Chapter 1

It started off like any other Tuesday night. I'd spent the day mired in endless Zoom meetings, gone to my yoga class, and had barely managed to pick David up from hockey practice in time. As for him, nothing seemed to be different. He was his usual happy self. He was doing well in school, had gotten into the college of his choice, and had the thriving social life of a popular 18-year-old in his last semester of high school. So, I have no idea why he suddenly began sleepwalking again.

He'd had a spat of it when he was ten--back when I was going through my divorce--and again two years later when his father left the country. He even did it once, two years ago, when his sister went off to college. But those were all during times of great emotional upheaval or, I guess, when he was feeling abandoned by his family. None that was happening now.

Frankly, the only thing I can think of--and I know how conceited this sounds--was that I'd started wearing yoga pants on the daily. I mention this because I'd noticed my son slyly checking me out, and of course, because of the nature of his sleepwalking activities this time around.

Previously, David had been your typical, harmless sleepwalker. Sometimes he'd engage in nonsensical conversation and occasionally perform complex activities. Last time he did it, I found him playing with his sister's Ouija board, which was certainly creepy, but harmless enough. For the most part, he'd simply wander around the

house wearing a dazed expression until one of us would guide him back to his bed.

Not this time.

As I said, I picked him up from hockey practice. He was standing outside the ice rink with a few of his teammates. I chatted with the boys for a bit--I've known most of them since they were in fourth grade. I did notice all of them casting furtive glances at me as we spoke, but I didn't think much of it. Teenage boys are gonna teenage boy.

After a minute, I told David our takeout was getting cold, and we turned to go. But as we were walking away, I remembered something, and I spun around only to see all of his friends checking out my ass. They all panicked and quickly looked away. I couldn't help but smile. I'm not ashamed to say it felt pretty great. As a 41-year-old single mom who hadn't been on a date since her husband had left her, it was nice to know I still had it. I gave Cole a message to pass on to his mom, and David and I once again began walking to the car.

I could see him blushing. I assumed it was because he was embarrassed that his friends thought I was hot. And maybe that's all it was. I don't know.

The rest of the evening played out like any other hockey night. We ate burgers and chatted about school and sports. I asked him about girls, and he did what he always did when I brought up the subject: rolled his eyes and shook his head, and said, "No girls, Mom."

Tonight, for some reason, I wouldn't let it rest. Maybe it was because his friends had been checking me out. Maybe I was just starved for conversation beyond our usual banter. I don't know. I pressed on.

"No girls. Got it. How about guys?"

He looked at me with a blank expression. "I'm not into guys."

"OK. You can be, you know. Or you can be into both. I certainly don't care."

"I know." He looked back at his food. He so didn't like talking about this with me. "I like girls. I just don't have any girl that I like at the moment."

"Oh, but you did like one at one point?" I teased.

David had never had a girlfriend, at least, as far as I knew. It wasn't because he was awkward around them. And it certainly wasn't because they weren't interested in him. Christ, all my friends were constantly mentioning how their daughter or their daughters' friends thought he was cute. Hell, I once caught my friend checking him out. When I raised a teasing eyebrow at her, she shrugged and said, "Can you blame me?"

David cleared his plate and told me no, he had never liked any particular girl, but that didn't mean he wasn't into girls, and could we stop talking about it already.

I shrugged and said I'd drop it. But as he walked towards his room, I shouted after him, "I do know some older women who'd bang you."

"Oh my God, Mom!"

I smirked. I loved getting a rise out of him.

That night, I put the house to bed and headed toward my room. I said goodnight to David, though he didn't reply. That wasn't unusual. He usually passed out early on hockey nights. I took a glorious, hot shower and brushed my teeth. Then I popped on my earbuds, turned on My Favorite Murder, and began applying my various skin creams. About five seconds into my routine, I felt something unusual in the air. I glanced up in the mirror and saw the silhouette of a tall man standing behind me.

I gasped and spun around, only letting go of my breath when I realized it was just David. I was about to ask him what was wrong when I saw that he was naked. Not just naked but fully erect. He was staring at me with a hungry expression. I couldn't register what was happening. I think I was dimly aware that he was sleepwalking, but he advanced on me before I could say or do anything.

He crossed the bathroom in three quick strides and slid his hands in through my robe. He pulled me in tightly and pinned me against the sink. Then he began kissing my neck and rubbing my back.

I finally managed to speak. "David! What--"

He lifted me onto the sink and stepped in between my legs. Aside from my robe, I wasn't wearing any clothes, and David pulled me in tightly to his body and started kissing my breasts.

"Stop!" I said. I tried to push him off of me, but he was too strong. Finally, I slapped him. Hard. It wasn't easy because of the angle, and I wound up slapping his ear, but that did the trick.

He staggered to his right, and his dazed expression disappeared as he woke up.

I quickly covered up and tried to catch my breath.

"What?" he said, blinking rapidly.

He looked at me.

Then he looked at himself.

"Oh my God!" he said and sprinted out of the room.

I heard his door slam.

I sat on my sink for a second, trying to collect my breath as well as my thoughts. Frankly, I couldn't make sense of it. David had never been a violent or sexual sleepwalker before. All I was certain of was that I had just hit my son.

"David!" I shouted and ran after him.

I tried opening his door, but he'd locked it.

"David, honey, can we talk?"

"Leave me alone!"

I couldn't help but roll my eyes at that. You attacked me, I thought. But one of the keys to being a good parent is not saying the true things out loud.

"OK, honey, but listen. I know you're embarrassed--"

"Mom, please!"

I sighed.

"I'm sorry I hit you, honey."

"I'm fine!"

"Yeah, I--look, you were sleepwalking--"

"Mom!"

I knew that tone. I rubbed my face and took a deep breath. There was no use talking now.

"OK, honey. I'll leave you alone. Just please know that you did nothing wrong. You didn't hurt me, and you aren't responsible, OK?"

He didn't respond.

"I love you, David."

Once again, he didn't say anything.

That night, as I lay in bed, I replayed what had happened, second-guessing myself like I always did whenever drama reared its head. I shouldn't have hit him... I shouldn't have teased him about girls, or, Jesus, about my friends wanting to sleep with him... I shouldn't have worn yoga pants. On and on my thoughts ran as I criticized myself for being a terrible mother.

Just as I was drifting off to sleep, though, one thought suddenly occurred to me.

I was turned on.

"Oh, fuck."

I tried my best to fall asleep, but it was no use. The more I replayed the events, the hotter I got. Goosebumps covered my body, and my nipples became fully erect. Thinking about what had happened. What could have happened.

What the fuck was wrong with me? Was I seriously fantasizing about getting SA'd by my own son? I had no interest in incest porn. Frankly, I found it disgusting. And despite my friends' comments about my son, I had never once viewed him that way myself.

Truly.

Sure, I thought he was handsome, but every mother thinks that of her son. He was handsome. And athletic. And strong...

Jesus, Kai, I thought. Get a hold of yourself.

The point is, he was all those things for someone else. Not me.

And yet, I flashed back to the incident. How he had effortlessly scooped me off my feet and pressed me against him. How his warm hands had hungrily groped all over my body. How he had kissed neck. And my tits...

I grabbed my breast and squeezed the nipple. Electricity flew through my body. Fuck. I always did have sensitive nipples.

The thing is, I hadn't found it hot at the time. It was confusing and scary. Not even for a second did I consider letting him do what he so clearly wanted to do.

My nails tickled my stomach as I drew my hand down towards my pussy. Shivers erupted all over me.

Maybe it was just an SA fantasy. Women had those, yes? I mean, not me, but other women, did. Right? But definitely not me.

Well, then again... if I was being honest with myself, I guess I sort of did. Only, my fantasies always had a horror-movie or even a science-fiction angle to them. Vampires. Well, OK, vampires and werewolves and even orcs and sometimes aliens. But I think the sci-fi angle had always covered up an essential truth about me: I secretly wanted to be taken against my will. Maybe I saw it as an excuse to do something I'd never normally do because I had no choice in the matter.

And that had nearly happened tonight.

I gently rubbed my clit. I was soaking wet. Jesus.

I started thrusting my hips forward as I rubbed.

OK, Kai. Think about a werewolf or maybe an orc. Think about some big creature grabbing you, lifting you up onto my bathroom sink, pressing your pussy against its rock-hard cock.

Fuck. Did David do that? I think he did. I think his... his erection... had been pressed up against my pussy, if only for a moment.

My orgasm was sudden and intense. I shoved a pillow over my face so I wouldn't scream.

I kept coming. When it seemed like it was ending, I slid my middle finger inside me and found my g-spot. The pressure began building again.

Think about anyone but David, Kai. Anyone but him. That guy at the gas station, maybe. Or, or Derek at work. Or... or how about...

How about David. How about my son's cock sliding into my tight, wet pussy, barely managing to fit...

I screamed with pleasure as my final orgasm rocked my body. It seemed to last forever as I squirmed and screamed and writhed in ecstasy.

When I finally stopped, I lay there, shaking and panting, completely exhausted.

You're a sick fuck, Kai, I thought with my last few seconds of consciousness.

Nevertheless, I fell asleep with a smile.

I awoke before my alarm. That was pretty normal whenever I had unpleasant things to do. And boy was my conversation with my son going to be unpleasant. He would try to avoid talking to me, but we needed to clear the air. I needed him to know it hadn't been his fault. That I was sorry. That we would deal with it and move forward.

It simply couldn't happen again.

At that thought, I felt myself blush.

Nope! We're not going there. Get up, Kai! Go take a shower. Yes, you showered last night, but you clearly need another one. A cold one.

"I don't want to talk about it," David said when I entered the kitchen.

I sighed as he stood up and cleared his half-eaten breakfast.

"We need to."

"I'm going to school."

He turned and grabbed his backpack and headed toward the kitchen door.

"David Madsley!" I said, using my mom voice.

That stopped him in his tracks.

"We are not going to pretend what happened didn't happen. We are going to discuss it, confront it, and fix it. Now sit!"

He slumped back into his chair.

I sat next to him and gathered my thoughts.

I had made sure not to wear any yoga pants today. Or any tight fitting clothing. In fact, I was wearing my baggiest PJs. I didn't want to in any way lead him on.

"Look. I get that you're embarrassed by what happened last night. But I'm not. I'm not embarrassed in the least."

He reluctantly looked up at me. I softened my tone.

"Honey, you're a sleepwalker. You have no control over what you are doing. What's more, we both know that what you do while sleepwalking has nothing to do with anything you might be feeling when you're awake."

He turned red at this, but I pressed on.

"I'm serious. What you were doing last night is a perfectly common thing that sleepwalkers do. It's called sexsomnia."

He covered his face and muttered a quiet, "Oh my God."

"Honey, you have nothing to be ashamed of."

"Did I hurt you?"

I smiled and felt a wave of tension release. He was a good kid, always worried about me. I instinctively reached out and rubbed his back. He flinched for a second and but then relaxed.

"No. Not even a bit. OK?"

As I rubbed, I became aware of how muscular his back was. I swallowed and withdrew my hand.

"Look. We're going to fix this. We've gotten past this before, right? Well, there you go! We know what to do."

I pulled out my sleepwalking folder and took out the list of the most common sleepwalking triggers that I'd downloaded from the Internet several years ago. Was he stressed at school? Any problems in hockey? Friend problems? Girl problems? Was he drinking or using drugs? He said no to all of them, and I believed him.

"Well, there's always the straps," I said.

When David's father left the country, David had an extended bout of sleepwalking. It lasted for weeks. Because I was getting worried that he might hurt himself, I eventually resorted to strapping him into bed each night. That did the trick. Finally, after about a month, we decided to let him sleep on his own, and, for whatever reason, he got over it.

He sighed when I mentioned them. Although they kept him safe, they were uncomfortable, and, I suspect, a bit embarrassing.

"Well, look, we don't have to resort to the straps right now. Last time you did this, you only did it once. Maybe it's a one-and-done thing."

He nodded. "I hope so."

"Cool."

"But maybe lock your door tonight?"

"You got it."

And that's what we did.

It was Wednesday, so no hockey practice, but he stayed late at school to work on a photography project. I picked him up and we had a pleasant-but-tense drive home. We were both nervous but were also both trying to pretend that we weren't.

He went to bed early, and I quietly went around the house and did all the things I used to do when he was sleepwalking with regularity. I hid the knives and moved all of the breakable objects out of easy reach. Once I was satisfied that I had successfully sleepwalk-proofed the house, I went to my room and locked the door.

That night there were no issues.

Same with the next night, and the next few nights after that.

To say I was relieved during this period is at once and understatement and a lie.

Clearly, truthfully, I was grateful that David wasn't sleepwalking and assaulting me or putting himself in danger. I certainly didn't want that.

Each night, though, I can't deny that the deviant side of me wasn't fantasizing about such an event. I masturbated every single night,

dreaming up different situations in which David would ravish me. Each night I was rewarded with powerful orgasms, and each morning I would feel guilty about my perverse fantasies.

I kept asking myself the same question. What would I do if David came after me again? Would I really let him... you know... have his way with me?

No, was my answer. That would be taking advantage. That would be incest. It was wrong and I would never do it.

Several uneventful weeks passed, and although neither of us spoke about it, we both relaxed back into our old relationship. Things were back to normal. The crisis had passed.

Or so we had thought.

I had even moved on. My libido decreased. And if I felt like masturbating at all, I did so while fantasizing about people and situations that had nothing to do with my sleepwalking son.

Once again, I'm not exactly sure I understand what kicked it off, but I blame my yoga pants.

During this peaceful period of respite, I had made a point of changing out of my yoga outfit before picking David up from hockey. It sometimes made me late, but I thought it was important to not give him any ideas. And it seemed to work. Although I could tell his friends still had crushes on me, they didn't seem as easily

aroused when I would pick David up from hockey practice. Nor did I ever catch David trying to sneak peeks at me.

But then, one Tuesday night, I was running epically late. I called David to ask if he could catch a ride back with one of his friends, but that wasn't possible. In fact, he asked if we could give his friend Cole a ride. With no time to change, I had to rush from the yoga studio across town before the ice rink closed. The boys climbed in and I apologized profusely.

After dropping Cole off, I realized we had no food to eat, so I drove over to Winnie's for burgers. I was starving, so we decided to eat at the restaurant. I honestly wasn't even thinking about my outfit at all until I got out of the car and caught David quickly looking away. I thought about suggesting that he pick up the food and we bring it home, but I didn't want to make a scene out of what was probably nothing.

We ate, we had a good time, and I definitely noticed every guy in the place checking me out.

It wasn't flattering. It was exhausting. I felt self-conscious. And the whole time, I was praying that I wasn't going to trigger a sleepwalking event.

Relax, Kai, I told myself. Your ass isn't that earth-shattering.

But as much as I tried to, I just couldn't shake the thought that I was playing with fire.

David seemed a little distant on the way home, but I thought maybe I was imagining things.

We said goodnight and I once again sleepwalk-proofed the house. I hadn't been doing so for at least a week.

I locked my door, took a shower and went through my nightly routine--this time skipping my favorite podcast.

I glanced at the clock. David would usually sleepwalk within the first hour of sleep. Once that hour passed, I relaxed and decided it was safe to go to bed.

Besides, I thought, as I drifted off to sleep. My door was locked. I was safe.

I don't know what time it was, but a loud banging startled me awake. Another one followed, and I realized it was David. He was turning my doorknob and, when that didn't work, was trying to bust through my door.

Bang!

I didn't really think he could break through my door, but then again--BANG!--this house was constructed rather poorly, and it sure as shit sounded like he was about to Kool-Aid-Man his way into my room.

BANG!

"David! Wake up, honey!"

I sleep naked, so I scrambled to put some clothes on.

BANG!

How he didn't wake himself while slamming into my door, I'll never know. He always was a sound sleeper.

BANG!

I tried over and over again to yell for him to wake up, but he wasn't getting the hint.

BANG!

I must have stood there for ten minutes while he banged into my door over and over again. The books say that sleepwalkers don't sleepwalk for very long--maybe half an hour at the most, but I wasn't about to give him that much time to destroy my door.

"David!" I yelled. "Please!"

BANG!

This wasn't like my fantasies. In every scenario I dreamt up, I had never been truly frightened. But I was legit scared. He was so large and powerful and he was clearly hellbent on crashing through my door to get to me that who knew what he'd do once he got through.

BANG!

"Oh, fuck it," I said, trying to man up.

I let him slam into the door one last time and then I flung it wide open.

Sure enough, there was my son. Naked. Erect. Panting. And now he was staring at me with insatiable hunger in his eyes.

"David!" I said, holding my hands up. "David please wake up!"

He couldn't hear me. He moved faster than I expected. I jumped back and ran around to the other side of my bed.

On he came.

I grabbed one of my pillows and whipped it, hard as I could, at his face. But he blocked it and tore it out of my hands.

My only hope was to try to slap him again, but he caught my arm and twisted it behind me, pulling me into him. I tried slapping him

with my other hand but he caught that, too. Now both of my arms were trapped behind me, and I was at his mercy. He leaned in to kiss my neck.

"David!" I screamed this as loud as I could, absolutely shredding my vocal chords, straight into his left ear.

That worked.

He came to.

"No!" he said once he realized what he was doing. He let go of me and I dropped onto the bed.

He stood there, unsure of what to do. He wanted to run, but I could see how terrified he was that he might have hurt me.

I scrambled up to reassure him.

"David! It's OK, honey! I'm fine!"

He heard me, but at the same time he was shaking with fear and disgust.

I put my arms around him.

"Honey, you're OK. I'm OK. Please, take a deep breath."

He was still shaking.

"Shhh. It's OK, honey. Everything is OK."

We stood there for a moment until he calmed down.

"That's it, baby. I'm fine. You didn't hurt me."

That wasn't strictly true. My arms were a little sore. But it was true enough.

"Oh my God," he said once he realized that he was still naked. He fled back to his room.

This time, though, he didn't lock the door, and I was able to go in and talk him down.

"I'm sorry!" he said. He apologized over and over, and I reassured him he had nothing to be sorry for. I sat on his bed and stroked his hair, and told him everything was fine. We would just use the straps from now on. He nodded, and after maybe an hour, he fell asleep.

"You think it'll work?"

He asked me this the next night as I strapped him into bed.

These were padded leather straps that went all the way around the mattress and over the covers. There were two of them. One went over his thighs, and the other over his chest. He wanted to put them on himself, but I wanted to make sure they weren't too small. It had been several years since we last used them and he had grown quite a bit.

"I know they will. You comfy?"

He nodded, but I knew he wasn't. He didn't have enough room to move, so he'd be stuck sleeping on his back all night. Still, he insisted on wearing them.

"I'm really sorry, Mom."

"No need, OK?" I stared into his eyes so he knew I meant it.

I smiled and caressed his face.

"Love you, baby," I said.

I kept smiling until I left the room. I felt horrible. Like I had failed him. I couldn't believe I had actually had sexual fantasies about him. He was my son and he needed my help. What a monster I was.

The night passed without incident, but I slept poorly.

He came down to breakfast and I put on a brave face.

"Hey honey. Sleep OK?"

He nodded, and we proceeded to not talk about it. At all. For the next two weeks.

I did occasionally ask if he was comfortable and if the straps were bothering him, but he said he was fine and that was always the end of the conversation.

Even though we were approaching the two week mark since his last incident, neither of us relaxed. We were pleasant to each other. We chit-chatted. But we didn't joke around. We were both sensing that something awful could rear its head at any moment.

This time it was a Thursday night. Another hockey night. But unlike last time, I didn't do anything to set him off. I hadn't even gone to yoga, let alone worn anything even remotely sexy.

It was literally just another night.

David had gone to bed at his usual hour, and I went through my nightly routine.

I finished with my skin regiment and turned off the bathroom lights when I heard it. It wasn't a moan, so much as a struggle.

I froze, unsure what to do. Maybe he was just having a bad dream, I thought, and I climbed into bed.

But as I lay there, I could hear him struggling. Grunting. Writhing.

Just let it go, Kai. He's safe. He's literally strapped in. Nothing can go wrong.

But then my mom voice kicked in. I pictured him thrashing about so much that he flipped his bed over, and he was lying on the floor, trapped under his heavy mattress, unable to breathe.

I knew I was being stupid, but there was no shutting down that inner monologue of worry and fear that every mom has.

I climbed back out of bed and put on my PJs.

I turned his doorknob and ever-so-slightly pushed opened the door.

There he was, lying in bed, perfectly safe, still strapped in. But he had an erection under the comforter, and he was trying to do something about it. Unfortunately for him, the comforter was too thick for him to masturbate, and so the poor guy was unable to give himself the release he so clearly needed.

I didn't know what to do. I considered going back to my room. After all, he was safe. Worst case scenario, he'd have blue balls tomorrow. Big whoop.

But something caught my eye. Something lying across his bed. Something black.

Curiosity got the best of me, so I crept into his room to have a peek.

It was a pair of pantyhose.

My pantyhose.

I blinked as I picked them up.

I hadn't worn pantyhose in ages, so no wonder I hadn't missed them, but Jesus. Had my son been pleasuring himself to my pantyhose? Had he been lusting after me all this time the way I had been for him? Or was he just into pantyhose?

My cheeks burned as I considered this, but my thoughts were interrupted when David grabbed my arm and pulled me towards him. I practically landed on top of him, his pull was so strong. He then reached for my head with his left arm and he pulled me down for a kiss.

I tried to pull back, but he held me too tightly. His tongue plunged into my mouth as his right hand slid under my pajama top. So many

things were happening at once I could barely register them. He was caressing my back and French kissing me while holding me in place.

I wasn't kissing him back. I was too busy choking. But then he slowed down and let my head up. Just a bit. And then his tongue met mine. He brought his right hand up to my cheek and kissed me, tenderly, sliding his tongue over and under and around mine. He was relentless without being rough. And he caressed my face while passionately kissing me. And before I knew it, I was kissing him back. His lips were so soft. He started sucking on my tongue and shivers went down my spine.

He tried pulling me onto the bed when the spell broke.

What was I doing?

I pulled back and stepped away. He reached for me, but the moment was gone. I wasn't going to go there. I couldn't.

But he was still in agony.

I stood there, panting, trying to figure out what to do, if anything.

I wanted to flee back to my room, but I couldn't just leave him there.

I don't know why, but I handed him my pantyhose. He brought them up to his nose and inhaled deeply. That seemed to calm him down, though it did the opposite for me. I immediately got wet.

His hand slid down to his cock, but he was thwarted by that thick, cock-blocking comforter.

"Oh, my God," I murmured as I stepped forward and pulled and pulled and finally succeeded in yanking the comforter out from under the straps.

That did it.

He grabbed the pantyhose and slid them over his erection. He began stroking.

Even though his thighs were strapped down, he thrusted his hips and began fucking my pantyhose. It only took a few seconds before he left out a deep grunt, and came. The jizz was mostly caught in the hose, but some of it spurted out onto his face. He thrust a few more times as he finished coming. Then he sighed a huge sigh... and promptly fell asleep.

My heart was pounding. I was so hot it was all I could do not to rush out of there and grab my vibrator. But I couldn't leave him like that, could I? I looked around and found the tissue box next to his bed. I grabbed a couple of tissues and wiped his face clean. Then I grabbed the wet pantyhose. The smell of his cum was overwhelming. I gulped. But I still wasn't done. I gently grabbed his comforter and pulled it back over him. I knew he would be confused tomorrow, but so be it.

Then I fled back to my room.

I locked the door and tore off my clothes and hopped into bed.

I brought the pantyhose up to my nose and inhaled deeply.

Christ almighty, that smell was intoxicating. So pungent and powerful. So manly. I reached out with my tongue and caught some of the jizz as it dripped down. Oh my God, I forgot how intense that taste was.

I thought about sucking on the whole thing, but instead I did something that surprised even me.

I brought the cum-filled pantyhose down to my soaking wet pussy and began rubbing.

It was like I was possessed. I just wanted to stuff his cum inside of me and I didn't care how weird or troubling that was.

I just needed it. I craved it.

I almost didn't cover my face with my pillow in time to muffle my giant scream.

My whole body was consumed with pleasure. Disgusting, horrible, wonderful pleasure.

But I wasn't done. I tossed the hose to the side and grabbed my vibrator. I plunged it inside me, found my sweet spot, and turned it on.

My orgasm was so powerful, I saw colors.

I awoke the next morning, once again filled with shame. But then I saw the pantyhose. I reached over and smelled them. My scent and his mingled together... I felt blood rush down to my pussy as I remembered kissing my son. How wonderful his tongue had felt as it explored mine. How hot it had been to watch him fuck my nylons.

Before I knew it, I was wet, and once again, I brought the pantyhose down and began pleasuring myself with it.

I had nothing to be ashamed of, right? I hadn't done anything wrong. My son had needed help, and I had given him some. As simple as that. I hadn't crossed any lines. Well, any unforgiveable lines.

...OK, it was a little weird that I was trying desperately to get my son's cum inside me. Again. But I guess I'm a little weird. And I wasn't hurting him.

What I definitely was, was nervous. I had no idea what to expect from David that morning. He must have woken up confused as to how his comforter had gotten undone. Maybe he was wondering where my pantyhose had gone.

"Hey, Mom!" he said when I tentatively entered the kitchen. He was happier than I'd seen him in... well, in two weeks. "Sleep OK?"

I gulped. Boy, had I. A killer orgasm will do that for you.

"Great, honey. You?"

"Yeah, like a rock."

I smiled. Well, there you go. Orgasms for everyone!

The next few nights passed by without incident. The tension that had been lingering since the night he tried to bust through my door was gone. I'm not sure why, exactly. I didn't think David had any idea of what we'd done. Or, what I'd done. But at any rate, we were both feeling good again.

Meanwhile, I spent every night, straining to hear if David was in desperate need for release. I heard nothing. Maybe he took care of himself. I don't know, but I was definitely disappointed.

Each time I remembered the sight of his cock straining against my pantyhose I would instantly get wet. This often happened at the most inconvenient times and places, like at the grocery store. One day I was walking down the aisle that had hosiery and BAM! Wet panties and a desperate need to find the restroom.

I felt like I was sleepwalking through my days. I could barely focus on work. Thankfully, I worked from home, so any time I needed release, I could satisfy my needs right away. But I was beginning to worry about my sanity. It's not healthy to obsess over anyone like I was, let alone to obsess over my own son.

Maybe I needed to go on a date. I hadn't been on a one since I met David's father. There were times when I was tempted, but I was so cynical from my failed marriage and so nervous to get back out there that I kept putting it off. And the longer I put it off, the less likely I was to do it. My friends had tried to set me up with various guys, but none of them ever appealed to me. Cindy told me that my problem was that I just needed to get laid. "You don't even have to go on a date these days. They have apps for this. You just meet a random guy, bang him, and get on with your life."

It was tempting, but I was too nervous. Sex was too intimate for me to do that.

And besides, I didn't want to have sex with some random dude. I wanted to fuck my son.

As the days passed, I was starting to get desperate. So I decide to turn up the heat a little bit. I started wearing yoga pants every day. I even began "accidentally" dropping things so I would have to bend over in front of him to pick them up.

It was ridiculous, but it was also working. At least, I could tell that I had his attention. I caught him glancing at my legs and my ass. He would often blush when I would enter the room.

Still nothing, though. No nightly groans for help.

Then Saturday morning, nine days after the pantyhose incident, I walked into the kitchen wearing one of Steve's old button-down shirts, panties, and nothing else.

I know. But what are you gonna do?

"Morning, honey. Sleep OK?"

I stood next to him and mussed his hair. My shirt was buttoned down just low enough that he could catch some side-boob, but not too low that it was obvious that I was trying to seduce my son. Or at least, I hoped it wasn't obvious.

He stopped eating his cereal and grew stiff as he tried not to look at me.

I let my hand drift down to scritch his back--something he's loved since he was young.

He swallowed and shivered with pleasure. Oh my God, I loved the feeling of power that gave me.

"Doing anything fun today?"

I walked over to the dishwasher and began putting the clean dishes away, making sure to do the glasses first. Those lived in the uppermost part of our cabinets, so I had to reach way up high and stand on my tippytoes, causing my shirt to ride up so that David could catch a glimpse of my ass in my red silk panties.

I looked coquettishly over my shoulder at him.

He blinked and darted his eyes away.

"Uh, uh, no," he stammered. Then he blinked as if breaking my spell. "I mean, yeah, hockey game."

I turned to face him, struck a seductive pose where I crossed my arms across my chest and did my best ditsy girl impression. He couldn't help but let his eyes drift down my body. God, I loved this. I was starting to get wet.

"Oh, that's right. How silly of me. Let me go get dressed so I can take you."

I walked by and kissed him on the top of his head, inhaling his scent as I did.

Then I hurried back to my room and pleasured myself.

It didn't take long.

He was very quiet on the way to the game. He played poorly, too. Like he had something else on his mind.

I guess that was on me.

After the game I went up to collect him. I'd made sure to wear my best yoga pants and a tight hoodie. I also wore my hair in a ponytail. Guys seem to like that for some reason. The effect worked. As I approached David and his friends, they all immediately fell silent. I even caught a few of the dads checking me out--and I also received several death stares from their wives.

"Tough loss, boys. You'll get 'em next time. Shall we, David?"

He blushed and stared at the ground as he followed me.

I winked at one of David's teammates and whirled around so my ponytail would swish.

And then I did my patented move of turning back, pretending to suddenly remember something.

Everyone was staring at my ass. Just as intended.

"By the way, Cindy, I can't make it tonight." She had invited me to one of her makeup parties, which was essentially just an excuse for all the hockey moms to get together, dish the dirt, and get their drank

on. They were fun, but that's not what the doctor ordered. I smiled naughtily. "Something came up."

I whirled back around and could feel every eye on me as I walked away.

God, I'd never felt so sexy in my entire life.

I playfully bumped into David.

"You all right? You seemed like you were distracted out there on the ice."

He mumbled something incoherent.

I had him right where I wanted him.

It had occurred to me that maybe David hadn't been needing my services because he had been pleasuring himself before falling asleep. So on this night, I decided to go for broke.

Even though he insisted that he didn't need his mother tucking him in, I wouldn't be dissuaded.

"I know, honey," I said as I pulled his comforter up to his shoulders. I was once again wearing Steve's shirt, buttoned down one more button than before. I caressed his face and began to lie. "But last night

I thought I heard you moving around more than usual. So I just want to make sure you're strapped in tight."

And with that, I set the straps, making sure they were tight but still loose enough so I could yank his comforter free. You know, should the need arise.

I sat on the edge of his bed and crossed my legs. I could see him sneaking a peek at my exposed thighs.

"I just don't want you to get hurt." I caressed his face once more. "Love you, David."

Then I leaned in--slowly, so he could catch some boob action--and gently kissed his forehead.

I wished him a good night, winked, and sauntered out of the room.

God, I was such a conniving bitch.

I just hoped all of this effort paid off.

Sure enough, about forty minutes later, I could hear him moaning.

I gasped and flushed with anticipation.

Show time.

I almost masturbated before going in there. I didn't want my insane desire to make me do anything stupid. But I decided that that would take too long, and my poor son needed my help. Right away.

