



BENT

A SUMMER CAMP SWINGERS STORY

BIG ED MAGUSSON



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by Big Ed Magusson

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Prologue Note: The events in this story occur during Book 3 Chapter 23 of Nick Scipio's story Summer Camp. However, the author recommends reading Summer Camp through Book 4 Chapter 13 before reading this story.

Chris Coulter let out a loud sigh as he entered the kitchen.

"Oh?" Beth Hughes asked, turning from the stove.

"The best laid plans for getting laid..." he said, grinning at his own pun. "Kara and Gina and the guys have decided to celebrate New Year's with the Frohmans. So Elizabeth won't get to enjoy Master Paul."

His wife mock-glared at him from her station at the cutting board and sniffed. "If you think my sole interest in partying is *Master* Paul, then perhaps you need to spend some time with *Mistress* Elizabeth." She looked past Chris's shoulder as he heard footsteps behind him. "We can always leave you tied up while I play with David."

Chris grinned as David Hughes stopped by his side.

"Better be careful," David teased. "He might like that."

"True," Elizabeth said. "If he misbehaves, I'll have to come up with a more suitable punishment."

"If?" David said, and nudged Chris in the ribs.

Chris threw up his hands. "I'll behave! I'll behave!"

Elizabeth grinned and motioned to the seat next to her, where another knife and cutting board lay. Chris took his cue and started slicing bread while David retrieved the fondue pot from the cabinet and set it up in the middle of the table. They worked in comfortable silence fixing dinner. David set up a makeshift bar on the counter. Beth finished frying the sausage and moved on to the salad.

Chris grinned. He enjoyed the way the two families worked together so well. Not as much as he enjoyed the way they *played* together, but still...

"So," Beth said, "are we doing anything special tonight?"

"Besides the usual fun?" Chris asked.

"Yes, besides," Beth said. "You guys have a game planned?"

Chris grinned. After last summer's Blindfold Bingo Blowjob game where the blindfolded men had had to guess which woman was blowing them, the women had wanted their own turn receiving. Unfortunately, with Kara's boyfriend and Paul partying elsewhere ... well, it wasn't hard to guess between two men.

"We'll come up with something," David said. "Or we can wing it."

"What about Leah and Erin?" Elizabeth asked. "Do they join us?"

"Well," Beth said, "we usually bend the rules on New Year's."

Chris chuckled. If Leah got to play, she would certainly try to screw David silly. Chris realized he wasn't the only one who thought so—Elizabeth and Beth both grinned at David as well.

David let out an exaggerated sigh. "I know. It's a tough job, but someone has to do it."

Chris grinned. "It's always a tough job keeping up with a Coulter woman."

Elizabeth pointedly ignored him. "As long as she doesn't monopolize you this time," she said to David.

"I'll keep an eye on her," Beth said, and then grinned. "Or something." In response to Elizabeth's raised eyebrows, she added, "She's an attractive young woman. If she has your energy, it'll be fun."

Chris smiled. He truly enjoyed watching his wife and Beth sixty-nine, bringing each other to orgasm after orgasm. Wouldn't it be fun to watch his daughter with Beth?

That thought gave him pause. It had taken him a while to accept that there was nothing wrong with risqué thoughts about his daughters—particularly when they'd started joining the orgies. As long as he didn't act on it. But there were still moments when he felt uneasy and a little guilty about his fantasies.

Elizabeth raised her eyebrow and looked at him. "We could have fun with Erin."

"Within limits," Chris said. He looked at Beth. "Is she still saving herself for Sean?"

Beth nodded. "He's all she talks about." She and David exchanged knowing smiles.

"In any case," David said, "it's up to them whether to join us or not."

Chris chuckled to himself. *How many families could openly talk about their daughter's plans to lose her virginity? Not that being a virgin prevented Erin from having a lot of naughty fun.*

They were almost done preparing dinner when the girls bounded in. Elizabeth put them to work setting the table. Leah paused when Elizabeth handed her only six plates.

"Where are the others?" she asked.

"Kara and Gina and the guys," Elizabeth said, "are going to celebrate with Bennie and Debbie."

"The Frohmans?" Erin looked mildly impressed. "Yeah, I guess they've spent a lot of time together since we got here."

"Paul said they're pretty open-minded." Beth gave David a knowing look. "They really hit it off."

"I doubt they'll be doing any hitting tonight," Chris said with a grin. "Something else, but not hitting."

Elizabeth shook her head. "You're incorrigible."

Chris shrugged. "Hey, if they're passing up our party..."

"Um ... speaking of parties... ?" Leah asked. "Can we be part of yours tonight?"

Elizabeth dramatically glanced at Beth before meeting her daughter's gaze.

"Yes," Elizabeth said, "but this is a *special* occasion. All right?"

