Two Moms Two Laps

Two Hours

This little tale is an homage to some of the most popular stories on Literotica.

NakdSalr's "Mom Takes a Ride" (1 & 2), and byRetired04's "Sitting On My Son's Lap", are both slightly absurd, fun and erotic situations, with a Mom going for an extended ride sitting on her son's lap, with others in the car. IMHO "Mom Takes a Ride" sets a high bar for this kind of story, being a quick easy read, and the car scene ridiculously erotic.

I thought I'd take a shot at a similar story, from the Son's point of view. I also carried the absurdity just a little too far. If you've read any of my work, undoubtedly you know I require a lot more setup, background, character development and so on. I can't help myself.

I don't have the talent to make the story as short as I'd like, but I'm working on that.

I hope you enjoy it. - TTT

"Harold, this is crazy! We're never going to fit all that in the car."

I had to agree with Mom on this one. We were shutting down the summer cabin early, and as usual, it meant bringing home lots of gear that had migrated there during our multiple 'mini-vacations'. Unfortunately, Dad's workload had exploded with a new contract, and it was unlikely we'd get back out to the house again that summer.

This season we'd accumulated more than ever. The coolers with all the game meat were the main culprits. We'd planned on the wild pig hunt earlier in the summer, but had to reschedule twice, due to weather. Mom and Aunt Marie had conniption fits when they found out we'd be hunting on the last day of our vacation. After a bit they settled down and gave in. Mom was a big believer in 'male bonding'. Dad and I didn't do enough together, other than watch football part of the year, by her way of thinkin'. We'd taken up hunting two years back, and even though it was pricey as hobbies go, it turned out to be good for us. It brought us closer, and though we were usually all business during the hunt, we opened up a good bit during our outings. Truth is, it was kind of cool.

My cousin Colin had never really known his real father, and had never been close with either of his two step-fathers, neither of which were in the picture any more. Aunt Marie welcomed any opportunity for him to hang out with other men. Besides, I think she kinda liked the old man. You can't blame her, he's pretty good as Dad's go, if a little ultra-conservative on occasion.

In the end they let us 'he-men' go with their blessings, insisting that we prove ourselves as 'providers' and bring home the bacon. Literally. In

the mean time they'd keep the cave clean, and work on polishing off some of the fermented brew. We'd been derelict in our duties, and they had a good bit of work ahead of them, at least in the drinking arena.

We headed out well before dawn to a local orchard where the owner was having problems with herds of feral pigs. It was my first time hunting hogs, and Colin's first time hunting, period. We'd had him practicing out back on the property, chewing our way through a mess of ammunition. Another manly thing the Mom's thankfully approved of. But the play time was over. Big leagues now. We had no idea what to expect.

If you've never gone wild pig hunting, there's no way I could do it justice in a few paragraphs, never mind an entire novel. It's beyond description. We had the time of our lives. We killed wild beasts, dragged their massive carcasses across fields, skinned and cleaned them, and all in all felt pretty damn good about ourselves. Nothing like killing critters, especially big mean ones that could tear you open in seconds, to get a man's testosterone and adrenaline pumping. I swear, after one particular episode I could practically feel my voice deepening, my chest hair growing, and my dick swinging free, half-way to my knee.

If any of you 'men' have got some kind of deep-seated issue with me killin' stuff, as far as I'm concerned you can just pull up your panties, shave your goatee, and move to France, ya damn wusses.

Ladies with issues? Understood. It's a man thing. Come sit on my lap, and I'll explain everything. Heh. (It's an inside joke, never mind.)

The day had been incredible, to say the least. We'd harvested eight all told, and spent more time cleanin' them than we had hunting. We'd filled two large coolers to the brim, and still left most of the meat with the property owner. The farmer was pleased as could be with our results. The pig issue was becoming a huge problem, causing massive crop damage and ground erosion. He welcomed us to come back any time, and clear out as many as we possibly could. Dad shook his hand, and told him we might take him up on that.

We were exhausted yet exhilarated. Colin had killed one ferocious boar that weighed in around 200 lbs, and I'd shot a trophy sow that easily exceeded our 250 lb scale. We'd worked our asses off dragging the pigs back to the Jeep, and learning to skin, gut and butcher a hog bigger than me turned out to be a supremely time-consuming and messy effort. I was never more appreciative of that winch on our Jeep. Dad knew what he was doing, and had all the tools we needed. I'm sure he could have finished it in half the time, but our learning was a big part of the process. Dad always took pride in teaching me, and I appreciated it, even if I didn't say so very often.

The sun was hanging low in the sky by the time we made it back to the cabin, which put a damper on our excitement. We were late getting back, and knew it would be a lot later before we got out of there, with at least a 2 hour drive ahead of us before we got home.

Turns out things weren't all that bad. Aunt Marie and Mom had finished up most of the packing and a stupidly large pile of gear was stacked in the car-port, ready for loading. We backed the Jeep in and found the sisters parked on the front porch, beers in hand.

Colin ran over, still completely stoked over his first hunting trip, but before we were 10 seconds into our story we were cut off.

Mom was holding her nose, and pointing to the lake. "Go! In the lake, clothes and all. Now!"

Aunt Marie was no better. "Lord, y'all stink! You're filthier than those pigs you claimed to be hunting. Harold, I gave you my handsome boy and you returned this?"

Dad laughed. "This young MAN shot a 200 lb boar with 5 inch tusks that could tear you wide open faster than you could say 'Woo pig sooie!'" He put his big old meaty hand on the back of Colin's neck and gave him a squeeze. I saw Colin wince. I knew that squeeze well. I'd suffer it happily. It was the closest thing to affection we men are allowed to share.

Ten minutes later we were swimming/bathing off of our dock, with the Moms parked on the end, listening to our tales while still working on their beers. I suspected they'd had more than a few. It was easy enough to see they were feeling no pain.

To hear Colin tell it, we'd killed Hogzilla, and needed a backhoe to drag it back for cleanin'. Dad shed some reality on the stories, but our Moms were happy we'd had a good day, and were clearly pleased with Colin's contagious excitement in particular.

Alright, I'm gonna throw this out there, even though a lot of y'all are gonna think me perverted or something. Try to be open-minded.

Aunt Marie is hot. Her ex-es must have been some stupid sumbitches.

There. I said it. And don't judge me until you've seen her.

If Mom wasn't, well, Mom, it'd be pretty easy to put her in the same category. Hell, except for their boobs and butts, they could almost have been twins. Come to think of it, they are - Irish twins at least, born only about 11 months apart.

They were both wearing bikinis which they had selected to best emphasize their most noteworthy features. They were obviously sisters, with much the same build, and nearly identical features. Aunt Marie had been considerably more blessed when the boob fairy made her appearance, but Mom had the whole package, including the most perfect ass in the free world. Don't believe me? Ask Dad. He pointed it out in the first place.

Aunt Marie's bikini top was barely able to contain her enormous bounty, and for a woman closer to 40 than 30, they stood up firm and proud, defying age and gravity.

Mom's bikini on the other hand, while nicely encasing her more-than-worthy breasts, emphasized her amazing hips and ass. It was small in the back, showing a lot of cheek, which some might have considered overdoing it a bit, with only family around. I personally thought it was

a generous gift to all of mankind, to keep those bodacious cheeks on full display.

Bodacious. That was Dad's word for them. Funny the things guys talk about as they get older. Especially while huntin' with all the testosterone pumpin'. Who ever thought my Dad would brag about Mom's bodacious ass? To me?

The ladies where making us scrub some of the filth off our clothes, passing them out piece by piece. We were developing a nice little pile of wet clothing, which may not have been clean, but was a whole lot better than it had started.

Mom got up and took her cover-up off, but before she could jump in, I stopped her. "Mom! Wait!"

"What?" she asked peevishly.

"I, uh - I'm naked in here."

Colin chimed in, "Me too, Aunt Alice."

Mom rolled her eyes and glared at the old man.

Dad laughed. "Hey! Don't blame me. I'm not the one going commando. Looks like you and your sister's bad habits are rubbing off."

Mom blushed mightily, but Aunt Marie just grinned. Mom dug into the tote bag she'd brought down to the water, and came up with a couple of pair of boxers she tossed to Colin and I. Once I noticed that Aunt Marie was getting ready to get in the water too, I almost wished I hadn't said anything. Hell, let's be honest, there was no 'almost' about it.

After a bit they joined us, and we splashed around playfully. Dad was the first to retreat from the cold lake water, and he made his way to the house to get dressed and start the winterizing and car loading.

Mom and Aunt Marie were always competitive, mostly in a good-natured way. Parties, outfits, dinners, hair-dressers, bargain hunting, everything between them seemed to be some kind of competition. To hear the family tell it, they had always competed over everything since they were kids.

That day was no different and they were soon talking about chicken-fights. We'd done a lot of that the previous summer, and before much longer Mom was up on my shoulders and Aunt Marie was on Colin's, each trying to knock the other one off. Mom was giving me grief, threatening physical injury, grounding, and even starvation if we didn't win.

Like I said, competitive. Especially where her younger sister was involved. So I kinda cheated. Just a little.

I'm about 4 inches taller than Colin, so moving out into water that was just a little deeper gave me an unfair advantage. When the water was almost up to his neck, I turned and forced him backwards. After one step his mouth was at the water line, and after just a few seconds of tussling, and my blocking his way back into shallower water, he was choking. He coughed, turned sideways and started walking away, his mother sliding backwards off his shoulders. Mom grabbed Aunt Marie by the shoulders, leaning over and almost dunking me. She was fighting hard, and her legs were nearly cutting off my circulation, her chest pushing my head almost into the water. When I stood back upright, Mom was crowing over her victory, and I looked up to see Aunt Marie struggling to get back onto Colin's shoulders, half drowning him. It was a few moments before I realized she was topless.

Mom was laughing, waving the bikini top around in the air, while Aunt Marie finally straightened up and covered herself with her hands. "Alice! You rotten little cheat!"

I was walking toward them, for a better look, when Mom threw the top back to her from a few feet away. "You know you love it, Em," Mom laughed. "It's not like you've ever missed an opportunity to show 'em off. Can't say I might not do the same if I had puppies like those."

Aunt Marie struggled to put the top back on, precariously poised on Colin's shoulders. Poor boy. Missed the whole show. And a hell of a show it was. Getting dressed again put her breasts completely on display for me. Her areola were dark and huge, at least 3 inches across, covering half her breast. The cold water had her nipples hard and puckered. They stood out nearly 1/2 an inch, near as big at the tip of my pinky, and begging for attention. I knew it would be a while before I'd

be able to get out of the water without embarrassing myself, in spite of the cold.

"Show 'em off? In front of your son? That's pretty outrageous even for you," Aunt Marie answered, tucking her breasts back into her tiny top. "All talk and no action, I'm thinkin'." Even inside her bikini her big nipples poked out deliciously, screaming for more personal attention.

"Jeremy can't see nothin'," Mom teased, "just like poor Colin didn't get to see your big ol' titties bouncin' around." She was wiggling around, and I saw Colin's wide-eyed reaction. "There, now we're even. Both boys got an eyeful. Feelin' better?"

"Jesus, Alice! Put that back on before Harold sees you. That's all I need to hear about on the ride back. You get wild, and I get the blame."

"Spoilsport. Who's all talk now?" I had tilted my head back and was trying to catch just a little view of what the commotion was all about. I had a quick glimpse of Mom's tits, her nipples pink and erect, when she thumped me on the head. "Eyes ahead, Jeremy."

Caught. Damn it.

After the excitement, we all headed back to shore and dried off best we could, before we'd start helping Dad load up the vehicle.

I still had visions of Aunt Marie's amazing boobage on my brain. It was like sunspots; I just couldn't shake it. Of course it didn't help when she snuck up on me, and put me in a head lock, while I was drying off. Getting my face smashed into her breast was too strong a reminder of what I'd just seen.

I love my Aunt Marie. As far as sister's go, she's definitely the fun one. She's doted on me and spoiled me for as long as I remember. She'd always tussled with me, and it still drew Dad's ire that we'd never outgrown it. She had a way of talking to me, when I was younger, that made me feel older, more mature. When things got hairy, I'd sometimes call her and talk it out with her. She was a great listener.

But in the last few years, especially since she split up with husband number three and spent so much time around us, I couldn't help but notice her as a woman. Give me a break, she was ridiculously sexy. You'd feel the same in my shoes. Trust me on this one.

Mom, on the other hand had always been the stable one, the reasonable one, the conservative one. Aunt Marie would show up at our house in Daisy Duke's and a halter top. Mom? Mom dressed like a Mom. Aunt Marie would sneak me a beer, Mom would ground me for having alcohol on my breath. Mom set a 10 o'clock curfew on my dates, even as a senior. Aunt Marie made sure I had a rubber.

Don't get me wrong. Mom was a great mom, and I loved my family like nobody's business. But every boy should have an Aunt Marie in his life.

The head lock was too much. I scooped her up in my arms, and motor-boated her cleavage. She laughed hysterically.

Unfortunately, Mom, who was only about 5 feet away, unbeknownst to me, didn't see it the same way.

"Jeremy! Stop that!" She spoke sharply, through clenched teeth.

The sound of her voice froze me in place, then I set my Aunt carefully down. You could see the tears in her eyes from laughing so hard.

"She started it," I argued weakly.

"And you think that's the appropriate way to end it? With your aunt?"

Aunt Marie tried to come to my rescue. "It's a boob day, Sissy. No big deal. You said so yourself."

Mom was caught. "Alright. I get it. Playin' around. But think, Jeremy. What if your father walked up when you were doing that? What then?"

"He'd have to wait his turn," I quipped. Sometimes my mouth moved faster than my brain.

Mom stared at me, her mouth opening and closing like a fish out of water. She finally just glared at Aunt Marie shaking her finger at her. "You! You're a bad influence." Then she stomped away.

Aunt Marie almost choked holding back her laughter. "I can't believe you sometimes, Jeremy. You're so like your father at your age, it scares me."

"Like Dad?"

"He was just as impetuous, mouthy and confident as you. Jesus, he was something." She had a far off look in her eye. "Your Mom won that one, I'll give her that much."

I put my arm around my diminutive aunt's narrow waist, and tugged her along. "We better get going, no telling what Mom would think we're up to, if we linger longer."

"No telling what we'd get up to either," she teased, goosing me.

"Aunt Marie!" I said, jumping.

"Just keeping you on your toes," she laughed, running away from me so I couldn't exact my revenge. Rotten thing.

* * *

The Jeep Wrangler Rubicon is a decent-sized vehicle. But in this case, not even close to big enough.

"It'll never all fit," Mom continued to argue.

"It'll fit. It's like a puzzle, we just have to find the right combination," Dad argued.

But Mom was right. Five adults and a pile of gear nearly 6 feet high was too much for the old Jeep.

Aunt Marie was the first to suggest collapsing the seat behind the driver. "It'll be a tight squeeze, but maybe we can get the rest in. You'll have to sit three up front and two in back. Someone's going to have to ride on the console."

"Damn it!" Dad growled, re-adjusting some of the gear in the rear. "Nobody's going to be able to sit on the console for over 2 hours."

Mom had a different solution. One I never would have expected to hear from her. "I can sit on Jeremy's lap," she suggested. "If he gets too tired we can take a break, and Colin and Marie can take the front seat."

We were still walking around half-dressed, although I had a t-shirt on with my boxers, and the sisters both had cover-ups, which mostly covered up. Still, looking over at Mom dressed in her bikini, and

thinking about her sitting on my lap for 2 hours was a little disturbing. Had to keep my thoughts calm. The boxers wouldn't do a very good job of camouflaging my excitement if things got any worse down there.

Dad grunted, and we tried out Aunt Marie's solution. We soon realized that even with the seat behind the driver collapsed, we still had a lot of gear outside. He was struggling to squeeze the largest suitcase sideways between the front seats, resting on the console, while leaving enough room to access the gear shifter. Even that was a poor fit, pushing the soft top upward to the point where it looked like it might tear.

It was obvious to everyone but my obstinate father, we still weren't going to make it. "Fuck it!" Dad growled. "Let's just leave some of this crap behind, and we'll get it in a couple of weeks."

Now I knew he was getting frustrated. He rarely swore.

Aunt Marie struggled to be the voice of reason. "C'mon Harold, I think we're almost there. If we lay down the other seat in back, instead, I think it'll fit."

I tried to be helpful. "The night's warm. We could ride with the top down. Stack things a little higher. And the suitcase will fit then."

Dad looked tired. It had been a long day. We'd been up since 4:00 a.m. "That seat behind mine is barely wide enough to fit one person, never mind two."

Aunt Marie wasn't giving up. "I guess the boys will just have to suffer through two hours of having their Moms sit on their laps. It'll save you wasting a full day coming back here in a couple of weeks, not to mention a $100 worth of gas." She turned to me and Colin. "Y'all reckon your legs can survive two old ladies sitting on 'em for a couple of hours?"

Maybe it was just the beers talking. The idea seemed beyond crazy to me. I mean, Aunt Marie was always teasing, but this was a new extreme. Especially since Mom would be involved too. But Mom and Aunt Marie seemed to think it the most natural solution in the world.

Colin, on the other hand, seemed to be even more shocked by the concept than me. He kept looking back and forth between our mothers, the mere idea of what they were talking about short-circuiting his brain.

I might as well mention it here, since we're not holding anything back. Colin's got it bad for Mom. I'm not sure what it is, but it's undeniable. He tries to hide it, but in one weak drunken moment, he confessed it all to me. He'd spied on her several times, hell, he'd practically worn a path through the bushes to her bedroom window. He was always snapping pictures of her on his phone, like we couldn't tell what he was up to. He even asked if I had any naked pictures of her. Right. Like I'd share them with him if I did?

It was kind of a family inside joke, but I don't think anyone but me understood just how bad a crush he had on Mom.

As you can imagine, this discussion had him breaking out in a cold sweat.

Mom rubbed her hand in my hair. "Whaddaya say, Jeremy? It won't be that bad. We can take a break if it gets too uncomfortable or your legs fall asleep."

My mouth was as dry as the west Texas wind when I finally agreed. "Sure. We'll be fine. It's not like you're Mrs. Wilson." Mrs. Wilson was our 250 lb VERY friendly neighbor. She'd tried to sit on my lap on the front porch, once. It was a disaster of epic proportions, worthy of its own tale. But not right now.

Aunt Marie giggled. "Hardly. I don't think the two of us combined could make one of her." She was right of course. Mom was a fanatic about her weight, dieting like crazy any time the scale inched over 110 lbs. Aunt Marie might have had her by a few pounds, most of that filling out her bikini top at the moment. The image of her naked tits flashed before my eyes. Damn. I looked at her chest again, trying to make out her protruding nipples. Rats. I guess she'd warmed up.

"It's settled then. Let's get this show on the road," Mom said.

It took another 10 minutes to unload the one side, and reload the other. Somehow, barely, we got it all inside, although we struggled to close the rear passenger door. We reorganized a few things, so the top items wouldn't blow away in the wind now that the top was down, and tied

them down so they wouldn't shift too much during the drive. It was getting dark, and we knew it would be late by the time we made it home. Mom and Aunt Marie had finished off the last of their beers, while Colin and I had long ago emptied the one each we were allowed. Dad, on the other hand, was still working on a Red-Bull, looking to stay awake and alert for the long drive ahead.

With the vehicle fully packed it became obvious how crowded the backseat would be. There was almost no leg room, and the space was narrower than either front seat. Mom and Aunt Marie were whispering to one side, and then Mom came forward. "So, who will it be, Colin? You want your Mom back there with you, or would you rather have me sit on your lap for a couple of hours?"

Damn, Mom! Tease the boy much? He'd probably have a brain aneurysm if she kept it up.

It turned out Dad had serious issues in that department.