I didn't know what I was going to do once I got in there, but I grabbed a pair of pantyhose, and took off my red silk panties. Now all I was wearing was Steve's shirt.

I paused outside of David's room to collect myself. I was practically panting.

OK, Kai, make sure he's actually asleep. You don't want to go in there only to find him wacking off, do you?

I didn't answer that.

I gently rapped on the door.

"David?"

His moaning continued.

"David, honey, you OK?"

No answer.

I cracked the door opened and peered inside.

It was just what I was hoping for. He was trapped under that comforter with a raging hardon.

Poor guy.

I entered the room and smiled.

What to do?

I didn't want him to grab me like last time. No, tonight I wanted to be in control.

I handed him my panties and he brought them up to his face, inhaling deeply.

God, that was hot.

Once again, he tried to grab his cock, but that damn comforter was in the way.

No worries, I went down to the edge of his bed and began tugging at it, pulling it ever so slowly down his body.

He was wearing pajamas, which was a bummer, but that was my fault. He hadn't wanted to be naked when I helped him go to bed.

No problem. His bottoms were certainly easy enough to remove. And thankfully, he wasn't wearing underwear, so his cock was free the moment I pulled them off.

He immediately began stroking it while still inhaling my panties.

Oh, honey, no. No, that's not on the agenda tonight.

I took my pantyhose and wrapped it around his right wrist. Then his left.

He gasped as I pulled his arms up over his head, his body straining to be free of the straps, and his beautiful cock standing at attention.

I wrapped the hose around the central post of his headboard and tied a tight knot.

He was all mine now. Mine to do with whatever I pleased.

I tingled at the possibilities.

What I wanted to do was climb up onto the bed, straddle him, and slide my wet pussy up and down the length of his shaft until we both

climaxed. That had been one of my fantasies ever since this whole charade began.

Who am I kidding? What I really wanted to do was to slide his cock inside me and ride him like a bucking bronco, but even if I thought I could get away with that without waking him, I wanted to take things slow. That day might come, but that wasn't what I wanted to do tonight.

Suddenly, I knew what I wanted. I wanted his cum inside me.

I ran back to my room and grabbed the small glass of water beside my bed. I gulped it down (God, was I thirsty) and hurried back to David's room. I placed the glass on his bedside table and turned my attention to my son.

I began slowly unbuttoning his pajama top. Once the buttons were released, I gently pulled the top away from his torso.

Christ, what a gorgeous specimen of a man he was: tight and ripped. Powerful.

I took a single fingernail and traced it down his chest.

It had the desired effect. He shivered and goosebumps formed all over his body. His already engorged cock hardened even more.

I took both hands and gently tickled his torso with my nails. He writhed and moaned with pleasure.

I let the back of my nails rise and fall along his abs. Then, when I had exacted the last excruciating amount of pleasure with that, I turned my hands around and gently scraped his skin.

He gasped and his body went tight.

I began to pant. It was such a thrill knowing I could so easily bring him to ecstasy.

But I was just getting started.

I tickled his thighs and, unbelievably, his cock grew even harder. The thing was practically bursting at the seams.

I took the back of my nails and gently slid them up his shaft, towards the head. His cock rose under my fingers ad I neared the tip and he slowly drew in breath.

Then I let my nails tickle his cock on the way back down.

Well, it was simply too much for him.

He exploded, shooting cum on his face and up against the headboard. More cum pooled on his stomach.

I hadn't expected that. Damn it. The whole reason I'd gotten the glass was to try to catch his ejaculate so I could use it later, but I guess I'd done my job too well.

There was no time to waste. I reached over and grabbed the glass and tried to scoop up as much of the jizz on his stomach as I could.

I was definitely disappointed. Well, I was super turned on at how much control I had over my son. That I could get him to cum that hard without really exerting any effort on my part made me so hot I was starting to sweat.

But I wasn't ready for the night to end.

David's breathing slowed down and his eyelids grew heavy.

There was still some cum on his body. And his face. So I set the glass back on the table and went to work.

I leaned over and licked the last remains off his stomach. His body lurched upward. For a second, I was afraid I had woken him, but he still wore that classic glazed sleepwalker's expression.

I smiled.

OK then.

I licked more of his cum off his chest, his beautiful, strong chest, and he writhed. I could see his cock growing once again to attention. Then I licked the cum off his face.

He kept straining to kiss me, but I kept my lips just outside of his reach, grazing them ever-so-slightly on his. He was now fully erect and absolutely dying for release.

Don't worry, baby. I got you.

I reached up to release his arms.

He immediately went for his cock and began stroking it with my pantyhose.

That was fun, but we already did that once.

Time for something new.

I pulled my ponytail free and shook my hair loose.

Then I went to the foot of his bed and let my hair fall on his feet, swishing my head back and forth. He moaned slightly as my hair tickled him.

I hesitated, but decided to go for it.

I slowly climbed onto his mattress and spread his legs farther apart. I worked my way up him, tickling his legs with my hair. He stopped pleasuring himself and instead reached out for me.

I slid my hands up his thighs and scraped the area around his cock.

A huge shiver went through his body.

I kissed the inside of his thighs while I stroked his stomach.

He was reaching for my head, so I grabbed his hands and clasped them in mine. I still wanted to be in control. For now, at least.

I licked up the length of his shaft. Oh my God, how I loved that. The texture of his cock. The bulges of the veins. The taste of his flesh. I licked his head, sucking up the last bits of cum. Oh, that taste. That salty, manly taste. I could resist no longer.

I let go of his hands and began caressing his cock as I sucked on its head.

His hands found my hair and he played with it while I worshiped his dick.

I slid it inside my mouth, slowly at first, as I drew my nails along the sides of his torso.

He shuddered, and I thought he was going to cum again, but I stopped moving until he was able to get it under control.

Then I went to town.

I bobbed up and down, taking in the entire length of his shaft and sucking hard as I drew my head back, all the while sliding my tongue all over.

His hands grabbed my head and held it still.

Then, with what little give he had to work with he began thrusting his hips so that he was slowly fucking my mouth.

Now it was my turn to moan with pleasure. As much as I'd loved being in control up to this point, I loved being used even more.

It wasn't easy, but I managed to prop myself up on my left arm while I reached down to my pussy with my right. I plunged my fingers inside until I found my g-spot.

Meanwhile, my son's thrusts were getting faster and more urgent.

I was about to cum myself, but I wanted to hold out so we could come together.

I've always been a screamer, and I was a little worried that my scream would wake him up. Good thing my mouth was otherwise occupied.

His thrusts turn animal, almost violent. It was a struggle not to choke, but at the same time, I wanted him to use and abuse me. Show me who was boss. Fuck my face, my mouth, my throat.

He exploded inside me, filling my mouth with warm, delicious cream.

I orgasmed as well, nearly spitting out his cum as I yearned to scream. But I managed to keep it all inside--the scream as well as the jizz. Frankly, restraining myself from screaming only made me cum harder. I swallowed and shook and shivered with ecstasy, and then I sucked harder trying to draw out every last drop of precious cum.

I collapsed and trembled with the aftershocks of orgasm. My son, too, was spasming. It's a wonder I didn't wake him.

After a moment, I finally caught my breath and propped myself up.

He had one last drop of cum on his cock, so I licked it off.

Then I slowly slid off his bed and pulled the comforter up over his body. I eyed the splash of jizz that was oozing down his headboard and scooped it up with my fingers. I put it into the glass and licked my fingers clean.

I didn't know what to do about his pajama bottoms. There was no way I could slide them back on without waking him, so I crumpled them up and placed them next to him, hoping he'd think he had somehow taken them off himself last night. I even undid his thigh straps to give that scenario more plausibility.

I gathered my belongings--my panties, the pantyhose, and the glass--and exited his room.

Once back in bed, I took the glass and poured its contents into my hand. Then I slid my hand inside my pussy, massaging my son's jizz into my g-spot. The thought of his cum mixing with my juices and filling my vagina gave me my strongest orgasm yet. I screamed into my pillow as my entire body shook, overwhelmed with dirty, ungodly pleasure.

We both slept in. When I finally awoke, it was nearly 10:00. I hadn't slept that late since... well since college, probably.

Then I remembered last night and my body reacted. I writhed in bed as I replayed the night's events. How I had traced my nails over my son's taut-yet powerful body, tickling his cock, causing him to blow his wad all over his face and stomach. How I had given him a blowjob, and let him fuck my face.

It was too much. I found the glass from last night. The last bits of jizz had long since dried up, but the smell remained. I reached down and began rubbing at my pussy.

"Mom? You OK?"

I gasped. I wasn't sure if I had locked the door. No, I know I hadn't. There had been no need.

David turned the knob and opened the door.

I shot up, propping myself up on my elbows, but being sure to keep the duvet over my breasts. I blew the hair away from my face and tried to smile.

"You all right, Mom? I thought I heard a funny noise."

"Peachy, honey. You?"

I was breathing hard. I just hoped he didn't notice.

If he did, he didn't say anything. But he did pause, caught off guard by the sight of me. I could feel the heat radiating off my cheeks.

"Uh, yeah, yeah, just fine. Sorry if I woke you."

"You didn't. I was just being lazy."

He left, and I fell back on my pillow, still flush with desire. But there was no use doing anything about it now.

As I showered, I realized I wasn't going to be satisfied until I fucked my son. Or let him fuck me. There was no getting around it. I needed his cock in me. I needed him filling me with his cum. The thought once again made me flush with excitement, but I didn't have time to masturbate.

Jesus, when did I become such a cum whore? I had never cared for the stuff with Steve or any of my previous boyfriends. I had never minded giving blowjobs, but I never really wanted to swallow. I had always found the smell and the taste repellent.

But that was before.

Now though? Fuck me, now I wanted to smell it, taste it--hell, who was I kidding? I didn't just want to taste it, I want to drink it. Gulp it down by the bucketload.

I wanted it on me, over me, in me. I wanted to bathe in it. I wanted to swim in it. I imagined a jacuzzi filled with my son's cum. I'd dip my toes into the warm, creamy liquid and then relish how it felt as it coated my feet and legs. I wanted it to completely cover my whole body and soak into my hair. I wanted to smother it over my arms and my breasts and face. But mostly, I wanted it inside me. In my mouth and my ass and my cunt...

I grabbed the shower head and brought it to my pussy and turned it to the massage setting and tried my best not to scream as the orgasm rocked my body.

I let the shower head go as I collected myself.

Jesus Christ, I thought, I need to get laid. I mean, something was seriously wrong with me.

After my shower, I texted Cindy and asked her about that guy she had once tried to set me up with. Greg, I think his name was.

I was still hot and bothered as I made my way to the kitchen. I felt like my skin was on fire.

My phone buzzed. Cindy texted: "Finally!" She gave me the guy's number.

"You all right, Mom?"

"Fuck!" I blurted, nearly dropping my phone.

"Sorry!" David said, grabbing my elbow to stabilize me. "Didn't mean to startle you."

I struggled to catch my breath and relished his touch. "No, no, honey, you're fine." I patted him on the chest. Mommy just needs a good fuck, son.

Chapter 2

"So, who are you going on a date with?" David asked me over lunch.

I had texted Greg and he had replied right away. We were going to meet for drinks at the local bar and see where that led.

If you're wondering why I wasn't angling to sleep with David, I think it was that crazed cum fantasy that had been a bit of a coming-to-Jesus moment, if you'll excuse the pun. Clearly I wasn't thinking straight. And I was certainly playing with fire. What would happen if David woke up in the middle of me blowing him or him pounding me? How would I explain it? How could I justify it? This wasn't a consensual relationship. I was taking advantage--or at least contemplating taking advantage of my son. Yes, I wanted him to fuck me more than anything, but Jesus, at what price?

No, it was better that I meet this guy, sleep with him, and get it out of my system. I was tempted to use Tindr or whatever app the kids were on these days, but I was also too scared. At least Greg had been vetted by my friend. And I wasn't looking for a relationship. I just wanted to get laid. She had showed me a pic and I thought he was hot enough.

I just needed to get laid and on with my life.

I told David what little I knew about the guy and he said, "Oh," and looked down at his meal.

Was he jealous? I imagined so, but at the same time, what was I going to do about it?

"You're OK, right? I mean, it's been years since your dad left..."

"Huh? Yeah, of course." He picked at his food. "You deserve someone nice."

I smiled. What a sweet guy my son was. He smiled back at me, then he said, "Oooh-ooh-ooh! Itch!" He squirmed in his seat, trying to rub his back on the chair.

"I got you!"

I reached around and began scratching.

"Higher!" he said as he shifted towards me. When I hit the spot, he sighed. I thought of last night, and my hand started scratching slower. I let my nails drift over his muscular back.

"Mmm," he said. He turned his back toward me.

I swallowed and brought both hands to bear.

I circled my nails across his broad back and he writhed with pleasure. We'd done this before, of course, but this time it hit different. It was more intense. It was hotter. Even he felt it. I could hear his breath catching in his throat as I tickled up his sides.

I wanted to stop but simply couldn't. I didn't want this joy to end.

Oh fuck me, I was getting wet.

I squirmed in my seat as I scraped my nails down his back and he shivered. How easy it would be to seduce him right here and now. To reach my hands around to his front and let my nails tickle his chest and abs... To pull him close to me and kiss his neck. To turn his face towards mine and sink my tongue into his mouth. To slide onto his lap and let him run his hands all over me...

"OK!" I said, gasping for air. "I'm going to run some errands."

I rubbed his back as if trying to undo everything I'd just done.

"You do ... whatever it is you're doing today," I added.

And then I scurried from the room.

Back in my room, I placed a hand on my chest and struggled to catch my breath.

Well, Greg, I thought. Tonight is your lucky night.

I held up several dresses, but wasn't sure which one was the right one.

"Mom, did you get me something for dinner?"

"David! What are you doing right now?"

He shrugged. "Homework?"

"OK, yeah, no. I need your advice. Turn around."

He looked confused, so I twirled my hand until he turned to face my bedroom window.

"What am I doing?"

"You're helping your mother get ready for her date tonight."

"Great."

I smiled. The black dress, I think.

"Yeah, well, I do stuff for you all the time. You just need to tell me when I've got the best dress on."

He started to turn around, but I was naked, save for my panties.

"Uh-uh-uh!" I held the dress up to cover my tits. "Not yet!"

"Sorry."

He turned to face the window again. The outside shutters were closed so my neighbors couldn't see me naked, though I wasn't sure if David could catch my reflection in the window.

Although maybe I was kind of hoping he could.

"Is this going to take a while?"

"It's going to take how long it's going to take."

I slid into the dress. It was my classic little black dress that every woman had.

I looked in my mirror. Not bad.

A naughty smile crossed my face.

"Now?" he said.

"One moment."

I opened drawer and pulled out a pair of pantyhose.

Those pantyhose.

I'd cleaned them, of course. But these were the ones David had been pleasuring himself with.

I pulled them on, relishing the feel of the silk as it encased my feet and then legs.

I squiggled my ass to help me slide the hose all the way up to my waist. Then I pulled the dress back down.

Much better.

"OK, now."

He turned. He paused. His eyes slowly took me in, roving down my body all the way to my hose-covered feet.

Oh boy, this was fun.

Stay on target, Kai.

"Oh, wait," I said as I reached over to grab my black pumps.

I used the dresser to steady myself as I placed one shoe on my foot. Then, noticing David watching my every move, I gestured for him to come closer.

He did, reluctantly, but he swallowed and approached me.

I rested my hand on his shoulder and slowly put on the other shoe. I could feel his eyes on my foot as it slid into the pump.

"There!" I said, and I stepped back so he could get a better look.

"Oh, wait!" I said again. I spun around, exposing my back to him. I inched closer. "Zip me."

He gulped. "What?"

I took a backwards step so that my aura was now inside his.

"Zip my back." I glanced coquettishly over my left shoulder and added, "Please."

His trembling hands reached for the zipper.

"Slowly," I said. "This dress is expensive."

He nodded and, very slowly, drew the zipper up my back. A slight shiver went up my spine, especially whenever his hand grazed my skin.

I lifted my hair up and tilted my head to the side. I could hear him breathing harder, though he was trying to hide it.

I couldn't hide the goosebumps that covered me as he reached the top.

"Good?" Once again I looked over my shoulder at him.

"Uh-huh."

I smiled and spun around. I placed my hands on his stomach and felt him catch his breath.

"Scootch back, mister," I said playfully, pushing him ever-so-gently away.

Then I took a couple of steps back and whirled around.

"What do you think?"

"Nice," he said.

Well, what did I expect an 18-year-old son to say to his mother? But I was feeling playful.

"Nice? Nice?"

He laughed, which broke the tension a bit.

"You look good, Mom."

"Good? You little shit. Your mom does not look nice or good. She looks hot as balls, doesn't she?"

He laughed again, this time nervously.

"Well?" I arched an eyebrow at him.

He gestured like he wanted to get this over with.

"Mom, what do you want me to say?"

"You look hot as balls, Mom."

"I'm not saying that."

I scowled and stepped towards him. "You look hot as balls, Mom," I repeated.

I poked him He sputtered another laugh, and I poked him again.

"All right, all right! You look hot. Give me a break!"

"Hot as balls." I grabbed at his stomach but didn't tickle. I just held my hand there. He bent over reflexively, tensing, hoping I wouldn't move.

"Hot as balls," I whispered.

His breathing was shallow.

Finally, he managed to mutter, "You look hot as balls, Mom."

Oh, and he so meant it, too.

I withdrew my hand and he gasped.

I smiled. "Not yet, I don't. But I will soon."

I dove into my closet and emerged with my super-tight, ultra-sexy red dress. My Fuck-Me Dress as I used to call it. I hadn't worn this in years.

I hung it up again and spun around, backing into my son. I held up my hair and looked back up at him. Even in my two inch heels, he still towered over me.

"Do me," I said

"What?" he sputtered.

"Unzip me. Please."

"Can't you do this yourself?"

"I literally can't," I lied. "I think it's a conspiracy. They want women to depend on men. Now, please. Unzip me."

He did, and the tension in the room increased with every bump as the zipper millimetered its way down my back.

I could feel his breath on my increasingly exposed skin, and once again I was covered in goosebumps. He pulled the zipper farther down than before, all the way to the bottom, just above my ass. He held his breath when he realized that I wasn't wearing underwear, only my pantyhose.

I spun around and held up the dress so it wouldn't fall and expose my breasts. "OK. Turn around. Wait, no."

I once again used him to steady myself as I stepped out of my pumps.

"OK," I said, whirling my hands around.

He did and I slipped the dress off me.

It wasn't easy, but I managed to pull my red dress up, bucking my hips back and forth to get it into place. I pulled it up over my tits, but needed a little more help to fully get it into place.

"Little help, David."

He turned toward me as I spun around.

"Can you just grab the back and pull it up a bit? I'm not 22 anymore."

He wasn't sure what I wanted, exactly, but I finally managed to get him to hold the top of the dress while I shimmered and shook my body until it slid into place.

"Zipper, please."

I held up my hair. Unlike my last dress, this one was strapless, leaving my shoulders and upper back exposed. I could tell this was exciting him. Just the way I had intended.

"Slower," I whispered. I moved in a little closer. I relished the feel of his warm breath on my shoulders. I tilted my head a bit, so it would fall on my neck, too. Oh, Christ, David. Take the hint, already. When a women does this, she wants you to lean down and start kissing her neck. You need to know these things. Please, for the love of God, just lean down and...

"There," he said, taking a step back.

Oh well. I smiled and whirled around, letting my hair fly and settle over my shoulders.

"What do you think?"

He looked up. He looked down. He looked to the side. He looked anywhere but at his mother wearing a tight, slinky red dress.

I guess this is the one.

"Oh, shoes," I said. "Can you get them for me?"

"Huh?"

"My red shoes. On the shoe tree in my closet."

It took him longer than it should have to find them--frankly, I'm not entirely sure he knew what a shoe tree was--but he finally emerged with my red stilettos. These were my ultimate weapon. God, I loved these babies. They worked every time. But I only wore them with this dress. And so the last time I wore these had been many years ago. Back when I was first dating David's dad.

David handed them to me. Or at least, he tried to.

"Uh-uh," I said. I sat on the edge of my bed and crossed my legs. I pointed at the floor in front of me. "I need you."

"What?" he said, turning bright red.

"Shoes. I can't ... this dress won't let me put them on."

This wasn't entirely a lie. I could have, with a bit of effort, put the shoes on myself, but come on: This was so much more fun.

He really didn't want to do this.

But he also really did.

"Um," he said.

"It's easy. You just slide it on and buckle the strap that goes over my ankle."

I kicked out my pantyhose-covered foot, my red toenails wonderfully visible under the black nylon.

He noticed.

"You can do this, honey."

"OK."

He stared at my foot for another second before stepping forward. He then fumbled with the shoe and tentatively reached out for my foot. I pulled it back.

"Uh-uh-uh. Trust me on this, you're going to want to kneel."

Once again he turned bright red. "Huh?"

"Besides I can't reach my leg up that high," I lied. I was very limber, thanks to all that yoga. But he didn't need to know that. Not yet, anyway.

His eyes fell on my leg, which I was now swinging back and forth slightly. Since he was watching me, I began rubbing my legs against each other, relishing the silky sensation, and then I reached down

and lightly caressed my foot, pretending to fix the nylons. God, I loved watching him watch me. The half-hidden hunger in his eyes. I could have done this all day. Unfortunately I had a sex date to get to.

"Any day now, honey."

He still seemed hesitant, so I pointed at the floor and said, in my most imperious tone, "On your knees, mortal!"

I had meant it as a bit of a joke, but boy, did he respond to that. He fell to his knees before me and stared at my silky legs. I couldn't help but rub them together again. Then I extended my foot towards him.

He gulped. I could tell by the look on his face that he'd fantasized about this. Oh, how I wished he would give in to his desires. Caress my foot and bring it to his lips. Lick my toes and rub my foot on his face. Kiss his way up to my thighs.

Fuck, I was starting to get flushed.

But damnit, if he would just make the first move that would take care of everything. I wouldn't need to go on this date. I could just stay home and fuck my son. Bada-bing, bada-boom, as they say.

He reached out a trembling hand and I held my breath.

He took hold of my foot and my body instantly reacted.

Come on, David. Kiss it. Love it. Worship my foot.

Instead, he slowly slid my stiletto into place. It wasn't what I wanted, but it was still incredibly sexy. Even he let out a slight gasp.

"Buckle it," I whispered.

He nodded and did as I asked. Then he stared down at my shoe-covered foot. The red bow perfectly matched my toenails.

Come on, David. Do us both a favor.

I lifted my foot ever so slightly.

"Kiss it," I said. The words slipped out before I realized I was saying the quiet part out loud.

His face went blank. He blinked. "What?"

Damn it. I pushed too far.

I smiled and pretended I hadn't said anything.

"I said they're sexy enough to kiss." I lifted my foot up so I could admire it. "These babies have gotten me into lots of trouble." I playfully raised my eyebrows at him.

"Uh-huh." He turned his attention to the other shoe.

I lifted my other foot, and he fumbled a bit, but he slid it into place and carefully buckled the strap.

"You like?" I brought both feet in front of his face.

He nodded and tried to shrug it off.

"Don't say they're nice."

I crossed my legs and slid them together, posing them in various positions.

He stuttered a bit.

"You can say they're sexy, David. That's not weird."

"OK," he said.

I sighed. Damn it, David.

"Well, can you help me up? It's been a while since I stood on these puppies."

He nodded and stood. He reach his hands toward me.

"Thank you," I purred and rose.

"Now," I said, gesturing to the ensemble. "What do you think?"

He really just wanted to say "nice" again, but he saw my expectant expression and paused.

"You look ... you look hot, Mom."

I smiled.

"Thank you, David. You're a prince."

I gotta tell you, as much as I hated walking in those stilettos, boy did they make me feel sexy. I leaned into it, doing my best catwalk as I made my entrance into the crowded bar. Maybe I imagined it, but a hush seemed to fall in the room. I spotted Greg in the far corner, his eyes nearly popping out of his head. I smiled and shook my head slightly so my hair would fall over my shoulders. I could feel every eye on me as I strode through the room. Had this been a movie, the record would have skipped.

"Hi, Greg. I'm Kai. Nice to meet you."

He tried his best to keep his eyes locked on mine, but he simply couldn't keep them off my body.

"Yes, it is," he said, taking my hand. He pulled out my chair. "Please."

"Thank you."

We chatted, going through all the usual first-date nonsense.

He was nice. Attractive. Attentive. He listened. Asked questions. All the green flags you could possibly want. He even had cats.

But I had no interest.

There was no chemistry.

It happens.

I kept trying to tell myself not to care. Just bang him, Kai. Get it out of your system. He's clearly into you. Just do it. Hell, you wouldn't even have to go anywhere. Just take him out back and jump his bones.

But the more I tried talking myself into it, the less I wanted it.

I wanted David. It was that simple. It was gross. Stupid. Problematic. All the things.

But that's what I wanted. David was who I craved.

"I'm not getting a second date, am I?" Greg said when he realized I wasn't being fully present.

I blinked, embarrassed. Then I smiled apologetically.

"Sorry, I think I'm still hung up on someone else. I was hoping to come out, meet a great guy, which you clearly are, and finally get this guy out of my system, but I guess my head just isn't in the game. I'm terribly sorry."

"Nothing to be sorry about. I got to spend a nice evening with a beautiful and intelligent woman."

Damn it, he says all the right things. Why couldn't I just be into him and live a normal, incest-free life?

Because what fun is that?

I paused outside my front door and took a few deep breaths. I was still hot and bothered from earlier. I glanced at the time. It was only 9:30. Would David even be asleep yet? Would he be writhing in agony on his bed, in desperate need for a blowjob from his mom? Or

had I turned him on so much that he wacked off the moment I left, zapping him of his need to sleepwalk?

Only one way to find out.

I closed the door behind me and immediately brought my foot up so I could take off my shoes. It took a second, but I managed to do so. Oh, God, that felt better.

I turned to lock the door when he grabbed me.

I let out a yelp as his body pressed me against the door. He began kissing my shoulders and rubbing his hands up and down my sides.

He reach around and grabbed my breasts.

Oh, fuck yes.

I arched my ass toward him and let him dry hump me, his cock sliding up and down against my dress.

He grabbed at the material above my tits and pulled down. It didn't work, the dress was too tight, but it pulled me into him, and I let out a grunt. I was trying not to make a sound for fear of waking him, but I couldn't help myself. He was like a caged animal, finally free to give in to his natural instincts.

He pulled at my dress again. Still no luck.

I spun around and threw my hands over his head. I pulled him down to my chest and he kissed the area above my tits. His hands reached down and grabbed my ass. I slid one nylon-covered leg up his and looped it around him. I rubbed his muscular back, trying to absorb him into me.

He was still desperate to get my breasts, but there was no access. So instead, he lifted my dress up over my hips and began hungrily massaging my ass. He pulled so hard, he tore through the pantyhose, ripping them and freeing my pussy.

He lifted me and I wrapped my legs around him.

He paused, panting with desire.

I didn't want to look at him. I didn't want to know if he was awake or sleepwalking. I just wanted him inside me. Now.

I whispered in his ear.

"Fuck me, David."

That was all he needed to hear.

He stepped forward, pressing my back against the door, and he lowered me. Slowly, until the tip of his cock met my pussy.

"Do it," I purred. "Fuck me. Fill me."

He lowered me a little more. My pussy was on fire as his head entered me. I could feel an orgasm building already.

He lowered me a little more, and more of his engorged cock slid inside me.

I was going to scream, I could tell. I clamped my mouth shut. Don't do it, Kai. You'll wake him. Keep it together. But the more I tried to suppress it, the more my orgasm built.

Lower still. His cock was maybe halfway inside.

I began to shake.

I grunted as he lowered me again.

I couldn't take it any longer. I pulled myself down and shuddered as I took in the entire length of his cock. I clenched my teeth and held my breath as the orgasm rocked me.

He began humping, pulling back and then thrusting his cock deep inside with slow but desperate momentum.

I held on for dear life, my body barely in control, and struggling with all my might to not scream. The more I restrained myself, the harder I came. I clamped both hands over my mouth. Tears welled up in my eyes.

I thought I was going to faint.

His rhythm increased and I started to see stars.

Finally, he grunted and shuddered and exploded, filling me with his delicious, warm cum.

I was a quivering mess. I couldn't stop shaking as the climax swept over and through my entire body. My legs stopped working and they slid off of him, but he held me in place, my feet dangling several inches above the floor. It seemed to take years before I finally stopped coming.

He slowly let me down, though I could barely stand.

Then he leaned forward until he head rested against the door, his eyelids heavy, and he started to fall asleep.

I whispered in his hear, barely able to form words, I was so spent. "No, David, not here, baby."

I gently tugged at him and he followed me.

"Just a little farther, honey."

I wasn't sure he would make it.

We reached his room, and I saw a pair of my pantyhose on his bed, along with some wadded up tissues.

So that explains it. I had turned the poor guy on so hard, he had masturbated and fell asleep before he could strap himself in.

He was about to collapse onto the floor.

I turned and brought my arms up, caressing his face.

"Come on, baby. Just a few more steps. You can do it."

He was going down for the count. There'd be no way for me to stop him, so I whispered and kissed his face in between words.

"Stay with me, baby." Kiss. "Mommy's got you." Kiss.

That seemed to give him some energy.

"Mommy wants you, honey." Kiss.

He opened his eyes, just a little.

"Mommy wants your cock." Kiss.

He brought his hands up and started rubbing my back.

"Unzip me, baby."

He found the zipper and pulled.

"Slowly."

I could feel his cock start to move as he pulled my zipper further down.

"That's it, baby." Kiss.

Now he started kissing me back.

"Almost there, honey." Kiss.

The zipper reached the bottom.

"Pull my dress off, baby."

His hands were shaking, but he did as told. He pulled it about halfway down my body.

"Kiss my tits, honey."

He paused, looked down at my breasts, felt my left tit with his right hand, and then went to town. He kissed and slurped. He sucked on my nipples, biting ever so gently and causing me to cover my mouth to suppress my squeals.

He pulled me into him, practically lifting me off the floor. I loved how effortlessly he maneuvered me. And on he ate. It was like he was trying to swallow me whole.

"Take off my pantyhose, David."

I wanted to be completely naked for this. I wanted to feel his skin on mine. I wanted his warmth. His embrace. I wanted him to consume me.

He knelt before me and pulled my tattered nylons down to my thighs. Then he grabbed my ass and pulled me towards him, his tongue finding my clit.

I couldn't open my legs because of the pantyhose, and I was worried I was going to fall over, but he had full control over me. I wasn't going anywhere.

He reached up and yanked on my nylons until they were down to my knees. Then he spun me around and shoved me towards his bed. I fell forward with a gasp and had to brace myself as I folded onto the mattress.

David lurched forward and held me down as he started licking my ass. No one had ever done that before and it was such a new and startling sensation I couldn't restraint myself as I grunted. He licked and licked, exploring my ass with his tongue, I almost broke out into giddy laughter.

Not for long, though, because he brought his hand up and slid it into my pussy, massaging my g-spot. It was too much. I tried to squirm away, but there was no escape. I grabbed his comforter and screamed into it as an overwhelming wave of pleasure swept over me.

