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 **the mom next door**



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by Tad Overdon

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CHAPTER ONE

Milt Stewart stomped on the Z4's gas pedal, taking the winding turns of the hillside road outside Greenleaf at suicidal speeds.

Stewart didn't have a death wish. He was enraged and hurling toward a reckoning.

Nestled by the lake in the valley behind him sprawled the Oakmore Valley Resort. For ten years Stewart had managed the hotel and convention center with what his distant corporate bosses considered a remarkable and wholly unexpected success. An hour ago he'd left that all behind forever, turning over the keys, the passcodes, and the combination to the safe to young newcomer Tom Jacobs.

An unconscious smile curled Stewart's lips as he remembered the years of fun he'd had at the hotel, applying some creative and highly unorthodox "management techniques" to build it into the outstanding success it now was. He shook his head angrily as if physically shaking off the useless reverie. *The dead past*, he thought. *All lost*.

The car roared through the gate at the end of the road, screeching to a halt in the circular driveway in front of his house. Stewart paused at the door to take a last look around. The place was a sprawling, gorgeous old farmhouse that he and Ruth had been proud to see featured in a regional architectural publication when they'd finished renovating and rebuilding it. It had just been the two of them, in those years before the birth of their only child, Keith.

Milt wished that he could torch the place.

The front door wasn't locked. It swung inward freely when he touched the knob. The first floor was deserted.

"I know it's you, Milt." His wife's mocking voice crackled from the intercom. "You really should fix the exhaust on that little toy of yours."

"Goddamn you, Ruth, you..." his wife's throaty giggle interrupted his outburst.

"Come on up and face me," Ruth laughed. "We're in the master bedroom."

Of course they were. Stewart suddenly wished he'd packed his bags that morning and just headed out of state straight from the hotel. But no...there was an overlooked detail he needed to take care of, and so he

squared his shoulders and climbed the stair. With each step, unwelcome imagination conjured up a moment from an old horror movie he and Ruth had once watched together, one of his first memories when they'd first moved in here: the long tracking shot down the hallway to Regan's bedroom in *The Exorcist*.

From just beyond the bedroom door he heard Ruth speaking in a low husky whisper and the deeper sound of a male voice answering back. Stewart couldn't make out their words over the roar of the shower, which was going full-blast.

He shoved the door wide open.

Ruth crouched on the striped sateen sheets of their French provincial four-poster bed, wearing only lilac-colored silk thong panties and slippers. She rested her cheek on the flat belly of a completely naked young man who lay on his back, arms casually folded behind his head. The fingers of her right hand curled gently around the base of his erect cock. Her sea-green eyes roamed dreamily up and down the impressive length of that cock-stalk, and her wet pink tongue flicked briefly at her upper lip as if anticipating a gourmet feast.

"Hiya, 'Boss,'" the young man greeted him with a smirk.

Upon recognizing Bobby Tilson, one of the resort hotel's bell staff, Stewart felt a mixture of both anger and unexpected relief. Bobby, seemingly unperturbed by his former boss's sudden appearance, reached out to run his fingers casually through Ruth's long curls. "You know, you got a swell wife."

Stewart just stood at the door, momentarily stunned speechless by the sight of his wife brazenly making love, in their marital bed, to a man less than half her own age.

This was far from was the worst shock she'd given him recently.

Ruth Stewart could only be called ravishing. Her skin was fair as a Scandinavian blonde's, yet her flowing shoulder-length hair was lush, dark burgundy red. At the age of forty-three and despite motherhood she'd maintained a trim, youthful figure, with full hips and large high breasts.

Ruth looked up from Bobby's prick as if noticing her husband for the first time.

"Did you bring a gun?" she laughed. "Did you? No?" She snickered. "See, Bobby, I told you: Mr. Stewart is really nothing to worry about. A lot of talk, no balls. I'm sure he's just here to collect a few things on his way to the airport...aren't you, Milt? I've already packed your bags myself, dutiful wife that I am. They're in the front hall."

"You're going to pay for this. Count on it," Stewart barked. The words rang hollow, even to him. Ruth held his level gaze for several moments, then just smiled and returned her attention to Bobby. The corners of her mouth curled upward at the sight of a drop of clear seminal fluid oozing from his cum-slit...then another and another, rolling in a lazy stream down the long shaft.

"Mmmm..." she sighed, raising her head and leaning closer to Bobby's fuckmeat. Her full, pink lips,

unadorned by lipstick, parted slightly and molded themselves to the head of his cock. She moaned softly, aroused by the taste of his pre-cum.

To Stewart's horror, he felt his own dick hardening in his trousers as he watched.

"Excuse me, *dear*," she drawled, glancing back at Milt. "I really must attend to this. It won't take a minute." She was true to her word. She'd clearly brought Bobby to the brink of shooting his load before her husband had entered the room. Now, she opened her mouth wide and steadily lowered her head to engulf the young man's meaty pole. When she'd swallowed only half of it she stopped and held her head completely still, working her lips sensuously to massage his taut, sensitive flesh. Milt could tell that her tongue was moving inside her mouth, swirling and licking Bobby's prick, nudging him across that last little threshold toward an explosive cum.

Milt was a long-time expert observer of women sucking cocks.

Ruth's hand slipped downward. Her French-manicured fingertips caressed Bobby's swollen ball sack. In return, he slid his hand down along the hollow of her back and over her perfectly round ass, finally palming her pouting pussy mound. She shivered at his touch. He slid one big finger under the damp silk and slowly inserted it up between her cunt-lips.

"Ummph!" Ruth's eyes abruptly widened and her body stiffened. That momentary penetration was all that was required to set off her orgasm, at the very moment that Bobby started spewing jism down her

throat. The delicate muscles of her long graceful neck rippled with her futile effort to swallow as quickly as he erupted. White cream oozed from the corners of her mouth. Saliva mixed with cum coated Bobby's pulsing prick as she raised her head up and released him, content now to feel the remaining spurts of his cumload splatter over her lips and tongue and splash across her face.

"Goddamn!" Bobby slumped back against the pillows, catching his breath. "Man, can this lady give blowjobs! And that's not just me talkin,' Mr. Stewart. Fuck, you can ask just about any guy in town."

The erotic spell broken, Milt Stewart's rage boiled over. He took two steps toward the bed, hands balled into fists. He knew that he could not match Bobby's raw physical power but was determined to fight and fall, broken, if necessary, to assert his masculine pride.

He stopped dead in his tracks. Someone had turned off the shower in the master bath.

Milt had been so shocked at the lewd spectacle of his wife and her young fuck-partner that he'd completely blocked out whatever had been going on in the bathroom. He turned and looked on in dread as the door opened and Keith, their son, stepped out.

"Hi, Dad." Keith flashed Milt a toothy, arrogant grin—the very mirror of his mother's mockery. Ruth had raised him after her own whorish heart.

Keith finished drying his belly and thighs and then dropped the towel onto the carpet behind him. He turned his back on his father, ignoring him, and walked toward the bed.

Keith Stewart was tall, lean, and built like a competitive swimmer, which he was: he'd twice set all-county records in the 400M freestyle while competing for Greenleaf High. He was a good-looking youth. But nothing about his physique would have hinted at his extraordinary sexual endowment. If Bobby Tilson had a big dick, then Keith Stewart was hung like Goliath. His cock jutted out now from its nest of dark pubic hair, hard as steel and nearly the length of his father's forearm.

Ruth's face was an obscenely beautiful mask of lust as she gazed at her naked son. She slipped a thumb under her thong's elastic waistband and, in one smooth motion, slid it down to her ankles and kicked it off. It landed at Milt's feet.

"Come here, darling," she whispered, beckoning her son with a crooked finger. "Mother's ready for the main event."

"Thanks a *lot*," Bobby joked. Ruth reached behind her and slapped him playfully on one muscular thigh, never taking her eyes away from Keith.

"You know where the kitchen is, stud," she told Bobby. "Go grab a cold one."

Bobby didn't bother to dress, shouldering Milt roughly to one side as he swaggered off down the hall to the main stairs.

"Ruth..." Milt croaked, begging. "Please...don't. Not *again*..."

"Shut up." Ruth hissed. She looked wonderingly up into Keith's eyes. Holding out her hand to him, she laid back on the rumpled, cum-stained bedsheets where

she'd just sucked off another man, spread her slender legs wide, and offered herself to her son.

Milt's gorge rose. His wife and son didn't care that he was witness to their forbidden acts. They were not ashamed nor were they afraid of him. He was nothing to either of them now.

"You're really wet," Keith told his mother, kneeling between her thighs.

"You know sucking cock always does that to me," she replied. Her fingers played along the length of her son's prick, guiding the engorged head into the moist haven of her cuntal opening. "So you should be able to get this big fellow all the way inside me without too much trouble, this morning."

Keith leaned forward and thrust the first few inches of his giant cock into Ruth's waiting pussy. She grimaced, partly in pain but mainly from the intensity of her pleasure. Reaching up to place one hand on the back of his neck, she drew his face down close to hers and they kissed deeply. She mewled and opened her legs wider, arching her hips up to make it easier for her son to slide his massive prick further up her straining sex channel.

"Oh God, that's good," Ruth whispered in her son's ear. "Keep going, Baby. Give Mother your whole beautiful cock."

This was almost exactly how Milt Stewart had first discovered his wife and son together, three weeks ago.



On that first occasion, Stewart had been on the road for half an hour when he'd realized that he'd left some booking contracts he required for a client meeting sitting on his bedroom dresser. He'd turned the car around and returned to the house less than an hour after he'd first left.

Ruth and Keith had apparently not wasted a moment of his absence. He'd surprised them in this same bedroom, naked and fucking.

The image was seared in his memory: Ruth stretched out on her side, one leg extended over the sheets, the other cocked in the air and bent at the knee with her tiny, high-arched foot flexed downward at the ankle, lacquered toes pointed in erotic mimicry of a ballerina's *cou-de-pied*.

Keith lay behind his mother, slowly pumping that great thick club of a cock in and out of her pussy. The pliant white flesh of her big tits quivered in his hands as he rolled her stiff nipples between his fingers and thumbs. Eyes closed, their lips locked in an intimate kiss, the incestuous pair were so immersed in their pleasure that Milt doubted they'd have noticed right away if he'd just set the bed on fire with a blowtorch.

"Sweet Jesus," Ruth gasped, breaking the kiss at last. "Honey, I'll never get used to how that big fuck-rod of yours fills me up. Ooohh...you're stretching me to my limit!"

Keith's only response was to shorten his fuck-strokes and quicken his rhythm. His balls slapped against her cunt-lips with every thrust.

Milt saw that Ruth had shaved her pussy. This surprised him; their marital relationship had so deteriorated that he couldn't remember when he'd last seen her naked. Three months ago? *Six*? Whenever; Milt Stewart was a very *busy* man. Denuded as his wife's cunt was, he had an unobstructed view of their son's prick gliding in and out of her. Keith's shaft glistened with Ruth's cunt cream. The wiry hair surrounding his balls was drenched in his mother's juices.

Ruth opened her eyes and saw Milt. "Oh my God!" she yelped. Keith pulled out of her and leaped from the bed, protectively stepping between his father and his naked mother.

After her initial shock, Ruth quickly recovered much of her composure. "It's okay, honey," she told Keith. "Go on downstairs now."

"But *Mom!*"

"I'll be fine," Ruth rose to her knees but made no attempt to cover her nudity. Her pussy, so recently stuffed with cock, was open and her vulva still flushed with arousal. "Go on, now. Your father and I have some things to say to one another."

"You goddamned whore," Stewart roared, "You and that—that monster are both out on the street. I'll see that you'll have nowhere to hide in this town. I'll ruin you!"

"This place is in my name," Ruth had interrupted, surprisingly calm. "It was my daddy's wedding gift, remember? We were both *so* grateful. And as for you

‘ruining me?’ Wake up, Milton. What do you think is going *on* in Greenleaf?”

“Excuse me?”

“Well, after all, with all your so-important friends and their Rotary lunches, your endless ‘networking’ as you call it; you must at least hear *rumors* about the goings-on in our tidy, buttoned-up little town?”

Icy fingers of dread closed on Milt Stewart’s heart. Yes, there were rumors...and more than just rumors, stories with names and faces: Nicole Crane leaving town, a wealthy young second husband on one arm and her teenaged son Brandon on the other for what the whisperers had dubbed a “honeymoon for three”...and whatever were Donna and Rachel Thornton, the minister’s wife and daughter, up to with all those young men? What was going between Lucille Aldrich and her son and daughter? Lucille herself was in her early fifties, but you wouldn’t know it to look at her. These last few years she dressed and carried herself like a nubile teen, turning heads and hardening cocks wherever she went in the borough. Hell, Milt himself had sometimes contemplated—

“No!” he shouted, near panic. “Good Lord, what’s happened to this town? It’s become a goddamn Sodom and Gomorrah!”

“What a quaint expression. I quite enjoy sodomy, myself,” Ruth countered in a matter-of-fact tone. “You know, Milt, the wanton ways of our little village have served you pretty well over the years. You and that brothel you call a resort. What, you think that’s a secret? You’re nothing but a pimp!” Ruth paused to let

that sink in. “It’s a bit late in the day for you to get knocked off your ass and become a crusader for decency.”

“This is completely different! This is perversion!”

“You can call it that.” Ruth had smiled wickedly as she spoke. “I call it liberation. *Revolution*. The men of Greenleaf have been all about their careers, their money, and their status for as long as anyone remembers. And you’ve enjoyed living your comfy self-centered lives.

“But as for us wives and mothers and daughters? You’ve no *fucking* idea who we are now, or what we want. I’ll tell you who *I* am: I’m a slut. A happy, son-fucking slut, like a lot of other women in Greenleaf. You see, unlike you, I put my family first.

“So...that’s the way it is, and how it’s going to be, Milton. Make your peace with it. Or get out of town.”

Milt Stewart had left. He’d taken a room at his own hotel. Humiliated but not helpless, he’d begun to plan his revenge.



The tart flavor of Bobby Tilson’s jism lingered on Ruth Stewart’s tongue as her son Keith slid his cock into her pussy. She loved the taste, and it didn’t seem to trouble Keith either as their lips sealed together and tongues danced in a long lover’s kiss. That was good. Her son’s sexual education was proceeding nicely and she hoped that he’d prove to be just as uninhibited and free from hang-ups and boundaries as she was. Ruth

looked forward to introducing him to a world and a lifetime of delightfully deviant practices.

She looked up at him lovingly now as he gently slid his prick further into her cunt. Together they had learned that it was best if he moved gradually at first, giving her enough time to adjust to his remarkable physical gift. Ruth was built very small down there, but fortunately she was also very elastic. She'd had hundreds of cocks up her fuck tunnel and had never failed to accommodate and enjoy even the largest. She considered having a little cunt to be to her advantage because, while being fucked by a big prick stretched and fully stimulated her cunt walls in an absolutely exquisite fashion, she could still enjoy occasional penetration by a more average dick...like Milton Stewart's.

She watched Milt standing there at the foot of the bed wearing that stupid defeated expression and briefly felt sorry for him. But sweet Jesus what did he expect from her? He'd never been faithful to her for a day of their marriage. He was stingy; they'd borrowed money from her family to get established here in Greenleaf and no matter how extravagantly his bosses had rewarded his success with the resort he'd never repaid more than a pittance. He'd neglected both her and Keith, devoting all of his time to lavishly servicing the resort's guests in every sense of the word. She'd been left to raise their son virtually alone.

There had been advantages to that, she admitted to herself. Now she reaped the carnal rewards.

"Why did you come back here this morning, Milt?" she asked him.

Milt Stewart glared murderously at his wife. "You'll have to find that out for yourself. Have your fun now, you two. Because you're going to prison, my dear. I have resources you know nothing about."

There was an unfamiliar, dangerous edge to his voice that startled Ruth. For those few moments, he had her full attention.

Then Keith slid his hands up under her hips and lifted her pelvis off the bed, drilling the last few inches of his huge cock into her. All the breath went of her and waves of pleasure radiated through her body. He started rocking his hips back and forth, fucking her now with longer strokes. She automatically bucked and twisted against him, snaking her legs up and crossing her legs around his waist, sliding her slippered feet up and down his small hard asscheeks.

Her orgasm was sudden and all-consuming. "Oh God in Heaven that's it baby that's *IT*...fuck Mommy fuck Mommy fuck...fuck...fuck!"

When Ruth came back to earth Keith was still moving in her. Her son was not even close to coming himself, completely focused on continuing to satisfy his mother.

Milt was nowhere to be seen. Bobby was leaning on the doorframe sipping a Coors. "Old man split," he explained. "Hey, you thirsty?"

"Parched," Ruth giggled. She saw that Bobby was hard again. "And I hate beer." Her mouth watered as Bobby approached the bed, pulling on his prick. "Oh my, I hope you don't have to work this afternoon."

“Sorry, I gotta go in,” Bobby replied, clapping his buddy Keith on the shoulder and moving closer to Ruth so that she could play with his nuts. “Have to meet the new boss. You know, Mister Stewart’s replacement.”

“Oh, right, Tom Jacobs,” Ruth remembered. “Well, I hope he’s nice.” She smiled to herself. “Hell, a new man in Greenleaf? I hope he’s *hung*.”

CHAPTER TWO

“Hey, be careful with that, Champ!” Melissa Jacobs called out to her 18-year-old son. “It’s Grandma Katie’s china!”

Ben Jacobs paused in the middle of the wide front lawn of the big house with the “SOLD” sign still planted at its curb, nonchalantly balancing two stacked cardboard boxes. “Mom, we eat out of microwave trays.”

“It’s an heirloom,” Melissa chided, striding down from the front steps where she’d been struggling to unlock the door with a newly-cut key. She took one of the boxes from Ben and set it on the grass. “It’s

precious,” She reached up to tousle his dark curls. “Like you.”

“Ah, Mom!” Ben ducked his head and looked past her. “I can get it.” He grabbed the key from her hand and bounded away up the long front walk. Naturally, the door popped open for him on the first try and he quickly disappeared into their new home.

Greenleaf struck Melissa as the very definition of “sleepy little town.” It was an hour and a half from the interstate highway, nestled in a valley by a placid glacial lake. She wondered on the one hand how the village had avoided being overrun by DINKS from downstate looking for vacation homes, and on the other why anyone chose to remain here at all. *Overpriced latte bars or tumbleweeds*, she mused, *those are our choices these days, right?*

“Howdy, neighbor!” Startled, Melissa turned and looked down to meet the gaze of an attractive blond woman in Bermuda shorts, woven sandals, and a white, knotted linen shirt. “Sharon Thompson.” she offered. “Welcome to Midwood Road.”

“Melissa Jacobs.” They shook hands. Ben reappeared from the house, jogging back to the U-Haul truck for more boxes. Sharon’s eyes followed him curiously. “Just you two?” she asked.

“Oh, no. My husband took the car straight down to Oakmore. Tom’s the new resort manager and just couldn’t wait to check in and get right to it.”

“Really?” Sharon looked intrigued. “What did he tell you about the job?”

“Just that the old manager resigned on a week’s notice and there was no time for a transition, and that Oakmore’s a big opportunity and a step up for him. Which I frankly don’t get. I mean, sure Greenleaf seems...*nice*, but it’s, uh...”

“Nowhere,” Sharon volunteered. “Centrally located somewhere between 1947 and 1974. Who the hell would know how to find us, much less want to book a room here?”

“Yeah.” Melissa relaxed, relieved at Sharon’s easy humor and understanding. “It does have a bucolic splendor about it, though. I don’t think I’ve ever seen so many white picket fences on one street in my life.”

“Naturally. Us Stepford wives are a house-proud lot,” Sharon joked. The women laughed together and Melissa decided, on three minutes acquaintance, that Sharon Thompson would be her friend.

“What about you?” Melissa asked.

“Me? Oh, same deal, different guy: married to the man who’s married to the job. Stan travels constantly, so Connor and I are usually on our own.” She took her phone from her pocket and spoke into it. “Call C.J.”

“Mom?” a deep male voice answered.

“C.J., get up and get your ass next door, will you? We got new neighbors who can use some help.”

Connor James Thompson had Sharon’s sparkling grey eyes and shared her easy-going manner, but in all other respects was a complete contrast to his mother. He stood six-foot-four and possessed a tautly muscled physique that reminded Melissa of some of the

international soccer idols featured in the sports magazines at the supermarket. Despite Sharon's golden summer tan she appeared to be naturally fair; C.J. had a dark, sepia complexion. He wore his tightly curled black hair cropped short.

When he introduced himself, his rumbling baritone sent tremors through Melissa from her scalp to the soles of her feet. *Easy, Mel. This guy's Ben's age.*

Between them, C.J. and Ben made short work of the few dozen boxes and sticks of furniture in the truck. The move had been so rushed that Tom's sister back in the city was still packing up most of their belongings for shipment later in the week. Sharon shrugged off Melissa's effusive thanks, saying "Us work widows gotta stick together. Otherwise, it's pretty lonely in these parts. Say, you want to return a favor, take a break and come by for a swim."

"You have a pool?"

"Girl, I live in the goddamn Playboy mansion. Pool, tennis court...last time Stan was here he had 'em install an outdoor jacuzzi. I need a map to find the damn thing."

"Thanks. I could use a coffee."

"Fuck that. I'll make mojitos."



"This is a lot of house for three people," Ben observed as he and Melissa stacked the last of the heavy boxes labeled 'BOOKS' in the spacious, high-ceilinged den. We'll never see each other."

“Plenty of privacy for whatever it is you do in your room all day. No, no, I don’t want to know,” Melissa teased. “Hey, Sharon invited me for a swim. Wanna come with?”

“Nah...I’m okay.” Melissa looked at Ben in concern. In her eyes, he was the complete package: a bright, good-hearted kid with the chiseled good looks and slim, muscular build of a Calvin Klein model. He’d inherited her espresso-colored hair and hazel eyes. A friend had once remarked that at a glance they looked more like brother and sister than mother and son. Melissa couldn’t help but be flattered by that, at her age, but she worried that her son also shared too much of her shyness and solemnity for someone so young. Uprooting him so suddenly from the life he’d known, taking away from his friends and schoolmates, might have been a big mistake.

“You could hang with C.J. You two seemed to hit it off.”

“He’s cool. But I got to look for a job. School’s not gonna pay for itself, and I don’t see a lot of ‘Help Wanted’ signs around here.”

Melissa slid her arms around Ben’s waist and looked up at him wistfully. “Don’t you go and turn into your father, now: all nose to the grindstone, never around. You’re all I got, Champ.”

Again Ben avoided her eyes. “I wish Dad would just let me work at Oakmore.”

“And how would that look? The new boss practicing nepotism, first day on the job? I don’t think

you'd enjoy that environment much. Now come on, it's not a sin to have some summer fun."

Ben would not be moved. Melissa gave up and went off to dig through her hastily packed suitcases.

She found an old "mom bikini" that she hadn't worn since Ben was little, a floral print with a camisole top and a bottom that reached up to her navel. *I have to learn to throw things out*, she thought. The suit made her look about thirteen years old. Well, maybe not *thirteen*, not with her flaring hips and big round boobs. She decided it would do, given the circumstances. Sharon seemed cool, but until Melissa got more of a feeling for local mores she didn't want to risk shocking anyone by strutting around in a little black micro.

The walk next door to the Thompsons' place took a good ten minutes. Ben had been right: this was a neighborhood of oversized homes on multi-acre lots. Sharon's front door was wide open. Greenleaf seemed to be the proverbial small town where folks all trusted each other. She wasn't sure she could get used to that.

