

Sometimes The Best
Plan

Chapter 1

"Honey, would you like some more bacon?"

I was sitting at the kitchen table eating breakfast, and Mom bent over as she placed the remaining strips of bacon on my plate. Having a cooked breakfast was a fairly rare treat in our house; usually, everyone grabbed a bowl of cereal as they hurried about getting ready to leave in the morning. This morning, however, since the previous day my older sister Jan and I had just gotten home for the summer from college, Mom had outdone herself and cooked eggs and bacon. Yum.

"What about Jan?," I asked, as Mom stood there bent over, placing the bacon strips ever so exactly on my plate.

"You snooze, you lose, around this house. You know that."

"Ummm," I replied, as I tried to remove my eyes from Mom's cleavage. "I guess so." I was not thinking about bacon, though, I can assure you. Mom had on her robe, loosely tied, and I don't know what was under it. I do know that I could see the deliciously freckled tops of her breasts.

"Delicious," I murmured. I did not mean the breakfast.

"Oh, I hope so," Mom said. "It's not often I make you breakfast anymore."

Mom's breasts were not large. She was a trim woman who had managed to keep her figure into her 50s. Her breasts may not have been large, but they were the apple of my eye, if you'll allow me that turn of double meaning. I had lusted after Mom since my teenaged years. If you're supposed to grow out of it, then call me a case of arrested development. As a teenager, I was a walking container of raging hormones. Mom was, I thought, absolutely beautiful, and then there was Jan. Jan must have gotten her tits from Dad's Mother, because they were, well, hooters. So, as I say, if there was ever a time around

the house when my dick was not hard for one or the other, or both, I don't remember it. But I was a good boy, which means I was a mess of repressed desire. Aside from occasionally brushing against Mom's butt or looking pointedly at Jan's tits, I never did anything. I just wanted.

Mom straightened up and noticed my thousand yard stare. "Penny for your thoughts."

"Oh, they're worth a lot more than a penny," I replied. "With inflation, I'll bet my thoughts are worth at least a buck."

"Well, you're the economist," Mom said. "But I'm afraid I don't have any money on me, as you can see." With that, she held her arms up and twirled around. When she did, her robe opened up a little more, and I was treated to more of her breasts. She, of course, had no idea.

"Okay, I'll just settle for a kiss," I said when she faced me again. "But you have to come down here to give it to me. I'm busy with my bacon."

"Scamp," she laughed, and bent down to kiss me on the cheek. I have to admit, when she did that, I got a good look right down her robe. She kissed me on the cheek and when she noticed where I was looking, pulled her robe together with her hand. "I'm not sure that was worth a dollar, but there you go."

"Oh, it was worth a lot more than a dollar to me. You have no idea what I'd pay for that."

She laughed, and I don't know if she knew what I was referring to, but given her fierce blush, I think she might have.

"What are you up to today?" she asked as she turned back to the stove.

"I dunno. Jan wanted to go to the mall, but I don't know if she'll ever get up. You wanna go with us?"

That was quite a change, I admit. When Jan and I were teenagers, the last thing we wanted was for the old fuddy-duddy parents to be around. Given that I had just gotten a peek at Mom's breasts, though, I wanted nothing more than for her to be around.

"Yeah, I just might," she said. "I get a little bored just sitting around the house for the summer."

Mom was a high school biology teacher, and a good one. Jan and I even had her as our teacher in our junior years, and loved it. She never treated us any differently than the rest of the students. She just had a way in class of presenting things in a lively way that kept everyone's attention, even though she must have given the same classes every year for the last 20 years. And, being realistic, I'll bet I wasn't the only guy in class who sat there with a boner, watching her as she moved around the classroom. I know that our house was always a favorite gathering spot for my old gang, and it was not always about catching a glimpse of my big sister. More than once I saw my friends watching Mom. I never mentioned it. I didn't blame them.

"Go wake her up and we'll leave in about an hour," Mom said, so I went upstairs to Jan's room and knocked on the door. No answer. I knocked again, and said, "Janny," in a singsong voice, "time to get uppy."

"Go away!"

I opened the door and went in, to see Jan all cuddled up in her covers. I went to the bed and did a belly flop right on her.

"Dammit, Kevin," she shouted. "You big oaf. Get off me." I rubbed around on her, just to get her even madder, and then got up.

"Mom says she wants to go to the mall with us, and we'll leave in about an hour. She's cooking more bacon, and if you're not down there in ten minutes, it's mine, all mine."

She sat up in bed and shook her fist at me. "You'd better not eat my bacon, buddy boy, or it's curtains for you," she said, using a Hollywood villain voice. "Curtains, I say."

I just stood there with my mouth hanging open. Good God. Double score, in the same morning. Jan was wearing a light tank top to sleep in and those tits were standing gloriously, with her nipples standing out a foot, it seemed.

She crossed her arms over them and shouted. "Get out, you perv, and don't eat my bacon!"

I walked out, closed the door, and just stood there a minute. Lordy, Lordy. It was just like I was a teenager again. Surrounded by pussy, and couldn't get a bit. What was it Coleridge said? "Water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink"? That was me. Pussy, pussy, everywhere, and not a drop to drink.

"Get a grip," I whispered to myself. I was 21, entering my junior year at college, and Jan was 22, entering her senior

year. We both went to the university a couple of hours from home, kind of a family tradition now since that is where Mom and Dad met. Jan and I didn't see a lot of each other on campus. We would try to sit together sometimes in the student section of the stadium on football weekends, but that was about it. Jan had her friends, and I had mine. Jan's friends were hot. My friends were nerds.

I sat at the table drinking coffee with Jan and Mom as Jan ate her breakfast. Mom got up to take a plate to the sink and I watched her lovely butt, accentuated by her thin robe, as she walked away. I guess I might have been a little obvious, because Jan kicked me under the table. I jerked to look at her, and she gave me that patented Jan eyebrows raised look. "Perv," she mouthed at me.

This time it was my turn to blush. "Shut up," I mouthed back, and she laughed.

"What's so funny?" Mom asked as she sat back down.

"Your son," Jan answered. "I don't think he'll ever change."

"Well, I hope not," Mom said. "I love him just as he is."

That provoked Jan and I both to laugh, with Jan spitting eggs out of her mouth, and we looked at each other and laughed again.

"I don't know what's so funny with you two," Mom said, "but I'm happy to have my babies home with me. Hurry and get ready, and we'll go."

We had a good time at the mall. We walked around, going from shop to shop, with no real plan. Mom and Jan tried on a few outfits, and I gave my considered fashion judge opinion of each. I made them pose in front of me while I studied them up and down, and then they'd have to twirl in front of me so I could see the back. I loved it. Getting into the role, I would let my eyes linger on their breasts, legs, and butt, and then I would make comments.

"I like this one. It shows off your assets." "No, not this one. Too matronly. Your body deserves better than that." "Oh, yeah. Man, you look hot in that."

They were getting into it, too, striking exaggerated fashion model poses. Mom turned around to look at me once after I had made her turn, and caught me staring at her butt. "There's more to the outfit than just that, Buster," she said with a laugh.

"See what I'm talking about, Mom? He'll never change." Mom and Jan both laughed at that, while I blushed and studied my shoes.

"Busted," I said, and stood up from the chair.

"Yeah, you're busted alright," Jan said. "You've always been busted." We all laughed, then, and walked toward the front of the store with Mom and Jan on either side of me and our arms interlocked. I had Jan's big tits pushing into my arm on the

left, and Mom's sweet little tits pushing into my arm on the right. If life could get any better than that moment, I didn't know how. I looked behind us as we approached the entry, noting that no one was there.

"I feel just like Chapo," I said to them, "A rich drug lord out with his ladies." As I said that, I slid my arms down and cupped each of their butts with my hands - the left on Jan's butt, tight and muscular, and the right on Mom's, softer and more rounded.

They both laughed, and both of them took their arms from mine and punched me playfully.

"So much for innocent fun," Mom said, laughing. "Now I find out my son is a Mexican drug lord, with a bevy of ladies."

"Nope, not a bevy," I said. "Just the two prettiest ones."

"You'd better say that," Jan said. "I know where you sleep."

We were walking aimlessly, talking and laughing like that, and passed the billboards for the theater. "Ooh," Mom said, looking at one of them. "Let's go see that. I've been wanting to see it and your father won't go out at night. There's a one o'clock, and we can still be home in time to fix dinner."

"But that wasn't the plan," I said. "We were just going to walk around."

Mom looked at me. "Sometimes the best plan is no plan at all. Just go with it. Be natural. And what feels natural to me right now is a movie."

So, we did. We bought our tickets, got a huge tub of popcorn and water at exorbitant prices, and found seats in the middle of the small theater. There was no one in the theater but us.

"You can really pick 'em, Mom," Jan said in a loud whisper which made us all laugh because, after all, there was no one else to hear. "This must be a blockbuster."

"Oh, hush," Mom said. "It's been out awhile. It's very good, I hear."

With that, the lights dimmed and the previews started playing. I was sitting in the middle, holding the tub of popcorn so that all of us could share. "Why do I have to be the popcorn man? You should have been in the middle, Mom. You're both going to drip butter all over my legs."

"Better the popcorn man than the candy man," Jan said in her singsong voice, and we laughed again.

"Shush, you two. The movie's beginning," Mom said, and we laughed again because she had whispered in the empty theater.

I was much more conscious of the two women on either side of me than of the movie, although it turned out to be a pretty good flick. We all had shorts on, and when either Jan or Mom would reach over to get a handful of popcorn, their legs would touch mine. Especially when Jan would reach over, her breasts would rub against my arm. Okay. I admit it. I had my legs spread and my arms to my side, just for that purpose, but still.

At one suspenseful moment in the movie Mom gave a start and gasped, clinging to my arm. The effect was that her breasts pushed into my arm and I swear I could feel a tight little nipple drilling into my tricep. She was on my left and I was cradling the popcorn bucket with my right hand. In the moment, I reached my left hand down and patted her thigh. "There, there, little Laura," I whispered, "don't be afraid."

She laughed, but I kept my hand on her leg and she didn't say anything - she just covered my hand with her own, holding it. Now I was in heaven. I had my hand on Mom's leg. My entire being was focused on that hand. I was afraid to move it, for fear of her noticing her son had his hand on her thigh, but

after awhile I got a little braver and started moving my fingers slightly against her skin. It was so soft. I don't know what she thought was going on, but to me it was one of the more sensual moments I could remember.

Getting ever more daring, I slowly started sliding my hand up Mom's leg. She tightened her grip on my hand, and kept me from advancing where I so desperately wanted to advance, but she didn't make me take my hand away. I was really getting into it, making my gentle kneading motions more overt, when she jumped up.

"Dammit." My heart sank. "Dammit. I have to use the bathroom. Don't let anything exciting happen until I get back," and then she was gone.

I sat there, dumbstruck and relieved. I thought she jumped up because of my hand. Maybe she did. Who could know?

Jan leaned over to me. "I know what you're doing, little brother," she said.

"What?" I was good at playing dumb with her.

"You're feeling up Mom's leg. What do you think? I'm blind? You're all over her. You two should get a room. You perv."

"I am not."

"Oh, yes, you are. You've been on her all day. I'm starting to feel ignored." With that, she put her hand on my right thigh and just when I thought I was really getting lucky, she pinched my thigh. And hard. I yelped.

"Dammit, Jan, that hurt," I said, and she laughed and then we both laughed together.

"So, anyway, Kevin. I know what you're doing."

"What am I doing, then, Miss Know-Everything?"

She paused for dramatic effect and then whispered, "You're trying to fuck your own Mother, that's what you're doing. Don't feel so special about it. I'd fuck her, too, if I thought I could get her to let her hair down."

I gasped. What? What did Jan just say?"

"Jan," I whispered with my voice full of emotion. "Are you a ...?"

She interrupted me. "Don't label, little brother. I'm not anything. I love beautiful men and I love beautiful women. Let your mind expand, college boy."

I just looked at her, dumbstruck. Good God. The image of my sister's beautiful face eating pussy filled my vision and I could hardly breathe. If my dick was hard before while I had my hand on Mom's leg, it was a damned diamond cutter now.

I was just getting ready to say something...I don't know what...when we heard Mom coming back in.

"We'll talk later," Jan said softly, and Mom settled back into her seat.

"Anything exciting happen?," Mom asked as we all looked at the screen.

"Just the most exciting part of the whole damned movie," I said, and Jan punched my arm.

"Really? Oh, dammit," Mom said, but Jan and I assured her she had missed nothing.

I just sat there for a bit, totally flummoxed. I replayed exactly what Jan had said, every word, and my dick throbbed. "Holy shit," I thought to myself. "Holy shit." No wonder Jan didn't like me hanging around with her at school. I knew Jan had fucked around a little. She was very selective in high school,

but I knew when she had lost her cherry in her junior year. She never told me, but I could tell. She had been dating this Ken Doll-looking guy and after one date when she got home late, it just seemed like she changed a little. Became a woman in front of my eyes. I don't know if Mom or Dad could tell, but I could. She had been selective, but after that I could always tell if she had been fucked on a date. But now to learn she liked it both ways? As I say, "Holy shit."

On my left side, Mom hooked her arm under mine and hugged it, dragging me from my reverie. Back in reality, I gently placed my hand back on Mom's leg. This time, she put her hand on it and pulled it off her, placing it on the arm of my seat. "Damn," I thought.

She whispered in my ear. "Wipe your hand off. I had butter and salt all over my leg when I went to the bathroom."

I made a show of wiping my hand on a napkin, and put it back on her leg. She again placed her hand over mine, and seemed to give me a little nudge to move my hand higher on her leg.

I did. Oh, brother, I did. I slid my hand from the top of her leg to the inside of her thigh, and tickled her with my little finger. I could feel the top of her shorts with my fingers, so I was pretty high up her leg, and I wanted to be higher. I slid my little finger under her shorts and started moving up. She squeezed my hand.

"No, no, Buster," she whispered lightly in my ear. "Not too much."

That was good enough for me. She knew exactly what I was doing, and what I wanted. Not to put too fine a point on it, but dammit, she knew I wanted to touch her pussy. She had to know. My virginal Mother, and she was sitting there with her son feeling her up. Wow. Jan and I had laughed about it it when we were living at home, with both of us convinced that Mom and Dad had only had sex twice, once for each of us. Clearly, there was a side of Mom I had never known.

After the movie we walked out to the car, again with all three of us arm in arm. If Mom was upset that I had my hand on

her leg, she didn't show it. She was happy. Jan was just as happy, it seemed to me, and we all teased and laughed with each other. On the drive home, Jan sat in front and I sat in the back seat, lost in my thoughts. What a day. I found out my sister ate pussy, or at least I assumed that from what she had said, and I had my hand on Mom's leg.