But he still wasn't done.

He stood up and grabbed me, turning me ninety degrees and shoving me so that I was now lying face-down on his bed. He climbed on top.

He pulled up on my hips, and slid inside me, the tip of his head pressing against my g-spot.

He lay down, pinning me under him, and began fucking me--softly at first, but when I arched my back slightly, the angle must have changed in a way that his a sweet spot for him. He quickened his pace and increased the intensity. Within seconds he was ... I don't

know how else to put it, but he was simply pounding me. Every stroke hitting home.

I could barely breathe but I didn't care. This was what I wanted. What I had been wanting. Unhinged, raw fucking from my powerful son.

I was screaming so hard my throat was getting sore and the cover was barely containing the sound.

Suddenly he shuddered and jerked, grunting like a wild animal, his body spasming out of control. I could feel him shooting another load of cum deep inside me, and I had the deepest, wildest orgasm of my life. My legs wouldn't stop shaking for maybe thirty seconds.

And then he collapsed on me. I had to struggle to free my face from his sheets so I could finally catch my breath. He was out cold. The only sign of life, apart from his warm breath, was how his body would spasm if I moved. I could feel tiny jets of cum spurting into me with each jerk.

I didn't want to leave, but he was so large and heavy, I was still struggling to breathe freely.

Plus, I needed to get the hell out of his room before he woke up.

It took a while and a lot of gentle maneuvering for me to extricate myself from under him, but I finally did.

I stood over him for a few seconds, admiring his body and wishing I could just climb back into bed and stay snuggled up with him all night, but sadly, that was not in the cards.

Not yet, anyway.

The next morning, I awoke with a dopey smile that refused to go away. I had finally done it. I'd fucked my son. Or rather, he had fucked me. I did a mental play-by-play and began to lazily rub my pussy. Everything had been perfect. He had absolutely ravished me, and it had been even better than I had could have possibly hoped it would be.

I began writhing in bed as I played with my breast with one hand and began rubbing my clit. I imagined David interrupting me like he had the other day, only this time I'd tell him to come in. And after an awkward conversation, I'd jump his bones and he would fuck me. Fuck me and fill me up once again with his delicious, delicious cum.

My orgasm came out of nowhere. I almost let myself scream, but at the last minute I turned my head and unleashed into my pillow.

Well, if I had once thought that getting laid would help me get over my obsession with my son, that was certainly not the case. If anything I wanted him more.

As I lay there, catching my breath and gathering my wits, I made a decision.

Today was the day.

As much fun as it had been having this secret affair with my sleepwalking son, today I was going to come clean and let the chips fall where they may.

Go big or go home, as they say.

I was standing in the kitchen, smelling my coffee and staring out the window, when David entered and nearly said good morning. I say "nearly" because as soon as he saw me, once again wearing nothing but Steve's shirt and a pair of silk panties, his voice caught in his throat.

I turned and looked at him with sleepy eyes. I smiled a dreamy smile and ran a hand through my still-mussed-up hair.

"Hey, baby. Sleep well?"

He had to think about this for a second before saying yes.

I hugged myself as I inhaled some more coffee and said, "That's good."

I took a slow step toward him and pursed my lips.

How was I going to do this, exactly?

"How did your date go?" he asked.

I took another step and let my eyes drift down his body.

I inhaled deeply and purred, "He was nice--"

--another step towards him

"--but not what I'm looking for."

I looked up at David as I said this.

"I like this shirt on you," I said.

I put my coffee mug on the kitchen table and took another seductive step towards him.

"It goes well with your eyes."

Another step.

"Uh, thanks." His breaths were coming in shallow.

Another step. I reached up and smoothed out a tiny crease on his shirt, and he jerked back slightly.

I proceeded to dust off is already-dust-free shirt, mostly just to give me a chance to touch his chest.

"Mmm ... yeah, you look good in this."

He gulped.

"You OK, Mom?"

I looked up at him with dreamy eyes.

I took another step. I was almost up against him.

"Terrific. You?"

"Uh..."

I didn't let him finish that sentence. I slid my arms around him and pressed my head against his chest as I hugged him.

"Mmmm ... I forgot how good you feel. You haven't hugged me in ages."

I propped my chin on his chest and gazed into his eyes.

"Why is that? Too old to hug your mom?"

"N-no, I--"

I laid my head back on his chest and sighed.

"Well," I said after a moment, "I don't want to make you uncomfortable." I started to pull away.

"No, it's OK, Mom."

He wrapped his big, strong arms around me.

"Mmmm..."

He held me for a few seconds. I took deep breaths and enjoyed his warmth.

He, on the other hand, was struggling to breath.

I rubbed his back and looked up at him again.

"David."

"Yeah?"

I smiled another dreamy smile. "Thank you for helping me get dressed last night."

He was shaking slightly.

"Y-yeah, sure. N-no problem."

"I had a lot of fun. You made me feel pretty."

"Uh-huh."

I rubbed his back slower, now daring to tickle him slightly with my nails. He shivered uncontrollably.

"Will you do me another favor?"

"S-sure."

"You don't mind?"

"What is it?"

I smiled and bit my lip. "Will you help me again? I have another dress I want to try."

His face fell slightly. "Do-do you have another date?"

"Maybe." I dragged my nails down his back. He gasped. I could feel him arching his hips away from mine, in a desperate attempt to hide his growing erection.

"It's just, I bought this dress years ago and never wore it. And I thought I'd try it on."

"O-OK."

"It's a blue one."

"Uh-huh."

"Royal blue," I added, not entirely sure why that was important, but he seemed to respond.

"Mm."

"It's such a beautiful, deep, dark color." I tickled his back some more. "It just sends me."

"OK," he said, not really knowing what else to say.

"So you'll help me?"

"S-sure."

I smiled and stood on my tip-toes. And kissed him. I let it linger just a little too long for it to be an innocent mother-son peck, but not so long that I was blatantly making out with him. As much as I wanted to do that, I had a sudden craving to seduce him even more.

His eyes went wide and he stopped breathing.

I pulled back and released our hug.

"You're the best!"

I whirled around and skipped off to my room.

David shouted after me, "Right now?"

"Oh yeah, this can't wait."

I whipped off my shirt and tossed in on the floor, still uncertain how I was going to seal the deal. I entered my closet and flipped through my dresses until I found the one I was looking for. It was a short,

cocktail dress that I bought for an event that Steven and I had been invited to. But two nights before the party, I discovered that he'd cheated on me with one of his students. And so this potent little dress had been sitting in my closet for the past eight years.

"Hello?" David said as he entered the room.

I popped my head out, hiding my naked torso behind the closet door.

"Be right there. But what do you think?"

I held the dress out so he could see.

"Looks ni--"

He cut himself off.

"Looks what?" I said, raising an eyebrow.

"Let me see it on you first."

I winked and disappeared back into my closet.

Unlike my red dress, this one slipped on easily enough. And although I could have zipped it myself, I decided it was way more fun when David did it.

Then I went in for the kill.

I reached into my drawer and pulled out a matching pair of royal blue nylons. They had long, thin lines that ran up the back of my legs. They made me feel like a Parisian model.

But I wasn't ready to put them on yet.

I emerged from the closet.

"Ta-da!"

The dress showed off my legs perfectly. I know David thought so. He couldn't seem to tear his eyes away from them. The skirt puffed out teasingly, and it lifted up when I spun around, giving just the slightest upskirt thrill.

"You like?"

He nodded, not even pretending to be shy.

I smiled.

"OK, do me."

I whirled around and backed up to him.

I lifted my hair and he automatically reached for the zipper.

I was about to instruct him, but he cut me off.

"I know, Mom. I'll go slow."

I looked up at him over my shoulder and smiled naughtily.

"You do that."

He took his time and seemed to relish every second. I could hear it in his breathing.

"Ready."

I turned and pouted at him. Then I let my hair fall.

"You look hot as--"

"Wait!" I held a finger up to his lips. "On your knees."

He looked confused. Well, excited and confused.

I eyed over towards the spot at the foot of my bed where he'd put my shoes on last night.

"OK," he said.

I went back into the closet and grabbed my nylons.

I did my best catwalk toward him. He swallowed and stared.

"No shoes?" he asked, almost disappointed.

"We'll see. Depends on how good you are."

He wasn't sure what that meant, but I unfurled my nylons in front of his face.

He gulped.

I sat in front of him and crossed my legs. I rolled up the right leg of the hose, watching him watch me.

"I'm not sure about the red nail polish with this dress. What do you think?"

"Red's good."

"Yeah?"

I slid my foot inside--slowly--unrolling the nylon and pulling it tight as I slipped it past my heel. I held my foot out for him to study.

"The red looks good with the blue?"

He nodded.

I held my leg up so I could see, though I wasn't paying attention. I knew it was a killer combo. I was much more interested in watching him stare at my foot.

"I think you're right. You have a good eye."

Then I pulled the hose up to my knee.

Slowly.

"Is the line straight?"

He let his eyes savor the sight before home, and then he nodded. "Uh-huh," he whispered.

I rolled up the other leg and slowly slipped my foot into it, unrolling it and pulling it--ever-so-slowly-up to the knee.

I lifted both of my legs. He gasped as his eyes traced their entire length, all the way to my naked thighs. I'm pretty sure he could see my panties.

"Both straight?" I asked, knowing that I had intentionally made the left one a little crooked.

He shook his head slightly.

"Oh, will you fix it, honey?"

He was breathing hard now. I expected him to question me or demur, but he simply nodded and skootched forward. He reached out his hands and paused, unsure if or how to proceed.

"Yeah, just grab it and twist it into place. Slowly. Carefully."

He swallowed and did as I asked.

Now it was my turn to gasp as his hand touched my leg. I bit my lip. He gently pinch the nylon, using two hands, and twisted it a bit to the left.

"That's it, honey. Make sure it's all lined up straight. That's important to the overall effect."

He repeated the process a few more times as he worked his way toward my knee until he was satisfied.

"OK," he said.

"Will you help me pull them all the way on?"

He froze.

"Look."

I slowly worked my fingers under the spooled section of nylon on my right leg, and unrolled it slightly, pulling it higher onto my thigh.

"Just like that."

He was nearly hyperventilating, the poor guy. But he did as I asked, and, with trembling fingers, pulled my pantyhose up--or in this case, since my legs were in the air--down my leg.

"That's it, baby. You're so gentle. A little more."

I slid my ass towards him to make it easier. My dress bunched up behind me, so my panties were now in plain view.

"A little more, honey."

He pulled my hose down another inch.

"You should feel them," I said as I slid closer to him, "They're sooo silky and smooth."

He blanched a little, but I began caressing my legs, gently running both sides of my hands up and down.

"They're quite expensive. I bought them years ago and wasn't sure if they would be worth the cost."

I paid special attention to my feet, rubbing them ever so gently.

"But I decided some things are worth splurging on. Especially when they make you feel sexy."

His eyes followed my hands. I don't know why guys like watching women fondle their legs, but he was completely mesmerized.

I let my legs fall closer to him.

"You should try it."

He swallowed but didn't move.

I took his left hand in mine and guided it to my leg, placing on my calf.

"Feel how smooth it is?"

He sucked in air through his teeth.

"Slide your hand to get the full effect."

He did as I asked. He gazed at my leg in awe as he slid his hand towards my foot. Clearly, he had dreamed of doing this. A shiver ran through my body at the sensation.

I took his other hand and guided it to my other leg.

"Isn't it the best feeling in the world?"

"Mm." He nodded slightly, completely absorbed in the task.

"Work your way up to my toes. Oh, that feels so good, doesn't it?"

He was so tense I thought he might cum right then and there.

"Feel them on your face, David."

"What?"

"Shhh." I let my leg fall towards his face. "Just do it. It's heavenly."

Still, he hesitated.

"It's OK, baby," I whispered. "I know you want to."

I laid my leg against his face and he let out a slight sigh. Then he rubbed his cheek against it and gave in to the pleasure. He closed his eyes in ecstasy. I slowly lowered my other leg to his right cheek and he spent a few glorious second turning his face around, savoring the feel of my silky, nylon-covered legs on his face.

"Don't forget your hands."

He had forgotten, he was so occupied. But now, he rubbed his hands up and down and smooshed his face and inhaled.

"Oh, baby, that feels so good."

His pace quickened as he relented to his deepest desire.

"Kiss them."

I expected him to protest, but he did not. He kissed them, on the insides and outsides, up towards my feet and down towards my thighs.

"Lick them," I whispered.

He did, licking along that back line from my thigh all the way up to my right foot. Then he took my big toe in his mouth and sucked on it, licking it as it took it in and out of his mouth.

"Worship them."

That unleashed a fury in him. He was panting and licking and sucking and stroking and rubbing my legs and feet and caressing my thighs. He kissed his way down past the nylons and even onto my naked thighs. He simply couldn't get enough.

"That's it, baby," I whispered, barely able to get the words out, I was breathing so hard. "That's it."

I slid my underwear off my ass and up to my pantyhose. He didn't notice at first. He was too busy worshiping my legs. But I grabbed his right hand and guided it to my wet, aching pussy.

He stopped what he was doing and gasped.

He looked at me as I slid his fingers inside.

His mouth fell open.

"I want you, David."

He looked down at my cunt. I guided his hand in and out of me.

"I want you inside me."

I let go of his hand and he took over, finally understanding the assignment. His fingertips curled and he found my g-spot.

"Oh my god, baby." I said, my body shivering. "You feel so good."

He quickened his pace, still not totally believing he was doing what he was doing.

"That's it! Right there!"

His finger twitched and that sent me into sudden orgasm, my legs shaking with pleasure.

I let out a slight yelp. "Oh my God!"

He looked at me, not believing what was happening but absolutely bursting with desire.

"Fuck me, David."

He paused only for a moment. But then he pulled his pants down. His cock sprang into action.

"Fuck me, baby."

He leaned forward and touched his tip to my pussy.

"That's it, honey. Fuck me." I met his eyes. "Do you want to fuck me?"

"Yes," he gasped.

"Do you want to slide your cock inside me?"

His mouth fell open. "Yes."

"How badly?"

"More than anything."

"Do you want to fill me with your cum?"

He gasped once again before replying, "Yes."

"Show me."

He looked down in wonder. He wore the expression of a kid realizing he was finally about to lose his virginity. (Of course, he had done that last night, but he didn't know it.)

He slid inside me, gasping at how wonderful it felt.

"Oh my God," he said.

And then he spasmed and came.

He couldn't even enjoy it. He looked up at me, ashamed.

"I'm sorry."

"Oh, baby," I said, smiling warmly. "You have nothing to be ashamed of."

"But I--"

He slid out of me. I swear he wanted to run away. I grabbed his hand and smiled again, relishing the feeling of his cum as it dripped out of me.

"I've got you, honey."

My other hand reached down and gently grabbed his dick, which was already going flaccid. He gasped again.

"You are the most wonderful son a mother could ask for."

I began tickling his penis. His mouth once again fell open as he watched.

"You are so sexy and strong. I've wanted you since the moment you first sleepwalked into my bathroom."

"What?" he said, suddenly looking up at me.

His dick responded to that, starting to stiffen.

I purred.

"I've been fantasizing about this for weeks."

"You have?"

Now his dick was firm enough for me to stroke.

"Mmm. I've been dreaming about you. Pleasuring myself to you. Every. Single. Night."

He started caressing my legs again.

I continued, "Imagining this very moment. You've already made me so happy. And, from the looks of things, you're about to do so again."

He closed his eyes and kissed my legs.

"How long have you wanted to fuck me, David?"

He paused and looked at me.

"A long time."

His dick was now fully erect and ready to go for round two.

"Have you been fantasizing about me?"

"Yes."

"About my legs?"

"Yes."

"My ass?"

"Yes."

"My pussy?"

He blushed slightly, but nodded and whispered, "Yes."

I slid his cock back inside me and let out a quiet moan. His eyes rolled back into his head and he started thrusting, slowly, back and forth, relishing every little bit of movement. He hugged my legs tightly to him.

"Oh my God, Mom."

"That's it, baby. Jesus, you feel so good."

He quickened his pace.

"Pick me up, David. Use me."

He continued to slide in and out of me, but I could see his brain working.

Finally, he slid his arm around me, folding me in two. I wrapped my arms around his neck, and then he leaned back and stood up.

I squirmed with surprise at how effortlessly strong he was.

He stood, easily holding me up, his hands under my ass. The backs of my legs were pressed up against his chest and I held on to his neck for dear life. He raised my ass up, lifting my whole body and sliding his cock three-quarters of the way out of me. Then he lowered me, slowly, sinking his cock all the way inside.

I let out a low moan. This was the sexiest thing I'd ever done. He kept raising me and lowering me back onto his cock. He was totally in control and I was completely at his mercy.

"Oh my God, David. Yes."

An orgasm began to build and my legs began to shake.

He took the hint and quickened his pace.

"Yes! Yes!"

God it felt so good to be able to scream. To finally let loose.

He started to grunt, turned on by my enthusiasm.

"Jesus Christ," I said as I climaxed. It was so intense I started giggling. My whole body was convulsing with pleasure.

And still David kept using me.

I suspected this wasn't the best angle for him, so I told him to throw me onto the bed.

He didn't want to do that, but he let me climb down.

I spread out on the bed and arched my ass up into the air.

"Fuck me, David."

He climbed on top of me. We were in the same position as last night. He slid inside me and groaned as his cock rubbed along my pubic bone.

"Fuck me. Fill me." His pace intensified and he grunted with every thrust.

I growled one last instruction: "Breed me."

"Oh my God," he said. I must have said the right thing, because it absolutely unleashed the beast within. Instinct took over his being and he pounded away.

I never cared for rough sex before, but with David it took me to another world.

We both grunted and groaned and screamed until he climaxed and unloaded a seemingly endless amount of cum inside me, unleashing my deepest orgasm yet.

We both collapsed. Unlike last night, this time he was able to prop himself up so he didn't crush me. I squeezed my vaginal muscles, causing him to suck in air and his body to spasm. I loved the effect so much, I did it another four times.

"Give me everything, David. Every last drop."

Finally, he had no more to give and he rolled off me.

I grabbed the duvet and pulled it over us, wrapping my leg over him and snuggling into him.

"Not bad," I said.

He laughed.

I stroked his chest and he shivered.

"That was my first time," he admitted.

"Second, actually," I said. "Or third, depending on how you count."

"Huh?"

"Yeah," I said, inhaling. "I have a lot to tell you and you're probably going to hate me for it. But is it all right if we talk about it later? Right now I just want to lay here and enjoy your warmth. Is that all right?

He thought about it for a second while I tickled his stomach.

"Did we have sex last night?"

My hand stopped moving. "Yeah."

He nodded.

"I thought I was having déjà vu just now. But then I thought I was crazy. Also, I guess I wasn't really thinking too clearly about anything." He laughed and brought a hand up to his face.

"Are you mad?"

"Mad at you?"

"Yeah. You know, lack of consent and all that."

"God, no. I just wish I had been awake for it."

"Me too, but I thought waking you might have been ... confusing."

"Fair." He smiled at me. "Oh my God, can you imaging waking up and realizing you were fucking your mother?"

I snorted. "My mother was a total bitch. Ugly as shit, too. So, that would have been a nightmare."

"My mother's pretty hot." He pulled me on top of him. His cock threatening my pussy. "You might even say hot as balls."

He slid inside me and I gasped with pleasure.

The end. For now...

Alternate Version

Author's note: This is the second version of this story. I tried something different with the previous version and you folks hated it. And with good reason: It was mean-spirited, which totally clashed with the tone of the first two chapters. I apologize and hope I haven't betrayed your trust. Here is a much more loving take on the same theme. All I can say is: We live, we learn, we write porn.

Chapter 1

KAI

"Open," I tell David. He's sitting in the kitchen, eyes shut when I enter.

We're celebrating our two week anniversary in our new relationship, and I told him I had a surprise for him.

Then I ran to my closet and got dressed in this sexy nurse outfit that had been collecting dust in my closet for a decade. The dressed perfectly hugged my body and accentuated my tits. But what I knew would get him the most excited were the white, thigh-high stockings. For if there was one thing David loves more than anything else in the world, it's worshiping my pantyhose-covered legs.

The moment he opens his eyes, he gasps and takes me in, his eyes paying special attention to my legs and white heels.

A second later, he rushes over and scoops me up and over his shoulder. God, he's so strong.

I squeal with delight as he carries me to bed, his hand fondling my ass along the way.

Once he plants me on the bed, he goes right for my legs, licking and sucking and rubbing them. God, he loves my legs so much. It gets me wet just thinking about it.

"Fuck my legs, David," I say and he gasps. The thought of sliding his cock in between my nylon thighs sends him into overdrive.

He lifts my legs, which sends me falling back into the duvet, giggling. He caresses and rubs and licks and kisses them, working his way up to my white, open-toed shoes. He licks my toes, keeping the shoes on. Then he pulls down his boxers, hugs my legs tightly against his torso, and starts fucking my thighs.

The sight of his precum-soaked head disappearing and reappearing between my legs makes gasp.

I'm trying to decide whether to let him fuck my legs to completion or to tell him to fuck my pussy when I hear the beeping of the front door being unlocked.

David freezes and I hold my breath, unsure that we had just heard what we thought we did. Then comes the telltale sound of the door opening, followed by Leah's voice calling out, "Hello? I'm home!"

My bedroom door is wide open. If Leah takes five more steps, she'll be hit by the unwelcome sight of her beloved brother fucking her mother.

David flies over to my door and quickly--but gently--closes it. He spins around and gestured "What now?" as we can hear Leah calling out "Hello?" down the hall.

I gesture for him to lock the door, which he does just in time. Leah tries turning the doorknob seconds later.

"Hello? Anyone home?"

"Leah?" I call out, aware of how shaky my voice sounds.

"Yeah, I'm home. You, uh, getting freaky with someone in there?"

"No, no. I'll be right there."

"I mean, don't rush on account of me. Finish smashing whoever it is that you're smashing. I'm gonna grab a bite. Where's David?"

"Out with his friends."

David is frantically putting his clothes on while I unlock the door to the back patio.

"I'll distract her, you run around front."

That's necessary because Leah can easily see my patio from the kitchen if she's looking the right way.

"Ready?" I ask.

He nods, unable to suppress a naughty smile.

I wink at him and unlock my bedroom door.

"Leah?" I walk down the hall, suddenly aware of how I'm dressed. My heels click loudly on the floor. I have no idea how I'm going to explain this costume. Halloween is seven months away.

LEAH

My head is buried in the fridge when I hear heels clicking on the kitchen floor. They sound odd, so I turn around.

"Holy shit!" I say looking my mom up and down.

I always knew my mom was attractive (I wasn't blind), but it was always more theoretical than anything. My friends have certainly commented on how hot she was. But until now, I never experienced it, you know?

I mean, she's my mom.

But looking at my hot Mom dressed in a tight, white nurses costume? The kind you see in Halloween stores and wonder what kind of slut dresses up like that but secretly wishing you had the balls to do so? Well, let me tell you.

Feelings are being awoken.

Her legs.

Jesus.

I want to runs my hand up her legs. Fuck that. I want to run my tongue up there. And beyond.

I can feel myself blushing. What the fuck is wrong with me?

"Don't ask," Mom says with a wave.

Like I'm not going to ask?

"I was just kidding earlier. Sorry if I interruptussed any coitus." I look out the window to see if anyone is trying to sneak out of the house.

Mom smiles.

"No coitus."

"Ah. Gotcha. OnlyFans? Because, damn, Mom, you could rake in the dough."

Jesus. I'd be her first paying customer.

She winces and said, "You got me."

"Really?"

"Don't tell David."

I gesture like I'm locking my mouth shut and throwing away the key.

But then I have to... I motion for her to turn around.

She puts her hands on her hip, but I say, "Oh come on, this is absolutely the coolest thing you've ever done," even though what I'm thinking is, "I need to see your ass."

She rolls her eyes, embarrassed, but then does a slow turn for me.

Fuck. Me.

That dress is struggling to contain that ass in place. And what an ass it is. Jesus, I hoped I look that good when I'm 40.

I love the white line running down her legs. How toned her calve are.

Am I gay? I'm pretty sure I like dudes. But damn. No dude I know has legs like that.

I whistle.

"Thanks, baby," Mom says with a laugh. "Where's my hug?"

I dive into her, wrapping her up in my arms and inhaling the smell of her hair. She smells of coconut and lemongrass. Christ, I'm starving.

"What happened to Spring Break?" she asks. "Shouldn't you be on your way to Florida?"

I wave and dive back into the fridge.

"My friends flaked on me," I lie. "Sorry for not alerting you that my plans changed."

I'll tell her that I dropped out later.

"It's cool if I spend Spring Break here, right?"

"Of course, baby," she says. But she seems to be calculating something.

"You sure?"

She blinks.

"I wouldn't have it any other way, honey."

I hear the front door open.

David's home!

God I missed him.

I squeal with delight and run to greet him.

"Holy shit, look at you!" I say. Last time I saw him he was this scrawny, awkward teen who didn't know that I knew that he had a mad crush on me. Now... fucking hell. He's several inches taller than me. And huge.

"Hey Leah, how's it going?"

"Don't 'Hey Leah, how's it going' me, you asshole. You haven't seen me in two years." I run up and hug him.

He hesitates for a second before hugging me back.

Damn, he's strong.

I feel myself blushing again.

Jesus, Leah. First you want to fuck your mom, now you want to fuck your brother?

I end our hug, but grip his biceps.

"Damn, son. What's Mom feeding you?"

He smiles awkwardly. "How come you didn't tell me you were coming home?"

I make an exaggerated grimace and lean in, whispering, "I dropped out. Don't tell Mom. She thinks I'm on Spring Break."

His face falls. "Why?"

"It's a long story," I say, though that's a lie. I had a rough breakup and my grades suffered, and I had a midlife crisis at age 20. But I don't need to go into that now.

"So, tell me everything." I say, punching him. "Who you banging?"

"Huh?"

"Come on. I can tell you're banging someone. Virgins have a certain look about them and you are clearly no longer a big V. So what is her--or his--name?" I gasped. "Oooh, tell me it's one of your teammates. Have you seen that show about the gay hockey dudes?"

"Hi, honey!" Mom says. She's returned wearing yoga pants and a tight hoodie.

Fuck. If anything she's hotter in this outfit than the other one.

I guess I'm gay for my mom.

That afternoon we drive to David's hockey game. Man, the energy in the car is weird. I can't put my finger on it, but something's up. I thought at first it might be because of my sudden appearance, but somehow I don't think that's it.

I keep trying to learn more about David's mystery girlfriend, but Mom keeps steering the conversation to anything but.

She also keeps asking me when Spring Break is over.

"Trying to get rid of me?"

"Huh? No, honey, of course not!" she touches my arm to reassure me. "I have to travel for work for a few days is all."

"No worries. David and I will hold down the fort, right bro?"

"Absolutely," he says, but damn if there isn't a tightness in his voice.

Finally, when David is out on the ice warming up for the game, Mom says we needed to talk. I was about to come clean and tell her I'd be staying a lot longer than Spring Break, but she adds that it's about David.

That gets my attention.

"He's been sleepwalking again," she says, leaning in.

She stands and cheers as the game begins and then sits back down and waits for me to say something.

I guess that would explain the awkwardness in the car.

"He all right?"

"Yeah, yeah." She hesitates for a second before adding. "We've had to use the straps again."

"Oh." I've never liked her method of strapping David into bed at night. I thought maybe David needed a therapist, and I raise that issue again.

"I've booked an appointment. But you know how it is. It's gonna be weeks before anyone will see us."

She asks me not to make a big deal out of it.

"He's embarrassed, as you can imagine."

She cheers as David scores a goal.

I clap half-heartedly, not really paying attention, feeling bad for my brother.

That night after dinner, David and I hang out on his bed. We have a lot of catching up to do.

"So who is she? Your mystery girlfriend. Come on, you can tell me."

He shakes his head. "No one you know."

"Only one? Damn, David, if I was you, I would've plowed my way through half the class."

He can't help but laugh.

"Wait, didn't you do just that?"

"See? I'm a chick of my word."

He asks me about why I dropped out of school, but before I can go into my tale, Mom knocks on the door.

"Sorry to break up your convo, but David, we should probably get you ready for tonight."

He sighs. His eyes flicker with embarrassment.

"Hey, no worries, bro. You got over it last time. Maybe I can help you can get over it again."

He grimaces at me.

KAI

"I'm sorry, baby," I say after David says goodnight to his sister. I strap him into bed. "I hate to do this."

"No, it's OK. It's for the best. But Mom? We're going to need a long-term solution."

He then tells me that Leah dropped out of school, but makes me promise not to get mad at her or say anything.

Well, fuck.

It's bad enough that David and I are going to be kept apart for two weeks. But permanently?

I promise to visit him one of these nights, though probably not tonight. We have to see what Leah's nightly schedule is going to be like.

I think about giving him a quick blowjob, but I don't want Leah to get suspicious.

I kiss him gently, tell him I love him, and said goodnight.

The first night is fine, actually. I creep up to his room to listen but he isn't moving around. Leah meets me in the hallway. Good thing I didn't try to sneak into David's room for a quickie.

"He's asleep," I whisper. "We're past the witching hour, so we're in the clear. Goodnight, baby."

The next day, Leah tells me the truth about Spring Break and about college. I ask what happened. I guess a boy broke her heart and she had a breakdown.

I'm not mad. I just feel bad for her. College can be rough. And heartbreak can, too.

I should know.

The next few days pass without incident, though the last night, when I'm sure Leah's asleep, I creep into David's room and wake him with a blowjob.

We fuck quietly but passionately.

"I have to go on a business trip tomorrow," I say as I lick some of his jizz off my fingers, savoring it's salty goodness.

He nods as he strokes my hair.

"I wish you could come," I add.

"I just did."

I laugh and kiss him.

God, I want him to come with me so badly. But David has school. And it would be weird trying to explain to Leah why David needs to come with me on a business trip.

We make a plan. I give him one of my pantyhose and tell him to think of me and jerk off every night. That way he might now sleepwalk.

I even promise phone sex.

We kiss and hope for the best.

The next day I board a plane to Vegas for our company's annual meeting. And as luck would have it, none of my nights are free. Meetings and dinners and drinks and deals and one and on it goes. I have to bail on phone sex. I can't even really find the time to him for very long.

I just hope he'll be OK.

LEAH

"Do you really have to strap in?" I ask.

He didn't want me to be here when he strapped himself in but I insisted.

He nods. He tells me it's for his own good, but I don't know.

"Do they have to be so tight?"

He nods again. He really wants me to leave his room. I get it.

But I smile a naughty smile.

"You're kind of sexy all tied up like that."

His face freezes.

I laugh.

"I'm just kidding, bro." Then I raise an eyebrow. "Or am I?"

I tickle his arm and he laughs stiffly.

I ruffle his hair and kiss him on the forehead and tell him goodnight.

About an hour later, I hear sounds coming from his room. He's moaning. Sounds like he's straining to break free.

I creak the door open, and sure enough, he's struggling against the straps.

