

The Mom Memories: Gerry's Story

alwayswantedto

This is Gerry's story from Chapter 17, finished here.

All characters are 18 years or older.

Part 1. Living With Aunt Janice

I sent this letter after hearing about your group even though it's about my Aunt Janice. Aunt Janice is my Mom's younger sister by about five years but you can definitely tell they're sisters. Janice's hair is a darker red than Mom's almost blonde color, but other than that, they're quite similar. They are both quite pretty with slim yet well-endowed figures for their small frames which makes their waists seem even narrower.

Janice lived alone with her son. but that wasn't why men didn't want to become involved with such a pretty woman. Mervin was slow and all the men Janice met didn't want to be tied up with him. It was a shame, because she would definitely make some guy really happy, at least that's what I overheard my mom once say to my Dad. Mom went on to say that her sister had given up on men, considering them more trouble than they were worth, and certainly not worth the disruption they caused in her and Mervin's life. So my Aunt and my cousin lived alone in the city.

Mervin was almost as old as me and, like my mother and aunt, we looked enough alike to be mistaken for brothers. But Mervin was different. He was quite slow, always had been, but he was also very good natured and happy. He was a nice kid to be around but he had some odd behaviors which we tolerated as family but Janice's men friends couldn't handle, even Mervin's father who had run off so many years ago.

I always liked it when Janice came out from the city to visit us but I wasn't all that thrilled when Mom suggested I stay with her while I went to college instead of commuting fifty miles a day. It would save gas money, be cheaper than living in the dorms, and help Janice out, Mom said. I couldn't really argue. Mom's mind was made up.

So I ended up staying with Aunt Janice and Mervin in the our grandparent's old house that she and Mom had grown up in. It was one thing to visit, another to live together. I wasn't happy. That is, until I discovered that several nights a week Janice changed into turtle neck shirts in the evening, with seemingly nothing underneath.

The best part came when I found out why Aunt Janice, or just Janice as she now insisted I call her, preferred this kind of clothing. I had started to fantasize that she was flirting with me since she didn't dress like that when she was out during the day. I remembered Mom saying it wasn't healthy her shunning men for so long. Maybe she was lonely, and being in close proximity to someone more manly than Mervin was affecting her. But alas, my night time fantasies were just that, dreams.

We had been watching Mervin's favorite show on TV after a nice roast chicken dinner, with mashed potatoes and mashed turnips and carrots, a favorite of mine. Mervin was ready for bed, dressed in his pajamas, which he had to do or he couldn't watch his show. I had put on pajamas too at Janice's request so Mervin wouldn't make a fuss. During the last half hour of the show, Mervin shocked me by turning to his Mom as soon as the commercials started and touching her breasts.

Though stunned, at first I stared as he playfully poked at her loose breasts, but then I became embarrassed and looked away. Janice's face reddened as she pushed Mervin's hands away.

"Mervin," she whispered, "we talked about this. Now stop it."

Mervin laughed and batted at her ample breasts, giggling when they jostled about. His attention was focused on a new toy and I knew Janice's protests were futile, as I'm sure she did too. Nevertheless, she kept trying to keep her son at bay.

"Mervin. It's not polite to play this game in front of guests." Aunt Janice whispered intensely but quietly and directly to Mervin, reminding her son of a pact they had made but also trying to keep it between themselves.

As soon as his show started again, Mervin's pestering stopped and he showed no further interest in his mother's assets. But I sure did. I watched Janice from the corner of my eye as she sat on the couch between me and Mervin. Well, I guess to be honest, I looked at her chest. I tried to be circumspect but I think my aunt was aware of my attention. The two of us sat in uncomfortable silence while Mervin enjoyed his show.

During the next set of commercials, Mervin renewed his game. This time, I kept my eyes averted, which may have contributed to Janice's new tactic of silently suffering through his antics instead of fighting him off. Perhaps she figured this would draw less attention or he would lose interest more quickly. It was partially successful. Mervin giggled less but he still played with his mom's breasts, in a childish fashion, until his show started.

I noticed, through my sneaky peeks as we watched the TV, that though Mervin may have been playing a childish game, Janice had reacted. Her chest was rising and falling more rapidly, possibly due to her displeasure about her son putting us in such an awkward situation, but the two now prominent points poking through her turtleneck suggested another explanation.

The implications turned over in my mind until Mervin's show ended and he began complaining about having to go to bed but Janice soon had him on his way with a promise to come upstairs and tuck him in. So after a quick hug for me, Mervin bounded up the stairs. As soon as he was gone, Janice turned sheepishly toward me.

"I'm sorry about that, Gerry. I've tried everything under the sun to make Mervin stop doing this but he doesn't understand. I never should have let him start in the first place but he was quite sad last year and it was the only thing that made him smile. I thought he'd tire of it, like everything else, but he hasn't yet."

"That's ok, Aunt Janice. I don't mind." I was still a little embarrassed, though mostly because I was still acutely aware of my aunt's chest, and the way it now so strenuously filled her shirt.

"No, it's not right. I'll speak to Mervin about it." Janice started to get up from the couch but I put my hand out to stop her.

"No, Aunt Janice. Mervin shouldn't be uncomfortable in his own home. It's ok with me and I won't say anything to anybody. It's none of their business." The intensity in my voice surprised me.

Janice relaxed and smiled. "You're such a good boy." She gave me a quick peck on the cheek and then a hug which I very much enjoyed, especially the feel of her loose breasts pressing against my left shoulder and breast. She pulled away and smiled again, "I thought I told you to call me Janice."

She got up and went to tuck Mervin in bed. I watched her walk away, noting how her hips flared out from her narrow waist and how well the black material of her slacks molded over her buttocks, still shapely despite her age.

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Nothing happened the next night which was disappointing because I had been looking forward to it all day. I thought Janice had spoken to Mervin but I was wrong. Evidently Mervin only played this game during his favorite

show, and it was on only three nights a week. I found this out the next night when the show came on and Mervin began to play as soon as the first set of commercials started.

At first, I kept my eyes averted but when Mervin became quite rambunctious, I turned to look. I thought Janice would be embarrassed or angry but she simply put her hand down by her side on the couch to grasp mine, squeezed it and smiled, her face wearing an apologetic expression, mouthing a silent, "Thank you."

I was surprised. My aunt clearly appreciated my effort to not disturb Mervin in his own home and evidently felt slightly indebted. I eventually lost my shyness in watching Mervin play. Over the next two sets of commercials, I openly watched as he giggled and pushed his mother's breasts around. In between, I even took longer glances at my aunt's breasts, not bothering to hide my looks. Janice didn't seem to notice but I'm sure she was aware of my gaze. During the last set of commercials, Mervin got a little carried away. In his excitement, he pushed his mom's breasts around quite roughly.

"Mervin," I rebuked my cousin loudly. "Be careful with your mom. Be gentle."

Surprised, Mervin immediately settled down and started to lightly nudge Janice's breasts instead of mauling them.

"That's better," I said. "It isn't fun for your mom if you play too hard."

I reached across Janice to pat Mervin's shoulder but as I withdrew my hand he grabbed it and pushed it directly onto the breast nearest me. Shocked, my hand rested there a second or two before I tried to jerk it back but Mervin held it there, pressed tightly on her breast.

"Don't fight him, Gerry. It'll just make it worse." Janice's soft voice calmed the panic rising within me.

I relaxed and let my arm go limp. A few seconds later, Mervin pulled his hand off mine. I was about to pull my hand away when Janice said, "I hope you don't mind just playing along for a minute. He'll forget pretty quick."

Mind? Was she kidding? She had just asked me to touch her breast to make her kid happy. I was certainly happy to keep my hand there as long as she wanted, as long as I could. Mervin didn't pay any further attention to my hand but I didn't volunteer to remove it. Instead, I left it there, unmoving, as if it was frozen to my aunt's breast. When the show started its final segment, Mervin kept his hand pressed against the side of his mother's left breast, perhaps because mine was still resting on her right. So I kept mine there as the show played on.

After a few minutes, my hand 'thawed' and I enjoyed the fantastic sensation of my hand fitting like a glove over my aunt's tit and though I tried desperately not to move, my breathing nevertheless caused some motion. I turned to look at my aunt but this time she didn't meet my gaze. She just stared at the TV.

I too focused on Mervin's show. At some point, I became aware of something poking into my palm. Her nipple! Janice's tit was tightening under my loose grip and her nipple was stiffening into the tender skin of my palm. The tip of my cock tingled and excitement trickled through my growing boner. I was just getting up the courage to react, to maybe squeeze her breast, when the show ended. Janice rose quickly and chased Mervin up to bed ahead of her. She didn't come back down that night.

* * *

The next two days passed as if they were epochs. I couldn't wait for Mervin's show to come on and yet I dreaded it too. What would I do if Mervin didn't invite me to play?

I waited anxiously for the first set of commercials to start and was crushed when Mervin seemed content to jostle his mother's breasts around on his own. He was gentle, providing me with no excuse to interject for his mom's protection. I continued to be depressed through the next segment, wishing Mervin would get overexcited again during the second set of commercials.

But he didn't. He started quietly nudging Janice's left breast. My eyes wandered to the kitchen and I was about to get up to make some hot chocolate when I felt a tug on my arm.

"He doesn't want to play, Mervin," my aunt said. "Just play by yourself."

But Mervin, as always, was persistent, tugging harder on my arm.

"Mervin, leave him alone." Janice's voice grew stern.

Mervin ignored his mom and kept pulling at me. I turned toward Janice.

"You don't have to Gerry," she said, not looking at me.

"I don't mind, Aunt Janice," I replied, reaching over and depositing my hand lightly on her breast, half afraid she would push it away and half afraid she knew how eager I was to touch her.

Happy, Mervin continued lightly nudging his mother's breast, watching me for a minute but then losing interest. His hand went still as soon as his show started, barely brushing my aunt's breast. But I kept my hand resting heavily on Janice's breast and after a couple of minutes I let my hand change its shape until her tit was enclosed in my grasp, filling my hand. I turned to look at my aunt but she ignored my gaze and stared at the TV.

Slowly, so slowly, I tightened my grip, applying the slightest pressure but still purposely squeezing my aunt's tit. Almost immediately, I felt her nipple poke into my palm. Using as much restraint as I could muster, I gently kneaded Janice's tit. At one point, she looked over at her son, who was oblivious and focused on the show. Satisfied, she returned her gaze to the TV. She didn't look at me.

I continued my subtle manipulation, relishing in the feel of her stiff nipple poking at my hand, and even began pushing my palm against it, bending it off to the side a few times as I pressed too hard. Janice never protested but twice more she looked to see if Mervin noticed and then returned her eyes to the TV when she saw that he hadn't. My cock was rock hard by the time the show had ended. I was glad I'd worn my jeans and not changed into pajamas like the other nights. I felt a little guilty when the show ended and started to mumble an apology about getting carried away when she and Mervin stood up.

