

The Phillips Family Curse

Chapter 1

The Branches Take Hold

If, as a man, I offered you the chance to spend some hot summer days at a beautiful lake house being the center of attention among a gaggle of women, that would sound pretty good, right? If I told you that those days would entail women, young and old, flirting with you, having them put their hands on you, speak solely in thinly veiled innuendo, shove their boobs in your face and point their asses at you, that would be pretty amazing, right? And if it became clear that you could have your pick of any one of them to take to bed, that would sound like a dream come true, right? Well not for me. No, it was a nightmare. Cause you see, it happened to me.

At my family reunion.

Let that sink in for a moment. It sounds crazy, right? Well, it's true. It happened to me.

My name is Jesse, a normal dude from a seemingly normal family. A humble college sophomore with dreams of becoming a therapist. A regular guy with a decent job and a really cool girlfriend.

I wasn't used to being the center of attention until recently. From high school up through the beginning of my freshman year of college I tended to blend into the background at times, and I certainly didn't mind. I didn't need that kind of pressure. But eventually it reached the point where I wanted to be on the receiving end of some attention from the opposite sex. That lack of attention was maddening. I wasn't a bad looking guy.

Just quiet. And I guess I just didn't stand out enough in a crowd to get any real attention. It just reached a point where... it was just, I was tired of being alone.

College was a fresh start. A chance to reinvent myself. So I did. I mainly focused on working out, learning to take better care of my body and not let myself be ravaged by the wear and tear of college life. I felt like if I wanted to make change happen, I had to want to change. I had to change my mindset, my level of discipline, everything and that change had to start from within. If I could change one side of the equation maybe that would spur me to make other changes and just get out there and meet some people. And plus, I just wanted to get in better shape. And that's never a bad thing. So I became a bit of a gym rat, going there every day, gaining a discipline I never had before. And it paid off in all the ways I could have hoped.

I got in much better shape, filling out and tightening up. And it paid off in other ways as well. I met my first real girlfriend, Sandy, at the gym. I felt sparks with her pretty quickly. We were in sync about a lot of things, both intellectually and philosophically, as well as physically. It didn't take long from when we started dating before we began hooking up, and yeah, it was pretty awesome. I realized I had been really missing out... sex was fucking amazing!

Sandy made me feel good about myself and really brought me out of my shell. She was an absolutely gorgeous, lean, fit dark-haired young woman. She was a little bit older than me as well, which surprised me at first, but the more I thought on it the more it kinda worked for me. Physically, she was all I could ask for. Incredibly pretty, and sexy, with a tan complexion, a cute tight butt, and perky boobs. I was more of a butt man than a boob man, so I didn't need a girl to have, you know, bulging mammoth boobs. Her B-cups were more than enough

to satisfy me, but it was her ass that made me drool. She was gorgeous though, with a cute smile, and striking eyes. She also had an infectious laugh and a great sense of humor, which just added to her appeal. I didn't know how I landed someone so attractive. I felt like I was succeeding beyond my level, but when I was with her she made me feel like the most beautiful man in the world. She said she loved my shaggy mop of hair, my sexy tan, my crooked smile, my boyish looks, my taut stomach, my cute butt and my thick nine-inch penis. I could always see the desire in her eyes, and the physical need from her body. She was as hot for me as I was for her, and she always told me that it was a shock to her that I had stayed single for so long, that she was amazed that she got to me first. My heart always filled with warmth for her when she said things like that.

She might be the one.

For college, I had moved cross-country. I didn't want to be one of those guys who stayed corralled to his hometown his entire life. There was a great big world out there and I wanted to experience it. So, I had only really been back home for Christmas, and when I did I returned to my old ways, fading into the background as the big personalities of my family took over. I didn't like that, how I reverted as soon as I was around my mom and sister and dad. It was soon after that that I really focused myself on working out, and it was during that process I met Sandy. Going home had been the old me coming back out, and I didn't want that, so as summer break approached, I opted to get an apartment out here as opposed to going back home for the summer. I wanted to start new here and not go back there, at least as much as I could avoid it.

My family wasn't exactly in love with this idea, but I eventually convinced them that this was best for me. But my mom was

unbending on one point. I had to attend the Phillips family reunion.

This was a big deal in my mom's side of the family. Once every ten years, my grandmother Helen would host this big reunion at her lake house. Family from across the country would attend. I went when I was a kid... and it was crazy. There were people there I didn't know existed, cousins and aunts and uncles I had never met. Last time I was there, it was catered, and there would be boating on the lake and games and all sorts of stuff. Admittedly, it had been pretty fun before, but again, it was a thing from my old life where I fell into the background. My family was full of huge personalities and I would never stand out in a crowd like that. Not that I would have wanted to. I would have been happy to just get away from all that craziness, but Mom was insistent. This was the reunion for her side of the family, and it was a point of pride for people to compare their families and their accomplishments and all that kind of stuff. It was imperative for me to be there. Now, while it did press up against a planned trip me and Sandy planned to take together, I relented and agreed to attend.

How bad could it be?

I gave Sandy a soft kiss before stepping on the plane, dreading being away from her for so long. I know it sounds a bit juvenile, but I was kinda worried about how many chances I would have in the next few days to... take care of myself. I know it was only four full days, but to a college-aged male with a healthy sex-drive, that sounded like an eternity.

Now, I wasn't flying home. Home wasn't really near where the reunion was. My family was driving from home and I was meeting them on the way. They had a hotel room in the city I was flying into. My dad was picking me up from the airport. We would crash at the hotel room for the night, and then make the last part of the trip all together as one happy family.

My flight was getting in pretty late, which is why Dad was the only one to pick me up. I could sense the surprise in his eyes as he looked at me, noting my filled out frame.

"Hey bud!" he said, pulling me into a hug.

"Hey Dad," I replied, a little worse for wear after the long flight.

"You hittin' the gym?" he asked.

"I'm trying. Just a little bit," I replied with a smile.

"With all those college girls around you, I can't blame you," he said, elbowing me in the ribs lightly. I blushed a bit, not overly enjoying talking about this kind of stuff with my dad. "How was the flight?"

"Fine," I began, shrugging my shoulders. "Just long."

"Yeah, well, feel free to crash once we get back to the hotel room," Dad began. "Your mom and your sister are probably already out cold."

We retrieved my bags and Dad drove me to the hotel, which was on the other side of town. We picked up a quick bite to eat on the way back before arriving to the hotel room. The room was dark by the time we entered, and I saw the dark shapes of Mom and my sister in their beds. I was only given a weary greeting from my half-asleep mother as we entered. With the long day really hitting me, I changed clothes, slid into the bed next to my sister, and quickly fell asleep.

Despite the fact that I was the last to arrive, I was the first to wake up. I had trained myself to wake up early since I enjoyed working out in the morning. Our hotel was pretty small, so I ended up just running outside around the hotel and the neighboring businesses. It was as the first beams of light emerged from the morning darkness that I made my way back to the hotel room, re-entering it and finding it just as I left it, with everyone still asleep.

I took my morning shower, washing off the exertion of my work-out before, just standing in the water and letting it really wake me up as I relaxed and cooled down.

Finally, I stepped out, dried off, tied a towel around my waist and did my morning rituals. Combing my hair, brushing my teeth, etc. I was scrubbing the condensation off the mirror when the perfect morning silence was interrupted.

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

"Hey, hurry up! You've been in there forever!" My sister, Dana, called out through the door.

"Just a minute." I called out with my toothbrush in my mouth. I finished up with that and began cleaning my stuff up, and I was about to change when I was interrupted.

"C'mon, Jesse! Some people want to get ready!" Dana called out again.

"What is the freaking rush??" I replied, my temper flaring as I pulled open the door. There stood my sister, waiting impatiently, her lips twisted in an annoyed scowl. Behind her stylish, black plastic rimmed glasses, her eyes glared disapprovingly at me.

I guess my sister would be considered good-looking. Obviously, I never thought of her that way, but she always had her fair share of suitors. She had brown hair, like me, and it flowed down between her shoulder blades. She was decently tall, pretty fit, and she had assets where it counted. She was also very pretty, but her face often belied her natural demeanor. Namely, she was pretty much a straight-up bitch.

Dana and I never really had a warm and fuzzy relationship. She was older than me, and she had been graduated from college and out of school for about a year now, so there was about a five year gap between us. Just enough of a gap as to where she was perpetually in the next stage of her life than I was. So, in her mind, being an older sister was an obligation, a crimp on her style. I was always friendly and patient with her, but she didn't always return the favor. Her general mood with me was antagonistic, and as I got older that got more and more annoying.

As I pulled the door open, the steamy air escaped the closed room, passing over my flesh before heading outward, the heated air hitting my sister full-on, causing her nostrils to flare. At the same moment, she caught a glimpse of me, clad only in a towel tied around my hips, and her eyes widened in surprise as she took me in.

I suppose I looked a bit different that the last time she saw me. The thin layer of flab I once had was now replaced by taut muscle. Smooth edges were replaced with cut lines. My pecs had filled out, as had my neck muscles. My biceps were lean and taut. Yes, I had abs, a well-defined six-pack, and I even had that triangle of muscle pointing down towards my crotch. I guess I looked good, but I was never the type to look for any excuse to pop my shirt off. That being said, I certainly didn't mind the increased attention my improved body got me.

So it must have been a bit of a shock for Dana to see her little brother this way. Nearly naked, except for the towel slung low around my hips. Skin still slightly slick with moisture, the little droplets of condensation running down my body, muscles glistening in the dim light of the hotel room.

The features on her face registered this shock, her default resting bitch-face softening, her lips parting, her eyes widening, her slim nose gasping at the heated air as goose bumps rose on her skin. Her pose became less combative, her crossed arms falling to her sides as she took a step back. She was still wearing her sleepwear, an old college t-shirt and some loose fitting pajama pants. She had her clothes for the day next to her, ready to go. She stood there, frozen, not saying anything to me.

"So..." I began, strumming my fingers on the door impatiently.
"What's the rush?"

"Oh, uh... sorry, I didn't, uh, know..." she began, her eyes still looking me over. It was unusual to see her like this, on her heels. She was typically pretty assertive conversationally, and quite biting in her comments, which I had long grown impatient of, so I didn't let up now that I had the advantage for once.

"Listen, I just have to dry off, grab my clothes and get dressed, so give me five minutes? Can you wait that long?" I asked sarcastically.

"Uh, yeah, okay." she stammered, all fight having left her, backing away as I stepped out to grab my clothes from my luggage. I could feel Dana's eyes glued to me as I bent over. She was clearly just being impatient, as usual. I stood with my clothes in hand as I looked into the room. The TV was on, and my dad was watching the news while lying in bed. I had just enough time to recognize that my mother wasn't in the room when I heard the door behind me open.

My mom entered the room, two cups of coffee in hand. She had clearly just thrown on some decent clothes so she could go down to the breakfast area. Even as her son, it wasn't tough to admit that it was hard for her to not look pretty, even though she was relatively fresh out of bed. She was a blonde and in her mid-forties. She had a very healthy lifestyle, working out and eating right. She wasn't, like, a fitness queen, but she looked trim while still having curves.

My sister had inherited her genes from Mom, sharing similar frames, namely large breasts, a full butt, and long legs. But

Dana didn't inherit much else. While my older sister was a complete bitch, Mom was a lot more fun and lighthearted, always coming across like the nice Mom, but she had a twinkle in her eye that let you know she was capable of some fun and mischief.

She had thrown on a t-shirt and a pair of jeans to run down to get the coffee. It was merely moments after stepping in that she noticed me, her son, barely clothed, skin still slightly moist from the shower. She couldn't help but look me over, and then stammer out a quick greeting.

"Oh, uh, hi," she said with a slight grin.

"Hi, Mom," I said, pausing from my annoyance with Dana to give Mom a genuine greeting. I moved back towards the bathroom, passing a lost-in-thought Dana, who still stood next to the bathroom, eyes still following me before I shut the door.

And of course, when I finally exited the bathroom, wearing shorts and a button-up shirt, she wasn't waiting right there ready to go. She had gone to her suitcase to grab new clothes, different from the ones she had before, leaving the bathroom unoccupied, after it was so necessary for her to get in there before.

"Bathroom's open," I called out to her, causing her to give me a weird look before walking past me, entering the bathroom with new clothes in hand.

The morning was a bit hectic as the four of us moved around each other at different stages of our preparation. I caught up with Mom a bit as she sipped her coffee. She worked in an office, so she caught me up on her work stuff. She also explained the logistics of the reunion.

The Phillips family reunion was really an event. It lasted a few days, where we would all be together, the whole family. We would have different food and games and events and all sorts of other stuff. A multi-day event designed to let our whole family catch-up. My grandmother had a big house, so some of us would be staying at her place, while others would stay at hotels nearby. We were staying at the house.

Mom kept giving me these weird looks, just like Dana did. At times she would be staring right at me as I talked to her, and at other times she would look down at herself, playing with the hem of her shirt, as if she was disappointed these were the clothes she had chosen to wear. I don't know why, she looked fine, and plus I had seen her dressed far less formal than she currently was.

Since Dana was taking her sweet time in the shower, Dad threw some clothes on, and me and him went down to get breakfast, leaving the girls alone in the room.

Me and Dad ate as we caught up more and talked about guy stuff like sports and TV and movies, stuff like that. As we finished up, Dad went to throw some of our trash away, leaving me alone at the table. As I was left alone, I pulled my phone out and shot out a quick text to Sandy, even though it was doubtful she would be awake, due to the time difference.

"I miss you."

Some of my friends told me I was suffering from "First Girlfriend Syndrome", namely that since Sandy was my first girlfriend I was jumping all in, head over heels. That I was becoming soft. And it was probably true. I was smitten. And even though she was my first girlfriend, I honestly believed she might be the one.

And not only that, I already missed her, you know... physically. It had only been a day, but I missed her touch. I missed hearing her soft moan in my ear. I missed her lips. I missed her kiss. I missed her body. I missed her butt. I missed her gorgeous face. I missed how that feeling of intimacy, that freedom to be completely myself around her. I missed the lightning jolt thrill of being inside her.

I felt myself begin to get hard, and I tried to shift my thoughts away. To think about anything besides my sexy girlfriend. I didn't know how long I could last without any form of pleasure. I would be at my grandmother's lake house for four days. I would be surrounded by family during that time. I would be sharing a room at the house with Dana, so I wouldn't ever really have any privacy. Could I go without jacking off for four whole days? For a 19-year-old guy, that would be a pretty tough task. I just had to stop thinking about sex or anything sexy until I got home. Shouldn't be too tough, right?

"Jesse!" a voice rang out, grabbing my attention. There stood my sister, freshly showered, looking refreshed. And, unusual for her, she was smiling.

"Uh, hi." I replied, a little surprised by her change of tone. And that wasn't the only thing that was surprising.

She was dressed to kill. Barely dressed, to be more precise. She was wearing a thin, spaghetti strap purple tank top, which clung to her upper half. It was low-cut and hugged her large boobs, and it was readily apparent she wasn't wearing a bra. Her bronzed midriff was exposed, leaving her belly button on display. Down below, she had on some tight, denim booty shorts, which went barely below her butt, leaving most of her tan legs exposed. Her thin flip-flops completed the look.

"You do know we're going to a family reunion, right?" I asked as she sat across from me. She simply smiled, which again, I have to stress, was pretty weird coming from her.

"A young woman's always got to look good, dear brother." Dana replied. "So, how are you doing? What's going on?" I looked at her, my eyes expressing my confusion at her peppy tone. "What?" she asked.

"Why are you being so nice to me, all of a sudden?" I asked, still skeptical, sipping my juice.

"Well, you should know I'm not a morning person," she said. "Besides, I, like, cannot function in the morning without caffeine," she added, sipping at a cup of coffee. Not wanting to be the one holding onto a grudge, I moved on from my annoyance, and allowed myself to chat with my sister amicably.

She worked as a graphic designer in the city, so being out in the country was gonna be tricky for her too. Dana was really good with computers and stuff like that, better than I was, so despite our general animosity, I would usually go to her with

any computer issues I had. She was by no means a nerd or anything like that. Far from it, she looked and behaved more like a party girl. But, she had talents beyond drinking and dancing, and from what I had seen she was very good at her job. And she took her work very seriously. I had seen pictures of the computer rig that she had at her apartment, and it was impressive. I had overheard her displeasure at the thought that maybe, just maybe, Grandma might not have wireless internet at the lake house.

Dad begged off to the room, leaving me and Dana to chat. We caught up on what we were up to. And, it must have been the state I was in, but I couldn't help but notice that, uh... Dana's boobs were, like pouring from her top. It was ridiculous. I didn't remember them being that big. I mean, Jesus. I felt guilty for noticing, but they were hard not to notice. I don't why she had to wear a top so low-cut, so skimpy that her own brother couldn't help but stare. I shook my head, trying to clear these thoughts from my brain.

"So..." she began, "I couldn't help but notice... you've been hitting the gym?"

"Oh yeah, a bit." I said.

"A bit?" she questioned sardonically, flashing her bright teeth at me.

"Uh, I guess pretty regularly." I replied with a smile.

"I mean, jeez, bro. Your abs are pretty impressive, I have to admit." she said.

"Um, thanks." I replied.

"So, what spurred this on? You got a girlfriend?" she asked.

"Well, uh, yeah, I'm seeing a girl, but that wasn't totally why I started getting in shape." I replied.

"What a coincidence. My brother gets all buff and suddenly a girl comes out of the woodwork to date him. I'm afraid to break it to you, bro, but she might not be in it for the right reasons." she said with a smile. My expression dulled a bit.

"Oh... well, it's not really about that. I mean, it certainly didn't hurt, I guess. But it's a little deeper than that." I told her, not liking the implication that my girlfriend was only into me because of my body.

"I'm just messing with you." Dana assured with a smile. "Do you have a picture of her?"

"Sure." I replied, pulling out my phone. I found a picture of Sandy and handed my phone over to Dana.

She looked down at the picture, a few expressions passing over her face simultaneously. A look of almost amusement, a bit of superiority, but that look shifted into a forced smile as she moved to hand the phone back to me.

"She's very pretty." Dana said simply, but before I could enquire further into what she was thinking, a voice emerged from behind her.

"Who is?" Mom asked. I looked up at her, now cleaned up. And she looked very comfortable in her outfit this time. She wore dark, thin, stylish jeans, and gold high-heeled sandals. On top, she wore a cream colored pullover and a thin, button-up white silky blouse, unbuttoned a bit to expose some of her upper chest. She wasn't nearly as brazen as my sister about showing off her chest, but she showed off their size in a more teasing, elegant manner. She was properly made up as well, ready for the big reunion.

"Oh, Jesse's got a girlfriend." Dana said, taking pleasure in sharing the news.

"Oh really?" Mom asked, glancing at the picture. She smiled, but hers seemed much warmer than Dana's. "Good for you." she said, rubbing my shoulder. She let her fingers linger for a few moments against my shoulder muscles before pulling it away.

"So, I couldn't help but notice," Mom began. "My little boy's become very manly."

I blushed, hearing my mom talking about my fit frame. She smiled at this.

"I know, right?" Dana marveled. "My dorky little brother's gotten hot! I don't know how I feel about this." she joked, looking at me, some of the harder edge I was used to from her returning to her face.

"Okay, I'm all done." I began, moving to stand up, grabbing my phone from Dana's hand roughly, my discomfort causing them both to smile.

"Oh, she's only teasing." Mom began, but I was undeterred. I stepped away, walking towards the hallway. I looked back, only to see them both staring at me as I walked away, swearing I could see Mom mouth the words 'Oh my God' as they looked at me.

Were they looking at my butt?

No, couldn't be.

The drive to the lake house was mostly uneventful. Both Mom and Dana were still being kind of weird with me, and I couldn't quite put my finger on it. Dana was still being oddly effusive and friendly with me, being peppy and chatty. I tried to reciprocate, but I could sense some malice behind this act of hers, as if this was building to some big prank or something and I was the patsy. And... my eyes kept falling to her chest. The bumpy country road was testing the strength of her thin top, her boobs jiggling and bouncing. And when she would lean towards me, my eyes kept falling to the valley between her large breasts. And on top of that, she would very dramatically lean forward, or turn to look out the window, and my eyes couldn't help but notice her matching purple thong peeking out from under the hem of her shorts. I kept having to shake my head, clearing away these images before they became thoughts.

And when I would look forward, I would get a glimpse of the mirror and I would catch Mom staring at me, as if she couldn't take her eyes off of me. She would always look away, but not before I would see her.

I retreated into my phone, texting back and forth with Sandy, telling her I missed her and that I couldn't wait to be back with her. Finally, we came to a stop, jarring me to look up. We were here.

Grandma's lake house was very big. Our family had some money, so this was a pretty impressive place. The main house was very large, almost a small mansion. There was a pool behind the house, and then the big lake with a beach and a pier and a nice looking boat. It was a picturesque location. Grandma spent most of her time here, and I couldn't blame her. The house was beautiful and the location was perfect. But when winter hit she would vacate the premises. She would migrate south for a few months, choosing to spend her time at her beach-house located in a fancy resort down in the Caribbean. But this was her family home. It was where she grew up, and her parents grew up, and her children grew up. This land would always belong to the Phillips, and it was truly the home base of our clan.

We all looked around for a moment, taking it all in, but as soon as we opened the doors, music and voices hit us. The party had begun.

We weren't the first to arrive, but we weren't the last. People were gathered in the front yard and around the side, chatting and catching up. As we got closer, people finally noticed us.

We said hi to some people, although I barely recognized anyone for a little bit, until finally, I started to see people I knew. Like my mom's sister, Aunt Karen.

Mom had five siblings, four sisters, one brother, so it was an accomplishment to be the most wild of the bunch. Karen was a year or two younger than Mom, and she was always regarded as the wild child of Mom's siblings. From what I heard, she spent many of her younger adult years floating around, traveling, doing this or that, never really settling for too long or anything. She had been married three times, the first lasting about a year, the second was a marriage no one ever talked about, but she has been settled down with Uncle Rich for a long time now, probably about as long as I had been alive. She had two children, one was from her first marriage and from what I gathered they didn't have much of a relationship anymore. But her youngest, Kendra, was the same age as me.

My mom always said Karen refers to herself as a Renaissance woman. I don't know if she worked a real job, but she was into making art, painting, sculpting, and crafts, stuff like that. Her and Uncle Rich also traveled quite a bit and from what I could see, Aunt Karen's wild side was still very present.

"Jane! It's been far too long." Karen said, hugging my mom. Karen then turned to look at me. "Oh my goodness... is this Jesse?"

She was appraising me, and since I hadn't seen her in years, I did the same to her. I had to admit, her carefree life worked for her, cause she had aged very well. She was quite striking. She had very dark crimson hair, probably dyed, and you could only see the red when the light shined on her just right. It flowed down to her mid-back, possessing a natural curl. She

had very posh features, with a creamy complexion, a thin regal nose, smooth, plump lips, and really stunning dark eyes. In those eyes, you could sense the appraising glint she would use in evaluating art, and the mischief that gave credence to her party-girl reputation.

It was those eyes that slowly, lazily looked me over, looking me up and down, almost drinking me in. Finally, her eyes looked straight into mine for a few moments, almost coldly holding my gaze, making me shiver as I broke our stare.

"Jesse, last time I saw you, you were this tall," she said, holding her hand up about chest high, against her breasts. "You really sprouted and... filled out," she said, stepping up to me, putting her hands on my arms, squeezing them lightly, and feeling my muscles. "Oh my goodness... I should have you teach Rich a few things." She said, letting her fingers linger on my taut biceps. I glanced over at Rich, and age had taken a hold of him, looking more portly than I remembered. He was a cool guy, very fun and jolly, but he looked like his best years had passed him by, while Aunt Karen still seemed vibrant.

One thing was consistent for the most part with Mom and her sisters, namely that she had curves where it mattered, and she was fit where it counted. Living up to her moniker as the wild child of the family, she tended to dress like a woman much younger. In this case, she wore a lime colored top that was very snug and low-cut, definitely showing an inappropriate amount of cleavage for a woman her age. The top was so snug some of the smooth flesh was pouring out. Although she wasn't as blatant as Dana, she had some midriff showing as well, just a peek.

On her lower half she wore a slim cream colored skirt, very slim and very flattering, hugging her curves and ending just above her knee. On her feet appeared to be very expensive and very impractical high-heeled sandals.

"Hi Aunt Karen." I replied, nervous with this closeness, uneasy and off-put by the fact that I kept noticing the intimate details and curves of another relative's body. I shouldn't glance at her big boobs pouring from her top. I shouldn't notice her deep, cavernous cleavage. I shouldn't notice the way her skirt hugged her round butt. She smiled knowingly, giving me a teasing stare before stepping away. As she began talking to Dana and Mom, I tried to back away from her, not really wanting to talk much more to Aunt Karen, not wanting her to appraise me with those eyes, not wanting her hands on me.

"Jesse!" a voice called out affectionately. I turned and there stood Kendra, Aunt Karen's daughter. I didn't have time to take her in before she pulled me into a hug. And, because apparently this was all I could notice this weekend, the only thing I could feel was a very, very large pair of breasts pushing into my chest. I tried to turn my mind away from the massive breasts pushing into my chest, and tried to remember the innocent memories I had of Kendra.

We used to hang out a lot when we were younger, but I hadn't seen her since I was, like, 12. Every time we hung out, we had fun together. We got along great and we had similar interests. She was very girly, but she was also something of a tomboy, so we would go outside and hike or play sports, things that Dana wouldn't be caught dead doing. She would also play video games with me. She was really cool, and one of the few people in my extended family I felt a close kinship with. Plus, she was very funny, possessing a sharp, biting wit, even at a younger age but not nearly with the meanness that Dana's

jokes had. Kendra had a dirty sense of humor, unafraid to curse and make dirty jokes, not possessing any sense of daintiness or decorum. She was fun to be around, so seeing her again was something I was actually looking forward to.

Then she stepped back and I got a good look at her, and I immediately felt the same discomfort around her that I had felt around Aunt Karen, and Dana, and even Mom. Long gone was the lanky tomboy I had known as a boy. What I saw in its place was a gorgeous looking young woman, a far cry from her younger years. She inherited her mother's curly hair, but hers was a crisp shiny blonde. She had a tight frame, showing off the athletic skill I remembered her having. A flat, fit belly, taut arms, and firm legs. She wasn't dressed as showy as some of the other girls, simply dressed in a pair of fashionable dark jeans, sneakers, and a maroon top. But even as her cousin, there was one feature of her that was impossible not to take in.

Her mammoth, jutting breasts.

I'm sorry, but they were just absolutely massive. And on her lithe, trim frame, they were impossible to look past. Her top wasn't particularly low cut, but those basketballs on her chest were just forcing their way out, making her top look fit to burst, a deep crevasse of cleavage exposed to the world. If I didn't know any better, I would say she went a little crazy with the implants, but I knew her well enough to know she would never do anything like that. Her pair of huge, ripe, smooth and round breasts were the real deal. I tried not to let my vision linger, but I probably wasn't that subtle.

"Well, you've grown up a lot, too." she replied with a laugh, breaking a tension.

"Uh, sorry." I replied, blushing.

"I'm used to it." Kendra replied with a smile.

We chatted a little bit as we walked around, leaving our families behind for the moment, updating each other on what we were doing for school, catching up on our lives. She went to school in Florida, far from me, and she was going to school to become a physical trainer. She was fun to chat with, and I could immediately sense we would be in touch now that we were reconnecting.

"So, are you doing any sports or anything?" I asked. When I last knew her, she played basketball and soccer and did track as well.

"Afraid not." Kendra began with a sad smile. "I would if I could, but once I sprouted these fucking watermelons, they tended to get in the way." she pointed out, cupping her breasts and lifting them lightly with a laugh. "And these are far too useful to get reduced, so... something had to give." Embarrassed, I simply nodded. "Jeez, Jesse, you weren't so shy when we were younger. You wouldn't shut up back then."

"Well, I've gained a sense of propriety." I replied with ease, as if talking to a friend. "I'm a gentleman now." This caused her to smile. I grabbed a can of soda and popped it open, taking a sip.

"Oh, you're above your cousin's dirty, disgusting jokes now." Kendra asked skeptically with a raised eyebrow. I nodded

affirmative with a smile. "Oh, I doubt that. I'll make you crack. I'm sure of it."

We both looked around, taking it all in for a few moments.

"So, are you enjoying being around all this family?" Kendra asked sarcastically. I rolled my eyes.

"I don't know, it's just..." I began, not knowing whether to proceed. "I've been having some weird shit happening to me all day."

"Like what?" she asked.

"Just... I don't know, Dana, and Mom, even your mom, they've all been giving me weird vibes. I mean, I got into better shape at school, but they are acting like... they're all almost, like... drooling." I said.

"What?" she said with a laugh.

"I know it sounds weird." I started.

"No, it doesn't," she interrupted. "You're just accusing your mom, older sister, and aunt of drooling over you. Of pining for your buff, manly body!" she joked. I rolled my eyes.

"Shut up," I said with a smile, blushing slightly at this whole line of conversation. She sensed my discomfort.

"Jesse, face it, you're hot." Kendra stated. "They might be your relatives, but they still are women. Hey, I'm your cousin, and you were gawking at my tits. That shit happens."

"Fair point." I agreed.

"Nothing wrong with some innocent, familial gawking, right?" she joked, raising her eyebrows and smiling. I just laughed. A pregnant pause fell between us. "I guess it's my turn to gawk now. So, what's your routine?" she asked.

"Excuse me?" I replied. She leaned forward and tapped my stomach with the back of her hand lightly.

"What's your workout routine?" she asked. "How'd my dorky little cousin end up so jacked?"

"I'm not jacked." I replied with a smile, before explaining what I did to get in better shape. She listened intently as I did so.

"Well, I usually work out in the mornings. While we're all here, you should join me. Just me and you. We can run along the lake, maybe do some yoga, and then we can sneak off into the woods, I'll pull down my pants, and you can buttfuck me." she said without hesitation. I literally did a spit take. Soda from my mouth ended up on the ground, causing Kendra to nearly wet herself laughing.

"Dude!" I replied with a laugh as I recovered. "That's messed up."

"I told you I'd get you!" she replied, wiping the tears of laughter from her eyes.

"Why would you even say that?" I asked, a little skeeved out.

"Relax, Jesse, I'm just messing with you." she said, smiling warmly, amused at my discomfort.

"Well, mission accomplished." I replied.

"Since everyone is drooling over you, it's my turn to get in on the action, right? And besides, isn't that what cousins do?" Kendra stated.

"It's kissing cousins." I replied. "Not, uh... buttfucking cousins."

"Fine, then we can sneak off into the woods and kiss. Happy?" she asked, clearly trying to get under my skin.

"Uhhh, Kendra, stop! Even saying that grosses me out. It's creepy." I said, causing her to scoff in mock offense. "C'mon, Kendra. Stop being a creeper." I urged her with a good-natured smile. Finally, she held up her hands in a gesture of truce. She was just about to talk again when her eyes caught sight of something over my shoulder. "Speaking of creepy."

"What?" I asked.

"The twins are here." She said.

"Oh no." I said, looking back.

The twins were Bethany and Chastity, the twin 18-year-old daughters of my mom's lone brother, Uncle Karl. And yeah, they were pretty weird. It was just a vibe they gave off. I mean, they were perfectly nice when you dealt with them, and it wasn't like they were off-puttingly ugly or anything like that. They were both quite pretty, more slim and petite than most of the women in the family. But, they were just... creepy. They had that weird twin vibe to them, where it seemed like they could read each others' thoughts, where they finished each others' sentences. Plus, they were inseparable. It was hard to get one of them alone. And whenever we were together in a group, they would be off by themselves, talking in quiet, as if sharing a secret that no one else could hear. They always seemed end up talking in unison. It was just... unsettling. Whenever I saw a movie or something that featured creepy twins, I always thought of them.

It wasn't just me either. Most of the family joked about it. Mine did, Kendra's did. Uncle Karl was a bit of an odd duck, anyway, so we rarely dealt with that side of the family. But they were here now, and we would have to think of ways to avoid being alone with them.

I had just turned to look back at Kendra when Mom appeared behind her.

"C'mon, Jesse. Let's go say hi to your grandma." I nodded and joined her, walking back towards the house. I looked back at Kendra as I walked away.

"We'll have to sneak out into the woods later!" she called out. I laughed and shook my head. I was certainly aware of her twisted sense of humor, but it definitely felt like a bit too much for me. The kind of humor that made me uncomfortable.

"What was that about?" Mom asked.

"Oh, don't worry about it." I replied. We moved on, passing through a throng of people. Part of me was glad to be dragged away from Kendra. Her dark sense of humor, when combined with all the other things that had happened today, had me on edge. As much as I liked and enjoyed Kendra, I didn't want to think too much on the fact that after not having seen her for, like six years, our conversation ended up centering on her massive breasts and the idea of me and her sneaking off for illicit butt-sex in the woods. Despite the fact that it was all said in good humor, it was still odd.

What was going on here?

I pulled myself from my thoughts, following Mom towards the house. We said hi to some people as we passed, and it seemed like we had a clear shot to the house, when, from nowhere...

"Hi!" Bethany and Chastity said in unison, looking at us with mischievous smiles.

"Oh!" Mom called out, jumping slightly.

"Oh, uh, hey, you two." I said, putting a smile on my face. They both giggled and whispered as they passed us, walking away for a bit before glancing back at us... at me.

"Ugh..." Mom muttered.

"They always do that!" I replied, marveling at how they always appeared out of nowhere.

"Those girls..." Mom began. "They are definitely Karl's children, I'll say that much."

We rejoined Dad and Dana, and moved towards the house. It was there that Grandma stood. She saw us as she was talking to someone else, but she stepped towards us as we approached.

Now, even though she was my grandmother, it would be a stretch to consider her a 'granny'. She wasn't some doddering old lady. She wasn't even really that old. I think she was only in her late fifties, as old as some of my friends' mothers. (Both her and my mom were young mothers.) She was a vibrant older lady, a very intelligent, well-read older woman. She refused to give in to the effects of aging, still making it a point to stay active. She even ran in a half marathon a few months back.

I always really enjoyed her. She was the fun grandma who would let us have fun and take our side when my folks got upset, even if we were in the wrong. As I got older, we formed an intellectual bond, talking about her experiences in life, or her tastes in art and culture, or her love of travel. She was a cool lady.

She was certainly still a very good-looking woman. She had a decent, healthy tanned complexion, maybe a bit weathered but nothing too severe. She had very few wrinkles, which was an impressive feat, and another indication of how well she took care of herself. She possessed the same dark playful eyes that all Phillips women seemed to share. Even though her full lips had a bit of a natural sneer to her, she was very much good-natured. She had dirty-blond hair, cut pretty short, but not in the way many old women cut it short when they just don't want to deal with it anymore. No, her hair was still very fashionable, styled on top of her head, curling upward at the front for some slight flair. I didn't typically like shorter hair on girls, but it worked for her.

Like I said, she still kept herself in good condition. Sure, she wasn't exactly a hard-body but her active nature served her well, countering the effects of nature. I'm sure most women her age envied her frame. She was the matriarch of the family, so the common physical characteristics of the Phillips women all came from her, the same types of curves in the correct places. But she was a far cry from most of the other Phillips women. She possessed a wisdom and humility that most of her relatives lacked. I couldn't imagine her being as brazen or forward as Dana or Aunt Karen, and even Kendra, in both looks and attitude. Grandma, no doubt, would chide them for that kind of behavior, thinking it unbecoming. She was just so NOT that type of person, which made it odd that so many of her daughters and granddaughters were.

All of the other women were wearing cleavage-exposing tops, figure hugging clothes which highlighted and showed off all their best features. But Grandma was dressed elegantly, a simple chocolate colored top, and a loose, flowy white dress. Simple articles that flattered her, but wasn't over the top like some of the clothes some of the other girls wore.

"You made it!" she said, her smoky voice calling out to us. She hugged her daughter and then Dad, followed by Dana before ending with me. "Hello dear." she said, pulling me in. She stepped back a few moments later and smiled warmly at me as she looked me over.

We caught up with her a little, discussing our trip here. She talked with me a bit, talking about my flight in, and school, normal stuff. No weird vibes. No strange, hungry glances at my body. Nothing. Dana, Mom, Aunt Karen, even Kendra... all of them had had some strange interactions with me. But not Grandma. I felt nothing off or untoward. For the first time all day, I didn't get weird vibes from one of these women. I began to let myself relax ever so slightly.

"Well," Grandma said, filling a lull in the conversation, "I don't want to keep you all. Mingle. We can all catch up more later." she said, giving us all a smile.

"Go have fun."

Yeah, despite that one bright spot in the day, the rest of the day was filled with incredibly awkward encounters, each putting me more and more on edge and leaving me more confused about what the hell was going on. Because something had to be going on, cause this couldn't possibly be a coincidence.

Things started out alright, I guess. Our family stuck together at first, catching up with some of our disparate aunts and uncles and cousins, talking to some people that Mom knew

that I didn't particularly recognize. I was bored pretty quick, but I didn't really have an alternative.

The gender ratio of this side of the family skewed heavily female. Grandma had five girls and one son, Stacy, Mom, Karen, Robin, Alison, and Karl. Stacy had three girls, and a boy, Mom had me and Dana, Karen had two daughters, Robin had three daughters, Alison had two girls and two boys, and Karl had three daughters and a boy. That's not counting Grandma's nieces and nephews, and some of the randoms I didn't really recognize. And of the men that were here, they were mostly either much older than me, or much younger. Karl's son, Tim, was one of the few that were in my age range, but he was maybe an even stranger person than his sisters or his dad. Just an odd dude that would rather talk to you about the intimate details of his computer processor for an hour than attempt to find any common ground on a topic they would both be interested in.

So I didn't really have any peers to hang out with that I had much in common with. I was on good terms with my older male relatives, but those kinds of bonds only go so far. Honestly, of the relatives I had that were my own age, the one I probably had the strongest bond with was Kendra, and I hadn't seen her in years. Needless to say, this was kind of an awkward experience to start.

I eventually ended up talking with Kendra for a bit. Luckily, she had noted my discomfort with her line of joking from earlier, so she kept her jokes clean of that. Not to say they were totally clean. But, anyway, we just caught up and chatted and it was admittedly pretty effortless. We had a good rapport and sank back into the smooth conversation we used to have years ago. At moments like this, I kinda wished Kendra would have been my sister. We had so much more in common than

me and Dana. My home life would have been a lot more fun if Kendra was around.

The slapping of bags on wooden boards announced that a game of cornhole was being played in the yard. Me and Kendra were both competitive, so we both wandered over, eager to get into the action. Some spots opened up, so me and Kendra moved forward, she walking across to the other board. I turned as I felt someone from the other team move in next to me. And it was not who I expected.

"Dana?" I asked, surprised. In my experience, Dana didn't enjoy doing any activity that involved doing... anything. She was a major stick in the mud, and she never really did anything fun, so it was a shock to see her next to me. "What are you doing?"

"What? Can't I play?" she asked.

"This is literally the first time I have heard you offer to play anything." I told her. She just rolled her eyes as she flashed me a smile, which was also unusual.

"I know how to have fun, Jesse," she said, bending over in front of me to pick up her bags. "I have a bit of experience handling a big pair of heavy bags," she said, jutting out her chest. I just rolled my eyes in response.

"Yeah, good one." I said, grabbing my own bags.

Yeah, what was potentially going to be a pretty fun bonding experience with my cousin ended up being a torturous

experience. Dana was unusually bouncy, jumping round with each successful toss, practically begging my eyes to be drawn to her bra-less chest. On top of that, whenever she picked up the bags, she would end up bending over in front of me, either putting her round butt in a very precarious position near my crotch, or forcing me to notice her purple thong rising up her waist, forming a distinct and easily visible whale-tail.

And on top of that, I had, across from me, Kendra being equally bouncy and active, my eyes drawn to her chest during every graceful toss, forcing my eyes to notice the way her bulbous breasts ballooned together, the soft flesh squishing together.

Both girls were extra giggly. And it almost seemed the competition wasn't really about the game. Why couldn't this just be about tossing little sandbags into wooden holes? It seemed like there was some sort of tension between the girls, and it seemed like I was the only one attuned to it. I looked around, and no one seemed to be taking extra notice of us. I looked around, and while people were paying attention, it was mostly side-attention, watching us while sipping beers or talking. The only thing I did notice was Grandma, standing on the big balcony outside the window of her bedroom. She was talking with a few other women, but her eyes were on us. They were focused on us three, as if something here was causing her to pay special attention.

I didn't know what to do. Either look left and look at the way my sister's top molded to her chest, and notice the cavern between her boobs, or study the thread count on her tiny thong. Or, I could look across at Kendra, and notice the way her melons bounced forward as she threw, or noticed the slight indentation of her nipples, or how low slung her jeans

were. And then I had Grandma above, watching us, staring at us, studying us...

It quickly became clear that the result of the game didn't really matter. I didn't want to play anymore.

Lunch was soon being served up, and I made my way towards the line. I had just entered the line when someone came up behind me quickly.

"Oh my God! You grew up so fast!" Aunt Karen said in my ear, and before I could react, I felt her hand give my ass a very firm squeeze.

"Ow!" I called out with a jump as I felt where her nails had dug into my butt cheek. She simply laughed.

"I can't believe little Jesse became such a hunk!" Aunt Karen said, causing me to blush uncomfortably. "Let's do some catching up, since we didn't have much time for it before. So, you have a girlfriend?"

"Uh, yeah," I replied. "Her name's Sandy."

"Shame." Karen said. "A young man like you..." she began, her eyes lazily appraising me again, looking me up and down. "A young man like you should be sowing his wild oats. Nineteen is far too young to be taking things so seriously. Trust me." she finished, tittering to herself.

"I'll keep that in mind." I replied coolly, looking at the food, not wanting to face her. She no doubt sensed my skepticism.

"I've been married three times, Jesse." she began, grabbing some salad daintily. "You'll find that what seems like it matters at your age isn't really what matters, once you're a little older and wiser. You'll find that other things are far more important."

As she finished, I looked at her as she turned to face me. She wore a confident smile on her face. And, hopefully inadvertently, she was pushing out her chest at me. Her top exposed a good expanse of her upper chest, and I couldn't help but notice the thin sheen of sweat coating her creamy skin, or the single bead of sweat sliding deep into her cleavage.

"Noted." I said simply. She let a slight smirk cross her lips before continuing on behind me in the line.

Any hope of escaping her was lost when she sat directly across from me to eat. She had very good posture, sitting up straight, unconsciously showcasing her abundant breasts, putting them on display.

"So..." she began as we started eating. "Do you have a picture of this little girl who's stolen your heart?"

"Oh, uh, yeah." I said between bites of potato salad. I pulled at my phone, found a cute picture of Sandy, and passed my phone over. She gave an appraisal of my girlfriend. It was a

picture of us on the beach, after a nice brisk run, her flashing her perfect pearly whites.

"She's just a little thing, isn't she?" Karen said, studying my girlfriend in her tight shorts and sports bra. "She's very pretty, though. And I bet she is one of those girls who is quite fun to be around, right?" she asked, her tone strange and unreadable. I couldn't tell if she was being serious or if this was some weird form of humor on her part. I simply responded with a nod, causing her to smile. "I figured." she muttered. Looking like she was done looking at the picture, I reached my hand out to take my phone back, but she curled her fingers around it, pulling it slightly towards herself possessively. "I think I'll hold onto this. I want your undivided attention, and I know how you teenagers are about your cell phones. Kendra is quite addicted. It's impossible to rip that phone from her hands. Don't worry, though... I'll hold onto it for safe-keeping." With that, she deftly pulled it in close and, with me watching, slid my expensive phone into her deep valley of cleavage, my expensive smart-phone nestled between her sweaty breasts. My mouth was open with surprise, but it seemed like she enjoyed my discomfort.

We talked for a little bit as we ate, not really about anything important. Despite myself, my attention kept being drawn to her cleavage, and my phone nestled in between.

"Don't worry, you'll get it back." she said coolly. "Unless it's not the phone you're staring at."

I blushed as she giggled lightly, and it was clear she took great pleasure in making me squirm.

