom grinned so wide then.

"No, not really. Give me that thing!" She crumpled to her knees and engulfed my raging hard-on.

Whew! Thank goodness!

Mom gave me her usual splendid and loving attention. I was getting close when she pulled my rod from her lips.

"It was really nice with Erin today!"

Images of them both suddenly filled my head and mom's expert skills pushed me quickly over the edge. I was then filling mom's head with my hot cream!

When I got my breath again, I asked a question that had been lingering in my head since mom had told me what she had done.

"Do you want to be with Erin again?" I asked slowly. Then to clarify, "Whether I'm there or not?"

I didn't figure that my presence was of any doubt. Of course I would be there. Today had been only a fluke occurrence.

Mom studied my face closely. I could almost see her brain whirling behind her deep green eyes. Was I being too forward with my inquisitiveness? Did she feel guilty about what she had done? I was only slightly upset that they had sex together, but not for the fact that either of them had done so without my knowledge but more so for the fact that I hadn't been there to witness their steamy encounter! I surely couldn't fault either of them in their choice of partner!

When mom didn't answer after a long pause, I did so for her.

"You don't have to answer that if you don't want to. I understand." I tried to anyway! "But, if you do, you have my ... blessing. Whether I'm there or even know about it. If you tell me or not."

I did almost slip as I had started to speak. I almost gave mom permission to be with Erin before I then realized that that could be taken as that I thought that she needed my permission first. Mom didn't need me to tell her it was okay to be with anyone, as if it was even up to me to decide for her. I gave her my blessing instead, and gave a mental sigh at my almost gaffe.

I hoped that this meant that Erin, Jenny, and I would soon be having another wonderful afternoon together! Being with each other might have been as nice as mom declared, but having me there would surely make it so much better!

When I finally got a response from Erin, I found her to be just as secretive about details as Jenny had been. I didn't want to upset Erin with my nagging curiosity, so I reluctantly dropped the subject. But I did plan on encouraging each of them for a repeat performance, only with a spectator present the next time!

One morning, with only days left before Jojo and Johnny would be out for the summer, I rose with no plans for the day. Erin was busy, so I was left to find something to occupy my time. I found my head filled with a multitude of things to do! And they all included my lovely Jenny.

It was ten thirty, but that still counted as being morning. Erin and I had been out until nearly two a.m. and even though the house was quiet when I had entered, I was sure mom was fully aware of when I had gotten home.

Mom was in the living room, doing whatever it was that she did, and looked up at me.

"About time you got up." Her tone was terse, but I felt that she was merely mocking me.

"It's before noon!" I protested.

"Well, don't think that you'll be sleeping in all summer mister." Mom's eyes stared at me but it didn't feel like she was glaring at me, more like sizing me up like a side of beef. Or, I should probably say, beefcake.

"I hope that my loving mother will be waking me in her own unmistakable way." I stated as I came down the last few steps.

"Oh? And how is that?" The wisp of a smile touched her luscious lips.

"I'm too much of a gentleman to say in mixed company." I grinned as I approached her.

Mom was wearing a trim white knee-length skirt with a loose light green and small white polka dotted blouse. Her legs were a shade dark and hinted at stockings that had been unusual for her until I had declared my approval of them. I had to wonder if she had on a garter belt or if they were thigh highs. I closed with her and gave her an innocent peck on the cheek.

Mom laughed at my comment.

"A gentleman? Not in my experience." The wisp bloomed into a devilish grin. "But then that's just how I like you!"

"Mom! Your barbs wound me." I said theatrically. I then placed my hands on her firm ass and pulled her closer.

"How about we go up to my room and you can make it up to me?" Her face was close to mine and I could smell her flowery perfume. Jasmine possibly. I didn't know flowers. I also noticed that she didn't try to pull away.

"That does sound tempting." Mom eyed me with curiosity. "No plans with Erin today?"

"No. She's busy with some friends." Then I realized her point.

"Mom. Jenny." I held her tighter. "This isn't a contest. I'm not picking one of you over the other. I love you both. You know that. I don't want to be with you just because I'm not with Erin at the moment." My voice carried the gravity of my emotions. "I want to be with you because I want to be with you!"

"I know." She sounded touched, and contrite. "I didn't mean to imply otherwise."

Mom's eyes searched my own, darting between them and looking deeply at me.

"We're just in a weird situation. I know you love me. And that you love Erin. I love you both too. I do. It's just ..." She trailed off, her eyes softened.

"I know mom. I know." My hold became a hug and then I released my grip on her ass.

"So ... upstairs?" I asked suggestively. "We have a few hours before Jojo and Johnny get home. We'll only have these chances for a few more days before they get out for the summer."

"It is tempting." I could see her debating with herself. I cheered for her slutty side to win out.

"You are right; we won't get many chances during the summer." Her emerald eyes seemed to be studying me intensely.

Oh, I planned on lots and lots of chances during this summer!

"Not right now honey. Maybe after lunch. Or tomorrow." She gave me a quick peck on the cheek and stepped back out my reach.

"I think its lunchtime now actually." I said with a huge grin. "I know what I want to eat!"

My grin became a leer.

"Definitely not a gentleman!" Mom almost giggled. "Just make yourself a sandwich."

"That wasn't what I wanted!" I whined, but went to the kitchen to find something for breakfast, lunch, brunch, whatever.

I heard mom bustling about the house as I sat at the table and ate my collection of a sandwich, some leftovers, and part of a bag of potato chips. Mom came in the kitchen at one point, saw what I was eating, and just shook her head in disbelief. Whether it was because of the menu or the quantity, I couldn't tell.

I went back up to my room and as much as I wanted to get up to some hanky panky with my mother I started on my computer, checking emails, messaging a few friends, texted intermittently with Erin, and played some puzzle games on the internet. I hadn't realized the time when mom poked her head in my room.

"So our afternoon date is off?" She asked so completely casually that I didn't comprehend her words right away.

"Huh? What?" I asked intelligently as I turned to look at her.

"The kids will be home in about thirty minutes. I guess you weren't serious then."

If it wasn't for the playful look in those green eyes, I would have been hurt.

"What? No." I almost sprang from my chair. "I'm sorry, I lost track of time. You should have said something if you really wanted to do something."

I hadn't thought that she did. Even then, I wasn't sure if she really had or was just teasing me.

"It's okay honey. We'll do something tomorrow." Mom disappeared from my doorway.

"I'll just have to wake you up in my own unmistakable way!" She called out from down the hall.

Yes, she had just been teasing me!

I was surrounded by a sea of boobs. Tits of every size and shape. There may have even been a few curvy asses amongst the ocean of bountiful breasts.

Then I felt lips on my dick.

I groggily opened my eyes, the bright morning light from the open window shining in my face.

"Morning dear." I heard mom's voice as her face came into focus in my bleary sight.

"Mom." I blurted out. "I mean, good morning. Jenny."

Mom's eyes lit up at her name and she resumed licking my stiff cock.

I raised my head to stare at her as she worked her magic, her emerald eyes staring back at me as she licked and sucked.

"What time is it?" I asked, unable to take my eyes off of my mom so I could look at my clock.

Then again, what did I care what time it was when my beautiful Jenny was giving me a wonderful blowjob?

"Just after eight."

Okay. Blowjob or not, there had to be some limits!

"Mom!"

"Do you want me to stop?" She dragged her flattened tongue slowly up my shaft and then swirled it deliciously around my leaking head.

"Oh God no!" I wasn't stupid. You never tell a beautiful woman that is sucking your dick to stop!

Mom took her time with her incomparable cock sucking, spending long minutes lathering my dick with her saliva, running her tongue up and down my rigid rod, bobbing her head and stroking my cock until I was ready to burst only to then slow until I settled back from the brink. As great as her usual morning blowjobs were, this was in another league!

"Mom! Please make me cum!" I begged as she took me to the edge again. "Then I can do the same to you!"

"Ooo!" Mom cooed. "That sounds so good! But I'm not done with you yet!"

I don't know how long mom spent sucking and licking and teasing me, but I was ready to do whatever she wanted just to get her to finish me off! When she did finally work me up to that exquisite peak and allowed me to at last explode, I thought that I just might have a heart attack. Or that my balls would break from the force with which I came. Mom struggled to swallow it all, but her work had been too well done and my orgasm too strong for her mouth to contain my gushing white

fluid. Streams of semen sprang from her pursed lips and ran down her chin to splatter on her soft bosom.

"Oh my God mom!" I groaned as my whole body trembled. "That had to be the world's greatest blowjob!"

"Oh. I'm sure I could still do better." Mom teased humbly. She looked down at the mess that she, I, the both of us had made.

"If you did, I'm sure it would kill me!" I couldn't say that I would turn down her effort.

"I guess I can take that as a compliment!" She said as she ran her fingers through the white globs on her tits.

"Take it however you want." I said intently. "You can also take this!"

I sat up, grabbed Jenny with surprise, and spun her about so that she was now laying where I had just been.

"Oh!" She cried out.

"Open those legs my gorgeous slut! Let me see that crevice that I sprang from!" I tried to play up my language as that had gotten her worked up before.

"Ooo yes! See mommy's pussy! Get in there and get a good look honey!" Jenny called out in response.

"You're a naughty girl mommy! Your pussy is already wet!" I stared at that beautiful gash, still in awe that I was able to gaze upon my mom's most intimate parts.

"I'm so wet Jeremy! Sucking you got me soaked!" She said lustfully.

"I really think that I may need to get a plastic bed." I stated. My mother really had a habit of soaking my mattress when she came hard.

"I'll try not to cum too hard honey!"

"Screw that Jenny! I'm going to make you cum sooo hard that I don't need to take a shower!" It may have been boastful, but I had the right sentiment.

"Oh, please Jeremy! Make me cum all over you! You make me cum sooo good when you eat mommy's pretty pussy! You do think I have a pretty pussy, don't you Jeremy?"

Oh yes, I had her excited already!

"It's in the top two!" I answered.

"Is that higher than Jessica's?" Jenny asked already knowing full well the answer to that question. Or I hoped she did. But she also knew about my adolescent fantasies about her gorgeous, curvy sister.

"I love Aunt Jess's pussy too, but it doesn't compare to yours, or Erin's!"

"Please lick me Jeremy! I need you to make me cum so good! Make me cum like you just did!"

As much as I may have teased mom about her soaking my bed when she squirted, I would never deny her such an orgasm for the sake of my own sleeping arrangements!

"I love you Jenny." I said tenderly just before I leaned my face down to her trimmed brown bush and ran my tongue through it, tickling her with my touch.

"I love you too Jeremy, now lick mommy's cunt."

It was tender if also vulgar!

She had torturously teased me so it was now my turn to do the same to her.

I stared at my mother's pussy. Her outer lips had widened but her inner lips were still shut, even though there was a trace of dampness leaking from the bottom of her slit. I could see the stubble around the sides from where she had most recently shaved herself. I would have to make a point of giving her another shaving myself, possibly this week if I had a chance. To be this close to the origin of my birth was and probably always would be, mind-bending. I had sprung forth from this hole and now I was spending a lot of time getting at least some portions of me back inside it.

"You're staring at me again Jeremy! I told you to lick me!" Mom started softly, but her tone turned to an order with the second sentence.

"I can't help how beautiful your pussy is!" I answered reverently.

"Thank you, but get to work!"

I instead kissed her right inner thigh, a soft lingering kiss. I then let my lips trail along her sensitive skin down towards where she desired my mouth to be. Before I reached her target, I retreated and kissed the other thigh but this time my lips wandered towards the back of her knee.

"Damn you and your teasing!" Mom barked at me harshly.

"I seem to remember an afternoon, at your sister's specifically, where you said I could tease you anytime." I let my lips slide down the back of her left thigh and circling back around towards her sex. I held each knee in my hands easing them wider.

"You're not supposed to use any of my words against me! I really need you to lick me Jeremy! I haven't had an orgasm in days!"

Days?

I had to rectify that! Immediately!

"You know that you only had to come to me! I would have had you cumming for days!" I told her as if she wasn't my mother. "We can't have you going without! Who knows whose crotch your hand will land on next time you're desperate!"

"Are you going to eat me or do I have to go find some other young stud to keep me satisfied?" Mom asked forcefully as she stared at me framed by her smooth tanned thighs.

I had a grin like the cat that ate the canary or the son about to eat his mother's tasty twat.

I gave up with the teasing and instead bent to my task.

I licked up either labia circling her clit that had come out of its hiding place. I was eager to tease that little nub, but just not quite yet. I pushed my tongue deep into Jenny's cleft sucking up the leaking juices as I dragged my tongue upwards to flick her opening just below her waiting clit.

"Oooo!" Mom moaned loudly. "More!"

I gave her more.

I licked, sucked, flicked, and even fingered her pussy until she was whimpering and near tears with her need.

"Please Jeremy! Make mommy cum!"

That was when I then focused on that bundle of nerves that would trigger mom's release, and her relief.

I kept the two fingers that I had pushed into her channel, bending them to caress her sensitive g-spot, as I sucked hard on her hood, pulling her smooth pea into my mouth. I held it gently in my teeth as I ran my tongue over it. Mom was trembling as her bliss built within her beautiful body.

"Sooo gooood!" She whined.

It tasted incredibly good too!

"Ready Jenny? Are you ready to soak my face and my bed again?" I asked teasingly.

"Oh, please." She whimpered.

It didn't take me very long from that point until mom thrashed her legs until they encircled my shoulders and clenched tightly, her arms splayed out at her sides grabbing at my sheets and finding no purchase, and her head thrown back as her muscles tightened and then spasmed as her long-sought orgasm finally took control of her body. I continued

my attack on all fronts as I prepared for whatever results might occur, expecting Jenny to cum all over me with her pent up release.

It wasn't as much as some of her previous squirting occurrences, but it was still a decent flood. I clamped my mouth over her pussy lips and tried to drink up as much as I could as it happened, but then lapped up her loins and legs as she shook in the aftermath. My hair was wet, my cheeks soaked, and my bed was awash in my mother's effluvium. I leisurely licked her soft skin while I waited for her to recover from her ecstasy.

When I saw her eyes finally able to focus on me again, I said with a tone of serious concern, "Was that alright? I just can never be sure that I've finished with you mom."

"Damn you Jeremy!" Mom cursed my teasing questioning. "You look like you were caught in a rainstorm! No one makes me cum quite like you do!"

I felt proud at that compliment!

"I was caught in a cum storm; my mother's cum storm!" I jested in reply.

"Cum storm." Mom croaked out as she tried to laugh.

I rose up and lay next to her soaked frame, putting my now almost dry lips to hers. Mom let me mash my lips to hers, my tongue dancing with her own.

"I should get up." Mom stared into my eyes when our kiss broke.

"No. You should stay in my bed all day. We haven't even fucked yet." I stated coarsely.

"No, we haven't." Mom answered, her eyes still full of my own. "I think I might need a minute though. Or maybe a few actually."

"What can we do in the meantime?" I asked as if clueless. I already knew her answer as I bent to meet her mouth with my own.

"I'm sure we can think of something." Her open lips were an invitation that I couldn't deny.

It was more than a few minutes before we separated again, both breathing heavily.

"You are such a great kisser Jeremy." Jenny stared at me.

"I love your lips mom. Both pairs!" I leaned in again and gave her a shorter kiss, but still filled with all my love and lust for her.

"Both pairs love you too." Mom sighed. "Now, you said something about fucking?"

My mother always said the nicest things to me!

"How do you want it Jenny?" I queried.

"Oh, I don't know. Any way, every way!" Her face glowed with her rising lust.

"That narrows it down for me! Thanks my lady." My eyes journeyed over Jenny's luscious curves. The problem was that her answer was also my own. It didn't matter how I got to have sex with my mom, just that I was able to!

"How about doggie?" It was one of my favorites, especially with the view of mom's ass that it gave me!

Mom didn't answer. At least not with words. She merely rolled onto her stomach and then lifted her hips until her knees were under her. The invitation of her wet pussy wasn't one that I could deny either!

"Fuck me Jeremy! Don't make me wait either! Just shove your big cock in mommy's pussy! Please honey!" Jenny begged as if I hadn't just given her an amazing orgasm within the last half an hour.

My own lust was just as strong as hers, even if my dick had wilted a bit since mom had sucked my cum from it. I had no doubt about its ability to recover so I could shove it into mom's cunt. Just the thought of what I was about to do had it firming up. I rubbed it along mom's slick slit, coating it with her delicious lubricant. I also slapped my rising dick against mom's labia with squelching sounds as I further aroused the both of us.

"Spank mommy's pussy with your dick baby! Mommy has such a bad pussy!"

"No mom, you have a very good pussy!" I corrected her nasty language.

"Good and nasty!" Jenny moaned. "Now shove that beautiful cock in it!"

I couldn't argue with my mother!

I did as she told me. With gusto!

With both of us having taken our edge off with an initial orgasm, we were ready for some serious sex.

I started slowly, knowing that I would have to pace myself. Mom moaned as I sank into her but made no comment about my tempo or its rate. I luxuriated in the always-incredible feeling of Jenny's pussy as it clamped around me, as it resisted my penetration and also fought my retreat.

"That feels so good honey!" Mom said with her face buried in my sheets, the parts at least that were still dry.

"Yes it does mom!" My hands grabbed her hips just above her gorgeous ass cheeks to give me a boost in the force of my thrusts. Fucking mom could be quite the workout. Something that I was still trying to find time to get to in my busy schedule. A workout and the fucking of my mother!

Unconsciously I would increase my rhythm and as I felt my passion growing, I would have to make myself slow back down. I wanted this to last and not to just jackrabbit fuck mom. I felt that she wanted the same. Just a nice long pleasant fuck.

Even going slow can make you build up a sweat! But it was a good cleansing sweat, and the two of us were coated in a thick sheen as we both pressed our privates together, as mom was pushing back against me as well as I was shoving into her.

I could almost sense the world turn as we continued, in no rush to speed up or to reach our conclusions, happy just to enjoy the sensations that we were giving each other. It was possibly the longest time I had spent with one session of sex in my life. The steady in and out of my dick in her pussy, the basic urges of man and woman in our joining, the primal nature of mating.

Though we tried to stretch out the time, and the enjoyment, our passions and lusts grew too large to resist. My pace quickened against my will, mom's body responding the same to meet my thrusts with equal force. Our breathing also increased to match our rhythm. My bed was probably going to be just as soaked from our perspiration as from mom's squirting. I might have to find other sleeping arrangements if I wanted to stay dry that evening.

Faster and faster we both went, each matching the other's speed and force. I was grunting hoarsely and mom was giving off a high-pitched intermittent wail with each of our thrusts together.

Finally, neither of us could pretend to delay any longer and we were banging each other as good as we had ever had. For the first time I could feel myself about to peak before Jenny gave any notice about her own.

"I'm gonna cummm mommm! I'mmm gonnnnaa fuuuckkinnn' cummmm!" I could hold off no longer and I regretfully felt my balls tighten and my dick jerk on its own as I rocketed my cum into Jenny's squeezing pussy.

"Cummm in mommmmy! Yourrr gonnna maaaake meeee cummmm tooooo!" Mom shrieked as her own dam burst, in more ways than one!

I felt her flood coat my cock and balls while I was still finishing my own spurts. My hips were jerking out of my control as the last of my ball's contents was forced from me. My hands were locked to Jenny's hips so hard that I worried I might have hurt her. She gave no indication at the moment, but her mind was far, far away right then. Not that my own consciousness wasn't that far from hers wherever that was!

"Oh my jeez!" My mouth spoke without any connection to my brain just as I fell onto my mattress, heedless of how or where I landed.

Jenny was just making incoherent noises between her gasping breaths.

We lay there beside each other on my wet sheets exhausted from our passion.

"Damn mom!" I exclaimed without further clarification.

Mom turned to look at me with a maternal shock on her flushed face. It couldn't be from my curse word.

Then she burst out laughing.

I just looked back at her with confusion.

"What?"

She struggled to speak and managed to get out, "Did I finally get you to finish first?"

I didn't know if that was worthy of her laughter.

"I tried to hold out, but I suppose once out of ... how many times?" I stared intently into Jenny's eyes.

"Oh no honey! I wasn't faulting you. More of praise actually. I've been trying to make you burst first for some time now. You just manage to turn me on so much that you always win!" Mom said happily, as she touched my cheek with a soft hand.

"You know that I do that so that you can win Jenny." I explained with my voice filled with my love for my mother and lover.

"I know you do dear, and I love that you can ... usually ... make me climax first." She rolled her head closer and gave me a peck on the cheek.

"I think now though that we need to get off this wet bed and get in the shower." Mom said. I gave her a sexy smile. "Alone." She added with a loving but firm smile.

I might have looked disappointed but really, I was relieved. After that performance, I was sure my dick would be in hibernation for days. Well, hours at least!

We showered; mom first while I stripped my destroyed mattress and then I cleaned our combined wetness from myself. As I came out of the bathroom, mom was carrying a pile of towels and fresh sheets. She was only wrapped in a towel around her slim body, covering her only from breasts to upper thighs. She was a gift that I wished to unwrap every day!

"Jenny! You make even just a towel look good!" I eyed her appreciatively.

"Watch it mister, you keep looking at me like that and I'll see if we can soak my bed next!"

I did notice mom eyeing my near naked form as I only had a towel wrapped around my waist.

We went to our respective rooms and dressed and then mom returned upstairs to help me with my bed.

My stomach let out a growl as we worked and I realized that I had had nothing to eat yet that day. Mom just chuckled when she heard my internal distress.

"I guess when we're done I should try to refill that hole in your belly!" She just shook her head exasperatedly.

"I've filled your hole, you have to fill mine!" I'm sure she didn't realize that she had given me such a great setup line!

"Jeremy!" Was all mom replied.

My mother must have been very satisfied with me as she set about with a huge production of making me a meal. I was somewhat surprised with the amount of time that we had been in my bed that it wasn't quite yet noon. I was almost ready for bed again. Not mom though, she was very chipper as she cooked. Was that where all my energy had gone? Did mom drain me and thus was now so energetic?

She set out a spread on the table as if it was one of her big weekend breakfasts, though in more limited quantities. There were eggs, bacon, pancakes, a few sausage links, and topped off with a small stack of toast. I sat in amazement as mom placed this all in front of me. She even filled a large glass with OJ for me too.

"Wow, mom! I don't know how you do it. You truly are amazing! As a mother, and as a sexy ... lover." It did still feel weird to say that to her. She'd been my mother far longer than my lover. It was like seeing her as two people. The mom that I grew up with, and now the woman that was still my mother but also oh so much more!

"Oh honey! I feel the same about you too!" She gave me a kiss on my forehead, clearly not wanting to get near my mouth while I was eating.

"What? I'm an amazing mother too?" I quipped between mouthfuls of bacon.

"Yes, an amazing motherfuh ..." She started but stopped herself. My eyes widened.

Mom gave a small laugh and put her hands on my shoulders as she stood behind me.

"Now finish eating and then you can mow the lawn." I felt her face in my hair and was sure she had kissed me again, this time fully as my mom.

"You just want to see me in the yard sweating and only wearing my shorts don't you?" I teased her.

"That's just a nice bonus! Now eat up."

I almost choked as I remembered just a short time earlier what mom had been begging me to eat up!

Mom patted my back and told me, "You have to chew it for at least a second before you go swallowing it honey!"

And mom was definitely an expert on swallowing!

I ate, then went and did the grass. Mom did make a show of watching me, whether she had intended to do so or only did so because of my comment. I made a point of flexing my arms as I worked and even bent over with my back to her. This provoked a whistle from her and I saw her nervously look at the high wooden fence around the backyard in fear of the neighbor's hearing her inappropriate hoot at her son! I grinned and quickly finished.

I took another quick shower to rinse off and as I stepped out of the upstairs tub, mom was standing there in her halter top and trim shorts holding a towel out to me. I smiled in thanks.

"Do you want me to dry you off hon?" The leer on her face was priceless.

"You really are a full-service mom aren't you Jenny?" I stood dripping and slightly raised my arms in signal of my approval.

It wasn't sexual at all as mom rubbed the towel over my skin, and though it could have been taken as completely innocent except for our being related, it was really very sensual. Not as if she was doing it slowly, just a quick rubdown to dry me, but it did get serious when she got to my upper thighs and butt. Her eyes were gazing fondly at my junk, her face within a foot of my deflated manhood. Her nearness did cause some twinges down there. Just a touch of mom's lips, or even her soft delicate fingers would surely have given me a rise.

It felt more than sensual when her towel-covered hands started rubbing my pubic area, but there wasn't any apparent untoward motions. She may have been making extra sure that I was dry down there and that's why she was giving my thickening dick more attention.

"There, all dry." She stood back up and handed me the damp towel. "Make sure you put that in the hamper when you're done." Then mom turned and left.

I didn't know what to make of that incident. It wasn't usual, but with some of the things we had done, it wasn't that outrageous either.

That night mom made one of her irregular appearances at my door, giving one quick rap on it, and walking in. I greeted her, not having expected her. When I asked what's up, she just replied that she had come to give me a goodnight kiss. It was definitely a great night kiss! One that lasted nearly ten minutes or so.

I texted Erin goodnight shortly afterwards, though it wasn't nearly as good as mom's.

The next day was spent with Erin and some of her friends at a local park. I knew how much I loved my sexy little redheaded girlfriend and it was proven that day as many of her friends flirted ceaselessly with me, some openly to Erin's consternation, but others were more discreet. I wasn't interested in any of them. Sure, they were friendly, a few were

very attractive, and one or two were hot enough that I would have once died to be with them. But that was before I had met my blue-eyed vixen. Now, all I needed was Erin.

Well, almost all I needed!

It was Friday the following day and the last day my siblings had in school. I woke surprisingly early and I journeyed downstairs to get breakfast. As eager as mom had been on that earlier day to fill my aching maw, this morning she appeared to be busy with something and merely told me to feed myself when I asked about her fixing me something. I was disappointed but she did usually take good care of my needs, so I ate my cold cereal with bananas quietly. Mom told me she had to do a few errands and would be gone for an hour or so. I eyed her wardrobe as I chewed.

Mom had on a baby blue blouse with wide lapels that was buttoned just enough to leave the promise of her cleavage visible. A silver chain necklace hung down between the swell of her breasts. A snug white skirt that reached just above her knees hugged her hips and rear, and I noted that her darker shaded legs meant that she was also wearing stockings. With the addition of a white pair of moderate heels she looked presentable enough for public, but also very sexy. But that could also just be that I knew what those articles of clothing whispered of underneath. Her ears were bare and of course, on her wrist she wore the diamond bracelet from dad and the watch from me.

As she was leaving, she suggested to me that I could tidy up around the house while she was gone. She did add with a smile that if I did so, she might give me a reward when she returned. That peaked my interest!

Mom and I had done a great many things together. Most of them things beyond a normal mother and son relationship. We had found a mutual love for each other. And I felt that we had a trust too. I mean, she had allowed me to be the first to fuck her asshole! I knew she had a bit of a kink to her, one that she couldn't explore with my more staid father. I wanted to do more with my beautiful Jenny and give her something that she hadn't had, and might not have ever contemplated before. I hoped not anyway, as Jenny had a way of surprising me, such as when she had told me of her teenage tryst with her friend Sheila. So it was that I decided to try something that I had been thinking about for some time, something that I couldn't imagine trying with my firecracker Erin.

I hurried about the house doing a multitude of household chores that I normally wouldn't have dreamed of doing otherwise, or if so, with a great amount of protesting and ill temper as I did them. Mom returned as I was finishing dusting the end tables in the living room.

I turned as I heard her enter the house to find her with an awestruck face. Her jaw may have even dropped a little. Her eyes travelled around the room as if she could tell every single thing that I had done with only a glance. Maybe she could! I had long ago learned that mothers really do have superpowers.

"Jeremy!" Her eyes came back to me. Then they carried over my shoulder and into the kitchen that was barely visible from where she stood. "Jeez Louise! You must really want a reward!" She strode determinedly past me to investigate the rest of the downstairs part of the house, even opening the door to the utility room.

"If I knew that having sex with you was all it took for you to do the housework, I would have retired in my lingerie long ago!" She spoke louder for me to hear from across the house. "Did you do anything upstairs too?" Her eyes darted up the stairs as she reentered the living room where I hadn't moved.

"A little." I said, slightly nervous for what I had planned.

Mom came up to me, grabbed my cheeks in her palms, and brought her lips to mine. Her lips stayed closed, but there was great heat in that kiss.

"A great lover with many ... talents, and now I find that properly motivated that you do housework too. I may have to lose your father and marry you!" Mom gave me another quicker kiss then used her thumb to wipe off the lipstick that she had smeared on me.

I knew she was teasing me. She had already told me many times about how she felt about my dad and that she didn't want to upset the family

dynamic because of her love for me. As much as I might have wished to have her for myself at one time, I also hadn't wanted my parents to separate either. I did love my dad. Just that I now loved my mom more and very differently! And now I had Erin too.

"I think I owe you a very good reward!" Mom said as she grabbed my tee shirt at the collar and pulled me.

As this coincided with my plans I let her guide me towards her room.

"Mom." I paused. "Jenny. Do you trust me?"

She stopped in the hallway and turned to look at me.

"What? Yes, of course." Her green eyes peered at my face but only flicked across my own eyes. "Why do you ask such an obvious question? You've haven't done something wrong have you?"

The concern on her face was like a raincloud.

"Oh, no. Nothing like that." I said reflexively. I would definitely not do anything that I thought might risk my love for Jenny. I had lost her once. That was once too many times for me! Even if I had ended up with Erin as a result!

"That what do you mean?" She asked still with a slight worry in her tone.

"I want to try something with you. Something a little ... different." My resolve shook as the possibility approached.

"Different?" She cocked an eyebrow at me. Her eyes had a smoldering growing desire. "I'm listening."

"Let's go to your room." I said flatly gesturing her to continue to lead the last few feet.

Mom turned, no longer pulling my shirt.

"You have me curious now." She took a few steps. "For you to have done so much of my work so willingly, means it really must be something."

She paused at her doorway and gazed at me over her shoulder.

"Do you remember that day when you had me be rough with you? When we had sex in my room up against the wall?" I asked cautiously.

"Yes. It was fantastic. As always. Why?" Her lips curled up at the memory, but a trace of concern still lingered.

"I want to try something. But I want to have your permission first."

"Now I am curious. And a little worried." She took two steps backwards into her room.

Mom wasn't worried enough to stop leading me towards her big bed.

"I want you to undress for me. But leave your bra and panties on. And your stockings." I gestured to her legs.

"Do you like them? I wore them hoping you'd notice." She lifted a calf and rubbed her hand over it slowly. Mom's eyes were fire when they returned to my face.

"You want me to undress myself? Are you sure you don't want to do that yourself?" Her voice was as smooth as melted butter and hot enough possibly to melt butter!

"No. Give me a show Jenny."

"That doesn't seem like something that you need my permission for?"

"It's not that. I just need you um, with less clothes on." I found I couldn't meet her eyes then.

"Well, you did save me hours with the house. I guess I have some time to kill now!"

Mom brought her hands to her breasts and cupped them through her blue blouse.

"You want to see my tits Jeremy? Is that what you want?" Mom asked in her husky voice as she jiggled her boobs at me.

I just nodded.

She found the first button and undid it. Her fingers trailed down to the next and released it.

"I don't know about this. My husband could come home at any moment." Mom said as she half-turned from me as if suddenly modest. Her voice was suddenly playful as if she was acting for me. I could see her arms still moving and I guessed she was still undoing buttons.

I could go along with her little show, as it didn't interfere with my ideas.

"I'm sure he won't be home for hours, miss. Just let me see those great tits!" I pleaded.

"You really think they are great? They're not as big as my sister's." Mom turned slightly back toward me so that I could see another button open. Her blouse hung such that I could now see within and the lacy green bra inside.

"Maybe I should meet your sister someday. Right now I want to see those beauties."

"You seem pretty young. Have you even ever seen boobies before young man?"

"None as nice as yours." This wasn't so much an act as practically the truth. Honestly though, Aunt Jess's were nicer. But they weren't my mom's!

"You're such a sweet talker!" Mom undid the last button and discretely pulled some of the blouse's hem from the waist of her skirt as if the woman she was pretending to be wouldn't be so open, but the actress was indeed wanton enough to reveal herself to me.

She finished turning back to face me, which actually hid more of herself than viewing from the side had revealed.

"Take the blouse off." I stated without inflection.

Mom did a glance downwards and shyly looked back at me as she shrugged the cloth from her shoulders. She tugged the rest of the hem free and let the blouse slide down her arms to the floor.

"I think that you have unnatural thoughts for me sir." Mom said demurely as she kept in her role.

I certainly did!

It also was playing into my other thoughts such that I almost wondered if mom hadn't already guessed at my intent.

Or that she was just happy to play along with whatever I wanted her to do.

For which I was also glad.

Mom raised her hands to cover her bra-hidden breasts.

"Now, the skirt." I said.

My mom could be quite the vixen and she raised her face to look at me and fluttered her eyelashes at me as if she might be virginal.

"But sir, what if I'm not wearing panties?"

That was a possibility that I hadn't conceived!

Until that moment, I had been able to keep my dick from stirring, even as my mind raced. Now though, it overcame my restraint as my blood began to fill it.

I could see the sly smile on Jenny's lips as she confessed this.

"Are you a naughty girl Jenny? Going about without any underwear?"

The slight smile grew wicked as it filled her lips.

"I'm a very naughty girl sir."

I don't know if I could have scripted this any better!

"Doesn't matter. Take off your skirt."

"But ... but, you'll see my lady parts!" Jenny protested modestly.

"The skirt. Now." I added some command to my tone.

"Yes."

Mom slowly lowered a hand to the zipper at her hip and even slower tugged it down the six inches of its length. She had glanced down at what she was doing but before she finished her eyes came back to mine.

"What have you planned for me sir?"

That glint in her eye was too bright to ignore. She was willing for more.

At least, so far.

She wiggled her hips and her skirt dropped to her feet.

Mom really wasn't wearing any panties! She had on a black lace garter belt around her upper hips with two pairs of straps fastened to the stockings on either leg. The stockings had wide tops with a lacy delicate pattern, as you would expect to see. Her legs were positioned far too open for her shy act. I may have even seen some dampness on her closed lips.

"Get up on the bed." I pointed for added effect.

"My shoes?" Mom asked as she turned towards her bed.

"Leave them on." They wouldn't interfere and it even seemed a bit sexier for mom to keep them on.

She was kneeling facing me with an interested curiosity lighting her mien.

I pulled a blindfold from my pocket. I tossed it to her and she caught it reflexively.

"Put that on."

Mom looked at what she had caught and the light on her face actually brightened.

"But what of my permission?" She asked.

I didn't know if she was still acting or was being herself now.

"Do you give it? Do you trust me to do as I want with you?" I asked with as much loving concern as I had for my wonderful mother.

"I know you would never do anything to hurt me. Not intentionally. I love you more than anyone in my life. I trust you completely now. I give you permission Jeremy. You can do whatever you want, I am forever yours." She slid the mask over her head and covered her beautiful eyes.

I almost teared up at her words. I was so touched by my mother's feelings for me. That Jenny truly was mine.

I did notice though that she had said that she trusted me now. She may have had cause to distrust me in the past and I understood that and took no offense. That she did so now though said a lot to me.

"Lie on your back Jenny." I said with deference.

I thought then that she did suspect what I had planned as she lay with her legs wide and her arms open to her sides in expectation.

I produced a few more items from my pocket.

"Lift your arms over your head mom."

I'm sure she heard the metallic clink as she raised her arms to her headboard. I clicked the handcuffs around a wrist and closed it. I slipped the short chain around one of the decorative posts within the headboard and wrapped the other cuff around mom's free hand. They weren't official issue and had some padding on the insides. After I had both wrists fastened, mom pulled her arms as if to test them.

"What are you going to do to your helpless mother Jeremy?" She asked without any panic in her voice. She really had no reservations about this!

As I reached down to tie a length of rope around one of her ankles, Jenny began to shake her leg as if she was resisting, but I could tell she was only playing along as she could have easily hit me in the jaw with her heel if she had been trying. I finally wrapped the thick but smooth rope around her ankle a few times before tying it to the corner post on the footboard. Jenny fought more realistically with the other leg and

did manage to give my shoulder a decent kick. She felt this and eased up on her mock struggles.

"Are you going to have your way with me honey? Are you going to screw my brains out? Make your mommy cum so many times? Do me so good that I won't be able to walk straight tomorrow?" Mom tried to face me as she went through an interesting list of possibilities. "Are you going to lick my pussy really good? Make me wet my bed like I did with yours the other day?"

Mom then gave a convincing show of trying to get free. Real or not, there was no way my sexy mother could now escape.

"You forgot my bra though Jeremy." Mom said in a casual tone.

"No, I didn't you slut." I told her as I was disrobing myself. I had on just my shirt, shorts, and underwear, so that took about three seconds. I climbed onto the bed and knee-walked close to her prostrate figure. I reached down and grabbed her breasts, squeezing them roughly.

"You do love my tits, don't you?" Jenny said as she shook her chest at me.

I climbed over her body with my knees beside her hips. I kept my weight off her slender form. Most of my weight anyway. I had wanted to reinforce her helplessness.

"You love me playing with your melons, don't you mom? It's because you're such a slut that you let your son do this to you, isn't it?" I said strongly.

"I am such a slut! I'm a big slut for my son! I love my son's hands on his mommy's big titties!"

How could I not love this woman?

"I didn't forget your bra Jenny." My hands were still on her tits covered with the lacy, but I suspected, strong fabric that had to constrain mom's large D's. I wasn't sure I would be capable of what I was about to do and I felt a little regret for the sexy bra.

I pushed my fingers down into the cups and grabbing both curves jerked them apart with as much strength as I had. The narrow band between the cups snapped and exposed mom's breasts.

"What the ...? Oh shit, that's so hot!" Mom cried out. "Rip my clothes off honey! Take your slut!"

The useless garment now hung loosely around either shoulder. Mom struggled, or wiggled, again that jiggled her tits so nicely.

I put my hands back on those fleshy orbs and really manhandled them.

"Oh, pinch my nipples honey! Pinch them hard!" Mom moaned.

I did as I was asked. Harder than I might have done normally.

"Ow!" Jenny growled. Then to show me her wildness. "More!"

I worked my hands over her pliable flesh, pressing my palms firmly into that soft skin. I did give a few more twists of her stiffy tips. I moved forward, my knees now near her smooth armpits. My dick was more than halfway to erection. Enough for my next action.

I pressed her tits together and slowly pushed my dick in between those luscious semi-spheres. Our bare skin resisted my penetration.

"Oh yes! Fuck mommy's big boobies!" Jenny cried out when she realized what I was trying to do. "Here, let me get you nice and wet so you can slide that great big dick between my boobs!"

Mom struggled slightly as if she had tried to reach for my member and hadn't remembered she was restrained.

I worked some spit in my mouth and drooled it down onto my dick head, smearing it around with a hand. I let out a second long trickle. I know that my mom had wanted me to put my dick in her mouth to lubricate it with her own saliva, but I had other plans for her mouth in a short while.

I tried again and I slid in slightly easier. When my dick was buried in mom's titflesh, I began a slow pumping motion.

"Fuck my titties Jeremy! Make mommy your dirty slut!"

This wasn't my end goal; it was just to show that I could do as I willed with her. I released her tits, letting them fall apart and showing my dick as it continued to expand and lengthen.

"No, keep going! Shoot your cum into my mouth!"

Soon, soon!

I moved forward again, my knees planted against Jenny's upper arms. She struggled again, but this time wasn't for freedom, she knew how close my dick now was to her mouth and was trying to get close enough to suck me.

"You are such a nasty bitch for my cock, aren't you mom?" I asked as I grabbed my base. I teasingly whapped it against her chin and cheeks as she moved her head about searching for that stiff pole. "Is this what you want Jenny? Do you want your son to shove his big cock into your slutty mouth?"

"Please Jeremy! Give me that beautiful cock! Mommy wants to suck it for you! Please!" She whined as she begged.

I reached behind her head to lift her head up slightly and to hold it in place as I lined myself up. My ever-eager cocksucking mother had her mouth wide open awaiting my nearly hard dick.

I shoved it in with one thrust, gagging her as I did so. I pulled back out to let her recover.

"Is that what you want mommy?" I asked sweetly in contrast to my action.

"Please." She whimpered. "Fuck my mouth honey! Shove it all the way in!"

I wasn't sure she really wanted that and that she was just getting caught up in the passion of the moment.

I did push back in a good way farther than she would normally take it. I felt her throat seize up and I pressed into it. I pulled out again.

"Are you sure mommy? It doesn't seem like your mouth is as slutty as the rest of you?" My hand in her hair tugged her head to look up at me, which is if she could have seen me without the blindfold.

"Damn it; just fuck the shit out of my fucking mouth! Shove that whole thing in me!" Mom ordered me fiercely.

Well, okay!

"Well, okay!" I conceded to her demand.

I held her head extra firm as I again thrust into mom's open mouth. The angle was tricky with me kneeling over her, but I returned to a similar depth as the first two. I gave her a second or two to accept my length and girth in her mouth. Then I gave a firm push with my hips. I could

feel her nose in my pubes, my balls sitting on her chin as she tried to contain my cock. I saw her gagging, her thick saliva gushing out of her mouth around my shaft as she did. I wanted to pull back out instantly but held on for a count of three as she had commanded I do this.

I pulled back slowly until my cock was free past her lips. Mom tried to cough once, then twice, and then when she achieved it a thick gooey mass of saliva and who knows what also came out of her mouth. She turned her head to the side to let it drool down her cheek and onto the pillow below her head.

I was again amazed at my mom. This had also gotten me hard as granite!

"Water." Mom coughed again, but nothing else disgusting came out.

I climbed off of her and rushed to her bathroom. I also grabbed a towel along with the glass.

I came back and saw she had turned her head to the other side and was trying to wipe her mouth with the pillowcase on her dry side.

"Here Jenny." I said with care as I wiped her face with the towel. "Are you okay?"

"My eyes burn." Her voice wasn't much more than a whisper.

I lifted the blindfold and wiped at her make-up smeared eyes tenderly. I then lifted her head so she could drink some water. She took a small sip and coughed again, then she took two larger drinks. She nodded at me and I released her head then I set the water on the nightstand.

"Are you okay?" I asked again.

She paused before answering. "Yeah, I'm fine." Another pause. "I know I've told you before about that, but ... thank you."

Mom's eyes stared at me so lovingly that I really felt guilty about what I had done, but that she had asked for it and then had thanked me also, meant that I shouldn't feel bad.

But I wasn't done yet. And I hoped that she wasn't either.

"Are you ready for more slut?" I asked tenderly as I stared back down at Jenny.

Her slow growing smile spoke louder than her words.

"Oh yes sir!" She said eagerly.

I replaced the blindfold.

"That was only the first of many things I'm going to do to you my beautiful and dirty Jenny!"

"Yes, please!" Mom nearly squealed.

"But first open your mouth ..." I grabbed the last item, a pair of her dirty panties that I had taken from her hamper and shoved the waded red cloth into her mouth.

"Wha ...!" Mom exclaimed with surprise as I silenced her.

"I can't have you yelling so loudly when I make you orgasm so hard that you have the neighbors calling 9-1-1!"

"Nnrhrrnhhn." Mom said around the panties filling her mouth.

"Oh, yes, you'll be coming very, very hard. When I finally let you that is!" I replied as if I had understood her. I didn't and I didn't care what

she might have said (well, a little care!) as she had given her permission and had had her chance to stop this going further.

Mom wriggled in response. I was sure that it was because of her anticipation for what was to come then for any protest.

Now for step two!

"I have a few things that I need to do now mom. I'll be back in a little while." I said nonchalantly. I gave her a kiss on her forehead and left. I did grab my shorts to put on, leaving my boxers on her floor. I got to the door and looked back. Mom was really wiggling now! I'm sure her trying to get free wasn't an act now!

"I love you mom!" I said from down the hall.

She was loud enough for me to hear, even with the red underwear muffling her shouts.

I wasn't going to leave her alone for very long. My dick wouldn't allow that! But I did want to leave mom to get herself worked up in her captive isolation, wondering when I would come back, or if even I would come back. If I would come back before my siblings came home, or my father. Let her stir in her thoughts and debate if she should have agreed to this. If I knew my sexy mom, and I felt that I did, she would

only get hornier in my absence. Especially with my comment about my letting her cum!

I also had to give my dick a chance to calm down again.

Jenny had actually let me, no, she had demanded that I shove my dick down her throat!

There hadn't been enough physical stimulation to get me off, but just the implication of the act itself was enough to get me close enough to burst. And I wasn't ready just yet, even for just the first of many more loads I would be depositing in or on my gorgeous Jenny!

I texted Erin in the interim but I said nothing of what I was doing with mom. I wasn't quite sure how freaky Erin was yet (though I suspected that she just might surprise me as mom already had!), and I didn't want to do anything to jeopardize our still relatively new relationship. She responded innocently, asking what I was up to. I just answered, 'just doing some housework with mom.'

Erin sent a grinning emoji with the text, 'oh, housework? is that what you 2 call it now?'

'I'd let her answer, but she's tied up in her bedroom right now. I have to get back and help her. TTYL'

I had to cut our conversation short before I slipped and said more than I wanted.

Hell, Erin might just want to come over and join in!

I wanted this to be just between Jenny and myself. This was just for us. Erin could join us again (and I hoped that she would!) sometime in the near future.

I sorted through some emails, unanswered messages from other friends, scrolled through some of my social media apps, and just tried to distract myself from the fact that I had mom naked and tied up in her bed ready for whatever I wanted to do to her! Nothing else in the world could make time drag slower than that! Watching water boil would seem like an action movie compared to my anxious fidgeting. Sure, I could go back at any time, but I wanted to give mom at least an hour. I did silently sneak to her doorway and peek in at her twice. She just laid there calmly until she would suddenly pull and tug on her restraints like a wildcat before laying still again.

It was fifty-three minutes when I could contain myself no longer. I'm sure it had been much worse for mom!

"How are you doing Jenny?" I asked casually as I reentered mom's den of sex.

She shook against the handcuffs and rope and mumbled.

"No, I'm good." I grinned openly even if mom couldn't see it.

"Are you ready for more?" I asked.

Her head nodded vigorously.

I approached the bed and dropped my shorts again. Almost as soon as my dick was free, it was rising. The sight of my blindfolded and gagged mom with her arms and legs stretched and mostly immobilized while wearing only her coffee-colored stockings, garter belt, and the white heels on her feet was one of the sexiest things that I had ever witnessed. It was close with the image of her and Erin in that sixty-nine eating each other's snatches so eagerly!

I gazed over that incredible body so exposed to me; her flat stomach with just a hint of muscle tone beneath the skin, the long legs with toned and tanned thighs leading down to her well-curved calves. Her breasts rose from her chest in twin mounds begging to be squeezed and topped with their own peaks that shouted out to be sucked on. Mom's brown

hair was in a tangle around her head framing her beautiful face like a chocolate halo or aura that made me hungry to eat her loveliness.

As I studied her closer, my attention was drawn to her maned cleft. I saw it bejeweled with dew. There was a noticeable darker stain on the sheet around her hips.

"Mom you're soaking wet!"

Her head shook again in confirmation.

"Did you get all hot and bothered while I was gone?"

Nodding again.

"Do you want me to do something about that?"

Jenny was like a bobble-head with her springy neck.

"I don't know. I do have more things to do."

Mom's head whipped from side to side so viciously that I worried she might pull a muscle or something.

"Well, I guess I could come back for a few minutes." I knew I was teasing her terribly and I was loving it!

I sat on the edge of mom's bed so that I was within reach of her figure. I trailed the fingers of one hand slowly and seductively over her damp skin. From just below her right arm's junction down over her slightly protruding ribcage swirling around on her abdomen and along the top of her straining thigh. Mom jumped at my initial touch, and then shivered and trembled as my fingers moved over her body.

I leaned down and kissed the corner of her lips around the panties clenched in her mouth.

"You really are so beautiful Jenny." I whispered in her ear.

My hand moved back up her thigh and my fingertips floated through her pubic mound twisting in her hairs. Her hips rose to my touch. I gave her a small slap on her hip.

"Don't be so eager my sexy slut." I admonished her. This only made her shake her hips back and forth.

The next slap was on her slit. This caused her to jerk.

I kept my fingers there and eased them along the length of her labia. It was very damp down there! I let three fingertips tickle her slit as I moved my hand down to her puckered opening and then back up towards her very evident nub peeking out from its pink hood. I avoided that and trailed the trio down the closest inner thigh that quivered with my caress. I turned at her inner knee and came back to her sex skirting just beneath that to move down her other innermost thigh. Mom twitched and wiggled her hips with my torturous stroking. When I reached that leg's knee, I lifted my hand free from her soft skin.

I returned it to her trimmed bush.

"I'm really going to have to give you another trim Jenny. This time I think that we should really do some drastic with your snatch."

I didn't know how to take her shaking and bobbing head. Was that a yes for the trim? No? Objecting to something drastic? In need for more intense stimulation?

I pushed two fingers deep into her pussy. Hard and deep as I could.

Her body reacted as if my fingers were electrified.

"Do you like that slut? Your own son has his fingers in your cunt! You're a very nasty mother to allow him to do that to you!"

Now it was my words that were electric.

I pumped my digits into her with all the intensity that I could, the heel of my hand beating on her pubic mound as my fingers sank deep in my mother's slick interior.

"Mmmhhnnmmnn." I assumed that was just a moan and not actual words of encouragement. Not that she wasn't trying to encourage me; just that she was incapable of real words, even discounting the panties jammed in her mouth.

"You like that slut?" I asked. She answered with a similarly sounding jumble of consonants.

I kept this up for a minute or so, knowing that at almost any moment she could explode. I ceased before she did. Jenny's head thrashed about in complaint. I brought my fingers to my lips and sucked them dry.

"Not yet Jenny." I told her softly. Even as wanted nothing more than to shove my dick in her and pound away until I couldn't take any more.

I rose from the bed and I saw her body go rigid.

"No. I'm not leaving. Not just now. I'm a little thirsty right now though." I glanced at the half-full glass on the nightstand.

No, I craved a different beverage! A sweeter one!

I walked around the bed until I was at the foot of it. I now had a view to rival any of nature's greatest treasures. My own grand canyon if you will! Though far less arid than the one in Arizona! Mine was almost a swamp!

I clambered over the footboard and knelt between mom's wide legs. She shook them with as much invitation as she could achieve. I'm sure she didn't know what I was about to do and just wanted anything. I was actually torn between my two choices. But I didn't want to rush myself just because of my own burning needs!

I rubbed both hands along her legs, softly but assertively, admiring their shape and firmness. Mom tried to widen them for me, pushing her hips lower as she pulled on her arms fastened to the headboard.

"Easy Jenny! I'll come to you; don't pull an arm out of its socket!"

I laid down and shifted until my head was positioned just over her pelvis. Her aroma was strong and I inhaled it deeply.

"Do you want to cum mom? Do you want me to make you cum? Tell me that you do and I'll do it." She couldn't see me so I don't know why I cocked my head as if to listen to her reply.

"I can't hear you mom. I guess you don't want an orgasm then."

I then wondered if it was possible for someone actually to chew through a pair of underwear, as it seemed that mom was trying to do just that in an effort to answer my question.

"Well, even if you don't want one," I paused to torture her longer, "I still want to give you one. I hope you don't mind mom. Just lay back and enjoy this."

As if she had any choice!

I bent to my task, intent on giving her the best pussy licking that she had ever had. Or as good as I could manage at the least.

I used every trick I knew, every nuance that I had learned that mom responded to, every spot of her anatomy that caused to excite her, every

bit of pussy eating that Veronica had taught me those years ago. Mom shook, shivered, trembled, quivered, vibrated, and shuddered as I worked her pussy over. As she built close to the brink, I would slow and let her calm down and then have her at the peak once again. I was glad for her restraint because my body would have been battered and beaten by flailing limbs and flapping body.

I licked and sucked, flicked and slurped, lapped and drank mom's pussy. My jaw hurt, my tongue twinged but I teased lips and clit until I was sure my mother could no longer hold off no matter my attentions.

When I finally focused on making her explode it only took seconds for mom's body to go so tightly rigid that I thought she might rip the rope from the footboard or snap the handcuff's short chain. She was stiff for only a few seconds and then was like jelly without a bone in her body. Then she snapped rigid again and trilled and vibrated such that I was sure her bed would collapse. That was when the dam burst and a flood such as I had never seen before shot at my face with the force of a fire hose. I had completely expected her to squirt, I had worked hard to accomplish her flood, but I was still caught in surprise as a bucket of mom's cum sprayed my head, face, and shoulders. I jerked back without any attempt to drink at the hole in that broken dike. I laid there drenched in feminine cum and just stared at the still quaking quim of my mom.

I may have zoned out for a moment from my shock.

When I could focus again, I moved over mom's body and carefully pulled the dirty panties from her mouth. I set them aside and lifted the blindfold to her sweat-soaked brow. A few droplets fell from my face to hers. They had been her fluids anyway.

Before I could speak mom must have seen the concern on my face. She turned her head and glanced at the water glass.

I reached for it and poured into her open lips slowly; she didn't even attempt to lift her head. A good amount of it spilled from her lips but I saw her throat swallowing. Before I replaced the glass, I took a good gulp myself.

"Oh ... Jeremy." Mom said carefully and slowly, working out her stiff jaw muscles.

"Was that alright? So-so?" I forced a small grin.

"Oh honey ..." The love in her tone could have solved world peace. If I could have only bottled it.

"And I'm not even done yet!" I leaned down and kissed her forehead before I pulled the blindfold back into place.

I got off the bed and said, "I'll give you some time to recover and I'll come back in an hour or so."

I had intended on putting her panties back in place, but the way she was moving her jaw I wasn't sure about that. I didn't want to cause actual damage to the woman that had given me life. And I meant currently, not eighteen years ago.

"Jeremy!" Mom called out weakly. "Get back in here and untie me first! Don't you leave me like this again! Jeremy!" Her voice was strained but I figured using it would help with the discomfort mom probably was experiencing. Especially since, I did plan on using the soiled underwear again later.

I went back upstairs to take a shower to wash mom's deluge from me. It was a shame that it had come in such a torrent that I hadn't had a chance to drink much of it. I then realized that I had forgotten my shorts in mom's room. I pulled another pair out of my dirty clothes and put them on. It wasn't as if I expected my mother to come in and scold me!

I started a short game on my computer to pass some time, a nice simple one that didn't require much brainpower. I did still have a beautiful woman tied up and able to fuck whenever I wanted. Well, I actually did have two beautiful women that I seemingly could have sex with whenever, but this was something special and completely different. Mom yelled out sporadically, alternating between wanting me to

release her and begging me to come fuck her. The first was easy to ignore, the second caused my dick to twitch and made me antsy to do as she pleaded.

After a short while, I went back downstairs and mom must have heard me on the steps. Her cries repeated both of her demands. I headed to the kitchen instead. I made a couple of sandwiches and put them on a plate. I then walked to mom's room and lifted her blindfold.

"Hey mom. How you doing?"

"Goddamn it Jeremy! Fuck me or let me go, don't leave me like this!" Her eyes were aflame with an intense anger and a burning lust.

"Sorry mom. Not right now. I gotta eat my lunch." I gestured with my plate.

"If you don't get over here right now and give me that cock I'll never fix you anything to eat ever again!" She still yelled but at a lower volume with my proximity.

It was an empty threat and we both knew it. She was just desperate and was trying to use my stomach against me. Thing is, I can manage to feed myself, or at least go to a restaurant and pay someone to do it. Mom only had me from which to get my big cock!

"I need to get my energy so I can give you that dick that you crave; you'll just have to wait a little while longer." I set my plate on her short dresser with the large mirror above it and sat in the one chair in my parent's bedroom.

"I'll never let you have sex with me again you little fucker! That's it! Never again. Unless you do me right now!" Mom wriggled frantically.

"You know you can't resist me mom. You've already admitted that much to me." I took a bite of the first sandwich. "And if you can't keep quiet while I eat, I'll have to put your dirty panties back in your mouth."

"You wouldn't dare! I'm your mother Jeremy! Let me go. Please!" Mom went from nearly screeching to a plaintive begging.

"Oh, I forgot something to drink. I'll be right back mom." I got up and left. I grabbed one of my Tigerades and returned without any hurry.

"Please honey. I need you so badly. My pussy is so ready for you to fill it with your huge cock. Please Jeremy! Fuck your mommy's nasty cunt!"

I struggled with my next bite at those words. The strength of will that it took me not to spring on the bed and do as she craved tested my

limits. If it wasn't for the fact that I would be able to fulfill my desire soon enough I would have caved in almost immediately after she started begging.

"I warned you Jenny." I said simply.

I stood and walked over and grabbed the wadded panties.

"No, no, please! I'll be quiet. I'm sorry. Please, just hurry, please?"

"Nope." I said and moved towards her. She shook her head relentlessly and I had to grab her head with one hand to hold her still enough to push the cloth into her clenched mouth. I heard her growl as I finally shoved the ball of fabric in.

"I'll be nice though and I'll take off the blindfold." I slipped the elastic over her head and tossed it on the bed next to her.

Mom continued her pleading and begging, but she now had to resort to using her eyes to do so. I sat back down and continued to finish the first sandwich casually as mom watched me with wide eyes and her muted growls.

I did have to readjust my seat, as my dick was now getting just as insistent as my mother in its desire for pussy. All the more so with the nearness of a ready one begging for it! Mom's eyes honed in on the bulge in my shorts, made larger without the hindrance of my boxers underneath as they still lay on the floor.

"Is this what you want Jenny?" I pushed my lump to the side so it sprang back.

Mom's eyes got larger and she nodded her head vigorously, her green orbs never leaving my crotch.

"One more sandwich then I might be ready for you. Or maybe I'll go have some chips too." I looked off to nowhere as if contemplating just that. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw mom's head go from up and down to side-to-side just as quickly. Inwardly I was chuckling.

"What would dad say if he found you all tied up like this in his bed? I'm sure he'd be real curious as to how you got here." I teased her. Her eyes couldn't get any larger, even with that comment.

Every bite I took caused mom to shake with her enflamed lust. I tried to make my small lunch last but I actually had been hungry and my bites were larger than I intended. In minutes, the second sandwich was gone. Mom's face lit up with expectation, the lust in her eyes almost

enough to light her bed afire. I wiped my lips with a finger, brushing the crumbs away daintily.

I then stood and unzipped my second pair of shorts in mom's bedroom that afternoon.

Mom's eyes were riveted to my dick as it sprang free.

"Does mommy love my dick?" I asked as I stared at her. Her face flicked to mine before returning to my crotch. Her nod was small, but firm.

"I don't know. Maybe I'll just go over to Erin's. Her parents aren't home from work yet. I'm sure she's just as horny as my slutty mom!" My stare never wavered and I saw mom's face droop dejectedly.

"My mom seems to be very needy though, so maybe I'll just stay home and bang her." I climbed up on the bed and over her right leg.

Mom's face followed me as I moved between her outspread legs. The bed was still damp from her earlier overwhelming orgasm. I hadn't given much thought to that as I now realized that she had been laying in that moisture since. I then only figured that it would have added to mom's arousal for her to have to lay in the puddle of her own cum as she waited for me to make her orgasm again.

As I knelt on my haunches between Jenny's calves, her eyes bore into me with a nonverbal urge to hurry. The whole time, or at least ninety percent of it, since I had eaten her out, my dick had been almost totally stiff. It stood out at the nine o'clock position but as I gazed down the breadth of my mother's prostrate body eagerly awaiting me to do something, anything with her, it quickly passed the time and rose to half past ten. I gave it a few strokes as mom stared wantonly until it approached nearly midnight, standing as upright as it was possible. A little dribble of pre-excitement oozed out of the tip. I'm sure mom would have been licking her lips at that if she had been capable of it.

"Are you sure you want your son to put his dick in you mom? Put it in your vagina?" Although I said the medical term for it, using it now seemed to make it naughtier. And mom did like naughty!

Mom's head nodded almost imperceptibly. Or just that it was moving so quickly that I couldn't see. Her focus was still on the flagpole that was my dick.

"It doesn't matter if you do or not mom. You can't do anything to stop me right now. How does that make you feel? That you can't stop your oldest son from fucking your nasty, dirty cunt. Huh?"

I knew my words were working her up as much as the restraints, or the long delay I had forced her to endure, or just her normal desire for me

to have sex with her. If mom had been freed right then, I felt sure she would have jumped on any man that would have been present. Or would have run out into the street to attack the first one she found.

Luckily for me, I was the one present.

Or, luckily for her!

I edged closer, close enough that I could rub the length of my shaft over her wide wet lips. Mom wiggled beneath me, from either my teasing dick or her need to get me inside of her.

"You really are anxious, aren't you Jenny?" I asked gently and with no inflection of teasing.

She didn't nod or move her head, but her gaze spoke volumes in confirmation.

I was nearly at my own limit of control. I may have been teasing mom with delaying her gratification but it was driving me crazy to have her like this and not to have been just pounding the shit out of her. But I also knew that that was part of why that she did trust me now. I wasn't just a wildly hormonal teen looking to shove his dick in any pussy. Well I still was, but I was also becoming more adult and controlled in my

urges to be capable of holding off abusing my slutty mother as she was now craving.

I gave her opening a few slaps with my iron rod, making her shake in response. I put my leaking tip at her opening and shook it around her entrance.

I slid forward on my knees a few inches and sank easily deep into Jenny's amazingly tight channel.

She immediately went rigid and quivered.

I guess I did have her on edge!

"Damn mom!"

I couldn't believe that she was already cumming! I had only pushed into her with one stroke!

I was slightly grateful that she didn't soak me again with this orgasm, though I could feel a good volume of her thick ooze flow out over her pelvis and the tops of my thighs where they pressed against hers.

I waited with three-quarters of my cock planted in mom as she shook through her orgasm. The first of a series of them I hoped!

Her eyes stayed on my face but they lost focus for a few minutes. When I saw that they had reoriented on me, I withdrew enough for my second stroke. This one went all the way in but there wasn't a response like the first one.

I was just as ready with my desire to cum, but I also wanted to have this last as long as I could. As long as my dick could hold out!

I started with a slow easy tempo.

In. Out. In. Out.

Mom shook with each inward thrust, but only in delight not in climax. I loved the sensations of her pussy firmly pulsing and squeezing my dick as it slid easily within and withdrew. I let myself feel that but I also drowned some of it out so that I wouldn't pop too quickly. I knew that I would stay hard even if I did; my own lust was too strong for just one go. Or even two! But the longer each round went meant only more pleasure for mom, which only added to my own enjoyment.

I could hear her breath quicken and wondered if she might pass out because of the wadded cloth in her mouth. I had never heard about

anyone dying from having panties in their mouth and I felt sure that I wasn't the first one to have sex with someone so gagged; so I guessed it had to be safe. I watched mom closely for signs of unconsciousness. Besides, I wanted her conscious to enjoy my efforts!

My own breathing increased, but I was the one doing all the work. Mom tried to meet my thrusts but her movement was limited by the restraints on her limbs.

"I just love fucking you Jenny! You may not think that you are that sexy, but believe me you are just as hot to me as Erin. Sexier even then Aunt Jessica!" I said between breaths.

I knew that she wouldn't believe me. At one time, I wouldn't have believed me either. Back when I first discovered the joys of women and the delights that I found in my aunt's wonderful curves. I had never given my mother a second glance. Mom's sister was a passing fantasy, even if I had gotten to make it a reality. As I had gotten to know my mother, my sexy Jenny, I found her to exceed Jess in so many ways. There was more to a woman than just curves. As much as did love Erin, and I was finding it hard to think of a life without her; mom/Jenny would always be my first real true love. And I hoped never to have to live without her either!

It was only six or seven more thrusts of my cock before mom trembled again. This time wasn't the equal to the previous climaxes, but it was strong enough that there was no doubt that mom had cum again.

Could it have been because of my heartfelt declaration of her sexiness over her sister? Had I made my point clear enough to get her off?

I had only been going about ten minutes and I had already made Jenny cum twice! On top of the flooding orgasm she'd had earlier. I hoped that that would be enough to offset any anger she might have had from being tied up. She had given me permission and hadn't protested when I had handcuffed her. She might not have known that I would leave her like that for as long as I had, but there hadn't been any quantifiers in her agreement. Not that I worried that much; I knew that Jenny loved me and that she wouldn't stay mad at me for very long if she was in fact upset with my treatment of her.

I didn't pause as mom came her second time, continuing my steady rhythm with our joining. Her focus wasn't lost for as long as the first time and I saw her piercing gaze on my face. She made noises with her stretched mouth but I couldn't tell if she was trying to speak or just moaning her bliss.

"Do you like that mom? Do you love me fucking you? I love fucking you!" I slowly increased my pace to a new plateau. Soon I wouldn't be able to speak so clearly and wanted her to know how I felt.

"Nnnnnhhnnnn!" Mom screamed past the red cloth.

"Love ... fucking ... you ... mommmm!" My words may have even had an effect on myself. I could feel that irrefutable bubbling in my nuts that signaled that I didn't have long myself. I didn't slow or pause. I tried to delay my release, but I wasn't going to do anything to alter my pistoning intensity.

"Gun nah c-cuuuum ... Jen neeeee!" I bellowed out.

My thrusts may have stuttered for a few strokes as I spurt my thick spray into mom's shivering quim. My body continued on autopilot as my brain reeled with my ecstatic climax. As I finished filling Jenny's pussy with my cum I did pause for a few quick breaths and to wipe my forehead to clear my vision from the rivulets of sweat. I saw mom's eyes still wide and still burning up at me.

I resumed pushing my cock in and out of my mom, now at slightly slower pace than I had been going, but faster than with which I had originally began. I also shifted to leaning over mom's body with my weight now on my forearms at her sides, my face now close to hers. I regretted the soiled panties that now kept me from kissing my beautiful captive, but I felt it wasn't time yet to remove them.

At least one more cum from mom first!

"I love you so much mom!" Which could have been evident from my actions, but I guess sex wasn't a great determiner of emotions. In the heat of the moment, everyone loved each other regardless of their feelings the rest of the time. But to me, this was the ultimate expression of how I felt about Jenny. Even if she was also my mother.

Obviously, she couldn't return the sentiment right then but I could see it in her eyes. I could see into her soul as I stared in those green jewels beneath her eyelids. There was no anger, no regret, nothing but pure love. This drove me to quicken my tempo, now even quicker than ever.

I had just cum only a few minutes before, but I could feel that I was on the build up to another and it was coming quickly.

My legs began to burn with the strain I was making them endure, but my lust was greater and I kept up my intense driving thrusts.

As my need grew my speed increased to match. I was a whirlwind of fucking as pounded Jenny's box. Nothing could have stopped me then; even if my father walked in on us, I would have continued on until I exploded, or he did and ripped me from his wife!

Fortunately for us both that that didn't happen and my imminent climax was soon unstoppable.

Mom was shaking beneath me as if she was just as close, or maybe that she had beat me to the punch. I plunged my dick deep and let rip with an earth-tearing torrent of semen that seemingly took everything I had within me in the process.

I collapsed on my lovely and loving mother when I was spent; I didn't even have the energy to roll off her taut frame.

It had to be only a brief moment before I regained my senses. At least I hoped it was brief.

I rolled off mom and saw her eyes still locked on me. Her intensity was unreadable and had me a little afraid.

"Mom." I almost whispered.

I turned back to her and reached a finger in around the soaked panties to pull them out. She said nothing when her mouth was emptied, and she spent a minute working her jaw muscles. Her first words were not unexpected.

"Let me go."

There was no emotion in those three words, but there was a gravity to them that added to my fear.

I reached to the nightstand where I had left the key to the handcuffs. I fumbled with it for a moment as I was still regaining my senses. Mom's arms fell to the bed and she was slow to flex them. I said nothing in reply to her silence and moved to her feet to untie the rope around each ankle. She bent each knee as her legs were freed.

"Mom, I ..." I started but was startled when mom grabbed me and threw me on the mattress into the damp area where she had been lying.

"I'm sorry ..." This time I was cut off by mom's lips smashing into my own. She straddled me and I felt her hand between us giving my still mostly hard dick a few squeezes before she pushed it into herself.

Mom impaled herself hard on my cock, pressing her pubic hairs into mine. She kept me fully inside her as she wriggled her ass and hips to create some motion on my dick without withdrawing off it.

Her mouth was sucking the oxygen from my lungs, my blood right from my lips, and my fillings from my teeth!

I struggled for understanding as mom was shaking her pelvis so much I felt she might be trying to rip my dick off my body with her clenching pussy. My dick not realizing its peril merely filled back to its former rigidity. I returned her kiss as well as I could with my lips being sucked into mom's hungry mouth, while her tongue tried to push down my throat.

Time had suddenly become meaningless in my confusion, but sometime later mom began to lift her hips off my body while her pussy was clenched so tight around my dick that I thought she would now just going to pull it off me. If not for the ferocious slam of her pelvis back against mine. Mom brought her hands to my cheeks and held them tight as she kept trying to inhale my face.

Realization was slow to come to me. In my defense though, my brain had been deprived of blood recently and now oxygen.

Mom wasn't mad or upset with my sexual torment. She was on fire!

No.

Fire was as ice compared to the heat mom was exhibiting! My Jenny had gone nuclear with her hungering lust.

Her lips were somehow torn from mine. I had been sure we were going to be fused for life!

"Mom ..." I started once again, but she took two deep breaths of air and planted her face back on mine.

Well, we were still nearly fused at our loins! She was riding me with a fury that I don't think I could have matched, her hips wriggling in addition to her bouncing so that it was as if she was doubling her fucking of my very-revived cock!

I gave up wondering and wrapped my arms around my Jenny's damp back and held her tight, but not so much as to hinder her actions.

We continued like this for who knows how long. I wasn't keeping track and I knew mom was only aware of the new growing heat that we were creating. I did nothing to add to her motions, letting mom do as she wanted with me. As she needed. As she craved.

I felt a new urge growing deep inside and I was amazed as I had been sure I had to have been dry with the all-too-recent pair of voluminous cums. I let mom work herself to whatever release she had attacked me to get and just hoped my penis would be equal to her inflamed lust.

Mom's mouth broke from mine, but this time it wasn't for air. She let out a wail that would have put any air raid siren to shame with its ferociousness. Her own orgasm, so savage in its release, suddenly brought about my own flood. I jerked my hips upward as mom still bucked around my spasming dick.

Her lips clamped back to mine as we were joined in bliss as we were with our loins, our bodies, and our very souls. We rode out our mutual ecstatic storms wrapped together.

How much later it was when we finally broke apart I didn't know. I did manage to turn my head to look at the clock beside mom's bed and saw that it was just after two. Still plenty of time before Johnny and Jojo came home. Not that that mattered. I was beyond spent. Only a miracle could revive me. Or maybe a mother and girlfriend miracle! I was sure mom was as worn as me.

But after that last bit after I had freed her, I had no more certainty of what mom was capable of anymore!

I laid on that damp mattress and stared at mom's bedroom ceiling without any care for the world.

That and the fact that I doubted how much of my body would still work after what mom and I had just done.

I turned from the clock to mom on the other side of me and found her likewise staring upward.

"Penny for your thoughts beautiful lady." My voice didn't crack much.

"Jeremy ..." Mom started, much as I had so recently.

"Yeah Jenny?" I felt just as lost for words as she seemed to be.

"That was the greatest sex I have ever had. Hands down." Her eyes glowed as she looked at me.

"Really?" I asked incredulously. We had had some amazing sex before. Some of the times, she had even declared how great they'd been, but I had always been unsure. I mean, they were great for me, but I was only eighteen and had had a limited experience with sex in the few years that I'd been active and when I had been lucky enough to get any. Mom was a married woman with many, many years of experience that had to far exceed my own meager encounters. Her reactions this afternoon though gave credence to her words.

"Oh God yes!" Mom purred. "I mean, yes, I was upset when you left me alone like that," she gestured the length of the bed to indicate her former

position. "I realize now what you were doing, if it was intentional and not just being mean."

"No. It wasn't being mean!" I countered. "I was just trying to let you stir in your lust; letting you get all worked up while you waited. And that you had the blindfold on I thought that would mean that you could only focus on your ... need."

Mom chuckled hoarsely.

"Well, it worked. You saw, felt, how wet I was when you came back and fingered me. I had actually been wet from when you ripped my bra off. That startled me and really got my motor started. And shoving your ... dick ... down my throat." Her eyes sparkled as she recounted her arousal.

"I'm sorry about that bra mom. I hope it wasn't expensive or anything. It was kind of sexy and it was a shame to tear it like that." I apologized.

"Oh, it's okay. I do have all those new ones we bought that I've barely worn. That was one that your father gave me for an anniversary a few years ago." Mom shrugged in acceptance of my regret.

"He's not going to get upset is he?" Now I was worried.

"Jeremy. He hasn't noticed us, I'm sure he won't think about that gift he probably doesn't even remember buying for me." Mom's eyes lit up. "Besides, that was worth it!"

She paused for many seconds.

"I think you've paid me back for all the times I've wet your bed!" She patted her hand on the mattress between us. "I don't think I will ever be eaten that well again in my life. I didn't think I would ever stop cumming once I had started!"

"I could try to outdo that if you'd let me try." I said somewhat meekly. It's not every day that your mother tells you that you've licked her pussy better than anyone else. Ever!

I continued. "You did startle me when you squirted so hard! I never would have believed that a woman could spray that much! I had to go take a shower after your shower!"

"You didn't mind I hope. It was your own fault after all." Her grin showed that she knew my answer.

"No, I loved it! The problem was that I didn't get much chance to taste you when you surprised me. I just laid there as you soaked my face!" I exclaimed cheerfully.

"I'll let you have another taste soon. Unless you want to now?" Her leer meant that she knew about which she was teasing. That she was currently full of my cum.

"No, I'll wait for another chance. Thanks though."

To my eternal amazement of my mother, she reached down between her thighs and then brought her fingers to her mouth with thick globs of pearly essence on them.

"We really do taste good together!" Mom smiled wickedly as she licked her lips.

"I prefer cum like I do my milk." I replied.

"Huh?" Mom asked with a small curl to her lips as she awaited whatever punchline I was about to spring. She did know me well enough to know one was coming.

"Not from nuts." I stated dryly. Almonds were a nut too, weren't they?

Mom did actual giggle at that.

"I will say though that I was very shocked at you gagging me. I was so not expecting that!"

"You weren't too upset?"

"I had given you permission to do whatever. It was no surprise for the blindfold, or the handcuffs and the ... other." Her tone had no touch of anger at being restrained. "I can say that I wouldn't have expected it from you, but it did give me a ... thrill." She paused as if wondering how much to tell me. "I have always wanted to be tied up like that, to not be able to resist whatever was done to me. I had always hoped Justin would be the one to do so. But he has always refused anytime that I hinted at something like that. He thinks that women shouldn't be abused like that."

"You don't think that I was abusing you do you?" I asked with concern.

"No, no honey! What you did was out of love. And I did love it! I mean, I really loved it!" Mom's words were lust-fueled. "We will have to do this again. Well, not this per se, but I would love you to tie me up again and fuck me silly. Just without the torturous wait!"

"You weren't mad at that. Or too mad?" I remembered her screaming and the threats.

"I was mad. But it wasn't really anger. I just really wanted you to have sex with me. A part of me knew that you were just getting me 'primed', but most of me just wanted to get fucked."

"But you were telling me to let you go. If you liked being ... tied up ... why did you ..." I trailed off.

"I didn't want to be let go. I just wanted you to come satisfy me. If you weren't going to do that, I wanted to be able to ... essentially come attack you!" Mom kissed my cheek gently. "But it's okay honey! You did come back, and boy did you fuck my brains out! So, I want to say thank you. I may have given you permission to do what you wanted, but you really did as I've long wished!"

"Just say the word mom. I'll tie you up and fuck your brains out whenever you want!" I returned her kiss, but mine was planted firmly on her lips.

"Whenever? What about Erin?" Mom asked curiously.

"Oh, she can just watch!" I stated gleefully.

"Oh really? I can guess that she would probably love that! Especially if you then fucked her brains out!" Mom grinned.

"I would be fine with that too!" I gave her another kiss, intending to prolong this one, but mom broke away.

"I need a shower." She sniffed me. "And you need another!"

"Together?" I asked suggestively.

"No. Even after that, I would be too tempted with my handsome son with his big cock so close!" Her brief glance at my shrunken dick betrayed her words.

"I guess that I left too many brains if you can still refuse!" I joked.

"You'll just have more incentive for the next time dear!" Mom quipped back. "Now go, shower. I need to lay here for a few more minutes and recover from the abuse my son has put me through!"

Jenny's smile was like the sunrise after a stormy night.

I retrieved all my discarded clothing, showered quickly, and redressed. As I had come back to mom's room, I found her asleep and still naked. I pulled the blanket over her and crept out. I went to my room to text Erin, wanting to relate my day so far with mom, but also wary of doing that. I decided to stick to my previous story about only helping with housework. I'm sure Erin didn't believe it and I really didn't like lying to her, even if it was such a small one.

(I know, I know! Usually cheating on your girlfriend and claiming otherwise wasn't a small lie, but my situation was unique! Erin had given me blanket permission to be with mom! I was just leaving out some details about some of the things that we did.)

'Hey! what's up?' I typed and sent. Her reply was almost immediate.

'nothing much. just hanging. u?'

'finished with mom. want 2 meet up?

'cant use my house. parents home soon'

'not sex just want 2 see U'

'Oh? 2 much housework?' with a widely grinning smiling face emoji.

I pretended not to catch her allusion to what she guessed (correctly) that I had really been doing.

'yes very tired. still want to C U'

'K. I am hungry. get some food?'

'where?'

'Holly's?' That was a local cheap, but decent diner.

'15 min?'

'K C U there'

I had had the two sandwiches earlier but I was still famished. I left mom a text, but wasn't sure she would check her phone, so I left an old-fashioned note too. My brother and sister would be home in a little while and I didn't want to wake her when I left. I left the front door unlocked and went to meet Erin, hoping I could keep my secrets.

The sight of my cute and sexy girlfriend revived my interest, if only in my mind as I knew my body definitely wouldn't be able to respond.

Erin didn't bring up my day's activities in any way, clearly not wanting to pry into whatever mom and I did and letting me tell her if I so decided. That open trust made me love her more, and want to spill the beans even more! But still I kept quiet.

We ate, chatted, held hands over the table, stared into each other's eyes, and even kissed once or twice. But simple innocent kisses. We were in public.

It was Friday, so I invited her over for movie night and she agreed with a quick text to her parents to let them know where she was. I sent one to my mom telling her about Erin joining us. I knew Jojo would be as excited as ever to have Erin over. Even Johnny had snuck glances at Erin when she visited. I would have to watch that my brother didn't try to steal my girlfriend away from me!

We got back to my house just as the rest of the family was about done with dinner. Mom asked if I was hungry with a secretive sly grin. I wasn't sure if she was referencing my torturous slow lunch earlier, or just a general teasing about my appetite. I took it as the former and responded, 'sure, I could eat something!' I stared at mom as I spoke. I even wiggled my tongue at her seductively. To my slight dismay, Erin saw this and picked up on the hidden meaning of our words.

"So Jenny, Jeremy tells me that the two of you spent the day doing housework. How did you manage to get him to agree to that?" Erin grinned at mom.

Mom glanced at me with a little confusion on her face. I tried just to quickly shake my head slightly so that only she could see in the hope that she would understand my meaning.

"Yes, he was quite helpful. We accomplished quite a lot actually." Mom replied cheerfully as she looked back to my girlfriend. "It took a little coercing, but if you give him an adequate reward, he can really get a lot done!"

Mom turned back to me and gave me a maternal pat on my shoulder.

Dad looked up from his plate.

"It's good that you're helping your mother, but don't forget about getting a job this summer!" He gave me a fatherly smile and frown in the same glance.

"Why did you need his help with the housework honey?" He then asked mom.

"We have his graduation tomorrow. Your mother will be coming to visit." Mom answered with a mysterious implication to dad.

"Oh." Was all he said and went back to eating.

I assumed there was some connection with cleaning the house and Grandma Norma of which I wasn't aware. Whatever the excuse, it kept dad in the dark. Erin might guess something had gone on that day but not the details.

During the first movie of our double feature, Erin actually spent on the floor beside the youngsters, eating popcorn and laughing with them both. I was sitting with mom on the loveseat but we kept our hands to ourselves. I may have spent more time staring at Erin's cute ass in her tight shorts as she lay on her stomach then watching the animated flick. I think mom may have taken a few glances in that direction as well!

At the intermission, the adults refreshed our popcorns and beverages, Erin and I changed our seats, both of us moving to the couch. I gave mom a playful pat on her thigh, sliding just a little under the skirt she was wearing. She gave me a happy smile in reply to show she accepted my seating change. She also glanced over at Erin already seated on the couch and I thought I caught some smoldering heat in my Jenny's emerald eyes!

Erin and I kept things tame as the second movie played. Dad stayed awake for most of it, which was a surprise, but it was a really actiony movie, just the kind that he liked. Erin's hands may have stayed in her lap, but her whispered innuendos about housework she wanted me to do for her worked just as well on my dick as if her hands had been all over my pants! Mom noticed it when we rose at the end of the movie to escort Erin to the door, but I hadn't tried to hide it either. Erin gave us both kisses, as no one else was awake to see us. They were both fairly quick kisses on the lips with no other oral muscles used. Neither one helped to alleviate the pole in my pants though!

"If either of you decides to do anymore 'housework' tonight, you could send me a picture!" Erin exclaimed gleefully before giving me another kiss, with just a whisper of tongue. Then she was off into the night.

Mom and I said nothing in response as the door closed.

"You didn't tell her anything?" Mom turned to me.

"Was I supposed to? I thought we weren't necessarily repeating everything that goes on between any of us?"

"I just would have thought you would have been quick to brag about having your mom tied up all day." Her slight grin just added to make her words kind of sexy.

"I did want to tell her. I wasn't sure how she might take that though. It was a bit kinky!"

"It was a lot kinky! And I just loved it!" Mom's grin grew as she gave me a kiss. There was more than a trace of tongue with hers though!

"But why wouldn't you want to tell Erin? I'm sure she would have gotten quite ... heated up to hear it." Mom asked when our lips parted. Our hands were still wrapped around each other's bodies as they had somehow gotten that way while we smooched.

"It just seemed more ... extreme ... than most of what we've done. I didn't want to scare her this early in our relationship. It may turn out she is just as bad as us, but I don't want her thinking I'm some raving bondage master or something." I explained. My hands gently fondling mom's firm fanny, tight tushy, and awesome ass.

"Oh? You're not? Then that's it. I'm breaking up with you!" Mom teased and gave me a quick peck on my lips. "Now if you'd kindly take your groping hands off of your mother's butt, I'm going to go to bed."

"Are you sure we don't have any other ... housework to do?" I felt safe in asking, as I already knew her answer. The same answer I probably would have given if I had been asked.

"I really am beat honey. You'll just have to tell Erin that you already wore out your dear old mother!"

"You're not old Jenny." I stated.

Mom's eyes darted back to dad leaned back and asleep in his recliner.

"Jeremy!" Mom scolded me in tone, but I saw the light in her eyes at my use of her name.

"Jenny, Jenny, Jenny!" I whispered teasingly.

She gave me another peck and pushed me away.

"Get the lights, the door, and cover your father before you go upstairs."

"I've already done way too much housework today ... mom!" I said to her retreating figure across the room.

"Good night Jeremy!" She said firmly. Then blew me a kiss over dad's head. She might have felt guilty about that as she leaned down and gave the top of dad's head a kiss.

I did as asked and made my way to my own bed.

I did text Erin a frowning face emoji with my wishes of a good night and that I would try to see her before the graduation ceremony the next afternoon.

Author's Notes: Again, thanks for continuing to read Jeremy's exploits. The next chapters will be coming sooner than the previous few. I have gotten a bit farther ahead than this chapter so there will be a shorter gap between releases.

I have had a thought for a final chapter, or rather an appendix of sorts, with some assorted notes, ramblings, clarifications, etc. about the writing of this (lengthy!) story and possibly some alternate endings also. This would be a separate chapter and not be connected in any way with the rest of the story or it's ending. If this is something that has any appeal, let me know. If not, I won't bother to write it and (hopefully) move on to the next tale. Any other comments, suggestions, or complaints are also welcome. Votes would also be great!

A Response to some Complaints:

Many have made comments about Jenny's numerous sexual partners. If being a confident mature woman that has discovered that the boring sex with her husband wasn't enough for her and that being with her son has opened her eyes to other possibilities to explore makes her a slut, then yes, Jenny is a slut. Or a woman that can explore her burgeoning bisexuality whether it is with her sister or with Erin. It may not have been the original intent of the story, but the expansion of Jenny's sexual horizons is one of the main themes. Jeremy just happens to be the main benefactor of his mom's sexual explorations. None of her other sexual encounters have diminished the love she feels for her lover-son.

We should all have more sluts like Jenny in our lives!

Any good story (and I hope that I can qualify for that label) requires some conflict and a resulting resolution, otherwise it is merely just an unending series of events without change. The characters in a story have to grow and change to stay believable. It was the main reason to have Jeremy and Jenny break up, or the two would just continue as they were until caught by Justin (which would have been a different conflict anyway!) and quickly would have grown stale. I'm sure there are many stories on this site that could be categorized as such (and a complaint that I've had for a few of the chapters!). Keeping things fresh in a story without going too far is not easy.

So, if you were looking for a typical romance story, there are oodles of those out there; in fact, it is a whole category in your neighborhood bookstore. This is porn. The characters are meant to have lots of sex, even if while trying to keep it relatively realistic. This story has never strived for reality, instead it is more of a hyper-reality; unbelievable events in a believable world.

That said, thank you to those of you that are willing to suspend some disbelief and to just let the characters be who they are, no matter how slutty (or far-fetched) that might be.

(p.s. there are no more new partners for Jenny if that helps!)

End Rant.

Next: Graduation and Celebrations (for real this time!)

Onedragon

Chapter 23

Family and friends were coming into town from near and far, a few even from out of state for my graduation party in a few weeks. Unfortunately, there was a limited number of people that I could invite to the actual ceremony, even though it was going to be held at the nearby community college auditorium. I had had a tough time weeks ago whittling the number down to the eight seats that I had been allotted. Mom and dad of course. Jojo and Johnny didn't really care and would have been completely bored at a guy in a robe reading off a list of names, so they would stay with Mrs. Jones, our next-door neighbor. Grandma Sharon from mom's side, Grandma Norma and Grandpa Harold on my dad's side.

I asked Aunt Jessica and explained to her about my dilemma of limited seats, and as I hadn't even met Eric yet, I didn't want to add him. She told me that he would come to my party, but was fine about not being invited to the ceremony. That left two seats to fill with more than two family members from which to choose. Dad had a brother that he didn't get along with very well, but that had always been a great uncle to me. Uncle Mike had gotten remarried recently and I didn't really know his new wife, but he had a son, my cousin Dave, whom I had spent a lot of time with when I was younger (before Johnny and Jojo had come along!). That would have filled the last two spots, but dad also had an older sister, my Aunt Theresa.

She was the antithesis to my mother's sister. She was very loud, very opinionated, treated everyone as if they were beneath her, and she outweighed Aunt Jessica by at least a normal person and a half. I always hated whenever she visited, which fortunately hadn't been in a very long while. I had told mom that I didn't care if she didn't come to either of the events, the ceremony, or my party. Problem was that my Aunt Theresa was loaded. I mean, three houses (one a villa in France), a large yacht with a crew (sixty feet or so I think it was), garages with dozens of vehicles - loaded! She had gone through a few husbands, all of them very rich, and she had ended up very well-off. Even though I despised the woman, I knew that by inviting her to either event, that I could then expect a nice graduation check. Or I could invite her, she could send a check, and then not be able to attend! That would be the dream. There were also some more extended family members, some I knew better than others, but were of little consequence except for their obligatory cards (and checks!).

I did end up choosing Uncle Mike and my cousin Dave. Mike's new wife Rita would just come to my graduation party. They did live only a few hours away, so it wouldn't be as if they had to travel very far.

I woke the next morning, a Saturday, at the ungodly hour of seven a.m. I would finally officially be finished with high school!

Dad returned early from golfing, stating that he and Jack had only played nine holes instead of all eighteen. I almost felt that he might be as interested in my graduation as I. Mom was a nervous wreck, even

though she really had nothing to do that day. Our out-of-town visitors had already arrived and were set up in a local motel. Mom and dad had settled the dilemma about their parents staying with us, as we didn't have room for all three so that to be fair, none of them would. Dad was more upset about it than mom, but maybe even also relieved.

The graduation ceremony would be just what I assumed it would be; a bunch of speeches about how awesome our future would be, then the calling of our names as we walked up to the stage, collected our diplomas, then sitting back down waiting for the rest of the class to receive theirs. I was excited but also prepared to be bored.

I left ahead of the rest of the family, driving myself to the community college. I met up with some friends, all of us teasing each other about the school-colored gowns we had to wear, before we were told what would happen and then ushered to take seats ahead of our families and visitors arriving. No one really stayed in his or her seats and we milled about chatting. I found Erin and gave her a hug and kiss as I congratulated her on our big day. She returned the greeting and made a joke about what I was wearing under my long gown with a sexy wink. I had never thought about trying something like that! Not that I would have even if I had thought of it. Today was too important for any sexual hijinks with Erin or mom. At least the ceremony would be, later on was a different matter! Her comment did make me wonder what she was wearing beneath hers though!

Then it was time for the event to take place and I found myself a little nauseous. The ceremony was just a formality, we had all already graduated; it was on our formal records that would follow us for the rest of our lives. Today was just for show, and to get a piece of paper that really didn't mean much. Not like a college degree would be hopefully one day.

It was boring.

The principal spoke. The class valedictorian spoke. The class president spoke. It went on and on.

I looked about and found my family watching raptly and was able to catch mom's attention. She gestured to the others to look and I gave them all a small wave.

Then came the litany of names. I expected alphabetical and was surprised when they started calling them out seemingly at random. Maybe it was to keep us alert and not chance someone falling asleep while they waited. It did work with me. I listened to each name called and would remember some incident or other with almost all my fellow classmates; the ones that I barely knew anyway. Friend's names were called and I mentally congratulated each one as I heard it. 'Good job Joe. Congrats Greg. Way to go Jake.' And on and on. When Erin's name was called, I couldn't contain myself and I cheered loudly. Others close

to me gave me a strange look and I saw Erin give a smile on the stage as she took her rolled parchment.

My name was eventually called. Farther in the roll call then I had expected. I almost stumbled up the stairs because of the stupid damn gown! I shook the principal's hand and realized mine had been wet. I'm sure he got a lot of that that day. I waved to the crowd and returned to my seat. The guy next to me had to remind me about moving my tassel.

I was sitting on a cloud then!

I was a graduate!

Now that it was over, I just wanted to go home and celebrate. Or have sex with Jenny. Or both!

Or Jenny and Erin both!

The ceremony dragged on a bit longer, but I no longer was paying any attention. I gingerly held my treasure, now conscious of my sweaty palms.

Then it was over.

The whole class stood as one and threw our caps wildly into the air with a loud whoop. The crowd was cheering and applauding to match our cries.

Graduates then found their families and guests. Dad looked so proud when he shook my hand, and then he gave me a massive bear hug. Mom had tears in her eyes as she hugged me. At that moment, she was again truly my mother. I held her tight with no thought of her womanliness. It was different when I hugged Aunt Jess though! I did let my hand drift to her tight ass in her sexy black skirt. She gave me a dirty look and a sexy smile at the same time. She also didn't move my hand!

I also hugged the rest of my guests, but without the same gusto. All my grandparents beamed proudly and Uncle Mike kept patting me on the shoulder. He and dad had kept a distance between them throughout the whole time. I had to really wonder what had happened between them.

Mom told me to go and celebrate with the rest of my friends, but to be home in time for dinner as we had everyone coming over. I promised that I would and went in search of Erin once again.

There was a lot of hugging, high-fiving, cheering and whooping, and car horns could be heard near and far. I was a bundle of nerves and didn't know why. My body probably just didn't know to be relaxed

about now being out of school or anxious about the looming future or the hundred other things that I was feeling that afternoon. Erin and I hung out with a large group of fellow graduates, some that were friends and some we barely knew. We were all compatriots now though. We talked about many things that had happened over the last four years, in general and to us individually.

I returned barely in time to eat.

We had to use the dining room as we had too many people for the small kitchen table. Besides the thought of Grandma Sharon eating at the kitchen table that I had once fucked her daughter on was a bit troubling!

Aunt Jessica was there, and she introduced me to Eric, the dark-haired guy that was with her. He seemed nice, even though I was jealous that he was the one getting to enjoy Jess's body instead of me anymore! I did have to wonder if she had let him screw her ass yet, or if I was still the only one!

Dinner was nice, if hectic with all the guests. I was barely conscious of any of it. I even could eat very little, though that still might have been a portion equal to anyone else. Mom gave me a questioning look, but said nothing.

Grandma Sharon left soon after dinner, as she was tired and going back to her motel. My other grandparents, aunt and boyfriend, uncle, and

Dave hung around for a short time chatting, but I was quiet as I sat there listening. I may have been young, but I was exhausted from the day's events. I went to bed soon after everyone left, and even before my brother and sister. Dad shook my hand again which seemed awkward, and mom gave me another hug. I felt her pelvis grind slightly against me that reminded me that she was again more than just my mother! I repeated to her how tired I was and she gave me a grin and a kiss on the cheek.

"Goodnight Jeremy." The love and pride in her voice filled the room.

At least it seemed that way to me.

I don't remember most of the next day, being as I was still in a haze with the achievement of finishing thirteen years of public school. A lot of time was spent with the extended family chatting and reminiscing. Grandparents Norma and Harold were still in town. Grandma Sharon spent a lot of the day in the backyard with my siblings. I did spend an hour or two with them.

Mom had invited Erin's parents over that evening for dinner. Aunt Jess with her boyfriend Eric would also be here again. Mom had to be frayed with hostessing two big dinners on consecutive nights!

I must have recovered, as my appetite had returned in full force. I wondered if our oven would even be big enough to cook enough food

for me and the rest of the dinner guests! But mom was the consummate hostess and I trusted that she would have plenty of everything.

As I have said, my three grandparents were there all day long. Erin's mother and father arrived promptly at six. Aunt Jess and Eric were fashionably late at six twenty. Mom introduced her sister and her date, and Erin made the introductions for her parents. I hadn't known their names before that evening; they had always just been Erin's mom and dad. I discovered her mother's name was Charise and her father was Terrence, and that it was Terrence not Terry, as my father found out when he shook the man's hand and used the shortened form. Erin's dad corrected him very gruffly.

I did notice that Aunt Jessica seemed to study Erin closely. I wasn't sure what mom had told her sister about anything we had done, but it was obvious that my aunt knew something with the way she was staring at my girlfriend. I wasn't sure if I wanted Erin knowing about my sexy aunt, at least not yet anyway. That she knew I was having sex with my mom was one thing, but that I had also been with Aunt Jess was a whole other thing!

I did not expect anything but another big dinner with all the numerous people there. I would fill my face with mom's delicious cooking; maybe make some small talk with the relatives or even some secret innuendoes with Erin at the one side of me. Maybe even mom if I had the opportunity, of which I doubted would arise with her being the busy hostess to the table full of guests. Especially with Grandma Norma

there, if mom's conversation with dad the other day had been any indicator.

This was not to be the case though. It was anything but an uneventful meal.

As to how events played out, I have first to tell of the table's seating arrangements.

At one end of the table, which had both extensions put into it and was covered with our nice tablecloth, was Grandpa Harold, with his son and my dad at the other end. Along one side from my grandfather was Johnny, Grandma Norma, Grandma Sharon, Jojo, Charise, and then Terrence. Opposite them going from dad back to Grandpa Harold was Eric, Aunt Jess, Erin, me, and then mom. This had mom at the corner and thus free to get up to get the platters of food, or with my help sitting next to her. This also had Eric, dad, and Erin's dad near each other so they could talk guy stuff if they chose, Grandma Sharon and Grandma Norma next to each other with Jojo and Johnny on either side of them so they could keep the youngsters in line while mom handled her hostess duties. All of the couples were seated beside each other except dad's mom and dad and my mom and dad. This also put Jojo next to Erin's mom and Johnny close to Grandpa Harold of whom he adored. I really had to appreciate the skill mom had taken in setting this up so carefully. That it also put me between Erin and herself couldn't have been accidental either.

It definitely had me thinking.

Not that anything would happen with dad's parents, or Erin's parents there! God forbid that! I certainly wouldn't try anything with my grandparents there. Or with even Erin's parents. I still wasn't sure how much they accepted that I was defiling their only daughter!

But that she wasn't the only one that was being defiled! Erin was just as guilty on that score as me.

Once mom had the beginning courses on the table (of course with my help!), and the guests were seated, dad tried to get everyone settled. Jojo was already captivated with Erin's mom and wouldn't stop pestering the woman with questions about Jojo's new older 'sister'. Charise took it in stride and answered the ones that she could understand. Johnny went on with our grandfather about the latest antics of Ralph and Explosion, his pet sea slugs. Grandma Norma tried to quiet them both as her husband cleared his throat.

My dad's parents were religious enough that they said Grace before meals and the rest of us conceded to this minor delay. I then realized that I didn't know if Erin's parents were spiritually inclined or of what faith and degree they practiced. Erin had never said anything more about it other than her own beliefs in karma and soulmates.

It wasn't until after we'd had soup and salads and moved onto the main course of roast turkey, when I suddenly felt a hand on both of my thighs. I might have thought that either was innocent, but they rested far closer to my lap than my knee to be any mistaking of their intentions.

What! Now?

Erin's parents were right there across the table!

Dad was all too close also. Although he was caught up in a discussion with Eric about the injury of a pitcher on the home team, and the effect that would have on our chances of making the World Series.

On the other side of Erin, my aunt was chatting about some reality show with Erin's mom, Charise across from her. Johnny was trying to take two more slices of turkey off the platter even though he already had a pile on his plate. Jojo was babbling about something from school to Erin who wasn't really paying my sister much attention. Grandma Norma was trying to keep a rein on my brother, while Grandpa Harold was loudly adding his opinion on the discussion at the opposite end of the table.

Mom and Erin were both quietly eating their food with one hand, as it was evident that they were the owners of the two hands on my legs.

Needless to say, I lurched in my seat and almost poked my fork into my cheek as I tried to eat.

I jerked my head from Erin and then to mom, but both of them were looking forward at nothing and innocuously chewing.

They both acted too innocent to be anything but guilty!

Not that I minded the two hands that crept up to my crotch. Of which then took notice of the roaming fingers that approached it. Fingers with devious intent.

I managed to get the fork in my mouth on the second try, and I was sure I caught a sly smile on mom's face as she tried to take another bite with the fork in her left hand. Erin looked to her mother in response to a question from her.

I was sure all either of them would do is just tease me. Get me real hard and then only caress the resultant lump. I assumed that each of them was unaware that the other had had the same idea. But when I felt both hands working over my bulge without any reaction above the table and no withdrawal of any hands below, I guessed that this might be something of which that they had conspired together.

I did slow in the consumption of my meal. I had a feeling that I wouldn't be standing for some time after we finished, as there was no way I could let my grandparents see that I had gotten a hard-on at the table. Or Erin's parents either. Especially that it had partially caused by their daughter-in-law! Or daughter, in the case of Charise and Terrence. I couldn't even guess my Grandma Norma's reaction to my having a woody!

I pretended nothing untoward was going on out of sight of the others as the two hands massaged my then aching cock. I kept both corners of my eyes on the women sitting next to me while also studying the faces of everyone else present for evidence that they had realized what my two naughty girlfriends were doing to me. I also tried to keep a steely mien, so as not to look guilty myself.

I heard a slight giggle from Erin on my right, and realized that it was because she had felt mom starting to undo my pants. I was glad that I hadn't worn a belt that might have hindered this event (I wanted to have the option of unbuttoning my pants if needed with eating too much, not because of any shenanigans from my girls). Then again, maybe I did need to hinder it! Who knew how far either of them would go if left unchecked?

Not that I didn't want them to do as they were doing, I was just afraid that this was far too risky to be doing at the dining room table with all these guests! Most especially, Erin's mom and dad! I didn't want them to say I couldn't see Erin ever again!

Erin wasn't deterred by her parent's presence, and began to help in freeing my raging dick from its confinement. I did almost choke on a mouthful of green beans when I felt the cooler air on my precious organ. This drew a comment from a grandmother about slowing down to chew before swallowing, which then gained the attention of my brother and sister who teased me.

I saw Aunt Jessica glance past my devilish girlfriend and gave an almost knowing look at me. Could she suspect what was going on? Did she even know about me and mom being together again? She couldn't know anything about Erin, or what she was capable of doing.

But why then that look?

Then there was only one hand grasping me, stroking me.

I saw that mom then had both hands visible above the table.

I could have been alternately relieved and dismayed, but instead, I was nervous for what she might be about to do. Surely, she hadn't finished her teasing of my rampant dick. Erin clearly hadn't finished with it yet.

No one else could have suspected anything unusual about what mom did then.

I had to glare at her, but she merely ignored my gaze.

Mom asked for the butter dish to be passed to her. Innocent enough sure. Grandma Sharon did so; unknowingly aiding her daughter with whatever nefarious scheme mom was about to try. For an event like this, mom had bought real butter, and not the fake stuff in a tub. Mom sliced off a large chunk and placed it on the edge of her plate. I trembled in my chair, and not just for the way that Erin was shucking my cock with her off hand. Mom then made some idle comment to Charise over the continuous babble of my sister beside Erin's mother. Which was only a diversion, as she picked up the slab of butter with her right hand that then disappeared back under the table.

I felt the cold square as it was placed against my burning dick.

Now, butter may normally be a remedy for a burn, but this time it only added to the heat of my loins, as mom now used it as a lubricant to better stroke my dick.

The butter was passed to Erin's hand and she spread it liberally over more of my hot rod of flesh. I shivered as her hand coated my soft head and around the bundle of nerves at the base of the dome's cleft. Both hands used the butter to lube me very good and that felt so incredible

that I couldn't have possible maintained the cool look on my face. I squinted my eyes and desperately tried to contain the groan in my throat.

I wasn't the only one to be unable to restrain their expression either, as I noted that mom had a smirk on her lips and Erin wore a wide grin that was unwarranted with the discussions going on amongst the others.

Aunt Jess leaned forward over her plate to look at me, or maybe it was directed at mom. It was a very pointed look that she added a movement of her eyes across the table towards either their mother, Erin's mother, or maybe my sister Jojo. Mom just gave a pleasant smile back at her sister as she continued stroking my slick dick.

This had gone far beyond just merely teasing me during dinner!

Their intent to make me cum was very evident and I was shocked that either of them would be so bold considering who was sitting at the table. Maybe they just assumed that no one would ever think that such a thing would happen, and so didn't see the telltale evidence that said otherwise. Besides, it wasn't mom or Erin that had to hide the outward signs of an approaching orgasm!

One that was approaching very quickly with the dual handjob I was enduring. A buttery-flavored handjob!

I let out a harsh groan that I tried to cover with a cough. No one seemed to notice anything wrong and no one looked at me. That I noticed anyway. I was somewhat distracted at that moment.

I coughed again, somewhat loudly that drew a few glances, but nothing to indicate that I was being conspicuous as I neared the peak. Those hands were being relentless.

I had to grab the edge of the table with a rictus grip as the surge from my balls ripped through me and burst from my dick. I momentarily left my body as I came hard.

My mother and my girlfriend had jacked me off at the dinner table with a room full of guests!

To cover what she had done, mom used her left hand to reach over to pat me on the chest.

"You really need to slow down when you eat honey!" Mom said as she smiled lovingly and devilishly at me.

That she had used the hand opposite me, and hadn't patted me on the back, as most would do was missed by the guests. She couldn't use her right hand as it was coated in butter. And, I assumed, globs of my cum!

"I tell him the same thing Jenny. He never listens to me." Erin added.

It was then that I saw both my tormentors lift their hands that were closest to me to their lips and lick a white cream from their fingers. A thick cream that wasn't butter!

The hubbub around the table continued without abate.

I was then left to return my now shrinking dick back into my boxers and zip up my pants after using a napkin to wipe some of the butter residue from my crotch while trying to be discrete with what I was doing. The women to either side of me used their cloth napkins to wipe the whitish oil and the remains of the white cream from their right and left hands respectively. Then they resumed eating, paying no extra attention to me, or what they had done to me.

I finished eating in silence, paying no attention to anything that was said around me, and especially to the frequent glances that Aunt Jess gave me. Mom and Erin joined in nearly every conversation, chatting merrily with the crowd.

I glanced at my crotch when I slid my chair back to verify that nothing had inadvertently been spilt or left behind. Seeing I was presentable, I stood.

Aunt Jess was beside me and surprised me with a quick and very tight hug. Her large breasts pressed so delightfully against my chest.

"Are you okay?" She asked in my ear. She didn't whisper, but it also wasn't loud enough for anyone else really to hear.

"Sure. Why do you ask?" I suspected, but still wasn't sure what she knew. About Erin. Or mom.

"Jenny still up to her tricks I noticed." Aunt Jess said as she pulled back from me but keeping her hands on my arms. "Or your sexy little girlfriend either I guess." She nearly half-winked at me with a bare nod of her head towards the duo in question.

So, mom must have said something to her sister. But how much?

"They're a handful alright!" I said calmly without trying to allude to too much, as I still didn't know what she knew.

"Handful! That's funny!" Aunt Jess chortled. Discretely, she also gave my crotch a pat. "It's such a nice handful too!"

Okay! She did know that something happened at the table and had guessed the truth.

"Aunt Jess!" I gasped, but said nothing more.

Erin came up beside me then, and wrapped an arm around my waist.

"Jeremy! Why didn't you ever tell me what a sexy aunt you have?" Erin said cheerfully.

"Sexy? You think so? I don't know, she's just my aunt." I deflected and tried to be innocent.

"You think I'm sexy? Thank you. You're quite the catch yourself." Aunt Jess's hazel eyes sparkled at the compliment.

"I can see that all the women in your family are very attractive Jessica. Like your mom and Jenny." Erin replied politely.

Wait? What?

Grandma Sharon was attractive? Erin thought so?

"I guess we are." Aunt Jess seemed to be just as off guard as I. "You think Jenny is attractive too?"

I'm sure my aunt was downplaying the conversation to keep from too much being revealed. About her and me and mom.

"Oh sure! Jenny is quite the hottie! I'm surprised every young guy in the neighborhood isn't following her around!" Erin gushed. I saw she gave me a meaningful look.

I suddenly wanted to escape this conversation. I didn't like where it seemed to be headed. I didn't know how Erin would feel if she found out about Jess. I didn't really want to find out either.

"Oh, she had her share back in her day." Aunt Jess said with a touch of the unease that I was feeling in her voice.

We were all dancing around secrets that each of us had. Secrets that should probably remain secrets.

Sure, it probably didn't matter if Aunt Jess found out about mom, Erin, and I, but she was the one that had told me that mom and I wouldn't work out. It had so far, but I'm sure Aunt Jess would still frown that we had now included Erin in our family drama. She might even be disappointed that she was no longer included (though I would always be willing to include my curvaceous aunt!), but that might just be my own desire clouding my judgement.

"You make it sound like she's old." Erin retorted. "You both are very beautiful women. Eric and ... Justin ... are lucky to have you two!"

The way Erin had paused before saying my father's name didn't seem to be a mistake. Or that she had forgotten it. Almost like she had been about to say my name and had corrected herself!

So, Erin didn't know about my aunt then if she felt that she had to hide what she knew about mom and me from Jess. Or was she trying to let my aunt know that she knew?

My brain hurt with who knew what, and who didn't know, and what who had done with whom.

Couldn't we all just tell each other everything and get in bed together!

Well, minus dad and Eric of course!

Grandma Sharon? Really?

Aunt Jessica thanked Erin again and before anything else could be said, I pulled Erin after me, my arm still around her slim waist.

"Are you trying to tell everyone what's going on?" I said a bit more harshly than I had intended.

Erin ignored my reproach.

"What? That your mom is beautiful and great in bed?" She said far too loudly for my comfort. I did agree with her, but I didn't necessarily want everyone in the family to know that I felt that way. Or that my girlfriend felt the same about my mom!

"Erin!" I pulled her into the living room.

Which didn't help as everyone else had also migrated there.

"Jeremy." Dad said firmly as he sat in his chair. "Why don't you go help your mother clean up? Don't let your grandmothers do it." His words were a suggestion, his meaning was an order.

"But Erin ..." I indicated my guest.

"Erin's like family now. She can help you if she wants." Dad said with a finality. He began a conversation with Eric that said he was done with me.

"Come on Jeremy. Let's go help your mom!" Erin grabbed my hand between her own pair and started to drag me towards the kitchen.

I'm sure Erin would love to be a help to my mother! Something along the lines of the 'housework' that I had claimed to her before!

We ushered both grandmothers from the kitchen, and even Charise too as she tried to insist on helping, even though she was really not dressed for it.

Nothing further happened between my sexy vixens, and between the three of us we got the table cleaned off, the leftovers wrapped and put in the fridge (lots and lots of leftovers!!), and the majority of the dishes and platters scrapped off and stacked for the dishwasher later.

"Thank you both." Mom said graciously as she wiped her hands on the kitchen towel and moved to the other room.

"No, thank you both!" I stated. "I can't believe you did that. Especially with both of your mothers' right there!"

Neither of them said anything, but the large smiles and the deepening blushes on their faces was reply enough!

The remainder of the evening was uneventful, if hectic with the bustle of the many guests. It ended early, as the older crowd had to return to their homes. Dad had even practically insisted on driving his parents home, but his father gruffly refused, saying that if he ever got too old to drive himself home then he was too old to be going anywhere in the first place. I didn't think my grandfather was that old, and neither did my father as he let his dad go without further word. Luckily for dad, as he would have been driving all night to get there and back. He did still have to work the next morning!

Mom must have decided that our 'encounter' at the table had been enough for me, as she made no appearance at my door that evening.

Not much happened that week between mom and I, as my brother and sister were now out of school as well. And as rambunctious as they ever could be.

I remembered those heady days!

The first few weeks when you had just gotten out of school were the best times of all.

You had a seemingly endless summer ahead of you with an eternity of days to while your time playing in the beautiful outdoors that had seemed only a dream in the dregs of February! Of course, by August you would be bored silly, and though you still dreaded returning to school, even that might be better than the unending boredom. Hell, I still felt that way now. It's just that I had far different plans to spend my time then Jojo and Johnny. They would go to the park and spend hours at the playground. My own playground was just down the hall!

Mom only came to my room two nights that week. She kept it to only a quick blowjob each time, even when during the second night I pleaded to satisfy her. She was very willing, but wasn't going to try it in the limited time that we had before dad might get curious about what she was doing. Mom did have me call Erin while she sucked me and my girlfriend played with herself while listening to me relay what was happening. Listening to Erin getting heated only increased my own lust, and I shot huge streams down Jenny's throat in record time. After mom left that night, I continued talking with Erin while she went a second time. I had two women now leaving me with an erection as I went to bed! Even if mom had done her best to alleviate that before saying good night.

One day that week though, Erin told me that her parents had informed her that the two of us weren't to be lounging around their house all day. Both of us took that to mean that lounging was their euphemism for sex and that they didn't want us doing it there all day. Or, that they wanted us both to be more productive that summer then just screwing. We found enough places that we could sneak in some private time. But also, that her parents made such a suggestive statement that implied that they knew what we were doing was worrisome.

Erin grew excited for her big graduation party that weekend. I was excited for her, but there would be few people at her party that I would know and was sure that I would feel out of place. But I was happy just to be close to Erin and to witness her joy.

On Saturday, she was busy preparing and spending time with her relatives so that I didn't get to see her at all. I just spent the day with my siblings acting like I was once again a kid with them.

Erin's parents had gone all out on her graduation party, as it would be the only one that they would ever have. They had rented a banquet hall in which to hold the event, and had even hired a band to play for the night. Sure, it was just a band made up of fellow seniors that had won the school's annual Battle of the Bands that year, but it was more than I was going to have at my own party.

Also, not at my party would be alcohol. Of which I was very surprised to find that Terrence and Charise were going to have at Erin's bash. They seemed more proper than that, but then again, Erin's dad read porn novels, so what did I know! Having the party inside would help regulate who was drinking, but as it turned out, the building was owned by one of Terrence's friends. I was sure that the liquor commission knew nothing about the ages of the attendees! Erin confided to me though that with her parents and family present that it would feel too weird to do any serious drinking. Sure, she'd have a beer or two, probably one as part of a toast to the Grad Girl, but nothing that would get her tipsy or worse. I teased her with how was I supposed to have my way with her if she didn't get drunk? She replied truthfully that I didn't need to get her drunk to take advantage of her, as she was already very willing.

Of that, I knew only too well!

Arriving at the event was difficult, since I had to go alone, as Erin would already be there long before any of the guests showed up. I was one of the first ones there, and probably was the first that wasn't a relative of hers. I even helped unfold some of the chairs before the majority of people arrived.

It wasn't as bad as I feared, but not really pleasant either. It felt like I was there mostly for show, a trophy to bring out to show everyone. So and so, this is Erin's boyfriend. Mr. and Mrs. Anyone, this is Erin's

boyfriend. Uncle Bob and Aunt Sue, this is Erin's boyfriend. Never did someone introduce me as plain Jeremy!

No, I take that back. Erin did introduce me to her favorite aunt, Tracy, who gushed over me, complimenting me every time I came near to her all night long. Erin had told me about how she spent a week every summer at her Aunt Tracy's lake house. It made me jealous of her vacation, and also sad that I would have to spend so much time apart from Erin.

Many of Erin's friends were there, most that I had never met, a lot that I barely knew, and only a couple that I knew from school. Those couple of girls eyed me suspiciously, as if wondering how I had ended up with their friend who was clearly out of my league. I just waved back at them, already knowing that Erin was far more than I deserved.

As I felt a stranger among that crowd, I did unknowingly drink a bit more than I had intended. It was more of a reflex action. I was bored listening to people I didn't know talking about things or events of which I had clue, so I absentmindedly would take a drink from my plastic cup. Over and over. The cup was refilled almost without my realizing it, so I had no idea how much I was partaking until I stumbled while dancing with Erin. She just gave me a cheerful smile in return with no word about my misstep.

I wasn't drunk. Not even close. But I was feeling very good and more gregarious amongst strangers that for all I knew might one day become in-laws. I became friendlier as the night progressed, dancing with a number of Erin's female relations, and even a few of the friends that I hadn't known. I grabbed Erin's mom, Charise from a group of women chatting, and pulled her to the dance floor. She eyed me coolly, but danced nevertheless.

It might have been the beer, or the number of mature women that I'd been with, that I then checked Erin's mom out more closely. Much as my own mother in the past, I hadn't ever really looked at Charise before. She was looking very good in a satiny somewhat short red dress. Charise danced with me but kept a few feet between us as we shuffled to the music. This allowed me to admire her figure. She was a little shorter than I was and she probably had fifteen pounds on my own mother, but they were very well distributed. She had a nice full bust and was a bit wide in the hips, but her dress showed her ass was well rounded (can I call my girlfriend's mom's rear an ass? If it looked that good?). I had to admit though that her best features were her legs. Not as nice as Jenny's, but I was quite partial to any of my mom's assets. Charise was a very good dancer, and I had to wonder if she was why Erin had been in ballet as a girl. The song ended and Charise retreated politely back to her clique.

I danced with a few other older relatives of Erin's, but my eyes kept going back to Erin's mom in that snug dress.

Erin had been very busy as the center of the festivities, looking like a princess in the white dress she wore, travelling around the room chatting with everyone graciously and accepting the endless congratulations. We weren't ignoring each other, but I knew that she was the star of the event. I was just the boyfriend.

After who knows how many more cups, I returned to Charise and made a gesture for her to dance with me again. She eyed the red plastic cup as I set it down, but she followed me to the dance floor. We danced again, together but with enough space between us that a more intimate couple would have had room to sway together between us. Again, my eyes took in her body, her wiggling hips, her trim legs stepping confidently to the music, and the gentle jiggling of her breasts beneath the shiny red material. She paid me almost no attention, but I did note that her eyes caught my own on her chest.

The song ended and Charise made to leave, but I grabbed her hand to stop her. She looked at my hand holding hers and then up to my face with some consternation.

"One more." I merely said.

She studied me, but relented. Only then did the next song start, a slow ballad. Charise looked at me with question. I just grabbed her hand and slipped my other around to the small of her back, assuming the slow dance position. She was unsure but didn't pull away. After I took a few

steps, her natural instincts must have overridden her hesitancy as she moved with me.

Again, it had to be the alcohol. Or maybe it was that dress. Or just that I was always horny!

A few moments into our dance, I began to press closer to Erin's mother. I wasn't actually hard, but enough that I'm sure that she had to notice the extra pressure on her pelvis. There was no reaction from Charise, so I naturally grew bolder. I started to grind against her, my hand on her back slipped down to the outward curve of her ass, and pressed my chest tighter into her soft bosom.

Charise pulled back from me a little, enough that a few hairs could fit between us, but she still said nothing.

This didn't discourage me though. It should have and later, I wished that it had!

As we continued under the slightly dim lights of the dance area, I reached behind me, pulled her hand off my back, and put it on my crotch. I was getting quite hard though wasn't at 'full mast'.

The look on Charise's face was shock first, then outrage. I never saw her other hand as she slapped my face so hard that I had to sidestep to keep

my balance. Others around us glanced over, but continued with their own dancing. Charise walked away very sternly but not so much as to cause a scene. I was left there staring after her and holding my cheek.

I went to retrieve my cup, but then thinking better, left it where it sat. Obviously, I had had enough to drink if I was hitting on Erin's mom!

I retreated to a corner table and hid for most of the rest of the night.

Erin waved at me at one point, but she was busy talking with a swarm of relatives and couldn't break free. I smiled weakly and waved back at her.

Just before the night began to wind down, Erin's father approached me. The harsh look on his face was warning enough.

I sprang to my feet to meet him.

"Jeremy." Terrence started firmly. His fierce focused gaze might have been capable of cutting diamonds.

"Sir." I didn't normally respond so formally, but I guessed where this was going and had to react properly.

"It's one thing with what you do with my daughter. I can't pretend not to know what you two do. Erin is eighteen and I have no illusions about her ... purity. I won't forbid her from being with whomever she chooses to have sexual relations with, whatever their character may be, but it is another thing when it comes to the propriety of other men's wives." He paused for effect, studying my face to see if his point was understood.

Oh, it was!

"I've heard Erin go on about how she thinks that you two are meant to be together. I don't know about that, but she seems to be happy with you, so I will give you this one chance. As long as you keep her happy, I will ignore what you did with Charise. But should you do anything, anything, to upset my daughter, you will feel the full weight of my wrath. Do you understand me young man?"

Oh yes!

At that moment, I was trying to control my bladder to keep from peeing my pants!

"Yes sir. I'm sorry sir. I don't know what I was doing. I'm so sorry. It'll never happen again." I spit out in terror.

"I'll be keeping an eye on you Jeremy. Make sure you stay on the straight and narrow."

I shivered at that.

"I will sir, naight and strarrow, I mean, uh ... straight and narrow. That's me. Yes sir."

"Good. We'll pretend this little talk never happened." With that, Terrence turned and walked away.

I did go find the restroom afterwards.

I found Erin and gave her very innocent kiss on the cheek, fearing her father was watching from somewhere, and told her that I would be leaving soon. She looked at me oddly, but said nothing about why I was parting. It was nearing eleven o'clock, fairly early, but late enough that I could justify my departure. I told her I would text her later and to continue to have fun.

It was a few days before I could broach the subject with Erin.

She was quiet, but I could tell that she had guessed something had happened at her party. I quickly related the events with her mother.

"You hit on my mom?" Her tone was one of surprise, not anger.

"I'd had a bit too much to drink. I was bored. And horny." None of which was a justifiable excuse of course.

"What did she say?" Erin looked at me expectantly, also with a touch of amusement.

"She didn't say anything. She slapped me. Then walked away."

"That's it?" Erin sounded incredulous.

"I thought so. Later, your father came and talked to me. Warned me actually. He wasn't happy that we were having sex, but he said that as long as I kept you happy, that he would forget what had happened."

"When then, you better keep me happy!" Erin exclaimed. She was taking this far better than I had expected.

"I plan on it." I then paused for a long moment.

"Since you have this mother and son fantasy, have you ever thought about me with your mother?" I asked with a sincere curiosity. I had no intentions of ever following up on it, no matter her answer, and even regardless of her father's grim warning. I just wanted to know what Erin thought about it.

"No." Erin answered firmly. "That's a little creepy to even think about." Her shoulders shuddered.

"You've been with my mom; you haven't thought about your mom?" I pressed even though it seemed Erin wanted to drop the subject.

"No, never. Don't want to. And now that you've pissed off my dad, it doesn't matter. You just stay away from my mom." There wasn't much of a warning in her words; she knew she didn't need it.

"Oh, believe me, I will!" I stated with a finality.

Whatever good karma I might have incurred clearly only stretched so far!

It did seem strange that Erin held a double standard when it came to her mother and my Jenny!

I was fortunate that my girlfriend had taken the incident so well and didn't bust my nuts about it. Maybe some small part of her wasn't as disturbed by the idea as she made out!

The following Saturday was my own graduation party. It wouldn't be nearly as big an event as Erin's had been, but it would be filled with people that I knew. Friends, family. Erin. Jenny.

Mom had obtained a permit to use the local park as the venue. She had insisted that she wanted my party outside and had rented a large pavilion canopy, in addition to the required tables and chairs, in case the weather didn't cooperate. It fortunately turned out to be a gorgeous June afternoon, sunny and in the mid 80's. She had a friend that did some catering on the side that mom had hired to provide the food. She teased me with the fact that hiring someone might be the only way she would finally be able to fill my black hole of a belly. Unfortunately (I think anyway!), dad had won out with the decision for no alcohol. Having it at the public park, where anyone could see us and possibly report on underage drinking to the police, gave my father the edge in his argument. I knew a few of my friends were still planning on sneaking in a couple of flasks from which I was sure that I could take a hit.

Even with the additional help, mom still fretted about double-checking everything before the first guests arrived. I tried to alleviate some of her stress with some sexual teasing while dad was watching Johnny and

Jojo on the monkey bars. She only swatted at my roaming hands with a harsh word because we were outdoors and visible to the world.

I have to say, being the center of attention at a party thrown in your honor was quite heady. Everyone was there specifically because of me! Grandparents (all three), uncles, aunts (Aunt Jess!), cousins, family friends, school friends, and yes, unfortunately, even my obnoxious and rich Aunt Theresa. But even her presence didn't spoil my mood; the day was all about me!

I went about the crowd chatting with everyone as was required, but it wasn't an onerous task. I loved talking with every person. I received about a thousand hugs, handshakes, and pats on the back. I was a little taken aback at the number of people that came; it was one thing seeing a bunch of names on a sheet of paper, but to have them standing and milling about the park was quite another. You don't realize all the people you know until you see a good portion of them in one spot.

Also, I was never without something to eat, or something to drink. There was always someone close at hand ready to get me food or beverage. It must be what being a king would feel like! I just needed a queen.

Only problem was, that I wanted both my queens!

Mom was present from the start, even though she was busy being the event organizer, rushing here and there trying to make sure everything was perfect. Erin arrived quite fashionably late; a full hour and a half after the party had started. She made the same complaint that I had had at her party, of feeling a stranger amongst the crowd. I didn't want Erin to feel that she was just 'the girlfriend'. I merely introduced her to everyone as Erin without mentioning her attachment to me. She soon questioned me about that and I told her how I had felt out of place at her party; that I was just the boyfriend without any other distinction. She apologized for that, but I told her that it was fine. I loved being her boyfriend! This earned me a kiss. It was a simple peck on the lips, but it was the feeling behind it that made an impression. She added that she also loved being my girlfriend. After that, Erin made a point of letting everyone she saw or talked with, that she was my girlfriend. As if she was bragging about it! This put a grin on my face that wouldn't fade. My sexy, cute, hot girlfriend was making sure everyone know that she was mine!

Have I said how much I loved Erin?

It wasn't as if I didn't get to see mom while she was busy. At one point, I did come up to her and I hugged her as my lover, not as my mother. I could see her eyes darting about, but she pressed tighter to me so that I knew she loved it also. Later, I came up behind her while she was chatting away with some people and I wrapped my hands around her middle in a very chaste hug, but one that wasn't that innocuous, as I pushed my pelvis against her ass. She glanced at me over her shoulder as she put her hands on mine clasped on her belly. Then she wiggled

her ass so slightly as to not be noticed by anyone but me. It was then that I realized my folly in this instance, as Jenny's wonderful ass pressed to my dick had it rising in anticipation of events that would not take place in the current circumstances. Mom smiled at me lovingly, but I knew that she was also fully aware of my arising situation and the predicament that it then put me in. She released my hands on her stomach and she took a half step away from me, so naturally that none would suspect it anything but innocent. I knew what she was doing immediately and smiled witlessly at those present and turned with a hand discretely covering my visible bulge and acted as if I suddenly had to use the restroom. Mom added a parting shot as I fled, "I love you honey!" I just waved over my shoulder back at her.

I didn't have to be so secretive with showing my affection for Erin. Even as she proclaimed her relationship with me, I had my hands on her tight little ass. Or, we'd frequently kiss in testament of our love as we ground our clothed privates together (and such that left me in a similar condition as mom had intentionally done!), or we'd grope each other, but doing so more privately than our other displays of love.

To my surprise though, it wasn't only me with whom either of them were cavorting. I caught Erin from afar grabbing mom's butt, who turned quickly and only laughed when she saw who had groped her ass. Then, as Erin and I made the rounds, we came up to mom. We chatted for a minute about some such or other and as the two of us were about to take leave of Jenny, Erin leaned over and kissed mom's cheek, but my girlfriend's lips drifted down to the edge of my mother's soft lips. I wanted to take them both in my arms then and kiss them both as

we all desired, but had to resist. Later, after the sun had set and about half the guests had left, I was talking with a friend. I saw mom and Erin come out of the women's public restroom hand in hand and laughing raucously. I could only guess what had happened in the small building. Neither of them would admit to anything when I asked about it later, so that I knew something had happened between them!

I did get to spend some time with Aunt Jessica, with and without Eric. We chatted cordially, with only a few oblique references of past times and events that aunts and nephews shouldn't be doing. I received more than a few hugs from my gorgeous and delightfully curvy aunt that made me regret not being able to continue being more intimate with her! She told me how much she loved Erin and that my firecracker girlfriend was perfect for me. I grinned in reply, and as I hugged her again, I reminded her that she would always be my first. Aunt Jess smacked me on the ass for that and then dodged out of reach of my hand that reached for her perfect derrière. Which was lucky for me, as Eric returned from getting more food at that moment.

In all it was a great party. Everyone that I would have liked to see (plus one that I didn't!), more than enough food (even for me!), great weather, and two beautiful women that loved me as I loved them. What more can anyone ask for? That, and I ended up with quite a nice haul when I later added up all the checks that I had received. Especially the one from Aunt Theresa for $1000 that I had opened privately as soon as I could after she gave it to me (suffering a hug and kiss on the cheek from the woman!). Aunt Jess came up to me soon after and made a joke about

me getting fresh with another aunt! I just gave her a pained look, as she was well aware about how I felt about dad's snooty sister.

Dad left early to take my younger siblings home before they fell asleep, as they had had plenty of attention given to them as a secondary to me, and had worn themselves out. The last diehards finally left just before eleven, the leftovers (oh, such leftovers!) had been wrapped and taken home with my father, most of the tables and chairs had been folded to be returned the following day, and the trash bagged and piled next to one of the park's green trash barrels. I sat beside Erin on a picnic table, with my arm wrapped around her, with mom sitting on a chair close by. Aunt Jess sat on Eric's lap as the five of us were the last ones present. We talked for a short while, the fireflies our fluttering stars, a park pole light our pale moon. Erin and I talked about our hopes for the future and plans we had for college; not so much about where we were going or what we'd study, but more of the whole experience of college, the people we'd meet, and all the things that would or could happen to us there. Aunt Jessica cautioned us, but told us that college would open our eyes to a plethora of new things and just to live big, be happy, and not to stress too much about grades or silly papers we'd have to write. Mom added with a motherly smile, to worry about the grades a little.

Aunt Jess and Eric left and it was only me and my two queens.

We sat in silence for a good long while. The crickets played for us over the distant sounds of traffic, and the police siren in the even-more distance. The moths flittered around the lamplight making crazy

shadows that played over our faces. We didn't look at each other, but just at the manicured wilderness about us. Erin leaned against my shoulder and I wished that Jenny was at my other side. I saw mom's eyes flick to me, and the girl beside me.

"It's getting cool. We should all be getting home."

It was still comfortable, but relatively cool after the warm sun of the afternoon.

Erin then spoke up.

"Yeah, I should probably get home too. I told my parents that I wouldn't be too late."

"You are eighteen." I answered.

"Yeah, but they are expecting me and I don't want them to worry."

Erin gave me a kiss on the cheek, then paused, and with a guilty look at mom, gave me a more passionate buss on the lips.

"Congratulations, graduate." Erin said proudly as she stared into my eyes.

"Yeah, hey you too." Not my most profound statement.

"I'm so proud of both of you." Mom said as she beamed at us.

She stood and as if pulled by her rising, Erin and I also stood.

"I want to take the two of you out to dinner to celebrate." Mom suddenly blurted out as if the idea had just come to her.

"With dad?" I had to ask to clarify.

"Yes, of course." Mom answered bluntly.

"I think it's a great idea!" Erin chimed with glee.

I thought it was a good idea, not necessarily a great one. A double date with my two girls and dad? It would be tough to keep from revealing too much with these two near me.

"I'll have to talk to Justin about it first so don't get your hopes up. You know how he is about doing things like this." Mom cautioned.

Dad was notorious for bowing out of public occasions. It wasn't that he didn't like going out, but he had a greater dislike for the cost, the unexpected occurrences that arose from having to deal with other people and strangers, and the general waste of time such events could sometimes be, at least in his mind. He really was more of a homebody. If not for work, family, or golf, dad might never leave the house. With how much I found about mom being so adventurous, I had to wonder how she had ended up marrying my father. I mean, I'm glad she did. I wouldn't have been born otherwise!

"We could just go without him, if he decided not to join us." I suggested. There was no ulterior motive behind my proposition, at least not when I spoke it.

"It would just be dinner, you lech!" Mom said seriously but a grin tried to overcome her lips.

"I didn't say that it wouldn't!" I said defensively and only then began thinking of possibilities.

"Yeah! Come on Jeremy!" Erin swatted my arm but I could see the twinkle in her azure eyes.

"Hey!" I hadn't spoken aloud of what clearly the two of them were thinking.

I really began to suspect that women were worse than men when it came to the amount of thoughts about sex they had.

"I'll talk to your father. If he decides not to go, then it will just be the three of us. I really want to do this regardless. Nothing more than just a friendly celebration." Mom couldn't meet my eyes, which spoke for the fact that she wouldn't discount any funny business occurring.

"Sounds good mom. When?"

"Let me talk to Justin first." She said elusively.

It almost sounded as if mom did want dad to decline.

"Next weekend?" I suggested eagerly.

"I don't know yet." Mom said sternly.

"Well, in a few weeks I'll be going to my aunt's lake house for ten days. So, it'll have to be before then." Erin stated. In such a way that added weight to my urgency.

"Let me ask Justin before I go promising anything." Mom said with a finality in her tone.

I glanced at Erin to gauge her reaction. Her amazing blue eyes were afire. And maybe with some lust?

"Well Jenny, just let me know whatever you plan." Then to my surprise, which I guess shouldn't have been a surprise, Erin leaned over to mom and gave her nice kiss. Not an innocent one, but not as passionate as the one she'd given me. Just a nice kiss. Mom even seemed a little taken aback by it.

"Uh, yeah. I'll let you know." Mom looked from Erin and then to me.

"Goodnight to you both." Erin waved as she headed to her car. I debated walking with her but she had already kissed me goodnight and her car was only a short distance from us. Then I saw mom give me a determined look and a nod towards Erin. I shrugged and ran to catch up to Erin.

"Oh. Hey." She said as I came up next to her. "You didn't need to follow me. I am a big girl. But thanks." Her eyes glowed brightly in the light from the street lamp.

"It's really cool that your mom wants to take us out, isn't it?" Erin turned to me as she reached her car.

"Yeah. Cool." I stared at her as if she was the only other person in the world. "You don't think she wants it to be ... more?"

I may have let our previous threesomes cloud my opinion. Or my desire for another.

"No." Pause. "Maybe."

Erin then looked at me with such a mischievous grin that spoke for her desire. Then she gave a quick, too-quick, kiss.

"Good night lover!" Then with a wink, she added. "Give Jenny a kiss for me."

She already had done that. So, I assumed that her intention was to give me another reason to kiss my beautiful Jenny!

Not that I needed another. The only reason that I needed was that I loved her.

I drove mom home as dad had taken the other vehicle with the kids and food. When we pulled into the driveway, mom put a hand over mine on the gearshift. I turned to look at her. Even in the dim illumination from the garage's security light mom still looked beautiful, her emerald eyes sparkling in reflection.

"Jeremy." She started then paused. Her gaze flicked around my face. "You are truly an adult now. No longer a young man still in high school."

Another pause but her eyes were locked on mine.

"Even with everything that we've done, all that we've gone through. You will always be my son. But you are also your own man now." Mom brought her hand up from mine and placed it tenderly on my cheek.

"Mom." I started. "Jenny, my lovely Jenny."

Further words failed me.

"I know honey, I know." Her voice grew soft as a whisper. Then she leaned over towards me. I met her half way. Our lips met, lingered for a short moment, and then pulled back.

"We should get in just in case your father noticed us pull in." Her deep soulful orbs darted their focus back and forth between my eyes.

All I wanted to do at that moment was start the car again and drive off into the sunset with my mother.

But that I loved Erin too much to desert her wasn't the only reason that I didn't.

Dad wasn't watching TV, which was a surprise, but was instead picking through some of the food he'd brought back from the party.

"Oh, you're back." Was the only thing he said as made himself a sandwich to match any of my own.

I gave mom a peck on the cheek, perfectly tame for any son.

"Thanks for such a great party mom. It was perfect." I let my eyes speak the unspoken feelings that I had for her. Her voiceless reply was just as heartfelt, even as she spoke the words that concealed her sentiment.

"You're welcome Jeremy." Again, her eyes were filling mine. "Now get to bed, or at least off to your room. I'm sure I have to straighten up a mess that Justin has made with those leftovers."

"Night dad." I called out so as not to leave him from my gratitude.

"Yeah. Congratulations again champ!" He called from the kitchen without looking up.

He hadn't called me champ since I was thirteen! But the sentiment was real and I appreciated it.

I really did love my dad! Although it might seem that I didn't at times.

Even besides the fact that he had given me the greatest gift he had to give.

Well, two gifts actually.

Life.

And his wife.

I don't know if mom made an appearance later or not. I was wiped out and I could still hear her moving about downstairs when I fell into my bed and then soon into sleep.

Not surprisingly, my dreams that night were of Erin, Jenny, and I rolling around on a mound of money.

The next week was a bit rough.

It was Erin's time of the month, and she had a similar rule to my mother's. No sex. I had previously told her that it didn't bother me (okay, it just didn't bother me enough to not have sex anyway!). Previously, between the two of them I had done alright and this time wasn't much different. Erin wasn't against handjobs or blowjobs in the interim and I had promised that I would repay her when her friend had left town.

What made it rougher this time was the other side effects, notably irritability. Of which was very evident that week. I didn't know if it was the added stress of graduation, the uncertainty of the future, or some other factor, but it very nearly caused a few arguments between us. I tried to be as gracious and comforting as I could during that time, but there was twice when no matter what I did or said helped, and that it seemed Erin just wanted to fight with me for no reason. I apologized to her and left her to herself before things got too out of hand and things

got said that couldn't be taken back. I knew that Erin wasn't being herself and this moodiness wouldn't stop me from loving her. The second time, Erin made a comment about me wanting to be with my mother more than her really hurt for me to hear. It wasn't true and I tried to convince her of that, but with her hormones askew, my words fell on deaf ears. I did go to mom and told her my dilemma. She calmed me and said that she'd speak to Erin. It was fortunate for me that their cycles weren't overlapping. I would have had to become a monk if I had to deal with both women being irrational at the same time! Erin did apologize to me when her flow ceased and told me that she had never had it that bad before. I gave her my thoughts as to possible causes and she did agree that any of them may have been the case.

So, I did spend some time with Erin during that week, but maybe not as much as I normally would have done.

I didn't want to just fool around with mom just because I was avoiding Erin (and possible arguments); I would feel too guilty if that would be the case. Not that I had gotten many opportunities anyway with Johnny and Jojo home all day. When I was there, mom and I would make our moments. Sneaking in the bathroom together for a short make out session, once I pulled her into the utility room to finger her to a hurried orgasm, sending the kids outside for an hour so that we could get in a quickie in my bedroom, and the few times that she came to my bedroom door after tucking Jojo in (which still took place, just at a later time during the summer months), and on Saturday morning while dad was gone and my siblings went to visit Aunt Jessica for the day. This last got me a knowing grin when I dropped them off in the morning.

She even added, 'give your mother my best Jeremy!' I'm sure she meant for me to give mom my best! And I did!

As to those workouts that I kept telling myself that I needed to start doing; I did have a revelation one day. Mom asked me to join her as she did her yoga. I had always thought that that was for women, or for some weirdo men, and that it wasn't a real workout like I imagined. You know, with weights, the heavy bag, doing laps, that sort of thing. But for mom, I was willing to give it a go. Especially when I saw her dressed in her skin-tight leggings and sleeveless top. I would hang around just to watch her if nothing else. I don't know why I had never thought to do this before, but it had always been a somewhat private thing for mom.

"I'll start easy for you." Mom said with a smile that was charming but seemed condescending.

"I think I can take it. It's just yoga." I gave her a smirk in reply.

"Well, okay."

I'm fairly sure that she still started with some easy poses, but I said nothing and just did as she told me.

Within a few dozen or so minutes, I was beginning to sweat. Sure, I wasn't as limber as mom, but I had just started this. I had figured that it would just be stretching and standing around in odd positions. I quickly learned that it was much more. And far harder than I had imagined.

Also, watching mom dressed as she was, moving so gracefully through the poses was quite arousing. I found it hard to maintain my stances as I stared at her cleavage when she bent over, or her hips and ass covered in the stretchy fabric that practically left nothing to the imagination. And my imagination was quite creative!

After not much more than thirty minutes, I had to take a break.

Mom grinned at me as she continued. I noticed that her eyes had seen what she had done to my dick as it was hanging quite heavily in my shorts.

Maybe I could convince her to take a break too! She could see what kind of other moves that I had!

"Not as easy as you thought?" Mom stood upright. I could see her nipples were erect even through her top and sports bra.

"Okay, I'll give you that. But I am just a beginner. Give me a few sessions and I know that it'll be a breeze."

"I've done it for years and it's never 'a breeze'. That's not the point. You are supposed to always push yourself." Mom bent and picked up a towel and tossed it to me. I patted my forehead as if I hadn't been sweating as much as I really had.

"I will say that I do see some benefits from this." I ran my eyes over mom's fit figure, as sexy as any model, at least to my mind.

"Oh? What's that?" She eyed me curiously.

"My trainer is very sexy." I stated with my gaze directed at her lovely face.

"Oh! Really?" Mom took a step closer to me.

"Yeah. I'm even thinking of asking her out." I took a half step closer also.

"Don't you have a girlfriend?" She was now within arm's reach.

"Two actually." My eyes were on her cleavage which meant that I was looking down her top as much as I could.

"She just might accept anyway. You are kind of cute yourself." Her hand came up with a finger running up on my shirt up to the sweat-stained collar. As it came to my chin, mom pulled her finger back towards herself. Although there wasn't enough pressure to pull me with her finger, I let myself be guided closer.

Our lips brushed together. Not enough to be called a kiss, merely touching as our breaths caressed the others' face. Mom's face slid to one side, her lips tracing my own as they circled my mouth. Then I felt the gentle tip of her tongue on my lower lip. I kept myself from grabbing her and pressing my mouth hard against hers. My hands did come up to rest lightly on the smooth curve of her hips.

Mom's tongue followed the contours of each lip as they parted slightly. She accepted the invitation and met my own tongue that welcomed it in. She took another little step towards me with now less than a handspan between us. I let my hands slide around her hips along to the upper swell of mom's rear. Her own hands were on my upper arms, rubbing them slowly and gradually moving towards my shoulders.

We were then kissing. Furtive and tentative, as if this was our first and we were cautiously exploring each other's lips. Nothing could be further from the truth though. We were both just so overwhelmed by

our passion that we couldn't release it or we would be consumed by it. Our lips pushed together as if we were each trying to kiss our teeth through the covering flesh.

Mom's hands were then on the back of my head, running through my damp hair as my fingers were then squeezing mom's ass through the tight fabric covering it. Our bodies were now melded together, my swelling crotch filling the depression of mom's own pelvis as she wriggled her hips against me.

A wave of discretion came over me.

"Should we? Jojo, Johnny?" I cautioned.

"Shhh. They'll leave us alone. It's my yoga time." Mom whispered breathily. "Just kiss me."

Her hands pulled my face back to hers.

"Gladly." I replied as our lips pressed together. "Always."

In mom's defense, it was well known in our house that you didn't interrupt her while she was doing her stretching exercises. Unless, you had a broken bone or were gushing blood. It wasn't usually an issue, as

she normally did her yoga while no one else was home. Save in the summertime. I would regularly run interference for my two younger siblings, and a few times had to alter my own plans until mom had finished. It had never been a big issue before. But before it hadn't been me wanting to fool around with her!

"Besides, they're both at friends' houses." Mom whispered into my lips.

I took this as the assurance for me to press further.

"I do love these leggings Jenny. So form fitting. Almost makes you look like you have nothing on." I complimented my mother. "But they really have to come off."

I had slid my hands under the snug waistband and began to coax the elastic material downward around the scrumptious curves of mom's beautiful ass.

It might have seemed forward, but mom was already ahead of me as she pulled my shirt over my head with a quick movement. Her hands then were all over my slick chest.

Oh, that's what we were doing!

I could do that too!

I left her with her butt crack fully exposed and lifted mom's cotton top off. The deep blue sports bra pressed tightly against those full boobs. Boobs that I could hear crying to be released. What else could I do but free them? I slipped the bra up over Jenny's wonderful tits, the nipples practically springing up.

"Ooo!" Mom exclaimed.

I allowed my hands, fingers, and palms to play over those glorious globes while mom's fingers played over my chest in slow circles.

I brought my lips back to Jenny's soft flesh as she ground her pelvis to my dick that was then stiffening to additional hardness. After only a few minutes I began to trail my mouth downwards, over her chin, along her neck, over her collarbone (that made her shiver), and onto her upper chest. Mom's hands moved then to my shoulders and onward to the back of my head, caressing through my hair as she cooed from my kisses.

As much as I always wanted to savor the time spent with my marvelous Jenny, I knew certain times would not allow for it. But just because I couldn't spend an hour worshipping mom's breasts didn't mean that I shouldn't give them at least some adequate praise! Praise in the form of

my lips and tongue kissing and licking all over the soft skin, while my hands and fingers massaged and caressed the amazing fleshy orbs.

Mom accepted my admiration with a long sigh and a moaning, "Ooohh!"

I was hurried, so I only spent about a quarter hour in my adoration of mom's melons before I moved on further downwards.

My hands skimmed over her skin, causing her to shiver again, along her sides, up to her shoulder blades, and down her spine. My lips took a leisurely tour of mom's smooth belly, letting my heated breath embrace the tiny, tiny hairs there. I twisted my tongue in the folds of her bellybutton. I kissed down to the waistband of those leggings that revealed so much of mom's figure but hid the delicious details that I now craved to partake.

I paused after I had gotten on my knees and glanced up at mom as I had done many, many years ago when I had only stood as high as my head was then. Her eyelids opened and the green depths of her soul returned my gaze. The love that I had seen back then was still there, but there was also a burning lust there too.

I grabbed the sides of the leggings and pulled them down almost to her knees, dragging the lime panties along with them. I once again stared

at mom's bush, now more scraggly than I had ever seen it, and the pink slit starting to open for me.

"Again Jenny, just wow!" I said with approval.

Mom just nodded at me that I took as an order to continue my reverence of her body.

Even with the leggings now at her knees, mom spread her feet further apart to allow me to do as I wanted and as she desired.

One more gaze upward and I saw her eyes close and her head tilt back in anticipation of my next move. One I would never deny her!

I leaned closer to her, putting my hands on her creamy thighs as much for support as for wanting to just grab them. I blew a cool breath over her outer and inner labia, teasing those heated lips. I gave a kiss to either inner thigh and swirled my tongue through Jenny's unruly pubic hair. There was a double odor there, one from her workout and one of her ardor. I delighted in both scents, that I got to smell either of them was a tremendous reward.

I edged her thighs wider so that I could press my face deeper and put my tongue just below her quivering crevasse. I gave a long wide lick

up and over her dampness until my lips were once again teasing her pubes.

"Oooooohh!" Mom gasped for the entire journey.

I then lapped back down the previous route until I approached her puckered hole.

"Oh God!" Was Jenny's shorter exclamation.

Her hips wiggled as she tried to widen her gap to give me even greater access to her womanhood.

"More." Mom whispered as both demand and pleading.

I gave another lick upwards, this one shorter than the previous, but deeper as I pressed my tongue into her leaking slit as it dragged over her sensitive flesh. I didn't go as far as her hood and its precious treasure, but let my tongue dive deep in the delectable tunnel for its own treasure. There was an abundance of feminine fluid for me to lap up and I took to it like a kitten to its first bowl of cream. There was though another cream that I was searching for in those depths, but I would have to return to that other 'treasure' if I would entice mom's cream to burst forth.

Before I could get that far, Jenny grabbed my head and pulled upwards.

I broke my intimate kiss and looked up at Jenny's beautiful face.

"Jenny?" I asked curiously.

"I need you in me honey!" She almost whined.

Who was I to deprive a lady of what she needed?!

I took a half second to stand, another to drop my shorts, three to kick them off over my sneakers, and one last second to line up with my pussy poking pole. I paused.

"Please honey!" Mom begged.

"If you're sure mom." I gently quipped.

I gave her no time to change her mind and pushed forward. My cock sunk half way into that burning chasm. As always, the sensation of my dick in my mother's tight pussy was so incredible that I feared cumming immediately. And fortunately, once again, I was able to stave

off that initial reaction and just reveled in mom's pussy squeezing my dick.

"Yes baby! Give me that cock!" Mom growled as she stared into my eyes. Her hands were firmly on my neck as if to make sure I didn't flee. There was nowhere else that I wanted to be!

I had to struggle a bit with the fact that mom was still wearing her stretchy leggings, but that fact also made the act a bit sexier.

My second stroke drove all the way in and provoked a short wail from my lover.

Mom's lips sought out mine as I thrust into her. We continued like this for a few minutes, increasing our lust but not enough to cross the brink. I pulled out, leaving mom gasping with a confused and needy look on her face.

"Just a sec." I told her.

I pulled mom's leggings down to her ankles and then awkwardly managed to step my feet between her legs. I then grabbed her upper thighs to lift her off the ground. Mom realized my intention and wrapped her arms around my neck and raised herself up. I lifted her high enough to align my dick back with her pussy.

"Fuck me baby! I love your dick in my hot cunt!" Mom purred.

As did I!

I did worry about my balance in this position as mom's legs were useless with her leggings around her ankles, but my need as much as Jenny's drove me to continue.

My grip on mom's ass was as tight as her pussy around my cock, her legs wrapped around my middle as I bounced her on my hips, and her hands on my back further clenching us together. Mom's mouth was back to sucking my tonsils out, her tongue checking my teeth for cavities. I could feel the stiffness of her nipples pressed into my chest so wonderfully as I impaled her again and again.

We couldn't continue like this for very long either, my arms began to ache even as our actions gave me strength, and a tremble in my left leg made me again worry about us falling. I didn't want to have to explain to dad about how mom had broken her hip doing yoga with me!

"Hold on mom. I need to get off my feet before we break something."

I held her tighter as I slowly lowered us to the floor, first to my knees, and then gently laid her on her back. I stretched out on top of her with her legs around me waving in the air. All with my dick still planted deep in her.

"Go on Jeremy! Really give it to me now! Make mommy cum on your big cock!"

Only a dream for most, but a reality for me, and one that I set about making come true.

"You really like this Jenny? Do you love me fucking you?" I already knew the answers.

"I do! I do!" Jenny wailed.

I stared down into her face as I pivoted on my knees and gave her all she demanded and required. The burning in my balls had me hoping she was close to the edge, or she'd have me cumming first for the second time. Jenny stared just as fiercely back at me as her whole body shook with each of my powerful thrusts.

I sweated profusely, my muscles were aching, but there was no way I was stopping until we both were finished, or my body gave out on me.

"Oh God, oh God! Like that! Oh! Fuck! Oooooh fuuuuuuuckkk!" Mom screamed out before I clamped my mouth over hers but not just to quiet her. My own dam was also about to give way, especially with watching mom quiver beneath me in bliss that I had brought about in her.

And then I came, filling Jenny's shivering pussy with my plentiful white cream.

When the last dregs from my nuts were released, I slipped from her leggings and rolled over onto the floor breathing heavily.

After a few minutes, Jenny turned her head to look at me.

"Now that it the kind of workout that I like!" I exclaimed weakly in reply to her soft smile.

Her smile grew with my words.

"I can agree with that! Even though I think you did most of the work!"

"I didn't mind it one bit, sexy!" I grinned. "Though I think I may have pulled a hamstring there at the end."

My leg did hurt like hell! But given the chance, I would do the same again. Hell, I would give mom another go right then, even if it meant pulling my other hamstring!

"Oh no!" Mom sat up halfway. "Here, let me rub it for you. Maybe you just need to massage it."

My mother was nearly naked, her lovely leggings still around her ankles, and she was more worried about my pain.

If I haven't said it before, let me now. I love my mom!

She sat up the rest of the way and twisted around, still heedless of her tangled legs, and began to work her palms into the calf of the leg that I had bent. I grimaced as she worked the muscle and tendon from behind my knee down to my heel. Whether I had actually pulled it or not, what she was doing did feel good.

"Is that helping?" Mom asked, her voice full of maternal concern.

"I don't know if it's helping, but it sure does feel good." I responded with a soothing moan.

She ceased her massage with a gentle slap on my calf.

"If it feels good, then it can't be pulled." She gave a glance at my half shriveled weinie. "You need to get dressed. Just in case your brother and sister do have an emergency and barge in here."

I'm sure her glance at my dick was a debate about how long it would take to get me hard again and have a round two. I also noticed that she only made a comment about my nudity and not her own!

"Thanks for the workout, coach!" I teased mom as I stood, testing my weight on my sore leg. It held up, but was still sore. Not pulled then. "I think I might really like this yoga thing!"

I put out my hand to help mom stand. She pulled her panties and leggings up to her thighs before she accepted my hand.

"We can't go doing this every time young man! I hardly got any stretching done."

"But I did stretch out your ..." I nodded to her crotch. "You know ... really good."

"Yes, I guess you did. But that isn't going to help my own calves tomorrow." Mom ignored my unspoken reference to her vagina/pussy/hoo-hah.

"We'll just have to have another session tomorrow then." I declared happily. I flexed my sore leg warily. Maybe that wouldn't be a good idea.

"No, we won't. Not another like this anyway." She then gave a smile that warmed me. "Not that I didn't love it, I did. But I would love if you joined me for my workout sessions."

Her palm graced my cheek for a second before she looked around for her missing top and sports bra. She picked them up and gave them a look before just pulling the top over her head.

"I need a shower now. And so do you." Mom wrinkled her nose as she leaned her head towards me. Then she added, "Separately!"

I may love her, but sometimes she could be such a spoilsport!

We may not have had sex the next time, but I did join her for her next workout and many more for a long time afterwards. I didn't join her every time, but enough that it became a regular thing for us. There were a few instances where we got out of control, but they were a rarity,

much to my continued regret. I did come to love that time that I spent with my Jenny, not as my mom and not as my sex partner, but merely as a workout companion and a friend. We came to use that time to chat with each other about things that were going on in either of our lives. That was very nice for me, as I did love Jenny as more than lover or mother. Our time spent doing yoga only proved that. This did have one disadvantage though. Mom began to confide in me more about her issues with dad, good or bad. One of these being, her sex life with my father. I didn't necessarily want to hear about what they did when they did 'it', or how well or poorly dad was with whatever it was they did. I had to accept that mom saw me as more than son and lover, and that being her friend sometimes had a downside, no matter how minor, but also disturbing.

Erin's mood returned to normal and I was thus able to spend my usual vast amounts of time with her. Little was said about the disagreements that we had had, and I absolutely said nothing about her hormones! It was also the only time that we had ever gotten so close to a real fight. I learned her monthly schedule and to tread lightly at that time. There was never another issue though, so I did just chalk it up to graduation and everything else that Erin had had going on in her life at that point.

Mom did talk to dad about her idea of her and him taking Erin and me out for a private graduation celebration. I heard them having a somewhat loud discussion downstairs while I was in my room but with my bedroom door open. I couldn't hear the actual conversation, but I did hear a few words. Such as graduation, family, Erin, and even golf was mentioned. It wasn't a fight, there were no harsh words that I could

hear, but it was clear that mom hadn't been happy with whatever it was that my dad had said. It was a few days before she spoke to me about it, as I was too cautious to ask her myself.

It was as expected.

As proud as dad had been of me, and he did admit that he had liked the idea, and also it did seem that he truly liked Erin. Still, he did decide not to join us. Mom said his chief complaint was that he had to get up early for work and didn't want to compromise his job for a night of partying if we had it on a work night. Friday was movie night, not that that was ever set in stone and was more of an excuse than a legitimate reason for not going. It was probably more likely that going out on Friday would interfere with his golf on Saturday morning! Saturday night he would be too tired from rising extra early that morning (hence his usually falling asleep early Friday nights!). And Sunday was again a work night.

I could see dad's reasoning, and I could understand it, but it wasn't like this was a regular occurrence. I was only graduating from high school once. His job did provide a lot of the comforts that I had enjoyed while growing up, so that I couldn't complain about that aspect of his declaration. I had already suspected what his decision would be, so that softened the actual response. I mean, it did hurt somewhat. He was my father and I did love him. I knew he loved me too, but he sometimes made it difficult.

Only the fact that it would then be mom, Erin, and myself helped. Even if nothing did happen between us. But I figured the odds were then stronger in my favor. And if I knew my two girls, in their favor also!

The other bonus with dad's bowing out was that he had declared that since he wasn't going that he would pay for the evening. I know that sounds odd, what with dad paying for everything in the house anyway, but that mom wouldn't have to use the portion of their money that she used for the household expenses, or her own share that she was able to set aside for herself. I discovered that even though dad was the only one with income; that mom would pay all the bills, set aside some for savings, our three college funds, some emergency reserves, and then she and dad had their own shares of the rest to spend as they wanted. Our evening was thus coming completely out of dad's money. It was a fine point, but it was a nice concession for dad to make for not joining us.

I wasn't going to point out to anyone, and most especially not to mom, which that if anything should happen during the night, that it would be in essence that dad was paying for me to have sex with his wife! Well, and Erin too, but that wasn't ironic!

If mom was told, or if she reasoned it out herself, she might well decide that nothing would happen just for spite.

Nah! Mom wouldn't be able to resist Erin and me!

I suggested to mom that we should go to Rinaldo's again. Especially with dad paying for it. She really liked the place, so she loved my idea. I had to wonder if that same waitress still worked there. The one that I had never gotten around to calling. What was her name?

I let Erin know about my dad not coming with us, of which didn't faze her as I didn't expect that it would. She only told me to let her know when and where. I told her that I had suggested Rinaldo's and Erin squealed with delight, telling me that she loved the fancy restaurant. Now that I had made sure Erin could make it, I told her that mom would make the reservations and I would pass on the details to her. Erin jumped up into my arms and wrapped her legs around my waist, my hands cupping her jean-clad ass, purely for support! She gave me a short but passionate kiss.

"This night will be soo great!" Erin declared and kissed me again.

I had to agree with her, but I wasn't positive that the three of us would be able to hook up like Erin was thinking. It wasn't like we had somewhere we could go to have sex. Dad would be home; Erin's parents would be home. And although it might sound like a great idea, I was sure we couldn't just show up at Aunt Jess's house either! I still didn't know exactly what my aunt knew.

Besides, the planned celebration was supposed to be just that, a celebration. Not a sexcapade. Dinner, maybe some kind of after dinner activity, chatting, and quality time spent with the three of us. Not as co-lovers, but as a mother taking out her son and his girlfriend. At least that was the impression I had gotten from mom about what she had wanted for the evening.

Even if her libido might have had other plans!

It was worked out that it would be on Thursday evening at seven p.m. that mom would take Erin and I out for dinner at Rinaldo's. We didn't plan anything more than that, even though I'm sure all three of us had plenty of ideas that we hoped would occur! At least I know that I did!