The other thing I notice, though, is that he has a hardon.

I can't help but stare at it.

I suddenly realize David is looking at me.

It's kind of creepy how he looks through you when he's sleepwalking. Like you're an object instead of a person.

He reaches for me.

Uhh... OK, this is weird.

Now, it's starting to make more sense why Mom straps him in every night.

I close the door, but he's still moaning, and I feel terrible leaving him like that.

Like, I'm sure he'll be fine, but it sure doesn't sound like it.

And the sound seems to loom larger and larger as I walk back to my room.

Fuck it. I spin around.

I'm just gonna go in there and wake him. He'll be embarrassed, but at least he'll stop struggling.

Also, he never sleepwalks twice in one night. We could probably undo his straps and let him sleep like a normal person.

I open the door only to see him undoing his chest strap.

Fuck.

"David! David wake up!"

He's too focused on the strap.

I clap my hands. "David!"

He figures it out and the strap comes free.

He sits up and easily undoes the other strap.

"David! Wake up!"

He yanks the sheet off him and climbs out of bed.

Naked.

Rock-hard.

My giant, muscular, naked brother sets his sights on me.

"David?"

I back up, right into the door, which closes behind me.

I'm trapped.

"David! David wake up!"

But he's always been hard to wake.

He doesn't launch himself at me. He steps forward, eyeing me. Eyeing my body. I'm wearing nothing but a tight tank top and my underwear, which now seems like the worst possible outfit.

He approaches and stares at my shoulders. He reaches up... and caresses them, running his hands up and down my upper arms.

I get the shivers.

OK, it doesn't seem like he's going to assault me, but still, I don't want this going any further.

"David? David wake up. Please"

He gazes at my face, not really seeing me, but looking at my hair and eyes and mouth.

He caresses my cheek and then he runs his thumb along my lips.

Slowly.

It tingles.

"David?"

He runs his hands down my cheeks to my neck.

"David, wake up."

He stares at my tits, which now seem like they're bulging out from my tank top.

I swallow.

"OK, David? Time to wake up, bro."

I... suddenly realize, I'm not really saying this very loudly.

The hunger in his eyes as he stares at my tits makes my breath come in shallow.

"OK, David, you should probably... probably wake up."

But I'm whispering now.

His hands drift from my neck, down my chest, and I inhale as he lightly touches my breasts.

My nipples instantly harden.

He presses them into my tits and I gasp.

"Fuck."

He pulls up on my tank top.

And I let him.

I raise my arms and he pulls it over my head.

He caresses my naked tits and I shiver and arch my back.

He kisses my neck and I run my hands through his thick, wavy hair.

He licks and sucks and works his way down... down to my tits... and oh fuck me, he licks my nipples and bites ever so gently and he pulls me into him, his dick pressing against my crotch.

He has one arm wrapped around me and the other is on my panties.

He pulls them down.

And drops to his knees.

He kisses my tits and my stomach and he pulls my panties down to my ankles.

He lifts me up and throws my legs over his broad shoulders, and I'm pressed up against the wall as my brother licks my pussy and sucks my clit and lovingly presses his face into my vag and builds up speed and suddenly his fingers are sliding inside me and he's pressing my... oh fuck... is that my g-spot? I never even knew where that... oh Jesus Christ, sparks are shooting through me and my body is shaking and my legs spasming and I'm struggling to breathe and it's building and building and building and

Oh fucking fuck fuck fuck.

My body is rocked with pleasure, and I clamp my hands over my mouth so I don't scream.

And he keeps hitting that sweet sweet g-spot and wave after wave of ecstasy sweeps through me.

And suddenly I'm flying.

David stands up and I slide down his body, my legs between us, my ankles on his shoulders. He positions my pussy over his cock, his giant, throbbing cock, and I wanna say yes, fuck me, but I'm so scared I'll scream it and wake him, so I just let him enter me and again I press my hands over my mouth as he absolutely FILLS me.

My vaginal walls can barely take him in and I shudder with delight and horror and absolute fucking lust for my fucking brother.

Fuck, David! Fuck me! Tear me apart! Destroy me!

He's so strong he's lifting my whole body by my ass. He lifts me up, his dick sliding away... and then he gently lowers me, my vagina seemingly groaning at the invasion.

Again, he lifts me. Effortlessly. Slowly. No shaking. He's in complete control as he stares into my eyes, his mouth open. He slides me down and my eyes roll back into my head.

Up.

Down.

I'm just a fuck toy to him.

A fucking fuck toy.

Fucking use me, David.

Use me

Up

Down

Up

Down

Use me

Use me

Use me

I'm shaking.

My legs quivering.

My body convulsing

Use me

Use me

Use me use me use me use me...

He gasps and I feel his warm seed fill my pussy.

Give me more

More

More

He does, shooting endless oceans of delicious cum inside me.

And it's not enough.

I want more

Give me more David

Give me more

Finally he stops convulsing, and he gasps for breath.

I feel like he's going to drop me. But there's nothing I can do about it. My legs are still trapped between me and my brother.

He falls forward slightly and my back is up against the wall again.

Finally the pressure is off, and I'm... just able to get my legs under me.

His dick slips out of me and now I can get my toes on the ground.

He still looks like he's going to fall over, so I guide him to his bed and help him collapse safely on his mattress.

He passes out.

My legs are still shaking.

Hell, my whole body is.

What did I just do?

I run my hands on his stomach as I struggle to catch my breath.

Fuck.

I've never. Ever. Experienced anything like that.

My brother.

My brother just fucked the living shit out of me.

Oh my god.

I want him.

I want more.

I want him every which way.

I keep running my hands over his stomach, feeling his abs move as he breathes.

I lean down and kiss his cock.

His beautiful, delicious cock.

Fuck me.

This is my brother's cock.

And I want it.

I want it in me.

I want it on me

I want it over me.

I want his seed.

I want him to come on my face.

I lick his dick, knowing I'm playing with fire. What if I wake him?

I'm breathing hard.

Fucking Christ almighty I want him inside me again and again and again.

My body is still on fire.

I'm shaking with lust.

I lick and suck and work his cock and he gets harder and harder.

But then he moans.

And I stop.

He moans some more.

He's not sleepwalking.

He's waking up

I grab my clothes and get the hell out of his room, quietly closing the door.

I run to my room,

climb into bed,

and hold my breath, half expecting him to call out to me and wonder why the hell he's naked and lying on his bed outside his straps.

But that doesn't stop me from rubbing myself and fantasizing about my beautiful, sexy fucking brother who just fucked me.

Oh my god he fucked me so good.

God it was soooo good.

I need him

I need him again.

And again

And again...

I cum. It's a little one, but it's enough to make me pass out.

The next morning I awake in a panic. How could I have been so stupid? Obviously he's gonna know we fucked. He probably stinks of sex.

I hear him head to the bathroom. He's got school today.

OK, Leah.

You can do this. You just need to pretend nothing is out of the ordinary.

I get dressed and head to the kitchen and start making coffee. I unload the dishwasher. I make toast.

I hear David enter.

Big smile, Leah. Stay cool.

"Sup, bro?"

You fucking idiot. Since when do you ever say that?

Chill, Leah. Relax.

"Sleep all right?" I continue. "Coffee? I can't remember if you drink coffee."

He looks uncomfortable but shakes off the coffee.

"Uh... how did you sleep?" he asks.

"With both eyes shut," I say echoing something our dad used to say. "You?"

"Did I... did anything weird happen last night?"

"Weird?" I ask over my mug. I feign innocence. "Like, aliens?"

"Ha, yeah. I... escaped from my straps last night."

Act surprised, Leah. "Oh no! Have you ever done that before?"

"No." He's not sure he wants to ask what he's about to ask. "Did you see me last night?"

"Sleepwalking, you mean? Nope. You OK? You didn't hurt yourself or anything?"

"No, but more importantly... I didn't hurt you or go to your room or anything?"

"Go to my room?" I put a hand on my hip and arch an eyebrow. "To do what?"

His face turns red.

"I'm just teasing you, ya big lug. Now. What can I make you for breakfast?"

I get him off to school and sigh. He seemed to finally relax. Even joked around with me.

Poor guy. Had the greatest sex of his life last night and has no idea.

Thank god.

Being alone in the house with nothing but my sexy, evil thoughts, gets me horny.

I head to my room to rub one out but pause at David's room.

I enter.

I glance around the room. He tidied up a bit this morning. Even made his bed.

I rifle through his closet and pull out his hockey jersey.

I smell it.

...and savor his scent.

I can feel blood rushing down to my vag.

I whip off my clothes and slid his shirt over me. I feel like I'm bathing in his scent.

I hug myself and head over to his bed. Might as well go to town right here.

But I see something sticking out of the drawer of his bedside table.

It's a pair of black pantyhose.

I examine it.

It has... is that jizz on it?

Oh my god.

Does David have a pantyhose fetish?

I smell his dried jizz and am instantly wet.

Obviously these are Mom's pantyhose.

I wonder if David ever fantasizes about Mom?

I take them and rub them into my pussy.

Speaking of Mom...

I put the pantyhose back in David's drawer and scamper to Mom's room.

Where is it?

Ah-ha!

Her sexy nurse outfit!

Oh my god how hot would it be to wear that?

I whip off David's jersey and rummage through Mom's drawer. Then her dirty laundry.

There it is.

Her white nylons.

With the white stripe up the back.

Oh my god I'm getting so hot my hands are shaking.

I sit at the foot of Mom's bed and slowly pull her nylons over my foot.

Ohhh fuck that's so sexy, how they hug my foot and coat it in silky deliciousness.

I'm grinding into the bed I'm hot fucking horny.

I pull the hose up my right leg, welcoming how it envelopes me.

I reach down and slide the other leg over my foot.

Oh fuck, I wish I could lick my feet.

I pull the hose higher up my leg and my grinding intensifies.

I'm not even going to get them all the way on before I cum.

I run over to Mom's bedside table and rifle through her drawers...

Found it!

I knew she must have one!

You can't be a single Mom and not have a vibrator.

I lay on her bed and smell the sheets.

Oh, there's that coconut and lemongrass smell.

Oh my god I can't take it anymore.

I turn the vibrator on and rub it against my clit and I start cuming before I'm even ready. Before I can even fully appreciate it.

Once I calm down, I turn it off and slowly slide it into me.

I writhe around on Mom's bed, slowly fucking the vibrator and smelling her and...

David?

I grab the other pillow.

No.

That can't be.

I inhale again.

It's totally him.

My thrusting intensifies.

Holy shit, is David fucking Mom?

Again, I cum before I'm ready, before I can let it build up to its proper height.

It all makes sense now.

David is fucking Mom.

He must have attacked her and she let him do what I did.

Oh, that dirty, sexy, nasty, hot, luscious, little whore.

I'm thrusting the vibrator in and out and in again, getting all worked up.

David is fucking Mom.

I want in.

I want to be a part of this.

I want to fuck David.

I want to fuck Mom.

I want to lick her long shapely legs in these pantyhose.

These silky, creamy, smooth, delicious pantyhose.

I want to lick her pussy through these pantyhose. I want to stick my face into her vag.

I want her to lick my pussy. Oh my god, to see her beautiful face between my legs as she licks me...

Hold it, Leah... hold out until you can get the biggest orgasm...

I rub my free hand over my legs and dream of worshiping Mom's legs...

...while David fucks me...

I turn on the vibrator...

And explode.

I spend the day dressed in Mom's sexy outfit relishing how the fabric hugs my curves, the silky stockings clinging to my legs, the look of my feet in these open-toed high-heeled shoes.

But David is coming home soon, so I stash everything away.

I decide to paint my toenails.

This is so far outside of my wheelhouse. Normally, I'm a pretty hippy-dippy, hack-sack type of chick, much more at home in ripped jeans and a tie-dye than in a dress. And the last time I wore nylons was for my high school prom.

But fuck, getting dressed up like Mom makes me feel so sexy. I feel like my skin is on fire.

I'm in mom's bathroom, painting my toenails when David comes home.

"In here, David," I say.

"In Mom's room?"

He seems a little nervous to enter what I'm sure he thinks of as Mom's sanctum.

He finds me in the bathroom. I'm sitting on the counter, my knees tucked under my chin, as I put the last brush stroke on my pinky toe.

"What do you think?" I ask as I swing my legs out towards him. I kick them ever so slightly.

"Uh, nice," he says, uncomfortable.

"Well, you can't see them from there, silly."

"I'm sure they're nice," he says. I can see his eyes tracing up the length of my legs from my red-painted toes all the way up to my cut-off shorts. "But should you be in here?"

I hop off the counter and walk towards him.

"Mom's not here, David. We can do whatever we want."

"OK," he says, backing up.

I pose, resting suggestively against the wall.

"What do you want to do?"

He looks away. "Um... I have hockey practice."

I sigh and walk up to him. "Aw..." I play with his shirt. "You never take me anywhere."

"I'm... gonna go," he says before backing out of my grasp and fleeing to his room.

I smile.

What should I wear tonight?

David gets a lift to and from hockey practice. I spend the time getting ready for tonight. I take a shower in Mom's bathroom and use her shampoo so my hair smells just like hers. I brush my hair and tease it just a bit and even don a headband so I look like a fashion model from the '60s. Then I wear one of mom's sexy black dresses with black pantyhose and black pumps.

I spend about ten minutes admiring myself in the mirror, touching myself, thinking of Mom. Thinking of David.

I hear the kitchen timer go off. Chicken is ready.

Yes, I cooked.

It's sexy playing the domestic housewife to my brother.

I take the chicken out just as I hear David walk through the front door.

"OK, Mom, I understand," he says into his phone. "I'm home now. Leah says..."

He trails off when he sees me. I run up and grab his hand--the one holding his phone.

"Love you, Mom. Miss you!"

She asks if I'm doing well and how have I been keeping myself busy and all that sort of thing. I slide the phone out of David's hand to continue the conversation in the kitchen as I regale Mom with the delicious meal I've just cooked. She's pleasantly surprised, but then says she has to go to a dinner meeting. She'll see us in a few days.

The whole time David is trying his best not to look at me.

"Can I have my phone back?" he says, suddenly worried.

I hold it behind my back, teasingly.

"How was hockey?"

"Good. My phone?"

"You're very grabby. What don't you want me to see? Sexy pics of your girlfriend? Sexy picks of you?" I'm leaning backward and he's leaning down trying to reach around behind me.

"Leah!"

I pout and hold up the phone. He calms down. Then he looks embarrassed at his behavior.

I'm guessing he doesn't want me reading any texts between him and Mom.

"Sorry. I'm..."

"You're fine. I'd freak out too if someone had my phone."

I boop him on the nose.

"Go shower. You smell terrible. Then come back and eat the dinner I lovingly made you."

"It smells great."

"Go!" I shoo him off.

Once he's in the shower I rush over to his bedroom and grab his phone.

It's locked. I try his birthday. I try Mom's birthday. I try the code to unlock our house. Nothing. I look on my phone at his contact info and I see his social security number. I try the last six digits of that.

Bingo.

I'd be a hell of a spy.

Nothing in SMS.

Aha! He's got Signal. Ahhh... where he can send encrypted messages to Mom.

Sure enough... whoa.

These are some racy fucking texts.

Holy shit! The most recent one from Mom...

Mom: I miss your cock.

Jesus Christ! David sent back a dick pic! God, look at his raging cock, precum coating his head.

I feel myself getting hot.

I scroll up a bit. Here's a message from David.

David: God, Mom, I miss seeing your sexy legs in pantyhose.

And she replied with a pic! It's her posing in front of a full length mirror wearing sexy lingerie.

God, she's so fucking hot. There's one of her ass in pantyhose.

OH MY GOD, There's a video of her pleasuring herself. Her hand under her pantyhose, rubbing her pussy, bucking her hips. The look of ecstasy on her face!

And she's murmuring, "I wanna drink your cum, David. It's so delicious. I crave it. I want to rub it all over my body."

Holy shit, I'm so wet right now.

Who knew my Mom was so racy!

I hear David turn off the shower and I practically fumble the phone as I frantically turn it off and place it back inside his jeans.

I scurry back to the kitchen just in time as he exits the bathroom.

I'm literally fanning myself as I stand over the chicken.

Oh my god, Mom's pussy. The way she was rubbing herself and mumbling David's name...

"You all right, Leah?"

"Huh?"

I'm so flushed and breathing so hard, my chest is heaving.

I bite my lip.

"Uh-huh." I swallow. "Come, David. Sit. Eat."

Eat my pussy, is what I want to say.

He sits, trying not to stare at me, but he's clearly turned on by me in my outfit.

Turned on by my obvious sexual arousal.

"Why are you wearing Mom's clothes?"

I bring him a plate and serve it, bending down so he can get just the tiniest glimpse of cleavage.

"I have a date tonight."

"You do?"

"Mmm..." I lean down and smell his hair.

He backs away. "What the hell?"

I finish inhaling his scent. "Sorry. I love your shampoo. It's very manly."

"OK? You're acting weird. You all right?"

"Weird?" I sit across from him, my legs crossed. I lazily rub them together. He notices. "I'm just excited for tonight."

"Who's your date with?"

"Hm? Oh, you remember Connor? From Jordan?" Jordan's our high school.

David shakes his head no, which makes sense seeing as I don't know any Connors. But I make up a story about how I ran into him and he asked me out and we're meeting for drinks later.

"Drinks?"

I nod and whip out my lipstick and mirror. I start applying. Luscious Red it's called. It's my best color. I feel David watching me. I go nice and slow, puckering and drawing and looking at my lips in the mirror. I press them together and blow myself a kiss.

My eyes flash to David. He quickly looks away.

"I have a fake ID. Want me to get you some booze?"

He demurs.

After dinner, we lounge on the couch and watch a hockey game.

I raise my legs up and take off my heels.

I catch David checking out my long, pantyhose-covered legs. God, these are sexy hose. Black and sheer so just the right amount of my skin shines through. They make my legs look so sexy.

"What about drinks," David asks.

"Later. He gets off work really late."

I lay next to him on the couch, rubbing my legs together and making the occasional comment about hockey.

He's very quiet.

Quietly watching my legs.

At one point, I kick my right leg way up in the air and reach up, pretending to straighten out my hose. I caress my leg, making sure everything is smooth and perfect, all the while asking about this player and that player.

I do the same for my other leg.

"God, these pantyhose make me feel so sexy."

He stops talking.

"Uh-huh."

"I like how my toenails look in them."

I stick my right leg in front of his face, blocking his view of the game, and he pretends to be annoyed.

He keeps asking me when I'm leaving for my date.

"Later."

"Do you actually have a date?"

"Yes, David. I have a date. You think I got dressed up like this for you?"

He shrugs. "No, it's just getting late."

I turn sideways on the couch and lay my legs over his thighs and pretend to look at my phone.

"What are you doing?" he asks, nervously looking at my legs.

"What? We used to sit like this all the time."

This is true. David would never admit to loving it, but he so loved it. I wonder if that's where he got his leg fetish?

"It's weird."

"It's only weird if you make it weird. Are my pantyhose straight?"

"I don't know."

"Look at the seam. Does it line up with my toes?"

He's breathing more quickly, and he hems and haws like this is a big imposition, but he finally looks.

"Uh-huh" he says. But I know for a fact that the right one is askew. I made it that way.

"Are you sure? That one feels off."

He swallows.

"Why don't you check, Leah?"

"OK, Mister Grumpy."

I raise my foot up and can feel David's eyes drifting down the back of my leg and towards my inner thighs.

I bend my leg and straighten the seam out.

"Thanks for nothing."

"I'm going to bed," he says.

I pout and reluctantly move my legs, raising them high into the air so he can catch a little under-thigh action.

He goes to the bathroom and I enter his room. I sit on his bed, crossing my legs and casually read my phone. My left shoe dangles dangerously from my foot.

"What are you doing?"

I shrug. "I just wanted to say goodnight."

"You... you don' t have to tuck me in, Leah."

I frown. "I feel like you've been very curt with me all night. I made you a nice dinner and you didn't even say thank you. You didn't ask me about my day. Hell, we haven't seen each other in two years and you've barely said anything to me all day."

He blanches. "I'm... I'm sorry."

I slide the shoe on my foot and buckle it.

"Thank you for dinner. It was delicious. Really."

I pout and stomp out of his room.

He follows.

"Leah," he says. He grabs my hand. I reluctantly turn around, still pouting.

He grabs my arms.

"I'm sorry. Really."

"What did I do wrong?

"Nothing. I'm a jerk."

"I missed hanging out with you and you've been running away from me all day."

"I'm sorry."

I give him puppy-dog eyes and look up at him.

"Forgive me?" he asks.

I pout and shrug.

"I got all dressed up for my date and you didn't even tell me I look nice."

"You--" he pauses. He smiles. "You look hot as balls."

I give him a sad smile.

"Really?"

He nods.

"I don't feel hot as balls."

"You are. What's his face is lucky to have you."

"I need a hug."

He wraps his arms around me, and I do the same. I rub his back.

Oh, god, he feels so good. I breathe deeply.

"I miss this."

"Me too. I'm sorry, Leah. I'll do better, I promise."

He looks at me.

"Forgive me?"

A few moments later, I'm tucking him into bed.

"Sorry if I overreacted."

"You didn't. I was being a jerk."

I play with his hair.

"Good luck tonight," he says.

"You too. I hope you don't break out and hurt yourself. Do you want me to stay here just in case?"

"No. Go have fun. I'll be fine."

I nod and lean down and plant a kiss on his forehead.

I caress his cheek and he looks a little confused. His eyes drift down to my mouth.

I lean in slowly and plant a gentle kiss on his lips.

I wink.

"Night."

... and walk out of the room.

No sooner do I shut the door behind me than I hear him open his bedside table drawer.

Aw... he's gonna whack off to lil' ol' me?

Hmm... that seems like a bad idea if I wanna get laid tonight.

And I really wanna get laid.

I walk away and come back a minute later.

"David?" I call through his door. "Sorry, what's the house code again?"

"Huh? Oh, uh, 345876."

"Thanks. Sorry."

I walk by his door several times, sometimes pausing outside his door.

I mean, maybe that won't stop him from jerking off, but it would have probably stopped me, knowing that David or Mom could very easily turn the knob and catch me doing whatever it is that I'm doing.

Finally, I decide I need to let him get to sleep.

I consider leaving the house and going through with the charade, maybe driving around the block a few times, but I ultimately decide that I don't want him sneaking out of his room to go to Mom's and pleasure himself with her nylons or whatever.

So I wait.

And wait.

If he comes out wondering why I haven't left yet, I'll tell him Connor canceled on me.

But he doesn't come out.

And before long, as I tiptoe past his room, I hear the muffled sounds of a sleepwalking guy struggling to get out of his bed.

"Showtime," I whisper before cracking open his door.

Sure enough, he's sleepwalking--or sleepstruggling, I guess, given that he's still strapped into bed.

Hmm... how do I want him tonight?

Should I keep him strapped in and have my way with him?

That might be fun.

But ultimately I decide to release the Kraken and I unbuckle the straps.

I take a step back, hands on my hips.

He climbs out of bed and advances.

"Stop!" I whisper, holding up my hand like a cop.

He does.

I point to the floor.

"On your knees."

He hesitates and is about to step towards me again.

"Worship my legs, David. Worship my pantyhose."

That word stops him. He looks down at my legs. His mouth drops open.

He drops to his knees.

Oh my. This is going to be fun.

He starts by licking my toes. He's bent all the way down to the ground as if he really is worshiping me. He runs his hands up my legs--something I've been dying for him to do the moment I put these hose on.

He licks and kisses and rubs his face into my legs, getting more and more frantic by the second.

His tongue reaches my pussy and he's licking it through the pantyhose, pressing his tongue against my clit.

I grab his hair and hold his head into place.

He grabs my ass, squeezing it, massaging it, relishing the feeling of the nylon.

I so want to throw my legs over his shoulders so we can repeat what we did last night but decide on something else instead.

"Lay down, David."

He keeps licking, slowing his pace, rolling his head from side to side, squeezing my ass, and relishing the experience. He even works his nose into my vag, which makes me shudder.

"David," I pull his head back and whisper. "Lay down, baby."

He's not happy, but he does.

I climb on him and pull the pantyhose down to my thighs.

Then I place my feet on his chest. He slides his hands up and down them.

I position my cunt over his dick.

"Fuck me, David."

He pulls me down and slides inside me.

I open my mouth hoping it will help my vag open wider.

Fuuuck. It's so wonderfully stressfully filling...

Once I'm totally down, I slide my feet up to his face. He gasps and glides his hand over them and licks and smells and rubs his face into them and immediately starts bucking his hips. I hold on for dear life and he goes HAM on my feet.

His bucking gets wilder and wilder.

I don't think I thought this through very well. I try bracing myself but he's going to throw me, he's going so hard.

And all the while, his cock is moving inside me, creating tension if not a ton of friction.

I lean back and... there it is. Oh sweet lord, his cock hits and releases and hits my g-spot.

He's running his face and hands all over my feet, and now he pulls my legs tightly into him and he licks and licks and hugs and licks, thrusting his cock as best he can.

"Oh, fuck!" I say this louder than I want, but I can't help it, he's driving me wild.

He unloads deep inside me, his warmth filling me up, the jizz hitting my cervix and sliding back down, coating his dick, some of it sliding back out.

As he calms down, he keeps hugging my legs and licking them and loving them.

"Take me to bed, David."

I slide my legs off him--I swear he'd keep licking them for hours if I let him. And I might one day, but I still haven't cum yet and I'm so fucking ready to.

I struggle to stand up, the pantyhose around my thighs makes it hard to maneuver. But David helps me.

He reaches down and kisses me and slips his tongue inside.

I grab his dick and tickle it lightly.

He responds by sucking in his breath.

His dick responds by starting to grow again.

That's it.

I turn and climb into bed, face down. I arch my back and slide my ass into the air.

"Fuck me, David."

He gets that hungry look on his face and he climbs into bed behind me.

He licks my pussy, licking up his own cum, which makes me so hot.

"Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!" I whisper insistently.

He mounts me and... oh god, he slides his dick inside once again.

He starts thrusting, filling me, leaving me, filling me again.

As good as it feels, the angle isn't quite right, so I lay flat on the bed and he raises himself up onto his elbows and slide his dick in and out and...

Fuck yeah, oh my god, that's the ticket.

His head rides along my g-spot with every stroke.

In and out.

Pleasure coursing through me as he slides in and pulls out and in again and again.

"That's it, David. Just like that."

He's a machine. He pumps and pumps and pumps and his dick sends waves after wave after wave of building pleasure and pressure and heat spreading from my g-spot to my toes all the way up to my scalp and beyond, and he keeps going, he keeps going, he keeps going.

"Faster!"

He's picks up the pace and the intensity, grinding his dick across my g-spot and sliding all the way inside me as far as it will go and back out and back in again.

Again and again.

And oh my god I can't handle it

It's too much

It's too much

It's too much

Hold it, Leah, hold it, hold it...

"Ahhhhh fuuuuuck," I scream into his pillow, hoping I'm not too loud

But he's still going, he can't stop now, instinct has taken over and he's ramming me, which would normally not be my thing, but oh fuck, yes, his animal instincts are sending me into orbit.

And I cum again and again and I didn't know it was possible but again and again.

I'm just a ball of cuming energy, my body absolutely shaking and spasming and I'm trapped under him and that makes it all the better.

I cum again. I'm practically losing consciousness

Finally he convulses. He cums so hard he loses control of his body, and he unloads ropes of sperm into me.

And he collapses on top of me.

I roll over and he slides off me and out of me, but he remains asleep.

I lay there shaking and shivering from the sudden cold and overstimulation.

I reach down to my pussy and gather some of his jizz.

I lick my fingers, coating my tongue with his warm sperm.

Mom's right.

It's fucking delicious.

The next morning David nervously asks me how my date was as we eat breakfast.

I shrug.

"Not bad."

He laughs. "You look like you got laid."

I smile.

"Well, I didn't say I didn't get laid."

He smiles... is there a hint of jealousy in that look? I like to think so.

"Actually, you look like you got laid well," he says.

I'm sure. My cheeks are still flush.

But yeah. There is definitely some jealousy in his tone.

I can't help but laugh that he's jealous of himself.

"OK, it was pretty great."

I slide my hand up his arm as I bite my lip and close my eyes.

"He really..."

I run my other hand through my hair as I remember riding on top of David as he worshiped my feet and legs. How he fucked me from behind and gave me the deepest orgasm of my life.

Orgasms plural.

"He really sent me places," I purr.

I catch myself.

I realize I'm giving David a veritable arm-job as I've been slide my hand up and down.

He looks terrified.

And turned on.

"Sorry," I say, pulling my hand away. "It was..."

I bite my lip.

"Hot."

He gulps.

We eat the rest of our breakfast in silence, but I'm still breathing hard and feeling dreamy.

And David pays very close attention.

When he's ready to go I walk him to the front door.

"Have a great day, David."

"Yeah, you too."

"Hey."

He turns to me.

I step up and gingerly place my hands on his chest. I look up at him and bite my lip.

"I'm really glad we made up last night." I say this through sleepy eyes and with sexy dreams in my voice.

"Me, too," he stammers.

I hug him tightly and sigh.

He doesn't hug me back, but his breaths come in hard.

"Love you, David."

"Uh-huh," he says before practically sprinting out the door.

I run my hands through my hair and feel warmth gathering in my vag.

Mom's coming home tomorrow.

I'm gonna have to make my move tonight.

I enter Mom's room and head to her closet.

Hmmm...

What should I wear?

Chapter 2

Author's note: If you haven't read the new version of Part 3, posted Feb 1st, then you should read that before reading this one, otherwise you'll be quite confused.

I'm not entirely sure how I'm gonna pull this off. By "this" I mean inserting myself into David's and Mom's relationship. It would be hard enough to do this with any couple, but to form a throuple with my mom and brother?

Tricky.

I give this a lot of thought. Well, to be honest, I give it some thought, and then I find myself skipping ahead to the sexy parts, and then I run into Mom's room, throw on her nylons, and fuck myself silly with her vibrator. Which, while fun, is unproductive.

From the little bit I saw of their texts, it's clear that David and Mom are in love. And my coming home has definitely thrown a wrench into their relationship. They clearly don't think they can be open about their incestuous relationship in front of me.

I get it.

I guess I could simply say, hey guys, I know what you're up to, don't let me hold you back.

But I don't know. Would they feel weird?

Plus, I'd feel left out. Hell, I feel left out already.

I know I should be an altruistic person and let them have their thing, but I really want to be a part of it. I think I'd bring a lot to the table.

I imagine myself being interviewed by Mom and David, with Mom looking at my relationship resumé and asking about my strengths and weaknesses, and David wanting to know why my last relationship ended so disastrously that I quit college.

No, I think my only shot is to seduce my way in.

And to do that, I need to fuck David.

While he's awake.

If that works, and it's a big if, I have no idea how I'll then seduce Mom, but I'll cross that vagina when I get to it.

So.

How do I seduce David?

I have an idea.

But it's a little bit crazy.

"Ah, fuck it," I say before plunging into Mom's closet. "You only seduce your brother once."

David comes home after school and enters the kitchen.