"You see, Jesse, this is what I was saying," Aunt Karen began. "Being in a relationship at your age is difficult. Things can feel so right, but you're young and filled with hormones, and there is no possible way to prevent your eyes from wandering. It's in your nature."

I didn't know what to say, so I just sipped some root beer.

"I tell you what," Karen started. She smoothly pulled the phone from between her big boobs. She played with it, her fingers moving deftly. "You do not have my phone number, and that is a problem that needs to be solved." She paused and held the phone out, pointing it at herself with one hand, while smoothly undoing an extra-button on her top with the other. She snapped a picture of herself, putting it onto my phone. "There. We haven't really been that close lately, but that changes starting now. You call me any day, anytime, if you have any questions, any relationship questions, questions about... anything. The type of questions you can't go to your mother about. You talk to me. OK?" She said, my phone now dangling between her fingers.

"Uhhh, sure." I answered, not sure at all.

"You might think I sound crazy, but trust me, for a guy like you, this is a gift. There is nothing you can ask that will shock me. I've seen it all. I've done everything. Well, almost everything." Aunt Karen said. At that same moment, I felt her bare foot slide against my leg. I jumped, causing her to smile. She lightly traced her toes against my legs, causing me to shiver.

"Do I make you uncomfortable, Jesse?" she asked, her voice smoky as she leaned in towards me.

"I, uh..." I began. Her toes slid lazily up my leg as she leaned forward, her top yawning open, her boobs jutting out even more brazenly, practically ready to spill from her top.

"If it will make you more comfortable, me and you can go up to my room and talk in private. Just you and me." Aunt Karen offered. I gulped, unsure what was going on here. Her eyes held mine, staring practically into my soul. My mouth opened, unsure what to say as she waited expectantly.

We were suddenly interrupted by a new presence at the table. Next to Aunt Karen sat Grandma, plate full of food.

"Hello." Grandma offered, glancing between Karen and myself, noting the awkwardness. "What's going on?"

"Hi, Mom." Karen said coolly, her face expressing her annoyance as she pulled her foot from my leg.

"Hi." I said to Grandma, thankful for her bailing me out of this terribly awkward scenario.

"Me and Jesse were just talking about his little girlfriend." Karen said, playing with my phone, handing her the phone so she could look at the picture of Sandy. Grandma took a quick look before giving me a proud smile.

"Oh... she seems lovely." Grandma said, her tone nothing but genuine.

"Thanks." I replied. Grandma handed me back my phone and I quickly grabbed it, wiping off Aunt Karen's sweat before pocketing it. Grandma and Aunt Karen talked for a little bit, and once my plate was clean, I excused myself, feeling Aunt Karen's eyes on me as I walked away. I vowed not to put myself in that position again. I couldn't afford to with how she was acting. And how I was reacting.

Despite my objections, I was hard as a brick.

I pulled out my phone, the residual sweat from Aunt Karen's boobs collecting on my fingers as I shot Sandy another text.

"I REALLY miss you."

I didn't know what was going on. I didn't know why some of the women in my family were acting the way they were. I didn't know why I was physically reacting to it, letting myself stare, letting myself react, letting myself get hard. It was just the attention I was getting, that had to be the cause. The attention of aggressive women with curvaceous bodies would cause any man to react, even if they were members of your own family. Right?

Oh, God. I'm in trouble.

I needed to cool down. I needed to wash away this awkwardness immediately. I spied that the pool was relatively unoccupied, so I thought that might be answer. Changing into my trunks, I made my way over. Finding the pool occupied

solely by some distant cousin and a couple of her kids in the shallow end, I felt like this was an area I could finally breathe easy. I grabbed a towel, stashed my stuff on a pool chair, and smoothly dove into the pool. I sunk close to the bottom and stayed there, letting the muffled static of the pool erase all the other noise from my mind. I hung down there for as long as I could before my lungs began to burn, so I swam up to the surface, filling my lungs with air. As I treaded water, I wiped the wetness from my eyes. Finally, my vision cleared, and I looked towards the edge of the pool.

"Hi!" Two voices said in unison, causing me to instinctually jump backwards in shock. An area that was once empty was now occupied. Sitting on the edge of the pool were the twins, Bethany and Chastity, clad in bikinis, legs dangling in the pool.

"Uh, hi." I replied, glancing behind me, noting the mom and her two kids getting ready to leave. I was about to be alone with the creepy twins.

Just lovely.

"How are you?" They asked at the same time.

"I'm good. Just... relaxing." I replied simply. I was able to take a look at them. And, I had to admit, even though the twins were weird, they looked pretty good in bikinis.

Both girls were slim and petite. They had swimmers' bodies, very thin and taut. Unlike most of the Phillips' women, they weren't exceedingly busty, but they had firm, smooth B-cups filling their bikini tops, certainly nothing to be ashamed of. I

mean, they had my girlfriend beat... uh, yeah, moving on. Both had cute, petite butts, a smooth, firm handful. Both girls were more petite than Sandy, but for their frames, their butts were rounder and fuller than my girlfriend's. But despite not possessing the copious curves of their relatives, they still looked good.

Their bikinis were matching in style, but in different colors, one in purple, and the other in sky blue. The bikini tops were small triangles, covering their little boobs. The tops were small, the triangles held up by tiny strings. Below, their crotches were covered with small, thin triangles, as skimpy as possible while maintaining decency. The bikini bottoms were also supported around their thin hips by tiny strings. A lot of skin was exposed, their flat, firm taut bellies, their long firm legs and thin arms. Both of them were looking down at me, the cute brunettes both smiling wide as they looked at me treading water, lazily dangling their legs in the pool, wearing these mischievous smiles.

"So... what's up?" I asked.

"We wanted to test you," The one in the purple asked.

"Uh, okay... about what?" I said, not knowing what they were getting at.

"Can you tell us apart?" Sky Blue asked, beaming.

"What?"

"There is one thing that is different on us." Purple said. "If you can find it, and tell us which one of us is which, then you win. If you don't, then you lose, and you become our SLAVE! Haha!"

"Uh, I don't think I want to be your slave." I said with a confused grin. Both of their lips molded into a pout.

"Okay." Sky Blue said with a giggle. "Fine. If you lose, then you can just rub our feet."

"What if I win?" I asked, not really wanting to participate, but not able to help my curiosity.

"We'll rub your shoulders." Purple said, before both of them broke out in laughter.

"I don't know." I began. "My shoulders feel fine."

"C'mon, it'll be SO fun. Trust us." Sky Blue said. Not really seeing any excuse to use to get out of this scenario, I had no choice.

"Uhhh, fine, okay." I relented with an uncomfortable smile.

Minutes later, I was standing in the pool, forced to basically ogle my twin cousins. They posed and preened like models, those amused smirks never leaving their faces. They did a few spins, letting me see their nearly bare backs and small butts, peeking out from their skimpy bikinis. I looked them up and down, noting their light tans, smooth skin, and firm figures. But I was not seeing any differences.

"C'mon, Jesse. It's, like, so obvious!" Purple said. Feeling massively uncomfortable, I wanted to end this as quickly as possible.

"I don't know, I don't see any differences." I admitted.

"Hahahaha." Sky Blue said. "You lose!"

"Yes!" Purple said.

"Well, at least try guessing which one of us is which." Sky Blue asked.

"Uh..." I said, shrugging my shoulders and looking at Sky Blue. "Are you... Bethany?"

"Uh!" she said, stamping her feet. "I'm Chastity!"

"I'm Bethany!" Purple said.

"The difference is right here." Chastity said, pointing at a small mole near her hip.

"We are so disappointed." Bethany said.

"But the fun part is..." Chastity started as both of them sat back down on the edge of the pool.

"You lose." Bethany said as both of them wiggled their toes at me.

I was hating life a few minutes later as I stood in the pool, rubbing Bethany's feet. I was going back and forth, trading off between the two, massaging their feet with my hands. I didn't know how I got to this point, and I didn't know how to get out of it. I had no excuse to leave without being completely rude, so I was kinda trapped here.

"Oh my God! You are so good at this." Bethany said, before resuming her conversation with her sister. Both of them kind of ignored me as I massaged their feet, only pausing to give me the occasional compliment.

"You know Jesse, we totally lied before." Chastity admitted.

"Yeah, we did." Bethany added.

"There is, actually, one other way to tell us apart," Chastity said.

"But to find out what that other thing is, we need to be wearing... less." Bethany said.

"A lot less." Chastity said.

"Like, nothing at all." Bethany finished, wiggling her toes between my fingers. I was blushing again and very nervous,

not wanting to be caught doing this. I jumped when I heard the glass door slide open.

"Hey, Jesse!" Mom called to me, leaning out from inside. "Can you help me out a second?"

"Yes." I replied immediately, dropping Bethany's foot in the water as I moved towards the edge, leaping out of the water quickly.

"Uh!" Bethany said. "We weren't done!" she called to me with a giggle.

"Yeah, you did her feet way more than mine." Chastity said.

"I'll, uh... I'll owe it to you." I said, vowing to not let myself be alone with these two again. I dried off quickly and threw a shirt on before stepping inside, eager to be away from those two.

"See you later!" they called out in unison, creeping me out once again as I closed the door behind myself. I looked over and found Mom in the kitchen putting some food away. She looked up at me with a smirk.

"What's up?" I asked her.

"Oh, nothing. I just thought you wanted to be away from those two." Mom said. I sighed.

"Oh, thanks." I said, grateful.

"So..." she began. "You rub feet now?" she asked with a laugh. I laughed and shook my head.

"Oh my God, I don't know how they did it. I didn't want to rub their feet, I didn't want to be around them, but... they got me to do it." I said.

"I know. Dana was saying that she got cornered by them, and like, a minute later, they had her agreeing to let them stay at her place for a week. It's, like, they brute force their way into getting what they want." Mom said. She chopped up some pieces of food, causing her boobs to jump under her top.

"That's what they did to me!" I replied with a laugh. A silence fell between us as she kept on prepping some food. She looked up at me and gave me a warm smile and, as if coming to a choice, she spoke up.

"I... I have to apologize," she began.

"For what?" I asked.

"You know... how, uh, things have been pretty weird since this morning. I don't know, there's been a weird vibe, I guess? Between me and you," she stammered.

"Oh yeah?" I asked, a little nervous, not sure if I liked where this might be going.

"Yeah, it's just..." she began. "I don't know, seeing you again... I haven't seen you in person in five months, but it feels like five years. You've grown so much," she said, giving me a motherly smile. "You're not the boy who left home, so nervous for college. You're... you're a young man now, hon, and it's hard to get used to."

"Well, I'm still your son." I replied, thankful that this conversation felt more genuine than the others I had been having all day.

"I know, Jesse. But, you being so... well, grown up, and knowing you're not coming back home, it's just... everything's happening so fast! It feels like just yesterday I was getting you ready for your first day of kindergarten and now... you're a full-grown man." She smiled proudly and approached me. My son sense was tingling, so I knew it was time to give her a firm hug. She reciprocated, grabbing me tight and pulling me in. Unfortunately, I couldn't help but notice her big boobs squishing up against my chest, but I didn't want to let that kind of thought ruin this genuine moment. I also didn't want to notice her silky hair brushing against my neck, nor notice her nose inhale as she pulled me in close, as if taking in my natural scent. She pulled back and gave me another warm smile.

"I'm sorry I'm acting this way, you know, being such a mom," she said, shaking her head. "I think it's this house."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"This place makes me feel so old," she began, "I mean it feels like yesterday that me and my sisters and brother were all running around here. Pretty much all my childhood memories

took place here. All my momentous occasions were here or at least around here. I went to school here, I have friends here, my first kiss, my first boyfriend, my first, uh... I met your father here. It was all so much fun. And now... it all feels like it was so long ago," she said wistfully. I just listened as she exposed her inner thoughts to me. "I mean, there are sometimes I wish I could just have that kind of fun all the time. It's ridiculous. I'm a mom, and a wife... I'm just some old lady chopping carrots," she said, shaking her head, her thin knife dicing through some carrots with skill. "The old me... the old me would be going nuts if she saw me now, saw that I had settled down. I never thought I would end up like this." She suddenly caught what she was saying, and who she was saying it to. "Oh, uh... sorry. I shouldn't be talking like this. It's not what I meant to say..."

"It's alright." I said, letting her speak her mind as I leaned on the counter. She kept at her work for a few moments before she looked up at me again. "I'm gonna miss you around the house, Jesse. I'm torn... part of me wants to put my foot down and say 'no', you have to stick around at home, but I know that'd be crazy to ask of you. It's just... it's really nice to have a young man's presence around the house. You're father... he can be such a stick in the mud sometimes. You kids... you're a lot more fun. Not so much your sister, though, she's a... well, you know."

"A bitch?" I suggested.

"Yeah." she agreed with a laugh. "But you... you're fun. Enjoy it, hon. You're young. You're vibrant. So have fun, do it all! Don't ever settle. The world can be yours if you just take it."

"Okay..." I said, a little surprised to be suddenly receiving this motivational speech.

"And one more thing," she began, her voice getting quieter as she checked to make sure we were alone. She moved in closer. "You might not like hearing it from me, but trust me when I tell you this, from a married woman in her 40's to a teenage young man... get as much action as you can, while you can."

"Excuse me?" I said, looking at her quizzically, unsure of her meaning.

"You heard me," she whispered with a coy smile. "You're on the scene. You're out there. Don't be shy. Have fun. Sample everything you can, as often as you can. Do it every time as if it's the last time, because it will go away like THAT!" she said, snapping her fingers. "Trust me! I know. So that's my advice. Get out there. Have fun. Don't be afraid to, you know, do it. Be careful of course, but also, don't be afraid to take some chances now and again. Take some risks, cause you know, there will come a time where having that kind of fun becomes a thing of the past."

"Ohhh... K," I said, not sure if I was hearing right. Was she saying what I think she was saying?

To put it bluntly, if I understood her correctly, my mom was telling me to have as much sex as I could. She was giving me the OK to get it on often, telling me to do it as often as I could, in as many ways as I could, with as many girls as I could. She told me to be safe, but to, you know, not be bound by that safety. Or, in other words, always use a condom, but don't be afraid to slip that rubber off and slip it in bareback now and again.

I looked at her and she smiled warmly again, what would seem like an innocent, motherly gesture, but after what she had just said, now seemed anything but.

She had also said one other thing, or at least implied it. In her warnings about the dangers of abstinence, she had also made one other point abundantly clear:

My mother was horny and in need of some action. After all the things she had witnessed me go through, the one thing on her brain was sex. Dad wasn't getting the job done anymore, if ever, and Mom was reminiscing about the old days, when she was free to get it on as much as she wanted. To have as much as sex as she could ever need.

This innocent loving conversation had quickly soured, especially after the events of earlier today. This had just gotten as awkward as my other encounters and I was eager to end this one quickly.

"I should, uh, I should get going." I said. She smiled, amused at my discomfort. She stashed some food away, and gave me a curious glance. As I began to walk away she called out to me.

"You know you owe me now," she said with a smile.

"Uhh... what?" I asked, confused.

"For freeing you from the girls. The twins. Freeing you from their evil clutches!" she said with a laugh, swishing all the food into a big bowl.

"Ok... what do you have in mind?" I asked, knowing I did owe her something for getting me away from the creepy twins, despite the subsequent awkwardness. She looked at me with a smirk, as if a million ideas were racing through her mind. That smirk... it made me nervous. Finally, she arrived at an answer.

"You know... my feet are pretty sore," she said quietly as if she was nervous to ask me this. She raised an eyebrow as her words hit me. My shoulders slumped as I hit the realization of what she wanted. I looked up at her, annoyance on my face, but she only smiled.

"Ahhhh! You know, those girls had the right idea." Mom moaned out, teasing me, her toes wiggling in my palms. I looked up at her, annoyed, but she simply smiled. She was not usually this manipulative. Sure, on the scale of schemes, this was small, but it was something. "Well, I know what you'll be doing every time you come back home." she teased, seeing my annoyance.

We were in the living room. She was leaning back in the loveseat as I sat on an ottoman, her bare foot between my hands. She had pulled apart her pullover, and her chest was pushing out, the silky white material exposed completely, a button or two undone. The room was empty except for us. I didn't know how long she wanted this to go on.

"This feels sooo good!" she cooed, her head falling back, seeming completely relaxed. "You're girlfriend's a lucky girl, to be getting these hands on her every day." I gulped slightly, knowing this was a strange thing to hear from your mom, her envious of her son's girlfriend about the fact that she's the one he puts his hands on. She pulled her head up, and studied me, watching me exert myself to pleasure her foot.

At that moment, it was as if she came to a decision about something, something she had been nervous about before. From my periphery vision, I could have sworn I saw her lick her lips. I definitely noticed her extended, throbbing nipples, pushing through her thin top. She looked around, making sure the coast was clear. I was suddenly filled with a sudden dread, as if I knew what she was gonna say next.

"You know, I have an idea." she began with a crooked, relaxed smile, drawing out her words teasingly. "You know what I was saying before?" she asked with a raised eyebrow. I gulped. "I was thinking... why don't me and you go up to my room and..."

She was interrupted by the door sliding open. Both of our heads jerked around in time to see Grandma enter the kitchen. Mom stealthily pulled her foot from my lap.

"It's a hot one out there." Grandma said, grabbing her top to fan herself as she wiped the sweat off her brow with the back of her arm.

"In here too." Mom said softly. I stood up and smiled awkwardly at Grandma, making my exit. I needed to get some fresh air.

What the hell was going on? Why was I getting this weird tension from every woman here? Why were they pushing me into such intimate acts? Was there something in the water? Was this some practical joke that everyone but me was in on? It was madness.

Maybe it was affecting me too, because for a minute there, I swear my mom was about to offer to fuck me.

The day went on like this, one uncomfortable situation after another. I did my best to avoid any more awkward scenarios, but some of it was unavoidable, finally reaching the point where I was eager to just go to bed and escape this mental torture.

Both my family and Kendra's were staying in the house. The upstairs had a whole line of rooms for people to stay in. Me and Dana were sharing a room, Mom and Dad were in another, Aunt Karen and Uncle Rich were together in a room, and Kendra had one to herself. Grandma's room was at the end of the hall.

I settled into my room, changing into some loose shorts before getting ready to slip into my small bed. (Thank God me and Dana weren't sharing a bed). Dad had mentioned to me that a bunch of the guys were getting up early to do some fishing, followed by heading out to do some golfing at a nice course a couple hours away. He told me not to sleep in or I'd miss out. I didn't particularly enjoy either activity, but I would take any excuse to not be around all these women for the day.

I set the alarm clock on the bedside table for an early wake-up time. I pulled the sheets on the bed down just in time for Dana to walk in.

"I am beat." Dana said, striding in. Her sleepwear tonight was far more revealing than the night before at the hotel. She wore tight, stretchy little bike shorts and a blue tank top. And clinging to her hips, pulled above her tight little shorts, were the thin straps of her thong underwear.

Just lovely.

"Man, it's fucking hot in here." she complained, pulling open the window. "If it stays like this, clothes are coming off. I hope you don't mind," she said, giving me a teasing grin. Again, it was weird to see her smiling like this.

"I do mind." I said humorlessly, sliding into my bed.

"Well, that doesn't matter." she replied.

"I know."

She settled into her bed, sitting against the headboard as she booted up her laptop. Luckily for her, Grandma did have Wifi.

"This is gonna be a long fucking week," she muttered, eyes not leaving the screen.

"Yeah..." I agreed, looking up at the ceiling, my mind on Sandy, and how far away she was.

"I have to spend a week around a bunch of women I can't stand, and play nice," she began. I held my tongue, questioning her self-appraisal of 'nice', but I knew just to keep my mouth shut. "I mean, seriously, that Kendra bitch, she's a nightmare! Ugh!"

"She's not so bad." I replied, glancing at her.

"Well, of course you would say that. We all knew what you and her...uh, never mind," she began, smirking, before changing the subject. I wanted to inquire about what she was about to say, but I would be just as happy to just end this whole conversation, so I stayed silent. A gust of air blew through the open window. "Ugh, all this clear air, the quiet, and the bugs...I hate the country. Why do we have to be here a whole fucking week?"

"Muh," I grunted noncommittally, used to her complaining.

"I swear, I don't know if I can go an entire week without some fucking sex." Dana muttered. "I'm climbing the walls already."

"Ugh, Dana...I don't want to hear any of this." I said, grossed out. Dana didn't say anything, but I could practically feel her teasing smile as she clearly enjoyed making me squirm. I tried settling into place, hoping that sleep would rescue me from this awkwardness.

I lied back and tried to relax, but my mind was racing. I replayed the events of the day, trying to figure what the hell was happening. Why were the women of my family flirting with me? Why were they being so brazen? Why were all of them acting so much different, so out of character, than I had ever seen them act before? I could only hope that when I woke up I would escape this bad dream and things would go back to normal.

Unable to relax, I reached over to grab my phone. Finding a text from Sandy waiting for me, I eagerly opened it up, eager for a taste of normalcy.

"I bet u miss me" it said.

"Things are so crazy here. I can't wait to be back with you." I texted back. I knew I sounded like a lovesick puppy, but I was so on edge I needed that affirmation.

"Do u miss me or do u miss this?" she texted back pretty quickly. A few seconds later, a picture hit my inbox. When I saw its contents, a shiver of lust passed through me.

It was a picture of Sandy with her back to a mirror, and she was naked. Her cute, round, bare ass was exposed to me, as was the expanse of her sexy back. She had her face turned to the mirror, her lips curled in a lusty smirk.

My semi-stiff cock quickly became as hard as a rock. After a whole day of this weirdness, my cock was confused to say the least. It clearly enjoyed the stimulation and attention I had been on the receiving end of all day, not caring that all the boobs and butts I had been exposed to were from women I was

related to. Despite the discomfort I had felt, that didn't stop my dick from drooling all over itself all day long at the sight of all this familial skin.

I rubbed myself through the bed sheets, being careful to not let Dana notice. I was looking at this picture of Sandy, letting it work me up, only to be interrupted, my phone buzzing in my hand. My eyes widened as a new photo took Sandy's place, a down-blouse picture of a big pair of smooth, fleshy mature tits.

Aunt Karen was calling. And this was the picture she had put in my phone.

I silenced the phone, not wanting to talk to her, clearing my head of the picture I had just seen, wanting to forget it. I tried to focus on Sandy... Her huge boobs rippling as she walked, feeling heavier than ever. Helen swore she had gone up an entire cup size, but that was to be expected with the baby on the way.

So as I went back and forth with my girlfriend with these flirty texts, the pressure I was feeling in my balls started to become a pressing issue. This texting session had gone from calming me down to stirring me up. I had been able to keep my mind busy and ignore that need for release. But now, lying back, with little to distract me, my stiff dick became all I could think about. Stiff due to Sandy, and not the picture of my aunt's huge tits.

I weighed my options. I could slip into the bathroom and take care of myself there, but I knew there wasn't a lock on the door, and the last thing I needed at this point was to be caught stroking my meat by one of my horned up female relatives. Or... I could wait till Dana fell asleep and take care of myself

right here as silently as I could under the sheets. But obviously, that presented many dangers, namely being caught by my sister, and that would be something she would never let me forget. Plus, it would be a bit messy, and being that stealthy wouldn't exactly be satisfying. It seemed like the smartest thing would be to do nothing, as boring as that was.

Also, I kinda knew that deep down part of my hardness was due to the games the women of my family were playing with me, and it would feel kinda icky to jack off knowing my current state was partially caused by them. I would just have to wait till I got back to Sandy and take care of my current condition in the most enjoyable way possible.

The conversation with Sandy died out as my eyelids began to feel the weight of the day. I set the phone down and closed my eyes.

"Don't be too loud." I told Dana wearily as the sounds of her nails clicking on the keyboard rang through my ears. "I need to be up early in the morning. I set the alarm."

"And I'm not lying," she began. "My top is probably coming off, so don't be surprised if you end up seeing my boobs tonight," she said casually. Then, the clicking stopped. "You know, you might as well get it over with," she added as I heard her moving around, before hearing the soft noise of her top hitting the floor. I simply rolled onto my side, facing away from her, keeping my eyes screwed shut.

"Whatever." she muttered, the clicking resuming.

The weight of my eyes started to overwhelm the pressure coming from my groin. The hard spike between my legs was the only thing keeping me grounded among the land of the conscious. I kept affirming that it was the right call to not take care of myself, but the need was clouding my judgment, trying to change my mind, but once sleep overcame me, I knew I made the right call.

Besides, who would want to masturbate next to their own sibling anyway?

I was clearly love-sick, cause I dreamt of Sandy. I was following her through a bright pasture. The sky was blue, the grass was green and the flowers were bright. And Sandy was ahead of me, just out of reach. I followed her as she teased me, shaking her butt, looking back at me with a teasing smile. And just as I got close to her, when I was close enough to touch her...

"Fuck!" I heard a moan ring softly in the dark. My eyes were pulled open hours after falling asleep, confronting the darkness, lit solely by the moonlight.

"God yes!"

"Uhhnnnnn!"

"Mmmmm... yes!"

My eyes opened wide, realizing that what I was hearing was really happening. Dreading the truth, I turned my head to look towards my sister.

She was very much awake.

I could only see her in silhouette. She was on her back, the round shape of her bare breasts exposed to the darkness for anyone who was looking. Her hand was jammed between her legs, under her tight shorts, and her fingers were very busy.

"Oh shit!" she called out softly, her arm moving steadily.

My sister was masturbating. My sister was rubbing herself off five feet from me. Holy shit! Was I dreaming? Was this a nightmare?

"I need it. I need it!"

The beads of sweat were apparent on her skin, as was the soft squishing of the moistness between her legs.

"Guuuhhhh. Yes!"

This was, like, traumatizing. The last thing I wanted to listen to was my sister moaning in sexual pleasure. I moved slightly and realized my cock was as hard as a brick again, loving this filth.

"Oh God. Oh God! Yes!"

The squishing coming from her fingers working her soaked pussy rang through the room.

I was now wide awake, and there was nothing I could do to escape what I was experiencing. I couldn't move, I couldn't stop listening, not without alerting her. The only thing I could do was shut my eyes.

"I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna cum!" she whispered harshly. "Uh, uh, uh, UH! Yes! YES! FUCK! YES!"

I pinched myself, trying to wake from this nightmare.

"Uhhh! Uhhhh! YES! YES! YES! FUCK! Gonna cum! GONNA CUM! OHHHHHH SHIIITTTT YEAHHHHH! FUUUUCCCCKKKKKKK!" she whispered harshly, talking to herself as an orgasm hit her. "OH FUCK YES!" she moaned out, her hands slapping against her skin as she worked herself through the orgasm, the sounds of moisture squishing between her fingers hitting my ears. This went on, my sister's orgasm drawn out, her moans just loud enough to hit my ears. Finally, I heard a relaxed sigh, as her arched back collapsed onto the mattress.

"Oh my God," she said to herself. "I can't believe I just squirted!"

Those were the last words I heard from her. The sounds of rhythmic breathing came from her as sleep overcame her. But not me.

My eyes were wide open. I didn't know how I could just go to sleep after that. I didn't know how I could ever forget that. How could I look at her again after that?

I was wide awake with a hard dick and unable to do a thing about it.

I don't know how long I was awake before I fell back asleep, but I eventually did. And I didn't know at first how long I was asleep before I woke up again. My eyes opened again, noting the beams of sunlight coming through the window. I jerked awake and looked at the alarm clock.

SHIT!

I had missed it. The fishing and golfing trip. Did I sleep through it? I could have sworn I had set my alarm. Shit! Maybe... did Dana turn the alarm off?

The memories of last night hit me like a flood. Did she... did she really do all that? Did she really masturbate with me in the room? Could she have seriously been that brazen? I had heard the words, the moans, the sounds of my older sister in heated sexual pleasure. No little brother should have to hear that? Even if it had been a dream, the images, sounds and thoughts that had been conjured would never be forgotten.

It was then that I looked down at myself. I noticed that I was unusually exposed. I had slept on my back, and it looked like my sheets had been pulled down, exposing my bare chest,

stomach, and my shorts-covered crotch. My morning wood was making a very evident bulge, my shaft pointing towards my hip. I turned and looked towards my sister's bed.

She was on her side, turned away from me. Thank God she was, cause she was topless. From my angle, I could see was the expanse of her bare, fit back. Her hair was strewn out against her pillow as she rested, her upper torso rising and falling with her rhythmic breathing. The sheet had fallen from her as well, so she was completely exposed to the air. Luckily, she was still wearing her shorts, and I tried not to notice how immaculate my sister's ass was. How the tight shorts molded to her juicy rear end, highlighting each firm, round cheek. I tried not to notice how each of her cheeks just peeked out from the bottom of the tight shorts. And I tried not to notice the thong straps running noticeably around her prominent hip bones. That was not a position her thong could end up in naturally. It was a deliberate act.

I rolled out of bed and quickly threw some clothes on. Slipping out of the room quietly, I made my way downstairs to find Mom, Grandma and Aunt Karen sipping coffee.

"Hey there." Mom called out.

"Morning." Grandma said.

"Did, uh... did Dad and all them already leave?" I asked.

"Oh, yeah. They all left a few hours ago." Mom said. "Dad said something about the fact that he told you not to sleep in, so he didn't have time to get you going." I rubbed my forehead in frustration.

"I... I set the alarm, but something..." I trailed off.

"Oh, I'm sorry." Grandma said apologetically.

"Well," Aunt Karen began with a wicked smile. "I guess that means you're stuck with us today."

"Lovely." I said to myself, leaving the room.

I worked out all my stored up tension, the tightly wound energy, the annoyance and frustration by running at a pretty hard pace around the lake. There was a decent trail through the edge of the woods, so at least I wasn't running on the sand.

It was still relatively early, so there was still some fog hovering above the water. The morning was already sticky, so I had discarded my shirt before hitting the trails, leaving me clad only in my loose shorts. I hoofed it along the trails.

I was pissed at Dana for clearly being the one responsible for turning off the alarm clock. I was angry at her for keeping me awake for hours in the middle of the night thanks to her loud self-pleasure session. I was mad at all these women for making me feel so uncomfortable with the games they've been playing on me. Or the game they've been running on me.

And most importantly, I was angry at myself, for letting myself be pulled away from Sandy for so long.

I was so lost in my thoughts that I didn't hear the approaching sounds of another pair of feet, hitting the trail at a pace equal to mine. From around a bend emerged Kendra.

She was in her workout gear, a light-blue, heavy duty sports bra, needing some extra reinforcement to contain her mammoth rack. She paired it with some stretchy black running shorts, similar to the ones Dana wore. On her feet were some fancy looking running shoes, the type for serious runners. She slowed down when she saw me, an amused smile gracing her lips.

This was the first time we had seen each other in workout mode. She looked good, and despite her excessive curves, she had an athlete's frame. It was clear, judging by her firm legs, lean arms, and taut belly that she worked out a lot. And she was clearly built for it, cause she looked good even with a coating of sweat.

And this was her first look at me in workout mode, and more importantly, this was her first look at me shirtless. She could see my newly earned muscles. She could see my even, tanned skin. She could even see the beads of sweat running down my firm pecs, between my abs, down towards my crotch.

Whereas before, during our earlier interactions, her tone with me was one of amusement and good natured joking, the expression now on her face seemed nothing but serious. Her eyes were wide, and... there was no other way to put it, she was drinking me in. Her eyes were drinking in my exposed body. I tried to resume our good natured ribbing.

"Eyes up here, Kendra." I said, pointing up at my face.

"Jesus, Jesse!" she said with an impressed laugh, unable to pull her eyes away from me. "I can see why all the women are drooling over you."

I rolled my eyes, wishing I had a shirt to cover myself with. Despite the good humor she was trying to project, her eyes were blazing as she gawked at me. She kept trying to meet my eye line, but her eyes kept falling back onto my exposed torso. She bit her lower lip lightly as she stared.

"Not you too." I said, partly in jest, but partly in complete seriousness. The way she was looking at me was not a joke.

"Jesse, I can try not to notice, but if you were my boyfriend, I'd be on my knees, licking the sweat off your abs right now." she said. I gulped as I heard this, a shiver running up my spine. Then she shook her head, as if clearing the fog. She noticed my apprehension.

"C'mon, that can't be the worst thing you've heard this weekend." Kendra said, the smile returning to her face.

"It's up there." I replied. She bounced on one foot slightly before replying.

"I'm sorry... it's just, you couldn't be pushing any more of my buttons if you tried," she said, not bothering to hide the lust in her eyes. "And besides, I've heard much worse about me."

Like, this one time, I had a guy at the gym tell me he wanted to lick the sweat out of my ass-crack." Kendra said.

"Did it work?" I asked, unable to stop myself. She suddenly looked coy.

"I, uh... we don't need to talk about that," she replied, scratching the back of her head. I smiled slightly. A heavy pause fell between us, and her eyes returned to my abs, as if unable to resist the temptation.

"So..." she began. "Me and you, alone in the woods..." she said, taking a step towards me, looking up at me. I was frozen in place... was she really doing this? Or was this going to be one of her dirty jokes? I jumped when I felt one of her fingers slide along my stomach, in between my abs, gathering my sweat on the pad of her finger. With me watching, she brought to her mouth and licked the sweat with her tongue. She stepped in close and whispered. "Maybe I wasn't kidding about what me and you could do together in the woods," she said, her voice husky. In a flash, I remembered what she had said before, and an image flashed into my head intrusively. The image of me and her, alone in the woods... her bent over in front of me, leaning against a tree... her shorts at her knees and her top pulled up over her boobs... her screaming moans in my ears as I drilled my throbbing cock into her tight, needy ass, my hands squeezing her massive, hanging breasts...

She gave me a teasing smile, as if to let me know she knew exactly what I was thinking, and that she was thinking the same exact same thing. With a light laugh, she began to resume her jog, running away, back towards the house.

I looked at her as she left, trying to notice the way her tight running shorts molded to her ass. Trying not to imagine what they would look like stretched between her knees.

As if a switch had been turned, it felt like the heat rose ten degrees as I continued my run. I tried not to let my thoughts drift back to the charged conversation between me and Kendra. Our conversations yesterday had been done in good humor, only tinged with a bit of darkness. This one though, this was a conversation so clearly tinged with illicit lust, only containing a bit of that good humor. I tried to stamp out those memories, and the dark thoughts it conjured. It was wrong, so wrong. I shouldn't let myself think like that.

I guess the heat was good, in that sense, cause it was so overwhelming and oppressive that it was impossible to think about anything else. Sweat was dripping off of me, dripping into my eyes, causing them to burn. I kept having to wipe my sweaty brow with my sweaty arm, which was only marginally effective. Finally, I just had to stop and cool down.

I put my hands on my knees, sucking in some air, the beads of sweat hitting the trail below me. The twinkling of the lake water on the beach drew my attention, so I stepped off the trail, walking slowly towards the sandy waterline. The water looked crisp and clear, as if beckoning to me.

I had done about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the loop around this small lake, running along the trail and over small bridges traversing both the inlet and outlet rivers. A little ways down was a small wooden dock, so I moved my way towards that. The water looked crisp and cool. So cool. It was drawing me in. I wanted to just dive in

completely, and wash all this sweat away. I looked towards the lake house. There was still some light fog along the shoreline, but other than that, I didn't see anybody outside or anything really. It didn't seem like any of the action for day two of the reunion had begun yet.

That would come later.

The house was decently far away, but not too bad. I was a pretty avid swimmer, so the distance looked pretty doable. And that water looked so nice and cool. Even though my shorts weren't really swimming shorts, the siren's song of the water was too much to resist. With a small dash, I dove smoothly into the water.

The water felt so good as I smoothly swam towards the shore near the lake house. It would take a little bit of time, but I was in no rush. And besides, it felt like the water was washing all my stress away. I was refreshed. Reborn almost.

I kept one eye on the shore as I swam, but I wasn't too concerned with it really. It was more about making sure I was still on course than anything else. As I got closer to the shore, the fog began to lift. As it did, I began to see figures on the shoreline. As I got even closer, the fog began to clear completely, and the figures on the shore came into focus. I could see them more clearly. They were women.

Bikini-clad women.

I could see two along the shoreline, sitting in beach chairs. There was a third approaching, but I couldn't distinguish any of them at the moment. It was only as I got close and felt my

feet beginning to graze the lake-bed that I could distinguish them.

On the shore, in the beach-chairs, sat Aunt Karen and Dana, chatting amicably. Dana was in a slim black bikini, her thin top barely containing her large breasts, the top slinging them together and holding them in place, barely. The bottoms were thin and stringy, like the ones I had seen the twins in the day before, a small triangle covering her nether-regions. But it left the rest of her firm body exposed. I was seeing a lot of my sister's bare skin.

Aunt Karen was in a flashy, hot-pink bikini, and it was just as skimpy as my sister's, if not smaller, probably inappropriately so for a woman her age. Her large, mature breasts were barely contained by her top, as it struggled to contain her large bust, the thin patches stretched around them. I guess I didn't know how in shape she was. Sure, her older age meant she wasn't as taut and lithe as her niece, but she still definitely had a body built for bikinis. Her creamy skin was exposed, her tiny bikini showing off the goods. Her firm legs, her fit belly, her small navel, her trim arms, she was showing it all off. And her bikini bottoms molded to her nether-regions, almost indecently low-cut, barely covering her.

Part of me wanted to not have to deal with them, but at this point, I couldn't see how it could be avoided. As I got closer, I began to overhear their conversation.

"...it was the first time it ever happened. It was amazing!" Dana marveled.

"Hon, it happens to me all the time. There will come a time where it happens every time." Karen replied with a hint of a

smile. She looked out at the water, sensing my approach. "Hey there!"

"Uh... hi." I replied, treading water as I approached the beach, still submerged up to my neck.

"Morning." Dana replied, happy to see me. Her amusement annoyed me, after what she had pulled.

"Sleep well?" I asked.

"I slept great!" she replied, barely able to hide her glee.

"Well, I appreciate you turning off the alarm clock. I was gonna head out with the guys today." I told her.

"What are you talking about?" Dana replied, her smile fading.

"I set the alarm clock last night, and when I woke up, two hours past my alarm, the clock happened to be off. Now explain how that happened...?" I asked.

"Maybe you just suck at setting alarms." Dana replied.

"It was set." I said firmly, moving closer to the shore.

"I didn't turn it off. Why would I care, anyway? I don't give a fuck about your fucking alarm." Dana replied.

"Language!" warned a voice from behind her. I looked up in time to notice the third person, the one coming towards the beach.

Mom was approaching the sand, ready to sit in the third chair next to her daughter and sister. She was also wearing a bikini, like the two other women. Hers was black and red, the top being red with black trim, and the bottoms being black with red trim. Each of the stretchy cups of her top supported her large breasts, causing them to jiggle with every step. She was no fitness freak, but she was still in very good shape, having a more lush, voluptuous frame than a thin, taut one.

I knew this weekend was starting to affect me when I started describing my mother as voluptuous.

But, from a purely objective stance, she was voluptuous. Her large breasts were still very firm, with only just a bit of sag. While she certainly wasn't cut, most women her age would envy her belly and her firm legs. Most women would envy her round butt. While Dana was naturally more tan, and Karen had a creamier complexion, Mom was a bit more pale, but it kind of worked for her. She looked good. She was a very attractive woman.

As she got closer to the beach, I did the same, approaching the sand from the water. And it was as she got close that I found my footing under me, being able to walk the rest of the way. And even though she was annoyed at Dana for cursing in her presence, her attention was immediately drawn to me as I stepped out of the water.

All the women were staring as I emerged from the water, my upper half rising out of the lake. All three women were

practically gawking, watching the water pouring down my torso as the sun glistened off my tanned skin. The beads of clear liquid on my belly shone in the late morning light, each bead running down the lines of my stomach muscles, traveling down my torso till it rejoined the lake. The shorts were now molded to my crotch, and the water it was holding was weighing them down, exposing a bit more of my lower stomach than I would have liked, letting the three women see the triangle of muscles pointing down towards my crotch. My muscles were swollen from the long swim, so I supposed I probably looked pretty good, I guess. And as I stepped out of the water and looked up, the looks on the three women's faces confirmed that.

Dana's mouth was hanging open, her eyes wide behind her glasses. Karen's eyes were studying me, eyes admiring every muscle she could see, and some she could only imagine. But none of that compared to the look Mom was giving me.

She had stopped walking, her eyes glued to my body. Unconsciously, she licked her lips, and the indentations of her nipples beneath her top became very noticeable. Her eyes moved up and met mine, her holding my gaze for a moment. And the expression she gave me was one I had never seen before. It was an appraising, hungry look that was so unbelievably filthy that words could barely do it justice. Combined that with the fact that this was my mother added an extra layer of nastiness to this. Her eyes were heavy with barely concealed lust. Her lips were parted, as if sighing with pleasure.

Dana and Karen and Kendra, even the Twins, they had beat around the bush, teasing me, flirting with me, making little innuendos, joking or half-joking about some sort of attraction they had for me. It was never clear if this was serious, but at

that moment, with the look she was giving me, one thing was suddenly crystal clear.

My own mother was lusting for my body. And even though she had chided my sister for her choice of language, I'm sure the thoughts running through her head involved me and every four-letter word in the book.

"Jesus..." Aunt Karen sighed. "I tell you what, Jesse, if you weren't my nephew... I'd be mighty tempted to just tie you up and have my way with you."

"Aren't you married, Aunt Karen?" Dana asked, her eyes glued to my abs, causing Karen to smirk and roll her eyes. "Bro, you are gonna have to tell me your secret. Cause God damn..."

No chastising from Mom on that curse. She was still lost in her thoughts.

"Don't you have a boyfriend, Dana?" Karen replied, referring to Dana's boyfriend Stuart, who was some performance artist guy in the city. Him and Dana had been dating for almost a year now.

"I think we're gonna be breaking up." Dana said, her voice distracted, her eyes glued to my abs as she spoke.

As enjoyable as it might sound to be getting this kind of admiration from the opposite sex, it was dampened by the fact that they were all, you know, related to me. My mom, my sister, my aunt, all of them were lusting after my body right

then. This was all just so fucking crazy. I don't know what their intentions were and I didn't intend to find out.

"I'm gonna, uh, head back to the house." I said, pointing up at the house.

"Hold on." Mom said, breaking her silence. She began to saunter over to me, eyes locked on mine. She got within a few foot or two before stopping, pausing to look me up and down before meeting my eyes again. I was frozen in place, not knowing what was about to happen.

"If you're gonna be walking around like this, being so... exposed," Mom began. "You should really lather up." she held up a bottle of suntan lotion.

"Uh, I'm, uh, I'm about to head back in and change." I replied nervously, ready to walk back to the house.

"Nonsense." Mom said, and before I could avoid it, she stepped around me and squirted a dollop of suntan lotion on my back. Tossing the bottle away, Mom put her hands on my back, rubbing the smooth lotion into my skin. Knowing that I didn't want these globs of lotion on my back, I just stood there and let this happen.

"My goodness, hon," Mom said into my ear, the closeness making me shiver as I felt her hands tracing the taut ridges on my back. "I can see why your girlfriend is so happy." Her hands traced my back, covering every inch with the smooth lotion. I felt her fingers touching me, enjoying the close contact. I just stood frozen as she caressed my back with her hands, feeling her large, soft boobs pressing against me as she

did so. I know it was wrong, but there was something about feeling my mother's huge tits pressed against me that felt strangely comforting, reminding me of the warm and soft hugs she used to give me. And as she touched me, she kept whispering into my ear.

"You could show your father a thing or two."

"If he had a body like this, I would never let him leave the bedroom."

It felt weird to hear Mom kinda diss Dad like this, but I just went with it, not letting myself think too much about it.

"I can't believe my son is so built. You're just so big all over."

I wasn't that jacked. I wasn't, like, some overly muscled ox or anything like that. I had just filled out and toned things up... it wasn't like I was some bodybuilder. I was more lean than jacked, but that distinction clearly didn't matter at this point.

"God, I'm sorry, but I don't want to take my hands off you."

"You rubbed my feet, so I get to rub all your sore, swollen muscles."

"I could do this all day."

I was lulled into a daze, not noticing till it was too late that Mom's hands had rubbed all the lotion in already, so at this

point, it was just her hands rubbing my tan skin. And she wasn't rubbing my back any more, she had circled around, her fingers admiring my front, her slim fingers touching my firm abs, massaging them. I realized what was happening, and I jumped at her touch.