"I think these boys are a little too old to have their momma's sitting in their laps for that long," he said in his 'and-that's-final' tone.

"But it's Ok for their aunt's to sit on their laps?" Mom asked pointedly.

"Hell. I don't like any of this, but given those two options, I'd say yeah. It's better for their aunt to sit on their lap."

Mom rolled her eyes at him, but she knew him as well as I did. Hell, who am I kidding? She knew him a whole lot better. This one was a lost cause. She could argue 'til she was blue in the face, but he wasn't going to budge on this issue. Dad was like that. Mom got her way better than 95% of the time, but on those rare occasions that he had his mind made up about something, you'd be better off waiting for the Mississippi to start flowing north than him changing his mind.

Aunt Marie stayed out of the line of fire, and waited for them to come to a decision. Sexy and smart. Dad didn't say a word, he just stood there with that dark look on his face, and his arms crossed.

Like I said, Mom knows Dad, what makes him tick, and how to play him. After just a few seconds, we watched her walk over to him, and put her hands on his arm. "Of course, Dear. I'm sure you know best about these kinds of things. They're not little boys anymore." She tugged his arm and got him walking with her, away from the rest of us, while they chatted back and forth. It didn't look like they were arguing at all, but when they turned back toward us, Mom was wearing that grin of hers that told me she figured she'd forfeited that battle, but was winning the war.

Aunt Marie was standing near me and when they walked away she put her arm around my waist. "You don't mind too much if I sit on your lap, do you Jeremy? I'll try not to make it too uncomfortable for you."

I turned to my Aunt and put my hands under her arms. I lifted her up, getting her to squeal softly, while I gave her a little shake. "Heck, I figure you can't way much more than 150. That shouldn't be any problem."

Aunt Marie glared at me, smacking me on the arm. "150! You take that back! I don't weigh a pound over 110."

"Really? Mom weighs about 110, and I'm pretty certain you have her by a good 20 lbs or so." I gave her another little shake for emphasis, which set her breasts to swaying, hypnotizing me.

In reality, other than their breasts and butts, they were so similar in size and shape it was unlikely their weight varied by more than a few ounces. But Aunt Marie was just too easy to tease. And she had it coming.

"20 pounds!" she shrieked. "Do I look like I weigh 20 lbs more than Alice? Really?"

Mom and Dad were approaching and it only took Mom seconds to see what was up. "Jeremy! Stop teasing your old aunt. There's no way that she's more than 10 pounds heavier than me."

Aunt Marie turned to glare at my Mom, but when she saw that we were all grinning, she stammered over her accusations, and finally turned back and poked me in the chest. "You're going to pay for that one, buster."

"I know. Believe me, I know. Thanks to Dad, I'll be paying for at least 2 hours. Damn 20 extra pounds. You need to lay off the Twinkies."

She smacked me again, this time pretty hard. I know she left a hand mark on my arm for a good bit.

"Alright Colin, why don't you join me up front, and we can load up," Mom announced.

Dad looked apoplectic. "Certainly you're not going to ride home in your bathing suits?"

Mom look surprised. "God, I can't believe we almost forgot. Riding two hours in these wet suits would be miserable. I'm chafing already. Marie, where'd we put the bag with the travel outfits?"

Aunt Marie wore a look of apprehension, before turning to the car. I saw her sigh in relief as she found the tote bag was actually accessible. She struggled for a second to get it loose, then climbed out of the vehicle, bag held high in victory. "Got it."

Mom passed us clothes to wear on the ride home, and she and Aunt Marie moved into the house to change. While they were gone, Colin and I quickly changed into the outfits she'd held out for us. Just a pair of knit shorts and a t-shirt, but way more comfortable than 2 hours of sitting in wet clothing. We were already wearing the boxers, and they were still wet, so they had to go. Truth is, we went commando most of the summer, so it wasn't all that unusual. I personally liked the freedom; I hated encasing the 'boys' in anything tight.

Mom and Aunt Marie showed up just a couple of minutes later, wearing large baggy t-shirts that reached halfway down their thighs. Mom posed for Dad, lifting the edge of her shirt, displaying some God-awful ugly colored shorts. "Better now?"

Colin and I both gave our Ok's. Dad had changed into sweats earlier so he was already set. "That's a little more reasonable," Dad grudgingly admitted. "Let's load up."

The back seat was narrow with the passenger side down. I climbed in, and took a minute to push and tug at the boxes and suitcases next to me, until I had a bit of shoulder room, and a place to rest my arm. Aunt Marie waited patiently, then carefully maneuvered her way in, tucking her t-shirt under her bottom, while we experimented with what worked best for our legs. In the end she sat with her legs outside mine. I was uncomfortable with my legs pressed together, so I opened my knees about a foot, my feet still together. It resulted in pressing Aunt Marie's legs apart, one up against the door, one against the suitcase wedged in between the front seats. Not the most dainty of positions. It gave me a nice view of a lot of smooth bare thigh.

After Dad completed one last check of the house, he climbed in and started up the engine. "Alright, the end of another great summer. Hell of a last day, huh boys?"

I was caught for a second, wondering if he was talking about the current situation, but Colin recovered faster. "No kidding. We gotta do some more of that pig hunting. That was friggin' intense."

"I'll say," I added, so it wouldn't seem like I was too distracted. Not that I didn't have every right to be. Aunt Marie might not have Mom's 'bodacious' ass, but it felt pretty incredible, pressed against my lap.

The property road was rough, and even off the lane, the main road was still unimproved for the first several miles. It was one of the reason's we'd bought the Jeep Rubicon in the first place. Not the smoothest ride in the world, but it took to off-roading like a pig to mud.

The interior was loud. With the top off, the wind made things noisy and Dad was cranking his classic rock, which thanks to Sirius, he never had to do without.

I think my Aunt and I both understood this was a good bit beyond our typical play. She'd sat in my lap before, watching a movie at home, but this wasn't the same. Not by a long shot. We were in our own little private cocoon, and barely clothed.

Dad pulled out very slowly, and I tried to find a comfortable place for my arms and hands. I finally rested them carefully on her legs, about mid thigh. "Is this Ok?" I asked.

I expected some laughing response, but she just put her hands over mine, sliding them a bit higher. "Nervous?" she asked me.

"A little."

"Don't worry. We'll be fine. I trust you."

My fingers were slowly sliding along her skin, the smooth soft silkiness of her inner thigh. We reached the end of the open driveway, and Dad sped up a bit, as we disappeared into the trees.

Almost immediately we hit a big bump which killed any ideas of propriety we might have had. She bounced across my lap with a squeal, hitting the door hard, her shirt twisting under her. My hands reached out, grabbing one thigh way too high under normal circumstances, and struggling to keep her from falling into the foot-well. Her t-shirt slid almost up to her chest, during a second almost equally bad bounce, and she was lying on her back in my lap, her legs pointed at the ceiling, her knee practically giving me a black eye.

My eyes were drawn between her legs. She wasn't wearing shorts. Hell, she was barely wearing panties. I don't know if Dad would think this was better than bathing suits.

Aunt Marie gasped, struggling to sit upright, and I tried to help, when the next bad bounce turned her sideways on my lap, and I had to grab her butt to stop her from sliding off of me. I gripped her rear tightly, fighting to keep her in place, and miraculously we got her seated again.

Thanks to the panties she was wearing, that grip was more skin then cloth. I didn't want to ever let go.

She had her hands and feet braced against anything she could find, and stared at me with real surprise. I reached forward and pulled her shirt around, where it had gotten twisted, and straightened it out so it covered her pretty little panties again. The bouncing was continuous but manageable for the moment. I held her shirt tail in my hand and on a bigger bounce, quickly slid it under her butt.

"There. Back to PG-13," I teased.

We both started giggling, and she laughed out loud when she was launched, landing hard on my lap.

We tried to settle down. It was a hopeless task. Every few seconds another dastardly road blemish sent us ricocheting off of our surroundings. More than once I had to push the baggage aside to prevent us from getting buried. We were giggling like kids, struggling to get positioned over and over again, limbs flying everywhere. It was more than a little exciting, with my Aunt's chest obviously unencumbered by a bra, and like to put my eye out on a couple of occasions.

During a brief interlude of near smoothness, Aunt Marie leaned a bit toward the door and twisted her torso, looking at me. "Hang onto me, Jeremy. I don't want you guys to have to recover my broken body after I get ejected from this wild ride." She had her mouth inches from my ear, and I still could barely hear her.

I slid my left arm between her and the door, while my right arm encircled her waist. I tugged her in close. I gave her side a little squeeze, pinching imaginary love handles through her shirt.

"I take it back. No more than 5 lbs difference."

She elbowed me. "Stop it. You're just being mean now."

We hit a particularly bad rut in the road, and we were both thrown toward the middle of the car. I tried to hang onto her, but her arms and legs were flailing, and almost clocked me. I caught a breast flush in the face, and instinctively opened my mouth, clamping on for a moment, until the momentum dragged her away from me.

"Harold!" Mom yelled. "Slow down before you get us killed! Another bump like that last one, and if I don't get hurled out of the car, your nephew's going to learn a lot more about his aunt's anatomy than is proper."

Dad finally slowed down, and probably none too soon. That last lurch left Aunt Marie's legs spread-eagle in the air, and I found myself clutching her to my chest, one hand on her breast, and the other gripping the inside of her thigh just a hair's breadth from her crotch. Her shirt had crawled up past her waist again, and looking down I got a really good look at those panties. Tiny pink ones, with an embroidered red heart and the word 'Me' written in girly cursive below. Heart Me. I'm sure you can understand how that resulted in an immediate change in my status below the waist.

I don't know how long Aunt Marie let me grope her like that, but she eventually peeled my hand off of her thigh, and pulled her shirt down enough to cover her bottom. She reached for my other hand, loosened the death grip I had on her tit, and sat back upright. She smiled at me, as she put my hand back on her breast, patting it softly. I gave her a little squeeze. She moved her lips next to my ear. "Boob day."

That set us to giggling again, and I gave her tit a nice long feel. She put her hand on mine again, "Gentle, Ok? And this stays between us."

"I'll be gentle," I assured her. "I'll be anything you want me to be."

She smiled. "Do you like my panties? I wore them special for you."

"I love them. And I do."

"Do?"

"I do love you."

She moved her mouth to my ear. "It's not about that kind of love. Know what I mean?"

I nodded mutely, while I struggled with the agony of my cock hardening while still bent in half. She must have noticed my discomfort. "Am I too heavy?" she asked, sounding serious for once.

I know I blushed. "Not at all. You feel great." I told her. "Maybe a little too good." I confessed.

She raised her eyebrows, and then grinned hugely. "Jeremy Daniels! Are you getting a hard-on for your aunt?" Her mouth was inches from my ear, and I could feel her breath. It wasn't helping the situation.

"Sorry. Didn't mean for it to happen," I answered lamely.

She was still wearing that silly grin. "Don't be sorry. It's a nice compliment. Makes me feel all gooey down there. Do you need to adjust yourself?"

I nodded, and sighed in relief when she lifted her hips off of me. I straightened myself out, pointing it straight upward, toward my belly. Aunt Marie lowered herself, then wiggled her butt against me, a lot more than was necessary, so that my shaft was resting in her butt cleavage.

The whole boob thing was no longer my main concern. The road was still rough, and I held her by the hips, so she wouldn't bounce away on the deeper ruts. Dad's slowing down made it manageable. Our playfulness had fallen by the wayside, and we sat quietly for a while. Each bump would lift her up, and my arms would pull her back down,

rubbing against my raging hard-on. I realized I was no longer pulling her straight down, but I'd ease her forward and slide her back, each time we lost contact.

Aunt Marie had one hand on the door handle, and the other pressed against her chest, to keep her overactive tits moderately under control. I could tell I wasn't the only one getting worked up. She was actively playing along, rolling her hips, wedging me deeper in her crack.

I was going nuts.

Aunt Marie seemed to understand my predicament. I'll say that for a woman who was nearly 40 years old, she was pretty darn flexible. She twisted around, and pressed her mouth to my ear again.

"We're being a little naughty, don't you think?"

"Too naughty?" I asked, hoping she'd say no.

"It's a little much. You're driving me crazy, baby."

Driving her crazy? "Me too." A sudden bump lifted her up, and I tried to be more careful about how I brought her back down. "God, you feel good."

She gave me a little kiss. "And you feel big. Really big. When did my little nephew grow up so damn much?"

Yet another bump had me moan, as I felt the pressure of her ass slide along my shaft. That one was all her doing.

"Listen sugar. We've got a long trip ahead of us, and we need to get comfortable, or we'll both be miserable. We can be grownup about this, right?"

"Sure," I told her.

"Ok. Can you slide down just a bit?"

I struggled to move my hips forward an inch or two. "Like that?"

Aunt Marie nodded. "Trust me?"

"Of course. With my life. You know that."

"I know. But I want you to relax for a second and don't make a scene. Ok?"

I didn't know where she was going with this, but I nodded.

My aunt reached down between us, and I felt her hand slide into the leg of my shorts, searching out and finding my stiffness. She tugged it

forward gently, then I felt the material of my shorts move aside, and our connection was skin on skin. She wrapped her warm fingers around my shaft, and held me in place while she sat down in my lap, my aching cock between her legs, pressing back against her soft crotch.

She ground her hips in a bit, her hand pressing my hardness against her crotch. Then she closed her legs, and I peeked around her to see the head of my cock, playing peek-a-boo, between her soft pale thighs.

She leaned back against me, then deliberately wrapped my arms around her body, one around her waist, the other just below her tits. She leaned her head against mine. "As wild as the other was, it wasn't at all comfortable. I couldn't spend 2 hours like that. Isn't this a little more comfy?"

I was trembling. Comfy was NOT the right word for what I was feeling. "Better." I admitted.

I wondered if this wild side of her had anything to do with all the booze she'd consumed. I could smell the alcohol on her breath. I turned my hand upward and gently cupped her tit.

She sighed. "We can't get too carried away now, Ok?"

"What's too carried away?" I asked nervously. I wondered if she referred to where I'd put my hand.

She looked like she was about to answer, when the Jeep came to a near stop, then turned onto the paved road. I held her tight while we got tossed around for a second, before the Jeep started to straighten out and pick up speed. "Everyone doing Ok?" Dad asked.

Mom announced that they were alright up front.

"A little uncomfortable going there for a bit, but everything's fine now," Aunt Marie answered, giving a soft tug on my cock, before tucking it back between her fine legs.

It was full dark now, almost pitch black, with no lights to speak of on the road we were on. The heavily tinted windows didn't help any. There was no moon out, and the stars overhead were our only illumination. "We should make better time from here. That first bit was kind of rough, with Ruby so overloaded."

"I'd say," Mom answered, "I'm afraid poor Colin had his hands full, trying to stop me from bouncing out of the car. This is a lot better."

"Sorry about that, but it should be smooth sailing from here." Dad cranked up his music again, so he could hear it above the noise of the road and the wind.

Aunt Marie didn't seem to mind the way I was holding her, and as my hands wandered a little more, she took it in stride. "Much better," she

said to me, now that we weren't being tossed around like the pop-up dice in a 'Trouble' game.

"What's too carried away?" I asked her again, since I didn't want to push my luck.

My aunt gazed into my eyes, then leaned in and pressed her lips to mine. God! I was kissing my aunt! It felt so good, our tongues colliding, her breast filling my hand, my cock hard and warm, trapped between her legs.

It was the longest, best kiss of my life. She felt so good in my arms, and her mouth was warm and yielding. I learned more about kissing in a few minutes with my aunt, than I had in my entire life.

Our lips separated, and she opened her eyes, looking into mine. "You can't fuck me, Jeremy. Not here. Not in the car with Colin right up front."

Her words almost set me off. So much meaning. So much unsaid. I couldn't fuck her. That was the limit? Everything up to that was Ok, then? And it wasn't that I couldn't fuck her. No. I couldn't fuck her right that moment. Not in the car with her son nearby. But afterwards? Elsewhere? Jesus! The implications were mind-boggling.

No doubt about it. My Aunt Marie was a wild one. Bad enough that she was so beautiful, with that tight-ass body, and world-beater jugs. But she looked so much like Mom, I would find myself thinking about

how similar they were, and what it would be like to be with Mom instead. I know. Not a proper thought.

Like you'd be any better.

With the implied go-ahead signal, I slid my hands up inside my aunt's shirt, and captured both her breasts, enjoying them to the extent I could. I wanted so much more. I got braver and pulled her shirt up, peeling it off of her. She complied graciously and within moments I was in heaven. I pulled off my own t-shirt, so I could feel our flesh press together.

Her unfettered tits were open playthings now. I couldn't get enough of them, and she didn't seem to mind. No, not in the least. "Having fun?" she asked me, while her hands remained between her legs, idly toying with my cock. At the moment she was rubbing my precum all around the head in little circles that were on the verge of torture.

I was looking at the front seat, wondering how far Dad would have to turn, to see what we were up to. I craned my neck to get a look at the rear-view mirror but it was completely blocked by the suitcase. We were 100% hidden from view. Our own little private island.

"Have I told you lately how much I love you, Aunt Marie?" I answered.

"I know sweetie. And I love you back twice as much."

"Impossible."

She giggled. "Did you ever think we'd be in a position like this?"

"Fantasized maybe. But I never thought it would really be possible."

"You fantasize about me?" she asked, as if she didn't know.

"All the time." I hesitated, "Don't be mad, Ok? But when I jerk off, you're who I dream of."

"Mmmm. Now why would I get mad about that? It's hot. How long has that been going on?"

I chuckled. "Ever since my first hard-on."

She moaned. "God, you're making me so horny, Jeremy. How often do you do it?"

"Two, three times a day. Maybe more. A lot more when you're around."

"I..." she hesitated, "I sometimes think about you, when I do it." She gave my cock a squeeze. "Now that I know what you're packing, I'm guessing you'll star in my fantasies a lot more often. I might have to rename my favorite toy after you."

I pressed my lips against her shoulder and caressed her tits, gentler now. She fantasized about me!

I couldn't resist her any longer, and I slid my hand into her panties. She opened her legs a bit, then carefully lifted them around mine, so she was spread wide open. I nibbled on her neck and shoulders, played with her fabulous breasts, and slowly learned my way around her soaking wet pussy, one finger at a time.

I could feel her body respond to my actions, her legs tensing, her breath shortening. Her tight slit moistened and clutched at my fingers as I worked two fingers deeply into her. She twisted her torso, bringing her lips to mine, her eyes blazing.

She had long abandoned my cock, and was just enjoying the attention I was giving her. She was completely at my mercy, and I explored her pussy as much as possible, rubbing, feeling, pulling, pinching, watching her every reaction. I reached further past her pussy, rubbing my finger over her tight butt hole.

"Uh-uh," she warned, "exit only."

I had no problem with that. I was just learning her body, and eagerly went back to finger-banging her. I managed to get the better part of three fingers inside of her, and worked her over hard, twisting and pounding away at her sopping slit. She moaned hard, and pressed back against me.

"Are you going to come for me, Aunt Marie?" I asked teasingly.

She whimpered and nodded.

"You're going to let your naughty nephew make you come? You're getting off on having your sister's baby-boy play with your amazing body, aren't you? You're going to soak his filthy fingers in your cum, you bad girl."

She moaned, pressing against my intruding digits. She nodded again.

"You know you're mine now, don't you?" I told her, stabbing her pussy with my stiffened fingers.

"Jeremy..." she moaned softly, the words whisked away by the wind almost before I could hear them.

Aunt Marie had been single for almost two years. I knew at the moment she didn't have a boyfriend. And she fantasized about me. I was more than willing to step up.

"Mine, Marie." I growled, my fingers pressed deep inside of her, my hand clutching her pussy tightly. "You've given yourself to me, and I refuse to let you go. I can hardly wait until we can be together alone, and I can fuck your beautiful brains out."