"Sharon?" Melissa stepped into the empty foyer. The house was even bigger than the McMansion that Tom had insisted on, with an open-plan layout that let her see straight through and out the French doors opening onto the back porch. She saw people moving out there in the glare of the noonday sun and decided there was no harm in just cutting through.

She stopped in the living room to admire some framed family photographs. Stan Thompson was not what she'd expected based on having met C.J. He was barely taller than his wife, just as fair-haired, and

slightly stoop-shouldered. The collection of photos ranged throughout the years of their marriage. She noticed that by early adolescence, C.J. had already towered over Stan. With every passing year, the son dominated the images more and more, while Stan looked wearier, greyer, and more withdrawn.

Melissa wondered momentarily if C.J. was adopted. Not with those eyes! Those eyes came from Sharon, without a doubt. A previous marriage, then?

The back yard was at least an acre on its own. The rolling, manicured lawn was framed by sheltering pines and dotted with hibiscus and rhododendrons. Sharon and C.J. chatted and laughed together at the far end of a kidney-shaped pool that was at least fifty feet long. C.J. sat in the water up to his waist, leaning back with arms outstretched and on the flagstones of the pool deck behind him. Sharon crouched on the deck at her son's shoulder, drink in hand, wearing a yellow bikini that wasn't much more than a narrow band of elastic cloth that barely covered her nipples paired with a thong so small that it didn't even conceal a small tattoo just above her crotch.

So much for scandalizing the simple country folk, Melissa thought wryly. She wondered if it made C.J. uncomfortable seeing his mother exposed that way. Melissa sure wouldn't do that to Ben, not at his age.

They were too far away for her to hear their conversation. She was about to call out to them when Sharon unexpectedly slid her sunglasses up on her head, leaned in, and kissed her son full on the mouth. It was a long, passionate kiss. Melissa's breath caught in

her throat. She felt flushed, an unexpected warmth spreading through her body as she watched.

After a very long time, Sharon broke away from C.J. Moving with the rolling, swaying gait of a stripper she descended the stone steps to join him in the pool. The shallow water came up to the underside of her boobs. She lifted her arms above her head and did a full turn, showing herself off for her son.

She really was a vision. Her waist was delicate, her thighs firm, her ass more than ample but without a trace of cellulite or middle-aged droop. Melissa guessed that Sharon's breasts were as big as her own 36Ds, but on Sharon's much smaller frame those supple globes easily stood out as her most remarkable feature. Her golden skin bore no tan lines, nude sunbathing apparently being one advantage of so much privacy.

C.J. stood up in the water, unfolding his long athlete's body to tower over his mother. Sharon embraced him, encircling his lean waist in her arms. When he engulfed her in one huge arm and pulled her to him, her face was level with his chest. She snuggled in close and let her hand roam across his tight pecs and over his belly, tracing the valleys between his chiseled abdominal muscles with her fingertips.

The elevated porch where Melissa stood extended some distance along one side of the pool, almost like a miniature pier. She slipped off her sandals and padded cautiously forward in her bare feet along the weathered wooden planks, torn between her urgent desire to get a closer look and her fear of being discovered. But the

couple in the pool seemed oblivious to anything except one another.

Sharon's small hand slid under the waistband of her son's swimsuit. She looked into his eyes and he smiled down on her with confidence bordering on arrogance. He nodded once, and she loosened the drawstring of his trunks and started tugging them down over his hips. The dense, tightly curled thicket of his pubes came into view, as well as the base and several inches of the thickest cock Melissa had ever seen.

Melissa was dumbfounded. She put out a hand on the porch rail to steady herself. She closed her eyes and took a long breath, but when she opened them again Sharon was still slowly stripping her son. His swim trunks were almost halfway down his thighs now and his prick was still not fully exposed.

Unconsciously, Melissa held her breath, waiting. How big could the teen possibly be?

Finally, Sharon tugged C.J.'s swimsuit down to his knees and his cock sprang free, dripping pool water in the bright sunlight. It hung down between his muscular thighs nearly to the top of his knees, still completely soft.

C.J.'s cock didn't stay soft for long. Sharon ran her hand gently over it the way one might stroke the sinewy neck of a favorite riding horse. Under her ministrations, his prick jerked and pulsed and grew until it was completely hard and curved up and out from his crotch, impossibly long and as big around as a soda can.

Now Sharon reached out to cradle her son's scrotum in both hands, tenderly lifting that full, swollen sack and leaning down to lavish it with little kisses and quick swipes of her tongue. Her delighted giggles carried across the water. Melissa was jealous, even though she could not comprehend why a woman would knowingly have sex with her own son. Melissa told herself it was a thing that *she* would never contemplate, even in her most secret fantasies.

She crept silently along the porch toward the couple. Terrified that she'd be noticed at any moment but inexplicably attracted by the lurid scene in the pool, she paused again when she was close enough to see every detail of the action.

C.J. put his hand on the crown of Sharon's head and her tongue-teasing stopped. She drew back slightly, and then opened her mouth very wide and ducked her head forward, swallowing the plum-sized head of his cock with surprising ease. She continued to cradle his scrotum in both hands.

I've got purses in my closet that aren't as big as his nut sack, Melissa marveled.

This was more than just a blowjob. Sharon's mouth welcomed her son's prick as if this was what it had been made to do. Her throat was a welcoming sleeve for the impossible, irresistible battering ram of his giant cock.

Sharon clasped her hands behind the hollows of C.J.'s knees, holding on to prevent her head from being pushed away by his short but powerful forward strokes. She wriggled and rotated her hips under the

water, clearly enjoying what her son was doing. Having his giant prick crammed into her this way turned her on. He rocked back and forth, withdrawing his shaft only slightly on every stroke and then pushing forward again until several more inches disappeared between Sharon's tightly stretched lips. In this way, she soon was swallowing most of his long, thick rod.

An inner voice that Melissa scarcely recognized as her own cheered them on. *All the way in, baby. Make her take it all.*

What are you thinking...what are you doing?! This is horrible. It's wrong, a more familiar part of her insisted. You can't be getting horny, watching a woman you've barely met committing incest. What's wrong with you?

She ignored that voice. She'd never seen anything so hot in her life. Her pussy was creaming like crazy, soaking the crotch of her suit. She reached down to touch herself through the thin polyester material. *Come on, C.J., I wanna see those big balls bouncing off your mama's chin!*

Alas, it was not to be. Sharon took perhaps two-thirds of her son's prick down her throat and then they both paused. Melissa watched in disappointment as C.J. withdrew all but the tip of his immense cock from his mother's mouth. He still held her head between his hands, though, and after resting for several moments he abruptly lurched forward again. His prick slid three-quarters of the way into her mouth in one motion. He started pumping rhythmically, fucking her throat with long, full thrusts.

Sharon's squeals of happiness were unmistakable, even though muffled by the long cock ramming ceaselessly in and out of her throat. She held on for dear life and bobbed her head backward and forward to meet his thrusts. Maybe she couldn't throat C.J.'s entire cock, but what she could take she took with obvious relish. For Sharon to endure such a face-fucking and enjoy it had to be a tremendous physical challenge, but clearly one that she was accustomed to. She and her son moved together in perfect rhythm, each knowing exactly what to do. They must have practiced together many times.

Melissa slid her swimsuit bottom down her thighs. Watching was driving her crazy. She needed relief. She put two fingers in her mouth and sucked on them, then slipped them into her pussy and began playing with herself. She'd developed great skill at masturbating in the last few years, as Tom had immersed himself more and more in his career to the extent of neglecting her needs. Damn him anyway. It was his fault that she was standing half-naked in a near stranger's back yard playing voyeur and jacking off to unnatural acts. So she told herself.

After several minutes C.J. pulled out of Sharon's mouth and she stepped away from him. He still hadn't shot off, though his cock gleamed in the afternoon sunlight with a mixture of his mother's saliva and his pre-cum. He reached out and hooked his fingers under the yellow elastic strip of her top and yanked it down to her tiny waist so that her breasts tumbled free of their minimal confinement. They were big and

perfectly formed, with large nut-brown nipples that were already hard.

Sharon hugged her son around his hips so that his well-lubed cock was trapped and pressed flat to her chest between her breasts. She tipped her chin up to his face and they shared another long lover's kiss. Then he took her tits between his big hands, held them together around his cock, and started tit-fucking her.

As her son bucked up and down between her luscious firm breasts, Sharon helped hold them snugly against his cock. She licked all around the flaring head each time that it poked up through her cleavage. Every so often she nipped lightly at it with her teeth, causing a visible shudder of pleasure to ripple through her son's taut belly.

Sharon's pretty features were the image of radiant bliss. Melissa's helpless heart was full of envy. *I could learn a lot from her*, the frustrated brunette thought. *For all the good it would do me.*

Finally, C.J. threw his head back, grimaced, and with a final thrust upward between Sharon's pillowy tits his cock erupted, shooting one long thick burst of semen after another into the air. Some of it splashed on his mother's face, but most arced up over her head to land on her back, between her shoulder blades, and roll down the valley of her spine in rivulets to be washed away in the clear gentle current of the pool.

They held one another for a while. When they finally broke their embrace C.J. was still fully erect! Astonished, Melissa waited breathlessly for whatever would come next.

Then Sharon and her son both turned and looked straight up at Melissa standing on the porch. Melissa froze in stark terror, caught with her pants down and her thumb on her swollen clitoris.

Sharon grinned, waved, and called out “Hey, Girl, you ready for that mojito?”

CHAPTER THREE

The LED sign in the main parking area at Oakmore Valley Resort read “Oakmore Welcomes the Regional Broadcasters Conference.”

The convention had already been in full swing when Tom Jacobs had arrived this morning. Nearly overwhelmed by the logistics of jumping into his new job with so little preparation, he was relieved to find that Amber Harvey, the resort’s events coordinator, had everything well in hand.

Tom was surprised that at just twenty-three years of age Amber was able to execute the responsibilities of that job with such confidence and efficiency. On a personal level, he was delighted that she was also a

knock-out: tall and slender with long, shapely legs and silky auburn hair which tumbled down past her shoulders.

“Are you finding everything you need, Mister Jacobs?” Tom looked up from his desktop monitor to see Amber standing in the doorway of what now was his office.

“It’s a lot to take in all at once,” Tom replied. “I’d have liked to have had some kind of hand-off from Stewart. You’d think the man was running late for a space launch or something.”

“Let me have a look?” Amber walked around to Tom’s side of the desk and tilted the monitor up slightly for a better look. “Oh, the website,” she sniffed. “Corporate manages that. It’s very, uh, corporate.”

“Generically charming,” Tom agreed. “Nice golf course, picturesque bungalows, swans on the lake.”

“The swans are ‘shopped.’”

“I guessed. So...Oakmore’s a pleasant place, but nothing here accounts for our level of bookings. And if I can’t figure out where the magic lives, you’re not going to have time to get used to having me around.”

“That *would* be a shame,” Amber murmured. She regarded Tom quizzically, as if sizing him up. He couldn’t tell whether her interest at that moment was more professional or personal but found that he didn’t mind either way.

“Oakmore’s most effective marketing is what you’d call ‘word of mouth,’” she began cautiously. As she

leaned across to grab the computer mouse her right breast brushed lightly against his cheek and he discovered that she wore nothing under her white jersey knit top. “We’re secluded. We’re discreet. And the employees and staff are ready to serve our guests’ every need and desire.”

With two mouse clicks, Amber brought up a grid view of the main hotel’s security cameras. She gave Tom another questioning look and cautioned, “Don’t freak out, okay?”

Another click, and a single camera feed filled the computer screen. It was captioned “CM001: Regency Ballroom B.”

The partitioned ballroom was set up for a large luncheon, but the event in progress looked more like an orgy in full swing. Tom’s first impression was of a lot of bare breasts and dicks hanging out. People were seated at tables or milling about in various states of nudity. Near the camera, one naked man was chatting with a woman who wore nothing but a blouse open to her navel and a short red skirt. His free hand was up under her skirt, feeling her ass, while she smiled and fondled his cock in return.

At a nearby table a pretty blonde was seated on the lap of a buxom redhead, their bare breasts rubbing against one another’s as they kissed. At the next, a leggy young brunette in a charcoal grey suit was knee-riding a middle-aged executive type. His pants were around his ankles and she was jacking on his hard prick with both hands. Kneeling on the floor next to them was a woman who looked like her twin, rocking back and forth while the executive explored her bare

cunt with a thick middle finger. Judging by the beatific expression on her face, he was good at what he was going.

“It’s the pre-awards luncheon,” Amber explained. “According to the schedule, they’re holding the final vote for ‘Female Newscaster of the Year’ later this afternoon. Looks like there’s still a lot of campaigning going on.”

Tom just nodded mutely. He watched in fascination as dozens of couples fucked and sucked like mad in the ballroom: in chairs, on the floor, and on big round folding tables that had been swept clean of any utensils and food.

Amber quietly perched on the arm of Tom’s leather executive chair, leaning against her new boss and keenly watching his reaction. “Let’s get a better view,” she suggested, touching a function key on his computer. The camera feed was instantly mirrored on the big-screen television mounted on the wall opposite his desk.

It was too much to take in all at once. Tom focused for a few moments on a smiling woman lying in a clear area of the brocaded carpet while three men surrounded her, jerking off until they showered her with cum from her toes to the mane of black curls framing her face.

A short, thirty-something brunette danced naked on a raised speaker’s platform at the front of the room, doing high kicks like a showgirl, displaying her big tits and pussy to the appreciative crowd. Her audience applauded and shouted encouragement.

“I know that face,” Tom exclaimed. “That’s Mikaela Ruiz. The GCTV network anchor.”

“She’s the keynote speaker, and one of this year’s organizers, too.” Amber explained, her cheeks reddening as she added: “I worked closely with her on all the arrangements.”

A man stepped out of the crowd and onto the platform with Ruiz. She looked him up and down frankly, a toothy grin splitting her face as her eyes lit on his erect cock. She sank to her knees, beckoning him forward.

Another man joined them, then another. Soon the most well-known newswoman in America was surrounded by half a dozen male colleagues, some as famous as herself but several that Tom didn’t recognize. These were older men, probably network higher-ups. Mikaela Ruiz showed no favoritism, demonstrating that she regarded any hard cock as worthy of her most devoted oral attentions, as she sucked them each in turn.

What have I gotten myself into? Tom marveled, as the full import of it all sank in: I’m the manager of a sex resort.

He was shaken from his reverie by Amber’s hand gently stroking his erection through the fabric of his trousers.

“Milt usually liked me to take care of him while he reviewed the feeds,” Amber explained nonchalantly. “Do you want me to stop?”

Tom stared into her guileless green eyes for a long moment. He gave a short shake of his head.

“Awesome.” She knelt in front of him to undo his belt and unzip his trousers. “Well then, let’s see what we...Oh! Nice. Looks like you’re not *too* put off by our little secret.”

Amber started out by just playing with Tom’s cock a little, pressing it up against his belly and releasing it to spring back toward her face, meeting it with a quick dab of her moist tongue-tip. Then she started stroking the shaft with one hand, nesting it in the V of her thumb and forefinger. She cupped his balls in her other palm. They were nicely full, promising her a treat.

She kissed the underside of his cock, up along and then around the shaft, her tongue darting out between her parted lips to bathe it in her warm saliva. She slipped her lips over the tip and sucked his fuck knob into her mouth. Tom was not too big, a bit above average, certainly not a challenge for someone who gave head to as many guys as she did in a week.

Christ, she was good! Tom was already on the edge of coming. He could scarcely believe it. He’d been sucked off by women with decades more sexual experience than Amber Harvey who were not nearly as talented. He groaned and clenched his teeth, gripping his chair’s armrests and fighting to hold back. He wanted this to last as long as possible.

“How can you even do that?” he said in astonishment. “Your mouth is so small.”

Amber released his cock for a moment. “Oh, I can get bigger things than this in all of my holes,” she boasted. “Would you like to try my pussy?”

Tom stared down at her in disbelief. He glanced toward the office door, wondering if Amber had locked it...then wondering if that even mattered, in this place.

“Maybe...maybe later, thanks,” he stammered. “Just, uh, just keep doing what you’re doing.”

“Sure thing, Boss.” She swallowed him more quickly this time, slick as his cock was with the mixture of her drool and his pre-cum.

Tom Jacobs had no moral scruples about cheating on his wife, Melissa, and he never had. He considered himself to be happily married and a good husband, but he conveniently confined the definition of that to his ever-increasing earning power throughout the years of their marriage. He provided exceptionally well for his wife and son—well enough that Melissa had been willing, if reluctant, to put her marketing career on hold when the Oakmore opportunity had arisen for him.

Like many other men, Tom simply told himself that he was entitled to a little R&R as a reward for his hard work. He had to admit that he got a charge out of the risks involved in combining business with pleasure and balling the occasional coworker, client, boss, secretary, intern, etc.

Still, he wasn’t sure it was smart leadership to start right off on his first day in a new assignment by boning the admin staff. He was the boss, after all, not everybody’s pal.

Amber’s cock-loving mouth presented a persuasive counterargument in favor of a more collegial managerial style.

Tom sank further into his seat, slowing his breath as best he could, trying to distract himself with the computer video so as not to come too quickly. On the big screen, Mikaela Ruiz was demonstrating the poise and confidence of a real professional. She had her arms around one guy's neck, standing on her left leg with her right raised high and wrapped across his back just above his buttocks. He penetrated her while licking and sucking on her tits. At the same time, she twerked her ass against the erection of an older man who held her hips from behind. When he pushed his cockhead into her anus she threw her head back, opened her mouth, and wagged her tongue like a stripper working the crowd.

Mikaela was a polished performer and had an intuitive sense of how to look her best for an audience.

This was not helping Tom to delay his orgasm. He hurriedly switched to another camera feed labeled "CM023: CLUBHOUSE."

Now he was looking at the bar and restaurant of the resort's golf club. A bevy of young cocktail waitresses moved from table to table. Probably all local girls like Amber, they looked and moved like runway models. Their uniforms consisted of black halter dresses with plunging necklines and ruffled hems ending halfway down their buttocks. They wore black spike heels but neither stockings nor panties.

The pretty young server waiting table nearest the camera was a willowy brunette who couldn't have been more than eighteen or nineteen. She took a pen from behind her ear to scribble on her order pad as the soft-bellied middle-aged guy sitting alone at the table

spoke inaudibly to her. The waitress paused in her writing, raised one eyebrow knowingly, and stepped forward to straddle his lap. Unzipping his trousers, she brought out his stiff, pudgy cock and lowered herself onto it. The man pulled her close and yanked down her dress straps, pinning her arms at her sides. He sucked on her gumdrop nipples while she rode him with a lustful smile.

In the dim smoky light of the bar, Tom could make out similar action at other tables.

Tom gave up and looked away from the screen, down at Amber's lovely bobbing head. He tried to think. Did corporate headquarters know what was going on here? If they did, then they certainly wouldn't have chosen Tom Jacobs at random to replace Stewart. They must have had faith in his discretion as well as his capabilities and willingness to improvise and carry on.

But it was unlikely that they would have sent him out here with no preparation and not even a word on the down-low about the special requirements of this operation.

All right then, Corporate probably didn't know or, at the very least, chose not to look too closely into the mouth of their unlikely gift horse. In that case, Tom could see no good reason to rock a very profitable boat. He could certainly suspend judgment until he'd learned a lot more about how all this worked.

He was glad he had the advantage of experienced and motivated staffers here at Oakmore. Amber Harvey was proving herself an immediate asset.

For her part, Amber just wanted to start off on the right foot with Tom. Sex was her favorite way to break the ice. She continued slurping and sucking on Tom's prick, lapping at his sensitive cock flesh with her wet, hot tongue. His cock felt good, sliding in and out of her mouth...but then, every cock did.

She reached back to pull her skirt up around her waist. She always wore suspender pantyhose on the job, because she liked having easy access to her pussy for both personal and professional reasons. A bare pussy meant she could more efficiently satisfy special guest requests, and as a bonus, it was easier for her to play with herself.

She worked a finger into her naked dripping pussy and then brought it up to toy with her erect, throbbing clitoris. Tom might have to fight his own body, to prolong their first encounter, but lucky Amber could get herself off as many times as she liked.



Amber had first discovered and embraced her rapacious sexuality during a long summer spent with her uncles Max and Jimmy.

Six years ago her father had gone off on a world cruise with his new second wife. Margot, who was half Burt Harvey's age, had convinced him to leave young Amber behind in Greenleaf.

"It's sort of a...an extended honeymoon," Burt had apologized to his daughter. "And anyway, you need to finish your senior year. You'll be fine here. Work hard,

make Daddy proud. I've asked your uncles to check in on you."

Max and Jimmy Harvey were more than happy to keep an eye on their favorite niece. But Burt had critically underestimated the extent to which his younger brothers resented him and his success.

They had their reasons.

Burt was the first-born son of farmers who'd scraped together only enough money over the decades to send one of their three sons away to college. He'd done well at his studies and had returned to town to take a junior executive position at the First National Bank of Greenleaf, where he'd worked his way up to president in record time.

He'd then dumped Amber's mom, his loyal wife of twenty years, and married shapely young Margot Evans who worked in the bank's auditing and accounting services department.

As Burt had ascended in his career, Jimmy was left with the thankless job of managing the family farm for their widowed mother while Max eked out a living maintaining the town's small fleet of police and service vehicles. In Burt's extended absence they saw their chance for some payback.

Amber had her own resentments and her own plans as well. She invited her uncles to move into the townhouse with her. Amber got lonely real easy.

She had happy memories of their first night together in the house, the three of them snickering conspiratorially while Max picked the locks on the wine cellar door. They all sat on the marble floor

together, each with their own bottle of some pricey *who-le-fuq-cares* vintage champagne. She got giddier and giddier, and the guys got bolder.

Eventually, Uncle Jimmy hoisted her over his shoulder and carried her up to Burt and Margot's bedroom, followed by Max.

Amber soon got Max and Jimmy naked. She modestly wore her blue cotton tank top, white ruffled ankle socks and nothing else while riding one of Jimmy's legs, grinding her wet pussy against his hairy thigh. He gently held her cunt wide open while Max played with her clitoris and slipped a couple of fingers inside her, finding her G-spot and driving her mad. Both brothers enjoyed mouthing her puffy nipples through her saliva-soaked shirt.

"Get your hands real slick, kid," Jimmy taught her, rubbing her palm over his pre-cum leaking cock crown. She got the idea and did the same thing to Max with her other hand. She felt clumsy that first night but over time she learned to jack them both off with finesse, making a game of getting them to shoot at the same time.

While one teased her tits the other would lick her labia and suck on her clitoris. That was an incredible sensation, entirely different than she'd imagined in all the times she'd fantasized about it happening. Max's tongue felt a mile long, slithering up inside her. It felt *so much better* than even his talented probing fingers had.

After an hour of being eaten out this way, Amber was lying in the center of the mattress squirming and panting and begging for them both to fuck her.

Jimmy won the coin toss and got on his knees between his niece's thighs. As wet as she was, he was still afraid he'd hurt her and began by just rubbing his erection across her cunt. By that point, she was desperate for her first fuck and in no mood to wait. She reached around and grabbed his ass to pull him inside her. She came right away. Jimmy lasted only a dozen fast strokes that first time before shooting his load inside her. She didn't mind, since Max was at the ready as soon as his brother pulled out.

The three of them fucked for most of the night, with Jimmy and Max taking turns in their demanding niece's pussy.