"Aunt Janice, I ..."

She leaned down and gave me a quick kiss on the cheek.

"I really do think it's time you just called me Janice," she whispered.

I was too stunned to reply and simply watched her body sway as she walked away, not really able to focus on any particular feature. She didn't come back downstairs that night which both surprised and disappointed me.

* * *

The next night was Saturday. Mervin's show wasn't on until Monday but he was keen to watch another show. As usual, Janice asked him to get into his pajamas beforehand and asked me if I would help by doing the same, which I did. I wanted to be helpful in any way I could, hoping for a repeat of Friday night on Monday, which seemed an eternity away.

When I came downstairs, Mervin was already seated and sampling the snacks Janice had laid out on the coffee table. I sat down at the other end of the couch, leaving just enough room for my aunt. Munching on a cookie and sipping from one of the mugs of hot chocolate, my ear was tuned toward the kitchen, waiting for signs of Janice's imminent arrival. The show started while her seat remained empty. After several minutes and still no Janice, I noticed there were only two mugs on the table, the one untouched in front of Mervin, and mine. There had also been no sound from the kitchen. Deflated, I realized that my aunt was probably not joining us tonight.

Then I heard footsteps coming down the stairs. Turning, I saw Janice dressed in flannel, men's style pajamas walking quietly toward us in bare feet. She stopped to turn off the kitchen and hallway lights leaving only the lamps on the tables at either end of the couch lighting the living room. My aunt looked so soft and feminine as she moved and my eyes stayed on her. She smiled at me as she negotiated the coffee table and sat down between us, the warmth of her thigh delighting me as it's softness pressed against mine.

Janice watched the show intently though she could hardly be more interested in its silliness than I. My eyes roamed over her pajamas, especially her chest. The flannel was soft, like her, but it performed a more capable job of confining her womanly assets than the turtlenecks Mervin, and now I, preferred. Still, the way her breasts rose and fell with her breathing managed to enthrall and I was surprised by my bold observation and her accommodation.

The commercials started and we all sat and watched. Mervin and his mother the TV, and I her. Nothing happened. Mervin knew this wasn't his special show but I almost sensed that Janice was waiting for something. Maybe it was just the tension in the air but I convinced myself it was so. During the last commercial before the show started again, I playfully nudged the side of my aunt's breast. She didn't respond but Mervin looked right away. Again, I bumped her breast but this time a little harder, visibly jostling it even through the cover of the thick flannel pajamas.

Mervin answered with a corresponding bump on the other breast. Several more bumps followed, accompanied by a couple of mild rebukes from my aunt, "Boys, boys."

When the show started a moment later, Mervin quit and glued his eyes to the TV but I kept my hand pressed to the side of Janice's right breast. As the show continued and Mervin's attention became ever more riveted, I opened my hand and slipped it further onto her breast, though still approaching from the side. My fingers cupped the underside, taking full measure of the weight of her meaty swell while my thumb coursed over the top of her stiffening nipple which I could just feel rising beneath the flannel.

"Boys and their toys," Janice sighed.

Mervin didn't seem to hear her, and she didn't look at either of us, but I read it as a signal that I was free to play. I wasn't shy about applying light squeezes to her tit and rubbing my thumb back and forth across her hard nipple though I tried not to attract Mervin's attention. I didn't want this to descend into a silly game. I wanted my aunt to enjoy my touch as the caress it was, to revel in it as much as I.

And so I changed the game. When the commercials started, I quickly slipped my hand away. Without a prompt to remind him, Mervin didn't renew his attack on his mother's breast. After all, this wasn't the special show to which his mother had limited him, probably so that she could control when his inappropriate behavior occurred.

But as soon as the show started and I could see Mervin immerse himself in it, I slipped my hand back onto my aunt's tit, quickly renewing my squeezes and rubs, and the slow dragging flicks of my thumb across her engorged nipple. I really wanted to fondle her other breast but I was afraid that Mervin would see and want to play too.

They say the grass is always greener on the other side of the hill and I guess the male exploring gene can't ignore the urge to find out if this is true. So I pushed my hand across to Janice's other breast, but higher up on the swell of her chest so I could slip in and hide under her flannel pajamas.

Janice didn't object. Ecstatic that I was able to touch her bare breast without censure, it wasn't long before I tried to slip my hand lower to feel her bare nipple. But the buttoned pajamas prevented me from reaching my goal. Slowly, so I wouldn't catch Mervin's attention, and tentatively, in fear of rejection from my aunt, I moved my hand to mid-chest and fiddled with the top button of her pajamas.

Time seemed to move in slow motion. Janice's beautiful chest swelled up and down under my hand with her breathing while my eyes were intensely tuned to any sign of attention or rejection. Finally, after an eon, the button slipped through and I felt the lapels loosen. Pulling my hand back a few inches, I immediately slid forward again, underneath, my hand gliding over soft, bare tit.

God. It was exquisite! To feel her turtleneck or pajama covered breasts was fantastic but this was truly divine. The rub of her stiff nipple in the crook between my thumb and finger, the tension of the skin covering her breast, were sensations I never wanted to end. Her tit seemed to throb in my hand. Oh, god. I closed my thumb and finger, pinching her nipple, rolling it between, pulling it back toward me. Fuck, this was so hot. I wanted Mervin to leave.

When would this show end? No, it couldn't end. Janice would go upstairs to bed, like she always did. Please don't end.

The commercials started and I had to stop, though I was reticent to do so. They seemed to drag on forever, probably because it was the mid-show set at the half hour but they went on and on. Because he watched the commercials intently, Mervin never noticed that his mother's shirt was open at the top. I focused on more important concerns. Could I get another button undone? How could I get Janice to stay downstairs?

Just before the commercials ended, I turned off the lamp beside me. Janice kept her eyes on the TV, as she had all along, but Mervin quickly looked and then turned his lamp off too.

"Like the movies," he laughed.

Seconds later, under cover of darkness broken only by the flickering light of the TV, I slipped another button undone. Although I was by no means adept, Janice watched the TV as if nothing untoward was happening. I slipped my hand inside her shirt and had my way with her tits. I retreated during the next set of commercials but quickly resumed my attack until the show was over. Janice fastened a button as soon as my hand vacated her pajamas. I was glad the room was dark because my pajamas did little to hide my huge boner.

"Lights on, boys. Time for bed," Janice ordered, stretching and yawning. "Come on. Upstairs, Mervin."

I picked up the remote and displayed the movie listings as Janice and Mervin started up the stairs. "There's a good movie on," I said. "Do you want to watch it?"

"I'm going to bed," Janice replied.

"It's a chick flick," I called out.

"I'm too tired," she said, shuffling up the stairs behind Mervin.

Though momentarily deflated, elation soon returned. What an incredible night. I was sure I could repeat this Sunday night. No need to wait until Mervin's show. In fact, it would be better to avoid his show so I could play with Janice all on my own. I just needed to get her to stay downstairs after he went to bed.

I was watching the start of the movie and about to touch myself when I heard her coming down the stairs. Was she just getting some tea for bed? Had she forgotten something? If my boner could have become harder, it would have. Quickly, I turned off both lamps, glad for the darkness when Janice sauntered into the room and sat down on the couch. She sat beside me, not at the other end now that Mervin wasn't there, but right next to me.

"Is it any good?" she asked.

"Yeah. I think it's a good one," I answered, putting my arm behind her on the couch.

"I don't think I've seen this one," she said, nestling into the couch and even snuggling my way a bit.

I didn't answer. I didn't want to talk. I wanted her to settle in and watch, leaving me to my own interests. She seemed happy to do that and before I ventured to continue our little game, she reached behind her left shoulder and pulled my hand tighter around her neck, expelling a satisfied sigh as her eyes intensified on the screen. I

slipped my free hand down to her front and began undoing her buttons, making no attempt to hide my action. I continued right away to the second and then, with a little trepidation, I unfastened the remaining buttons.

I stopped to enjoy the sight of her shirt completely undone, slightly parted all the way down the middle to reveal her skin underneath in the flickering light. She lay there waiting, chest rising and falling smoothly, moving in concert with the smooth oval of her navel riding on the small pout of her forty year old tummy. I slipped my hand inside.

Within five minutes I pushed the pajama lapels back, exposing her breasts in the twilight, nipples stabbing up, reaching for more of the twisting, pulling, rubbing attention that they had experienced more of in the last two hours than in the previous ten years. Her only move in response to my lowered head was to stretch her neck up and to the side so she could keep watching the movie. I sucked her nipple in, a long worshipping suck, squeezing it against the roof of my mouth and then pushing it out with my tongue. Oh, the sweet sound of my aunt's moan, the excitement of her acceptance.

I sucked and sucked her tits, right through the commercials. Her eyes closed when the commercials started and didn't open when the movie started again. Eventually, while sucking her nipple deep into my mouth, I let my hand wander down over her tummy, over her deep navel, and onto her flannel pajama bottoms. I followed the dip into her pelvis and then the rise of her pubic mound. Resting my hand there, unable to proceed further because of her tightly closed legs, I let her tit fall from my mouth, leaving only a fine strand of saliva to connect us.

"Open," I whispered.

Her thighs squeezed tighter and her knees rose as her toes pushed her heels up from the floor, tensing the muscles in her legs.

"Open," I gently commanded.

Slowly, she relaxed, her pelvis seeming to spread but her legs didn't open.

I waited, patiently, my hand poised above her closed crotch. I remained silent.

Like creaking doors to an ancient tomb, her thighs gradually parted. I didn't move until they stopped and then slowly, confidently, I pushed my hand over her mound and pressed my fingers into the damp flannel covering her pussy.

Janice moaned loudly. My mouth closed over her tit and sucked her nipple hard, pulling it deep into my mouth. My hand began to move, following an oval path, tracing her pussy lips, fingers pressing, rubbing. Little by little, I increased my pace, following the same ground, pressing in harder, pushing the wet flannel between her pussy lips, pressing the heel of my hand down hard onto her clit. Soon, I was rubbing her aggressively and she was moving her hips frantically, thrusting against my hand, thighs clenching and moaning loudly.

I dropped her tit from my mouth and tried to kiss her but she was too far gone. I hugged her, pressing my cheek to hers as her arms flew around my shoulders, pulling me tightly to her, incredibly tight. Her legs were now clamped around my hand and my movements were pulling her whole pelvis around. I could feel her fucking her pussy at me, desperately seeking release. Finally, it came, in one long spasm that I thought would break my wrist. Then she fell, limp into the couch, almost like she had passed out.

The movie continued. My breath, and hers, returned to normal. I alternated between listening to her breathing, to the movie, and for any signs from upstairs that would signal we had disturbed Mervin.