I was antsy during the next few days in the interim. I really didn't know what the night would involve, but no matter what might happen, I would be out on the town with my two beautiful girls, so I really didn't care.

I had to take my suit to the cleaners, especially more so when mom informed me that she had gone out and bought a new dress especially for the event. This piqued my interest, but no matter how much I bugged her to let me see the outfit, mom kept it a secret. Was it something really sexy? Dad would probably see it before we left the house, so it couldn't be too revealing. Erin also announced to me that she had an outfit, one that wasn't new, but that I hadn't seen before that

she would wear. I wondered if I should splurge and go shopping for a new suit if I was going to be outdone in the wardrobe department. Nah, no one would be looking at me anyway. Not with Jenny and Erin on my arms!

On that Thursday morning I was surprised to be awoken by mom, once again slowly licking all over my very hard dick!

I had to question her on this unexpected, but thoroughly enjoyed, blowjob. Not that getting a morning blowjob was unexpected from my mother, but that I hadn't had one since before I had gotten out of school. And with my brother and sister running around the house most mornings before I arose.

"Mom! What are you doing?" I exclaimed as I blinked my eyes.

"I'm doing the laundry, what's it look like I'm doing." Mom gazed at me with those incredible green eyes over the tip of my wet dick. Her tone was slightly harsh, but either from my stupid question or that I had interrupted her oral worship of my marble-like flesh.

"I'm sorry. Carry on. When you're done there, I'll have another load you can put in your washer!" I quipped as she took the end in her mouth.

Her eyes burned back at me, but not entirely with disgust at my joke.

"If I was going to do another load, it wouldn't be my washer that it would be put in!" She said around the head of my cock.

Wow mom!

I laid my head back deep in my pillow as mom continued to lick my dick, bobbed her head up and down my shaft, and even gave my balls a nice tongue bath! I quickly built up a need to explode as my loving mother teased my rod.

"That's so great mom! Every son should be awoken as good as me!" I cheered her on. "I'm really going to give you a huge load!"

Mom pulled off my head with a pop of her lips. The look she then gave me was devilish, but I didn't know the intent until she spoke.

"Nope. I'm done." Then she sat up. Her words were betrayed by her longing glance at my still stiff dick.

"What! What do you mean you're done? No, you're not!" I protested stunned.

"Yes, I am." Her eyes rose to meet mine with defiance. "I want you primed for tonight!"

"What?" My brain was unable to comprehend mom not finishing and its gears weren't turning.

"I thought you said it would just be dinner ... and whatever after, but there wasn't going to be anything else." I glanced down at my dick as it waggled seeking attention.

"I'm not planning on anything else. But with the three of us together, do you really think that nothing will happen?" Mom rose from my bed and wrapped her robe closed around her figure. "Seriously?"

"Well ... no. I was really hoping, but I didn't know how." I sat up with my arms propping me upright. "We can't come home; dad will be here with Johnny and Jojo. Aunt Jessica's?"

I really didn't think that was an option, but what the hell! Even if it did reveal our secret about my aunt to Erin. I would probably have to tell my girlfriend about my time spent with my initial fantasy woman. Eventually.

"No." Mom said firmly. "We aren't going to Jess's." There was something more in her tone, but she said nothing to explain.

"You just going to take Erin and me in the restaurant's parking lot then?" I didn't think that was an option either, but I had long since learned that I never knew what Jenny would do. Much like this morning!

"No, no." She pulled her eyes off my body, specifically my crotch and my slowly wilting dick.

"Are you sure you don't want to finish this load? You always complain you can't keep up with the laundry!" I asked just before I pulled my underwear and sleeping shorts back up, hiding her desired treasure.

"Yes, I'm sure." Her face wasn't as sure as her words though. "Erin has orders that your dick is off limits, so don't think you can go running off to her to relieve yourself either!"

"Mom!" I protested louder than before.

"You want to tease me all day long, I can do the same to you mister!" And with that she turned, lifted her robe and nightgown, and gave me a view of her bare cheeks and a glimpse of her pussy lips hidden beneath her toned smooth ass! She shook her butt at me as she took two steps across my room before letting her garments fall as she exited through the door.

"Mom!" I yelled at her again as she disappeared down the hallway. I heard her giggle as she descended the stairs.

I could have just finished myself, but that wasn't even close to as satisfying. I would have to just get through the day with a dick now ready to spring up at a moment's notice. Which, I'm sure was the point of mom's actions!

I did have to make an effort to test mom's words, and sure enough, Erin rejected my advances, suggestions, and almost all-out mauling of her later that morning after I made my way to her house. She also kept secret her wardrobe choice for the evening. Having two beautiful, lusty women might be great, but it also meant that I had two conniving conspirators to foil my sexual urges when they chose to do so!

Erin and I hung out most of the early afternoon, doing nothing really, just being together. Nothing more was said about that night, save for Erin telling me that her parents had told her how nice it was for Jenny to be doing this and that they might have to make a similar offer. I somehow didn't think that Terrence and Charise's offer would be anywhere close to similar to what could happen that evening with Erin, mom, and I. Even if the images of Erin's mom in her sexy dress and those fantastic legs still wandered in the depths of my head!

Erin left me as she had a hair appointment with mom at two thirty. I checked my phone and found a text from mom asking me to be home so I could watch my brother and sister while she and my girlfriend went to the hair salon. Mom hadn't said anything to me that morning about me babysitting, but then she had gotten sidetracked with my dick in her mouth!

I tried to engage myself with my brother and sister to pass the intervening time. I was accused of letting Jojo win at a board game when I couldn't focus and made a few blunder moves that allowed my sister to triumph. Not that I hadn't ever let my sister win at a game, or my brother either for that matter, but never so obviously that they detected it. Johnny complained long after the game was over about how I favored our sister because she was the youngest. No matter how much I denied it, he continued with his objections. I put on a movie, which would require no concentration since I was incapable of that effort. My siblings took advantage of my distraction with a popcorn fight that left the living room a mess. I left them to the movie and cleaned up the kernels myself.

I also had to fight a dick that wanted nothing more than to stand up and salute. I absolutely didn't want to have to explain to my eight-year-old sister why my 'thing' was suddenly so big!

Mom returned in a flurry, her hands carrying a few small white bags and a floral scarf tied around her hair. To preserve whatever she had had done, I imagined.

"Mommy, mommy! I beat my brothers at the game!" Jojo exclaimed as she rushed our mother.

I interceded myself and blocked my sister from tackling mom.

"Don't mess up mom's hair Jojo. I'm sure she spent a lot of money on it." I said.

"I want to see your pretty hair mommy!" Jojo said as she tried to evade around my interposing figure.

"I'm sorry honey, mommy wants to keep it pretty for tonight." Mom explained with the barest, quickest glance at me as she faced her daughter.

"Jeremy let her win! He just likes her more than me!" Johnny grumbled as he crossed his arms in disgust and then stomped up the stairs.

Mom then turned to look at me for explanation.

"I was too busy thinking about ... tonight. I didn't pay attention to the game and Jojo benefited from it. I didn't let her win." I said as I stared into mom's emerald orbs with a fury of love.

"You didn't let me win! I beat you! I beat you!" Jojo crowed.

"You should explain that to Johnny." Mom looked back at me with equal love, but it was clear that part of it was maternal.

"Are you and Jeremy going on a date mom? Is Jeremy your boyfriend?" Jojo asked with complete ignorance and innocence. But with also too much insight!

"No, honey. Jeremy isn't my boyfriend. Daddy is mommy's boyfriend. I'm just taking your brother out with Erin who is his girlfriend, to celebrate their graduation." Mom's eyes darted from Jojo to me with consternation.

"I love Erin!" Jojo stated flatly, then she turned from mom and began repeating, "Mommy's got a date, mommy's got a date" as she headed went up the stairs.

I had to grin at my sister's outburst. So close to the truth!

Mom glared at me firmly, but I ignored her indignation.

"Jeremy!" She growled at me.

"It's only Jojo, mom. Even if she said that to anyone, it can be explained that she was too young to understand the difference. This is completely innocent." I tried to calm my mother. At least with my words. The lecherous grin I gave her spoke little for our innocence!

"I still don't like it!" Her glare lessened but didn't disappear.

"What did you buy?" I asked with a nod at her few bags.

"A few necessities. New lipstick, some perfume, condoms." She answered without breaking her tone.

It took me a second to comprehend what she had said.

"What?" I might have yelled.

"Just teasing." The smile that sprung to her face lit up the room. "A mother likes to know her children are paying attention to her."

"Oh, I'm paying attention to you all the time mom!" I took a step closer so I could put my hands on her hips. She had on black slacks and a pink ribbed sweater.

"Jeremy!" Mom exclaimed and took a step backward, waving her little sacks at me as if for protection.

"You're still not going to get any!" She stepped around me to head down the hallway to her room, but not before I felt a hand pat my butt.

"Hey!" I called out.

"Your dad will be home soon! You should probably think about getting ready!" Mom called out from her bedroom.

I did want to get ready, but only because I was anxious for the start of 'our date'! I had like two and a half hours! I didn't need more than twenty minutes, thirty tops, to get ready. Not like the amount it would take mom to prepare, and I expected, Erin also!

I heard arguing upstairs, so I went up to settle whatever dispute had started with my siblings, not wanting to disturb mom as she got ready. I heard dad come in as the three of us were engaged in a pillow fight of the older kids (me) versus the younger ones (Jojo and Johnny). Nothing ends an argument faster than getting whacked by a pillow. You just have to smile and whack them back!

"Where is everybody?" Dad called out.

"I'm in our room honey!" Mom answered. "Don't come in here!"

I heard this and wondered why mom wouldn't want her husband to enter their bedroom. Our situation really did make everyday things awkward.

"I brought home pizza if anyone under fifteen wants any!" Dad bellowed.

"Pizza! Pizza!" My brother and sister dropped their fluffy weapons and rushed for the stairs. I almost took a step to join them and had to stop myself. Much as I loved pizza, and I really loved pizza, there would be a couple of other things that I hoped to be eating that evening that I loved even more!

"Daddy! Mommy's got pretty hair for her date with Jeremy!" I heard Jojo tell my father.

I almost choked. I may have joked about it a short time earlier, but it wasn't something that I wanted to test!

"Does she? Is it really pretty? And a date with Jeremy? That's pretty special. I would want my hair done for that too!" Dad said nearly nonchalantly.

"You can't do your hair daddy! You're a boy!" Jojo explained gleefully.

"Am I now? Drat!"

I could almost picture dad's emphatic air punch.

"It's not a date, silly. Erin is Jeremy's date. Mom is just taking them." Johnny said coldly.

"I want to go on a date! Can we celbrate too daddy?" Jojo asked.

"Sure pumpkin. We'll have our own celebration here. How about that?"

"Yay!"

I only heard my sister cheer. I had no clue as to what might have been Johnny's reaction. But it really was only dad's response with which I was concerned. I had to wonder what mom had been thinking during

that exchange. We might fool my father, but this really was in all reality, a date.

I tried texting Erin, but she was either busy or just ignoring me. I assumed the former. I laid in my bed to pass the time, unable to concentrate on doing anything except fighting an erection that would not take a rest!

I finally gave up and decided to just start getting ready. Maybe taking a cold shower would help, although in my experience it never had before. I took an extra-long one, making sure I was clean everywhere as I wanted to be as presentable as I could be for my two lovely ladies. The condition of my penis made it easy to wash it in its entirety. Not that I possibly wouldn't get a nice tongue bath of it later. At least I hoped, although I still had no idea how it would be possible.

I showered, shaved, and then dressed. I still hated wearing a suit, but I wanted to look as good as I could for my girls. Even if they would far outshine me sartorially. I had no idea what either of them would be wearing, but anything either beauty wore would surpass me and my monkey suit. I even spent some extra time shining my dress shoes to an almost reflective sheen.

I walked down the stairs feeling slightly silly and also extremely nervous. I was literally going out with mom with dad's full knowledge. Yes, he only saw it as mom chaperoning Erin and me, but he didn't

know the full story either! I was greeted by giggles and laughter from my siblings as they consumed their pizza while sitting on the living room floor. Dad had better hope they didn't spill any tomato sauce on mom's carpet! Dad's reaction was more respectful.

"Whoa! Looking pretty slick Jeremy!" He said as he looked me up and down. "Erin's quite the lucky little girl!"

I did a small twist as I posed under the family's scrutiny.

"No, I'm the lucky one dad! Sometimes I can't believe I have someone as great as Erin." I exclaimed. I left out who else I was lucky to have!

"I know what you mean son, I think I have to pinch myself sometimes for landing your mother."

I withheld anything that I could have responded to that.

And as if on cue, I heard mom's door open. I might have held my breath in anticipation of her appearance.

Four seconds later a vision of beauty walked into the room.

I gasped.

I noticed that dad looked and then did a double take with wide eyes. He then let out a wolf whistle. I would have too except for the family's presence.

Mom wore a strapless shiny blue dress that barely reached mid-thigh. I don't know what it was made from, but it shimmered like a rainbow in the light as she walked. The dress clung to her figure so snuggly that it revealed every wonderful curve and delightful mounds. She had matching blue pumps on her feet, but my eyes were practically glued to her dress. Mom stopped in the middle of the room and did a spin to show off every amazing part of her body barely concealed in the glistening dress.

"Wow Jenny! You look incredible!" Dad exclaimed; his eyes likewise plastered on mom's dress.

"You're so pretty mommy!" Jojo chimed in.

Johnny took in his mother with an appraising eye but then he tried to act unaffected.

"Thank you all!" Mom glowed with the praise.

I then noticed the dangling and sparkly earrings she wore and that her eye makeup had a touch of the same color blue as dress and shoes. Her lips were full and red with lipstick and her hair had an additional waviness to it. She carried a small purse, almost no larger than a wallet. Then my nostrils were filled with her perfume. I grew lightheaded as I was overwhelmed with my Jenny's beauty!

"Don't you think that's a bit much for tonight? You're just taking Jeremy and Erin out for dinner." Dad questioned now that he recovered from his wife's entrance.

"I don't get many chances to go out like this. I wanted to make it special. For me, and not just the kids." Mom returned dad's gaze with a determined glare. "It's not like we go out all that much. You could have come tonight for that matter."

No, mom, he couldn't! What was she saying?

"I have to work tomorrow. And the kids." He replied weakly.

"You could take a day off once in a while. It's not like they can't get by without you. And we could have made other arrangements for Johnny and Jojo." Mom said fiercely.

I wasn't sure if this was still some of the tension between them or if mom was just playing on his not joining us to cover any other illicit events that might come up during the evening.

"I'll make it up to you Jenny. We'll go out soon. Next week maybe." Dad said defensively.

"You have to apologize to more than just me." Mom said flatly.

"You understand don't you Jeremy? You go out and you have fun with Erin and your mother. It's on me." Dad stood and pulled out his wallet, and then gave mom one of his credit cards.

"Thanks dad. You are the best!" I could add my own little bit of cover to mom's!

"Thank you dear. We'll try not to be too late, but don't wait up."

That was somewhat bold even if seemingly innocent.

Mom then looked at her younger two children.

"You two behave yourselves okay? Mind your father."

"We will mommy." Jojo answered, pizza sauce surrounding her mouth. Johnny just nodded.

"Have fun Jenny. Don't let the youngsters have it all!" Dad added cheerfully, relieved to have gotten off the hook for the night. Little did he know that this had all been choreographed out for him.

Mom walked over to the entry closet and pulled out a similarly colored blue wrap that she pulled around her back and her upper arms. She truly looked like a fashion model!

I could only wonder what lay in store for me at Erin's house!

"I'm taking you two out so I'll drive." Mom said as she was about to open the door, but I darted ahead of her and opened it for her.

"After you m'lady!" I waved a hand towards the opening.

Mom glided out.

"You watch out for you mother Jeremy!" Dad called out just as I was about to close the door behind me.

I looked back in. "I'll keep an eye on her all night, dad!"

And more than just an eye too!

I rushed to catch up with mom before she reached her car. I opened the driver door for her. She merely smiled at me and climbed behind the wheel elegantly. I did get an eyeful of inner thigh, but nothing more!

I ran around the vehicle to get in the passenger side.

After I was situated and belted in, I turned to look at my stunning date.

"You really didn't mean for dad to come with us, did you?" I asked her.

"At this late he couldn't have. I just had to get my point across. Just because things are better with us, doesn't mean he can go back to coasting." Mom explained. "Besides, if he really did want to come, I would have loved that too."

I found it slightly ironic that she was saying that things were good with her and dad as she was openly sneaking out on him! We had no plans for any shenanigans, but it almost went without saying that something

would happen. Something that wouldn't be okay for a 'happily' married wife!

"Well, I'm glad that he's not here!" I said as I leaned over as well as I could and planted a kiss on her cheek. I inhaled her scent and remembered that she had bought it especially for tonight.

"Jeremy! We're not even out of the driveway!" Mom said in surprise, but her smile said otherwise. Then she leaned over to me and kissed my cheek.

I tried to give her another, but not on her cheek. Mom pulled away to prevent me.

"Not now. Not here." Was her only response. She didn't look at me as she pulled out of the drive, but there was a curl to her lips that suggested so much.

I turned the radio on the old R&B station and turned the volume low to give us a soft background music. Barry White came on, giving me a good indication for the evening.

"You should text Erin to see if she's ready and to tell her we're on the way." Mom said quietly without turning to me.

I pulled my phone out of my inner jacket pocket, but before I hit Erin's name, I looked deeply at mom.

"You truly are gorgeous Jenny." I said barely louder than the soft music.

"Thank you, Jeremy. You're quite handsome yourself." Her hand moved from the gearshift where it had rested and covered my own at my side.

"I'm just so lucky to have you and Erin both! I mean, just you alone ..." my eyes caressed her dress as I hoped my hands would soon. "Is incredible! Dad may have to pinch himself, but I have to slap myself to make sure I'm not dreaming all this!"

"What's that about your father?" Mom's eyes did dart from the road to my face.

"Just something he said." I didn't elaborate as I didn't want to tell mom how lucky dad felt about her. Tonight, she was mine, not his. Well, mine and Erin's. If what the two of them had alluded to about Erin's visit with Jenny suggested anything.

She didn't press for details.

Al Green filled the silence with his plea for togetherness and I was in complete agreement with him.

I had let Erin know we were on our way and she responded that she was ready and waiting. With a big pair of red lips emoji added on her response. That only increased my desire to see her attire.

Mom pulled up in front of my girlfriend's house and parked.

"I think you should probably go up to the door alone." Her eyes fell to her lap.

As much as I wanted to object, she probably was right. Terrence and Charise might not be as calm about our chaperone looking like she was on the prowl as my dad had been.

I again leaned across the middle console and gave mom another kiss on her cheek.

"Be right back babe!"

Mom grinned as she demurely diverted her gaze.

I kept myself from running up the walk and leaping up on the porch and tried to carry myself like a gentleman.

I rang the bell and the door opened almost immediately.

It was Charise, not Erin that stood there.

"Come in, come in. Erin's not quite ready yet." Erin's mom waved me into her house.

I kept two steps between us, glancing around for Erin's dad in some fear.

"You look very dashing Jeremy!" She looked me up and down.

"Thank you, Mrs. ..." I started before she interrupted me.

"It's still Charise. I've already forgiven you for your ... boldness." Her look was friendly, but still carried a touch of warning.

"Erin texted me that she would be ready." I tried to look around so my eyes didn't fall on Charise's cleavage that showed with her tight white sweater.

"I see our daughter's suitor is here." I heard Terrence's voice come up behind me. I almost jumped out of my socks.

"You look very nice Jeremy." Erin's father told me as he offered his hand to me. I shook it nervously; afraid he might use some martial arts throw on me. He patted my shoulder with his other hand and let out a laugh.

"I was just telling him that." Charise told her husband.

"Your mother is in the car?" Terrence asked with a look to the door as if he could see mom parked at the curb. "She should have come up with you. I would like to thank her for doing this for you two. It's very nice of her, and your father."

"Yes, it is. We should do something similar with them Terrence." Charise looked up at her husband expectantly.

"Yes, that's a good idea, Char. Make the plans with them." He nodded and then wandered away as if his token appearance had been satisfied.

"You don't have to do that." I offered.

Charise's offer of doing something similar with Erin and I almost made me choke, or laugh loudly. If she only knew what my mother and her daughter had done together. And with me!

Then I heard my angel's voice descending from heaven. Or coming down the stairs.

"Wow Jeremy, you look amazing!"

I looked towards the staircase just off from the entryway and for the second time that night, my jaw almost dropped.

"Holy ...!" I burst out. I quickly glanced at Erin's mom to see how she took my reaction. She just grinned happily. I guess it was the best reaction a mother could wish for her daughter.

Erin slowly came down the stairs wearing a flouncy black knee-length skirt with a green-sequined, low cut top with string straps over her delicate bare shoulders and a pair of black heels. Her legs weren't quite the same usual shade, so I suspected pantyhose or stockings. She had a touch of makeup on her angelic face; the touch of green eyeshadow made her eyes pop and contrasted with her auburn hair that was styled almost like an afro but without standing so upright, like a halo of fire

about her head. I wasn't sure it was perfect, but it did give her a very different look. And I loved her, so whatever look she might try looked great to me. I was biased by my emotions though.

"Where's Jenny?" Erin asked looking behind me as if mom might be hiding there.

"In the car." I answered. "Erin ... you look ... what's better than amazing? Stunning. Incredible."

"Awe, thanks hun." Erin came up to me, placed her hands on my upper arms, and gave me a chaste kiss, but more than one would give a family member. Well, except my family!

"You two have a good night." Charise said, reminding us of her presence.

"Oh, we will mom. Love ya!" Erin gave her mother a tight hug and then turned and put her hand in mine. I suddenly had The Beatles singing in my head about hand holding!

"We shouldn't keep your mom waiting." Erin said as she guided me back to the front door.

"Good night Charise. We'll try not to be too late." I said over my shoulder as Erin was then practically dragging me.

"Oh, don't worry about it."

I'm sure she only said that because she knew my mother was with us and would keep watch over us. Little did she know that mom would be part of the impetus to anything that we might do!

After the door closed, Erin released my hand and hurried towards mom's car as well as she could in her heels.

"Does Jenny look spectacular too? She wouldn't tell me what she was going to wear!" Erin called out as she approached the car. I could see mom looking towards us.

Then mom was getting out of the car. Then the two of them were hugging and gushing over each other's outfits. I just stood there astounded. That two such beautiful women were going out with me, one older and one younger, each perfect in their own ways, each far beyond what I could ever have hoped to attain.

"You two are the hottest, most beautiful women I have ever seen!" I declared.

I saw mom was about to say something but then closed her mouth. I'm sure it was something about her sister. I would have to make extra sure she knew how much more she was to me than Aunt Jess!

"You're not too bad yourself there dear!" Mom answered.

"Isn't he just the best?" Erin giggled.

"Are we just going to celebrate here in the street or are we going to go get some food?" I asked, even as I would have been happy to be with two angelic visions anywhere.

"Always thinking with his stomach!" Which surprisingly came from Erin.

"That, or the other thing!" Mom laughed.

"I'm thinking about the other thing too!" Erin joined mom's laughter.

"Ladies, let's get in the car before Erin's parents come out wondering what we are doing out here!" I stated.

"Yes, yes." Mom agreed.

I wasn't sure what the seating arrangements would now be. Mom wanted to drive as this was her outing, but Erin and I wouldn't fit in the passenger seat together. At least, not without messing up each other's clothing before we got to the restaurant! The two of us sitting in the back would feel awkward and still not guarantee neat and tidy clothing!

The women's solution, and the answer to keeping everyone proper, or at least me, was to have me sit in the back alone while Erin sat in the front passenger seat. I sulked at that result, but my anticipation for compensation later eased my discomfort.

Erin wasn't happy with the choice of radio station and flipped it to something more current and a little peppier. She turned the volume up a little, but not enough that it would hinder any conversation. Mom and I were quiet at first but Erin's excitement couldn't keep her silent. She again thanked mom for taking us out for dinner, and then went on to rave about the restaurant. After a lengthy discourse on the menu items that she'd had the numerous times she'd gone, she went on to compliment mom on her outfit again. Mom returned the compliment, telling Erin how spectacular she looked. Erin just scoffed at that. I noticed that neither of them said anything more about my wardrobe. But I guess that was alright, as long as they praised me if and when I was unclothed.

We pulled up to the restaurant and mom actually used the valet service, of which we would normally skip.

I leapt from the back and then paused for a split second with a dilemma. Which door did I open for my girls?

The valet opened mom's door, so I got Erin's. I did see the young guy stare at both of my dates. My chest swelled with pride. Mom and Erin had also noticed the valet's attention and made a show with strutting to the front door like fashion models. I hurried over to open the restaurant's double doors and then took an arm of each of my lovelies to enter the establishment like a king.

I saw that a few of the restaurant's patrons looked up at our entrance as people are wont to do, but more than a few continued to stare longer than what would be polite. It was a nice little ego boost, but not that I needed it. Just being with these two women in public had me strutting like a farmyard cock.

The maître d eyed me and then the women, before mom said we had reservations and gave the man our name. He looked at his book and gestured us into the dining area. I asked the man if there was a waitress named Gretchen working. He stated that there was, so I asked if we could be seated at one of her tables. He swerved as he guided us to a booth on the back wall, near where we had sat when Aunt Jess had been

with mom and I. I didn't know if the waitress would remember us, or me.

We sat. I was sandwiched between mom and Erin as I always hoped to be! Seated or sleeping!

It was only a few minutes before the blonde-haired Gretchen came to the table. She greeted us cheerfully and then paused and gave us a double take. I assumed it meant that she recognized me, and or mom. She handed us menus and asked if we wanted something to drink. We all ordered waters. She then turned, paused, and hurried off.

Gretchen returned a few minutes later, surprisingly quicker than I would have expected as the restaurant was about three-quarters full. As she set the three glasses on the table, she looked at mom and then at me.

"You were in here a few months ago, weren't you?" She asked hesitantly.

"More than a few, but yes, we were." Mom answered.

"I remember you ... well the two of you." Gretchen's pale blue eyes flicked from mom to me. "The three of you were pretty memorable that night!"

"Yeah, about that ..." I started.

"I gave you my number, didn't I?" Her tone was innocent with no accusation.

"Yes, you did. I'm sorry about that. I meant to call, but I've had a lot going on." I apologized with a glance to either side of me.

"I can see that." She grinned at me flirtatiously.

"I also just graduated. We're out celebrating." I explained further, to show that it wasn't just because of the girls as to why I hadn't called.

"Graduated? College?"

I don't know if she seemed surprised that I looked so young for college.

"No, high school." I stated.

Erin was unusually quiet during this exchange and it made me a little nervous about what her reaction would be.

"Oh. I'm sorry. I thought you were older." The waitress now seemed to be embarrassed.

I might not have been as old as she thought, but I was still over eighteen. She wasn't that much older than me!

"I'll give you a few minutes to decide and I'll be back." Gretchen stood there for a half second before she walked away.

Erin was glaring at me when I turned to her.

"What?" I asked, unsure of how I should respond. "We were here before I met you. You can't be upset about something that happened before we met."

"I am upset. You didn't call her?" Erin said fiercely. "She is very hot!"

Um.

"Yes, she is. You really should have called her." Mom scolded me too.

"I was busy with school." I said defensively. "And I had this older girlfriend that took up a lot of my time!"

Erin did laugh at that.

We studied our menus and made our decisions. I choose the steak, while the girls each picked different Italian dishes.

Gretchen returned a dozen or so minutes later. As she collected the menus, my eyes did linger on her very large breasts that stretched her white blouse and black vest. I think she noticed my stare but only gave me a smile.

Then to my surprise, though I wondered why I was surprised by anything by that point, Erin spoke up.

"Can I get your number?"

Gretchen paused for a second, clearly also surprised by this.

"Uh, sure. If that's okay with your date here." Gretchen looked at me, then mom, before her eyes returned to Erin.

"Oh, yes, but actually, they are both my dates." Erin said happily.

Yes. I should never be surprised!

"Oh!" Gretchen gasped.

I could see that Erin had really caught the waitress off guard.

Mom covered her mouth with a hand as she giggled.

"I'll go place your orders." Gretchen sputtered, and then was about to leave when she spoke again.

"Can I get you anything else to drink?"

"I'll take some wine. Red." Mom said boldly as if to break the sudden tension.

"Me too." Erin stated.

Gretchen just looked at my girlfriend.

"No, just make that a Coke instead." Erin said without pause.

"I'll have Coke also." I added.

Gretchen then left.

"Jeremy, you really should have called her. Did you see the size of her tits?" Erin leered at me.

How do I answer that? Of course, I saw them, how could I not? But how did I deny that I did to Erin. Or did it even matter? With my spitfire redhead, I shouldn't be surprised if I should somehow end up in a threesome with her and the waitress!

That was an interesting idea!

No. I shook my head. I had more than enough with Jenny and Erin.

"They were nice." I admitted flatly.

"Nice? They are huge. I'm sure you just want to bury your face in those things!" Erin cried out. "Hell, I almost want to myself!"

"I already have two perfect pairs of breasts to bury my face in." I responded diplomatically.

"Good answer." Mom chimed in. "They are nice. I wouldn't tell her no myself."

"Mah ... Jenny!" I corrected myself. We were in public so I had to watch myself.

"We can just dump Jeremy here Jenny, and you and I can go out with our busty waitress!" Erin smiled large at my mother.

"No, we can't do that." Mom defended me. "I do love his ... oral skills. And his ... equipment is more than adequate."

"Yeah, you're right! I guess we're just stuck with you lover." Erin turned to me with those incredible blue eyes shining brightly as she leaned over and kissed me. It started as just a quick one, but as her lips left mine, they then returned and that time they loitered long.

"Hey, you have to share!" Jenny grabbed my arm to pull me away from Erin's luscious lips.

Then mom's lips were merged with mine. Hers were just as luscious!

A hand was suddenly on my thigh. On Erin's side.

Then also on the other side.

I pulled away from Jenny's delicious mouth.

"Oh, no! You two aren't going to do that one again!" I exclaimed.

"Which one dear?" Mom said innocently. Her hand moved closer to my crotch.

"That dinner with Erin's parents! With Grandma Sharon, Grandma Norma, and Grandpa Harold there!"

"Oh. That one." Mom gave me an apologetic look.

"Didn't you like that hun?" Erin grinned devilishly.

"Oh, yes, I liked it, I just didn't like cumming with my grandmother across the table from me. You could mentally scar a guy like that!"

Mom broke out with a loud laugh at my words and Erin was choking with her response.

I batted both probing hands away. Not that I didn't want those wonderful fingers on my still aching dick, I just didn't want them to push me too far. I was on a hair trigger at that moment.

The hands stayed on my thighs but didn't do anything more. Gretchen returned with our beverages then hurried over to another table. The three of us made idle chit chat until our food arrived. It was long past my normal dinner time so by then I was starving. I dug into my steak with gusto as the girls ate more delicately. Gretchen checked on us a few times, refilled our drinks, but kept things professional.

While the three of us were in the middle of our repast, a man I had seen sitting at the bar at the far end of the restaurant came up to our table.

"Hey honey." He said staring at mom. His light brown suit was rumpled and had seen better days.

I could smell the alcohol on him.

"You look amazin' in that dress. Are you lookin' for some fun tonight?"

"Thank you, but I'm fine here." Mom barely looked at the man who was quite large, six foot something and easily three hundred pounds.

"You're very fine honey! I think you could have more fun with me!"

"She's with me." I looked at the man and said firmly.

"You already got this one." He said giving Erin a leering grin. "Besides, this one has to be your mom!"

He reached over and grabbed mom's right upper arm and began to pull it.

"Jenny is my girlfriend too." I stated loudly.

Mom gasped, but I also saw she gave me a loving smile. Erin just giggled, seemingly unaffected by the situation.

The man pulled mom's arm harder so that she had to allow him to drag her from her seat or have her arm wrenched.

That was enough for me!

I stood quickly and gave the man who was much larger than me, a good shove in the chest. He released mom's arm and stumbled a step backward.

"Sir. The lady is with me!" I declared loudly.

The man stared at me as if shocked that I had the nerve to lay hands on him.

"Why you little ..." He said with a red face. He appeared ready to throw a punch and I dreaded what might come next. I had only been in two fights in my whole life, both long before high school. I might get trounced, but I was still ready to stand my ground.

I was saved by the waitress, as Gretchen rushed up and stepped between us.

"Are you bothering these people Richard?"

"I was just asking the babe here if she wanted to have some fun." He glared at me, but then apologetic at Gretchen.

"I think you should leave them alone. The lady already has a date." Gretchen gave me a look.

Gretchen grabbed Richard's arm and tugged him away from our table.

"I think you've had enough for tonight." She told the man.

His free hand reached out and grabbed Gretchen's ass as she gently guided him away.

"I'm going to call you a cab."

They were a dozen steps away when I heard Richard whine to Gretchen.

"The kid has two girls. He doesn't need two!" He then stumbled a step as Gretchen steered him towards the entryway. She looked back over her shoulder at us and gave a sympathetic smile.

With things now settled down, Jenny and I returned to our seats. Nearby patrons that had been watching the commotion returned to their own meals.

"My hero." Mom said and kissed my cheek, then wiped at the smear she had left.

"That guy would have creamed you!" Erin said far too happily.

"I didn't care. He can't go putting hands on my girls!"

"On your girlfriend?" Jenny questioned me with a bit of teasing.

"Yes. On either of my girlfriends!" I stated firmly, even as I knew that mom was being cautious about our relationship and being out in public.

"Well, you're my hero too!" Erin said and gave me a kiss on the opposite cheek. She left her mark there without wiping off the lipstick.

We resumed our meal and after a dozen minutes or so Gretchen returned.

"I'm so sorry about that!" She apologized.

"Richard is kind of a regular here. He never eats, he just sits at the bar drinking and hits on women. Most of the staff would like to see him gone, but the management allows it because he runs up a big bill. He doesn't usually cause trouble like that." She clarified.

"It's okay. No one got hurt." Mom smiled back at the young blonde.

"I'm still so sorry. He's gone now, so he won't be bothering you anymore."

"No, thank you for stepping in and taking care of things." Mom said graciously.

"I might have been able to take him." I stated defiantly.

"Sure, you could have dear." Jenny gave me a maternal smile that said otherwise.

"He would have creamed you hun." Erin said bluntly.

"Thanks for your faith in me!" I turned to her in disbelief.

"I have faith in you, but you would have been roadkill."

"It's a good thing that you look so hot right now, and that I love you so much!" I told Erin.

"I love you too Jeremy." Erin gave me a large smile.

"Again, I'm sorry for the trouble. Enjoy the rest of your meal." Gretchen said and walked away.

I had almost forgot our waitress had still been standing there!

As I was nearly done and the girls still had a good portion to go, I snuck a hand up Erin's skirt, inside her panties, and put a finger in her already damp pussy. A few minutes of fingering her and then I sampled her flavor. She grinned and mom gave us a suspicious stare. Like she didn't know what I had done. To prove it, I did the same to her also. Jenny was just as damp as Erin, or even moreso. And just as delicious when I tasted her on my fingers!

Gretchen did return again and asked if we would be interested in dessert. The girls' eyes lit up, but then they both declined. I debated for a moment but also said no. I had just sampled the two sweetest things that I knew!

We all finally finished, I gave a loud belch that drew glares from my girls, and shortly afterward, Gretchen appeared with the bill. Before she could hurry off, Erin spoke up.

"Could I get that number now?"

"Um, sure." The waitress answered. She pulled out a piece of paper that she took orders on and scribbled her number on it and started to hand it to me, but Erin intercepted her hand.

"If you're ever without two girls," Gretchen barely glanced at Erin, "You can still give me a call."

That was a surprise given her reaction when she found I had just gotten out of high school! Or it was just that with our antics the last time Jenny and I had been here, and that I had had two women with me both times that added to her attraction!

I saw that the busty blonde Gretchen had seen Erin pocket the slip of paper. I said nothing but gave Gretchen a smile and a nod.

Mom had pulled out dad's credit card and handed it over.

"Give yourself a nice tip dear." Jenny smiled sweetly at the waitress. Or was it seductively?

"I don't know ..." Gretchen looked at the small plastic card as if it was on fire.

"Please. You deserve it. You've been very nice. And helpful." Mom said in a tone that couldn't be denied.

"Thank you." And she turned and was gone again.

I gave mom a curious look.

"She certainly helped with that man and has been a really great waitress." Mom said almost too defensively. "Besides, Justin is paying."

That seemed a bit too cavalier when they were supposedly doing so much better.

"And she is very nice to look at also!" Erin added with a laugh.

"Yes, but that has nothing to do with her gratuity." Mom's eyes said otherwise though.

We were done there and I was in a hurry to see what else the night would bring.

"Are we ready to go then?" I said as I stood.

The women looked up at me.

"Are you in a hurry to be somewhere?" Jenny asked suspiciously.

"Yes." I said simply.

Mom smiled almost beatifically.

"I guess we can go then." She stood with a tug at her hem to assure its coverage. She then pulled her wrap back around her shoulders.

Erin rose just as Gretchen returned with the bill and dad's card. Mom gave the slip a quick signature after glancing at the total.

"Thank you again dear. Everything was wonderful." Mom said cheerfully.

"Well, not everything, but your welcome. Please come again. It's always so interesting when you come in!" Gretchen indicated mom and I as she spoke.

Erin did give me a suspicious look at that, but I said nothing in explanation.

We exited the restaurant and the same valet was there and gave Jenny and Erin stares before darting across the parking lot to retrieve our car.

"What should we do now? I feel like dancing." Jenny asked.

"We could go to that nightclub we went to before with ... before." I answered with almost a slip in revealing my aunt's involvement.

"That would be nice." Jenny said with a look over to Erin.

"How about we go to the club?" Erin asked.

I knew where she meant.

"Does that place even have a name?" I asked over Erin's bare shoulder.

"Not that I have ever heard, but I'm sure it has to have one on some document somewhere." Erin glanced back at me.

"Where's this?" Jenny looked at me in the rearview mirror.

"Just a club, very ... eclectic. It's nice, but ... very different." I tried to describe the place. You just had to experience it for yourself.

Erin gave mom the directions and in a short time we pulled in to the lot. I of course had to pay the parking fee. That same man with the missing teeth gave me a curious look, then a wide crooked smile. I ignored him. Mom looked at us both as she got out of her car cautiously.

"Are you both sure about this?" She looked up and down the street. Then studied the wall with the religious graffiti on it that somehow was proof against gang tags.

The neighborhood was just as busy as it always appeared to be. Music boomed from nowhere in particular.

"I know it doesn't look like much, but just wait." I calmed her.

I slipped an arm around both of their waists and strode towards the door like a king again.

Hervé was at the door and I had to wonder if the large Hispanic man was ever anywhere else.

"Erin. Jeremy." He greeted us with a friendly smile. Of course, his eyes were drawn to Jenny in her shimmery short blue dress. Even then, I also had to give my gorgeous Jenny a once over myself. "Who's your nice-looking friend?"

"Hervé, this is Jenny. Jenny, Hervé." I introduced them. "He's big and a bit scary, but he's okay."

Hervé growled at me and I hoped it was for show.

Erin laughed and rubbed the man's bulging bare arm.

"Herv is a teddy bear!"

A teddy bear that was six foot four and built like a brick shithouse!

I reached for my wallet again.

"Put it away kid, tonight's on me for introducing me to this lovely gem!" The bouncer/doorman reached over, took one of mom's hands, and kissed her knuckles gallantly.

Mom giggled like a schoolgirl.

"This your mom?" The doorman asked me.

I couldn't hide my grin at his guess.

"No, she's my girlfriend." I answered bluntly.

Hervé looked quickly at Erin.

"I'm his other girlfriend!" My redhead stated happily.

The Hispanic man looked a bit stunned and gave us all an unbelieving stare.

"It's all right Hervé, she's my girlfriend too!" Erin slipped an arm around Jenny's waist and pulled her close.

I was more than a little surprised at that open admission, no matter what they might have done together.

My jaw might have dropped somewhat when my mother surprised us all and leaned into Erin and kissed her deeply.

Hervé had the same astonished look on his face that was probably on my own.

"Hell, Jeremy! I think I might owe you five bucks now!" He said as he gestured us to the doorway.

I just shrugged my shoulders as the three of us entered the noisy club.

The sound blasted us as I opened the inner door. The place was about half full of people of a wide range of ages. Mom looked about cautiously, making her appraisal of the place.

"I don't know."

"That's what I thought at first. Give it a chance."

"They don't serve alcohol here, do they? He didn't card either of you." Jenny looked over at the long bar.

"No alcohol. Just soft drinks." Erin answered.

"Oh. I wouldn't have minded something ... stronger." Jenny said almost dejectedly.

"We can go somewhere else if you want." I was a little hurt at her reaction.

"No, no. It's fine. I don't need a drink to have fun. Especially not with such wonderful company!" Mom's face cheered up and she looked at the two of us.

"Who's going to dance with me first?" She asked with a delightful leer.

"I showed Jeremy this place, I think it should be me!" Erin chimed in and without pause took mom's hand and pulled her towards where a small group was shuffling about. Jenny was barely able to pass me her wrap and both girls' small clutches.

"I'll get us a table." I said to myself as they already were far enough away that they couldn't hear me.

I sat and just watched the two most beautiful girls in the place, or any other place! dance together. Jenny seemed hesitant at first, but not because of nervousness, or her dancing partner, but for the music that was playing. At that moment, it was a sort of bluegrass/rap mix with some funk thrown it too. At this club, it wouldn't surprise me if they broke into a waltz next!

It wasn't a waltz and Jenny and Erin continued to dance through the next song, or musical exposition might be a better term. I was content to be a spectator for the moment.

They came to the table breathing heavily and with happy smiles.

"Any better?" I asked.

"It might grow on me. The music is very ... what'd you say? Eclectic?"

Erin explained about how anyone could come in and play, or join the band for a number, and that there was no set genre for the music, even within an individual song. Anything, and everything was on the playlist. Mom nodded at Erin's words but I'm not sure she really comprehended them.

"As long as there is a beat that I can dance to, I don't mind."

"I think it's my turn." I declared.

I hadn't said which partner I wanted, but Jenny decided for me.

"I'm going to sit for the next few. You two go have some fun! But not too much fun!" She told us. "At least, not until I can join you!"

I have to say for the thousandth time, I love my mom!

Erin laughed and led me to the dancing area.

We danced for three songs, one of them slow enough for me to embrace my redheaded vixen tightly. We said nothing and just enjoyed the sounds and the body pressed against us. Erin rubbed her pelvis against my hardened penis such that it wasn't just coincidence.

Then it was Jenny's turn to dance with me. I let my hands run all over her torso, the glimmering fabric reflecting the colored stage lights into a million rainbows. I paid little attention to the music and focused only on the amazing and sexy woman in my arms.

Jenny and I returned to the table to find Erin talking to a guy in his mid-twenties that I recognized as Dominic. I nodded at him as I approached.

"I'll see ya' Erin. You are looking very hot tonight!" He nodded at me and wandered away.

"Who was that?" Jenny asked slowly and suspiciously.

"Just a friend." Erin responded. "He plays here a lot. He was just saying hi."

"Oh." Mom might have been more jealous than me.

Not that I was at all, I was aware of who he was and that Erin was really just a friend. I wasn't sure, but I had guessed that Dominic was gay anyway. Not that that was a factor in determining that he was safe to be around Erin. I trusted her completely, and besides if she chose to hook up with someone new, I couldn't stop her. I just tried to make sure that she was never so inclined!

Besides, who else could she find that was sleeping with their mom of which got Erin so aroused?

We spent a good hour or so dancing and having a good time. Each of us danced with the other two which did draw some stares, and not just because the girls looked so fantastic! I could stare at those four legs for quite a long time and not tire of them!

And not just their legs either!

After a few songs of Jenny and I dancing together, mom stated that she was ready to move our celebration to somewhere where we could drink something stronger than colas.

"We?" I questioned her.

"We aren't fooling ourselves. We all know what we want." Jenny answered.

"You aren't talking about liquor now are you mom?" I asked discreetly.

"I like the way you think Jenny." Erin stated. "Let's get out of here."

"And go where?" I asked either of them. "Where can we go that will let Erin and I drink? Not our house."

"We could get a hotel room." Jenny said with the subtlety of a sledgehammer.

"Jenny!" I exclaimed.

"Not for that!" She answered me quickly. "We could get room service, or stop and get something on the way. Then we could continue our dancing."

It surely wasn't dancing that she wanted to continue! Her hands had been all over Erin while dancing as much as my own had been. Or Erin's hands on Jenny maybe even more than me!

"Are you sure? You know what will happen." I asked expectantly. "You said specifically that there wouldn't be any of that tonight."

"I didn't say there wouldn't. Just that I wasn't planning on it. And I didn't plan." Her green eyes blazed back at my stare. "I get around either of you and I just can't help myself!"

I had to agree with that! Around Jenny, or Erin, and I was helpless. With them together, I was a leaf in a whirlpool!

"I'm still not saying we will do anything. But we could all use a drink or two. I want to give you both a proper toast. There really isn't anywhere else we can go for that, is there?" Jenny intoned intently.

"Are you trying to talk Jenny out of doing what you know we all want?" Erin asked with disbelief. "If so, you can go home and just let the two of us go have some fun!"

NO WAY WAS I GOING TO LET THAT HAPPEN!

"Then let's go then!" I gestured them towards the door.

Hervé said good night to us as we passed him, his eyes lingering on mom's toned tush outlined distinctly with the tight dress.

I didn't know how fancy mom wanted to be so I had no idea of which hotel, or even motel she was going to take us to. At first, I didn't think even she knew as she seemed to be driving without direction. Or maybe with some indecision to actually go through with her suggestion.

We arrived at a well-known hotel, The Grand Monarch, which was probably at least four-star, but I didn't know how they were actually rated and had never really been at one that was all that ritzy. I knew of this one, but had never been inside it. And it was what I would definitely describe as ritzy!

"Here Jenny? Really?" Erin exclaimed as we pulled into the multi-tiered parking garage.

"Sure. Why not?"

We had to go up a few levels to find a spot. Mom parked, and the three of us walked to the stairway and down to the hotel entrance.

The lobby was spacious, ostentatious, and very large. Everything screamed classy. And pricey. There were a few people milling about the area and more than a couple noted the girls' outfits.

"How are you going to explain this on dad's card?" I really did have a bad habit with bringing up my father at times when he was better left unmentioned!

"I doubt he'll even notice. He did say that he was paying, but nothing about a limit on it. Besides, I do pay the bills anyway. Like with all that lingerie we bought." Mom explained.

"What's this about lingerie?" Erin asked intensely curious as we walked through the expansive chamber.

"Jenny and I went shopping at the mall one day. We ended up in the Vanessa's Closet there. We bought quite a few things! Most of which I still have not seen on you. Well, again."

"Again?" Erin questioned.

"The girl working there let me into the dressing room when mom, Jenny, tried them on. I gave her my vote for which ones to buy."

"Really?" Erin asked incredulously. "You really need to tell me more about all that you two have done together. Especially about your previous visit to Rinaldo's. Gretchen said something about there being two women before."

My eyes darted to mom nervously before looking into Erin's fierce blue eyes.

"It was nothing really. Just my Aunt Jessica." I said trying to sound innocent. I wasn't lying to Erin. I was just leaving large chunks of the truth out!

"She's hot!" Erin said a bit loud. Then quieter added, "You should have tried something with her hun!"

I shrugged my shoulders and said nothing.

We arrived at the front desk which had three people working at it. Two women and a man. The man was early forties, but the women were both probably late twenties. They wore blazers with the hotel's emblem on the breast pocket. Each was busy with their own duties, but no one else was at the counter as we approached it. Each of them glanced up

at us and then did a sly double take. I'm sure they noted our attire and the fact that Erin and I were much younger than Jenny.

"I would like to book a room." Jenny said.

"For the night?" One of the two women asked and came over to where we waited. She was brunette with straight and immaculately styled hair.

"Actually, for a few hours if I could."

That got all three clerks' attention.

"Ma'am. We're not that kind of establishment. You'll have to go elsewhere if that's what you want." The woman's voice was polite to the extreme, but her tone had the undercurrent of a buzzsaw.

"Oh, no, no! Not that!" Mom corrected the clerk. "We're celebrating a graduation and just wanted somewhere quieter to celebrate than some bar or club."

"Oh." The woman said, uninterested in any explanations. "We only have accommodations by the night, regardless."

"Then, I'll take a room for the night."

"What size room would you prefer?" The clerk's voice became more gregarious when it became clear that we were acceptable and were now actual guests. She typed furiously on a computer screen.

"It doesn't matter. We won't be sleeping. As I said, we just want to have a quiet spot to have our celebration." Mom's tone was a little harsh for the young woman's disbelief of her story. That the clerk's guess was justified didn't matter.

"We currently only have a king available. Is that alright with you?" I could almost cut the woman's condescension with a knife.

"That will be fine." Mom agreed harshly. Then she added. "You do have room service, don't you?"

"Of course, ma'am. Our kitchen is open all night."

"And the bar?" Jenny asked with less of a tone in her voice.

"Only until two a.m.," the clerk gave a curt glance at Erin and I, "For those of legal age, that is."

"Of course, I only meant for myself."

The clerk continued to type on her screen and then asked for a credit card. Mom handed her dad's card.

"Any additional charges will be added on the bill in the morning when you check out." The clerk swiped the card and handed it back to mom. The way she said 'in the morning' implied that she didn't think we would be checked out before then!

"You don't have any bags?" The clerk asked either being obtuse, or just obstinate.

"No, of course not." Mom said just as stubbornly.

"Okay. You'll be in 1157. That's on the eleventh floor. You'll come out of the elevator and go straight to the end of the hall which will turn to the right. Your room will be the third on the left. Have a pleasant night." She said and handed mom a small plastic card similar to a credit card. The room key.

This was actually going to happen! Mom's statements otherwise notwithstanding.

Erin grabbed my upper arm in both hands and kissed my cheek.

Mom turned from the counter and paused to look at me and my girlfriend with something resembling a sly grin on her face.

"Let's go you two." She said plainly.

After a few steps, enough to be out of earshot of the desk clerks, she then said. "We aren't doing anything, so get whatever nasty little ideas you're thinking out of your heads."

That she wasn't just accusing only me of lecherous thoughts!

I turned to Erin with an innocent look on my face.

"Nasty ideas? I don't know what she is talking about. Do you Erin?"

Erin giggled with a huge grin on her cherubic face. "No, I don't know either. Sounds like it is Jenny that has the nasty ideas!"

"Don't go acting all so innocent you two! I know you both too well!"

Intimately even!

Others in the lobby stared at us, discreetly or openly, as we walked to the bank of elevators. I couldn't guess what any of them might be thinking; Erin and I clearly a couple, but Jenny in her short shimmery dress appeared to be anything but a mother or chaperone! If only they could know the truth!

It took an interminable time for an elevator door to ding open. I gestured the girls in first and followed. As I turned to face the closing doors, I saw more than a few faces looking our way. Erin and Jenny were laughing at my sides.

"Oh my gosh! Did you see all those people staring at us? Or the way that girl at the desk thought we were going to have sex in the room! Or any of the clerks for that matter!" Erin said.

"You would think that no one would ever have the nerve to have sex in this hotel!" Jenny added.

She wasn't denying it was a possibility!

Erin leaned in front of me and put a hand on mom's forearm to draw her closer. She then gave Jenny a kiss on the cheek, but in such a way that it was dangerously close to mom's lips. My mother might have even turned her head slightly as if seeking Erin's lips!

And this right in front of me!

I put a hand on both of their hips, and caressed their different, but wonderful curves there. Smooth blue on one side and ruffled black on the other. Perfect bookends for my endless love!

"Jenny told me about the teasing you had this morning! I'm sure you've been on edge all day. Then to have your girls dressed so sexily, must be making things so hard for you all night!" Erin said as she let a palm brush the front of my trousers.

True. I had been half hard most of the night and I knew it wouldn't take anything to have my blood rushing to finish the job.

"Erin. Stop." Jenny scolded her seductress-in-crime. "We can't have him getting too ... excited."

Yeah! Can't have that!

I didn't get mom's continued protestations. I couldn't see any way that we wouldn't be soon having sex again!

"Not yet anyway." Jenny said quietly and averted her eyes from mine.

The elevator came to a smooth halt and the doors dinged open again to reveal a wide hallway that stretched a good distance before ending.

"Ladies." I gestured to the opening.

Both of them slipped from my grasp and replaced my hands with their own; the luscious duo now with arms around each other. I just stared at their backs and backsides, Jenny's near bare shoulder blades and tight dress that didn't hide mom's assets, and the bare glimpse of Erin's neck around her frizzed hair and high-backed top to her concealed butt beneath the rumpled cloth of her skirt. Both sets of legs only topped their perfections.

I almost forgot to exit the elevator as the pair walked away from me!

I hurried to catch up and slipped between them to replace my hands on their hips and earned two hands on my own plain hips.

We made the turn and found our room. Jenny swiped the plastic key and the door clicked. Erin grabbed the handle and pushed the door open.

The room was bigger than I expected, but my eyes were immediately drawn to the object taking up a majority of the wall to my left. The object of dispute of the evening. The immaculately made king-sized bed.

Erin also stared at it as if fantasy made reality.

Jenny just took three steps deeper into the room, pulling away from me and my hand.

"What say we get some of that room service? Even as much as I ate earlier, I'm kind of hungry. Too much dancing, I guess."

As much as she ate at dinner? Jenny ate like a bird!

But then I guess that was compared to me.

"I could eat a bite or two myself." I stated. Then again, when couldn't I?

"I wouldn't mind some um, sausage or even sushi." Erin said with a wicked grin.

Sausage? Sushi? Huh?

What an odd combination ... Oh!

"Yeah, sushi sounds good to me too! A double helping if I may!" I had a grin to equal my girlfriend's.

Jenny caught Erin's allusion immediately.

"You two!" She scoffed at us. I noticed she didn't deny the insinuation though!

Mom went over to the room phone and called room service.

"Anything in particular either of you want?" She asked us with the receiver against her ear.

"Whatever you're getting will be fine." I answered. I could have eaten, but that wasn't what was on my mind at that time. I was in a fancy hotel room with two hot and sexy women! I could have been starving and not minded with the circumstances!

"Yeah, whatever." Erin told mom.

Jenny knew what I liked and I assumed she'd get adequate quantities of anything that she ordered.

She ordered the food; a platter of ham and cheese sandwiches. Then I heard her question the person on the other end of the line about what was available as far as alcoholic beverages.

"Oh, that's nice. Can I get two magnums of champagne. Yes, we're celebrating. And a bottle of Jack Daniels please." Jenny asked. I stared at her in shock. She really wanted a party!

"Yes, a fifth will be fine. Yes, room 1157. Thank you."

"Geez mom, when are the others arriving?" I asked in amazement.

"I just don't want to have to order again, and we won't be able to after two a.m. anyway." She replied all too proper for the situation.

"We're celebrating hun. Get with the program." Erin scolded me. Then she smiled widely at Jenny.

"That should be plenty, I'm sure. I'm ready to get wild! Aren't you too Jenny?" Erin took one of mom's hands in her own.

"I don't know about wild. But I do want to let my hair down as we used to say."

"What about driving home? If we are all drinking ..." Why was I being the responsible one? I blame my parents for the proper upbringing I received!

"We'll just get a cab, or one of those ride service things." She answered me without looking at me as if my worries were beyond her caring. She wondered further into the room, checking the bathroom and the small refrigerator stocked with more goodies for us.

"Lighten up sourpuss!" Erin said gleefully and gave me a quick kiss.

"I know. I have the two most amazing women in the world and I'm being the party pooper. I'm sorry." I looked from Erin to Jenny who had finished her inspections. "How about we get some music playing?"

I flipped on the big screen TV and searched through the channels for the obligatory all-music channels. I found one that played party songs and raised the volume.

"Not too loud dear. We don't want to get any complaints." The motherly side of Jenny reared her head.

"Now who's the party pooper?" I did lower the volume a few notches. "Now, how about some dancing!"

I reached out and it was Jenny that gave me her hand.

I glanced at Erin for assurance and she nodded happily at me.

I have said this before, I was a capable dancer, I didn't trip over my feet and managed to not step on my partners feet. Jenny was in a whole other league. I just wriggled and moved about as I felt the urge, but my mother made it look as if she had been practicing her moves for weeks.

"Wow Jenny! You really know how to dance!" Erin exclaimed as she watched. Her compliment seemed odd at the time as they had already danced together earlier at the club. But then, maybe Erin was just trying to butter mom up so she could get her hands under that dress!

I did my best to not look like an idiot next to Jenny as she shimmied in her shimmery short and tight dress. The room's dull lights reflected off her like the world's sexiest disco ball! Erin clapped in time to the music as mom and I danced through three songs. Just as the fourth song was starting, there was a knock at the door. I muted the tv while mom went to get the door.

A young man in the hotel livery stood there with a small cart with a covered tray and a large ice bucket with two bottles thrust into it. He didn't look much older than me.

"Room service." He announced as if he might be anyone but.

"That was very quick." Mom said as she eyed the man and the cart.

"Only the quickest at the Grand Monarch." He said with little enthusiasm as if by rote. His eyes did travel from mom to Erin and I, noting our attire and lingering more on Jenny than Erin.

"Ma'am. For the liquor I'm going to have to see I.D.'s." His eyes did come back to me and Erin as obviously under age.

"We're celebrating their graduation. I'm his mother." Mom declared as if that made things okay.

"I still need to see ..."

"We aren't going to be going anywhere. Can't you make an exception?" Mom had reached into her tiny purse and pulled out some folded bills that I couldn't see the denominations.

His eyes did open wider and he surveyed the room's occupants again.

"I really shouldn't. I could lose my job if anything happened." He was wavering.

Mom turned to us.

"Jeremy. Turn your head." She ordered me.

What?

I did as she asked.

I heard two gasps.

The bellhop and Erin.

What?

"As long as you say you will stay in the room." The bellhop said then.

I turned back around. The door was closing and Erin had the biggest smile on her face that I had ever seen.

"What happened? Why'd he agree?" I asked suspiciously.

"Jenny flashed him!" Erin stated as she was on the verge of laughing.

"What?" I exclaimed loudly. "Why did I have to turn around then?"

"I had already told him that you were my son. I couldn't let on that you have already seen my tits before!" Mom explained.

"Can I see them now?" I asked almost feeling jealous of the bellhop.

"Jeremy!" Mom glared at me. "We're not here for you to ogle your mother's breasts!"

We're not?

"Turn the music back up dear." Jenny told me and then took Erin's hand. "Jeremy tells me that you've done some dancing."

"I took ballet until I got to high school." Erin replied.

"Why did you stop?"

"I didn't think it was cool enough for high school." Erin answered meekly.

"Baryshnikov would say otherwise." Jenny stated coolly.

"I know. I wish I had kept up with it. I knew I would never be a true ballerina, but I did love doing what I could." A spark of fire then burned in Erin's blue orbs.

"Never give up on your dreams dear, you never know where they may lead you."

My own dreams had led me here, in a hotel room with my two luscious girlfriends! And hopefully to test out the large bed that was never out of my sight!

Erin hugged my mom. "Thank you, Jenny."

"Let's see what you got honey." Mom said to Erin as she began to wiggle her hips in time with the song playing.

Both of them were trying to get hands under dresses!

I was then witness to two gorgeous babes dancing together again. Erin might not be the equal to my Aunt Jess in the physique department, but that night when my aunt, mom, and I went dancing we had been in public and the woman had kept it tame. Mostly anyway. Much as mom and Erin had earlier that evening. This time there were no restraints and Jenny and Erin danced as sexily as I had ever seen two girls dancing together ever. They swayed and shook, writhed and wiggled, gyrated and ground against each other to make any exotic dancer proud. They soon ceased to follow the music and had moved into what I could only call foreplay!

"You may not have planned on anything Jenny, but if the two of you keep dancing like that you will get far more than you might have thought!" I told the pair while rubbing the bulge in my pants.

Mom laughed at that, part innocently and a good part raunchily. Her eyes did spot what my hand was doing.

"I really didn't plan on this! I just wanted a night out with you both to show how proud I am of you." Jenny protested as she stopped her movements. "I may not have known you for very long Erin, but I think of you almost like a daughter."

Mom then gave Erin a loving hug. A hug she might have given Jojo. Except for the sexy outfit that Erin was wearing.

Erin returned the hug, but made it much more when she patted mom's ass before grabbing it firmly in her palm.

"Erin!" Mom gasped but didn't break free from the redhead's hold.

"I vote for more of what Jeremy's thinking!" Erin giggled and leaned closer to Jenny.

Their red lips touched, softly at first, almost like a first kiss, shy and nervous. It was only a moment before those lush lips were mashed together and a pair of tongues were probing opposing mouths. Jenny's hands roamed Erin's back as my girlfriend continued to grab and squeeze my mother's firm tush.

"Hey! Don't forget me!" I said loudly.

Not that I minded too much. It was just as hot to watch the two lovely ladies making out as it would for me to be either of them with the other.

"We shouldn't forget this food either!" Mom said as she wiped her lips. She and Erin both had red smears all around their mouths. They almost looked like clowns. Beautiful, sexy clowns.

Erin caught sight of mom and started laughing.

"What?" Jenny asked nervously.

"We messed up our lipstick! If I look only half as mussed as you ..." Erin laughed again.

"Oh! Oh no."

Mom went over to the large dresser with a mirror on the wall above it.

"I guess I might as well just wipe it all off. It wouldn't last long if I redid it with you two around anyway!" She gave us both an accusatory look.

I hadn't even done anything yet!

A quick trip to the bathroom for the two girls and then they returned with normal colored lips. They still looked just as kissable to me!

Mom grabbed one of the mini almost-sandwiches and carefully took a few bites. Erin did the same, but her bites weren't as delicate. Me, I practically crammed a whole one in my mouth. They were quite small! This earned me light-hearted glares but I just shrugged my shoulders as I chewed.

I was swallowing the last of a second when the girls each finished their one.

"Here honey, you have some crumbs." Mom said as she stepped closer to me.

Instead of using her fingers to wipe my mouth, my wonderful mom used her soft warm lips and a bit of her tongue to get me crumb-free. This only made me crave another sandwich if I got to use Jenny's lips as my napkin!

"You missed some Jenny." Erin nudged mom aside and spent a good couple of minutes searching me for non-existent sandwich particles.

"I think I need a drink now to wash that down." Mom said and poured out shots into three of the small plastic cups from the short stack of them that came with the Jack. At least the champagne had the appropriate glass flutes delivered with it.

Jenny handed me and Erin a cup, and then raised hers in salute before downing it in one gulp. Erin and I each did the same.

The fiery liquid burned as it went down.

"Another?" Jenny then asked us even as she was pouring herself more.

"Sure. Why not." I nodded. Erin set her cup down for mom to fill again.

The second burned as much as the first, but I welcomed the fire in my belly to match the one in my loins.

"More dancing?" Erin asked after she gulped hers.

"Definitely." Mom said as a new song started in the background. It was Erin's hand that she took and pulled her away from the cart.

I just grabbed another sandwich and watched the pair pressed close and dancing slowly and sexily together, even if it didn't match the quick beat of the music. I would have to make sure that I made an extra effort with them both if we did progress to the bed later. I didn't want them to forget my skills in their lust for each other!

After two songs, I cut in and Erin giggled and grabbed me in her arms. Jenny just smiled at me and allowed my girlfriend to steal me from her. My sexy frizzy fire-haired vixen glued herself to me tighter than my underwear, grinding her pelvis against the large lump in my pants. I pushed back just as urgently. My hands dug into the ruffles of her skirt.

Then I was dancing with Jenny again and she was as insistent with her body on me as Erin had been. Or even maybe more!

My hands roamed every delightful inch of the back of mom's blue dress and even across her bare upper back. Though that wasn't as nice as the softer and plusher bottom part of her dress!

I grew worried about unloading in my shorts before I would even get them off!

"Careful Jenny! We need to save him for later!" Erin obviously saw the danger that I was skirting.

"You both are still presuming quite a bit!" Jenny laughed, but didn't cease her wonderful rubbing against me.

My hands cupped her cheeks pulling the hem up enough that I could feel the lower swell of Jenny's ass.

"I think we need a break, before we get too worked up and start something that we can't stop." Mom declared as she pulled out of my arms and tugged her dress back down over her bum.

I don't know where mom was right then, but I think that line had been crossed long ago! Probably the moment that she had even suggested this little celebration!

"I could use a little breather." Erin added and sat in one of the nice leather chairs.

"How about some champagne? We are celebrating." Jenny went back to the cart and pulled one of the large bottles from the ice bucket. She eyed the label and nodded her approval. "Jeremy? Would you do the honors?"

"Sure." I said as I took the bottle and dried it. Not that I knew why she had me doing it. I had never opened champagne before.

I had a moment getting the foil off, but figured out loosening the wire cage. Then I was clueless. I looked at mom and she gestured to twist it. I did so, slowly as I was nervous about the cork shooting across the room. Whatever I did though must have been right, as the cork popped out without barely a noise. I had seen many videos of flowing bottles

of champagne at sports championships and had always thought that it was a waste to have the beverage pouring out on the floor or ground.

"Nice job." Jenny complimented me.

Erin grabbed one of the slim glass flutes and held it out for me to pour. Mom did the same, but holding one in each hand.

I tipped the bottle slowly and filled Erin's halfway, then on to the others. I returned the bottle to the ice and took my glass from mom.

She stopped us before we could take a drink.

"I want to make a speech first. If I may."

Erin and I kept quiet. I turned the music down until it was barely heard, a dull susurrus in the background. Erin and I both sat in the two angled chairs against the wall.

"First ..." Mom paused if collecting her thoughts and her words. She looked at me deeply, then over to Erin. Her eyes returned to me before she continued.

"I am so proud of you Jeremy. Proud of the young man that you have grown into and all that you have accomplished so far in your life. Also, all that I know you will achieve in your life in the future, no matter what it is that you go on to do, or be in life."

"I don't know you very well Erin, but I think I know enough to know the type of woman that you are, fierce, independent, even bold. Traits that will take you very far in this world. I feel very grateful to have gotten to meet you and to get to know you better."

Erin giggled at that and I had to smirk too. Mom just looked at us, and went on.

"Yes, that. Anyway. I hope that you two continue as a couple. You are so perfect together, even if I may be biased. I want only the best for my son and I will say that I think that that is you dear. I have seen how Jeremy feels about you just by looking in his eyes as he talks about you. I've seen the same in your eyes too. You have said about being destined for one another and I can completely believe that now. I can't see how anyone else could be more right for either of you. That I get to share in that love, to be a part of your lives ... But this isn't about me."

Jenny's eyes were slightly cloudy as moisture welled up in them.

"Jeremy."

"You are my son. My firstborn. My oldest child. But you are also so much more than that. You've become my lover, my friend, and my ... fantasy man. Some can say how wrong what we have is, and at some point, I might have believed it, but not anymore, not in a long while. I was wrong to break up with you and deny what I felt; to deny what you felt about me. We have always known the difficulties that we would face with this awkward relationship. It has never been easy and won't ever be what you could call normal, but I don't care. It has been worth it, and is worth it. The only thing that I can be glad about that time is that it allowed you to find someone that you can be normal with, someone to have in the open that I can never be."

Erin interrupted mom at that point.

"He didn't find me, I found him."

"And that is the boldness that I mentioned." Mom looked tenderly at my girlfriend.

"Honey, you have made me feel more like a woman than any other person. You've helped me discover parts of me that I didn't know existed and brought to light things that I had deep within me. I thank you for that. That and so much more. I am sorry that I can't give you more of myself, but I also love Justin and could never leave him for you. I gave him a promise. That hasn't changed. I have two other children

that I would do anything for too. I can't jeopardize their happiness just for yours or my own desires. I hope, and believe, that you become the same with Erin. I think she can make you just as happy as you have claimed that I do. I am so, so proud of you my son. My friend. My love."

"Jen ..." I started but she waved me to silence.

"I'm glad that you found Erin, or she found you, whatever. It hurt a little to see you with someone else, much as you probably felt about your father with me. No, it hurt a lot. But I knew that she was what you needed, what you still need. I was so mad when you told me that she had seen us, but mostly because I was afraid of losing you, of the consequences of what we had been doing. I see now that that was a very fortuitous discovery as I now have Erin in my life too! This has been a very strange ride that we've been on, but it has been exciting too and looking back, I wouldn't change anything, even the terrible times have resulted in treasured moments. I love you too Erin, like a daughter, and as more."

Mom's eyes dropped demurely to the floor at that admission that was no admission as we had already known its truth.

"I'm glad that you are a part of my son's life; the lover of my lover, and my own lover also." Mom was surely blushing then.

Erin and I just gave Jenny loving and also leering looks.

"To conclude, I am proud of you both and I hope you both have long and happy lives together. No matter what part I may have in those lives. So, congratulations to Jeremy and to Erin."

She then stepped to me and gave me a very motherly kiss on the cheek.

The second one on my lips was anything but maternal!

Jenny stepped back and was about to lift her glass.

"Where's my kiss?" Erin demanded with a sexy grin.

Mom leaned over to kiss Erin's cheek as she had done the first time with me, but my redheaded lover twisted her head so that Jenny got half the kiss on my girlfriend's cheek and the other half on Erin's sweet lips.

When mom pulled back, each of them smiled slyly.

We then lifted our fizzing glasses and touched them with a clink before taking a long swig.

"After that speech, I'm surprised it isn't now warm!" I quipped to break the mushy mood. I was truly touched with mom's words; I just didn't want that to affect what was sure to occur.

Very soon, I hoped!

"Don't be such a guy! Jenny's words were very sweet. I'm proud that she has taken me into your family. Thank you, Jenny." Erin took another sip of her bubbly. "And thank you for taking me into your bed too!"

I choked at that as I took another gulp.

Jenny might have choked at it also, but she hadn't had her glass to her lips.

"Thank you, sweetie. I think." Mom might have blushed but it was concealed by the false color on her cheeks.

"Hey! I took you into my bed too!" I chimed in.

"But you've been in my bed more!" Erin countered with a giggling grin.

She was right there! I might have spent more time there some days than in my own bed!

"And I thank you every time too!" I returned her grin.

"I love how you thank me!"

"I'd tell you two to get a room, but ... well ..." Jenny smiled widely and took another sip. She looked around for another seat and had to settle for the corner of the bed. She sat nervously, clearly wary of breaching its use, as if just sitting there would lead to much more.

As I was sure we would!

My eyes darted to the hem of her dress that barely concealed that which I desired to see! Not that the vision of her well-toned legs wasn't conciliation enough instead.

"I really wasn't looking to have sex with you both tonight. Believe that or not. I just had this urge to get out of the house with you, especially since I don't have many opportunities with ..." She trailed off.

I was very glad that she didn't mention my father.

"I'm glad you did too Jenny. You do need to get out more. I wish that we could do more together, and I did so even before I had met Erin. You're my girl!" I gushed to my mother.

"Aw, thank you sweetie!" This earned me a loving look and her pursed lips in an air kiss.

"You just better not keep me holed up in a house, lover!" Erin warned with her own pursed lips.

"It's not that easy Erin, especially when you have kids." Jenny stated with an almost shy look at me. Yeah, I guess I was still kind of a kid to her, even as I tried to impress on her that I was fully a man!

"Justin was, I mean, is very loving. When we first met, he was as much of an animal as Jeremy is now. I think that is part of what drew me to him. That he reminded me of how things used to be with Justin." Jenny said somewhat wistfully.

Mom just had to bring up dad!

Even if I liked her calling me an animal!

But that dad had been one too?

I shivered at that thought.

"If, and I still say if, no matter what I may think, if we get married, you had better never treat me like that!" Erin's tone was jocular, but her meaning went for the jugular!

I shivered again at her words.

"Never my love!" I declared as a promise.

Mom laughed at that and finished her glass. She waved it at me and I jumped up to refill it for her. Erin noted this and downed the last of hers also. Another refill and then while I was up, I topped off my own glass.

"I want to ask, before I forget. At the restaurant earlier. The waitress said something about recognizing you both, but she said the 'three of you'. What did she mean by that?" Erin asked seemingly innocently, but with a curious undertone.

Um!

"Uh ..." I mumbled.

I knew then that I would never truly be capable of lying to Erin ever. The look in her deep blue deep eyes filled with love and trust was such that I could never tell her anything but the truth even as I might try to not tell the whole truth to this wonderful woman!

"Well, you see ... we went there before. To the restaurant. With my aunt. Aunt Jessica." I stumbled over my words as I tried to explain without giving too much away.

"Really? The way Gretchen acted it was as if you were with another girlfriend. Jessica, hmm?" Erin questioned.

"Yes. It was a nice evening out with Jeremy and my sister." Jenny jumped in. "We had dinner and then went dancing."

"Dinner and dancing?" Erin sounded very suspicious.

Uh oh!

"And Justin and the kids?" Erin asked. She was still smiling pleasantly, but her tone was penetrating. Or it was just my guilt.

I let mom answer as even in my head I couldn't complete a sentence.

"Justin was on a business trip, and Johnny and Jojo spent the weekend with their grandmother. Jessica suggested the three of us getting out one night while they all were gone." Jenny filled in details.

"That was nice of her." Erin's eyes darted from me to Jenny and back. They glowed cheerfully, but I wondered about the gears turning behind those azure pools.

"Did you and Jeremy do anything together that night? While no one was home?" Erin asked with a hint of a leer on her lips.

"Oh. Well ... I mean, after Jess went home, we did kind of end up in my bed." Mom's eyes went from staring back at Erin to falling to the floor as more of her naughtiness was revealed.

"Oh, you two!" Erin then laughed. "I guessed that it had been after you two had ... gotten together! How did you keep it secret from your sister? She never guessed?"

My lips were sealed tight!

"Um, I don't know what Jess might have thought. She hasn't said anything. We really were very discreet." Mom tried to assure Erin.

"You two don't know what discreet means!" Erin teased. "Remember, I caught you two on the living room couch! In the middle of the day!"

Erin finished her champagne and set it on the table beside her chair.

"We have kept dad from finding out!" I declared finally able to speak coherently.

"I'm sure that's only because he could never believe his beautiful wife would be sleeping with his handsome son!" Erin giggled too much.

I guessed that the Jack Daniels and the champagne were starting to affect her. My own head was a bit light itself.

"Still, it's too bad that you couldn't have gotten your hottie aunt involved too! Those tits and that incredible ass! Even if I didn't already like girls, I think a chance with her would make me think of giving up on guys!" Erin said as she bubbled with lust. She gestured with her hands as she described my aunt as if she was grabbing Aunt Jessica's big breasts or squeezing her delectable derrière!

It wasn't exactly a lie.

"Erin! That's my aunt you're talking about like that!" I declaimed firmly.

Jenny gave a stare that I saw had disbelief in it.

"Oh, don't tell me you've never dreamed about her!" Erin teased me. Her penetrating stare left no doubt that she already knew the answer whatever I might say. "You've probably wanked to that body many times!"

I almost broke right then!

"Erin! No matter what we are doing together, that is my sister you are talking so coarsely about." Jenny responded strongly.

I noticed that mom didn't speak out about Erin's crude words about me!

Even if they were true!

"Sorry Jenny! You're right. Besides, the two of you are all I need anyway!" Erin rose from her chair and crossed over to the bed. She reached out her arm and when mom took her hand, Erin pulled Jenny to her feet. Erin's hands snaked quickly around Jenny's slim waist.

Then the two were kissing again.

I drank my champagne and enjoyed the sight.

After a few minutes they separated, and Erin looked at me with such a joyous smile that it brought a smile to my lips. She reached a hand out towards me and I had to join them at her invitation.

I met Erin's lips eagerly even as I felt Jenny's hand on my waist.

Just before I needed oxygen, Erin turned my head towards Jenny's, and after two deep breaths, I then kissed Jenny's soft lips.

We traded off as we shared our passions. Erin and Jenny kissed again while I had my arms around both their wonderful waists with my face within a foot of their beautiful miens. Then Erin was lip locked with me again. Jenny put her mouth on my neck and half-kissed and half-sucked it. My hands wandered from waists to hips, then to soft, yet firm and curvy asses. The girls ground their pelvises against the sides of my legs. Mom's mouth moved up my jaw and replaced Erin's lips with her own. For a moment I was kissing both women at the same time before the older pair of lips was sucking the air out of me as well as the younger had just done. Erin kissed down the side of my jaw, down my neck, and down inside the V of my shirt. I had hands on my ass, my chest, and my back. I wanted just one of them on my aching dick!

We all broke apart as one and stared at one another with lust burning in our eyes. My eyes darted towards the bed and Jenny's and Erin's followed mine. The triangle we had formed became a line with me in the middle as we took a few steps towards the king-sized bed.

Jenny turned to me and kissed me again. Not as full of fire as a few minutes before but more of a prelude to the future or a promise of so much more to come. I turned to the opposite direction and was met by Erin's lips again. She too wasn't as forceful with her kiss, but the addition of her tongue teasing my lower lip added to her intensity.

The women synchronistically pulled my suit coat off my shoulders and I let it fall where it may.

Each of them then took a half step backwards and with me unaware, they both shoved me to the bed. Caught off balance, I fell forward onto the cool comforter, but quickly rolled over to spy my assailants smiling guiltily at me. I spread my arms open to invite them into my embrace, and onto the large mattress. They both knelt up onto the bed and laid down in my arms. They had removed their shoes as their feet were all now bare. Well, Erin still had on her pantyhose or stockings, but the reinforced square at her toes suggested the later rather than the former. Toes that were painted the same shade of lime green as her fingernails.

Erin, and then Jenny, leaned up over my face to kiss me. As they did, there were four hands working at the buttons of my crisp white shirt after loosening my navy-blue tie. They stopped when reaching my pants without pulling the shirt out to finish the last button. The hands spread the shirt open and ran over my now bare chest in roaming circles. My lips were shared with my two delicious girls and their own delectable lips.

I slipped my hand on Erin's side up under her sequined top and caressed the skin of her back, my other hand was firmly clamped to my mom's firm but totally squeezable ass.

It was Erin, again, that was the first to kiss down to my exposed chest, teasing her lips on my pectoral muscle. Jenny took advantage of this and appropriated my mouth for herself, pushing her tongue in for a duel with my own. I laid there and let them do what they wanted. I did try nudging Erin's top up with one hand, while the other inched under Jenny's hem to return to that fantastic fanny.

None of us were in any hurry to undress each other, even as we were also anxious to get naked and move on to pleasuring our two partners. But just kissing was also very pleasurable too!

Mom joined Erin with her lips on my chest, but then she moved down to my stomach and abdomen as Erin returned to kiss my mouth for a

too-short few minutes before returning to teasing my body with her lips. Then the two angels were kissing each other just above my navel.

While I let my hands roam over all of the two figures beside me, I noticed that they both were very conspicuously avoiding the large bulge less than a foot from their mashed lips. Lips that went from joined together to hovering above my face and both kissing me simultaneously. Three tongues danced a tango as our six lips encircled them.

As one, both beauties fell from my face, falling back to lay at my side as they both giggled giddily.

"My mouth is dry." Mom stated with amusement. "I think I need some more champagne."

"Me too!" Erin agreed.

"Hell, count me in too I guess." I actually wouldn't have minded another shot or two of the Jack!

It didn't seem as we were in as much of a rush to get under the bed's covers as I knew in reality that each of us really wanted. But that the longer we delayed, the more our desire was heightened. As if that

might even be possible! I know my desire was very ready to be released from my pants!

Neither of the girls moved and I took the hint. I regretfully moved my arms from around their soft frames and pushed myself upright. I pulled off the loop that was now my tie and flung it aside. I then climbed off the bed and retrieved our glasses and refilled them. I brought the women their drinks before making a second trip to get my glass of bubbly. I sat down on the edge of the bed to be able to drink, and Jenny and Erin moved up near me holding their glasses.

We sipped our beverage silently but with furtive glances at each other, me over my shoulders at them and they smiling behind my back. I downed the last half of mine with a gulp. What I really wanted was something stronger. I stood and went over to the cart to pour myself a large shot of the Jack Daniels. I took a swig and felt hands on my shoulders. I turned to find mom standing there with such a smile on her face that would brighten any place she went.

"I remember a day not so long ago that you were hesitant to drink with me." Her green eyes darted back and forth between my own. "You did say that it would be no time before you would be doing so easily."

She moved her face close to mine and stuck out her tongue to lick my lips, seeking the wetness left by the liquor. I let my lips caress hers willing to share so much more than just some JD with her.

"I think I'd like some more of that." Jenny said as she let her hands slide down my arms but kept her eyes on mine.

I wasn't sure if she meant the kisses or the alcohol.

No, I knew she meant the alcohol, I had just hoped it was the kisses.

I moved to pour some in her plastic cup, but instead she just took the one in my hand and took a drink from it. That was fine by me; it wasn't as if we hadn't shared numerous bodily fluids before!

Mom then got a guilty look in her beautiful eyes.

"Kiss me again honey!" She said. But before I could reach her lips, she lifted the cup to her mouth. I paused, wondering why she had asked so of me only to switch to the drink. She grinned and held up a finger for me to wait while she took a large gulp from the cup. She dropped it when she finished it and then looked expectantly at me with her cheeks bulging.

Huh?

"Kiss her Jeremy!" Erin told me gleefully as she got off the bed.

Gladly!

Mom's mouth was still swollen with Jack, but I tilted my head and met her lips with mine. I didn't know what she was doing, but really didn't care either.

Then her lips parted and liquor poured into my mouth. I was momentarily caught off guard, but quickly allowed the liquid to flow over my tongue. Our mouths were locked together and we swished the alcohol between us while trying to keep any from leaking out, and not just because of the mess it would make.

It may have seemed longer, but I'm sure it was only like ten seconds that we kissed like that. It did have to be the oddest kiss I've had. It definitely had the highest proof!

Jenny giggled after we swallowed and I just grinned.

"That looked kinda hot!" Erin gawked at us. I'm not sure the alcohol made any difference to her, she just loved seeing mom and I kissing as a part of her kink.

"It is by far the sexiest thing that I have ever drank from!" I chuckled. "I think I might have to get me a whole set of them!"

Jenny laughed at that and swatted at my arm, but I could also see the glint in her eyes from my compliment.

"I want to try it too!" Erin cried.

I picked up the dropped cup and splashed a few ounces into it. Erin took it and upended it all into her mouth. Her eyes lit up as she looked at me. I moved to kiss her, but was held off by her hand. Instead, she grabbed mom's waist and pulled her close.

I had a twinge of jealousy, but it was replaced by the lust that I felt as I watched my two girls swirling the whisky between their lips as they kissed so sexily, I wondered if the fancy wallpaper might catch alight from the heat!

"Forget belly shots, this is much hotter!" I exclaimed.

"What do you know about belly shots?" Mom asked as she turned to look at me after swallowing her portion of the beverage.

"I've only heard about them. But I think I have a couple of bellies that I want to try it on!"

"If I have much more to drink, I don't think I will be in any condition for anything." Jenny stated with sultry stare at Erin.

"We can't have that!" My girlfriend proclaimed with a giggle.

Then I saw mom wobble. Even in her bare feet.

The girls were starting to get more than tipsy. I will say that I was feeling very loose myself.

"I think we need to get our blood flowing to work out some of this alcohol." I said acting very responsible.

I had a different idea for getting blood flowing then my two companions.

"Dance with me Jenny!" Erin cried out and grabbed mom's hands to pull her away from the bed.

Mom laughed and let the younger girl pull her close.

Nooo!

The bed is right here! And we need to warm it up!

My mental complaints had no effect on the women though.

I don't know if it could actually be called dancing with what they were doing. It looked more like sex with the way they were grinding tightly against each other and their hands groping their hips and butts. And kissing as they did wasn't normally part of any dance steps that I knew!

Erin worked Jenny's shiny dress up and revealed her ass to me as they barely moved their feet to the non-existent music. I saw mom was wearing a thong to match the color of her dress, the material pulled tight into mom's crack as Erin massaged that great derrière!

Jenny's hands hadn't maneuvered under Erin's flouncy black skirt, but that didn't mean she wasn't kneading the redhead's butt any less!

I let them do as they were for the moment. Anything similar with me would have probably had me going off and far sooner than I would have wanted. Besides, it was intriguing to watch them. I had wondered what they had done together that day without me and now I might get

to see some of it! Maybe I would even learn something to keep me competitive with either of them!

I grabbed another of the mini-sandwiches and sat back down on the bed to watch the beauties making out as they pretended that they were dancing.

Nature called and I was able to dart to the bathroom without either of them looking my way. My dick was undecided in what condition it was expected to be such that I was only semi-erect and able to pee without too much difficulty.

I came back into the room two minutes later and the ladies were still locked together. Before I could sit again though, I saw mom's eyes open and land on me.

"Not enough excitement to keep you in your seat?" She drawled, or almost purred.

"I think the champagne went right through me." I responded plainly.

"Me too!" Erin said and pulled from Jenny to dash to the bathroom. As she crossed the room, she looked at me. "Dance with your mother sweetie!"

Okay, sure! Only if it would be like Erin had been doing!

Mom held her arms out to accept me into her grasp.

"Yes, dance with me dear!" Mom's voice may have stumbled a little, but her body was secure in my firm hold. My hands embraced her ass as Erin's had done.

"I've never been able to tell if you're an ass man, a leg man, or a breast man." Jenny asked as she stared deep into my eyes.

"I'm all of those." I stated. Then, as I was out of earshot of Erin for the moment, I also added honestly. "I'm a Jenny man. I love all of you Jenny."

I was safe, as I would have declared the same to Erin. I was a two-woman man; just these two!

"Aw honey! That's so sweet!" Jenny's face looked as if she might break out in tears from my declaration.

"As long as I can have my hands on your ass, my face in your breasts, my dick buried deep in you, and your legs wrapped around me

tightly!" I added. I know it didn't match the sentiment in my heart, but I didn't want things getting too mushy.

"Whose legs wrapped around whom?" Erin asked as she came up behind me.

My girlfriend pressed herself tight against my back so that I could feel the swells of her breasts against me and she reached around me to put her hands just above mine on mom's exposed ass.

Mom's lips were on my neck so I didn't get to hear a response to my words from her.

"Either of your legs around me." I said just as Erin started kissing the other side of my neck.

I was then the middle of the most delightful sandwich ever! One that made me want to only eat the bread!

Mom's hands were on me instead of the vixen to my rear, and they worked at my shirt to tug it off with the added difficulty of Erin's body pressed to me. Jenny might have groped at Erin's tits as she worked with my shirt since I couldn't see, but it seemed to take her longer than might be expected. Not that I faulted her, if I could have gotten my hands around Erin's boobs, I would have. I couldn't even get my hands

all over Jenny's motherly mounds with them pressed so firmly into my chest.

Jenny moved her face up my neck, letting her lips and tongue leave a damp trail as they journeyed to my mouth and awaiting lips. I kissed my mom as Erin had her own lips clamped to my neck just below my ear. I could feel Erin's breath on my earlobe. Then her whisper was warming my ear.

"Kiss her sweetie. Jenny is such a good kisser. Just like you." Erin's tongue teased my earlobe. "You probably got it from her."

I'm sure watching mom and me kiss was getting Erin very aroused. As it always did. I did notice that her pelvis was slowly moving around on my backside. Maybe I wasn't the only one ready to explode at any time!

Jenny did have the advantage of being able to press her pelvis against my pulsing pole, and it was an advantage she was using to full benefit. She had to be as close as any of us!

'Room service, clean up on aisle 3!' Or, room 1157, I should say!

That thought made me chuckle.

This made both girls pull back from me.

"Sorry. Just a random thought running in my head."

"What?" Mom asked but she appeared to only want to replace her lips on me. I did too!

"That if we don't take a breath, or at least move to the bed, we're about to make a big mess standing here!" I made no effort to leave the exquisite bookends I was squeezed between.

Both women giggled at that, clearly understanding my meaning.

"I think before anything that I need to go to the ladies' room myself." Jenny said almost shyly. She had sat on either of our faces and she was being demure about her need to pee?

"Hurry back. We might start without you!" Erin was giggling practically incessantly.

She really was intoxicated!

And intoxicating!

And yet, I was the only one that was topless!

I had to correct that situation immediately!

I grabbed the hem of Erin's sequined top and lifted it. Her eyes lit up and she raised her arms gladly.

"I'm surprised you haven't done this yet!" She cooed as she shimmied out of her covering.

As was I, if all I had had to do was to just take it and pull it off her.

Before I could grab her skirt, she jumped up on the bed and knelt there with her fabulous boobs captivating my eyes.

I nearly sprang from where I stood and landed next to her. I took her hips in my hands and pressed my lips to hers. I was instantly lost in those fleshy petals, barely aware of her arms around my neck. Only a minute or so later we fell to the side onto the luxuriant mattress.

We rolled and Erin was atop me, her stockinged knees to either side of my hips and her skirt bunched up between us. I kept my hands on her bare upper body but stayed exclusively on her back. Her tits and hard

nipples were pressed into the bare skin of my chest, as it wasn't fair for only my hands to have all the fun of feeling those fleshy orbs.

Erin and I kissed and kissed. My only thoughts of the moment were of the nubile young redhead girl astride me. I did feel the bed jostle but gave no consideration as to its cause. Erin's crumpled skirt was digging painfully into my rigid dick that was already irritated with it still being confined to my pants. I shifted and lifted the skirt so that Erin was sitting on my pants in just her panties. Or I assumed she had panties on anyway!

I felt hair on my hands as I caressed Erin's smooth back and even with the music now turned low, I could hear other kissing sounds. I gave no heed to it save for that Erin was softly moaning at my lips. I did barely hear the susurrus of a zipper and then an easing of the black fabric around my girlfriend's waist.

Mom was unzipping and removing Erin's skirt.

For me? Or for herself?

Either thought was enticing!

That my mother was getting my girl naked for me so we could have sex, or just that Jenny wanted Erin nude!

I really did have the greatest mother!

And a great lover too!

But first, Erin.

Erin wiggled and lifted from her perch even as we kept our lips pressed tight. Then the only thing keeping me from entering her was my pants and two pairs of underwear.

Hands were at my crotch, rubbing my dick through the soft cotton of my slacks. I groaned into Erin's mouth. The pressure of her lips eased, then ceased. My eyes opened and looked up at her angelic face with her blue, blue eyes glowing down at me. I was warmed in that gaze while the hands below had my lust aflame!

"Be careful Jenny! I think he's been teased for too long!" Erin warned my mom as she nimbly dismounted my frame.

I could then see Jenny kneeling near my feet with her hands rubbing over the swollen lump at my crotch. Her green eyes were burning just as brightly as Erin's blue. Her leering smile might have set the sheets

afire beneath me. That smile had already set me smoldering long, long ago.

"I think we should get these pants off of him before that happens!" Jenny said sultrily.

"We don't want to waste any!" Erin agreed in her sexy voice.

Two pairs of hands unbuckled my belt and undid my pants, working delicately and hurriedly. I just laid there and let the two sexiest women I knew take off my pants. My boxers were a big top tent as they pulled my slacks down my legs. I did see that they both struggled a bit as their attention wasn't on what they were doing.

"So much for nothing happening." I stated quietly, upset not at all for the turn of events. Not that the outcome had ever been really in doubt.

"Hush, you." Erin said with a wide grin as she trailed her fingers up my legs.

"I really did have innocent intentions about this!" Jenny said defensively.

"There is nothing innocent about you Jenny. My love." I said as I stared at her, now the only one fully clothed. If that bit of blue glimmery cloth around her middle could be considered fully clothed.

Anyone else might have cause to worry about these words being spoken in front of their significant other, but Erin's eyes sparkled at my confession to my mother. Not that I need worry, as Erin knew that I felt the same for her too.

Those hands then pulled at my boxers. I lifted my ass to let the beauties remove them, my dick now breaking free and standing as tall as it ever had.

"You really do have a fantastic dick sweetie!" Erin purred as she paused to stare.

"I made that." Mom stated proudly.

In a way, she really had.

In another way, she had also subsequently helped in keeping me hard that day!

"Good work Jenny!" Erin complimented. She then wrapped her delicate fingers around the base of my erection and gave it a waggle.

"It's sooo hard!" She giggled as she looked to Jenny.

Mom put a hand atop of Erin's and then let it slowly slide up my pole and over my damp cock head. I was leaking profusely.

"It feels really good too!" Mom cooed delightfully.

It felt damn good to me too!

"I know where else it'll feel really good!" Erin repeated Jenny's action.

"Go ahead Erin." Jenny said as she leaned backward. "I want to watch you two. I want to see my handsome son, my wonderful lover, fuck his beautiful and sexy girlfriend."

My mom always said the nicest things!

"Oooo!" Erin exclaimed giddily, as if she had just won first prize.

"I want you on top, between my legs. I want to watch you too! I want to watch you give me a really good fucking!" Erin told me with half-lidded eyes.

She rolled onto her back on the bed, and I saw that she did have on a silky green pair of panties. And that her tan stockings were thigh highs.

"Let's get those off you honey." Jenny said as she grabbed the waistband and whisked the emerald fabric down Erin's gorgeous gams. Legs, which then sprang open to expose her auburn bush above her pink and wide lips. The dampness there matched that of my dripping dick.

"You are so beautiful Erin!" Jenny whispered breathily.

"So are you Jenny!" Erin replied gleefully.

I did note that nothing was said to me, or my huge aching dick!

Well no, mom had said 'handsome son and wonderful lover'!

"Put it in me Jenny! Put your son's amazing dick in my pussy!"

My mom really did do it all for me!

Jenny leaned back over again and wrapped her fingers around the middle of my cock and pulled me towards Erin's pelvis. I knee walked between those inviting legs until I was within reach of her awaiting hole. Mom wiggled my dick over Erin's petals to our mutual delight. My dome was wet, Erin was wet. Mom placed the tip just inside the opening and looked up at me with such a look of pride.

"Go ahead dear, give her that magnificent cock!"

Whatever mom says!

I shoved forward until I was just over halfway in Erin's wet, but very tight, pussy.

"Oh God, that feels so damned good honey!" My redheaded vixen cried out.

Felt pretty damned good to me too!

"I love you Erin!" I proclaimed, my feelings not any less for the position that I was in.

"I love you too! Now fuck my damn pussy good!" She squealed loudly.

I then wondered if there was anybody in the adjacent rooms to ours. But then my dick was deep in my girlfriend's hot pussy and I didn't care if someone heard something that we didn't normally want to broadcast! Tonight, I was with my gorgeous girls and I didn't care if anyone might hear me call out 'mom!' or anything else similar. I fully intended to make them both holler and wail, to make the bed bounce on the floor and off the wall!

Right then I had a fiery-haired nymph to please first!

Even as I already struggled to contain my own needs.

I clenched muscles, focused on my task, tried to think other thoughts, and tried to block out how incredible it felt as I sank into Erin's chamber of love.

I started slow, letting her adjust to being filled, going deeper with each measured stroke, but also to let my dick adjust to the sensations gradually and not set me off.

Mom moved a little back to give us space but it wasn't really necessary. She could have been right on top of us, or me, if she wanted! It was more probable that she just wanted a good angle to watch.

It was different to have Jenny watching and not actually involved. I was performing for her, and not with her. It was just as sexy this way, but just different. I meant to give her a damned good show too. There would be plenty of time for her to be involved. Included, entangled, participating, enmeshed.

Where Erin and I went, Jenny would cum, I mean, come. Well, both.

Jenny's face was rapt as she watched the two of us; her two young lovers, male and female.

I thrust into Erin with unhurried strokes, pistoning like an old-time steam engine building up to speed. Erin's legs wobbled in the air with each plunge with a small squeak from her throat as I did so.

My need was still strong, but I did manage to push it into the background of my mind, and just thought about that action that I was doing. In and out. Up and down. Like a machine. The camshaft didn't know to orgasm, the woodsman's saw knew nothing about cumming, the oil rig went up and down and nothing more. They all also didn't know how wonderful it felt to have a tight pussy squeezing you as you sank into its dampness, to have your balls slapping at a pink asshole as you plumbed such fantastic depths to make a miner jealous. Or to have the angelic choir of one as she moaned your name, cried how good it felt, or squealed as you brought her to the brink of her own sweet bliss.

As I rocked in and out of Erin, it was all that and so, so much more.

And the only other person that I had felt like that with was only a few feet away watching and burning with her own lust and love.

Then it was all too much. I could no longer hold back the dam with only a few meager thoughts and a faltering willpower. I had already succeeded in outlasting my young love, so with my body racking with tremors from my imminent explosion, I released the flood contained within my nuts.

It was as powerful an orgasm as I could remember.

I could only hope that I had at least a few more left in me, even if not its equal.

I was then laying on the soft bed looking up with sweat burning my eyes before a softer pair of lips was on my face searching for my lips as they kissed across my damp cheek. I let myself be swept away in those lips, whosevers they might be.

"That was incredible, darling!" I recognized mom's tender voice. I couldn't tell if it was from the mouth on mine or elsewhere.

"You really did build up a big load, didn't you?" Erin's strained voice. From farther away than my face.

"Oooh!" I heard Jenny cry excitedly.

I wiped my face, and my eyes, with the back of an arm which was just as equally sweaty, then grabbed one of the luxurious pillows to wipe my brow. I raised my head to see mom moving down between Erin's still open thighs, although they now rested on the mattress and weren't flailing in the air.

"Oh yes, Jenny! Eat me! Lick my pussy!" My girlfriend's voice had recovered as quickly as her desire. But I guess having my mother licking her pussy aided her improvement!

"Both of you taste so good!" Mom mewed lazily as she lapped away.

I was jealous of her; but for the fount she drank from and not the essence that was there. Half the essence, anyway.

I breathed deep until the stars stopped spinning in front of my eyes and my limbs recovered the ability to move again. I raised up on my elbows to now watch Jenny performing.

She licked hungrily at Erin's nether lips, clearly lapping up the prodigious amount of cum I had surely left there. Her eyes alit on me and she grinned with her face full of pussy. A pussy that tasted so good on its own and now defiled with my spent. I was sure that Jenny would soon have it spotlessly clean, if not dry.

"Oh yes! Keep going! Just like that!" Erin cried out.

Mom wasn't only just cleaning her up, she was getting my girlfriend revved up again!

"Yes, yes, yes!" Erin repeated as she grabbed at the covers in her fists as her face scrunched up and her head fell back.

Mom's eyes found me again for a brief moment and all the lust that I already had for that incredible woman only increased as I watched her make Erin orgasm strongly on her face.

After, as mom now set about cleaning up the new mess she'd made, Erin's eyes wandered about until she found my face. The look of extreme bliss there made me desire my sweet Erin all the more.

All I would ever need, desire, or want, was these two perfect women!

Erin's eyes stayed on mine.

"Kiss me love."

No matter how I might have felt, and I was doing better by then, but even if completely drained, I would still always have the energy to fulfil that request!

I did so eagerly.

I tasted the saltiness of her perspiration, smelled the sweet perfume she wore, but it was that Erin-ness, the quintessence that was her, that captivated me.

It was a short kiss, but as full of our love as any other we had shared.

Then Jenny's face loomed close, a devious smile on her wet lips.

"Oh, kiss me Jenny!" Erin said and reached up with her hands to grasp my mom's face and pull it closer. This pushed me aside, which was okay with me.

Their kiss was sexy and full of roaming tongues as I assumed mom was divvying up her newly acquired liquid treasure with Erin. It didn't last much longer than the one I had just shared. Then Jenny looked expectantly at me, but I ignored her unsaid teasing, and mom resumed kissing Erin again.

Through all this I had retained my stiffness at no surprise to myself. As horny as I had been all day, and with the girls teasing me relentlessly in spite of my arousal, I almost expected that I might have to call a doctor as I would surely have an erection lasting longer than four hours!

They were currently paying me no attention, so I moved up and got behind Jenny who was on her knees and was half-crouched over Erin as they swirled their tongues together. Her dress had hiked up over her hips exposing the blue satiny panties that covered her mons. I pulled them quickly aside to reveal that mom's pussy was just as wet as Erin's was before I had plunged into her, so without any warning (not that any was required!), I pushed deep into my mom's tight cunt.

"Oh fuckkk!" She exclaimed loudly, but then went back to kissing Erin.

I gave that beautiful butt a firm, but not too hard, smack before I grabbed her curvy hips and pressed deeper.

"Oh yes!" Jenny wailed.

"Give it to her Jeremy! Fuck your mom good! Like you just did with me!" Erin demanded and gripped mom's face tighter in her hands, smashing her lips to Jenny's.

As if I would try to do so poorly! Good, or better, was all I ever gave either of them!

"Yes honey! Just like you did with Erin! Beautiful, sweet Erin!" Jenny wailed and then went in search of Erin's tonsils with her tongue.

If it wasn't for how strongly I felt about them both, I might have worried about how much they had connected. It was one thing to have your mother accept, or even be friendly with your girlfriend, but mine willingly, even eagerly, went down on my girlfriend! That Erin seemed to love to do the same just flew in the face of all expectations any reasonable guy could have. I could never have ever dreamed of circumstances such as I now found myself in practically daily.

But right then I was currently pounding into mom's pussy with a furious gusto. The squelching sounds as I slipped in and out of that drenched tunnel drowned out the slapping of my skin against Jenny's glorious ass. Neither was a match for the continuous low moans that were muffled by Erin's mouth clamped to mom's lips.

I assumed that I would be good for more than a few minutes now that some of my desire had been burned off, but my love and lust for my lovely Jenny made that assumption false, as I could feel a new need building quickly deep inside. I was once again trying to concentrate on things other than what I was doing. Up, down. Spring, summer, fall. Rain, sleet, snow. The unending that led to the inevitable. I would stay like this forever if it possible.

Well, only if I could occasionally switch from one to the other.

I pumped, pounded, and pushed recklessly into my mother's cunt while she now struggled to kiss Erin between the squeals of delight.

"More! Don't stop! God, I love your fucking cock!" Jenny almost yelled. "I love your boyfriend's dick Erin!"

"I love watching him fuck you Jenny! Your son is fucking you sooo gooood!" Erin said enthusiastically enough to leave no doubt about any jealousy between them.

"He is! My son is fuck-king meee sooo goooood!" Mom looked over her shoulder at me as I rammed in and out. "Keep fucking me Jeremy! Give mommy that big gorgeous dick of yours!"

"Always mom, always!"

I was getting closer. Closer than I wanted to be.

The feeling of my dick surrounded by mom's snug pussy was one that was unmatched by anything, even if I must include Erin too. Not that it diminished what I felt about my girlfriend, but I had known Jenny longer and much deeper than I would probably ever know anyone. If I should have a life with Erin and we spent a lifetime together, then things might change, but even then, Jenny would still be my mother. Nothing would ever change that.

It was thoughts like this that betrayed me. How could I not give mom everything I had when I loved her so much? Everything, including my seed burning in my loins aching to be released deep into her heavenly womb from whence I sprang.

"Ungh! Jenny! I'm ... close! Gonna ... cum ... so fucking ... hard ... in ... in ... your ... tight ... so tight ... cunt!" I gasped as I now sprinted for the finish line.

I gave no thought anymore for if she came first or not. She had stated that she had wanted me to be first sometimes. I still preferred that, but at certain times, like now, I gave into my own drives and with a few more stuttered thrusts, I let loose my second load of the evening. This now made my girls even, though Erin's must have been the more voluminous of the two.

"Cum in ... me! Fill me ... with ... your ... delicious cum ... honey! You ... are ... gonna ... make ... mommmee ... cuuum too!" Mom shrieked in time with each powerful thrust. "Aaaaaaa!"

"God! I love you both so much!" I barely heard Erin exclaim as my body trembled as I sprayed my cream deep in mom.

I collapsed in gravity's grasp to the cool bed covers. Two pairs of lips painted my face with kisses and then alternated kisses on my lips. I lifted my arms weakly to hold each of the two sex kittens in my hands.

"I love you both." I said barely above a whisper.

"We love you too, dear." Jenny's mouth was at my right cheek.

"I love you so much, you big goon!" Erin was on my left. She gave me another soft kiss, hardly more than a peck.

Then mom had to match that with one of her own. This one was more than a peck, but not enough to be called passionate. The feeling she imparted was more than the length of the smooch.

To even out our trio, the two girls then tenderly kissed before my eyes. No tongues were exchanged, only a soft meeting of their lips. But as erotic as all hell!

"Now it's my turn!" Erin cried out gleefully.

I didn't know what turn it was she declaring; she'd had already had a share of my dick.

She pushed Jenny off me and onto her back, then Erin crawled down the bed over mine and then mom's legs. My petite girlfriend quickly pulled off the blue bit of intimate cloth down those sexy limbs, of which she then lifted and spread apart.

Oh!

I was more than worn after finishing with my girlfriend, but I still had strength to sit up to watch as Erin buried her face into mom's gaping hole.

"Yes! I love your tongue Erin! Lick mommy really good!" Mom cooed ecstatically.

"I love your pussy, mommy! And it's even better when it's filled with my sweetie's thick cum!" Erin's voice rose in pitch to resemble that of a younger girl.

"Lick up all Jeremy's tasty cum! Clean mommy's wet pussy for her, dear. Oh! That feels amazing!" Mom moaned as Erin's tongued danced and plunged into her womanhood. "Yes! Like that! Fuuuck! Do that, do that! Oh my God!"

Jenny was shuddering on the bed with bliss. Her eyes were clenched shut, her head was shaking from side to side, her long legs were vibrating, and her hands, now fists, were beating the bed at her sides.

"Fuuck!" She wailed. "Kiss me Jeremy! Fucking kiss me now!"

I rose and moved immediately to my lover's lips. I kissed her as hard as I could, pressing my mouth against hers tight enough that I could feel the contours of her teeth with my lips. She fought to contain her scream as our mouths mashed together, her ecstasy flooding from her like a tidal wave.

I was a little jealous then. That I hadn't been the one to give her that pleasure, even if I had just done its equal moments before. I did at least get to share in it with her and that was genuinely enough for me.

Erin grinned and climbed up mom's frame like a feral cat. She looked at me with a hungry smile, but continued to Jenny's face and kissed my mom as hotly as they had just so recently done. I could see a whiteness on Erin's tongue as it drove into Jenny's open mouth. I knew it was petty of me to not join in, but I couldn't help the shiver at even the thought. Even as lucky as I was, there were still some boundaries to not be crossed. At least for me; the girls seemed to have none.

I had now had two orgasms in some short time so I expected to be out of action for at least a little bit. My dick was flagging, but did twitch with the action still going on. My will was there and if it had been up to my brain, I could have lasted at least a week or more!

Ah, the frailties of the mortal shell!

It was probably the only thing that gave me any reason to believe that I hadn't really been in heaven all this time! If I had been, I would be a sexual superman! 'Gets hard faster than a speeding bullet! Cums more powerful than a cannon! Able to fuck two women all night long! It's Superlover!'

I had to grin at that!

Erin and Jenny were still kissing, but now also groped each other. Erin had pulled the top of Jenny's dress down and had one hand squeezing one of mom's tits while her other strained to reach to mom's curvy ass.

Jenny's hands were roaming over the redhead's back and caressing her pelvic area. I just watched; just amazed that I got to be with these two angels in any form, as participant, or even just as spectator.

The duo soon parted, breathless but still ready for more. As one they looked in my direction. The lust in even one of their faces would have had a whole monastery breaking their vows! That I was the focus of two such looks had my blood boiling, even if my dick failed to rise. Not for lack of trying; it twitched as if trying to stand while stoned!

"I think we need to help Jeremy out Jenny!" Erin stated as she crawled off my mom.

"Ooo! Yes, we do!" Jenny declared sultrily. "Does my baby have a boo-boo? Do you need mommy to kiss it and make it better?"

If my mom kissed my boo-boo, it definitely would get better! And (hopefully!) bigger!

"Oh yes! We need to kiss his boo-boo!" Erin giggled at mom's innuendo.

My dick shivered at the expectation of this renewed attention.

"Move down a little honey!" Jenny urged.

I scooted lower on the bed which allowed them both to lay at either side of me with their feet beside my head. They could now share my wilted weinie, but it also gave me an indescribable view of both their asses, of which were now in easy reach of my hands! I thus put one on either fanny and ran them over the soft, plush, and yet firm tushes; one slightly larger than the other, but each equal in my appreciation!

Mother and girlfriend took ahold of my mostly soft dick and playfully took turns kissing the head or swirling their tongues over the smooth dome. I had a sudden thought just then, with the added synchronicity of having this 'celebration' for mine and Erin's graduations and having received as one of my graduation presents, the Dr. Seuss children's book, 'Oh, The Places You'll Go!', that the same could be said for my tired little friend that was reviving with the loving attentions of my two loves. Oh, the places that he had been! Mouths, pussies, and asses! And would soon return. Numerous times, hopefully!

I didn't know if the sightly pair were really trying to get me stiff once again, or just enjoying laving my dick with their tongues, and for a change, in being able to easily fit the entire thing in their mouths. Something that would soon become more difficult as any care they did give it was enough to rouse it to a fuller state. Their giggling seemed to imply that they liked to witness its growth. I didn't know if I would get totally hard again, at least not so soon, but I was enjoying the pair of mouths attempting to get me so.

"I love to watch a dick get hard!" Jenny mewed merrily as she gave my dick a short stroke with her delicate fingers.

"Oh, so do I! I also love to feel it swell up in my mouth until I can't hold it anymore!" Erin added with the same amount of joyful enthusiasm.

"Yes! That is so sexy! To feel a man's cock fill your mouth as he gets excited by you!" Mom's green eyes glowed with her desire as she offered my rising tower of manhood to my girlfriend, who took it into her mouth with a gentle chuckle, or maybe it was a moan, as her blue eyes burned as hotly as Jenny's.

"It's pretty sexy watching the two of you doing that too!" I declared but they didn't seem to hear me.

I knew how I could get their attention. Not that I didn't have their attention already, just that it was more focused on my meat stick. I slid my hands from their rumps down between their curvy cheeks and let my fingers of either hand slip into the two wet pussies. I rubbed them gently for a few seconds, then more vigorously, before pushing the first two fingers into their eager channels.

"Oh fuck!" Jenny cried out.

"Oh yes!" Erin moaned loudly.

My sexy brunette and hot redhead continued to work over my rapidly rising cock while I wiggled my fingers in their tight twats, each of us getting quickly ready for the next round.

"Finger fuck mommy's hot cunt baby! Shove three fingers in me please! I love having you in me at either end!" Jenny groaned as she enveloped my dick with her warm mouth. It was getting close to the point that she couldn't get it all in.

"Just do me slowly sweetie! Rub your thumb on my clitty too! I need you to get me really ready to fuck you again!" Erin said in a slow drawl as if words were difficult. "Suck that big dick, Jenny! That's your son's dick filling your mouth, lover! Get it really hard for us!"

I did as mom and Erin asked, mom did as Erin requested, and Erin just did as she wanted, which was to take one of my nuts in her mouth and swish it around. All of us moaned and groaned and grunted our pleasure as we stimulated each other closer to a boiling point.

Jenny had a hand rapidly stroking me, lubricated with the saliva she drooled down as she bobbed over my dick head. Erin moved up from sucking my balls and pressed her cheek against Jenny's. Mom's green eyes fluttered open and glanced at the other girl's face, but she didn't slow her pace. Erin grinned devilishly and stuck out her tongue to lick the side of my shaft as mom continued to suck my cock. Mom adjusted

her hand so that it was just the ends of her fingers and thumb now rubbing my burning flesh which gave Erin more room to run her tongue as they sucked and licked me in sync with each other. Both heads moved up and down, auburn and brown; both eyes turned sideways to stare at me, blue and green. I just stared back in wonder at their actions and at their loving gazes. My own emotions had my skin tingling with their intensity. I couldn't do enough for these two women to show them how strongly I felt about them!

"Damn it, mom! Suck my big cock!" I yelled, heedless now of anything but my mother's loving lips wrapped around my dick.

"Don't you dare cum again Jeremy!" Erin warned me menacingly. "I need you hard so you can fill my pussy again!"

Mom paused her bobbing though her fingers kept massaging my pulsing member.

"Don't cum baby! I want to see you fill Erin's hot little pussy again! Mommy wants you to give her another sexy show!"

I wasn't ready to cum, not by a long shot. Not unless they kept going as they were. And they were showing no signs of ceasing as mom resumed her cocksucking head bobbing with Erin's tongue dancing alongside. I needn't have worried as my two gorgeous lovers were consummate dick suckers and knew very well how far that they could

take me before I reached the breaking point. They continued as they were for quite some time, pausing when they felt I was getting too worked up, switching places so that Erin would be the one bobbing her head and Jenny was running her amazing tongue on my cock. As slow as they had been to get me hard, they then were equally hesitant to want to stop now that I was like iron, steel, or diamond!

When they had satisfied themselves with my rigidity, or it might have been my fingers in their pussies had gotten them too excited to continue any longer, they both pulled away and surveyed their work. My dick was standing tall, dripping with their combined spit, glistening in its raging glory.

"That looks good enough to eat!" Jenny grinned. "Or to fuck! I almost wish I was going next! I don't know which I want more, to watch or to get fucked!"

Mom could do either, both, or everything for all I cared. As long as I could be with her.

But I also wanted to be with Erin just the same too!

"No! I get this cock now! It's mine!" Erin grabbed my shaft a bit too viciously.

"Hey! That's mine!" I protested, but was willing to cede possession to my lustful girl.

I never said which one that I had meant though!

"Come on honey. Fuck Erin's little pussy!" Jenny urged as she moved back to give Erin and me room to position ourselves.

"How do you want it?" I asked. I was just the hard cock for her to use for her pleasure.

"Me on my back," and she laid down hard enough to bounce a little. "And you between my legs, but not on top of me. I want your mom to be able to see your dick going in me!"

I guessed her intent, so similar to moments ago, and moved so that I could kneel between those pale luscious legs of which I pulled into the air. I closed with her so that I could feel the heat coming from her lithe figure. To keep Jenny in at least some of the action, I said, "Mom, put my dick in my girlfriend's pretty pussy please."

"Oh yes! Jenny, put your son's big hard dick in me again please! God that's so hot!" Erin squealed ecstatically.

Mom leaned closer and with eyes like supernovas, burning so hot and that tried to pull me deep into them, she took my cock in her hand and urged me closer to the awaiting red maned chasm of my desires. She rubbed the tip needlessly over Erin's lips. We were both so wet that it wasn't needed; me with their spit and Erin with her natural lubricant pouring forth. I moved my hips and slid a few inches into that pussy that I never wanted to live without!

Jenny stared enrapt as I gave Erin a few tentative strokes as if we hadn't just done this a short time before. I glanced at my mom with love and lust and she leaned to me and we kissed as I pushed deeper into Erin. I still had hold of her young legs and I broke from Jenny's lips to kiss one of those beautiful calves. I hadn't meant to slight my mom, but she wanted more than to just watch as she took hold of the other leg, slowly caressed it, and kissed that calf too.

I thrust slowly at first, a nice measured tempo that felt good but wouldn't get either of us off. Just to enjoy the sensation of fucking and getting fucked. My body barely moved as I mostly just flexed my hips to give me penetration. Erin looked up at me, and Jenny, dreamily as we kissed her legs tenderly. This was different from anything I had done and was very erotic and not just in and out sex. Perhaps I needed to expand my repertoire.

We kept like this for a good long time, only pausing a few times so I could stretch more muscles than just my hips and ass. Erin seemed very

pleased by this action, and that it wasn't making me rushed to orgasm, I was happy to continue. For as long as my butt held out!

I was fine, but the slow build up was working wonders on my girlfriend who was soon breathing very deeply and moaning low in her throat like a mooing cow. Not that I would ever compare my cutie with a bovine, just her lowing growl!

Jenny and I did continue to trail kisses on Erin's legs and even did one leg together as I switched off between them. My lips did wander over to Jenny's a few times, her eyes staring so deep into me that I knew she could see every secret I ever had. I could see just as deep into those green pools, but her secrets stayed her own.

"Oh baby! This feels so damned good! Your dick, your kissing my feet. Your mom, Jenny, kissing me too. I don't ever want it to end!" Erin sounded like she was stoned, drunk, or on some powerful pain medication with her blissful tone.

She may have been close to being drunk, I didn't know her tolerance, but she definitely wasn't in any pain and I suppose she could be stoned; from my rock-hard dick filling her pussy!

[I'll be here all week, you're a great audience, try the veal!] But I digress.

It wasn't an explosive orgasm, and I wasn't used to anything but, so I wasn't sure at the time that Erin had cum, but she let out this low keening wail that went on for a minute or so and then just trailed off to nothing. A little time after that she had me stop.

"Stop, stop love. I'm too sensitive now." Her eyes were so foggy that I didn't think she could even see anything then. Her voice was soft and breathy.

"Oh my God." Mom said almost as reverent as she stared down at Erin's body and then her face. "That was incredible!"

She then turned towards me.

"Honey, I love that you fuck me so good and so hard. But I think we might be trying some new things!" Her voice bubbled with excitement, desire, and most of all, joy.

I'd do her however she wanted! I hadn't really given any thought to anything but hard and fast besides when we had made love. This wasn't so exhausting (though I did have some new muscles to stretch out!), and was more conducive to getting the girl off first, which had always been my prime concern during sex.

"We can do it right now if you want. I'm not even close." I stated bluntly. I know the moment was more sincere than my words, but I'm sure mom got my intent.

"We could, and I know what I just said, but I need you to fuck mommy's pussy really hard right now dear." Jenny's words were blunt too, almost coarse even.

I was an equal opportunity lover. Fast and hard, slow and tender, however they wanted it, I was their man!

"Whatever you want, my wonderful mother!" I said glibly.

Erin must have recovered from her magical experience as she growled fiercely while she sat upright. "Fuck your mom! Fuck her good and hard! I want to hear her begging for your magnificent cock baby!"

Have I said lately how much I loved Erin?

"As you wish m'lady!" I declared with as much love as Westley did in the movie.

Jenny moved surprisingly quickly onto her knees with her face on the bed, her desire very evident in her movement and in the dampness with

which she presented herself to me. Again, I was forced to compare mom's ass with her sister's. Jessica's was the shapelier, curved just right, jiggled the perfect amount but not too much, and was just the most perfect ass I had ever been witness to see, to smack, or to fuck. But Jenny's was Jenny's, and she was my mother. And if Erin was right, Jenny was also my soulmate, or one of them anyway. Perfection didn't stand a chance compared to that!

"Mom. I think you could take off that dress now!" I told her as if every son asked his mother to undress for them.

"I have two young lovers that haven't managed to get it off of me yet. Maybe I do need to just do it myself!" She said abruptly as she uprighted herself. She started to reach behind her back to unzip the dress.

Erin knocked mom's hands away and she gave me a mildly distressed glare.

"No Jenny! As long as I am around you don't have to take off your own clothes." Erin took the zipper and slowly pulled it down. She also put her lips to mom's bare shoulder and gave it a series of little kisses that trailed farther down as mom's back was exposed.

"Hey!" I protested. "I could have done that!"

"But you didn't." Jenny said with the hint of a teasing tone.

"I have undressed you plenty of times mom!" I added defensively.

"Yes, you have honey!" There was no teasing now, it was all sexy sultriness.

Erin had finished unzipping and lifted the shiny blue wrapper up over mom's head.

"I may want to borrow this dress sometime Jenny!" Erin said as she gave mom a slow kiss.

"Any time Erin!" Mom said with excitement. That she had a daughter figure with which she could share secrets and clothes before her own actual daughter was old enough must have been an extra thrill for my mother. That she got to share a man with Erin, something of which she would never do with Jojo, was just an added delight.

"Now can you give your mom your big cock?" Jenny asked as she resumed her bent over position.

Erin grinned and gave mom's ass a smack.

"You're such a nasty mother Jenny!" Erin growled deep in her throat. She then looked at me with wide open eyes that urged me to hurry with Jenny's request.

"I am so nasty!" Mom groaned as she put the side of her head on the bed. "Fuck your mommy Jeremy! Give her your hard cock!"

As if there was any question of me doing so!

I moved back up to mom's ass, running my hands up both taut thighs and over either curved and toned cheek. I squeezed them each firmly, pressing my fingers into that scrumptious booty!

"I do love your ass Jenny!" I said heartily.

"Thank you honey!" She paused as if to add more but then kept quiet. I'm sure it had to be a comment about her sister's fanny. A comment that couldn't be made in front of Erin.

Did I need to tell Erin about my curvaceous aunt? If I wanted to be completely honest with her, I should. That she was keeping my biggest secret, even as she had gotten to share in it also. I would feel guilty if I

withheld such a vital and important part of how I had gotten involved with Jenny. All that had led to this amazing moment.

I held my stiff cock and lined up with mom's beautiful open pussy. I knew she was in no mood for any teasing right then, so after smearing the head around on her wetness, I slipped effortlessly into that cherished chasm. I was half deep on the first plunge that felt as incredible as it did every time that I entered my mother's sex.

"Ooh! Baby!" Jenny moaned loudly. Clearly, it felt incredible for her also!

"Don't you just love it when he first enters you?" Erin cried out as if I had just entered her also.

"Oooo, fuck!" Was all mom answered. I assumed her opinion was in the affirmative.

I was all the way in on the third slow stroke, Jenny's brown pubes meshing with my own curlies, my pelvis pressed tightly against her beautiful ass. I took deep breaths between each full stroke, plumbing her depths to nearly pulling out as I went.

Erin reached out and gave mom's butt a not so gentle smack.

"You're such a bad mommy!" Erin said gleefully.

"Soo baad!" Mom moaned into the bed. "I love being soo bad for you honey! Fuck your baad old mommy!"

I said nothing. About the goodness of my Jenny, or of any mention of her youthfulness. She was just perfect to me.

Not that Erin was anything less; just as perfect only different.

I kept up my slow pumping, contrary to her request at that moment. I full intended to give it to her fast and hard, I was only building both of us up to that point. And besides, if this prolonged the time with which I got to fuck my mom, then all the better!

"I just love watching you two together so fucking much!" Erin practically squealed in delight. There was no way that she could still be faking this desire of hers after all this time!

I loved that she loved it as much as I loved doing it! Well, almost as much! The only thing that compared to pounding my mother's tight pussy, was doing the same to Erin's!

"I want to see it up close!" Erin's eyes burned with atomic flame at me.

I couldn't refuse her like this, even if I had no idea what she was suggesting.

Mom's steady moaning, rising and falling with each penetration, gave no indication of anything but her bliss.

I watched as Erin lay on the bed and then wiggled about so that she could move under Jenny's body. Mom lifted up enough that the younger girl could position herself underneath. Mom looked back over her shoulder at me with half-closed eyes as my girlfriend slid beneath her. I just gave Jenny a look to convey my love as I kept up my pistoning in her cunt.

Erin wiggled about so that she and Jenny were in the classic '69' position without the loving connection between them for being thusly positioned. I imagined Erin's wide eyes watching lustily as my dick plunged into Jenny's twat. Mom took her eyes off me and looked down at the young pussy now inches from her face. She lowered her head, I guessed, to sup at that exquisite junction between Erin's pale and soft thighs. This brought on an increase in my tempo at the realization that I was fucking my mother who was licking Erin's delicious pussy!

"Oh yes! Lick me Jenny! I love your tongue as much as I do your son's!" Erin cried out unseen below.

As much?

I would have to improve my cunnilingus skills if I was going to be in competition with my mom!

I sped up even more to disrupt her lapping. Even if that disappointed my girlfriend. But Erin was getting a closeup show of her peculiar kink so she should have no excuse to complain of Jenny's distraction.

"Fuck her Jeremy! Fuck your mom's pussy!"

"Yes! Fuck me baby! Fuuuck meee!" Mom wailed out and resumed her tongue gymnastics.

"This is ... so fucking incredible! I can't believe it even though I am right here!"

I agreed completely with Erin's words. Much as I felt for most of the past months! Incredible actually paled as description for how I felt.

"Oh honey! I love this so much!" Jenny bellowed.

"I love you Jenny!" I declared with my hands firmly on her hips as I plunged in and out of her pussy.

"Baby! I want you to fuck my ass!" Jenny suddenly let out.

What?

"Please honey, shove your cock in mommy's ass! I need you to fuck my ass now!"

"What?" Erin gasped.

"If you want mom. We don't have any lube though." I paused mid-stroke.

"I don't need it honey! I'm so wet I'm sure it will be good enough. Erin, get my son's big dick really wet, could you?" Jenny plaintively asked.

If she was wet enough, that meant I was wet enough! Why then did Erin have to do anything?

"This is too much!" Erin's voice was shocked. "You've fucked Jenny's ass before? Oh my God!"

"Only once." I answered as I withdrew from Jenny's truthfully very wet pussy. "We've never had a chance to do so again."

I felt Erin's hand on my shaft and then her mouth as she coated me with her saliva. I'm sure she was also enjoying mom's taste on my dick too!

"I can't believe you're going to fuck your mom's ass! You're going to get this huge cock in Jenny's asshole?" Disbelief filled Erin's voice.

"Put it in me Erin! Just the head at first!" Jenny demanded needily in her lust.

"Why haven't you said anything about this before?" Erin asked, but I was sure that it was only rhetorical.

I looked down to see Erin holding my cock firmly as she placed my tip against mom's puckered and sealed sphincter opening.

"I definitely have to see this!" Erin sounded as if she was about to witness a world record about to be broken, or an impossible feat being attempted.

I had long wanted to repeat this with Jenny. I don't know why we hadn't done so before now, but we just never managed as we had always been too preoccupied with our other activities. I had never brought it up with Erin as I didn't know how she felt about anal, or the fact that all the women I had been with had stated how big I was to do something so ... invasive.

"Oooo!" Mom squeaked as I pressed the tip of my dick harder against her asshole. "Slow, honey. Just get the head in."

I didn't have as much caution as I did the first time as I was fully aware that mom could take my big dick in her backdoor, but I did still want to take it easy and not hurt her in any way. Not much anyway!

With a bit more push I finally broke her opening and my domed head was again encased in my mother's asshole!

"Oh God!" Jenny wailed.

"Shit!" Erin cried out somewhat more appropriately.

"Damn!" Was my own response. Mom's ass was still the tightest thing that I had ever had my dick in!

"Give me more Jeremy! Slowly, but more!"

"Fuck your mom's ass honey! I can't believe you are in her butthole!"

"Oh God, that's it! Fuck my ass! Go slow, but shove that fucker in me!"

I wanted to go faster than I was capable, but mom's sphincter squeezed me so tightly I was more concerned for the welfare of my dick than mom's colon!

"Fill her ass sweetie! Your son is fucking your ass, Jenny! I can't believe it!"

"Fill mommy's asshole baby! Give me that fucking cock deep in my ass!"

I could only grunt as I drove deeper into that almost virgin cavern.

"Erin! Lick my pussy some more!" Mom begged.

I'm sure Erin had been distracted by the show we were giving her!

I guessed it was a few minutes before I hit bottom. I hadn't pushed just inward; instead, after a few initial thrusts, I had taken up an in and out

action. Only the ins went deeper after each out. This slow motion allowed mom to adjust to being so filled and to get the pleasure from it that she desired.

Giving her pleasure was all that I desired, but it did feel very good to me too!

"You've got your whole dick in her! Your big dick is in your mom's ass!" Even having witnessed it, Erin still sounded in disbelief.

"Fuck me good now Jeremy! Fuck my ass really good!" Jenny yelled as if in extreme pain or otherworldly pleasure. I guessed the later.

"Damn it, Jenny! Lick my clitty!" Erin declared with surprise.

Mom wasn't content just to get her own pleasure, but returned to licking Erin as well!

As tight as mom's ass was should've been incentive enough for my own building need, but I had to work so hard to maintain my thrusts that it counteracted any pleasure I felt. I would still be able to have an orgasm thus engaged; it would just take more time to achieve that eminent state.

The three of us continued as we were for the next dozen minutes or so. Erin's hands appeared on Jenny's ass and it looked like she was aiding in the motion of mom's ass back and forth on my cock. Mom's head wiggled between Erin's legs with the gasps and moans coming from below my bouncing balls as signs of my girlfriend's delight with Jenny's tongue-work. I built up a good sweat as I drilled mom's ass and her almost constant muffled wailing let me know my work was achieving my goal. Which was to get her off. I could only imagine what Erin was seeing or what she was thinking about this; the final interaction between a mother and son that she hadn't ever seen. Or maybe, had never conceived was possible!

Mom's trembling figure gave witness that she was rising to that mountain peak of bliss. Her babbling moans between her attempts to continue pleasuring Erin weren't conclusive to how close she might have been, only that it was very imminent.

"Fuck her sweetie! Fuck her good!" Erin encouraged me needlessly.

I was already doing both!

That Erin was even capable of such clear enunciation led me to believe that mom wasn't able to keep up her licking under my anal assault.

"Fuck! Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!" Jenny repeated seemingly lost to her ecstasy.

Then mom's body locked up as if petrified for a short moment before she convulsed wildly with only gravity and my stiff dick in her ass keeping her earthbound.

"Aaaaaaaaa!" Mom yelled.

"What the ...!" Erin cried out in surprise.

I felt the gush of fluids that must have been the cause of Erin's outcry. I smiled at the fact that mom had squirted from me fucking her ass and that my girlfriend had received a faceful of mom's cum! Jenny said nothing about me stopping so I continued ramming away at her backdoor as fiercely as I could with its tightness.

"Damn! You soaked my face Jenny!"

"Oh yes! Lick my clit while Jeremy fucks my ass! Fuck me honey!"

"Cum again for me Jenny! You taste soo delicious!"

She may have been licking my mom's clit, but Erin also let her tongue tickle my balls as they swung over her face. This greatly increased the urge starting to burn in those same balls.

It was another few minutes before mom began to shake again that signaled the beginning of another orgasm for her. I was struggling to hold off myself and gave in to that overwhelming urge just as Jenny wailed her ecstatic release.

"Cuh-cuh-cumming! Fuck! Fuuuuuck!" Mom didn't spasm the way she did with the previous climax, but her trembling and shaking left no doubt regardless.

My hands dug deeper into Jenny's quivering hips as I sank one last time deep in mom's bowels and let go another load of white spunk.

"Shit! I don't know if I want to lick that up!" Erin said with dismay after I pulled out. I assumed that she had meant Jenny's ass which was now full of my cum!

Mom moved off my girlfriend and spun her body around a little stiffly, still recovering from the effects of her two orgasms. She slid down so that she could kiss Erin and to lick her very wet face. I realized what my mom was doing and joined her in cleaning her syrupy cum from Erin's beautiful face.

"I love you fucking my ass honey!" Mom said barely more than a whisper. "Why haven't we done it in so long?"

"I still can't believe that you had that huge dick in your butthole! That was so freaking amazing!" Erin exclaimed with her two co-lovers licking her cheeks dry.

"I don't know Jenny. We just get preoccupied with other things." I stated.

"I just love your dick in too many other places!" Jenny said as she leaned over Erin's nose to kiss my lips.

Like her mouth, and her pussy!

"How about you dear? Do you want your boyfriend to shove his wonderful dick in your butthole?"

The things that I got to hear my mother say!

"Oh jeez, no! I can't imagine anything that big shoved in there! I saw it with you and still don't know how you did it!" Erin answered quickly.

"I know how you feel. It's the same way I felt before we did it the first time. I would never have thought that it would fit, or that it would only hurt too much. I didn't think that it would feel as good as it does."

"It does feel good?" Erin asked not convinced even after having mom spray her face with how good it felt!

"It's not like having a dick in your pussy, but yes, it does feel very good!" Jenny gave Erin a soft kiss, then continued. "You really should try it sometime!"

"I don't know. Jeremy's so big! Maybe I would if he was smaller." Erin's look at me was one of pride, not regret.

"Well, I can't help you there!" Jenny teased with a wide smile. She then added as she ran a thumb on Erin's cheek. "I really did soak your face!"

"You can squirt on me whenever you want Jenny." Erin said softly.

"Hey, me too! My bed has been fairly dry lately! You should try to remedy that!" I chimed in.

"Have you wet Jeremy's bed many times?" Erin asked with studied interest.

"Not as many as he would have you believe; but yes, a few times." Mom seemed a little embarrassed at this admission.

"I've never been able to and I've wondered how it felt." Erin said such that it sounded like a question.

"It's ... like a normal orgasm, except ... so much more. Like I'm peeing, but while I'm cumming and I can't control it. It just ... flows from me. It doesn't happen all the time, and it isn't just from doing certain things. More of just how I am feeling at the time and how horny I am. Jeremy's father has never made me ... do that, but being with Jeremy, it's like he just brings out another side of me!" Mom explained.

"I let out her slutty side!" I quipped, but with some seriousness.

"I know what you mean. I was never that big about sex before him. Yeah, I've had it countless times." Erin then gave me an innocent look. "With a few guys. And, I had a girlfriend for a while. But none have made me feel like he does."

They were both talking about me like I wasn't even there and my face was only like six inches from Jenny's, and we were both hovering just above Erin's still damp face. I did catch the reference of Erin having had a girlfriend before and as amazed as I was, I can't say that I was shocked or surprised by that fact. It was hot to hear it though! I would have to ask about that later, even if we had stated that our pasts were the past. But that was when I didn't want to discuss my last girlfriend with Erin. Now that she knew about my mother ...

"How about some more of that champagne?" Jenny asked with a glance at me.

I was out of commission for the moment so I climbed from the bed. The first bottle was already empty so I opened the second and poured out the three glasses. I handed mom and Erin theirs first and then returned to sit on the bed with my own.

"No matter the intent, I am glad that you had this idea mom. Even without this ..." I waved my hand at the bed. "It really was a nice gesture."

I gave mom my most heartfelt look as I spoke.

"Well, thank you Jeremy. You have become so much more than just my son. Or my lover." Her gaze drifted from lingering on me to the frizzle-haired nymph beside her. "You too Erin. I think I have fallen in love with you almost as much as my dear Jeremy!"

"Almost? I will have to work harder then!" Erin quipped with only the barest touch of seriousness. I could see that mom's words did affect her.

Jenny paused then for a moment, her gorgeous green eyes going from me to Erin then back to me. The two of us received that look while returning our own lazy lusty stares.

"I think I should text Justin to let him know that we won't be home until the morning." Mom spoke out suddenly.

"He won't still be up now." I stated after a glance at the small clock on the bedside table. It was just after midnight. Still plenty of time for us.

I had to stare at my naked mother as she got up, her wonderful full breasts, her brown bush perched above her womanhood, and her luscious ass! Erin was likewise occupied with Jenny's figure.

And that mom had spoke so casually about not going home until the morning with the implication of the three of us spending the night in the hotel room!

"Just in case he gets up and notices that we aren't home." She said as she retrieved her phone and worked on the screen. "We wouldn't want him to think we had gotten in an accident or something."

I remembered all to vividly that evening when Jenny and I had fallen asleep after sex and dad hadn't come home as expected. Which was fortunate, with us having been asleep together in my bed! But then that

mom had worried that something had happened to him while we had been together. The night that had caused her to decide that she had to end our affair. I shivered still at that pain, even if things had worked out for the better. I gave a look at Erin who stared at me with a curious face. I gave her a wide smile with all the love that I felt for her.

I grabbed one of the small sandwiches and ate it in two bites.

"It looks like you can't keep up with the two of us." Jenny said as she gazed at my exhausted willie.

Erin giggled.

"Oh, I can keep up with you two! Even if certain parts of me feel like taking a nap!" I declared. I was disappointed in my dick right then, but I couldn't blame him.

"That's alright! We'll just have to give you a show! Let you see some of the things we did that day without you!" Jenny smiled wickedly at me as she finished off her glass and thrust it at me.

"You game, Erin?" My mother asked my girlfriend who was still trying to finish her own glass.

"Oh definitely!" The blues of her eyes sparkled with lust as she gave me her fluted glass with more than a swallow left in it.

I downed the last of her champagne and set their glasses on the cart. My own was only half empty.

"Come sit over here on the side of the bed, dear." Jenny waved to the far side of the large mattress.

I assumed that she was talking to me and moved around the bed to sit. I took another sip of my champagne and sat the glass on the table on that side of the bed. I was a bit conscious of my lack of arousal, but sat back against the headboard with a few pillows to cushion me. I took comfort in that their private show for me should get me ready for more action and would now just enjoy the action before me.

The two lovely ladies moved closer together with their legs splayed out beneath them as they sat upright. There was a moment's pause as they stared at each other. I could feel the love and the lust that they both had for the other; emotions that were the match for my own. Erin put a hand on Jenny's shoulder and my mother put a palm tenderly on my girlfriend's cheek. Their heads slowly moved together and their eyes never blinked. They paused again just before their noses touched, as if not wanting to break their stares. Each tilted their head to the right, their eyes closed, and their lips pressed together. Jenny's other hand

went to the back of Erin's frizzy-haired head and both of Erin's arms wrapped around my older lover's smooth back.

It was very erotic to watch them both! As much as I wanted to be a part of their loving, I didn't mind getting to watch either!

I still also tried to will my dick erect though!

Their hands roamed freely over both of their beautifully nude figures, lingering but not limited to just the highlights of the female form. They kissed and kissed and kissed.

Even as hot as that was, I began to wonder if they would do anything more!

As I had that thought, Jenny began to kiss Erin's neck. Erin tilted her head back to allow mom full access to that tender skin. Mom not only kissed but also softly lapped her way towards Erin's collarbones, the kisses almost like little bites with her lips. Mom lowered her head and trailed her mouth between the mounds of Erin's breasts. Before she could get any further though, Erin grabbed Jenny's head and brought it back up to her mouth for another round of kissing.

This might take some time!

Erin put her hands on my mom's large tits, cupping them and feeling their heft in her palms. Then suddenly she dropped her head to flick her tongue over one then the other stiff nipple, giving them each a soft suck also.

"I just love your tits Jenny! Big, but not too big! Nice biteable nipples!" Erin cooed between nibbles.

"Thank you love! Suck them, and bite them all you want! That feels so gooood!" Mom moaned as she cradled my girlfriend's head to her bosom.

I had to lick my lips with my own desire!

Erin then spent almost as long running her hands over those terrific tits and teasing mom's nipples with her tongue as she had with their kissing! Mom let the younger girl have her way with her chest, running her hands through Erin's red frizz in her delight. She also bent and gave a tender kiss on Erin's forehead that caused Erin to glance up with a huge grin on her lips. One of my girlfriend's hands then dropped down out of my sight into the tangle of Jenny's lithe legs. I knew its destination even if I didn't see where it went.

Mom twitched that implied that Erin's fingers found what they had sought.

"Ooo! That feels good too, honey!" Jenny exclaimed as her head fell backward with her bliss.

Erin was again kissing mom, one hand still out of sight and the other squeezing mom's right tit firmly. Jenny's hands clutched just as securely to Erin's back.

I could feel my dick twitching, but it wasn't making any progress in recovering, as if it was trying to find it's footing on an ice-frozen lake. I took another large sip from my glass, heedless of the effects that the alcohol might have on my lower parts. My mouth was as dry as the bone that I wished my dick would imitate sooner than later!

Jenny suddenly turned and spun Erin about as my mom dropped her back to the mattress. Erin squealed in surprise at this quick movement.

"Sit on my face Erin! I want to taste you!" Jenny growled lustfully.

My mom always said the most beautiful things!

"Ooo!" Erin squeaked loudly in ecstatic glee.

Okay! This had gone far enough! If my dick wouldn't stand on its own, then I would have to help coax it! I took it in a throttling hold and tried to shake it awake.

Erin shuffled around on the bed, rising to her knees, and planting herself above my gorgeous Jenny's face. My mom grabbed Erin's cute little tush and pulled her down and forward.

Jenny's green eyes blazed upward at Erin's fiery blue ones that smoldered right back at mom's gaze.

"Lick my pussy Jenny! Beautiful, beautiful Jenny!" My girlfriend cried out lovingly.

Erin's head fell back as she pressed her crotch onto my mother's lips, her hair draping down like a fiery waterfall.

"Ohhh! Like that lover! Lick my clitty! Yeah! Suck on it! I love your lips on me!"

Words similar to ones she had told me countless times! Or that mom had said to me also!

"Push your tongue in me! Yeah! Fuck me with your tongue! Oh God! That feels so fucking amazing Jenny!"

Okay, now I was getting turned on! Come on you damned dick!

"Like that! Oh yes! Yes ... yes ... yes ... shit yeah!"

I may have witnessed any countless number of erotic, hot and sexy, and just extraordinary sights since my Jenny's hand fell into my lap, but seeing my astoundingly incredible girlfriend with her pussy pressed on my equally astounding and absolutely beautiful mother's face was undeniably in the top ten!

Maybe even the top three!

Then to guarantee that placement, Erin began to grind her pelvis on Jenny's face, wiggling her hips to drag her pussy lips back and forth across mom's chin, lips, tongue, and even her nose!

"God yes! Oh fuck, fuck, oh fuck yes!" Erin gasped hoarsely as her lower torso writhed out of her control with her joyous bliss. She continued to grate her pussy across mom's lips and tongue for maybe five or so minutes, bellowing out her exuberant delight as she did.

"Cum on my face, Erin! Cum really hard on mommy's face, baby!" Jenny was still capable of saying with a face full of wet young pussy!

One that I wished was perched on my face!

"Fuck, fuck, Jenny!" Erin barely was able to croak out before she wailed like a banshee as she came as hard as I had ever seen her. Her entire body was shaking uncontrollably and not just her hips.

Damn you dick! What are you waiting for! I cursed my penis.

As soon as Erin ceased trembling, she sprang from astride mom's face so that she could plant her lips where her nether lips had just been, and kissed Jenny just as furiously as she had been grinding on her. Mom grabbed the sides of Erin's head and held her in place as their tongues swapped spit and possibly some of my girl's tasty fluids. Erin then jumped up with just as much frenetic energy to straddle Jenny's face once again, but this time in the reverse position so that she could thus partake of Jenny's sex with her own lips. My mom grabbed at Erin's ass and again pulled it to her face, her nose scrunched against Erin's posterior while Erin's face was buried in Jenny's sodden pussy.

I finally got a signal through to my dick which only then was realizing what it was missing out on and began to swell as I stroked it more than lazily.

"Jenny! You taste so fucking good!" Erin lifted her head only enough to speak those words before lowering her face back down between mom's well-toned thighs that shivered from the young girl's tantalizing tongue.

"So do you, honey!"

I couldn't see what Erin was doing, only the back of her waggling head, her stiff hair flowing like wheat in the summer winds. It was enough that I could imagine only too well her activity. I could almost taste mom myself from my memory! The effect Erin was causing was far more noticeable from the amount of moaning and groaning Jenny was emitting! This was equally matched by Erin's wordless approval of mom's activity of which I could see.

Jenny's hands were clamped to Erin's taut ass curves, her fingers sunk into that soft flesh that wriggled with her delight from my mother's deft dancing tongue. A tongue that I witnessed licking, lapping, and plunging between the wrinkled pussy lips and into Erin's reddened chasm. Hungrily, eagerly, happily Jenny's tongue worked its magic on Erin's sex.

"This is better than porn!" I said as I jerked my stiffening dick and watched action that any adult site would pay good money to have in their lesbian library!

Mom stopped licking long enough to look askance towards me.

"This is porn!" She declared.

"Lick me Jenny! I'm close!" Erin growled from mom's depths.

"Me too dear, me too! Just keep sucking mommy's clit like that!"

They continued for a dozen minutes I guessed, exclaiming their delight, declaring what they wanted, and demanding what they needed to orgasm. My cock finally was back to full strength, height, and girth. Even so, I kept up massaging it with the live-action show of which I alone was privy to witness.

Mom was the first to cum and not just because Erin had already had her release while riding mom's face. It wasn't long after that my redhead let out another wail that was the evidence of her own orgasm.

Erin was slower than before, but still moved in a rush to kiss Jenny again; both their scents mixing as much as their saliva. They weren't finished though.

Jenny was pulled upright by my sexy love into a position close to that in which they had started. More kissing, but seemingly as if trying to devour each other's faces. Erin then shifted about, flailing her legs around as she moved on the horribly messed bedcovers. Jenny seemed unsure what the other was intending at first, but then must have guessed Erin's objective as she then moved in tune with Erin.

They were hugging, their faces close enough to kiss but they held off for the moment, their legs were intertwined such that they could press their pelvises together. I was beginning to guess what they were going to do. When they finished the complex movements, only then did they press lips together as they each wriggled their crotches against the other.

Jenny and Erin were tribbing!

Grinding their pussies together much the same as with fucking. Only without a dick!

Of which, I could now provide them with! Fully functioning and hard as steel!

Their kisses faltered as they panted with their exertions as much as the passion they were feeling. Their bodies, now unable to stay vertical, fell back to rest on elbows. Erin was hugging mom's left leg which was

thrust in the air while Jenny clutched at Erin's left in a more horizontal position, and kissed the top of her foot.

The rubbing of their pussies started off reasonably slow as they still fine-tuned their positions for maximum pressure and pleasure, but did gradually increase the tempo of their grinding cunts. I just watched, consumed with their lust as much as them. I was no longer conscious of my jacking off and was just caught up in the spectacle that I was able to watch at such close quarters!

"Oh God!" Jenny moaned as she kept kissing Erin's foot.

"Yes, Jenny! Yes!" Erin replied in kind.

Both of my girls were then lost in the pleasure that they were giving and receiving, the same as they would have been if it had been with me that they had been so engaged.

Pleasure that they were giving me without even their touches!

I suddenly realized that I was far closer to cumming than I thought, so enraptured by the lesbian love being displayed just a few feet from me!

Oh shit!

"Rub your clitty on mine, Jenny! That feels so amazing!"

Mom's clit on Erin's clit!

That did it!

I was spraying my cum into the air as my hand spasmed on my throbbing dick.

"Cumming baby, mommy's cumming on your cunt!"

"Me too mommy! Me too! My clitty's on fire!"

I heard their words, but missed seeing either of them cum as I was blinded by my own release.

I then heard giggling.

Erin.

I blinked sweat from my eyes and saw them both now looking my way.

"I think we are lacking in the care of your son, dear Jenny!" Erin decried lovingly with a soft purr in her tone.

"I see that! Do you think that we should help him clean up that mess?" The sultriness in mom's voice was so thick that I could almost see it.

"Oh yes!" Erin giggled and took my right hand and jerked me towards them, pulling so hard she nearly tore my arm from me.

"Hey!" I protested, but weakly as I knew only too well how eager she, and my mom, were to lick up my pale white essence which covered my abdomen and still throbbing dick.

Jenny moved to my other side as I scooted to the middle of the bed, the covers now hopelessly pulled free and bunched around us. I didn't let that stop the service that the girls were about to perform. Each leaned closer to my prone body.

"Mmmm!" Mom moaned as she ran her tongue through a huge glob of cum.

"Save some for me!" Erin complained without need. There was plenty for them both, and I knew that both my girls would eagerly share my

spunk with each other! Almost as eagerly as they were to consume it for themselves!

For the next ten minutes (I know because I happened to look at the clock while they were busy!), both my beauties lapped me clean like sexy little kittens drinking their cream! I think that they even cleaned up some nonexistent cum as they licked, especially on my still hard cock that trembled at every touch of either questing tongue!

I might have been hard, even after wasting a load on myself (though the girls didn't seem to mind where the last deposit had been made!), but I wasn't ready for more action just yet. At least, not for myself!

"Come up here and lie down next to me." I said.

They both looked at me in confusion.

"Both of you. Come lie down." I repeated. "I want to make you both cum at the same time."

I didn't know if that was possible, or rather, I knew it was possible, I just didn't know if I could manage the timing of it.

"Okay." Erin said hesitantly.

"Sure, honey." Mom sounded more eager, though just as unsure.

Each laid down on either side of me; mom on my right and Erin on my left. Each also took advantage of this positioning to reach a hand out and grab my tower of flesh.

"It's so much better when it's hard!" Erin extolled as she ran her fingers up my length.

"Erin. That's unfair to judge a man only by his erection!" Jenny scolded her, but mom's hand was just as firmly wrapped around my cock as my girlfriend's had started before stroking me.

"But it is a very nice cock when it's all big and hard!" Mom moaned lustfully.

"Mom! I bet you say that about all the cocks you get your hands on!" I teased her.

I didn't want to think about all the other cocks that mom might have had her hands on. Or her mouth. Or other places.

I knew that there must have been plenty before she had met my father, but it wasn't a thing that I wanted to know. It was bad enough knowing that dad was having coitus with her. And concurrently with me!

"No. I do have to admit that it is the nicest that I have ever known!" The lust, and love, in mom's jade eyes as she complimented me seemed genuine, but I wasn't completely sold. She was biased by that same love, and lust.

"It's the nicest one that I've ever seen too!" Erin agreed.

And again, I didn't want to know how many cocks Erin had seen, or touched. I had to guess that the number was smaller than Jenny's, but that was skewed by my relationship with either of them. Jenny was my mom! You never thought your mom ever touched a cock; even with your own existence notwithstanding! I only thought Erin's had to be fewer because she was so much younger than Jenny. But I didn't know how old mom was when she had met my father. Or, how many boyfriends she may have had back then.

I couldn't refute the both of their compliments and accepted them in the spirit in which they were given.

"Thank you, ladies! I will also say that you are the two most beautiful women that I know!" I stated positively.

Mom's slight glance at me let me know her doubt at that statement, but she couldn't say anything about her sister to contradict me in front of Erin.

I did feel a twinge at that.

I really would have to tell Erin the full story about me and Jenny. At this point I was sure that she would be able to hear it without it affecting us; hell, it would probably only get her hotter to know that I had had sex with my sexbomb aunt. And with mom at the same time too! Erin had already declared her lustful thoughts about Aunt Jessica!

"Okay. How do you plan on doing this?" Erin asked with doubt in her tone.

Mom only gave me a loving smile. She had no doubts about my ability to make her orgasm. Hard!

"Just lay here next to me. Open your legs a little." I coaxed them.

You would think that they both had springs in their bellies with how quickly all four thighs sprang apart. Each of them had the leg closest to me draped over my adjoining limb. I had also only requested 'a little',

but they could only have been wider if I had been between each pair of legs!

I reached out a hand to either woman and caressed the nearer thigh on each side. Slowly and gentle, only moving closer to the two well-used openings after a few moments. Each was quivering before my digits even brushed over those crinkled lips that were spread wide awaiting my touch. Jenny and Erin were both already in a heightened state of arousal so I didn't waste much time with teasing.

Not much.

They both cooed and moaned as I ran my fingers over, around, and then into the sloppy wet tunnels. This was still a preliminary build up to what I actually intended, but the effect was still agreeable to them both.

"Rub my pussy, honey! You know what I like!" Jenny groaned, her hand shaky on my stiffy.

"That's it, sweetie, get my clitty!" Erin almost purred in delight. Her grip was still firm; maybe even a little too firm!

I sank two fingers into either pussy, relishing the wetness of them and yet still so tight around my invading fingers.

"Oh God, yes! Fuck me like that!" Erin let out loudly.

"Oh baby! Mommy likes your fingers in her wet pussy!"

I didn't need just my big cock or my talented tongue to please my girls! I had a full arsenal of bliss for them!

I plunged my fingers in and out at a moderate pace, just enough to build their passion, but not enough to get them off. I needed them both to be on the brink. I twirled my digits deep and searched for each of their special spots, feeling the irregular surface as I massaged them.

"Damn! Right there! Keep rubbing me like that!" Mom demanded fiercely, her head swiveling towards me as I looked from one to the other.

"Oh baby! Oh yes! Oh, oh!" Erin blissfully yelled.

I alternated between finger fucking and rubbing their g-spots until they were begging for more of each; reluctant of me to cease one and eager for me to do the other. I kept this up while they panted and moaned, their hands struggled to stroke me to an equal effect that I was doing to them to no avail. I did try to focus more on one or the other of them

such that they were each in a likewise state of joyfulness as I brought them closer and closer to that inevitable breaking of the dam, the onset of the storm, and the release of the doves of ecstasy.

"Keep going lover, you're going to make mommy cum so hard! Make me squirt again for you!"

"Yes Jeremy! I love you so much! Make us both cum for youuuu!"

That they both didn't realize that I hadn't done anything to stimulate their sensitive little nubs played right into my plan.

"Do you both want to cum? Do you need to cum real badly?" I asked flatly.

"Yes!" They wailed as one.

"Good."

My fingers, and hands, were well-coated with each of their thick juices. I surreptitiously smeared this over their labia as I fingered them. Then I ceased doing both activities and received complaints from either side of me. I ignored them and placed my hands flat on their mons, my palms tickled with two sets of bushes. What was that old saying about

two bushes in your hands and a bird on your dick? I did always get that one mixed up!

Both women were twitching beneath my touch, but I ignored that also.

When I had the sense that my pause was driving them both crazy, I then dragged my fingers sideways across their lips, but especially their very sensitive clitorises. Very rapidly. Such that my fingers were a blur and my hands appeared to have widened by double.

"Fuuuuukkkk!" Came from two very aroused women, which nearly drowned out the sloppy squishing sounds my fingers were making as they vibrated over both soaking pussies.

"Fuuuuhhcck! Fuck, fuck, fuck!" Jenny screamed as her body was gripped in near paralysis.

"Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes ...!" Erin endlessly gibbered as she convulsed with tremors.

I kept up my speedy thrumming even as I felt my arm muscles start to twitch themselves, until I was sure that each of them had crested at least once and were long into their recovery; a recovery that was being hindered by my continued blissful torture. I withdrew my hands with

an ache in either forearm; an ache that was more pronounced in my off-hand left side.

My fingers were drenched. On both hands. I wasn't sure if Jenny had squirted and soaked my hand or if I had done likewise with my squirting virgin Erin. Or just that both girls had just had really, really wet orgasms. It didn't matter which, just that they had both cum. Together.

"Oh my God, Jeremy! That was so fucking fantastic!" Jenny said and slid her head over to kiss me very hard. Her tongue was very welcoming too.

Erin then grabbed my chin and ripped my lips from my mom's and planted her own on me. Her tongue wasn't only welcoming, it was almost invasive.

"Lover, I am never going to ever let you go! I am yours forever!" My girlfriend said very deeply, as if her octave gave extra weight to her words.

I guess that meant mission accomplished!

"I love you both too! So much! You can't even know how much!" I gave them each a kiss in repayment of theirs, even if each wasn't as forceful, they were just as sincere.

My pole still stood tall, but I knew that it would be neglected for at least a short while. We were all fairly spent and needed to recharge.

"I need a shower!" Erin stated louder than required.

"Me too!" Mom agreed.

My arms ached, my dick ached, my whole body pretty much ached. A steaming hot shower would do wonders for me. Or even, a shower with my steaming hot girlfriends!

"Is the shower big enough for all three of us?" I asked as the girls headed for the bathroom, their breasts now hidden from my sight, but my eyes were glued to their glutei maximi. Their incredible butts!

"It's a fancy hotel and a room with a king-sized bed! I'm sure the shower is big enough for more than three!" Erin exclaimed as she followed Jenny.

Yes, we had all used the facilities earlier, but I hadn't checked out the surroundings as I had relieved myself, as I was more in a hurry to get back to the activities.

"It's huge!" Erin cried out.

"I know I am, but how about the shower?" I quipped as I followed them in. There was no response to my retort.

Erin had opened the translucent shower door to reveal a very large shower; one to rival even Aunt Jessica's own large one. There were shower heads at either end of the rectangular tan tiled stall, but no tub, of which I found to be peculiar. Plenty of room for us all though!

"Ooo!" Jenny said as she saw how big the bathing area was.

Erin had already started the water at one end. It was steaming almost immediately. Clearly the water heater was nearby and not buried in the basement as was usual.

I pushed past them both and stepped into the chamber.

"Maybe not that hot, Erin!" I said as the near-burning water hit my skin.

My girlfriend adjusted the knob as she stepped in gingerly.

"Oh, that feels so good! Almost better than Jeremy!" The tone of her voice showed she was teasing, barely.

"Oh my! That is good!" Mom moaned as she stepped in next to me. Then she added, as she kissed my shoulder. "But not even close to you honey!"

"Mommy likes me best!" I told Erin and stuck my tongue out at her.

"If you're going to stick that thing out, you better be using it!" Came her reply.

I (mostly) ignored her comment. I was sure I would get my tongue into her tasty crack only too soon. Either of their cracks!

We then commenced to lathering each other with the small bottle of gel that substituted for soap. It had a sharp floral scent that I wouldn't necessarily want to smell like, but I let the girls wash me with it, even as I ran my hands over both of their soft scrumptious figures. Washing them was only a secondary objective.

Each of their legs was offered to me for a cleansing massage though I was slightly surprised, but not upset that they did focus more of their attention on me than on each other. There was much giggling from the girls, some groaning from us all, and a whole lot of groping and fondling. Nothing actually sexual occurred, as long as their slim fingers thoroughly cleaning my shaft with long strokes didn't count as sex! No one came, if that mattered!

It was an extra-long shower, but not as long as some I've had in the recent past. Mom was the first out, then Erin. I liked following behind them both for all too obvious reasons!

Jenny handed out the large white towels.

"Oh my gosh! I might have gotten out quicker if I had known the towels were so nice!" Erin gasped as she held the plush cotton fabric to her face. "This feels soo good!"

I saw her hair now hung more limply in its dampness. Whatever product that had kept it as it had been, had been washed out in the shower.