From that night forward Amber slept sandwiched between her uncles, often awakening after midnight to find their hard-ons poking into her tummy and buttocks. She would drowsily lift one leg and decide which cock she wanted first in her seemingly always-wet pussy. Then they taught her to ass-fuck so she didn't have to choose anymore. She learned that she had stronger and more frequent orgasms when one cock stretched her rear fuck-hole while another performed a thorough internal massage of her sensitive pussy channel.

The events of that summer awakened not only Amber's limitless sexual hunger in Amber but also a boundless curiosity. She spent many hours online, looking for new techniques and combinations to try out. One memorable afternoon she discovered some

rimming videos and soon had Jimmy and Max side by side on their backs, legs raised, while she snaked her wet little tongue in and out of their assholes until they shot geysers of semen into the air. All agreed that the experiment was a great success.

Burt and Margot returned home after three months to find the townhouse trashed and Amber long gone. She'd moved out to live with Jimmy in the ancient wood-frame house on the Harvey homestead. Mother Harvey had been remorseful in the end for the way she and her taciturn, stubborn husband had shortchanged their two younger sons, and she'd deeded the farm to them both shortly before dying. There was not a thing that Burt Harvey could do to run them off the property.

Amber spent many of her nights at Oakmore these days, but when she did go home she still went home to the farm, where Jimmy and Max both awaited. Owing to her many sexual adventures with resort guests she'd become the most sexually sophisticated of the Harvey clan, and she often had new games to teach her uncles.

Margot, meanwhile, had long since dropped the name "Harvey" and moved on with a wealthy regional bank manager named Gantt. Gantt kept his wife but was kind enough to set Margot up in a lavish city *pied-à-terre* where she frequently entertained him, along with his business associates.



"Gonna come! Oh fuuuck—" Tom panted, twisting in his chair. His breath came in gasps and his cock jerked and throbbed in Amber's hot mouth.

Not yet, she thought frantically. She slowed her sucking and stopped working her tongue around his prick in hopes of delaying his orgasm, but she was too late. The first spurts of his hot cum splattered the roof of her mouth. All she could do was clamp her lips in a snug, wet seal around his shaft and swallow for all she was worth. Warm jism poured into her mouth.

Tom's cock pulsed between her lips as he kept on shooting long spouts of ball juice down her throat. She gulped greedily, refusing to let him slide out of her mouth until she'd lapped the last droplets from the flared rim of his cock knob.

The sheer volume of Tom's tasty jism assuaged Amber's disappointment at being deprived of a long, leisurely afternoon cock-sucking session. She already liked him a lot better than Milt Stewart, who had accepted her attentions with an irritating air of entitlement. Tom, by contrast, was an enthusiast. To her way of thinking, that was a key ingredient of teachability.

She stood up, smoothed her skirt, and asked brightly, "Is there anything else I can help with, this afternoon?"

After Tom regained himself and straightened up his own clothing, he had Amber walk him through Stewart's cryptic client notes and custom booking code system, as well as some more mundane administrative details.

"So Oakmore hosts sex conventions," Tom summarized, still absorbing it all. "Groups with deep pockets and the need for absolute privacy buy out the

entire facility for a few days or a week. Elite professional organizations, business and political groups, swingers clubs—”

“As a rule, we don’t book swingers events,” Amber interrupted haughtily. “Those freaks love to Instagram their bullshit. Discretion, Boss. Always discretion.”

“Right...” Tom idly clicked through a few more camera feeds. One showed the fitness center sauna, where two middle-aged babes with lush figures were lying on their backs on a long cedar bench humping their pussies up and down on the cocks of Luke Gable and Bobby Tilson, a couple of bellhops he’d met earlier this afternoon.

“If all this goes on in the public areas, I can only imagine what the show’s like in the guest suites,” Tom mused.

“Mr. Jacobs we don’t spy on guests in their rooms!” Amber looked genuinely shocked at the suggestion. “That would be an invasion of privacy.”

“*Whatever* was I thinking?” Tom said wryly, eyes fixed on the big screen.

“This is just a standard hotel security system.”

“In HD. And stereo.”

“We do safety and security monitoring,” Amber insisted. “Event rooms, hallways, entrances and exits...”

“The sauna?”

“Uh...I guess that *is* kind of a grey area.”

“I’d say so.”

“Mr. Jacobs—Tom—is any of this a problem for you?”

Tom considered the question for a few moments. “No...” he replied at last. “Not in the least. It’s great, actually. Except...I don’t understand...how do you keep this a secret, locally? Why are the mothers and fathers of Greenleaf not at our gates with torches and pitchforks?”

Amber smiled and gave him a reassuring pat on the shoulder. “Oh, you sweet, simple city mouse.”

CHAPTER FOUR

“You feeling better now, honey?” Sharon asked.

Melissa sat hunched forward on the edge of a deck chair staring fixedly across the still surface of the Thompsons’ pool. She took a long, slow sip from the moisture-beaded glass cupped in her unsteady hands. She couldn’t bear to look either Sharon or C.J. Thompson in the eyes.

“I-I’m so sorry,” she stammered after a long while. “I didn’t mean to spy. I just...that is, I didn’t...” She gave up trying to find the words. Her head swam, and not from the rum.

Sharon gave a little laugh and tossed her head. “Hon, we saw you as soon as you came out through the

glass doors. I kind of owe *you* an apology, for throwing you in at the deep end that way.”

“Throwing me—you *wanted* me to see you together?”

“Did you really think us Mayberry folk just leave our doors unlocked all the time?”

Melissa lifted her head to peer curiously at Sharon. The blonde sat cuddling with her son in a double chaise lounge, she wearing a short terry cloth robe and he with a beach towel wrapped and knotted loosely about his waist.

“Look, we’re gonna be next-door neighbors, and I’m what you might call a real social gal. There’s a lot of action over here, especially during the summer, and it ain’t all just me and Connor. So...”

“So Mom figured you were gonna get an eyeful sooner or later. And I said, ‘why don’t we just rip that Band-Aid right off?’” C.J. laughed thunderously.

“Not helping, *you!*” Sharon gave C.J. a playful shove on the arm. He sat immovable as a monumental bronze sculpture.

“I like you, Mel,” she continued. “I suspect we have a lot more in common than just absent husbands. You heated up pretty good watching me blow C.J., didn’t you? Come on, now...”

Melissa looked away again, biting her lip. Finally, she nodded.

“Of course, ‘cause you’re a hot-blooded wench like me. Tell the truth: how long since you and Mister Jacobs last baked the potato, hmm?”

Melissa didn't answer but couldn't help smiling at Sharon's cheerful vulgarity. She took another gulp of her drink. Sharon sipped from hers and chuckled. "I've got a sixth sense about some people. I suppose you could say 'sick sense.'"

"You're so lighthearted about it," Melissa marveled.

"About fucking? I'm lighthearted because I love it. Can't go without it. I've known that about myself ever since—hell, forever. At least since high school. And I never feel guilty about it."

"But *C.J.*? He's your son."

"Mmm, yes he is." Sharon tugged on her son's towel, playfully at first but finally yanking it open to expose his nakedness.

Melissa drew a sharp breath. Seeing C.J. from across the yard was one thing, impressive as that had been. Up close like this was something entirely different. Even fully relaxed his thick, fleshy penis looked to be a foot long. It lay alongside his left inner thigh, dark and gleaming in the sun, almost like a third leg itself.

Sharon rose and stood next to Melissa, lightly touching her shoulder. "You tell me, what was I supposed to do about *that*?" I know you get it; I see the curiosity in your eyes. You *feel* it, don't you, all through you? What would it be like?" Sharon's hands moved down over the swell of Melissa's breasts, the tips just brushing the elastic of her frumpy swim top.

"Hell, I *live* with him!" Sharon's husky voice took on a note of urgency. "Just us two, day after day. Me bein' me, I don't see how I had a choice!"

Her fingers slid under Melissa's top, touching her nipples. Melissa's mouth went dry. She moaned.

"Look at that, they're already stiff," Sharon whispered in Melissa's ear. She took Melissa's drink from her hand and set it on the flagstones, then returned to teasing her new friend's swollen nipples. Acting on pure sexual impulse, Melissa pulled her top down to her waist. The unaccustomed warmth of the direct sun sent a pleasant tingle through her tits that went straight to her cunt.

She hadn't gotten over being hot and bothered from watching Sharon with C.J. in the pool. The mojito had gone to her head and now she just surrendered to the moment.

Sharon gathered Melissa's breasts in her hands and kneaded them gently. C.J. had been content to watch silently up to this point, but his penis swelled and rose in response to the action playing out before him. Melissa's heart pounded in excitement as he stood and approached her.

Melissa looked questioningly to Sharon, who just nodded. "Go ahead, honey. Find out for yourself."

Melissa reached out with both hands to cradle C.J.'s huge balls. Her moist, parted lips gingerly caressed the angry purple head of his cock. It was nearly the size of a golf ball even though he was still only half hard. She realized that if she didn't get him in her mouth now she would miss the chance—fully erect, he'd be too big for her.

C.J.'s cock knob was spongy and warm to the touch and his flesh yielded enough that she could just barely

get her lips around it. She felt his pulse against her tongue and the roof of her mouth. Easing her head carefully forward, she was able with some effort to swallow the head and perhaps two inches of his still-growing prick.

Sharon stopped playing with Melissa's nipples. Out of the corner of her eye, Melissa saw the blonde kneel between her thighs, then felt hands tugging at her bikini bottom and all at once she was naked. The light afternoon breeze on her cunt sent shivers through her.

"You're pretty all over," Sharon rasped. She kissed her way up Melissa's inner thighs, then began licking up and down and around the outer folds of the brunette's swollen pussy lips.

No woman had touched Melissa there since her school days. She loved the feeling of Sharon's soft lips roaming over her mound, but her cunt felt so empty now! Her clitoris throbbed with need, but Sharon continued to ignore the engorged little bud, lightly blowing warm breath across Melissa's vulva and letting her fingers play in the short black curls of her neatly trimmed little bush.

Melissa nearly lost her mind when Sharon finally pushed the tip of her tongue between her pussy lips. Rocking her hips to the motion of that probing tongue, she could feel the delicious tension building in her belly and hips. Her sex life had been reduced to solitary, self-induced orgasms for far too long. She needed a partner's caring hands, a lover's mouth...a cock...

When Sharon's lips closed at last on her clitoris Melissa felt like she would explode. She opened her mouth reflexively as if to cry out and, in that instant, C.J. pushed a few more inches of his giant cock into her mouth.

"You're doin' good!" he encouraged her. His cockhead was edging into her throat now. She exhaled slowly through her nose. Her mouth was no longer dry—now she was drooling, which helped ease her way to swallowing another inch or so of his shaft.

C.J. closed his eyes and his head rolled back slightly. Melissa's heart swelled with pride at that. She hadn't given a real blow job in years, and never to a man with a cock more than half this kid's size. The memory of seeing Sharon giving her son such fantastic head was fresh in her mind, inspiring her on to greater efforts to please him.

She pulled his hips toward her again, flexing her tongue against the underside of his shaft as she swallowed more and more of him. He grunted with pleasure and rocked his hips back and forth. She got about a third of his cock down her throat and then choked. She pulled her head off of him, gasping for breath. Sharon abandoned her pussy-sucking and moved up to put her arms around her new friend's shoulders.

"You did great," Sharon reassured her.

"Really?" Melissa asked weakly, still short of breath.

"For a first try? Really. It took weeks of me sucking Connor off before I was able to throat him. He'd blow

his load in my mouth, it would go all down my front, up my nose...I was a total mess. I still can't take him all the way."

"Anyway, this big lug gets his dick sucked seven ways from Sunday around this town. It's time to let him do something for you." Sharon adjusted the lounge so that Melissa fell back into a reclining position.

C.J. positioned himself between her thighs. She looked up into his clear grey eyes, so full of youth and naïve lust, and she melted. She could feel the river of her desire flow between her legs.

Melissa had been telling herself that she couldn't help what she'd done with Sharon and her son so far. She was neglected. She was in shock from witnessing her new neighbors getting it on in the pool. She was *turned on* by witnessing her new neighbors getting it on in the pool. She was drinking on an empty stomach. All this was just messing around; foreplay. Not *really* sex.

She couldn't rationalize what she was going to do now. She'd been faithful to Tom since their first date over twenty years ago. Now she was going to fuck another man, a heavy-hung guy young enough to be her son!

A sudden thrill rushed through her. She didn't know what excited her more, C.J.'s powerful physicality, or knowing that he was her Ben's age. That was so irresistibly wicked.

She wrapped her legs around C.J. as he pressed his massive cockhead into the slick small opening of her

pussy, and she waited. She wasn't sure that he would fit. The dome of his prick glided over her flowering sex lips and he pressed forward slightly, then stopped.

"Damn it, she's tight as you were the first time, Mom."

Sharon winced sympathetically. "Let me help you relax, honey." She moved her hand to one of Melissa's hard nipples and circled the areola with her finger. Then she pushed Melissa's breasts together with her hands and her mouth replaced the finger, continuing to circle and tease. She moved her head back and forth, the tip of her tongue lathing one nipple and then the other.

"Ahhh..." Little contractions rippled through Melissa's pussy. With each spasm, she seemed to open up a little more, and C.J. slid further into her dripping cunt.

A flood of sensation overwhelmed her. Everything melted away except for the sheer joy of being fuller than she'd ever dreamt she could be. This was real sex, not the occasional, drowsy slap-and-tickle that she and Tom had silently negotiated between them as the years had worn on.

C.J.'s shaft felt as thick as a baseball bat, stretching the delicate tissues of her vagina as he moved slightly forward and then back, giving her time to adjust, slowly working his way deeper inside her. Then the tip of his cock brushed what seemed to be a super-sensitive nerve cluster far up inside her.

"Ooooh...oooh God!" she gasped, realizing what had happened, something that she'd never have

imagined possible: He'd reached her cervix! The warm pressure of his knob at the entrance to her womb was a totally new kind of stimulation, indescribably pleasurable. It was too much. She came without warning, a short but intense orgasm.

"That's as far in as you can go, darling," Sharon told her son. "You hit bottom there."

"As far as—that's not *all* of him?" Melissa whispered hoarsely. She reached between her legs, her flailing hand finding his heavy balls and then closing on a considerable length of his penis that was indeed still outside of her body.

"We're only mortal women." There was a definite note of motherly pride in Sharon's voice. "You should see yourself, Mel. Your pretty little pussy is all stretched so wide around this big honking monster. You're beautiful."

C.J. started moving in and out of Melissa with short, careful strokes. She tried to move in rhythm with him but couldn't. She was nearly paralyzed, as if her whole nervous system had shorted out from overstimulation.

Her calves were crossed and ankles locked across the small of C.J.'s back and she could not have let go then if her life had depended on it. The gleam in his eyes told her how much he relished his power at this moment. He slowly lengthened his gentle thrusts, until he withdrew so completely that only the tip of his cock held her pussy lips open on each stroke, and then eased forward until he again rubbed that magic spot at the deep end of her cunt.

The combination of the delicious friction of his prick against her pussy walls and the repeated near-penetration of her innermost threshold pushed Melissa over the edge again and she climaxed for a second time, and then a third: little peaks, building one upon another until she was swept up on an unending wave of euphoria.

Nothing had ever felt so good, or so right. Sharon added to her pleasure by continuing to lick and play with her tits, pinching the hard little nubbins between her fingertips and stretching them to their limit.

After a few minutes of C.J.'s tender, slow fucking Melissa became somewhat more accustomed to his size and was able to wriggle and roll her hips. He responded with faster, longer thrusts; she bore down to squeeze his cock with her inner muscles, trying to hold him inside when he withdrew. In reality, her little cunt so tightly sheathed his massive rod that flexing or relaxing it made little difference. She gave up after a while and just curled her fingers around his thick wrists, holding onto him for dear life as he braced himself on the wooden arms of the recliner and ravished her. Her heels bounced helplessly against his asscheeks and, finally, she was too overwhelmed by sensation to do more than wail and plead "Fuck me...please fuck me...fuck me forever."

He lunged forward and the muscles of his buttocks and thighs clenched. He came, hips jerking spasmodically with each ejaculation as he exploded deep in her clutching pussy. When the first hot spurts of his cum hit her womb, every muscle in Melissa's body contracted uncontrollably and she crested in a

bone-deep, full-body orgasm that rattled her teeth and curled her toes.

The roar of her own pulse in her ears slowly subsided. She heard Sharon's voice as if from a great distance.

"We kinda lost you for a moment there," Sharon drawled. "You could maybe use another drink."



"He's...that was incredible," Melissa stretched out naked on the recliner, letting the sun warm and soothe her limbs. She felt as she often did after a ten-mile run: sore all over and exhausted but satisfied. It was wonderful.

"Takes after his daddy, where it counts," Sharon said. Melissa raised herself on one elbow and peered at the blonde over lowered sunglasses.

"Not Stan," she ventured.

"Course not," Sharon let out a long sigh. "Stan and I were newlyweds. We were putting every dime we could scrounge into this investment scheme he'd gotten into with schoolmates...it was portable cell towers in some Asian country, I forget where. But he was completely driven. He spent every waking hour on it. He was already traveling all the time, halfway around the world on no notice to meet his big shot investors.

"And all the while we were livin' on the thin edge of credit and barely making the rent on a one-bedroom walk-up. I started doing private tutoring.

“And so there was this senior at Greenleaf High, Ronnie Lewis. Varsity quarterback. Wanted to be a lawyer, having trouble passing English Lit...”

“You slept with him.”

“Nobody slept, Girl. He fucked me half to death. He was young and strong and he had a dick like—well hell, like this one.” She waved airily at her son, who napped by her side on the double chaise lounge.

“After a while, it wasn’t just Ronnie. Oh no, there was his brother and a couple of other guys on the team. They all tutored me. As a team, you could say. They taught me everything, about sex and about who Sharon Thompson was.

“So I always *thought* Ronnie was Connor’s father, but it could’ve been one of the other guys. I wasn’t absolutely sure until Connor really, um, grew up. One day I took a good long look, and I knew.”

“Where’s Ronnie now?”

“Huh? Oh, *him*—I still see him once and awhile. I guess I wasn’t such a terrible teacher. He made it to law school and he’s the county attorney now.”

“And, uh...Stan’s okay with this?”

Sharon shrugged indifferently. “I don’t think he much cares. Never did. He’s mostly about setting goals and checking off boxes, right? So, he married the head cheerleader, mission accomplished, on to the next mountain. Oh, and his big idea hit pay dirt and he got even busier. He’s zippin’ all over creation, building 5G towers somewhere in India now, I think. But ours is not

the kind of story that would...well, his competitors would have themselves way too much fun with it.

“Men and their blessed reputations.” Sharon rolled her eyes. “It’s worth a whole lot to Stan for us to stay home—and keep *quiet*.”

Melissa couldn’t get her head around it all. Sharon seemed so open and unashamed of her exploits. It couldn’t be that easy...could it?

“You didn’t have any doubts? About C.J., I mean?” she asked.

“I...hesitated,” Sharon confessed, looking away momentarily. “But Connor didn’t, not for a hot second. He knew what he wanted and just reached out and *claimed* me.”

Melissa silently pondered all that Sharon had confided. After a long while, Sharon broke the silence with a question of her own.

“What about you, Mel?”

“What do you mean?”

“You and Tom. I can read between the lines. And the way you fuck, you don’t seem like the monastic life would much appeal to you.”

“Oh, Tom’s busy and we’re going through a rough patch, with...with sex and...everything.” Melissa spread her hands in a helpless gesture. “I’m fine, really. Sometimes I’m grateful for the solitude.”

Sharon let out a low whistle. “O-*kay*. Well, honey, remember I’m right next door and always happy to share what I got. Lord knows Connor is. But truth to tell, looking at your Ben, if it was me—”

“Don’t!” Melissa interrupted sharply, alarmed at the direction Sharon’s words—and her own fantasies—were leading.

Sharon raised an eyebrow, tracing the rim of her glass with a forefinger. She downed the last of her rum. “Just sayin.”

She turned and slapped C.J. on the thigh. He opened his eyes, looking mildly offended.

“You good to go again, stud?”

She stood up and dropped her robe. Melissa got her first good look at the small tribal tattoo on Sharon’s hip, just above her smooth, hairless pussy mound. It read “CJ’s” in inch-high script.

Melissa’s eyes sought out C.J.’s questioningly. He grinned and shrugged. His eyes wandered over his mother’s naked body and his prick hardened again.

Sharon straddled her son with her back to him. She held his cock in both hands and moved the head back and forth along the entrance to her cunt. Looking right at Melissa, she slid halfway down over the huge rod. Her eyes glazed over and her body twitched at the thrill of penetration, but she held Melissa’s gaze as she paused for a few seconds. Gyrating her hips sensuously, she continued her long descent.

Melissa watched in astonishment as C.J.’s entire cock disappeared easily into Sharon’s cunt.

“P-practice, Girl,” she murmured. “Practice.” She arched her back and rode her son.

The look of ecstasy in her eyes was a tangible thing. She was in some far-off dream state, lost in an erotic

trance. Melissa shivered, feeling again the startling empathetic connection she'd experienced when they had first met, only a few hours ago. It was almost as if she could feel that magnificent cock entering her own cunt again.

The pose of amused irreverence which Sharon had constructed for herself vanished at times like this. In her youth she'd struggled against her urges, gamely trying to hold on to some shred of self-control, of self-respect—even of conscience. She had long since put all of that out of mind.

Now she just surrendered to the exquisite pleasure and torment of her son's penetration, reduced as always to a quivering, orgasming wreck, completely absorbed in the rapture of his enormous cock driving into her cunt.

CHAPTER FIVE

After two weeks of living on Midwood Road, Ben Jacobs wished more than ever that he was back in the city. His mother had at least managed to make friends with Sharon Thompson, but other than the few other stay-at-home mothers in the neighborhood there was no one around during the long hot days. Without a second car he had no way to get into town when his father was at work, which seemed to be always, and Ben hadn't been able to find a summer job.

He missed his girlfriend, Billie.

He was sitting on the front steps of the new house with his laptop one morning when C.J. loped across the lawn from next door. "Your mom home?" C.J. asked.

“She’s out shopping somewhere,” Ben answered. “What’s up?”

C.J. flipped the pastel green envelope he held in one hand and rolled his eyes. “Mom’s got me passing out invitations to some ladies yard party of hers. What you doing?”

“Looking for a job.”

C.J. glanced at the laptop. “Online? Nah, man, you got to look in the Gazette.”

“The what?”

“The Greenleaf Gazette. It’s something called a *news-pa-per*.” C.J. drew out each syllable in mock exasperation. “You’re in 1955 here, McFly.”

“You’re shittin’ me,” Ben muttered. “So, like, what are you doing this summer?”

“Pick-up jobs. Light moving, some landscaping for people I know. See, I got an athletic scholarship to State in September, with an interdisciplinary major lined up, and I figure this is my last chance to kick back and take life easy for a long time.” C.J. paused as if weighing an idea. “Hey, I’m headed up to the Stewarts’ place in a couple, to haul off some furniture. You wanna help?”

“Sure,” Ben replied.

“Cool. I’ll get the car.”

C.J. returned a few minutes later, riding shotgun in an ancient green drop-top Camaro. His mother was at the wheel. Sharon waved cheerfully to Ben.

“Hop in, kid. I figured I’d tag along. I ain’t seen Ruth in a dog’s age. She kind of lives out in West Bumfuck.”

The Stewart estate made the oversized homes and large lots of Midwood Road look like row houses by comparison. Ruth Stewart embraced Sharon warmly in the driveway and led them all into the big sunroom of the main house.

“I’d get my Keith to help y’all, but he just can’t bring himself to miss swim practice,” she apologized. “This is his last season as team captain, so...”