Leah nodded vigorously, and then looked at David. "Um ... can I... ?"

David smiled. "Sure. But only because it's a special occasion."

Leah let out a happy sigh, to the amusement of the others.

"The rules from last summer apply," Beth said, pointedly looking at Erin.

The teenager shrugged her acknowledgement and continued placing silverware on the table.

Chris grinned. *Given how loose the rules were—only touching genitals between parents and their own children was out of bounds—Erin had little reason for concern. They'd have to work to break them.*

When the fondue began to bubble, David poured the wine into glasses.

"Can I have some?" Erin asked.

David and Beth held a silent conversation and then David nodded. "Some," he said.

Erin nodded and accepted David's glass. He mixed himself a vodka martini as a replacement.

"One for me too," Chris said, as he passed his wine to Leah.

"When I was growing up," Elizabeth said, "we'd have eggnog with a little rum at the holidays. Of course, my father never put much rum in Ellen's or my glasses, but I really enjoyed the taste. Sometimes I miss it."

"I miss cocktail hour," David said. "Remember back in the navy days," he looked at Beth, "how dinner parties always started with cocktail hour?"

Beth looked at him and smiled.

"We used to have Irish Cocoa," Chris said, "once I was old enough. My mom liked it, even though I thought it was a bit sweet."

"We have cocoa," Leah said.

"True. Are you asking?"

"Please?"

"You've got wine," he said.

Leah choked back her next argument and took a quick sip out of her glass. Her eyes darted from adult to adult.

Elizabeth and Beth shared a silent conversation and then Elizabeth turned to the girls. "Maybe after dinner," she said. She looked at David. "I think I'd like one then."

David nodded. "Sure."

"Well," Beth said, "are we ready to eat?"

With some general murmurs of assent, they dug in.

Dinner conversation was light—mostly about the day's skiing and other adventures, but with a few stories thrown in from their pasts. Even after all these years, Chris marveled to learn new things about his friends. David talked about some of the parties they'd had back when he was in the Navy, cocktail hour and all. Beth told them about a misadventure she and her sister Ginny had gotten into growing up, involving a bottle of rum and what they thought was a hiding place their mother didn't know about. Chris smiled in recognition and let his eyes rest on his wife. Elizabeth had been a hellion herself when they'd met and all the years had done since was channel her energy into more socially acceptable outlets.

That is, he mused, if nudism and swinging can be considered "socially acceptable!"

Beth pulled her fondue fork out of the pot, sans bread. She held it up and looked at it.

"You know," David said, "you're supposed to kiss your partner if you lose your bread in the pot."

Beth smiled and leaned forward, pressing her lips against her husband's.

"What do you get if you fish it out?" Chris asked as he speared Beth's errant food.

"Who knows?" David said.

"Too bad." Chris popped the cheese-saturated morsel in his mouth.

"So make one up," Erin said. "Maybe you should get a kiss, too. From Mom."

Beth turned to Chris. "When did my little girl become so bold?"

"When she started dating Sean," Leah muttered.

"Who cares?" Chris replied. He smiled at Beth and tilted his head, fluttering his eyelashes.

She laughed lightly and pressed her lips against his.

When they pulled apart, Chris smiled at his wife. "Good thing I like brunettes as well as blondes."

"Mmm hmm," she said, sweeping her dark locks back. "You'd better. If you know what's good for you..."

"Blondes, brunettes, redheads ... I like 'em all." He grinned at David, who just smiled and shook his head.

Elizabeth let out an exaggerated sigh. "Boys. What do we do with them?"

Chris leered at her. "Do you really need to ask that question?"

Elizabeth just stabbed some bread and thrust it into the cheese.

Chris grinned. He'd long ago learned when to be the carefree jokester his wife loved, and when to put the motley away and be the rock on which she leaned. He reached across the table, his palm open. Elizabeth met his eyes, hers acknowledging and warm. She put her hand in his and he gave hers a squeeze. They smiled together again, connecting, before he gently released her and they turned back to their food.

The silence bubble popped as they did, with the babble about the day. Chris looked from David to Beth, both of whom smiled at him. *They understand*. Which was one of the reasons he loved being with them.

The girls, though, had missed the interplay and were discussing Sean. Erin was arguing that he wasn't the reason for her increased confidence, but rather the reverse. Leah countered that Sean had to be a big part of it because not much else had changed. Erin looked to her mom for help, but Beth just smiled and shook her head. Erin frowned and stabbed a new piece of bread onto her fork.

"At least you're teaching him how to go down," Leah said.

"He's getting better," Erin said as she swirled her fork through the cheese. "But you know that."

Leah pinkened as the adults chuckled.

Erin pulled her fork up and discovered it bare. She blinked and looked at Chris. "May I?" she asked.

"Sure," he said and leaned forward.