She groaned, pressing against my hand, coming intensely. She seemed to come for a long time, but I wasn't sure. It was hard to tell with these things. When her body stopped shaking, and her breath returned to normal, she looked like she was finally back in the real world. I petted her sweet slit and caressed her naked breast, while she relaxed.

With a huge sigh she came back to life. She put her fingers to her lips to hush me, then proceeded to put her body through contortions that would make a Yogi jealous. She was slow and meticulous, and it took me almost a full minute to realize she was turning around. With the final lowering of an outstretched leg, my beautiful aunt, wearing nothing but a pair of thoroughly soaked panties, had straddled my waist and was facing me. Her knees were on the seat on each side of me, tightly wedged between my hips and the car. She reached for my shorts, and pulled them down from the sides. I lifted my hips, and they abruptly slid down almost to my knees. Giving me a huge Cheshire Cat grin, she lowered her hips and ground her steaming crotch against my exposed hardness.

"You really shouldn't fuck me, not here," she told me, her voice soft and sensuous.

Shouldn't? My how things had changed already.

I took her big tits in my hands and lifted them to my lips. It was glorious being able to taste her, lick, suck, and nibble on those beautiful mounds. I found myself getting carried away, sucking as much of her tit into my mouth as possible, pressing my teeth into her skin, tugging strongly on her nipple.

She sighed. "I always knew you were a boob man. I guess that's one place where you and your father differ. You like your aunt's titties?"

I pulled my mouth away long enough to pull her down for another hot kiss. "I love my aunt's big yummy titties," I told her, going back for more.

"I know. When you were a baby, did you know that sometimes I would breast feed you, and your Mom sometimes breast fed Colin? You were both nursing at the same time. You loved my big tits. Can you imagine? Even bigger than these."

"I think I remember that," I teased. "Given half a chance, I'd do it again."

She moaned sweetly, and held my head to her chest.

Aunt Marie was rubbing her crotch up and down my cock, rolling her hips, pressing hard against me. It was obvious how sensitive her tits were, her moans were now continuing almost non-stop. I had a hand inside the back of her panties, clutching and squeezing her ass cheeks, and slid my finger down lower, crossing her tight little pucker, and easing into her pussy.

She reached down between us, and pulled her panty crotch to the side, pressing her naked pussy against my cock. All I had to do was lift her an extra inch or two and I could be inside of her.

Her hips were grinding against me maddeningly and she leaned her head down. "I'm going to come again," she gasped for me.

I wanted to answer her, but not enough to relinquish her tit. I sucked hard, tonguing her nipple, thrusting my cock against her crotch, while my hand pulled her against me, my finger solidly buried. I pulled her higher on my cock, feeling her wetness engulf the head, before maddeningly sliding back down the outside. She did it again, grinding away at the top, the head sliding between her lips. I was about to fuck her. She gasped, pressing hard and the head popped out of her as she slid down my length once more. Her grinding stopped and shifted into a series of short hard thrusts, accompanied by cries, quickly smothered in my shoulder.

"Everything Ok back there?" I heard my father ask.

Aunt Marie was in no shape to respond. She was still cumming against my cock, grinding against me viciously. "We're fine Dad. Just got a bit of a cramp trying to change position. I think we're Ok now." I had to yell to be heard over the noise of the road.

"How 'bout you, Alice?"

"I'm fine. You still OK, Colin?" Mom asked. "I'm not too heavy, am I?"

Colin's voice sounded strained. "I'm good. At least for a little while longer."

Dad seemed mollified. "Great. If y'all can hold out another 15 to 20 minutes, we can take a break at the crossroads, and top off the tank. That's pretty close to the halfway mark."

"Sounds good to me," I answered, while Aunt Marie continued to clutch my body, her mouth clamped on my shoulder, muffling her moans. She hadn't stopped humping me, and it was driving me crazy.

"A break will be nice," Mom answered.

Dad cranked the music back up and the sounds of Boston's More Than A Feeling filled the car.

Aunt Marie had finally calmed down, and she held my face in my hands, staring into my eyes. "Fuck! That was incredible! I can't remember the last time I came that hard, or that long!"

I was holding her ass, and slowly pressing my cock against her. "You're driving me crazy, Marie. I'm really close to coming."

She got a concerned look on her face, and I saw her looking around our small area. "Shit. Can you last until the stop? Otherwise you're going to make a hell of a mess back here. And I don't imagine anyone will miss the smell."

I closed my eyes. "I'll try. But you have to stop moving. I'm almost there now. I can't believe I haven't come already."

Aunt Marie moved back off of me and stopped moving at all. My cock was straining, any touch at all likely to set it off. For several long seconds I hung there on the verge, and felt the immediacy to come recede. I opened my eyes to see her grinning hugely. "I have an idea. Be patient and hold on for a few more seconds, Ok?"

I nodded.

She lifted her leg carefully, pushing mine outward, and then moved hers inside of mine. She did the same for the other leg, moving slowly and carefully. The worst of my impending need was past. I felt the pulse that had been beating in my temple slowly die down. I'd somehow resisted the urge and wasn't going to spontaneously erupt.

Aunt Marie was kneeling between my legs, and she eased her legs off the cushion one at a time, sliding her feet under the front seat until she was kneeling on the floorboards.

She tapped me on the thighs. "Kneel on the seat," she told me.

The words had been a little loud, but fortunately Mick Jagger was louder. No response from up front.

It was awkward, and I was no way as flexible as my loving aunt, but after a couple of tries I managed to get my knees under me. She pushed them outward, widening my stance. I hung onto the roll bar to keep my balance.

Aunt Marie rose up as high as she could and tugged my head down until our faces were only inches apart. She whispered to me. "You can come now, I figured out a way to deal with the mess."

I groaned, as she slid down my body, and took my cock in her mouth. "Jesus!" I shouted.

Whoops.

Dad turned down the music. "You Ok, Jeremy?"

"Yeah," I managed to gasp. "Just a few more minutes, right?"

"We can pull over now, if we need to."

"No! I mean, I'm good. We're almost there."

"Alright." I waited for him to turn up the music, but he didn't. "One hell of a day."

"Incredible," I told him, while my Aunt cranked up the blow-job action. She'd slowed when Dad started speaking, but I watched her grin, her naughty side coming to the fore, and she was pumping her face on my cock.

Dad was on a roll. "I still can't believe our luck. Pretty sensational first time for Colin, don't you think?"

"No kidding," Colin answered from in front.

We were all practically shouting to be heard above the road noise. I was glad, thinking it did a pretty good job of drowning out any other stray noises. Aunt Marie was going to town on my cock, and even as close as I was, I couldn't hear anything from her.

"What did you think when you saw that big sow just laying there, Jeremy?"

"She was beautiful," I answered, rubbing my hand down Aunt Marie's hair. "I'd never seen anything like it. And so close."

"Yeah. I kept expecting her to spook and you'd lose the opportunity of a lifetime," Dad bellowed.

"I couldn't believe my luck," I told him, getting into the idea of talking to my Dad, and Colin and Mom for that matter, while Aunt Marie's warm mouth was stuffed full of my cock. "We just kept gettin' closer,

and closer, and closer," I said, accentuating each 'closer' with a thrust between my Aunt's talented lips.

I think I pressed too hard. I got a smack on the ass for the last one.

"It was like a gift from God," Dad reminisced. "To think we could get within 30 yards before she even moved!"

Colin spoke up. "She was so big! I didn't realize how big she was at a distance, but I was getting nervous as we got nearer. What if she'd turned on us?"

"What were you thinking, Jeremy?"

"I knew I was getting too close. I couldn't wait much longer." That was the truth in more ways than one. "I could feel my heart beating so hard." I had one hand tangled in Aunt Marie's hair, moving her head, thrusting between her lips, her hand and mouth performing miracles on me. I'd never felt anything so good. I didn't think anything could.

"I know that feeling," Dad said. "Massive adrenaline rush."

"Yeah. My legs were practically trembling," I said, feeling my voice start to crack from the strain of talking while getting ready to pop. "I had her in my sights, watching her head, waiting for the perfect moment." I took a deep breath, to try to settle myself, but it was no use, I was on the verge. "I knew I couldn't hold back any longer. I had to

take my shot. Fast, before the moment passed." I was looking down at my Aunt and she was watching me, her eyes open wide, her mouth open wider, as her hand pumped me.

"Bang." I practically screamed, feeling my juices rise, my body tensing, as I exploded into my aunt's hot mouth.

"It was a beauty," Dad said proudly. "Perfect head shot."

"Best shot of the day," Colin added. "She just dropped to her knees, looking up for a second, trying to get up. She was done for, and didn't even know it."

Aunt Marie was sucking me dry, and I was trembling all over. "I don't know if anything will ever match that first one," I said, gently caressing my aunt's gorgeous face. "It was almost sad, to think my first one might be my best ever. Where do you go from there? Everything else can only be a letdown."

"A trophy like that? A man could wait his whole life and never bag one half as nice. God was smiling on you today. If you ever top that, you're a better man than I am," he laughed.

"Doesn't mean I can't try." I leaned forward, speaking toward Dad's seat, my message for him. "Thanks Dad, for making the whole thing possible. I know I don't say it enough, but I really appreciate everything. I love huntin' with you. I don't think it gets any better than this."

"You're welcome. We should do these things more often. Go out as a family. It's so much better, when you can share a perfect outing with those you love." Damn. That was about as sensitive as the old man could get. I don't think he'd ever told me he loved me. I knew that he did, and I loved him, but it's one of those things that's understood, and not spoken about. We both told Mom we loved her every day, but that was different. She was Mom. And we were men. Still, I felt a little moisture gathering in the corner of my eye.

Aunt Marie's warm mouth still engulfed me. She was moving slowly, gently, and I was heartbroken to feel her release me.

I lifted my head above the roof line, letting the fierce wind wash over me. I wanted to raise my hands over my head and scream 'I'm King of the World!' I realized that if I stretched up just a bit higher, I'd be able to see into the front seat. I could see the top of Dad's head and leaning to the middle, I saw a view that shook me to my roots. Mom was sitting on Colin's lap, mostly sideways, and his hand was inside of her shirt. It made me tremble to see it.

"Alright. I see the lights ahead. Not a moment too soon, I'd say," Dad announced. "You boys will finally get some relief in a couple of minutes."

Relief? I almost laughed out loud before Dad cranked the music back up.

Aunt Marie and I struggled to get ourselves decent, giggling as arms, legs and sundry body parts were flailing away. We were in a hurry, but it didn't stop us from getting a nice little grope in now and then. We were still putting on our shirts when we pulled into the gas station. Dad stopped at the pumps. "Fill it up, Jeremy? I have to take a leak."

Aunt Marie was in my lap, her breath reeking of my essence, both of us breathing hard from the final exertion. My hand was back inside her shirt, caressing her breast. "Sure. I got it."

I opened the door, but before I would let Aunt Marie off my lap, I pulled her head down to mine. "Thank you, that was incredible."

She smiled. "Don't get too excited, cowboy. That's not usually on the menu. Extenuating circumstances." She climbed off my lap, slithering out the door. I felt myself responding already to the sight of her ass moving away and gave her one last pat. "Need anything from inside?" she asked.

"A Gatorade would be nice," I said. Then I grabbed her hand and pulled her closer. I whispered in her ear. "You might want to get some breath mints."

She nodded. "You don't know the half of it. That stuff doesn't sit well in my stomach. And you had to pump out enough to choke a pro. I'm gonna need some pepto, or alka-seltzer or something. I hope you appreciate it."

I gave her a hug. "I hope to show you how much, in just a little while."

She gave me a peck on the cheek, and I looked over to see that Mom was watching our whole little scene. Busted.

Oh well. I happened to know that she hadn't been the perfect little innocent on that trip either. Not with Colin in the state he must have been in. Even she said it, he had his "hands full."

* * *

After filling the tank, I moved the Jeep and parked in front of the building. Stretching gingerly, I realized I had been more uncomfortable than I'd realized, and my legs were aching.

I hit the head, and found Mom and Dad chatting again. Dad seemed preoccupied. I went over to pass him the keys, and he pulled me to the side.

"Listen Jeremy, I need you to do me a favor."

"Of course. What?"

He looked around briefly. "Your cousin was getting a little too friendly with your mother, on the ride. She's a little nervous over the whole thing. Not that I don't understand how that might happen. We all know how he feels about your mother. She's a handful, and for a young man

to have that sitting in his lap for such an extended period, you can see how things might, well, come up." He looked at me very directly to make sure I got the point.

"Colin is still immature in a lot of ways. Sometimes he doesn't have the sense that God gave a goose. I don't think your mother should be sitting with him any longer. Can you switch seats with him? Let his Mother deal with his wandering hands. And other things."

"Of course Dad. Why don't I just say something to him?"

Dad shook his head. "I don't want to if we don't have to. This day was too right, too perfect. To mess it up like that. So far there's no damage done. Just some teenage foolishness. Hell, it's his dream come true. Let's just try to keep it in check."

"Alright. I won't say anything tonight. We'll see about tomorrow. It burns me up thinking about him doing anything to Mom."

It was the truth. Maybe not fair or even sensible, but hey, I'm a teenager, and that's my Mom.

"Let it go, for now. Your mother is handling it. Think you can broach the subject of switching places? Be better if it came from you."

I didn't think Aunt Marie would like to hear me suggesting that. I could see inside the store that Mom and Aunt Marie were huddled together like accomplices planning a crime. They looked pretty animated.

"Sure, Dad. I'll take care of it."

He put his hand on my shoulder. "I'm proud of you son. You took an awkward situation and handled it like a man. It'd be nice if you and Colin could spend more time together. Maybe you'd rub off on him a bit."

I was feeling a little guilty now. If Dad knew that my 'manly' way of handling things was getting a blow-job from my MILF aunt, he might feel differently.

When the Moms came out finally, Aunt Marie was blatant, walking right toward me, Gatorade in hand. She had a beer in her other. There was a definite swing in her step. "Ready for hour two?" she teased.

"Dad wants us to change up the seating," I told her, walking with her around the back of the car, to avoid everyone else.

She looked over at him nervously. "Are we busted?"

"I don't think so, but he's acting pretty damned suspicious. We gotta cool it," I said. Seemed better than saying 'your son got too grabby'.

"Crap," she glanced over at my Dad. "I'll make it up to you later, I promise."

"I'm going to hold you to that." I opened the rear door for her. "Hey Colin. Let's switch, Ok? I want to talk to Mom a bit."

I saw him struggle against the urge to argue, but how could he? "Sure," he finally said, sounding more than a little dejected.

I went over and joined Mom. "That Ok with you, Mom?"

"Of course. I'd love to have a chance to 'chat' with my favorite boy." Her tone had a bit of a challenge to it.

I climbed into the front seat, relieved to have a little more room both at the legs and to the sides.

"Ready for me?" Mom asked.

I patted my lap. "Absolutely."

Mom slid into my lap, and I couldn't help but immediately recall all the things that I'd done with her little sister. Not good. Think of something else or I'd have some serious explaining to do.

"Alright. If traffic isn't a problem, we should be back home in an hour, maybe an hour and a quarter at worst. Everybody settled in?"

"Ready over here," I announced.

"Back here too," Aunt Marie answered.

"Great. We're off." Dad backed out, cranked up his tunes, and we hit the open road.

We were barely back on the blacktop before Mom twisted in her seat, sitting at an angle across my lap, her weight mostly on my right thigh. She leaned against the door, and glared at me.

Crap. This didn't look good. "Everything," she hissed. "You're going to tell me everything Marie did to you."

Funny how she phrased it. Not what I did to her, but what she did to me. I was a little set off by her tone. "Ok, Mom, but you're going to tell me everything that went on up here, that had Dad telling me to switch seats."

Her eyes blazed. "That's none of your damned business! I'm the adult here."

"As am I, Mom, or have you forgotten?"

"Do as your told, young man!" she snapped, loud enough to get Dad's attention.

"What was that Dear?" he asked.

"Nothing honey, we're just chatting," Mom said casually.

"Ok, didn't mean to interrupt," he said. I heard him turn the music up just a bit louder.

I didn't want her angry with me. I knew that I had already pushed things too far. I pulled Mom closer wrapping my arm around her waist, and resting my hand on her leg. She stiffened. "You're right Mom. Sorry. I'll tell you everything. I was just curious, you know? Dad confronting me like that. I almost had a go at Colin."

I could see her anger recede, and her eyes softened. "Don't do that. It wasn't that big a deal, really."

"Ok. I'd still like to hear it, if you don't mind afterwards. But if not, that's Ok too."

She put her hand on mine and nodded. "We'll see. Now start at the beginning."

I explained how much tighter the seating was in back, and how we were boxed in. "Remember how bumpy the road was? We were being bounced around like throw toys."

"How exactly were you seated?" she asked.

She almost leaped out of her skin, when I pulled her back over onto my lap. "We were like this, but her legs were outside of mine, otherwise she'd slide down between my legs."

Mom opened hers a bit, and slid them over mine. "Like this?" she asked.

Our faces were very close, and I could see over her shoulder. "Yeah. And mine were open a bit like this." I showed her. "In the back seat, that wedged her legs in tightly against the door and the gear."

"Not very ladylike," she muttered.

I laughed. "We were just trying to survive at the beginning. I swear. It was almost like a game, really kind of fun, but nothing bad. One time she bounced all the way into the roll-bar, hitting her head. Another time she ended up with her legs sticking out the roof, and her shirt almost up to her armpits. But we just couldn't stop laughing at the absurdity of it."

"I don't know what your father was thinking, driving like that. It was almost as bad up here," she admitted.

"I barely got her sitting up and mostly dressed again, before she was dumped on the floor, and all I could see was legs and panties. After that I reached around her waist, like this, and hung onto her, so she wouldn't get launched again. It helped a little, but when we hit that really big hole we were practically turned on our heads, and I grabbed her so she wouldn't get hurt, and that's when the trouble started."

"Details, Rotten! Everything, understood? Don't you dare leave anything out." She was scary serious.

I nodded. "She got twisted sideways, kind of like this," I adjusted Mom to the side a bit, "and when we settled down, I had my hand between her legs, and I was hanging onto her boob."

I moved my hand down to her leg, placing it on the inside of her thigh, pressed against her shorts. She put her hand over mine and moved it down an inch or so. "Ok, I get it. We don't need a repeat of everything. How'd your hand end up on her breast?"

"It was an accident. I swear. My arm was around her back." Again, I moved my arm behind her, "and when she landed in my lap," I pulled Mom back in place, trying to ignore the feeling of her soft cheeks pressed against me, "my hand just naturally grabbed on so I could hold her."

I slid my hand around her, stopping just short of cupping her breast. I wasn't ready to lose that hand yet. Even so, I could feel the soft swell of her tit against my wrist.

"And then?"

"She pulled my hand off her boob for a second; I'd been clutching it pretty tightly. Then when we were seated normally again, she put it back, laughing that it was a 'boob day', and told me to be gentler."

"God. I knew it! She's such a fuckin' troublemaker."

"I could have stopped, but it was just too hot. I'm sorry Mom. But Aunt Marie's tits are pretty incredible."

"Bigger isn't always better, you know," she told me.

Oops. Sore subject.

"I know. I mean, well, like yours. Yours are better. Firmer, not all saggy and bouncy, like hers." Ok, I was skirting the truth a bit. Mom's were nice, but Aunt Marie's were amazing. My hand had been poised over her boob for a while now, and I carefully moved it closer, until I was barely cupping her.

"Hers don't really sag much at all," Mom admitted. "Not for ones that size. Only fake ones sit up much firmer than hers." She reached over

and pushed my hand off her breast, sliding it down a little. But she didn't say anything. "What then?"