"Oh, yes! That is so soft!" Mom cooed as she rubbed her face with her towel.

They were indeed soft, but they were only towels! I couldn't see the allure that the women found in them. I just started drying myself as they luxuriated themselves.

"Hey!" Erin exclaimed as she looked at me. "We're supposed to be drying each other, not ourselves!"

"Well, you two were having your own little flings with the towels, I wasn't waiting." I protested. Not that I was against spending more time with my hands on either of their bodies!

Jenny put her towel on my back and began to carefully dry my shoulders. She followed this up with soft kisses on my clean skin. Erin grinned at this display and began to rub my chest with the towel in her hands. Her lips also tenderly ran over my upper chest. I didn't know which to dry, but as there was one in front of me as opposed to the one that I couldn't easily reach, I wrapped my towel around behind Erin with my hands wound in it and began to dry her round bottom thoroughly.

We might have spent as much time drying as washing, and I would have been shocked if there was so much as one droplet of water on the three of us combined!

"Another shot anyone?" Mom asked as she strolled naked into the main room.

I had never seen my mother so interested in alcohol before. Was it just nerves? I would have thought that we were all long past that by then. Then again, I had never seen her on a date before either, notwithstanding our night out with Aunt Jess!

I got a delightful view as she bent over to pick up my discarded white shirt of which she then drew about herself and slipped her arms into the sleeves. One of the sexiest things in the world is seeing a woman that you love wearing nothing but your own unbuttoned shirt!

"I'll take one." Erin answered. She also bent over, but grabbed her panties and with an almost afterthought, the loop that was my tie. She stepped into her panties and then put the loosened but still tied tie around her neck as if she was wearing my school ring.

The sight of them both barely dressed like that would have gotten me hard if I wasn't still erect from the wet and dry massages I had just received. I really had to be the luckiest guy on the entire planet!

"Jeremy? Earth to Jeremy." Jenny called out, waving the half empty square bottle at me.

"Huh? Oh. Sure, I'll have one too I guess." I found my boxers and hid my sex staff.

"Don't make me force you." Jenny said flatly.

"No, no. I was just staring at you both and thinking how lucky I have to be."

"I do love you staring at me!" She smiled as she poured a couple of splashes of dark liquid. "I don't get much of that at home."

"Sure you do, just that it's still from me!" I stated. I felt bad that she felt like that, as I knew dad did actually stare quite a bit at his sexy wife. Just that he was more discreet about it then I, and just that she wasn't aware of it. Right then I wasn't about to bring up my father, or Jenny's absent husband.

My words still drew a curl of a smile on my mother's beautiful face. A smile and a face that would always cheer me up with their loving glow.

"Don't you find that it is sometimes hard to talk to him? When he zones out like that?" Erin asked Jenny.

"Sometimes. Sometimes I don't even interrupt him." Mom said sweetly while not looking at me.

Erin laughed at that and turned to give me a loving grin.

"I think I might have fallen for him just for that! Besides his looks and his ... other talents!" Her nod to the tent still standing in my underwear indicating the talents of which she spoke.

"Hey!" I griped as I took the plastic cup from Jenny. "Is that all I am to you both? A pretty face and a big dick?"

Especially since I only had one of those things!

"I think that's what she's saying honey! That you are more than just that." She then looked at Erin such that I awaited her next words with a grin ready.

"We also love your amazing tongue!" Jenny finished. She and Erin broke up laughing at that.

Maybe we had all had enough to drink!

Me, now being the voice of parental responsibility!

We just needed more sex!

"I want to dance some more Jenny!" Erin said as she gulped the last of her cup. She set it down and took Jenny's hands. "Turn the music back up honey!"

Not what I had just thought, but I had no objection to watching them dance some more. Especially with how they were clad, or rather, unclad. I did as I was requested, and sat on the bed to watch my dancing nymphs.

The pair did start off legitimately dancing but it quickly progressed to rhythmic making out. Hands roamed everywhere as tongues were tangled and shared. I had to push at my crotch at the sight! I was inclined to join them, but instead stretched out on the bed and assumed that they would be joining me soon enough.

After a half dozen songs, Jenny looked over to me.

"I think we need to get back to our wonderful lover!"

"Oh, yes! I'm so hot right now! The both of you just make me so wet!"

I'm glad at least that I was included in my girlfriend's comment!

"I want to watch you ride him Jenny!" Erin stated and she climbed onto the bed.

My mother stood staring at the two of us with a mischievous grin warming her face.

"What?" I asked as I put an arm around Erin's back.

"I'm the lucky one." Jenny said quietly. "I have two such amazing lovers. Two remarkable young lovers. I'm just a middle-aged woman and nothing special, and yet you both make me feel like a queen!"

"Mom. Jenny." I sat up and reached out for her hand. She put out her arm slowly and let me take her hand then tug her towards me.

"You are a queen!" I stated decisively. "You're a wonderful wife and an amazing mother. But you are more than that! You are a beautiful woman and a fantastic lover. I know it, Erin knows it. Just because dad has to be reminded doesn't diminish in what you are!"

Erin sat next to me nodding as I spoke the words in my heart.

"I haven't known you very long Jenny. I can already see what an incredible woman you are." Erin gushed as enthusiastically as me.

"Jeremy's right; you are a queen. I only hope that I can be all the woman that you are!"

Mom looked down demurely, our praise too much for her to face us. For a moment anyway.

"Thank you, both of you." Her head rose and her green eyes shimmered as much as her dress had earlier. "I am so glad that we did this. Even if I really did not mean for this," she gestured to the bed at her knees, "any of this, to happen."

I felt that she had implied much more than just this celebration and more of the deeper issue of getting involved with her son, and now my girlfriend. I was very glad that she did too!

"Are you going to get up here on this bed and ride my cock mom?"

Jenny let out a guffaw at that.

"Jeremy! Is that how you talk to your mother?"

This made Erin laugh.

"Yes, it is." Was my response. I pulled down my boxers, letting my dick spring forth.

"If you don't get up here Jenny, I'm going to sit on this beautiful dick!" Erin said gleefully as she reached down and gave my erection a slow stroke.

"No, you don't! That's my son's magnificent cock! I'm his mother and I get it first!" Jenny said suddenly fiercely.

This made Erin and me laugh.

"Come on Jenny! Show us what a queen does with a cock!" I demanded.

Yes, I know, in the current social environment, that phrase takes on a completely different tone! But I, and my two companions knew the intent of my words!

"Oh, honey!" Jenny gasped as she knelt up on the bed. Her eyes were on mine burning hotly with love even as I knew that she had my pole in her view too.

"Get on that dick Jenny!" Erin commanded as she waved my dick in invitation.

Mom moved up so that she straddled me, still wearing my shirt but hiding nothing with it.

"Stop shaking it Erin and put the damn thing in me!" Mom said as she was then within reach.

"I've seen this many times now, but I still am amazed to witness it, and it still gets me so fricken turned on!" Erin said so ardently I almost expected the rest of her to catch fire as her hair already appeared to be. "I might just cum myself from watching your mom ride your fat dick baby!"

My sexy girlfriend spoke so beautifully and eloquently!

Jenny wriggled about after Erin had managed to get my smooth head into that tight pussy. I had to let out a groan that she felt so good.

As I also must have since mom let out a long low moan as she slowly lowered herself further down my rod.

She only had gotten me just over half way in before she paused with a feral glance at me. Jenny then sat up drawing herself from around me

until only just the head was the only part of me still encased in her sex. The following plunge had me fully deep in mom's pussy.

"Damn baby!" Mom grunted and put her palms on my chest to support herself.

My exact thought!

"Ride him Jenny!" Erin's hands wrapped around mom's body and cupped each full tit in her palms. Her thumbs and forefingers rolled mom's taut nipples. Jenny looked at the redhead with a lustful ferocity that expressed too well her pleasure.

She rose and fell slowly, each of us savoring every inch. Mom's tempo rose quickly as her bliss built just as fast. In less than a dozen minutes, Jenny was bouncing recklessly on my pelvis and upper thighs. I grabbed her hips to help guide her, but also so I could give her a not-so-gently slap on her rear. Mom balanced on her hands planted on my chest, her fingers digging almost painfully into my skin, which was only balanced out by the incredible feeling I got from my dick being gripped in her tight wet pussy as it slid up and down around me.

Erin gave Jenny a few kisses as they could manage with mom's wild bucking. It took little time for my mother to approach that heavenly peak that she sought so avidly. The same peak that I was struggling to keep from reaching. When mom was lost in her throes of passion, Erin

leaned down to me and gave me a soul-searing kiss that left me even more breathless in its wake.

Soon, it was all too apparent that Jenny was about to orgasm once again on her oldest son's big dick. She let us all know this with a scream and then a long drawn out wail as she crested.

"Aaaah! Baby, I'm cuuuummminnnggg! Mommmmy's cummminng on yourrr caaahhk!"

How could I hold out with that delightful declaration?

I couldn't, and didn't.

"Oooh! Fuuuck Jennnnyyyy! Meeee tooooo!" I bellowed to match her.

Jenny spasmed in the midst of her continued bouncing, my hips thrusting up to meet hers. Both sets of our hands clamped onto the others' bodies tightly as we orgasmed together.

"Ahhh shiiiittt!" Erin cried out from somewhere but my eyes were screwed closed. "You two have me cumming toooo!"

She must have been playing with herself while mom and I were fucking our brains out!

I lost touch with reality for more than a few moments.

Next thing I knew I felt the weight of Jenny's body slip from my crotch, my quickly shrinking dick falling out of her quivering pussy. I opened my eyes and was greeted by Erin's beaming face glowing at me. Of Jenny I couldn't see.

"I'm so, so glad I caught you two that one day!" Erin was as breathless as I felt. "Watching you both together; as mother and son, and as lovers, is totally the hottest thing I have ever freakin' seen!"

My girlfriend's exuberant enthusiasm at witnessing Jenny and I having sex seemed far too much for me to dream, but I was eternally grateful that her response wasn't the exact opposite. Like having my cake and eating it too!

"I'm so glad that you feel like that! I don't think that I could ever decide between either of you and I never want to have to choose."

"As long as you're able to take care of us both like you do, you won't have to worry about that." Erin stated forcefully. "Right Jenny?"

Erin turned to look behind her where evidently mom had collapsed.

"Uh, yeah. Right." Came mom's breathy reply.

I hoped that either of their words was facetious, and that I was more to them than just something to get them off! In my heart though, I knew how each felt about me and it was the same as I felt for them both. I said nothing in return to counter.

I shivered as my body cooled and my sweat dried.

"I don't know about you two, but I am completely wiped out!" I said. I didn't know if I even had the strength to find my underwear and was prepared to just lie on the bed as I was. "You can continue if you want, but I need a good long break."

I didn't want them to continue. Not when I couldn't at least watch, and my eyelids were like anchors at that point.

"I feel like a shower again, but I'm also wiped out." Jenny sighed heavily. "I just want to cuddle up with you both and sleep."

"That's a great idea, Jenny." Erin said with seemingly more energy than mom and I combined. "But you both are going to have to get up so we can take the covers down."

Erin rolled over and got off the bed. I could then see Jenny where she was sprawled out, spent but still so beautiful.

"Come on mom. We've always said how we wished we could go to bed and spend the night together without having to worry about being caught." I patted her thigh encouragingly.

"Your right. It's the one thing that I've wanted most to do with you, and the one thing that we have not been able to do."

Jenny looked up at me so lovingly that my heart wrenched at the sight of her gorgeous green eyes filled with the love she had for me; that same love that I had for her.

I found the strength then to rise and climb slowly from the large bed. Jenny stood on the opposite side with my shirt still draped on her figure.

Erin pulled back the disheveled covers with a hearty tug. The revealed whiteness enticed me with its promising coolness and the seductiveness of being nuzzled with my two loves within its embrace.

I had to then wonder about our positioning. I assumed I would be in the middle of the two girls, but with Jenny and Erin's growing closeness, maybe mom would be the one sandwiched between Erin and I. Or even, Erin bookmarked by me and mom.

I shouldn't have wondered or worried.

"Go on, get in Jeremy!"

"Yes honey, climb in."

Both women urged me adoringly.

First though, I grabbed my boxers and pulled them on. Both women gave me sly smiles as I covered my deflated privates. I gave them each a stern stare in reply; Erin was still in her panties with my tie hanging loosely around her neck, and Jenny wore my unbuttoned shirt. Why couldn't I have a modicum of clothing also?

Each of them climbed in on either side of me and drew the covers back over us. The sheets were cool, but my skin was still warm and I didn't necessarily want the heavy cover on me yet. Especially as I had the two best bed warmers at my sides! They snuggled close with their hands on

my chest and their heads on my shoulders, while I had my arms wrapped around their slender forms.

"I think I want to stay like this forever." I stated softly. I gave a tender kiss to either forehead.

"Me too lover." Erin agreed in a whisper and snuggled closer.

"You know I would love if that was possible." Of course, mom had to bring reality back to our shared dream. "But we can share this one night."

I would take every minute that I could spend with either, and both, of these lovely visions.

I laid there savoring the moment, feeling the combined heats of our bodies until I was no longer conscious.

I didn't wake again until after the sun had risen; a few weak rays peeked from around the drawn thick curtains.

Jenny and Erin were still curled up beside me though I no longer had my arms about them. I was surprised that I was the first to wake, but it was possible that either of them had already and just returned to sleep.

You would think that I would be eager to wake my lovers, but I was just as content to lay there comfortably with them both close to me. It was a high that nearly compared to anything that we had done the previous evening. It was a feeling I hoped never to lose.

All too soon though, nature called.

I tried to hold it so I wouldn't have to wake my sleeping beauties, but I also didn't want to have them wake up because of a wet bed!

I gingerly started to unentangle myself from the covers, but failed in the attempt. I noticed mom's, and then Erin's eyes flicker open and gaze at me brightly.

"Good morning love!" Erin exclaimed.

"Morning Jeremy." Jenny greeted me soothingly.

"It's a wonderful morning, ladies." I continued to extricate myself from the bed.

"It is." Jenny grinned with a beaming smile that outshone the feeble sunlight. She stretched her arms wide, and then questioned me. "Up so soon?"

"Gotta pee." I stated bluntly, climbed over Jenny's legs, and dashed for the bathroom. It seemed to take forever, but I shortly returned to find mom and Erin now snuggled together.

"Is there still room in there for me?" I asked happily.

"There's always room for you sweetie!" Erin said and lifted the bedspread in invitation.

"You're always welcome in bed with me dear. You know that." Mom opened her arms to welcome me back.

Not always mom! You normally have a husband in my way!

But I didn't voice this.

"And I would never kick either of you from my bed!" I told them pointedly.

"You know Jeremy, this is the first time we've spent a night together!" Erin declared as if we had just won some kind of medal. Not normally something you'd want your lover to say in front of a parent, but then Erin confounded the issue further.

"Well, and you too Jenny!" Erin added with a grin to my mother.

"I hope to spend many more with you my love!" I replied to my young fiery minx.

"We almost got to spend a night together before last night, but this one was much nicer!" Jenny stated without further reference to the night that had ultimately led to our breakup.

I shuddered at the memory, but then shed the dark thought in the glow from my lovers' faces.

"Should we go back to sleep for a few more hours? Or order some breakfast?" Jenny then asked us both, but her gaze on me lasted longer.

Decisions, decisions!

Sleep or food?

It wouldn't be one of mom's wonderful big breakfasts, but I'm sure a four or five-star hotel could manage to whip up something at least the equivalent.

"Well?" Mom peevishly asked me.

"I'm thinking." I smiled back at her.

"I'm hungry." Erin said and looked at the remains of the previous night's room service cart.

The champagne was gone, both bottles upended in the now-melted ice bucket. All the mini-sandwiches had been devoured, and the fifth of Jack was three-quarters empty.

Not to mention, the clothing that was strewn about the floor. All the signs of a great party!

"Okay. Go ahead and order something. I could be convinced to stay awake I guess." I surrendered to the will of the populace. "But shouldn't we ... get dressed or something before the bellhop gets here?"

Mom noticed my glance at the floor and she grinned widely.

"I'm sure the employees here have seen it all before." She rose and gracefully hurried to the bathroom.

"Not everything, I think. Not like us!" I called out after her.

Erin just giggled.

"How are you feeling? Not too much to drink last night?" I asked with concern.

"Fine. Mouth is a bit cottony, but otherwise fine." She answered but then gave me hard stare. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing. You just seemed quite tipsy last night. I hoped that you didn't have too much and have a hangover this morning."

"You looked like you were feeling pretty good yourself buddy!" She stood and approached me.

"Our first good morning kiss!" Erin rose up to kiss my lips. I was worried about my breath without having brushed my teeth, but then she was in the same predicament.

I accepted her relatively tame kiss eagerly.

"I was feeling pretty good last night, but that had nothing to do with what I had to drink. I had the two most amazing women with me in a hotel room for the night. Alcohol can't touch that!"

"Good answer." Mom replied as she returned. "Did I hear something about good morning kisses?"

"You did." And I promptly gave mom one that was anything but tame.

"Hey you two! Save some of that sugar for me!" Erin rushed over to mom and matched my kiss.

"We go on like this, we'll have to skip the room service and just go back to bed. And not for any sleep!" I suggested.

Well, I felt like it was a suggestion.

Neither acted like they heard me though!

"Anything in particular you want?" Jenny looked at me. She was still in my shirt, still looking superbly beautiful; I was inclined to just give it to her if she would wear it as she was then all the time.

"Are you still trying to see my tits?" Her tone was coarse, but her sly smile showed her appreciation.

She waved the shirt open, revealing her fantastic body in all its naked glory!

"You should save that for the bellhop, Jenny!" Erin exhorted with a snicker.

"No!" I protested. "It's not like she's trying to get booze this time! That loveliness is only for me!"

I pulled my shirt closed around her. After one more look!

"Only for you?" Erin queried, but with a knowing grin.

"Okay, I can share with you."

Mom was glowing at my compliment, and at Erin's leering at her.

"Order whatever, Jenny. I trust you. I always have." I said sincerely.

"Get some Belgian Waffles with strawberries." Erin told Jenny. "And some orange slices."

"Yeah, make sure to get some orange juice too." I added.

"I'll get your favorites honey."

My favorites weren't on the hotel menu! I already had them here with me!

Mom then called room service. As she stood there clad only in my dress shirt and looking scrumptious while ordering me a breakfast feast from room service in a fancy hotel made me love my mom, my Jenny even more. She saw me staring as she spoke, and she gave me her beautiful smile in return. I think she even turned slightly so that I could see the deep brown bush crowning her now visible womanhood.

"Getting a dirty peek at your mom? You pervert you!" Erin snuck up behind me.

I turned quickly. And found her likewise looking.

Mom grinned wider and opened her thighs for our viewing enjoyment. She then waved us away as she finished the call.

"They sounded a little surprised at the amount I ordered. They said it would be about twenty minutes."

"What can we do in the meantime?" I asked curiously, as if it wasn't completely obvious as to what I was implying.

"We don't have time for that!" Jenny answered, but her devilish smile told of her interest. "I'm going to take a shower."

Erin sprang erect at that.

"Alone!" Mom declared when she saw Erin's reaction. "I swear you kids are truly corrupting me!"

She then seductively dropped my shirt from her shoulders, letting it fall as it may to the floor and walked to the bathroom.

It may have been carelessness, but I was sure it had been fully intentional, in that I saw that she didn't close the door behind her! Was she hoping one, or both of us, would ignore her words and join her anyway?

Whichever it was, I choose to leave her to shower in peace. Besides, I had a lovely nymph at my side for any shenanigans in which I might partake.

"I think I'm going to take one after Jenny. But I'm not as against company as your mom!" She said so suggestively that it was like a hammer.

Yeah, I was feeling kind of dirty right then! And I mean, dirrrty!

We had twenty minutes or so and I intended to take advantage of that time.

I gave Erin a deep stare that she returned after a shy flick of her eyes to the floor.

"Do you want to join me in yonder bed, fair lady?" I waved my hand wide towards the empty bed.

"Methinks that you have evil intentions for me!" She said demurely but with the hint of a giggle in her voice.

"Oh! I certainly have intentions for you!" I declared as I wrapped her in my arms and fell onto the mattress with Erin atop me.

"Sir, I think I have you at a disadvantage!" Erin said gleefully as she pushed my arms out and held them down.

"I think that you have some evil intentions of your own!" I gave her a leering grin.

"I have a whole list of intentions for you lover!" She said and leaned down to kiss me.

I was at her will and allowed her to abuse my lips with her own. Her tongue even joined in, lashing the insides of my mouth with its searing probe.

Her naked figure perched on my likewise clad body, her velvety nether lips rubbing on my stubby staff had me hardening and rising. My revival only encouraged her motions, until I happened to slip into her channel even though I wasn't fully stiff.

"Oh!" Erin gasped as if surprised at my invasion and that she hadn't intended for it to happen. "It seems someone else is awake now too!"

She lifted her head from mine and altered her movements to account for this new positioning, rolling her hips along my pelvis to coax my

dick to finish swelling while within her. I could only stare in awe at my amazing girlfriend as she took her pleasure from my excitement. In a few short minutes she shifted from sliding on me to a full-on fucking, rocking her hips as she bucked up and down.

"Damn Jeremy! I love your dick almost as much as I love you! It just feels so fucking gooood inside me!" Her voice rose in pitch and volume nearly to match her rhythm.

My dick loved her close to my own feelings too!

Erin's hands moved from my biceps to my chest as she then sat upright which seemed to put me at a more desirable angle of penetration.

"Oh shit! Like that! Oh fuck, fuck, fuck!" She bellowed.

I was sure that Erin had to be loud enough for Jenny to hear, even over the shower. Maybe we could convince her to join us if we couldn't join her!

I put my hands on her hips as much to help her tempo as a nice soft place to rest my palms.

We grunted and moaned in almost unison for many minutes as Erin worked herself to bliss.

"I can't leave you two alone before you're going at it like rabbits!" Jenny emerged from the bathroom with a pure white towel wrapped around her middle, hiding some of her best parts. I say some, as her lips, face, and green eyes were still visible.

"You could join us Jenny!" I croaked as I glanced over at my mom.

"You need to hurry and finish before breakfast arrives!" She told us while watching avidly.

I know she really was tempted!

There was then a knock at the door and a loud voice call out, "room service!"

Erin was lost in her bouncing ecstasy and I wasn't one to stop her.

Jenny just shook her head in consternation and walked over to the door.

I panicked for a moment, but then realized that there was nothing intimate of me observable, and Erin's back was towards the door. So, we continued as we were doing. To be seen having sex with my beautiful girlfriend wasn't something to be embarrassed about, and more, that I should be proud that she chose to ride me. Surely the bellhop would be jealous! And with mom in just a towel would speak volumes for our activities that would only make the hotel man greener than an Irish hillside!

Mom gave us one last look before she opened the door.

A youngish man calmly pushed the large cart into the room before he noticed what was happening on the bed. I looked at his reaction out of the corner of my eye and saw his eyes nearly pop from his head!

"Ignore them." Mom said flatly. "They're incorrigible."

It was only then that he realized Jenny was standing there in only a towel, her womanly parts covered but her curves still very evident. His eyes darted back to Erin and I and then back to mom. He was very clearly shaken by what he was seeing.

"Um ... uh ... I, uh, I ... need ... you to ... ah ... sign this." He stuttered as his eyes bounced about as they bulged.

Jenny took the slip of paper.

"A pen?" She asked.

He pulled one from inside his jacket and proceeded to drop it after fumbling with it. He bent to pick it up, but his eyes were on the bed and he almost did a somersault as he retrieved it. Jenny just grinned as she watched him.

Erin had continued to moan throughout all this, and I let out a few grunts as she ground incessantly on my pole.

"Here you go." Jenny handed the slip back to him after giving it a flourish with the pen.

He looked back at her as if he forgot what he was doing there.

"Oh. Thank you ... ma'am."

I don't think his eyes would ever be straight again!

"Oh. I forgot your tip." Jenny stated as she looked intently at the young man before glancing down at herself. "I don't have any money on me."

"It's alright, uh ... miss."

"No, here."

My mother continued to surprise me and this was just one more instance. She reached up and grabbed the towel where she had tucked it into itself and with a deft wave of her wrist, pulled it loose. The towel dropped to the floor along with the man's jaw. Yep, his eyes would never go back in their sockets ever again!

"Have a nice day young man." Jenny said as she urged him towards the still open door.

He stumbled backwards, unwilling to take his eyes off my gorgeous mother or the action going on in the bed.

"Uh ... yeah ... you too. Ah, thank you. Have a dood gay! I mean ..."

Jenny then swung the door shut with a cheerful smile as if she wasn't naked as a jaybird!

"Mom!" I exclaimed between Erin's plunges.

"I can't believe you did that!"

"Either can I honey. Either can I!" She turned to gaze at us and I then saw what the bellhop had been privy to see. It was as nice to view as it was the first, or the hundredth time I had seen my mother's beautiful figure.

Erin was then shrieking as she came hard. I had to believe that she had been aware of what had happened even as she had been recklessly riding my dick!

"Fuuuuuuuccccckkkkkk!"

"Breakfast is ready." Jenny said as motherly as she ever had.

Erin fell, dropped, collapsed off my still hard cock. Mom's eyes widened slightly as she spied its appearance.

"I suddenly have a craving for some sausage."

"Come on then Jenny! There's plenty for you too!"

She was lifting the various lids to inspect the contents. She found the one she was searching for and pulled out a sausage link. She held it up for a half moment before biting it in half with overemphasis. I had to cringe at the implication.

"No. We need to eat, get dressed, and get out of here before we have a whole herd of bellhops at the door." Mom said plainly. The towel was still bunched at her feet; those same feet of which I would lie at to be within sight of her beauty.

I noticed the order of her actions. Dressing wasn't before eating!

Erin rose to her elbows beside me.

"Thank you, lover! That's how I like to start the day!" Her smile was shaky but sincere. "Are you sure you don't want a ride, Jenny? Nothing like a morning fuck to get the blood flowing!"

Mom's eyes went back to my wet dick. I wondered which she wanted more, my hardness or Erin's essence covering it?

"As nice as that sounds, we really do need to check out before they charge us for another day. It'll be hard enough explaining all this to Justin."

As she stood there naked, towel at her feet after exposing herself to a hotel employee, and watching me and my girlfriend having sex. And all the sex we had had last night! Jenny was just a whirlwind of contradictions. I just wished she hadn't brought up dad as I was staring at her eat her sausage with my own sausage wanting to link up with her.

"I really need a shower now!" Erin cried out and almost sprang from the bed. I had to wonder where she really got all her energy! She had done most of the work, but I felt like I had gone through a wringer. A wonderful pussy wringer!

"I'll join you!" I said. I'm sure I could still stand. All I had to do was get off the bed first.

"No, it's too late for that now love!" She scampered to the bathroom, but paused by Jenny to give her a peck on the lips. "Ooo, that smells all so good!"

"You better hurry before the vacuum over there manages to pull himself from the bed and makes all this disappear!" Jenny quipped as Erin disappeared.

"He had better save me some!" Came her voice from the porcelain chamber.

"It seems your friend is still hungry." Mom stated as she glanced at my dick.

"Do you want one of your morning shakes Jenny?" I waggled it at her.

"I am tempted, but I do have all this food to pick from too!"

"It can't compare to this! Only the best ingredients go into its creation." If I continued to shake it at her, I just might not need her to help me!

"I know all the ingredients that go into that thing!" Jenny teased me back. She took another link without looking as her eyes were still on my hand's contents and popped the whole thing into her mouth. Sure, she could get that whole thing in her mouth!

My stomach growled with the presence of food. I moved to sit on the edge of the bed.

"Last chance mom." I didn't want to sound like I was pleading.

"Not now dear, though it is very tempting." Her eyes lifted to meet mine, the gleam in those green orbs gleaming with promise. "Me, or Erin, will take care of you later."

She then pulled the new cart over to the small table with two chairs next to it. She took all the lids off the platters and placed the food on the table. Well, as much as she could fit and still leave room for us to eat. She took one of the plates and filled it with her choice of items. Much more than she would have normally eaten.

"Hungry mom?" I asked as I stood and came over to join her.

"I have a couple of teenagers trying to wear me out! I need to recharge." She took a bite of scrambled eggs.

"No way Jenny! You easily wear the two of us out. Okay, maybe just me! I think Erin might be that battery bunny in disguise!"

"I'm ever ready for you too honey." Mom quipped. "Now, let me eat something before you get started!"

There was really a lot of food! It was easily a match for any breakfast banquet mom had ever prepared. I wondered if we could get some doggie bags to take the leftovers home.

I know! What was the world coming to if I was worried about not being able to finish a meal!

I took a plate and filled it with an assortment of items, namely the scrambled eggs, some of the sausage, and hash browns but I left the Belgian waffles with strawberries untouched, at least until after Erin had her fill of them as she had specifically requested them. After that they would be fair game!

I then sat in the second chair beside my unclothed mom.

I couldn't believe that my mother was comfortable enough to sit beside me while naked as she ate her breakfast, even with all the things that we had done together!

I tried to eat my food, but I found my eyes kept glancing at my wonderfully beautiful nude mom!

"If you keep staring you are going to go blind. And you are actually drooling dear." Jenny said without even a glance at me.

"If I'm going to go blind, then at least the last thing I see will be true beauty!" I declared truthfully. I wiped the side of my mouth as I really

was leaking, I didn't know if it was from poor table manners or from just lust.

Mom didn't reply to my comment but her cheeks reddened, and there was an upturn to the corner of her lips as she paused mid-bite.

I continued eating but my eyes kept wandering over my lovely mother's luscious body, so much so that I wasn't paying attention to my food and at one point I happened to mildly choke on some bacon that went down the wrong pipe. Jenny made no comment about this, but again I saw that there was a small smile on her face.

We hadn't eaten for very long when Erin burst out of the other room clad in a towel much as mom had earlier.

"Oh! We are still going undressed? Great!" And she dropped the thick white cotton cloth, with it landing near where the towel that mom had used still lay. Mom was naked, but I still had on my underwear. But Erin wanted to be naked too, I surely wasn't going to stop her!

Erin strode fiercely across the room towards the table and eyed the selections.

"No chair for me?" She pouted.

"You can sit on my lap." I offered diplomatically, even though I really didn't want her to get in the way of my eating. Besides, if she sat on my lap, I wouldn't be as inclined to eat.

And she apparently thought the same.

"If I sat on your lap, we might as well just get back into bed!" She protested. "No, I'm hungry!"

"Here, you can have my seat." I offered gallantly. Then I stood and went over, grabbed one of the larger room chairs, and dragged it with difficulty over the carpeting to the small table. It was slightly lower than the other two, but I was fine with that as this gave me a better view of the four beautiful legs hiding below the table!

"Watch out Erin. Jeremy is seemingly having a problem focusing on eating, his eyes keep wandering about the room." Jenny said as she looked pointedly at Erin.

"Oh, really? What exactly is he looking at that is more interesting than all this wonderful food?" Erin asked as she met mom's intense gaze, but I was sure she was fighting the urge to give me a glance.

"The two most incredibly beautiful women in the world." I stated intensely.

"Good answer!" Erin then turned to look at me.

"Just for that Erin and I will have to give you some extra good care for your little morning problem." Jenny told me with a devious grin. Erin's smile at that could only be called wicked.

Little?!

My problem wasn't little! Whether it was my need, or my dick!

But I let her comment pass with the promise of the extra good care that was to come!

The food was an adequate match for Jenny's cooking; delicious and in plentiful quantities!

We all ate mostly in silence but with sly glances, leering looks, and overt stares at one another's bodies. Having two such sexily delightful beauties so near me did make it hard to focus on my plate. Their nakedness was like a magnet that my eyes couldn't resist, not that they wanted to anyway! Erin and Jenny may have joked about my attention

deficit, but each of them let their gazes wander on the other almost as much as my own.

Erin ate more than I would have thought, and mom added a few things to her plate when it was emptied. I took a few more helpings and felt bad about leaving any food, but there was absolutely no room left in my stomach when I gave up. The girls had finished long before me, even as they had eaten at a more sedate pace.

When I did finish, I belched loudly and rubbed my belly. Both women just glared at me and gave irritated shakes of their heads at my behavior. I grinned and ignored the responses. I then asked, "Did someone say something about some extra good care?"

"Even food couldn't distract you from remembering that?" Jenny asked, wiping her mouth with one of the napkins, an actual cloth one and not recycled paper.

"If he had forgotten, I would have reminded him." Erin replied with a sexy smile.

"Thanks, sweetie." I told her graciously.

"I wouldn't have let him forget anyway." Mom said as she slipped slinkily from her chair and gave me a lush loving look from her knees.

Erin then fluidly flowed from her chair in a way that seemed almost inhuman, and joined Jenny on the floor. They both then moved towards me from opposing sides. I then found it much easier than before to move the large chair back a foot to give the two girls more room to maneuver their bodies between my legs, and their heads into my lap. I slid my butt forward over the edge of the chair's seat so I could widen my thighs to give them additional room.

Two mouths kissed my rising staff, aided by slathering tongues with a side of delicate fingers and stroking palms. With the morning sex that left me unspent, the torturous teasing of the girls' nakedness, and the oral administrations they were giving me, it was very soon before I was fully hardened.

They proceeded to give me one of the best blowjobs that I had ever received, absolutely somewhere in the top ten.

Then again, how do you rate any fellatio you've gotten? The last one you received surely ranked high in any listing. I may have gotten some amazing BJs, most of them with which Jenny had a part in, and right then I had the addition of Erin that only multiplied my enjoyment.

They licked up and down my length, lovingly circled my girth with their lathered tongues, and used their slim fingers to further enhance their amazing performances. My skin sizzled, my blood boiled, and my

balls were time bombs just waiting to go off! The two worked their mouths and tongues over my cock as if they had practiced long and hard for just this moment. I was long and hard without barely trying!

Even as they tried to prolong my care, my need was greater and it was in no short time before I was ready to explode. The girls may have been disappointed with the suddenness of my orgasm, but you can't stop Vesuvius from erupting, you just stood back and watched it go!

I felt like a volcano as I shot forth an enormous load of semen. After the amazing sex the previous evening, my balls must have been working overtime for the amount that I unloaded. The girls must have been surprised by the volume that burst from me, or just that they enjoyed me splashing their cheeks as well. A large amount did land in both their mouths, but there was also a good quantity that sprayed on their faces, of which they then happily cleaned off each other.

After I finished my geyser, I breathed deeply until I could see clearly again.

The girls' wonderful actions must have made room somewhere within me, as I then reached out, took a cut piece of toast, and put it in my mouth.

"He never stops." Mom quipped before giving Erin's cheek a long lap. They then kissed, Jenny clearly sharing my essence with my girlfriend.

Was I King of the Universe?

To have had such a night of fantastic sex, Erin giving me a morning ride, a breakfast feast, and then an incredible blowjob from the two women that I loved most in the world. Didn't that automatically grant me that title?

I was broken from my reverie by Jenny's sweet voice.

"Now you need to take your shower."

"Anyone care to join me?" I asked although I already knew my answer.

"Go on. You don't need your mommy to wash your wee-wee anymore!"

Yes, I did!

Frequently!

Still, I rose alone and headed to the bathroom.

The hot shower felt good, even if far too short and unusually lonely. The thick cotton towel felt wonderful on my skin as I dried myself. I wrapped it around my waist and emerged from the steamy air into the now cool main room.

I was disappointed to find Jenny and Erin had redressed, even though they still looked just as sexy to me with clothes on. Almost as sexy I should say!

"Jeremy. Could you pick up those towels and put them in the bathroom. You then need to get dressed so we can go check out. It's getting very late." Mom said in a nearly maternal tone as she pointed at the two piles she and Erin had left on the floor. The sparkly blue dress that practically hid nothing and the memory of what hid beneath belied her tone.

"Always telling me what to do. Like you think you're my mother or something." I complained flatly.

"Or something!" Mom said with a slight laugh at my jibe.

I did as my mother asked and left the three towels in a semi-neat pile near the tub. My parts were shrunken and wrinkled, but I returned confidently even though I could feel both green and blue eyes on me. I found my scattered clothing and put them back on piece by piece as I felt scrutinized by the women as they touched up their makeup in the large mirror on the wall opposite the bed. As I put my shirt back on, I

could smell mom's own scent on it and that, along with the memory of her wearing it, made my now hidden dick twinge.

"Are you going to make love to your shirt or what?" Jenny asked casually as she looked at me over her bare shoulder. I know I saw more than a hint of a smile on her lips as she surely knew the reason for my pausing.

I gave no answer and picked my tie off the floor and put it around my neck.

"I want to wear that!" Erin turned suddenly, grabbed the navy-blue tie, and replaced it to where it had spent a good amount of last night.

"It does look better on you sweetie!" I stated. In fact, it did look very good on her with the rest of her outfit.

Either of them could wear whatever of mine that they wanted. As long as they left me my pants and underwear!

Oh, and my socks! (My feet get cold!)

I surveyed the room to make sure nothing was forgotten, even as I saw that mom was doing the same visual sweep.

"Are we ready to go?" Mom asked.

"I wish we could take some of these leftovers with us. I might get hungry on the ride home." I looked fondly at the remains of the breakfast cart. There actually wasn't that much left on it, but it still bothered me. Or even the bottle of Jack that had probably a few shots still left in it.

"I didn't know that we needed a box to take home the rest or I would have asked for one." Mom said as she looked at me. "We do still have food at home you know."

"That's not the point. We paid for that. It's ours." I stated petulantly.

And by ours I meant mine!

"It's okay Jeremy."

In defiance I grabbed the two remaining waffles sans the strawberries that Erin had managed to finish.

"Happy now?" Jenny asked with an air of exasperation.

"Don't you just love him?" Erin added cheerily.

"Sometimes." Jenny stared me in the eye. "Let's go home."

I gave the room one last look, adding it to the memory book in my head. Right alongside that moonlit lake that Erin and I had first had sex, Aunt Jess's living room where Jenny and I first made love, and the family loveseat where this all began! Amongst many, many more!

"Come on dear." Mom urged from beyond the doorway.

I shut the door behind me and put my arms around my two girls as we walked down the hallway back to the elevator.

I had finished one of the waffles when we emerged back into the lobby. There were many more people there at that time than had been last night. We also received far more stares as we strode effortlessly to the front desk, mom now in front with Erin and I behind her.

"I'm checking out, please." She told the older woman there. The two other clerks were busy with other guests.

"Room number?"

"1157." Mom answered.

"One moment please while I add your additional charges." The woman typed quickly on her keyboard.

Mom turned back to us and gave us a quick smile as she waited. I absentmindedly chewed the last waffle.

I then noticed one of the bellhops that was a short distance away talking with two other fellow bellmen. I didn't realize it at first, but in a second I recognized him as the one that had delivered our breakfast and to whom mom had exposed herself.

"Mom." I whispered loudly.

"What dear?"

"There's that bellhop from breakfast." I nodded with my head in that direction.

"Where?" She asked and then noticed him with his coworkers who had frozen at her gaze.

She then gave the group a hearty friendly wave.

The bellhop returned with a weak wave and all three turned and rushed across the lobby to disappear through a door.

Mom simply laughed.

"You are terrible mom!" My voice returned to normal volume.

"Terrible? Or incredible?" She teased and turned back to the clerk.

"Excuse me? Can you add another charge to my bill?" Mom asked. "I'd like to add a tip to the young man that brought up our breakfast this morning. I didn't have any money on me at that moment and I feel bad for it."

"Yes, you can. How much did you want to add?"

Mom gave a moderate number and the woman went back to typing.

I then told her, again in a whisper. "Geez mom, you already gave him the best tip he's probably ever gotten!"

In my opinion it was anyway!

"Thank you honey! But ... that ... isn't going to help him pay his bills. Maybe he's saving for college."

She spoke so motherly, but there was a blush to her makeup free cheeks.

"We did give him quite a show too!" Erin added.

"I didn't even know if you were aware of anything besides ... what you were doing." I said discreetly.

"Barely, but I knew what we were doing. It made it hotter that someone was watching. I knew he couldn't really see anything other than just the fact that we were having sex." She whispered that last quieter than I had been.

"If you could just sign here ma'am." The woman produced a small electronic pad with a stylus.

I snickered at the use of ma'am for my mother. Madam would have been more appropriate. And not in the nice form of the word either!

Erin had been unusually quiet throughout most of this. I looked at her for some sign of why. She was just gazing about the vast lobby and the numerous people.

"Anything wrong hun?" I queried with concern.

"Huh? No. Just watching people. Wondering what all their stories are, why they're here, what their lives are like." She answered almost wistful.

"What?" I asked in confusion.

"If I want to be a writer, I have to learn about people, why they do things, what is their history. That sort of thing." She explained as if it should have already been evident.

"Oh." Was all I could say.

Mom finished checking out. She folded the printout and tucked it in her small bag.

"How much?" I asked.

"Too much." She wouldn't say anything more about it.

I only hoped she could sneak it past dad, or somehow explain it to him. I'm sure he had only expected a big restaurant tab, not a fancy hotel stay on top of it. And a twenty-dollar tip to a bellhop that mom had shown her full-frontal nudity! I surely wasn't going to mention that!

"You are too much Jenny!" I exclaimed in awe. "Too much and more!"

"I can agree with that assessment!" Erin added in an equal tone.

"You both think far too highly of me. I'm just an average mother." Her eyes drifted down modestly, but then rose to meet ours. "But thank you anyway!"

"You are anything but an average mom, Jenny! And last night, or this morning, proved that!" I protested proudly.

"Jenny, If I should ever dump Jeremy, I just might hook up with you myself!" Erin declared louder than I might have liked in our surroundings. I ignored her insinuation, as it would never happen! The former one, not the later! Erin could hook up with mom all she liked! Especially if I was there also!

"I have enough people wanting to sleep with me as it is." Mom said cryptically.

I held the door for the two ladies and we made our way through the multiple levels of the parking garage to where mom's car still sat.

"Do you want me to drive mom?" I asked.

"No. I will. But thank you for offering. You can sit in the back with Erin until we drop her off." Mom told me. She then turned to Erin.

"You're not going to have any trouble with your parents about being out all night?"

"Naw. I've been out like this before. Besides, they won't think nothing of it since you were with us." Erin said nonchalantly.

I consciously ignored my girlfriend's comment about previous all-nighters. They might have been with some girl friends. Then again, knowing Erin and a little about her history, that wasn't as comforting as it might have been. Didn't matter. She was with me now. And sometimes with mom too!

"Well, if there is, just have them call me. I don't know what I would say to explain anything ... but I can make something up I'm sure!"

Mom had always been very good at the quick lie.

Maybe that was something that I should worry about?

No.

I trusted her completely, totally, and utterly.

"Thanks, Jenny, but I will be fine. They will be at work when I get home anyway."

Erin and I got in the back, while mom got in the driver's seat.

"Home James!" I commanded and pointed blindly out the front window.

"Funny, mister. I was your chauffer for far too many years for you to joke about it."

Nevertheless, she drove us home.

First, to Erin's.

Erin and I only cuddled with some tender smooching on the ride home, the two of us more worn from our celebrations than either of us would likely admit. I certainly wouldn't! Mom was silent in the front seat and made no comments about anything we did in the back.

We arrived in front of my girlfriend's house. We had our goodbye kiss. Mom even snuck in her own, brief as it was. I got out to walk Erin to the door, but she refused my escort.

"Take your lovely mom home Jeremy. And thank her again from me." She gave me another peck on the lips and clutching her small bag with my tie still around her neck, she hurried up the walk, up her porch, and with a last wave, disappeared inside.

I then got in the front passenger seat and looked over at my mother.

"Thank you so much for all this Jenny." I told her from the bottom of my heart. The top of my heart, the inside, the outside, just all of it!

"It was just my idea. And an innocent one too!" She still protested the virtuousness of her suggestion. "But Justin is the one that paid for it all, you should thank him too. But, thank you though, Jeremy."

Her voice was soft and tender and full of her emotions. I didn't dare bring up about how exactly dad was paying for this, and not only financially!

Jenny leaned over, hampered by her shoulder safety belt, and I met her more than half way. She gave me a too short, but still just as passionate peck on my lips.

I fastened my belt and kept quiet for the remaining drive. I frequently glanced at mom in her short dress that just managed to hide her panties, but little more. My feelings were powerful at the sight of her and the memories of the last fourteen or so hours, added to everything else between us, and with Erin not any less. What was the future going to hold for each of us? Did we really have any hope of continuing as we were then? My mood was counter to the confidence of earlier when I felt that I was King of the Universe, but the uncertainty looming over me, and that I didn't know what I would do if something should happen to Erin, or Jenny.

We pulled into our drive with the sun shining and the world looking pristine in its light, but it didn't diminish the bits of shadow that clouded my mind.

"You've been very quiet since Erin's. What are you thinking dear?" Mom asked affectionately, but with more than a trace maternalness.

"Everything." I replied as if that answered her question. "You, me, Erin, the future. Just ... everything."

"Oh. Is that all?" She undid her seat belt and reached her right hand up to my cheek. "I know it all seems so confusing, it really is. It is for me too. I don't have any answers for you, I'm just as lost as you. All I know is how I feel. About you. Justin. The kids. Even Erin." She saw the change in my face at that last. "Yes, as I've already said, I do have feelings for your girlfriend too."

She stopped, unsure what to say next.

"It's okay mom. Jenny. At first, I felt weird about that, especially when you told me about her coming over when I wasn't home, but I know it doesn't change how she, or you, feel about me. Now, it's kind of hot, still strange, but very sexy!" My moodiness was passing like the morning fog under the noontime sun.

"There was a song back in my time. 'Torn between two lovers'. It's kind of how I feel, except I'm being shredded, not torn, between you, Erin, Justin, and ... well, just shredded."

There was something more. Something she wasn't saying.

"And ... what mom? Is there something else?" I asked calmly although I was a tumult inside.

She said nothing for a moment.

"Nothing. Just ... nothing. You have enough to think about it seems. Have you decided yet about college?" It seemed she was deflecting the topic, but I let her. If there was something that she wanted to tell me, she would when she was ready. I trusted in her judgement.

"Yes. I've only really told Erin this, but she and I are going to go to the community college together. That will give us more time to get to really know each other, even though I think I already know all I need to know. Also, we can spend more time with our families before we decide any future plans and possibly move away."

"I ... I am glad to hear that. I don't know that I'm ready for you to move away just yet." Mom almost looked sad right then. "Not just for ... all this." She waved down at herself in the fabulous dress. "You will always be my baby, Jeremy. Your mom isn't ready for you to go off into the big, mean world yet. Or ever. I know it will happen. It has to happen. I know

you'll do great out there no matter what you do. And I think that Erin will be there at your side, and that makes me happy too."

"I'm not ready to leave you yet either mom. I don't know where the future will take me, but I do know that it will never be that far from you. You're my mom ... and my girl!"

"That's sweet, honey. I'm so relieved that you finally decided."

"I think I knew a long time ago, I just needed to realize it myself." I released my belt. "I suppose we should go in and get back to the real world.

"I suppose." Mom said in a wistful tone. "It's midnight, and the coach is about turn back to a pumpkin."

Huh?

It wasn't even ten a.m. yet. Pumpkin?

Oh! Cinderella.

"You'll always be my princess Jenny, glass slipper or not."

"And you are my Prince Charming, Jeremy." Mom leaned over again and I met her again, but this kiss wasn't short at all!

Once breathless, we separated. A shared look passed between our eyes that spoke of all our feelings.

We both opened our doors simultaneously and a guilty twinge hit me. I should have gotten out and opened mom's door like a gentleman! Then again, we were in our driveway in view of any neighbors that should happen to look. Our attire, and that gesture, could allude to more than we would want any busybodies thinking over. Hopefully no one could have seen us with our lips locked together!

But I could still get the front door of the house for her.

I darted ahead of her as she carried her heels in her hand, walking cautiously in her bare feet on the cement walkway.

"I could have carried you mom." I stated.

"Yeah, how would that look to the neighbors? I'm fine."

So, she had had similar thoughts to me!

I unlocked the front door and swung it open for mom, allowing her to enter ahead of me.

"Ladies first."

"Thank you dear."

Just like returning home from a date, but with the fact that your date was still right there with you!

"Dad's at work. What about Johnny and Jojo?" I asked mom as she set her shoes on dad's chair.

"He took them next door to Mrs. Jones before he left. Could you be a dear and go get them?"

"Sure mom."

Even the most menial tasks performed for mom now were a treat. Back in the day, I would have argued and protested like any teen.

The three of us returned a few minutes later and found mom had changed into a bathrobe that hid far too much of her body for my liking.

They each gave mom a hug, though Johnny seemed a little slow to do so. He was getting to that age where mom was no longer the center of the world. Jojo on the other hand went on and on asking mom about her date with me. Mom tried to correct her a few times, but with a sly smile at me answered my sister's constant stream of questions.

I left her to it and went upstairs to change out of my suit and into something far more comfortable like my shorts and tee shirt. Of course, I had to check in with Erin, who had stated that she might take a nap. As soon as she texted that to me it was as if a wave of exhaustion then hit me. A nap was a perfect idea!

I didn't get a very long one, as it was only an hour or so later when Jojo came to my room and began to barrage me with a round of questions. I answered as I could, without giving out anything an eight-year-old shouldn't know, and especially about what mom and I had really done on our 'date'. She then asked if she could come with us if we had another one! I skirted that one by saying that she would have to ask mom and dad first. She gave me a pout and walked away in a huff, as if a cute little girl could actually be in a huff!

I had a momentary thought about going back to sleep, but decided against it. If I did, I would probably be up all night. Not that that wasn't

a bad idea, and only a good idea if I had the appropriate companion, or two, to join me!

I went downstairs in search of some lunch.

Hey! I was still a growing boy! Okay, not really growing per se, but I was mildly hungry.

Mom had dressed in more normal attire of a loose off-yellow blouse, and equally loose light brown slacks. As much as she had revealed last night, she was now equally hiding.

"Afternoon mom." I kissed her cheek as I opened the fridge.

"You can't still be hungry after this morning!" She gasped loudly.

"I wouldn't say hungry, but I do feel like something to eat. Do you have anything I could snack on?" I gave her an insidious leer.

"You mean like some sushi? A fish taco? Bearded clam, fur burger, love muffin?" Mom listed off with a grin to match my own.

"Yeah, like that. I don't know if I could eat all that though!"

"You really are terrible! I don't know why I love you so much." Mom decried in exasperation.

"Can I have a fur burger mommy?" Jojo asked innocently as she came into the kitchen unnoticed.

I burst out laughing so hard and loudly that I might have ruptured a lung!

Mom also bent over holding her stomach for a moment but she recovered far quicker than me.

"No honey, I said ... fun burger." Mom struggled to speak past her chortles.

"I want a fun burger!" Jojo declared determinedly, off put with our laughter that she assumed was directed at her. She even stomped one little foot.

"Okay dear, we'll have them for dinner. Now go outside and play until then." Mom told my sister calmly even as mom's breath was ragged.

(Even to this day, the memory of Jojo asking for a fur burger makes me break out in uncontrollable laughter!)

"See what you did now!" Mom turned on me fiercely.

I was still holding my aching sides and trying to breath.

"Now I have to invent a fun burger thanks to your fooling around!" She stormed over to the refrigerator and rummaged through its contents. "You are going to have to go to the store and pick up some things for me."

Her tone was mellower, but still harsh.

"I'll eat your fur burger, or your fun burgers mom. Any day!" I declared and left the room with only a Tigerade, any thought of food now gone with my stomach burning from laughter.

"I'm making a list so don't go too far mister!" Mom warned me.

I did go to the store for a small pile of items for mom. I went only slightly begrudgingly. It really had been my own fault!

'Can I have a fur burger mommy!'

I almost had an accident from another laughing fit.

The miracle worker that mom was, she did truly invent a fun burger! I had three that evening at dinner and they became a family staple ever after! They were one of Johnny's favorite foods and an annual request at his birthday. (I can't give out the recipe, it's a family secret!)

During dinner, dad did question mom and I about our evening, not understanding why we had been out all night. Well, mostly mom as being the chaperone and the responsible adult. Yes, she was very responsible for what had occurred!

"But for the whole night Jenny? What were you doing that you couldn't make it back home? I was a little worried about you both until I saw your text this morning."

I worried mom would bring up dad's ... indiscretion and our own worry that night, but she didn't.

"We had dinner. Then Erin and I wanted to go dancing. Erin knows this delightful little place; it was really very fun. All ages so all perfectly okay for them. But afterwards, I wanted something a ... bit more."

"More?" Dad asked between bites of his fun burger. "Sounds like maybe I should have come with you if it was that much fun."

"You had your chance dad!" I added, but this earned me a hard stare from mom who was clearly working her wifely magic on her husband.

"It was getting late and the kids wanted to come home, but I don't get that kind of chance very often, so I wanted to make it last. We got a hotel room. With some champagne so we could celebrate right."

"Champagne? Geez Jenny! Did the kids have any? You could have been arrested for that!"

"It was alright Justin. Just some harmless fun. No big deal." Mom said calmly. Calmer than I could have managed.

"Still Jenny." Dad continued to protest but as he could see he wouldn't get anywhere and that the matter was in the past anyway, he let his argument die.

"You could have come along. Maybe you would have had fun too!" Mom jabbed at dad.

Even I didn't think my father deserved that.

"I've decided that I'm going to go to the community college. With Erin. So I can save some money before transferring to a four-year school for my major. And just so you know, Erin's going wasn't a factor in my decision, just a nice bonus." I declared suddenly and firmly. At least his ire would now be directed at me instead of Jenny!

"Finally! A decision." Dad now looked at me, ignoring mom. His expression was indeterminate.

He then floored me, and I assumed mom too.

"I knew that you would make the right one. Eventually." He said with little emotion in his voice that only added to the intensity of his statement.

Huh?

What?

This was what dad had wanted all along?

My long running argument with him notwithstanding?

Huh?

"This is what you wanted?" I could barely speak the words. "Then why did you make me think you felt differently? You argued with me."

My world felt like the floor had just dropped away.

"I wanted you to be sure about what you wanted. If I just agreed with whatever you thought, you wouldn't have gone over all your options. Would you?" He didn't wait for my answer. "With resistance from me, you made sure of what you had to do and realized that you would have to stand firm to defy me with that decision. It was no simple decision that you were going to be basing the rest of your life on. I wanted you to really know what you wanted to do. And in the end, you made the smart decision. I might not agree with your choice of career, but if you have to fight for it then you know that that is what you truly want. Anything else and you would have just caved in in a minute."

What?

I heard his words. I understood them. I even comprehended their meaning. But they were still somehow foreign to me, gibberish.

"This is what you wanted?" I said again.

"Are you sure you just had some champagne last night honey? Nothing that would have made Jeremy go brain dead?" Dad turned to look at mom who had a blank stare on her face that I'm sure matched my own.

"Some Jack Daniels too." Mom confessed without resistance.

"Must have really been some party then." Dad's face was peaceful, almost jovial.

Or was this even my father? Maybe some alien pod creature had taken over his body.

"Why didn't you tell me all this?" Mom asked dispiritedly. Clearly as stunned at this seeming reversal as me.

"You coddle the boy too much. He's a man and needs to make his own decisions. If you knew, you couldn't but help let him know too." Dad stated plainly.

I could see his logic. Even as convoluted as it was.

Dad had played me. And by default, mom also.

I was stunned.

Flabbergasted.

If dad was capable of this, what else might he be playing?

Could he actually know about mom and I? And hadn't said anything about it? Was there some greater ploy up his proverbial sleeve?

I shivered then uncontrollably.

Only the second time in my life that I was truly and well afraid. The first being when mom had split with me.

As I sat there reeling, dad chatted pleasantly with Jojo about the menu choice. I didn't hear any of it. I glanced nervously at mom. She returned my gaze with flickering eyes.

I barely finished my dinner and quietly retreated to my room to think. Or I tried to think. That dad had been so devious as he had left my head

spinning. And the simple fact that he had been right with everything he had said. His contention had increased my resolve, but I did go over every option before making my decision. It was part of what took me so long to finally come to the conclusion that I had. Not discounting the influences of mom's and Erin's presences on that decision.

How could dad have known all this?

We might have played dad as a fool, but were mom and I the ones now being played?

Later that evening while I lay in my bed with my headphones on listening to music to sooth my brain, mom came to my doorway. I heard my siblings bickering downstairs so I knew it wasn't their bedtime yet. And yet there stood my Jenny in all her beauty.

"Mom?" I questioned.

"Jeremy." She answered.

"What the hell happened at dinner? First, you're reprimanding him for us drinking and next thing he drops that bombshell." I gasped barely breathing to her.

"He had been playing me all along!" I practically whined to my mom.

"I know honey. And that he didn't think that he could confide in me. Or that he was right." Mom looked as shook as I felt.

"Do you think he knows?" I stated plainly without elaboration. She knew well what I was saying.

"I don't know. I don't know. I don't think so, but I don't know." Her emerald eyes darted around the room. "I have said that he is more perceptive than he's led us to believe recently, so I really can't say anymore."

She clutched herself as if suddenly cold.

No. Dad couldn't possibly be allowing mom and I to carry on like we had been doing. Why would he?

He simply had to not know. But now I couldn't be so sure.

Mom came in and gave me a kiss on the forehead and nothing more. She wandered off without a good night as if she had forgotten where she had been.

I got up and closed my door and collapsed back to my bed without even changing my clothes.

I was asleep soon after.

I didn't remember any dreams I might have had that night of which I was glad as they were probably dark and full of dread.

Only as I drifted off did I realize that I hadn't texted good night to Erin either.

Author's Notes:

Dum, duhm, dumm!

Could there be trouble ahead for Jeremy?

Thanks for reading!

I always appreciate any comments or suggestions and please vote! It does help when slogging through the tough parts to have the encouragement to continue!

Onedragon

Chapter 24

The next few days were a turmoil.

Dad had said nothing that would have implied anything more about my education plans, but that he had been so clever and devious about it had me nervous about anything else he might know. I mean, if he had wanted to let me and Jenny continue as we were was one thing, but if so, I would have liked to know! That we didn't have to worry so much about being caught, or if he didn't know, that we had to continue to be cautious. The uncertainty either way was maddening.

Thus, mom and I kept things very reserved between us. Not so that it was just as suspicious of us avoiding each other, but that we really didn't do anything with each other for that short while.

Well, except the one time that we couldn't resist each other while Jojo and Johnny were playing in the backyard and I had come up behind her and caught Jenny off guard. She turned to me startled and with one look into my eyes the two of us were suddenly pressed together and our lips mashed against each other. Even with what had happened, I think if dad had walked in on us that we wouldn't have been able to stop. We didn't do anything more than kiss and make out for ten minutes or so.

Okay, fifteen.

We pulled apart with alarm at the urgency of our passion and stared at each other with concern. Mom wiped at her lips with two fingers as if she could still feel me on them. I stepped back a step as I stared into her green depths.

She opened her mouth as if about to speak but stayed silent. I stared for another moment and then just turned quickly and bolted from the room.

If even in our caution that we could be so swept away said much about our lack of discretion.

I did avoid mom for the rest of that afternoon and evening.

Erin gave me little comfort either. She told me that I was imagining it all and was blowing dad's sneakiness out of proportion. I couldn't be sure that she was correct, but the alternative was too scary about which to be wrong.

There was a bright spot in the house though.

It was the week of my little sister's birthday.

Jojo was going to turn nine and she went about the house letting us all know it. Frequently. She would hold up all her fingers save one and declared that that was how old she was going to be. With a grin that her face couldn't contain. Just the sight of her, her carefree innocence, and sparkling blue eyes from her exuberance lit up the room. I had to smile each time that I saw her. She made me long for those simple days when my biggest concern was whether I could talk mom into giving me an extra cookie after school.

Now, I was getting more than cookies from my mother!

The only problem was, did my dad know I had my hand in the cookie jar!

Mom at least had the distraction of preparing a birthday bash for little Joanne.

Not that it was any big extravaganza like my graduation party; it would just be the family, Aunt Jess and Eric, Uncle Mike with his wife Rita, our cousin Dave, Grandma Sharon, and a dozen or so of Jojo's little friends (and their associated parents). And of course, Jojo's favorite older sister, Erin would be present. Mom rented one of those big inflatable bounce houses for the youngsters and had a collection of games that they would play such as pin the tail on the donkey, musical

chairs, and even planned on an egg and spoon race. With plenty of cake and ice cream on top of it.

Mom really knew how to throw a party, no matter the occasion!

I tried to put the issue with dad out of my head. There was nothing I could do about it in any case.

Instead, I tried to think of the perfect gift to give my sister. Besides a pony that is!

Then I realized that that would be the perfect gift!

But instead, that I would take her to a riding stable and let her ride a real pony, or even a small horse. She could have her pony without the awful mess associated with it!

I did a search on my phone and found a stable not too far from our house that had hourly rates to rent horses, and though the price was a bit higher than I would have normally spent on a birthday gift, the look on little Jojo's face would be priceless! They even had a website so I could prepay for it. I did get an additional ticket for myself; then I had the brilliant idea to add another for Erin so that we could make it a date. The added bonus of bringing Erin along for Jojo also wasn't lost on me!

The joyous high of finding the perfect gift now outweighed any disturbing thoughts that had been bothering me.

When I informed mom of my gift, she was ecstatic, telling me what a great idea it was and that she wished that she had thought of it first. I grinned wider at her reaction. I added that I would go as a chaperone and that I would take Erin with us. Mom spun to face me, and declared that she wouldn't mind going also. I wasn't sure about that. Did she want to go as a mother, or that she wanted to spend more time with me and Erin? My gift was supposed to be about Jojo, not Jenny. I did tell her that maybe we could have a family day with all of us, including Johnny and even dad, but that this trip would be just Jojo, Erin, and I. Mom seemed a bit hurt, but reluctantly agreed with my decision. I gave her a quick kiss after a cautious look around, then told her that if she wanted to ride something I could possibly come up with some ideas. She batted my shoulder with a tender swat of her hand. A slight smirk touched her lips, but she still declined. At least at that moment!

I had been now out of school for some time and decided to follow up on my father's demand to find a summer job. I skipped any of the traditional fast food jobs. 'Do you want fries with that?' just wasn't my thing. Besides, I would probably spend more on food at work than my paycheck would cover. The point of my working wasn't to cover my own eating expenses, although the savings at home might justify it. No, I wanted something a bit different. And that I figured all the regular teenager jobs would already be taken by those that had gone out

immediately when school had gotten out. I did apply at a few places, but I didn't hold out for my chances.

In a further bit of kismet for myself, Jojo's birthday party turned out to hold the solution for my employment search.

The big day was a Sunday.

Johnny sulked at all the attention being focused on our sister and even though I teased him to get him out of his funk, it had little effect. He did perk up when Aunt Jess showed up with her boyfriend Eric. As did I, with my gorgeous aunt wearing a pair of snug white shorts that contrasted with her tanned and shapely legs and a pink tank top that hid little of her large jugs! Her strawberry blonde hair was pulled back in a ponytail that was casual, but just added that something special to her look. I had to quickly divert my attention when I saw Eric glance at me in a way that I felt was suspicious. Or that it was just my guilt that made me think so.

Dad and Uncle Mike couldn't have been more separate and still be considered at the same event. My uncle chatted pleasantly with mom, Rita, and Eric. Dad didn't let his displeasure with his brother affect how he treated my cousin Dave and talked garrulously with his nephew, Erin, and me.

Grandma Sharon arrived a little late, but as she had come from the furthest away, it was understandable. She arrived and after greeting everyone, she informed me that she had Jojo's gift in her pickup and asked me to go retrieve it for her. I did so and was surprised by the very large gift-wrapped box with a big red bow on top. Was I about to be outdone in the gift department? I struggled with the box; it wasn't that heavy but was more just awkward, especially as I didn't want to tear the paper. Jojo eyed the package greedily when I carried it to the backyard where we were having the party.

The small herd of Jojo's friends were very noisome and, I thought, somewhat unruly as they ran around our yard, climbing in and out of the bounce house in the shape of a clown's head. Maybe it was just that I was really becoming an adult. I did eye the huge inflatable netted house with a touch of envy. I was too big to join the younger crowd.

But not my girlfriend though!

She was light enough that she was under the stated weight limits and with Jojo's very firm insistence, she joined my sister joyfully jumping with the little kids. She waved at me as she jumped with such a look of enjoyment on her face that I wished I could have been in there with her. Mom came up behind me as I was watching my jubilant girlfriend and grasped my arm maternally.

"I know. I wish I could still do that too." Her voice was tender and wistful.

I looked at mom and she was my mom at that moment.

But only for a moment.

Then I was thinking of other ways the two of us could bounce together! Just not in the backyard though!

She must have read my mind, as she always seemed to do.

"At least I can do that with you!" Her tone was playful, almost innocent, but I knew of that of which she implied.

We rejoined the others. Today wasn't about us.

I had been talking with some of the others, my grandmother among them. It had come up about my working over the summer before going back to school (NOOO!), and Grandma Sharon told me that she knew of a senior center in town that was looking for some part time help.

Old people?

I must have had a look on my face as she smiled with some condescension and explained further.

They wanted someone friendly (I was friendly), able to do a bit of heavy lifting (I had been lifting Jenny, and Erin!), with a flexible schedule (I was free almost all day), and young (eighteen!). I was now a bit intrigued and asked for particulars. She told me that they wanted someone to help with the residents, some light janitorial, helping those with restricted mobility, and just to talk to them and brighten their days. I was more interested the more she told me. It would definitely be different than other jobs. And it didn't sound really all that hard. I asked about pay, though that wasn't really a deciding factor. I didn't expect to make my first million that summer. She wasn't sure, but her guess was a little more than I could get anywhere else. She pulled out her phone and gave me the name and number of the place. I was already hopeful that I could land this job.

The party progressed through the games. Erin sat beside me with our hands held tight as we watched the kids compete. I had a slight out-of-body experience as if I had traveled through time and it wasn't my sister with her friends, but instead it was mine and Erin's kids we were watching. I felt such a wave of contentment fill me just before I shivered and was back in the present. I turned to look at Erin and she turned to return my gaze at the same moment. Her gentle smile seemed to cement that vision into a future reality.

"I love you Erin." I stated with my present being and all my future tenses.

"I love you too hun." Her tone had a touch of curiosity in it, but was just as heartfelt as my own declaration had been.

Then we progressed to the cake and ice cream.

Mom had told me ahead of time for me to wait until everyone else had been served first before I massacred any of the three cakes she had baked. I almost took offense at her insinuation, but then I just took it with pride! I did have a large piece of each cake variety. Even Erin gave me a stern look.

That left the main event, the gift opening!

Jojo was on top of the world in anticipation of all the presents piled on one table, along with the large one from our grandma sitting on the ground next to it. My small card was buried amongst the many small packages.

Dad did the honors of giving Jojo the presents to open. He started going through the many miscellaneous ones from my sister's many friends. The usual assortment of various toys, dolls, and games. Jojo opened

each with the same level of enthusiasm and thanked each giver happily. Then dad picked out the ones from family.

There were a few from mom and dad; a bunch of clothes, and a new pair of sneakers. The usual parent gifts. Jojo was still just as thrilled with them. They were clothes and she was a girl.

Dad's brother, and family, gave Jojo a large stuffed monkey with a toy store gift card stuck to its hand.

Next was a small envelope from Aunt Jessica (and by default, Eric also), which somewhat surprised me, as our aunt was usually a giver of the 'big' gift. Jojo opened the card the envelope contained and waved the gift card in the air.

A gift card?

Aunt Jess was better than that. And she was. She immediately explained to my sister that the two of them would go shopping together as a girl's day out. Jojo's face lit up expansively at that. I was suitable impressed.

A flat square present from Johnny was next. I wondered, and worried, what my brother had gotten our sister. They normally got along okay, but they also did have many quarrels, as all siblings did. Well, at least

ones that weren't so disparate in ages as I was with them. Jojo opened it slowly, clearly also cautious about the gift. A soft look came over her face and she then rushed over to where Johnny sat, and gave him a huge hug. I was curious. Jojo then held up the framed certificate with 'Best Sister' elegantly scribed, and clearly handwritten/drawn, on it. I looked at my brother impressed.

Although it wasn't required of her, Erin had brought my sister a present also. It was a decent sized box, wrapped fancily and had a red bow on it. I had seen her bring it, but I still turned to glance at her sitting next to me as Jojo opened it with bated breath. She then yelled at a pitch that I'm sure dogs heard blocks away. She dug out a handful of fashion dolls that girls her age fawned over and waved them about to her spectators. They weren't in any packaging and so they weren't new. There was also a large number of outfits and all the usual accessories associated with such dolls. Erin then explained that they had been hers when she had been Jojo's age and she was now passing them on to my sister. Jojo was nearly in tears at the explanation and gave Erin a hug to exceed the one she had given Johnny. Erin then promised that she would come over one day so they could play together.

I hoped Erin would come over one day and play with me! Again.

I was still curious about Grandma Sharon's large box, as was of course the birthday girl who had glanced at it constantly all afternoon.

But my own present was the next to be presented. I did feel bad about the size of it, being just the card in an envelope, but as my aunt had shown, it wasn't the size of the gift.

Dad handed Jojo the card and declared that it was from me. Jojo smiled at me and opened the card. She studied the contents for a moment as everyone watched. Then she jumped up and hurled herself at me that shocked me with its force.

"Real horses?"

I nodded to her and told the rest what my gift was.

"Mommy! I'm going to ride a horse!" She exclaimed jubilantly.

Mom smiled cheerily at her daughter's joy. Then glanced at me, sharing some of that smile with me.

Then I added.

"And Erin will come with you and me too." I had not previously informed Erin of this.

"What?" She cried out beside me. "Horseback riding?"

This earned me another hug, this one from my girlfriend. She also added a brief kiss.

Then for the final gift, the one that I'm sure had everyone curious.

Dad bent to pick it up and then had to make a second attempt, as he hadn't realized it's heft. He set it before his daughter with a glance at his mother-in-law who just grinned as she watched Jojo tear at the paper. For such a large gift, I'm surprised that Grandma Sharon had even bothered wrapping it.

"Mom! Dad! It's a bike! A new bike! Thank you, grandma! Thank you!" Jojo exuded her joy loudly.

She continued to tear at the paper until there wasn't any left before she tried to open the box that was heavily-stapled shut.

"Here, let me help you honey." Dad stepped over and pulled the flaps open.

The two of them then pulled out the fully assembled small bicycle. It was pink, with streamers from each handgrip, a basket behind the seat,

and a bell on the handlebars. Jojo looked ready to race down the street right away!

"Mom! You didn't have to do this." Mom told her mother.

"Sure, I did. Joanne is my only granddaughter." Grandma Sharon said firmly.

I did notice the slight look my grandmother gave her other daughter at the mention of granddaughter.

Or, I'm sure any grandkids forthcoming from my aunt!

Dad was preventing Jojo from climbing on her present; telling her that she still had a party going on and she couldn't abandon all her guests. She pouted slightly but relented. Barely.

"Besides honey, you haven't gotten all your presents yet." Dad told her.

I looked at the table. It was empty. What was left?

Then I noticed that mom was now missing. They must have had another gift in hiding.

?

I saw mom appear at the backdoor with her back to the yard and was obviously holding something in her hands.

"Close your eyes Jojo." Dad told her.

I could see that my sister was giddy with anticipation and had trouble doing as required. Mom crossed the yard while still hiding what she held. I caught a glimpse just before she turned to present it to Jojo. Mom then told Jojo to open her eyes.

I had to shake my head from the ear-piercing shriek that emanated from my sister's throat when she saw the small form in mom's hands.

A tiny black kitten. All black save for a large white spot over one eye, a white rear foot, and a snow-tipped tail.

It perked up at my sister's screech and stared at her.

Then Jojo was grabbing for the small animal.

"A kitty cat! A kitty cat!" And then another shrill yell.

Okay, mom and dad did manage to outdo my simulated pony!

"Just for me? No one else?" Jojo asked our parents.

"Just you honey. You will have to help take care of it; it is your kitten."

"Oh, I will mommy, I will!" Jojo hugged the small kitten gently with all the love a child could give a pet.

I did wonder at Johnny's reaction to this gift, but he just looked on sweetly at his sister with no hurt apparent on his face.

"Now you have a live addition to your animal menagerie." Mom told her daughter. "What are you going to call her?"

"It's a girl kitty?" Jojo asked and mom nodded. Jojo then looked at her new love studiously.

I fully expected something along the lines of Spotty (my personal choice).

"Her name is ... Sally."

Sally? For a cat?

Then again, I had a goldfish that I had called Mr. Fishy, so I guess I couldn't say much about her choice.

Jojo then showed her little friend to the rest of her friends; playing as they had Sally chase a ball in the grass. Even Jojo's new bike was then forgotten.

The adults chatted for a short while, I had more cake, and the parents with their youngsters began to peter out.

Before she left, my Grandma Sharon reminded me of my promise to visit her that summer and I told her that I would once again.

All in all, not a bad party at all. Jojo had made out with a haul almost equal to my graduation party. At least in our respective eyes.

I did go down to the senior center the following day, hoping that no one else had applied ahead of me.

I shouldn't have worried. There had only been one other applicant, but the woman that gave me an application to fill out informed me that he had been what she called 'a stoner' and that he had no chance of employment there. I sat and quickly filled in the little information required that I could. I returned the application and the woman, a Mrs. Fredericks, gave me a look over and an easy smile. She told me that I should expect an answer in a few days.

In the meantime, I carried on with my summer of love.

Erin and I couldn't be any closer. We actually didn't have sex as much as we did through the end of the school year and into the first few weeks that we had gotten out. But our connection became far stronger nonetheless. It was less about getting each other off, and when we did get together, it was more of making love than sex. Not that we didn't have sex, far from it. And it was still just as explosive and hot as ever. Erin did start with a new aspect to our time in bed. She took to roleplaying as my mother and having me take her as I might if she were my wonderful Jenny. It seemed a little strange to me, but it got her turned on, so who was I to complain?

Mom and I got few chances to do much of anything with Jojo and Johnny around. They would play in the backyard, or go to friends to play, but it was never for very long and mom and I did have our own lives that never seemed to allow for much time together. We got to kiss and make out; our fingers would linger together whenever we were

close and could be discreet. She did come to my room in the evening a couple times a week, depending on if Erin and I were out late.

Erin and I did spend quite a bit of time at 'our' club; Hervé even asked a few times if my other girlfriend would ever be joining us again. Erin would reach up and kiss his cheek and ask the large man if he had a crush on her girlfriend. I had never seen someone so big ever blush, and I would never admit that I had! We just told him that maybe at some time we would bring Jenny back again.

Erin's parents did come through with their promise of taking us out in return for mom's celebratory dinner. They instead took us to brunch and requested that mom and dad also join us. Dad agreed readily, still feeling guilty for having bailed on the previous meal. Johnny and Jojo would spend a few hours with Aunt Jessica and Eric.

This made for a very awkward triple date.

Especially when I was thinking about it and did the mental math.

My mother Jenny had slept with two-thirds of the group at the table. I had slept with two-thirds of the women there (with an itch to include that last one!). And even Erin had had sex with two-thirds of my family members present for the brunch.

It was a very nice meal at a well-respected breakfast restaurant on a late Sunday morning into early afternoon. Each of us doted on our respective significant others, but keeping anything to a G rating with the time of day and the company present. Erin's parents were jovial and almost overly friendly. Dad had taken to teasingly calling Terence by the shortened form of his name, and even as Erin's father would correct him each time, dad would just smile at the man.

There was an air to the event that I assumed would be similar to a gathering of in-laws. It may have been far too early to presume that much (far, far too early!), but it had become undeniable that there was something lasting between Erin and myself. Destiny? I still wasn't sold, but it didn't mean that I wasn't shopping the idea in my head.

Terrence and Charise had gotten off easy with the bill compared to dad's covering a dinner and expensive hotel over-night stay. And the family friendly event was in stark contrast to the XXX rated affair that mom had sponsored!

I received a call from the senior center and they wanted me to come in for an interview. The next step to my summer employment. I arrived early the next day (hey, ten was early for me!). I dressed appropriately, with a whistle from mom as I came through the living room and a comment about the lack of tee shirt and shorts that I normally wore. I'm sure she wanted me to wear my suit all the time! Well, when I wasn't naked in bed with her!

It turned out that the interview was only a formality. I talked with the fifty-something Mr. Hansen for about fifteen minutes about my little previous employment and my college plans. I asked what about the job specifics and he just told me that it was flexible as would be my hours. He then informed me that I was hired and escorted me back to Mrs. Fredericks to fill out my paperwork. It all seemed too good to be true, but I didn't question my luck.

I had a few days before I would officially start work but as I would only be working part-time, I had no worries about it interfering with any time spent with either of my two girls. One of which I had to spend as much time as I could as Erin would soon be going to her aunt's lake house for ten days.

Ten days without my girlfriend!

I did spend a whole day at her house, sneaking in soon after her parents left in the morning and then out again as they came home. I may have left a few seconds too late, as I was fairly sure that Charise saw me going out their back door as I was still pulling my shirt back over my head. A few days later when I visited, Erin's mother made no comment about seeing me slinking out, but there was a look on her face that said otherwise.

Of my mother and wonderful lover Jenny, I never got to spend enough time with her.

We had fallen into an easy relationship that wasn't so much about the sex, but that we both just loved to be in each other's company. The gentle caress, the soft kiss that was unexpected, the longing look from across the room. Each would give me chills like the sex had never done. It was if we were making love without removing any clothing!

We did still get our chances to remove clothing even as we were hampered by my siblings' presence. Or even my father's now disturbing presence. When he was around mom and I would keep a good distance between us, even more so than would be usual. Not that I wanted to look guilty by the amount of separation, but I would rather be guilty of not doing anything than for being caught in an embrace with my mom!

I started work and as much as I was excited to be making money and keeping busy, it soon grew mundane, if unusual.

I did some light janitorial, mopping up when someone spilled something, or unfortunately, when one of the older residents would have an 'accident' in one of the common areas. I was also the hired muscle, as when one of the wheelchair-bound residents needed help getting up and down, or using the restrooms. Of which was awkward for me at first, helping some old man or even old woman to sit on the can, but they seemed used to it and most would even pee with me standing there to help them back into their chair afterwards. It never came up, but I refused to ever wipe anyone!

My main job requirement seemed to be to just be around the older folk and to talk or listen to them. At the start, I thought I would dread listening to some old man relating how things used to be long before my dad was born, or some woman telling me about her entire family brood. But that wasn't the case. Not entirely anyway. For the most part, the residents were very eager to tell me accounts of the highlights of their long, and sometimes very full lives. And it was interesting to listen to them tell me their stories.

Mr. Johansen had climbed Mt. Everest. He told me every detail of it as if he had just done it last week. I felt like I was right there with him toting the heavy pack and enduring the hurricane wind that blew up and blinded you, or passing the frozen bodies of failed climbers that had become landmarks for future climbers to navigate.

Ms. Emma Tory had swum the English Channel in her twenties and had planned on swimming across the Mediterranean before having an accident that left her with a broken leg and no chances of any more long-distance swims.

Joe Franklin had been part of the pit crew of the great racecar driver Jackie Stewart. He told me stories about 'the Flying Scot' winning at Monaco, the numerous races all around the world, and how much loved the little man had been in his racing days.

Not all were worldly stories either.

Joaquin Hernandez had owned a donut shop for forty-five years and he would tell of the customers he had had come in regularly and of all the different varieties of baked goods that he had made in all those years. I couldn't even conceive of forty-five years' worth of donuts! I did stop at a bakery on my way home that day, as I suddenly had a craving for some Boston Crème donuts!

Mrs. Conway was only a housewife, and at 97, she was one of the oldest residents at the center. She was just as lucid as any college kid, even if she wasn't as mobile as she once had been. And the mouth on that frail little woman! Oh my God! Some of her language would peel paint! But she would speak about her six children, four of them now passed, her nineteen grandchildren, two of them gone, and the great grandkids that she had lost count of how many. She might have only lived a regular life, but her stories about it were so heartfelt, whether she was talking about how her oldest Herman had won the state finals in track, or the day she heard that Edwin had died in Vietnam. Even after all the years, she still teared up when she spoke his name.

It wasn't just the lives that these people had lived. It was the lives that they still hadn't stopped living.

I went in one day and there was a stir going on. Only later did I hear the details. It seemed Grace Emerson had been caught sneaking into

Mr. Jackson's room. At first, I didn't see the problem with that. Until I was told that the pair had been having sex! She was 69 and he was 81!

And they weren't the only two to be engaged in hanky panky!

With all the room hopping, and catching the residents in bathrooms, stairwells, or supply closets, you would think that I worked at a college dorm! That any of them were still capable of doing anything like that amused me and gave me hope for my own lengthy sex life! One day I had even caught a couple in the bathroom when I went in to relieve myself. Greta Campbell was mounted on Stephen I can't remember his last name's lap in one of the stalls. They paused when I came in. I used the urinal and let them be. I heard them resume just before I exited with a wide grin on my face as I remembered my mom doing the very same with me at Willie World!

It wasn't just the sex either.

We had fights break out more regularly than I would have thought amongst senior citizens, and over the silliest things. But I guess if you were cooped up with others that you had no choice of living with, then I suppose incidents like that were bound to happen. It was still funny to see someone threaten another with a walker raised in the air (before I rushed over to stop it, and grab the walker before Santos fell and crushed himself with it!).

So as mundane as work could be, it also had its highlights. And I had only been there a few weeks!

I did come home from work one afternoon and as my brother and sister were riding their bikes up and down the sidewalk, I was able to give my mother a proper coming home kiss. When she pulled away from me, I teased her that with all the older women that I could now get, that she needed to put out more. I saw the slightly shocked look on her face, but I had already told her some of the incidents that had gone on. Mom just smirked at me in reply`.

"It is inappropriate to joke about those delightful women like that."

"Don't worry mom, none of those gray hairs could steal me away from you." I replied.

Mom smiled lovingly back at me with my comment.

"That is, unless that Mrs. Ritchey finally gives it up!" I teased with a grin.

She swatted at me, but I pulled her to me anyway to give her a quick kiss that she accepted as apology.

The day before Erin was set to go to her Aunt Tracy's lakehouse, she came over to visit and have dinner. It was Thursday and she would be leaving the next morning. Dad wasn't home yet when she arrived and after a lengthy time spent with Jojo and Sally upstairs in my sister's room, Erin came back down to mom and I sitting in the living room chatting casually. Erin smiled at us secretly and sat next to me.

"I have a problem Jenny." She declared gloomily.

"What is it dear? Nothing serious, I hope." Mom asked motherly.

"I'm going to be away for ten days. I don't want my boyfriend straying while I'm not here to watch over him." Erin looked up from her lap to stare at mom.

She may have sounded serious, but nevertheless I had a grin on my face.

"I don't think that will be a problem, honey." Mom smiled lovingly back at Erin. Part of her smile may have been a bit sly though.

"I just want to give you permission to keep him satisfied." Erin grinned so sexily, but I was unsure who it was directed towards.

Mom didn't need Erin to give her permission, she had already done so even before our first ménage à trois!

Mom gave Erin a lusty grin in reply to match her words.

"I'll make sure that he is too worn out to go straying!"

Mom then put her hand on my crotch and gave it a firm squeeze. I had been soft, but the presence of my mother's hand had me quickly filling out.

Erin just smiled as she watched Jenny groping me. Only the sound of Jojo urging her kitten down the stairs kept things from possibly progressing further.

Then Johnny came in, having interrupted his laps of the block when he'd seen Erin's car.

Nothing happened at dinner; I even put extra distance between mom and me for surety!

Afterwards, I spent a long-time saying goodbye to Erin. Our lips were like they wouldn't part ever again as we gave each other tonsillectomies with our tongues. I wouldn't get to see her for ten whole days! Well, no,

that wasn't technically true. I would text her, call her every evening, and we would video chat. Almost like she would still be here. Just without the kissing, or the sex.

For that I would have my lovely Jenny!

The next night was Friday and movie night.

It had been a long while since it had only been the family without any others such as Erin or Aunt Jessica. The kids were sprawled on the sleeping bag as usual, but now with the addition of Sally the kitten who was never far from my sister. Dad in his recliner with his beer equally close at hand. Even though the couch was available with my aunt's absence, mom and I still sat on the loveseat, as it was cozier and it had fond memories for us both.

We all had our bowls of popcorn and various beverages. The first movie was a live action remake of a classic animated movie from my youth. It had all the heart of the original and was decent, but the original would always be the best for me. My brother and sister gave their approval by staying awake until the end.

Mom had pulled her blanket over the two of us even though I had no need of it. She did manage to keep to herself for three-quarters of the movie. Then as the famous song from the original started, she snuggled even closer to me, her cheek on my bicep. She shifted a little and I felt a

hand on my thigh which crept towards my crotch. I glanced at her to discourage her, especially as dad was still awake and tapping his finger to the beat. Mom just smiled innocently back at me, but her hand didn't retreat. In no time I was as stiff as a steel girder!

She made no effort to do anything more than rub her palm over my erection for the rest of the film. When it ended, she pulled the blanket back and asked dad if he needed another beer and if I needed anything from her as she rose.

I knew what she was suggesting with her innocent question, but I ignored her.

Fortunately for me, dad told her that he had to get up to use the bathroom, but that he would take a second one. As he stood, dad looked over at me with a curious look. He went down the hall without any other word.

What was that for?

I had pulled the blanket back over me when mom had stood, so he couldn't have seen my woody standing prominently. Did he suspect that mom had been playing with my dick?

Meanwhile, in the kitchen mom caught me looking at her and she turned her back to me, and lifted her robe and nightgown so that I could see the tiny pink panties that didn't hide her fantastic ass! Luckily, my siblings were watching the cartoon short running alongside the credits. I glared at her even as I also stared. The devilishly sexy smile on her face as she looked back was enough to make me forgive almost anything dangerous that she did.

Dad started the second movie, a PG-rated one as Johnny and Jojo would still be up for a while. He then reclined his chair another ten degrees and cracked open his can. I then rose as I could no longer hold it, and darted to the bathroom in the relative darkness so that my bulge wasn't visible, or hopefully not!

"Jeremy! You could have gone before now!" Dad scolded at me down the hall.

No, I couldn't!

I returned, and mom lifted the blanket to tuck me back in beside her.

The opening credits hadn't even finished before her hand was back at my crotch.

I had gotten half soft in the interim, which was enough to be able to pee without it spraying at the ceiling!

When I was again painfully hard, she worked at my zipper. I batted at her hand from above the blanket but it didn't stop her, and I really didn't want her to stop. But I also didn't want to get caught either! Then I realized, that it wasn't me that was doing anything wrong; I was the innocent victim just like I had been on that evening now seemingly so long ago.

Mom managed to get my pants open and pull my dick free enough so that she could slowly stroke it. I did try to watch the movie during this, but her gentle teasing made that difficult. It was clear that she wasn't trying to get me off and was just enjoying holding and rubbing her fingers over my hard, burning flesh.

Could she keep me hard for the whole movie? If indeed that was her intent?

I would have returned the favor if I could have, but she had her legs tucked up under her away from me as she leaned on my shoulder. Her tits were still within reach though! I reached across myself with my right arm and slipped my hand inside her robe and down the front of her nightgown to grasp one of her soft melons. She shifted with a sigh to give my hand a better grip.

So, for the second movie, mom stroked my dick while I massaged her breast and played with her nipple that was as hard as the dick in her hand. I don't remember what movie it was as I was too focused on Jenny's fingers on me, and my hand on her luscious globe and sensitive nip.

Dad did drift off about the middle of the movie, as did Johnny and Jojo; even Sally was curled up beside my sister asleep.

When I was sure that everyone else was deeply out, I turned to mom and put a finger to my lips to keep her quiet. I then stood, pulling from her gentle hold on my exposed shaft. She looked up at me curiously as the movie was still playing. I only gestured to the stairs. Her eyes lit up and she straightened her robe and stood. She was worried about her robe that was revealing nothing, while I had my dick standing upright and out of my still unfastened pants?

I reached out a hand and took hers when she offered it. I pulled her towards the stairs with my finger still on my lips and the lustful glow of her green eyes lighting our way.

Once in my room, we pressed tightly and kissed. Her hand returned to my cock while both of mine were squeezing her butt cheeks.

I slowly guided us blindly towards my bed behind me, but mom had other ideas as she dropped to her knees and rubbed her cheeks against my hot skin. Her eyes burned hotly as she looked up at me.

"I love how soft and smooth it is, while also so, so hard!" She wrapped her hand around the base, keeping my pole in place as she ran her face over it.

It was so very hard!

"What are you going to do with that while you're down there, mom?"

She stuck out her tongue as far as she could and ran it along the bottom side of my shaft with a soft flick as she dragged it over the head. I was already oozing.

"You could do that again." I stated.

Mom did so again, going slower the second time but instead of flicking at the end, she wrapped her mouth around the head, giving it a swish with her tongue before pulling off with a pop.

"You do have the best cock I've ever sucked honey!" My mother said as she licked around the leaking hole.

"You're still the best cocksucking mother I know, Jenny!" I complimented her as I shifted my feet for better footing if she was going to blow me.

"I better still be the only cocksucking mother you know Jeremy!" Mom said cheerfully as she took me deep into her mouth. As deep as she was able.

"You would think with as much as I practice as I get that I could deep throat you like Jess!" She declared, and then repeated her engulfment.

"Don't worry about it, Jenny! Just between you and me," I told her conspiratorially, "you are the best!"

"Oh! Thank you honey!" Mom gushed back. "I still wish I could take your whole cock in my mouth, if only just for my own sake."

"You really are the best, mom!" I purposely didn't use her name. Reminding her of our connection while she spoke about my cock was that extra thrill that added to anything that we did together.

Jenny looked up at me again, this time with a large amount of my dick still in her mouth and her eyes shone proudly.

She then focused on what she was doing, and on keeping me from cumming. With the prolonged teasing on the loveseat, I was closer than she might realize. Not that I wouldn't be ready to go again immediately! I really was that ready!

Mom had been going at it for a dozen minutes when she looked back up at me as I gritted my teeth.

"Take a picture of this." She asked as calmly as if she wanted me to get her some water.

"What?" I almost stuttered.

"For Erin. So that she knows you're not out with someone else already." Mom grinned as she lapped around my slick dome. "And so that she has something to use when she's taking care of herself."

Was mom suggesting we give my girlfriend fodder for her use so she could masturbate during our separation?

I still didn't know if I should be shocked, or proud, of my mom!

"Go on honey! You know how hot she'll get when she sees this!"

Mom had finally become convinced about Erin's sincerity about our secret and her own lust for our illicit relationship!

"Hang on a sec." I walked over to my desk where I had left my phone, my dick slick with mom's saliva bobbing in the cool air.

"I think I want a picture of that for myself!" Mom said as she held out her hand for my phone.

Mom wanted a picture of my hard dick? She could have the real thing whenever she wanted! And she already did have a picture of my dick that she had tucked away somewhere that dad wouldn't find it. I reminded her of this.

"Another one? What about the last one?" I asked.

"I want this one, with my spit dripping off it and it hanging out of your pants!" Mom looked at my phone screen as she aimed and snapped. "You could send this one to Erin too, but I want her to see your dick while it is in my mouth!"

I almost wanted to shoot right then at her words!

"Come on Jeremy. Take the picture!" Mom went back to sucking me hungrily.

"Well, stop for a second so it's not all blurry!" I struggled to hold my phone straight while mom was sucking my soul out of my prick!

The sultry look she gave me with her eyes afire with lust as she looked up at me from her knees with half my cock in her mouth was just one more of the thousands of sexy images of Jenny that was etched in my memory! And it would be enhanced by the image now captured on my phone!

"One more for Erin honey!" Mom said as she pulled off me and stood. She then turned around and bent over, pulling her robe and nightgown up over her ass. She tugged her panties down her thighs until they dropped to the floor and she stepped out of them. She then put her hands on her ass and pulled her cheeks apart, her damp pussy lips visible beneath the splendid curves of her ass.

I stared as my mother showed me everything she had!

"Jeremy! Hello? The picture?"

"Oh. Yeah."

I pried my attention from the real thing to gaze at it on my phone's screen. I'm surprised that the heat that mom was emanating didn't burn out my camera lens! Or my eyeballs!

I lined up the shot, taking a moment longer than required to take in as much of this sight for my own memory.

"Okay, got it."

I could feel the gravity of her slit as it pulled my cock towards it!

"Send those to Erin with my love and then come over here and shove that beautiful cock in my pussy!" Mom said urgently.

Was not my mother the greatest in the world!

I sat my phone down and did as I was told!

"Oh yes Jeremy! Fuck mommy's wet pussy! That feels so good!" Mom moaned as she gripped her shins in her hands.

I grabbed her waist/hips/ass tightly and shoved my dick in and out of her powerfully. I grunted and tried to keep from blasting inside her too soon.

"Yes baby! Oh God yes! I just love your cock in my burning cunt!"

It was in fact very warm down there! Whether from her heat, my own heat, or the friction of our joining.

I rammed into her for only about five minutes or so, although the heaven of mom's pussy felt like eternity.

"Here honey. Get on the bed. Lie down. I want to ride your wonderful cock!" Mom slid off my even wetter dick and stood upright.

Uh. Okay!

I stepped out of my shorts and boxers and laid on my unmade bed.

I watched my beautiful mother remove her nightclothes with little more than a shrug of her shoulders, then kneel up onto my bed and move to straddle my hips, my dick then brushing against her well-toned thigh.

"Tell me what you want Jeremy." Mom's voice dripped sex.

"I want you to sit on my cock and ride it like a slut, Jenny!" I growled at her in reply.

"Oh yes, I want that too!"

Mom moved a few inches up my body, her brown bush tickling my dick as it twitched with the proximity of her pussy.

"Fuck me mom!" I yelled louder than I probably should have.

"Oh baby, mommy's going to shove this fucker so far into me!"

I didn't correct her use of pronouns.

She waggled my dick on her dripping lips and lifted her hips to position me at her wide entrance.

"Ready baby?"

I was always ready for my Jenny to fuck me.

"Forever Jenny."

"I love you honey!"

"I love you too mom. Now get me in you." Not the most eloquent statement, but hey, I made my point.

Mom slowly slid down my shaft, sighing and moaning at the same time as she did so. I moaned some too.

"Oh no! Wait!" Mom suddenly cried out.

What?

She sprang up and got my phone from the dresser where I had set it down.

"Take a video of me riding you."

Um?

"Are you sure Jenny? For Erin again?" I questioned as she climbed back on me. "Do you really want video of us together out there, in the ether?" I waved my hand to the emptiness of 'out there'.

"You won't be in the shot, not enough to identify you anyway." She grinned seductively.

Wow! This was very bold of her.

Pictures, and now she wanted video of her. Proof of her with someone that was 'not dad'!

"Are you sure mom?" I used her title to verify her conviction.

"Go ahead honey. Hit record." She had me deep in her then.

"Okay." I said with hesitancy.

Mom started a slow grind.

"Hi Erin. I'm taking good care of your wonderful boyfriend, and his amazing dick! I hope your busy playing with that tasty pussy of yours while you watch this. Jer ... your boyfriend is filling me so full with his

huge cock! I just wish you were here to lick up his cum from me after he fills me up!"

HOLY SHIT!

Mom bounced up and down vigorously for a minute or so before nodding discreetly to me to stop recording.

"Damn Jenny! Are you sure about that? I mean it was freakin' hot and I'm right here!" And still trying not to cum on the spot.

"Go ahead honey. Send it. I trust her. Almost as much as you."

I always loved when I could use my parents own words back at them! I wasn't going to let this one pass either.

"Do you trust her? Do you?" I asked, even as mom continued to slowly ride my pole. I dropped my phone on the bed beside me. "And not as much as me?"

I gave her scrutinizing stare.

She caught on immediately.

She leaned forward, putting her hands on my chest to balance herself.

"I see what you did there. I know I said the same thing not that long ago. And yes, as much as I trust her, it will never equal what I feel with you, you little shit!"

Mom leaned further and kissed me. One became two, two became three, then her arms fell away and her chest was pressed tight to mine as she ground on me and I pushed up into her.

Our lust had been building for too long and neither of us lasted for that much longer, both of us orgasming almost simultaneously.

Jenny stayed on top of me as I shrunk inside her. If we had had time to continue, I knew I could go again, but I knew we had already pushed it too far as it was.

"Kiss me mom."

And she did.

I slapped her ass and gently urged her off me.

"You need to get dressed and get down to your own room, young lady."

"Are you sure you don't want seconds?" Mom smiled slyly at me as she let my wet mess fall from her. "I could clean that up for you."

"If you cleaned it up, we would just get started again. No, I need to take a shower, but thanks anyway. I know you'd do a much better job than me!"

I did stare again as Jenny bent to pick up her nightgown and robe. Before she put them on again though, she ran two fingers across her netherlips. She brought them to her mouth.

"Mmmm!" She moaned as she sucked them clean and then licked them to guarantee that.

"You really are too much mom! I love you."

"I love you too dear." She then looked at my phone beside my head. "Make sure you send the photos and video to Erin. Good night."

She then stepped lightly out my door, closing it behind her.

Even as much of a mess as I was then, I was still almost tempted to just go to sleep. I did get up, grab some clean clothes, and went down the hall still naked to the bathroom to take a much-needed shower. I would just send the video after.

I did add a message of my own when I did and wished Erin a good night. There was no immediate reply, but I didn't know what Erin might be doing at her aunt's, and her parents were supposed to be there that evening too.

It wasn't that late, but I did go to bed anyway.

It was the next afternoon before I received a reply from my sexy redhead.

'OMG! I've only been gone for one day! I might've been better off if you were straying! (: Tell Jenny I love her and I do wish I had been there to clean her delicious snatch. I couldn't answer you last night as I had to take care of things. Three times! Call me after 9 2nite. Luv ya! E'

Three times!

She was just as bad as my mother!

Maybe that's why I loved her just as much as Jenny!

It was late June and the weather turned warmer as it does, but this was unusually warm, and by warm, I mean like ninety plus degrees!

Everyone in our house had been acting like zombies from the heat and humidity for the last week until my father declared that we would all go to the lake on Saturday. Mom and I looked at each other for his choice of day. Mom did question him about it. He stated that it was too hot to go golfing, no matter how early he and Jack started. He also added that Jack seemed to be having some real issues at home with his family, but his friend wouldn't say more about it. Johnny and Jojo were ecstatic, that is until my sister said she would bring Sally with us, and was then almost in tears when mom told her that kittens didn't like lakes, or any water. Johnny wanted to prove it by putting his sister's pet in the bathtub, but I was able to stop him just before he dropped the poor creature in.

I was excited to go too, but not in the same way as my brother and sister. I was missing Erin, even with the texting and calling daily. Having Jenny around helped, and working kept my mind distracted for some time. Going to the lake would be pleasant, but even seeing a great number of young girls in skimpy swimwear didn't have the allure that it once did. Yes, I would still gawk and stare, but I already had the two greatest girls I could ever hope to find. I did perk up when mom came home from some errands and told me that she had bought a new

swimsuit for Saturday, but she wouldn't model it for me ahead of time, instead telling me I had to wait just like dad. That she had dad's interest in it didn't bolster my spirits either.

The week went by. There was work, some minor encounters with mom, I finally beat a tough level on my video game, took Jojo and Johnny to the park one afternoon, and had far too few contacts with Erin as she was busy with her lakehouse vacation. The one good thing about being at the senior center was that they kept the AC cranked for the residents' comfort. As much as I already enjoyed my job, the added benefit of the cooler temps was near a godsend.

Then it was Friday night.

We limited movie night to a single movie and one aimed at the younger audience. Mom and I did nothing; she sat on the loveseat and I lounged in my aunt's former position on the couch. We still gave each other sly looks when dad wasn't watching. And since he wasn't golfing in the morning, he had no reason to go to sleep so early, so was awake throughout the movie. When it ended, everyone went to their bedrooms. An hour or so later, I could hear the tell-tale sounds of mom and dad going at it below my bedroom floor. It also didn't help that I had gotten no good night message from Erin that evening.

There was a bustle going on the next morning when I woke. Mom was in the middle of making one of her famous breakfast banquets and I'm

sure the smells wafting up to my room is what had broken my dreams. We all ate our fill. Well, not me, as I went a bit light that morning as I didn't want to be carrying the extra bulge in my stomach if I was going to be running around all those cute girls. Just because I wasn't interested in them didn't mean that I wanted to look like an overweight slob either. Not that it would really show, but I was still promising myself to work out, and more than the yoga I was doing with mom.

I got a text from Erin and I informed her of our plans for the day so as to not expect me to answer immediately if she should text or call. When I told her that mom had bought a new swimsuit, but that was being secretive about it, Erin asked for a picture of it when I could manage. She sounded as interested in it as me. Not that I should be surprised! I was a little disappointed that my girlfriend didn't mention anything about my own swim trunks.

The beach blanket, all the assorted towels, the big beach umbrella, fully-packed cooler, small grill, various toys, floatables, and other lakeside accoutrements were packed into dad's truck. Mom wore a loose pair of white shorts and a flowery top with a pair of sandals on her feet, a wide brimmed hat to shade her head, and a large pair of sunglasses hid her beautiful green eyes. I had to assume her new suit was concealed beneath her casual attire. I did note that dad had given her a once over also as he must have assumed the same as me.

There was already a large crowd at the beach when we arrived but we were still able to find a nice spot to spread out the large blanket that

wasn't too far from the water, but also not too close to it either. Dad set up the umbrella even as my brother and sister bolted for the water with mom's cries to watch out for each other following them. They would be less than a dozen yards away so there should be little worry for their safety. It was a large lake with a huge beach and even had a lifeguard sitting on an eight-foot high wooden platform.

I stood conspicuously doing nothing as I waited for the unveiling. This was made even more awkward as it was obvious that dad was doing likewise. Mom seemed to be enjoying the audience of her two men awaiting her to 'undress', as it were. She threw her hat on the blanket and dropped her glasses in it. She then looked around as if she was about to strip instead of just removing her outer clothing. Mom unbuttoned her shorts and let them fall, but this didn't reveal much as her colorful top still hid her suit. Well, except for a dark spot covering her crotch that I was trying not to be noticeable as I stared at it. She then looked around again at the crowd that was paying her no attention, but she had far enough from me and dad. Mom then looked straight at dad and then gave me a secretly sly glance as I pretended to be looking at my phone. She then grabbed the lower hem of her top and pulled it upward and over her head.

I had hoped for a bikini; actually, I had dreamed of a really skimpy one. The way she had brought it up, I thought had implied a really revealing two-piece swimsuit.

I was wrong.

And I was never so happy to be so wrong!

Instead it was a traditional one-piece as many mothers might wear.

It may have been one piece, but it was actually hotter looking than any bikini might have on her. It was very form fitting and flattered mom's trim figure. The cut was very high on mom's hips and low enough across her chest to show the cleft of her cleavage. It tied at the back of her neck and left her back bare save for a narrow strip across her shoulder blades that kept the material tight across her breasts to wonderful effect. There was a slight downward curve at the small of her back, not enough to show any cleavage there, but did emphasis the curve. It clung to her ass cheeks such that she might have been wearing nothing if not for the coloring. And as amazing as the fit was, it was the color that struck the viewer first. There was an exploding burst pattern just offset on her belly that wrapped slightly around her left side, but rather than warm colors like red and yellow, the pattern was made up of mostly a metallic midnight blue, a neon violet, a blue bluer than the sky, and a bit of jade green. The suit was then trimmed in black. For something made up of such darker and cooler colors, it was almost blinding in its brightness.

To say that I was stunned would be a great understatement.

Fortunately, so was my father so that he didn't see his son staring at his mother as if she was a swimsuit model. Of which is exactly how I saw her. But it didn't take any fancy and remarkable bit of material for me to have that view of her.

"Wow! Jenny!" Dad gaped as mom did a little turn.

"Do you like it? I wasn't sure about it. I almost got one of those skimpy bikinis, but it just didn't feel right. I am old enough to know that I can't pretend to get away with one of those." Mom said as she still gave a small twist.

"It's amazing honey!" Dad praised my girl. "You look amazing."

Then dad hugged mom and I turned away to look for any scantily clad girl to take my mind off dad groping my mom. I then wandered off to check on my brother and sister. They had found a small group of likewise aged kids and were happily playing water tag in the shallows.

I returned and still couldn't believe how sexy mom looked. Even in a one-piece swimsuit. Dad was now lounging semi-upright on his beach mat, his own eyes still darting to mom as she went about unpacking the things we'd brought.

"Hey mom, do you feel up to some Frisbee?" I asked, eager to see her running about with how she was dressed.

"Sure honey, give me a minute to finish up with this." She answered without even looking towards me, probably not guessing my mostly innocent intent.

"Do you want to join us Justin?" Mom then asked dad after she had positioned the cooler, the little grill, the pile of towels, the beach toys for the kids, and the rest of the things just where she wanted. Almost like we were moving in to the beach!

"No, you two go on, I just want to sit here and enjoy the sun. I'll watch the kids while you're gone." He said cheerily as he pulled a beer from the cooler.

My father sounded the same as usual, but with my new suspicions, it could be interpreted quite differently!

Besides, mom and I weren't going that far, just a short distance away where there would be room for us to throw the plastic disc.

Unfortunately for me, mostly, mom put on a light wrap around her hips that hid her rear curves and the narrowing swimsuit in the front, but still allowed her flexible movement. She saw me looking at her with

disappointment and I added a pout that she replied to with a smiling grin.

We only played for a short time, not more than twenty minutes or so, easily throwing the Frisbee to be caught with little effort. I felt a closeness with Jenny then that was totally innocent, just carefree time spent in the warm sun. I did throw one off to her left on purpose, just to see her gracefully run to catch it, the sun glistening on her toned legs, the swimsuit doing little to contain the jiggle of her breasts in the tight material. In return, mom gave a massive throw that made me run with a burst of speed to make the catch. I did catch it, but had to make a shoulder roll afterwards as I had overextended my reach. I sprang up easily to find mom laughing. If I didn't love her so much before, then that image of her so relaxed, acting so youthfully, looking so incredible in her suit would surely have melted my heart like ice cream would in this wonderful heat!

Dad looked up at our return.

"Back already? You weren't gone very long." Again, that easy tone that cut two ways!

"I have to take it easy on him Justin. He isn't getting any younger!" Mom teased with a sly grin at me that her husband didn't see as his gaze returned to the shimmering water.

"Are you going to sit there all day?" Mom asked with the barest hint of acidity in her tone.

"Of course not. We just got here Jenny. Let's enjoy the day." Dad said with a glance at her before he took a sip from his can.

Jojo returned then to break any tension that might have been building, real or imagined.

"Where's your brother?" Mom asked.

I knew then that Jojo was my sister from her quick response.

She pointed at me.

"He's right here mom." Jojo said in the most deadpan voice.

I saw a hint of a curl to mom's lip as her eyes darted to me as if to verify my presence.

"Your other brother." Mom said emphatically.

"He's playing with some boys. One of them brought a football. I didn't want to play with them anymore." Jojo then looked up at me. "Will you play with me Jeremy? We can build a san castle." She grabbed one of the plastic buckets that we had brought.

"That sounds like a great idea!" I looked lovingly at my little sister.

She was now nine. I would go off to college in the fall and be involved in my own life that I would be building, hopefully with Erin. I realized that I would probably miss much of her growing up into a young woman and that realization suddenly made me sad. I did love my sister tremendously despite our age difference and I vowed right them to make time to spend with her before I missed her whole life.

I bent towards her and lifted her skyward in my arms.

"Jojo the builder is gonna build the best san castle ever!" I declared.

"It's Bob the builder silly!" My sister corrected me with a child-like laugh before she then declared. "It'll be the biggest castle ever!"

"To the beach!" I pointed with my free hand. I looked at my parents, each of them watching us. "We're going to build a castle!"

"Check on your brother too." Mom, ever the mother, told me.

Johnny was playing an improvised game of football with seven or eight others; but one where the tackles were much easier to take as they fell into the waist deep water with laughter.

We didn't really get to building a castle as Jojo became intrigued with building an elaborate moat for her not-to-be castle. I helped her dredge the sand that allowed the lake water to flow further inland. The gentle wave action made this a lengthy project as our canal into the water kept flattening out. I already knew that, but it allowed me to spend more time constructing the moat with my supervising sister as she directed what she wanted for the glorious castle in her mind.

The castle may not have been built, but we did have a good size moat carved five or six feet up the beach. Even a few other kids came over and inspected it with approval. I'm sure my presence kept any of the more troublesome ones from destroying it; there was one or two that I saw eying our construction jealously.

I declared to my sister that we had done a good job and the castle might get built someday, but that union rules declared that it was time for lunch. She looked at me curiously at my joke that went over her head, but she too was ready to call a break.

We came back and found Johnny had returned ahead of us.

"Cool moat Jojo." He said offhandedly, but coming from him it was high praise.

"We built a cool moat daddy!" Jojo then declared to our father.

He smiled proudly back at her.

"Really? You'll have to show me after lunch!"

I doubted it would last that long, but I was surprised when I returned later that a good portion of it remained. Maybe it was too 'cool' for even the bullies to destroy.

I did struggle to keep my eyes from staring at mom, her dark starburst drawing my gaze as surely as the gravity of any supernova!

We had a light lunch of sandwiches that we had brought, chips, and sodas. Afterwards, mom gave me a knowing look and then told dad that she was going to go for a short walk. Dad offered to go with her, but she said she was just going to the end of the beach and back. Jojo told dad that he had promised to look at her moat after lunch and Johnny now wanted to try his hand at sand castle building. Mom told dad to play with the kids and she would be back shortly.

I just stated I was going to go swimming.

I wasn't sure what mom's intentions had been, if in fact she was going for a walk or not, but I hadn't been in the water yet and it was very warm in the noontime sun. I did note that she wasn't wearing her covering wrap around her hips when she headed off. I watched her swaying hips and scrumptious butt before I headed into the lake, the cooler water feeling so refreshing on my warm skin. I swam out past the bulk of the swimmers closer to the beach. I then did a freestyle stroke in the open water. It wasn't mere coincidence that it was in the same direction parallel to which mom had gone.

I had gone only a hundred yards or so when I then saw a familiar head bobbing in the water headed towards me.

My Jenny.

I treaded water and waited for her.

Her arms wrapped around me as if I was a life preserver and she was drowning when it was very clear that it was me that was drowning in her emerald eyes glistening with wetness. Mom's hair was slicked back and gave her a younger appearance as she looked into my eyes and

clung to my shoulders. My own hands were tight on her smooth covered bottom as I supported her.

"Jenny." I acknowledged her.

"Honey." She answered. Then her lips were plastered to mine and I was lost.

I let us drift a bit closer to shore, at least to where I could touch bottom with my toes. Mom's legs were wrapped around me, using me as her flotation device while we continued kissing. There were a few others relatively close by, but were also couples floating near each other or hugging together, so none gave us any attention as we made out.

Mom's positioning had her pelvis pressed against my own.

You can guess what that meant!

My gentle kicking to keep us afloat and from drifting closer to shore had us rubbing together, mom's slick smooth suit against my loose trunks. She nuzzled my neck as I felt my lust rising, in my heart and in my swimsuit! Mom moaned so softly as we kissed again and she pushed her crotch tighter against my growing lump.

I would never have thought of doing anything with mom in so open an environment, or with anyone for that matter, but now I was thinking that it was a good possibility.

"Here? Now?" I asked her as I stared deep into her eyes. I let my love pour from my own eyes into hers.

"Here. Anywhere. I love you Jeremy and I want you in me."

I couldn't refuse such a loving and sincere request no matter where we were.

I glanced around at the other floating heads, the closest of which was more than a dozen yards away.

"Don't worry about them. Nobody will know what we are doing." Mom purred into my ear before kissing and sucking on it.

I suspected that at least one of the other pairs, much further off from us, may have been doing likewise anyway. And much like them, I didn't care if anyone should guess what Jenny and I were doing, nothing that shouldn't be seen would be visible.

"If you're sure mom." I took a hand off her incredible ass and was about to pull my trunks down enough to make this possible, but then the fact that they would be around my thighs and hinder my legs motions had me pause.

"Just take them off. I'll hold them for you." Mom stared lustfully into my eyes with her arms around my neck as she continued to grind against me.

I didn't know about that! If she should let go and lose them, then I wouldn't ever be able to leave the lake depths! And how would I explain losing my swim trunks to dad, regardless of whether he knew how it had happened?

Mom reached down between us and I felt her wriggling; pulling her suit aside I assumed.

What the hell! I was ready, mom was ready.

I tugged my suit down and lifted my foot with it wrapped around it so that I could grab it. I then entrusted it to my lover for safekeeping.

"Here." Mom said softly with our faces millimeters apart as she reached between us again with her free hand, and after a few tender strokes, she aimed me at her awaiting gash.

She gazed me in the eyes as she lowered herself down onto me. My hands both returned to her ass as her legs tightened around my waist.

"Oh!" She gasped and pressed her mouth back against mine.

Mom had all of me deep in her twitching pussy and she barely moved up and down on my cock. I then realized that we would be fucking in the midst of the lake practically in public and openly beneath the sun and the gentle breeze across the rippling water. What could be more beautiful than that?

We drifted a little further from shore as we floated and I saw a nervous look in mom's eyes when she realized that I could no longer touch the bottom.

"Don't worry Jenny, I've got you." I told her calmly with a tender kiss. She clung tighter to me as my reward.

I did move us back to where I could tell the rocky bottom was just out of my reach.

We didn't kiss the entire time we were joined. Mom would slowly bob on me while staring deeply at me so hard it almost seemed like she was

looking through me instead of at me. Or she was just having an out-of-body experience? I would like to think that I could have that effect on the woman I loved.

I didn't think that we would be able to build up enough 'action' you could say, to allow either of us to get off, but I would have been wrong. I didn't know if it was because mom was so excited, or because we were doing it together openly with people reasonably close by, or that we were doing it in public regardless of our relationship, or just that we felt so strongly for each other. After quite some time of our gentle almost imperceptible motion, Jenny got this look in her eye after one round of kissing that I recognized as her climbing to her peak. I too, was more worked up than the simple movement would have normally provoked, but I believed that the openness of our activity along with the immense love that I felt for this woman elevated me right beside her.

"Yes, yes." Mom whispered like thunder in my ears.

Then she plastered her lips harder to mine than she ever had, her arms clutched tightly around my neck, and I felt her body trembling in my hold. This triggered my own soul-shattering orgasm as I filled Jenny with millions of my tiny swimmers. I also lost the fragile footing I had on the bottom and couldn't keep us afloat. We submerged while still locked together in every way possible, loins, lips, bodies, and souls. As we were still in the midst of our mutual bliss, neither of us made any

effort to surface, barely noticing that we had sunken out of view of the world.

My feet hit bottom and I pushed us back upward and we broke the surface still kissing.

We gasped for air as we still were recovering from out orgasms.

"Oh my God honey! That was amazing!" Mom whispered as she kissed my cheek.

"You're amazing Jenny!" I replied as heartfelt as I could.

"We probably shouldn't have done this." Mom had a guilty look on her face, even as she still had the afterglow there. "Justin is here too; he is my husband."

"Just come out with him too." I told her glibly, but not meaning it.

Mom gave me another kiss, this one not on my cheek, but just as brief.

"We need to get back before Justin wonders where we both have disappeared to." Mom looked at me with such love in her wet eyes. "But we can't both show up together. I'll go back first. Here."

I took my swim trunks from her.

She pulled away from me slowly as if reluctantly. I didn't want to let go of her either.

My lover swam casually towards shore and was lost for a moment from my sight in the crowds of swimmers. My eyes immediately found her again as she rose from the water like the goddess Aphrodite rising from the sea. My Jenny looked over her shoulder back towards where I bobbed in the water but I didn't think she could have actually seen me.

I slipped my trunks back on thankfully. I then moved parallel to the shore for a short distance and then beachward.

I got back to the family beach outpost and came up behind mom as she dried her hair with a towel. Dad was playing in the sand with Jojo. My brother was nowhere to be seen.

"Oh, there you are Jeremy. You were gone for a while." Mom said as she turned towards me as if I hadn't just seen her a few moments ago.

"Oh, yeah. I found some guys playing Frisbee and joined them for a bit before I went for a swim again." I lied, making up the excuse from seeing such a group of teens playing earlier. "You just get back too? I thought you were only walking to the other end of the beach and back?"

Mom stared at me a bit too intently as if I was overplaying our cover.

"I started talking with some women and then got a little warm and had to take a dip myself."

"Oh, really? What were you talking about?" I asked. I was teasing her as I normally would have cared less.

"Actually, about our recalcitrant children." Her eyes burned my face hotter than the sun.

"Moi?" I acted innocently that only showed my guilt. Just not what I was guilty of!

"Where's Johnny, Justin?" Mom asked dad.

"Building a sand castle for the ages." Dad waved off towards the beach.

I left the others to walk over to where dad had indicated as I was curious as to Johnny's efforts.

I was truly impressed when I found him.

Or rather, I found his construction before I saw my brother.

He had been very busy while his older brother had been getting 'busy' with our mom!

Johnny had an enormous castle, or I should say, citadel, nearing completion. It was a good five feet in diameter with outer towers with adjoining walls, an inner complex of a variety of towers connected together to create a larger central keep, and a few inner walls to create the inner bailey. He had a faux moat surrounding the entirety, but without the water filling it.

"Wow Johnny!" I exclaimed. "Did you do this by yourself?"

My brother looked up at me without expression. "Dad helped a little, mostly just digging the moat. He said it had to have one. I told him no water though. It would ruin the walls."

I was sure my father really had helped very little, and not as a nock against my dad in this instance, but that Johnny could be very meticulous about something like this and any help that dad would have offered would have been rebuked by my brother.

"He helped Jojo with her castle." He pointed at an irregular heap of sand a little distance from his own. "She didn't make sure she set the bucket up straight, and she kept using sand that was too dry or too wet."

I could now see the somewhat shape of the bucket in some of the mounds at slanted angles.

"Let me get my phone. I want to get a picture of this. This is incredible." I told him.

I did notice then that there were a few others close by that were watching Johnny at work, even a mother and father pointing from their blanket not far away. One of the younger kids looked very suspicious to me. I caught his eye and gave him a stern look.

"If any of you think about kicking this castle over, you'll have to answer to me!" I used my height and age as deterrent. "If you should do so, I would have to toss you into the middle of that lake."

The guilty one looked shaken and suitably frightened. As if I could actually throw anything as big as a seven or eight-year old as far as the middle of the lake!

A parent called out from somewhere and the kid turned and ran off.

I hurried back to the beach blanket and retrieved my phone from my shorts pocket.

"You really should see Johnny's castle, mom. It is pretty incredible." I didn't look to see if she reacted. I did hear dad comment that he had been likewise impressed.

I walked around the castle and took a number of pictures, with a few closeups of the towers of which I then saw had little windows drawn on the smooth sand. It seemed such a shame that this creation wouldn't survive the day.

Mom came up and had such a look of astonishment on her face.

"Wow! Johnny, this is amazing. You did all this?" Mom turned to look at me.

Was she accusing me of a lack of accomplishment? I had just given her a wonderful orgasm!

"Get lots of pictures of this Jeremy. I will put one in the Christmas card this year." Mom was truly proud of her younger son and rightfully so!

Johnny acted unaffected by our compliments as if they were a given for his work.

"Mommy, I made a castle too. It wouldn't stand up right." Jojo walked up and took mom's hand and pointed at her lumpy castle heap.

"Jeremy. Get a picture of Jojo's castle too." She directed at me. "It's a very nice castle Jojo."

"Do you wanna see my moat too?" My sister tugged mom's hand towards where the vague remnants of her (our) moat could still be seen.

When we got back to the blanket mom asked dad if he could put some more suntan lotion on her, as she had been out in the water.

"I'm on my tablet honey. I'll get that glop all over my hands." Dad protested feebly as he looked up from under his sunglasses.

"Could you do it Jeremy? Since your father is busy." She looked at me with irritation.

I knew that it was an innocent request. But nothing stayed innocent with my mother and me!

"I don't know mom." I protested trying to sound realistic. I turned to my father who was studying his electronic screen. "Come on dad."

"Do you think you'll catch something from your old mom?" Jenny teased me with a smirk that dad didn't see.

"I might." I returned her smirk.

Mom handed me the lotion and laid down on her belly on the cotton cloth out of the shadow created by the beach umbrella.

I squirted some of the white cream on her back, so similar to other things that I had done on her! I put my hands on her warm skin and massaged the lotion into her flesh with wide circles. I covered the wide expanse of her shoulders and middle back, letting my fingers tease under the fabric just above her curvaceous ass. Mom wiggled but didn't protest. I then moved on to her arms, rubbing over every bit of mom's smooth skin. The sun may have been warm, but the heat that I felt from this action was many degrees hotter. Dad did look up a few times, but

never when my hands were where they shouldn't have been. I did slip my fingers along the inside of the sides of mom's flashy suit, feeling the swelling of her breasts and the crevasse where her tit joined her body. Mom sat up on her elbows then and made a comment about making sure that I got everywhere as she didn't want any stray spots to burn from my carelessness. I stared at her firmly and with a fresh batch of the viscous liquid, I reached around her back and into her suit from either side to grab her large tits in my hands and give them a firm squeeze with an additional tweak of her nipples before I pulled my hands back and spread the rest of the lotion on the back of her neck even though it was covered by her chocolate hair.

"Yes, like that honey." Mom sighed and lay back down.

"Make sure you do a good job Jeremy; I don't want to hear her complain if she gets burnt." Dad looked at me over his darkened lenses.

"Yes sir." I answered.

I then moved around so that I was straddling her feet so that I could work on her beautiful legs. I poured long streams up each calf and back of mom's thighs.

"Ooo, that's cool!" Mom cooed.

I ran my hands up and down her legs, one hand on each leg to get the majority of the lotion spread around. Then I took to carefully caressing each leg in my palms, lifting her calves to massage them everywhere. I even ran my fingers over mom's soles and cute little toes. I resisted the urge to suck on her big toes!

I also gently spread her legs wider and ran my hands up to the very edge of her snug suit. And again, underneath the hem and around her cheeks. I covered her outer hips, down the sides of her legs, and the backs of her knees. I then moved my hands back upwards on her inner thighs. Mom even nudged her legs wider at my approach. But as I approached her nexus, I ran my hands back under her suit to give a squeeze of her ass and managed to get my hands free just as dad glanced over again before staring at his tablet again.

I know I was getting her worked up as I was doing the same for myself. My dick was twitching with this sensuous massaging of mom's body with dad only feet away. Mom didn't help as she lifted her feet and ran them over the front of my swim trunks, massaging my cock with her soles. I was quickly at full staff!

I gave her a firm swat on her ass and said, "There you go mom. All done. I'm going to go take a swim."

I nearly sprinted for the water with my pole leading the way.

I returned a short time later to find my parents in the same positions.

Mom looked up at me at my return with a sexy grin on her face that dad couldn't see from that side of her.

"Did you have to wash off my cooties?" She asked me teasingly.

I even heard dad chuckle at that!

If he could even know how much of mom's cooties I had gotten on me!

I gave her a knowing stare and she blew me an air kiss with no one else looking.

"No, I was just hot from the sun and needed to cool off." I explained.

"I know what you mean, the sun got me quite hot too!" Mom said, but I was the only one that understood that she actually meant she had gotten hot from the 'son' and not sun! Meaning me!

I put some lotion on myself, which wasn't nearly as pleasant as doing so for my mom, and laid out under the sun's baking rays.

The day passed.

Mom did rise after a while and asked dad if he wanted to take a swim with her.

Surprisingly, he agreed.

I watched them head to the water, hand in hand. I did have a tweak of jealousy, but I knew that it wasn't necessary. Mom loved me. It was just that she loved dad too. Like I loved Erin in addition to my mother.

I wasn't really watching them closely, but each time I would glance out at the lake my eyes just automatically found them as they had gone straight out into the lake from our location. Jojo and Johnny were close by, playing something with a few other kids; I could hear their voices without having to actually see them. A parenting trick?

I opened my eyes at one point and I saw mom and dad close together in the water, only their heads visible, but still distinctive enough to recognize. More so my Jenny, than my father. What was also recognizable was what they were doing. Only an adult, or someone that had just done something similar would realize that mom and dad were out in the lake having sex.

I had no tweak at that which was curious.

I just thought to myself with a grin, 'you go dad, give it to that sexy bitch!'

I was actually glad that mom was getting the sex that she wanted. Or craved. Even if it wasn't with me every time.

I'm sure I only had these thoughts because I was content in the surety of how Jenny felt about me. And the same with Erin. That I had them both was satisfyingly comfortable.

I watched them with more interest and even at that distance, I could see the look on mom's face as she got close. Her eyes drifted in my direction and I imagined that it was me she was looking at as she came, but that was probably just self-delusion as I was also sure that her gaze was the same as it had been when it had been the two of us out there and was actually in outer space and not on me amidst the crowded beach loungers.

When they returned not long after, I looked up at them both but my eyes were focused more on mom.

"Did you have a nice swim you two?" I asked graciously with no undercurrent of my usual teasing.

"The water feels really good." Dad grabbed a towel and started drying himself.

"Yes. It was a very nice swim, Jeremy." Mom's eyes glowed and she had the recognizable afterglow of sex that I knew all too well!

Those eyes found mine and there was no guilt there, only joy. As well there should be. The one and not the other.

I watched Jenny towel off, especially when she leaned over to dry her legs with her splendid ass pointed in my direction! The way she wiggled it made me know she was doing so intentionally. I noted the double bulge of her camel toe as I stared. I was glad I had my sunglasses on that hid my eyeballs popping out!

The sun was still high in the sky when dad started the grill. While he was busy with the charcoal and lighter fluid, he didn't see me with my hand rubbing over the smooth material of mom's ass. At such close quarters, I noticed the little bumps appear on mom's larger mounds; her nipples poking out from under her suit. I was a little surprised that she didn't bat my hand away. I did pull my hand back as Jojo came up to ask mom a question.

We kept it simple with just hot dogs with all the fixings, mustard, relish, pickles, and ketchup (I know, sacrilege in some circles!). There was also baked beans, potato chips, nacho chips with salsa, and mom made

herself a plate of fruit slices even though she partook of the other items also, just not in the same quantities as the rest of us.

As to mom eating the hot dogs: she only had one, but she made an exaggerated act out of eating it. She opened her mouth wider than required, she ran her tongue along the bottom of the bun as she took it into her mouth and slowly bit down on it. It was as if she was giving the wiener fellatio! I knew that she was doing that for my benefit, but I didn't know if she was trying to get a rise out of me, or out of my dick! Either way, it worked; I had to hide the effects with a towel over my lap as I ate.

"How are the hot dogs? Not too burnt?" Dad asked us all.

Mom answered strangely, as she stared at me intently.

"I love the meat!" Mom then took another wide bite.

Dad looked at her with that comment, but didn't say anything.

We finished eating.

I took Jojo and Johnny off a short distance to throw the Frisbee around a bit. It was only a little frustrating playing with my sister, as she

couldn't master the wrist action and only managed to throw the wobbling disc a short distance, so that Johnny or me had to retrieve it from the grass where it landed each time. Both of us boys would have preferred it was just us, but we couldn't have left our sister out of our play, so we just persevered. Jojo did get bored quickly with this and went back to play in the sand with a pair of plastic horses that she had brought. It was only then that Johnny and I could put some additional distance between us so we could let the Frisbee really fly.

After, we went and took another swim. As we crossed the beach, I noted that Johnny's masterpiece was still untouched. I didn't know if it was because of my warning, or the awe the castle inspired in any onlookers. I suspected more of the latter than the former.

When we returned to the blanket, dad informed me that he and mom were taking a walk along the beach and that I had to watch out for the other two. I smiled happily at him and said go ahead. Mom gave me no glance or any other indication of her emotions right then, but I expected none. We had had our time together, if totally unexpected for the crowds.

The pair of them walked off happily, hand in hand, with the gentle breeze off the lake blowing mom's hair about. I watched them walk with the reddening sun sinking towards the horizon as I might if I was only their son and happy that my parents were still together and hadn't gotten divorced like so many other couples. Mom laughed at something dad had said and she leaned her head on his shoulder as they walked

in the shallows. It looked so romantic and made me wish it was me with Jenny instead of my father, or that Erin could have been here to walk along the beach with me.

Most of the crowd had left by that point, the day was waning as was the sun. It would soon be time for even us to leave, so while my parents were gone, I started packing up our spread. Johnny played on his handheld game that he had somehow managed to smuggle with him and Jojo was still galloping her horses through the warm sand.

I saw mom and dad coming back, still hand in hand which seemed to be maybe overdoing it. Both were smiling gaily. Mom reached up to run her fingers through her blowing short brown hair. She was such a vision that it made my heart ache for her. They approached our spot and noted my preparations.

"Thank you, Jeremy." Dad said with an as gracious a tone in his voice as I could ever remember hearing.

"Don't we just have the best kids Justin?" Mom said as she looked so lovingly at her husband.

Dad looked at me with an easy smile. My suspicions stirred, but I squashed them. I still had no proof that he knew anything about mom and me.

"They are a pretty good bunch." He replied almost carefree.

Mom leaned over and gave him a peck on the cheek.

"Let's finish getting this wrapped up and head home." Mom barely glanced at me as her eyes wandered about. "It's been a beautiful day. I know we won't get many more of these with the whole family."

"I'm not going anywhere mom. Not for a while anyway." I stated. She sounded as if I was heading out of state to college and would never be heard from again.

"You'll all be gone before I know it. You've grown up too fast for me. I just want to keep all three of you with me forever!" Mom spoke with a touch of melancholy.

"I won't leave you mommy! Me and Sally will be with you fo'ever!" Jojo claimed defiantly.

"Thank you, sweetie." But the look in mom's eyes was as if she was already watching my sister getting married and having her own family.

I resumed my packing, and with the return of our parents, I grabbed two armfuls of our stuff to carry back to dad's truck. I got back to find that everything else was ready to go. I then said I wanted to get one last picture of Johnny's castle in the fading sun. I was let down to find that there were a half dozen sets of tracks smashed through the middle of it. I was mad at first, but then sad. I couldn't have expected it to last even as long as it had. When I returned, Johnny asked about the picture and I had to tell him of the destruction. His face grew long. I then told him that nothing lasts forever and that he would build even better castles in the future. I reminded him that we had the pictures that I had taken, so we could remember this one. He cheered up at that and began going off with a number of modifications that he would make for the next fortress!

Everyone was pretty wiped out when we got back home. The sun and activity had taken its toll on us all. After we had carted everything back into the house, I did manage to get mom aside so that I could get a picture of her in her fantastic swimsuit to send to Erin. Mom seemed surprised that Erin wanted to see it, but I noticed that she had a blush on her cheeks. She then gave me a few cheesecake poses for me to snap to add to my own collection of photos.

I texted Erin when I went to my room, but received no reply. I assumed she was having her own beach fun. I did send the picture of mom, but then sent the others that she had posed for me. I wasn't awake long after laying in my bed. I didn't know if I should have expected a visit from my mom, but as her and dad had seemed very 'friendly' for the later

part of the day, maybe they were going for a second round in their own bed.

Two days later I received a double dose of bad news.

The first, and the worst of the two, was when Erin called me and told me that she was spending a second week at her aunt's house. She went on and on about how she missed me, but that that didn't change her plans. I was hurt, but I told her that it would be fine and for her to have fun with her extended vacation. As I thought about it, I came to think that it may have been a good thing. Erin and I had been hot and heavy practically since the moment she had introduced herself to me. We had had no issues to speak of between us, but maybe this short interruption would give us some time to reflect and to see if we either cooled in our feeling (highly unlikely!) or only strengthened our love. At least, that's what I told myself to mollify me for missing Erin.

The second was minor, but coming on the heels of the first had greater impact than it might have. Mom came to me and reminded me of her cycle. I had taken to mentally crossing off the days to the return of the red tide. For both women! With everything that had happened in the last dozen or so days, I had lost count until my mother' unfriendly friend's visit.

So, I would be getting nothing more than head for the next week. And that would be only when we could avoid my brother and sister for long

enough to do anything. My work schedule really didn't interfere with anything, as it was only part-time; five- or six-hour days, four or five days a week. Thus, it was that I decided to follow through with my promise of visiting my Grandma Sharon. I had a few days off so I could go and spend a day at my grandmother's house. When I called her and informed her of my visit, she was thrilled. She told me that I could come up anytime. I made the plans with her and hung up.

When I announced this to mom, she seemed a bit upset. I couldn't guess why though. Would she miss sucking my dick that much?

It was a decent distance to my grandma's, almost ninety minutes depending on the traffic, so I was planning on being there for long enough to make the trip worth it. I wasn't sure what we would do for an entire day. Most of the things that I had loved doing when I visited her as a kid, sitting on her lap as she read to me, playing hide and seek, or any number of board games, just didn't have the same attraction to me anymore. Grandma Sharon did have a large property, five acres I believed, so I was sure that there would be things that needed to be done if I needed to pass any time while there.

I did make any extra effort to wake early the day of my trip, to maximize the time I would have there since I would be driving for practically three hours there and back. And it would be without mom or Aunt Jess to keep me occupied during the time as they had done on our two previous visits!

It was expected to be a pleasant day, if warm, with no clouds much less rain forecast. I only wore my usual shorts and a printed deep blue tee shirt. I would only be there for the day, so I didn't bring anything else with me. Well, save for the large bag of sandwiches that mom packed for me to eat during the drive as my semi-quick breakfast couldn't be expected to hold me until I arrived at her mother's house.

Jojo made a minor fit about not being able to go with me, but mom reminded her about how she and Johnny had gone the last time while I had had to stay home and that it was my turn now. She pouted still. Mom then told her that Sally wouldn't be able to go if she did, and Jojo immediately broke into a big grin, cried out 'Sally!', and rushed off to find her kitten.

Johnny was completely unaffected by my trip.

The drive there was long, more so since my body wasn't completely awake yet. I had the windows down to feel the wind of the warm day, I had the radio blaring some traveling music, and I ate my sandwiches, so it was still a pleasant trip.

I arrived just before eleven, pulling up my grandma's long drive to find her coming out to meet me before I could even park my car. She gave me a big hug after I got out and then looked me over.

"All grown up and graduated! Just look at you!" She gushed.

"You didn't bring that cute little girlfriend of yours? Erin?"

"Yes, Erin, and no she couldn't come. She's actually visiting her aunt for two weeks." I explained.

"Two weeks? That must be rough on you. Both of you." Grandma Sharon looked distressed at that.

"Not that bad. We text, talk on the phone, video chat." I said.

"Almost like not even parting. All we had back in my day was the phone, but you had to wait until after eight pm when the long-distance charge was dropped. That, or write a letter." Grandma told me.

"Did they even have paper back then?" I quipped.

"We put a man on the moon in my time. What has your generation done lately?" She retorted.

"My generation hasn't had time to do anything yet, you have to give us a few years. I've only been out of high school for like a month and a half!" I declared defensively.

"Point taken." Grandma Sharon smiled and then gave me another hug. "Let's get into the house and you can tell me everything that you've been up to." She turned and headed for the house.

Now it should be noted, that she was my grandmother and I had noticed her even less than I had my mother before that incident on the loveseat that had started my life on the wild ride that it was now. But with Erin's comment about the beauty of the women of mom's family, I now looked at Grandma Sharon with a different eye. Yes, she was older, but so was my mom and look how that was going! I knew that she was fifty-nine, so was definitely far from ancient, and I then thought of any number of famous women that age or nearly so, that I would admit that I couldn't say no to if any one of them happened to proposition me. My grandmother was by no means in the same league as a Michelle Pfeiffer, Christie Brinkley, or Sharon Stone, but she wasn't what you would automatically think of when you heard the term grandmother. And I remembered that there always seemed to be a different grey- and white-haired gentleman accompanying her at family events while I grew up.

Grandma Sharon had a head of white curly-styled hair that may have been blonde at one point, but it was more of a pure white that looked like a color choice and not the dingy white or grey of most older women. She carried some extra weight, but not from lack of care for her body. They were only a few odd pounds, and were spread over her whole figure such that she wasn't slim, but she could still be considered

fit for her age. I didn't know if she worked out like mom did, with her yoga and exercising (or the sex with her young stud!), or if it was due to the good genetics that I had already had noticed in her daughters! Grandma Sharon did have one other trait in common with her daughters; she had a very ample bosom, larger than mom's D's or Aunt Jess's double D's, but not so overly large or that hung unsightly on her. She also had some small wrinkles on her face, mostly around her eyes, but with the tan she always seemed to have, it could just as well be called weathering. They only added character to her still attractive countenance. She was currently wearing a loose white pullover top and a pair of light tan khakis with sandals on her feet.

We went into the house.

Grandma Sharon offered me something to drink and asked if I wanted some lunch. I said yes on both counts.

We sat and chatted idly while we ate.

I told her about my college plans, she inquired extensively about Erin and how serious the two of us were. It was the first time that I revealed to anyone that I felt that Erin might be the one with whom I would spend my life. My grandma cautioned me on that, saying that life was much more than I could imagine and to go plotting it out too early was to miss out on the chance happenstances that came along. That her words reflected my outlook perfectly had me agreeing with her, but I

again repeated my words. Grandma then said that the little bit that she had seen of Erin, and how we had been with each other, that she had seen that special spark that few people had with one another. She told me Erin could be the one, and said so with a twinkle in her eyes that made it that she possibly believed it also, but that I shouldn't close my eyes to other possibilities. I agreed, but the three-way relationship between mom and I and Erin was an extra twist that I couldn't reveal to my mother's mom!

"I suppose I can't go reading stories to you while you sit on my lap?" She asked with a wry smile.

"You could, but I'm sure I would crush you if I sat in your lap now." I teased in reply.

"Well then, how about you come help me out in the garden then?" Grandma Sharon asked as she stood easily.

"That actually sounds good. I don't get outside as much as I would like." I stated honestly.

"Great! I'm really going to put you to work then!"

She guided us out the back door and off towards her garden.

Grandma Sharon lived in an old farmhouse and it was much bigger than she herself required, but it had been in the family for a few generations and she didn't want to part with it, even if its lineage would pass with her. It had once been a much larger property, but now it was down to just five acres. On one of those acres my grandmother had her 'garden' where she grew a great number of vegetables, green beans, tomatoes, potatoes, squash, and watermelon among the many things, she even had a few rows of corn plants bordering the north side of the large garden that was only slightly too small to call a farm.

She had us walk among the plants as she looked for signs of infestation or disease and she showed me the signs for each on the different varieties of vegetables. We would pull any weeds that we saw as we went down the rows and I would now notice the curve of her rear when she bent over, or my eyes would peek down the V-neck opening of her top to note the swells of her cleavage hidden inside. I felt kind of creepy for looking at my grandmother like that, but then again, I had slept with my mom and my aunt, both of whom were this woman's daughters!

As we walked slowly, she asked about my new job. I thanked her for telling me about it. I then related some of the things that had happened at the senior center, skirting some of the more sexual escapades at first, but then realized that my grandmother was an adult and wouldn't be shocked by the stories and that it was only me that was nervous to recount them to her. She laughed gaily in response.

"In the stall right beside you?" Grandma Sharon asked when I told the story about Steven and Greta. "They didn't stop?"

"They stopped, but only for long enough for me to pee. I heard them start up again as I left. I couldn't report them; what's a little bathroom sex between consenting adults?" I grinned at being able to talk so freely with this much older woman that just happened to be the mother to my mother.

"Good for you. Just because we get old doesn't meant that we don't want to get a little strange."

I wasn't sure exactly what that meant, but I got the gist of her meaning.

"I only hope that when I get to be that age that I can still find someone willing to sneak into the bathroom with me." I responded.

My grandmother gave me a curious look as if she was just now seeing me.

We continued among the plants, caring for them almost like they were children, getting down on our knees to loosen the soil around a number of plants with a small trowel my grandma had had hidden in her khaki pocket, pulling dead leaves off some, squashing any number of

invading insects that we found, and made sure that the garden was well-cared for.

In response to my stories from work, Grandma Sharon then told me a few stories about my mom and aunt from when they young girls. Stories that I hadn't ever heard before from either of them.

Like when they had been young teens and had used to go past an older neighbor's house and they would flash the eighty-something man their budding breasts. His wide-eyed expression would thrill them each time until one day when the neighbor was found dead in his house by a relative. Jenny and Jessica had been horrified when they thought that they had given the nice man a heart attack! Even Sharon hadn't been sure that they didn't, even if inadvertently. It was later learned that it had just been natural causes and Grandma Sharon had to ease her daughters' consciences by explaining that it wasn't because of them that old Mr. Cooper had passed on. She then told me something that she had never told either of them. That when she had inquired about the cause of death she had learned an additional incidental piece of information, in that the man had had a peaceful smile on his face when he had died, and that she imagined that when he knew that his time had come that he had thought about those two young neighbor girls and their budding boobies and had died happy!

I had to turn my head then to keep my grandmother from seeing the smile on my face as I then thought about both her daughter's bare boobies!

Or that when my mother was in third grade, she went through a period that she wouldn't wear her underwear. She had even gone to school one day while wearing a cute dress that flew up when she was on the playground. Jenny had flashed many of her schoolmates, many of the young boys getting their first look at a girl that day! Someone then told the teacher about it and Grandma Sharon had to go to the school to retrieve her audacious daughter!

I snickered at how even at such a young age that my mother had been so bold!

And one in which my grandmother had caught my Aunt Jessica when she was barely a teen, up in one the trees in the backyard kissing her best friend. My aunt's defense had been that they had been only practicing together and that it was better it was her friend instead of some boy. Knowing what I now know about my mom's luscious sister, I'm sure it was by choice that it had been another girl rather than some horndog guy!

I kept any number of my own stories about her daughters a secret, as my grandmother would be horrified to hear them, especially coming from me!

We spent a few hours out there, and it wasn't easy but also nothing like actual hard work. I wouldn't have suggested it as something I wanted

to do, but it was pleasant to spend the time with my grandmother. I even learned a few things, not that I ever expected to need to know the signs of aphid infestation or how to rid a garden of them.

We collected some tomatoes, cucumbers, a few early squashes and headed back to the house. I had to wonder what it was like to grow your own food and not just zip down to the grocery store for anything you felt like. Or to do as I did, and just open the fridge and pull out whatever leftovers were there!

It was still too early for dinner so we had some time to kill.

"Do you feel like playing some cards?" Grandma Sharon asked me.

"Sure. What game?" I answered.

"Do you know how to play gin rummy?"

"I might be a little rusty, you'll have to refresh me on it."

Grandma went to a drawer and pulled out a well-worn deck of cards and then a pad of paper with a pen for scoring.

We sat at her small kitchen table that I had to wonder how old it might have been. Did my mom and aunt eat breakfast here when they were Jojo's age? It certainly had seen much better days, though it was still sturdy and didn't wobble.

I was more than rusty and lost the first few games soundly. And I learned that just because I was her grandson that grandma wasn't going to go easy on me, or just let me win either. I focused more on what I was picking up or going for in my hand and I got on a streak where I won three games in a row. Even still, after a few more games it became clear that both of us had lost interest.

"Feel like something more risky?" Grandma asked in a devious tone.

"I guess. What are you thinking?" I asked curiously.

"How about some poker." She stated flatly.

"Do you have any chips?"

"No, for real money."

"Uh, okay. How much are you saying? I didn't bring much cash with me." I said cautiously. It wasn't like I thought I would need a wad of money to visit my grandma.

"Just penny ante. I have a jar of change that you can buy from."

We spent a little time counting out her change. It seemed like far more than I would need, but I switched a twenty with her. Grandma resituated herself in her chair as if she was now more serious.

"What are we playing?" I asked.

"We'll start with five-card stud."

I was fine with that, and grandma shuffled the deck, let me cut, and then dealt us out a down card then one up.

I then found out it wasn't really penny ante and more like nickel and dime, as the initial bet was a quarter with a low limit of a nickel on subsequent rounds. I couldn't argue as it was her house, so her house rules. Fortunately, or not, she did put a limit of a half dollar on all bets. Still, that could add up quickly!

Right off the bat I started with a pair of queens, hearts and diamonds. I felt quite comfortable with that, so I put in a quarter. She only had a ten of hearts showing.

Grandma raised her eyebrows at my bet and asked if I was sure, and that maybe I was rusty with this too. I assured her I knew what I was doing. She slid a quarter to the pot.

Our next cards were a two of spades for me, not great, and a king of clubs for her. She matched my initial quarter bet with one of her own then. I was nervous then, but a pair of queens with nothing wild was still a good hand.

Grandma eyed me appraisingly as she dealt out the next cards. A four of spades for me and a nine of diamonds for her. Neither of us had anything showing. She called and I felt more cautious then, as there was no need to get crazy right off the start. I pitched in a dime. Grandma didn't flinch and added one of her own.

For my last card I got a six of spades, which was a surprise with my other cards, but of no help regardless. Then grandma flipped over her last card, the king of diamonds! I was beat showing! I tried not to show any expression, but when she pushed in two quarters, I tossed in the queens from my hand dejectedly. Grandma Sharon gave me a huge grin as she handed me the remaining deck and collected her winnings. The first hand and I was already down eighty-five cents!

I switched to five card draw and managed to win a weak forty cents. We continued, switching up the games we called and most hands only netted the winner fifty or so cents. I managed to win a fair share of hands, though I was sure that grandma had won more. She definitely had won more money and it soon got to where we played a game where I ran out of my initial stake. I bought some change using the last eight dollars I had on me.

This also didn't last very long as Grandma Sharon got on a streak and either outplayed me or just got the luck of the draw on her side. I did finally get a good hand while we were playing a game called queens and following, where when a queen was dealt up it was wild along with whatever card that was dealt after it. I got a queen of clubs on my first face card with grandma getting a three of diamonds. I was giddy then as one of my two hole cards was also the three of spades! Our next cards were another three (hearts) for her and a jack of hearts for me. So, I had three jacks. I just had to hope another queen didn't turn up and change the wilds. On each bet I was doing the maximum, with grandma eyeing me curiously. I simply made the comment that I had a lot of money to win back. Our last cards were another jack (diamonds) for me and an ace of spades for her. She had three aces showing to my three jacks, beating me. Grandma threw in two quarters as she studied me without expression.

Sadly though, I had no money left to bet! I knew I had her beat and was being foiled for the lack of a half dollar.

"I don't have any money to call." I gestured to the emptiness in front of me.

"Do you fold?" Grandma Sharon asked studiously.

"I don't want to, but I got no money left."

"Well, if you're going to lose your shirt to me, you have to at least bet it first!" She teased.

Um.

I did have four jacks though!

There was four bucks in the pot; plenty to keep me in the game for a bit longer.

"Okay. You're on!" I whipped my tee shirt off and laid it on the pile of money. "I call you."

Grandma smiled at me knowingly. I felt my stomach lurch at that smile.

She flipped over her two hole cards. A pair of queens!

Grandma Sharon had five aces!

Dammit! I was so close!

"Okay. I have really lost my shirt now. The game is over." I then went to grab my shirt back.

But my grandmother grabbed it also.

"I won it, it's mine. If you want it back, you'll have to win it." She pulled the cotton cloth from my weak hold.

"I don't have anything left to bet with." I explained the obvious.

"You still have clothes on." She said so plainly but the implication was like a brick.

Was my grandmother suggesting strip poker?

I didn't know if I was prepared to go on with that. But I did want my shirt back. Especially as I felt kind of naked then with her suggestion.

"I'm in if you are." I then said defiantly. Surely, she wouldn't force me to give her my pants!

I just needed one good hand like that last one, just so I could get my shirt back. But without her getting a better one as she had just done!

It was my deal, so I shuffled the cards praying for the some of the good karma that I usually seemed to have in abundance. Grandma cut and I dealt out the cards after calling the game. I did get another good hand; my ante and bets relying on my paying up after the hand. I managed to win and stated that instead of the money on the table that I just wanted my shirt. Grandma laughed and said she was keeping that as a trophy. I took the pot as I grumbled.

This new influx kept me playing for long enough to get on my own streak. I won a number of hands that had our winnings about equal.

"Okay, how about we call no limit? One more hand."

"Really? Are you sure? You haven't been having that much luck." Her eyes pierced into me as if daring me.

"No, I have been having great luck actually! You just have been getting a little bit more than me though!"

A good number of hands were as described above; a pair of queens with nothing wild but beaten with a pair of kings, four jacks beaten with five aces, etc. At any other table, I would have raked in the winnings. Just not at my grandma's ancient wooden table though!

"Okay. You're on." Grandma Sharon didn't sound as confident as she had been.

"No limit?" I asked to verify.

"No limits." She declared. "I did say more risky when we started didn't I?"

That she did. Neither of us had thought it would come to this though. It was just a couple of bucks then.

"What do we play?" I asked as she picked up the deck.

"Dealer's choice." She stated. "Texas Hold 'em."

"Okay." I had seen the game played on the poker shows on TV.

Grandma Sharon shuffled, I cut, she dealt out the two hole cards to each of us.

I checked mine cautiously. A five and eight, both hearts. Not very promising! I did notice a chink in my grandmother's normally stoic poker face as a bit of a smile hinted on her lips. Uh-oh!

We skipped the blinds as it was only the two of us. We did up the ante to fifty cents though. I flipped in two quarters.

"I raise a quarter." Grandma said flatly, her stone face returned.

I wasn't going down without a fight! There was a lot of game left to go.

I added another twenty-five cents.

She threw aside the burn card, then dealt the three flop cards. She paused and flipped them over.

A nine of hearts, a queen of diamonds, and a seven of hearts.

My heart jumped in my chest! I had the five, seven, eight, nine of hearts! What were the odds of getting the six? Astronomical, I'm sure! But I had a chance!

The curl to grandma's lip wasn't even close to hidden this time though!

Did I bet on the chance of that six? Or just check and see what grandma did first?

"Check."

"I raise another quarter." She stated boldly.

A dollar!

This was going to get dangerous very quickly!

I pushed my own bet to join the rest of the growing pot.

She pushed the burn card aside and flipped the next card, the turn. A four of spades.

No help for me. I needed the six of hearts!

I had no hand if I didn't get that one card, but I still couldn't let her take the lead with every bet.

"I raise a dollar." I said as coldly as I could.

Let her think on that!

Grandma didn't flinch in the slightest and pushed her eight quarters to the middle of the table. She then looked straight at me and said while adding another four, "I raise another dollar."

Oh shit!

I might be lucky to get out of this with my boxers on!

I put in a collection of coins for the raise.

She burned the final card and then flipped over the last card, the river. Of which I would be up without a paddle if I didn't get the one card I needed.

Then I almost had a heart attack!

I know I didn't maintain my poker face.

A six of hearts sat on the table!

I tried to calm myself and picked up my hole cards as if I was debating about my bet. I did want to again check that they were still the five and eight. Of hearts.

"Um." I was really undecided how to play this. Did I try to mess with her mind? Or just say screw it and bet everything? Bet small and wait for her to raise and then raise her again? Considering the game, I did really want to say 'all in!'.

"Are you going to bet?" Grandma asked harshly. She might be feeling the tension too!

"I'm thinking."

I then realized my indecision could be taken as a tell also. Could she be thinking that I don't have what I was hoping for?

"I'll bet a dollar." I said.

"The bet is three dollars." She told me coldly.

"I know." I put the rest in.

"And I'm raising two dollars." Grandma Sharon then stated.

My heart was really beating then!

I glanced at my dwindling winnings and then at hers. At a quick count, I was more than slightly ahead. It was all or nothing now!

"I'm all in!" I said and pushed my coins to the middle.

Her eyes widened at that. Had she been trying to con me also?

"You're not bluffing then huh?" She double checked her hole cards again.

"Okay, I'm in too." She pushed her coins to join the rest.

"Grandma, you're a little short on that bet."

"I'll go get more change." She made to stand.

"Unh uh. You don't get to go to the bank in the middle of a game." I declared.

"It's not the bank, it's just over there on the counter." She pointed at the large jar of change.

"Same principle. I couldn't go get more money so you can't either. We started even, there's no getting any more." I argued. What I wanted was for her to have to put up my shirt!

She then sat back down hard. She looked at her cards again and then at me.

"Just put my shirt in." I didn't want to sound like I was pleading.

"Nope. I'm keeping that."

"You don't have anything left to call with then."

Then Grandma Sharon did something that stunned me.

She pulled her white top over her head and plopped it on the pile of coins.

"There. I call. What do you have?" My grandmother acted as if she wasn't just sitting there in her bra that barely contained her large pair of breasts that seemed to be threatening to spill out.

My eyes were bulging out even though she was still technically covered.

"Jeremy." She waved a hand in front of my face. Her own face was still looking at me.

"Straight flush, five through nine of hearts." I declared, showing my two cards.

"Damn, that beats my three queens!" She threw down her hole cards, queens of clubs and spades.

I should've been glad at winning but my eyes were still on my grandma's cleavage.

"Eyes up here sonny." Grandma Sharon told me and I looked back at her face to find her smiling.

I picked up her top nervously even though it was just harmless fabric. Cloth that had touched those huge tits!

"Can we just trade our clothes now?" I asked as I gingerly held her pullover.

"No, I have other things I can put on." She stood and turned.

"But I don't have anything else to put on!" Okay, I was whining. "I didn't expect to need a change of clothes."

"If you're so modest, I could give you a towel to put over your shoulders." I could almost see her grinning even though she was facing away from me.

I was only shirtless. Guys did it all the time. I couldn't say that I was self-conscious to be around my grandmother. Even one that was still walking around in only her bra covering her large breasts. Breasts that I couldn't keep my eyes from staring at!

"Nah, I'm fine."

"I'll be back in a minute, then I'll make us some dinner." She called out as she walked out of sight.

I had to shake myself. What was I doing? Staring at my grandma's tits! Even if they were so nice and big and just seemed to want to be grabbed!

'Stop it!' I cursed myself. What was I thinking?

Grandma Sharon returned, now wearing a light blue blouse, but one that she had left many buttons undone, revealing nearly the same amount of cleavage as without it.

"How do you feel about burgers?" She asked as she went to her refrigerator.

"Um, yeah, that sounds great." I replied.

"What am I supposed to do with this?" I asked holding up her white top.

"Whatever you want, it's yours now." She pulled out some hamburger and then went to get a pan from the cupboard.

What was I going to do with a woman's top? It wouldn't fit Jenny, and certainly wouldn't fit the smaller Erin. Why couldn't she just give me back my shirt? I'm sure she was tormenting me for some reason.

Grandma Sharon went about preparing dinner, cutting up the tomatoes for our burgers and even grilling up some of the squash and other veggies she had in the fridge for a kind of fried salad. She made fresh cut fries, from a bucket of potatoes that she had already harvested previously. This would all seem so normal, if not for the flashes of the recent memory of her almost topless!

It might not have been enough to get me hard, but I was feeling uncomfortable twitches from my crotch. Unnatural twitches!

"I really do love that you came to visit me, Jeremy! I know after you go off to college, I won't get to see you hardly at all."

"I'm not going anywhere for a few more years. You'll still see plenty of me." I told her while trying to keep my eyes on her face.

I just didn't want to see plenty of her! Not like I just had!

But I was lying to myself, because I did want to see her tits. I regretted that she had put on a blouse to cover them.

And the fact that I had seen both her daughters' large breasts, or had had sex with them both, wasn't lost on me either!

We chatted pleasantly as she prepared dinner, but I felt a slight tension palpable in the air after our brief mutual near or complete toplessness. I set the small table, wanting to be doing something to feel necessary as my grandmother made the meal. I may have been imagining it, but Grandma Sharon seemed like she was secretly glancing at me when she didn't think I was looking. I had to be imagining that, my previous experience with Jess and Jenny clouding my senses.

We ate with few words, though I did compliment her on the fried salad of which she had to coax me into trying. I told her to give mom the recipe. She told me she'd send some of the ingredients home with me when I left.

We finished and there were a few moments of awkward silence.

"Any other games you mind playing?" Grandma Sharon asked me. "Unless you wanted to go home now."

She sounded a little hurt at that suggestion and I assured her that I wasn't leaving yet. It was only just barely past six. Still plenty of time before I left.

The mention of games though had me envisioning her bra-covered breasts again as we sat in the same seats as before.

"Just nothing that involves gambling, or betting our clothes!" She teased, breaking some of the tension.

We played a game of Clue, of which she won, but it wasn't the same with only two people. Colonel Mustard in the Ballroom with the Rope! Then we played a few games of Oblique, which was a balancing puzzle game. We each won one of those.

Throughout all the games, I still had a sense of her eyes on my bare chest which I guess was matched with my own eyes diving frequently into the swells of her cleavage. I can't say that she didn't notice my glances as much as I felt her own on me. Maybe it was just that I had gotten such a swollen head from the luck that I had with ladies lately to think that Grandma Sharon was eyeing me.

It got later than I realized and when I suddenly yawned. My grandma was then concerned about me driving the long distance to go home if I was so tired.

"You could spend the night. You could sleep in your mother's old room." She gave me a look of worry that only a mother could manage.

I wasn't so tired that I wouldn't have been able to get home, but it also wasn't something that I looked forward to doing either. And being able to sleep in Jenny's old bed had its own attraction too! Plus, I would get to spend more time with my grandma. My clothed grandma!

"That sounds like a great idea, grandma."

I texted mom to say that I was spending the night with her mother. Then I texted the same to Erin with the addition that I would try to call her later that evening before I went to bed.