When their mouths met, Erin pressed her tongue against his lips. He parted them and let her into his mouth for just a moment before pulling back.

"I think I like this tradition," he said, and smiled at the younger blonde. Then he smiled at his wife.

Elizabeth grinned back, the warmth still in her eyes. "I hope you do." She turned to David and kissed him.

"You're supposed to lose the bread first," Chris teased.

"Rules, rules." She tossed a bread cube into the cheese. "There."

Chris laughed. "That's not 'before.'"

Elizabeth shrugged. "So I bent the rules." She tossed another in and then puckered her lips at her husband.

Chris leaned in and claimed his kiss.

Leah gingerly slid new bread onto the tip of her fork. When she tilted it, the bread fell off. She retrieved it and tried again. Again, it fell off.

"You *want* to lose it, don't you?" Chris teased.

Leah blushed. Her eyes darted to David and then down to her fork.

"We could make it a game," Erin suggested.

"Not as good as the other game," Elizabeth said quietly, but not quietly enough.

Leah swung around and looked at her. "What game?" she asked. She read her mother's expression. "Like Bingo?"

Elizabeth and Beth exchanged a look.

"Something like it," Beth said. "Except for the ladies instead of the men."

"BBC," Chris said. "Not the news agency. Blindfold Bingo Cunnilingus."

Leah raised an eyebrow. "And we could play?"

Beth nodded. "Well, you *could*, but we don't have enough men without Paul and Victor."

Erin shrugged. "Leah's actually better than the guys."

David cleared his throat. "It might be a bit more than that, and ... well ... she doesn't have all the equipment."

Leah's eyes widened. "You mean ... actual sex? You, Paul, *and* Victor?" She took her mother's small nod as confirmation.

"Can we get them to come back?" Leah pleaded. "Or do it tomorrow?"

"Stop right there, young lady," Elizabeth said firmly. "This is a special occasion. Don't push for more."

Leah shrank in her chair and poked at her food.

"We can still fool around," David said. He smiled at Leah.

She brightened and stabbed her fork deep into her bread. Her smile remained even when her bread didn't fall off into the pot and ended up on her plate instead.

"Remember the fun we had at the disco club?" Chris said.

David picked up the conversational ball. "Who knew you could dance?"

"That was totally embarrassing," Leah said.

Chris shrugged. "Hey, I had fun."

Going into the club after dinner the night before had been a spur of the moment thing. Chris had enjoyed strutting his stuff, even if the teenagers hadn't wanted to be seen with him.

Erin's eyes sparkled. "What about those guys who thought we were college girls?"

"Are you kidding?" Leah blurted. "They were totally lying through their teeth. They just wanted to score."

"So?" Erin shot back. "You didn't seem to mind. Besides..."

Elizabeth smiled at Chris appreciatively. *Distraction achieved.*

The conversation continued through dinner and then in the hot tub. David and Chris brought Irish Cocoa to the ladies before shedding their own clothes and joining them. They joked and laughed, with the teasing turning slowly into flirtation as they drained their drinks.

"Refresh our cocoa, Master Chris?" Elizabeth called, waving her empty glass.

"If I'm the master," he shot back, "shouldn't *you* be the one getting the drinks?"

"Ah," Elizabeth said with a grin, "but we've got something you want." She raised her chest out of the water and teased a nipple. "Something you definitely want to play with."

Chris chuckled and shook his head, but hoisted himself out of the tub. After drying off, he turned and made a moue. "Your wish is my command,

Mistress."

Peals of laughter followed him as he entered the condo.

When he returned with Elizabeth's drink, the other women held up empty glasses as well. He just made exaggerated bows and scrapes, before accepting them and returning to the makeshift bar in the kitchen. This time David joined him and helped carry the multiple glasses back.

After they'd distributed all the drinks and climbed back into the tub, Chris slid through the water until he was in front of Elizabeth. She looked at him.

"Time to pay up, Mistress." he said, putting on his best expectant eyes.

The women cracked up, but that didn't stop Chris from motioning for her to rise out of the water. With a shake of her head, Elizabeth eased her breasts above the surface. Chris let out a long exaggerated sigh and buried his face in her cleavage. She laughed, pulled his head in tight, and squeezed her breasts around his face.

When he pulled back, Leah and Erin were both half out of the water, with Leah looking hungrily at David. He rolled his eyes but then went toward the teenager.

Chris winked at Elizabeth and moved in front of Erin. He motioned for the blonde to sit on the edge of the tub. When she parted her legs, he trailed kisses up one thigh to her pussy. She murmured in pleasure when he ran his tongue through her folds. With a little effort on his part, her taste soon changed from the chlorine of the water to the tang of her own juices.