Jan turned around to look at me. "Are you lost in space, Idiot?," she asked. "Are you listening to a thing we've said?"

I was ready with a quick, witty response. "Huh?"

"I said, what was your favorite part of the movie?"

"Oh. Oh, yeah. Well, I don't know. I liked it all."

Still looking back at me, Jan arched her eyebrow and then turned her head to look at Mom. "Yeah. I know what part you liked best."

I looked at her with shock. Was she going to bust me in front of Mom? Was she going to say, "You liked feeling Mom up, didn't you?"

But she didn't. "You liked the action scenes, didn't you, you shallow college boy."

I snickered, both in mirth and relief. "Yeah. Of course."

Mom laughed, too. "I liked the action, too, Kevin. It was a very action-packed movie, wasn't it?" She looked at me in the rear view mirror and our eyes met. She kept the eye contact until she had to return her eyes to the road, but I knew the message she had sent. At least, I hoped I knew the message she had sent. She had liked the action - my action - as much as I had liked it.

Mom was practically bubbly at dinner, and that put everyone in a good mood. We talked and laughed and, halfway through the meal, Dad got a bottle of good white wine for us to share. "I don't know what we're celebrating," he said, "but let's just

celebrate our family." We toasted to that and, after dinner and loading the dishwasher - a job Jan and I shared - we retired to the family room to watch one of the British mystery shows Mom and Dad liked. Dad was in his easy chair and Mom, Jan, and I shared the couch.

Dad had the air conditioner cranked, as he liked it. Mom said she felt cold and got up to get a throw to put over our laps. What do you think I did? Of course. I slipped my hand to Mom's leg and squeezed lightly. Again, she put her hand over mine, and squeezed back, then she put her hand on my thigh. I rubbed her leg lightly, running my fingers up and down her thigh. Mom didn't do the same, but kept her hand in one place and lightly scratched with her fingers. I didn't try and go for her pussy. I had enough experience by this time to know not to rush things. My philosophy with women had matured to the point that I didn't believe in seduction, if the word meant getting someone to do something she didn't want to do. No, my philosophy was to let it be known what I wanted, and then let her move things along at her own speed. That's what I would do with Mom. If she wanted what I wanted, we'd get there. If she didn't want it, then we wouldn't. No plan. Either

way, I was a winner. If I never got any farther than rubbing her leg, I was a winner.

You can imagine my surprise - my pleasant surprise - when a hand slid up on my other leg, resting on my thigh. I glanced over at Jan, and she was focused on the television screen. But her hand lightly rubbed up and down my leg, with her fingers sliding under my shorts leg occasionally. My dick was so hard I thought it would explode. Luckily, or maybe unluckily, I had adjusted myself so it was sticking up and not down my pants leg. If it had been down my leg, Jan would have touched it. I may sound like I was pretty worldly in the moment, but even I didn't know if I was ready for my sister to touch my dick. I know it sounds odd since I was feeling Mom up, but that was the way it was.

So we sat there, my hand on Mom's leg, her hand on mine, and Jan's hand on the other leg. Can you imagine? I hoped that show would never end, but eventually it did and Dad stood up and stretched.

"Bedtime, Kiddies," he said, and we all stood up. The lights were dim, thankfully, or my hard dick would have been obvious to everyone. I had on boxers and loose shorts, so there wasn't a lot I could do to hide it.

Dad and Jan went upstairs, and I helped Mom carry the wineglasses to the kitchen. After we had put them in the dishwasher, Mom turned and hugged me. "Thanks for today, Kevin. It was a wonderful day." I hugged her back and slid my right hand down to rub across her butt and then I cupped it, pulling her into me.

"Mom, I love you," I whispered in her ear.

"Sssh," she whispered back. "I know, Honey. Just don't let your Father catch you doing that," as she reached behind her and covered my hand with her own. "And don't go too fast. This won't go where you probably want it to go. I'm just thrilled to have my kids home again."

"Don't let your Father catch you doing that." Have more beautiful and meaningful words ever been spoken?

I reached my other hand down, brazenly holding her ass, and pulled her into me - pulling her against my stiff dick. I said in my best Spanish accent, "Chapo likes to please his ladies," and then she pulled away.

"Oh, go upstairs, you big goof." We walked up the stairs together, holding hands, and when we got to her bedroom door I bent down and gently kissed her on the lips.

"Night, Mom. See you in the morning."

Mom had a half smile, and shook her head. "Jan's right, you'll never change. And I don't want you to," then she went into her bedroom.

I stood there for a moment, then Jan's door opened and she gestured to me to come into her room. I did, and we sat on her bed, crosslegged.

"So, it's true, isn't it? You're trying to fuck Mom." It wasn't a question. Jan was making a declaration.

We had always been close. Not that close, but close, so I saw no reason at this point to try to make excuses.

"Hell, yes. I've always wanted to, but Jeez..."

She laughed, and punched my chest. "Based on what I saw today, I think you might just have a shot. Who'd a thunk it, but you might just get there. You had your hand on her leg in the movie, didn't you? You were feeling her up just now under the cover, weren't you? Tell me, Kevin. What kind of guy tries to fuck his own Mother?" She said it seriously, but she had a half smile on her face.

"The kind of guy who has a sexy Mom like that, I guess. You think I'm a weirdo?"

"Oh, Kev, you innocent dope. Do you have any idea how many guys want to fuck their Moms? I can always tell, when I'm dating a guy, if he wants to fuck his Mother, and I can tell you, they all do. Sometimes I play with them about it, asking them while we're hot at it if they want to fuck Mother, and they always cum when I say it. I can even tell the ones who have fucked their Mothers. They're the ones who deny it the most."

"Wow. Really?"

"Oh, yeah. Really. You'd be amazed how many guys I'm pretty sure have fucked their Mothers. And you're not alone with Mom. You think all those guys hung around here all the time because of your brilliant personality?"

"No. They hung around here, Jan, because of those beauties," and I looked at her tits in her tank top.

She laughed and arched her back, emphasizing them. "Uh, huh. Some did. Maybe they all did. But they loved watching Mom's ass when she walked away, didn't they? Like I told you, if I thought she'd go for it, I'd show her what a real orgasm is like."

I spluttered. "God, Jan."

"And what's wrong with that?" She got serious for a moment. "What's the difference in your trying to fuck her, and my trying to fuck her? Don't be a homophobe, Kevin, that's all I ask."

"No, no," I said. "I just want you to be happy, and if that makes you happy, go for it. In fact, I'd love to watch."

"Oh, I'll bet you would," she said, and we both laughed.

We were both pretty turned on by this point. I know I was hard as a rock, and I could tell Jan was pretty hot, too. I looked at her breasts. "Jan, could I just see them? Just let me see them."

She leaned forward, and we kissed. It started as a gentle kiss, but quickly turned passionate and we were soon making out like horny teenagers. Hell, we weren't that far from being teenagers. I reached my right hand up and held her left breast, running my thumb across her nipple. She shivered. I whispered. "Just let me see them."

She pulled back and looked me in the eyes. "Just this once. You have to stay focused. You have to make Mom know she is the one you really want. You can't have divided attention. If you get there with Mom, there will be plenty of time for you and me, I promise you that. But for now, you've got one focus." With that, she lifted her tank top over her head, and there they were. The dream of every guy in Midland High School, and probably half the women. I reached out and held them with both hands, and then lowered my head to take her right nipple in my mouth. I scrubbed my tongue across it, sucked, and she whimpered.

She pushed me away. "No, Kev. I mean it. You're on a mission. When you're on a mission, you stay on that mission. Get me?"

I made a pouty face, and she giggled.

"Let's both go for it, little brother. How exciting would that be? We'll make a pact. Whoever gets there first helps the other one. Whatta ya think?"

"Hell, yes. I'll get there first, of course, and I'll help you."

"Oh, don't be so cocksure, Mister Man. She won't be the first woman I've introduced to her first delicious moment of girl love."

"Oh, God, Jan. You've got to tell me stories. I love stories."

Jan laughed out loud. "Yeah, all the guys love to hear those stories. Tomorrow night will be story time, but for now get out of here and go to bed. Your own bed."

I stood up, my dick standing proud in my shorts, and Jan looked pointedly at it. "We'll have our time, but not now," she said. "Now we promise to stay on target."

She held out her hand with her fist closed and her pinky finger out. I did the same. "Oh, that's sacred," I said. "Pinky promise."

I turned to go through our adjoining bathroom and she spoke as I opened the door. "Kev?"

I met her eyes, with a questioning look on my face.

"This is going to be a long, hot summer," she said.

Chapter 2

I had trouble sleeping that night. It had been, I must say, a momentous day. I had my hand on Mom's leg, felt up her butt, and sucked Jan's beautiful tits. In the panoply of momentous days, I would say mine was up there near the top. I practically rubbed myself raw masturbating, with thoughts of Mom and Jan alternating in my head. Jan had been pretty adamant, though - I was to concentrate my efforts on Mom. That was where I had started until Jan got me sidetracked, and that was where I would focus. Mom. I lay there, wondering what it would be like the first time I slid into her. What would her hair be like? Graying naturally now, she had always had reddish-brown hair. Would it be the same color down there? Would she give me a blow job? The whole night, I'd masturbate, drop off to sleep, wake up to the same thoughts, and go through the cycle again. It was a long night.

The next morning I was up pretty early, but I stayed in bed until I heard the door slam with Dad's departure for work. I normally slept in the nude, a habit I had acquired in my

college dorm room, so I slipped on a pair of workout shorts and a tee shirt. Descending the stairs, I could see Mom in the kitchen, puttering at the sink. She had on the same robe. My eyes focused on the curve of her butt. Did she have anything on under her robe? I was about to find out.

Mom had not objected to my advances the previous day, so I saw no reason that she would reject me today. If anything, she had spent as horny a night as I had spent. I slipped up behind her, put my arms around her so that I was holding her belly, and rubbed my dick right on her ass.

She jerked around and hit me, hard, on my chest. "Dammit, Kevin! What has gotten into you? I'm your Mother, for Crissake. You're going to have to stop this behavior. I just won't have it!"

Whoa. Where had that come from? Mom never said, "for Crissake."

To say she was pissed off at me would be an understatement. She stood there glowering at me, and then started crying. Now what was I to do? I stood there like a complete dolt. I tried to take her in my arms to comfort her, and she pushed me away again. My previously hard dick was trying to shrink into my stomach - at least one of us had enough sense to run from danger.

"Mom, I'm sorry. I don't know what got into me. I'm sorry. Please don't be mad."

She brushed the tears from her eyes and sniffed. "Oh, Honey. I'm not mad at you. I just don't know what's gotten into you." She paused. "Well, I guess I do know. You're a college man now, and you're suddenly cut off from your normal outlets for what are natural emotions. But I'm not one of your college girls, and I hope you don't treat them like that. I'm your Mother. So, no more, okay?"

"Okay, Mom. I'm..."

She cut me off. "You don't have to be sorry. You just have to behave yourself. What if Jan had seen you do that? What would she think of me?"

"Okay," I said, and I slinked off toward my room.

"No, you don't, Mister. I'm just starting your breakfast. You get yourself some juice and coffee and sit yourself right down." Suddenly, as if a switch had clicked, she was her normal self again. That had always been Mom's strength, I thought. She would get mad, express her anger, and once she had her say, it was done. There were no long-term pouts or spells of anger with Mom. She got it off her chest, and that was that.

"So, what would you like?" She smiled at me as she said it, and I bit my tongue to keep from saying what I really wanted. She knew, and that door was closed. Closed? I would say that door was closed, bolted, and padlocked.

"I dunno. How about some cheesy eggs?" Mom made killer scrambled eggs with grated cheese.

"Coming right up. Is your sister up yet?"

"His sister is awake and raring to go," Jan said as she entered the kitchen. "What was all the hubbub?"

Mom glanced at me. "Oh, nothing. Kevin spilled some juice on the floor. You know how clumsy he is."

"Oh, I know. Big goof."

Whew. Mom didn't say, "I just had to set Kevin straight because he was trying to make a move on his own Mother," so I guessed I was ahead in the game.

After we had breakfast and cleaned up, Mom headed up the stairs. "I'm going to get dressed and go to the grocery. I guess neither of you two want to go with me." Both of us shook our heads. "That's okay. You can take advantage of the morning out by the pool. Any special requests?"

Neither of us had any requests, so Mom continued up the stairs and we heard her bedroom door close. Jan looked at me. "Well?"

I shook my head. "Not now, Jan. Still too raw. After Mom leaves."

Jan gave me the one-eyebrow raise and then started toward her room. She stopped and turned back toward me. "Okay, but I want a full report. Meet you out at the pool."

After Mom left, Jan and I adjourned to the pool. Jan was looking good. She had on a coral-colored bikini, and its color went perfectly with her auburn hair. It was just skimpy enough to show off her curves without being slutty. My eyes went immediately to her breasts and, remembering what had happened the previous evening, my blood went to my dick.

"Down, boy," Jan said softly. "Stay focused. Remember?"

"That ship has sailed," I said, bitterly, "and it sailed without me."

"What do you mean? What happened this morning? I thought you were pretty well on track."

I sighed. I told Jan what had happened with Mom. I told her everything, holding back no details. Jan was particularly interested in hearing exactly what Mom had said to me, and made me recount her words several times until she was finally satisfied.

"You idiot," she said, but at least she was smiling.

"I know. Went down in flames. I guess that little adventure is over, huh?"

"Oh, not by a long shot."

My eyes sprang from Jan's tits to meet her own eyes. "Huh? What do you mean?"

"You just hit a stumbling block. Really, I'll swear, I wonder how guys ever get laid at all. You have gotten laid, haven't you?"

I knew her question was rhetorical, but it still stung a little and I started to get angry at her smug attitude.

"Fuck you, Jan. You pushed me into this, and now Mom's pissed off at me."

"I pushed you into it? I pushed you into it? Was that my hand rubbing popcorn butter all over her ass at the movie? All I want to do is help you get it, if you'll shut up and listen."

I was laying on a lounge chair while Jan stood over me, delivering that message, and I could see her nipples standing out. "Oh, Janny," I thought to myself. "One way or another I'm

getting those tits." But Jan was right. She was offering me a unique insight into the "how," in fucking a woman. How many opportunities like this does a guy have? Jan could, and from what she was saying, would, help me get a shot at Mom. I resolved to put myself in Jan's hands.

"OK, Jan. I'm in your hands." I leered suggestively when I said that.

She sighed, heavily and theatrically. "Focus, Kev. Fooooocus."

We laughed, and then she got serious. "OK. Let's review this morning's performance. There are at least two factors involved. First we'll review those, and maybe we'll identify a couple more as we talk through it."

"Right, Professor! I am a sponge, ready to soak up your knowledge."