Without having the lengthy drive, I had some extra time, so we played one more game until we both yawned and decided to call it a night. She told me where the towels were so I could take a shower and then after a kiss on my cheek, a grandmotherly kiss on my cheek, she wished me good night. I did the same to her.

I resisted relieving myself in the shower and just tried to push any sexual thoughts from my addled brain. I did call Erin, but I only talked to her briefly before telling her I loved her and wished her a good night.

I then curled up in mom's bed, imagining her sleeping there so many years ago, thinking of her being a blossoming teen in this room, and visualizing her discovering her body within these walls.

All these thoughts were the greatest aphrodisiac that I could have had and I found myself with a raging boner. I tried to push the images of my grandma's tits hanging out of her bra from my thoughts and instead focus on the memory of my mother's tits instead!

I know! Right?

I had to do something about it, and although it seemed somehow wrong to have to handle this on my own, the fact that I was in mom's old bed was almost like she was right there with me. I just wanted to get it over and get some sleep. I was still shirtless and I had removed my pants to sleep. I pulled my boxers down to give me access and began, but once I started, I had memories of Jenny rise in my visions and I still tried to last for her. I groaned as I got myself worked up, and even moaned out my mother's name as I imagined her here with me; that it was her mouth around my dick instead of my hand, that it was her hand cupping my balls, or even instead of her mouth, that it was her tight pussy wrapped snuggly around my cock!

'Jenny!'

Then I heard a floorboard squeak.

When you are in the middle of such an act, and trying to be discreet, such a sound is like a thunderclap!

What?!

My eyes sprang open as I ceased my stroking and covered myself with my two hands.

Grandma Sharon was standing at the door, now half open with the light from down the hall streaming in behind her. She wore a floor length robe hiding everything that should remain hidden. Her eyes were wide, probably as wide as my own as she stared at me in shock. I don't know how much she had seen, or how long she had been standing there, and I was mortified to have my grandmother catch me like this!

"Uh ... oh! Um, sorry!" I stuttered my apology.

"No, I'm sorry. I heard you moan and was worried that you had pulled or hurt something this afternoon in the garden. I didn't mean to spy on you." I couldn't see any details of her with the backlight around her shadowed form.

Her eyes didn't avert from my nakedness though, her head clearly facing me!

"Grandma Sharon, I didn't mean ... I shouldn't ..." I didn't know what I was saying as my brain reeled.

"No, no. It's alright. I know all about young men and their needs." Her voice was calm and relaxed, as if she walked in on grandsons jerking off all the time! "It probably didn't help to have me giving you such a show earlier either!"

She gave a little laugh at that.

"It wasn't that, I ..." I tried to explain. I still tried to hide myself feebly, but I also didn't pull the blanket up which would have greatly helped.

Grandma Sharon just grinned at my denial as if dismissing it.

Her eyes still roamed over me, particularly that which I was hiding. And which wasn't diminishing under her scrutiny!

That she wasn't freaking out and was being so calm helped my own nerves. I let my hands part somewhat without just openly displaying my junk.

"Do you like what you see?" I asked boldly with my words, if not in my tone which was barely not faltering.

"From what I can see, it looks nice, but you are my grandson and I shouldn't be seeing that!" She said with her tone still at ease. Her eyes also hadn't strayed.

I couldn't make a case for keeping myself covered after all the time I had spent naked with her daughters, Jessica and Jenny! My hands fell a bit more aside.

"I thought you had a girlfriend?" My grandma asked accusingly.

I assumed she meant that I had a girlfriend to help with things like this. Not that either of my girlfriends were there right then!

"I do." I cautiously answered.

"I thought her name was Erin?" She asked leadingly.

"It is, you've met her before. The redhead." I told her, now curious as to why she was asking.

"I'm sure I heard you say Jenny. When you were ..." She nodded at my still hard dick that was almost totally in her view.

OH SHIT!

Does she think that ...?

"Oh." I said as if I had been caught nuking Chicago or something. What else could I say?

"You were thinking about another girl instead of Erin?" There was a wry curl to her lip as she asked that.

Did she not suspect? It wasn't as if Jenny wasn't a fairly common name.

"Yes, but it's complicated."

"Oh, it's alright. People think about others during sex all the time."

That my grandma was talking about sex, and while she was practically staring at my erection, was awkward, but given how my life was turning out, not unexpected I guess!

I then did something probably as bold as I had that day in the kitchen when I pulled out my dick in front of mom; I pulled my hands aside, no longer hiding my raging dick from her eyes. I took it in my grip and let her see it in its full glory.

"Jeremy!" Grandma Sharon gasped loudly at me. She said nothing about me stopping though.

I then resumed my caressing it, with long slow strokes as I stared back at her as intensely as was now eyeing me. Or rather, one part of me!

She took a few steps into the room, closer to the single bed on which I laid. Her eyes never wavered from my crotch.

I sat up onto the edge of the bed and my grandma moved closer. I waved my leaking dick as invitation at her. She gave a small laugh at that, very clearly nervous and unable to stop herself as she slowly lowered herself to her knees.

I started stroking it again, emphasizing the motion with my grandmother less than two feet from it. Her eyes were glued to the action of my right hand over the reddish skin.

"Do you want to help me with this?" I asked softly. Even as far as I had gone with my mother and aunt, I was still nervous.

Grandma Sharon's eyes darted up to mine with an almost hungry fear, wide and longing. They stayed on mine for a moment. Then she nodded, barely moving her head. She lifted her right hand and put it around the base of my dick cautiously, as if it might be boiling hot. It might not have been that warm, but it was way above room temperature!

"I haven't seen one this nice in a long time." She then declared as she watched her hand slowly travel up and then down my rod.

Okay. It was nice to have any woman's hand on my dick, but I didn't want to think about my grandmother having had sex! That was even worse than thinking about one's parents getting busy! And yet, here I was with my Grandma Sharon giving me a handjob!

Her eyes glowed as she kept going, clearly knowing what she was doing as she worked my pre-cum over the shaft and gave it that half-twist that felt so good.

"It's been a long time?" I inquired, curious and also not wanting to know.

She gave me a wide smile and her face went from her hand to my face, back to her hand, and finally faced me before she answered.

"I do alright with my gentlemen callers." She said cheerily, her early nervousness gone. "But none have been so ... nicely equipped as you. I've only ever seen one that was bigger, and that was a long, long time ago."

Her hand had sped up and grandma was giving a most righteous handjob of my dick! Her eyes went back to focus on the actions of her gripping hand with a fierce intensity that showed that she liked what she was doing to me.

I was loving what she was doing!

And I was curious as to what else she might do!

"Grandma Sharon. Do you want more?" I asked, again nervous with my implication.

"More?" Her eyes, which I only realized then were blue like the noon sky, looked up at me curious and expectant. Those blue eyes darted between my own as if searching for my intent.

"Back when I was young and in school, I had a nickname." Grandma started with some hesitation. "They used to call me Sure Sharon."

She looked at me as if it was obvious. But my blood was not in my brain right then. I just stared back blankly.

"Sure Sharon?" I asked weakly.

She gave me a big smile. Her hand never stopped its motion, though its ferocity waned briefly.

"The boys would ask me to ... um, do things." She explained slowly. "I would always just answer, sure!"

Oh? Okay.

Then it hit me!

OH!

"Grandma Sharon. Would you like to please suck my dick?" I asked hopefully.

She responded with a very enthusiastic "Sure!"

Her mouth enveloped my dick quickly, her hand now a footnote as she started to give me a blowjob.

And damn, what a blowjob!

My grandma sucked dick as good as either of her daughters! Her head bobbed franticly up and down as she ran her lips over my smooth shaft, her tongue working its own magic along the way.

I had to then wonder if maybe cocksucking was an inheritable skill!

I had been close before I had been discovered and I did have a full day's load built up in me, and now with the new twist and addition of my grandma, I didn't think it would take much to get me to explode. My grandmother knew what she was doing though, and she had me at the peak and then slowed until I calmed as she laved her tongue over my raging dick. She sucked me like it was all she wanted to do, and would glance up at me as she did so with a fire burning in her eyes, before bobbing hungrily again on my fat cock.

But then before too long she put all she had into what she was doing and I erupted like it had been weeks since I had cum.

"Cuh-cuh! I'mmm gonna cuuumm grannnmaaa!" I moaned as I sprayed her throat with a huge load of my cream.

She swallowed everything as good as either daughter ever had, smacking her lips and then licking them slowly and sexily as any female porn star.

"Oh my God! That was great! Thank you, grandma!" I told her appreciatively.

"You can never, never, ever tell your mom about this! That I gave you head. Never!" She looked up at me guilty, but without shame for what she had done.

"Of course not!" I told her.

I did wonder though if I could tell mom. Would it be too weird to tell Jenny that her mom had sucked my big dick with as much enthusiasm as she always did? Or would mom be grossed out, or even upset about it? I would think about it later as I was still hard.

Grandma's eyes showed her excitement when she saw that I hadn't wilted.

"I do miss young men." She said almost wistfully. Her eyes still roamed over my hardened flesh.

"We don't have to be done if you don't want it to be." I let my implication hang heavy.

My grandmother eyed me intently.

"What? Give you head again?" Her tone wasn't eager, but there was something deeper to it.

"If that is all you want to do." I gave my assurance to whatever she was comfortable doing.

Her face studied me for a long moment. And then another.

"What do you want?" She asked as if she really wanted to know.

Obviously, neither of us wanted to come out and say it. I know it was on both our minds. Could we go through with it?

Then I remembered her nickname and her response.

"Do you want to ride my cock?" I asked plainly, like I might if I wanted to know the time.

Her gaze fell to my throbbing cock as if just seeing it for the first time. She studied it for half a second and the concern that had covered her face melted into the furnace of her lust.

"Sure!" She grinned at me as she rose back to her feet.

"Let me see your body Grandma Sharon." I asked lovingly as I looked up at her.

She answered with a small grin.

"If we are going to have sex, then you could probably just call me Sharon." She untied the sash and removed the heavy terrycloth robe, hanging it on one of the bed's tall corner posts. Beneath the robe was a knee-length simple white nightie of thick cotton. It hinted at the feminine figure that it covered.

"Sure, Sharon!" I teased back.

Grandma grinned at my quip.

She then grabbed the bottom hem and lifted the nightie up over her head, clearly enjoying in the show that she was giving me. She still had on a pair of what fittingly were called 'granny' panties, plain white cotton and unflattering. She stood a moment to let me look at her, or maybe even to give me a chance to change my mind when I saw her 'old' body.

It might have been old, but she was still quite attractive. I admit that I was amazed by what I saw.

Yes, Grandma Sharon had some extra pounds and the skin was loose on some of her figure, but her time in the garden, or whatever else she might have done for exercise had kept her reasonably fit. It also had to be something in the genes, as her daughters were equally fit as well. Her breasts were of good size (what is larger than DD?), but did hang down slightly. She had large areolas, more than an inch in diameter, with nipples that barely protruded from the surrounding darker patch of skin. There was a large untrimmed patch of grey and white hair at her crotch that hid her labia. As she turned at my gesturing finger, I saw her ass was wide, but still fairly firm for someone nearly sixty. I could only imagine what it might have looked like thirty, or even twenty years ago. There was one thing about her that I didn't notice immediately, but when I did, I was slightly shocked.

"No tan lines?" I inquired after she stepped out of the panties. There was some, but they were faint and almost non-existent.

"Sometimes I garden in the nude!" Grandma said with a devious grin.

For some reason, I found that very erotic!

"So, how do you want it?" I asked as I sat staring at the naked woman before me. The woman that I then found to be very sexy!

I didn't know if we should just start kissing or just get right to the sex. This was my grandma! I had no idea what would be appropriate for our inappropriateness!

"We can start with me riding you." She answered simply and she then did give me a kiss. First on the cheek, and then shyly, one on my lips. It was so brief as to barely be called a kiss. I moved closer and gave her another of my own, still briefer than I might do with my mom, but more than the one we just had.

I did also note that she had said start with riding me!

I laid back on the bed. Mom's bed! And my grandmother climbed up and straddled me, my dick poking into her pelvis showing its eagerness!

Grandma Sharon, or should I just say Sharon? She grabbed my pole and rubbed it against her very hairy bush and the thick lips that stuck out from that forest getting my shaft wet with her excitement. She rubbed my head at her opening and it was then the moment of truth.

And then it, and I was in her pussy!

Sharon dropped herself down with some force and I was nearly completely buried in that pussy from which my own mom had been born!

"Oh fuck!" She moaned loudly. "That is a big cock!"

That was my grandma saying this!

"Do you like it ... Sharon?" I groaned with my own pleasure. I put my hands on her knees as I didn't want to help or hinder her movements.

"I sure do! I love it!" She cried out happily.

I was then completely and totally swallowed in my grandmother's pussy! Our pubic hairs mingled as she ground down on me, waggling my cock in her wet tunnel. I can say that she wasn't as tight as Aunt Jess, Erin, or Jenny, but it was not an unpleasant sensation to have my

grandma bounce on my dick as she then began to do. I had just cum, so I let her have her pleasure without worrying about my need. And she clearly got a lot of pleasure!

"Oh God! Yes, yes, yes!" Sharon cried out as she rode me as well as her daughters ever did. Her breasts bounced in semi-circles as they flopped around on her chest. "Fuck me Jeremy, fuck me like I haven't had in years!"

I didn't want to contemplate how much sex my grandmother had gotten in the course of her life. So many years more than I had even been alive. Obviously!

"Oh fuck! I'm gonna cum on your dick already Jeremy!"

"Go on ... Sharon, cum all you want. I'm here for you!"

"Gawwwwd fuckkkkk!" She planted her palms on my chest for support as she vigorously thrust herself down on my dick.

She rode me through her powerful orgasm, shaking with it while still bouncing hard on my pelvis. She then slowed and stopped for only a moment before she resumed.

Sharon's second orgasm came much quicker and hit her far harder. She couldn't maintain her pistoning and just sat on me with my dick twitching in her spasming pussy while her eyes just stared at the headboard, or through it.

When she recovered her eyes came to my face.

"I want it from behind now. I want you to fuck me Jeremy."

She rolled off my lap and let me shuffle to the side on the small mattress so that she could get on her hands and knees.

"Shove that huge cock in your grandma's cunt! Really give it to me hard!" Sharon ordered. Her ass stuck up in the air with the hairiness peeking from below not hiding the widened dark lips of her pussy that invited me back within.

I always was ready to do as my female family members commanded! Especially when it was to fuck them hard!

On the first stroke she fell from her arms and buried her face in the blanket as she wailed out.

"Yes! Give it to me! Give me that huge cock Jeremy! I love it! I lovvve it!"

I didn't hate it myself!

I grabbed a big double handful of my grandma's fat ass and rammed my dick deep into her wet pussy. She moaned loudly and with each dozen strokes she only got louder. I pounded her as hard and fast as I could, giving little regard for anything but a thorough fucking!

"Yes! Yes, yes, yes, yes!" She shrieked.

And then came again.

Jenny was very much like her mother!

"Oh God, I love you fucking me so hard! Give me that big cock! I love it so much! Really fuck this old bitch damn you!"

Oh yes, very much like her mother!

"Don't you fucking stop, you son of a bitch! Fuck my cunt, fuck it hard! Oh yes! Like that! Like fucking that!"

I could barely hear our slapping flesh over the raving my grandma was doing as I slammed furiously into her.

And then she was cumming again!

I had to wonder how long it had been since she had had any really good sex with a response like this.

"Let me roll over. I want you on top of me. I want to see you while you pound my old cunt!"

I really loved my grandma more than I ever had before! Fucking her beat sitting on her lap and listening to her read me Hansel & Gretel any day!

I let her do as she wanted, laying on her daughter's bed with her legs splayed wide so that I could climb between those thick thighs. I knelt and lifted her ankles over my shoulders while I positioned myself to enter her again. I was glad that she wanted to switch positions as we did, as it allowed me to cool down for a few seconds in between as I would get close enough myself a few times, and I wanted Grandma Sharon to go as long as she wanted before I finished. All the times I had made sure mom had gotten off first served me well while I served her mom as well!

I leaned forward with my hands on the bed beside her as I drove into her, her feet now hanging in the air over her face. Her hands came up to grab my shoulders with talon-like fingers. Her face was damp with sweat and her eyes wide with lust as she stared up at me dripping my own sweat down onto her upper chest. Her tits were spread out to the sides and I saw that her nipples were now standing out slightly.

"Fuck me dear!" She begged as I pounded in and out of her clenching and spasming pussy around my invading cock.

"I'm ... fucking you ... Sharon! I'm fucking ... my ... grandma ... with my big ... hard ... dick!" I emphasized that last with a trio of thrusts as hard as I had ever given anyone.

"Cuh-cuh-mmmmingg ahhh gainnn!" Grandma jerked her head back as her body shook in bliss one more time.

I was getting very close myself then. My arms were beginning to ache and there was a twitch in my left thigh muscle that spoke of some pain for tomorrow.

"I'm gonna cum too ... Sharon!" I grunted through gritted teeth.

"No! No! Not in me! On my face, on my face!" She cried out in a panic.

I wasn't thinking clearly at the time, but I was sure a woman at her age couldn't get pregnant. Not without special help from doctors anyway.

Nevertheless, I did as requested, and when the time finally arrived, I pulled out, squeezed my dick to contain my seed, pushed her legs closed and straddled her belly to let loose my flood. Thick strands shot forth with the first almost overshooting the mark and the rest covering her forehead, nose, cheeks, and the last drabs landing on her neck and upper chest.

"Yes! Yes! Cum all over me! So much, so much!"

I tried to control my fall as to not land on her, or the floor either!

I hadn't cum so hard in some little time. I'm sure it was the build up from the time since my last orgasm, the tease of my grandma's bra-covered tits that afternoon, being with a new partner, and that that partner was my Grandma Sharon and the mother of my lover and mother Jenny!

I heard her heaving breathing, or almost gasping, as she recovered beside me, my head near her feet as was her own near mine.

"I haven't had anyone last as long as you, or screw me so good! I haven't cum so hard or so much in so many years!" Sharon exclaimed in her exhaustion.

I was proud to hear her compliment, but it was disconcerting to hear from my grandmother no matter how nice.

"You were great too, Sharon." Not on the level of Jenny or Erin, but I did have a tremendous orgasm, so there was that.

"As great as your girlfriend? Or this Jenny that you had been dreaming about?" She asked me slyly.

I could only hope that she hadn't made the connection, especially considering where we currently were laying right then. Or was it, like with dad, that the thought of me with mom just never entered their minds? I only wished that it was truly so!

I cautiously answered in the affirmative and she said nothing more about it.

Grandma Sharon rose from the bed with her face still covered in my drying cum. I couldn't believe that she had made no effort to clean any

of it off! I had to stare at that as my dick made a quiver. She then retrieved her discarded panties, nightie, and robe. She didn't put them back on but just stood for a moment blocking the light from the hall again as she looked at me sprawled on the bed.

"If you should need anything more, you know where to find me." She said as she turned and left the room.

Did she imply more sex?!

More?

I was too tired to even dream, or maybe I did and just didn't remember them when I awoke. If I had, I'm sure they had some huge tits spinning around as they bounced in them.

I had a moment of disorientation when I opened my eyes.

I looked furtively around the room I was in and remembered that I was at my grandmother's house and in Jenny's childhood bedroom. And then I remembered getting a blowjob from my Grandma Sharon before we then had some amazing sex.

Or had it all been a dream? Did I drift off while trying to masturbate and had dreamed of my grandma because of seeing most of her breasts?

No.

The room still had the lingering aroma of sex and the slight stiffness of my left thigh reminded me too clearly of the previous night's events.

I went downstairs cautiously, unsure of how my grandmother would now react in the light of the new day. I wore only my boxers and was sporting a little wood.

I found her cheerily making breakfast, the smells stirring pangs of hunger in my stomach. That this was all so similar to my own Jenny feeding me caused a knot of longing for my mother.

"Something smells good!" I exclaimed as I entered the large kitchen. I found that my grandma was now wearing a low-cut red and yellow-checked sundress that hung to her knees. My deviant mind wondered if she had on any panties as well.

Grandma Sharon turned at the sound of my voice.

"Oh! You're up." Then her eyes found that she was more correct than she had realized.

I noted that her eyes lit up at the sight of the tent in my boxers.

"How did you sleep?" She asked without any hint of suggestion of what we had done. Or my lack of pants.

"Great." I answered simply. "You?"

"Better than in years."

I leaned against a counter and watched her finish her preparations and that her eyes made frequent checks on my crotch.

After plating our food and setting it on the table, she made another check.

"Do you need some help with that?" Her blue eyes glowed brightly with her enthusiasm.

"I wouldn't say no, but I am really hungry right now." I said with a little regret. I didn't know which I wanted more! I hadn't eaten since before my last blowjob, so food was winning out for my decision.

"Sit, sit. You can eat while I take care of this." Grandma Sharon urged me to the chair while she knelt down beside it.

This was something new!

I would have to suggest this to mom even if I didn't tell her what made me think about it!

"You take such good care of me grandma!" I replied as she worked my boxers down past my knees. My semi-erect dick sprang out to greet her.

"Sharon." She corrected me. "At least for the time you're here. And you took such great care of me, I need to repay you."

She took my cock head into her mouth and then started running her tongue all over my thickening shaft.

"You don't have to repay me for anything, but I will say that I love it! And these pancakes taste amazing too!"

"Mrflgrm gklm brmlfrm!" She mumbled with her mouth full of dick.

"What was that?" I asked between mouthfuls.

"I love your sausage Jeremy!"

I let her continue while I ate, the distraction of my stomach keeping me from focusing on the incredible head my grandma was giving me. It was clear that she wasn't just doing so to get me off and that she was enjoying working her mouth over my cock. She still managed to finish her 'sausage' before I emptied my plate.

Grandma then stood, licking her lips as some cream had leaked on them.

"I'm not done eating yet." I declared as I stared at her.

Sharon looked at me in surprise and even a bit of consternation. She glanced at the pans and the stove.

"I guess I could fix something else."

"No, you don't have to fix anything else. What I want, I normally eat raw." I tried to keep my grin to a minimum.

Sharon looked at me in confusion.

"I don't know what you mean Jeremy."

"Sit down, Sharon. Let me have some sushi." I stood and held out the chair for her.

The confusion on her face only increased.

"Just sit Sharon." I told her firmly.

She stared at me, but did so.

I knelt and lifted her sundress until I saw her saffron-colored panties. Not the 'granny' panties now that she thought I might see them? I pulled the yellow fabric quickly down as she widened her knees as wide as her eyes also were then.

Sharon said nothing as I dove between her thighs. She slid down on the chair so I had easier access to her dense bush and the thick lips hiding

within it. I kissed along her inner thighs to her cooing delight until I approached the center of her femininity. She pulled her dress higher and put a hand on the back of my head to coax me on.

"Oh yes!" She gasped as my tongue licked along her labia.

Grandma Sharon had a musky odor and her taste wasn't as sweet as her daughters, or Erin either, but I noted that it seemed freshly cleaned after our episode last night. It also wasn't as unpleasant as I somewhat had feared. Not that it would have stopped me from licking Sharon's pussy!

I teased her for a short while, licking all around her crotch, running my tongue through the morass of pubic hair, and blowing softly on her leaking opening. I sucked on her pussy lips, tugging them gently with my teeth before I driving my tongue into her chasm.

"Oh yes!" She repeated.

Sharon got worked up very quickly, quicker than I expected, as I wanted to tease her for some time before making her cum the first time.

"Lick me, lick me! Fuck!" The hand in my hair was joined by her other as they held me tightly in place.

My grandmother began to quiver, slowly at first then in quickening waves before she was in full spasm mode.

"Yesssssss!" She wailed as her thighs squeezed my head almost painfully.

Still I licked her gushing pussy.

I wouldn't say that Sharon squirted, but she did let loose with a great quantity of thick syrupy fluid that I drank up as much as I could manage. And still I kept licking at her tasty fount.

"More?" She gasped between heavy breaths. Then repeated as an order. "More!"

As commanded, I gave her more!

All I had done and I hadn't even started with her clit that protruded from its hood like a tiny female dick. Of which I rectified immediately as I gave it a soft suck and a gentle flick of my tongue.

"Aaaaa!"

Now that she had had her initial orgasm, I could give her a proper pussy licking with all the teasing that I could muster. Well, until she ripped the hair from my head that is. I absolutely refused to eat pussy if I became unnaturally bald!

I had her squirming all over that chair, bouncing her ass on the wood seat, and moaning and groaning every obscenity that she knew as I gave a cunt licking fit for a queen. Or a mother and grandmother! I didn't expect to ever be able to do this again, and I was going to make it the best I could for both of us.

She screamed and wailed and shrieked such that I was glad that her neighbors were so far away. Although, the one on the far side of her road was within a quarter-mile of her house! Her hands tied in my hair, that had me seriously worried about my coif! And still it didn't stop me as I drove my grandma crazy with the need to orgasm again on my face.

"Fuck you, fuck me! Make me cum, make me fucking cum!" Grandma Sharon begged.

I had teased her clit throughout, but never to the degree that would get her off. I finally decided that the time had come and that so would she! I assailed her sensitive nib with tongue, lips, and teeth. I watched her body and face for her reaction to this oral assault.

First, she went stiff and I was scared of her falling from her seat. Next, her mouth opened wide as if she was yelling but no sound emanated from her throat. Her head fell back as I'm sure her eyes had also. Last, her pelvis leaped up into my face causing me to bite my tongue.

Then, as if only finally catching up to the rest of her, a noise came from her open mouth that was unearthly in its volume and articulation.

And then it was if all her bones turned to mush and she collapsed; only my quick action kept her from slumping to the floor.

Her eyes looked up at me, into me, through me, and it took a minute for them to focus on my eyes.

"No one has done that to me so good in ..." Sharon paused. "I don't even know how long!"

She lifted a hand to my cheek.

"Erin is a very lucky young girl." Her smile was very bright in the sunlit room.

"I think I need another shower." She rose to sit in the chair again.

"Me too. We could take one together?" I suggested with a devilish grin.

"That would be nice, but I don't think either of us are in any condition for that. Or, maybe we are, but I don't really want to test it after that amazing pussy licking! My legs are still shaking."

That I should ever hear my grandmother use the term pussy licking was unreal! That I had done so with her was otherworldly and mind-bending! And I was also proud that she had declared it amazing! It would definitely be a memory I would keep for the rest of my life no matter if I ever got to repeat it!

We each took quick showers, mostly just to rinse off the sex smell.

My grandmother led us back out to her garden afterwards. She hadn't changed from her dress of which I didn't think was going to be suitable to work in the garden, but I didn't question her. She did have on a big, wide-brimmed hat to keep the heat off her head. Meanwhile, I still had no shirt to wear! Not that one was needed, as it was again a beautiful sunny day.

As we approached the edge of the field, Sharon stopped and handed me the few tools she had brought as she had no pockets in the dress. I then watched with surprise as she handed me the hat, and then lifted the dress over her head. Her panties hadn't been replaced after her shower, and she was now naked except for the sandals on her feet.

"Sharon!" I gasped out.

"What? It's beautiful out here." She took the hat from my outstretched hand and put it back on her head. She hung her dress on one of the wooden poles staked out in the garden to support some plants. Like a very skinny, but well-dressed scarecrow!

I could only stare at her nude beauty.

"Come on. Take off your clothes too." She urged me.

I wasn't sure about that!

"I don't know." I kept staring.

Sharon gave a 'humph', and came over to me. She knelt on the rough ground and undid my pants. I still just stared at her. She only worked them open enough to reach in my boxers and pull out my half-hard cock which had started to rise at her nakedness. She took it in her mouth as she also stroked the base. My grandma's mouth had my dick stiffening very quickly.

I worked around her and finished removing my pants and boxers. I replaced my shoes after I had the other things off. When I was as naked as her, Grandma Sharon stopped sucking me and stood back up.

"You're not going to finish?" I complained.

"I like looking at it like this, not all shriveled and ... eck." She gave a shiver that had me a little upset that she could find my soft weinie the least bit disgusting. I guess that I had my grandma looking at my dick at all, soft or hard, was mildly strange anyway! She did give it an additional tug.

We walked amongst the plants doing our simple care for about forty minutes. I managed to keep my stiffy, with occasional booster strokes from her, when I saw something, probably just a fly, buzz past me.

"What do you do about bug bites in ... um, sensitive places? Or sunburn?" I asked with much concern. I really, really didn't want anything like a bee sting or a third-degree burn on my dick! How would I explain that to Jenny? I'm sure Erin would only find it very funny. That is, until I told her that I wouldn't be able to use it on her!

"I've gotten enough sun over the years that I don't burn anymore. And the bugs mostly leave me alone." She explained easily. Then she looked down and saw the reason for my questioning.

"I guess we don't want that beautiful thing to burn do we? So that we can't use it. Definitely not." Sharon grinned widely.

I was relieved. I assumed I would be able to put my pants back on. Not that I was in a hurry to dress with a naked woman around, but I was very worried about my special pole!

"So, I can put on my boxers at least?" I asked.

"Oh no!" She almost laughed at my response. "I have a nice shady place you can put your dick."

Her eyes were locked on my cock.

It only took me a second to understand what she meant.

"Outside?" I asked in shock.

"Sure, why not? People have been doing it outside for millions of years." My grandma said calmly.

"What about the neighbors?" I looked around nervously.

"It wouldn't be anything that they hadn't seen before. If they are even looking and can see from that far." She had her hand softly stroking my burning dick, just not caused by the sun!

"Can't we just go inside?" I questioned, sure that she would acquiesce to my anxiety.

"Nope. I 've got work to do out here. If you want to go inside you can, but I'm staying out here." She let go of my cock and turned with a little huff. "Kids weren't so uptight back in my day, and never had a problem with screwing in the great outdoors!"

I knew that she wasn't talking to me with that last comment, even if it was actually directed at me.

I was a little upset myself at her crack about being uptight! I had to restrain myself from commenting about how uptight that I wasn't, since I was or had been 'screwing' her daughters, individually and at the same time! I bit my tongue, as I was sure such a comment would get me no more relief at my grandma's house, and with my current perilously exposed condition, I didn't want her using those gardening shears to relieve me of my erection. Permanently!

"Okay, okay!" I relented. Why was I complaining anyway? I was about to fuck my grandma! Again!

She bent over while we stood between the green beans and the tomatoes.

"Put that dick in me Jeremy! Plough my trough real good!" She told me harshly.

I stepped over to her and directed my all-too-ready dick into her hairy bush. I grabbed her wide hips and started ramming into her as if all the wildlife within a hundred yards wasn't now watching us doing the 'natural thing'. She partially rose and I reached around her body to grab her large bouncing tits and squeeze them tightly.

"Oh yeah! Fuck this old cunt! Grab my titties hard! Oh God, I love your big cock filling my pussy!"

I just kept pumping into her, her full backside giving me plenty of cushion for my pushing!

"Yes, yes, oh fuck yes!" Sharon bellowed, as if she was trying to be louder with being outside.

I was past the point of caring then and tried to see how loud I could make her.

Grandma came very quickly. The first time. Her looseness aided in helping me from getting too excited, but she was still snug enough to feel so very good! I let go of one tit and grabbed her white hair and tugged it so that she had to turn her head enough to look at me over her shoulder.

"Is this the cock you're so desperate for Sharon? Tell me how much you want it!"

I'd show her 'eck'!

"I do! I do want your big fucking cock! Fuck granny's old cunt honey! Oh yes!"

"Come on grandma, shove your pussy onto my dick! You want it so bad, fuck yourself on me!"

"Oh God yes, yes!" She pushed her ass back into me, giving it a wriggle as she did so that felt so good for both of us.

"Yeah, like that Sharon! You're such a slut, aren't you? That's why all the guys called you 'Sure Sharon', isn't it?"

"Yes, oh yes! I'm a nasty slut! Especially for a cock as big as yours! I sure am!'

I know, I didn't sound like I had any qualms about screwing my grandmother amongst her veggies, but it was just more of the fact that once I had started, I didn't give much care about anything else! It was partly why mom and I had so many near misses with my father!

In short order I had her screeching out her second orgasm. I also was approaching blast off and let myself go without restraint. When I did cum, I sprayed it over Grandma Sharon's big jiggling ass!

"Wow! That was nice!" She rose and gave me a peck on the cheek. "Thank you, Jeremy!"

I cringed when she said nice. That was mine and Jenny's euphemism for how great it was when we had sex, or made love!

My grandmother then went back to work among her plants, my cum now dripping off her curved ass cheek. I could only stare at her nonchalance. And her hanging tits as she bent down to pull some

weeds by the tomato plants! My dick wilted a little, but the prospect of more action kept it ready.

We worked for another few hours and had worked up a pleasant sweat as the sun approached noon.

At one point, Sharon walked from the field with a firm stride. I watched and followed, unsure of what she was doing. At the far side of the acre there was a large oak tree. She approached it and then to my surprise, she crouched and began to pee.

"Grandma!" I exclaimed, forgetting to use her given name in my shock.

"What?" She asked as she continued to urinate. "Don't tell me you have a problem with peeing outside too?"

Her stare pierced me.

"Um, no, it's just that I didn't expect you to do it in front of me!" I said defensively. "Besides, I didn't think women liked to do that outside."

"That's mostly from the fact that we don't want pee running down our legs when we are done! We can't shake it like men can do." I then saw her produce a roll of toilet paper from a plastic bucket near the large

tree and she wiped herself. She then put the tissue in a smaller plastic bucket. "The one keeps the TP dry, and the other has holes in the bottom to allow it to decompose naturally." She explained and then continued.

"Don't ever go peeing in my garden! The acidity in it will mess with the soil!" She warned me with a finger wag. "If you feel like going, you come over to this tree and do your business."

Thus warned, I did find the sudden urge to relieve my bladder. I stared at Sharon.

"What? You can watch me pee, but now you're all shy?" She exclaimed loudly with an exasperated look on her face.

"I didn't know that was what you were going to do when I followed you over here, otherwise I wouldn't have." I told her. "And I'm not shy!"

It still took me a moment to let the stream flow!

Being a guy, I had never had cause to wipe before, but after giving myself the customary two shakes I found I was mindful of still dripping. With a self-conscious glance at my grandma, I took a piece of the toilet paper and patted the tip of my dick and deposited it in the little bucket.

"Can we get back to work now?" She asked petulantly. I nodded and followed her big, but nice, butt back to where we had left off.

We still had done nothing to alleviate any bug or burn issues. I tried to make sure I kept my dick on the shaded side of me and away from the warm sun. It may have felt good on the rest of my body, but that one area had never seen daylight and I wanted to try to keep it that way!

We took a lunch break in mid-afternoon as we had been so busy working as to lose track of how late it had gotten.

After we had eaten and were sitting in her kitchen once again, Sharon took my phone and called my house, specifically my mom. I had no cause to be, but still I was quite nervous. Especially as grandma and I were still naked. I just felt somehow that Jenny would know this while she talked with her mom! I knew that it was foolish, but I still felt that way.

"Hello Jeremy!" Mom answered cheerfully.

Sharon had put my phone on speaker so I could listen in, but she put her finger to her lips to keep me silent. I was nervous as to what she might say, but I grinned anyway.

"No, it's me Jenny dear. I'm just using his phone."

"Oh, hey mom. How are you doing? Is Jeremy there with you?"

"Yes, he's here." Grandma warned me again with her shushing motion.

"Are you having a nice visit with him?"

"Oh yes. It's been very, very nice."

"That's good. Are you keeping him busy and out of trouble?"

"Oh yes. Very busy. That's kind of why I was calling. Jeremy is going to be staying somewhat longer, and won't be home until late tonight or even maybe tomorrow."

"Oh, really? It's nice that you two are having such a good time. What have you been doing together?"

"We played some cards last night, some poker," Grandma pronounced it like 'poke her', of which we had also done! She continued, "He's helped a lot in my garden. Plowing my field, working in my bushes,

filling a hole that I've needed filling for some time, you know, the kind of things that only a young man like him could do!"

I had to fight my guffaw at the blatant references she'd made to what we had done so illicitly that day, or the previous evening!

Sharon then opened her legs and gestured at me. I immediately understood that she wanted me to play with her while she talked to her daughter as if this would shock me, but my grandma had no idea of what her daughter and grandson had already been doing together! Still, I reached over and ran my fingers through her overgrown field of dreams and played them over her lips and the large clit. She gasped and quickly covered her mouth.

"Jeremy can be so handy to have around!" Sharon told Jenny.

Little did Grandma Sharon know, but my mom could play that game also.

"Oh yes, I already know, mom. He's given me a hand all over the house, helped me with my box, one day he helped me with the washer, fixed a wobbly shelf, trimmed my bushes, and just has been so helpful and handy. He's really good with a tool, and he can hammer like no one else. He's even helped Jess over at her house too!"

If I hadn't had my hand in grandma's pussy right then, I would have had to go to another room to let out my laughter! Mother and daughter were both making oblique references to the sex I'd had with either of them without the other catching their innuendos! This was priceless! I only wished that I could have recorded their conversation for posterity.

Or for times when I needed a really good laugh!

If I ever did decide to tell mom about my time here with her mother, I would definitely have to remind her about this phone call!

"You've really raised him right Jennifer, he's become a fine ... um ... upstanding young man!" Her stutter was caused by my finger brushing across her sensitive clit. Her reference to my upstanding was to the fact that she had a hand stroking my dick to guarantee that it was standing up!

She then let out a moan and hadn't been able to keep mom from hearing it over the speaker.

"What was that? Are you alright mom?" My mom spoke loudly with concern.

"Oh yes, I'm fine. Jeremy is working on a project for me and he bumped into me." Grandma Sharon gave me a fierce look, but I merely smiled

back at her. And brushed her clit again. The grip on my cock tightened and I grimaced.

"Oh, is he there then? Are you on speaker? I can hear the echo. Jeremy?" Mom spoke louder as if it would help me to hear her.

"Yes, he's here. Jeremy!" Grandma spoke louder as if calling me to the phone. "Your mother wants to talk to you."

"Hey mom. I'm going to be at Grandma Sharon's longer than I expected. I'll be home tomorrow." I decided then that I would stay for another night.

"Are you okay? You didn't take any extra clothes with you." She might be my lover, but she was still my mother too. I was sure that if we ever went on a vacation together and that if I had the opportunity to have sex with her, that she would still ask if I had packed enough socks!

"I'm okay mom. Grandma has been taking good care of me, right grandma?" The tempo of her strokes increased on my dick as I was then probing deeply into her soaked pussy.

"Oh yes!" She gasped a bit too emphatically, but luckily it sounded as if mom hadn't noticed. "It's been such a pleasure having Jeremy here that

I don't know if I want to let him leave!" She was shucking me brutally then.

"I do have to go back to work the day after tomorrow, grandma." I replied as I shoved a third finger into her cunt.

"Well, you two have fun and I'll see you tomorrow dear. I love you Jeremy!" Mom called out and I knew that I was the only one that had picked up on the extra sentiment that she expressed with her endearment. If she only knew how much fun we were having!

"I love you too ... mom. I'll see you tomorrow! Tell everyone that I miss them and I'll be home tomorrow." I purposely paused before saying mom to let her think that I had almost said her name, as I knew how much she loved me using it. I could almost picture her smiling at that.

"Thank you for taking care of him mom. You're the best and I love you too!" Mom told grandma.

"I love you too honey! And I'll take such good care of him, don't you worry. I'll talk to you soon, bye."

"Bye mom."

"Rub my fucking clit damn you! Make your goddamn grandma cum Jeremy!" Grandma Sharon demanded after hitting the end button. I really hoped that she had hit it correctly in her hurry to get off the phone so that I could make her get off!

I really almost expected to hear Jenny's voice come from my phone.

'Mom?!'

But my phone was silent.

My grandmother on the other hand, or rather, my grandmother on my hand! Was quite loud as I rubbed her clit rapidly, causing her to cum powerfully. That we had been playing around while she talked to her daughter, I'm sure had added an extra thrill and another level to her orgasm.

Her grip on my dick hadn't been so intoxicating as I made her orgasm, as it tightened much more than I would want for a handjob. Still, it wasn't as if I had my grandmother do this all the time, and the phone call with mom had gotten me a lot closer than I might have been otherwise also.

When Sharon recovered, her hold loosened and she looked at me lustfully.

"I think it's your turn now." She stated firmly.

"I wasn't keeping track."

Grandma Sharon stood up from her seat and lowered herself to her knees far easier than I would have thought for someone of her age. She took my dick in both hands, now loving and tender as she caressed it. Her eyes came up to mine with a lust that matched that of my mother when she was in a similar position.

"It's such a nice cock!" She purred, her fingers and palms sliding over my veiny skin.

"That's what I've been told." I didn't say that it was usually her daughter complimenting me.

"What do you want your grandmother to do for you Jeremy?" Her eyed darted from my face to what her hands were doing.

"Whatever you want grandma." I told her. I didn't care what she did, jerk me off, suck me, or even sit on my lap and ride me to heaven!

"I want you to tell me what you want." She spoke with a sultriness that I had only ever heard like that coming from Jenny.

"I want you to keep doing what you're doing now, rubbing my dick and making me feel good." I said in a low voice, trying to sound sexy.

"I know you like this, but what do you really want me to do?"

Her fingers were driving me crazy with the way she softly ran them over my dick. She was stroking me, but not making any attempt to make me cum, and was just feeling me, touching me.

"I want you to suck my cock Sharon!" I growled, understanding then that she wanted, needed, me to demand what I wanted from her.

Grandma Sharon leaned forward and gave the dome a kiss, with just a touch of her tongue between her pursed lips. She then looked back up at me.

"Like that?" She asked demurely with just a hint of smile.

"I said suck my big cock damn it!" I kept my voice below a shout. Barely.

I grabbed her white hair and pulled her head toward my leaking dick. Her blue eyes looked up at me full of fire. Her mouth opened wide as it came close to my waiting cock.

"That's it, grandma, take it all!"

I forced her face down until my entire dick was within her mouth, my pubic hairs tickling her nose, and my balls touching her chin. Sharon made no effort to stop me, or to even prevent me from shoving my whole cock in her mouth and into her throat! My grandma even managed to do so easier than her daughter Jessica ever had! I gave a jerk of my hips to push even deeper.

"Do you like that Sharon? You have my big cock down your throat! You're just a cocksucker, aren't you?" I had assumed she had wanted it a little rough, even if that wasn't normally me.

Her eyes were wide and watery but there was no resistance in them. She even pushed further forward as if I had any more dick to feed her! I did hear her trying to cough deep in her chest, and even felt it vibrate through my invading phallus.

I pulled her head back. My dick was now coated thickly with her phlegm and saliva.

"More." She said after a small choking cough.

"You took it all. I don't have any more cock to give you grandma!"

"Fuck my face. I want to feel you ram in and out of my mouth!"

Wow!

I think I found where Jenny got her slutty nature from!

"Are you sure?"

"I am sure, remember, Sure Sharon." Her tone and facial expression were begging me.

Well, okay!

I pulled her face back to me, engulfing me. In one quick motion I was all the way in again. I wasn't sure how long she could hold her breath, or if she could hold back her gag reflex long enough, so I intended to make this quick, with no intent of going until I came.

I grabbed her head in both hands, my fingers curled into her white locks securely.

I then used my grandmother's face as a fucktoy, jerking my hips up towards her and I moved her head back and forth on my cock. I had never felt a sensation like that and I was surprised with how quickly I felt my need building. If she could last for a few minutes, then I just might cum from this!

I didn't go that long though, and I pulled her off of me after a very brief, but very intense, time.

Her eyes were runny, snot dripped from her nose, and I was almost worried she might hurl from the look on her face.

"Wow, Grandma Sharon! That was extreme! I've never had anyone do that before! There aren't many girls I know that can suck my whole dick in their mouth!" I exclaimed loudly. I could never tell her that one of them was her baby daughter!

"You didn't cum!" She complained as she still fought for breath. She grabbed a roll of paper towels and was roughly cleaning her face.

"Was I supposed to? I was worried about choking you. A few minutes more and I probably would have, if that helps. I've been told that sometimes I hold off for too long!" I told her sympathetically.

"I haven't had anyone that didn't shoot once they were all the way in and fucking my throat."

I didn't know if that was a complaint or a compliment!

"Well then, now you can fuck this soaking old pussy with that amazing cock of yours!" Sharon demanded as she stood, turned around, and bent over the kitchen counter, presenting me with her well-rounded ass and a hairy pussy that was still dripping her nectar.

"Have you ever thought of trimming that, Sharon?" I inquired, remembering the time that I had done so for mom.

"A few times, but I like the natural look. Besides, it's a lot of work to maintain, and it gets all itchy when its growing back in. No. I just let it go as it wants." She told me over her shoulder. "I don't have that many years left of use for it to go worrying about maintenance at this stage of my life!"

That was a fair point I suppose!

"I bet you were quite the babe back when you were my age." I had stood myself and was in the process of lining my straining dick with grandma's hungry pussy.

"I turned more than a few heads in my day, if that's what you mean. I still don't do too badly. I seem to find a man when I need one; maybe not as good or big as my wonderful grandson, but they manage to scratch my itch." She told me proudly. Then Sharon gave me an impatient look. "Are you going to fuck my fucking cunt or not? I'm not getting any younger!"

I almost laughed at that!

I was sure she had more than a few years left with her hot pussy if her sex drive was still this revved up!

I rammed forward as hard as I had done on her face, sinking my dick deep into her fucking cunt until I could go no deeper.

"Oh, fucking God! I love your cock, Jeremy!" She reached out her hand and gripped the opposite side of the countertop tightly, her knuckles whitening with her clench.

That did seem to be the consensus!

"I love your tight pussy Sharon!" I exclaimed with my delight.

"This old floppy thing?" She griped.

I could have given her a tip to help with her 'looseness', but I couldn't reveal my source, as it was her daughter! She would then wonder how I knew how tight mom was!

I gave her ass a firm slap, the flesh giving a little ripple at the impact.

"Smack me! I love that! You could even do it a bit harder. I'm not going to break!"

I gave her a good smack. I left a faint red hand print before it faded to the pink of her butt cheek.

"Really spank me damn it! Spank me as hard as you're going to fuck me!"

Yep! Mom hadn't fallen far from the family tree!

Smack! Smack!

"Yes! Redden my fat ass!" Grandma bellowed. "Fuck my cunt!"

I gave her a few more smacks before I had to use my hands to grab her hips so I could really give her a good pounding right on the counter where she had so recently made us sandwiches.

I quickly neared my boiling point. This only spurred me to ram harder into Sharon's twitching twat that was clenching around my dick very nicely, if not vice-like.

"Gah! Fuck me! Fuck me! Yes! Yes! Yessss!" Sharon wailed as I pummeled her ferociously.

"I'm going to cum Sharon! I'm going to fill up your hot little pussy!" I yelled at her as I grew too close to hold off any longer.

"Fill my cunt with your cum Jeremy! Grandma loves your fucking cock! I'm gonna cum ... right ... with ... you ... tooooo!"

My grandmother's frame writhed on the counter as her orgasm hit her hard. My own had me spraying my thick cream deep in her womb again and again.

I let myself fall atop her back in a semi-hug.

"I love you Grandma Sharon! And not just because you let me fuck your face and your cunt!" I told her.

"Jeremy! Is that the same mouth that you talk to your mother with?" Sharon pushed up, so I lifted myself from her.

It was also the same language that I talked to my mother with, regardless of the rest of my mouth!

"It is!" I teased while being completely honest!

"Come here. Give your granny a kiss!"

She turned and gave me a passionate, but nowhere as deep of a kiss as I would have gotten from her daughter!

"Now, do you feel like some more cards?" Sharon then asked me.

"I don't have any money left if you wanted to play poker. Though I would really love to win my shirt back." Then I used her intonation

from the phone call back on her. "And if you want some poke her, you'll have to give me a few minutes first!"

My dick hadn't completely shrunken, but it was definitely taking a serious breather!

"I suppose we'll have to keep away from the gambling then! I really can't send you home without your pants! Jenny would never let me hear the end of it, even if I could somehow explain that to her!"

I almost wished that I could get mother and daughter together! Well, and the other daughter also!

And I really couldn't keep Erin out of any of that either!

I had to shake myself out of those thoughts!

I had to just be satisfied at having had Jenny and Jessica, and now Jenny and Erin. I still had to be the luckiest guy on the planet!

We spent the rest of the afternoon playing an assortment of games, card and board. Neither of us dressed, now comfortable in our mutual nudity. Sharon did tease me when after about forty-five minutes, my dick sprang up to attention. She caressed it for a few minutes, obviously

really loving being able to touch it, before we resumed the game we had been playing. Her focus did stray to my erection, and I was able to use this to my advantage to win. She protested this, but I explained that I had my own focus issues with her big squeezable tits in front of my face. She laughed at that, and then she took my hands and placed my palms on her tits. It was some time before we started the next game as I had to spend a good half-hour or more playing, and then kissing and sucking, her huge honkers.

There was no more sex that afternoon, but we did work each other up with our nudity and gentle playing and teasing.

I helped Sharon fix dinner, even to running out to the garden for some cucumbers so she could make a salad. I had to tease her when she put on an apron over her bare chest.

"I don't want to burn my boobies with this hot grease! Then someone wouldn't get to play with them later tonight!" She explained as she cooked the pork chops.

No! I definitely didn't want them burned so that I couldn't bury my face in them and motorboat as I filled my hands with grandma's big boobies!

And that she openly declared that there would be more action that evening had my hard cock bobbing with excitement!

It was the first meal that I had eaten where no one was dressed. It made me more conscious of my manners as I was then more aware of anything that I might spill on myself! Grandma Sharon and I shared the great meal and easy conversation, but with a good side of playful innuendo or even outright declarations of what we might do to each other.

"I'm very glad you came to visit as you promised." She told me with her voice full of heartfelt emotion.

"I have always loved spending time with my Grandma Sharon. That hasn't changed just because I'm not ten anymore!" I returned her feelings.

"I'm very grateful for this time that I've had with you these few days." Her eyes then peered deep at me. "This will only be a one-time thing. I hope you realize that, and don't expect it to ever happen again. I shouldn't have let this happen, but I am glad that it did, if even just this once. You've made me feel so young again!"

I felt a pang of emotion at that declaration, so much like the one Jenny had once told me. I was very grateful for this opportunity to be with my grandma in a way that I assumed no other grandsons ever had, even if it would never be repeated.

"You have a wonderfully sweet girlfriend that you need to take good care of. I hope you don't mess things up with Erin because you are dreaming about this Jenny, whoever she is."

"No, it's all good ... Sharon. Like I said before, it's complicated. They know about each other and ..." I paused as I wondered how much to reveal. "They have actually been together too." I looked intently at the older woman across from me, trying to convey my meaning.

"You mean ... that they have ...?" Sharon intertwined her fingers suggestively.

"Yep." I answered simply.

"And with you too? Together?"

For a woman that seemed quite worldly, my grandmother seemed shocked at the suggestion of a threesome.

"A couple of times." I tried to sound nonchalant about it, even as I was beaming proudly.

"And I thought I was doing you a favor, throwing you a bone." Sharon had a wide grin on her face at that. "I guess that I was the lucky one

getting a chance to spend some time with a stud like you. My own grandson! Good for you!" She gave me a slight pat on the shoulder.

"Just make sure you don't go blowing it with either of them! It's hard enough to find one special person, two is a miracle!"

"You don't have to tell me grandma ... I mean Sharon. I almost lost the one once, I won't ever let that happen again!" I said defiantly.

"That isn't the one that your mom told me that was the reason you were so bummed out about this past spring?" She asked curiously, fortunately still not connecting the name.

Mom had told Grandma Sharon about my depression, if not the one that had caused it?

I paused before answering.

"Yes. That was the one. But then I met Erin. And I was happy again. Then the other girl,"

"This Jenny?" Sharon interrupted.

"Yes, Jenny. Well, she realized that she had made a mistake and couldn't let me go. We kinda got back together." I had to grin at the memory of mom attacking me that day when she decided that she couldn't live without me as her lover!

"While you were then dating Erin? You are a brave young man!"

"Yeah, well. Then Erin did find out about us, me and Jenny." I started.

"I see you still have your wonderful dick, so it couldn't have gone badly!" Sharon quipped as she gave me a quick loving stroke.

"Actually, Erin ..." Um, how to dance around Erin's kink? "She loved the idea of me and Jenny being together. She convinced me to let her join us. Jenny wasn't keen on that, but we talked her into it."

"Wow! You really are lucky!" Grandma beamed at me. "I guess I should be privileged that you could tear yourself away from them to spend a few days with me!"

"Erin's at her aunt's lakehouse. And Jenny ... has her ah, special visitor. I had a few days off work, so here I am."

"Special visitor?" A pause. "Oh, ole Mr. Redsocks has stopped by her house!"

The wide smile on Sharon's face lit the room.

"I am so glad I am done with all that! Such a huge hassle just to bring more youngins into the world. But I guess it might have been worth it. I have two great daughters, and three amazing grandkids. Particularly one grandson whose big dick is very distracting!"

"Grandma!" I yelled as she gave me an extra hard squeeze.

We finished the meal. I helped her wash and dry the dishes and then put everything away.

"I'm kind of tuckered out from today. How about we just watch some TV, or maybe a movie?" Sharon suggested.

The idea of sitting and watching a movie with mom's mom was very comparable to how my whole sexual incestual journey had started. I made this point verbally, even if my grandmother didn't understand it immediately.

"I just hope that you can keep your hands to myself!" I told her as we sat beside each other on her overstuffed, and very comfy couch.

"I think you mean ... oh! I see what you did there!" Sharon laughed as she snuggled up to me much as my mother always did on our Friday movie night. She then put a hand on my still throbbing dick.

We watched a couple episodes of some old sitcoms before deciding on a movie. I let her pick from the streaming menu, and of course, she picked a romantic comedy. I guess that was better than some meaningless chick flick! I might be huge into movies, but that genre just seemed so pointless! 'Girl unhappy without a guy, finds a guy and is happy, breaks up with guy and realizes that she doesn't need a guy to be happy, but then ends up with a different guy anyway'! Even dad's shoot 'em ups made more sense!

Grandma Sharon loved to tenderly stroke my cock throughout the film, and I have to say that I advocated it also! I myself kept a hand full of big ol' titty and another deep in the kitty! One was soft and squishy, and the other was wet and squishier!

We kept each other on edge without either of us cumming and by the time the credits rolled we were very ready for more!

"I think that tonight you should sleep in my big bed with me Jeremy." Sharon said suggestively with a wicked smile on her face as she stood.

"That's a great idea grandma. I'd like to cuddle with you all night." I said with a straight face as I looked up at her.

"Oh, I know what you would like to cuddle with young man! You haven't been able to keep your hands, or your eyes off my big tits throughout the whole movie!" Her tone was accusatory while her eyes burned with lust.

Guilty as charged!

"It's not like you haven't had your hands full either!" I teased back as I rose to stand beside her.

"And it's such a nice handful too!" My grandma reached over to grab my twitching dick.

"Watch it! You've already got me ready to explode!" I warned, not that it wasn't inevitable, but just the timing was in question.

"I'm in the same boat! A very leaky boat! I'm so wet right now!"

Of which I was already aware from having had my fingers down there before we had stood.

"Do whatever you have to do and meet me in my room in five minutes!" Grandma Sharon told me.

What did I have to do? What I wanted to do was screw my hot grandma!

Was she suggesting that I use the bathroom? I suppose I should pee before having sex so I didn't have to go later.

Or was she delaying me so she could prepare something for me?

I assumed that. But still peed anyway. Better safe than sorry.

I showed up at her door promptly five minutes later, and I knew that from the grandfather clock that stood at the end of the hallway.

"Sharon?" I asked tentatively, as I didn't see her in her bedroom when I entered.

"Just a minute!" She called from the adjoining bathroom.

Then she came out wearing some white lingerie the color of her hair. I was speechless!

Sharon posed sexily as she let me stare at her.

She had on white stockings with white garters and a lacy white garter belt girdle around her middle. A nearly sheer pair of white panties didn't hide her thick bush. An equally sheer bra couldn't contain her large breasts, the darker areolas visible through the fabric. A white lacy wisp of a short-sleeved top was wrapped around the upper half of her body, but it hung open to expose the bra that likewise hid nothing, but so provocatively so! The only color was the vivid red of Sharon's lips.

"What do ya think?" She asked as she did a half turn to reveal that the panties were a thong and her big gorgeous ass was fully visible and inviting!

I almost made a verbal comparison to Jenny, but quickly bit my tongue! This only helped show my reaction though.

"Holy shit Sharon! You look incredible in that!" I exclaimed my excitement.

Grandma did a little twirl on her toes as she showed off.

"Am I really? You're not just saying that because you want to get a piece of ass?" Her grin belied her words.

"Damn straight you are! Wow! I can't believe how hot my grandma is! You're quite a GILF!"

Her wide smile at that let me know she already knew what a grandmother I loved fucking was!

I know I am paraphrasing, but it wasn't as if I hadn't already done so already!

"Is that better than a MILF?" She teased as she stood straight with her thighs parted just enough to be intentional.

"Well, you are a mother too, so I guess you are both!" I couldn't resist any longer and crossed the room to wrap my arms around her and put my hands on those big buns!

I leaned forward and kissed her. She was hesitant at first, but let me continue for a moment, adding her own passion to the smooch. Her hands went to the back of my head and held me in place through the nice buss. She then pulled back, but not out of my arms.

"I want to tuck you in Jeremy, like I did when you stayed over when you were little."

Tuck me in, or fuck me in?

I kept the quip unspoken.

"No, Sharon." I said firmly. "I want to make you feel like a woman, not a mother, or grandmother. Tonight, we are only a man and a woman. Each with needs that need to be filled."

"Ooo! I like that more!" Sharon cooed delightfully.

I released her and gestured with my left arm a wide sweep towards the large four poster bed.

"Would you join me in this bed, my dear and sexy Sharon?" I asked as charmingly as I could while standing there naked with an erection before my beautifully-clad mother's mother.

"Sure." She answered simply with already such an expression of bliss on her face.

I pulled the covers aside as I waved her up.

The bed was one that sat higher than most, such that she had to kneel up into it.

I followed behind her, pushing the covers that we would probably not use, further down. I then pushed her a bit roughly onto her back, her head falling onto her pillows.

"Oh!"

I then crouched over her and kissed her cheek, her chin, down her neck and to the wide expanse of her upper chest, eager to get my mouth on any part of those large tits. As well as my hands! I slipped my knees between her legs of which she parted easily. I then laid my lower half on her abdomen, my hard dick pressed on her pelvis. I lowered myself so that I could manhandle those wonderfully wrapped boobs and kiss her cleavage.

"Oh yes! Like that!" She gave me her encouragement.

Fortunately, the gauzy bra unfastened in the front, or was just well designed! I pushed the bit of cloth aside and buried my face in those pillows of flesh as I continued to massage them.

"Oh! Suck my nipples! Bite them!" Sharon sighed as her hands wrapped around my head and shoulders. "Harder!"

I did so, even nipping at the creamy sides of her tits.

After spending a good half hour covering every bit of her mammaries with kisses, licks, pinches, and suckling, I then moved my way down her slightly flabby belly, passing over the lacy belt, until I reached the waistband of the delicate panties. I grabbed her thighs firmly and pushed them aside, keeping my hold on them as I bent to kiss over the transparent cloth that hid neither her treasures or their aroma!

I licked and kissed the area that her panties covered as if they weren't there at all and I was intent on getting her wet. That was my intent, but I wanted her to also feel the hindrance of her underwear.

"Lick me, let me feel your tongue on me!" Sharon begged as she wiggled beneath my face, hence the hold of her thighs in my hands!

"Tell me what you want Sharon! And make sure I believe it!" I said huskily as I looked up towards her face over the swaying mounds of her chest.

"I want you to lick me! Rub your tongue all over my cunt! I need you to lick up all my juices leaking from my pussy!" She cried loudly.

"I don't think you mean that Sharon, you don't sound so sure to me!" I teased her with her nickname.

"Goddamn it! Eat my fucking cunt you bastard! Or I'll get up and sit on your face until you fucking do!" She twisted more in my grip.

"That's it!" I bent back and licked over the previously covered terrain.

"Rip those fucking panties off me! Get that tongue in my cunt!" She screamed at me with her head raised to glare down at me.

Maybe I should be careful when waking the sexual beast in any of my female relatives!

"I can't rip them, they're too beautiful." I said. I did let go of her legs so that I could tug the delicate fabric down her flailing limbs.

With a flash of memory, I then took the small handful of wet lace and pushed it past her red lips with a shocked look in her azure eyes. If she had chosen, she could have spit them out, but she let them remain as I went back to my task of teasing her more, my hands once again holding her legs tight.

"You've got the hairiest bush I've ever seen Sharon. It's quite sexy on you! It makes finding your cunt an adventure!" I whispered loudly as I ran my chin through her tangle.

It wasn't hard to find her cunt, not in the least, as her large thick brown lips were spread wide.

"Gehth yoor fath nn thaar!" Sharon mumbled through her panty-filled mouth.

I smirked at her still clear request!

"As you wish milady!"

I then ran my tongue over her labia, sucking on them with soft tugs, and then running my tongue up the crevasse between those wrinkled lips.

"Gaah! Eath meh!"

I did eath her! I did a right proper eathing of her soaked snatch!

I teased my tongue deep into her opening as she squirmed. I fucked her with it, between rounds of probing licks. So much of her syrup was pouring forth.

"You are so fucking wet Sharon! I think I could take a bath down here!"

She fought the grip on her legs, trying to squeeze them around my head.

I was leaking quite profusely myself and I didn't know how long I could go without spontaneously orgasming onto her mattress, so I sped up my pace.

I licked softly around her very prominent clit, flicking it, and giving it gentle nips with my front teeth.

"Daahn yaah!"

If this was to be damned, then I surely wasn't in heaven then!

"Do you want to cum Sharon? Tell me that you do. And speak clearly, I can barely understand you with your soaked panties in your mouth!"

She worked her jaw and managed to spit the white panties aside.

"Make me fucking cum Jeremy! Suck on my clit and make me cum now!" Sharon screamed at me.

Okay!

I sucked her clit into my mouth, took it between my teeth, and flicked it furiously with my tongue!

I think my grandmother might have levitated off the bed at that instant!

Her legs proved to be stronger than my grasp on them and they instantly wrapped around my shoulders in a lock that would have made any professional wrestler proud!

I tried to maintain my contact on that most sensitive bit, but Sharon flailed around so violently that I had to try to protect myself instead of continuing to pleasure her.

I gave her a few minutes to settle back to reality as I stared at her slick-skinned figure. Other than the white stockings and garter belt, the rest of her lingerie had been tossed aside at some point.

"I need you to fuck me now! Fuck me hard damn you! No more with this teasing crap!"

I had to wonder if Sharon had spoken like this while mom had been growing up and that was where Jenny had picked up her vulgar vocabulary! The two of them were so similar when they were so aroused as Sharon was then.

"Do you want me to put this big cock in your pussy Sharon? Do you need to get pounded by it?" I growled at her as I moved up to my original position over her.

She didn't answer. I don't think she could answer me then. Her eyes were molten pits of blue lava, her lips in a rictus grin, her teeth clenched tight as she fought with her need.

I shook my dick over her open lower lips, needlessly covering it in her juices. I slapped it against her opening that caused her eyes to widen even as they pierced harder into me.

I put the smooth dome barely within her lips for two seconds. Then I pushed my entire weight down until I was probing her cervix.

Her reaction was such that I think that she had orgasmed again!

I stayed buried in her until she ceased shaking, her eyes rolled back down, and her scream stopped echoing in the room.

I wanted to say something to tease her again, but I was far too close for such niceties right then!

I pumped her quick and fast as I began to spew my cum into her still quivering cunt!

There was no issue about us continuing, as I was still hard and Sharon's gaze at me spoke of her unfulfilled lust.

I started again, very slow at first, savoring the feeling of her wetness and just the fact that this woman was my beloved Grandma Sharon that I had loved spending time with as a child and loved even more now as we shared this intimate act. I rested most of my weight on my pelvis to give extra force to my penetration, but her large tits supported my chest and I loved feeling those warm, soft cushions pressed against my bare skin. Our eyes stared into the others' as I gradually built up steam. I resisted just going all out as that would get either of us to the finish line

faster than I wanted; I wanted to spend as much time as I could enjoying these once-in-a-lifetime charms.

It wasn't love we were making, it was still too much like sex, but it was more magical than the earlier pounding session. Sharon no longer voiced her approval, pleas, suggestions, or demands at any volume, the moans and groans, and the passionate look in her sapphire eyes was all the encouragement that I required from her.

I did work up to a frenzied thrusting, but eased off before either of us climbed too high to our peak. This was then repeated, and then again. I wouldn't say that Sharon was loose, but she just didn't squeeze as tightly around me as say, Jenny or Erin. At that moment, it was a blessing, as it allowed me to focus more on what I was doing for her; Sharon's pleasure not based on the snugness of her sex, but on the size and skill of her grandson. Even without out the verbal outbursts to signal her climaxes, I knew for sure that she had more than a few as I rammed steadily and persistently into her streaming pussy.

I did get close a few times and I had to slow to almost a stop until I felt the urge pass. After the third time of this, I knew there was no more delaying my own gratification. I then pulled out all the stops and pistoned as quickly as I could manage while still maintaining the force of my thrusts. Even as I was on the way to my orgasm, Sharon peaked again shortly before I let loose a torrent of cum in her nearly constantly spasming pussy.

I was almost as soaked with my sweat as the mattress beneath Sharon's ass when I finally pulled free from her womanhood. I rolled to the side and stared at the ceiling of my grandmother's now spinning bedroom, the sparkles drifting in the air above me said much for my effort.

Sharon half-turned her head towards me, the strains of our mutual efforts showed on her face and hair. She pushed that face towards me and kissed my cheek tenderly.

"Thank you, Jeremy! I haven't felt that good in so ... so long. I definitely feel like a woman now, a well-used, well-satisfied woman! I have to say that I am very jealous of Erin right now! To have you all the time; that girl must walk around on a cloud!" My Grandma Sharon whispered so lovingly.

She then gave me another kiss, just as tender as the first, also on my cheek.

"Thank you, Sharon for allowing to take care of you. You've made this visit very special and I will never forget it." I looked on her with such emotion welling inside me.

I reached over and kissed her damp forehead.

"Now can we cuddle?" I asked sincerely.

"Oh yes please!" She sighed in delight.

I pulled up only the top sheet to cover us. Sharon rolled onto her side and I moved up behind her to spoon with her. I put an arm around her side, snaking it under her own, and rested my hand on her bountiful bosom.

"I knew you just couldn't resist that!" She teased, but she held my arm tightly in place nevertheless.

"Good night Sharon." I whispered in her ear and kissed the back of her neck.

"Mmm hmm." She hummed in response.

I knew she was already halfway to sleep. I wasn't far behind her either.

Next thing that I was aware of was that very familiar feeling of lips on my morning woody!

In that haziness as I became conscious, I wasn't awake enough to filter my words. Or my response.

"Jenny." I moaned.

"Not quite. Morning handsome." Grandma's voice.

OOPS!

Oh shit!

"Oh, sorry Sharon. I just ..." I apologized as I opened my eyes to see my grandmother with her lips wrapped around my very stiff dick.

"Dreaming of your piece on the side?" She asked as she held me upright in her hand. The glimmer in her eyes spoke of no ill-will at my slip. "Does she do this frequently?"

Sharon took the domed head in her mouth and swished her tongue over it as she kept her eyes on me.

Damn, that felt so good!

"A few times." I said coyly, still nervous to be talking about my Jenny to her mother!

"Not Erin?" She bobbed her head so that half of me was engulfed in her warm mouth.

"We haven't had that many opportunities to wake up together." I spoke without thinking.

"And you and Jenny have?" Sharon asked far too curiously.

"Not really." I tried to cover.

Fortunately, her attention was on other things than my feeble words.

Her eyes stared at my erection as she held it tenderly in her hands.

"I've missed morning wood! I haven't had anyone that woke up ready to go in so many years! And after that marathon session last night, I am surprised to see that you are too!" Sharon's eyes were bright with her amazement and lust. "Ah, to be young again!"

"I'm sure you could find someone young like me to keep you ... um, taken care of." It was very strange to be telling my grandma to go pick up some young stud to fill her needs! If it couldn't be me.

"No, those days have passed me quite a few years ago." She gave me another quick bob.

"You really aren't that old Sharon. You're not even sixty yet!"

"I'm no spring chicken either, not like your Erin."

Sharon resumed her fellatio; I didn't know if it was from her lust to suck me or just to drop the discussion about her sex life.

"You suck a mean dick Sharon. Any guy would be lucky to have you." I put my hand on her white hair and guided her movement. Not that she needed my help, much like either of her daughters, she knew exactly just what to do with a hard cock!

I didn't hold back and let her take me to Planet Bliss with her expert lips, mouth, tongue, and hands.

I exploded into her throat as she bobbed as well as anyone that had ever blown me!

"Still so much!" She exclaimed as she raised up, licking her lips and wiping them with the back of her hand. I'm sure either was unnecessary, as she swallowed like a champ.

"Give me a few minutes and I'll have more if you want." I boasted with a grin. Well, it really wasn't that much of boast.

"I'm sure you could!" She looked back at me with her own grin. "Now let me make you some breakfast."

"I wouldn't mind some of that sushi that I had yesterday morning!"

"What? Oh!" She turned back to me as she had already half rose from the bed. "That sounds wonderful, but I think I've had like a year's supply of climaxes since you've gotten here already! I think I might walk with a limp all day today!"

Grandma Sharon did have a youthful, just-fucked glow that she didn't have when I had arrived. Her step also seemed lighter as I watched her cross the room in just the stockings and garter belt. And there was no limp either! I would never have noticed her like I did now before this visit, but my grandmother really was very attractive nevermind her age. I guess Erin really had been right!

"Get up and take a shower! Breakfast will be ready shortly!" Sharon told me as she grabbed a silky knee-length mauve robe from the clothes stand, and tied it around her.

It was still early, earlier than I would have liked. All I wanted was to go back to sleep. Unfortunately, my snuggly toy had decided to get up and if I was going to get any breakfast, I would have to regretfully join her in consciousness.

I stood, gave a huge yawn as I stretched out my arms, and then headed for the bathroom.

I guess there were worse ways to be awoken!

I was a bit distressed that I hadn't texted or talked to Erin since the previous afternoon. I sent a quick apology, texting her how sorry I was and that I had been so busy at Grandma Sharon's. I added a string of heart emojis which in no way made up for my lapse, but did relay my contrition. I hoped. I sent a second one after that informing her that I would call her after I got back home that afternoon.

The shower helped refresh me and I went downstairs to the smells of cooking food. I came up behind my beautiful grandma at her stove and gave her a loving hug as she worked.

"Feel better now?" She asked with an easy joy in her voice.

"Nothing that another round upstairs wouldn't help!" I teased as I kissed her neck.

She laughed.

"I can't say that I'm not tempted, far too tempted, but I think that we are done with anything like that." Sharon half-turned to look at me. I was still shirtless. Her eyes lingered on my skin. "Too tempted by far."

That last was barely muttered and I'm sure it wasn't intended to be spoken aloud.

"No, I have to get you fed and on your way. Before Jenny calls wondering where you are." She then got a curious wondering look on her face. Then she shook her head to banish that illicit idea from her head.

Thankfully!

I didn't want her to go thinking too much on that thought!

I had enough to worry about with the possibility of what dad knew!

"I do really love your sushi Sharon. I'll eat it anytime at all!" I declared as I sat at the already set table.

She brought the food to the table and set down the brimming platters. She was beaming with a wide smile on her lips, as she gave me a loving tap in rebuke. But grandma didn't refuse me outright! If she said this would be the only time that was okay by me, but if my declaration might change her mind sometime in the near future, I would be okay with that also!

I ate heartily, long after grandma had finished and watched me stunned as I consumed a second plateful of her excellent cooking. That must be another thing that mom had gotten from her mother.

I helped her in the garden for a short time after breakfast, keeping our clothes on that time. Not for modesty, but more for keeping us from doing anything further! I did grab at her a few times that she tried to dodge or bat my hands away.

Then it was time for my departure.

We stood beside my car without speaking for a minute or two, looking down at the ground.

"Jeremy." Grandma Sharon broke the uneasy silence.

"Yes grandma?" As she was back to just being my mom's mom then. We both knew that the door of our forbidden lusts had now closed.

"I really have loved your visit. More than you can guess. I feel rejuvenated." Her eyes came up as did mine and they met. "I just might take up your idea of finding a young hottie."

"Grandma!" I exclaimed as if I could now be shocked by her.

She laughed heartily.

"Could I really have my shirt back now?" Yes, we were already outside, but I was making one final plea.

"No." She replied firmly. "I have even more cause to treasure it now. As a keepsake for this time with you! If I ever start to feel down, or ... old ... I can take it and smell it and think of you."

I guess for that, I could live without it! It was just a shirt, I had plenty more back at home, and if it made Grandma Sharon feel better some future day, then it was worth it!

"I guess that I'm going then." I said timidly. I then leaned over and even though that door, or window, had closed on our intimacy, I still gave her a soft kiss on the lips. She looked at me with surprise when I pulled back.

Then she leaned back to me and I saw her movement and met her halfway. This kiss was more passionate, but without great heat. It was just a nice kiss. Not a usual one you'd give a grandmother, but nowhere near what I would give my mother. Which would be ironic with the way that I did kiss my mom!

Of whom I didn't know yet if I could tell about this time with her mom!

Although, I'm sure Erin sure would be very interested to hear about me and my grandmother! But her close connection with Jenny made confiding in my nympho girlfriend questionable. If I should tell Erin, and then she later told my mom, I would just be better off being the one to tell Jenny instead. I would just wait and decide later if I would tell either of my girlfriends.

Grandma Sharon's silence was virtually guaranteed!

It was a much longer drive home than it had been getting there and I had lots to ponder and remember. I wouldn't ever push her for anything to happen again, but if she suggested ...!

Mom seemed to be almost waiting for me to return as I was barely in the door before she gave me surprisingly deep kiss, holding my head between her hands as our lips merged.

"Did you miss me Jenny?" My voice was lowered, but still well above a whisper. I reached around her to grab her jean-clad ass. There was no one else in the living room then.

"I've missed certain parts of you." She said as she pulled out of my hold. Her eyes darted to my crotch. She didn't even seem to notice my missing shirt.

"I'm sure your friend has missed me, since you've had no one to help you for two days." Her green eyes pierced into me as if she might be able to read my new secrets.

"It has been hard. But being with Grandma Sharon made it easier." I couldn't help but tease, even with my unknowing lover.

"I'm glad you had a good time with her. I know how much you used to love visiting her when you were younger." Mom glowed with maternal joy and daughterly pride.

"I still love visiting her. Just in a different way, now that I'm older."

I might just inadvertently confess if I kept on like this!

"The kids are in the backyard and Justin won't be home for an hour or so; do you need me to take care of you before he does?" Her eyes looked at me hungrily.

I'm sure the need was more of hers, than mine. But that she was so eager to help me out was also nice! I might not have three days of need as she suspected, but I knew I would still be capable of giving her something if she was so inclined.

"Do we go to your room or mine?" I asked.

"Mine." Jenny said urgently.

"Aren't you still ... you know?" I skated around mentioning her period.

"Yes, but that doesn't mean I still can't take care of you. You do love me on my knees!" Mom said with a burning glow as she grabbed my hand and tugged me to follow.

"By the way, where's your shirt?" A bare look of concern could be seen within her fiery eyes.

"I lost it in a poker game." Was my simple response.

"Oh." Mom said as she ran a hand over my pinked skin from the sun I'd gotten while in my grandma's garden.

"How about we get the rest of your clothes off?" She pulled harder on my arm as she backed to the hallway.

I can never say enough how much I loved my mom!

"Lead the way pretty lady!"

We had gotten barely two steps into my parent's bedroom when mom was once again fastened to my lips with her arms around my neck. I had missed her too! Terribly so!

It was way too soon, but after a dozen minutes, I separated us. Her jade orbs blazed with a furious lust back at me.

"On your knees mom! I want you to suck my big cock! I know how much you love to suck it!" It was more forceful than usual, at least for this soon into the action, but we both had really missed each other!

"Oh, yes! I just love sucking on my big boy's big cock!" She purred as she slinked to her knees and began to undo my pants while keeping her eyes on mine.

"I've got a big load waiting for you Jenny! I've been thinking of you constantly for the last two days!" I growled at her.

Not completely a lie!

"Not Erin?" Some of her fire subsided at my neglectful response, even as she should have been complimented.

"I wasn't sleeping in Erin's old bed; it was yours! Thinking of you as a teenager dreaming of boys in that bed! Dreaming of other things that you might have done in that bed besides sleeping while thinking of those boys! I got so hard that I will admit that I had to jerk off thinking about you like that Jenny!"

"You slept in my old bed? You thought of me and it made you cum?" Her eyes still burned hotly, but there was a new underlying heat that was more intense. Her gaze on me was so focused that I was sure she could see through my skin to the bones underneath.

Mom then looked at the hardening dick in her hand as if seeing it for the first time. Her eyes came back up to my face as she shoved her mouth around my penis. She managed to get the entire thing in her as I wasn't fully grown yet. She sucked it hard as she pulled her head back off of it.

"Did you think of me doing this?" Mom asked.

She then rubbed my dick on her cheek before running her partially open lips on the sides of the shaft. Her eyes maintained their lock on mine.

"Did you dream that you were one of those teenage boys that I was thinking about as I explored my young body?" Mom could have taught a kitten to purr with that tone!

She took the smooth flared head into her mouth and sucked it while twirling her tongue over my now leaking hole! She let her lips suction around the mushroom head as she took just that much into her mouth,

her lips slipping delightfully over the edge of me. Both of her hands caressed me, stroked me, but the focus was very much her mouth and lips.

"Were you thinking of me doing this to you in my old bed? With my mother just down the hall so we have to be careful so she doesn't hear us?"

Mom took more of me into her mouth, fighting for each bit of my engorged cock to be enveloped by her lips.

Even as much as I was always turned on by Jenny sucking my dick, and that my mom loved to blow me, this was at a new level of arousal! She had already given me her mature self, now seemingly, she was offering me her nubile young self also, if only as a memory! It was working, as even with the sex I had had that morning or the previous evening with my grandmother, my mother had me ready to burst so very quickly!

Not that she was willing to let me cum so soon though!

She pulled me from her mouth, and gave me long licks up every side of my raging dick. She cupped my nuts tenderly as she rolled them around like dice. Her other fingers were sliding over my head as her tongue worked its magic on the smooth but irregular surface of my cock.

"Damn Jenny!" I moaned as my legs quivered.

"Does my baby boy like that? Does mommy make you feel good?"

Oh, shit did she! Just as good as her mommy had done that morning!

"You're a naughty boy to cum on mommy's old bed while thinking of her rubbing her young pussy like a little slut!" Her whispered words were like a lightning bolt to my loins.

"Did you fill mommy's little mouth when you dreamed of me? Are you going to fill my nasty slutty mouth right now?"

Her one hand was sliding up and down my length as her head bobbed her mouth over my head and her second hand massaged my balls to coax my cream to spurt forth.

And goddamn did it!

I sprayed as good a load as I ever had into my mom's mouth. She swallowed eagerly as I came very hard for her.

I grabbed her dresser to cease my swaying while she lovingly licked every bit of my twitching cock for any remnants that she could find, squeezing my balls and milking my shaft for every drop. She again looked up at me and licked her lips and gave them a smack.

"Mmmm! So good!"

She then stood and leaned towards me. I didn't move but eyed her nervously. She just kissed my cheek.

"Thank you honey! I've missed you, but I missed that too!" Mom said cheerily.

"Thanks mom!" I told her.

To my surprise, she bent over and lifted my pants back up and redid them. She had never done that before, always leaving it for me to get redressed.

"I'll try to come up later for a repeat performance tonight!" She practically giggled as she then went out her doorway.

As usual, I was left staring after my mother as I stood in wonder!

Erin had replied to me with her own apology as she hadn't texted or called me either, having been busy with a big bonfire on the beach with her aunt and a bunch of family friends that had come to visit. She texted a few smiling faces at our mutual neglect and added her forgiveness which had a devil emoji after it which promised much to look forward with our making up for our negligence! I replied with a winky face!

That evening, after dinner, but before anyone was even close to bedtime, I came downstairs. My brother and sister were nowhere to be found, but dad was in his customary place on his recliner. He was actually watching a game show, which was a surprise as he only ever really watched sports-related fare, that is besides our family movie nights.

"Hey dad. Where's mom?" I asked trying to keep my tone casual. And innocent!

"She's taking a bath." He barely glanced at me before returning to look at the lovely game show hostess. She did have nice legs!

"Oh, thanks." I said. "I'll be in my room." At that point I had had no ulterior motive, and now I don't even remember why I had been looking for mom. I did get into my head the inkling of an idea! A very dangerous one!

I went back upstairs, making an obvious show of doing so.

As I reached the top of the stairs, I heard dad call out only slightly louder than normal, "What did you want her for?"

I pretended not to hear him. I stood there for a seemingly long time, but I'm sure it wasn't long at all.

I then crept back down the stairs, avoiding all the spots that I had long since memorized that would cause a squeak. Dad was still watching the show and didn't notice me sneaking past him just out of his eyesight to the side. I then rushed down the shadowed hall and into my parent's room. I took a breath then, not even realizing that I had been holding it.

I opened the bathroom door and found my lovely Jenny sitting in the tub barely covered in the bubbly water. She looked up at my entrance with surprise and fright. She started to move her hands to cover her soapy breasts but then stopped.

"Jeremy!" She hissed at me. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm looking for you mom." I was also looking at her!

"Get out of here! You can't be in here!" Her voice was low but her tone was deafening.

I knew that there was a part of her that didn't want me to leave. A big part!

I merely started to take off my clothes (just a tee shirt, boxers, and shorts, as usual! I was also sans shoes.).

"What the hell are you doing? Your father could come in here at any time! You have to get out of here! Now."

Her words might have said leave, but her eyes lingering on my growing nakedness said otherwise. And on my growing dick!

"What are you doing?" There was less vehemence in her tone and more curiosity.

"I'm going to take a bath with you Jenny." I said as if it was no big deal. And that dad wouldn't come in and probably kill me for being here like this!

"You can't! Not now! Go on, get out of here while you can!"

Mom's eyes were on my nearly full-size dick though.

I climbed into the tub at the opposite end from where Jenny was sitting so that I was facing her. Her eyes still glared at me, but all resistance had drained from her face.

"You shouldn't ..." Her voice finally succumbed to her desire.

"I shouldn't what Jenny?" I whispered lovingly.

Then we both leaned forward awkwardly with our legs alongside us. We slid our bodies closer with our legs now encircling us, hers outside of mine. We kissed softly and gently at first, our ears listening for any barest sound of a squeaky floor, turning door knob, soft footsteps, or even maybe a spider spinning a web! As we continued though, our passion outweighed our caution and the kisses grew likewise more intense.

"We can't, I'm ..." Mom started, but then was kissing me again.

I felt her pubic hairs brush against the sensitive skin of my submarine dick. I slid another inch closer to her.

"Jeremy ..." Her voice whispered in my ear as her breath tickled my lips.

"Yes, Jenny." My tone not a question, but a statement.

"Oh ..." She said and slid closer. My dick was then pressed between us. "I can't. But I want to!"

I wiggled around and my dick knew what to do. Like a homing pigeon, it found mom's opening and pushed against it.

"Are you sure you don't Jenny?" I asked breathily.

I would never do anything that she didn't want to do. I would make it irresistible, but if she ever said no, then it was no.

"Jeremy." She repeated my name again. I loved my name on her lips, as I did for any part of me that happened to be there!

"Please." Jenny whispered so softly. "Yes, oh yes."

She pressed her lips hard to mine as I pressed into her lips with my hardness.

It was gentle at first. I merely slipped into her opening and sank deep into her channel. Jenny pressed harder against me to let me know her acceptance and her need. The slowness of our action belied the intensity of our desire.

Our pace then increased, the water slopping around the tub making splashing noises that covered mom's soft moans. She then lifted herself so that she was sitting on me rather than me sliding into her. This allowed us to quicken our tempo, but also caused a lot more splashing. The water spilled over the edge of the tub and I was sure that mom would bitch or complain about it.

"Pull some of the towels off that rack, but don't stop, please don't stop!" She whined into my ear as she bucked up and down my rigid cock.

I stretched up and barely grabbed the neatly folded towels from the brass rod and pulled them off to land haphazardly near the tub.

"Fuck me Jeremy! Please fuck me!" Jenny groaned in a whisper as she hugged me tight and rode me roughly. I jerked up into her as well as I could manage given our positioning and the cramped, and slippery, conditions.

Mom whimpered into my neck as I held her ass to help her motions, lifting that toned tush in my palms. Her arms were almost crushing my

shoulders as she squeezed her body against mine; I could feel her hard nipples on my chest like the most delicate and dull little knives.

"God yes, honey. Yes!" Mom squealed quietly as her body trembled abruptly, her bucking then irregular as she struggled with her overwhelming orgasm.

"Don't stop Jenny." I whispered.

It was probably unneeded as she quickly resumed her rhythm.

"Hey honey! Are you still in the tub?"

Shit!

Dad's voice!

And it sounded like he was in their bedroom! Just on the other side of the closed door!

Jenny's hold on me loosened and her eyes were now wide as she stared at me in panic.

I roughly lifted her off me and practically sprang from the tub. I couldn't sneak out of the bathroom. Then I realized, the closet!

I jerked it open and squeezed myself into it with little room to spare to close the door with me within.

The other door opened just as mine shut.

"Jenny ... oh jeez, what happened in here?" Dad questioned with surprise.

"I was ... reaching for my shampoo there and slipped. I splashed some water out. Why? What did you want?" Her tone sounded a bit harsh, but I'm sure it was more for her shock than for dad's questioning.

He talked with mom for a few minutes while I stood in the closet naked and still sporting my erection. If dad should open that all-too-thin piece of wood, I knew my life would be over! Then I realized that my clothes were still laying on the bathroom floor! My heart was beating so fast and so loudly that I was sure my parents could hear it, even through the closet door and over their trivial conversation! I cringed at the inevitability of the door opening!

Then to my eternal relief, I heard dad leave and mom tell him to make sure the bathroom door was closed so that none of the kids would just

walk in on her in the bath. Even as I breathed gorgeous sweet breaths that proved I was still alive, I had to smirk at mom's request! That closed door hadn't prevented her oldest child from entering!

I still had to peek out when I pushed the closet door open to verify that dad wasn't still standing there to catch me as I emerged from hiding.

"Jeremy!" Mom hissed at me; her warning tone now returned. "You need to get out of here now!"

She pointed to the door that her husband had just exited.

I glanced at that door.

Then I looked at the alternative to leaving.

That was so much more appealing!

"We weren't done." I whispered. My brush with death hadn't diminished my lust or desire for my beautiful Jenny!

"I was. Now you have to leave."

Her eyes were again on my hard dick though. It waggled at her suggestively.

"Were you done? Were you really?" I asked with disbelief. I grabbed my dick and waved it for her following eyes.

I moved to the tub and my mother made no protest as I did. Her eyes did warn me as I stepped back into the bathwater, the bubbles now refreshed from our energetic activity of a few minutes before.

"Justin could come back." She stated as neither protest nor warning.

I ignored her words in either case.

"Turn around Jenny. I want to see your amazing ass as I pound your hot pussy!" I growled at her.

Her eyes again widened at me, but not so much with surprise or shock, but more from her own lusty need.

Mom did turn around, getting up on her knees which lifted her butt from the surrounding bubbles. She glanced at me over her shoulder as she held the hot and cold knobs for support.

"Tell me you want it Jenny! Tell me what you want!" I whispered deeply at her as I knelt behind her with barely enough room for my feet.

"I want you Jeremy! I want you inside me! I need you in me so badly! Please fuck me, please!" She begged with her own rough whisper.

"I love you so much Jenny!" My voice almost at a normal volume as I entered her again.

Mom's eyes bulged as I filled her, her green orbs begging me as much as her words.

Her need exceeded my own as it was only a short time of my ramming my cock into her soaked pussy before mom was squeaking as she tried to keep quiet.

"Yes, yes, yes." She whispered as I drove her into the bliss of another orgasm while she planted her face against the white tile.

I didn't finish with her. I did keep going until Jenny stopped shaking and her eyes once again looked over her bare wet shoulder at me.

"You didn't ..." Mom questioned.

"Not yet." I replied and gave her another sharp jab.

"Ooo!" Mom gasped softly.

She then pulled off of me.

"Here, let me help you cum, honey!"

Whose mom says this to them?

Oh, that's right. Mine!

Jenny turned around but stayed on her knees.

"Let me suck your magnificent cock Jeremy!"

Um, always!

I stood, cautious for my footing even though the bottom of the tub had rubber strips.

Mom immediately took my dick in her hands and into her mouth!

Her tongue and lips worked their magic on my wand as I put out a hand to the wall to steady myself. Jenny looked up at me so adoringly that my heart melted while my lust was enflamed!

"That's it, Jenny, suck that cock!" I urged her.

The same that I had had her mother doing to me only that morning!

But this wasn't the time to tell her so!

In another minute of exquisite sucking from my mother, I was finally ready to release my creamy load to her!

"Cum on mommy's face, dear! Spray your tasty cum all over me!" Jenny told me so lovingly in contrast to her plea!

Her hand was jerking me furiously as I approached the finish line!

The request was odd, as mom normally loved to taste and swallow my seed, but however she wanted it, I was only too willing to obey!

I came as hard as ever, sending thick streams of white strands through the air to land on Jenny's awaiting face. She blinked as one landed across her eyebrow, eye, and left cheek. The rest pretty well covered the whole of her pretty face, and even some in her wet-smooth brown hair.

She continued to stroke me, making sure that there was nothing left in my balls. Mom then took me into her mouth to suck on the tip for the last few drops. She grinned up at me so devilishly, and so sexily; my mother's face coated with her son's thick cum!

"Thank you honey! I do love your hair conditioner!" Mom even lifted her hands to rub my essence into her scalp!

"You have a lifetime supply; whenever you want to apply more, just let me know!" I teased back as I regained my equilibrium.

Now that we were both momentarily satisfied, my mortality reminded me of its frailty. I stepped from the tub, took one of the drier towels from the floor to give myself a quick pat down before tugging on my boxers and shorts. Those were my first priority as their absence from my body would be harder to explain should dad reappear unexpectedly! I then pulled my shirt over my head. I turned to look once more on my watery siren of desire. Jenny was grinning happily at me. She shooed me away with a wave before blowing me a kiss as I cautiously opened the bedroom door.

I mouthed 'thanks Jenny' before closing the door behind me.

The bedroom door was open as it had been and I peeked out down the hall. No sign of my lover's husband! I snuck to within sight of the stairway off of the living room. Dad wasn't sitting in his chair, but I heard movement in the kitchen. It was my chance to rush up the stairs three at a time and out of view if he returned.

I paused at the top of the stairs, the import of what I had just done hitting me. I had had sex with mom in her tub with dad in the living room! And she had allowed me to fuck her while she was still on her period, something she hadn't allowed anyone to do! Ever! That we had continued even after dad had interrupted us was also unbelievable! I almost wondered if we really did want to be caught! At least then I would know if my father had known all along! Or, that it wouldn't matter then either way!

As I was standing there grinning proudly at my accomplishment, I heard mom's voice from below.

"I'm feeling tired Justin. I think I'm going to go to bed early. Make sure the kids get in bed, would you? I love you."

"Huh? Oh, okay, sleep tight honey, I love you too!" Dad answered with actually some emotion.

I felt a twinge at mom's declaration, but I also remembered that she had said so much more to me with her actions! And after the past few days spent with Grandma Sharon, I was the last one to complain about anyone's jealousy, even my own!

I returned to my room and called Erin. Her phone rang for a long time before she answered it as if out of breath. She'd been having her own excitement, if of a less sexual nature. We chatted for some time, but far shorter than we might have liked. I said nothing of what I had just done with mom, even if it might have just gotten Erin heated. She was returning the day after tomorrow and I was very desperate to see my fire-haired girlfriend again!

Once again, thank you for reading!

I debated about including the episode with Jeremy's grandmother for a little while. I had come up with the idea for the whole thing and thought it was interesting, but wasn't sure if it fit in with the rest of the story. I was going to include it as an extra at the end, but I started leaning towards just putting it in anyway. The day that I was trying to decide, I got a reader request to have something happen with his Grandma Sharon that I took as a sign to go ahead and put it in. I think it works, and is hot. And that it adds a dynamic between Jeremy and his mother now that he knows how wild even her own mom can be. Leave a note for what you think; like it, love it, or hate it!

Chapter 25

I was waiting anxiously to hear from Erin to find out that she had returned home. I thought it might seem too clingy to be sitting in their front yard when she and her parents arrived home, but I still had to fight my desire to do so. Instead, I let Erin call me to tell me she was home. She had texted me earlier to let me know of her imminent arrival, and thus my craving to be camped at her house. The wording of her text suggested that she was just as eager to see me. Maybe more so, as she didn't have alternate companions for sexual release like I had had with mom and Grandma Sharon!

Would Erin scold Jenny for my escapade with Sharon if my girlfriend found out about it? Erin had teasingly told mom to not let me stray. Did my hot grandmother count as far as that?

Besides, I didn't know how much conversation Erin and I would have upon reuniting.

There wouldn't be much more than kissing at first, especially with her parents nearby. Then when we were able to get some privacy, we would rip our clothes off each other and have incredible 'welcome home' sex! Maybe we would go back to that secluded out of the way place where we first had sex, but I doubted that either of us would be able to contain ourselves to make the long drive! We did have to at least make it out of Erin's driveway!

Mom saw my anxiousness and teased me about it. I had to wonder if she might have a desire to join us.

No, this time would be all about me and my beautiful and sexy girlfriend!

Any thoughts I might have had about our relationship cooling off during the past two weeks were easily dismissed. If anything, my love and desire for the fiery little frizzy-haired redhead had only increased with her absence. My sexual needs may have been satiated while she had been gone, but my heart and my brain ached for her as much as my dick ever had!

I was on edge the morning of Erin's return and was barely able to eat any breakfast.

"I know you got it bad when you can't eat!" Mom teased me as I fidgeted with my bowl of cereal.

"You know how much I love her. As much as I love you." Then I lowered my voice with my siblings in the living room. "Jenny."

Mom smiled at that.

"I love you too, honey, you know that. I am feeling a bit of that old jealousy."

"About Erin?" I looked up at her quizzically.

"I love her, too. Not like I love you. Or your father. But she has become like a daughter to me. Or even more."

Mom had a bit of a shy, but lustful look on her face.

"And she loves you too, mom." I said casually. Then added more devilishly. "Or even more!"

"I suppose that when you come back home, whenever that should be, that you won't need any of my ... attentions?" She asked me demurely.

I found it very ironic that mom could be such a wanton sexy woman at times, but then at others she was almost a bashful young girl.

"Aren't you still on your ..." I trailed off. That was still something I had difficulty talking about with her, no matter how much we had done together.

"No, I'm done." Mom had understood my question.

"Mom, Jenny, if you need attending, you know I will gladly do so, but yes, I will probably be quite ... dry when Erin is done with me." I told her with concern.

I would never be able to refuse my incredible Jenny, even if my body was incapable!

"No, no. I'm fine. You have fun with Erin. Tell her I said welcome home and that Jojo has been nagging to see her again."

"Oh, I know. We still have her trip to the stables coming up." I said. I knew that mom wasn't being truthful and that she wasn't actually 'fine', but I did need to be with Erin more. That truth was crushing to me!

I gave mom a soft kiss, first on the cheek, but then another on her warm lips. It was too quick for either of us, but represented our overwhelming love for each other.

My phone buzzed.

I quickly checked it. Erin!

She told me that she was home and that they had unloaded their SUV, so that she declared that the respectable amount of time had passed and that it was now okay for me to come over. I gave mom a heartfelt smile and she waved me to go.

"I love you, Jenny." I declared at full volume. Then blew her a kiss as I opened the front door.

I did speed on my way to Erin's house; I will not lie! But I did keep it below the sound barrier! I swear!

I didn't even get to knock at her door, when it swung open and a mass of arms, legs, and auburn hair overtook me! We were barely able to get our lips lined up to kiss in our excitement at our reunion! I didn't even care if her parents could see us or not; I definitely didn't notice their presence.

Or anyone's!

All my attention was on the love that now filled my arms and my eyes!

After a lengthy batch of hello kisses, we finally were able to pull apart enough to see each other.

"I've missed you so much, babe!" Erin exclaimed before giving me another deep passionate kiss.

"Not as much as I've missed you, love." I declared.

I did hold off on another kiss. I did note then that Terrence and Charise were standing in the doorway.

I put a handspan between me and their daughter.

"Hello, Jeremy." Erin's mother smiled at me cordially.

"Jeremy. You look well." Terrence said with a tone just milder than cold.

"Charise. Terrence." I nodded to each of them in greeting.

"Come on, Terrence. Let's give them their privacy." Charise looked at her husband.

"Privacy? They're standing in the front yard!" Terrence protested, but I saw him follow his wife and close the door.

"We have to go somewhere!" Erin commanded.

I knew exactly what she was suggesting!

"I haven't had someone to take care of me like you have, lover!" She told me sexily.

"It wasn't like that the whole time you've been gone. I have to work now. And mom has been on her period this past week! I even went and visited my grandma." I said a bit defensively.

I didn't want her to think that Jenny and I had been having sex non-stop the whole time Erin had been away. Even if the photos and video mom had me send to Erin the first night might have suggested otherwise!

"Your grandma, huh?"

It might just be my guilty conscious, but that sounded a little accusatory. I didn't know if I was going to tell Erin about Sharon. Not yet anyway. I knew that I couldn't keep anything from my loving girlfriend for very long. Even if I longed to tell her anyway! Only the concern for Jenny made me reluctant to immediately tell her.

"Where should we go?" Erin gave a guilty look at the closed front door of her house as if her parents were still standing there.

I wasn't sure that they weren't at some window secretly watching us to make sure we kept our respectability. Especially on their front lawn!

"Are you hungry?" I queried.

"Sure, I am! For a big slab of prime grade-A Jeremy!" Erin's voice dripped lust.

I had to grin at that! Who wouldn't love to hear a sexy young girl tell them that?

"It is the middle of the day, Erin." I said cautiously. I felt her father's eyes on me, even if they really weren't.

"I need you, love. Now!" Erin said fiercely.

"Well, I did think about that spot that you first took me to. I don't know if we could last long enough to get there!" I suggested weakly.

"You're working now!" She stated the obvious.

"Yeah, so?"

"Let's go get a motel room!" Erin tugged me towards my car.

Huh?

"Erin. It's the middle of the day. We're only eighteen!"

I couldn't believe her suggestion!

Not that it wasn't very tempting!

We got in my car and with a few minutes of kissing before I started it, we were off.

Her suggestion was more than tempting! And not really a suggestion as she gave me no choice but to drive to a less-than-reputable section of town where there were a few seedy motels and long-term lodgings for the less-than-affluent citizens.

I still argued, but I knew there was no denying my horny girlfriend.

She even convinced me to check in with her.

The shifty looking older man at the counter didn't even bat an eye when Erin said she wanted a room. Neither did he say anything about the length of time we'd be staying. It was only two o'clock in the afternoon, we were young, and had no baggage. The man didn't have to be a genius, even if he hadn't probably encountered this many times already. I still felt like he was sizing the two of us up as sex perverts!

Hey! I'd never checked into a motel for an afternoon romp with anyone before!

I wasn't sure that this would be the last time either!

We kissed as soon as the door closed and we started to pull off our clothing.

Then Erin pulled away from me with a strange look on her face. She stood there in her bra, staring at the room's dirty carpet.

"I have to tell you something first."

I didn't like the tone of her voice.

"Now?"

My erection stood prominently in my plaid boxers.

"Yes." Erin said simply.

She then sat on the bed and seemed to be keeping her eyes from looking at me. I felt the world lurch.

I sat beside her, keeping my eyes on her suntanned face, the few freckles there now more prominent.

Then her eyes looked into mine and I saw some fear there. My love for her swelled and I was now ready to fight anything that could cause that look in her eyes.

"When I was at my aunt's." Erin turned away quickly, but then visibly forced her gaze back to me. "Something happened. Something I'm not proud of."

"Yes?" I asked sympathetically.

"There was a guy there." Her eyes were unwavering then. As if having made herself look at me, she didn't dare look away. "Someone that I knew. From before."

"Okay." I tried to sound comforting, but I felt I knew what was coming.

"We were having a party on the beach. I did some drinking. Probably too much." A slight pause as she collected her strength to continue. "Gary and I had met a few years ago. We were a summer thing, but that's it. I've seen him since, but ..."

I just looked at her with a sinking feeling.

"I was drunk. And horny. He was there. And you weren't. It was just the one time." Erin had wetness in her blue orbs.

"I'm so, so sorry. It shouldn't have happened. I knew it even as it was occurring."

"It's okay Erin." I said with no emotion.

"No, it's not. I ... I just was worried about how much I love you and if I spent my whole life with you that I would never ... you know, be with

anyone else again. That scared me. And it also thrilled me. I know it makes no sense."

"Yes, it does. Perfect sense." I told her lovingly. "It just means that no matter how much you believe in your destiny thing, that a small part of you still wonders what else might be."

I put a soothing palm on her cheek.

"I am a little afraid of what the future holds for us. You and me. This thing with Jenny has made me all too aware of what feeling too strongly for someone could lead to." I said softly. "I love you more than any other girl I've ever known. I don't think I could live without you. I know exactly what you felt. I've felt it too."

I tried to sound supportive. I was truly the last person to complain about infidelity. I had my mom cheating on dad with me. I myself had 'cheated' on Erin with Grandma Sharon while she was gone. Erin only enforced this with her next words.

"I had thought that Gary was good when I was with him that one summer. Now, I know that most of that feeling had to be nostalgia. He doesn't even come close to comparing to you, Jeremy."

Her love for me burned so brightly upon her face and in those incredible eyes that had captured me right off the bat.

"It's okay, Erin. I forgive you. No ... actually, I don't forgive you."

Her face dropped at that of which was a knife to my gut. But I hadn't finished.

"There is nothing to forgive." I continued. "You are your own person. If you choose to sleep with someone else, that has nothing to do with me. I don't condone it ... I can't. I love you too much. All I can do is try to do anything, everything that I can to make you choose not to be with anyone else. I can only love you and hope you love me."

I wasn't trying to sound romantic; I was just speaking from my heart.

Her lips turned up at the ends and a tear did run from one eye.

"I love you, honey!" Her conscious now vaguely eased.

I gave her my most loving look in reply, then added. "Show me lover!"

I leaned close to kiss her, but kept up my lean to push the two of onto the faded white bedcover. Erin just returned my kiss with a little squeak of glee as I laid on top of her.

I won't describe what Erin and I did behind the thin motel door other than that when we left later that evening as it grew dark outside, we were both very well reacquainted with each other, our lusts were satiated, and our legs wobbly!

We did go out for food after that as we were then ravenously hungry.

I dropped Erin back at her house, with the porch light on like a beacon that signaled her parents knew everything we had done that day!

We did still prolong our parting in my front seats!

"I need to come over to your house and properly thank your mom for all the inspiration she gave me while I was gone!" Erin told me easily as if she really hadn't been talking about how she had taken care of herself while we were parted.

"After this afternoon? You still need more?" I asked slightly hurt.

"No, no! Not like that!" Erin laughed easily. "Is that all you ever think about? Sex, sex, sex?"

She gave me a quick kiss.

"No, of course not." I answered defensively.

Really, I didn't! Not all the time!

I walked her to her door, hand in hand. We climbed the steps and as we stood there, I felt exposed in the porch light. We kept that kissing to only a few minutes.

Then she went inside, leaving me the image of her smiling lips and exquisite blue eyes as parting gifts.

The drive home did leave me thinking.

Erin's confession did affect me more than I wanted to admit. My upper brain was truly fine with it. But there was something inside that did hurt. I fought it off. I had no control over what Erin did, I was only her boyfriend and I didn't own her. Even if we did get to the point one day of getting married, she would always be her own woman. I could only

do as I had said and try to keep her happy enough to choose to stay with me.

Her admission did hit me hard in other ways too.

This was brought to my attention a few days later.

I wasn't working that day, dad was at work, and my siblings were at respective friends for a few hours.

You might think that I would be interested in using the time for another romp with Jenny, but since Erin's return, the two of us had made every effort to slake our lusts. I was actually more interested in just talking with Jenny. I already knew every bit of her body intimately, but even though I had lived with her for eighteen years, I realized that I barely knew her. Outside of being my mother, that is.

"Mom, can we talk?" I came into the living room while she was doing something she rarely did in the daytime, sitting on the couch.

"Is something wrong?" She looked at me with concern. I couldn't tell if it was motherly, or as my lover.

"No, not really." I told her and sat beside her, close but not overly so.

"What's up?" The worry faded from her face.

"I just never really just talk with you. I love you, but I don't really know you. Not like I know Erin."

"Sure, you know me, I'm your mother. You've seen me almost every day for your whole life!" Her tone was light, carefree.

"But I don't. Jenny." I stated, implying more than familial knowledge.

"Jeremy." She looked at me lovingly, but curiously.

"I don't know your favorite color. Your favorite animal. Where you've always wanted to go. What you wanted to be when you grew up. Besides a great mom, that is! Any of that kind of stuff."

Jenny studied me closely as if questioning the intent of my queries.

A moment later she responded, easily but as if some of her answers were state secrets.

"Okay. Well, first, blue. But not the usual blue, but that color of the sky just as the sun first rises." Jenny started. "I love pandas. I would love to see Italy, particularly Venice. And besides being a dancer, I kind of wanted to be a sculptor. To feel the wet clay as I created something from nothing."

"See. I didn't know that. Well, except that dancer part." I stared at my beautiful mom. "Venice would be amazing to see! And, in a way, you have been a sculptor Jenny."

"How do you figure that?"

"Raising me. And Johnny and Jojo. You've 'sculpted' us as people." I explained.

"Oh, I've raised you three; so far that is with the other two, but I only guided you. You've always been your own persons."

"But see, there is so much about you that I don't know."

"Jeremy ... honey, I've told you so much more than most sons should know about their mothers. I've revealed some of my most private thoughts and desires. Things I've told no one else." Mom whispered even though it was only the two of us in the room.

"But you're not just my mother, Jenny." My voice was plaintive.

This seemed to remind her of that. She looked more uncomfortable then than she had that fateful day in the kitchen.

"Are you sure you wouldn't rather go up to your room with your old mom?" She put a hand on my bare thigh, just below the pant leg of my shorts.

"You know I would, but I'm serious, Jenny. I love you and I want this to be more than just sex with you."

"It's already more than that and you know it dear." Her eyes were smoldering and if she pressed, I would not be able to resist her.

To sidetrack that, I then revealed Erin's fling.

"Oh, honey! How do you feel about that?" The motherly concern returned.

"I'm fine with it. Mostly. It was just the one time." I then related how the two of us had talked about our fears about our futures together.

"Yes, it is daunting to contemplate being with one person for the rest of your life when you are young. As much as I loved your father ..." Mom trailed off at the mention of her other lover. Her voice was firmer when she continued. "I was afraid that I was losing part of myself. But I also knew that if I lost him, I would lose a greater part of myself. Like how I feel with you now."

Jenny took my hands between hers tenderly.

"And I really can't say anything about it, as I've been with others also. You, Aunt Jess ..." I said guiltily.

"But Jess was before you met Erin." Jenny corrected me.

Only, I wasn't talking about her sister. I just couldn't tell mom about her mom. Not right then.

"Still." I deflected.

"Have you told Erin about everything. Everything?" Her eyes bore deep into me.

She was right.

Erin had confessed, my father had confessed. I needed to tell my younger lover all about how mom and I had gotten involved. And not the abbreviated form I had already given her.

"And speaking of Jessica." Mom said and cast her eyes down demurely. "I have my own admission to make."

Jenny then told me about how she had gone to her sister for advice on her difficult situation before she had allowed Erin to join us, and that she had been staggered by my aunt's revelation of feelings for her when they were younger.

Just as shocked as I was also to hear of Aunt Jess's love for my mother!

"Wow! I would never have guessed that about Jess! Even with her thing with Margie. Wow!"

"I was just as shocked myself. I grew up with her and never knew." Jenny shook her head as if still unbelieving.

"Aunt Jess? Wow!" I also shook my head. But that didn't get rid of all the memories of Jenny and Jess together that I had witnessed.

When I was able to recover from that bombshell, I then used this news to support my image of my mother and lover.

"See, Jenny. You are very desirable and clearly always have been! Like I keep telling you."

I still was reeling at the idea that my gorgeous sexy aunt had been in love with Jenny! Did I have to fight off the whole world's affections for her? I would if it came to it!

We continued to talk until dad came home. I learned so much more about Jenny as a regular person and a friend, and not just the sexual creature that I had come to know her. Dad looked at the two of us sitting on the couch chatting so casually with a gaze that dispelled most of my worries about what he might know.

I immediately texted Erin that I wanted to see her and if we could go out that evening.

She answered right back in the affirmative with a big heart emoji and a few smiling devil faces!

We made a stop at our club, but only stayed for about an hour. Erin could see that I was antsy about something and agreed to go somewhere quieter to talk.

We went to a diner, a national one that was famous for people spending long hours there. We got a corner booth to give us room to relax and some privacy to talk. The hostess gave us both a look that spoke of what she thought we would be doing out of sight of others. Not that I hadn't had that idea myself!

"You've been fidgety all night. What's up with you? You're not still upset about my ... fling, are you?" Erin sounded concerned and a little contrite.

"No, I'm not. But it is kind of about that." I said as I stared at those blue eyes from across the large round table between us. "I have my own confession to make."

"You've had sex with your mother!" She whispered conspiratorially with a wide grin.

Her easy manner brought a smile to my own face.

"Not only that." I said. "Remember that I told you that I went and visited my grandma?"

She nodded.

"Well, Grandma Sharon caught me dreaming of Jenny while I was ... taking care of things." I said as if it should be evident what I was talking about.

"You mean?" Erin's grin grew bigger.

"Yep!" So far, so good.

"What'd she do?" Her tone was curious and not accusatory.

I then went on to explain my grandmother's nickname. I also told Erin that she was partially at fault.

"How so?"

I said that I would never have looked at my grandmother if she hadn't said how all the women in my family were sexy. Erin laughed heartily at that.

"I'm glad you're taking this so well." I stated with a sigh.

"I think it's kind of funny."

"Having sex with my mom's mother is funny?" I didn't see the humor.

"Just the whole situation. If I'd known what a horndog you were, I might not have introduced myself!" Erin gave me an easy grin. "Or, I might have done so earlier!"

"That's actually why I wanted to talk to you." My tone grew heavy again.

"Your hot grandmother wasn't it?" Erin asked me.

"Not really. I actually was unsure whether to even tell you about that." I looked hard at Erin. "I haven't told mom about it either. I'm not sure if I can. I would ask you to keep it a secret too. I know how well you and Jenny get along. I don't want you to be telling her this. Please?"

My sincerity must have impressed upon her my wish for secrecy.

"Yeah, I don't know how Jenny would take that." Erin then gave me a gaze to match the one I had given her.

"If that's not what you wanted to tell me, then what is?"

"I want to tell you how ... Jenny and I got started. And everything that we've done."

"You already told me that. Don't you remember?" Erin's tone spoke of wariness.

"Actually, I didn't tell you everything. That was just a few highlights." I cautiously said.

"There's more than just having sex with your mom?" Erin asked incredulously.

"Oh, a lot more."

I then told Erin practically everything. A condensed version of everything.

From mom's hand falling onto my lap to her jerking me off into her palm and walking past Aunt Jess while licking up my cum. To Aunt Jess doing almost the same the following week. How I coerced mom into giving me another handjob in the kitchen that ended up with me cumming in her mouth. Then going to my aunt's house to get a 'real' BJ and mom coming in and interrupting us before being talked into

blowing me with her sister. Margie's then fortuitous arrival that led to me having sex with her, my aunt, and then my mother.

"You've had sex with Jess!" Erin exclaimed as she interrupted my accounting.

She said nothing about who this Margie might be and instead just focused on my hot aunt!

"Can I continue?" I asked petulantly.

"Please! I want all the details! What was it like to grab those huge tits? Is her pussy as tasty as Jenny's? And how about that ass!"

"Erin!" I gasped.

"Continue." She urged me impatiently.

I tried to convey the shock I had felt at having had amazing sex with my mother for the first time and Erin stared at me raptly.

Then the movie night that week that ended up with mom, Jess, and I in mom's bed together and the next day going to my aunt's to help around

her house that had led to more sex with her. Erin looked ready to interrupt for more info at each sentence. I held up my finger for her to wait.

I then recounted many of the episodes Jenny and I had had together. I felt that when mom had asked me if I had told Erin everything that it was her permission for me to tell some of the things that I might not have otherwise. I still didn't give every instance that mom and I had done anything, as I'm sure Erin didn't need to know about every time mom had come to my room to blow me!

Then came the long episode with my incredible weekend with Jenny and Jess while dad was gone, and the antics they got up to on the drives to and from Grandma Sharon's.

I told Erin of the numerous times that mom and I were nearly caught by dad, and the few times by my sister. Erin laughed raucously at the furburger story!

"Jenny does have the best fun burgers!" This caused my girlfriend to break down again until she was in tears.

Her mirth was the cue for me to tell of dad's business trip and mom's decision to end things between us and how devastated I was by that. Erin soothed me as she could see that even then I was still affected by it.

"And that's where I came in!" She said almost cheering.

"You saved me Erin. I couldn't see the light anymore and even though there appeared to be some hope with mom, I wasn't sure about anything anymore. Until I met you." I told her with all my emotion on the table.

"Aww! That's sweet!" She stood so she could lean over the table to give me a peck on the lips. "I wish I hadn't waited so long to get up the nerve, but then again, it seems like I came to you at exactly the right time!"

"It really was. A week earlier, or later, and I'm sure things would have been different. Then again, you are pretty sexy. I'm sure I would still have liked you anyway!"

"Thanks, lover. You're pretty sexy too!" Erin cooed cheerfully.

"But you've never done anything more with Jess?" She then asked more seriously.

"She's surprisingly been the voice of caution through all of this. Jess has constantly told mom and I that things would end badly for us. We understood her words, but our hearts ... and our loins, said otherwise.

I was glad she didn't gloat when things did go south. It was only because Jenny was unsure about you that she went to talk to Jess and it came out that we were back together.

"So, Jessica knows about me and you and Jenny? Oh my God! What has she said?" Erin quizzed me intently.

"Yes, and I don't know, I haven't really had much chance to talk with Aunt Jess. About things like this." I stated plainly. "After she started dating her boyfriend, we haven't done anything together. She didn't want to cheat on him like she felt mom was doing with dad. I respect that, even though I really missed being with her. But I have two amazing women now that I can barely keep up with; Aunt Jessica being involved too would kill me!"

"But I know you would still love that!" She teased me.

"Erin!" I said a bit too loudly and others in the restaurant looked over at our table. I lowered my voice and continued. "Sure, I would love it. I think that you would too!"

I paused before giving the rest of my story.

"I think that Aunt Jess would love it too. It seems that she is actually bisexual."

"Really?" Erin asked far too hopefully.

"Yeah. Jenny just recently told me this, and you can't repeat this although it is not a big secret, but when the two of them were in school, Aunt Jess was in love with my mom!"

"No!" Erin was even louder than I had been moments earlier. She ignored the looks she got.

"Yes, she just recently confessed to mom about it. It's a thing of the past now, but they've had some time alone at least once from what little mom has told me!"

"What a little sex kitten Jenny is!" Erin whispered.

I had to agree with that assessment!

"I wish I could have had a chance to get friendly with your aunt!" Erin purred sexily.

"Erin! I'm sitting right here!" I declared.

"You could be there too!" She said as if that would mollify me.

Just because she wasn't wrong didn't make it right!

"Jenny could even join us too!" Erin compounded her fantasy. "Maybe even your grandma too!"

"Now I know you're just teasing me!" I scolded her.

"What? It's not like you haven't already been with all of them." Erin stated.

She was not wrong again!

"Maybe I need to sleep with a few more guys to make up for all the women in your family that you've been with!" She said louder than I would have liked.

"Erin! Shhh!"

"Oh! Oops. I'm sorry!" She then whispered.

"Besides, it sounds like you're jealous and want a shot at them all yourself!" I retorted.

Maybe it wasn't to just my mom that I would lose my girlfriend!

Erin deflected this accusation.

"I am glad that you've told me all of this Jeremy. I almost feel more privileged to be with you with this seeming harem you've got going on. And who's this Margie?"

"Just a friend of my aunt's. A friend with benefits." I answered.

"What's she look like?" She asked.

I ignored her question and we moved the conversation on to more mundane things. Later that evening, we found a private place to park my car and had sex in the backseat. It was very hot and wild with the both of us worked up from my tale. I might have worried about losing Erin to another woman earlier, but she let me know how much she still enjoyed my skills and my endowment. The accommodations may have been cramped, but they didn't restrict our activity in the slightest! It may not have been as comfortable as either of our beds, but it did make us discover some interesting positions that we might not have thought of otherwise!

As much as it might seem that my girlfriend was possibly more interested in the women of my family than in myself, that was far from the case. I was her primary focus. The others were just a bonus.

I, on the other hand had two people with which to occupy myself. Even if one of them had become somewhat neglected. Which was ironic, as that was partially what had led to mom to allowing herself to become involved with her son in the first place.

When I parked in front of Erin's house late that night and after some lengthy making out, we were taking a breather when Erin asked a question.

"How are you and Jenny?"

Considering I had spent the last few hours satisfying Erin and the last dozen or so minutes with my tongue in her mouth, this seemed a very strange thing to be asking right then.

"What do you mean?" I asked in return.

"Are you two taking care of each other. In the biblical sense." Erin told me without any underlining tone in her voice.

"Erin. That's a bit rude to ask." I said defensively as if she didn't have every right to ask this. "We get our moments together."

"Moments? Only moments? That's not right, hun." Erin scoffed. "When was the last time that the two of you made love?"

Huh?

My girlfriend was asking when was the last time I had made love to my mother?

Did other guys have this happen to them?

"Um, well ... It was ..." I went over recent events between mom and I. "Uh ... nah, mmm. I don't know. It's been awhile. I do have a girlfriend and a job."

"That's no excuse babe. If you can't take care of her, how are you going to be in twenty years with me?"

"You're presuming now."

"If you can't take care of Jenny now, I don't know if I want to be with you in twenty years."

"Okay, fair point. But it's not like we can just decide to hop in bed. I have a brother and sister on summer vacation."

"I can help with that. I'll come over one day and take the kids off her hands so that you and Jenny can be alone."

"Uh, thanks love." I shakily replied.

Erin was going to come over and get Jojo and Johnny out of the house so Jenny and I could be alone together?

My girlfriend was not only fine with me being with another woman, but that she would even go so far as to help the two of us get time together? And not just for sex, but specifically, so we could make love?

I wasn't in Heaven or Hell or a coma. I was in a porn novel!

Erin kissed me again, but quickly and with little passion.

"I can see dad peeking out of their bedroom window, so I should get inside before he comes out to make sure we aren't being scandalous in front of his house!" Erin said easier than I suddenly felt.

The thought of Terrence coming out and pulling me from my car for violating his daughter had all my desire drain from me.

Erin hurried up her front walk and she turned at her door and gave me a wave goodbye.

I had to work the next two days, but the next following day just after noon, Erin texted me that she was on her way over. I had temporarily forgotten about her promise and hadn't expected anything when she arrived. Mom was busy doing household chores as she always seemed to be during the day.

I kissed her tamely in greeting and mom gave her a friendly welcome.

"Hello, Erin. It's nice to see you. What are you up to today? Plans with Jeremy?" Mom asked innocently, but I knew she suspected that the two of us were running off to find somewhere to have sex. We had no need for that, as Erin's house was then available.

"Hello, Jenny. You look amazing!" Erin said exuberantly.

Mom was just wearing a loose white blouse with some black shorts that did fit snugly around her tush. Erin had on a baggy tee shirt with an anime character on it and khaki shorts to her knees. Neither was dressed that remarkably, and yet to me both were incredibly sexy nevertheless.

"I'm actually here for you." Erin told Jenny.

"Me?"

"Well, you and Jeremy. I'm going to take Johnny and Jojo off your hands for a few hours so you two can have some alone time." My redhead explained.

"You're going to what?" Mom looked at me with surprise on her face.

"Jeremy has told me that you two haven't been as close as you need to be. I'll help with that." Erin said as if this was the most natural thing. "Where are the kids?"

As if on cue, the back door opened and my siblings came into the house. Jojo was rushing into the living room, but Johnny just sauntered as if he had no care.

"Come on you two, I'm going to take you to the park for a while." Erin looked at the pair with a big smile.

Jojo shrieked at that and although Johnny tried to appear unaffected, I did see him perk up slightly.

"Jeremy isn't coming too?" Jojo asked curiously. My brother gave me a smug look.

"No, he's staying here. It's just going to be the three of us. I don't have a brother and sister, so today you'll be them for me!"

"Yay!" Jojo cheered loudly.

A smile almost touched my brother's face but he said nothing.

Jenny just stared at me with a probing gaze. I just smiled knowingly back at her.

"Can I bring Sally?" Jojo asked.

"That wouldn't be a good idea sis, she might get lost and the bad animals would then get her." Erin replied calmly with a comforting smile. "She'll be better off here with your mom."

"No, bad bad animals!" My sister scolded the unseen threats to her kitten. I had to smile at that.

Moments later the three were gone and it was just me and Jenny. She looked at me with an intense stare.

"What's all this about?" Mom asked me.

"Erin is upset that the two of us haven't been ... intimate recently." I said shyly.

"What?" She was clearly surprised by this answer. "We just did. In the bathroom the other day when you came barging in."

"Not like that. Not sex. She thinks we need to make love." I looked directly at Jenny's face.

"Erin thinks this? What do you think?" Mom's face was a mixture of emotions, each clouding the others so I couldn't get a clear read on what she felt.

"You know that I would never turn down time spent with you Jenny. I know it's a bit odd and not very romantic, being on the spur of the moment like this." I shrugged my shoulders.

"It is very thoughtful of her. And yes, very odd." Mom took a step closer to me and her eyes grew soft. "I also would never turn down time spent with you either, Jeremy."

Another step and we were in each other's arms. Our lips met and much of the world melted away for me.

If this was going to be romantic, then I should pull out the stops.

I kept my face mashed to Jenny's but I maneuvered myself down so that I could get an arm under her butt. I then twisted and lifted and my lover was then in my arms. She let out a small squeal of surprise while barely separating our lips. I shifted her in my hold and headed toward the hall to her room. I made sure to watch where I was going as I carried my precious cargo down the hall and to the chamber of love.

"What brought this up, dear?" Jenny broke from me to take a breath.

"I did as you suggested and told her everything about us. Jess. Everything." I said while staring deeply into her emerald orbs.

"Everything?" She asked suspiciously.

"You said, so yes. I didn't think it was a secret, so I even mentioned about you and Jessica." I whispered. "I hope that's okay. Besides, I really think that Erin would love to spend some time with your sister too."

"That's been obvious for quite a while, dear." Jenny said with a wide smile. "Jess has been eyeing your girlfriend just as hungrily."

"I thought so." I replaced my lips on hers. There was far too much talking going on!

I arrived at the bed and reached out to place my lover on the mattress as carefully as I could. It didn't help when she pulled me down with her, causing me to fall on top of her. Not that I was complaining!

I shifted slightly to take most of my weight off Jenny, but we stayed like that for a very long time as we reacquainted our lips and mouths with every bit of the others'. Our tongues stayed restrained for the most part as we focused on sharing our passion with our lips. Jenny's arms were wrapped around my neck while mine were under her and around her

back and waist. We weren't motionless and wriggled against each other's bodies as if we weren't still clothed.

It was that realization that we both came to almost simultaneously as our hands began to pull blindly at our lover's clothing. Jenny roughly pulled my shirt up until we had to break apart to get it over my head. I worked at her blouse's buttons for a single one, before I gave up and just tugged the interlocked flaps apart with quick jerk. Buttons flew and Jenny gave a surprised gasp, but kept her mouth locked to mine. I caressed my hands over her smooth skin, feeling the slight electrical charge of having my fingers on my mother's and my lover's body. I massaged her breasts through the rough but lacy baby blue bra she wore, not focused on freeing them just yet.

Jenny was having a dilemma in trying to undo my shorts while also grinding her pubic bone against me. With her bare legs wrapped around my ass, I had little leeway to give her searching fingers room to work. Her digits also seemed to be constantly distracted by the rising bar of flesh hidden beneath my zipper.

I pushed my shoes off and also managed to work my toe to get my socks off. Jenny had somehow slipped from her shoes before we fell on the bed. I had her barely concealed tits pressed tightly to my chest and I had an urge to see them. I rolled us over so she was lying on me with her knees bent at either side. I reached both hands behind her back and worked the bra loose.

Jenny sat halfway up with a sly but sexy smile on her face. My gaze darted from her face to her big boobs. She noticed my stare and her smile grew wider.

"Do you like my tits?" Jenny gave her body a slight shiver to give her breasts a delightful bounce. "They aren't too old and floppy for you?"

"Jenny." I had one eye on her chest and one on her face. "I love them so much! Lean over here so I can suck on them."

My hands on her lower back urged her forward and she gave out a little giggle at my request.

"They aren't old or floppy at all. They are just perfect!" I praised her full mounds as they came up to my face.

I lifted my head from the mattress to meet mom's tits even before she pressed them to my face. I nipped at each little nipple with my stiffened lips before slavering my tongue over them. It wasn't just the nips or areolas that I ran my tongue and lips over either. I loved every bit of that soft flesh equally, even the lovely valley between those heavenly hills.

Jenny waggled her shoulders to jiggle her motherly treasures in my face while I tried to practically consume them. Her moans let me know how much she was enjoying my worshipping.

My hands had been squeezing her other nearly as soft assets through her tight shorts as she ground her crotch against my bulging shorts. Her desire was similar to mine as I nudged her ass further up my abdomen. This took her tits from my hungry mouth and my staring gaze, but the promise of other pleasures made up for the loss.

Our minds were on a similar wavelength as Jenny worked her hips over my chest and reset her knees above my shoulders. Her feminine secrets were still hidden with her shorts but I didn't let that stop me as I at first gave numerous small kisses to her inner thighs, and then kissed and even licked over the coarse fabric that kept me from her damp womanhood. Jenny giggled softly as she pressed her weight more fully on my chin.

I could have used the hands on her ass to undo her shorts and release her charms, but that was too mundane for the moment. Instead, I bent my head upward so that I could get her metal button in my mouth and work it from its hold. Jenny cooed delightfully as she saw what I was doing. I gave her a smile and then tried to get my teeth on the small zipper tucked behind its fabric concealment. Once I got a firm bite on it, I tried to work it down. I lost my hold on it and it took three attempts before I had it nearly at the bottom of its track. I then grabbed the rear waistband and tugged the black clothing down that fabulous curvy ass.

Jenny rose up which caused her shorts to be pulled down further to her creamy thighs.

"You'll never get them off any more unless I get up." Jenny said apologetically as if sorry she had to part even a little bit from me.

I did help, but Jenny lifted a leg to work the impeding shorts off and then likewise with the other leg.

"Jenny." I said in almost a whisper. "You still seem to have some clothing between you and me."

A very sexy, lacy, baby-blue pair of panties that matched her discarded bra. Panties with a very evident wet spot on the thicker gusset.

She laughed and planted her knees back in place and pressed that spot against my nose. Her aroma was intoxicating. And arousing.

Jenny might have been teasing, but I pushed my face even deeper into those damp panties. She gave out another giggle. I grabbed her firm buttocks, but not for the purpose of getting her even closer; I just liked having my hands on her ass!

I sniffed her wet panties and then ran my tongue over them to taste my lover's fluids on them. I kissed each innermost junction and pushed my tongue beneath the edge of the baby-blue lace. Jenny sighed breathily at my invasion. I gave her ass cheeks a firm squeeze in affirmation.

But I did need to get into those lacy panties, especially as they grew damper as I worked over them. I sensed that she had a need for me to proceed inward as well.

I reluctantly brought a hand over mom's hip so that I could tug the inhibiting cloth aside and allow me to once again view the opening from which I had sprung into the world and now longed to reenter. I was still just as amazed at the sight as I had been the first and every time since. I may have been staring once again as my Jenny breathed a sighing giggle and pushed her brown pubes into my nose. This also happened to place her leaking opening over my dry lips.

I gave Jenny's intimate center a number of soft kisses. First on either side of her splayed labia. Then on the thick fur filled with her musky sweet odor, before planting my lips over the wet hole.

Next, I traced my lips with my heated breath over her entirety, leaving no part of her sex untouched by my tender lips. I lapped deep into Jenny's chasm, licking up the abundant juices pouring forth there. Her moans increased in number and volume as I explored this very familiar but forbidden terrain.

Mom's hips began to undulate as her passion grew but this worked against my delicate oral adoration. I grabbed her ass tighter but my hold wasn't adequate to her bliss and Jenny only bucked harder against my face.

I accepted that she would have to have an orgasm (or two) before we could move on to anything more. This was still too much like regular sex, if more playful and teasing, and that wasn't the purpose of this afternoon.

Thus, I ceased my casual licking and kissing, and began to earnestly lick and flick over her clit. I wasn't making a concerted effort, but Jenny was far too close to matter. She started moaning loudly. Her hips weren't so energetic but they pressed harder against my mouth as she climbed to her peak quickly.

"Ooo! Yesss! Ohhhh!" Jenny cried out as her body tensed as her orgasm hit her hard.

I just tried to keep my tongue on her sensitive nib as Jenny spasmed over my head.

Her body went slack which was my cue to stop. For the moment anyway.

"Oh, honey!" Jenny gasped as she slid down my sweaty body. She poured a number of kisses over my lips from her own. I drank them up as thirstily as I had her orgasmic fluids.

"We need to get your shorts off now!" Jenny exclaimed eagerly as she climbed off me and turned to return to work at my pants fastenings.

Once she undid them, I hurriedly shucked them down my legs and kicked them across the room. Mom's eyes widened happily at the sight of the tower in my brown boxers.

"Is that all for me?" She cooed sexily.

"I don't see any other beautiful women here for it." I responded.

She giggled playfully again as she reached both hands over to caress and rub the hidden pole.

"There is just something about being with you that makes me feel like a schoolgirl again! Like all this is fresh and new again!" My mother exclaimed gaily.

"Is it because you're robbing the cradle? Even if it's your own?" I teased as I fought off my own growing need. Her roaming hands knew just how to increase that need!

"Jeremy! That's not how I feel about you! I see you as an equal and not as just a young stud!" Jenny declared defiantly.

I just laughed at her scoffing.

"I know you do, Jenny. Even if you like having a hot young stud at your beck and call!" I teased even more.

Her grip on my cock tightened uncomfortably!

"Hey!" I complained. "If you break it, you won't get to use it anymore!"

I know it wasn't as much of a threat for her as it was for me!

"I do love using it too!" Jenny laughed and released her hold. She then whisked my boxers down and they joined my shorts somewhere.

"Ohh!" Jenny's eyes locked on my bobbing dick as it was freed. "It is really the nicest dick I've ever seen, honey!"

Not the compliment that most sons get from their mother!

"Do you want to sample my wares, young lady?" I asked trying to sound like someone else.

"I don't know. I might want to shop around some more before I just settle with the first big hard dick I see!"

"Mom!" I gasped as I slipped back to the familiar and familial title.

"No, I don't. I love this one too much! Even if it seems to get around the block as much as I've been lately!"

Jenny ran her fingers over the hot skin of my shaft.

If she only knew how true that was!

But again, this was not the time to let out my secret about Sharon! Not before I took this beauty to Nirvana first!

Then her lips joined her fingers. Her incredible tongue was not far behind!

"Oh, Jenny!" I cried in praise of her skill.

"This still feels so naughty! I may be okay with it now, but it still has that same nastiness as that one afternoon in the kitchen. Do you remember that, love?" She looked up at my face past my cock as she rubbed it on her right cheek.

"As if it was yesterday, mom." This time I used it intentionally as homage to that amazing day when my life was set on its current course.

"I don't know what about that time that just made me so turned on. I was so mad at you for that. But also, at myself for letting things getting to that point."

That she was able to speak so clearly when during most of that she had my dick between her lips!

"Jenny, haven't you told me many times about talking with your mouth full?" I quipped as I groaned.

"But you never had anything so wonderful in your mouth, dear!" Jenny then took the majority of my rod into her mouth. Just to the point that she would have begun to gag.

I wanted to reply that I did just have something wonderful in my mouth, but I instead let my sexy cock sucking mother continue with my dick!

Maybe, I needed to get a load out before doing anything more! I felt like my whole body might burst with the urge to orgasm!

It wasn't as if either Jenny, or my lust for her, wouldn't have me harder than steel again. If I even faltered with only the first!

Jenny might have sensed, known, or realized this also as she started to furiously bob her head and jerk her hand on my cock. Her other hand was cradling my balls as she tried to coax them to give her my seed.

"Oh Jenny! Keep going! Don't stop! Shit, oh shit!" I bellowed.

It took her less than five minutes to have me overflowing into her mouth. It may have been my unbearable need to cum, or just her incredible skill with my cock that had her rapidly swallowing my thick white cream. My opinion was the later.

"Damn it, Jenny! I don't even want to find another cock sucking mom to compare you with. I accept unequivocally that you are the best ever!" I gasped before I regained my breath.

Jenny sat up grinning as she licked her lips for the possible bits of me that weren't there due to her skill.

"The only mom I want you comparing me to, is the one that bears my grandchildren!" She wiped her chin with the back of her hand and checked to see it was dry.

Her comment made me decide that I should never tell her about Sharon, or her own mother's dick sucking skills!

Jenny then looked at me as if still hungry. For my cum, or just my body and soul!

I raised my head to stare at her as she turned and gave me no chance to deny her as she planted her face on mine with a lover's fury. I didn't try to refuse her, and accepted her damp lips with as much need as she.

We twisted with abandon on mom's bed as we showed each other our love with our lips and our bodies pressed tight. If not for the fact that she still wore her panties, I might have slipped into her then.

I had no awareness for how long we made out, caressed and massaged each other, and made a complete mess of the sheets and covers. Minutes, hours, eons? I was with Jenny and that's all that mattered right then. I was with her and I would never let her go.

I did have images of a redhead slip into my brain though. A cute little fire-haired nymph that I loved and desired as much as the wonderful and beautiful woman beside me at that moment!

I would never, ever, be able to decide between the two! And I hoped to never have to choose!

As we churned about the bed, I did slip a hand down and easily slipped off the soaked panties that were the last bit of clothing between us. We were then as naked as the day we were born, as man and woman, as lovers to never part.

"Please Jeremy! Please!"

"Jenny, Jenny. I love you so, so much!"

"I love you too, honey! Show me you love me! Show me and never let me go!" My mother breathed desperately into my ear as she held my head in her arms with my lips on her soft neck.

I would never let her go as it seemed she couldn't release me.

We continued to grind together as we tried to penetrate each other with more than just our genitals.

Neither of us had made any move to line up or to progress to that ultimate step. Our bodies pressed together and then I was in her.

There was no urgency with my entrance. It was just another symbol of the unity of the two of us. We were mother and son. Man and woman. Lover and lover. Need and fulfillment. Some might say Ying and Yang, but those were intertwining opposites. That's not what Jenny and I were then. No, we were two made one, and one made whole.

We kept tossing and turning on the mattress, but it wasn't the unease of restlessness, but more the boundless passion that couldn't be contained by our mortality.

I came again.

It wasn't the sudden release of a dam as it was with sex, but the slow buildup of an intense storm that is raging and powerful until that moment when it lets go its life-giving liquid to the fertile soil below.

Jenny was more like the sea during such a storm; just as restless, just as powerful, with its waves crashing on the soil over and over and over. Her orgasms as we pitched around were those waves, constant and strong.

When I released again, the storm had lost its fury and the seas were less forceful until the sun broke through to reveal the ravages in the wake.

Much as the state of Jenny's bed when the two of us finally tore apart and lay beside one another panting heavily as we stared at the other with the love still pouring between us.

Mom's hand and upper chest were draped over my slippery skin. I had an arm around her neck and resting on her equally wet shoulders.

We laid there silent for a good long time.

"I should be upset that it took Erin to make this happen." Mom looked back at me after her eyes drifted off for a second. "We shouldn't have had someone else realize how much we needed this."

"I'm just as fault, Jenny." I tried to take the blame from mom. "I've been busy. With work, with Erin."

"Your brother and sister haven't made things any easier either." Jenny added tenderly.

I didn't like that this conversation could have just as easily been one that could take place between my father and mom. Or that Jenny and I had gotten to a state that it had occurred.

"This was pretty amazing, Jenny." I stated.

"It was magical, honey." She whispered lovingly with her eyes burning back at me.

"I just want to lay here with you forever, my love." I declared wishfully.

"Me too dear, me too. But it might not be a good idea for your girlfriend to come back and find us like this." Jenny teased easily.

"I don't know, it might be a good idea!" I told her.

"Okay, wrong threat. We don't want your brother or sister to find us like this!" Mom lifted herself off of my chest.

"I think we definitely need a shower." I stated as I lifted my bent arm over my face. "Care to join me, foxy lady?"

"Foxy lady? Where'd you hear that one from?" Mom grinned as she slowly rose. Both of us might be sore later.

"Here or there. Shower?" I asked again, hopefully. Even if we might not be capable of anything more, I still enjoyed seeing Jenny nude. In the shower or anywhere else!

"Yes, but not together. You know we couldn't keep from extending that." She pointed at the nearly naked bed, the sheets pulled out and more than half the mattress now visible. "And I need to spray something in here. It stinks of sex!"

I grinned at that. Especially as she moved about carelessly while still naked and covered in our combined sweat.

"That wasn't sex, mom, that was love." I stated firmly.

"It definitely was." She took a few quick steps to me as I stood and she kissed my lips lightly.

Mom then gave me a swat on my bare ass. "Now get upstairs and take that shower. And don't forget your clothes. You left a shirt in here one time and Justin found it. He looked at me very suspiciously until he realized it was one of yours!"

Yeah, dad didn't know!

I collected my clothes and slightly nervously went down the hall to the living room and then quickly up the stairs. I stopped in my room first. I was almost tempted to just put the shorts back on, but I was sure that mom would notice that and give me a motherly scolding about dirty clothing! I grabbed some fresh clothes and darted to the shower.

It was quick, cool, and refreshing.

Mom's was just as fast as she emerged from the hallway as I came back downstairs. She had redressed, this time in a pale-yellow skirt and a similar white blouse, but with puffier sleeves. There was also a similarly yellow scarf around her neck. Her hair was hidden by a towel carefully wrapped around her head.

She noticed my gaze on her concealed neck.

"It appears that someone has given me a hickey!" She said warily.

"You have another lover, mom?" I mockingly asked her.

Mom gave me an easy smile.

"What about dad? He'll know it wasn't him!" I suddenly panicked.

"He won't notice, and I'll just put some makeup on it before I go to bed. Maybe, I can get him to think it was from him!" Mom teased me as she tried to calm me.

It didn't work! Her response and allusion of having sex with dad to cover the hickey I had given her did nothing to make me feel any better!

I then told myself that she had said it was magical with me.

We busied ourselves for the half hour or so before Erin returned with my siblings. She opened the door slowly and yelled out loudly that they were back, in case she might be interrupting anything. She relaxed when she saw us both dressed and in the living room.

"How are things here?" Erin asked very suggestively. I would have to remind her how close to adolescence my brother was later.

"Fine, fine." Mom answered with a simple smile and her cheeks reddening.

Erin had a large smile on her face that made her look devious.

"Mommy, mommy!" Jojo came in behind the other two. "We found a turtle at the park! He was crawling in the grass and I wanted to bring him home, but Johnny and Erin put him back in the pond there. But I got to hold him before they did!"

I smiled at Erin.

She just gave me a knowing and questioning nod along with raised eyebrows.

I nodded more firmly in reply.

She then came over to me and gave me a tame kiss on the mouth.

Mom nudged me aside so that she could give my girlfriend a friendly, and innocent, hug.

"Thank you, Erin. That was very nice of you to do that for me. It was nice to not have the kids here for a little while."

"But mommy! Jeremy was still here. He's your kid too!" Jojo stated fiercely.

"Yes, he is honey. He's my kid too. Just like you." Mom said sweetly as she bent to give my sister a peck on the forehead. "And so is Johnny."

My brother dodged the kiss mom tried to plant on his head.

"So, you all had fun at the park?" I asked casually.

"Oh yes, it was lots of fun." Erin answered for the group, but then said more quietly and with a tone of suggestion. "Maybe not as much fun as here."

"Erin, I do want to thank you again. It shouldn't have been necessary," Mom gave me an accusatory stare that wasn't as intense as might have been implied, "and maybe the three of us can do something again sometime soon."

I knew Erin and I were the only ones that understood what something mom was suggesting!

That had me very grateful to Erin also!

It was almost like having my cake and eating it too!

Erin didn't stick around long, my dad would be coming home soon, and she had to get home for dinner. Before she left though, we did make plans for a few days hence for taking my sister out for her horse ride at the riding stable. Being reminded of it had Jojo shrieking throughout the house!

The day of our ride came at last, after two days of Jojo reminding everyone constantly that she was going horsey riding! I loved that she appreciated my gift, but it was almost unendurable being reminded of it hourly! Mom got my sister dressed appropriately (even though she had wanted to wear one of her dresses!) and I settled on jeans to go with my tee shirt. The two of us drove over to pick up Erin and though she was my girlfriend, she declared that this was Jojo's day so that she got to stay in the front passenger seat. This only brought additional squeals of delight from my sister.

As excited and pumped as Jojo had been since I reminded her of my gift, when we pulled into the riding stable's parking lot, she got very quiet. I hoped she hadn't gotten scared when she saw some of the large horses in a pasture.

Jojo held both of the adult's hands as we walked over to the office, her eyes wide on her cute little face. Erin's eyes might have been a bit larger than usual as well.

The stable had a small area for the younger kids to ride ponies on tethers around a central pole. The manager took a look at my sister and asked if she had been riding before. I said no and he suggested that we try her out with a pony before trying to ride a horse. I felt confident in Jojo, but I was also her brother. That fact that she had never done this before, I accepted the suggestion gruffly.

I was very surprised by how calm Jojo was around the docile animals, and after only two circuits on a pony, one of the hands that guided customers on the rides stated how natural Jojo was in a saddle. It was decided that she would be able to handle one of the regular horses.

We then were taken to where a number of horses were lined up eating hay. We approached the huge animals and Jojo showed no fear, and went over unbidden to one of the horses and began to gently rub its leg. The guide, a middle-aged well-weathered man gave us a broad smile at that.

The three of us mounted up and Jojo appeared more comfortable on her dappled mare than I did on my gelding.

We were to go at a walk along a trail with a number of other riders with us. Our guide went in front and another stablehand followed at the rear. Of the three of us, Erin took point with Jojo next and me behind the girls. My mount had a mind of his own and I had some trouble getting him to go where I wanted. I knew the horse had to know what was required of him more than I did. Jojo and Erin laughed at my dilemma.

It was a pleasant day, sunny but not too hot and the slow walk on horseback through the wooded area was soothing. I watched my sister intently for any sign of trouble or fear, but it seemed like she had been born in the saddle. She rubbed a small hand on the horse's back and talked softly and tenderly to it as if they were old friends. My own horse kept being recalcitrant and obstinate. I saw Erin giggle at that.

After more than a good forty-five minutes of walking through wooded land, some grassy meadows, and even over a small brook, we came to a large field dotted with some spring flowers. At this point the group broke ranks and each of us was able to give the horses free rein if we chose. I trotted my horse next to Erin's, but she gave me a grin and spurred her mare to a gallop. I nudged my male to follow, but he would only get up to a slow trot.

I did check on Jojo assuming she would keep to her walking pace.

A loud laugh that I recognized as hers and I saw that she was likewise at a gallop.

I was afraid at that and I called out to her, worried that she had lost control of her animal. It was needless worry, as it was evident from watching her that she had full command of her mare. Jojo guided the surging horse in a circle through the knee-high grass with a whooping cry as she did. Erin came across the field to a galloping stride alongside my sister. I watched the pair with pride and a little upset that my own horse couldn't seem to get out of second gear!

We spent probably twenty minutes or so in that field, Erin and Jojo did bring their beasts alongside my own with the three of us at an easy trot before they galloped off again. The group was slowly herded back to the paddock and I noted the small frown on Jojo's face. The guide came up beside me easily and I looked over at his grinning countenance.

"I've only seen a few as natural on horseback as that little lass!" He told me cheerfully before moving off.

I looked at him wondering if he was just saying that for my benefit, but I was amazed at Jojo's skill.

One that I clearly didn't have as I was the last of our group to return.

I now worried that Jojo might cause a fit at having to leave, but after she was helped from the saddle, she was still calm and had an easy smile on her little lips. She had gotten an apple from one of the staff handling the horse on our return and Jojo was feeding it to her mount while patting its front flank lovingly. She was telling the horse goodbye so tenderly that I went over and told her that we would come back again soon. Erin beside me, smiled at that also.

We took Erin back home even though Jojo wanted her to stay with us longer. I reminded my sister that Erin had her own family to have dinner with, and that we had ours. I gave Erin a brief kiss, and really mean brief. Jojo was right there! Erin thanked us both for the pleasant experience and even gave Jojo a kiss on her forehead before me and my sister returned home.

Jojo's exuberance returned upon entering our house. She raced to find our mom to tell her about her horse and ride. I did note that she then said horse and not horsey! Mom listened happily to her daughter's hurried words that I'm sure only mom could understand.

Johnny came down from his room and Jojo started back at the beginning to tell him of her experience and his blunt reaction was simple.

"Horses are lame." He stated and headed out the back door.

"Mommy! Horses aren't lame! They are 'mazing!" Jojo stated defiantly.

"Don't listen to Johnny, dear. Boys are lame!" Mom told her with a sly look at me still standing there.

"Not Jeremy, mom, Jeremy is pretty great. So is Erin!" Jojo said with a loving glance up at me. Then she broke into another recounting of her ride.

Mom looked at me and mouthed 'thank you!'

I knew she meant it appreciatively and not grumpily.

Now, my brother and sister had it better off than I did while growing up. Dad was making more money than then, and so they were given certain luxuries that I didn't have for the entirety of my childhood. One of these was the opportunity of going to summer camp. Sure, I had gotten to go for a few years into my early teen years, but Jojo and Johnny had been each going since they were each old enough to go. Both had always been so excited to go away for the two weeks each early summer. I was happy for them and had no recriminations at their

better fortune. This culminated that year when I would get some alone time to be with my dear Jenny!

Work, and Erin, permitting.

One wasn't pressing and the other was very permitting!

I have said before that my whole life wasn't just about sex with either girlfriend.

It was summer and warm. Most days were dry, so Erin and I would do a multitude of things in our free times. Even on the rainy days we would find things to do. Erin's parents hadn't made her find a summer job, but they also didn't let her hang around the house all day doing nothing (or doing her boyfriend!). We went to the zoo, which made me remember the day the rest of the family had gone and mom and I had ... well, you already know! We went to museums, the movies, spent many an afternoon at one park or another, and even took our own trip to the lake where I did much the same with Erin as I had done with Jenny! We were regulars at our little club and frequented many diners where we would sit for hours talking together.

It had become a given that the two of us were a thing and more than just a passing one.

We did still see our friends, the two circles of acquaintances mingling as they accepted the other partner into their mixes. And each group acknowledged our significant other occupying most of our time.

But there was still the sex too! And also, the love-making.

For the few days before my brother and sister left for camp, they became very obnoxious such that the three adults were more willing to have them out of the house for fourteen days!

Mom and dad drove them to the campground which was a good two hours or so away. This gave Erin and I some time alone at my house. That way she could honestly tell her parents that she hadn't had me over all day long, and that she hadn't been doing nothing at their house. She did do quite a bit at my house! And in my bed even! I contemplated using my parent's bed, but I was worried about being found there by them. Not that mom would say much, or that dad would complain about his son getting busy with his hot girlfriend, but they were parents and couldn't condone such behavior, even if each in their own ways heartily approved of it!

Unfortunately, though, the first two days that my siblings were absent, I was scheduled to work for most of each day. I could tell that Jenny was as disappointed with that as was I. Erin had helped alleviate any need I had accumulated in that short time.

Mom and I were still doing our yoga together a couple of times a week, and usually would do so before I went to work on those days. On the Tuesday, our limited free time conjoined with our erotic stretching and mom's skintight outfit that led to another instance where there was less workout and more of the two of us interlinked together sans clothing! We definitely had burned many calories for that stint that we exercised our hips.

I barely made it to work on time that day!

Then came Wednesday. I was off work and mom made sure she was caught up on the housework, which was made easier with two of the biggest sources of much of it not being there!

But it wasn't like I just sprang from my bed to jump into mom's larger one.

I woke at my usual time; late morning. I was a little disappointed to not find Jenny rousing my privates from sleep with her oral workout. But I did smell food cooking!

I went downstairs in just my boxers and sporting a small tent.

No one else was there so I had no worries about my lack of clothing, or the condition of my penis.

Mom was in the kitchen cooking a late breakfast. It appeared to me to be of nearly the same quantity she'd make if the whole family had been at home.

"Is all that for me, sexy lady?" I asked as I entered her dominion.

She turned at the sound of my voice.

Jenny was dressed much as she would have been on any other day. A loose blouse, and regular slacks. Which somewhat disappointed me as she could have been wearing anything then. Or even nothing! Some sexy lingerie would have even been appropriate!

"Well, you are the only other one here!" She said cheerfully, but made no comment on my attire, or lack thereof.

"Are you fattening me up for something? Or for the slaughter?" I quipped as I wrapped my arms around her waist and nudged my dick against her firm ass cheek.

Mom laughed at that.

"Something like that. If you don't have other plans that is." She said as if she didn't already know otherwise.

I sometimes wondered if mom and Erin didn't text each other to coordinate things together. I didn't have the courage to enquire of either of them about it!

"If you're going to keep poking me with that thing then you better be prepared to use it appropriately!" She returned to her cooking.

"Oh, I know well how to use this!" I was tempted to tug my boxers down and give her a glimpse. Instead, I sat at the table.

Mom served me a banquet that had me worried about how many calories I would have to burn off. I was young and didn't have to worry about weight gain, but if Jenny kept feeding me like this I might just begin ballooning up! She only ate a small breakfast, and of a far healthier nature than my carb spree.

"Did you have anything specific in mind?" I asked my mother casually, as if I wasn't inquiring about having sex with her!

"Jeremy." She faintly blushed. "I'm not just a 'wham, bam, thank you ma'am' kind of girl!"

I let out a small laugh for her answer.

She was any kind of girl that I wanted her to be! And that was one of the things that I loved about her! That Jenny would do practically anything that I asked of her because she loved me. And she only did so because she knew that I would do the same for her, and had done so on previous encounters.

"Is there something you were thinking of?" Mom asked shyly as if she couldn't speak what she wanted. She was fine with anything as long as it included me.

"Well, actually ..." I spoke hesitantly.

"Yes?" She wiped at her mouth with a cloth napkin daintily. It was such a simple normal act, but for me it was just as sexy as most things she did so innocently.

"Let's retire to your bedroom." I rose. I held in a belch that would not have been tolerable at that moment.

"You are thinking of something." Mom told me as she eyed me suspiciously and with a hint of deviousness.

I said nothing and let her lead me.

Once in her room I no longer resisted the urge to kiss her. Long and deeply. She eagerly allowed it, and even returned it just as passionately. We stood there locked together for quite some time, she fully dressed and me in my boxers with a raging boner!

With the two of us on the same wavelength, we parted simultaneously, staring lustfully into each other's eyes breathlessly. Four hands went for her blouse's buttons. I almost reached to just rip it open, but her supple hands stopped me.

"As much as I love it when you do that, maybe we should leave some of my buttons still attached." Jenny said softly.

I smiled at her at that.

So, I wasn't supposed to tear all her clothes off of her!

It took longer, but we managed to get her blouse off. As many times as I had seen her in far less clothing, sometimes seeing mom in her bras, whether the plain white ones, or the lacy sexy ones, was still very erotic. This was my mom standing there comfortably in a bra as if it was

completely normal for her son to see her like that. Not that I didn't want to progress to getting it off of her!

"Jeremy." Mom whispered. "You're staring at my tits again."

"Uh, oh, sorry."

Jenny just smiled tenderly.

"Stare all you want honey. I can never complain at having my wonderful young lover enjoying looking at my body, no matter what I may think of it."

"You're beautiful, Jenny. Don't ever think otherwise!" I said fiercely.

"Thank you dear." That tender smile again. "But wouldn't you like it better if we got my bra off?"

Definitely!

"Oh, yes, definitely!" I stepped close again to reach behind and quickly unfasten mom's intimate garment.

"You are far too competent at removing your mother's bra, young man." Mom said as she wrapped her own arms around my body.

"Only because she keeps letting me!" I responded with a kiss as we were thus entangled.

This time wasn't as long as the first and we again pulled apart as one and both of us gave out embarrassed laughs.

"If you keep kissing me, we'll be all day before we even get into bed!" Jenny exclaimed.

"If it wasn't for my annoying dick, I would be happy to kiss you all day and even all night, my love."

"Yeah, that damn annoying dick!" Jenny giggled.

Except I knew she considered it anything but annoying!

I reached out to unbutton and unzip her slacks and let them fall around her ankles. She stepped from them along with her shoes. My mother then stood before me likewise clad as I in only underwear. Her delicate lime green panties far prettier than my plaid red boxers!

Before I could do anything more, Jenny laughed loudly and sprang onto her bed. She rolled onto her back and looked up at me with a very sexy, sultry grin.

"See anything you're interested in, handsome?"

Everything I was interested in now reclined on my mother's unmade bed!

"What else is available?" I asked in jibe.

Jenny tossed a pillow at me. I caught it and leaped to join her at her side.

"You know that you are everything I need, Jenny." I said earnestly as I took her in my arms.

And yet again we kissed; our naked upper bodies pressed together, her breasts so delightfully against my chest.

She chose not to bring up my other girlfriend at that moment even though the younger girl's presence, or absence, was felt by us both.

"You're all I need too, honey." Jenny told me with her lips still caressing mine.

I stared into her green eyes for a long moment. As with kissing her, I would stare into those depths for ages.

"What do you do when you're without me ... or ... Justin?" I asked softly but boldly with the use of my father's name as my equal.

"What do you mean?" She pulled her face back a few inches as if to see more of me like that would reveal my meaning.

"I ... I know that you, uh ... play ... with um, yourself." I started uncertainly. I had had her do so in front of me a few times and she had admitted that I was the first one with which she had done so. I wanted to know if there was more that she did when she was in need and alone.

"Do you ... uh, have any ... you know, things to help ... like um, toys?" I stumbled over my words.

I don't know why I should have a problem asking an almost simple question, especially when I had fucked mom's ass.

"Are you asking if I have a ... vibrator?" Her eyes were laser focused on mine.

I could barely nod affirmatively.

Jenny's eyes darted away from me with some mild embarrassment.

I assumed that meant that she did, but I suppose it could be that she was surprised I had asked such a question.

Her face came slowly back to look at me. The shyness of her countenance practically glowed her skin.

Mom barely moved her head up and down as she whispered, "I do."

"One? More?" I quizzed her.

She didn't answer that but did keep her eyes locked with mine.

"I would love to see you use it. Or one of them." I said with more confidence. "Your favorite."

The number she might have didn't matter to me; it was only the use of which that I was interested in.

"Jeremy." There was no complaint, or argument in her tone. Just an affirmation of my being.

"Jenny."

Mom kept her eyes on me as if she was debating my request.

She had done similar before so it shouldn't be that hard to decide.

A small sly smile touched her mouth. A bigger one sprouted on my lips.

Jenny pulled from my arms as she reached across the bed to her small nightstand. Her hand dug in the drawer for a few seconds before she came out with a pink, slightly curved, barely phallic-shaped vibrator. It wasn't much bigger than myself. She fell back onto her back with her eyes on her secret treasure, as if unable to look at me.

"Has dad ... ever ..." My question no more than a whisper.

"Oh God, no!" Jenny answered quickly and much louder than a whisper.

Her emerald eyes were then capable of looking at me again.

"Show me, Jenny. Show me how you pleasure yourself ... while you are thinking of me." It may have been presumptuous of me to assume that, but it was a fairly safe assumption I thought.

"Jeremy."

It was just her nerves at that point.

To help her, I reached over to each hip and took the green panties and pulled them down her shapely thighs and well-toned calves. She wriggled her lower body to allow me to get her fully naked, her little friend held firmly in her hands.

"You want to see this?" Mom asked to verify my intent.

"I want to see everything of you, Jenny. Every move, every action, every pore, every dream."

I had thought I had made that already known to her by my every deed with her.

I could see the lust that was then burning in her jade eyes and on her beautiful face. Her thighs had already widened and it seemed her body was thrumming with desire.