He stops in his tracks when he sees me, my head buried in the fridge, my ass in the air, dressed in Mom's sexy nurse outfit.

"Oh, hey, David," I purr. "Didn't hear you come in."

He can't take his eyes off me.

"What are you wearing?" he finally manages to stammer.

"This?" I pose sexily for him, hands on angled hips, lips pouting. "Sexy, right? It's Mom's."

I say this even though I know he knows.

But he doesn't know that I know that...

You get the point.

He blinks.

I take a step towards him, relishing the sound of the heels clicking on the tile floor.

"I saw her in this when I came home from school. I think she has an OnlyFans page."

Again, I say this, even though in hindsight, I'm guessing she was fucking David in this outfit when I came home.

I take another step toward him.

He's staring at my legs. My legs in Mom's sexy white, sheer thigh-high stockings.

He's staring at my feet. He can see my red toenails shining out through the white pantyhose in these sexy, open-toed white heels that click seductively on the kitchen tile.

Another step. Another sexy click.

I run my hands along my sides and take a deep breath.

"Mom looked so sexy in this, I just had to try it on myself. What do you think?"

He doesn't say anything. He looks away. He looks like he wants to run.

"Nothing? Your sister is dressed up like a slutty nurse and you've got nothing to say?"

"I mean, what do you want me to say? Good job?"

I pause in front of him. He's backed up against the wall.

"You're the worst." I stretch my arms up to the sky. "I feel so sexy in this. I haven't felt sexy in a while."

I finish my stretch and look back at him.

"Mom's sexy, don't you think?"

"Huh?" he says, his face turning pale, wondering if I know what I know.

I sigh dreamily.

"What I wouldn't give to be as sexy as her."

I run a hand on his chest, but he's still trying to figure out what I know to be offended or weirded out.

"Maybe this is weird," I continue, "but when I saw her dressed like this?"

I stand on my tiptoes and whisper in his ear, pressing my body ever so slightly against his, "I had sexy thoughts. About Mom."

He doesn't know what to say.

I stand back down and trace my fingernails across his chest.

"I just... god, she has such sexy legs, don't you think?"

I place my hands on his arms and inhale deeply, slowly. "I wish I could touch them. Especially when she's wearing pantyhose. Oh my god I want to touch her calves and slide my hands up her legs..." I slide my hands up to his biceps as I whisper... "and feel her silky smooth thighs..."

I glide my hands on his muscles.

"Is that weird?"

I trace my hands on his chest again and bite my lip.

"Can you imagine kissing her feet? Mom has sexy feet, don't you think?"

I rub circles into his chest lightly with my fingertips.

"I want to kiss them and lick her toes. Ohhh..." I sigh. "Can you image licking Mom's pantyhose-covered toes while rubbing your hands up and down her gorgeous, silky legs? Sucking on her toes? Ohhh fuck. Imagine sliding your tongue over and under her toes? Sucking her big toe into your mouth and licking and licking and letting it slide in and out of your mouth, past your lips? Biting her pantyhose? Letting it snap back into place?"

I slide my hands all over his chest now. He's trembling, breathing hard.

"Imagine licking your way up her feet and licking her soles and her arch? Oh, fuck me, how hot her feet must look in these pantyhose that I'm wearing right now."

I'm rubbing harder and faster and pressing my hips into his.

He shifts, not wanting me to know he's getting hard.

I draw in air. Slowly.

"I want to press my face into Mom's sexy feet and hug her legs into me."

I slide my hands under David's shirt and up his stomach.

He shivers.

"Leah..."

I run my hands around his back and press my tits into him.

"I want to lick her legs and suck them and work my way up her thighs. I want her thighs to squeeze my head so I can't move it..."

I kiss his neck.

"Leah..."

His dick is growing harder.

"I want my head to be trapped in between her thighs..."

Kiss.

"To feel her soft delicious thighs in these white silky pantyhose..."

Kiss.

"Wrapped around my head and my cheeks..."

Kiss.

Lick.

I start rhythmically bucking my hips into him and scratching his back and licking his neck.

"And be trapped there and all I can do to win my freedom is to kiss her pussy."

I'm pressing my whole body into him now.

"And kiss it and lick it and tease her clit and slide my fingers inside her wet pussy and rub her g-spot until she cums and cums and cums and her body starts spasming uncontrollably because I have all the control and every lick I deliver drives her insane with pleasure. And she screams and screams and begs me to stop because she can't handle the overload of ecstasy."

"Leah," he says, though he struggles to say anything, he's so worked up.

"I'm wearing Mom's pantyhose, David. Right now. Imagine doing all those things to me..." I stand on my tippy toes and whisper in his ear, "Right now."

I kiss him on the lips and he responds, kissing and licking and sliding his tongue into my mouth and I suck on his tongue and give him a tongue-job, going in and out and in and out and he gets so fucking worked up he wraps his arms around me and gropes and hugs and pulls and grabs and just tries to consume me into him.

"Grab my ass, David."

He doesn't need to be told twice. He lifts my dress and desperately runs his hands all over my ass, squeezing and grabbing and gliding. Savoring the feel of my soft, smooth skin. He squeezes my cheeks together and he pulls them apart. And again and again.

I lean my head back and he starts licking my neck.

"Oh my god, David. Yes."

I reach down and unbutton his jeans.

I yank his pants down and his cock springs up, ready to fuck his big sister into incestuous ecstasy.

"Fuck me, David."

I leap into his arms and wrap my legs around him. I plunge my tongue into his mouth and rub my pussy on his cock head.

"Fuck me!"

He pulls me down and his cock sinks into me, barely fitting.

"Ahh!" I gasp and throw my head back.

He licks and slurps and sucks at my neck as he thrusts in and out and in me, and I moan and yell with every motion. Every movement an overwhelming sensation as his cock rubs against the walls of my vag.

In and out and in.

And he's not even hitting my g-spot but it doesn't matter it feels so fucking great.

He's finally fucking me. Awake and fucking me.

"Yes, yes, yes!"

He pounding me now, thrusting with all his might.

He turns and plants my back against the wall so he can get a better angle.

And he fucking goes to town.

I'm grunting and yelling with every thrust: "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!"

I can finally scream, I don't have to worry about waking him.

He's getting close.

"Fill me! Fill me, David! Cum inside me! I want every... every... ah! Every last drop of your fucking jizz."

He grunts, his body suddenly jerking arrhythmically.

And he fills me--fucking FILLS me--with his white, hot semen.

"Yes! Give it to me! Give me everything!"

He shudders and I milk him dry.

But I'm still going.

I haven't cum yet.

I slow the tempo way down, but I continue to ride up and down and buck my hips and grind and gasp and stare into his eyes and smile.

I lick his lips.

"Oh, fuck, David. Fuck. You fucked me. You fucking fucked me. I've wanted you ever since I came home, and you fucking fucked me."

I lick his lips again.

"You're so fucking hot. You're so fucking sexy. Fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me."

He starts getting hard again.

We stare into each other's eyes.

And he starts fucking me again.

I open my mouth in slow ecstasy.

"You like fucking your sister."

"Yes."

I gasp at how easily that truth slips from him.

"You like sliding your dick into my pussy."

"Yes."

"You like shooting your incestuous sperm inside me."

He starts thrusting harder now.

"I want to breed you," he says.

"Oh my god that's so hot. Fuck me. Breed me! Fill me with your white-hot cum."

I squeeze my vag and oh my god the friction, the pressure. He's dick is absolutely filling me. I can barely contain...

"Ahhh!" I scream. "Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"Ugh," he grunts, unleashing a fresh helping of jizz into me.

"Oh my god yes, David. I love how you fill me with your jizz. I want it. I want it all over me."

He keeps spasming as I hold on for dear life.

Finally, we calm down. Our breathing subsides. I stroke his hair, my legs still wrapped around him.

"Oh my god, David, I fucking loved that."

He swallows and looks guilty.

"Uh... fuck."

"What's wrong, baby?" I kiss him gently on the lips. "You can tell me anything."

He looks worried.

"I don't know about that."

I kiss him again.

"Of course you can."

Another kiss. This time I let it linger. I lick his lips and kiss him again.

He kisses me back, forgetting he was in the middle of saying something.

I start grinding again.

"Oh, baby, you feel so good."

He groans and I bite my lip.

"That's it."

"Wait." He stops. "I can't."

I smile and kiss him.

"Tell me what's bothering you, David."

He's really struggling.

I'm not helping because I lick his lips and slowly grind into him again.

"I'm fucking Mom."

I don't stop grinding or licking. I run my hands through his hair.

"Leah?"

"I know, David."

"What?"

"I figured it out a few days ago."

Kiss.

"But... what?"

"I want in."

"What?"

I kiss him and lick his lips.

"I want in. I want to fuck you. I want to fuck Mom. I want the three of us to fuck each other."

Kiss.

"Oh my god," I continue, "how sexy will that be? Imagine Mom and me going down on you at the same time?"

I lick around his lips and inside them and around, like I'm giving him head.

"Me licking the one side of your cock, Mom licking the other? Mom's and my tongues connecting and we make out and we suck you off?"

I can feel him growing inside me again.

"Imagine, David. Getting to worship my legs and Mom's legs at the same time?"

I start grinding into him...

And he starts grinding back.

"Right? How sexy. Our pantyhose-covered legs. You can lick both of us and suck our toes."

He's thrusting into me now.

I grunt and bite my lip and work his cock with my vaginal muscles.

"You can lick our pussies."

He's building up momentum.

"You can fuck both of us. Slide your dick inside me and then inside Mom..."

He grunts now.

He slams me against the wall and starts licking my neck, pumping away.

"Oh my god, yes, David. Yes! Fuck me. Imagine me sliding my fingers into Mom's pussy as you bang me from behind..."

He grunting with every thrust.

"Yes! Oh my god, yes! You can breed us, David. Breed me. Breed Mom."

He's about to cum again.

'Breed me, David! Breed me!"

"Ahhhh," he shouts as he shoots his last bit of sperm inside me.

He collapses on the floor and I lay on top of him and kiss him and lick his neck, and I slide down and lick his cock soaking up every last bit of jizz and my juices and worshiping it and rubbing his cock into my face and in my hair.

"Oh, David."

I slide up to him and lay on top.

"It's going to be so fucking good. Every night we're going to worship each other. The three of us."

He runs his hands on my back and holds me.

"I hope Mom goes for it," he says.

I kiss him.

"We'll just have to be very convincing."

I kiss him some more, and soon our tongues are dancing.

And his dick, his wonderful dick, grows once again.

I slide it inside me.

Barely fitting.

And we slow-fuck on the kitchen floor and stare into each other's eyes and I bite my lip and he kisses my neck, and we slide in and out and over and around for what seems like hours before we both finally cum one last time. It's not a huge orgasm. It's not mind-

blowing. I don't see stars. I don't lose consciousness. I don't scream. But we become one. And it's beautiful.

"Is it weird how much you remind me of Mom?" David asks me as he caresses my feet. My feet which are still in Mom's pure white nylons. The gentle tickle of his fingers sends tiny shivers up my legs and through my spine and tingles my brain, keeping me in a dreamy liminal space.

"Well, I am her daughter and we are lying in her bed and I am wearing her outfit. So... no?"

He nods pensively.

He kisses my big toe and pets my foot, but I can tell he's stuck on something.

"Feeling guilty?"

He nods.

He draws his hand up my leg and absent-mindedly tickles my knee.

I shiver slightly.

"You can still be in love with Mom, David. And you can be in love with me."

"Love?" he says. "Who said anything about love? I mean, you're nice and all, but I'm not ready for a commitment."

"Uh-huh. Go back to kissing my foot."

He smiles and he does as I command while lightly running his hand on my sole.

"But what if Mom throws a shit-fit?" he asks. "Dad cheated on her. In this bed. And now here I am doing the same thing."

We ponder our options, but I lay out a very simple plan, and David agrees. Mostly because it involves him getting to fuck Mom until his dick's content.

"What's the first thing you're gonna do when you're alone with her?" I ask, suddenly feeling horny.

He gives me a naughty smile and my heart beats a little harder.

"Show me," I say. "Pretend I'm Mom."

His dick immediately starts to grow.

"Well, that won't be too hard. After all, you are her daughter," he licks my toe and I suck in air through my teeth.

"And you are in her bed." He starts caressing my legs with delicious intent.

Shivers course through me and I writhe on the bed.

"And you are wearing her outfit..."

He crawls up my body and starts licking my pussy, and with minutes, we're off to the races once again.

Mom comes home the next night, just in time for dinner.

David and I had so much sex last night, I think I broke my vag. So I'm kind of glad for the respite.

Mom opens the door and we both rush up and hug her. She's surprised, but also overjoyed.

"Well, this is unexpected," she says. "Is everything OK?"

I laugh and rub her back. "We just missed you, Mom. Plus, I think David's sick of me."

"Only a little," he says.

Mom smiles and brings us in tighter.

"Oh, how I missed you two," she says, though I know she missed one of us more than the other. But that's OK.

As she holds us I catch David's eye and then glance at Mom's cleavage. I raise my eyebrows and he has to struggle not to laugh.

Then Mom smells my hair and gives me a funny look.

"Yes, I borrowed your shampoo. I hope that's OK."

"Of course, baby. I'm just teasing. What's mine is yours."

In more ways than one.

"I just love how you smell and I wanted to be just like you."

"Oh, that's so sweet."

She pulls us in for a tighter hug and sighs and says how good this feels, before adding, "But, I really need to pee."

We catch up over dinner. Mom gushes over my meal and marvels at how domesticated I've become in the past few days. Then I announce

I have a date tonight. That catches Mom by surprise. She asks with whom--yes she uses the word "whom"--and I say Connor.

Mom says she thinks she remembers a Connor, which causes both me and David to smile secretly, since of course there never was a Connor.

I ask if I can borrow one of her dresses. She doesn't hesitate to say yes of course, baby, mostly, I think because she realizes that she and David are going to have the house to themselves for the evening.

KAI

The moment Leah leaves the room, David and I lock eyes. My heart starts pounding in my chest. God, I missed my boy so much, and my whole flight home I was in agony knowing we probably wouldn't get the chance to rekindle our taboo romance.

But Leah was gifting us with a night to ourselves!

"Who's Connor?" I whisper.

"Who cares?" is his reply, the tone in his voice makes me flush with excitement.

"Oh, god, I've missed you so much," I say, daring to grab his hand.

"Me, too, Mom."

"Everything all right while I was gone? I'm sorry I didn't have any time to really talk to you."

Let alone time for phone sex, I think but don't say.

"Mmm," he says, staring at my chest.

I blush. "David!" I whisper.

"I can't wait to worship your legs, Mom."

I close my eyes and sigh. But I can feel my face turning bright red.

The clicking of heels coming down the hall makes me let go of David's hand.

I clear my throat and try to calm down...

And then Leah enters the kitchen.

And I can't help but gasp.

She's wearing my skin-tight, ultra-sexy, Fuck-Me dress. The red one I wore the night I went on a date with what's-his-name and wound up getting fucked by my son instead.

Holy shit. I thought I looked good in that thing. Hell, I know I do.

But Leah?

Jesus.

I've always known my daughter was pretty, but I never thought of her as hot.

Of course, I haven't seen her in two years, but she always wears oversized clothes and has never taken an interest in making herself look pretty.

Other than prom, of course, but that was almost three years ago.

And boy, has she filled out since then.

My eyes drift down her curvy body, her tits juuuust barely squeezing into the dress, leaving absolutely nothing to the imagination, making her look like a...

Well, like a sex doll, if I'm being honest.

Especially with that red lipstick.

And her hair, teased just enough and held back by that red headband.

And her mascara that makes her eyes pop.

I know I should say something like "No daughter of mine is going out dressed like that," but honestly, I'm just too stunned and wowed to say anything.

"Well?" she asks, tilting her hips and pouting.

"Jesus, Leah," I say before I can stop myself.

She pauses, unsure how I mean it.

"Sorry, honey. You look..." I search for the words that a proper Mom should say, but all I can come up with is... "fucking hot."

She laughs.

Oh, what a dazzling smile she has.

I feel like I need to look away from her, so I nudge David and say, "Doesn't your sister look fantastic, David?"

He shrugs, suddenly very interested in his food.

I roll my eyes.

"Who is this Connor guy? And where are you going? A cocktail party?" I know I sound like a Mom all of a sudden, but fucking hell. You don't get dressed up like THAT to go to the movies.

She waves me off and says a bunch of words, but I get distracted when David grabs my hand.

In front of Leah?

But he plays it cool.

"Mom," he says staring into my eyes. "She's a big girl. She's going to be fine."

But what he's really saying, who gives a shit, we have an opportunity to fuck ourselves silly.

Which, you know, fair.

Leah gets ready to go out. I watch her ass as she walks to the front door.

"You... can have that dress, baby," I say.

"Huh?"

"I mean, ooh la la, as the French would say. That dress was made for you."

"I couldn't!"

"Yes you can. Go have fun. But please be careful."

She doesn't give me guff at my parenting her. No, instead, she wraps me up in the biggest hug.

I'm surprised at the intensity of it before soaking it in and hugging her back.

She breaks it off, slightly, looking at me before saying, "Thanks, Mom. Don't do anything I wouldn't do."

She winks and heads out.

I can't help but admire her ass.

"Did she say she's going to a cocktail party?" I ask. "She's only 20! She's not old enough--"

Two big arms slide around me and pull me in for a hug. I feel David's big frame surround me. I lean in, and all my worries evaporate.

Except for one worry...

"David! What if she sees us?"

He doesn't say anything. He just starts kissing my neck.

Oh right.

We've got some fucking to do.

David scoops me up in his big arms, and whisks me off to bed.

"Don't think I didn't notice those sexy pantyhose you're wearing under that business suit."

He kneels on the bed and draws my legs up.

I squeal like a kid and suck in air at the thought of what he's about to do to me.

He slides my shoes off and starts sucking on my toes.

"Oh, god how I missed this," I say, squirming on the bed, sliding my arms above my head and just reveling in his tongue, caressing each toe, making sure not a single one feels left out. And before long, he's ravaging me, my legs flung over my head, his cock finding its way home with every stroke.

I cum like a woman who hasn't had a good orgasm in two weeks.

After he slides out of me, I reach down and scoop up some of his delicious, delicious jizz

And lick my hand clean.

"God, that makes me so hot, watching you do that," he says, wrapping me up in his arms.

We snuggle and talk and slowly drift off to sleep in each other's arms, like we haven't been able to since Leah came home--

"David!" I say, suddenly springing back to consciousness. "Wake up, baby. You have to go back to your room before Leah comes home."

I glance at the clock.

She should be home soon.

"It's all right, Mom," he says, drawing me into him, "Leah knows about us."

"What?"

"Yeah, she knows and she's cool with it. In fact, she didn't actually have a date tonight at all. She just wanted to give us the house."

"What?" I say again.

He lays there, grazing his hand along my arm.

"How did she find out?"

He sighs.

"I took a shower and stupidly forgot to bring my phone with me. And she saw that I got a message from you saying how you miss my cock."

I hide my face in my hands. I knew I was being stupid sending those texts.

Fuck me.

"Why did she get dressed up like that if she didn't have a date?"

He laughs.

"She said she wanted to look as sexy as you."

"What?"

He raises an eyebrow at me.

"You all right, Mom?"

"No, I'm not all right! The whole thing is fucked up! She's just OK with you and me... you know?"

"Yeah. Now we don't have to hide it anymore. Actually, she said she was jealous."

"Jealous?"

"Of me. She said seeing you in that nurses outfit 'awakened feelings' in her."

"What?"

"You keep saying that word."

"This is very confusing for me."

It takes a while before David calms me down. But finally he convinces me to snuggle in and relax. Everything's going to be OK.

But then I start worrying. My Mom brain turns on. What exactly happened while I was away? Where was Leah right now? And what did "awakened feelings" mean. Is she... sexually attracted to me?

David is very patient with me. He answers my questions to the best of his ability. He texts Leah to make sure she's OK and she writes back with a thumb's up. And he gives me a back rub, and tells me he loves me, and before long, he's massaging something other than my back.

And it feels great. I keep trying to get into it, but I'm still so confused by everything. I keep asking about Leah. How can she be OK with this?

"Well, she said she feels a little left out. But mostly she's just jealous. Jealous that she can't do this."

He slides his cock into me again. I'm lying face-down on the bed and he's slow-fucking me from behind.

"She said that?" I ask in between gasps of confused pleasure.

"Mm. She kept saying, 'Mom has sexy legs. Mom has a great ass. Mom's so stunning. She wishes she could--uh--she wishes she could lick your legs and--uh--give you head and bite your nipples," he pauses, he's getting lost in pleasure.

I so want to say "what" again but I just lay there, getting swept away by David's rhythm and his cock head pressuring my g-spot.

"I think she wishes she could join us," David says as his thrusts become more urgent. "If she could--oh fuck--if she could..."

He grabs me and rolls us over, so now I'm lying with my back on his rock hard stomach as he thrusts and thrusts and another orgasm starts to build, getting ready to break through my confusion.

"If she could, she would be right here, right now, rubbing your clit like this."

His fucking me would have already been enough to make me cum, but now he brings his hand to my clit and rubs and rubs and his other hand grabs my breast and he's rubbing everything and sliding in and out and hitting that sweet, sweet fuck-spot and sparks are shooting through me as I picture my daughter's beautiful, sexy ass in that oh-so-tight dress and imagine her pleasuring me while my sexy, loving son fucks the living shit out of me...

And I scream bloody murder.

David holds me and holds me and stays inside me and shoots seemingly endless rivers of jizz, inside me, and my thoughts are a swirl of confusion and arousal and lust as he keeps rubbing my clit the way Leah, my daughter, my oh-so-sexy daughter wants to rub it and I don't even know where I am or who I am or what I'm doing...

Oh fuck, how am I cumming again?

And I drift

I drift

I drift

I drift off into sweet, all-enveloping, blissful nothingness.

I wake up the next morning with a start. I glance at the clock. Oh shit, David's going to be late for--

But David's gone.

I scramble for something to wear, suddenly worried about everything.

The closest, fastest thing is my robe.

I throw it on and pad out into the hallway.

I hear sounds coming from the kitchen.

"David?"

"Hey, Mom! Oh I absolutely love that robe."

Leah is making breakfast.

"Where's David?" I ask before realizing that that may come across as rude.

She gestures with her spatula. "School. Left ten, fifteen minutes ago. Breakfast? I made your favorite. Well, OK, I don't know what your favorite is, but I made eggs and bacon. Oh! And coffee. Sit!"

I blink at all the activity, still not fully awake, and I remember my conversation with David last night.

My daughter wants to fuck me.

I suddenly feel very exposed in this robe. Like my tits are gonna fall out.

I cover myself up and am about to say that I need to get dressed when Leah is on me, helping me into my chair, and pouring me a giant cup of black coffee.

She serves up some food for the two of us and then sits next to me.

"Cheers," she says, holding up a mug.

I sleepily bring my mug to hers and we clink.

The coffee aroma starts to bring me to.

I don't even know where to start talking, though Leah seems perfectly at-ease.

"Good night's sleep?" she asks innocently.

I blink.

"I slept great," she says, "thanks for asking. Good sex will do that for you."

She takes a sip.

I blink. It's better than saying "What" all the time.

"But I guess you'd know that, too, huh?" She winks and nudges me.

"Honey..."

"You all right, Mom? You seem a little out of it. Jet lag?"

"Where did you go last night? David said you didn't have a date after all?"

"No. You're welcome, by the way. I went to Sisters."

"The lesbian bar?"

"Yeah, I didn't want a bunch of dudes creeping on me and Woody's was closed, so I figured I'd shoot pool with some lesbians for the night."

"But you're not twenty-one."

"Mom. You saw how hot I looked in that dress. No one was checking my ID. They did check a few other things, though."

She raises a fist for me to bump. I let it hang.

"Did you say you had sex?"

She smiles a naughty smile. "Mmm. Good sex, too. Man, I should have started sleeping with women years ago. I mean, I still like dick, but damn. Chicks know what they're doing down there, if you know what I mean."

She once again tries to get me to fist-bump her.

My head is spinning. I feel like I came home and the world turned upside down. My daughter knows about me and David and she wants to fuck me and probably her brother, too, and she's talking very frankly to me about getting fucked by a woman...

"You ever slept with a chick?" she asks.

I haven't, but I feel engaging in that conversation would be getting off the subject, or rather, the many subjects I want to discuss.

"Leah, are... are you really OK with me and David...?"

"Absolutely!"

She leans forward and places her hands around mine as I grab onto this coffee cup for dear life.

"I think it's so hot. I mean, come on! You two are the hottest people I know. And to think that your lust for each other was so insatiable that you overcame societal taboos to be together? How could I stand in the way of that? If anything, I'm jealous y'all didn't invite me."

She goes back to drinking her coffee. And I know she's being supportive and positive, but the more she talks the worse I feel.

"Is David a good fuck?" she asks, nearly causing me to spit out my coffee. "He seems like he'd be really good. Very considerate."

I just can't with this conversation.

I plant my face into my hands.

"Mom, what's wrong?"

Leah rubs my back. And then the tears start flowing.

"Mom?"

"I just feel like the worst mom of all time."

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm sleeping with my son, for fuck's sake! And my daughter was out all hours of the night sleeping with some random woman and I had no idea where you were or what you were doing and I was so distracted by wanting to fuck my son that I didn't care if you were all right. And you are not only OK with what your brother and I are doing but you wish you could join us?"

"Ooh," she says, "that would be so hot."

"That's not normal!" I say, lifting my head from my hands. "None of this is normal!"

"Fuck normal."

I shake my head and I lean forward, planting my face into my folded arms.

"I just can't."

"Mom," Leah says, once again rubbing my back.

But I shrug her off.

"Please, Leah! I just can't. I feel shitty enough for what I'm doing with David, I can't even go there with you. I feel like a monster."

"It's OK, Mom, I understand. Hey, it's OK."

She resumes rubbing my back.

"You know what you need? A bath. You have a killer bathtub and you probably don't use it, do you? Well, guess what? I bought a bath

bomb the other day and it's got your name on it. You stay here. I'll draw you a bath, and we'll restart your day. And I promise you'll feel better, OK?"

I don't even respond. I just sit there, head in my arms, feeling like a creep.

Leah leaves the kitchen and I hear the water running.

What am I doing? I love David. I love him to death. But come on, what we're doing isn't right, no matter how good it feels. No eighteen-year-old boy should be fucking his mother, let alone be in love with her. That's not preparing him for life. And shouldn't THAT be my job? And now my daughter wants to fuck me, too?

I don't feel like a creep, I feel like a monster. What kind of role model am I being for my children?

Leah comes back and convinces me to go take a bath. I'm not even sure why I think this is a good idea, except I guess it can't hurt. And I'll have some time alone. And maybe I'll catch up on some much needed sleep.

She guides me into the bathroom and starts to pull off my robe.

"Honey," I say, pulling away from her. "I just can't. Please don't make a pass at me."

"Mom? I'm not making a pass at you, I swear. You're my mom and I love you. I get that you don't want to cross that line with me. I do. It's OK, I promise. I just want to take care of you. Please let me?"

I'm still shaking my head, but Leah wraps me in a warm, safe hug. It's the kind of hug any mom would want from their daughter. She rubs my back and my breathing slows. I feel less panicky.

"OK, Mom? Come. Let me take care of you."

It still feels weird, but I let her disrobe me. And she doesn't make me feel self-conscious. She doesn't look at my body. She just guides me to the bath and helps me climb in.

I feel better the moment I sink into the warm silky water.

I'm about to say thanks and sit back and chill, but she grabs a sponge and start washing my back.

"Honey..."

"Shh... it's OK, Mom. Let me take care of you." She says this while still washing my back, dragging the sponge up and down. It doesn't feel sexual. It doesn't feel like she's using this to seduce me. She's just taking care of me. And I feel my anxiety and my worries and all the tension slowly leave my body.

She guides me back, and I relax, my chest safely hidden under the water so I don't feel so exposed.

She works my arms. And the tender way she's washing me just melts my heart. I feel like I'm going to cry. I raised a good kid.

She washes my hands, and the feel of her soft hands running through mine is so relaxing and soothing, and sounds of the dripping sound of water and her humming--is she humming? She is. She's humming and washing my hands and the little splashes the warm cozy, silky water, and the drips running down my arm...

And I drift off, feeling at peace for the first time since Leah came home.

I don't normally like to sleep in the bath, I get too worried that I'm going to drown, or at the very least inhale soapy water, but Leah's here. I can feel her next to me, softly humming. I think she rests her head on my shoulder at some point and it just feels so right as I drift in and out of full consciousness.

I wake up and Leah is gently stroking my hair and being so loving and kind and caring and... mothering, that's the only word that really captures it. She's mothering me.

"Hi!" She gives me such a warm, lovely smile. "You look like you feel better."

I smile serenely and settle into the water slightly.

"That was just what the doctor ordered, thank you, baby.

I reach out and take her hand.

She winks.

"You wanna stay in or...?"

"No, I'm ready to get out."

"OK, hold that thought."

She hops up and runs out of the room.

I sigh. What a beautiful, thoughtful, caring daughter I've raised.

She returns with my favorite, giant, soft, absorbent towel. She throws it over her shoulder and helps me out of the bath.

I don't feel the slightest bit awkward standing naked in front of my daughter now. I just feel love.

She wraps me up in the towel.

It's warm.

"Yeah, I threw it in the dryer for a hot minute," she says. "Nothing like being wrapped up in a warm blanket after a hot bath, am I right?"

She whips out another towel and kneels in front of me, padding my legs and feet dry.

And I know this should feel sexual or like some kind of prequel to sex, but it doesn't. It's just beautiful. I almost want to cry

"You're making such a fuss over me," I say, slightly embarrassed.

"You're my mom." She stands up and towels off the damp ends of my hair. "Of course I want to make a fuss over you. Now turn around."

I do, and she draws the towel away from me and helps me into my favorite terrycloth bathrobe. It's also warm, also, presumably having spent a hot minute in the dryer.

She spins me around and tightens the belt around my waist.

She smiles beatifically, positively beaming with love. She turns up the collar so I'm enveloped in the warm embrace of my super soft, ultra plush robe. She pulls a strand of hair away from me face.

"There. You look like a million bucks. What do you want to do nex--
"

She doesn't get to finish that sentence. I'm so overwhelmed with love for my beautiful daughter, I can't help it. I reach up and take her face into my hands, caress her soft skin with my thumbs, and pull her in for a warm, deliciously soft kiss, gently pressing my mouth into her pillowy, luscious, heavenly lips.

She's startled at first, but then she wraps her arms around my waist and gently pulls my body into hers as we kiss again. We kiss, release, kiss, turning our heads and exploring our mouths against each other. She rubs my back and I run my hands over her face and her neck. She teases my lips with a little flick of the tongue and soft tingles trickle over me.

Kissing her is different from David, but no less erotic. Her lips are softer, and her tongue isn't as insistent. She's gentle, but I can sense her building excitement.

