

A SURPRISE FAMILY CHRISTMAS ORGY

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Faithful man is tempted by sister-in-law at Christmas party.

Incest/Taboo

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Summary: Faithful man is tempted by sister-in-law at Christmas party.

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A Surprise Family Christmas Orgy

"You want me to be your sister's plus one?" I asked for a second time, unsure I had really heard her correctly the first two times.

"Yes," Jasmine, my wife, replied, annoyed at having to repeat herself.

"Isn't that weird?" I asked, thinking it was incredibly weird.

"Maybe a little," she shrugged, as she pecked away on her computer like she often did. "but Jennifer isn't ready to get back in the dating pool and doesn't want to be getting the pitying, 'oh you're getting divorced', looks. So she wants a handsome man to show off."

"We'll, the handsome part I have to agree with," I smiled, always loving to pump myself up.

"And you have to act like you're her smitten boyfriend," she continued, looking up.

"This just keeps getting more and more like I'm on Candid Camera," I quipped, looking at the roof.

She said, all serious, "She's stressed out and I offered your services."

"I'm just a gigolo, and everywhere I go," I sang off key.

"I said you're handsome, I didn't say you were David Lee Roth," Jasmine quipped back, always willing to go tit-for-tat in our playful banter.

"And it's this weekend?" I asked, as I was supposed to go with her to her boring teacher's Christmas party.

"Yes," she nodded. "And yes, that means you get to miss the boring teacher party you hate every year."

"This continues to be in the too good to be true department," I pointed out, smirking that she always knows what I'm thinking.

"Have I mentioned it's at The Cassandra, the booze is all free and you get to share a hotel with my sister?" she added.

I looked around for cameras. Jasmine had been acting strange the past few months, since Valentine's Day truthfully. Spending more time with her siblings than ever, never complaining about them and being way wilder in and out of the bedroom (oral sex while I drove, talking dirty in the bedroom and even experimenting with anal sex. She even began to tolerate her annoying, overbearing and critical mother. But this, this was very strange. "You're serious?"

"Yes, I love my sister and don't want her to be alone and pitied or questioned all night," she explained.

"If that's what you want," I agreed, her sister actually really fun to be around usually...clearly the party girl and leader of the three sisters.

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On the day of the party, my wife helped dress me, putting me in my best suit. I'm a decent looking guy and in the suit I looked smoking hot. I joked, "I'm going to be irresistible to Jennifer."

"Yes, I'm sure she is going to strip you naked and fuck your brains out," my often sarcastic wife quipped.

We both trusted each other unconditionally, so such blunt talk wasn't uncommon. I quipped, posing sexily, "Jennifer's a go-getter. I'm not sure I'll be able to hold her off if she decides she wants a piece of this."

Jasmine laughed, "If she decides to use you as her personal plaything, you have my permission."

"You know I'm utterly irresistible in this outfit," I pointed out. "You're giving me carte blanc to do your sister." The conversation was getting strange, but I was enjoying teasing my wife.

"Do away," she waved, before adding, "you need to go and pick her up. She hates being late."

"That's a family trait," I joked, my bride getting instantly bitchy if we were late for anything.

I gave her a kiss and drove across town to Jennifer's rented condo as the divorce was still in the ugly early stages... a divorce that was about millions, give or take.

As soon as I pulled up, five minutes late, Jennifer walked out and I instantly got a hard on. She was in a short red cocktail dress and mocha nylons, my favourite colour of nylon (my fetish being nylon-clad legs and feet).

I got out of the car, quickly adjusted myself and went to open the door for her like any gentleman would do.

As she walked towards me, in four inch opened toe heels, she said, in her usually pretentious tone, "You're late."

"A train blocked the road for almost ten minutes or I would have been early," I explained, which was the truth, as I opened the car door for her.

"I guess I'll forgive you," she smiled, reaching me and kissing me on the cheek.

"You're apparently going for the lavish look today," I complimented, "you look absolutely beautiful."

"Thanks," she smiled warmly, a side I didn't see often with her of late. "You look very handsome yourself."

"I clean up well?" I joked.

"Yes, yes you do," she agreed, her tone oddly ominous, as she got into the car.

I closed the door once she was in, taking a longer than socially responsible look at her sexy legs (she was in amazing shape).

I slightly adjusted myself again as I walked back around to my side thinking this was quite the temptation my wife was accidentally putting me through.

As we drove to the hotel, the nicest by far in the city, I couldn't help but continually glance at her nylon-clad legs.

She said, taking control like she usually did, the reason I believe her marriage ended - men don't like dominant women, "So what is our story for this evening?"

"We have a story?" I asked, trying not to glance at her nylon-clad legs.

"Of course," she said, "it needs to look like we are in love."

"Oh," I said, this already getting way more complicated than I first imagined.

"So to keep it simple, and kind of true, we met through my sister and have known each other for years," she explained, having obviously put thought into this.

"So far, so good," I nodded.

"We have been quietly dating for a couple of months now," she continued.

"Okay," I nodded, wanting to keep it simple as my memory was not one of my strong suits.

"Lastly, we need to look like we are very much in lust," she finished.

"Lust?" I questioned, surprised by her word choice.

"Yes," she nodded. "I can't be in love with you already, but I can definitely be infatuated. As can you."

"So I'm treating this like the early stages of dating," I clarified, remembering the daily lengthy fuck marathons between Jasmine and me the first few months.

"Exactly," she nodded. "I need you to hold my hand, to kiss me on occasion and to play the part of horny guy."

"Those are words I never thought I would be told by you," I laughed, glancing again at her legs, of which there was a lot showing.

"I'm dressed for you," she added, catching me checking out her legs.

"P-p-pardon?" I stammered, quickly returning my gaze to the road.

"Jasmine told me long ago your quirky nylon fetish," she answered, slipping out of her shoe and putting her nylon-clad foot on the dash. "Cameron liked nylons too, but not as much as you."

I was speechless as the conversation continued getting stranger.

As she wiggled her foot, my gaze unable to not stare at her perfectly manicured toes, she continued, "She also told me that you particularly love the toenails to be red and your favourite colour of nylon is dark beige."

"She told you all that?" I asked, stopped at a red light and unable to not stare at her calf, foot and toes showcased so perfectly in nylon.

"We share everything," she answered, stressing the last word excessively.

"That is incredibly alarming," I said, as a horn blared behind me.

"Green light," she said, her tone clearly amused.

My cock was rock hard, but positioned so awkwardly it was uncomfortable. As I started driving, I tried to slyly shift my cock into a better position.

As I repositioned my cock, she said, even as she continued wiggling her toes, smirking, "Good to know I can make you hard with just a tease of the foot."

"I'm a guy," I shrugged.

"And apparently you are a great pussy muncher," she added, making me gasp. She added, "I told you... everything... we have no secrets."

"That is utterly the most disturbing thing I have ever heard," I said, although really the idea turned me on.

"She says you have a magical tongue," she continued.

"I'm the Gene Simmons of pussy pleasing," I countered, deciding to play along with this bizarre conversation.

"Mmmmmm?" She said, the fake moan overdramatic and hot.