"Oh, uh... I think I'm good." I told her, moving away from her before turning to face her.

"Yes you are." she said with a giggle, eyes on my stiff stomach again. I simply turned and walked briskly away, all three women laughing at my discomfort.

I made my way to the pool area. I had left my shirt there, so I went to retrieve it, wanting to remove this temptation from the women, promising myself to keep my shirt on for the remainder of this reunion. I grabbed a towel and began to rub the water out of my hair, scrubbing at it firmly, obscuring my vision. I began to move it lower when all of a sudden, from the side...

"BOOM!"

With a shove, I was pushed into the pool, falling ungracefully into it, my mostly dry frame now completely soaked again. My head emerged from the water, looking for the source of this act. Standing on the edge of the pool was Kendra, laughing. She had changed clothes, exchanging her workout gear for something skimpier. A shiny, metallic blue bikini, seemingly perfectly molded to her body, hugging her mammoth breasts, leaving as much snowy skin exposed as possible. There was just one thin string connecting the thin patches covering her boobs, all that was stopping her boobs from bursting out. Below, her matching bikini bottoms perfectly flattered her thin

waist, showing some serious skin while still just decent enough to get by.

"What was that for?" I asked, a little annoyed.

"Well, now you're wet," she began, before diving smoothly into the water, joining me. She emerged a few feet in front of me, water dripping down her face. "Just like I am."

"Well, I was just about to go in and change." I explained.

"But now you're not. You're already in here, let's just stay. Two hot, half-naked people swimming together, what's the worst that could happen?" she asked.

"I'd rather not." I said, moving to the edge of the pool, beginning to pull myself out. As I did, she jumped forward, and before I could react I felt her hands at my waist, yanking at my shorts, dragging me back into the water. Again I fell inelegantly into the pool, feeling tied up and contorted in the water. Freeing my limbs, I rose to the surface.

"Kendra, c'mon..." I said, annoyed, before I noticed what was in her hands, and I felt my stomach drop.

"Got ya!" she said, smiling wide as she held my shorts in her hand. I looked down, realizing I was now completely naked in the water. "Your butt's very cute, by the way."

"Kendra!" I cried out, reaching for my shorts, but she scooted back smoothly, keeping the shorts away. I covered myself with

one hand as I chased after her, but she moved around smoothly enough to keep away from me, clearly better in the water than I was. I didn't want to get too close to her, for obvious reasons in my current state, and keeping one hand under the water didn't give me as much leverage as I would have wanted. Like the athlete she was, she danced away from my efforts to catch her. Her smile was so smug as she did this, fueling my frustration.

"Kendra!" I screamed out. "This isn't funny!"

She put one hand on my chest, keeping me away, her nails digging into my chest lightly. As she did, her eyes glanced down, looking for visual confirmation of my current predicament. I tried to jump forward to grab my shorts, but she kept them held back. I heard approaching voices.

"What is going on here?" Aunt Karen asked, as her, Mom, and Dana entered the pool area. All three could clearly decipher the clues, but they just wanted to be up close to the action.

"I don't know if we have enough chairs to sit down and watch the action up close." Dana commented.

"If you want your shorts back, you'll have to catch me." Kendra commented before sliding under the water. As I dove down to give chase, I heard Aunt Karen reply to Dana.

"Well, if we don't have enough chairs, I can just sit on Jesse's face." Karen said.

I didn't have time to react to this before diving under the water. I tried to get my hands on Kendra, but she was swimming like a fish. I couldn't get close to her. Finally, I backed her into a corner, and as I swam in close, she broke the surface. I followed just behind, just in time to see her toss my shorts over the fence of the pool area. My stomach dropped in horror as I contemplated my predicament. I was naked, surrounded by four of my barely clad relatives, stuck in the pool. How could I get out of this without having to let them all see me in my glory?

Dana ran out and picked up my shorts, dancing around, dangling them from her fingertips, daring me to grab them. All of the women were laughing and I could feel the blood rushing in my head as embarrassment really hit me. I didn't know what to do.

"ENOUGH!"

We all jumped, and I looked back to see Grandma standing next to the pool, having emerged from inside.

"What are you all doing?" Grandma said, marching over to Dana. She ripped the shorts from a suddenly sheepish Dana, and tossed the shorts to me in the pool. "You should all be ashamed of yourselves," she told the girls as I quickly pulled the shorts on. "I'm sorry, Jesse." she said, apologizing on behalf of the other women.

I pulled myself out of the water, eager to just get away. Grandma handed me a towel and I made to quickly dry off. Seeing I was now safe, she returned indoors. I was about to follow when I heard a wolf-whistle from behind. All of them giggled as they stared at my butt. I quickly made my way

inside, shutting the sliding glass door behind me, hearing the laughter from the other side once I did so.

"I'm sorry about them." Grandma replied, heading towards the fridge.

"Yeah, I don't know what's going on." I explained. "Ever since we got here... it's like something's in the water or something. I don't know why they are all acting this way, why they are all obsessed with teasing me... I mean, I'm not that interesting." She listened to me as she poured herself a glass of orange juice. She looked at me for a moment, as if choosing whether or not to say something.

"Well, they get like this," she began. "When they all get together, this competition for attention comes out."

"Attention?" I asked skeptically. It didn't feel like these women were interested in my attention. More like they were interested in my dick.

"Trust me, I know these girls, at least your mother and Karen." Grandma explained. "Whenever one of the girls brought a boy over, they would all preen and pose and compete for attention. It seems like that carries on with your cousin and your sister. It's just a game, Jesse, nothing more." I looked at her, still skeptical. "Don't worry, hon, I'll keep the peace. Not let them get too carried away. Hopefully, once more people show up, they'll calm down." That felt more assuring, and she could sense this. She smiled at me and wiped some sweat off her brow.

"It's gonna be a hot one," she estimated.

"You're telling me," I replied. "Sweat was dripping in my eyes when I was running."

"How'd you like the trail?" she asked.

"It was good." I replied.

"Some of the neighbors complained when I would use the trail. Mostly Rochelle, a couple houses down," she began. "I think she was just jealous at being shown up by an old lady," she said with a laugh. I laughed as well.

For the first time, it felt like I was having a normal conversation with one of the women here. Grandma was clearly not experiencing the madness that the other women were. She just seemed normal, and she was right, she had been policing the girls, not letting anything go beyond the point of no return. I vowed, on top of keeping my shirt on, to stay in range of her, so she could police things among the women that I could not.

She was a pretty cool lady, all things considered. Not only was she fun to be around and the opposite of some doddering old lady, she had an admirable story. Her husband, my grandfather, was out of the picture, and she didn't crumble once he was gone. She used it as motivation, probably being more vibrant and active than ever, as well as probably being in the best shape of her life.

Her outfit was a bit more flattering than the day before, wearing a snug, black short-sleeved top, some grey shorts,

and a pair of flip-flops. But compared to the other women, her outfit was practically puritanical. So, due to that, I didn't feel any hesitance being around her.

And clearly, and most importantly, at this point, she was the only person who could see what was happening to me and was on my side. Trying to keep these women out of my way, not letting them get carried away, almost acting as my bodyguard. At this point, around these women, she was the only one I could trust.

For the first time, I felt a little bit of hope, hoping I could find a way to make it through this reunion, now that I had help.

This hope was dashed when I entered my bedroom to change. It was then that I noticed my bed had been put to use in my couple hour absence. The sheets were pulled back and wrinkled, as if someone had lied there. And the sheets looked moist, as if soaked with sweat and maybe... something else. And lying in the middle of bed was a tiny, discarded black thong. My eyes were drawn to it for a few seconds, studying it. How did this end up here?

Dana, probably. She had pleased herself last night in my presence, and she did it again as soon as I left, leaving the evidence at the scene of the crime.

Shaking my head and dodging the thong like it was a dangerous animal, I changed and left the room quickly.

I tried to keep myself in the middle of the crowd, not giving anyone the chance to corner me or anything. And for a while, it worked. I kept myself busy, and also grandma was around, so for a couple hours there, it was life as normal. But these women were crafty, and they used even the smallest opportunities to make a move.

We were having lunch, and this time, Mom sat across from me, bending over noticeably, her deep crevasse of cleavage exposed to my eyes. So as she sat down, I sat up, not giving her a chance.

Kendra did make it a point to do her yoga in my eye line as I talked with some other relatives, posing, shoving her boobs outward in her small yoga outfit, giving me a sly smile. I simply turned away, not even giving her one cursory glance again.

And Karen, she was more brazen than most. I didn't realize till it was too late that she was using technology to her advantage, sending me a text. While the other women were teasing and flirty, she was done with the bullshit. She was making her intentions very clear, starting with one, simple text.

"I want to spend all night swallowing your semen. Seriously."

I looked up at her, her eyes meeting mine just in time. She licked her lips, causing me to wince. She wasn't done, either. She kept at it, trying to wear me down by continuously sending me this filth.

"You must be so hard after all this teasing... that cum needs to go somewhere. Why not in me?"

"Young guys like you have the BEST cum! So thick, so yummy."

"Your girlfriend is thousands of miles away and you have a bursting dick. Let me help."

"I would worship your teenage dick."

"Just send your Aunt a few dick pics, at least, something for me to remember you by."

"Make sure its hard as it gets before you do. I want to see it throb."

"Just think of me, if you need help getting really, truly hard."

"I would repay the favor. Your inbox would full of pics of your aunt's big, naked boobs."

"My cunt."

"My ass."

"I would let you absolutely RAVAGE me."

"You're backed up with cum, and I have three holes in need of some hard, young dick. Do the math."

"It's gonna happen. You can't ignore your fate."

Eventually, she did send me a picture, a picture of her huge boobs in her tight, pink bikini caressed together, showcasing the soft, smooth skin. The worst was that I received it as I was texting with Sandy, so I was forced to compare the two, realizing that my aunt was far more womanly and curvy than my young girlfriend. I tried not to let Aunt Karen get to me, trying to ignore her, but her words were hard to forget.

It was clear that despite it being incest, she had no apprehension about fucking me. She had made that point abundantly clear. Did all of them really want to fuck me, or just Karen? Were they just playing this game, or were they really willing to go as far as Karen did? I hoped for one answer, but I knew the truth.

My mother, my sister, my cousin, my aunt... they all wanted to fuck me. For real.

I tried not to think about it, but it was impossible to ignore. All these relatives wanted to fuck me. They wanted my dick. It was madness, insanity, but despite everything, my dick was now constantly hard. It loved these games apparently. I didn't want any of this attention, obviously, but my girlfriend was far away, so I had no healthy outlet for this pressure. I was backed up, surrounded by a bunch of women who clearly desired to alleviate me of my current condition.

And just when I had forgotten about the twins, they reappeared. It was a little ways on in the day when people arrived who weren't staying at the house. It was a pretty

listless, unorganized day, some people grouping off for one thing or another. I was sitting outside at a table, next to one of my great-aunts or cousins, whatever, someone I didn't know that well, but their presence was enough to prevent any of the women from making a move. I was on my phone, texting with Sandy, and it was only after it was too late that I realized the people sitting near me were gone, leaving me seated alone. And when I looked up, here came the twins, bopping towards me, excited to see me.

They were both giggly and they stumbled slightly as they approached, moving in time with the song playing through the speakers.

"Hey!" they called out.

"Oh... hi." I said, not really up for either of them at this point. Both of them were dressed in similar outfits, short denim shorts and checkered shirts, tied in a knot up front, leaving their bellies and long legs exposed. The only difference was one of their tops was purple, the other red. I remembered what they mentioned yesterday about how to tell them apart, and noted the mole on Chastity's hip.

"Hey, Chastity." I said to my cousin in the red top. "Bethany." I greeted. Both of them smiled wide.

"Impressive!" Bethany said, before giggling again.

"What's up?" I asked.

"Nothing, haha!" Chastity said, as if they were both in on some joke that I wasn't. Both of them were shaking their hips to the music. They bumped their hips together in front of me and laughed again. Then I realized I had seen this type of behavior all the time at parties at school.

They were drunk.

"You guys just gonna dance?" I asked, with a raised eyebrow. As I asked, a more up tempo song began playing.

"That's nothing!" Bethany asserted. And then, as if on cue, in perfect time to the music, they both bent over at the waist in front of me. As they rose up slowly, they looked right at me, staring me down. Their butts pressed into each others' as they straightened up.

"What are you doing?" I asked, a little worried.

"This is dancing!" Chastity asserted, but in my mind, this wasn't the dancing I had in mind.

It was more like a lap dance.

Both of them shimmied in front of me, their flat bellies undulating as they danced close to me. Both of them turned away from me and shook their butts at me, jiggling them like they were dancers in a music video. They even did some of that 'twerking' stuff before sitting on my legs, one on each leg and began slowly, confidently sliding against my legs, practically grinding right up on me.

I was mortified by this, hoping no one was watching, but of course, my confused dick was as hard as iron.

Both of them finally stood up, looking down at me like I was their prey, crooked smiles on their faces.

"Hey... you should drive us back to our hotel." Bethany offered, slurring her words slightly.

"Uh, I... I don't think that's a good idea." I stammered out.

"Well, if you do, then we can..." Chastity began. Then both of them jumped slightly as someone's hands landed on their shoulders.

"Girls." Grandma began. Both of them turned to look at her, as if caught with their hands in the cookie jar. Grandma looked at them, unhappy.

"Let's go find your mom." Grandma began. "I'll want to find out where she was while you two were getting into the booze. Then, she can give you a ride back to the hotel so you can sleep this off."

Shrugging their shoulders, the twins allowed themselves to be led away. Grandma turned back and gave me a knowing smile. She was clearly again looking out for me, protecting me from these voracious predators.

"Oh my God." Dana said, her words causing me to jump, as she slid into the chair next to me, from out of nowhere.

"Uh, what?" I asked, caught off guard, before remembering that I was still mad at her for the whole, waking me up with her loud masturbation thing and then apparently doing it again in my bed while I was outside.

"Those girls are so trashy!" Dana said, putting her hand on my shoulder.

"Well, uh... yeah." I said, stopping myself from making a mean comment to Dana.

"I'm serious, I mean, like, I took a pole dancing class, so I know what I'm talking about. They don't know what they're doing at all." Dana asserted.

"Ok." I said, not wanting to think about my sister dancing on a stripper pole.

"I'm, like, really good. I can show you what, like, REAL dancing is." Dana said.

"I'm good." I said, trying to find any excuse to leave this conversation.

"No... seriously, let's go upstairs. I will show you what I can do," she said, as if I was doubting that she would actually do it. At this point, I was surprised she wasn't dancing nude in front of me right now.

"No, let's not," I replied. "And besides, I doubt Grandma has a stripper pole lying around."

"Well, I'm sure there's a big pole lying around here somewhere," she teased, putting her hand on my leg.

"OK!" I asserted, standing up and walking away before she could pull me even farther down this line of conversation.

I walked around a bit before finding a set at a round picnic table next to some of the kids. Surely, I would be safe now. I retreated again to my phone for a few minutes, before pausing to look up across the lake, looking at the sunlight glittering off the water. Due to this whole experience, I had failed to acknowledge the beauty of this place. It was stunning.

And then my view of this beautiful vista was interrupted by a view of a huge pair of tits.

Again, as if out of nowhere (I really should get my peripheral vision checked), standing in front of me was Kendra, fresh from her workout, still in her yoga clothes.

"Oh, uh, sorry," she said with a knowing smile. "I left my drink right here."

And as opposed to reaching around me, she reached over me, so before I knew it, my face was suddenly pressed into my cousin's mammoth, barely covered, sweaty tits. The smooth, exposed flesh slid against my face as she practically forcibly

made me motorboat her. I scrunched my eyes shut and tried to pull back, but I was stuck against the table. She reached over me lazily, no doubt taking advantage of my precarious position, scrubbing her huge, sports bra clad tits against my face. Finally, she pulled away, looking down at me with a cocky smile.

"Sorry, Jesse. These things tend to get in the way sometimes." Kendra said, chewing on her lower lip.

"I'm sure." I replied in an unamused tone, stomping away from her as she laughed at my discomfort.

I ended up sitting on one of the pool chairs staring away towards the lake, hoping the sight of the gorgeous lake and the sounds of the rippling water could relax me. I was able to calm down slightly for a few moments, finally breathing a little easier.

"There you are!" Karen announced, causing me to jump. Before I could react, she moved next to me and sat down on my lap, planting her skirt-covered ass squarely over my crotch, my thick cock pressing into her lush ass. "Mmm, I can tell you're happy to see me," she said with a lilting laugh, wiggling her butt in my lap.

"Oh, uh, Aunt Karen..." I stammered. She gave me a knowing smile and slid her arm around my shoulders, pressing the side of one of her huge tits against my chest. Her low-cut top was spread open, forcing me to notice the soft skin and her impressive, juicy cleavage. She had a martini glass in her hand, dangling from her fingers.

"Here, you hold this," she said firmly, handing me the glass and I had no choice but to take it. She smiled at my compliance.

"Aunt Karen... what are you doing?" I asked in a panic, hoping no one would see this intimate act.

"God, you're such a flirt," she laughed, sliding one hand against my chest lazily. "Dragging me over here, practically begging me to sit in your lap."

"I, uh, I didn't want..." I began.

"Trust me, Jesse, that slab of teenage meat pressing into my ass tells me exactly what you want." Karen stated with a condescending smile. She ground her ass into me harder, making me wince.

"Aunt Karen... please!" I begged. She spun on my lap till she was facing me, her crotch pressed into mine as she ground against me, her huge breasts hanging down between us, drawing my eyes. She was close to me... too close. The intimacy made me shiver.

"You're such a dirty, dirty boy, Jesse, but you act so innocent. It's so cute how you play hard to get," she whispered huskily, grinding against me. Her skirt was splayed out on my lap, which meant she was grinding her cunt against my bulge. She flipped up her skirt to let me see the little underwear she was wearing. It was a flashy, bright orange. "But we both know you want this. Here, let Aunt Karen have a sip." She pulled my hand to her, taking a sip out of the martini glass I was holding. "Mmm, very good. This is so nice. Look at you, grinding

against your hot aunt, so needy. Poor baby must be so, so horny. You can't control yourself around a woman like me, even if it is your own aunt. But that's okay. I like making you squirm. And I have a confession... I'm horny too," she whispered, her smooth waves of hair grazing my shoulder, her voice in my ear making me shiver. "Women my age, we're horny all the time. And that goes double in my case. I don't know if you know this, Jesse, but your favorite aunt is, like, constantly all horned up. It's always been that way. I'm horny right now." she stated, grinning as she squirmed on my meaty bulge.

"Uh... I've sensed that." I replied, remembering the texts she had sent, trying to ignore the pleasure she was conjuring, too afraid to put my hands on her and push her away.

"Mmm, I knew you liked those texts," she said, smiling even wider. "I'm sorry if I got carried away, but when I text with hot guys, that tends to happen. Texts become sexts so easily."

"You do it often?" I had to ask.

"Mmm, all the time," she admitted, sharing this secret with me. "It's all in good fun, though, Jesse. Harmless flirting, right?"

"Uh... it didn't feel harmless." I replied. She looked into my eyes, and I could tell from her expression that these texts, this flirting, it was deadly serious. "Um, Aunt Karen, I need to, uh, get up..." I began, moving to stand, but she shoved my shoulders back into the chair. She looked down at me for a moment, grinding on me, before speaking up, licking her lips, her voice husky.

"So... I'm horny, and you're horny... I think we should help each other out. I'm thinking... that me and you can..." she began.

"Karen!" Grandma called out from around the corner. Karen looked up, a death glare crossing her face. She stood up just in time, so when Grandma appeared, she didn't notice anything too amiss.

"Yes, Mother?" Karen replied, her tone icy.

"I need your help with the dinner prep." Grandma urged, no doubt knowing exactly what was going on here. Karen sighed angrily.

"Of course." Karen said, giving her mother a forced smile. Karen angrily took her drink from my hand and downed it.

"We'll finish this later." Karen said, her tone firm and insistent. I gulped, knowing she wasn't done with me. Not yet. I took a deep breath to cool down, before noticing the wet spot on my shorts, evidence of what my aunt had just been doing. I grabbed a towel and tried to rub the moisture away, hoping no one would notice.

It was as if all these girls knew that the pressure had to be turned up, and they were all stepping it up, being more and more blatant. Mom was feeling me up. Aunt Karen was grinding on me and sending me filthy texts, plainly offering her own nephew sex. I had the twins giving me a lap dance,

and my own sister offering me the same. I had my cousin shoving her boobs in my face.

I didn't know how far these women would be willing to go.

Dinner came and went without incident. Thank god. Well, mostly without incident.

Karen kept glancing at me from down the table, taking every opportunity to flirt in whatever way she could. She gave me the universal blowjob symbol with her tongue pressing into her inner cheek. She was still active with the texts as well, doing it from under the table.

"I bet you're fighting the urge to get on your knees and get your dessert between my legs."

"Do it... no one will notice."

"Be a man."

"You belong on your knees, eagerly pleasuring a powerful woman. And you will be eager, trust me."

"Let's see if this makes your mouth water."

With that, she sent a picture, clearly taken as she sat at the table. A picture up her skirt, between her spread legs, showcasing the thin, lacy underwear she was wearing. It was practically see-through. You could see a teasing hint of her vagina lips, and also a hint of her thin stylish landing strip. I unconsciously licked my lips before catching myself, hoping she didn't notice.

"I saw that!" she texted quickly, smiling wide with amusement. I silenced my phone, not needing the distraction. Not needing that temptation at the moment.

I did my best to stay close to Grandma, to keep her as the gatekeeper, so I was happily offering to help bring in dishes, something I wouldn't normally do. I mean, I'm a nice enough guy, but hey, if I could get away with dodging that chore, I would.

I lugged in some food behind Grandma, following her as we set them down. I was just about to talk when the phone rang, so Grandma picked it up. I looked up just in time to see Mom enter the kitchen. Noting my presence, she smiled as she moved up to me.

"What's up?" I asked, trying not to act like things weren't too awkward after she practically felt me up this morning.

"All I can think about was how good that foot rub felt yesterday," she said with a coy smile. "I was wondering if we could go up to my room and you could give me another."

"Uh, no, it was a one-time thing, I think," I replied. She glanced over, making sure her mother was occupied on the phone.

"You do know that we're not really talking about a foot-rub?" she asked, her voice low, her confidence rising. I looked at her and gulped. She began walking slowly, approaching me like an animal hunting its prey. "Once that door closes... and me and you are alone... you're not gonna be rubbing my feet, unless you want to. Me and you are gonna be getting naked... and sweaty... and I'll show you what a real woman could do."

I began to panic. My mom was propositioning me, laying it all out on the table, offering me hot, naked sex. What was happening here? Had I entered some crazy, alternate dimension where this kind of thing was suddenly okay?

Luckily, the sound of the phone slamming crisply into the cradle interrupted the awkward moment.

"Well, that was your husband." Grandma announced. Mom rolled her eyes and looked back at her mother.

"Where's he at?" Mom asked.

"It sounds like they all are catching a baseball game, so they will be getting in pretty late. Probably after we all go to bed." Grandma said.

Suddenly, panic hit me. I couldn't count on the guys showing me up and diffusing the situation. I was gonna be alone with these girls for even longer. I couldn't put up with this.

I had to get away. I backed out of the room and went back outside. Of course, someone was waiting to pounce. This time, it was Dana.

"Hey, I was thinking," she began, sidling up to me, walking beside me.

"Not now." I said, not even looking at her.

"I looked up your girlfriend online..." she began with a coy smile. "I must say, I'm not too impressed."

"Wh... what?" I said, pausing, looking back at her with confusion. We were suddenly interrupted by one of our young cousins, a little girl named Judy.

"Uh, Dana?" she began, looking up at Dana with stars in her eyes, clearly worshipping her older, beautiful cousin. "Can you... can you walk me to that big tree again?" she asked sweetly, tugging on my sister's shirt. Dana looked down at her, not appreciating this interruption.

"Um... not now." Dana replied, shooing the little girl away with a casual gesture of the hand, not even bothering to put up the act of being a kind family member to the young girl when it interrupted her flirting time. "Go away."

Judy, crushed, ran off, tears in her eyes. I looked at Dana, angry and shocked at how easily mean she could be, but she was unbothered. She looked at me and flashed me her pearly whites again.

"Anyway, uh, where was I? Sandy, that's right. Anyway, I mean, yeah, she's a good, like, beginner girlfriend, but she's not built to last." Dana said.

"Dana, be quiet." I replied, shaking my head, ready to turn away, not wanting to deal with her right now.

"She's so... flat. And boring. She's curveless, Jesse, and a guy like you wants a girl with some fucking curves." Dana asserted, jutting out her chest pointedly. I was just looking at her, wondering how she could so easily switch from being so casually cruel to this strange form of teasing. "Girls like her don't end up with guys like you. Trust me. All these guys want to be with special snowflakes, but all the hottest guys end up with girls with tits the size of cantaloupes."

"I don't want to hear this." I replied, annoyed, wanting to turn away.

"And don't get me started on her face. Bro, I'm sorry, but you've picked up an uggo." Dana said, laughing wickedly, clearly loving to talk about other girls this way.

"Dana!" I called out angrily. "Drop it!" I said firmly, not wanting to hear her bullshit any longer. I finally began to walk away when she ran after me, grabbing my bicep firmly.

"Wait, wait, wait!" she called out, squeezing my arm between her fingers lovingly, forcing me to look back at her one last time. "I really think you should visit me sometime. You're out at college, and that's nice, but I can show you what things are

like in the real world. You can stay at my place for a while. I can even show you those moves on the stripper pole you seemed so interested in." she offered, as if that sweetened the deal.

"I don't care." I said, beginning to jog away from her.

"Wait!" she called out after me. I knew her enough to know she wasn't gonna give chase. "We can hang out... tour the city... make babies." I gave her a look back, not sure if I heard her right. But at this point, it didn't matter.

I had to get away. So, I ran.

I had to get away, and find a way to maybe, just maybe, find a way out of this mess I had fallen into. Because these experienced women had their sights on me, and if I wasn't careful, I would end up in balls deep in one of my hot relatives.

Yeah, I had to run.

TheTalkMan's Note: Chapter 2, coming soon. Jesse get's to the bottom of what's going on...will these answers push him away, or draw him closer? One of these women must have what it takes to tame that teenage dick, but who?

Chapter 2

The Roots Turn Inward

I didn't know where I was going, but I just ran. I ended up back on the trail I was on this morning. I didn't stop till I was on the other side of the lake from the house. I finally ended up on one of the small pedestrian bridges before I came to a stop. I looked back behind me and saw the lake house across the lake, standing there, looking less like a house and more like a demon, a place where the most awkward experiences of my life had just happened. And forcing forward, freedom.

I looked down the river, seeing the glistening water shine in the sherbet colored sunset. The world looked so bright looking this way, but turning around, the house was already shrouded in shadow.

What was I going to do? This was absolute craziness. I had my aunt propositioning me through sexts. I had my cousin throwing her boobs in my face and basically letting me know I could have her up the ass any time I wanted. I had my own mother offering to take me to her room for naked sweaty sex. And I had my sister offering to dance on a stripper pole and expressing the desire to "make babies" with me. And the twins... I don't even want to start on the twins.

The world had flipped on its axis. I had taken a plane cross-country only to end up on another planet. A planet where incest was accepted and apparently normal, where any semblance of recognition of all these people I had known my whole life had disappeared, and in their place, lusty, teasing, sex-crazed seductresses.

If I went back there, I would be getting caught up in the spider's web again, putting myself in their lair. And the worst thing was how I had responded. My dick had enjoyed the attention, and there was some part of me that let them play these games with me as the target. I was afraid what would happen if the pressure became too much to take.

I didn't want it. I didn't want any of this! I just want to go back to Sandy and escape this madness. I wanted normalcy. I wanted to escape the clutches of this family once and for all. With Sandy, I could be myself, be free of expectations, be free of the pressure they put on me. And also, now, be free of these weird sexual games.

I couldn't be here anymore. I couldn't. I didn't care if they got mad or upset or offended. They started this, and I wasn't gonna get pushed around anymore. I didn't care what explanation they gave Dad once he got back. I needed to leave now.

But how? I could just run, run away, but that didn't seem like a very smart plan. Maybe... I could call a cab, and get driven to an airport, or a hotel. Yeah, that might work. I checked my pockets, realizing I had my phone, but not my wallet. Damn. I needed my wallet to get anywhere. I didn't care about the other stuff. I could leave it behind. Grandma would surely understand, and would probably mail everything back to me. But I needed the wallet, so no matter what, I needed to go back to the house. I needed to get to my room, grab my wallet and get out.

I paced around, working out the plan. I had to wait people out, let the crowd thin out, so I could get in and out as quietly as

possible, hopefully without being seen. I could grab my wallet, sneak back out, look up a taxi service and go from there. This could work.

I hung around the trail for a while, watching the sun go down. I needed the cover of darkness to aid me, so I hid out, walking the area leisurely. At one point, I heard a runner approaching, so I hid behind a tree, just in time to dodge Kendra, once again in her workout clothes, on a late night jog seemingly. But I knew she wasn't out here for exercise. She paused to look around a bit, but eventually she moved on.

A little later, I was suddenly getting a call, only to check it and be confronted by that damn picture of Aunt Karen's huge tits and juicy cleavage. I silenced the call, only to get another buzz a few moments later. I pulled it up and saw she had sent me a text. Due to some morbid curiosity, I had to see what she sent.

"You can try to run from me, but I know you want me."

The texts kept coming.

"I am so fucking soaked right now."

"I want to floss your teeth with my thong."

"I want you to peel my ass-cheeks apart and lick in between."

When she started sending pictures, I worked up the nerve to stash my phone away, resisting the urge to peek.

Soon the sun was down and the lake was lit by the moonlight and the luminescent glow of fireflies hovering in the air. I made my way quietly back towards the lake house. It was eerily silent as I approached. No voices, no music, nothing. Judging by the parked cars, Dad and the guys were still not here. It wasn't that late, so I didn't think all the women would be in bed. I hoped they would be hanging outside, talking so I could sneak in and not run into anyone inside. But, judging by what I could see, none of them were outside, meaning they were all in the house somewhere.

Trying to be stealthy, I slid open the door. Walking quietly up the stairs, I felt a sudden heaviness in my chest. It was as if I could suddenly sense that something bad was gonna happen. And as soon as my feet hit the landing, and I looked down the long hallway that connected to all the bedrooms, the house awoke.

The closest door opened up and out stepped Kendra, wearing only a slinky, thin little nightie. The nightie was made of a thin pink silk, held up by thin spaghetti straps and scooped low enough to showcase the expanse of her jaw-dropping cleavage. The hem of the nightie was very short, barely covering her ass, leaving her firm legs totally bare. Looking at this sexed up woman in the doorway, dressed in pink, confirmed that the tomboy I once knew was long gone. As she moved to stand in the doorway, her massive, bra-less boobs jiggled beneath her thin covering.

"Where did you go?" she asked with a knowing smile.

"Just, uh, around." I stammered, not trying to look at my sexy cousin. She held my gaze for a few moments, as if she was appraising me and my actions.

"You know, I've never had a guy do so much work to not hook up with me. I'm hurt." Kendra stated, just laying it all out there.

"Uhhh... cousins." I replied simply, making the point as to why sex could never happen.

"I don't know what else I could do, I mean, I'm not nearly as whorish as my mom, I'm not as much of a bitch as your sister, and I'm not your own mom. I've made it abundantly clear what I would let you do to me." Kendra stated, fingering the hem of her nightie. "Don't you think I'm sexy, Jesse?"

"Again, Kendra, you're my cousin." I stated, eager again to just escape from this awkwardness.

"Doesn't that make it better? Wouldn't it be so much hotter that way?" she asked, stepping towards me. "Isn't it weird how much we have in common? We would be, like, an amazing couple, and you know it. Everyone would be so jealous of us. We're perfect for each other. We're built for each other. Imagine how good the sex would be." She said, putting her hand on my arm.

"I, uh, I've got to go." I stammered, trying to make it past her. I looked away from her, down the hall, only to stop in my tracks. Cause me and Kendra weren't alone.

"Face it, hon." Aunt Karen stated, posing with one arm on the wall. "Jesse doesn't want a young little slut like you. He wants a real woman."

I gulped as I stared at her. Aunt Karen was dressed to kill, going far further than her daughter. She was dressed in full-on lingerie, colored black. She wore severely high stilettos, which led up to her stocking covered legs. The fine black mesh showcased every inch of her firm, long stems, making them look mouth-watering. She wore a garter-belt, which connected to the stockings. Under the garter belt was a thin, black miniscule thong, barely covering her vagina, and no-doubt exposing a lot more of her rear end. And up top, barely containing her massive, full breasts was a matching bra, digging into the lush flesh, the smooth edges of her enormous jugs pouring round the edges. Her long, curly hair cascaded down past her shoulders, and her face wore an expression of heavy, smoky lust.

"The last thing Jesse wants is an old lady." Kendra scoffed. She moved in behind me, and I felt her massive breasts pressing into my back.

"I disagree, my dear." Karen replied, approaching me. "If a guy has to choose between a... little, young girl, or a gorgeous older woman," she began, running her hands over her own breasts and down her body while dismissing her daughter verbally, "Young men like him would choose an older bitch to tell him what to do, to dominate him. Someone like Jesse would much rather have a mommy than a girlfriend, and if his own mom can't get the job done, then I guess it's up to me."

"Excuse me?" Mom said, stepping out of her room. She was dressed skimpy as well, wearing a red bra with a matching

thong and nothing else. (Why did all these women bring these skimpy clothes to a family reunion?) A large expanse of her creamy skin was exposed, and like her sister, her boobs were overflowing her bra. "If Jesse wants a mommy, he doesn't need to look any further," Mom said, stepping near me, putting her hand on my shoulder, staking her claim in me.

"Ha!" Kendra laughed. "Why would a guy want to fuck his own MOM?"

"And why would a guy want to fuck his trashy cousin?" Mom asked, making Kendra scowl. "A man would fuck his own mother because she is offering him the best sex he could ever hope to have. Better than anything his slutty cousin or his trashy aunt could offer. I know him best, and I know what is best for him. He's my son. I know what he likes and what he needs. Trust me, moms know these things. Now, Jesse, come with me." she said, gripping me, trying to pull me along with her to her room, using the same tone she used to use when I was behaving badly.

"Wait..." I attempted, resisting being pulled in any direction. I evaded their grasp, moving down the hall a bit, turning to face them all. "No! I don't want to fuck any of you. I have a girlfriend who I love. And plus... we are all related! We're family! Have you all forgotten that?"

They all looked back at me, almost angry, as if it was offensive to them that I didn't want to do anything with them.

"Well, Jesse, I think little Jesse disagrees." Aunt Karen said, looking at my bulging crotch.

"It's not so little." Kendra said, gawking.

"Jesse, you're cock knows what it wants, so take it now." Mom said. Hearing Mom say the word cock sent an unnerving ripple of fear through me. I turned to walk away, to get in my room and get my supplies. But I was stopped again.

My sister stood in front of me, blocking my path, wearing only a towel, as if she had just stepped out of the shower. Her hair was dry, but her body still looked slick with moisture. Her large, bulbous breasts were barely contained by the towel, bursting to escape their snug confines.

"Jesse, you don't want any of them as much as you want me." Dana stated.

"Ha!" Kendra laughed loudly.

"Don't kid yourself, dear." Karen stated.

"Dana, face it... you're a huge bitch. Why would Jesse actually choose you?" Mom asked.

"Yeah, we've never gotten along," Dana stated. "Yeah, I'm a bitch. But, all that simmering tension between us will really translate to the bedroom. Trust me. I am an amazing lay, and you've always known that. You hate me, but you love how hot I am. You love my body. You love my breasts," she said, moving close to me. "You think I'm a bitch, but that doesn't stop you from wanting to cum all over my massive tits. You see this, my big tits, my face... I want your cum on all of it. Everywhere. And me being a bitch... it only makes you want to do it even

more. I'll be in my room naked tonight, and so will you, but we both know we won't be sleeping. Once you see what I can do, you'll forget all about your little girlfriend."

"Don't... don't talk about her." I said, the anger and tension about to boil over. I hated that cocky smirk Dana wore on her face. I was being pulled apart. I didn't know whether to shout at her to prove her wrong or fuck her brains out and prove her right. These women were pushing me to the edge, and the last thing I needed now was to hear was any slights against my girlfriend.

"Oh my God, face it Jesse," Kendra began from behind me. "Your girlfriend's a dog."

"Hon, she is not pretty." Mom stated. "You deserve better."

"You will never end up with her," Karen said. "You need a lot more than her."

"Is she funny or something?" Dana asked.

"Please! Just, all of you, STOP!" I called out, trying to vent all this anger and tension.

"Aww, he's upset!" Karen remarked, her amusement making me even angrier. "Upset cause we're making fun of his flat-chested girlfriend."

"Admit it, honey." Mom began, moving to my side. "We all know you two aren't going to last. And we all know you're gonna be having sex tonight."

"So it might as well be my ass your balls are slapping against tonight." Kendra remarked, sliding her breasts against my back sensually.

"I don't think so," Karen argued, stepping in front of me. Now, I had Mom to my side, Kendra behind me, and Karen pressed against my front. She spun around in front of me, pressing her thong-clad butt into my crotch. I looked down to see my Aunt sliding her nearly bare ass against my clothed, bulging shaft, my dick sliding between the two cheeks. I looked down, noting the way the tiny thong threaded between the two ripe cheeks. I noted the tattoo on my aunt's butt, a vibrant, colorful blooming flower. I felt her hair slide against my neck, making me shiver.

I used my superior strength to push out from the crowd, escaping the clutches of the three women, but Dana still stood in my way. She looked up at me, breathing deep. She began to reach under her arm, where the towel was tied.

"Jesse, you've needed to see these for a long time," Dana said, untying her towel. I closed my eyes just as the towel slipped from her frame, so I avoided seeing my own sister in the buff. But that meant I couldn't see where I was going, and the women took advantage. They closed in around me, so I was surrounded from all sides. Pressed between them, I felt sensation all over. I felt a big pair of naked tits pressing into my shirt covered chest. I felt another pair pressed against my back, and I felt another two bra-clad pairs of breasts against my sides and arms. I felt hands against me, some sliding up

under my shirt, against my arms. I felt one hand squeeze my ass firmly, and I felt another one grab my cock, giving the swollen shaft one long, firm squeeze. I felt lips slide against my neck, my shoulder, I even felt a mystery pair of lips press into mine. I was frozen, stuck in place, surrounded by these four women, eyes closed to protect me from seeing what they were doing to me. I didn't know how I was gonna get out of this one.

And then, I heard a new voice, and a hand grab onto my shoulder firmly.

"Jesse!" Grandma called out, her voice breaking through the tumult. "Come with me now!"

Her hand pulled at me, and knowing I could trust her, I allowed myself to be pulled along by her. I broke through the group of women, and I was pulled into a new room. I let my eyes open to see that I had been pulled inside of Grandma's room. I looked back just in time to see Grandma slam the door shut and lock it, leaving the women in the hall.

"Ladies, leave him alone!" Grandma called out through the door, "And Dana, put your clothes on!" She guided me towards the bed.

I looked around the room. I hadn't been in this room since I was a kid, and it looked a lot different now. It was a very large room, maybe three times the size of the bedroom I was staying in. It opened up onto the balcony I had seen her standing on before, overlooking the pool. There was a large four-post bed centered against the wall opposite the balcony. On the far wall was a heavy, oak bookshelf, holding all sorts of heavy books. There was a table halfway between the bed and the balcony,

and on the near wall was what seemed to be a large painting of some sort. It wasn't like a picture or anything, it was words and lines. I didn't have time to take it in for too long. What had just happened was on the forefront of my mind. I heard voices from the other side of the door, begging for entrance. And standing guard by the door was Grandma.

I didn't know if she had dragged herself out of bed because of the skirmish, cause she was only wearing a black, silk robe, tied off at her waist, going down to her knees. But she seemed acutely aware of what had just happened to me, and she sensed my consternation. Grandma crossed the room, closing and locking the inner and outer doors to the master bath.

"What the fuck is happening here?" I called out, no hesitance at this point to curse in my grandmother's presence.

"Sit down... calm down," she urged me. "Sit down and just breathe. Calm down. You look like you're about to explode. And we don't want that right now," she said, guiding me to the bed.

"Please tell me what is going on. This isn't right." I called out, still too wired to just relax. She looked at me silently as her eyes looked up, as if weighing her options. "You know something... please tell me," I urged, my tone less panicked and more conveying my desperate need for answers. She looked at me and finally nodded.

"Okay," she began, stepping closer to me, her bare feet padding along the thin carpet. "But please sit down... I have a lot of things to tell you," she urged me gently, holding out her arm towards the bed. Taking a deep breath, I sat on the edge of the bed. She stepped across the room towards a box on a

small table next to the bookshelf. She opened up it up to reveal various bottles of liquor, stuff I didn't recognize. She pulled out a couple glasses and started mixing a couple drinks deftly. She spoke up, looking down at the drinks she was mixing. "Don't mistake my hesitance to talk to you as me keeping a secret from you. I knew I'd have to talk about this to someone someday, but..." she turned, holding two small glasses full of amber liquid. "I just never thought it would be you."

She handed me a drink. I looked up at her, unsure, feeling odd about drinking with my own grandmother. She nodded, so I took a tentative sip, the strong liquid burning on the way down. She smiled and sipped her own drink.

"So... what's going on?" I asked firmly but calmly. She nodded and began to walk over towards the big bookshelf. She set her glass on the wood and thumbed her fingers along the books. I knew this day was affecting me when I noticed the way her silky robe slid across her ass. I shook those thoughts away.

"This family..." Grandma began, pulling out a large, thick, old looking tome. "The Phillips name... it's been in this country for hundreds of years. It's even been traced back to the days of the puritans." She pulled the book from the shelf and trotted back towards the bed. "We were a religious bunch, back in the day, believe it or not. Not so much anymore, though." She sat down next to me, the heavy book on her lap.

"This book." she began, stabbing her finger against the hard cover. "This book is the history of this family, written by the people who lived it. Our ancestors wrote in here, documenting their lives and what happened around them. It's survived hundreds of years, ending up in my possession. This book, much like our family, is a survivor. The blood is strong. We

have survived everything. War, and death, disease... those all faded away, but our family stays strong."

She pulled open the book and leafed through it, showing me the fancy, ink handwriting going through the many generations, my anger lessening, replaced by curiosity.

"My grandmother gave this book to me. But she was odd about it. It was not a warm, loving passing of a great family heirloom. It was as if she was giving me a job... passing off responsibility so she could rest soundly. I asked her about this, and she told me to read the book, read the passages of our ancestors, and I would find out."

Grandma was a great story teller, so her smoky voice distracted me from the noise outside the door.

"So I read it, cover to cover. Every word. And in it I found out about every secret our family had kept, every trait that gets passed on from generation to generation. Common characteristics, dominant traits... whoever reads this book knows everything there is to know about us, the good and the bad, every shameful secret. And we have some whoppers."

"Like what?" I asked.

"Well..." she began, sliding the book to the side and standing up, going to pick up her discarded drink. I took a sip of my own, feeling its effects as it slid down my throat, feeling it dull my anger. "Like I said, our family started off as being very religious. Their way of life was very... repressed at that point. And with that level of repression, some desires began to emerge. Illicit desires."

I looked up at her and she looked down at me, the story starting to circle around to some relevance to what had been happening to me.

"It seemed like madness, at first. The scrawling of a repressed woman. A woman sharing everything in her mind, even her sexual desires for a young man, a young adult... her own son." Grandma said. "Her religious lifestyle kept her from crossing that line, but that desire persisted till her end. And her daughter, who she passed this book off to, she was obviously pretty shocked by this. She wrote it off like I do, as her repression conjuring these dark desires. But then it happened to her as well. She brought up memories of her father, and realized that she had teased him in ways that might be deemed inappropriate. She started noting the very detailed descriptions of her own son... how he looked, how handsome and virile he was. But she controlled herself, these fantasies remaining only that. Her daughter had the same reaction as her mother to what she read, and she vowed to keep strong. And she did, cause it seemed as if this desire passed her over. But she couldn't help but notice how her two children... as they reached adulthood, they seemed a little too close. So she stepped in, made sure to keep them apart, did everything she could to prevent them from crossing that line. But, even at the end, she started to admit the truth, a truth she claimed she had been hiding for so long: an illicit desire for her own son."