Ben hoped that the others didn’t notice the hard-on straining his jeans as he watched Ruth move about the room pointing out items that she wanted to have carted out to the barn for storage. The middle-aged redhead’s riding pants and crop top accentuated every supple curve of her lush figure; Ben’s mind wandered off into fantasy, and he barely heard a word that she said. Older women turned him on.

In the last couple of years, Ben had become helplessly aware of how vibrant and sexy his own mother was. Her casual displays of physical affection made him uncomfortable now, and he found being alone with her increasingly difficult. Now, Greenleaf was turning out to be a veritable Milfsburg of women just as beautiful and as appealing as Melissa Jacobs. Ben only hoped that when he finally met some girls his own age that they took after their mothers.

“Ben, why don’t we go upstairs?” Ruth asked abruptly.

“Huh?” Ben said. “I’m sorry...what?”

“Were you even listening, young man?” she teased, tapping him lightly on the chest with her forefinger. “I just said that while C.J. brings the old pick-up around from the barn I can show you what I want to have moved in the bedroom.”

“Oh! Okay, sure!” Embarrassed, Ben followed Ruth up the stairs, his gaze unconsciously fixed on her high, round ass.

Sharon and C.J. watched them disappear, looked at one another, and then both burst out laughing.

“How long we gonna give ‘em?” C.J. asked.

“No longer than we have to,” Sharon snapped. “Your slutty mama wants her some of that new dick.”

“You are one insatiable bitch.” C.J. swept Sharon up into his arms and kissed her. Her sandals slipped off of her feet as he effortlessly held her dangling nearly a foot above the floor. She instantly grew wet between her legs.

Sharon adored her son’s complete physical domination of her. She lived in a nearly constant state of sexual arousal these days, knowing that at any moment he could take her in any way that he wanted to...because she also knew that he was completely devoted to her in ways that no other man ever would or could be. She would always be safe with Connor, and sexually satisfied as well.

A few minutes passed before a low, deep moan echoed through the hallway above them, followed by another, followed by Ruth’s girlish giggle. Sharon and C.J raced upstairs to the master bedroom. They stopped

dead in their tracks at the doorway, astonished at what they found.

Ben Jacobs and Ruth Stewart lay together in the four-poster bed. Ruth, clad only in blue panties, cradled the teen's head in her arms, holding him tightly to her full white breasts. She stroked his dark, wavy hair soothingly.

Ben was spread-eagled on his back, naked, his wrists and ankles bound to the polished oak bedposts with an assortment of silk neckties. "They're Milt's," Ruth snickered. "You know, I threw most of his stuff out when he split. But then, I thought I might find a fun use for these. You know what an artsy-craftsy girl I am."

"Let me the fuck out of here!" Ben shouted. He didn't look at all frightened, just mortified at being tricked and at being helplessly exposed this way.

A wide grin split C.J.'s face. "Dude, you should see yourself right now."

"Help me out, man," Ben pleaded.

"Aw no, not me," C.J. said. He backed away and sat down in an overstuffed chair. He looked solemn in the way that only someone trying to stifle a belly laugh could look. "Sorry, bro. I do NOT argue with this woman. Not with neither of 'em. You're on your own here."

Sharon's gaze roamed admiringly up and down Ben's lean body, coming to rest on his rising, stiffening cock. "Ruth, how in the hell did you manage this?"

“Oh, you know how horny teenage boys are,” Ruth laughed. “A smart woman can talk one into playing almost any game, if he thinks he’s going to get some ass.” She reached out and teasingly bopped Ben on the nose. “And you will, lover,” she promised him. “Don’t you worry, you’re going to get all the *pussy* you can handle today.”

Ruth slid one freshly pedicured foot along Ben’s cock. She winked at Sharon. “Look at this prize,”

“Jesus Christ.” Sharon stared in disbelief. Now fully and gloriously erect, Ben’s prick was nearly as long as her son’s and at least as thick. Of all the many men she’d fucked, not one had come nearly so close to matching C.J.’s endowment as Ben Jacobs.

He twisted and squirmed as Ruth tickled his balls with her toes. “I do believe he’s a virgin,” she giggled.

“Am NOT!” Ben objected.

The truth was that Ben and his girlfriend Billie Hopkins had made it together three times, all within the two weeks before his family had left the city behind for Greenleaf. Each of those occasions had been quick and furtive screws, standing in the stairwell landing above the Hopkins’ third-floor walkup apartment after midnight, Billie in her jacket and t-shirt with her jeans puddled on the carpet at her feet, Ben with his trousers around his knees, and both of them praying that neither her parents nor the creepy guy in 4B would hear the noise and come out into the hall to investigate.

Ben suspected that 4B didn’t interrupt because he liked to watch through the peephole in his front door.

Billie was the only thing Ben truly missed about the city.

“Untie me NOW,” he demanded, his handsome features set in a determined scowl.

“You are adorable,” Sharon whispered. She leaned forward to place one finger on his lips. “It’s no good, Ben. I’m afraid you’ve fallen into the clutches of a couple of deranged sluts and we aren’t going to let you go until you’ve satisfied us. So, just relax and enjoy.”

Surprisingly, a half-smile spread across Ben’s face. “If you just turn me loose, we’ll both enjoy it a lot more,” he said confidently.

“All in good time.” Sharon slowly unbuttoned her sleeveless blouse and shrugged out of it, never taking her eyes from Ben’s magnificent prick. She unhooked her bra, letting her big tits spill free. When she eased her shorts and panties down over her tanned thighs and Ben saw her hairless, tattooed crotch his cock surged and, incredibly, swelled even larger.

“Oh God, I’ve got to have that thing in me,” she pleaded with Ruth. “Let me go first. *Please?*”

“Well...since you found him for us, I suppose it’s fair that you get the first fuck,” Ruth conceded. “I’ll have to find some way to console myself.” She slid out of bed and sauntered over to C.J. “How about it, dude?”

C.J. glowered up at her. “How about you get naked and suck my cock?”

“Yes, sir!” Ruth said with a gleeful twinkle in her eye. She quickly stepped out of her panties and then

pulled off his boots and jeans. On her knees between his thighs, she captured the head of his prick in her lips and playfully swirled her tongue around the fleshy knob, paying special attention to the sensitive skin just behind the rim.

Sharon mounted Ben. She tugged on his shaft, positioning him at the entrance to her cunt. She eased herself down on to his velvety smooth, swollen cock knob. As soon it touched her pussy her sex lips parted, and her welcoming hole swallowed at least a third of his prick at one go.

She clamped her knees tight on either side of his hips and rode just the first few inches of his cock for a while. Her earlier suspicion was wonderfully confirmed: Ben filled her as fully as her son did.

This is what it's all about, she thought giddily. She shuddered deliciously as Ben's iron-hard young prick inched upward into her always-ready fuck tunnel, triggering little shock-waves of pleasure all throughout her belly.

Getting a new guy's cock into her for the first time was a peak experience and one she always savored. Ben once again reaffirmed her experience that very young men were the best fucks.

She moved her pelvis in small circles, slipping ever lower on his shaft until the globes of her ass rested flat on his thighs. Flexing her inner muscles, she gently squeezed and released the pressure of her pussy walls around his shaft. Ben's eyes rolled back under his lids. He gasped and bucked beneath her as she repeated the exercise several times.

If she kept this up Sharon could suck the jism from his cock with her cunt just as surely as she could with her lips and tongue. She'd conquered more than one brash teen lover this way, training them to fuck to her tastes. But those were not the lessons she wanted Ben to learn, today.

"You like that, sweetheart?" she murmured. Ben nodded breathlessly. "Good. See, Ruthie and I've got educated pussies. We've got such a lot to teach you, Ben."

She cupped her breasts and offered them to his slackly open mouth. "Lick my nipples, lover." Ben did as she instructed. "Uh-huh...bite down, not too hard...Ooooh, yeah, like that, just a nibble. Now suck me. Nurse on Mommy's big titties."

At those words, Ben immediately arched his back, driving up hard into her cunt, as she'd hoped he would. She whispered to him, urging him on. "Mommy loves your big cock, Ben. Give it to Mommy...make Mommy come!"

"*Fuck!*" Ben roared, going wild. He lurched and thrashed and strained against his bonds. Sharon grabbed hold of his shoulders and held on tight, riding him like a bucking stallion.

Meanwhile, Ruth had climbed onto C.J. in his chair and laid upside down atop him with her thighs resting on his shoulders, her belly pressed against his chest and her tiny pink pussy just inches from his face. She slowly slid her mouth up and down his fuck-rod, marveling as she always did at how a prick could be so

soft and yielding against her lips and yet so hard and powerful at the same time.

C.J. flicked his tongue across her clitoris. She moaned around his cock and quivered with excitement. She moved her head steadily up and down, stopping now and then for a moment to suck just the tip of his dick and enjoy the flavor of his pre-cum before again deep-throating as much of him as she could.

She watched the couple on the bed as she sucked, her lust stoked higher by the vision of her closest friend initiating a young lover into their ever-growing circle of studs. The total immersion with which Sharon fucked, the way every muscle of her lithe, lush body rippled while she rose and fell on Ben's cock, entranced Ruth. Ben's cock was so big around that Sharon's labia rolled outward, clinging to the shaft whenever a few inches of it emerged from her cunt.

"Pay attention, woman!" C.J. slapped Ruth hard on her ass, sending delightful vibrations through her. He traced his tongue up and down her slit, dipping in between her pussy lips to lap at her streaming juices, easily driving her to the verge of orgasm.

Chastened, she devoted her full attention to orally massaging his prick. Up and down, up and down...There was no experience in the world that thrilled Ruth as much as sucking a man's cock. She had discovered that decades ago, between her own father's knees. Every man was different, and any man was satisfying.

Ruth looked forward to finding out what Ben Jacobs' jism tasted like.

Sharon fucked her captive stud with wild abandon. Knowing that she was putting on a show for her son and her best friend added to her excitement, and she rode up and down Ben's throbbing fuck-pole in a heated frenzy.

Sharon loved a big cock in her cunt just as much as Ruth loved to suck one. As she'd confided to Ben's mother Melissa, she'd always been sex crazy, but her lust for C.J. and her embrace of son-fucking had finally stripped away the few fragile inhibitions she'd once clung to. So many days and nights of being drilled by that forbidden ebony rod had transformed her into a woman who would do anything in pursuit of a fuck.

Her pleasure grew and she felt herself hurtling toward a tremendous orgasm. She squeezed her pussy around Ben's cock for an instant every time he was all the way inside her, bringing him along with her, setting the pace of his fuck strokes without his realizing it.

She was ready now.

She reached down behind herself to play with Ben's balls. She ran her fingers up and down the seam of his nut sack, fondling and stirring the big firm eggs for a few moments, then her hand resumed its journey downward, sliding past his scrotum and up between his ass cheeks.

Sharon circled Ben's asshole with one fingertip and then delicately slipped it inside. That was all it took. The sensation was so new to him and he was so sensitive to any stimulation at this point that the first touch there pushed him past the point of no return.

"Goddamn!" he screamed. "I'm coming! Fuck...fuck...FUCK!" He clenched his teeth as the first shots of jism spurted from his prick. Sharon plunged down to meet his thrusts so that his whole cock was inside, spraying jets of hot ball-juice up into her.

Sharon shrieked out loud. This was the moment she yearned for, the sensation of a new man unloading into her for the first time. She shuddered from head to toe, her whole body convulsed and anguished cries exploded from her lips. "Me too, Baby! Me too! Fuck, I'm there! I...ah—ah—aaaahhhh, yeeessss!"

Ben's cock jerked and pumped inside her, volley upon volley of his jism warming her deepest reaches. She collapsed onto his chest, squirming and moaning and holding onto him as they came together.

"You're a natural wonder," Sharon whispered when she'd caught her breath. She was barely able to get the words out. Young Ben Jacobs looked calculatingly up at her through hooded eyes.

"Untie me," he barked. Sharon grinned and undid the first of the knotted neckties. It took some concentrated effort to free him. Once upon a time, Ruth had mastered the Ten Essential Knots for Girl Scouts.

"I suppose you've got some questions," Sharon said slyly as she worked at the remaining knots.

"Just one." Ben rubbed at his wrists. "What does my mother know about this?"

"You mean, about this afternoon?"

“Any of this stuff.”

“Well...” Sharon began, but C.J.’s bellow interrupted her.

“Take it *all*, bitch!”

Sharon and Ben both turned to see Ruth thrashing atop C.J., holding onto his big thighs with both hands as he bucked his hips upward. He couldn't force more than half of his enormous cock into her throat as he pumped what seemed an endless fountain of jism into the helpless middle-aged woman's belly. She gulped and swallowed frantically. Gobs of cum spilled out of the corners of her sucking mouth and ran down his prick onto his balls.

“Connor, you'll choke her!” Sharon shouted.

“Hell, Mrs. Stewart loves this,” he replied smugly. Looking at the familiar cum-drunk daze in her friend's eyes, Sharon knew that it was true.

C.J. held Ruth securely in place with one big muscular arm, her tits mashed against his hard belly, while casually working three fingers between the flowering lips of her wet little cunt. His thumb expertly massaged her clitoris and her entire body jerked crazily, like a puppet whose strings were being pulled at random. Violent tremors ripped through her frame as her orgasm overwhelmed her. He kept on playing with her pussy and a few seconds later she came again, and then again.

Sharon flushed with new heat from head to toe. “Excuse me a minute, honey.” She patted Ben on the leg and went to crouch next to Ruth. She stroked away the perspiration-soaked strands of dark red hair that

clung to her friend's cheeks and kissed her forehead soothingly.

Finally, Ruth raised her head to release C.J.'s still-dripping cock from her mouth. Cum dribbled from her lips. The two women kissed passionately for a while, then Ruth broke away and gazed dizzily at Sharon.

"So much cum," she moaned. "How can there be so much? How much can he—"

"I don't rightly know," Sharon admitted. "But he always has as much as I need." She leaned forward and whispered into Ruth's ear "I'll bet you that Ben's got a couple more rounds in him, too."

Still lightheaded, Ruth peered past Sharon to see Ben Jacobs relaxing on the bed looking amused and far too pleased with himself. His big cock still stuck up like a flagpole, glistening with the mingling of his jism and Sharon's pussy cream. Ruth's eyes widened. She wriggled free of C.J. and made her way unsteadily to where Ben lay.

"Careful," Sharon warned her. "That one's nobody's fool."

"You mad at me, darling?" Ruth snuggled up next to Ben, trailing her fingers playfully up and down his chest and stomach. He didn't reply, just reached for her waist and pulled her close, one hand seeking out the warm wet cleft between her legs. She stroked his shaft. "Such a lovely big fellow," she said softly.

Sharon stood looking into her son's fierce eyes for several moments, then lowered her eyes demurely.

"Mouth or pussy?" she offered.

“Clean me up,” C.J. growled. “Then I’ll fuck hell out of you.”

Ben stared incredulously at the mother-son couple as Sharon bent to lick and suck ravenously on C.J.’s hard-on, preparing to fuck her son. Ruth was pleased to see Ben’s cock grow even stiffer, fresh pre-cum oozing from the slit.

“Shocking, isn’t it?” she whispered, gently biting his ear. “A mother, fucking her own son? It’s like us small town moms have no morals at all, isn’t it? We might do anything. Anything you can imagine. Anything you want...”

“Shut up.” Ben abruptly took hold of her shoulders and pushed her over her onto her back. He mounted her, spread her legs, and placed her ankles on his shoulders while positioning his cock just inside her swollen pussy lips. Ruth squealed joyfully. “Oh yeah! Do it to me, stud! Let me have that big fucker up my little hole! Oh, ooooooh, do it, fuck me, do it!”

Ben grabbed one discarded necktie and stuffed it into Ruth’s mouth. “I told you to shut up, whore.”

Ruth spit the silk cloth out with a wicked laugh. She wrapped her legs around Ben’s hips and pulled him to her, humping her pelvis up to meet his every thrust.

She glanced at the antique brass alarm clock on the nightstand and smiled inwardly. Her son Keith was due home in just over an hour, and she looked forward to taking on a trio of teen cocks.

The sexual education of Ben Jacobs was just beginning.

CHAPTER SIX

Paige Rogers was best known nowadays as CEO and spokeswoman for Nutragenex Weight Loss, but to Tom Jacobs she'd always be "Joey Fairweather," the ditzy heiress she'd played decades ago on the hit sitcom *Fairweather Friends*.

Her character's role on the show had consisted mainly of wearing as little as possible while delivering comically doe-eyed takes in reaction to the double-entendre punchlines of her many would-be suitors.

Her role in the life of adolescent Tom Jacobs had been providing prime jack-off fuel for half an hour every Thursday evening at 8:00 PM. He'd had her iconic swimsuit poster on his bedroom wall, and the issue of *Playboy* featuring her pre-fame layout stashed between a couple of *X-Factors* in a comic bin.

So, to find himself this morning in one of his own hotel's luxury suites with Paige lying between his legs sucking his cock was the stuff of fantasy. Those blue eyes that had stared so vacuously at her co-stars on a 21-inch screen now blazed with lust as she devoted herself single-mindedly to pleasuring his prick.

For a woman in her mid-fifties, Paige was remarkably trim and youthful. It was evident up close that her age-defying sex appeal resulted more from the skill of Beverly Hills surgeons than from her own branded fitness products, but Tom really didn't care. Those pouting lips might be plumped up with collagen but they were still warm and supple and knew their way around a dick.

"This is not the deal that we always had with Milt," Paige's daughter Lauren declared. She sat at the room's small writing desk, nude other than for her black-rimmed Dolce & Gabbana eyeglasses, reviewing the booking contracts for Nutragenex's upcoming "motivational seminar" here at Oakmore. "In the past, we received a five percent discount off the top in exchange for buying out the hotel."

"Ah...er...really?" Tom strained to concentrate on Lauren's words. If Paige's blowjob was a negotiating tactic it was damned effective. She used one hand to hold his shaft just behind the rim of his cockhead, licking and circling her tongue around the sensitive knob while rolling his swollen balls in the palm of her other. Tom wondered how many men Paige had sucked off in her meteoric Hollywood career. *The more the better*, he decided, appreciating that he was reaping the carnal rewards of every minute she'd ever spent

coaxing jism from a long succession of throbbing cocks.

“Of course we’ll honor the terms you’re accustomed to,” he promised Lauren. “I’ll pull last year’s paperwork and—*ahhh*—have the revised contract sent up this afternoon.”

Paige and her third husband Neil had leveraged her fleeting television stardom to launch Nutragenex as a multi-level marketing company decades ago. Their business model utilized hundreds of independent distributors, dubbed “coaches,” scattered around the country direct selling tons of microwavable diet meals every month. The most successful coaches, most of them women in their thirties and forties, were rewarded with lavish vacations and all-expenses-paid participation in the annual Nutragenex Wellness Seminar.

Oakmore had hosted these seminars for the last three years running. A week away from spouses and children, indulging in secret and indiscriminate sex with one another and with attractive young strangers, was apparently highly effective motivation for Paige’s star saleswomen.

“I’m sure that’ll be fine.” Lauren made a notation on the papers and set them aside. She withdrew a Hitachi Wand from her briefcase and sauntered over to perch on the foot of the bed. She rolled the soft head of the toy lightly over her mother’s buttocks. “That’s the way, Mother,” she cooed. “Suck the nice man’s cock. Gobble that cock like the whore you’ve always been.” Paige’s face reddened in humiliation at her daughter’s

taunting but the words seemed to spur her on to suck Tom even more ferociously.

Lauren nudged the vibrator up between her mother's legs and switched it on. When the head touched Paige's clitoris she stiffened and her eyes flew wide open like she'd been stung by a wasp. Her head plunged downward and she swallowed Tom's cock to its root. Her wildly spasming throat gripped his fuckmeat and milked him like a madwoman.

"You love it so much, don't you?" Lauren ran the buzzing toy around her mother's wet, parted cunt lips. "I know you do. You're so open. So wet. You're just dying to cum. Well...go ahead, drink Mr. Jacobs' spunk, and then maybe we'll do something about that."

Paige suddenly pulled her mouth off of Tom's cock, shaking her head violently. "No!" She rolled onto her back. "I wanna get fucked now," she implored. "I want him in my cunt."

"Don't be difficult, Mother."

"P-please," Paige gasped, reaching out to grab Lauren's wrist. "Come on, sweetie, I can eat your pussy while he fucks me."

"Hmm...tempting. What do you think, Mr. Jacobs?" Lauren teased. "Where would you like to shoot your load?"

"We pride ourselves on offering a fully personalized guest experience here at Oakmore," Tom said. "Ms. Rogers, if you want me to fuck you I'll be honored to do so."

Paige's eyes lit up. She spread her legs wide. Tom paused, looking down in awe at the trembling blonde beauty. That famous face! He wanted to capture this moment in his memory and hold onto it forever.

"Oh...put it in! In, in, in!" Paige chanted as she bucked her hips upward, trying desperately to spear her cunt on his prick. Tom grinned and sheathed his cock inside her with a single stroke. It was like plunging into a whirlpool of warm oil. Paige Rogers' pussy had as much know-how as her mouth.

"Unnnnngh!" she moaned as he drove his prick in and out of her sucking snatch. Whenever he pulled out, her cuntal muscles twitched and tightened, trying to keep him deep inside her. When he thrust forward her whole body convulsed. She fucked with her entire being.

Lauren swung a leg over her mother's head. "No reason for that whore mouth to go wanting," she hissed as she lowered her pussy down on Paige's face. Paige darted her tongue out and licked her daughter's nectar-dripping pussy like it was made of ice cream.

Tom leaned forward to take Lauren's big firm breasts in his hands, playing with her nipples while continuing to fucking Paige. He guessed she was about thirty, and had an all-natural look about her, in contrast to her mother. She was a ringer for Paige, back in her TV days.

Lauren never stopped using the wand on her mother, running it over Paige's tits, down her stomach, and around her labia. Whenever she touched it lightly to Paige's clitoris the older woman cried out and

arched even harder upward to meet Tom's thrusts. At those moments he could feel the toy's little vibrations ripple through his cock.

"You...are...*good* with that thing," Tom said.

"It's how I trained her to eat my pussy," Lauren smirked. "Oh, she'd done more than her share of muff-diving but she was more used to being catered to by her partners. Fame does that to a person, you know? I decided it was high time my sweet slutty mother learned to give back."

Paige Rogers had been an unknown when first cast on her hit show. The following five years as a comic sexpot had been enough to make her a household name, but not a truly wealthy woman. That had been the work of her husband Neil, the sleazebag she'd abandoned Lauren's father for. Nutragenex had been Neil's brainchild.

Neil had a problem, which was that in the public mind Paige Rogers *was* Nutragenex. Her instantly recognizable face and her celebrity were the keys to their company's whole brand. She was his meal ticket. Knowing this, he dictated every aspect of her public image and media appearances. Soon his control extended to every aspect of her personal life as well. In a classically abusive fashion, he isolated her from her friends and family.

He was her third husband, after all. He was determined not to become her third ex.

Neil didn't reckon with Lauren. He couldn't quite cut Paige off from her own daughter. Lauren was bitter over her mother's betrayal of her father. As far as she

was concerned, Paige owed her a deep debt, and nobody was going to cut her out of Paige's newfound wealth.

Lauren knew full well that a Neil-only sexual diet must be intolerable for her mother, who'd spent her adult life heedlessly spreading her legs for anyone who caught her fancy.

So, one Sunday morning when Lauren knew that Neil was off playing a few rounds at Escena, she'd dropped by their Palm Springs house with a basket champagne brunch, and she'd fucked her mother for the first time.