"So you dressed up for me?" I asked, trying to wrap my head around her bizarre behaviour. I mean she always was the fashionable, name brand only, high heels type of woman, but this was the kind of conversation that happens in my jerkoff fantasies when I'm stuck in a hotel (men almost never jerk off to their wives).

"Yes," she answered, not explaining her reasoning.

"Why?" I asked.

"I want you horny as hell all night," she answered, rather matter-of-factly.

"Why?" I repeated, getting more questions with each answer.

"You need to look like you can't wait to leave this party, take me back to the hotel room and fuck the shit out of me," she bluntly answered.

"Fuck," I replied, realizing I was way over my head.

"Maybe later," she quipped, her tone a mixture of playful 'I'm just fucking with you banter' and serious 'I'm going to fuck the shit out of you'.

I didn't answer, my head spinning, my pants bulging, as I pulled up to the front of the hotel.

The valet took the car, and a bell hop took our bags, as Jennifer took my hand in hers, the first woman other than my wife to hold my hand in fifteen years. Guilt instantly rushed through me and I knew I was going to call my wife as soon as I could get alone.

We walked into the lavish hotel, checked in and went to our room, which I learned was on the 28th floor, the top floor. She held my hand throughout the elevator ride, even though no one was around to show our fake love to.

The evening of surprises continued when we walked into the room, which was actually a suite, apparently the honeymoon suite. It had a Jacuzzi, wine chilling and one, yes one, king-sized bed.

I pointed this out, "There is only one bed."

"Is that a problem?" she asked, as she went to the window and looked out.

"Jasmine may think so," I pointed out, thinking this just kept getting stranger and stranger.

"Don't think you can keep your hands to yourself?" she asked, still looking out the window.

"It's not me I'm worried about," I countered, unable to not flirt back.

She ignored my response and said, "This really is a glorious view."

As I stared at her perfect body, dressed to tease, I wanted to say, "Indeed it is", but instead I said, "I should give Jasmine a call."

"And we should probably head down," she said, turning to me.

"I just need to check in first," I said.

"Sure," she nodded, "I better go make sure I look good enough to fuck."

Her bluntness wasn't unusual, but in regards to sex it was. Once she left, I quickly called my wife. As soon as she answered, I asked, "Do you have any clue what you've got me into?"

"She really doesn't want to be pitied tonight," Jasmine responded.

"Apparently," I replied. "And you told her about my nylon fetish?"

"Both my sisters, actually," she replied, "we talk about everything."

"So I learned," I said, before joking, "Apparently, I'm also good at oral sex."

"I tell you that all the time," she said, "I screamed it last night actually."

"Maybe you should Facebook it," I joked.

"You should be happy that I rave about your wicked tongue," she playfully countered.

"I'm not complaining," I said, "but your sister has been very flirty and borderline aggressive."

"Again, just go along with it," she said. "You need to look like an authentic infatuated couple."

Just then Jennifer returned from the washroom, walked to me and took the phone from me. "Hey, baby sis. Thanks for sharing your husband with me."

Hearing the word 'sharing', I thought it was an odd choice.

After a pause, Jennifer promised. "Don't worry, I'll take very good care of him tonight."

Her tone wasn't remotely subtle in her intent.

"I'm going to put him on speakerphone," Jennifer said, her right foot moving in and out of her shoe, purposely teasing me, a constant distraction as I couldn't not look...my fetish and dick controlling me.

After pressing the button, Jennifer continued, "Your husband seems a bit tentative about being my date tonight."

Jasmine sighed, "Honey, tonight treat Jennifer the way you would treat me if you were at my Christmas party tonight."

"All you do is tease me all night," I pointed out, Jasmine always touching my cock slyly, rubbing her nylon foot on my leg, and whispering naughty things throughout dinner and the incredibly boring speeches.

"As I imagine Jennifer will do, too," Jasmine countered.

"Game on," Jennifer agreed.

I quipped, trying to shock the older sister, "Those nights always end in blow jobs or marathon fucking sessions."

"Good to know," Jennifer smiled, not shocked but instead only adding to the sexual tension.

"Help Jasmine, your sister is raping me with her eyes," I only kind of joked.

"Well you are rape worthy," she quipped.

"You're not helping," I pointed out.

"I got to go," Jasmine said, "Connie is here."

"Why is Connie there?" I asked, Connie being her other older sister.

"I needed a date, since mine was on another date," Jasmine answered.

"I'm on a date?" I questioned.

"Just treat her like you would treat me at such an event," Jasmine repeated.

"Okay," I agreed, even though those events did usually lead to oral sex on the drive home and a good fucking once we got home, as I had quipped earlier... Jasmine being very submissive once in the bedroom, and very obedient.

"Have fun, and Jennifer, don't do anything I wouldn't do," Jasmine quipped.

"What won't you do?" Jennifer asked playfully.

"I don't know, Mike what won't I do?" She asked all seductively.

"I'm beginning to feel like a piece of meat," I joked, not sure I should answer that question properly... my wife a very willing participant in the bedroom and willing to do almost anything to please me.

"Hopefully you're a full course meal," Jennifer quipped, seriously eating me whole with her look.

"Gotta go," Jasmine said. "Have fun, and Mike, you have my permission to be overly touchy feely with my sister. You are her gigolo for the night."

I was about to say that gigolo's have sex with their dates, but she hung up.

Jennifer smiled, took my arm and said, "Let's go, my gigolo."

I followed her out completely befuddled with what lay ahead and hard as a rock.

As we entered the hall, mistletoe was right above us. She turned to me, leaned forward and kissed me on the lips. It wasn't a long kiss, but it wasn't a short kiss either, as her tongue parted my mouth. I loved kissing, but Jasmine wasn't a big fan, she'd rather get ass fucked than kiss... yes, I was that lucky.

She quipped, "I love mistletoe."

I remembered the time when I put mistletoe above my cock at a Christmas party with Jasmine and renamed it mistle-blow.

She then added, "I also love mistle-blow." She winked and pulled me speechlessly into the main room.

The next hour I met lots of people, all the while holding Jennifer's hand. When I went to get drinks, I planned on having a few, she kissed me on the lips. When she went to the ladies room, leaving me with three complete strangers, she kissed me on the lips.

A part of me felt undeniable guilt and yet a growing part of me was getting incredibly horny. I loved my wife, and found her to be beautiful, but there was definitely something very alluring about Jennifer, who'd never had any kids thus no baby weight and who worked out every day to keep her body perfectly toned. Sure her tits were tiny, but I wasn't a tit man so that really didn't matter.

No doubt if I was single and had met Jennifer first I would have gone after her with my full court press. She was beautiful, had an amazing body and had spunk. Yet, she was my wife's sister and I would never cheat on my wife.

At supper, Jennifer's version of being an authentic couple included her hand on my leg, slowly slithering up until her fingers grazed my undeniably stiff cock. It included her nylon-clad foot moving under my pant leg just like Jasmine would do. Yet, all I could do was try not to jizz in my pants.

As we waited for dessert, she gave my cock a firm squeeze and whispered, "Jasmine wasn't lying."

I groaned and went to move her hand away before I erupted.

She took my hand instead though and put it on her nylon covered leg. My eyes went wide as it was easily the softest, silkiest nylon I had ever felt.