"It goes on and on like this," Grandma continued, pacing the room as she sipped her drink. "Mothers desiring sons... daughters desiring fathers... sisters desiring brothers. What started as an aberration became a pattern. And that pattern became the norm. And that is the Phillips family's dirty secret."

She turned to face me head on before continuing.

"It seems that the desire for incest is in our blood." she stated.

I gulped at this proclamation, but I was almost filled with relief, knowing that I wasn't going crazy or this whole thing wasn't some trick being played on me. It was for real.

"Our family, this great, sweeping family, this family that has been in this country or hundreds of years and has accomplished so many great things... we have a nasty little urge for the kinky. An unquenchable desire for inbreeding." Grandma stated, before heading over to mix another drink. "The writers in this book are women. Every single one of them. I don't know why, but it became the pattern which became the norm. Most of the entries early on followed these women's descent into this indecent, unnatural lust. But eventually, some used this book as a guide to fight back. They used this knowledge for defense, to protect their families from sliding into this corruption. They wrote down the many ways they protected themselves and their young, shielding them from this desire. What started as a warning became a shield."

"Do you know what causes this... desire?" I asked.

"Some of the women speculated on it. Some, like myself, think it's a simple, unfortunate twist of genetics. Some think it's a self-fulfilling prophecy, this book flowering desires in the women who read it. Some even speculated it was some sort of curse. A penalty for some crime we committed. It's hogwash, if you ask me. But one thing is clear. It's in the blood, the same blood we all have flowing through us." Grandma stated.

"It would seem our genetics fought back, though," she started. "As I'm sure you have noticed, the ratio of men to women in this family is tipped greatly in the favor of the women. Our genes protecting us from ourselves, it would seem. But in other ways, our genetics drag us into this. From what I've read, the women in our family carry many common traits, as I'm sure you've probably noticed. Firm butts, large busts, and if I do say so myself, the women in this family tend to be uncommonly good looking. And in the same breath, while a fair amount of the men in this family are simply of average looks, it seems that, every so often, a man in this family emerges on the right side of the gene pool, and all the women around him get worked into a tizzy. No offense, but I didn't know it would be you. You were such a gangly young man, Jesse. But, unfortunately, the desire in the women seems rise as both they and the men reach adulthood, and this coincides with the... blossoming... that you underwent while at school."

"I just wanted to get a girlfriend. I didn't want it to be the women of the family whose eyes I caught." I stated, shaking my head.

"Quite right. But unfortunately, this reunion was a perfect storm. Someone like you, around all these women... something like this was bound to happen." she said, hanging her head slightly.

"Then why do it?" I asked. "Why throw a reunion if you knew this could happen?"

"Like I said, some women use this book as tool for defense. As time went on, that is what the keepers of the book became, the protectors of this family, of our great line. Our lives are devoted to protecting our name, to resisting the dangerous

charms of incest. Something so wrong... so forbidden... many speculated that it would be impossible to resist. That if we succumbed, if those desires were unleashed just once... it would be the end. Our family would not end in some war or some shocking act of violence. It would end in a sweaty mass of tangled limbs. Stand up, Jesse," she asked. I complied, and she led me over to that big painting on the wall with a hand on my back.

Now that I was closer to it, I saw it for what it was. It wasn't a painting. It was a family tree. And it was... beautiful. The writing was ornate with perfect penmanship. I started at the top, with the earliest traceable people with the family name from hundreds of years ago. The names branched outward, through generations, each branch listing a full name, date of birth, and date of death, if that information was locatable. Some names had a little symbol by them, and from the story I had just been told, I realized these were the women who had written in the book. I followed down this family tree till I found my own name in one of the lowest rows. Beneath it was empty canvas, plenty of space for the Phillips of the future.

"This is my life's work, Jesse. My birthright. What I have spent years working for and cultivating. This is not only the work of me, but of the women that came before me, who protected this family from itself. Without these women, all these branches would have turned inward, and this family would have imploded on itself. I only hope I have done my small part."

She looked at me and smiled warmly. I returned the gesture. She guided me back to the bed and I sat down. She resumed talking.

"As far as I know, the family has never once succumbed to this temptation, and that has continued under my watch. My role as the keeper of this book is to protect this family. But, nowadays, the family is so disparate. So wide-spread. My finger wasn't on the pulse of this family as much as it should have been. So, I wanted to gather all of us in one place and see what happened. See if any of these desires spiked. And they did... around you."

"So I became the guinea pig?" I said, a little mad.

"Unfortunately, yes. I didn't bring you here for that sole purpose, but that became your role once you arrived here, and I realized the temptation you were providing," she began. "I have never seen anything like it. I mean, I had caught a few instances of odd behavior with some of the girls and some cousins, but never like this. I thought maybe we had weeded out those desires, but clearly, it is still here and stronger than ever. I have never read anything like this, even in the book. Whatever force is pulling this family in on itself has only gotten stronger. I don't know what's inciting this level of desire, if it's the heat, the close proximity, or... something else. I don't know, something that hasn't been around in a long time. But whatever it is, that switch, that mental block that tells any sane person that incest and inbreeding is wrong, that is not there in the brains of the Phillips women. Maybe even the men too, I can't say for sure. And unfortunately, we're all jammed in together in close proximity, so it was inevitable that this would happen. And to you, Jesse, I apologize. I apologize for putting you in this spot. For the things you've been put through. For the awkwardness you've no doubt felt." I nodded and smiled up at her, accepting the apology.

"So..." I began, looking around, having heard the explanation. "What now?" She stepped forward and grabbed my empty glass.

"Want another?" she offered, but I just shook my head. She set my empty glass and her own down where she found them. She padded back to the bed and lifted the heavy book. "I am gonna have a lot to add to this sucker once this reunion is done with." she joked, before replacing the book on the shelf. "I expect that you want to just leave," Grandma said with a smile, "And for that, I wouldn't blame you."

She was circling the room, closing and locking the doors to the balcony, and testing the locks on the other doors.

"But, you've only just gotten here, and we've only just now began to bond again. If I ship you out now, I imagine it will be years before I see you again," she stated.

"Uh, I'll visit, but maybe just... when not all the others are around." I said with a laugh.

"Well, the vipers out in the hall probably won't calm down till the boys get home tonight, so it looks like you'll be stuck in here for a while." Grandma stated with a smile. As she finished her circle around the room, there was a lull in the conversation as she returned to her seat next to me on the bed. I thought over all the things she said, and as insane as it all sounded, the story checked out. It connected all the dots... except for one

"So..." I began, "If all this is true, why don't you seem to be affected? Why aren't you acting like those women in the hall?"

Why are you acting so normal?" She turned to me and gave me a knowing smile.

"I was wondering how long it would take you to ask about that?" she replied. "Who says I'm not affected?" she teased. "Well, I could just write it off to the wisdom of my many years of life. I could say that I'm somehow immune to this particular affliction. I could say I was properly prepared before the point I would have been afflicted. But the real question, the thing I'm most curious about, is whether or not you are afflicted?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean... the only window I have is from the women, but I'm curious how much of this desire is coming from the men." Grandma said.

"I don't want any of this!" I affirmed.

"Oh, I know, I know. But, Jesse, I may be your grandmother, but I am not blind. I can very easily tell that... parts of you... have enjoyed the attention. So I have to wonder how much of this is coming from you? Whether you are the catalyst for this." she speculated.

"Are you blaming me for this?" I asked.

"Of course not. I'm just trying to gauge how deep this all goes." she wondered. "Whether this is just a desire that blooms solely from within the women of this family, or from the men as well."

"Well, I can assure you that I have never once thought about this, or wanted this... I would happily never think about any of these things ever again." I declared. She nodded and smiled, before standing up again once more. She padded over towards the family tree slowly, as if admiring her work.

"300 years of work, 300 years of history, and it all leads to this," she muttered to herself.

"So... what happens now?" I asked, unsure of how to proceed.

"You haven't figured it out yet?" Grandma asked, looking at me with a smile.

"What do you mean?" I asked with a confused grin.

"I've been watching out for you all weekend, as soon as you got here," she stated, turning to walk back towards me. "And, unfortunately, you are the perfect patsy for the kind of stuff that has been happening to you this weekend. You are definitely cute, Jesse, but you are a bit gullible. I was amazed how long it took for you to catch onto some of the flirting they were doing with you."

"Oh, uh, yeah, I guess so." I said, a little embarrassed.

"And I bet it took a long time for you to realize that your girlfriend was interested in you," she commented. It was true. Sandy had to pretty much lay it all out to me before I realized she wanted a date.

"Amazing how life goes, how crazy it all is," she began. "You go to school, get in shape, very in shape, and you go get a girlfriend. You start down that path, and you are happy, but you have to leave her behind to come here. And here, you face genuine temptations from all sides, from your mom, your aunt, your sister, and your cousin. But you pass them all up. That path, starting at that point you decided to get fit, has led you here, alone, locked in a bedroom with your grandmother."

"What do you mean?" I asked again, starting to feel like something was off.

"What I mean, Jesse, is that you really should have seen this coming."

Then my grandmother untied her robe, and let it slip off her shoulders.

My eyes widened as I took in the sight before me. It just seemed so wrong, so unbelievable, that for a moment, I wondered if I had just finally snapped. Maybe I was hallucinating, and my brain had gone haywire. I blinked, trying to clear this image from my brain, but it wasn't going away.

My fifty-something grandmother, Helen Phillips, was standing in front of me in only her underwear. Both the bra and her tiny panties were made of a matching, black mesh-like material, meaning, unfortunately for me, I could see everything. Everything. And due to this, I suddenly had many realizations at once.

I could see that Grandma took advantage of this lake house's relative isolation, since I didn't see a tan-line on her. I could see every inch of her soft, sun-weathered skin, and it was smooth and even all over. I could see the evidence of my Grandma's commitment to fitness, as her legs were long and firm, her stomach was taut and flat, and her arms looked lithe and sinewy. I could see through her tiny mesh panties that she shaved her pussy, leaving only a tiny strip of hair, a landing strip that could rival a twenty-year-old's any day. I could see the smooth, bare, plump pussy lips of her nearly naked pussy, and the obvious moisture that was gathered there. She did a spin in front of me, and my eyes followed along the tiny string holding her panties around her hip. My eyes followed this tiny string that dug tightly into her soft, lush flesh, following it till it met with its twin in the middle of her back, before turning downward, threading between her ass-cheeks, revealing that my grandmother was wearing a thong.

Those words didn't belong together... grandmother... thong. It just seemed so wrong, but I had seen so much wrong this weekend that I shouldn't have been surprised. But this seemed on a whole other level of wrong. As I said early on, I was an ass-man, so I was in a good position to evaluate what I was seeing. And the worst part was, not only was my grandmother pulling it off, she was flat-out rocking it.

A foot in front of my face were the round, firm, jutting cheeks of my grandmother's exposed, bare ass-cheeks. They stood out from her slim frame, so full and round, as if begging to be touched. To be squeezed. The crease where the cheeks met her legs were perfectly tapered and artful. And the cleft between her cheeks looked deep and smooth, hiding the tiny string running down its length.

Sandy's ass was my favorite physical feature on her. I had touched it, squeezed it, kissed it, and playfully spanked it. I hadn't rimmed her or anything like that, but I could imagine working up to that point eventually. My girlfriend's ass was amazing. The skin was smooth, the cheeks were firm, and they drew my eye every time I was behind her. But looking at my grandmother's ass, I couldn't help but compare the two.

Sandy's ass was round, but my grandmother's ass was rounder and more pronounced. Sandy's ass was full, but Grandma's was fuller. The skin on my girlfriend's ass was smooth and firm, but the flesh on Grandma's ass was somehow smoother and more squeezable. The crevasse between each of my grandmother's cheeks and firm legs was far more pronounced than it was on Sandy. And the cleft between the two cheeks of my girlfriend wasn't nearly as mouth-watering as the same feature on my grandmother.

From a purely objective point-of-view, my grandmother had a hotter, sexier, juicier, and better ass than my college-aged girlfriend. My grandmother had a far more fuckable, lust-inspiring ass than the love of my life.

I gulped, worry filling my every pore.

I had to pull my eyes away from Grandma's butt. I looked up her smooth, tanned, fit back, admiring the firm expanse of flesh, interrupted only by her overworked bra-strap. And it was this bra-strap that my eyes followed as she turned back to face me, meaning that my eyes were drawn upward, to what was no doubt the main event of my grandmother's body.

This whole weekend, it had seemed pretty clear to me that Kendra, of all the women, had the biggest breasts of the

bunch, by a fair margin. On Kendra's thin frame, they literally seemed watermelon sized, while the other women seemed to simply have overly large melons. But my rankings had been off. There was a new champion.

Grandma had the biggest tits of them all, by a country mile. And it wasn't even that close. She had an absolutely mammoth set of jugs. Apparently, her choice of clothes must have really downplayed her body, because my grandma was a prime example of a mature woman who had curves where it counted, an old lady with the tits and ass of a swimsuit model.

Her rack was absolutely enormous, I can't stress this enough. They jutted out from her chest like overfilled water balloons. Her mesh bra was practically acting like a sling, holding back these massive udders, doing its best to contain the firm masses of succulent flesh, the straps digging into her shoulders noticeably. There seemed to be a little sag, but that was to be expected with boobs of that size, but all things considered, for a woman her age, those tits were as firm as ripe fruit. They were so full and round that they were pressed together naturally and aided by the tightness of the tight garment, she was sporting a mile of deep cleavage. The mesh of material stretched around those huge boobs, stretched to the max, causing her flesh to practically seep around the edges. And the mesh material of the bra allowed me a clear view of my own grandmother's hard, throbbing nipples, pressing against the mesh material, surrounded by her perfectly smooth, round areolas. After this whole weekend of madness, it was now my grandmother who I had seen the most exposed.

I looked up at her eyes as she looked down at me, a bit of a smirk crossing her plump, full lips.

"Are you kidding me?" I called out angrily, my shoulders slumping in near defeat. After all that had happened... now this? Grandma too?

"Oh, don't feel bad," she began, straightening her bra-strap. "This was destined to happen the second you stepped foot here. Although, I must say, you really misplayed your hand here. If you had just accepted your fate, your cousin or your sister could have been yours for the taking. Both, prime pieces of ass, girls your own age, no one would have blamed you. But now, your dick is so in need and so ready to burst that you are about to hook up with your lingerie-clad grandmother."

"We're not about to hook up." I asserted, wondering how I was gonna get out of this one.

"Yes we are. I've worked all weekend to ensure this very outcome. The second I saw you I knew I had to have you. As soon as I touched you, when we hugged and I rubbed my big boobs on your tight fucking chest, I was dripping in my thong. I knew I'd have to take you as my own. You were strong enough to resist the other girls, but not me. I kept you in my grasp, not pushing too hard, letting all these women wear you down, knowing I was the only one here that had what it took to seal the deal. I was the only one here that you would submit to."

Like a detective reaching an epiphany on a crime, I saw all the pieces come together from this weekend. Knowing now who was responsible, I could fit all the pieces in place. All weekend, she had been watching. I thought it was to protect me, but she was no doubt leering over me like all the rest. She had kept all the women from getting too close, wanting to save me for herself. She had lulled me in just so she could get me in this precarious position. Some other things began to click in my

head. Dana had seemed so insistent that she hadn't messed with the alarm clock this morning. This was Grandma's house, she could move around without detection. If her plan was to keep me close, that was the way to do it. She had turned the alarm off. And later on that morning I had found that discarded thong in my bed, the sheets soaked with the sweat of exertion. And it was just before I discovered that stuff that I had been talking to her. She was sweating, complaining about the heat, but I'm guessing that perspiration was from something else entirely.

She was looking down at me, as if reading my thoughts and confirming my suspicions with the smallest of smiles.

"You should take it as a point of pride, Jesse." Grandma began. "For as long as our name goes back, women like me have been resisting the undeniable urge that all Phillips women face. The urge to breed from within, to eat our young, to indulge in the dark waters of incest. Never in 300 years has a Phillips woman faced the temptation you offer, a temptation even the strongest of us can't avoid. Tonight is the night we finally indulge. Tonight is the night our family tree turns inward. And it's all because of you." You had to get so buff and gorgeous. You had to practically flaunt yourself in front of us."

"I didn't!" I replied.

"Hon, you can keep acting like you don't want this, but your actions say otherwise. You have spent all weekend flaunting your body in front of us. I have seen your sexy arms, your firm abs, repeatedly. I even saw your cute bare ass. Honey, I think you want this even more than we do. You were practically waving your big dick under our noses, daring us to take it one step further. Well honey, I'm gonna take this all the way."

"I... I... Grandma..." I pleaded, trying to talk her out of this.

"I know, I know. It must sting a bit, knowing all that hard work, gaining all those yummy muscles... all they'll be used for, all the good they'll do you, is to pump hot, thick loads of cum into your own grandmother's tight cunt!" she remarked with a cocky smirk. I rubbed my forehead in disbelief, panicking.

What was I gonna do? Push past her, run back into the hallway, and into the clutches of those four women out there? Or jump off the balcony and break my ankles? No! I had to think. I had to come up with something. There had to be a way. Maybe I could just delay things till I came up with something.

"Why... why would you throw it all away, all this work you did? Do you know how wrong this is?" I asked.

"Of course I do," she began. "But face it, Jesse... you're hot. Like, mouth-wateringly sexy. Ever since your grandfather's been out of the picture, I've spent a lot of time fucking young athletes like yourself. But, mmm, you make me think BAD thoughts, Jesse. Bad thoughts. I have never wanted to fuck a man's brains out as badly as I want to with you. You're going to get my fucking best. The stuff I save for the guys I'm really hot for. My body is going to run a marathon on your fat fucking cock. I hope you're ready."

"Grandma... I don't want to do this. I have a girlfriend. I don't want to have..." I paused, the words too crazy to even say, "I don't want to have sex with my own grandmother."

"Well, then, it must be tough to have such a disobedient dick." she stated, looking down at me, appraising me. "Your brain knows you shouldn't want it, but your cock totally does. Your brain sees your grandmother showing off so much sexy skin and you want to look away, but your cock is slobbering all over itself at the sight of me. Your cock is as hard as a brick seeing your own grandmother with her boobs pouring out of her bra, and her ass hanging out, something so wrong, something you know you shouldn't be seeing, but your cock loves it. It loves the filth! You might think you're different from the rest of us, but trust me, Jesse, there's an animal inside you that wants this as bad as I do. You so desperately want to throw me down, fuck my brains out, and take your rightful place as the real man of the family."

"No." I replied softly.

"You want to slide your giant, throbbing cock into your grandmother's tight, silky cunt, pump it into me as hard as possible, and empty those massive fucking balls inside me!" she said, her voice smooth and tempting.

"No."

"You want to put your hands on your own grandmother's huge fucking tits and squeeze them, slap them, bite them, fuck them... you want to fire all that thick, hot cum all over them, don't you?" Grandma asked.

"No!"

"My, you are a sick puppy, aren't you? You want your own grandmother to get on her knees, scoop that fat cock out of your pants, open her mouth, and wrap her plump lips around the width of that throbbing cock. And you want me to suck that fat piece of meat until it explodes a huge load of tasty cum down my tight throat? That's a pretty nasty thing to come here hoping for, Jesse."

"No! Of course not!" I replied.

"What, you don't... no, no, you can't be serious. Are you saying you want to bend your own grandmother over the bed, pry her ass-cheeks apart, worship her tasty asshole with your tongue, and then use your fat cock to split my ass apart? God, I never knew how positively nasty my own grandson was. I like it!" Grandma purred.

"NO!" I screamed out, standing up so that I was now looking down at her. She didn't seem intimidated at all by this action. She only smiled. "Grandma, I... don't... want... any... of... these... things!" I said, enunciating every word, trying to be as clear as possible. "I have a girlfriend. I love her! I don't want to cheat on her! I don't want to have sex with my grandmother, my mom, my sister, my cousin, my aunt... none of you! Why can't any of you understand this?"

"Oh my goodness, I want you so fucking bad right now!" she purred, a moan rising from her throat as she grabbed my shirt with both hands. I swept her hands off of me and moved away from her, moving around her so I was standing in the center of the room. She looked at me, almost amused. She then sat down on the edge of the bed in the spot I just vacated. She crossed her bare legs and let her eyes lazily look up at me. I couldn't help but let my eyes glance at her bare legs for a

moment, her foot dangling slowly, before looking back up at her quickly before she could notice.

"So, what's your plan, then?" she asked, her tone a little more firm. "You gonna go out there and let those four maul you? You gonna climb down the side of the house? Or will you suck it up, do your duty, and spend the night getting hot and sweaty between the sheets with your grandma? The answer seems obvious to me."

"I'll wait you out." I replied. "I'll wait till the guys get back. Then, the party will be over and I can just walk away. Make some excuse to leave. Fly across the country and never come back."

"Go home for what? That little girlfriend of yours? HA!" she laughed. "Don't kid yourself. Even you can't be naïve enough to admit that she could actually compete with me. It must be tough to know that your grandmother has your girlfriend beat in every way. I'm older, which is good, cause I know it's so 'in vogue' nowadays for men to be with much older women." That wasn't true at all... was it? She continued.

"Remember, I saw a picture of your girlfriend. Sandy, is it? And she's... she's cute, I suppose. But even you have to admit, I am much more attractive. I'm prettier AND sexier, even though I've spotted her about thirty years. I'm a 10, and she's maybe a 4... maybe."

"She is not a four!" I defended, knowing that my girlfriend was a lot sexier than that, and also knowing that it would be impossible to think that most guys would choose Grandma over Sandy. That's just crazy talk.

"Okay, we can agree on a three, then, but there's no doubt that I'm a ten." She began. I raised an eyebrow, and she could no doubt see me skepticism. "I'll prove it. Admit it, I have a better body than your skinny... bony... flat little girlfriend. I have better legs," she paused, running her palms over her long, firm legs, looking up at me as she did so. I watched her run her hands down her smooth skin.

"And, I'm guessing that you're an ass-man, cause if you were a breast man, you wouldn't be caught dead with a girl as flat as her," she paused, standing up, turning and bending over the bed, pointing her round, firm, thong-clad butt at me again. "There's no question I have a better ass than her. A firmer, rounder, juicier ass. Look at it, Jesse! Look at your grandmother's ass!" she said, her tone getting louder as she reached back to crisply smack one of the juicy cheeks. And, as much as I hated to admit it, I was looking.

An ass-man like me could never resist the lure of a juicy behind, and as much as I hated myself for it, I couldn't help but stare at hers. She had an amazing ass. Each cheek was full and round and smooth, looking amazingly meaty and mouth-watering. Her ass was built for sex, built to take a rough pounding, built to drive back against a vigorous lover. Built to be spanked, smacked, and slapped. And when she reached back to pull one cheek apart from the other, exposing the full length of the tiny string running down the length of her ass-crack, I had another realization. I had never rimmed a girl, like a said before, but somehow, there was something about this ass, something more powerful than Sandy's rear. This was an ass to be worshipped. This was an ass that deserved the full treatment, the type of ass that really deserved to feel the exquisite kiss of an appreciative lover between the two cheeks, directly on her tight, sexy asshole. I gulped, trying

to shake these illicit thoughts away. Where did that come from?

"You love this ass, Jesse. You love it!" she accused, slapping her own ass again. "You think it's the best ass you've ever seen, don't you? You want it... you want to fuck this ass. You want to know first-hand what this ass can do in the bedroom. You're drooling over it! You're falling in love with your own grandmother's ass. You love it way more than that plain little thing you're currently sticking your dick in."

"No..." I said softly, stunned by her language, unable to think of what to do to change this behavior in her.

"But at the end of the night, you're not gonna be an ass-man anymore... you're gonna be a breast-man. Because no woman, not your precious girlfriend, not even one of the girls in that hall have tits as massive as mine!" As she made this boast, she stood up and spun around, her big boobs bouncing in her bra as she stood in front of me, jutting out her huge jugs at me. I couldn't help but acknowledge... they looked absolutely huge. "Once you fuck a girl with huge breasts, once you know what a pair of enormous tits can do to you, you don't go back. You get addicted immediately. Once you touch them, once you squeeze them, you can never settle for less. Just imagine feeling all of this soft, succulent flesh smothering every inch of your fat young cock. Imagine how sexy it will be to see these tits covered in your hot, thick cum!"

"No... NO!" I said, more firmly, trying to ignore the images she was conjuring, trying to not imagine her huge tits covered in my sticky cum. "I don't want this! And please... stop talking about Sandy like that!" I said, anger and confusion flowing through my veins.

"Jesse, she embarrasses herself every day by thinking she can actually keep a stud like you to herself," she said. "She embarrasses herself merely by entering the dating pool. She embarrasses herself by thinking she could compare to a real woman like me! I bet you have to put a bag on her face when you're..."

"STOP!" I called out angrily. She merely smiled.

"Mmm, look at this passion," she cooed, stepping towards me. "You say you don't want this, but your passion tells me the opposite. I want you to take all this yummy anger out on me. On my body," she said, putting her hands on my chest. I jumped away, as if burned by her touch. I bumped into a table behind me. Reaching behind me to prevent it from falling, I had to turn as she kept coming at me.

"You don't have to be afraid, Jesse," she began. "A gorgeous young man like yourself should never be ashamed about his desires. His needs. Young men need sex. It's healthy, it's natural, and it's all in good fun. And they need sex from the hottest woman they can get their hands on. In most cases, that means whatever hot young thing with big tits catches your eye, but for you, it means that a family reunion becomes a meat market. It means that going to a family reunion ends with you drowning in wet pussy. You were born into a family with women who are absolute tens, in every way imaginable, so you shouldn't be ashamed that you've spent all weekend getting hard over us and thinking about filling us up with your hot cum."

"No! Please..." I said, shaking my head. "I... stop talking about this stuff."

"Hon, it's too late for you, I'm afraid," she began. "I could let you go, go back to what's-her-name, but the next time you have sex with her, try stopping your brain from thinking about me when having sex. Try not to fantasize about my ass when you lose control. Try not to imagine my tits bouncing when you're looking at her flat chest. Try not thinking about my gorgeous face when looking at her plain one. From now on, every time you fuck, every time you cum, you'll be thinking about me. About my body. It doesn't matter who you're fucking, I've spoiled you for good. You've seen too much, already. I'm just too hot for a young man like you to ignore. It's best to accept that now, cause you will eventually, and you will come crawling back. And if you make me wait, I will not take it easy on you," she warned. My back hit the wall, the large family tree hanging on the wall behind me. She stepped close to me, her large boobs pressing into my chest lightly. I didn't want to in any way touch her to push her away, and she knew that. I couldn't put my hands on her. I wanted to talk her down from the ledge, but she wasn't budging. Knowing she had me boxed in, she took advantage.

"One thing that's pretty obvious, is that incest isn't the only thing that runs in this family," she started, one of her hands teasing at the hem of my shirt. "All of us Phillips girls love sex. And I'm pretty sure the men do too," she said with a laugh. I suddenly felt her hand slide under my shirt, her fingers gliding over my abs. "Phillips women tend to be... a bit slutty. Even the more uptight ones can get down and dirty when the time is right. I hope you don't think less of us cause we're all practically throwing ourselves at you. We're all smart, independent, self-actualized women, and we typically don't go this gaga over a guy simply because he has an amazing set of abs," she said in a heated whisper, massaging my abs between her fingers. "Or incredible, mouth-watering arms," she said, using her other hand to squeeze my bicep. "Or an amazing butt." She reached down with the hand that was on my arm

to grab my ass, digging into it firmly, forcing me against her, my bulging crotch pressing into her stomach. "Or an amazing chest," she said, lifting my shirt to scratch her fingers lightly over my pecs. Before I could react, she used both hands to pull my shirt apart, the buttons flying everywhere. And before I could stop it, she pulled it down to the floor behind me. She took advantage of this new predicament, letting both of her hands slide over my chest, her old fingers against my young, tanned muscles. "But baby, you are a total package." She then slid her hands down my body, her fingers trailing along the triangle of muscles pointing at my crotch. Her fingers slid to the hem of my shorts, teasing at me lightly, making me shiver. I was frozen in place, not knowing what to do, my bare chest pressing against her barely covered breasts. "You're such a sweetheart, but you have the body of model... every girl's fantasy. Face it, baby, you're just too God damned fuckable." With that, she popped open the button on my shorts, and roughly yanked my zipper down. This motion caused me to jump into action. I had to push her away and jump away. She looked at me with hungry amusement, and it was only then I realized my shorts had fallen to my ankles.

I was now only in my tight boxer-briefs, which clung to my crotch. And in my current state, that was very bad news, as my rock-hard prick was clearly noticeable through the forest green fabric. And Grandma... she was definitely noticing.

"That fucking bulge right there is why all these seemingly normal women are acting like crazed sluts." Grandma explained, her eyes never leaving my barely covered package. "That fat, young, meaty cock is why I am willing to throw away my life's work, and the work of all the strong women before me. That throbbing dick is what is about to lead our great family to its doom. Our family's amazing genes have created a perfect fucking male specimen with the most amazing, fat,

juicy piece of teenage fuck-meat hanging between his legs. And I can only think of this as a gift."

"A gift?" I questioned, about to reach down to pull up my shorts before she stepped forward, moving her legs between mine, planting one foot on the discarded shorts, shaking her head to tell me that wouldn't be necessary. I felt my covered cock graze against her bare leg. She wrapped her arms around my neck, pushing her front against mine, her big, pillowy breasts, pressing against me again. An old woman pressing into a young man. A taut, hard-bodied nearly nude college student pressed against his lush, voluptuous, hot-bodied grandmother.

"After all this hard work, after we've fought against this precise outcome for so long, you're planted in our laps. You, with your hot body, and your fat, meaty cock, and all I can think is that maybe this whole thing isn't a curse... maybe it's a gift. Maybe this is meant to happen, and we're fighting an unstoppable force. And if that's the case, after all the work I've done to protect this family... shouldn't I be the one to sample the forbidden fruit?" she asked. I shivered at this uncomfortable closeness. I felt my crotch graze against hers as she shimmied slightly in front of me, and in this same motion of hers, I felt her hard nipples grazing against my chest.

"Grandma... I don't want this." I declared again, my hands floating in the air, not knowing where to put them, knowing I could just use my superior strength to push her away, but hoping I could just reason with her.

"That's not what your cock says," she said with a wicked smile. "I can feel how much you want this. I can feel how desperate you are to be inside me. You want to fuck me, your own

grandmother. You want to feel her perfect body. Here, just... touch me, Jesse." she began, grabbing my wrists and pulling my hands around her, slapping my hands against her round, tanned ass. She put her hands over mine and made them squeeze. I felt her firm ass between my fingers, gripped in my palms. And despite my better judgment, I had to admit her butt felt amazing. I didn't take my hands off of her once she moved her hands away. I didn't know what else to do, so I just kept squeezing my grandmother's amazing, meaty ass. "Feel me, really get in there and get used to touching my body. Your big hands and my hot body are about to become very well-acquainted. You may not want to admit you want to have sex with me just yet, but you can at least put your hands on my body. That's not so bad, right?"

"Grandma, I... this is a mistake and you know it... We can't do this. If this happens, there is no undoing it..." I said as I groped her hot ass, trying to make her see the ramifications of what she was doing.

"I've made my peace with this, Jesse," she whispered, her tone shifting from seductive trash-talk to one of sympathy. "When I was your age and I saw our family's story, I was as horrified as you are now, if not more so. I got married and had babies, and I have had an amazing life, hoping, like you, that whatever deviant desires that all those women fell victim to, I didn't have. I was hoping that I had that mental block that those other women didn't, the one that allowed me to keep thinking that incest is wrong and I could go on living a normal existence. And here I am, standing nearly bared in front of you, telling you how wrong I was. Telling you that the water's fine. Telling you how much better it is on this side, telling you to just embrace what your body is telling you, to embrace the truth, just like I did. I admit that I want to fuck my own grandson's brains out. Just admit you want to fuck me too, and then we can get down and dirty."

"I mean, look at yourself," she continued, "Either you're a masochist who allows himself to be put in these situations again and again, or you want this too. You've allowed your own grandmother to strip you nearly naked and press up against you. You've allowed me to make you grope my ass, and now you're doing it all on your own. If you didn't want this, a big strong man like yourself should have been able to fight this off, no sweat."

She was right. I mean, I didn't want this, but I had been hard all weekend, and I kept finding excuses to not just run away. I kept letting myself fall victim to these women's wiles. I let Grandma brute-force her way into stripping me near naked, and allowed her to force me to touch her. Why wasn't I fighting harder, unless... unless what she was saying really was true? Unless, somehow, somehow, I did really want this. It couldn't be true, could it? I was so emotionally fraught, I couldn't think straight. My hands kept squeezing her amazing rump, hoping I could find a way out of this.

Grandma looked up at me with a small smile, sensing my anguish, sensing that this sympathetic approach was working. Knowing she was wearing me down, she reached behind herself, and, in one elegant motion, unclipped her bra. I felt her breasts sag slightly against my chest as the support disappeared. She let the flimsy undergarment slip from her shoulders, and then, taking a grasp of it, she ripped it away. And all of a sudden, her mammoth, naked breasts were pressing into my bare chest. She then slid her hands back to my wrists. She pulled at them and stepped back, sliding my hands up her sides. Now free of the bra, I got my first good look at her huge, naked breasts, the smooth, doughy flesh jutting out from her chest, sagging slightly, but still remaining heroically firm, her hard, pink nipples almost achingly stiff. And, it was as I saw these exquisite, mature breasts for the

first time, she slid my hands upward, until my palms were suddenly filled with her soft, succulent, fleshy breasts. My fingers dug into the smooth, immaculate mounds, my hands squeezing firmly, feeling for the first time in my young life a pair of real, juicy, massive breasts.

I wish I could say that I was let down, or disappointed. I wish I could say that the appeal of big breasts was a myth, some fallacy created by an oversexed misogynistic culture. I wish I could say that I would be able to go on without wanting to have my hands on a pair of tits this big again.

But I couldn't.

They were simply incredible. Absolutely incredible. They were so soft, and smooth, and so utterly squeezable. I couldn't take my hands off of them. This feeling was addictively thrilling. I dug my hands into the flesh over and over again, squeezing them firmly, my fingers sliding over her nipples, toying with them. I couldn't get enough.

"But... I have a girlfriend." I croaked, trying to cling to this last shred of decency, knowing I was sliding into something I never thought possible. But it was only coming from my mouth, as my hands kept squeezing, and my crotch kept rubbing into her.

"Don't worry... I'm your girlfriend now." Grandma said, licking her lips, knowing she had me on the hook. She moved slowly towards me, her lips parting, her mouth opening, her sinewy, slick tongue sliding from her mouth, like a shiny pink serpent, leading me to my doom. I shivered in disbelief as I felt her breath on my face, not knowing how I had ended up here. I closed my eyes, not wanting to witness my own capitulation.

And then her lips met mine.

I surrendered without a fight. Her soft, thick lips pressed against mine, her tongue teasing my closed lips, coaxing my lips open. And it did the trick, her silky tongue convincing me to unconsciously open my mouth, as if I was kissing my girlfriend, not my grandma. But as soon as they begin to part, she slid her lips against mine, turning her mouth sideways, forcing her tongue deep into my mouth. At first, I didn't reciprocate, merely letting her tongue into my mouth, letting it slide against my own. She was unrelenting as she made the kiss more lusty, her spit mixing with mine as her tongue ran circles around my own. She grabbed the back of my neck roughly as she forced herself on me, her mouth attacking mine like a horny, over exuberant teenager. Her thick lips formed a seal against mine as she Frenched me, trying to draw me into her fervor.

And she was successful.

The kiss felt amazing, the most lustful kiss I had ever felt. The fact that it was from my grandma was secondary. It was immediately clear that she was a far superior kisser than my young girlfriend, her years of experience in the art of pleasing men paying off. Her tongue was doing filthy, nasty things in my mouth, and I couldn't help but return the favor. Tentatively, I pushed back. I pushed my tongue against her, trying to enter her mouth. Sensing this act of contrition on my part, she reacted, eagerly allowing my tongue within her mouth.

The kiss deepened as our tongues waged war in each other's mouth, dueling for superiority as we swapped some serious

spit. She pressed herself against me, grinding herself on me as we made out. The kiss was so feverish that spit was leaking from our mouths. Finally, she began forcing me back towards the bed. Our mouths separated with a pop as she shoved me roughly onto the edge of the bed again.

"Alright, no more bullshit," she proclaimed, breathing deep, impatient with the foreplay. Quickly, she reached down and peeled her thong off, exposing her naked cunt to me. As she pulled the tiny thong down, beads of moisture stretched from the tiny undergarment to her exposed pussy. She was clearly soaking wet, the plump lips of her cunt soaked with her juices. My grandmother was now completely naked in front of me, and my cock clearly proved her declarations accurate, throbbing in my constricting boxer-briefs.

"Mmm..." she purred, falling to her knees, resting her thin, sharp-nailed fingers against my thighs. "Now, let's see this piece of meat you've been teasing us all with." She slid her hands up my legs, sliding them into the hem of my boxer-briefs. Not waiting for any objections, she yanked my underwear down roughly, pulling it from me and tossing it away before I could react. That left her staring face-to-face with my engorged, throbbing cock. Her eyes went wide and her jaw dropped open.

"My God..." she sighed, clearly in awe of what she was seeing. "You are certainly not a boy anymore. You're a man, now. How long is that fucker, nine inches? God, it's so thick, too!"

I simply nodded, not knowing what to feel. On one hand, I was struck by how completely wrong it was that my naked cock was currently pointed at my grandmother's awestruck face. But, after all that had happened, there was part of me that

was excited to finally just let loose, for this to almost be over and to vent this pressure within me. Part of me was happy to be naked, to show off my cock to a rapt audience. Part of me was thrilled by the inherent filthiness at what I was currently doing.

Part of me was happy to be showing my grandmother my cock.

She reached forward and wrapped her slim fingers around the base of my smooth, meaty shaft.

"Jesus... you're as hard as granite, Jesse! I have NEVER felt a cock this hard! You can't pretend you don't want this anymore. Jeez, I can't wait to feel this monster splitting me open," she sighed. She began to slowly stroke my throbbing member, stroking from the base to the tip, working up a slow, rhythmic pace. "There is nothing quite like stroking a hard, juicy young cock! Just the knowledge that I have total control of a big, strong man like yourself with just a few fingers... it's exquisite."

She clearly relished the power she had over me, her hands making my balls swell with cum, taking me close to the edge. I had always heard that age always seems to show in the hands, and Grandma was no exception. Much of her body defied her age role as a grandmother, but her fingers looked aged, thin, slightly bony. So, knowing that it was such an aged, older hand pleasuring my smooth, pristine weapon, stroking it, controlling it, driving it wild with lust, it just added a new level of filth to this illicit encounter.

My head rolled back, not sure if I could truly handle the sight of my grandmother on her knees, stroking me. I had let this

go this far by simply riding the pleasure she was bringing me, but I didn't know if I had the nerve to take this further.

"Focus on me, Jesse," she cooed. "Focus on my hand. Or better yet, focus on my big, bare tits." My eyes were drawn down, looking past her stroking hand, putting that pleasure to the side as I looked down on her monumental rack. They hung below her, hanging like oversized udders, the cleavage looking exquisitely soft and deep. "I always laugh when you young guys pretend to be so high and mighty when you proclaim you're butt-men instead of boob-men. Now, obviously, I've got tits and ass out the wazoo, so I attract all comers. But trust me, I haven't met a guy yet who can resist spending the night drowning between my massive jugs. Haha."

I couldn't stop staring at them, watching them jiggle lightly as she stroked me. I never minded my girlfriend having a small chest, but now that I was seeing such a giant pair of breasts in front of me... I was starting to realize I was missing out on something. Something very important. I mean... they were just so big! I mean, obviously, a guy isn't supposed to be sexually attracted to his grandmother, but most grandmothers don't have such perfect mature breasts. And not only was I staring at them naked, I had felt them. And squeezed. I felt her nipples between my fingers. And looking down at them, I only wanted to squeeze them again. I could spend all night playing with those mammoth boobs. Much like what she said in regards to me and my body, incest was totally, utterly wrong, but when a relative has a body like that, you might have to reconsider.

And I was. I really was.

What felt like madness a mere day ago seemed like my future. It now seemed inevitable. I was going to do this. I was going to

cheat on my girlfriend, the girl I loved. I was going to have sex with a woman within my own family, specifically my grandmother. These women had worn me down, due to the pleasure I was feeling, and the pressure in my balls. I needed release, and my grandmother's lush body and aggressive attitude was providing the outlet. I knew it was wrong, I knew it was messed up, but at this point, I didn't care. My cock was calling the shots. My grandma was hot, she had huge tits, and I needed to cum.

Her hands were like magic. She stroked firmly with one hand while cupping my large balls in her other hand, caressing them gently, making them swell even more. And like she said before, I was harder than I had ever been before. My cock was hard as a bone, and my grandmother was the one who made it that way.

She leaned over to add some spit, lubing my cock. Her hand smoothly glided up and down my shaft, until she slowed down a bit, sliding her hand from the bottom to the top firmly, her eyes focused on the tip. It was as if she was trying to squeeze the cum out, and she got her wish, when a single heavy bead of pre-cum emerged from the tip.

"Hahaha! Yes! There it is!" she laughed, swiping the pad of her index finger across the tip, gathering that thick bead of cum onto her finger, before, holding my gaze, she extended her tongue and slid it up her finger, collecting the cum onto her tongue. "Mmm, why does young men's cum always taste so good??" she marveled, her fingers on her other hand curled around the base of my throbbing shaft. She just looked at my prick for a few seconds, before coming to a decision. "Well, I'll just have to get more straight from the source."

Before I could react, she pointed my cock at her face and leaned forward, taking my cock into her warm mouth.

"Holy fuck!" I groaned out in shock. The first blowjob of my life was from Sandy, and it was the first bit of sexual action I had ever gotten, and it was pretty amazing. Before tonight, she had been the only one who had done it, but now, there was a new person on that list, my own grandmother. And somehow, I had a feeling this incestuous encounter would be more memorable.

I immediately felt her tongue along the underside of my cock, sliding against my pulsing meat, curling around it. She was clearly very knowledgeable in the art of sucking cock, cause she had no issue taking my cock into her slim throat. I felt her hot spit quickly coating the many inches that entered her mouth. I felt her thick lips sliding around the circumference of my dick. She looked up into my eyes an almost evil, teasing glare, any trace of warmth now gone. She had suckered me in, drew me into her clutches, and now she had what she wanted, my cock in her wet mouth. I was about to reach down to push her away when she closed her mouth around me, her smooth lips forming a seal about six inches down the length of my cock. Her cheeks hollowed wickedly, her tongue pressed against the underside of my prick, and she began to inhale my cock.

"Oooh... God!" I moaned out, any objections suddenly erased from my mind. The hand that was about to push her way paused in place before coming to a rest on top of her head, resting there as she began to bob up and down my throbbing weapon. She was sucking me so hard! It was if she was trying to suck every bit of flavor out of it, trying to suck out the cum that had been marinating in my swollen cock out through my pores. Her mouth swiveled around my post, working it over

from every angle she could, her tongue and lips swirling around it.

She had no hesitance, no tentativeness. She knew exactly what she was doing and she could do it well. Very well. Grandma sucked at me with such passion, drool was escaping her mouth, dripping down the sides of my cock, pooling near my sack. She was taking more and more of my cock with each bob, now taking nearly all of it in her mouth. She was practically attacking my hard cock, sucking at me with the fervor of a teenage girl who just discovered she could deep-throat. Growls were escaping from deep in her throat almost unconsciously as my cock smoothly slid in and out of her wet, hot mouth.

"Grandma, I..." I began, trying to fight back, to think of Sandy, to deny myself this pleasure. But, I just couldn't. "Jesus, this feels so fucking good." I groaned. She finally pulled her head away from, bands of thick drool connecting her mouth and my soaked cock.