Paige Rogers was, as always, an easy lay. The champagne and a few naughty confidences shared between mother and daughter, combined with her frustrated sexual yearnings, were enough to get her motor running and to leave her vulnerable to Lauren's seduction. They moved quickly from cuddling, to passionate kissing, to Lauren sliding her hands under her mother's sundress and skillfully fingering her pussy lips while suckling on her pumped-up tits. Soon Paige was on her back, wearing nothing but her purple Manolo Blahniks and gasping for breath as Lauren licked her inner thighs from knees to crotch, then set to tongue-fucking her. The wickedness of it all—taken sexually by her own daughter!—excited Paige beyond her wildest imaginings

They passed the remainder of the afternoon in bed. Lauren brought her mother to orgasm again and again until Paige fainted from physical exhaustion—and when she awoke, the games began again.

“I’m going to break you, bitch,” Lauren swore to her. “And I’m going to train you, and you’re going to love every minute of it.”

From that day forward, Lauren saw to it that her mother got all the fucking she could handle, whenever she wanted it. Paige soon learned to see Neil as an obstacle to her personal growth and fulfillment. Lauren recommended the sharp lawyers who cut him out of Nutragenex and sent him packing with a minimal divorce settlement. She also assumed primary responsibility for managing the business, leaving her mother free to divide her time between talk show appearances, red carpet galas, and mattress dancing with an ever-changing lineup of powerful studs and sluts carefully screened and auditioned by Lauren herself.

Lauren saw herself as simply doing well by doing good. Paige truly loved only three things: money, attention, and fucking, and Lauren dedicated her days to giving her mother everything she wanted.

Such as now. Lauren put her hand on Tom’s arm. “Don’t be so star-struck,” she advised. “And don’t be tender. *Use* her. That’s what really gets her off.”

“Got it.” Seizing the moment, Tom abruptly pulled his prick out of Paige’s slick cunt. Grabbing her legs, he draped her calves over his shoulders and forced her to bend double until her knees pressed hard against her jiggling silicon tits.

“Give me—put it back!” Paige whined.

Tom pressed his cockhead against her tight asshole. Her eyes widened in fear. “Oh God, don’t—“

“Shut up!” he snapped. “I’m plenty lubed up from that hot slut cunt!” He winked at Lauren, who put her hand to her own lips to stifle a laugh.

Paige’s rear entrance clenched shut against the invading tip of Tom’s prick and for a moment he doubted his decision...but when he eased the pressure against her asshole slightly he felt the muscles relax. The eagerness in Paige’s eyes told him all that he needed to know.

"Ohhhhh..." Paige shivered as Tom drove his cock forward again. This time the ring of her anus yielded and his cock knob slipped inside. He held her hips firmly in place and eased his cock slowly and steadily into her rear fuck-hole.

“Yesssss!” Paige sobbed. “Fill my ass!” When Tom’s full, heavy balls slapped against her upturned buttocks she shivered delightedly. He pulled most of the way out and then slammed forward again. He started fucking her in earnest, harder and faster on every stroke. She humped her ass up and down as best she could, in response. Her mouth lolled open and she let out a long, keening wail of pleasure.

She started shaking again as she surged toward a climax—but before she could come, Tom pulled out of her, raised his pelvis, and thrust his cock into her pussy again.

Paige howled so loud that Tom was briefly afraid that one of his employees might come pounding on the door in concern...and *they* were used to just about anything.

"That's the way," Lauren encouraged him. "That's how to fuck this greedy whore. Ram her hard, give her a few good strokes, and just when she thinks she's figured out the rhythm switch up on her holes. Look at her eyes. She's losing it."

Paige flailed and twisted and reached for Tom, dragging her nails down his stomach. When she dropped one hand to her pussy to touch her stiff clitoris, to bring herself off, Lauren instantly batted it away with the wand. "Not yet, Mother," she chided.

Tom fucked Paige's cunt for a few minutes, then slipped out and pushed into her ass again. Her asshole was more relaxed now, but she reacted just as intensely as the first time, yelping and thrashing and clawing the sheets. He repeated this several times until Lauren held up her hand. "Just stay like that for a minute!" she ordered. Tom was happy to oblige; his prick was buried all the way up Paige's wildly flexing ass tunnel and it felt good.

"Look at you, all stuffed with cock," Lauren whispered to her mother. "Just like you always want to be. And yet, you must feel so...so *empty*." She gently traced the vibrating head of the vibrator over Paige's vulva and around the lust-swollen lips of her open, exposed pussy. Then she slowly inserted part of it into Paige's cunt.

Paige groaned—a wordless, animal sound issuing from deep in her belly. The head of the Hitachi was at least the size of a billiard ball. Tom couldn't imagine what it must be like to have the huge toy buzzing away as it entered her. Lauren, of course, knew exactly what her mother was experiencing—there was nothing else

quite like it, and in Lauren's opinion, no human male could compare.

Paige Rogers' awareness contracted to that tiny zone of sensation within her where one of her sex holes was stretched to the limit by a hard throbbing cock while the other welcomed the familiar, beloved plastic invader that her daughter wielded so magically. Paige inhabited a universe of nothing but sexual pleasure.

Until now, Lauren had used the wand on its lowest setting. When the vibrating head was completely embedded in Paige's pussy, she rapidly stepped it up to its highest intensity.

"Aiiiiieee!" Paige's orgasm exploded. She screamed like a banshee, her asshole dilating and contracting spastically around Tom's cock. His ball sack swelled and tightened up. He couldn't help moving now, withdrawing his prick a few inches and pushing back into her ass.

Lauren saw that he was about to come. She reached down and gripped his balls hard enough to hurt. "Don't!" she commanded.

"Ouch!" Tom yelled. "What the fuck—!"

"Don't come in her ass. Pull out!" Lauren released his balls, clamped her hand around the base of his cock and squeezed, dragging him back from the brink. His prick slid out of Paige's ass with a wet sucking sound. She collapsed onto the sweat-drenched bedsheets, heaving and gasping like a landed fish on a boat floor.

Lauren pushed her mother to one side and lay back on the bed pillows with her legs lifted high and wide,

toes pointed at the ceiling. Her snug little pink pussy pointed right at Tom. "Gimme that load, man!"

Tom threw himself atop Lauren and slammed his cock all the way into her cunt with one brutal thrust. She growled and pulled him tight against her. Locking her ankles behind his thighs, she pushed the furiously buzzing vibrator up between his legs, right behind his balls. He climaxed instantly, his pistoning cock pumping streams of hot semen far up into her fuck tunnel.

"Jeeeesus!" Tom collapsed onto Lauren. Her arms snaked around his shoulders as she briefly pressed her open mouth to his, before briskly slapping his ass and shoving him off of her.

"You should get right to work fixing those contracts," she pointed out.

"Yes, Ma'am. Right away." *Guess I've been dismissed*, Tom thought. Lauren was apparently not the cuddling type. As he dressed he watched Lauren sit straight up in bed and open her legs like a gymnast doing a center split. She held her pussy lips apart with her slender index fingers. A thick, pearly stream of jism poured out of her cunt.

"Look here, Mother. Mr. Jacobs filled me with quite a lot of jizz, don't you think?" She swirled a finger inside of her pussy to coat it with the slippery stuff, then brought it to her mouth and licked it clean. "So yummy. Want some?" She crooked her finger at Paige, who lay staring at her daughter's dribbling cunt through glazed eyes.

Paige lifted herself up on her elbows and crept across the bed. She sealed her lips around Lauren's slit like a starving woman. Lauren closed her eyes and relaxed against the leather headboard. She stroked her mother's head as if petting a dog. "Good girl. That's it...get it all, yeah. Clean me up...don't neglect my clitty, hmm?"

"She'll do anything for you, won't she?"

"Naturally. I'm her daughter."



"What's eating you, Boss?" Amber prodded. Tom looked across the desk at her.

"I'm sorry...what?"

They were sitting in his office, finalizing plans for the upcoming National Conference of Televangelists meeting. Staffing was a challenge during the summer months, with the teenaged employees always wanting time off for some road trip, or a family vacation, or whatever. Tom would have expected that at most locations, but here in Greenleaf it surprised him. What was going on at Summerset Island that was better than *this* place?

"You've been brooding all afternoon," Amber pointed out. "You spent the morning with Paige Goddamned Rogers. I've seen guys younger than either of us come out of meetings with her looking like they needed a month in a rest home, but they never look like they were headed for a funeral. Celebrity tail's one of the perks of working here, after all." She

leaned forward conspiratorially. “How was she? Don’t tell me you were disappointed.”

“She was...amazing. Her daughter—I mean, it was...The meeting went real well, thanks.”

“‘Real well.’ Nice. I sure couldn’t tell by your face. So what else is on your mind?”

“I screwed up the contract,” Tom confessed. “I just copied everything from last year’s records and revised the dates. Turned out the numbers were all wrong. We discount to groups that commit to buying out the hotel.”

“Sure, of course,” Amber confirmed.

“Stewart didn’t log in the rates that way. He always showed everyone as paying full price. He even charged premiums, in some cases.”

“That’s not right.”

“No, and that’s only half of it.” He showed Amber a spreadsheet on his laptop. “See, including Nutragenex we’re booked well into next spring, but we’re still running ten percent short of what Oakmore was doing under Stewart.

“After lunch, I browsed the files. Have you looked at the expenses and extras for the Randolph wedding last season? Ridiculous.”

“That *was* quite the extravagant affair.”

“It looks like a Kardashian got hitched here.” Tom snorted. “Did the wedding party ride in on bejeweled elephants or something?”

Amber couldn’t suppress a smile. “Not that I recall, no. Trust me, the mighty Randolphs would have raised

hell if we'd overcharged them a farthing. So...it doesn't look like Milt was ripping off the guests, and he wasn't stealing from the corporation. He must have been putting money *into* the accounts from somewhere else to cover the difference."

"It has to be some sort of money laundering," Tom agreed. "We need to get a forensic accountant in here to figure this all out."

Amber looked thoughtful and was silent for a while. "Tom, do you like Oakmore?" she asked cautiously. "I mean, do you like...everything?"

"What's not to like?" Tom responded, then, seeing the trace of hurt in her eyes, added "I like being with you very much. You know that."

"If this turns into a police investigation, we'll be blowing up our own business. We could all be out of jobs."

"That could sure happen," Tom conceded. "But hey, you know what else I really like? Not going to jail for covering up possible criminal activity."

"Absolutely. I get that. But we don't know exactly what we're dealing with. We're just guessing," Amber insisted. "All I'm saying is, let me dig around for a couple of days and see what else I can come up with. Maybe try to find out if any of the staff knows something."

Looking into Amber's wide, honest eyes, Tom wavered. Stewart had promoted her quickly, after all...perhaps suspiciously so. That could be a red flag. Dare he ignore it and trust her with his future?

“Two days,” he said at last. He sighed and slumped down in his chair. “God, I feel like hell.”

“*That*, I can fix,” Amber purred. She lifted her skirt and straddled his lap.

CHAPTER SEVEN

The text read simply “cu sun pm XX.”

Melissa was surprised that such an offhanded communication from her son could evoke such a range of conflicting emotions in her.

She was saddened that she wouldn’t see her son at home this evening. The text meant the kids had found a place to crash at the beach, as they’d hoped.

She felt guilty that she’d been hoping he would send her a message like this one.

She felt horny, because Ben being gone for the night meant that she could attend the late evening get-together at Sharon’s that the blonde had described euphemistically as her “ladies yard party,” after all.

She arrived at Sharon's just after sunset. Her neighbor greeted her clad in yoga pants, sandals, and nothing else. She held a mostly-empty glass of red wine in her hand.

"We're all out back." Sharon hugged Melissa. "Everyone's dying to meet you. Especially the guys."

Melissa found herself blushing. She also found herself overdressed for the second time at Sharon's, and this time she was wearing only a black triangle bikini. She immediately ditched the top.

About a dozen people were out in the back yard, some in the pool itself, all of them naked and most of them engaged in some form of sexual activity. Women were blowing guys or fucking out in the open on blankets or couches. A slim, silver-haired older woman was on her hands and knees in the grass, sucking off one partner while a second thrust in and out of her cunt in rhythm to rap blasting from the outdoor sound system.

The males were all young adults or in their late teens. Most of the women appeared closer to Melissa's age, or older. The apparent exception was a couple sitting together on a lounge, furiously making out. The guy might have been a school friend or teammate of C.J's. He was with a striking young woman who wore her hair in a half-shaved pixie cut and dyed an electric fuchsia. She was heavily tattooed and sported nipple rings and a clitoral piercing, easily visible as she reclined open-legged while her partner finger-fucked her hairless cunt.

“At least one of these kids has a girlfriend,” Melissa said dryly. Following her gaze, Sharon laughed loudly.

“Honey, that’s Alice and Bobby Tilson. She’s his mother and she’s, like, forty-five.”

“No way.” Even at a second glance, Alice appeared to be in her twenties. There was not a trace of sag to her full breasts or to the pert ass that squirmed and bounced energetically against the chair webbing in response to Bobby’s deft exploration of her pussy.

Melissa let out a morose sigh. “Damn...why are all the women in this town so—so *perfect*?”

“Beats me, Mel. Maybe it’s something in the water.” Sharon laughed. “Except, who fucking drinks water? Anyway, you’re not exactly a poke in the eye from a sharp stick. All I hear from Connor all week is ‘will Melissa be at the party?’”

“He’s here?” Melissa asked, embarrassed at her own inability to hide her excitement.

“Yeah. Disloyal little man-slut that he is,” Sharon said out of the side of her mouth.

Melissa colored again. Since she’d first fucked Sharon’s son the three had gotten together twice more. The easy sexual intimacy she shared with her blonde neighbor nourished a part of her nature that she’d long suppressed in the service of a traditional marriage. Yet as much as she was coming to love Sharon she feared that she couldn’t hide the fact that the focus of her desire was C.J.

“There now, don’t you go takin’ me serious,” Sharon cautioned. “Around here, a jealous mother

would miss out on an awful lot of Grade-A prime dick. Whatcha drinkin'?"

"What you've got looks good."

"See, you do have a sense of humor." Sharon tripped off in the direction of the wet bar.

"So, you're Ben's mother." Melissa turned to see a gorgeous redhead with sea-green eyes. "Ruth Stewart."

"You...know Ben?" Melissa shook hands but felt her stomach tighten.

"Oh, he's been to the farm to hang out with C.J. and Keith a couple of times. Great kid. Kinda broody in a cute way."

Don't be naive, Melissa told herself. All at once, she feared that she couldn't fit in with Sharon's crowd at all. Her emotions were at war. At one moment she was excited at the prospect of letting her sexual urges run wild in this village of unapologetic sluts, and in the next, she was full of suspicions and protective of her son.

She wasn't blind to the contradiction between her distrust of Ruth's motives and the fact that she'd come here this evening hoping to fuck Sharon's son again. But her self-honesty had limits, and she hurriedly rejected the thought that her wariness of the redhead was not a motherly concern at all, but jealousy. The mental image of Ben fucking other women came too quickly and too often to her these days and always left her near panic.

"Here go." Sharon handed Melissa a glass. "Ruthie and I go way back. We humped our way through the

senior class and half the faculty in high school and—Hello? Earth calling Mel...” She snapped her fingers in Melissa’s face.

“Huh? Oh! Sorry, I was just...thinking...”

“You are *so* Ben’s mom,” Ruth said with a coy smile.

“All right, Girl...” Sharon took Melissa’s arm, turned her, and gestured out into the darkness beyond the pool deck. “Last I saw, Connor was out at the Jacuzzi. Alone. Go git ‘im.”

“She’s got a date.” Sharon and Ruth’s laughing voices trailed away behind Melissa as she wandered out into the darkness alone. She was too horny now to care what anyone thought.

It was a moonless night. The only illumination beyond the pool deck was cast by footlights set into the ground on either side of the long stone walkway leading out into the yard. Guided only by the path and the sound of flowing water ahead, after a few hundred feet she came upon the Jacuzzi so unexpectedly that she nearly slipped over the rim into the water.

Before her was a grand spa, set into the ground and surrounded by an artful landscape arrangement of rough-hewn granite boulders. At the far edge, a miniature waterfall bubbled and tumbled down several sculpted rock terraces into the pool. The landscaping effect was that of a natural mountain pond.

Lights hidden in the stone illuminated the bushes and shrubs surrounding the spa, but the water was dark. Her eyes searched the surface to no avail. She

suddenly felt very alone and a little creeped out by her isolation.

“Mrs. Jacobs?” C.J.’s baritone rumbled out of the darkness to her right.

“Oh!” She stepped down into the warm flowing water and waded toward the sound of his voice. Then she saw him, dark and looming, with his big shoulders and torso and his head of short curls outlined by the dim blue glow of the lights behind him. He held out his arms and drew her close. Her moment of anxiety faded as she pressed her face into his muscular chest. He was completely naked. She felt his erection pressed against her tummy.

“Let me get out of these,” she whispered, pulling away from him to slide her bikini bottom off and toss it onto a nearby rock. When she reached for him again in the darkness his powerful hands closed on her waist. He kissed her hair, her ear, and down the side of her neck. His left hand tugged at her stiff nipples while his right crept down to the gap between her thighs.

“Oh God...” she moved her hips to grind her mound against the giant cock that she’d dreamt of ever since their last encounter. She reached down and grasped the iron-hard shaft, guiding it forward and up until the head grazed her cunt.

Melissa felt like she would split in two as C.J. entered her. She pressed her open mouth to his and their tongues danced as her hips bore down against his, determined herself to take as much of his huge prick as she could on the first thrust. She’d lived in anticipation of this moment for days on end and to finally

experience him so completely filling her fuck-hole once again was indescribably sweet.

She still could not take all of C.J.'s cock. She moved with him inside her, rising and falling and working more of his rod up inside her with every repetition.

“So fucking good...so fucking *big*...”

She was already close to coming when he suddenly lifted her off of his cock and set her down in the water, handling her as if she weighed nothing at all.

“What are you doing?” Melissa whispered. There was no answer. Her feeling of isolation returned, but with an added edge, the gnawing hunger of her empty, wanting cunt. She reached out, groping in the dark, and after a few confused seconds found him again.

This time he spun her to face away from him and pulled her close so that his cock pressed into the crease between her buttocks. His hands wandered over her tits and belly, stoking the fires inside her still higher.

She raised her ass and pushed backward, trying to get his prick into her cunt again, but he turned slightly to elude her. “Don’t tease!” She grabbed his hips, holding him in place and easing back until she felt the satiny, smooth firmness of his cock crown probing her slit.

The teen stud’s knob stirred between her pussy lips but he didn’t move forward, continuing to play with her nipples and clitoris. He was even gentler than before, taking his time, driving her mad.

“I need your cock in me,” Melissa implored. “Give it to me, please...”

“Are you sure, Mom?” a male voice whispered—not C.J.’s, but Ben’s! Melissa’s heart stopped, and she froze in place.

“Ben? What—Oh my God!” she cried out. She regained herself enough to try to rise, but her son circled her waist in his arms, holding her gently but firmly on his lap. All her squirming and struggling only succeeded in rubbing her tender, aroused pussy against the enticing hardness of his prick.

C.J. sat on the stone edge of the pool a few feet away, nearly invisible in the darkness, doubled over with laughter.

“You tricked me, you bastard!” Melissa accused. Sharon’s son just kept laughing, much too pleased with himself. “Oh God, oh—Ben, what are you *doing* here?”

“What are *you* doing here?” Ben said. “Looking to get fucked, huh? Well, I’ll sure fuck you, Mom...that is if you want me to.”

“I thought you’d gone off with your friends!”

“All my friends are here, Mom. Most of their mothers are fucking them right now, except for the ones who are fucking someone else’s son. You know, like you been doing with C.J.?”

Melissa was stunned speechless. Ben kept kissing her, touching her. She knew that she should make him stop. He’d stop if she asked. He was her son; he might

be disappointed and even frustrated but he'd still listen. He'd obey her.

Instead, she returned his caresses, hesitantly at first but with increasing urgency born of quickening desire. Fucking C.J. had brought her to the brink of orgasm. She needed relief. This all seemed so inevitable, now, even natural: a horny woman and a handsome, virile guy. And goddamn was she horny.

Despite what she'd have sworn minutes before were her strongly held beliefs, and no matter her lifetime habits of guilt and repression, this felt right.

But it *wasn't* right. She wouldn't fuck her son. She *couldn't*. But neither could she stop herself from touching him, wanting him, moving against his body...

"Just relax, Mom. This is a good thing. Nothing bad is gonna happen, I promise."

"Relax? Don't you tell *me* to—stop, damn it! Honey, please! We can't...we...can't..."

"We kinda already are, Mom."

Melissa's labia parted and her pussy opened reflexively for Ben as the tip of his cock entered her. Her heart and mind were in turmoil, but her body could not lie. She was even more eager for him than she'd been for C.J. mere moments ago. Every cell in her body craved penetration by her son.

"You really want to stop, Mom?" Ben asked earnestly, anxious as ever to please her. "Tell me what you want." Before Melissa knew what was happening she was kissing him violently.

“I-I want...*you*,” Melissa murmured, acting purely on feminine mating instinct now, her behavior driven by the primal sexual urge engulfing her. She could focus on nothing other than her need for his hard cock. “I want you to...fuck me, Ben. Fuck me.”

Melissa instinctively arched her hips and pelvis as her son’s cock spread her wide and thrust into her dripping cunt. She got her second shock of the evening: Ben was at least as big as C.J.!

“Oh, Christ!” She bit her lip and fought back tears at the commingled pain and pleasure caused by her son’s penetration. Minutes ago she’d been riding the biggest prick she’d ever encountered, which should have prepared her for this. But Ben’s cock actually felt thicker than C.J.’s.

“Go slow, baby,” she gasped. “You’re so big oh sweet Jesus you’re big!” Her son’s enormous prick was stretching her cuntal opening beyond its previous limits. He entered her patiently, triggering nerves inside her sex channel that no man had ever touched before. Jolts of pure carnal delight raced through her like electrical shocks. She gyrated on his shaft, churning the warm water of the spa and making it splash over her tits and face.

Ben buried his face in his mother’s damp curls, kissing the nape of her neck. With his hands on her hips, he worked his cock into her with short, steady strokes. He didn’t want to hurt her or even to cause her any discomfort, and he’d learned the importance of going slow from Sharon and Ruth. Not that they seemed to need it themselves at this point, accustomed as they were to taking C.J. on as often as they could.

They'd coached him, at length, in the hope that Melissa's first fuck with her son would become the very best of memories for them both. Or so they'd claimed.

Whatever their motivations, Ben had appreciated their concern. He'd enjoyed every minute of their coaching.

C.J. watched with keen interest for a while and then waded through the water to stand before Melissa. She nodded in answer to the unspoken question in his eyes. Arching her back, she offered him her breasts. He lowered his face and closed his lips around one of her nipples. His tongue flicked over the little nubbin, working it into a stiff rubbery dart. He rubbed his teeth lightly against the sensitive skin, nipping at the delicate flesh.

Melissa shrieked. Her pussy muscles responded to the stimulation of her tits by contracting hard, which drew an appreciative groan from Ben.

She'd never been with two men and wondered with mounting excitement how far they all would take this. *There are no rules*, she realized joyously. *We can do anything we want.*

Then another thought occurred to her: Ben and C.J. worked so effortlessly in tandem to please her that they must have shared a woman before. Who would that have been—Sharon? Ruth Stewart, Alice Tilson? All of them? She realized then that she might well be the last woman at this party to have fucked her son. Strangely, she felt a sting of hurt pride. She twisted her head to look at Ben behind her. Her pleading eyes met his.