He felt a hand on his back and looked up. Elizabeth had moved beside him and was now kissing Erin, using one hand to caress the girl's back while the other steadied herself on Chris. Erin played with the darker woman's breasts in return. He returned to licking and kissing the pussy before him.

Elizabeth tapped him on the shoulder. "I'm getting a bit chilly. Do you want to go inside?"

He nodded and the three of them disentangled and climbed out of the tub. As they headed in, Chris looked back. Beth sat on the edge of the tub with Leah's head buried between her thighs. Meanwhile, David stood behind her, slowly screwing her. Leah whimpered in pleasure.

Chris chuckled. *Like mother, like daughter. She gets her sex drive honestly.*

Elizabeth motioned for Erin to sit in the middle of the couch with Chris on the other side. His wife turned the blonde girl's head and gently leaned in for a kiss. When they broke it off, Elizabeth put her hand on Erin's cheek and turned her face to Chris. He smiled and kissed her in turn.

Then Elizabeth and Chris started running their hands over Erin. Still alternating kisses, they slid their fingers across her belly, her breasts, her inner thighs. Erin jumped when Chris lightly caressed her clit, but then moaned when Elizabeth slid a finger into her pussy.

They continued caressing and teasing Erin until, with a wordless cry, she arched her back and shuddered. She collapsed back, pushed away their hands, and panted for breath. Elizabeth and Chris exchanged a smug smile.

"Wow, that was nice," Erin said once she'd regained her composure. "What's next?"

"I want to watch you two together," Chris said.

Erin nodded and slid onto the floor. Elizabeth straddled the blonde's head and slowly lowered her pussy to Erin's mouth. Then she eased herself forward and lowered her own head between the girl's thighs.

Chris quickly stole into the kitchen to get a new drink. He sipped his screwdriver slowly as he watched the two women pleasure each other. When their quiet cries of delight became too much, he set his drink down

and knelt behind his wife. Erin helped guide his erection into Elizabeth's hot depths.

He fucked his wife slow and steady, occasionally pulling out so Erin could suck his cock before sliding it back in. Erin concentrated on Elizabeth's clit, until the older woman shuddered and cried out. When she disengaged and rolled to the side, Erin wrapped her lips around the head of his cock. Chris stroked the base of his shaft until he exploded down her throat. He sat back and caught his breath as the other three came in from the tub.

"Looks like they exhausted you," David teased, though he wore a similar tired smile.

Chris nodded and pulled himself up into a chair. He waited until his wife had stood.

"Oh, Mistress Elizabeth," he said, "would you be so kind as to refresh my drink?"

She raised an eyebrow at him. "And why should I do that?"

"Well," he said, "we *do* have something you want," he gestured at David's flaccid penis and then his own. "Something I *know* you want to play with."

David chuckled. "It's almost like you... *need* it."

"Oh, we don't need you," Elizabeth said, arching her eyebrow.

Chris and David exchange innocent looks.

"Ladies?" she called, and then walked to the center of the room. "Care to show these, ahem, *gentlemen*, how much we do *not* need them?"

With some chuckles and smiles, the other women joined her.

"Leah, would you care to be the first?" Elizabeth asked, and gestured toward the floor.

Leah almost bounced in excitement before dropping to the floor and stretching out on the carpet. Elizabeth sank to her knees on Leah's right and motioned for Beth to join her. Erin knelt between Leah's spread knees. She leaned forward and began to lick the darker girl, sweeping her hair out of the way so everyone could see.

Elizabeth reached out and caressed her daughter's right breast while Beth played with her left. Elizabeth and Leah exchanged a long smile and Elizabeth stroked her hair. When Leah closed her eyes, Elizabeth and Beth shared a knowing look.

Then Beth lowered her head and kissed Leah lightly on the lips. The younger girl didn't open her eyes as she returned the kiss, first lightly and then with heat. She also moaned and arched her back as Erin sucked hard on her clit. Beth trailed kisses down Leah's neck to her breast and began lightly sucking her nipple.

Elizabeth rocked back on her haunches and shot the men a smug look. When Chris silently chuckled, she arched her eyebrows and then looked at the other ladies pleasuring her daughter. She met Chris's eyes and slowly licked her lips. With a Cheshire grin, she lowered her head and took Leah's other breast into her mouth.

Under the combined assault of three tongues, it didn't take Leah long to explode. With a cry, she arched her back and shuddered. The other women backed off and looked at the men.

Chris slow clapped and, after a moment, David joined him.

"Oh," Elizabeth said, "we're not done. Erin?"

Leah rolled to the side and the blonde girl took her place. Elizabeth crouched between her legs. She swished her hair to the side and, with a flourish, lowered her tongue to Erin's wet and glistening pussy.

Leah wasted no time in latching her lips around Erin's hard right nipple. After an amused look at the other two women, Beth bent over and captured Erin's left nipple in her mouth.