"Your cock is amazing!" she marveled, the spit breaking off from her smooth lips as she spoke. She slid her hand up and down my cock again, spreading the grease like saliva over every inch. "I can fucking taste your fucking need! I can taste how fucking badly you need to cum!" Looking at my dick again, breathing deep, she couldn't resist her hunger. She dove forward, her lips closing around the side of my pole, sliding up and down and all around the outer circumference of my raging dong. Her smooth, spit-soaked lips glided along my slick cock, her tongue ravishing it in the process.

I couldn't find words. I simply sighed. Her ravenous mouth felt incredible, her lips and tongue working magic, making my

cock swell, almost ready to burst. She worked over ever side, pausing for a moment on the sensitive spot beneath the tip, her lips teasing the tip, her tongue driving me to the brink. She sucked at it, kissed it energetically, slathering it with saliva, focusing pleasure in that one single spot. She finally slid her mouth around the tip, only letting it halfway between her lips. She looked up at me, her teeth biting into the spongy tip ever so lightly so she could hold it there in place, growling like a cat as she shook her mouth, shaking my swollen shaft along with it. She finally reached up and grabbed my cock, slapping it against my flat belly. She stared right at my sack as she gasped for breath.

"God, you haven't cum in days!" she remarked with laugh, staring at my swollen nuts. "I can almost see the fucking cum in there. Here, let me make you feel better." With that, she leaned forward, nuzzling her faze against my scrotum, rubbing my nuts over every inch of her face, immersing herself against them. She finally opened her mouth and attached it to one of my large balls.

"Uhhhhh... shit!" I moaned out. Feeling her avid mouth sucking at my nuts was a new experience, and it felt good. Her tongue was gentle but firm, pleasuring my balls in just the right way. Soon, they were both coated with spit as she switched back and forth.

"God, I love big balls," she said to herself in a small moment her mouth wasn't occupied before savagely licking each of my balls. She then licked her way along the length of the shaft again before taking my cock back inside her mouth. She sucked the upper half of it again, working me right up to the edge, my pre-cum leaking into her mouth directly. Right as she brought me to the edge, she pulled back again, giving me a satisfied smile as she looked at my throbbing, pulsing shaft,

covered in her spit, so close to exploding. "God, I could stroke this fucker all night, but we do have to move along," she said. She stood up in front of me, her entire body bared for me, her mammoth udders jiggling as she moved, coated with bands of her spit. "Normally, I would make you eat me out till I scream, till I can't fucking see straight, but I'm fucking soaked already, and I'm not waiting another moment for that fucking cock. We'll just have to save that for later," she explained, shoving me onto my back. I took a deep breath as I watched her join me on the bed, moving to straddle me. This was it, there was no turning back. I was about to cheat on my girlfriend. I was about to commit incest. I couldn't really do this, could I? I mean, I had already made out with my grandmother, and then I squeezed her huge, naked tits, and then I let her suck my cock... ooh, boy, I was in trouble. I moved to sit up, only to feel one of Grandma's slim hands dig into my chest, pushing me down.

"I don't think so," she said, straddling me, reaching between her legs to grasp my cock, pointing it towards her bare, waiting cunt. "You are not leaving this bed until you make me cum all over this fat, meaty teenage cock!" She slapped the tip of my cock against the lips of her dripping cunt, and this contact made even her hesitate for a moment. A grandson's cock was slapping against a grandmother's cunt, and filthy sex was soon to follow. She had to steel herself.

Her expression changed as she looked down at me. It reminded me of that evil glare she had given me when she started sucking me off.

"Look at what you made me do," she began, stroking my cock lightly. "Look at what you've done to this family. 300 years, we've fought against our basest urges, then you just have to come along all fit and cut and studly, and ruin everything.

Grandsons aren't supposed to be sexy! Grandsons aren't supposed to make their grandmothers wet! You just had to come here, keep finding excuses to take off those clothes, show off all those yummy muscles... you were practically begging me to do this to you. This family... this great family, is about to descend into sin, and it's all thanks to you. I hope you're happy." With that, she began to sit down, and after generations of temptation, after generations of women doing work to prevent this very outcome, an incestuous encounter was being consummated.

My cock began sliding into my grandmother's cunt.

"Ahhh! FUCK!" I screamed out as I felt her silky tightness begin to swallow my aching shaft.

She was so tight! So fucking tight! I mean, I only could compare her with Sandy, but she was somehow even tighter. My 50-something grandmother had a tighter cunt than my college-aged girlfriend. Her small cunt was wrapped around my thick shaft as she took me in, smothering my cock in steamy tightness, coating it with even more moisture. It felt incredible! A whole new experience, admittedly much better than my girlfriend's vagina.

"Uhhhhhh! God damn!" she sighed, pausing, swiveling her pussy around the top half of my shaft, getting used to my large size. She then began to push onward, forcing herself down on me, taking more of my thick cock inside her. I looked down to see her tight, puffy lips splayed around me, wrapped tightly around my hard cock. I could see her juices dripping down my hard prick. She swiveled her hips more as she worked more of my penis inside of her. And finally, she slammed herself down on me, her ass slapping into my thighs.

"Ugh!" I grunted.

"AAAHHHHHH! YES!" she screamed out, her tight cunt squeezing my cock, which was now fully inside of her. My heavy sack splayed against her round ass as she sat on me. She flexed her ass as she ground herself against me, her fingers digging into my chest. "I love it! That's some good cock! Some good fucking cock!"

My head rolled against the bed, the pleasure nearly too much to take. It felt amazing! It did, but the fact that it was my grandmother giving me this pleasure was the tough part to handle. I couldn't find words.

"Awww, c'mon hon, don't be shy," she teased, scratching my chest. She then grabbed my wrists and yanked my hands upwards, slapping them against her huge boobs once again. My hands reflexively squeezed them, seeking any comfort I could find. "Talk to me, Jesse... fuck, yes... talk to Grandma! Tell her how good her cunt feels! Tell me!"

"Ugh... ugh fuck... it feels good." I grunted out, not knowing what else to say.

"Baby, I expect a bit more than that," she laughed, squeezing my prick with her cunt muscles, making me squirm. "By the end of this, I'll have you singing! You'll forget all about little Sandy. You'll be screaming out how much you love me, how you love my hot body, how amazing I am at sex. That I have a tighter pussy than any of those little sluts you go to school with. You'll be bragging to your friends about how sexy your

grandma is. They'll be so jealous, so envious, wishing their grandma's were as awesome and sexy and slutty as yours."

I dug into her breasts with my hands, listening to her words, not knowing what to say. She smiled at my confusion, digging into my chest again before rising up my cock, pulling up all the way to the tip, before driving back onto me, her skin slapping against mine.

"Ugghhhh!" she groaned. "Yes!"

"Shit!" I groaned as she began to rise and fall at a steady pace, the sex now ensuing.

"Fuck yes!" she moaned out. "Your cock feels so good inside me, Jesse. It's where it belongs, deep inside my filthy cunt. It's home now, haha! Ohhhh, God yes!"

I kept squeezing her jiggling boobs as she bounced on me, but other than the stifled grunts, that's all the feedback I was giving her. She bounced at a decent rhythm, my cock now soaked with her juices as it smoothly slid in and out of her eager, clutching hole.

"C'mon Jesse, you can't run from this!" she insisted, as she incested me with her tight cunt. "You were born for this. You were bred for this! Shit! God DAMN YES!" she screamed out, her pussy squeezing my aching shaft. "It's your destiny, baby. You can't ever hope to have a normal relationship with some girl. You were meant to pleasure the family women. So don't be mad. Don't be ashamed. Get into it, baby. Tear my ass up! You know you want to! Accept your fate! Trust me, it's so much better once you do!"

She drove into me more firmly, her ass driving me into the bed as she bounced.

"God yes, Jesse! You fuck so well! You have no idea how good you can be, so just dig in and fuck me! C'mon, baby! FUCK ME!" she yelled out, driving into me harder. `My eyes were closed, my hands clung to her jutting tits, and my mouth remained closed, afraid that opening it even a slight amount would allow the moans of pleasure to escape. I couldn't admit it. I couldn't let her know how good this felt.

"Here..." she began, and before I knew it, she pulled my clutching hands from her jugs and slammed them against the bed. She slowed her bouncing for a moment as she did so, and now, holding my hands to the bed meant her chest was now pressed into mine, her huge, bare breasts now sliding against my fit naked chest. Her cunt squeezed around my shaft rhythmically, pleasuring me even when not bouncing on me. She brought her lips to my ear. "No more boobs for now, hon. I know you are crazy hot for them, and they make you rock hard, but I want you to feel me. All of me. I want you to feel me skin to skin. Flesh sliding on flesh. I want you to know that it's your hot... naked... sexy grandmother on top of you, riding your fat cock, giving you the best sex of your life. You can't hide from the truth, Jesse. It's your grandmother fucking you. It's you grandma who is making your cock that hard. It's your grandma who is fucking you so well. Your cock gets stiff for old chicks, clearly, haha! Mmm, you have no idea how good your fat cock feels inside me, baby. I can't even imagine how good this is for you. Just admit it, baby. Give me something. Tell your grandmother how good this feels. I'll make it worth your while."

She began kissing and sucking my neck, making my eyes roll in pleasure. She scrubbed her breasts against my chest, her nipples scraping against me. She began to bounce on me again, her ass rising and falling as she sucked on my neck. Her round ass collided with my legs repeatedly, the slapping of skin on skin echoing throughout the room.

I did my best to resist the pleasure. I really did. But it really felt amazing. Her cunt was tight and wet, clutching my hard cock and not wanting to let it go, smothering it between her mature, wet lips... drowning it in silky pleasure. Her huge boobs slid against my chest, the sensation of the massive mounds pillowing out against my chest was incredible, like nothing I had ever felt before. And then there was her teasing lips, and her silky tongue against my neck... she was working me from every angle.

By this point, even though her hands were still wrapped around my wrists, she wasn't really holding me down. I began to lift my arms from the bed when her grip tightened. Before I could stop her, she pulled my hands back, slapping them against her full ass.

"There you go, baby, squeeze my ass! Squeeze it!" Grandma commanded, coaxing my fingers into tightening, the firm, sexy, aged flesh of her juicy ass molding into my clutching hands. "Fuck, fuck, FUCK!" she moaned, still driving down into me, my lubed dick smoothly going in and out of her, our flesh slapping into each other. "You love my ass, don't you? Don't you?" she asked, looking down at me, her hanging breasts sliding around my chest as she bounced on me. "Tell me, how much you love this ass? Tell me! You love your girlfriend, and you love her butt, but it doesn't drive you wild quite like mine does, right? Your grandmother's juicy ass!" she teased. The muscles in my neck were taught as I tried to stifle

off the pleasure, trying to just ride this out with minimal participation. But she wasn't gonna accept that. She leaned up slightly, pulling her boobs away from my chest and moved up my body, still riding my cock.

"Let's see you keep quiet during this!" she boasted, sliding up so her mammoth udders hung tantalizingly above my face. She shook her chest above me, bouncing her huge jugs back and forth. Her hard nipples drawing my vision. At the same moment she dropped her breasts down, she slid her hands under my head and pulled me up, forcing my face against her enormous, mature jugs. "Haha! There you go! Drown between my huge tits, Jesse! Drown in them, immerse yourself in them and be reborn, haha! Become the breast-man you were born into this family to be!"

She furiously and firmly scrubbed her huge boobs against my face, sliding them all around. Since she had control of my head, she was able to really put up the pressure. Her giant breasts were molded to my face, smothering me in the fleshy softness. Air came short in this soft prison, and any air I did inhale came filtered from between her bulbous jugs. Her hard nipples slid across my face, my nose, my eyes, my lips, all over me. And despite my brain knowing better, my body responded, my cock swelling beyond its normal girth.

"UUUUGGGGHHHHH! YEAH! I feel it! I feel that fat fucking cock inside me! You're huge! You're so fucking huge!" she moaned, clutching my head tighter to her bulging rack. "I want to cum on that cock so bad!"

"Ughhh! Fuck!" I grunted, unable to stop myself from vocalizing how close I was to exploding and relieving that pressure in my balls.

"Tell me... UGGHHHH FUCK... tell me you love it!" she ordered, bouncing rhythmically, clutching my cock and squeezing it with her amazing cunt muscles as soon as my meat was completely inside her.

"Uhhnnnnn..." I groaned in pleasure, but I wasn't able to yet vocalize any true pleasure. "No!"

"Don't fight it!" she demanded, slapping my face with her fleshy boobs, dazing me. "You love your grandmother's cunt more than your girlfriend, don't you? DON'T YOU?"

"Hnnnnnn... no." I panted, the pleasure almost too much to take, but I couldn't give in and just give her what she wanted. My body wanted one thing. My body loved the sex. My cock loved her cunt. My face loved her tits. My hands loved her ass, still squeezing the firm flesh greedily. But my brain... my brain was still holding out, just barely.

"You love fucking me! It's the best fucking sex you've ever had!" she screamed out, driving her ass into me.

"Nuh... nuh... I can't." I groaned, barely able to talk with my balls boiling so bad. She focused on riding me, bouncing up and down in a firm, steady, brutal rhythm, riding me as if riding to the beat of an illicit, hellish drum, our bodies slapping together in the rhythm of our impending doom.

"You're gonna fucking cum, aren't you?" she teased, her nipple placed against my mouth, trying to get me to give in and

participate by inhaling her tasty nipple. But no, I couldn't, that would be giving in. That would be losing.

"No..." I groaned again.

"Bull..." she spat out. "College boy's gonna cum in his grandma's tight, wet cunt! He loves old lady pussy more than any young slut's! Fill me, baby, fill me! Fill your grandmother's cunt with hot, thick cum!"

"Ughhh..." I grunted from her cleavage, my body jerking at hearing this amazing filth.

"C'mon baby, do it! Let go and fucking cum! You need it!" she coaxed, her boobs rippling around my face. My body tightened and flexed. Despite myself, I was getting close, and my body was taking over. I gripped her ass harder and began driving up into her.

"YES! Fuck my hot cunt and cum! Cum inside me! Fill my hot old cunt with potent, teenage sperm!" she begged, driving into me.

"Oh my God!" I sighed, as hard as titanium, my cock ready to explode as I fucked her. She really dug into me, her hips driving into me and flexing on each violent bounce.

"Cum! Cum inside me! Cum you fucking stud! Breed your Grandma! Make her pregnant!" she panted.

"Nuuugghhhh!" I grunted, my body tight, my balls twisting, ready to explode. The filth she was spouting was disgusting, and it was about to make me cum harder than I ever had. "I'm gonna cum..." I relented.

"YES! Do it, baby! Cum. Cum inside me! Do it!" she coaxed, her sweaty boobs still resting on my face as she bounced. I was turning the corner, her tight pussy overwhelming my senses.

"Oh... oh... yes. Yes! YES! YES!" I grunted, seconds from exploding. "Just a little more. Just a little more. Oh my god! Oh my GOD! OH... MY..."

Then, she slid her cunt off of me.

It was literally nanoseconds from my point of no return. I was this close to exploding when my cock slid out of her pussy, needing literally one more bounce from her to cause my cock to spit hot cum inside her. A small band of pre-cum shot from me, but I needed the real thing. I kept driving up into her, looking for that lost source of pleasure but not finding it, a groan rising unconsciously from my throat, that's how in need I was.

I needed to cum!

My eyes opened and I looked up at her. She had balanced herself above me, too far for my long cock to reach from my position under her. I looked up at her, need in my eyes. She looked down at me and smirked.

"Hon, I can do this to you all night," she boasted, breathing deep, her silky voice sounding insidious in my ears. "I could torture you with pleasure and drive you fucking insane until you confront the truth."

"Guuurrrr! HNNNGGGGHHHH!" I groaned, almost feral, driving up at her desperately, feeling this climax slipping away from me.

"Poor baby needs to cum." she teased. "If you want to cum hard, if you want to cum inside your grandmother, harder than you ever have in your life, then you need to take it! TAKE IT!" she demanded.

I didn't think twice.

My desperate cock overwhelmed any rational thought, any ethics and reason. I was a beast in need, and any cunt would do. It didn't matter that I had a girlfriend. It didn't matter that it was my nude grandmother in bed with me. I needed to cum in my grandma's vagina, damn the repercussions.

Finally willing to utilize my superior strength, I grabbed her by the hips and roughly threw onto her back next to me. I rolled with her, ending with me on top, between her spread legs, my rock hard weapon pointing at her dripping vagina. Her slim fingers wrapped around my neck, her nails digging into my skin, and she pulled her lips close to my ear.

"Take me, Jesse." she said, her voice coaxing me to the dark side. "Fuck your grandma! Cum inside me and take all the pleasure you deserve."

My brain wouldn't have listened, but my brain wasn't calling the shots. It was my cock in control, and it was listening in rapt pleasure.

With barely a hesitation, I lowered my hips, sliding my thick, throbbing meat inside of her, stopping only when our bodies collided, when my balls came to rest. But they weren't there for long. I wasn't looking for a drawn out session of sex. I needed to cum, and I needed to get to the point of no return quickly. My ass rose and lowered, driving my bulging meat inside of her.

"There you go, baby, there you go," she whispered into my ear, her claw-like fingers squeezing my butt roughly as I flexed and drove into her. She patted one cheek lightly as I worked up a good pace. "Fuck your grandma, baby, fuck me. Do you hear me? Fuck your grandmother, you sick fuck! Fuck me with your massive, cunt-splitting weapon! Give your innocent cock to your kinky, twisted grandmother!"

"Ugghhhh..." I groaned, unable to form words.

"What a good boyfriend you turned out to be!" she laughed in my ear, patting my butt possessively. "Two whole days away from her and you end up balls deep in your grandmother! That's how little she matters to you. You would rather fuck your grandmother than wait for her!" she contended. "You're a nice boy with a dirty, dirty dick! You would be such a shitty husband to her. You can't even keep it in your pants for two whole days! Two fucking days and then you hop into bed for a roll in the hay with your own fucking hot grandma!"

"Hhhnnnnn!" I grunted.

"But don't worry. This is your destiny, don't you realize?" she cooed, her lips spewing her insane doctrine. I knew better, I really did, but my brain was practically putty by this point, so overworked and overstimulated that I would hang off every word she said, taking them for gospel.

She was starting to reprogram me.

"This is where you're meant to be," she continued. "Oh fuck YES! You're home now! You're not meant to be shared with anyone else. You're for us... and only us. The women of your family. You're not meant for any greater purpose other than making the women in your family cum! You're sole purpose is to make us all scream in pleasure, like we deserve. Shit! FUCKING SHIT YES! Ughhhhh! You may fucking hate us right now! But that won't stop you! It won't ever stop you again! You will make us all cum like crazy from this point forward. No fuss, no muss, no whining, no bullshit, no complaining. Yes! This is your sole purpose!"

"Guuuhhhh!" I groaned, driving my slick, smooth cock into her at a quick pace, with a stamina I didn't know I had.

"Your sister's a total bitch... but you'll fuck her brains out and do whatever she says. YES!" she squealed, her legs tightening around me. "Your mom's a secret slut, and you will unleash her." I reached down and cupped her huge tits, my mouth savagely attacking her hard nipple, sucking at it roughly. "Your aunt is a kinky fucking whore... and she will take you to your limits." I dug in and drove into her harder, pushing her lower half upward off the bed with each down stroke. "Your cousin, Kendra... haha, you obviously have a crush on her,

and you will give her the treatment you have been dreaming about." I chewed on her nipple roughly, causing her back to arch in pleasure, her fleshy body clinging to me. "And me, your own grandmother, your sexy, hot-bodied grandma who you can't resist... you will worship me and my body in the way it clearly deserves!"

She dug into my ass roughly, pulling me down as she drove her cunt up at me.

"FUCK! Fuck me, Jesse, fuck me!" she groaned. "Admit the truth and you can cum! Tell me you love us more than your girlfriend... shit... admit that this is your future and you can fucking cum! YES! I love it! Do it and I'll let you cum! Admit it and you can empty your huge balls wherever you fucking want! Do it!"

Our bodies were locked together as I drove down into her, my fit teenage frame driving into her lush, voluptuous, mature form. Our sweaty frames soaked the bed and slapped wetly against each other. She pulled my face from her huge tits and forced me to look at her. Through my haze, I looked down at her.

"You want to cum, don't you?" she asked, her lips parted as she sighed with pleasure.

"Ughhh... hnnnn... guhhhh... yes." I sighed, finding the word somehow. She drove up into me harder and squeezed my cock in her tight cunt even more firmly, rewarding me for my admission. She dug into my ass with her claw-like fingers.

"You want to cum, you fucking stud? You think you're so hot you can fire that load wherever you want, even inside your hot grandma's pussy? You want to fill up your grandma's fucking cunt with thick, hot cum, don't you?" she asked, her words driving into me.

"Yes." I answered.

"You want to bury that fat, juicy cock to the balls inside your grandmother's tight, old-lady cunt and fill it with your precious, rich, tasty cum?" she asked.

"Yes." I repeated, as if assent was the only the thing I could give.

"You want to spend your life as the family stud, being passed around between the family women like the studly piece of meat you fucking are?" she asked, her voice harsh with lust.

"Yes." I agreed.

"Fuck me, baby, fuck me! Fuck your grandmother! Fuck your hot grandma! Yes! I knew it! I always knew it would be good. I always knew it, inbreeding... the incest... fuck yes, I always knew it would be good! But I didn't know it would be this fucking good! Yes! I love it, I fucking love it!" she screamed out, driving into me roughly. "God, you were meant for this. You were meant to end up in bed with me... you were meant to fuck your grandmother. God yes! You were meant for incest. Just like me... just like all of us!" she screamed out, gripping my ass roughly.

"Your future doesn't matter. Your dreams don't matter. Your job doesn't matter. It doesn't matter if you don't want this, if you want to get married to some girl and live the normal fucking life. Oh God yes! You're a walking dick for us! That's it! And your job is here, right fucking here, filling us with cum, making us scream."

"Yes!"

"Fuck me, baby, fuck me like that! Fuck me hard! Yes!" she squealed. "Fuck me like that! Your destiny is to fuck us... fuck your relatives... yes... fill us with cum... fuck yes... fuck our brains out and breed us!"

"You've found a greater purpose... we were meant for this! Fuck! We were always meant for this! Our family wasn't meant to run from this... I know it! This is way too good to not do. We were meant to do this!"

"Ugh!" I grunted, a shiver running through my cock as I drove into her harder, my swollen balls slapping into her sweaty ass.

"You're gonna knock up your mother! Yes! You're fucking bitch of a sister! That slutty cousin of yours! I love it, I fucking love it! Your kinky, whorish aunt! Even your amazing, slutty, super-sexy grandmother! YES! Use us as your fucking baby factories, keep fucking filling us with hot cum every God damn day!"

"Holy shit!" I groaned, my balls twisting again.

"You're amazing! Fuck! You magnificent motherfucker! You're a God damn hero! Forsaking all other women for us. Your relatives, the women you're related to. Making sure our cunts get filled! FUCK YES! Honey... if I'm right... you're not dooming our family! You're making us stronger! The blood is strong! The seed is strong! We were meant for this! We were always destined to fuck! SHIT YES! You breed us... you breed us all, and you'll make us stronger. Our family... yes, oh God yes... our family will take the next step! We'll evolve! Become something even greater! Breed out the impurities... the imperfections. Our children, our future... the men we be even sexier, and the women somehow be even more amazing! Yes! Just like that! Keep fucking your grandma! Fuck my tight old cunt! Fuck that pussy like the good stud you are! Yes, you know what you're doing. You're so good at fucking, baby! Give me your cum... give us all your cum, fuck us all and spread that precious seed of yours. You have no idea how fucking valuable that cum is! We can't waste any of it. Not a single fucking drop! You need to fill our cunts, baby. Fill your grandmother's cunt with hot thick cum! YES! Forget your girl and join us! Tell Sandy to fuck off! Tell her she's ugly! Fulfill your destiny! Make us yours!"

"Yes! God Yes!" I groaned, getting close, not caring anymore about the slights against my girlfriend. The pleasure those words caused was too great to deny.

"Yes! Fuck yes! I love it! Oh God! Jesse! Fuck me, baby! Fuck me, stud! Make your grandmother pregnant! Fulfill your destiny! Join us! Yes, yes, yes, yes, YES, YES, YES, YES, YES!" she screamed.

"Oh my God! I'm gonna cum!" I grunted, my body driving into her in overdrive, not losing a bit of speed as my cock neared the point of no return.

"Be our hero! Take your place at the head of the family! Save us! Save our family! Be a hero! BE the magnificent grandson you are and finish the job! Yes! Be a dear and cum inside your grandmother's hot, wet cunt!" she begged. "Make your slutty grandma cum!"

"Ugh!" I grunted.

"Knock me up! KNOCK ME UP! KNOCK YOUR FILTHY GRANDMOTHER UP!" she screamed, her cunt quivering and spasming around me, pulling me closer.

"Yes! YES! I'm gonna fucking knock you fucking up!" I grunted, my dazed mind only able to repeat her twisted desires.

"Oh God! Oh god! OH GOD! YES! YES! YES! YES! HOLY FUCK, I'M GONNA CUM! I'M GONNA CUM! I'M GONNA CUM ON MY GRANDSON'S FAT FUCKING COCK! UGHHHHHHH! UHHHHHHHHHHH! AHHHHHHHHHHH! YYYYYYYYYYYYYEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!"

She screamed at the top of her lungs, her body pressing into me as her back arched severely, her nails squeezing the life out of my flexed ass, her mature cunt squeezing at my thick cock, pulling me deeper toward my destiny, coaxing the cum from my over-pressured balls into her divine twat. And finally, blessedly, my balls turned the corner. The point of no return was passed.

I began to cum.

"AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" I roared, cum finally exploding from my cock in a thick, long rocket, coating the inside of my grandmother's wet, tight pussy, filling her womb. Jet after jet of cum fired from me directly into her waiting cunt, my thick teenage sperm filling up her old twat. My balls were so overfilled that they just kept firing, cumming more than I ever had in my life, exploding from my swollen meat in thick, creamy streams, each ending up filling the tight pussy smothering my fleshy weapon.

My ass drove down into her as she took my seed, her claws digging into my buttocks, no doubt breaking the skin. She was on the same plane of absolute bliss that I was, her limbs jerking under me, her cunt squeezing around me as the violent pleasure ran through her. Her squeezing cunt and my spasming cock were working in unison, our sex organs working to draw every thick drop of cum out from my balls deep into her waiting, ready cunt. My thick, beefy teenage cock and her tight, mature cunt were perfectly matched for this sole challenge.

My hands were overfilled with her luscious breast flesh as my mouth inhaled her nipple, gripping it between my lips as I steadied myself through this storm of pleasure. Our bodies were purely bestial at this point, fitting together in a way that seemed so wrong but worked so right. My orgasm seemed as if it would never end, as more and more cum kept firing from me, but she rode it out with me, her orgasm as substantial and world shaking as mine.

It was such a violent pleasure that my mind eventually blacked out, the pleasure too much to comprehend.

My brain couldn't handle it.

I don't know how much time passed before the fog began to clear. I felt a body under me guide me onto my back and slide out from underneath me. I was dizzy and my mind was a daze as this blurry figure moved around. My chest heaved, gathering breath, until the haze lifted fully. Grandma was coated with sweat as she woozily stepped across the room, my cum leaking down her legs. Her bare ass was pointed at me, and my eyes were locked right on it. She poured herself another drink and downed it quickly. She looked back at me and smiled wickedly, her eyes giving my nude splayed out form the once-over.

And despite myself, I did the same. I looked at my grandmother's naked body, taking in all that tanned, smooth, mature flesh, those jiggling tits, I had to look away. Knowing this body was my grandmother's was too wicked to think about for too long.

"That was even better than I ever hoped it could be," she admitted. "If I knew how good this would be... I would never have waited. None of the women would have ever stopped themselves from this," she said, glancing over at the family tree, before looking back at me. She stretched her arms across her sweaty tits, one after the other, and then cracked her neck.

"Want to know how I know this was meant to be?" she asked with a crooked smile. "Young guys and old ladies have one thing in common... we're always ready for round two." she stated, nodding at my cock. Somehow, somehow, after what I had just gone through, my cock was still mostly stiff, resting on my belly in a pool of sex-juices. I looked at her as she approached, her nipples still-rock hard, and her clit

throbbing. She joined me on the bed, and it was clear this wasn't over.

It was just beginning.

"We were playing around before," she began, "But now I make you mine!"

She began to crawl onto the bed, moving to my side.

"Dark forces are at work, Jesse. Dark, disgusting, illicit, forbidden forces run through our veins, and they have been there for hundreds of years. They make us stronger, they empower us. No grandma should be able to fuck this well, and no young man should be able to be able to handle the type of mature, illicit fucking a woman like me can offer. It will clearly take us a long time to exorcise these demons... a long time and a lot of sex. So let's give you what you want, what you've wanted from the start." She paused and turned, getting on her knees next to me, reaching back to pull one ass-cheek from the other, exposing her taut, clean, tight asshole. "It's time for you to worship my ass, Jesse. Take out all your nasty fantasies on my hot fucking ass!"

I tried to stay strong, but it seemed so futile. When it came down to it, my own body had turned against me, my body lustily fucking hers, my mouth spitting filth, betraying my girlfriend in the process. Deep down, there was a part of me willing to forsake Sandy, forsake everything, all to satisfy my need for pleasure. My grandmother had tapped in deep enough to bring that side of me to the surface, and I didn't know if I could stamp that side of me out again. I had fallen, I had seen the other side, I had swam in those dark waters, and I could never forget that. I could never take that back. The

damage had been done. I had already... I had fucked my own grandmother, and my cock wanted more. I knew better, I really did, but... her ass was making my mouth water. It really was amazing, and Grandma knew she could hook me in with it, tempt me into taking part in my own doom. I had already fucked her, how much worse was a little ass worship?

Her lips curled wickedly as I got on my knees behind her and approached her rear end. I tentatively rested one of my hands on top of her firm, rounded ass, my fingers pressing into her plush flesh. It was true, the words I said before... her ass was the type to be worshipped.

"There you go, baby, there you go," she cooed. "Come to me... come to Grandma."

I moved my face in close, appraising her round, mature ass from inches away. I looked it over, studying each soft bit of flesh. I ran the one hand along the top of it, and used the other to lightly touch her rear end, hesitant to dive in fully.

"There's nothing to be afraid of," she told me. "Don't be afraid to dive in," she urged, reaching back to grab at my scalp. But I didn't need any help. Her amazing firm, round, sweaty ass drew me in like a siren's song, and just as her fingers dug into me, I dove forward, bringing my face against my grandmother's amazing ass.

I rubbed my face and hands against her butt, my hands overeager, squeezing her firm rump. I rubbed my face all over her butt, immersing myself against it, the sweat from her mouth-watering ass sliding against my face. My lips found the firm cheeks, kissing it over and over again.

"Haha... that's it! That's it!" she moaned out as she felt my lips against her rear. "Look at you, big strong college boy, on his knees, kissing his grandmother's bare ass! Haha! I bet all your friends would be so impressed! And your girlfriend... haha, what would she think of her sweet, loving boyfriend worshipping his own grandmother's ass? That he would rather worship his grandmother's ass than go back to her. Yes, that's good, that's good baby."

I wasn't too affected by her words, I was too all-consumed by her ass to escape this fervor. My lips and tongue were all over her rump, kissing her firm cheeks, licking the beads of sweat off her juicy, round butt, even giving parts of the bare flesh that I could fit in my mouth some small, popping sucks. My hands were just as busy, playing with the jutting cheeks, not getting enough of the firm flesh.

She was still using her hand to pull one of the cheeks apart from the other, and I used my hand to give her other cheek the same treatment, pulling it away from the other, now exposing the full length of her ass-crack to me. My eyes widened as I fully realized how close of proximity I was in to my own grandmother's exposed, tight asshole. As furious as my ass-worship was, this caused even me to stop.

"Mmmmm, don't be afraid of it, honey," she said, her voice slithering into my ears. She saw my hesitance and smiled. "Awww, has Mr. Ass-Man never licked a girl's asshole before? Well, you must not really like little Sandy if you're not willing to do that for her. Not much of an ass-man if you've never rimmed a girl. Well, that changes tonight, cause you'll be rimming me. You'll be licking and sucking your grandmother's asshole, and trust me babe, you will LOVE it! Once you start rimming girls, you won't be able to stop. You'll be addicted."

"Your mouth is already watering. You're drooling over your grandmother's buttocks. Your tongue is shaking. You know it's wrong, but it would be so good! God, I need it! I need you to feast on it! I wanted it as soon as I first saw you yesterday. As soon as I saw you, you fucking stud, I imagined you, just like this, on your knees, worshipping my asshole with your tongue. You want it! You want to taste it, cause you know it would taste divine. So, just... do it. Rim me, Jesse. Put your tongue on my ass! Open your mouth, press your lips around my asshole, and suck. Do it. Chop, chop. Get to it!" she commanded, shaking her butt at me, tempting me forward. I wish I could say I fought for Sandy, fought valiantly for our love, fought through hell to get back to her.

My mouth dove in between Grandma's ass-cheeks before the last word left her mouth.

"AHHHH! That's it!" she moaned loudly, as my tongue left my mouth and travelled up the crevasse between her jutting ass-cheeks. I licked from the bottom of her pussy to the top of her ass, my tongue licking every inch. My eager tongue attacked her tight hole, licking over the ridged flesh, swabbing it with my spit. "Right there, right in there!" she moaned, her hand clawing into the back of my head, forcing me between her cheeks, swiveling her hips in pleasure.

I rimmed her asshole firmly, worshipping it with my tongue. I wish I could say I hated doing it, but the act itself, and the knowledge of who I was doing it to, drove me wild. It was so dirty, so filthy, so wrong, and that only made it better. My lips pressed against it as I stabbed at her asshole, trying to break through the tight hole.

"Oooohhh, hon! That's it! I can feel that tongue going crazy back there! You must really fucking love it! Wave a hot old ass in a young man's face, and the tongues start wagging, haha. Yes! I love it! I love that tongue in my tight fucking ass! Yes! Get it in there. GET IT IN THERE! AAAAAHHHHHHH! YES!" Grandma moaned out as soon as my tongue broke through the tight sphincter. She ground her ass against my face roughly, holding my head in place firmly between her cheeks. She turned to look back at me, her eyes looking over the slopes of her ass, meeting my own gaze, my eyes one of the only parts of my face not smothered by her full ass. And as she stared me down, the look in her eyes was one of almost amusement, of cold arrogance. My tongue was working avidly, fucking her ass slowly, my drool coating her asshole. Finally, using her full ass, she pushed me back, my mouth separating from her rear end. I looked at her, confused. She looked over her shoulders and fully posed herself in front of me, on her hands and knees, shaking her ass at me.

"Alright, enough of that. You've made my ass nice and wet, and I'm ready," she told me. "Okay, grandson of mine, get behind me, get nice and comfortable, put that fat young cock against my asshole, and push. Push as fucking hard as you fucking can, cause I want to feel every inch of that mammoth dick up my tight fucking ass!" she snarled. I looked at her, in almost disbelief.

I mean, I had always fantasized about fucking with a girl up the ass, but I never expected it to actually happen. I always thought it was a thing that was reserved for porn. I never once pushed it on Sandy, or ever expected it from her. It's not the type of thing you could look down on a girl for not offering. And I certainly didn't expect my grandmother of all people to first make me this offer. I was frozen, conflicted, tempted to live out a fantasy I had always dreamed about, but hesitant because it was my grandmother offering to help me live it out.

My grandma, with the perfect round ass, and those amazingly huge tits...

"What... did Sandy never offer you her ass? Her one moderately redeeming feature, and she's not willing to go all the way? Tsk, tsk... another check in the terrible girlfriend column. But that's okay. I'll be a better girlfriend to you than she would ever be. So go ahead, Jesse, do it. Fuck my ass! You won't regret it. It's tight, so fucking tight. It makes most guys lose it immediately, but not you... you're better than that. You're built to handle an ass like mine. I want you to force that fat cock inside me and tear my ass up! Demolish it with that fat fucker hanging between your legs. Fuck my tight ass until you make it cum all over that fat dick! Split my ass open, and make me fucking scream!"

The temptation was too much. I was still drooling over her. Her nasty words, her round ass, the way she wiggled it slightly, tempting me forward... I had already come this far. I mean, I had already had bareback sex with my own grandmother and ejaculated inside her mature cunt. How much worse was it really to fuck her up the ass too?

She smirked as I sidled up behind her, my hard dick leading the way. I reached down and slapped my dick against her ass, causing her cheeks to ripple, before sliding it so it caught within the crevasse between them. I slid it the tip of my once again hard cock up down the crack lightly before settling it against her ready asshole, teasing it.

"Do it, baby, do it!" she begged, her eyes wild and manic. I held my shaft with one hand and rested the other against her hip. "Just push it in and don't stop! Don't stop till I feel those fat fucking balls against me! I want every God damn inch!"

This time, I showed no reluctance. I flexed my hips and began to push.

"Aaaaahhhh! Yes!" she sighed in pleasure, feeling the force of my large cock-head pushing at her. I gripped her hips, my fingers digging into her soft skin, pulling her back against me. I winced as her ass resisted my meaty intruder, not willing to give just yet. "C'mon! C'mon you motherfucker! Do it! Force that fat cock inside me!"

I pushed harder, gritting my teeth, pushing my cock against her rear entrance until finally, it yielded, and in an instant, the tip of my cock was swallowed by her ass.

"AAAAHHHHH! YES! FUCKING FUCK YES!" she groaned, her voice nearly hoarse as her asshole snapped around the tip of my dick.

"Ugghhhh!" I groaned. It felt... it felt amazing. Fucking amazing! Feeling such tightness all around it. Looking down and seeing her round, juicy ass-cheeks split apart, my bulging column jammed in-between. The pleasure was divine.

I needed more.

I reached forward with my other hand and dug my fingers into her shoulder. Rearing back, I drove my hips forward, her chest falling to the bed from the force of my lunge as I drove a good four inches of cock into her tight ass before meeting resistance.

"AAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!
GAWWWWWDDDDDDDDDDDD! YES! FUCK YES!" she moaned out, her tight ass yielding to my weapon. I felt her ass quivering and spasming around me, getting used to my meat. Her entire body writhed and squirmed as I held my cock in place. She huffed and puffed for a few minutes, prepping herself for me while squeezing the buried half of my shaft with her amazingly tight ass muscles, giving me pleasure I had never experienced before.

It was amazing.

She finally relaxed, all the tension seemingly leaving her hot body. With half-lidded eyes, she lifted herself up with her hands and gave me a lusty, glass-eyed gaze.

"More," she whispered, lips curling upward. Grimacing, I lunged forward again, forcing my thick shaft even deeper inside her, leaving only a few inches outside of her. "UUHHHHNNNNNNNN!" she groaned, her ass forced to yield to even more of my invading cock. "God yes! Fuck yes!" she screamed. "I love it... I fucking love it!"

"Fuck!" I sighed, the pleasure of her tight ass almost too good to take. My cock was almost numb it was so excited.

"Ugh... ugh... you like that? You like my ass? You like your grandma's tight ass?" she asked with a sneer of arrogance, squeezing her ass around my cock teasingly.

"Yeah... it's fucking incredible." I gasped, unable to hide my pleasure from her.

"Do you love it? Is it the best hole you've ever stuck that dirty dick of yours into?" she asked, her voice unsteady with pleasure.

"Yes, it's the best, the tightest fucking hole I've ever felt." I replied, in pained pleasure, as her tight ass squeezed the hell out of my throbbing dick.

"Then get going," she insisted. "Bury the rest of that fat fucker inside me and fuck the hell out of me. Make me fucking scream again and again and fucking again! Empty those swollen fucking nuts in my tight ass! Give it all to me!"

I held position for a few moments, lost in a haze of pleasure as her tight ass squeezed the life out of my cock. She looked back at me and spoke her words with an animalistic snarl.

"Do it!" she spat out at me. I inhaled, gritted my teeth, and drove forward, my abs colliding with her ass, my cock buried to the root inside her.

"YYYYYYYYEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSS! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! YES!" she squealed, her body squirming now that her ass was stuffed with nine thick inches of teenage meat. She ground herself against me, causing my cock to swirl within her tight asshole. "Ahhhhhhh! Yes! God Damn! I love it!" she moaned, squeezing her asshole around my throbbing meat.

"Guh! Fuck!" I grunted, her tight ass almost driving me over the edge. It felt so good!

She turned to look back at me, lips curled in a sneer.

"Fuck me, Jesse! Fuck my ass!" she snarled. I was too far gone to fight back. The pleasure was far too good to stop.

I slid my cock out, lubed with my saliva and her ass juices, pulling it so only the tip was left inside. And then, with a deep breath, I drove my cock back into her.

"Uhhhh! Yes!" she moaned. I began to work up a good rhythm, pumping in and out of her ass, giving her my entire length. "That's some good dick. Some good dick!"

I held onto her hips as I fucked her, my fingers clinging to the warm, mature flesh. I gripped her firmly as I drove my dick in and out of her.

"Fuck! That's... it's so good! So good!" I groaned, the pleasure almost blinding.

"Yeah, that's it. Talk to me, baby! Tell me how good that fucking ass is!" she sighed.

"It's amazing. It's... just fucking amazing! Ugh, God!" I moaned out, her ass incredibly tight around me. She smiled at this admission, and she smiled even more when I pulled my hand up and swatted one of her firm, jiggy ass-cheeks.

"UGGHHHHHHH! YES! FUCK YES! Get into it! Get into that fucking ass, baby!" she moaned out, driving her butt back into me as I drove into her. "Do it again, but harder! Spank my

fucking ass! Spank your grandmother's fucking hot ass!" she begged, her voice heavy with lust. I reared one hand back and brought it down into her.

SPANK!

"YEEEEESSSSS! AGAIN!" she gasped.

SPANK!

"FUCK!" she screamed out as I alternated between cheeks.

SPANK! SPANK! SPANK! SPANK!

"UUUHHHHHHH! HHHUUUGGGGHHH!" she moaned out, her asshole spasming around my swollen shaft as her entire body jerked, a small orgasm shuddering through her. I kept up the pace, fucking in and out of her, her asshole swallowing my entire length, gripping me like a vice, as if trying to squeeze the cum out of me. Her head was hanging down as she gasped for breath.

"You like that?" I asked, dipping my toes in the water, asserting myself slightly, being drawn in by the incredible pleasure I was feeling. Her head looked up, giving me an absolutely filthy look.

"I love it! I love that fat teenage cock! Fuck me, Jesse, fuck me!" she begged. I picked up the pace, pumping my cock into her ass smoothly at a fast speed. "UGHHHH! Yes! Fuck me,

baby! I need it! I need that fat young cock! I've needed it for so long!" she moaned.

I drove my prick inside of her, her ass colliding against my torso with a meaty slap. I stared at her ass, admiring the way her full ass jiggled as I drilled her. It was amazing. And the sight of my thick shaft splitting that round ass apart, her tight asshole stretched around my dick... it was something I would never forget.

I dug my hands into her hips harder, pulling her back into me as I pumped into her.

"God yes! That's it! Get into it! Get into that ass! Fuck me like the man you are! Give it to me as hard as you fucking can! YEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSS!" she moaned out loudly. I really drove into her hard, putting all my strength into it, almost driving her back down into the bed. My cock was a blur, going in and out of her ass at a blinding speed. "YEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSS!" she moaned out, her voice warbling from the ferocity of the fuck I was giving her. "So goooooood! So good! I love it!"

She looked back at me, her head bouncing as I fucked her.

"You can't give it to Sandy this hard? Poor thing would break in two. Yes! Fuck yes! Not me, though. I can take it. You can only get it this hard from me, your fucking slut of a grandma. Only I can take it this hard, the way you need!" she said, tearing into Sandy again.

SPANK! SPANK! SPANK!

"AHHHHHHHHHHH!" she screamed in pleasure. My face was twisted into an angry scowl as she trashed my girlfriend again. She licked her lips before speaking up! "Your girlfriend is an ugly, disgusting little bitch!"