"I don't know, honey." Being then on the verge of the intimate act, Jenny had one more bout of doubt.

"Please, Jenny. For me." I pleaded lovingly.

I hoped that that would be more than enough reason.

The final debate went on behind my mom's eyes as she looked at me.

Jenny brought the pink plastic to her face and at first hesitantly, then more seductively, ran her tongue over it repeatedly, leaving it wet with her saliva. Her fingers also delicately caressed it as if it was my own flesh she was touching.

I watched mesmerized from beside her, my own phallus aching for a touch.

"Take those silly boxers off!" Jenny ordered.

Like magic my underwear flew across the room.

"Jerk off for me, Jeremy." My mom told me.

I would rather it was her hand on me, her mouth even, and most of all her delicious tight pussy, but as she was acceding to my wish, I had to do as she asked.

My dick was already twitching before I even touched it, so I did so slowly.

I didn't know if the fake dick in Jenny's grasp was just a plain, if irregularly shaped dildo or if it was indeed a vibrator. She revealed this when she twisted the deeper shaded pink at the base and it began to hum. This seemed to emboldened her as she then brought the humming toy to one of her nipples. Her body trembled at the touch and a barely audible moan escaped her lips. Mom then moved it to her other breast. The quiver wasn't as pronounced and any moan she might have made wasn't loud enough to be heard over the vibrator.

Her need might have exceeded her desire to tease me as she moved the curved plastic toy to her abdomen and paused. This was the final step before she fully gave in to both our lusts. The pause was slight, but

noticeable, before the vibrating mock phallus moved over mom's brown bush tickling her pubic hairs.

Jenny's legs widened even further, giving me a perfect view of her pink paradise.

My hand had been slowly stroking up and down on my shaft using my own oozing juices for lubrication. But I wasn't paying much heed to my own satisfaction as all my attention was on Jenny laying sprawled out ready to play the humming vibrator over her very wet pussy.

"Stroke that dick for mommy!" Jenny cried out as her eyes watched my hand.

I couldn't refuse such a request!

Mom's body jumped as her little plastic friend brushed over her splayed lips. I knew that she was going by feel as her eyes were locked between my eyes and my throbbing cock. My own eyes couldn't decide to return her stare or to watch as the pink vibrator ran over her opening and then sank into it!

Each of us focused on the other gratifying themselves for our partners' viewing pleasure.

Jenny slid her curved toy into the channel from which I was born for my delight. That she took delight in it also was made clear with her legs jumping around, the constant moan emanating from within her throat, the leaking liquid seeping from around the vibrator. She brought her free hand to her tit and teased her fingers over the taut nipple. Her eyes never closed or strayed from some part of me.

A man with a gun in the room couldn't have forced me to tear my eyes from my amazingly dazzling Jenny!

As if he would be able to look at anything but her also! And it wouldn't be his gun that he would be shooting!

Like I was getting very close to doing, even with my concentration on other things more delightful.

Jenny's hand was moving quicker as she toyed the humming vibrator in her quivering pussy, her own need building as rapidly as mine.

"Go on, Jenny! Make yourself cum!" I urged enthusiastically.

I needed no urging. Watching my mother, my lover, my Jenny fucking herself with her pink plastic vibrator, the bliss on her face as she did this just for me was the greatest aphrodisiac that there could ever be.

"Jenny!" I cried out loudly as I felt myself cross that threshold.

Then I was lost to my orgasm as great streams of my thick cum shot from my dick to land across Jenny's quaking body and beautiful face.

"Honey!" Mom then screamed as if my ecstasy had induced her own.

Jenny's body went rigid as her head pressed back deeper into her pillow and her ass may have even lifted slightly from the mattress. A wail followed her endearment that left no question to her orgasm.

It took us both more than a few moments to recover. The buzzing toy left in place as she had released her hold on it, its vibrating then on less sensitive areas.

"Damn it, Jenny!" I said breathlessly. "That was one of the hottest things I've ever seen!"

She stared at me for a second before responding.

"I don't know about that! You've seen quite a few things. You've also said that almost every time we do anything!"

Mom might be right.

"But Jenny, everything I do with you is so hot and sexy!" I declared.

I was also right!

"Dear." Her eyes grew soft. "Jeremy."

"I know, mom."

As intimate as using her name was for me as her son, sometimes using our relationship was just as profound.

It was a touching moment.

But I wasn't done yet. As I knew Jenny wasn't either!

I got up on my knees. My dick had wilted somewhat but still showed signs of life and interest in continuing.

"Suck my dick, mom!" I ordered her. "Suck me while you fuck yourself with your vibrator again!"

Jenny's eyes grew wide at that. But there was no denial in them, just a deep burning lust.

She had been laying on her back and with me then kneeling beside her, mom had to shift around a bit to be able to get her lips around my soft shaft. One hand returned to her toy and the other rose to help hold my cock in place. She began to work her lips and tongue on my dick that quickly thickened again.

Jenny blew me as energetically as her hand at her crotch, this dual action obviously very arousing for her. I didn't know if she might have been thinking of her two men with her then, but this was as close as I ever wanted to get with sharing Jenny with another dick!

That she might be thinking of me along with dad gave me shivers and almost caused me to shrink instantly.

Mom didn't notice anything more than the big dick in her mouth and the buzzing joy in her pussy. I wondered which she might have been getting more enjoyment from, as she always seemed to love sucking me so much. She just sucked me with gusto as she coaxed me back to full

strength with her talented tongue and mouth. Mom never had any need to be able to swallow my dick, she was more than capable of making me fill her mouth with my seed!

I had no qualm with just cumming down Jenny's throat, but I wanted to fuck her instead. To pound my dick deep into her being. To be the one that was making her cum repeatedly and not some man-made device.

"Jenny. Stop. Let's switch it up." I told her as I reluctantly pulled my dick from her hand and vacuuming lips.

"Huh? What." She said in confusion. Her hand was still plunging the pink toy slowly in herself.

"I want to be in you." I told her.

Her eyes peered at me with wonder and still that burning lust.

Mom pulled her buzzing buddy from her depths guardedly as if uncertain which she wanted in her more, me or it.

"Jenny. May I ... fill ... your ass ... while you keep doing that?" I asked sincerely, which was odd considering the content of my question.

"Both?" She asked as if almost afraid of the idea.

"Yes. Both." I stated firmly.

"I don't think I could concentrate on myself if you were fucking my ass." Jenny stared at me with her toy at her shivering entrance.

"Then let me hold it for you, love." I answered tenderly.

That I would be theoretically fucking both of mom's holes at the same time was mind boggling!

"I ... don't know." I could see her questioning this act in her mind.

"Let me do this, Jenny. Let me give you more joy than you've ever had."

"You've already done that, dear." My mother said in her most heartfelt voice.

I almost felt moisture grow in my eyes.

Must have been the dust in the room.

Even as I knew that couldn't possibly be a reason with the cleanliness of our house.

Jenny pulled the still buzzing vibrator the rest of the way from her hole and slowly held out her hand with it to me.

I cautiously took my mother's feminine toy from her as if it might burn my fingers. What other son had seen, much less held his mom's dildo!

"Lay back Jenny. I want to be able to see your face while I take both your holes at once." I urged my lover.

Mom did lay on her back with her legs wide and her feet up in the air.

I grabbed her ankles as I moved up to her nethers. My dick was aching to enter her somewhere, anywhere. I slapped against her wetness which elicited moans from Jenny as she stared lustfully at me framed by her gorgeous gams.

My dick was probably lubed enough for the task, but I had to be sure. And I still wanted to slip it into Jenny's pussy, even if just for a few strokes.

I slid my dick along her soaked lips, the evidence of her enjoyment from her pink pal pouring forth.

"I thought you were going for the backdoor?" Jenny sighed at my teasing rubbing.

"I need to get my cock wet for your tight asshole, mom." I used her title intentionally in my declaration of my intent.

"I think my spit has it wet enough."

"But I just like shoving it in your hot cunt, Jenny!" I said emphatically as I did just that!

"Oooo!" Was her very vocal response.

"Do you like that, love?"

"I love it! You could just damn fuck me!"

I could!

So, I did for a few too short minutes.

"Oh yes, honey! Mommy loves your cock!"

I didn't need her words to verify that.

I held onto her calves as I pumped into her treasured vault of passion. Jenny groaned on each plunge as my big dick filled her like only I could do.

Then we were both ready for the next escalation, or at least I was, mom might have still been wary of the doubling of her pleasure.

"Ready, Jenny?" I asked as I released the leg with the hand that still held the purring pink phallus.

Before she could answer I pulled my dick from her then gaping chasm, the abundant fluids there all the answer I needed of her need.

I held mom's toy gingerly, still unnerved to be holding it. Then I ran it over her ridged lips and around just the insides of the opening. Her body quivered.

"How about I just fuck you with your vibrator, mom?"

Her mewling cry was answer that she was ready for whatever I would do with her!

I teased the toy on Jenny's pussy and even brushed it against her hidden clit that made her shake even more.

I knew she was ready then.

I pushed her legs forward so that her ass lifted up off the mattress, her little puckered hole then exposed to my eyes.

"Hold your legs for a minute, Jenny." I told her.

I tried to keep my gaze on mom's exposed position to only a few moments. Her open pussy and tight asshole both on display for her son's enjoyment! And his penetration!

I put a finger, then two, in Jenny's twat, coating them both lavishly. Then I rubbed them over the clenched hole that I hoped to coax open. I pushed my forefinger forcefully until it entered to the first knuckle.

"Take it easy, honey." Jenny cautioned me. "But not too easy! I want your fat cock in my ass. Oh, damn!"

I had the one finger all the way past the tight sphincter. I stroked it in and out twice before I pulled it back so that I could get the start of the second finger in as well.

"Ooo yeah!" Jenny cooed.

A few pistoning strokes with the two fingers and I knew that she was now ready for something bigger!

"Are you ready for your son's big cock in your asshole, Jenny?"

"I'm ready for my amazing lover's cock to fuck my asshole!" She corrected me softly.

I scooched closer and aimed my cockhead at the barely open gap. I nudged it with a firm wiggle until it pushed in.

Once past the opening, my invasion grew somewhat easier. I could feel her clenching around my shaft as it sunk deeper.

"I'm in your asshole, Jenny! It feels so fucking great!"

"Oh! It does hun, it feels so damned good! I still can't believe it feels this good! Or that you can shove that big cock in my ass!" Jenny groaned deeply. "Fuck my ass, Jeremy! Pound that cock in mommy's butthole!"

Gladly!

But there was still more.

I brought the humming pink vibrator back to her pussy and ran it gently over the quivering lips.

"Ooo! God!" Jenny practically jerked up off the bed.

"Do you like that, mom?"

Her moans had to be answer enough.

I slowly rammed my dick in and out of the tightest hole I still had ever entered. After a few minutes of teasing her toy over her pussy, I then entered her a second time by shoving the entire curved vibrating dildo in my mother.

"Holy shit, Jeremy!"

Her legs shook in the air so that I took them and placed them against my chest and shoulders and wrapped my arms around them with the vibrator plunged in her cunt and my cock filling her tight asshole.

"Fuck me, dear! Fuck my ass! Fuck my pussy!" Jenny bellowed as loud as I had ever heard her.

I upped my tempo as I pushed my pubic hairs against Jenny's cushy ass. I tried to alternate the strokes in her pussy, finding that it wasn't as easy to fuck her without my dick, but still trying to find the spots that trilled her. I must have succeeded as Jenny was reacting such that I had never seen her before, being overloaded with this double penetration that she had never previously experienced.

I once again was the one with whom Jenny first got to explore some sexual horizon. It was a first for me too. We got to be virgins together even if we had already had sex with someone else first.

It wasn't too long with that tight clenching ass squeezing my thrusting dick that I felt a need growing quickly within me. Even with most of my concentration on what my hand was doing and trying to keep a steady pace with my pistoning dick.

Jenny was surprisingly non-verbal as I filled both her holes. Not that she wasn't vocal, far from it. She wailed, and shrieked, and yelled out her enjoyment, her bliss, and her ecstasy. Her arms flailed at her sides; her head bounced on her pillow almost matching my thrusts. Her legs shook in my hold and would have been kicking wildly if not contained against my slick chest. She tried to press her body against either penetration as if to try to make them deeper, or more forceful in their invasion of her.

She didn't react with the suddenness of an orgasm like she normally did, but I was still positive that my love had been over the edge more than a few times, even if she hadn't been able to declare so with her vulgar language.

I couldn't last much more and thus increased my pumping to all I had. I held mom's legs as like a lifeline as I worked my hips to their utmost capability.

Jenny caterwauled constantly as I neared the finale. My sweat blinded me and yet I kept on.

Then I was done.

I gave two last thrusts before I held myself deep in mom's asshole and let go my ball's load. I could feel my seed fill her bowel as her muscles milked my cum from me.

My head swam, little stars circled my vision, and then blackness came over me as gravity took its hold on my spent frame. As I lost consciousness, I only hoped that I could manage to land on the mattress.

I opened my eyes, unaware of how much time had passed, but I assumed it wasn't much.

My focus was filled by my beautiful mother's sweat-damp face as she looked down on me as she lay beside me.

"Honey." Her voice was so soft and tender. And loving.

"Jenny." I croaked dryly.

"I am forever yours." My love told me.

"And I'm yours too, mom. Jenny."

She bent down and kissed me softly and briefly, but filled with just as much love and passion as any marathon session we'd had.

"I wouldn't want that very often, but that was the most intense experience I've ever had!" She whispered with her glowing face filling my vision.

"It was pretty intense for me too, Jenny, dear Jenny." I said with all the love that I felt for her.

She gave me another kiss, not as soft or brief, but just as loving.

"Is there anything else you wanted to try?" Mom asked me with an almost sly smile on her lips.

"That wasn't enough for you? What happened to the most intense experience ever?" I questioned with a leer on my face.

"It wouldn't really matter anyway. I don't think your little friend is capable of anything more right now." Mom's wide grin let me know her seriousness. Or lack thereof.

My dick was in deep hibernation at that moment.

"What about your little friend?" I asked as I tried to lift my head to see where I had let the pink toy fall.

Mom held it up between us devilishly, with it still tight in her grip.

"No, I think he needs to rest now also." She teased and reached to her nightstand to tuck it back into hiding.

I just stared at this woman for ages, or a few moments. The love and wonder I felt for her on my open face.

"Do you use that often?" I cautiously asked.

Mom paused before she answered, studying my face with the same wondrous love on her own countenance.

"Not as much as I used to. I found this amazing young lover that has made me not need it very often at all lately!"

"Oh? Someone other than me?" I teased as I tried to sit up. The world still spun out of sync, but I ignored it.

Mom proved she could trade quips with me.

"Yes. Maybe I'll introduce you to him sometime. He's really an incredible guy. I think you'd like him."

"Not if he's banging my mom I won't!" I lobbed back at her. "That's my job!"

Mom smiled hugely at that and leaned in to give me another loving kiss.

"And you do it very well dear." She sat back and I noted that she had a robe around her. Maybe I was out longer than I had thought!

"You need a shower. You stink of momsex!" Jenny took my arm and tried to pull me further upright.

"That's the best smell!" I pulled my arm so that her hand was close to my mouth. I gave it a kiss.

"But I do need a shower to help revive me. I have this older woman than just wears the fuck out of me!"

I managed to spring from mom's bed before she could swat me with her hand.

When I reached her doorway, I looked back at her sitting crouched on the shambles of her bed.

"I love you, Jenny."

"I love you too, Jeremy." Mom even blew me a kiss. "Now get your stinky ass out of my room and go take a shower! And don't forget your underwear!"

I said nothing about the condition of her ass right then, with it filled with my thick spunk!

I grabbed my boxers and walked through the house as naked as a jaybird and as proud as a peacock!

The almost ice-cold shower did nearly revive me, the chilliness having no additional effect on my already shriveled cock and nuts.

I managed to occupy the rest of the afternoon in my room to avoid any more temptations I might not be able to resist, except for two brief trips to the kitchen to quench my thirst and grab a snack. And a few kisses from the sexy maid I had! The temptations were mild and mostly unintentional, but still almost prevailed. Only dad's return kept them

at bay for the rest of the evening. The three of us even spent some time together watching some TV that wasn't sports-related and chatting idly. Things we hadn't really done since ... probably summer camp the previous year.

The next few days weren't as intense, but Jenny did wake me with a fabulous blowjob and I rewarded her with another of my much-requested protein shakes. I did also get to repay her with some lengthy pussy licking that left her a quivering mess on the couch in the middle of the afternoon. Work didn't give me hardly any chance for too much more than that.

There was still much of summer left and a long time before I would be heading off to the local college, but mom came to me one day and insisted that she wanted to take me out shopping for some new clothes for my collegiate wardrobe. I had just figured it would be the same clothes I had worn to high school, with possibly a few new tees.

Mom would have none of that, and again insisted that I had to look more scholarly, whatever that meant. She also added that she needed to get some new items for her wardrobe too, but with no allusion that she was thinking of anything but regular clothing.

Our last shopping trip had turned out very well for me, even if I still hadn't seen hardly any of the lingerie she had gotten then, so I wasn't really resisting the trip, but more for the reasoning behind it.

I hoped that we managed to spend far less on this trip than we had on that one! Mom and I had charged quite a bit on dad's credit cards since we began sleeping together! Lingerie, fancy dinners, and an expensive hotel bill!

Mom wanted to go in the late morning so we could browse a bit, have some lunch, and do some leisurely shopping. It sounded more like she just wanted to spend some time with me, and that was more than fine with me as I loved spending any time I could with my beautiful Jenny. It did mean I had to make an effort to get up slightly earlier than usual though.

I ate a quick breakfast (plain cereal) and the two of us were out the door by ten a.m. Mom wore an above-the-knee pale purple skirt (is that lilac?) and a frilly white blouse with billowy sleeves. She even wore some four-inch heels of which she normally didn't do, as she usually favored comfort more than style.

Which meant that she did consider this an event!

But was it a lover thing that we would be together? Or was it a mother thing that she was buying clothes for me for possibly the last time? My impression was that it could have gone either way and mom gave no other indication as to how she was treating this excursion.

Again though, I got to spend time with this amazing, beautiful, and yes, sexy woman that was my mother!

I did change when I saw what she was wearing and put on a button-down shirt and jeans instead of shorts.

We took her car, but she let me drive when I suggested it. I felt like I was taking my girl out for the day and I'm sure she felt the same. I drove to the Westside Mall and I was a bit surprised at the number of cars in the lot. I had never been there on a weekday at that time and I would have thought it would be mostly empty.

I wanted to hold her hand as we strolled up to the entrance, but although she gave me a pleasant smile, Jenny batted my searching fingers away.

"Not here honey, someone we know might see us." Mom told me guiltily.

I didn't care. The only one that I worried about seeing us right then was miles away at his job. Still, I accepted her refusal. I would still be the man walking at her side among the crowds.

We wandered the stores, browsing in a few and finding a few items that mom favored, but she held off buying anything right then. She said she

wanted to see what all the stores had first before she settled on what she wanted for me. I didn't care. As long as I wasn't naked and the clothes were comfortable and easy to get in and out of, I had no preference. But if any of her choices made mom happy, then I was happy too.

We did steer clear of the lingerie store, though we both eyed it when we walked down the wing in which it was located.

Mom and I chatted innocently and gaily as we went, feeling as if we were truly a couple amongst these strangers. If not for the difference of our ages, we probably could have passed as a couple. A son wouldn't give the woman he was with a meaningful kiss on her cheek if she was his mother like I did at one point as we exited one store.

Jenny put a hand to her cheek with a mild smile that quickly disappeared as she scolded me for my boldness.

I did note that when her hand dropped down from her face that it seemed to be almost reaching for my own that hung at my side before hers went slack.

Still, it was an enjoyable morning with the perfect company.

We were going along slowly when I smelled bacon.

My stomach grumbled from the meager and quick breakfast.

"We should get some lunch mom." I suggested.

She gave me that look of exasperation whenever my dietary needs came up, but she was agreeable.

The food court was reasonably close and I assumed it was how I smelled the bacon. We made our way in that direction with the bacon smell growing stronger, along with the scent of strawberry and some flowery odor that I took to be some woman's perfume. I saw that mom was also sniffing the air curiously.

It was early lunchtime so the different food places were getting busy and half the tables were taken.

I looked about at the various choices, all of them sounded, and smelled, like a good pick.

"What do you want, mom?" I looked over at my mother.

She was likewise checking out the options.

"Get whatever you want, I'll find something on the menu for me from whichever you choose." Mom said indifferently, as I knew she wouldn't eat much anyway.

"Do you smell that? What is that?" I asked as the flowery smell persisted and even grew stronger. The bacon and strawberry odors seemed stronger also, but somehow off, as if it wasn't those two scents but something else that smelled similar.

"I've noticed it for a while. It's jasmine, but not quite. And strawberries, and bacon, which is what I assume got you thinking of food!" Mom looked about at the restaurants while sniffing the air again. "None of them does anything with bacon though."

I hadn't noticed that, but panning around I realized that mom was right.

"It smells good, but also kind of funky too!" I stated.

"Let's just get some pizza." I decided. Pizza was always an option!

"I guess I can live with that." Mom didn't sound enthusiastic about my choice, but I'm sure they had some veggie pizza, or probably had the salad option that most restaurants offered.

The line wasn't too long and in ten minutes we found a table near the edge of the plaza of tables and chairs and sat to eat.

I was halfway through my first slice when my eyes went momentary blurry. I shook my head to clear my vision.

"Something wrong, dear?" Mom asked with her motherly concern.

"It's nothing."

A minute later I began to feel dizzy.

Mom looked at me with a big devilish grin.

And then she dropped from her chair and onto her knees. She pushed my knees apart and began to undo my pants.

"Mom!" I cried out louder than was appropriate considering what I was protesting. "What are you doing? We're in public!"

"I'm hungry, honey!"

"We're at the food court, there's plenty to eat!" I exclaimed as she worked at my zipper.

"I want a big sausage, lover!" Mom tugged my pants down enough to get my growing dick free.

I wanted to argue more, wanted to stop her. We couldn't do this here! We were in the middle of the mall! Someone would definitely see this!

My eyes went blurry again and my head grew light.

I was then sure that I saw a few of the others at tables close to us in various stages of having sex too, but that had to just be my imagination running wild! Was that woman over there bent over a table getting it from behind? Were those two girls sitting together making out with their hands under each other's skirts? Surely that restaurant worker was taking that man's order and wasn't sucking his dick right there at the counter?

Then I didn't care.

Jenny was working her wonders on my cock and the rest of the world just faded from me!

"Oh God, Jenny! That's it! Shit, suck my dick!" I groaned as my mom bobbed her head on my shaft.

I let her go at it for a few minutes before I felt like I might burst and then I stopped her.

"I'm hungry too, mom!" I nudged her head away from my lap. "Come on, get up here and sit on the table for me."

I patted the fake wooden surface, pushing my unwanted plate away. Mom rose from her knees with a big smile on her face. She lifted her skirt to reveal a skimpy pair of matching lilac panties and sat with her legs open wide.

"Nice panties, Jenny. Did you plan on this?" I asked.

"I'm always ready for you dear! I didn't plan this; I'm just so overwhelmed with lust for you right now!" She purred sultrily.

I could see the damp spot on the thin fabric that barely hid mom's pussy.

"Go ahead, Jeremy! It's an all you can eat buffet!" Mom urged me eagerly.

"No, it's an all I can eat muffet!" I corrected her with my word choice that rhymed with hers. Muff ā!

"It's a muffeteria!" Mom quipped.

I had no comeback for that, so instead just tugged her panties to the side and buried my face in her crotch.

Mom leaned back with her hands on the table behind her and moaned loudly as I licked her hungrily.

I ate her for a few minutes until I had mom squirming all over the table. I lifted my wet face from her pussy to a look of disappointment on Jenny's face.

"Sit on my lap lover!" I told her which brought the smile back.

Jenny slid forward off the table and into my lap. My aching cock awaited her and she slipped onto it and it slipped into her.

Our lusts were supercharged and it took very little time before we both came very hard while locked tight together.

I didn't remember anything after that until I grew aware of a number of people hurrying around me. Most of them were police officers who were herding mall patrons towards the exits. There were also paramedics helping some onto gurneys, and some other suspiciously looking men in black suits that practically screamed out that they were government agents.

Mom and I were ushered to the parking lot that was now full of flashing lights from ambulances, police cars, and fire engines. At the edge of my sight I even noticed a news van parked. The two of us said nothing to each other or to anyone else.

We were taken to an ambulance to be given a quick check up and a blood sample was taken. We asked confusedly what had happened and why were we being tested like we were. We were told that there had been a gas leak and that we would be fine.

As the emergency workers moved onto the next patients, I could hear others talking. There was mention of a train car derailment close by with some toxic chemicals that was the cause. Others were saying that it was a nuclear accident, even though the nearest reactor was in the next state. Some said that it was the government, why else were there agents there. It was aliens, no the Russians, it was the Mob, and on and on. I guessed that there was some kind of coverup going on and that numerous stories were being given out to those affected to confusticate the real cause.

Mom and I were given the green light to go home.

We worked our way through the crowds back to her car without a word. Only when we were sitting down did we finally say something. We had no idea what had happened to us, or what had actually caused it. Her memories were as fuzzy as mine about everything. Did we really have sex in the food court? Had others also gotten 'busy' because of some gas leak? Was it some train carrying chemicals that made people horny that had come off the tracks?

We went back home, our shopping spree over before we started.

Later that evening, dad brought it up when he saw the coverage on the news. He had known that we had planned on going to the mall, so he questioned if we had been there when it happened. Mom just told him what we were told; there was a gas leak, some people got sick, but that me and her were fine.

I called Erin that night and she grilled me about the incident. I related what I remembered, or what I thought I had remembered. I couldn't believe that Jenny and I had had sex like that right in the food court at the mall! Erin said she wished she had been there with us. I agreed, but secretly I did enjoy the (not-so) private moment with my mom. Whether it actually had happened or not.

Within a few days it was all but forgotten.

And I had other more memorable events to occupy my thoughts.

Erin and I had gone out for a simple, read 'cheap', dinner. We then went to the Horus to catch a decent movie. We did spend a bit of time in the parking lot after the movie having our own romantic scene! It was just before midnight when I got back home.

I was surprised to find that mom was alone.

When I came in, mom was in her robe watching one of the late-night talk shows, she patted next to her on the couch for me to come sit. I did so readily. Mom cuddled up next to me and then explained that dad's friend, Jack, seemed to be having some family issues. Dad had gone out with his friend to talk (and, I suspected, to drink!). It was very out of character for my father, so the issue must have been very serious to get him out so late on a week night.

Without much thought I leaned over to her and kissed her on her soft lips. She returned it immediately.

Then we were making out on the couch. Dad could return at any moment, but that didn't stop us.

"Mom." I said between kisses.

"You're right. Let's go up to your room." She answered as if reading my mind.

It took longer than usual to climb the steps as we kept stopping to resume our kissing.

We didn't even remove all my clothes, or even mom's robe, only moving the prohibiting fabric enough for me to enter her. It might have seemed like street-corner sex, but the love we each felt was more than our ability to disrobe.

It was just after our second go, when we heard the front door close.

Mom gave me a quick, but tender kiss and wished me good night before hurrying down the stairs.

I heard her telling dad that I had likewise just gotten home and that she had given me a talking to about the hour. I just laughed to myself at that.

Or the second day after that.

I had to work for five hours in the morning and had gotten off at two o'clock in the afternoon.

I went home, hoping but not exactly expecting to do anything with Jenny. She wasn't in the living room, or the kitchen when I got there.

I then went down the hall to her room. I wasn't trying to be quiet, but mom apparently hadn't heard me enter the house. Her door was barely open and before I pushed it open, I saw that she was dressing as she looked to be naked. She was standing with her back mostly to me and she had one foot up on her chair as she was sliding a stocking up her thigh, her other leg already similarly clad.

I had seen her in every state of dress or undress, so it wasn't as if this was some illicit voyeur act I was committing. It did still feel that way, and for that I made no further movement and just watched Jenny work the shimmery hosiery until it was as smooth as the thigh it encased.

She then took a lacy pair of rose red panties from off her bed, and slipped them up her legs. A red corset with black stripes was next and she arranged it around her torso and over her breasts before zipping it up the back. Next, she wrapped an intricately patterned garter belt around her middle and fastened the four straps hanging down to her stockings.

Mom stood in front of her mirror to check her appearance and I saw an approving smile before she turned to slip on a simple flower-patterned dress over her undergarments. I stepped from the doorway as she tied the sash around her waist. I darted back down the hallway and into the living room as her door began to open.

"Oh, Jeremy. I didn't hear you come in." Mom said, startled when she emerged from the hall and saw me standing there.

"I just got home." I lied, but it was just a white one. "You look really nice, mom."

I saw then that she had put on a pair of black heels. That told me that she had specifically dressed for me, as if the lingerie hadn't been clue enough!

"Do you think so?" Mom said as she gave a half-twirl that lifted the hem of her dress up over her knees.

"Stockings?" I asked as if surprised.

"Yes. I have a young man that seems to like his mother wearing them." She gave me an easy smile.

"I like you wearing whatever you put on, Jenny. Or, even nothing at all!" I praised her with a tease.

"I like dressing for you. You appreciate the effort." Mom took a few steps closer to me, cautiously.

"I do. I also like undressing you." I took only one step.

There was then only three feet between us. Thirty-six inches. One small yard. The length of either of our arms.

"I love you undressing me, love." Mom's voice grew breathy, sexy even.

"How about we go upstairs and do some of that undressing?" I nodded towards the stairs while not taking my eyes from hers.

"What? Not even a kiss hello first?" She sounded a bit disappointed, but I knew it wasn't real. Like I would ever pass that up!

"Come here, Jenny!" I demanded as I took another step and caught her in my arms as she sprang into them.

It was a very long hello kiss. Or rather a long series of kisses.

We were both very breathless when we finally pulled apart reluctantly.

"Now?" I asked.

Mom stepped back, took my hand in hers, and pulled me urgently towards the staircase. I allowed myself to be led up to my bedroom with the curves of mom's tush concealed beneath her loose dress.

Once within the doorway, we again kissed, but only for a few minutes.

I pushed her out to arm's length to once again take in her beauty; her lovely brown hair framing her beautiful face perched atop of her slim figure with wonderful mounds jutting towards me, and below, the delightful curves of her waist and hips, all rising from her two toned pillars of perfection that she called legs.

Mom said nothing as I stared, her smile the only reply to my gaze.

I reached out one hand and grabbed the knotted sash and tugged it loose. The dress fell slack and I nudged the covering panel aside so that some of the lingerie I had seen her don was visible.

"Jenny." I pretended surprise. "Were you waiting special for me?

I opened the dress front further so that more of her sexiness was revealed.

"What? These old things? I wear this all the time." Mom said coyly.

I ignored her jibe.

"This still isn't any of what we bought." I complained.

"I'm sorry honey, but I still thought you would like this." Jenny shrugged her shoulders and the dress fell so that it rested on the bends of her elbows. Then it dropped to the floor when she lowered her hands downward.

"I don't like it." I said firmly.

She frowned.

"I love it, Jenny!" I exclaimed lavishly. "How can you not see how beautiful and sexy you are?"

"I never said that I wasn't, just that I wasn't what you claim that I am." She said demurely, while standing before me with her concealed breasts asking to be grabbed and her stocking-clad legs looking so edible, to say nothing of that red covered triangle.

It was then as I was again gazing admirably at my mother's indecently dressed body that I realized something that I hadn't noticed while I spied on her dressing.

"Jenny. You've put the garters on wrong." I complained softly. "The panties are supposed to go over them so you can get them off."

The sexy smile she gave me then said so much for her intent that she almost didn't have to explain her mistake. It was sly, mischievous, devilish, playful, and downright naughty. She looked at me from under her eyelids which she blinked slowly and guiltily.

"No, I didn't do them wrong." Jenny said sultrily. "I wanted you to spend more time having to get them off before you could get to my panties."

I stood in amazement at my mother. My Jenny. My lover.

"Wow." I mumbled as she posed like a pinup for me.

Now, to be correct, I didn't necessarily need to get mom's panties off to do anything with her. I could get a finger in around the scrap of rosy cloth. That same fabric wouldn't impede my lips' or tongue's invasion. Neither would it stop me from sliding it aside and shoving my rampant dick in her womanhood.

But it was the intent that sparked my interest!

That Jenny had intentionally done this to prolong my teasing of her, of making our time together longer, of building her lust to a fever pitch before doing anything more, was just one more sign of how much I loved her. And she me.

I fell to my knees as if in awe of this woman.

I was, but that wasn't the reason I went to my knees.

I bent my head so I could kiss her stockinged right calf.

The rest of her calf was now jealous of that spot, so I had to fix that by kissing every other spot on that calf. This caused a complaint from the left calf that I had to quiet with my lips. Then both thighs protested their exclusion that I had to remedy immediately. The left and right feet

wouldn't stand for that and demanded my attention also. Though for that I had to first remove Jenny's heels. I lifted each foot in turn for my admiration of it.

Jenny at first smiled. Then giggled shyly. Soft moans followed and loving sighs of delight.

"You make even the littlest things such an arousing event, hun." She spoke breathily.

"Only because you are worthy of my worship my love."

It may have sounded over the top, but I was in the heat of the moment. Not that I didn't mean every word though!

When I finished, there was one more area in need of my tongue and lips.

One that was drooling in anticipation if the darker spot at the middle of the red field was any indication.

And the fact of the scent of her arousal.

"Did you like that, mom?"

Jenny may have loved me illicitly using her name, but there was also something about calling her mom while doing things that were so nasty.

"I love it dear. I love you." Jenny purred. "But maybe, sometimes you tease for too long. I really need you to move along please."

"Is your little kitty in need of some loving?" I asked so pretentiously.

"Yes. Please." She mewed.

I didn't need to be hit over the head to know when a woman needed her pussy licked!

And it was then that Jenny's 'mistake' came back on herself!

She wanted me to then hurry, but I had to spend the extra time undoing the small clasps of the elastic bands holding her stockings! And I made sure to take my time and not rip, or tear, or in any way mar the straps or the stockings.

"Damnit, Jeremy!" Mom growled at me in consternation.

"I'm sorry, Jenny, but someone put her panties on wrong!" I teased back as I finished the one leg and then moved to the other.

I did spend less care in unfastening those last two straps!

I rubbed a finger over the dark, and as I suspected, wet spot of Jenny's lacy red panties.

"Ooo!" She cooed loudly.

"You have to pet the kitty first, otherwise it might claw, or even bite you!" I then pressed my finger more firmly against the spot, feeling the flesh beneath give under my pressure.

"Oh fuck!"

"I think I can take these panties off now. It seems that you've soiled them anyway."

I was a bit worried mom would rip my head off my body so she could shove it into her twat!

Her need only caused more delay, as I was pulling her underwear down her legs, she just got them tangled at her ankles in her rush to get them off of her.

I gave her a soft, but firm push so that she fell onto her back on my mattress. Her thighs fell wide with her knees bent deeply.

"Lick my damn pussy, damn you!" She ordered me as fiercely as she had ever told me to do chores.

"Mom, language!" I added one more quip.

"Fuck you, just eat me, you shit!"

WOW!

I'm sure I've mentioned before how much I loved my mom, haven't I?

With a desperate, beautiful, half-naked woman laying on my bed with her legs wide and her coochie wet with need, I guess one of the things that I had to do was eat that bitch!

So that's what I did!

I dove between Jenny's V'd thighs with half my legs hanging over the side of my bed and my hard dick being uncomfortably crushed in the confinement of my pants. I did get right to work with licking over her sensitive parts, but I did so softly and without real purpose. I may have been licking her, but I was doing it teasingly!

"Please, Jeremy!" Mom begged plaintively. "You've teased me enough! I'm soaking wet and I need you to lick me and make me cum! Please?"

I couldn't make my mother beg, so I began sucking on her soft hood and the little nub within, flicking both with my tongue between my vacuuming lips.

"Oh God! Like that! Oh, fuck yeah!" Jenny happily exclaimed when I changed the focus of my intent.

I still wasn't eating her such that she would orgasm; I was now familiar enough with my mother's pussy that I could keep her on edge while not letting up with my oral onslaught. I licked over her hard pearl for a few seconds, then I would plunge my tongue deep into her chasm to drink up the juices pouring forth, I lapped over her labia while giving them soft nips with my teeth, before returning to the center of her need. Jenny was squirming beneath my face; her stocking-clad legs were alternating between wrapping around my back then twitching about

on my bed. Her hands grabbed my hair and held my head firmly against her crotch as it jerked up to my invading and probing tongue.

"Make me cum, honey! I need you to make mommy cummmm!" Jenny wailed.

My mother had never failed me at any time that I needed to orgasm so that I couldn't let her down when she was so desperate!

I relented with pleasing over all her genitalia and then focused intently on the trigger that would set her onward to the fields of ecstasy.

"Suck my clit! Yesss! Ohhhh ... yessss! I loooove thattt! I loooovvve youuu!"

Jenny's hands pressed so tightly on the back of my head that I barely had a hair's breadth to lick her sensitive tip so I solved that by taking the job into my mouth and worked it with my tongue and the barest nibbles of my teeth. I was glad for the firmness of her hold on my head as her bucking hips would have done serious damage to my dental work.

"Gaaaaah! Ooooo! Ooohhh!"

Mom's hips jerked hard against my mouth as she finally went off. Copious amounts of her syrupy liquid poured into my mouth, but also over my lower face, chin, and dripped around her shivering thighs to dampen my bed once again. I kept up my licks as much as I could with her thrashing wildly against my jaw. When she finally went slack and fell limply deep into the mattress, I lifted my dripping face from her delicious fountain.

Jenny had a dreamy look on her face, her eyes blindly staring at my plain ceiling as if it might be the greatest artwork. Her body was slick with sweat. I saw that her breasts had sprung free from the top of the red silky corset, the imprint of the tight bodice around the topsides of mom's tits.

Her eyes came to mine with a blissful fog in them.

"Oh. I'm sorry, honey." Jenny started. "I'm nearly naked and you still have on all your clothes."

She said that as if it was a bad thing!

Not that I didn't want to be naked with her, just as long as I got to be with her!

Jenny rose, a bit slowly, and reached out towards my buttoned shirt. She started at the top and managed to get two of them loose before growing too impatient to continue. Instead, she grabbed the two lapels and pulled them open quickly, sending clear little buttons flying.

"Mom!" I exclaimed in surprise. I was too shocked by this action to think about what I was calling her.

"What? A woman can't be in a hurry to get her man undressed?" Jenny asked gruffly.

"No, I mean, well, yes. Sure!" I stumbled over my meaning. "I just never had anyone do so!"

"Or is it because you always are wearing those tee shirts?" She had no animosity in her tone.

Mom tugged my shirt off around my shoulders and arms and I let her do it all herself. She glanced anxiously at my face and I just stared at her undressing me with her boobs resting exposed on her bright red satiny corset. She then moved down to my belt, fumbling it in her hurry to release it.

"Today you decide to wear a belt?" There was a touch of scorn in her voice then.

"I always do with my pants at work. You've just never had reason to notice it before." I replied casually.

I had started doing that only recently, so she could be forgiven. I felt that I had to start being a bit more adult in my appearance, if only at work.

Jenny shook her head in exasperation and bent back to my pants fly and zipper. I giggled inside at her struggle in her rush to get into my pants. Pants that were bulging outward to her and were perhaps the cause of her problems as she may not have been fully watching what she was doing with her fingers.

"You really don't know how to tease, do you Jenny?" I told her facetiously.

"I don't know how you have the patience when you do it when you have to want it as much as I."

She had gotten my pants undone and unzipped and was then working them down my hips and thighs.

"I just want to pleasure you more than I am worried about my own relief." I answered with complete honesty.

"You always say the perfect thing dear." Jenny looked up at me with love mixed with the lust she was feeling then.

"It's just how I feel. The better I treat you, the more likely that you will be willing to take care of me when I want it." I told her. "Isn't that how it should be?"

I knew it was. And I knew how many people didn't feel likewise. Too many, even loving couples, were more worried about their own pleasure and not their lovers'.

"Help me get these damn pants off you so that I can better treat you." Mom said roughly as she tugged my pants again.

I grinned. Her intent was heartfelt, but I also knew that she was hoping that there would be more of me taking care of her! There was no harm in her intention and I went along with her happily.

I kicked off my shoes that would have given her more problems when she got my pants that far. I wriggled a little and mom shucked my pants down to my ankles as I sat on the bed in just my tented underwear. We

left my socks on, as neither of us could take the effort to rid me of them and they weren't hindering anything we might do.

"See anything you like?" I asked, repeating something she had once asked of me.

I didn't need to ask as her eyes were practically riveted to my big top.

"Nothing too tempting, but I suppose that I can just settle for this thing!" Mom said as she reached out a hand and grabbed my fleshy pole inside its cloth concealment.

"Settle? Settle!" I protested loudly. "Now see here young lady! That is grade A prime beef!"

"Beef? That's a cow, love." Jenny smiled at me as her fingers caressed over my 'beef'.

"You know what I meant!" I stared hard at her sparkling face and shimmering eyes.

"I was teasing, honey! I would never just settle for this beautiful thing!"

If she kept fondling it without taking off the wrapping, she would miss out on the wonderful cream filling!

"Uh ... Jenny ..." I muttered and nodded to her hand.

"Look, now I am teasing you! I'm getting the hang of this."

Her smiling face with its grinning leer was priceless.

Mom rubbed her palm over my erection as she withdrew her hand slowly.

Her eyes lit up when she tugged my boxers down and freed my dick from captivity. Almost as if this was the first time that she had seen my willie! She looked again up at me with a hopeful, questioning, lustful, and just such an openness of her emotions.

It might have felt vulgar to respond to that pure gaze with my next words.

"Suck my cock, mom!"

There was no humor, scorn, or exasperation at my phrasing. Jenny just looked down at my raging member with wonder and hunger and then while delicately holding me in her hand, she wrapped her lips around the end of my dick and half-kissed, half-sucked.

"Like that?" She asked so innocently. As if she didn't know exactly what I wanted!

"Close. Keep trying." I encouraged her.

I laid back onto my bed to allow mom to work her will and her magic on my love pole.

Jenny started slowly, whether from a desire to tease, that she was still recovering from her intense climax, or that she was overwhelmed with emotion and couldn't just begin bobbing and shucking. I didn't care what she did with my manhood, just as long as she didn't rip it off to pleasure herself. I had complete faith in my lover's actions.

My soft moans may not have been enough encouragement for Jenny.

"Do you like that?"

That she had to ask seemed incongruous to me. She had blown me countless times, always to a fantastic completion.

"You know I do, Jenny!" I groaned as she took me as deep as she could easily.

"Tell me. Tell me what you want." Mom's voice was barely above a whisper.

"You know what I like. Just like you always do." I answered her with a little assurance.

"I want you to tell me. Like you have me do with you." She clarified.

Oh.

I had always let her do as she wanted. We had played with her telling me what to do, but I had never been vocal about what mom did with me. Other than the crude directives such as 'suck my dick'. I had never had the need to tell her what to do, mom knew what I wanted almost better than I did. Even if I didn't like contemplating it, Jenny had had years of experience handling a dick.

"Suck it, mom." I said simply.

"I know that. Tell me specifically."

I didn't know 'specifically'. It seemed pretty easy to me. Then as I thought about what I did with her pussy and it could be said that it was simple also. Lick, lick, tease the clit, orgasm. But it was far more than that.

"Lick up and down the sides, but not the head." I began. That should get her started.

Jenny did as I said eagerly, running her tongue over the hard skin as if it was the tastiest ice cream and she didn't want to spill one bit. She looked up at me with a smile shining in her eyes as she held me with one hand and lapped my shaft lusciously.

"Oh, that's nice." I complimented my lover. "Now put the head in your mouth and just run your lips over the side, but with no tongue now."

Mom's eyes were on fire as she slid her mouth over the leaking head. Her lips on my smooth flesh felt so amazing.

"Take it all in your mouth, mom. Without using your hands, just suck it up and down using just your mouth."

She kept her eyes on mine as she did this, her emerald orbs sucking my eyes as well as her lips did with my throbbing dick!

"Oh, that's incredible, Jenny!" I gasped as she pushed deeper than she usually managed. "You really don't need me to tell you. You are the best cocksucker as I've already told you."

Jenny pulled off of me slowly and left my saliva-coated cock to hang before her lips as she spoke.

"I want you to tell me, Jeremy. I want you to tell me what you want, not what I want to do to you. Command me." She then took me back just as deeply, still hands-free.

I saw what she wanted!

"You're just a cocksucking slut that needs to be told what to do? Is that it, mommy?" I hadn't intended to go there, but if Jenny wanted it ...

"Am I a good slut for my baby?" She asked purring sultrily, made more so with her spit dripping from her lips with a strand still connecting her lower lip to my dick.

"Oh, shit yeah!" I wouldn't last long if she insisted on continuing this! "A good slut sucks her lover's balls! Give 'em a good tongue bath, bitch."

I hadn't gotten that foulmouthed with Jenny in some while. We had had a phase, but our feelings and love had grown deeper and I thought that it was beneath us at that point. Having had Erin join us had also given us more of that extra thrill so that vocabulary was no longer required. But maybe it was.

Jenny was licking my hairy balls as eagerly as she had ever done with my cock. She even did something that she couldn't normally do with my dick; she took both nuts in her mouth and sucked on them softly. It was a strange feeling and very pleasant, though I was nervous about having those sensitive nuggets within anyone's mouth!

"Mommy loves her son's big balls! Are they full of delicious cream just for me? I want you to give it all to me, honey!" She said after releasing them and cradled them like a prized possession. They were. Just that they were mine and not hers! I guess though, they would be the thing that would be possibly giving her grandchildren sometime in the future, so she should take good care of them!

"Run your tongue around my head. Get under the edge of it!" I ordered Jenny.

"I love, love your big cock, lover!" Jenny growled softly as she did as I said, her tongue swirling around the domed flesh and even the sensitive cleft on the bottom.

"Oh, damn, Jenny! Like that! Lick that cock!" I groaned. "Stroke it now, use both your hands!"

I was so close at that point!

"I want you to make me fill your mouth with my spunk! Suck my dick, mom! Make me cum right down your slutty throat!"

"Oh yes baby! Give it to me! I love your cum, Jeremy!" Mom quickly brought both hands to my erection and used both to stroke me alternatively while she pushed her face deep on my length.

I didn't need to give her specifics on what to do to make me explode in her hungry mouth; my cocksucking mother knew exactly what to do for that!

"Jenny!" I croaked loudly as my hips then bucked without my control as my need took control of my body. My balls tightened and I shook as I expelled loads of semen into mom's sucking mouth.

The world spun around my head for a few moments before I could see clearly again.

I looked down my body and saw Jenny cleaning my dick with long leisurely licks that were more about her loving my cock and less about cleanliness of my privates. Her eyes lit on mine and I saw the smile in them that couldn't fit on her lips with her mouth full of my meat stick.

"Are you going to be able to go again?" She asked me softly while trailing her soft tongue up my still mostly hard flesh.

As if she didn't already know the answer to that!

I would always be ready for her again! Even if being ready might take a few minutes.

"Keep doing what you're doing, lady, and you'll get your answer to that!" I told her.

"Good!" She seemed almost giddy. "Mommy needs you to shove this prick up her wet pussy, baby!"

'Baby' needed that also!

Jenny resumed her fellatio with more than the idly licking she'd been doing as we spoke, going down on me with a new zest as she bobbed and stroked. I noted she didn't need direction anymore, her desire to get screwed more than a want to be commanded.

"Watch it there, Jenny. Leave some of that for your tasty twat!" I groaned as I cautioned her.

"I just love sucking your cock so much, honey!" Mom looked across at me with a fire in her eyes and a fierce hunger on her face.

"I know you do, just as much as I love eating your cunt! But if you really want this thing in you, don't go biting it off!"

She was bobbing and shucking so ferociously that I did worry she might inadvertently separate me from my dick!

"Fuck me now, Jeremy! I can't wait any longer! Shove your magnificent cock deep in mommy's pussy!" Jenny sat up almost quivering with lust and impatience.

My magnificent cock was more than ready! I don't think I waned in the interim, but mom's sucking either got me hard again, or had kept it so. I was rock hard and ready to rock her world!

"Any preference, slut?" I asked as I shook my steely flesh at her.

"Doggy." Jenny declared without any preamble and nimbly got into position with her delightfully derrière pointed at me.

With such an incredible invitation, how could I refuse!

I got up onto my knees and clambered between her stockinged-calves and marveled at the marvelous sight that was presented to me. My mother's bare bottom with her little puckered entrance barely visible between the curvaceous cheeks, bits of stray hairs dotting around the cleft below her asshole, and her wet labia splayed wide in anticipation of my invasion of her womanhood.

I couldn't resist laying hands on that toned tush and brought a hand back to give it a good smack. Then I did the same with the other hand.

"Oh!" Jenny cried out each time but made no complaint for my abuse.

So, I did the same for each buttock again.

"Spank your bad mommmy! I'm such a nasty slut for my son's biiiggg cock! I let him do whatever he wants with me and I need to be punished really good!" Mom growled wantonly at me.

I wanted to make a comment about something that she hadn't let me do to her and at the time I could think of nothing. My slutty mother really did let me do whatever I wanted with her sexy body!

"Do you want to get fucked, Jenny?" I asked with another slap on each cheek.

"I do! I do want to get fucked! I need it so badly baby! Fuck my damned cunt really hard!" She almost screamed at me.

Well, since mom asked so nicely, how could I say no?

I grabbed my dick and rubbed it against her wet hole. Not that I needed any lube; mom was dripping and I would just slide right in. And so, I did.

"Oh God yes! Give me that dick! Shove it all the way in this slut's soaked pussy, honey!" I was sure some of the neighbor's might have even heard that one!

I don't know why she was asking for it all the way as I already was as she yelled it. To reinforce that, I gave her another shove while buried in her so she could feel my crotch pressing against her beautiful ass.

"Oh! I'm so full of your cock dear! If you were any bigger, I would just explode!" She cried out as she dropped her face to my pillow.

I knew that wasn't the case, as I had come out of that hole! I'm sure that exit wasn't as pleasurable as my reentrance had always been.

I began a slow in and out, feeling every bit of mom's depths with my pussy exploring tool. I was in no hurry at that time. Which wasn't the case for my partner.

"Ram that fucker in me, damn you, Jeremy!"

I ignored her.

I might be quick to obey to get the chance to stick my dick in her, but after that, I was in the driver's seat.

I continued my measured tempo no matter how much Jenny bitched in protest. I swiveled my hips to probe every corner of that clenching quivering chasm, but my speed was unaltered.

"Please baby! I need it harder! You've got me so hot that I can't stand it! Plow that cock in me and fill me up!"

I had to chuckle inside at the similarity of my mom with her mom. Or even her sister too! Too bad there weren't any more female relatives on that side of the family. That I knew about anyway. That was probably a good thing, at least for my dick that had more than enough pussy to drill into.

Speaking of drilling, I had a real gusher on my hands, as I felt mom's juices leaking profusely down my thighs. At that moment, I was fairly sure that when mom went off, that I would once again have a soaked mattress. That awareness didn't slow my pistoning, rather, it urged me to up my pace.

Having sex with my mother, my lover, my amazing Jenny, was more encouragement, more arousal, more urge than I needed to increase the power of my strokes.

Her beauty, her love, her lust built up my own burning need such that it wasn't as long as I would have desired before I was thrusting as deep, hard, and fast as we both wanted. Sweat poured from me to rain down on her own slick frame. The slap of my loins on her pliable ass was almost as loud as my grunts and Jenny's cries for more. I grabbed as

tightly as I could on her damp hips as I slammed again and again against the backs of her thighs and plush butt.

"More! More! Fuck ... me! Fuuuuck meeee!" Jenny wailed as she quickly approached the limits of her flesh.

My own limits weren't far off either. Both, my muscles and my balls.

As was usual for the two of us, Jenny peaked first. And second, as once reached, she reached it again only moments after. Her lust, her passion, and her need were so great, that she even managed to be third before I gave her my all and then gave her my all. Heart, soul, and sperm poured from my tiny hole to fill her insides.

My hands lost their hold as my exertion exceeded my body's limit and I fell, heedless where I fell. The last thing I felt was wetness on my back as if I was falling into an ocean.

I felt kisses on my lips before the world solidified again. I opened my eyes slowly and found Jenny smiling over me with her face only hairs above my own. Her face positively glowed, her love beaming onto my being.

"Hello." I said hoarsely.

I felt that I had then truly died to have such an angel hovering over me.

"Hello yourself." Jenny whispered.

I just stared wordlessly. There were none that could express what I felt.

"It can never be said that you don't give it everything you have." Her tone was loving even as her words were of jest.

"Everything I have is yours." I responded simply.

"Not everything, honey." Her green eyes flared brightly as I fell into them.

She must have seen my question.

"There is a part of you that I have lost." Mom started. "The part that you have given to Erin."

I knew of what she spoke and I started to apologize, or say something in response.

"No, no, it's alright. It's what I want for you. What I've always wanted for you. Remember all that time ago when I ordered you to find a girl. Someone to have a life with without me. I might have come to my senses about how I feel about you, but that desire for you to eventually go your own way is still in me. You may delay it, with your decision about college, but it will still come sooner or later. There is nothing either of us can do about it."

I tried to argue, to protest. She hushed me before I got a word out.

"No, it's alright. It's what has to be. We will enjoy what time we get together, and we'll have lots of time together if I have any say. But I do love Justin. I realize that more now than when we started all this. Just that I love you too. Even if that might be more. You have Erin. I'm your past and your present, but she is your present and very possibly, your future."

Jenny, mom gave me a kiss on my damp forehead.

"Her ideas may have seemed far-fetched once, but now, I think she was dead on."

"I may be leaning that way myself." I grinned at the notion, even as I was saddened by Jenny's words. I felt the truth of them even as I rallied against them.

"You may not see me that way, but I am getting older. You have a whole life ahead of you. I want it to be full, and happy. I also want you to have kids. Not just because I want to have grandkids, but because I know that you'll be a great father. And a great husband, whether with Erin or somebody else."

"Jenny. Mom."

"Also, I want you to have kids so that you can see what a pain in the ass they can be!" Mom now smiled cheerfully.

"Do you want me to be a pain in your ass, mom? Do you want to go again?" I teased.

"You aren't a pain in my ass anymore, honey. Even with what you are suggesting." Her eyes gleamed with my dirty retort, but she didn't take the bait. Then she left me floundering when she even cut the line.

"I don't think you are in any shape for anymore fooling around today. I might have even taken part of tomorrow from you!" Mom's grin glowed, but I saw deep in her eyes that her own words had caused a hurt inside.

I still had to defend my honor, even if she was probably right!

"Hey! Give me a few minutes, maybe even a quick shower, and I'll be raring to go again! I can show you what a pain in the ass I can be!" I did struggle to sit up.

It was then that I noticed the puddle that I had been lying in.

"Dammit mom! You soaked my bed again!" I protested half-heartedly.

"Why do you think I wanted to use yours instead of mine!" She laughed as she stood.

Mom readjusted her satiny corset to cover her breasts again. She put her hands on her hips as she stood there with only the red around her middle and the darkened stockings now loose on her legs. I had never noticed the garter belt being removed.

Seeing her standing thus attired, or unattired as it were, brought a stiffness to my will, if not my weinie.

Mom stood there and stared back at me with a huge smile on her face. Her hair was a mess, but it took nothing away from her loveliness. The

two of us just gazed at each other as if it was a contest to see who would balk first. If so, I had far more practice than mom!

"Okay, you win! I can't outstare you, dear." Mom broke her eyes from me. "Besides, I don't have an as interesting view as you do!"

Hey!

But she was right. I would much rather stare at her than myself as well.

"Go take a shower. I'll take care of your... um, mess." Mom waved the back of her hand at me.

She had caused it; it was her mess! Well, I might have had a small part to play in it.

"You really are beautiful, mom." I rose slowly and went to the doorway in just my socks.

"Me? I'm as much of a mess as your poor bed, but thank you." She brought a hand up to her head to try to pat the matted hair down.

"I'll be quick and I'll come back and we'll flip the mattress." I hurried off to the bathroom in need of the refreshing hot water. And to make some water of my own!

I returned ten minutes later, sans socks, with a towel around my waist. Mom had stripped my bed and unfortunately put her panties back on. At least she hadn't completely redressed though.

We flipped the mattress, I took the wet bedding to the hamper, and mom got fresh, and dry, sheets.

"I sometimes think that it's a good thing that I wet your bed, just so your sheets get changed once in a while!" Mom scoffed as we finished remaking my bed.

"I think it's a good thing that you soak my bed, whether I get my sheets changed or not!" I rejoined. I gave her an easy smile.

"For what you did to me, you can have me soak whatever of yours you want, young man!" Mom tossed one of my pillows at me. "And get dressed! If you keep strutting about in just that towel, you just might tempt me more than I can resist!"

"You can resist me?" I swirled the towel off my waist. "How about now?"

Yes, I was completely shriveled and was only barely self-conscious of my state.

"That only makes it easier!" Mom quipped with a wide grin on her lips.

She bent to pick up her remaining clothes and shoes before crossing over to where I stood totally naked before her. She eyed me up and down with an appraising eye before cupping my entirety in her wide palm.

"You don't really measure up to my standards." She gave me a final tease before she gave me a quick kiss on the lips and exited my room.

I turned quickly to watch her wiggling her panty-clad ass as she walked out of view. I went to the doorway to see my incredible mother and lover strutting down the hall and then down the stairs. I'm sure she was putting more shake in that walk than usual. I was sure out of my sight, she was grinning.

I had to work the next few days and although my work schedule left me plenty of free time during the day and in the evenings, it was just me, mom, and dad at home. I did spend much of that time with Erin, but we didn't get much time to do anything sexual. Just being with her was as nice as the sex. And that's saying a lot coming from an eighteen-

year-old guy! But I did truly love just being around my cute, frizzy red-haired girlfriend.

We did have one incident that was memorable.

Erin and I had spent a pleasant evening at our favorite club, listening to the eclectic music, dancing together, and even chatting with a number of other regulars. I had had no outlet for a day and a half, so I was easily excitable of which Erin noticed while we danced. She teased me throughout the night, both physically and verbally. I said nothing as I assumed that I would be relieved by either her, or later, possibly by Jenny.

I took Erin home without any indication from her that she would help me. That is until I parked in front of her house. Then, without word she reached over and started to undo my pants. I just stared at her. I did have to slide my seat all the way back to give her room to lean over and take my nearly fully erect dick in her mouth. The steering wheel hampered her movements, but she was dedicated and I was very close already anyway.

Erin didn't let me go off too quickly, as she wanted to enjoy this also. I just leaned as far back into my car seat as I could and let her do whatever she wanted with my fleshy stick shift.

I was trembling with my need and had to fight the urge to grab her head and thrust up into her face until I came down her throat. My hands instead were locked on the steering wheel as I grunted and groaned in extreme pleasure.

"Erin!" I cried out helplessly as her mouth ravaged my cock.

I then accidentally bumped the horn.

Erin laughed with her mouth full of me and I looked around the quiet, darkened neighborhood guiltily.

I saw a light come on in her house and a shadowy head appeared in a window. From its hairdo, and more, its height relative to the window, I knew it to be her mother Charise.

The head moved side to side as if looking for the source of the sound and then it was evident that it was then directed to my car. I couldn't see much of any detail but as I had parked near a street light, I knew that I was very visible to anyone that looked. The absence of her daughter's head and the reclined, and position of my seat, left little doubt to where Erin was and what she was doing.

I was surprised when that head didn't move from the window and seemed to be watching what wasn't observable from the house. It gave

me an extra thrill to know that Charise was watching me getting head from her daughter even if she couldn't actually see it! I even imagined it was my girlfriend's fairly sexy mother that had her lips locked around my thick shaft.

No matter Erin's skill, that image of Charise's mouth on my dick was enough that her daughter could no longer prevent me rocketing my cum deep into Erin's mouth.

I surprised her with my sudden and ferocious climax, and she struggled to swallow the unexpected creamy liquid spraying in her mouth. I fought to keep from screaming out my bliss with the knowledge that Charise could have possibly heard me if I had.

"Wow lover! That was a big load! Been saving that just for me?" Erin sat up and clearly wiped her face with the back of her hand. "Jenny hasn't helped you out at all?"

I was still watching the window and with the backlight I couldn't have seen anything, but I still imagined I could see the shock on Erin's mom's face when her daughter lifted her head from my lap.

"Something wrong, Jeremy?" Erin asked when I didn't answer her. She then looked to the house when she saw where my attention was aimed.

The dark head moved away before Erin could see it.

"Ah, nothing. I ... uh, was just really ready to explode. You've been making it hard all night with the teasing." I hastily explained.

"Yes. It has been hard all night hasn't it?" She teased me as she stroked my still mostly stiff dick.

I hadn't intended the insinuation as my attention had been elsewhere.

"And you suck me so well, honey!" I pulled my eyes from the still-lit window to Erin's glowing blue eyes.

She licked her lips.

"Because you taste so good, love!" Erin grinned sexily at me.

She then leaned over to kiss me.

I hesitated. I didn't mean to. I knew that she had nothing of me left in or on her mouth. Still, there was a noticeable pause.

Erin's face growled at me in consternation. Then she more determinedly pushed her lips at mine and kissed me deeply.

I returned it doubly, my love and passion more than my disquiet.

While thus engaged, I did sneak my eyes open and looked again at that still illuminated window.

How much did Erin's mother see? How much did she suspect?

Erin returned my half-hard cock to its confinement with a happy smile before opening the door.

"Do you want to cum up to the door and have another go?" Her tone made clear the precise spelling of her intent.

She wanted to blow me on her front porch? With the porch light on?

With her mother just beyond that wall?

"Um ... no, I'm good. I owe you one now." I answered hurriedly.

Erin looked at me a moment as if unsure about something and then the look passed from her cute little face.

"Text me later." She blew me a kiss before closing the car door.

I watched her walk to the porch, climb the steps, and unlock the door. I waved when she turned back to me and gave me a wave in return. I had to glance at that window again before I started the car and drove away.

Mom told me that since our last shopping trip had been shortened, that she wanted to try again. She said nothing of what had happened and I wasn't going to bring it up either. I still wasn't completely sure what had happened and after the one day on the news, the story was replaced by some scandal with a local politician.

I readily agreed, and after I told Erin of the plans, she insisted on going with us. Erin told me that if things like what had happened occurred around me, she wanted to be there. Again, I agreed, as did mom.

The mall was still closed due to the health issues (or was it?), so we had to make alternate plans. Mom decided that we would go into the city on Saturday and that we would make it a whole day affair.

Which was perfect with Johnny and Jojo absent, and dad would be off with his golfing.

I once again rose early to shop with mom, but now with the happy addition of my girlfriend. It was a warm, sunny day with few overhead clouds, so I dressed appropriately. I did replace my usual tee shirt with a loose, button up, short sleeve shirt.

Mom wore an above the knee black pencil skirt, a white pull-over top with buttons to her cleavage that she left all but one undone, and a pair of sandals. They were nice sandals, but still sandals. She even added some dangly earrings and a silver necklace to go along with her diamond bracelet and watch. Light makeup and a touch of her favorite perfume made her irresistible! With her small purse hanging from her shoulder, we were off.

Erin was already on her porch as we pulled up and she rushed gaily to my car. She had on a tight printed baby blue top and a very short denim skirt that hid nothing of her sexy legs. Spotless white court shoes and tiny booty socks covered her feet. I hadn't thought about seating, but Erin got in back without question. She was bubbly and chatted easily with mom while I drove.

A short trip on the expressway to the downtown exit and I quickly found a parking spot.

"Where to, ladies?" I asked as we got out in the morning sunshine.

"Let's just window shop first." Mom suggested. "It's a beautiful day and I'm in no hurry."

"It is!" Erin exclaimed in agreement. She took my hand in hers. Then with a glance at my mom, she took her hand also. "And I have the two best companions too!"

"No, I have the two most beautiful women!" I declared loudly.

"Thank you, honey." Mom said.

Erin kissed my cheek as her answer.

We set off down the sidewalk. There were quite a few people going their own ways; not so many as a business day, but a fair number regardless. No one gave us the slightest notice. I grinned inside. Not one of them had any idea that we weren't just a mother with her son and his girlfriend out enjoying the day with some shopping. If anybody knew the truth, then it wouldn't be quick noncommittal smiles that would greet us, but instead gasps of shock and stunned gazes.

I just followed the two women's lead, happy just to be with them both even if it wasn't in a bed.

We browsed through a number of shops, seemingly spending more time looking at womenswear than anything for me. That was fine by me since I had already told mom that I didn't think I needed a new wardrobe.

After exiting one very expensive boutique; one with a very sexy woman working there that all three of us kept staring at between guilty giggles, Erin turned to my mom.

"Jenny. I've always been curious." Erin started out cautiously.

"Yes, dear." Mom casually answered her.

"That's such a beautiful bracelet." Erin lifted mom's arm. "Why do you wear it along with such a cheap, ugly watch?"

Mom's face dropped at my girlfriend's question. A sadness came over her, along with some uneasiness on my part.

The look on mom's face had Erin quick to apologize.

"I'm sorry, Jenny! I didn't mean to offend you! What did I say?" Erin looked to me for explanation.

I kept quiet and just shrugged.

Ugly?

"It's okay dear. You couldn't know." Mom brightened again.

She then told Erin the story behind dad's makeup gift and my birthday watch. Mom even took it off to show Erin the engraving on the back.

"I'm sorry again, Jenny. But why do you wear such a gaudy bracelet beside such a thoughtful gift?" Erin changed her stance tactfully.

I noted that she didn't repent her 'cheap' crack!

Still.

I gave her a quick kiss. "Nice try, babe!"

Mom looked at us both thoughtfully. A wistfulness filled her gorgeous face.

"The bracelet is an apology for something that I'd almost rather forget, but also something that I need to remember." Mom spoke softly and carefully. "Seeing Justin nearly in tears when he apologized. And his declaration to win back my love and trust isn't anything to make light about. Especially as it was that 'incident' that almost caused me to lose my handsome son and amazing young lover."

Mom turned to look at me with all her love.

"Aw, thanks, mom." I answered and kissed her cheek.

Erin studied the two of us lovingly.

She then kissed mom's cheek also.

The matter was dropped and we continued on to the next store.

Just after noon we all decided we were hungry and wanted to find someplace to have some lunch.

The girls found an outdoor café and seated themselves. I doubted the heartiness of the menu at such a place, but joined them anyway.

A guy in his mid- to late twenties in an apron came over and welcomed us. He seemed kind of smarmy to me with the way he fawned over my companions while almost ignoring me. Just because I wasn't wearing a short skirt? After bringing us waters and menus he left us to decide. I was surprised to see a decently sized burger on the menu.

Mom and Erin giggled at each side of me and slid their chairs closer to me.

"Are you jealous, honey, that that cute waiter was paying so much attention to Erin and me?" Mom asked me with a cheery smile on her face.

"It's okay lover, I'm sure he isn't as well-equipped as you!" Erin grinned likewise and reached under the table to put her hand on my equipment.

I jumped a little at her firm hold. There was no tablecloth and we were sitting only spitting distance from the bustling street.

Then there was a second hand on my crotch.

I turned to stare at my mother's sexy smiling face.

"Besides dear, you know the cliché about most waiters being gay anyway. Maybe he was purposely being coy with you!" She joked with me.

I saw the way the waiter had studied both well-defined chests and glanced at the bare legs beneath the small round table. He wasn't gay!

The man returned to take our orders and my female tormentors removed their hands casually. If he had seen anything untoward, he gave no reaction.

I ordered the big burger with fries while the girls each chose different types of salad dishes. Mom also ordered a glass of white wine, while Erin and I stuck with colas. The waiter blatantly flirted with both women as if neither of them was with me. He wasn't discourteous to me, but just quickly took my order before returning to chatting with my women. Neither of them helped the situation as they gladly returned his banter happily with nary a comment to me in his presence.

Both of them were practically giggling when he went into the small restaurant.

"Yeah, I don't think he's gay, Jenny. I think he might still have one of his eyeballs in your cleavage!" Erin laughed cheerily to mom.

"I did say only most were!" Mom said defensively but laughed along with Erin.

She also reached up and unbuttoned that last button to reveal more of that splendid cleft between her breasts.

"Mom!" I whispered loudly in protest.

Both of them only laughed more.

Their hands also returned to my bulge for a tandem teasing of the tent there.

I just shook my head and let them rub their fingers on my then-aching dick. I hoped that I would get the opportunity to repay their groping with some of my own. Or even more!

We chatted casually about nothing in particular until our food arrived.

The hands retreated as they were now needed to eat and I was left to consume my huge burger. It was very good, which somewhat surprised me for such a little restaurant. Mom and Erin seemed pleased with their own fare as they were each focused more on eating than chatting or teasing me.

Even though theirs each had less volume than mine, I still managed to finish the burger before they did with their salads. Mom gave me an exasperated look when I acted impatient. I gave out a little belch in response which only increased her demeanor. Erin just laughed in reply.

The waiter returned a few times to check on us and refilled the colas and brought mom another glass of wine. He had to notice that mom had undone her button to let him look deeper, but he gave no more attention there than before. The women flirted back with him as much as he did with them. I just rolled my eyes and tried to suppress my groan.

If he was gay, then so was I! And I definitely wasn't!

Erin and mom finally declared they were done, even though each had more than a few bites left on their plates. When I looked intently at mom, she answered.

"A lady doesn't make a pig of herself."

Erin gave the better answer.

"I don't want to fill up on salad. I might want some sausage later!"

Both laughed again as it was very obvious that I was the sausage of which she referred.

I had no problem with that!

The annoying waiter returned again, this time with the bill which mom paid before he got a chance to get away. I didn't get to see it, or the amount that she left for a gratuity, but I'm sure it was more than generous.

We sat for a few more moments enjoying the afternoon and the bustling going on around us. Life seemed so perfect right then.

As one we stood, but both of them seemed to read the other's mind as each again ran a hand over my erection.

Then, I saw an elderly couple pass by the restaurant and the wrinkled old woman saw both hands and their placement on my body. She looked at each of the owners of those hands and her mouth went into an 'O'. She grabbed her husband's hand and hurried him further down the street away from our lasciviousness. I did have to grin at that!

We continued our shopping, even though we hadn't managed to purchase anything yet. Erin wrapped an arm around my waist and I did the same to her. Mom noted this and put her arm around me from the opposite side. I had no choice but to wrap my arm around Jenny's waist. We walked down the sidewalk side by side, navigating the other people on the narrow way, forcing most to divert around us with unpleasant glances at us.

I didn't care.

I had my two lovers in my arms, my belly was full, the sun was shining and was pleasingly warm. What more could any man ask?

Now that we had eaten and browsed a number of shops, mom and Erin decided that we could finally buy something. But it was only things for them that were bought. Nothing that required trying on, of which was my hope. That I would get to see each of them in new outfits, and wishfully sexy outfits!

When we left the small store, I found that I had a new purpose. That of pack mule! This also meant that I could no longer hold them both in my arms. I protested that fiercely which only earned me laughs from the two lovely ladies. They each then wrapped their opposing arms around the others' waist and went on down the street telling me to hurry and follow. Following did allow me to stare at their wonderful asses and beautiful legs.

After a few more shops, and a few things even bought for me to go with their growing haul, my delightful companions allowed me to return to their clutches, but with me now consigned to one end and my mother now the one in the middle. Erin was my girlfriend and I wasn't the one touching her! To balance that, I let my hand drop down to Jenny's firm butt. She wiggled in startlement, but didn't make me move it higher. Then Erin's hand joined mine on mom's rear and I brushed my fingertips over hers playfully.

I'm sure many saw our open display, but I didn't care, even if I might have seen it. None of these people knew us or our relationships.

We then came to the part of the city that ran along the broad river that bisected it.

A park-like area stretched along the waterway for about a mile and offered a respite for the city dwellers from the rush of urban life. Much of it was greenery, even though it was only a few hundred or so yards wide, but there were some of what could only be described as concrete alcoves that I'm sure were some form of artistic aesthetic. They were sometimes used as a musical venue for different artists that the roaming public could stop and enjoy without the clamor from other performers at the other alcoves. I didn't think that was the intended purpose, but it was the only thing that I had ever known them to be used for. Each was of different layout so they did add an interesting augment to the Riverwalk.

Jenny, Erin, and I walked along the river, gazing at the smoothly flowing water reflecting the sun's light and warmth. A flock of ducks waddled along the shore or swam in the river, diving butt up for food. We strolled casually, passing the surprisingly few others that were also enjoying the outdoors. The two women with me routinely would brush hands, fingers, palms across my crotch, keeping me in a state of constant readiness. I let them do so with the expectation that their teasing was having a likewise effect on themselves.

So, I wasn't too shocked when Jenny guided us off the path along the river and over to one of the open-air concrete bunkers. There was some graffiti, even though the city had an extensive campaign to stop the damage and to scour it off when it did occur. We were out of view of all but those between there and the river.

"Jenny! What are you up to?" I asked as if I didn't already know.

Erin got a wide devilish grin on her face as she came up to me and gave me a hard, fierce kiss. I stood there and let her do so while my mother watched with an equally evil smile on her lips.

When Erin released me, my lips were covered by Jenny's. I dropped the fancy bags at my sides and put my hands on mom's ass and ground my still hard crotch against her.

My girlfriend pulled my mother off of me, but not so that she could return to kissing me, but rather so that she could kiss Jenny instead. Mom returned the passionate kiss with just as much heat as she had done with me.

I watched the sapphic embrace and pushed my palm into my raging crotch.

Then I found that each of them had no panties on. I didn't know whether they had removed them at some time or had never had them on from the start. Each of them had roamed their hands over the other and both skirts got raised to reveal the nakedness underneath. I couldn't see any details as they pressed tightly together, their hands practically clawing at each other's semi-spherical butts.

Erin then moved one hand to bring it around between them and Jenny moved slightly apart to give her room. The hand moved over mom's bush and the forefinger continued on until it sank in between the damp lips. Mom moaned into my girlfriend's mouth as they continued to kiss while I watched feeling a little left out.

A second slipped into Jenny's cleft and brought out a louder moan from my mother. I looked about cautiously but there was no one that could see us, except one old man that was walking his dog but he was more than a quarter mile away.

Jenny then reached for Erin's auburn-haired pelvis.

"No Jenny, rub my clitty!" Erin muttered muffled by mom's mouth.

I could barely see mom's fingers then twitching over my lover's pussy.

"Honey, put two fingers in me! Fuck me while Jenny rubs my little clitty!" Erin gasped out as Jenny thrilled her.

Mom's breathing increased too as Erin's nimble dainty fingers probed her chasm.

I stepped up to them to comply with my girlfriend's request, but I figured I had two hands and the other shouldn't go to waste. So, I reached to mom's crotch once I had slipped two fingers in Erin's wet tight pussy and waggled them about. Erin already had her fingers in mom, so I just brushed my forefinger over Jenny's hard sensitive clit.

Both women were groaning and gasping as they were fingered and had their clits massaged. They tried to keep kissing between their moans but it was more of just mashing their lips together.

Even with their escalating pleasure, they each had sense enough to want to include me more than just my digital gratification. They each

reached over to my shorts and struggled to get my now hard dick free. It took a few moments and I thought that mom and Erin would peak before they got me released. Once free though, their hands could only manage to grab and grope my erection without any concerted ability to give me enough satisfaction to get off.

I had my fingers in the two most pleasing kitties that I knew which was enjoyment enough!

For the moment at least!

Jenny broke her mouth from Erin's, and after a momentary gaze at my face, she planted her lips on mine. We kissed hotly for many moments before Erin intruded and replaced mom's lips with her own. I kissed her as deeply and passionately as I had with Jenny, or they had done with each other.

Then they were kissing again.

I could tell each was getting very worked up with two different hands manipulating their genitals. The action of rubbing one clit while fingering the other pussy took some coordination, but I put my mind to it and ignored their useless holds on my stiff cock.

Each of them began to huff quickly as their orgasms approached. I increased my actions as much as I could while trying to keep an eye out for any others to come by.

"Faster! Oh God! Yes, Jeremy! Oh, fuck Erin!" Mom gasped out, breaking the lesbo lip lock.

"Dammit hon, shove those fingers deep! Rub that ... fucking clitty ... Jennn neeee!" Erin stared hard at my mother as she and I brought my young lover to bliss.

Erin and I weren't far behind on doing the same to Jenny. I saw her eyes roll up and her head fell back slightly and I was afraid she would shriek out her ecstasy. I readied my lips to cover her mouth should that happen!

Instead, she stared intensely at me wordlessly as she orgasmed on Erin's and mine fingers.

I think it was only the close presence of the three of us that kept the two climaxing women upright. I was ready to catch either of them, but I doubted I would be quick enough while my hands were engaged between their thighs!

Each caught their breaths in heaving gasps as they returned to the mortal plane. Jenny's eyes found mine and she leaned to me so that I could cover her mouth even though it was silent.

A short moment later, Erin sucked the breath from my lungs that mom had filled them.

The two hands on my raging boner hadn't moved since before either ascended towards heaven and I then noticed the iron grip they each had on it.

"Well, I'm glad that the two of you are now satisfied." I wasn't trying to sound petulant, but it did sound that way to my ears.

Erin and Jenny both smiled pleasantly at me in reply. Then they looked at each other and the grins even widened.

As one, they both sank to their knees on the cool concrete and simultaneously kissed my throbbing rod.

Mother and girlfriend gave it a half dozen or so kisses before each took a turn to suck the head into their warm mouths. This then led to them giving me quick short bobs before passing my cock to the other. They alternated briefly between them getting me very ready to explode. Each

of them knew my limits and I knew their capability to keep me from that incredible release.

But sooner or later my limit would exceed their capability and the inevitable would occur!

Mom was taking her turn, sucking me like a vacuum as she bobbed on a third of my length, when Erin grabbed Jenny's brown-haired head and forced it further down my shaft. I heard mom gurgle as my cock was pressed deeper into her mouth. I was worried mom would gag on my dick as Erin held my mother's face nearly to my pubic hair.

"Suck your son's big dick, Jenny! Make him cum down your throat! That's it, suck it! Suck it!" Erin said fiercely.

I was ready. Watching my girlfriend shove mom's head onto my dick only increased that need. I also didn't want to prolong mom's anxiety of gagging, so I let loose the floodgates and my cum rushed from my balls.

Before I could peak though, Erin pulled Jenny's head back so that just her lips were around my shooting hole. Mom struggled to contain my spraying ropes of white cream and most of it shot into her hungry mouth, but Erin's mouth was just as hungry too apparently as she pulled Jenny's face from my still pumping dick. Two strands landed on mom's lips and chin before Erin brought her face down to kiss mom

hard. Both mouths clamped together as my semen was swished back and forth between my lovers.

I watched in amazement, with my dick now leaking the last dribbles to the ground.

Erin lapped up around mom's lips, collecting the remains and then sharing those also.

I knew most guy's moms had issues with whom their sons dated, and here my girl was sharing a cum kiss with my mom!

They continued cleaning each other until nary a drop of my essence was left between them. Mom then saw my slowly shrinking dick was dripping and she grabbed me and sucked the tip so hard I thought she might pull my kidneys through my then soft glans.

Erin stood and gave a small laugh.

"Feel better know?" She teased.

I really hadn't worried about it, but I was always glad to be the recipient of either or both of their loving endeavors.

"That hit the spot!" Jenny smacked her lips and rose easily to her feet. She leaned towards me and I know I caught her off-guard when I accepted her brief kiss.

I retrieved our bags after putting away my treasure. The two women patted at their heads as if any stray hairs would give evidence of their sexual deviance. They then brushed at their clothing and wiped at their knees before giving me easy smiles.

"You know Jenny, your hair would look so much nicer if it was long." Erin stated as mom brushed her brown locks.

"I've always thought that too, mom. Why do you have it short?" I added as I gazed at her.

"Justin prefers it that way as well." Mom answered.

I didn't care for agreeing with dad with the way mom looked!

"I just haven't had time to care for long hair with three kids and a house to take care of." She explained.

"You should have it long; it would fit your face so much better!" Erin said bubbly.

"I guess I'm growing my hair out now!" Jenny declared as she stared in wonderment at the two teens.

I led them back to the river and the paved walk beside it. I had a couple bags in each hand but mom came up on one side of me and put her arm around my lower back and Erin came around on the other side to wrap me in one of her arms. I could only wish for more hands to put around my two amazing loves.

We didn't follow the direct route to the other end of the Riverwalk, but meandered through the greenery. It was a beautiful day and none of us ever wanted it to end. The warm sunshine or the company that we were with.

After almost an hour we were heading back to continue our shopping spree. I could see from Erin's impish look and her antsy attitude that she wasn't done with our 'side adventures'. Jenny noted this also and gave me a sultry gaze that spoke of her own unfinished needs.

I shrugged my shoulders. I wouldn't be the one to deny either of them their sexual delights. Especially as I got my fill of those delights as well!

Erin all but bounced slightly ahead of mom and I. When she was satisfied with the lack of other people nearby, she gave us both a

gleaming grin and headed off towards a different alcove than before. Jenny and I followed nearly as anxiously.

This location was partially in a small hillside and had half of a concrete overhang, like a bandshell if designed by Picasso or maybe even Frank Lloyd Wright. There was no graffiti here but there were a few empty beer cans in one corner. I wondered what Erin had in mind. Our mutual handjobs, or blowjob in my case, wouldn't satisfy us a second time and anything more was risky.

But then again, Jenny and I were the masters at taking risks!

As me and my mom caught up with Erin, I saw in Jenny's face a need that I wanted to fill.

But Erin was still ahead of us, just now in a different fashion.

She turned and lifted her skirt to reveal her beautiful rear.

"Jenny. Put Jeremy's big, hard dick in me please!" She pleaded urgently.

I had to choke back a chortle at my lover's request of my mother. Then Jenny replied which brought on a chuckle that I couldn't contain.

"I'm his mother, I should get to go first. Or at least equal treatment." Mom stated flatly as she bent over to undo my shorts and pull out my rapidly growing penis. A few soft sucks and strokes, and I was as hard as steel.

Jenny placed my already leaking head at Erin's entrance. I pushed forward and sank into my girlfriend's wet pussy. Erin groaned out in ecstasy and grabbed her knees for support. I let out a long breath at the exquisiteness of the clenching pussy around my cock. I put my hands on Erin's slim waist and started a slow rhythm as I relished her tightness.

I had only gotten a few dozen strokes in when I then saw that Jenny had leaned over with lifted skirt and bared her beautiful ass.

How could I refuse such an inviting invitation?

I couldn't and didn't.

I pulled out of Erin, to her dismay, and shuffled to Jenny with her hands holding her curved cheeks wide for me, which allowed me to slip easily into her pink charms.

"Hey!" Erin cried out but then she giggled when she realized what I had done.

"Yeah, fuck us both honey! Shove that dick in both your hot girlfriends!" She said loudly. I hoped the little hillock blocked her voice from carrying too far.

"Please dear, give mommy a good fucking!" Jenny gasped as I stuck my dick half deep in her slick slit.

"Give Jenny a good dicking, Jeremy! Then get back over here and do me some more!"

I spent a few minutes with mom, caring loving minutes as I pounded my steel flesh into her spasming crevice.

"Oh God! It feeellls sooo gooood baby! Keep going, don't stop!" Jenny wailed at me.

I, of course, took that as my cue to switch back to Erin.

"No!" Mom protested as I resumed banging my babe.

"Ooo! Yes! Sorry, Jenny. I do love your son's big cock in me! He fills me soooo damnnn gooood!" Erin moaned with pleasure.

I kept my tempo similar to that I had started with, but after a few minutes I began to slowly increase it.

"Oh, yes! Faster! Give me that damn dick!" Erin grunted between deep breaths and deep strokes.

"Give it to her, honey! Shove it deep in Erin's pretty little pussy!" Mom told me, now more into the sharing. Also, that she had a hand buried between her thighs with her fingers rubbing herself as she awaited my return.

When I felt that Erin had had a decent amount of time, I then went back to Jenny.

"No, dammit, no! Screw your mom!" Erin said defiantly.

I knew it was a protest and that she was cursing Jenny, not telling me to do as she said. Not at first!

"No, go ahead and screw your mom! Your beautiful, hot, sexy mom! Screw her brains out!" Erin then exclaimed happily.

As much as I had screwed mom, she wouldn't have had any brains left, but I knew that wasn't the case. Jenny was a very smart woman. And wise.

"Fuck me, baby! Give mommy that big cock!" Mom sagely stated.

See, very, very wise.

Going back and forth between them allowed me to break up my own growing enthusiasm. Each of them might have been complaining as I went from one to the other, but that I was giving it to their female lover only added to their own thrill. Between each iteration my two lovers would cool briefly, but upon my renewal, I would leave them more heightened than before. This process of two steps forward, one step back, lengthened our session somewhat before the three of us were brought to edge of our ecstatic limits.

Erin was going crazy every time I pumped into her, but Jenny exceeded her, in need and in volume.

My mother was also the first to orgasm, as she announced it to the surrounding wildlife.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" She groaned repeatedly as I pistoned into her firmly and quickly. "Oh God, Jeremy! You're gon-gon-gonna make me, make me fuck-king cum! Cuuummmminnnng!"

"Go on, Jenny! Cum on that cock! Your son's huge cock!" Erin urged. It may have been encouragement, or just that she was impatient for her own orgasmic bliss.

Which wasn't long in coming.

I continued with Jenny until she finished shaking and quivering before collapsing to her knees onto the cement. I then turned to Erin who had an almost crazed look in her eye as I plunged into her again.

I knew that this would be my last turn also as these two vixens had me shaking with the urge to cum again.

That knowledge had me giving Erin everything I had left in my weary muscles. She appreciated every deep thrust, hard stroke, and the fast ramming I gave her as the two of us approached our own releases.

Erin beat me, but only by a fraction of a moment, as she let the world know of her climax.

"Like that! Oh, like that! Faster, honey! Oh God, oh God! Yes, yes, yes, yes!" Erin's shriek reverberated off the concrete walls.

And I was done!

I gave a loud guttural grunting growl as I pushed my dick one last time deep into my redhead's pussy. The volume of cum I dumped into that tight hole had to exceed that that I had put in Jenny's mouth not that long before. I gripped her hips tightly as my insides travelled to Erin's insides. When I loosened my fingers, Erin fell from them to land near my mom.

The cum-slut and/or pussy hound that Jenny was had her realizing my creamy deposit and its current placement and she dove between Erin's thighs, pushing the short denim skirt out of her way. Erin seemed surprised at that, or just was still not-of-this-world from her heavenly bliss. Mom only added to that condition as she lapped at my girlfriend's dripping cunt.

I pulled up my underwear and boxers and went to lean against the cool, shadowed concrete wall.

Erin grabbed mom's head and held her there firmly as Jenny set her off again with her tonguework.

"Girls!" I croaked as loud as I could while trying to also keep quiet. "People."

Another threesome was coming across the grassy field, and not from the paved pathway. This was two guys and a girl. They were mid to late twenties and none appeared to be a couple from their demeanor.

Fortunately, mom and Erin only had to stand and let their skirts fall into place to be presentable enough for strangers. Mom's cum-smeared lips, Erin's bleary eyes, and the guilty smirks on all three of our faces was enough for me to know what had happened, but to those that didn't know we didn't seem out of place. I grabbed our shopping bags and Erin grabbed mom's hand as we exited the hideaway as the others approached. All six of us smiled and nodded friendlily at the other group as we passed. Mom, Erin, and I took the path from the cement niche with wide grins on our faces.

"Do you think that they are going to ...?" Erin asked.

"No. I don't think so." Mom stated.

I didn't give an opinion. With my experience, I couldn't say what was real or imagined anymore. Anybody and everybody could be having sex together for all I could say!

I was more of the assumption that they had gone there to get high or drink some beers, but again, I was sleeping with my mother and had just had sex in a public park with her and my girlfriend both!

The three of us were now well satiated and ready to be done for the day.

We did do some additional shopping, as mom wasn't about to let another trip be wasted. We weren't empty handed, but apparently as long as I could still carry, they were ready to keep buying.

The two women were more focused on finding what they wanted and not on the browsing that we had done all morning, so it wasn't very long before they had doubled my load. Only then did each declare that we had spent enough money, and time, shopping. I had a good number of additions to my clothing, but half of our haul were things for the girls.

Erin even managed to buy a lacy and frilly camisole that she promised to wear for me very soon. I didn't need any special clothing for them to have sex or make love with either of them! Hell, all they had to do was lift their skirts in a secluded spot of a park and I would be ready to pleasure them!

We returned to the car and filled the trunk with the bags.

Again, the seating issue.

Mom solved that and said that she'd drive and that Erin could then sit on my lap in the front seat. Erin was thrilled at that idea, though mom didn't seem that thrilled to be driving my late model classic (read: clunker!). I didn't know what kind of condition I would be after our 'shopping' spree, but having a beautiful and cute, fiery-haired nymph on my lap might be enough to revive me if I wasn't of a condition to do more. I was sure that Jenny had to be jealous of Erin's delightful seating arrangement.

My girlfriend's ass did harden me, but we couldn't do anything more than her teasing me with her firm tush.

We arrived back at Erin's house in late afternoon and she gave us each a lengthy goodbye kiss; mine was just more openly given. I gave Erin her few items from the trunk with a promise to call her later that night. Then mom and I switched seats and drove home.

Mom gave me a semi-lengthy kiss in the driveway before we entered the house. Dad barely acknowledged our entry before mom hurried to make a quick dinner.

I almost wanted mom to make a visit to my room later that evening, but it didn't happen and I spent a long time talking with Erin before crashing in bed just after midnight.

A few days later, I came home from work to find mom in her bedroom going through some boxes of clothes and packing up some winter things. When she heard me come in the house, she called me to come help. I did so gladly, hoping for maybe a short diversion on her big bed. Even in her loose, old sweatshirt and unflattering capris, she was still one of the most beautiful women I had ever known.

I was moving some of the boxes from the back of the large closet and I noticed one of them was marked 'Wedding'. I was curious.

"Hey mom, what's in this box?" I asked as I hefted the oblong brown box. It seemed very light to be full of clothes.

She looked at the carton as if unsure of its contents, or was just reflecting on the memories that it possibly contained. She answered me softly after a moment.

"It's my wedding dress."

I had seen pictures of my parent's wedding, but not that recently and long before I had had any special feelings for Jenny. I had a sudden desire to see my lover in her wedding gown.

"I want to see it." I said simply as I gazed at mom.

She looked back at me with a little shock, or just surprise.

"I don't think so." Mom declined demurely.

"Aw, come on. I just want to see it." I pressed.

Mom stared hard at me with her head cocked slightly to the side.

"I don't know really why I've kept it. Unless I can get Jojo to wear it one day." She said as she reached out for the box. I handed it over gingerly. "I've only had it out of this box twice since that day."

Mom cut open the crinkly old packing tape and opened the flaps as if the Holy Grail was inside. She bent down and pulled the pearl-white dress covered in lace and embroidery details. She stared at it a moment before standing and holding up the delicate-seeming dress for my viewing.

I had seen it in the photos, but they were from long ago, and this was right there and then. I was struck by the beauty of the gown, with the long flowing sleeves and wide openings at the wrists enhanced by sheer tulle, the floor-length ruffled hem, and the low bodice with the cups that had held mom's girlish breasts that was trimmed by pearl and lace. I was overwhelmed by it. This was the gown of a princess, of a woman that would become queen.

"Put it on, Jenny."

I just had to see my mother so attired.

Her eyes widened.

"It couldn't still fit after all this time." She responded haltingly.

"Jenny. Put it on please. For me." I looked lovingly at my mother as she held up the virginal dress.

"Jeremy ..." Her eyes went from me to the gown, then back to me.

"Please." I said more as a demand and not as a request.

I couldn't know the thoughts that were running through mom's head, but they had to be conflicted, as this was one of the symbols of her marriage to my father and of the love that was similar to what she then also had for me.

Mom still looked hesitant as she looked at me again, but then turned to go to the master bathroom to change. I waited impatiently for her to reemerge.

It was some long minutes, and of which I began to worry that she couldn't get into the dress. Then I heard the bathroom door open. I didn't even realize that I was holding my breath.

The first time I had seen Jenny naked couldn't match the vision that I beheld then; I almost expected a chorus of angels to appear. My heart roared in my chest, my eyes worshipped this goddess, and my muscles were like jelly in the presence of such beauty. Awesome, in the original sense of being full of awe, didn't do justice to her.

"I couldn't fasten the back." Mom said as she came into the room and turned her back to me to reveal a number of little pearl buttons and adjoining empty loops.

I rushed to do her up, fumbling with the delicate fastenings from my wonder.

"I wish I was getting you out of your wedding gown, instead of into it."

This might have been too suggestive of my deeper true feelings and I only partially regretted them slipping out. I suspected that Jenny felt the same but she said nothing of my meaningful, but off-hand quip.

After I managed to get the last buttons done up, the fit was quite snug. But that snugness made it more provocative. Mom's still trim figure was flattering in the tight fabric.

She did a little quarter turn and twisted her hips to show off her angles.

"Wow! Jenny! I love it! You are so beautiful in it!" I gushed.

Mom looked to the floor as she accepted my praise shyly. She turned about so that I got to see her from every side.

I could have stared at her like that forever.

Her eyes found mine easily, her jade orbs burning sweetly at me.

I was overtaken by my powerful emotions.

I reached over and took her hand and placed it on the forearm of my bent arm as if I was escorting her down the aisle, or just standing beside her. I hadn't intended it to be serious even as the weight of it pressed down on me. I felt very out of place in my regular slacks and shirt that were nowhere close to a suit, much less a tux. Mom stood at my side as if we were before an imaginary altar.

After a slight pause, I turned to the angel standing next to me and leaned closer to her. Jenny's eyes started to close as she leaned to meet me.

Then mom pulled away abashedly and put a step between us just before our lips would have met.

"Oh." I stared in surprise. Then, quickly apologized for my forwardness. "I'm sorry. It was just a fantasy of mine. One that will have to stay that way."

Pink blushed her cheeks at my comment.

"Me too, honey." She muttered so quietly I didn't comprehend her words.

"What was that?" I asked.

"Nothing." She answered quickly.

Still, I suspected what she said, but said nothing more about the unspoken feelings between us. Things that didn't need to be explained as they were very evident.

Mom then turned her back to me as if to undo the dress that I had just buttoned.

"I want to get a picture of you like this mom." I suddenly exclaimed as I reached for my phone in my pocket. "Veil and all."

I went to the box and pulled out the sheer headpiece and handed it to her as if she had already said yes.

Mom just stared at me with curiosity and wonder.

Then she smiled widely and told me to put it on her.

I placed it tenderly atop her like a crown and then straightened the soft sheer fabric around her face and head.

"My hair is dreadful." Mom complained as I fussed with the veil.

"You're perfect." I told her honestly.

I stepped back and fit her on the screen of my phone and clicked a picture. Mom stood there so I continued to take more. I stepped to the side to get her in a different angle, then back around to the other side. She stood there in apparent embarrassment as I kept clicking additional photos.

"I could pull out my wedding album, so you could see me from back then." Mom stated as if to divert my attention.

I was interested in seeing Jenny as a hot young babe, now that I saw her that way and not as her son. But I was also interested in the hot babe I had standing right there, right then! I kept snapping shots, even a few from the rear that she didn't notice me doing at first.

"Jeremy!" She scolded me without bite in her tone. She had a sly grin on her face at my interest in all her assets!

"Oh, hold up. You forgot my garter!" Mom cried out gleefully.

"Aren't you supposed to throw that?"

"They do come in pairs. You throw one and keep one." She explained.

"Oh." I answered dumbly.

Hey, I hadn't gotten married yet!

"It should be there in the box too." Mom nodded at the carton.

I found it and turned to find mom lifting the hem of her wedding gown. She looked down at me sexily as she bent her knee and lifted her foot.

I immediately understood and hurried to slip the frilly elastic ban up her leg. I sensed that she was getting as turned on as me as I tugged the garter to her tantalizing thigh.

"Do you want some pictures of this too?" Mom asked sultrily.

As if she needed to ask!

I grabbed my phone and took a few quick shots of Jenny with most of her leg exposed to me beneath the white hem that said nothing about

mom's innocence! I was sure she hadn't been so brazen all those years ago during the ceremonies in such a public affair as she was being then with just me. Even if I was her son!

She modeled for me as she turned her heel to give alternate views of her calf and inner untanned thigh. The dress even crept up high enough for me to catch sight of her silky red panties! Then, she acted as if it hadn't been completely intentional. She dropped the bottom of the creamy dress as if scandalized.

"Are you trying to see my delicates?" Mom asked with false offense.

I couldn't lie. Not to my mother!

I grinned and said, "Yes!"

I saw her face revert to being mom again and she turned once again, then asked me to undo her.

"Mom!" I pretended I was shocked. "We can't do that! Not now!"

She grinned at the suggestion which I had hoped would turn into more than a suggestion.

"I know how much you want to get me out of my wedding dress dear, but seriously, help me get out of this thing!" Mom said sounding more than a little panicked. "Especially before Justin sees me!"

With everything mom and I had done, this would be just as hard to explain!

I stood and worked at the pearly buttons with more care than I had been able closing them.

Mom gave me a brief peck on my cheek and turned to go change again.

"Can't you just do that here? Since I can't get the real thing with you."

I saw moisture form in the corner of her watery green eyes. Her body firmed when she decided.

Then mom wriggled, shrugged, and shimmied the dress down her body. It was mechanical and without any seduction to her movements, but it did leave her there in just her red panties. Her eyes found the stiffness of my crotch.

"I'm sorry I can't take care of that right now." Her tone spoke of how apologetic she was.

I took a few more pictures with her in that state of nudity.

"Jeremy!" She gasped loudly as she brought her hands over her bare breasts with false modesty.

I just laughed at that.

"Go ahead and get dressed. I'm done." I told her bashfully.

Her hands fell from her full chest and bent to pick up the fallen gown. I quickly took another two pictures! Mom just shook her head in exasperation and turned her back to me. She handed me the wedding dress from around her side.

"Put this back in the box. With the veil too." She told me. "And be careful with it."

I treated the garment more reverently than mom probably would have done.

She came back quickly, not taking as long to put on her normal clothes, but with a plain skirt on instead of the capris. I was still kneeling beside the box.

"Uh, mom, you forgot the garter." I told her.

"No. I didn't. You can retrieve it from me later tonight after Justin is asleep." She grinned devilishly at me and lifted the grey skirt to show me the elastic garter still in place.

I got even more excited for the possibilities of that promise!

Chapter 26

The time passed, as it does.

The next events between mom and me do need to be told, in all their exacting details!

Jojo and Johnny were still at camp. I was counting the hours and days until their return.

Actually, it wasn't so much their return that I was anticipating, but the amount of time I had left to spend unfettered with my wonderful mother. My gorgeous Jenny. My amazing lover.

I did still get time with Erin too, don't get me wrong. We just weren't as limited in partaking of our carnal pleasures. Or the location of their undertaking. It was just on that day that Erin was otherwise occupied with some friends, with which we both tried to spend at least some time.

Just after making me lunch, mom came to me and told me boldly that she wanted to recreate the first time anything had happened between us. I thought she had meant that afternoon at her sister's, when we had first had sex.

No, she wanted to go further back than that.

She wanted to sit beside me as she had when her hand had fell onto my hard dick!

I just figured that we could watch a movie together and let things play out as they had. Mom told me that that wouldn't guarantee that I would be 'ready' for her hand.

"Your presence mom, practically guarantees that!" I stated firmly.

"I want more assurance than your word. Not that I doubt it." Mom gave me a pat on the front of my pants that had me filling out.

"What are you suggesting?" Clearly, she was going somewhere with this idea!

"We could watch ... an ... uh, adult ... movie." Her eyes darted all over the room but couldn't meet mine. Even after everything!

I stared in shock at my mom.

I wasn't surprised. I don't think anything Jenny wanted would surprise me anymore.

I was very intrigued though.

I also was bolder in my response than her request.

"An adult movie? You mean porn?" My eyes never left her face.

Her eyes then came up to mine.

"Yes. If you can watch that with your mother that is." Her whole demeanor was no longer shy and demure, nor was it motherly. Jenny was all sultry seduction.

"Oh yes I can!" I told her gladly.

"Well." Mom put a hand on my shoulder. "I will have to dress more appropriately for that. You should get more comfortable as well."

She turned and headed down the hall to her bedroom.

How do you dress more appropriately for porn? Undress is more like it!

I rushed upstairs to put on some looser clothes that wouldn't restrict mom's hands, my hardening dick, or my blood flow in any way! I settled on some old sweat pants with an elastic waistband for easier access and removal, and my usual tee shirt.

I came back down and didn't see mom around.

I went in search of my love. I found her putting on some lingerie, much as I had not so long ago. And as with then, I spied on her dressing through the half open door. I suspected that she might be purposely putting on a show for me. It was so erotic, sensual, and yes, sexy to watch my own mother putting on the intimate apparel especially for me. That only made me want to please her even more!

Before she finished, I retreated back to the living room in heated anticipation of the upcoming action.

I was already sitting on the loveseat when Jenny came into the room. She was wearing one of the pieces that we had bought together. It was a green silky corset one-piece that left most of her breasts bulging out of the top and the crotch so tight that mom's vulva was clearly outlined like a camel's toe. She also had on green-tinted stockings with wide bands around her trim thighs, and modest, but still sexy heels. Also, she had on a sheer green lace gown that didn't hide anything, with a green silk sash tied around her waist.

I'm sure my eyes bugged out as much as they had that long-ago day.

I made no comment on the amount of time that had passed since that shopping trip, and just stared as she crossed the room and came and sat next to me, snuggling close.

"What about your blanket to keep you warm?" I asked as I gestured to it behind me on the back of the loveseat.

"It won't be needed as I am very warm already. And I have you here to keep me warm as well." Mom purred to me with a hand on my chest.

"You're wrong there, mom. You're not warm, you are very hot!" I told her ardently.

Mom smiled at that but didn't respond to it, instead replying. "Besides, with the blanket on, then you couldn't stare at me in my lingerie."

I couldn't argue with that in the slightest!

Now that we had come to it, I will admit that I was a little nervous about watching porn with my mother. We might have done almost everything imaginable sexually, but there was still that part of me that saw her as mom. It was the part that made what we did even sexier, more lustful, but she was still the one that had spanked me when I was five or six for breaking the cookie jar and then lying about it. No matter how many times I took her ass, or smacked her delightful derrière, there was still that little boy lurking deep inside me.

And now I would be doing one of the things that every young guy would dread to have their mom catch them doing; besides that other thing of course! Watching porn! Even with her wearing the sexiest of lingerie and looking so ready for sex sitting beside me!

Then came the next issue!

What porn do you watch with your mom?

"What do you want to watch?" I asked nervously.

Mom answered almost nonchalantly. I knew it had to be a front though; she had to be as nervous about this as me. Although she was the one that had come up with the idea!

"Whatever you normally watch." She said as she pressed her body closer to mine and rested her head on my shoulder like she had done on that fabled evening.

How do you admit to your mother what you watch to jerk off? Even a mother with whom you're having sex?

"Um ... actually ..." I faltered. "Since you, and Jess. And then Erin. I haven't had to in quite a while."

Mom looked me in the eye with some disbelief at my confession. She had given me much of that relief, so why would she doubt me?

"You decide. I just want to snuggle with you while we watch." She gripped my bicep lovingly as she pushed her barely concealed chest against my arm.

The big screen had internet connection so I went online and quickly found one of my favorite porn sites. A number of thumbnail views popped up. I have to admit the prospect of watching online porn on the big TV screen was tantalizing!

"Do you just have to scroll through all those tiny images?" Mom asked curiously beside me as she stared up at the TV.

"No, you can also pick by type." I explained, which felt so incongruous.

"What type do you like?" Mom asked as her eyes still scanned the numerous sex scenes playing out in miniature.

"Well," I started as I grew more at ease in this strange scenario. "I have grown to like the old/young category!"

I gave her a knowing smirk.

"Oh, really? Any reason?" She played along.

"Yeah, the daddy/daughter videos are really hot!" I teased.

"Really?" Mom asked sincerely.

"No, of course not, Jenny! Mother and sons!"

Her eyes again darted to me at that.

"Is that really a thing?" She asked deeply curious.

"Yeah, look."

I quickly clicked through the menu bar at the top of the screen and the little screens were replaced by a new batch of tiny vignettes.

"Wow. So many." Mom said in a hushed tone. "Step-mom. Step-son. Are none real?"

"Of course not. That's illegal almost everywhere." I said but had no actual knowledge. I just assumed it was.

"Put one on." She gestured at the screen with her right hand.

Even in that odd moment, I was getting very hard in anticipation. Not fully erect, but on the threshold nonetheless!

Jenny's interest seemed to be more on the screen than at the start. Possibly seeing what the fantasy looked like to others intrigued her, even as she was living the reality with me. Or me with her!

"The 'sons' seem barely younger than the 'moms'!" She complained harshly.

"They are only actors, mom." I had to state the obvious. "But yeah, I agree."

I searched a moment through the still small images but made larger by the huge TV screen.

"This one is a little more realistic." I said as I clicked on one. "Well, as realistic as porn could be!"

The reality was far more fantastic than any of the videos!

Jenny's hand didn't fall to my lap; she placed it there very deliberately. I heard the soft sigh she let out when she found that I was very, very hard.

"You know Jenny, I don't need videos like this though. I have my own live video playing in my head and I remember any number of the times

we've been together!" I half-teased, half-stated. "And with Aunt Jess and Erin even included."

Mom nodded wordlessly in agreement as she watched the screen avidly. Her hand was more tentative on my erection, searching and wandering much as I was doing on the adult website. The heaviness of her breathing said of the effect all this was having on her.

"What other categories are there?" She asked breathlessly.

I went through the menu and scrolled through the choices.

We watched a few amateur ones, but I'm not sure she understood the classification.

"They aren't as good as the professional ones, but at least it looks more realistic." She spoke offhand as she gave her opinion.

"There are websites where anyone can submit videos of themselves." I told her.

"It really is amateur?" Mom gazed at me with amazement. "I just thought it was amateur video makers!"

"No, some couples like having others watch them. Sometimes they even share their S.O. with a stranger and film it." I told her plainly.

"No!" Mom gasped.

But it didn't repulse her.

"What else is there?" She asked as her hand kept gently teasing me.

I scrolled around. I hovered over anal for a half second that she had to notice but she didn't stop me, so I kept going.

"I never knew that there were so many categories for sex! Or that it is even a thing for nationalities or ethnic types!" Mom said as I passed over any number of the more niche options. "Or, that MILF was such a large category!"

"Obviously a lot of guys, or girls, like older women. It doesn't necessarily imply just moms and sons." I explained boldly as an expert on the subject. Or, I liked to believe that I was an expert, I might possibly need more study of the subject!

I scrolled the wonderful older women category, or as I called it, WOW!

Mom didn't stop me on any of the videos, so I returned to the main menu and scrolled through the rest of the choices.

"That's it. Well, unless you count the gay or trans menus." I turned to mom to wait for her comment about it all.

"Trans?" She asked curiously.

I assumed she knew what that was when I answered.

"I've never checked those." I started. I had no inclination to ever do so either! I had nothing against them; to each their own, but I had no interest myself. "But I guess some guys like girls with dicks. Or is it, guys with tits? Whichever."

"I just didn't know that there would be ... so much of it." There was a look of overwhelmed amazement on Jenny's face.

"Is there anything that interests you now that you've seen the choices?" I asked her curiously.

Mom didn't look at me, and her words were muted somewhat.

"Go back to the lesbians." She said demurely.

This didn't really surprise me with her renewed interest in women, specifically my girlfriend and her sister.

"That's my favorite too. Well ... after the mother and son ones." I admitted.

I returned to that category and after scanning the first few tiny previews, I picked one that looked interesting.

Mom's hand had been resting on my dick without movement while we had searched but it then resumed its gently caresses.

"Tell me what you were thinking that evening. What you thought when my hand fell onto your lap."

It had been some time before by that point, but I still remembered it very vividly!

"We were all sitting here, watching a movie." I indicated the TV screen. The action now playing was far more conducive to an erection than the teen comedy that we had watched that night. "You were snuggled up next to me, your head on my shoulder."

Mom was already in that position.

"I got uh, excited by the actress in the movie." I stated. "Especially when she kissed the other girl."

"She got you hard you mean." Mom teased.

"Yeah. But with my shorts, and my briefs, it was uncomfortable. I tried to shift around to alleviate it without disturbing you, or letting you know that I was ... hard."

Mom's hand rubbed over that same hard-on.

"Then you slipped off my shoulder and your hand fell to my crotch." I barely noticed the action happening on the big screen.

"What did you think then?" Mom asked in a whisper. Her fingers still caressed over my sweats and the bar of flesh hidden there.

"What do you think I thought? I was terrified. My mom had her hand on my erection!" I exclaimed softly.

"I just hoped that you didn't know where your hand was resting, and that you would move it and lay back on my shoulder. I didn't want to do anything to let you know that I knew, in case you didn't realize it."

"Oh, I knew immediately!" Mom said heartily with a little chuckle. "I've had my hand on a few dicks in my time; there was no mistaking it for anything else."

"I was shocked when you didn't move your hand right away, even if you did suspect. But you didn't, and that scared me even more. I was sure you'd ground me, or maybe slap me for getting fresh, or something."

"Punish you for getting a woody?" She let out a full laugh then.

"What was I supposed to think? It's not something that happens all the time." I gave her a stare that she returned. "At least, it didn't used to happen before."

Mom's lips turned up at the ends at that. Her hand encircled my 'woody' softly.

"I knew, but I was a little shocked myself. I knew it was a hard dick I was feeling, but I just never thought about my son having one, or especially one that was so big!"

She then gripped me tighter, but lovingly.

"I couldn't understand why you didn't pull your hand away when you did know what it was you were holding. It really panicked me!"

Mom laughed again.

"Most guys with a woman's hand on their pecker aren't panicked."

"They would if it was their mom!" I told her firmly. I continued my narration. "Then ... you started stroking my dick. I thought I was going to have a heart attack!"

Mom's hand repeated the action from that far off day, slowly stroking me through the loose fabric of my sweatpants.

"At least it's a bit easier to feel it now." Mom purred at me.

As much as she had ever harassed me for wearing the old sweats, now she was happy for them!

"Then, when you started stroking my big hard dick, you worked it free and then when you first touched my bare skin ... I thought I was going to die. Or that I already was dead."

Mom's hand ran over my hidden shaft, but as I recounted our story, she replayed her motions and worked my cock free. This time there was no blanket hiding her movements, but also no family members to hide them from.

"I couldn't believe that I was doing as I was while I was doing it." Mom stated. "I had my hand wrapped around a big cock, one that felt so wonderful in my hand, but also that it was my eldest son's hard dick!"

"It felt so good too! Your warm soft hand stroking me. Up and down. I was actually surprised that I hadn't cum right away. Except that I was mortified that it was you that was doing it. Or that Aunt Jess might notice it, or dad wake up and see you jerking me off and kill me!"

Again, mom laughed.

But still, her hand ran over my marble-like skin.

"Then you made me cum." I paused as I remembered that first time that my wonderful Jenny had given me an orgasm. The first of countless numbers to follow.

"I did. I didn't mean to. At first, I was shocked that you were like that, and then at your size. As I kept going, I was only doing it to tease you. I was kind of waiting for you to stop me. It excited me when you didn't. I just couldn't stop myself. I knew what happens when a girl rubs a dick like that, but I just couldn't contemplate my own son doing so. And then you did. It surprised me. And even excited me. That I could make even you cum with a simple handjob. Yes, I felt guilty about it, but it was already done." Mom's voice had a sexy air of her excitement as she replayed her memories. "Then when I knew you were about to cum, I didn't want it spraying all over my blanket, or me. I tried to catch it in my hand."

"I freaked out when you got up and then licked your palm! Right in front of Aunt Jess!" I exclaimed loudly. "I knew she didn't know what you were doing, but just that you did that, and in front of her. I just didn't know who you were then!"

"Either did I!" Mom gasped in reply. "After you filled my hand, I then realized what was I going to do with it. It was my son's sperm! Without really thinking about it, I just licked it up. Then I found out how good it tasted!"

Mom looked at me at that with all her love, but mostly her lust.

"I didn't really know you then, Jenny. Or what you are capable of, but I do now." I told her. "I wish I had been able to do this then, but I was too scared, ashamed, and didn't have enough nerve, but I do now!"

I put a hand into her nestled legs and rested it against the tight satin fabric covering her crotch. I starting rubbing that hot spot firmly. Mom let out a gasp at my touch.

"This isn't how it happened." She said with a low moan. Her own hold became more vigorous.

"I don't have dad sleeping right there," I nodded to the empty recliner. "Nor is Aunt Jess or my brother and sister here."

Mom moaned again.

I let my attention return to the large screen and the lesbian threesome that was going on there. Jenny's eyes were there also, but I knew most of her attention was on the hand between her legs and the one between mine.

"I'm just sorry that it took me so long before I could pleasure you as you had done for me." I said as I tried to get a finger under the cloth hiding her pussy, but it was so tight that it didn't allow that invasion.

"Are these things supposed to be impossible to get into?" I asked in frustration.

Jenny giggled and turned slightly so that I could see the zipper at her side.

"I think the lingerie has done its job. Why don't you take it off?" She asked sultrily.

"Jenny, you don't need sexy underwear to turn me on, you do that yourself. But I do appreciate it and you do look damn sexy in it. Or out of it!" I told my mother as I reached under her arm to deftly undo the zipper.

"I know you do honey, and that's why I like wearing it for you. When I get a chance to do so." She pulled the stiff corset from around her, freeing her big tits with the hard nipples that were asking to be sucked. I just wasn't in a position to do so then. So, I gave them a mental raincheck and let my eyes travel to the brown-haired patch just above the V of Jenny's thighs.

"My eyes are up here young man!" Mom scolded me almost seriously.

"I know, but your beautiful tits and hot pussy are down there!" Of which my eyes didn't waver in their focus on those delights.

I did see Jenny smile out of the corner of my eye!

"Is that all I am to you? T and A?" She quipped.

"That, and so much more, Jenny!" I said happily and patted her bare outer thigh. I then pushed my sweats further down. "How about you move over here and sit on my lap and we can watch this video together."

Yes, I was telling my mother to ride my dick while we watched hot porn actresses getting each other off on the big-screen TV in our living room in the middle of the afternoon!

Hey! We all have our own crosses to bear! Mine just happened to be very easy to carry!

"Jeremy!" Mom tried to sound upset, but her need overrode any dismay in her tone.

Also, the very little time that it took her to remove her corset, slide into my lap, and slip my hard dick into her wet pussy showed the intensity of that need.

"Ooo!" Jenny groaned delightfully as she pushed herself down my thick shaft. "I still can't believe how big it is! Or how good it feels inside of me!"

The video ended unceremoniously with our inattention, but I clicked onto a new one as mom sat motionless with me filling her up.

"Oh, baby! I just love your cock in my pussy! Like it was made just for me!" Jenny cooed ecstatically.

In a way, it was! Mom was the craftswoman of her own pleasure!

"While you're sitting there and we're watching those girls going at it, why don't you tell me more about what happened with you and Jess?" I asked while barely able to hold back my own need to bounce Jenny up and down viciously.

"Jeremy." Jenny said flatly that hinted at her scorn. "That was very personal between me and my sister. I'm not going to tell you about it. You really do have a thing with lesbians, don't you? You can fantasize about all you want!"

That last came out easier and showed she had no ill will for my nagging.

The new scene was between an older woman and a younger one with the younger girl seducing the other that could have been old enough to be her mother.

"Oh, that's hot! Did you pick this one on purpose?" Jenny asked as she rose up slowly until only the tip of my dick was at her entrance. She then dropped down hard which caused us both to grunt loudly.

"No. It just looked interesting." I replied. "Oh! Fuck Jenny!"

"Yes please! Fuck Jenny! Fuck me hard honey!" She moaned.

Absolutely!

"Do you like that, Jenny? Do you love your son's big cock shoved in your pussy?" I asked as I jerked my hips to force myself deeper than her short plunges were getting.

"Oh God, honey! I soooo loooove it! I love, love, love your huuuuge cock in my cunt! Fill me up and fuck me hard!"

And again. She was the one riding me. The one in charge of tempo and ferocity. I could add to it, but it was really down to her.

I did reach around her frame to grab her breasts and squeeze them as I gently coaxed them up and down to urge Jenny to do likewise with the rest of her body. That seemed to work as she really bucked on my thighs.

"Yes baby! Oh yes!" Mom wailed.

"Do you wish Erin was here? That she was eating your pussy like that girl there is doing?"

"Ooohhh!"

I didn't know if that was a yes or she just liked our screwing a lot.

"Or maybe you want your sister licking your clit. Is that what you want, Jenny?" I asked suggestively as I pushed my hips up to meet hers.

"Uh ... uh ... cuh ... cummmminggg!"

That came out of nowhere!

Jenny spasmed in bliss as each of us continued our motions, even if most of hers seemed to be just flailing around.

"Keep ... goooing! Keeeep fuh-fuh-king meee!"

Like I would ever choose to stop doing so!

Jenny recovered somewhat even though she was still in a heightened state. The video ended as she focused her eyes and she took the remote from beside me and flipped through a few videos before clicking on one. It grew to fill the screen and she dropped the remote.

I let my hands fall from her tits to her slick hips to help maintain her then irregular pace. My need was a growing urge deep in my gut but I tried to keep it reined in and to just let my incredible lover ride out her lust.

I noted the new video had three women in it and was one of those with a blonde, a brunette, and a redhead that you knew was intentional and not happenstance. That this also coincided with my mother, my aunt, and my girlfriend wasn't lost on me. Even if those three were only blind chance.

"Why'd you pick this one, Jenny? Are you thinking of Erin and Jess together? With you?" I grunted hard as the thought got to me also.

Mom moaned as she ground on my penetrating prick.

"Ooo! That will just have ... uh shit ... to be my ... fantasy!"

It was one of mine now also! And I told her so.

She wailed and quivered as she drove her body onto my pole.

"Ah-ahgain! I'mmm cummm minnnng ah-fuck-king-gain!"

Jenny shook more that second time than she had the first. So much so that I thought she might toss herself right off me and the loveseat! I gripped her hips stronger while keeping up the pistoning that she wasn't able to continue herself at the moment.

I had a problem keeping from unloading myself as mom quaked in my lap. Then I stopped holding back and let the overwhelming urge, need, and huge amount of cum blast into my mother's loins. She still had enough of a sense of her surroundings to realize this.

"Cum in me! Cum in mommy baby! Fill my slutty cunt with your creamy cum!"

If I hadn't already been doing so, that demand would have pushed me over anyway!

I squeezed her hips too tightly and drove my dick all the way up in the twitching twat that was grabbing and milking my shaft for every drop of my essence.

I roared out my release as Jenny kept up some semblance of intercourse between us. Her velvety insides accepted my delivery as she slid up and down slowly while I tried to hold onto her and some form of reality.

When I was done, but not done as my dick still filled mom's chasm with my fullness, Jenny sat on my lap for a momentary pause.

"More?" She asked breathlessly.

She did something with her innards, a wriggling or twitching that I could feel on my shaft.

"I always want more of you, Jenny!" I spoke hoarsely but determinedly.

To prove that, I drove my fleshy spear hard upward.

"Oh!" Jenny groaned out harshly.

I repeated that a few more times until mom put a hand behind her and on my sweaty chest.

"Stop." She ordered forcefully. "Get up."

I was confused but had no doubt about my mother's intentions.

I got up.

Jenny turned and knelt on the loveseat, presenting her beautiful butt for my viewing pleasure.

"Fuck me from behind, dear." Mom told me.

Um, definitely!

"And spank my ass too while you do so." She added so casually that I had to choke back a guffaw at that.

"Anything you want, mom!"

And I meant that wholeheartedly!

I could barely fit on the loveseat behind Jenny, so I had to twist and knelt one knee on the cushion while my other foot was on the floor. It was awkward, but I wasn't going to turn down an opportunity to fuck my Jenny, even if I had to twist myself into a pretzel to do so!

Smack!

My palm burned slightly after giving her right cheek a firm slap.

Three more followed.

"Put that cock in me, baby! Mommy needs you to really give her a good fucking! Deep and fucking hard!" My mother demanded of me.

One more slap before I guided my aching dick back into the soothing comfort of mom's cunt.

"Please baby, please."

I couldn't have Jenny begging me like that so I pushed forward as hard as possible with my contortion.

"Yes! Yes!" Mom groaned as she planted her face into the spot I had just been sitting.

I wasted no time and just started pounding that scrumptious ass with my pelvis while I randomly pelted her cheeks with moderate smacks.

"I love it! More!"

The TV continued playing random videos, but mom and I were far too otherwise occupied to notice what was on the screen, the sex sounds coming from there were just background noise for our own sexplay. Mom orgasmed a few more times while I continue slamming in her pussy. My own was building ferociously inside my balls that were far from empty after just the one climax.

"I love you ... so much ... Jeremy! Mommy ... loves her ... big boy ... my big ... strong ... man!"

As I did her!

"I'm going cum ... again ... Jennnnyy!" I yelled as my thrusts became stilted as my legs spasmed to match the rest of my body as I once again exploded in mom's pussy with a full load of my thick cum.

"Fill mommmy's pussssy honnnnney!"

I was lost in my own bliss but I was sure that mom was also doing the same.

My body collapsed onto her sweating smooth back that I tried to turn into a failed hug. It lasted only a moment before I fell to sit on the floor leaning back against the front of the loveseat. Mom had rolled onto her side with her front outward.

"I'll turn the TV off now." I huffed.

"No, leave it on. I just want to lay here and try to recover from that amazing sex!"

"No, you're amazing, Jenny." I turned to look at her over my shoulder.

"Thanks, dear. Now just watch the porno with your mother quietly." Her head fell onto the armrest as she laid there with just her greenish stockings on.

I laid my head back and it rested on one of her soft thighs. Her hand moved to my shoulder, rubbing it gently in the smallest circles.

Life was perfect at that moment.

It was also the only time that watching online sex failed to arouse me.

Much later. After watching numerous lesbian videos, the two of us recovered and (almost) tired of the sex that we were too wiped to continue then, mom finally flipped the big screen off. I had actually almost dozed off on that soft pillow of mom's leg.

"We need to get up." Mom stated. "If we stay here, we're liable to fall asleep. Justin will be home in a few hours, but we both need showers ... and this room needs at least a can of air freshener."

"You just need to get one that smells like sex, then you won't need it anymore. We'll just refreshen the air again frequently!" I teased but with little emphasis behind it. This woman might be the death of me!

Mom laughed but that also had no energy in it.

"Get up. Go take a shower. It'll help us both." Mom nudged my shoulder with the heel of her hand.

"Thanks, mom. I have to say, that I love watching porn with you better than alone!"

"I have never really done so before, but if this is what it's like, then I might have to do it more often!"

"Trust me, Jenny! It's never been like this ever before!" I stood slowly.

Mom gave me a good swat on the ass as it rose in front of her.

"Hey!" I jumped startled.

"That's for reddening my rear!" She smiled sweetly back up at me.

"But you asked for it!" I protested.

"I loved it!"

Jenny stood, not to quickly either, and hugged my waist when she was on her feet.

"And I love you too, dear." She kissed my neck tasting my sweat there.

"Now shower! Before I have to ground you!" Her tone become more motherly.

"Oh no! Forced to stay at home and have to spend more time with my old frail mother? No, no!" I joked.

"Frail? Only because my son screws all the energy out of me!" She gave me another swat on my butt.

I darted out of her reach in case she tried to make mine as red as hers then was. There were even a number of spots that my finger imprints were visible.

"Doesn't that hurt?" I questioned from the third step of the stairway.

"Yes. But in a good way." Mom smiled lovingly at me. "And how is it that you still have clothes on while I'm naked?"

"Because you look better than I do without clothes on! I think that you should just stay like that!"

"I almost think Justin would like that too." Mom said before she realized what she had said.

I let it pass.

"No, we can't have that. Johnny might start to get ideas for when he's older. I'm not sharing mommy with my brother."

"Jeremy!" Mom screeched in outrage. "Don't even tease about that! I've told you before."

"I'm sorry, mom. Besides with you naked all the time, Erin would never go home after visiting. Or Aunt Jessica." I quickly said to mollify my slip. No matter our situation, even if my brother was of age, I knew that mom would never dream of doing as we had done. Besides, she already had the only lover/son that she needed!

I did give her a small swat on the butt in passing later that evening while within sight of my father. It wouldn't be construed as anything but innocent, even if he had seen it. Mom jumped in surprise, and I'm

sure, with a jolt of pain too from her red ass. I grinned, and after her initial jerk, she gave me a sexy smile in return.

More days passed.

Time spent with Erin. Time spent at work. Eating, sleeping. Yada, yada.

There was actually little more activity between mom and me while my brother and sister were at camp. I regretted the lost time with the little that the two of us got to be together, but neither of us was hurting for attention. I even heard mom and dad going at it one night after I had come in late after being with Erin. Since that was what we had done for some of the evening, I couldn't be jealous for my parents' own intimate activity. I just didn't want to have to know about it!

Johnny and Jojo returned home, tanned, just as exuberant, and full of stories of their activities. Well, at least my sister was, my brother was oddly quiet about his time away. Having been that age, and gone through that mood, I suspected the cause. It was the thing that had made the world turn. The reason for nearly every achievement of mankind throughout time, in one way or another. Mom noted it and when I smiled in reply, she looked oddly at me. Later that night, I explained my brother's odd sullenness.

"I think he found a girlfriend at camp." I stated.

"Johnny? He's too young!" She exclaimed with some shock.

"Mom. He's eleven. I had my first crush when I was ten."

I hadn't thought about Heather Mackenzie in many, many years.

This information was passed on to dad and the three adults gave Johnny more leeway with his sour mood. I would have to make a point of talking to him about it after some time, but for that moment I let him be. He did spend less time with Jojo, who actually barely noticed the loss what with her new bike and Sally the kitten.

I have avoided mentioning this before because at my age I didn't see the need for a fuss, but my birthday was in late July. And it grew closer. After my eighteenth, it was all frivolous until I turned twenty-one. The rest were all downhill from there.

Mom still insisted on throwing me a party, even if it would be basically just be for immediate family. I tried to tell her not to bother, but I had known Jenny as my mother for long enough. She loved to celebrate our births as much as any of the three of us did growing up. Just because I saw it as pointless didn't mean that the day would pass uncelebrated.

Not that it didn't have some highlights, and I was informing mom of that one afternoon.

"Come on, mom!" I protested hopelessly. "It's just another day. Like any other. I'm too old for a birthday party. I'm not twelve anymore!"

"I went through seven hours of labor with you! If I want to have a party for you, we're having a party. And that's that."

"I mean, I'm not against the presents. I'll always take free gifts if people want to give me them. And the cake and ice cream. Those are okay."

"Honey. That's all a birthday party is." Mom stated with a fixated look on her face that spoke of inevitability.

Later, when I was complaining to Erin about mom's plans, I was hijacked by my girlfriend also. She practically told me that she'd break up with me if I didn't show up at my own party. How was I to stand against such threats?

So, we had a birthday party for me. No big deal.

It was the first birthday party that I had with a current girlfriend that could attend, so there was that.

I received any number of gifts, nothing that extravagant, but I was surprised by the one that Erin had gotten me.

It was a watch, one that was very similar to the one I had gotten for Jenny. It also had a similar engraving on the back. She whispered to me at one point about how thoughtful she had found mine to be such that she couldn't resist doing the same for me. She added an additional remark though when she said that I would then never have reason to be late for anything with her.

I accepted the gift with the spirit it was given (and the fact that I could tell that hers cost more than the one I had given mom!) and gave her a quick kiss in thanks. I guessed that there might be more birthday celebrations between us when we could be alone!

I later also got to thinking about the watch and Erin's comment. Had she just put me on the clock for the rest of our time together? A clock with a leash?

Thing was, I didn't mind if she had.

So, my party turned out to be decent. Okay, I did even have fun.

Gifts from my parents, Aunt Jess and Eric, grandparents (but surprisingly, nothing that special from Grandma Sharon!), Uncle Mike and Aunt Rita, and so on. As with the sexual gift that I expected from my girlfriend at a later time, I also suspected, or hoped, that I would receive a likewise present from my other girlfriend. My beautiful mother, Jenny!

And she did not disappoint me either!

Mom had made elaborate plans of which I wasn't aware of, or didn't connect to anything else that was going on.

One of the first clues of Jenny's sneaky plot had been simple to miss.

It had come up during the birthday party that Jojo and Johnny would be going to visit with our grandmother for three or four days. I thought nothing of it because that had happened upon occasion in the previous summers, as also with me when I had been younger. As Grandma Sharon was about to leave, she did give me a knowing wink and when we hugged, it may have been more 'pressing' than any other we had done in the past. She then gave me a kiss on the cheek that seemed innocent, but I felt the tip of her tongue that meant it was so much more. I had an urge to 'visit' my grandma again, but let it pass.

The next part of mom's plan was more obvious. Well, to anyone but me, I guess.

Mom and dad had been getting along very well. Better than I had realized with my focus split between mom and Erin. They kissed more often, or at least, more openly in front of us kids. There was just an easiness in the air between them and I found that I had missed that sense between them from when I was much younger. I might have gotten jealous if I hadn't also been happy for mom. She didn't lessen her affections towards me and I just accepted it as the way things were.

Mom had set up a golf trip for dad and his buddy, Jack. It seemed that dad's friend was having some serious family troubles and needed to get away for a few days. Mom had given her approval of dad going with Jack upstate for a two-day golfing spree to help his friend with his situation. My dad was so attentive to mom for doing this for him and his friend that I almost wanted to barf. Or to push him aside and show him what to do with Jenny! Even if I wasn't jealous!

Having the whole house almost empty should have been apparent and although I found it odd; again, it wasn't that much unusual. With the expectation of spending birthday celebration time with Erin some of my brain's blood flow had been diverted elsewhere.

The first day with everyone else absent, I had already set up plans to go out with Erin.

In the middle of the afternoon Erin called me unexpectedly to cancel. She said her mother hadn't been feeling well and had to go to the hospital. I was disappointed, but completely understood the importance, and told her that her mom was more important than my birthday sex (slightly!). Erin thanked me for understanding and I told her to give Charise my best wishes to get well.

Mom had been nowhere in sight for some time, but I just figured she was busy doing her mom things and was elsewhere in the house.

A short time later, my phone buzzed again.

I assumed it was Erin with some kind of update about her mom.

Instead, it was from my mom.

A photo with a line of text.

It was of a giant red bow, such as would be on a gift, and it was tied around something, but the picture was zoomed in on the red ribbon. Underneath were the words, 'Come open your present!'

My present?

More than I had already gotten? From my mom?

I began to suspect then.

But, where was she?

I rushed to my parent's bedroom and opened the door expectantly.

There on her bed was my mother. Completely nude, except for the large red bow from the photo tied around her middle. The bow was far larger than implied in the picture as it almost covered her entire front from breast to hip. She lay half on her side with her legs discreetly together which hid any more-intimate things.

"Surprise!" Mom waved her arms wide as she presented her gift.

"Wow." I said astounded.

I was caught off-guard, but my quick wit never failed me.

"But I already have one of those." I quipped.

Mom took no offense at the outburst and grinned with only a slight shake of her head in exasperation.

"There's no one home. I am yours for the whole night, honey!"

Then all the pieces finally clicked.

"Did you arrange all this just to be able to do this?" I asked her, more fully surprised.

"Yes. And no." She looked at me with love. "Jack's issues, whatever they are, are beyond my control. I just took advantage of the opportunity."

"You sent dad off to play golf?" I worried at the seeming nefariousness of that.

"It's not like that." Mom said defensively as she kept smiling. "Justin has been ... very good ... to me, lately. I felt like rewarding him. It's just that I could do two things with one stone, you know."

I might sound like I was accusing her of something, but I wasn't, it was just that more of my blood was vacating my head at that moment. Seeing her with just a big bow barely hiding her best bits was having a profound effect on me.

"Then Erin's mom isn't going to the hospital?"

"Is that what she said?" Mom gave a little laugh. "Yes, I did arrange this with Erin. I know you will get a special present from her also, but she's letting me give you mine first after I told her about it."

Yes, my mother and my girlfriend were far too close if they were arranging things like this behind my back!

"Johnny and Jojo?" I stared dumbly.

"Mom came up with the idea while she was here. She's worried about how much time she gets to see them. Said something about how fast kids grow up. I had to agree with that. She also said something about the time when you visited her that made her realize that, and that she wanted to get to see them again while they were still of an age to enjoy it."

Grandma said something to mom about my visit? I knew she would never admit to what had happened, even offhandedly. Especially to her daughter!

"I still enjoy visiting grandma." I stated as my eyes roamed over Jenny's exposed nudity.

"She was right about how fast you grow up! I can see you growing right now!" Her eyes darted to the bulge in my pants.

I wasn't growing. I had already been fully erect!

"This has to be the best present that I have ever gotten! Ever!"

No one had ever given me a naked woman before! Naked, and horny even!

"Better than your graduation present?" Jenny said seductively.

"That wasn't really a present, but more of a celebration, wasn't it?" I corrected my love. "Besides, this one is all for me!"

"I suppose." She looked a bit crestfallen at that, but then smiled brightly and her eyes came back to mine glowing fiercely.

"Are you going to open your gift?" Jenny batted her eyelashes at me as sexily as any pinup model from any previous era.

"Can I return it? Did you keep the receipt?" I joked again as I took a few more steps into the room. I kicked off my shoes as I did so.

"Is there something wrong with it? It might not be fresh, but it is well-aged. I've even been told that it is quite beautiful."

My grin nearly burst my jaw.

"One of the finest things that I have ever seen!" I replied as I pulled my shirt over my head. "A true treasure!"

I almost said something about wanting a second one, or about completing the set, but either would discount her value and I didn't want that. This gift I placed above everything else. Except, maybe one other that was nearly its equal.

But enough of comparisons.

"I just don't know how you can top this at Christmas, Jenny!" I worked at my pants and had them undone as I reached her bed.

"How about what you are getting for your dear old mother?" She held out her arms as I knelt up on the mattress.

"My mother, yes. Dear, also yes. Old, absolutely not." I told her firmly. "I have heard you described as well-aged!"

Mom laughed heartily at that.

"Come up here and kiss me!"

"Yes, Jenny."

I still had my pants on, and my socks, but I didn't let those stop me from planting my lips on mom's. We kissed, and kissed, and then we kissed some more.

"You still haven't opened your present. I spent some time wrapping it too." Mom said breathlessly as soon as I pulled apart when I felt my head start to spin from oxygen deprivation.

"It looks almost too good to unwrap." I then regretted that I hadn't taken a picture of her at that moment. But the pull of her lips kept me from getting my phone, wherever it might be then.

"Rip the damn thing open, honey!" Jenny practically ordered.

"Yes ma'am!" I replied obediently.

I studied the red ribbon, looking for the simplest way of untying it. I was sure that it wasn't the same as smaller ones and that it had to have some gimmick for releasing it. Sure enough, there was one band that was separate from the others and seemed to be the one that wrapped around mom's back. It had two Velcro strips that held it in place and easily removed. I did so and pulled the ribbon from under mom's frame and pushed the large bow off the side of the bed.

Jenny let her legs part slightly as she posed in her nakedness for my studying eyes. You could even say staring. Mom let me do so as she stared back at me kneeling beside her. She was more impatient than me though.

"Jeremy. You still have on too many clothes." Mom nodded at my clad lower half.

That it was the part of me that she was more interested in was probably the basis of her complaint. She might not have said anything if I had only a shirt on!

I spun to my ass and shed the last of my clothes and then turned back to the astonishing angel lying in my mother's bed.

"All afternoon and all night?" I asked in amazement.

Jenny nodded as her eyes peered deep into mine as I laid beside her and placed my face above hers.

"I don't know if I'm enough for all that long." I admitted my mortal frailty.

"Make love to me, honey! Do anything that you desire! I am yours! Until tomorrow anyway." She declared emotionally.

Yet there was always the disclaimer.

But tomorrow was a long way from that moment. A moment that I hoped to stretch into eternity and onto paradise.

I lowered my head and again kissed my mother and my lover with all the love and passion I felt for both parts of her. Mom's mouth met mine with the same amount of emotion; neverending.

Our bodies pressed as tightly as our lips, our limbs entangling together the same as our tongues that danced intwined in our mouths. The perspiration that we generated only aided in helping us feel more of

the others' body against our own as we twisted around on the bed, our lips never long from their companions'. Numerous times my hard shaft pushed against the rim of Jenny's opening, but neither of us moved to allow that intimate penetration. Not just yet.

It wasn't just our lips that we kissed either.

I trailed my lips down her neck. Across her upper chest. Over her bare shoulders. Up to her earlobes with gentle sucking there. Every inch and pore of her beautiful face. Her strong but cute nose. Down to the soft luxuriant valley between her bountiful breasts. To the peaks of those mounds and the stiff little tips there. Everywhere my mouth, my lips, my tongue went brought gasping rave reviews from Jenny's lips.

Lips that likewise travelled over me in similar routes, but without the difference in elevations of her own feminine frame. Lips that burned my skin with lust as they covered my salty, slick chest, over my face, and back to my own mouth for a lengthy accounting of each set of lips' individual trips.

We rolled around on the mattress as if restless, but it was really that our passion and love for each other couldn't be contained to one spot for one moment. My hands tried to touch every part and portion of my dear loving mother and moving lover. My legs slid along her smoother ones, entwining and entangling. Her own limbs did likewise as we kissed and twisted around in the tangled sheets that had been pulled

loose. My fingers found hers and interlocked to match our lips and our bodies trying to do the same. An interlocking that was the ultimate expression of the love we shared, the love that seemingly overwhelmed us both.

"Jeremy." Jenny moaned breathlessly with her lips still connected to mine.

"Jenny." I replied in a likewise gasping whisper.

"Enter me. Fill me." She stared deep into my eyes with her emerald rays of light that blinded me with their brilliance.

"Yes, love." I agreed happily.

Our bodies still shifted about, but then with more purpose as we aligned our bodies to meet our goal. Which was the synthesis of our beings with the joining of our genitals. We were perfectly matched and my large peg fit snugly and exquisitely into her damp slot, gloriously fusing us into one.

"Oh! Yes!" One half moaned as it was filled.

The other half could only groan similarly, but wordlessly.

We still moved around the bed as we ground against each other, both of us fucking the other as well as being the one pleasured. We gave and took our bliss equally. In and out, up and down, our motions took us to another reality, one without anyone but the one that we were with and the one that was our other half. For that moment at least.

"More. Give me more." Jenny sighed as she nuzzled my neck with endless kisses that burned on my skin and warmed my soul. Or vice versa.

And I gave more. More and more. I had given her everything that I was and all that I had, and yet continued to give more. Her wetness allowed easier penetration even as her squeezing tightness gave wonderful sensations. I filled her and she enveloped me. Each essential to the other. As much as she was to me and I was to her.

"Jenny!" I grunted loudly at some point. The one word summed up all my emotions along with the feelings my tone implied.

"Oh, honey!" My female half replied.

Mom orgasmed many times but I wasn't keeping track, only that I felt her, sensed her, knew that she had cum numerous times. She was like that famous geyser with the force and regularity of her explosive

climaxes, but 'faithful' nor 'old' were neither terms to describe my remarkable and marvelous mother. None were such that she had squirted, but the sum total of the volume of liquid she expelled was such to equal any previous gusher she had experienced with me.

I succumbed after a lengthy, or short, time but my rigidity never faltered and we continued as we'd been doing, not pausing or slowing, driven onward by our love, lust, and passion.

It was after some time that we took an intermission in our loveplay; our bodies not equal to our emotions. Jenny and I lay beside each other, gasping for air, only made harder for the fact that our lips couldn't stop kissing our partner.

"I love you." One of us said.

"I love you more." Came the reply.

"I love you more times two." Was the retort.

Jenny laughed softly.

I chuckled hoarsely.

"Again?" Somebody said.

"Absolutely!" The other agreed.

Jenny and I were then again locked together as man and woman, as mating beasts, as united metaphysical beings. Two halves made whole and two wholes made greater than individually. Like Ouroboros, the eternal mouth swallowing its growing tail that symbolized our union made one and infinite.

When we parted again the world had turned as it had shaken in our pairing, and then the room spun around the bed, or it was just my head. My eyelids were heavier than I could hold up and I drifted into blackness. I heard Jenny's heavy breathing just as I slipped from consciousness.

The incredible smells of hot food roused me back to the world of wakefulness.

I opened my eyes to find mom standing beside her bed, clad only in an apron and bearing a tray of delicious smelling food. Her beaming smile was enough sustenance for me to survive on for years.

At least for my spirit; my mortal shell needed the food Jenny was carrying!

"Was I out long?" I asked as I eyed the food and the bearer of it.

"No. Just long enough for me to cook a late lunch, or maybe early dinner." She answered, looking more refreshed than I felt.

"What time is it?" I don't know why I asked, I knew that I still had plenty of time to spend with my Jenny.

"Just past five." Mom told me. "Here, move over so I can set this down."

I scooted to my side to make room for the tray.

"I'll have to make breakfast in bed for you in the morning to make up for this dinner, or whatever, in bed!" My eyes went from the loaded tray to those glorious green eyes.

"You don't have to do that, but I also won't stop you either!" Jenny grinned widely. "If you have any energy left in you after I'm done with you all night long!"

That almost sounded like a challenge!

One that I wholeheartedly accepted!

"Oh, you'll see how much energy I have left in me, my lady!"

Mom giggled at that as she sat on the bed's edge.

Then I studied what she had prepared.

One of my favorites. Roast beef in gravy with a number of slices of bread. Also, with a mid-size bowl of corn with two forks in it, a smaller bowl with a half dozen strawberries (presumably for her as I didn't care much for the red fruit), and a second bowl filled with mashed potatoes. Two empty plates sat under the bowl of the potatoes. Spoons sat in each of the two bowls of vegetables.

"Thanks, Jenny! You are too good to me!" I exclaimed as I took one of the plates and heaped three pieces of bread and covered them liberally with the roast beef and spoonfuls of gravy. I took a fork from the corn bowl.

"No, you are too good to me, dear." She said sweetly.

"Don't go just eating that. Have some corn and potatoes too!" Mom, as a mom then, scolded me tenderly.

"Oh, I plan on eating quite a bit tonight! Everything sitting on this bed!" I declared firmly as I stared intently at one my later appetizers!

Mom understood this and laughed demurely with a hand over her lips.

She took the second plate and took a smaller helping of the meat and gravy with one piece of bread on the side. She took heed of her own words and scooped a large dab of mashed potatoes and a smaller one of corn.

"Just don't go spilling on my bed!" Jenny told me warningly with a finger wag for emphasis.

"You've already spilled so much on your bed, lovely lady!" I said as I patted one of the many damp spots from mom's bliss.

This brought a redness to her cheeks.

"I said, you are too good to me!"

I laughed between mouthfuls.

"It was pretty brave to make gravy to eat in bed, mom." I stated.

"I was worried about it, but I know how much you love this and that we don't have it very often."

If her smile got any brighter, we'd have complaints from blinded neighbors! I just basked in the glow!

I focused for the moment on replenishing my ravaged stomach. But not so much that I didn't also stare at my dining companion. The apron hid most of the front of her, but delightful glimpses could be seen as her arm rose with her fork or when she shifted one of her legs. That though was probably for my benefit and not a fortunate mistake!

I finished my plate and took a small second helping, as the wonderful sights beside me began to outweigh my desire for sustenance. Also, my desire became obvious as my erection returned. Which drew Jenny's eyes from her own plate.

"Jenny. Are you hungry for some desert?" I asked suggestively. I didn't need to, as I was sure she knew I didn't mean the strawberries!

"I do need some cream for my berries! I'm sure your berries have some left for me!" Mom said so sultrily that there would be no doubt what I had left for her!

"Let me move this tray. I'll have more later, but right now you need some sausage with a side of cream!"

I quickly moved the tray with our plates and the remains of the meal to mom's dresser, pushing aside the assorted bottles of perfumes and whatnots to fit it. Jenny watched me anxiously, but with no concern for her things and more for my thing!

"Give me that big hunk of meat, Jeremy!" My mother said hungrily as she slid from the bed and sank to her knees.

I returned to wave my flesh flagpole in her face. Jenny stuck out her tongue to try to catch my bouncing dick on it in the most erotic game of 'pin the tail on the donkey', or rather 'put the tongue on the donkey cock'! With both of us eager for success, it didn't take long for mom's mouth to fasten around the head of my throbbing dick!

"Suck it, Jenny! Wrap those sexy lips around that thick shaft!" I urged her.

"Mrflglb!" Mom mumbled with her mouth full.

"That's it, mom! Suck my cock like the hot slut that you are!" I said as my legs trembled from her suction.

"Is mommy a hot slut, honey?" She cooed so sexily.

"Oh God yes! You're the hottest sluttiest mommy I know!" I boasted truthfully. She was also the only one that I knew too!

"Am I sexy too?" She asked before plunging her mouth deep around my dick.

"I might be biased, what with my cock in your face, but yes, you are the sexiest slutty mommy!"

"Oooo!" Mom cried out in joy.

"I'm sure you're the horniest too!"

"Oh! I am! I am!" Mom declared before pushing her face further down on my length.

"Grblmglgmrb!" She said around my cock.

"That's it, slut, suck my big ... hard ... dick! Suck it like you love it!" I demanded.

"I do love it, baby! Mommy loves your big ... hard ... cock!" She brought up her hands at that point and began to stroke me along with the excellent head she was giving me.

"You're going to make me fall over. Here, let me at least sit." I twisted so that I could plant my ass solidly on her mattress.

Mom barely missed a beat as she turned with me and sank again onto my shaft as she laved it with her tongue, coating me profusely with her saliva that her pumping palms spread over my entirety.

"That's it, mom! Oh, God that feels sooo good!"

"Give me that cream, baby!"

Her hands were milking me firmly, such that even though I had orgasmed twice already, I felt the urge beginning to grow inside.

As great as mom's mouth and hands felt on my dick, I wanted to share the sensations with Jenny also.

"Stop, Jenny. Stop." I nudged her forehead back.

She looked up at me longingly and with question in her eyes.

"Come get up here on the bed again. I want to be inside you again." I patted the bed beside me invitingly.

Jenny's eyes lit up as she understood what I wanted.

She sprang from her knees and almost leapt onto her bed and rolled onto her back.

"No, mom, I want you on top." I told her as I slid further up the bed and fell back with my pole standing tall and proud.

Jenny's eyes locked to that tower of pleasure as she sat up and cooed in delight. She got up on her knees and nimbly moved to straddle my hips.

"Ride me, Jenny! Slide that tight pussy of yours around my dick!" I told her as I stared up at her as she reached down to put my slick head at her entrance. She waggled it between her wet lips before putting a quarter of it inside her. Then mom dropped her weight down so the rest of my dick pushed deep into her chasm once again.

"Oooo!" She groaned loudly.

I grunted in agreement.

"You fill me so full, honey! I just love your huge cock in my cunt!"

As did I!

"Slam that cunt on me, bitch! Ride my cock like a wild slut!" I urged her with a bellow.

"Oh yes!" Jenny screeched.

She rose up and slid down again slowly before she began to wriggle her hips on each quick successive plunge so that she wasn't only bouncing up and down, she was also sliding on it as well. I don't know for which of the two of us that this felt better. I can only say that for me that it felt incredible! Mom's moaning and wild bucking gave the impression that it was much the same for her as well!

"Damn, Jenny! Like that! Ride my dick! Make yourself cum on me!" I demanded. That last was more for her benefit as I felt my cum burning in my balls, aching for a blistering release.

"Grab my tits, baby! Squeeze mommy's boobies!" Jenny demanded in return. She grabbed my wrists and brought my hands to her breasts where I did as she instructed. I even went further and lifted my head up to suckle on each hard tip and give them a soft little nip with my teeth.

"Oh, yes! Bite 'em, Jeremy!" Mom squealed in delight.

Her vigorous hip motions made that a dangerous proposition, but I nipped her nipples more firmly as she thrust her chest closer to my face. After a couple bites, I let her move her body back as she had used shorter strokes to accommodate my lips on her tits. I held my hands around her squeezable melons and pinched her nipples to replace my teeth. Jenny grabbed my hands and held them tight to her titty flesh.

"Yes, baby! Yes! Oh, yes!" Mom grunted as she rode me fiercely, seemingly getting wetter with each stroke.

I added my own little thrusts, giving her more penetration on each downstroke thrust.

"Oh yes ... yesss .... I'mmm gonnnna cummm ... I'mmm ... gonnnnaa ... gonnaaa ... cummm!" Jenny wailed as her wiggling ass bouncing became irregular in tempo and force. "Mommmmeeeee's ... cummmmminnngg!"

And mommy fell forward, smashing her breasts into my chest, and her face just inches from mine but not aware of it as she stared off into the distance of wherever her bliss had taken her then.

This was fortunate, or not, as I had been very close myself! I wasn't ready to cum just then and wanted her to experience at least one more orgasm before I did so.

Her eyes looked down at me as they focused again. Her ecstasy was evident in her glowing green eyes that filled my sight. Jenny then let her head drop so that she could kiss me and I welcomed her lips to mine. We spent a few minutes with our lips locked together and our loins still coupled before mom realized my dick was still deep within her.

"You're not done yet?" Jenny questioned me curiously.

"Not until you are, love." I answered tenderly.

"Awww, that's sweet, dear." She replied softly.

That earned me another batch of wonderful kisses that I accepted graciously.

"But it's your turn now." Mom said.

Jenny slowly resumed her pistoning without the added wriggle of her hips. There was less urgency this time as if she was enjoying the full length of my cock sliding into her vagina. I, myself was totally enjoying her pussy muscles as they wrung my thick shaft as they slid along my hot skin.

Having just enjoyed her own orgasm, mom was then anxious to make me do the same. She used her tight pussy as she might have used her lips and mouth, or even with her hands, to caress and delight my cock. And Jenny succeeded at this just the same as she would with any other part of her beautiful body. She slowly sped up her milking thrusts without any lack of loving tenderness. I fought my urge and reveled in mom's luxurious ministrations.

All too soon mom's actions were more than I could resist, or want to resist any longer. My hands fell from her tits to her hips to help guide them as I approached my breaking point.

"Yes mom, fuck me, fuck me! Oh fuck, fuck me!" I yelled out.

I gripped her hips tighter, jerked my hips and ass up to push my bursting cock deeper in her womb as I released my bullet-like seed.

"That's it, baby! Fill me up with your cum!" Mom still humped my cock, but with less force, as if she was just milking the last of my cum from dick and balls.

Jenny then again laid on my chest and brought her lips to mine. I breathed hoarsely into her mouth as I let hers surround mine. I put my hands on her ass and gripped it firmly with my fingers. My dick shrank inside my mother's pussy.

"Jenny." I whispered to her lips.

"Yes, love." She answered.

"You are incredible." I emotionally stated.

"I know." Mom said simply.

She then rolled off of me with a heavy sigh.

We lay beside each other, the high of our joining slowly fading. Our heaving breathing in sync in the otherwise silent room. Mom's fingers found mine and intertwined with my digits but they didn't stay motionless, and instead played softly about my fingers.

It was still very early at that point, but I found my eyelids heavy, until mom said softly from next to me.

"Meet me in the shower?"

All trace of weariness melted from me like ice on the sun.

I was still slow to sit up, but that was sore muscles and not the lack of willpower to move. Jenny was equally slow, but she rose gracefully like an elegant lady. I watched in wonder as she walked proudly naked to the master bath. I shook myself and soon followed after her.

Mom had the water running and she was bent over as she had a hand under the tap checking the temperature.

I came up behind her and gave her a very gentle slap on the presented posterior.

"Jeremy!" She giggled softly but didn't alter her position. I did manage to keep my hands to myself. For a few moments anyway.

Jenny stepped into the shower and held open the frosted door as she turned on the shower. I stepped in behind her, shivering as the more

than warm water sprinkled me around the beautiful woman standing under its spray. I slid the shower door closed and cozied up to mom.

She let the hot water run over her and did a spin under the falling spray to cover her entire body in wetness. Mom then smiled at me and stepped around me so that I could more fully get soaked. I then felt her hands on my back and the cool hardness of the bar of soap as she lathered my skin. I let the water run over me as mom washed my back, shoulders, and my arms. I almost jumped when I felt her soapy hands on my ass, squeezing my cheeks as her fingers ran over my flesh. I heard her giggle at my reaction.

I then turned around and mom ran the soap over my chest followed by both her hands as she stared deep into my eyes without heed of what she was doing. Her hands were familiar enough with my body to not need her eyes supervision. I just stood there, still filled with wonder that I was able to stand in the shower with my mother, my beautiful and amazing Jenny.

Then her hands wandered down over my abdomen and then to my crotch. She ran the soap over my soft flesh and lathered the bubbles around my sensitive parts. Parts that gave indication that they might not stay soft with mom's continued fondling of them. I saw the turn of her lips and the smile that was in her eyes as she cleaned me in ways that a mother shouldn't do for her adult son.

I grabbed her plastic bottle of bath gel and without breaking my eyes from hers, I managed to get some into my palm and then onto her soft skin. I ran my hands over her upper chest, her shoulders and upper arms, and then purposely avoiding the large mounds, down over her stomach and abdomen. I rubbed the gel into a lather as I worked my fingers over the coated areas.

Mom let out a little laugh.

"Are you going to wash my tits, or are you purposely leaving them dirty?" She asked me.

"I figured I'd lick them clean." I told her.

"I've never had that done before!" Jenny sarcastically chuckled.

Nevertheless, I leaned down and ran my tongue over mom's boobs, covering every bit of her soft, firm skin. I went from one to the other as I traced my lips and tongue around her large mammary mounds. I left her areolas and stiff nipples for last, circling those hard tips before sucking them into my hungry mouth. Mom put her hands on my head, holding my face to her chest as she ran her fingers through my wet hair.

When I finished, I went back over both tits again to make sure that I hadn't missed any spots, as I wanted to be diligent in mom's cleanliness. Mom made no complaint for my efforts.

"Now, use the soap." Jenny told me when I stood upright again.

"They're clean." I responded defensively. Though, I had wanted to go over the nipples again just to be sure!

"I know where your mouth has been and what has been put in it! Wash my tits with the gel!" Mom demanded, brooking no more argument from me.

"I know where my mouth will soon be!" I quipped suggestively which brought a gentle grin to Jenny's face.

"Soon. But now, finish washing me!" She handed the gel bottle to me.

"Okay, okay."

I had no issues about spending more time playing with Jenny's fabulous breasts or the hard little nips atop them. She just moaned some more as I massaged the teal cleanser over her soft pliable flesh. I would have still been rubbing my palms and fingers over her tits if mom didn't

declare that she felt they were suitably clean. And that I had interests in cleaning other parts of her feminine figure, with tongue and fingers!

I poured out more of Jenny's gel and crouched to rub the fake soap over her thighs and down past her knees. Having her brown bush inches from my face was an extra bonus for my luxurious task! My hands caressed over every bit of those gorgeous legs, so toned and shapely. She lifted each foot in turn so that I could carefully scrub her soles and each beautiful toe. Jenny giggled as I teased the bottoms of her soft feet.

I might have spent too much time crouched as I did and my knees creaked loudly.

"Was that you, honey?" Jenny asked tenderly.

"I think I'm getting old!" I stated, then added a quip. "Or it's just that you are sucking all the youthful energy out of me!"

Jenny laughed easily at that.

"It's not your 'youthful energy' that I'm sucking out of you!" Her eyes were gracious with her joy. "You have given me a lot of ... something. I do feel so much younger than I used to."

"You know what I have given you a lot of! It's not youthful energy either!"

"Is that what you've been giving me? Orally, or otherwise?" Mom teased back so carefree.

"Speaking of orally!" I told her firmly.

"Oh, yes! Please!" Jenny sighed enthusiastically.

But I could no longer stay in that position, no matter what I did next. I switched to my knees on the smooth porcelain. It wasn't much better, but for my task I would suffer kneeling on a bed of nails.

"Open those great thighs for me, mom!" I nearly demanded.

Not that any demand was required as Jenny spread her knees wide for me.

"You are such a naughty boy, Jeremy! Having your mother spread her legs for you! To have me so willing to let you do whatever you want with me!" Jenny teased gleefully.

"I must have inherited it from my naughty mommy!" I retorted as I leaned in and kissed her pubic hair. Then another just two inches lower.

"Ooo!" My 'naughty' mommy replied.

I put a hand on either soft thigh, for my support and for Jenny's support.

I then ran my wide tongue from her lowest point, up over her cleft, even over her hidden bit, and onto her fresh smelling pubes.

"Oh God!"

But it wasn't any divinity that I wanted my amazing mother praising, but rather me and what I was about to do for her.

I gave her another long lick but this one was slower in its course.

"I love you licking me, baby! You make mommy feel sooo gooood!"

That was my plan!

I shifted so I had a more stable platform with which to work from as I pressed my face deeper into Jenny's wonderful quim.

