



THE  
*Incest*

**BUNDLE**

20 SHORT STORIES

JULIUS INCESTUS



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The Incest Bundle

*20 Short Stories*

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# Contents

The Incest Bundle	1
Caught My Son Masturbating with My Panties	2
Brother Teaches Sister How to Give a Blowjob	14
Brother Teaches Little Sister Sex (Part 2)	28
Sister Teaches Brother How to Lick Pussy	41
The Anal Queen: Anal Sex with My Sister	49
Sex at 30,000 Feet: Flight Attendant's Special Treatment	62
Sex at the Gym	73
Mother & Son Caught Having Sex	84
Mom Lets Me Try Anal Sex for the First Time	95
I Took my Sister's Virginity	109
Sex In the Fitting Room	119
I Masturbated with My Mother	128
Mom Took my Virginity	139
I Masturbated with Sister's Panties	151
I Accidentally Fucked my Sister	160
I Creampied My Mother	170
I Caught My Mother Masturbating	182
Mom Teaches Daughter Blowjob	191
Mom Teaches Daughter Sex (Part 2)	202
Mom Teaches Daughter Anal Sex (Part 3)	216
<i>Afterword</i>	230



# The Incest Bundle

Twenty short stories by Julius Incestus. Featuring sister brother, son mother, cousins, and mom daughter son threesomes.

Tags such as Anal, masturbation, mom teaches, virginities, oral sex, public sex and lots of more!

## Caught My Son Masturbating with My Panties

I walked into the bathroom, preparing to take a shower. My eyes landed on my favorite towel, the one with *Stella* embroidered on it. It had been a gift from my son. He gave it to me on my fortieth birthday, two years ago.

Growing older wasn't easy, especially as a retired model. Thankfully, I'd kept my figure, toned, tall, and still holding up in all the right places. Even my breasts, though generously sized, hadn't started sagging much. I stood nude in front of the mirror, running a hand over my waist, then up to my breasts, watching my reflection with quiet scrutiny.

I tossed my lustrous dark blonde hair over my shoulder and ran a hand over my high cheekbones and jawline. I was grateful I still looked attractive despite not being twenty years old any longer.

Time kept moving, and there was nothing I could do about that. But at least I had Dan, my sweet, shy son, who I loved more than I'd ever admit aloud. I'd overheard his friends whisper lewd jokes about me several times, but I never let it bother me. At nineteen, he still hadn't found a girlfriend. I didn't judge him for it. I figured he'd get there when he was ready.

Before stepping into the shower, I decided to start the laundry.

When I opened the hamper, I noticed my panties right at the top. I picked them up and froze.

They were slightly damp like someone had tried to rinse something off. Holding them closer to the light, I spotted faint white streaks... dried *cum* stains.

At forty-two, I knew exactly what I was looking at.

The realization caught me off guard. A flush crept across my skin, but not entirely from embarrassment. I was flattered. He must still see me as attractive. The thought stirred something warm in my chest, though a part of me still felt sorry for him. He shouldn't have to settle for his hand. He deserved to know what it felt like to be with a real woman.

When he got home, I decided, I'd dress in something sexy. I needed to know if he really did find me attractive.

\* \* \*

After a couple of hours, the front door opened. "Stella?" Dan's voice called out, slightly uncertain, as always. "I'm home."

Standing in my bedroom, I gave myself one last look in the mirror. The black pencil skirt hugged my hips just right. My ivory top dipped into a deep V, showing just enough cleavage to make him lower his eyes. I'd let my blonde hair down, brushed until it fell in waves past my shoulders. I'd also painted my lips red, making them look as sexy as I could. This was a look I knew turned heads on the streets, but this wasn't for a random one-night stand. It was for my son, who I deeply loved.

I took a breath and stepped out of the bedroom. Dan had just dropped his bag by the door when I walked into the living room. He turned and froze, his mouth slowly opening.

His posture stiffened almost comically. He was tall, a little

on the lanky side, with that same blonde hair he'd had since he was a kid. But he wasn't a kid anymore, and his wide eyes told me exactly what he saw now.

"Hey," I said casually, letting my hips sway just a little as I moved toward him. I placed my hand on his shoulder, looking him directly in the eyes. "You look tired. Long day?"

"Uh, yeah," he said, rubbing the back of his neck as he struggled to maintain eye contact. "School's just been ... yeah. You look, uhm, nice."

"Thanks." I smiled, pretending not to notice the flush creeping up his neck. "I was just getting ready to organize some storage stuff in the garage, but there's a box I can't lift on my own. Think you can give me a hand?"

"Sure," he said quickly, almost too quickly. "Where is it?"

"In the back, near the shelves. Follow me."

I led him through the kitchen and into the hallway that led to the garage. As I walked ahead, I casually glanced over my shoulder, and that's when I saw it.

He was trying hard not to show it, but the growing bulge in his jeans was like a tent pole beneath a silk sheet.

Slowly, I started getting excited, hoping I wasn't becoming too wet so he noticed too.

Inside the garage, I pointed toward a box stacked against the wall. He stepped around me to reach it. "This one?"

"Mm-hmm." I stood just a bit too close behind him. "Careful, it's heavier than it looks."

He crouched to grab it. As he lifted, the hem of my skirt brushed against the back of his arm. I stepped closer, pretending to steady the box, but my hand "accidentally" slipped.

My fingers landed right on the front of his jeans. His erection pressed firm and hard beneath the denim and against my hand.

Neither of us said anything for a moment. It dawned on me. He found me sexually attractive.

“I’m sorry,” I murmured, pulling my hand away. But something warm and sticky leaked from my pussy.

He turned his face slightly, eyes flickering to mine. “It’s .. okay.”

I smiled, soft and sweet, pretending to brush it off, but inside, everything was buzzing, and I was melting a little inside.

Back inside, the silence between us lingered as we walked through the kitchen. I leaned against the counter, watching him for a beat.

“We need to talk,” I said gently.

He blinked. “About...?”

“Come,” I nodded toward the living room. “Let’s sit.”

He followed me in silence, sinking nervously onto the couch. I sat beside him. His knee bounced slightly, a nervous habit I’d seen a hundred times.

I took a slow breath and folded my hands in my lap. “I was doing laundry earlier,” I began. “And I noticed something unusual.”

Dan’s shoulders tensed instantly. His eyes flicked to mine, then at my boobs and then away.

“My panties,” I said, watching his reaction. “They were damp. And there were stains ... White stains.”

His face turned bright red. He buried his face in his hands with a groan. “I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean for you to find them. I—I shouldn’t have—”

“Hey,” I interrupted, reaching out and patting his back. “It’s okay. I’m not mad.”

He peeked out from behind his hands, clearly not believing me.

"I understand," I said. "You're young. Your hormones are probably driving you crazy. Believe me, I was the same at your age, horny all the time, thinking about things I probably shouldn't have."

Dan just looked at me, and I noticed a clear, hard throb beneath his pants.

"I just ... I don't get it," I continued. "You're a good-looking guy. Why not find a girlfriend?"

He shrugged, still avoiding my gaze. "I don't know. I'm kind of shy, I guess. Girls at school ... they're either taken or intimidating or just not interested."

I nodded, considering him for a moment. "Well," I said, reaching out and lightly placing my hand on his thigh, making him stiffen. "If it helps ... I could give you some relief."

His eyes shot to mine. "Relief?"

I smiled. "I could jerk you off with your panties if that's what turns you on. But only under one condition."

He stared, barely breathing. "You're serious?"

I nodded slowly. "You'll ask someone out tomorrow. No excuses and no backing out. Deal?"

"But you're my mother."

"And?" I said. "I love you and want what's best for you. And be honest, why are you rock hard?"

"You're ... kind of hot," he struggled to admit.

Those words warmed my heart. "If you think that then why would it matter if I jerk you off or not?"

"You're right," he said.

"So, do we have a deal?"

He hesitated, still in disbelief. Then, after a long, tense pause, he gave a slow nod. "We do have a deal."

I stood up in front of him, holding his gaze. I reached for the

hem of my skirt, held it up and while I peeled my panties down my hips.

They slid down my legs with ease, but I paused as I held them in my hand. They were wet, more than usual. I felt the heat between my thighs. Just seeing the way he looked at me, like I was the only woman in the world, was enough to stir something deep in me. Something I hadn't felt in a long time.

When I looked up again, Dan was frozen in place, and his poor erection kept throbbing.

"Your turn," I whispered.

He nodded slowly, hands trembling as he reached for his belt. He was so nervous, I had to help him. I leaned forward, letting him enjoy the sight of my tits as I unbuttoned his jeans and slid them down.

His erection sprang free, hard, flushed, and aching. I smiled, so proud of how big and strong he'd become. He was quite girthy, and I knew it would feel amazing to have it inside me. But then I focused on him. I wasn't doing this for me but for him. I wrapped the damp panties around his shaft, making sure my wet and musky part was around his sensitive tip. Even if I hadn't stroked him yet, he let out a long moan.

"Tell me how you like it," I said, my voice low and inviting, as I curled my fingers around him and began to stroke.

Dan exhaled, his whole body shivering with pleasure at the first taboo touch.

"God... like that," he whispered. "That feels insanely good."

I kept my pace slow at first, letting the silk of the fabric glide over him, watching every twitch of his body, every shiver of pleasure pass through his face.

His head tipped back, eyes fluttering shut, mouth falling open. He was so sensitive, so desperate for female touch, and I wanted

him to feel all of it.

“You deserve this,” I murmured, leaning in slightly. “You’ve got so much to offer, Dan. So much life ahead of you. Let this be the start of something. Let it push you forward.”

He moaned, louder now, hips bucking slightly as I kept stroking his hard penis with my freshly-worn panties. The fabric was soaked now, between him and me, it was almost too much to handle.

And then he stiffened, hands gripping the couch. “Oh, Mom ... I’m coming.”

“It’s fine I’ll clean you up afterward,” I said as I kept the gentle, loving rhythm, drawing it out so he enjoyed every second.

He squirmed in pleasure as I ran my wet panties up and down his length. He threw his head back, then opened his eyes, looking directly at the valley between my breasts. And I recognized that familiar rhythm, the subtle shift in his hips, searching for that final bit of friction a man needs right before he lets go. I didn’t want to keep him there any longer. Leaning over his lap, I spat directly onto the already-soaked fabric, adding more slickness and more heat. The panties clung to his cock as I stroked him faster now, tighter, using both hands to work every inch. He thrust his hard length right up into my hands, and he was coming. He was climaxing right in front of his mom.

He jolted as if struck by orgasmic lightning, and then I felt his hot, sticky seed soaking through the fabric and trickling over my fingers. My eyes widened at his impressive load, hot, thick and pearly white, and I watched every second of it unfold with pride swelling in my chest. He let me jerk him off without making it weird. Since he’s so brave, I knew he’d have no trouble finding a girl.

I smiled, still stroking gently as he came down from it, his breath ragged and his eyes slowly opening to meet mine.

“You’re going to be okay,” I said softly, brushing a strand of hair from his forehead. “Just remember what you’re capable of.”

“Sure,” he said, catching his breath. “Thank you, Mom.”

“You’re welcome, sweetie,” I said and gently kissed his forehead.

\* \* \*

The following day, Dan came bursting through the front door, a grin stretched across his face like he couldn’t hold it in any longer.

“Mom!”

I turned from the kitchen.

“She said yes,” he said breathlessly, waving his phone. “I’ve got a date. Friday night. She gave me her number and everything.”

I walked over and pulled him into a proud hug without thinking.

“Oh, Dan,” I said against his ear. “I’m so proud of you.”

I pressed my boobs against him, letting him feel every inch of me, but I felt it the moment it happened. His body tensed. A bulge stirred between us. He was hard again, caught between excitement and nerves.

He backed up a little, sheepish now. “Sorry. I didn’t mean to—”

“It’s okay,” I said gently, cupping his cheek. “You’re still learning how to handle it. That’s what I’m here for, remember?”

He gave me a shy smile.

“You all right?” I asked.

He rubbed the back of his neck. "Yeah, just ... I don't know. What if it goes too far on the date? What if she wants to... you know. I've never actually had sex before."

I could tell it wasn't just performance anxiety. It was the fear of being inadequate, of letting someone down.

I stepped in close again, resting my hands on his chest. "Then it's a good thing you've been such a good boy."

He blinked, uncertain.

I smiled and kissed his cheek, letting my lips linger. "Come with me ... dinner can wait."

I led him down the hallway and into my bedroom. I made sure to pull the curtains together, switching lights on the lamps instead. I turned to face him by the bed.

"You're not going into that date blind," I whispered. "You're going to know exactly what to do. How to touch. How to move. How to make her feel wanted."

His breath caught as I slid my top off, letting it fall away.

"Are you sure?" he asked quietly, eyes already tracing every inch of my body.

I stepped closer and took his hand. "I'm sure ... What about you?"

"This is incest," he said, as if it were forbidden.

"I don't want to do something you aren't comfortable with," I told him truthfully.

"But I do want this," he said.

"Then why does it matter if it is incest ... no one has to find out."

He didn't try to hide his bulge or his attraction for me any longer. "You're right," he said, smiling as if he were also melting inside. "Please, guide me through this."

"I will," I said, being proud of him,

Slowly, I undressed him, taking my time, guiding him through each sensation, every kiss and every touch a woman needed. Then I undressed in front of him, and his jaw dropped at my breasts. “Wow, Mom, you have the most beautiful chest I’ve ever seen.”

Those words meant the world to an aging woman like me. Again, I guided him through it, letting him know how a woman liked to be touched. He was such a good listener, gently caressing and fondling my breasts.

Then he started reaching for my nether region, and I told him to undress me. He was, not so shy and nervous any longer. He revealed my glistening slit, freshly shaved just for him.

Standing naked before him, I guided his hands over my curves, watching his eyes widen with wonder. I lowered myself onto the bed, parting my legs.

“Come here,” I whispered, beckoning him closer. “There’s something every woman loves that you need to learn.”

He knelt between my thighs, uncertain but eager.

“Use your tongue,” I said, guiding his head down. “Start slow, gentle circles. Listen to my breathing, it’ll tell you everything.”

His first incestuous lick made me shiver. I gasped, arching slightly, but at the same time, I looked down, seeing his tongue draw circles on my most intimate body part.

“That’s it,” I said, feeling his rosy tongue eagerly lapping at me. “Right there... yes...”

He was a quick study, responding to every cue my body gave him. When I moaned, he repeated the motion. When my thighs trembled, he focused his attention. Soon, I was writhing beneath his mouth, teaching him through gasps and moans.

I couldn’t hold it any longer. I wanted his hard cock more than anything. “Now come up here,” I said, pulling him toward

me like a horny teenager.

He positioned himself above me, his eyes questioning. I reached between us, guiding his hardness to my entrance.

“Are you ready to lose your virginity?”

“Yes,” he said huskily.

“Slow,” I whispered. “Watch my face. You’ll know if it feels good.”

He pushed forward, entering me with a groan that sounded almost pained with pleasure. I wrapped my legs around him, inviting him deeper inside his mommy.

My eyes were about to roll to the back of my skull as I felt his hard length inside me. “Move,” I told him, my hands on his hips. “Find your rhythm.”

His thrusts started cautiously but grew confident as he watched my expressions of pleasure. I taught him with my body when to slow down, when to go deeper, and how to angle himself to hit the spots that made me gasp. It was the best cock I’d felt in my life. It was a sensation unlike any other, and I became so wet for him. He started fondling my breasts with his free hand, kissing my neck and biting my ear. He made me shiver with all his curious touches.

“I won’t last,” he said, as he kept plunging his hard-on inside me, again and again.

“It’s okay,” I assured him, feeling my own climax building. “Let go, Dan. I’m close too.”

His final thrusts pushed me over the edge. I arched my back and moaned, my pussy clenching around him as if I never wanted to let go of him. The sensation triggered his orgasm, and he groaned deeply, his warm, hot cum flooding my interior as he collapsed against my slick chest.

We lay there, hearts racing, bodies slick with sweat and my

arms wrapped around him. I stroked his hair, feeling peaceful and content to have finally been loved again.

“That was...” he began, unable to find words.

“I know,” I whispered, kissing his sweat-covered forehead. “Now you know what to do.”

“Mom ... can I do something for you?” he asked. “You’ve been so sweet and caring to me.”

I smiled, touched by his words. “You’ve already done everything for me. You’ve made me feel desired and loved again. No man has done that in years.”

He smiled back. “I want to make you feel desired and loved again and again.”

I felt my pussy moistening all over again. “You’re more than welcome.”

The end.

## Brother Teaches Sister How to Give a Blowjob

I was on my way home after spending the afternoon with my girlfriend. When I walked in, I noticed my sister's shoes in the foyer. I could've sworn she said she'd be out for the day.

We were on friendly terms and always had been. Our relationship was close. We'd sometimes play-fight like typical siblings, but as her older brother, I'd always been there for her. Even when she hit puberty, she'd come to me with some intimate questions. I never minded answering them, and neither did our mom.

I was twenty-one. She was nineteen. From what I knew, she'd never had a boyfriend and was a little shy when it came to relationships.

As I reached the stairs, I heard voices coming from her room. At first, it sounded like she was talking to herself, and it made me grin. A perfect chance to tease her, I thought.

I started up the stairs slowly and quietly. But the closer I got, the more I realized she wasn't talking.

Instead, I heard soft, obscene slurping and sucking sounds, wet, arousing noises that made blood flow straight south. It

sounded like she was giving someone head.

The realization hit me hard. I froze for a second, and my cock kept awkwardly stiffening. I'd never heard anything like that from her before, and for some reason, it made me excited.

I crept up, careful not to let the stairs creak under my weight. The door to her room was slightly ajar, just enough to offer a sliver of a view.

I leaned in, peeking through the gap.

There she was, lying on her stomach across the bed, a pair of pink Hello Kitty panties riding up slightly, hugging the mounds of her soft ass. Her bra matched, white with little hearts, which barely covered her two, young breasts. Her chestnut hair spilled over one shoulder in soft waves, and her glasses framed her face in a way that made her look like one of those naughty student fantasies brought to life. She had that bookish, innocent vibe... but with a body and action that said otherwise.

My eyes traced the curve of her back, down to the swell of her hips and that impossibly bubbly ass. Her skin was flawless, porcelain smooth like she'd never stepped into the sun for more than a second. But then I noticed what she was doing.

She was lying in front of her laptop, lips wrapped around a dildo, soft slurping noises filling the room, the same ones I'd heard from the hallway. On the screen, a woman was giving a slow, sensual blowjob, narrating her technique like it was an educational video.

And my sister ... She was mimicking it.

Her head bobbed gently, her cheeks hollowing with effort, eyes focused on the screen like she was studying for finals. Her lips were painted in an erotic red color, which surprised me since I'd never seen her with lipstick either, and her lips stretched like rubber bands around the dildo as she slowly eased

it into her mouth.

The realization hit me. She wasn't just experimenting. She was trying to learn how to please someone. And the way she moved ... It wasn't awkward. It was hot ... way too hot.

Suddenly, a drop of sweat ran down the side of my head, and I hadn't even realized it, but I had pitched a full-blown tent that was about to burst through the zipper.

I knew I shouldn't be watching this. But I couldn't tear myself away. It wasn't that long ago I'd woken up from a wet dream when I'd made love to her. It had made me ashamed of myself, but now it felt a bit different.

She adjusted her grip on the dildo, holding it at the base with one hand while her lips slid slowly down the shaft. She licked up the sides first, long, careful strokes of her young, rosy tongue, just like the tutorial showed, before bringing it to her mouth again. This time, she took it deeper.

A soft gagging noise escaped her as she pushed it farther. She coughed spit all over her hand and a tear leaked from her eye, then she pulled back with a gasp, biting her lower lip. She wiped her mouth, refocused, and tried again, desperate to master the art of depththroat.

My rock-hard cock stirred in my jeans. She was so focused, so eager to get it right. Her cheeks were flushed, her breath coming in short little puffs. She let out a small moan, and it damn near unraveled me.

I knew it. Every second I stayed there, watching, made it worse. But my body wasn't listening. I could feel the drop of precum gathering at the tip, painfully aware of how aroused I'd become.

She dipped her head again, licking along the underside now, then swirling her tongue around the tip. Her lips parted,

welcoming the toy with a soft wet sound as she eased it back into her mouth.

God... she's so sexy.

She pushed her glasses up and had a horny look on her face, one I'd never seen before. Then she snaked her hand down to her panties, her eyes widening. "Gosh, my kitty is all wet," she said. And with a grin, she turned around, pulled her panties aside, and eased the dildo inside her. I couldn't see her pussy from this angle, but I could pick up the scent of her musky flavors. She threw her head back and enjoyed every second of it.

"Why am I masturbating... I should be studying," she said to herself playfully.

She slipped the dildo out, now drenched in her pink juices, and licked up every trail of her pussy nectar.

I became so painfully hard that I shifted, and the floor squeaked. Her head snapped immediately toward me, and I looked like a deer caught in the headlights.

"Sofi, I'm so sorry," I told her.

A rosy blush covered her cheeks, and we just stared at each other.

"Just kill me now," she said in her cute, innocent voice.

"I'll just ... close the door," I said awkwardly. I did and went back to my bedroom.

I didn't stay there long.

I felt awful, especially after seeing her blush. But worst of all, my erection hadn't gone down. It was still hard. Uncomfortably hard.

Still, I was the older brother. I knew I had to talk to her. I owed her a proper apology for walking in on her like that.

I hesitated at my door for a long moment, still unsure if I

should go back. But the guilt sat heavy in my chest, and I knew I couldn't just let it slide. So I made my way down the hall and knocked on her door.

"Come in," she called, her voice light and casual, completely different from earlier.

I stepped inside. She was dressed now, sitting on her bed with her back against the wall, her knees drawn up to her breasts in a cute pose. She wore a tiny skirt and a fitted top that clung to her chest. Her hair was still slightly tousled, and the glasses rested perfectly on her nose. Thankfully, the blush was gone.

My eyes dropped, just for a second, and I caught a glimpse between her legs. Her panties were visible beneath the hem of her skirt, and in the center was a damp, obvious patch of fresh feminine arousal. I had to force my eyes back up to hers, reminding myself why I was there.

"I'm really sorry," I said, stepping further in. "I shouldn't have watched. That was inappropriate."

She gave me a cute smile, showing off the apples on her porcelain cheeks. "I'm glad you apologized. That's sweet of you."

I nodded, about to turn away, but she continued.

"But ... I'm kind of glad you walked in."

That stopped me. "Wait, what?"

She shifted slightly, resting her chin on her knees. "I mean it. I've been feeling insecure lately. I'm in college and still a virgin, and ... I don't know. I've been watching those tutorials because I want to be good when the time comes."

I listened, trying to process that. "I get it," I said eventually. "It's normal to want to be prepared. But ... Why were you glad I saw you?"

She looked away for a second, then back at me with a shy

little smile. "Because it felt nice to be seen," she said. "To be wanted. And ... I noticed how hard you were."

My face flushed with heat. "Sofi..."

She bit her lip, nervous now, but she didn't stop. "I was thinking," she said softly. "would you let me practice on you?"

"Sofi, you're my little sister. That's incest."

"And? No one has to find out."

"Doesn't it gross you out?"

"No," she said firmly. "I like you."

"I'm not sure. I don't think that's a good idea."

She tilted her head. "Why not? You already saw everything. And it's not like I'd tell anyone."

"But we shouldn't mess around with each other."

Sofi tilted her head, looking at me like she already had a counter-argument ready. "But we've always been close. Haven't we?"

I didn't say anything. I couldn't believe we were having this conversation.

She went on, "Remember when I knitted that sweater for your girlfriend last Christmas? You told me you owed me something special for that."

Damn. She had a point. I remembered that moment clearly, how happy she'd looked when I said it. At the time, it was just a promise to make her smile.

I looked at her lips, the gloss still faintly shimmering on them, and my mind drifted back to what I'd seen earlier, her mouth, her tongue and the obscene, erotic sounds she made as she deepthroated that thick dildo.

I forced the memory away.

"Sis, I love you, but I still don't think it's right," I muttered.

Sofi didn't press. Instead, she smiled sweetly and said, "Okay."

I don't want to make you uncomfortable, but can I at least show you? Just me practicing with the dildo again. You can tell me if I look hot. That's all."

I hesitated, then slowly nodded. "Alright."

Beaming, she reached into her drawer, pulled out the same dildo from before, and walked back over to the bed. Sitting down again, she brought her knees up, resting the toy on her thighs for a moment. Then, locking eyes with me, she leaned down and slowly wrapped her lips around it. It was just like before, but now, it was intentional, and most importantly, just for me.

She sucked slowly, her eyes staying on mine. Her tongue swirled around the head before taking it deeper, lips parting wetly. She bobbed her head just like they did on porn, which I assumed she'd watched a lot of. Soft little slurps filled the room. She had to readjust her glasses a couple of times as they slowly slid down her cute, buttoned nose, but then she aimed her blue eyes at me as she gagged on the dildo, reaching the back of her throat.

"That turns me on," I admitted, watching her. "The way you look me in the eyes." I had never felt such a heat before, and once again, my cock thickened right before her eyes.

My little sister pulled back slightly, licking the shaft. "Is it better if I show my tits?" she asked. "Do guys really care about tits during this?"

I nodded. "Yeah. Most do. But you don't have to show me."

She giggled. "I don't mind," she said. She pulled off her tops, revealing her toned tummy. Then she reached behind her back and unhooked her bra. It slipped forward and dropped, revealing her perky, nude breasts.

They were perfect, small, perky mounds that seemed to defy

gravity, topped with rosy pink nipples that had hardened in the cool air of her bedroom. The areolas were pink like cherry blossoms in spring, forming perfect circles around her nipples. Though modest in size, they had a firmness that spoke of her young adulthood, the kind of natural perfection that no plastic surgeon could ever replicate, and then it was the valley between them, the perfect, natural cleavage I'd seen in my life.

"What do you think?" she asked, a hint of vulnerability in her voice.

I swallowed hard, unable to tear my eyes away. "They're beautiful, Sofi."

She gave her breasts a proud, playful lift, before dropping them, and I saw them jiggle till they found equilibrium.

My cock throbbed in my pants. I was rock hard.

She went back to sucking the dildo, slow and wet, letting her breasts softly jiggle with each suck and gag. She was teasing me, and she knew exactly what she was doing.

My balls were cramping up, and for a second, I didn't give a damn about cultural norms. "Maybe..." I began, barely recognizing my own voice. "Maybe you could practice on me instead."

She pulled the dildo out with a wet pop and beamed, crawling forward to hug me tightly.

"You're the best brother in the world," she whispered, pressing her cheek against my chest, her tits mashing against me.

"You're welcome ... but we should hurry before Mom comes home."

Dropping to her knees, Sofi leaned in, her fingers brushing over the front of my jeans. She slowly reached for the zipper, eyes full of curiosity and mischief. She began to tug it down, her hand moving to wrap around the bulge beneath.

And that's when we heard it.

The front door opened, followed by the unmistakable voice of our mom. "Sofi? Markus? I'm home!"

We both froze.

"Fuck," I muttered, scrambling to zip myself back up.

Sofi jerked upright, smoothing her skirt and grabbing her bra from the floor. Then she leaned in with a whisper. "Can we... continue tomorrow?"

I nodded quickly. "Yeah, that's fine."

As she stood to fix her top, she paused and turned back to me. "One more thing..."

"Yeah?"

"Don't masturbate tonight," she said with a grin. "I want you hard for me."

I blinked, stunned by her words.

"I mean it," she added playfully, biting her lip. "Promise?"

I exhaled, running a hand through my hair. "Alright. I promise."

She smiled like she'd just won something and gave me a playful wink before I headed for her door.

I slipped out and went back to my room, still painfully hard, balls blue, stunned and already counting down the hours until tomorrow.

\* \* \*

The next day, we met in Sofi's bedroom again. As soon as I stepped inside and closed the door, I was already aroused. I didn't even have to say a word—my erection was pressing painfully against my jeans, and I could feel the wet spot of precum at the tip.

Sofi noticed right away and gave me a smug little smile. She was dressed in the same kind of outfit as yesterday, a short, fitted crop top that showed a sliver of her soft stomach, and a pleated mini skirt that barely covered her thighs. Her chestnut hair was pulled into a loose ponytail, a few strands framing her face. Her glasses were still on, giving her that sexy, smart-girl vibe that made her look both innocent and coquettish. Her lips were painted a glossy pink, and I couldn't stop imagining them wrapped around me.

She leaned back on one foot, twisting slightly, and asked with a coy tone, "Do you like lipstick?"

I nodded. "Yeah. Especially when it's smudged."

That made her giggle.

"What about clothes? What's sexy to you?"

I glanced at her outfit and gave a half-smile. "What you're wearing right now. Casual, like you're not even trying."

She beamed, clearly pleased. "Where do you want me?"

"On your knees," I said.

She moved down slowly, settling between my legs, the skirt riding up just enough to show the curve of her thighs. She looked up at me through her glasses, lips slightly parted, and reached for my zipper.

Eventually, she freed my cock, which sprang free, already slick with precum.

She hesitated for a second, eyes wide, then reached out and wrapped her fingers around it.

I let out a quiet breath. "Start slow. Use your tongue first."

Nodding, she leaned forward, licking up along the underside of my shaft, letting her tongue trace every vein. Once her tongue had touched my shaft, I knew we had crossed a significant line, and we were at the point of no return. I did

nothing to fight it. I wanted more of that forbidden thrill.

She swirled her rosy tongue around the tip like a French kiss, tasting the precum as if curious about the flavor.

“Yeah ... just like that,” I murmured, my hand gently resting on her head.

She began to suck, lips wrapping around the head as she eased me into her mouth, inch by inch. Her cheeks hollowed slightly with each bob of her head, and her hands moved to grip my thighs for support.

“Look up at me while you do it,” I said, voice husky and low. “That’s a huge turn-on.”

She did, and something about that look, her wide eyes and glossy lips wrapped around my cock, nearly made my knees buckle.

“Use your hand too,” I told her. “Just twist a little while you suck.”

She followed my guidance, stroking with one hand as her mouth worked me over, and the pleasure shot through my body like lightning. It was insanely hot and unbelievable.

“God, Sofi...” I groaned. “You’re doing so good.”

And she smiled around me, proud of every inch she took.

Her confidence grew with each throat stroke. Her sexy mouth formed into the perfect oral vagina. She took me deeper, letting me hit the back of her throat, gagging slightly but pushing through it like a champion. The wet sounds of her mouth filled the room as saliva dripped down my shaft.

“Fuck, sis,” I moaned, cradling her head with my hands. “You’re a natural at this.”

She hummed around my cock, sending vibrations through me that made my toes curl. She came off my dripping cock, stroking it with her left hand. “I’ve been practicing for months,”

she said. And then her tongue worked the underside while her hand twisted at the base, creating friction that had me teetering on the edge.

“You’re such a good girl ... a dream girl.”

She beamed in joy and swallowed my shaft again.

“I’m getting close,” I warned her, my fingers tangling in her chestnut hair.

She pulled back suddenly, my cock slipping from her lips with a wet pop. A strand of saliva connected her lower lip to my tip.

“Wait,” she said, catching her breath. Her lipstick was smeared, glasses were slightly askew. “When you finish... should I swallow it or spit it out?” She asked it so innocently like a student wanting to get the answer right on a test.

I groaned at the thought. “Swallowing is definitely hotter,” I admitted. “But you don’t have to.”

Her eyes lit up. “Really? So guys prefer that?” She tilted her head, considering. “Then that’s what I want to do.”

“Are you sure?” I asked, barely able to form words through the haze of lust.

“I’m positive,” she nodded, adjusting her glasses. “I want the full experience.”

“Okay.”

“Oh silly me, she said and shook her head. “I forgot to free my titties.” She took off her top and unhooked her bra, freeing her gorgeous, perky breasts. My little sister innocently looked up at me from her knees. “I thought guys liked to touch boobs?”

I reached down to grope her breasts. Her breasts felt like heaven in my hands, soft yet firm, with a weight that defied their modest size. As my palms cupped them, her flesh yielded beneath my touch, so warm and smooth.

“Oh,” she gasped, her eyes fluttering closed for a moment.

I squeezed gently, marveling at how perfectly they fit in my hands, how the rosy tips seemed to blush darker as I rolled them between my fingers. Her skin was like silk, unmarked by tan lines or age. “Should I suck you while you touch me?”

“Sure, but don’t stop if I let go of your tits.”

She took me back into her mouth, more eager than before, determined to bring me to climax and suck the buttermilk out of the tip. She cupped my balls gently with her free hand, massaging them as she slid my shaft over her tongue.

I couldn’t hold onto her tits any longer. It just felt so damn good.

“Sofi, I’m gonna—” I couldn’t finish the sentence. My hips bucked forward involuntarily as the most intense, forbidden pleasure overwhelmed me and made me see stars.

The first spurt hit the back of her throat, and I watched her eyes widen in surprise. But she didn’t pull away. Instead, she kept her lips sealed around me, as the rest of my cum flooded her mouth in one big wave. I leaned back and moaned, the pleasure feeling like it lasted for an eternity as she continued to milk my orgasm by lightly sucking the crown.

“Geeze, sis,” I said, looking down at her. She was still looking up at me from her knees, still lightly sucking the tip and drawing out the last drops.

When I was dry, she slowly pulled back, licking her lips to catch any stray drops. There was something triumphant in her expression like she’d just conquered a mountain.

“Was that good?” she asked, her voice slightly hoarse.

I collapsed back onto her bed, breathing hard. “That felt like heaven,” I said. “You’re talented.”

Sofi crawled up beside me, her satisfied smile softening into

something sweeter. “It tasted different than I expected,” she said thoughtfully. “Not bad, just... unique.” She rested her head on my chest. “I liked it, though. Making you feel good.”

I wrapped an arm around her, pulling her a little closer. Despite everything we’d just done, I felt oddly calm.

“Sofi,” I said, glancing down at her, “I can promise you one thing—you don’t have to be insecure about your oral skills. You definitely know how to suck a cock.”

She laughed against my chest. “Good,” she said. “Because I liked doing it for you. A lot.” She kissed my cheek. “Thank you for being a good brother.”

“And thank you for being a good sister.”

The end.

## Brother Teaches Little Sister Sex (Part 2)

It had been a week since I'd taught her how to give the perfect blowjob. I was still in disbelief that we'd gone that far, and I thought about that day every night. I'd even jerked off to the memory, her glasses slightly askew, cheeks hollowed and lips stretched wide to accommodate my girth. She'd been such a good little sister.

Even though I'd made it clear to myself that we couldn't cross any more lines, we kept talking like usual. We didn't bring up the blowjob, especially not when Mom was around.

Still, I noticed she was acting a little more flirtatious, a little more in the mood and a little more excited. One day, she started a playful wrestling match, trying to take her phone back. She ended up grinding her crotch against mine and rubbing her tits all over my face, and that sweet friction brought everything rushing back.

It didn't stop there. The next day when I got home from my girlfriend, I heard her talking to herself again. I crept upstairs, planning to tease her, but this time, she was doing something else. She was sitting on her bed with her legs spread, slowly working a dildo in and out of herself. Her back was to me,

so I couldn't see her pussy directly, but she was watching a sex tutorial on her laptop. Then I noticed the reflection in the window, just enough to catch hints of her pink, glistening pussy, and the dildo disappearing and reappearing inside her forbidden hole.

I was mesmerized by how feminine and pretty she looked. There was just such an innocence to how she so desperately wanted to know how to please a man. I watched her for a little while longer, unable to tear my eyes away.

My cock throbbed against my jeans, and before I knew it, I had pitched a tent. I fantasized that it was me entering her, teaching her how to be a good girl in bed.

But I swallowed, jaw clenched, forcing myself to back away before I did something stupid. I didn't want to get caught, but more than that ... a small, dangerous part of me wondered if she *wanted* to get caught. If I said anything, even a teasing comment, would she invite me in?