She whispered, "These nylons cost me 65 bucks when I was in France last month. Do you like?"

"They're really soft," I admitted, wanting to slide my hand up and down her leg. But instead I tried moving my hand away, this temptation becoming harder and harder to resist (pun intended).

"I bought them for you," she said with a seductive smile as she moved my hand slowly up her knee to her thigh.

"For me?" I asked, mesmerized by her words and her leg... getting drawn into a sinister sexual web I was going to be unable to get out of.

"Of course," she said, as the dessert arrived. "Mmmmmm, pie. I love pie, do to love pie?"

"It's an acquired taste," I quipped back, the flirtatious me beginning to take control as my lower head began to lead.

"Some pie is heavenly," she offered, as she took a bite and moved her hand off mine.

I allowed my hand to remain. Not moving, just enjoying the silk and letting her know her aggressive attitude didn't faze me. "Pie does need to be savoured."

"I couldn't agree more," she nodded. "Plus no two pies are alike."

There was silence, the naughty innuendo lingering between us.

We chatted with the others at our table and drank more wine. Three bottles done between the two of us, my hand never moving off her leg.

I didn't enjoy the pie, raisin not really a great choice. The server asked as she was cleaning up the plates, "You didn't enjoy the pie?"

"No, I like my pie to be much moister," I answered.

Not rattled by my response, Jennifer said for all to hear, "Oh, then you will love my homemade pie, it's a recipe like no other."

I don't know why I said it, knowing it would only encourage her (I blamed the wine and her nylons), as she wasn't rattled by my overtures at all, I countered, "I can't wait to taste it."

"I'll make sure to have it made nice and warm for you when you come for some," she said, making my mouth literally water, as she reached and squeezed my cock again.

She asked, "Is this because of me?"

"Actually it's for the pie," I countered, not playing Mr. Nice Guy any more, giving Jennifer a very firm squeeze on her leg...deciding a full frontal attack may be the only way to calm her aggressive behaviour.

She leaned in and whispered, as she shocked me once more, fishing my cock out of my pants in lightning fashion and beginning to jerk me off, "I think you have the filling for my pie."

"Fuuuuck," I quietly grunted, paralyzed by her touch as my cock, long teased tonight, was instantly ready for eruption.

"Shit, you two should go and get a room," Wanda, a pretty co-worker of Jennifer's quipped.

"We have one for later," Jennifer replied, her intent in the words and her hand stroking my cock obvious, "but I can't resist this sexy stud."

"I am utterly irresistible," I added, trying not to come, as I also tried to act casual.

"Hot as a volcano about to erupt," Jennifer added, as she continued stroking my cock.

"You two lovebirds make me sick," a guy whose name I couldn't remember said.

"I can't help it," I shrugged, trying to play the doting boyfriend, "She's just so fucking hot."

"You know just the right words to say, baby," she purred. I tried to keep a straight face as I focused on not coming under the table.

"You slut," Wanda said playfully, "You're jerking him off under the table aren't you?"

"No, 'slut' would be dropping my fork, going under the table and sucking his cock," Jennifer countered, as she indeed dropped the fork and said dramatically, "Oops, I better get that." She went under the table and quickly took my cock in her mouth.

No name gasped, "She isn't, is she?"

"No," I lied poorly. I moaned, as she bobbed hungrily up and down on my cock for only a few seconds.

Another few bobs and I would have shot my load down her throat, but she sat back up and smiled, fork in hand, "Got it."

"You're sooooo bad," Wanda teased.

"And it feels sooooo good," Jennifer replied, as she finished another glass of wine.

My cock saluting her under the table, I was super frustrated and annoyed. She teased relentlessly, even more than Jasmine. And now I had cheated on Jasmine!

She kissed me hard, this time her tongue going in my mouth. I returned the kiss and we kissed like two horny lovers until Wanda quipped, "Did I mention getting a room?"

Jennifer broke the kiss and said, "Actually, I need to use the powder room, come with me Wanda."

Jennifer gave my still stiff cock one firm squeeze and said, "You should probably put the missile away before it accidentally goes off."

Soon it was just me and no name. He said, "I think you're going to get lucky tonight."

"I get lucky every night," I quipped back, as I tried putting my cock back in my pants. He wasn't happy with being put away.

I texted Jasmine:

This is getting out of hand!

I waited a few minutes before Jasmine texted back:

Just be her boyfriend!!!

I texted back:

What if she wants to consummate our relationship?

She called me.

"Hey, baby," Jasmine purred, her tone implying she had already had a few drinks herself.

"You're drunk," I said, wishing I was there with her.

"Tipsy," she giggled, "Although Connie is making sure I don't do anything bad."

"Your other sister is definitely being bad," I countered.

"Well, she is the bad one," Jasmine said.

"I think she expects me to have sex with her," I bluntly said.

Just then, before Jasmine could respond, Jennifer returned, grabbed my hand, hung up on my wife, pulled me up and put a candy cane in my mouth.

I immediately knew this was a special candy cane even before Jennifer said anything. This red and white Christmas treat was coated with pussy juice.

She asked, "Do you like candy canes?"

I pulled the uniquely scented and tasting candy cane out of my mouth, instantly wanting to taste the addition directly from the source (I loved eating pussy... women will do almost anything for a man who knows how to service her with his tongue), and shrugged, "I like my treats to be all natural."

She smiled, "Oh, that can be arranged."

"And I like to really savour my treats," I continued, adding layer upon layer of sexual innuendo between us.

"I love a man that knows what he wants," she countered.

"And I know exactly what I want," I replied, staring directly into her eyes.

Wanda quipped, "Christ if you two don't get a room soon you're going to come in front of us."

Jennifer shrugged, taking my hand and pulling me up as she put the candy cane back in my mouth, "Let's dance sexy."

I reluctantly followed her onto the dance floor in and asked, "What if I hadn't have put my dick away when you went to the bathroom?"

"Then everyone would have got a very big treat," she replied, as she started dancing.

I danced too, as I bit the candy cane, watching her every curve as she danced, still in awe of what had transpired so far. After three songs, a slow song came on and she fell into me.

As the song played, she said, "Jasmine is a very lucky woman."

"I'm a lucky guy," I countered, before adding, "You hung up on her, by the way."

"Don't worry," she purred, "your wife is in very good hands tonight."

Her tone was odd, but I didn't respond.

As the slow song I didn't recognize played, Jennifer wrapped her arms around me, her perfume lingering. We danced quietly, her small breasts pressed into my chest, my cock, rock hard, unavoidably poking her thigh, unable to hide the impact she had on me.

My hands on her waist, I held her tight into me, enjoying this moment of intimacy, one that was safe and yet full of implication.

Finally she spoke, her voice sultry, "If you weren't my brother-in-law I would take you behind the coat check and suck your cock, or take you into a bathroom and ride that stiff missile," she revealed, as she slyly ground her body into my cock.

Playing along, wanting her to know who was in control, I countered, "Actually, if you weren't my sister-in-law, I would firmly push you on your knees and fuck that pretty wicked mouth of yours."

"Mmmmmm," she moaned, not backing down at all. "Would you shoot your cum down my throat or all over my face?"