"All of the moving around in my lap, and my holding her boob was just a little too stimulating. I guess she could feel it, and she asked me if I needed to adjust myself down there."

"So you were getting hard?"

"C'mon Mom! Of course I was. It's purely physical. I mean, look, even now, when I'm nervous, and worried, I'm still getting hard. I can't help it." Of course the fact that my hand was almost in her crotch, and the other had crept back up and was touching the bottom of her breast didn't hurt.

Mom turned her head toward me, and I leaned forward a little so she wouldn't have to crane her neck so far. I lowered my face, blushing. I had just admitted that I was hard for Mom. "It's Ok Jeremy. Don't be nervous. You're not in trouble. I just need to know." I was surprised by her giggle. "I guess it's inevitable that she'd notice when you got hard. Pretty difficult to miss. Are you Ok?"

"I...I'm a little uncomfortable. Would you mind?"

"Go ahead," she said, lifting up off of me. "Show me what you did."

"Nothing that bad, really," I explained, while I straightened my cock. "It was kind of caught, and I just needed to straighten it out. She sat back against it, but it wasn't anything overt, you know. Trying to get comfortable, that's all."

Mom settled back down, and her ass nestled against my cock. "Jesus, Jeremy! I can see how this might be a problem." I think she realized what she was doing, and she pulled away a bit.

I put my hands on her hips. "The road was the biggest problem. We kept bouncing around so much, and I was trying to keep her from getting hurt." I bounced my Mom on my hips a little, drawing her back against me, shoving my cock deeper between her cheeks. "I couldn't help it. The bouncing just went on and on and on." Fuck. Aunt Marie might have tits to die for, but Mom's butt was ridiculous.

She reached back and patted my hand, "Easy, Tiger. That's enough now."

I held her close, my cock wedged deeply between her cheeks, but stopped the bouncing. I almost lost it when I felt her ass cheeks clench hard around my cock, squeezing. When she relaxed, I seemed to settle in even further and she did it again, her butt grabbing and holding me, while she wiggled her hips.

I was surprised as hell when she turned and chuckled. "Bet your aunt couldn't do that."

"Jesus, Mom. That was wild."

She blushed. "Sorry. I didn't mean to get carried away."

"What's up with you two anyway? She kept talking about Dad, and how lucky you were. She said you won that one. And she kept comparing me to him."

Mom sighed, and she turned in my lap, my cock sad to see her go. She leaned her back against the door again, so we could face each other more easily. "She's always been jealous of me. Even when we were just kids. Always trying to one-up me. I never even knew what set it off."

I pulled her a little closer, repositioning her. I reached inside my shorts and adjusted myself at the same time, so I wasn't stuck under her leg. I undid the tie, loosening the top. She snuggled in closer, resting her head on my shoulder.

"She got her tits early. As a freshman she had one of the biggest racks around, and all of a sudden every boy was interested. I didn't even start dating until I was a junior, and even then, my own were just starting to come in. But nothing like hers."

"But you've got great tits, Mom!"

She giggled. "That's not something you say to your Mother, Jeremy."

"It's true." I reached for her breast, overtly, reaching right across her body, and gave it a soft squeeze. Only for a second before I dropped my hand back into her lap.

She sighed. "Thank you. When I started dating, things got bad for a while. She would always flaunt her body around the guys, especially if I brought them home. Our family was pretty liberal about how we dressed around the house, and she took advantage of it. Twice she stole my boyfriends. That was pretty hard to take. We didn't hardly talk for most of my senior year."

It was hard for me to think of my aunt like that. "That doesn't seem like Aunt Marie."

"I guess there was a lot to it. I was the first-born, and got away with more growing up. Got a lot more attention. And it was obvious that I was Dad's favorite. When Aunt Jenny was born, Mom doted on her. I figure Marie felt kind of slighted by it all. But I wasn't thinking about that back then. I was hurt."

My arm was laying across her lap, and I was caressing Mom's outside leg while she talked. She seemed to like it and didn't give me any grief when I reached her hip, under the edge of her shirt. She just snuggled in closer, telling me about their relationship. I slid my hand around her, and caressed the edge of her ass.

"I met your father in college. He was a Junior, and I was just a Freshman. I didn't know what he saw in me, but he adored me. God, Jeremy, you should have seen him. So handsome, so smart, so

confident. And he was mine." I could hear the wistfulness in her voice. "He was my first, you know? I was the only girl on my hall that was a virgin."

"Boys were stupid back then."

She laughed. "Oh a few tried, even with Marie trying to steal them all away. She slept with my first real hard crush. He was the first boy I went down on, and a few days later, he was with her. Do you have any idea what that was like? Even after he slept with her, he tried to get me to blow him again. What an asshole! I didn't think I'd ever be able to forgive her for that." She trembled. "I hardly ever think about those times anymore. I still get angry."

It was surreal. We'd never talked like this, and it seemed so weird, holding her in my lap, knowing she was hardly clothed, and that I'd had my hard cock pressed against her butt just a few minutes ago. For a few moments, she wasn't my Mom as much as a beautiful girl opening up to me. Really opening up. I stared at her mouth, unable to think of anything but her lips wrapped around some strange hard dick.

"Your father and I were getting serious. I was scared to death to take him home. But he was determined to meet the parents, and you know how he gets. We went home for spring break, and that little bitch did everything she could to steal him. She even climbed into the shower with him, naked."

It was hard for me to hear that. Aunt Marie? Dad?

"He chased her out of there, and told me everything. Can you imagine, throwing a naked girl out of your shower, with tits like hers? She and I had a knock-down drag-out that came to blows and he had to separate us. Even then she wouldn't give up, and right in front of me she tore off her shirt, pulling out her ace card again.

"Your Dad was incredible. He smiled for her. 'Nice tits,' he said, 'but to tell the truth, I'm an ass man. Have you seen your sister's ass? God almighty!'"

Mom giggled. "I'll never forget those words. Every last one of them. -Have you seen your sister's ass? God almighty!- Marie was shattered, and walked out of there, not even bothering to put her shirt back on."

She sighed, quiet for a moment, her hand caressing my chest. "That was the night. I slept with your Dad for the first time, sneaking into his room in the middle of the night. He was so gentle, so caring. He's big you know, kind of like someone else around here."

My heart almost stopped when her hand settled onto my cock, which had lost a little of its hardness. She rubbed me, and I could feel the blood rushing back in.

"I was scared. I didn't see how it could fit. I mean, I'd had nothing up there bigger than the handle of my hairbrush. No way that monster would fit. No way. He'd tear me open."

Her hand was lightly stroking me, softly but steadily. She seemed completely unaware. Her legs opened, and her shirt shifted back, exposing her shorts to me. They were some kind of ultra-soft fluffy material, very stretchy and loose on her. I could see they'd shifted a little, and I swore I could see the edge of her pussy. She was going commando again. Her opposite hand slowly crept between her legs while she talked. Her eyes were closed as if she was envisioning it all happening again.

"It wasn't how long it was. No, it was the thickness. I didn't think they were supposed to be like that. It was just too much." Her hand was wrapped around my cock, squeezing it gently. "I knew what I was getting into. We'd been doing a lot of other stuff, and I was blowing him pretty regularly. He loved that, and I really liked doing it. I mean a LOT. There's something about a big fat cock in your mouth, and knowing that the guy on the end of it is in absolute heaven. So I had a very good idea of how big it was. It barely fit in my mouth, and my jaw would usually ache afterwards. No way that thing would fit down there."

She chuckled. "I was wrong. It fit. Barely, and it took a lot of caring and caressing. I was afraid his poor tongue was going to fall off, he licked me for so long, getting me ready. He tried a couple of times, and it just wouldn't go. I was practically in tears. But he was patient, and would calm me down, go down on me a while, and then try again. When he finally slid inside of me, I thought he was tearing me open. God, it hurt so bad, Jeremy! But he kissed my tears away, and slowly eased his way in. He was so excited he only lasted a few seconds, but I could feel his big thick cock pulsing inside of me, and it was all worth it. I was a woman."

Mom's hand was massaging her pussy, and I could see how wet she was. Amazing.

Mom sat up, her eyes open again, and pulled her hands back into her lap, clenching them together. "You're father's a good man. The best I've ever known. He was so patient with me." She leaned back. "It took me a long time before I really enjoyed sex. The fucking part, at least. I loved making your father happy, and would go down on him in a second. Anytime he wanted. I still do, to this day. He returned the favor, and often. But the sex wasn't good for me. I couldn't enjoy it. God only knows why."

She settled back down, burying her head in my shoulder. "I can't believe I'm telling you all this."

"Mom, you have no idea what this means to me. I feel closer to you than I ever have."

"Even closer than with your cock practically in my butt?" she chuckled.

"Mom!"

"Jesus, Jeremy, don't have a cow. I'll tell you a secret. When you were pressing your big fat cock between my cheeks, I liked it. A lot. Too much. That's why we had to stop."

She kissed me on the neck, a soft warm kiss that left me trembling. "You remember how your father said he was an ass man? He really is. He liked to play with my ass, and even lick me back there. It was so incredibly naughty. Over time he played with it more and more, slipping his fingers into me, especially when he went down on me. I wasn't stupid. I knew what he wanted, but I was even more afraid. I screwed my courage up on Valentine's Day, lubed my virgin butt-hole with half a tube of KY, and waited for him naked in our bed, a big bow wrapped across my ass cheeks. He took me up on the offer. And you know what? I liked it. No, I loved it. After that, I'd let him fuck me in the butt at least once a week. Sometimes a lot more. Does that shock you?"

Shocked was an understatement. "A little. But it's the hottest damned thing I ever heard."

She eased her hand down to my cock again, slipping inside my shorts, deliberately stroking it. "One night, he was insatiable. He came in my ass twice, but kept going. He fucked me raw, until I had to ask him to stop. He was still hard as a rock, and he turned me over and fucked my pussy. No preliminaries, he just stuck it in and fucked me senseless. I must have come a dozen times for him. After that, sex was no longer an issue. I was his, any hole, any time. The very next day he asked me to marry him."

"I never thought I'd be so jealous of Dad," I confessed.

Mom slid down in my lap, her rear nestled between my legs, her legs open. I don't even know when it happened, but my hand was between her legs, slowly massaging her crotch through her soaked shorts. One

of my fingers was pressed against her flesh. Her hand had a solid grip on my cock and she was stroking me good. It was too much to believe.

"Your aunt, of course couldn't leave well enough alone. She'd dropped out of college and was living with Dan, Colin's father. When we announced our engagement and our plan to get married after your father graduated and got a job, she made Dan propose to her, and planned their wedding right away. She had to be first, you know. I couldn't believe how petty she was. When we came down for the wedding, things were pretty ugly. She didn't even want me to be a bridesmaid, but Mom made her. Four months later your father and I got married, and things still weren't good between me and Marie, but they weren't as bad. At least we could talk some."

I tried to slide my hand into her shorts, but I found out I'd reached her limit. She stopped me, but put my hand back on her pussy. "Behave," she told me softly, and I went back to fondling her. I know she liked it. There was a wet spot the size of half-dollar there, and it was just getting bigger. I could even press up inside of her.

"When I got pregnant with you, right after our honeymoon, that's when we finally patched things up. She was so happy for me. God, I loved her for that. Then we had a long talk and she broke down. They were having trouble getting pregnant. She'd been trying since they first got married. There was a lot of crying and apologies that night, and we worked things out. Six months later she was pregnant, and I had graduated. Everything was so much better. There's always remained a little competitiveness, but nothing too bad. Until now."

"Now? How?"

"She's trying to take you from me."

That was like a slap in the face. "That's crazy talk, Mom."

She didn't like that. "Don't tell me what's crazy! I know her. You don't. To you she's the fun, playful aunt who adores you and would let you get away with anything. I'm the old fuddy-duddy."

I laughed. "Fuddy-duddy? Who says that? And I don't think you're a fuddy-duddy. I mean, look at you!" I ran my hand over her body for emphasis, up to her breast, and then back down between her legs.

She blushed. "Well maybe not right now, but you know what I mean. She's making her play for you, and throwing it in my face." She turned in my lap and practically faced me. "You know what she said to me? Do you? She said you had the sweetest cum she'd ever tasted. Can you believe that? She doesn't even suck cock. She NEVER swallows. And she told me you had the sweetest cum. I could fucking strangle her."

I felt like pond scum. "What else did she say?"

She sat upright, pushing my hands away. "Never mind what else she said. You need to finish telling me everything. Where were we?" She turned and sat on my lap again, facing forward, pressing her butt up against my hardness. "What happened after this?"

"You'll have to raise up a second," I told her. She obliged, leaning forward and lifting her ass way up.

I pulled the leg of my shorts back to my crotch, and pulled my cock forward, so it was almost completely exposed. I inched my hips forward, and drew my Mom back into my lap. I heard her gasp, when she felt the hardness of my cock press up between her legs.

"Oh, Jeremy, you didn't!"

"I didn't, not really. I just got it straightened out. Aunt Marie pulled it out of my shorts and up between her legs, rubbing it, pressing it against her panties."

"Fuck! I knew it! That bitch!"

"Yeah, and then she told me to get comfortable, and not to get too carried away. She leaned back against me," I tugged my mom backward, until she was resting against my chest. "When I asked her what she meant by carried away, I was kind of worried that we'd already stepped over the line. I had my hands on both of her tits already," I cupped mom's breasts gently, "and she was rubbing my thing like there was no tomorrow.

Mom seemed resigned to letting me show, and not tell. Her breath was becoming a little more labored. She didn't call me on touching her breasts, even when my fingers found her hard nipples. "How was she rubbing you," Mom asked breathily.

I took her hand and brought it down between her legs. I pushed her fingers against my hardness, pulling back until she was pressing it against her panties firmly. "Kind of like that, but occasionally wrapping her fingers around it and stroking it."

"And that wasn't getting carried away?" she asked. Her hand lingered on my cock, moving slowly over it, while my hand slid inside her shirt, moving back to claim her breast.

"No. She said I couldn't fu... couldn't have sex with her. Not in the Jeep with everyone around."

"Not in the Jeep. Such a fucking slut," Mom groaned.

"No, but she said everything else was Ok." I moved my other hand inside my Mom's shirt, and toyed with her breasts. Aunt Marie's breasts are huge and amazing to look at, but I was coming to realize that Mom's breasts were just as fun to play with, and if possible more sensitive.

"She let me play with her body, especially her boobs. It was super-exciting for me, you know." I kissed my Mom on the neck. "But yours are better."

"Really?" she sighed.

"Really. I love your tits, Mom." She was quiet while I fondled them, pinching her nipples between my fingers, loving the full feel of them.

"What else?" she said softly.

"I guess the next part was my fault. I wanted to feel her skin against mine, so I pulled her shirt off."

"Jeremy, you're so bad, always pushing things," she sighed. "Just like your father."

I pulled her shirt up, and she resisted a moment. "No, baby."

"Just for a bit Mom, so you'll understand what happened next." I kept tugging at her, and she relented, letting me take her shirt off. Watching her raise her arms over her head, allowing me to pull her tee over her head, had my heart beating like a hummingbird's.

I looked down at her tits, holding and squeezing them. "Jesus, Mom, your tits are fantastic."

"Shhh. Try to behave, Ok? Remember I'm your mother. This is just for the story. What happened next?"

"She had told me I could do anything, right?" I freed one hand, sliding it down Mom's belly. "And playing with her big tits was cool and all,

but," I eased my hand into Mom's shorts, "I wanted to make her feel as good as I was."

I slid my finger into her, and she moaned softly. "Jeremy, do you have to do that?"

I ignored her question. "She has some hair down there. She's not smooth like you, Mom. That's really sexy." I slid a second finger into her, "Open your legs wider, Mom."

She whimpered softly, spreading herself open for me. "Somewhere in there, we kissed for the first time," I explained, and I let go of Mom's breast so I could pull her face to mine. I kissed her, pushing her lips open with my tongue, pressing against her teeth until she accepted me. My head felt like it was going to explode. I fingered her harder, feeling her respond, so much like her sister. I pulled my lips away. "I made her come for me. I made her come really hard." I kissed her again, more possessively. I had two fingers deep inside of her, and her whole body was rocking against the fierce fingering I was giving her. I squeezed her pussy, while tugging on her nipple. She finally stopped all resistance, and let me play with her pussy to my heart's content. Our lips never separated, and she kissed me back with more passion than I ever could have dreamed of. I was hard on her pussy, pounding into it, squeezing it. I alternated between rubbing her clit and fingering her. She bit my lip then pulled away, throwing her head back, and moaning. Thank God for Pink Floyd. Nobody was the wiser.

After she'd come for me, I caressed her pussy, sliding a single finger inside, stroking her gently, rubbing her clit softly.

Mom lifted her head, and looked at me. "You're pretty good at that, you know?"

"Did you and Colin do anything like that?" I asked.

She shook her head. "Not even close. He spent the whole time playing with my tits, outside my shirt, and then for a while inside. Toward the end he kept trying to rub between my legs, and I finally let him, but that's as far as it went." She was whispering and I could barely hear her. She sounded nervous. "He was hard for me from the moment I first sat in his lap. Do you know how aggravating it is to have somebody tease you for an hour? I was ready to scream by the time we pulled over."

"Why did you let him?" I asked.

She sighed. "I guess it was payback. I knew, I just knew she was going to let you take liberties. Hell, she had your face between her tits in broad daylight. I had no idea how far she'd go. And that poor boy is so smitten with me. I know it drives her crazy how he his around me. She even caught him beating off to a naked picture of me. Now I close my blinds whenever he's around. I wasn't really thinking through things. But if you were going to play with her tits, I was going to let him play with mine."

I pulled my hand out of her panties, and rubbed her softly on the outside of them. "Do you want to know the rest?"

She nodded.

I grabbed the sides of her shorts, and pushed them down her legs. She lifted her hips up and they slid over her bottom easily. She took over from me and pushed them over her knees letting them fall to the ground.

Fuck. Mom was naked. This was even better than with Aunt Marie.

"I don't know if you could do what she did next. Aunt Marie is awfully flexible."

"How? What did she do?" She sounded irritated.

"She turned around and straddled me."

Mom looked hurt. "Like I couldn't do that? Please! Have some faith in your mother."

It was actually easier since we had more room to work with, and it only took her a few seconds to get spun around. I positioned her legs properly, and before she sat down on me, I pushed my shorts down around my ankles.

Mom had paused midway, and spoke to Dad. "How are you holding up, Harold?" She practically had to yell.

Jesus! Mom was completely naked, straddling me, and decided that was the time to hold a conversation with Dad.

He turned the music down. "Not bad, I'm not nodding off or anything. Another half-hour or so. If we don't hit any more traffic."

"If you get too tired, let me know. We can trade off."

I had my hands around her, feeling up her full ass. Damn she was fine!

Dad laughed. "Right. Like I'm gonna sit on Jeremy's lap."

"Or he could sit on yours," Mom teased, before allowing me to pull her down into my lap.

"Not on your life."

"You know, Jeremy could drive, and I could sit on your lap," she teased.

"Damn it, woman, don't tempt me!" I heard him laugh. "God, that is tempting though."

He seemed to be seriously pondering it. "No, I couldn't trust myself. You guys doing alright?" he asked.

"Wonderfully. We're having the best chat. I told him all about us, the early years."

"I hope you didn't tell him ALL about us," he laughed.

"Not all. But I think he's going to be looking at you differently from now on."

"Jesus. I knew this was a bad idea. Don't believe everything she says, son."

I laughed. "I believe every word that comes out of her mouth. And all I've got to say is, 'You da man, Pop!'"

"Very funny. So y'all are Ok for another 30 minutes?"

"As long as it takes, Dear," Mom answered sliding her hips forward and pressing against my stiff shaft.