“You’re mine,” she told him in an urgent whisper. “You belong to me.”

He kissed her again, with a ferocity that left her breathless. “Okay, Mom. So you’re not, like, upset, now?” he asked. “We’re good?”

“We are *so* good, baby.” Delightful tremors shuddered through her as his cock slipped ever deeper up into her vagina. “We are *fine*.”

Melissa reached between her legs to feel Ben’s cock sliding in and out of her. When she fondled his nut sack, his hips lunged upward and his thighs slapped against hers under the water. She ground her buttocks against him and felt the hot flesh of his balls against her pubic mound. Her son was all the way inside her pussy!

I’m fucking my own son! The thought drove Melissa wild. She twisted and writhed and cried out, throwing her head back and running her hands through her long, loose hair as she rose and fell on her son’s cock, surrendering completely to the overwhelming passion pounding through her like a storm tide.

Her violent thrashing was impossible for C.J. to keep up with. He reluctantly let go of her breasts, stood up, and took hold of her shoulders. Melissa found herself staring at his towering erection, several inches from her face. Leaning forward, she took his prick in both hands and guided the head to her mouth. “Mmmmm...” She closed her soft lips around the rim of his fuck knob, savoring the warmth and texture of his hard flesh filling her drooling mouth.

These were the most exhilarating moments of Melissa's life. She felt complete, in a way she never had before. Free of fear or shame she floated in a cloud of bliss, lost in her pleasure and overflowing with feelings of love for Ben, for C.J...and for Sharon. *I get it now*, she mentally affirmed, as if her friend were there with her. She felt closer at this moment to Sharon than to anyone in the world—except, of course, her son.

Ben pumped his cock in and out of his mother's pussy faster now. His fingers dug into her taut stomach muscles as he struggled to hold on to her through her increasingly frantic undulations. She'd become a purely sexual being, instinctively matching her own humping rhythm to his thrusts while managing to keep her full lips clamped around C.J.'s cock. Her cunt muscles relentlessly squeezed and sucked Ben's prick. He shook from the strain of trying to hold off his orgasm as long as possible.

A sweet, mounting tension grew in Melissa's loins, signaling her approaching orgasm. She bounced faster on her son's lap. "Play with me," she mumbled around the cock in her mouth. "Play with Mommy's pussy." Ben's right hand quickly moved to her clitoris, rolling and pulling gently at it. She peaked.

"Ah—oh Baby, I'm coming!" she squealed.

"Yeah, yeah...come for me, Mom."

Melissa howled. She flung her arms around C.J.'s neck, clinging to him for support. The contractions of her cunt rippled outward until she shook violently from head to toe. "Oh no...oh God...I can't...stop!"

She climaxed in waves, each stronger than the one before. She was sure that she was dying, that the intensity of the spasms surging through her would tear her to pieces. She was ready; she cared for nothing but the ecstasy of that moment, coming on her son's throbbing, driving cock.

Ben slammed all the way into her gripping pussy one last time and froze. With a low, hoarse growl, a sound that she'd never before heard him make, he came. So tightly were her inner membranes stretched around his mammoth fuckmeat that she felt every quivering pulse along his shaft as shot after shot of hot cum pumped into her depths. The thrill of her son ejaculating inside her set off yet another round of contractions deep in Melissa's cunt.

After what seemed timeless ages, the exquisite tremors inside her gradually began to diminish and Melissa fell back limply against Ben's chest. He cradled and held her.

She waited, dreading the return of the familiar, infernal noises in her head: the endless inner chatter, the litany of *shoulds* and *shouldn'ts*, *musts* and *musn'ts*, *why didn't yous* and *maybe someday*s that had dogged her from her morning shower to the moment sleep took her every evening, for as long as she could remember. She braced for the shame.

There was nothing. The only noises were the soft sounds of their breathing, the musical burble of the little waterfall, and the applause...

Applause?

Melissa sat bolt upright just as the overhead yard lights came on. She threw up an arm to shield her eyes against the sudden glare. When her vision adjusted she saw half a dozen party-goers standing around the stone rim of the Jacuzzi. The women and their young studs laughed and applauded and whooped and hollered. Several of the guys had their phones out and were snapping away, recording the action.

Sharon and Ruth stood at the water's edge right above Melissa, grinning down at her.

"What the fuck!" Ben shouted.

"What the hell are you doing?" Melissa demanded, furious. "How long were you watching?"

"Aw, we mostly just got here," Sharon assured her. "Mostly."

"We weren't that quiet. We could've set off a bottle rocket without y'all noticing," Ruth giggled.

"You knew! You planned all this!" Melissa glared at C.J. and then straight at Sharon. "You set me up!"

Sharon tried to hide her guilty smile by looking away, down at the water. "Like the man said, yank that Band-Aid clean off."

Melissa was about to tell the blonde whom she'd considered a friend just what a conniving, faithless, scheming slut she was.

Then inspiration struck. She had a better idea.

"Good one." Melissa laughed along with them all. "You sure got me. Okay...you want a real show? Watch this."

She turned her back to the crowd and advanced on C.J.

CHAPTER EIGHT

C.J. backed away from Melissa warily—a comical sight, given that he was twice her size. “I didn’t know they were gonna do that,” he insisted with quiet urgency. “Honest.”

“You just sit down there and hush, young man.” She shoved his broad chest lightly. He sat down hard on the wet stone at the water’s edge. “I’m not through with you.”

She braced her small hands on his big thighs and leaned toward him in the water, her face inches from his cock. He was still half-erect, despite all the commotion. Understandable enough—he was, after all,

standing amid a crowd of naked women, all of whom he probably fucked often.

Melissa blew a puff of warm air across the upper surface of his prick. It stiffened visibly and began rising again. She extended her wet tongue, swiping it across his cock knob and then circling the rim. She flicked the tip of her tongue at the sensitive skin on the underside of his shaft, just behind the head.

“Goddamn...” C.J groaned. A little spurt of clear seminal fluid squirted from his cock-slit. Melissa pursed her lips, greedily sucked up the tasty liquid, and then returned to tongue-teasing the tender spot. She pressed her lips against his warm flesh while lapping at it. Soon she had him leaking enough pre-cum to fill her hand. She spread it liberally all over his prick and then started sliding both hands up and down the massive, veiny fuck-shaft.

The celebratory laughter of the onlookers had subsided, replaced by occasional hushed whispers. Melissa knew that all eyes were on her. She ignored them, sparing only a concerned sidewise look at her son.

She was both pleased and relieved to see Ben’s eyes locked in clear fascination and excitement on the spectacle of his mother sucking another man’s cock. Despite her fury at Sharon’s practical joke and her determination to prove something to these people, what her son felt for her right now was the most important thing in her world.

She concentrated on C.J. again, tongue-bathing the entire length of his prick, adding her own saliva to the

lubrication of his pre-cum. He lunged upward, futilely attempting to spear her mouth.

“Stop playin' around,” he. hissed. He tangled his thick fingers in Melissa’s hair, trying to push his cockhead between her moist lips. “Damn it, suck me off.”

His impatience didn’t intimidate her. Rather, she was. She stopped what she was doing altogether and lifted her face, looking directly up into his eyes. “How much do you want it?”

C.J. stared at her dumbly, mouth half-open, lost for a reply.

“Not used to this, are you?” Melissa winked slyly. “Yeah, you’re a bit spoiled. Most of these bitches will do whatever you want, just to get a taste of this great big dick. Well don’t you fret, Hon...I’m going to suck you like you’ve never been sucked in your life.” She gave his cock a few playful licks. “But, you know what? I’m really not in a hurry. Not at all.” She returned to working her tongue over the spongy surface of his cock crown. He twisted and bucked, unable to sit still. Without warning she nipped at him with her teeth, causing him to shriek in a way that provoked scattered laughter from the onlookers. She moved her left hand down to fondle his heavy balls, bouncing and rolling them between her fingers, occasionally sliding her index finger back to tickle his asshole.

“I-I can’t take this,” C.J. muttered through gritted teeth. “*Please...*”

Melissa would have liked to tantalize him for a while longer, but her own growing desire to suck cock overcame the satisfaction of continuing to toy with him. At last, she slid his cock-head into her mouth. "Mmmmm," she sighed, closing her soft lips to envelop his engorged bulb, savoring the taste of him. He groaned as she swallowed almost half of his thick fuck-shaft. Exhaling through her nose, she eased downward until his enormous prick-head lodged in her throat.

Melissa felt C.J.'s hands push down on her shoulders. She shrugged him off brusquely and he snatched them back. "Sorry!" he exclaimed. She ignored his apology, but she was secretly pleased. It was clear that no other woman had asserted herself to him this way. Such aggressive sexuality certainly wasn't to be expected out of quiet, cautious Melissa Jacobs.

But then, Melissa herself had almost forgotten that, long before she'd met and married Tom Jacobs, she'd been a very different woman.



Melissa Taylor's parents were both doctors in practice at New Derby City Hospital. Their schedules afforded them precious little time with their only child but did provide her the advantage of a private education. So, every day for four years she took two trains and a streetcar from their Northtown brownstone to the prestigious Stonehall Academy of Arts. For the

first few terms, she characteristically kept to herself. She made no close friends but excelled at her studies.

In her final year at school, her Honors Renaissance Literature professor took a personal interest in her.

Hannah De Winter was a tall, elegant woman who invited Melissa around to tea at her apartment. She beguiled the solemn, bookish young woman with stories of her early life in Europe and of her passionate romance and marriage to a young composer. When Melissa finally met Liam De Winter he was just as Hannah had painted him: darkly handsome, charismatic, and decades younger than Hannah.

Hannah was not jealous in the least of the obvious attraction between her student and her husband. On the contrary, it was at her instigation that Melissa and Liam first fucked. Then Hannah fucked Melissa, and then Hannah and Liam and Melissa fucked all together, and so they continued through autumn and winter into spring.

“You are insatiable,” Hannah would tease, stroking Melissa’s dark hair lovingly while teaching the teen to suck her pussy in just the way she preferred. Hannah taught by example. She ate Melissa’s cunt for hours, sometimes bringing her student to climax a dozen times in an afternoon, and at other times denying Melissa release until Liam would return from his studio, strip down and plunge his rampant cock into the madly squealing teenager.

When the time came at last for Melissa to apply to college she at first resisted the suggestion that she consider prestigious but geographically distant schools.

She was unwilling to give up the all-consuming intimacy she'd shared with the De Winters. But Hannah not only encouraged her star pupil to spread her wings and venture forth into the world, she very nearly insisted upon it.

Melissa's first weeks away at university, their affectionate exchanges of letters and calls became less frequent. She returned home for the holidays, anxious to reunite with her lovers, only to discover that the De Winters had quickly moved on to "adopt" another fresh, promising young student in her place.

Shattered, Melissa retreated back into her shell of emotional isolation. She buried herself in her studies and finished college in three years, marrying a nice guy who proposed on their third date. Tom Jacobs was not an emotionally available man, which suited her fine. She was done with that kind of intimacy. She knew he was a rover, as well, but she'd learned as well not to expect true loyalty from the partners she took to her bed. Her instructors had been the very best.

Their only child became her life's focus. With Ben, of course, there could be no sexual passion and therefore no betrayal. She let no one else into her heart. And so she'd managed her life until the morning that she'd first crossed paths with Sharon Thompson.



"Hey, you gotta see this!" a male voice called out. More party-goers joined the spectators at the edge of the water; Melissa was aware of smartphone cameras clicking and flashing, recording her performance. She

did her best to block them from her consciousness. Her whole body trembled with excitement and the effort to throat all of C.J.'s cock. She'd already swallowed more of him than she had the first time she'd sucked him off, more than she'd seen Sharon manage. Her left hand held firmly to the four or five inches of his shaft that were not yet inside her. She was determined to take all of him, this time.

She moved her head down again, her lips tightly hugging the beer-bottle girth of his cock. He was deeper inside her than any man had ever been, his cockhead halfway down her throat. She forced herself to relax and follow her breath, afraid that if she thought about how much fuckmeat she had in her she'd panic and choke.

"You can't do it. No one ever has." C.J.'s tone was meant to be boastful, but Melissa saw the boyish disappointment in his eyes.

She came up for air and then swallowed him again. When she reached her previous limit she bobbed up and down slightly, working up some momentum. *Just a few inches more...* Her advance slowed to a crawl. Still, with every bob of her head, she managed another fraction of an inch.

"You've almost got it," C.J. whispered urgently. "You can do it..."

Her lips mashed against his belly, the short wiry hair of his crotch tickling her nose. His cockhead was at the bottom of her throat!

"She did it! Oh sweet Jesus, she did it!" Sharon blurted out in astonishment.

A peculiar pride welled up in Melissa, born of the knowledge that she had accomplished what no other woman had. She'd bested Sharon, Ruth Stewart, and the whole slutty lot of local sluts.

But far better than that, Melissa adored having her throat stuffed full of hot cock.

She lifted her head, dragging her lips up the long trunk of C.J.'s prick while flexing her tongue along the underside. Her mouth and throat were already adjusting to his size and soon she was plunging her face up and down, up and down, swallowing his entire cock on every stroke. At the top of every repetition, when she held only the tip between her lips, she lavished it with kisses and sucked more pre-cum from the slit for lubrication.

C.J. lurched and pounded his fists helplessly against the hard stone. "Aaannnhhh!" he yelled, arching his hips. Melissa reached for his ball sack, feeling it swell. The muscles of his thighs and belly contracted and his breathing quickened. Then he came, his pulsating cock shooting stream upon stream of hot, rich jism straight into her belly. Melissa rose up and clamped her lips tight around his cock crown right behind the rim, forming a perfect seal so as not to waste a drop of the potent liquid that continued to flow and fill her mouth. She gulped greedily, pumping his cock with both hands, craving all the cum that he had to give.

At long last C.J. collapsed on his back, completely drained. Melissa wiped her lips on her arm and stood up in the water. She turned to face the crowd. The entire party had come out to watch. Her triumphant

eyes met each of theirs in turn, finally settling on Sharon's bewildered face.

"You other sluts might want to lock up your sons," she drawled. Then she climbed onto the grass and strode past the silent, staring crowd without acknowledging them further. Without as much as a glance backward, she called out "Come on, Ben."

Ben was still in the Jacuzzi, staring at C.J.'s heaving, gasping form as if mesmerized. At his mother's voice, he shook himself alert, retrieved their discarded swimsuits, and caught up with her halfway back to the pool.

"That was awesome," he exclaimed. "I mean, you were fantastic! You should have seen the way they looked at you when you were—..."

Melissa spun on her heel to face her son. "What the hell were you thinking?"

Ben looks stricken. "I didn't know they were watching!" he objected. "I didn't know!"

"That makes it all better? You just cooked up this whole scheme with them to fuck your own mother!"

Ben looked as if he'd been punched in the face. Melissa immediately regretted her tone. "I thought you liked it," he mumbled.

"I—that's not the point," She said more calmly. "We hardly know these people. Why would you trust—"

"You wanted us to fuck," Ben interrupted, defiant now.

Melissa was stunned. "What?"

Ben's lower lip quivered. "I know you, Mom. You think I don't pay attention to you, but it's *all* I do. You are so sad. And Dad is a dick."

His words hit Melissa like a sudden summer squall: unexpected, frightening, but exciting. Despite herself, she felt the corners of her lips curl upward.

"I didn't understand, before...but when Sharon and Ruth—that is, after I was with them, I got it. They're happy," Ben stressed. "They're glad they're who they are. I want you to be happy, and I want us to...to..."

"Oh, damn it, Champ." Melissa's voice melted. She hugged him close, her breasts pressed flat against his chest. Taking his hand, she nearly dragged him the rest of the way to the house and down the back hallway until they found an empty bedroom. She threw her arms around his neck then and kissed him hard, tackling him onto the unmade bed.

"I'm so hot, baby." Melissa guided her son's hand down to her slit. "Feel how wet I am? That's what sucking cock does to me."

"I could tell," Ben whispered. "You kept playing with yourself the whole time."

"Didja like watching? How does it feel to have such an awful whore for a mother?"

His answer was to push one thigh between hers, parting her legs and sliding his erect cock up until it grazed her pussy lips. They wrestled in the sheets for a few moments; she got him onto his back and straddled him.

Someone rapped on the open door. "Got a minute?" Sharon asked in a chipper voice.

"Go away," Melissa muttered without looking away from Ben.

"Girl, you are in my bedroom."

"Fine." Melissa climbed off of her son. "What do you want?"

"Um...I sort of owe you an apology."

"Sort of. Goddamn it, Sharon, everything can't be a joke all the time."

"Yeah. I messed up." Sharon sat on the edge of the bed. She put a hand on Melissa's. Melissa didn't respond. "Thinking back, the first time I was with Connor was pretty...intense. We weren't exactly sport fucking."

"I'd imagine not."

"So, uh, what we did was pretty creepy and I'm sorry." Tears of contrition welled up in Sharon's eyes. Impulsively, Melissa reached for her and hugged her tight.

"Kiss and make up?" That familiar impish gleam flickered across Sharon's features.

"You're incorrigible."

"Come on, Mom." Melissa felt Ben's arms encircle her waist, his hard body pressed against her back. He drew her down to lie with him again. Sharon clung to her friend and followed them down. She kissed Melissa's face and neck, mouth roaming over her breasts and then tracing a path down to the brunette's moist, inviting pussy.

Melissa's juices flowed. Sharon's cheeks brushed lightly against her thighs, and then the blonde's soft open mouth mashed against her fuck-hole. She cried out as Sharon's tongue snaked deep inside her, lapping up her pussy nectar like a hungry kitten.

"Turn around," Melissa murmured. "I want to taste you."

Sharon obeyed quickly, presenting her own hairless mound for Melissa's exploration. Melissa first very lightly rubbed the folds of Sharon's pussy. She eased her friend's sex lips apart and used an index finger to play with her clitoris. Then she probed between Sharon's labia with her tongue, gingerly licking the long folds of her sex.

The women mirrored one another, each lapping at the little pink buds of the other's clitoris and each pushing their pointed tongues in and out of the other's pussy in perfect rhythm.

"Fuck me, darling," Sharon sighed. "Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me..."

Ben pinched and rolled his mother's nipples between his fingers, sending ripples of excitement through her belly. She couldn't remember her tits ever being as engorged as they were now, with her son pulling and playing with them. Sharon's talent for pleasuring pussy drove her wild, but it wasn't enough anymore. She yearned to have her son inside her again.

As if reading her mind, Sharon suddenly withdrew her mouth from Melissa's pussy. "Let me help," she said. A moment later Melissa felt the hot satiny dome of Ben's cock nestled at the entrance to her vagina.

Sharon grasped his prick and guided him into his mother's eager opening, planting wet little kisses on his cock and all over Melissa's pussy mound. "So lovely," she whispered. "Oh, darling, your pussy's stretched tight as a drum around your son's gorgeous cock."

Ben pushed almost the entire length of his prick into his mother's pussy channel in a single slow, steady movement, completely filling her. His hands moved up to cup her tits. He kissed her between her shoulder blades, his wet lips navigating the little hills of her spine. Then he started pumping his cock in and out of her clinging fuck tunnel, slowly at first and then gradually picking up the pace as he sensed her body relax and match of his own.

The sound of bare feet padding along the hardwood floor caught Melissa's attention. She looked up to see C.J. standing over them all. He grinned at her and touched a finger to his lips. She watched him stealthily settle into bed behind his unsuspecting mother.

Without warning, C.J. grabbed hold of one of Sharon's ankles. She cried out in surprise. He pulled her leg up, draping it back over his shoulder so that she was helplessly wide open to whatever he chose to do to her. Then he slid one huge hand between her thighs, a few inches from Melissa's face. Realizing his intention, Melissa sucked on his thick fingers, lathing them with her saliva. The span of his hand was so wide that he was able to insert three fingers into his mother's dripping pussy while pushing his thumb into her anus.

Every muscle in Sharon's body seemed to contract and then stiffen at once. She appeared to have come

instantly just from having both of her holes penetrated by her son's fingers. He rocked his hand back and forth and wriggled his fingers inside her, provoking her strangled gasps and squeals of delight. Because Sharon's mouth was still pressed to the juncture of Melissa's pussy and Ben's cock, her muffled outcries sent exciting vibrations radiating through the brunette's pelvis.

When C.J. finally withdrew his hand, Melissa groped between Sharon's thighs and got hold of his steel-like fuck-rod, lining it up with his mother's snatch. A beatific expression settled on Sharon's face as she realized what was about to happen. "Oh, honey...here I was afraid maybe Melissa had drained your tank for a while."

"You know better'n that, Mom," C.J. said. "I'm always ready when you want me."

"When I *need* you."

His hips flexed and he sank his cock all the way into his mother's pussy. "Yes!" Sharon moaned as he pumped into her. With each deep thrust, his ball sack slapped against her vulva. Melissa tried but failed to catch one of his balls in her mouth, gave up, and just glued her lips to the top of Sharon's slit, where she used her tongue to both pleasure her friend and stimulate C.J.'s cock as he pistoned repeatedly into her overheated cock tunnel.

From the frenzied way she squirmed and shook, Melissa guessed that Sharon was coming every third or fourth time her son buried his prick all the way in her.

Melissa had no idea how much time passed as the four of them made love. All sensations merged into one. Sharon sucked her so avidly and Ben so completely filled her pussy with every thrust that with each orgasm she felt her individual awareness dissolve further into a continuum of ecstasy. Her emotions had whipsawed all evening between anticipation, lust, shame, betrayal, and forgiveness...up until this moment when Sharon and Ben and C.J. had become parts of her own body and soul, no separation between them.

Ben withdrew until his cockhead almost slipped out from between her cunt lips, and then slammed back into her a final time. He could hold back no longer. His cock jerked inside her and he filled her depths with spurt after spurt of hot creamy son-cum. She climaxed with him, shattered into consciousness.

The world faded away. Melissa drifted, her face still snuggled up between Sharon's legs. Sweet, sweet Sharon...and Ben, her beautiful Ben, holding her close to his heart. C.J.'s low, steady breathing was a lullaby.

She didn't know how long she'd dozed before she was abruptly shaken awake by Ruth Stewart. Sharon was already out of bed, hastily slipping into a short kimono and knotting the belt.

"Cops are out front," Ruth said.

CHAPTER NINE

This late in the evening, there was still enough of an early summer chill coming in off the lake for much of the party to have moved indoors.

At one end of the white leather sectional sofa in Sharon's living room, Donna Thornton, the minister's wife, was locked in a passionate sixty-nine with her daughter Rachel. On the carpet next to them big-breasted Jamie Aldrich humped her ass up to meet younger brother Trey's jack-hammering cock thrusts.

Alice Tilson sat at the other end of the sofa with her ass perched on the edge of the cushion and her legs wide open. Ruth Stewart knelt on her hands and knees between Alice's thighs, tracing her tongue up and

down her punkish friend's streaming cleft. When the redhead rolled her tongue over the jeweled barbell piercing in Alice's clitoral hood, the metal rubbed her little pink love button so that Alice wriggled and purred. Alice always looked forward to her suck sessions with Ruth, who had a special genius for oral sex of any kind.

Ruth ran her delicate hands lightly up and down Alice's smooth, slender thighs. If sucking cock was her favorite thing in the world, then eating pussy ran a very close second, and Alice's was one of the nicest she'd sucked. Alice's mound was small and prominent, like Ruth's own, with neat little pale coral pink inner lips. Ruth could open her mouth wide enough to completely cover Alice's cunt, enabling her to tongue-fuck her friend long and deep while sucking and swallowing every drop of squirting juice as if Alice's sex was a luscious ripe fruit. Now that Milt was gone, Alice and Bobby had all but moved in with Ruth and Keith. Ruth and Alice often indulged in night-long mutual suck sessions.