"Before or after I fucked your other two holes?" I countered, remaining on the full offensive, trying to shock her. Jasmine was a submissive and understood in the bedroom I was in charge completely. I wondered if Jennifer was the same way. Often strong willed women are closet submissives looking for a man to take control. Her last husband was a completely whipped wuss who she walked all over.

"You fuck Jasmine's ass?" she asked coyly.

"I thought she told you everything," I answered firmly, shifting into my dominant persona.

"Oh, she does," she smiled back, her tone implying she indeed knew her sister did take it in the ass. She then added, her tone dripping with vague implication, "The better question is does she tell you everything?"

That statement, implying my wife didn't tell me everything, was a punch in the gut. I was indeed gone a lot, working in the oil industry had me often travelling all over Alberta, and I would sometimes be gone for seven to ten days at a time, occasionally gone for even longer stretches. Yet, I trusted her without reservation and couldn't fathom her cheating on me.

As the song was ending, my head spinning as I tried to understand the last question, Jennifer asked, "Do you want to fuck me, Harold?"

"Wanting and doing are not the same thing," I countered, avoiding answering the question like a politician would do.

"I'll take that as a yes," she smiled, leaning in and kissing me again.

I wanted to take her right there and then, the kiss passionate and with an urgency that rarely happened in the heat of passion once you're married... which instantly made me feel guilty even though Jasmine told me to play the love-struck boyfriend... at first I thought I was acting, but the longer this night went on the more it seemed like this was an authentic task.

Breaking the kiss, I said firmly, "Jennifer, this can't go any further."

The song ended, but we stood still in our strange embrace, as if two combatants not backing down. "Would you fuck me if Jasmine gave you permission?" she bluntly asked me.

I laughed, as a new slow song, one of my favourites, REO Speedwagon's 'I Can't Fight this Feeling', began. The irony of the title was not lost on me.

She said, repeating the question, "I'm serious. If Jasmine called you right now and gave you permission to fuck the hell out of her sister, would you?"

I couldn't believe she was asking such a ludicrous question. Jasmine had always made it crystal clear that if I ever cheated on her she would cut my balls off and feed them to our dog Jimbo for dinner, and I believed her. "I think there is a better chance of this party turning into a full scale orgy than Jasmine agreeing to that."

"Is that a yes or no?" She asked, determined to get an answer to the ridiculous question.

"Sure," I laughed, not able to take her seriously, being strong and firm, "if Jasmine gives me permission I'll fuck you, but be warned I don't make love, I fuck."

"Promises, promises," she purred, licking her lips.

I shifted to firm and serious. "No, I'm serious. If you and Jasmine really tell each other everything, you know that I expect complete obedience in the bedroom."

"Or the hotel room?" She questioned, not backing down.

"Or the clothing closet," I added, my eyes bearing into hers.

Still acting as if this wasn't some big joke, she pulled my hand towards the coat check.

I stopped her and pulled her back into a slow dance. "I told you those conditions were based on Jasmine saying yes, which she never would."

"You sure?" She asked, her tone and raised eyebrow implying she knew something I didn't.

"Pretty sure," I replied, with slightly less confidence than my previous statements.

"You understand that Jasmine, Connie and I are really close," she said, stressing the word 'really'.

"Especially since around Valentine's Day," I answered, the night the girls helped me avoid the financial pain that usually was the silly day of commercial love.

"Good catch, Sherlock," she nodded, "that was indeed the day that changed everything."

"What are you hiding from me?" I asked, trying to understand her ominous words and the way she stressed the word 'everything'.

"Let's go upstairs," she said.

"I can't," I answered, even though every inch of my body wanted to.

"Do you want to?" she asked.

"I want to fuck Megan Fox," I countered, "and Sofia Vergara and actually pretty much every female on Modern Family."

"Would you if Jasmine gave you permission?" she asked.

"Two of them are on my celebrity five," I replied, both Jasmine and I having five celebrities we could fuck if the opportunity ever arose. My others were: Jennifer Lawrence, Mila Kunis and oddly the always pantyhose wearing Kate Middleton. Meanwhile my wife had Jason Stratham, Daniel Craig (she tried to add all Bond men, but I countered with all Modern Family members and she balked), Zack Efron, Bradley Cooper, and Johnny Depp.

"I'm not on the five?" she asked with a pout.

"Only celebrities," I shrugged, before adding, "plus, the possibility of meeting these people must be almost impossible.

"So would I be on it if it was anybody five?" she asked coyly.

"I plead the fifth," I replied, just as coyly.

"Well, tonight," she said, in a strong dominant way, moving her hand and rubbing my cock through my trousers, "you're mine."

I laughed awkwardly, "You think so."

"No, I know so," she answered, before adding, "I always get what I want, and tonight I want you."

"But I'm your sister's husband," I replied, pointing out the obvious.

"And she is my pet," she replied, before adding, "I've had too much wine, I have to pee."

"Pet?" I questioned.

"And you know I'm just like your wife... when I get drunk enough I virtually have no limits," she revealed.

Reminding her I was still in charge, I pointed out, "When my wife is drunk, she is my completely obedient slut."

"Yes, Master," she winked, which was utterly hot. "I really have to fucking pee. Call your wife, Harold. When I get back I'm going to see if you are all talk and no action or if you can back your words with solid action."

She gave my cock one more firm squeeze for good measure as she said 'solid' and sauntered away.

I stared at her until she was out of view, my head spinning and my cock about to erupt... there is only so much any man can take.

I moved to a quiet area in the lobby of the hotel and texted my wife:

Call me, ASAP.

I needed to bluntly tell my wife what happened and beg forgiveness. In reality, in my weakness I was technically just doing what she had told me to.

When she didn't call me, I called her. The phone rang four times before it was answered. But the voice I heard was not my wife's, but, her sister, Connie's.

"Jasmine's phone," Connie greeted, all sing-song sweet.

"Hi, Connie," I said quickly, before asking with a sense of urgency, "where is Jasmine?"

"In the washroom," Connie answered.

"Oh," I sighed, needing to talk to her ASAP.

"Enjoying yourself?" Connie asked.

"It's been interesting, to say the least," I answered.

"Have you been acting like a fawning in-lust boyfriend?" Connie questioned.

"I've had no choice," I responded, replaying just how aggressive Jennifer had been all night.

"Has Jennifer tried to fuck you yet?" Connie bluntly asked, even as I thought I heard her moan.

"Pardon?" I asked, even though I had heard the question clearly.

"She got permission from your wife to have you service her," Connie answered, matter-of-factly.

"She did not," I said, even though there were many hints that was exactly what happened.

Connie laughed, "I was there when the conversation took place," Connie said, "trust me, Jennifer is expecting you to fuck her tonight... probably more than once if I know my sister...especially if she has been drinking."

"You've got to be kidding," I said, even though I knew she wasn't.

"Trust me," Connie said, "there is a hierarchy in our family and Jennifer is at the top."

"What does that even mean?" I asked, her answer cryptic.

"I think you know," she answered, with yet another moan.

I didn't. I had no fucking clue.

Jennifer startled me, coming up behind me and whispering in my ear, "So ready to fuck me like a dirty cum slut?"