\* \* \*

A few hours later, she was in the bathroom. Then her voice called out. "Markus, can you help me for a sec?"

I hesitated. I was still rock hard from seeing her nude on her bed earlier. "With what?"

"Just come here," she said.

I stepped into the bathroom and found her standing by the sink, wrapped in a short white towel, still damp from the shower. Her hair stuck to her shoulders in wet strands, and her skin was flushed from the heat.

"I can't reach the shampoo Mom put in the cabinet up there," she said, pointing. "Can you grab it?"

I nodded, stepping past her to open the cabinet. The moment I stretched for it, I heard the softest rustle of fabric.

When I turned, the towel was on the floor. She stood completely naked, her nineteen-year-old body bare and glistening and adorned with fresh droplets. Her perky breasts topped with erect rosy nipples seized my attention, before my eyes wandered down her waist that curved down into tight hips and smooth thighs. Then it was her recently shaved pussy, just a straight pink slit with beads of either honey or water clinging to her outer lips. She looked like a Greek statue of Aphrodite.

She twirled a wet lock of hair around her finger, biting her bottom lip like she was shy, but I saw the flicker in her eyes. This wasn't an accident.

I gawked at her for a couple of seconds before I handed her the shampoo.

"Thanks," she whispered, and she bent over to pick up her towel, taking her time to wrap it around herself. "Sorry about that ... I accidentally dropped it."

"No problem." I just turned and left, walking stiffly back to my room.

After a few minutes of pacing around my room, still horny and restless from having seen my sister nude, I realized I couldn't keep ignoring what was happening. She was deliberately being a horny teaser. She wanted my attention.

I waited until I heard the bathroom door open again and the sound of her bare feet padding down the hall. When I stepped out, she was in the kitchen, dressed in a skimpy bikini. The top looked like it could slip off with the slightest tug, and the bottoms were cut high, showing off every inch of her smooth hips.

She glanced up at me, feigning innocence.

I took a deep breath. "Can we talk?"

She leaned against the counter, arms casually behind her, her cheeks turning rosy and innocent. "About what?"

"You know what," I said, walking closer. "You've been teasing me. Watching sex tutorials with the door wide open, dropping your towel in front of me like it's nothing... And now you're wearing the skimpiest bikini I've ever seen on you."

She blinked. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Come on," I said firmly. "We've always been close. You can be real with me."

She sighed and looked down, then crossed her arms under her chest, which only pushed her breasts up more, whether she realized it or not. "I'm just nervous, okay? I want to be good ... at sex not just oral sex."

I paused. "That's why you were watching that tutorial?"

She looked up at me, lips tugging into a flirtatious smile. "How'd you know?"

"You left the door open," I reminded her. "On purpose."

She looked away, biting her lip. "I didn't..."

"Alright, it doesn't matter," I said and wasn't sure what to say next.

She then finally asked the question I knew was coming. "Will you teach me?" she asked. "Like ... all of it."

I looked at her, her wet hair still clinging to her shoulders, her nearly naked body barely covered by that bikini, her eyes wide with something between fear and arousal, and I felt that pull again. That dangerous, forbidden heat. She was beautiful, sexy and desperate to be touched.

But she was also crossing a line.

"We can't," I said. "That's a line we're not supposed to cross."

Her expression dropped. She looked crushed. "So that's it?"

I hesitated and hated how much I hesitated. "It's not that I don't want to. You're ... unbelievably pretty."

"Then why not?" she said, voice soft but pleading.

"You know why ... This is *incest*."

"And?" she asked as if it offended her. "Cleopatra also was into incest, and she was also really pretty."

I sighed and mulled it over. "Fine. But if we do this ... we use a condom."

Her face lit up with a stunned smile. She stepped forward and wrapped her arms around me, pressing her warm body into mine and mashing her tits against my chest.

"Thank you," she whispered.

And I knew, as I wrapped my arms around her and noticed how good her boobs felt against me, there was no turning back now.

We headed upstairs, and I grabbed some condoms from my bedroom. We agreed to do this in her bedroom. We both undressed slowly, our eyes locked the entire time. I watched her slip out of her bikini, piece by piece until she stood completely bare in front of me again. I was just as stunned as the first time. In fact, she looked even prettier, like a forbidden fruit ready to be enjoyed. My eyes swept over her breasts, perky and full, her hips curving like they were sculpted just for my hands, and then it was her compact, bubbly ass without a crack in sight, just country miles of smooth, silky skin.

She looked a little nervous but curious. "Am I attractive?"

I didn't even hesitate. "You're the most attractive girl in the world."

Her lips curled into a shy smile, and then she looked down at my cock, already fully hard, twitching just from seeing her like this. "You can start by sucking me again."

“Will do,” she said happily. Dropping to her knees, she reached out and took me in her hand, then lowered her mouth onto me. Opening up wide, her lips sealed around the tip, and she started sucking like she’d done in that first blowjob.

I groaned at the taboo heat, and especially by the way she looked up to me with her sexy glasses. I tossed her chestnut hair over her shoulders, so I could see her pretty face a bit better with my cock in her mouth. “Fuck ... you’re getting better already.”

She smiled around me, hollowing her cheeks and going deeper till she gagged and cried a little.

“Okay, that’s fine sis ... It’s just for a warm-up.”

Sealing her lips tightly, she pulled her head back and released me from her wet, incestuous mouth. I grabbed a condom from the drawer and handed it to her.

She giggled as she struggled with the wrapper. “It’s slippery.”

“You’ve gotta do it yourself,” I said, smirking. “Otherwise you won’t learn.”

She stuck her tongue out at me but kept trying, finally getting it open. I guided her hand as she rolled it down my shaft, her fingers warm and shaky. Watching her do it made me even hornier. “Okay, so now what?”

“Onto bed,” I said.

She hopped onto the bed, gently spreading her legs. She was already soaked, but I wanted her to be dripping. “I’ll just lick you for a little.”

She eagerly grinned. “Nice ... I’ve never been licked before.”

It felt good to be her first, even if we were siblings. I lowered myself onto her straight slit, parting her lips so I peeked inside her pink flesh. I pressed my tongue flat against her center and ran my tongue up her slit. She gasped and squirmed, her thighs

tensing, then relaxing as I started at the bottom and licked her again to the top of her mound.

“Just relax,” I said softly.

“Okay,” she said.

I parted her pussy lips with my two fingers and dived in for the third tongue stroke, letting her honey coat my tongue as if I'd never tasted something as sweet as her.

“It's not bad?” she asked insecurely.

I chuckled. “No, you're perfect.”

She beamed. “It tickles ... but it feels really nice.”

“It's supposed to,” I said. I came off her with a kiss. “Spread your legs for me.”

She nodded, legs parting wider. I lined myself up in a missionary position with both my hands over her shoulders, ready to push in.

And that's when I heard it.

The front door.

“Hello? Anyone home?” our mother's voice rang out.

“Fuck,” we both said in unison.

We both jumped off the bed like we'd been electrocuted. I yanked the condom off and shoved it into her trashcan. She scrambled for her bikini, pulling it up backward at first before fixing it.

I threw on my clothes just in time.

“Markus,” she whispered. “Can we finish this later today?”

“She's home,” I reminded her.

“When she's showering during dinner ... I'm really horny.”

“Fine,” I said, knowing it would be risky, but I was also really horny.

\* \* \*

Dinner was torture. Mom kept talking about her day at work while Sofi kept brushing her foot against my leg under the table. Every time she did it, I gave her a look, and she'd hide her smile behind her glass.

Late in the evening, when Mom had stepped into the shower, Sofi hurried into my bedroom. "Come," she said. "Mom's showering."

"Okay, but we have to be quick," I said, knowing how risky this was. She just nodded as if it didn't bother her whether we got caught or not.

Once in her bedroom, Sofi locked the door and immediately stripped off her clothes. I followed suit, my eyes never leaving her porcelain white skin as it was revealed inch by inch.

"You sure about this?" I asked her.

"Mom can shower for half an hour," she said. "We got time for our first lesson."

I knew perfectly well what she meant by the first lesson. She wanted to do this again. I handed her the condom, telling her to open it. She tore open the wrapper, giggling as she rolled it down my hard shaft with more confidence than before. "I'm getting better at this," she said proudly.

"You are," I said.

We fell onto her bed, and I positioned myself between her legs, starting from where we left off. She was already wet, had been since before dinner, and I slid a finger inside her to make sure. "Gosh, you're soaked." I lined myself up with her entrance, the tip of my condom-covered cock pressing against her slick folds. "This might hurt at first," I warned her as I prepared to pop her cherry.

She nodded, biting her lip. "I know. She said that in the tutorial."

I pushed forward slowly, entering her inch by inch, feeling her tight pussy stretch around me. She gasped, holding onto my shoulders as she braced herself.

“Oh my god,” she said.

The sensation was indescribable, hot, wet, tight, and so fucking forbidden. I was making love to my sister. The taboo of it all made it even more intense.

“You okay?” I asked, pausing halfway in.

She nodded frantically. “Keep going ... pop my cherry.”

I pushed all the way in, breaking her hymen and taking her virginity. She let out a muffled cry that she quickly silenced by biting her knuckle. I stayed still, letting her adjust to the feeling of having me inside her.

“It feels so different from the dildo,” she whispered, her eyes wide behind her glasses. “Fuller and more intense.”

“That’s because it’s real flesh,” I said, starting to move slowly. “It’s way more intense.”

I slid in and out of her, telling her to relax. There wasn’t much to teach the girl. It was mostly the man’s responsibility when having sex with a girl. I also made sure to listen, making sure Mom was still showering.

“I’m going to show you some positions,” I whispered, pulling out slowly. “Get on your hands and knees.”

She obeyed eagerly, turning over and presenting her perfect bubbly ass to me. Her chestnut hair fell forward as she positioned herself, looking back at me with those innocent eyes behind her glasses.

“This is doggy style,” I explained, positioning myself behind her. “It lets me go deeper.”

I slid back inside her, and she gasped, fingers clutching her sheets. “Oh fuck,” she whimpered. “You’re really deep.”

“Let me know if I should go slower,” I told her.

“No, it’s fine.”

“When having sex with someone you love, the man will always listen to you.”

“That’s sweet,” she said before her voice got punctured by a moan.

I started thrusting, watching my cock disappear into her tight pussy from behind. The view was something out of a fantasy, her slim waist, her round ass and her back arching with every thrust.

“When a guy fucks you like this,” I said, “you can try to push back against him. Match his rhythm.”

She nodded, immediately pushing back to meet my thrusts. She was a fast learner.

“Good girl,” I praised her, and she giggled.

After a few minutes, I pulled out again. “Now lie on your side,” I told her.

She rolled onto her side, and I lifted one of her legs, sliding in from behind her in a spooning position. “This is good for slow, deep strokes,” I explained, demonstrating with a long thrust that made her shudder. We continued like this, enjoying the intimacy as the pleasure built between us. I knew I couldn’t last for long since she was so tight. We hadn’t fucked for more than three minutes, and I knew I was about to burst.

“Can we try without the condom?” she whispered suddenly. “I want to feel what it’s really like ... the full experience.”

I froze, my cock throbbing inside her at the thought. “That’s risky, Sofi.”

She twisted her neck to look at me. “Please? Just for a minute?” Her eyes were pleading. “I’ll never know otherwise.”

Against my better judgment, I pulled out and removed the

sticky condom. "Alright," I agreed. "But I'll have to pull out when I come."

I pushed back inside her bare and raw, and we both gasped at the sensation. The feeling of her pussy with nothing between us was so much better, warmer, wetter, and softer.

"Oh my god," she breathed. "That's ... that's so different."

"It is," I agreed. I started moving again, trying to focus despite the overwhelming pleasure. She felt too good like this, and I had to stop before I blew my load inside her.

"One more position," I said, pulling out and rolling onto my back. "You on top. You control the pace."

She straddled me eagerly, grabbing my slick cock and aiming it at her slit. She brushed the head against her pussy till she found her entrance, sinking down on my bare cock with a moan that she barely managed to muffle. Her glasses slid down her nose as she started to ride me, her tight pussy gripping me with each rise and fall.

"That's it," I said. "Use me to make yourself feel good."

She found her rhythm quickly, grinding against me in a way that had her biting her lip to keep quiet. I reached up to cup her breasts as she rode me, her body trembling with pleasure.

I could feel myself getting close, the pressure building. "Sofie, I need to put the condom back on ... I'm getting really close."

She slowed her movements but didn't stop, leaning down to whisper in my ear. "What if... what if you don't?"

My eyes widened. "What?"

Her hips kept moving in slow, torturous circles. "Can't I just take the afterpill?" she asked. "You can take me to the pharmacy tomorrow. I need to know about this kind of stuff too."

I wanted to spank her at that moment. "You little tease," I said.

“What?” she said innocently. “Isn’t that a better idea?”

“You’re right,” I said and threw common sense out of the window. Something primal took over me then. I flipped her onto her back in one swift motion. I hooked her legs over my shoulders and started pounding into her with a lust I’d never experienced before, no longer worried about holding back.

“You want to feel your brother come inside you?” I whispered. “Is that what you want?”

“Yes,” she gasped, her eyes rolling back. “Yes, please, Markus. I’m so close...”

I could feel her pussy clenching around me, her whole body tensing as she approached her climax. The shower was still running. We were safe for a few more minutes.

“I’m coming,” she whimpered, her back arching off the bed. “Oh god, I’m climaxing!”

She shuddered beneath me, her inner walls pulsing around my cock. The feeling of seeing my sweet little sister reaching her orgasm was enough to trigger mine, and with a loud grunt, I buried myself deep inside her as my orgasm hit me like an explosion.

“Fuck, Sofi,” I groaned quietly, pumping my cum into her willing body, feeling each hot spurt as I emptied myself inside my sister.

We stayed locked together for several moments, both breathing heavily, as I rested my forehead on top of hers. Finally, I pulled out, a small trickle of my cum leaking from her pussy, and the sight of it made my softening cock twitch.

“I loved that,” she said.

“Me too,” I agreed, collapsing beside her.

I wanted to lay there and talk to her, to actually pillow talk, say the things I hadn’t had the chance to yet, but then I heard

the water stop.

We exchanged glances.

“We have to get cleaned up,” I told her, voice low.

“Yeah. You should go first since you’re in my room,” she said, brushing a damp strand of hair from her face. Then she paused.

“But before you go...”

She and wrapped her arms around me, holding me tightly, her cheek pressed to my chest.

“Thank you so much for teaching me about sex.”

I held her just as tightly, pressing a kiss to her forehead.  
“You’re welcome.”

The end.

## Sister Teaches Brother How to Lick Pussy

I sat in my chair, raking my fingers through my hair. I was elated and nervous at the same time. I'd just asked a girl out, and I was going on my first date tomorrow. I'd never had a girlfriend before, so I wasn't exactly sure what to do. I was nineteen, and it had been my older sister, Taylor, who'd encouraged me to ask the girl out.

Taylor was three years older than me, twenty-two, and hands down the hottest girl I'd ever seen in my life. She spent most of her time either surfing or at the gym. A tall, beach-blonde bombshell, she was the kind of girl I was embarrassed to admit I fantasized about, mainly because she was my sister. But I owed a lot to her. She had a caring side, one she mostly reserved for me.

Looking out the window, I saw her walking up the street. She had her gym bag slung over her shoulder and wore those tiny mini leggings that basically looked like underwear, showing just enough to drive me crazy, including the outline of her camel toe and those perfectly toned thighs. Her long blonde hair was tied up in a ponytail, and her impressive breasts strained against her tank top, showing off her deep, natural cleavage that turned more heads than a supermodel.

When she caught me staring, she waved and blew me a kiss. I quickly averted my eyes, hoping I didn't blush too hard.

As soon as she entered the front door, she headed straight for my room. She swung the door open right when she undid her ponytail, letting her lustrous hair cascade over her shoulders. "What's going on?" she asked, smiling so her dimples deepened.

Before I could answer, she plopped down sideways on my lap, grinding that gorgeous ass against me. The seam of her leggings ran right through the center, perfectly framing the two beautiful globes of her ass. She made sure my bulge was nestled right in her crack, causing a forbidden friction I wasn't sure what to do with.

She draped an arm over my neck, pulling me face-to-face with the upper swells of her creamy breasts. When I breathed in, I caught her scent, citrus and roses, her favorite shampoo. She always smelled like a damn flower garden, and her scent just made me gravitate toward her like a bee to honey.

"Not much," I said, feeling my cock harden from the way she sat on me. There was just enough friction to make it delicious and sweet.

"You can't be cooped up in here all day," she said, concerned while ruffling my hair which she always did. "Did you ask out Johanna?"

"I did, and I've got a date," I told her, grinning with pride.

She beamed and threw her arms around me, straddling my lap right in front of me and, perhaps consciously, pressing her breasts against my face. "I'm so proud of you!"

I hesitated, unsure where to place my hands. Every part of her was like a sexual landmine, enough to make my testicles explode. "I'm a bit nervous though," I admitted.

She planted a kiss on my cheek, then pulled back and ruffled

my hair. "Why?" she asked. "Oh wait." She leaned in close again. "I think I left a little lipstick mark."

She reached into her gym bag, and I caught sight of a newly bought vibrator. "What do you have there?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

She giggled. "Just a little girly toy I picked up on the way home," she said, completely unbothered. "Johanna would probably like one too."

Then she pulled out a tissue and gently wiped my cheek.

"There. Now you won't be accused of cheating," she teased with a wink. "Now tell me, why are you nervous?"

"I'm just nervous," I admitted, rubbing the back of my neck. "I don't really have any experience."

Taylor tilted her head. "Wait... have you ever even kissed a girl before?"

I hesitated, feeling my cheeks heat up. "No."

She gave me a look then leaned in and pressed her lips gently to mine. My eyes suddenly widened, but I let go. Her lips were so soft and warm, the warmth spread throughout my body like a forbidden flame. Even if it was just a brief peck, it was way more electric than I expected. She pulled back with a playful smile. "There. That should help a little."

"I, uh... I kinda imagined it would be with tongue."

Her smile widened. "I can show you."

I blinked. "You sure we should... do this?"

"Why not?" she said with a shrug, brushing a finger under my chin. "If it'll help you feel more confident."

I didn't know what to say, but her eyes were locked on mine, and her body was still sitting so snugly on my lap. I nodded. "Okay."

She leaned in again, slower this time. Her lips met mine, and

then her tongue slipped between them, teasing me gently. I tried to follow her lead, exploring her mouth and rosy tongue, and everything else just faded, except the feel of her breasts pressing into my chest and the heat of her mouth guiding me. It was dizzying. And it felt so good it made me wonder whether I was dreaming or not. It was an intimate connection I'd never felt before, and what better way to explore it than with my sister?

When we finally pulled apart, I was breathless.

"Wow," I murmured.

Taylor chuckled, brushing her thumb along my jaw. "Not bad for your first time."

I swallowed, then asked, "What ... what do women like the most? You know, sexually?"

She raised her brows, clearly liking the question. "That's a hard one. Every girl's different. But you want to know the truth?"

"Yeah."

"A man who knows how to lick," she said, dragging the word just a little, "is rare. Most guys don't listen. They're in a rush or think they know what we want."

"I'm always listening to you," I said.

She smiled. "I know. That's why our bond is so special," Taylor said, brushing a lock of hair behind her ear as she looked at me.

I nodded, a bit shy now under the weight of her gaze. There was something I wanted to say, but it would be a line we hadn't crossed before.

She noticed. "What is it?" she asked gently. "Tell me what's on your heart. We can talk about anything, you know."

I took a breath. "Would it be okay if... if I licked you?"

Her brows lifted in surprise, then she giggled as if it turned

her one. "Yeah," she said, her voice warm. "But it's just between us, okay?"

"I promise," I said quickly, my heart thudding in my chest.

Without another word, she reached for my hand and guided me toward her room. I followed her down the hall, nerves and excitement twisting in my gut.

She whisked me inside. Her bedroom was cozy and unmistakably feminine, pale pink sheets, gauzy curtains, and a subtle, sweet scent that made me want to linger here.

"It smells amazing in here," I said, glancing around at her surfboards, gym gear and photos of me and her together.

She smiled. "It has to. A girl's room should always make a guy feel like he's dreaming."

"So how do we start?" I asked her.

"First, don't be nervous. Secondly, I'll take my clothes off."

I tried not to be nervous, even if it was a bit difficult.

She let go of my hand and stood before me, slowly peeling off her tank top. Then her leggings. Piece by piece, she undressed, calm and confident, never breaking eye contact. When she was fully nude, I studied every inch of her tan, beautiful body.

Golden skin stretched over toned muscles, mainly from surfing and the gym. Her breasts were full and perky, with thick peachy nipples that pointed directly at me as if begging to be sucked. A light tan line highlighted their natural curve, making them appear even more exotic. Her stomach was flat and defined, with just the subtle hint of a four-pack showing beneath smooth skin.

My eyes traveled lower to her narrow waist that flared into athletic hips. Between her thighs was a neatly trimmed strip of blonde hair, just enough to frame her most intimate area without hiding it. Her legs seemed endless, sculpted and strong

from her activities.

When she turned slightly, I caught sight of her perfectly rounded ass, two firm globes that seemed to defy gravity. The dimples at the base of her spine drew my eyes like magnets.

"You look... gorgeous," I murmured, unable to look away from my gorgeous sister.

"Thank you, but remember, don't be shy now," she said with a grin, stepping closer. "I'm going to teach you exactly how a girl likes to be licked."

She eased back onto her bed, propping herself up on her elbows as she spread her legs, inviting me between them. I knelt down slowly, ogling at her pink slit as if it were a treasure. The labia flared open like a blooming flower, making me come face to face with her pink interior that glowed like a fruit begging to be enjoyed. Apart from me studying her, I was unsure where to start, and she noticed.

"Relax," she said gently. "Just listen to my body. Start slow, use your tongue, and don't be afraid to look up at me."

I nodded, leaning in, catching the intoxicating mix of her scent, clean skin, shampoo, and something deeply arousing. I let my tongue trail along her pussy, watching her reaction. Her breathing deepened, so I did it again, slower this time.

"That's it," she murmured. "God, you're already better than half the guys I've been with."

I kept going, letting her guide me with little gasps, gentle tugs of my hair, and the arch of her hips. Every reaction was a signal, and I listened carefully, adjusting and experimenting. When I circled her clit just the right way, she moaned softly, her thighs tensing around my head.

"Just like that," she whispered, her voice breathless. "Don't stop..."

The sound of her pleasure drove me wild, and I felt more confident. My tongue explored her folds, enjoying the tangy sweetness that coated my lips. With each stroke, I learned her body language, how she tensed when I moved too fast, and how she relaxed when I found the perfect rhythm.

“Try using your fingers too,” Taylor said, her voice husky with desire.

I slid one finger inside her, feeling her warmth envelop me. She was slick and tight, pulsing around my digit as I continued lapping at her clit.

“Another,” she gasped, and I followed her wishes, adding a second finger.

Her hips began to rock against my face, setting a pace I matched instinctively. I curled my fingers upward, searching, and when I found the slightly rougher patch inside her, Taylor’s back arched dramatically.

“Fuck! That one felt good,” she moaned, abandoning her teacher role as pleasure took over.

I kept my fingers working that spot while my tongue drew circles around her clit, occasionally flicking directly across it when her breathing hitched. Her thighs began to tremble against my cheeks, holding me firmly in place.

“Don’t stop, little brother,” she chanted, her voice rising in pitch.

I felt her body tense beneath my tongue as she clutched at my hair, pulling me deeper into her heat. Her words sent a jolt through me, the forbidden nature of what we were doing somehow making it even more intoxicating.

“I’m so close,” she gasped, her hips bucking against my face and rubbing her flower all over my face. “Right there... don’t change anything...”

I kept my rhythm steady, my fingers curling inside her while my tongue stroked her clit. Her breathing grew ragged, punctuated by little whimpers that made my own arousal almost painful.

When she came, it was with a shuddering moan that she muffled with her hand. I felt her pussy contract around my fingers in pulses, her thighs clamping around my head as waves of pleasure washed through her. I didn't stop until she gently pushed my head away, her body too sensitive to take anymore.

"Holy fuck," Taylor breathed, her chest rising and falling rapidly. Her skin was flushed, a light sheen of sweat making her glow in the soft light of her bedroom. "You're a natural."

I wiped my mouth with the back of my hand, feeling strangely proud. "I just listened, like you said."

She propped herself up on her elbows, her eyes traveling down to the obvious bulge in my pants. "And that's why you're going to drive Johanna wild tomorrow." A mischievous smile played on her lips.

"Thank you," I told her. "For being open about this."

"You're welcome," she said, kissing my forehead.

The end.

## The Anal Queen: Anal Sex with My Sister

**I**t wasn't easy living with my twenty-four-year-old sister named Vanessa, who secretly ran an OnlyFans called *Anal Queen*, especially when I'd spent years fantasizing about anal sex. I was twenty-one years old, and every girlfriend I'd had complained about my size. Even now I had just gotten back from a date with my girlfriend. She had finally agreed to give it a try. I was rock hard, fully lubed and ready. But the moment I pushed the head in, she winced and told me it wouldn't work. Life could suck at times.

When I got home, Mom wasn't there. The light was on in Vanessa's room, which usually meant she was filming content like she always did when being home alone.

As soon as I stepped inside, she opened her bedroom door from upstairs. "Dan, is that you?"

"Yeah, I'm here," I called out.

My sister came downstairs, her right hand glistening slightly with either lube or her pussy juice. I couldn't tell. She was topless, wearing only a skirt with no panties. Her light brown hair was glossy and perfectly styled. Her breasts were full and perky, showing off a natural cleavage that could catch a pen, and her curves gave her the kind of figure that could stop traffic.

Her hazel eyes matched her hair and contrasted beautifully with her smooth, porcelain skin. She was a stunner, and as her little brother, I hated admitting it.

Vanessa and I were close when it came to relationships and sex. Closer, honestly, than either of us were with Mom. Still, we'd never done anything directly with each other. I'd helped her take some photos now and then, nothing more.

"Why do you look so disappointed?" she asked, raising an eyebrow. "Wasn't today supposed to be your big night?"

"She backed out at the last second," I said with a sigh. "Left me hard as a rock."

She frowned a little, clearly feeling bad for me. "Sorry. I mean, regular sex still feels good though."

"Yeah, you're right... Anyway, do you need help with anything?"

She nodded quickly. "I'm in the middle of a shoot. I need help getting lube on my ass."

"Sure, why not," I said. "Just a photo, right?" I added as we started walking upstairs.

She giggled. "Maybe we could try something different for once."

Her bedroom was already prepped. Lights were on, the camera was rolling, and the bed was covered with dildos and toys. I couldn't help but wonder what Mom would say if she ever walked in on this.

"What do you mean?" I asked as she shut the door behind us.

She twirled a strand of hair around her finger and gave me a sly smile. "Maybe you could try pushing the dildo in. Could be... educational. Especially if you really want to learn how anal sex works."

I blinked at her, caught off guard. We'd never crossed that

line before. "Are you sure?"

"Yeah, dummy, I'm doing this for you," she said half flirtatiously and half caringly. "I'm not gonna seduce you or anything."

"Alright," I said even if the rational part of my brain told me this was a step in the incest direction.

She climbed onto the bed and got on all fours, her back arched perfectly, presenting herself without a hint of shame. I sat on the edge of the mattress, taking in the view.

It wasn't the first time I'd seen her full moon, and it certainly wouldn't be the last. Her ass was smooth, round, and flawless. The curve of each cheek was tight and firm, the kind of shape you could only get from hours in the gym. She looked over her shoulder and smirked when she noticed how still I was.

"You okay?" she asked.

I swallowed hard. "Yeah. Just... wow."

"Lube's on the nightstand," she said casually. "You can start whenever."

I grabbed the bottle and squeezed some onto my fingers. As I touched her, I spread the slick warmth along her rim, watching how the light from the camera reflected off her skin. Her asshole was tight, petite, and unbelievably smooth.

"Jesus," I murmured. "How is it so ... clean looking?"

She laughed. "Anal bleach. You like?"

"It's... perfect," I said. "I like the subtle pink color."

"I love it."

"No wonder you make so much money out of your asshole."

"Hey, remember, I spend hours in the gym to make my butt look nice and shiny."

"I know, sis," I said. "You deserve every penny."

As I worked the lube in gentle circles around her entrance,

my fingers drifted a little lower. Just beneath her rim, her pussy was visible, a beautiful camel toe glistening slightly, pink and sweet smelling. I lingered a second longer than I should have, tracing just along the edge.

She shifted her hips slightly and gave a little hum. "Did you just slip lower on purpose?"

I froze. "No, I ... I mean, maybe."

She giggled and glanced back at me. "Well, maybe I didn't mind."

"I thought this was about your ass."

"Right, if you ever want to really learn how to do anal right," she said, "you have to start slow. It's not about jamming it in. You warm her up and take your time."

I nodded, still mesmerized by the view in front of me. My hand rested on the curve of her lower back. She reached behind her and gently spread her cheeks apart, revealing more of her tight little hole.

"Start with one finger," she said. "Just ease it in."

I coated my index finger with lube again and pressed against her puckered hole, slowly applying pressure. Her body resisted at first but then relaxed, and the tip slipped inside. The sensation of her forbidden hole gripping me was unreal.

She let out a quiet breath, not a moan, more like she was focusing. "Just like that. Steady pressure. Let her adjust to it."

My cock throbbed against my pants. I had never felt anything like this. I slowly worked my finger in deeper, feeling her tighten, then relax again. I watched her body respond and found myself more turned on by the second.

"Can you do me a brotherly favor?"

"Sure."

"Take a few photos before we move on," she said, her voice a

little breathier now.

I picked up her camera and snapped a few pictures from different angles. The lighting hit her perfectly. Her back arched, ass lifted high, finger halfway inside her. She looked like a goddess.

When I put the camera down, she reached for one of the dildos on the bed. It was thick, shiny, and only slightly smaller than my own equipment. I arched an eyebrow as she lined it up at her entrance and smiled over her shoulder.

“Hmm, why don’t you try to push it in?”

“Are you sure?” I asked her.

“Yeah, so you can see how it works.”

I took it from her. The silicone felt warm from her touch, slick with lube. I looked down at her body, stretched out on all fours, her ass high and waiting for me. The tight little ring of her entrance glistened under the light.

“Go slow,” she said. “Just press in gently. Then I can do the rest.”

I moved closer and placed the tip at her entrance. My free hand rested on her lower back for support, and I began pushing forward, careful and steady. The head slipped in with a little resistance, then eased deeper as she relaxed. Her full moon welcomed it inch by inch, and I felt my cock harden even more inside my pants. The heat, the visuals, the subtle way she breathed through it, it was impossible not to react, and it was impossible not to fantasize that it was my own erection.

“Holy fuck,” I muttered, watching it disappear into her.

“That’s it,” she whispered. “You’re doing great.”

I pushed it in until the base was snug against her cheeks. Her body twitched slightly, but she adjusted with ease, letting it settle in.

“Now don’t just stand there. Grab the camera, dummy,” she said, glancing back at me with a smirk. “I want you to get the full view for my page.”

“Sorry about that,” I said, blushing a little.

I picked up her camera and snapped some photos of her. I framed her ass with the dildo buried deep inside her, capturing the slight stretch and her flushed skin.

She arched her back more. “Get a close-up of the base. They love seeing how much I can take.”

I did as she asked, angling the lens just right. The sight of her completely filled was making my balls blue.

She looked over her shoulder again. “Bet you’re wishing it was you instead.”

“Shut up,” I said. She could be such a tease at times.

She rolled onto her back, the dildo still stuffed inside her, flashing me her pussy in a spread-eagle position. Several beads clung to her lips, and it wasn’t from the lube. “Actually... I’ve got an idea,” she said while rubbing herself in slow circles. “Would you film me for a bit? I want to show my subscribers something special.”

“What kind of special?” I asked, already knowing I wouldn’t say no.

“I want to alternate between holes. My fans go crazy for ass to pussy.”

She wasn’t helping my throbbing hard-on. “Yeah, I can do that.”

I took the camera and started filming as she slowly pulled the dildo out of her ass, then teased her pink entrance with it before sliding it into her pussy. The way she bit her lip and arched her back had my cock straining painfully against my jeans.

“How’s the angle?” she asked, her voice filled with lust.

“Perfect,” I said.

She reached for a small compact on her nightstand and dabbed some rosy blush onto her cheeks, then applied a touch to her chest. “The flush makes it look more authentic,” she explained.

She was right. The flush made it look as if she were climaxing. She slid the dildo out of her pussy, glistening with her juices, and positioned it back at her ass, pushing it in with a sweet moan. The entire time, her eyes stayed locked with mine through the viewfinder.

The room suddenly felt like a sauna. The heat of arousal and the intimate scene playing out before me was overwhelming.

“Jesus, I think I need a minute,” I mumbled, lowering the camera. “It’s so hot in here.”

“You okay?” Vanessa asked, sitting up slightly after pulling the dildo out from her rear.

I nodded, tugging at my shirt collar. “Just... burning up.”

She reached for a bottle of water on her nightstand and passed it to me. “Drink. The lights make it like an oven in here.”

“I think there’s something else too.” After gulping down half the bottle, I felt marginally better. “Sorry about that.”

“No worries. Let’s check what we got,” she said, taking the camera from my hands.

We sat side by side on her bed, scrolling through the photos and videos. My cock showed no signs of softening, but I tried to focus on the screen.

“These turned out really well,” she said, smiling. “The lighting is perfect, and you got some great angles. My subscribers are going to love these.”

“Glad I could help,” I said, trying not to stare at her naked

body next to me.

She set the camera aside and turned to face me. "Listen, Dan... I feel bad about what happened with your girlfriend tonight."

I shrugged. "It's fine. I'm used to it."

"But you shouldn't have to be," she said, placing her hand on my thigh. "It's not fair that you've never gotten to experience anal sex when it's something you want so badly."

"It's what it is," I said. Despite her being a horny tease, she cared for me and was sweet inside.

"Maybe I could help you," she said, twirling a strand of hair on her finger.

"What are you saying?"

"I'm saying..." she paused, her fingers drawing a circle on my leg, "that maybe I could repay you for all your help. You've been such a good brother, always there when I need you."

"Vanessa, I—"

"If you want anal sex, you can have it with me," she said plainly, her eyes never leaving mine. "I know what I'm doing, and I know how to handle someone your size."

I stared at her, unsure if I'd heard correctly. "Are you serious right now?"

"Completely." She glanced down at the obvious bulge in my pants. "And it's pretty clear you're interested."

"But we're siblings," I protested weakly, even as my cock throbbed at the suggestion.

She shrugged. "It's just sex, Dan. And honestly, who better to teach you than someone who knows exactly what they're doing?" Her hand moved higher on my thigh. "Besides, you're obviously horny as hell right now."

My resistance was crumbling by the second. My mind was racing with a thousand reasons why this was wrong, but my

body was screaming for release ... and her ass.

"I... fuck, Vanessa," I finally said and looked her in the eyes. "Are you sure?"

She smiled and reached for my zipper, slowly pulling it down. "Let me see what all the fuss is about."

When she freed my cock from my boxers, her eyes widened like saucers. "Oh my god, Dan. No wonder your girlfriends have trouble."

My face flushed with embarrassment and pride as she wrapped her fingers around my shaft, barely able to close her hand around it.

"Jesus, you're huge," she whispered, stroking me slowly. "Seriously, I feel bad for those poor girls. They probably weren't ready for something this magnificent."

I groaned as she ran her thumb over the sensitive head. "It's been nothing but frustration."

"Well," she said with a mischievous glint in her eye, "they don't call me the Anal Queen for nothing. If anyone can handle this monster, it's your big sister." She leaned closer, her breath hot against my ear. "I'll take care of you. Just for you, little brother."

Before I could respond, she reached for the bottle of lube and poured a generous amount into her palm. She warmed it between her hands before wrapping them both around my cock, sliding them up and down in a motion that had me seeing stars.