"First, you presumed too much. You went in like a bull in a china shop. Think about it. You're back at school. You've starting dating a girl, had a couple of dates, and finally got your hands on her legs. Not too much, you've just started getting some liberties. Would you come up behind her at the Student Union and hunch your dick against her ass?"

I laughed at the image. "No, of course not."

"Then why did you do that to Mom? You presumed too much. You acted like it was already a done deal, and right now it's far from that."

"Yeah. I rushed it, didn't I?"

"Duh. You think so?"

She continued. Then there's the message you sent when you did that. You cheapened her. You acted like...well, there's no

other way to put it...you think she's a slut. How do you think that made her feel?"

I hung my head, and it was not an act. Jan was right. What the hell was I thinking?

"You got that? You must honor and respect each woman you date. But she's our Mom. She is on a pedestal. Above all, you simply have to show her respect. Always."

She shook her finger at me. "I mean it. Then there's another factor, and I hope I'm not breaking the Sisterhood Code, but I want this to work for you. For us. No matter how much a woman wants the same thing you want, she's going to have times when she pulls back. Some of it is unconscious, but some of it is conscious. She's going to pull back because she doesn't want you to think she's easy. She's going to make you work for it. There will be times, and you just hit one, where she thinks, "What the hell am I doing?," and pulls away. Magnify that a thousand-fold for Mom. For you, bagging Mom would be the sexiest thing you can imagine. For her,

right now until you work her through it, it's a bad thing she is considering. You get me?"

"Yeah. I get you. She thinks I won't respect her anymore. She thinks she will be letting me down as a Mother. All that."

"Zactly. And there's more. She let you take liberties with her yesterday at the movie and last night on the couch. She didn't this morning. What was the difference?"

"Hmmm. I'm not sure."

"Timing, Idiot Child. Timing. Yesterday you spent the whole day flirting with her and making her happy. She was happy anyway because we were home. But you spent a lot of time getting her ready for your big move. Anticipation. That's key for a woman. You have to prep the battlefield. You have to have her quivering with anticipation before you ever make a move. Make her want it, tease her with it, and make her want it even more."

She paused, then continued. "Plus, women are just different from men. A man has one switch. It's either on, or off. All a woman has to do is look at a man, his switch turns on, and he's ready to go. With a woman it's different. For us it's all about mood, and timing, and foreplay...yes, foreplay...and then maybe, just maybe, our switch will start to ease toward the on position. You do know about foreplay, don't you?"

"Sure. I'm not a dummy, you know."

"Okay, Mister I'm Not A Dummy. Explain to me what you think foreplay is."

"Well, you know. Kissing and touching. Playing with her tits. Fingering her. That's foreplay. Why are you asking me this? I do have some experience."

"You might have experience, but it's all wrong experience, then. That's not foreplay. That's fore-fucking. Foreplay is

everything. If you're on a date, foreplay starts from the moment you meet her, and maybe even before. Foreplay is everything you do to get her in the mood. Like yesterday with Mom. You made her happy. You flirted with her. You spent hours getting her ready before you made your move. You listened to her. You talked to her. Your eyes were all over her. You made her feel special. That's foreplay. That's probably the most important thing you can learn, if you can learn at all. Idiot."

I laughed. Jan wanted to be a college professor some day, and she was going to be a good one.

"So, little brother. That all make sense to you?"

"Yeah, it does. Why didn't you tell me all this in high school? Damn, Jan."

"You weren't ready then. You're ready for the big secrets now. You listen to me, and any woman will be putty in your hands. Even Mom."

"Oh, I'm listening." And I was.

"And there's another thing. You remember I said last night that we'd have a competition?"

"Yeah, so why are you helping me win?"

She paused. "I was wrong. Having a competition for her does just what I said for you not to do. It cheapens her, objectifies her, and would doom us both to failure. She's not dumb. She'd see right through us. I'm your coach, and that's it. If we get you there, then I'll think about going for it myself. But for now, it's all you, Champ. Can you do it?" She pumped her fist. "Can you win one for The Gipper?"

I started humming the Notre Dame fight song. I couldn't remember if The Gipper had been the coach at Notre Dame or not, but it seemed appropriate. At least it made us both laugh. "So what do I do now? How do I recover?"

"You take two steps back, and work your way in again. You have one big advantage now that two days ago you might not have had."

"Wooo. What's that?"

"Think about it. She knows exactly what you want. She knows you want to fuck her. Whether she is cool with the idea or not, at this point, she has to be thinking about it." Jan was majoring in psychology, and knew all this stuff about how the brain works. "You planted the image in her brain of the two of you fucking. Believe me, that image is still there and she can't stop thinking about it."

"Well, I'm thinking about it, too. Between you and Mom, I'm rubbing my dick raw."

"Oh, I just bet you are, Kev. I just bet you are." She laughed, a deep and throaty laugh. "I've heard you jerking off for the past ten years. You are a noisy one."

I laughed. I liked this new Jan. "You grow up in a house with two women like you and Mom, and see what it does to you."

She laughed, too. "You grow up in a house with two men like you and Dad, and see what it does to you."

I jerked back, my eyes wide. "You mean...?"

"Oh, yeah. You think only the male of the species can have fantasies?"

"Dad? You think about Dad?" He was a few years older than Mom and even though he tried to keep in some sort of shape, it seemed to be a losing battle. Besides, he was Dad.

"Oh, hell yes. Someday I'm going to take a run at him, too, but let's just keep on focus here. This is about you and Mom. One step at a time. My day's coming."

"So what's the game plan for today? What do I do?"

We had been laying on our lounge chairs while we were talking, and now Jan raised up and looked at me. She let her eyes roam down my body to my dick, tenting in my swim trunks. "You really want this, don't you? You really want to fuck Mom."

"More than just about anything. You have no idea."

"Then here is what you are going to do. You already have the template, based on how it went yesterday. Back off. No touching. You have to respect boundaries. Tell me again, exactly, how you ended up with your hand on Mom's leg yesterday."

"There was that scene in the movie where the bad guy jumped out of the shadows, and she jerked and grabbed my arm. Her tit was pushing against me. I reached down and patted her leg. I said something like, 'There, there, little Laura. Don't be afraid,' and I just left my hand on her leg. She put her hand on mine. And that was it."

"So, the initial act was natural and in the moment - a moment you had created by flirting shamelessly with her all day. She felt special. You took advantage of the moment, without planning it, and she gave you permission by putting her hand on yours. You didn't plan it, did you?"

"No. It just happened, naturally."

"That's it. Like Mom said, 'Sometimes the best plan is no plan at all.'"

"Hmmm," I mused. I was learning a lot.

"So here is what you do. You recreate yesterday. Flirt with her. Act like nothing happened this morning. That was then. This is now. Water under the bridge. You apologized. She accepted your apology. Never mention it again. Do you love Mom?"

"Of course."

"You'd better. So act like it. Tell her you love her. Do you think she's pretty?"

"What do you think? I think she's beautiful. I think she's hotter now than she was when we were teenagers."

"Then act like it. Let her see you watching her. A woman can tell when a guy is interested because his eyes are always on her. I guarantee she will know what you're thinking. That will make her think the same thing. Now, I need to swim a little bit. For some reason, I'm a little hot."

I burst out laughing, and followed Jan into the pool. We played Marco Polo for awhile, reliving our youth, and then got out to dry off. Mom was just coming in from the garage, carrying grocery bags.

"You got more? Can I help?," I asked.

"Yup. There's a lot more out there," she said, so I hustled up to get the rest of the groceries in.

After I got all the bags on the kitchen counter, I started emptying them out and putting things away in the cupboard and refrigerator. Mom looked at me, a quizzical look on her face. "Thanks. I don't know where this is coming from, but I like it. Bringing the groceries in and putting them away is one of my least favorite things."

"I just want to help, unlike some people," as I looked pointedly at Jan.

Jan nodded at me, approvingly. "Oh, you're doing just great, little brother. Keep it up." We both laughed, because both of us knew exactly what she meant.

I turned my head to talk to Mom as I put things away. "What's for supper?"

"You just finished breakfast, and you're thinking about supper?," she asked.

I used my Chapo imitation again. "I am a man of big appetites," I said.

That got a laugh. "When we get finished with this, I'll make some lemonade and we can sit out at the pool if you want," Mom said.

"Sure. Jan wasn't much company this morning. Kind of grumpy, like usual."

Mom laughed, and I could tell she was in a happy mood. "I have missed you guys," she said. "Always arguing, but I've missed you. Having you home again, even if it's just for a couple of months, is the answer to my prayers. I can't get enough of the two of you."

I looked at Jan and she gave me the raised eyebrow and a smile. She turned to Mom and said, "I think you might get more of us than you want this summer, Mom." I looked at her. Now, that had a double meaning, at least to me. She continued, though, to soften the meaning. "I mean, we're here under foot until September, you know."

"Yeah, Mom," I said, "We'll always be here for you. Give it ten more years and you'll be making pointed comments about how we need to move out and get jobs."

Mom turned to us. "I don't worry about that with you two. You know how to work. You have good values. You'll both do fine."

"Okay, we'll compromise," I said. We'll move out, but we'll stay close. How's that?"

"Deal, Buster," Mom said. "Close is what I want."

"Me, too," I said, "But I don't know about Janny. She'll probably want to move to Paris, or something."

"Not me," Jan said. "I think I can have everything I want right here."

After we had finished, Jan and I went back out to the pool while Mom changed into her suit. Jan grabbed my arm and whispered to me. "You're doing great. You're getting her back in the mood. Keep it up."

I whispered back to her. "I think I can have everything I want right here?"

She punched my arm. "Just prepping the eventual battlefield, little bro. Just prepping the battlefield."

When Mom came out, I looked at her and gave a wolf whistle. Her suit was a one piece and modest enough, befitting her age, but it looked damned good on her. Her butt was accentuated by the cut of it and the tops of her breasts looked great. "Looking good, Mom. Looking great, in fact."

"Oh, stop it," she shushed and turned away, but I noticed her nipples had popped when I said that.

We all jumped in the pool and had a round of general horseplay. I wanted to grab her ass, but I didn't. Her mood was good, and I didn't want to ruin it like I had that morning. After awhile Mom climbed out and settled into a lounge chair. I got out and laid back in the chair beside her.

"Pools great, isn't it?," Mom asked.

"Yep, 'tis. I love this," I replied. "But the sun is strong. You don't want to get too much, you know. That fair skin of yours will just burn, like always."

She giggled. "Yeah, I can never get a tan like normal people. I burn and then get all freckled up."

Jan was still in the pool, and I lowered my voice so she couldn't hear. "I love those freckles, Mom," and I raised up and looked at the tops of her breasts, creamy-colored and dusted with freckles. "I have always loved your freckles."

She reached over and pushed me back down, bending over slightly so I got a good look at her breasts. Whether she did it consciously or not, I noticed the nipples were up and ready again. She laid back down and whispered back, "You've got a one track mind, don't you?"

I snorted. "I guess so. I can't help it."

"Don't let Jan hear you say things like that, that's all."

I laughed, for a couple of reasons. I was back on track. It had not taken much - just paying attention to her and flirting with her, and it was as if this morning had not happened. But if she knew what Jan and I had been talking about. Ha. "Don't let Jan hear you..." Jan was going to get a blow-by-blow report.

Mom was sensitive to the sun, so she got the sunscreen and started rubbing it on her. I leaned over, propping my head on my hand so I could watch her. She knew I was watching her, but didn't say anything. When she had her front done she rolled over and handed me the bottle. "Do my back, would you?"

"With pleasure," I said.

"Not too much pleasure," she giggled. "Just my back."

I put everything I had into it, trying to make putting the sunscreen on her back the most sensual act ever. I looked over, and Jan was at the side of the pool, watching me, with a hungry look on her face. After I finished her back, Mom took the bottle from me and did her legs. I wanted to do them, but didn't say anything. There was going to be time for that, later, I hoped. I had all summer.

"Jan, get out and get some sunscreen on you," Mom said, in her Mom voice. "I don't want you burning. You know that causes skin cancer, right?"

"Mommmm," Jan said in a whining voice. "I'm not a baby anymore."

"No, but you'll always be my baby. Now shut up, and put sunscreen on. You don't want to be a dried up old prune when you're my age."

Mom had decided we'd have pasta for supper, one of my favorites. I stayed in the kitchen with her while Jan was in her

room. Mom had changed into a pair of black yoga pants with a white tank top, and looked great. She had her hair pulled back in a pony tail, which emphasized her neck. I had always thought Mom had an elegant neck. So, I told her so.

"Mom, I love your neck. It's elegant."

That got a snort out of her. "Yeah, long necks are the bane of a woman's existence when she gets to be my age. Damned thing hurts all the time."

I was helping her chop tomatoes for the sauce. I stopped and looked at her. "That's the second comment about your age you've made today. I won't have it. You're beautiful. I was telling Jan this morning that I think you're even prettier than you were fifteen years ago. So, stop it. You're as young as you feel."

"Then I'm a hundred," she laughed. "At least."

"Well, I don't think so. I think you're as sexy as all get out." I stopped. Had I gone too far, too fast? Jan had warned me, but my comment had slipped out without thinking.

"Young hormones," Mom said. "Nothing like them." She smiled when she said it, and there those nipples were again, poking right out. "Whew," I thought. "She's not mad. Dodged a bullet on that one."

After dinner, Jan and I stayed in the kitchen to clean up while Mom and Dad went to the family room to watch Jeopardy. Dad had broken out a bottle of red, and they took their glasses with them. As soon as they left the kitchen, Jan grabbed my arm. "You're an artist. You've got her right back in the palm of your hand. Tell me about it."

I recounted our conversation, boring as it was. I told her how I thought I messed up with the sexy comment, but Jan disagreed. "It was in the moment, and it was natural. You did fine. You sent her a message."

Jan and I took wineglasses with us to the family room and settled onto the couch after we filled them. Again the room was chilly, and again Mom got the throw to put over our laps. I was in the middle again, and found myself in a quandary. What should I do? I had my hand on her leg last night, but should I do it again? Mom answered my unspoken question for me as their mystery show opened, reaching under the throw for my hand and placing it on her leg. She looked straight ahead, not showing anything, and kept her hand on mine. I gave a gentle squeeze to her thigh, as a gesture of appreciation, and she squeezed my hand back. It was an unspoken communication, just between the two of us, and it spoke volumes to me.

Before long, Jan's hand snaked onto my other leg, rubbing gently, and Mister Diamond Cutter was back. I had not adjusted myself when I sat down, and it was painfully kinked. As casually as I could, I took my hand from Mom's leg and adjusted myself, then reached quickly over to touch Jan's hand. I put my hand back on Mom's leg, gave a squeeze, and she put her hand back on mine. "Okay, Bud?," she asked softly.

"Oh, yeah. All warm and comfy," I said, and she giggled.