Janice didn't speak. Was she waiting for me to go so we wouldn't have to face each other? Perhaps, but I didn't want to leave. She was so beautiful, lying there, shirt parted, breasts heaving and nipples still hard, legs open with my hand flopped between, draped over her covered pussy. Janice kept her eyes closed.

I was still incredibly horny. My cock was super hard, pushing up against my pajamas hard enough to form a circus tent. I looked down at my hand and slowly dragged it up, over her now wet flannel. She pulsed against me as my hand scraped by, still sensitive. My palm reached the bare skin of her tummy, followed by my fingers. I paused there, loving the feel of her warm skin.

Then, abandoning the course I originally intended to pursue, to play with her breasts, I slipped my hand downward again, but this time my fingers dug underneath the flannel pajamas and moved quickly across her increasingly warm skin, over her wet mound and back to its original position, cupping her pussy.

"No," my aunt whispered.

I didn't move.

"No," she repeated.

I twiddled my fingers, just barely.

"Don't," she said, more quietly.

My fingers continued to move, gently, slowly, inserting themselves between her soaked lips. Moving, rocking, side to side and just a little bit up and down.

There was no sound from my aunt.

More quickly now, my fingers loved her pussy, taking command, not afraid of the squishy liquid sounds that rose above the low, approving moans now emanating from Janice's throat.

There was no objection when my fingers first dug inside, exploring the wet, pink hole within. I pressed my lips down to her mouth. This time, her face reached toward me, her arms encircling my neck to pull me down. Her body arched up in ecstasy as my tongue filled her mouth and my fingers dug further inside her pussy. She went rigid as my hand began moving, my fingers frigging her cunt.

When the kiss ended, she slumped back into the couch, surprising me when her eyes opened, looking up first to my excited face and then down to my equally excited cock poking up beneath my pajamas. My aunt reached across with her left hand, squeezed under the elastic of my pajamas, and took hold of my almost bursting hardon. Her wild eyes returned to my face as her hand began jerking my meat, demanding a response, her small fist closing tightly over my shaft. Quickly, we both increased our pace, panting loudly, gasping for air, somehow matching our strokes. I twisted my torso, slipping my cock between her tits, her hand still yanking as my spurts burst onto her chest, splashing on her neck and the bottom of her jaw. I groaned, only dimly aware that she was moaning too, cumming for a second time.

We kissed, and hugged and nuzzled for awhile. Nothing was said. We just stayed close. After awhile I got up and we both walked upstairs, holding hands, and went to our respective beds.

The next night, after Mervin went to bed, Janice came downstairs to watch a movie with me again. I had turned the lights off, which Mervin hadn't copied this time, and was waiting, my eyes on the TV. I was surprised when she sat down next to me, right beside me again, but wearing a full length robe. What was this?

As Janice started to watch the movie, I tentatively moved my hand to her robe, a little unsure of myself. But she didn't object as I tugged the belt loose and I almost cried aloud in glee when I parted the robe and found my aunt beautifully naked underneath. The unkempt bush that I had assaulted for so long the night before was now neatly trimmed and I couldn't help ignoring her tits and moving directly there to cup her bare pussy in my hand. She laughed, amused by my eagerness, my lack of guile.

"Like that, do you?" she asked huskily, smiling as her hand reached into my pajamas, slipping over my head and down my rigid shaft.

My head lowered to suck her tit into my mouth as my hand rubbed her pussy. In response to her long, sighing moan, I whispered, "Like that, do you?"

After that, we were busy. Her stroking, me stroking, me sucking. After she came, I continued to kiss and suck her nipples, my outstretched hand having never left her pussy. Her hips once again began to react in time to my digging fingers and my own cock reached toward her chest, as if in anticipation of last night's spillage through her tits. Janice used her free hand to pull my pajamas down over my hips and ass to my thighs. I twisted more toward her, reaching toward her breasts but was surprised when she ducked down and took me into her mouth.

I couldn't help thrusting in and out. It looked a little uncomfortable for her but I couldn't stop and I was relieved when she adjusted herself to somehow accommodate me better. I pulled back suddenly when I felt I was about to explode, partly because I was afraid to lose a blast right into her mouth and partly because I didn't want this to end yet.

Looking down at my fingers shoved into her pussy, I used my free hand to push her leg up. Janice pulled her other leg back in a matching movement. I dropped my hand down to manipulate her clit while I continued pushing the other in and out of her, working further and further inside her slippery lips. Soon, I had several fingers inside her cunt and Janice had closed her eyes. She was holding her legs back, hands behind her knees, to keep herself spread and open for me.

A new idea popped into my head. Kneeling against the couch, I lowered myself until my cock was near but I didn't move until I suddenly pulled my fingers out of her pussy, grabbed my cock and quickly shoved it into her cunt. Her eyes flew open as I pushed into her surprisingly tight channel. She was tight deep inside. When was the last time she'd been fucked?

She didn't say anything to stop me. I was already in, after all, but I knew she hadn't wanted things to go this far. But she didn't say no or don't or anything, or even try to impede my progress. It was just the look on her face.

That changed after I finally got all the way in and started to fuck her. She closed her eyes again and I could tell she really loved it. I sped up and really had at her until I felt like I was about to come. Slowing, I pulled out and twisted her to lie lengthways on the couch, more comfortable for her, then pushed her legs back and tilted her ass up toward me, re-entered and really started pounding on her. Our first incredible fuck. I slowed to a stop several more times before having at her again until eventually I loosed my seed inside her with a huge gasping groan.

After recovering, I gathered her robe about her and pulled on my discarded pajamas, turned off the TV and followed Janice up the stairs. She seemed to understand when I followed her into her room. She simply closed the latch she used so Mervin couldn't wake her up too early in the morning. When she came out of the bathroom I was lying on my back in the middle of her bed, cock standing straight up. That faint smile played across her lips as she walked calmly toward the end of the bed, climbed on and crawled deliberately forward on her knees, straddling

me until she was poised above my cock. Her smile widened only slightly as she lowered herself, slipping like a tight glove over my cock.

I fucked Janice every night for the next two weeks. She was the most awesome woman I had ever been with in my short sexual career by a long, long shot.

Then Mom came for an unannounced visit.

Part 2. Siblings

Sitting in the kitchen sipping my second cup of coffee, I was just half way through the reading for an assignment that was due in two days. Breakfast was done and Janice had just upstairs to get dressed. Mervin was outside in the back yard so I was contemplating a quick visit upstairs. I couldn't concentrate anyway with a mind full of late October sunlight falling across Janice's body as she undressed.

We had been careless this morning. I had barely made it into Janice's large closet before Mervin barreled into her room. She had just spread her legs and I was entering her when we heard Mervin spring out of bed laughing and shouting that it was sunny outside. It was close and I knew Janice was upset that I had fallen asleep and that she had let me stay in her bed.

I was so horny, and thoughts of her body twisting in the sunlight, interspersed with visions of her welcoming smile, firm breasts and open legs, turned me away from studying. Shoving my chair back, I started to get up. Would I catch her naked? Maybe. Would she be angry? Probably. Would she be excited? Yes. Would we fuck? Definitely.

"Surprise!"

My head jerked around as Mom burst into the kitchen. I hadn't heard her come in the front door.

"Oh, my. It's after ten and you're not even dressed," Mom exclaimed. "I knew my sister wouldn't keep your nose to the grindstone," she laughed, holding her arms open. "Give us a big kiss."

I took two steps and folded my arms around my mother, my face flushing red because of the illicit thoughts of Mom's sister still fading from my mind. My whole body tensed as Mom pressed in and hugged me hard. Thoughts of Janice receded more slowly from other parts of my body. Mom suddenly released her grip and I stepped back. My housecoat fell open and Mom looked awkwardly away. Quickly, I pulled my robe together.

"I didn't know you were coming," I said, belting my robe, "or I would have been dressed."

"No matter, no matter." Mom turned away, flustered. "Is there any coffee left? Oh, great."

She pulled a mug from the cupboard and poured herself a coffee. She must have felt my boner when she hugged me, that's why she wasn't looking at me. Thank god it was limp now. Jeez. Awkwardly, I stood in the middle of the room, unsure about what to do, until Janice saved my bacon.

"Jessica," she cried, running past me with her arms flung wide.

"Hi, hi." Mom sounded relieved as she turned around and threw her arms around her younger sister.

"How are you?"

"Great."

"Are you here for the weekend?"

"The whole week. If that's ok with you."

"Wonderful. We can go shopping."

"Oh, do we have to," Mom mocked. They giggled like young girls.

"Are you hungry? I was just about to make some lunch."

"It looks like Gerry just finished breakfast," Mom scolded.

"I know. It's hard to keep him out of bed," Janice teased. I almost spit in my coffee.

"Well, we'll have to beat that out of him," Mom teased, the tension between us now gone.

"You better go get dressed, Gerry, before your mother gives you a spanking."

More giggles. I left.

A week? I thought as I climbed the stairs. I wasn't going to be able to fuck Janice for a whole week? I had to go back to my hand? Now spoiled, I didn't think I could take a whole week without the warmth and softness of Janice's body, the intimate nuzzles, the sweet sounds she made as we made love. I loved my mother, but I wanted her to go.

As I dressed, fear replaced my sense of loss. What if Janice spilled the beans? Mom always said she couldn't keep a secret, not from her anyway. I rushed to get dressed and promptly put my arm through the wrong sleeve, then tripped trying to pull my pants up while prematurely stumbling toward the dresser to get some socks.

I couldn't leave them alone. I'd have to go shopping with them. No, wait. They'd do that during the week when I was at school. No matter. If Janice was going to tell, she'd do it before Monday. I had to stick to her like glue until then, especially at night. If they were alone, Janice might let something slip, then feel guilty and own up under interrogation from Mom. I couldn't let that happen.

Although I wasn't hungry, I ate lunch just to be with them. I was on pins and needles throughout the afternoon but I was in the same room whenever they were together. Mom did mention several times that it was odd for me to hang out with them all day but Janice said it just showed how much I missed her. Mom seemed pleased with that explanation and didn't question my presence again. Just before dinner, she even held out her arms for another big hug. I didn't have a hardon then but Mom blushed anyway; I guess, still harboring the memory of the morning incident.

For a second or two I panicked. Did she think I had a boner over Janice? No, of course not. Over her? Don't be ridiculous. Mom would know guys got boners in the morning, just 'cause. She was married, for Christ's sakes. Settle down, before you blow it.

After dinner, Janice asked me if I could help Mervin get ready for bed while she and Mom cleared up the dishes. I hated the thought of leaving them alone but I couldn't see a way out. Helping Mervin get into his pajamas consisted simply of constantly reminding him to do it and keeping him away from distracting, more fun things to do. It was like controlling a cat.

By the time we were done—I decided to change too so I didn't have to leave my aunt and mom alone again until bedtime—Janice and Mom were sitting on the couch drinking coffee and watching the late news while they chatted. Janice was wearing a white turtle neck and stretchy black slacks while Mom wore an ordinary blouse and a loose, knee-length skirt.