Chris couldn't help quietly chuckling. His cock was responding to the scene in front of him, slowly stiffening as he watched. It was just too hot, particularly when Leah and Beth scattered kisses up and down Erin's torso and neck in addition to her breasts.

Like Leah, Erin didn't take long to come. She shuddered and shook and rolled on her side, panting.

"Impressive," Chris said to his wife. "You *can* do a lot. Too bad you don't have one of these, too." He glanced pointedly at his own erection.

"I've got one," Erin said.

The other women turned and looked at her. She met Beth's eyes. "The one you brought me. You know, from San Francisco."

Beth blushed, but looked amused. "Well, go get it."

Elizabeth turned to the men. "Sorry, gentlemen. Perhaps we *still* don't need you after all."

Chris just chuckled and shook his head. He lightly stroked his cock as Beth took the center position. David was doing the same.

Erin returned, carrying a large and very realistic dildo. Flesh-colored, it even had veins and the bulbous head of a real penis.

"Wow," Leah said. She eyed the toy and then looked at Beth.

The older woman reddened and shrugged. "I ... um ... I guess I was inspired." She looked at her husband, who just shook his head.

Erin dropped to her knees by her mom's hip and sucked on the dildo, lubricating it.

"Hey, Er," David suggested, "why don't you let Leah give it a try?"

Erin frowned, but passed the dildo to Leah. The women rearranged themselves and put Leah between Beth's thighs. They all started kissing and

sucking like they'd done before, but once Leah's face was shiny with Beth's juice, she pulled back and slid the fake cock inside.

Beth built to her orgasm slowly, squirming under Leah's ministrations. Then the ladies took a break, and sipped refreshed drinks provided by the men. Then Elizabeth took her turn. Her orgasm was no less spectacular than the others, which left four disheveled and glowing women on the floor.

Chris grinned. "You win." He raised his glass in a toast of acknowledgement. "You don't need us."

Beth smiled. "That doesn't mean we don't *like* you." She tilted her head toward the dildo in Erin's hand. "It *looks* real, but it's not the same."

Leah perked up all of a sudden. "Hey! We *do* have enough dicks! We could play the game."

"It wouldn't be hard to guess who the guy was," David pointed out. "Especially for you."

Chris nodded. The toy wouldn't feel like David's dick, and his was off limits.

Leah's face fell, but Elizabeth's brightened.

"No, I think it could work," she said. She caught her husband's eye. "Think about it ... three of us, bent over the couch, not knowing what's coming next."

"Or who," Beth quipped, smiling.

"While Master Chris and Master David work their magic on you," Chris teased. He rubbed his hands together. "Blindfolds. We'll definitely need blindfolds."

"Don't forget me," Erin said. She held up the toy. "I'll use this since ... um ... you know..."

Chris grinned. It made sense, since Erin was off limits for the time being. He sighed to himself. *Her boyfriend was a lucky, lucky guy.*

Elizabeth and Beth exchanged a knowing look.

"Okay," Beth said. "I guess you can be 'one of the guys.'"

Erin smiled, satisfied.

"Well," Chris said, "there's still not enough to do the bingo part of it."

"We'll figure it out," David said.

"Yeah," Leah said, "but what do we call it? It's not Blindfold Bingo anymore."

Chris grinned. "BBFF." To the quizzical looks, he added, "Blindfold, Bent-over..." *Fuck Fest.*

Everyone got the missing words, but no one gave him more than an exasperated sigh in response. Instead, they set about getting everything ready.

They arranged pillows on the couch and Leah retrieved the blindfolds. Chris and David refreshed everyone's drinks. When Leah returned, Elizabeth winked at Chris before donning her blindfold. Then with a dramatic show, she bent over the couch and spread her feet.

Chris sighed. He never tired of seeing his wife's wet and slick pussy. He didn't look for long because Beth and Leah soon joined her. He grinned at David as they began the new game.

Chris stroked his cock a couple of times to get it to full mast again and then stepped behind his wife. David did the same behind his. Erin sucked the tip of the dildo as she moved behind Leah. At a nod from David, they pushed forward and slid their cocks into their partners. Chris bit his lip in pleasure when Elizabeth's heat enveloped his shaft.

He stroked in and out about two dozen times before David gestured for a switch. Elizabeth groaned in frustration as he pulled out, but whimpered with delight when David replaced him. Beth's pussy wasn't as hot, but she clenched Chris's dick tighter. The men grinned at each other as they thrust in and out of their new partners.

After another forty or so strokes, David again pulled out. This time he motioned for Erin to switch. Leah moaned when David entered her and clutched at the couch cushion, panting under his thrusts. Chris just watched and smiled.

When David was ready to switch again, he came around the end and nudged Chris back toward the middle. In turn, Chris motioned for Erin to move to her right.