Alice spotted Luke Gable across the room, leaning against the wall, watching the action and waiting. Her mouth watered at the sight of his hard-on. He leered back at her.

"Wanna fuck my face while Ruthie eats me?" she called out.

Luke climbed up to stand beside her on the couch. He forced his cock between her waiting lips. Alice grabbed his asscheeks in both hands and pulled him toward her, sucking more and more of him into her mouth. He started thrusting in and out of her dick-

hungry throat. "That's the way. That's a good slut," he growled.

Luke was a braggart and a lout, and rougher than most of the teen studs that Alice fucked. In his case, that just turned her on more. She rarely missed an opportunity to get his cock in her. Luke had been one of the young men who'd brought her out of her shell and helped her to heal after her husband had callously abandoned her to raise Bobby alone. She felt a sentimental attachment and a sense of gratitude to Luke; he'd played a crucial role in her sexual renaissance.

All that had mattered to Luke on their first sexual encounter had been that Alice was a hot, older, suddenly single woman. That she was his pal Bobby's mother hadn't fazed him in the slightest. He'd seen it as the perfect opportunity. He'd told Bobby all about his own sexual adventures with his aunt, which had prompted Bobby to confide that ever since his dad had bugged out he'd been looking for the chance to nail his mom.

The afternoon had started with Luke, his pal Brandon and a couple of their girlfriends switching off fucking Alice for over an hour, playing with her body, teasing her holes, and stoking her inner fires to the boiling point without letting her come.

She'd been nearly insane with lust and ready to take on anyone and everyone when it was Bobby's turn, at last...just as he and his friends had plotted all along. He'd played with her until she'd begged for his cock. Then he'd slammed his dick in and out of his thrashing mother while she'd climaxed and screamed his name.

Alice had been raised as a strictly conservative young woman, fearful and repressed in sexual matters. Bobby's father had fucked her seldom and precipitously, without a care for her satisfaction.

She hadn't given a hand-job since college. Bobby and his friends soon had her working two cocks at a time, one in each hand. She learned how to jerk a guy off with her feet as well.

She'd never let a man ejaculate in her mouth and had never tasted semen. By the end of their first afternoon together she'd drunk multiple loads from Bobby and Luke and Brandon and loved it. She was astonished at how much of the stuff they could produce, and how quickly.

Luke had been the first to take Alice up the ass. It seemed strange to her now to recall her fear when he'd first penetrated her rectum, how naturally her body had accommodated him, and how quickly she'd come to love the experience of a thick cock skewering and expanding her narrow rear passage.

After he'd shot his load, she'd had pleaded with Bobby and Brandon to each fuck her in the ass as well. After that, she'd never looked back. She had abandoned propriety and self-denial, immersing herself in the attitudes and mores of her much younger new friends and lovers. Fucking seemed to rejuvenate her. As her friend Lucille sometimes joked, "a young man's cum is the real fountain of youth."

With her face buried in Luke's taut abs now, Alice thrilled once again to the hot pressure of a big cock

jammed all the way down her throat, throbbing and jerking delightfully inside her.

Bobby came in from the pool to find Luke face-fucking his mother. He jumped onto the sofa and offered her his own hard prick to suck on. "Throat me good, Mom. Get me big and hard and I'll give that hot cunt of yours a good fucking."

Alice happily let go of Luke's prick and eased the semi-hard head of her son's fuck-rod past her lips, feeling it grow inside until it filled her mouth completely and nudged into the opening of her throat. Bobby laced his fingers behind her head and pulled her toward him. He'd discovered early on in their sexual encounters how much his mother loved for him to take control.

After a few thrusts, Bobby relaxed his grip on Alice's head and she returned her attention to Luke, alternating between the two studs. With a hand on each of their asses, she turned her head back and forth, taking a few deep, satisfying sucks on one before releasing one and turning back to the other. She knew how to work them up until each was leaking a steady stream of slick, clear pre-cum, which both lubed up her throat and whetted her appetite for their cum-loads.

Ruth kept flicking her tongue furiously across Alice's clitoris, lips ardently milking her pussy for sweet girl cream. This stimulated Alice to work even harder on Luke and Bobby's cocks. She was trading off pricks so quickly now that she gave up throating them and contented herself with quick sucks and licks at the heads. She breathed in short, deep gulps between cocks.

“Dibs on her cunt,” Bobby called out.

“You’re always first,” Luke objected.

“She’s my mother.”

“Be a dick about it. Christ.”

“Don’t fight, fellas,” Alice let go of her son’s cock altogether, focusing on Luke. “Go on and finish in my mouth, lover. Isn’t that what we both really want, anyway?”

When Alice put it that way, Luke couldn’t stay angry. He grabbed her head, plunged balls-deep into her mouth, and came. Some of his cum overflowed her lips and dribbled onto her tits, but she managed to get most of it. She swallowed until he was completely drained.

Alice looked up into her son’s expectant eyes and laid her hand lovingly on Ruth’s head. “My turn to do you, dear. Let Bobby and me get started and then I’ll eat your pussy.”

Alice was so wet from Ruth’s sucking that Bobby easily slipped all the way into her. He never got tired of watching his mother’s face whenever he began sliding his prick into her cunt. He enjoyed her reaction almost as much as he enjoyed the feeling of being inside her cock-throttling little tunnel itself. No matter how often or eagerly she fucked him, a moment of hesitation and shame still would cross her lovely face—a shadow of the old, repressed Alice, recoiling from the knowledge of what she was doing. Then her eyes would go crazy and her face light up with erotic, euphoric bliss.

“You like that, Mom?” Bobby chuckled.

"Mama loves your big cock. Mama wants you in her all the time! Never stop fucking me, baby!"

Ruth planted her feet on the cushions to either side of Alice, balancing with her hands against the wall as she crouched on her friend's face. Alice kissed Ruth's cunt and worked her tongue up into her hot, wet hole.

Luke was too proud to admit it, but after an afternoon and evening of fucking he really needed a break. He stepped out onto the front porch for some fresh air. He didn't bother to dress. The crisp cool air felt good on his naked body.

He wondered where Sharon Thompson and the new mom had disappeared to, but he didn't dare nose around her house looking for them. Sharon was one of the few sluts in Greenleaf that he hadn't fucked, and that was because of her son. C.J. was annoyingly protective of his mother, and he didn't trust Luke. Luke told his friends that C.J. pissed him off, refusing to admit that he was intimidated. He couldn't wait for the big jerk to go off to college, finally giving him a crack at Sharon.

A black sedan, one of the town's aging fleet of Crown Vics, turned off of Midwood and rolled up the Thompson's long slate driveway. The driver was a patrolman. Luke opened the house door and stuck his head back into the living room.

"Unmarked outside," he hissed. "Just the one. Not flashin' their lights."

"What the hell do they want, anyway?" Ruth fumed, climbing off of Alice. "We're not bothering anyone. The neighbors are half a mile down the road."

She disappeared into the back of the house and reappeared a minute later with Sharon, Melissa, and their sons.

Sharon glanced out the window at the two men approaching the house: a uniformed policeman and an older man in a suit and tie. "Oh, for Christ's sakes it's just Connor's dad."

"Oh, great," C.J. grumbled. Sharon shot him a sharp look.

Melissa assumed that Ron Lewis's position as county attorney must entitle him to the use of a city car and chauffeur. He was every inch the successful politician, projecting assurance and authority even while standing in the foyer surrounded by a dozen wary, naked revelers. His eyes were hickory brown and his hard face more deeply carved and careworn than C.J.s, but he and his son were otherwise hewn from the same obsidian stone. Wearing a solid navy suit and a grenadine tie, with plain black oxfords and no jewelry other than a gold-faced watch with a dark alligator band, Lewis would not have stood out in an appellate courtroom back in New Derby.

"Ronnie! It's been a few," Sharon chirped. "I hope this is a social call, 'cause I'm feeling *real* sociable."

"I can see that. I think my invitation might have got lost."

"You know you're always welcome here."

"Much as I appreciate that, I'm afraid I'm here in an official capacity. I guess I need to interview you, and I didn't think this could wait. Is there someplace we can talk?"

“About what?”

Lewis scanned the room, taking in all the faces he knew so well. Melissa sensed him zero in on her as a stranger. His eyes locked with C.J.’s for a moment; he nodded briefly and then turned back to Sharon. “Some pretty personal information. Ah, it concerns Ruth, too. *Especially* Ruth. And Keith, and...Oh *hell*, half of Greenleaf, I reckon, one way or another. But right now, you and Ruth.”

Sharon led him into the den, signaling Melissa to join them along with Ruth and their sons. “This is Melissa Jacobs. She’s family.”

Lewis raised an eyebrow. “Jacobs. Your husband the new guy at Oakmore?”

“That’s what I’ve heard.”

“Hmm. I don’t think you’re in any photos.”

“What photos?” Ruth started like a cat whose tail had just been stepped on.

Lewis produced a tablet from his briefcase and handed it to her. An image app was open on the screen, displaying half a dozen pictures. The first shot that caught her attention was one of her and Keith in the sunroom at their house. Keith was taking her doggie style. Another teenager, whose face was not in the frame, was standing near Ruth. His cock was dripping semen; it looked like he’d just pulled out of her mouth.

She swiped through the gallery, which was full of pictures like the first. All were of people fucking in various combinations. There were pictures of her friends—Sharon, C.J., Donna, Trey—but most were of

her and Keith. There was a video of Ruth and Alice team-fucking their sons. She felt ill.

“So I get an anonymous email this morning with the exhibits you see there attached to it,” Lewis explained. “And links to an online account with a lot more. Dozens of videos, hundreds of images. Maybe thousands.”

The tablet was handed around the room. “So who took all these?” Melissa asked. “What do they want?”

“It’s Milt,” Ruth said in a toneless voice. “My ex. What he wants is to put me in jail. Keith too, I’m afraid. And anyone else he can ‘punish.’” After a long pause, she added, “But he didn’t take the pictures. I don’t know where he got them.”

Keith looked very uncomfortable. “Mom, I, uh, I lost my phone.”

“Honey, you had it out back not an hour ago taking pictures of Trey and Bobby and those guys pulling a train on Jamie.”

“No, my *old* phone. I was gonna give it to Trey, but I looked all over for it and...nada. I figured it’d turn up sooner or later, but I just realized that I haven’t seen it since Dad split.”

“That’s what your father came back for, that morning,” Ruth concluded in disgust. “To go through your room while we were fucking. You kept all these pictures of us on your *phone*?”

“Of course not!” Keith exclaimed, wounded at the suggestion.

“Oh well, then...good.” Ruth exhaled.

“I uploaded them to the cloud. Guess I didn’t log out of my account.”

Ruth stared levelly at Keith. “I am going to kill you.”

“Hey, they take up a *lot* of storage!”

Lewis struggled to hide his amusement. “They live on social media, don’t they? I don’t get it either. I don’t even have cable at home, don’t have time for it.”

“Well now, Sugar,” Sharon said, “I don’t suppose you drove all the way out here to make us a gift of this nice set of family portraits.”

“Wouldn’t solve anything if I did,” Lewis replied. “This is a shot across the bow. Milt probably knows enough to want me tangled up in all this, and if I don’t at least forward these materials up the line, I’ll be explaining myself to the Governor when copies turn up on some community blog next week.”

“But—but we’re all consenting adults!” Everyone looked at Ruth; her absurd outburst hung in the air. Then Lewis laughed loudly, finally giving up his struggle to maintain some formality.

“Consenting adults? Ruth Anne, you ain’t never been a fool so don’t go playing one now. It wouldn’t make a goddamn bit of difference if Keith and-and Connor and the rest of ‘em were old men chasing you in their walkers. This family shit is a criminal offense in forty-eight states. And Greenleaf isn’t in New Jersey *or* Rhode Island.”

"I don't fucking believe this," Ruth muttered. "What about all the shit he got away with all these years at Oakmore?"

"So...what do we do now?" Sharon asked Lewis. Melissa had never seen her look so abashed.

Lewis put the tablet away and stood up. "I can recommend a couple of good lawyers," he suggested.

"Well, I do appreciate you coming out here to give us a heads-up," Sharon said as they walked him to the door. "Say, you're working awful late on a Saturday. You really need to rush off?"

"Afraid so," Lewis replied.

"Man's got other business," Melissa heard C.J. say under his breath. He was never talkative, but she'd noticed him hanging back since Ron's arrival as if he and his father were magnets repelling each other.

As much as Sharon loved men, there were things about them that she couldn't fathom, such as their ridiculous pride and competitiveness. Connor and his birth father had never been close when they were younger. And now, she supposed that any father-son relationship would just be that much more complicated by...her.

"How 'bout you, Sammy. When are you off the clock?" Alice leaned against the young uniformed cop at the door, smiling up at him seductively. His hand crept across her naked ass. She was disappointed when he snatched it away under his boss's warning glare.

Sharon overheard their conversation as they walked back to the sedan. "Fine, fine, just drop me off at

home.” Ron heaved his shoulders and sighed heavily. “And don’t you show up at the office on Monday bragging about your goddamned weekend, you hear?”

She shut the door behind them and turned to find Melissa standing there with her arms folded. “All right, you two,” the brunette said sternly. “What’s the rest of it?”

“Rest of what?” Ruth asked innocently.

“I’m only *slightly* stupid. What’s ‘all the shit they get away with at Oakmore?’”

Sharon exchanged a look with Ruth and ducked past Melissa. “Why don’t you start, Ruthie. I’ll go open another bottle.”

“Open two,” Ruth said.

CHAPTER TEN

Melissa tip-toed naked into Ben's room. Late morning sunlight peeked around the drawn shades, casting long shadows across his sleeping form. He lay sprawled atop the sheets clad only in his black cotton boxer briefs. He'd crashed pretty hard after the party. She envied him the youthful ability to go at full-throttle all day and then fall fast asleep as soon as he hit the mattress.

She hadn't slept in her own bed. When she and Ben had arrived home in the wee hours, Tom had already been dead to the world and snoring like a chainsaw. Thanks to Ruth's tale-telling last night, at least Melissa now understood what was so physically exhausting about a career in hotel management.

So, she'd tried to sleep on the living room couch. But worry had kept her wide awake. What would happen now to her new friends, because of Ruth's vengeful husband? She was concerned for all of them, but she thought most about Sharon. Melissa was learning to see through the blonde's brash persona to the vulnerable woman within. She could hurt. Despite Melissa's fury earlier last evening, she was also finding that she cared very much for her neighbor's well-being.

So Melissa had worried and dozed, and awakened and worried some more and finally given in to playing with herself in the hope that a couple of quick comes would relax her enough to drift off. Instead, she'd fantasized about Ben until dawn.

Her sleeping son's penis was at half-mast this morning, the large head poking up past the elastic of his shorts.

Wetting her lips, she rested one hand on his cock, leaned forward, and kissed his mouth.

"Up and at 'em, Champ."

Ben lifted his head and ran his hand sleepily through his dark curls. "What time is it?"

"Almost noon. Sit up." Ben swung his muscular legs over the edge of the bed. Melissa slipped his shorts off. His cock was fully erect now.

"You wake up this way every morning," she marveled. It was not a question. She could feel a wicked smile tugging at the corners of her mouth. "Lucky me."

“Thought Dad had Sunday off?”

“Amber Harvey called. Your father said she had some emergency thing to show him and he had to go into the office.”

“You believe that shit? After what Ruth told you about that place?”

Melissa paused. She’d disciplined herself over the years not to dwell on mental images of Tom with other women. “I don’t know. He sounded *really* upset.” She continued fondling her son’s balls. “We’ll talk about it later.”

She was impatient to take Ben’s cock into her mouth. This would be her first opportunity to give her son a proper blowjob and she wanted it to be memorable for reasons other than simply because it was his mother sucking him off.

Melissa held Ben’s prick securely with both hands and lowered her wet mouth onto his cock. She felt more blood rushing to the big firm knob, making it grow larger still. Her lips stretched tight around the shaft. She felt the wet tickling sensation of pussy juice leaking out past her cunt lips.

She’d had never been this excited about a blowjob, not even that first afternoon with C.J. She let her hands rove over Ben’s tight thighs and hip blades, moving up to caress his hard stomach. She wanted to somehow, impossibly, touch and kiss every part of him at the same time. He sat completely still and silent as she continued to take more and more of him into her mouth, holding his breath right along with her.

Melissa took her mouth off of her son's prick. "Don't be nervous, sweetie. Let me know if it feels good."

Ben relaxed a little at that. When his mother returned to giving him head he moaned aloud and rocked his hips to push more of his cock into her mouth. She liked that. She appreciated his tenderness and understood his shyness toward her, but it wasn't what she wanted...at least not all the time. Her son was so young and strong, and so gorgeous. She was savage in her newly awakened hunger for him, and she wanted him to know that she was his and that nothing was forbidden to him.

Melissa had more cock between her lips than ever before in her life, and she loved it. C.J.'s prick was the longest she'd sucked, but Ben's was thicker. He so filled her mouth that she actually had trouble drawing enough air through her lips around him to create suction. That was a challenge she'd enjoy working to solve.

As much as she wanted to deep-throat her son right away, she paced herself. She swallowed his cock an inch or so at a time, pausing to twist her head this way and that, corkscrewing her moist lips enticingly around his meat. When he instinctively thrust his hips harder she rewarded his aggression by taking another inch. His thrusts grew more insistent until he was shoving his entire length past her lips.

"Oh God...Mom, fuck, my dick's going all the way down your throat! I don't believe this...just keep it there for a couple of seconds...please!" Ben pleaded.

Melissa hugged her son's hips, keeping his cock buried in her throat for as long as she could. Her nose was pressed into the short, wiry hair of his crotch. She swallowed repeatedly, producing waves of contractions in her throat muscles. She couldn't breathe in this position, but she held it as long as she could. The surge of his pulse inside her was exhilarating.

When she couldn't hold out any longer she started moving her head up and down his prick. She'd let him slide out until her lips barely kissed his cockhead, take a deep breath, and then slowly work her lips lovingly down his entire prick until she reached the base. Then she'd pull away again, breathe, and repeat her sensual descent. Her nails scraped ever so lightly over the taut silky skin of his swollen scrotal sack, a move that she knew drove men crazy. It was a trick that Hannah had taught her all those decades ago, to heighten Liam's enjoyment of her blowjobs. It did her mother's heart so much good to see how powerfully Ben responded to it that, for the first time in ages, the memory of her first lovers held no bitterness.

Her son's balls tightened, his breath quickened and she knew that at any moment he'd be unable to last any longer. "Gonna come!" he cried, bucking wildly back and forth. "Oh, Jesus!"

"Shoot in my mouth, baby!" Melissa sucked furiously as the first spurts of cum shot explosively out of her son's spasming cock. She pulled her head back so that only the crown was in her mouth. She wanted to taste his cum on her tongue. She grabbed his long cock-stalk in both hands, jerking it rapidly. His face was a contorted mask of animalistic pleasure.

Melissa pumped madly on Ben's prick as rich semen spurted into her mouth. The stream seemed to grow stronger with each volley and she imagined for an instant that it might not stop. She didn't want it to stop. She wanted this to last a lifetime. When his ejaculation eventually subsided to a dribble she kept jacking him off and gulping it down, determined to milk every tasty drop from his big beautiful cock.

"Okay, okay! You're gonna suck out my bones, Mom!"

Melissa pulled his cock from her mouth and licked the dripping head. She swiped her fingers all along his length to collect more of the pearly fluid, sucked it off her fingers, and swallowed with a smile.

"That's all there is! Jesus!"

She gave him a sly, pouting look. "Are you sure?"

"Hell yes! Oh man, what a way to wake up on a Sunday."

"I'll wake you this way every morning, if you like." Melissa stretched like a lazy cat on its haunches, arching her spine and thrusting her hard-nippled breasts upward in a seductive offering.

"You sure are different, since..." He let the thought trail off, not certain how to best say the thing.

"Since we fucked. Of course I'm different, darling. I don't treat my lovers the same way I treat other men. You wouldn't expect that, would you?"

Ben looked down at her with uncomprehending, wholehearted admiration. A sudden shadow clouded

his face. “What the fuck is wrong with Dad?” he growled angrily.

“Honey?” Melissa climbed into the bed with her son. She snuggled against his chest and held him close. “You upset about what Ruth told us? About your father’s job?”

“I knew all about that place already,” Ben muttered.

Melissa started to ask how he knew about Oakmore, then realized it was obvious. His friends worked at the hotel. They would brag about their adventures there. “Were you afraid to tell me? Were you protecting me?”

“I’m not a dumb kid. I’ve been onto Dad’s bullshit for a while. So I figured you already knew everything.”

“I know that he fucks around on me. A lot. Yes, sweetheart, I’ve known that for ages. I must admit that it didn’t occur to me that he’d turned pro.”

Ben sensed that his mother’s light tone masked her pain. “It’s not okay. You don’t deserve to be lied to.”

Melissa started to say that she’d accepted ages ago that her lovers would never be loyal, but she thought better of it. “What about you, Champ? This must be difficult.”

“I know it sounds weird, Mom, but knowing’s made a lot of stuff easier. It’s like, I understood why you seem sad so much. And it helped me make up my mind.”

“About...?”

“This.” Ben leaped up from the bed, lifted Melissa in his arms, and kissed her. She put her hand to his cheek and patted it lovingly.

“Let’s fuck in the big bed,” she whispered.

Ben carried his mother down the long hallway to the room she shared, however infrequently these days, with his father. “Carried across the threshold,” she giggled. “It’s like we’re on our wedding night.”

Ben blushed and laughed. “You are such a total fucking dork.”

“Mmmm. You kiss your mother with that mouth, mister?”

“I’ll do more than that.” He lay Melissa atop the quilted down coverlet of her bed. He crawled up between her legs and kissed her feet, her ankles, up her calves and inner thighs until he reached her pussy. Her sex flushed and swelled as his stubbled chin rubbed her mound. He kissed her outer labia, moving up and down around her slit from her taint to her clitoris. Then his tongue parted her inner lips and probed inside her.

“Oh, darling...that’s heavenly.” Melissa grabbed the oversized pillow from Tom’s side of the bed and slid it under her buttocks to lift up her pelvis, providing her son a better angle for his explorations. She ran her fingers through his thick curls and stroked the back of his head. He circled his tongue teasingly around her clitoris, occasionally flicking across it. She jerked her hips in silent need. Her juices flowed like a river. She would never be more ready for her son’s cock.

Her phone lit up with Tom’s ringtone.

“Damn.” She grabbed the phone from her nightstand. “Hey, dear. What’s up? Oh...oh, that’s too bad. I understand. Uh-huh...UH!”

Ben was on his knees now, bent over her, stealthily positioning his cock at the entrance to her cunt.

“OHH! No, dear, nothing’s wrong. Yeah...hold on a minute—” Melissa muted the phone. “You stop that before I start screaming your name.”

“He’ll just ask what I did wrong this time,” Ben laughed. He entered her a little more. Melissa opened her legs wider and tilted her hips up further.

“You hush!” She unmuted. “Sorry, dear. Um, I have to run, call you later. Love you.” She tossed the phone aside. “Your dad won’t be home for dinner.”

“Aw, that’s too bad.”

“Isn’t it just? Now then, we have the rest of the day to ourselves.” Cupping Ben’s nape, she drew his head down to dart her tongue across his open lips. “Whatever shall we do?” she vamped.