SPANK! SPANK! SPANK!

"UGGHHHHHH!" she squealed as I drove into her roughly, showing her no mercy, my swollen cock filling her tight ass to the brim. "She's... she's disgusting. One of the grossest, nastiest girls I've ever seen. Next time you try to fuck her, you won't even be able to get hard! Your cock won't even twitch for her. You'll have to put a fucking paper bag on her face, and think about your grandmother so you can get off!"

SPANK! SPANK! SPANK! SPANK!

"AHHH! AHH! YES!" she squealed as she drove back at me, driving her full weight back at me as I gave her my hardest, our bodies colliding roughly as they did battle, fighting for supremacy. Her lush, firm mature frame against my taut, hard teenage body. My cut torso against her round, juicy, firm ass, colliding so hard we would both no doubt be bruised and sore in the morning.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

I dug my fingers into her hips, driving the full length of my meat inside her on every pump.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

She dug her knees into the bed, driving her ass back at me as hard as she could.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

My hard torso, her round ass... something had to give.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

We slammed into each other, over and over again, our fucking equal and opposite, working in sync. And then, she switched it up on me, moving forward just as I did, dodging my torso. And, as I pulled back away from her, she drove back into me as hard as she could, digging her knees into the bed, catching me off guard and knocking the wind out of me. Together, we fell back until I landed on my back, with her on top. She spun on my throbbing spindle till she was facing me again, straddling me, sitting on my torso once again, cock still lodged in her ass. As I gasped for breath, her thick, smooth lips curled into a wicked sneer.

"Aww, look at that, even the big, strong college boy can't keep up with his hot grandma!" she laughed, licking her lips, swiveling her hips against me, squeezing my cock with her crazy tight ass. She began to bounce, rising and falling on my hard cock.

"Oh..." I sighed, my head rolling as the pleasure broke through my daze. Her pace escalated quickly, her bounces become more rapid, traveling the full length of my throbbing meat.

"Mmm, I'm gonna break that cock in. Make it mine for good! Fuck yes!" she sighed, bouncing at a frenetic pace. She reached down and grabbed my hands, bringing them up to her huge boobs again. "Squeeze 'em, baby, squeeze 'em!" she commanded, and my hands obeyed, digging into the lush softness again. "Yeah, that's it, baby. Squeeze them because they are the best tits you've ever seen! Right?" she demanded, as I squeezed her juicy rack over and over again.

"Yes!" I complied, knowing there was no point resisting after all we've done. "These are the best fucking tits I've ever fucking seen!" I said.

"You can't go accept flat little Sandy anymore, can you? You need big fucking tits in your life! You deserve them!" she said as I molested her huge udders.

"Yes... fuck yes! Fine, whatever, I need huge boobs in my life." I agreed, thinking that at this point, these huge boobs felt amazing, and I didn't know how it would be going back to my slim girlfriend after this.

"You would dump your girl for a pair of tits like these," she said, bouncing firmly on me.

"Oh fuck," I groaned, her ass feeling amazing.

"You would dump your girl for these tits," she added, being more specific.

"Ughhh..." I grunted, tugging at her nipples.

"You will dump Sandy for these tits!" she commanded, her skin slapping against mine.

"Fuck!" I groaned, my eyes meeting hers, not sure if I could even play at talk like that. She buried my cock inside her and flexed her ass, grinding against me with my full length inside her. "Ughhh... God dammit!" I groaned, my head rolling as I nearly exploded. She had me right on the edge and she knew it.

"Tell me, Jesse," she said loudly, her voice firm and angry. "Tell me that your grandmother is so hot and so sexy that you just HAVE to dump your girlfriend."

"No!" I grunted. "Fuck... dammit, that's fucking tight!" I groaned, her ass working me from every angle, smothering my turgid shaft with pleasure.

"The only way I let you cum is when you admit the truth. Admit you ARE going to be dumping little Sandy. Admit you will be accepting your true place, pleasuring the women of your family... fucking them... breeding them," she purred, her sinewy voice clouding my mind.

"Mmm, no..." I tried to resist the words that had gotten me off before. I had let my body participate in the sex, but I hadn't given in mentally just yet.

"But you so want to, Jesse. Fuck, that cock feels so good!" she groaned, driving her full ass down at me, our skin smacking

together again. "This could be your life... your job... your destiny! Old ladies like me need a LOT of sex. Like, a lot of hard fucking! That could be your life! You wouldn't need to work... you wouldn't need to leave the house... all you would need to do is fuck! Fuck... and fuck! And fuck! And FUCK! You don't need girlfriends when you've got us! Me, your mom, your aunt, your sister, your cousin... we're all that you would ever need. All that any man would need."

"No!" I groaned, my cock swelling at the filth she was spewing, trying not to imagine a future where I did nothing but fuck women I was related to. Not only cause of the nastiness of the idea, but the thought of it made me want to fucking explode inside her. I hated the idea of dumping Sandy, who I loved, in favor of choosing a life where I was used as a stud for the family women, but damn, did the thought ever turn me on. The thought made me want to cum harder than I ever had deep in my grandmother's amazing ass.

"Yes! YES! You need it, Jesse! You fucking need it!" she screamed out, burying my cock in her again, and squeezing it in her ass as hard as she could.

"AAHHHH! FUCK!" I screamed out loudly, brought to the absolute edge. Then, she turned off the pressure, and slid up my cock so only the tip was inside her, my cock throbbing, needing just a little more to explode. She held herself over me, her fit thighs flexing as she held herself up, as she looked down at my panting form.

"I can do this all night, Jesse," she said, her voice eerily calm and composed, lording the power she had over me.

"Please," I begged, my nerves frayed, my hands shaking, my brain trying to resist.

"You think you can just fuck your grandma and just walk away?" she asked, squeezing the tip of my cock lightly. "No, you are with us now. You are one of us. Don't run from your fate. Don't deny your destiny. It will drive you mad if you try fighting this much longer. Accept your place, and I will show you a new world of pleasure."

"Uhhh, please!" I begged.

"Please what? Please Grandma, let me cum up your ass? Please Grandma, make me your personal sex slave? Tell me what you want, Jesse! Tell me that you came to this reunion cause you wanted us to fuck you. Tell me you were showing off your girlfriend and showing off your body cause you wanted your own grandma to steal you from her. Tell me that you love it when us Phillips girls boss you around. Tell me that you wanted to abandon everything to be with us. Tell me that you want to dump ugly Sandy. Tell me you want to go to her just to dump her in the cruelest way imaginable."

"Grandma, please..." I said, my conscious mind slipping away. She teased my cock, squeezing it with her asshole, just firm enough to tease me but not make me lose it. I needed to cum! I needed it, and it was clouding all judgment. Her words were getting more tempting.

"Tell the truth, Jesse. Admit that I'm your girlfriend now. Admit that you want to break-up with your brainless little college girlfriend in exchange for your grandmother. Admit that you would rather have me on your arm than her. Admit you want to take me out in public and show me off. Make all

the other guys envious of you, wishing they had a hot older girlfriend like me."

"No..." I said, squeezing my eyes shut.

"It would be so perfect. Call me 'Grandma' in front of your friends. Tell them that's what you call me in bed cause it gets you so hot! We can make out in front of them, swapping spit like horny teenagers, tongues down each others' throats. Make all those little young girls super jealous that this hot piece of man has his lips locked with an old lady. Drive them insane cause your perfect hands are groping some old whore's huge tits!" Grandma said, enjoying painting this picture.

"No..." I said again, less firmly.

"Jesse, you love fucking your grandmother's ass, you love it... it's the greatest experience of your life." she cooed, squeezing my cock again.

Could this really be my destiny? Can I throw away my girlfriend, my aspirations, my life as I know it, to take my place at these sluts' feet? Can I throw it all away and dedicate my life to giving the women of my family aggressive, athletic, mind-blowing sex? Sacrifice everything to give these women pleasure? For years, I had wanted to run from this family. But now, could I actually devote myself to them completely? It sounded so wrong, but my cock was pulsing at the thought.

"Mmm, I can feel how much you love this. You wouldn't love this so much if you weren't meant for it." she purred, lowering her ass, ever so slowly, taking my cock inside her once again,

the tight hole driving me insane as it slowly swallowed my aching dick, taking me to the brink.

"Aaaahhhh, God... Grandma, please!" I begged, unable to think straight. She smiled as she looked down at me, swiveling her ass around my throbbing pole, holding me at the edge like a master.

"I'll help you cum, but you need to tell me what I want to hear," she said, scolding me like a child.

"I... I can't." I groaned out, eyes shut, trying to do anything to avoid the pleasure. She rose up, letting my shaft escape her yielding ass, till she hovered at the tip again, her asshole's grip driving me giving me just enough to keep me on edge.

"Squeeze them!" she commanded angrily, bringing her hands over mine, making me squeeze and massage her enormous breasts over and over again. "Squeeze my big, sweaty, old-lady tits! Squeeze them cause you need them! Squeeze them so you'll think straight!"

The only thing getting through to my addled brain was the feeling of her soft, doughy tits overflowing my hands. I squeezed them roughly, the only thing my overstimulated mind could comprehend. The only thing my body needed.

I tried to think of Sandy, and my love for her, but all I could think about was the huge, firm, mature tits in my hands, and the driving need in my balls. I loved Sandy, but I needed to cum. I tried to remember her pretty face, but it was replaced by my grandma's aged face, and her cocky smirk.

"Do you love my tits?" she asked, eerily calm, amazing considering she had a dick in her ass.

"Yes..." I admitted, the words leaving my mouth before I could stop it, my hands still greedily squeezing despite myself.

"That's right, Jesse, you do. You love my tits!" she began, as if coaching me along. "You love my big, fat, old-lady tits! You love my body... you love my ass. I can feel how much you love my ass." She commented, squeezing the tip again with her snug asshole.

"Ohhh... FUCK!" I screamed out, about to lose it, being drawn to a new level of pleasure.

"Tell me... tell me you love my ass!" she commanded sternly.

"I love your ass!" I relented desperately, squirming beneath her. "I love it! It's so Goddamn tight!"

"Very good," she said with a smile, giving me a congratulatory squeeze with her ass. "And the sex between us... it's, like, crazy good... right?"

"Yes... ugh, God... amazing!" I groaned out.

"I'll take that as a yes," she said with a smirk. "And yes it is... the sex is amazing. This is the best sex I've ever had, Jesse. You have no idea. This body, this fucking body..." she started,

sliding her hands to my chest, rubbing her old, slim fingers over my fit torso aggressively. "This body is, like, fucking built to make me cum like crazy!" she said with a grin, squeezing her buttocks around my cock again. "And if you love the crazy, incestuous, nasty fucking you've done with me today, and I love it, why should we ever, ever stop? Why should we let a simple thing like your little girlfriend stand in the way of my... I mean... of OUR true bliss!"

"No... you're my Grandma. FUCK!" I replied, even the slightest movement of her was enough to make me spasm.

"Do you think I like knowing it's my grandson who gets me off?" she spat out. "That my grandson turned into a hunky, fit piece of ass? Do you think I like that you've made my juices drip down my thighs these last couple days? Do you think I like knowing that my grandson has a fat slab of dick that can fuck for hours on end?" she asked with a sneer, clenching herself around me again, making me groan. She released her tight grip and smiled at my plight. "Well, I do. I do love it, and you will too, eventually. You'll learn to love it. A few weeks in my bed, putting you through your paces... you won't be able to live without me!"

"Grandma... please!" I cried out again, gripping her jugs roughly.

"My grandson needs it bad..." she sighed, running her finger over my chest before sucking the sweat off of it. "God, you must have cum dripping through your pores. You need to cum, so be honest... tell me the truth, and I'll make you cum. Tell me the truth, and I'll empty those fat balls." I squirmed under her as she squeezed her ass around my cock some

more, in an agonizingly slow rhythm. I couldn't find words. I couldn't think straight.

All I could do was what I was told.

"Do you love Sandy anymore?" she asked with a sneer, all veneers gone, looking more like the wicked witch than my grandmother.

"Uhh..." I groaned, my body and mind struggling. I didn't have the strength to deny her any longer. "No."

"What was that?" she asked.

"No... I don't love Sandy." I groaned out, giving her what she wanted to hear, not knowing if it was true or not.

"Admit it, you love me more than her. You love your own grandma, and her hot fucking body, more than your disgusting, gross little girlfriend," she stated. I paused for a moment so she clenched her ass, spurring life into me.

"Yes! Yes, whatever... yes, okay! I love your body more than I love her." I admitted.

"Tell me what you really think of her," she urged, spinning slightly on my hard spindle.

"Ugghhh, fuck!" I grunted, the words she wanted me to say rising to the surface. "She's ugly... she's fucking disgusting! Is

that what you want to fucking hear? She's not pretty... she's bad in bed... she has no tits. Is that what you want to hear? Fuck her! Fuck my girlfriend! She's not as hot as you, okay? You like that? You like knowing my hot, college girlfriend isn't as sexy and slutty as you? Please... what do you want?" I begged, in near tears I was so desperate, her huge tits ballooning through my fingers.

"Then why are you even with her, Jesse?" she asked, drawing this out.

"Please, just let me cum!" I screamed out at her, causing her to smile. That smile, that lilted, arrogant smile...

I snapped right then.

"Fine!" I screamed out, torquing her rubbery nipples, causing her to moan. My body tensed up and I pulled myself up by my grip on her tits. "I'm gonna dump her, okay? But before I do, I'm gonna fuck her one last time! I'll put a fucking bag on her head, like you said, so she knows how ugly I find her. I'll think about you to get hard, and when I make her cum, I'll tell her I've been cheating on her. And when I leave her sobbing, I'll send her naked pictures of you, to see who she lost to." I said quickly, these words coming to me quickly from out of nowhere, from my deep, dark, lizard brain. The filth I spouted caused her body to shudder in pleasure.

"Oh, that's it!" she moaned through clenched teeth, her nails digging into my chest. "More!" She seethed. "Tell me... tell me I'm the best sex of your life you motherfucker!" she begged.

"You're the best, okay? My grandma is the best fucking sex I've ever had! My grandma is a huge fucking whore who knows how to ride a fucking cock!" I groaned, squeezing her huge tits roughly. But she didn't move. She just kept squeezing her ass around me, not moving, not giving me anything. "Please! Fine, I'll do it! I'll do whatever you want! I'll dump Sandy! I'll fuck you again! I'll be your sex slave! I'll do anything! Please let me cum! Please!" I begged. Her body shivered and she looked down at me, panting with lust.

"Good boy," she sighed, smiling hungrily, putting her hands on the headboard, pausing for a few moments, letting my balls simmer. "I'm gonna let you cum. And when you do, when you empty those massive balls into your grandmother's ass, you'll be mine. You hear me... you're MINE!"

And then, finally, she drove herself down at me roughly.

"AAAHHHHH!" I screamed out, my cock practically numb.

"FUCK!" she screamed out, grinding against me, nails digging into my chest. She squeezed the root of my cock with her ass, driving my cock insane with pleasure. She held me there, causing my whole body to flex, but it wasn't quite enough. She released her grip, and my body fell back, not quite reaching the mountaintop of pleasure.

"You're a fucking bitch, you know that?" I spat at her. She smiled wickedly.

"You love it!" she boasted, leaning forward so her face was above mine, her hands on the bed on either side of my head. Her cold glare met my fiery one. At that moment, even though

my fat cock was lodged in her ass, I hated her for what she was making me do. And I hated what sex with her had transformed me into. I dug my hands into her lush flesh, and with a hard thrust, I drove my cock all the way inside her.

"AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!" she moaned out in shock. I began driving up into her again, pistoning my cock into her, about to drive us both over the edge.

"Why is my grandmother such a slut?" I spat out. Her eyes rolled in pleasure. She put her hands on the headboard and pushed herself up again, matching my thrusts, driving herself down into me, her ass spasming with need, desperate to grip my cock tight and never let it go.

"You love it!" she boasted again.

"I do! I fucking do, you fucking bitch!" I replied, driving into her hard. "Do you think I like knowing how good my grandma is at sex? Do you think I like knowing your asshole feels amazing wrapped around my fucking cock? Fuck... fuck that's good!" I groaned.

"YEESSSSSS!" she squealed, bouncing on me more roughly, bringing me close again. "Fuck my ass! Fuck my ass! Make me cum! Make your grandma cum! Make your hot fucking old lady girlfriend cum!"

"Ughh, fuck! Fucking fuck I love this ass!" I groaned, gripping her huge tits.

"Tell me again! Tell me you're my slave! Tell me you belong to me now!" she begged, heaving her body up and down.

"Fine... whatever! I'm your fucking slave! I'll do whatever you want! I love this ass! I love your tits! I love my grandmother's body more than I ever loved Sandy!" I relented.

"UHHHHH... GOD YES! YES! YES!" she screamed out, her body driving into me, my cock almost being driven over the edge. "Make me cum, babe! Make me cum! Make your grandmother fucking cum! Fuck your grandma's ass till she cums! Yes! YES! YES! YES!"

A million things happened at once. I pulled her down onto my cock, burying it inside her again up to the balls. At the same moment, I used my grip on her huge tits to give me the leverage to pull myself up. As my cock completely entered her ass once more, my mouth clamped down on her throbbing nipple. And this act of submission to her hot body caused her to jerk and flex, her asshole squeezing around my cock hard.

And finally, after the pressure she had put on me, I exploded. We both exploded.

"UGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHH!" I grunted.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" she screamed.

I saw light. I didn't black out, not this time. It was like my eyes exploded in light. What I was seeing too impossible to comprehend. I felt my lower half jerk violently as rockets of warm cum fired from hard cock deep into her welcoming ass.

"YES! YES! YES!" I screamed as cum travelled up my shaft into her waiting ass, finally getting the pleasure I so badly needed after all these days of teasing.

"I feel it! I feel your cum inside me!" she screamed, her ass clenching around my cock, squeezing it harder than a fucking vice. "Fill me. Fill my ass! YES! YES! UGHHH!"

Stream after stream of thick cum fired from my cock, entering her warm ass, filling it. My body jerked and heaved as cum forcefully exploded from me, my balls providing a seemingly endless supply. Her body clutched tight to me, her huge tits in my face, her ass clenched around me, sealing my dick inside her as I drove it into her up to the balls. She leaned back, arms around my neck, tits pointed at the ceiling, my teeth pulling at her rubbery nipple.

"AAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" she grunted, her voice hoarse as she gripped my cock with her ass one more time as hard as she could, her orgasm drawing the last few shots of cum from the deep vault of sperm stored in my balls.

We held this position, my muscles tight, her body stretched, air leaving us as our bodies reached peak tension, all our muscles completely flexed, until finally, at the same moment, I fell back, carrying her with me as we hit the bed.

We lied there, gasping for breath, sleep nearly overtaking both of us. I was about to let sleep take over me when she began to move, pulling her sweaty body off of mine, lifting her ass off my half-hard dick, rolling onto her back next to me, her huge

tits heaving. She rested there for a few moments before standing, her legs wobbly as she found her balance.

She looked amazing, coated with sex-sweat, her huge boobs looking softer and smoother than ever. She wiped the sweat from her forehead, and turned to face me. I noticed my cum leaking from her pussy and her ass.

"What a good boyfriend you are! I'm glad you've accepted your place," she croaked. "This is just the start for me and you. We are gonna be such a hot couple." She padded over towards the door before pulling it open.

There stood the others, Mom, Dana, Karen, and Kendra, all listening rapt at the doorway. They looked at Grandma in shock and disgust, seeing her so exposed like this, covered with sweat, leaking cum, and smiling arrogantly. They looked over at me, and none of them could hide their hungry gaze. Grandma looked over her shoulder, smiling at me.

"I broke him in, ladies," she boasted. "He's all yours. Do what you want with him," she said, selling me out to my relatives, no longer offering me any protection. She smirked and walked past them, walking down the hall, still completely nude.

All four women just stared at me, frozen in place, taking in my naked body.

"Jesus, Jesse." Dana said, in a mix of disgust and awe.

"Son..." Mom said simply, staring at me quizzically. Kendra stepped in, still in her nightie, and looked at me with anger.

"You fucked Grandma when you could have had these?" she asked, cupping her huge tits as she eyed my half-hard dick. As all four of the women stepped in, barely clothed, my eyes were immediately drawn to their jiggling tits. I looked at them all, from one pair to the next, and I couldn't help but notice that as busty as they all were, none of them could compare to Grandma. She had them all beat in cup size by a large margin.

But it was Aunt Karen who cut through the bullshit. She strode towards the bed, got on her knees, and curled her fingers around my cock, stroking it to life. I lifted my head off the bed just in time to see her take the juice coated dick in her mouth, not letting it leave the prison between her smooth lips till it was hard as a rock again.

Whatever forces that were bringing us all of us together were empowering me to no end.

As soon as my cock was fully erect, she stood, slipping her bra off her shoulders, allowing me to see her huge, smooth tits. Mom did the same, letting me see her massive, soft, squishy breasts. Dana let the towel slip from her again, letting me see her huge, perky jugs. Then Kendra followed last, slipping off her nightie, letting me see her naked body, and the mammoth balloons on her chest. My eyes widened to take this all in. It was so wrong. I shouldn't be seeing this. I shouldn't be seeing so much naked flesh at my family reunion. I tried to form words, but before I could, they all approached the bed, joining me.

And at that point, all coherent thought left me.

The rest of the night was a blur. A fever dream. A blur of naked limbs, sweaty bodies, huge soft boobs. and firm asses. Lush, voluptuous bodies surrounding me. Boobs and asses smothering my face, hands all over me, women's hands grabbing and sliding over my cock, balls and ass.

I fucked them all. Every one of them. I don't know how I did it. I don't know how it was possible to do it, but I did. Whatever forces drew us all together filled us with an insatiable, lust driven energy, a thirst that couldn't be quenched. A practically unending vault of sex-energy, keeping us at it, making sure we kept doing it. Making sure we kept fucking. Keeping my cock hard and the sperm flowing.

And the seed was strong that night.

I remember moments with each of them. Moments that stuck with me through the haze.

I remember seeing my own mother, ecstasy on her face as she rode me, her huge tits bouncing. I remembered my hands squeezing them roughly, squishing them between my fingers, making her squeal. I remembered how excited she was to ride me, as if finally set free. I remembered the words she said as she drove herself into me.

"Yes! YES! I can't believe it! How is my own son so fucking good at sex!? What filthy things have you been doing with that poor girl of yours? Why haven't you been doing them with me? Fuck yes!" she squealed. Looking up at my own mom, seeing the woman who cared for me and cooked meals for her, seeing the woman who raised me riding my cock like a cheap whore, the sight was thrilling to say the least. And hearing her spew such

filth, hearing my sweet nice mother cursing like a dirty slut... as unbelievable as it was, it was a huge turn-on.

"Yes, do me like that! Fuck your mother's tight cunt! YES! Yes, do it you motherfucker! Do it! Fuck your mom with that fat cock! Yes! YES! I love it! I love that cock! I love my son's fat fucking cock! I want you to cum! I want you to cum inside me! Please... I need it! I SO need it, you have no idea!" she said, eyes wide, almost manic with her need. I nodded while gritting my teeth, doing my best to stave off exploding for a few more moments. "Honey, I want to feel it! I want to feel my son explode inside me! It's what I've needed... what I've always needed. What I've been waiting for! I want my son to let me know how hot I am by giving me his thick, creamy jizz! Please! You can squeeze my tits, spank my ass... you can treat your mother like your personal bitch... I'll do anything! Anything to feel my baby fill me with baby batter!"

Her words sent me over the edge. Our bodies flexed as we ground into each other, hard orgasms hitting us at the same time. And when she collapsed on top of me, panting, her soft, sweaty tits against my chest, she brought her lips to my ear and whispered.

"Come home to me, baby... come home to your mother."

That was just the start.

The other women weren't just sitting idle during all of this. Aunt Karen had pulled one of my hands to her, using my hand to finger her. Dana was using my other hand, pulling it from Mom's huge breast to make me squeeze one of her boobs. And Kendra, her lips were all over, kissing me, sucking my neck, pushing her huge bare boobs against my naked chest.

All four were wrestling for control, fighting for real estate on my body, and it was Dana who wrested control next.

I remember Dana, energetically riding me, that bitchy look wiped off her face, squatting above me, her lips screwed up cutely as she took my full length. I remembered having her bent over in front of me, that bitchy sneer replaced by a sighing moan as I pumped my cock into her ass. Knowing her, knowing how much of a bitch she was, it was no surprise that her asshole was extra tight. But she loved it. The intensity in her eyes as she looked back at me, biting her lip... the heat she was feeling crystal clear.

"Fuck my ass you fucker!" she barked at me. "Do it you fucking piece of shit!"

"Fuck you!" I grunted, slapping her ass, making her moan loudly, still hating her, but unable to deny how good this felt.

"I told you, fucker... I told you that you wanted this!" she boasted, smiling wickedly. "You've always wanted me. You got so fucking jealous of all my boyfriends! I saw how you looked at me. I know you were jacking off every fucking night thinking about me, thinking about coating my tits with your cum! And if I had known you were so big, I would have helped out. Fuck, that's a good dick!"

"You like that?" I grunted, more beast than man, taking my anger out on her by making her squeal.

"Yeah, I fucking like that!" she spat out. "Look at you, you get a girlfriend that you love, but as soon as your own sister bats her eyes and flashes some cleavage, you're ready to dump her in a second! Yes, YES! Fuck my ass you son of a bitch!" she moaned out, smirking at Mom. I fucked her even harder, making her fall to the bed.

But when the time came to explode, she was on top of me again, her ass driving into me, swallowing my cock. Her boobs, finally bared for me, bouncing wildly. And when her ass tightened and her body jerked, causing me to lose it, I had to admit it felt like a fantasy come true. That maybe deep down she was right, that I had always wanted her. But as she cursed out her orgasm, I once again remembered why I kind of despised her.

"YES! Cum in my ass! Fuck your hot sister and forget about your stupid girlfriend! You won't ever have a girlfriend as long as I'm around! OH FUCK YES! YES! YYYYYYEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSS! I'M CUMMING YES!" she screamed, as I unloaded another load, this one in her ass.

A little later, Aunt Karen had assumed control. I remember Karen's sneer as she tried to fuck me into submission, riding me hard and rough. I remembered the words she said.

"I told you, fucker! You've been hot for me for years! So disgusting... so sick, wanting to fuck and impregnate your own fucking aunt! YES! I told you you'd end up here. Yes, just like that! Keep fucking me with that fat cock! Mmm, keep fucking me like that, I may just have to keep you! Put you on a leash and make you my pet! My fucking slave!" Karen boasted.

"Fuck you, he's mine!" Dana screamed out, lying next to me, fingers toying with my hair.

"No, he's my son! He stays with me!" Mom argued, lifting herself from my other side. But Aunt Karen never wavered. She kept riding me, still wearing that smirk, making me squeeze her luscious, creamy, fleshy tits, letting them pour through my fingers.

"God, I'm gonna fucking dominate you! I'm gonna run your life! Make all decisions for you! You're too pretty to think! I'll take over! I'll be your Mommy! I'll be your mistress! Ohhhh, fuck! FUCK! YES! YES! Fuck me! Fuck me, Jesse! Fuck your slutty aunt! Fuck your mom's sister's cunt! Do it! Fill me! Give me your baby! Knock your fucking aunt up! Do it, and you'll be mine completely! Yes!" she said, bouncing energetically, her tight, wet, mature cunt squeezing my cock so fucking hard, taking its full length so smoothly.

A few moments later, she got exactly what she wanted.

And then there was Kendra. I remember Kendra, riding me lustily, her huge boobs smothering my face, her tight cunt gripping me and never wanting to let go.

She rode me like the others, but with her it was different. I mean, it was just as rough and energetic. It was just as filthy. But as her naked body slid on top of mine, it almost felt intimate. Being inside her... it just felt right.

"Yes! Oh my God, Jesse! How are you so good at this! I can't believe it! Fuck! I love it! I want this cock forever! Forever and ever!"

"Holy shit!" I said, my hands immersed in her mammoth, fleshy jugs.

"Haha, I knew you were dirty! Sweet, young Jesse, apple of his momma's eye, is a dirty little cousin-fucker!" Kendra remarked.

"So are you, bitch!" Dana replied, grabbing her ass, squeezing it roughly with her long nails.

"Yeah, but his cock feels too fucking good inside me to really worry about that." Kendra replied. "Fuck, Jesse! This is amazing! God, why didn't we just start making out when we were younger like normal cousins! We'd have had so much sex by now!"

With that, she leaned over, scrubbing her huge breasts against my chest, bringing her lips to mine, feverishly making out with me. Out tongues mashed together as we swapped spit, this suddenly feeling less like an incestuous encounter and more like the vigorous end of a passionate courtship.

Eventually, we wound up flipped around, so I was on my knees behind her as we both kneeled on the bed, me driving my cock into her. She had her hands gripping my scalp, as mine gripped her bulbous rack.

"Oh yeah, squeeze them! Squeeze them! Squeeze your cousin's tits, cause they're so big they make all your girls' tits look like mosquito bites!" Kendra said, smirking at the other women.

"Fuck you!" Dana said.

"Well, there is nothing a guy likes more than his mom's tits." Mom boasted, scrubbing her tits along my bare back.

"They'll be at your knees in a couple years, honey." Aunt Karen, Kendra's mother, warned.

"Ha, yeah, right down next to yours." Kendra replied. "You girls can get mad, but none of you can ever get a body like mine. Now fuck me, Jesse... FUCK ME!"

The rest of it was a blur. I remembered her mammoth, round jugs, and how good they felt in my hands. I remembered how awed I was by the sight of her amazing body in the buff. I remembered her bent over, my fingers toying with her ass as my balls exploded, emptying my balls in her clutching twat. I remembered thinking how right this felt, as if this was meant to be.

These were just flashes of a much longer encounter. I remembered other things too. Moments. Pulling my cock from my sister's ass before sliding it into my aunt's mouth. I remember fucking my cousin's huge tits, my cock lost in her mountains, as she smiled up at me, looking so insanely beautiful it made me forget that she was my cousin. I remember my mother looking up at me, mouth full of my cock, a sight I would never forget. I remembered Dana, bent over the bed as I squeezed her boobs, screaming and swearing as she took my fat cock. And I remembered Aunt Karen's smirk. I would never forget that smirk.

There was more. During the whole thing they fought for the advantage, fighting for my soul, essentially. They would happily push each other out of the way to get back on me, wanting to be the only one to give me any true pleasure. They would happily flaunt their curves at me, finding any weakness in the other women and highlighting their own perceived superiority. But the lust was so heavy and thick in the room, that none of them could escape playing with each other a little bit. And those occasions were burned in my memory.

Karen and Kendra kissing, my cum on their tongues, stretching between their lips as they Frenched.

Mom rimming Dana's asshole, preparing me for entrance in the tight hole.

Karen licking a thick band of cum off of one of her daughter's huge breasts.

Dana and Karen, kissing softly while whispering nasty insults to each other, the words 'bitch', 'whore', and 'cunt' passing through their lips, these insults only causing their kisses to get deeper.

I remembered Mom and Karen, fingering each other roughly.

I remembered Kendra licking some cum from her mother's landing strip.

I remembered Dana making Mom suck up some stray jizz coating her hard nipple.

I don't know how long this whole thing lasted. As it neared its end, the four women were bent over as I did my best to pleasure them all, spanking, fucking, fingering. And as Grandma's voice rang out from downstairs, letting us know the guys were driving up, having finally made it back, our encounter reached its end naturally, just in time, as if by design. I pulled my cock from Kendra's ass as all four women got on their knees. And as I heard the sounds of car doors slamming outside, my moans filled the bedroom as I sprayed cum all over four sets of huge tits. And as I finally felt tapped out and fell drained to the bed, the four women slipped out of the room to clean up, just as I heard some voices enter the house loudly.

Late-night conversation reverberated through my exhausted mind as I started to pass out. And as sleep finally overtook me, the last thing I remember was Grandma slipping into the bed, pressing herself against me so my cock slid between the cheeks of her ass. I felt her pull my hand over her, filling it with one of her huge boobs, making sure that my dreams were only of her.

My hand embraced the softness as my mind embraced exhaustion, passing out for the night, completely and utterly drained.

TheTalkMan's Note: Young Jesse's done the deed...he's entered the illicit world of incest. Will he be able to walk away, or will he come to find out that incest's not the type of thing you can just walk away from?

Chapter 3

The Seed is Strong

Waking up in the morning, it felt like my eyelids weighed 100 pounds. When I was finally able to pull my heavy lids open, the sunlight filling the room caused me to wince and shut them again. I tried one more time and was finally able to keep my eyes open enough to adjust to the light.

It took a few moments to take stock of where I was. I was lying sprawled out on a big bed, completely nude, the sheets under me feeling slightly moist from sweat. I stretched my neck, my entire body feeling heavy and groggy as I looked around the room. And then suddenly, it all hit me.

All the memories flooded into my mind. Me... and my grandma... she seduced me with her hot body, and we had sex. A lot of sex. And then, she let the other women in, and the night became a tangle of limbs, boobs, butts and cunts. It was all almost a blur, but some of the things that happened could not be forgotten.

They would never be forgotten.

My body felt sore. My limbs felt heavy. I had marks all over me from the vigorous intercourse of the night before. Bruises, bites, nail marks. My lips felt swollen, and the flavor of sex filled my mouth, and my throat felt dry as a bone. And my nose could still smell the sex, and smell evidence of the exertion that had taken place here.

I began to panic. I checked the clock, seeing that it was about 10:00 AM. I was usually an early riser, but after last night, it was no surprise I slept in a bit. But now that I was awake, I knew I had to spring into action. I tried to rationalize what I remembered, even though it made no sense. Maybe it was all some crazy dream, but that didn't explain why I was nude in my grandmother's bed. Maybe it was just a momentary night of mad, crazed, lusty sex, and it would all be forgotten now that it had happened once. Maybe we had all just gotten it all out of our systems, and we could all just move along now that it was done.

I could hope, right?

Blessedly, I was alone, and I didn't have to be confronted by the events of last night right away. I mean, how do people act after participating in an illicit, incestuous affair, an affair that steamrolled into an orgy? Was there a way I could avoid this confrontation? Was there a way things could just go back to normal? Could any of this be forgotten? Was this the end of it, or was this in fact my destiny to be dragged into the beds of the women of my family? Did it even matter what I wanted, facing down such assertive, dominant women? Could I go back to Sandy? After how avidly I was participating by the end, did I even want to?

My mind was clearly jumbled, and I needed some fresh air, and maybe some food to fill my empty stomach. Then I could think and figure out what to do. At least now I had a plan.

Dragging myself to my feet, I stumbled along the floor, naked, finding my scattered clothing, pulling them on. As I did, my eyes were drawn up to the picture of our family tree. I looked at all the names. All the people in this line, the people who

had gotten our family to where it was, and me, with my actions, and the women who had also participated... did we throw it all away? Did we doom our family, like Grandma predicted?

I had just pulled on my clothes when I heard the door open behind me. I jumped and turned to look, nervous to see who it was and afraid of the awkwardness that would ensue.

"Ahhh, you're finally up!" Grandma beamed, stepping in, closing the door behind her. She had clearly gone for a jog, as she was wearing a matching red, spandex outfit, a tight, stretchy sports bra-like top and tight shorts. And for the first time, she was wearing an outfit that made it abundantly clear that she had a massive pair of mature tits. The top struggled to contain her generous endowments, the thin straps digging into her tanned-shoulders. The top was decent, at least, but with a bust that large, it was stretched to the max, showcasing her rack's round, smooth shape and cavernous cleavage. Her nipples were evident through the thin material. Her belly was left exposed, showing off her smooth expanse of fit skin. The shorts were molded to her lower half, hugging her round ass and ending a few inches below it. And on her feet were a pair of slim, youthful looking tennis shoes. She looked like she had had a vigorous run, cause her skin was coated with a light sheen, and some spots of her outfit were moist from exertion.

"I can't really blame you for sleeping in," she began. "I think we really wore you out." I simply nodded and focused on pulling on my shoes, looking for any excuse not to look at her. I was silent, not wanting to participate in these games anymore. I had done some bad things last night. I could only hope things could go back to normal, somehow. But my silence was clearly deafening, and I could feel her eyes on me.

"Awww, Jesse," she said with a condescending pout. "I hope you don't feel bad. You have nothing to be ashamed of. You REALLY held up your end of your bargain last night. I wasn't lying. That was easily the best sex of my life!" she proclaimed, talking like she was coming off a casual booty-call, and had not incited an incestuous orgy with her own grandson as the main attraction. "And from what I heard, the other girls feel the same way. You're quite the stud." she said, clearly completely unbothered by the events of last night. I was still silent, looking for any excuse not to have to face her. "I hope you're not thinking of leaving?" she asked. I let that hang for a bit before finally speaking up.

"I should go." I croaked out.

"And why is that?" she asked, as if confused as to why I should be regretful of the events of last night. In her mind, I should totally be okay with fucking my grandmother's brains out, filling her with cum before giving the same treatment to four other women in my family.

"Last night... it can't happen again. I can't do it again." I stated, putting my foot down.

"I think it's too late for that, don't you think?" she said, still behind me. "The damage is already done, isn't it? You've already done it... why not do it again? And again. You can't possibly be thinking of actually going back to your girlfriend after the things you did last night? After what you said about her? I seem to remember you saying something about putting a bag on her face while you dump her. I remembered you getting off on the idea of leaving her a sobbing mess."

"I love her." I said, looking out the window.

"But you must not respect her that much, since you so easily were willing to cheat on her last night, with your own grandmother of all people. Then your mom... and your sister... your aunt... your cousin too. Damn, you're in pretty deep here. And you think you can just go back... haha," she tittered. I didn't need to hear this right now. I just needed to leave, to clear my head, figure this all out. I didn't need to hear her hammering into me the severity of my sins. I was well aware already.

"I need to go," I affirmed. "I need to, uh... I need to get breakfast." I said, searching for any excuse to leave. Forced to turn around so I could make my way to the door, I did so, only to freeze on my tracks.

Grandma was lying on her back, naked, her legs spread severely, her fingers toying with her clit. Her body was still sweaty, but it only added to her filthy appeal. Her huge tits stood proudly, jutting from her chest like mountains, her arms pressing into them as she played with herself. The only thing she wore was a wicked smile.

"Oh... don't worry, your breakfast is right here," she said, tapping her puffy pussy lips with the pads of two of her fingers.

I knew how wrong it was. I did. But... after last night, after all the things I had seen and done and felt, the new plateaus of pleasure I experienced, I couldn't look at my own grandmother anymore without getting turned on. And seeing her like this, seeing her so raw and exposed... somehow, with as draining as last night was for me, I could feel my cock begin to swell again.

She simply looked at me with that fucking proud smile on her face, as if she knew what I was gonna do. I watched her as she lewdly rubbed her silky cunt, toying with herself, her juices leaking from her already. I knew what that cunt could do for me. I knew how amazing it felt. I knew all the pleasure it had given me, and my cock certainly hadn't forgotten.

"Don't forget, Jesse, you promised me you would do this. And besides... after all I did for you last night, I deserve a little bit of worship, don't you think?" she asked, slapping her cunt with her fingers lightly.

I didn't want to... honestly, I didn't. But, my mouth watered, and my dick was rock hard in my shorts. But the worst thing was, that mental block that had been in my brain, the block that told me incest was wrong and disgusting... that block was now gone. It had been pulverized, fucked out of me through the vigorous actions of the women of my family. I looked at my naked grandmother, and all I could focus on was her body. I knew I shouldn't, I knew it was wrong, but I couldn't help but admire her massive tits, which felt amazing to squeeze. Her amazing ass, which was incredible to squeeze, spank, and fuck. Her tight, mature cunt, which squeezed my cock and pleased it like no other. I bet her pussy tasted amazing. My mouth was watering, and it felt like my cock was leading the way. It knew my grandmother was a very viable mate, and it didn't care that she was family. It didn't matter anymore. In my now warped mind, that only made it better. I knew it was wrong. I wanted to go back to Sandy, but there was a problem.

I didn't have the strength to say no.

Needless to say, a mere few minutes later, I was lying on the bed, my mouth forming a perfect seal around her mature

pussy as my tongue dug it's way inside of her, gathering her sweet, divine juices. I tasted her pussy and some of her salty sweat, forming an amazing cocktail on my tongue.

"Ohhh, you're so Goddamn good at this!" Grandma moaned softly, patting my head lightly. I pinched one of her hard nipples as she squirmed on the bed. Her warm, sweaty thighs were wrapped around my head, smothering my ears, muffling any noise, preventing me from paying attention to anything else but her amazing cunt. My tongue was active, parting her silky folds, teasing her hard clit, tasting her, making her squeal. At one point she lifted her legs back, tucking her knees behind her arms and exposing her asshole to me. Gently, with very little force required, she pushed my head down, my tongue finding her asshole again.

I gave her asshole the same worshipful treatment. I rimmed the tight hole, coating it with spit. I licked at it, kissed it, stabbed at it with my tongue, eventually breaking through, just like last night.

"Fuck, fuck, FUCK!" she squealed, her legs trembling, loving my tongue on her ass. Her warm thighs shook against my ears. I felt her hand violently rubbing herself, her juices splashing against my forehead. "Oh God, OH GOD!" she squealed, her nails digging into my scalp, pulling me back up quickly. My lips wrapped around her dripping cunt just in time for her orgasm, her juices squirting from her pussy into my waiting mouth. I swallowed over and over as she kept squirting, her juices coating the inside of my mouth, my tongue tasting the sweet, concentrated flavor of her amazing cunt. Her body was tensed as an orgasm tore through her, her thighs wrapped around my head roughly as her ass lifted her back off the bed. Finally, her body relaxed, releasing me from my fleshy prison. Her legs spread and I pulled my mouth away,

her juices stretching from my lips to her pussy. I gasped for breath as I savored her cunt flavor.

Why did her pussy have to taste so good?

She gasped for breath, her chest rising and falling. She finally lifted her head, looking down at me with a laugh.

"You can go now." she dismissed, waving the back of her fingers at me, as if shooing me away. She used her other arm to wipe the sweat from her eyes. "Feel free to sling that massive dick around wherever you want these next couple days. Crush as much pussy as you want, but don't forget, when night comes, you come back here," she said, stabbing the mattress with her finger. "You are spending your nights here with me. When the sun goes down... I own you."

I was still fully clothed, so I didn't need to hesitate. I didn't really want to come back here, but I didn't know if I had the strength to stay away. Now that I had full permission and had nothing stopping me, I was able to simply stand up and finally leave this room. It didn't matter that my cock was clearly throbbing under my shorts.

This was my chance to be alone. I was gonna take it.

I wasn't nearly as hungry now that my grandmother had filled my stomach with her girl-cum. I knew I was still tired, but I knew my body, and I would be flat all day if I didn't take my morning jog. Even though it was later than usual, I knew I had

to still do it. And besides, it would give me the chance to finally be alone and clear my head.

I was able to change into my jogging shorts before heading downstairs. As I stepped down the stairs, I realized this would be the first time I would see anyone besides my female relatives since the events of last night. I didn't know what any of the guys knew or what cover had been given. Part of me was wondering if they would be suspicious, but I didn't need to be worried. They were all chummy and teasing, joking that I looked like hell and wondering why I slept in. They also teased me about missing the events of the day before with them. All I could wonder was how different my life would be if I had been with them yesterday. I wouldn't have cheated on my girlfriend. I wouldn't have done the things that I did last night. I wouldn't have committed incest.

Wouldn't that have been sweet? But, clearly, life had other plans. Or more specifically, my grandmother had other plans.

The guys invited me to join them at the table, but I begged off, eager to get away and get jogging. The guys clearly suspected nothing, the women no doubt snoring them. The women had been able to eliminate all traces of the events of last night, and no one suspected I spent the night in Grandma's room.

For the first time, I met the gaze of the women at the table. Mom, Dana, Aunt Karen, Kendra... they all looked at me with knowing smiles. Karen even licked her lips. I panicked, turned tail, and sprinted away.