Upon seeing Janice dressed in her white turtleneck, Mervin charged the couch, leapt over the table, and crashed onto the seat between his mother and aunt, bouncing several times. Mom was shocked and Janice scolded him, yelling, 'How many times have I told you not to jump on the furniture?' but Mervin kept yelling, 'My show, my show.'

From the look on Janice's face, I don't think she realized until then the mistake she had made by putting on the white turtle neck. Mervin's favorite show wouldn't be on until Monday, and this was Saturday night. What followed was an arduous affair of convincing Mervin that his show was not, in fact, on that night. Mervin didn't believe it and sat in front of the TV with the remote, endlessly cycling through the channels until Mom asked me to take him upstairs so he wouldn't have the TV to remind him that he should be upset. Janice had already gone up to change out of her turtleneck.

"Mervin," Mom coaxed, "Gerry has a new game to show you."

Mervin followed Mom and I upstairs and I took him back to his room to keep him amused while Mom changed for bed too. We had just started a game of I Spy when I heard Mom and Janice pass by Mervin's room on their way back downstairs. A pit grew in my stomach as I imagined Janice spilling the beans during a private tête à tête.

It was some time later, when it was Mervin's turn to spy something, that he decided to show me a secret instead. He waved me over to the far side of his bed and pulled up the carpet in the corner to reveal an old, ornately designed grate in the floor. He peered into the grate, then looked at me and laughed, covering his mouth with one hand. I put my head next to his, and peered inside.

I was surprised to find that I could see through the grate to another one about 10" inches below it that must be embedded in the ceiling of the living room. The couch was almost directly below us. Mom and Janice were sitting on the couch, talking, and had now changed from coffee to red wine.

Mervin giggled into his hand. "Watch TV," he whispered.

I strained to hear what the women were saying and had to shush Mervin, at first to no avail, but less than a minute later he tired of watching our moms and left to find something more fun. I pressed my nose against the grate and turned my head to the side to hear better.

"I can't believe you're still doing the turtleneck thing with Mervin."

"I know, Jess. I just can't get out of it. I should have known better. It worked so well at first. I was wearing a turtleneck the first time that show came on and he bugged me all day for several days to turn it on. He just wouldn't understand, so every time it was on, I changed into a turtleneck and he knew his show was on. That way,

he left me alone unless I was wearing one. I just completely forgot today. I don't know how I could have been so stupid."

Mom left the last comment behind. "Are you still letting him play bumpsie?"

Janice turned away and took a long sip of wine. It seemed she didn't really want to answer. Setting the glass deliberately on the end table, she turned back to Mom.

"Yes," she said, so quietly I could barely hear and it may have been more the nod of her head that let me understand what was said.

"Janice," Mom admonished.

"It's so hard to get him to stop, Jess. You see what he's like once he makes an association," she held her hands up in the air. "Unless he finds something he'd rather do, it's just about impossible."

"Has it gotten worse? Is that all he's doing?" Mom persisted, her tone indicating she suspected more, which I found bizarre.

Janice dropped her hands into her lap. "Yes. He doesn't just bump, he pushes them around. They're his favorite toys during the commercials."

"Jeez, Janice. What are you going to do with him when you're out? What if he tries it with someone else? He's a big boy now."

"I know, I know. I've told him he can only do it at home, and only when that show is on. I told him it's just a family thing and he can't do it when anyone else is around."

"So, what about Gerry? Has he seen it."

"I couldn't help it. I told Mervin he couldn't play that game anymore now that Gerry was living with us. But you know how much Mervin thinks of Gerry. He couldn't wait to show him his new game. It was really embarrassing but Gerry was so good about it. He said if that's what made Mervin feel comfortable, then there was nothing wrong with it. No one else had to know. He just ignored the whole thing."

"You mean, my twenty old son sat next to you while you were getting your boobs felt up and he just ignored it?"
Mom cried in disbelief.

"Pretty much," Janice said, defensively.

"Oh, Janice. Come on."

"Well, ok. He did look but I pretended not to notice. I didn't want him to make the situation more awkward than it already was."

"And nothing else happened?" Mom pushed.

"Mervin tried to get him to play too but Gerry said no, it was a game he had to play by himself," Janice lied.

"How long has this been going on?"

"It just started a few days ago," Janice lied again. I couldn't see her face but I could see part of Mom's and it looked skeptical. "I think Mervin will tire of it when he sees Gerry isn't interested in playing."

"You think he can look like he's not interested in those?" Mom waved her hand at Janice's chest now covered by a pair of men's style flannel pajamas like Mom was wearing. "You may be his aunt but he is twenty, and you always did have the best tits."

"Shhhhh," Janice's head snapped toward the stairs but she was laughing. "Well, you got that awesome butt."

They laughed but Mom quickly got serious. "You know, Janice, I surprised Gerry this morning with a hug and he had a hardon."

"What?" Janice sounded incredulous. "I hadn't even got up yet. It wasn't anything to do with me," she cried, her voice sounding overly defensive.

Mom eyed her younger sister with a 'methinks thou dost protest too much' expression and lowered her voice, "Gerry does look a lot like Dad."

"Jessica! Don't even go there."

Mom's words stunned me and I almost didn't hear the next few exchanges.

"You can't tell me you're not aware of it."

"Yeah, sure, he looks a lot like Dad but you're not suggesting..."

"No, but I can see you stretching the line, just for the rush...like you used to do with Dad."

Janice flirted with my grandfather? This was getting interesting. I had to adjust my position because my cock had stiffened enough to be uncomfortable lying on the floor.

"Well, I know where the line is and I didn't cross it," Janice was emphatic. She was so convincing, I believed it myself.

"Not even a little bit?"

Janice shook her head but didn't say anything. She turned and took another long sip of wine. Mom was still waiting when she reluctantly turned back to face her.

"Did you let him touch you?" Mom hissed.

Janice looked away, then at her hands wringing in her lap, her head leaning sideways away from Mom.

"Mervin grabbed his hand and put it on my breast," she admitted. "Gerry was embarrassed but I told him not to be, that Mervin would lose interest as soon as the show started again."

"You let him keep his hand on your tits through the commercials?" Janice nodded. "How long?"

"I don't remember. Not long."

"Oh Janice. No wonder he has a big boner in the morning. He was probably thinking about you all night."

Mom thought my boner was big? I wriggled on the floor, pressing it into the rug.

"So did Mervin lose interest?"

"Yes, but he wanted Gerry to play as soon as the commercials came on again," Janice admitted.

"Is this still going on?"

"Yeah," I could hardly hear Janice's admission. "We're trying to outlast Mervin."

"I don't suppose Gerry's too broken up about having to touch your breasts, is he?"

"No. I guess not."

"It made you think of Dad, didn't it?"

Janice nodded.

"And you got excited, didn't you?"

She nodded again.

"And Gerry felt it?"

Janice shook her head, "I don't think so."

"Oh Janice. How could he not, with nipples like yours? Dad didn't have a chance and he was forty. Gerry's probably lying awake at night thinking he made you horny, wondering if you'll let him go further, scared that you won't and terrified that you will. Oh, god. What are we going to do?"

Janice shrugged as Mom picked up her wine and took a big gulp. Just then, Mervin jumped on me, yelling in glee at the success of his surprise attack. Both women turned and looked at the ceiling and the thumping coming from Mervin's room. Quickly, I shoved the carpet over the grate to block the light.

We were wrestling around on the floor on the other side of the room when the women appeared at the door. Janice settled Mervin down by promising a trip to the zoo if he calmed down right away and went to bed without a fuss. She told him to say goodnight to me and Mom.

Mom said, "Gerry's going to bed too, aren't you Gerry?"

I agreed and Janice said, "Gerry's going to the zoo, too?"

I nodded and Mom pulled me out of the room. She kept hold of me all the way downstairs, sitting on the couch and pulling me down next to her. Janice started to sit beside me but Mom asked her to get a glass for me so we could all watch a movie together. As she walked away, I couldn't help checking out the way the flannel pajamas clung to Janice's behind, outlining her unencumbered, wiggling buttocks. I jerked my eyes away but knew Mom had noticed. Thankfully, she didn't say anything and fiddled with the remote to start the DVD player, acting like she hadn't seen.

I turned to watch Janice's approach at the sound of her bare feet padding across the floor. She was carrying a glass and another bottle of wine, a gentle smile gracing her soft, pretty face. Though I tried, I couldn't stop my eyes from dropping to her chest. Her smile broadened but quickly disappeared when Mom looked up, pressing 'Play' as soon as Janice sat down and started to fill my glass. Without a word, she handed me the full glass and we all started watching the movie, a chick flick, of course.

The movie went on and on. Originally bracing myself for a talking to, my fear gradually gave way to another kind of tension, wanting to escape but afraid to leave in case I became the subject of conversation. I looked longingly at the stairs and then the kitchen. Mom, noticing the latter, paused the movie.

"Hungry?" she asked.

"Starving," I cried, relieved and finally believing Mom wasn't going to ask me about touching Janice's tits. I was afraid that once she started, she would get it out of me that I had been fucking her sister for the past two weeks and then all hell would break loose.

Mom got up and walked to the kitchen in her bare feet, hips swaying in the same captivating motion that Janice had affected. I was looking across Janice as I watched Mom so it was impossible to hide my attention, but then, my aunt already knew I was guilty. She smiled smugly.

"Pretty nice, huh?"

I had to admit that Janice was right. Mom did have the better ass and she didn't just look pretty good, she looked fantastic. The weirdness of the situation fluttered through me as I sat next to my mother's sister, who I was fucking, discussing my mother's delectable bottom. I didn't have to answer, my face gave everything away.

"Come in and let me know what you want guys," Mom called out just as soon as she disappeared from view.

Janice leaned over and put her hand in my lap, fingers closing over my hardon.

"You'd better stay right here," she whispered, squeezing my cock through the flannel, "because you won't be able to hide that thing if you stand up."

Janice stood, started to walk away, then turned, picked up a pillow and threw it onto my lap. She laughed as she walked away, throwing an extra surge into each sideways sway of her hips. I struggled to get rid of my boner while she and Mom bustled about in the kitchen, resorting to my old standby of picturing my dick lying over an anvil while a huge, stocky, sweaty guy with a medieval mask raised a huge hammer over his head.

I was almost there and then Mom's references to her 'Dad' popped into my head. Evidently Janice had teased my grandfather. No, more than that. Mom said he wasn't able to resist her nipples. Did that mean she had shown them to her father. Had he touched them? Thinking about how easily aroused Janice was, I wondered if she had let him fuck her. Her own father. I pictured a young Janice arching her back to tease her father with those great medium-sized tits, spreading her legs and beckoning to gramps—it wasn't hard to imagine him then since he died just a few years after I was born and was probably about Mom's age now—while an almost as young version of Mom watched disapprovingly from the sidelines. I was lost. My cock grew under the pillow and I pressed down to subdue it, making matters worse.