I kiss her chin and the underside of her jaw and work my way down her soft neck. God, when she exposes her long, beautiful neck to me, it just fills me with unexpected, ravenous desire. And I kiss and lick and gently suck, and she gasps. Watching her mouth open in ecstasy absolutely sends me. The more I please her the more I want to please her and I find my pace quickening and I just want to grab and kiss and grope and rub and consume her.

She lifts her arms high over her head, raising her breasts as if beckoning to me.

I grab her T-shirt and slowly draw it up, every inch revealing a hidden delight. Her abs: Jesus, what I wouldn't give to have her stomach; her torso as it heaves with every breath; and her gorgeous, full breasts, still perky from youth, and so, so inviting.

T-shirt discarded, I slide my hands down her still raised arms and she shivers in anticipation.

I pause, my hands hovering an inch above her breasts. I've never touched another woman's tits before and I have a brief moment of panic. But Leah takes my hands in hers and guides them to her. I sigh as I caress them. They're so warm and soft, firm but squishy. No wonder guys like them so much.

And they're my daughter's.

She caresses my head and brings me in. I kiss her nipple, and her mouth opens in delight. Then I lick it and bite gently and her knees buckle.

Giving her pleasure makes me so wet.

She pulls down her pants and I instantly grab her ass, and it's just as firm and soft as I hoped it would be. Jesus, I love touching David, but Leah's skin is so soft my hands just can't get enough.

She unties my robe and slowly slides her hands inside. Instant goosebumps.

Ohhh, the feeling of her nails as they lightly scrape against my sides send tingles through me. She gently steps in and wraps me up in her arms and we're both encased in my robe, and she kisses my neck and hugs me and rubs her hands all over my back and grabs my ass and squeezes it gently.

The feeling of her tits meeting mine is so fucking hot. Her nipples touching mine does something to me. I never knew I wanted this, but holy fuck, it's such a forbidden desire. I pull her in, wanting our tits to squeeze together and release and squeeze again. I could just stand here all day having our tits dance.

Her stomach meets mine, her groin and hips press into me... I'm getting so hot I need to ditch this robe

In the middle of this reverie, she plunges her leg in between mine, the invasion so sudden I gasp, but then I start to grind on her thigh as she licks my neck.

And I grind and grind, my tempo picking up speed, my pussy soaking her leg with desire.

Oh fuck.

I'm all hers.

I want her inside me and I want to be inside her.

She leads me to bed, and slides off the robe. She sits on the bed and I stand before her, naked, and she pulls me into her and kisses my stomach, gently at first, but she starts building up into a frenzy, licking and sucking and nibbling and she works her way up to my nipples and my breaths come in shallower and shallower, and she swings me around and guides me to bed, and she lays me down and starts kissing my legs. My legs that David is so obsessed with. And her passion is the same but her kisses are different. Softer, gentler, more loving, but still ravenous.

And she reaches my thighs and she lifts my legs onto her shoulders and she presses them into her, reveling in the feel of my thighs on her face.

She licks my pussy.

Oh fuck.

She's right.

Chicks really do know what they're doing down there.

I can't wait to do it to her.

Fuck, she tease me and licks around my labia and her tongue explores and retreats and dives into my vag and over my clit. And

she slips one, two, three fingers inside me, slowly at first, but then deeper, wider, rounder... and... oh, she's found it. The sweetest spot of all sweet spots, her middle finger, starting to work its magic.

And the pressure builds and builds, and she's going to town on my clit while rubbing my--

--oh, fuck--

--my stomach muscles contract and my thighs tighten around her head, and I'm worried about squeezing her too hard, but I can't seem to stop--

And she doesn't want me to stop, I can tell.

She's certainly not stopping. She's licking and sucking on my clit while still rubbing, rubbing, rubbing away...

My orgasm just keeps rolling and boiling and building and building and building as wave after wave of pleasure washes through me until it slowly subsides and only ripples and aftershocks remain.

She slowly turns her head rubbing her cheeks against my thighs and grabbing my ass and just reveling in my body.

Finally, she climbs up and pulls the duvet over us and we snuggle in together, arms, legs, bodies intertwined.

I caress her soft, soft skin, and we gaze into each other's eyes.

"I can't wait to do that to you," I say. "But I need a minute."

She kisses me and our lips connect, and she pulls me in so my head rests on her breasts and she holds me.

"I love you, Mom."

"I love you, too, baby. I'm sorry if I made you feel left out--"

"Shhh..."

She kisses me again and then she lightly grazes her soft lips over mine so that they're just barely touching and excitement starts building in me.

She keeps going and going and going, until I'm dying of thirst for her

Fuck this.

I take charge. I need to give her the orgasm she gave me.

I have to see her face as she cums.

I roll her over and lie on top.

Oh, our tits.

I move my torso so our tits press and collide and rub. I grab my right breast and move it so our hardened nipples play together, and she's writhing under me, eyes closed, absolutely loving this as much as I am.

I kiss her gloriously sexy neck and slide my hand down and press it against her engorged pussy. Oh, my god, it's so perfect and young and pillowy soft, and I just rub my hand in circles, pressing flatly against it and she's writhing and writhing and getting more and more turned on and she just wants to pull me into her but she knows it's my turn to take charge, so she lies there writhing, arms sliding across the sheet above her head.

And her mouth, her beautiful, gorgeous, sensual mouth, oh how it opens and closes and opens in ecstasy. Oh my god I just want to watch her, she's so fucking hot.

I slide one finger inside and her eyes pop opens and a smile forms on her open mouth as I glide my middle finger up to her g-spot, rubbing it the way I like mine rubbed, and it's doing the trick. She's bucking her hips, and she lifts her head to kiss me, but I keep my mouth juuuust out of reach to tease her and she lays her head down, rolling it from side to side, her gorgeous hair going everywhere, and my finger keeps going, pressing, rubbing teasing, keeping up a nice steady rhythm, and now her stomach starts convulsing and she arches her back and releases and arches again and again.

I pick up my tempo and she follows, her intensity building. She's squirming and writhing and wriggling under me, our tits pressing and swaying and meshing together. She grabs my free hand as if holding on for dear life. She's almost ready, almost ready, almost ready... her back arching so high it looks like her soul is trying leave her body.

But...

I pause my finger, keeping the pressure, but reducing my movement to tiny circles.

She looks at me, just on the cusp of total release, she's practically pleading with me to give it to her but I keep her on the precipice. I want to savor the look on her face, that moment just before pleasure takes control of your body, before you finally give in, knowing what's coming but being unable to make it happen...

Now.

I pull the trigger, stimulating her g-spot and unleashing the flood. I press and rub her g-spot and I grind my body into hers and our bodies move as one, and she grunts and moans and howls like a caged animal finally set free.

Her eyes roll to the back of her head, but I keep stimulating her g-pot, pushing her orgasm to higher highs than her body can stand, her legs shake and she's spasming on the bed like she's having an epileptic fit.

I'm so turned on by this I start humping her leg, which is still shaking, acting almost like the world's greatest vibrator. I just wish I had a dick that I could slip inside her so I could fill her with my seed.

That thought makes me explode as I achieve my own orgasm--which breaks my concentration and my finger falters, finally ending her seemingly endless orgasm.

She no longer cumming, but she's having a long, long, comedown, still filled with electric energy as her body recomposes, and she runs her hands through my hair in a desperate attempt to ground herself.

After I catch my breath, I wonder if I can get her going again.

I pull the trigger and she jolts, her eyes opening wide and she gasps and pleads for me to stop,

But I don't stop. Again, I apply a little pressure and again she jolts, "Please," and I press again, "Please," she says, "please, please, please, please," but she's getting so worked up she has no idea what she's saying.

So I press on. I press, wait, press, pause, press and rub, pause, and each time her body responds, and soon she's no longer aware of anything only pure unbridled pleasure. She keeps trying to say "Oh my god," but she'only ever gets to "Oh my, oh my, oh my..."

And her face. Her beautiful face experiencing such absolute ecstatic joy. Her mouth opening and closing, her face turning this way and that. She's just such a gorgeous vision of beauty, I start kissing her. Her tits, her neck, her face, her ears, her shoulders, any part I can get my mouth on, she's so soft and wild and wonderful, and finally, finally, finally, she finishes, occasional spasms taking over, intermittent convulsions breaking through, but finally, finally, finally, she comes to rest.

She smiles the smile of a boxer who just barely won a 15-round title fight. She mouths, "I love you," but is unable to say it.

And she passes out.

I slide the duvet over us and wrap her in my arms and hold her tight, her ass nestled into me, my hand on her breast, and relish the sound of her heavy breathing, and soon I'm dozing next to her.

David climbs into bed behind me and slides a hand up my arm. I push my ass into him. He's naked and already erect.

I would be, too, if I were him.

I take my hand from Leah's boob--she's still sound asleep--and reach behind me to tickle his cock.

He plants tiny kisses on my back and shoulder.

I guide his dick to my pussy and he rubs gently against it. It only takes a minute before my juices are flowing. My mouth opens wide as he enters me. We slow-fuck for several minutes, not saying a word, trying not to wake up Leah.

When she does finally come to, she turns and smiles at the sight her brother fucking her mother,

and fucking me well.

She bites her lip and reaches down to rub my clit, which sends me into overdrive.

She kisses me, then she props herself up and kisses David.

Seeing their tongues intertwine sends a wave of love through me.

My orgasm isn't intense. It's not mind-blowing. It's not an outer-body experience.

But it's fucking beautiful.

I think I'm going to like this new arrangement.

Chapter 3

KAI

Leah lays on top of me, kissing me, caressing my face, and generally loving on me. Her tongue slips inside me and dances with mine. And meanwhile David stands at the foot of the bed, slowly sending his cock deep into my pussy.

It's a beautiful Saturday morning and I'm fucking my kids. A sentence I wouldn't have thought was something I'd ever say only a couple of months ago, but that's where we are. And honestly, I wouldn't change a thing.

Just as I think that, David decides to switch it up a bit. He pulls out of me and starts slow-fucking Leah.

Oh my god, seeing her eyes roll back like that. Jesus, what a vision. My daughter is so beautiful, but to see her in ecstasy always sends me. Now it's my turn to start kissing her. She's so overstimulated by David's enormous cock she can't think straight. And besides, I love licking her luscious lips.

I decide she needs to cum, so I grab her hips and start pushing her into David's thrusts. Her eyes go wide when I do this--it's a new maneuver for me--and that just makes me want to push her harder. The feel of her tits rolling on top of mine ... it's one of my favorite things in the world.

She's building up to something, I can feel her body starting to tremble.

"That's it, baby. That's it. Let loose. Let me hear you cum."

Fuck, the sound of her orgasms. So unhinged and wild. They always make me so hot. And right now, not only are our tits rubbing together, but her pubic bone is stimulating my clit with every push I give her, so when she cums, I'm going to plunge over the cliff right alongside her.

"That's it. That's it. Fill her, David. Fill her. Breed your sister."

"Fuck," he says, unloading into her. That always does the trick. I know we're sick fucks, but damn I love how I can get David to cum just by using the B-word.

His jizz-dump sends both Leah and me over the edge, and we cum together. I wrap my arms around her and clutch at her soft, soft skin, holding onto her as she jerks and convulses on top of me.

It's not the biggest orgasm we've ever had, but it's a thing of beauty and it--

Ding dong!

Someone's ringing the front doorbell, which smashes through my bliss. Thankfully, Leah and David aren't bothered by it. He keeps

spasming and spurting into her and she keeps jerking and gasping until she finally rests her head on my breast.

David collapses next to us.

"Good boy," I say.

Ding dong!

"Fuck," I say. "Don't they know it's Saturday morning?"

"Just ignore it, Mom," Leah mumbles. She's on her way out. God, I so want to just lie here with my daughter on top of me and my son cuddled up next to me, so we can soak in our blissful--

Ding dong!

"Hello?" comes a familiar voice as the person starts knocking on our door.

"Arya?" I say, snapping out of my reverie.

That is the unmistakable sound of my sister's voice.

What the hell is she doing here? We didn't schedule anything...? No. She lives three hours from here. I would have--

"Hello? Kai? David? Anyone home?" Arya says, knocking some more.

We scramble out of bed. Well, I do. Leah and David are a bit slower. That's fine. Although, maybe it's not fine? Do they even have clothes in my room? Since we began sleeping together, we've mostly just wander around the house naked.

What's Aunt Arya going to say when her niece and nephew come piling out of my bedroom naked?

I grab my robe and throw it on.

"Do you have clothes?" I ask, but I don't linger to hear their response. I close my bedroom door behind me and then open the front door, just in time, too, because Arya was starting to walk back to her car.

Hmm. Maybe I should have just let her go.

No, that's awful. Like I said, she lives three hours away.

"Arya?"

She turns and smiles. Well, it's a half smile. It's the Mike-and-I-have-been-fighting-and-I-need-to-crash-at-your-house-for-a-few-days-or-possibly-longer smile.

Fuck.

"What did he do this time?" I ask as I bring her in for a hug.

She doesn't answer. She just cries and holds me tightly. And we stand there on my front porch, me in my bathrobe and nothing else, holding onto each other while my sister bawls her eyes out on my shoulder.

I hope the kids have left my room and put on some clothes.

They have not. My door is still closed and theirs are still open.

They're still in bed, presumably. Jesus, they can sleep through anything. Well, we know David can, but I didn't know Leah was such a sound sleeper, especially since it's 10:00. Oh, I should give her a break. We did have quite the sexcapade last night. And this morning.

Arya and I sit in the kitchen as I make coffee.

"Y'all ain't exactly early risers, are ya?" Arya asks.

I smile.

"Well, it's Saturday--"

"Fuck, it is, isn't it? I've gone and ruined your Saturday morning, haven't I? God, I'm the worst."

I sigh and hand her a cup of joe.

"Of course not. Besides, I'm glad you're here. I haven't seen you in ages. Although I'm guessing this isn't a social call. What did he do?"

She tells me. It's the usual bullshit. He's an ass. Always has been. And she has never left him, which has always baffled me and our older sister Mia. But Mia lives in Colorado, so I'm the one Arya comes running to.

This time, she's pretty sure he's cheating on her. And it sure sounds like it from the what she tells me. Which means she's going to be staying with me for much longer than I'm comfortable with.

Don't get me wrong, I love Arya. If I weren't having incestual relations with my kids, she could stay here as long as she likes. We have a spare room, and she's an easy guest. But ... yeah. I can't exactly say, "Oh hey, by the way, since we last spoke, I've started fucking my kids," now can I?

And what am I gonna do with David?

The three of us have been sleeping together in my room, and ever since David and I began fucking, he hasn't had a single sleepwalking

incident--save for the time when I went away on my business trip and he assaulted Leah.

That, of course, wound up working out for the best, but, yeah, that's not gonna fly with Arya.

How to describe my sister? She's younger than me. Thirty-eight, I think. And prettier. But she's much more tightly wound than me. And so much more conservative. Always has been. So yeah, if she were to find out I was sleeping with my kids, she'd flee my house and never return, and then immediately tell Mia and our parents. And that would be that.

"David!" she says when he enters the kitchen. She stands up and gawks at him. Makes sense. She hasn't seen him in what, three years? He's grown quite a bit. She makes a fuss and hugs him. While hugging him she looks at me and points at him and mouths the words, "Oh my god!" which makes me laugh.

She's about to start peppering him with questions when Leah enters and Arya does a double-take.

"Leah! Is school over already?"

"It is for me," Leah says, before explaining that she dropped out.

The four of us chat about this and that. She can't get over how beautiful my kids are. She even tells us that the three of us are positively glowing, which makes me blush. We definitely all do have

that post-coital afterglow about us. Our cheeks are flushed. Our hair is mussed up. Our skin is effervescent.

But Arya no sooner compliments us and how wonderful we all are before she starts crying again. And she spills the beans about what an asshole her husband is and how horrible her two kids are. (They really are the worst, by the way. Always have been little shits to her.) Then she asks if she can hunker down with us for a little while.

"Of course, baby," I say, making sure to betray not a single ounce of concern.

Leah rubs her back and aggressively tells her she's welcome to stay as long as she likes, and that she can't wait to hang out with her, her favorite aunt.

I look at Leah as she takes Aunt Arya's hand and soothes her.

Please tell me she's not thinking what I think she's thinking.

LEAH

Oh yeah, I'm totally gonna seduce my aunt. I've always had a crush on Aunt Arya for as long as I can remember. Not that I wanted her sexually, I just thought she was so pretty ... I really just wanted to be her rather than be with her, if that makes sense.

But now I want to be with her.

And she's so ripe for the picking, too. She's fragile. Upset at her husband and her shitty kids. She's convinced he's cheating on her, so she's going to be open for some revenge sex. And I'm pretty sure, judging from her overall vibe, that she's never had a lesbian experience. I think that's going to work in my favor. She's going to want to experiment.

Plus, she keeps gushing about how beautiful I am.

So, oh yeah. I'm so in. And once I seduce her, I figure I can easily bring her into the fold.

How hot will a foursome be? Oh my god, can you imagine? Mom fucking me right next to David fucking her? And then we switch.

Oh, I so wanna see Mom and Aunt Arya fuck. Their long limbs intertwining...

It will be especially hot because Mom is giving me the eye and shaking her head, subtly telling me not to do what I am already in the process of doing. She clearly doesn't want to bring Arya into our little polycule. I get it. Arya's uptight. Mom's only slightly looser, but she's her sister. I'm sure she's never had a sexual thought about Arya in her life.

But she never had one about me, either, and look where we are.

As we sit and have breakfast, I keep touching my aunt, complimenting her, saying she's too good for him (which is true), telling her how much I want to hang with her and even take her out to make her forget all about her asshole husband.

After breakfast, David helps her get her things from the car and Mom immediately takes my hand and pulls me aside.

"No," she says. "Don't even think it."

"What, me?"

She rolls her eyes at me.

"But how hot would that be, right?"

"Absolutely fucking not. Am I making myself clear?"

"Uh-huh. Definitely. Except we both know I'm going to ignore you, so let's just cut to that part of the conversation."

She grabs my chin. She's really not playing.

"I know you think this is all fun and games, Leah? But in the real world they take people's kids away from them for doing what we're doing."

"Uh-huh. I hear you. Except. We're adults."

She's not having it. She tells me all the reasons why she does not want me to bring Arya into our polycule and I tell her I'll think about it, which I think is pretty big of me. Shows I'm growing as a person.

"No, there's no thinking about it! Leah!"

I leave mom hissing at me and enter Aunt Arya's room and plop on her bed.

"So. Tonight. You and me. Sisters."

She looks puzzled.

"It's a lesbian bar. Let's go shoot some pool. Have a few drinks. Maybe I can even hook you up with some hot lesbo action."

I raise my eyebrows suggestively.

She snorts. "Oh my god, can you imagine?"

I can, actually. I have quite the imagination. Right now, I'm imagining sliding my fingers up your twat and pleasuring you silly until you beg for mercy.

"Wait, aren't you only twenty?"

"Pfft," I say with a wave. "I'm hot. They let me in all the time."

She laughs. "Yeah, I remember being young and hot."

"What? You're a smoking hot babe, are you kidding me?"

She laughs and waves me off, but I can see a slight smile where there was none.

"So. You in? Come on. Let's blow this popsicle stand."

"Settling in OK?" Mom asks as she enters the room and glares at me.

"Yeah, just fine. Thank you so much for putting me up. I'll try to stay out of y'all's way."

"You're always welcome," Mom says. "There is just one thing I need to make you aware of."

For a brief second I think she's gonna tell her we're all sleeping together, but no. She warns her about David's sleepwalking.

I don't feel like sticking around for this, so I leave. But as I walk out the door I say, "Aunt Arya and I are going to Sisters tonight after dinner."

"You're not going to Sisters!" Mom calls after me.

"Yes we are!"

"I'm in charge!" she says, which is funny. But I pop my head back into the room.

"Besides, Mom. That way you and David will have the house to yourselves so you can help David with his homework assignment without any distraction."

She blinks. It takes way too long for her to pick up what I'm putting down. If I take Arya out, she can fuck David, and we can avoid him sleepwalking and bothering my aunt. At least for tonight.

But she finally gets it. She nods.

"Honestly, I'm not sure I want to go out," Arya says. "Sorry, Leah. I'm really tired from my long drive. And, you know, my failed marriage."

"No, you two should go," Mom says, suddenly changing her tune. "It's a cool place." That nearly makes me laugh, seeing as Mom has never been. But then she starts talking to Arya about how Mom's just

being silly and how difficult it is to let go and let your children be their own people, and then they start blabbing about parenting and such.

That's my cue to leave.

I go to David's room and close the door. He smiles and shakes his head at me.

"But how hot would that be, right?"

"It would be pretty hot."

"Imagine getting to fuck three different chicks, David. You could do a pussy tasting with your dick."

He laughs.

"I'm building quite the harem for you," I say, suddenly getting turned on. I wrap my arms around his neck and press my groin into his. "You're welcome."

"Please don't get me worked up right now. Mom and Aunt Arya are right there."

But it's too late. I'm already imagining our foursome. Mom straddling Arya's face, me plunging my tongue into Arya's pussy while David fucks me from behind...

I drop to my knees and yank down his shorts.

"Leah," he says, trying, very feebly, to protest. But like he's going to say no to his sister deepthroating him.

I wrap my lips around his cockhead, wanting to feel him grow inside my mouth.

"You're fucking crazy," he whispers, but he brushes the hair out of my face and steps in a little closer.

I slide his cock into my mouth and let my tongue go to town. I love how squishy his dick is. But not for long. As my tongue caresses his head, I can feel him harden and thicken and slowly crawl to the back of my mouth. I hold my position and depress my tongue, allowing his cock to creep its way down my throat. I only recently learned how to deepthroat, and now I can get enough of it. Thankfully, neither can David.

My eyes roll back as I suppress the urge to choke. David leans forward, allowing his dick easier access down my throat. God, I love how submissive this feels. Normally I like to take charge, but sometimes it's nice to give in and submit. This is one of those times. I pull on his ass, urging him to fuck my face, which he does. Feeling his cock methodically invade and expand my throat makes me so

wet. I love being used. Being David's sex toy. I relax into this and pull him harder into me. But he has other ideas.

He gently pulls out and lift me up. Now he's yanking off my shorts and I jump into his arms. He slides into me and I quietly gasp. Even though it's been two weeks since he started fucking me, his size is still almost too much for me to bear.

"Imagine that I'm Aunt Arya," I whisper.

His thrusting intensifies. I can't help but smile. I wonder if he's ever masturbated thinking about her.

He cums within a few seconds. Feeling his cock throb and spurt warm jizz inside me gives me a tight little orgasm that causes me to shudder slightly. Man, as much as I love our epic fuck-fests, sometimes these little quickies are just what the doctor ordered.

He holds me up while we catch our breath.

"OK, so I take it you're on board with bringing Aunt Arya into our group?"

He laughs. "Mom will never go for it."

"Oh come on now. We all know who's in charge of this little group."

"Me, right?" he says with a snort.

"Yes, David. You're the boss. Now put me down like a good little boy and let's get on with our day."

He smiles, but he doesn't put me down. Instead he walks over to his bed and lays me down.

"Oh really?" I say, intrigued as to where this is going.

"You want me to help you seduce Aunt Arya?"

"I don't need your help, thank you."

He slides out of me and lifts my legs up. He gives each of them a little kiss. Then he gets distracted by my feet and sucks on my big toe for a second.

"You need me to keep Mom distracted."

He kisses his way down my leg until he hunched over me. He pushes my legs up until my knees are near my face. His lips hover hovering over my snatch.

I play with his hair and speak. "So what you're saying is, you want to fuck Mom, and if that helps me then so be it?"

He licks my pussy. One big, long lick, dragging his tongue from the back of the opening to the front, taking his sweet, sweet time with it, too.

"I'll work on Mom. You work on Arya. Deal?"

I caress his head and pull him down for another lick. Which he gives me.

"Deal."

He takes his fingers and wets them with my juices. Then he sends them down to my ass. He probes my asshole for a second. We haven't done any ass play. Not really. So, I'm not entirely sure what he has in mind.

He slides his middle finger inside me. I'm surprised how easily it slips in, considering how tight my hole is. My mouth opens wide as he plunges it in and draws it back and sends it in again, a nice, gentle, steady motion.

"Who's in charge?" he says with a smile.

Oh, please. Like this changes things. But I like the power play he's going for. That's a fun little game.

"Me," I say.

Mom knocks on his door. He doesn't stop finger-fucking my ass as he tells Mom he's busy studying.

"Have you seen Leah?"

"She went out."

Mom mumbles something on the other side of the door and leaves us.

"Looks like you're all mine," he says.

"It's going to take more than one finger up my ass to turn me into a quivering, cock-notized Bambi."

"Good thing I have this."

He reaches over to his bedside table and opens the drawer. He pulls out a dildo. Wait. No...

"What is that?"

"I ordered it. It's a strapless dildo. For you and Mom."

He hands it to me. It's L-shaped, with the shorter end being only a couple of inches long and the longer end being, I don't know, seven,

eight inches, maybe? I hand it back to him, not entirely sure how it works--

Oh.

He inserts the shorter end in my pussy. I'm so wet it doesn't take any doing. I emit a slight gasp. Suddenly, I have a dick. An insta-dick. Oh. This is nice. He applies gentle pressure to the top of the long end causing the shorter end that's in me to press against my g-spot. I emit a squealy little gasp.

"Oh, yeah, keep doing that," I say. Between his finger that's still working my ass and the strapless dildo that's stimulating my g-spot, I'm probably seconds away from cumming. And cumming loudly.

"Who's in charge?" he asks.

I smile. OK, this is more like it. But still. Come on.

"Me."

"Challenge accepted," he says.

He removes his finger and the dildo.

"Aww, I was just starting to enjoy that."

He doesn't respond. Instead, he slides his cock inside me.

"OK..." I say. "I mean, I like this and all, but..."

He pulls out after a few strokes.

"You really know how to tease a girl, don't you--"

Before I can finish that sentence, he starts probing my ass with his dick. Rubbing it all around that hole. I gasp and bite my lip. I wasn't planning on having my asshole deflowered this afternoon, but...

"Who's in charge?"

I smile again. He seems to be getting off on this whole power trip thing.

"Me," I whisper. Come, David. Show me what you got.

He does indeed. He presses his cock against my hole.

"Who?"

"Me."

He grabs the dildo. Oh fuck. No. There's no way.

"Who?"

I hesitate. My breathing is coming in quick and shallow now. Do I go ahead with this or do I back out? I mean, I've never had a cock up my ass before. Is he really going to double team me with his cock and that dildo?

"Me."

He smiles. He presses the long end--what I like to think of as the business end of the dildo--against my pussy, coating it in my juices. Jesus. He's not even giving me the short end to break me in.

"Who?"

"Me. I'm in charge, David. I'm in charge." I look up from the dildo to his hungry eyes. "Prove me wrong."

He gives me another wolfish grin. He slides the dildo inside me. All the way to the hilt. It's only slightly shorter than David's dick and not as thick. Still, though, the feeling of that hard but rubbery object sliding inside me is enough to make me start searching for his pillow, which I know I'm gonna need to cover my screams.

"Who's in charge?" he asks again. He slides the dildo in and out a few times, making sure to angle it upward when he pulls it out so it stimulates my g-spot.

"Me," I say, though there's a definitely quiver in my voice.

"I was hoping you'd say that."

He pushes the dildo all the way in and now he presses his cock against my asshole.

I whisper, "Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck..." as I intake air. I open my mouth to try to help pry my asshole open for him.

I cover my mouth when he enters me, uttering a sort of half-squeal/half grunt. His head is in my ass now. Just the head, but fucking hell, it's a lot.

"Who?"

I pull the pillow away from my face to mutter a brief, "Me," and then I quickly cover my face again.

He pulls the dildo out and presses it against his stomach. Then he thrusts forward, sending the dildo and his cock into me at the same time. Slowly tearing my body in half, ripping me apart and filling me at the same time.

Je-zuz.

He keeps pushing until he's in, both the dildo and his cock are all the way inside me.

I'm practically hyperventilating. But he holds his position long enough for me to catch my breath. Then he pulls the pillow away from my face.

"Who?" he asks with a playful smile.

"Me. Me. Me. Oh, fuck, David, please. Please."

"Please what?"

"Please fuck me. Oh my god, please."

"Who's in charge, Leah?"

"You are. You're in charge. Now fuck me!"

He place the pillow over my face again and I clutch it tightly.

He begins. He pulls his cock back and slides the dildo out with him. Then he starts thrusting with intent. Each time his hips smash into me, his stomach presses the dildo so that the short end stimulates my clit.

He grabs my legs and holds them tightly against his body so I can't move, and he thrusts and thrusts and thrusts his cock deep inside my ass. Jesus fucking christ, the overstimulation, the fullness, the lack of control ... I start shaking only a few seconds into it, groaning and grunting into the pillow. I can't even try to contain my voice, I'm just letting it all go. If Arya is anywhere in the vicinity of David's room, the gig is up, because I'm absolutely howling.

Finally, I feel David's rhythm change as well as his motion. Whenever he comes, it's like his body gets taken over by a wild animal and his thrusts become absolutely primal.

His dick, now coated with his jizz, thrusts more easily than ever before as he slows down, occasionally spasms, and finally comes to a rest.

I pull the pillow away and we catch our breath and utter quiet curses as he holds me and kisses me and brushes my hair from my face.

"Good," I finally say, "I never wanted to be in charge in the first place. Too much paperwork."

David emerges from his room, scans the hallway for Arya, and, seeing the coast is clear, waves me out.

My legs are weak and I feel drunk, but I stumble towards my room. Behind me, David disappears into the bathroom for a shower. I'd join him if we didn't have to worry about Aunt Arya.

Speaking of which, she emerges from my mom's room, dabbing her eyes with a tissue. She's been crying about what's his face again. I mean, I get it. He's her husband and the father of their kids or whatever, but also, fuck that guy.

But I realize, I'm trapped in the hallway between her and my room. I don't know that I could possibly look more like someone who just got the shit fucked out of her than I currently do. My hair is a mess, I can feel how flushed I am, I'm so cum-giddy, I'm practically drunk, and I'm sure I absolutely wreak of sex. But there's no running and hiding at this point. I just have to hope she doesn't suspect anything.

Arya looks up and sees me. She smiles. Then she sniffles, dabs her nose, and gestures at herself.

"I'm such a hot mess," she says.

That makes two of us, sister. Only I'm pretty sure I had much more fun.

"You look great," I say. "You always look great."

She waves at me like, "Go on." Then she looks at me and registers how much of a mess I am.

"Where were you, by the way?"

"Running," I say. Then I can't help but laugh at how ridiculous I must look. I rub my face and try to come back down to earth.

"I'm looking forward to tonight," I say, staring at Arya's lips. "We can raid my mom's closet and get all dolled up. Mom has a little blue cocktail dress that would look absolutely stunning on you."

"Oh, I don't know, Leah. I'm exhausted from driving and crying and stressing. Can I take a rain check? We can go tomorrow."

"We could..." I say. I step in closer to my aunt, hoping my post-coital pheromones will waft over her. "Or ... you could trust your niece."

I reach out and touch her arms. I inhale slowly.