“Happy honeymoon.” With one slow but steady push, her son sank his big cock all the way inside her pussy, filling her to the brim. She sighed joyfully, wrapping her lean runners’ legs around his hips as he pumped into her. She dug her bare heels into his small muscular ass to encourage him to grind against her. When he lay atop her and moved back and forth, his hard belly rubbed against her clitoris delightfully.

“Go slow, baby. I just want to enjoy the way having you in me fills up my cunt. You fit me perfectly, you know that? You’re just what I need. God...I love you so much. I thought about this all night.”

With each of Ben’s thrusts, Melissa rolled her full hips and rocked her pelvis up to meet his plunging

cock. Rising up on his hands, he drove himself hard into her again and again.

“That’s it...don’t stop...fuck me with your great big cock, give it to me...that’s it, do it...do it, come on, fuck Mommy good.” Her son reacted to her words by pulling her legs wider apart and hammering in deep, really drilling her now. “That’s right, that’s the way...don’t hold back, I want it hard, I can take it, I want it I want it I want it—”

After fifteen minutes Ben was shaking from the effort of trying to hold back his orgasm, to prolong their session for as long as possible. When his body tensed and abruptly stiffened, Melissa knew he was about to come. His pulsating cock seemed to grow even bigger inside her vagina.

Melissa kissed Ben hungrily, working her mouth frantically against his. Her own heat rose and quickly boiled over. “Come for me, lover. Come for Mommy!” He slammed into her one last time, balls-deep, and erupted.

“YES!” Melissa howled and came together with her son.



“Milt probably thought he deleted all this stuff before he left,” Amber explained to Tom, rolling her eyes as she opened the file window on his desktop computer. She rolled her eyes. “Too bad for that old idiot, we do an automated overnight backup onto another server—you know, like *everyone* does? That’s where I found all these.”

From her disheartened tone, Tom assumed the worst. “So, what do we have?” he clicked on a file name and played a video.

The image was of one of the hotel’s luxury suites. There were five people in the bedroom: a leggy blonde being stripped and felt up by two guys who looked like linebackers, and a paunchy middle-aged man fucking a girl who might have been eighteen or nineteen years old.

“Hmm. I thought you said we didn’t have cameras in the guest rooms.”

“We *don’t*. I swear to God. Tom, I didn’t know anything about this. And I’d bet that no one here did, except Milt.”

“I think I recognize the old guy,” Tom said. “He’s a politician, isn’t he?”

“Senator Landon,” Amber volunteered.

“That’s right! He was all over CNN a couple of months ago, pushing some anti-porn legislation. Does the babe he’s screwing work here?”

“Nope. That’s his daughter Cameron.”

“Whoa, that’s... You’re not shocked by that?”

Amber looked uncomfortable. “Moving on, I remembered that they stayed with us last autumn. I checked the logs; it was a week in October.”

At this point in the video, the blonde was taking on both musclemen at once. She was on her hands and knees on the floor, fucking one guy and blowing the other, all the while screaming for them to give it to her harder.

Amber fidgeted in her seat, one hand under her skirt. When she saw Tom watching her, she quickly straightened up and put her knees together. "That's the Senator's second wife. And security detail."

"They regulars?"

"No, again. Well, she is, she's here with a lobbying group every few months. But their family togetherness weekend, that was a one-off. All the other videos are pretty much like this one. A lot of important people you'd recognize from the news, doing fun kinky stuff that you could call real career-limiting."

Tom started to put it all together. "Looks like Milt's side hustle was blackmail. He couldn't record your regular guests at their events. The word would get around and it'd kill repeat bookings, wouldn't it? But folks who were connected and heard about Oakmore through the grapevine and just wanted to sneak away for a little weekend in the country? They were fair game. They'd pay to keep this kind of thing secret."

Amber looked dubious. "He blackmailed people and gave the money to the *hotel*?"

"I bet he kept most of it," Tom guessed. "He put enough into Oakmore to guarantee that this place was so insanely profitable that he was indispensable; the corporation would never think of replacing or reassigning him. And he was lavishly rewarded by corporate headquarters for it, I would point out."

They watched several of the videos together. They were as Amber said, recordings of easily identifiable public figures with everything to lose,

“Tom,” Amber began, choosing her words carefully, “The resort provides a pretty unique service, don’t you think? And we’re making a lot of money *without* this.” She made a disgusted face at the computer monitor.

“Yes we are,” Tom agreed. “Not nearly what Milt was producing. But still, we’re the best little whorehouse in Hospitality.”

Amber didn’t find that funny. “So why can’t we just delete all this shit and pretend we never saw it? To hell with Milt Stewart—who *by the way* was a goddamn lousy fuck.”

“Honey, this is felony blackmail. We destroy evidence, we’re involved. We don’t report, we’re involved.”

“And when this hits the news, we’re out of business.” Amber was desolate. “It was too good to last. Lord help me, I love this job so much. This place, it’s just a dream come true. A fantasy.”

“I’m afraid that’s exactly what it was,” Tom agreed. He unlocked his phone. “I have to call the police.”



Sharon Thompson got a kick out of the fact that Greenleaf unironically branded its little arts district “Old Towne.” She met Ron Lewis there, at Café Urbana, on a drizzly Wednesday afternoon three weeks after federal investigators had arrested Milton Stewart in Oswego. Ron told her that Stewart faced federal indictment on seventeen counts of extortion, as well as

a litany of state wiretapping and invasion of privacy charges.

“Operating across state lines landed him in the Feds’ jurisdiction,” Lewis explained. “The U.S. Attorney’s really piling it on. Milt threatened some very powerful people, not only in government but in the media. So the fix is in. All of the evidence, all the court records and testimony, are under seal, courtesy of those same very powerful people. You know he had at least one appellate judge on video? If I were Milt, I wouldn’t count on her to recuse herself.”

“Then...you’re saying that this will all stay secret?” Sharon said, relieved.

“I’m saying you and Ruth and your friends should get together and buy a single lottery ticket to share. You’re the luckiest bunch of babes on the planet.”

“I suppose Milt Stewart helped by being an idiot.”

“Or too smart for his own good. He was certainly an innovator in the resort business.” Ron laughed. “He got greedy, is all. In my line of work we see it all the time.”

“Couldn’t he still make a lot of noise?”

“To what end? He’s got nothing to bargain with, and he’s not going to be offered a thing. And, uh, let’s just say that a man of Milt’s age facing the possibility of long confinement has to worry about his health. No, it’s in everyone’s interest to see that what happens at Oakmore stays at Oakmore.”

Lewis slid a thumb drive across the round oak table between them. "A gift, for me?" Sharon batted her eyes theatrically.

"'Family portraits.' Might have some sentimental value." He gave her a sheepish half-smile. "I deleted all the copies. Except for the court exhibits, of course. Can't do nothing about them. Good enough?"

"Thank you." Sharon pocketed the fob. She stirred her coffee absently. "How have you been, Ronnie? You ever think about—"

"School days? Sometimes."

"I was going to ask if you ever think about marriage. You're still a young man."

"Yeah? Not feelin' it, lately." He sipped at his latte pensively. Sharon wondered if their son was on his mind. "You ever think about divorce?" he asked.

"Not...lately." They sat in silence for a while. Then Sharon stood up, gathered herself, and kissed Ron on the cheek. "You don't have to be a stranger."

They stepped outside, said their goodbyes at the curb, and went their separate ways in the rain.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

“This gadget makes pretty good coffee,” Tom said. He stood at one end of the marble island in the Jacobs’ kitchen, downing his morning double espresso. He stopped scrolling through his email long enough to take a closer look at the stainless steel Gaggia sitting on the countertop. “When’d we get it?”

“About three months ago.” Melissa looked up briefly from her reading. “Glad you like it. I cashed out your 401K for it.”

“Cute. What are you reading?”

“Greenleaf Gazette. It’s what they call a ‘newspaper.’ Local doings.”

“Hope there’s nothing interesting in there about Oakmore.”

“Not a word. Hey, you’ve been awfully tight-lipped about the whole Milt Stewart thing. What exactly was going on down there? Or is it maybe still going on?”

Tom looked alarmed. “Nothing to write home about. A touch of embezzlement is all,” he mumbled, glancing up at the clock. “Look at the time. Long day ahead.” He finished his coffee and went to rinse the cup.

“Dad, it’s a freaking national holiday!” Ben protested. He hovered at the microwave waiting for his egg and sausage muffin, having feigned disinterest in his parents’ conversation until just now.

“Yeah, can’t you at least take the evening off?” Melissa pleaded. “They say that Sharon’s Fourth of July barbeque is the big blow-out of the season hereabouts. You might surprise yourself and have a good time.”

Tom paused at the dishwasher as if considering the possibility. “Wish I could. Thanks to Milt’s conniving we have to work twice as hard now to make our operating budget.”

“One would think you’d be the company hero for exposing, uh, whatever crimes it is that you exposed.”

“Wouldn’t that be nice? Sadly, while employee integrity might be respected, no one is a hero for costing the company money—which was the end result of my reporting Stewart to the police. Never mind why. Don’t want to bore you with the details.” He gave Melissa a peck on the cheek. “See you later, hon.”

Melissa watched through the bay window as her husband backed the car out of the garage and drove away. "I thought he'd never leave," She smiled at her handsome son, rose, and shucked off her robe to stand naked before him. She'd stopped wearing underclothes around the house weeks ago.

"And I thought he'd croak when you asked about the resort," Ben chuckled. "What's gonna happen when someday Dad takes you up on one of your invitations to Sharon's? You ever think about that?"

"That'll be a real interesting day." Melissa slid her hand into her son's pajama shorts, curling her fingers lovingly around his erection. "This house *is* huge, isn't it? Have we fucked in the third-floor guest bedroom, yet? I don't believe we have."



"Happy Independence Day!" Ruth strolled onto Sharon's back porch. Sharon leaned on the railing with her fist around the neck of a wine bottle, staring out at the party in progress in her yard.

"Uh-huh." Sharon took a gulp and held the bottle out to Ruth.

Ruth frowned, declining the offer. "We're giving up on glasses altogether? Classy."

Sharon looked her friend up and down. "What have you got on, four-inch heels and nothing else? You'll break your neck on the flagstones."

"All the better to get a cock in me standing up, my dear. Several cocks, I hope." Ruth surveyed the scene

below. She estimated that there were over fifty people here this evening, dancing and fucking up a storm to the backing of loud techno. She personally preferred classic jazz but had to admit that the guys moved to these beats in ways that felt really good when they were inside her.

“Mercy me, will you just *look* at all those naked people,” she joked. “Did anyone at all go out to the fairgrounds today?”

“Nobody you’d wanna fuck.” Sharon smiled tightly.

“Penny for your thoughts.”

“I was thinkin’ that it’s good to be the Queen.”

“Is that so? It sure doesn’t show.” Below them, Alice Tilson bent forward over a rattan side table. Luke Gable was taking her from behind. She’d just finished sucking off a young man whom Ruth didn’t recognize. He was tall and rugged and wore his long hair in braids. “Check out the new meat. Wanna collab on him?”

“I’ll catch up.”

“Suit yourself.” After their many years together, Ruth knew Sharon’s dark moods too well to pursue the topic. She hugged the blonde and kissed the top of her head. “Whenever you’re ready to talk, all right?”

Ruth descended toward the pool, holding onto the rail to help her negotiate the wooden stairs. Melissa passed her on the way up, swaying almost as much in her flat sandals as Ruth did in her heels. She dropped

onto the wooden bench beside Sharon. "You doing okay up here, Shar?"

Sharon brightened visibly at the sight of her neighbor. "Better now. You look plowed."

"A little sip—tipsy, is all. Shar, I want it up the ass."

Sharon stared at Melissa in disbelief. "Well, ain't my Girl all growed up."

"I'm s-serious," Melissa insisted. "I've been thinking about it. Like, lots. I want two guys. I wanna get fucked up the ass and, and, and I want Ben in my pussy at the same time."

As Sharon mulled this over, Ben appeared on the porch landing. "There you are." He sprawled out next to Melissa and put his arm around her, cupping her breast in his hand.

"Your mom brief you on this butt sex scheme of hers?" Sharon asked, still skeptical.

Ben lifted his beer bottle in ironic salute. "If it makes Mom happy, I'm there for her." The intrigued look on his face spoke volumes to Sharon. Anyone who thought that the mothers were the real pervs in this town, she reflected, ought to take a closer look at their sons.

"Okay then, I think I've got the guy for you." Sharon waved and shouted across the lawn. "Hey, Lucie! can we borrow Trey?"

The slender, silver-haired woman Melissa had noticed at Sharon's last get-together looked up, smiled, and waved back.

"What about—" Melissa began.

“Not C.J.,” Sharon interrupted. “I love you dearly, Mel, and believe me I say this as a caring friend: you would not survive. Nobody can take Connor that way. We’ve all tried—and before you say it, your mouth is a *lot* bigger than your asshole.”

“Thanks, I think.”

“Trust me, hon. Trey’s got what you want, and he’s an absolute lamb.”

Lucille Aldrich was a willowy, graceful woman with a dancer’s body. She wore her fine silver hair flowing loose to her waist. That color, and the network of smile lines at the corners of her eyes and mouth, were the only hints that she was a decade older than most of the other mothers here.

Her tall, good-looking son Trey had a puppy-dog exuberance about him. He displayed such a disarming eagerness for the proposed encounter as Melissa described it that she couldn’t help but be charmed. He quickly lay down on the grass by the pool deck.

Melissa crawled between Trey’s legs and sucked on his cock for a minute while his mother, Sharon, and Ben looked on. She took the head all the way into the top of her throat to lubricate him as much as possible.

“You ain’t a virgin back there, are you?” Sharon asked with some concern.

“It’s been twenty years since.”

“Okay, but this just does not seem like you.”

“It doesn’t?” Melissa felt lightheaded. She’d been marinating her raging lust in red wine all evening.

“Ben says I’ve changed, too. I don’t know...I’m not sure I’ve ever really *met* me.”

She mounted Trey in reverse cowgirl fashion. He steadied and supported her ass with his hands as she carefully settled her tight little rosebud on the tip of his mushroom-shaped cock head. He could hardly believe his luck. The sight of this gorgeous, older brunette sitting on top of his dick was so hot that if he hadn’t been boning most of the day he might have shot off all over her ass and the backs of her thighs without even ever getting inside her. He was glad that he’d nuttled in his mom’s cunt half an hour ago. That should give him some staying power.

Melissa felt pressure as she pushed down against his big cock head. When the tip first penetrated her, the shock sobered her up instantly. She clearly felt the round dome and then the flaring ridge of his knob pop past the muscular ring of her anus. She paused to catch her breath.

“How you feeling so far?” Sharon asked.

“Good.” Melissa lowered herself further onto Trey’s cock. “It’s...unh!...different. But crazy good.” She flexed her calves and thighs, experimentally rising and then descending a bit. With every repetition, she took a few fractions of an inch more of him inside. The sensation of fullness was more intense than having a cock of the same size up her cunt would have been.

Trey rocked his hips upward slightly, working his way into Melissa a little at a time. He was careful not to push too hard or too fast, giving her body time to adjust to the unfamiliar intrusion. He’d learned

patience from his mother and sister. They both were built small in the backside.

“If you haven’t tried yoga you should, my dear,” Lucille advised Melissa. “Prasarita Padottanasana is the very thing for anal intercourse.” Noticing that Ben had a full erection, she stepped up behind him and put her hands on his hips. She licked his earlobe and rubbed her pubic mound against his buttocks. “I’ll be happy to demonstrate it with you later, young man,” she whispered. “Because I’m going to have you before the night is out, I promise you that.” She brought both hands around to play with his cock and balls. “My, we have such a great deal to work with here, don’t we? For now, why don’t I just suck your prick? I’ll get you good and slick, for your mother’s sake. You’ll find her pussy much tighter than you’re probably accustomed to, with her ass stuffed full of another man’s cock.”

Lucille knelt before Ben, gazing at his penis as if, after all these decades, the sight of a hard prick were still somehow an exciting novelty. “I promise I won’t make you come in my mouth.” She opened wide and took his thick cock in one long, seemingly effortless swallow.

Melissa lay back on Trey’s chest, churning her asscheeks against him. Her breath came in gasps. He massaged her big breasts, rubbing and pinching her nipples. With every stroke, his prick found a new angle at which to stimulate her rear fuck tunnel.

Watching the practiced skill with which Lucille throatied Ben, Melissa felt a fleeting pang of jealousy.

“I’m ready for you, lover,” she called to him. She supported herself on one arm and held her pussy lips open with the fingers of her other. “Come put that lovely dick where it belongs.”

Lucille was loath to relinquish her heavy-hung new playmate so soon. Leading Ben over to kneel between Melissa’s thighs, she seized the opportunity to take hold of his thick saliva-coated shaft and guide him into the beckoning home port of his mother’s warm, wet cunt.

Melissa Jacobs’ little pussy looked delectable. Her mound was freshly shaven and smooth as a peach, save for a narrow tuft of dark fur trailing up a few inches from just above her erect clitoris. The small, pink mouth of her vagina was already open and glistening with juice. Lucille licked her lips. She was tempted to get in there and taste the younger woman’s nectar, to tongue-fuck her into an even greater frenzy.

No, that wouldn’t be fair. This pussy wanted son-dick, a bone-deep yearning that Lucille knew all too well herself. Besides, with her daughter Jamie having moved back home, her appetite for cunt never went unsated for long these days.

Melissa’s continual wriggling on Trey’s prick made lining Ben’s cock up with her moist opening a challenge. After several attempts, Lucille got his round, swollen crown lodged between his mother’s pussy petals. Melissa’s breathy mewl at the sudden contact made it clear how badly she wanted this. Lucille put her hand on Ben’s ass, urging him forward.

Ben and his mother had fucked many times in the last few weeks. They knew one another's bodies intimately. But pushing into his mother's cunt was slow going now. As Lucille had warned, having another man's cock stretching out her backside left less room for her front fuckhole to easily expand enough to take a prick the size of Ben's. Little by little, however, the elastic tissues of her fuck tunnel dilated and her buttery depths accepted the invasion of his meaty staff.

"Ohhh..." Melissa closed her eyes, surrendering to the splendor of being ravished by two studs at once. As they moved in and out of her holes, her inner muscles contracted and relaxed around them as naturally as the beating of her heart. Her consciousness was no more than a passenger on this thrill ride; her libido had usurped her will and was rutting to its own primitive animal rhythm.

The guys quickly got into their own alternating rhythm, Ben pumping as much of his long thick cock into his mother as he could every time Trey pulled out of her clenching anus. Lucille contented herself by rubbing and tugging on both Ben and Trey's balls. She slid a slender finger into her own pussy, fascinated as always at the sight of her son's fuckmeat satisfying another woman.

Sharon watched all of this silently. Seeing Melissa so enraptured was by far the best part of this party, for her. She'd lately realized that nothing made her so happy as those times when Melissa dropped her guard and enjoyed herself, whether in a moment of spontaneous laughter or in the throes of orgasm. Her

friend's uncharacteristic daring this evening touched her heart.

Melissa's happiness was enough. *Almost enough.* Sharon took another long pull on her nearly-empty bottle. *Fuck it all, she told herself, when did you become such a wet blanket?*

Melissa was learning once again that she could trust Sharon's wisdom where fucking was concerned. Trey was as good as the blonde had promised, as attentive and considerate a stud as a woman could want to have fucking her ass. His hands were everywhere: first sliding along her flanks, then kneading her buttocks, stroking her trembling belly, now tweaking and milking her rubbery nipples. When he rolled her clitoris between the fingers of one hand while tickling the little bud with his other index finger, he brought her quickly to the verge.

"Almost there," she gasped. "Don't stop..."

"Don't let her come!" Ben snapped, suddenly assertive. Trey took his hands away.

"What? Oh, baby, sweetheart, it's okay," Melissa whimpered. "I need to come."

"Not yet! Trey, bud, how long you good for?"

"Man, for a babe like your mom I could stay hard all night."

Ben raised his head and shouted into the darkness. "Hey, C.J.! Get your ass over here, man!"

A moment later, C.J. stood beside Melissa offering his massive cock to her parted lips. Heart racing, she darted her tongue over his egg-sized cock head, then

sucked him deep into her mouth. He was hard as iron, and she could feel his blood surging along the massive, veiny pole.

"Yeah, suck that dick, baby!" C.J. grunted. He laid a hand on top of her head and held her as still as he could, feeding her cock with short, sharp stabs of his hips. Melissa whimpered, consumed in ecstasy. Warm waves of pleasure raced through her feverish body as the triple fucking triggered nerve endings in her she'd not suspected existed. She was so tightly packed with cock that every sensation seemed multiplied tenfold. Even the grass tickling the soles of her feet added to the intensity of her arousal.

"Now, Mom," Ben whispered, kissing her hard nipples. She shuddered from head to toe in the first tremors of an onrushing climax. And all at once, as she soared toward the zenith of her orgasm, her three virile young fuckmates shot their cumloads into her.

Trey's cock quivered and jumped and spewed wad after wad of jism deep into Melissa's bowels. The experience of a man ejaculating into her rear passage was one she'd long forgotten, but as the tickling warmth flooded her interior she vowed that there would be a lot of it in her future.

Thick ribbons of cum jetted from the angry purple head of C.J.'s monstrous cock. He directed his fire first into her slack, open mouth, and then painted her face. He sprayed her hair and her shoulders and her breasts.

And Ben, her own precious Ben, was the stud pumping a torrent of potent semen into her womb.



Melissa was standing under the pool shower letting the cool spray sluice the sweat and cum and grass from her skin when the first explosion went off overhead. The fiery orange burst of a skyrocket blossomed in the deep blue of the eastern sky in the direction of the county fairground. A few moments later an array of smaller white flares joined it and, after that, the night canopy was host to a brilliant, evanescent pyrotechnic rainbow.

Party-goers who weren't actively fucking gathered in small groups on the lawn to watch the fireworks.

What could be more perfect, she mused, than sharing a small-town Fourth of July celebration on a warm clear evening with her friends? Melissa knew that she belonged here, at last.

Sharon watched the display too, but she stood alone. Melissa joined her.

"Look at the guys' faces," Melissa remarked. "If we'd have said to them 'Do you want to go to the fireworks tonight?' they'd have been all like 'Dude, we're not kids anymore.' But they're just eating it up."

"Yeah..." Suddenly Sharon was in Melissa's arms, burying her face in her startled friend's shoulder and clinging tightly to her. "What are we gonna do, Mel?" she sobbed.

"Honey...sweetheart, it's all over." Melissa cradled Sharon's head. "Everything's all right, now."

“It’s not all right,” Sharon insisted. She lifted her eyes to Melissa’s. Her cheeks were wet. “They’re going away. Connor, Ben...in a month they’ll be off at State. We’ll be all alone in these great big empty houses.”

“They’ll come home,” Melissa comforted her. “There’ll be weekends. And holidays and semester breaks.”

“For a while. It won’t be the same. They’ll meet lots of women at school. They’ll change.”

“They will, and don’t we want that for them? But no matter what, we’ll always be their mothers. We’re here for them.” She kissed her best friend tenderly on the lips. “And you will never be alone. I love Ben with all my heart, but...you know something, Shar? I’m in love with you.”

Sharon looked up at Melissa with a shy, wondering smile. “Really?” She wiped her eyes.

“Really. Truly and forever.” Melissa promised, holding her close. “And, anyway...there’s a new Senior class every year, over at Greenleaf High. Isn’t there?”

“Yeah,” Sharon brightened as the suggestion sank in. “Yeah! I can start tutoring again.”

“There you go.”

“Maybe...maybe we can do it together!”

“Always, Girl. Always.”

THE END