"Fuck, Vanessa," I gasped, watching her hands run up and down my length.

"You like that?" she teased, twisting her wrists at the tip causing a delicious friction. "Just wait until you feel how tight my ass is around this beautiful cock."

She continued applying lube, making sure every inch was

slick and ready. Her touch was both clinical and sensual, professional yet intimate in a way that drove me wild. When she was satisfied, she climbed onto the bed and positioned herself on all fours, looking back at me over her shoulder.

“Come on, Dan,” she said, reaching back to spread her cheeks. “Show me what you’ve got.”

I moved behind her, positioning myself at her full moon. The sight of my cockhead pressing against her tight ring was almost enough to make me come right then and spill my seed over her beautiful cheeks.

“Start slow,” she reminded me. “Push in just a little, then wait for me to adjust.”

I followed her guidance, pressing forward until the head popped past her tight entrance. She inhaled sharply but didn’t pull away.

“Good,” she breathed. “Now wait... let me get used to it.”

After a moment, she nodded. “A little more now.”

Inch by inch, I worked my way inside her rosebud, amazed at every inch she took. The tight heat surrounding my cock was unlike anything I’d ever felt before. When I was finally buried to the hilt, we both paused, breathing heavily.

“Holy fuck,” I groaned, struggling to maintain control. “You’re so tight... I can’t believe you took all of me.”

“I told you,” Vanessa said flirtatiously, her body trembling slightly as she adjusted to my size. “I know what I’m doing.”

She began to rock back against me, slowly at first, then a bit hornier. The sensation was mind-blowing—her ass gripped me like a vise, hot and slick and perfect. It was especially tight at the ring, and the way it massaged every inch of my shaft was like the perfect friction. Each time she pushed back, taking me deeper, I felt myself losing control.

“Move,” she said, wanting to fuck as badly as me. “Fuck me, Dan. Show me what you’ve been saving up.”

I gripped her hips and began to thrust, cautiously at first, then a bit harder as I realized she could take everything I had to give. The sight of my cock disappearing into her perfect ass was hypnotic, and the sounds she made, half moans and half gasps, drove me wild. No wonder she was making a bank with such a pornstar performance.

“Harder,” she said, dropping to her elbows to change the angle. “I can take it. Give me everything.”

I slammed into her, my fingers digging into the soft flesh of her hips. The wet, obscene sounds of our bodies meeting filled the room, punctuated by our shared breathing and occasional moans.

“Fuck, Vanessa,” I groaned, feeling a familiar pressure building as I slid in and out of her ass. “I’m not going to last much longer.”

“Don’t pull out,” she said, looking back at me with lust-glazed eyes. “I want to feel you come inside me. I love that feeling, hot, sticky cum.”

I grabbed onto her hips and pounded into her beautiful ass while she arched her back. Ten more hip thrusts and my vision blurred as pleasure surged through me, more intense than anything I’d ever experienced. I drove deep into her one final time, letting the tight ring pleasure me one more time, my entire body shuddering as I spilled my cum inside her. Wave after wave of ecstasy washed over me, and for a moment, I believed I was in heaven.

When there was nothing left from my balls, I slowly dragged my cock out from her ass, pulling out rivulets of cum that dripped down to her pussy like a creampie.

“Holy fuck,” I said, my voice barely above a whisper. “That

was ... I don't even have words."

Vanessa chuckled. "Worth the wait?"

"God, yes," I said.

She rolled onto her back, her skin glistening with sweat. She fingered her butthole, seeing all my cum trickling out. "Geeze, it's like you pumped in a gallon of buttermilk."

"Sorry about that."

"No, I love the sensation ... just a bit surprising."

We both leaned back to catch our breaths.

"You know," she said with a smirk, "the camera's still running."

I glanced at the camera, still mounted on its tripod, the red recording light blinking steadily. "Fuck, I forgot all about that."

"Don't worry," she reassured me, reaching up to stroke my cheek. "This one's just for us. A sweet sibling memory."

Eventually, Mom came home and we had dinner. She noticed our playful glances and raised an eyebrow.

"You two up to something?"

We just smiled. We sure had been, but it was our special secret. One we weren't going to share with anyone.

Later that night, when it was time to sleep, I found myself standing outside Vanessa's door. I knocked.

"Dan?" she asked, sounding unsure.

She always used that voice when she was in the middle of filming content.

"It's just me," I said.

She exhaled, relieved. "Come in."

I opened the door. The bedroom light was on, and while being fully nude, she was sitting up in bed with her phone in hand, clearly recording something.

"You gave me a heart attack," she said. "I thought it was Mom."

"Didn't mean to scare you," I said, stepping inside. "I just

wanted to say thank you.” I scratched the back of my neck, feeling awkward.

But she smiled and swung her legs over the edge of the bed, then opened her arms and pulled me into a full nude hug. Her skin was warm against mine.

“You’re welcome,” she whispered. “I’m glad I could fulfill one of your fantasies.”

“You’re the best, Vanessa.”

She held me for another moment, then looked up at me with that same teasing spark in her eyes.

“Wanna do it again tomorrow? I really like a thick cock.”

I laughed, nodding. “Oh, for sure. That would be amazing.”

“Nice,” she said, and we exchanged grins.

Then she stood on her tiptoes and kissed me gently on the lips.

“Sweet dreams for now.”

The end.

## Sex at 30,000 Feet: Flight Attendant's Special Treatment

**M**y name's Chad, and I worked as a flight attendant for a commercial airline on a regular route from Los Angeles to Dallas. I had a nineteen-year-old cousin named Sofi who was terrified of flying, and one day she had to travel to Texas for a school-related trip.

My aunt had called me a few days earlier about booking Sofi on one of my flights. She asked if I could stay close to her during the journey. Sofi and I were pretty close, and I already knew about her fear. She'd always been full of questions about what it was like working as a flight attendant.

Naturally, I agreed to help out. The day before her flight, Aunt Maria and Sofi came by for a visit to me and my mother.

Sofi had angel-blond hair, an innocent-looking face with blue eyes, and a modest bust. She was toned, with nice hips and she had the most perfect dimples that deepened when she smiled. Her lips had a natural pink color, full and a little pouty when she got nervous. She wore a simple top and skirt that showed off her lightly tanned skin and smooth legs. Even if she looked innocent and cute, she was quite tall at five feet 8.

"Are you alright?" I asked as we sat alone out on the terrace. Inside, my mom and aunt were busy making dinner.

"Yeah... a little bit nervous," she said, pushing her hair behind her ears.

I gave her a reassuring pat on the back and told her everything would be safe and smooth.

"I'm just scared I'll have a panic attack," she admitted, dropping her gaze.

"If you do," I said gently, "I'll help you through it. I used to date someone who was terrified of flying, and I learned how to calm her down."

"You did ... without drugs, right?" she asked, looking me in the eyes.

"Yeah," I said.

She was incredibly wary of anything drug-related. It was part of her innocence. She wanted to handle everything naturally. And I knew I had a natural way to help her if it came to that.

\* \* \*

The next morning came fast. I had to get to the airport early for preflight briefings, but I told Sofi exactly what to expect and promised I'd be watching for her at the gate.

I'd made sure she got a window seat near the back, right where I'd be stationed. She texted me as soon as she got through security.

**Just got through! Gate 36, right? I'm scared lol**

**You're good. Just look for me at the door. I'll be there.**

Boarding started, and I stood in position with my usual polite smile, greeting passengers one by one as they entered the aircraft. A few women gave me those half-second glances, but I was only watching for her.

And then I saw her.

Sofi stepped into view, clinging to her boarding pass like it was a lifeline. She wore a light sweatshirt that hung slightly off one shoulder and tight-fitting jeans that outlined the subtle curves of her hips and thighs. She wore her blonde hair loose. She looked nervous and out of place among the crowd, her eyes darting until they locked on mine.

“Hey,” I said, smiling and leaning in a little. “You made it.”

“I almost turned around,” she whispered.

“You’re doing great. Your seat’s right back here with me. I’ve got you.”

She sighed. “Promise you won’t leave me?”

“I’m not going anywhere,” I said.

I walked her down the aisle, letting her move just ahead of me. She was trying to act composed, but I could see her hands tremble slightly as she gripped her small carry-on. When she reached her row, I helped stow her bag in the overhead bin and waited as she sat down.

The flight took off, and as soon as the seatbelt light turned off, the first thing I did was head straight to her. She was trembling, biting her nails, her eyes wide and unfocused. I slid into the empty seat beside her.

“Are you okay?”

She shook her head. “I’m really scared,” she whispered. I could see her chest rising fast, her heart practically pounding through her sweatshirt.

I glanced around. The back of the plane was quiet. Most passengers were absorbed in movies, music, or dozing off. The row behind Sofi was empty, and the one across the aisle had a man snoring under a blanket.

“Chad ... I’m really scared.”

I knew I had to do something, even if it was considered

unconventional by many and I might risk losing my job. "Do you want me to help you relax?"

"Please."

I reached for one of the airline blankets in the overhead bin, unfolding it and draping it over her lap.

Under the cover of the blanket, I placed my hand gently on her knee. Her eyes widened, but she didn't protest as my hand moved beneath her skirt. I could feel the warmth radiating from between her legs before I even touched her. Her center was like a blast furnace. When my fingers found the fabric of her underwear, I was surprised to discover how damp it already was.

"Is this okay?" I asked, voice barely audible as I began to stroke her through the thin cotton. "Let me know if you want to try something else."

"No!" she protested. "This feels good." She bit her lip as her eyes darted nervously around the cabin. I moved my fingers in slow circles. Her breathing deepened and the panic was leaving her eyes, replaced by lust and need.

After a minute of rubbing her through the fabric, I carefully slipped my fingers beneath the elastic band. She gasped as I made direct contact with her flower petals, her skin incredibly velvety and slick with arousal.

"Does that feel good?" I whispered, my eyes constantly scanning for any approaching crew members.

"Yes," she said, a smile breaking across her face for the first time since boarding. Her head fell back against the headrest, eyes half-closed. "You know how to push my buttons right."

Her pussy lips were silky smooth against my fingertips, delicate and swollen with fresh honey. As I explored her pussy, her juices coated my fingers. The scent rising from beneath the

blanket was sweet and musky, like honeyed almonds with an earthy undertone that made my own cock harden.

I imagined what her womanhood looked like, light pink, symmetric, swollen and labia that bloomed outward like a flower. “You must have a beautiful pussy,” I whispered, making her giggle.

She giggled. I’m glad you like my kitty.”

Sofi’s hips shifted subtly, pressing against my hand. I dipped lower, finding her entrance. As I dipped my finger inside, her inner walls gripped me, hot, tight, and pulsing. The velvety texture of her channel surprised me, and I couldn’t help but imagine the sensation of sliding inside her with my most intimate part. Focusing on her orgasm, I curled my finger upward in a “come hither” motion.

“Oh that’s nice,” she breathed, her voice barely audible over the drone of the engines. Her thighs tensed around my hand.

I found a spongy spot along her front wall and applied gentle pressure, making her moan.

Just as her breathing became more ragged and her thighs began to tremble, I caught movement from the corner of my eye. Kelly, another flight attendant, was heading down the aisle toward us.

I smoothly withdrew my honey-covered hand but kept it under the blanket, shifting my body to appear as though I was simply having a conversation with a nervous passenger.

“Everything okay?” Kelly asked, glancing between us.

“Just helping my cousin through some flight anxiety,” I explained professionally. “She’s doing much better now.”

Sofi nodded, her cheeks flushed for reasons Kelly couldn’t possibly guess. Me and Kelly had a little chat like we usually did before she disappeared into the forward galley. Then I

slipped my hand back between Sofi's legs, finding her even wetter than before. Her eyes widened in surprise, then darkened with desire.

It only took another minute before her body tensed, her hand gripping my forearm beneath the blanket. She bit down on her lower lip to stifle a moan that could have been mistaken for a sigh of relief. Her body shuddered beneath my touch as the wave of pleasure washed over her. I felt her pulsing against my fingers as I continued to stroke her pussy through her climax, gradually slowing as she came down.

When she opened her eyes again, she giggled.

"That was... really nice," she whispered, her cheeks pink and rosy. "I don't feel scared anymore."

I smiled, leaning in to kiss her forehead, then quickly on her lips. Her eyes widened slightly at the intimate gesture, but she didn't pull away.

"I'm glad you're feeling better," I murmured. "If you start feeling unwell again, just let me know. I'll be right here."

The flight continued smoothly for the next couple of hours. I checked on Sofi now and then, bringing her water and snacks, pleased to see her relaxed enough to watch a movie on her phone. But with about an hour left on our flight, everything changed.

The plane suddenly dropped, then lurched to the side. The seatbelt sign dinged on immediately as the captain's voice came over the intercom.

"Folks, we're hitting some unexpected turbulence. All passengers and flight attendants please return to your seats and fasten your seatbelts."

I secured the galley quickly and made my way to Sofi's row. Her face had drained of all color, her knuckles white as she

gripped the armrests. The plane jolted again, and she let out a small cry.

“It’s alright,” I said, sliding into the seat beside her and buckling up. “Just some rough air. The plane is designed to handle this.”

She turned to me, eyes wide with terror. “Chad, I can’t—I can’t breathe,” she gasped.

I took her hand in mine, squeezing it reassuringly as the aircraft continued to bounce and shake. “Focus on me. We’re okay.”

The turbulence intensified. Somewhere behind us, a bag fell from an overhead bin. Sofi leaned in close to my ear, her breath hot against my skin.

“I need... I need to feel better again,” she whispered urgently. “Like before. But more.”

I pulled back slightly to look at her. “What do you mean?”

Her blue eyes locked with mine. “Can we ... you know...” She glanced meaningfully toward the lavatory at the rear of the plane. She wanted to fuck. “I think it would help me. A lot.”

“Sofi, I’ve never ... that’s different from what I did before. I don’t know if we should—”

The plane dropped again, harder this time, and Sofi let out a strangled sob, her nails digging into my palm.

“Please,” she begged, tears welling in her eyes. “I can’t take this. I’m going to lose it.”

The desperation in her voice broke something inside me.

“Okay,” I whispered. “When the seatbelt sign turns off, wait thirty seconds, then follow me.”

Five minutes later, the captain announced we’d cleared the worst of it. The moment the seatbelt sign dinged off, I stood and made my way to the rear lavatory, checking that it was

vacant. I slipped inside, leaving the door unlocked.

Seconds later, there was a gentle tap, and Sofi squeezed in, her face still pale with fear. The tiny space forced our bodies together, her B cup breasts pressed against mine. She had taken off her little sweatshirt and was now left in a white top.

"We have to be quick," I told her.

She nodded, biting her lip in excitement.

I pulled her jeans and underwear down, watching as she helped wiggle them off. The plane jolted again, and she clutched at my shoulders. Then I unzipped my pants and positioned myself between her legs.

"Look at me," I said, cupping her face. "Just focus on feeling."

She nodded. I set her on top of the sink and spread her legs. She was freshly shaved and her pussy looked as beautiful as I'd imagined. It was indeed pink as cotton candy, and her labia bloomed outward like two symmetric wings, and her center was already swollen and juicy.

I freed my erection and rubbed the head against her vagina. Then I pushed inside her, inch for inch, feeling her body tense then yield. She was impossibly tight, and she gasped while her eyes widened.

"Are you okay?" I asked, holding still as half of my length stretched her.

"Yes," she said. "Don't stop."

Slowly, I slid all the way in, feeling connected to her. Then I pulled out till only the head remained and pushed all the way in, which went smoother and silkier than the first time.

Her legs wrapped around my waist, pulling me deeper. Each thrust seemed to melt away more of her anxiety, her expression transforming from fear to something of wonder and pleasure.

"This feels so good," she whispered against my ear. "So much

better than before.”

I hooked my arms around her legs and tried to be quick, but at the same time, I didn't want to slam into her and knock her against the bathroom mirror. But her pussy felt so good, tight and innocent. I kept thrusting into her till a light “clap” started rising, mingling with my grunts. I glanced down as my cock kept disappearing and reappearing inside her incestuous hole, and I'd never felt something so thrilling in my life, even if my focus was on her.

We looked each other in the eyes, and her pussy walls tightened around me like a wet mouth.

“I'm close,” she murmured, her nails digging into my shoulders.

The words died on her lips as her body tensed, her inner walls pulsating around me. The sensation triggered my climax as well as I buried myself to the hilt and filled her pink pussy with cum. I buried my face in her neck to muffle my groan as I climaxed hard.

For several moments, we stayed perfectly still, just breathing against each other. The plane continued its journey, but the turbulence no longer seemed to register with Sofi. She pulled back slightly, her eyes meeting mine with a new clarity.

“I feel a thousand times better,” she whispered, wrapping her arms around me in a tight embrace. Her body relaxed completely against mine, the trembling fear from earlier completely gone. “Thank you,” she said.

I held her close, stroking her blonde hair. “We should get back to our seats,” I said gently, though I made no immediate move to separate from her. It just felt so sweet to linger inside her.

She nodded but tightened her embrace for a moment longer.

"I never thought flying could feel this good," she said with a giggle.

"I'm glad you enjoyed this," I said. Slowly, I pulled out from her slick hole. I took some paper as I dragged a river of cum with me. I cleaned her and helped pull up her panties and jeans.

"Go first," I instructed. "I'll follow in a minute."

She nodded, but before unlocking the door, she rose on her tiptoes and kissed my lips. "Will you check on me again before we land?"

"Of course," I promised.

After she slipped out, I waited the appropriate time before following, scanning the cabin professionally as I returned. No one seemed to have noticed our absence, or if they had, they showed no sign of it.

Back at her seat, Sofi was gazing out the window, a serene smile playing on her lips. The captain announced our descent into Dallas, and when I glanced at her during my pre-landing checks, she smiled which held no trace of her earlier terror.

As passengers deplaned in Dallas, I stood at the door saying my professional goodbyes. Sofi was the last passenger, and when she reached me, she paused.

"My return flight is next Sunday," she said a bit shyly. "Same airline."

I nodded, understanding the unspoken question. "I'll see what I can do about my schedule," I replied, our fingers brushing as I handed her the forgotten sweater she'd nearly left behind.

"Thank you for risking your job just for my sake," she whispered. "It was really sweet of you."

"Any time, Sofi."

As she walked away down the jet bridge, she turned back once, her blue eyes finding mine. I had never seen her so happy

and glowing in my life, and I knew with absolute certainty that this flight was just the beginning.

The end.

## Sex at the Gym

**A**s an only child, I naturally grew up close to my cousin Ashley. We were the same age, twenty-one. But during puberty, we drifted apart a bit. Ashley had always been more outgoing, flirtier, and more adventurous than I was, and it didn't help that she'd earned a bit of a reputation in college as the known slut.

We still talked whenever our parents got together, but it wasn't the same as when we were younger. That had changed recently as she'd hinted she wanted to go to the gym with me, saying she wanted to get in shape.

This morning she texted me. She got straight to the point and was even bold enough to send me a nude pic of her tanned ass.

*It needs to be sculpted and pretty. Can you help me with that?*

*Sure... but you don't have to send me nudes of yourself!*

*Woopsie*

I could tell it was intentional.

I'd been going to the gym since I was sixteen, so I knew a thing or two about getting in shape. Ashley wanted to go late in the evening since it was her first time, and she didn't want to embarrass herself, even though I assured her I'd guide her through everything.

We met outside just as the sun was starting to set. I shouldn't have been surprised by her outfit. She wore tiny leggings that practically looked like underwear, with a seam riding right up her crack. Her sports top pushed her breasts up, making them look like two beach balls barely covered by a thin layer of fabric.

Ashley was a brunette with natural freckles scattered across her cheeks. Aside from her eye-catching bikini-worthy chest, she had a cute face with deep dimples and a straight nose that looked like a nose job. But I'd known her my whole life, and I knew she was all-natural.

"Nice outfit," I said, clearly being sarcastic.

"What?" she asked innocently, twirling a strand of hair around her finger. "Don't pretend you don't like it."

"This is a gym, not a nudist beach."

She giggled. "You're exaggerating," she said, giving my shoulder a playful smack. "Come on, aren't you excited? We haven't had any real quality time together in years."

She had a point, and truth be told, I was a little excited to finally spend some time with her, even if I wasn't proud of her slutty behavior.

"So you want to work on your butt, right?"

She nodded eagerly and slightly bent over to show me her round globes. "Uh-huh."

We started with squats. I showed her how to position her feet, how to keep her back straight, and how low to go.

"Like this?" she asked, sticking her ass out as far as she could while looking over her shoulder.

"Yeah," I muttered, trying not to stare. "That's... technically correct."

I moved behind her to guide her posture. She bent her knees and lowered herself slowly, her leggings pulling tighter with

every inch.

When I placed my hands lightly on her hips to correct her form, she smirked and deliberately pushed her ass back, right against my crotch. The friction of her firm ass against my bulge was quite sweet, but I tried to stay professional.

“Ashley,” I said, looking around us in case anyone was watching. “You don’t have to do that.”

“Do what?” she asked innocently, tilting her head.

“You know what. You’re making it hard to concentrate.”

“Is that what I’m making hard?” she teased, grinding a little more against me as she dropped into the next squat.

I clenched my jaw. “I’m trying to help you work out, not get a hard-on in the middle of the gym.”

“But you’re doing both,” she whispered with a grin. “Multi-tasking.”

As she lowered herself again, she suddenly stopped. “Ugh. My boobs are slipping out of this top. Can you hold them for a sec?”

I stared at her, trying to tell if she was serious. She looked back at me with a playful glint in her eye.

“You’re not serious.”

“I am. Just while I do a few reps. I swear, they’re about to pop out.”

I rolled my eyes but stepped closer, yet again glancing around to make sure no one was watching. Then I cupped her breasts from behind, keeping my hands steady as she dipped into another squat.

Her body moved slowly, up and down, warm against me. The weight of her breasts felt quite good in my hands, and for a moment, I wished she didn’t wear a sports top at all.

“You’re actually doing pretty well,” I murmured, trying to

keep my tone neutral while I cupped her tits.

"I always do well when I'm properly motivated," she said, giving her hips a small wiggle on the way up.

Next up were hip thrusts. I set her up with a padded bench and showed her how to position the bar across her hips. She got into place, shoulders against the bench, knees bent, and heels planted firmly on the ground.

When she started thrusting her hips upward, she let out a lustful moan.

"Unh.."

I raised an eyebrow. "Ashley."

She did it again, this time louder. "Mmm.."

"Tone it down. You sound like you're trying to get fucked."

She looked at me and smiled innocently. "Why is it okay for guys to grunt like cavemen, but girls can't make a little noise?"

"Because no one thinks a guy's about to come in the middle of a set," I muttered.

She giggled and kept going, thrusting up with exaggerated movements, her moans somewhere between teasing and downright dirty. A few people glanced over, but she didn't seem to care. I kept my focus on her form, trying not to stare at the way her hips moved under the bar and the way her legs were spread.

"Alright, water break," I said, needing a breather myself.

We grabbed our bottles and moved to the side of the room near the mirrors. I took a long sip, and she wiped her forehead with the back of her hand.

"How am I doing?" she asked.

"You're doing fine."

She turned around and looked at me over her shoulder. "Wanna check if I'm making progress?"

"It's the first day. You're not going to see any difference yet."

“But I’m already sore,” she said, caressing the swell of her ass. “Just check. Squeeze it.”

I sighed, then placed a hand on her ass and gave it a firm squeeze. It was warm, tight, and soft under my fingers. I had never felt an ass like that, and I could only imagine how it would look if she continued coming here.

“It’s fine,” I said.

“Only fine?”

“Don’t push it.”

She laughed and walked ahead of me, hips swaying on purpose as we made our way back to the machines.

The next stop was the leg abductor. She sat down and spread her legs around the pads, slowly pushing them apart with a dramatic sigh.

“This one’s definitely my favorite,” she said with a grin. “I feel so... open.”

I knelt beside her, adjusting the settings. “Keep your back flat against the pad. Don’t lean forward too much.”

She nodded, pushing her thighs open again. Halfway through her set, she winced. “Ow. That inner thigh again.”

“Not this again,” I muttered.

“I swear, it’s pulling or something. Just a little higher up this time.”

I narrowed my eyes, but she looked genuinely bothered, at least on the surface. I knelt beside her and pressed my thumbs into the inside of her thigh, just above the knee. I moved slowly, working the muscle, then moved my hands a little higher.

“Tell me if it hurts,” I said.

She stayed quiet, her breathing deeper. As I massaged upward, I caught a faint scent, sweet, musky, unmistakably aroused.

I paused, eyes flicking up to meet hers.

“You good?” I asked.

She nodded, biting her lip. “Feels better when you do it.”

We finished off with a light jog on the treadmill. Ashley got on the one next to mine. Her skin glistened with sweat, her boobs bounced and jiggled, and her sports bra clung tight. Droplets slid down the curve of her breasts, drawing my attention even when I tried to look away.

Then it happened, mid-run, one of her boobs popped out of her bra.

She looked over at me without slowing down. “Told you so.”

I stared for a beat before looking away. “Jesus, Ashley.”

She laughed and tucked it back in, totally unfazed. “You think I don’t know how these things behave?”

Once we wrapped up, we grabbed water again and sat on one of the benches near the stretching mats. It was quiet, the lights slightly dimmed now that it was late. We seemed to have the place to ourselves, except for some ladies stretching in the corner.

“So,” I said, wiping the back of my neck with a towel, “what did you think?”

“I liked it,” she said with a smile. “Honestly? I wanna come back. It was fun.”

Despite her constantly teasing me, I was glad she liked it here. We sat there for a moment, catching our breath. Then her eyes dropped to my shorts. I realized I was still semi-hard, not that it was easy to hide.

She reached out and brushed her hand along the front of my shorts. “You’re still turned on?”

I looked around but no one else was in sight. “Yeah, because of your teasing earlier ...”

“I miss this,” she said. “Not the gym, I mean ... us. Hanging

out, playing and teasing each other. We used to have so much fun together.”

“We’ve never been *that* close,” I reminded her.

“So? There’s a first time for everything.”

“What are you implying?”

She leaned closer, so I could pick up the scent of her musky arousal along with a little bit of her sweat. “Have you ever thought about doing something crazy here?”

I looked at her. “Like what?”

“I don’t know ... like fucking?”

I blinked. “You’re insane.”

“No, I’m serious. I scoped out a spot earlier, behind the back wall by the dumbbell racks. There’s no camera back there.”

I stared at her, wondering if she was actually serious, but her eyes said yes.

“Ashley, this is a public place. We’re in a gym. We could get caught.”

“We won’t,” she said, brushing her fingers along my thigh. “If we’ll be quick.”

“Also,” I said, pulling slightly away, “we’re cousins. First cousins.”

She rolled her eyes and giggled. “So what?”

“What do you mean, ‘so what’? That’s a pretty big deal.”

She leaned in again and lowered her voice. “You think we’re the only ones? You’d be surprised how many cousins hook up. Some even get married. It’s not illegal in half the country.”

“That doesn’t make it normal,” I muttered.

“It’s normal if we want it to be,” she said. “You think I haven’t thought about it? About you?”

I swallowed hard. My whole body was still warm from the workout, my heart beating faster now for entirely different

reasons.

“I missed you,” she whispered, hand moving slowly over my thigh again. “You feel it too, don’t you?”

I didn’t answer right away. I looked away, trying to summon some reason, some anchor to pull me back. But then she kissed my neck, just below the ear.

My resolve cracked.

“Fuck,” I said, knowing I couldn’t let such an opportunity slip. “Let’s do this.”

She smiled. “Come with me.”

I followed Ashley to the back corner of the gym, cock throbbing in my shorts.

“Quick,” she whispered, glancing around before dropping to her knees in front of me.

Before I could process what was happening, she tugged my shorts down and took me into her mouth, her lips sliding down my length.

“Wow,” I said, bracing one hand against the wall.

She looked up at me, eyes locked with mine as she slid me deeper and deeper for every bob. The sight of my cousin on her knees, her lips stretched around me, was more erotic than anything I’d ever experienced. She slobbered all over my cock, droplets spilling all over my shaft. I was surprised by her skills and how well she sucked.

She came off with an obscene pop, wiping the spit from her lips. “Let’s fuck.” She stood up and turned to face the wall.

She pulled her leggings down just enough, exposing her perfectly round, tanned ass that I had seen this morning. She braced herself against the wall and looked back at me expectantly.

I hesitated for only a second before positioning myself behind

her. It wasn't like I could resist this horny girl now. I pointed the head against her moistened lips, rubbing the sensitive head against her till I found her hole. I slid inside her with one firm thrust, causing her to gasp. She was as wet as her mouth, and it felt like heaven the way her pussy hugged me all the way.

"How's my ass looking from there?" she asked breathlessly as I began to fuck her.

I gripped her hips, watching the way her flesh bounced with each thrust. "Fucking gorgeous," I groaned, unable to tear my eyes away.

Ashley moaned loudly, the sound echoing off the walls.

"Shhh," I told her, glancing nervously toward the main gym area. "Someone will hear us."

"I can't help it," she said, pushing her round fuckable ass back against me. "It feels so fucking good."

I reached around and slipped my hands under her sports bra, cupping her breasts as I continued thrusting. "Oh, so now you want to grope my titties?"

"Shut up," I told her, making her giggle.

"Hmm, you're really stretching me," she said. "I love being bent over like this."

And I loved having her like this in front of me, her back arched, her ass pushed against me and her pussy walls hugging my shaft as I rapidly slid in and out of her.

"We need to hurry," I whispered, feeling myself getting close. "Someone could walk in any second."

The danger only seemed to excite her more. "That's the exciting part, duh," she said before turning back to moaning like a pornstar.

There was no idea telling her to shut up. It just made me slam into her harder and faster so the "clap" rose higher. I

was steadily reaching my orgasm, the combination of risk and forbidden pleasure pushing me closer and closer to the sweet peak.

“I’m going to come,” I told her.

“Don’t you dare pull out,” she demanded.

I didn’t have any plans. I seized her hips and thrust deep into her firm cheeks. I exploded inside her with a muffled groan, burying my face against her neck to keep quiet. Rope after rope of cum filled her pussy until she was thoroughly soaked in my seed.

“Gosh, you pumped an entire bottle of buttermilk inside me,” she said with a joyous giggle.

“That’s the sweetest pussy I’ve ever fucked,” I muttered, giving her slow, shallow thrusts to drag the orgasm out.

“Told you you’d like it.”

When I pulled out, thick rivulets of cum clung to her and spilled down onto her leggings. I tugged my shorts back up and grabbed some paper towels from the nearby shelf, helping clean her up. Then I gently pulled her leggings back into place.

I glanced around the gym, still breathing hard. “Did anyone see us?”

She shrugged like it didn’t matter. “Who cares? That was some amazing sex.”

“Alright. Workout’s over. Let’s head home.”

As we walked toward the changing rooms, I spotted a woman in her mid-thirties stretching nearby. She glanced up and gave me a knowing look. She’d definitely heard us.

Just before Ashley and I split for the locker rooms, she rose on her tiptoes and kissed me on the lips.

“Geez, why are you blushing?” she asked with a playful smile.

“Nothing,” I said, shaking my head.

“I really loved working out with you,” she said. “We’re doing this again, right?”

“For sure,” I said, and I couldn’t lie. “This was a day I’ll never forget.”

We exchanged grins, then finally parted ways.

The end.

## Mother & Son Caught Having Sex

**A**t forty-one, Mom was athletic and stunning. She had a tall, lean frame, dark blonde hair that always looked thick and lustrous, and a tight, shapely ass that had been earned from years in the gym. Her skin was smooth and glowing, and she always looked well-groomed. Since she was a personal trainer, she was into all kinds of sports that kept her so healthy looking.

After I broke my leg on a skiing trip to Aspen, my mother took care of me. She felt incredibly guilty since I'd never skied before, and she'd been the one who'd insisted that I tag along. Over those months, we grew *really* close.

It started with her giving me a simple handjob, then she moved on to sucking me off. For the first time in my life, I complimented how attractive she was, and it made her light up. None of us seemed to care how unconventional the situation was, and not long after, we had full-blown, raw sex, and it was the best experience of my life.

We were six months into this taboo relationship, and we'd kept it completely to ourselves.

Today, my mother invited her sister over for a barbecue, right in the peak of summer. I'd promised Mom I'd help her out, but I was already anticipating the challenges. Mom wasn't shy about

showing off her body.

She loved bikinis, and this one barely qualified as clothing. It was skimpy enough that it barely covered her smooth pussy and her perfect, perky tits. The top was nothing more than two tiny triangles of black fabric held together by thin strings that tied behind her neck and back. It barely contained her breasts, offering a clear view of her inner curves and the occasional peek of her areolas. The bottoms were just a narrow strip of the same material that hugged her hips, sitting low enough to reveal the subtle V of her pelvis. From the back, it was practically a thong, the string disappearing between the cheeks of her perfectly shaped ass.

“It’s not too much, Jake?” she asked with a flirty smirk, twirling on one foot so her blonde hair fluttered around her shoulders.

“No, it’s perfect,” I said, watching her with clear admiration.

She walked over and grabbed my hardening bulge through my shorts.

“You look worried,” she said in her caring voice.

“Well... I’ve got two gorgeous women in bikinis today, and we still have to keep this a secret.”

She leaned in and kissed me on the lips, her breath sweet and warm. Her freshly showered skin smelled faintly of roses, and she’d painted her lips red. She used makeup modestly, but when she did, it was like the cherry on top of that attractive woman.

“The day’ll be over before you know it,” she whispered, her eyes twinkling with mischief. She opened her arms and pulled me in a loving hug, mashing her boobs against my chest and breathing down my neck. My hands reached her ass which I loved to squeeze. It was impossible not to grow hard around her, and she felt it.

“We might have time for a quickie,” she murmured, her breath warm against my ear. “Just something to take the edge off.”

“Oh, please, Mom.”

She sank to her knees in front of me, her fingers tugging down my shorts. My cock sprang free, already hard from the sight of her in that tiny bikini. She looked up at me with that same playful spark in her eyes, then ran her rosy tongue slowly along the shaft, leaving trails of her forbidden spit along the length.

As she teased me with her lips and tongue, I reached down and cupped her breasts through the thin fabric of her bikini top. They felt incredible, full, soft, and naturally warm. Then she wrapped her lips around the tip and began to suck so her cheeks hollowed out.

Just as I slid my hand behind her head, ready to let myself melt into the moment, we both froze.

Tires crunched over gravel in the driveway.

Mom pulled back with a pop, her mouth glistening, eyes wide.

“Evelyn,” she said. She quickly stood, adjusting her bikini and wiping the corner of her mouth. I stuffed myself back into my shorts, and I’d never felt so hot and bothered in my life.

“Well,” she said, running her fingers through her hair and trying to regain her composure. “We’ll pick this up later.”

She gave me a wink before walking toward the front door, hips swaying as if nothing had happened. I took a deep breath and followed her, trying to calm down before she opened the door for her sister.

Evelyn was a couple of years younger in her late thirties with a slightly softer look than Mom, but no less gorgeous. She wore her dark blonde hair loose, and her bikini was just as skimpy and revealing as my mother’s. It was just enough to the

imagination to drive me nuts all over again.

“Hey, Jake!” Aunt Evelyn said cheerfully, walking straight up to me. She threw her arms around my neck and pulled me into a hug. She’d also just showered, smelling like coconuts and vanilla. Her body was warm against mine, her bikini pressing right into my chest, and I felt her breasts mash all over me.

“How’s your leg doing?” Evelyn asked as she pulled back slightly, her hands still on my shoulders.

“Better. Almost good as new,” I said while forcing my gaze not to drop to the cleavage in front of me. Evelyn’s breasts were slightly bigger than Mom’s. While Evelyn’s tits looked like two perfectly shaped watermelons, my mother’s looked like two honeydews. Well-endowment ran in our family.

She smiled. “Glad to hear.”

“Come out back,” Mom said. “I’ve got drinks ready.”