I moved my mouth to her breast, wondering if she'd stop me. Au-contraire, she pushed her chest into me, stroking my hair.

"That's good. Everything's cool now?"

"Much better, thanks." From the tone of her voice, you'd never have guessed I had her hard little nipple between my teeth, tugging on it.

"Good. Let me know if you guys need a break." With that he turned the music up.

Mom let me work on her titty a little longer, before pulling away.

"That was very naughty, young man. Sucking Momma's titty while she's talking to your father." Her words were teasing.

"Irresistible, Mom. Couldn't be helped. Perfect tits like yours were made to be sucked."

"Your aunt was positioned like this?"

"Yeah. She was in my lap rubbing herself against me down there, grinding hard. She was driving me crazy, while she let me play with her boobs some more." I went in for a couple of nice suckles, while Mom proved she could grind with the best of them.

"You know, I'm going to have to kill her, right. Corrupting my little boy."

"I was getting too excited, and I told her I had to come," I confessed.

"And that was her opening. You didn't... you didn't fuck her, did you?" She was barely able to make herself say the word fuck. It came out as a whisper.

"No. She said we shouldn't. I knew she'd let me, but I didn't think my first time should be like that, with her."

"Your first time? You're teasing me right?" Mom asked, slowing her grinding to a near halt.

"No. I've done lots of other stuff. It's not like I'm a kid. I've had plenty of blow-jobs, but I've never gone all the way."

She laughed. "Like Mother, like son. Sometime we'll have to hear about those blow-jobs. Penny, I assume?"

"Penny, and a few more."

"My big boy, the stud. You should tell your old man. He'd be proud. So then what happened?"

I had my hands on Mom's incredible ass by this time, and I was pushing my cock against her, feeling her moistness lather up my shaft.

"She blew me."

Mom leaned back and looked at me. "God DAMN her! I was still hoping it was a lie. How?"

"She got on her knees on the floor boards, and she sucked my cock until I came in her mouth. She did all that while we were talking about our hunting trip."

"And she let you come in her mouth?"

"Yeah, and swallowed every drop."

"Now I've heard everything. See what I mean? She'd do anything to win you over." Then she turned serious again. "I'm not going to do that. Not here. Not like this."

Not here. I liked the way that sounded. "I don't want you to."

She glared at me. "You don't think I'm as good as her?"

I pulled my Mom down and kissed her. "Mom, I have no doubt you'd put her to shame. Someday I'd love to have you suck me. Truth is, right now I wouldn't last five seconds in your sexy mouth."

"You bet your ass you wouldn't. These lips are magical. Ask your father some time." She kissed me hard, putting her tongue to good use. When she had me gasping, she pulled away. "What do you want, then?"

I held her ass cheeks in my hands, and pressed my cock against her. "You know what I need Mom."

She stared into my eyes. "I think we better take a break here, buster." She took her shirt and put it back on, covering up her wonderful tits. She was killing me.

She pulled my hands away from her ass, and slid away from me, so she wasn't pressed against my shaft. I wanted to beg her to stop, to reconsider, but understood that I'd gone too far. Asked for too much.

It only took her a few more seconds to get turned around again. She reached between her legs, and casually moved my cock to the side, so she could sit in my lap, without impaling herself. Then she leaned back against me, her cheek brushing mine.

"I'm sorry Mom. Don't be mad."

"I'm not mad, baby. A little disappointed."

"I didn't mess things up too badly did I? Please tell me I didn't."

"Jeremy, I'm your mother. We went way too far. You need to settle down. Jesus, your father is only a few feet away." She didn't seem angry just concerned.

"How can I settle down? You're sitting in my lap, telling me stories about your first time, about blowing Dad, and giving up your ass to him. Never mind making me relive all the crazy things I did with Aunt Marie. I'm going crazy here, Mom!"

"Shhh," she whispered, taking my arms and wrapping them around her waist, making me hug her. "I know. I was bad too. I'm sorry. But I had to stop you. Ten more seconds and you and I both know what would have happened."

I held her tight with one arm, and slid my other hand back between her legs. She might have put her shirt back on, but her shorts were still under the front seat somewhere. I gently stroked her pussy, cupping it, teasing it open.

She pushed my hand away. "Stop! Stop it now, or I'll tell your father."

I didn't know if she was serious or not. I drew my hand back, and nuzzled her neck. My hand came up and caressed her tit through her shirt. She whimpered for me, arching her back, pressing against me.

"You're just so beautiful, Mom. So damn sexy," I whispered to her.

"Jesus. This is all that damn Marie's fault. This should have been just a simple little drive, maybe a little playing around. A little tit, but that's all," she said.

I was more cautious this time, reaching between her legs, and caressing her inner thigh. I petted her thigh slowly, reaching higher and higher. My cock was swinging free, and I carefully guided it upright, where it could move around freely. I teased her terribly, pushing my cock so it would swing forward and slap against her pussy lightly. All the while I was nibbling her neck, her ears, gently playing with her tits, telling her how incredibly hot she was and how crazy she made me.

"Jeremy," she moaned softly, "we have to have limits." She was burning up. Her hips were grounding down against my lap, and as I teased her thighs, my fingers touching everywhere down there but where it counts. She was squirming for more. Her body was begging for my touch.

I moved the head of my cock between the lips of her pussy, and pushed. I felt her open up marginally, then she was shifting her hips, stopping me. I had her positioned perfectly in my lap, her legs open wide, her opening just the right distance from the end of my cock. The top of my cock lay across her molten slit, the head brushing her clit. When I drew back, I could feel the moistness against my skin.

Mom moaned softly, then turned her head and looked into my eyes. "This is a dangerous game you're playing."

I took my hands away from her breasts long enough to pull her forearms across her toned belly. I gripped them tightly with one hand, pulling her back against my chest. She struggled against my hands half-heartedly. "Don't, Jeremy. Please don't."

I raised my other hand back to her breast, and tweaked her nipple, making her gasp. I pressed my lips against hers softly. "Close your eyes, Mom. Feel me."

I was rolling my hips slightly, rubbing the head of my cock up her slit until it pressed against her clit. By rapidly tensing and releasing my PC muscle, I could make it slap lightly against her. Her breath was coming faster.

Her tongue slid out of her mouth, her eyes still closed, seeking out mine. I moved closer, letting her lick my lips. I could feel her hips moving sexily.

I kept poking at her, moving my hips, squeezing my PC, jabbing toward her, forcing the head of my cock against her. I couldn't tell if her movements were meant to stop me or help me. I felt myself enter her for a bit, then pop free. She moaned softly. Her body was completely immobilized, captured in my arms.

My lips slipped over hers again, kissing her deeply.

Her lips went slack, her eyes tightly closed. I could feel her tilting her hips down, raising her sweet ass up, offering me a perfect target. I moved slowly, drawing my cock down her wet slit. I felt the wetness of her lips spreading open for me. Pulling down as low as possible, I hesitated, feeling her push her hips forward. I thrust up hard, and she gasped loudly as the head of my aching cock pierced her, pushing past her resistant opening, settling inside of her.

I waited for some response, but she stayed quiet, shivering in my arms. I pushed further, moving inside of her, half my length entering her.

She groaned, her eyes fluttering open. Our mouths were pressed together, maintaining soft contact, our breath shared.

"Stop. We have to stop, baby. We can't be doing this."

I released my tight grip on her, to see how she'd respond. She could have pulled off of me, but she stayed still, her eyes looking into mine.

"Relax, Mom. Let's slow down and relax a moment." I slid my hands inside her shirt, rubbing her soft skin, lowering my lips to her neck, kissing her velvety skin.

She sighed, her entire body untensing. As her legs relaxed she settled into my lap, my hard cock slipping in even further.

I groaned, pushing against her, feeling the incredible warmth of her surrounding my shaft. "God, Mom. I had no idea it would feel so incredible! I love you so much, Mom."

I held her in my arms, listening to her sexy little noises, I rolled my hips sliding in and out of her, while she stayed completely relaxed, letting me have my way with her. She seemed so small in my lap, and so warm.

Mom shivered again, turning to face me. I moved my lips to her, kissing her softly. "Is this what you wanted, Jeremy? You couldn't wait for us to be alone? You had to take me here? Like this?"

"Mom, I'll never regret doing anything I could to be inside of you. It's the most wonderful thing I've ever felt."

"Better than my slutty sister's filthy mouth?" she asked teasingly.

I breathed a sigh of relief. She couldn't be too mad to be teasing me. "No comparison. None. This is so amazing. I love being inside you."

She leaned back, facing forward, pushing her hips down, letting me sink in deep. She reached her arms over her head stretching. Mom sighed deeply, clinging to the overhead crossbar. I reached higher inside her shirt, taking her tits in my hands, massaging them, while my cock filled her repeatedly.

She pushed down onto my cock, grinding against me. She lifted her legs, all her weight settled down onto my cock, drawing me in deep. She brought her legs between mine, one at a time, pulling them together. Incredibly I settled into her even deeper, my entire length completely filling her tight pussy. She let go of the overhead bar, and leaned forward, resting her arms on the dashboard.

I watched in amazement as she raised her hips drawing nearly all the way off, then pushing down, taking it all. I opened my legs as wide as

possible, giving her room to work. She was beautiful, that incredible butt moving up and down, taking me over and over. Fuck, my Mom was hot.

I moved my hands to those sexy ass cheeks, holding them, lifting and pushing up into her. It was too incredible to even think about. God, it felt good.

She moaned loudly. "Damn, so much like your father. So fucking good!"

Dad turned down the music a bit. "What was that?"

"Nothing Dear, Just telling tales on you."

"All lies, son. Don't believe a word of it." I probed Mom's depths, feeling my body shivering. I was fucking Mom, my beautiful hot mom, with Dad just a few feet away talking to us.

"You know I was right. Penny was blowing him. A lot." She wriggled her butt for me.

"What kind of conversation are you two having?"

"The best ever. You and Jeremy have a lot in common."

"I knew this was trouble," he growled. "Everyone OK in back?"

I heard Colin's voice. "Mom's asleep. I'm fine."

"Alright, we're almost on 635. Maybe 15 or 20 minutes to go. That going to be a problem?"

Colin said he'd be fine.

"Think you can last another 15 minutes, Jeremy?" Mom asked, rolling her hips around my cock.

"I'll try."

Dad laughed. "You can do it. You lasted this long."

"Ok, Dad. Just don't be surprised if I can't walk tomorrow."

"Such a tough job, holding a pretty girl in your lap," he teased.

"She's not some pretty girl. It's Mom," I whined, emphasizing my words with a couple of long, deep strokes.

"You just remember that. You keep riding herd on him, Alice."

"Count on it. I'll ride him all the way home."

I almost lost it. That was just too damned teasing. I couldn't believe her! Dad had to know something was going on with a comment like that. Ride me?

"Fifteen more minutes." He cranked up his music again, and I screwed my mom to the tune of Van Halen's eruption.

Mom smiled at me, and we both started giggling. "You're so bad! Ride me all the way home?"

She tried to look innocent. Kind of hard to do, half-naked with my cock buried inside her. "You don't think I should? Besides, look who's talking. 'Last 15 minutes?' 'I'll try'?"

I pulled her back to me, sliding my hands inside her shirt, hugging her tightly, and screwed her. "I'm not going to last much longer," I confessed.

"That's alright baby. Finish inside Mommy. Fill your naughty Mommy's pussy. I need your cum, sweet baby-boy."

Too much. Pulling out the 'Mommy' card was totally unfair. I was right. I didn't last another minute before exploding inside of her. I came bullets, coming so hard I thought my insides would start pumping out

any second. Mom started to shift in my lap, and I pulled her back hard. "Don't."

"We're going to make a mess, sweetie."

"I'm not done yet. We've got at least 10 more minutes," I told her.

Mom looked around and I watched her reach for the suitcase beside us. She eased the zipper open, and slipped her hand inside. A few seconds later she fished out a t-shirt, and slid it under us. She opened her legs, bringing them back around mine, opening herself to me. "That'll help. You sure you don't want to stop?"

I was sliding in and out of her, just a little. I concentrated on the feeling, willing myself to stay hard, thinking about what I was doing. I was inside my Mom. I was balls deep in her tight pussy. Hot, wet, Mommy pussy. Full of my cum. I reached for her tits, and squeezed them. My Mom's tits. Her wonderful full tits. I pinched her nipples, feeling their hardness, tugging on them. My Mom's hard nipples. Hard for me.

And, thank you God, I was hard for her. Again.

I slowly fucked her, and teased her tits mercilessly. I had both hands back inside her shirt, and nibbled on her neck. "God, Mom. This is incredible. I can't believe how good it feels to be inside you," I whispered.

"Don't stop. Just like that. You're going to make Mommy cum again. I'm going to cum all over your big fat hard cock. Make Mommy cum for you, baby."

I twisted her nipples, making her gasp. My cock was a steel rod, piercing her endlessly. In and out. Driving as deeply as possible. Feeling the cool air on my wet shaft each time I pulled out. I moved my lips to her ear, and nibbled her lobe, taking it between my teeth. She was trembling and I heard her whimper when I thrust into her harder.

I thought about what it would be like to have her on a bed, free to move around. Pounding my cock into her from on top, or from behind. Maybe even in her behind. Especially into her nasty hot behind.

I could smell our sex, and only hoped the open roof was doing its job.

"God Mom, I could fuck you forever," I whispered. I grabbed her thighs and lifted her up, so I could get more action. She was so slender, so small, she felt like a toy in my hands. A hot sexy toy I could play with to my heart's content.

That did the job. The extra inch or two was exactly what I needed. Up and down I forced her onto my cock, slamming into her as best I could. I could feel her thighs trembling. Faster and faster I went, hammering her, straining at the effort, but willing to die, just to fuck her faster, harder, better.

She pulled her hand up and I watched her press her forearm to her mouth, just in time to smother her cry as she came for me. My Mom was coming on my cock. It made me want to fuck her even harder.

She lifted her feet up and put them on the dashboard, looking too damn slutty for words. She lifted her ass up, giving me room to work. It was perfect, allowing me to use my full length on her. I looked out the window and saw we'd turned off the highway, we were on the home stretch, just a few miles to go. I hated for it to end.

I reached between her legs, and felt where I was sliding inside of her. Inside my incredible Mom. It was all too perfect to believe. "I'm fucking my Mom," I said softly, giving words to my thoughts.

"Yes you are, you naughty little pervert," she teased.

I felt us slowing down, and looked out the window. We were pulling into CVS, just a couple of miles from our house. Mom pulled her legs down quickly, straightening her shirt. My cock was still lodged inside of her, so close to coming it was maddening.

"Why are we stopping, honey?" she asked, while she reached down under the seat, searching for her shorts.

"I thought we should get a few items, since our frig is practically bare." He explained, turning off the engine, the sudden quiet unnerving.

Damn. We were so busted.

"Harold. I look horrible! And I'm not dressed for shopping."

I heard his door open. Mom and I struggled to adjust ourselves to look at least partially reasonable. We both adjusted our shirts, and I watched Dad walk around the front of the car, coming over to our window. I pulled my shirt down as far as possible, trying to hide the fact that I wasn't wearing my shorts. Hopefully the dark would cover for us. Jesus, I was still ridiculously hard, and deep inside Mom. Not good. I rolled the window down.

He leaned on the windowsill. "Milk, bread, juice. Anything else you can think of?"

Mom smiled. "Eggs and bacon, for breakfast. I'll go shopping tomorrow."

Dad nodded. "Ok. I'll be right back. Later, you're going to have to tell me what you've been up to."

I felt myself sweating. How much did he know?

He winked at me. "Penny, huh? So you tell your Mom all your secrets, but not your hunting buddy?"

I laughed, my nervousness immeasurable. I almost gasped when I felt Mom's tight pussy clutch at my cock. "She started it, Dad." I leaned closer to him, keeping my voice down. "Have you seen your sister's Ass? God Almighty!"

His eyes almost popped out of his head. I watched him turn bright red. "Jesus, Alice! What have you guys been talking about?"

She laughed. "Lots. It's Marie's fault. I had to explain some stuff to Jeremy, before things got carried away. We'll talk about it later. I promise."

I had my revenge on her, pulsing my cock inside of her, while she tried to explain herself.

"You bet your ass we'll talk about this later," he grumbled.

I hugged Mom tightly, pushing into her, right under Dad's nose. "Dad, it was great. We really had a nice talk. You have no idea how great it was to have her open up to me." I looked over at her. "I've never felt closer to her than I do now."

I pumped my cock, and felt the responding squeeze from my Mom.

Dad straightened up, reaching in and tousling my hair. "Don't believe everything your Mom says," he laughed. "She tends to romanticize

things. But I'm glad you too got along so well. I was a little worried, to be honest. Things could have been awkward, you know?"

"Hurry back, Dear," Mom said. "I think poor Jeremy's lap is about worn out."

"I'll be back in a sec." He walked off, straightening his shirt and sweats.

Mom looked over at me, and put her finger to her lips, hushing me. She leaned to my ear. "Quiet."

"You Ok back there?" She asked loudly.

Colin answered. "We're good, Aunt Alice. Mom's still napping. Thanks."

I was lifting her up, pushing into her. In the parking lot at CVS. Jesus, I was out of control.

"Hurry now," she whispered to me. She leaned forward, raising her hips for me.

I pounded into her, my cock hardening. Our little conversation break had taken the edge off my need, but sliding my cock into Mom was working its wonders. I fucked her fast, a little worried about the squeaking of the seat, but figuring Colin was probably too distracted

on his own to worry about it. If Aunt Marie was sleeping, half naked in his lap, I had no doubt he was taking advantage of it.

Mom was helping me, moving her ass in counterpoint, slamming down onto my upward thrusts. I was getting closer. I was torn. I wanted to come before Dad came back out, but I never wanted to stop fucking Mom's incredible pussy. In and out, I stroked her, relishing every moment of our skin-on-skin dance.

"Damn it," I groaned, pulling her back abruptly into my lap, driving deeply into her, as my father returned from the store. Mom straightened out the bottom of her shirt just in time. For a moment, just before he arrived, I had a glimpse of her smooth pussy, with my cock lodged in it.

He passed two bags in through the window. Mom took them and placed them at her feet. "It'll only be for a few more minutes," he explained. "I know it's already crowded in there."

"It's fine Dad. We're good."

"Alright. Final stretch." He turned and got back in the car. The tunes started up and we backed out of the parking spot. Before we were back on the road, Mom had her feet up on the dashboard. "Finish," she told me, "fast."

I held her sweet ass in my hands, and pounded her, while Heart's Magic Man blasted away. Her head was beside mine, and she was being bad.

"That's it baby, fuck your Mommy. You were so bad, teasing your Mommy while your father watched. I almost pulled my shirt up so he could see what his perfect little boy was doing to his helpless wife."

I moaned, fucking her harder.

"God, you feel good in me, sweetie. So hard. So big. Do you like it? Do you love Mommy's hot pussy? Are you going to give me a nice little present? Fill Mommy's pussy with your hot baby batter? Don't make me beg for it, baby. I'm already growing addicted to your monster cock."

"Mom, you're so fucking hot," I gasped.

She whimpered, while I fucked her as hard and fast as possible, not caring how much we moved or how much noise we made.

"Incredible," she moaned. "I love your cock, Jeremy. You're killing me. You're driving Mommy insane. You fill me so deep. Your fat cock stretches me so very nice. Mommy's close, baby. Really close," she gasped the last words. "Make Mommy come, baby."

"Mommy," I groaned, and slammed into her, unloading inside her again, pumping until I was dry. She was trembling, and I realized she had come with me. Gasping, I leaned back, still unable to fully believe what we had done.

I almost blacked out, seeing spots before my eyes. After a few moments I felt Mom rubbing us with the spare t-shirt before she searched for her shorts again. She reached down to the floor boards, and when I saw that 'bodacious' ass, I trembled at the thought that I'd be fucking her again, first chance I had.