They continued the game like that for some time. David set the tempo and worked his way left to right, screwing each woman in turn for a few minutes. Erin and Chris shifted to whichever 'allowed' partner was available. With each switch, Chris and David stole a moment to quench their thirsts with the orange juice and vodka. They did bump into each other occasionally as they tried to get to their new spots, which just triggered rolled eyes or, for Erin, suppressed giggles.

Geez, Chris thought, this is getting confusing. Especially after all these screwdrivers. He wanted to concentrate on pleasing his partner, not figuring out where he needed to move next.

Beth's sighs and Elizabeth's moans were delightfully distracting too—a distraction he wanted to pay more attention to. As well as paying more attention to the molten heat of their pussies every time he entered them.

Erin made the distractions worse. Apparently tired of just using the toy, she'd started fingering Leah and Elizabeth. Sometimes she played with their clits. Sometimes she trailed a wet tongue over her partner's ass and upper thigh while sliding the dildo in and out. Other times, she seemed to alternate at whim between fingers, tongue, and fake cock.

She grinned at Chris when she caught him watching. He was thrusting into Elizabeth and trying to make her squirm even more. Making sure he watched, Erin ducked her head between Leah's thighs and gave her friend's pussy a quick lick.

When Leah let out a low moan, Erin straightened up and returned to using the dildo. Then, holding it with one hand, she stepped next to Chris and kissed him.

Surprised, Chris let her push her tongue into his mouth, but quickly returned the passion. He stopped when David nudged him in the back.

"All right, you two," David teased.

"Well, getting a room would be kind of silly," Chris shot back. He grinned at Erin and she silently laughed in return.

"Hey," Leah called, wiggling her ass impatiently, "aren't you all supposed to be doing something?"

Elizabeth squeezed her pussy around Chris's cock, sending the same message. He started thrusting again.

David stepped around Chris and behind Leah. She let out an appreciative sigh when she felt his hands on her hips and then a low moan when his cock probed her opening and slowly sank inside.

Erin moved to Chris's other side, but then froze when she saw it was her mom bent over before her.

She turned to Chris, a wicked gleam in her eye. She stepped up to him and pressed herself into his body.

"I have an idea," she whispered, nodding her head toward Elizabeth's bent form. "Don't stop, but put your arm around me."

He did and then tilted his head for a kiss. They molded their flesh into each other's as their lips and tongues played.

The kisses made Chris lightheaded. True, he'd kissed one woman while screwing another before, but while Elizabeth's pussy felt on fire, Erin's flesh seems to burn everywhere she touched him.

Maybe it's just smokin' teenage blondes that have this effect on you, he mused. *You're not that drunk.*

At Beth's frustrated whimper, David pulled out of Leah. He shifted around behind Erin, nudging her forward. She leaned into Chris, not breaking the kiss. Her hand slid down his chest, found his cock, and eased it out of his partner.

Chris stepped to the right. With Erin still kissing him, he guided himself into position by feel. Caressing his new partner's ass, he managed to find where to stand. Erin leaned forward in her kiss, her breasts pressing against his chest. She let go of his shaft when he could feel the heat of the woman's pussy in front of him. Chris nudged his cock forward. With a little wiggling, he was able to slide it between her labia and inch the head into her steaming channel.

Leah let out a low moan.

Chris jerked back. *Holy shit, that's Leah!*

Erin chuckled quietly in his ear. She'd noticed what he'd almost done, but just pulled back smiling. When he motioned for them to switch, she didn't hesitate in taking his place. She made a show of caressing Leah's ass and pussy before thrusting the dildo inside her.

Elizabeth, who was in front of him again, wiggled her hips. With a deep breath, Chris stepped forward and slid his cock into his wife.

"What was that?" David whispered, as both men settled into the strong rhythms of fucking their wives.

"A mix up," Chris said, his voice also low. "Almost a mistake."

David nodded, but then returned his concentration to Beth, who was mewling in pleasure. She'd snuck one hand under herself and was playing with her clit. A moment later, she cried out as waves of pleasure wracked her body. David held still until she'd finished. Then he pulled out, still hard, and looked at Chris hopefully.

Chris chuckled. "Sure," he said. To her disappointed groan, he withdrew from Elizabeth and stepped back.

"Over here, Dad," Erin hissed. She gestured impatiently and pointed to Leah, who now whimpered under Erin's fingers.

David rolled his eyes and strolled over. With a gleam of desire, she reached for her father's cock and guided it into Leah's pussy. Then she recoiled from some look her father gave her—Chris couldn't see it from his angle—and scampered around to him.

Chris blinked in surprise, but Erin didn't give him a chance to freeze. She wrapped her hand around his cock and pulled it toward Elizabeth.