I excused myself that I had to talk to my friend, but in reality, the heat between my legs was becoming unbearable. With a frustrated sigh, I headed upstairs to my room, trying to cool off one way or another.

But as I passed by the window that overlooked the backyard, I stopped.

They were lying on beach towels, laughing, stretched out under the sun. Mom sat up and reached for a bottle of sunscreen. Her sister rolled onto her stomach.

Mom drizzled the lotion slowly onto her sister’s back, then rubbed it in with long, slow, sensual strokes. Her hands glided over her shoulders, down her sides, and way too close to the curve of her ass. Mom’s fingers slid just under the waistband of the bikini bottoms like it was nothing.

“Still doing your tennis matches?” her sister asked.

“Yeah,” Mom said, straddling her to get a better angle, but she

also gave me a better view of her jiggling cleavage. “I’ve been working on my serve. It’s still a bit wild.”

My cock throbbed hard at the sight of them, so casual, so close, so fucking hot without even realizing it. It wasn’t even intentional, and that made it worse. I shifted, frustrated and painfully hard, my shorts did nothing to hide it as I stood behind the blinds, completely locked onto my mother who I really wanted to have sex with.

After rubbing each other down with sunscreen, they laid their towels aside and moved to the grass for a round of yoga. Mom pulled out two mats and they started stretching, talking casually like this was just another summer afternoon. But to me, it looked like something out of a damn fantasy.

Evelyn bent forward into a downward dog, her toned legs straight and ass arched high in the air. Her bikini bottoms shifted slightly with every movement, giving me flashes of skin that sent another heatwave surging through me. Mom didn’t give me a chance to cool off either, moving into deep lunges and backbends that pushed her breasts forward and made her top strain against her chest.

They giggled as they flowed through erotic poses. Evelyn dropped into a deep squat, her knees wide, arms reaching forward, and gave Mom a playful smirk as she slowly straightened up again, her body moving like she knew I was watching.

And God, I was. I could barely breathe.

Just when I thought it couldn’t get any worse, or better, they hopped up and headed toward the pool. I watched as Mom dove in first, her bikini clinging tighter when she came up for air. Evelyn jumped in next, sending a splash toward her sister before flipping onto her back and kicking across the surface.

They splashed and laughed, water shimmering over their

breasts, their hair slicked back and glistening in the sun. Evelyn climbed halfway out of the pool to grab her drink, and her ass practically hovered in front of Mom, who responded by smacking it playfully before pushing her back in.

That was it. I was rock hard, overheating, and straining against my shorts like I was about to burst. I couldn't watch any more.

\* \* \*

By late afternoon, the sun was beginning to dip lower, and the smell of grilled meat filled the backyard. Mom stood by the barbecue with a pair of tongs, flipping chicken breasts and ribs, still in her tiny bikini. Evelyn sat nearby with a drink in hand, her legs crossed, her skin still glistening from the pool. I was trying my best to act normal, but the combination of heat, hunger, and lingering arousal had my nerves on edge.

We sat down at the patio table with full plates. Mom poured a glass of wine and raised it slightly before looking at me.

"You know, I've gotta brag for a second," she said, her smile beaming with pride. "Jake finished the semester with straight A's. Even nailed his final in that god-awful statistics class."

I rubbed the back of my neck awkwardly which I usually did when Mom bragged about me.

"That's impressive," Evelyn said, turning to me with a warm smile. "You've really grown up, haven't you? Smart, polite... and quite the handsome man now."

Mom patted my thigh proudly. "He's definitely turned a few heads."

I didn't know what to say. Two gorgeous women, both older, and confident, sitting at my sides, flattering me like I was their

prize dish. My face was probably redder than the barbecue sauce. I muttered a thanks and focused on my food, trying to ignore how tightly my shorts still felt.

Evelyn excused herself to go to the bathroom, disappearing inside the house. Mom leaned back in her chair and took a sip of water. Then, as casually as could be, her hand slipped under the table and came to rest on my thigh.

She gave a knowing smile as her fingers slid along the bulge in my shorts, brushing it with just enough pressure to make me twitch.

“Still hard?” she whispered, voice low and caring.

I nodded once. “You two doing yoga together ... it was hot.”

Her hand squeezed me gently, her eyes locked on mine. “Hang in there, baby,” she whispered. “Just get through the movie tonight, and then I’ll take care of you. Promise.”

She pulled her hand away just as Evelyn’s footsteps returned, and Mom turned back to her drink like nothing had happened.

After we’d eaten, it was time to watch a movie together. I was equally as horny. Mom had changed into leggings with the seam running directly up her ass crack, parting her beautiful globes. She also wore a comfy sports top that pushed her breasts out. Mom had even lent a matching pair to her sister. While we watched the movie, they insisted I sit in the middle, and I leaned a little closer to Mom, just subtly, since I didn’t want Evelyn to suspect anything. With the blanket draped over us, Mom kept stroking my thigh lovingly, always keeping me on the edge.

A little later, Mom brought some ice cream for us and “accidentally” spilled some on her upper boob, letting it trickle down slowly as I imagined it was my cum.

After the movie, it was time to say goodbye to Evelyn.

“Text me when you get home safe,” Mom said, hugging Evelyn at the door.

“Will do,” Evelyn replied, giving me a final squeeze that pressed her soft breasts against my chest.

The moment the door closed, I turned to Mom with fire in my eyes. She recognized that look immediately. Six months of our secret relationship had taught her every nuance of how horny I could be.

“Jesus Christ,” I said. “Do you have any idea what you’ve put me through today?”

Mom’s lips curled into a knowing smile. “Show me.”

My hands found her hips, and our lips met in a hot tongue kiss. My hands were everywhere, pulling at her sports top, yanking down those tight leggings that had been teasing me all evening.

“Couch,” she whispered, already tugging at my belt while biting her lower lip.

We stumbled across the living room, shedding clothes on our way. Mom’s top came off first, revealing those perfect honeydews that had been hidden beneath fabric all day. Then her bottom. I gently pushed her down onto the cushions, drinking at the sight of her naked body as I stripped off my own clothes.

“You’re so sexy,” I said, my voice rough with need.

Mom spread her legs, revealing her glistening, well-lubricated pussy. She parted her lips with her fingers, revealing a wet, pink interior. “Take what you need, baby. I owe you one.”

I climbed on top of her, positioning myself between her thighs. With one powerful thrust, I buried myself inside her, groaning at the sensation of her wet vagina covering every inch of my manhood.

“Fuck, yes,” she moaned, arching her back and enjoying this incestuous sex as much as I did.

All the frustration and pent-up desire from the day fueled my lust. I pounded into her, gripping her hips hard enough to leave marks. The couch creaked beneath us, but I didn’t care. Nothing mattered except her pussy that I desperately needed and the climax on top of it.

“You did this to me,” I told her, driving deeper. “Walking around in that tiny bikini, letting me watch you with my aunt.”

Mom giggled like a naughty schoolgirl. “I know. Take it out on me now.”

Her words made me fuck her harder, my cock disappearing and reappearing rapidly into her pussy. Mom’s inner walls clenched around me like a ring as she reached her own climax, her body tensing and squirming beneath mine.

“Come inside me,” Mom urged me. We’ve had sex so many times she could feel when I was close. She wrapped her legs around my waist to pull me deeper. “Be a good boy and fill me up, Jake. Make your mommy proud.”

With a final thrust, sliding all the way inside her so our flesh smacked, I exploded inside her, pumping rope after rope of hot cum into my mother’s pussy. The release was so intense that my vision went white with pleasure and stars. I couldn’t stop myself from moaning her name as I emptied everything I had into her, my hips jerking with each squirt. The relief was overwhelming after hours of torment, and I sighed in relief while my cock still twitched inside her.

As I collapsed against her, breathing hard against her neck, Mom stroked my hair tenderly. “Was it worth the wait?” she whispered, a hint of amusement in her voice.

“God, yes,” I said, feeling my cock soften a little. “Better than

anything I could have imagined all day.”

The sound of the front door opening made us both freeze.

“Amanda? Sorry, I forgot my—”

Evelyn stood in the doorway, her keys dangling from one hand, her mouth falling open as she took in the scene before her. Her eyes widened as they traveled down our naked bodies to where my cock was still visibly stuffed inside my mother.

“Oh my God,” she gasped, her face flushing scarlet. She quickly averted her eyes, looking anywhere but at us. “I—I’m so sorry. I just came back for my phone.”

Mom didn’t move from beneath me, didn’t scramble to cover herself as I might have expected. Instead, she remained perfectly still, her hands resting on my back.

“It’s on the kitchen counter,” Mom said, her voice remarkably steady.

Evelyn nodded jerkily, keeping her eyes fixed on the floor as she hurried past us to the kitchen. She fumbled with her phone, nearly dropping it twice before clutching it to her chest. “I’m so sorry,” she stammered, backing toward the door. “I should have called first. I—I’ll just go.”

The front door clicked shut behind her, and I rolled off Mom, grabbing a pillow to cover myself. My face burned with embarrassment.

“Jesus Christ,” I muttered, running a hand through my hair. “What the fuck do we do now?”

Mom sat up, surprisingly calm as she reached for her discarded leggings. “It’s okay, Jake.”

“Okay? Your sister just caught us having sex. How is that remotely okay?”

Mom touched my cheek gently. “I’m embarrassed too, but if anyone would understand, it’s Evelyn.” She pulled her top over

her head. "We've always been close."

Mom was right. The following day, she and Evelyn talked on the phone, and my mother admitted everything. Evelyn came clean too. She said she actually thought it was kind of hot. I had to admit that getting caught wasn't as bad as I'd expected. It was thrilling, and it made the sex even more intense. Still, my mother and I agreed that from now on, we'd be more careful, even if we continued enjoying our sexual relationship every day.

The end.

## Mom Lets Me Try Anal Sex for the First Time

**I**t was summer break, and I didn't have any real plans, except for spending time with my girlfriend. We had just started dating during spring break. She was gorgeous, slim, firm, and always attractive. But one thing always left me disappointed. She wouldn't do anal.

She kept saying I was too big, that it would just hurt. No matter how much I hinted or asked, she wasn't having it. Anal had always been one of my biggest fantasies. The only thing that topped it was the thought of my mother, a forty-year-old, drop-dead gorgeous MILF. Although those fantasies were something I was ashamed of, and not something I'd like to talk about to anyone.

I was sitting at my desk, still half-distracted after browsing some stepmom anal porn, when I glanced out the window. There she was, out in the yard. You couldn't blame me for my incest fantasies. My mother wasn't just attractive. She was magnetic. Everything about her pulled me in. She was a personal trainer, so her body was a walking advertisement for what she did. Her breasts were a modest B-cup, not too saggy from what I could tell, and she loved wearing push-up bras. They always gave her that extra lift that made it hard not to

stare.

She had dark blonde hair that still held its youthful color. At five foot eleven, she was only two inches shorter than me. But her ass was what really stole the spotlight. It was perfectly shaped, high and round, the kind of ass made for tight leggings. Every movement made it bounce just enough to make me lose focus and pitch a tent. Her face was sweet and womanly, but that body, especially her lower half, was a work of art.

Right now, she was going through her stretching routine. She bent forward, legs straight, palms flat on the grass. Her leggings pulled tight across her ass, and the position gave me a full view of her mesmerizing curves. I could even make out the faint outline of a thong beneath the fabric, and also, her camel toe. My cock stiffened almost instantly.

I imagined walking out there, grabbing her by the hips, and pulling those leggings down to expose that perfect rear. I pictured myself easing into her, watching her arch her back and moan as she adjusted to my size. My hand had drifted to my waistband without even realizing it. Everything was wrong about this, but despite having a girlfriend, I still felt sexually deprived.

I had never dared to say a word to my mother. I didn't want to make it awkward. Still, some part of me believed she wouldn't judge me. She might actually listen. My mother wasn't the judgemental type, and we were quite open about sex and relationships.

She suddenly turned around mid-stretch and caught me staring. My eyes widened, and I quickly looked away, cheeks burning with shame. She smirked, that playful curve to her lips making it even worse.

"Leo, could you grab me a towel from the bathroom?" Mom

asked as if nothing had happened.

“Yeah, sure,” I said, my voice cracking slightly from nerves.

I stepped inside her bathroom, and the moment I stepped in, I was hit by the clean scent of citrus and flowers. Everything was glistening clean like a showroom, towels folded perfectly, not a hair in sight and even a little potted plant near the mirror.

I opened the cabinet to look for the towel, but something else caught my eye first. A pink diamond butt plug, sitting next to a purple dildo. They weren't hidden, just tucked casually behind some bath salts and lotion. I blinked, not sure if I was seeing it right. But I was.

She'd been single for years, so I wasn't sure why she needed a butt plug. But seeing her toys now lit a fire inside me. I pictured her bent over this very counter, slowly sliding that plug in, teasing herself and preparing for raw anal sex. My cock twitched again, stiffening in my shorts.

Did she have an anal fetish too? Was that why she kept herself in such shape? For her own pleasure and her own routines? I'd heard her masturbate a couple of times during the night, but I'd never imagined she'd like it in the backdoor as well.

I shook off the perverted thought and grabbed the towel before I embarrassed myself by getting lost in the fantasy too long.

Back outside, she was wiping sweat from her brow with the back of her arm. Her top clung to her, just enough to show the outline of her toned body. She looked hotter than ever, her dark blonde hair cascading down her back as she'd just untied her ponytail.

“Thanks,” she said, taking the towel from my hand.

“No problem,” I muttered, trying not to sound like I'd just fantasized about her seconds ago.

She dabbed at her face, then looked up at me again. "Heading over to see your girlfriend later?"

"Nah, I'll see her tomorrow."

Her smile grew just a little. "That's nice. I'm happy for you two." She slung the towel over her shoulder and stretched her arms behind her back. "I should start making dinner."

Then she turned around and walked toward the door, and I couldn't help watching her ass sway as she went.

\* \* \*

The next day, I got back home late in the evening. I had spent the afternoon with my girlfriend, hoping she'd finally change her mind. I'd tried everything, gentle persuasion, touching her intimately, even showing her some tutorials, but when I brought up anal again, she shut it down right away, just like before.

The rejection clung to me like humidity. I was frustrated, my lust unresolved. As I neared my driveway, I slowed down, the heat of the day finally giving way to the cool stillness of evening.

That's when I heard it.

I stopped walking. There it was again. A sensual moan as if a woman was masturbating. I stood right in front of my house, it was coming from my mother's bedroom.

I looked over and saw her bedroom window cracked open, the thin curtains pulled shut which she rarely did. The light inside was dim, and I suspected she was masturbating.

I quietly entered and then headed upstairs, the sounds of her moans rising. Her bedroom door was open just enough, the frame offering a perfect view into her world.

She was lying back on the bed, legs spread and completely naked.

Her body looked sculpted by a goddamn artist. Toned thighs, long legs, a flat stomach with a subtle four-pack, and those gorgeous B-cup breasts, soft but high topped with thick, peachy nipples. Her skin had a healthy glow, a light sheen of sweat across her chest and brow.

But it wasn't just her body that made me look in awe. The butt plug lay discarded by her side, glinting faintly of lube.

She had a purple vibrator buzzing inside her soaked pussy, and in her other hand, she was sliding a thick dildo in and out of her ass.

I popped wood instantly as I watched in disbelief. My eyes fixed on her gorgeous butthole, and the lucky dildo disappeared and reappeared inside her ass. It was almost the exact size of mine. Maybe a hair shorter, but just as thick. And she was taking it with ease and pleasure. Fucking herself deeply without hesitation.

So all this time, she *had* an anal fetish. And she could take a cock like mine. I wasn't doomed after all. Anal sex was possible.

That thought alone nearly made me lose it.

She moaned again, louder now. Her thighs clenched, back arching as she brought herself closer to the peak. Her hips bucked slightly, and she flipped a switch on the vibrator so it became stronger, the sound muffled inside her pussy. She threw her head back and squirmed in pleasure. Then it happened. She came. She let out a deep, drawn-out moan as her orgasm tore through her. Her legs trembled, toes curled and she slid the dildo into the depths of her rosebud. She was loud but it was completely authentic. The kind of climax that leaves you shaking and not rolling your eyes because of bad acting.

I stepped back immediately, suddenly aware of my presence. I made my way down the stairs as fast as I could without making noise and then I pretended I'd just arrived. "Mom, I'm home!"

"Give me a minute!" she called back, her voice slightly panicked.

I heard quick footsteps upstairs, followed by the sound of the bathroom door closing. She moved fast, probably trying to clean herself up after what I had just witnessed. I kept my expression neutral, pretending I hadn't heard or seen a thing. But scenes of her masturbating were seared into my horny mind.

A few minutes later, she came down the stairs dressed in a light summer dress. Wearing her hair loose, she wore perfume, something feminine and floral, but it wasn't enough to hide the other scent lingering faintly in the air. It was the scent of her arousal, still fresh and warm, blending with the perfume like something that made me even hornier.

She glanced at me with a frown. "You okay? You look a little ... off."

I scratched my neck. "Yeah. Just tired, I guess."

She sat down next to me on the couch, close enough for our legs to touch. Her hand rested gently on my thigh, and I glanced between her legs, thinking of her pussy that was most likely still wet and swollen. "You know we can talk about anything, right?"

I nodded, swallowing the lump in my throat. "I know."

"Did the date go okay?"

"Yeah," I said quickly. "It was fine."

Her hand stayed on my thigh. "Have you two ... been intimate yet?"

My cheeks flushed. I nodded. "Yeah, we have. A couple

times.”

She smiled proudly. “That’s good.”

I looked down, then added, “But she’s been complaining about pain.”

“Hmm,” she murmured, squeezing my leg just a little. “If she’s new to it, it can hurt at first. Especially if she’s a virgin, or hasn’t tried much.”

Her voice was calm, matter-of-fact, but the way she said it made me aroused. I loved having this close relationship with her even if I wanted to come closer. “It’s just a bit clumsy.”

“She’ll get used to it,” she added. “The body just needs time to adjust.”

I looked at her again and smiled. She was so open and so easy to talk to. It felt good to say it out loud, to not be judged.

“Thanks,” I said quietly.

She leaned in and kissed my forehead, leaving a damp patch of her sweet skin behind. “Don’t mention it. I’ll go start dinner.”

As she stood up and walked into the kitchen, her dress swayed behind her, and I sat there for a moment, not sure what to do with my raging hard-on.

\* \* \*

After dinner, I couldn’t take it anymore. I had tried to stay calm and act normal, but the fresh memory of her moaning, her naked body stretched across the bed and the way she took that dildo like it was nothing. It was burned into my mind. Every little glance and every intimate touch during dinner only added fuel to the fire. She was so close, so casual like none of it ever happened. But I’d seen everything.

I rushed up to my room, closed the door, and sat down on my

bed with my laptop. My hand was already in my pants before the screen loaded. I searched quickly, “stepmom anal porn,” and hit play.

The video started. A curvy woman, close in age and build to Mom, bent over with her ass in the air, moaning as she took it deep. It was too perfect. I stroked myself fast, the images mixing with what I’d seen the night before. I moaned, body tensing, my orgasm building hard and fast.

Just as I reached the edge, the door creaked open.

“Leo—”

I gasped and scrambled to cover myself.

Mom stood frozen in the doorway, eyes wide. “Oh my God, sorry!”

She turned, trying to step back, but the damage was already done. My face was on fire.

“I—I thought you were downstairs,” I mumbled, pulling the blanket over my lap.

She lingered just outside the room, not quite shutting the door. “I didn’t mean to walk in on you. I’m really sorry.”

“It’s fine,” I muttered, though I felt like I wanted to disappear.

“Is it safe to come in?”

“Sure,” I said.

Slowly, she stepped back in, eyes avoiding mine for a moment. “Can I ask you something?”

I nodded.

She sat down carefully at the edge of the bed, still keeping her eyes gentle. “Why are you watching porn like that? I mean ... you have a girlfriend, right?”

The moment stretched too long. I figured I might as well be honest now. “I have an anal fetish,” I admitted. “And she won’t do it. She says it hurts and refuses every time.”

Mom looked at me thoughtfully, her fingers brushing a loose strand of hair behind her ear. "So you're left ... wanting."

I nodded again, still embarrassed but also relieved to finally say it out loud.

She sighed, eyes on her hands for a moment. "I get it. Actually... I really get it."

I looked at her.

She smiled a little like she was admitting a secret. "I've always loved anal. Not everyone does, but for me, it's special, deep and intense in a different way. I miss it, a lot. And hearing you say that... Well, I feel bad for you. Wanting something so badly and not being able to explore it, even though you're trying."

"Yeah, that's my situation," I said.

Mom bit her lower lip, giving me a curious yet horny look. "I'm wondering... is it possible your size is the issue? That maybe she's right about it being too much for her?"

I blinked at the unexpected question. "I ... I don't know. Maybe?"

"Would you mind if I ..." she looked for the right words, her voice dropping lower. "Would you let me see it? Just so I can tell if that's really the problem?"

This was crossing a line, but I couldn't deny how much I wanted it. "Are you sure?"

She nodded, her eyes holding mine. "I'm just trying to help, Leo. You're my son and I want the best for you."

After a moment's hesitation, I slowly pulled back the blanket. My shorts were still unzipped from before, and with trembling hands, I revealed myself to her. My cock rose like a snake and hardened like a sword. It pointed right at her, throbbing and aching hard.

Her eyes widened slightly, and she leaned in closer. "May I?"

she asked, her hand hovering right above the purple tip.

I nodded, barely breathing. When her fingers wrapped around me, I nearly jumped. Her touch was soft and caring, exploring my length like a sex teacher.

“It’s beautiful,” she whispered, her thumb tracing a vein.

The taboo thrill of my mother’s hand on me was overwhelming. I should have felt guilt or shame, but instead, I felt only pleasure and a strange sense of rightness.

“So,” I asked, my voice strained as she lovingly stroked me. “Is it ... is it too big?”

Her hand reached the sensitive head, stopping there. “For a young virgin? Yes, I can see why she’s hesitant.” Her hand then slid down to the base. “But for an experienced woman? Not at all.”

“Could you...” I swallowed hard and gathered my wits. “Could you show me?”

A slow grin spread across her face as if she’d been waiting for that question herself. “Are you sure that’s what you want?”

“Yes.”

She mulled it over while stroking me slowly. “This stays between us, Leo. Just you and me. No one else can ever know.”

“I promise,” I said immediately.

“Come, let’s go to my bedroom.” She rose to her feet, took my hand, and led me across the hall to her bedroom. The same room where hours earlier I’d watched her masturbate.

As she closed the door behind us, I couldn’t hold it in anymore. “Mom, I need to tell you something. Earlier, I saw you. When I came home. Your door was open, and I saw you masturbating.”

Her cheeks flushed pink, and she gave me a look that was both embarrassed and aroused. “You watched me?”

“Yes,” I said.

She smiled. "It's okay. It's natural to be curious." She stepped closer. "Did you like what you saw?"

"God, yes," I admitted. "I was a bit surprised you used a dildo in your ass though."

"It's because I love anal, and I have to touch myself there to fully orgasm."

"Wow, that's hot."

"I'm glad you like it," she said with a grin. She moved to her nightstand and pulled out a bottle of clear gel. "Anal lube," she explained, showing me the bottle. "Specially formulated for this kind of pleasure."

She set it on the bed and reached for the hem of her dress. She pulled it over her head, revealing her naked body underneath. She hadn't bothered with underwear after her earlier activities.

"You're... perfect," I whispered, taking in every curve and every line of her athletic form. Her breasts were perky and firm, her stomach flat with defined muscles, and her thighs strong and shapely.

"Thank you, sweetie," she smiled, turning around slowly. "I work hard for this body."

"I know."

She climbed onto the bed and got on all fours, her perfect ass presented to me. I stood frozen, mesmerized by the sight. I found it hard to believe. Not only would my anal fantasy be fulfilled but my incest fantasy as well.

"Hand me the lube," she instructed.

I passed her the bottle. She squeezed a generous amount onto her fingers and reached behind herself. I watched, mesmerized, as she circled her puckered entrance, massaging the gel around and then slowly pressing a finger inside.

"God, Mom, that's the sexiest thing I've ever seen," I mur-

mured.

She looked back at me over her shoulder. "Come here, you need lube on your cock too."

I came closer, my cock briefly slapping her right thigh. She filled her right hand and massaged it onto my cock in slow, sensual strokes.

"Try to push a finger into my ass, see if it slides well."

I did as she said, gently pushing my finger into her butthole, parting her rosebud and sliding inside her warm backdoor. "Wow ... you feel amazing."

"That means I'm ready," she said with a giggle.

I positioned myself behind her, my hands shaking as I gripped her hips.

"Press the tip against me," she instructed. "Don't push yet, just let me feel you there."

I did as she said, the head of my cock nudging against her lubricated entrance. She pushed back slightly, allowing just the tip to enter.

"Oh," she gasped. "That's it. Now wait."

I held still, fighting every instinct to thrust forward. Her body gradually relaxed around me.

"A little more now," she whispered.

Inch by inch, she guided me deeper, teaching me with quiet words and soft moans about how to enter her without causing pain. The tight heat engulfing me was unlike anything I'd ever felt.

"You're doing so well," she praised, her voice breaking with pleasure. "Now you can move. Slowly at first."

I began to thrust, gentle, shallow movements that gradually deepened as her body accepted more of me. The sensation was indescribable, tighter than any pussy plus the taboo of it all

heightening every sensation.

“Harder now,” she urged, pushing back against me. “I can take it. In fact, I want it all.”

I increased my pace, my hands digging into her hips as I drove into her.

Her moans grew louder as I thrust deeper, the ring of her ass gripping me perfectly. The lube made everything slick and perfect, my cock sliding in and out with just the right amount of resistance.

“Oh god, Leo,” she cried out, her fingers digging into the sheets. “You’re so deep ... fuck me harder, baby.”

I obeyed, increasing my pace until I was pounding into her, the taboo thrill of fucking my mother’s ass heightened the pleasure. Her perfect ass jiggled with each impact.

“I’m getting close,” I groaned, feeling the pressure building.

“It’s fine sweetie, come inside me,” she urged, looking back at me with lust-filled eyes. “I want to feel you fill me up.”

With a final thrust, I buried myself to the hilt and exploded, pumping rope after rope of hot cum deep into her ass. The orgasm was unlike anything I’d ever experienced, intense waves of pleasure that seemed to go on forever, making my entire body shake.

“Fuck, Mom,” I gasped, collapsing against her back with my cock still stuffed inside her. “I could barely even last a minute.”

“That’s fine.” She smiled, reaching back to stroke my hair. “Let me clean you up.”

I pulled out from her slick butthole. She turned around and her eyes were hungry as she took my still-hard cock into her mouth. The sight of my mother sucking me clean after I’d just been inside her ass was almost enough to make me hard again immediately. Her tongue swirled around my shaft, removing

every trace of lube and cum.

“There,” she said, releasing me with a pop. “All clean ... Can you please clean my butt? That was one hell of a load.”

I smiled, still dazed from the intensity of what we’d just done. I grabbed a washcloth from her nightstand. I gently cleaned her, marveling at how her body had accommodated me so perfectly.

“Thank you,” I told her. “That was the most amazing experience of my life.”

“It felt just as good for me, Leo. You have no idea how long I’ve wanted this.”

“Really?” I asked, surprised.

She nodded. “I’m so grateful I could fulfill one of your fantasies. And mine too, if I’m being honest. If your girlfriend doesn’t want anal sex. You can always do it with me.”

“Thank you, Mom.”

She pulled me in a warm, nude hug, mashing her breasts against my chest. “I love you, Leo.”

“I love you too, Mom.”

The end.

## I Took my Sister's Virginity

**I**t was summer break, and Mom was out with her sister, so my sister and I had the place to ourselves today, and we'd decided to have a movie night.

My little sister Emily was nineteen, a freshman in college majoring in psychology. As far as I knew, she'd never dated, which honestly surprised me. She wasn't drop-dead gorgeous or the kind of girl who turned every head, but she was definitely cute, cute enough to make people take a second look.

She was currently at her friend's place, and around seven, I heard a knock at the door. I opened it to find her standing there in an oversized zip-up hoodie and shorts, her long chestnut hair tucked behind one ear.

"Hey," she said, tucking a loose strand behind her ear. "Hope I'm not too early."

"You're right on time," I said, stepping aside. "Come in."

We talked a little bit about her friend and what they'd done. They'd mostly been out walking, so nothing unusual.

"You want something to drink?" I asked as I moved toward the kitchen.

"Water's fine," she said, sitting on the edge of the couch, hugging one knee up like she usually did.

I fetched us a bottle each and sank into the couch, the usual

gap between us a little smaller than usual.

“So,” Emily said after a beat, turning slightly toward me. “Are you still with Jody?”

I glanced at her. “Yeah. I mean ... we’re not super serious, but yeah.”

She nodded like she already suspected that. “She’s pretty.”

“Yeah, she is.”

There was a pause. Emily bit her bottom lip, looking like she was trying to decide whether to say something. Then she said, “Have you had sex yet?”

I scratched my neck. It was during the last year we’d started talking about sex and relationships. Before that, it had just been awkward. “Yes.”

“What’s it like?”

I blinked. “Uh... what?”

A rosy blush crept up on her cheeks. “I mean, you don’t have to answer. I just ... I’ve never, you know... done anything. I was just curious.”

I gave her an honest laugh, not at her, more at the suddenness of it. “No, it’s fine. I just didn’t expect you to ask me that.”

She pulled her knees up to her chest. “Sorry. That probably came out weird.”

“Nah,” I said, softening my voice. “You’re good. It’s just one of those questions no one ever really asks like that, especially siblings.”

She looked at me again. “So...?”

I leaned back, thinking how to phrase it. “It feels good. Really good, when it’s with someone you’re comfortable with. It’s not just the physical part, it’s everything else. The closeness., the intimacy and the climax.”

Emily looked down at her fingers as she fiddled with the

label on her water bottle. "Yeah. I guess I just feel kind of... behind. Everyone I know has done it or at least done something. I haven't. My friend Joselyn told me she lost her virginity last week, and everyone in college keeps talking about the boyfriends they've slept with."

"There's no rush," I said and patted her thigh. But I knew it wasn't fun being left behind at her age. "Seriously. It's not a race."

"Thank you, it makes me feel a bit better," she said.

"I'm glad ... So, what kind of movie do you want to watch? I'll let you decide for this time."

She was about to giggle, but then said, "Maybe we could watch porn together?"

I blinked. "Porn?"

"Not the weird stuff," she added quickly, her face now pink. "Something old-school. Like from the nineties. The kind that has an actual story so it's not just... dicks flying everywhere."

I laughed out loud at that. "You've really thought about this, haven't you?"

"A little," she admitted, curling her toes on the couch. "I usually watch it with Jocelyn, but it'd be nice to watch it with you."

I looked at her for a moment. This certainly was taboo, but I didn't mind watching it with her, although I had a feeling it would escalate.

"Well then," I said, leaning back. "A nineties porn with plot it is."

She smiled as she eagerly started searching. It didn't take her long to find one, and we cuddled up. By the time the opening credits rolled, some ridiculous music and a very questionable pizza delivery guy, we were already snuggled side by side.

She tucked her head against my arm. “This isn’t so weird, right?” she whispered.

“Not with you,” I said. And somehow, it wasn’t.

The movie was playing, though we weren’t really watching the plot. The actress was on her knees now, sucking the guy off with a kind of lust that was hard to ignore. The slurping and slobbering sounds filled the room, and I started growing aroused, and I knew she was too.

Emily spread her legs a little and it looked like she was reaching into her skirt to scratch a little itch. “She’s really into it,” she said quietly.

“Yeah,” I said, glancing down at her. “Some girls go all in.”

“She looks like she’s ... I don’t know, loving it.”

“She probably is. Or at least pretending really well.”

My little sister went quiet again, then asked, “What does it feel like? A blowjob, I mean.”

“It depends. Sometimes it’s just okay. But when it’s good, like, when the girl really wants to, it feels amazing. Still, sex is better. There’s more intimacy to it.”

She nodded slowly, her eyes still on the screen. “Did you watch porn before you had sex? Like... a lot?”

“Yeah,” I admitted with a chuckle. “Pretty normal thing for guys, I guess.”

She hesitated. “I watch it too. A lot more than I probably should.”

That made me look at her. She was still blushing, but she wasn’t hiding anymore.

“Yeah?” I said with a half-smile. “What kind?”

She gave me a little shrug. “All kinds. Depends on the mood. Sometimes the passionate stuff, sometimes the rough stuff. I don’t know... it’s weird. I think I just want to understand what

it would feel like. What the big deal is.”

“I was thinking more about genre.”

“Oh,” she said, her eyes lighting up. “I love stepbrother stuff. Those are really good.”

I found her brave for admitting that. “I like stepsister stuff too.”

It made her beam, and we turned our attention back to the porn. Then she glanced at me again, more directly this time. “If I ask you something, do you promise not to judge me?”

“Of course not.”

“Would it be okay if I ... tried it on you?”

“Try what?” I asked, even though I knew.

“Sucking you. Like in the movie.”

“Uhm ... I’m not sure if we should be doing this.”

“Why?” she asked. “No one has to find out.”

She sounded a bit sad, and I felt bad for her. “I mean, if you want to.”

“I do,” she said, nodding eagerly.

I leaned back into the couch as I undid my belt. She watched, wide-eyed, her breathing a little faster. When I pulled my cock out, she stared for a long second, then looked up at me for permission.

I gave her a nod.

My sister leaned forward, her hand wrapping around my shaft. She looked up at me once more, her eyes wide with excitement and nervousness, before lowering her mouth. Her lips parted and she took the tip between them, giving it a gentle suck.

I couldn’t help but laugh.

She pulled back, a smirk playing on her lips. “What’s so funny?”

“Nothing,” I said, shaking my head. “It just... feels better than I expected.”

“I barely did anything,” she replied, looking confused.

“I know. Maybe it’s because you’re my sister. Makes it more ... I don’t know, intense.”

That seemed to please her. She lowered her head again, taking me into her mouth again. After a few experimental sucks, she came up for air.

“I like how you taste,” she said, her hand still stroking me slowly. Her eyes darted to the TV where the actress was now deep-throating the actor. “How does she do that? Take it all the way in like that?”

“Practice,” I said simply. “Lots of practice.”

“Let me try.”

Before I could warn her, she plunged down, trying to take my entire length. She immediately began gagging violently, pulling back with tears in her eyes.

“Hey, hey,” I said, brushing her hair back from her face. “It’s fine. Nobody gets it right the first time.”

She nodded, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. We turned back to the TV. The man was now between the woman’s legs, his face buried in her pussy.

Emily watched intently for a moment before turning to me. “Would you... do that to me?”

“Yes,” I said without hesitation. “If you want me to.”

She stood up, suddenly shy as she pulled off her shorts and underwear. I helped her with her hoodie, leaving her completely naked in front of me. Her skin was smooth like velvet, porcelain white and very creamy. Her breasts were perky, with quarter-sized light pink areolas and puffy, matching nipples. They looked thick and suckable. I ran my eyes down

her waist to her pussy, which was as pink as the areolas on her breasts. It was the perfect light color, reminding me of a forbidden fruit.

“Lie back,” I said, and couldn’t wait to taste her.

She did as instructed, spreading her legs eagerly. I positioned myself between them, gently spread them and leaned forward. First, I picked up the scent of her natural sweetness. Then I laid my tongue flat against her and swiped up. I gently licked her. Her taste was sweet, tangy and musky, all the perfect flavors a pussy could offer.

“Oh god,” she moaned, her hips rising to meet my mouth. “It tickles ... but it’s so nice!”

I continued, uncertain if we should be taking things further, but she was clearly enjoying herself, and so was I. I parted her lips with my fingers to reach deeper into her pussy, and I licked every inch of her, noticing how she grew wetter and more aroused. I came off with a kiss right in the center, looking up at her.

“That was really nice,” she said when I finally pulled away.

“I’m glad you enjoyed it,” I told her.