I hoofed it around the trail, making it back to that bridge in no time. I paused for a breather there, taking in the morning sun and the gentle splashing of the river beneath me. It was a

beautiful tableau, a pristine beauty only corrupted by the events of hellish sin that had been committed in the lake house last night. I was again faced with the same situation I was yesterday. There was nothing stopping me from leaving. I could grab a car, beg off, and go home. But last night... it had been so world-changing. So life-altering.

It was unquestionably the best sex of my life. I loved Sandy, and the sex with her was great, well... after last night, maybe it wasn't as good as originally thought. It didn't compare to what these women did to me. Thinking Sandy was good in bed was a product of my own inexperience. But, I've seen the other side now. I've experienced rough, filthy sex. Could I go back to what I had before?

I could walk away and go back to her, but for the first time, I felt a pull. I felt something inside me, something almost beyond my control, drawing me back to the house. Drawing me back to those women. Drawing me back into this new side of life I had discovered. Now that I was freed, my feelings hadn't changed from earlier in Grandma's bedroom. Incest didn't seem quite so disgusting anymore. The thought of it only drew me deeper. I knew better, I did.

But I couldn't say no.

A few minutes later, I was making my way back to the house, circling the second half of the trail. But it wasn't long till I could hear someone approaching ahead of me, and I wasn't shocked when Kendra appeared a little ways down the trail. She saw me and smiled, slowing down as she got closer. She was wearing her same outfit as the day before, stretchy spandex clinging to her amazing body.

"Hey there!" she chirped with a bright smile. I gave her a small smile, not knowing what to say. Me and her had hooked up last night. We were cousins, but we had done bad things to each other. What do you say after that? She sensed my hesitation and decided to speak up.

"Last night..." she began, shaking her head. "You were incredible. Just fucking incredible. The best fucking sex I've ever had." I gulped at hearing this again for the second time today, filling me with a twisted pride, knowing I had pleased this sexy babe. I knew better, but I couldn't help but look at her hungrily. I looked at her taut frame, her firm legs, flat stomach, and those huge jugs stuffed in her top. I had felt them, I had squeezed them, I had fucked them, and they were just as incredible bare as they were clothed. "God, when did you become such a stud?" she asked. I just shrugged my shoulders. She smiled at my shyness. "I think that me and you are gonna be seeing a lot more of each other from now on."

"What do you mean?" I croaked.

"What I mean is that there is something more between us than just us being cousins who fuck each other. A lot more." Kendra stated, moving closer to me. She brushed her huge boobs against my chest, pressing them into me firmly biting her lower lip. "Cause it's pretty obvious that you're madly in love with me. And after last night, after the things you did to me, after how hard you made me cum... I can't just let that go, can I?" she said, kissing my ear, sighing softly. "It feels so right, doesn't it? We have so much in common, and the sex is amazing. Why not keep this going? Let's just keep doing it. All you gotta do is dump your little bitch and girlfriend me up, and we'll be good to go. And then, we can move down south, get a trailer, and we'll totally complete the picture of kissing cousins," she said with a laugh, pulling back to look at me

with that teasing smile of hers, gauging my reaction. I wanted to be angry, I wanted to be upset about this slight against Sandy, but looking at her gorgeous face, knowing that we did have a connection, something beyond simply being related, and remembering the things we had done last night, the sex we had, the filth she had spouted, I couldn't ignore it. But I tried.

"Kendra, we shouldn't..." I attempted, but she just rolled her eyes and stuck her hand down my pants, snaking around the root of my meaty cock, squeezing it. She brought it out of my shorts and into the open air.

"Come with me, babe, let's do what we've wanted to do for days now. These woods look awfully empty, and running makes me super horny, so..." she said, leading me off the trail, leading me by the dick.

I knew it was wrong, but I couldn't say no.

"Although, I am still mad at you!" she said, her eyebrows raised as she lead me off the path. "You seriously fucked Grandma before me! Trust me, I will never let you live that down." she said with a laugh. "I'm gonna make you forget all about Grandma."

Minutes later, Kendra was bent against a thick tree trunk, her tight shorts around her knees, her top pulled up to her neck as I firmly drove my rock hard cock into her tight, greedy asshole. I looked down at her firm, bare ass, the snowy skin

spurring me on to defile its purity, my thick shaft sliding smoothly in and out between the tight cheeks.

I knew it was wrong, I knew I shouldn't, but I couldn't stop myself. I just went along with the ride.

I rested one hand on her hip as I reached around and cupped one of her mammoth, hanging breasts, squeezing it roughly in my palm, my fingers toying with her throbbing nipple.

"Fuck, fuck, FUCK!" she squealed, her moans echoing in the woods.

"You like it?" I asked. "You like that fucking cock?"

"I love it! I love it! I love it so much!" she squealed, her ass driving back at me.

It didn't take too long for this to reach its climax. I don't think there as a person in a five-mile radius who didn't hear her screams of pleasure. And those same people probably heard my low grunts that quickly followed, as my throbbing cock filled her ass with my sticky cum.

That was the beginning of what proved to be a long couple of days. After that secluded encounter, I made my way back to the house, everyone mistaking the sweat on my body as being from the jog and not the vigorous sex I just had.

I hoped for a breather, a break from all this sex, so I could try to find the will to talk myself out of all this. But as I was about to learn, it was as if these women were working in perfect synchronization, like sharing a single hive-mind, all with the express sole purpose of using me for sex, of sharing the love between all the women involved, maximizing the amount of semen I would be spraying at this reunion.

After the run, I slipped into the shower, the cool water hitting my naked body. I was eager to wash off all evidence of the last day or so off of me, looking forward to be clean and refreshed. But it wasn't meant to be. I was just finally relaxing when the shower curtain was pulled open.

There stood Dana, standing completely nude in front of me. Her firm, voluptuous body, her huge, jutting breasts, her nipples rock hard. Her pussy was completely bare, and her skin was evenly tanned. I couldn't stop myself from drooling. She posed in front of me, letting me take her body in fully for the first time, discounting the whirlwind, scattered views I had of her last night.

"I'm not waiting again. Not this time," she proclaimed with a laugh. Before I could react, she stepped inside, joining me in the shower, stepping in front of me, letting me look at her round, smooth, sexy ass. I was now in a shower, naked, with my hot-bodied older sister. She looked over her shoulder, mouth open hotly, her eyes flashing with lust. "You won't be showering alone again."

I couldn't say no.

My cock was still coated with Kendra's ass juices when it slid into Dana's tight cunt. We fucked in the shower with ferocity. I drove my thick cock inside her as she pressed back into me, our wet bodies sliding against each other. I slid my hands all over her, squeezing her soapy tits, caressing the smooth flesh roughly. I even fingered her clit as I drilled her, causing her to lose control, her pussy tightening around me, causing me to lose control, spilling my semen inside her warm and wet snatch. The orgasms we shared were so grueling we both nearly fell over. I kept one hand on the wall to hold us both up. Her head was rolling as she came down from her high, and I was forced to practically drag her to her bed while she coped. Then, I hopped into the shower again, trying once again to get clean.

I made my way back downstairs, no one suspected a thing. No one asked why me and Dana had been upstairs together for so long. It was as if the other women were feeding stories to protect the wicked, as they cycled my hard cock between them.

I actually got the chance to eat and refuel, getting a few moments respite, but the moment I finished, Mom approached, insisting that she wanted to take a drive so she could show me something in town. Not having had the chance to plan anything else, I concurred, hoping her plans were innocent.

I drove us across town, her guiding me. She was being vague about our destination and I got lost weaving in and out and all around, completely lost. Even when I pulled up to a stop on a parking lot overlooking the town, I didn't know what she wanted to show me.

"This... this was my favorite hangout when I was younger. I spent a lot of time here," she said with a laugh. She sensed my confusion. "Hon, this is where all the girls would sneak off to fuck their boyfriends. During the summer, there would be cars lined up all along the ridge, and all of them would be rocking like crazy! God, we were all just so horny back then. Me and your dad used to come here. In fact, I think we last came here about nine months before you were born," she said, holding my gaze, making her point clear, basically telling me that I was conceived in this very spot. "I keep trying to convince your dad to come back, for old time's sake, but he doesn't want to do it, so... I have to find someone else who's up for some fun. Someone who can really test the shocks on this thing." She then looked right at me, putting her hand on my thigh and squeezing it, giving me that same absolutely filthy look she gave me the day before.

We spent the next hour or so fogging up the windows of the family vehicle, condensation building up as she rode my cock for all it was worth. She was cumming like crazy, cumming so hard and so often she was practically gushing. And like with Dana, as soon as our final violent orgasms hit us, when she came around my fat cock and I returned the favor, filling her cunt with hot cum, she nearly passed out. I had to drive most of the way back with her passed out in the back seat. I couldn't help but keep one eye on her tits as they jiggled during the drive. Thankfully, she gathered her strength just as we neared the lake-house. She purred in my ear and sucked my neck as I pulled up to the house.

Like I said, it was as if the women were unwittingly working together, spreading me out between them. Somehow, they all just knew how to space out the encounters with them just long enough for me to recharge. I sincerely doubt they were planning this all out together, working as a team. They were all too greedy to share. They all just shared some innate sense

of timing, knowing exactly how to cycle me between them. And, luckily for them, just like last night, whatever force was drawing us together was empowering me to no end. I had become a walking dick for the women of my family, and despite my physical strength, I was getting worn out as these girls led me around by the cock, behind everyone else's back. I didn't have it in me to fight back. While everyone else was outside, partying, catching up with family, enjoying music and games, I was inside, stuck in bed, making the women of the family moan.

Luckily, Aunt Karen didn't need much strength from me. She sensed my exhaustion when she sidled up against me in the kitchen. As she talked to me, I noticed her low-cut blouse, her deep canyon of smooth cleavage drawing my gaze, taking any resistance out of me. With the events of the day keeping everyone distracted, she guided up to her bedroom and threw me onto her bed. I was in a daze as she tied my limbs to the posts of the bed. I was forced to watch as she stripped down to her filthy lingerie, straddled me on the bed, and rode my cock for all it was worth, to the point where I passed out as soon as my cock exploded inside her filthy cunt.

I slept through dinner, and I probably could have slept through the night when I felt contact on my cock. My eyes opened just in time to realize I was in Grandma's bed. She was facing away from me, straddling me, pointing my cock between her ass-cheeks, my body jerking as my cock entered Grandma's tight ass again. She rode me for all I was worth, drawing one more load of cum from my exhausted cock before letting me pass out for the night.

They kept me at it again the next day as well.

I won't get into all the details, but let's just say, to start, Dana found out Grandma did indeed have a stripper pole in the house. Apparently, Grandma took a pole-dancing class as well. And as my family ate lunch downstairs, my sister showed me that she indeed knew how to work the pole.

I tried to get a bite to eat, but Grandma stole my attention, dragging me along towards the running trail. I ran alongside Grandma, and eventually ended up giving her the same treatment I gave to Kendra the day before. I fucked her round, mature ass on her neighbor's property, wanting to make sure her rival heard her lusty moans.

Later, Mom made me worship her feet again, but this time further, with my hands and mouth. Kendra showed me how naked yoga worked. And Aunt Karen... she spent another hour or two with me tied to the bed, sitting on my face, smothering me between her legs, between her ass-cheeks, and between her large, soft breasts, controlling my breathing, asserting her control.

And then there was... I, I can't believe I'm copping to this. But, yeah, I even fucked the twins. I don't know how it happened, but they somehow convinced me to give them a ride back to their hotel room. As they suckered me into it, I glanced to the other women, and they were smiling, as if they knew exactly what they were inflicting on me. As if they all knew the joke was on me, and they were gonna let me suffer. And suffer I did.

They guilted me into driving me to the hotel, and I couldn't bring myself to say no.

You can figure what happened. Once we got to the hotel room, they found some reason to start slipping their clothes off, wearing bras and thongs that matched in style but not color, Chastity wearing pink, Bethany blue. They danced in front of me, shaking their hot asses at me, letting me see their small, cute breasts. And... yeah, I gave in and banged them together, fucking them in all their holes, cumming all over their faces and breasts. And yeah, those girls are fucking freaks. They did some weird shit, stuff I struggle to explain. They did stuff to me in perfect synchronicity, sucking me off together, one of them licking my cock as it went into the other. They even did stuff to each other for my pleasure. After this weekend, I shouldn't be too shocked by this depraved view of incest, but still, it was pretty stunning. Stunning, but admittedly, it was kinda good. Really good, actually. And by the way, I found out the other difference between the two. Bethany had a landing strip. Chastity was bare.

I spent the last night there with Grandma again before we finally had to leave. I was surprised she was so willing to let me go, but I knew this wasn't the end. I knew she had big plans for me. But clearly, she was unworried about me going back to Sandy again. She didn't consider my girlfriend anything to be concerned about.

Did I?

In the car on the way to the airport, Dana stealthily stroked my cock in the backseat, making me grunt as I came in my pants. And Mom gave me a farewell blowjob in a restaurant bathroom, sucking me to hardness before finishing me off in mere minutes.

During this whole crazy affair, part of me was thinking that I had wandered into some alternate dimension or something. It was this thought that gave me hope as I flew back across the country, back to Sandy. Maybe when I stepped off the plane, and I took Sandy in my arms, everything would be okay. The world would be back to normal, and I could just forget about all of this madness I had just participated in and move on to a full and happy life with Sandy, the love of my life.

I tried. I really did.

I mean, I still felt those loving feelings towards her. I still certainly loved her, and the smart, logical side of my brain wanted to continue as normal. Seeing her face made all those confused, conflicted feelings slip away.

But then we went to bed.

She was as antsy as I was and it didn't take long from when we got back to our apartment till she pulled me into the bedroom. It didn't take long for us to pull off each others' clothes as we slipped between the sheets. And then we had sex, the sex that I had been so desperate for mere days ago, the sex we both were craving.

And it was just terrible. The worst sex of my life.

The funny thing was, it was no different than the sex we had been having. In fact, it might have been some of our best sex yet. But now, being able to compare it to the many, MANY talents of the Phillips women in the bedroom, she came up

lacking... by a large margin. Having experienced the rough, lusty, filthy incest I had just taken part of, having seen what that kind of sex was like, there was no forgetting it. There was no going back. And anything less just seemed pathetic in comparison.

I didn't let Sandy in on my turmoil. In her mind, everything was as good as ever. I did my best to be a good boyfriend. I kept up my end of the bargain, taking her out, making her dinner, and giving her the type of sex she expected. And I tried to forget that lost week at the lake house. I tried to forget the sex I had with my various female relatives. When I saw my girlfriend naked, I tried not to think about her flat chest. I tried not to compare her to any of the Phillips girls, because if I did, she would come out lacking. Not having the curves that my family members had in spades.

When Sandy sucked me off, I tried not to imagine my mom in her place, her plump lips inhaling my meaty shaft. When I fucked her from behind, I tried not to imagine Kendra, letting me spear her up the ass lustily. When I felt her pussy around my hard weapon, I tried not to imagine my sister's tight cunt, trying to pull the cum from my swollen balls. When I heard her small, cute moans, I tried not to imagine my Aunt Karen's loud, shrieking swears as I drilled her. And when I saw Sandy's small little boobies bouncing as I gave her gentle pumps, I tried not to imagine Grandma in her place, her massive jugs bouncing all over the place as I fucked her as hard as I could.

I tried.

But when it came time to lose it, when it came time for me to explode, it was never Sandy that made me cum. No matter

what I did, those women, those relatives of mine, it was their hot bodies that sent me over the edge. It was them that made the cum burst from my swollen nuts.

It was always them.

Things could have lasted this way, they really could have. Sure, I would have lived a life lacking in true sexual fulfillment, but I would have been fulfilled in other ways, more important ways. And I would have been happy. It could have worked.

But it was not meant to be.

Those girls... they would never let it last.

It started with texts. The first was Aunt Karen, and she was sending absolute filth, telling me all the things she was gonna do to me when she saw me again. She was easily the most active, my phone pinging constantly, showing off the nastiest pictures imaginable. She would also call me, forcing me to see that filthy cleavage shot she had attached to her number every time she called. Why I didn't just change it, I don't know. I got emails from Mom, with attached pictures, showing off her hot body as she did motherly things, like cleaning and cooking, while wearing just a lacy bra and thong, letting me know what was waiting for me back home. Kendra would also send me thinly veiled workout tips, which were excuses to send me pictures of her working out nearly nude, in tiny thongs and skimpy bras, masquerading as workout gear. She would pose in yoga poses, showcasing her hot body, making me hard, despite myself.

And of course, Grandma was active as well in my seduction from afar. I got sexts from Grandma, showing off shots in the mirror of her huge, jutting tits or her perfect ass, and despite myself, my mouth would water every time. She was almost as active as Karen, sending me sexts like a horny teenager. At one point, I was on a date with Sandy, only to get a text on my phone, seeing a close-up picture of my grandmother's wet, naked cunt. My mouth watered, and my cock stiffened.

But Dana, surprisingly, was the most creative. Since she was a graphic designer, she could do the sexting thing better than most, sending me perfectly posed, perfectly filtered pictures, showing off her hot body. She sent a bunch of captioned photos as well. The one that flashed to mind was one with her bent over, her ass-cheeks spread for the camera, her tight, sexy asshole exposed. The photo was captioned at the top, saying:

"Your sister's ass."

She had an arrow pointed at her asshole, with another caption, this one saying:

"Your cock goes here."

But that was just the start.

If I believed that they would be satisfied by teasing me from afar, from across the country, I was sadly mistaken. And honestly, I should have known women like them would simply not be able to go without that vigorous lusty sex for very long.

They would all threaten to visit me out here. I would get little messages from them, letting me know that they were making plans to come out here to spend some quality time with me. Mom would say that she wanted to make sure my apartment was in order, and check that my girlfriend was taking care of me. Kendra said she wanted to try out some new workout techniques she had read about. Dana threatened to come out here and show me some new moves she had picked up in her pole dancing class, but quite frankly, knowing how lazy she was and how unwilling she was to leave her comfort zone, I didn't expect to be seeing her out here anytime soon. All of them beat around the bush, when clearly, they all wanted to see me for one thing. Not Grandma, though. She said there was a marathon out here she wanted to run in, and once she was done with that, she wanted to run a marathon on me.

I did my best to keep these sides of my life apart. My regular life, and my... 'family' ...life. I tried to keep them apart, because if I didn't, this bubble I had created would collapse. The whole thing would fall apart. The life I had created with Sandy, this running away from the Phillips women, it would all blow up, and I didn't want to get caught in the wreckage.

But, like all things concerning the women of my family, it wasn't really up to me. It didn't matter what I wanted.

It was Aunt Karen who made the first move.

I guess she was the best person for the job, because out of all of them, she was the most forward and pushy of the bunch. She wasn't a precision instrument like Grandma. She was a battering ram.

It was Karen who showed up at my doorstep out of the blue, while Sandy was in class. She was wearing a thin little t-shirt, with some band on the front, leaving some of her belly exposed as the thin material stretched across her soft, fleshy peaks, her nipples evident. She also had on some slim stylish jeans and high-heeled sandals. Her curly hair hung in waves down her back and her plump lips were curled in a smug grin. My jaw dropped, shocked to see her standing here.

"You don't call, you don't write. Really, all young men should be so lucky to have an aunt so... open... with her body like I am with mine," she began, pushing her way past me, entering my apartment.

"You shouldn't be here!" I said, panicking.

"Well, I wouldn't have to come out here if you had just indulged me a little bit," she explained. "I mean, I send you picture after picture of my hot body. My tits..." she said, cupping her huge, fleshy jugs through her top. "My ass..." she said, spinning around, giving me a good look at her butt as she pointed it at me, a pink thong appearing from under her jeans. "Even my cunt. You get primo pictures of your own aunt's cunt, pictures anyone would be lucky to have, and you don't even have the decency to respond in kind. I don't have even one picture of that fat dick of yours! How unfair is that? I mean, we are lovers now, and as I clearly proved at the reunion, I'm the best you can ever hope to have. You and I are meant to be. I mean, you had your little flings with the others, but what me and you have is something more. I can tell. That fat teenage cock and my tight little cunt are made for each other. You know that cock belongs to me now. And I have to teach you a lesson for your disobedience. So, I figured..." she paused, setting down her purse. "I would just have to come out here, and take some pictures myself."

"Aunt Karen... you can't be here. Sandy will be back any minute." I said, eager to shoo her away.

"Well then, you'd better be quick. Pull off your pants and show me the goods. Then think of me so you get hard, you know, that kind of rock hard that you only get with women you are crazy hot for. Then, I'll just snap a few pictures. Don't worry, I'll keep them tasteful, and then I'll be on my way," she said, her lips curled in a wicked smile, a smile that made me gulp.

Her intentions were anything but innocent, not that I honestly believed her sole intention was to get a few artful cock shots on her cell phone. And the pictures she ended up taking were less tasteful and more... pornographic.

Her phone was quickly filled with pictures of her nephew's throbbing cock and heavy, swollen balls. She had pictures of it so hard it was positively throbbing, dripping with my juices, framed by my taut legs and fit abs. She soon had pictures of my cock being gripped by her slim mature hands, stroking it. She had pictures of her holding it next to her smiling face as she took an excited selfie. She had shots of it buried in her wet mouth, her plump lips wrapped tight around it, sucking it as hard as she could, the shaft coated in her spit. She had pictures of it buried in her wet cunt, her pussy wrapped around the swollen young meat. She gained pictures of my swollen balls pressed against her round ass as she had my cock buried completely up her asshole. She had pictures of her asshole stretched around my pulsing monster. And when I lost control, when I pulled my cock from her tight ass and sprayed my creamy load against her smooth, jiggling tits, she added a fresh new picture of her cum-covered rack to the collection.

But the pictures didn't stop there.

Mere moments after that last picture, when the door to my bedroom burst open, and Sandy's jaw dropped when she saw what her boyfriend had been up to in her absence, Karen snapped a picture. When tears formed in Sandy's eyes as she saw her loving boyfriend in their bed with a much older woman, Karen snapped a picture. When Karen blurted out, "I'm his aunt!" at my young girlfriend, causing Sandy to stomp away, Karen snapped another pic. When I gave chase, completely nude, my aunt snapped another picture, this one of my bare ass. As Sandy screamed and threw stuff at me, Karen rubbed my cum into her tits like an expensive lotion, before using one of her cum covered fingers to snap another picture of the once-happy couple in the midst of an emotional breakup. And as I got dressed and chased her outside, Karen snapped another picture, this time through the window looking down at us, as Sandy slapped me, stomped into her car, and drove away. And when I came upstairs, tears in my eyes, and screamed in anger at my scheming, smirking aunt, she simply snapped another picture, capturing my anger in that moment, inciting me even more.

It was only minutes later, when we were having sex again, that I was able to drill her hard enough to let that fucking phone slip from her fingers.

Sandy, rightfully, kicked me out of our shared apartment. Word spread through our social circles about what I had done, and I wasn't able to see anyone I knew without getting a dirty look from them. It became clear quickly, despite how much I

loved the area and the school, that there was just no future for me here. I had to leave, and there was only one place for me to turn.

I had to go home.

Needless to say, word spread through the family about my relationship ending and me having to come back across the country. All of them were already making plans for me, but I had too much to deal with to think about them. I didn't need to deal with all the emails. The sexts. The filthy come-ons. I didn't need to see Dana, or Kendra, and especially Aunt Karen. After what Karen had done, after she had systematically ruined my future with Sandy in a few mere hours before sauntering away, leaving my relationship in ruins behind her, I didn't know what I would do when I saw her again. I didn't need any of this stuff anymore. I had to pack up my life into a van and go back to my old one.

I had to drive across the country with all my stuff in a small moving van. Low on cash, heart-broken, and desperate, I drove in a haze. I was listless, not knowing what to do, in need of some sort of comfort. I needed to ease my mind. I didn't have the strength in me to make any decisions. I didn't know what to do. Sandy was at the center of all my future plans, and now that she was out of the picture I didn't know what to do. I didn't know where my future lied. I didn't know what came next.

So I drove, hoping to at some point find an answer.

I would get a hotel room when I got too exhausted to keep going, but funds got low, and vacant hotel rooms got scarce, forcing me to call in a favor. Forcing me to call someone

nearby. Forcing me to call some of the last people I wanted to see.

The twins.

They had an apartment near their college, which was near where I was now. I called them, looking for a place to crash for the night. I called them knowing what the price would be for me to stay. But I was desperate, I was lonely, and I was horny. I needed some relief. I needed to blow off some steam.

They were very happy to hear from me.

I meant to only stay there for a night, one single night. But they convinced me to stay for the weekend, and it became a lost weekend. Another lusty weekend of skin, sweat, and sex. Another fever dream of heated sexual action. For the first time, I saw the twins fully in their element. I mean, yes, I had banged them in their hotel room, but that was a quick little affair, one of many that week. But now, I was among them, in their home, in their bed. I watched them dance, watched them give me the full-on strip tease they had started at the reunion, and yes, they had some moves. They worked fully in unison, as a tag team, devoted to pleasuring me. They knew what they were doing and they did it well, leaving no doubt that I was far from the first man they had shared. One would suck my cock while the other worked the balls. One would ride my dick energetically while the other rode my face. I would fuck one from behind while one ate out the other. I would drill one up the ass as the other eagerly licked my shaft. At the end of the first night, they ended up on their knees, me hosing down their matching B-cups with my thick, creamy load. I woke up with their slim, nude bodies on either side, momentarily

making me feel like a king... at least before I remembered who these two girls were.

"It is SO awesome that you're our boyfriend now." Bethany whispered in my ear after a particularly vigorous three-way. That assertion felt awfully presumptuous, but unlike the other girls, they didn't know that I had hooked up with any of our other relatives. To them, what we were doing was this nasty little secret only we were sharing, something that no one else knew about, and the fact that we had done it again was proof that this was something beyond a simple fling. So I guess with all that considered I couldn't blame them for thinking that this was something deeper.

"We share our boyfriends, you know." Chastity marveled as she curled up next to me.

"I, uh, I figured." I said with a small laugh.

"Hehe... yeah, totally. Guys would be so jealous of you if you take us out, a pair of hot young twins... every guy's fantasy, right?" Chastity asked.

"Uh, right." I replied.

"They would all know you're bringing all the meat in this twin sandwich. Haha." Bethany said.

"Yeah, everyone would know you're our fuck-meat." Chastity asserted.

"Okay," I said.

"Most guys get weirded out when me and Chastity touch each other, and do things to each other." Bethany stated.

"But not you. You love it! You fuck us even harder when I'm licking Chastity's cunt." Bethany whispered.

"Or when I'm rimming Bethany's ass." Chastity whispered, kissing my earlobe.

"God, we just want to keep you here forever." Bethany said, kissing my other ear.

"And ever." Chastity added.

"It would be, like, so perfect if you were our big, manly fuck-slave." Bethany said.

"So perfect."

"You could fuck us every day, again and again. You wouldn't have to leave the bed."

"And we could show you ALL the things me and her do together."

"Yeah, we do some really fucked up shit... we can't wait to show you."

"Yeah."

"All the things our other boyfriends couldn't handle."

"All of it."

"We can't wait to show you."

"God, you're so hard right now."

"So hard."

"You want to do us again?"

"You want to fuck us?"

"You want to do us in every hole?"

"Do you want to fuck us, like, super hard?"

"Do you?"

I had no idea which of them was talking at any one time, but as they did, they were weirdly aggressive, pushing me, inciting me, driving me over the edge due to their forwardness till I just had to act.

Twenty minutes later, I was spraying them down with cum again.

Those few days were a haze of music, filthy dancing, drinking, and sex. They kept convincing me to stay longer and longer, never letting me leave their apartment, never letting me leave their bed. One would suck me off and swallow my load as the other would cook breakfast. I would be filling one with my thick load as the other took a shower. And they did some other stuff... weird stuff, stuff I can't even describe. They weren't letting me get away. And I knew, if they had their way, they would never let me leave. And, as good as the sex was, these were some of the last women I wanted to end up with, so if I wanted to get away, I couldn't wait to be allowed to do so. I had to make it happen. Finally, after one especially vigorous sex session, leaving them both covered in hot cum and curled up as they recovered, I was finally able to get dressed, packed, and out the door, vowing not to stop till I got home.

I knew what I would be getting into coming home, I knew what I was getting into and what this meant for my future, but that doesn't mean it was any easier to do it. But... I didn't have anywhere else to go. Until I figured out what I was doing, I would be there.

Mom, needless to say, was extremely pleased to have me back. Not only as a mother welcoming her youngest back under her roof, but as a woman having her young lover in arm's reach. Mom took off work for a week to welcome me back. So, while Dad worked, Mom proceeded to spoil me rotten, not only with my favorite meals, but with sex as well.

Dad was barely out the door that first day when Mom entered my room in her slinky nightie, waking me up by shaking my foot. I was rustled awake, one eye open. She could tell I was still down about Sandy.

"Come on, babe. Get up, and let's hit the shower. It'll make you feel better," she offered with a raised eyebrow. My eyes opened fully and I looked at her. "Come on. Come with me. Trust me, you will feel a lot better when you take off your clothes and get naked with me in the shower," she offered, striding away, shaking her butt as she looked over her shoulder.

The water was hitting our naked bodies as we fucked for the first time since the reunion. I knew it was wrong, I knew it was messed up, but I didn't have it in me to say no. I couldn't resist the inevitable. So that's why I drilled Mom in the shower, giving her every inch of my cock as I mauled her soapy tits. She was right, it did make me feel better.

When we were done, when I had finished filling her clutching pussy with my thick cream, she slid in close to me, pushing her naked chest against mine, the water still spraying over our heads. She looked up at me and grinned warmly, a gesture I would view as motherly if not for the fact that we were standing naked in the shower, pressed against each other, her hard nipples scraping my chest, my cock slid between her thighs, my cum leaking from her naked cunt.

"I am so glad we can be this close," she said, giving me a soft kiss. "I knew you'd come back to me. I mean, I know you had your fun with those other sluts at the reunion, and I know how easy it is for a young guy like you to get tricked into doing

that stuff by women like them. But you and me... that was real. We've come together now, and you don't need anyone else. I can give you what you need, Jesse. You don't have to look anywhere else. You're home now."

It was clear, in Mom's mind, that the battle was over, and she had won. The fact that I was home now was proof of her victory, but I wasn't so sure. I mean, I was only home cause I had nowhere else to go at the moment. That didn't mean I was hers now. Right? I hadn't chosen which relative I would be with, I mean, I hadn't chosen any girl to be with. I was single, and I would no doubt have good luck now that I was back on the dating scene. I was just staying at home for a few months till I figured out what to do, and the cost of my rent was filling her needy snatch with my young cock. Knowing I had nowhere else to go, it didn't serve me to let her know the doubts I was feeling. I had to keep letting her think she had me by the balls till I figured out what to do. She couldn't see any doubts in me. She couldn't know that it wasn't her I was dreaming about.

Even in sleep, I was in turmoil. My mind was so frazzled that my rest was anything but restful. My brain was flashing images into my subconscious, flaring up in my dreams. I would see Sandy, bathed in light, trying to lead me down a path, a path where the sky was clean and the flowers were so bright they were neon. It was a dream I had had before. I tried to follow, following my ex-girlfriend's shaking derriere as she led me back to the light from the darkness. But images kept interrupting this ascent into the light, like ugly edits into a perfectly prepared film.

Flashes of darkness. Glimpses of nudity. Incredible, lust-inspiring nudity. A quick glimpse at a hard nipple. A memory of a perfect, round, sweaty ass. The sounds and feelings of hard, animalistic rutting. An all-consuming vision of a pair of enormous, round, juicy breasts, bouncing above me. My hands immersed in the softness. They seemed so familiar. These kept interrupting my vision, till I couldn't see Sandy at all.

I tried to ignore these strange visions in my dreams. I tried not to let anyone see my turmoil. Mom didn't sense a thing. She was too clouded by her lust for me to notice anything amiss.

That whole week, as soon as Dad was out the door, the mood in the house changed. Mom would change, putting on lingerie, black mesh stockings, lacy bras, high heels, and tiny thongs. Mom would dote on me, feeding me, cleaning my clothes, caring for my every need. She would bend over in front of me, giving me the filthiest looks, inciting me to act.

I would fuck Mom over the kitchen counter, scooping her huge tits out of the thin bra and squeezing them greedily. She would wake me from a nap with a wet blowjob, before riding me in my bed till I was fully awake, riding me vigorously before I exploded inside her. I even fucked Mom with Dad in the house, her entering the house after her first day back at work, pulling me into the bathroom desperately, yanking down her dress-pants and commanding me in a whispered fervor to fuck her up the ass. Her muffled moans and my restrained grunts were the only noises we made as we both came, Dad in the other room, none the wiser.

He never suspected a thing.

Part of me felt bad to do this to Dad. He was a good guy, but there was something going on here that was bigger than all of us. A force bringing me and the family women together. A force that could not be denied, no matter how many people got caught in the crossfire. And honestly, it was clear he wasn't getting the job done with Mom in the bedroom, so someone had to. She was a woman who needed a lot of sex, and that responsibility had fallen to me it would seem.

But with Mom, it was clear that the fact that she was cheating on Dad didn't really bother her. One time, as we were fucking in their bedroom, both of us standing, me holding her arms as I drove into her, she finally truly exposed her true feelings.

"God, you fuck so much better than your father!" she moaned out. I didn't reply, not feeling totally willing to go along with these slights against Dad, but she was more than game.

"You're more of a man than he ever was!"

"You're taking his place... you're taking your father's place! Stealing your Mom from your own father, you filthy fuck! God that sounds so hot!"

"God damn... you're the horniest fucker I've ever met! I can't believe how much you need to fuck!"

"I can't believe my son is so fucking good at sex!"

"Son, just fuck me forever! Don't stop... don't ever stop! You have no idea how badly I've needed this."

It went on and on like this, her mouth growing more and more filthy as time passed. And that wasn't all. The more sex we had, the more she seemed to transform.

She was at first very motherly, the Mom I knew, except for all the sex stuff. But, slowly, her attitude and wardrobe began to change. She began to dress and behave like a woman half her age, acting more like the young slut she no doubt used to be, as opposed to the mother she was. She wore tight, revealing t-shirts, little skirts. She started wearing tiny thongs, sporting serious, severe whale-tail at every opportunity. When Dad was home, she was normal Mom. When he was gone, she was the young slut preening and posing for her new young lover, me, her son. She would play with her phone, talk with the swagger of a twenty-year-old airhead.

It was insanely hot.

I don't know if it was the cosmic forces bringing us together, or the sight of my rippling abs that had incited this change in her, this mid-life crisis, or whatever it was, this yearning to be a young slut again. But it didn't matter. The mother I once knew was now gone, replaced by a mature skank in a young slut's clothing. My mom was gone, poisoned forever by the sinful sex we had been having.

Much like the twins, she began to make her case as to why she should be my focus, my one and only slut, now that Sandy was out of the picture.

"That..." she began, pulling up her thong and putting her huge breasts into her thin bra after a lusty morning fuck session in my bed. "This is what you could get every day. You see, it would be perfect. I have everything. I'll be the devoted Mom, and the little young slut who struts her stuff and lets you do whatever the fuck you want to me," she said with a coy smile, sliding on her skirt. "I mean, you don't need a girlfriend at all anymore! You have me! I'll be your girlfriend. We'll hang out, go on hot dates, make out at the movies, fuck in the back seat of the car. Me and you... it would be SO perfect. You could stay at home forever! You wouldn't have to work. You wouldn't have lift a finger. Doesn't that sound exciting?" she said, smiling brightly.

"What about Dad?" I couldn't help but ask.

"Hon, if you don't know by now, if I had to choose between you two, hahaha, there's no comparison." she said, eyeing up my exposed, naked body. "It would be an easy choice."

"The best part is no one else will have any idea. I mean, I know the reunion was a temporary bit of insanity, but no one will guess we are still doing it. None of them even thought of making this an ongoing thing. But I did. And we're gonna keep doing it. Again and again and again. It'll be amazing!"

Part of her offer sounded pretty tempting, the sex was damn good, and the knowledge that she was my mother added an extra sizzle to things.

Like I said, it was a tempting offer... but still, that huge pair of breasts haunted my dreams. Tits even bigger than Mom's. And it was always the same, leading me away from the light,

leading me back to the darkness. And those huge, soft amazing tits of my dreams... they seemed so familiar.

Whose breasts were they? Whose breasts was I craving?
Whose hot body was haunting my dreams?

Being on the east coast put me in close proximity to the other family women again, so I had less of an excuse to avoid them. That meant I couldn't avoid going to the city to spend a week with my sister, like she had been craving for so long. Mom seemingly wasn't worried or threatened, still thinking that me and her were the only two who would still be having hot sex. It seemed like she was thinking that this trip would be an innocent bonding experience between her two children, but then again, she did give me a stern warning before I left.

"Behave yourself, Jesse. Don't let her make you do things you don't want to do," she said, her message clear. No fooling around on her, cause me and her were exclusive now.

She was right to be worried.

Dana picked me up in the city, and it was clear from her body language and her attitude that she was only interested in one thing. She played the game, taking her time and not being too obvious, but I wasn't stupid. This would only end one way.

She showed me the sites of the big city excitedly, her arm curled into mine as if I was her boyfriend. As if she was my

girlfriend, and not my bitchy sister. As if she hadn't spent most of my life antagonizing me.

And yes, despite everything, despite the fact that we had had sex and were about to have even more sex, she was still, by all accounts, a complete bitch. The whole time we were together, she made snotty comments about the people around us, before targeting the women of our family, in essence trying to elevate herself above them, clearly still reeling about the fact that I had fucked each of them.

On Grandma: "Oh my God, she should dress her age. She's an old lady! I so can't believe you liked fucking her."

On Mom: "God, she should, like, give it up! She's a mom, she's not a hot young slut anymore."

On Karen: "What is her deal? She's such a fucking whore! No one wants her saggy old-lady tits when they could have a pair of big firm ones like mine."

On Kendra: "She is such a fucking bitch! I can't fucking stand her! And plus, those fucking tits will SO totally be sagging in, like, five years, tops."

Mom's method of making sure I didn't think about any of the other women in my family was just looking the other way, acting like they weren't even competition. Dana's method, clearly, was to simply insult those other women to make sure they were erased from my memory, so I could only think of her, and never go back to any of them.

I heard her make these comments over and over again till I had to turn to her and say: "Do you really think being a bitch all the time makes me like you more?"

She smiled wickedly and replied, "You love it."

As she did, she slipped in close, slid her hand down my pants, wrapping her fingers around my cock as we stood at a bar, people all around us.

"You love it and you love me," she whispered, stroking me. "I am the total package. I'm the huge bitch who will push you around and give you the best fucking sex of your life. You think you like nice, sweet girls, but you've always wanted a cunt like me to boss you around. They always say a guy ends up marrying a girl just like his sister..."

"I thought it was marry like a girl like his mother..." I replied, but she simply gave me a stern glare, not enjoying me talking back to her.

"You fucking hate me, Jesse. I've always known that, and I always loved picking on you!" she whispered. "That kind of hate always makes the sex really good. Trust me, most of my boyfriends fucking hated me, but they always came back, because the sex was that fucking good. I promise I AM that fucking good. I'm gonna make your life a living hell, and you will just love me even more because of it!" she boasted, before making my knees curl as she ran her tongue along my neck.

As much as I hated to admit it, her bitchiness did kinda work for me. It did make my cock stiffen. Knowing she was such a

mean-spirited bitch, knowing how dominant of a personality she had, it did kind of turn me on. And she knew it.

"Just think, no one will suspect a thing. Everyone knows we hate each other. None of those dumb bitches, not Mom, not Grandma, not that airhead Kendra, not that whore Aunt Karen, none of them will ever think we're still doing it. All of them just took a piece, I'm taking the whole thing. Face it, Jesse... you're mine now."

And she would take me to her apartment, and we would do it. We would fuck all night. As much as I despised her, I didn't have it in me to deny her what she wanted. I would give her my full, hard length, and her nails would dig into my ass as I came inside her. Her body would quiver with need as I fucked her tight ass. She would dance in front of me, giving me a striptease, showing off her pole dancing skills, peeling off her clothes, grinding into me as the urge to fuck became too strong to resist.

"You wanted me..." she would whisper, strangely intimate. "You've always wanted me. Now please... give me your baby. Knock me up... knock your sister up. Knock me up with your beautiful baby."

And as much as I hated her, as much as I did my best to resist her, I complied, every time. I gave her as much effort and as much cum as I could manage in the week I stayed with her. I knew it was wrong, but I couldn't say no.

She thought she had me. She thought she had won the battle. But the dreams still persisted, and as confident as my sister was, it wasn't her I was dreaming of.

I spent a week in Florida with Kendra with well. And, as strange as it felt to be with Mom and Dana, as weird as it was to be intimate with them, and have them treat me as a boyfriend and as a lover, with Kendra, when we were together, it just felt so right.

I mean, she had everything I could ask for. We had a ton in common; similar hobbies and we knew each other so well that we had a great back-and-forth. With her, it was like the girl next door, the girl you knew all your life, who was your best friend and the one person who understood you and you are around each other for years before you even realize that she is totally the one for you.

But most girls next door don't fuck like she does.

Being together again, joking around, hanging out together in a less high pressure situation, it felt usual now. The connection felt so natural and easy in a way I had never felt before, even with Sandy. It felt so strangely easy for us to be together, working out together, getting frozen yogurt, walking the beach, having sex. It would have been romantic if this wasn't my cousin. It would have felt romantic if the sex wasn't so filthy.

I had just gotten finishing unleashing a torrent of thick cum up her tight asshole when she curled up next to me, resting her head on my chest and pressing her massive jugs into my side.

"God, I can't get over how good are you at this." Kendra purred, kissing my sweaty chest. "Who would have known that that shy, humble, lanky little boy would grow into such a fucking man? Who would have known the boy who blushed whenever I made a dirty joke would grow up and become the dirtiest, most fantastically filthy motherfucker any girl would be lucky to have?"

I looked down at her, noting the way the enormous balloons on her chest stacked one on top of the other, the bulbous flesh giving squishing out ever so slightly. I gave a coy, crooked smile.

"God, that smile! I love it! Who would have known a boy could smile like that after the things you just did? After you groped my huge boobs in public so everyone could see? How you ground that fat fucking cock of yours against my ass? Poor baby needed some booty... mmm, and you got it. I can still feel that huge load of cum inside me. It's amazing," she cooed, kissing my cheek. She snaked her hand down, sliding her fingers against my abs. Unable to resist the urge, she leaned over and ran her tongue along the ridges between my taut stomach muscles, licking our combined juices off of my body. She slid her hand down to my crotch, fingers curling around my cock again.

"You've turned all your relatives into fucking sex-freaks! I bet you're so fucking proud, haha," she laughed. "Every guy's dream, right, to have all his female relatives on his dick!" she said sarcastically. "But it's too late to back out now. You're in just so fucking deep! You've banged your own mom! And that bitch of a sister too! That's crazy. And did you hear my mom's on the market now? She dumped Dad! She's coming for you, Jesse. I tell you. They're all coming for you. You've turned them all into whores! They're all the competition. Don't spend

too much time with any of them, cause they will drag you back in. But I don't think any of them matter, really. I think the only one even close to being as good as me was Grandma... right?" She paused and held my glare, confirming her suspicions.

"You know this cock would be wasted on Grandma," she said, raising her head up to look down at me. "This cock is wasted on her... no cock this good should be wasted on an old lady like her. Sure, she's pretty fucking hot, way hotter than anyone's grandma should be. There's no future in fucking her. But pair this cock with me... that sounds like a very, very happy future to me."

She got up on her knees and moved between my legs, using both hands to begin stroking me, her boobs jiggling as she did so.

"And honestly, huge young tits are way better than huge old tits any day of the week," she affirmed. "And yes, I know, hers are a teensy bit bigger than mine, but just think, once you knock me up with a bunch of beautiful babies, I'll have a pair of zeppelins on my chest just like she does."

This proclamation made me laugh as her hands worked their magic, making me return to full strength in no time.

"I know they all still want you, Jesse, but you don't need them. You need me. Let them all find some fat dick elsewhere. You belong to me now," she asserted. She smiled, feeling my cock stiffen in her hand.