I had her ass cheeks in my hand, squeezing her, and even rubbed my finger over her back door. Her stories had me thinking very, very naughty thoughts about that opening.

I felt her pull my shorts up my leg, then maneuver the other one in place. She struggled to get them up over my knees, then onto my thighs. I was being bad, and managed to somehow slip most of my finger up her tight butt, making it that much more difficult for her to work my shorts up my legs. When they reached the top of my thighs, regretfully I pulled out of her butt, giving her ass one last pat, and I pulled them up the rest of the way.

"God. You are your father's son. You like Mommy's bottom?" She was pulling her own shorts up, raising her hips and hiding that incredible ass. I wanted to cry.

"I love it," I admitted.

"Maybe you'll get a chance to show me how much." She turned to the suitcase, and opened it stealthily, pushing the shirt full of evidence inside. She turned and smiled for me. "Good thing I do the laundry."

That got a giggle out of me.

She leaned back against me. "That was pretty incredible."

"Are you kidding? Beyond incredible."

She turned and planted a kiss on my lips. "We're not going to do this in our home. You understand?"

"Mom..."

"I mean it. Don't even try."

I felt suitably chastened. "Yes ma'am."

The smile returned to her face as we pulled onto our street. "Doesn't mean that you and I can't have a few outings of our own. Ok? Just keep it cool."

I hugged her so tight, I thought I heard vertebrae cracking. "Love you, Mom. Trust me, Aunt Marie could never take me from you."

"If you fuck her, you'll never have me again," she said softly. "You'll never have my mouth or my tight little rear. Never fill this pussy again."

I was a little worried. "Did you do this to spite her?"

She squirmed out of my grip and turned sideways. "I didn't plan this. I swear. But you're too much like your father was. You drive me crazy. I felt like a teenager again." She squirmed in my lap. "You came a lot, didn't you? I'm going to have to jump in the shower quick, or your father's going to know something's going on. My poor pussy's absolutely full of little Jeremies."

We turned into the alley behind our house.

"I'm glad you were my first," I told her.

She kissed me softly as we pulled into the driveway. "You're only my second. Just you and your father. Ever. Forever."

"I can live with that," I said, getting one last good feel of her breast.

She smiled. As Dad turned off the car, she whispered. "You think Colin behaved back there?"

"No way. Aunt Marie's going to have the sorest boobs in town."

"What was that?" Dad asked, as the car got quiet before I could finish my sentence.

"Sorest butt in town. We're not doing that again. Not without a pillow or something," Mom answered.

"No kidding. I think my legs are both asleep. I'll be lucky to be able to walk," I said.

"Jesus, Jeremy. She only weighs a few pounds. Man up."

"I'm just kidding Dad. It was cool. Fun even."

"I hope it wasn't too much fun," he growled climbing out of the car.

Mom had the door open, and was crawling out of the car. I watched her wipe the insides of her thighs with her hands, then she turned to me and licked them.

Christ. What a tease! If I got hard now, Dad would kill me.

She turned back and reached between my legs, coming up with the shopping bags. She whispered to me, "Your cum IS sweet. Sister slut was right."

"What are we waiting for?" Dad announced, stretching. "Let's get this thing unloaded." He opened the back door. "Wake your mother up, Colin. We're not going to leave her outside all night."

I climbed out of the Jeep, stretching my legs and making sure I was decent. Didn't look too bad. Dad was already carrying two suitcases inside, and I grabbed one of the coolers.

"Leave that in the garage, Jeremy," Mom said, "and I'll take care of the meat later."

Would she ever say anything again without my hearing naughty undertones?

I was walking past the car when I heard Aunt Marie. "Damn it, Colin!" she hissed. "Where are my panties?"

I chuckled and watched Mom hurry over to help her sister out, before Dad returned and the shit hit the fan. Now that she'd won the competition, I guess everything was Ok again. Mom leaned in and I saw my juices were still running down the inside of her thigh.

Best fucking day ever.

Home Rules

I woke in the night, to find Aunt Marie sliding into my bed. I felt her cuddle up to me, her hand wandering mischievously.

"That was mean of you, Jeremy, to let me fall asleep in the horny clutches of my son. Your Momma had him so worked up, he had to take it out on me," she pouted.

I drew her in close, hoping she wouldn't try to do anything. I wanted her, don't get me wrong, but not enough to endure the wrath of Mom. "I'm sorry. Dad found out that Mom wasn't safe with him. He made us change seats."

I was awash with a mix of emotions. Hot Aunt Marie was touching me, and I wanted to kiss her, push her back on the bed and fuck her senseless. At the same time I was nervous, afraid I'd be unable to resist her touch, and ruin everything I had going with Mom. I settled for a soft little kiss.

I was regretting sleeping naked. Aunt Marie's hand had settled on my cock, stroking me.

She sounded irritated. "He was so nice and well behaved, holding me, cuddling me nicely. I just relaxed and drifted off. I couldn't believe I woke up damn near naked, my shirt pulled up to my chin, and my panties missing. I would never have believed it of him!"

"C'mon Aunt Marie. How could any red-blooded man resist you, even your son? Someone as hot and beautiful as you, asleep in his lap, half-naked?"

"But he's my boy, Jeremy! You wouldn't do that to your mother, would you?"

That, and a whole lot more. "If she had tits half as nice as yours, I'm not sure I could resist." I reached over and gave her breast a squeeze.

She gave me a warm kiss. "I know I promised I'd make it up to you, but we can't make love here. It's too dangerous. Your Momma would kill me if she found out. I mean, literally, kill me."

I tried to find an out. "I love you Aunt Marie. So much it hurts. I'm worried that if we do much more, it could mess things up between us."

She kissed me again, silencing me. Aunt Marie was a great kisser. Even better than Mom, I hated to admit. I figure she'd had a lot more practice.

I was hard in her hand. "Let's take it slow then. We don't have to do everything first time out the door. We'll have some fun and see where it goes. Remember, your old Auntie loves you, and I'd love to be your teacher."

She pulled away from me, sitting up on the side of the bed, her hand still under the covers, jerking me off. "Do you want me to finish you off?" she asked teasingly.

She was wearing an oversized t-shirt and the bottom was pulled up high enough for me to see her panties. Damn, I'd love to get inside of them. I reached my hand inside her shirt and cupped her tit. Fucking incredible.

The light came on in the room and both of our hands made quick retreats. Probably not quick enough. I turned my head to see Mom standing in my doorway. She appeared disheveled and worn out from the day's activities. "What's going on, Marie?" she asked, in a scary tone.

"Saying goodnight to our sweetie," Aunt Marie answered innocently, leaning down and giving me a quick kiss.

"Can I speak to you a minute?" Mom said.

Aunt Marie stood, and straightened out her shirt. "It's kind of late, Alice. I was just going to bed. My head's still spinning a little. I think we overdid the drinkin' a bit."

"It'll only take a moment," Mom answered, walking in and taking her sister by the arm. As they walked out, whispering in hushed tones, I heard my Mom. "Don't even think about it," she hissed.

"Why don't you ask him..." was the last I heard from my Aunt on the matter, before they closed my door.

What I wouldn't give to have been a fly on the wall for that conversation.

* * *

When I woke, I lay in my bed for a long time reviewing the previous day. It was almost too good to be believed. I'd been able to play with my gorgeous Aunt's incredible body before she gave me an amazing blow-job. Then I'd had my Mom, playing with her, teasing her, feeling her tits, kissing her, before she fucked my brains out in the front seat of our car, with Dad only a few feet away. Twice. She was so hot. I had fantasized about her a bit, of course, but never really thought of having sex. I'd dreamed of seeing her naked, and maybe even having her walk in on me while I was jerking off, and helping me finish. But as far as Mom went that had been pretty much it. I'd never really seen myself replacing my father in her bed.

Even when they had sex and I listened at the door, I could imagine what they were doing, listening to her muted cries, but didn't really envision myself in Dad's place. They had a good marriage. They still seemed to enjoy being with each other a lot.

It was easier to fantasize about my hot-to-trot Aunt, who chewed up husbands and spit them out. Those huge tits of hers were a fantasy magnet. The way she was always so playful with me, it was easy to

dream of our activities becoming less socially acceptable. I had thought about doing all kinds of naughty things with her. I had for years.

Aunt Marie, yes. Mom, no.

They looked similar, eerily so, similar face shapes, same eyes, usually the same hair, although they both liked to change it up now and then. But there was something that set them apart, other than the boobs and butts. Mom was the pretty one, and sweet as the day is long. Aunt Marie was the sexy one, one look at her enough to start the fantasies running. Mom was the girl you'd take home to mother, Aunt Marie was the girl you'd lock in your basement, chained naked to a pole. Easy to see how I'd made Aunt Marie the object of all my late night Kleenex sessions.

But after being with Mom, all my old fantasies seemed inadequate. Mom was incredible. So much sexier and naughtier than I'd have possibly dreamed. I wanted her. I wanted all of her. I wanted to feel her lips around my cock. I wanted to watch her mouth drain me. I wanted to make love to her in every position I could possibly imagine. I desperately wanted to know what it was like to slide my hard cock into her ass, fucking her until she screamed. Like Dad did.

I knew I'd do anything, anything at all, to make those dreams come true. Even if that meant saying 'no' to Aunt Marie.

I threw on shorts and a t-shirt, and went downstairs to see what a new day might bring.

It was already after 9:00. Dad had left for work. I walked into the kitchen where Mom and Aunt Alice were sitting at the kitchen table, deep in conversation. There was a palpable chill in the air.

"Mornin'," I said loudly, making my presence known.

Mom glared at her sister, then stood and came to me, giving me a hug. "Mornin' slugger. At least one of our mischievous boys is up. Hear anything from Colin?" she asked, walking over to the oven.

"Nothin'. His door's still closed." I walked over to Aunt Marie, giving her a hug and a kiss on the cheek. I always did, and figured it was safest to try to maintain some normalcy. Even if the kiss was longer than usual, and on the edge of her mouth.

"Good morning, handsome," she said, glancing over at Mom warily.

Mom had pancakes warming in the oven, and she deposited a tall stack of them on my plate when I sat down at the table. She put several pieces of crispy bacon beside them. She'd even warmed the maple syrup.

While I feasted, Mom sat down and worked on her coffee. There was a tenseness at the table, and I didn't know what to do to change it.

Mom fired the opening salvo. "Jeremy, things got a little crazy in the car yesterday. Marie and I want you to know that even though the

playfulness might have gone too far, it's alright. We all do some things we, well not regret, but think better of afterwards. It was the wrong time, and the wrong place for something like that. You understand?"

"Sure Mom. I know it was over the top, with Dad right there," I admitted between bites. "It's not like we planned it; it sort of just happened."

"Precisely. Our silliness in the lake started something we should have nipped in the bud. I'm sure the booze didn't help. What happened wasn't only inappropriate, but it was foolhardy to do it where we did. I know it's hard to put the genie back in the bottle once he's loose, but we have to consider everybody."

Aunt Marie added her two cents. "It wasn't just your father, Jeremy. Colin isn't as worldly as you, and he could misunderstand what went on. We had fun, yes, but I think we all know it was only a moment of crazy naughtiness. You understand that your mother and I, we're family. There's things that people wouldn't condone, happening between you and me, or even you and your Mom." She nodded toward Mom who was blushing.

"I know Aunt Marie. I'd never say anything."

"Of course you wouldn't," Mom interjected. "None of us would. It stays between us. And I know you're not going to want to go back to the way things were. Things have changed, irrevocably."

Aunt Marie put her hand on my arm, giving me a squeeze. "They don't have to go back to the way they were, but things can only go so far, and we have to be very, very careful about what we do, and where we do it."

"I understand," I told them. I was willing to say anything. This was going much better than I would have dreamed possible. After the previous night, I figured I might find one of them strangled this morning. I would have bet on Mom doin' the strangling.

"I'm sure you do, but it's so easy to make a mistake. Even now, I bet you'd love to reach out and touch your aunt's breasts. They're almost irresistible, aren't they?" Mom asked.

I nodded, slightly embarrassed I was so transparent.

"But that's exactly what can't happen! What if Colin were to come down and see that. You touching my breasts," Aunt Marie said sliding over next to me, pressing those big tits against my arm. "Or worse, seeing you touching your mother's."

"Marie," Mom said warningly.

"I'm just sayin'. We have to be careful and responsible."

I was nervous about where this conversation was heading.

Mom moved closer. "Touching like that has to be very private. We have to set boundaries. You're a healthy teenager, and your hormones are raging. We understand that. Your Aunt and I can help you with your journey into adulthood, but only up to a point. What happened in the car is already pushing the boundaries." She was blushing. "Doing things with your hands is one thing. Using your mouth is dangerously risky. If anyone were to find out about that, it could be a disaster."

I nodded again. It sounded like touching was still on the table at least.

Aunt Marie spoke up again. "Your Mom and I had a long talk. A very long talk. We agree that we won't stop everything, but full-blown sex has to be off-limits. We can't take things that far."

"And nothing at all happens if your father or Colin are around," Mom said firmly.

I suspected that their talk hadn't covered everything we had done. I looked at Mom. "So what we did in the car is Ok, but we can't take it much further than that?" I asked.

She nodded. "If we can draw our limits there, and understand the time and place for it, I think we can accept that our relationships have changed."

"Exactly," Aunt Marie agreed. "Even some of that might have been a little over the top, and will have to be a very occasional thing. Can you agree to that?"

I had finished most of my breakfast and pushed it away. "Of course. I'd never do anything to mess up our relationship, or hurt anybody else in the family. I love you both so much, and even though I'd love to do more, I understand what you're saying. I can let you each set your limits."

Mom shook her head. "No! We don't each set our limits. We have to agree on the limits together, or I don't know how much I can let the two of you be alone."

"Alice, don't start. I've told you I'm willing to follow your rules," Aunt Marie argued.

Mom was determined to have her say. "No sex. Are we understood, Jeremy? Aunt Marie is a gorgeous, sexy woman. You're going to want to do things. Naughty things. Can you stop it before sex? Or do we have to end everything?"

I wanted to make sure we were all on the same page. "By 'no sex' you mean no screwing right?"

Mom reddened and nodded.

Aunt Marie made it even clearer. "You don't get to put your thingie inside my woohoo," she said very softly.

"Marie!" Mom whined.

"Making it crystal clear for him. That's what we're saying, right?"

"Am I the last one up?" Colin spoke up walking into the kitchen.

We broke apart like a football team out of the huddle, Aunt Marie scooting away, and Mom leaping from her chair. "Morning, sleepy head. Any longer, and your cousin would have eaten your share of breakfast."

He was acting nervous, sitting awkwardly in his chair, his glance constantly moving back and forth between Aunt Marie and Mom.

Mom retrieved Colin's breakfast from the oven. "Jeremy, if you're done, your father said you should change the water in the coolers, and make sure the meat is iced down enough. He said if you're feeling up to it, you can try butchering one of the smaller pigs."

It appeared they wanted to have a talk with Colin similar to mine. I'm guessing from the sounds of things, his access was going to be more restricted than mine. Probably a lot more. Poor guy. To be that close to heaven, and to have it yanked away.

I headed out to the garage, and dragged the coolers out to the backyard. We had the better part of five whole pigs on ice, and Dad's mysterious concoction that they were bathed in needed regular icing to keep the

water cold. I dragged the coolers over to the drain out back, and dumped the water. I filled them most of the way with the hose, adding a gallon of Dad's additive, and three bags of ice to each. I'd see about butchering one later, when I had Colin's help.

Afterward I headed up for a shower. I was feeling distinctly grubby. And the shower provided great cover for a release I desperately needed.

When I came out, Mom was waiting for me. "Feeling better?" she asked.

"Tons." I was wearing only a towel, and wondered how much it would hide if I kept talking to her. Just being near her was making me excited. I had come only 10 minutes earlier, alone unfortunately, but it appeared my cock hadn't been informed of that.

"Your Aunt and Colin are loading their car. They're going to head home after lunch," she said, walking with me to my bedroom.

When we were inside, she closed the door and didn't resist when I pulled her into my arms. "You understand why we had to have that conversation?"

"I think so. You didn't tell Aunt Marie what we did, did you?" I asked, holding her close, enjoying the feel of her body against mine.

"Of course not! I told her that you did what Colin did. That and nothing more. This way she thinks that if she gets to continue doing what you guys did, she'll be one up on me."

I kissed her, and even though she didn't reciprocate much, she didn't stop me. "What about us?" I asked.

"If you follow my rules with your Aunt, and can keep a secret, we can have our own rules," she said reaching down and adjusting my wrap.

I loosened my towel, letting it drop to the floor. "Jeremy. We have to have rules, and I told you, not in this house."

"I'll follow your rules Mom. I'll do anything you say," I assured her.

"Good. Once Marie leaves, you and I can talk about those rules." She picked up my towel, her face nearly brushing against my hard cock. She turned and handed it to me. "I don't mean to tease you, but this isn't the time, understand?"

"Perfectly Mom. Thanks."

"Don't thank me now. You'll get your chance later. I promise." She stood in the doorway. "I'm going to send Marie up here to you, and keep Colin busy for a while. Say your goodbyes."

Damn. I loved my Mom.

I didn't bother getting dressed. I lay on my bed, gently stroking the erection Mom had left me with, keeping it primed for my hot Aunt.

Within a few minutes, I heard the knock on my door. "It's me, Jeremy. Can I come in?"

I stood and went to my dresser, acting like I was getting dressed. "Sure, Aunt Marie. It's open."

She opened the door, closing it tightly behind her. "We'll be leaving in an hour or so, and I wanted to make sure we both agreed on where things stand."

She was wearing a t-shirt and shorts, and before I could turn around, she had her t-shirt off, and was removing her bra. One look at those tits, and I wanted to throw all the rules out.

I went to her and took her in my arms, pulling her face up for a nice kiss. Her hand was already gripping my cock. She stepped back and pulled her shorts off, wiggling out of them, standing before me in just her panties.

"We only have a few minutes," she said sadly.

"Let's make the most of them."

She smiled. "I like the sound of that."

I drew her over to the bed, and we both stretched out on it. She was in my arms in a heartbeat. I kissed her, my hands exploring her body.

"I know the rules sound extreme at the moment, but we have to follow them for now. I'm hoping to change them before too long, with your mother's permission."

"I don't know, Aunt Marie. She's gonna want to maintain her limits."

"Trust me, sweet boy. I'll work on her. In the meantime, the way I understand it, there's only one thing we can't do. As much as I'd love it, you can't put that big thing inside my pussy. Other than that, we can have some fun." Her stroking of my cock assured me she was willing to do plenty.

"Did you have something in mind?" I teased.

"I'm willing to use my mouth, if you are, stud," she said. "Just warn me before you come, Ok?"

"I'd love to," I assured her.

"Good. Why don't you start then? I take a little longer to get warmed up." She rolled over onto her back, and started pushing her panties down.

I helped her remove that last slip of clothing, then moved between her legs. "I'm kind of new to this," I warned her, suddenly nervous.

I needn't have worried. She was very open, even eager to give me directions. I was a willing pupil. After about 10 minutes of her tutelage, I knew my way around her warm pussy pretty well, and even though my tongue in particular was tiring, I did my best to follow her directions and learn my way around.

I knew I was doing Ok when she grabbed me by the hair, shoving my face down into her moistness, and came for me.

I learned that I liked going down on her. A lot. I liked the feel, the crazy sexy smell, and the taste of her. I loved feeling her react to what I did, and hearing her sexy whimpers, gasps, and moans. I especially loved the feeling of her losing control, crying out my name, and her entire body shaking when she came for me. I was going to do that a lot more often, if I had my druthers.