We turned our attention back to the porn, and the couple had moved on to full sex now, the woman moaning loudly as the man thrust into her. Emily watched them, sighing deeply.

“I’ve always wondered what sex would feel like,” she said with hints of longing.

I looked at her disappointed face and made a decision. “I could show you if you want.”

Her face lit up. “Really? You’d do that for me?”

“If you want to.”

She nodded eagerly, and she lay down immediately on the couch and spread her legs for me. I positioned myself between

her legs in a missionary position. I was achingly hard from all the foreplay, and as I pressed the tip against her entrance, I could feel how wet she was, not just from my licking but her arousal.

“This might hurt a little,” I warned her.

“I know,” she said. “I’ve been reading plenty of first-time experiences.”

Slowly, I pushed inside her, the knob parting her pussy lips. The tip disappeared inside her followed by several inches of my shaft. She winced slightly but urged me to continue. Once there wasn’t an inch left, and her sweet pussy covered my entire length, I paused, allowing her to adjust.

“How does it feel?” I asked.

“Full,” she said with a giggle. “But really good.”

“Are you ready?”

She nodded eagerly.

I pulled out, my cock slick and dripping wet, then pushed back in a little faster. I did it again and again until I found a rhythm. Our moans started and rose slowly as the pleasure built.

The porn was still playing in the background, but neither of us was watching. We were lost in each other, completely caught up in the forbidden pleasure we were sharing.

“Can you try harder?” she asked, her voice breathy. “It’s starting to feel really good.”

I gave her what she asked for, thrusting deeper and faster. Her moans grew louder as she wrapped her legs around me. Her tits started to bounce with every movement, and I leaned forward, grabbing a handful and squeezing my sister’s breasts.

It was beyond me how no one at her college had made a move on her. She was so attractive.

"I think I'm feeling something," she said, biting her lip. "I'm climaxing."

I could feel it too in the way her pussy clenched tight around my cock making the following thrusts feel even better. She squirmed under me, her body twitching with release, and I couldn't hold back anymore. After a few more thrusts, I groaned hard as I emptied myself inside her, every drop spilling deep into her raw pussy.

We looked into each other's eyes as we came, both of us smiling as we rode the waves together.

We lay there panting, our bodies covered in sweat. The movie kept going. The pornstar on-screen was getting a huge facial, then licking the cum off the tip like it was dessert.

"Was that okay?" I asked, suddenly unsure.

Emily turned toward me, her eyes still hazy with afterglow. "It was perfect," she whispered, snuggling against me. "Thank you for showing me."

"We have to get you the afterpill," I said.

"Oh," she replied. "I forgot about that... it felt so good."

"Don't worry about it," I said.

When I pulled out, she looked down at me, then gave a playful grin. "Since we're copying the movie..."

She leaned down and sucked my cock clean, slowly and sweetly, while my cum dripped out of her pussy onto the cushion.

She looked up and asked, "How's that?"

"Just perfect." I smiled and wrapped an arm around her, pulling her close.

"We should probably clean up before Mom gets home," I said.

"Just some cuddling... five more minutes," she mumbled against my chest.

I stroked her hair slowly, feeling her warmth. Whatever line we had crossed tonight, there was no going back. And I was okay with that.

“Five more minutes,” I agreed, kissing the top of her head.  
The end.

## Sex In the Fitting Room

**A**s I sat on the sunbed outside, enjoying the afternoon sun, my phone buzzed. It was a text from my cousin Layla.

*Hi Ethan, what are you up to?*

I stared at the screen for a moment, already imagining the tone behind her message.

Layla was twenty, two years younger than me, bratty, confident, flirtatious, and way too playful for her own good. If there was ever a girl who loved pushing buttons, it was her.

She'd once dragged me into a college party I wasn't invited to, made me pretend to be her boyfriend to get free drinks, and talked me into skinny-dipping at midnight "just for fun."

And then there was the time she sat on my lap at the movies because "the other seats were sticky," then wiggled just a little too much every time someone walked by.

I, on the other hand, was more reserved. I didn't seek out chaos the way she did. But Layla had a way of dragging me into her adventures whether I liked it or not. I enjoyed spending time with her, just not when it meant getting into trouble, but she had a talent for persuading anyone to follow her lead, and I was a young man who couldn't resist a forbidden beauty.

I texted back, *Not much. Just relaxing.*

Her reply came fast. *Wanna go shopping? I'm bored and I wanna hang out*

I wasn't the biggest fan of shopping, but saying no to Layla? That was always harder than it should've been. I texted her back that I was game.

About fifteen minutes later, the doorbell rang.

When I opened it, Layla stood there with a grin and her purse. She wore a tiny skirt that swayed with the breeze and a snug crop top that left her stomach bare. Her sunglasses were way too big for her face, but she somehow made them work.

Her lips were full, a little glossy from whatever balm she used. Her nose crinkled just slightly when she grinned, and her cheeks had this soft rosy color that made her look younger than she was.

She had that kind of face that could be on a magazine cover if she ever took herself seriously. But she didn't. She knew she was hot, and she had fun with it. That's what made it even worse.

I was six feet two and she was half a foot shorter than me. She also had dark glossy hair with shiny blue eyes, a pair of tits that strained against her crop top and after a further investigation, she didn't wear a bra beneath.

"No bra?"

"Nope ... you also look comfy," she said, eyeing my T-shirt and sweats as she stepped inside.

"I was comfy. Then someone asked me to go shopping on my only day off."

"Aww, poor you," she teased, giving me a quick hug. "I'll make it worth it. Promise."

She smelled like summer, coconut lotion and something a little citrusy, and her hair was still damp like she'd just stepped

out of the shower, but all I could think of at that moment was her full breasts that she deliberately mashed against my chest.

Breaking the hug, she pulled off her sunglasses and sat on the armrest of the couch, swaying her leg casually.

"I've been dying to get out of the house all day," she said. "Felt like I was melting in there."

"And you figured I was your best shot at free air conditioning?"

"Exactly. Plus, I missed you."

I grabbed my keys. "You have any idea where you want to go?"

"Hmm, somewhere cute," she said while tapping her lip. "I need something new for the weekend. Or nothing at all. I just want to try stuff on and feel pretty. What about you?"

"Maybe a shirt will be fine."

"You'll look so hot in a fitter shirt."

I smiled. "Alright then, ready to go?"

Nodding eagerly, she hopped up, brushing her skirt down without even noticing how much leg she was showing.

\* \* \*

We parked outside a boutique that Layla claimed had the "cutest summer stuff." It was small and fancy, tucked into the corner of the plaza, and almost completely empty inside except for one bored employee by the counter.

Layla headed straight for the racks. I trailed behind her, hands in my pockets, watching her pull hanger after hanger, tiny dresses, two-piece sets, barely-there tops, you name it.

"Geeze, I didn't think you'd buy the entire shop."

She blew me a raspberry. "I need to find out what makes me

pretty.”

I was about to say she already was, but I was careful about stroking her ego.

I sat on a bench outside the fitting rooms while she disappeared behind one of the curtains.

The first outfit was tame. A pink dress with ruffled straps.

“Cute, right?” she asked, stepping out and twirling once.

“It doesn’t look bad.”

But as she kept showing me the dresses, the cuts were getting shorter, tighter and definitely sexier. She stepped out in a mesh top with nothing underneath and a tiny skirt that left nothing to the imagination.

“This one’s kinda slutty,” she said, smirking at my expression. “Too much or just the perfect amount of sluttiness?”

I didn’t answer, which made her giggle. She then turned and walked back in, letting the curtain stay slightly open as she changed. I tried not to stare, tried to pretend I wasn’t catching glimpses of smooth skin, side boobs and the curve of her waist, but I was looking, and she knew it. She even exposed herself more. Her boobs were topped with thick, light pink nipples, with large areolas, big as the base of a cup. Her rack was super prone to jiggling, even with the slightest turn to the right or left and her tits jiggled like jelly. Her pussy, to my surprise, was glistening with lubricants. It shouldn’t have come as a surprise. I knew damn well she was a horny girl.

By the fourth outfit, she didn’t even try to close the curtain all the way.

“Ethan,” she called out, “I need help with the zipper. Come in, quick.”

“What?”

“You heard me. I need your help.”

I glanced around. The place was still quiet, but there were two other shoppers here now, thankfully women though. I slipped inside when no one was watching, pulling the curtain shut behind me.

The fitting room was barely big enough for one of us. She stood in front of the mirror, hair up in one hand, her back exposed. The zipper of the dress had caught just below her shoulder blades. No bra as usual.

“You’re good with your hands, right?” she said playfully.

I swallowed hard and reached for the zipper. I could see the slope of her back, the way the fabric hugged her hips, and the sight of her sparked my horny imagination.

Then she leaned back slightly. Her ass pressed against my crotch and my growing bulge.

“Oops,” she murmured, catching my eye in the mirror with the smallest grin.

“Layla...”

“Hmm?” She turned to face me. The front of the dress barely clung to her chest.

She let her hands drift to the hem and began lifting, inch by inch. No panties either, what a surprise.

“What are you doing?” I asked her as it started getting hot in here.

She turned to face me fully, letting the dress fall to her waist as she pressed her palm against the front of my pants, revealing her beautiful breasts to my eyes. “What does it look like?” Her fingers traced the outline of my hardness. “I think you know exactly what I’m doing.”

My brain finally connected all the dots. “No, Layla. We can’t.”

“Why not?” She stepped closer, her breasts pressing against my chest. “Don’t you feel how good this is? How exciting?”

Her voice dropped to a whisper. “Nobody knows we’re here. Nobody would ever find out.”

I pushed her hand away. “We’re cousins, Layla. This is wrong on so many levels. And we’re in a fucking fitting room. Anyone could walk by.”

“That’s what makes it so hot,” she said, pressing her lips to my neck. “The risk. The forbidden nature of it all. Don’t tell me you haven’t thought about it.”

My resolve was crumbling with each kiss she planted on my skin. “We shouldn’t...”

“But we both want to.” Her hand returned to my crotch, squeezing gently. “I’ve seen how you look at me. I know you want this as much as I do.”

My hands betrayed me, finding their way to her waist. “If someone catches us...”

“They won’t,” she promised, already working on my zipper. “Just be quiet.”

The last thread of my resistance crumbled. I spun her around to face the mirror, bending her forward slightly as I pushed my pants down just enough. She braced herself against the wall, arching her back in invitation.

When I pushed inside her, she bit her lip to stifle a moan. The tight, wet heat of her pussy was overwhelming. I had to pause to collect myself, the reality of what we were doing hitting me all at once.

“Move,” she whispered urgently as if she were so horny she couldn’t hold anything in, pushing back against me.

I began fucking her, watching her face in the mirror as she closed her eyes in pleasure. The small space filled with the sound of our bodies lightly slapping and our moans.

Suddenly, footsteps approached. I froze mid-thrust, hands

squeezing her curvy ass.

“Everything okay in there?” The assistant’s voice came from just outside.

“Fine!” Layla called back, her voice remarkably steady as if she wouldn’t be bothered by getting caught with my rod stuffed in her pussy in public. “Just having trouble with the zipper.”

“Let me know if you need assistance.”

“Will do!”

We remained perfectly still until the footsteps retreated. Layla looked at me in the mirror, eyes dancing with mischief and arousal. The danger only seemed to excite her more, and truth be told, it excited me too.

“Admit you love this,” she pointed out.

I pushed all the way in. “I sure do.” I resumed moving, my pace quickening as the pressure built. When I felt myself nearing the edge, I tried to pull out, but Layla reached back and gripped my hip.

“Don’t you dare,” she whispered. “Dump your cum inside me.”

“You’re such a slut, Layla,” I said and sank my fingers into her buns as I fucked her harder.

“I am, and you love it,” she said, moaning as her pussy squeezed my shaft in the most delicious way possible.

I couldn’t hold back. I buried myself deep inside her as I came hard, my body shuddering with the intensity of it. The forbidden nature of what we’d done only heightened the sensation, and it was the best orgasm in my life as I kept filling her wet kitty with cum.

As I caught my breath, Layla made me pull out, my cock still seeping. She turned around and sank to her knees. Before I could say a word, her mouth was wrapped around the tip,

cleaning every trace of her honey and my buttermilk with delicate licks and enjoyable moans. The sight of her looking up at me while she did this almost made me hard again. She came off with a smack, licking her lips.

“We should go,” I said, tucking myself away as she stood.

She grinned, pulling her dress back up. “Give me a minute to pick something to buy. We can’t leave empty-handed ... that would be suspicious.”

I rolled my eyes. It must’ve been a miracle if we didn’t get caught.

I grabbed a shirt for myself, trying to act normal. I kept glancing at the store assistant, wondering whether she’d heard us or not. Two shoppers passed by and grinned in my direction. They definitely knew.

Layla picked out a pair of ripped denim shorts and an off-shoulder crop top. She already had several like that in her wardrobe, so I had no idea why she needed another one. Not that I was complaining. She looked incredible in it.

When we stepped out of the boutique, she looked at me with a wide grin, the afterglow of her orgasm still on her face.

“That was fun,” she said casually once we were in the car.

“Admit it. You didn’t care about shopping. You just wanted to get fucked.”

“As if you don’t want sex,” she said, giving my shoulder a playful punch.

“I just never imagined our first time would be... in public.”

“Then our second time needs to be somewhere even wilder,” she grinned. “Come on. You can’t be a dork your whole life. You need to let go sometimes.”

I nodded, starting to understand exactly what she meant, and what she wanted from me.

“Why don’t we get something to eat?” I asked.

“Ice cream,” she said immediately, like she’d already been thinking about it.

We kissed before pulling out of the parking lot, and I knew I had a lot to look forward to with her.

The end.

## I Masturbated with My Mother

I wasn't that nervous about going on a trip with my mother. She had told me it was long overdue that we did something together, and I agreed. But she was a bit of a hippie with long blonde hair, a toned body, and a constant scent of coconut and sage. She had a flower tattoo on her shoulder, and she loved sunbathing nude, which could potentially embarrass me if anyone from my college found out.

At forty-two, she looked incredibly attractive. It wasn't just her height, toned physique, or her full, firm teardrops. It was her bright smile, the one that lit up every room and infected everyone around her with joy. It was her outgoing personality, her wild optimism, and her unapologetic love for life. She'd gotten pregnant with me at twenty-one, and despite her free-spirited nature, her love for nudity, flowers, and long barefoot walks, she had always been a really good mother.

She had booked us a trip to the Bahamas, one of the islands with a nudist beach. When we arrived at the hotel, the manager told us the room we originally booked had suffered some water damage. Instead, she could rebook us in a couple's suite with a king-sized bed, at no extra charge.

Mom looked at me over her sunglasses, wearing short denim cutoffs and a tiny crop top that barely covered her boobs. "What

do you say, sweetie? Sounds like quite the upgrade.”

“Sure, I don’t mind,” I said, and I didn’t.

The suite was just as described. A big king-sized bed took up the center of the room, with white linens and a perfect view of the ocean. I hadn’t shared a bed with anyone since I was a kid, but I figured it wouldn’t be too weird unless I made it weird.

“Let’s hit the beach,” Mom said, cheerful as ever. “I can’t wait to get some sun on my skin.”

Naturally, our first stop was the nudist beach. I expected only older people, but there were actually some stunning middle-aged women lying out in all shapes and colors. I saw tanned skin, toned bodies, pierced navels and firm curves, but naturally, my eyes strayed to all the different kinds of breasts and also their pussies.

“Do I have to be nude?” I asked, trying not to sound awkward.

“No, not at all,” Mom said as she laid out her towel. “But I will be.”

“Sure,” I said, doing my best not to gawk at her.

She started with her sandals, kicking them off. Then she slid her shorts down her smooth, sun-kissed legs. Her crop top came off next. She wasn’t wearing anything underneath, and once the top cleared her head, her breasts bounced and jiggled till they found equilibrium. Her breasts were narrow at the top but full and round at the bottom, a bit like two, delicious pears. They were fully natural, my mother being a hippy, hated surgeries more than anything. Her nipples were a little darker from all her time in the sun and also thick and suckable. Then she slipped off her bikini bottoms, letting them drop to her feet before stepping out of them.

I couldn’t breathe for a second. She looked incredibly sexy and so comfortable with her nudity. I tried to play it cool, but

my eyes kept drifting back to her body, no matter how hard I fought it. She had a little blonde bush on her mound, but it was neatly trimmed. Her slit was slightly hidden, but I was taking it too far by checking her out in that way, and the heatwave didn't make it any better.

Mom stretched out on the towel, her bare skin gleaming under the sun. She pulled her hair over one shoulder and looked up at me with a smile.

"Could you do my back?" she asked, holding out the bottle of sunscreen. "I don't want to burn my shoulders again."

"Yeah, of course," I said, sitting down beside her. My fingers were already tingling as I took the bottle from her.

I squeezed some lotion into my hand and rubbed it between my palms before slowly applying it to her upper back. Her skin was warm and smooth like a youth's. I moved carefully at first, trying to be respectful, but she let out a little sigh and arched her back slightly.

"You don't have to be so shy," she said. "It's just skin."

"Sure, Mom," I said, moving from her shoulders to the curve of her lower back. Then I reached the borders of her ass, which was round, firm and bubbly. I couldn't see a vein or wrinkly patch of skin in sight. She looked even better than some girls at my college. I kneaded her cheeks, parting them slightly so I saw her puckered hole and the hint of her camel toe. I felt my cock stir as I could massage her ass for a lot longer.

Then she rolled over, wanting me to take her front as well. Her body was completely exposed to me now, and I hesitated, eyes locked on her breasts.

Mom smirked. "It's okay to touch them. I promise I won't bite."

I tried to act normal, but my hands trembled a little as I

smoothed lotion over her stomach, then up to her chest. Her breasts fit perfectly in my palms, and she didn't flinch when I rubbed the lotion in.

"See?" she said, eyes still closed. "Told you it was okay."

When I finished, she sat up and took the bottle from me. "Your turn."

"You don't have to," I said, but she was already squirting lotion into her hands.

"I want to. You'll burn faster than me anyway."

I lay down, and her fingers slid over my shoulders, then down my arms. She made it sensual without even trying. It was just who she was as a woman. When she ran her hands over my chest and down my stomach, my cock twitched hard in my shorts. I knew she saw it.

"Mmm. Someone's excited," she teased, brushing her fingers right above my waistband. "That's a good sign. You're virile and healthy."

"Mom ... some might be looking?"

"And?" she asked teasingly. "This is a nudist beach, no judgment here."

My mouth was dry, and all I could do was stare at her, but deep inside, my body ached for more.

After finishing the sunscreen, Mom stood up and stretched, giving me a full view of her glowing, naked body. Her curves caught the sunlight in all the right places, and when she glanced over her shoulder at me with a smirk, I knew she knew exactly what she was doing.

"I'm going in," she said, walking toward the water.

Her hips swayed with every step, mesmerizing me. She waded into the waves without hesitation, diving under and emerging with her hair slicked back, droplets running down her nude

chest.

I couldn't just sit there anymore. I was about to overheat. I peeled off my shirt and shorts, leaving my boxers on, and ran in after her.

After we'd swum, we headed back up to dry ourselves. She wanted help with that too, and I dabbed the towel across her nude skin. Then she reached into the cooler we brought and pulled out a container of pineapple chunks.

"They taste better down here," she said, biting into a juicy slice that spilled down her neck and ran down to her cleavage. "Sweeter."

"They do," I agreed, chewing slowly, even though I wasn't really tasting anything. I was too focused on her lips, the juice trickling to the corner of her mouth, the way she licked it away with a grin.

We sat close on the towel, the sun warming our skin, the ocean breeze brushing over us.

"I wish we had more time like this," she said quietly, staring out at the horizon. "No obligations. No routines. Just you and me, mom and son."

"Yeah," I said. "Me too."

"Sometimes I feel like life's just rushing past. I mean, look at you, it feels like yesterday you were born and now you're a full-grown man. I've been chasing peace for years, and it feels like I only catch it in moments like this."

I nodded. "I don't mind more vacations with you."

"You sure I'm not embarrassing you with my nudity and flowers?" she said and rubbed my back.

"No ... I'm just glad you're yourself and fully natural."

She kissed my cheek and leaned against my shoulder.

\* \* \*

We ate dinner at a fancy restaurant, and after that, it was time to go to bed. Once we got into the room, Mom headed straight for the bathroom.

“I’ll be a minute,” she said, looking back with a little smile before closing the door.

“Yeah, right,” I said. She was joking since she could spend hours in the bathroom. In the meantime, I sat on the edge of the bed. My cock had been half-hard for hours, and now it was pulsing just from the memory of her walking into the ocean nude, from rubbing sunscreen over her tits, from the way she sighed when I touched her. It wasn’t fading. I badly wanted to masturbate but had never done that while fantasizing about my mother.

After the shower, I heard a buzzer. I arched an eyebrow, thinking perhaps it was a vibrator, which I’d found in her wardrobe before.

My curiosity got the better of me. The bathroom door had an old-style keyhole, and I decided to have a look.

Mom had one foot propped up on a towel, completely naked, leaning slightly forward with a razor in her hand and the shaver was on the sink. She was shaving her pussy. Her free hand spread herself just enough so she could get a clean line. She looked calm, sensual, like this was just another part of her nightly routine.

My cock throbbed. I slid my hand down, slipping inside my shorts, already so hard it hurt. I stroked slowly, biting my lip, watching her glide the razor along the edge of her folds, her skin smooth and glistening. I could see her vagina a bit better now. She had a neatly shaped mound with inner lips

that didn't protrude too much. The color was naturally flushed, the moisture making it look like fresh honey drizzled over her vagina.

I was so close to losing it as I stroked myself.

Then her voice called out through the door. "Hey, sweetie? Can you grab my nightgown? I left it in the bag."

I froze, my hand still on my cock. "Y-yeah. Yeah, give me a sec," I said, stumbling toward the suitcase.

I grabbed the nightgown. Pale pink, silky, light as air ... And transparent. I held it in one hand and walked up to the door.

"I've got it," I said.

The door cracked open just enough for her to reach out. I handed it to her without looking inside, even though every cell in my body was screaming to.

"Thanks," she said, and I could hear the smile in her voice.

I went back to sit on the bed, adjusting myself, trying to calm down and suppressing my hard-on. I took a breath, then another. But it didn't help. I badly needed to masturbate.

A minute later, Mom stepped out, the pink nightgown clinging to her hips, the straps loose over her shoulders. Her hair was brushed and fell over one side of her face. I could see her privates through that nightgown. She looked like a forbidden, erotic dream.

She lay down on her side, propping her head on one hand, the silk of her nightgown slipping up to reveal her thigh. I couldn't look at her for too long without my cock twitching again. She patted the spot next to her, and I couldn't resist being closer to her.

"I noticed how hard you were earlier," she said caringly.

My chest tightened a little. "Oh. Yeah, sorry. I wasn't trying to be—"

She giggled, sounding more like a teenager than my mother. “Ethan, relax. It’s fine. Honestly, I’m glad. We should be open about sex and stuff. It’s natural.”

I nodded, unsure what to say, the heat already rising to my face.

She ran her fingers lightly down her side, over the curve of her hip. “Truth is, I usually get myself off before I sleep. Helps me relax.”

I blinked. “Seriously?”

She grinned. “Mmhmm. I’ve done it for years. I was going tonight too, but I figured I should ask if you’re okay with that.”

“Yeah,” I said quickly, probably too fast. “I mean, totally. Of course.”

She tilted her head. “Yeah?”

I looked into her eyes. “You were insanely hot earlier. I’ve never seen anything like that in my life.”

That made her smile again. She let her eyes linger on me for a moment before speaking. “Well,” she said, resting her hand near her inner thigh, “what if we did it together?”

“Together?”

“Yeah,” she said, sliding her fingers just beneath the edge of the nightgown. “Side by side. No pressure. Just you and me, enjoying ourselves.”

My heart thudded in my chest. My cock was already stiffening again, pushing hard against the fabric of my shorts.

“I’d like that,” I said, my voice low.

She gave a small, approving nod. “Good. Then get comfortable, sweetie. Let’s enjoy the night.”

Mom slipped the straps of her nightgown down her shoulders, then pulled it over her head. The silk pooled around her waist before she laid it aside. Her breasts looked even more beautiful

in the dim light of our hotel room, her tan nipples already hard.

“You should get comfortable too,” she reminded me.

I pulled my shirt off and hesitated at my shorts, suddenly realizing what we were about to do.

“Don’t be shy,” she encouraged. “I’ve seen you hard all day.”

I slid my shorts and boxers down, my cock springing free and swaying back and forth like a snake. Mom’s eyes widened slightly, and I noticed her lick her lips.

“You’re bigger than I imagined,” she said with a playful smile.

We lay side by side, our bodies barely touching. Mom’s hand drifted down between her legs, and she began to stroke herself slowly. I wrapped my fingers around my shaft, but my eyes were glued onto her.

“That’s it,” she murmured, closing her eyes in pleasure. “I love to masturbate.”

I watched, mesmerized, as she circled her clit with two fingers, occasionally dipping lower to gather moisture and then rubbing herself. She moaned seductively, her chest rising and falling. Every time her finger came out of her pussy, it was soaked as if she’d reached into a honey pot. I became curious.

“Can I touch you?” I asked.

She nodded, taking my free hand and guiding it between her legs. “Feel how wet I am.”

My fingers slid against her slick, forbidden folds. I slid a finger inside her, feeling her sweet, sticky wetness coating me.

“You’re so soft,” I whispered, exploring her beauty.

Mom moaned, her hips lifting slightly off the bed. Then her hand reached for me, wrapping around my cock just above my own grip.

“We can touch each other,” she said, stroking me from base to tip.

Her touch felt incredibly good, warm and soft like flower petals. As I explored her, I wasn't sure what I did. I was just adventurous as I touched every inch of her pussy.

"Oh god," she said. "That feels amazing."

We explored each other for several minutes before Mom withdrew her hand.

"I'm getting a bit too turned on. Let's finish ourselves," she suggested. "I want to watch you come."

I reluctantly removed my fingers from her warmth and returned to stroking myself with her hand, smearing it all over my shaft till it glistened. Mom spread her legs wider, giving me a perfect view as she pleased herself.

"I'm getting close," she said, thrusting her hips.

"Me too," I groaned, my hand pumping up and down my cock while I couldn't stop watching my mother.

Our eyes locked as we approached the peak together. Mom's back arched, her mouth forming a perfect "O" as she cried out. "Oh, fuck."

The sight of her orgasm made me burst with pleasure, but just as I was about to explode, Mom shifted position, leaning toward me.

My cum shot out in thick ropes, landing and splashing across her boobs. Some even reached her collarbone and neck, dripping down in thick pearly chunks.

"Oh shit, I'm sorry," I said.

But Mom just giggled, looking down at the pearly streams adorning her skin. "Don't apologize. That was incredibly hot."

She ran a finger through the mess on her breast, lifting it to examine the sticky substance. Then, to my shock, she brought it to her lips and tasted it.

"Mmm," she hummed. "Sweet. Must be all that pineapple."

I watched, mesmerized, as she gathered more of my cum on her fingertip and licked it clean.

“I loved cum when I was younger,” she said with a smile. “I don’t remember it ever tasting this good.”

I didn’t know what to say. I was still catching my breath after that dual orgasm. “That felt surprisingly good.”

She smirked. “Don’t pretend that was your first time masturbating.”

“Well... certainly the first time with you.”

She let out a soft laugh. “It makes the experience better, doesn’t it?”

“You’re right.”

She stretched and rolled onto her back, her voice softer now. “Sweet dreams. We’ve got a whole vacation to enjoy.”

“Sweet dreams,” I said, glancing at her one last time before closing my eyes. I already knew it had been one hell of a start.

The end.

## Mom Took my Virginity

I was a bit nervous as I stared at the text from my girlfriend, Cassandra. It was summer break, and we had just started dating. The first few dates had gone smoothly. I took her to a movie on the first one, and on the second, we went to the beach to play volleyball with her friends.

She was a little more experienced than I was. She wanted me to come over to her place tomorrow, and I was old enough to understand what that meant. She wanted to fuck. We were both twenty-one, but unlike her, I had never done it before. I knew how to kiss, I had decent social skills, and I was confident in most situations, just not when it came to sex. That made me nervous. I dreaded the idea of finishing too early and ruining the moment, or perhaps doing something that made her feel uncomfortable.

Luckily, I had a great relationship with my mom. We were open with each other, especially when it came to relationships and intimacy. She had always given me advice on how to talk to women, how to be confident, and how to take initiative, and if it hadn't been for her, I probably wouldn't have gotten this far.

I was sitting in my bedroom, and I decided to put my phone down. I searched for sex tips online, but all of them

had something different to say and it ended up being more confusing than enlightening.

When I heard my mother's car pull up outside, I looked out the window. I was always caught off guard when I saw her, but in a good way. I hated to admit it, but she was sexy, and I had some taboo fantasies about her that I struggled to ignore.

My mom worked as a secretary at a big bank downtown. She had long legs, a toned waist from hours at the gym, and thick, light brown hair. Her chest was full, and her cleavage drew more stares than anything I'd ever seen on a teenager. She wore a pair of stockings, a blouse, and a black pencil skirt. The whole outfit was unbelievably sexy, and I could feel myself getting hard just looking at her.

Once she stepped inside, she called out. "Ryan, are you there?"

I got up, happy to see her, and went downstairs. Her thick lips curled into a smile when she saw me. My eyes dropped to the valley of her tan breasts before I quickly looked back up to meet her almond-shaped eyes. She had a soft tan from her latest vacation. With her job, she could afford to travel frequently, and we lived comfortably as a result.

"How did the date go?" she asked.

"Pretty well," I said.

"You've got to give me more details than that," she said with a laugh. My mother was in her mid-forties but had the energy and warmth of someone half her age. "I'll grab something to drink and we can sit outside."

She was always curious about my personal life and made sure I was doing okay. She poured us some iced tea, and we sat together in the sun. She crossed her legs, showing off more of her thighs. I asked how her day had gone, which always made her smile.

“It went fine. How’s Cassandra?” she asked, taking a sip before setting the glass back on the table. She shifted a little closer to me, and I caught the scent of her floral perfume.

“I really like her,” I said. “We made out at the beach.”

“Anything more?” she asked, raising an eyebrow. “I mean, second date... It’s kind of common to take the next step.”

I scratched the back of my neck, unsure how to answer her question. I felt a little awkward bringing it up, and I think she could tell.

She leaned in a little closer, her warm thigh brushing against mine, making her warmth radiate up to my core. “What is it?” she asked, placing her hand on my thigh, which made the heat flow quicker. Her fingers moved in slow, sensual circles, but the warmth of her touch only made my thoughts spin faster. I shifted slightly in my seat, trying not to react, but I was already starting to get hard. My mother had that effect on me. She was just too sexy to ignore.

“You know you can talk to me about anything,” she said, giving my thigh a little squeeze. She was patient and kind, like always. But that touch, and the way she looked at me with genuine care, only added to the tension building inside me.

I exhaled slowly. “Well ... Cassandra wants to take the next step. I think she wants to have sex tomorrow.”

She smiled a little, the exact answer she was looking for. “That’s not a bad thing.”

“No, I mean ... It’s good. I want to. But I haven’t done it before. I’m still a virgin,” I said, dropping my eyes. “I’m scared I’ll mess it up. Or finish too fast or something.”

She didn’t laugh. She didn’t even look surprised. Instead, she gave my leg another gentle stroke, this time just a little higher, near my rising tent. I hoped she didn’t see it, and I hoped she

didn't believe it was she who was causing it. "Ryan, there's nothing embarrassing about being a virgin. Everyone starts somewhere."

I nodded, but the anxiety was still there. "But I don't even know what to do."

She leaned back slightly and gave me a thoughtful look. "Well, it's not about doing everything perfectly. It's about being there for each other. You start slow, make out a little and get comfortable with each other."

She talked in a lecturing and loving voice, and as she spoke, I couldn't help but imagine it wasn't Cassandra she was talking about, but us. Her hand was still on my thigh. I could feel her warmth seeping through my shorts, and my mind drifted and sexual images of her and me popped up. I couldn't sense any performance issue when it was with her, but I was too scared to bring it up.

"Let your hands explore a little," she lectured me. "Touch her gently, let her touch you. You'll learn what feels good by doing it. Go for her breasts, her hips ... between her legs. Take your time and feel the heat build between you."

As she said it, I felt that heat myself. My cock throbbed with each word, and the image in my mind wasn't Cassandra at all anymore. It was my Mom. I imagined her lips on mine, her body pressed against me, my hands running over her curves, her voice whispering what to do as I explored her. The idea was so vivid, I had to shift again in my seat to adjust.

"You okay?" she asked, smiling at me.

"Yeah," I said, swallowing hard. "Just ... thinking."

She brushed her fingers along my thigh one last time before pulling her hand back. "You'll be fine, Ryan. Trust yourself. And remember, sex isn't just about performance. It's about love.

Just relax, and enjoy it.”

I nodded again, trying to calm myself, even as my arousal kept pressing against my shorts. I sighed, my shoulders slumping. “I don’t know. I’m just nervous.”

She tilted her head slightly. Her hand moved over to my thigh again, but this time it slid higher. Then she pressed her palm over the bulge in my shorts, holding it there. Suddenly, I froze, but my cock hardened even further, and she felt it.

“Who are you thinking about?” she asked, searching my gaze. I hesitated, then forced myself to say it. “You.”

Her eyes didn’t widen. She didn’t pull away. She just kept her hand there, listening.

“I know it’s wrong,” I added quickly. “But I’ve had these thoughts. About you. For a while now. And it’s not just about sex. I feel safe with you. I trust you. Honestly, it would mean a lot more to lose my virginity to you than to Cassandra.” I paused, heart racing. “God, that probably makes me sound like a freak. I get it if you think I’m weird.”

She shook her head and gave me a slow, reassuring smile. “Ryan, you’re not weird. We all have fantasies, even the ones we don’t admit out loud. There’s nothing wrong with how you feel.”

I swallowed hard, the tension pulsing through me, made worse by the way her hand still rested on me, gently stroking me through the fabric of my shorts. That touch felt insanely good. It made me wonder how intimacy would feel with her.

“I love you,” she said, leaning in just a little. “And if this would help you, if it would make you feel more confident, then yes, I’ll have sex with you.”

I stared at her. “Are you serious?”

She nodded, brushing her fingers lightly along my bulge as if

she wanted this herself. “Of course. I know my body’s distracted you more than once. I’ve seen your eyes on my chest. That’s okay too.”

“Sorry,” I said, dropping my eyes. “There’s more to you than nice breasts.”

She giggled, the sound comforting in this tense situation. “That’s a good compliment, but remember, this has to stay between us. We don’t want to cause a scandal in this neighborhood, and I don’t want to lose my job either.”

“I won’t tell anyone about this, I promise.”

“I know I can trust you, Ryan.”

To my surprise, she dived straight into it. She leaned forward and pressed her thick lips against mine. I froze for a moment, then kissed her back. Her hand stayed on my lap, stroking gently while she let our mouths explore. I was awestruck at how smooth they felt, and the sweet taste of cherries on her lipstick. It drew me closer to her, making me a bit too excited.

“Take it slow,” she whispered between kisses, a string of saliva stretching from lip to lip. “Relax your jaw and let it flow. Kissing is about warming up and feeling each other before moving on to the hotter stuff.”

I nodded, and then we deepened the kiss. Her tongue slid over mine, like a soft stick of sweets. She guided my hand up to her chest and pressed it against her breast.

“Go ahead,” she said, smiling against my lips. “Squeeze it.”

I did. Her breast was soft, full and heavy in my palm. I ran my thumb over her nipple through the fabric, and she let out a pleased little sigh. Then her hand slipped under my shorts, her fingers wrapping around my length, the first incestuous contact.

“Mmm,” she said. “God, I love younger men.”

Her touch made my hips twitch and thrust forward, seeking the friction of her hand.

“Touch me,” she said.