Mom emerged from the kitchen carrying a platter of sandwiches and cookies.

"Here we are," she said, looking for a clear spot on the coffee table to put it. "Oh, good idea," she said, spying the pillow in my lap, stepping around the table and plunking the large platter on top of the pillow, to a silent groan from my pecker underneath. "Come on, Janice," Mom yelled, twisting around and plopping down beside me. "The movie's starting," she warned, picking up the remote.

Janice rushed out of the kitchen, carrying another bottle of wine and plopped down on the other side of me. We watched the movie, not speaking, eating sandwiches and cookies, and ruining the taste of a pretty decent merlot.

The food was soon gone—I guess we were all hungry—and we each settled back with wine glasses in hand, sipping as we watched the movie, the silence broken only by Janice refilling our glasses each time she did her own.

I transferred the empty platter to the table before one such refill, but kept the pillow in place. Both women leaned close to me in the dimly lit room, flickering from the changing light on the TV screen, their heads almost on my shoulders. The next time Janice tried to fill my glass, I declined, tossed the rest down my throat and handed her the empty glass. She filled Mom's and hers and I spread my arms along the back of the couch.

Mom and Janice snuggled closer and reached across me to clink their glasses. The press of each woman's breast against mine did not go unnoticed. After only two more such clinks, the breasts did not part from my chest. Who would think you could have a sense of touch in your chest? I certainly wouldn't have, but given the motivation, I found myself perfectly capable of registering the different shapes of Mom's and Janice's tits.

They were definitely free under the flannel of their pajama tops. Janice's was larger with an already excited nipple but Mom's smaller breast was strangely more exciting. I found myself, twisting a bit, as if stretching, but I was really trying to move my chest against Mom's tit to better sense its shape. She shifted once and I was afraid I'd gone too far but she only snuggled closer to me. I stayed still, afraid of giving myself away. Seconds later, I felt an odd protuberance, a hard bud that increased its pressure, as if growing into me. Stunned, I realized that Mom's nipple was stiffening into my side!

Janice reached across with her glass again and Mom met it with her own. They lifted their glasses to their lips and drank, each woman's breast skidding over my side under my arms. As they tipped their heads back, their nipples scraped up my tender armpits, dragging like rubber erasers, one large, the other small, but both stiff and resilient. They clicked their glasses together once more and turned back to the movie, but each breast was still pressed into my side, their focal protrusions not subsiding. Cautiously, I moved my hands from the back of the couch to each woman's shoulder and sighed when each one snuggled closer still. I was in heaven.

The movie ended not much later. I managed to twist and stretch several more times but the best was when Mom and Janice toasted each other, scraping her nipples up and down my armpits as they emptied their glasses.

"Should we watch another," Janice asked as the credits rolled up the screen.

"I'll fall asleep," Mom warned.

"So?" Janice countered.

"All right," Mom gave in. "You pick."

"No, you. I picked this one."

"Oh, all right."

Mom made a big production about getting up. I stayed right where I was, feeling I had to keep the pillow pressed down with my hands. Mom crawled over to the TV and bent over to extract the DVD and remained like that while she scanned through the drawer for another movie. My eyes glommed onto her pajamas which were stuck between her buttocks, outlining her pearish cheeks perfectly. Janice grinned at me and her hand slipped under the pillow, firmly grasping my cock and squeezing it hard.

'Yummy', she mouthed silently and then blew a kiss at Mom's behind. Mom selected a movie and slid the disk into the player while Janice mercilessly pulled my cock, releasing it just in time as Mom turned and crawled back to the

couch. I noticed for the first time that not all the buttons were done up in her top and wondered if one had come undone as her tit scraped up and down my chest. I didn't know if I could make it through another movie without coming in my pants.

Mom started the movie and, looking sleepy, declared, "I might not make it to the end."

"That's ok," Janice replied. "I'll wake you so you can go to bed."

Mom nodded and leaned in toward me, snuggling close like Janice was. The feel of her breast renewing contact with the side of my chest was wonderful and I automatically put my arm around her shoulder and pulled her closer. Tingles shot through my cock as Mom mumbled something sleepily and her breasts split, one pushing toward the front and the other digging more firmly under my arm. Her eyelashes fluttered as she squinted at the screen.

Several minutes later, Mom's eyes closed. Not even a minute after that, Janice's hand crept back under the pillow. I stiffened in surprise and fear but I couldn't stop her advance. Within seconds she was again gripping my shaft. Thankfully, she didn't start wanking me but she kept squeezing and releasing, as if handling a firm sponge.

It was hard enough to handle her hand but Janice glanced up from watching Mom every few seconds to flash me a smile with her sparkling, mischievous eyes. When she opened her mouth and slid her tongue around and around as if she was swirling it around my cock, I lost it and began spurting down my pajama leg as Janice mocked me with her licentious smile. I don't know how my shuddering didn't wake Mom.

As soon as I was finished, I leaned forward, carefully dislodging Mom and, before her groggy eyes could register much, bolted from the room, pillow held firmly over my crotch. I ran up the stairs and hurried into the bathroom to clean myself up.

The lights were still on downstairs and the movie was playing when I emerged from the bathroom. I went to my room and put on a fresh pair of pajama bottoms. I could hear Mom and Janice talking but couldn't make out what they were saying. Quietly, I crept into Mervin's room and made my way to the secret corner on the far side of his bed. Lying on my stomach, I lifted the carpet and peered through the grate.

"...but you have to admit, it takes you back," Janice was persisting with a point she was making to Mom, who was sipping her wine as she listened to her younger sister.

"Yes, I suppose," Mom admitted.

"He's so much like him," Janice insisted.

"But he's not," Mom replied firmly.

"Don't you remember that first time, sitting on the couch watching a late movie with Dad when Brad was on his first tour and you came home to live with us? How he sat there, not knowing what to make of us, pretending nothing was happening while we competed for hit attention?"

Mom nodded. "That was wrong, Janice. We never should have done that. If only we'd known better."

"I disagree. He wasn't satisfied with Mom and we gave him something that made his life so much better."

Mom didn't answer. Janice went on.

"That night was unbelievable. We kept acting like we were playing a game and he kept getting harder and harder. I couldn't believe how big his pants got. Then you and I pretending to fight across him, wrestling, those accidental touches, a press here and a scrape there. Him telling us to settle down and us starting up again, until finally he had to leave." Janice laughed, still in awe at her memory.

"Yeah," Mom said, "because his pants were all wet."

"I never saw that. I always thought you were lying about that."

"No. He came in his pants."

"He was so mad at us for days after that. Remember how grumpy he was?"

"Yes. I was really scared that he was going to tell Mom. Can you believe that? 'Uh, mother, your daughters made me come in my pants'."

Both women laughed hysterically for a minute. Mom quieted down first, getting serious.

"Then you did it." Janice lowered her head. "Mom grounded you. I can't remember what for, and you got Dad to let you go out."

"I know." Janice's voice sounded strangely ashamed. "He was sitting in the living room in his chair and I went to sit beside him while you and Mom were making dinner. I tried sweet-talking him but it was no use. He wasn't budging. Then, I just put my hand on his pants, right on his thing, and it got hard. I couldn't believe what I'd done and neither could Dad. He jerked his head toward the kitchen but he didn't push me away, so I unzipped his pants and slipped my hand inside and started rubbing. It was like a dream world. I pulled it out and it got bigger and bigger and I just started pumping it. I remember being so enthralled with it, I wasn't even scared. Somehow, I knew nobody was going to come and I just kept moving my hand up and down, and then it spit out all this sticky white stuff, all over his pants. He jumped up and ran upstairs."

"And later, at dinner, he announced that you could go out if you wanted. Mom was so mad, she was furious."

"I know," Janice acknowledged. "I never got along with her after that."

"Do you think she knew?" Mom asked.

"No. I don't think she even suspected."

"And then you started getting everything."

"And you started complaining about how much stricter he was with you." Janice laughed out loud. "I think that really bugged you."

"It did," Mom admitted.

"I sucked him," Janice burst out. "I was rubbing his pants in the garage, trying to get him to let me do something, I can't even remember what now, and he was saying how it all had to stop. He let me pull his thing out but then he said, enough was enough, and started trying to put it back in his pants. The next thing I knew, I put my mouth on him. God knows, I didn't know what to do. I just pushed down and it filled my whole mouth. Then Dad grabbed my head and he was pushing more of it inside, and then he was fucking me, fucking my mouth."

Janice paused. "There was no going back after that. Every time I wanted something, I just gave Dad a look and went upstairs, or to the garage, downstairs or even outside. I would just kneel down and he would walk up to me, opening his pants, already hard, and stick it into my mouth. He always held my head, as if he thought I would try to get away. I never understood that. Why did he think I went out there in the first place?"

Janice shook her head, still not comprehending.

"At first, it was always over quick, but then, he started lasting longer and longer and my mouth used to get sore. We did it so often, once three times in one day. And he got carried away sometimes."

"Like that time I caught you in the garage," Mom chipped in.

"Yeah. Brad had been gone, what, at least six months then?"

"Yeah," Mom agreed.

"Dad just yanked out and I knew someone was watching. I thought it was Mom, and I braced myself for a shitkicking. But it was you. Dad was standing there, with this horrified look on his face, one hand still on the top of my head, not moving. And you, you just walked up to us where we were, him standing and me kneeling beside the car. I remember, you just smirked at him, ignoring me as if I wasn't there, and then you bent over the fender, reached back and pulled your dress up over your ass."

Mom nodded, but didn't say anything.

"Dad was gobsmacked. He stood there, looking at that beautiful, mid-twenties ass of yours. It was something then." Mom nodded in agreement, looking proud. Janice went on. "Then he moved. His hand left my head and he stepped behind you, pushed you farther onto the hood, and ripped your panties right off. Then he pushed his hips forward, shoved it in, and started banging you. He must have known you really needed it, married, and Brad being gone so long."

Mom nodded, still silent.

"I remember thinking he must be hurting you, shoving his whole thing in and smacking into you so hard. I stood up, to see. Your whole body was jerking across the hood. You were both grunting and moaning and Dad was saying, 'Take it, take it.' Then he grabbed your head and pulled your head up and started fucking you even harder but I could see in your face that you loved it, you really wanted it, and I thought about you not being a virgin like I was and Brad being away so long, and how you must really need a man, any man."

Mom nodded. "And then you wanted one too."

It was Janice's turn to nod in agreement. "Yes," he hissed.

"You fucked him, didn't you, that very same night? Didn't you?"

"Yes," Janice mumbled. "I went out on my date with Jeff but I couldn't wait to get home. I kept thinking about you and how much I wanted to feel like that, to be filled like that. Jeff felt me up and thought it was a big deal to get his finger into me, but Dad, he just shoved his whole cock into you and took complete control, made you lose yourself in it. I wanted that."