"I promise you: Nothing will energize you and help you get over your asshole husband more than getting dressed to the nines and going out on the town feeling like the sexiest woman on the planet. And then, when we go to Sisters..."

I raise my hands and glide my fingers up her bare arms, all the while staring at her lips.

"You're going to be the hottest woman in a bar filled with beautiful women who are all going to be thirsty for new blood. You're gonna get free drinks, which you can feel free to indulge in because I'm going to be your designated driver. You're gonna get flirted with like you wouldn't believe. And it's not gonna be gross like in regular bars.

It's going to be sublime. You're gonna feel like a million bucks. You're going to forget the name of your no-good stupid husband..."

I finally look her in the eye. I'm inches from her face.

"Have you ever been with a woman?"

She swallows, suddenly remembering that saliva is a good thing, and she shakes her head slightly.

I smile and bite my lip and lean in and whisper.

"Well, let's just say ... it's good to get a little perspective every now and then. Ladies know their way downstairs a lot better than dudes do, which can really put things into perspective, if you get my meaning."

I suddenly step back. Aunt Arya subconsciously leans forward.

"I mean, I love dick as much as the next girl. But damn. Ladies be bringing it. So what do you say? Let me do this for you. Let me get you all dolled up and take you out for a night on the town. I promise you, tonight will be a real game changer."

I take her hands and give her puppy dog eyes.

She blinks, snapping out of her daze.

"How come you're twenty but you seem so much older than me?"

I give her my cutest smile. "To find out, you'll have to come out tonight."

She looks embarrassed, but then she looks at my lips and says ok.

ARYA

I feel ridiculous. I'm not sure why I let Leah talk me into this. A lesbian bar? I mean, no offense to lesbians, but it's literally the last place I want to go right now. Honestly, I just want to curl up on the couch and watch a stupid romance movie with my sister.

Leah opens my door and ...

She's an absolute vision. Dressed in a tight, slinky, strapless red dress that screams "Fuck me." Red stilettoes, black pantyhose, her hair teased just-so.

Jesus.

I've never had a single lesbian thought in my entire life, but all I want to do is tear that dress off my niece and lick every inch of her body.

My expression must give away my thoughts for she smiles and says, "Right?"

She spins around to give me the full picture.

Suddenly I feel like the world's ugliest duckling. A late-thirties housewife with a cheating husband and two kids who hate me...

"This is going to be you in a few minutes."

She holds out her hand. "Come."

My hand flies towards her as if it has a mind of its own. Her grasp is warm and inviting. She winks at me and turns to drag me out of my room.

Only I'm not resisting. Her ass. Holy smokes. Her ass in this dress. As she pulls me forward, all I can think is how close my hand is to her beautiful, sexy, ass.

And suddenly I'm in my sister's closet. Leah holds up one dress, then another, then another. I never knew my sister had so many sexy dresses.

Leah says, "Wait, I know where it is." Then she rifles through my sister's clothes until she emits a teeny little gasp. She pulls out a sexy royal blue cocktail dress. She holds it up to her and smiles a naughty

smile. All I want to do is tear that red dress off her so I can help her put on this blue dress so I can tear that off her, too.

I blush slightly.

She smiles. "My thoughts exactly."

Thoughts? Jesus. Can she read my mind. But no, she just thinks I like the dress.

She holds it up to me. Her eyes go wide.

"Oh yeah. This is the one. I love you in this color."

I can't help but blush even harder at the way she phrased that.

God, what's wrong with me? I'm fantasizing about my niece--my niece!--for god's sake.

But she's so effervescent it's hard not to get swept up by her energy.

"All right, let's turn you into a goddess," she says. "Off with your clothes."

I was certainly not expecting her to help me get dressed, but once again, she just kind of manhandles me, and suddenly I'm pulling my jeans off, praying to god that I have on clean underwear.

"Oh, no. We can do better than that," she says regarding my underwear, which is thankfully clean--just not sexy enough for my dress.

"Frankly, I'd go sans underwear. I am." She gives me a suggestive wink. "You are going to want these, though."

She unrolls some silk royal blue pantyhose.

"And..."

She whips out a pair of blue heels. Like her shoes, these have a bow on them. If I was salivating over the dress before, I'm almost wet over the idea of wearing those shoes. Thankfully, my sister and I wear the same size.

Before I know it, I'm naked. In front of my niece. I'm not entirely sure how this happened, but between her directing me and my lust for her and the outfit she's going to pour me into, I find myself standing before her, bra and panties lying on the floor.

I'd blush except Leah's taking it all in stride. She's almost clinical in directing me to get dressed. Next thing I know, I'm sitting on the edge of Kai's bed, sliding her silky pantyhose on my feet, making sure the line that runs up the back is perfectly straight.

Once the pantyhose are on, Leah helps me put on the dress. I have to buck my hips back and forth to get it to fit over my ass, but once it's over that, it's smooth sailing.

She spins me around and zips me up. Then she spins me around again and looks at me.

"Well fuck me sideways," she whispers. "Damn, Aunt Arya, you are one smoking hot smoke-show."

Once again, I blush. I ask to see myself in the mirror, but she says not yet.

"I got you. Sit." She points me to the edge of the bed again.

"Foot."

I raise my right leg and she gently takes my foot. It's all I can do not to gasp at her touch--or when she flashes her long lashes at me and says, "Love your nails," before slipping that sexy blue heel onto my foot. She straps the strap and then slips on my other shoe.

She helps me get up. I move towards the full-length mirror, but she pushes me past it and sits me down in the bathroom, facing away from the mirror.

"No mirror! Not yet! I'm not done with you!"

She gives me a blow dry and brushes and teases my hair. Then she begins applying makeup. I can't tear my eyes away from her gorgeous face. A face that is positively beaming back at me. God, her smile. It's a million-gigawatt smile that overflows with happiness and love.

"Pucker for me," she says once she finds the right shade of lipstick.

She gently lifts my chin and start applying lipstick. Watching her stare at my lips fills me with desire--especially when she puckers her lips to get me to mimic her.

Fuck, her lips. So red and plush and satiny. What must it be like to kiss them? I've never kissed a girl before but I swear I'd give away my life savings to kiss her. To feel those pillowy plush lips caress mine?

She puts on the final touch and hands me a tissue to kiss. Then she steps back to admire her work.

She gasps a long, slow gasp. The kind you might make if you saw the Gand Canyon for the first time. And suddenly I feel like the sexiest woman in the world.

She gently grabs my shoulders and purses her lips. "God, you're just so stunning."

She bites her lip and I feel her fingers tickle my upper arms. Blood rushes to my groin. "You are gonna knock 'em dead tonight. Are you ready to see how gorge you look?"

She spins me around.

Well, fuck me.

I don't think I've ever looked this hot in my whole life.

She stands behind me and brings her face up next to mine. She smiles. We could be sisters. Only I don't want to fuck my actual sister. But I do want to fuck this one.

"They're not gonna know what hit 'em."

I start to cry. Mascara runs down my face.

"What's wrong?"

She hands me a tissue, which I put to use.

"Did I overdo the makeup?"

"No. I look perfect," I say through the tears.

"Then what's wrong?"

"My marriage. My kids. How much love you've been showing me. I don't really need much to cry."

She smiles. God, she's so beautiful and loving and kind, which only makes me want to cry more.

She dabs my eyes. And once I've calmed down, she reapplies the mascara. Then she gives me the gentlest kiss and whispers, "Let's go knock 'em dead." She pulls away and I find my body leaning after her.

LEAH

Fuck, my aunt is so hot. I can't wait to seduce her tonight. Hell, I think if I gave her a proper kiss in the bathroom, she would have been down for a shag right then and there. Still, this will be more fun. She needs to go out and feel sexy and desired first. Get some confidence back.

Then I'll bang her.

I pull her out to the living room to show her off. Both David's and Mom's mouths fall open. Arya blushes but I can tell she's loving it.

"Jesus, sis. You look stunning. Doesn't she, David?"

David simply nods, but yeah, he's not blind. He looks briefly at me and the message is clear: Leah, do whatever it takes to bring this woman into our polycule because I want to fuck the shit out of her.

I got you, bro.

I insist Mom take our picture and tell Aunt Arya to post it to her Instagram account.

"Let's make your douchebag husband realize exactly what he's missing."

I press my face next to hers and we pucker for the photo.

Mom peppers us with questions the way she does. I guess you can fuck your mom three ways from Sunday but she's still gonna Mom the hell out of you.

As Arya futzes with her phone, Mom pulls me aside.

"Listen," Mom says, bringing me in for a hug. "I love that you're making Arya feel sexy and wonderful and everything, but I need to reiterate: Do not bring her into this, do you understand? I'm not fucking my sister. Nor do I want her around when I'm fucking you. Do you understand? It's not happening."

"OK, Mom, no worries. I'll fuck her for you and tell you what you're missing. Meanwhile, you go fuck your son. Oh, and also? Make sure

he shows you his new toy. Ho-lee-fuck is it something. In fact, I can't wait to use it on you."

Mom looks ... I don't know how to describe her expression. Confusion? Curiosity? Shame? Embarrassment? All the above?

"Love you, Mom."

She doesn't respond, but her attitude softens when I kiss her cheek.

"You look amazing, by the way," she says in spite of herself.

"I know."

I give her a kiss on the lips, which makes her blush..

"Let's roll!" I say with a gesture.

ARYA

Leah gets lucky with the parking and we only have to walk a few blocks to the bar. But boy is that an epic journey. It's Saturday night and everyone is out on the town.

And they all look at us.

One guy walks into a pole he's so distracted.

OK, maybe Leah's right. This does feel good.

I half expect the record to skip when we enter Sisters. That's not entirely the case, though damn near everyone inside gives us the once-over.

I see what Leah means about the patrons wanting new blood. This seems like a neighborhood bar, so I'm sure the regulars are excited any time someone new shows up. And if those two newbies are gorgeous babes all dolled up...? Well, so much the better.

Hot damn. There are some beautiful women in here. Some almost as hot as Leah.

She leads us to the backroom where the pool table is. She seems to know several of the women. One of whom gives her a kiss on the cheek.

"Listen up, ladies. This is my Aunt Arya and she's had a shitty fucking day, so let's make her feel loved."

They all raise their drinks and cheer me. One woman comes up and gives me a big, warm hug.

"Let me guess: A lying no-good, cheating husband?"

"Good guess."

"Well fuck him sideways. Let me buy you a drink."

And before long, I'm whooping it up, dancing, playing pool, and generally having the best night I've had in years. Everyone is so warm and welcoming.

One woman--girl, I should say, for she's probably Leah's age--gives me her number. She's a stunning blonde with a killer wink.

But for all the attention I'm getting and all the fun I'm having, I can't take my eyes off Leah. She's a dynamo. She works the room without working at all. Effortlessly floating from here to there, chatting with people, flirting without being coy, cracking jokes, etc. And she's constantly checking up on me; making sure I have a drink; introducing me to people, teaming up with me at pool (we get our butts kicked); and just generally making sure I'm all right.

At one point she pulls me up to dance and she throws her arms over my shoulders. I swear she's about to kiss me, but at the last second she whispers in my ear, asking if I'm having fun. I whisper back that I am, and she turns, wiggles her ass at me, and grabs someone else--not to dance with them, but to make them dance with me.

"You ok to drive?" I ask as she turns the car on.

"I've been drinking seltzer all night. No, this was all about you. How you feeling?"

I can't take my eyes off her is how I'm feeling. I sit in the passenger seat, but my body is facing her. I just love watching her move, talk, drive, laugh. Smile. God, I love her smile.

"I saw you connecting with that hot blonde chick," she says. "Did you get her number or anything?"

"I thought you kids didn't give out phone numbers. Just Instagrams or whatever."

"Sounds like you struck out," she says with a smile and a raised eyebrow.

"As a matter of fact..." I hold up a napkin, "I got her digits right here, bitch."

"Oh my god, I'm so jealous," she says. She touches my knee, her nails tickling my skin. I can't tell if she's jealous of the girl or jealous of me. I want to think she's jealous of that girl.

"Young, too, wasn't she? Look at you, robbing the cradle! You go, girl! Get that young poon!"

I laugh so hard I snort.

We arrive at the front door. She pauses to look at me. I feel giddily awkward. Like I'm on a date. God, I hope she kisses me.

"So...?"

"I had the best night I've had in years. Maybe ever," I say. "Thank you."

I reach up and caress her face. I can't believe I'm doing that, but my hand seems to have a mind of its own.

"I am so glad." She flashes me that million-dollar smile of hers. She looks at my lips. And bites her lip. Fuck. I love when she bites her lip.

"The lesson to be learned is: Leah is always right. Say it with me now. Leah..."

She doesn't get to finish that sentence. I lean forward and kiss her. On the lips. Her glorious, plush, pillowy lips. It's as heavenly as I hoped it would be. Cushiony goodness.

But then I realize what I'm doing and I stop and cover my mouth.

"Oh my god. I don't know where that came from. I'm so sorry."

She smiles at me. "I've been hoping you'd do that all night."

She pulls my hand away from my mouth and steps in and kisses me. And she kisses me again. And again. Each kiss is the kiss you dream

about when you're young and first imagine what it would be like to kiss someone. And you practice on anything you have handy but nothing delivers the sensation you want. Each one of her kisses delivers. And delivers. And delivers.

I try to protest.

"But no. We can't. I'm. Your. Aunt." Each semi-sentence is interrupted by one of her delicious kisses.

"I don't want to take advantage of you," I say when I get a chance to form a complete sentence.

"Aunt Arya. I'm clearly the one taking advantage of you."

She kisses my lips. Then my cheek. Then she kisses her way down my jawline to my neck. I tilt my head to give her better access. And she takes it, even kissing her way down to my shoulder and across the top of my chest.

I keep muttering how we shouldn't do this, but meanwhile I'm caressing her face and her head and pulling her in for more kisses, wanting her to rip my dress off and suck on my tits.

"Come with me," she says. She types the code and opens the door.

"But your mom," I whisper.

"Is asleep."

She pulls me into the house and locks the door behind us. Then she takes my hand and guides me down the hall to her room. I hesitate at her door.

"I can't," I whisper. "Your mom will kill me."

"What lesson did we learn tonight?"

I look at her.

"Leah is always right," she reminds me.

I let her pull me into her room.

She gently presses me against her door and begins kissing me again. Only now she sends in her tongue, and her hands run all over my body. God, how long has it been since I've been kissed like this?

She's doing all the work and it's almost overstimulating. But finally I work up the courage to send my tongue into her mouth. And she starts sucking on my tongue. Her lips wrap around my tongue and she moves her beautiful face in and away and back in again. The sensation is incredible. I want her to swallow me whole. My knees nearly buckle.

She senses how melty I am and she sends her hands behind me and unzips my dress. She pulls it down, freeing my tits. Oh, fuck. Fuck. She grabs my left breast and brings it up to her wet mouth. Her lips caress my nipple and then she opens her mouth wider and sucks, pulling the tip of my breast inside her. Her tongue flickers on my nipple, causing my whole body to quiver.

"Wait," I say. "Wait, please."

She stands upright and looks at me. Big smile on her face. She brushes my hair back.

"Too much?"

"Yeah," I say with a swallow. "I can't do this. I shouldn't. I'm sorry. I'm ... it's..."

"Shh."

She caresses my face in her soft hands. She gives me a gentle kiss. God, her lips.

"It's ok. I came in pretty hot. You'e just got me so turned on. But whatever you want, Aunt Arya, I'm here for you, OK? If you want to go to your room and forget that this ever happened, I've got you. We can just share a secret smile every now and again, knowing we almost dared to go there."

She rubs a thumb on my lips.

"It'll be a delicious little secret that we'll carry to our graves."

She smiles at me while staring at my lips. Then she looks at me.

"Or ... Option B..." She raises and eyebrow.

She leans in and gives me another gentle kiss. I kiss back. Fuck, I could kiss her all night.

"... we go there. I rock your world, delivering unto you one or three mind-blowing orgasms, and I cradle you and tickle your back until you fall asleep in my arms..."

She runs her nails over my back as she says this and goosebumps cover my body.

"...and then we see how we feel in the morning. If you want to stop there, it can be an even delicious-er secret. Or, I can rock your world again tomorrow. And maybe the day after that. And the one after that."

She gives me another gentle kiss.

"Personally, I like Option B, but I want you to be happy," kiss, "and comfortable," kiss, "and in control."

She gives me another kiss, making eye contact.

"Before you decide, though, can you hook me up and unzip me? This dress is a bitch to get out of on my own."

I smile. God, I've wanted to get her out of this dress since the moment I saw her in it.

I pull on her zipper. Slowly. I can hear each little nub click free as the zipper works its way down her back. Click. Click. Click. She bites her lip and stares at mine. I start writhing into her. Boy, Option B is sounding more and more appealing with each little click of the zipper.

I reach the bottom. Her ass is inches from my hands.

"Thanks," she says with a smile. She takes my chin and plants tiny kisses on me.

"Thoughts?" she asks.

I drag my nails up her now-exposed back. And her face. Oh fuck, her beautiful face. It lights up. Her eyes roll back. Her mouth opens. Her head leans back. Her hair cascades over her shoulders and lands on my hand. And she shivers. God, I want to see her make that face all night.

I pull on her dress until her tits pop free.

Fuck.

What tits she has.

She presses hers tits into mine and I can't help but smile.

"Option B, then?"

"Fuck me," I whisper, relishing how those words feel on my lips.

She smiles and kisses me, sending in her tongue, pulling on my dress, her nails sending tingles throughout my body. Once the dress crests over my ass, she grabs my butt cheeks and massages them.

I do the same for her, pulling down on her dress until it falls on the floor. Oh, fuck, how good her soft, beautiful ass feels in my hands.

She presses her body into mine. I can feel her toned ab muscles working against mine. God, I can't wait to run my tongue over them.

But she takes the initiative and drops to her knees. She kisses my stomach and gropes my ass. I start bucking my hips into her and she pulls my legs over her so that I'm pressed against the wall, sitting on her shoulders. Trapped. Helpless. Under her control. She said she

wanted to give me control but I'm so happy to have her take it from me. I don't want to be responsible for what I'm doing.

She licks my pussy, which is wet and waiting. She runs her tongue from back to front in one long delicious lick, and I shiver. I need to grab onto something, so I grab her hair, hoping I'm not overstepping my bounds. But her eyes shine up at me, and she licks and licks and licks. Her tongue touches my clit, which causes my thighs to tighten. She seems to love that. She turns her head to and fro slightly, relishing the feeling of my soft thighs on her cheeks.

Then she sends in one finger. Her middle one. It plays on my opening a bit, sliding up and down, but then she pushes it inside. I let out a slight gasp and tighten my thighs again. She now knows this is my instinctive signal that she should keep doing whatever she's doing.

She licks my clit and sends her finger in deeper, exploring up, sliding along my inner wall, her fingertip gliding, pressing gently, retreating slowly, entering again, until I spasm. Fuck me.

I lock my legs together and grind my hips towards her. Now that she knows that she's found my g-spot, she rubs. Up and down and up and down, pressing gently, releasing the pressure just when it threatens to be too much.

She licks my clit with more attention and keeps up her rhythm. And I grind and ride her and hold onto her luscious hair for dear life. I look down and the sight of her long lashes, her head turning this way and that, obviously loving what she's doing, sends me over the edge.

My orgasm starts to build and build. My legs tighten. She knows I'm getting close so she builds her intensity, pressing on my spot, licking my clit, building up speed slowly. I grind and grind into her as a wave of electricity flows through me.

And then it happens.

My body starts to shudder. The wave crests. My head falls back with a quiet thud against the door. And I'm a helpless, cumming puppet, riding on the shoulders of my beautiful niece, who is, true to her word, rocking my world.

And she keeps going. Normally this is where I'd beg to get off this ride, but she seems to know how to keep me riding without it being too much. And the second wave starts. Now she sends in another finger. Wait, no, three fingers. From her other hand. These start thrusting inside. Slow. Steady. Alternating strokes with the finger on my g-spot.

Oh fuck. I have no control over my body. She's positively wrecking me. I'm muttering gibberish. Quivering. Shivering. Groaning. Shaking. And the wave is still coming. Building. Building. Building. Finally, she sucks on my clit, presses against my g-spot, and sends her fingers in as far as they can go ... and the wave crests.

"Fuuuuuck."

I cover my mouth but it's too late. I've just screamed. And I'd worry about waking my sister, but I'm still cumming.

She wiggles her fingers and tears burst out of my eyes and I curse and curse and curse and just completely let go, unleashing every feeling, every last bit of control I thought I might have all at once.

When I finally come down, I feel like a puddle. I'm totally spent.

Suddenly I'm lying on her bed, having no idea how I got here. Did I pass out?

She pulls me in and wraps her arms around me so I'm cuddling her. My leg draped over hers, my body pressed against her side, my head resting on her breast. She cradles me. She tickles my back with her nails. She pulls the covers up because I'm shivering. I can't stop shivering. From happiness. From fear. From overstimulation.

I start to bawl.

I'm absolutely ugly-crying.

I apologize and apologize but she tells me there's no need. She hands me tissues and holds me and tickles me and tells me she's got me. I'm safe. I'm warm. I'm cozy.

I'm loved.

I'm loved.

Someone loves me.

She's got me.

Her nails work their magic.

Her love centers me.

She's got me.

Leah's always right.

And she's got me.

And I drift.

I drift.

I...

I wake up the next morning, unsure where I am. Until I feel Leah's warm breast against my lips, her arms still wrapped around me. I nuzzle into her. I can hear her smile. She bids me good morning and hugs me tightly. She's still got me. I'm still warm and cozy. Still loved. I never want to leave.

But then I pop up with a start.

"Fuck."

"Well, OK, if you insist..."

"Your mom."

"You wanna fuck my mom?"

"No, she'll kill me."

"It's OK." She caresses my face. "I promise you, it's OK."

"It's not OK. How is it OK? I just fucked her daughter. In her house. Her twenty-year-old daughter. My niece."

"She sounds hot."

"Leah, I'm serious. I need to go."

I scramble out of bed only to realize I have no clothes. Just the dress I wore last night.

"What if she sees me?"

Leah stretches and gets out of bed. She rummages through her drawer and grabs a t-shirt and shorts and hands them to me.

"Thanks," I say as I struggle to get them on me.

When I'm done, Leah places her hands on my arms.

"Deep breath."

"Leah..."

"Leah's always right, right? Now. Deep breath."

I mimic her. Another one.

There's a knock on the door.

"Come in, Mom," Leah says.

I gasp. What the fuck is she doing?

The door opens and sure enough, Kai enters. Covering her eyes, no less.

"We're dressed," Leah says.

I cover my breasts even though I have a shirt on.

"Sorry to bother you two. Truly. But, Arya, your stupid husband keeps calling. I'm sure he's just being a bitch, but I didn't want there to be an actual emergency and not tell you."

I stare at her as she casually hands me my phone. I glance at the screen. Ten calls.

I look up at Kai who smiles at Leah as though nothing weird is happening. As though I'm not standing in her daughter's room wearing her clothes, obviously having spent the night here fucking my niece.

"You two have fun last night?" Kai asks Leah.

"Oh my god, it was the best."

"Good. I'm making breakfast. Take your time."

Kai looks at me and smiles. "Hope it's nothing serious."

She winks at me and closes the door.

I remember to breathe.

And then the phone rings.

I'm so startled, I fumble the phone and it falls to the floor.

"I got you," Leah says. She answers it. "Hey Uncle Mike. Yeah, she's busy right now. Is it an emergency? Oh yeah?" She looks at me and shakes her head.

Breathe, Arya. Breathe.

"Yeah, well, maybe you should have thought of that before cheating on her. Now fuck off."

She hangs up and hands me my phone with a wink.

"What a cunt," she says. "Breakfast?"

I blink.

"What?"

Chapter 4

Leah kisses me and tells me to take my time. Then she leaves to go eat.

I stand there in her bedroom blinking for what seems like hours.

What exactly just happened? How did Kai not freak out on me?

I'm terrified to leave Leah's room, but decide that I can't stay here forever.

I tiptoe down the hall to the kitchen. I can hear the three of them chatting happily away.

I enter and they all welcome me ... and then go back to their conversation.

It's like I've entered the Twilight Zone.

Everyone's pretending that nothing weird happened. That I didn't sleep with my niece in their house. The three of them sit at the kitchen table, laughing, joking, passing the coffee and the pancakes and the syrup.

Finally, David wraps up his hockey tale and Kai turns to me. Big smile on her face.

"Coffee? David made his famous pancakes this morning. You've got to try them."

I stare at them. I blink.

Leah rises and pulls out my chair. She hands me a mug of hot coffee. Black. Just the way I like it. She guides me to my chair.

"What did Mike want?" Kai asks.

I have no idea. I never spoke to him. Leah did.

"He doesn't know the kids' weekend schedules. Where are their soccer games? Where is Darla's ballet performance? Etc. Etc. You know. The basic asshole dad who's never been involved with his kids' lives bullshit."

Oh no. My kids. What the fuck am I doing here? My kids need me.

I reach for my phone but Leah pulls it away.

"Uh-uh," she says. "Not for twenty-four hours."

"Leah!" I say.

"Aunt Arya. Who did your kids side with in this recent argument you had with your cheating husband?"

I pause.

"Him, right? Who do you kids always side with when you two fight? And yet who does everything for them and everything for her husband and yet still gets walked on like a doormat?"

"Leah," Kai says.

"I'm just spittin' facts, here, Mom."

"Yes, but there's a thing called tact."

But Leah's right. Mike's and the kids' favorite pastime is making fun of me. Whenever I have a problem, they act like I'm overreacting. But when the littlest thing goes wrong, I'm the one who has to fix everything.

Kai rubs my shoulder.

"Leah does have a point," Kai says. "Give yourself a little vacation, Sis."

I look at her. I want to say something about how rotten I feel about sleeping with Leah, but David is sitting here. She sees me glance at him and she seems to read my mind.

"You're fine, baby girl. I promise. I'm glad for you. Seems like you had fun last night."

I don't know what to say, but thankfully Leah takes charge.

"You should have seen her, Mom. She was crushing it. Dancing up a storm, charming the ladies. She even got digits from a hot blonde chick. Ooh!" Leah grabs her brother's hand. "You would have loved her, David. Legs all the way up to her ass."

David laughs. "All the way up?"

"All the way."

"That's a good place for them to go," he says before taking a bite of pancakes.

"Here," Leah says, pushing a forkful of pancake towards me. "Try some."

I let her feed me, feeling like everything is happening in slow motion. I chew. Swallow.

"Little slice of heaven, right?" Leah says.

I nod, though I didn't really taste them. I'm too much in shock. How is Kai OK with this? I'd almost rather she screamed at me and tell me to leave than to be OK with me sleeping with her daughter.

Almost.

Of course, I loved sleeping with Leah. Jesus. I've never cum like that in my life. And I suspect that that was just the tip of the Sex-with-Leah-Iceberg.

And god, the way she cared for me last night? Held me. Caressed me. Tickled me. I've never felt so loved ... ever. Fuck. If she wasn't my niece and if I wasn't married--scratch that, fuck my husband. But if she wasn't eighteen years younger than me... and my niece ... I could see totally falling in love with her.

I suddenly realize everyone is quietly staring at me. I think David might have asked me a question.

"Kids, will you give me and Arya some space."

"You got it, bro," Leah says. "Hey, David, gimme a ride."

She leaps onto David's back. He stumbles for a second but then hikes her up and carries her out of the kitchen with her yelling "Mush! Mush!"

I watch them go, baffled by everything that's happened this morning. I look at Kai who's quietly shaking her head watching her kids be goofy. Then she smiles at me. She doesn't have that million-watt smile that Leah has, but she has a gorgeous smiles nevertheless.

"I'm sorry," I say, about to launch into some kind of speech. But Kai holds up a hand.

"I promise. You're fine. You're totally fine."

"How? I slept with your daughter!" I whisper, though I wonder why I'm whispering since it seems like everyone knows. "How are you fine with that?"

"Because I want you to be happy, Arya. Because I saw how Leah looked at you when you arrived yesterday. And I saw how you looked at her when she got dressed up in that smoking hot red dress. And because who better for the two of you to hook up with than each other? Leah's a good soul. I mean, don't get me wrong. She's strong-willed, too old for her age, thinks she's way smarter than she is, and I've long since given up trying to mother her. But she's a good person. She'd be good for you. And you'd be good for her. So who am I to say no?"

She takes a sip of coffee.

"Besides, if I putting my cards on the table, I saw you two earlier. Your phone was going berserk and I poked my head in to Leah's

room. But you two were sound asleep. There was no way I was going to wake you--especially since I knew you must have been out late. But the look on your face told me everything I needed to know. You were wrapped up in Leah's arms, big smile on your face, happier than I've ever seen you. So what, I'm going to ruin that because of societal norms or some shit? No. You're fine. I promise, OK? Please don't feel weird about this. Be with Leah... or don't be with Leah ... it's all good. We just want you to be happy. OK?"

She can see I'm about to cry, so she brings me in for a hug.

"There, there. We've got you. We've got you."

That night after dinner, I help David wash the dishes.

"You're not weirded out by me and Leah...?"

He smiles. God, he's so handsome when he smiles.

"Not even a tiny bit. I know. It's weird." He goes back to drying the salad bowl. "But I guess we're weird."

"I wish my family was so weird." He snorts at me but I continue. "No, it's true. You guys are all so close and we all hate each other."

He puts an arm around me and gives me a side hug.

"We love you, Aunt Arya."

I rest my head on his shoulder and sigh. "I love you, too."

Dishes done, David and I adjourn to the living room.

"You still into hockey?" he asks me.

"Oh yeah. Go Flyers."

He clicks on the TV and finds the game. Then he grabs the lounge chair, and I sit on the couch. Kai joins me. After a minute she says I look tired, and asks if I want to go to bed. No, I say. It's early. I should stay up. She smiles and pats her lap. I laugh, remembering how I used to rest my head on her lap while she played with my hair.

"Come on," she says, patting her lap again. "You'll feel better."

So I lie down and rest my head on her. And, just like when we were little, she strokes my hair, her nails causing my scalp to tingle and tiny shivers run through my body.

God, I never want to leave.

I feel my eyelids getting heavy.

I dream. I dream of fucking Leah. I never got around to pleasuring her last night. But tonight I will. I dream of her soft thighs on my cheeks. I nuzzle into them. I slide my hand up her legs. God, her skin is so soft. Gliding my fingers on her is such a luxurious experience. I never want to stop touching her. I kiss her thighs. So warm. So soft. So inviting. I can feel my chest rising and falling. My breaths coming in harder and harder. Fuck, I want to dive in to her pussy and lick her. I lick her thighs and rub my head into them, relishing the feel of my hair on my face, the warmth of her thighs calling to me.

And she's rubbing my feet somehow. Not sure how, but it's a dream so I go with it. God, she's really getting in there. Pressuring my pressure points, tingling my soles, playing with my toes, making me squirm and writhe. I start bucking my hips.

I turn my face downward. Her pussy is right there. I nuzzle into her crotch.

"Arya," Kai says.

"Mmm..." I lick Leah's thigh some more and slide my hand up, up, under her shorts and caress her ass.

"Arya!"