I reached between her legs and slid my hand under her skirt. Her panties were already damp, a thick wet blotch in the middle. I pushed them aside and slipped two fingers over her folds, feeling how soaked she was.

“Just like that,” she whispered. “You feel that? That’s how much I want you.”

It felt like a dream, a forbidden one. My mom was letting me touch her like this, guiding and teaching me. Every second felt unreal.

We stood and slowly undressed each other. Her pencil skirt slid down her hips. She unbuttoned her blouse, revealing a pink bra. She unhooked it and let it fall to the floor, then stepped out of her stockings and panties. My eyes landed right on her chest. Her breasts were full and round at the bottom and slightly narrow at the top, topped with peachy nipples that looked so delicious to suck on. Her waist was toned, curving into wide hips and a smooth, flat stomach. Her pussy was neatly trimmed, the folds blushed with arousal, framed like petals of a secret, forbidden flower and pink as cherry blossom petals.

She smiled as she saw me staring. “Come, let’s go inside.”

We were getting a bit carried away. We went inside the living room, and she pulled the curtains together. She lay down on the couch and spread her legs. “Start by tasting me, just lightly and get comfortable with it.”

Climbing on top of the couch, I knelt between her thighs and leaned in, tongue brushing across her wetness. She moaned softly and grabbed my head to guide it closer to her heat.

“Use the flat of your tongue. Keep it slow and don’t rush. Let

me feel it.”

I followed her instructions, and she tasted like ripe strawberries as I kept licking every inch of her, exploring her sweet petals. Her body responded quickly, her hips pressing forward as she got wetter. Her hand stroked my hair, pulling me closer and closer.

“Mmm, good,” she said with a wide smile. “Now lie back.”

She pushed me gently onto the couch and lowered herself between my legs. She eyed my erection, grabbing it and stroking it. Then she pointed the tip at her lips, and then my mother slid me inside her mouth, her lips wrapping tightly around my shaft. It felt so good, I nearly lost control right away.

“Oh, Mom,” I said, watching the taboo scene unfold right in front of my eyes.

She bobbed her head forward, her lips stretching as she swallowed several inches of my cock till her lips were about to touch down on my pubic bone.

“Wait—” I gasped, grabbing her wrist. “I’m gonna...”

She giggled, pulling her mouth off with a pop. “Too good?”

I nodded, breathless.

She lay back and opened her legs for me. “Ready to lose your virginity?”

I nodded, and I moved over her, my cock poised right at the entrance of her slick hole. “Push it in,” she told me. “I’m as horny as you.”

I nodded and tried to find the hole by rubbing the head of my cock around. Then she grabbed my erection and pointed it at her love hole. “Right there,” she told me in her warm voice.

I pushed forward, seeing my length entering her. The heat, tightness and taboo of her vagina overwhelmed me. It was just one stroke, but the friction was so sweet and intense it was

enough to trigger an explosion. I barely got halfway in before it hit me, and when I pushed in the last inches, so I was fully sheathed inside her, I came hard, pumping my incestuous seed deep into her pussy.

I moaned sharply, hips trembling, and face red with embarrassment. "I'm sorry," I said, trying to pull back.

She held me close and kissed my cheek, pulling me closer so I was still inside her. "Don't say that. It's normal and you're learning."

"But I came too quickly."

She smiled. "No, you didn't. And you know what? That's better than the ones who can't get hard or can't come at all. Trust me, those exist."

I chuckled. She sure knew how to make me feel better. "Yeah, but I want to last longer. I want to actually do it right."

"You will," she said, cupping my face. "You're just excited. That's not a bad thing. You just need to learn how to control it."

I nodded, eager to hear more.

"Breathe deeply," she said, running her hands over my back. "That's the key. Most men hold their breath without realizing it. That makes them lose control. You have to stay calm. Let yourself feel, but don't rush toward the edge."

"Okay," I said, taking in a slow breath.

She smiled again and kissed me, her lips tracing the seam of my lips before pulling back. "Let's try again."

I pulled back from the kiss, still rock hard but a little less sensitive. Then I guided myself back between her legs, and this time I found her hole by myself. I thrust my hips forward, pushing in inch by inch, watching her face as I filled her with my raw cock. The sensation was just as incredible as the first, tight, warm and slippery, but I focused on my breathing, like

she told me. She wrapped her legs around me again and smiled.

“That’s it,” she whispered. “Nice and slow at first. Feel the heat between us.”

I started to thrust gently, and she met my movements, moaning softly into my ear.

“Don’t go too deep right away. Let her open up to you. Use your hips, not just your body weight. Feel the rhythm.”

I adjusted as she guided me, and the difference was immediate. I started to feel more in control. Her voice, her body, her scent, everything kept me turned on, but I stayed focused.

“You’re doing amazing,” she said between breaths. “You’re fucking me, Ryan. You’ve got it now.”

Her words made me proud, and I started thrusting faster, the wet sound of our bodies slapping together filling the room. Her moans grew louder, her nails digging into my back as her hips rocked with mine. I felt bold and more adventurous now. I couldn’t take my eyes off her bouncing, jiggling breasts, and I leaned forward to grope them both while I fucked her.

“That’s wonderful,” she said, biting her lower lip. “Try kissing my neck, too.”

I leaned in, resting some of my weight on her as I kept moving inside her. I found her neck and kissed it intimately. She moaned against my ear, then kissed my neck in return, making me gasp. Our lips met again, her breasts pressed between us, warm and soft as we kissed deeply. I kept a steady rhythm, each wet thrust drawing me closer to the edge.

I pulled back from her lips and glanced down, watching my cock slide in and out of her soaked pussy. Her lips stretched around me with each deep thrust, slick and shining as wetness spilled down her thighs and across her mound.

“Oh, Ryan, that feels so good,” she whispered, her voice full

of pleasure.

"I know," I said, breathless. "I'm almost there."

"Go on. Don't hold anything back."

Her pussy fluttered around my shaft, tightening just enough to make the friction even more intense. I couldn't help myself. I went harder, and the sound of our bodies clapping together grew louder. It was one of the most satisfying sounds I'd ever heard.

The pressure inside me built quickly, but this time I didn't panic. I let it rise naturally, staying in sync with her rhythm.

"I'm close," I whispered.

"Let it happen," she said, her voice trembling with pleasure. "Give it to me."

With a few more hard thrusts, I groaned, hips slamming against hers as I came deep inside her. I stayed buried, trembling as the orgasm rocked through me. She gasped and held me tightly, her body shaking along with mine. We shared that moment in silence, skin to skin, wrapped in something that felt surreal.

I pulled out slowly, almost in a daze, and watched my cum trickle from between her glistening lips. It looked unreal, like something from a dream.

We lay together for a while, catching our breath. She gently ran her fingers through my hair and kissed my temple.

"That felt like a dream," she said.

I nodded, still overwhelmed. "I don't even know what to say."

She smiled and cupped my cheek. "You don't have to say anything. You're definitely ready for Cassandra now."

"Thank you," I said, leaning in to hug her, wrapping my arms around her warm body. "I don't feel any performance anxiety now."

“I’m glad ... I just want to enjoy your life,” she said, pressing her lips to my cheek. “And if you want to do this again ... it wouldn’t hurt.”

“I would love to,” I said.

“Me too,” she said, her eyes swimming with love and lust.

The end.

## I Masturbated with Sister's Panties

I stood at the door, kissing my girlfriend Johanna goodbye. “See you, Kane,” she said with a wide smile. “You too,” I replied.

She leaned in closer to whisper, “I think I left my panties in your sister’s laundry. They’re Hello Kitty ones, so you should spot them easily.”

“Thanks,” I said with a grin.

I’d been with Johanna for a couple of months. She was a gorgeous brunette with shoulder-length hair, deep brown eyes, and a curvy figure that turned heads wherever we went. She knew I had a panty fetish and liked to leave a pair behind after she spent the night. Johanna was also best friends with my twin sister, which was how we’d met.

Our family was pretty open about sex and stuff, so it wasn’t exactly embarrassing. Jolie, my sister, could be curious sometimes about what Johanna and I were doing. She knew about my fetish, and that I was bigger than average. It didn’t really bother me, except that she liked to tease me now and then.

Since Jolie was out grocery shopping, I sneaked upstairs to her bathroom. It was sparkling clean as usual, scented with lavender and vanilla. I looked around, seeing her neatly stacked pink towels in the cabinet next to a vibrator ... I arched an

eyebrow. I knew now why she would randomly turn on music when she took a bath. She was just masturbating. I'd have to tease her about that later. Then I spotted the laundry hamper and opened it. There were her used clothes, bras, bikinis, and the pink Hello Kitty panties Johanna had mentioned.

"Bingo," I muttered, grabbing them. I was already getting aroused.

Johanna had to leave early, but it was usually her who jerked me off with her used panties, something I loved.

I took the Hello Kitty pair, noticing the damp patch in the center. My cock hardened instantly. I went to my room, unzipped my pants, and wrapped the panties around my shaft, placing the wet spot directly on the head. It felt incredible, warm, soft, and just a little sticky. Almost as good as her pussy.

I started stroking, panting as pleasure built fast, her nectar and warmth seeping into my erection. I stroked myself faster and faster, and I was getting close, just a few more seconds, and then the door suddenly opened.

It was my twin sister Jolie.

She stepped in like it was nothing, wearing a short skirt that flashed her creamy thighs and borders of her butt and a crop top that showed off her toned waist. Her long blonde hair hung behind her shoulders. She had a perfect oval face and perky B-cup breasts that lightly strained against her top. She was a beauty, but now she arched an eyebrow and gave me a smug grin as I froze.

"What the hell, Jolie?" I said, giving her a pissed off look for just storming in here.

She placed her hand on her hip. "What are you doing with my panties?"

"What? What do you mean? These are Johanna's."

"No, you dork," she said, holding up a pair of white Hello Kitty panties. "*These* are hers. She forgot them in my bedroom."

My heart dropped, and my cock deflated instantly as I loosened the grip on my sister's panties that were wrapped around my cock.

"Shit," I muttered, realizing I had rubbed my sister's nectar all over my rod.

She extended her hand, still grinning. "Just give them back."

"Jesus, you could've at least knocked."

"You could've made sure you weren't jerking off with your sister's panties," she shot back.

"I didn't know," I said, tossing the garment at her. "Just go."

"Geez, didn't know it was such a big deal to you."

"You snuck up on me on purpose."

"No, I didn't. I forgot my wallet, *and* I forgot to wear panties. So I went to my bathroom, noticed my favorites were gone, and then I heard you moaning like a pornstar."

"Next time I should blast music like you do when you're in the bathtub, *enjoying* yourself."

"Want me to grab you some panties too while I'm out?" she teased with a giggle.

"Fuck off."

And she did. I buried my face in my hands, my libido completely gone.

\* \* \*

About an hour later, there was a knock on my door. I stayed quiet for a second, still annoyed, but then sighed. "Come in."

My twin sister Jolie poked her head through the door. "Hey ... can we talk?"

I gave her a tired look but nodded. "Yeah, whatever."

She stepped inside, closing the door behind her. "I'm sorry," she said right away. "I shouldn't have made fun of you. That was shitty."

I leaned back in my chair. "It's fine."

She walked over and sat on the edge of my bed, folding her legs up. Her top hung loosely over her chest, and I could clearly see her nipples through the thin fabric. She wasn't wearing a bra.

I raised an eyebrow. "Please tell me you didn't go to the store like that."

She giggled. "It's like, a hundred degrees out. I was dying. Plus, no one noticed."

I gave her a look.

"I'm joking," she said and slapped her thigh with a giggle. "I took it off once I came back inside."

I rolled my eyes but couldn't help smirking at her playful humor.

There was a pause, then she glanced over at me. "Did you, uh ... finish?"

I gave her a flat look. "You kind of killed the mood."

She bit her lip. "Yeah. I figured. I really do feel bad."

I shrugged. "You don't have to."

"No, I want to. And ... I was thinking ..." She paused, brushing her hair behind her ear. "If you want, I could ... like ... jerk you off, with my panties. You know, as an apology."

My mouth fell open slightly. "Wait, are you serious?"

She nodded, face a little rosy but holding eye contact. "Yeah. I mean it. I felt bad for teasing you like that. And ... I don't know, it was kind of a turn-on, seeing you like that. I didn't hesitate to wear the same ones after you've stroked yourself with them."

I stared at her, trying to process what she'd just said. My cock twitched despite the taboo of what she was saying.

"If you don't want me to, then that's fine," she added quickly. "But if you want ... I'll do it."

I swallowed hard. "Actually, I do want to ... Only if you're sure about this."

She smiled. "I'm sure. But we keep this between us."

"Of course."

Jolie stood up and bent over. She reached inside her skirt and hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties. Without hesitation, she slid them down, the same pink Hello Kitty ones. The fabric was even wetter than earlier. My eyes locked on the soaked patch as she stepped out of them and handed them to me.

"You ready?" she asked excitedly.

I undressed in front of her, my cock already hard again. She gave it a slow once-over and smiled.

"Damn. No wonder Johanna's obsessed," she said, then patted the spot beside her on the bed. "Come here."

I sat down next to her, still gripping her warm, damp panties. Jolie took them back gently, wrapped the fabric around the head of my cock, and began stroking. "Is this how you like it?"

"Yeah, the wet spot at the top."

"Okay," she said with a grin. She rubbed the wet spot against my sensitive tip, stroking me up and down with her small, cute hands, and I groaned.

"Fuck ... that feels really nice. Better than when I do it myself," I admitted, watching my sister pleasuring me.

She beamed. "I'm glad. I want you to enjoy it."

She stroked me slowly and warmly, and she made sure the soaked fabric stayed right over the head, twisting just enough

to send waves of pleasure through me.

I leaned back and let her give me a panty handjob.

Her soft hands were like sensual magic, the wet fabric of her panties gliding over my cock in a way that had me trembling. There was something different about the way Jolie handled me compared to Johanna, more curious and more exploratory, like she was learning what made me tick with each stroke.

“You’re getting really hard,” she whispered, her voice taking on a husky quality I’d never heard before. “Does it feel good when I twist like this?” She demonstrated with a gentle rotation of her wrist that made me gasp.

“Fuck yes,” I groaned, my hips involuntarily bucking upward. “That’s perfect.”

My sister smiled, clearly enjoying the power she held. “I can tell. You’re leaking through my panties now too.”

I glanced down and saw she was right, the fabric was now soaked with a mixture of her arousal and my pre-cum. The sight alone nearly pushed me over the edge.

“I’m getting close,” I said, my breathing becoming ragged.

Jolie bit her lower lip, her eyes fixed on her handiwork. “Good. I want to see you cum.”

She increased her pace, the Hello Kitty fabric now thoroughly drenched as it slid up and down my shaft. The taboo of what we were doing only heightened the sensation, my twin sister jerking me off with her own freshly worn panties, both of us fully aware of how wrong yet incredibly hot it was.

“Wait,” I gasped, grabbing her wrist. “Slow down a little. I want this to last.”

Jolie nodded, easing her pace. Her thumb traced small circles over my sensitive tip through the wet fabric. “Like this?”

“Yeah,” I said, watching her delicate fingers work their magic.

My head fell back, eyes half-closed with pleasure.

"You know," she said, "I've always wondered what it would be like to do this. Johanna mentioned how much you love it."

I raised an eyebrow. "You two talk about me?"

She gave a mischievous smile. "Girls talk, Kane. Especially best friends."

"What else does she tell you?" I asked, curiosity mixing with my arousal.

Jolie's eyes sparkled with secrets. "Everything. How you taste, how you feel inside her, what makes you moan the loudest." Her grip tightened slightly. "I know all your little tricks."

The thought of my girlfriend and sister discussing my sexual performance sent an unexpected thrill through me. My cock pulsed against her palm.

"That turns you on, doesn't it?" she teased, noticing my reaction. "Knowing we talk about you?"

I couldn't deny it. "Fuck, Jolie..."

Her smile widened as she leaned closer, her breath warm against my ear. "I bet you never thought your sister would be the one making you this hard."

The proximity of her body, the scent of her lavender perfume mingling with her natural fragrance, turned me on even more. I could feel the heat radiating from her skin, mere inches from mine. My mind raced with conflicting emotions, guilt, excitement and confusion, but my body responded with unwavering clarity. I really wanted this since it felt so damn good.

"I'm going to make you cum harder than she ever has," Jolie whispered, her confidence both shocking and arousing. She resumed her panty handjob, the wet fabric creating obscene sounds as it slid along my length.

I couldn't help but glance at her face, her cheeks flushed and lips slightly parted. The lust in her eyes as she watched her handiwork was unlike anything I'd seen from her before. This wasn't just about making amends anymore. She enjoyed this herself.

"Fuck, I'm really close," I said, feeling the familiar tightening.

"Then cum for me," she said. "I want to feel it happen. I want to feel your cum soak through my panties."

Pressure built at the base of my spine. The fabric of her panties, now thoroughly soaked with both our fluids, created the perfect slick friction against my cock.

"Oh god, Jolie," I moaned, my voice barely recognizable to my own ears.

I couldn't hold back any longer. With a deep moan, my orgasm tore through me. Thick ropes of cum shot through her panties, some spilling over her fingers and soaking into the already damp fabric. My entire body shivered with pleasure as she continued to stroke, milking every last drop from me till her panties were thoroughly soaked in my seed.

"Wow," she whispered, watching in fascination as my cum mixed with her own wetness in the pink Hello Kitty fabric. "That was intense."

I could barely speak, still riding the aftershocks of one of the most powerful orgasms I'd ever experienced. My chest heaved as I tried to catch my breath. "Yeah ... that was ... fuck."

Jolie smiled, looking oddly proud of herself. She carefully unwrapped her panties from around my softening cock, examining the soaked, heavy fabric with curious eyes. "I'm glad you let me do it."

I sat up a little, catching my breath. "Sure."

"So, are we friends now?" she said jokingly.

“Of course. I forgive you.”

She leaned over and kissed my cheek. “I have to wash these. They’re totally soaked now.”

Jolie stood up, holding the sticky panties by the edge. When she reached the door, she paused and turned her head to look at me. “If you ever want me to do it again,” she said, smiling, “just ask.”

My eyebrows lifted. “Seriously?”

She nodded. “Yeah. It was fun.”

“Thanks,” I said quietly.

She winked and walked out, closing the door behind her.

The end.

## I Accidentally Fucked my Sister

I was driving with my girlfriend, Olivia, and my twin sister, Sasha, in the backseat. We were on our way to a spring break party at my friend's place. All three of us were nineteen and in college.

I felt a little nervous having my sister with us. Sasha could be such a tease sometimes, especially with me. But she and Olivia were best friends, and it was Olivia's idea to bring her along.

"You guys excited?" I asked, glancing at the rearview mirror.

Both of them nodded. Olivia had strawberry blonde hair and the kind of blue eyes that stopped you in your tracks. She was tall, with fresh, perky breasts and a perfect oval-shaped face. She was a knockout. "Our first real party," she said.

She was right. None of us had ever been drunk before. As freshmen, we'd mostly kept to ourselves.

Oddly enough, Olivia and Sasha looked almost like twins. They were the same height, with the same hair color and similar features. Sasha had those high cheekbones that made guys stare, and yeah, she was sexy. I hated the way some of the guys in my class would talk about her, but I couldn't really blame them. She was hot and nothing would ever change that.

Sasha leaned forward from the backseat, resting her chin on my shoulder. "You nervous?" she teased, her minty breath

warm on my neck. "Afraid I'll make out with some guys?"

I shot her a look and rolled my eyes, trying not to let her see me smirk. That was Sasha, always pushing buttons.

What set them apart was their personalities. Sasha was outgoing, bold, and the one who convinced us to go to this party in the first place. Olivia was more reserved, but she'd never say no to an adventure, especially not with Sasha involved.

By the time we pulled into the driveway, it was already dark. I greeted my friend Jack with a handshake and a quick bro-hug. He lived in a huge mansion, way out in the hills. The place was packed. Beer cups littered the tables, music blasted through the speakers, and the smell of weed floated in the air. A couple of people were already dancing by the pool table, and alcohol flowed like water.

Jack grinned and threw an arm around my shoulder. "This is gonna be a party you'll never forget," he said.

He wasn't wrong. But not for the reasons I expected.

The party was in full swing. Jack and I found a pool table in the corner, half-covered in empty cups and beer bottles. We cleared it off and started a game, laughing and sipping whatever was in our red Solo cups, maybe some cheap vodka mix, but it didn't matter. It hit fast.

"Dude, I missed this," Jack said, lining up a shot and sinking the eight ball. "You've been hiding."

"College has me in a chokehold," I said, grinning.

He poured us both another drink, and we clinked cups before downing them.

Soon after, the music pulled me toward the dance floor, where Olivia was already moving with a group. Her hips swayed perfectly to the beat, and her eyes lit up when she saw me.

"There you are," she said, grabbing my hand and pulling me

close.

We danced for what felt like hours. Her body pressed against mine, her laugh echoing in my ear, and her heat making me aroused. We kissed between beats, touching each other lewdly. The alcohol made everything feel floaty, like nothing outside this moment existed.

Eventually, I needed a break. I stumbled off the dance floor, still grinning like an idiot, and dropped onto the couch next to who I *thought* was Olivia.

She leaned into me, her bare thigh brushing against mine, and her perfume, sweet and warm, wrapped around me.

“God, you smell good,” I murmured, turning toward her. She looked up, her lips parted slightly, and I leaned in.

“Whoa, slow down there, *brother*.” Sasha giggled, pushing a finger to my lips. “Wrong girl.”

My eyes widened. “fuck,” I muttered, pulling back.

She laughed, clearly enjoying herself. “You’re lucky I’m not offended. Must’ve really wanted to kiss me, huh?”

I rolled my eyes. “Shut up.”

She leaned into me anyway, resting her head on my shoulder like nothing happened. “You’re cute when you’re drunk.”

We stayed there for a while, sipping more drinks and watching the chaos unfold around us. Someone had jumped into the pool fully clothed. A group of girls started singing loudly from the balcony. Jack was trying to convince two strangers to shotgun beers.

The night blurred at the edges. My head buzzed, my cheeks were warm, and eventually, nature called.

“I need to piss,” I said, pushing off the couch.

Olivia appeared behind me, placing a hand on my arm. “Okay, go,” she said with a soft smile. “I’ll wait for you upstairs.”

I nodded, too tipsy to say much else, and stumbled to the bathroom. After relieving myself, I rinsed my face with cold water, trying to sober up just enough to walk straight.

When I made it upstairs, the hallway was dim and quiet. I stepped into the room Olivia had picked, the door half-open. She was already in bed, lying on her side with her back to me.

The sheets were pulled halfway over her hips, and the light from outside spilled across her bare shoulder. My heart pounded. I was still buzzing from the drinks and the dancing, and the sight of her there, waiting for me, made my cock nice and hard.

I closed the door behind me and stepped toward the bed. I slipped off my shoes and jeans. The alcohol had lowered my inhibitions, and all I could think about was fucking Olivia.

“Hey,” I whispered, sliding under the covers.

She turned toward me, her face barely visible in the darkness. Without hesitation, our lips met in a kiss. There was something different about her taste, but I chalked it up to the drinks we’d had all night.

“God, I want you,” I said against her mouth, my hands already exploring her body. Her skin felt hot beneath my fingertips as I groped her soft, perky tits that fit perfectly in my palm. Her nipple felt thicker than usual, but it just turned me on.

“Then take me,” she whispered back, her voice slightly huskier than I remembered.

We fumbled with our remaining clothes, the darkness making everything more urgent and primal. I positioned myself above her, feeling her legs spread to welcome me. My cock found her love hole, and when I pushed inside her, a groan escaped my lips. Her walls felt so much more velvety and smoother than I remembered, but I just enjoyed the ride as I started sliding in

and out of her, enjoying the heat of the moment as we fucked.

After a few deep thrusts, she moaned, "Keep going, Jack."

I froze mid-thrust. Jack? My brain struggled to process what I'd just heard. "What did you just say?" I pulled back slightly, squinting in the darkness.

"Shawn?" I heard now who she was. "Oh. My. Fucking. God!"

"Sasha?" I scrambled backward, my cock slipping out from her wet hole as I nearly fell off the bed. "What the fuck?"

We both reached for our clothes, trying to cover up our nude bodies. I could see my sister clearly now.

"I thought you were Jack!" she hissed, pulling the sheet up to cover herself. "He told me to wait for him here. I had no idea it was you."

My stomach twisted with guilt and confusion. "Jack's downstairs with some redhead. I saw them heading toward the pool house."

Sasha's face fell. "Oh." The hurt in her voice was palpable. "He promised he would sleep with me ..."

An awkward silence stretched between us. The alcohol in my system made everything feel surreal, like this was happening to someone else.

"What... what do we do now?" I finally asked, my voice barely audible.

She looked at me, her expression unreadable in the darkness. "I don't know. But..." she said, drawing in a deep breath, "it didn't feel bad, did it?"

My cheeks burned with shame because she was right. It didn't feel bad at all. "Sasha, we can't—"

"Just once," she whispered. "No one has to know ... I mean, you already fucked me."

The rational part of my brain screamed at me to leave, to

find Olivia, to forget this ever happened. But the alcohol, the adrenaline, and something else I couldn't name kept me rooted to the spot.

"We shouldn't," I said, but my body was already betraying me, leaning toward her in the darkness.

"I know," she whispered, "but I want to, and I basically got cheated on."

The last line made me feel bad for her, and our lips met again, and my hands settled on her hips. The forbidden nature of what we were doing only intensified the sensations. Her hands roamed around my back as I fell on top of her right on the bed. I positioned myself between her legs again, my conscience drowning in alcohol and desire.

"This feels..." she said while breathing deeply against my neck.

"I know," I replied, unable to deny the pleasure coursing through me.

I entered her slowly this time, watching her face as she arched beneath me. The moonlight filtering through the curtains cast shadows across her features, so similar yet so different from Olivia's. I couldn't be mad for not having seen the difference. They looked like twins. I pushed all the way in till there wasn't an inch left, and she felt my entire length twitching inside her. Her legs wrapped around my waist, pulling me deeper.

"Oh, I feel so stretched," she said.

"You feel so sweet," I said as I continued to fuck her, making her tits roll up and down for every thrust.

The bed creaked beneath us as we moved faster and hornier. I kept plunging my hard-on into her pussy, feeling her walls hugging my shaft for every dive. We looked each other in the eyes. "Gosh, sis, you're so sexy."

“So are you, Shawn,” she said, arching her back. “You’re making me come.”

“So are you,” I said, my hips slamming into hers. “Should I come inside you?”

“Duh,” she said playfully and giggled.

She bit her lower lip as I kept fucking harder so the bed kept moving.

“Fuck, Shawn,” she moaned, throwing her head back. “I never knew you could... oh god...”

She squirmed beneath me, her body shuddering as her pussy fluttered around my shaft.

After seeing her orgasm, I couldn’t hold back anymore. I should have pulled out, but at that moment, rational thought was impossible. Pushing all the way to the hilt, I released inside her incestuous pussy, collapsing against her body as waves of pleasure crashed over us both. I lingered inside, breathing into her neck as every drop kept trickling out from my cock, painting her pussy white and creamy.

Reality came crashing back as our breathing slowed. Pulling out, I rolled onto my back, staring at the ceiling, the weight of what we’d done settling over me.

“Shit,” I muttered, sitting up abruptly. “Olivia. I need to find her before anyone realizes we’re both missing.”

Sasha nodded, pulling the sheet around herself. “Can I ... can I crash with you guys tonight?” Her voice sounded more vulnerable than I’d ever heard it. “I don’t want to sleep alone.”

I hesitated, then nodded. “Yeah, okay. Just ... let’s never talk about this again.”

After getting dressed, I searched through several rooms before finding Olivia curled up in a guest bedroom at the end of the hall. She was half-asleep, having kicked off her shoes but

still fully clothed.

“Hey,” I whispered, sliding in beside her. “Sorry I took so long.”

She mumbled something incoherent and nestled against me. I wrapped an arm around her, guilt gnawing at my insides. Sasha slipped in, giving me a meaningful look before settling on Olivia’s other side. “Jack slept with someone else,” my sister said. “So I hope you don’t mind sleeping with you.”

“Jack’s an asshole,” Olivia murmured. She reached back to pat Sasha’s arm sympathetically.

“It’s fine,” Sasha replied. “I’m over it already.”

I lay awake long after both of them had fallen asleep, Olivia’s steady breathing against my chest and Sasha’s occasional sighs from the other side of the bed. The alcohol was wearing off, leaving me with a growing sense of dread about what morning would bring.

\* \* \*

The sunlight streaming through the window felt like daggers in my eyes. My head pounded, mouth dry as sandpaper. I groaned, trying to piece together the fragments of last night. Olivia stirred beside me, her makeup smudged across her face. Sasha was already up, sitting at the edge of the bed scrolling through her phone.

“Morning, bro,” Sasha said, her voice too cheerful for someone who’d drunk as much as we had.

Olivia mumbled something unintelligible and buried her face in the pillow. “I’m never drinking again.”

I checked my watch, nearly noon. “We should probably head out. Jack’s parents are coming back today.”

\* \* \*

We didn't speak much as we drove home. Olivia dozed in the passenger seat while Sasha stared out the window from the back. My mind kept trying to reconstruct the night, but everything after the pool table was a blur, except for the incest sex with my sister. Of all the things I had to remember.

I dropped Olivia off first. She kissed me weakly, promised to text later, and stumbled toward her apartment building. The moment her door closed behind her, a heavy silence filled the car.

"So," Sasha said as I pulled away from the curb. "How much do you remember about last night?"

"I sure remember the fucking," I said. "You look a lot like Olivia."

"I know, and we were both drunk," she said.

I nodded, letting it sink in.

"But it wasn't bad or anything," she added, a small smile playing on her lips. She reached over, her hand resting on my thigh. "Actually, it was pretty good."

"We can't ever do that again," I said, but my voice lacked conviction.

She leaned closer. "Why not? No one has to know. It could just be our thing."

"Our thing?" I said, but found myself drawn to her lips. "This is so messed up."

"Maybe," she shrugged. "But maybe it's worth exploring."

Before I could respond, she kissed me. Not the sloppy, drunken kiss from last night, but something loving and intimate, something that made my heart race despite the hangover. I kissed her back, my hand finding its way to her waist.

When we broke apart, she was breathing hard. “So, what do you say?”

“I agree with you,” I said, throwing cultural norms aside. “Maybe ... we should explore this.”

She beamed, looking happier than ever. “We just can’t tell anyone,” she said. “Not even Olivia.”

“No one,” I agreed, starting the car again and heading back home.

The end.

## I Creampied My Mother

I sighed and watched as my now ex-girlfriend, Johanna, stepped into a taxi. She didn't even look back at me as it pulled away.

Mom patted my shoulder. "I'm so sorry that had to happen."  
"No," I said. "It was my fault."

We were currently on vacation. My mother had wanted me to have some fun with my girlfriend, but she also wanted to come to Miami. Mom and I were pretty open about relationships and sex. I wasn't embarrassed when I kissed in front of my mom, or when I had sex in the other hotel room.

Mom was a model and an actress, so she knew the importance of being open and having fun.

The reason Johanna had walked out on this trip was that she'd found out I'd cheated on her a week ago.

I knew my mom loved me, and I knew she'd take my side no matter what. But this time, I was in the wrong.

"Wanna go get some creampiees? Maybe it'll cheer you up."

"Sure," I said, turning around.

Creampie was my favorite dessert, and Mom's too. She took me to one of her favorite spots, and now that Johanna was gone, I really noticed how many heads Mom turned just walking down the street in a tight top and skirt.

She was beautiful. Dark blonde hair that caught the light just right, full lips that belonged to a model, a flawless face with high cheekbones, and legs that went on forever. Tall, elegant, and impossible to ignore as a straight man.

We sat down at a small table by the window, the Florida sun pouring in. A cheerful waitress walked over, all smiles and beauty. "Hi there!" she greeted us.

We told her we were interested in creampiees.

"Oh," she said happily. "Can I interest you two in the couple creampie special?"

Mom laughed. "Oh, I'd love to, but he's actually my son."

The waitress blinked, then giggled, her cheeks flushing pink. "Oh my God, I'm so sorry. You're just so beautiful ... You look like the same age!"

Mom waved it off with a playful smile. "No harm done. And thank you, that's sweet of you." She reached over and squeezed my shoulder. "I've got a tall, handsome son. Makes sense people would get confused."

The waitress smiled awkwardly before taking our order and stepping away. I could still feel the heat rising in my face.

"You're blushing," Mom said, grinning as she stirred her tea.

"That was kind of embarrassing," I muttered, picking at a napkin.

"I thought it was a compliment," she said, sipping her drink. "I'll take 'same age as my son' any day."

I looked at her, then gave a half-smile. "I guess I just never really noticed how much attention you draw. Not until Johanna left."

Her expression softened. "Leo..."

"I know I messed up," I said, keeping my eyes down. "She had every right to leave. I cheated."

Mom reached across the table, her fingers warm as they curled around mine. “Sweetheart, it wasn’t the end of the world. It was a mistake, sure, but a silly reason to walk away from someone she clearly loved.”

“She didn’t see it that way.”

Mom sighed. “Maybe because girls today have been fed a lot of ideas about how relationships *should* work. When I was her age, I was sharing a boyfriend with my best friend.”

I blinked. “Seriously?”

She nodded, smiling at the memory. “Mmm-hmm. It wasn’t weird back then. We liked him, he liked us, and it just... worked.”

“Wow,” I said, trying to imagine it. “So you’re saying... sharing isn’t a bad thing?”

“Not at all,” she said with a shrug. “A young man like you? You should explore and have fun. Love isn’t a limited resource. Girls these days have just been a little brainwashed into thinking it’s all or nothing.”

I stared at her. I wasn’t sure if it was the Miami heat or her words, but something inside me stirred.

The waitress returned with our creampie, placing the plate between us with a wink. “Enjoy, you two.”

“Thanks,” Mom said, then looked at me with a little smirk. “You know ... since we got the couple special, maybe we should eat it *like* a couple.”

I raised an eyebrow. “What does that mean?”

She picked up a fork, cut off a small bite, and held it toward my mouth. “Let me feed you.”

I rolled my eyes. “Really?”

“Oh, come on,” she teased. “It’s just for fun. We’re on vacation, remember? You’ve been moping all day, let me cheer you up.”

I hesitated, then leaned forward and took the bite from her

fork. She smiled and clapped softly.

“My turn,” I muttered, cutting a piece for her.

She leaned in and opened her mouth slightly, eyes locked on mine as she accepted the bite.

“There,” she said, licking her lips. “That wasn’t so bad, was it?”

I chuckled. “No. Kinda weird. But not bad.”

We took turns feeding each other until the plate was clean. Mom leaned back in her seat, satisfied, brushing her fingers over a napkin. “See?” she said. “Who needs a girlfriend when you’ve got a hot mom to keep you company?”

“You’re right,” I said with an eyeroll.

She reached for her drink, then glanced out the window. “We’ve still got the whole afternoon ahead of us. Wanna grab something stronger than coffee?”

I hesitated. “I don’t know...”

She tilted her head, lips curving. “What’s wrong? Afraid I’m too old to hang out with?”

“No,” I said quickly, meeting her eyes. “You’re beautiful, Mom.”

Her expression softened, and a slow smile spread across her face. “That’s sweet of you to say, Leo.”

She leaned forward, her voice a little lower. “Then come have some fun with me. Let me show you how a beautiful woman treats her man, especially one who deserves to feel wanted again.”

I yielded.

The sun was starting to dip lower as we walked into the hotel lounge, perched high above the Miami skyline. Outside on the rooftop, people lounged on cushioned sofas beneath string lights, the pool shimmering nearby. The place was upscale but

calm, just enough buzz to feel alive, but quiet enough to hear your own thoughts.

Mom had freshened up a bit in the hotel bathroom. She'd let her hair down, added a bit of gloss to her lips, and swapped her skirt for a pair of white, fitted slacks that hugged her figure a little too well. Her silky top dipped just low enough to make my thoughts drift in directions they shouldn't.