"And you got it."

"Yeah, I did. Everyone was in bed when I got home so I crept into my room but I couldn't stop thinking about what happened in the garage. So I got up and walked down the hall to the top of the stairs. I only stood there for a couple of minutes before he came out of his room. He was only wearing boxer shorts. He walked quietly like he didn't want to wake anyone up. I could see he was hard, the whole front of his shorts were like a pyramid and I remember feeling strong because I made it do that. I took off my robe and showed him that I had nothing on underneath and the look on his face made me feel really powerful. I giggled and he panicked, shushing me. I walked down the stairs and he scrambled after me while I teased him, wiggling my ass and giggling."

"Things changed when we were in the basement. He wasn't worried about my giggling then. He threw me on the couch in the rumpus room and said, I'll give you something to laugh about. I tried to turn over like I'd seen you do but he forced my legs wide open and then he was in me. It hurt and I struggled but he just kept repeating what he'd said. And then this feeling washed over me and it started feeling really good. He just filled me and he felt so powerful and I loved it. He kept me there after, whispering to me. He wasn't talking to me like a kid and I liked it. Before I knew it, we were doing it again. He fucked me once more after that and it was almost morning when we snuck upstairs."

"And that's when Mervin was made," Mom observed.

"Yeah," Janice replied. "After that, he always used a rubber. It must have been that first night. God, he filled me with so much stuff, I was overflowing. Like you in the afternoon on the car," Janice laughed. "It was dripping down the inside of your leg and you didn't even know it. You went in the house like that."

"I know. Thank god I didn't run into Mom."

"He didn't use a rubber on you that time either."

"No," Mom acknowledged. "But he always did after that."

"So that was it for you too, then."

I couldn't believe my ears. Did Mom have a kid before me, when she was married to Dad? Did she get an abortion?

"Brad came home not long after that."

"Yeah," Janice accused, "but you let Dad fuck you for a long time after that."

"I know," Mom hung her head. "I couldn't help it, it was so wild, so over the top. I loved Brad, still do, but sex with Dad was incredible. I never knew what to expect...tender...rough...whatever, it was always good. The best I ever had."

"Yeah, almost," Janice concurred." Her eyes flicked upstairs but Mom didn't notice.

"We had lots of chances," Mom carried on as if her sister hadn't said anything. "Nobody thought it odd to see Dad and I together, anywhere. He always wanted to fuck and I never said no."

"We were bad girls, especially me, getting pregnant and having to go away," Janice said. "And you, the golden girl, everyone just thought how virile Brad must be to make you pregnant on his first night back."

Wait a minute, what was she saying?

"Did Brad ever suspect?" Janice asked.

"No," Mom replied. "Thank god. Maybe he would have if Dad had lived longer. I don't think we could have hidden it forever."

What? What did she mean? Explain.

"Let's call it a night. I'm bushed," Mom yawned.

"OK," Janice got up. "BTW, Gerry checked out your ass on the way to the kitchen."

"Don't start, Janice," Mom scolded.

"All right. Let's go to bed." As they walked toward the stairs, Janice said, "I'm just sayin..."

"Janice, we're not going there."

"Ok, ok."

Janice peeked in on Mervin before she went to bed. I stayed as quiet as a mouse, lying on the floor beside his bed for almost an hour before I was brave enough to risk going to bed. Mom was sleeping with Janice and I could hear the low murmur of their voices for quite some time.

It was a fitful night. Once in bed, I vacillated between beating my meat to pictures of gramps fucking Janice's face or pummeling my mother from behind, and trying to remember the exact words they used to confirm whether or not my father was my grandfather and not my Dad, or if there was an unwanted pregnancy before I came along. Was Mervin my cousin, or my brother?

Part 3. Family

Next morning, they sent Mervin in to wake me up. It wasn't a gentle awakening. I wandered downstairs in my pajamas to find Mom and Janice already dressed, as was Mervin. They berated me for sleeping in so long but soon

realized that was useless until I had eaten and had a cup of coffee. I suggested they go ahead without me but retracted as soon as I saw Mervin's face. I woke up after my first cup of coffee and noticed Mom's tight brown, high-waisted slacks.

The high waist not only emphasized Mom's narrow waist but also her streamlined butt, curving out in two gentle slopes to define well-defined pear-shaped buttocks with clear separation. I couldn't take my foggy eyes off them and this did not pass unnoticed by my aunt. Things stirred in my pajamas below and my naughty aunt, surmising as much, tried several times to get me to stand up to fetch her things. I stayed put, of course, knowing that if Mom saw my boner now she very well might think it was for her.

When I was finally ready, Dad called. I talked to him briefly and then put Mom on the phone. I wandered outside to wait in the front yard with Mervin. When my glance fell across the old garage, long since used only as a shed, I slipped inside to check it out. In the gloom, I imagined a car parked where all the junk was with my mother bent over the hood getting slammed from behind, her jolting head lifted to show the ecstasy on her face, the hand grasping her hair giving way to an arm that traveled up to a man's face, my grandfather, no, me, then my grandfather, then me, and me, and me.

Mom was calling. They were ready to go.

It was a great day. We went to the zoo and then had lunch. After that, it was off to the marina to look at boats which both Mervin and I loved to do, then the park, and finally home. There was lots of bantering and walking arm in arm. It was a wonderful time for two sons with their mothers.

Mom wanted to order in but Janice insisted on making a big dinner. I took Mervin upstairs to his room to play games. I wasn't thinking about eavesdropping because the women were in the kitchen and not anywhere near the grate in the living room. Mervin must have gotten more than his fair share of fresh air, because he crashed. He was

too big for me to lift onto his bed so I straightened his legs, put a pillow under his head and threw a blanket over him, and left him on the floor.

I was going to go downstairs but a strange feeling made me change my mind and I wandered down to my room instead. I sat on my bed, wondering why I had chosen to sit there by myself instead of hanging around with the two attractive women downstairs. That got me to thinking about them and my grandfather again. Soon, I had my cock in hand, lazily stroking it while imagining all sorts of super lewd sexual activity involving my grandfather and his daughters.

That was a thought. They hadn't mentioned doing it together except for the first time Mom caught Janice sucking gramps, and that was hardly a threesome. Had they ever done it all together or did he prefer them one at a time?

The faint sound of Mom's voice caught my attention. I looked at the floor, then sat up and looked more intently at the far corner. I pulled my pants up, climbed off the bed, and walked to the corner, cocking my head to listen. Yes, I could hear Mom's voice better. I picked up the small ornamental table in the corner and moved it to the side. Getting down on my knees, I carefully pulled up the rug. There was a grate there. Leaning close, I peered in. I could see Mom and Janice sitting at the kitchen table.

Janice's elbows rested on the table, her forehead leaning into her hands.

"I just miss him, that's all," she sniffled. She raised her head and looked at Mom, tears drying on her cheeks. "I know you do too."

Mom stretched her hand out and Janice took it. "Well, we both have a piece of him, don't we?" she consoled her sister. "I see him in both our sons."

"So do I. I see his innocence and enthusiasm in Mervin and his wildness in Gerry."

"In Gerry?" Mom was surprised.

"Yes. It's there hidden just under the surface, like it was in Dad, waiting for something to let it free."

"No," Mom disagreed. "Look how Gerry is with Mervin. He's like the good father Dad was when we were little and growing up, always there for us, not the wild, underground guy we saw when he was older."

"We turned him into that, Jess. If it wasn't for us...me, I guess...he may never have come out."

"Well, he certainly came," Mom said, causing both women to burst out laughing.

Janice became serious first for once. "That was the most alive I ever felt, pure, raw emotions. Everything was so intense and it's all been so dull since. Until lately."

"Janice, I said we're not going there. He's not Dad just because he looks like him. Now just stop it."

"All right, if you say so. But you better hide that ass or you just might be proven wrong." Janice got up and walked toward the stove.

"Oh, you're disgusting," Mom slapped at her sister as she went by.

I dropped the rug and returned the table to its proper place. I hoped they asked me to watch a movie again tonight.

* * *

We ate at the kitchen table that night. I complimented Janice several times on the marvelous dinner, the last time just after we finished dessert. Janice opened her arms wide and declared that my appreciation deserved an extra big hug. She squeezed me tight, pushing her tits into my chest, her stiff nipples protruding like blunt weapons into my ribcage. She semi-released me, looked at Mom and, seeing she wasn't looking, rubbed her pelvis against mine.

Finally letting go, she said, "You'd better give your Mom a big hug or she'll be mad. She cooked too, you know."

Mom was clearing the table, ignoring us, but she snorted at Janice's remark. I made my way over to Mom but she turned away and walked to the sink, keeping her back to me even after she unloaded the dirty dishes on the counter. She returned to the table, still keeping her back to me.

"See, see," Janice cried, triumphant at being right, "you've put her nose out of joint. Hug her anyway."

Mom was back at the sink. I stepped behind her and shrugged at Janice when she refused to turn around.

"Hug her anyway, she likes it from behind."

I almost choked and I could see Mom stiffen in surprise. Without willing myself to do so, I wrapped my arms around Mom and pulled her back to me, enveloping her in a big bear hug. She struggled, but weakly, not really trying to break free. Her wriggling simply pushed her tush about in my groin. I was in danger of embarrassing myself again, so I let her go. Janice was killing herself laughing and Mom's face and neck were flushed pink.

"You big lug," she pushed me aside and went to the table for another load of dishes.

I could feel the residual touch of Mom's ass on my groin and the effect of its afterburn began showing. I turned away and headed out of the kitchen.

"I'll go see what Mervin's up to."

Janice laughed even harder.

Mervin wouldn't let me go and it was almost three hours later that Janice popped her head in his room and told him it was bed time. He wanted to watch a show but she insisted he had played too long upstairs with me and he had to go straight to bed. He wasn't to make a fuss if he wanted to watch his special show tomorrow night. Mervin calmed right down and quickly got ready for bed. He insisted I get my pajamas on too which I went and did because Mervin would go to bed without a fuss if he thought I had to go to bed too. I said goodnight, shut his door, and went downstairs.

It was dark. The lights had all been turned off. Hugely disappointed, I realized there would be no movie tonight, no perky breasts poking into my sides, no soft hand slipping inside my pajamas. Saddened, I moped my way upstairs.

A faint light spilled out of Janice's partly open bedroom door. I slowed my gait even further and tried to peek inside as I passed.

"Is that you, Gerry?" Janice called.

I froze. I didn't want to be caught peeking.

"Come in. We're watching movies up here tonight."

I pushed the door open a few inches and stuck my head inside. Mom and Janice were sitting up in my aunt's kingsize bed, backs resting on pillows propped up against the headboard. They were watching a movie that was already started.