He got the hint. Elizabeth remained hot and slippery and he had no trouble burying himself inside her. Erin reached underneath for her clit. It didn't take long to drive Elizabeth over the edge—with a loud cry she stiffened, shuddered, and then went limp over the back of the couch.

Her cries were quickly followed by Leah's and David's. David held her hips, shooting deep inside, while she writhed on his shaft. Then he stepped back and almost fell over, still a bit off-balance from his orgasm, or the alcohol, or both.

"I have to take a break," David said, still breathing hard. He unsteadily walked toward the hall and the bathroom.

Chris looked at the women. Leah still panted, recovering from her orgasm. Elizabeth wasn't much better. Only Beth looked revived enough for more, and he still hadn't come.

Erin had arrived at the same conclusion. She quickly moved behind her mom and beckoned to Chris. He stepped into place, but she didn't immediately guide him in. Instead, she slid a finger into her mother's pussy and wiggled it around. She met Chris's gaze and mouthed "our secret."

Beth squirmed. "Oh God, no fair," she moaned.

Chris gently moved Erin aside and thrust his cock into Beth. He settled into a smooth fucking rhythm and then looked at Erin. She smiled and licked her lips. Chris thrust harder and felt the pleasure build at the base of his cock. He locked eyes with Erin.

With exaggerated drama, she sucked her mother's juices off her finger.

Chris exploded. His knees buckled and he almost fell, but still filled Beth's pussy with spurt after spurt of hot come. When he'd finally finished, he sank to the floor.

"Oh God, I'm done," he gasped.

The women began rising from the back of the couch and removing their blindfolds. They'd been bent over for some time, and were unsteady as they stood. So was Chris, as he rose to his feet. Only Erin and David, who'd returned, seemed fine.

"High five," Chris said, turning to David and raising his hand. They slapped palms and Chris headed toward the bathroom.

As he washed his hands, Chris looked at himself in the mirror. *Had he really almost screwed his daughter?* His cock twitched at the memory. Clearly he had, and part of him was very aroused at that thought.

But when he took a deep breath, he could also sense his fear. He had no idea if going all the way would scar Leah or not. It couldn't be written off as 'innocent experimentation' and he'd produced too many news stories about how incest had screwed up kids well into adulthood to claim ignorance.

He let out a deep breath. That was what it was—incest. Forbidden, and yet alluring because of that taboo. It certainly made bending the rules quite a rush.

He absentmindedly stroked his semi-soft dick as he remembered the heat and wetness of Leah's pussy against his cock. Would she have wanted him to screw her, if she'd known it was him? He suspected the answer was yes, and he didn't know whether that excited or frightened him more.

With a start, he realized he wasn't the only one. Erin's actions—grabbing her father's cock and fingering her mother—had clearly crossed the line. Yet David hadn't stopped her from touching him. Nor had anyone objected to all the breast play by mothers and daughters earlier. They'd even seemed to enjoy it more when it was taboo.

Enough, he told himself. You'll turn into David with all this analyzing. Just enjoy it for now and work it out later.

With a smile, he turned and went back to the party.

In the main room, David leaned against the couch while Elizabeth and Leah knelt before him, sucking him.

"Oh, good," Beth said, "You're back."

The two blondes sat on the arms of an overstuffed chair wearing hungry looks.

Chris chuckled. "You mind if I sit?"

They smiled and let him ease into the chair as they sank to the floor in front of him. Then Beth gently slid her hand around his shrunken cock and kissed the head. She sucked on it lightly before pulling back and offering it to Erin.

The younger girl immediately ran her tongue over Chris's cock and slid as much of it between her lips as she could. Chris winced. It didn't hurt, but it wasn't exactly pleasant to be bent around, even if soft.

"Here, honey," Beth said, "let me show you."

Erin pulled back and let her mother demonstrate how to pleasure a flaccid penis. Chris smiled. *She probably doesn't see many of those with the guys she's been fooling around with.* Fortunately, she was a quick learner. With her mother's hints and suggestions, not to mention her demonstrations, he was soon hard as steel once again.

David had gotten there before him. Leah lay on her back in the middle of the floor, her feet in the air while David pounded into her. After a bit, he rocked back and pulled himself onto his haunches, still screwing her with a steady rhythm. Elizabeth moved to her side and began playing with her breasts.

Beth turned and followed Chris's gaze. When she looked back, she grinned.

"Mmm," she said, "that looks good." Like a cat, she turned around, sank onto her hands and knees, and arched her back. She looked back, waiting.

Chris chuckled and moved behind her. Screwing her doggy-style, they could easily watch the others. Watching grew even more enjoyable when Erin went to join Elizabeth in pleasuring his daughter.