When she sat down across from me in our corner booth, her scent reached me, a vanilla, musk perfume that strangely turned me on.

"What are you drinking?" she asked, crossing one leg over the other.

"Not sure yet."

She flagged the waiter and ordered us two cocktails before I could decide.

"Don't worry," she said, flashing me a grin. "I know what you like."

When the drinks came, we sipped slowly. Mine was something citrusy and strong. Hers was light pink, floral, with a slice of dried rose petal floating on top. As I looked at the rose petal, my mind drifted to a pussy, and then I sighed internally since I knew there wouldn't be any for me tonight.

She clinked her glass gently against mine. "To new beginnings."

I nodded, the glass cool in my hand. "And to make the most of the trip."

For a while, we talked, nothing heavy. Just random things. Travel, food, her gigs back home. She got a little tipsy, the way she always did when she was drinking. She laughed, touched my wrist every time she made a point, and tilted her head in that way that made her hair fall just so.

Then, her eyes lingered on mine for a second too long.

"You know," she said, "I wasn't kidding earlier."

"About what?"

"About being seen as a couple." She giggled like a girl. "It's flattering, sure, but also kind of... revealing."

I gave her a look. "Revealing how?"

"Well, think about it," she said, leaning in a little. "You're not a boy anymore. You're a man. And when I walk beside you, people don't see a mother and son. They see two adults. A man and a woman."

Her words settled between us like heat.

"I guess," I said quietly, unsure what I was supposed to say. She wasn't wrong. In this dim light, with her glowing like that, the line between "Mom" and "gorgeous woman" was harder to see.

She smirked, reading my thoughts. "I see the way you've been looking at me since Johanna left."

I blinked. "What do you mean?"

She sipped her drink again, eyes still on me. "Tell me the truth, Leo. When you said I was beautiful earlier... did you mean it?"

I nodded slowly. "Yeah. I did."

She smiled gently, then glanced out over the balcony where the sky was burning orange.

"Maybe we could share a bed tonight," she suggested, her tone sultry and unfiltered. "A real couple creampie."

"Mom, you're drunk."

"Uh-uh, I don't think so," she said, shaking her head, her eyes locked on mine.

"I mean..." I hesitated, the idea swirling around in my brain like the liquor in my glass. It was wrong. It was taboo. But it was also thrilling. And the alcohol was starting to catch up to

me.

“Take another glass,” she whispered, pushing it toward me. “It’ll help you loosen up a bit.”

There was more than one in front of me, hers, mine, maybe a new one the waiter had slipped by without us noticing. I took a sip, then another, and then, suddenly, I didn’t care that she was my mother.

She leaned forward, resting her hand on my thigh. Her touch lingered, slowly tracing upward. Her voice dropped, sober enough not to raise her voice but tipsy enough to seduce her son. “So... do you still want to sleep by yourself tonight?”

I swallowed. Her fingers were warm against my skin. “No,” I said honestly. “But... we shouldn’t be doing this.”

She smiled, brushing the fabric of my pants gently as her nails traced along the inseam. “Leo,” she whispered, “life isn’t about should and shouldn’t. It’s about what we feel. And right now, you need to loosen up. Let yourself *feel* something. That’s how you really live.”

I stared at her. She meant it.

“I kinda ... want this too,” I said as my cock started hardening.

Her hand slid down and gave my thigh a gentle squeeze. “Good boy.”

She stood up from the lounge seat and reached for my hand. “Come on. Let’s go to my room.”

\* \* \*

The hotel suite was quiet; the only sound was the soft hum of the AC and the low clinking of our shoes being kicked off. She stood by the edge of the bed, eyes on me, and slowly lifted her top over her head.

She unclasped her bra and let it slide off her shoulders, baring her full, natural breasts, soft, full, perfectly shaped with the kind of gravity-defying beauty only a woman of true maturity could carry. Her nipples were darker, fuller, stiff with raw lust. She undid her pants and let them fall, stepping out of them and leaving nothing but bare skin and confidence.

Her hips were wide, womanly, curving into thick thighs and a soft, neatly trimmed patch of blonde just below her navel. Her body was stunning and impossibly erotic. She was forty-five, and she had never looked more like a goddess.

“You’re gorgeous,” I whispered, my voice low, almost reverent.

She smiled as she climbed back onto the bed and lay back against the pillows. “Thank you, baby. Now get those clothes off. I want to make you feel good.”

I pulled my shirt over my head, tossed it to the floor, then slid off my pants and boxers, nerves buzzing under my skin. I moved over her, settling between her legs, heart pounding.

“Wait,” I said. “Condoms?”

She laughed and cupped my face. “Sweetheart, I’m forty-five. If you manage to knock me up, you deserve a trophy. But go ahead, give it your best shot.” She leaned in, brushing her lips against mine. “Besides... creampie’s our favorite dessert, remember?”

I froze for a second, caught between disbelief and heat. Then I pressed my lips to hers, deeply, hungrily, as I lowered myself onto her.

I fell on top of her while keeping the kiss, and when I broke it, my eyes fell to her pussy, which was swollen and glistening, lips slightly parted, already wet and waiting. The faint trim of blonde above it only made the sight more intimate, more real. Her maturity wasn’t something to overlook; it was *alluring*. She

looked like a woman who knew exactly what she wanted. And right now, that was me--her son.

I pushed my cock into her, slowly entering her inch by inch. She was warm, wet, and tight, so much more than I'd expected and so much better than Johanna. We locked eyes as I sank deeper, and the heat of what we were doing hit me all at once. Taboo, forbidden and intoxicating.

My knees trembled. The alcohol did its best to blur the guilt, but truthfully, I didn't want it dulled. I wanted this. I wanted *her*.

For now, all I wanted to do was fuck her.

"That's it," she whispered with a breathy laugh, her nails lightly dragging down my back. "Be a good boy ... give your mommy a creampie."

I slid in all the way to the hilt, buried deep until there was nothing left to give. Then I pulled out halfway and thrust back in with a groan.

"God, you feel so good."

"Better than Johanna?" she moaned, her voice thick and low.

"Way better."

I groaned as I pulled halfway out, then slammed back in with a wet slap. Her body arched beneath mine, breasts bouncing with the rhythm. Her pussy was soaked, gripping me tighter each time I bottomed out.

"Fuck, Mom," I gasped. "You feel so fucking good."

"So do you, sweetie," she moaned, biting her lip. "You can go a bit harder. I'm not a young, innocent virgin."

I thrust again, harder now, setting a rhythm. The bed creaked beneath us. Her legs wrapped around my hips, heels pressing into my lower back as she pulled me deeper. The "clap" sound rose as I became hornier and hornier, desperately wanting to

climax.

“Yes, baby, just like that,” she said. “God, I’ve always dreamed of your young cock.”

I leaned down and kissed her, tongues colliding, messy and hungry. Her moans vibrated into my mouth as I fucked her faster, the sound of skin on skin filling the room.

“You want that creampie?” I growled into her ear.

“Yes,” she cried. “Fill me up. I don’t care. I need it.”

Her pussy fluttered around me. I held her hips and slammed into her, losing control while chasing that taboo release. My body tensed as the orgasm built fast. “Oh, Mom, your pussy feels too good.”

“It’s okay,” she reassured me with her eyes closed, with bliss and pleasure. “Come inside me raw.”

I buried myself one last time and climaxed, cock twitching as I poured into her till she was full. She gasped as she came too, legs shaking, pussy milking every drop out of me.

I caught my breath, seeing my mother lying nude in front of me while my cock was buried inside her. The dark blonde hair was fanned over her, her busty breasts rising and falling in a slow rhythm. She opened her blue eyes and looked at me, a smile curved at her lips.

“That was beautiful,” she said, laying her hand gently on my chest. Her skin was warm, her breathing steady. “Don’t you think?”

“Yeah...” I exhaled, still catching my breath. “I don’t regret anything.”

“You shouldn’t either,” she whispered, tracing slow circles across my skin. “Now... let me see our favorite dessert.”

I chuckled then slowly pulled my cock out of her swollen, wet, well-fucked, motherly pussy. She gasped just a little as I

slipped free.

A thick stream of cum began to trickle from her, spilling from her stretched opening, dripping over her folds, then sliding down between her cheeks. It moved in slow, milky rivulets, one of the most gorgeous creampie's I'd ever seen.

"Wow," she said with a breathy laugh, reaching down between her thighs. She scooped a bit onto her finger and brought it to her lips, licking it clean. "Delicious."

I grinned. "I'm glad you liked it."

She curled into me after, her head resting just below my chin. I wrapped an arm around her waist as we sank into the pillows, skin to skin, heartbeats slowing.

No more words. Just warmth, her breath against my neck, and the weight of satisfaction.

We drifted off like that, naked, tangled together, and finally at peace.

\* \* \*

When we woke up, we were both a little hungover, but we remembered everything from the night before. It didn't feel awkward at all. There was no shame, no regret. Just a quiet kind of satisfaction. I felt lighter, more at ease, and my mother told me I should find someone new, someone a bit more open-minded.

I did eventually, but nothing ever came close to the orgasms I had with my mom. We kept seeing each other and kept having sex. Neither of us could get enough. And every time I filled her with a warm creampie, watching it slowly leak from her swollen pussy, I felt grateful. Grateful to have such a beautiful, open-minded mother.

I CREAMPIED MY MOTHER

The end.

## I Caught My Mother Masturbating

**W**ith my hands in my pockets, I made my way home. I'd just been at my girlfriend's place, my little refuge over the past few years.

I was in college, but the real hell hadn't come from school. It came from my parents' turbulent divorce. It had taken a massive toll on all of us, and I was just grateful I had someone to turn to. My girlfriend understood; her parents had split up when she was younger, too.

Still, I mostly felt bad for my mother.

My dad had the money and charm to move on quickly, but my mom ... she'd been feeling self-conscious about her age lately. She was forty-five, and even though her youth had faded, she was still a stunning woman, easily the kind to turn heads. A natural redhead with freckles and piercing blue eyes that could stop you in your tracks.

She was also incredibly well-endowed in the chest department, though she tried to pretend it wasn't anything special, but trust me, her cleavage made you gawk at her.

As I reached the front door, I heard something strange coming from upstairs. It sounded like heavy breathing, so labored it almost resembled someone with pneumonia.

Concerned, I rushed inside and took the stairs two at a time.

When I opened the bathroom door, I froze.

My mom was lying back in the bathtub, eyes closed, and a dildo buried deep in her slick, pink pussy. Her red hair fanned out along the edge of the tub, and foamy bubbles clung to her breasts, each one tipped with a stiff, rose-colored nipple that made my cock throb instantly.

“Oh, God!” she moaned, completely unaware I was standing there, watching her, fully nude for the first time in years.

She arched her back and came hard, her body shuddering as I stood there, completely stunned by the euphoria she was experiencing.

Her body relaxed after the climax, sinking deeper into the warmth of the tub as she sighed in relief.

I should’ve looked away, but I couldn’t.

Even as her breathing steadied and the waves of pleasure ebbed, she remained breathtaking.

Her curves were soft and womanly. The kind that came from life and maturity, not filters and gym selfies. Her full breasts floated gently in the soapy water, still firm and proud, her nipples slowly losing their stiffness. Her stomach had a slight, natural softness, but her hips were wide and her long legs were crossed at the ankles.

And then, her blue eyes opened. Our gazes locked. Her lips parted in shock, and in an instant, a deep flush spread across her cheeks, all the way down her round, soapy breasts.

“James!” she gasped, trying to cover herself with a slick arm and a panicked reach for the bubbles.

“I’m sorry!” I stammered, heart racing as I stepped back. “I thought you were ... I heard breathing and thought you were sick or something. I didn’t mean to.”

I shut the door quickly, sounding like an idiot. I took the walk

of shame down the stairs, heat flushing my face now. I sat on the couch, covering my lap and trying to slow my heartbeat.

After what felt like forever, I heard her step out of the bathroom and then into her bedroom. Then shortly after, she descended the stairs.

I turned my head. She walked in a silky, dark red robe, the color of wine, and it clung to her curves in a way that was anything but accidental. It showed just enough of her cleavage to tease, the sash tied loosely around her waist. Her wet hair was wrapped in a towel, and she looked freshly scrubbed and beautiful.

“Hey,” she said, a hint of shyness in her tone. “Sorry, I was ... loud. I didn’t mean to scare you.”

“No, no. I should be the one apologizing. I didn’t mean to intrude. I really thought something was wrong.”

She chuckled, sitting down next to me. “No, you just ... caught me in a rare moment. I haven’t done that in years.”

I blinked. “Really?”

She gave a little shrug, almost embarrassed. “After the divorce, it’s been tough. I guess I’ve just been feeling a bit frustrated lately.”

I nodded, understanding where she came from. “That’s normal. You’ve been through a lot. And honestly, I’m glad you’re taking care of yourself. You deserve to feel good.”

She looked at me, her expression a little surprised and a little touched. “It’s hard, you know? Finding someone at my age. Men don’t exactly line up for single moms pushing fifty. They want someone younger, tighter and less complicated.”

“That’s bullshit,” I said without thinking. Then added, “Sorry, but it is.”

She smiled at my bluntness. “Is it?”

“Yeah. You’re stunning. I mean, any guy would be lucky to have you.”

Her lips parted slightly, and for a moment she just stared at me. “James ...” my mother said, almost uncertain. “Are you just saying that to be nice? Or do you actually mean it?”

I looked into her eyes, my voice steady despite the turmoil in my chest. “I mean it.”

She smiled with affection. “You’re such a good boy,” she said, her hand brushing my arm. “Always have been. I don’t say it enough, but I’m sorry for all the drama your father and I put you through. That wasn’t fair.”

I shook my head slowly. “You don’t have to apologize. I know you tried your best. You’ve always been strong.”

She glanced down, her expression growing more distant. “Maybe. But lately...” She sighed. “I’ve just been scared. Scared of being alone or of being forgotten. I know I sound dramatic, but it’s hard, feeling like I’m fading.”

“You’re not,” I said, inching my hips a little closer. “You’ve still got me.”

She chuckled and looked at me, her blue eyes glinting. “That’s sweet, James. But you know it’s not the same. I mean, sexual intimacy ... that’s different. And we can’t be that.”

We both went quiet. I could smell the faint scent of her bath, the warm vanilla and floral undertones. My eyes drifted, just for a second, down her robe. The fabric hugged her body, drawing my attention to the generous swell of her breasts, the way the fabric dipped at her chest, and the smooth skin beneath.

She noticed. Her gaze dropped, then flicked up with a knowing look. “James ... are you hard right now?”

I swallowed. I didn’t want to lie. “Yeah,” I admitted. “I’m sorry. I didn’t want it to happen, but seeing you like that. You

were beautiful and sexy. It was hard not to react.”

Her lips parted, surprised, but not angry. “You really think so?” she asked, almost in disbelief. “Even after all this? The stretch marks, the years, the way things ... hang differently?”

“You’re gorgeous. Anyone with eyes could see that. But I’m not just saying it. You’re not some has-been, Mom. You’re real. And I’d do anything to make you feel good again.”

Her expression shifted. Her fingers tightened on her robe. “Would you?” she asked, voice nearly a whisper.

“Yes.”

Her cheeks were flushed again, but it wasn’t from embarrassment this time. “Then... could you show me?” she asked, her voice trembling slightly. “Could you show me I’m still attractive? That I can still turn someone on. That I’m ... not invisible. I think it would help me. Just tonight.”

I swallowed hard when I realized what she was suggesting. “But ... isn’t this wrong? I mean, you’re my...”

“Does it matter?” she whispered, her eyes never leaving mine. “It’s just us here. No one would know.”

“I guess you’re right,” I said, feeling the taboo thrill and also my mother’s wish of being desired again. My hands trembled as I reached for her. I slid my fingers down to the swell of her breasts. When I cupped them, feeling their weight and warmth through the thin fabric, it felt like I’d stepped into some impossible dream.

“Oh,” she said, her eyes fluttering closed as she enjoyed my touch on her boobs.

Her hand found its way to my jeans, fingers tracing the outline of my erection before giving it a gentle squeeze. I nearly buckled at her touch.

“Did I do this to you?” she asked, a proud smile playing on

her lips as she stroked me through the denim. “Just from seeing me?”

“God, yes,” I said. “You’re gorgeous, so hot, you have no idea.”

“Tell me more,” she whispered.

“You’re every boy’s dream. Always have been.”

Her smile widened as she leaned in, pressing her lips to mine, and they were as smooth as rose petals. They tasted so warm and sweet, like the strawberries she loved to indulge in. Her tongue slipped into my mouth as her hand continued working over my cock. I squeezed her breasts harder, feeling her nipples harden beneath the silk as we swirled our tongues together.

We rose to our feet. She untied her robe, letting it fall open. I couldn’t tear my eyes away as I pulled my shirt over my head. She helped me with my jeans, sliding them down my legs along with my boxers. My cock sprang free, and she bit her lip at the sight. “God, look how big you’ve become.”

The robe fell from her shoulders, pooling at her feet. We stood naked before each other, breathing hard. Now that she was standing, her boobs looked like two symmetric bells and had a creamy white color that blended perfectly with her red hair. I gently rubbed her pussy lips, finding them hot and wet. Then she lay back on the couch, her red hair spilling across the cushions, her legs parting as a warm welcome. She beckoned me with her finger.

Climbing onto the couch, I positioned myself between her thighs, looking at her pussy. She was freshly shaved, her pussy was pink and her inner thighs porcelain white. It made her vagina stick out like a fruit among cream. The lips were so plump and symmetric, and I was about to brush the knob on them, but I hesitated.

“Should we really do this?” I asked. “This is ... you know.”

She nodded, her eyes dark with need. "I know exactly what this is. And I need it, James. I need to feel wanted again."

"I'll make you feel wanted," I promised her. I pushed forward slowly, entering her inch by inch. The sensation was intense and tight as I slowly entered her.

"Oh my god," I said, burying my face in her neck.

"Yes," she said, wrapping her arms around my back. "That's it."

I began to fuck my mother, each thrust drawing moans from both of us. Her breasts bounced and almost hit her cheeks, full and perfect with their pale, freckled skin and rosy nipples. I lowered my head to take one in my mouth, enjoying the way she arched beneath me.

I came off with a smack. "You're so beautiful," I murmured against her skin. "Your hair... your body... everything about you."

"That means the world to me," she said, moaning as my cock slid in and out of her.

"But... isn't this wrong? I mean, you're my mom."

"Does it matter?" she whispered, her eyes never leaving mine as she wrapped her arms tighter around me. "It's just us here. No one would know."

"You're right," I said, pushing all the way to the hilt, feeling her pussy squeeze me. "And you're still tight ... as tight as my girlfriend."

"Show me I'm still desirable. Show me I can still make a man lose control."

"I'm doing it right now," I said.

Something primal awakened in me. I grabbed her hips and drove deeper and harder. She gasped, her back arching off the couch.

“Yes,” she said with her eyes closed. “That’s it. Show me I’m still fuckable. Show me I’m not just some forgotten middle-aged woman.”

Her dirty talk inflamed me. I pounded into her, my fingers digging into the soft flesh of her thighs.

“Look me in the eyes,” she said, and I did. Her eyes were wild, her lips parted. “Tell me what you see.”

“I see a goddess,” I groaned, thrusting harder so our flesh smacked. “I see the most beautiful woman I’ve ever known.”

“More,” she demanded, wrapping her legs around my waist to pull me deeper. “Make me believe it.”

I grabbed her ass, lifting her slightly to change the angle. She cried out when I hit a new spot inside her.

“Every inch of you is perfect,” I said between thrusts. “Your tits, your ass, your pussy—everything about you drives me crazy.”

She moaned louder, her fingers tangling in my hair. “Don’t stop. Don’t you dare stop.”

I didn’t. I fucked her harder than I’d ever fucked anyone, driven by her words, her moans, and the sight of her body moving beneath mine. Her breasts bounced with each thrust, hypnotizing me.

“I’m going to come,” she gasped, her inner walls clenching around me. “Oh god, I’m coming!”

I saw the way she climaxed in the bathtub. She arched her back and let out a moan, her body squirming and tensing beneath mine. The tenseness made its way to her pussy which kept tightening and massaging my rapidly moving erection. Then I couldn’t hold anything in.

I buried myself to the hilt as pleasure exploded through me, pumping my incestuous cum deep inside her as she shuddered

and cried out beneath me.

“Oh, James,” she said, slowly opening her eyes.

“Do you feel better now?” I asked her, the intense pleasure coursing through me in waves.

“I do,” she said with a content hand over her breasts.

I slowly pulled out my cock, dragging out trickles of pearly white cum that adorned her pussy lips. I had just fucked my mom, and it felt so damn good, but I had done this for her. I wanted her to feel good.

For a long moment, we lay tangled together, catching our breath. I brushed a strand of hair from her flushed face.

“You’re beautiful,” I whispered, tracing her cheekbone with my thumb. “So incredibly beautiful.”

“James,” she said with a smile. “You’re the best son in the world. The absolute best.”

We lay there for a couple of hours more, enjoying the warmth and intimacy.

The end.

## Mom Teaches Daughter Blowjob

I sat outside with my shorts around my ankles, my cock stiff and erect. My older sister, Joly, leaned over and slid my joystick into her mouth. She sucked hard, her cheeks hollowing with effort. I brushed her lustrous blonde hair to the side, so I could get a better look at her high cheekbones, which always turned rosy whenever she tried to blow me.

I pushed my hips farther into her mouth. "You're doing great," I told her.

We were both in college. I was twenty-one, a senior, and she was nineteen, a freshman. I'd had a girlfriend before her, but my sister was a bit inexperienced and still had a lot to learn. Joly knew that, and she always asked if she was doing it right, as if she were a little insecure.

She tried to take me deeper, her lips stretching like rubber bands as she started to gag, spit coating every inch of my cock. Then she looked up at me, eyes watering, her cute face flushed. She tried to push herself down farther.

"Joly, it's okay," I said. It felt amazing, but it wasn't quite the same as a full deepthroat, completely buried in her mouth.

My little sister pulled back, looking a little disappointed. "But I barely even took you in."

"It's fine," I reassured her. "You still make me come."

“But I feel like I can do better,” she said, wrapping her soft, young hand around my shaft and stroking me while we talked. “You know what I need ... sex ed.”

I chuckled. “If you know anyone offering it.”

“Well, our mother, duh,” she said playfully.

Our mother was a sex therapist. That was one of the reasons she was so open about our relationship and never judged us. My sister and I had started out slowly. At first, we just masturbated together, then we moved on to kissing, and eventually to sex. We knew it was taboo, but we’d always had an unexplainable bond.

“I’m pretty sure she’ll help if we ask,” Joly said.

I nodded. “Should we ask when she gets home?”

We looked at each other, her hand pausing around my cock. Then we both giggled, and she nodded. “Only if we do it together,” Joly said.

“Alright, deal.” I pointed at my erection. “Now be a good girl and finish.”

She sank me back into her mouth, sucking me hard until I moaned.

\* \* \*

After my sister had sucked me off, we cuddled on the couch, waiting for our mother. We were a bit more excited than usual, just wanting to get this off our chest.

Eventually, she pulled into the driveway and stepped out of the car. Then she opened the door, and our mother stepped into the living room, the heels clicking against the floor. She looked stunning, as always, tall, elegant, curvy in all the right ways. Her black pencil skirt hugged her wide hips, and the

sheer cream blouse beneath her fitted blazer gave just a peek at the lace bra underneath. She wore her reading glasses low on her nose, and her thick, dark hair loose.

She saw us on the couch and smiled warmly, setting her keys down on the entry table. "Hey, lovebirds. Everything alright?"

Joly sat up straighter, still a little flushed. "Yeah. Actually ... we were talking about something."

Mom cocked an eyebrow as she slipped off her heels and walked over. Her hips swayed naturally with every step, like her body knew it was made to be admired. Years of helping couples open up and explore their desires had made her not only confident but deeply intuitive. She could read sexual energy the way most people read facial expressions.

She sat on the armrest beside us, crossing her legs and resting one arm over the back of the couch. "Hmm. Sounds serious," she said, looking between us.

Joly and I exchanged a look. Then, in perfect unison, we both asked, "Can you teach how to give a proper blowjob?"

There was a pause. Her lips parted, eyes flicking between us, and then she chuckled. "Well, I certainly wasn't expecting that," she said, clearly flattered. "But I'm honored." Her eyes settled on her daughter with gentle approval. "You want to learn how to suck a cock?"

Joly nodded quickly. "I want to be really good for him. I want to know what I'm doing."

Mom smiled, tilting her head thoughtfully. "That's very sweet of you. And sexy. A woman who's curious and eager to please? That's half the battle." She turned to me and gave my thigh a playful squeeze. "You're lucky. She's already doing a good job, isn't she?"

"Yeah," I said, grinning. "But she wants to go deeper."

Mom leaned in slightly, her voice lowering. “Then I’ll be happy to teach her. If we’re doing this, though, we’re doing it right. I want her to understand more than just technique. I want her to feel confident and absolutely irresistible. I want her to give you the best orgasms you’ve ever had.”

Joly bit her lip, glancing at me with excitement glowing in her eyes.

Mom stood, slowly undoing the top button of her blouse. “Come to my room in ten minutes. Both of you.”

Then she turned and walked down the hall, her hips swaying with a deliberate sensuality that made it hard to look away.

Joly looked over at me, wide-eyed and breathless. “Did that just happen?”

“Yep,” I said, heart pounding. “That definitely just happened.”

\* \* \*

Ten minutes crawled by like hours. Joly and I sat and waited until we heard Mom’s voice call from down the hall.

“I’m ready for you two!”

I stood up, adjusting my shorts, and Joly gave me a playful nudge. “Ready for class?” she whispered, giggling.

We walked down the hallway, my heart pounding in my chest. When we reached Mom’s bedroom door, I paused for just a second before pushing it open.

The sight that greeted me made my cock twitch. Mom was lounging on her king-sized bed in black lace lingerie that hugged every curve of her body. The material barely concealed her full, MILF breasts, and the high-cut bottoms emphasized her long legs and thighs. Her dark hair fell loose around her shoulders, and she’d removed her glasses, her eyes smoky with

subtle makeup.

My cock stiffened immediately, tenting my shorts embarrassingly. I tried to adjust myself discreetly, but Mom noticed and smiled.

“It’s okay, Tony,” she said, her voice warm and reassuring. “There’s nothing wrong with admitting a woman is sexy, even if she’s your mother.”

I chuckled nervously. “I guess we’re a pretty unconventional family.”

Mom patted the bed beside her, inviting us both to sit. “And it feels better this way, doesn’t it? Being honest about our desires instead of hiding them?” She looked between us with genuine affection. “There’s no shame in what you two share, or what we’re about to do together.”

Joly sat on the edge of the bed, and I joined her, still trying to process the surreal situation.

Mom shifted into what I recognized as her professional mode, despite her revealing attire. “So, Joly, tell me specifically what you’re struggling with.”

Joly blushed. “I want to take him deeper, but I can’t seem to do it right. My throat is too virgin, I guess.”

“Show me,” Mom said simply.

Joly looked at me uncertainly, then reached for the waistband of my shorts. I lifted my hips to help her pull them down, and my erection sprang free. Without hesitation, Joly leaned over and took me into her mouth, demonstrating her oral skills in front of our mother.

I watched as she bobbed her head, taking about half my length before she started to struggle. She tried to force herself deeper, pushing it further down her constricted throat. It felt as if I hit a wall, and she immediately gagged and pulled back, frustration

evident on her face.

“See?” she told Mom. “I want to deepthroat him like in the videos, but I just can’t.”

Mom nodded thoughtfully. “I see the issue. But first, sweetie, remember that a man wants to see flesh during intimate moments like this. Being clothed is fine for a quickie, but for something special like learning this skill, you should be naked.”

Rolling her eyes, Joly stood up and pulled her t-shirt over her head. Her perky breasts bounced slightly as they were freed, small teardrop shapes with rosy pink nipples that pointed upward. She shimmied out of her shorts and panties next, revealing her slim hips and the small triangle of blonde hair between her legs. Her body was youthful and tight, with the kind of natural firmness that comes from being nineteen and active.

“Beautiful,” Mom said approvingly. “Now watch and learn.”

Mom rose from the bed. She unclasped her bra, letting it fall away to reveal full, heavy breasts that still maintained an impressive roundness despite being at least twice the size of Joly’s. Her nipples were darker, a deep mauve, mature color. When she slid off her panties, I couldn’t help but compare the two women standing naked before me, Joly’s body all tight angles and new curves, Mom’s a landscape of lush, womanly fullness.

Where Joly was a spring bud, Mom was a full summer bloom. Her hips flare wider, creating that hourglass shape that seemed to have been passed down, though Joly’s version was still developing. Mom’s thighs were thicker, stronger, and the dark triangle between them was neatly trimmed.

“Lie back on the pillows, Tony,” Mom instructed, her voice professional despite her nakedness.

I did as she said, my cock standing straight up. Mom knelt between my legs and looked directly into my eyes.

“Watch carefully, Joly. The key is relaxation and breathing.” Without breaking eye contact, Mom lowered her mouth onto my cock. I felt the warm wetness cover me, and then, impossibly, she kept going. Her lips slid down my shaft until her nose pressed against my pelvis. My entire length vanished into her throat, and I felt the muscles there contract around me in the most heavenly way possible.

“Wow,” I gasped, nearly falling backward despite already lying down.

Mom held there for several seconds before slowly pulling back, letting my cock slide out with a loud, wet pop. A string of saliva connected her lips to my tip.

“That’s how it’s done,” she said calmly, as if she hadn’t just performed something miraculous. “Your turn, sweetie.”

Joly’s eyes were wide with amazement. “Mom, that was amazing! Please teach me how to do that.”

Mom smiled, stroking my slick cock casually. “The most important thing is to relax your throat. Think of it like swallowing something large; your throat knows how to open. And breathe through your nose the entire time.”

She demonstrated again, taking me halfway before pausing. “Mmm,” she explained with my cock still in her mouth, “ruh-lahx.” Then she pushed down forward and swallowed me entirely, her throat visibly working around my shaft.

I moaned helplessly, feeling the tight rippling sensation. My hips bucked involuntarily, but Mom didn’t gag or pull back—she just took it, her eyes watering slightly but remaining fixed on mine.

When she finally pulled off, she wiped her mouth with the

back of her hand. “See how I breathed through my nose the whole time? And notice how I didn’t tense up when he moved his hips? That’s crucial.”

Joly nodded eagerly, watching with attention as if she were studying for an exam.

“The gag reflex is mostly psychological,” Mom continued, stroking me absently. “Your body thinks something’s going down the wrong pipe, but you can train yourself to overcome it. Start slow, and only go as far as feels comfortable.”

She gestured for Joly to take her place. “Your turn, sweetheart.”

Joly positioned herself between my legs, looking determined. She took a deep breath through her nose, then wrapped her lips around my cock.

“That’s it,” Mom encouraged her daughter, moving to kneel beside her. “Now take him a little deeper than usual, and just hold there. Get comfortable with that feeling.”

Joly did as instructed, taking me about halfway down before pausing. I could see her focusing on her breathing, her nostrils flaring with each inhale.

“Perfect,” Mom praised. “Now relax your throat muscles. Imagine you’re about to swallow something.”

Joly pushed a little further, and I felt myself sliding deeper than she’d ever managed before. Her eyes widened in surprise.

“Yes!” Mom exclaimed. “That’s it. Now try a little more.”

With each attempt, Joly took me deeper. Mom placed a gentle hand on the back of her head, not pushing, just guiding.

“Don’t force it,” she advised. “Let gravity help you. Tilt your head back slightly to create a straighter path.”

On her next attempt, Joly followed the instruction, and suddenly I felt the head of my cock push past the resistance in

her throat. She made a small noise but didn't pull back.

"Oh fuck," I groaned, feeling her throat constrict around me.

Mom beamed with pride. "Look at you! You're doing it, baby!"

Joly pulled back, gasping but smiling triumphantly. "I did it!"

"Try again," Mom encouraged. "This time, see if you can hold it a little longer."

Joly dove back down with confidence, and this time she took me all the way to the base on her first try. I felt her nose press against my pubic bone as her throat spasmed around my cock.

"Holy fuck, Joly," I gasped, threading my fingers through her hair.

She held the position for several seconds before pulling back, breathing hard but looking immensely pleased with herself.

"I knew you could do it," Mom said, her voice filled with pride. She stroked Joly's hair affectionately. "You're a natural once you get past the mental block."

Joly beamed at the praise, her cheeks flushed with excitement and effort. "Is there something else I could improve?" she asked eagerly. "I want to make it even better for Tony."

Mom settled beside us on the bed, her naked body radiating warmth. "Eye contact," she said without hesitation. "Men are visual creatures. Looking up at him while you take him deep creates an incredible eroticism and connection."

I nodded in agreement, my cock still wet from Joly's mouth.

"A blowjob isn't just mechanical," Mom lectured her. "It's about showing how much you desire him." She leaned over my lap, maintaining perfect eye contact with me. "Watch how I do this, Joly."

Mom lowered her mouth to my cock again, but this time, she made a show of it. Her eyes never left mine as she slowly licked

from base to tip, her gaze intense and hungry. When she finally took me in her mouth, the eye contact continued, creating an electric connection that made my toes curl.

“See how I’m looking at him?” she said after releasing me with a wet pop. “It tells him that I’m enjoying this just as much as he is. That I want nothing more than to please him.”

Joly watched intently, absorbing every detail.

“Your turn now, sweetheart. Show me what you’ve learned.”

She moved aside, guiding Joly into position. My sister settled between my legs, her eyes fixed on mine with excitement and lust. Joly lowered her mouth to my cock. This time, her eyes remained locked with mine, creating an intensity that hadn’t been there before. She took me deep, her throat opening around me as she’d just learned, but now with an added element of intimacy that made the experience euphoric.

“That’s it,” Mom encouraged from beside us. “Beautiful, Joly.”

My sister sucked me passionately, alternating between deep throat plunges and sensual licks with her rosy tongue. Her hands caressed my thighs, and I could tell how much she enjoyed this by the look in her eyes. The combination of techniques and the unwavering eye contact pushed me rapidly toward the edge. But it wasn’t just my sister’s or my mother’s blowjob that made me reach the climax so fast. It was the combination of seeing those two taking turns doing everything they could to make me feel good. Mom was a great sexual teacher without a doubt.

“I’m going to come,” I warned my little sister, as I started thrusting my hips into her mouth.

“Take him all the way,” Mom instructed.

My sister relaxed her throat, creating the perfect friction, and I watched, mesmerized, as my cock slid all the way to the

back of her throat. She held me there, locking eyes with me, squeezing the sensitive head with her throat muscles, and I lost it.

My hips bucked, shaking as I grabbed her head and kept her there, buried deep. I fired my cum into her mouth, groaning as her eyes widened. She swallowed every drop, not pulling back until I stopped twitching.

I let out a long breath, completely spent. She slowly eased off me, her lips gliding up my shaft until it slipped free with a soft pop. Then she looked up at me with a satisfied smile, licking the corner of her mouth like she'd just tasted something sweet.

"Wow, sis, that was amazing," I told her with a smile.

"I'm glad you liked it," she said. Mom handed her a towel, and my sister cleaned my cock as well and then wrapped her arms around me in a hug.

A heartfelt smile spread on Mom's lips, and she patted her daughter's back. "I'm happy for you, and if you ever need anything else, just let me know."

The end.

## Mom Teaches Daughter Sex (Part 2)

**Y**esterday, our mother taught Joly how to give a perfect head. I was grateful since my sister's blowjobs felt so much better. Now, we were about to have sex, though, and we were both fully nude in her bedroom, lying in her bed.