"Come on," Janice beckoned, patting the bed between her and Mom. "Your wine's waiting," she waved a glass in her other hand. "We started without you."

Mom didn't look at me and seemed to be engrossed in the movie. Janice followed my gaze.

"Don't mind her. She's still miffed at all the compliments I got for my cooking. I always was a better cook," she laughed.

"Were not," my Mom replied without glancing away from the movie.

"See? She listens to everything." Janice responded, laughing harder. "Come on, Gerry. Come hang out with us old gals. Look, your mom even left room for you," she pounded the bed harder.

Feigning reluctance, I slowly made my way to the bed. I was anything but reticent to get between these two women who the past two days had proven were far more complex than met the eye. I settled between them and accepted the glass of wine Janice handed me. My skin tingled and I started to feel short of breath as excitement crept through me in anticipation of another breast pressing evening. As memories of the night before filtered through my mind, the pajamas covering my lap began to swell, like the slow filling of an empty air mattress. Alarmed, I lowered my arms to cover myself, holding the wine glass in place over my stiffening dick. Janice pulled a pillow from behind her and threw it onto my lap. She didn't say anything but there was a glint in her eye and a smirky smile on her face.

We watched the movie for at least twenty minutes before either of the women leaned close to me. I was surprised that Mom made the first move. As soon as she did, Janice took the wine glass from me and, without asking, set it on the table beside her. She slouched lower in the bed and, lifting my arm, snuggled close, resting her head on my chest. Her breast pressed lightly against my lower ribcage. Mom then did the same but she hooked her shoulder under my armpit causing her breast to point more directly at me and higher up. Her nipple was already stiff.

I relaxed. Everything was as it should be. I think the pillow lifted a bit. Rather than panic, pride that my guy could lift the pillow percolated through my chest. Maybe it was just my imagination because the women didn't seem to notice. Naughty girl that she was, Janice's hand began tickling the side of my leg and eventually crept onto the top of my thigh under the pillow. This really was going to be a repeat of last night. Panic did begin creeping through my chest then because Mom's more reclined position meant it would be almost impossible for her not to see any pillow movement caused by Janice's playful fingers.

My aunt was just edging through the dip between my leg and my genitals when Mom moved, wriggling lower and turning into me even more. Her breasts split again, one on my upper stomach and the other pressing into my side, as she stretched an arm across my chest. Suddenly, her arm moved downward, sweeping the pillow out of the way.

"I can't see the TV now," she explained.

Thankfully, Janice's hand, which I expected to see almost on my balls, was gone. She must have anticipated Mom's move. Unfortunately, my groin no longer enjoyed the camouflaging effect of the pillow and my reaction to feminine presence was open to inspection. Fortunately, my fear must have dampened my earlier response because my pajamas weren't providing much of a manly show at all.

The movie went on. Janice twisted more toward me too and her breasts split like Mom's, only her lower nipple was pressing into me more aggressively. At first, I thought it was due to her larger size but then I realized that Janice was using her hand, under her side, to push her tit into me. The smirk pasted across her face confirmed it. When she realized that I knew what she was doing, she pressed her pelvis into the side of my thigh. That warmth was match a few seconds later by a similar soft press on my other leg.

There was no way around it. My pajamas began to fill. How could Mom not notice the rise. If my guy had been pointing upward, I'm sure my pajamas would be like a teepee obscuring the TV screen from Mom's view but fortunately it had grown downward and the head was tucked tightly between my pajamas and my right leg. Still, its growth was eminently noticeable. It lurched higher and throbbed against the flannel material.

"I don't think I can make it," Mom whispered, snuggling closer to me.

I looked down just as she closed her eyes. Janice looked at her and smiled, then looked up at me and the smile turned very mischievous. Oh god. Despite my mother's presence with eyes that could open in an instant, Janice moved her hand onto my lap and let it rest lightly right on my engorged cock. Her smile became almost evil in its glee. She blew a kiss at me and squeezed. Releasing, she stroked her fingers down my length, then used her palm

to rub back. Stroking down again, she extended her finger around to tickle my balls with her fingernails. Her knee lifted on top of my leg and pressed in. I could feel her hot pussy on my thigh.

God, how could she tease me like this? She kept stroking, rubbing and tickling until I was sure I was going to come. I had difficulty keeping my breath even and noticed a slight breathlessness in my aunt as well. I couldn't believe Mom's eyes were still closed. How lucky could I get? Janice was regularly pressing her pussy into me and I was deathly afraid the motion would cause Mom to open her eyes.

Just when that fear was reaching a peak, Janice rubbed her hand up high, right off my cock. My momentary relief and simultaneous sorrow was quickly replaced by shock as her hand slipped onto my bare belly and then dug under the waistband of my pajamas, pushing them down as her hand returned to my cock and slid down its length and off. Her hand twisted to snap the waistband under my balls and she gripped my steed in full upright position, right in front of Mom's nose and, thankfully, her still closed eyes.

I couldn't move for fear of alerting Mom. Janice's countenance was now truly full of naughty glee. She stroked me, once, twice, three times and then let me go. Thank god, we had gotten away with it. Now, put me away! But she didn't. She wiped her hand below her mouth, silently filling it with saliva, and returned to stroke her goeey palm up and down my shaft. Oh, god. If I came, I'd shoot all over Mom's face. Please stop, Janice. You'll ruin everything. Mom will make me go home and never let me see you again.

Mom moved!

Fear stabbed through me and I almost shot my wad.

Mom turned and shifted away from me, lying face down. She moved too quickly to see if her eyes had opened. As Mom squirmed lower in the bed, her pajama top pushed up, baring her lower back and forcing her bottoms tightly against her bum, digging into her cheeks.

Janice spoke. "She can never make it through this movie. She always falls asleep."

She released me and reached across to stroke Mom's back. Mom murmured quietly once but Janice continued trailing her fingers around in an oval around the small of Mom's back. With the loss of Janice's handwork, my boner wagged in the air and relief flooded through me as my near eruption subsided. Then, Janice broke the oval and allowed her fingers to rise up the slope onto Mom's left buttock. There, her fingers paused, then crested the slope and trailed down to the crease marking the start of Mom's leg. Her fingertips moved toward the center and then traced up the crevice delineating the divide between left and right cheek. Instead of returning to Mom's back, they swerved to the right and blazed a path around the edge of that cheek until they once again followed the crevice to the top.

Watching Janice play with Mom's behind renewed the caldron in my balls and eruption once again threatened. However, with Mom's face buried in the pillow, I was less afraid.

"It isn't fair that God gave my older sister this ass," Janice complained. "Feel how firm it is. It's unbelievable for her age."

"I can't do that."

"Sure you can," Janice insisted. "You can't tell me you don't want to touch a bottom as nice as this just because it's your mom's."

"I can't, Aunt Janice. She'd kill me."

"She won't know," Janice urged.

"I can't," I reiterated.

"She wouldn't mind, really. If you asked her when she was awake, she'd let you. She might feel a bit awkward, but she'd let you."

"Are you sure?" I wanted to believe, but didn't really.

"Yeah," Janice was emphatic. Then, cajolingly, "Try a quick touch just to see how firm it is."

I still didn't believe her but desire got the better of me.

"Ok. Just a quick touch," I agreed, "but don't you tell her."

I put my hand on Mom's ass. It was surprisingly firm, yet soft. My fingertips rested in the crevice and I brushed the bottoms of my fingers over the roundness of the left cheek nearest to me.

"See?" Triumphant, Janice demanded confirmation but before I could answer, she said, "Ok, that's enough for you."

What a tease she was. Quickly, I swept my hand over Mom's other cheek. I was about to pull it away but Janice lifted hers first and grabbed my wrist, pulling my hand up, then setting it down again on Mom's ass.

"Ok," she said, winking at me. "To be fair, I'll let you watch while I tickle her for awhile. I used to do this when we shared a bed to help her sleep. She always liked getting her bum rubbed."

Janice pressured my wrist and urged my hand across Mom's prominent cheeks. She nodded and returned my hand to my cock, stroking me as I caressed Mom's ass. Slowly jacking my cock, she twisted her slick palm around and around my helmet, then down to my root where she tickled my balls with her fingertips. Again and again she repeated this exquisite pleasure, stopping only to re-slick her palm. Each time I threatened to come, her hand dropped to squeeze my balls hard. She was a merciless, gorgeous cock tease. Throughout, I continued to caress Mom's pajama bottoms.

The movie ended just when I didn't think I could take any more. I tried to escape so I could attain with my own hand the release I so desperately needed.

"I better get to bed."

I was surprised when Janice agreed.

"Ok, but first give me a big hug."

She released my cock and urged me over with her hands on my hips. I turned and ended up lying on top of her. Her pajama top was completely open, exposing her gorgeous tits. I had been so focused on Mom's bum that I hadn't seen her undo her top.

"Hold your weight up, you big lummo," Janice laughed.

As soon as I pushed myself up, she shoved her pajamas down, baring her dark reddish bush. I had only a glimpse before her hands grabbed my hips and pulled me down, pressing my cock against her soft belly. Her hands slid up and took my wrists, directing my hands onto her hard nipples.

"Do you like hugging your Auntie?" she whispered, pressing her damp pussy up against my shaft.

Quickly, I looked at Mom, afraid that she might wake up. Janice chuckled throatily at my fear but she knew that, despite it, I wouldn't pass up the opportunity to rub my cock on her moist cunt. I pulled back and tried to push inside her wet slit but she thwarted me on each try. Finally, she pushed me away. What a fucking cocktease!

"It's your mom's turn," she said, laughing at my anger and frustration.

"What?" I cried.

"For a hug," she explained. "You can't hug your Auntie and not your Mom."

"But, she's sleeping."

"Then be gentle so you don't wake her."

"I can't hug her," like this I left it unsaid but glanced down at my bare cock to make my point clear.

"If you don't, I'll tell her tomorrow that you hugged me and not her," she threatened. Then, coaxingly, "Just a quick one."

I nodded and shifted myself over until I was hanging above Mom, legs straddling hers. I lowered my upper body down and gripped Mom's shoulders with the inside of my arms. Janice rose up and pushed me down onto Mom, shoving the small of my back down until my cock was pressed firmly into Mom's ass, perfectly lined up amid the cheeky divide.

"Give her a nice hug," she whispered, pushing down and releasing, several times. I tried to pull up but Janice pushed down harder. "That's not a real hug. Put your arms around her."

"I don't want to wake her," I protested.

"Then be gentle."

I slipped my hands under Mom's front and pushed in. I was shocked when my hands slipped onto her bare breasts. Somehow, Mom's pajamas must have come undone like my aunt's. I guess women's flannel pajamas had looser

button holes, maybe from the pressure over time of trying to hold all that tit inside. Mom seemed undisturbed, so I filled my hands with her bare tits. What the hell, if I could get away with it, why not?