She was as good as her word. After I got her off, she had me lie down and she attacked my cock with her mouth. She was so good, knowing what to do to drive me crazy. Her hands and mouth worked together, the perfect tandem.

Aunt Marie pulled off after a bit, still stroking me. "You want to know a secret, Jeremy?"

"Yes," I moaned for her.

"I don't do this for many men. Almost never, to be honest."

I groaned. "That might be the meanest thing I ever heard."

She laughed so sweetly, it nearly made me shoot. "But I'll do it for you. I can count on one hand the number of times I let a man, even my husbands, come in my mouth. I have a feeling you're going to change that."

She went back down on me, watching me, while she sucked me off. It had only been a couple of minutes, but I couldn't hold off any longer. "I'm going to come," I warned her.

My sexy Aunt pulled her mouth away, stroking me. "Where do you want me to take it? On my tits? On my face? Or maybe in my mouth?" she teased.

"In your mouth," I gasped, holding back as long as possible.

"Greedy boy," she giggled, and then lowered her mouth over my pole, bobbing her head on my cock beautifully.

I groaned and let loose, filling that sexy, warm opening.

She let me finish, and I felt her tongue teasing me, the wetness of her full mouth incredible. She pulled back, until just the head was between her lips, and swallowed. She slid her lips back over the head, sucking me, making me squirm. I was super sensitive, and each time her tongue stroked me, I jerked.

She pulled away, grinning. She slowly opened her mouth, showing just a hint of my juices, then closed it again, swallowing. "There. That's two for Jeremy, and four for everyone else. Ever."

"That was amazing, Aunt Marie."

"I'm glad you think so. I can't believe I actually like doing that for you."

"I'm glad you do."

"I'm sure you are." She moved up on the bed, and kissed me deeply. I could taste the difference, after she'd sucked me off.

She climbed off of my bed, and started getting dressed. "I guess I better head back down before your wicked mother drives my poor boy crazy." She had her panties on and was buttoning her shorts. "I know you're going to want to do things with your Mom, I understand that. She's not going to be able to get past her ideas of what's allowed. Any time she drives you too crazy, you know I'm only a few miles away. Give me a little warning, and I'll get rid of Colin, and we can take care of you proper."

"I'll be callin' a lot," I told her.

"Good. I like to hear that," she said, adjusting her shirt. "You better get dressed now, before your Mom comes up to check on us."

I did, demanding one last kiss from her before she could leave my room. "You are the best aunt ever, Marie," I told her.

She grinned. "You're probably right. And you don't even know the half of it yet."

* * *

I got dressed and headed down to be with everyone else. Colin may like hunting, but it didn't take long to figure out he didn't like the butchering that comes with it. Kind of squeamish.

He was watching me cut some ribs out, standing to the side. "Pretty crazy car ride, huh?" he said out of the blue.

I almost cut off a finger. Luckily just nicked it, nothing a little duct tape couldn't take care of. I put the knife down and reached for the cabinet that held the tape. "Yeah. I think crazy describes it pretty good." I grabbed the tape, tore off a strip, and rinsed my hand clean.

"You're not mad at me, are you?" he asked cautiously.

I dried my hand, and wrapped the tape around twice before answering. "I was a little, last night, but Dad said to keep it cool," I admitted.

He sounded like he was ready to shit his britches. "Your Dad knows?"

I went back to work, a little slower and more careful this time. "He knows that you were feeling up Mom's boobs, and you got hard for her."

"Jesus!" Colin groaned, pacing up and down the garage. "I couldn't help it, you know? Having her on my lap like that, all the bouncing around, and especially after she flashed me in the lake. I'm sorry."

God, if he started crying I was going to pop him one.

"Stripping your own sleeping Mom naked probably wasn't the smartest thing either," I reminded him.

He leaned back against the sink, and held his head in his hands. "I know. God, I know. Don't think I didn't get an earful about that. I just couldn't help myself. I was so worked up."

"You in trouble?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I thought I'd be in deep shit, but they both sat me down, and told me my behavior was unacceptable. Especially any touching below the waist. Aunt Alice said if that happened again, she'd tell your Dad." He was back pacing the floor. "They didn't seem to be too mad about me touching their boobs. You don't think that might be Ok now, do you?"

The stack of meat next to me was growing. "I wouldn't press my luck. Maybe special occasions, when the time is right, things are private, and everyone's had a couple of drinks. Then we might get away with something like that."

He stopped and stood next to me fidgeting. "You did it too, didn't you? You touched my Mom's boobs."

I wiped my hands before wrapping up the meat in butcher paper for the freezer. "Let's just say I took some liberties too, and they spoke to me about it as well."

"They're pretty incredible, huh? You going to try it again?" he asked.

Already did, and once you leave, even more. "When the time is right. For now, they laid down the law, and I'm going to do whatever Mom says. Take it easy, until the time is right."

"I...I kissed your Mom," he blurted out.

"Damn it, Colin! I don't want to hear that. Keep it cool! If you ever get another chance like last night, play it smart and don't get carried away. And whatever you do, keep it to yourself. If you ever talk about this to anybody else, I swear I'll kick your ass."

He backed away. "No. I'll never say nothin'. I promise. I figured it was Ok to talk to you, but only you, ya know?"

I moved the meat to the freezer, and washed up for good. "I understand. I guess if you need to talk to anybody, I should be the one." I turned and faced him. "How far did you go with Mom, anyway?"

He glanced at the closed door to the house. "She let me feel her up, inside her shirt. She even let me rub between her legs a bit. At the end she let me kiss her a couple of times."

"Pretty brave," I teased.

"I was scared spitless that she was going to shoot me down at any moment," he admitted.

"What about with your Mom?" I asked.

He turned a deep red. "I was bad. Once she fell asleep I felt her up pretty good, and even took her panties off so I could see what it was like, you know? To see a real one. She was completely out of it, and I couldn't think straight. When she didn't respond to my doing whatever

I wanted with her tits, including sucking on her big nips, I had to try more. I mean, even with my fingers inside of her, she didn't wake up. Good thing we didn't have much more time on the road. I was real close to doing something that she would have killed me for."

I had closed up the coolers and put away the tools. "Good thing is right. I don't imagine that would have gone over well. She seemed pissed as it was."

"Yeah. I guess I'm lucky I didn't get in more trouble." He shrugged. "Too bad your Mom was awake the whole ride, huh?"

I shook my head. "If she was passed out, I don't think I would have done anything. Not like that. Especially with Dad three feet away. I was happy the way things worked out anyway. Mom and I had the best talk ever. It was epic."

The door opened at that moment, cutting off any reply. "You boys about done in here? We have some sandwiches ready before we have to leave," Aunt Marie said from the doorway.

"Just finished," I told her, heading for the door, with Colin a step behind.

Fifteen minutes later we were seeing them off, after loading their gear into the car. Aunt Marie surprised the shit out of me by giving me a big kiss after Colin got in on the passenger side.

"Remember what I said," she whispered. "Give me a call anytime you feel the urge."

I held the door for her, watching her bare legs as she got in the car. I couldn't help but think where those sexy pins lead to. "I will."

Mom walked over to me, sliding her arm around my waist, possessively, while we waved goodbye. "What was that about, at the end?"

"She said anytime you leave me too frustrated I should give her a call," I explained, wrapping my arm around her waist.

She turned and we walked back into the house. "God, what am I going to do with that tramp? Are you going to behave with her?"

I locked the door behind us, and slid my hand into Mom's. "100%. We talked about that while we said goodbye. We both agreed we would keep to the rules, but she said she's going to work on you to get them changed."

I turned to pull her into my arms, but she stopped me. "Slow down, cowboy. Last night doesn't mean you can grab me anytime you want. I'm still your mother, and you need to show me a little respect."

"Mom, believe me, I'm going to show you so damn much respect, you're not going to be able to walk straight."

I was shocked when she slapped me. "Don't talk to me like that! I thought you understood we'd have rules. We're not going to turn your father's house into some incestuous playground. I won't have it!"

I stepped back from her, confused and ashamed. "Sorry. I didn't mean anything bad, I was only teasing."

She closed her eyes, and brushed her hair away from her forehead. "Shit. It wasn't supposed to be like this. Listen Jeremy, I'm tired, grouchy and a little mixed up. I got almost no sleep last night. I'm going to take a nap for a couple of hours." She looked at her watch. "Let me put another load in the wash, then wake me at four, so we can straighten things out before your father gets home."

She walked past me, brushing her hand against my arm before heading to the laundry room. She turned before she'd gotten far. "If you've got so much energy, why don't you put away the laundry, clean out the jeep, and see what you can about those coolers of meat."

Crap. I'd really stepped in it.

I was folding the clothes when Mom headed up the stairs. It was a little after twelve; she'd get a few hours of sleep in. And I had a small window of opportunity to get back into her good graces.

Or I could just call Aunt Marie.

I did every chore I could think of, helping with the laundry, cleaning up in the kitchen, emptying the Jeep and washing it, and doing what I could with the hog meat.

It was nearly four when I took another quick shower to get the hog stink off me, before going in to wake Mom.

I opened the door to her room, and she was dead to the world. "Mom?" I said softly, getting no response.

She looked so pretty, so relaxed, I hated waking her. I knelt down on the bed next to her and nudged her shoulder. "Mom, it's 4:00."

She rolled away from me. "A few more minutes," she mumbled, barely audible.

Damn it. I had been such a jerk. I slid into the bed next to her, sliding under the covers, and put my arm around her. "I love you, Mom. I'm sorry about earlier."

"Shh," she whispered, reaching up and holding my arm.

I slipped my other arm under her head, and spooned up close to her, holding her. She sighed and pushed back against me, her hips meeting my crotch. I nuzzled my cheek into her hair, kissing her neck and hugging her tighter. "Mmm," she purred.

It was nice to hold her. When she let go of my arm, I ran my hand down her side, across her soft skin. A lot of soft skin. When I reached her hip I still met nothing but skin. Mom was naked.

That had the expected reaction down below. I pushed my new erection against Mom's soft rear. She pushed back a little. "Be good, Jeremy."

I brought my hand back up and pushed her hair away so I could get to her soft neck. I kissed her there, while my hand sought out her breast, holding it softly.

Mom sighed, scooting away a bit and rolling onto her back. I moved my hand away from her breast and rested it on her smooth belly. She cracked one eye open sleepily. "What time is it?" she mumbled. I peeked past her at the bedside clock. "It's 4:08."

"Ten more minutes."

I kissed her lips lightly, and was surprised when they parted for me. I kissed her again, and felt her tongue brush mine. My hand returned to her breast, cupping it gently, caressing it.

She seemed OK with me touching her. I sat up and pulled off my shirt and shorts. I wasn't going to be too bad, I just wanted to feel her skin against mine. I curled up next to her again, pressing my lips to hers, sharing the longest, sweetest kiss, while my hand explored her soft body.

When I reached between her legs, rubbing her pussy, she opened her eyes a little. "Gentle, baby. I'm horribly sore down there."

I kissed her cheek. "I'm sorry Mom, if I got carried away."

She chuckled softly, coming awake. "It wasn't you, sweetie. Your old man was feeling his oats last night. He got a little crazy, making me tell him all about what Colin did and quizzing me on your behavior."

I was stunned. "What did you tell him about us?"

She turned toward me, her hand fluttering across my chest. "It's hard for me to keep secrets from your father, baby. I told him everything about Colin, and I told him what you did with Aunt Marie. I hope you're not mad."

My Mom was naked, and she was accepting my caresses. How mad would you have been?

"Of course not, Mom. But what about us? What did you tell him about us?"

She reached down and held my cock which was pressing against her, and giggled. "Look at you. So worried about what your father might have found out, and still sporting a boner for your old Mom."

The smile left her face slowly. "I'm sorry I hit you."

"No. I deserved it."

She turned on her side, and slid her thigh between my legs. "We have to have rules, Jeremy. This could all get so out-of-control if we do whatever we want."

"What are your rules, Mom? Not the Aunt Marie rules, our rules."

My hand was sliding across her back and her ass. Damn she felt good. "No sex in the house. Kissing, touching, all has to be done when nobody is here. We don't do anything in here, in your father's bed. If we can follow those rules, you can find out how much better your mother is than her slutty sister when it comes to oral entertainment."

She pushed me onto my back with a gentle nudge, and moved on top of me, straddling my waist. "Do you think you can live by those rules, Jeremy? Or do we have to cut you off completely?"

"I swear Mom. I'll do whatever you think is best."

She looked down at me grinning. "Did you do your chores? Or did you run off to your Aunt to get your rocks off after I rejected you?"

"I wouldn't do that," I told her, shocked that she would even think that I might. "I did everything you asked and more. Two loads of laundry,

cleaned the kitchen, washed the Jeep, and finished what I could with the meat."

"But you thought about running off to her, didn't you?" she said, with surprising sincerity.

"Are you kidding? All I could think about was hurting you and disappointing you. I wanted to make it up to you."

She leaned down and gave me a soft kiss. "I believe you."

She was straddling my hard-on, and rubbing herself against me, driving me nuts. "Are you going to follow the rules with your Aunt?"

I nodded. "That's what we talked about during our goodbye. I made sure she knew that I wasn't going to go against anything you said. No way." I moved my hands up to her hips, and pushed back against her. "She told me not to worry, she was going to get you to change the rules."

Mom stopped her rubbing, sitting still. "You're willing to tell me your Aunt's plans to let her fuck you?"

"After last night, there's no way I'm keeping anything from you, Mom, ever. The sex, that was incredible, but the talking, the opening up, that was the greatest. I feel so much closer to you now than I ever have.

Closer than I've ever been with anyone. Thank you for sharing all that with me."

I could see her eyes were moist. She leaned down and kissed me again, so tenderly it made my heart ache. I felt one of her tears fall down and hit my cheek. I held her. "I love you, Mom. You could never understand how much."

She pulled back and smiled. "Tell me I can't understand, when you're a parent. Until then you'll never really know how I feel."

She sat up again, and tapped my chest. "Jeremy. I'm going to bend the rules this once. What we did last night was pretty damn incredible, but I want to move past that craziness. You understand this won't happen again? Not here?"

I nodded mutely, unable to believe what I was hearing.

"Like I said, be gentle. Between you and your father, I'm very sore." She lifted up and guided my aching cock between her legs, slowly settling down onto me, until I was deep inside of her.

"Mmm," she hummed sweetly. "Let me get used to you."

She moved up and down a couple of times, slowly, until the movement was smooth and easy, and then she lowered herself to my chest, lying

on me. "Now what was the question you had about your Dad?" She said it teasingly, giving a small wiggle with her hips.

"God, Mom. You feel too good for words," I gasped, holding her incredible ass cheeks in my hands while I pushed into her, feeling the glory of her warmth engulfing me.

She chuckled. "That was the question?"

"Dad," I finally was able to utter. "What did you tell him? About us?"

She sighed, rocking back against my gentle thrusts. "After I told him what Marie said to me, I explained that I had to know what you had done, and in the process of getting the story out of you, you showed more than you explained."

"Oh God, Mom! Dad's going to kill me!" I groaned.

She rose up a bit and gave me a soft little kiss. "He nearly fucked me to death, during the tellin'."

"He wasn't mad?"

"A little. But more worked up than anything else. To think his boy was feeling up his wife, just a couple of feet away. It near drove him crazy. Especially the part of you gettin' me naked. I told him that we didn't do everything that you and Marie did; that a blow-job was over the line."

She spread her legs a bit, raising up so I could get a little more motion. I was fucking my Mom! Not crazy like, just sliding in and out of her, and relishing the feeling. But I was doing it. I was fucking my Mom, with her full cooperation. In her bed. I wasn't going to last much longer. "What about the rest?" I had to ask.

She sat up, settling down on my cock, looking down at me. "He asked me if I had wanted to blow you. I admitted you had me pretty worked up, between telling you all about our old history, and acting out your little episode with Marie. 'He's big, you know, just like you,' I explained to him. 'So much like you when we were young, it was hard not to.'"

She started screwing me slowly. "He couldn't leave it alone. 'Poor bastard. All worked up like that, and not getting to find out what he's missing,' he said, then he made me go down on him. After he got off he still wasn't done and he had me get him hard again."

Mom stopped her movement, grinning at me. "I figure he was right. It's a shame that you didn't get to experience my mouth. Would you like to?"

All I could do was nod.

She climbed off of me, kneeling between my legs. She held my cock up, her juices glistening on my skin, stroking it slowly. "You have a beautiful cock, Jeremy." She licked the entire length of it, while watching me.

I groaned loudly for her, reaching down and stroking her hair.

She smiled, and her tongue explored my shaft and head, teasing, tasting. Her lips pressed small kisses all around it. She rose up a bit, still looking up at me. "Don't hold back. Enjoy it, and let's get this first one out of the way." Her mouth opened, and I watched in amazement as my cock disappeared in Mom's loving mouth.

She used her mouth and hands together, driving me wild. It was the most incredible thing, far surpassing Aunt Marie, Penny, and any of the other girls. She closed her eyes and pushed, taking my entire length inside of her warm mouth, until her nose was pressed against my pubes.

The third time she did that, I couldn't hold back any longer. In spite of her direction to not hold back, I didn't want it to end, and did my best to make it last, but I was doomed from the start. "Mom," I gasped.

She pulled back off of me, stroking my cock with her hand, massaging the head with her tongue, and keeping her lips clamped around my shaft. "Mom!" I cried, erupting between her lips, and letting her milk me dry.

Mom swallowed my load, sucking me gently, and then turned sideways, laying across my thigh, while she used her mouth to clean me and return the steel to my shaft.

She pulled back after a bit. "Better than Marie?"

"Jesus, Mom. That was incredible! Comparing what Aunt Marie did to that would be blasphemy. You are amazing."

She was playing with my new hard-on, stroking it, kissing it, sucking it for short moments. "How about Penny and your other conquests?"

"Not even in the same league. If you're a ten, there not even five's. Hell, I might have to come up with a whole new scale." I rose up on my elbows, looking down at her. "That was mean, Mom. Completely unfair."

She looked at me puzzled. "What?"

"You've ruined me! I thought what they did was pretty spectacular. I loved it. I couldn't believe how hot it was coming in Aunt Marie's mouth, and watching her swallow my cum. And the first time Penny sucked me, the sensation was so new, I could barely contain myself. Now I know better. I'll be comparing every blow-job I ever receive to yours. How are they ever going to measure up?"

She smiled, sucking me for a bit, before answering. "You know what the worst part is, Jeremy? That wasn't even a good one. I'm going to blow your mind, once we've gotten you past your hair trigger." She grinned, climbing up the bed, and settling into my arms. "So you've got your naked Mom in your bed, and she's willing to do anything you want, this once. What are you going to do now?"

"Anything I want?"

"Anything."

"I want to be on top of you, to start," I explained. "I want to see you come on my cock."

She smiled, and kissed my chest. "That's sweet. I want to come on your big fat cock." She rolled over onto her back and opened her legs.

I climbed between them and she pulled her legs back, exposing herself to me. I gazed between her legs at the smooth flesh, curving into twin mounds, with that mysterious slit in the middle. A small wrinkled line of flesh occupied the center. "Uhh, Mom? I changed my mind."

She raised an eyebrow quizzically. "Really?"

"Yeah, if you don't mind, I want to go down on you."

She giggled. "Please, be my guest. I don't think you're going to find too many girls who are going to say no to that offer."

I lowered my body, examining her smooth pussy up close, kissing her inner thighs. "I'm new to this," I explained hesitantly.

"Shh. Don't worry. You'll do great. If you need any guidance, Mommy will make sure you get things right."