I open my eyes.

Oh fuck.

"Jesus. I'm sooo sorry!"

I pull my face out of my sister's crotch.

"You're fine," Kai says, patting my head to calm me down. "I promise you're fine."

I try to scramble to my feet and realize Leah was actually giving me a foot rub.

"I'm so embarrassed."

"No need," Kai says with a gentle smile, though she does look a little flustered.

I rise and am about to apologize again, but Kai stands and hugs me.

"Shh, it's OK. I promise. You were obviously having quite the dream. Please don't stress about it. I love you. You're fine."

I cover my face and laugh. Better to laugh than cry.

"I think I need some therapy," I say.

"Better yet," Leah says, taking my hand, "let's go to bed."

She leads me out of the room.

"Again, I'm so sorry."

"Don't be," Kai says. She sits down and smiles. "It was kind of nice."

I turn bright red at that comment. Thankfully, Leah whisks me away.

"I can't believe I did that. I was dreaming about you."

She raises her eyebrows up and down. "Well, let's see if we can't turn that dream into reality. Oh, also! I have a new toy."

KAI

Fuck. You know, I tried to tell Leah to stop rubbing her feet once I saw Arya getting all riled up. But of course, she didn't because Leah never listens to me. But fuck me. Having my sister squirm in my lap like that? And kiss my thighs? And grab my ass?

"David." I say. I'm suddenly flushed and struggling to breathe. "You need take me to bed."

He hops up and lifts me off the couch. I stare into his eyes as he carries me through the house.

He lays me down on the bed and laughs.

"You were getting turned on by your sister," he says.

"Shut up or I'll never let you fuck me again."

He gestures like he's locking his mouth and throwing away the key. Then he takes off my shorts and goes to town.

LEAH

I smile at Arya. God, she's so red.

"I think you turned my mom on,"

"Shut up," she says, covering her face and turning even redder.

I smile even bigger. I say in a sing-songy voice: "You wanna fuck my mom."

She smacks my arm. "Shut up! I do not."

I can't stop smiling. "Yeah you do."

I slide my arms around her and run my nails up her back. She gasps. She's so turned on it makes me wet.

I lift her shirt off. Her nipples are already hard, calling to me to nibble on them.

I pinch one. She gasps.

"Admit it."

"Stop," she says, though she says it with a smile.

I send my hand down her shorts. Ohhhh, she's soaking wet. I rub my hand flatly on her pussy. She squirms under my control.

"You're wet thinking about my mom."

"Stop."

"Imagine doing this to my mom."

I send in two fingers and find her g-spot.

"It's OK. My mom's sexy."

"Stop, Leah."

"Imagine giving in to your deepest, wildest, most taboo desires."

"Stop," she whispers, but she's grinding into me now. Hard. "Oh, fuck," she says. "Don't stop."

"Call me Kai."

"Fuck. Fuck. Fuck!"

She's clawing my shoulders. It hurts, but that's not stopping me.

"Say fuck me, Kai."

She opens her mouth and cums. Hard.

"Oh my god! Oh my god! Ohmygod ohmygod ohmygodohmygodohmygod."

Her knees buckle under her but I maintain my rhythm as we sink to the floor.

Finally she sits, my hand trapped under her, still stimulating her as she screams and screams and screams until she lets out once last "FUUUUCK!" before going limp.

I hold my hand in place, knowing not to move or I'll overstimulate her. Even still, she jerks and gasps occasionally. She looks at me without seeing. God, I love seeing how cum-drunk she gets.

She finally catches her breath.

"I think you broke me."

"I like breaking you," I say.

"My goal for tonight was to pleasure you."

"Mmm... yeah 'me.'"

She laughs and then jerks as my hand stimulates her. "I don't want to fuck my sister."

I press my fingertips forward, causing her to gasp. She looks helplessly at me, almost begging me to stop but knowing she never wants me to stop.

"Maybe you want to fuck her a little bit."

She shakes her head no, but I press my fingers again and her mouth opens.

"No?"

Press.

Gasp.

"You sure?"

I start building up a gentle rhythm.

"What about the two of us at once? Me and my mom?"

A smile creeps across her face but she can't speak. I'm working her up again.

"Oooh, imagine fucking us both. Me doing what I'm doing right now. My mom kissing your tits..."

I lean forward and kiss her right breast and she gasps some more. She reaches up and caresses my head, pulling me into her. She writhes on my hand as I press her g-spot some more.

"Yes," she finally manages to mutter.

"You want us both."

"Yes." She bites her lip and looks at me, embarrassed at having admitted it.

"Say it."

She's grinding harder and harder into my hand now.

"I want to fuck you both. I want to fuck you both."

She starts repeating it over and over again. She pulls my head back to her breast and she cums and cums and cums. I can barely breathe, my face is stuffed into her tit. But who needs air? I'm making my aunt groan and clutch at me as she cums harder than I've ever seen anyone cum.

When she finally calms down, she stares at me through half-lidded eyes.

"What are you doing to me?"

"I'm making you cum." I smile. "I love making you cum."

"You're a witch."

I smile again.

"You're a witch. You're a witch. A beautiful, sexy witch."

She seems to have found a new well of energy.

"You're a witch. You're a witch," she repeats.

She leaps off of my hand with a gasp and climbs on top of me.

She pulls off my shirt and attacks my breasts with her mouth.

"Oh, fuck," I say, loving her aggression. Yeah, Aunt Arya. Fuck me. Take me.

She savors every last lick and suck of my boob and then pushes me down to the floor.

She licks her way down my stomach, sending her nails up and down my torso and sides. Jesus. I shudder under her stimulation as she tickles me into submission.

She yoinks off my shorts and plunges her face into my groin. She pulls my legs over her shoulders and lays flat on the floor and starts to lick. She slows her aggression now, but she sends her tongue around and around and around and around my pussy. Oh, fuck, I'm so wet.

She slides her fingers into my pussy and finds my g-spot. Oh yeah, that's it.

I play with her hair as she stimulates me, getting me hotter and hotter.

"That's it, that's it, that's it!" I say, not wanting her to change anything.

I squeeze my legs together as my orgasm sweeps over me. Fuck, this has been a long time coming. It takes several minutes for me to calm all the way down.

"Was it all right?" she asks, brushing her hair away from her face. "I've never done that before."

"I was beautiful," I say.

"I wish I could fuck you," she says. "Like, I wish I had a dick." She covers her face, once again embarrassed at having said a secret desire out loud.

"Actually, you can." I point to my desk. "Up there."

She looks confused, but she sits up and grabs around on my desk until her hand lands on the strapless dildo.

She looks puzzled by it.

"That end goes in you. The other in me."

"No way."

"Way."

She bites her lip and slides the short end inside her. She lets out a small gasp.

She looks down.

"I have a dick."

"Yeah you do."

She plays with it and jumps as the part that's inside her hits her g-spot.

"Oh, fuck."

"Yeah. I've been dying to try it."

She smiles at me. She crawls toward me and places the tip at my entrance.

"I'm gonna fuck the shit out of you," she says.

"Promises, promises."

She laughs. Then she gets very serious and her mouth opens as she lowers the tip slightly, sending it into my opening.

"Oh," I gasp. "I like that."

She smiles and thrusts her hips forward. Just a little.

We both open our mouths and utter silent curses.

She pushes a little further.

"Oh, fuck," I say. "Fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me, Aunt Arya."

She does. She thrusts it inside as far as our hips will allow. She slides it in and out a few dozen times, taking it slow, relishing how it stimulates both of us.

"Deeper," I say.

She pulls back, allowing me to lift my legs up. She places her hands on the back of my legs and pushes them towards me. All the way until my knees straddle my face. Just the way I like it.

"Oh my god, this is my favorite," I mutter. "Now do me. Dominate me. Make me yours."

Her eyes light up at the challenge. And she places the tip of the dildo back to my entrance ... and slides in. All the way in.

"Oh my gawd," I grunt. She slides out ... and back in. In this position the dildo glides against my g-spot with every stroke.

She presses her body against my legs. I'm trapped. Helpless.

"You're all mine," she says. "You're all mine, Leah."

"Yes. Yes! Fuck me. Fuck me silly."

"I'll do whatever I want," she says with a smile.

"Call me Kai."

"I don't want to fuck my sister."

"Yeah you do."

Her mouth opens at the thought and her hips build up speed.

"You're all mine," she says. And even though she doesn't call me Kai, I can tell she's thinking it. "All mine. Oh my god, you're all mine!"

I utter one yes after another until we're both grunting and groaning. Her body shudders over mine and I'm a quivering mess. My toes curl. I hug her and press her into me harder. Harder.

We finally come to a rest. Thanks to yoga, I'm very flexible, so I don't need her to get off me to move my legs. I send them out wide until they're resting on the floor, nestled under her.

"I like having a dick," she says finally.

"Me too."

She climbs off me and holds out a hand. We snuggle into bed together.

"Please stop teasing me about wanting to fuck my sister," she says after a few minutes.

"OK, fair. Though you did cum really hard from that."

"Shhh..." she says, placing a finger on my lips.

I kiss her finger and fall asleep.

ARYA

I wake up to Leah licking my pussy. Fucking hell, her tongue is so dexterous and her fingers so nimble. I'm gonna have to learn how she does what she does because my orgasms are way more intense than the one I was able to deliver to her last night.

"Fuck me," I command after I come down from my, hopefully, first orgasm of the day.

"Roll over."

I smile and do as she commands. I hear her gasp as she inserts the dildo inside her. Then she lifts my ass up slightly. Soon, she's over me, fucking me slowly, grabbing my tits, and whispering dirty things in my ear. Fuck, every stroke is hitting home, and it's only a minute before I'm groaning into her pillow.

We don't rest long. She manages to flip us over so now I'm lying with my back on her stomach, grinding into her. She really likes that. I guess it hits the right spot for her.

After our morning sex session, I wrap her up in my arms and hug her tightly.

"You make me so happy," I say. "I never want to leave."

"Good. Then it's settled."

"Well. My stupid kids."

She bursts out laughing, which makes me laugh as well. She's right. I'd rather not think of them right now. Let Mike take care of them for a while.

We eat breakfast, and Kai tells us she has to go on a sudden business trip tonight to Chicago. She seems pretty bummed about it. God, a surprise week-long trip to Chicago sounds like the best thing ever to me. I love Chicago. But she says it's work and it's stupid and boring.

But I don't know. Something else seems to be troubling her.

"I've got the kids," I say. "Though they certainly don't need me to babysit."

She smiles and glances at Leah. I feel like I'm missing something.

"You all right?" I ask after breakfast as she starts to pack.

"Yeah, yeah, I just worry about David. His sleepwalking."

Oh yeah. I had totally forgotten.

"He hasn't done it since I've been here. Maybe he's over it?"

"Maybe," she says, though she clearly doesn't believe that. "I'm sure I'm worrying over nothing. Besides, Leah knows what to do."

I can't imagine what that could entail, but I guess I'll find out.

LEAH

Mom gathers us together after she finishes packing. She asks Aunt Arya for a moment alone with the kids, which she's only too happy to give us.

After bitching about corporate having their heads up their asses for a few minutes, she sits on the bed and throws her hands up.

"So," she says. "What's our game plan?"

I raise my hand.

"Please don't say we let David run amok and fuck Aunt Arya."

I lower my hand.

"I don't know. That sounds good to me," David mumbles.

Mom glares at him.

"Kidding!"

I raise my hand again. Mom sighs. "Yes, Leah."

"I don't think David was kidding."

He shoves me.

"Kids! This is serious!"

"Mom, I'll just jerk off. It's not a problem."

She face palms for a bit, but we hug her and caress her and give her love until she feels better.

"I swear to god, if Aunt Mia shows up in two weeks, just shoot me."

"Well that'll certainly free up space on the bed," I say.

She rises and takes my chin in her hand.

"I'm not fucking my sister."

"You seemed pretty hot and bothered by her attentions last night."

David nods. She sighs and drags her suitcase out of the room.

The three of us wave Mom goodbye. She looks really worried. I mean, I get it. Last time she went on a business trip she ended up in a threesome. And she knows I'm angling to pull Arya into our group. But I wouldn't do that behind her back.

OK, yeah I totally would, who am I kidding?

"OK!" Aunt Arya says, clapping her hands together. "So what's really going on?"

David and I glance at each other.

"We're all fucking each other," I say. "We're just one big happy incest family. And the only thing that keeps David from sleepwalking and assaulting us is getting fucked every single night by either Mom or me."

She stares at me. Then she looks at David, who is doing his best straight-man impression.

"OK, maybe you'll tell me what's going on."

"Pretty much what Leah said."

She nods. "OK. Fine. Be that way. I'm gonna go cook dinner."

"And I'm gonna make us some margaritas," I say.

"You're gonna be trouble, aren't you?" she asks me.

I wink. "Only the best kind."

We have a nice dinner and yes, I did make us some margaritas, which Aunt Arya enjoys, though David demurs. He's pretty straight-laced, that one. You know, aside from all the incest.

Arya asks David about girlfriends. His answers are very noncommittal, but she's a little tipsy, so she keeps prying.

"Come on, there has to be someone. Big, handsome, strapping guy like you."

"Yeah, David," I say as I pour Aunt Arya another drink. "Who ya fuckin'?"

He grimaces at me. "Nobody interesting."

I lean over to Arya. "That's a sick burn on me."

She nods and then squints. "Wait, how, exactly?"

"I'll tell you later."

"OK."

We clink glasses and drink.

"You know how you enjoyed my foot rub last night?" I say.

She smiles. "Yes?"

"Well, David gives the best foot rubs in the family. Isn't that right, David?"

He grows pale.

"You do?" Arya laughs. "How does an eighteen-year-old even get into foot rubs?"

"He practices on me."

She snorts. "You kids crack me up. Wait. Do you have a foot fetish?"

David grows red. Arya gasps. "You do? Don't be embarrassed! I think that's hot. Don't you, Leah?"

"Very."

He glances at me.

"Your sister has pretty feet, don't you think? Wait, you don't have to answer that. That's wrong of me to ask you that."

"She does," David says, staring at Aunt Arya. "Very pretty. So do you."

Arya blushes and bites her lip.

"Do you want David to give you a foot rub? I can rub your back ... David can rub your feet..."

She gawks at me and blushes. "No. David doesn't want to give his old aunt a foot rub."

"Yes I do," he says.

She gasps and swallows.

"Oh my god, your mother would kill me."

"Did she kill you when she caught you fucking me?"

"No, but that's ... that's different."

"Why?"

She shakes her head. Then she snorts. "I don't know." She gets serious. "It just feels different."

"Here. Let's finish our drinks. Cheers. Now. Give me your glass."

I take our glasses and set them on the coffee table. I position myself sideways on the couch with my back propped up against some throw pillows. I gesture for Aunt Arya to sit between my legs.

"I don't know, guys. I feel like this is crossing a line."

"What line is that? It's just a foot rub."

"Leah," David says. "It's cool. She doesn't want to."

I nod. "Yeah, you're right. No worries. We don't want you to feel uncomfortable. You can still sit here, though, and we can snuggle."

She stands there for a second, looking like she's being led into a trap. Which ... fair. But for realsies. If she doesn't want David to touch her, he won't.

But she totally does. It's so obvious. She just needs us to make it OK.

I pat the couch. "No funny business, I promise."

She hesitates but climbs onto the couch. She leans into me. I maneuver a bit so that her head is resting on my chest.

"I can give you a head rub if you like."

She's breathing hard, knowing she's about to cross a line, wanting to cross the line, unsure if we've made it safe enough for her to cross it.

"Shh. It's OK, Aunt Arya."

I start massaging her scalp, occasionally tickling her with my nails, but mostly just rubbing. Almost as if I'm giving her a professional shampoo job. Pretty soon, she's putty in my hands. Sighing, chest heaving. Rubbing my thighs.

"Oh my god, you make me feel so good," she whispers.

"Do you want to feel even better?"

She hesitates but nods.

"David."

He takes a seat at the other end of the couch and gently places Aunt Arya's feet in his lap.

She gasps at his touch.

"Tell me if you want me to stop," he says. "OK?"

She nods.

I continue to rub her head. David takes one hand and traces his finger tips along the top of her left foot.

She opens her mouth and gasps.

"What am I doing?" she whispers.

"Pampering yourself."

She swallows. Then she lifts her foot so David can properly rub it.

He places a pillow under her calf. Then he gets to work.

He presses his thumbs into her sole and slides them up towards her toes. She inhales and clutches my thighs.

It's on. Oh, it's so on.

ARYA

I'm going to hell. I am so going to hell. I'm going to let my nephew fuck me. I'm going to let my nephew fuck me, and probably have a three-way with my niece. There's no way I'm not going to hell for this.

But my god, the way he's working my feet is making me so wet. My feet have always been my weakness. And he's making me so weak.

And Leah has moved on from giving me a head rub to giving me a shoulder rub.

Jesus.

Oh well. In for a penny, in for a pound.

I raise my foot.

"Do you want to kiss it?"

He nods.

I look up at Leah.

"Are you OK if your brother kisses my feet?"

"Only if I get to watch."

Well OK then. I see where we are.

"You weren't kidding earlier when you said you were all sleeping together?"

She shakes her head.

Oh my god, that's so hot. Now everything makes sense. No wonder Kai wasn't mad at me.

Oh fuck. Kai is fucking her son. And her daughter.

They were probably fucking when I showed up.

Now I'm about to fuck them.

I start grinding into the couch.

"Kiss my feet, David."

He smiles. Then he licks the entire length of my foot.

"Oh fuck."

He kisses each individual toe. Then he starts sucking on my big toe. Holy Jesus, no one has ever done that before. Being enveloped in his wet mouth and having his tongue caress my toe is so delicious I can't help but mutter a few oh-my-gods.

Leah sends her hands down and pulls up my shirt, exposing my breasts. She starts massaging them, occasionally pinching my nipples and causing me to gasp and jerk.

"Take off my shorts, David."

He leans in and kisses my inner thighs. Then his hands snake up and pull on my shorts. I lift my ass and he slides them off me.

"Do you want to fuck me?"

I can't believe I'm saying or doing any of this, but being with Leah has unblocked something in me.

He nods.

"Take off your clothes."

He sits up and yanks off his shirt. Holy mother of god. I knew he was strong but seeing all of his muscles is something else. All muscles, no fat, no body hair to get in the way of his ripples. Then he lifts his ass and pulls off his shorts.

There it is. My nephew's cock. Hard. Ready. Enormous. I'm almost a little afraid.

Almost.

"Are you OK if I fuck your brother?"

"I highly recommend the experience."

"You kids are sick," I say. "I love it."

"Welcome to the family, Aunt Arya."

I hold out my hand and David takes it.

"Sorry, but I need to do something first."

He pulls me up and I stand before him. I whip off my shirt so I'm completely naked. Then I drop to my knees in front of him and slide in between his legs. His powerful legs.

I slide my hands up his thighs, relishing the feel of his muscles under my fingertips. I grasp his cock. Oh my god. It's so big and warm. And hard. Fuck me. So this is what a real man's cock looks and feels like.

I need this inside me asap.

I pull it toward me and smack it on my tongue a few times. He gasps with pleasure. I can tell he likes the naughty side of me.

I like it too.

I'm tired of being the dutiful wife. The loving mother. Fuck that shit. After all, where has it gotten me? In a lousy marriage with kids who hate me.

This week? I'm going to be the Whore of Fucking Baylon. I'm going to do all that porn-star shit. I'm going to fuck my niece and my nephew and I'm leaving everything behind me.

I'm safe here. These people love me. They want me to be happy.

Well, this is going to make me very, very, very fucking happy.

I take his dick and hold it with one hand, and then I lick my way up from the base to the tip. It's an epic journey. I run out of saliva halfway up. I lick up, slide back down, lick up some more, slide back down and finally, finally reach the top. Once there, I wrap my lips

around his huge head, letting my teeth gently scrape it on the way in, which cases him to gasp.

Then I plunge my head forward, taking in as much as I can.

He sighs and caresses my face.

I build up speed.

Oh my god, I'm sucking my nephew's cock. And it's glorious.

I bob my head up and down, licking and licking and then slowing my tempo to do a long, slow suck as I pull back. Them I plunge back down. Bob and lick, long, slow suck. His cock is so big my mouth is getting tired. Shit. I'm gonna have to practice this. But right now, I got other things to think about.

I climb up and straddle his thighs.

"Fuck me, David."

He positions his head on my pussy and gently lowers me down.

"Oh my fucking fucking fucking GOD!"

His cock absolutely fills me. He's bigger than that dildo for fuck's sake, and that was big.

My walls reluctantly expand to accommodate him. When I reach the bottom I feel the tip of his dick touching my cervix. I wouldn't be able to handle him if he was any bigger.

"Oh my god oh my god oh my god"

I sit there at the bottom trying to adjust to this ridiculous, overwhelming sensation.

I'm hyperventilating.

"You OK, Aunt Arya?" he asks.

No. I'm not OK. But I'm tired of being OK.

"Fuck me, David. Fuck me. Fuck me fuck me fuck me." I mutter this, building up speed as my desire grows. "Use me. Use me like a sex toy."

He lifts me up by my hips ... and then he pulls me down. Up and down. Up and down. And I'm yelling with every stroke, getting louder and louder. I don't have to worry about anyone hearing me. My sister's out of town and I'm fucking her kids.

"Oh! Oh shit. Oh shiiiiiiit!"

I'm erupting.

"Now, David!" Leah says. She's right next to us, caressing both of our heads. "Breed her!"

He grunts and unleashes a torrent inside me. His seed fills my insides and leaks out the bottom.

Breed me? Oh my god, that's so dirty. Getting bred by my nephew.

I fucking love it.

"Oh yeah. Breed me. Breed me breed me breed me."

I start grinding into him even before my first orgasm is finished, already building up to another one. Jesus, having this massive cock inside me, pressing against me as I grind. It's otherworldly. And I want more. "Give me more, David. Fill me with your incest seed."

I grind and grind, with each stroke my clit gets stimulated and soon I'm a quivering mess.

But David's got me. He's hard again--eighteen year olds for the win!--and he's now pumping his cock into me. Thrusting with even more

speed than before. And normally I'd hate this except I'm already cumming and I just want him to go ballistic. Tear me apart. Use me.

He grunts and his body jerks and once again I feel his warmth fill me. He wraps his arms around me and mutters the word fuck over and over and over again until he finally stops.

I rest my head against his chest and catch my breath.

Leah leans in with a big smile.

"Not bad, right?"

I start giggling.

"Leah's always right," I say.

I lean over and kiss her. Then I kiss David. I caress both of their beautiful faces.

"I wanna see you two kiss."

Leah smiles. She turns to her brother and kisses him. He pulls her head into his and I watch her send her tongue into her brother's mouth.

"Oh fuck," I say, once again grinding into David. "This is gonna be a hell of a week."

LEAH

We barely leave the house for the whole week. Mom said Aunt Arya was more conservative than her, but if that was ever true, it sure as shit isn't true anymore. She can't get enough sex. She really loves David's cock, which, you know, fair. But she also loves worshipping my body, kissing me everywhere, telling me over and over again how beautiful and sexy I am.

On the second morning, I hop into the shower while she and David fuck. But while I'm in there, she joins me. Then she washes me and shampoos me, caressing every inch of my body until she ends up on her knees, licking my pussy until I cum.

On day three, we try various positions with that dildo that David bought. Our favorite is with Arya lying with her back on David's stomach, his dick claiming her ass while I fuck her pussy.

Seeing her transform from being a tentative, scared, sad little housewife into being a cum-drunk porn star is quite something. By day four, she's not even checking her phone. It's like she's left her old life far, far behind.

She really loves engaging in pantyhose play with me and David. She loves when I get dressed up in Mom's sexy nurse costume. I love it, too because they both drop to their knees before me and lick my feet

and legs until Aunt Arya starts fucking me with the dildo with David fucking her ass behind her.

She really loves taking it in the ass. I mean, I like it, too. But damn, it does something to her. I think maybe because it's the most outrageous thing she can think of and that seems to get her off even more than trad sex.

She also really loves fucking David first thing in the morning. Every morning, she starts the day by licking him until he's hard and then climbing on top and grinding the shit out of him.

She's really aggressive and intense, which totally turns David on. It's so hot to watch her clench every single muscle in her body and grind into him and stare into his eyes while pleading for him to breed her.

Once he does, she usually leaps off him and goes down on me, sending the dildo into my pussy and licking my clit until I cum.

She loves seeing me cum.

She also loves watching me fuck my brother. Especially when David sends my legs over my head and dominates me. She lies next to us, pleasuring herself with that dildo, encouraging us to give in to our deepest desires.

On Thursday night, Mom and David have phone sex, while Arya fucks me in my room. When we're done, she rubs her face into my

hands, letting me muss her hair. Then she looks at me through half-lidded eyes and tells me she loves me.

"I love you, too Aunt Arya."

"No, I mean it. I love you so much, Leah. You've totally changed my life."

I kiss her and hold her and tell her I love her, too.

"I just want to stay here forever, but I know that when your mom comes home, it all might go to shit."

"It might. But somehow I don't think so."

"Let's hope Leah continues to always be right."

I wink.

By Friday morning. We're just flat-out spent. After our morning sex and after Arya takes care of me in the shower, we all collapse on Mom's bed and snuggle and sigh and caress each other. And talk.

"Mom's coming home in a couple of hours," David says.

We spoke to her over the course of the week, but we haven't told her what we've been up to. We have no idea how she'll react. I'm guessing it'll be all right, but, boy was she insistent on not bringing Aunt Arya into our little polycule and then, what, half an hour later we were fucking the shit out of her?

"Well, whatever happens, just know that I love you both."

Mom's car pulls up and we rush out to greet her. We bring her in for a huge family hug and tell her we missed her.

She takes one look at us and sighs.

"You've all been fucking, haven't you?"

"Yes," Arya says.

Mom slides her hands up to her face. "So you know about us?"

"Yes. Listen, before you say anything, just know that it was all my idea, and I absolutely love your kids. I love all of you. I would love to stay with you forever, but if you want me to leave, I'll understand."

She doesn't say anything. At first. Then she says, "Can we maybe not have this conversation in the driveway?"

Once inside, and after she settles in, we sit at the kitchen table. I made dinner, which I serve.

Mom goes to take one bite, but, seeing that we're all staring at her she puts the fork down.

"So, you're OK with me and my kids...?" she asks Aunt Arya.

"Honestly? I think it's beautiful. Look how close you all are. But are you OK with me and your kids?"

She closes her eyes and sighs. "Yes. Of course. I knew y'all were doing this. The whole time. I just knew it. At first, I was angry because I told Leah that I specifically didn't want you to be brought into this. Mostly because I didn't know how you'd react. But then I got over it."

She looks at me. "How long after I left before you started fucking?"

"Oh, ages," I say. "At least a half-hour."

She snorts. Then she starts to cry.

"Mom, what's wrong?"

She shakes her head. "I'm just tired."

"We're not leaving you, you know," I say, taking her hand in mine.

"No, I know," she says, though I can tell that is exactly what was bothering her. She feels left out.

"David," I say, snapping my fingers and pointing at Mom. "Let's go."

David laughs, but he stands up and scoops Mom into his arms.

"No, please," she says. "I'm too tired and jet lagged and cranky."

"Not for long. Shower."

David carries her to the shower. I strip her down and she keeps saying please don't make a fuss, but there's no way I'm not making a fuss.

I strip down, too and then I pull her into the shower.

I shampoo her and wash her and love her the way Arya did for me. The way she looks at me reminds me of the last time she got back from her last trip and I seduced her with a hot bath.

Once she's all clean, I wrap her up in her favorite robe and bring her to bed. David and I snuggle in with her and I gesture for Arya to snuggle in behind me.

"We love you, Mom," I say.

"I love you, too."

I caress her face and David tickles her arms and soon she's asleep. Before long, so are we.

KAI

The next morning, I awake to Leah licking my pussy. She's taking long, slow licks, going round and around and around my entrance. When she sees me wake up, she smiles that glorious smile of hers. She climbs up my body.

"Wanna try something new?" she whispers.

"Maybe?"

She smiles again and grabs something. Then she bites her lip as she adjusts and repositions herself. Suddenly, a dildo is pressed up against my opening. And then it's inside. And before long, Leah is fucking me. She's holding me and kissing me and thrusting into me. Oh, I like this. Gold star for whoever bought this thing.

Her eyes roll back in ecstasy as she sends the dildo into me with a steady rhythm. She leans down and kisses me as tiny waves of pleasure start to build in my groin.

I become aware of movement to my left. I see my sister, lying next to me on her stomach, getting fucked by my son.

Oh my god, that's so sexy. Watching David grind into her, her ass cheeks bouncing from his thrusts and her mouth gaping open, eyes rolling back into her head just like how Leah does.

"Oh my god," she says. She says it again and again with every thrust.

"Jeez, guys, get a room," Leah says.

I laugh.

She's getting so worked up I can sense she's just on the cusp. She reaches a hand out to me. I take it.

"Breed her, David," I say.

That pulls the trigger, and groans and unloads his seed deep inside her. Inside my sister.

"I'm suddenly feeling a little inadequate over here," Leah says.

I laugh again.

"No, no. You're fine, honey."

"Fine? Fine? Fuck you! I am not fine! I'm a sex goddess. Everybody says. My Yelp reviews are amazing."

"Can I?" Arya asks.

She crawls over to me and strokes my hair.

"I know you might not want to have sex with your sister," she says, "but I really want to have sex with mine."

She leans down and kisses me. It's a gentle kiss, but it's filled with love. I kiss her back, opening my mouth and letting my tongue do what it so wants to do. And when our tongues press together, everything feels so, so right.

"David!" Leah says smacking her brother. "It's happening!"

"Uh-huh," he says, still trying to recover from fucking my sister.

Leah climbs off me and hands the dildo to Arya.

"Fuck me, Sis," I whisper.

Arya smiles. She climbs on me and slides the dildo inside her.

Then she kisses me and plunges inside.

It's a beautiful Saturday morning and I'm fucking my sister. A sentence I never thought I'd say, but it's beautiful. She kisses me and thrusts gentle thrusts and builds up to a nice rhythm. And pretty soon I start groaning, which makes her groan as well.

"Oh, fuck," I say. "That's it. Right there."

Arya groans in response.

"Cool. So everybody gets laid except for Leah."

"Well you did it to yourself," David says.

"I did. I masterminded myself right out of an orgasm."

"Oh, come here. I'll fuck you."

"No, I don't want your pity fuck."

"Yes you do."

"You're right. Good thing you're in charge now. But I claim social secretary!"

"Is there always this much banter?" Arya asks me as we calm down from our orgasms.

"No. That's a new and very unpleasant development."

"Uh, Mom," Leah says as David enters her. "Could you be quiet? Some of us are trying to get laid."

Arya curls up in front of me and I hold her tightly as we watch my kids fuck.

"How sore is your vag right now?" I ask Arya.

She smiles. "That's a rather personal question. Why?"

I lay her on her back and plant a kiss on her boob.

"No reason," I say.

I work my way down her tight little body until I reach her pussy. I give it a little kiss. She caresses my hair.

"No reason at all."