My tongue went on a quest into mom's delightful cavern, along her wrinkled ridges, over peaks and valleys in search of her pleasure. It was a long expedition as I went with no treasure map ahead of time and just figured that I would just cover every inch of her intimate terrain, even multiple times if required! This journey was made more treacherous with the slick surfaces over which my lips and tongue had to travel. A wetness that didn't come from the spraying showerhead and that never seemed to dissipate no matter how much I drank it up as I searched.

"Oh, honey! I love how you eat me, but stop teasing me, please! I need you to lick me and make me cum! Baby, I neeeed you to make me cum sooo badly!" Mom begged as she rubbed a hand in my wet hair.

"I thought you wanted me to tease you forever, Jenny?" I asked with barely lifting my tongue that had found a new trail that just could lead to her delight.

"Every day with you is a tease, dear! You get me so worked up just being around you! I need you to get in there and lick my hot cunt and make me cummmm!" Mom demanded with love.

I reacted like any other teen being tasked with their chores.

"Can't it just wait until tomorrow, mom?" I intentionally whined.

"Goddamn it, Jeremy! Lick mommy right fucking now, or I'm taking back your present and getting you a rock instead!" Jenny growled as fiercely at me as she had ever done during our sexplay!

"Ooo, will it be a nice big rock?" I teased farther than I probably should venture with my mother so needy right then!

"Fucking eat my damned pussy right now, you fucker!"

Well, if she was going to put it like that! I had better eat her damned pussy immediately!

"Yes, mommmy!" I drawled out and stuck my tongue back between her nether lips.

I wasted no more time in pointless excursions or needless teasing and got down to the nitty gritty of making Jenny climax hard on my face. It took less than ten minutes (so, I did tease a bit more!) before I had mom pouring forth her tasty clear syrup and thicker pale fluid. I lapped up as much as I could as she shook and trembled beneath the cooling water of the shower.

I reached over to turn off the faucet before the water lost all of its heat.

"Come up here and kiss your mother!" Jenny tried to sound fierce, but her voice cracked from the excessive wailing I had her uttering on her way to ecstasy.

"Yes, ma'am!" I tried to leap to my feet, but my knees creaked again as I rose.

Mom was grinning when I faced her but she just returned my passionate kisses without a word.

"Let's dry off and get back in bed." Jenny eventually said as the both of us shivered from the cool dampness.

"That's a great idea!" I agreed.

Drying off involved each of us rubbing our fluffy towels over the other's body. It took some time before either of us was satisfied, and that there were many kisses liberally sprinkled over both our bodies only added to that time.

I then surprised Jenny when I grabbed her and lifted her in my arms to carry her to her bed.

"You better watch it there, grandpa! I don't want your fragile strength giving out and dropping me to the floor!"

I wanted to reply to mom's jest, but I just gave her a smile instead.

I managed to carry Jenny to her bed with ease and even gently tossed her a few feet in the air to land with bounce in the middle of her mattress.

"Oh, honey! My bed is soaked. With our sweat and my ..." Mom looked at me with disappointment and a slight pout.

"Do you want to sleep with me in my bed, my love?" I asked as I stood beside the defiled bed.

"It'll be a tight fit, but that means we'll just have to cuddle closer!" Her eyes brightened at my suggestion.

I had no problems cuddling tight with Jenny! Even all night long!

It would also be the first night that we could stay together all night in my bed!

Me and my Jenny!

"Are you going to now carry me up to your bed, young man?" Jenny asked curiously.

"I would, but then I couldn't stare at your incredible ass as you go up the stairs!" I quipped.

"It won't be just my ass that you'll be staring at! I'm sure you'll get an eyeful of my pussy too!" Mom told me with cheer on her face.

"I might!" I couldn't disagree with her assessment.

"You are just too terrible!" Mom gently laughed.

"Too terrible? Or too incredible?"

She laughed again, more heartily.

"Both!"

I reached out a hand and Jenny understood my intent and gave me one of hers. She climbed from her spent bed and stood beside me in all her naked radiance.

"Would you like to join me in my bedchamber, milady?" I asked, trying to sound formal.

"Oh, sir, I would love to join you yonder." She even added a slight curtsy to her equally formal words.

It would have had a greater effect if mom hadn't been completely nude!

I expected that regardless of my jest, that Jenny would put on a robe before we went upstairs, but she walked casually to the bedroom door and as she was about to exit, she looked back at me standing and staring at her in wonder.

"Are you coming? You can't check out my ass unless you're right behind me!"

She wanted me to stare at her butt!

That motivated me into motion!

I came up behind her and gave her a gentle swat on her tush.

Jenny giggled and darted down the hall at a brisk run. I followed, two steps behind, as she caught me unaware that she would so rush. She crossed the living room and started up the stairs. I narrowed her lead and had my face almost between her plush cheeks.

When she reached the top of the stairs, mom paused, just outside of Jojo's bedroom. I came up beside her and stopped as well.

"Jeremy." Jenny spoke hesitantly.

"Yes, love?" I asked.

"This all may be your present. But I feel like it's my best gift as well."

Her eyes had been on the floor, but those green orbs came up to meet my face.

"Jenny." I spoke as heartfully as I felt.

Mom brought a hand up and put her palm on my right cheek. She leaned over and kissed the other side.

"I do wonder what it would have been like that if instead of being my son, that you had been born twenty years earlier and I could have met you back then and spent my life with you, rather than ..."

"Mom, don't." I cautioned her before she could speak dad's name. But that wasn't the reason for my interruption.

"You've had a great life without me in it before now. Don't make it any less because of what we have now." I told her barely more than a whisper. "I might wonder that as well, but we have each other here and now. You have ... and I have Erin. Let's not ruin things with what ifs, okay?"

I kissed her forehead softly.

"No, you're right. I have had a great life before my hand fell into your lap. It has only gotten better because of that ... and even when I had my slip in judgement, things have turned out better for all of us."

Neither of us could bring up that dark period that had led to Erin entering my, our lives.

"Jenny." I stated, summing up the totality of what I thought and felt in that simple name.

She kissed my cheek again.

Then another, this time softly on my lips.

"We were going to your bedroom?" Jenny asked with a little of a curl on the end of her lips.

"Surely, we are!" I declared.

We were close enough then, and I had gotten my eyeful on the stairs and not that I wouldn't soon get more eyefuls! I quickly bent and scooped up my lover in my arms to cries of her delightful surprise.

"Don't drop me, creaky knees!" Mom laughed heartily.

I wanted to prove my manliness at that moment by throwing Jenny over my shoulder like a modern-age caveman, but I clung to her tighter and carried her lovingly down the hall to my open door. I would have repeated my earlier action by tossing her onto my bed, but there wasn't nearly the same amount of landing space and I didn't want to injure my

amazing Jenny by a careless display. Instead, I gently placed her on my unmade bed.

"Thank you for flying Jeremy airlines! Return your trays to the upright position and make your way to the exits."

"Oh, honey! You just make me laugh all the time! Even after being so tender in the hallway a moment ago!"

"It's because you make me so happy all the time, Jenny!" I returned her compliment.

"Oh, honey!" Mom sighed sweetly. "How about you get in this bed and we make each other happy all night long!"

"Absolutely!" I agreed.

I hadn't wanted to harm mom, but I was heedless for myself, as I jumped hard to land beside Jenny. I didn't take into account the ripple motion of my landing would have on the bed's previous occupant though. I had to quickly grab mom's figure to keep her from being bounced right off my bed by my carelessness.

She just laughed fully and held tight to me as well.

"Oh, Jeremy!" Jenny exclaimed gleefully.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean for that to happen!" I apologized.

Jenny only clung to me tighter. Far more than to keep her from being jostled out of my bed!

I wrapped my arms just as tightly around her as well.

"Did you say something about making each other 'happy' all night?" I asked as I stared at her face.

"I did!"

And Jenny's lips met mine. I felt happier immediately!

I then tried to spread that happiness back to her, and she accepted it graciously.

We laid there for a good while, kissing and holding each other and nothing more.

It had gotten dark outside my window, but I had no idea of the actual time. I would have had to open my eyes to see my bedside clock, or to take them off my beautiful lover.

"I don't know if I could do anything, at least for a little while." I had no need to boast with my amazing Jenny, my capabilities having been long since proven. "But I don't care if we do or not. I just want to lay here and hold you, kissing you, loving you."

"Dear." Jenny's eyes grew misty. Or it might have been my own.

"I love you so much, Jenny."

"I love you too, Jeremy. Just hold me, I like that."

She snuggled so deep into my side with my arm under her neck and my hand on her soft shoulder that Jenny might have fused herself to my ribs, like Eve merging back into Adam. I did feel like I was in the Garden of Eden at that moment; a heavenly paradise on Earth.

I dozed off between long kisses, content like I ever was in my mother's arms.

Sometime in the middle of the night, the darkness like a cool blanket for the both of us as Jenny and I awoke with renewed need. Burning lust. And endless love. We stoked those fires with our embraces, cooled them with our releases, and shared our passion repeatedly.

We both fell asleep again, holding each other just as tightly as our breathing merged and slowed.

I woke again, the world slowly reforming between my blinking eyes as I cleared the cobwebs of sleep away. There was a faint glint of light at the window as the sun crept over the horizon. I looked to Jenny, asleep still. She had rolled over at some point and was laying on her back with her arms thrown wide, one of them still happening to be on my chest.

With the many times that she had woken me so wonderfully, I took this as my opportunity to repay at least one of those incredible blowjobs.

I carefully lifted her hand from my chest and slipped gently from under the sheet that we had pulled around us. One of Jenny's feet was hanging out from under the pale sheet. Even that most minor body part was exquisite in its form to my eyes.

I shook myself from staring at mom's foot, grinning at the expression that she would have given me had she seen that!

I slipped from the bed rather than try to move around my sleeping lover, and stepped around my bed so that I could get back in from this new angle. I tugged the sheet off of my snoozing angel enough to reveal her beautiful nakedness. At least from toe to waist.

I had to shake myself once again from my reverie as I was overwhelmed by the astounding goddess that lay there for me to worship with my eyes.

I nudged gently one of mom's legs aside so that I could lay down between them. I laid as softly as I could, so as to not jostle the mattress enough to wake Jenny. I wanted her to be awoken by her ecstasy as I licked her delicious pussy.

So that is what I did.

There wasn't enough real light for me to see what I was doing, but I had done this enough times that I could picture mom's vulva in my head as if I had a spotlight shining on that most glorious junction. I knew it was pointless to tease, but I figured that her body would still be aware of my gentle kisses and soft licking, whether her mind was or not.

I just did as I usually did.

Licked, and lapped. Kissed, and sucked.

This opened her opening, both pairs parting like night blooming flowers. Except they also opened at all times of day and night! But I digress!

I snuck my tongue through her valley and into the chasm of delights. There wasn't the usual moisture that I found there, but my drooling tongue gave back some of that I had swallowed on many previous lickings! I knew I was having an effect when the legs on either side of me twitched. I ignored them and continued my licking. A soft moan was the next indicator that I was doing a decent job.

Some many minutes later, and a few more twitches and more moaning, there was a gasp.

"Oh!"

Then a few seconds later.

"Oooo!"

I felt sure that Jenny was at least partially conscious then.

I dove in and licked quickly around her little hard clit.

"Ohshit!" Mom cried out with a jerk of her hips that broke my rhythm.

"Jeremy!" She then cried out in the pale early light.

"Good morning, Jenny." I greeted my love between soft sucking on her clitoral hood.

"Oh damn! That feels soo good!" She moaned deliciously.

Then she jerked up onto her elbows.

"Didn't you promise me breakfast in bed? Not you getting to eat me in bed!" Mom semi-protested.

"Are you complaining?" I buried my face again.

"No. Oh! Fuck yeah!"

A hand clamped onto the back of my head.

"Lick me, baby! Lick me like that! I'm gunna ... gunna ... oh, oh ... gaaaahh!"

Jenny released a small stream of syrup and I drank it up thirstily. After the previous night, I was mildly surprised that her well hadn't gone dry! I let her recover as I lay between her legs staring up that magnificent body from that cherished angle.

"Now I want something to eat!" Jenny declared firmly.

I suspected it was something from the sausage family that she was hungry for!

"Are you really going to make us breakfast? Or was that an idle boast?" She then questioned more hesitantly.

Oh! She didn't want me, she wanted actual food!

"No, it wasn't an idle boast. I meant it." I declared smugly.

I rose from my glorious spot and stood while mom sat up and watched me with a wide grin on her face.

"And please, don't burn mine." She told me.

"I guarantee that it won't be burnt!" I retorted, slightly offended.

I grabbed a discarded pair of boxers and slipped them on before I left my pretty angel and went downstairs to prepare her a sumptuous meal fit for kings, or actually in this case, queens!

I was gone for about ten minutes or so and I returned carrying the tray loaded with our gourmet repast.

"Cereal?" Jenny exclaimed when she saw the two bowls heaped with delicious food.

"It's not burnt. I told you that." I told mom as I sat the tray over her legs.

"No, it's definitely not burnt!"

If not for the glow in her gaze, I might have worried about my choice of fare.

"I will also definitely say that no one has made me a breakfast in bed that can compare to this!"

I knew she was joshing with me, but she had known my capabilities in the kitchen ahead of time so she shouldn't have been surprised. I might have spent more effort in the meal, but my hurry to get back in bed with her limited the menu options. Besides, I didn't need to know how to cook when I had such an excellent one already!

"It is Cap'n Charms!" I declared as if the choice of cereal made a difference.

"It's perfect, honey. Like you." Her face was loving and her eyes didn't betray her words.

Hey, I knew it wasn't a feast like anything Jenny might make, but I had other skills to make up for what I lacked in the kitchen.

"It has marshmallows and everything." Jenny said as she dipped her spoon into the bowl and ate a large mouthful of the sugary concoction. Some of her grateful tone slipped at that, but I let it slide. She did say that no one else had ever made her a breakfast like mine!

I ate my own bowl of cereal as I continued to stare at my wonderful Jenny. She kept her focus on her bowl, but would occasionally glance up at me and find my eyes still on her. She let a smile creep onto her lips and returned those glorious green gems back to her breakfast.

We ate in silence, her furtive glances and my constant staring relaying the only things that needed to be said.

When we both were finished, I set the bowls inside each other, put them on the tray, and set the tray on the floor as I had no space on any furniture that wasn't already covered in clutter. Mom watched me motherly, but let the less maternal side of her say nothing about the tray's placement.

"So, what are we doing today?" Jenny asked me as I returned to her side.

"I thought I might clean out the garage and rearrange all the boxes of stuff in there." I answered nonchalantly.

"Really?" Mom asked in disbelief and turned to stare at me like I might have been possessed.

"No! Of course not! Why would you even believe that?" I grinned widely as I returned her stare. "I have one of the most beautiful women in the whole world naked and in my bed! In my bed! I'm not getting out of this bed unless the house is on fire! And maybe not even then!"

"One of the most beautiful?" Jenny asked curiously. Her lips curled into a leer. "Anyone else I know?"

"Jenny!" My eyes pierced into hers. By then she already knew my top five! And who was at the top of that list.

"That anyone, much less my oldest son, thinks I am that ... beautiful, is the highest praise I've ever gotten. Thank you, Jeremy! You're not that bad yourself."

"You're just saying that because I have a big dick and that you love my tongue." I downplayed her modest praise of me.

It was a good thing we had finished eating, otherwise there would have been marshmallows sprayed all over my bed when mom burst out with a loud belly laugh.

"Jeremy!" Her eyes were brimming with her love. "No, I love your dick ... and you have a big tongue!"

"Whatever, I get those two confused." I fought back a smirk.

"Honey, those things aren't why I love you. I hope you know that. That you can make me laugh like this, no matter how naughty it might be.

That you make me breakfast in bed with a bowl of cereal. It's all those little things that you do that make me love you." Jenny told me with her voice full of emotion.

"It wasn't those little things that your hand landed on that night though!" I teased back, not to make light of her feelings.

"Are you going to etch that on my tombstone? 'Her hand landed on her son's penis!'"

"I'm sure my brother and sister might object if I did that!"

"I would hope they would!" Mom said nothing about my sibling's involvement in such a discussion as this was just the two of us jesting together.

"Are we going to just lay here and talk all day?" Jenny asked petulantly, even though we had been sitting after we finished eating.

"I'm fine with that." I stated honestly. I knew that the two of us couldn't keep our hands of each other for very long, especially when we were currently free to do whatever dirty and nasty things we could think up.

I took that opportunity to lay back down as she suggested.

Jenny stared at me and gave an impish shake of her head as she laid down beside me.

"You really would be happy to just talk, wouldn't you?" She put a hand on my bare chest and trailed her fingers slowly around.

"I'm happy just to be with Jenny, no matter what we do. You know that. If we should decide to do something else, that's fine with me too. Do you want to watch some more porn with me? Play some video games? We could even just kiss."

Jenny laughed again. Not as hearty, but it was carefree. I loved to make her laugh; her joy made my world turn.

"Watch porn again. Video games. As strange as it may seem, I would also be just as happy doing either of those with you, even though you would trounce me in your games. But, I think I like that last choice the best!" Jenny moved her face closer to mine.

"So, no porn then?"

"No, dear, no porn."

Her lips melted to mine and all thoughts of any nude starlets likewise turned to mush.

Much later, we progressed from just kissing, passed first base and on to second and third base as well. Then, we were making our own porn, sans the camera of course!

Even later, my rumbling stomach caused a pause in the action.

"Was that you?" Jenny asked me.

"Yeah, my stomach. I'm hungry."

"We had breakfast."

"That was ..." I turned to look at the clock. "Hours ago, mom. I only had that one bowl. And it was a small one at that!" I protested.

"I suppose we did burn quite a few calories this morning. Which is fortunate, since I've skipped my yoga that I would have done today."

"You still could. Put on that stretchy outfit you wear and do your yoga here while I watch you." I told her, more than half seriously. "Or, you could even do it in the nude! That would be so hot!"

I then had a serious craving to watch mom do naked yoga!

"I'm sure it would be!" Jenny said merrily. Her tone almost sounded like she was just as interested as me! "But if I started that, your magnificent dick would get very hard and then you would distract me. Next thing we know, we would be back in bed going at it. Again!"

"Do you have a problem with that?"

I surely didn't!

"No. Not at all." Her eyes darted back and forth between mine. "But right now, we have an empty belly to fill. Two actually. I'm a bit hungry myself."

"You did burn a lot of calories too, mom!"

We dragged ourselves out of bed. I searched for the pair of boxers to slip back on, even if I didn't put on some shorts.

"I have nothing to put on." Jenny declared as if it was a great emergency. I had no issue with her lack of clothing, in fact I even encouraged it!

"Uh, here." I looked around and found a button-up shirt that I had worn two days before on a night out with Erin. I handed it to mom who took it cautiously.

"Shouldn't this have been in the laundry?" She asked, but still put it around her slim figure.

"Then it wouldn't be here for you to wear!" I told her. Perfect reasoning!

I noted that she lifted the collar to her nose so she could smell it. I was sure she was going to comment about it stinking.

Instead:

"It smells like you." Jenny said aloud, but clearly not speaking to me. She smiled at that fact and tugged the shirt closer to her body as if it was by extension me wrapped around her. I was then jealous of my laundry!

The shirt was left unbuttoned and actually hid very little of Jenny's body from my prying eyes. Not that she ever hid herself from me if I truly wanted to see her!

"Let's get downstairs and make some sandwiches!" She took another sniff of the shirt and her face practically glowed brighter than the early afternoon sunshine streaming in the window.

"Lead the way, pretty lady! Unless, you want me to carry you back downstairs?"

I would happily be Jenny's elevator service!

Although, Jojo would then request the same treatment as well! It might be better not to set a precedent!

"No, I can still walk. Barely. After the abuse you've given my lower half!" Her tone was joyful and even seemed happy for that said abuse.

"Hey, part of that was you! I told you to be careful that last time! I was sure you were going to throw out your back with the way you were going!"

"I didn't hear you complaining!"

"You wouldn't have heard me anyway if I did with how loud you were caterwauling!"

"Caterwauling? Is that what I was doing? Caterwauling?"

We reached the kitchen and I went to the fridge to grab a drink.

"Do you need anything, love?" I asked.

"Yeah, pour me a glass of wine, please?" Jenny said as she reached in the open refrigerator and grabbed some leftovers to make sandwiches with.

"Isn't it a little early for that?" I asked. It wasn't really that early.

"It's five o'clock somewhere." Jenny responded as she gave me a nod and a pleasant smile.

For that beauty wearing my shirt, I would agree to anything!

I pulled out a bottle of wine and poured her half of one her round wine glasses.

"How many do you want?" Jenny asked as she spread out the mayo on the bread.

"Two." I replied. Mom normally made my sandwiches extra full of fillings. My two might be three regular sandwiches. Speaking of which!

"No, better make it three."

"Not four?" Mom responded incredulously.

"Nah, I got to save some room for dinner! I'm sure you'll whip up something spectacular for us!"

"I'm too worn out to be cooking today. I'm just going to get something delivered." She sliced my three piles corner-to-corner like I loved and put them on a large plate. Her own smaller sandwich she put on a saucer plate.

"Can I get some chips with this?" I asked as I took the plate that looked fuller than I had realized.

"More?" Mom questioned with disbelief.

"You know where they are." And she gestured to the cupboard.

"You really are the best, Jenny!" I gave her a kiss on her cheek as I passed near her.

"The best? In the kitchen, or the bedroom?" Her tone was rough, but her face was bright.

"You are the best all around the house. You even make my clothes look good!"

I will say again, that a woman wearing your unbuttoned shirt and nothing else is the sexiest thing ever!

Moreso, when it is your hot mom!

"Jeremy. You're drooling." She sounded proud of that!

I wasn't, but there was still the possibility so I had to check!

My stomach could no longer be ignored, so I had to focus on my late lunch.

After I finished the second one, I turned to look at mom. I didn't want to broach the next subject, but it couldn't be avoided.

"Hey, mom. When are dad and Jack supposed to be back?" I tried to sound casual.

"Oh, it'll be late. Probably very late. I'm sure they are spending as much time on the course as they can, and then it's a four-hour drive back. So, definitely after midnight. Why? We're not sleeping in the same bed tonight, if that's what you're thinking. As nice as that would be. We had last night. You've had a pretty decent birthday present. Don't push it, honey."

"Oh, I know. I was just curious. I will never get a present that will ever, ever top this! Thank you again, Jenny!"

"This wasn't from Jenny, your lover, but from your mother."

"No way, Jenny. My mom would never get me a horny, naked woman for my birthday!" I could barely suppress my mirth.

"She might if she really loved you, dear!"

"I really love her as well!" I declared loudly, and proudly.

"Would you like to go to one of our beds and prove that?" Jenny inquired needlessly.

"Your bed should be dry now." I stated.

"And because it's closer?" She teased me.

I knew she desired its closeness as well!

"Race you!" And I took off from the kitchen.

"Hey!" Came the woman's loud voice from behind me.

Yes, I know, by racing mom, I didn't get to watch her from behind! But she arrived a moment after me and I gave her a hug as a consolation prize. The many kisses I gave her were my reward for winning.

We barely paused in our loveplay for Jenny to order a late-ish dinner. I had suggested pizza, but she instead got Italian. So, close enough. I had my fill of food, even as I never got enough of my amazing mother, lover, and Jenny.

When we finished eating, sitting nearly naked at the kitchen table, I looked over at my lovely companion.

"Mom? Can I have that red bow as a keepsake? From the best present I'll ever get." I asked Jenny.

She looked over at me with a bit of surprise at my request, but also a big satisfied grin.

"Yes. Of course. It was on your ... gift." Her eyes sparkled at me, but then grew dimmer for a moment. "But you have to keep it hidden from the rest of the family. We can't have your sister wondering what it was that you got with it!"

I did keep it hidden, in a large plain box at the back of my closet. Every once in a while, I would pull it out and smell Jenny's perfume and her 'odor' on it and remember that day!

Later, after Erin had given me her own special 'gift', we lay in her bed and I told her some of what had happened with Jenny. She then said she had wished she had known about the big red bow as she could have put it on her 'present' as well! I knew that my loving girlfriend wouldn't have actually done that, as it had been Jenny's idea and Erin wouldn't have wanted to share it, or reuse it herself.

I was glad that she felt that way, as I wouldn't have wanted Erin to use it either as it was something special between mom and I!

Jenny and I returned to her bed and even as our lust hadn't been fully sated, our bodies were no longer capable of responding to that urge or need. We laid in her bed holding each other, feeling each other's heartbeats, whispered sweet-nothings to each other, and let the darkness overtake the room. I wished, as I'm sure she did as well, that we could stay like that forever. But I did still love Erin just as much as the woman beside me, so I was just as happy my wish hadn't been granted.

I wasn't aware of the time, but eventually Jenny nudged me in my ribs.

"You have to go back to your own room now, honey." She sounded as disappointed at that as I did hearing it.

"I know. Can I just lay here for another minute?"

Ten minutes later.

"Jeremy." Her voice was firmer.

"Yes. I know." I let go of that goddess that birthed me and sat up. I twisted and looked at her with the sheet only covering up to her navel.

"Thank you again, mom. Jenny. Lover. All the rest of my birthdays will now be a downer as I remember this one." I leaned over and kissed her forehead.

"I'm not dead yet. Who's to say what you might get next year!"

"What? Two naked horny women?" I quipped.

Mom grabbed my arm and pulled me back down to her. Her kiss wasn't on my forehead.

"That might be arranged!" Jenny said when she released my lips.

Maybe I had to aim higher! A dozen naked horny women?

"Now get to bed. Before you tempt me too much longer."

Tempt me? She was the one laying there with her fabulous tits screaming at me to grab them and kiss them and squeeze them and ...

"Go!" Mom laughed and waved her hand to shoo me away.

"One more time?" I asked as I crossed her room.

"Go!"

"Goodnight, Jenny!"

"Goodnight, Jeremy!"

I was happy and completely drained, but it was still a long walk up to my room by myself.

I did find my phone and saw a text from Erin.

'have a GOOD nite luv! i'll c u 2morrow! if ur not 2 worn out! E'

It was from a few hours previous. I hadn't texted or called her since hearing about her fake story about her mother. I had a slight pang of guilt, but then realized I had nothing to feel that way about. Erin knew what I was doing and why I hadn't answered her right away. That much was implied with her capitalized 'good'! And that she and mom

had arranged this. Still. I texted her good night and crashed in my bed like the tallest tree in the forest fighting a chainsaw.

It was very late the next day when I awoke. I half expected to smell breakfast cooking, but I was disappointed in that.

I shit/showered/shaved (but the first was really only #1 and not #2!), and headed downstairs. It was quiet without Jojo and Johnny in the house. I found dad sitting at the kitchen table looking a little tired and drinking a cup of coffee. Mom wasn't around.

"Did you have a late night there, champ?" Dad asked me as he looked up from his tablet.

I didn't know why he asked that as he had gotten home after I had zonked out.

"So, did you." I responded.

"Jack drove most of the way home. I caught some shut-eye on the way back. Did you have a nice night with your girlfriend?" He actually put down his tablet as if interested.

I know I shouldn't have, as things were good for all the participants of our odd four-way relationships, but when dad asked about the time I spent with my girlfriend, I couldn't help but respond as I did.

"It was actually a great night with her!" I stated completely truthful with my parent about my other parent. "By the way, where is ..."

And she emerged from the downstairs bathroom.

"Oh, you're finally up, honey. Did you sleep well?" Mom asked with a slight wink of one eye.

She looked possibly the better of the three of us, but even if she had survived a zombie apocalypse, I would still declare mom to be beautiful.

"I was out like a light before I hit my bed." I said as I stared right into her green eyes.

"I didn't hear you come in, so I was asleep before you." She let me know discreetly.

Dad thought I had gone out with Erin, and mom was saying she didn't hear me come in, so apparently, I had gone out with my redheaded

girlfriend last night! Which was odd, as I remembered laying in my chocolate-tressed girl's bed! But I understood the implication.

"Yeah, Erin and I had a lot of fun last night. All day, actually!"

Mom actually had to turn her gaze to the floor at that!

"So, how was the golf, dad?" I diverted the subject before mom might get upset with me.

"Oh! It was amazing! You should have seen this place, Jeremy! The back nine on the one course was just ... astounding! We'll have to make a trip up there, just you and I!"

"Sounds good. If I can find time between Erin and work. I'm glad you had fun. How's Jack?" I had no idea what was going on with his friend's family, and really didn't care, but it was of interest to him so I asked.

"You would not believe half of what I could tell you! I'm sooo glad I have all of you as my family! You do know that I love you all, right?" Dad asked as if we might not know that.

"I know you do, and I love you too, dad." I declared out loud what didn't need to be said. He was my dad!

"Any plans for today?" My father asked as if he might want to do something. I assumed he would want to rest before going back to work. Of which.

"I have to work later. Only a few hours, but I'll be home for dinner. Why?"

"Just curious. Listening to Jack makes me realize that I need to spend more time in my kids' lives." He said cryptically.

"I'm nineteen now, dad. You've spent plenty of time in my life. For a few years there, I thought it was too much time!"

"Ah, those 'wonderful' early teens! I remember. And now Johnny is approaching them himself. I'm glad I had to deal with you first and not him. I know now more of what to expect. And if he's already finding himself girlfriends ..." He trailed off with a mock shudder.

"Stop it, dear." Mom patted her husband on the shoulder in reprimand. "Johnny is fine."

"Oh, Jen. You can deny it, but you know what a handful that one will be when he turns thirteen!" Dad looked up at mom with a wide grin on

his face. "And don't get me started on Jojo. I can already see that there will be a line of boys at our front door for her! She'll take after her mother!"

Dad then tried to be sneaky, but my eyes were always all over Jenny, so I saw his sly pat on her ass!

"Justin! Stop!"

"Uh, mom. Is there breakfast?" I glanced at her and then around the kitchen like she might be hiding it somewhere.

"There's Cap'n Charms. It has marshmallows and everything!" She told me as if offering me the most gourmet meal ever.

I couldn't hold back my grin at her answer!

"But I had that yesterday!" I mildly protested. Then to get a jab back at mom, I added. "It's so good though, I would eat it every day!"

I got up to fix myself breakfast.

Dad gave me a curious gaze, but shook his head and went back to his tablet. Mom gave me a beaming smile.

"Maybe, I'll even have a bowl. It does look good. Marshmallows and everything!"

Dad shook his head without lifting his face.

It was a few days later before Erin finally got to give me her 'special' birthday present. As wonderful, steamy, and incredible as it was, it was far more abbreviated than Jenny's present, but no less amazing for the time limit. When I returned home that night, just as drained as I had been with mom, I had to rethink my hopes for next year. A dozen naked horny women would most assuredly kill me! Two was almost too much!

A week or so after, Erin and I went over to Aunt Jessica's house. Both women got along nearly as well as Erin and Jenny, which shouldn't have been that much of a shock considering their mutual love of me! I had actually been more afraid of Erin and Jess at the start, as I thought their mutual attraction would surpass interest in me, not that my aunt could express that any more with the growing seriousness of her relationship with Eric. I was still jealous of the guy, no matter how great he might seem, because he got to be with my curvy dream aunt all the time! Not that I had anything to be jealous about with the two

girlfriends I already had. If he had known, Eric would probably have been jealous of me. Grass is always greener and all.

So, anyway.

Erin and I showed up, after a suitable notice. Aunt Jess only too happy to see the both of us. Even Eric notwithstanding, I felt sure my aunt wanted to jump either one of us practically the minute we entered her front door. But that was just my impression. So much had happened to me in my aunt's living room that it shouldn't be a surprise that I felt that way!

The three of us of us were happily chatting away. Aunt Jessica was recounting a childhood tale about her and Jenny when her front door suddenly opened, unexpectedly. To me, anyway.

It wasn't a surprise to find out who the barging guest was when she came into the room.

"Margie!" Aunt Jess jumped up to greet her 'special' friend.

Erin darted her eyes to me at hearing the name. I just silently nodded as Erin's eyes widened.

"Oh! And your nephew is here as well!" The brassy-haired and bold-tempered woman declared upon seeing me.

She was wearing a tight woman's tee shirt with some slogan across her large breasts that was clear that they weren't confined with a bra. A very tight pair of cut-off brown denim shorts hid nothing of the rest of her curvaceous assets.

"Jeremy, wasn't it?" Margie asked somewhat loudly. "And who is this delightful creature?"

"Margie, this is Jeremy's girlfriend, Erin." Aunt Jess introduced them. She very pointedly stressed the word 'girlfriend'! A point that I was too ready to stress as well! I needed no further problems from this woman that had a fascination with myself. As I've said previously, two horny women were enough for me!

I would have given Aunt Jess a pass if she wanted it though!

No, no. She was taken. I was taken. Twice. Everyone was taken.

Everyone but Margie, of course.

"Wasn't his girlfriend's name, Emily? Not Erin." Margie asked coarsely. She studied Erin closely, but the woman didn't know what she was up against. Erin might appear mild and good-natured, but as anyone that knew her for long enough, Erin was anything but meek!

"You have to be remembering it wrong. It is Erin." Jess said firmly, knowing her friend only too well.

"No, it was Emily." Margie gazed at Erin as if trying to stir up trouble.

"My name is Erin. I think I would know what it is." Erin stared just as defiantly back at the older redhead.

"And how long have you been Jeremy here's girlfriend? A month or so?"

I almost wanted to retreat to my own house and just watch the soon to occur fireworks from there! But my house was only a short distance away, it might not be out of the blast radius!

"Oh, no!" Erin declared sickeningly sweet. "Jeremy and I have been together since, when was it dear? Just after Valentine's Day, wasn't it?"

She grabbed one of my hands and held on tightly as if the other woman might try to snatch me away! Problem with that hold was that it meant I could no longer run away!

"Uh, yeah. Something like that." I answered without meeting any other eyes in the room.

"So, you've met his mother then?" Margie asked with her tone so full of accusation.

"Jenny? Oh, yes! I just love Jeremy's mom! She's like a mom to me as well!" Erin declared fiercely with her voice unhealthily sweet still.

I was so glad that I had told Erin about my history before this encounter. She had apparently correctly sized up Aunt Jess's friend immediately. Margie might have been trying to imply my unnatural relationship with Jenny, but Erin was giving it right back to her with the same subtle sledgehammer!

"Oh, not like Jeremy's mom!" Margie said as she looked down at Erin. The woman hadn't even sat down! But if she thought she had Erin at a disadvantage sitting on the couch, then she was very much wrong!

Erin gripped my hand tighter and even pulled it to her lap. She smiled up at Margie when she spoke her next words.

"Everything that Jenny does with Jeremy, she does with me as well! All three of us get along so swimmingly together!"

Oh! Wow!

Margie might not fully understand Erin's meaning, even as the intent was as explicit as a nuclear bomb!

Even Aunt Jess's jaw hung down a little at this exchange.

Margie turned her eyes from Erin to look at me.

I didn't want to meet her gaze, but after witnessing Erin face her, I couldn't do otherwise.

I just nodded slightly.

Margie's eyes widened at that.

She glanced at Aunt Jess who just looked blankly back at her 'friend', then Margie looked back to me. I returned her fiery gaze with a shrug

of my shoulders and raised my eyebrows knowingly. Margie then looked back to Erin and her eyes widened even more.

"Maybe I do remember it wrong. Erin, is it? Well, I'm glad to meet you. I'm Margie. You seem like quite the little spitfire! I like you. You got spunk." Margie's tone did a one-eighty now that Erin had faced her down. Her eyes had shrunk back to normal as she turned to look at me. "You need to hang on to this one, Jeremy, you hear me?"

I nodded meekly.

"You get along with Jenny too?" Margie asked Erin again, more demurely than I'm sure the woman had been with anyone in a long time.

"Oh, I just love her! She's like a big sister. Or a best friend!" Erin's sweetness lessened, but was still just as bubbly. I was sure the meaningful gaze she gave to Aunt Jess and back to Margie was completely intentional.

And Margie saw it and understood Erin's intimate knowledge of unspoken secrets.

Margie's eyes widened almost to their previous diameter. She turned to my aunt who nodded as slightly as I just had.

"Ah, Jess, why do I have such terrible luck?"

I didn't know if it was a rhetorical question and it appeared my aunt wasn't sure either as she didn't answer.

Margie then finally took a seat, in a chair across from me and Erin. Aunt Jessica looked to each of her guests before she returned to her seat as well.

After the almost hostile few minutes, things mellowed out completely. Margie was like warm Jell-O and just as sweet. Nothing more was said of any illicit goings-on that any of us had participated in, or had knowledge about each other's intimate relationships. With some of her bold brashness sanded off by Erin's defiant responses, Margie was very cordial and again appeared more appealing to my eyes! My memory of her without clothes also helped in that regard!

Erin also slyly gave a few glances at Aunt Jess's neighbor's curves! And when she saw that I had seen her eying Margie, she gave me a leering grin. Yes, two would definitely be more than enough for me!

We didn't visit for too long and afterwards, I got to thinking that Aunt Jess had purposely invited her friend over so that she could meet my 'fabled' girlfriend and put to rest her suspicions, and her desires for me!

I never asked my aunt about it, but I was thankful if that was what she had done.

Erin and I also didn't stay long as it was also evident that Margie had come over for a booty call. Whatever Aunt Jess's relationship with Eric was, it was obvious that Margie wasn't a part of any fidelity clauses my aunt had made with herself! I should have been upset as those clauses only seemed to exclude me!

As the two of us walked back to my house (as it had been a pleasant day and I surely didn't mind walking hand in hand with Erin anywhere!), Erin teased me about having had sex with the older auburn-haired Margie. She even teased me that maybe I had a thing for redheads. I didn't correct her that both of them had come to me, as it was, and not that I had sought either of them out! I didn't look for redheads, but I didn't discount them either! But then, I also had nothing against brunettes, strawberry blondes, or even white hair! I liked all hot and sexy women equally.

Well, no.

Two of them I placed above all the rest!

Erin then surprised me/not surprised me, by suggesting that she wouldn't be against some time with Aunt Jess' friend. I stared at her in wonder.

"What? You can't complain, especially if you were also there!" She protested defiantly.

Have I said lately how much I loved my girlfriend?

"I love you, Erin!" I held her hand tighter in mine. The Beatles were then singing in my head.

"I love you too, you big goof!" She said just as emotionally as my own declaration.

"Jenny, Jessica, and Margie? I am impressed. Margie might be wrong." Erin told me proudly.

"How so?"

"You don't need to hold onto me, I need to hold onto you!" She gave me a kiss on the cheek.

"Oh no! She was right! And I am never, ever letting you go!"

My kiss was square on her hot lips!

The family continued to have movie nights on Fridays, sometimes Erin and I would be there, sometimes we would be off doing our own thing. Erin loved my family almost as if it was her own, and not just Jenny either. It even appeared as if maybe someday it might be her own.

One Friday that me and girlfriend would be in attendance, Eric had some work thing over the weekend so that Aunt Jessica would also be there, which was rare anymore. Dad had also had some work-related issues, inventory or something, that left him beat at the end of the week, so I suspected that he would be asleep very quickly. Not that it mattered, as mom and Aunt Jess sat on the couch cuddled together, and Erin and I were snuggled together on the loveseat.

With what I then knew about my aunt's ancient feelings for Jenny, I guessed that there could be the possibility that the two of them might fool around on the couch, but that could also just be my teenage libido hoping. When Erin came over for movie night, we would tease each other, but never were bold enough to do anything in front of my siblings or my parents.

The chance of my mom and my aunt doing anything though, emboldened me and even before the PG flick was done, I had gotten Erin wet and she easily made me rock hard. With my focus divided between Erin's hand and her pussy, I didn't know if anything untoward occurred on the other piece of furniture. I did hear a bit of giggling

between them, but they were sisters and that meant little and surely wasn't evidence of any activity that I wanted to happen.

At the intermission, my brother and sister were already asleep even though it was the middle of summer. Dad was likewise softly snoring in his recliner. So, with all the innocent bystanders asleep and unaware, I stood along with the women. Jenny and Jess both noted the large bulge in my loose shorts and grinned knowingly at Erin. My sexy girlfriend returned their grins and even patted the tower she created.

As much as I wanted all three of them, or any of them individually, I was sure that nothing would happen. Besides some teasing. But with everything that had happened to me that year, I wouldn't be surprised by anything!

The second movie, one that I had picked specially for the predominantly female viewing audience, but that I was sure would barely be seen. Or, I assumed that to be the case at the start of the evening. If someone should watch it, then whatever.

It was a female-led drama, but with some action and yes, even some heated action between the actors. There was even one section specifically known for the girl-girl love scene that would not be lost on my very bisexual relations or girlfriend! If the action onscreen led to some of the same in the living room, then we would all be winners!

Before the movie got to that infamous scene though, there were many soft moans in the room, my own included.

Erin had gotten my dick free and was stroking it firmly, with equal parts of my precum and her thick saliva. I was kissing her neck while plunging three fingers in her hot little hole to her breathy delight. I might not have seen what was happening on the couch, but the earlier giggles were now low moans interspersed with distinctive wet kissing sounds. Whether they were just fingering each other, or had been able to do anything more than that was beyond my ken.

Even with dad and the kids right there, and that there would be no way to deny what we had been doing if my father should awaken and see us, Erin and I ended up in a very constricted sixty-nine on the small loveseat. The similar muffled sounds coming from the couch led me to believe that the older women were doing the same as us. Dad would have probably been proud of me if he saw me and my girlfriend so engaged, but mom would have a harder time explaining her positioning with her sister to him. Or maybe, like me, dad would get turned on by the lesbian incest!

Erin's skill at keeping me on the edge notwithstanding, I finally reached a point that I couldn't hold back any longer. Much like an episode on that loveseat a seeming eon ago with my sexy aunt, Erin took my load deep in her mouth and had to swallow quickly to get it all. I had already made her orgasm from my fingering before moving on to our conjoined

arrangement and made her cum more times with my tongue in her juicy pussy.

The loud gasps from the couch led me to guess that one, or both, sexy women had likewise orgasmed from equally talented tongues.

As much as I wanted to keep going with Erin, I did worry about all the noise the four of us had made while having sex together. I nudged her shoulder to let her know I wanted to at least pause for the moment. She was slow to sit up and we managed to return to more normal sitting. I looked at the couch and saw that yes, Jenny and Jess were still in a Sapphic sisterly sixty-nine with mom astride my aunt's body.

"Mom!" I whispered loudly.

No reply.

"Mom! Aunt Jess!" I said in a low voice. "If the two of you are done over there, get up! We can't let dad, or the kids wake up!"

I saw mom's body turn and guessed that she had to be looking my way although her head was mostly hidden in shadows. She paused a few seconds.

"He's right, Jess. Get up." Jenny urged her sister.

The dark blob on the couch disentangled to become two separate figures, gloriously curved figures at that!

The two blankets on both couples were pulled around us to hide the remnants of our passions.

There was little left of the movie and the four of us watched it in silence and separate.

The credits ran and again I told myself that one day, that my name would be one of them as I stood to take the remote from dad's weak grip and turn the movie off and the same with the TV. I turned to look at the dark couch and even in the little light from the small lamp in the kitchen, I could see the signs that things hadn't stayed innocent there either, regardless of all that I had heard.

Aunt Jess's top wasn't buttoned up right and hung askew on her shoulders. One of mom's nightie's shoulder straps hung at her elbow and I could see a large amount of the fleshy curve the nightie was no longer concealing.

"Maybe we should adjourn to some bedrooms?" I asked the darkness.

"Oh, yes!" Was the quick eager reply from the loveseat.

Mom's head turned as if looking at Jess.

"Do you want to come to my bed with me, Jess?" Mom asked softly and meekly.

"I want to join them." Erin whispered loudly.

"No, dear, we'll go upstairs to my room. We'll give them some time to be together. Alone." I said that last firmly so that there would be no arguments. Even as I argued with myself!

"Aw, spoilsport!"

I could only imagine the leering grin that Erin had to have been giving me right then.

"Come on, love, let's go to bed."

THE END

***

EPILOGUE

So, life went on.

The rest of the summer was spent with work, sex with Erin, along with the abundant time that we spent together outside of coitus, and sex with Jenny, still managing to find time to be together while keeping the other three people in the house ignorant of what we were doing.

September finally approached. Erin and I had gone to the community college to apply for the fall semester, filled out all the paperwork, and even managed to get some grant money for each of us to ease the financial strain on our families. We tried to get as many classes together as we could and as that at the start we were focusing on the required courses, we managed to get most of them together. This would allow us to spend some study time together! And no matter how much either of us might get distracted, Erin did make sure that eighty percent of that time was spent actually studying!

I would visit Erin's house, even sometimes when her parents were home. Charise always treated me cordially, but I always felt that there was a distance to her when it was only the two of us. I regretted my one misjudgment and hoped that it wouldn't cloud my relationship with Erin's mom if we did turn out to stay together for a long period of time.

Terrence grew warmer with me, and we even managed to do some guy activities without either of our women with us. I made sure to let him know how well I was taking care of Erin and was keeping her happy! This always brought out a wry smile to his lips.

It wasn't long into the first semester that I was sure that I had found the one. Or the one again!

Erin and I never had any major disagreements and we both always felt like we were in such sync with each other that to be apart felt like there was a piece of our selves missing. I didn't say anything to Erin about how I felt, but I also didn't think that I had to as she always seemed to be able to read my mind, or my feelings, like they were written on my forehead.

It was actually a long time after that that I finally broke down with my realization.

It was when we were finishing our freshmen year and the second semester's finals had been taken. The two of us were out one pleasant afternoon just casually walking and enjoying the ease of the end of the school year when I suddenly dropped to one knee and proposed.

I had been planning my proposal for a long time, but I wanted everything to be perfect. This was my future wife, or I hoped anyway! I didn't want anything to go wrong. I had picked out a ring, and with a

bit of a loan from my father, I had bought it. I had taken a habit of carrying the small black box in my pocket; not that I would ask at just any time, but just that it was a comfort to have it hidden but still in reach. But as with most planning, that all went out the window as we walked on that sunny afternoon and it was as if the universe just kicked me in the metaphysical nuts and I dropped to my knee just as quickly as if it had been a real physical blow.

I don't remember my actual words. I know that I didn't stumble over them and that they flowed easily from my heart.

I do remember the look on Erin's face when I opened the small box to present the ring that symbolized my love to her.

"Erin. Will you marry me?"

My mouth was dry and I had a sudden fear that she would just say no. I think my heart stopped as I waited what seemed an eternity for her lips to open and her answer to come out.

"Yes! Yes! Of course, yes!"

Her arms were suddenly chokingly strong around my neck as I started to stand and she was laughing, giggling, crying, and bubbling with joy.

Erin pulled herself off of me and I took the small circlet from the box and put it on her proffered finger.

I noted some others nearby had seen me on my knee and were staring at us happily. Right then I wanted the whole world to know that she had said yes.

So, I did so.

"She said yes! She said yes!" I shouted to no one and everyone.

Erin stared at me with glee. And yes, love.

Then she scolded me.

"What took you so long? I've been waiting for the last month and a half for you to finally just do it!"

Huh?

"Huh? You knew?" I asked with my hands glued to her hips.

"I told you when I came after you. Destiny, remember." She said boldly.

"I know what you said, and I told you I wasn't so sure about all that." My eyes couldn't seem to break away from her piercing blue ones. "So, why did you say a month and a half?"

"I found the ring then." Erin said plainly.

"And you never said anything?"

"I figured you'd have some big elaborate scheme set up, so I waited." She explained simply. "And waited and waited. You were driving me crazy! I was beginning to think that you had changed your mind."

"No, no, oh God, no! I was just trying to find the right time, or the perfect way to propose. No time seemed good enough."

"So, why now?" Erin asked pointedly.

"I don't know. It just hit me."

"Destiny."

"If you say so." It was as good an answer as anything else!

Erin brought her hand up to study the ring, bending her finger and wrist to look at it from numerous angles as if she was appraising its value.

A few women came over to congratulate her and Erin proudly showed off her ring to them.

"If you found it earlier, why does it seem like you've never seen it before?" I asked slightly confused by part of her reaction.

"I didn't see it on my finger, silly!"

As if that made perfect sense!

She then kissed me, not too long, but enough to convey her love to me.

That made perfect sense to me!

We went back to my house and Erin showed off the ring to everyone even though mom and dad had already seen it when I bought it. But, not on her finger! My brother eyed it briefly, but as it wasn't a

superhero, dinosaur, or cute girl, he cared less about the ring. Jo was ecstatic as she took it to be a formal sign that Erin was her official sister then.

And I say Jo, because after her tenth birthday party, she proclaimed to everyone that she was no longer a baby and that her name was then Jo, or even Joanne, but not Jojo any more. I was mildly distressed, but my sister was getting to be a big girl.

Jenny's opinion about the engagement ring had been a high priority for me. She had been so happy for me and I could see it in her eyes that it was a true emotion and not just a front. I did note that there was something else deep in those green eyes, a hint of sadness, but whether from her son getting married or her true love marrying another, or even just both. I knew she loved Erin and that she wanted nothing but happiness for the two of us.

"This doesn't change anything between us, Jenny." I had told her privately after dad had given his opinion of the ring and gone back to sit.

"I know it doesn't, honey. And it changes everything. The world is constantly changing and we can't do anything to stop it. We can only hang on and enjoy what we have while we have it."

"I plan on hanging on to you, dear Jenny." I told her firmly.

"And with Erin's permission, I am going to hang on to you as well ... lover."

So, after my house, I drove Erin home and we showed her parents as well.

Terrence got a habit of constantly giving my shoulder a fist bump. It was weak, but the repetition had me sure that I would have a bruise there the next day. Charise was so happy and gave everyone hugs, even me. Then as if she had forgotten, she did so again. Erin's face beaming as she proudly showed her ring to her parents was a moment I would never forget, one of many that I added to the catalog in my head.

We spent an hour or so at Erin's parent's house before I left with another hug from Charise and at least four or five bumps on my poor right shoulder! Erin gave me a lengthy kiss goodbye, even with her parents right there watching us. But hey! We were all family then, right?

We set no date, as school took up our time for the foreseeable future, but just that it was proclaimed that each of us belonged to the other then. Me and my fiancé! Just thinking of Erin as my fiancé made me giddy and I was a guy and guys don't get 'giddy'!

Erin and I managed to find a four-year college that covered both of our planned majors; film studies for me, and English focused on writing for Erin. It did mean moving out of state, which was a big step for either of us. And it meant that Jenny and I couldn't be together as much as we had been. Or the women either, which did still happen on many occasions, with me and without.

I had a chance to spend a long afternoon with Jenny before I left and I made my feelings for her known. Repeatedly. Her own were the equal to mine and shown just as affectionately. I was almost in tears when Erin and I packed up my truck, formerly dad's as he gave it to me when he bought a new one. Jenny was bawling like I had never seen her, but I knew a greater part was her son going off into the world and not that her lover would no longer be home.

Me and Erin made frequent trips back home to visit our families, and I would reacquaint myself with my amazing mother, lover, and Jenny! It wasn't as if we hadn't talked on the phone almost every day, or constantly texted and facetimed or such. But all those forms of contact were not the same as feeling Jenny's fingers on my arm, or running my hand through her hair. And of course, making love to her after a furious bout of sex!

Erin and I had racked up thousands of hours in bed together by then, maybe more, it wasn't like I was counting. We had even begun to talk about a family of our own. It was just talk at that point, as we both had

school and didn't want to interrupt that by having a child. We had our whole lives for kids.

We did finally set a date for our wedding. Our wedding! It would take place in June after we graduated college.

It was then that I found out that Erin's mother was an event planner to equal Jenny and having them both joined together was like an unstoppable force of nature. As much as Erin wanted to be involved in her own wedding, she took more enjoyment in just giving our two moms the parameters, some color choices, number of guests, preferred locations, and she let the two of them loose on the unsuspecting wedding planning world. I didn't care about any of it, as long as Erin was standing beside me and that my family was in attendance to witness it.

It was an extravaganza that I had never witnessed before or since. I don't remember hardly any of it, although there were a few things that stood out.

On the big day, I had to talk to mom about something trivial, but I had some issue finding her. I was going all over the church and was getting frantic. I'm sure it seemed silly at the time, but I was the groom and getting married! A few people directed me to the room set aside for Erin to do whatever fiancés do before a wedding. I knew I couldn't see Erin before she came up the aisle, but it was important that I find mom. I

would just close my eyes if Erin was there. Just before I knocked on the door though, I heard a distinctive sound that I knew to be my soon-to-be wife moaning in pleasure! On that day, it can be forgiven for the doubts that entered my head right then! It was only a moment for me to realize that I had indeed found Jenny and that she was in all likelihood, welcoming Erin formally into our family! Another louder moan only confirmed that!

We had chosen Joanne to be the flower girl and I hadn't noticed how much she had grown in the last few years, but she was then thirteen and had begun to develop into a beautiful young woman that would surely break many hearts in a few years. Johnny was my ringbearer and I will say that I couldn't get over the fact that I then had to look straight ahead to see him eye to eye. He was seventeen then, and had already had had more girlfriends of his own than I did at his age! Erin and I had hooked him up with the younger sister of one of her friends as a date for the wedding.

At the reception, I danced with a thousand women as every one of them there had to have their turn. When I got to my mother-in-law, she smiled at me joyously. As we danced, I had a flashback to that long-ago incident. She must have remembered it at that point as well as she whispered to me as she pressed close to me, that she forgave me. What really surprised me was that I was sure that I could feel Charise grinding on me as we shuffled about! I tried to pretend it didn't happen, but the wink she gave me when we parted wasn't my imagination!

My wife and I (my wife!), found a small place not far from where our families lived and were able to stay more in touch than we had in the last couple of years. We each got minor jobs that were able to cover our expenses as we set about on our individual careers. I found some film projects in the region and was able to get some hands-on experience and make some connections with those in the business, even if on the local level. I did make one extravagant purchase, but one that my wife fully supported. I bought a high-end digital video camera. If I was going to make movies, I had to have a camera first to do so!

I would basically just screw around with it filming almost everything to get used to staging shots, angles, different lighting levels, and a hundred other things that I won't bore you with. Yes, I even shot some intimate action with Erin that will never see the light of day, no matter how much money I personally think it is worth! I will say though, that Erin loves the camera, and the camera loves her as well!

It was while I was out in the neighborhood one day, filming random strangers to their dismay and angry stares, that I had an epiphany.

I remembered back to when I worked at that senior center over the summer before college. Listening to all the stories the residents would tell me. The stories that might only be remembered by me at that point as many of those elderly had since passed. All that history now lost.

Yes, okay, much of it was forgettable anyway, but there was much that should have been preserved. And should be preserved. If not by their families then by someone. That someone that was me.

I rushed home to our small apartment to tell Erin about my idea. She was as ecstatic about it as me, as I knew she would be.

So, for the next five or six months, whenever I had any kind of free time (and yes, even Jenny and Erin got nudged aside for this project!), I would be at a great number of nursing homes, senior centers, housing projects, wherever there was any kind of congregation of aging citizens. I recorded all of it. The important bits, the trivial bits, all of it. I never met one person over retirement age that didn't want to tell me their story or to let me film them doing so.

I eventually had hundreds of hours that I then poured over with the intent of making a documentary out of it. It wasn't just the highlights that I wanted to tell either, there were the simple things that could be shared about a life that had been lived and would soon be gone. Erin was just as passionate about my film and helped with sorting, editing, and she even wrote most of my voiceover script.

I never thought much would come from this, it was just a project to get my name out there and to show what I could do. I was able to talk a local movie theater, one of the last old ones that only had two screens before the multiplexes took over, to show my documentary for free for

two showings. They were in the middle of the day when there would be few viewers, but it would be out there.

To my shock, the movie theater called me after the second showing and asked if they could continue to show it as the second showing had been nearly full. My little flick! I hastily agreed and made a point of showing up myself for the third showing. I hadn't gone to the first two, because I didn't want to be distressed when no one showed up for a free movie!

It had been only about three-quarters full and most were likewise elderly and I had to wonder how many were there just because it was free. Erin had to work, so she couldn't be there and I missed her presence at that moment. I don't know how it came about, but someone had to have known who I was; that I was the film's director, etc. After the showing I had a crowd around me praising me for the film.

It only grew from there. Other theaters wanted a copy to show in the afternoons as well, and even wanted to charge people to see it! Charge money for my movie? I couldn't say no. I even heard that a critic from New York was in the area and had seen it and gone back to the Big Apple giving me rave reviews.

Then the phone calls started. All sorts of film festivals wanted to have me enter my movie in the documentary category. And the awards followed. I was floored! I had thought it was a great idea for a film, but that so many others were now thinking the same was surprising.

I will say though, that my highest praise came from the most likely and unlikely source. Mom called me one day, much as she did on almost every day. Jenny had known about the project from day one and had always been supportive, but supportive in that way that parents have to be. She informed me that she had finally seen my work. She told me how touched she had been by it and that it was very good. But that wasn't praise I meant. My father had seen it with mom. He had felt that as his son that it was his duty to see it; that all my talk about movies had to have led to something. Jenny told me as she choked up with emotion, that dad had actually been very proud about the film and had come out telling everyone that it was made by his son.

Dad was proud about my movie! One without a single gunshot, roundhouse kick, or bit of frontal nudity. Even if I never made another movie, I felt right then that I had made it to the big leagues!

As to those big leagues.

Producers started calling me. Asking if I could possibly direct this movie or that. None of them were blockbuster stuff, and were still local or documentary type projects, but they were a start. I was even shocked when I was told that my documentary had somehow made it to Sundance without my knowledge. It didn't win anything (I would have had a heartache if I had and the award would have been presented posthumously!), but my name got around.

I was able to quit my menial job and after a few more projects, Erin did the same, coming to work with me in her own right. As script consultant, or continuity editor, and even did some cowriting on some. It became a given that if I was hired for a project that my wife was part of that deal as we were a team.

Mom would call after each film, movie, documentary came out and give her review along with that from my dad. They were usually overwhelming gushing, though there were a few that I hadn't 'felt' it and it showed in the end product. I did find it odd that with as much as I talked with dad that he never gave me his opinion himself and it was always through the intermediary of my mother.

Erin and I moved into our own house, a modest affair but comfortable for just the two of us. Within a month after moving in, Erin brought up our plans for a family. We were doing okay and I was making headway with my work, so I readily agreed. With all the time we spent in the next few weeks in bed, it was no shock when Erin missed her next period. It was early and we didn't want to jinx anything, so we continued trying. We also took no tests or went to the doctor either. It was only when she missed her second that we were sure and went through the rigmarole to verify it.

Yes! Erin was pregnant! With our baby!

We immediately spread the news far and wide, both sets of parents first and then relatives and friends.

Everyone congratulated us, especially Jenny.

I took her to the side one day and told her my deepest secret, something that I had never shared and if it had been repeated, I would have denied to my dying day.

"I wish it had been with you, my love."

Jenny was almost in tears at this confession, but she also smiled, so they weren't completely tears of sadness.

"So, do I Jeremy. But that was never to be. You'll be an amazing father. I'm so happy for you, both of you. I really am!"

We hugged. We kissed. Not as mother and son, but not quite with our full passion either.

A passion that we did get to share fairly regularly. Erin was fully behind the time that I spent with Jenny, many times even making sure that we got time together. Each time was just as magical as the first, the twelfth, or the one-hundred and thirty first! Erin might be involved

upon a rare occasion, but her desire to be included waned as she declared that it had been a fantasy that she never thought to fulfil and even though she did love Jenny, it wasn't in the same league as what she felt for me or what I felt for either of them. Jenny or Erin never made the comparison to who that I might love more and I never wanted to have to decide. Each was equally important to me, each in their own but different ways.

Mom did tell me that as she got older that she didn't have the same 'urge' to have sex all day long. I had to scoff at that, particularly after one visit that we did spend all day having sex! She did inform me that dad was actually able to keep up with her much of the time. I didn't need to know that! The concept of my parents having sex still an anathema to me!

The pregnancy was rough, but was mostly for being Erin's first. She had an overwhelming support from both prospective grandmothers, and a husband that waited on her hand and foot, sometimes to his detriment as she declared to me that she was pregnant, not an invalid!

Then the big day arrived. Erin's water broke and I almost passed out at what that portended. We rushed off to the hospital as she called parents to let them know what happened.

Erin and I hadn't wanted to know the sex of the baby and wanted it be a surprise. Dad argued about this, as he declared that we could have

bought all the color-coded necessities ahead of time rather than wait until after the birth and then have to shop when we had an eating, sleeping, or pooping baby on our hands! I laughed at that response, but did see the logic behind it. It didn't change my desire for the surprise.

I was by Erin's side throughout it all. It was an experience that I totally recommend. The miracle of birth, new life coming into the world, my baby being born!

It was a girl!

I was a father!

Me!

(Here, have a cigar! They still do that, don't they?)

Erin looked very worn after, but she was the most beautiful thing in the world to me right then, possibly only second to the tiny ball of pink skin that the nurses worked over.

"Do you want to hold your daughter?" A voice came from behind me. I turned.

And I was lost forever.

I had thought I had known what love was. What I felt for Jenny. What I felt for Erin.

I learned at that moment that everything I knew was wrong.

When I got to hold that precious little bundle in my arms, I knew then that I was truly in Heaven. Her little face looked up at me even with her eyes closed, and when her miniscule, but perfectly formed hand reached out and grabbed at my pinky, I knew that the rest of my life would be spent protecting this true miracle!

I looked to Erin and saw her face beaming much as I was sure mine had to be right then.

"It's a girl, dear. A girl."

Erin nodded her head, her scraggly red hair like a halo around her face.

"Do you have a name?" A woman's voice asked. A nurse, I guessed. I didn't even turn.

Erin nodded again at me, with a beatific smile, and I knew what she meant.

"Tabitha Anne." I stated proudly. "My daughter's name is Tabitha Anne."

***

And so, the end.

Joanne grows up and after college becomes a famous fashion designer with her own reality show. When she is twenty-six, she initiates an affair with her sister-in-law, Erin who is thirty-five at that time. It lasts for almost two years without anyone discovering it, although Jenny suspects something had happened between them, as the once close pair are much cooler towards each other when it ends by mutual decision.

Johnny graduates from college with a business degree, but has no idea what to do with his life. It is only after he meets and marries a busty, strawberry blonde girl that looks very much like a much younger version of his Aunt Jessica, that he makes some minor scientific discovery and uses the money he gets from it to start his own small company.

Justin gets promoted to VP of the company where he works.

Jessica marries Eric and they adopt a girl who is five years old, and a year later, a boy that is eight.

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Years later.

Jenny went about doing her housework, but without the kids around anymore, she didn't have to scramble to keep up with it anymore. No little kids running around without clothes, no dirty clothes strewn everywhere, no more toys scattered about like an obstacle course. Even if she took her time, she would be done before she knew it. After so many years, it was all just automatic now.

Then she heard and saw Justin come in with a cheerful smile.

"Look at you, all domesticky!"

He came over and gave her a kiss on the cheek.

"I hope you haven't started dinner yet. I want to take you out tonight!" He declared boisterously.

"Aw, thanks honey, but you know that I do. I'm even making your favorite." Jenny told him.

Justin looked at his wife with a long stare. Almost in disbelief.

"Pot roast? With the cutup mushrooms on top and cooked with all the veggies too?" His voice nearly cracked.

"Yes, dear." Jenny told him lovingly.

"We haven't had that in ... how long?"

"Before Joanne was born." Jenny answered, not realizing that it had been that long ago.

"Has it really been that long?" Justin couldn't believe it either.

"Don't you remember the fights we had with the boys to eat it?" Jenny said with a reminiscing smile.

"Hard to believe that there was anything that Jeremy wouldn't eat!" Justin mocked.

"He did start off very finicky. Remember the messes with the strained peas?" Jenny grinned at her husband.

"Oh my, yes! I'm sure there are still spots on that little apartment's walls that we missed!"

Jenny had to laugh at the memory.

"So. What's the special occasion then, dear?" Justin stared at Jenny then with a mild panic. "I didn't forget an anniversary, did I? No, that's in November. So, what's up?"

Jenny smiled as she answered.

"Can't I make something special for my guy?"

"Thank you hun, you're the best! Let me change out of this suit and I'll set the table for us." Justin said as he pulled his tie loose and headed for the bedroom.

While he was gone, Jenny thought back over the years they'd had together, many years, a few turbulent, and the many wild and interesting turns! She knew it was a path that few, if any other wives or

mothers took! This made her realize that she hadn't heard from Jeremy and Erin in ... what, almost six months!

She knew that he had been in China filming part of his latest movie, but they still had cell service on the other side of the planet!

It had been quite some time since she and Jeremy had gotten time to be together, but she knew that he had his own busy life now and she was more comfortable with just her husband now that her libido had finally cooled, or at least such that it now nearly matched Justin's own. And that Jeremy and Erin had their own little girl to now raise. This only caused some motherly ire, or rather grandmotherly; as she hadn't gotten a recent holo of little Tabitha!

"Daydreaming?" Justin came up behind her and gave her a soft, but tender hug.

"No, not really. Just thinking over my life. Our lives together." She turned to look at her loving husband. The man that she would grow old and grey beside.

"Any regrets?" He asked her.

"Not really. A few small ones, but nothing really." Jenny gave him a smile. "It's really been a good life. So far."

"Well, I think we're over all the humps that we could have. All the kids are off and doing well. We have a beautiful granddaughter with more soon to come, I'm sure!"

"Yes, I'm sure." Jenny smiled again. Yes, life was good.

"Let me get that dinner, before it burns." She said and hurried to the kitchen.

"Good, I'm hungry."

***

It's not over yet!

Next: The Appendix!

Chapter 27 : Appendix

The Appendix

Hello, once again, Dear Readers!

The story of Jeremy and Jenny is so big ('how big is it?'), it's so big that it has even overgrown its own length! The story is over, but the tale goes on! This installment, that I'm calling the appendix, is just a bunch of odds and ends. Some of my notes, clarifications of story bits, and a few scenes that were either deleted or couldn't be fit in the storyline. If you are only interested in the sex bits, then just skip down to the deleted scenes, but for those of you interested in some of the writing process (for me, anyway!), start right here!

First off, let me give the initial first draft of what would become this epic. This is the original and it is unedited, with only the names of the characters decided and added in at the top before the draft was finished being typed (thus no names in the draft). At this point there was no title but the initial idea was that the 'action' would happen on the couch with the aunt on the loveseat, but as I typed the draft, I accidentally switched the furniture. I think it is a happy accident, as using the loveseat as the impetus for the first incident that went on to become somewhat of a love story is more romantic than the 'couch'.

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Son -- Jeremy, 18

Mom -- Jenny, 38

Aunt -- Jessica, 35

Aunt's Friend -- Margie, mid 30's

Dad --

Brother -- Johnny, 11

Sister -- Jojo (Joanne), 8

Son point of view

Family has a movie night on Saturday nights (or Friday, then dad tired from work and more likely to be asleep). Mom's sister lives a few blocks away so she normally comes over. Living room, mother and son on love seat covered with a blanket (mom gets cold; son wears shorts cause not really need blanket but mom wants to 'cuddle' with him), dad in 'his'

recliner (asleep), little brother and sister asleep in sleeping bag on floor, and aunt laying on couch alone. Teen movie gets son hard and shifts to fix cock in shorts with mom leaning on shoulder. When he moves she starts to sit up intending to put hand on his leg but instead her hand lands on hard cock. Doesn't remove it but grabs and then rubs it up and down, causing head to protrude from shorts and mom rubs hand up to exposed head, feels exposed cock and pushes shorts down on her downward stroke. Does this slow and expertly keeping son from cumming. Eventually he does and mom catches in hand. Then gets up to go to bed and son sees mom lick hand as she walks by couch and aunt (her sister).

The next week son is ready for a repeat of previous week but finds aunt sitting on loveseat instead of mom and is disappointed. But during movie feels aunt's hand on leg, then shorts, then repeat of previous time but with son aware that mom knows what happening which adds to orgasm. Aunt very clearly licks hand clean as walks past mom on couch to bathroom.

[Maybe have scenes, need more than two scenes with mom and aunt with son -- next week mom on loveseat and during movie jerks son until ready and then sucks him off. Son rubs her leg but nothing more. Next time mom and aunt have him between them on couch and both stroke him before aunt goes down and gives blow job. Son has fingers in aunt's pussy]

Son realizes that mom and aunt have competitive thing going on between them and wants to use it to his benefit. So one day during the week he comes home to mom in the kitchen. He pulls out cock and asks mom to jerk him off. Mom shocked. She is aware she already done it but it was private and under a blanket where she didn't actually see her son's cock. And now here it was out in the open in daytime in the middle of the kitchen. She tells him no. This is the kitchen put that thing away! He shrugs and says fine, I bet aunt [ ] will do it. Mom looks at him, but won't accept him going to her sister for a hand job. She says wait. Pull it out. He does with a grin. Mom jerks him off but as he about to cum she realizes that it'll make a mess on floor and probably on her. And she loves his taste. So she sucks him as he cums. He thanks her telling her what a great mom she is. Tells her he going to a friend's to shoot hoops and leaves. Mom shocked she was convinced to jerk off her son and then suck him. She wondered if maybe he used his aunt against her. She would have to talk to her sister. But first she was so aroused she had to take care of herself first. She rushes upstairs, removes her skirt and quickly rubs and fingers herself to a major orgasm.

When son leaves he had intended to go to friend's, but then thinking of what mom had done and what aunt might do because of it, he went to aunt's house instead. He gets there and tells aunt that mom just jerked him off and let him cum in her mouth. Aunt shocked, but tells nephew that if he wanted a 'real' blow job, then she would show him. He removes pants and aunt gets on knees and starts to give him a lengthy blow job. Ten to fifteen minutes later mom comes into house to talk to her sister and finds her on her knees blowing her son. She furious. Yells at two. Aunt says nothing you haven't done today. Mom gasps and

shocked. Realizes sister is right and she had no reason to be mad at her. Aunt continues blow job. Mom stares confused. Aunt says come join her there enough for both of them. Son ecstatic. Mom slowly, nervously walks to them. She kneels not convinced she will do this. But realizes she already had, just an hour or so ago. So she joins sister. They suck him individually, passing the cock back and forth as they suck on it. Both still clothed. Aunt in tight sweater and yoga pants, mom in buttoned blouse and skirt. After a few minutes son pulls away from two women. They look at him confused, both trying to reach for his cock. He tells them he wants to see some tits. Aunt quickly removes her sweater and bra. Mom not sure. Son says no sucking until he sees both their tits. Aunt urges sister on. Mom looks at both while fumbling with buttons. Then looks at son's cock and she does want to suck on it some more. She removes blouse and bra. Aunt already at son's hip taking him into her mouth. Mom joins her. Son says wait. They look at him wondering what now. I want to see you together. They unsure what he means. He says rub your tits together. They both do, individually. No, with each other. Aunt realizes first and grabs her tits and starts rubbing on sister's. Mom looks at son concerned. Shouldn't be doing this. He says kiss. Mom looks at him then sister and aunt already so turned on she only hesitates a moment, then kisses her sister passionately. Son goes yeah! Then pushes cock between two mouths so both women kissing and licking sides. Both now slobbering all over it. Then front door opens and a woman walks in. The three are pretty involved so don't notice her immediately. She exclaims 'who's this cutie?' Mom gasps, aunt laughs. They recognize the woman as a neighbor/friend of aunt. Aunt says it's my nephew, continuing to suck him. Woman gasps in mock surprise but giggles. Then looks at mom that she barely knows but knows is aunt's sister. Now she gasps for real. 'But then ... he's your

... son!' Mom nods in shame mouth still on his cock. Woman cries out, 'Well you better share that thing with me!' Two sisters can't deny her so all three women are sucking him. Aunt removes rest of her clothes, then starts on friend. Mom removes her skirt and panties. Woman wants son to fuck her. She gets on hands and knees and son behind her. Mom and aunt kiss each other and play with their tits. After a few minutes woman says wants to eat mom while her son fucks her. Mom swings legs around opening them so sister's friend can eat her pussy. Aunt keeps kissing her then moves down to sucking her tits. Son cums but stays hard and continues banging aunt's friend. Mom cums. Woman cums. Woman tells aunt to fuck nephew while she sits on aunt's face so she can eat her nephew's cum out of her. Aunt cums quickly while eating her friend. Son has cum twice and once earlier with mom so will be awhile before he ready to shoot again. Woman cums on aunt's face. Aunt says its mom's turn for son's cock. Mom hesitant. But wants cock. Aunt and friend get in 69 (not their first!), while son fucks mom until they both cum.

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Next, The Marge Dilemma!

This story was meant to be at least semi-realistic, and that events would escalate out of any individuals' control. Mom would never have allowed her son to have sex with her, and neither would the aunt, even if she was more carefree about sex than her sister. That the mom had allowed what little that had happened to that point was more than she

could believe. It was why I came up with the competitive nature between the sisters to move things onward. To get any of them to the point that they would have sex together; they needed some kind of outside impetus. Yes, if the story had originally been conceived as being as long as it came to be, I could have used something else for this, but it was supposed to be a quick stroke story and I needed the action to proceed to the finale without a lot of to-do. A strange woman walking in on them that could possibly blackmail either of them for the little they were doing with the son, made mom and aunt more willing to agree to what she suggested to push them over the top. But how do you introduce a stranger just walking into the house without pausing the action that was happening? She had to be familiar with the aunt to so easily just walk in. Thus, she came to be a part-time lover/friend. Which then meant that the aunt had had lesbian sex and was possibly bisexual. Margie was never intended to be more than that. The story was then going to end with the son having sex with his mom. None of the characters were ever going to go any further!

Initial chapter lengths being so short:

This was my first story on Literotica and I had no idea of how long pages on the website were. That's it!

So, when the initial story came out to be almost twenty-five pages (on Word), I thought that would be too long to have as one single part. I then split it up into smaller bits that seemed to be consistent within the context of the story.

And by the way for any future authors, or those curious, each website page is five pages on Word, give or take (single space, 11 pt. font, narrow margins).

When I reached the end of this initial 'complete' story, it just felt somehow right to leave it at mom wanting him to tease her and then leave the sex as just implied. I got to that point and it just felt to me that it was done. You know, leave them wanting more!

Boy was I wrong!

That chapter has more comments than almost all the rest put together! Ninety percent of them being complaints about leaving the readers hanging. But then again, it was fortunate that I did so, as without having to add another chapter to include that sex, I wouldn't have had to fill out chapter six with further story.

So, the story that was originally just a few incidents between a mother and son, with an aunt added in for good measure, that would end with them having sex, turned into a story of them continuing with what they had started and with the fact that they had to keep it a secret from the rest of the family. I had to come up with a number of different ways that mom and son could have sex or sexual incidents with the danger of the dad catching them.

It also meant that I had to think about the characters more in depth than just sex-hungry son, or daring mom, or carefree babe aunt. Why would mom allow any of this to keep going? She had to not be getting enough from dad. I had no idea why; she was hot enough to attract her son's attention after that initial handjob.

There was no description of Jeremy (besides the size of his dick which was required to get the mom's attention when her hand fell there!) as that I wanted the reader to put themselves into his shoes and imagine it was their mom doing the things in the story. Jenny had no description at the start because she was just mom to Jeremy; he didn't see her as anything other than cook and maid, just 'mom'. Only after things happened did he start to really notice her. He had always 'noticed' his Aunt Jess, which is why she is described from the outset. The brother and sister were just another obstacle to mom and son having their ways with each other (which came to be an obstacle to the writer also; with coming up with ways that they were conveniently absent so that Jenny and Jeremy could do things!).

As the story progressed (and became more than just a stroke story), I had to flesh out the characters to become real people and not just porn actors. As I thought about them, little details popped up. Jojo's little speech impediment and love of stuffed animals, Johnny's stubbornness and being somewhat of a slob (though as it turned out, not always the case!), and of course, Justin's obsession for golf.

As to Justin, who for the longest time didn't have a name, even in the initial draft, he was just dad and stayed that way until after many chapters had been published. Only when it came about in the story that I had to have a name was when I did finally settle on one! Whichever chapter that his name was first used was when I actually decided on it; right up until when I submitted that chapter (though for the theme of the characters, it always would have started with J!). The dad was always just a shadowy figure that mother and son couldn't let catch them. Many have complained about why he is even in the story, and it has always been that dad was why they couldn't be open with what they did together. Even if I started this from the beginning again, Justin wouldn't change much or go away. His character is minor, but his role is pivotal. It was also dad and his 'fling' that led to the breakup and then to Jeremy finding Erin.

I never intended this to just be endless scenes of Jenny and Jeremy together. There needed to be some kind of conflict or it would quickly become boring! When it was clear that the short story was going to expand, there needed to something that would eventually come to a head and need resolution before leading to the ending. I didn't know what the ending was going to be when I continued on after chapter six, or much of anything else. I came up with what I thought was the only reasonable ending; that he finds a girlfriend his own age (but not that would necessarily be a life partner). If Jeremy is carrying on with mom and aunt, then why would he bother looking? He had to be forced to, and that meant that he and mom have to have some kind of break, or interruption. That would lead to having an ending, but not as to how to lead up to the break, or even the cause of it. It caused a slight problem, because as I took longer to get to the break, I came up with

more ideas for scenes! A few chapters were a bit overboard there in the middle. I've said before that there were some complaints about it, justifiably so and I agreed, but I don't feel bad for having those chapters. Most of the issue was that I came up with the idea of the week-long Spring Break after Justin took the first business trip, where he was going to have the 'fling' originally. This meant the delay of the break between mother and son until after the school break. If this had been all planned out at the start, I would have just altered when the story started in the school year to account for that.

It wasn't intentional at the beginning for the family to not have a surname. It was just a short story and having them be Wilson's or Smith's didn't matter. Things went on and there was no reason to come up with one (until at one point late in the story, that I just ended up skirting around!). Eventually, it got to be that bringing up the family name in say, chapter sixteen, would seem jarring, and I just skipped coming up with one. In my head they still don't have one! Even with how intimately I now know them. Call them whatever you like! (:

Also, I gave no location of where the story happens so as to not be limited by real world geography. They live close enough to a city for a short trip there, but also close enough for grandma to live out in the country (even if it is more than a short drive!). There is a lake relatively close, as is a zoo, Erin's aunt's lakehouse (though never specified how distant that was), golf courses, and of course Willie World. The weather is mild, even in Feb/Mar when most of this occurs, so as to imply a more southerly locale, but like their surname, Jeremy and his family live wherever you desire. Maybe even next door to you!

Beyond the initial story idea given above, I came up with some scenes that seemed interesting and then tried to piece them together in some kind of order. That is, until I came up with the idea of Jeremy spending time with his mom and aunt together. But how to accomplish this? Dad had to be gone and the kids couldn't be around either. Dad has a business trip, okay, easy enough. The kids? I was stumped. Then I came up with the grandmother (and at this point she was just a way to get the brother and sister out of the way for what turned out to be an entire weekend!). The amazing weekend was going to end at that time with mom finding out about dad cheating while he was gone (as happened later). I should have kept it this way from an editing point of view, but I came up with a number of additional scenes (most notably, the week of Spring Break!) that I really wanted to include but that couldn't happen if Jenny broke up with him at that point. Thus, I stretched things out and included another trip for dad. Even to me, it seemed long (as many had told me!), but I still like that I included those scenes. And it did add the effect that too much of a good thing can get old, or boring. It was a nice counterpoint leading up to the heartbreak of Jenny ending things between them.

I plotted a good chunk ahead of writing it, up until the breakup. After that, I had no clue what would happen.

I knew right away that Jeremy would need to find a girl, whether she ended up being anything or not. But how do you continue after having your heart tore out? For either of them? I knew I had a few scenes that

I wanted to tell, but that they didn't include Jeremy, I didn't know how to tell them from his viewpoint as the whole story had been. Have Jenny tell him in a conversation (that would seem dry and boring)? Have Jeremy somehow discover what had happened (and with no way to justify him seeing mom and aunt together)? I then reread the whole story up to that part and remembered the little bit from Jenny's POV (before she went to her sister's and then having sex with her son in chapter 5). But could I manage a whole long section to tell those scenes when there were also other pieces that didn't have to be from her viewpoint?

The scenes from Jenny's view were plotted with the rest of the story, up to the breakup in chapter nineteen and as I jotted them down, I then realized something that I hadn't known until that point: that Jess had feelings for Jenny! I was just as shocked as you when you read it! I thought about it for a long time. Was that where I wanted to go? It caused a slight hiccup in the writing while I tried to resolve this surprise. I looked back over Jenny's story progression, and that of Jessica, and found that there were offhand references made early on that, unknown to me, suggested that twist. Jess dancing half-naked around the house when they were young, the boyfriend stealing. Then I even realized that it was the cause of Jess's marriage failure. The pieces just fit too well to try to avoid the twist. I might have worked it out to be otherwise, but sometimes the story writes itself and the writer just puts the words on the page. That is what I did. But that also meant that their whole episode also couldn't be told from Jeremy's viewpoint. Thus, chapter twenty-one!

But still that didn't help with what to do with the story after that point!

I knew what the ending was going to be (what it had to be), but just not how to get from point 'Q' to point 'Z'.

It always was going to be Jeremy ending up marrying a girl his own age, but with still having sex/connection with his mother even after that (for the happy ending between Jeremy and Jenny). Did I introduce that girl/future wife at that point, or just have a random one or two to get him over the breakup? Jenny would have to realize that she wanted him back, but with the complication of him then having a girlfriend would be a new twist. Would Jeremy's eventual wife know about him and his mom? If so, how involved would the wife be? How serious would Jeremy get with a girlfriend, or how quickly? The story was getting very long and I wanted to get to the end as much as the readers. It might not have been as believable for the first girl that comes along be 'the one', but things needed to move along and it did play into Erin's talk of them being fated to be together (of which I came up with as the reasoning why things moved so fast between her and Jeremy).

For a long time, Erin also didn't have a name. She was just 'girlfriend' or 'GF' (and in the plotting of the story, that is all she ever was).

For me, giving a character a name makes them real. You can write, Jeremy meets girl, they get along, the girl does this or that, the girl ... etc. but at that point she could be anything. Once she has a name, you

wonder what she looks like, how she grew up, does she have siblings, on and on. She is real then. I don't really make up characters so much as 'discover' them. So, I held off coming up with a name for her until I decided if she actually would be the one Jeremy would one day marry. If she was going to be that one, then part of her character would be her involvement with Jenny (whether as just a rival for Jeremy's affections, or as a sex partner for Jenny as well!). Once I 'discovered' Erin, I found that she had an interest in incest, that she discovered sex early (from dad's porno novel!), and that mothers and sons were an especial kink of hers. Things fell into place quickly then. Erin would discover them together and wanted to see them again. I debated about her getting involved or just leave her as an overheated bystander. But this is porn! I love lesbians! So, of course she was going to join them!

Erin got to be more involved with the mother/son dynamic than I was prepared to have in the story that had always been about Jeremy and Jenny, even if at points there were others included. I did realize that to get to the point of Jenny (or Jeremy) accepting the eventual slow separation that had to happen, that there had to be a period of Jenny getting to know the girl that would sooner or later take her son away from her. Getting to know her intimately, which at the start hadn't been intended! At the start it is just for Jeremy's benefit that mother and girlfriend get together, but with Jenny's twist with her sister and having had lesbian sex long ago, meant that she was not unfamiliar with the joys of a woman's body. The scene of Erin discovering them came about in the course of the writing, which led to how much she would get involved. I figured just a little, but it grew to become an affair unto itself! If this hadn't been a sex story, I would have reined that action in, but it is, so I let it come out as it did!

Adding Erin as it turned out, didn't come so easily. I tried to imply her importance too soon I believe. Many found they couldn't accept her character (and those that wanted this to stay just Jeremy and Jenny never would). I blame my skill for that. And that I was trying to get from one point to another without a clear path as I wrote, and that I was rushing the storyline as it had gotten very long before Erin made an appearance. It felt forced. If I had come up with the idea of a girlfriend far earlier, I could have added hints of her in before she became 'the girlfriend' and it might not have seemed so rushed. But it is what it is. I did/do love her character, even if I couldn't relate that in words as clearly as I wanted.

The fling that Erin has at her aunt's lakehouse wasn't originally scripted and only got adding in when I came to her returning home. I added it as a way for her to get one more time with another guy before being locked into her future with Jeremy. A small bit, but just a little extra to give to the story. And so that she sees how good Jeremy is for her and to show that she would never cheat on him (again!).

The last chapters were again just a series of events that had to be put in order without conflicting with previous events but also not messing up the planned ending as things happen as you write that you didn't expect, even if they seem like little things at the time (such as Jess's unknown flirting with Jenny as teens, Justin's golf thing, Jeremy's thing for Jess's ass!), you just go with the words as they come to you! The beach scene was an idea that came up very early (maybe even before I

came up with the long weekend episode), but as it had to happen in the summer, it was put on hold until the story reached that time point.

The last scene of the main story, before the epilogue and all the extras, had to be a return to the loveseat, a 'back to the beginning', but now with all the additional backstories going on with all the characters. Jenny then knew about Jess's feelings for her, Jess knew about Jenny's involvement with her son and his girlfriend. Erin likewise aware of all that Jeremy had done with his mom and aunt. Jeremy wanting to be with them all, but it is only Erin at the end. That it is Erin on the loveseat and not Jenny is to show that although Jenny is still in his sex life, that it is now Erin that is his primary focus. The girlfriend had taken the mother's spot.

One of the chief complaints I received was the number of participants in Jeremy's sex life, or how easy everyone jumped in bed with each other. For the first part, no one lives in a bubble. We all orbit numerous people in our lives, as they do around us. Life is that interplay of lives. Much as Margie was needed to set things in motion for mother and son, so too are all the others involved. Otherwise, it would just be scene after scene of Jeremy and Jenny and that would as I've said, get boring very quickly. As to the second, this is a porn story. There are no nuns, or recluses, here. People have active sex lives, even if not as unbelievable as our protagonist, but that's why you are reading these stories, for the fantastic things that happen in them. At least, that's how I feel. I come here for the stories that would/could never happen to me!

I do know that at different times it seems like Jenny is a bit too casual about her marriage, or that she doesn't care about Justin, or that she just acted a little like a bitch. None of that was intentional, but also like real people, our attitudes about different things vary as we go through life and sometimes fluctuate even from day to day. Jenny didn't know how to react to all the things that were happening to her and she was conflicted by her feelings for husband and son (and later, for her sister as well!). It wasn't deliberate, but that it also gave her more dimension, I wouldn't change it. Part of it was that I was as conflicted on how to convey all the things each of the characters was feeling and to make it seem like they were all different characters and not just variations of 'me', so to say. I hadn't intended this to be a complex morale debate about incest or fidelity, it just grew to become that. As in the original idea, it was just mom rubs his dick and he eventually has sex with her, that's it!

I will also say now, that I will never again write a story as I go! It will either be completely finished before I turn it in, or the entire plot will be set out ahead of time. I hadn't expected this story to turn out as it did and there are many things at the start that I would have changed if I had known the length that it would end up being. As I am big stickler for continuity, there are some of those things that once I had written them and they were 'published', I couldn't change as at that point I considered them 'set in stone' as it were. Certain things such as the layout of the house, or the vehicle that mom drives, have varied throughout the story although I have tried to limit it. Forgetting about Jenny's allergies when the parents give Jojo a kitten (which is why mom couldn't go to the zoo with the family) was just a 'D'oh!' moment. I just chalk them up as a learning experience and try to do better.

As to the actual writing:

First, I try to outline long sections of the story (to avoid things coming up that I hadn't prepared to happen), then I write a rough draft (such as that given here above, but usually more expansive than that short bit, or like an unwritten scene of which I give the draft below) that might even include sentences, phrases, conversations that make it to the final draft. I then read through that last draft to find words missed while typing, for clarity of my descriptions or the events happening, and to rewrite parts that I had an issue with in the initial writing but had to just put the idea down and then moved on to come back later and fix. I will usually add the beginning intro and the ending notes at any time during the course of the story, but edit them before finishing the chapter. Then I run a grammar check; spell check is usually on while writing, although there are actually few words that give me an issue. The spell checker, I will say, really has a field day with the sex talk as it doesn't understand 'Cuh-cuh-minnng!' or with the grammar, that it is 'my' cum and not me that it always suggests! I fix the grammar issues (even if Word is stupid in most such instances!), then read through it again for clarity. One more spell/grammar check if I've changed anything, and then I submit the chapter.

I will add that doing a spelling and grammar check is so, so important to do before turning any story in. I've read so many stories on Literotica that are good stories, plot wise and with interesting characters, that are just killed because of typos, misspelled or misused words, mixed tenses

(my personal demon), or just jumbled sentences. 'Quiet' instead of 'quite'. 'Tounge' instead of 'tongue'. Authors, please, just read through your story before submitting! Or have someone else do so! Please, I beg you!

(This re-reading of my own story has led to some of my delays, as I start reading and I get caught up in the story. Even me, and I wrote it!)

It usually takes the website two to five days to approve a story (in my experience). Those days are usually very tense, as you constantly check to see if the story is up yet! And then I give a little cheer to myself when I finally see it is posted. Then the wait for the comments and the votes, or the messages that are sent to your email privately. I am amazed that some people take the time to write some of the longer comments/messages about something that I have written!

I do read every comment and message and value them all! I have taken some comments to heart and changed things in the story to accommodate this, usually very minor, but I hear you and listen to your advice. There were also many suggestions that I couldn't accommodate as no one was ever getting pregnant in this story (well, until the end anyway!), there wasn't going to be any gay sex, and many worried about additional guys of which couldn't happen given the storyline, etc.

Also, many (too many) have guessed plot twists or commented about things that hadn't happened yet that I had to wonder if I was being too

obvious with some of them. Notably, when someone commented out of the blue that it was obvious what Jessica's secret was; that she had been in love with Jenny. There had been nothing overt in the story to suggest that and then someone says it was obvious! I was blown away by that!

I am also blown away by the love you readers have shown my 'little' tale of incest and seduction. The characters started out as cardboard actors that have been filled out because of your requests for more. I thank you for that! Thank you, thank you, thank you!

***

Now for some notes about some comments, clarifications, and miscellany.

Jack, Justin's golfing buddy has his own family issues that will (hopefully one day!) be told in another story.

After the appearance of the waitress Gretchen (from chapter 12), I have come up with a story idea for her as well, but it is still only vague and rough at the time of this writing.

The incident at the mall (from chapter 25) will be more fully told in the story appropriately titled 'The Mall Incident' (of which is still rough, but mostly drafted).

One reader commented that he couldn't picture the dress that Jenny wore when she, Jess, and Jeremy went out on the Saturday of the big weekend (chapter 12) and that was due to a portion of the description getting deleted. I give it here again, with the missing portion replaced. I only found out the mistake when it was commented about it. I don't know how it got deleted, but I guess such things happen.

Mom's dress was like nothing I had ever seen her wearing! It was a sparkly cherry red that looked like fish scales but on closer inspection were very fine interwoven sequins, with sleeves so short that they hardly covered her shoulders.

Another reader misunderstood that the box banging (from chapter 15) was Jenny and Jeremy's bodies slapping together instead of what I meant; as the sound of Jenny's body bouncing against the floor from the force of Jeremy slamming into her.

Someone else made a comment about dad not calling or texting while he was on his business trip. Just because I didn't write every little thing that happened, doesn't mean that it didn't. Also, I am from a generation before smart phones and instant messages. We could actually go days

without hearing from friends or family. No call was actually a good thing, as it meant nothing bad had happened!

As for Aunt Jessica having a 'landing strip' pubic hair trim, she is regularly dating at the start and trying to attract a man. She keeps herself trimmed for that, and also for Margie's benefit as well!

Jeremy's favorite actress, Kate Lawrence is a mix of Kate Beckinsale and Jennifer Lawrence, both favorites of mine!

Tigerade is obviously a replacement for the drink originally developed by that Florida college football team!

X-station is a mash up for two of the most popular video game systems.

Vanessa's Closet is the substitute for that famous Secret that is no secret to any man, or woman.

Cap'n Charms is a mix of two cereals that have a sailing ship captain and a leprechaun as their respective characters, both childhood favorites of mine.

As for the oft mis-quoted proverb throughout the story: 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush'. I botched it repeatedly and purposely for effect.

Jenny's swimsuit when they go to the lake (chapter 24), took a lot of thought to come up with and it isn't based on anything that I had previously seen. I wanted it to be spectacular, but not so overly so for a woman her age. I have received no comments about it, so I don't know if I over thought it, or just didn't express/describe it well enough (and that it occurred in the same chapter as the grandma sex that few cared for probably overshadowed the lake bit).

The amusement park actually took a bit for me to come up with a suitable name. It has to be obvious that it is similar to that famous mouse world in Florida, but with more of a focus on roller coasters than that park. I went with Willie as that was the mouse's character in his first short cartoon about a steamboat captain. I don't want to tread on any copyrights or trademarks of theirs, as they have many, well-paid lawyers and are well known for being quick to sue! (: Google it if you still don't know.

Water is actually a good lubricant, if not so much for sex, depending on quantity (the water, not the sex!) and had been used long before oil was discovered to work better. And that it is good to be well hydrated after exerting yourself extensively with sex to prevent cramps or dehydration.

The final page count, again in Word (narrow margins, single space, Calibri 11 pt. font), counting this appendix and the alternate endings coming next, is 1,024! So quite the epic turnout for the little stroke story that could! For those of you that have read it in its entirety, give yourself a pat on the back!

***

A small tidbit.

I have had this happen to me numerous times and I've found it annoying, maybe funny, and could be interesting to others. This is an example of a writer's brain at work:

You are up too late doing various things and you need to get to sleep. Just as you are about to drift off, you think of the most amazing story idea ever, one that will change literature forever and make generations to come look at words in a whole new way. You want/need to sleep, but you can't let this opportunity to change the world slip away. So, you pull out your notepad and you quickly put down the words with a shaky hand and half-closed eyes. You know it'll need plenty of work, but at least you got the basic idea down and hope the rest will come back to you when you are more conscious. Then you can finally get to sleep! You wake in the morning and remember your earth-shattering story idea and you grab your notepad to find this:

Then Mr. Codgelskin took his barnwaffle and gave it a good scree before humblescot sugarish coonershoes of corn. Mumble coatskittle hazahfred snozzilgrass ...

And then it turns to even more gibberish for two more pages! You yell out 'Brain! This is why you wouldn't let me get to sleep?' Brain: 'Hee, hee, hee! Wait until he sees what I have lined up for tonight!'

Now, not that all such incidents turn out like that (the above is made up and not an actual idea!). I've had some actual good story ideas come to me as I fade off, and hopefully I will get the time to write them someday. But it shows you have to take inspiration when it hits you, even if most of it turns out to be trash.

***

And now, a couple of extra scenes, bits that didn't quite fit in with the rest of the story, but that I thought were interesting ideas. They were too extreme or out of character for the participants to have them occur in the main story. I wrote them out specifically to put in this 'chapter' as extras (except for the first).

This scene seemed too over the top, even for the extras, and I wasn't going to include it. But when I finished everything else, I thought, what the hell! I will add it here just as it was drafted with no other editing or

corrections. This is a good example of what some drafting usually looks like as well.

Have a bachelorette party with Jeremy filling in as the male entertainment and as many of the guests know who he was, there is no pretending to be otherwise (?). Jeremy has as an excuse (for dad) that he going out with friends while Erin at her party. Erin's friends there (with Jenny and Erin's mom [Jojo still far too young for a bachelorette party]) and as Jeremy strips the friends gasp at his size (while still concealed in male thong underwear). Some of the woman grab him and one pulls his dick free. A few give it a suck while Jenny has to pretend to be horrified, but she does give it a stroke at the urging of the young women. Erin's mom does so too (?) but leaves shortly after with a complaint of being tired/headache (so she not present for the more intense action). Erin sucks him teasingly with no attempt at making him cum. At least one other girl does suck him enthusiastically. All are very drunk and each now takes a turn to wrap their lips around his large cock, and they even 'convince' Jenny to give him a suck also. Erin declares that it was her bachelorette party and the stripper had to give her one last fuck before she got married. Jeremy not sure about this and especially with his mother present in front of the other girls. Jenny, acting more drunk than she was as an excuse for her abnormal motherly behavior, urges him on along with the other women. He does fuck Erin who does actually orgasm and Jeremy is about to cum when one of the women grabs him and pulls him from his fiancé's pussy and has him cum on Erin's ass. The woman then sucks him clean with an exaggerated lip smacking. A few of the other girls come over to Erin and lick at her cum-covered ass. The one that cleaned him (or another?) grabs at Jenny to have her take a lick at her future daughter-in-law's ass

covered with her son's cum. Jenny takes one small lick as if she found it excruciating to be forced to this act. The rest of the women cheer drunkenly. Jeremy just hopes most of them don't remember the next day or just attribute it all to too much alcohol. Erin swipes a finger across her ass and sucks it clean before the crowd of horny women. She jokes that she hopes her fiancé tasted as good. The party continues but Jeremy leaves. Jenny follows a short time later and the pair hook up together before getting home (where?).

So, yeah, way to over the line for a story that tried to be semi-believable. Having that many others see Jenny doing anything with her son was too much. I wrote it as above, but immediately discounted it. But I leave it here for posterity.

Here now, the first extra episode, which has been much requested:

A dozen or so years later, after Jeremy and Erin are married and are one day visiting her parents at their house.

I still felt self-conscious drinking in front of Erin's parents, even after these many years. That incident at Erin's graduation party still firmly implanted in my brain. I had gotten to know Terrence fairly well over the years and I didn't have the same fear of him that I did when I was in high school. He knew well now that I was having sex with his daughter; we were married and had given him a granddaughter! It

didn't stop me from possibly having one or two beers too many. He had had a fair number himself.

We were sitting and chatting casually in their living room; the videoscreen was on but neither of us were watching it. Some old game show or something. Erin and her mother had been there for almost forty-five minutes before they had decided that they wanted to go off shopping together. Probably for more clothes for Tabitha that she didn't need! She would outgrow anything they bought in a few months anyway!

Anyway, the two of us were talking, about nothing in particular, world events, the weather, we did steer away from politics as we had some conflicting views that we had clashed over in the past and now carefully avoided.

And again, I had questions that I had kept bottled up within me for so many years that the alcohol loosened me up to finally ask my father-in-law. Very inappropriate questions, but that had never stopped me in the past! Even if that had sometimes gotten me in to some trouble with mother or spouse!

"Having Tabitha now up and walking around, I get very nervous about the things that she might get into."

"Kids have a habit of that. You just have to childproof everything. Even if you and Erin are never in one place for too long. You're going to have settle down sometime, just so my granddaughter can have a normal life." He ran a hand through his greying sandy hair and took another drink of his beer.

I had spent way too much time over the course of my adult life thinking about what was considered a 'normal life'. It wasn't something that I had had, that's for sure!

"Erin and I have discussed that a lot. But for now, we still have some time before Tabbie starts school."

"You know I hate that nickname. Tabbie is the name for a cat." Terrence said dismissively with a glance at me.

"She loves it, and you can't argue with your daughter, you know." I stated firmly.

"Oh, how well I know that." He almost chuckled.

"And you really don't want your daughter to find any porn that you might be hiding." I dropped the allusion of my bombshell.

"What the hell are you talking about?" Terrence said fiercely with a harsh stare at me.

I might have wilted at that at one time. Instead, I continued.

"That you used to have a book of erotic stories that you used to keep hidden under your bed." I said plainly, unsure how to put this any other way.

His look didn't change. Confusion and mild anger.

"What are you trying to say, Jeremy?"

I didn't know if maybe he had truly forgotten this after almost two decades.

"Erin found it. And she was fascinated by it."

"I still have no idea what the shit you're talking about. You keep going and I'll have to send you home."

His voice was still harsh, but I noted a slight change in the tone. As if he had remembered the book then.

I continued without explanation.

"Was it just incest stories or were there also others?" I said while trying to keep my face blank under his fiery glare. "Erin never said anything about anything other than the family stories. I always wondered about that."

I then saw that even though his outer countenance hadn't change, there was something in his eyes, a resignation or a fear hiding there.

"I want you to leave. Now." He ordered me, almost ready to stand if he had to enforce the demand.

"I'm not accusing you of anything. More the opposite actually. Erin finding that book has had a profound impact on my life." I did brace for some reaction from my father-in-law. His body loosened, and he sat back in his chair heavily.

"Okay." Terrence's tone was finally of acceptance. "Everyone has such things though."

"I never did. But my generation had the internet though." I tried to add a tone of lightness to my voice. We were just two men sitting around

chatting about women and sex. The age-old topics of men of any age in any era.

He sat there in silence, mulling with his thoughts.

I did note that he hadn't answered my question. I pressed on as if he had.

"Did Charise know about the book? Or your interest in incest stories?"

"She knew, or knows, but not about that book. I wish I had burned that thing." He hadn't looked at me since his admission, not that that bothered me. I didn't want to see the look in his old eyes as he told me of his dark secrets.

"Charise has never known the degree that I've had an interest." He had a slump to his shoulders that I found slightly disquieting. I had no intention of upsetting the man.

"I know how much it would embarrass her for me to tell you, but Erin loved the mother and son story or stories. Got her very turned on."

This got his attention and his gaze whipped around to me with denial in his eyes.

"No, not Erin. I don't believe you. Why would you make that up?"

"It was very fortunate that she did feel that way, since she discovered my secret." I was treading very dangerously by speaking of his forbidden lusts while revealing his daughter's perverted side.

"What secret?" His tone was once again firm.

"Jenny and I." I looked him straight in the eye as I revealed my soul.

"Your mother?" The disbelief in his voice was palpable.

"Since before I met Erin. When she found out, she joined us." I did turn my head at that admission, unsure how Terrence would take that bit of news.

"No. Not Erin." He also turned his head sharply, as if I had slapped him with my words.

"Have you thought about your daughter like that?" I asked softly. "It's alright if you have, I'm sure lots of parents have illicit thoughts about their offspring."

I really had no clue about that!

"I would never do anything about it. It's just a fantasy. One of those things that would never happen. And I would never, ever do anything like that with Erin." He had his spine back, his words scathing.

"Has Charise ever guessed that you've had thoughts about your daughter?" I knew the ice beneath my feet was very fragile and yet I insisted on continuing to jump up and down.

Terrence was halfway to his feet again at my question.

"No! And if you think you can try to blackmail me by telling her, I'll flatly deny it. She'll believe me over you!"

"No, no, no. Sit, sit. I would never dream of doing anything like that. But I could get Erin to think about it." I calmed him as I was able, and even was jovial as I mentioned my wife.

"No." He said emotionlessly so firmly that it was like lightning striking in the distance. "Whatever my thoughts are, I don't actually want to do anything more than that, just thoughts."

"Do you remember her graduation party? When I had too much to drink, much like now obviously." He nodded but stayed silent. "I asked Erin about it after the party, and she had told me not to think about me being with her mom, or about her with her mom, but I thought that she didn't seem that adamant about it."

"So?"

That one little syllable carried so much weight.

"I think she might be more interested than she wants to admit. She was very quick to get involved with my mom."

I could see that he still didn't believe that part, but I could see the wheels turn in his head at the possibility of something between him and Erin happening.

"What's your interest in this? You seem like you're fishing for something, young man."

His eyes burned over me, studying me as if for some devilish birthmark. Then his eyes lit up.

"You want to have sex with my wife!" He declared as if he had struck gold.

"No, I don't." I lied at first, but saw no reason to do so. "Well, yes, I wouldn't turn down the possibility, but that isn't the whole reason."

"What is the reason?" Terrence's words were as sharp as an old-time shaving knife.

I didn't get the chance to answer as our wives came bustling in with their arms full of shopping bags.

"Oh, honey, you just have to see the dress we got for Tabbie!" Erin exclaimed from across the room.

Terrence gave me a fierce, but meaningful stare that I took as permission to push forward with my suggestion.

The two of us didn't get a chance to say anything more about our discussion, so I never did know if that was his decision or not. It was all up to fate at that point, and we all know how fate seemed to favor me!

I let it drop from my mind for a week or so before I brought it up with my wife.

"I thought we had this discussion long ago." Her hair was shorter than it had been when we had dated and she had it in a bun at the time, but it was just as fiery in color as her nature.

"I, unlike you, have no interest in doing anything with my parents." She studied me fiercely. "Is someone getting frisky to be having these thoughts again? You haven't visited your mother in some time. Maybe you should stop over there while we are in town."

This had me thinking about how long it had been since Jenny and I had last been intimate. Far too long!

But that wasn't the point at the moment.

She may have dodged my question those years ago with her lie, but I knew her so very well now and knew that she wasn't being truthful and was actually hiding something. Some illicit feelings of her own?

"Are you sure? You have been always been so open to incest with my family, why is yours so off-limits?"

"Your family? You mean Jenny? That's hardly your family." She argued.

"Tell me that you wouldn't be all over Jessica if given the chance!" I smirked dangerously.

She got a look on her face, slightly dreamy.

"Is there anyone on the planet that doesn't want to have sex with your hot aunt?" She declared far too strongly not to be guilty.

My wife did have a point!

Even now, Aunt Jess would still put women in their twenties to shame!

"That doesn't counter my point!"

Erin looked me up and down, those blue eyes that first caught my attention still just as piercing.

"Well, okay. I will admit that I've wondered about it. But I would never do anything, unlike my forever horny husband!" She playfully swatted at my arm as she laughed, clearly edgy about the topic. "And, also

unlike you, I wouldn't try something without knowing what they thought about it first!"

I just grinned with my knowledge about her father's secret desires about her.

"Besides, you're only bringing this up because you still want to be with mom!" Only her gentle smile let me know she had no ill will towards me for my lust over Charise. "I saw you staring at her boobs in that low-cut dress she wore when we were visiting!"

"If she's going to display them like that, I'm surely going to stare. Besides, you know I think her legs are her best feature.

"You weren't staring at her legs though!"

"As if you haven't stared at Jenny's tits yourself!"

"I've done far more than stare at them!" She joked in reply.

"So, that you've been with my mom, I should be able to be with your mom!" I said a bit louder than I needed, but I think I made my point anyway. I saw the resignation in her azure pools, knowing that she couldn't argue with that.

To help ease her mood I added.

"By the way, Terrence does have some hidden desire for you." I admitted, which got her immediate attention.

"What do you mean, a hidden desire?"

I then explained how I had questioned her dad about that nearly forgotten book that had opened a little girl's sexual horizons so many years ago.

"You know, I was so caught up in that book that I never questioned why daddy had it." She had a soul-searching look on her face that I ended the conversation on that note. I'd give her a chance to ponder these new thoughts. And as she did so many times, it was as if she read my mind as I had the thought.

"I'll think about it." She said quietly and left the room, leaving me standing there hopeful for her answer.

It was the same answer Jenny had given me before meeting Erin and the first of our countless ménage à trois sessions! I hoped for the same response as all those years ago.

These thoughts, and with Erin having brought up my mother, I made a mental note to visit Jenny as soon as I could!

I really felt some sympathy for my parents with my current situation. Having a young child really cut into the time Erin and I could get to be alone. But I had sworn that day when she had told me she was pregnant, that I wouldn't allow us to fall into the same situation as mom and dad had. I would always make the effort so that Erin would never feel neglected or unfulfilled.

So, one night, a few weeks after my conversation with my father-in-law, I arranged an overnight for Tabitha to stay with a babysitter so that Erin and I could be alone. We had a nice dinner out, then returned home (or what counted as our temporary residence!) for some romance, sex, and love-making. Not necessarily in that order!

Later, while engaged in some of that sex with me pounding Erin from behind, I gave her a playful but firm slap on her still shapely ass.

"Who's your daddy?" I said as sexy as I could.

Erin said nothing but continued moaning from my penile assault.

"Come on baby girl, who's your daddy? Am I your big daddy?"

She turned and looked at me over her shoulder, but she said nothing as I kept jamming my big cock in her soaked pussy.

"Are you a good girl for daddy? Or are you a nasty baaad girrrll?" I growled and gave her a pair of very strong smacks on either cheek.

She turned to glare at me again, even as her moans increased.

"I know what you're trying to do." But she didn't say anything more about it.

Throughout the evening I continued to pepper our sexplay with paternal references. Erin said nothing, but I was sure her normally enthusiastic responses to our sex were almost equal to those days when she first had found out about me and Jenny. Heated and explosive! Did my daddy sex talking get her hotter?

Later, while we were cuddling after some intense love-making, Erin kissed me softly and looked me deeply in the eyes.

"If you can get everyone interested, then I will go along with whatever might happen." Her words in the silence startled me and I didn't

comprehend what she was saying at first. "As long as I feel comfortable with anything that is. You can't be upset if I suddenly decide I can't continue, or if mom or dad likewise balk."

"I'm okay with whatever you're okay with, honey."

I would never force Erin to do anything she didn't want to do. I never had need to, as she always seemed to exceed any of my expectations! Once we all got involved, I was confident in the wild nature of my wife to do anything once she was aroused!

The final obstacle would be getting Erin's mother's agreement to any of this.

How do you broach this subject with your mother-in-law; to have sex with her while her daughter sleeps with her father? Especially when Charise had already rebuked my first advances? It would have to be handled very delicately also, such that if she said no outright that there would be no repercussions between her and her daughter, or between her and her husband! I didn't want to break up Erin's family just for a chance at her mom, or to give Terrence a chance a fulfilling his long-hidden desires. Or even to get Erin to admit that she had some hidden desires herself!

It took me a lot of thought on the subject. I wanted to keep it as discreet as possible, to limit the hurt feelings if things didn't go well, but also

felt that if Terrence was present that it would help my case. Or, maybe not. She might get upset that his fantasy had become so openly known. And, although Charise knew me and her daughter had been having sex since before that graduation party incident, how would she view Erin for agreeing to any illicit conjoining with her father? Erin and Charise had always been very close; maybe not as close as my mother and me, but I didn't want to jeopardize that.

I was to the point of just giving up on the idea, no matter who benefitted from it.

We were once again visiting our parents, and while at Terrence and Charise's house, I happened to be alone talking with Erin's mom. Terrence was in another room, and Erin and Tabitha had gone to the nearby park. The two of us were talking about parental things. Charise complimented me on what a great father I seemed to be. I thanked her, but that I didn't know of any other way to be. She then said that some fathers just let the mother handle everything relating to the childcare. I stated that it was a coequal thing and that both parents needed to be a part of the kid's life. This brought a smile to her face.

"Didn't Terrence help with Erin?" I then asked, curious.

"Oh, of course. Well, as much as he could with work and all." She pooh-poohed my question.

"You worked too." I pressed.

She turned to look at me more intently as I defended her position.

"It was a different era. Some men were more involved than others." Charise turned her head. "It seems like your father wasn't always there."

I was slightly offended, even if she was partially correct.

"But my dad was the only one of them working. Mom had her hands full with the three of us, and the house, and all." I stated firmly.

My dad, even with the difference of opinions we sometimes had, was always there for me, or my brother and sister, growing up. Attended every school function, every extracurricular event, and all our birthday parties.

"Don't take offense, Jeremy. It just seems like you are so much closer to your mother than your father."

I think I might have colored my cheeks at that insight.

"Well, me and ... mom have always been close. Like you and Erin." I tried to deflect my unusual affection for Jenny.

"She is my only child. Jenny has three kids."

"It's that age-old maxim about no child is the favorite and a parent loves them all the same. Well, mom and I have always had similar interests, the same opinions. She didn't treat me any different than the other two, it's just that we got along better. If that makes sense."

We got along so much better!

"Even having just Erin, I do know what you're saying. The two of us have always been very much alike." Her eyes studied me curiously. "I don't think I would feel the same about another child. Unfortunately, I wasn't able to have another."

Charise had had complications with Erin's birth that had left her unable to have any more kids.

Her comment about being very much alike to her daughter got my interest though.

How much alike?

"Mom and I have also gotten much closer over the years. Very close." I said suggestively.

I'd put the insinuation out there and see if she bit.

"It's very sweet how much you love your mother, most young men your age practically abandon their parents."

"Not Jenny and I." I now added mom's name to my intimation. It wasn't enough to declare our feelings as many kids used their parents' given names, but the suggestion of more was out there.

"Jenny? You've never called her that, that I've heard." There was a slight veiled questioning in Charise's tone.

"I only do so when it's just the two of us. When we're alone together." I kept my voice calm even as I was quivering inside.

"Alone? You don't mean ... together together?" The shock in her voice was evident as was her disbelief.

"I know your husband has had similar thoughts." I wasn't sure how much she knew about Terrence's incestual fantasies, or if she would remember his interest.

"What about Terrence? What are you implying, Jeremy?" My mother-in-law's voice grew abrasive.

"Just that I know he once had a book of dirty stories. And that he has confessed to having had unnatural thoughts."

"What?" Charise nearly yelled. I assumed more in shock or surprise than of anger. "He told you about his nasty ..."

So, she knew about that book, even if her husband hadn't known that she did. Charise might have even guessed more things about Terrence of which he wasn't aware. I have found that there really is no way to keep things from your spouse, so I had never tried.

I just gave my shoulders a small shrug.

Charise continued to stare at me in silence for what felt like an hour, but was probably only a few minutes.

"Why are you bringing this up now?" There was less anger in her voice, but more a fierce inquisitiveness. "Why would you imply anything about your mother to me?"

I paused to answer. This could be the tipping point.

"I've found that older women can be quite ... sexual." I did give my voice a bit of a leering tone to it.

Her eyes pierced me, but then as the realization of my suggestion hit her, they widened greatly.

"Are you still trying to hit on me? I thought we had settled that years ago!" Charise wasn't as upset now as she had been then. Which could have been a good sign. I hoped.

"You are still as ... attractive as you were then." I stated flatly. I wasn't sure what descriptor to use. Any of them seemed possibly offensive if she so chose to take it wrong. Sexy, hot, doable.

Her eyes were still wide but then they took on a demure and yet sultry look.

"Attractive? Me? Still?" There was no longer any trace of any anger in my mother-in-law's tone.

"Absolutely! Look at yourself." My eyes roamed freely over her still beautiful body, her large breasts and ever-sexy legs!

Charise had a guilty look pass over her face.

"I guess I can admit now, that after that ... 'incident', that I was kind of intrigued by your interest. I was very flattered, even if I couldn't say so to anyone. I did see what my daughter saw in you and had some interest of my own."

She spoke as if revealing a deep dark secret, but one that she wasn't ashamed in revealing.

"Well, since we are laying it all out there now, I can say that Erin has an interest too."

"Erin?" Charise said loudly. But not as loud as I would have thought for such a revelation.

"Like, maybe ... a, uh ... swap?" I meekly spoke my desire.

And at that point I noticed that Terrence had been standing off to the side out of direct view of his wife or me. I had no idea how long he had been there, or how much he had heard of our conversation.

He revealed himself to his wife after he saw my gaze.

"You never said that you had any interest in Jeremy." He stated dryly.

His tone wasn't what might be expected, neither anger or hurt. But with his forbidden desire about his daughter, he couldn't say much about his wife noticing a young man that had shown interest in her, could he? Especially, when it was evident that she had done nothing to follow through with whatever thoughts she may have had.

"Are you saying that you want to do what he ...", Charise didn't say my name, but only gave a curt nod towards me, "is suggesting?"

"I don't know what I want. No. Yes. Maybe." Terrence gave each answer definitively as he contradicted himself. His shame was also definitive in his voice.

Charise looked at her husband as if seeing him for the first time.

"I can't even believe that we are talking about this." She said calmly, far calmer than I would have guessed from her considering the topic. She looked at me intently, possibly even picturing me without clothing, and then at her husband before coming back to me with a thoughtful gaze on her face.

"Let us think, and talk, about this. For now, don't say anything to Erin, I don't want her to think how ... perverted ... her parents might be." Charise spoke for the two of them with a stern glance at Terrence to keep silent.

I could only grin, though I tried to keep from appearing smug as I replied.

"I think she already knows. And you'd be surprised about her yourselves."

I didn't want to allude to too much and possible frighten them out of debating this further.

Now, it might seem I was being very cavalier with letting Erin do anything with her father, and it was far from the truth. I didn't want to share my wife with anyone, well, excepting Jenny of course! But I was the last person to be possessive with what I had experienced in my life. Besides, I knew that Erin loved me and that anything that might go on with her and someone else, even if it was her dad, would be only

(mostly) physical. I guessed that Terrence's desire was greater than anything Erin might feel about him, and that she would most probably only go through with anything that might happen just to satisfy him rather than herself. That was part of who she was and only one of the millions of reasons that I loved her!

We separated after that discussion, I turned on the videoscreen and watched some trivial program while Erin's parents surprisingly went off to different rooms to reflect on the things that we had brought up. When Erin and our daughter returned, her parents and I were standoffish with each other, but cordial to my wife. Erin picked up on it immediately and I just whispered to her, 'later.'

I explained to Erin that evening what had transpired with her parents and she was needless to say, very shocked.

"I only said I would agree to this scheme of yours dear, because I knew mom and dad would shoot it down with extreme prejudice." She told me after Tabitha was in bed.

"So, you weren't serious?" I asked, upset that she had misled me.

"No, I was serious. I just didn't think it would go anywhere." Those blue eyes shone gaily at me, reading my irritation. "Thinking about it since then, the thought of you with mom has gotten into my head and I think it might be interesting to see what she thinks about you in the sack."

Erin almost seemed giddy at the thought.

I was a bit offended though.

"You just want to compare me with Terrence and use Charise as the test subject!" It wasn't that I was that offended at the prospect!

"You've always been so great with me, with Jenny. I've heard things from Jessica even. Why should I let my mother miss out on your ... talents?" My wife gave me a sexy grin.

"You want to pimp me out to your mom?" I asked.

Again, still okay with it!

Erin giggled at that.

Then she sobered.

"I mean, the thought of being with my father is a little intimidating. Even knowing that he has had thoughts about me. He is the one that

would scare all my dates away after the first one. It was a long time before I got a boy to ask me out a second time."

"Yes, he is kind of scaring at first, but from what I've gotten to know about Terrence is that he is mostly bark and little bite. He just cares about you."

"I know. And now to find out he has lusted over me." Erin grew wistful for a moment after that. "Maybe that's why he frightened my dates, because he wanted me for himself!"

"As a dad, I can say that that isn't it, hun. I think it's just a father thing. No one is good enough for Tabitha. I've already realized that, and that I will have to control it if I want her to be happy and not resent me for 'scaring her dates away'!" I had already been sizing up the neighborhood toddlers for who might be trouble later on. Problem was, we didn't even live in the area!

Erin laughed at that, at first heartily but then it faltered.

"I'll give them a few weeks to digest today's conversation and then I will feel them out for a possible meeting." I told Erin.

"Much like that first time with your mom, huh?" There was a slight glow as she warmed up to the idea of going through with this.

"I can hope with the same outcome." I replied happily.

"Oh no, you're not starting some long affair with mom now!" She teased me.

Erin made it sound like a joke, but I knew her too well, she was deadly serious. Besides, between her and Jenny, I always had all the women that I needed. And I now had to look out for my daughter's welfare as well.

It was actually a month later when I contacted Charise and Terrence about us coming to visit them again. With the implication of the visit as a chance to realize each of our personal fantasies. Charise was gracious when I spoke to her, but I could sense the nervousness in her voice. She didn't say anything outright about their decision, and only said that she and her husband were looking forward to seeing more of me and Erin. I was sure that there was only one way to take that; as a green light.

I told Charise that we would be able to visit in a week or so and that Erin and I would let her know before showing up. She told me that she looked forward to it.

But not as much as I was!

We took Tabitha to my old house for mom to babysit, but said nothing to her about what might be about to happen. Why say anything if nothing occurred? Erin was almost nauseous with her nerves, but when I said that we didn't have to go over there, she was insistent on pushing forward. At least until we got there anyway. Even I was then cautious about fulfilling my long-held fantasy. Was having sex with Erin's mom worth all the hassle that it might cause?

So far, I would have had to say: yes.

We arrived and everyone got hugs or handshakes in greeting. Charise bubbled cheerfully, even though we had no granddaughter with us0. Terrence was his normally stoic self.

I gave Erin's mom the once over, taking in her stretchy white pull-over top that hid nothing of her large chest, or the black pleated skirt's length that just covered her knees. She had on a modicum of makeup and wore a pair of strappy black sandals. Her hair was the same raven color as it had been for years, so clearly dyed as not a single grey was visible.

Terrence had on a light green buttoned shirt, and black slacks.

I wore some tan slacks and a blue shirt.

My gorgeous wife had put on tight blue knit sleeveless top and a black skirt that appeared the twin of her mother's, except that Erin's ended above her knee by a good amount. I had watched her dress so that I knew she had on no bra and her tiny panties were a baby blue. Her auburn hair was then cut far shorter than from when we had met, a concession to our hectic lifestyle and the addition of a young daughter.

It was a beautiful day, sunny and warm, so we all sat out on their big patio around the glass table with a large umbrella shading us. We all had our choices of alcoholic beverages, for our nerves, but the drinks were mostly untouched. The tension in the air was very thick, and even the little bit of idle chitchat and catching up was forced.

Nothing was said of any decisions, but I took that to mean more for the affirmative. If they had decided not to do anything, they would have declared so upfront, or even decline inviting us to visit (especially without the grandchild in tow, which was sacrilege in the grandmother playbook!).

I scooted my chair closer to Charise's empty one when she had gotten up and she said nothing about my position when she returned. Erin and Terrence had a respectable space between them and kept their eyes elsewhere.

The silence was killing me, as was the uncertainty and the anticipation. I had to do something to break the ice.

I leaned over casually and kissed Erin's mom on the lips, softly and tenderly. It was barely more than a peck, but it made my intent known.

I pulled back halfway, just so I could see her reaction. She hadn't slapped me, so that was a good sign. She looked startled and surprised. She did nothing to tell me no, so I leaned back in and kissed her again, firmer and with some passion to it.

This did get a reaction, not entirely what I had expected though.

Charise kissed me back heatedly!

I had been ready to retreat if the reaction wasn't good, but with the positive response, I increased my zeal. She raised a hand to the back of my head to hold me there.

I opened an eye to check on my wife and her dad. Their eyes were focused on us and I saw Terrence shift in his seat a bit. I hoped it was nerves, or arousal, and wasn't about debating whether to kick my ass or not! Erin got that look of desire on her face that I had come to recognize very quickly.

To urge things along, I brought a hand up to one of Charise's large breasts and rubbed it in gentle circles. She moaned into my mouth and in response, planted her other hand on the growing dick in my pants. She wasn't gentle though and grabbed at it with an avid enthusiasm.

After a few minutes of making out with Charise, I glanced again at our spouses. Erin was now sitting on Terrence's lap. They were just staring at each other's faces as if preparing for the next step. Then Erin leaned forward and kissed her father. It was a kiss that she would normally give him, but I knew that it would only push them both over the top and onward. Erin shifted slightly; clearly her father was getting excited by her ass in his lap. She looked at him when she sat back and the lust in their eyes was obvious from across the table. Erin then leaned back to her father and kissed him again, this time more fervently. Terrence just accepted his daughter's lips without adding much more heat to their kiss.

I nudged Charise who had been kissing me as well as my mom or her daughter ever had. She looked up at my touch, then to her engrossed relations. I saw a hint of something wash over her face. Jealousy? Guilt? Anger? It passed and she had the smallest trace of a smile on her lips that soon returned to my own.

Charise was rubbing over my crotch with her hand as if she might be trying to get me off right then! I had both hands on her tits, pawing eagerly at those big melons that I had thought so much about. We

continued kissing like first-time lovers and not the experienced adults that we were.

I cracked an eyelid and peered over my mother-in-law's raven hair at her husband kissing my wife.

Erin was rubbing her hands over Terrence's broad chest and up on his shoulders, but his hands were still innocently at his side. Erin grabbed one arm and brought his hand to her breast. The hand just sat there without moving, unable to grope his daughter's boob.

I must say that once I had initiated things, that the last person that I could have imagined to be the boldest of us was Erin's mom, Charise!

She ignored what was going on in the other chair, or it was just that she was so focused on what we were doing!

She barely rose from her seat but somehow managed to get from sitting to kneeling before me with both her hands now working at the zipper of my pants! I shifted about to let her work them down my legs, the tent in my boxers now visible.

I saw Erin look at us, but not at me specifically, just that her mom was removing my tan slacks. Her eyes were on fire and she practically leaped from her father's lap to likewise kneel on the concrete and work

at Terrence's zipper. I didn't want to see what I then saw; a similar tent in my father-in-law's underwear that showed the effects of Erin's kissing and sitting on his dick.

I was sure that Charise gasped when she saw the size of my erection. Her hands were then stroking it through the thin plaid fabric of my undershorts. I groaned in delight with her caresses.

Then Erin, who still found ways to surprise me spoke up, breaking the long relative silence.

"Mom, doesn't Jeremy have a beautiful dick?" My wife asked her mom.

Charise had managed to spring my dick free, my boxers bunched up on my thighs. She grasped my thick shaft and slid her fingers over the warm flesh as she stared hungrily at my cock within a foot of her face.

Charise also astonished me with her answer, though the fact that she was stroking my naked dick so lovingly shouldn't have made it any surprise at all.

"Yes, it's very, very nice." She whispered with a purr as she watched her fingers running over my marble-like skin.

She then leaned forward slowly and gave my dick a soft kiss, cautiously as if it might bite her in return. Charise then looked up at me as she kissed it again. I'm sure she saw the lust that I felt for her on my face. This must have encouraged her, that or her own desires, as she then took the entire mushroom head of my cock hungrily into her mouth.

I again groaned.

"You don't have to do this, honey. I hate that I have had any kind of thoughts about you. It's just so wrong. You can leave if you want. Just please don't do this." Terrence was uncharacteristically almost pleading with his daughter.

"Hush, daddy." Erin whispered back calmly.

I had to look at them then.

Erin had her slim hand around Terrence's fat dick and she gave it a few kisses as her mother had done for me, before giving it long licks up the shaft and to the head that was narrower than mine. And uncircumcised.

"Daddy has a very nice cock too, mom!" Erin cooed in delight as she continued her licking of her father's dick.

Her mother could only moan in agreement, to my own delight, as she had half my dick in her mouth and was swirling her tongue all over it.

"Wow, mom! Suck that cock!" Erin told her mom.

I really loved my wife!

I could give encouragement also!

"Doesn't Erin have a great mouth herself, Terrence?" I struggled to look the man in the eye.

He turned and glared at me for a moment before his eyes closed as Erin took him into her mouth.

I wanted to add a comment then about the mother and daughter cock suckers, but I decided against it as it was too soon in the action for my quips.

"Mom! You should see how great a pussy licker Jeremy is! You should let him show you!" Erin said between deep bobs on Terrence's thick dick.

"I would love to eat you, Charise!" I exclaimed.

I didn't wait for her response and nudged her from my lap and lifted her to her feet as I stood. I spun us about and sat her in my chair as I knelt down to lift her skirt. I pulled her lacy, but plain white panties aside and buried my face in her hairy wetness.

Charise yelled out wordlessly in surprise at all this.

She then bellowed as if she had just won the lottery. "Oh my god! That feels so incredible! Terrence has never done this for me!"

"I never thought it would feel this good! Dammit, Jeremy! Oh yes, oh yes! I love that!" Charise urged me on.

I saw that Terrence had given his wife a look of some little disgust and then at me as if what I was doing was so very repulsive.

Rather, Charise had a very sweet taste, with only the slightest sour aftertaste. Very much one of the tastiest pussies I'd ever munched!

Erin giggled loudly as she stood while dropping her skirt and tiny baby blue panties (that I saw had a damp spot at the crotch!).

"Will you lick me now, daddy?" She cried out gleefully.

I had to glance over to see the look on the man's face. He seemed very reluctant to do this, but that it was his beautiful daughter asking it of him, I saw him staring in wonder at Erin's bare pussy as if it was the finest caviar. I always had considered it a delicacy I couldn't ever resist!

And either could he as he bent in and I assumed began licking her wet snatch.

It was well that Charise was in such bliss as I teased her pussy lips, lapped her leaking opening, and gently flicked my tongue over her clit. Her eyes were clenched so tightly so it was that she didn't see her husband do what he had never done for her. I'm sure though that she had to hear her daughter's words of encouragement as Terrence licked Erin's cunt.

I had no concern for family politics then as I focused on giving my mother-in-law a superb orgasm. And after she bucked and bounced through the first one, I continued on for a second. And a third.

Terrence was clearly not as good as I and it was a similar amount of time before Erin finally gasped out her own climax.

Charise was now fully into what we were doing and as she pushed me away from her after finishing shaking from the trio of amazing orgasms, she pulled off her low-cut top. She stood when she was able, slid her panties off, and then had me sit on the chair and sat on my lap, making sure her skirt was not in the way.

"Take off my bra if you want to see my tits!" She almost ordered me.

But is it an order if I was ready to comply before she spoke?

I reached around behind her to undo the wide band holding her breasts in place, her big cushy mounds pressed to my chest!

Charise kissed me with our closeness and I could feel her hand on my eager stiffy as she lined us up. She sat down hard on my cock, much more so than I would have done! We both grunted loudly at my forced entrance. Her huge tits were now before my face. She had equally large and dark areolas, but her nipples were barely bumps. I buried my face in them as Charise moved up and down slowly.

"Do you like my titties, daddy? You can suck on them for me." I heard my wife say.

A quick glance showed that she had undressed and was sitting on her dad's lap with her chest inches from his face with a look of wonder and

also lust on it. It was also evident that she had sat on his dick like her mother had with mine. Terrence didn't answer her, but he did kiss one of Erin's taut nipples. My wife held her father's face to her breasts, her nipples finally filling out and hardening in his mouth, as she began a slow bounce on his lap.

Mother and daughter were as one in their energetic fucking of the other's husband. Charise felt as incredible as I had always imagined she would. Living out the built-up fantasy had me aching to unload, but I struggled to hold out even as my mother-in-law moaned loudly as she rode my rod. She kept my head pressed to her bosom of which I took as a distraction to how good she felt around my cock plunging in her soaked pussy.

"Oh god, honey, I'm going to ..." Terrence croaked loudly. "Are you ...?"

"Yes, daddy! Go ahead and fill your baby girl up with your cum!" Erin bucked more vigorously on her dad's dick.

His head fell backwards as he yelled out as he rocketed his seed into Erin's amazing pussy.

I felt some little pride for having organized this event that let Terrence fulfill his most forbidden desire. I still wasn't sure of how much Erin had interest in this, but she still went through with it, if only to do so for her dear daddy. For Erin, sex was sex, no matter who it was with.

For Terrence, he had a look of surprise on his face as his little girl bounced happily on his dick; apparently, he hadn't expected to be able to continue thusly.

I was struggling greatly with my own need. If Charise didn't cum soon, I was going to fill her with cum whether I wanted to or not. Well, I did want to, craved to even, but I did still have the desire to please the woman I was with first. Even though, I had already done so with my tongue. Three times!

Number four caught me off guard as she started babbling about cumming and then began to tremble and shake without losing the rhythm she was bucking on my lap.

Only moments later, I heard Erin repeating, "Fuck me daddy, I'm cumming, fuck me daddy, I'm cumming!"

Clearly, her dad had kept rigid after his orgasm and now was making my wife cum hard.

All of this only had me on the edge of my own release.

"God, Charise, ride me hard! I'm going to cum in your hot wet pussy! I've wanted this for so long and it's soooo gooood!"

And I went off!

Charise had her lips clamped to my neck and it was pretty evident that she was also.

My dick exploded in her as her pussy quaked around it, our cum mingling and leaking from her quivering lips.

She stayed on my dick even after we had mostly recovered, her lips trailing wet kisses over my sweaty face. I was still erect and ready for more if she so chose.

"Get up, mom!" Erin cried out as she climbed off her dad's lap, his wet dick still as hard as my own. "I want to eat Jeremy's cum from your pussy!"

Whoa now!

This I had to see!

Charise had an uncertain look on her face at this novel request. She hadn't been eaten out in a long time, or maybe not ever, and after my

earlier efforts I'm sure she wanted more, just not necessarily from her own daughter!

"Erin, no." She declared without any strength.

"Why not mom? Because you're my mom? I just fucked daddy. Now I want to taste you. And Jeremy!"

"But you're a ... woman." Charise's excuse sounded feeble even to herself.

"I did have a girlfriend mom, don't you remember?" Erin said exasperatedly.

"No, you didn't Erin." Terrence chimed in, even having had sex with her he couldn't believe she had had any kind of relationship with someone of the same sex.

Charise said nothing, but was nodding her head in agreement with her husband. Only then did she begin to rise off me, my dick springing back as it slid from her dripping coochie.

"Do you remember Carrie?" Erin was also leaking herself as she had a look as if explaining gravity to her parents.

"Yeah, your friend. Nice girl." Charise said cheerfully, as if she wasn't standing on her patio talking to her daughter with them both naked.

"My GIRLfriend, mom!" Erin grabbed Charise on the upper arms and turned her about and nudged her to an empty chair.

"She couldn't have been, that girl had a boyfriend." Terrence claimed firmly.

"No dad, she was dating me. For over a year. Jeez. Did either of you pay any attention to my life at all?"

Erin just knelt down and pushed Charise's well-formed thighs apart and leaned in her head towards her mother's gaping hole.

Charise didn't resist any of this and looked on in shocked wonder as her daughter began to lick her mother's and husband's combined fluids.

"I don't know honey ..." Charise began, but then Erin must have struck a nerve, or a hard-little clit, and Charise quivered as she sank lower in her chair with her legs opening wider.

Terrence and I just stared at this spectacle, one I had seen very similarly countless times, but I'm sure it was more than a shock for my father-in-law to see his lovely daughter eating out his beautiful wife! It was something that would be etched in my mind forever!

Charise wasn't lost in what Erin was doing to her (very expertly I knew!) as she looked to either side of her at her husband and myself, both of us with hard wet dicks. She gave a sexy grin and waved us both to come closer to her.

We both stood, excruciatingly aware of each other and our conditions. Charise reached out both hands and grasped our dicks. Terrence and I both groaned in unison at that. His wife then began to gently stroke us both, sliding her fingers over our veined surfaces very expertly. I didn't see the look she gave her husband, but the nasty devilish grin she gave me had me ready for whatever she would do to me.

She continued to stroke me firmly as she turned back to Terrence and pulled him closer so that she could take his cock deeply into her mouth. His eyes were instead on Erin's head as his daughter licked his wife with enthusiasm.

"Oh god Terrence, she is really good at this!" Charise sighed before engulfing his dick again.

Terrence glanced at his wife sucking his cock and then back to his daughter's activity. I was very aware that he was deliberately ignoring what his wife's other hand was doing to me.

I was just glad to be part of the family!

Then Charise was sucking on my dick!

Erin's licking was now affecting her mother, as Charise had to momentarily stop her sucking to gasp out in pleasure or moan in delight. She never said anything to encourage her daughter, but her enjoyment was obvious.

"Did I taste good on daddy's dick, mommy?" Erin asked before returning to her mom's soaked channel. "You and Jeremy taste so good together!"

I didn't know if Charise had been aware that Erin's juices had coated Terrence's dick when she had sucked him, or even that herself was covering mine. It didn't slow her in her blowjob of my cock!

What did cause her to cease though, was Erin's expert tongue working on her clit.

"Lick me baby, lick my clit, suck it like that! Oh yes, yes ... yes!" Charise cried out while clenching my dick a bit too tightly. And her husband's too as his face tightened as well.

After Charise came back from her bliss, Erin jumped back to her feet.

"Daddy, I want to see you fuck mommy now!" She exclaimed proudly.

Both of her parents stared at her in shock. Which, at that point was kind of silly. Erin had just eaten her mom's pussy after she finished riding her dad's dick!

Terrence then looked at his wife, his desire clear on his face.

Charise had a happy smile on her face as she rose from the chair, laid a nearby towel on the warm concrete, and laid down with her knees bent open in invitation. Terrence moved over and knelt between his wife's thighs without a glance at his daughter or me.

"Fuck mommy good, daddy!"

"Yes, daddy, fuck me good!" Charise demanded cheerily.

"And I want you to fuck me too, Jeremy!" My wife stated.

I could never refuse her!

Erin used her skirt to kneel on and offered me her still amazing ass and tight pussy!

I didn't know about Terrence, but I was ready to last forever while fucking my hot and sexy wife! I slammed into her without any preamble as I knew how ready she already was with what we had been doing.

"Give me that big cock, honey!"

"Oh yes dear, fill my wet pussy!"

I'll leave it to you to guess which hot wife said which!

Both husbands banged our wives for quite some time, causing them each to orgasm a number of times, each couple all but ignoring the other as we gave our spouse all our loving attentions.

I was nearing my breaking point once again, when my ever-amazing wife pulled off of me in mid-thrust.

"Suck Jeremy off, mom! I want daddy to cum in my mouth! Give me your cum, daddy!" Erin exclaimed gleefully as she knelt near her parents with a hungry look on her face and her mouth open awaiting Terrence's dick.

"I know you've been waiting a long time to cum in my mouth, young man! Go ahead and give it to me!" Charise said sultrily as she sat up and offered her open lips to me.

I hurried over and plunged my damp cock into my mother-in-law's once again eager mouth.

Terrence grunted loudly only a second before my own very vocal outburst.

I came very hard, pumping a huge load of sticky white goo between Charise's sucking lips. She stared up at me throughout my release with one of the sexiest looks I had ever seen on woman's face. Even counting my wife, and my mother!

I then thought about the prospect of having Jenny and Charise both sucking me! Two moms would be outrageous!

Charise made sure I was drip dry and clean before she let my dick slip from her lips, her face glowing with satisfaction.

Erin was still lovingly licking all over Terrence's quickly wilting dick, not yet willing to be finished.

We all silently returned to our seats without bothering to cover ourselves, but it didn't matter, as each of us didn't look at the others for a long time as we regained our breaths, our strength, and maybe some of our sanity.

Our drinks were warm, any ice that had been in them long since melted.

"I'll get us new drinks." Charise said in her hostess voice, which was incongruous with her nudity!

"I'll help you." I said plainly.

I was very conscious of my wilted state, but did nothing to cover myself. I figured I had accounted myself well in the events.

Charise and I said nothing as she made each of us new beverages. We returned to silence on the patio. Finally, Erin spoke up.

"Was I as good as you dreamed, dad?" Erin did give Terrence a friendly smile.

"Oh baby, it was more than I could've ever dreamed." Terrence tried to contain his exuberance, especially with his wife close at hand.

"I'm glad, dad. I will say that I wasn't completely on board for this idea. It was more for Jeremy's sake." She explained without guilt.

Terrence looked at me as if I had forced his daughter into this. I looked back as innocent as I could.

Charise patted my hand on the table very motherly.

"I enjoyed it more than I would have thought so too, Jeremy." Her eyes beamed at me, as did her still hard nipples.

I knew mostly what she was implying and I gave her a quick waggle of my tongue that had her about to laugh.

"Jeremy made one of my fantasies come true, and even exceeding it more than I could have ever imagined!" Erin continued her earlier comment. "I couldn't deny daddy one of his," she looked very lovingly

at Terrence at that, and he actually blushed and bashfully looked down at the table. "I didn't necessarily want my mom fucking my husband, but hey!"

I turned to stare at my wife at that, as did Charise.

"And what was your fantasy that he gave you? If I can ask." Charise's tone of voice was far gentler than the tone of her glaring eyes.

"He let me sleep with him and his mom." Erin stated plainly.

I had to put a hand to my mouth to cover my laugh.

Both her parents then turned to look at me.

"I practically told you both that when I talked to you that I had been with my mother. Whether you could believe it or not. Erin discovered our secret and she wanted to be with the both of us. We've had many times with Jenny."

Even after having sex with their own daughter, Terrence and Charise looked staggered at this declaration. They looked at Erin and then back at me.

"Jenny and I have been together since before I met Erin, well with a small hiccup that led me to meet Erin." I said.

"I came after you!" Erin corrected me, once again.

"You know, maybe I could have Jenny come over for a family party together!" I suggested hopefully.

Hey, when you've had almost everything, you still need something to hope for!

"That's not a party, honey." Erin took one of my hands in hers as she looked at me with a face full of love. "That's an orgy!"

***

The above was just a way for Jeremy to be able to finally have sex with Erin's mom, and I realized after the fact, to explain why her dad had had that book of erotica in the first place! It was too extreme for the story and there was no way to fit it in believably. So, there it is.

Also, even more unbelievable, but just as hot (IMHO!) is the following episode. It is a bit rougher story-wise, and it isn't a fully separate episode; so, it had to be interwoven into the existing tale. The premise

is more outrageous also, so some plot points may seem forced for the set up.

***

While Jeremy is visiting his Grandma Sharon (from Chapter 24), and on the second evening when she is jerking him off after dinner, and they are talking together about girlfriends ...

(a bit of a recap from Ch. 24)

It was the first meal that I had eaten where no one was dressed. It made me more conscious of my manners as I was then more aware of anything that I might spill on myself. Grandma Sharon and I shared the great meal and easy conversation, but with a good side of playful innuendo or even outright declarations of what we might do to each other.

"I'm very glad you came to visit as you promised." She told me with her voice full of heartfelt emotion.

"I have always loved spending time with my Grandma Sharon. That hasn't changed just because I'm not ten anymore!" I returned her feelings.

"I'm very grateful for this time that I've had with you these few days." Her eyes peered deep at me. "This will only be a one-time thing. I hope you realize that, and don't expect it to ever happen again. I shouldn't have let this happen, but I am glad that it did, if even just this once. You've made me feel so young again!"

I felt a pang of emotion at that declaration, so much like the one Jenny had once told me. I was very grateful for this opportunity to be with my grandma in a way that I assumed no other grandsons ever had, even if it would never be repeated.

"You have a wonderfully sweet girlfriend that you need to take good care of. I hope you don't mess things up with Erin because you are dreaming about this Jenny, whoever she is."

"No, it's all good ... Sharon. Like I said before, it's complicated. They know about each other and ..." I paused as I wondered how much to reveal. "They have actually been together too." I looked intently at the older woman across from me, trying to convey my meaning.

"You mean ... that they have ...?" Sharon intertwined her fingers suggestively.

"Yep." I answered simply.

"And with you too? Together?"

For a woman that seemed quite worldly, my grandmother seemed shocked at the suggestion of a threesome.

"A couple of times." I tried to sound nonchalant about it, even as I was beaming proudly.

"And I thought I was doing you a favor, throwing you a bone." Sharon had a wide grin on her face at that. "I guess that I was the lucky one getting a chance to spend some time with a stud like you. My own grandson! Good for you!" She gave me a slight pat on the shoulder.

"Just make sure you don't go blowing it with either of them! It's hard enough to find one special person, two is a miracle!" She reached over and grabbed my dick and began to, not stroke it actually, but more like fondling it. That is until it stood up obediently for her.

"You don't have to tell me grandma ... I mean Sharon. I almost lost the one once, I won't ever let that happen again!" I said defiantly.

"That isn't the one that your mom told me that was the reason you were so bummed out about this past spring?" She asked curiously, fortunately still not connecting the name.

Mom had told Grandma Sharon about my depression, if not the one that had caused it?

I paused before answering.

"Yes. That was the one. But then I met Erin. And I was happy again. Then the other girl,"

"This Jenny?" Sharon interrupted.

"Yes, Jenny. Well, she realized that she had made a mistake and couldn't let me go. We kinda got back together." I had to grin at the memory of mom attacking me that day when she decided that she couldn't live without me as her lover!

"While you were then dating Erin? You are a brave young man!"

"Yeah, well. Then Erin did find out about us, me and Jenny." I started.

"I see you still have your wonderful dick, so it couldn't have gone badly!" Sharon quipped as she gave me a quick loving stroke.

"Actually, Erin ..." Um, how to dance around Erin's kink? "She loved the idea of me and Jenny being together. She convinced me to let her join us. Jenny wasn't keen on that, but we talked her into it."

"Wow! You really are lucky!" Grandma beamed at me. "I guess I should be privileged that you could tear yourself away from them to spend a few days with me!"

"Erin's at her aunt's lakehouse. And Jenny ... has her ah, special visitor. I had a few days off work, so here I am."

"Special visitor?" A pause. "Oh, ole Mr. Redsocks has stopped by her house!"

She then sidetracked the topic.

"Do your parents know about this ... other girl?" Sharon asked me quietly as if sharing a secret and that we weren't alone in her house.

With everything that had happened to me with my grandmother, and her daughters, I then debated about just coming clean about Jenny. It

wasn't like Sharon could protest that much about what I had done with mom when the two of us had likewise been intimate. Still, it was a big thing to drop in her lap. Much bigger than I was in her grasp right then!

"Jeremy?" Grandma asked when I hadn't answered her, she gave my dick a gentle tug to also get my attention.

"Actually ... mom is Jenny. Jenny is my mom." I then awaited for her reaction to this bombshell.

"Jenny." Sharon said simply. "Your mom. My Jenny?"

Her hand had stopped moving on my rod and she stared at me in disbelief.

"So ... when I ... and you were ... and you were in Jenny's old bed ... and you had ..."

She was putting the pieces together even if she couldn't put a sentence together.

"Yes." Was my only response.

"But that's wrong." I was a bit surprised that her volume, or pitch, never rose as she spoke. "That's ... that's ..."

"Yes Sharon, same as with us." I remained calm as she worked this out in her head.

"You can't do that with your mother, Jeremy! That's incest!" Her voice grew a few decibels.

"Grandma." I stated firmly to remind her of our own incestual relationship. "Where is your hand right now?"

Her blue eyes darted to her fingers wrapped around the iron bar of my cock as if the first time she'd seen it.

"How about you get your mouth down there?" I suggested as lightly as I could, not sure if she would, or if she might do so just to bite it off!

My grandmother's eyes widened at my request, but it seemed to me as more of lust than of shock.

"You are horrible! With Jenny! And me!"

Her tone didn't sound like she thought I was horrible, more like I was a choice piece of meat. And she was hungry!

Her gaze did fall again to my dick in her hold.

Sharon's head fell to my lap and she pushed her O-shaped lips down around my domed head.

"That's it, Sharon! Suck that cock!" I exclaimed.

I wanted to make a reference of how good she and Jenny were at that, but it was probably too soon for that!

But thinking about Jenny had me thinking that it was my mom's hand jerking me into her mouth!

That had me at the brink very quickly. Sharon sensed this and urged me over the edge and I unloaded a huge load of cum down my grandma's swallowing throat.

"I don't know why I did that, even after what you just told me." Sharon said after she sucked and licked me clean.

"Because you love me. And my big dick!" I told her cheerfully.

Sharon gave my shrinking dick a mild whack that still had me cringe slightly.

"It is a very ... very naughty dick!" She scolded it before her face came back up to look at mine. There was no rebuke on it.

We continued the dinner. There was some new tension in the air, but it dissipated quickly. Grandma Sharon asked me about mom and I, and I only gave her the bare minimum of details as I didn't want to overwhelm her with all this while I still hoped to get some more action out of her before I left. Especially if this would never happen again. I could tell she was having an issue processing what she knew of me and Jenny and was now replacing the mysterious girl in her head with her daughter.

We finished the meal. I helped her wash and dry the dishes and then put everything away.

"I'm kind of tuckered out from today. How about we just watch some TV, or maybe a movie?" Sharon suggested.

The idea of sitting and watching a movie with mom's mom was very comparable to how my whole sexual incestual journey had started. I made this point verbally, even if my grandmother didn't understand it.

"I just hope that you can keep your hands to myself!" I told her as we sat beside each other on her overstuffed, and very comfy couch.

"I think you mean ... oh! I see what you did there!" Sharon laughed as she snuggled up to me much as my mother always did on our Friday movie night.

We watched a couple episodes of some old sitcoms before deciding on a movie. I let her pick from the streaming menu, and of course, she picked a romantic comedy. I guess that was better than some meaningless chick flick! I might be huge into movies, but that genre just seemed so pointless! 'Girl unhappy without a guy, finds a guy and is happy, breaks up with guy and realizes that she doesn't need a guy to be happy, but then ends up with a different guy anyway'! Even dad's shoot 'em ups made more sense!

I didn't think that she would want to do anything more with me. But I was once again wrong.

My sexy grandma put a hand on my still throbbing dick.

She loved tenderly stroking my cock throughout the film, and I have to say that I advocated it also! I felt safe to then grab a hand full of big ol' titty and another put deep in her kitty! One was soft and squishy, and the other was wet and squishier!

We kept each other on edge without either of us cumming and by the time the credits rolled we were very ready for more!

"I think that tonight you should sleep in my big bed with me Jeremy." Sharon said suggestively with a wicked smile on her face as she stood.

This also surprised me. But not really.

* The story continues as already recounted, with only minor bits that would have been added now that Sharon knew her daughter had also had relations with Jeremy (especially her waking him up with a BJ that he confuses with it being Jenny!). *

Then it was time for my departure.

We stood beside my car without speaking for a minute or two, looking down at the ground.

"Jeremy." Grandma Sharon broke the uneasy silence.

"Yes grandma?" As she was back to just being my mom's mom then. We both knew that the door of our forbidden lusts had now closed.

"I really have loved your visit. More than you can guess. I feel rejuvenated." Her eyes came up as did mine and they met. "I just might take up your idea of finding a young hottie."

"You should come and visit us. You could stay at Aunt Jess's house." I suggested.

It may have been really pushing my luck, but it was worth a shot!

"I don't know about that." Sharon said meekly.

Doubt covered her face. She might forget about mom while the two of us were in the heat of the moment, but seeing me and Jenny standing beside each other might be too much for her to contemplate.

"Why would I stay with Jessica? Instead of at your house?" She asked quizzically.

She may have suspected that it was because of our new intimate knowledge of each other, and Jenny's presence complicating things.

I gave the simpler excuse.

"Dad and the kids are there." I said.

"I don't know. I have enjoyed this, but I told you it was one-time thing."

"Did I suggest this?" I was, but she didn't have to necessarily think so!

"I do like seeing Jojo and Johnny. And even their nasty older brother." Grandma Sharon gave me a sly smile that was gone as fast as it appeared. "Let me think about it."

I was positive that she would decide against it, but it wasn't like she wouldn't ever see me, or mom again. She would have to adjust to that sooner or later.

* Sharon does think about it and although the idea makes her nervous, she does realize that she would have to face her family again at some point. She suspects that Jeremy is up to something, but doesn't think he would be so bold as to be planning the only thing that she can guess. She finds the idea of Jenny with her son, and Sharon's sexy new young lover, to get her quite heated and the prospect of seeing them together gets her very wet. Even if it was so, so wrong to feel that way! *

I was thrilled when Grandma Sharon had called and said that she planned on visiting us for a day or so. That she had called me instead of mom told me that she wasn't sure about Jenny knowing about her visit. I hadn't told grandma to keep it a secret, but it did help with my plans. Even if I normally didn't plan things. Too much could go wrong, and I was very aware of that the day Grandma Sharon said she would be there.

Sharon had to have made plans with Aunt Jessica for her to visit, and possible stay the night. So, my aunt had likewise kept it from her sister, or that Sharon had told Jess to do so. I didn't know why everyone thought it was a big secret, but it was just as well!

I told mom that me and her were going to go visit her sister, and Jenny immediately gave me a coarse stare.

"We aren't doing anything with Jess. You're done with her. You've got Erin." Mom told me sternly, conveniently forgetting to include herself as my girlfriend also!

"It's a surprise, mom. Why do you think it's all about sex with me?" I looked back at her innocently.

"Because it usually is, young man." Her tone loosened.

Hey, she knew me too well!

Mom only wore a casual patterned blouse and a blue skirt. This wasn't some special occasion to call for any dressing up. Even as I hoped it was very exceptional.

I called Aunt Jess and asked her if she could go to Erin's house to pick her up before I arrived. I gave her the impression that mom and I were not coming alone. My aunt had gotten along fabulously with Erin the few times they'd been together, so she was readily agreeable. I'm sure she had just thought we were having an innocent family gathering.

And it was.

Unless it wasn't!

I had had my hand up mom's skirt on the short drive and although she tried to bat my hand away, it wasn't that much of an attempt to dissuade my questing fingers. She was wet and I left her that way when we arrived.

When I opened my aunt's front door without ringing the bell or knocking, mom eyed me suspiciously. She had to have noted that her

sister's car wasn't in the driveway. She entered the house before me as I held the door for her.

"Mom!" Jenny exclaimed loudly with half a turn back to me without completing it. "What are you doing here? No one told me you were coming!"

Grandma Sharon sat on the couch and turned as she heard us enter. She wore a simple white blouse that strained to conceal her large breasts. An ankle length skirt with angular colored stripes from waist to hem concealed the rest of her figure.

Mom crossed the room to hug her mother who had stood at our arrival, but then this time mom did turn to stare at me harshly.

"Did you know she was here?" She quizzed me.

I nonchalantly shrugged my shoulders.

I gave my grandmother a hug also. A completely innocent one. Not that I didn't want to get a handful of her big ass!

"Why didn't you tell me you were coming to visit, mom?" Mom asked. "And where's Jess at?"

"She'll be back soon." I explained and my grandmother gave me a curious look.

Grandma Sharon resumed her seat on the couch and patted next to her.

"Come sit down, Jeremy. You too, honey." She said pleasantly. I'm sure she had suspicious thoughts going through her head, but the imminent return of Aunt Jess surely kept them as only suspicions.

I didn't keep my bulge concealed from either of them and the discreet glances that mother and daughter separately gave me, let me know that they had noticed it. Mom couldn't say anything about it in front of her mother though. Grandma Sharon kept her mouth shut for her own reasons. I saw she kept eyeing me and mom with an almost hungry gaze. Did the idea of mom and I together get my grandmother aroused?

There was no reason for it, save for the knowledge that each of us had about the others, but there was a thick tension in the air. We chit-chatted a little, but conversation really wasn't on any of our minds.

There was nothing to do but once more be bold and throw my irons in the fire.

I casually reached over and took one of mom's hands and placed it on the thick ridge in my pants. She looked me in the eye with shock, but I also saw the lust burning in her gorgeous green eyes. Her hand only rested there for a brief moment, but she didn't pull it away immediately! She jerked it back with a look at her mom out of the corner of her eyes. I grinned evilly.

To match this, I then took one of my grandma's hands and did the same. Her hand didn't retreat immediately either. Rather, she began to rub her palm over it eagerly.

Jenny then saw this and it was as if lightning had struck her face!

Her eyes almost leapt from their sockets, her head jerked backwards, her skin paled white, and her jaw dropped open. A tiny squeak emanated from her throat.

Sharon kept her eyes from mom and continued to massage my massive member.

I looked quickly from grandma to mom and then stood, both sets of eyes followed my face as I rose.

Were they looking at my face as they were afraid to acknowledge the evident erection bulging my pants?

The solution to that would be to make it impossible to ignore!

I quickly undid my pants and pushed them and my boxers to my ankles.

I didn't know who would be the first to react, or what that reaction might be. I had guessed that it would be my Jenny, for good or ill.

I had to be right sooner or later.

But not then.

Grandma Sharon slid from her seat to kneel near me and she leaned over to kiss the smooth head. She gave it a second kiss as she brought a hand up to gently hold the base and then began to run her tongue in wide licks up the side of my veined shaft.

It struck me that she had had more time to process this as she had been aware of me and mom, whereas Jenny was only just now being struck by this concept. I also hoped it was the allure of my big dick that Grandma Sharon couldn't resist too!

Jenny was staring at her mother aghast with shock. But her eyes also took in my dick that she always craved so much. Would that supersede her astonishment?

I should never have second guessed my amazing mother and lover!

She licked her lips as she watched her mom licking my cock.

I don't know if Sharon had looked in mom's direction before she leaned my dick towards Jenny in invitation.

"Come on, Jenny." I urged her.

Mom couldn't resist me either.

She moved slower from her seat than her mother had, but she still ended up at my feet looking up at me lovingly. I was sure that there would be words later, but that was later, and right then I had two beautiful sexy mature babes about to suck my dick!

Sharon pulled her head a few inches back to allow Jenny to lean in and give my dick a kiss on the side. She then gave it her own long wide-tongued lick up the side before sucking on the head. Mom then looked at Sharon expectantly.

Grandma plopped half my length into her mouth and slowly withdrew with her lips sucking strongly on my shaft. She kissed the leaking tip with a big smile before again offering it to her daughter.

I knew that mom was nervous to be sucking me in front of her mother, and being the daughter, probably would feel that way with any guy's dick in her mouth with her mom right there.

To me, it was just incredible to have both these ladies' lips on my dick!

They each took turns, licking the shaft, and bobbing over the swollen crown. It was again my grandmother that pressed in while mom still was sucking the dome, swirling her tongue around it as only my mom could do. Sharon licked up the side, nearly to where mom's lips encircled me.

Mom pulled back with surprise and grandma sucked me nearly to the base. She pulled off while maintaining the vacuum suction. When she pulled off, she looked at Jenny with a full smile on her tanned face. Mom just shook her head meaninglessly and pushed her lips down around my dick as far as she could. It wasn't as far as her mother, and I knew that she also knew that. I put a hand on the back of her head to push her further and she didn't protest my hold. She still didn't manage to take it all in, but I was too afraid of making her go that far. She pulled

off with a mouth drooling thick saliva, but she said no word and just repeated it.

"Oh God, Jenny!" I gasped then.

I had tried to keep silent as the pair worked on my erection, not wanting to distract them, or make them decide to stop the illicit blowjob they were giving me.