So, Mom knew my dick was hard for her, and she was alright with it. That had to mean something. I started gently rubbing and massaging her thigh. She gave no sign anything was going on, so I took that as consent and began ranging farther afield. I rubbed the inside of her thigh, and then slowly, ever so slowly, moved my hand upward. She still gave no sign. She had taken her hand off mine while I rubbed her thigh, and now she came back, giving my hand a squeeze. I wiggled my little finger, now on her upper thigh no more than a couple of inches from her pussy. Still no sign. Still no rejection.

Maybe I'm wrong, but seems to me there is a natural progression to touching. I've always gone for the ass first. Breasts might come next. The pussy has always been the last thing I'd go for. You touch a woman's pussy right out of the box, and that's disaster waiting to happen. But here I was, with my finger very close to Mom's pussy. That was close to being a violation of the natural order of things. What to do? I had already had my hands on her butt. Going for her breasts now was not possible. What to do? So, I did nothing. I left my hand

where it was, while continuing to gently rub my little finger as close to her pussy as I dared.

I was so focused on that little finger that I was oblivious to Jan's hand, until she ran it up my leg and rubbed it across my dick. A credit to my discipline, I didn't jump. I had my left hand on the couch between Jan and me, so I carefully reached up to put it on Jan's hand and encouraged her to rub my dick. She gave a little squeeze to the head of my dick, and then took her hand off my leg.

"Anyone ready for more wine?," she said as she took the throw off her lap and stood up.

"Yes, please," Mom and Dad both said, so Jan filled all our glasses. When she filled mine she looked right in my eyes and smiled.

"Good boy," she said as I held my glass out.

Mom laughed. "Don't be fooled, Jan. He's not as good as you think," and she squeezed my hand when she said it.

Jan sat back down and we all settled in again. I was, as I said, totally focused on that little finger, so close to heaven, so I felt the gentle nudge of Mom's hand on mine. A gentle nudge up, toward her pussy. So now I was back to my quandary, but this time I didn't dwell on it. I slowly inched my hand up until my little and ring fingers were touching Mom's thigh, right next to her pussy. Her breathing had become deep and when I glanced over at her, her eyes were closed. Ever so gently, like I was touching a butterfly's wings, I stroked my little finger across her pussy. Even through the tight yoga pants, I could feel the structure of it. I could feel the lips of her pussy.

She gave an involuntary jump with a gasp and moved to jerk my hand away. I was prepared to beat a hasty retreat, but she held my hand up close to her pussy - not on it, but right next to it. I got it immediately. She would let me get close to the gates of heaven, but would not let me enter them. Yet. But of one thing I could be certain - Mom knew I was going for her pussy. Emboldened, I rubbed a little more aggressively, right

Dad had a funny look on his face but he recovered quickly. "Maybe you are too big, after all," he said, chuckling, and then headed up the stairs. Jan, Mom, and I cleaned up, and then Jan left us alone in the kitchen. She had gone out of the kitchen, but there was a stair tread that always creaked and I hadn't heard it. I knew she was lurking just outside the door, listening to us. Little sneak.

Mom rinsed the wineglasses while I stood behind her, enjoying the view of her ass in those yoga pants. She turned and gave me a hug. I did not replay the actions of the previous night and kept my hands on her waist, and I lowered my head to her neck and gave it a gentle kiss. "I love that elegant neck," I said. "I just love you, Mom."

"Oh, Kev. What are you doing to me?," she whispered in my ear. "You can't get your Mother all worked up like that."

"I just love you, that's all," I replied.

"I love you, too, but not in that way. You know we can't do what you want, don't you? We just can't. I won't let it happen."

I kissed her neck again, and gave it a little nibble this time. "I don't care. I'm happy however you let me love you. Just kissing this neck is enough for me."

I must have said the right thing because she gave me a tight hug. "When did my little boy grow up?" she asked.

I snorted. "When did my Mother become such a MILF?"

She pulled out of my arms and slapped my butt. "I know what that means," she said.

"Good," I answered. "Then you know." We both laughed as we turned to the door. I coughed so Jan would have some warning and I heard the stairs squeak as she scampered up them. When Mom and I got to her bedroom door, I stopped

her and bent my head down to kiss her neck again. "Just one more," I whispered, and then she went into her bedroom.

I went right to my room and immediately Jan came in through our adjoining bathroom.

"Tell me all about it," she said as she settled onto my bed.

"She had me almost rubbing her pussy," I whispered, still in awe of it. "She let me run my finger across it once. She even encouraged it."

"I thought so," Jan snickered. "I could tell by the look on her face. You're going to get it. I just know you are."

Then we stopped and looked at each other. My room was the closest to Mom's and Dad's, and we could hear the unmistakable sound of the bed squeaking. We both giggled, covering our mouths to stifle the sound.

"God," Jan said. "You must have had her horny as a billy goat."

"Me? What do you think you did to Dad with that spanking comment? Did you see the look on his face?"

That got us both laughing quietly again and, to the sound of Mom and Dad fucking, we naturally fell into each other's arms. I kissed Jan deeply and she responded eagerly. This time I didn't ask. I peeled her tank top off and in a flash had my mouth on those tits. Jan arched her head back and moaned.

"I'm going to do this just this one time, for now," she said, "but if Mom and Dad get to take the edge off, then so should we." She pushed me onto my back and shucked my pants off. "I saw you adjusting that big boy," she said, as she studied it. "Nice one, Kev."

"Just kiss it for me, Jan."

"Oh, no." She took me in her hand and gently rubbed her thumb across the head of it. "You're going to have to wait for that. This is going to be a quickie. We want to take the edge off, but you have to maintain your competitive spirit. I can't give you everything at once." With that, she pulled her panties off and I saw her pussy for the first time I could remember. It was shaved clean, which was something of a disappointment to me. I don't know why girls started deciding their pussies had to be shaven, but practically every girl I had at college was that way. For a guy who loved a big bush, it was not right.

She was sitting on my chest, so I bent my head forward and kissed her pussy softly. "No, no," she said. "Mama will give you lessons on that when the time is right, but not now." She rose up on her knees and slid down, then lowered herself onto my dick. As soon as I was fully in, she paused and arched back. "Like I said, Nice one, Kev."

Her pussy was as tight as any I had experienced. I told her that, and she squeezed it on my dick. I moaned. I couldn't help it.

"Oh, I do, Jan. I've always wanted you and I've always loved you, even when I put that bubble gum in your hair."

We laid there for a bit, basking in our afterglow, and then Mom's bed stopped its noise and Jan got up and grabbed her clothes.

"See you in the morning. Gonna be a good day, I think," and then she was gone to her own room.

Chapter 3

So it was another night of fitful sleep for me. Getting in Jan's tight pussy was a dream come true, but my real dream was Mom's. I had touched it! She let me touch it. Oh, sure, she didn't give me more than a little taste, but how many guys have gotten that far? When I studied it objectively, as I did in the wee hours when I'd wake up with a raging hard on, there were a lot of pluses on my tally board. Mom knew I wanted

on a competitive team she feared it would take the fun out of it. Dad had encouraged her to go for it, probably looking at the possibilities of a scholarship that would take some of the bite out of having two kids in college at the same time, but Jan stuck to her guns.

I looked at her. "And get humiliated once again?"

"Oh, come on. I'll even let you use the ladies' tees if you want."

"That does it. No way. You go. Enjoy yourself. I'll go with you after you've broken an arm, or something."

Mom laughed. If she had wondered about what we had been up to last night, and except for her look at Jan I had no reason to believe she suspected, our normal sibling bickering must have put her mind at ease. "You kids behave," she said. "Don't make me stop this car."

"Okay, then," she said. "It's a date, but I'm not going to be easy on you."

"You can be as hard on me as I'm going to be on you." I said that without thinking, but realized how it sounded when Jan gave a whoop and laughed uproariously. I blushed. "No, I didn't mean it like that," I stammered.

"You can be as hard on me as you can," Mom laughed, and then said to Jan, "And you get your mind out of the gutter, young lady."

"Me? He started it. He's the one who said it."

"Shush," Mom replied. "You two don't get started. Meet down here in thirty?"

One of the reasons I had always enjoyed tennis with Mom was her tennis outfits. Maybe it's because I liked the game so

much, but seeing an attractive woman in a tennis outfit was my weakness. Seeing Mom in her tennis outfits was my weakness on steroids. When she came down the stairs, I gave a low whistle. "Not fair. How am I supposed to concentrate on whomping you when you look so good in that?"

Laughing, she said, "You're getting stronger and I'm getting older. I have to work every advantage." I could tell she liked what I had said, and the thing is, it was true. She looked stunning. Her legs and butt were her strong points, and that outfit emphasized them both. Her face, an older version of Jan's, was set off perfectly with her hair tied back in a pony tail. As I told her last night, she was a MILF for sure.

At the club, we agreed that Jan would play nine holes, we would play a couple of sets until Jan was done, then we'd meet for lunch. As she left with her bag for the course, Jan turned back and said, "Good Luck, Junior. Just remember, swing easy and set up your approach shots." Mom laughed. She had no idea what Jan was really referring to, but I knew.

Mom came running around the net. She was laughing her head off. "Not only do I win, but I knocked you on your butt! How's that for an old lady?"

I jumped up and we fell into each other's arms, laughing. I didn't think about what I was going to do, but it seemed natural. I pulled my head back and then kissed her on the lips. She stopped laughing, melted in my arms, and kissed me back. I held her tight against me and flicked my tongue across her lower lip, and she responded in kind. I couldn't believe it. I was standing there french kissing my Mother.

"Hey, you two," came a shout from the sidewalk leading to the courts. "Get a room."

We looked over, and there was Jan, beaming.

"Oh, Jan, I wish you could have seen it," Mom said. "I served it right to his feet and he fell right on his butt. It was perfect."

Jan didn't mention the kiss, and neither did we.

After loading our gear in the car, we linked arms and walked toward the clubhouse. I could not have been happier. I kissed Mom! We hadn't gotten into it deeply, and that was a good thing because what kind of scandal would have ensued over a Mother and her Son being caught making out on the tennis courts, so Jan had probably done us a favor. But she had kissed me back. My Mom, the perfect soccer Mom and teacher, had actually given her son a little tongue.

We chattered away like magpies at lunch. Jan had linked up with one of her old friends from high school, Carol, and her Mother, Elizabeth. Elizabeth had been considered good enough to consider turning pro at one time, and Jan reported that she had beaten Liz by three strokes. As I said, Jan was a good player so we were not surprised, but Liz had a reputation at the club of being a fierce competitor.

"Wow," I said. "You beat Elizabeth? That's pretty hot."

"Oh, yeah," Jan said, rather smugly. "She won't let it go at that, though. We're going to meet again tomorrow. You know she's going to bring her A-game."

"Yep," I said. "She was just toying with you. She'll eat you alive."

Jan laughed and said, "We'll see who eats who."

Jan and Mom then started talking and that allowed my mind to wander. Elizabeth Chandler was a beauty. She was tall, trim, with a mane of thick red hair. Her years of golfing had kept her in good shape. To put it simply, Liz had been the wet dream of many a teenaged boy, and probably many a middle-aged man, at the club. I thought she was even prettier than Carol, and Carol was a stone beauty. I couldn't help but imagine Jan and Liz going at each other. I dismissed the thought as fancy, though. Liz wasn't like that, I was pretty sure. She sure didn't mind flirting with the men at the club,

dying. I kept looking over at her and she would look back, again with that wistful look.

After awhile I couldn't take anymore and I wondered what was up with Jan, so I stood up and stretched. "I think I'll call it an early night, too, since Mom kicked my ass this morning." Dad said goodnight and turned back to the television, and I stood in front of Mom. I wasn't totally hard but there was no doubt it was there and the way I was standing, it was right at Mom's eye level. That was all it took, and I was fully hard. Mom was like a bird before a snake. I could tell that she wanted to look, but she kept her eyes on mine as I told her goodnight. Finally she did it. Her eyes glanced down to my dick, then immediately back up to my eyes.

A slight smile danced across her lips. "Goodnight, Honey. See you in the morning," she said, then I leaned down and kissed her. I was leaning over, and she put her hand behind my head and pulled me in for a tighter kiss. There was no tongue, but since we rarely kissed on the lips, it meant volumes to me. My hard dick and I then turned away, and I went upstairs.

I paused about halfway up. "Mom?"

"Yes, dear?"

"I'd like a replay of today. I need another chance at you, you know. Everything, just like today, except next time I'll win."

She laughed and turned her head toward me. My dick was fully tented in my loose gym pants and there was no way she could miss it. "Okay, Buster, but you'd better be ready for it. Don't ask for something you can't handle."

"Oh, I can handle you, Mom. You just wait." Then I turned and went the rest of the way up the stairs.

I paused, waiting for Mom and Dad to get fully immersed in their show, then gently tapped on Jan's door. "Come on in," she said. She was sitting on her bed and her face was flushed red.

After a little hesitation, Jan looked me in the eyes. "I bent over to tee my ball and when I looked at her, I saw her eyes. They had the look, Kev. She had been checking my butt, and she had the look.

I was slow on the uptake. "What look?"

Jan patted the bed beside her and I sat down.

"THE look. Hot red-haired Liz wants to jump my bones. I'm sure of it."

I gasped. Holy-three-hundred-yard-drive! I gasped. "Liz? Carol's Mom?"

"Oh, yeah. Carol won't be there tomorrow, and it's going to be a big day, I'm thinking."

the realm of possibility. I'll see tomorrow." Jan was as hot as a rocket, I could tell. She had on another tank top, and her nipples were like little stones.

"So what will you do?"

"Well, one of the advantages of being a woman is that we can say things. Like, you wouldn't tell another guy that his haircut looks very sexy on him, would you?"

I laughed. "Not bloody likely," I said with an exaggerated British accent.

"Well, that's too bad. As I said to you before, you need to open your mind. I've read that everyone is bisexual in varying degrees. I believe that women, given our nurturing nature, tend to be more likely to be bi. I know when I was struggling with it I tried to deny my desire for another girl. When I opened up to the possibility, it was mind-blowing."

"Yeah," I said, repeating an old joke, "It doubles your chance for a date on Saturday night."

"Oh, you have no idea. But back to what I was saying. A woman can compliment another woman, even in slightly sexual terms, and we think nothing of it - unless we're open to it, and that's the foot in the door. We can even say to another woman, 'You have beautiful breasts.' If she's open to it, that can be the start of something beautiful. If she's not open to it, she still takes the compliment the way she thinks it was intended."

"Oh, God, Jan. Is that what you're going to do? Holy Shit. Please. Oh, please. You're going to have to tell me all about this."

"I will, I promise. But what about Mom? You guys were going at it, weren't you?"

I grinned. "It just came in the moment. She beat me and was so happy about it that we hugged, and then kissed. It was hot."