I positioned myself over Joly, admiring her young, naked body beneath me. Her perky breasts rose and fell with each breath, her rosy nipples stiff like my erection. I guided my cock to her pussy. Her lips were tight and pink, her flesh smooth and soft. Her lips were symmetrical and a musky scent came from her fruit. I pushed my cock into her hole, seeing the beads of wetness covering the head.

"Go slow," she whispered, spreading her legs wider for me.

I pushed forward, feeling the incredible tightness of her pussy gripping just the head of my cock. Even with how wet she was, her body resisted the intrusion. I inched forward carefully, watching her face for any signs of discomfort.

"You okay?" I asked, pausing halfway in.

She nodded, biting her lower lip. "Yeah, it's just... you're so big, and I can't seem to take all of you."

This wasn't the first time we had sex, so I knew I had to be careful. I tried to push a little deeper, but her body tensed. "It's okay," I reassured her, starting to move with gentle thrusts,

keeping to the depth she could handle. “This feels amazing already.”

And it did. Her pussy gripped me as if she were made for me, creating intense, taboo friction with each movement. I fucked her in a steady rhythm, watching her breasts jiggle slightly with each thrust.

“Oh god, Tony,” she moaned, her fingernails digging into my shoulders. “I love how you stretch me.”

I increased my pace, feeling the familiar pressure building again. Her pussy pulsed around me, and I could tell she was close, too. When she came, the contractions of her inner walls pushed me over the edge. I thrust deep, as deep as her body would allow, and emptied myself inside her with a groan, filling her vagina with my seed.

Afterward, I pulled her close, spooning her from behind as we caught our breath. Her body fit perfectly against mine, her back warm against my chest.

“I love having sex with you,” I murmured into her hair.

“Even though I couldn’t take all of you?” she asked, a hint of insecurity in her voice.

“Absolutely,” I said, kissing her shoulder. “You felt amazing.”

She traced patterns on my arm wrapped around her waist. “Mom was so nice to teach me how to give better head, wasn’t she?”

“Yeah,” I agreed. “That was pretty cool of her. Most mothers wouldn’t do that.”

“Did it feel weird to you?” Joly asked, turning slightly to see my face. “Having Mom watch us and teach me like that? Was it too taboo?”

I considered the question. “I mean, obviously it was taboo. She’s our mom, after all. But Mom’s always been different. She’s

a sex therapist, so she's got a whole different perspective on these things."

"You're right." Joly shifted in my arms, her voice soft but troubled. "It's not just the blowjob thing. I'm worried about something else too."

"What is it?" I asked, stroking her hair.

She sighed. "I feel like I'm ... too tight. Like my pussy can't take all of you, and it's frustrating. I want to feel you completely inside me."

I hugged her closer. "Joly, your pussy is beautiful. It feels amazing. The best I've ever felt."

"But I want to be better for you," she insisted, turning to face me fully. "What if we could get some help with that too? Like we did with the blowjob lesson?"

I blinked as her meaning became clear. "You mean ... ask Mom to help us with that as well?"

She nodded, a shy smile playing on her lips. "Why not? She already helped with one thing. And I bet sex would be even better if she taught us some techniques."

The thought of Mom teaching us how to have better penetrative sex sent a jolt of excitement through me. "You're really okay with that?"

"I just want to be the best for you," she said simply. "And Mom knows what she's doing."

I nodded slowly. "Okay. Let's ask her."

\* \* \*

Eventually, Mom came home and made dinner for us. We sat around the dining table. Mom wore a tight buttoned shirt and jeans. The top buttons were undone, exposing her delicious

cleavage that I kept glancing at now and then. It was her work outfit, and I couldn't imagine how it would be to be one of her patients. She was hot, undeniably so.

I caught Joly's eye across the table, and she gave me a subtle nod. We'd agreed to bring it up naturally, without making it awkward.

Mom twirled pasta onto her fork and glanced between us. "You two are awfully quiet. Something on your mind?"

Joly cleared her throat. "Actually, Mom, I wanted to ask you something."

"Of course, sweetheart," Mom said, pushing her glasses up her nose.

"Is there such a thing as being... too tight?" Joly asked, her cheeks flushing. "I'm having trouble taking all of Tony inside me."

Mom set down her wine glass, her professional demeanor taking over. "That's actually a common misconception. No vagina is inherently 'too tight' for a properly aroused woman. The vaginal canal is incredibly elastic. It can stretch to accommodate a baby, after all."

"But then why can't I take all of him?" Joly pressed.

"It could be several things," Mom explained. "Inadequate arousal, tensing up from anxiety, or simply not knowing the right positions that accommodate him."

Joly and I exchanged glances. We were both grateful to have our mother, not shaming our relationship but doing everything to make it better.

Mom leaned forward, her eyes lighting up with sudden understanding. "Ah, I see what's happening now." She set down her fork and folded her hands under her chin, studying both of us with that professional yet maternal gaze. "You two want

more instruction, don't you? Not just with oral techniques, but with actual intercourse as well."

Leave it to Mom to cut straight to the heart of the matter. Joly's face flushed crimson, but she nodded eagerly. "Yes! I mean, you helped so much with the other thing, and I still feel like I'm not... accommodating Tony properly." She gestured vaguely with her hands. "I want to be able to take all of him, but it's like there's a wall or something."

Mom's lips curved into a knowing smile. "Would you two like me to give you some proper sex lessons? I could teach you positions, techniques for deeper penetration, ways to relax the vaginal muscles..."

"Yes!" Joly blurted out, then looked at me for confirmation.

I nodded, my cock already stirring at the thought. "That would be really helpful. I feel bad whenever she's insecure about herself."

Mom took another sip of her wine, looking pleased. "Well then, I'd be happy to teach you both after dinner. It's actually quite simple once you understand the mechanics of it all." She spoke about sex the way other mothers might discuss how to bake a cake or change a tire. Well, it was her profession after all.

"Really?" Joly's eyes widened. "Tonight?"

"Why not?" Mom shrugged, spearing a cherry tomato with her fork. "No time like the present. Besides, these kinds of lessons are best when they're hands-on, don't you think?" She winked at us both, then continued eating her dinner with casual grace, as if she hadn't just agreed to teach her children how to fuck better.

"Yeah, you're right," Joly said, exchanging grins with me.

That was settled.

After dinner, Mom went to her bedroom to prepare herself, and I sat with Joly, combing her beautiful blonde hair and admiring her high cheekbones. "I'm so fortunate to have such a beautiful sister."

"I love you too, Tony," she said and pressed her lips to mine.

"None of my exes ever wanted to improve themselves to the extent you are doing now."

"It's because I love you," she said.

"I love you too," I said, pressing my lips to hers, enjoying the warmth we shared.

After a couple of minutes, our mother's voice interrupted our kiss.

"You can come in," her voice called from inside.

When we entered, my jaw almost dropped. Mom was sprawled across her king-sized bed wearing a black, see-through negligee that made her look even more gorgeous. The thin material clung to her curves, her nipples visibly hard beneath the fabric. Her long legs were crossed at the ankles, and she was propped up on her elbows, looking at us with an expression that's both professional and deeply seductive.

My cock immediately stiffened in my pants. The realization hit me like a truck. I was about to fuck my mother. She's going to teach us how to have better sex by demonstrating with her own body. The taboo of it made my erection throb painfully.

"Don't just stand there," Mom said, patting the bed beside her. "Come show me what you two have been doing. I need to see your technique to understand what we're working with."

Joly and I approached the bed slowly. I felt a strange mix of embarrassment and arousal as we began to undress in front of Mom. I pulled my shirt over my head, and Joly followed suit, revealing her perky breasts. We both stepped out of our pants

and underwear, standing naked before our mother. It wasn't as awkward as I'd imagined, and my sister and I exchanged smirks.

"You're both beautiful," Mom said, her eyes moving appreciatively over our bodies. "Now, show me how you typically have sex. Don't worry about me watching, just do what you normally do."

We climbed onto the bed, and Joly lay back against the pillows. I positioned myself between her legs, leaning down to kiss her. Despite our audience, it didn't take long for us to get lost in each other. My hands explored her body, cupping her breasts and stroking down to the wetness between her legs.

When Joly was wet enough, I positioned my cock at her entrance and pushed forward. I managed to slide in about halfway before she winced, her body tensing around me.

"Mom," Joly said, turning her head to look at our mother. "It hurts when he tries to go deeper. I really want to take all of him, but I can't."

I froze, not wanting to cause her pain.

Mom leaned closer, observing us with clinical interest. "Tony, pull out for a moment, please."

I withdrew from Joly's pussy, my cock glistening with her fresh juices. Mom moved up on the bed and spread her legs wide. She gently rolled up the hem, giving us a clear view of her pussy.

It was the first time I'd seen her pussy up close like that. She looked so ready, tight, flushed, and glistening. Her lips were perfectly shaped, symmetrical and slightly parted, with a sweet, musky scent rising from the slick center I was about to penetrate.

She was a shade darker than my sister, her inner lips a little more swollen with arousal, but the resemblance was impossible

to ignore. The same delicate shape. The same inviting heat. My cock throbbed as I stared, knowing exactly where I was about to go.

Mom looked at my cock, her eyes analytical yet appreciative. "Exactly what I noticed yesterday, Tony, sweetie, you're quite a bit larger than average. What Joly's experiencing is completely normal."

"Really?" Joly asked, looking relieved.

"Absolutely," Mom confirmed. "Many women struggle with accommodating a larger penis their first few times. The vagina is incredibly elastic, but it takes practice and the right techniques." She shifted on the bed, her negligee riding up her thighs. "I think the best way to demonstrate is for Tony to try with me first, so you can see how to take him properly."

I knew this was coming, but it felt surreal nevertheless.

"You want me to...?" I couldn't even finish the sentence.

"Yes," Mom said simply, lying back and spreading her legs wider. "I want you to fuck me, so I can show Joly exactly how to accommodate your size."

I looked at Joly, who nodded encouragingly. "It's okay, Tony. I want to learn."

I moved between Mom's legs, my cock harder than it had ever been.

"Start slow," Mom instructed, her voice taking on that professional tone despite our intimate position. "Just the tip at first, then gradually work your way deeper."

I aimed my erection at her pussy, feeling the heat radiating from her core. With a gentle push, I slid the head of my cock inside my mother, seeing the knob disappear inside her.

"That's it," Mom encouraged me, her breathing steady. "Now a little more."

I pushed forward, feeling her vagina accept me inch by inch. Unlike Joly, there was no resistance, just a perfect, slick channel that seemed to draw me in.

“See how I’m relaxing my muscles?” Mom said to Joly, who was watching intently. “I’m not tensing up, just enjoying the sex.”

I continued to slide deeper until, amazingly, I was buried completely inside her. The feeling of being fully enveloped in my mother’s pussy sent waves of pleasure through my entire body.

“Now move,” Mom instructed, her professional demeanor slipping slightly as her voice took on a huskier quality.

I began to thrust, slowly at first, then picking up speed as Mom’s hips rose to meet mine.

“Oh god,” I groaned, feeling an orgasm building much faster than I expected.

“That’s it, Tony,” Mom whispered, her hands gripping my ass, pulling me deeper.

I underestimated the sensation. It was too intense. The way her pussy gripped me, hot, slick, and snug, made it clear I wouldn’t last long. And even though I knew that, I still wanted to know what it would feel like to come inside her.

I looked down at her, her beautiful dark hair spread across the pillows. She smiled up at me, those familiar high cheekbones catching the light, just like the ones my sister had inherited.

Her makeup was light but sexy as hell. A soft shimmer dusted over her eyelids, giving her eyes a sultry glow. A thin line of eyeliner curled at the ends, and her lips were tinted with a glossy pink that begged to be kissed raw. She didn’t need much to look gorgeous, but what she wore made her look like a dream someone would risk everything for.

And those breasts. Big, bell-shaped, bouncing with every thrust, every smack of our bodies. They moved in rhythm with me, soft and heavy.

It felt too damn good. Her pussy hugged me like it never wanted to let go, pulling me deeper with every stroke. I could bury myself to the hilt, and she took it like she was made for it.

“Mom, I’m coming!” I gasped, unable to hold back as the sensation overwhelmed me.

Mom didn’t look surprised as I erupted inside her, my hips jerking forward uncontrollably, seeking out her sweet pussy-friction. My entire body shuddered as waves of pleasure made me melt. I hadn’t meant to finish so quickly, but the combination of the taboo and her incredible skill had pushed me over the edge without warning.

To my surprise, Mom giggled, a light sound that made her body vibrate around my still-pulsing cock. “Well, that was enthusiastic,” she teased, reaching up to stroke my cheek. “Don’t worry about it, sweetie. It happens to everyone sometimes, especially in new situations.”

I pulled out, embarrassed but still buzzing from the intensity of my orgasm. A trickle of my cum leaked from Mom’s pussy, making my face burn hotter.

“I’m sorry,” I told my sister. “I didn’t mean to.”

“It’s fine,” Joly said with a giggle. “You always get hard within a couple of minutes, anyway. And it was quite hot seeing you fuck her.”

Mom’s hand traveled lower, wrapping around my softening cock. “The second time always lasts longer anyway.”

She began stroking me as if she’d done this a million times, knowing the perfect pace while the head was still sensitive. “Joly, this is something you should learn too,” she instructed.

“When a man comes too quickly, don’t make him feel bad about it. Just help him recover.”

Joly nodded eagerly and moved closer, watching Mom’s technique with fascination.

“The key is to be patient and keep things relaxed,” Mom said, her hand gliding up and down, smearing her nectar all over it. “Men also worry too much about performing perfectly, and that anxiety actually makes things worse.”

I felt myself responding to her touch, blood flowing back into my shaft as she worked it skillfully.

“I’m pretty sure I’m more anxious than he, though,” she said, reaching for my cock. Mom left the upper part of the shaft to her, so both their hands moved in tandem.

“Joly, honey, you need to learn to let go of your own anxieties too,” Mom said, glancing at my sister. “That’s partly why you’re having trouble taking Tony fully. Your body tenses up when you’re worried about doing it right.”

Joly bit her lip. “I’m trying my best, but it’s easier said than done.”

“The best thing you can be is relaxed and present,” Mom replied, still stroking me with her daughter. “Sex isn’t a performance. It’s an experience you share.”

My cock was now fully hard again in Mom’s and Joly’s hands. Mom gave it a final appreciative squeeze before releasing it, but Joly didn’t let go.

“I think he’s ready for you now,” she told Joly with a smile. “Let’s try a different position that might help. Lie on your back with a pillow under your hips.”

Joly did as instructed, positioning herself in the center of the bed with her hips elevated. Mom guided me between her legs, her hand still wrapped around my cock as she directed it to

Joly's fresh pussy. She eagerly spread her legs.

"Now, Tony, slide in slowly," Mom instructed, her hand guiding my cock to Joly's entrance. "The angle with the pillow under her hips will help tremendously."

I pushed forward gently, feeling the tight warmth of Joly's pussy accepting just the head of my cock. Her eyes widened as I began to enter her, and I could see a mixture of determination and nervousness on her face.

"Relax, sweetheart," Mom whispered to Joly, stroking her hair soothingly. "Don't tense up. Take deep breaths and let your body welcome him."

Joly nodded, closing her eyes and taking a deliberate breath. I felt her vaginal muscles loosen slightly around me, allowing me to slide another inch deeper.

"That's it," Mom encouraged, her voice soft and reassuring. "Your body knows what to do if you let it."

Mom's hands moved to Joly's thighs, gently spreading them wider. "Open up a little more. Yes, like that."

I pushed forward again, amazed as more of my length disappeared inside my sister. Joly moaned, but it sounded different this time, less pained, more pleasurable.

"How does that feel?" Mom asked her.

"Better," Joly breathed, her eyes still closed in concentration. "Much better."

Mom smiled at me, nodding for me to continue. I pressed forward steadily, feeling less resistance with each gentle thrust. Mom's hands moved to Joly's hips, adjusting her position slightly.

"Try rolling your hips back a little more," she instructs Joly. "That's it. The vaginal canal curves naturally, so this angle helps accommodate his size."

With one more careful push, I suddenly slid all the way in, my hips pressed flush against Joly's. We both gasped in surprise and pleasure.

"Oh my god," Joly exclaimed, her eyes flying open. "You're all the way in! I can feel all of you!"

"How does it feel?" Mom asked, her voice filled with pride.

"So much better," Joly said, looking up at me with wonder in her eyes. "It's like... full but not painful. It's amazing."

I remained still for a moment, savoring the incredible sensation of being completely embraced by my sister's tight pussy.

"Now move slowly," Mom instructed, her hand on my lower back. "Let her adjust to the feeling of you."

I began to thrust gently, pulling out halfway before sliding back in. Joly moaned with each movement, her body accepting me completely now.

"That's it," Mom praised, her hands moving between us, sometimes guiding my hips, sometimes caressing Joly's breasts. "Find your rhythm together."

I gradually picked up the pace, and we lost ourselves in the rhythm of it, raw, unfiltered lovemaking. I slid my hands under her arms, gripping her shoulders and pulling her closer with every thrust. She clung to me, arms wrapped tight, her moans rising with mine as I fucked her harder.

It felt like the moment we'd been building toward forever, sex with no restraint.

Our breathing grew ragged, mouths open and gasping between moans. Her pussy tightened around me, clenching with every stroke, until I felt that unmistakable tension ripple through her body. She gasped sharply, her orgasm hitting hard as she tensed beneath me, hips locking around mine.

I gave her ten more deep, hungry strokes before it overtook

me too. I groaned as I emptied myself inside her, buried to the hilt, her heat squeezing me for every last drop. Nothing compared to the feeling of coming deep inside her.

I stayed there for a moment, breathing hard, then slowly pulled back. Her pussy let me go with a wet sound, and I watched my cum trickle out of her, slick and creamy. Her eyes met mine, glazed with satisfaction and pure, messy lust.

“That was so much better,” she whispered, still panting, still open for me.

“Yeah,” I said, brushing her thigh as I sat back. “Way better.”

“Thank you, Mom,” Joly said, her voice thick with emotion as she reached for our mother’s hand. “You’re literally the best mom in the world.”

I nodded in agreement, still catching my breath. “Seriously, Mom. What you just did for us... most parents wouldn’t even consider it.”

Mom smiled, her eyes crinkling at the corners as she squeezed Joly’s hand. “I’m just happy you two can enjoy each other better now.” She ran her fingers through her dark hair, pushing it away from her flushed face. “Sex should be pleasurable for everyone involved. There’s no point in doing it if you’re both not enjoying yourselves fully.”

We both agreed with her.

The end.

## Mom Teaches Daughter Anal Sex (Part 3)

Joly's and my sex life had gotten so much better after the lessons. She could suck me like a pro now: deep, wet, and without gagging or crying. She didn't get anxious anymore when we had sex either. I could fully thrust into her without hitting resistance. She stayed tight, snug, and warm, fitting me like she was made for me.

Weeks passed, and while everything between Joly and me was amazing, I couldn't shake the feeling that something was missing. I missed the intimacy we'd shared with our mother. Sex with my mother had felt better than I anticipated, yet I didn't want my sister to think I'd forgotten about her.

During dinners, we'd talk about our day while Mom sipped her wine and shared stories from her clients: husbands who couldn't please their wives, women rediscovering their bodies, and couples reawakening their sex lives. Both of us loved to listen to her, and she reminded us to enjoy our youth, to explore lust while it burned hot. And we definitely did.

But still ... I wanted more. Another lesson and another chance to cross that line again.

I just didn't know how to ask, and I didn't know what either. Then one evening, I was lying on Joly's bed with her, watching

porn. The scene shifted. The guy started easing his cock into the actress's ass, slow and steady, and we both went quiet.

Joly glanced at me, biting her lip. "What do you think of ass fucking?"

I looked back at her. "It looks hot."

My little sister rolled onto her back. She was wearing a white top and a short skirt, her thighs parting slowly as she reached under the fabric.

"Are you trying to touch yourself there?" I asked, watching her hand move between her cheeks.

"I'm just curious," she said with a laugh. "It's kind of hard to get anything in."

"Can I try?"

She nodded and lifted her skirt higher, exposing the soft curve of her ass. Her panties were already pulled aside, giving me a perfect view of her tight, untouched hole. I slid closer, placing a hand on her thigh and leaning in.

"Tell me if it's too much," I said.

"Okay," she whispered, her breath catching.

I spat into my hand and used my fingers to spread the slickness around her tight rosebud. She shivered as I touched her, the tension in her body clear but mixed with curiosity. I rubbed small circles around her rim, watching how her body responded.

She was warm and tight, her hole twitching slightly under my touch.

"Relax," I said softly, leaning in to kiss her inner thigh.

She exhaled, her muscles loosening just a little, and I pushed the tip of my finger inside. Her eyes widened, but she didn't stop me.

"Mmm ... that feels weird," she said with a nervous smile.

“But not bad?”

She shook her head. “Just different. Keep going.”

I eased my finger deeper, slowly working it in until I was fully buried. Then I pulled my finger out, wishing it had been my cock instead.

She gave me a look, playful but knowing. “You want anal sex, don’t you?”

“Only if it’s okay with you,” I said.

“I want it if you want it.”

“Well ... I’d like to try.”

She smirked. “Hmm, we should ask our sex teacher, quote-unquote, right?”

We both giggled.

“You’re exactly right,” I said. “But first, let’s fuck before she comes back.”

We tore off our clothes in a rush, laughing between kisses. I rolled on top of her, and within seconds, I was buried deep inside her again, fucking like rabbits.

\* \* \*

Joly and I sat outside, waiting for our mother. Eventually, she came home.

She stepped onto the patio wearing black stockings, a mini skirt, and a white button-up shirt. As she reached us, she pulled the tie from her ponytail and let her hair fall freely around her shoulders. Then she sat down next to us.

“So, how’s your day been?” she asked.

“Fine,” we both said.

“Have you gone outside? Beach or something?” she asked. “You’ve got to enjoy the summer while it lasts.”

“We know,” we said in perfect unison.

“We might go tomorrow,” Joly added, then nudged me with her elbow. “But for now, Tony wants to ask you something.”

A warm blush crept up my cheeks. She was right. It was me who wanted it this time.

“What is it?” our mother asked gently, giving me space to speak at my own pace.

I cleared my throat and glanced at her. “I wanted to ask about... anal sex. We’ve never done it before, but I think we’d both like to try.”

Her lips curved into a slow, beaming smile. “I was wondering when you two would bring that up. I’ve actually been looking forward to teaching you again.”

I let out a quiet sigh of relief. “Would it be alright if we did it later tonight?”

“Of course,” she said, brushing a strand of hair behind her ear. “We’ll take it slow, and I’ll guide you through every step.”

Before I could say anything else, Joly leaned in and wrapped her arms around me. “This is going to be so much fun,” she whispered, her voice full of excitement.

\* \* \*

After dinner, Mom called for us to come to her bedroom. When we entered, I stopped in my tracks. Mom stood before us completely nude, her body illuminated by the soft glow of bedside lamps. Unlike our previous session, where she’d worn lingerie or negligee, this time she was displaying everything without reservation.

My eyes traveled over her mature body, drinking in every curve. Her breasts were full and heavy, hanging with a natural

weight that my sister's perky ones didn't have. Her nipples were large and dark, standing erect in the cool air of the bedroom. Her stomach showed slight curves from motherhood, but it only added to her sensuality. And between her legs was her perfect pussy, reminding me of my sister's womanhood.

"You're staring, Tony," she said with a knowing smile, her confidence making her even more attractive.

I swallowed hard. "It's because you look amazing."

She chuckled, clearly pleased with my reaction. "I'm just joking with you, stare all you want." Mom picked up a bottle of lube from her nightstand and held it up, her expression shifting to that of a teacher.

"The most important thing about anal sex is lubrication," she explained, her voice taking on that professional tone I'd grown to appreciate. "The anus doesn't self-lubricate like a vagina does. Without enough lube, it can be painful and even cause tearing."

She looked at me expectantly, her eyes traveling down my still-clothed body. "Tony, we need your penis for this."

Chuckling, I pulled my shirt over my head. I unbuckled my belt and slid my jeans down my legs, my erection already straining against my boxers. When I removed those too, my cock sprang free, fully hard and ready.

Mom nodded approvingly. "Perfect. Joly, you too, sweetheart."

Joly quickly stripped beside me, her perky breasts bouncing slightly as she pulled off her top. When we were both naked, Mom uncapped the bottle of lube and squeezed a generous amount into her palm.

Mom beckoned us closer, her eyes twinkling with excitement. "Joly, come here. I want to show you how to prepare a man for

anal sex.”

Joly moved beside her, and Mom squeezed a generous amount of lube into my sister’s palm. “Now, watch me,” she instructed, pouring the same slick substance into her own hand. “You want to make sure he’s completely covered.”

They both reached for my cock at the same time, their hands cool and wet with lubricant. I gasped as they wrapped their fingers around my shaft, Mom’s experienced grip complementing Joly’s eager touch. They stroked in unison, their hands gliding effortlessly up and down my length.

“That’s it,” Mom said, her fingers working along her daughter’s. “Make sure you get plenty around the head. That’s the widest part and needs the most lubrication.”

“It’s so wet and sloppy,” Joly said with a giggle.

“Oh, it will be sloppier,” Mom said with a chuckle.

They covered it with a glistening coat of lube until it shone in the bedroom light. Once I was thoroughly prepared, Mom moved to the center of the bed. She turned away from us and lowered herself onto her hands and knees, her ass raised invitingly in the air.

Her full moon was magnificent, full, round, and perfectly shaped. Unlike Joly’s smaller, tighter curves, Mom’s had a mature fullness that spoke of womanhood in its prime. Her cheeks parted slightly, revealing both her glistening pussy and the tight pucker of her asshole. Her skin was smooth and unblemished, with just a few beauty marks dotting the landscape of her lower back. The curve from her waist to her hips formed an hourglass that made my cock throb.

“See how I’m positioning myself?” she asked, glancing back at us. “This angle makes entry easier and more comfortable.”

Joly nodded attentively, watching as Mom reached back with

one hand to spread her cheek wider.

“Now, you both need to prepare me,” Mom instructed. “Lube is essential for anal play.”

Joly and I moved forward, each taking the bottle of lubricant. I squeezed a generous amount onto my fingers and watched as Joly did the same. Together, we approached Mom’s exposed ass. I gently applied the cool gel around her puckered entrance, feeling it twitch slightly under my touch. Joly followed my lead, her fingers joining mine as we circled Mom’s asshole, making sure it was thoroughly coated. Our fingers bumped into each other, and it made us giggle. It was something incredibly erotic having us two lube up our mother’s ass. I became curious and stuck a finger inside, and my sister wanted to try as well. “You seem way looser than me,” Joly said.

“Because I’m a bit more experienced than you,” Mom reminded her. “But you’ll be able to do this as well. I promise.”

While we kept caressing her ass, my cock kept slapping her thighs, desperately wanting to enter her.

“Perfect,” Mom said, clearly enjoying our attention. “Now, Tony, position yourself behind me. Remember what I taught you about patience and gentleness.”

“I’m quite horny, but I’ll try my best.” I knelt behind her, my lubed cock in hand, and I lined up my cock with Mom’s puckered entrance. Taking a deep breath, I pressed forward, watching as the head of my cock began to stretch her tight ring.

“That’s it, sweetie,” Mom told me. “Nice and slow. The key is patience.”

I pushed forward gently, feeling the incredible resistance of her sphincter against my cockhead. For a moment, I wondered if this would even work; her backdoor seemed impossibly tight compared to my thickness. But then, with a soft pop, the head

slipped past the tight ring, and Mom gasped.

“Perfect,” she said with hints of lust in her voice. “Now pause for a moment. Let me adjust.”

I remained perfectly still, feeling her body pulsing around just the tip of my cock. The sensation was completely novel and so different from her pussy. This was tighter, more gripping, with a different kind of warmth.

“You’re doing great,” Mom said after a few seconds. “Now, continue pushing, but go slow. Very slow.”

Following her instructions, I eased forward, watching in fascination as, inch by inch, my cock disappeared into her ass. The feeling just became better, a tight, hot channel gripping me from all sides.

“That’s it,” Mom moaned. “You’re halfway in now. How does it feel?”

“Amazing,” I managed to say, my voice tight with restraint. “So tight..”

“Keep going,” she encouraged. “All the way in.”

I continued my gentle progress until finally, my hips pressed against her ass cheeks. I was fully buried inside her, and the sensation made my knees grow weak.

“Now, start moving,” Mom instructed. “Slow strokes at first.”

I began to thrust, pulling back until just the head remained inside, then pushing forward again. The friction was unlike anything I’ve felt before. Mom’s asshole gripped my cock, creating a pressure that’s almost too good.

“That’s it,” Mom moaned, enjoying this as she arched her back. “Just like that.”

I established a rhythm, watching my cock slide in and out of her stretched hole. The visual, combined with the intense sensation, was too much. Despite my best efforts to last, I felt

my orgasm building rapidly.

"Oh, I'm going to come," I told her, trying desperately to hold back.

"It's okay," she said. "Just keep going."

The pleasure peaked, and I thrust deep inside her ass as my orgasm crashed through me. I groaned loudly, my cock pulsing as I emptied myself inside her. The intensity made my legs shake, and I had to grip her hips to stay upright, all the while I kept firing several ropes of cum inside her.

When the waves finally subsided, I pulled out slowly, watching as her hole gapes slightly before gradually closing.

"Gosh, that was amazing," I said.

"How did it feel?" Joly asked curiously. "I mean, compared to a pussy?"

"Different. A pussy feels better, but this felt different and taboo, like a hole I shouldn't be entering."

"It just makes me more excited ... What about you, Mom?"

"I love anal sex," she said with an orgasmic smile. "Just what your brother explained, it's taboo and that's what makes it feel so good."

"Now, I really want to try."

"Well, your brother is already hardening again," Mom pointed out with a smile.

And she was right. My cock stood at full mast, and Mom and my sister started lubing up my cock again before it was Joly's turn to sit on all four. Mom helped me pour lube into my hands, and we worked her ass together as she bit her lips in anticipation.

Mom patted her ass. "Relax, sweetheart."

"I'm a bit nervous," Joly admitted.

"It will be fine," Mom said. "I promise you'll enjoy it."

Mom started easing a finger inside her daughter's ass. "Is that okay?"

Joly nodded. "Tony did that earlier too. It still feels tight, though."

Then Mom let me slide my finger inside Joly's ass, turning, twisting and pushing deeper. I pulled out from her rosebud, and I was so hard I wanted to fuck her badly.

Mom placed her hand on Joly's back, gently stroking her skin. "Just breathe deeply, honey. The more relaxed you are, the easier this will be."

I positioned myself behind my sister, my lubed cock so hard it could crack walnuts. The sight of her tight, virgin asshole made me harder than I'd ever been. I pressed the head of my cock against her puckered entrance, feeling the resistance.

"Not yet," Mom cautioned, moving closer. She reached between us, her fingers wrapping around my shaft to guide me. "You need to be extremely gentle. Joly's never done this before."

I nodded, fighting the urge to push forward. Mom's hand steadied my cock, positioning it perfectly against Joly's slick opening.

"Now, very slowly," Mom instructed, her voice calm and reassuring. "Just the tip at first."

I applied the gentlest pressure, watching as Joly's tight ring began to stretch around my cockhead. She tensed immediately, a small whimper escaping her lips.

"Relax," Mom said, her free hand caressing Joly's lower back. "Breathe out as he pushes in."

Joly took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. As she did, I felt her muscles loosen slightly, and the head of my cock slipped past her tight sphincter with a subtle pop.

“Oh!” Joly gasped, her body freezing.

“Stay still,” Mom told me, her hand now moving to Joly’s hip. “Let her adjust. How does it feel, sweetheart?”

“Full,” Joly whispered, her voice tight. “And strange. Not bad, just different.”

I remained motionless, the incredible tightness of her ass squeezing just the head of my cock. The sensation was overwhelming, so much tighter than Mom’s ass. It took all my willpower not to thrust deeper.

“You’re doing wonderfully,” Mom praised, stroking Joly’s hair. “When you’re ready, Tony will go a little deeper.”

After a minute, I felt Joly’s body relax around me. She nodded, signaling she was ready.

“Go ahead, Tony,” Mom said. “Another inch, very slowly.”

I eased forward carefully, watching as more of my length disappeared into my sister’s ass. Her tight hole stretched to accommodate me, her body accepting what seemed impossible moments before.

“That’s it,” Mom said, her hands guiding both of us. “Perfect.”

I continued this slow, careful progress, pausing whenever Joly tensed up. Mom kept her hands on both of us, sometimes adjusting my angle, sometimes massaging Joly’s lower back to help her relax.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity of delicious torture, I was buried to the hilt inside my sister’s ass.

The tightness was indescribable, her virgin hole clenched around me like nothing I’d ever felt before.

“How does it feel?” Mom asked, her eyes moving between us.

“So tight,” I groaned, fighting the urge to thrust.

“Full, again,” Joly whispered. “But good, really good.”

Mom smiled, clearly pleased with our progress. “Now you

can start moving, Tony. Nice and slow at first.”

I pulled back carefully until just the head remained inside, then pushed forward again. The friction was intense, her tight ring gripping every inch of my cock. I established a gentle rhythm, watching in fascination as my shaft disappeared into her ass again and again.

“That’s it,” Mom said, her hand moving to Joly’s clit. “Pleasure is the key to anal sex.”

As Mom’s fingers worked my sister’s pussy, I felt Joly’s body relax further around me. Her initial discomfort transformed into pleasure, and soon she was pushing back against my thrusts, taking me deeper.

“Harder,” Joly moaned, surprising both Mom and me. “Please, Tony, fuck me harder.”

I increased my pace, gripping her hips for leverage. The sight of my cock plunging into her tight hole, combined with her moans of pleasure, drove me wild. I fucked her ass with growing lust, my balls slapping against her with each thrust.

“Yes,” Joly said, her body shuddering. “Oh god, that’s so intense!”

Mom continued rubbing Joly’s clit in circles, watching us with obvious pride. “You’re both doing beautifully,” she praised us. “How does his cock feel in your ass, sweetheart?”

“Amazing,” Joly gasped between thrusts. “So ... fucking... good!”

Her words pushed me closer to the edge. I pounded into her faster, my fingers digging into the soft flesh of her hips. The taboo of fucking my sister’s ass while our mother watched and helped was too much to handle.

After ten more ass strokes, I reached the peak, and with a final, deep thrust, I buried myself completely inside Joly’s ass

and exploded. My orgasm hit me like a freight train, more intense than anything I'd experienced before. I groaned loudly as I pumped rope after rope of hot cum deep inside her, my entire body shaking with the force of it.

When the last wave of pleasure subsided, I slowly pulled out, watching as my sister's stretched hole closed around a trickle of my cum. I fell back on my heels, breathing hard.

Mom smiled at me, then looked at my cock, still wet and glistening. "Here, let me take care of that for you."

Before I could respond, she moved between my legs and took my still-sensitive cock into her mouth. The sensation made my hips buck involuntarily as she swallowed me whole, her throat muscles contracting around my shaft that had just been buried in her daughter's ass.

She pulled back with a giggle, a strand of saliva connecting her lips to my now-clean cock. "There. All better."

"Geeze, Mom, that was hot," I said.

She just gave me a wink. "I'm glad you liked it."

Joly crawled across the bed, her naked body still flushed from our anal adventure, and threw her arms around Mom in a tight embrace. Their naked bodies pressed together, mother and daughter skin-to-skin, curves melting into each other.

"Thank you so much, Mom," Joly said, her voice thick with emotion. "You're literally the best mother ever."

Mom returned the hug, stroking Joly's back. "I'm happy for you, sweetheart."

When they broke the hug, I sure owed Mom one as well. And she made sure to mash her round, busty tits against my chest while my hands squeezed her ass. I could feel the traces of lube there, reminding me where my cock had just been. "Thank you ... We're truly fortunate to have you."

“No, I’m the lucky one,” she said after breaking the hug. “I love the fact that you’re getting along, and if you ever want my help or expertise again, just tell me, and I’ll be there for you instantly.”

The end.

## Afterword

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