"Good job, honey!" Sharon praised her daughter joyously.

Mom pulled off to stare at her mom.

Sharon took this opportunity to try once again to swallow my manhood whole, even as it was coated in her daughter's effluvium. Mom just stared in amazement at her mom's cock sucking skills.

My grandma offered the thick flesh stick to Jenny when she pulled back off. She kept her hold as mom sucked me back into her mouth, but this time only just over half way. Whether because of her ability, or the presence of her mom's hand. Of which began to stroke me as mom bobbed energetically on the part between her lips. Mom ignored Sharon's hand, or just that her need to suck me outweighed her mother's involvement.

They then switched and mom stroked me vigorously as Sharon bobbed equally vigorously on half of me.

"Oh man! You both are such great cock suckers! I think it must be inheritable!"

I groaned while they were in the midst of switching again. Both looked up at me with almost vacant gazes before they each put a tongue at the base and raced each other to the head. They avoided touching each other, but only by a few hairs!

I longed for Grandma Sharon's amazing deepthroating, but I said nothing, not while mom was there with her needless distress of not being able to do likewise.

My grandma was the first of them to move on to sucking my nuts. She managed to take them both in her mouth and swish them about like marbles. When she moved back to my dick, mom then moved down to show that she was her mother's equal. The only winner was of course, me!

They continued, taking care to make sure that I was never close enough to orgasm, which was something I didn't want to do yet. I expected

much more activity and didn't want to miss any of it for the possibility of being reloading!

The front door opened with the harsh sunlight momentarily filling the room.

My curvy sexy aunt and my fiery girlfriend had arrived!

Before the door even closed, my aunt was gasping in exasperation.

"Again Jeremy? What is it with my living room and you getting double head?" She exclaimed.

Erin just giggled happily at the sight of her boyfriend getting sucked by his mother and grandmother.

"How did you get mom involved in this, Jenny?" Aunt Jess asked as she dropped her purse and keys. She was in a tight white top that hid no curves of her tits, and a pair of black yoga pants the revealed the most incredible ass I had still ever seen!

"Wow, lover!" Erin laughed with delight. "You do get around, don't you?"

There was no recrimination in her voice and I had expected none. I knew that she was the one partner in all this that would be guaranteed to be willing.

"Jess too?" My grandma asked between licks.

Mom never paused. She had already experienced this scene once before.

"I would never have guessed you too, mom!" My aunt told her mother.

"I should be shocked at this, but I guess I really shouldn't. Not from what I have learned about my grandson!" Grandma Sharon now leaned back from her ministrations. Only a moment later, mom looked up with half my cock in her mouth with everyone looking back at her. She sheepishly pulled off also, with a guilty look as she was caught with my pants down.

"I really guess that I shouldn't blame you, Jenny. I know who the true culprit is here. The only one here with a gorgeous cock on him!"

"Jessica!" Sharon exclaimed loudly.

"What, mom? It is a very great dick! Clearly, you think so too!" Aunt Jess said defensively.

"You are right though. It is one of the best I've ever had." Grandma Sharon looked up at my face from where she still knelt.

I hadn't been sure how Aunt Jess would take having her mother involved with me. She was the one that had been most vocal of the impossibility of mine and Jenny's relationship. And as much as I wanted to have sex with her again, it would still be up to Jess to give me the go ahead. Even without my gorgeous aunt joining in, I would still have three willing partners, and that was more than enough for any man! Having been here, I would deny any man that argued otherwise!

But if she should be willing, I would not refuse her! Not unless I was dead first! Even then, that ass might be able to revive my dick for one last time!

As much as I wanted Aunt Jess for myself, it appeared that I had to get in line, as Erin turned to my strawberry blonde-haired aunt and French kissed her as well as I had ever done so myself! I grinned at that and I saw mom look on enviously. I then had to wonder which of the two that mom wanted to be with more. Grandma Sharon looked on blankly and said nothing.

Aunt Jess returned the kiss after a moment of surprise, bringing her hands to Erin's face as she gave as much passion as my girlfriend. Erin's hands weren't so innocent as Jess's, and instead they wrapped around to adhere to the rear of the clingy yoga pants.

I looked on in wonder as my nympho girlfriend made out with my first dream woman. If I hadn't been living out a fantasy already, I would have enough to satisfy myself for eons!

Then as for my own satisfaction, I looked back down to the two generations of cock sucking women.

"You two aren't done yet!" I said as I nodded to each of them and then to my damp and twitching dick.

They both looked at each other as if accepting their mutual desire to please me. Mother and daughter leaned in simultaneously and two tongues flicked out to my hard cock. I stared down at them as they resumed sucking me together but still keeping themselves separated. It was only a few minutes as I could no longer wait to proceed to more interactive activities.

"Jenny, Sharon. I want one of you on my face and one on my dick!" I stated.

Each looked up at me again in the middle of what they were doing with a similar hungry lust on both their faces.

They looked at each other, my mother and grandmother with a questioning gaze. That either was contemplating the other in either position with me, and their own desire for both was very evident.

"Mom?" Jenny asked.

"Jenny?" Sharon asked in reply.

Both questions implied that either woman knew that both of them had sampled each delight. And that neither of them could decide which she wanted while the mother or daughter would then take the other. And that they would have to witness the other's pleasure on whichever end of me that they chose while revealing their own bliss on the opposite.

Could Jenny let her mother see her riding her son's big cock? Which meant that Sharon would allow me to eat her pussy while her daughter watched? Or would mom let grandma see how much she loved me licking her pretty cunt while her own mother bounced blissfully on the cock that she herself also loved so much? Did Grandma Sharon want a pussy licking more than she needed to be filled with dick?

The indecision on both their faces was clear to everyone in the room. Even Aunt Jess and Erin had interrupted their passionate kissing to watch us. That they were undecided about my request spoke much for their lusts as neither had outright said no to it, or to me.

Jenny and Sharon looked from each other, to my face, to my dick, and then repeated this sequence again.

Sharon then broke the tension and the silence.

"Which one do you want, Jenny?" She asked softly. "I love them both."

That my grandmother was asking her daughter, my mother, whether Jenny wanted me to eat her or to fuck me was quite incredible. And that Sharon had already accepted that her daughter and grandson had been having an intimate relationship was ever more incredulous!

I already had known her opinion of the options!

If I could read mom's face, or her thoughts, I knew she was turned on by the knowledge that I had been with her mom in either way; that she had shared her wonderful young lover with the woman she possibly loved more than any other, even if unknowingly, gave her joy.

"I love either end, you can have whichever, mom." Jenny answered with a pink blooming on her cheeks.

Mom was declaring to her mom that she also loved me in both positions! Though she couldn't put that in clear words.

"Would one of you just pick? We all here know how great a pussy licker Jeremy is, and how amazing his dick feels inside us!" Erin exclaimed loudly with an impatient huff in her voice.

I couldn't help it and broke out with laughter.

I knew it, but hadn't actually consciously thought about it, but Erin was correct. I had slept with every woman in the room right then!

The possibility of being in Heaven grew stronger with that realization! How else to explain having these four beautiful women together, each sexy to me in their own ways?

Mom and Grandma Sharon also let out their own giggles.

"Go ahead and sit on his face dear, I do really want to ride that big cock again!" My grandmother finally declared with a wide smile on her tanned face.

"Thanks mom, Jeremy really is the best ... um, uh cunnilinguist I've ever known." Jenny delicately declared as if that would have been her choice.

"Me too!" Sharon agreed.

With all this praise, my top head might explode to match anything my little head had done with any of these hot babes!

"You two need to get naked first!" Erin exclaimed gleefully. She moved towards Jenny's mom.

"Oh yes, you do!" Aunt Jess concurred and stepped over to her sister.

My mother and grandmother had no need of aid in disrobing, but accepted the help of the other two women.

Jess kept her hands mostly innocent although I knew she had to be wanting more from her sister.

Erin on the other hand was once again letting her hands roam freely over Sharon's very large tits as she unbuttoned the white cloth. Grandma didn't protest about my girlfriend's overly friendly caresses.

Erin then patted Sharon's full ass before she undid whatever fastener that held the colorful skirt around my grandma's waist.

Sharon dropped her blouse from her shoulders as her skirt dropped around her legs. I then saw my lovely grandma in her white bra and panties. Neither of them was what you would think appropriate for a more mature woman, as they were very lacy and frilly and didn't fully conceal the treasures within them. I could see her large areolas above, and graying hairs peeking out below.

Did Grandma Sharon dress so because she had expected that her underclothes might be seen?

Erin reached around to cup those huge hooters with a carefree giggle before releasing them from their confinement. Sharon slipped her panties around her hips while my girlfriend got fresh with her tits!

Aunt Jess had been more methodical in helping mom undress, but when mom stood as naked as her own mom, my aunt leaned towards Jenny and gave her a simple kiss. It was almost sexier than Erin's groping. But that might have been biased by what I then knew of them both, and that they were also sexy sisters!

"I love you, Jenny." She whispered so that I could barely hear.

"Has everyone here slept with each other, except for me?" My grandmother asked plainly, possibly beyond being shocked at that point.

I didn't think Jess's declaration suggested anything other than sisterly tenderness, even though I knew that so much more was also a possibility of the declaration.

Aunt Jessica pulled back from mom guiltily.

"I haven't!" Erin protested in mock distress.

"Honey, I think you need to lay down now." Jenny told me sweetly, her hand caressing my dick slowly.

Grandma Sharon noted her daughter's hand but only smiled.

I quickly laid down on the soft carpet and awaited either woman's pussies.

The two naked women now eyed each other's nudity with mild approval. I'm sure that they had to have seen each other before at some time. Don't women do that all the time? Especially mothers and daughters.

Mom gestured in the direction of my crotch with a wave of her arm towards her mother.

Sharon grinned happily as she put a foot on either side of my hips and crouched down to kneel astride me. Her thick-haired greying forest hid her intimate parts from view. She then waved a hand at Jenny towards my hungry mouth.

"I want a turn on both of those!" Erin declared sexily.

"I've said that I was done with you, but Hell, I just might have to try at least one myself!" Aunt Jess added gaily.

I only hoped that I could last through all these requests!

Had anyone ever had to get a cast for a broken tongue?

Or a splint for an injured dick?

I was ready to submit myself to this test. For medical science! Mankind needed to know the answer to these burning questions!

Mom then straddled my head, surprisingly while facing her mother. I would have guessed that she wouldn't want to see her mom riding on her son's cock! She lowered her well-trimmed bush to my face, her sex already visibly damp with her excitement.

Then my view was obscured by Jenny's firm ass as I felt Grandma Sharon rub her fur, that I found was also wet on my dick head.

"Put that magnificent dick in you, mom!" I heard Aunt Jess tell her mom.

"Ride your son's amazing tongue, Jenny!" Erin said in reply for my aunt's words.

I was sure my girlfriend and aunt would find something to occupy themselves while I was busy! Besides watching the hot action! Both of them had let me know of their appreciation of the other and both had sampled the fairer sex on many occasions. And neither of them was shy in going for what they desired! If I wasn't so busy with mom and grandmom, I would have been happy to see what my girlfriend and aunt would do together!

"Mom, how did you get involved with Jeremy?" I heard mom ask Grandma Sharon. "It had to be when he came and visited you! That's why he stayed for so long!"

"I didn't mean to, Jenny. That's the truth. But I had heard him moaning and I worried he was in pain." My grandma explained.

Neither her, nor mom had lowered into position yet. Jenny's tasty twat was just out of reach of my mouth and Sharon was perched on my crotch with her bush tickling my throbbing dick.

"I take it he was ..." Mom asked.

"Jerking off? He sure was. I heard him moan out 'Jenny' and I just thought it was some girl. I was only interested because I knew that his girlfriend's name was Erin." Grandma told more of the story.

"I've moaned out Jenny's name a few times myself!" I heard Erin say gleefully.

"I'm sorry to admit this with mom here, but I have also. More than a few times." Aunt Jess confessed.

"Wow, Jenny! You have quite the fan club, as it were!" Mom's mom lauded her.

"Stop it, all of you. I'm nothing special." My spectacular lover spoke humbly.

"I keep telling you Jenny, how great you really are! Everyone here knows it." I told her once again. "Now sit your ass on my face so I can taste your wonderful pussy!"

I had no care at that point for who of this crowd heard me speak thusly.

"You heard him, dear! Sit on your son's face!" Grandma said graciously. "I just need this big fat cock in me!"

I felt a hand hold me and then a slick wetness enveloped the tip of my dick before sliding down it slowly.

"Finish the story, mom." Mom said with a long sigh as I lapped at her delicious womanly font.

"Is it really appropriate now?" Sharon moaned as I filled her very wet chasm.

"Finish it!" The other three women cried out in unison.

"I saw him stroking his ... this ... cock! I couldn't believe how big and so amazing it looked. It was my grandson, but it made me wet right then watching him. I couldn't turn away as we talked after I startled him, and then he ... just showed me it. I couldn't resist it!"

"None of us have!" Aunt Jessica said with a breathy moan.

"I started to jerk him, but then it came out about my teenage days and I was sucking it."

My grandma was riding me nice and slowly. As a slow build up more than she was nervous about doing so in front of her daughters.

"He uh, finished. But I was still ... ready for more. He asked, I wanted to, and we fucked. And it was one of the best I have ever had. Until the next night when my loving grandson gave his grandma the best night of sex ever!"

Her pace increased through her story as I'm sure repeating our time together had only added to her current passion!

Mom was leaking profusely in my mouth, but I was sure that it was also related to her hearing about her mom getting my dick than my tongue buried in her at the moment.

"Oh God, Jeremy! Lick me like thaaat!" Mom groaned loudly.

"Don't you just love that tongue, Jenny?" Grandma was also groaning well. "No one had done that to me in quite a while and he did so one morning and I came so friggin' hard so many times! Oh shit! I love this cock!"

"Oh jeez!" Jenny jumped as I flicked her clit. "Oh, wait! Were you two fooling around when you called me?"

I really couldn't believe that mother and daughter were having a conversation while they both were getting pleasured by me! I must not have been good enough if they could still talk. Even if the talk was making them both hotter!

"He had his fingers in my coochie and I was playing with his hard dick!" My grandma laughed then. "I see what you mean now, Jeremy really does know how to hammer you well!"

"Honey, lick my clit! Make mommy cum on your face, please!" Jenny begged.

Even the presence of her mom couldn't keep Jenny's slutty side from coming out!

The three of us continued for some time, my nuts ached to unload, but my grandmother would sense this and slow her frantic bouncing and with my focus more on licking Jenny's trembling slit, I managed to get both mom and grandma off before I possibly came.

I was then ready to switch and give my sexy lover a good pounding. And to let her mom see what the two of us had been doing!

I must have gotten something from my grandmother's genes, as she was already ahead of me.

"Come on, Jenny! I want to see your son screw you now!" Jenny's mom declared before I could say it!

"Mom!" Mom exclaimed.

"Tell me you don't want it."

Mom didn't reply. We all knew she wanted it! And badly!

"Come on, lover! I know how much you want my cock!" I said as both women climbed off my body. I sat up nimbly, eager to fuck my mom in front of her mom! And that grandma was eager to see it as well!

"Damn mom, I see now where I got my sex drive from!"

Aunt Jess came into my view. She was naked and she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. I could only imagine what it was she was cleaning off her face! I bet it would taste like my girlfriend!

Speaking of whom.

Erin's head popped up from behind Jess's rosy blonde head with a wide grin on her face.

"Go ahead and fuck your mom, hun!"

It wasn't like I needed her permission. Not again!

"Come on mom, get on your hands and knees. I want to grab your sexy ass while I bang you hard!" I urged my mother. "Then Sharon can lay beneath you and watch it up close!"

"It's just Sharon now?" Jenny asked me with a nervous glance as she looked around the room at the others there. I knew that she would be nervous at the concept of having sex with witnesses watching us.

"I can't really be grandma while he's fucking my brains out, can I?" Grandma stated.

"I call you Jenny, why can't I call her by her name too? You didn't say anything about Jess."

Mom looked from her mom to her sister.

"We are a really fucked up family of women!" She told them.

The other two just laughed in reply.

"I hope to one day be one of you fucked up women!" Erin cried out happily.

I hoped she would too!

"Welcome to the family, Erin!" My grandma told my girlfriend. "Now are you going to let him fuck you, Jennifer, or do I get another go?"

"Hey! There's others here that haven't had a go yet!" My aunt protested even though she hadn't been clear that I would get another shot with her.

Jenny slowly moved onto all fours.

"Mom, you know Jeremy has a thing for girl/girl action." She told grandma shyly.

"Hmmm. Really?" Sharon looked at me deeply. "I've been with a girl or two in my life. Didn't really care for it, but I'm not against it either."

"Wow, grandma!" I exclaimed without surprise but hopeful.

"I could never do that with Jennifer. Or Jessica either!" Sharon looked at me with a devious look that almost said otherwise.

I did note that she hadn't excluded Erin!

I'm sure my girlfriend would love to have sex with Jenny's mom!

Maybe, I could coax things.

"Jenny and Jess have already been together." I said softly.

"What? Girls!" Grandma stared then at her daughters.

"We'll tell you more later, mom. It's a looong story!" Jessica gave me a harsh stare.

"Can I be with you both?" Erin asked the sisters as hopefully as I could have managed to ask.

"I'll agree to lay beneath you. I do want to see Jeremy's beautiful cock enter you dear. But nothing more."

I just crossed my fingers!

I moved up behind mom, her gorgeous firm ass just asking to be grabbed. Or smacked!

I did both, groping Jenny's buttocks in both palms before bringing my arms back and planting those palms loudly on mom's barely rippling flank.

"Oh yes Jeremy! Spank your mom! She's such a naughty girl to be letting her son putting his big dick in her!" Grandma told me. "Did I raise you to be such a nasty mother, Jenny?"

"Yes, spank me, honey! Mommy is a really baaad girl!"

I repeated my action.

Sharon laid down of the carpet and wriggled her head between mom's wide-spread knees. Just that image of grandma laying like that was enough to make my dick twitch! She had left her own body and legs cocked to the side of her daughter who turned her head to the other side as if not wanting to even see her mother's nakedness.

I once again had to contemplate my place in the universe then.

Here I was in a room with my naked beautiful mother, my gorgeous nude aunt, my fiery-haired girlfriend who was also unclothed, and my plush grandmother without a stitch on. I knelt there on my knees ready to plunge my hard cock into mom's wet pussy with her mother eager to witness our illicit joining, while the first woman I had dreamed about and the girl I very well might marry also watched excitedly!

I'm pretty sure that there were many in Heaven right then wishing that they were me as nothing up there could compare to my situation! Even Hell had to be taking notes!

"Are you ready, Jenny?" I asked needlessly. My love was always ready for me to please her!

I saw my aunt and girlfriend were now sitting beside each other with their legs splayed out, and both of them were slowly rubbing each other's pussies. Erin saw my gaze on them and she nodded affirmation at me and then gave Jess a sexy kiss.

I was sure that my brain was going to explode from sexual overload! I wanted to go over and kiss my aunt before screwing her brains out. Or likewise with my loving girlfriend. Enter Jenny and give her mom a helluva show. Sit back and watch Erin and Jess eat each other's hot cunts. Somehow get Jenny and Sharon to do the same. Have Jess and her mom together give me the extraordinary blowjobs of which they were capable of giving.

The possibilities were almost endless, and mind-blowing!

"Jeremy? Are you going to just stare or are you going to fuck me?" Mom asked curiously.

"Yeah, come on dear! Give Jenny that cock of yours!" Sharon told me.

"He has a habit of staring at us, mom."

"I noticed that he couldn't keep his eyes off my tits at my house!"

"It's endearing, but also maddening!" Mom added with a small laugh.

"I just like to admire my beautiful girls!" I said defensively.

"Fuck your mom, Jeremy!" Erin yelled over at me.

I wasn't going to argue with this demand from my love!

I lined up my dick and waggled it at the opening.

"Here, let me. We'll be here all day waiting on you!"

My grandma grabbed my dick a bit roughly and I felt the head press against mom's wetness.

"Now shove it in her!" Sharon ordered brusquely from below.

"Yes grandma!" I quipped as I did as I was told.

I got a round of applause from the onlookers.

All this side bits only aided in distracting me from the enormous arousal that this act in this company elicited in me! Even calmed down, I still felt ready to go off at the slightest whim.

"Fuck mommy! Give me your dick baby!" Mom was also raring to go already!

"I can't believe I'm watching my grandson screwing his mother!" She paused a moment, then as it just had hit her. "Oh, shit! You really are a motherfucker, aren't you Jeremy!"

"I'm also a grandmotherfucker Sharon! And an auntfucker too!" I declared as I rammed again into mom, my pubes tickling her reddened ass cheeks!

"Jeremy!" Grandma shrieked in shock which couldn't be completely authentic, not after everything.

"What does that make me?" Erin asked as she lifted her head from Jess's DD's.

"My beautifully sexy girlfriend and amazing lover!" I replied.

"Good answer!" Jessica said dreamily as Erin's fingers had her feeling wonderful.

"And you're my Erinfucker!" My firecracker declared as her hand was now a blur in my aunt's lap.

I would be any of their fuckers', or licker, or whatever else they wanted! As long as I got to make them cum many, many times!

"Faster! Like that! Oh Erin ...!" Jessica trailed off as she grabbed Erin's face and pulled her lips to her own.

Things like that didn't help keep me from erupting immediately!

Or the fact that my grandmother had reached up and started to playing with my hanging balls as I slammed into her daughter's cunt!

Or that mom had turned her body so that she was now positioned fully over her mother. She hadn't done anything more than that, but the possibility was enough to spur my need through the roof!

Or the moans of the three women in various activities, but all equally ready to orgasm.

I was done!

I felt my innards lurch through my burning dick to explode in my mother's twitching pussy!

Which spurred Jenny on to her own blissful release.

"Oh shit! What the ...?" Sharon cried out in astonishment.

I could then feel the wetness on my thighs and balls.

Jenny had squirted!

And over her mom's face!

"Holy damn, mom! I'm sorry grandma!" I apologized whether necessary or not.

"What was that?" Sharon asked. She hadn't moved from her position and I let my still hard dick plop out of mom's still quavering cunt.

"Mom ... Jenny has a tendency to squirt when she gets really excited." I explained.

Mom only then recovered her wits and realized what happened.

"Oh, mom, I'm so, so sorry!" Jenny started to twist around.

"No, it's okay. I've heard about that, but I've never done it myself." Mom's mom spoke calmly even though her face was soaked with her daughter's syrupy cum. "I've never seen it, and I never would have thought to have it done all over my face!"

"Mom, mom, mom! I'm sorry! I just can't help it. Jeremy just does something to me. I can't control it!" Jenny groveled guiltily to her mom.

"It actually doesn't taste bad." Grandma Sharon said as she licked her lips.

"It tastes great!" Erin exclaimed and came over to Jenny's mom and began to lick over her face, lapping up mom's tasty cum.

"I love it!" I agreed, but Erin and Sharon ignored me as they began kissing deeply. I was a bit hurt, as they ignored my cock that was right there and still hard!

Aunt Jess appeared at my right on her knees with a sexy smile on her face and her naked beauty on display.

"I could help you with that, dear nephew!" She said as she wrapped a loving hand around my dick.

"Me too, honey! Let me repay you for making me squirt like that!" Mom fully turned, still on all fours. She looked up at my face like a sex kitten hungry for some cream!

"Like that first time, huh Jenny?" Mom's sister ribbed her.

"That seems like a lifetime ago now!" Jenny joined Jess with both their mouths now licking mom's juices from me.

Erin and grandma were locked in passionate kissing and my girlfriend had an arm bent awkwardly that signified that her hand was busy in

Sharon's coochie! Both were moaning equally loudly, so that I had to wonder why Erin was doing so. Was my grandmother also sampling my little nymphette?

My focus came back to the two incredible sisters sucking my dick. As much as I missed Jess's talented mouth, I now preferred Jenny's lips that knew my cock all too well. Having both again was enough to keep me stiff; as if there was any chance that I might have wilted with so much still to do with all of them!

The two of them giggled gleefully as they fully shared my rigid member between them. They kissed each other almost as much as they did with my dick. I loved the way they would kiss with my shaft sliding between their lips! This was the first time that I had been with them both since Aunt Jess's somewhat shocking revelation of her schoolgirl love for my mother. And now they got to share that sisterly passion with me!

After a few minutes of them licking and sucking me, I felt a new need growing deep inside. It was far too soon for my liking! I nudged them back, to their consternation. I'm sure they knew what the two of them were doing to me and the reason that I had stopped them.

Jenny giggled knowingly, but her sister frowned at me.

"Okay, mister. You've had my mom and my sister! Now, it's my turn!" Aunt Jess quickly turned and presented me with that most perfect ass! "I've missed that cock of yours, Jeremy! Give it to me good!"

I could only comply eagerly at that request!

"And you, Jenny! Cumming on mom's face! I want to taste your delicious pussy, sis!" Mom's sister declared forcefully as she threw Jenny gently onto her back and nudged apart those toned thighs.

I took in the sight of Jessica's derrière, marveling at its perfection, remembering how it felt when I had shoved my cock up it!

"Stop staring at my ass, Jeremy! Shove your cock in me now!" My aunt demanded firmly, lifting her face from mom's wet hole.

I heard a giggle from Erin with her face then between my grandmother's thick but firm thighs.

"Jesus! Jeremy, your little girlfriend here is as good as you down there!" Grandma Sharon exclaimed heartily. "Keep going like that honey! Just ... like ... that!"

I have to think that it was just things coming full circle, as it had been Erin's comment about my grandmother that got me to thinking of her in unnatural ways, and having had her myself, I now was able to share that delicious fruit with her!

"Make Sharon cum, honey! She tastes wonderful, doesn't she?" I diverted my attention momentarily.

"Oh, she does, love, she does!" Erin answered with her mouth full.

"Damnit! If you don't fuck me right now, I'll let your girlfriend take care of me too!" Aunt Jess yelled over her shoulder at me.

"Oh, yeah. Sorry! I got distracted."

I gave that gorgeous ass a few very loving slaps before I nuzzled my dick against the wetness of her pussy.

Then I pushed forward as hard as I ever had until I was as deep in my aunt's hot twat as I had ever been!

"Oh fuck!" She yelled out into her sister's own hot twat!

"Fuck my sister, honey! I know how much she wants it! Just like I do!" Mom bellowed out with delight as Jessica expertly licked her pussy.

"Damn girls! You have been very, very bad! I might have to ground you and take away your toys!" Grandma Sharon said between deep moans.

I knew the toy she was talking about was me! And my dick!

Also, that my punishment very likely would be to be Sharon's sextoy!

But was that really punishment?

If so, then I was going to be verrry bad so that I could be reprimanded frequently!

I needed to go slow with my gorgeous aunt to keep from cumming quickly, but I also wanted to slam into her with all I had as well! I went with the later and said to Hell with the former. Present company and activity would surely be enough to keep me in the action far longer than my mortal shell could bear!

"Fuck ... me ... Jeremy! I've missed your ... big hard cock in my pussy!" Aunt Jessica moaned out with a faceful of my mom.

"Dammit Erin! Lick my coochie! You're soooo goooodd!" Sharon moaned out louder than her daughter.

"I love you licking meeee Jess ... I just wished I had known ... oh! ... far earlier ... how good this could ... beeee!" Jenny moaned louder than the rest as she held her sister's head between her outstretched thighs.

I might have outvolumed them all, but I was incapable of anything but hoarse grunts at that moment!

"I love your family so damned much, honey!" Erin cried out happily with her face damp from my grandma's hot snatch.

'I think they love you too, love!' I mentally said to her as I focused on filling Aunt Jess's tight pussy with my meat and not my cream!

It wasn't so much the feeling of my dick in Aunt Jessica's wonderfully tight pussy that had gotten me so worked up after I started pistoning into her, but that I once again had that most beautiful ass in the world naked and jiggling from my thrusts along with the sight of her head between my mom's trim thighs.

"If this is how you've been living, it's no wonder that my being your grandma didn't hinder you when I caught you ..." Sharon moaned out to me as she held Erin's face to her crotch.

"It's ... not like ... its ... like this ... every day, honest grandma!" I struggled to reply as I pounded into my aunt.

I didn't want her to have the impression that I had all these women at my beck and call. I might have a charmed life, but it wasn't like I was some sheik and that they were my harem girls. If I had been a sheik, I might even have a few other ...

No, no daydreaming! I already had more than any man had a right to call his own!

And I had one of the hottest women that I had ever known, or seen, right there before me practically begging for me to fuck her! Even with her sister and mother also there! I definitely couldn't complain about that!

"Stop staring at my ass and keep fucking me!"

"Sorry, Jess! It's just ... such a ... damned hot ... ass!" I told her with a series of hard thrusts.

"It is very nice, dear!" Grandma Sharon stated as she rolled her head back and up to look at her daughter.

"Mom!" Jess exclaimed loudly in protest.

Jenny laughed along with me, and possibly even Erin as well, but her face was mostly hidden by Sharon's thick pubic patch.

I grabbed tightly to that derrière, not for the hold to ram into her harder, as Jess pushed back onto me as hard as I was doing into her; no, I held that ass just to be holding it!

My aunt became like a demon possessed thing as she wound up to her orgasm. With the way she was slamming her ass into my pelvic bone, I had to wonder how she was taking care of mom, but the moaning wails coming from Jenny let me know that she was as equally close as her sister.

And clearly as close as their mother under Erin's fabulous pussy licking!

Had three female family members ever had simultaneous orgasms? In the same room?

If so, it wasn't there or then.

Grandma Sharon screeched as she came on my girlfriend's face; that frizzled red hair waggling all over as Erin worked the older woman to bliss.

It wasn't simultaneous, but Jenny was cumming a few moments later; her overwhelming lust and her sister's very talented and loving tongue driving her crazy.

Her attention no longer divided; Aunt Jess pushed her face into the carpet which barely muffled her loud scream as her orgasm overtook her and had her shaking vigorously on my aching cock. One that still was hard and deep in her cunt!

"Whew!" Sharon was the first of them to recover. "Maybe it isn't all Jeremy's fault! It seems I might have passed on some of my traits to my dear daughters that I had been unaware of!"

My grandma's hoarse soft laugh showed no ill will towards her sex-crazed girls.

"You might have passed some that on to me too, Sharon!" I stated as I pulled out of Jessica's soaked snatch with a wet pop.

Erin saw my condition and almost dove over my grandmother's sexy body sprawled out between us to get her mouth onto my stiffy.

"He's still hard?" Sharon gasped as she rolled over and propped herself up on her elbows to watch my girlfriend bob on my rod.

"I still have so much to do with all of you!" I exclaimed as I held onto my hips and let Erin have her way with my willie. "I hope I never get soft until all four of you are fully satisfied!"

I was totally boasting then. There was no way that I could ever survive any three of them, much less all four! Two of them leave me practically desiccated and limp! I might have a super life, but I was not a superman!

"Let me have some of that!" My grandma said fiercely and crawled over beside Erin.

Erin gleefully aimed my cock towards Sharon's open mouth.

"Hell, I suppose I shouldn't turn down a chance either!" My aunt added enthusiastically and knelt beside Erin on the other side from her mom.

Grandma Sharon regretfully pulled her lips from my throbbing penis after the few long moments that she had had with it. She held it out and Erin grabbed my dick and offered it to my aunt.

Two generations of women sucking me with a possible next generation doing so as well!

I could only glance at my Jenny and hope that she would take a turn also!

"Jenny?" Jessica asked while holding my dick, but not holding it out in offering to her sister.

"I can never refuse Jeremy's amazing cock!" Mom broke down and rushed to Jess's side.

Mom took ahold of my base and ran her tongue over my shaft, slowly making her way to the top where she swirled her tongue over the smooth flesh there. She then took as much of me as she could into her mouth and pulled off with so much suction, I could feel my skin peeling off my dick!

After giving her an adequate amount of time, my aunt then leaned in and added her mouth to my hot shaft. Mom pulled back guiltily, but then resumed her oral affections to my rigid member.

Both sisters were once again sucking me together!

But Erin also pushed her way closer and nudged her head towards the cramped space around my crotch. The two older women let the younger newcomer get her lips around me graciously. Mom moved her head and licked at my balls that reveled in the cooling of her saliva on my heated sac.

My grandmother leaned in under Erin's face and managed to lick the one side of my shaft that she could reach.

Jessica leaned back to allow the other three women to have their space. Erin's tongue slid around to the side, giving Sharon more opportunity to get her lips around my mushroom head.

"Fuck girls! If I wasn't already close, seeing this, experiencing this, would have me ready to cum all over all of you!" I bellowed as my thighs trembled from my need.

This brought smiles to all four faces. Well, as much as I could see of any of them as they continued their joint ... Hell, I didn't know what to call this! It was so far from a blowjob as to be in another universe completely!

Aunt Jess, Erin, and Grandma Sharon each took their turns sucking on the head and licking up and down the sides of the shaft as room

allowed. Each also took a turn nursing my sore nuts so that Jenny was able to engulf me as well.

I really don't know how I managed to stay upright, even if just on my knees, or to keep from exploding and spraying them all straight from my balls bypassing my cock altogether! Only their talented tongues, marvelous mouths, and sexy skills had me lasting as long as I did. For any kind of release, I was ready then to even shove my dick into a light socket and let the electrical surge do me in!

"Cum on us, Jeremy!" Erin cried out when I thought I might pass out from needing to cum so badly.

"Yes, yes!" The rest of them declared.

"Jerk off on our faces, lover!" Erin added and she held up her face ready to receive my creamy offering.

Mom, Jess, and Sharon did likewise, pressing their cheeks together to give me the smallest target possible. Or to give them the biggest chance to have me cover them all more likely!

"Cum on us, honey!" Jenny said so lovingly how could I refuse!

"Shoot your cum on me Jeremy!" My aunt's tone wasn't loving, but I still couldn't refuse her either!

"How depraved am I that I'm taking part in this debauchery?" My grandma asked with a devilish grin that said much about this 'debauchery'! "Go on Jeremy! Cover grandma's face with your cum!"

And I did!

I jerked my cock slowly while they peered up at me, their hopeful faces keeping my attention from the four glorious asses laid out behind their heads. Every cell of my body felt ready to cum. I was sure whatever I had left in me was about to be expelled in the next few moments. A few short quick strokes were all I had to do to finish myself.

I grunted and let go of whatever last was keeping my pipes shut, and I felt like a train was shooting from the tip of my cock as I tried to keep ahold of enough consciousness to aim at each of the four hungry faces awaiting my white rain to land on them!

I saw four pairs of eyes widen as the first rope of white rocketed from my dick. The second followed so closely that it almost appeared to be a continuation of the first. Multiple more followed and I shifted my hand from side to side to try to cover the women equally. I heard laughing, some shrieks, and somehow, the ocean roaring far off. Or that last might have just been the blood flowing from my ears!

Or the blood from my brain, as the next thing I knew I was looking up at Aunt Jess's ceiling.

I looked around, still hazy.

It had to only have been a moment or so, as I saw the four of them kissing and sharing my thick cream with each other. Grandma with Erin, Jenny with Jessica, Erin with either sister, and Sharon even did lick some from either daughter's cheeks hungrily as they then returned the favor.

I just watched, barely able to focus my eyes.

They saw me looking and each of them smiled widely at me with as much love as I knew each of them had for me.

"Wow lover! That was quite a load!" Erin exclaimed.

"It seems, honey, that the protein shake machine may need to be cleaned out more often!" Jenny joked.

Grandma looked at her daughter in wonderment, but baffled by that statement.

"I really do think that I'm going to have to take your suggestion and find a young guy for myself!"

Her grin at her daughters had them staring at her in consternation in return.

"No matter what I've said about you and Jeremy, Jenny, I have to admit that regular doses of that would have me in the same place as you. If it wasn't for Eric, that is." Aunt Jess confided. Even as she knew what me and mom had was much more than just the sex, or my huge loads of cum!

"I would guess that you are now done, huh honey?" Jenny asked concernedly. Not for the continuation, but for my welfare.

"For a minute." I replied with an obvious lie. But with the present company, it just might not be a lie! "If the rest of you want to keep going, don't let me stop you."

I waved with a wobbly arm at the four beautiful naked women.

"Maybe it will give my body some incentive to recuperate quicker!" It still felt like a hopeful boast, even to my own ears.

"No. We're done." Mom said firmly while looking at no one.

There was a long silence as we all kept our own thoughts to ourselves.

"I can't believe you talked me into having sex with you with mom here! Did you have her come visit just for this?" Mom slowly rose to her feet, enticing me with her graceful movements and that sexy body.

The others then stood as well, my eyes taking in every delicious curve and fleshy swell as I watched them. I was slower to stand as I felt my head still swimming. I was also very aware of my lack of stiffness in a room of four sexy women!

"Really, Jenny?" Aunt Jessica stared amazed at her sister. "I didn't know what he was up to when he told me that mom would be visiting and that she would be staying with me instead of at your house. I should have been suspicious, knowing this guy!" She glared at me, but there was a hint of a sly smile on her lips. "But it was mom. What was I supposed to think? I had no idea that your lecherous son had corrupted our mother too."

Jessica's glare then travelled to her mother.

"Don't look at me, Jess! Clearly none of us can resist my grandson's charms."

"Or his big dick!" Erin chimed in with a gleeful grin.

"Or that." Sharon agreed. She then looked between her two daughters. "I hope the two of you don't think any less of me for having done any of this. It appears that I'm just as desperate as the both of you."

My grandmother gazed guiltily at her equally guilty girls.

"It's alright, mom. I still love you. Even if my son is a lecherous horndog!" Mom then hugged her mother, each initially unaware of their continued nudity. They pulled apart after a short moment, but instead of being shocked, they just laughed easily.

Jess then gave her mom a hug as well.

"I love you too, mom!"

The clench my aunt gave lasted a bit longer.

"I love you too, Jess." Grandma patted that delightful ass that was no accident. "And it seems that you have some things to tell me. Some naughty things." Her grin covered her weathered face.

"Mom!" Jess exclaimed with exasperation.

"We all have some naughty things to share, I think." Grandma Sharon said in that same motherly tone that meant no arguments.

She sat on my aunt's couch. While still naked!

"Come on girls." She patted the couch on either side of her.

I felt the same inclination to obey and she wasn't even my mother! Mom and aunt looked at each other and then went and sat at either side of their mom, also naked.

I looked at Erin who only smiled back at me as if she had been locked in a candy store. And was seven years old.

I probably had the same look on my face.

The two of us took adjoining chairs and though Erin sat with her womanly charms on display, I nervously put a hand over my lap and tried to make it look natural. I didn't fool anyone though, especially not my mother who looked at me, saw my modest pose, and gave me a small delightful smile. I still kept my hand in place.

Without any admonishment, my grandmother had everyone give their stories. Abbreviated forms of them at least. She also gave her own tale, with the addition of her colored history that helped explain her yielding to both of our desires. She was shocked at Jess's admission of the crush she had had on her sister while growing up, but her face revealed some little bit of knowledge that said she wasn't as surprised as any of the rest had been upon learning that tidbit. I guess a mother always knows, even if she didn't know what she knew.

Sharon was actually less shocked about mom's boldness with her hand on our initial incident, but had a likewise warning about our escapades behind dad's back as her other daughter. Jess had a cat eating the canary grin at her mom having a similar opinion as her.

My grandmother studied me intensely as mom related our breakup and Erin's entry into mine, and now the others' lives. Sharon's gaze then went to my naked redheaded nymph.

"I think that you are truly part of this family now dear. I think that this could be considered an initiation of sorts."

I had laugh at that and there were chortles from mom and Jess as well.

It had been some time as we talked and to my surprise, although I wouldn't admit that surprise to them, I grew hard again. Hey, there were four sexy and naked women talking about their sexual encounters with me, or each other as the case with mom and her sister, or mom and Erin. Did I say that they were naked?

Erin was the first to note my risen condition. Then Jenny.

Grandma Sharon saw the expressions on their faces but not the reason.

Then Jess saw it and laughed.

"He's never down for long!" My aunt nodded at my crotch.

Four sets of feminine eyes found my dick.

"I think I speak for all of us." My grandma said with a hint of devilish leer. "I want to see Jeremy be with his cute girlfriend. Can you do that for us, Jeremy?"

What?

She wanted to watch me fuck Erin?

In front of them all?

Mom, aunt, and grandma?

"Erin?" I asked. At least she had to have a say in this.

"Sure. I love you. I love your family. Why not?"

I shouldn't have had any doubt about her willingness. As I said at the start of the afternoon, she was the one I trusted to go along with anything that could happen.

I just didn't know it would end up being the two of us putting on a show for the other three!

Before I could say anything more, Erin sprang from her chair and got on her hands and knees with her ass stuck in the air and her still damp auburn adorned pink pussy wide and ready.

Jessica and mom laughed at the girl's quick eagerness.

"It seems like you've found the perfect girl, Jeremy!" Aunt Jess cheered.

I gave a quick glance at mom as I stood to move over to Erin.

"Twice." I proclaimed to them all.

Jenny gave me a slight smile that spoke more to me than the whole of the Library of Congress.

"Go on, honey. Give Erin all of our love."

I was erect, but not rock solid. It was enough to accomplish the task, but I would need more if I would go to 'completion'. I wasn't worried about that so much, as long as I made Erin feel good. And maybe even put on a good show for my family members.

Those females gave me all the extra enticement I might have ever needed!

Jess and Jenny had snuggled closer to their mom and all three had their thighs wide so that I could easily see each of their not-so-secret

treasures. Well, as easily as I could ever see Sharon's beneath that grey forest!

"Come on, Jeremy! Give me that cock! Show them how good you are to me!" Erin cried out oblivious for the moment about the other women in the room.

"Go on dear, give Erin that cock!" Mom told me.

I've said that I always obey my mom! Especially when she gives me such wonderful tasks to do!

I knelt behind Erin, grasping her butt cheeks in my palms as I nuzzled the tip of my dick amongst her wrinkled lips.

"Ooo yes!" She purred in delight.

As much as Erin was enough for me by herself, I still watched the ladies on the couch. Each daughter had her head on their mom's shoulders and their fingers trailed teasingly over their own bodies. Sharon just stared at the scene before her.

I pushed the head inside Erin's sweet chasm but didn't go any deeper, just teasing her with my entrance.

"Give it to me, honey!" She begged.

As much as I craved to do just that, I also had to keep in mind the audience that was watching us.

The audience that I was likewise watching myself.

Mom and Jess had begun running their fingers over their pussies, obviously getting turned on by their own live sex show! And it worked in reverse as well. My dick couldn't be any harder!

I nudged it deeper into Erin's welcoming chasm, her wetness overcoming her tightness so that I slid in easily.

"That's it, Jeremy! Give it to her!" Aunt Jess moaned as her fingers sank into her obvious wetness.

"Yes please! Give it to me!" Erin cried out in agreement.

I was in agreement as well!

One tensing of my ass and hips and I was buried deep in Erin's womanhood.

Sharon's hands had finally moved, our scene too much for her faded modesty to resist. Each palm now rested on the two adjoining thighs of her tightly pressed daughters. Daughters that noted this touch and put a hand on their mom's legs.

How could this not get my attention?

Even with a hot fire-haired nympho wrapped around my dick!

I slowly began to slide in and out of that amazing channel, it squeezing me so terrifically that I felt the barest hint of some remaining dregs of need deep inside me.

Next time I looked at the couch and Sharon's hands had edged up those fabulous legs at her sides until each was only a handspan away from those delectable goodies. The daughter's fingers had also travelled closer to the opening of their births, coming very close to the thick fur forest.

Each of the three had also become aware of my sight on them. Three sexy smiles filled three pairs of lips at that.

Well, maybe four pairs of lips, as I smiled back at them.

Jenny and Jess had been together a number of times so they had no qualms about doing anything with a female relative, but I was slightly surprised that Sharon wasn't resisting the action, and that was even joining in. Her fingers were almost at either junction as they massaged the two younger women's innermost thighs.

"Faster, lover!" Erin demanded, still unaware of the other goings on in the room.

I upped my tempo, but kept from pounding her too good immediately as I really wanted to see how far the action on the couch would go.

Jessica leaned over and kissed her mother's shoulder. Sharon looked at her youngest daughter with wide eyes that had a fire burning in them. Jenny noticed her sister's show of affection and leaned in also, but reached her head so that she could give Sharon's lower left jaw a soft peck. Grandma turned her head slowly to gaze at her eldest daughter, her eyes no longer wide but still smoldering hotly.

Sharon's hands had reached their destinations as had her daughters' nimble digits which wove into the pubic hair in search of those fat lips hidden within. Another kiss on the right shoulder. When she turned

her head once again to the other woman, Jessica's lips met her mothers. It was oh, so quick, but it was tender and no way familial.

Mom opened her thighs wider to give her mother more access to her daughter's sacred treasures. Treasures that were very familiar to me. And to the girl I continued to ram my dick into at a moderate speed, but her soft moaning implied that it was more than adequate for her.

Jessica was the first of the sisters to sample the mother's very ample bosom, gently kissing the barest of bumps of Grandma Sharon's nipples. Not to be outdone, or to let her mother make her younger sister the favorite, Jenny also bent down to kiss her mother's left nipple. Kisses became soft licks, both nips filling out beneath their loving oral caresses. Sharon's eyes wavered shut, flickering open. It was clear that her fingers were now in either daughter's coochies, Jess and Jenny's eyes trying to stay open. My own eyes never flinched at that blistering scene!

Three hands played over three wet openings, three pairs of labia, and three clits that I was sure were very stiff from that tantalizing teasing.

And one very super-hard dick pistoned in and out of an incredible pussy!

"Oh damn!" Erin yelled out.

I turned back to my luscious girlfriend and saw that she had turned her head to the other side and now saw what I had been witnessing.

"That's so fucking hot!" She added. Then, with the barest of glances over her shoulder at me working away behind her. "How long has that been going on? Why didn't you say something?"

Her tone was accusatory, but not harsh. Instead, her own passion grew exponentially, such that I didn't know if I would be able to keep up with her. Erin's ass began to push back at me more rapidly than I was pushing into her.

"Soon after we started." I said simply, keeping my words short to save my breath for the rapidly approaching long-distance sprint.

"Isn't that the hottest thing you've ever seen?" Erin gasped out between my rapid strokes and her even faster thrusts onto my pelvic bone.

I said nothing in reply.

I had seen so many hot and sexy things that there was no longer any way I could compare the lengthy list of things that I had seen! Mom and Erin, mom and Jess, double blowjobs, anal fucking, lesbian sixty-nines,

and countless other things that had happened since this incredible incestual journey started. Jenny, Sharon, and Jessica were just one more incredible and improbable thing on that long list.

Erin seemed content with my lack of response and watched the three older ladies fingering each other to evident bliss.

Jenny and Jess were attacking Sharon's breasts as hungrily as I had that day at her house and the three hands were firmly rubbing three wet and tasty twats.

My pace increased as it seemed everyone was getting worked up to a final completion.

"Oh God baby! I'm close! So ... fucking ... close!"

I was surprisingly getting so 'fucking' close myself!

The mother and daughters on the couch seemed to be on another plane of ecstasy as they rose to the peak of pleasure on the mountain of paradise. The trio of moans was like a chorus of angels to my humble ears.

Grandma Sharon was the first of the five of us to orgasm, her climax making her convulse and this additional motion sent both daughters off right behind her.

Both cried out, "Mommm!" out of sync, but no witnesses complained of the staccato wail.

Erin let out a wail to outdo my mother or aunt, but her mouth wasn't full of motherly breasts either! She shook and trembled in delight, and her ass ceased to batter at my hips as it quivered as she came hard.

It was exactly three more thrusts before I let loose a last load of probably pale semen without any sperm left in it.

Erin still shivered from the last of her orgasm as I fell to the floor beside her, the room spinning in my sight but the action on the couch still in the tornado's center.

I kept my consciousness, but it felt as if the rest of my body had passed out. I don't know if I tried to move, but it didn't matter if I had, as nothing responded to my commands.

Erin leaned over my face and kissed me, cutting off the view of my family. I was torn between the two, but kissing Erin was a welcome

consolation for the missing the remains of mother and daughters' recovery.

I tasted Erin's sweat, and I'm sure some of my own was mixed in as well. The kiss was painfully short, but both of us were still fighting for breath as our lungs tried to fill with oxygen.

"That was quite hot!" Erin said with a wide grin as she laid next to me.

"Which, you or the other three?" I asked. I was fairly honest in my question.

"Aw, that's sweet, but you know what I meant!" She patted my shoulder that would probably have been a swat if she had had more strength left in her.

"I barely noticed them." I said blankly with her face filling my world.

"Yeah, right! When I saw them, your eyes were practically bugging out all the way to join them!"

"They were a minor distraction." I quipped deadpan.

"Minor distraction?" Mom yelled from her spot. She grabbed a throw pillow and threw it. At me.

"Hey!" I batted the incoming missile aside. "I did have my sexy girlfriend over here! It's not always about you, mom!"

Not always.

Sometimes it was Erin, sometimes it was Jessica, and even sometimes it was Sharon.

Mostly it was Jenny!

Far too unbelievable for the main story, even as unbelievable as that could sometimes be!

I pondered having a scene where Jeremy got to be with all of his 'girls' at once, but it was just too farfetched and out of place for some of the characters. I did a short draft of what might happen and found it interesting, but there was still no way that it would happen believably.

Some will not like the inclusion of Grandma Sharon, much as they didn't in the main story, but she was fun to add to the story and I think did give something more to Jenny and Jeremy's tale. C'est la vie!

***

Lastly, there is a scene that I came up with and wanted to somehow fit in with the graduation celebration scene with Jeremy, Jenny, and Erin at the hotel (chapter 23), but it didn't work and parts of it just didn't feel right. Then, when it didn't fit in that part of the story, I wanted to add it in elsewhere, but it felt too contrived to make up a situation just to have this one bit, so it got scrapped. When I had the idea of having a final chapter of 'deleted scenes' I knew this would be the way to tell that bit.

So, here it is.

It has no definitive place in the timeline, just that it happens sometime after the graduation celebrations and Erin's return from her aunt's lakehouse.

Erin came over one day.

I hadn't been expecting her and she didn't say she would be coming, so it was a pleasant surprise to see her. Especially in her tight cut-off jean shorts!

I was more surprised when she said she wanted to talk with mom as well as me.

Both of us?

I didn't know if I should be afraid or joyous.

Mom came into the living room and after a quick greeting, Erin asked us to sit. She took a seat in dad's recliner.

I felt some dread then.

Mom glanced at me in question and I just shrugged my shoulders, as equally bewildered as she.

"What's up, Erin?" Mom asked her. Mom was wearing a white blouse, and black slacks.

"Well ... um, after that night at the hotel." My girlfriend started nervously, which was odd because she was normally so fearless with everything.

"Yes?" Mom might have blushed a little at the memory of that amazing night.

"When I saw Jeremy, you know, with your ... ass." She whispered that last word even though there was no one else home.

Mom giggled then.

I felt relief. It wasn't some bad news.

And instead probably, good news!

"Yes?" Mom drew out that one syllable to the length of three.

"I want to try it." Erin looked at mom and then the floor.

Not good news. Great news!

"Only, not with Jeremy. Not the first time." She gave me a quick conciliatory glance then her blue eyes returned to my mother.

What?

"What?" Mom repeated my mental question.

"He's too big." Erin's azure pools found mine and I felt the love pour from them.

Still, I was confused.

Was that a complaint about my big dick? From Erin?

Mom giggled slightly.

I felt offended.

"Sorry, love. I love you in my ..., but I'm afraid of you putting it in ... there."

Mom outright laughed then.

"Mom!" I protested.

Erin then joined Jenny in laughter.

Were they laughing that I was too big for them?

"Sorry, honey." Mom wiped at her watering eyes.

"Just the first time. To see how it feels. And see if I can fit Jeremy." Erin explained in a jumble.

"Oh, he feels so good ... back there, Erin." Mom half said, half sighed. "I never would have thought so. I even protested at first as well. But after ... When he was in me ..."

Mom's eyes got all googly and dreamy.

"But I'm not the same ... um ..." Erin stuttered. "I'm smaller than you, Jenny."

Mom giggled again.

"Not so much that I think it would matter, but I understand your worry. I can't say that you're wrong either." Mom answered. She looked at me with an unreadable face.

She looked back to Erin.

"You said the first time, what did you mean by that?" Mom asked.

Erin looked guiltily at me.

Hey! I'm sorry I have a big dick!

I tried to look consoling back at her, even as I was totally lost then to what she was saying.

"I want you to be the first, Jenny." Erin said demurely, probably the first time she took that tone.

"Huh?" Mom said blankly.

It matched my own mental response.

Erin looked to be struggling with her next words and mom and I sat quietly in confusion.

"I used to have a girlfriend. You both knew that." She started while not looking at either of us.

I nodded, still turned on by that knowledge.

Mom just said, "Yes."

"Well, we used to ... mess around ... you know."

I tried imagining it right then. My 'too-big' dick quivered in my jeans.

"Of course, dear." Mom said soothingly in an attempt to have her burning question answered.

"I ... we ... had some ... um, toys. That we, you know, used on each other."

What, like vibrators?

I didn't see what that had to do with Erin's ass.

"Your point, honey?" Mom's tone was firmer.

Erin blushed, the added red hiding her few freckles.

"No, not ... toys ... like that!" A sexy smile blossomed on her lips.

"Well, yes, we did have those too!" Her eyes turned from either of us in slight embarrassment.

"No, I meant that ... I, we, had ... fake ... dicks. You know ... strap-ons."

What!

My sexy nympho girlfriend had a dick!

Even if it wasn't real!

"Really?" Mom drawled out sexily, now very interested.

"Yeah. None as big as um, Jeremy."

Thank God!

"I hoped, wondered, want you to use one. On me. You know, in my ... ass."

Erin didn't whisper it that time.

"You want me to what! To ... fuck your ass?" Mom's voice did lower at her question.

"Yes please." Erin said almost giddily.

Something seemed completely off with this conversation.

Erin was asking my mom, and not me, to be the one to take her anal virginity?

Had the world slipped a gear?

Mom seemed to be as thrown by the request as me.

"I've never done anything ... like that. With ... um ... one of those!"

I really needed to know that my mom had never used a strap-on before!

Erin looked at me and the expression on my face was such that it drew a titter from her. Mom then looked at me at that response and she had a devious look in her eyes.

"Are you offended that we might not need you now with Erin's toys?"

Hell! Yes! I was upset!

No matter how much I loved watching the two of them being together, I was the one in charge of having the dick department!

"Kind of." I said without showing my emotion.

I couldn't upset them or they might just decide that they didn't really need me!

Both then laughed, but it was a good-natured one and wasn't directed at me.

"It's alright, honey." Mom looked at me deeply and lovingly that calmed my tattered manliness. "Even if Erin had the most perfect dildo, I would still choose you over any plastic cock!"

I suppose that was nice to know!

"Thanks mom."

I know! Giving your mom gratitude because she would choose you over a dildo!

"You're welcome, dear."

"I still pick you too, Jeremy." Erin added in as well.

I didn't answer her, as she was the one that started this whole strange conversation.

"But, back to my question." Erin grew more serious. "Would you do that for me, Jenny?"

Mom looked at me as if I had the answer for her. I just shook my head dumbly.

"I can try dear. I'm not sure ... um, what to do, or anything. But I will give it a try for you."

What about me?

I'm already equipped!

And right then, I was nearly ready!

"So, uh, whenever ... we can ... uh, you know, get together ... again."

What, like an ass-reaming party?

Ah, who was I kidding? I would be there for either of them, no matter what they might want to do, together or even with me. I mean, I was invited, wasn't I?

Wasn't I?

"I will be there too, right?" I asked almost meekly.

I felt very unmanly right then.

"Of course, you will Jeremy! Don't be silly!" Mom gave a chuckle as she responded loudly.

"I still want you in my kitty, baby!" Erin cooed coquettishly.

"As do I, dear." Mom glanced at me so lustfully that I thought we might do this right now!

"So ... when?" I asked impatiently.

Both women laughed again, but this time it was very evident that it was directed at me!

It was arranged that at some unspecified date, sometime in the near future, that the three of us would again get together for some nookie time, and at that time, Erin will have brought her 'special' toy for mom to use on her and take my girlfriend's anal virginity. And for me not to be the one to do so.

The thought of watching Jenny fucking anyone, in either hole, was an intriguing one. One that made me hot as I contemplated then being the one to screw Jenny afterwards!

Just more than a week later we got our chance one day. No one else would be home through fortuitous circumstances, so it was that we arranged our next ménage à trois for that day. Erin would come over

and bring her 'accessories' with her. My own accessories were always with me!

After the others left, mom came from her room dressed in a pale-yellow top with spaghetti straps that revealed very plainly that she wore no bra underneath with the way her nipples jutted out from the thin material. She also had on a loose flowery blue skirt. Her lack of a bra made me believe that she might not have on any panties either! That I would have answered soon enough!

Erin arrived promptly at the scheduled time. She had on a white off-the-shoulder top, and a white and green striped short skirt. I greeted her at the door with a lengthy kiss that mom had to cough roughly to interrupt us. Then Erin kissed Jenny for probably a longer time than I had, as I was too caught up in watching them to stop them.

Mom offered Erin something to drink.

"Something stronger than water, but not as strong as JD." Erin stated easily.

"Jack is fine by me." I requested, not sure if mom's leniency extended to that day as well.

Mom just grinned widely and went into the kitchen as Erin and I sat on the couch. I wanted to resume my kissing of her, but knew it wouldn't take mom long to return.

She came back with a small glass of dark liquid in one hand, and two wine glasses of rosé deftly carried in the other hand.

"I suppose I've already contributed enough to the delinquency of you both to not worry about some wine, or making my son an alcoholic!" Mom said as she handed me what looked like a double shot in the whiskey glass, before then handing Erin one of the glasses of wine. She took a sip of her own before she sat beside me opposite Erin.

"Thank you, Jenny." Erin told mom graciously.

"Thanks, mom!" I said heartily and downed half the glass boldly. Then began to cough as the liquor burned down my throat.

Both women grinned at that, but I just shrugged it off.

"Doesn't it seem a little weird to just schedule something like this?" I said as my stomach churned. "We are, or you Jenny, are about to take Erin's virginity."

Erin laughed hoarsely at that.

"Jeremy! That's rude to say!" Mom scolded me in her stern motherly tone.

"It's true." I protested.

"It's alright Jenny. He's crude, but I love him anyways!" Erin's laugh became easier and more joyous.

"I know what you mean, Erin dear, men sometimes!"

I looked from one side of me to the other. Both women sipped their wine with smiles at their lips as they did so.

We sat in silence for a short time, gazing at each other studiously as the girls kept sipping nervously at their wine. My own glass was held in my hand but I didn't take another drink from it.

Mom then came out and broke the silence. And the ice.

"Erin, let me see what you brought."

Erin nervously laughed again and then took out the small bag she had brought with her.

I wasn't sure I wanted to see the contents of that bag. The things that Erin had used on another girl, or that the girl had used on her. I mean, the concept of it was hot, but the actuality of it was much different. This wasn't the same as mom's vibrator, as that was something that was used by just her. These had been 'shared'.

Erin put aside the black-strapped harness and pulled out two different plastic phalluses. A more realistically shaped one that was a deep blue and a slimmer, tube-shaped shiny silver one. Jenny took them both from Erin's grasp and studied them with more interest than I cared for.

"Two?" I questioned. Erin only had one ass to be fucked!

"Options, honey, options!" Erin answered me too quickly.

Jenny giggled at that.

"I like options." Mom said softly and handed the slimmer one back to Erin.

The blue one she held in her two hands, holding it as if it was the real thing. She got a very devious look on her face. Right before she brought the fake dick to her lips and licked around the fake head.

"It feels real. At least to my tongue!"

"Mom!" I croaked out.

She just laughed in reply.

Then she stuck the blue dick in her mouth as far as she had ever taken me!

My jaw dropped and Erin squealed in delight.

"Suck that dick, Jenny!"

Erin then licked up the side of the smooth silver.

It was sexy watching them both do that, but my own dick stirred, demanding that it was him instead!

Mom pulled the blue cock from her mouth and licked down one side and then up the other, lavishing her tongue on it as well as if it had been me. Erin pushed her own slimmer one completely in her mouth with her head craned upward.

They finished their unnecessary teasing on dicks that would always stay hard. Both looked at me with sexy looks on their faces and fires in their green and blue eyes.

"Did you do as I suggested?" Jenny asked Erin.

"Yeah. It felt strange, but ... all clean!" Erin answered cryptically.

"Huh?" I asked intelligently.

"I told her she should prep for this."

"Huh?"

Not only am I sex god, I'm also a rocket scientist!

"Honey, you don't really want to know, but we've both had enemas. So, we're sparkling clean back there."

Huh?

She was right. I didn't need to know that!

"Both of you?" I suddenly realized the import of that.

"Sure. You don't think we're going to do this without me getting another turn with you!" Mom said casually and put a hand on my thigh. As if she wasn't telling me she wanted me to screw her asshole again!

My dick tried to crawl down my pant leg towards her hot palm.

"I think I want to now suck on something that isn't plastic, no matter how real it might look!" Jenny then said as sultrily as any sex kitten as she batted her eyes at me and her hand crept closer to my bulging crotch.

"Oh! I want some of that too, Jenny!" Erin exclaimed at my other side and her hand fell to my thigh, barely inches from my dick.

Then both hands were pawing at my hidden cock.

Jenny kissed my cheek and Erin, seeing that, did the same on the other side.

Each of them then slithered from their seats and down to the floor at my feet.

"Let's get these pesky pants off him first!" Mom growled as she unbuttoned my pants.

Erin's fingers were digging for the zipper.

They grabbed the waistband at either side and began to tug downward as I lifted my ass to let them disrobe me.

My underwear was pulled along with my pants and I managed to kick off my shoes before the women got my clothing that far.

Then Erin and Jenny were back to gaze upon my prominent penis standing proudly. Their eyes were wide as they took my very real phallus in their fingers and caressed it very lovingly.

Mom leaned first and kissed the head. She turned to look sexily at my girlfriend who moved her head in and gave my dick a kiss as well. Mom licked from base to tip slowly, then Erin did the same. One would do

something and the other would repeat it. Sucking. Bobbing. Drooled on my shaft and then suck it up. Ran their lips up and down my hot skin.

I was soon groaning in delight and miserable ecstasy, teased but with no expectation of release.

After many long minutes of this wonderful torture, Erin pulled away from my spread legs. She turned to grab the black leather harness she had brought with her.

"I want to do you first, Jenny!" She exclaimed as mom was still sucking on the end of my dick.

"What? Do me?" Jenny asked in confusion.

I was likewise not sure what I had heard.

"I want to fuck you with my big dick!" Erin cried out gleefully.

What? That was my line!

"I've never done that. With another girl." Mom said slightly hesitantly.

Did I want my girlfriend to bang my mother?

Part of me said no, but another part thought that would be so hot to witness.

Jenny looked at me with uncertainty.

"Is that okay with you dear?" Mom questioned as if enquiring if she could borrow something mundane.

"It's not up to me. Go ahead if you want, Jenny." I gestured my arm towards Erin who quickly undressed and then put on the harness, the big blue dick now in place.

I wasn't sure about seeing my girlfriend with a dick, regardless of the hue!

Mom had no qualm at that and her eyes seemed to shine at seeing Erin sporting a huge erection. One that almost matched my own! Jenny's eyes did travel back to the pole jutting from my lap and then back to Erin.

"This could be fun!" Mom's tone was more interested than I cared for, but Jenny's love for me was more than just my cock!

"Sit on the couch, lover, with your ass hanging off the front!" Erin tightened the straps and tugged on her 'dick', testing its snugness.

"Ooo!" Mom cooed happily.

She made no motion to disrobe, but when she sat on the couch and then slid forward so her skirt rode up, it was revealed I was correct in my earlier guess. Mom had gone commando.

Jenny widened her knees, exposing her trimmed brown bush and sealed labia.

"Jeremy. Could you warm her up?" Erin nodded to mom's pussy.

Wow! I surely did love my girlfriend!

I moved down between mom's thighs, anxious to sup at that tasty treat.

Erin climbed on the couch and after a lengthy, but still quick kiss with Jenny, she presented that azure cock to my mother. Jenny looked up at Erin's face with wonder. Her tongue came out and lapped gingerly at the plastic dong.

I licked up and down my sweet love's slit to coax it open. There was a dampness already there, but I had to work at getting it to flow freer.

"Mmlrbmfm." Jenny gargled at the touch of my tongue on her clit, her mouth full of Erin's dildo.

"Suck my dick, Jenny!" Erin practically giggled.

Again, that was my line!

I said nothing and kept up my gently licking and lapping of Jenny's opening lips that were leaking more of her delicious liquid.

"Oh shit! Lick me baby! Mommy loves your face in my cunt!"

As did I!

"Get her nice and wet, honey! I want my big dick to slide right into her tasty pussy!" Erin said loudly.

It was tasty! And was getting nice and wet!

"Okay. That's good enough. Move aside." Erin told me gruffly. Then she added more lovingly, "Honey."

I grinned back at her, my lips damp with my mom's juices.

"Ooo, kiss me baby! Let me taste Jenny on your lips!" Erin grabbed my chin and pulled me to her face to kiss me. She licked my lips and around them more than she actually kissed me, but I couldn't blame her.

Erin then moved down to kneel in my former position between Jenny's trim legs. Erin ran her hands over mom's thighs as if they were silk. Her blue eyes were as bright as I had ever seen them before as she gazed at Jenny, who also had a very heightened look of anticipation in her green orbs.

"I've always wanted to do this, Jenny! Practically since I first met you!" Erin exclaimed as she held her blue dick in position.

"Why didn't you say something before now?" Mom leered at the younger girl about to enter her.

"I wasn't sure how to bring it up." The briefest bit of dismay crossed that beautiful face before it lit up once again. "How do you tell your boyfriend's mother that you want to fuck her?"

She was right. Partially.

"Erin, with what the two of us have done, with or without Jeremy ..." Jenny glanced at me, still keeping their private encounter a tightly held secret. "You could have told me. I'm a little nervous, but only because this is new to me! I'd love for you to shove that big dick of yours into me!"

That wasn't something that I wanted to hear my Jenny say to someone that wasn't me. Only that it was my cute Erin made it bearable.

I sat on the couch beside mom while Erin waggled her blue dick over Jenny's wide-open lips.

"Give it to me, Erin!" Jenny cried out in desperation. "Come over here and kiss me, baby!"

This was directed at me.

I leapt at her lips and mashed mine to hers as Erin pushed forward and entered her. Mom moaned into my mouth as she was filled by girl dick.

I couldn't help but look at the joining of my two female lovers, older and younger. It was strange to see Jenny being screwed by a cock that wasn't mine, but that it was Erin made it very sexy. I still preferred that it be me, but my girlfriend fucking my mom was an okay second choice.

"Fuck me, Erin! Shove that big fat fake dick in my wet pussy!" Mom bellowed after Erin began a slow pace.

Obviously, Jenny had no issue which of our big dicks was rammed into her!

I covered her mouth with mine after her outburst, her tongue driving up to meet mine on its home turf. She moaned constantly as Erin drove ferociously into her hot box.

"Go ahead, honey!" I told Erin, giving my approval to her in an odd, but obvious manner. "Fuck Jenny really good, baby!"

Erin grinned evilly at me at that and gave a couple extra hard thrusts. Jenny groaned even louder. I didn't even try to muffle her joy as I kissed and kissed my mother's hungry lips that sought my own.

My girlfriend gave a good showing as a 'man' and she had Jenny moaning, groaning, and gasping in pleasure much like I had given each of them. Erin was breathing heavily as she strained at her task, her

petite frame not as suited as my own more muscled one (one that still needed to get on that working out that I kept getting sidetracked from getting to!).

Erin suddenly stopped and pulled out of mom's pussy. Jenny pulled her mouth from mine to look at my girlfriend with question on her face. I also looked at Erin. Had she reached her limit?

Far from it!

Instead, Erin moved from mom's legs and turned around and appeared as if she was about to lay on the floor.

"Come here, Jenny! I want you on top of me!" She explained hurriedly. "Jeremy, I want you to fuck your mom's beautiful ass while she rides me!"

Okay!

This was a new one on me!

But one that I was completely fine with! I would now be involved, and I would get to fuck Jenny in the ass again!

Erin laid down, her blue dick standing upright and still appearing so incongruous on her otherwise very feminine figure. I tried to ignore it but did note how wet it was then. With my mother's pussy juices!

"Come on, Jenny! Ride my fat dick!" Erin urged mom off the couch.

Mom looked at me with wide eyes; eyes that were cloudy from her momentarily delayed bliss. I shrugged my shoulders in reply.

I knew that she wanted this. More than she might be willing to admit. That it was Erin and not a second man might have made her reticent, but I knew my Jenny too well not to know that she craved this experience. And that it was Erin was the only way that it would happen with me involved. So, unless dad would be willing to share his wife with another guy, at least, one that he knew about anyway, this would be Jenny's only chance at a DP!

Mom looked more firmly at me, but she moved slowly over Erin, kneeling with her hands and knees on either side of the smaller woman. I saw her then staring at Erin with a strange gaze.

Jenny hadn't removed her clothes, her skirt was still around her hips, hiding nothing, and her tank top hung loose with her breasts only hidden from me. Erin had to have a great view of mom's tits as they hung almost in her face.

"Put it in yourself, Jenny! Wrap that tight pussy around my dildo!" Erin told mom.

I watched raptly as mom lowered herself back onto that strange blue dick; it sank into her with a soft squishing sound.

"Oooo!" Jenny squeaked out when both my women's pubes intertwined.

Mom rose up slowly and dropped down a second time. Then a third. She paused before continuing.

"Go to my room, Jeremy!" She grunted without taking her eyes off of the beauty beneath her. "Get the lube."

I rose up slowly, not wanting to take my eyes from either of them for the barest second. Even if it would get me included.

I darted to mom's bedroom and opened her panty drawer. I'm sure even dad hadn't dared do that ever! Which is why mom had stashed the lube there! Along with the other riskier items also hidden beneath her intimate delicates! Like a picture of my dick!

I returned only a moment later but it had been long enough for the two women to lock their lips as tightly as their genitals. I didn't wait for further instructions and opened the tube to squirt a glob into my palm, which I then applied liberally to my rigid dick.

Jenny glanced up at me at some unknown indication of my return. She saw my coated cock and then her eyes came up to my face.

"Squirt some of that on me!" She simply growled.

I knelt in position between both pairs of very nice legs, one set straight out and the other bent with a fantastic ass perched atop them.

"Don't stare! Hurry, and get that cock in me!" Jenny demanded from deep in her throat.

Mom had somehow gotten me to be very obedient over the last half-dozen months or so! I did hurry to get my cock in her!

I squeezed a dollop of goop onto her puckered hole and after closing the lube and tossing it aside, I pressed a finger firmly into her sphincter. I felt it tighten up and grab at my invading finger, but I pushed it deeper until I had almost the whole thing inside mom's butt.

"Oh shit!" Jenny yelled appropriately.

"What's he doing?" Erin asked from below, unable to see that I was only warming up Jenny's asshole.

"He's got a finger in my ass!" Mom wailed at the girl within a foot of her face.

"Does it hurt?" Erin asked with concern and probably worry about her own turn.

"No. It feels ... weird, but good. It's hard to explain." Jenny told her and gave her a longish kiss to calm the younger girl.

"That's good enough, hun. Stick your dick in me now." My mom told me in a calmer tone. "Still, try to go easy. At the start at least."

I lined up my dick immediately after pulling my finger from Jenny's dark tunnel. I didn't want to touch anything with my digit, even if she was 'clean' back there. Then I was pushing my dick firmly against her resisting opening. Having no fear of hurting her, I gave a good shove and my cockhead popped in past her tightness.

"Oh! Yes!" Jenny moaned in a loud whisper.

She had still been half perched on Erin's blue dick throughout all this. I'm sure my new penetration was only adding to the pleasure she had to be already feeling.

"Do you love that, Jenny? You have two young dicks in your tight holes!" I leaned over her back as well as I could do with two inches impaled in her and spoke into her ear.

"Oh my God!" Mom shrieked when I pushed deeper. Her hips wriggled around the dick Erin had in her pussy.

"Fuck her, lover! Give her your big wonderful dick!" Erin said as she brought her hands up to grab Jenny's tits through the thin fabric of her top.

I still had only gotten barely half my length in mom's ass and Erin was giving her short stabs from below, thrusts that I could feel along my shaft. It was a disconcerting sensation and one that I could say I should be ashamed of having, but having the feeling of another dick brushing against mine wasn't something that I ever wanted to feel! It mattered little that the dick was fake, or that it was in the course of pleasuring my astonishing Jenny, and only the fact that it was the other girl that I loved that was wielding that phallus that kept me implanted in mom's incredibly tight asshole.

"Harder, Jeremy!" Erin told me with muffled lips. Jenny wasn't kissing her, as she couldn't focus enough to do that simple task, and her breathing was hoarse and ragged, but she was struggling to meet Erin's mouth with her own.

I finally bottomed out, so to speak, and thus began a slow rhythm in and out while keeping the majority of my dick in my mom.

Jenny's hips bounced half up and down on the dick below and half back and forth for the one in her curvy butt. She wailed more than moaned as the two of us tried to time our thrusts to maximize our depths and range of motion. Or to say, we tried to fuck her as good and deep as we could manage in this awkward position.

Whatever our awkwardness, or capability, it was far enough for Jenny to reach a peak. My mother wasn't capable of declaring her orgasm because of its intensity, but her caterwauling cries and shrill shrieks were evidence enough for everyone in a three-house radius to be sure. She shook and convulsed, which wasn't as obvious as to the cause, and not just her vigorously bucking and bouncing on mine and Erin's cocks.

The two of us didn't let up on giving our lover her joy and ecstasy. Erin couldn't cum from fucking Jenny, and mom's asshole was practically too tight to really get me worked up. That, and that nagging sensation from that blue dick pressing through Jenny's narrow innards on my normal tinted flesh.

Erin and I continued until mom finished shaking from a second earth-shattering orgasm before I pulled out and Jenny was able to lift off of the sapphire-colored dildo. She collapsed onto the living room floor clearly still in a blissful daze.

I gave mom a soft kiss as she breathed heavily and Erin did likewise. My girlfriend then turned to kiss me more deeply.

"That was so fucking hot!" She exclaimed with her voice on fire with lust. Her blue eyes were likewise liquid flame. A blue that I then realized matched the dick waving around from her pelvis. A dick that was well-coated in Jenny juice!

"It was definitely different!" My opinion may not have been as high as Erin's, but that each woman had enjoyed it was enough for me.

"I'm still not sure about this, but I do want to try it." Erin said enthusiastically and with trepidation at the same time. "Well ... as soon as your mom recovers, that is!"

Erin laughed happily as she stared down at our barely recovering victim.

"Wow!" Mom whispered hoarsely while staring through a haze at the two of us.

She fought to speak more clearly.

"I wouldn't want to do that too often, but ... wow!"

"Was it really that good, Jenny?" Erin asked hopeful.

"Erin ..." Mom stared intently at my girlfriend, or I guess, her girlfriend too! "You really have to ..."

Jenny trailed off.

"But with you first, lover!" Erin stated and leaned over to give Jenny a moderately long kiss.

"Uh, okay. Let me just recover a moment longer! You two can really wear out an old lady!" Jenny took a few extra deep breaths.

"Do you need something to drink, Jen?" Erin asked with care.

"No, I'm okay. I'm alright."

"It couldn't have been that good." I said plainly. Both looked at me accusatorily before I could finish.

"You didn't soak Erin, or the floor." I explained bluntly.

The women stared at me for a long second and then burst out laughing.

"Oh, trust me, honey! That might have been too good! I can't say for sure that it was the hardest I've ever came, but it is in the top three!"

I guess I could be wrong then.

Erin worked at removing the strap-on harness and blue dick, and she laid semi-reclined on the floor with her legs half open.

"I think that before Jenny tries my ass, that I need some warming up of my own!" She said and nudged her thighs wider suggestively.

I understood her implication fully. The problem was, that I didn't know which of us it was directed towards!

Jenny dropped her skirt before she gingerly picked up the black harness and eyed it hesitantly before slipping one leg in and wrapping it around her wider hips while adjusting it.

I took that as my cue.

I rolled over and lay between Erin's slim legs with my face inches from her sweaty nether land.

"I'm glad, babe, that if it couldn't be me, that it's Jenny to be your first. And that I get to be here to witness it!" I said endearingly as I gave her a few soft licks on either side of her slit.

"I am a little nervous about it, but I wouldn't do this if you weren't here, Jeremy! I love you so damned much!"

"Not any more than me, sweetie!" I countered.

"Lick me, Jeremy! Get me nice and wet!"

She was already nice, and her pussy was very damp.

I bent in and worked her up to a good lather with my tongue and warm lips on her soft skin. I drank in the leak she sprung at my instigation.

Mom worked at getting the contraption adjusted and the slimmer silver dildo in place as she watched me supping on Erin's delicious font. I saw that she had a devilishly sexy smile on her face as she tightened the straps. She then looked about and found where the lube had landed when I had discarded it. She smeared a good deal over her 'dick' and looked as if she was jerking off.

I gazed at her over Erin's thigh, with my mouth locked on her pussy and my tongue buried in deep. Jenny had a very wide smile on her face as she kept stroking herself.

"I think that's good, mom!" I broke my contact long enough to comment.

"It's very strange to do it to myself! I've only ever done this to someone else." There was an innocent wonder in her voice. "This might be more interesting than I first thought!"

"I don't know, Jenny. You look so weird with a dick!" I told her.

I found it oddly erotic to stare at the woman, the woman, that I loved so very much, sporting an erection! Even its color was so bizarre. That I could be even mildly turned on by that ... object ... was just so wrong!

Even if it was more for its possessor than the item. So much so that I almost stopped my munching of Erin's snatch!

"I think she's warmed up enough dear." Mom told me. Her hand still absentmindedly rubbing along the plastic dick.

"Get up and turn over Erin, mommy's going to fuck your hot little ass and take your virginity!" Jenny's voice became more forceful.

She looked down and saw her fingers running up and down the slim dick.

"I guess I can see now why you men are always playing with yourselves!" And still her fingers didn't stop, even as she spoke.

Erin laughed at that.

"I think you look very sexy with a dick, Jenny!" She exclaimed delightfully.

It wasn't sexy as I would call it, but I did still love Jenny nevertheless.

Erin moved onto her hands and knees and jutted her ass high in the air. Seeing her like that had me almost ready to mount her, in one hole or the other!

"Lube her up, honey!" Mom said as she tossed me the plastic tube. She waved her dick around almost menacingly.

I did as I had done with Jenny, plopping a big drop of lubricant on her asshole. Even that feature of Erin's was cute as well!

"Ooo! That's cold!" She shivered and pulled her ass in for a second.

"Not really. It's just your butt is so hot." I explained. I had meant it scientifically, even if it came out as a compliment!

"Mommy's going to take that hot butt and open it wide!"

Erin shivered again, but not from any temperature differential.

"Jenny! Don't scare her before you even get started!" I scolded my mother.

"You're not going to change your mind? Are you honey?" Jenny tried to sound soothing, but it still sounded threatening.

Did just having a dick make you aggressive? Even if it wasn't real?

"N-no." Erin said without conviction.

"Ease her open, Jeremy."

It was a good thing that mom's dick was fake, otherwise if she kept playing with it as she was doing, she would have cum already! I merely kept my mouth closed and put a finger in the viscous blob. I slowly moved it around the tender wrinkled and firmly sealed sphincter.

"That feels so weird! No one's touched me there before!"

I pushed against the center of the starburst and it struggled to resist my invasion.

"Ooo."

It wasn't a cry of pain, but neither one of joy either. Just a plain statement.

"You okay?" I asked. I knew she was fine, enough that I continued pushing my fingertip against her cracked hole.

"Just be careful." Her voice was calm, but shaky.

"Don't take too long with that, Jeremy. I've got a hard dick here and a tight virgin ass that needs to be filled with it!"

Mom's earlier hesitation was clearly now gone!

"Don't you remember how much care you wanted me to take with you, Jenny? Give her a minute." My tone wasn't harsh, but only just barely less so.

"But you are much bigger, dear, and now I know how good it feels."

"As good as that dick in your hand?"

Jenny looked down at her hand and some of her bravado slipped away. Her cheeks tinted pink.

"I don't know how you guys do it. It's just there! My hand just seems to come back to it!"

Our banter seemed to ease Erin as well. Or that she wasn't paying attention to my finger and her anus relaxed enough so that I slipped in to the first knuckle.

"Oh, wow!" Erin cried out.

Again, not pain or joy, but just of sensation.

A moment later I had my whole finger in her hole.

"That isn't so bad." Erin stated bravely.

"My turn now." Mom stepped over and knelt beside me. I quickly moved away from her with the way she was brandishing that smallish cock. "Do you want Jeremy to get under you and put that nice dick of his in you? It might take your mind off this."

"Oh. No. That does sound good, but I just want you at first so I can see if I like it, and how it feels. I don't want to be distracted." Erin replied hastily.

"I'm going to shove this little dick right up your asshole." Jenny said brashly and flatly.

"Easy Jenny, please." Erin's tone lost some of her boldness.

"Don't worry honey, I'm going to make you feel so good!"

"Mom?" I warned her gently.

"Easy." She agreed impatiently.

Jenny put the little dick tip up to the barely open darkness. This unrealistic looking dildo had merely a conical end that widened to the uniform girth of the smooth shaft with nary an irregularity on it. In my assessment, this would be the perfect instrument of Erin's anal deflowering. I was jealous for not being the one to do this, but I was grateful for the ease that the act should be.

"Keep going, Jenny. This doesn't feel so bad." Erin looked over her shoulder at her female partner.

I watched in total amazement as my mother pushed an inch, and then two into my girlfriend's asshole.

If it wasn't going to be me, then this was the next best thing!

"Lick her honey." Mom nodded at me.

Whether to ease Erin, or to get me involved was unknown.

I did want to be involved, but the scene before me didn't really imply the need of additional participants. Not that that would keep me from joining them!

But licking Erin's coochie some more would mean I would be awfully close to mom's 'dick'! A dick that was then probably four inches deep.

"Ooo! It feels like your stretching me out so much!"

"Wait until Jeremy gets in there! He stretches you so much you'll feel like passing out!" Jenny said fiercely.

I was sure that mom was going to frighten Erin right out of doing anything like this again if she kept it up!

I guessed I would have to make it pleasurable enough to outweigh Jenny's rough words. Even if I had to eat Erin with a dildo just above

my face taking her last virgin hole. At least I tried to angle my head so that it wasn't right in my eyes!

As I pushed my tongue against her wet opening, Jenny had more than half her small dick in Erin's backdoor.

"She is so damned tight! I can barely push into her butt!"

"You were much tighter mom! Or just that I am so much bigger. As you keep saying."

"We've done it more than a few times now, and I still can't believe you got that thing in my ass! Even more so now with trying to get this smaller dick in Erin!"

We always found the strangest situations over which to have a conversation!

"Yes! Please lick me baby! My pussy is aching so badly with your mom fucking my butthole!" Erin cried out with the first indication that she was starting to enjoy Jenny filling her once-forbidden hole.

"Mommy's going to have you begging for me to fuck your asshole, honey!" Jenny pushed more ferociously into Erin's dark chasm.

"Oh yes, mommy! Please!" Erin wailed.

I closed my eyes and licked Erin from memory and from touch. Each was enough for me to find my way to the hidden spots that thrilled my young love. A steady stream poured forth from her, now spurred on by the double sensations that Jenny and I were giving her quaking body.

"It does ... it does feel good! It feels ... gooood!"

Yep! Erin really was liking getting fucked in the ass!

I heard a loud slap.

"Yes, mommy! Spank your bad little girl!" Erin shrieked. "I've been having hot nasty sex with your little boy! He's got such a big marvelous coooock on him! I just looove him ... oh shit! ... fuck king my ... tight little ... oh! ... pussy!"

I didn't know which of us was making Erin swear so wonderfully, but it didn't really matter; just that she was enjoying mom's fucking and my licking.

Jenny slapped Erin's ass a few more times, eliciting a squeal each time. I could feel mom's thighs brush against my hair as she slowly, but steady increased the speed of her ass fucking. I continued teasing Erin's clit with my tongue and just generally lapped up all over her pussy lips. I reached down blindly and found her tits and softly pinched her nipples and rolled them between my fingers.

The breathing of both women grew louder and haggard from exertions and pleasures. I was fine as I was then and could have gone on licking Erin and playing with her boobs for quite a long time.

I then felt a hand on my flagging penis.

Erin shifted a bit and managed to get her lips around the head of my mostly soft cock.

"I think I want to try you in my pussy while your mom is doing my ass!"

Jenny and I both fucking Erin together!

Some sons got to do crafts with their mothers, others maybe some gardening. I got to screw hot young redheads with my mom!

Erin had my shaft thickening and growing upright in mere moments. She may have been aided in the fact that I hadn't cum yet so was eager to get back into the action. Also, that I was getting to witness one of the hottest things that any guy could ever imagine!

And Jenny continued to shake her hips as she drove her little silver dildo into Erin's ass, the reddened cheeks quivering with each thrust.

Erin moaned around my dick as she tried engulfing it as it grew in her mouth. Her actions affected my licking of her as I also moaned into her snatch.

"He's hard enough, Erin dear. Jeremy, spin around so your sexy little girlfriend can ride your big fat cock!" Jenny growled sexily to us both.

"Hurry up honey! I want to feel both of you inside of me!" Erin urged me. "I might just be able to cum from Jenny's dick in my asshole ... but I want to feel your huge dick in me too!"

As did I!

Mom slapped Erin's buttock again, the sound reverberating around the room.

"You're such a good little slut, Erin! Mommy loves her slutty daughter!" Jenny slapped that ass again, but this one wasn't as hard, or as loud.

"Oooo!" Erin just wailed.

I wiggled around Erin's supporting limbs to get into position without interrupting mom's continued rhythmic thrusts. I slid my lower half between the four crouching thighs and the four knees planted in the living room carpeting. As I did this, I was presented with my beauty's face contorted with her new pleasure.

"I love you, Erin!" I declared as I leaned up to kiss her dry lips. I licked along them to wet them for her and gave her another kiss that had us sharing more saliva, our tongues, and our hot breath.

"I love both of you! Jenny and Jeremy! Mother and son fucking me!" Erin yelled as her eyes pierced my own with blue bolts of lust.

I was sure that my lovely little redhead wasn't capable of putting me in herself, so I reached down and grabbed my rock-solid dick and tried to move it into Erin's pussy. The target was moving around so much that this proved to be impossible.

"Jenny. Stop for a moment. I can't get in Erin with you both shaking so much!" I asked mom calmly.

"Do you need mommy to show you how to fuck a girl, baby?" Jenny teased me evilly.

Erin burst out laughing loudly.

"No. Mom. I got it." I said defiantly. Next time I was with her, I'd show mommy how to fuck a girl!

I found Erin's wet hole without its jerking motion and slid in partway.

"Oh ... f-f-fuuuuuckk!" Erin wailed in delight.

"Are you good now?" Jenny asked impatiently.

"Yes. Mommy!" I retorted childishly.

She resumed her fucking, but at a more reckless pace. I pushed up and met Erin lowering herself down onto me. This got me three-quarters into her wonderfully tight and wet hole.

"How's that honey? You've got me in your ass and Jeremy's amazing cock in your pussy now!"

"Aaaaaa!" Was Erin's one-syllable response that lasted for some little time.

"I think she likes it, Jenny!" I answered for my fiery-haired girl. I had her face just above mine, but her gaze wasn't at me, but more like to the depths of space, or the realms of heavenly bliss.

"I know she likes it. In fact, she loves it! Don't you dear?" Jenny stated. At her question, she gave Erin's cute butt another gentle smack.

"I-I-I-I doooooo!" She let out another long wail.

That response seemed prophetic.

Thing was, I did too!

Erin loved it so much, that in mere seconds she orgasmed from her first DP! I don't know how long she came, because it seemed that she never stopped once she started! Jenny was pounding as ferociously as I ever had, and Erin was more shaking on my dick than riding it. I pushed up into her as well as I was able, but it was a rough and ragged pace.

Mom and I kept going for a few minutes. Maybe, like ten? Finally, Erin was able to speak, or possibly that she forced herself to do so.

"S-s-st-stoooo ... st-stoppppp!" She screamed and stuttered.

I immediately ceased all movement, but it took Jenny a few additional thrusts before Erin's demand sank into her understanding.

"What?" I asked with deep concern, worried we might have really hurt Erin.

"Is she okay?" Jenny was totally motherly then in her apprehension.

"I ... can't ... take ... any ... more!" Erin whispered as she struggled with each word. Her tone was of ecstasy and not of pain.

Mom resumed breathing and I noted that I had held my own as well.

Jenny gave a few final thrusts before pulling out her silvery dick.

I lifted Erin carefully off my still hard dick and let her lay to my side.

"Oh.

My.

God!" Erin finally focused her eyes and looked at mom and me.

"That was so totally, fucking amazing!" She recovered enough to regain her enthusiastic joy.

"Didn't I tell you so?" Mom asked without a hint of I-told-you-so. She sounded more like Jenny, and not the wanton dick-wielding hussy she'd just been.

"I couldn't believe that it would feel that ... good!" Erin exclaimed, still sounding like in disbelief.

Jenny just grinned widely down at the worn girl.

"It isn't like having a dick in your ... pussy. It's strange, and weird, but also ... good!" She tried to explain. Which was pointless, as Jenny already knew what it felt like, and I had no need to know!

"It's good, but not as a regular thing."

"I know what you mean, love."

Jenny then leaned down and kissed Erin softly. It was almost an innocent one, but the passion behind it belied that.

"Do you want to try Jeremy now?" Mom asked as softly as her kiss. There was a different passion in her tone.

Erin looked at Jenny for a moment, then turned to me with beaming eyes. But there was still some doubt in those azure pools; pools that I could swim in forever.

"I want to try." She answered simply, and definitively.

"Do you still need a moment?" Mom asked caringly.

"No. Yes. Get him lubed up. Really good." Erin's voice was a bit shaky, but having decided, she was going to go for it. At least, until after we started!

Mom grinned and got the lube and put a glob in her palm, and then after a pause, another on my rigid shaft. It felt cool on my warm skin, but it was a pleasant coolness. Jenny then lovingly, slowly, and sexily, began to spread the gel over every bit of my hard dick. Every bulging

vein, every curve, bump, and smooth surface, every pore and every cell of my dick!

Erin and I watched raptly as Jenny stroked the lube over me, coating me as well as she had ever done with her saliva, or her womanly juices.

"There." She said when she finished.

Erin still eyed my cock nervously, but also lustily.

"I think I'm ready now." She tried to sound confident. "Put some more on me, dear Jenny."

The women's eyes met and I could feel the heat of that contact from feet away! I would have been jealous if I hadn't felt the same for both of them myself!

Jenny squirted another bit on Erin's asshole and ran her finger over and around that still slightly gaping hole. I awaited mom sticking a finger into Erin's butt, but it never happened.

"There. All good." She declared.

It could seem incongruous to have my mother prepping my girlfriend's asshole for me to fuck, especially as she had just fucked said asshole moments before, but such was my world. Where the sexually bizarre was just another day's events!

"Go slow, Jeremy!" Jenny told me, now suddenly worried about Erin's colon!

"No, mom, you don't have to show me how to fuck a girl's ass either!" I stated firmly as I stared fiercely at my mother's beautiful face.

This had both women laughing.

"And mom, could you take off that ... thing. You're giving me the heebie-jeebies!"

Both laughed again.

"You don't like mommy's dick, honey?" She teased as she waved the shiny phallus about.

"No, Jenny, I don't. The fact that you make even that look ..." I shivered uncontrollably.

"You think I look hot with a dick?" Mom's grin was as wicked as I had ever seen it.

She laughed, but she did begin to loosen the straps.

"Don't tease him like that, Jenny! He'll lose that erection and we'll just have to take care of ourselves!" Erin cautioned my mother, even as she added in her own teasing.

Maybe, I should just find some other girls to enjoy! Ones that weren't so playfully malicious.

But, then again, where would I find women as sexy as these two? Or so damned wonderful?

"Don't just stand there, Jeremy. Get over here and fuck your girlfriend's sweet ass!"

I truly had the best mother in the world!

That must be why I was so eager to obey her.

Which is what I did.

I got over there and knelt behind Erin with that sweet ass held up just for me. I lined myself up and put the head against her small opening. I could almost see her trembling with the fear of the pain that she expected to feel. I put a hand on her still deep pink rear to calm her.

"Are you ready?" I asked.

There was a long pause before Erin finally answered.

"Yeah. Go ahead. But if say stop, I want you to stop!" She warned me needlessly.

I wouldn't go one iota farther than she permitted me.

"Easy, honey." Mom cautioned.

She put a hand on my chest and rubbed it softly. Her other hand went down under Erin's hips. With the way that Erin jerked suddenly, I was sure that Jenny had a finger or two on my girlfriend's wet pussy.

I pushed forward with a constant pressure. Erin's lubed hole and my well-greased dick allowed the head to slip in far easier than I expected. I stopped movement after that small invasion.

"How does that feel, dear?" Jenny asked Erin sweetly. I didn't know if she was asking about my dick or her fingers though!

"I thought the dildo felt big!" Erin exclaimed as she looked over her shoulder at us both. "How much is that?"

"Just the head." I said, both my hands on her red ass to hold her, and me, steady.

"It's okay now, but ..."

"Don't worry, you'll love it as much as that small dildo, probably more!" Mom boasted.

"I don't know. But keep going."

She didn't sound that sure with her statement. I pressed again. Even with the copious amounts of lubricant it was hard to get another inch into her. I had possibly found something tighter than mom's asshole!

"Oohhhh!" Erin cried out loudly.

I couldn't tell if it was pain or pleasure. Maybe both?

Jenny's arm twitched more so that I was sure she was trying to work up Erin's pussy to account for the discomfort I was causing.

I managed to get another inch in with my constant pressure. Erin's ass widened around my shaft, but it might have looked like ass and dick were one and the same with the way the skin of either seemed to merge together.

"Owww!"

Okay, that was definitely pain!

I stopped immediately and was ready to pull out in a heartbeat if so requested!

Jenny smiled at me reassuringly and then leaned over to Erin's head. She whispered in her ear, but it was so low that I couldn't hear the words she spoke.

I saw Erin nod in response to something mom had said to her and then Jenny looked at me and she nodded as well.

"Keep going, honey. Just like you were doing."

I wasn't sure about that. If it hurt, I didn't want to inflict more pain on my sexy little girlfriend and possibly future wife!

"It's fine, keep going." Mom urged me when she saw my reluctance. She did still have that one hand hidden under Erin's hips moving urgently.

Jenny said something more to Erin who nodded again while still looking straight ahead. Jenny knelt upright again with a gentle smile.

I had gotten another inch, or a little more, in that anal vice. I felt like I was pushing a boulder up a muddy hill.

"That's it, you're doing fine." Mom said encouragingly.

But to which of us?

I was more than halfway when Jenny brought her face to mine and kissed me. I was suitably distracted and might have pushed a bit harder. I felt a lurch.

"Owww!" Erin cried out again, but then followed it up with, "Aaaaaah."

Was that pleasure? Or uncertainty?

"Keep going, Jeremy!" Erin wailed just as loudly as her painful cry.

No matter her demand, I was unsure. I didn't want to hurt her, or cause possible damage, just because she felt that she had to prove something to me. Or to Jenny.

Of whom I then looked to for confirmation.

Mom nodded slowly.

"Easy dear."

It wasn't so much care that regulated the time it took for me to push forward, but more that Erin's backdoor was more like a doggie door then a normal opening!

After some more wailing from Erin and soft encouragement from Jenny, and much manual manipulations from that buried hand, I finally succeeded in getting my entire length sunk in that tight chute.

"That's it, Erin, Jeremy's all the way in now. You did it, dear." Jenny congratulated the younger woman.

"I feel like I'm going to explode! I'm so full!" Erin said as she dropped her head to the floor. Then it sprang up and she looked over her shoulder at me, her eyes burning hotly. "Fuck my ass, Jeremy!"

I grinned at that demand!

"Slowly, honey." Mom told me.

I pulled back, finding this much easier than the slow crawl inward. I only retreated halfway before reentering again. Slowly!

It was easier with each additional plunge and in no little time I was able to work up to a decent rhythm. Erin's asshole was still so incredibly tight I was then worried about the damage to myself instead of to her, but it opened enough for me to give a good fucking! Of which she was receptive to as well, if her slight encouragement was to be believed.

"God damn! Fuck my ass! Give me that huge motherfucking cock, babe! Oh shit!" Erin screamed at me.

Then to finally verify what Jenny was doing, Erin gave specific orders to my mom also.

"Put two fingers in me Jenny! No! Make it three!"

Mom and I were both stretching out Erin!

Jenny then kissed me again, this one lasting for more than a minute, maybe even longer. I kept up my slow, steady thrusts but gradually increased the tempo. Not that I wanted to be furiously banging Erin's tender butt, but now that she had gotten into it and that it was causing her pleasure, I wanted to make sure she enjoyed it to the max.

And I was quickly working up to my orgasm as well!

It took almost no time before Erin began to really yell out in bliss, her words incomprehensible in her ecstasy, but the wails made words unnecessary.

"Aaaaa! Ooo-fuhh-ooo! Yesshiit! Fuuuhoooh!"

She might have trembled or shook more if it hadn't been for the multiple hands on her body supporting her shaking figure. It was still evident that she had reached a new level of delight and pleasure. This

didn't make Jenny or I stop or slow our ecstasy-giving actions. And Erin didn't want us to either as she finally let out an understandable word, even if it was more moan than word.

"Moooorre! Moorrre!"

It was made even louder by the way it echoed off the living room walls.

Jenny was repeatedly kissing me, mashing her lips to mine and plunging her tongue in my mouth as I did the same with my own.

This distraction aided in delaying my very imminent release, but only by moments.

Moments that Erin was using well as she went off with another titanic explosion, this one possibly stronger than the last one.

I was at wit's end and the end of my rope, and whatever other metaphors for having reached my own peak, the height of pleasure, or boiling over with passion.

I came.

And came hard!

Erin's ass was squeezing me so firmly that I was sure I knew how a cow felt when it was being milked! I definitely felt like every drop of sperm, semen, and cum was being pulled from my balls as if by a vacuum!

My hands tightened, probably painfully for Erin's tender skin; I grunted and groaned loudly as I expelled my being and my essence. The world spun, but Jenny was there to hold me up, with her body and her lips.

I felt myself slowly sinking to the floor, but far slower than gravity's embrace. Then Jenny moved away from me and over to Erin, who herself had collapsed to her side. Mom rolled Erin onto her back and opened her legs. Erin just looked on dazedly. Much the same as me.

Jenny laid down and licked Erin's very soaked cunt, a veritable river of whitish syrup flowed forth. Jenny also used her fingers to scoop up the thicker white ooze that leaked from the other crevice beneath Erin's pussy; my cum seeping from my girlfriend's asshole! She licked her fingers clean as good as she did with that tasty twat. Each hole got Jenny's incredible cleaning until no more juices could be seen on each.

Mom only cleaned Erin, even though I was ready to think that she would try to get Erin to orgasm again with a proper pussy licking, but soon Jenny rose up licking her lips. Her face beamed in delight.

It took a few long moments before Erin was finally capable of rising herself and the first thing she did when upright, was to give me a blistering kiss that was all the gratitude that I required.

"Oh, honey! We will do that again! Not for a while. I don't know if I'm even going to be able to sit tomorrow!" Erin told me happily.

"You can blame Jenny for that! Your ass is quite red from her spanking!" I replied innocently.

Erin's face lit up at that.

"Mommy, I've been very naughty now! I let my cute boyfriend fuck me in the ass!" She turned to Jenny with a wide grin on her devilish face.

Jenny grinned as well. She leaned over to Erin to give her a deep and fiery kiss.

"Did you like it?" Mom asked simply.

"Like it? No, I loved it!" Erin exclaimed loudly.

"I told you, you would!" And she kissed Erin again.

My own lips were soon joined with each of them in turn.

Chapter 28: What If?

Author's Notes:

And so here we are, Dear Readers, at the end. The real end!

This chapter is a series of alternate endings that many have requested for the main story. There was never a chance of the ending being anything but what it was, but I did go over some different outcomes and with those asking for them, I thought about what if they did happen. So, I wrote them out and I present them here. The format follows the main story for the most part, told from Jeremy's point of view, but not in the same detail and some portions of time are skipped over. All of the various episodes split off from the main story at some specific point of which is given at the beginning of each alternate scenario and then continues on to the new ending.

This had been intended to be part of the Appendix chapter, but grew too long and is here by itself.

As to this chapter's title, I'm an old comic book fan and one of my favs was the Marvel title, What If? which was a series about if history had been different for various superheroes. It fit the concept of this instalment, so I used it.

***

I'm not going to give away the ending of any of these episodes at the start, but they are the most requested outcomes since the story began. The first one starts off near the end of chapter 18 while dad is out celebrating with his work friends and Jenny and Jeremy are taking advantage of his absence (right before the breakup). I'm including a short bit from chapter 18 so that you can see where this splits off of from the main story.

Jeremy and Jenny are just finishing a round of sex ...

"That was nice." She said breathily.

"Nice, or nice nice?" I asked implying our euphemism for incredible, amazing, stupendous ...

"Very nice nice." Jenny responded so happily, with her face also indicating her intention with its nice glow.

"Yes, yes it was." I agreed wholeheartedly.

"We're going to go again?" She asked.

As if it was necessary to ask.

"All night long, love." I pulled her head down, staring into her eyes until our lips met.

A minute or two later, but it might have been a dozen or more, Jenny lifted up her face from mine.

"Justin won't be gone that long."

I didn't want dad to be brought up at all tonight. I was in bed with my cute sexy cheerleader!

"I'm sure it won't be that early. The guys he works with will guarantee that. Especially if they're drinking." I countered.

"I'm sure they will be, but he isn't usually up that late. He'll get tired and leave."

"He isn't driving home, I hope."

He may be my rival for Jenny's affections, but I did love my father and didn't want any harm to befall him. I just didn't want him finding me in bed with Jenny!

"No, he said he'd get a cab or one of those driving services if he had anything to drink. And knowing your father, he had a beer in his hand as soon as he got there!" There was a tone of concern mixed with one of disdain in Jenny's voice.

"I'm sure." And to change the subject I jerked my hips upward, reminding Jenny of my condition and my desire.

I grabbed her shoulders tight and rolled us over so that I was again on top of her lithe and yet curvy figure.

"Are you saying we're done talking?" Jenny asked with a sexy smile.

"Depends on which lips you're going to be using." I declared with another thrust between her thighs.

"I can't talk with those lips if you're going to put that huge tongue between them!" Jenny giggled as she wriggled her hips to match my pistoning cock.

My not-so-huge tongue dug its way between her ruby lips, ending all conversation. The verbal kind anyway. Our bodies were speaking volumes to each other!

The first time we had been making love. This time wasn't that.

I drove ferociously into her. She just as ferociously took me in.

We were animalistic, vicious, and primal. Each of us trying to make the other orgasm before bursting ourselves. We were two thunderstorms crashing together, molten steel pouring into icy water, a mountain avalanche falling into a granite cliff, each irresistible and resolute. Without another soul in the house, we neither held back nor kept silent our enthusiastic expression of our desire, our passion, or our love. I was the pile driver and she, the deep well.

Each of us couldn't last very long with the pace we were going and the energy we were burning. I did manage to last longer than Jenny again. And not only did she orgasm before me, she did so twice; one not long after the other, her body still twitching as the second wave of tidal force pushed her beyond awareness. My dick held off through her spasming pussy muscles before I too exploded with ecstatic delight.

Twice, or three times for Jenny, should have satiated either of us, but we were both still wanting, and hungry for more.

I paused my thrusts for only a moment. Jenny stared at me longingly, her hips still bucking up at mine. I answered her desire and her need, and my own, and breathlessly resumed my fierce fucking. My sweat

dripping off me like a rainstorm, Jenny's body accepting it like a forest pool.

And the moment of divergence ...

I was going all out and rushing for the finish line, Jenny beneath me was far ahead of me in that race.

Neither of us heard, nor noticed my bedroom door open, until ...

"What the Hell is going on here?"

I barely registered the voice and only that there was another person in the room!

Then my heart was in my mouth and my body froze as if petrified while in mid-stroke.

Dad's voice!

Which meant that the person was my father!

Dad was in the room; my room!

With me mounted on Jenny, my mom! His wife!

My eyes then found him, standing in my doorway. His expression was one of shock, of course, how could it not be! He stared at the two of us locked together as we were, in the middle of coitus. There was no denying what we were doing; this couldn't be explained away as a massage, or that this was a yoga pose! We were having sex! Fucking! His son and his wife! Together.

My brain scrambled and with my body locked in the middle of pushing my dick in Jenny's tight pussy, I was like a lump of stone and just as witless.

"Justin!" Mom screamed in surprise as she realized our predicament.

She was still capable of movement and coherent thoughts. She pushed up on me and managed to get my lifeless body off of her. Mom then wrapped a sheet over her naked form which was silly, as dad and I had both seen her without clothes countless times!

Dad was in my room!

He had discovered us together!

My brain was finally rubbing two sticks together and managing to realize that my existence was about to perish.

"It's not what it looks like!" Mom wailed out as she knelt on my bed, her son's bed! With me just beginning to move and my erection still evident.

"It looks like the two of you were fucking your brains out!"

It had been exactly that!

Maybe that's why I couldn't think straight! I had few brains left!

"Justin, let me explain!" Mom tried to stand while pulling the sheet off the bed with her.

"I don't think you can explain this, Jenny!" Dad said with his voice only slightly louder than usual.

As my brain cells fired, I realized that he didn't seem as mad as I had thought he would be for this illicit discovery. Was he in as much shock as I?

"Let's go to our room, honey!" Mom spoke in a rush. "We can talk there. We don't have to include Jeremy in this. This isn't his fault. I can try to explain."

Mom took dad's forearm and tried to lead him out of the room.

My dad's eyes pierced into me like twin claymores (the swords, not the ordinance) and the little bit of brain power I had at that moment left me in retreat. I just fell onto my bed staring at my darkened ceiling as it would be the last thing I would ever see.

Mom did get dad into the hall and she shut the door behind her as if that would protect me for a bit longer.

Dad didn't say anything more, or nothing that I could hear. I didn't expect him to be that quiet if he had spoken, so I thought he had kept his silence. I didn't know what that portended and assumed that he was so angry at our betrayal and deceit that he had no more words.

I listened to every creak of our house, every squeak from the gentle wind blowing outside, trying to hear something, anything from my parents downstairs. I expected that my door would explode open and that my life would pass before my eyes right before I died at my father's hands.

I thought I could hear muffled voices, but neither of their words were loud enough to decipher.

I had to force myself to breathe as my room grew darker from lack of oxygen as I tried to hear what my mortal fate would be. At least, if my life passed before my eyes, the last few months would give me a good show before I died!

I grinned at that.

The longer things went, the more hopeful that I wouldn't die that day, or night.

It didn't mean that my life wouldn't be changed forever by this turn of events. I couldn't even comprehend the results of this upheaval.

Then I heard something, something I hadn't expected to hear.

"Jeremy!" Mom's clear mellifluous voice. "Can you come downstairs, honey!"

That didn't sound terrifying!

Which only made me more scared!

I had enough forethought to at least put on some clothes before I left my room.

As fast as I had darted up or down the stairs at any time of my life, this was the exact opposite of those times.

I took each step as if it was eternity.

I knew then what a condemned prisoner felt like. I couldn't tell if my heart was beating so fast that I couldn't detect it, or if it had ceased beating altogether.

Mom nor dad were in the dark living room. That meant I had a few more steps of life left as I walked down the hallway to the crack of light from their bedroom door.

Stay away from the light! Don't go towards the light! My feeble brain was screaming.

I opened that door slowly.

My eyes wanted to go to mom first, as they always did, but my self-preservation found my father first. He was sitting on the end of their bed. The bed that mom and I had spent quite a bit of time romping in.

No! Now was not the time for those thoughts!

Dad stared at me intently, but I saw no anger on his face. There was a strain there, and a curious look, but no rage at his miscreant son.

I then looked to mom. My Jenny.

She had put on a full-length white robe and my sheet sat discarded on a chair. She was standing facing dad and she turned slightly at my entrance.

"Have a seat, Jeremy." Mom waved to the chair. Her voice was calm and there wasn't a hint of fear, or reproach in her tone.

Had mom been able to convince dad that we hadn't been having blistering sex?

That would have to have been the magic trick of the century!

I grabbed the sheet and sat. I held it like a lifeline in my lap. And that it had recently clad my lovely angel made me hold it tighter as I awaited my sentencing.

Mom's eyes showed only a brightness that I couldn't believe given the circumstances.

"I have some news for you, dear."

My brain still couldn't comprehend her pleasant manner.

"What's up, mom?"

I know, not the best final words of a dead man.

"Well, it seems that we hadn't needed to worry about Justin all along."

Huh?

I looked at dad and he just gave me a blank look in reply.

"I never knew this, and I only just found this out, but Justin, your father, has always wanted to see me with someone else. Another man." Mom sounded as if in disbelief even with the confidence of her tone.

Huh?

"He's not mad at us for what we were doing."

Her tone was far too calm for me to understand her words.

"Well, no, he is mad at us, but only that he didn't know what was going on."

What the hell was going on here?

Had I stepped into the Twilight Zone? An alternate dimension?

I looked again at my dad, or the stranger that sat on my parent's bed that appeared as if my father. That weird look was still on his face and he had a different air about him, as if he had come into some wondrous knowledge that the rest of us weren't privy to.

Huh?

I finally voiced my inner thoughts, even as complex and difficult as they were to relay to my parents.

"Huh?"

I hoped that they could understand that inquisitive statement.

Mom gave a little giggle.

Which seemed so out of place for the situation, or what should be her attitude given the imminent end of her marriage.

Wait?

Did she say dad wanted to see her with another man?

Another man?

Huh?

Mom continued almost cheerily.

"It seems that he has wanted to see me with another man for a long time, but didn't know how I would feel about it."

Then dad finally found his voice.

"I've known for a while that I haven't been enough for Jenny. Your mother." Dad had to divert his gaze from me or mom. "I've always thought how sexy it would be to see her being ... uh, pleasured, by someone else."

Dad then looked longingly, and lovingly at mom with the same adoration that I also felt for her.

"I just didn't know of any man that she might agree to if I had brought it up. Or one that I could trust to not take advantage of the request and try to hone in on my beautiful wife."

Mom smiled just as lovingly back at him.

If this didn't concern me and my future, I might have puked.

"I have dreaded her leaving me for some other guy because I wasn't enough to satisfy her." The glow on dad's face spoke of his love for our mutual goddess.

"I didn't want her cheating either, because of the chance that she might leave me."

Dad's gaze returned to me and there was some scorn there.

"He's not upset that we've been ... doing what we've done. Or that you're my ... our, son." Mom interjected softly. She still stood there magnificently and majestically.

"If it had to be anyone." Dad paused as if someone else would suddenly appear to take my place. "I guess I should be happy that it is you, Jeremy."

Another pause.

Still no one appeared.

"We both love you, and I know that you love your mother. It seemed a bit disturbing at first, but you are a logical choice, even if not my first one."

Did he have someone else in mind? Some friend perhaps? Surely not Bob from work! Jack was already married, although it seemed like he was having some marital issues himself. Did dad want to share mom with his golf buddy, and instead of hitting the links, that the two of them would bang mom?

That made me shiver in disgust!

Back to the topic at hand.

"I do love her, dad. And she loves me." I proclaimed. I didn't expand on that. That mom had said she loved me best! That wasn't something to declare to your father, no matter what strange proclivities he might have!

"I know you do son, and now I see ... how much."

I didn't know how to respond to that. I looked back at mom.

She smiled cheerfully back at me.

"I love you too, Jeremy." Jenny told me boldly. With her husband just feet away staring at her. And with the full intent of her words known to all!

"Yes, we all love each other." Dad's voice was a bit brusque.

"You know, Justin, that even had I known what you desired, there was no way that I could tell you about ... us." Jenny gestured to her and me. "What was I to say? 'Oh, honey, by the way, I'm sleeping with our son.'"

Jenny's eyes fell on me.

I could feel dad's eyes on me as well, but the vision of my love was far easier on mine.

"I'm so sorry, dad. I never meant for it to happen. It was all my fault." I declared as I fell on my own sword.

"It was my fault." Jenny stated firmly. "But none of that matters now. Just that we have all come to this point."

And what was that point?

I still couldn't believe that dad was okay with mom, Jenny and I having sex together. Even in my fantasy world that I was living in, that just didn't seem possible!

I held my sheet tighter. At least that was real as none of the rest of this seemed to be even close to reality.

"I can't believe that the two of you have been carrying on without me knowing." Dad looked at both of us incredulously.

"We've had a few near misses, dear." Jenny grinned sexily at me, and then at dad.

"Like when?" Dad queried intently.

Did he really want to know that?

"Um, well ..." Jenny started as she thought.

Was mom actually going to tell him?

"You remember that scratch on my fender?" Jenny asked.

Dad nodded hesitantly, trying to remember what he might have missed from that incident.

"There wasn't a scratch. My fender was fine. Jeremy happened to be buried deep in me at that moment."

Dad turned to look at me fiercely. I just shrugged my shoulders innocently.

"He had been inside me in the kitchen when you came in, so we moved to the garage to finish and then you followed us out there. I had to come up with some excuse and I told you about my scratch."

I almost grabbed my crotch at that memory, but stopped when I saw dad again looking at me.

"Or that time when he told you he had fixed my box?"

Oh no!

"Yeah?"

"It was my box that he was fixing." Jenny looked firmly at dad as if to explain her meaning. "My box! Then he practically outright told you what he had done and you were oblivious."

I thought it was daring of her to tell dad how clueless he had been then.

"Oh, your ..." He checked mom out up and down her robe-clad body. "That was what I had heard?"

Dad had an easy grin on his face to show that there was no ill will from our jesting of him.

"Tell him about the washing machine, mom!" I exclaimed. "Or while we were at Willie World!"

Now that he knew, I almost wanted to brag about all the times I had taken Jenny without his knowledge!

"What about Willie World? You two couldn't have done anything there!" He asked in disbelief.

"I don't think we need to tell him about the washer, young man. Or about every time that we've ..."

If dad liked this, then why not?

Then I remembered.

Mom and I had been in the utility room getting busy which was right before dad told her about his weekend trip in South Carolina. When they had that fight! Not a good time to bring that up!

"So, wait!" Dad's eyes lit up. "The other night? You really were banging your mom during that movie! There is no Emily?"

I rolled my eyes up and looked at the ceiling guiltily.

"God damned! What else have I been missing?" His tone wasn't of accusation, but of exhilaration.

Mom did relate a few other episodes and incidents. She did leave out the big weekend with me, her, and her sister. That might be harder for him to accept!

It was very late by that point, and even if Jenny and I hadn't finished that last time before dad interrupted us, all I wanted then was to go to bed. Well, I should say more clearly, to sleep.

Jenny yawned and that caused dad to yawn as well.

"It's been an eventful night. I think that we should go to bed and we can talk more later." Jenny said.

"Yeah, we have a lot more to discuss." Dad agreed and yawned again.

I fought off the urge myself, and rose, still clutching my sheet.

"Good night, son." My father told me with a more appraising look in his eye. It made me a bit uncomfortable.

"Good night, dear Jeremy." Mom came over to me to give me a kiss.

Even with the knowledge that dad knew about us and was okay with it, it felt strange when instead of a normal motherly kiss she might have given me, she planted her lips on mine firmly. I opened my eyes wide at that. I didn't at first respond to this show of affection, but it only took a moment of Jenny's lips on mine for me to grab her hips and kiss back passionately. It didn't last long lest we end up on the floor and we parted taking deep breaths.

"Wow! It is strange seeing Jeremy with you like that, Jenny, but still, that was damned hot!" Dad exclaimed with more enthusiasm than I'd seen in him for anything but golf in a long time.

I was very self-conscious at that moment to even think about doing anything more with Jenny, even if she might have offered. I turned and exited my parent's bedroom.

I trudged up the stairs barely faster than I had come down them. I went to my room like a zombie, still in a daze at the evening's outcome. I truly did fuck my brains out as I couldn't manage to get two thoughts together as I fell into my bed. The bed that so recently held my darling mother and dear Jenny.

It was then that I heard that telltale sound from downstairs that my parents were having sex. Clearly, listening to mom and I retell some of the incidents had gotten to my father.

My dick reminded me of its readiness, but I fell asleep leaving it unmolested.

My dreams were much like my reality and were filled by moments spent with Jenny in every position!

The next morning (hey, it was still before noon!), I went downstairs hesitantly. I was nervous to see mom and especially dad with what I then knew.

Mom was bubbly making a large breakfast with the other three in the living room watching cartoons. Even dad was watching the animated antics on the TV. Dad glanced up at me as I entered the room and he gave me a sly look. I didn't know what that meant, or implied, and I just gave him a slight nod in return. I entered the kitchen to get something to drink and mom came over to me as I opened the fridge.

"Morning, honey. Did you sleep well?"

Not her normal greeting, but it still seemed innocent enough.

"Fine. The neighbors downstairs were a bit loud." I answered as I grabbed a bottle of Tigerade.

"Neighbors downstairs?" She stared at me for a long moment. Then her eyes lit up at her understanding.

"Oh! Yeah, that! Well, Justin had gotten a little worked up by what he had seen and then heard. And I had been interrupted right before I ... well, you know." Mom smiled cheerily at me without a hint of the sexual suggestion in her words that were in her tone.

"That wasn't my fault!"

"I know, dear. But it seems to have worked out for the best."

She then surprised me by giving me an unmotherly kiss hard on my lips and one of her hands grabbed at my short's crotch.

"Mom!" I gasped and pulled away from her.

"It's okay now, Jeremy. Justin doesn't mind." Her tone was very devilish as she closed the short distance between us.

"Johnny. Jojo." I pulled my head back as her face neared mine again. "And I think your eggs are burning."

"What would you know about your mother's eggs?" Mom grinned, but she did move back to the stove.

This was a little too intense for me so soon after finding out about dad's peculiar interest. My brain had regenerated during the night, but still wasn't working at full capacity.

My dick though, had woken and at mom's grasp, had begun to rise.

"Hey, you two." Dad said and came over to the fridge. He nodded oddly at us with a leer on his face that looked bizarre to see. "Can I get one of your energy drinks, Jeremy?"

He had never had a Tigerade in his life!

"It's not an energy drink, but sure, go ahead. You bought them anyway." I nodded at dad as I stepped aside for him to reach past me. Actually, mom had bought them, but it had been his money.

I guessed that it was too early for beer, but that had never stopped him before.

"I have to start watching what I eat, and drink. I'm not getting any younger." He smiled normally, but what I then knew of dad gave it a menacing hint.

"Don't let me stop what you were doing." He opened the bottle and took a swig while standing there watching mom and me.

Like I was going to just do it on command?

"I don't think Jeremy is quite comfortable yet with this." Mom gave a forced laugh.

I wasn't sure about her comfort level with it either. I thought most of what she felt then was just relief at her marriage, or her life, not becoming a ruinous mess. I was relieved as well, but ... this was something altogether different!

"Jojo and Johnny are right there." I stated. My siblings were out of sight, but it would only take either of them a fraction of a second to spring up and come to the kitchen.

"We should wait until later, dear." Mom cautioned. I just didn't know to which of us she had spoken.

"Well ... okay." Dad sounded rejected, but he went back to the other room, taking another drink from the bottle. "You know, this stuff isn't so bad."

I just shook my head and went to sit beside my sister and watch meaningless cartoons.

Nothing more was said, and even during the breakfast feast the three adults said little. Just as we were about to finish, dad spoke up.

"How about we take the kids over to your sister's for the afternoon?" He suggested to mom.

"Justin!" Mom emphatically cried out.

"What? She hasn't gotten to see them in a while, not since this new boyfriend, what's his name again?"

"Eric." Mom answered. "What has gotten into you? You just found out about ..."

She looked at me for a glance.

"This is kind of big for us too, give us some time to get used to you knowing first." She told her husband.

That didn't sound like mom though. Was she only saying it for my benefit?

"It's okay, mom. I think I'm okay now." I almost had called her Jenny, but my brother and sister were right there. It might seem strange for me to suddenly change what I called her in front of them, even if they didn't know the reason why.

"See Jenny, he's okay with it." Dad urged.

I wasn't okay, not yet. This was such a bizarre thing that I didn't know if I would ever be 'okay'.

"Let me call Jess first and make sure before we just show up."

I really wouldn't have minded having my hot aunt there with us! But, then again, that went for every situation I found myself in! If dad wanted to see me with mom, what would he think about me with his sister-in-law?

No. This was only about me and mom. Jenny.

And dad.

I shivered.

This was going to take quite a bit to adjust to my life's new twist.

Aunt Jess had been surprised by the short notice, but she gladly agreed to watch the kids for the afternoon. I was elected to drop them off and

my aunt gave me a suspicious look when she greeted the three of us. I tried to get the hug she gave me to last longer than usual, but she pulled away from me with a little bit of a glare.

"This isn't something about you and Jenny is it?" She questioned me warily.

I was perfectly honest.

"Dad's home."

"Oh, okay." She still sounded like she didn't believe me, but she said nothing more.

"Do I need to bring them back?"

"No, I'm sure one of us will come back and get them."

"You're not going to tell me what this is about, are you?"

"Don't you want to spend time with your niece and nephew?" I retorted.

"I just know you too well, Jeremy!" Aunt Jess said fiercely.

Yes, she did!

"You'll just have to talk to mom later." I said as I went to leave before I said more than I wanted to reveal.

I wasn't sure how much mom might tell her sister. Although it seemed she shared far more than she should. Like her son! Which I hadn't been sorry for in the slightest!

It was a short drive back home, but the butterflies in my stomach made it seem longer. Was I about to have sex with Jenny? Would dad be watching, or just in the house aware of what we were doing?

As much as I longed to be with Jenny, but to be doing so in front of an audience, and that it was my father, the one that we had been trying so carefully to avoid, wasn't going to be easy!

I opened the front door and went in, not knowing what to expect. I was sure my parents had been talking in my absence. I couldn't even guess what they might have said.

"Jeremy." Mom greeted me.

Dad nodded at me from his recliner.

I saw that mom had gotten dressed and was no longer in her robe and nightie. She had put on a simple sundress. It was a pale orange, maybe melon-colored, with roughly-drawn little bees swarming all over the dress. It ended just above her bare knee and left her upper chest also bare, with only two thin ties over her shoulders.

She saw me looking at her and she smiled and did a twirl for my eyes.

"Isn't your mother beautiful?" Dad asked. I assumed he was talking to me, even though his gaze was on the vision before the both of us.

"Um, yeah." I responded uncertainly. Not about my answer, but about the questioner.

"Don't sound so enthusiastic, honey!" Mom scolded me with a light tone in her voice.

"I'm sorry. This is just ... weird."

"Weirder than having sex with me?" She asked me intently.

I knew what she meant. Not that I felt weird having sex with my beautiful mother, but that she was my mother.

"No, yes. I don't know." I looked from mom to glance at dad for a brief moment.

He was eyeing us both intently, studying us. He nodded to mom.

She took his cue and stepped closer to me. She reached out and took each of my hands in hers. My eyes found hers, those deep green pools sucking me in as nothing else ever did.

Mom, Jenny, then closed with me and put her lips softly on mine. I instinctively pursed mine to meet hers.

I was all too aware of my father sitting there watching us; watching me.

Jenny put her hands, and mine, on her hips. She pulled hers away, leaving mine alone, and then put hers on my shoulders. She pulled me closer to her, such that I could feel the swells of her breasts against my chest.

"Kiss me, honey!" She breathed into my face.

I couldn't refuse that request, no matter the surroundings, or spectators.

Our lips met, our bodies pressed together, my hands moving from her hips to the small of her back. Jenny's hands were replaced by her arms as her hands then curled behind my neck, pulling me even closer.

I was lost to the world then and all that existed was our joined lips and the portions of our bodies that were connected with only some thin clothing between us.

Then I heard a loud gasp from somewhere.

Realization made me pull back from the bliss of Jenny's lips.

"What is it, dear?" Jenny's hands ran through the hair on the back of my head. Her eyes gazed longingly at me.

"He's just watching us!" I whispered, hopefully so dad couldn't hear.

"He wants to see us together, hun." Jenny sighed into my ear.

That just didn't compute to me!

Jenny was his wife! His girl. She may have been mine also, but I could never want to see her with someone else! It had been hard enough to know that she and dad had ... done anything. But I also had eighteen years of seeing her as my mother, and dad's wife; so that my new image of her fought to override that. But to dad, Justin, she was his woman. The person that he had married. To let her be with someone else seemed contrary to how I felt about her. And he not only was letting her, he wanted this!

I shouldn't have questioned that, as it now allowed me to do what I wished with Jenny. Presumable whenever I wanted, or that she allowed. Which would be as much as I wanted.

"Mom." I said/asked.

"Please call me Jenny, Jeremy. Show Justin how well you know me."

I couldn't say that I wasn't affected by her presence. Or her willingness.

That she wanted me, me! How could I deny that!

"Jenny." I stated. I made sure to speak it loud enough for dad to hear.

"Go on, son!"

I was getting convinced, but more because of my desire for Jenny and not because of dad's desire for it. The former was going to override the latter at some point, sooner or later.

"Yes. Go on, son!" Jenny said dreamily as she pressed more parts of her against me.

Her pelvis had started a slow circle on my growing crotch. My dick that took no notice of dad's presence, and only of the closeness of Jenny's pussy.

Jenny kissed me again. A kiss that was as hot as any that we had shared. I felt my reluctance completely melt away under that blistering heat!

I couldn't help it. My body reacted as if on autopilot. My hands roamed her back, from the bare skin of her shoulder blades to the soft curves of her ass. My hips ground against her pelvis. My lips parted and my tongue traced along her lower lip. Jenny's lips also slipped open and her delicate tongue danced along mine.

"Yes."

I ignored dad's encouragement.

My hands came back up to mom's shoulders as our mouths mashed together. I pushed the two strings off her smooth bony shoulders. The slackness of her dress revealed more cleavage, that I felt rather than saw. My lips separated from hers for a split-second and a hair's breadth.

"Jenny." I whispered.

Then I was running my lips up her jawline towards her right ear, my tongue leaving a damp trail in my wake. I kissed her earlobe and then just below it. She tilted her head with a soft sigh as I pressed my lips to her neck around the back and under her hairline. My breath tickled the short hairs there as her hands ran over the back of my neck.

My mouth, lips, breath came back around to the front, but following a lower path that ran down her tendoned neck, over her the inside of her shoulder and along her collarbone. I felt her breath on the side of my face as I then moved up the front of her neck, over the bony chin, and returning to her soft pink petals of flesh.

She moaned into my lips as our tongues once again danced again in our conjoined oral ballroom.

My hands rose and encircled her motherly mounds in the loose bodice of her dress.

I felt guilty at that.

Because my father was sitting there watching me grope mom; his wife. Not that she had any qualms about my forward fondling. In fact, she seemed to push her breasts harder into my grasp.

This emboldened me to pull the front of the sundress down and reveal her heavenly fleshy orbs with nipples that had already stiffened.

"Doesn't Jenny have the nicest tits?"

Okay! This was very out of this world!

If dad had known how great mom's boobs were, why hadn't he been giving them more attention?

I mean, I'm glad he hadn't, because that led to me getting to pay them all kinds of attention!

I rolled each nipple between forefinger and thumb and Jenny cooed delightfully at that.

"She really likes to have 'em pinched!"

This was hard enough to do without dad's constant comments. I couldn't tell him to shut up though, as he was the one allowing me to do this.

"Justin." Jenny spoke his name plainly. "Shhh! Just sit there and watch. Please."

It wasn't so much a command, but even her calm voice carried some authority.

"Pinch my nipples, honey! I do love that!" Mom said happily.

I did as my parents wished. More for mom than for dad though.

"Ooo!" She gasped as I squeezed those hard nibs between my fingertips.

I leaned in again and planted my lips on her open mouth, my tongue driving between her lips.

Jenny's hands roamed over my back and then moved down to grab my ass and pull it tighter against herself. I helped her with a jerk from my

hips to let her know of my hardened state in my pants. As if she hadn't already taken notice yet.

She then grabbed the bottom of my shirt and practically ripped it up over my head. I had to release my hold on her to get it off my arms, but my hands went back to caressing and massaging her full tits.

Jenny kissed my neck and then a series of tiny kisses across my bare chest. After a dozen or so, she even added soft licks of my skin. Then her tongue tickled across my nipples. There was no special sensation at that, besides that it was my lovely Jenny trying to entice me.

I heard a grunt from the chair.

I looked. Then wished I hadn't.

Dad had opened his pants and had groaned at releasing his own hard penis.

That was something I never wanted to see ever. Ever!

He saw my gaze and nodded approvingly at me.

I diverted my eyes. I wanted to go soak them in bleach, but the angel before me kept me from fleeing.

The angel that then was kissing me again.

And her hands were between us and rubbing over the awkward lump there.

Awkward? I meant, awesome lump!

Jenny moaned into my mouth and I assumed that it was in appraisal of my cock's condition.

I was so ready to do more, needed to do more.

But going any further would mean getting naked in front of my dad.

Not that I hadn't been nude in front of guys before, but never in the middle of having sex, or even being erect when I had!

Mom's hand rubbing slowly and firmly up and down my covered shaft had me aching to rip my pants off and shove my dick deep inside her!

Which was the point of this encounter, but just that this time it included dad as a spectator.

If not for Jenny's caressing fingers, I might have gone soft. Or, probably not. Dad or not, Jenny got me so excited that I would probably be capable of doing this in front of a stadium of people!

Not that I wanted to test that thought!

Then Jenny's fingers were working my pants open.

I pulled my lips from hers, very reluctantly, and her eyes widened in response.

"Are we sure about this, mom?" I spoke my concern, fear, and apprehension.

I was sure she had to have felt the same, and that it was only our overwhelming lust for each other that had let things get this far.

Her eyes flickered back and forth between my own, and I saw my own doubts there.

"Jeremy." She whispered so softly. "It's what all three of us want."

She was correct there.

I had had a nagging feeling that maybe dad had just wanted to get better proof of mom's infidelity to use against her, or of my incestual abuse of his wife. But without even looking (don't look, don't look!), I could tell that dad had a hand around his dick and was enthusiastically enjoying watching Jenny and I making out.

Still, I was nervous and tried to think of some other motive for dad's interest besides strictly voyeur.

I guess, that just because I couldn't conceive of sharing my girl with another guy, didn't mean that other men didn't have that kink. Just because I couldn't understand it, didn't mean it didn't exist.

Now, other women, then sure, I would share Jenny all day long! I knew at the end of the day that she would return to my arms. Or my bed.

I stared into Jenny's gorgeous green eyes, feeling myself spinning around those irises.

"Jeremy." She spoke to regain my attention. "It's what I want."

That's all the reason I needed. And I told her exactly that.

One of her hands came up to my cheek and her fingers rubbed it softly as she returned my deep gaze.

"I love you, Jeremy!" She spoke the words of her heart.

"I love you, mom. More."

She smiled endearingly. Then dropped down to her knees.

Her hands grabbed my pants' waist band and tugged down fiercely.

My boxers sprang up with their contents.

"Oooh!" Jenny exclaimed exaggeratedly. It was as if she hadn't seen my erection a hundred times or more.

"See what a big boy our son is, honey." Jenny said as she tenderly wrapped a palm around my shaft.

I didn't necessarily want mom to point out to dad about my aroused condition. Or of my size.

Unless. She was pointing out that I was bigger than him!

But that would just be my male ego asserting itself.

"Uh huh." Dad grunted.

I hoped that he wasn't staring at my dick!

Jenny looked up at me with beaming eyes. Then she flicked her tongue over the tip of my encased cock.

"Do you want mommy to suck your big penis, Jeremy?"

"Oh fuck!"

I don't know if that was me or dad.

"Mommy wants to suck it! It's sooo biiig for me!" She licked her tongue around the hidden head.

"God, mom!"

Okay, that one was me.

Jenny rubbed her cheek on my hard dick, all while keeping her glowing eyes on mine.

"I love my baby's big cock! Can I suck it now? Please, let mommy suck your hard, fat dick, dear!"

I almost glanced at the chair before I spoke, but I kept from doing that. I didn't want to see my father jacking off.

"Suck my cock, mom! Wrap your lips around it and suck it, you bitch!" I growled.

If dad was okay with us, I would test that approval!

"Suck it, Jenny!"

That was dad!

Mom's eyes got brighter and wider.

Her hands pulled down my boxers, but did it such that when my dick sprang free, it hit her on her cheek.

She giggled cheerily at that, as if it was a great joke.

Jenny gazed at my erection as if it was a work of art.

I flexed and made it bounce.

Jenny laughed gaily. Then she put out her tongue and licked underneath my shaft up to the edge of my mushroom head before pulling back.

"Do you like that, honey?" She said so sweetly, I felt in danger of diabetes.

"You know I do, Jenny!" I fiercely told her. It was the second time I spoke her name loudly in front of her husband. And there would be countless more! "Keep doing that!"

Mom then fell to engulfing more than half my dick. More than she usually attempted. She began to gag, but that didn't stop her from going again after pulling back to get her breath. I felt that she was trying to prove something with dad as I had told her numerous times that she didn't need to deep-throat me for me to enjoy her fellatio skills.

Or she just wanted to show her husband what a cock-sucking slut she was for their son!

I was fine with that!

I put a hand on the back of her head, but not to force her, only to guide her.

"Push me." Jenny said softly when she released my length.

"Are you sure?" I questioned with concern.

"Shove your dick down my throat!" There was no softness in that fierce demand.

She took me deep again. Within an inch of my entirety. I could tell she was struggling mightily to go further. I used my hand to pull her closer.

I was worried, but she had commanded me. I pulled harder and even gave a thrust of my hips.

Jenny's lips reached the base of my cock, her nose buried in my pubic hair. I didn't feel her pulling off, so I gave two short jabs as I flexed my ass. I then felt a gentle pressure and I released her. She still only retreated up my steely shaft slowly, her eyes wide, and I could feel the unreleased coughing on my dick.

When my cock slipped from her lips, a large mass of thick spittle dropped from Jenny's mouth as she coughed harshly.

"Are you okay?" I asked as she looked up at me with watery eyes.

To answer me, Jenny put my dick back in her mouth and sucked up her saliva with relish.

"Damn it, Jenny!" Dad growled hoarsely.

I reflexively looked.

Sure enough, he had his hand moving slowly up and down his exposed penis.

I blinked, and turned my eyes away.

Bleach, I needed bleach!

"Do you like mommy sucking your big cock, Jeremy?" Jenny said between bobs down my thick shaft.

"I've told you hundreds of times, Jenny. You're the best cock-sucking mom there is!" I said loudly, giving dad my opinion of his wife's skills.

"And I love you telling me every time, baby!"

Even as strange as this seemed, Jenny's expert skills and vast knowledge of what worked on me, had me building up to a massive explosion.

"Mom?" I let her know what I was sure she already knew.

Her eyes lit up even more, as if that was even possible!

"My turn!" She cried out. "Now you can show Justin how great you eat mommy's wet pussy!"

Mom almost sprang to her feet, her dress falling off her as she stood so that it appeared as if she sprouted from it like magic. She did have no panties on! She then whirled around and sat on the couch with her ass almost off the edge with her legs spread almost impossibly wide. She had angled herself so that her husband would have a good view around my head at what I was about to do to her.

I had to look at dad then. I kept my eyes on his and blocked out the rest of him. It wasn't to seek his approval, but he nodded at me anyway.

"Lick your mother's hot pussy, son!"

"Oh, Justin! You wouldn't believe how good he is! He eats me and I just melt in his mouth!" Jenny praised me.

What?

Was she an M&M?

But she did melt in hands just as well as my mouth!

She was just as sweet to eat!

My dick was burning, but I knelt down anyway; my need to lick Jenny's slick snatch greater than my urge to orgasm.

I dove in and licked up and down and all around. I sucked at her labia, shoved my tongue deep, and licked at her most intimate treasure. Jenny wiggled under my touch, shivered at my lapping, and trembled with delight as I gave her my oral all.

"Lick me Jeremy! Suck mommy's clit! I love your tongue buried in my cunt!" Jenny wailed. Presumably louder for my father's benefit.

"Oh, God damn!" Dad yelled out.

I assumed what I didn't want to know.

Jenny verified it.

"Did we make you cum, Justin? Did your son licking your slutty wife's cunt make you shoot your cum?"

If mom's voice got any sluttier, she would have to be standing on a corner!

"Damn it, Jenny! You don't know how long I've wanted to see this!" He said hoarsely. "I never dreamed of it with it being our son, but somehow, it only makes it hotter! I've given you not only to another man, but also to our eldest son!"

I ignored them both and kept licking mom's pussy, lapping up her clear leaking fluid.

"Wow Justin! You're still hard!"

Mom's tone spoke of what a miracle that had to be, but it was one that I didn't want to witness. Even if I might have provoked it.

"Jeremy's making me feel sooo goooood, honey! I'm going to ... cummm tooooo!" Mom moaned as she approached her own orgasmic release.

It appeared that that was what she wanted, so I didn't prolong my cunt licking. I knew how to make Jenny writhe and shake and I did so then! Her hands buried in my hair as she forced my face deeper and regardless of dad's view, she brought her legs around my shoulders and held me in place. It would take far more than her strength to move me from my place between her thighs!

I tickled and teased her clit mercilessly, sucking on it to its fullness.

"Fuck, fuck, ohhh, fuuuuuckkkk!" Jenny shouted as her hips jerked at my face and her tasty syrup poured forth from her depths.

I drank thirstily at that delicious fountain!

After a few moments, she pushed at my head.

"Stop, stop. It's sensitive, lover."

I had to believe all this then. That mom openly called me her lover in front of her husband, my father. While he continued to wank his weinie.

Did Heaven have its own Heaven? If so, that must be where I had found myself!

"Go on, Jeremy. Fuck her now. Put your cock in your mother's pussy."

I had to shake my head at hearing those words!

I had never heard my dad drop an F-bomb before. He might have said it elsewhere, but he never had in the house or in front of his children.

I never wanted to hear my father say cock that wasn't in relation to a rooster!

And to have him say 'mother's pussy'! My mind reeled.

But my cock was still hard and aching to be in my mother's pussy!

"Ready, Jenny?" I asked as I wiped my coated lips with my forearm.

If willingness could be captured as an image, it would have been Jenny's face at that moment!

I didn't need the words, but still she responded whole-heartedly.

"Please fuck me, Jeremy! Fill my pussy with your huge cock! Mommy needs to be fucked so, sooo badly!"

I had to squeeze my base to keep from shooting my load right then!

"Oh shit, Jenny!" Dad exclaimed. Then, "Fuck her good, Jeremy! Give your mother a damned good fuck!"

Well, when I had both parents telling me to do it, then I definitely had to do it, didn't I?

I would have to fuck mom good; damned good!

I knelt up between her inviting thighs as Jenny stared at me with half-open eyes that screamed sexiness.

"Do you want this cock, mom? Do you want your son to ram his big cock in your cunt?"

"God, please, baby! Mommy needs big cock and I need it nowww!"

She almost appeared ready to rip it off my body and shove it in herself without me!

I waggled the leaking head over her reddened and soaked lips. She groaned in anticipation.

I put the fat head at her opening and pushed so that that was the only part of me inside her.

"Nooo!" She screamed. "All of it! Give me all of your big dick!"

Her hips jerked such that at least another inch was sucked into her wetness. I grinned at my power over her right then.

I pushed in and sank into that wonderful channel once again. Mom shivered and her pussy muscles almost felt like they were pulling me in farther. It was needless, as I was so very willing to be buried all the way in that heavenly chamber from whence I sprang!

"Go ahead!" Our third urged from his chair.

On the third push, I bottomed out. I stayed there for a few long moments enjoying her warm tightness and inviting wetness.

"Jeez Jenny! You feel sooo damned good! Like I must be in Heaven!" I told my mother.

"I know I am in Heaven! Your cock feels just as good in me, honey!" She answered me.

I could hear moans that weren't mine, or Jenny's, but I put them out of my mind.

"Fuck me, Jeremy." Jenny said plainly and simply. Neither request or demand. Just a statement.

A statement that I fulfilled.

I pulled back until I was only half complete and then sank deep again.

"Ohhh! Yesss!"

"Do you love that, Jenny?" I needn't asked, and only did so for myself in front of dad.

"Ohhh! Yesss!" Mom repeated just as loudly.

"Tell me, slut!" My voice could get no deeper.

"Fuck me! Fuck your damned mother, Jeremy! Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!"

Yep, I think mom liked me!

"Like this?"

I rammed hard. Repeatedly. Furiously.

I struggled for breath, but still I didn't let up.

Jenny just cried 'yes!' over and over and over again.

Her legs came up over my shoulders as I drove into her. I stared into her eyes as I thrust hard into her clenching pussy.

Even with as bizarre as this was, my need didn't waver or wane. It was almost no time before I could feel the sizzling in my nuts of my burning urges. I was going to pop soon and massively!

Still, I hoped Jenny would be first, but at that moment, I couldn't be worried about that. I was too worked up with screwing mom in front of dad and no longer having to worry anymore about anything that we did together. It was that relief that increased the need for my current relief.

"Oh ... Justin ... Jeremy is ... oooo ... fucking me! Our son is ... fuck-king me ... with his ... big ... hard ... cock!"

I pistoned hard and fast in mom's cunt as if there would be no tomorrow, even as I wished for plenty of tomorrows. Jenny was a mass of quivering, quaking, shaking, and shivering beautiful flesh as I drove both of us to the edge.

I did beat Jenny to the punch again, but only by a few seconds.

I poured my seed deep into mom's womb; seemingly endless ropes of cum shooting from my burning cock.

Then the floodgates opened and I was suddenly drenched from the waist down.

I continued to pump that broken dam as the last of my balls were emptied and mom quavered like an epileptic.

I collapsed on top of Jenny's slim figure like a fallen tree. I reveled for a long moment in the sensation of her naked sweaty flesh against my skin, her large breasts heaving with her heavy breathing even as I myself gasped for air.

"Jeremy. Get up." Jenny nudged my shoulder.

I looked down at her face with a wide grin on mine. I gave her a quick, but not innocent, kiss. She returned it, but still pushed on my arm.

"Get your stinky body off me. Dear."

As I rose from that luxurious recliner, I saw that she also had a wide smile on her glowing face.

I kept my eyes from the other side of the room, but I did see that dad was just standing up but had his pants still open. His penis was back hidden, but there were white strands across his belly as he held his shirt up over his chest.

I shivered unconsciously at the evidence of my father's spent excitement.

He walked to the kitchen and grabbed a hand towel off the fridge handle.

"Not that one!" Mom cried out too late. She then let out an exasperated sigh as her husband wiped his belly.

"Sorry, Jenny." He apologized weakly.

"What the hell was that at the end? Did you just pee all over Jeremy?" Dad asked with some shock in his tone.

"What? No." Mom replied without moving, beyond sliding up onto the couch more comfortably. "It's just that ... uh, that sometimes ... with Jeremy ... that I get really ... um, excited ... and I uh ... squirt ... when I ... well, when I cum."

"That's what that was?" Dad seemed very curious. "I've heard of it, but never seen it. It was ... very hot, now that I know!"

"It's not all the time, only sometimes." Mom rose to a sitting position against the couch armrest. Still naked, and a small dribble of white ooze barely visible just below her still exposed pussy.

"You've never done that with me. Have you?" My father asked, still more curious than offended.

Jenny looked at me, standing there still naked, exposed to both parents with a wilted willie. She then turned her gaze to her husband.

"Um, uh, no. No, I haven't." She said guiltily. "It's nothing against you, dear. You do a very good job too. Just that ... um ... sometimes ... Jeremy ... does something ... to me. I can't explain it, or make it happen. It just bursts from me."

I had to hide my grin as my mom tried to explain my 'extra' effect on her during sex.

"I'm sure it has something to do with him being your son. That you're doing something forbidden to most." Dad sounded interested, but oddly calm.

"I'm sure." Mom agreed. "I've thought it was because we were trying not to get caught."

"By me." Dad said simply.

I went to the kitchen to get a Tigerade. I kept my ears open to follow the conversation.

"Did it make it hot to hide what you were doing from me?"

"Yes. But it was more than that. I didn't really think of it at the time, but that it was Jeremy was a big factor."

"What about me being big?" I teased as I returned.

Jenny did smile at that, but dad's face stayed calmly usual.

"I hope you haven't let the kids see you two!" Dad then spoke more fiercely.

"Oh God, no! Justin, never!" Mom exclaimed loudly.

"There were a couple times though, Jenny!" I said, even though I knew it wasn't a subject to joke about with both parents right there.

"Jenny?"

"Remember that time I shoved your dirty panties in your mouth and Jojo almost caught us." I reminded mom.

"Jenny!"

"It wasn't like that, Justin. I had the door locked. She didn't see, or hear anything." Mom gave me a dirty look.

"She couldn't hear you, because your mouth was full of your dirty panties!"

Dad then glared at me and I understood that his acceptance of our hanky-panky had limits.

He then looked at his wife with an easier smile.

"You had dirty panties in your mouth? Did you like that?" Dad almost had a leer on his face.

"Jeremy put them there to keep me quiet. Quieter." Jenny looked shyly guilty at us both.

She stood slowly, but ever so gracefully. She grabbed the bottle from my hands and took a large swig of it before handing the plastic container back to me with a defiant look on her face. I merely grinned happily. I would gladly share all my fluids with my mother!

"There's a lot about you that I didn't know, my dear wife!"

"As well with you, honey." Mom gave dad a soft kiss on his lips. I flinched, but said nothing about my lover sharing her buss with her husband.

"Did you uh, enjoy that, dear?"

It was directed at dad, but I answered first.

"I sure did!"

Jenny glared at me.

"It was far ... hotter ... than I thought it would. I don't know if that was because of ... smart ass here!"

"I'm glad you were satisfied." Jenny then glanced at me as well. "Both of you."

This earned me a kiss on the cheek. I said nothing of the slight. At least I had gotten to fuck mom, while dad only jerked off.

"Now, I've got to get some towels for this mess I've made."

"I'm going to take a shower, mom. I'll throw down some from the hamper." I grabbed my discarded clothes, trying to act nonchalant with my nakedness in front of my still-clothed father. I had no issue with it in front of mom!

"Thank you, Jeremy." Mom said calmly.

"You could join me." I looked at her longingly. "If dad will let you, that is."

"No, you go on. We're going to have to talk more about this. It seems things are going to be different around the house from now on." But mom then looked at her husband. "I'm guessing that you wanted to see me like that more than just the once? Am I correct?"

"Oh, damn yes!" Dad agreed heartedly. "I'm not giving you over to Jeremy, but he can borrow you upon occasion."

"We'll have to talk. Set up some rules, and conditions. So, there is no ill feelings about this ... very strange arrangement." Mom's eyes went back and forth between her two lovers, husband and son. "Now go on, take your shower. I have to freshen up myself, and Justin, you need to at least change that shirt!"

Even with this new situation, mom was being a mom!

After my shower, I went and picked up my siblings. Aunt Jess eyed my quizzically, but I gave up no information to her blistering gaze. Her double D's or too-incredible ass didn't aid her in her curiosity either, but only because I was currently satiated. And that I supposedly then

had permission to be with Jenny all the time! No more sneaking around!

That might have been important information for my aunt who had always cautioned Jenny and I about dad discovering us. Now that he had, her warnings were unnecessary. But that was for mom to tell her sister.

Mom, dad, and I did manage to have a lengthy conversation, but it had to wait a few days as the next day was the first back to school after Spring Break. I had many friends tell me incredible stories about their Caribbean adventures, or other such vernal vacation locations. I had to try to look impressed at the tellings, while unable to recount my more impressive escapades! I mean, who of my schoolmates had gotten an okay from one parent to have sex with the other?

The answer, with a wild ballpark guess, was one!

Me!

I sailed through the day eager to rush home.

I might have had to wait until Jojo and Johnny went to bed, but I felt sure that dad would want to witness 'another man' take his wife again!

Mom was almost awaiting me when I got home, but we did nothing more than make out for the short time until my brother and sister returned home. She would let me do nothing more than kiss her until we talked with dad. Which I found ironic, in that now that we had at least semi-permission, that she didn't want to do anything illicit without his knowledge! It hadn't stopped her before the past weekend's events!

Still, I felt confident in dad's continued interest in mom and I keeping up our love affair, even if he just saw it as us having sex and nothing more. We hadn't said anything about the love that we shared beyond that of mother and son. That might be more than he would be willing to accept, and possibly rescind any given permissions if he realized how much of a competitor for Jenny's love that his son really was.

Things were quiet between the three of us when dad came home from work. Mom gave him a welcoming kiss, but he spoke very little. I eyed mom, wondering if my father was debating his allowance of our sexual dalliance. Mom shook her head at me that I took to mean to keep quiet. I did so unhappily, or more, impatiently.

Tuesday was a more normal day at school, as I was coming off the high of the weekend and the disappointment of the previous evening. I went home with little expectation of more than kissing with mom again. That was the case, even when I found that she had on only a fairly skimpy blue bikini as she had been getting some sun in the backyard before I

came home. Then she was getting some son in the living room! I did fondle her breasts, but wasn't allowed to reveal them. I did sneak a finger into the bikini bottoms and Jenny was sighing before I was told to stop. I got the impression that her and dad had had more words the previous evening when they had gone to bed as she was being more permissive that afternoon.

Brother and sister came home, mom put on a bath robe, then dad returned and seemed more cheerful than the day before. His demeanor brightened even more when I saw mom give him a flash of what she had on under the terrycloth robe. I was even more surprised when she never changed out of the swimsuit before dinner, though it was kept covered by the white robe throughout our meal.

After dinner, mom was very carefree with her hands when Jojo and Johnny weren't looking, and she had me and dad hard from her groping grasp and fondling fingers. That she did so with me was one thing, but watching her teasing dad was disconcerting.

The younger pair were directed to either of their rooms to play and were told that mommy and daddy had to talk to me. Both looked at me as if I had been in trouble and was about to be punished. I smiled at their sympathetic faces as if to reassure them otherwise, but neither looked as if it changed their opinion of my fate.

Dad took his recliner, as usual, and Jenny and I sat on the couch opposite him. Mom had untied her robe and let it open so that only a sliver of skin and the valley of her breasts were exposed. She sat somewhat close to me, easily within either of our reaches. She put a hand on my pant-clad thigh, but closer to my knee than my dick, of which wasn't quite sure whether to stand or keep napping.

Mom began the talk.

She outlined dad's desire to watch us together and the lust that each of us felt for the other.

I had assumed that this would be a lengthy discussion about different circumstances and what would be allowed, or when.

It basically was summed up that I had almost free reign to do anything with mom, with her permission, of course. Dad would watch us if he was around and that he might even become involved with his wife if the urge took him. I sure hoped that that only meant that she might blow him while I ravaged her pussy, or that she might give him a handjob or such while thus engaged with me. I really didn't want to be involved in a DP with him and mom!

I was a bit surprised that Jenny and I wouldn't be limited to just the times that dad would watch, and I was very glad with that as well! Dad had understood that he wasn't enough to keep Jenny satisfied and

although he didn't seem that happy to give me near unlimited access to my loving mother, he seemed happier to have it be me with her than some other man that he didn't know or trust. Mom told him repeatedly that she would never have cheated on him with someone else, and told him how much she still loved him.

She didn't reveal her love for me, and she pretended what the two of us had done was only sex.

To be able to stay with her, under dad's visual permission, I wasn't about to say anything about our intimate passions either.

Dad, for his part, seemed unsure about the revelation of his little kink, to his wife much less his son, but that he got to live it out overcame any reticence he might have had about it. I could tell that he wasn't overly wild that it was his son that got to share his wife, but he knew that I would never hurt my mother and never try to take her away from him. Little did he know, that that was the fantasy of mine that would never become reality, no matter how fantastic my life had become.

Throughout the discussion, mom's hand slowly moved up my thigh and her robe opened wider. I tried to put a hand on her bare leg under the hem of the white robe, but she just swatted it away. I realized that she was only teasing me, and thus, also dad, especially as my brother and sister were still awake. It had never actually been voiced, but all three of us instinctively knew that there would be nothing going on if

there was the slightest chance of my brother or my sister possibly catching any of us.

It also went unsaid, but it was obvious that whatever sex life my parents might have outside of my inclusion was theirs alone and had nothing to do with anything else that might happen between Jenny and I, or dad if he ever became more than just spectator.

I had no wish to barge in their bedroom at any time they might have had their own 'private' time! Even this concession to dad's watching us was too much for me! But I understood that it was a small price to pay to no longer have to worry about being caught and having all our lives ruined by it.

Whatever dad might do, or not do, while I was having sex with his wife wasn't discussed, but it was understood that he would be aroused by it and would possibly have to alleviate that occurrence. My distaste for that was noticed by Jenny as we skirted those aspects of our odd ménage à trois and she gave me a wicked grin that had me shivering more than the prospect of seeing dad doing things that I surely didn't want to see!

The one thing that kept my interest in any of this, was the beautiful angel sitting beside me teasing me with her roaming fingers and stimulating my eyes with her barely revealed charms hidden by the simple robe.

That simple act, barely less than innocent, was enough to draw my father's intense attention as he followed mom's hand on my leg as if it might have been on his own thigh.

Mom then called Jojo and Johnny back downstairs and they looked at me with sympathy. Neither noticed mom's hand sitting on my leg, which then was no longer traveling around. We watched some TV together, a nice normal family with nothing out of the ordinary going on. Dad's gaze kept darting from the big screen to Jenny's fingers halfway between my knee and my half-hard dick.

Soon enough, but seemingly an eternity to me, it was bedtime for my siblings. Mom ushered them up the stairs, following them while still in her bikini and robe. Dad and I sat quietly without acknowledging each other in silence.

Mom came down the stairs with a big easy smile, and in no hurry. She glanced at each of us; her two lovers. She gave no indication of what would soon occur. She looked at me invitingly, but then sat across dad's lap with her legs over the arm of the chair. She draped herself on him with an arm around his neck. She whispered playfully in his ear words that I couldn't hear. Dad looked up at her face with a bit of surprise and a lot of lust. Mom ran her other hand over his broad chest seductively. He could only stare at her.

"Are you sure about this, Justin?" Jenny drawled out sexily. "Do you want to see me with another man again? To have Jeremy take what is supposed to be yours alone? To have your wife give herself willingly to your son?"

My beautiful mom kissed my father's cheek.

"It feels like you do! I can feel you are hard under my ass!" Mom said sultrily. She then looked to me. Her eyes burned brightly with lust.

"Do you want to screw your old mother's pussy, Jeremy? Do you want to make me beg for you to make me cum hard on your big cock?"

How else could I answer that?

I stood and dropped my pants and underwear, not caring that my dad saw everything, but only that Jenny could!

I sat back down but with my butt on the front edge of the couch. I stared at Jenny with the fire of a hundred passions.

"Come over here, Jenny and sit on my lap!" I ordered my mother fiercely. "Ride my dick, you hot bitch!"

Dad's eyes opened wider at that vulgarity, but his mouth stayed shut.

Jenny almost leaped from dad's lap and across the room in one bound. She dropped the white terrycloth robe in mid-flight as her eyes honed in on her target. The bikini bottoms hit the floor as quick at the robe.

"Which way?" Jenny asked me.

It took a half second for me to figure what she meant.

"With your back to me. So, he can see me in you clearly."

Even with permission, approval, and consent, I was still nervous about this. I mean, who gets to fuck their mom with their father watching the action? We had done it once already, but that happened so fast and that my mind had been still reeling in amazement that it hadn't really sunk in. I wasn't sure that it had even then!

"Oh, you're so naughty, Jeremy!" Mom cooed delightfully as she spun about and showed me her glorious ass as she slowly bent forward. "Our son is a very bad boy, Justin!"

Dad barely nodded as his hand covered his lump.

"Do you want mommy's hot wet pussy, baby?" She put her hands on her knees and shook her butt almost in my face. "Do you want me to wrap this cunt around your biiig ... haarrdd ... caahhckk?"

Oh, so badly!

I grabbed her hips tightly and pulled her down to my lap. I didn't worry about lining us up right then, and just wanted to get her sitting down. She did make sure to reach down and hold my dick forward so that it rested against her motherly slit.

"Ooo!" Jenny cooed again as our genitals rubbed against each other.

My dick throbbed even more upon contact with Jenny's slick labia. She took the head in her fingers and waggled my shaft over her wetness.

"Damn it, mom! Put my dick in your tight pussy!" I growled at her.

"How do you know how tight your mother's vagina is, young man?" She might have been talking to me, but her eyes were on her husband. "Have you had your huge, hard penis in it before?"

I played along.

"Hundreds of times. My mom's a slut for her son's dick." I stated flatly even though she was driving me crazy with her teasing of my love pole.

"That's a terrible thing to say, Jeremy!" Then she giggled. "Mommy is a big slut for her baby boy's big boner!"