She even gave me a little tongue. Not a lot, just a tease, but "Wow!" Then I told her about what had just happened when I told Mom goodnight.

Jan grinned back at me. "I think tomorrow may be a big day for both of us. Now get to bed. I need to be rested and ready."

The next morning, Jan was already dressed for golf when she came down. She had on her own tennis outfit and, damn, she looked good.

Mom looked at her. "You playing tennis or golf?"

"I want to get some sun on my legs and it's likely to be hot today, anyway. What do you think?" She twirled around.

I chimed in. "If you were playing with me, there would be a lot of wood action, I can tell you that."

on her face, and my bulging eyes must have given it away. Instead of sitting right down after I had moved over to sit beside Mom, Jan went to Mom and Dad in turn and kissed each of them on the lips.

"Holy Jeebus," I thought to myself. "I wonder if Mom and Dad smelled the pussy on her?" I looked at Mom, and she had a shocked look on her face, so that answered that question.

"So," Dad said, "We're dying to hear. Who took a beating out there?"

Jan laughed. "I guess we both did. We were tied at the eighteenth, and decided to bag it and finish another day."

"You didn't finish?" Dad was incredulous. No one ever didn't finish, especially if they made it to the last hole. "You didn't make the last hole?"

Jan struggled to keep from laughing. "Oh, we made the last hole, Dad. We just didn't finish the last hole. We've got all summer to decide who's going to be on top."

I knew Jan was having a ball with her double entendres, but neither Mom nor Dad were in on the joke.

Jan sat down, and Mom covered our laps with the throw. I wasted no time in putting my hand on Mom's leg and she opened her legs invitingly. I slid my hand up and cupped her pussy, squeezing slightly, and was amazed at how wet she was. She glanced at me, smiled slightly, and put her hand on my hard dick. Yep, this afternoon had broken the ice between Mom and me. I couldn't wait to tell Jan about it.

Jan put her hand under the throw and I put my left hand on it to keep her from making a move on my dick. How would it have been if Jan moved her hand to my dick and found Mom's hand already there? Of all the problems a guy can have, that seemed a delicious one to me, but I wasn't ready for

what might come of it - at least until I had prepped Mom for what I thought was to come between her and Jan.

The show we were watching was a British police procedural, one of Mom's favorites, but it was kind of dry. Jan stretched and yawned loudly. "I'm beat. I think I'll turn in early tonight." She stood up.

"Yeah, me too," I said. "Today was exhausting for me. The best day of my life, but exhausting." Mom squeezed my dick when I said that and laughed.

"Okay," she said. "Neither of you can hang with the old folks, so you go up. We'll probably call it a night after this, so we won't be far behind you." When she said that, Dad turned around and smiled at her. The look that passed between them left no doubt in my mind that Dad was in for a treat tonight. I had left Mom pretty hot and bothered, and Dad was sure to get the benefit of it.

Jan and I made no pretense of going to our separate rooms, but went right into Jan's and sat cross-legged on her bed.

"Who first?," Jan asked.

"You go first. I'm dying to hear about it. I almost got there. There's no doubt I will, in time, but I want to hear about Liz."

"Where do you want me to start? You want the down and dirty, or the teasing, too?"

"Oh, Baby," I moaned. "Give me all the teasing."

"Well, I drove to her house to pick her up. As soon as she got in the car she told me that both Carol and her Dad were away for the night. That might not have meant anything in normal circumstances, but I took it as Liz's way of telling me we had a free house for fun and games after golf. When she said that, my pussy started gushing."

"What was she wearing?"

"She had on a pair of loose tan shorts and a low-neck tee. She looked great, but not over the top. I think she wanted to look good, but not so good that it looked like she was trying. Remember, we were still in the early stages. Maybe nothing would come of it."

I nodded, breathless.

"So we got to the course and started playing. The first couple of holes were nothing special, and we were even going into three."

"Yeah, yeah."

"When we putted out, she bent over to get her ball at the same time I did, and my face was right at her tits. I couldn't help it. I stared. Then I said, 'Wow, you have beautiful breasts, Liz.'"

that.' By the end of the afternoon, she was a great pussy muncher. But that's not the best part."

"What? What could be better than that?"

"What she told me when we were snuggling afterward."

"Uh, huh. And what was that?"

"She said she had always thought you and I were the hottest brother and sister at the club. She didn't ask me outright, but she was trying to get me to tell her if you and I had ever been together. Kev, I don't want you to get your hopes up, but I see the possibility of a threesome in your future. Would you be up for that?"

"Shit. What do you think? Liz? Hell, yes."

"Then she got all serious. She told me that we could never do what I wanted. She said she loves Dad and could never do that to him. But when she said that, she was rubbing her pussy against my dick, Jan. It was the hottest thing I've ever done. I pushed her up, took her hand, and led her right up here. She didn't say a word. Just followed me."

"Up to your room, or hers?"

I paused to let the drama build. "Nope, Jan. Right here. We came to your room."

"You're shitting me. You fucked her on my bed?"

"Not yet, but as soon as we came in here, she was so hot I couldn't believe it. We stood right there at the foot of your bed and kissed. Mom's a good kisser. She was hungry. I took her robe off and she got embarrassed. She apologized because

her bush was so thick. I couldn't help but laugh. Jan, she has the most beautiful bush you've ever seen."

"I dunno. Liz has a pretty good one."

"Yeah, but this was Mom's. I told her how I had dreamed about her pussy. I pushed her back onto the bed and buried my face right into it. I don't know if Dad eats her pussy or not, but I'll tell you she likes it. She almost smothered me. I made her cum, eating her pussy. She was almost there, I could tell, and I rubbed my finger across her butthole. Man, she exploded. I was afraid I was going to give her a heart attack."

Jan laughed. "Yeah, explain that one to the EMT guys."

"She pulled me up to her and kissed me. I could tell that tasting her pussy on my lips turned her on. She looked in my eyes and told me, 'I can't give you what you want, but maybe there's something else?' I did the classic push-on-her-head move, and she went right down. Jan, she practically

worshipped my dick. She was studying it like she'd never seen one before. Then she did it. She took me in her mouth."

"Oh, God. You got a blowjob from Mom. You are a man among men. How was it?"

"How do you think? I mean, even if she didn't give a good one, just to have your Mom take your dick in her mouth. What could be better? But Jan, I'm telling you, our Mom is a champion at blowjobs. She was sucking it with her mouth while she stroked me with her hand. She's a champion."

"She swallow?" Jan was breathless.

"Like she was dying of thirst. Even if it wasn't Mom, it may have been the best blowjob I've ever had. But it was her. I thought I was going to die."

"But you never fucked her?"

"Nope. But I'll get there. While you had your face buried in Liz's pussy, I had mine buried in Mom's. We spent all day at it. She couldn't get enough. Listen to how hot she still is." We could hear the bed, squeaking away.

I took Jan's hand in mine. "But the best part was when we were laying in bed, this bed, talking. I asked her why she had gotten so angry with me that day in the kitchen. What she said was beautiful, I thought. She kissed me, and said, 'I knew someday that day would come, Kevin, and I was afraid. I had wondered what I would do if, when you became a man, you asked me for it. All I could ever think was that I would give it to you if that's what you really wanted. I have never denied you kids anything you really wanted, have I? How could I deny you the one thing you wanted more than anything? But it scared me that the moment had come. That's all.'"

Jan looked at me. She knew what that meant for her. "See?" she said. "That's what I told you. More Mothers and Sons have fucked than you can imagine. It has to be the most pure love ever." Jan was trembling. "So you think I have a shot?"

"Based on what she said, you just might. I have to tell you, though. It can't be just sex because you want a notch on your bra strap, or wherever you girls put your notches. It has to be love, Jan. She's our Mom."

Jan leaned over and kissed me. "My little brother has grown up into a good man, I'd say."

"And Jan?"

"Yeah?"

"Mom loves ass play. I got my finger in it while I was eating her, and she was like a tiger."

Jan cradled my face in her hands. "Show me, Kev. Show me how Mom likes it."

Chapter 5

The rest of the week was an emotional blur. I hung around Mom like a puppy, with it getting to the point that she had to jerk my leash.

"Stop it, Kevin. You're acting like a lovesick fool, and if you think your father and sister aren't going to notice, you'd better think again. I've already seen Jan looking at me strangely. Act normal, Son. We'll have our time together."

Then there was Jan. She stayed turned on. I couldn't satisfy her. Every night she would sneak into my room. We'd whisper, listen to Mom and Dad, and then succumb to our own urges.

I don't remember ever hearing Mom and Dad go at it before, when Jan and I were teenagers, but they were sure going at it now. It seemed that almost every night the bedsprings would be squeaking.

I couldn't decide if Jan was going for Mom or Dad, or both. She had become very affectionate with both of them. One night instead of sitting on the couch with Mom and me, Jan playfully climbed into Dad's lap to watch our programs. I was watching, as was Mom, as we held hands under the throw. Jan leaned down and whispered something into Dad's ear, then they both laughed and she wriggled her butt on him. To me, it spoke volumes, but until the next day I didn't know if Mom noticed.

As we sat in the kitchen drinking coffee, Mom asked, "Have you noticed Jan acting a little strangely lately?"

I almost choked on my coffee, because only a couple of hours before I had my dick buried to the hilt in Jan's pussy. "She's always strange, isn't she?"

"You know what I mean. Did you see her last night on your Dad's lap? If I didn't know better, I'd think she was trying to get him interested. You don't think so, do you?"

I stood up and walked behind her, bending down to kiss her neck while I cupped her breast. "Would it be so bad? I mean, look at us."

Mom gave a throaty laugh. "I guess not. They're both adults. I've just always wondered about Jan. Sometimes she sends off sexual vibes that she doesn't seem to care in which direction they go. You know what I mean?"

I cleared my throat. This was an opening I had hoped for, but I had to tread carefully. I didn't want to get Jan in trouble or compromise her with Mom. How do you tell your Mom that her daughter wants to jump her bones? "Jan is a very sexual woman, Mom. Surely you must know that. She's your daughter, and you're the most sexual person I know."

"I guess so," Mom laughed. "I remember when I was her age."

I spoke a little hesitantly. "I hope I'm not compromising a confidence, so don't let her know I told you this."

"What?"

"Jan told me once that she loved beautiful men and she loved beautiful women. She said we shouldn't be so quick to label people."

I expected Mom to gasp or cry or something, but she didn't. She mused, "I thought so. I don't care, you know. I just want you kids to be happy. My thinking has always been that love is such a precious thing, that we should celebrate it wherever we find it. Who cares if it's a man or woman, as long as there's love?"

Wow. Mom was much more open than I expected, so I thought I'd ramp it up a notch. "She's always thought you were beautiful, Mom. Who knows? Maybe she's going after you and Dad, both." I laughed when I said that, to take the edge off a

little. I feared I might be walking too close to the edge, but Mom and I had had some pretty deep discussions lately.

She laughed and pushed me away. "Oh, get on, you. God, now you're telling me I have both my children after me?"

"I'm just saying."

I sat back down and Mom continued. "I don't think so. Maybe your Dad, but I don't know. It's different between daughters and fathers, and mothers and sons, you know. It's the power differential. Society frowns on daughter-father sex and, when the children are young, well it should. That's just wrong. But consenting adults? That's an issue to be debated for centuries, I guess."

I nodded. I knew exactly what she was saying. I couldn't imagine any man feeling victimized if he made love to his Mother, but we were always reading about women who felt victimized by their Dads. Kind of like the female teachers in the news for sleeping with young men in their class. As long

as they're over 18, who cares? Plus, every man who read such an article thought, "I wish we had teachers like that when I was younger." But reverse the scenario and make it a male teacher with a female student and, even if she was over 18, the response was, "Yuck."

"Besides," Mom said. "I can't see your father doing that. He's pretty strait-laced, you know."

I laughed at that. "It doesn't sound like it at night."

That made Mom laugh. "I guess we have gotten pretty hot lately. It's just that you have me so worked up I can't stand it. Your Dad seems the same way at night."

We looked at each other, smiling. "Jan," we said together.

Then Jan walked in, rubbing her eyes. "I don't know what got into me last night. I slept like the dead."

I looked at her and smiled. I knew very well what had gotten into her last night. Me.

Jan got her coffee and the three of us sat chatting. Mom seemed particularly animated and after her initial jolt of caffeine, so did Jan. Sitting there with my Mother and Sister, both of whom had sucked my dick, was one of the most exciting experiences I could have imagined. Several times Mom or Jan had to jolt me out of my reverie. I did notice, though, that the conversation flow seemed to be concentrated between Jan and Mom. They made a lot of eye contact. "Hmmm," I wondered. "What is this?"

After breakfast the sun was beaming down, so we agreed to adjourn to the pool. Jan and I went to our rooms to change into our suits, and I gave her a quick synopsis of the conversation Mom and I had. Jan's face beamed. At the pool, we all three got in and horsed around a lot. I managed to get surreptitious feels of both of them, and both of their hands found their way to my hard dick. The real fun, for me at least, was watching the horseplay between Jan and Mom. Once I was looking away and when my focus returned to them, both

hanging from the diving board at the deep end, I was almost certain I had seen Jan's hand on Mom's ass. Mom gave no sign of it, but when Jan's eyes met mine, there was a hungry smirk on her face.

When we had our fill of swimming, we moved to the lounge chairs. For the past few days at the pool I had been responsible for putting sunscreen on Mom, but I was supplanted by Jan. I was laying on my stomach with sunglasses on, and I took advantage of the lesson Jan was giving on sensuously applying sunscreen. Her movements were gentle and smooth, where mine had been more aggressive. I squirted the sunscreen on Mom's back and then rubbed it in, while Jan squirted it in her hands first. After finishing Mom's back, Jan didn't hesitate. She put some lotion in her hands and started on the backs of Mom's legs. Maybe I was wrong, but I thought Mom was making slight little hunching motions against the lounger. There was no doubt that Mom spread her legs for Jan, who took advantage of it and rubbed the sunscreen right up to the edge of Mom's pussy.

That night, after dinner, I got a real dose of reality. Mom and I sat in our usual positions but when Jan came in, she pushed between us. "You always get Mom, Kev, and besides, the view of the screen is better here. How about a little sharing?"

What could I do? Jan and I did have a pact. How much farther I got with Mom depended on her now, and copping a feel of her pussy under the throw would not get me any closer. Jan, on the other hand...

I slid my hand on Jan's leg and started a move upwards. She grabbed my hand and positioned it on her left leg, closest to me. I could not tell you what program was on that night, for my focus was on the connection between Jan and Mom. It's a wonder I didn't go cross-eyed, for I had my face forward but my eyes to the right for hours. I thought I saw a little movement in Mom's lap. Could that be Jan's hand on Mom's leg? Did Mom have her hand on Jan's thigh, like she did mine when we sat together? I have to say, jealousy started to rear its ugly head, but I stifled it. After all, other than seeing Mom's face on my dick, I couldn't imagine anything hotter at the moment than the thought of Jan feeling Mom up.