Leah rolled through an orgasm and quickly headed toward another. Her eyes tightly closed, she clutched at Erin and Elizabeth as they kissed and suckled her breasts. David kept his steady rhythm going, even when Erin reached down to caress Leah's clit, brushing his torso as she did. Elizabeth's hand joined Erin's, and then Erin shifted to kiss Leah. Once again, she cried out and shook as another orgasm took her.

Beth mewled beneath him, but Chris only smiled. He'd found his own rhythm and was in no danger of having things end too soon.

Not so with David. His breathing had become labored and he was beginning to shake. He grunted a question at Elizabeth, who pointed to Leah's breasts. With a groan, he pulled out and shot rope after rope of come all over the teenager's body.

Erin laughed, a bit startled. Then Elizabeth leaned forward and licked a few pearly drops off of Leah's breast. Erin smirked at the older woman and then did the same, cleaning up some come from Leah's belly.

"I bet I can get more," Elizabeth teased the younger girl.

"You're on," Erin replied, before sucking up another drop of jism.

Leah just groaned in pleasure as the two women raced to clean her with their tongues.

Beth moaned, low and long. Chris leaned forward.

"This turn you on?" he murmured in her ear.

She nodded, gasping.

"Watching Elizabeth?" he asked.

She shook her head.

Chris's eyes widened. "Erin?"

She admitted it with a nod.

He looked back up. The race was now at Leah's hips, where the women bumped heads. Erin pulled back and reached for her father's cock.

Beth cried out and sank her shoulders to the ground as her orgasm wracked her body.

David pushed Erin's hand away, and father and daughter locked eyes, almost in a battle of wills.

Meanwhile, Elizabeth continued her now-won race. She licked down Leah's mound and buried her head between her daughter's thighs. Leah's eyes flew open and she let out a gasp. Elizabeth snapped back, her eyes wild and full of surprise.

It was too much. Chris exploded inside Beth and then collapsed forward. They eased themselves onto their side, him still inside her, still holding her tight.

They caught their breath for a bit, oblivious to what was around them. Then Chris put his lips by her ear.

"It turns you on, too," he whispered, "the taboo."

Beth froze a moment, and then slowly nodded.

He sighed and fell back, his soft cock slipping out of her in the process. "You're not the only one."

She rolled so she could cuddle into his chest. They could hear the others and the pop of a champagne cork.

"I guess it's okay," she said, lightly caressing his chest. "The fantasy, I mean. As long as we don't cross the line."

"It's an awfully blurry line," he said. "And how do you know when you've crossed it?"

Beth had no reply.

Eventually one of the girls called and asked if they were joining them in the hot tub. They stirred and slowly rose to their feet.

"I need to talk to Erin," Beth said. "It may be a blurry line, but she crossed it tonight."

Chris nodded. "Meet you in the tub."

He cleaned up a bit and got some water. After downing a glass, he joined the others under the warm bubbles. Erin and Beth were the last to join them, and Erin looked subdued.

There wasn't much conversation, as everyone was pretty tired. David kept an eye on his watch and at midnight they toasted "Happy New Year's"

and sipped champagne. They talked about resolutions and plans for the future and enjoyed the warmth of the water against the crisp night air.

Eventually David suggested that Leah and Erin head off to bed, hinting that the adults wouldn't be too far behind. Once they were gone, he turned to the others.

"Things kinda got out of hand tonight," David said. "For all of us. We really bent the rules this time."

"I ... I'm sorry," Elizabeth said. "I got carried away."

Chris shook his head. "You weren't the only one. Erin, David, me—we all crossed some lines we knew we shouldn't."

Beth let out a quiet sigh, but the other adults nodded, too.

Chris took a deep breath. "The thing is," he said, "I'm scared about what we might do in the future."

The others murmured agreement.

"We can't invite the kids," David said firmly. "Not to future parties."

After some hesitation, each adult nodded yes.

"Gina will be disappointed," Elizabeth said after a moment.

"Don't tell her," David said. "Not in so many words, at least. We don't have to be rude about it, though. We just don't invite them."

"They are starting to live their own lives," Chris pointed out. "Like tonight when Gina and Kara and the guys wanted to party with the Frohmans."

"We'll deal with it on a case by case basis as it comes up." David said.

Elizabeth nodded, but her expression remained sour. Chris noticed and shook his head smiling.

"It's okay," he said to her, "I know you want to party with them."
Especially Paul.

"Right now they need us to be parents," David said. "All of us."

"Who knows," Beth said, "maybe someday, when they don't *need* us as parents, we can bend the rules again."

Elizabeth leaned back, her expression content. Chris looked at the other couple. David shrugged 'whatever' but Beth had a faraway look in her eye.

Chris leaned back against the side of the tub. *The problem is*, he mused, *rules aren't made to be bent*. He quietly sighed. *Bent, broken, or kept, it was a problem for another day.*



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References

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