A chill went up my spine, as her lips tugged on my ear, my cock flinching at such dirty talk. I asked Connie, "Is Jasmine back yet?"

"She's been here the whole time," Connie answered, as Jennifer continued breathing in my ear. "

"Which hole do you want first, stud?" Jennifer questioned, her hands wrapping around me, so close to my stiff cock.

"What?" I asked, trying to ignore the sexual heat cascading through me at Jennifer's touch and wicked tongue.

Jennifer, thinking I was talking to her, repeated, "Which hole do you want first, stud? All three are completely open for business."

While Connie answered, "She's just been pretty busy."

"I thought she was in the bathroom," I said, her answers rather odd.

"She is," Connie answered.

Jennifer didn't speak, instead she grabbed my hand and led me to the elevator.

"Are you in the bathroom too?" I asked, confused, as I followed Jennifer mindlessly to the elevator and in as it magically opened just as we reached it... the Gods of loyalty clearly smirking at me tonight with temptation after temptation.

"I am," Connie replied, with an undeniable moan.

"Are you in a stall?" I asked, beginning to put the puzzle pieces together.

"I am," Connie answered.

"Is my wife also in the stall?" I asked, praying I wasn't correct, as the elevator closed and it was just Jennifer and I.

"She is," Connie moaned in response.

"What is she doing?" I asked, as Jennifer looked at me with an insatiable lust that both flattered and scared me.

Jennifer grabbed the phone before I could hear the answer. She hung up and said, lifting up her dress to reveal only a red thong hiding her pussy, "Time for you to be doing what your wife has been doing for months."

And there it was... the answer I was assuming... dreading... yet made the complex puzzle pieces all come together in an instant and made my rock hard cock even stiffer if that was possible.

My wife's more aggressive sexual behaviour this year.

My wife's ceasing to rant about her sisters practically overnight.

My wife spending so much more time with her sisters than she used to.

My wife allowing this strange day to occur.

Yet, before I could respond to the offer, she dropped her dress back down, dropped to her knees and asked, as her hand squeezed my stiff cock, and pulled out some mistletoe, "Are you hard knowing that your wife is eating Connie's cunt right now?"

Her hand reached for my fly and quickly fished out my cock again as I processed the answer to the question I just asked.

"Mmmmm, I think so," she purred, "what do you call this when you're with my baby sister?"

"Mistle-blow," I answered, a game that started the first time I was stuck at one of her boring teacher Christmas parties.

"Mmmmmmm," she moaned, as she put it over her head and took my cock in her mouth.

I stared at her bobbing on my cock in stunned silence as my head spun with all that had been revealed...the picture now crystal clear.

I asked, after a moment, even though the answer was obvious, "Are the three of you committing lesbian incest?"

She pulled her mouth off my cock and responded, "Oh, there is a lot more than three of us."

"Who else?" I asked, unable to fathom, and yet undeniably intrigued, who else and praying there were no men involved in this twisted web... praying I was the only man.

As if reading my mind, she looked up at me with a naughty smile, flicking her tongue around my mushroom top, "Don't worry Harold, you are the only man joining this family group."

The elevator began to slow down and she stood back up and asked, "Ever wanted to fuck your mother-in-law?"

My eyes went big at the question. My mother-in-law was still a very hot woman for her age and one who always wore nylons.

As she stroked my cock, she asked, "Or how about Connie? Ever wanted to fuck those big tits or her wide ass?"

The elevator came to a stop, as she whispered, "They are all yours if you want them... as am I."

She kissed me as the elevator opened. She tossed the mistletoe on the ground, grabbed my cock and led me to our hotel room, not remotely worried about others seeing us.

Once in the room, she continued adding to the growing list of women, "Or how about Aunt Marilyn?"

"And how do you fit in this lesbian family orgy?" I asked, deciding to take control once and for all, even though I sensed she was the conductor of this lesbian group.

"I'm the Mistress of them all, including your wife," she smiled, dropping back to her knees. The idea of my wife being submissive to Jennifer was cock breaking hot.

"And that makes me a Master to them all," I declared, sliding my cock back in her open mouth and realizing the golden opportunity that I had been given.

I fucked her face roughly for a couple of minutes, loving hearing her slobbery sounds.

Pulling out, I ordered, "Give me my phone."

She looked up at me and smiled, as she handed me back my phone, "Want to film yourself fucking me?"

"I need to talk to my wife first," I said, shoving my cock back in her mouth.

She began bobbing as I called my wife.

This time she answered. "Hi, baby, having fun?"

I responded, "I'm just being a perfect date for your sister."

"Good," Jasmine replied, "she was really looking forward to this."

"Oh, she is really enjoying it," I replied, before clarifying so there was no shadow of a doubt left of what I was getting permission to do, "And I am to do whatever she wants?" I questioned.

"Yes," she answered.

"Anything?" I clarified.

"Yes, anything," Jasmine agreed.

"Anywhere?" I continued.

Jasmine said, "Harold, enough hemming and hawing, Jennifer hasn't been fucked by a real cock in months and needs to be fucked bad."

"Once we jump in this rabbit hole," I pointed out, "there is no going back."

Jasmine agreed, "I know baby, but I want you to fuck my Mistress, make her your cum slut tonight."

Hearing such words while getting blown simultaneously was amazing and having the clear permission I needed I said, "Well, that I can make a reality," I responded.

"I know you can," my wife said, her tone dripping with sex. "And I mean fucking use her. She is a diva bitch on the outside, but a submissive cum slut to men once you teach her who is boss."

"Already on it," I agreed, as I grabbed the back of Jennifer's head and held it with my cock deep down her throat.

"Good," Jasmine said, "the bitch needs to be put in her place after all the things she has made me do."

"Like what?" I asked, instantly curious.

"Another time, baby," Jasmine responded, while letting out a soft moan.

"How was Connie's cunt?" I asked.

"Delicious as always," my wife responded.

"And where is she now?" I asked.

"Returning the favour," Jasmine revealed, the moan suddenly making sense.

"Oh my," I replied, the idea of Connie between my wife's legs a very hot visual.

"Now go and fuck the shit out of my sister," Jasmine ordered, before adding, "literally."

"If I have to," I joked.

"You have to," Jasmine laughed.

I hung up and ordered, "Stand up, slut."

Being the diva I had always thought she was, I was very curious how she would respond to name calling. Jasmine loved it... but only in the heat of the moment. If I called her a slut randomly, she would rip my nuts off and have them for lunch.

"About fucking time you wanted to unwrap your present," she purred, as I lifted her dress over her head.

"You understand you're my bitch tonight," I clarified, as I tossed her expensive dress aside.

"Yes, Master," she nodded, looking at me with an eager lust I only saw rarely in Jasmine's eyes.

"Am I bigger than that useless ex of yours?" I asked, as I got out of my trousers and underwear.

"Way bigger," she answered, staring at my cock with insatiable hunger while I stared at her legs in silk thigh high stockings and red lace panties and bra that kept hidden her bare necessities.

"Let's see that cunt," I ordered, knowing that she hated the 'c' word.

She wasn't fazed at all though as she slid her dental floss like thong down her perfect legs.