"There you go, baby, there it is. Get hard for your cousin again. Make that cock hard for Kendra," she purred. "Hahahaha, God, you are so fucking amazing! I have never met a man who can get hard so fast after cumming so much. My hunky cousin's a bona-fide sex god!" she said, giving me a teasing lick along the tip. She gave the head a small, light suck before smiling up at me wickedly. "I guess it's a good thing your cousin's a slutty little fuck-goddess herself! Mmmm... God, I'm gonna end up so fucking pregnant after we're done," she said, slurping the dripping pre-cum off my cock-head. "This cum is so thick and tasty, I'm probably, like, totally knocked up already. I've worked so hard to stay tight and fit, but by the time you're done with me, I'm gonna be all fat and knocked up, and my tits are gonna be so fucking huge..." she said, licking my full length slowly. "Doesn't that sound exciting?"

I smiled lightly and let my head fall back onto the pillow.

"Move close to me, and we can be together forever. Everyone in the family knows how good we would be together. None of them will fight it. And the people that don't know us... no one will know that we're cousins. We're both hot. No one will ask any questions," she said with a laugh.

"I think my stud of a cousin is ready for another roll in the hay." she said, mounting me once more.

When we eventually had to part, part of me didn't want to go away. She made me feel good. She made me feel just as good as I did with Sandy, only with much better sex. It just felt right being with her, except... the dreams kept coming. I still hadn't found what my basest desires craved. Did I want Sandy back, or did I want that someone else, that woman leading me astray?

I saw Aunt Karen again, near Thanksgiving. She showed up by surprise, and I overheard her explaining to Mom why she had dumped Uncle Rich. As she looked right at me, she told Mom she had a new man in her life. Mom knew the score, she knew what Karen was here for, but social niceties prevented her from refusing her a room in our house.

I didn't say a word to Karen for as long as I could. She made sure we were never alone, cause she knew I was ready to spit fire once I had the chance. Mom didn't want to leave us alone either, but they had a prior obligation at a part when Dad worked. Dana wasn't home yet for the holiday, so despite Mom's hesitance, she was forced to leave me and Karen alone for a few hours. But I was ready to tear Aunt Karen a new one, and when she shut the door behind Mom and Dad and gave me that cocky little smirk, that sent me over the edge.

She was in for it.

Twenty minutes later, I was tied to my bed with a ball-gag in my mouth, completely naked, my hard cock resting on my belly. Aunt Karen padded around the bed, dressed in a barely there bra and a microscopically small thong, letting me see almost all of her smooth, creamy skin. My eyes were drawn to her jiggling boobs as she pranced around, lighting candles in my room, casting us both in glowing light.

How did I allow myself to end up like this?

I groaned through my ball-gag, eager to get her attention.

"I'm sorry it has to be like this, Jesse," she said, her words breaking the deafening silence. "But you needed to be quiet and listen, and with the fire you were breathing, I didn't trust you to behave. So I needed to make up your mind for you. Trust me, in time, you will learn to obey."

She turned her back to me, letting me admire her juicy, fleshy ass as she went about her work, whatever it was she was doing.

"Don't worry, Jesse, I won't hurt you. I won't harm a hair on your pretty head. But now that we have time, I can put you through your paces. I can teach you everything I know. I can be your mentor, the mentor you so badly need! I can teach you everything! I can teach you how to reach your peak potential! I can teach you to use that body of yours like the weapon it is. I can teach you everything you will ever need to know about sex. Your Mom's too soft... Dana's too self-centered, Kendra... she's too young, and my mom, she's too old. I am the perfect age for you, at the peak of my sexual powers. Peak breeding age. And I know my shit! I know how to work this fat fucking cock like an instrument!" she said, running her finger up the length of my meat. "I can train you! You're still a beginner. You know nothing! I can make you a master! You can fuck for hours. I can teach you to fuck for days! You can cum in quarts, I'll make you cum in gallons!"

She sat on the bed next to my head and carefully undid the ball-gag, pulling it from my mouth. I gasped for breath and looked at her angrily. Before I could speak, she stuck her

tongue down my throat, her lips mashing against mine as we feverishly made out. After a few minutes of this, she pulled away, drool connecting our gasping mouths.

"I've committed myself completely to this. I divorced Rich to show you how serious I am. So pledge yourself to me. Let me show you what I know. I've traveled the world and fucked a lot of men. I know what I'm doing. Like I said, I know my shit! Imagine having any woman you want. Imagine having that type of skill... to get pussy on command. I can show you! Please!"

"Karen... I don't know..." I gasped out, causing her to roll her eyes. She stood up and stomped away.

"I can be very persuasive, Jesse," she said, her back to me, across the room, playing with one of the candles. "Don't make me use the hot wax on you."

"Karen, this isn't a good idea." I said, regretting that I let her drag me into this. "You should let me go. After what you did to Sandy... I've changed my mind, I don't want to do this." I affirmed.

"But your cock loves me so much." she said, turning and gripping my cock. "Here let me change your mind," she added, mounting the bed, straddling me and pulling the thong away from her naked cunt. "Let me show you how mistaken you were. Let me show you why shouldn't keep fucking an old whore like my mom. Let me show you what I can do."

She lowered herself onto me, and any objections I had died on my lips.

I was half awake in my bed, my entire body sore and bruised. At least I was untied, and the room was dim. I was alone. But through the door, I heard voices.

"Is he awake?" Mom asked.

"Haha, oh no, I think the poor thing will be out for awhile." Karen replied. "Oh, don't look sad, sis, I just showed him what a real woman can do."

"Don't lie to me, Karen. Don't even try to pretend he would do that with you again. And trust me, he already knows. He's been with me." Mom replied.

"He's mine now, sis, I guarantee it. I'll show you, he won't think of Mom again now that he's seen what I can do." Aunt Karen replied.

"We'll see about that." Mom replied.

I dreamt again that night. And not about either of them.

Christmas was quickly approaching in a couple weeks and Mom, after a particularly lusty fuck session which ended with me firing rockets of cum deep in her tight ass, gave me a

warning. As she stood from her bed, caught her breath and began pulling her clothes back on, she turned to me and spoke.

"Well, don't think I'll be giving you any breaks when everyone else is around."

"What do you mean?" I asked, splayed out on the bed, my chest rising and falling as I sucked in air.

"Well, Karen, and Dana and Kendra are coming up here for Christmas." Mom said, as if I should have known this.

"What?" I said, my stomach falling.

"Yeah, they'll be up here for that week, staying here. Didn't I tell you? It's our turn to host for the holidays, unfortunately. Otherwise... I wouldn't invite any of those whores back here." Mom said, mostly to herself, as she stuffed her tits into her bra.

"Is, uh, is Grandma coming?" I couldn't help but ask, the words coming to my mind before I could stop them. Her face darkened.

"There's not a fucking chance I'm letting her come here," Mom said with a hard edge to her words. Maybe Mom was still mad that Grandma got to me first. "Besides, she always stays at that resort in the Caribbean anyway. As soon as the first snowflake hits the ground, she is gone. I swear she dodges the snow like a virgin dodges cum." She pulled her thong back up,

covering her naked cunt. She looked at me, her face quickly displaying the seriousness of her impending words.

"Now, I know you've had your... dalliances... with them in the past. I don't like it, but I know what type of girls they are, and I know it can be tough for a guy like you to say no. But those are flings. One night stands. I know healthy young men like yourself should be sowing your oats, but face it, you're back home now, with me. And now that you are, that makes us official. You're my boyfriend, and I'm your girlfriend. You and I are lovers. So don't forget that when those sluts are throwing themselves at you. I am gonna keep my eyes on you, so don't even think about sneaking off," she warned, in the same manner she would when I was younger and wanted to sneak off to the movies. And now, she was giving me these same warnings, only instead of some harmless trouble, she was warning me not to fuck my sexy relatives. What the hell had happened to me?

Her face softened as she pulled a green sweater back on, covering her bra-clad tits. She picked up her discarded skirt and playfully slapped my stomach with the back of her hand.

"Now get up, mister. Your dad's gonna be home soon and I have to get the sheets in the wash before he notices anything's off." she urged. I slid off the bed and stepped naked into the bathroom closing the door behind me.

I looked at myself in the mirror. My body still looked good, but Mom's voracious appetite left its mark. I had scratches on my chest and I was covered by a sheen of sweat and sex-juices. My softening cock was soaked with it, and my thighs were red from our bodies slamming into each other. I looked at my face,

and gone was the boyish glint in my eyes. I was now a man who had seen some serious stuff. I was a man with experience.

What had happened to me? How had I fallen so far? These last few months, since the reunion, I had just felt so... listless. All these choices were being made for me. I was being pulled along, from one slutty relative to another, being drawn into sex with beautiful women without even having to work for it. I mean, that probably sounded good to a lot of guys, but I liked where I was before with Sandy. I liked feeling like my own man, making up my own mind on things, taking control of my own life, my own decisions. Now, I was just being pushed around. I had no agency. I had been truly transformed into a walking dick for these women. They would happily continue with this arrangement, but I needed more than that. This wasn't gonna work for me long term. I needed to step up. I needed to find my place in life. I needed to find my place and accept it, to unleash all these pent up feelings these girls were trying to suppress in me.

I was home, but I felt like a stranger. I had been so fundamentally changed by the events I had gone through that this didn't feel like home anymore. It didn't feel right. And that was what I needed. I needed to find my place. I needed to find that one person who brought out the best in me, who made me feel things I could never experience with any other. I needed to be able to bring out the real me, and not feel so boxed in and pushed around. I needed to express myself.

I needed to find home.

My eyes lit up, a fire I hadn't felt for months returning. I was filled up with excitement as I experienced an epiphany. As soon as this thought hit me, I knew exactly what to do. I knew

what those dreams were telling me. I know what my future had to be. I had a plan, and it seemed just perfect. As soon as it came to mind, I knew it was the way to go. I knew how to find the fulfillment I needed. I needed to find what my body so craved. I had had it before, and I needed to get it again. And I think I knew how.

It had been awhile, and she might be upset with me, but I figured I could do it. I could convince her to take me back. If I could just see her again, talk to her, to simply be around her essence, the true me would rise to the surface. The best of me would emerge, I just knew it.

And maybe, just maybe, if me and her were together again, I could finally find true and utter fulfillment.

(48 Hours Later)

"Take that fucking cock, Grandma, take it!" I growled, naked, driving my hips forward.

"Yes! Yes! I love it! I love that fat fucking cock!" Grandma moaned, on all fours on the bed, driving her round ass back at me, our skin slapping together.

"God, you're fucking cunt feels amazing!" I said, driving into her harder from behind. "It feels so fucking tight! It's squeezing my cock so Goddamn hard!" She turned her head and looked back at me, heat in her eyes.

"Take it! Take your Grandmother's cunt!" she moaned out, her voice like liquid silk. She slammed her ass back harder at me, the round, full cheeks rippling and bouncing. I let my hands fall to the cheeks, immersing my greedy fingers in the fleshy goodness, playing with her round rump. Squeezing the cheeks and pulling them apart to admire her naked asshole. "You like that? You like that fucking ass! Tell your Grandma how much you love her hot fucking ass!"

SPANK!

"Uhhh!" she moaned loudly.

"I love it, I fucking love it! Your ass is incredible! The hottest fucking ass I've ever seen!" I said, slapping her round ass again!

SPANK!

"I swear, I saw all those fucking girls at school wearing fucking booty shorts, just fucking shaking their hot young asses with every fucking step, and you have them beat without even fucking trying! Fuck!" I groaned out.

SPANK! SPANK! SPANK!

"Yes! Yes! GOD DAMN YES!" she screamed out, her entire body shivering as a small orgasm passed through her, a beam of one of the last vestiges of the orange sunlight crossing her firm

back. "All those little young sluts can't compete with a real woman! Your hot old grandma has them all beat!"

SPANK! SPANK!

"Yes. YES!" I grunted, driving into her harder, squeezing her fleshy ass firmly, loving how it felt between my fingers. She looked back at me and smiled before leaning back towards me, pressing her back into my front, my thick tree trunk still lodged in her clutching, squeezing, dripping cunt. She slid her slick back and ass against my front, the warmth and heat thrilling. She reached back over her head and slid her fingers into my scalp, scratching it lightly. As she did, I looked down at her jutting, bouncing rack, jiggling as I drove my cock in and out of her. She looked over her shoulder and smirked.

"Do it!" she urged, whispering harshly into my ear. "Do it and tell me what you really are! Tell me what the ass-man has become!" Unable to resist the urge, I slid my hands from her hips, up her belly, towards her huge boobs. I slid my fingers against them, squeezing greedily, the soft, pillowy, perfect flesh a siren's song to my needy fingers. They were dying to be squeezed and I did so with fervor, groping my grandmother's enormous rack like the horny teenager I was.

"I'm a boob-man! I love big fucking tits!" I whispered heatedly into her ear. "You have the greatest ass I've ever seen, and your jugs are still enough to make me a boob-man! I love your tits! I love them more than anything! They are the hottest fucking things I've ever seen!"

"Louder!" she urged.

"I love your tits!" I complied.

"LOUDER!" she urged again.

"I LOVE YOUR TITS!" I called out.

"Scream it!" she begged, getting close.

"I LOVE MY GRANDMOTHER'S HUGE FUCKING BOOBS!" I screamed loudly, my body taut as I roared to the heavens. Her cunt flexed around me and her body tightened as a violent orgasm shook through her hot body, but my firm arms held her in place against me. My hands kneaded the doughy flesh of her mammoth breasts, my fingers pinching her throbbing nipples. She used her grip on my scalp to pull my face to hers, our lips locking, our tongues feverishly sliding against each others'. As I made out with my grandma, I kept driving up into her, my cock still needing relief. Being inside her again, it felt amazing. Why did I ever try to deny this?

I suppose I should step back and explain some things. Explain how I got here.

It wasn't hard getting out of the house, sneaking out. I stealthily packed a bag and was able to slip out of the house without anyone noticing. I left Mom and Dad a message, letting them know I was heading away for a while, to find my place in life, telling them not to worry. The note made it sound like I was just gonna travel around till I found my purpose, but I knew exactly where I was going. I was headed to the airport. I had already booked a flight.

I was going back to Grandma.

It was her I needed, not anyone else. It was her naked body in my dreams, haunting me, drawing me back to the darkness. As soon as I came to this realization, I knew it was the truth. She brought out something in me that no one ever could. She brought out the best of me. She made me feel like a man. When I fucked her, it was bliss. I felt like a king claiming his queen. It felt like this was what I was meant for. With a body like mine, what choice did I have?

Sandy wasn't even a consideration. Quite frankly, with all the sex I had been having, any feelings I once had for her, and any regrets I felt about committing incest were long gone, fucked out of me. And now for the first time, I could see how wrong I had been. How sadly, pathetically mistaken I was to think I could possibly end up with someone as obviously inferior as her. I deserved better. My body needed more, and after experiencing these gorgeous women, there was no going back. Only now, again experiencing a superior female, could I laugh at how pathetic Sandy truly was. The idea of her even thinking she could hold down someone like me was laughable. And the fact that she was out there somewhere, still pining for me, wondering what she did wrong, while I was here having amazing sex with a hot-bodied older slut, I couldn't help but feel like one of the superior people.

It just felt right. With Mom and Dana and Karen, they wanted me under their thumb completely, and that felt wrong to me. And with Kendra, while I felt drawn to her, attracted to her, in lust for her, there was a certain strange romance to us that couldn't compete with the dark, awe-inspiring lust Grandma drew out in me. Comparing lust to romance... romance came up short every time.

It was when I was facing that mirror, staring into my own soul, when I confronted the truth. That as good as the sex I had been having was, either with Mom or Aunt Karen or Dana or even the twins, something was missing. As hot as those women made me, and as hot their bodies were, it was Grandma's body that dominated my thoughts. It was her hot body that I just couldn't shake. That I just couldn't forget. As amazing as Dana's ass was, Grandma's was better. As huge as Kendra's tits were, Grandma's were bigger. As dominant as Karen was, Grandma was even more so. And as thrilling as it was to fuck my own mom, it was ten times more potent committing the act with my grandmother. So despite how good the sex was with all those women, I couldn't forget the fact that they were all lacking in some way. Lacking compared to Grandma.

I needed to see her hot body again. It was what I needed. It was what I deserved.

Grandma was already staying at her beach house at a fancy resort in the Caribbean. She paid a pretty penny for this privilege, but she swore by it. It was jarring coming from the cold winter to this warm, bright, inviting heat. Back home, it was uncomfortable. Here, it felt perfect.

I had made the right decision.

I knew enough about the resort to be able to track it down pretty easily. It was a pretty ritzy grouping of beach houses, close enough to be a small community, but far apart enough to give each occupant their space. I made my way to the main office of the resort, not knowing which house Grandma was in. The lady at the front desk, Corrine, seemed pretty skeptical of me. She looked at me like I was some punk off the street.

She reminded me of one of those moms that seemed strict and humorless. She was pretty for sure, an attractive, forty-something brunette. And her body was definitely impressive, even hidden behind her blazer and formal dress-wear. But I feared that if I admired her body further, she would call the cops.

"Hi, I'm looking for, uh, Helen Phillips' place. I, uh, I need to see her." I said nervously, this woman's intense stare making me nervous.

"And you are?" she asked, her expression unreadable.

"I'm her grandson." I replied a bit more firmly. She appraised me coldly, clicking her wedding ring against the desk, trying to decide if I was indeed Helen's grandson or just some boy-toy, a playmate for the evening. She was right on both counts, but she didn't need to know that.

"Right... grandson." Corrine said, smirking, clearly having made up her mind on me. "Name?" she asked.

"Jesse." I replied. She skimmed through a drawer, before her eyes widened slightly.

"Well... you're in luck," she said, surprised, pulling out a note. "She must be expecting you. She's in 8, down the beach on the left."

She handed me a small, closed envelope with my name on it. I was confused, because I hadn't talked to her in months. I turned from Corrine and opened the note. Out slid a picture,

a picture of her naked body, posing in front of a mirror, her lips smirking, her huge tits jutting outward, her nipples drawing my eyes. I flipped the note over. On the back, it said:

"C'mon loverboy... you've got work to do."

That level of confidence, that she felt confident enough to leave a naked picture of herself at the front desk, and that she was so confident that I would be showing up at some point that she was prepared for it... it made my cock throb.

I probably didn't need help finding her. It wasn't hard to find the hot old lady in the black string bikini, her massive tits pouring from the tiny top, her round ass hanging out, split by the tiny thong. That ass, those tits... they were a beacon for me. There was nothing that could have drawn me away from that luscious body.

As I approached from behind her, she was lying on her back on a beach chair, toes wiggling as she relaxed in the setting sun, facing the water. As I got close, she spoke up.

"About time," she said simply, eyes closed behind her sunglasses.

"How did you..." I began. I looked down at her as she smirked. She pushed herself up to her feet and looked up at me.

"You should know better than to keep me waiting," she said. I couldn't help be drawn to her immense cleavage.

"No more waiting." I said simply, causing her to smile. She reached forward and hooked a finger into the hem of my shorts.

"C'mon, cock-boy... come inside and make your grandmother scream," she said, leading me towards her beach house, and I, being the now eager disciple, let her lead me inside.

And scream she did.

That was all it took for us to end up in bed again. She didn't have to lift a finger to make me get on a plane, fly thousands of miles away, approach her on the beach and give her the pleasure she so richly deserved. That kind of confidence was insanely attractive.

I had been here for about a day now. We were awake most of the first night, our moans and grunts echoing down the beach. It was clear by the looks we were given the next day that the neighbors knew exactly what we were up to. And judging by the looks they gave us, they did not approve of seeing an older woman like her and a young man like me paired off as lovers. It was wrong. Unnatural. And I'm sure those feelings were confirmed even more so when they saw Grandma traipsing around the private beach resort, wearing a small string bikini with a tiny thong, her whole mature body just pouring out of it. Her tanned ass and huge tits, pretty much totally exposed as I stood behind her, rubbing lotion on every bit of uncovered flesh, my erection noticeable in my thin trunks. There was no doubt that this hot old lady and this fit young man were getting hot and heavy between the sheets, and this unnatural pairing was enough cause a stir.

So that was why I wasn't surprised to get a knock on the door that second night.

I had held Grandma close, pressed against my front, as she rode out her intense orgasm. She finally came down and peeled herself away from me, pushing me down to the bed. She staggered over to a cabinet against the wall and pulled out a bottle of clear liquid. My eyes widened as she uncapped it, and she had just begun to take things up a notch before we were interrupted. Grandma angrily stomped towards the door to answer.

"This better be important, I just oiled up." Grandma said, pulling the door open, completely nude, covered in body oil, every inch of her mature tanned flesh covered with the slick substance. There stood the check-in woman, Corrine, eyes wide as she took in the oily flesh of my naked grandmother.

"Holy shit." The woman called out, stunned by the sight in front of her.

"Can I help you?" Grandma asked angrily, unashamed of her nudity. She had no reason to be.

"Um, uh, hello, Ms. Phillips, we are, uh, having some complaints about noise coming from inside here. With you and your...?" she said, her calm, cool veneer completely shattered. Her eyes were looking past Grandma to me on the bed, completely exposed, my erection waiting, my torso coated with smeared oil as well.

"Grandson. He's my grandson." Grandma replied firmly, sending this other woman the message that there was

something beyond normal sex happening here, gauging her reaction.

"So it's true, you're his grandmother?" she asked, this humorless woman clearly stunned.

"Does this surprise you, Corrine?" Grandma asked.

"Yeah, a bit." Corrine replied, incredulous.

"So... what kind of noise were you getting complaints about?" Grandma asked innocently. The woman looked at Grandma sarcastically.

"Sex, Ms. Phillips. The sounds of very loud, very rough sex." The woman replied slowly.

"How long were you standing here before you knocked, Corrine?" Grandma asked. Corrine was silent, the icy older woman stunned into silence.

"Ms. Phillips..." Corrine began, finding her voice. "I came here to tell you to keep it down. If not, I'll have to call it in, and I would guess you wouldn't want that." Corinne replied with this light threat. Grandma didn't seem too worried as she considered her options.

"What would it cost for us to get even louder?" Grandma asked.

"Excuse me?" Corinne asked.

"What I'm saying, Corinne, is how about you step inside, join us, and we all get even louder together?" Grandma asked, raising an eyebrow. Corrine's eyes widened for a moment, her eyes drifting back to me, settling on my cock. She breathed deep for a few moments before making up her mind.

(Five hours later)

"Holy shit! I mean... holy shit!" Corrine gasped out, dragging herself to her feet, looking disheveled, pulling on her clothes haphazardly. Her formerly controlled, composed attitude was now gone. She looked like she had gone through a battle. Her hair was a mess. Her body was smeared with oil and cum and other sex-juices. Her make-up was a disaster. Her cunt and ass was leaking out thick bands of jizz. Her hot body was covered with scratches and red marks. Her huge, soft breasts looked like they had been squeezed pretty roughly, over and over again. She could barely compose herself enough to stand up straight. It would seem like she had gone through an ordeal here, but she had a huge smile on her face.

"You guys... you guys are amazing! I didn't know it could be so good! Good lord, if... if I didn't have to work, I would spend the whole fucking day here!" Corinne gasped, her natural sneer split into an amazed smile as she slid her cum-covered tits into the lacy bra-cups. It would probably require an hour long shower to remove all the remnants of what she had just gone through, so she had no choice but to pull on her clothes over her cum and oil-covered body, no-doubt staining those perfect, formal, expensive work clothes.

"Then come back tonight." Grandma offered to the woman as she curled up next to me, her huge naked tits stacked on top of each other.

"Oh, I so will!" Corinne said, smiling brightly. "I mean... I had no idea. I've never been fucked like that. You guys both... wow! Helen, holy shit, after that night, let's just say, on behalf of this resort, we would be happy to offer you a heavily reduced rate as a thanks to your very welcome contributions." Grandma smiled arrogantly at this. Corinne pulled on her shoes, before searching the floor, finding her wedding ring in a small puddle of thick cum. She pulled it on and did her best to look somewhat presentable, checking herself in the mirror before exiting, having to get back to work, giving us one last parting smile. "Bye Jesse!" she said, waving at me girlishly, her initial dislike of me replaced with an obvious lust. As soon as she was gone, Grandma sat up and looked down at me, smiling.

"You see what I can give you." Grandma said, standing up, letting me take in her juicy body again. There were remnants of last night on her body too, streaks of oil and cum strewn across her rack. "As soon as I saw her a couple days ago, I intended for her to join us. They've been over charging me for years. I needed a young man like you to change her tune. You have no idea how useful it is for a woman of my status to have a young stud like you on-call, ready to go at a moment's notice. A cock like this..." she snarled, leaning over the bed, curling her fingers around my semi-hard erection again. "...is very valuable." She slid back in next to me, her bulbous rack ballooning out against my fit chest, her warm flesh sliding against mine.

"This is part of your job now, Jesse. To grease the wheels. To make my life easier. To give me what I want. And in exchange, you get sex every day with as many women as you can handle, as many women as I can bring you. I bring them in and you nail them into the bed until they can't see straight. Sound fair?" she said, giving me a teasing smile. My eyes flashed at the prospect of even more women that I could make moan at the end of my cock. A whole new world of women that Grandma could give to me. She saw my excitement and flashed me a smile. She found the strength to roll on top of me, straddling me, mounting my newly swollen dick once more.

"It feels so good to have you inside me again. God, you're an amazing lover, Jesse. Better than I could have ever dreamed," she marveled, grinding on me slowly. We were both pretty tired after the aggressive threesome we had just taken part in, but we were both up for one more. As she ground on me, she looked down at me with that knowing smile of hers. "Well, hon, I suppose it's time I let you in on what happens next. Here..." she said, reaching down to grab my wrists, bringing them up to her udders. She wanted my hands on her jugs when she took full control of my life. My hands squeezed at them greedily. I couldn't get enough of my grandma's huge tits!

"I hope you enjoyed your little temporary return back home, Jesse, cause that will be the last time you ever live there. You're gonna be coming home with me, Jesse." she said. "At least until the move."

"Move?" I asked, confused, my eyes and hands transfixed on her smooth, naked jugs.

"Well, I'm still keeping the lake house, but I'm having a house built in Florida, closer to Kendra." Grandma said.

"Why?" I asked, her greasy tits sliding around my fingers.

"Well, for one, the sun agrees with me more than the cold, and plus, there are too many nosy people around here who wouldn't understand the important work we need to do," she stated.

"Work?" I asked, twisting her nipples, making her shiver with delight.

"Jesse, you don't need to go to college. You already have all the tools you'll ever need, and I'll be your teacher. Your mentor. This body of yours, this work of art, it's my property now, and I have big plans. I'm putting you to work." She paused, flexing her tight cunt around me before continuing.

"I want babies, Jesse. Lots of babies. You'll be moving in with me, and you will be getting me pregnant, as many times as possible. And not just me, but your mom... your aunt... your sister... your cousins, not just Kendra, but the twins too... you will need to knock all of them all up. All of them! They'll all hate the fact that it's me who owns you, and they will be mad at you for depriving them, but your cock is too good for them to hold out for long. Your job, your sole goal in life, is to breed the women of this family. The seed is strong, and it has to be kept within the family for us to survive. Our family needs to take the next step in our evolution. We've grown our roots out far enough. It's time to strengthen them. If I'm right, if this works, our family will become stronger than ever." she proclaimed, an odd glint in her eye.

"But... but what does this have to do with Kendra?" I asked, squeezing her tits. "Why are we moving near her?"

"Because there's something between you two. Something strong. I'm not blind to it. That's why I'm gonna give you to her. Don't get me wrong, whenever I snap my fingers, you will be in my bed, filling me with cum, which is why I'll be close by. But you and I would attract too much attention. A man like you, with an older woman like me, we would catch some wandering eyes. We're an attention grabbing couple, no doubt about it, and we don't need people asking questions. They just wouldn't understand. But you and Kendra... you two fit together too perfectly to be denied. Your children might be even more beautiful than ours will be. So, feel free to couple up for good, marry the little bitch, knock her up, buy a house. Do whatever young people do. Your job will be the same, you'll be the throbbing dick this family has been waiting for, planting your seed as often as possible, spreading it out between all of us, again and again. And as long as you get the job done, and you do what I say, you and Kendra can be very happy together."

"And besides, no matter what I do, there's still that nice, sweet young man in you, and that needs to be vented out somewhere. Save all that mushy shit for her, but you keep the truly dark, depraved shit for me. She gets the light, but I get the dark."

I was silent as my grandmother planned out my future. My mind flashed to those dreams again, those huge, soft tits, beckoning me to the darkness. I just kept squeezing her tits, over and over again. I know that this life-plan of being bound to fuck all the women of my family should be horrifying, but I simply gripped her tits harder, and I couldn't stop the lust

from flashing across my face. I ground into her harder, lust coursing through me, loving every wicked word she spouted, wanting to hear more.

"And if it sweetens the deal, I may need that fat cock of yours to grease some wheels from time to time, like with Corrine, here. I live a very good life, and having your young dick at my disposal might make certain things easier. Just imagine, all the beautiful women who will fall to their knees for a cock like this." she stated, squeezing my cock within her silky cunt while scratching my chest lightly.

There wasn't any point of me denying this or trying to run from this future. I was in too deep, I had committed too much incest, and the sex was too damn good. There was no point running from my destiny. I smiled, her wickedness having corrupted me completely.

I would do it. I would fuck Mom. I would fuck my fucking cunt of a sister. I would fuck my whorish aunt, and my slutty cousin. I would do it all again, and again, and again, till all those bitches were knocked up. They wanted it, and boy, they were gonna get it.

"Now fuck me, Jesse. Fuck your grandma!"

It was a madness that never could have been predicted. If you had told me where I would have ended up a year ago, I would have laughed. I had dumped my hot, nubile college girlfriend, in exchange for something far different. Any onlooker would have witnessed the depraved, unnatural sight of a young stud and a hot old lady rolling between the sheets, having the type of athletic, aggressive sex people only see in pornos. Only

those who knew the truth of our relation would truly understand the true depravity of what was happening here.

I was far away from home, in a place I'd never been, having sex with a woman I shouldn't be having sex with. But all I knew was that when I was inside her, when I felt her huge tits in my hands, when her round ass was driving into me, I felt content. I felt like the true me was being expressed, and I would do whatever she wanted of me.

The dreams had stopped. I had found true fulfilment.

I was home.

Chapter 4

Epilogue

(Five Months Later)

Helen entered her bedroom and shut the door behind her, knowing she had important work to do. Of course, she had had her needs taken care of first, riding Jesse's fat cock, having many screaming orgasms in the process, until the horny old woman wore him out, leaving him completely drained and passed out. She made it a point to wear him out in one of the guest rooms, knowing she needed privacy in her bedroom for what was to come.

She padded across her bedroom barefoot, her slim toes digging into the soft carpet. She was still a bit sweaty from her earlier romp, so she opened the glass doors to the balcony, letting the cool evening air in. She was also clad only in her stretchy little exercise shorts, making sure her grandson's thick cum stayed in her tight cunt. Not that it mattered at this point.

She couldn't help but smile and let her hands fall to her bulging tummy. Helen always really shined when pregnant, never blowing up and getting overly swollen like some women. She always seemed to only put on a bit of weight, enough to make her voluptuous body even more juicy. Her huge boobs rippled as she walked, feeling heavier than ever. Helen swore she had gone up an entire cup size, but that was to be expected with the baby on the way. Plus, on the many occasions she had been knocked up, she tended to simply grow one of those volleyball tummies, making her the envy of other women, if she wasn't already. Pregnancy suited her. She

rubbed her belly for a few moments, feeling, after so long, life growing inside her once more. She smiled again. It was going to be a boy. She could always tell the sexes of her children, and she had never been wrong. She couldn't wait to have another son.

Helen padded across the room and put on a CD of the New York Philharmonic, knowing she needed some brain music as she focused on her work. As the strings began to buzz on her speakers, she began to get in her groove.

Laid out on the table was the family tree, which she had slid out gently from within the ornate frame. She ran her fingers along the smooth parchment, loving the way it felt beneath her fingers. She retrieved her calligraphy pen and inkwell, as well as a small needle, carrying them over and setting them gently down on the table.

She removed the top of the inkwell, admiring the inky black liquid within, before lifting the needle between her fingers. Testing the sharpness of the small needle against her finger tip, she could tell it would get the job done. Taking it between two fingers like a pencil, she deftly stabbed the needle against one of her fingertips, puncturing the skin, causing her to wince lightly. She set the needle down and flexed her finger, till a thick bead of blood appeared from the tiny wound. She tipped her finger back and forth, admiring the blood's thickness, before placing it above the opening of the inkwell, letting the drop fall into the dark ink, mixing with it. A bit more blood appeared on her finger, so she used the tip of the pen to gather the blood before dipping it into the ink, stirring the liquid. As she did, she sucked the remaining blood off her finger, doing so until the blood stopped appearing.

This ritual was completely unnecessary, but for the work she was about to do, it felt entirely appropriate.

Admiring the family tree one last time, she removed the ink-soaked pen from the bottle and took it between her fingers. With the music feeding her creative juices, she began to work.

She began to draw smooth, straight lines, adding new lines to the tree, indicating the new lives that would be added to their family.

She connected herself and Jesse first, creating a spot for their child. She then did the same for Jesse and Kendra, leaving two spots open for the twins she was expecting. Helen smiled as she began running out of space under Jesse's name, as she branched out lines from him to Dana, Jane, Karen, Bethany, and Chastity.

She remembered the ripple of joy she felt as those positive pregnancy tests piled up. Surprisingly, it was Bethany who got the job done first, getting knocked up, but Helen wasn't too far behind. With the amount of seed he spilled inside his own grandmother, it wouldn't take long. Kendra was next, followed by her mother Karen. Jane quickly followed, and the final one was Dana.

For a while, Dana's body stubbornly refused to get properly seeded. It just didn't take for some reason. Helen knew that Phillips men were very potent, and Phillips women were very fertile, so the fact that it wasn't taking was even more frustrating. Helen eventually had to subject Jesse to a week long trip to visit his sister, subjecting him to that bitch for way too long. But he had work to do and Helen didn't want him to leave till there was no doubt the job was done.

And the job had gotten done. Helen had witnessed it.

Helen watched that footage first hand. Part of her wanted to just stomp right in, hold the bitch down, and let her stallion-like grandson bang his older sister till she was properly bred. But she didn't want to expose her role in things. And besides, she had a better idea. She convinced Jesse to record the action between him and his bitchy sister. And so Helen had watched. She had seen them going at it. And her eyes had flashed at the specific moment, with Dana on her back, her younger brother forcing her down, holding her legs down so her ankles were near her ears. Helen watched Dana's eyes roll in ecstasy as Jesse slid the full length of his thick cock inside his sister, his cock exploding inside her.

At that moment, Helen knew he had done the deed. Dana was pregnant. And the feeling of seeing her life's work being acted out, that moment when her bitch granddaughter got knocked up by her own hot brother... the feeling was exquisite. Helen almost came watching it. As soon as Jesse sent her this footage, she sent for him, knowing deep down that his job was complete... for now.

Helen had proof of all of their pregnancies. Bethany had sent Jesse a text, showing her pregnant belly, saying there was now another difference between her and her sister. Kendra was a fitness freak, so she happily took pictures of her bulging stomach, heavy with children, and posted them online. Jane sent pictures to her son all the time, her taking pregnant selfies in the mirror like some excited, knocked up teenager. Karen's pregnancy announcement to Jesse was a texted picture of Jesse's seed leaking from her tight cunt, along with text saying, 'Guess who you just made a mommy?'

A classy lady, that Karen.

All of these women ignored the coincidence of them all being knocked up at the same time. All those bitches thinking they had Jesse locked down simply because they were carrying his child. Ha! They were one of many by this point. They all looked away, not wanting to put together the pieces that were so obvious. All of them willing to lie themselves just so they could continue being the stars of their own story.

None of them knew that they were all knocked up thanks to Helen's genius. Her machinations. Most of them thought he had transferred schools, to a school coincidentally near his cousin. Kendra thought he had done so to be near her, which was the fiction Helen had come up with. Jane thought her son's monthly trips back home were due to homesickness. Karen thought his trips to her were due to her dominance over him. Dana thought he couldn't stop visiting her over and over again cause he just couldn't resist her.

It was all part of the plan.

None of them knew she was the one pulling the strings. None of them even knew of her new place in Florida near where he and Kendra lived. Only she and Jesse knew. Only they knew of the work they were doing. All of them were just incestuous whores, not realizing they were part of a far bigger story. Only Helen and her grandson knew of the importance of what they had undertaken. But even with that said, there were some things Helen knew not to share with her grandson. Things too important to worry his pretty little head over.

Helen again focused on her work. Even though she spent a fair amount of her time at her new beach-house, she didn't like being away from the lake house for too long. She couldn't explain it, but her mind just seemed to work better up here. Her work could be done best here, at her home base.

Helen admired the clean, straight lines on the parchment. What was once an elegant, branching tree had been muddied, with crisscrossing lines, as if some child had scribbled on this work of art. But no, these lines were what she had worked for. Most families' family line was a thin string, so fragile it could be cut at any time. But hers... hers was tightly coiled rope, the bonds of their family linked together in all different ways, stronger than the sum of its parts.

These lines were her life's work. Evidence that all that time and work had paid off swimmingly, evidence of the heavy inbreeding her family had entered into, thanks to her guiding hand.

The seed was strong.

But there was still so much work left to be done. So many lines that needed to become interwoven. Jesse, the stud of the family, had very, very potent seed, and there were so many ready wombs for him to impregnate. Luckily for Jesse, and her, there were a lot of women in this family, women that Jesse hadn't been with yet, women waiting to be bred, even if they didn't know it yet. He had fucked Jane and Karen, but Helen still had three other daughters for Jesse to have. Stacy, Robin, Allison, all three were mothers, so they would no doubt take well to Jesse's seed. A few of their daughters were of age, primed to get knocked up. Plus, there were other cousins, Aunts, Great Aunts, second cousin's twice removed, some

young, some very old, all of breeding age, all waiting for his seed.

Like Lola, one of his distant cousins, who was a pretty respected ballerina. She would look so good with Jesse's baby in her taut belly. Or one of his other far-flung cousins, Cameron, a girl who always seemed to be in trouble. Maybe carrying Jesse's child will straighten her out. Or his Aunt twice removed, Gertrude, a truly miserable old cunt, who acted like such an old lady even though she was a few years younger than Helen. Helen smiled, enjoying the thought of unleashing poor Jesse on that crazy old bat. Helen would probably use the threat of making him have to breed Gertrude as a punishment, forcing him to behave, cause her reputation was well known. She was pretty awful. He would hate Gertrude, and hate having to fuck her, but he would get the job done. He was good for that kind of thing. And who knows, maybe the young man can fuck the bitch out of her. And that was just the start. There were so many other women in this family.

Jesse had only met some in passing, some he knew a bit more, but none had ever really had the opportunity to show him any overt interest. But Helen knew that all the young stud had to do was wave that fat cock under their noses, and they would completely whore it up for him, as all the others had done. That level of sluttiness in their family was too deeply ingrained to deny.

It was in the blood.

Letting the lines dry, she carried her inkwell and pen over to her work desk, ready to add some more pages to the family tome. Pages and documents and pictures were strewn across the desk, like some crazed detective's evidence board. She had

worked very hard, and called in a ton of favors to get some of this stuff, but it was worth it. Reading the book, talking to historians, paying attention to current events and some business dealings and tracking down the history of her family and the people around them, it had all lead her to one thing.

A single phone number.

She had spent days working up the nerve to pick up the phone and dial it. Cause if she was right, if what she had figured out was true, she knew exactly what the reason was that her family had descended into inbreeding. Why her family so craved the wickedness of incest.

She added some updates to the book, adding in details of her investigation, and the conclusions she had come to. But as she did, her eyes kept jumping up to the number written on the slip of paper. She tried to focus, but she couldn't with that number tempting her. Finally, she stashed her pen away and stopped, knowing there was no point holding off on this. It was now or never.

She retrieved her phone and stepped out onto the balcony, the cool air blowing across her nearly naked body. Not caring that it was late, she dialed the number and made the call. It rang a couple times, but even a woman as confident as Helen was unable to stop herself from freezing slightly as a cool, feminine voice picked up on the other end.

"Hello?"

Helen paused for a few moments, trying to find the words to say, before she found her voice.

"You made a mistake." Helen finally said.

"Excuse me?" the woman replied. "Who is this?"

"My name is Helen... Helen Phillips," she replied.

"Is that name supposed to mean something to me?" the woman asked, slightly annoyed but still calm.

"Hmm, don't act like you don't know, honey." Helen said, pacing the wooden balcony.

"If you don't explain why you're calling me at this hour, I'll have to hang up," the woman insisted, her voice crisp and clear, despite her annoyance.

"Don't act like the name Phillips doesn't mean anything to you! Don't act like you don't know who I am. But fine, if you want to act naïve, I'll play along. Search your mind, I know it's been awhile, but I'm sure that name will ring a bell." Helen said.

A long silence fell between them.

"What do you want?" the woman finally asked, leaving Helen unsure of if she was right or not.

"I know what you did to my family. At least, I know what you think you did. But I will tell you, it didn't work." Helen said.

Another long pause.

"Your family is full of liars and sinners." The woman said, sending a shiver down Helen's spine as the woman began confirming Helen's suspicions. "I know what they did to me... do you? Do you know what your ancestors did to me... to my family?"

"I know exactly what they did... and I know you were far from innocent. Everything that happened to your family is on you." Helen replied.

"Mmm, you're gonna regret saying that," the woman said.

"No, I don't think so." Helen replied. "Because I know what you tried to do, and I'm telling you that it didn't work. That it blew up in your face."

"Is that right?"

"It is," Helen said. "Cause I am standing here, pregnant with my own grandson's child, and I have never felt better in my life."

If she was wrong about this, this would be the point the other woman would check out. That usually happens when strangers discuss matters of incest.

"Mmm, I was waiting for the day that my plan would pay off." she boasted. "And I think it is you that is mistaken, cause I know exactly what will happen to you and that... family of yours. Now that it's unleashed, you won't be able to stop. Now that its unleashed, it can't be undone. Your family will breed from within, over and over again, till you are nothing! Till your name... till your legacy... till it all dies."

"But you miscalculated, my dear." Helen said. "You've only made us stronger. Perfection plus Perfection equals... Perfection. And what's inside me... what's inside all of my girls... it's something even greater. You tried to destroy us, but you've only made us stronger."

"You think so?" the woman replied. "I always have a plan, honey. I always cover my ass. Any children born due to my influence... they belong to me. They are mine in ways you can't comprehend. They are my children."

"But, here's the thing about that... we're protected." Helen said, savoring this maneuver.

"Excuse me?" she asked.

"As you know, my family has quite the history with the Church. When they heard my story, when I confessed every... sordid... detail... they welcomed me with open arms. I've seen the light, ha ha. They went out of their way to bless me, and my family, which, as you surely know, not only absolves us of our sins, it absolves us of any... afflictions... the type that women like you are willing to unleash. So, if you think my family would ever be under your control... think again. They are beyond your control. They are... perfection. Pure." Helen said, attacking her opponent on the other end of the call.

"Well..." the other woman began, "It seems as if you're no pushover."

"Indeed." Helen replied, her fingers unconsciously rubbing her pregnant belly.

"But if you think that makes you safe, think again," the woman said. "You've chosen the wrong side. I have many powerful friends. They will find you. And when they do, I look forward to making you, and your... family..." she spat out. "I look forward to making you kneel at my feet."

"Hahaha, well...it seems as if I'm ahead of you on this one, too. When you hear what I've found out, when you learn what I already know, you will get what's coming to you. The Church...they told me all your secrets. I've learned things, important things, secret things, things that will make you crumble. Things that will make you kneel at my feet. It will be sweet when you get what you so deserve. You underestimate us. You've always underestimated us, and you can't forget, dear...the seed is strong." Helen boasted.

A momentary pause fell between the two women.

"Mmm, I very much look forward to meeting you, Helen," the woman said, malice in her words. Helen could almost sense the woman's evil smile as she said them. Before ending the call, a smirk crossed Helen's thick lips, wanting to taunt the other woman one last time.

"Sleep well... Ms. Crow."

THE END