I then heard a zipper.

"Jeremy! Daddy's got a big boner too!"

I didn't need to know that!

But then, I was the one that was going to get to fuck her, so it didn't matter what my father had!

Jenny rose up a few inches and gently pushed the head into her opening. She grabbed the shaft and wiggled the tip inside her pussy lips. Mom might have wanted to tease me and my father, but she could wait no longer herself. She slid down lusciously around my thick girth as she filled herself with my fat cock.

"Oh baby!" Mom shrieked in pleasure when she had all of my length buried in her chasm.

"Do you see that, Justin? Jeremy has his whole cock in mommy's slutty cunt!" She said halfway between a sexy purr and a hungry growl. "Yes, grab that cock, baby! Stroke it for me while I ride our son's amazing dick!"

Jenny leaned back almost to my chest and shook her hips to wiggle my dick inside her tight pussy walls. I was sure that that angle gave my father a better view of his son and his wife's joining. I reached up with both hands and grabbed her bikini-clad breasts, feeling her fullness fill my palms and fingers as I squeezed those glorious orbs.

"Damn it, honey! I love your cock filling me up so much! Sooo muuuch!"

"Your pussy is sooo frickin' tight, Jenny! I just love having my dick in you, mom!"

"Mommy loves it too, honey! I just can't get enough of that Jeremy cock!"

Which was very fortunate for me!

"Do you like this, dear? Your slutty wife is full of someone else's big dick! Yeah, I see you do like it! Keep stroking that dick for me! Yeah!"

It seemed having the both of us even partially involved really got Jenny worked up, as she was being even more vocal and vulgar!

"Damn it, Jen, you are so goddamn hot with another dick in you!" Dad said hoarsely, his breath uneven. "I only wish that I had said something to you about this a long time ago!"

"Or just that you had caught us earlier!" Mom sighed as she lifted herself upward only to drop down hard again.

"That last time you took the kids to the zoo ..." Jenny told her husband, "Jeremy and I had sex all over the house while you were gone! He took me on the kitchen table just like you did that one night. You remember, the one we were sure was when Joanne was conceived!"

"Really? Right on the table?" Dad barely got out with his ragged breathing.

Jenny rose up again and then down.

That was all she could take anymore of delay. She put her hands on my stomach to brace herself and began to bounce rapidly up and down with my dick plunging in and out of her dampening pussy.

"God, Jeremy! I love that! Fuck me!"

She was the fucker; I was just the fuckee!

"We bounced that damned table all over the kitchen! Didn't we, honey?" Mom then let out a long moan as I drove up into her unexpectedly.

"Yeah, mom! Just like you love to bounce on my dick! Ride my cock, Jenny!" I grunted loudly.

I hoped she was getting close as she did ride me like a galloping stallion. I could feel that burning feeling rising in my nuts.

"Oh yes! Shit yes!" Jenny groaned loudly as she vigorously bounced on my lap. "You're going to make me cum, Jeremy! Mommy's going to have an orgasm on her son's big cock! Do you hear that Justin? Your son's big fat dick is going to make your wife have a ... huge cum!"

"Cum, Jenny, cum on that dick!"

I didn't need to hear my father saying that! Even if it was exactly what I was thinking myself!

My dick and dad's words had mom wailing in delight as she bucked herself to a massive orgasm.

Luckily or not, she didn't soak me that time even as it appeared there was no difference in the intensity of her bliss.

I could no longer hold back either!

Jenny recovered enough that she realized that I was going to fill her pussy with my thick seed. The first blast shot deep into her dripping hole but then to my dazed surprise, she pulled up enough for my dick to pop free as it continued to shoot big globs of my cum which then landed on her pelvis and brown bush.

"Fuck, Jenny!" I cried out in joy, and shock.

"Look at all Jeremy's cum, Justin! See how much he fills my pussy with when we fuck! How much mommy drinks down her throat when I suck on that huge, thick cock!" Jenny groaned out as if still cumming. "Do you see it leaking out of your wife's hot cunt?"

"Aaah ... shiiiiiit!" Dad grunted.

I was surprised then that he hadn't already ... cum. And I wasn't surprised that he had done so when he did, considering mom's lewd actions and words.

Of which she wasn't finished.

I felt her fingers on my dick, sliding along my still steel shaft. I didn't know what she was doing, until I saw her bring her hand to her face and sexily lick and suck her fingers that were coated in white. Her hand dropped, but I didn't feel it return to me. It did come back up to her face with even more of my sperm coating her fingers.

"Mmmm! Our son's cum tastes sooo dammmn gooood, dear!" I could hear the smack of her lips.

One more time her hand dropped down to her stomach to collect my gooey spread and then go back to her hungry mouth.

"Mmm. I could eat that all day long!" Jenny moaned in delight. "And see, honey, he's still ready for more!"

Mom's hand wrapped around my sticky stick and waved it around.

"Do you want to fuck mommy some more, baby? Mommy wants you to; I want you to bang the shit out of your slutty mom's cunt!"

"Damn it, Jennifer! You don't have to enjoy it so much!" Dad rebuked his wife, my mother, our lover.

"Don't you like seeing me being such a slutty bitch for this other man? To see how much he gets me hot and horny? I thought that's what you wanted." I didn't have to see Jenny's face to see the make-believe pout she had to have there. "We can stop this all if you want."

Mom then stood and I saw her with a finger trailing through some remnants of my enjoyment of her just above her chocolate pubic forest.

"That's not what I said, Jen! I just ... I just love you so damned much! I don't know how I ever managed to get you to be with me! I just want you to ... be happy!" Dad almost sobbed his feelings. "You are too amazing for me to believe!"

Okay. I almost felt guilty about what Jenny, I mean, mom and I had done. He was still my dad and I loved him as well. I had never set out for any of this to happen. It just did!

"I am happy, honey! Even more so now that I can show you how much by being with our son!"

I didn't follow that logic, but I guessed at her true meaning.

As did Dad.

"I'm happy you're happy. I'm so glad that you are doing this for me, even if you two had been already cheating on me. With each other. I would be very mad at you both, if this didn't have me so turned on. I love you, Jen!"

"I love you too, Justin! And I love Jeremy's cock too!" Mom told dad affectionately and then she grabbed my swaying pole.

"Are you ready for round two?" She reached behind her and untied her bikini top and tossed it next to the bottoms, and her robe.

"Always, Jenny, always!" I told her as I stared ferociously into her eyes.

"I want you in charge now, lover. I want you to fuck me good and hard!" Jenny gave me a fiery kiss and got down onto her knees and hands, staring defiantly at me over her shoulder.

She had lined herself up pointed at dad. I assumed so that he could see her face as I pounded her royally. Because that is what I was going to do to her!

Dad had his pants still open and I was surprised that he was erect. Not that I wanted to see that!

To make up for that, I gave Jenny's gorgeous ass a very firm smack. One that was enough to sting my palm.

"Oow!" Mom bellowed out and stared again at me.

"Jeremy!" Dad also bellowed.

"It's okay. She likes it. Don't you ... slut?"

I was nervous then about the vocabulary after dad's reprimand.

"I do! Spank me again! Harder!" Jenny could teach a tiger about growling!

I glanced quickly and guiltily at my father. At least his hand hid most of that which must not be seen! He nodded at me.

"Spank her, son! You heard her! Smack her hard!"

It was so weird to hear my dad telling me to spank my mother's ass hard.

But I had other things to do before that!

Like ram my big, hard dick into her wet, tight pussy again!

"Oh! Fuck!" Jenny cried out as I plunged deep in her.

SMACK!

"Ooww!" She cried again.

"More!" Jenny then demanded.

I didn't know which act she wanted more of, hard dick or hard hand!

"Spank her, Jeremy! Your mother is a very naughty ... girl!"

"I am! I am!"

SMACK! SMACK!

Then to alleviate any more accidental sightings, and to add something more to Jenny's 'punishment', I grabbed a handful of her silky brown locks and pulled so that her head came up suddenly.

"Yes! Pull my hair! Please fuck me! Fuuuck meee!" She wailed.

"Jenny!" I said in a more hushed voice. "Not so loud. Unless you want one of your other children to find out how ... naughty their mommy is!"

"Fuck me!" She almost whispered that as she turned her head to shoot those green laser-eyes at me.

"Go ahead, son, give it to her!"

I just gave a small shake of my head in disbelief and pistoned harder and faster in that velvet vice that was my mother's vagina.

I had one hand tugging on her hair, one hand grasping her hip as I sawed in and out at a rapidly increased tempo. This had the effect of

nudging Jenny across the living room floor; her hands moving forward as I slammed against her ass and her knees then following. We moved slowly, only inches at a time. I could even joke that it was eight inches. Or more precisely, eight and a half inches!

Jenny continued to moan with each thrust and occasionally urge me to do as I had been doing; fucking her!

We reached dad's chair and Jenny put her hands up on his spread knees. I'm sure the two of them were giving each other deep meaningful looks at that close range, but I just gasped for air and beat my rhythm of lust.

"Jenny." Dad breathed deeply as he barely spoke her name.

Then mom's head pulled from my hand's hold on her short hair. It fell onto dad's lap and solved my problem of seeing too much of him. Not that realizing that Jenny was blowing him was much better. But, at least, I still had her clenching chasm wrapped tightly around my throbbing and thrusting cock.

Even with her mouth full, mom still moaned from what I was making her feel. Her ass shook as she was filled top and bottom; her bliss bubbling over her entire frame.

She couldn't call out her orgasm, but I felt sure that she had at least one more as she got more dick at once than she had ever had before. I took no regard for if she had, and kept going as if she hadn't. I felt the need, but it was still controllable. Not that I expected it to stay that way for too long! Fucking Jenny was too incredible to contain!

"Oh, Jenny!" Dad cried out loudly while trying to restrain himself.

I heard mom gurgling as she quickly swallowed dad's declaration of his love and excitement.

I upped my speed, trying to guarantee that mom would cum if she hadn't yet.

And to increase my need so that I could fill her pussy with my cum!

"Yes! Baby! I'm ... I'm ... fuh ... gaaah! Cuh-cuh-cuh! Minnng! Ah ... gainn!"

Well, that answered that question!

Then it was time for my turn.

I might have held back for a bit longer, but I let my balls unload anyway. It still felt like I had been holding it back for an hour!

"Cum in me! Fill me with your cummm!"

And that I was!

Then I was falling away from her, my darling mother.

I managed to make it to the couch and collapsed to sit on it.

Mom was sitting on her bare ass with her back braced against one of dad's legs. She was wiping a finger over her chin and licking her lips as she looked over at me as if she might be studying me.

"Are you okay, Jeremy? I mean, really okay?"

I had just fucked her to two amazing orgasms. For me anyway, I had no idea how many she had had in total. Even dad had cum twice and from what mom had said about that before, it was a minor miracle. So clearly everyone had enjoyed all this. What did she mean, was I okay?

"Yeah, sure! Why wouldn't I be?" I asked without concern.

"Don't give me that. I know you." Jenny told me firmly. "I know this is all a bit ... bizarre. Even I am having a problem wrapping my head around it. I just want to be sure that we don't go messing up your head."

Bizarre wasn't the word for this, whatever this was! I didn't even know what the word for this was! I mean, it was one thing to be able to have sex with my mother before dad found out, or to even be with Aunt Jess as well, and to outdo either of those things, that I had fucked Jenny and her sister at practically the same time. And now I got to have sex with mom in the open, without worrying about dad finding out anymore, but only because he wanted to watch the two of us going at it.

There was no wrapping my head around this; my head was too busy spinning out of control!

"No, I'm fine, Jenny. Matter of fact, give me a few minutes, and I'll be ready to show you how fine I am!"

I wasn't exactly fine, but I didn't want Jenny to know that! She might decide that we couldn't go on anymore, regardless of my father's approval. And I definitely didn't want that to happen! I wouldn't be able to live if I couldn't keep being with Jenny!

Mom gave me a long look as if she could read my little lie, but she just smiled with concern touching the edges of her soft lips.

"I'm going to take a shower. Do you want to join me, Jenny? We can use your bathroom. If dad wants, he can even watch some more." I said playfully, trying to act as if unaffected by her question. I even included my father to show that I was okay with it. Besides, after two, he had to be done for the day! Maybe even a few days!

"That does sound nice." Mom's smile widened. "How does that sound, honey? Do you want to watch us get dirty in the shower?"

"No, that's okay. I'm pretty wiped out already. I'm going to take a quick shower, but I'll go use the one upstairs. You two go ahead and have fun." Dad said calmly. He did actually look ragged. "But not too much fun!"

He even gave us both a leering smile as he stood, his pants open but his privates tucked back into his underwear.

I did love my father. And I think right then that loved him even more!

"Jenny?" Naked me asked my naked mom.

"Come on. You can wash all over my body. And let's see if we can get your little friend big again!" She said gleefully, any concern now gone.

"You really are insatiable, mom!" I exclaimed as I followed her down the hall to my parent's bedroom, which was somewhat odd that she and I were going there, while dad was going in the direction that I normally went, upstairs!

"Only because my son makes me that way!" She was almost rushing for the shower.

Was that because of a need for cleanliness? Or a need for me?

I didn't care, either way I was going to be in the shower with my beautiful lusty mom!

Through the tender caresses of Jenny, the wonderful vision of her wet naked beauty, and the will on my part to do more with her, I did rise again. I also paid great attention to Jenny's cleanliness, especially with her breasts, ass, and her very dirty pussy that I had to spend an inordinate amount of time rubbing clean. We had sex, with Jenny bent over facing the faucet while I rammed into her from behind.

Dad's shower took far less time and he poked his head in the bathroom to wish us each a good night and a request to keep the moaning down

so he could get to sleep. We were nearly done and told him so. Jenny even invited him to sit on the toilet and watch us in coitus. He declined and closed the door.

We finished; the room probably more steamed up because of us instead of the warm running water!

Mom and I went to our respective bedrooms; hers on the other side of the door and mine upstairs. She gave me a long passionate kiss goodnight and I trundled off a happy man.

Just because we then had to no longer hide our incestual liaisons, it didn't mean that Jenny and I were going at it nonstop. Even that would be too much for me! I would never admit that out loud, and these words here aren't evidence enough! I was sure that it would never be too much for my lovely Jenny though!

I came home the next day, Wednesday, and mom greeted me with a kiss. A deeply sensual and blistering kiss. You know, like any mother gives their son! I assumed that that would be it until later after Jojo and Johnny had gone to bed.

I was wrong and just had to accept that on things like this that I would never be right. But considering the outcome, I would then be happy to be wrong all the time!

Instead, mom broke the kiss and dragged her tongue from my mouth only to then drop down to her knees and began to undo my pants.

"Mom!" I cried out in surprise, and glee.

"I've been dying for some of your delicious cum all day, baby!" She said hungrily as she looked up at me from her knees with a wanton gaze on her face.

"Suck all you want, pretty lady, I'll make more!"

"Ooo! Goody!"

My pants and underwear were then around my ankles and my rising dick was enveloped by Jenny's warm wet lips.

Although she stayed at home, Jenny surely went to town on my cock!

It was almost like she had never sucked me before with the way that she ravished my steely member. I thought she might take the skin off with the way that she licked my dick, and she was practically sucking up my pre-cum before it emerged from my piss hole!

"Jeez, Jenny!" I gasped as I fought to keep my balance with my feet trapped together in my clothing.

I grabbed her head to steady myself and that only seemed to encourage her to increase her ministrations.

"Shouldn't we wait for dad, later?" I queried. Not that I wanted to wait. Mom had me already ready to explode at any time that she would allow me.

"Are you saying that I should stop?" She batted her eyelids at me as she spoke with my dickhead in her mouth.

"Oh God, no!" I exclaimed loudly.

"Then, let me finish!"

She returned to licking up and down and all around my burning flesh.

"What about dad?"

"What about him? We don't have to have him around all the time." Jenny said nonchalantly. "And I suspect that after yesterday, he might need a day off." Then she paused, before continuing. "But we don't need a break, do we?"

"Shit, no! Suck my dick, Jenny! And make it quick, the kids will be here soon!"

As she had done before, Jenny knew the time her younger children would arrive almost to the minute, and she had just finished drinking down my huge load of cum, cleaned my shaft, and had everything tucked back away before the front door banged open.

Mom welcomed them home. Not as wonderfully as she had done with her eldest, but I'm sure the cookies she gave them had them just as grateful to her as I!

Dad came home and gave me a suspicious look. He then looked at mom. She just smiled cheerily at him and gave him a peck on the cheek. I had the feeling that he was looking for confirmation that the two of us had done something. I wasn't going to say anything, not unless mom gave me some indication first, or that she just told him outright herself. He must have picked up some slight clue, or maybe some married mental communication, because dad then gave me a congratulatory gaze. I didn't acknowledge it as that would confirm what might have just been a guess on his part!

Jenny had been correct about dad's state. He never came out and said anything, but he also never asked for something to occur either.

Later that night, after my siblings went to bed, mom came to my room. I hadn't expected her, but her appearance was never a surprise. I knew that dad was still awake and had to be watching the late news for the time. I also noticed that Jenny left my bedroom door open. So, anything that might happen could possibly be heard downstairs if my father chose to listen.

"What's up, sexy?" I turned from my computer and eyed my mom in her black pleated skirt, and baby blue blouse that I immediately noticed had been unbuttoned far deeper than earlier. There were only two pearly buttons still fastened.

She leaned against the doorway with one bent leg, one hand on her hip and the other on the doorframe. Like a seductress from another age!

"Are you hungry for a late-night snack?" Mom asked, or more like purred.

"Sure, you know me. What do you have?" I checked to see if she might have had some sort of food concealed from my sight. Even as I was sure she meant something else.

"Would you like a taste of mommy?" She breathed out sexily.

My eyes lit up at that!

"That's my favorite thing to eat!" I tried to keep my voice below a shout.

Jenny quickly moved to my bed and sat on it as she lifted her skirt and opened her thighs.

"Mommy is a naughty girl! You're not wearing your panties again!" I exclaimed excitedly when I saw her bare beaver ready to eat.

"Are you going to spank me again?"

"Not today. I'm too hungry right now!" I sprang from my chair and knelt down beside my bed as if I was about to say my prayers. As if. All my prayers had already been answered by this lovely angel of heaven.

Was it sacrilege to go down on an angel? To make one beg to orgasm on your face? To make her curse like the devil when she did?

I plead the fifth on any such charges then!

I will admit that we fucked as if she was Hell's leading succubus and if I was going to be damned for doing so, then at least I would have great company with which to spend Eternity!

When we finished, Jenny straightened her clothing and looked as proper as any other subdivision mother. The kiss she gave me before leaving wasn't proper, but very appropriate.

My mind was still spinning from the encounter, but I listened for any comment that my father might make when Jenny reappeared. Sure enough.

"Was that good, dear?" He asked calmly

Mom just laughed.

"You both should try to be quieter. I know that you wanted me to hear you, but you can't wake the kids."

I chuckled at the exchange.

Things went on like this.

I gradually got accustomed to this arrangement, and even didn't feel the urge to stab my eyes out anytime I happened to catch sight of dad's dick. I preferred to see anything but that; a dead skunk with its guts hanging out, a diaper from a baby with diarrhea, vomit, you name it. But I didn't flinch anymore when I did happen to see it.

On the flip side, I was getting to see a lot more of my dear mother!

If we had been going non-stop before dad caught us, we only escalated that another two levels!

Dad wasn't always present, and even if he was, he didn't necessarily jerk off every time either (though, I think most of them that he didn't, it was because he was unable to 'perform' as Jenny and I were giving him a show regularly!). There were many times that mom and I would be going at it while dad was in another room and not actually watching us, but if we were fucking while he was in the house, he was very aware of it!

Mom and I did manage to get our own private time, much as we had before. We just didn't have to worry about being caught like then. Although there were times that we would purposely stage some incident so that we 'might' be 'caught', just so that we could capture some of that danger that we had felt. It wasn't quite the same, and it

was more the nostalgia of the memory than the actual feelings that we had had in the past.

The two of us probably used my parent's bed more than they did themselves, even as they had increased use of it with dad's revived libido. But Jenny and I weren't limited to just their marital bed, or the living room. One evening after dinner with dad and my siblings watching TV in the living room, I had mom's skirt up while she bent over the sink and I rammed into her with short quick strokes. The running water covered some of her cries of delight, and dad kept my brother and sister distracted while I banged our mother to two nice orgasms. I knew that dad managed to sneak a peek or two as I went at it, but the only thing that he could have seen was the back of me and Jenny's legs standing apart to accommodate my entry. Afterwards, mom had problems walking as she tried to keep her thighs together to keep the huge load of cum I had filled her with from running down her legs.

Dad also wasn't always as willing as he might have chosen.

I had sat on the couch and mom was blowing me while on her hands and knees before me. Dad watched raptly from his recliner and paid no attention to the golf tournament on the big TV screen. I actually was following some of the action on the screen as I kept my eyes elsewhere. Mom had been going at for quite some time as this was more for her enjoyment (and dad's!) than to make me fill her belly with my thick seed.

When I felt the urge growing too fast, I wanted to distract Jenny who seemed eager to make me explode in her mouth at that point. I made myself look dad in the eye. He had been slowly stroking his erection as if awaiting on some signal to erupt himself.

"Hey dad, why don't you get mom warmed up for me?" I purposely used her maternal title so that my father understood that not only was I another man that would use his wife, but that I reminded him that I was their son that would be violating her as no son should.

His gaze went from Jenny's actions to my face. He looked confused for a moment, as if he had forgotten that there was a person connected to that big cock his wife was loving with her mouth and tongue.

Mom turned to look at him, but her lips never leaving my solid slick shaft. I didn't know what her expression was to her husband, but dad then realized what I had implied. He looked back at my face with a stunned surprise. But he stood nevertheless.

He shuffled up to mom's rear with his pants around his knees. He knelt down stiffly and Jenny lifted her ass to give him access.

"Jenny?" He questioned her while still getting into position regardless of what her answer might be.

"Fuck me, Justin! Get me good and wet for Jeremy's big cock!"

It hadn't been my intent to cuck my father, but this whole situation bordered on that anyway. I didn't want to deprive him of his wife or his pleasure, I just wanted to get my time with her as well! That he had the kink of liking to watch, or know that I was fucking her, was his own business. I was just the sexual profiteer of that desire!

I knew when he had entered her from the change of expression on Jenny's face.

No matter who was pleasing her, I still found the look on her face to be intoxicating!

Maybe there was more of dad in me than I cared to admit?

I still would never have willingly shared her!

(But I guess I was, wasn't I?)

Jenny returned to sucking on my throbbing dick, my urges then calmer. She wasn't able to make that need grow any further as she had trouble focusing on the dick in hand with the one in her bush.

I really did need to look up that phrase someday!

Dad's face screwed up with his exertion and the ecstasy he had to be feeling surrounded by that tight pussy.

Now, I didn't want any sloppy seconds, I just wanted a nice open cunt to fuck.

"Don't finish in her. Use her mouth!" I told my father while trying not to use any formal terms. I never wanted to tell my dad where to cum or when. That I was finally having to witness my parents having sex was more than enough of a mental trauma! Even as I had been the one that had told dad to fuck my mom!

Jenny looked up at me with a blissed-out expression when I spoke.

"Cum in my mouth, honey! Let me drink down your cum!" She was speaking to dad as she looked at me.

Mom was apparently a slut for any cum that she could get!

"Oh, Jenny!" Dad groaned out and grabbed his dick with a stranglehold. "Here it comes!"

Jenny sprang from my dick to shove dad's deep in her mouth. His face screwed up even more and I saw mom's cheeks widen before she gulped quickly.

TMI!

But she was also then in the desired position and I nudged her ass over so that I could get between her kneeling legs. Mom understood what was about to happen and spread her knees, lifted her ass higher, and even her pussy seemed to open wider for my entry!

"Do you want me to fill this beautiful pussy, Jenny? Do you want me to make you cum on my big cock?" I asked as I grabbed her ass tightly. She was open enough that I didn't need a hand to guide me in. I poked the mushroom head between her labia and held it there as I waited for her answer.

"Oh baby! Fuck mommy's tight cunt! Give me that beautifully huge cock! I'm so wet for you right now!"

That was already evident with the clear streamers hanging down.

"I don't know, Jenny. You don't seem positive about this? What do you think, dad? Does mommy want it or not?"

Now I normally didn't try to include my father in anything I was doing with Jenny. He was an undesired spectator at the start. But if this made it hotter for him, as it was already clear that it got mom more turned on, then what did I care? He was letting me fuck his wife! I had to wonder if Jenny and I would have continued to do so if dad hadn't given his approval?

"I don't know, Jeremy." He glanced at me with uncertainty at this inclusion. But he was playing along. "Sometimes Jenny just can't say what she really means. Right, dear?"

"GODDAMN IT, FUCK MY CUNT, DAMN YOU!" Jenny screamed at me.

I grinned hugely at her outburst. I was also ready to cover myself immediately if my brother or sister suddenly appeared. Mom and dad were on their own if that should happen!

Dad also had a wide grin.

"I guess you should fuck her, Jeremy." He pulled up his pants, but left them open. He sat back down in his chair to watch his son fuck his wife's cunt.

I pushed in deeper and mom moaned loudly, but not overly so.

I hadn't been going for very long, when Jenny was wracked with a powerful orgasm. I didn't let that stop me from continuing, and only upped my pace.

"Yes, yes, yes! Please, baby! Give me more! I need it sooo much!"

I know she did and I was giving her all that I had, and maybe even a little more!

"Pound her real good, son!" Dad told me needlessly.

I was already pounding her extremely good! Ramming into her, jamming my dick in her pussy, and fucking her totally and completely!

I was also getting very close myself!

Then mom went off again, shaking so much she almost pulled herself off my pillar of pleasure. Her head dropped to the carpeting and she kissed the floor to muffle her near-wailing.

Just as she slowed her trembling and quaking, I erupted just as powerfully as she had either time.

I grabbed her hips tighter to brace myself and jabbed my dick twice more as I released three balls worth of cum into my mother's still quivering quim.

I fell back to the couch, but didn't manage to make it up high enough to sit and just leaned back against it.

"Shit!" I gasped out as my chest heaved.

"Did you fill mommy's pussy with your creamy cum, honey?"

I just stared at her in a well-worn daze. If I hadn't, I would have been still going!

"You did, didn't you?" Jenny then put a finger to her gaping hole and inserted enough to gather some of my seed. She looked at her covered

finger as if it had the most delicious chocolate on it instead of her son's thick cum.

She sucked her finger with an ecstatic look on her face.

"Mmmm! Sooo gooood!" Jenny moaned.

"You're too much, Jenny!" I exclaimed with deep breaths.

"That she is, that she is!" Dad agreed.

Mom just looked at the two of us with a huge beatific smile on her face.

With this new open arrangement and Jenny's willingness to push her boundaries with me, and because of me, I set up an encounter one evening.

I had told mom to sit on the couch and dad sat as usual in his recliner. I took up a chair from the kitchen such that there was a bit of distance between dad and I and that I was slightly closer to Jenny than him. This was purposely for what I had planned.

Jenny had been curious of what I was thinking, but I had given her no clue so as that she couldn't change her mind beforehand. She eyed me cautiously after we had all been seated. Dad said no word and had to have assumed that Jenny and I would be doing something for his viewing pleasure. He was mostly right.

Jenny had on a loose off-white top (without a bra) and a mid-length flowing maroon skirt. I had only told her to wear a loose skirt and made no mention about panties so I didn't know if she had any on. I would soon find out.

"Mom. Show us your tits." I said casually as if my father wasn't just out of arm's reach of me.

Jenny looked at me fiercely and then more tenderly at dad. I didn't know if he made any sign of approval, but mom then grabbed her top and lifted it up so that her large D's were visible. She didn't take the top off and just held it up so that her men could get an eyeful of her tits.

"Play with them, Jenny." I told her, still calmly.

Her eyes glowed brighter at that.

She lifted her top so that she could hold it under her chin. Then she ran her fingers lightly over her mounds, quivering as if with a chill when

they brushed across her nipples. Jenny cupped her breasts as if offering them up for me. Or maybe her husband. Her eyes had a dreamy quality as she became aroused by this display of her motherly treasures.

"Pinch 'em, honey." Dad chirped in from out of view.

"Oh yes!" Mom sighed delightfully.

I had enough already. I tugged down my loose shorts so that I could release my hard dick. I gave it a hard squeeze that made the end bulge out. I gave it a shake at her. Jenny's eyes focused enough to stare at it and give me a wide smile in approval. That I saw her do the same again a few moments after, but then directed at dad to let me know that he had probably whipped out his own.

"Take that top off, Jenny." I directed her.

It flew across the room to land in my lap; my leaking dick staining it with my pre-cum. I didn't even look down when I tossed it to the floor near me as I was focused on mom playing with her boobs.

She pinched her nipples, rolled them between thumb and forefinger, she flicked them, and she tickled them lightly over the tips. Mom had a blissful look in her eyes as she gazed at her two male lovers also putting on a show for her.

Yes, Jenny doing what she was doing had me stroking my dick slowly. It wasn't to get off, but just to show my appreciation for her own display.

"Lift up your skirt, sexy! Let's see if you have any panties on!" I couldn't keep my tone calm any longer!

"Ooo! I'm very naughty, Jeremy! Justin!" Mom cooed deliciously.

She grabbed the bottom of her skirt and jerked it up so that the two men could see how naughty she was.

"Damn, Jenny!" Dad grunted.

Mom only giggled in reply to that.

She pulled the skirt so that it would stay in place with her intimate bits exposed when she released her hand from it.

"Open those gorgeous legs, mom!"

She immediately complied, eager to show us her dampness and already splayed labia.

"Rub your clit, Jenny!" I told her. "Run your fingers all over that hot twat!"

"Jeremy!" Jenny gasped as she realized what I was asking of her.

"Come on mom, you've done this before. For me." I hadn't intentionally tried to rub it in to my father, it just came out like that!

"What?" Dad's recliner squeaked as he changed positions and sat more upright.

"Justin ..." Mom started to try to explain but faltered.

Her hands were roaming on her body, but not quite down to where we all wanted them yet. Her eyes were on the pair of fleshy towers showing their agreement with my request.

"Come on, Jenny, rub your pussy for me and dad! Show us what a hot bitch you really are!" I growled at her.

"Jeremy." She whispered almost like a plea.

I knew that she would do as I asked. More than her own desire, or dad's, she would do so because I had asked it of her!

"Go on, Jenny. Please." I urged, my appeal more of a demand than a question.

Mom's right hand did drop lower, running through her brown forest, her eyes locked on mine with a ferocity that had me stroking faster until I realized what she'd done to me.

"Is this what you want to see, young man? Do you want to see your mother with her hand on her pussy? Huh? Do you want me to shove my fingers in my hot wet cunt for you? Is that what you want?"

"Damn straight, it is!" I exclaimed and squeezed my aching dick.

"Ohh, baby! I want to make myself cum for you! I do! Watching you both jerking on your ... harrdd cocks ... is making me sooo wet!" Jenny moaned. Her left hand was then pinching hard on a nipple, increasing her fire.

The fingers of the other hand did move lower and ran over her lips slowly and tenderly, spreading the moisture there all over herself. Her body slid lower on the couch and her legs opened further. I felt my own ass slip down on the wooden chair beneath me.

"Jenny!" Dad grunted loudly as his chair made its own moaning with his rough movements in it.

"Oh, baby! Yes! Keep doing that!" Mom moaned to one of us. Both of us?

There were then fewer words but just as much noise coming from each of our throats as the men watched the beautiful woman before us and she in turn got her own delight from watching us enjoy her.

Jenny's hand rapidly whirred over her pussy, tingling her clit as she masturbated openly in front of her husband for the first time in the over two decades of knowing each other. Her eyes were still dreamy and glazed, but they went from one lover to the other as her hand kept up its reckless pace.

"Go on, lover! Make yourself cum! Cum for your men! Cum for me!" I told Jenny.

"Oh God! Oh fuck! Yes, yes, oh damned, yessss!" Jenny wailed.

She wasn't there yet, but she was on the precipice and there was no stopping the inevitable at that point.

Her head jerked backward, her body locked up in rictus, as her fingers flew over her clit. She let out a screech that would have raised the dead if there had been any nearby!

"Oh! Shit!" Dad croaked out.

He leapt to his feet and while choking his dick, he rushed over to mom and pushed it into her open mouth and let out his own shriek.

Jenny was surprised by her husband's surprise offering, but she clamped her lips around the end of his dick and gulped it all down thirstily.

I blinked my eyes shut to avoid seeing more of this than I already inadvertently had.

When I opened them again, I saw that dad had resumed his seat and that Jenny was grinning at me and licking her lips. I was sure that she was teasing me, but that I was then able to do whatever and almost

whenever with Jenny with no issues from my father, I let her gentle jibe pass. I just smiled back at her.

I wasn't close myself, or to say, that I could hold off if I so chose. With my sexy vixen of a mother, I was perpetually close! I knew that there was more to come and that I would again as well, so I let the vision of Jenny rubbing her kitty for my pleasure increase my own pleasure to the point that I could climax.

I wouldn't have done as dad did, but I was a part of this group affair, so I took his lead. I didn't want to have my penis touching anything that had come out of dad's, so instead of feeding Jenny my dick, I told her what I wanted.

"I'm going to cum all over your pretty face, mom!" I said after lazily going over to stand above her.

Jenny offered me her countenance with her eyes blazing and her lips curled at the ends in a delighted smile.

I was mildly perturbed that I was going to cum without a single touch from my Jenny, even as she would be the recipient of my tribute. I stroked vigorously as I stared down at her and imagined what I would be doing to her in no short time. I unloaded a number of powerful streams of thick white fluid onto that lovely face; staining it with my cum. I coated her cheeks, her lips and chin, and even as I tried to keep

it from her eyes, a large glob covered her left eyebrow, eyelid, and down over her cheek. She blinked repeatedly but didn't flinch or pull back until I finished whitewashing her face. Before I could retreat, she did grab me around my hand and held me so she could suck the tip of the last remnants. I jerked back and she smiled hugely and ran her tongue in a circle around her lips.

"Mmmm!" She moaned happily. "I've never tasted two guys at once!"

"It's your turn now, love." I stared intently at this woman that I loved as no other.

Jenny's eyes flickered brighter with expectation. She leaned back again and presented herself to my hungry eyes, and hungry lips.

"Eat me really good, honey! Mommy's so wet right now!" Jenny told me, her voice very wet as well, as it nearly dripped with desire.

I knelt down after tugging my shorts and boxers off.

I was presented with that most holy of openings, the canal of my birth and the crevasse of all my desires.

"Stop staring, baby!"

"Sorry, Jenny. I am in awe every time I get to see your beautiful pussy!" I gushed as I pulled my eyes from her womanhood to gaze at her twin green orbs.

"I'm glad you think so, dear, but I need you to lick that cunt! Now!" She reached out a hand to grab my head and gently coax it towards her. And by gently coax, I mean shove it into her snatch!

"Bu-mflmrmm." I started but was muffled by muff.

Whatever I was going to say wasn't as important as the deliciousness pressed against my lips right then!

I went to work lapping, licking, teasing, slurping, and drinking down the juices that poured from mom's pussy. Her continuous moans let me know her approval of my cunnilingus. Her hand stayed clamped in my hair, but I wasn't moving my head until I had her cumming and screaming. And not necessarily in that order!

"Sorry dear, but Jeremy is the best damn pussy licker I've ever had! Lick mommy's pussy baby! You know how I like it! Oh, yes, like that!" Jenny growled as she apologized to dad. That she was praising me above all others for my muff munching only encouraged me to do better!

I knew her pussy so well, so intimately, that I was able to have her bouncing around on the couch like a beach ball. The hand on my head helped keep me in place as she squirmed around in bliss as I tickled, teased, and pleased Jenny's twat.

"Oh fuck, baby! Yes! Like that, lick me!" Mom yelled and tried to push my head tighter against her feminine treasure. Or maybe, to shove it back inside her!

My mouth was already fastened on her cleft, my tongue delving deep, and my lips sucking her hard, little pea so the extra pressure mattered not at all. Her legs clamped around my back only gave extra security that I would get to finish my task.

"Damn it, make me cum, honey! Mommy wants to cum on your face! Cum so hard in your mouth! Yes, baby! Yes, please!" Mom wailed as I took her to the peak.

I could have pushed her over the edge right then, but that would be too quick and too easy. I wanted to drive her crazy with desire, drive her mad with lust, and drive her senseless before I took her over the cliff of her ecstasy. That I also had dad involved, even as only a spectator, meant that I had to give him a good show and if that necessitated licking mom's dripping cunt longer, then that was what I had to do. Jenny got more, dad saw more, and I ate more!

"Please, baby! Mommy neeeeds to cummmm! Don't tease meee! Lick me, suck me, make meeee cummm! I neeeed it babeee!" Jenny pleaded with me.

I grinned to myself. And kept lapping hungrily.

My own need to make Jenny orgasm grew as strong as her need to cum, and I set her off as if I had lit the primer cord to the C4 for her explosive climax.

"Fuuuuckk! Gawwwd! Aaaaaaa!"

Jenny shook and quaked so violently that though I tried to keep my face pressed into her gushing quim, her flood pouring profusely to coat her inner thighs and my cheeks and chin, I had to jerk back my head or have it bashed by her bouncing hips or flailing legs. I gave her only a couple of seconds, or the time that it took me to stand. I grabbed her quivering arm and pulled her up enough so that I could get her to bend over the arm of the couch. Mom's pussy was still pulsing as I moved behind her and quickly slipped my aching dick deep between those shaking leaves of her flesh.

I buried myself on the first stroke.

Mom was still lost in the throes of her climax when the sensation of my invading dick filling her pussy hit her whirling brain.

"Yes, baby! Fuck mommy! Fill me with your huge cock!" She began with a new refrain.

I didn't know what dad was doing then, and although I had a curiosity, I kept my eyes from darting in his direction. My focus was on Jenny and the heavenly joys that I was giving her; and since this was what dad wanted to see, I didn't need to know what he was doing as a result of it.

I plunged repeatedly into mom's tight, wet cunt. I grabbed her ass cheeks and sank my fingers in that squeezable flesh. Her pussy muscles clamped and clenched so wonderfully as I entered and reentered Jenny's channel.

"Fuck me! Fuck me! Oh, God, I love it soooo much! My babeee's big cock fuck-king mommeee's hot cunnnt!" Mom gasped loudly over the squelching sounds our loins were producing.

"Damn, Jenny!" I heard dad groan out.

"Isn't mom the hottest piece of ass?" I asked without clarifying to whom I was speaking. "I could fuck this bitch all day and night!"

"Yes!" Jenny screamed out. "Fuck me good! Give me that hard cahhhck!"

Not only was I giving her my hard cock, I was giving it to her hard!

Hard and fast at that point!

"God, Jeremeee! Fuck your mommeee!"

Whenever and wherever she wanted!

"Cuh ... uh ... I'mmm ... cuh ... cuh ... cummm ... ming!" Mom bellowed needlessly as her body let it known what she was feeling as she shook from the tremors of bliss.

I never missed a stroke.

"Do you love this, dear? Our ah may zing son if filling my pusseee with his big cock!" Mom spoke in voice only just below a shout. "Rub that cock, honey! Yes! Daddeee's jerk-king off to usss, Jer ... uh ... meee!"

More than I needed to know! But I did accept her compliment!

I held back my growing fire with some struggle, but the urge to make Jenny cum again and again was stronger than my need.

And that she did so was my reward!

Mom, once she got going, was so aroused that it didn't take long between orgasms for her to explode again. Whether because she was just so turned on by what we were doing, or that because she was doing so in front of dad, or some other reason.

I could finally no longer hold back, I had, had to cum and cum very hard. I felt obliged to inform my parents of that fact.

"I'mmm gonna cummm!" I croaked out as my strokes became broken and irregular.

"Oh yes! Cummm for mommmeee! Fill mommy's nasty cunt with your hot cummm!" Jenny wailed, set off again by just my declaration.

I released, shot, rocketed two loads of thick cum at once into mom's womb as she coated me again with her syrupy fluids.

The world spun in two directions at once for a moment or two as I held tightly to Jenny's hips for balance.

I began to move aside to find a spot to sit until the Earth's rotation managed to settle on the proper direction when suddenly dad was right there. He shoved his dick into mom and gave her two quick pumps and let go his own review of our performance into her already sloppy pussy.

I recovered quickly. Far more than my father who just returned to his chair with his pants zipped back up.

"I need a shower now. Care to join me, my darling son?" Mom asked so deliciously.

Refreshing H2O running over my skin is exactly what I needed right then. And to have such a delightful shower companion was just the perfect complement to the hot water.

"Always, mother!" I responded as I followed her towards my parent's bathroom.

It was very little time for Jenny and I to resume our illicit activity, the sounds of our intercourse echoing in the tiled room.

"Do you two ever get enough?" Dad called out from the living room.

Jenny broke out in laughter at that at the same time that I did. Laughter that didn't hinder our sex.

Late one night, I awoke to pee. I was about to get back in bed when I had a sudden urge for some Jenny. It was after one a.m. so that I knew that my parents would both be asleep. Nevertheless, I went downstairs and through the darkened house to their closed bedroom door. I cautiously opened that door, not totally sure that they might be up and doing something that a child wasn't normally supposed to see. It had to be the ingrained nature of being their son for so many years that had me nervous. The room was dark with only a little light from the street coming through the closed shades.

It was enough light that I could pick out Jenny lying besides dad. She was on her back with one arm on top of the blanket over her stomach. She also had one leg hanging out from under the covers and I grinned to myself as this seeming invitation. I knelt next to the bed, sorry that I couldn't stare at my beauty's face then hidden in shadows. I kissed softly on the exposed calf, moving up under the blanket as my lips and tongue kissed and licked up that leg and then onto the other.

Jenny wiggled a little in her sleep and her legs parted further.

Even in her sleep, she was willing for me!

It was warm under the cover and not just from the hottie that I was kissing!

My lips reached the hem of her nightie and continued on under it to the cotton panties. I was working blind, but this was all-too-familiar terrain! I kissed over the soft fabric trying to tease her with my tender touch. Then I realized that teasing was pointless while she slept. Mom did twitch, but it wasn't the effect that I sought.

I brought a hand up and pulled the panties aside and then buried my face in the blackness that was my heavenly mother's pussy. This elicited a moan from her sleeping form.

I licked by touch and memory and only had been at it for a few minutes.

"Justin." Jenny moaned out in her sleep as I urged her back to wakefulness.

Mom had to then realize that dad was still at her side.

The blanket then was whipped aside and I was able to see Jenny's face, now clearer as she lifted it from her pillow.

"Jeremy!" Mom cried out in a whispered voice when she saw that it was me.

"What are you doing?" She asked softly and vehemently.

I had to chuckle to myself at that, as it was the same thing I had asked of her on many a morning with being awoken by her mouth.

"I'm having a midnight snack." I declared regardless of the actual time.

I dove back in and resumed what I had been doing with a little more light and far more air to do so.

Mom moaned again at that.

I lapped hungrily at her slit for a few minutes when she tapped on my head.

"I'm a little hungry too." She said when I looked up at her from between her thighs.

"Come, lay up here on the bed." I could barely see her arm as she gestured beside her. "Carefully, so you don't wake your father."

Not that we had to worry about what we were doing, but that it was her concern for his sleep.

She moved such that I could lay where she had been sleeping and then draped her lithe form on top of me from the opposite end. I had similar lighting, but still managed to get my face back into mom's pussy. Once she had my shorts and underwear to my knees, she had no problem finding my rising dick and engulfed its totality while she still could.

Even with dad's permissiveness, this was still very strange. Sixty-nining with Jenny in their marital bed with dad asleep within two short feet of our joined bodies.

I kept my movements to a minimum, my hands glued to the marvelous gluteus maximus above my head, but Jenny bobbing on my throbbing dick caused a gentle shaking of the mattress. I put a hand on the back of her head to ease her motion, but she resisted my touch and continued. The wiggling of her ass on my face added a counter action to the bed.

I heard a soft groan from beside me but ignored it, assuming dad was just shifting in his sleep.

Then I heard a harsh cough.

Oops!

I looked over mom's shadowy calf and saw the dim light reflecting from dad's wide eyes.

"Mom, dad's up." I stated flatly.

I almost choked with the absurdity of her answer.

"He'll just have to wait his turn." Jenny said with barely pausing in her fellatio of my hard dick.

I couldn't suppress my grin!

I looked back at dad only partially guiltily. Then went back to licking mom's soaked pussy.

Jenny was moaning and groaning around my dick such that I knew that I had her close. I wasn't going to make her wait.

"Stop." Mom then told me, which surprised me. Usually at that point it was, don't stop, or more, more!

Jenny quickly climbed off me and spun about so that she could straddle my crotch. A hand lined us up and she squatted down on my cock.

"Are you going to get hard watching me ride our son's big cock, dear? He fucks me so damned good!" Mom groaned as she slowly slid up and down on my loins.

Dad pulled the rest of the blankets down and revealed his hardened state that was too visible, even in the dim light.

"Oh, honey, does your son filling me with his big fat dick turn you on? Stroke your cock while your son makes mommy cum on his dick!"

Jenny had been close enough to cumming that with my 'big fat dick' filling her cunt sent her over the edge and she orgasmed hard as she kept bouncing on me.

I could barely hold back my own cum with the knowledge of my love's blissful release. Before that happened, Jenny was up again. She got on her hands and knees.

"Honey, I want you to ... now ... fuck ... me!" She told me fiercely, her green eyes emanating their own light.

I knew that she wanted this so that dad could see that it was me fucking my mother and not her doing so with her son.

I moved urgently, but cautiously with dad naked all too close and stroking his excitement. In a moment I was again deep in Jenny's wonderful cleft. I might have been the one in charge of our fucking, but mom was pushing back on me just as strongly as I was into her tight cunt!

Mom's lust was such that once engaged with either of her lovers, that she couldn't get enough.

She maneuvered around as we continued our ferocious fucking so that she could get dad in her hungry mouth. At least she got it out of my sight!

"Jenny had never been much on doing this," Dad said as he indicated her head at his crotch, "and I didn't know why she suddenly had become more interested in doing so recently. Now, I know why."

He paused as mom worked on his penis enthusiastically as he talked about her.

"I guess I have you to thank for that."

I was pounding mom's cunt while she sucked dad, and he thanks me for that!

I was uncomfortable taking gratitude from my father for him getting head from mom!

Who gets that? Am I the only one?

I could only nod and grunt in reply as I thrust hard in Jenny while she moaned on the ... in her mouth from my efforts.

I knew that mom was in heaven at having two dicks in her, one at each end. Her moans, her clenching cunt, and the vicious way she slammed back at me with each plunge had me knowing that she was about to cum again. Her pussy was so wet even now that I wasn't sure if she might have already done so!

"Fuck my ass!" Jenny shrieked out suddenly.

"Jenny!" Dad yelled out in shock just as loudly.

I grinned.

"I said, fuck my ass, Jeremy!" Mom told me while she gripped dad tightly in her fist and looked over her shoulder.

"We've never done that! You've never let me do that!" Clearly dad was stunned at mom's request. Or demand.

"You've never asked." Jenny told him coldly before taking him back into her mouth.

Jenny was so wet that I assumed that I would need no lube, or anything more than her abundant effluvium coating my dick. I pulled from her one needy hole to line myself up with the other empty channel.

"Oh! You like that idea, don't you, dear! You're so hard right now!" Mom said and then took that hardness back into her hungry mouth.

Dad liked the idea of me fucking Jenny's ass? Of having his son ream his wife's back door? Something he had never gotten to do himself?

I had to fight to get the head in past mom's sphincter, but once I did, it was easier than on previous incidents. And by easier, I really mean that it wasn't excruciating tight, but just extremely tight then.

I had about half my dick in mom's ass when dad let out a harsh grunt and grabbed his wife's dark head. I could hear her gulping as she swallowed that which had created me. How many possible brothers or sisters now resided in Jenny's belly?

I started pistoning slowly (the only speed I could manage in that tightness!) in and out of that doubly forbidden tunnel. Whatever my tempo, it was enough for my lovely Jenny.

"Fill my asshole with your thick cum, lover!" She bellowed at me.

No matter what finally set me off, I could no longer hold back and I did as my beautiful mother asked and I sprayed her colon with my thick sperm.

I collapsed.

It was still dark so I don't know if I blacked out for a moment or not.

Suddenly, it was blinding bright.

Then my eyes adjusted and the brightness shrunk to the small lamp on the bedside table. I looked and found mom's eyes glowing just as bright as ever.

"Go wash your dick really good, honey. Mommy wants to lay in bed and play with her two dicks!" Jenny told me lovingly tender.

I struggled from the bed, unsure about this new request, but anxious for any more time spent with my gorgeous Jenny. My dick on the other hand had no qualms and was still mostly hard and equally anxious for more time with mom!

I hurried across my parent's bedroom to their adjoining bathroom, heedless of my nudity right then. I grabbed a washcloth and soaked in water and scrubbed my wee-wee thoroughly to get all the mommy ass off of it. I then took a towel and dried it carefully, like it was a pampered pet about to go for a walk.

I returned and my parents were already in position for whatever it was that mom wanted.

Dad was lying in much the same spot, with his head on his pillow and the blanket still pulled aside. Jenny was lying on her stomach with half her legs off the end of the bed and her head at a level with dad's waist. This blocked any sight of the one thing I didn't want to see but it was evident from mom's motions that she was stroking dad's dick.

"Come up here and lay next to me, baby!" Jenny cooed as she used her free hand to pat beside her.

I approached the bed and lay down as indicated. I kept my eyes on mom with her face near my eager dick. She reached out and took my cock in hand and with a few short strokes I was back to full strength. Jenny looked up at me with a gleeful look on her face and she took my cock head into her mouth and swirled her tongue around it. This had me groaning my appreciation. She then moved over to suck dad. I kept my eyes on her hand on me and awaited the return of her mouth.

Mom played with the two of us, slowly stroking to maintain our firmness which for me wasn't necessary, and used her mouth to lick and kiss all over my (our) shafts, enjoying having two hard dicks in either hand. I might have objected to her doing this with dad so close to me getting the same wonderful treatment, but the joy in her eyes as she teased and worked on both fleshy towers was something I couldn't protest. So, I closed my eyes and just enjoyed her ministrations.

I heard dad grunt coarsely and mom gurgling with a full mouth and assumed what had happened. I scrunched my eyes tighter.

Then that mouth was back on me!

I squinted and saw mom look up at me with her mouth full of my dick and the smile that couldn't be on her lips evident in her green eyes. I couldn't avoid seeing dad, but saw that he had his underwear back on and the blanket covering most of his lower parts. He was focused on what mom was doing to me. I briefly worried about going soft under that gaze, but Jenny's skill was such that that could never happen no matter who might be watching. Even if it should be Grandma Sharon!

It took very little time for mom to have me ready to cum. Needless to say, of course.

Yet, she continued to enjoy my stiffness before she was willing to make me cum. I'm sure she was conflicted between sucking me more, or having me fill her with my, as she called it, tasty cum. Eventually the one desire overwhelmed the other and I was about to fill her with my hot seed.

"Jenny!" I gasped to let her know of the imminent explosion in her mouth.

Just as I went off, mom pulled off me. She had caught the first blast in her mouth, but the rest of the thick strands covered her face. She just smiled and licked her lips for what she could reach there.

"See how much Jeremy loves me! See how much cum he has in his balls for his mommy!" Mom grinned hugely as she ran a finger over her

cheek to collect my spunk and then sucked it in her mouth like a tiny dick.

I was a little flabbergasted at her open display for her husband who I noted was staring at her, but he said nothing positive or negative about it.

"Now go back to bed, Jeremy and let your parents get back to sleep!" Mom smiled lovingly at me.

She might have wanted a goodnight kiss, but I grabbed my shorts and underwear before that could happen. I did say goodnight, but not to either of them specifically.

I went back to my room and put on my boxers before collapsing in bed. I assumed that mom and dad would talk about what had just happened after I left, but I was asleep before I could give much thought to that.

I never did ask mom what, if anything, she and dad discussed about our situation, and only just enjoyed being able to have her whenever she or I wanted.

It was close to the end of the school year and I was having the time of my life, a life that hoped to go on like it was forever. Soon it would be

summer, and I would have all my time to be with my love, my mother, my darling Jenny! What more could I want?

One afternoon, I was racing out of school almost as soon as the first ringing of the bell reached my ears. I kept myself from running, but I was in a rush for the parking lot so I could zoom home for a little something with Jenny before my brother and sister could interrupt us.

It was halfway down the concrete walkway that I found a redheaded girl almost in my path. The first thing that caught my sight, after her hair color of course, was that she had amazingly blue eyes that slowed my step for two paces.

"Hi, I'm ..."

I heard her speak, but I had no time for chit-chat with some random classmate. I didn't recognize her as anyone that I knew, or that had been in any of my classes. As nice as her eyes might have been, they were no match for those heavenly jade orbs that I had waiting at home for me!

I gave an off-hand wave at the girl as I weaved around her.

I never saw her wistful wave as I hurried towards my car.

"I'm Erin." The auburn-haired girl whispered to herself.

So, it passes that with his new situation, Jeremy's father doesn't make him get a summer job, so he never works at the senior center. He never gets the idea of a documentary about the resident's lives at the center that he would have made after finishing film school that would have earned him national attention and acclaim. In fact, he never gets to film school at all as that would be too far from his lover, Jenny. He does go to college, and after he graduates, he does eventually get into directing. Instead of big-budget films though, it is commercials; filming actors selling insurance or pushy some sketchy products to unsuspecting viewers on late-night infomercials. He never marries. Still, he feels happy living with mom and dad, or rather, his Jenny and her near-cuckolded husband Justin.

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The next ending is merely a variation of the above. There is no divergent point, so this opens right into the story.

I rushed home and found Jenny wearing some of the lingerie we had bought on that shopping trip. It was a black bustier with black lace over most of her breasts, but with the important parts concealed. Four black straps went down to fasten to her black sheer stockings, one on each

leg, front and back. A pair of skimpy black satin panties barely covered her pussy with her brown bush peeking over the top of it. She had put on some bright red lipstick and smoky eyeliner. Black open-toed heels adorned her feet.

"Wow! Jenny! You look ... fucking hot!" I gasped in shock.

"Thank you! That was the reaction I was hoping for!" Her green eyes lit up and she smiled widely at me.

"How about this reaction? Were you hoping for this too?" I asked as I jerked open my pants to reveal my quickly hardening dick.

"I actually was! It's why I wore this!" Jenny stared at my cock as I pushed my pants and underwear to the floor.

"You don't need to wear anything special, mom, to get me hard. You don't even need to wear anything at all!" I quipped with dead seriousness.

"Oh, I know, honey! But I like dressing up for you, you make me feel so sexy when I do!"

"It's because you are sexy, Jenny! You're the sexiest woman I know!" I proclaimed.

"Not even your aunt?"

"You're both very sexy sisters!" I responded diplomatically without actually answering. If I had been forced to give my opinion, Jenny would edge out her luscious and curvy younger sibling. But I'm sure mom wouldn't believe that.

"Thank you, I think! You're pretty sexy too!" She drawled out her words seductively.

"Is that just because you can't keep your eyes off my cock, mom?" I asked with a leer.

"You know how I feel about you, Jeremy. But it is a very beautiful cock!" And with that, she slunk down to her knees, wrapping the fingers of one hand around my rock-hardness, and rubbing the palm of the other up and down my thigh.

Jenny kissed the head with her ruby-red lips, leaving a remnant of her lipstick on my smooth skin. She looked up at me like a sex kitten that would have gotten any man hard. Her tongue flicked out of her mouth and licked up my shaft while barely making any contact. It felt like ants

marching up my cock, or at least what I would imagine that would feel like! Another kiss on the tip that was then leaking like a ... uh, leaking dick. I groaned which only encouraged her further.

"Do you like that, baby? Do you love mommy's red lips on your big, thick cock?" Sex oozed from her lips.

"Oh fuck, Jenny!" I groaned again.

"I'll take that as a yes!"

And she took that deep in her mouth!

Half my dick was engulfed in my mother's warm wet mouth, her lips fastened tightly to my shaft, and she inhaled so that it felt like she would pull the insides out. She then slowly slid up my dick while surely taking a few layers of skin with her suctioning mouth.

I grabbed her brown-haired head in one hand to steady myself.

Mom dragged her lips over my cockhead as if she didn't want to break contact with me. Her eyes were unblinking as she stared up at me up until she bent and suddenly had my dick buried almost down her throat!

I would have surely exploded right then if that was what she had wanted, but somehow my wonderful and sexy, cock-sucking mother kept me from filling her mouth and covering her face in white cream.

At least for the present moment!

I was positive that it would only be a matter of a few more seconds for that gooey explosion.

Jenny then licked over my entire shaft, slowly and lavishly, keeping me aching but not too much so.

"Jenny. We don't have all day for this. Jojo and Johnny will be home in about half an hour."

As much as I loved mom sucking or playing with my dick, I was getting desperate for my orgasm.

"I want you to lick me now, dear! My kitty needs attention too!" She released my dick and let it spring up and slap against my stomach.

I was desperate, but not so much that I couldn't pet mommy's nice brown kitty and lick her delicious pussy!

Jenny rose gracefully, looking so much like a Vanessa's Closet model in her sexy lingerie. She moved to the loveseat and sat. She didn't open her legs and instead kept them respectably crossed at her ankles. I stared in wonder and admiration at this woman that I loved so much.

"You have to spread them, mom if you want me to eat you!" I told her.

"I'm not that easy, mister! You have to work at it if you want to taste me!" Mom told me fiercely seductively.

Hey! She's the one that wanted this! What did she mean I'd have to work at it? The only work I'd ever done to lick Jenny before was simply ask.

I'd play her game though!

I got down on the floor, leaving my pants at my ankles for quick redressing. I stared at her as she stared back at me. She had very little hidden beneath that skimpy underclothing, but she was more desirable for that fact. I could picture her with her breasts bared, or her legs spread and her coochie ready to lick.

Well, that last could be remedied very easily!

I kissed the front of one stocking-clad shin. Then another just below the knee.

Neither of these persuaded her to part her sexy legs.

That was alright! I had a thousand more kisses for her gorgeous gams and I knew that one of them would be the key to that gateway!

I kissed the other leg in the same spots.

There was a twitch in response.

I took the first leg and lifted it so that I could kiss the well-turned calf. I even let the gentle kiss melt into a slow lick to the back of her knee. I heard Jenny gasp softly at that.

I then did the same with the second leg, and twirled my tongue in that sensitive bend. The gasp at that was more pronounced. I kept that leg in the air and kissed the inside of her knee and trailed a few brothers of that kiss up the inside and over the top of her thigh.

Jenny's legs opened a little at that. Enough to see that dark satiny triangle that hid her more secret treasures.

I went back to the first leg and gave it a barrage of tiny kisses over the shin, calf, and front and back of the knee.

Jenny sighed at that and her ass slid further down on her seat.

I was close then.

I kissed the top of both thighs right to the hem of the stockings, but I kept from touching her bare skin yet. Let her suffer for that!

Those legs parted farther, as if inviting my kisses to the insides. That was the goal, but I didn't want an invitation to there; I wanted a demand!

Mom's breathing was heavier and her eyes fluttered as I watched her face.

"Yes. Baby. Yes." She moaned and whispered simultaneously.

I realized then that the secret wasn't to get closer to her desire, but to move away from it!

I kissed both knees again. The inside of both. I licked down the shin bone of one leg and then kissed the top of the other foot just as it entered her shoe.

"No! No, please!" That wasn't a whisper. Or a moan. It was rightly a begging!

"What do you want, Jenny?" I asked barely above a whisper so that she had to strain to hear me. "Tell me."

And like magic, the lock was broken and mom's legs sprang open like a sexy switchblade.

"Eat me, damn it!" Jenny growled at me like a hungry dog, or should I say, bitch.

I grinned and leaned in between those heavenly gates to her panty-covered Paradise.

I kissed the innermost thigh on either side of that smooth cloth and let my tongue wander up along the sides of those terrifically sexy panties. I licked along the top of them, trailing my tongue through the boundary of her pubic forest, and then swirled it in her innie belly button.

"Please?" Mom pleaded desperately. "Please, baby."

Make me work for it!

I kissed the center of those panties, the slick fabric enticing to my touch. I looked up at her face and found her staring at my longingly. I bent back down and kissed again while keeping my eyes on hers. I barely lifted my head as I stuck out my tongue and pressed against the slightly visible valley below the rising mound above the center. I then did a circle that gradually widened until I came back to the top of that arc, bypassing the wanting bump that I knew to be there.

"Please!"

I then started at the bottom of that 'V' of cloth and flattened my tongue and dragged it up to the center of the hypotenuse of that smooth triangle.

(Hey! I did remember some of that useless Geometry I took last year!)

Jenny had put her moans on repeat and I felt a hand on the back of my head. There was no pressure from it and it just rested there. I was sure that if I tried to stop what I was doing, then the force would have become unbearable!

And then, I was the impatient one!

I needed to get my mouth, my lips, and tongue in her juicy peach!

I pulled her delicate underwear to the side and repeated my long lavish lick up the middle of her womanhood.

"Oh my God!" Mom wailed.

I did that again, but it wasn't so direct or straight and instead my tongue weaved its way across inner and outer lips, deep into her crevasse, and even a long sidetrack through her unruly bush.

"Make me cum, Jeremy! I need you to just make me cum!"

So, I then leaned back on my heels, her hand caught off-guard by my sudden retreat.

"What are you doing?" Jenny asked demandingly barely louder than a whisper.

"Payback's a bitch." I stated simply.

"What? No!"

I stood and pulled my pants back up.

"No!" Jenny stared up at me in shocked disbelief. "Get back down here damn it! Lick my cunt, now!"

"Sorry mom. Johnny and Jojo will be home in just a few minutes. You need to get dressed."

She looked over to the clock on the wall and it took a second or two for the location of the hands to register.

"Oh, damn it!" Mom sprang up alarmed.

As she stood, she glared at me warningly. "Don't forget this! You'll pay for this!"

I expected I would, but that it would involve lots of blistering sex with my beautifully hot mom, I wasn't that concerned!

Mom came out of her room with a heavy maroon robe on. I had to suspect that she still had the erotic lingerie underneath.

My siblings came home, as raucous as ever, but neither of them knew the reason why mom wasn't dressed that late in the day.

Dad, on the other hand, stared at his wife curiously when he arrived. He gave me a stern look that I pretended not to notice. I hadn't done anything wrong. It was slightly later that mom was able to give him a peek inside at the sexy vixen hidden by the maternal robe. His eyes rose at that view and he gave me a wide-eyed stare. I grinned lasciviously in return.

"Justin, can you keep an eye on the kids for a little bit? I need to take Jeremy upstairs." Mom then noticed my brother and sister listening to her. "I need to ... punish him."

Dad quickly turned his head back to me again with a gaze half between wonder and a knowing leer.

"Anything I need to know about?" He asked with a suspicious curiosity.

"Nothing that you can't already guess." Mom pulled her robe tighter about herself and started up the stairs.

"Jeremy! Follow me!" She ordered such that it couldn't be refused.

I tried to look repentant as I marched behind my mom. Jojo stared at me remorsefully, but Johnny just giggled, happy that it wasn't him being punished.

"Come on kids lets watch some TV! We'll have to turn it up loud so we don't hear your brother being punished." Dad told them as he even covered for mom and me. I'm sure he regretted not being able to listen to us.

I was a few steps behind Jenny and she was standing in my room with a strict expression on her face.

"On the floor. Right now, mister! I want you laying on your back!" She pointed aggressively at my bedroom floor.

"Mom?" I asked as she let her robe fall from her shoulders.

"Don't make me tell you again!" She pointed again even more ferociously.

I stared at her in her lingerie, but I got down to my knees and then laid down facing the ceiling.

"What are you ...?" I began but was interrupted when Jenny dropped down and covered my face with her then panty-less crotch.

"I'm not getting up until you make sure that I am fully satisfied!" She barked brutally.

Mom put all of her weight on my jaw and almost smothered me with that most extraordinary murder weapon!

"Mmvrmlmnr!" I tried to say.

Jenny got the gist of my meaning and lifted up enough that I could get my mouth open and my tongue out. The one clamped onto her opening and the other dove deep into it!

"Yes! Like that, you fucker!"

I would have cautioned her for her language and her volume, but I wasn't capable of either of those warnings. My mouth was full, and otherwise busy!

"You're going to stay down there until you make me cum and you'll keep going until I tell you that you can stop! And that's not going to be for quite a while! So, you better get busy down there!"

I had never had a girl, or woman, forcefully make me eat her pussy, but I guess there's a first for everything! I had no qualms about having mom sit on my face all night long! Even if I had to miss school the next day to munch her muff!

My old girlfriend Veronica, of whom I had learned most of what I knew about cunnilingus, hadn't been so direct about me licking her! Beth, or Nicole, had always been happy when I had gone down on them, but had never made the request that I did so.

I had no choice but to do what my mother had ordered. It wasn't as if I could have easily lifted her off my head, thrown her on my bed, and ravaged her pussy with my once-again hard dick. No. I couldn't have managed that.

I took up where I had left off just a few hours before as it seemed that Jenny was just as wet and willing as then.

It was a very short time before she came in my mouth and covered my chin with the overflow. She ground her crotch harder against my mouth to let me know that I wasn't done yet. Little did Jenny know, but she would be done long before I grew tired of eating her snatch! Yes,

my jaw muscles would fail me and my tongue could fall off, but that wouldn't mean that I had tired of my task! Only the capability of doing so.

The second orgasm wasn't long after the first and she rocked so hard on my lips that my head was knocking on my gratefully carpeted floor! Then Jenny began to shake and quiver so violently that I nearly paused in my ecstatic abuse of her clit. Her stifled moans and cries for more the only signs that she wasn't suffering some serious medical condition.

I had lost count of her pleasure when she began to push herself up off my thoroughly soaked face. I wrapped my arms over her sweat-sheened and stocking-covered thighs and held her down. Sure, I might be unable to talk tomorrow, but Jenny would know that she had truly and rightly been eaten by the best!

"Jeremy! Stop. I can't take anymore!" She pleaded, now far less forceful.

"I'm not done yet!" I told her.

"Okay. Okay, you win! I'll do whatever you want, just stop licking me."

It was a powerful feeling to hear Jenny say that, that I had pleased her more than she could take!

"Get on my bed." I told her, now the one in control.

Mom practically fled to my bed.

"Spread those gorgeous legs." I commanded my mom.

"Please, baby. Fuck me." There was no fire in those words, but an acceptance that that was what I was going to do to her. Her eyes on the other hand had such a fire in them that I found incredible.

My pants evaporated and I was then standing before her with my dick ready and eager to penetrate that opening that I had sprang forth from. My need was as great as hers and I could not resist any longer. I laid down over her with my weight on my knees between her and my elbows that framed her from either side. The tip of my dick knew its destination better than any other and found its way to Jenny's splayed opening.

"Yes." Mom murmured.

Her affirmation was my confirmation.

I let my ass drop so that I was buried in her on the first thrust.

Jenny moaned but I consumed it as I planted my lips on hers.

There was no further foreplay. I slammed into her recklessly and with abandon. Mom might have had her gratification filled, but I was still on the edge. Thus, it was that it took little time before I was filling her with my creamy seed. Once wasn't enough to satisfy my lust and even a thousand would barely scratch that itch. A lifetime of sex with Jenny didn't seem nearly enough for my love of her, or for her either if her words were true.

It was then that an idea was conceived, a thought was hatched. It was still deep inside me, but it was a notion that would grow and fill my brain.

After my second climax, I fell to my mattress content and practically exhausted. Jenny lay me beside glowing like the full moon on a winter's night, but with the warmth of the most beautiful June day. That I had made her feel so good was like a climax to me.

"I need to get back downstairs." Mom whispered as she gazed at me with contentment.

"Why? Dad knows. It's okay." I answered.

"Jojo doesn't. Johnny might wonder why it took so long to 'punish' you. It's not like I spanked you."

I didn't see the allure. But as with most everything that pleased Jenny, I'd let her do it if she wanted.

"Do you want to? To put your hands all over my butt?" I asked, half-seriously.

She let out a gentle laugh.

"No, I don't want to spank you. Or your hot ass."

I had a hot ass?

"Do you want me to spank you?" I asked only semi-rhetorically.

Her eyes lit briefly.

"No ... not now." Her eyes flicked between mine. "I have been very naughty though!"

Mom giggled almost innocently.

"But really, I need to go." She stood slowly as if I had left her very little strength to move. "I did love that. And I love you too. Jeremy."

Jenny picked up her robe and wrapped it around her again, hiding that sexy body once again.

"I love you, Jenny." I declared. Like it was the only thing that was true in my life.

Mom and I continued to have sex as often as we could manage. Sometimes dad would be around, sometimes he would watch. Even a few times he would get so turned on that he couldn't keep himself from having Jenny blow him, or that he would fuck her after I had finished blowing her mind. Many times, Jenny and I would be thus engaged in our lust that my father would catch us in the act; he would let us carry on without comment, or he would stay and watch us satisfy each other. That he could be so cavalier about his wife and son having sex began to affect me. I didn't mean to let it happen, but I couldn't prevent it either.

I began to think less of my dad.

I never did anything to let him know of my lowered opinion, or to my mother either. Not openly anyway.

I did make more of a point of letting dad know of how well I took care of mom, his wife. Of how often and hard that I made her cum. To show him that I gave her something that she wasn't getting from him. I thought of Jenny as my woman and that dad was just the man that paid the bills.

I did still love him; he was my dad. It was just that I didn't consider him my rival for Jenny's affection anymore. I had won that contest.

He might have just seen my actions as the fulfillment of his desire to see Jenny pleasured by another man. And that it made it kinkier that I was their son. For my dad, it was all just some act, as if we were doing it just for him. That mom and I having sex wasn't for our enjoyment, but that he was letting us fuck each other.

I never said anything to Jenny about my new outlook on our situation. She never acted any different on the matter either.

For a long time.

The school year passed; I graduated easily, even with my frequent distractions at home. Summer was a dream. Especially when Jojo and Johnny went off to camp and I had Jenny to myself all day long, frequently continuing as dad came home from work and then came from our sexual display. I had sex with mom, my Jenny, in every room

and in every position throughout the house. With and without dad around.

It was probably around August while I was preparing for college; I had decided on the local college before going on to a four-year university, when that niggling idea finally blossomed into my consciousness. I felt I was losing my hold on Jenny by starting college. I would be busy studying and wouldn't have the same kind of time to spend with her as I wanted. It wasn't like I could take her to a frat party, or any of the college keggers. I just wanted to proclaim to everyone that Jenny was my girl, to show that I had the most beautiful woman on the planet as my own.

I thought the idea sprang into my head fully formed, not realizing that it had been germinating for some time in my noggin.

There was one way to show that Jenny was mine, and that I was hers.

One day, while the two of were heavily encoupled and sans father. Jenny had orgasmed twice and I was on my way to my own second. The first had been into her pussy and that was where I had been about to deposit my duplicate load. This very act was the omega of my ideal thought.

After I let loose with my sperm into mom's vagina, I gave voice to that thought.

"Jenny. I want to have a baby." I paused for her to understand my words. "With you."

I lay gasping beside her, my breathing the only sound. The silence surrounding it was heavy and ominous.

I knew it was a big decision and I said nothing for a long time, letting Jenny think her thoughts. Knowing my imminent disappointment.

I turned to look at her many moments later. Her head turned to meet mine. Jenny's face was glowing from our loveplay, but there was another light in her eyes, a gleaming sparkle.

"Jenny?" I questioned softly.

"Jeremy." She spoke cautiously.

I was sure it was because she didn't want to hurt me with her denial.

"Mom?" I rarely used her maternal title anymore. Only when my siblings were around, or when in the middle of some naughty sexplay.

"Jeremy." Jenny repeated but with more of a surety in her tone.

Her hand came up to my cheek, touching me tenderly on my face.

I braced myself for when she finally found her words.

"I would love that too." Mom whispered like a thunderbolt.

I had been awaiting the negation of my idea, so that I didn't comprehend her response at first.

"But ... what?" My eyes had to have been huge as the understanding hit me.

"What? Really?" I think I had levitated right then at my excitement. I felt like I was bouncing off the ceiling of my room. If not for that upper barrier, I might have sailed right off to the moon!

"You would? You do?" My brain had already done an orbit of the planet and was ready to depart for Pluto.

"I would love to have your baby, lover."

Thought left me as I was sure that my body had exploded and every cell of me floated about filling my room!

"I've had that thought myself for a little while now."

Jenny's voice was so soft, so tender, and so full of love.

Love for me.

"Jeremy?" There was minor concern in her tone.

"I love you, Jenny! I love you so much!" I tried to keep my voice from a shout.

Her eyes returned to her gleaming.

"Is that even possible? Aren't your ... um, tubes ... you know, tied?" The reality then hit me and the million issues that this might cause.

"Yes, but it is reversible. It isn't a guarantee, nothing is; it isn't even a guarantee that I can get ... pregnant again. Or that there won't be issues. My age being one of them." Her tone sounded so hopeful though.

Or that it was just what I wanted to hear.

Neither of us would say anything about the complications of our relation; that was its own blue whale on the elephant in the room.

"But what about dad? What will he say?"

The final obstacle.

"I'll talk to him. Carefully." Jenny kept her eyes on me. I felt that I could warm myself on that light for the rest of my years.

"Do you think you can talk him into it? Will this be part of his ... thing?" I hinted at dad's kink.

"I don't know, I doubt it. We had talked about more kids, but after my ... operation, we dropped it."

I said nothing, but I must have had something telling on my face.

"Don't say anything to him. About anything!" She studied me hard. "I mean it, don't even allude to this! Even in your teasing!"

Jenny tried to scold me, but her love softened it to warm butter. Still, I took her warning to heart.

Then it hit me.

I grabbed Jenny in my arms, startling her. I hugged her tightly, never wanting to let her go. She was the totality of my happiness. And right then my happiness was off the Richter scale, or whatever scale that it was measured on!

"I love you, Jenny! I love you; I love you!" I pressed my lips to her face, not even caring if I landed on her mouth.

"I love you too, Jeremy!" She accepted my kisses, especially the ones that made it to her lips.

After a moment she nudged us apart.

"It's not like we can start now. So, unless you just want to because you want to, we should get up." Jenny smiled at me. Or, had she ever stopped?

My brain was reeling. My body was jittery. I felt like every muscle and tendon had gone to mush. Even my dick, now soft, was undecided in which condition it was expected to be.

The next few weeks were interminable.

I was between bouncing off the clouds in the sky and treading on needles while around my parents. I hadn't known what Jenny had said to dad, or if she even had yet. I knew it was a very delicate conversation and not one to just leap into cold. She would have to somehow bring up another child, his feelings about it and willingness for one, and then to drop the bombshell that she wanted one with me; that I wanted one with her.

We still continued as we had been doing and I studied my father as I was banging Jenny, looking for some hint that she had said anything to him to suggest our mutual desires. If she had, dad was stone-faced about it.

As the gravity of my suggestion seeped into my soul, and Jenny's willingness and agreement with it, I was almost constantly nauseous. Not that it affected my diet. Not much anyway. I still had seconds and just was skipping any thirds. I was also more conscious of my future and what having a child with Jenny would mean. I would have someone that I was responsible for besides just myself. That was heavy.

Jenny had talked with me about many of the aspects that this would have on our lives.

The first and foremost would be that I couldn't declare the child as mine.

That hit me like a sledgehammer.

It had been the origin of the idea. That I would be the father of mom's child. That the boy or girl would be of the two of us and nobody else.

Jenny clarified that. If we did go on with this, and managed to be successful, that, as with her marriage, she wasn't leaving dad. She might love me more, but she did still love him in her own way. And that she wouldn't break up my brother and sister's lives for her forbidden lust and love. I understood her words, even as they cut my heart.

She and dad would call the child their own, and explain it away as a fluke or providence. I would be the father, but I couldn't be any more than a brother to my child. That hurt as well. But having decided to do this, all the setbacks didn't detract me from my decision. The joy of bringing life to the world with the woman that I loved more than life would be worth it all.

Or so I told myself anyway.

Jenny came to me one day when no one else happened to be home. She had a weighted countenance and I shivered at what she might tell me.

Then she gave me the news that I wanted to hear. Or the first step of it anyway.

Dad had given his approval of our bringing a baby into the world. I didn't know how she had convinced him, if he had needed convincing or not, and I didn't need to hear anything more than the final decision.

"So, when do you go to the doctor's? Or the hospital?" I asked Jenny when she relayed dad's okay.

"I've already talked with my gyno. She says she doesn't foresee any problems. I'm in good health, I'm not too old."

I had to stop her there.

"You're not old, Jenny!"

She smiled.

"As I said, I'm not that old. My doctor said that actually many women my age change their minds and want more kids. It does have risks and as I told you, it's not a guarantee that I will be able to get pregnant again, but the odds of a problem are very slight. I just don't want you to be let down if there is an issue."

It might have been summer, and I had been out of high school for a few months, but when mom had agreed to my crazy suggestion, I had done some investigation myself about what this would all entail.

I know! I was doing homework without even being in school!

I was possibly more knowledgeable than Jenny about the procedure, the risks, the chances of a successful reversal, the recovery time afterwards, and mom's future fertility.

"You'll do great! I just know it." I told her encouragingly.

"I haven't stopped thinking about this since you brought it up." Jenny stared at me full of love. "I've been waiting for the day that I would have grandkids. I didn't necessarily want it for a few more years, and I didn't think I would be the one that would possibly be carrying it! I'll be the mother of my own grandchild!"

"Are you having second thoughts? You can still change your mind. I don't want you doing all this," I waved my arms widely as if to encompass our lives, "all of this just for me! I won't be upset if you do change your mind. Really I won't." I wouldn't be that upset. Hardly at all. Or, I'd try not to act like it.

Jenny looked at me so caringly that my heart hurt.

"Jeremy. I'm not doing this just for you. I want to do this. For you. For me. For us. This isn't something I'm doing lightly."

I smiled lovingly at her.

"I know you're not. I just don't want you thinking that you have to if it gets to be too much. If you change your mind, I want you to know that it is okay, and I'll accept it."

"No, you won't. I see the look in your face when you talk about having a child. With me. You just glow with happiness. I almost think that you'll give it all away with just your reaction! I have had three kids already; I think I know what's involved!" Jenny laughed gently; a joy there that couldn't be hidden.

"I'm sorry, mom. I mean, Jenny." Sometimes old habits die hard.

"It's okay. And as much as I love you calling me Jenny, I sometimes miss being mom."

"Jojo and Johnny call you that all the time! And I still do; when they are around." I also did so when Grandma Sharon, Uncle Mike, or any other family members happened to be over or around.

"It's not the same."

"Soon, I'll be calling you grandma! Grandma Jenny!" I teased playfully.

"Ugh! Don't start with that. I don't feel old enough to be Grandma Jenny yet. Besides, I kind of wanted to be called Nana Jenny."

"I'll just start calling you Nana!" I laughed.

"Jeremy, don't!" Jenny laughed as well.

"Come here Nana and give Jeremy a kiss!" I grabbed her waist and pulled her close. She came willingly and just as willingly met my lips.

I started college, but I barely paid it any attention as all my thoughts were on Jenny.

She had the operation and it had gone well, though I nearly had a heart attack when she had gone under the knife as I realized the many things that could go wrong and have far worse consequences than Jenny just unable to have a baby. If she should have died in surgery, I would have died as well! I had to sympathize with dad as I read his torment as clearly as it had probably been on my own face. Like many things with Jenny, we shared our concern for her health as paramount. I think that was the day that dad truly understood how much that I loved Jenny as I already knew how he felt. He couldn't have thought that I wanted this just because I could, or I hoped he didn't.

Jenny spent a day in the hospital before she was sent home to recover.

Dad and I said nothing to my brother and sister about the real reason mom had gone to the hospital, instead saying it was some minor procedure and that there was nothing to worry about. They may have believed that or not, but they surely had to detect the worry that dad and I had felt.

When Jenny came home, Jojo insisted on giving her a big bowl of ice cream as when my sister had had her tonsils out a few years ago she had gotten all the ice cream she could consume. So, she now thought that that had been the cure-all for any hospital stay. Jenny said nothing

about her daughter's misconception and ate the bowl happily. Later that night when they had gone to bed, I gave mom my own batch of cream that she ate just as hungrily as the iced version! Dad had watched this of course, and he even added his own load to Jenny's stomach.

We forewent any intercourse during her short recovery time, although the doctor had said that as long as she took care of the stitches that sex wasn't off limits. I didn't want to risk it as when Jenny and I got started there would be no care for stitches, or much of anything else either!

Jenny swallowed many bowls, and loads of cream that week!

It was still a tense couple of months afterwards as Jenny's Fallopian tubes slowly healed their repair. The doctor had informed her that, although it was possible to get pregnant during her first ovulation after the surgery, it was usually two or three months before the miracle of conception might occur.

Regardless of Jenny's cycle, we maintained our usual level of intimacy. The only thing that changed was that dad was cut off from his wife's pussy. Unless he used protection. But given their previous level of sexual activity, he wasn't that affected by the slight. Dad was still probably getting more action than before he had caught Jenny and I.

I too, was getting more action!

Now with the goal of getting Jenny knocked up, the two of us went at it almost non-stop. I was taking all sorts of supplements to keep my testosterone levels up, my energy levels up, and truth be told, to keep me up! I also ate more, as I was burning a seeming million calories a week!

Jenny was on fire during that time. I don't know if it was just her usual lusts, now unfettered, or that our goal had increased her libido to astronomical heights. I was the benefactor regardless of the reason!

I will give one example.

One day, when I only had a few early classes, I came home. I hadn't necessarily been expecting some action with Jenny, but I was very willing if she was!

I found mom wearing a sweater dress, mauve and very form fitting. So form fitting that I could see how hard her nipples were!

"Wow, Jenny. Is it chilly in here?" I asked her as I stared.

"No, why do you ask?" Mom looked at me as if waiting for a punchline.

I nodded to her chest.

"It seems nipply in here." Yes, she did know me well!

"Oh ... yes, they are sooo hard. I've been waiting for you to come home."

I reached up and rubbed a thumb over each hard nip. Jenny gasped in pleasure.

Then her arms were around my neck and her lips were pressed to mine.

"We have a couple of hours before Johnny and Jojo get home from school. Do you want to make another try at knocking up your old mom?" Jenny asked as she kept her arms on my shoulders and peered deep into my eyes.

"You're not old, Jenny, you are just pleasantly aged!" I smiled at her.

"Is that the euphemism for it now? Pleasantly aged? I think I like it better than just old." She asked with a slight curl on the edge of her lips. Lips that then locked with me again.

"So, you are asking for another injection of Jeremy juice?" I quipped.

I shouldn't have. As she pulled back from me as she laughed deeply.

"Jeremy juice?" Mom put a hand on her belly to hold in her laughter. "Oh, that's good! I'm sorry, honey."

She brought her hot body back to mine and I quickly slipped my hands onto her ass to keep her from pulling away again.

"We don't have that much time, but I do need you to fill my womb with your seed! You need to fuck your mother and give her all your precious baby batter!" Jenny's eyes lit up as she spoke.

Now, once we had decided to go through with trying to get Jenny pregnant, we (mostly her!) had taken to using all the slang she knew for making a baby as we were having sex. We never did so while dad was around or at home so as to not rub in his face what we were doing, even though he was very aware. It was just something more that got my beautiful Jenny even hotter. And anything that made mom hornier was very welcome in my book!

"I do have a fresh batch of little swimmers looking for a new home. Do you know of any place? Somewhere warm and very damp?" I teased as I ground my lump into her knit dress.

"I can think of a few places like that!" Jenny joked as she began to pull me towards the hall and thus to her bedroom.

I could think of a few places too. Her mouth, her asshole, her pussy!

I needed to narrow it down.

"Any of them have some nice neighbors? Small, round, and quiet?" I wasn't sure she would get my reference to her eggs, but mom knew me very well and I suspected that our intent would help her.

"Hmm. I don't know of any places with neighbors like that." Mom said pondering.

The broad smile on her face said otherwise.

"I could go check at Aunt Jess's house; she might know." I cautiously brought up Jenny's sister.

"Oh, no you don't! You get into enough trouble over there!"

'Over there' where having sex with Jenny began!

We had reached Jenny's bedroom door. It was half closed, but she knocked it open with a backward kick as she faced me.

"We don't have much time, lover. My husband will be home soon. If you want to fuck me on his bed and fill my cunt with your virile sperm, you need to do so now!" Jenny stared into my eyes with her eyes burning with emerald lust.

Okay. She had ended my little charade and began a new one. One that was very close to reality and that I wasn't sure that I wanted to go there. But, what the hey!

"Are you trying to get me to fuck you and pump all my seed into your hot womb? To knock you up so your husband doesn't know?" I asked seriously, or tried to sound serious.

I sounded lame to me too!

"Oh, yes! I want you to fill me with your cum and get me preggers!" Mom moaned as I grabbed her ass.

I wasn't just grabbing her delightful tush though! I got a handful of her dress and pulled upward. The knit sweater resisted being raised in this way as it clung to Jenny's hips so snuggly. Mom giggled at my problem.

"Damn it, Jenny! Your dress is so tight!" I protested. Not that her clothing was an issue, it did reveal her wonderful figure.

The knit fabric finally let go of Jenny's ass and slid up over her abdomen with ease. Mom lifted her arms like a magician's sexy assistant and I tossed the clothing aside.

"God, Jenny! You are just so damned hot!" I gaped at her revealed nakedness.

"Praise like that will get you in my panties!" She cooed in delight.

Thing was, she wasn't wearing any!

"Uh, mom ..." I started, but then let the lack drop. She was just as I wanted her!

"Jeremy, you seem to still be dressed. We need to fix that!"

Her hands deftly worked at my pants while I tugged my shirt off. As good as mom was with a button or a zipper, she floundered in removing my pants as her fingers were distracted by the hard dick that

was struggling to get free. Jenny ran her digits over my boxers, teasing the hidden pole there.

"Uh, Jenny. That isn't getting them off."

"Oh, sorry. I do want to see your dick."

And like magic, my pants and underwear disappeared.

"Get on the bed! I want to get you ready for me!" Mom told me.

I was already as hard as I would ever be! Jenny just wanted the opportunity to get my cock in her mouth! And I was willing to let her!

I jumped up on the bed and laid back so that my dick was perpendicular to her mattress.

"Oh! It's so beautiful!" Jenny declared lustily.

I don't know if I wanted my dick called beautiful. Beautiful was a flower, a girl, a sunset, not a hard cock! But if Jenny liked it, she could call it whatever she wanted. As long as she kept it warm with her mouth and pussy! Even, occasionally, her ass!

Mom did take it into her mouth, her very warm mouth! And very wet, as she drooled over my shaft so she could slide her fist over my skin.

"Careful there, Jenny! You keep that up and I'll be wasting my baby butter in your mouth!" I told her as she gave me such exquisite feelings on my dick.

"Oh no! We can't have that! We need all that tasty seed in my womb! So that you can knock me up, put a bun in my oven, or get me in the family way!" Mom released my dick so fast it was like it had burned her hand.

Jenny then sprang up and straddled me, implanting my cock where it always belonged.

"That's what I needed!" Mom gasped as she sat on my pelvis.

What I needed too!

"Fuck me, Jenny! Ride my cock! Make me fill your vagina with my semen!" I grasped her hips to coax her into motion. It didn't take much.

Mom lifted herself so that she was nearly off me and then dropped down so I was knocking at her womb.

"Oh God! I love your cock, honey! Mommy needs to be fucked badly!"

No, mommy needed to be fucked good!

In short order, Jenny was bouncing furiously on my lap as my dick filled her pussy and her inner muscles massaged my invading shaft to persuade me to release my thick cum deep into her chamber of love.

"Yes, Jenny! Ride my fat cock! You like that, don't you?" I grunted between plunges.

"Fuck me! God, I love your big cock in mommy's cunt! Are you going to make me a mommy again?" Jenny crowed loudly as she wriggled and wiggled her hips as she bucked and fucked herself on my dick.

"Yes, mommmmy!" I barely found breath to speak as Jenny's actions seemed to steal the air from my lungs.

"Jeremy! Make mommy a mommy! Fill me with your sperm, baby! Give mommy your seed!"

I was close enough that I could cum at any time I wished and the idea that we could be conceiving life as we were giving each other such heavenly pleasure was enough to push me over the peak.

"Gonnna cuuummm, mommmmee! Cumm ... mminnng!"

The force with which I felt my seed shoot forth, I almost expected to see it coming out of Jenny's wide-open mouth as she had her own voiceless orgasm. I'm sure the idea that I might be impregnating her, me, her son, was so intoxicating that it had sent her to her bliss as well.

My sight grew hazy for a bit and then Jenny had her lips on mine, her bountiful breasts pressed into my chest. My dick was slowly wilting while still encased in that wondrous sheath of my mother.

"Jeremy." She whispered into my lips.

"Jenny." I replied in kind.

"I so want to have a baby with you. We might have even done so just now." The light from her eyes was bright enough that some astronomer on the other side of the galaxy would one day discover a new star in the sky.

"I know mom. I love you, Jenny. I love you so much!"

"I love you too, baby!" Her lips were on mine again.

It was so appropriate that she called me that right then.

"And if we didn't get you pregnant just now, we'll just have to keep trying. I'm willing to try day and night!" I told her happily.

"I'm sure you are!" Jenny laughed and gave her hips another shake.

A few more of those, and I would be willing to try again in a few minutes!

"Are you willing to take a shower with your pleasantly aged mother?" Jenny smiled brightly at me.

"Gladly. But we can't go washing your hot pussy. We have to give my crew a chance to make landfall." I answered plainly.

"Your crew? Landfall?"

This drew a chuckle from my mother. And hopefully, from my newly conceived child's mother!

The shower was hot, the water not the action, though it did get us warmed up for a second round that we still had time to squeeze in before my siblings got home.

When dad returned home that evening, he eyed us both inquisitively. I kept my face expressionless. Mom just grinned hugely back at him.

After the kids went to bed, Jenny and I gave my father a recap of our afternoon's activities. Without the same banter, of course!

It was fortunate, or just foresight, that I had taken mostly basic classes for my first semester at college. Not that it wasn't still work, but it wasn't as much as it might have been. I had almost held off going for the fall semester and just wait for the winter one, but Jenny, and yes, even dad, had forbidden that. I grudgingly had agreed and accepted my need for schooling, and it was a good distraction from the tensions at home. Not that having sex all the time with Jenny was tense!

We later determined, through careful figuring, checking dates, crossing the 't's', and carrying the 5, that it had to have been on Christmas Eve when after the three adults had finished playing Santa, that I opened a special package with my name on it and then proceeded to fill that package with a good load of Jeremy juice that the magic happened. A

few weeks later Jenny began to have some symptoms that might indicate she was with child. The three of us were anxious as she took a store-bought test to confirm her suspicions. Even dad was interested as he had just as much invested in this decision as me or Jenny.

Yes! She was pregnant!

I was going to be a father!

Jenny was having my baby!

I was ecstatic!

As was Jenny.

Dad seemed happy, but I knew it was a weighted happiness, as it was sinking in that I had impregnated his wife.

I was going to be a daddy!

Yes, it wasn't a given yet. We still had eight and a half months or so to wait, and a lot could still go wrong in that lengthy time. But I trusted in

my good karma that I had gotten me this far. I had already started picking out names!

We waited to tell Jojo and Johnny that there would be a new sibling.

Or to tell anyone else either.

I knew that had to be killing Jenny to not tell Aunt Jessica, since she told her everything!

With so much that could go wrong, we didn't want to tell anyone lest something should, and just decided it was better no one knew until we had better info about the baby's health.

I was a nervous wreck during that time. Even being with Jenny couldn't comfort my unease. She sensed it and knew the cause, as I was sure that she had to have the same feelings.

Neither of us wanted what we had done to result in a new life with any defects, deformities, or any other form of handicap. That wouldn't be fair for the child to pay for our sins, or our forbidden lusts. It was something that weighed on us both through every step of this new journey. And we would never think about doing anything about ending it if something should turn out to be wrong, or irregular. Life was life.

Jenny went to the doctor regularly. She took her prenatal vitamins and did everything else right and as she was instructed to do. Her age was a slight factor, but Jenny couldn't tell the doctor her chief concern or admit that the growing life inside her was her son's child.

Things were perfectly fine and Jenny's belly grew such that it soon became unavoidable but to tell everyone. As much as she wanted to tell Jessica immediately, we decided that the first ones to be told were my brother and sister.

Jojo was out-of-this-world excited by the news. She looked at a baby brother or sister (her choice for gender) as a live addition to her menagerie of stuffed animals. Jenny had to tell her numerous times that the child would be mom's and not Jojo's.

Johnny on the other hand was less than pleased. He saw this as a new invasion of younger children and his one sister was more than enough. He favored another boy if another sibling was forced on him. I tried to convince how much I loved having two younger siblings, but he refused to listen to my words. I'm sure when the arrival arrived, that his opinion would change. Or, I hoped it would. I wanted my brother and sister to love and welcome my son or daughter!

I pampered Jenny throughout the pregnancy, and was only too happy to rub her swollen feet, to massage her back, and though unnecessary,

I also loved to rub that growing mound of her belly. I went about the house doing her housework for her, though never to her level, but I managed. I didn't slack in my schoolwork and the multiple things that I had on my plate during that time had me feeling very old. School, caring for Jenny, and caring for Jenny while dad still watched, while trying to maintain some semblance of a social life was very hard work. I had lost many friends from high school or around the neighborhood because I had no time and had rather spent that time with Jenny.

Sex with Jenny grew more difficult as she grew larger. Some positions just became too difficult or she wasn't flexible enough for them. Her desire grew as much as her girth, and I began to doubt that even two men would be enough for her!

But then came the time when she didn't want any.

I had to resort to the old standby. As I'm sure my father did as well.

Then came the big day!

Her water broke and I almost dropped to the floor as well at the import of that.

I was really and truly going to be a father!

Jenny and I had decided that we didn't want to know the sex until the birth, even as dad argued against it. He declared that we could have already had all the appropriately colored clothing and items before the birth and would then have to go shopping for said items when there would be a crying, sleeping, and pooping baby around.

When it had come to the actual day, dad did act much more excited than he had during much of the pregnancy; not that he hadn't done the usual paternal diligence, but most of it was really done by me. The real father!

It was a girl!

She was a girl!

I had a baby girl!

(Did you get a cigar? Here have one! They still do that, don't they?)

After much discussion between Jenny and me, we decided, or I should just admit that Jenny let me go with my choice: Tabitha Anne!

I was a father!

It was then that the first of many bittersweet moments happened.

The nurse asked if the father wanted to see his baby, and of course I took a step to follow her, but the nurse ignored me and just looked at dad. The 'father' of the baby. He looked at me and I think at that moment he understood me more than he ever had in my whole life. He tried to smile at me, but it was weak and did nothing to help my mood right then.

But eventually I did get my chance and my mood went off the scale.

She was the most beautiful thing that I had seen in the world!

Next to her mother, of course!

I felt like I was ten feet tall.

I couldn't proclaim Tabby as mine, but that didn't make her not mine.

When I got to hold that precious little bundle in my arms, I knew then that I was truly in Heaven. Her little face looked up at me even with her eyes closed, and when her miniscule, but perfectly formed hand reached out and grabbed at my pinky, I was lost. I had thought I had

known what love was, but I had been ignorant of the concept until that very moment.

I saw mom, Jenny, look at me from her hospital bed and though she looked very worn from the ordeal, she was so beautiful to me. The woman that had gifted me with this precious little girl! I saw the gaze on her face as she looked from me to our daughter, our daughter! And there was nothing more pure than love that was etched on Jenny's face. For me, and for Tabitha.

It was then that the second moment hit me.

I would never get to be the true father to my daughter. She would always see me as the so-much older, older brother. I would spend lots of time with her; all that I had, and I would still just be the brother, much like Johnny, of whom she would have more in common with than me.

That feeling hit me harder than anything ever had in my life.

I carefully handed my daughter back to her mother and excused myself from my parents' presence.

I found the closest restroom and used at least half a roll of toilet paper trying to staunch the water that kept flowing from my eyes.

It was much later that I returned and mom, no Jenny, asked me what was wrong. I replied nothing. She stared at me with my blatant lie, but said nothing more.

Johnny and Jojo both got their turns to hold the newborn, each of them showing such extreme care that I nearly broke again. I just wiped my eye with a finger and blinked away my pain. I will say that it was so adorable to see Jojo cradling Tabby so lovingly and so cautiously. Even Johnny's earlier dissent, then seemed to turn to adoration at his new sister.

Sister.

That's all I had. A new sister.

I kept telling myself that. And tried to convince myself.

I had good days and bad days.

I was all the brother that Tabitha could want. I did have to temper my attention on her so as to not seem to favor her. At the beginning, it was understandable, she was a baby. But as she grew, I had to watch the reactions of the other two siblings to make sure I wasn't slighting them.

I was probably making it more than it was, as the two of them doted on Tabby as well.

Aunt Jess gave me a suspicious look every time she came over to visit her new niece. Jenny admitted to me that she had finally kept something from her sister and hadn't told Jessica of Tabby's true parentage, and instead claimed as my parents did with everyone, that her conception had been a surprise. It was extremely rare, but women with tied tubes did sometimes get pregnant. I had found that out in my studies, so our 'story' was conceivable, so to say.

Dad stepped up his game with Tabby, which came as a surprise for a girl that wasn't actually his. Maybe he was overcompensating, but I was grateful for all the attention he gave my daughter. Then again, I hadn't known what kind of father dad had been when we were that age. I had only been eight when Jojo had been born, which was oddly coincidental as my sister was now nine, but she had been eight when Tabitha had been conceived. Not to imply that dad hadn't been a good father, he had really been great. It was just that he worked to support us all and it was mom, no Jenny, that had been neglected more than his children.

I would never neglect the mother of my child. Not to my last breath.

Tabby grew up beautiful, like her mother, so similar in looks and the color of their hair, and had a special affection for her oldest brother, but she, like everyone else didn't know the truth. As much as I loved her,

and I couldn't love her more and still be able to breathe, I wondered what it would have been like to be the father to her that I had really wanted to be.

Again, Jeremy gets what he thought he wanted and it turns out not to be what he had hoped. It is a good life, but not the 'perfect' one of which he had dreamed!

***

This next ending is again taken up from Chapter 18 as with the ones above, but this one splits off from later that same night. I won't repeat from the main story for the short bit that this follows it until the alternate ending begins and just write it all as new as it is less than a page. You can reread from the excerpt above, or just go with that Jeremy and Jenny are in the midst of sex while Justin is at his company's party.

I collapsed beside Jenny as we held each other's gaze.

Then, I opened my eyes in the darkness and looked about seeking for Jenny.

She was lying beside me, her body curled with mine, her eyes closed.

"Mom!" I panicked.

"Huh?" She answered still mostly asleep.

"We fell asleep!" I exclaimed loudly. "What if dad came home while we slept?"

I searched Jenny's eyes for comfort from my fear.

"Stay here." Her tone didn't easy my worries. "I'll go and see if Justin is home."

She climbed from my bed.

"Mom, you're naked!"

She smiled and most of my concerns flew away like butterflies. She then grabbed one of my clean tee shirts from my dresser and pulled it over her shadowy curves.

"Stay here." Jenny held out her hand to keep me in my bed.

I wasn't going to go anywhere. I was safe in my bed.

Mom wasn't gone for very long, but my heart was pounding like a hammer. Her face appeared pale, but I couldn't tell if it was the dim light or something worse.

"Our bed isn't touched. He's not home yet." Mom's voice should have been calmer with the fact that we hadn't been found out.

I quickly looked at the clock on my bedside table. 3:12.

"It's after three, mom. Even if he was late, dad should have been home by now." I tried to keep the panic from my voice, but it was reflected on mom's face as well.

"Maybe he left a text, let me check my phone." She again left my room.

It had to be the lateness, her weariness, and maybe her mind was whirling with dark thoughts as to why she just hadn't looked at her phone when she went downstairs the first time, or brought it up with her when she came back.

She did have it in her palm when she returned. She held it as if it was a lifeline.

"Nope. No texts, messages, or missed calls." Mom said as she stared at the small flat phone.

"Where could he be? He couldn't still be at the party this late." I questioned the darkness as I knew mom had no answers herself.

"I don't know." Jenny answered me anyway.

She came over to the bed and stood there. The shadows on her face made her look gaunt. Her eyes were on me.

"I have a bad feeling, Jeremy." She whispered.

She only spoke the words that matched my own feelings.

Then her phone buzzed. It startled us both.

Jenny looked at it for a second as if unsure what that sound meant.

It buzzed again.

She looked at the screen but there was no relief on her face as she lifted it to her ear.

"Hello?"

"Yes, this is she."

"Yes, he's my husband. Is there something wrong?"

It was still dark in my room, but it seemed as if it had grown even darker as I saw mom's face tighten.

And her phone dropped from her hand.

I jumped from the bed.

"Mom? Are you okay? What's wrong? Was that about dad?"

Her eyes found mine and I swear to this day, the look that I then saw on my mom's face haunts me still.

"He's dead." She said flatly. "Justin is dead."

"What? No! No!" I yelled.

I bent to retrieve the phone.

"Hello? Hello?" Came a male voice from mom's phone.

"Hello? Who is this?" I asked.

"This is Sergeant Carter of the State Police. Who am I speaking with?"

"I'm Jeremy."

"Are you a relation of Justin?"

"I'm his son. Where is he? What happened?"

"I'm sorry to inform you, young man, that your father has passed. He was involved in an accident. A semi-truck swerved into his lane and forced him off the road and he hit a power pole. I'm sorry for your loss. Is your mother okay? May I speak with her again?"

I numbly handed the phone back to mom.

I fell to sit on my bed.

I couldn't even think.

Dad was gone?

I was dimly aware of mom still speaking to the officer and then she was sitting beside me. She put an arm around me and at her touch, I did the same as well with her.

"Jeremy."

I turned to look at her. Her eyes were dark, the usual gleam in those emerald orbs had gone out.

"Mom."

"Hold me, honey."

I moved so I could put my other arm around her shoulders. There was nothing close to sexual in our connection then, we were just two people holding on to each other in the face of the horrid storm that had just overwhelmed us both.

We sat there gently rocking each other in the darkness, our arms locked tight around the other. After some time, I heard sobbing. I couldn't be sure that it was only mom.

I don't know how long it was as time had lost meaning for me, for us, but we moved to lay down, unable to keep awake even with the terrible news that we had received.

The sun was up and birds were chirping when I opened my eyes again. My face was still damp.

I turned to see if mom was still there in my bed.

She was, and still in my shirt. Her face looked worn and still haunted, even in the morning light. I wondered at that moment if I would ever see that gleaming light in her eyes ever again.

It was odd that I was awake before her, but I wasn't going to wake her then. I would let her sleep and keep whatever peace she could in her dreams in this difficult time.

I got my phone and texted Aunt Jess. I gave her no information and merely asked her to keep Johnny and Jojo for the day and that mom would call her later. At least, I hoped that mom would be capable of talking with anyone later that black day.

I shivered even though it was warm in the light.

I darted downstairs and when I came back up, mom was still asleep.

"Mom? Wake up mom." I nudged her after I set down the tray I had gone downstairs for.

"Huh? Oh, Jeremy." Mom wiped at her bleary eyes. She looked at me curiously. "It wasn't a dream, was it?"

"I'm so sorry, mom." I was on the verge of crying again.

This seemed to fortify her. Her own eyes were watery, but she fought it off.

"You made breakfast?" She noted the tray.

"Not really. It's just some toast and some slices of melon." I told her slowly. It was all I was capable of at that time.

"That's alright. Perfect, in fact. Thank you." She sounded so much more, I can't say upbeat, but less down than I felt.

I placed the tray on the bed as she sat up against the headboard.

"What are we going to do, mom?" I asked with my head lost in the fog of the news of dad's death.

Dad was gone!

She paused for a few seconds, staring at me, or maybe the wall behind me.

"The only thing that we can do, we keep going on."

I could tell she was barely holding it together.

"Things are going to be hard for a while, for a long while. But we'll get through this."

Her words were more confident than her appearance. I saw the water building up in her eyes.

"Mom." I said softly.

"I know, Jeremy, I know. It'll be okay. Eventually."

I was sure that if I hadn't been right there, that mom would have balled herself up and bawled her eyes out. At some point, I wouldn't be there.

With the horrendous news, we had reverted to mother and son again, but my heart went out to my Jenny in her grief even as my own tore my world apart.

"I texted Aunt Jess to keep the kids for the day. I said that you would talk to her later. I didn't say anything about ..." I couldn't say the words.

My father wasn't coming back! Ever again!

"Aw, thank you, honey." She managed a weak smile, even at that grim time. "Jojo, Johnny."

I saw her brave façade falter at the thought of her younger children.

My own weak hold wavered at the thought of having to tell my sister that daddy had gone to Heaven.

"Jeremy!" Mom spoke out as she reached her arms to me.

I let my mommy hug me and give me comfort as tears rolled down my face.

"Mom. I never wanted anything like this to happen to him. Even with ... this." I gestured to my bed to indicate what we had done there just a dozen hours before.

"Oh, I know, honey. Neither did I. I wish I had been able to go with him. Maybe it wouldn't have happened then."

"No, mom, don't think that. Then both of you would be gone. I wouldn't be able to handle that!" I wiped my tears with a fist.

I meant that as losing her as my mother, and not as the love that had I come to find with her.

"I'm sorry, Jeremy. I'm not really myself right now. I just go over all the things that I could have done differently. Something that would have

kept this from happening. I just feel like I am in a bad dream and I want to wake up right now."

"I know mom, but not a bad dream, a nightmare." I corrected her.

We hugged tightly again and then she nudged me away.

"Eat your toast. Then we'll get up and try to figure out what to do next."

I had very little appetite right then.

Mom called her sister and broke the terrible news. Mom told her not to say anything to the kids, but to just bring them home and we would all tell them together.

Jojo wailed constantly. Johnny tried to appear brave, but I saw his lip quivering as he fought the tears that I knew would come sooner or later. If I couldn't fight them, he had no chance.

Mom hugged us constantly, from one to the next. Aunt Jessica did the same as well, and I took little heed of her body except that it was a warm comforting reality in this nightmare that life had become. The five of us cried together, our tears binding us as a family.

I looked after my brother and sister when my aunt drove mom to do whatever you had to do when your spouse died. As bad as I felt about dad being gone, I felt even worse for what mom had to be going through. Just the thought of something happening to her made me almost retch. And that was just the thought, not the reality. I wanted mom to be there so I could hug her again.

Me, Jojo, and Johnny got time off from school to deal with our grief. It was a bleak week as we sat at home and felt like doing nothing. Our grandparents came over, Grandma Norma cried more than mom. But she didn't have to hold it in for the sake of her grandchildren like mom was doing for us. Grandpa Harold was a stone. I knew it had hit him hard, but he wouldn't let it show. Uncle Mike also tried to keep a straight face, but at the sight of Jojo's tear-streaked face, he broke down. His father looked at him with some disdain for not being man enough to hide his grief, but my uncle ignored him.

People from dad's company showed up at the house during that week, each with the obligatory consoling casseroles. Mom knew a few of them, but besides Bob, they were all strangers to the rest of us. The company gave mom a large check to ease their conscience over the fact that dad had been coming home from a company sponsored event when he had the accident. It was given as a token of his years of service, but I read between the lines!

The trucking company that owned the truck that had sent dad to his grave tried to deny fault, but there had been a nearby traffic camera

that had caught the truck swerve in front of dad's SUV. Their insurance company paid a hefty check without giving mom any red tape or small print clauses.

Dad had always looked out for his family as top priority, so it came as no surprise that he had a large life insurance policy on himself, or actually two, as he had a separate one through his company as well. We would be set financially for a very long time. I would have rather been dirt poor and have had dad still alive instead.

As for mom and I, she had been so in grief that I was just her oldest son once again. I accepted it as I felt partially at fault for what had happened, even as I knew in my heart that it had nothing to do with me. It was just what it was, an accident. They happened all the time. You hear the news stories. So and so died crossing the street today, Mrs. Somebody ran a red light and was killed, Joe Schmo crashed his motorcycle and was pronounced dead at the hospital. You never think about them being real people with families and people that grieve for them. They were just names on the news. If you even got a name. Dad didn't even make the news.

So, mom and I kept apart.

In the dark days right after, things were hard for all of us. School resumed. Life went on. My schoolwork faltered but I think my teachers felt sorry for me and my final grades didn't reflect those last few

months. I graduated, but without dad there to witness it, I felt no achievement for it.

It was slow, but with each of our loneliness, the constant presence of each other, and the frequent hugs that mom and I gave each other, a growing tension built between us.

One day, soon after I was out of school, and while Jojo and Johnny were still going, mom gave me a hug. Like the hundreds, or thousands, we had given each other since that black day that I wanted to blot from my memory. But mom rubbed up against me. I paused in my hold of her. Was she grinding on me?

I pulled back slightly to look at her.

Her lips were on mine.

I was taken aback.

For only about the space of a nanosecond.

Then my lips were pressed just as firmly to hers.

"Jeremy." She moaned into my mouth as she opened hers to push her tongue through my lips.

I welcomed that tongue and greeted it with my own graciously.

"I need you, honey." Mom whispered into my lips.

"Mom." I moaned in agreement. "Jenny."

"I love you, dear." My love told me. "Take me. I want it hard! Make me feel it, Jeremy!"

I knew that was partially her grief talking, but as it had been some time since either of us had had sex, I suspected it was also her need had become overwhelming. At least, that was how I felt right then.

I literally ripped her blouse off her. I would have done the same to her bra, but they are more well-crafted such that they cannot be torn off. Trust me, I really tried!

My kisses had to have burned her skin with their heat, just as hers did on me. I moved my lips from hers to kiss her jaw, her neck behind her ear, down her taut tendoned neck and deep between her full breasts. Jenny pressed them from the sides to smother me with her tits.

I returned to smash my lips to hers and Jenny gave as good as she got!

I didn't need to rip her slacks off as they had melted to the floor with our heat.

Jenny might have tried to rip my tee shirt off, but she didn't have the strength for that feat. Of which I was grateful. As much as I needed to get naked, the shirt was one of my favs, with my favorite music group on the front!

I whisked it off for her and Jenny's eyes burned in gratitude as her hands raked over my skin.

"Fuck me, Jeremy! Fuck me as hard as you can!"

That was pretty hard! And I meant to prove it!

I picked her up, which surprised her, and I carried Jenny to her room. The one that she had shared with dad.

I put that thought from my head and focused on the beautiful woman in my arms.

I half-tossed her on the mattress and quickly dropped my pants. I laid down half on top of her, needing to feel her skin on my own. I grabbed her tits in both hands and mauled them with hands and mouth, pulling her nips with my teeth.

"Oh yes, baby!" Jenny cooed in delight.

My dick was a raging tower that leaked with its need to get into someplace warm and wet. Someplace that it hadn't seen in months!

Jenny felt my boner on her thigh.

"Don't wait, or tease me. Ram that thing in me! I need to feel like a woman again!" She commanded harshly.

I had no tease in me right then. I had been craving this for probably as long as Jenny!

I nudged her thighs wider and lay between them guiding my probing pecker towards its home. Her pubic hair was a tangled mess, but that wasn't my concern right then. Shoving my cock in Jenny's hot pussy was the only thing on my mind.

"Please, baby! Please!" Jenny practically begged. No, she was begging!

"I'm going to fuck you so hard, Jenny, that you won't be able to walk for a week!" I growled as I slipped the end between her labia.

"Yes! Yes!" She wailed. "Ooooo! Yes!"

I was balls-deep on the first stroke. She was so wet that I barely felt any pressure from her normally tight pussy walls.

"Goddamn mom! You're so fucking wet!"

"I need you baby! I've been so horny for so lonnnng!"

"Do you need my big cock, Jenny? Do you need for me to make you scream with pleasure?" I grunted into her ear as I pulled back and plowed back into her again.

"I do! I do! Please! Make me scream as I cum on your huge cock!" Her fingernails were digging into my back, but I let her have her way with me as I was going to with her.

I drove ferociously into that hot cunt like I had never done before. I had little concern for her orgasm. If she came, she came. But I knew that Jenny would have no issue cumming before me, it was a guarantee with how she was reacting.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" She screamed with each vicious thrust. Not something I wanted any neighbors to hear. Especially now when they knew there was no longer a husband around to be causing such an outcry.

Ah, fuck the neighbors!

I could also guarantee that I wouldn't be finished with only one so I didn't hold back when the need built up to inferno status. Much like the volcano that I would become when I spewed my boiling cum into Jenny's burning cunt!

"Aaaaaaaa!" Jenny screamed very quickly as she clenched every part of her onto me.

"F-fuuuuckk!" I likewise screamed soon after her, as I poured a gallon of cum into Jenny's womb.

"Don't st-stopp! Keeeep ... uh ... keeep fuh ... fuh ... king meeee!" Jenny screamed into my ear and clamped her lips back to my neck.

Her own hips were bouncing up to me with nearly the same force that I was pressing down on them. We were fucking each other no matter which of us happened to have the hard dick!

It took less than two minutes before my lover exploded again with ecstasy. My own orgasmic bliss was a long way off, but not as far as I would have thought so soon after such a massive load.

And then Jenny came again, convulsing beneath me as I continued to pound my cock into her like I might die if I stopped my motion.

"Fuh! Fuh! Fuh!"

Jenny was so lost in her lust that she could no longer even speak that which she wanted. Desired. Needed.

I was lost in my lust as well. My body went on automatic and I thought it might keep going even if I went dry.

Then I was cumming again. Grunting heavily as I pounded her pussy like a tenderizer.

"More! Morre! Morrrre!" Jenny wailed, screamed, screeched.

I was nearing the bottom of the tank. That I had stayed hard after the second load of cum was a miracle enough that it managed to penetrate my fog of lust.

It wasn't long after that, however long it could be, and Jenny was spasming once again. I might have cum again, but I couldn't know in the condition I was in then.

I felt a flurry of kisses on my face, a face that was an inch deep with sweat. Jenny paid no heed of my perspiration as she covered my face with her love.

"I love you, Jeremy! Love you, love you, love you!" Jenny went on as if the more she said it the truer it would be.

"I love you too, Jenny!" I only needed to say it the once for it to be true.

"Oh God, I've missed you! Being with you. Like this!"

A new flurry assaulted my mien, but many of them did cover my lips as well. I met those with my own kisses.

"I've missed you too, Jenny! So many times, I wanted to take you and make you feel better. I just didn't think that you could feel better." I spoke almost in a whisper as I took deep breaths of air.

"I wanted you to do so as well. I just didn't know how you were doing. If you ever wanted to do this again."

"Jenny! How could you think that? I always want you!" I croaked out with as much emphasis as I could manage. "When we got home from the ... After the ..." I couldn't say those words. "You were crying. You had on that black dress. It wasn't sexy at all, but all I wanted to do was take you the minute we got in the front door!"

"Oh, Jeremy!" Jenny said tenderly. "I didn't know."

"It would have been very inappropriate, young man. Your grandmother was there, as was your brother and sister!" There was a small smile on her lips and the beginnings of that long-missing gleam in her eyes. "Otherwise, I would have probably let you!"

"Mom!" It slipped out with my shock.

She laughed at my response.

"I know it sounds odd considering what we had just gone through, what we had just done. Justin was barely in the ground and I wanted you to do to me as you just did. And quite well, I will tell you!"

"Mom!" That time it was intentional.

Her laugh was easier.

"I just needed something to prove that I was alive. That I wasn't dead inside like ..."

Jenny trailed off, unable to say my father's name then.

"I kept my distance because I didn't think you wanted me anymore. That I wasn't ... dad."

Jenny brought a hand to my cheek and made little circles with it there.

"You're not your father. You never were. That doesn't mean that I didn't still love you. Like this." Her words were tender, her eyes cast down at her last words.

When they came up again, she kissed me. Only one and that on my lips. That one lasted longer than both flurries combined.

"I assumed you blamed me for what happened. Like I blame myself." I stared deep into those twin stars of green. I was just as blinded as if they were a real celestial body.

"Jeremy! Why would you think that?" Jenny asked in surprise.

"Because we had been together, like this, when it happened. When dad died." I said quietly. "You were in my bed when he died."

"Jeremy!" Jenny gasped. "Where I was and what I was doing had no bearing on what happened to your father!"

She stared at me as if that made her words sink in.

"It's true that I felt like that those first few days. My guilt nearly overwhelmed me and was probably as great as my grief. It was only because of you, the three of you," she clarified that definition, "that got me through those days. I do feel guilt over what we have done, but that didn't cause the accident and wouldn't have prevented it. I don't regret being in your bed at that time. You made me feel alive then, like you just did just now. I can't regret that. Life is too short. As this has proved. I have to be happy with what I have. And what I have is you, Jeremy."

"Are you happy though, mom? Really?" I asked sincerely, no trace of my usual levity.

"I don't know. Sometimes, I am. When I look at my kids. I'm happy then. I'm very happy when someone carries me to my bed!" Jenny almost giggled at that, and I could believe that she had some happiness left in her. "I will always miss Justin; he was my husband and the father of my three very wonderful children. Well, two of them anyway. One of them can be a pain in the ass sometimes!"

"Mom!" I cried out again.

"As I was saying, I will miss your father, but I can't let that keep me from living my life. Otherwise, I might just as well have died in that truck with him. Do you know what I'm saying, honey?" Jenny looked at me as she lowered her head to peer into my eyes from below her forehead.

"I think so. It's just so hard sometimes. He could be a ... pain in the ass sometimes ... but I loved him; he was my dad."

"I know what you mean, dear. Even though I was cheating on him, and with his son," she gave me a quick kiss on my nose, "he was my husband and I loved him dearly. But he's gone and I'm still here. You're

still here. We can only live each day to the fullest. That is the best way to remember him and what he meant to us both."

"I love you so much, Jenny!" I declared and gave her a peck on her nose.

"I know you do, Jeremy." Then a mischievous look covered her face. "But you're useless to me now!"

Her eyes were on my limp penis.

"I have more tricks in me than just the one!" I teased back.

"Oh? Any that you can use with my pussy overflowing with your cum?" She quipped with a deadly tone.

Jenny opened her thighs and my white seed was seeping easily from her still gaped hole. To add to her jibe, she waggled her tongue at me.

"I still have my fingers!" I protested defiantly.

Jenny laughed.

"No, I think we are both spent for the duration." She leaned over and gave me another quick kiss on the lips. "Thank you again for that. I needed that so badly. And for some time."

"Your welcome, pretty lady. Next time, don't wait, just let me know how badly you want it."

"You know me well enough, young man. I might not make it to nightfall!"

I knew she was jesting, but I did know her well. It wasn't all jest!

Life went on.

Things were never normal again, but they became bearable.

Many times, I would spend the entire night in Jenny's bed. We made no pretense for my brother and sister that I was doing so, but we just told them that mom missed dad and was lonely in her bed. So, it became that each of us would take a turn with mom for a night. It was far more innocent for Jojo or Johnny to sleep with mom than their older brother who would keep Jenny up for half the night as I 'comforted' her. Repeatedly! We made sure that neither of them suspected anything that shouldn't be happening between mother and son, though there might have been some near misses as there had ever been with dad.

Aunt Jess visited frequently to console her sister. And her niece and nephews. As much as I would have loved to resume the fling with my gorgeous aunt, she and Eric soon became serious and moved in together. I had Jenny and that was all I would ever need. Or want.

It was soon after I had started my second semester at the local college that I noticed that mom was going through more wine than had been normal. In the old days, she would have one for dinner, and maybe another during the evening. During special occasions, she might have two or three, and rarely four.

I had been taking out the trash and I noticed it seemed heavier than usual. And clanked more. Only when I threw it in the can out back and a few of the bottles broke, did I realize what they were. I wondered why they were in the trash and not the recyclables.

I thought nothing of it at the time. Jenny might have an extra glass now and then, but it was understandable with what she'd been through. I didn't know that it was getting to be a problem until one night she really began to slur her words. Okay, she just had a hard day. It was only once.

Then it happened again.

She had seemed to be doing so much better as time went by, but I still just chalked it up to some anniversary of something between her and dad that I didn't know about and she'd had a little extra rosé to stave off the pain of the date. But it started to become the norm and not the unusual.

I tried to ask her about it, calmly and reasonably. She took it as an attack on her character and had yelled at me that what did I know what she was going through. That all I wanted was to get a piece of ass. Her ass.

This stunned me and before I said something I couldn't take back, I walked away. I would try to talk to her later when she wasn't so full of the grape.

As I started to watch Jenny for signs of mental distress, as I had assumed this to be, I realized that she wasn't doing her yoga anymore. I questioned her about that. Her reply was that it was pointless then as she didn't have a husband to look good for anymore. I then asked what about me. Jenny said that I had her so high on a pedestal that it didn't matter what she looked like. I took slight offense at that cavalier attitude, even if she might not have been totally wrong. I did love her and I told myself that I didn't care about her appearance so much, but that I loved 'her'.

Not to make it seem that things were bad between us. These were rare occurrences and I assumed, again wrongly, that as we became more like

a regular couple, that there would tough times for us. That this was what real couples had to deal with. Dad, and his loss, was still a heavy weight over our lives.

I kept living at home. It wasn't far from school and it saved some money, though that wasn't a real issue with dad's foresight and careful planning. I also used that I had been caring for my grief-stricken mother as a convenient excuse to not move out.

Johnny moved on to high school. Jo blossomed into a beautiful young girl, much as her mother had to have been at that age. Both of them would eye me strangely at times, but I didn't know if it was just my guilt seeing that, or if either of them knew something. Neither ever said anything, to me or to mom.

Aunt Jess did finally marry Eric and everyone was happy for her. At least, until we found out that a few months afterwards, that my new uncle was being transferred with his work to another state. It was a teary party that we all bid farewell to my aunt and her new husband. There were promises to visit, but it was far enough away that I knew that I would be lucky to see my curvy aunt twice a year. It came to be much less than that though!

Mom, Jenny, moved on from vino to vodka. I said something, innocently, about that, and she merely stated that she needed something stronger to take off the pain. I then noted as I looked at her,

that she was then what you could call pleasantly plump. I hadn't noticed it day to day as you don't see the things around you every day. I said nothing as I didn't want to upset her about her appearance, or that I had seen a difference. She was still my Jenny. There was just more of her to love!

I finished my two years at the local college, but I didn't want to move away to go to film school, so I just let my collegiate aspirations fade away. I had trouble finding a career-entry job, so I started working at the nearby hardware store. We didn't have money issues, so it wasn't that big of deal where I worked. I had Jenny and we had some problems, but we were together.

Johnny then graduated high school and I had to marvel at the passing of time. It had seemed like just yesterday that it had been me standing there in my gown with my family's approval. Although Johnny didn't have dad there to congratulate him.

Jenny grew older as well as she grew larger.

That was fine, it happened to women her age. I still loved her.

What I didn't love was how much she seemed to be drinking at that point. I'm pretty sure she was sloshed at Johnny's graduation party. I said nothing, but she just said that she was celebrating her son's

achievement. That she toasted frequently to dad's memory wasn't lost on me either.

We still had sex just as frequently as ever, which is to say, a lot. I didn't even care much about her increased waistline, or the fumes on her breath. She was Jenny, and I loved her as I always had!

It wasn't until one day when I had done some little thing that I don't even remember now what it was, that Jenny came up behind me and gave me a smack on the back of my head and began complaining about how I always messed up things. I stared at her then as if she was some stranger I had never seen before. She did later apologize to me and I accepted it. But it was then that I noted that she had been smacking me frequently for some slights that I wasn't aware of doing. There would be apologies, but speaking words afterwards didn't make it alright for her to accost me like she'd done.

I began to flinch whenever Jenny would come near, waiting the physical abuse that was to come. Abuse, that I had finally realized as what it was. It also wasn't just the slaps that didn't really hurt, but her words that cut deeper than her hands ever could.

Jenny would berate me for never doing anything more with college, and that I had had such big dreams, of being a big-time film director and here I was still living in her house and working at the hardware store for a pittance. I would just stare at her at those times, not saying a

word in my defense that it had been for her that I had stayed at home. That I had loved her.

It was during one of those incidents that it finally hit me.

I had loved her.

Had.

But, no longer.

I hadn't noticed that I hadn't been so eager to sleep with mom anymore, or the overweight bitter drunk that she had become. My love goggles had fallen off, and I then saw her as she really was, and not as the svelte sex kitten that had put her hand on my dick one evening. The only time we had sex at that time was when she decided that she needed some Jeremy and she would order me into her bed to satisfy her. I had always happily complied because she was Jenny, my Jenny.

But was she my Jenny anymore?

Jenny wouldn't have felt the need to constantly be swatting or slapping at me; she might not have had the strength for it to actually hurt, but it was aggravating. Jenny wouldn't make repeated comments about what

I had done with my life, or what would Justin think about how I had turned out.

I could still catch glimpses of that beautiful woman that had been my mother in the woman that I lived with then, but sometimes it took some squinting to see her.

Jo then graduated.

Mom sat during most of it as she had trouble standing for long. Her bottle of JD wasn't far out of reach. And dad's name was never far from her lips either as she'd raise her fifth to praise his memory. My sister went out with friend's after her party broke up early and mom dragged me home to do some more celebrating herself. Which meant pulling me to her bed for sex. I forced myself to get through it and although my body responded to the act, my will wasn't in it.

I knew that I should move out. But anytime that I would suggest that possibility, mom would just ask how I could afford that with what I made at my job. I didn't like that she seemed to be holding any of dad's money hostage from me if I left her. And I didn't like that it worked.

I was then alone with mom at home.

Johnny had gone to college across the country, and Jo followed, though in a different direction. Both seemed sympathetic to me with my choice to stay at home and care for our mother. They would always promise to visit, but it wasn't nearly as much as I thought that they should if they really loved mom. This, and the fact that their presence when they did visit, gave me a reprieve from her abuse, or her sexual demands that I then found to be odious.

To ease this, I went to the local animal shelter and adopted a young kitten.

She was grayish-black with whitish blobs over her body and tiny limbs. She was just so adorable!

I called her Tabitha. You know, Tabby the kitten.

Mom hated the creature, but I doted on her constantly. I found her to be the perfect distraction from my 'roommate' mother.

One day though I found out how much mom disliked my Tabby, when I saw her kick the little ball of fur so that she flew a few feet away. I yelled at mom, but she just told me to keep the thing away from her as she had her allergies. It had been so long, that I had forgotten about that! I then had to secretly smile that I could make mom suffer a little as she did with me.

I also had to wonder if mom disliked the cat that I had come to love because Tabby had taken my heart that had once belonged to Jenny.

Jeremy gets to be with Jenny with dad no longer in the picture, but it isn't the rosy life that he could imagine. He does still end up having a Tabitha to love, even if it isn't a daughter.

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This is the last of the alternate endings. Much as with the previous ones, it starts off after Jenny breaks off her illicit affair with her son. Jeremy is upset at her decision but rather than try to win his mother's affections back, he goes in a different direction. It branches off in the middle of Chapter 19 when Jeremy goes to his aunt's house to talk to her. I give the section from the main story as written, but with some slight alterations to account for the new direction. The rest after that short section is how things play out from there.

Not that I had any intention of breaking my promise to mom or cause any distress with Aunt Jessica, but I needed someone to talk to about my ruined life. And if something should happen while I was there, I wouldn't necessarily resist very much.

So, one evening after dinner, I went over to my aunt's house.

She was surprised to see me, and yet also acted as if she had been waiting for me.

We exchanged pleasantries briefly. She asked about school and if I had made any final plans for college the following year. She inquired about Johnny and Jojo as if she didn't get regular updates about our household from her sister. It was obvious that she was avoiding mentioning anything about mom and me.

"I said all along that things would end badly." Was all that she said in acknowledgement of the situation.

I silently nodded in a non-reply.

"I am here if you need to talk. I'm still your aunt and I love you. You know that, right?"

I nodded again.

Then my silence broke.

I stumbled over my words as I recounted what had happened in my own words, as I knew that mom had already given an accounting from

her viewpoint. I wanted my aunt to hear both sides in case mom shaded things in her favor. Not that she would do so intentionally, but everyone puts their own spin on any events that happen to them.

Aunt Jessica listened thoughtfully to me ramble on, nodding at points, and adding her opinion or asking for clarification for something.

I let all my feelings pour out to this sympathetic ear.

An ear that was attached to the first woman that I had ever fantasized about, or jerked off to in my bed. And both facts of which she was aware. That we had had sex and had shared so much more than words made it easier to express my feelings to her.

I had no urge to try anything at that time. As sexy as I found her, right then she was just my aunt and someone that I could talk to about the situation.

She gave me much the same words that Jenny, mom had given me when she had told me things were over.

'Things would get better', 'I needed a girlfriend that wasn't my mother', 'Mom needed to focus on her marriage and not dream about sleeping with her son'. That type of thing. They all sounded reasonable, except every one went counter to what I had felt at that time.

Regardless of the similarity of the words, they were more comforting coming from Aunt Jess. She wasn't completely impartial as she was mom's sister and that was closer to her than just my being her nephew, but with my aunt there was a third side and that was hers. She had had sex with me as well, so I had some little extra connection with Jess.

I asked about her own relationship with her boyfriend.

"It's been better than most that I have, but I'm still not sure. There just seems to be something about him that I ... not that I don't trust, but as if he's married, or keeping some secret. It's nothing that I can put a finger on, but just a niggle in my head." She told me with a worried tone to her voice.

"Eric seems like a great guy, from what I know of him, which is very little. You know him better, if something seems off, for whatever reason, it could be that there is something." I offered.

"Do you think that I should say something to him?" Aunt Jess asked as if she really wanted my opinion.

I was only her nephew. I had far less experience than her when it came to relationships. But then again, she had had many failed ones. To my few failed ones.

"Shouldn't you talk to mom about things like this?" I deflected her question.

"You have a male perspective that Jenny doesn't have." She pressed.

I couldn't believe that I was counseling my aunt.

"I wouldn't. If you bring up about something that isn't there, then it makes you look suspicious. Guys don't like when a girl goes prying into his life for no reason. If he's hiding something, then you have to just try to find out what it is yourself. Or just go with your gut and break it off before you get involved too deep that you end up hurt when whatever it is finally does comes out." I told her honestly.

"You really think so? I would think that communication would be the answer." She sounded like she doubted me, but that she was still listening was nice.

"Look, I don't know. I just know if some girl started asking me a bunch of questions it would make me suspicious of why she was suddenly so nosy, or that she didn't trust me. Isn't trust supposed to be one of the main keys to a relationship?" I had never worked at a relationship; I just let it go where it went. If it worked out well, then good. If not, then it wasn't meant to be anyway. But I wasn't the expert with this.

"Yes. Trust and communication. But I see what you're saying. I don't want to seem like I'm prying. It could just be that I've had such bad luck that I look for something so as to avoid getting hurt." She looked deeply into my eyes. "I'll hold off 'prying' for the time being. Thanks for listening to me."

"No, thank you for letting me vent. I don't have anyone else that I can talk to about this. I know you get it from mom as well and I don't want you to feel like you have to take one side or the other."

"No, hey! I love both of you! I'm not taking anyone's side. I know how hard it is for both of you, and that neither of you can talk to anyone about any of this. I hope at some time that the two of you can talk to each other."

"She's said that. Mom, I mean. I want to, but seeing her hurts too much." I felt a pang at just mentioning her again.

"I know. Love sucks when it ends." Aunt Jess sounding like an expert on that.

"It sure does. Look, its late, I should get home. Thank you for listening. I hoped I helped you too." I stood uncertainly.

Aunt Jess sprang from her seat and moved to me.

She gave me a loving hug and I was further comforted by those huge tits pressed to my chest.

She had to know that as she then laughed.

"You'd love to get your hands on these puppies again, wouldn't you?" She teased cheerily.

I made a move to put my hands on her chest. I wasn't serious and she gently batted my hands away.

"Now, get home, you naughty nephew and stop staring at my tits!" Her cheerful tone gave no offense.

I didn't think that I had been staring and it could be that she was just teasing me.

"Remember, you can come over at any time. Well, not any time, and let me know before you just show up at my door. In case I have visitors."

"Eric or Margie?" I teased her.

"Wouldn't you like to know!"

When I got to her doorway to leave, she gave me a kiss on my cheek that had my face burning.

I went home more upbeat than when I had left.

Mom's stare at me when I returned home told me that she somehow knew where I had gone. It was a cold and almost vacant look that made me feel guilty for something that didn't happen.

While I still had left over feelings for mom, the inability to express them with her anymore had me on a short fuse. So many things that she did just set me off. I was just so mad at her all the time. Even hiding in my room didn't work; just being in the same house with that woman had my nerves on edge.

I then started spending more time at Aunt Jessica's. She was welcoming. She would talk if I needed to vent, or she would give me my space if I wanted silence. I took my X-station over there as I could never seem to focus while at home, and even my aunt joined me in many a game. As much as I wanted to 'be' with my aunt, I was okay just being with her. She was still pleasant to look at even if I couldn't touch her as I would have liked.

Mom came over to her sister's house one afternoon while I was there hanging out. I had gone there for no other reason than that I felt more comfortable there than at home. At home, where I was forced to see the woman that had stomped on my heart for what I saw as no good reason.

She accused the two of having sex. Even with the fact that both of us were still fully clothed and playing video games when mom had just barged in. Mom's allegation struck a nerve with my aunt who surprised me when she told her sister to leave. Mom stared at Jess for a long minute, her gaze still suspicious as if we had somehow managed to throw on all our clothes and start the game in the time it took for her to open the front door. Then, she looked at me as if she was hurt. Or betrayed. Her! My mother!

Mom left and managed to swing the door shut a bit more forcefully than required. The slam caused Aunt Jessica and I to both jerk at the sound of mom's indignation. We looked at each other with a 'what the ...?' expression on our faces. Then we laughed. Not that we were mocking our shared relative, but that her outrage had been so comical.

I also found it noteworthy that my aunt hadn't said anything about how ridiculous mom's accusation was or that us being together was out of the question any more.

There was a tension between mom and Aunt Jess after that. I didn't know if there had been more words said between them out of my presence, and if there were Jess never said so to me. She didn't come over to our house nearly as much as she had, but it didn't matter to me as I was spending more time at her house.

My graduation came and mom put on her usual grand affair. I was still her eldest offspring, no matter what else had befallen between us. She tried to pretend that everything was just normal, and for part of the day, I even managed to think so myself.

That mom was so sure that Jess and I were having sex and fooling around, and that we were doing it behind her back only made things more tense at home. Dad said very little about the unease between mom and me, and probably just thought that I was finally getting out from under mom's undue influence that he had always complained about, and that his wife wasn't happy I was becoming my own man. He might have even been pleased at that turn of events.

I finally had enough of walking on pins and needles at home.

I asked Aunt Jess if I could move in with her, if it wasn't an inconvenience.

She and Eric were on the verge of breaking up; my aunt just had to rip off the bandage and was delaying in the hope that something could be salvaged.

She seemed very surprised at my question, but also like she had been expecting it. If she had, she still didn't answer right away. She sized me up as if I might be concealing a dangerous weapon, and then she broke into a big smile and gave me a tight hug. Tight enough that I felt like I could tell the color of her bra!

I had to confirm her agreement and she laughed and gave me another rib-cracking hug. I kept my hands to her back no matter how strong gravity tried to pull them lower.

"I haven't ever had a real roommate! This will be fun!" Aunt Jess told me with glee.

Roommate! Woo hoo!

But I would no longer be living at home, so no matter the arrangements, it would still be less stressful.

When I informed my parents, both were stunned. Dad acted like he suspected that it was because of the conflict between him and I over my choice of schooling and career. I knew only too well what mom

thought. Which was made clear on the day of the big move when she just appeared at her sister's house with more accusations of us 'fucking all day long', as she bluntly put it.

Aunt Jessica denied it again. Nearly vehemently denied it.

I said nothing and tried to pretend that I couldn't hear the two of them almost yelling at each other. My aunt then said that even if we were, it wasn't Jenny's business anymore. Mom took that as verification of her incorrect assumption. She told her sister, and me by association, that it wasn't right. Jess countered that mom was the last one to argue about what was right and wrong.

I saw the effect of my aunt's words on mom's face.

Mom might have broken up with me and changed her mind about doing anything more with me, but that she had done so in the first place meant she was on no ground to be casting stones.

I actually didn't talk to my parents for two weeks after moving out.

I did stop by when I saw Johnny and Jojo out playing and talked to them for a short while. Both seemed upset that I was no longer around, but I told them that everyone eventually has to go their own way. I saw mom peek out of the window as I stood there with my younger siblings.

I didn't indicate that I had seen her around the curtain and she never came out to say anything to me.

Aunt Jess did finally break up with Eric, and she took it as confirmation of her doubts when he didn't protest her decision to end things between them.

She worked all day and I spent my free time until she arrived home going about her house to fix the things that had needed it since the last time I had done home repairs at her place. I did a lot of work outside in her yard that she had just let grow wild. I found that she had a bed around her bushes that had overgrown with grass and mostly weeds. I cleared it all out and even went and spent my own money buying some wood chips to lay around the freshly trimmed bushes. Aunt Jess came home that day and was shocked to see her front yard as it then was after my hard work.

She gushed constantly about how good her bushes looked.

I had had nothing but my hand for a good while and my sexy aunt talking about her bushes had me burning with lust and aching in my pants.

Jess hugged me to thank me and I knew she had to have felt the log pressing against her pelvic bone. She did pull back and eye me

curiously, but she didn't look down at my crotch to confirm her guess and never said anything about my excited condition.

That evening though, she did treat me slightly distantly, even as she kept thanking me for the yardwork. I shrugged off her cool attitude and her praise for what I had done. I assumed that she had been dismayed at my arousal, but I just said that I now lived there too and that I meant to do my share, even if I didn't contribute monetarily.

It was a few days later, when Aunt Jess came home with a stiff neck that I offered to massage it for her. She eagerly let me. I rubbed her tense muscles, working the knots there out. Aunt Jess sighed as the kinks melted away. When I finished and after she moved her head around freely without pain, she stood and turned to hug me.

I accepted it gladly. Aunt Jess loved to hug and I loved to get them from her!

When I thought she would just let me go, she paused with us as arm's length but with our hands still on the small of the others' back.

Then she leaned in before I could react and she planted her soft, damp lips on mine.

Wha ...!

It took only a half-second for me to respond in kind. A half-second that seemed eternity and my brain reeled at Jess's passionate buss.

Her hands moved to the back of my neck, holding my head tenderly but firmly.

My own came up to her shoulder blades as our kiss continued.

I wasn't sure that Jess would suddenly break the kiss in realization of what she, we were doing. I didn't want to be accused of unwarranted attentions, even if she was the one that had initiated our contact.

If anything, the kiss grew hotter. I wanted nothing more than for things to progress, but I did nothing but let her dictate how far we'd go.

Aunt Jess's hands went from my neck and I was ready to pull back if she scolded me for getting fresh with her. Instead, her hands went to the hem of my shirt and pulled it urgently over my head.

I grinned at that indication.

"Go ahead. I know you're dying to get your paws on my tits!" She encouraged me. Needlessly!

"Aunt Jess!" I exclaimed.

And put my paws on her huge honkers!

I squeezed her breasts through the fuzzy pink sweater. They felt as heavenly as I remembered them being.

"That feels so good!" She cooed. "Let's get this sweater off!"

Yes, let's!

I leaned back in to kiss her after the garment was tossed across the room and she was left in a plain, white bra, but very sexy encasing those fabulous tits!

Aunt Jess met my lips with hers and her hands roamed my back. Mine were on her back, but weren't roaming freely and instead worked at undoing her bra fastening. Both our pelvises ground against the other as well as our mouths.

"I need you, Jeremy!" My aunt stated at one point between breaths.

Okay.

I took that as permission to place my hands where I then craved them to be. On her scrumptious booty!

"You really do love my ass, don't you?" Jess asked as she kissed over my cheek and to my ear where she nibbled on my earlobe.

"I love all of your body, Aunt Jess!" I stated completely honestly.

"I love you touching me, Jeremy! No one's touched me in weeks!" Her voice dripped need.

Weeks? It had been months for me!

I said nothing about my own drought though.

"Let's go to my bedroom!" Aunt Jess said and darted across the room.

I followed only a half-step behind her. Enough to watch her ass shake in her tight jeans!

She turned once in her room and I was on her like a vulture on a carcass. We fell onto her bed with a grunt and then a laugh. Our lips returned together as we rolled and twisted on the once-well-made bed.

"Are you sure about this, Jess?" I questioned her mid-kiss.

"You're in my bed, aren't you?" Her hazel eyes pierced into me.

"I just don't want you to have second thoughts afterwards." I said cautiously.

"Because you'd have nowhere to live after burning through two sisters?" Aunt Jess asked, but her tone was semi-jest as she also ran her forefinger over my lower lip that hers had just warmed.

"That's not what I meant." I said defensively.

She laughed easily.

"I know what you meant. I won't have second thoughts. I'm not done with my first ones yet!" She said as sultrily as a black widow inviting the male to mate.

It was those same after effects that I was worried about though!

"Jeremy." Jess spoke simply. "I've missed being with you. I knew it was wrong when we did what we did, when you were with Jenny. It was good with Eric, for a while. But it was better with you and I missed that. You gave me hope for men again, even if it didn't work out with the first one with that hope. I'll find another one and hopefully that will be the right one. But for right now, you're the right one."

"Oh, Jess, I've missed you too!" I wrapped my arms around her again.

"Just so you know, this isn't some 'grand love affair' like you had with Jenny. It's just the two of us satisfying our desires, nothing more!" Her words cautioned me, but her eyes burned with fire.

"I don't know if I will be able to love someone again. Not for a long while, anyway. But, for now, you're just my gorgeous aunt that I've always dreamed about!"

"You are the first one to admit to dreaming about me! I don't know if there have been others, but at least I have you!"

"For as long as you want me!"

Our clothes were shed in haste. Aunt Jessica laid upon her bed with arms, and legs, open and awaiting me to fill the space between them both. I was in such need that I felt sure that I would blow immediately upon entry.

It wasn't immediately, but wasn't long afterwards either. But I kept my rigor and my will. All the way through the third time.

Aunt Jess let me know of her satisfaction multiple times as we wrestled together in our mutual desires.

We lay beside each other breathing heavily when we finished. Or more likely, we were just taking a long pause.

"Whew! I really have missed this!" She whispered loudly.

"Really? Really really?" I asked curiously. I didn't want to make comparisons to her other 'more recent' lover.

Jess looked at me studiously as if knowing the intent of my curiosity.

"Eric? He was good. Really good! But he isn't as young, or determined, as you. You always go the extra mile!" She gave me a quick, but still passionate kiss.

"Thanks, I guess. I try." I answered her praise.

"Do you want to join me in the shower? I seem to remember that you liked to wash my tits."

Liked? I loved it!

So it was that we became lovers once again. But as she said at the start, it was just sex, or the two of us satisfying our insatiable desires. I loved my aunt, as my aunt and as my sex partner, and there weren't the weighty emotions bogging us down. We each just wanted some fun and lots of sex.

Lots and lots of sex!

We did still find time to play on my X-station, but both of us found that less alluring than a good hour romp on her bed! I felt my feelings for her growing but I scolded myself at those stirrings and reminded myself of the pain that I had gone through with her sister. And the fact that I knew that Jessica didn't feel the same as Jenny had claimed that she had, helped quench any burdensome sentiments.

Aunt Jessica's friendly neighbor, or neighborly friend, Margie soon found out about our trysting. She was a welcome addition for the both of us, each of us turned on by the other joined with the brash auburn-haired woman.

It got to be that Margie was spending so much time visiting her 'friend', that she might as well moved in as well! I really began to wonder if I could be worn out with two women, even if they helped out in taking care of each other. That only would lead to my reinvigoration, at least for the short term.

Then the inevitable occurred.

Jess and I hadn't done anything to prevent it's happening, so we only had ourselves to blame.

One evening, just after we'd had dinner. In our underwear, if you must know! Jess and I had sat on the couch to watch a movie, but we got easily sidetracked by each other's presence, or my stiff dick! We were in the middle of a nice long fuck when the front door opened. We were both startled at that, but too involved to do anything about it.

Mom burst in.

"Jess? I knocked but no one answered. Are you here?" Mom asked loudly before she turned to discover me laying atop her sister with nary a stitch on.

"Jessica! Jeremy!" She screamed as loud as I had ever heard her.

"Jenny!" Jess yelled in shock at being found like that.

"I knew it! I knew it! I just knew it!" Mom screamed again, her face the color of those generic balls from school used for dodgeball.

"I knew you had lied to me! You both lied! Right out lied to me! I knew it!"

I thought mom might burst a blood vessel on her face. Or all of them!

I leapt from Jess's body with my hands over my rock-hard cock. I don't know why I covered myself. It wasn't as if both women hadn't seen me nude many times. Some of those times right in that room!

Jess sat, then stood up, but made no move to hide her body. Her face was red as well, if not so deep in hue.

"We didn't lie to you!" She yelled at mom.

"We weren't fucking when you accused us of it!" Jess tried to keep her voice from a shout. "I now wish that we had been though! Jeremy is so damned good to me! You should know that! You had your chance! You are the one that ended that!"

Mom seemed a little taken aback at Jess's fierce rebuke. I knew it was the truth of the words that hit mom harder than the volume, or the tone of them.

"But it's incest, Jess." Mom's voice dropped many decibels with her new argument.

"We're both consenting adults. You've already gone there, so you can't say what others can or can't do!" Jess pointed her forefinger at her sister accusingly. "I don't know what you wanted, but why don't you go back to your happy home and your dear husband and leave me and your amazing son in peace?"

Even I was shocked at that!

Mom looked like she had been punched in the face.

She stared at her sister and almost appeared that she might cry.

I felt some guilt at Jess's words, and even some pain for mom. I might not have been in love with her anymore, but I did love her. She was still my mother.

"Mom ..." I reached one hand towards her.

She flinched before my hand got halfway.

"No, Jeremy. We've all made our beds it seems. And now we have to lay in them." Her eyes were on the floor, but I knew it wasn't because of our nudity. She turned back to the front door.

"I know where I am not wanted." Then she closed the door behind her.

"Was that really necessary, Jess?" I asked hurtfully.

"I'm sorry, Jeremy. I didn't mean it to come out like that. But, I'm mad! She's accused us of something we weren't doing and she wouldn't believe us when we denied it. I'm her sister, you're her son. She should have given us the benefit of the doubt. But, no, she just assumed that we'd been screwing around. Then she just comes barging in here, in my

house! It doesn't matter what we were or weren't doing! Maybe, she's just jealous again, and she wishes she had you back again."

I couldn't be sure that Jess wasn't right.

But still, mom had been hurt.

She might have hurt me, and in a far greater degree, but ... she was still my mom.

"It's okay, Jer. Let her stew for bit. I'll call her in a few days and ... I don't know. I won't apologize; I haven't done anything wrong!"

I looked at her firmly.

"Well, okay. But it's the same wrong that she's also done!" Jess said defiantly.

After a moment her face relaxed.

"So, let's get back to what we were doing when we were rudely interrupted." She gave me a sexy smile.

"Nah, I don't think so now. I've lost the mood." I was surprised that I was turning her down.

"You look like you're still ... in the mood." Her gaze had fallen to my dick that was damp with her excitement and still standing tall.

"I'm sorry, Jess. Maybe tomorrow. I'm going to go to my room. Good night." I stepped next to her to kiss her cheek. She didn't pull away or say anything, but I saw a dark cloud on her face. I hoped that this one incident didn't rain on what we had going.

Jess was more cheerful the next day, but I was sure it was more a reflexive reaction to the previous evening's events. She wouldn't let her sister ruin what she now had. She showed me that there was no ill will between us. Especially when she got down on her knees and gave me one of her fabulous deep-throat blowjobs that left me weak in the knees and my brain spinning.

Unfortunately, Jess didn't call mom to talk. I urged her to, but she said that Jenny was the one that needed to apologize. I didn't press her, but I felt badly for my part in causing this rift between the sisters that had always been so close. So close that one of them had shared me with the other!

I settled into my life and summer at Aunt Jess's, or just Jess as I then called her. Much as I had once called mom by her name. But that was

the past. I tried to keep a lid on my feelings, but I did grow to love my luscious aunt, even if it wasn't to the same degree that I had loved Jenny. I did nothing to let Jess know how I felt, but I guessed that she already knew. She never said anything and it just became an open secret between us.

I did call mom about ten days after the blow up. I said nothing about it, or about what Jess and I were doing together. She also didn't bring it up, but whether from acceptance about her role in what led to it, or that she understood that she had been wrong and couldn't admit it. I inquired about family life, dad, Johnny, Jojo (or as mom informed me, my sister now insisted on being called Jo or Joanne. I smiled at that.), and at the last, herself. I could almost imagine her smiling at my inquiry of her. I did feel some of the hurt melting between us, but what was once between us was truly gone at that point. I told her that I wanted her to stay my mom and she reassured me that that was what she would always be for me. I hung up with a mournful joy.

I did get a job late that summer, at no urging from my father and more out of the desire to contribute more to the household than menial chores or being the resident stud. Not that either bothered me! More the latter than the former.

It was just at the local hardware store, but Jess had never demanded rent and made more than enough to cover her bills, even with the increase in the grocery budget! I had enough money to give her a good portion of my check with some even left for whatever minor expenses

I incurred. Which weren't much, as most of my time was spent in the arms of one busty strawberry blonde with an incredible ass or a brassy and brassy-haired broad with her own plentiful curves.

What more could I want?

A hot girl and one to spare.

The rest of the family never had any suspicions of what was going on at Jess's house. Dad just assumed that my aunt had taken in her 'wronged' nephew and mom could never admit to anything that she then knew, or of her own part in it, or that what she had done with me could come out.

Dad did make comments to his sister-in-law about how it seemed that I was just 'laying around the house' all day long. Or that my aunt should make me do more with my life. Jess kept her cool at these cracks and just said that she didn't mind me 'laying around' all day. Mom and I had to smirk at her responses.

Part of dad's concern was that I had put off going to school for a year or so. I didn't want to miss a moment spent with Jess or her wonderful charms. Or Margie's for that matter, but mostly Jess!

As for mom and Jess.

I talked with both separately over the course of some time and tried to get each to see the others' side. Both were resolute in their positions, even if mom's had softened over time and with talking with me. I reminded them each of how much they loved each other and that they were sisters and that with them fighting as they were doing was hurting me being caught between them.

It was a long process, but eventually they were able to talk. Curtly and short at first, but mellowing and easing with each conversation. They became friendly, and eventually did get back to what they had had before that damn meddlesome Jeremy had come between them. That one evening was never brought up again, or the things that had been said. And the topic of me and who I happened to be sleeping with, then or in the past, was very carefully avoided by both as they knew that the rift could easily be ripped open again.

Such as it was between me and mom.

Neither of us ever said anything about what had been between us or the words that we had declared to one another on many a dark night in her bed, or mine. I would still get a glimpse of her and I would see that woman that I once would have died for, but then that image would be overlapped by the woman that had always been my mother. I missed what I had had, what we had had, but it was gone and nothing could rekindle that flame. We were more than mother and son, our intimate

knowledges too much to ignore, but we were much less that what had been.

The delay to college became more than a delay. I just didn't go. I had a job that I loved. I had all the sex that I could want with the first woman that I had ever dreamed about. If things couldn't go back to how they were with mom, at least we were cordial.

To keep up the appearance that I was only staying at my aunt's house and that nothing more was going on, I did manage to find an occasional 'girlfriend' for brief periods of time. The fact that I would also bring them home to meet my aunt, or even her friend, wasn't known to anyone but those involved. Jess's bisexuality was very arousing to me!

Although we were just sexmates, I did grow to want more. I knew that Jess had always wanted kids and had been jealous of mom with her three. I made allusions of having kids, but not specifically with her. Whether she knew my contrived intent or not, she came out boldly and said that she would never agree to that with me as I was her nephew and there were some boundaries that she wouldn't cross, no matter how tempting. I was intrigued that she was tempted, but the subject was dropped harder than a brick wall.

I didn't really notice the time passing. One day became the next.

It was only when Jo was graduating that I realized that I was so much older then. I needed to decide what I wanted to do with my life. I loved the hardware store, but it wasn't really a career. Listening to the guy's come in with their stories about their lives was interesting, but it just seemed like there should be more. One day while Jess and I were visiting mom and dad and my father was making his usual comments about me. He came out and said that he wished that I had at least gone to film school and became a director like I had claimed that I wanted to be. I did want to be still, but it had seemed like such a long shot and I was sleeping with a sure thing and passed up any opportunity that I might have had. I was nearing thirty, thirty! I couldn't try to go to college then for a fleeting dream that would never be.

It might have been the straw that broke the camel's back though.

Shortly after that, Jess began to get testy with me. Complaining about things left undone around the house, dishes not put in the dishwasher, my clothes always on the floor. That last was usually because she had taken them off me and thrown me in bed!

A bed that we didn't seem to be spending as much time in anymore.

Then I got the surprise of my life!

I came home one day from work and had been in an unusually good mood. A good meal, a few beers, a romp in the hay with my still gorgeous Jess.

Instead, I came home to find all my clothes and stuff packed in boxes on the living room floor.

I looked at Jess stunned.

"I want you out." She said as if the words came so easily. "Your father was right. You have done nothing with your life. All you've wanted to do is paw my tits and stare at my ass as you shove your dick in it!"

"That's what you've wanted to!" I fought to keep from shouting. I was reeling at this decision from her!

"Not any more. I wonder now how many men I might have missed out on while I was playing house with you. The right one was probably right in front of me and I didn't even know it!"

She had kept from getting loud, but her emotions grew such that she couldn't stay quiet. Or keep the tears from her eyes.

"I love you, Jeremy. Not like you want me to, but more than as just your aunt. Remember, I am just your aunt." She wiped at her eyes. "But that's it from now on. I need to live my life and you need to live your own."

I just stared at her, feeling that same rejection and same pain that I had felt from Jenny so, so many years ago.

"You can't mean that, Jess. All that we've shared, all this time." I pleaded.

"You have until tomorrow night. Whatever is still here then will be on the curb when the garbage men come." Tears ran down her cheeks.

"Jess. You can't do this. What about ..." I started before she interrupted me.

"No, there is no more us, there never was an 'us'. It was just sex. Remember that way back when I foolishly let you come over. Just sex. Not move in and ruin both of our lives with your silly sex fantasies!"

"Jess!" I called out, but she turned her back on me and walked towards our bedroom. No, her bedroom. I had always just been a guest. A now unwanted guest!

"What am I supposed to do?" I asked loudly. I got no answer.

Shit!

It wasn't probably the best idea, but right then it was the only one that I could come up with on such short notice, short of calling mom and asking if I could move back in with her and dad. They had been thinking of selling the house now that it was just the two of them.

No, I wouldn't go back crawling to mom, even if we had let so much water pass under that bridge by then.

So, I went with my only other thought.

I packed as much as I could into my small beat-up truck and drove the short distance to Margie's house.

She seemed to be thrilled to see me and had no qualms about letting me stay for a while until I got my feet back under me and could find my own place. It would only be for a few weeks, I promised her, but she told me to stay as long as I needed.

Margie never asked what had happened with my aunt, as apparently that was all she was to me again, and I never offered any explanation.

She still had her rendezvous with her part-time lover, but I was no longer invited. Margie and I had our own thing going on, but she was somewhat more than I could bear, and I made every effort not to prolong my stay.

A few weeks did become a few months as I never had saved any money for a rainy day as the weather had always looked so bright and shiny for me. I moved to a run-down trailer and even though Margie had me promise to still 'visit' her, I only set foot in her house twice more.

Johnny and Jo both did go to college and followed their own careers in different parts of the country. We would have family reunions with everyone that was still alive of the immediate family (all my grandparents had passed by that point). I was somehow looked on as the black sheep of the family, and I guess in a way I was.

I did find real girlfriends that would last from months to the longest being two years, but none really amounted to much and weren't more what might be called 'trailer trash' in more affluent circles. None were certainly as amazing, or nice, as the two sisters that I had fallen for so hard and had never recovered from either relationship. It certainly didn't help that I still had to see either of them when the family got together and even more, that I would see the scorn, and disdain for what I had done with my life.

So, it comes to pass that Jeremy lives his life, without a lifetime love beside him, nor does he have a Tabitha in his life to give him any joy, whether a daughter, or even a kitten!

End Note:

Thus, I wanted it to be known, that although many have requested alternate outcomes for our hero, such as staying with his mother, Jenny; or knocking her up; or having the aunt; each also comes with its own consequences and none of them the fairy tale ending that you might want. Now, yes, you could say that I wrote it this way intentionally, and I may have, but the ending that occurred in the main story, is the best outcome that Jeremy (or any of them) could have hoped for!

***

So.

That's that.

The end.

The end end!

There is no more.

Finis!

I will say again to all of you, new readers and those that have been here from the start:

Thank you for reading this epic tale that only grew to be this long because of your demands for more! I've come to love these characters that had started out as not much more than stick figures. That's because of you.

Thank you, thank you, thank you.

And farewell to you too!