"Do you like?" she asked, as she revealed her perfect pink shaved pussy to me.

"I'm curious if it tastes as good directly from the source," I answered, walking over to her, picking her up and walking to our huge bed.

She giggled, "Oh my, you Tarzan, me Jane."

"No," I corrected, "you slut, me Master."

"Mmmmmm," she moaned, as I tossed her onto the bed.

She looked up at me as I stood at the end of the bed and took off my shirt. "Jasmine really won the husband lottery."

"Tell her that when I'm gone as much as I am," I replied.

"Oh, don't worry, I keep her quite busy and satisfied when you are gone," Jennifer said, moving her foot to my erect missile.

The nylon felt good as I asked, "What exactly do you make her do?"

"Mostly just eat my pussy or Connie's pussy," she answered, before asking, "does she give you foot jobs?"

"Rarely," I answered, although she had just last week for the first time since forever.

Jennifer repositioned herself, lifted her legs up and put both her feet on my cock. "Go ahead, baby, fuck my nylon-clad feet. These nylons were bought for your pleasure."

"Apparently, literally," I laughed, as I grabbed both her feet, held them tight against my cock and began slowly fucking her soles.

"Your cock is so perfect," she purred, "I'm happy my sister submissive agreed to share."

"How did my 'if-you-ever-cheat-on-me-I-will-cut-your-balls-off-and-feed-them-to-the-dog' wife ever agree to this?" I asked, still very curious about that.

"Orgasm denial," Jennifer answered, "and a little convincing about sisters sharing everything."

"'Everything' is a pretty big word," I pointed out, enjoying immensely the sheer nylon on my cock.

"Indeed it is," she smiled, staring at my cock.

"So to clarify," I continued, "the three of you munch each other's cunts?"

"Well, it's mostly them serving me," Jennifer answered, "but we also have a lot of toys."

"Like?" I asked.

"Strap-ons, butt plugs, suction wall dildos, double-ended dildos and a magic wand," she listed.

"And you have used all these on my wife?" I asked, still trying to picture my wife in a submissive lesbian position with one of her sisters.

"Yep," she nodded, "does that turn you on?"

"Are your nylons silk?" I asked, in answer.

"Pure," she purred. "Did I mention I bought them for you?"

"More than once." I nodded.

"For this night," she added.

"I still can't believe all this," I admitted.

"I can't believe how badly I want that cock of yours fucking me," Jennifer said bluntly.

"But first let's see if sisters taste alike," I said, reluctantly stopping the amazing foot job that felt great, but was nothing more than a luxurious tease.

"Jasmine says you're a natural cunt pleaser," Jennifer purred, as she spread her legs invitingly.

"Well, I guess you can find out for yourself," I said suavely, as I moved between her legs and buried my face in her glistening pussy lips.

"Ohhhhh," she moaned, the moment my tongue made contact.

I loved eating pussy and knew that for women a man who spent time down below often was rewarded greatly... or at least that had often been my experience.

I always started by going slow and exploring. It had been years since I was between the legs of a new woman and exploring a new pussy. I was in no hurry as I explored every inch of her sweet cunt. Obviously, she hadn't been faking it, as her pussy was very wet and heavenly... tasting very similar to Jasmine's, but yet just different enough to be distinct.

Her nylon-clad feet rubbed my back as I explored, parting her pussy lips and attempting to tongue fuck her hole.

"Oh God, you're teasing me like crazy," she moaned, her hands going through my hair and pushing me deeper into her wetness.

I knew then she was completely at my mercy. I began licking her swollen clit and instantly her moans got louder. I lapped quickly while simultaneously putting pressure on her clit and, as was the case with my wife, her orgasm came quickly and hard. "Fuck!" she screamed, as her orgasm hit.

The difference though was Jennifer was a squirter, as my face was literally soaked with cunt cum.

I lapped it up the best I could but I had never gone down on a woman who came so much.

After a few more seconds, she begged, "Now please come and fuck me."

I moved up and rubbed my cock up and down her pussy lips.

"Slam that dick in me," she demanded, lifting her ass up trying to get my cock inside her.

"Beg," I ordered, tapping her clit with my dick.

"Fuck," she moaned, her legs twitching, "don't tease me."

"Beg," I repeated, revelling in the power I had over this woman, who was usually such a diva.

"Harold," she began, "please slam that big dick of yours into my cunt. Use me as your little cum deposit."

I slid my cock deep inside her even as I knew my load was going to go on her face.

"Yes," she moaned, "just fuck me."

I grabbed her legs, pulled them together and leaned onto the sheer silk as I fucked her.

I loved the feel of her nylon-clad legs and wanted to enjoy the feel while fucking her. I also loved how deep I could get at this angle.

"So fucking full," she moaned loudly.

"I expect you in these nylons every time I see you from now on," I ordered, as I made sure to thrust hard with each forward movement, making her entire body move. Yet, in this position, I almost never came (one of my favourites with my wife).

"I'll have to buy more pairs," she replied.

"Yes, I'd like a few different colours for variety," I responded, before adding, "I expect you to get enough for all my sluts."

"Oh," she moaned playfully, "you're going to dress us all up as stocking sluts."

I said firmly, "The hierarchy has changed."

"Mmmmmmm," she moaned, her breathing getting erratic, "The Master should always be on top."

I fucked her hard for a couple more minutes as her breathing increased, wanting to have her reach orgasm again.

"Oh God, don't stop, fuck, fuck, yes, so fucking good," Jennifer babbled.

"Come for me, you teasing slut," I demanded.

"Harder," she begged, her eyes showing a desperation to come.

"You like it rough?" I asked.

"God, yes," she admitted, clearly in euphoria.

"Before today I thought you were a teasing diva," I admitted, as I kept slamming into her roughly.

"Call me names," she moaned, "treat me like a whore."

"You fucking cum slut," I began, "only a real whore would seduce her sister's husband."

"God," she moaned, bucking her ass up to meet my hard thrusts.

"You're my personal cum bucket now," I continued, "a three hole cum deposit. Now come you fucking bimbo bitch, fucking whore. "

"Yessssss," she screamed, as her orgasm hit her.

I quickly let go of her legs, leaned on top of her and kept fucking her even as her orgasm kept coursing through her.

In under a minute, my balls were boiling and when I was close, I pulled out, straddled Jennifer's chest and immediately spewed my cum all over her face.

She was clearly surprised as she didn't close her eyes in time and my first rope hit her right in the eyes.

"You bad boy," she quipped. She closed her eyes as the rest of my ropes of cum splattered her face.

"You look really hot with cum all over your face," I quipped, as I slid my cock in her mouth.

She awkwardly bobbed on my cock in her recumbent position without opening her eyes.

When I pulled out, I said, "Don't move, slut."

"Yes, sir," she said, lying there like an obedient slut... her face completely covered... my first load of the day a full one.

I got up, grabbed my phone and quickly took a picture of her cum covered face.

She asked, "You just took a picture of me, didn't you?"

"I figured I should show my wife where the load that was meant for her today went." I answered.

"I hope you have another load for me," she quipped, as she scooped cum from her eyes and put it to her mouth... which was super-hot to watch.