When the program ended and Dad stood up with his customary, "Time for bed, kiddos," I jumped up and took the throw with me. Ah, ha! Jan and Mom couldn't react fast enough, and I saw their hands on each other's legs. I didn't say a word. I went to Mom and leaned down for a good night kiss, and got a little tongue action from her. My guess was that she could not have been hotter. Old Dad was in for a treat tonight, I was sure.

After everyone had settled, Jan came into my room and took her normal position, cross-legged on my bed.

I looked at her and smirked. "Well, little girl. Are you proud of yourself, sitting there feeling up your own Mom?"

"Oh, God, Kev! I've never been so hot in my life. Jesus, I could smell her. She was getting into it."

"Hell, you practically had your hands on her pussy at the pool. What do you think? You've done this before. Are you going to...?"

"Don't count chickens, Kev. You remember how she reacted the next morning after you rubbed her leg at the movie? Slow and easy. That's how you do it. Whatever happens will be her decision."

At that moment we heard the familiar squeak of their bed again. Jan looked at me with an impish grin. "Let's see if we can catch them at it"

As quietly as we could, we tip-toed out of my room to kneel at Mom's door. Jan slowly, ever so slowly, turned the knob and eased the door open enough that we could see in. Dad was on top and was humping away. I had to give it to the old boy, he was doing a good job. Mom's legs were wrapped around his, and she was meeting his every movement. We heard Mom say, "Roll over," and Jan eased the door shut.

When Jan opened the door again, we were shocked to see Mom astride Dad in a reverse cowboy. Mom. Doing a reverse cowboy. My dick could not have been harder. She had her eyes tightly closed and was rhythmically pumping on him, with him hunching up into her. We could hear the squishing of their fucking. Jan and I were on our knees, peering in, while holding hands. My mouth was hanging open, and when I looked over at Jan, so was hers.

Then Mom opened her eyes. Jan and I both started and were prepared for a quick getaway, when Mom took her right hand off Dad's knee and raised her finger to her lips in a shushing gesture. Her eyes met mine. Her mouth opened slightly and she licked her lips, looking right at me. She then shifted her gaze to Jan and gave a slight smile. Keeping her eyes on Jan's, she again licked her lips and then quickly spun off Dad and turned around. Her magnificent butt was presented to us as she gave Dad what I knew was a champion blowjob.

She moved her leg across Dad's and shifted so that she was kneeling on his left side, purposely giving us a view of her sucking Dad's dick. His was bigger than mine, maybe not in

length, but certainly fatter. Mom raised her mouth off him and looked at us. Then she took the head of his dick in her mouth, still keeping her eyes on ours, first looking at me, then at Jan. The message was, to me, unmistakable. To me, it was, "This is how I look when I'm sucking you." To Jan, it was, "This is your Father's dick. Can you beat me at this?"

When Dad erupted in her mouth, she collapsed on him and moved up his body to kiss him. Jan and I took that as our clue, and quietly eased away from the door. One of us must have made a sound because we heard Dad say, "What was that?"

"It was probably mice," Mom said. "I've been telling you to put traps out."

When we got back to my bed, Jan was trembling. "That is the hottest thing I've ever seen," she said. "Oh, God, I've got to fuck both of them."

Jan and I made a world record, I'm sure, of stripping our clothes. She threw me on my back and took me in her mouth.

Mimicking exactly what Mom had done, she shifted to my side and sucked the head of my dick while she stroked the shaft. She looked up into my eyes, and I exploded. We had had some pretty hot sex before, but this night topped them all. I wondered if Mom could hear the squeaking of my bed. I hoped so.

Jan stayed with me that night and we fell asleep spooning. The next morning I was up before her, of course, and slipped on a pair of gym pants and a tee shirt to go downstairs. Mom was sitting in her usual position at the kitchen table and, when she saw me, a smirk crossed her lips.

"Enjoy the show?"

"Oh, God, Mom. That was sooooo hot. Please. If I don't have you, I'm going to explode."

"All things come to him who waits, Honey," she said. "Be patient. I want it, too. I realize that. We will. Just be patient

with me." As she said that she reached to my lap and squeezed my dick. "Did you like how I sucked your Father?"

I could only moan.

She smiled at me with her usual Mom smile. "We've come a long way this summer, haven't we?"

"Oh, yeah. I'd say so."

"And I think we're all going to go a lot farther." She nodded as she said it. "So, did Jan enjoy it, too?"

I laughed. "What do you think?"

"What did she say?"

There were no more secrets between Mom and me. We had taken oral to new heights, I had fingered the hell out of her

ass, and I was now sure I would be fucking her sooner, rather than later. I told her exactly what Jan had said about wanting to fuck her and Dad, both.

"As I said, all things come to him, and her, who waits."

And then Jan walked in.

Jan was glowing. The usual "Grumpy Cat" Jan in the morning was not there, but a bubbly and excited Jan was in her place. She wasted no time.

"God, Mom. That was the hottest thing I've ever seen. You could be in porn, Mamacita!"

Mom blushed. "I didn't plan it, for sure, but it was so hot when I saw you two kneeling there at the door, I couldn't help myself. Am I a terrible Mom?"

I started, "Hell, No,..." and then Jan interrupted.

"Mom, you are the hottest woman I've ever known. You're also the best Mom in the world. So, there."

That pleased her, but then she got a serious look on her face. "I don't know any other way to ask this, but I did notice how hot you two were last night. Are you...?"

Jan and I looked at each other. I don't know what Jan's plan was, or if she had even thought about our being confronted directly like this, but I knew I didn't want any secrets from Mom. "It just happened, Mom. I was so hot because of you, and Jan and I started talking, and the next thing we knew..."

Mom held up her hand. "I don't need details," and she smirked a little, "Maybe later, but not now. But you didn't start as children, please tell me that."

Jan jumped in. "Oh, hell no, Mom. It's just been this summer. I will tell you, though, that my little brother is a stud."

Mom sighed. "And you talked about me?"

This time it was Jan's turn to blush. "Yeah," she said softly. "Turns out we both wanted the same thing."

Mom hesitated. "So, how much do you know?"

Jan didn't answer, but looked at me.

Mom laughed a little. "I guess that tells me the answer, doesn't it? Well, what do you think about that, Jan? Does that make us a perverted family?"

"Mom, you would not believe the number of guys I date who I am convinced have slept with their Moms. And those who have not, want to. Based on my experience, I'd say it makes us pretty normal."

That got everyone laughing. "Well, what are we going to do about Dad? I'm afraid he's sure to find out, or at least, to suspect."

"You leave Dad to me," Jan replied. "I've got plans for him. He just doesn't know it yet."

"Are you so sure about that? What about your squirming your butt on him the other night? You think he's made of stone?"

Jan guffawed. "It felt like part of him was!"

Mom laughed, too. "Yeah, he gave it to me pretty good after that. I knew what he was thinking. It was hot!"

Then we told Mom what Jan had said the night we heard the bed squeaking, about Mom fucking me in her mind, Dad fucking Jan in his mind, and us fucking each other. Mom laughed at it. "You might not be far wrong there, you know. But really, what are we going to do about it?"

"Like I said," Jan replied. "You just leave Dad to me. As long as you're okay with it, I know what's going to happen. Are you okay with it?"

Mom giggled. "I'd be pretty hypocritical if I said I wasn't, wouldn't I? But you have to be careful, Jan. That's a big step. I know it has been for me. Parents are supposed to protect their children. There's a pretty big stigma about fathers who sleep with their daughters, you know. Kind of backwoods. He may not go for it, even if he wants to."

"But I'm not a little girl, Mom. I'm a woman who wants to sleep with a man she has loved all her life. That's not wrong."

"You can say that, Jan, but you two will always be our babies."

I jumped in. I have to admit, the thought of Jan fucking Dad was pretty hot. I knew what a tigress she was in bed. I just hoped she didn't give Dad a heart attack. Besides, there was

still more I wanted from Mom. "Isn't it just a blooming of a love that has grown for years, Mom? When someone loves another person, regardless of gender," I paused and looked at Jan, knowing I was doing her a solid by saying that, "sex is a natural progression. Between parents and offspring, or between siblings, that love gets kind of stunted. It hits a roadblock. We want it, but aren't supposed to go there. But what if we do go there? Isn't it what love is supposed to be? I know I love you more now than ever. I even love Jan more than ever."

Jan reached over and punched my arm. "Jerk."

Mom paused. "I guess it can be. I know I feel closer to you than I ever thought I could, Kevin." She looked at Jan. "If that's what you want with your Father, then go for it."

Jan looked in her eyes. "That may not be all I want, Mom."

Mom blushed and looked down at her hands on the table. "One step at a time, okay?"

Chapter 6

You would think, given the fat was in the veritable fire and we were openly talking about it, that I would have made great progress with Mom in the next few days. I didn't. We were very loving, very touchy-feely in private, but I couldn't get her to agree to go the final distance. She seemed distracted. Damned Jan.

On Wednesday, Jan went out to lunch with some friends, leaving Mom and I in the house alone. As she was leaving, Jan winked at us and said, "You two kids don't do anything I wouldn't do."

Mom and I both laughed and Mom replied, "That leaves a lot of room, doesn't it?"

Jan looked right in Mom's eyes and said to me, "Don't teach her anything I can't do, Junior."

Mom blushed furiously, and swatted her on the butt. "Remember that I'm your Mother, young lady." Jan laughed and went bouncing out to her car.

Mom and I were standing at the kitchen door and I put my arm around her, hugging her to my side. "Is there anything you would like to teach me, Mom?," I asked, and slid my hand down to cup her ass cheek. She swayed against me, then turned into my arms and we kissed deeply.

She was wearing a pair of loose-fitting khaki shorts and a tank top. As we kissed I slid my hand under the leg of her shorts and then into her panties. Her pussy was dripping wet, so I slid a finger into her, prompting her to begin small hunching movements against me. "Now is the time," I figured, so I took her by the hand and led her upstairs.

"Which room?," I asked when we got to the top landing.

"Jan's," she whispered. "Do you mind?"

"I wouldn't mind the kitchen floor, if that's what you wanted," I said, prompting a giggle from her.

We went into Jan's room and, believe it or not, Jan's bed was nicely made. That told me Jan expected us to go in there because Jan was not the neatest of people and her bed could go days without being made. Mom and I were in the heat of the moment and, without any prompting on my part, she hurriedly started undressing. She shucked her tank top over her head, reached behind her to release her bra, and stood before me, naked from the waist up. I had seen her tits before, of course, but I don't think I'll ever get enough of it. They were beautiful. About the size of grapefruit, the nipples were long and stiff and poking right at me. Inviting me. I did not hesitate. I was down to my boxers at this point and peeled them off, then took two steps to her and took her left breast in my mouth. Sucking furiously, I pushed her back and she fell onto Jan's bed.

"Oh, Honey," she moaned. "What are you doing to me?"

I laughed. Seemed to me like the answer was obvious, but clearly she meant the question more in a general way. "I'm loving you, Mom, just the way I've always wanted."

After sucking both breasts, reveling in the feel of her nipples as I teased them with my tongue, I slid down her body and undid the button and zipper of her shorts. I slid the shorts and panties down her legs and there she was, naked before me. She had some gray in her auburn hair, but there was no hint of it in her magnificent pubic hair. I've always loved a full bush, and she had one, in spades. It was so full that I had to part the hair with my fingers to reveal her labia.

I sniffed deeply, rejoicing in her musky smell, and tentatively licked up her labia to the clitoris. Using the tip of my tongue while spreading her lips with my fingers, I teased it and she moaned deeply. I inserted my index finger in her with the palm up, so I could caress her G-spot and she hunched involuntarily against my face. Taking that as a cue, I massaged her with my tongue while rubbing the G-spot, and then went to work on her clitoris. Starting gradually, I increased my

sucking of it while rubbing with my index finger and she hunched up against me.

I paused and then raised up to reach over to Jan's nightstand drawer, pulling out her bottle of lubricant.

"Now how did you know where to find that?," Mom whispered.

"Lucky guess," I said, and squeezed a healthy dollop into my right hand. Returning to my previous disposition, this time I gently eased my middle finger into her ass. It was awkward for my hand, but I managed to fuck her ass with my finger while rubbing her G-spot with the other finger, and then returned my mouth to her clitoris. It didn't take long after that. She bucked up against me, moaned deeply, and then collapsed back onto the bed.

"Wow," she said. "Did Jan teach you that?"

"You don't want to know who taught me that," I answered. In truth, the Mother of my best friend in high school, Marie, had taught me that. I didn't think Mom was ready to hear about it, since she and Marie were very tight.

"You're going to tell me, you know," she giggled.

"Maybe sometime, but not now. Now it's my turn," I said, and flopped over on my back.

She raised up and straddled my legs. Looking in my eyes the whole time, she slowly lowered herself toward my dick. She took it in her left hand, and gave an exaggerated lick across the head.

"Look what you've turned me into," she said. "I can't get enough of this."

"If you think you can't get enough, imagine how I feel."

Still keeping eye contact with me, she held her hair back with her right hand and slowly took me into her mouth. Mom was a damned artist at blowjobs. She took practically the whole length of it, then raised her head and concentrated on sucking. While sucking, she beat me off with her left hand. In no time, I felt myself ready to cum, so I pushed against her shoulders.

"Mom, I want to cum in you this time. I really need that."

"Baby," she said after she released me from her mouth, "I don't know if I'm ready for that yet."

"Well, I'm ready," I said immediately.

"Oh, I can tell. You've got to be patient with me, Kev. I know you think that after everything we've done, that you in my pussy is no big deal. It is to me, though. I can't explain it, but just be patient with me. You'll get there. It has to be right. I don't want to have any regrets when we do it, and I'm afraid right now I would."

I sighed. I knew I could whine and wheedle and get it now if I pushed it, but I wanted her to be fully in, if I was going to be fully in. As I thought that, I chuckled at my clever turn of phrase. She took that as agreement, and lowered her mouth back to my dick. Repeating her earlier technique, in no time flat I exploded in her mouth. She swallowed it hungrily, and then slid up my body to kiss me.

I could smell my cum on her lips, and kissed her deeply. "When you're ready, I'll be ready," I told her. "But why the hesitation? It's not like we're not doing anything already."

"Oh, I know," she said. "It's complicated. When I was your age, if a girl gave a guy a blowjob, it was after they had already had intercourse. Isn't that funny? But a blowjob in those days was beyond intercourse, in the scheme of things. I like how kids are today. You've gotten a lot of blowjobs from girls you've dated, and never got into their pussies, right?"

I laughed and nodded. "Yeah. Lots of times you'll get a blowjob as a consolation prize, kind of." Then I turned serious. "Is that what this is? A consolation prize?"