Janice lifted her hand from my back and I pressed into Mom's ass anyway. It felt great. Why not?

"Now, you're getting the idea," Janice whispered. "That's it," she urged me on as I pressed my cock into mom's firm-soft ass.

I was massaging Mom's tits and even in her sleep, her nipples hardened in my palms. I wished I could do this whenever I wanted. Janice was fussing about, her arms reaching over on either side of me. She returned to the one side and started pushing something. I looked down and saw her pushing Mom's pajamas down onto her thighs, the waistband stretched across the bottom of her butt. Incredible as it seems, it was only then I realized my cock was sliding through Mom's bare cheeks. Oh, sweet Jesus. Fear made me want to yank myself away but instead I increased my pace.

Janice slowed me down and, reaching underneath, flipped my cock down, guiding it under Mom's ass above her pajamas whose closeness pushed the top of my cock head against Mom's lightly haired pussy. I started rubbing back and forth in a slow, fucking motion.

Janice tugged Mom's pajamas down her thighs but I managed to keep my cock against her pussy. Looking down, I saw Janice pull the pajama bottoms off Mom's feet. She rolled onto her ass and shucked her own, then kneeled and peeled her top completely off. She was completely naked.

"Hasn't she got the sweetest ass in the whole world?" Janice whispered.

I nodded. I was gone. If only once, I was going to rub myself off on Mom's ass, consequences be damned. And I would live with and fuck Janice no matter what happened. I didn't care what anyone said.

"That's it, rub her. She loves it like that...from behind."

Memories of Mom's recounting of gramps fucking her from behind flooded my head and I began moving faster. Janice reached forward and wormed her hand between my hips and Mom's ass. She pushed my cock from the bottom, was pressing it tighter against Mom's pussy. I wanted to come on Mom's ass but between her legs was fine too. I thrust harder.

"Pull her hips up," Janice whispered.

"What," I gasped, almost ready to come.

"Pull her hips up," she hissed.

Obediently, I grasped Mom's hips and urged her up, slipping my legs between hers as they opened. Janice reached between us again, grabbing my cock, guiding me into her wet slit. I pushed and slipped inside.

Oh glorious, glorious hole. Slick, wet, velvety glove. How could she be this tight, a woman in her mid-forties. What an incredible cunt!

"Unnnnnngggghhhh," I shoved all the way home.

"Unnghhh," I ground into to her, pulling her hips up, digging in deep.

"Ohhhh, FUCK," I cried, losing all control and shagging Mom hard, banging, banging, banging.

I was coming already. My seed burst forth. Mom jerked underneath from my assault. God. I was fucking Mom. I was coming in her, draining all I had. I slumped forward, exhausted in body and soul, hips in spasms, dropping my full weight onto Mom's back, cock still fully embedded inside her.

A minute later, I struggled to lift up and pull out but Janice stopped me again.

"No," she said. "You've had your fun. Now it's her turn."

I shook my head.

"You can't really believe she's still sleeping?" Janice's voice was incredulous. "Your cock is still in her. Now fuck her slowly, the way she likes it. Make love to her."

Janice turned to look down at Mom. "Come on, Jess. Twist up and let him know you're not finished."

I looked down at Mom just as she turned her head to the side and looked at Janice now lying beside her. She smiled and took Janice's hand.

"Tell my son I want to be fucked slowly, with him knowing that I know."

That was a message Janice didn't have to relay. My mind in shock at Mom's awareness, my body nevertheless began to move. Slowly, I hardened enough to make it worthwhile for Mom and she murmured encouragement, her hips twisting up so her pussy could grip my cock and pull on it.

"Can I have him after?" Janice asked.

"Tomorrow," Mom replied. "He needs to get some sleep."

"I can't wait," Janice complained. "I'm too horny now."

Mom nodded. "Can you do her too, son?"

"I'll try," I whispered.

My cock, now hard as a pillar of granite, bulged through Mom's cunt. Janice gripped my balls and guided me in and out, pushing and tugging, setting the pace. Everyone in a while, she squeezed my balls to remind me who was in control.

Just in case I didn't understand, she whispered, "You can't come until I say so."

Janice controlled Mom too, but indirectly. Gently squeezing my nuts, she held back with just the tip of my cock inside Mom, in danger of slipping out rather than plunging back in. Mom's hips lifted, pushing her ass up and sliding her hot sheath back up my shaft but Janice, ever the tease, tugged my balls higher, forcing Mom to chase my cock. She kept doing that until finally, she wouldn't let me plunge back inside Mom. From then on, Janice held me still, by the balls, and Mom fucked me, shoving her ass up from the bed, impaling herself on my slick pole, grunting from the effort and moaning with pleasure. I was frantic to follow Mom back down, to drive her into the mattress, but Janice anticipated me each time and squeezed my sack tight, warning me to obey.

Near the end, Janice retained her hold on my balls but slipped her hand higher to part my cheeks with her thumb, teasing my asshole. What a weird feeling. She whispered about Mom's great ass and how lucky I was to be near it, how I could have her from behind any time I wanted now, telling me to pinch her nipples harder now because she was ready for my son seed.

"Grind her now," she cried, pushing down, "come on...dig in...get her."

I shoved Mom down hard into the mattress, grinding my cock and moaning loudly, coming, spraying my goo inside Mom. Janice's thumb pushed through my pucker and my gush became a hurricane.

"OMG, OMG, OMG," I cried, thrusting hard, pausing on each downstroke, then up and, wham, down, until I just fell on Mom's back, jerking uncontrollably.

Janice was stroking Mom's hair, damp with sweat, whispering to her, kissing her cheek and forehead.

"I did it for you, Jess. You deserve him and he needs you. I love you, my sweet sister."

"I love you Mom," I gasped, needing to be part of this exchange, then knowing that I was and always would be. There would always be the three of us.

* * *

I wasn't up to my promise to do Janice. I don't even remember rolling off Mom. The next thing I knew, I woke up on my back in Janice's bed, listening to the birds and seeing rays of sunlight streaming through the window to strike the wall and floor. I was lying on my left side, facing an empty bed with rumple spots where Mom had been. I turned over to find Janice facing me, watching me with laughing eyes.

"It wasn't a dream, if that's what you're wondering."

I laughed, because she had read my mind perfectly.

"And no," she went on, "you didn't fulfill your cocky man promise to do your aunt too." Janice reached down and grabbed my soft cock. "He just wasn't up to it."

'He' started to grow in her hand.

"Yeah?" I bantered.

"Yeah!" she answered emphatically.

"Where's Mom?"

"Keeping Mervin busy. Sisters do things like that for each other."

I 'nodded' with my eyes. "Does he get another shot?"

"What do you think I've been waiting for?"

Janice suddenly moved over me, pushing me onto my back, her legs opening and straddling mine, her puffy pussy centering over my stiffening cock. The warmth of her pussy instigated an abrupt growth spurt and my boner burst through her legs. Undeterred, Janice rose up, reached behind her to grasp my misdirected hero, and guided him to the grail. What a way to wake up. Her heat was incredible. She must have been simmering near boiling point for a long time. Immediately, her hips began to rise and fall as her cunt gripped and squeezed my shaft. Janice leaned forward, cupping her tits, offering her long nipples.

"Suck my tits," she whispered hoarsely.

God, she was ready to fuck. I raised my head and clamped onto the nearest nipple. I alternated from tit to tit and, when I didn't change soon enough, Janice pulled out, scraping her nipple across my front teeth, and shoved the other in. She pulled her tits away and sat up straight on my cock, her hips working steadily. She looked down and laughed as she rode me.

"You better eat lots of wheaties today," she gasped, pushing her hair up the sides of her head to produce the most wanton picture of a woman I had ever seen.

"Why," I gasped, thrusting up to fill her cunt.

"Because your mother told me she wants you again."

"I'm up for it."

Janice leaned forward, dangling her great tits over my face.

"Oh, big talker," she cooed. "You weren't up for me last night."

"That was a special occasion," I gasped, thrusting faster, reacting to her quickening pace. "I've got my energy back."

"You'd better," Janice huffed, "because once she gets her legs around you, she won't let go."

"I thought she liked it from behind."

"She does. But with you, she'll want face to face and it's going to really work her up, just like with Dad. You better keep tight to her, or she'll rip you off at the root."

Enough talk. I grabbed Janice's hips and kept her tight as I shoved up as hard as I could. Her laughter incensed me and soon she was riding a real bucking bronco. She didn't seem to mind. After we had both come hard, she lay on top of me breathing hard.

"I made your mother go downstairs without panties this morning," she whispered. She chuckled when my cock hardened between her legs. "God, even the thought of her makes you hard."

I didn't answer. Instead, I kissed, slipping my tongue deep in her mouth but I wasn't able to get my cock inside her.

"Save that for you mother. I'm going to take Mervin out and I want you to take her by surprise. Can you do that?"

I nodded.

"Get close to her and when she turns around, just lift her skirt and shove it in."

"No warning? What if she doesn't want to?"

"She'll want to. She doesn't want you to ask, she wants you to take it, like Dad did. You just take her, and no matter what she says, you do what you want. She'll love it."

"Ok," I said, not sure I would do as she said.

"And after that, take her upstairs to bed. Then, hang on for dear life, sonny boy, because you're going to get the ride of your life."

"Ok," I answered, this time with more conviction.

At the bedroom door, Janice turned around and said, "I knew you'd find the grates."

* * *

An hour later, I stood behind Mom at the kitchen window as she waved to Janice backing out the driveway. Janice laughed, because she could see from Mom's face that my cock had just slid inside her pussy. She paused at the end of the driveway to watch Mom's face disappear from her view as I pushed her head forward and began rocking into her with a vengeance. I waved to Janice as she drove away.

Vengeance? That was Mom's because Janice was right. As soon as I flopped her down onto Janice's bed, her legs locked around my waist. She pulled herself up, found my tip, and pushed up my shaft. Her heels dug into my back. Soon, I began to move, or tried to. Mom gripped me so tightly it took a huge effort to slide at all. She laughed in my ear, squeezing her pussy muscles, teasing me with a million tiny assaults. Pushing her onto the mattress, getting on my hands and knees, it didn't matter, she kept herself tight, grinding on my cock. I tried lifting her high as I sat back on my knees, even rolled over on my back. Nothing changed. I could draw back to slide back in. Fifteen minutes later, I was begging her to loosen her legs so I could fuck her but she only urged me to try harder. It was a long time before I finally came. I had nothing left and Janice was right, my cock felt like it was hanging by a thread.

Lying on my back, finished, Mom finally crawled off my exhausted corpse. She kissed my forehead.

"I'll make you some lunch to restore your energy."

"Oh, shit. Is Janice home already?"

"No. Don't worry about that."

"Thanks, Mom. I don't think I can move."

"I told her," she said, ignoring me, "this isn't like it was with Dad." She paused for effect, smiling. "Mom's always come first."