"Maybe, if you continue to be a good girl," I said, grabbing a towel from beside the hot tub and bringing it to her.

I put it in her hands and she quipped, "Aw, such a gentleman."

"I know, I'm all Richard Gere from Pretty Woman," I joked.

"Does that make me the prostitute?" she asked, as she used the towel to wipe off my cum.

"Well, you are my slut," I responded.

Jennifer cleaned herself up, sat up and said, "Come join me in the hot tub."

"Shouldn't we return to your party?" I asked.

"Probably," she nodded, as she stood up. Looking down at her cunt, she added, "Fuck, I'm still leaking."

"I'm that good," I joked, as I texted the picture of Jennifer's face coated in cum to my wife.

"That you are," she nodded, putting the towel to her cunt.

"Are we going back to the party?" I asked, willing to do either.

"Maybe for a bit," she nodded.

"Sounds good," I said, "but when we come back up here, I'm fucking your ass."

"Is that so?" she asked, as she reached down to grab her dress.

"That's a promise," I responded, as I got dressed too.

"You better keep it," she winked, as she slipped back into her dress.

"I never break my promises," I replied, already looking forward to tapping that tight ass.

Over the next two hours, we danced, we drank, and we visited with her colleagues.

She also had one very red eye as it reacted to having cum in it...which her friend Wanda pointed out.

By the time the party was ending, Jennifer whispered, her hand on my cock again, "Ready to sodomize your sister-in-law?"

"I'm going to tear your ass in two," I whispered back.

"Let's go," she said, taking my hand and pulling me up.

Wanda asked, "Going to shoot it in her other eye this time?"

I shrugged, "Why, jealous?"

"If what Jennifer said about your dick is true, then yes," a very drunk Wanda nodded, as she staggered over to me.

I shrugged again, "So size does matter?"

"Definitely," she nodded.

I glanced to Jennifer who pulled me away as she said, "I don't share."

"Except with your sisters," I quipped, a few seconds later when we were back in the lobby.

"Fucking right," she nodded, as we reached the elevator.

I pressed the button and said, "This was not how I thought my night was going to go."

"Disappointed?" she asked, as she moved close to me.

"No," I shook my head, "but still a little in shock."

"That you got to fuck me?" she asked.

"That," I nodded, as the elevator opened, "but even more so that my wife willingly allowed it to happen."

"Not that she loves eating cunt?" Jennifer asked, pretty loud as an older couple walked out of the elevator.

"Sorry," I said, as the woman glared at us.

Jennifer, never one to not be blunt, hollered out, "You probably should get yours eaten out too."

I pulled her into the elevator and she fell into me.

The door closed and she kissed me hard, as her hand again went to my stiff cock.

My hand went under her dress and to her fevered cunt.

"God, I can't wait to have that cock back in me," she moaned, as my finger slid inside her.

"In your ass?" I questioned, something Jasmine and I had experimented with, but it had always been a rather slow and gentle fucking. With Jennifer I wanted to ream her asshole good.

"All three of my holes are yours to use as you please," she replied, before shoving her tongue in my mouth.

I fingered her; she rubbed my cock; both of us hungry to get into the hotel room and fuck.

As soon as the elevator stopped and the door opened, we hurried to the hotel room.

I opened the door and even after all I had experienced today, in what was already the most surreal day in my life, I wasn't ready for what I walked into.

"Hi, honey," my wife dressed in only beige nylons and a strap-on greeted me as she fucked an also naked, except for black nylons, Connie... whose massive tits flopped around in her submissive doggy style position.

I was speechless.

Jennifer walked by me and said, "You came to watch your husband sodomize me?"

"You watched Connie sodomize me," my wife countered.

"Touché," Jennifer laughed, as she quickly got out of her dress

"Harder, bitch," Connie begged, ignoring the fact she now had people watching her commit lesbian incest.

"So demanding," Jasmine giggled, clearly drunk herself, as she slammed into Connie.

Jennifer moved to me and pulled my pants down, while I took off my shirt, as I stared at my wife wearing a strap-on... fucking her sister... in front of me.

WOW!

Fucking WOW!

Cock hardening WOW!

Once I was naked, the only clothes still on were stay-up stockings on all three sisters and a bra on Jennifer. I realized I hadn't yet seen her small breasts and ordered, "Bra, slut."

Jennifer quickly unclasped her bra even as she took my cock in her mouth.

I couldn't believe I was being sucked by my wife's older sister while my wife was in the room.

Jasmine watched me get sucked; I watched her fuck Connie.

We both smiled at each other.

Connie got animated, "Oh fuck, so close, pound my cunt, baby sis."

Jasmine ordered, "You two, come fuck beside us."

"Good idea," I nodded.

Jennifer stood up, walked the few feet to her sisters and got on all fours right beside her big titted sister. Man I wanted to squeeze those tits. Both Jasmine and Jennifer had tiny tits, but Connie's were voluptuous. I wondered what it would be like to cup them in my hands, to fuck them... something I had never done with a woman before.

I moved behind Jennifer and slid into her cunt.

To my surprise, she whined, "I thought you were going to fuck my ass."

"Got to get some pussy lube first," I responded. When I fucked Jasmine's ass, I used excessive amounts of lube, but for Jennifer, unless she asked for it, I was going to just slam into her. I wanted to make the diva an ass slut.

And she, apparently, was ready to be an ass slut, as she moaned, "Just slam it in my asshole, stud."

Jasmine added, "Yes, baby, ream my sister's shit hole."

Hearing my wife talk so dirty only enhanced my desire to pound Jennifer's ass and after a couple more hard strokes, I pulled out and slid my cock into her ass.

"Oh God," Jennifer moaned, as I widened her back door.

"Fuck, I'm coming," Connie screamed.

"You want it in the ass, too?" Jasmine asked.

"Yes," Connie responded weakly, as her body trembled from the orgasm cascading through her.

"So fucking big," Jennifer announced to all.

Jasmine added, "I told you, his cock is fucking huge back there.

"Oh fuck," Connie said, as Jasmine slid the cock into her ass.

"Fucking crazy," I said, as I watched my cock disappear completely.

"Nice picture you sent," Jasmine said.

"I thought you would like it," I replied, "that load was supposed to be for you."

"It's good to share," Jasmine responded, with a wide smile.

"I couldn't agree more," I nodded, as I began slowly fucking Jennifer's ass.

Jennifer moaned, "Right now, he's mine."

"I want him too," Connie said, looking back at me.

"I'm only one man," I joked.

"Then you better pace yourself," Connie said firmly. "Because that cock is fucking me tonight too."

"If I have to," I joked, like I had earlier.

"You do," all three sisters said in unison.

I fucked Jennifer for another minute or two, before I ordered, "Both of you, on either side of your sister's ass."

As I hoped, both obeyed.

I then pulled out and shoved my cock in Connie's mouth... the idea of watching Connie suck my cock that was just in her sister's ass was too hot not to do.

Jennifer demanded, "Get that cock back in my ass."

I slapped her ass hard and asked, "Who's in charge here?"

"You are," she sighed.

"I am, what?" I asked, slapping her ass again, as Connie bobbed on my cock furiously.