"Oh, no, don't look at it that way. It's a step toward making me comfortable." She paused and shifted her eyes away from mine. "I've never really been unfaithful to your Father, you know. So, even if it's with you, that's a big step for me."

I pondered that, while stroking my fingers through her hair. "I get it," I said. But then I thought about exactly what she just said. "...never really been unfaithful..." What did that mean? Had Mom given blowjobs to other guys? I had to know.

"What do you mean, 'never really been unfaithful?'"

She blushed. "Oh, I don't know. There have been a lot of guys over the years who wanted in my pants. Sometimes I was tempted. But I never yet have gone all the way with anyone."

I laughed. "But some consolation prizes?"

She raised up slightly and punched me lightly on my chest. "Some things have to remain secret, young man, even from you. Don't ask. Don't tell."

We both laughed at that, while visions of Mom giving blowjobs danced through my head. Bob, my friend Bobby's Dad and Marie's husband, clearly had lusted for Mom for years. I wondered. Had Mom given him a blowjob? There was the time when they were all over for a pool party, after my college freshman year, and I caught Bob and Mom in the kitchen, hugging. I suspected something then, but since I ended up getting in Marie's pants at the time, thought I shouldn't make an issue of it.

I couldn't help it. "Bob?"

"You just won't give up, will you?"

"Well. No. I always thought there was a spark between you two." If she told me her secret, I was prepared to tell her mine.

"I don't want you to think badly of me."

"How could I? I love you, unconditionally. You're a sexy woman. I can't blame Bob for wanting you." As I said that, I cupped her breast in my hand and twiddled her erect nipple between my thumb and forefinger. "Did Bob ever get to see these beauties?"

"OK, but it has to be our secret. I mean it. You can never tell anyone, not even Jan. But yes, Bob and I got pretty hot for a time. We realized the risk we were taking, though, and cooled it."

"So Bob got a consolation prize?"

She laughed. "I'd say he was not disappointed."

I laughed out loud. Mom looked at me, her eyebrows raised.
"And that's funny?"

"What's funny is what I'm going to tell you, but with the same caveat. Absolutely secret, between us."

"Tell, tell," she said, emphatically.

"Well. Probably at about the same period Bob was getting his consolation prize, I was getting mine from Marie."

She raised up, her eyes wide. "You are absolutely shitting me. You and Marie? Why, that bitch!"

"No, no. It wasn't like that. I was 19 or 20 already. But we had the same conversation you and Bob had, I guess, and stopped."

"Tell me all about it. I want to know everything."

"It was at the pool party when I walked in and saw you and Bob hugging. I always had a thing for Marie, and I guess that made me look at her in a different light. I remember distinctly. I went out to the pool and she was in the shallow end. I cannon-balled her, and she was mad because I got water in her eyes. I went up to her and put my arm around her to apologize. She was spluttering, she was so mad. I figured I had nothing to lose, so I slid my hand down to her butt. She looked at me and said, 'Kevin, what are you doing?'"

"Yes, yes. Then what?"

"I squeezed her butt and said, 'Do you have any idea how much I've always wanted you?' She looked around to see if anyone was watching us, which they weren't, and said the hottest words: 'Don't let anyone see you doing that.' She didn't say, 'Don't do that.' She said, 'Don't let anyone see you doing that.' Even then, I knew what that meant, so I asked her if I could come see her. Just that. 'Can I come see you?' She said, 'You know you can come by anytime. The door's always

open.' Then you and Bob came out on the deck and I moved away from her. You don't remember?"

"No. I don't remember that at all. I was a little flustered at your walking in on Bob and me, though. So what happened then?"

"I waited a couple of days until I knew Bobby and Diane were going to be out of the house, and went over. She was surprised when she answered the door and saw it was me. She acted like nothing had happened and invited me in, then walked to the kitchen with me trailing behind her. She asked if I wanted a soda and went to the fridge to get it. I walked right up behind her, hugged her, and pushed my dick against her butt. It didn't have a lot of finesse, I admit, but it was direct."

"You're lucky she didn't slap you."

"I know. But she turned around and hugged me. One thing led to another, and we ended up in her bedroom."

"No, you don't. I want more details."

"You gonna give me more details about Bob?"

"Deal. Now spill it, Buster."

"Well, when she hugged me I slid my hands down to her butt. I always had a thing for her butt."

"You are a butt man, aren't you?"

"Oh, yeah. We kissed, and I knew at that moment I was in. She's a good kisser, Marie. She was hungry for it. We went into the family room and sat on the couch and kissed some more. When I got her breasts out, I was floored. They were the first woman's breasts I had ever seen. They weren't like the girls at school. They were big. I could hardly get it into my mouth."

Mom giggled. "Marie does have a rack, doesn't she?"

"You could say that, for sure. She took charge then and got me undressed. She knelt between my legs and, until you came along, gave me the best blowjob I ever had. We went to her bedroom then and got completely undressed. Mom, she fucked like it was going out of style. She made me promise to never say a word, of course."

"So you've never told anyone?"

"Ummm. Not really."

"What do you mean, 'Not really?'"

"I felt bad, but turned on at the same time. I couldn't stop thinking about her. Sometimes I'd feel guilty, and then I'd get all hot about it. So one day I told Bobby his Mom was a MILF."

"Wow. What did he say?"

"He said, 'I know, and so is yours.'"

"Oh, my God. You boys were talking about us?"

"Yeah. That kind of opened the door, so we talked about you two. Bobby told me how much he wanted you, and I told him the same thing about Marie. Then we admitted we each wanted you both."

"Huh? What do you mean?"

"We admitted to each other we wanted to fuck our own Moms. That would be you."

Mom was dumbstruck. "You mean, you two talked about Marie and me like that?"

"Mom, we were teenagers. Of course we did."

"What did Bobby say about Marie?" She was kneeling on the bed, totally naked, as was I, and I could tell how hot she was.

"He said he thought he had a good shot at it. He said she let him play with her butt and kissed him sometimes. I mean, really kissed him. That made me start really wondering about you. If it weren't for Bobby, I wouldn't be here now, probably."

"Do you think they did? I mean, do you think they're, well, you know?"

"I don't know. I wouldn't be surprised. I've seen them a couple of times, and Bobby's hand is almost always on her butt. Now that I'm older, I look back at how they are together, and I think maybe so. If not, they're pretty darned close."

I continued. "One day I told Marie how much Bobby wanted her. She got pretty turned on by it. I don't know if that had anything to do with what might be going on between them, but I hope so."

"Wow. The things you can learn from your Son."

I reached up and put my hand on the back of her head. "Why don't you show me what you can teach your Son?"

If she had given me good blowjobs before, she gave me a five-star one then. After we were done, we lay there hugging and whispering.

"So are you going to tell me about Bob?"

"What do you want to know?"

I laughed. "Details, Mom, details. How did he do it? How did he get to have his hands on your beautiful breasts? How did he get the Consolation Prize?"

"Oh, it started innocently. I noticed him looking at me. A woman can always tell when a man is interested, you know, by how he watches her. That's all it was, for a long time. He would watch me, and it was flattering. I knew what he wanted. We flirted, but innocently. I mean, we're always together as families, aren't we? Hell, they're coming over this weekend for another pool party. How am I going to face Marie, knowing she's fucked my son?"

"Well, you'll have something in common to talk about, won't you?"

She laughed, and went on. "It was spontaneous, no plan at all. In fact, I had a plan to never go through with it. You know?"

I nodded. "Sometimes the best plan is no plan at all."

She laughed. "Yep. But one night when we were all together playing bridge, I was partnered with Bob. His looks were smoldering. Marie even chastised him about it, but she thought he was trying to send signals about his hand. 'No eye

look messaging,' she told him. I knew what his messaging really was, though. So he and I ended up in the kitchen to get another bottle of wine and clean glasses, and that's when it happened."

"What? How?"

"I was reaching up to get the glasses from the cupboard and he came up behind me and hugged me. Sounds much like what you did to Marie. I could feel his dick against my butt. I turned around and kissed him, and that was that."

"No 'that was that.' I want details."

"The rest of the night was a blur. All I could think about was his dick, pushed against me. I felt so guilty, but as you said, it was a hot kind of guilt. I mean, look at Marie. She is stacked. A little heavy, maybe, but lush. And Bob wanted me. It was flattering. So the next day he called me and we talked. We agreed it was a spur of the moment thing, meant nothing, and we shouldn't go any farther. But we did. The next time we

went to their house, it was like an instant replay. Bob and I found ourselves alone briefly, and instantly we were in each other's arms. A couple of weekends later, your Father took all you kids to a ballgame and, like a slut, I called Bob. Marie was visiting her Mother. Bob came over, and we ended up in bed."

"Details. Details."

"He's not very big, you know," she giggled, "But it's not the size of the sword. We felt right together. We agreed that intercourse might not be the best idea, so we concentrated on other ways. You know?"

"Kind of like us?"

"Yeah. I realized that if oral is all you're going to do, then you concentrate on it. It's not a precursor, but the main event. If you're happy now, a large part of it is because Bob taught me how to really please a man with it."

"Wow. And Dad and Marie never suspected?"

"I don't think so. One night your Father commented on how my blowjobs had improved. But he was pretty happy with it, so never asked more. I told him I'd been reading Cosmopolitan." She laughed.

"Oh, Cosmo," I said.

"Yeah. I'm going to have a lot to talk about with Marie this weekend, I'll assure you of that."

"Whoa, now. Secrets, remember?"

"I won't. But now that I know, maybe I can get her to confess, especially if she and Bobby are up to something."

"But you don't tell her a word about us, unless she tells you something about Bobby first, right?"

"What do you think, I'm an idiot?"

"Can I tell Jan?" I wanted to tell Jan because it was so hot, but I wouldn't if Mom said no.

"I guess we don't have many secrets from Jan anymore. Are you sure we can trust her with it?"

"I'm sure of that." I reached down and cupped her pussy. "You know Jan has a vested interest in keeping our secrets, don't you?"

Mom blushed. "Yeah, I guess so. What am I going to do about Jan, Kevin?"

I looked in her eyes. "You do whatever you want to do. It's as you said, 'Love is a precious thing.'"

That led to another bout of oral lovemaking. As hot as Mom was when I went down on her for the umpteenth time, I knew she was thinking about Jan. That made me wonder. Why had I not asked Jan for tips to make me a pussy-eating king? I mean, she knew what she liked, and she knew how to do it herself. Hmmmm.

We didn't hear Mom's bedsprings squeaking that night. I suspect her pussy might have been a little tender from the working over I gave it that day. That didn't stop Jan and me, though. In her room I recounted what Mom and I had talked about. I was totally taken aback when Jan said she had known about Bob and Mom.

"You knew?"

"Of course. Do you think women can't tell? I wouldn't be surprised if Marie knows. Women can just tell when two people are fucking."

I even told Jan about my suspicions about Bobby and Marie. She suspected the same thing. She floored me when she said she suspected Diane and Bob might be at it, too.

"Holy shit. You're kidding. Diane?"

"It's like I tell you, dumbass. A woman always knows when two people are fucking."

"Wow. Okay. Who else?"

"In time, grasshopper. We've got all summer."

The week couldn't pass fast enough for me. Finally it was Saturday afternoon and Bobby, Diane, Bob, and Marie came for the pool party. When we all changed into our suits for the pool, I couldn't decide who was hotter, Mom, Jan, Marie, or Diane. I laughed to myself because I was pretty tight with three of the four. Bobby was standing beside me, equally goggling the girls, and elbowed me.

"What are you laughing at, Perv?"

"I'm laughing because we have a surplus of riches in front of us, Bobby my lad. The question is, what are we going to do about it?"

Normally that would have gotten a response from him, but Bobby clammed up. I upped the ante.

"You ever make any progress with your MILF Mom?"

He elbowed me again. "Maybe."

That's all it took. I grabbed his arm and we went into my bedroom after announcing we had a video game championship to decide.

"Spill it, Bob. Tell your Uncle Kevin everything."

"Man, I don't know where to start. Promise you won't say anything?"

"Of course. Now, give it."

He hesitated. I knew what he was going to tell me, and I knew the enormity of the secret. I also knew the burning need to tell someone about it, and Bobby and I had been best friends forever.

"Mom and I have gotten a lot closer the last couple of years."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. Like, very close."

That opened the spillway. We each confessed. I learned that Bobby was fucking both Diane and Marie, and that it started

the same summer Marie and I had fucked. I told him what I had said to Marie about him.

"That must have been it! Thanks, Kev. You did me a solid there."

"How so?"

"It was one day when she and I were home alone. As usual, I was chasing her around trying to grab her butt. She stopped me and said something like, 'Do you really know what you want, or are you just being a jerk?' I told her what I really wanted, and that was that. I got what I really wanted, and have been getting it since."

He paused. "Kev, you know how pillow talk is, don't you?"

"Yep. No secrets, right?"

"Yeah, no secrets. Mom told me about you and her."

My jaw dropped open. He had never said a word about it.

"She did? When?"

"Practically the first time. I asked her why she had decided to give me what I wanted, and she told me what you had said to her. I asked her how that came up in the conversation, and she told me all about it."

"You okay with that?"

He punched me lightly. "Hell, yes. Of course, I still have a plan for the delicious Carol. You did mine, so I think it's only fair."

I laughed. "Sometimes, you know, the best plan is no plan at all. Go for it. Just give me time to get there first."

When we went outside again, I noticed Mom and Marie huddled together, giggling like schoolgirls. After they left, somewhere around midnight, Mom and I stayed outside to pick up the mess.

"I noticed you and Marie talking."

"Oh, yeah. We were talking."

"And?"

"Oh, the plot thickens. We're a regular Peyton Place here. To start, Marie and Bobby are an item."

"I know."

"You know? How?"

"Bobby told me."

"Did you tell him about us?"

"Yeah, but not all the details."

She laughed. "I got the details. They've been going at it for years. Bobby convinced her to let you have it."

"What?" I told her about my conversation with Bobby, and how he said that what I had told Marie helped him in the door."

"No, Baby. He was already there."

So I told Mom what Bobby had said about having plans for her. I told her I thought he was playing us, but she demurred. "No, he doesn't want to take away any of your pride of conquest. That's how men are. It's all about conquest. I'd say it means he's a very good friend."

"So, are you going to let him?"

"Too soon for that," Mom said, "But who knows what the future will bring. Marie knows about Bob and me."

"She what?"

"Yeah. She didn't know, but she suspected."

"And she never said anything?"

"Well, how could she? She was fucking my Son and my Husband."

"Huh? Dad?"

"Yeah." She laughed. It was regular True Confession out there. But we're cool with it. We've been best friends for a lifetime. She and your Dad ended it for the same reason Bob and I did.

Marie and I agreed that it probably made our marriages stronger. It made us realize what was important. But now? As I said, 'Who knows what the future might bring.'

I said, "But no plans, right?"

She laughed. "Right. No plans. We'll just see."

Chapter 7

The next weekend was sweltering. The air conditioning in the house was struggling to keep up, and we all were suffering from the heat and humidity. Jan and Dad had gone to the club to play a round of golf, and I finally had Mom alone for the first time in a week. As soon as Dad and Jan pulled out of the driveway, I had Mom in my arms and was going to town on that sexy ass with my hands.

"God, Mom. I thought I'd explode this week I've wanted you so much." We kissed.

"You're going to have to control yourself, you know. It's been...well...hard on you, I know, but you have to be careful. We have to keep the cat in the bag for awhile longer until we're sure we have your Dad hooked."

I laughed at Mom's double entendre about the week having been "hard" on me.

"What do you mean, 'hooked?' What are you talking about?"

She softly laughed. "Oh, don't act like you don't know what's going on. Jan has her sights set on him and it won't be long, I can tell you that. He's as much a horny buck in heat around her as you are around me. Once he takes that step, you and I will be free to follow the same path."

I scoffed. "What the hell? You and I can't do it until Dad and Jan have? Where's the logic in that?"

She got serious and pushed me back so she could look in my eyes. "I can't explain it logically. I told you I had never really been unfaithful to your Father, and I'm not going to go first in this. Besides being unfaithful, it's doing it with you. But when, and it's not if, but when, he and Jan have done it, then I'll be free to do what I want with you. I know it may not make sense to you, but that's the way I feel and I can't change it."

There was nothing I could do. I sensed that immediately, and nodded. "I understand, I guess."

"Honey, you should be happy that your Mother and Dad are still so much in love after all these years. What you and I have will always be our special bond, and you have to understand that your Dad and I have a special bond, too. Celebrate it and, when the time comes for you and me, enjoy it. The one thing about love is that there's always enough to go around."

I laughed at that. "Jan sure has enough to go around, doesn't she? I don't know who she's hotter for, you or Dad."

This time it was Mom's turn to laugh. "Jan is a sensual young woman. Isn't it wonderful that our society has progressed enough that we are not bound by old mores? I'm glad Jan knows her true self."

"That doesn't answer my question."

"I didn't know you had asked a question," she said, with a half smile on her face.

"You and Jan?"

"Oh, it may come, I don't know. I've never been with another woman in that way. The idea does turn me on, I admit it, but I don't know if we'll ever act on it. Time will tell."

"Whew. The idea turns me on, too," and I took her hand to put it on my hard dick.

"Maybe if you're a good boy, we'll let you watch some day," Mom said, coquettishly. "Now get to work and help me clean up the house.

"That's not at all what I had in mind," I said, and pouted a bit.

"You know we've invited the Bensons over tonight for a pool party. I'm not having guests with the house looking like this, so just help me pick up a bit. And don't think I haven't noticed how you ogle Sally Benson. Consider that your reward."

Sally Benson was a year behind me at school and, yes, she was hot. Her mother, Polly, was even hotter in my estimation, and I said that.

"So you like the more mature ones, do you? As if I didn't know that already." She turned away from me and went to the hall closet to get the vacuum.

I groaned. Using the vacuum cleaner was my least favorite job, but I took it from her and without complaining, got to work. The relationship between Mom and me had changed me, and for the better, I had to admit. Before, I would have done anything to get out of this chore. Now, I went at it with enthusiasm.

Later that afternoon Jan and Dad returned from the golf club. Attuned to it, I noticed a tension between them and couldn't wait to get Jan alone so I could ask about it. Mom was putting together a summery dinner, and Jan went to her room to shower and change clothes. I was right behind her.

"What went on? You got the old boy wrapped around your finger yet?"

Jan snickered. She was wearing a short skirt and bent over in front of me. "What can you see when I do that?"

My dick sprang to life. "Jeez, Jan. How did you play golf with a thong? Doesn't it bother you?"

"Today was not about golf. Now tell me what you can see."

"I can see the outline of your pussy. What do you think I can see?"

"No. Describe it. Tell me what you can really see." She remained bent over, her fingers touching the floor and her legs slightly bent.

"I can see practically your whole ass. When you bend over, it puts tension on the fabric of your panties, and they stretch against your pussy. The lips are obvious. You have beautiful fat little pussy lips." I bent my face in and kissed it. "If I'm

closer, I can see your butthole. You didn't shave, I can tell, and I can see some hair around your pussy. There, is that enough?"

She straightened up and turned to face me. "Every time I had to tend to my ball I made sure I was facing away from him and bent over just like that. He got to see what you are seeing. It was driving him crazy, I could tell. Golf was the last thing on his mind." She laughed. "You should have seen him, shanking some of his shots. A couple of times when I stood up I turned to look at him, and his face was priceless. He looked like he had been poleaxed. I wish the Bensons weren't coming tonight. I'd drive him crazy. I just know it."

Jan wouldn't play around with me. "No, no, big boy. I've got other things in mind and I want to be as hot as possible. I don't want that post-sex mood. I want the 'I want it and need it' mood. You'll just have to wait."

"You'll just have to wait." That seemed to be the theme around the house today. I sighed, but then turned and went down to

the kitchen to see if I could help Mom. When I got there, she was on her cellular.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. Does it hurt much? Are you going to be okay?" After talking a bit more, she terminated the call and put her cellphone down.

"Polly sprained her ankle and had to go to the emergency room. She was calling from there. They're not going to be able to make it tonight. Maybe next weekend."

"So we cleaned up for nothing? That was a waste," I said.

"No," Mom replied. "It was not a waste. We have the house looking nice, we have a nice dinner, and we can have our own pool party."

Dad walked in and picked up on that. "What do you mean? Are the Bensons not coming?"

She explained the situation to him and then added, "So, we don't have to wait for them to get here, if you're hungry. Everyone go put your suits on and we'll eat by the pool."

Jan and Mom both looked good - so good that neither Dad nor I had much of an appetite for food. Mom had on her one-piece. The fabric was just thin enough that it outlined her pussy and emphasized her erect nipples. I was throbbing for her. Jan wore her bikini and, while it didn't show as much as her thong, there was little left to the imagination. She wore it proudly, with no reserve. Dad was mesmerized.

We sat for awhile, sipping wine, and then Mom said, "OK. It's been long enough and the sun is hot. Let's have a dip."

We got in the pool and swam around a little, then Dad grabbed Mom and submerged to put his head between her legs, standing up with her on his shoulders. "Chicken fight!" he shouted, so I did the same with Jan. I could feel Jan's pussy on the back of my neck and, even over the chlorine in the water, could smell her pussy.

We horsed around, and then Mom said, "This is unfair. Kevin is taller. Let's switch." She hopped off Dad's shoulders, walked over to Jan and me, and unceremoniously dumped Jan into the water.

"Hey!," Jan shouted. "You're going to pay for that." She went to Dad and stood in front of him with her legs spread, invitingly. He didn't hesitate, but immediately dunked down and put his head between her legs, then stood up.

I did the same with Mom, and we started playing again. This time, though, there was much more hesitation in the game. It was clear that both Dad and I were enjoying having the pussy we wanted against our necks more than the game itself. Dad had a strange look on his face and I wondered if he could smell Jan's pussy. She was leaning back slightly, rubbing her pussy against his neck. What she was doing was obvious.

After a short while of it, Mom hopped off my shoulders and walked over to the corner of the shallow end. "I'm tired," she

said, "and I have water up my nose. Let's rest a bit." I walked over to her, and noticed that Jan and Dad had gone to the other corner.

Jan pushed Dad to make him off-balance, and then started swimming to the deep end. "Race you," she shouted, and Dad took off after her. When they got there, they went to the diagonal corner of the deep end and held on to the edge, catching their breath.

I reached down to cup Mom's butt with my hand and she put her hand on my chest, leaning to me. "Turn slightly away so they don't think we're watching, but keep an eye on them. I think tonight's the night. I know your Father, and I know what he's thinking."

We did that, and it wasn't long before Dad's hand went into the water and I could tell he much have been holding Jan's ass, as I was holding Mom's. He slid around behind and put his arms around her. We couldn't see his hands, but my bet was that they were on her pussy. Jan slid her hand into the water.

I knew Jan, and I knew she had her hand on his dick. Mom slid her hand down to squeeze mine.

We stayed like that for, I don't know, maybe five minutes or maybe five hours, but then Mom whispered to me, "Stay here," and went swimming toward them. She whispered something to Jan, who swam to me. I figured Mom had second thoughts and was reading Dad the Riot Act, because they were engaged in an animated and whispered conversation.

"What do you think she's saying to him? Is the game over? I knew it. This isn't going to work at all," I said to Jan.

"He's so hot for me he can't stand it," Jan replied. "Just be patient. If I'm right, she's going to come back to you in just a minute." Sure enough, Mom and Dad looked in each other's eyes, he nodded, and then she swam back to me.

"Go for it, Jan," she said when she got to us. "Just go with the flow and see what happens." Jan swam back to Dad, and they

resumed their previous position. Mom turned away from them and I moved behind her, grinding my dick against her butt. She pushed back into me and leaned her head to rest it on my shoulder. "Tonight's your night, Stud. Don't disappoint me."

Mom turned back toward Jan and Dad. Dad was hunching his dick against Jan's ass, his eyes closed. "I feel like a skinny dip," Mom yelled to them. "Who's in it with me?" Jan and Dad raised their heads and looked at us. "Or are you afraid?" Mom added.

Jan's weakness was that she could never resist a dare. She reached her hands behind her and whipped off the top of her bikini, waving it in the air. The look on Dad's face was priceless, and I could see his hands moving up to cup her breasts. Mom shucked off her suit, standing naked in front of me, but pointedly looking at me and not them. "This is private time between us," she said. "Don't look at them. Give them their privacy, and they'll do the same for us."

I took my suit off, and Mom took my dick in her hand. "Are you sure you're ready for this?"

"Oh, yeah. I'm ready. What did you tell Dad?"

"I told him I knew what was going on, and I was good with it if that's what he really wanted. I just told him he had to give us the same latitude and he had to be sure about it. He's so hot he would have agreed to buying the Taj Mahal. He said he knew something was going on between you and me, and he thought it was hot. He said every son should get to fuck his Mother, so I guess you're going to get to." She giggled. "But I am going to have to ask him about your grandmother."

"Whoa. Dad and Nana?"

"Seems like it to me. I always wondered. Now I'll get to find out." She squeezed my dick, and then we heard splashing at the deep end. We turned, to see Jan and Dad climbing up the ladder. Jan was in front of him as she climbed up it, and he kissed her ass, right in front of us. When he got out they

walked toward the patio door, holding hands, without looking at us.

"That's our cue," Mom said, and climbed out of the pool in front of me. I kissed her naked ass as she did. It seemed the natural thing to do. When we got in the house there was no sign of them - just two sets of damp footprints leading up the stairs. Mom took my hand and led me to my room. When we got in, I noticed the door leading to our shared bathroom was closed and we could hear Jan giggling in her room.

Mom laid down on my bed and gave me the "come here" gesture with her finger. I got beside her and bent down to take her nipple into my mouth. I wanted to get my dick inside her, but I didn't want it to be a "Wham bam, thank you Ma'am" event. I wanted it to be perfect for her, so I slid my face down between her legs, again reveling in her hairy pussy. She had an almost immediate climax, moaning quietly as she held my head and pulled my face into her. She took a moment to recover, then sat up and pushed me onto my back. "My turn," she whispered, and took me into her mouth. She had given me blow jobs before, but not like this one. It took all I could

do to keep from exploding in her mouth, so I pushed her mouth off and pulled her up to me. She looked in my eyes and reached down with her hand to hold her lips open as she eased down on my dick.

Every first time for any sexual act with your Mother, be it kissing or touching her butt or anything, is a magical moment. The first time my dick entered her pussy was beyond magical. It was what I had wanted for as long as I could remember, and it was better than anything I could have imagined. Her pussy was snug but not tight, but it was so smooth and warm that it felt like butter. She started gently hunching against me, and then picked up the tempo as she got into it. In no time we both climaxed, and she collapsed into my arms.

"Was it what you wanted? Not disappointed, are you?" She looked into my eyes.

"Mom, I love you. It is better than I could have dreamed. Just tell me there will be more, and forever."

She laughed. "Oh, I think it's certain there will be more. Forever depends on you. I want you to get married and give me grandchildren. But I'll always be here for you, as long as you want me."

I kissed her. "Then that will be forever."

At that moment, we heard a deep groan from Jan's room. I couldn't tell if it was Jan or Dad, but somebody was getting something good.

Mom laughed. "Yep. I think there will be more," she said, and rolled onto her back. "If you're up to it."

We spent the night in my room and Jan and Dad spent the night in hers. The next morning Mom and I woke, cuddled in each other's arms. We heard rustling in Jan's room. "They're at it early," she noted.

We made love, gently, and then after basking in the afterglow Mom got up. She went to her room to retrieve her robe and stuck her head in the door. "I'm making coffee," she said. "I think everyone is going to need it."

I put on my sleeping shorts and went downstairs to find Jan and Dad already there, sitting at the table. Jan had a triumphant look on her face. Dad seemed slightly chagrined. Mom gave me a cup and we both sat down. The silence at the table was powerful, and then Mom broke it.

Mom was always in charge, and this time was no different. "So," she said. "Our lives have changed somewhat. Whether we continue as a happy and loving family depends on this moment. I wanted what happened last night. I wanted it for all of us." She looked at Dad. "I love you, you know that. You also know I love Kevin. You love me, and I know you love Jan. There is no reason we can't continue our lives just like this, with even more love between all of us, if we want it. And I know I do."

There was a pregnant pause while she waited for Dad to respond. Finally he grinned. "The only reason would be that I can't keep up with Jan," he quipped, and then everyone laughed. That broke the tension, and we all started talking at once. Dad got up and went to Mom, kissing her deeply, then he did the same thing to Jan. I stood up, kissing Mom and then kissing Jan, equally fervently.

"Well, I guess that answers that question," Mom said, laughing. "I think I might need a nap," and she took Dad's hand to lead him to their room.

Jan and I went to my room and, again, could hear the bedsprings squeaking in Mom's room. We wasted no time in getting my bed squeaking. Jan had always been hot, but she seemed hotter than I'd ever seen her.

"Was it what you expected?," I asked.

"Even better, Bro. He doesn't have the stamina you have, but he knows what he's doing and, even better, it's him. What about you?"

"Oh, yeah. Same thing. It's Mom. Getting my dick in her was like a dream. It's beyond the physical part. It's special. I can't describe it."

"I know," Jan said, taking me in her mouth. She gave a suck and then pulled off. "I know. I'm going to drive her crazy when I get her mouth on my pussy." She then went to work on me.

FIN.