"You are, Master," Jennifer corrected.

"Good, slut," I said, pulling out of Connie's mouth and slamming back into Jennifer's ass, this time shifting to deep hard thrusts.

"Oh yessssss," Jennifer moaned, "fuck my ass in front of your wife."

Jasmine added, "Ream her asshole, baby. The slut needs a good ass fucking."

Connie added, "Yes, this could definitely be a good story to write."

Jennifer moaned, as I slammed into her hard, "Yes, I bet your readers would love to read this story."

"Readers?" I asked, suddenly confused.

"He still doesn't know?" Connie asked.

"Know what?" I asked.

Jasmine sighed heavily, a look of guilt suddenly spreading over her face. Finally she said, "You know you're gone a lot."

"I know," I nodded, as I watched Connie get on all fours.

"Come fuck my ass too, Harold," Connie said, offering her wide booty.

Jennifer protested, "No, keep fucking me."

Yet, Connie's ass was too good to resist, and I pulled out of Jennifer and moved behind Connie.

Putting my hands on her hips, I positioned my cock at her ass and slid it in.

"Holy fuck," Connie screamed, "it's so much bigger than our toys."

"That's what I said," Jasmine added.

"And so much better," Jennifer added, as she remained in position.

"So, readers?" I asked.

"I write porn," Jasmine bluntly said.

"What?" I asked, even though I heard her. This yet another surprise in this strangest night of my life.

Jennifer added, "Yes, she is the most popular erotica writer on the most popular online erotica website."

"You're not serious," I asked, as my cock filled Connie's ass.

"You're gone a lot," Jasmine said.

"And when I'm gone you write porn?" I asked, my cock lodged deep in Connie's booty.

"And in line at the grocery store," Jennifer added.

"Shut up," Jasmine said, as she looked at me feeling guilty.

"What site?" I asked.

"Literotica," she answered.

"That's the site I read when I'm at the hotel," I admitted, not moving.

Jennifer quipped, "Maybe you jerk off to your wife's stories."

Jasmine's face was beet red.

"How long have you been doing this?" I asked.

"About four years," she answered.

"Four years," I repeated. "You've been writing porn for four years?"

"And a bit," she added.

"And I had no clue," I said.

"You are not the most observant guy in the world," Jasmine pointed out.

"Yes, you didn't know your wife has been eating pussy for months," Jennifer added.

Suddenly, I knew. I knew almost without a doubt who she was online. I had indeed read many of her stories. I asked, "Is your handle silk stockings something?"

She nodded.

"Wow," I said.

"Are you going to fuck me?" Connie asked.

"You fuck me," I ordered.

And Connie began slowly riding my cock.

Jasmine asked, "So you read my stories?"

"Sometimes," I nodded. "I think I've even written you before."

"That is priceless," Jennifer laughed.

"Holy fuck," I said, a light bulb going on in my head.

"What?" Jasmine asked tentatively, still looking worried (which was ironic since my cock was in her sister's ass at the moment).

"There is a story called three sisters," I said.

"Busted," Jennifer said, before adding, "I believe the full title is 'Three Sisters: A Crazy Lesbian Orgy'."

"T-t-that is a true story?" I asked.

"Every word," Jennifer spoke for Jasmine, "although she changed our names to protect our identities."

"Wow," I said again.

Jasmine asked, looking very concerned, "Are you mad?"

"Shocked," I said, "but not mad. How could I be?"

"Because I kept it from you," she said.

"This is a pretty good present," I smiled, pulling her up and kissing her.

Breaking the kiss, I said, "Now fuck your Mistress's ass."

"Yes, Master," she smiled, and moved behind Jennifer.

For the next few minutes, my wife and I took turns fucking her two sisters. It was the strangest, yet most satisfying, intimate moment ever.

We smiled at each other, we held hands as we did it.

Eventually, I was getting close and I pulled out of Jennifer, ordered Connie to get on her knees and I tit fucked her.

She squeezed her huge melons together and bent down so her tongue flicked my cock head every upwards thrust.

In less than a minute, I shot my load up in the air hitting Connie right in the face, and then finished on her tits.

Spent, I watched as the three beautiful, completely different sisters, got into a daisy chain and ate each other to orgasm. Watching them in-between each other's nylon-clad legs was another sexual bucket list fantasy I'd never thought I'd witness checked off.

My cock, much to my amazement, didn't completely shrink, although it also didn't stay completely hard.

After all three reached orgasm, we all went to the hot tub... the girls even keeping their nylons on for me.

After a bottle of wine between us and hearing the entire story of how they seduced their mom during this year's mother's day, I was again rock hard... much to my surprise... I hadn't come three times in one evening in...well... decades.

We played the coolest game ever...rotating cunt.

The radio was playing and each time the song changed, they would rotate one spot...each taking turns riding me.

In the hot tub, the pleasure was very unique. And, having shot two loads, this was going to be a marathon.

The three girls even made a bet.

Whoever got me off would be the Mistress for the rest of the month.

Each girl rode me for two songs. Then Jennifer bent over and said, "Fuck my ass."

So I rotated through each one with an ass fucking.

Eventually, I was exhausted and sat up on the edge of the hot tub and they took turns sucking me. I was close when Connie blew me, she did something crazy with her tongue piercing, but I held off until my bride bobbed on my cock... coming in seconds.

I came in her mouth and once done, she turned around and said, "Now you're mine, bitches."

I corrected, "Actually, all three of you are mine."

"Yes, Master," all three replied in unison.

I watched as Jasmine made her two sisters pleasure her to another orgasm and as the four of us all moved to the king-sized bed, Jasmine said, "So, your mother-in-law will be in town next weekend."

Jennifer added, "And she is the most submissive of us all."

"Cool," I nodded, before asking, "But I have a much bigger task for my three cum sluts."

"And what is that?" Jasmine asked.

"Get my mom to join your lesbian club," I answered.

"Mmmmmmm," Jasmine purred.

Jennifer asked, "Does Harold want to be a mother fucker?"

"What about your sister?" Connie added.

"Yeah, she is fucking hot," Jennifer added.

"She is way too big a prude," I countered.

"Challenge accepted," Jennifer replied.

"Yes, Barney Stinson," I joked.

"Oh, I'm the female version of Barney," Jennifer smiled. "I can get any women to cross over."

"That I would love to see," I said, the idea of my bitch sister being my cum slut suddenly very appealing.

"But your mother first," Jasmine said.

"Yes, that would be the best Christmas present ever," Connie added.

"Wow," was all I had left to say.

Jasmine smiled, "Wait until I have your mother munching between my legs."

"Or sucking your cock," Connie added.

"Or begging to take her son's cock in her ass," Jennifer added.

Jasmine cuddled into me and whispered, "Merry Christmas, baby."

Jennifer wrapped her arms around me from behind and added, "And this is just the first of your presents, stud. I'll have your mother and sister serving me and hopefully you before the month is out."

And... in case you are curious... she did.

But that is an entirely different story....

Actually it's two separate entirely different stories.

One, how the three sisters, with their mom too, seduced and dominated my mom and sister.

Two, how on New Year's Eve how I got to fuck both my mom and sister.

Like I said... although not profound... WOW!

The End