I had to taste her. I just had to. I needed to feel her with my tongue, open her, revel in the texture, the taste. I licked her slowly, parting her lips, working from bottom to top. I pulled back, opening her with my fingers, seeing her up close. The smell was intoxicating, and I took a deep breath, filling my lungs with her glorious odor. I stuck my tongue deep inside of her, tasting her wetness. I peeled back the hood at the top, seeing her little bulb of flesh. It was smaller than Aunt Marie's. I touched it softly with the tip of my tongue. "Is this your clit, Mom?"

"That's it baby. Be gentle, Ok? That's particularly sore today. Your father gave it a serious working over last night."

I teased it carefully, running my tongue around it, seeing how it reacted. I moved closer and took it between my lips, sucking on it lightly, teasing it with the tip of my tongue.

"Not right on top of it, baby. Suck the skin around it," Mom said softly, brushing her hand across my hair.

I backed off, blowing gently across it, while I slid a finger inside of her, feeling her warmth and wetness. I had her squirming nicely.

"You didn't tell Dad we had sex, did you?" I asked, still unable to get the thought of her confessing what we did to him.

"After I told him I wouldn't blow you, I guess he assumed that was as far as it went, and I didn't volunteer any more," she said softly, reaching down and pushing my head back between her legs. " I have to be honest with you, baby. If he had asked, I don't know if I could have lied to him. I just can't."

"I understand." I played to my heart's content, sucking on her lips, sliding my tongue inside of her, teasing her clit the way she'd told me, all while fingering her. I practiced what Aunt Marie taught me, and I seemed to be getting a nice result.

"He was on top of me, fucking me like it was 18 years ago, hard and needy. He made me tell him everything we talked about, about our past. I told him what we had discussed, of course, and it seemed to drive him wild. I hadn't seen him like that in a long time." She was talking softly, breaking off when I did something she particularly enjoyed.

When I pushed her legs back and pressed my tongue against her little brown star she gasped and went quiet. That was something I came up with on my own. Aunt Marie meant it when she said that area was off limits.

I found if I stiffened my tongue and pressed hard, I could get the tip inside of her, making her moan. My Mom's sexy moan. I loved that sound.

With the talking out of the way, I concentrated on what I was doing, seeing how I could get her to respond to my actions, each additional moan, groan, whimper or squeal driving me on.

It wasn't long before I had a finger in my Mom's ass and was pumping her while I licked her pussy for all I was worth. I felt a new change come over her, her body tensing up, her butt-hole opening up for a second finger, her pussy getting wetter. I moved up and sucked on her clit. It felt larger now, swollen, and I used my tongue to play with it. Her legs stiffened and closed around my head, her fingers in my hair pulling me harder against her.

Mom cried out loudly, crushing my head between her legs, while her ass clenched down on my fingers like a fist. She drove her hips up against my face, hard, while she came, trembling. When she started to relax I eased up on her, pulling my fingers out of her butt, and licking her slit.

I had made my mother come on my tongue.

It was without a doubt the best thing I'd ever done. I felt God like. I'd made Mom come. Huge.

She was breathing heavily, her hand caressing my head. "Now, Jeremy. I need you inside of me."

I moved up between her legs, my stiff rod more than ready. I pressed the head against her slit, and she pulled her legs back, opening for me.

The sight of my cock head pressed against her swollen pink lips was far better than any porn, short-circuiting my brain. I pushed the head inside of her, then pulled it back out so I could watch it open her again. After a few seconds, I pressed a little further, watching the first couple of inches disappear inside of her. I was enthralled with the view, and fucked her carefully, with short little strokes, slowly opening her up, driving further, feeling the sensation of her hot channel allowing me in. I thought about the fact that I had come out of that mysterious space, amazed that it would even be possible. She was too tight with my cock only halfway in.

I giggled.

She rose up on her elbows looking at me. "Something funny?"

"Not funny. It's just hard to believe that 18 years ago, I came out of here. Now I can barely get my cock inside of you, you're so tight. How could I ever have come out of this?" I was still sliding my cock back and forth, watching it as if my life depended on it.

She laid back. "It wasn't easy, I assure you." I felt her pussy tighten up around my cock, making me groan. "Those are some naughty thoughts. Thinking about your Mom like that, while you're sliding your thick cock inside of her."

I pushed hard, burying the entire length inside, stopping when I was balls deep. "It's just so amazing. You and Dad doing what we're doing, ending up in me coming out of here 9 months later. It's all so incredible."

"Does it bother you?" she asked tentatively.

"Bother me? Are you nuts? It's the most wonderful thing in the world!" I leaned over her, my arms extended on each side of her chest. "You and Dad doing this. Making love, and making me. You made me. You brought me into this world and cared for me. I love you so much, Mom."

I dropped to my elbows, and started driving inside of her, feeling my full length penetrate her repeatedly. It was too much to comprehend. Mom, who had done everything for me, who had given me life, now giving her body to me completely. I felt myself tearing up, and turned my face away.

Her hands reached up for me, turning me back. I could see her eyes were moist. "Don't turn away, Jeremy."

I brought a hand up and brushed the tears away, sniffling. She pulled my face down to hers, kissing me softly, and then more intensely. My movements had slowed but I sped up again, pounding into her, trying to push more and more of myself back inside of her.

She turned her lips slightly away from mine, gasping. "Like that, baby, don't stop. You're going to make Mommy come."

I held her face in my hands, our lips barely touching, my tongue exploring her lips and teeth, while I drove into her, long strokes, as hard and fast as I could.

Her mouth went slack and I was breathing hard, gasping as I felt the impending need to come build inside of me. I closed my eyes, concentrating on fucking her, intensifying her own need, determined to last long enough to satisfy her.

I was at my limit. "Mom, I'm going to come," I gasped.

She whimpered, humping back at me, her hands grasping my biceps, digging into them.

The urge burst upon me, and I slammed down, my insides turning to lava and flowing into her. I pulled back and pounded into her again, making her cry out. Her legs flailed at my thighs, while I filled her. Her body turned to stone, every muscle clenched and she threw her head back with a cry. I fucked her all the way through my orgasm, stream after stream pouring into her, until I was spent. She was still coming, and when I slowed I could feel her pussy clenching around my cock. Her upper chest was flushed, and I started screwing her again, short, fast strokes, for as long as my stiffness would hold out.

I felt her body start to relax, and she opened her eyes, looking around until they slowly came to focus on me. "Jeremy," she gasped, and I was astounded to see her eyes roll back, and her body stiffen up again, tiny senseless noises escaping her lips.

It was the most amazing, most beautiful thing I'd ever seen. Mom was coming on my hard cock.

I couldn't keep up the blinding pace with which I'd been fucking her, and slowed down, giving her longer strokes, at a less breakneck speed. My arms were tired, my thighs were burning, and my lower back was straining. Still, I pounded her, pulling her through her orgasm, and only moments later setting her off on another.

My mother was multi-orgasmic. Unbelievable.

I rose up onto my knees, pushed her straining legs back almost to her chest, and with the change of position the pain faded and I went back to driving into her as fast as I could, my hips a blur. Somehow my hard-on had maintained itself throughout, and I was again as hard as ever.

Mom was blowing like a buffalo, coming off her latest orgasm, when she screamed out, coming hard like she had the first time. I was starting to get worried for her. Her face was bright red all the way down to her perfect tits. She was holding her breath, and then gasping for air. I slowed down to an easy pace, released her legs and leaned over her.

She was slow to come to her senses after the last one, her entire body shaking, her legs spasming uncontrollably.

"Shh," I whispered, caressing her face. I leaned down and kissed her softly, and I saw her eyes focus on mine again. "No more," she gasped.

I slowed to a stop, still hard inside of her, and lowered my body onto hers, letting her feel some of my weight. I was physically incapable of stopping, but the motion of my hips was now minimal, working away at her slowly, with only a few inches of back and forth motion.

I kissed her gently, while she relaxed completely.

"Mom?"

She was gasping through her mouth, her chest heaving. My mother was staring at me, her eyes wide open, as if she didn't recognize me. I slowed further, pushing deep. She groaned softly, and a smile turned up the corners of her mouth. "Wow! That was unexpected."

"Everything Ok?" I asked.

She swiveled her hips beneath mine before stretching her entire body, her back curving deliciously, her breasts pressing up against my chest, her arms stretched out over her head, pushing against the headboard.

"Kiss me, baby boy," she asked softly.

My lips pressed against hers, and we shared a long warm kiss, gentle and exploring, our tongues playing together. I ground my hips against hers, moving in circles, playing inside of her.

She abruptly hugged me close, pulling me down onto her, her arms squeezing tightly. Her calves wrapped around my rear, pulling me tight and slowing our screwing to a crawl.

She released me, and I rose up over her, my cock still buried, amazed at how good she looked.

"Remember how I told you about the time your father wore my ass out and then fucked me silly? The first time I really enjoyed sex?" she asked.

"Sure, one of the hottest things I ever heard. That and tying a bow on your ass to give him your anal virginity."

"I haven't come like that since then. That was incredible. You were incredible."

"Inspired. I am with the sexiest, most beautiful woman in the world." I gave her a long hard thrust.

"Mmm," she sighed. "Now that you've fucked your poor mother senseless, what are you going to do with her?"

"I...I'd really like to do you from behind, if it's Ok."

"After that, I don't think I could deny you anything. So you want to do my butt?"

"Uh, not yet. I just want to see your amazing ass, and hold your soft cheeks while we do it."

"So you want to fuck your Mommy doggy style, fill her pussy up with your sweet cum again, and then fuck her in the ass?"

"And then do it all over again," I told her with a smile.

She grinned for me. "Sounds like a plan. So what are you waiting for? I'm yours. This body is yours. Position me however you want me. Do whatever you want. I'll never say no to you, baby."

I pulled out of her, kneeling tall. "Let's start with that talented mouth of yours around my cock for a bit."

She got on her hands and knees and crawled to me, her mouth open, and taking half my length all at once. I pulled her hair to the side so I could get a better view of her pretty face full of my cock.

"Suck me like you sucked Dad last night," I urged her, thrusting into her mouth.

She pulled off gasping, a string of saliva stretching from my cock to her lips. "Are you sure you're ready for that?"

I grabbed her head, and pushed my cock back into her mouth. "Do it, Mom. Suck me off, make me come for you. Then get me hard for you all over again."

She pulled away again, and then pushed me to the side. She quickly climbed on top of me, straddling my face. "This is how I sucked your father, Jeremy." She engulfed my cock again before lowering her crotch down to my face.

Mom was a demon. She sucked me feverishly, fast and deep, her hands teasing me. I gave it my best effort to return the attention, licking her soaked slit, and playing with her rear, but she was too good, too demanding with her mouth. Each time she took me down her throat, it was like a cattle-prod to my nervous system. I could feel the hitch in her motion, and the tight penetration, driving me insane.

She pushed my legs apart and licked my shaft before working on my balls. First licking and sucking, I groaned when I felt one slide into her mouth, her tongue rolling it around like a marble. Then she was working on the other one, her hand stroking me the whole time. She managed to get both of them in her mouth, sucking and licking, before she went back to tending my cock, taking me deep.

She pulled off, gasping. "Your father can stay hard for me for a long time, no matter how hard I work him. Ten minutes is common. He's made me suck him for upward of an hour at a time." She pounded her head up and down on my pillar, freeing it from her mouth with an audible 'pop'. "Do you think you're going to be able to hold out, baby? Are you going to man up and make Mommy earn it?"

I reached down and pushed her face onto my cock, forcing it down her throat. "Suck it," I demanded, pressing my face back into her pussy, distracting myself from the action below, while I tried hard to make her come for me. I'd show her how much of a man I could be.

It worked for a bit, while I concentrated on what I was doing, my tongue working over her sensitive clit. I was feeling proud. I may not last an hour, but I wasn't going to shoot off in two minutes either.

Then Mom cheated. She slid her finger in my bottom, pushing in deep, and had me keenly aware of everything she was doing. She took me down her throat, pounding on my cock for what seemed an eternity, before pulling up and gasping. As soon as her mouth left my cock, her evil finger started stroking inside of me, sending shockwaves through my body.

I'd brought a knife to a gunfight. No way I was winning this one.

I completely forgot about my efforts to pleasure her, and her mouth slid straight down my cock to the root again, her tight throat massaging the head, her wicked teeth scraping my shaft, that unavoidable finger doing things to me that I couldn't fathom.

With a loud groan I lost any semblance of control I had, shoving my cock upward and erupting. I was as far inside of her mouth as I could reach, and when she swallowed, ripples of pleasure ran down my cock, milking me dry.

I gasped, my world suddenly gone black, as if I'd stood up too quickly. I closed my eyes, grabbing onto the sheets, oblivious to her cleaning me up. I could hear my pulse beating in my temple, hammering away like a sledgehammer, my heart racing, ready to burst within my chest.

I swear I was within moments of passing out completely. I opened my eyes slowly, to see Mom looking down at me, with a teasing grin on her face. My eyes tracked down to that miraculous mouth which I'd never be able to look at the same.

My mouth was dry, and my tongue sore. I opened my lips and croaked, "Wow."

She laughed a little, bringing her moist lips down to mine, brushing them lightly. "Not quite ready to replace your father in my bed, are you, sweetie?"

I reached for her, and she slid into my arms, letting me hug her. I tried to speak, but nonsense sounds came out at first, making her giggle.

"I would never want to replace Dad," I eventually was able to reply. "Never."

She hummed pleasantly, her hand softly stroking my cock, which in spite of my professed desires to do her all over again and finishing inside that mysterious back door, was down for the count.

"No? Then what are you trying to do?" she asked.

"I just want to love you too, Mom," I confessed. "Love you as much as him. Have you love me just as much. Show you my love as intensely, as thoroughly."

"Your father's a special man, Jeremy. He's going to be a difficult one to compete with." Her tone was very serious.

"I don't want to compete with him. I want to share you with him."

She rubbed her crotch against my hip, nibbling on my shoulder. "Now that's a thought. Being shared by both of you. Two huge cocks, one at each end. Or one in back and one in front. Jesus, that would be wild. Marie would be so jealous," she murmured.

It wasn't what I had in mind by sharing. I was thinking more one-on-one, and keeping my end of it a secret. But her words had me envisioning her lying on my father, riding him, her perfect ass sticking up in invitation. Dad reaching up and spreading her cheeks for me, as I climbed onto their bed, my hard cock in hand. Mom looking back at me in anticipation, her desperate need portrayed on her pretty face. Sliding in behind her, seeing where my father's shaft was spreading her open, pressing my cock-head against her other opening, and pushing it in firmly.

"God, you're bad," Mom teased. I felt her hand wrap around my new erection, stroking me. "Where were you in that little fantasy you just had?" she asked.

"In your bottom," I confessed.

"And your father?"

"Underneath you, all the way inside you, holding your ass cheeks open wide for me."

She sighed, her hand caressing my hardness. "You know, don't you, that of all the ways this thing we're doing could possibly work out, that's about the least likely scenario possible."

"I know," I said, stroking her smooth back. "When I said I wanted to share you, I meant like now. He can have you sometimes, and so can I. Not together."

She ran her tongue across my chest, making my erection harden. "I know, sugar. It's just too easy to tease you."

She sat up, looking at the clock. "We have to stop now. There's still a lot I need to do before your old man gets home. We'll have time together later, I promise, Ok? I'm sorry to leave you like this."

I sat up, pulling her to me for a quick kiss. "Don't apologize. That was spectacular. But just because we're being naughty, doesn't mean the house has to suffer, right? If you were late with dinner every time we did anything, that wouldn't be good."

She grinned, climbing off the bed and heading for her bathroom. "See? That kind of thinking will make sure that there's plenty of this," she waved her hand up and down her body, like she was modeling, "in your future." She did a little spin for me, then turned and wiggled her ass. "Lots of this, too, if you're very, very good."

I headed to my room for my third shower of the day. Wouldn't be good to go to the dinner table smelling of sex and Mom.

* * *

We always ate pretty early, and that night was no different. Dad came home and changed out of his suit, while Mom put the finishing touches on dinner. I set the table in the kitchen, where we ate most of the time, unable to stop myself from staring at my Mom's ass every chance I got. Damn, I'd been so close.

She was wearing light grey yoga pants, so tight they crawled up her butt, and when she leaned over, I could see the perfect outline of her incredible pussy. It was obvious she wasn't wearing panties. This was a Mom I didn't know or recognize. My Mom would never wear pants like that where anybody could see her. Hell, I wasn't even sure if Aunt Marie would.

Mom was a yoga fanatic, going to the studio nearly every day. She mostly went in the mornings, but a couple of times a week she'd go in the evening, sometimes both. I loved those yoga pants on her, but her normal wear was black, and never this tight. These were practically obscene. God bless her.

When Dad came down, she was leaning over the oven, checking on the roast. He walked up behind her, obviously ogling her ass. He ran his hand over her butt, down her crack, sliding it between her legs.

Mom gasped, looking back at him, and rolled her hips teasingly.

"Harold..." she warned him, looking over at me.

Dad looked over his shoulder at me, gave me a wink, and smacked Mom on the rear.

Jesus. We were in new territory now.

Mom and Dad kept their intimacy behind closed doors, except for the usual kisses in greeting, and some evening cuddling. I'd never seen him fondle her like that. I felt like he was laying claim to her.

"How'd the butchering go?" he asked me, sitting down at the table.

"Not bad. Got maybe a quarter of it done. Colin wasn't much help, no stomach for it."

Mom turned to me. "Fetch your father a beer from the garage."

I ran out to the beer fridge, returning with a Shiner. His daily beer. Walking into the kitchen, I came to a halt. Mom was bent over, kissing Dad deeply, and his hand was between her legs again. When she pulled away, I could see she was blushing. "Now that's how you welcome your man home," he said grinning, holding his hand out to me for his beer.

I couldn't help staring at Mom. To go with those painted on Yoga pants, she was wearing a skin-tight white yoga top, and her nipples were so hard, I could see the outline of her areola. This was fucking nuts.

Mom served up dinner, and we ate, casually talking about cleaning up after our trip. There was still plenty to do, butchering, gun cleaning and maintenance, vehicle work, and lots more. I wasn't looking forward to it, but I had to admit, summers at the cabin were worth the trouble before and after.

"You going to the studio?" Dad asked, a comment on Mom's outfit.

"If you don't mind. It's been over a week. You know how I get," Mom replied.

"Go ahead. Jeremy and I will finish up with the meat. Don't worry about the dishes, we'll take care of them," he told her.

She glanced at the clock. "I don't have to leave quite yet, I can do them."

Dad shook his head. "Nonsense. I know you like to get there early. Go on."

Mom cleared her own dishes, then came over and gave me a kiss on the cheek. She turned and gave Dad a kiss, and it was almost as good at the one I'd interrupted. Damn, they were in a lovey-dovey mood.

As soon as Mom left, Dad had me on the dishes, while he got things started in the garage. I was happy enough to work separately from him. I was feeling nervous about what had happened with Mom and Aunt Marie, and what he knew about it. I figured that his behavior with Mom that evening must have had something to do with it.

I couldn't spend the whole night washing dishes, and it wasn't long before I was in the garage, back to butchering the beef. It was illuminating watching Dad work. What had taken me half a day to do, he was able to finish in minutes.

"Don't just stand there," he said, "get working."

"I'll only get in your way. You'll finish twice as fast by yourself."

"Yep. But gettin' done fastest ain't what we're talkin' here. Only way to learn is to get in there, get your hands dirty, and give it your best."

He watched over my work, spare with his advice, more apt to show me how it was done, then correct my work. His work with the knife looked so smooth and easy. "I don't see how I'll ever be able to do it as good as you," I admitted.

He laughed. "Are we competing now? I've had a hell of a lot more practice. All I ever want is for you to give it your best, learn from your mistakes, and never settle for good enough."

He showed me his pinkie on his left hand, which was missing the final joint. "Speed is not the end game. Rushing things can make a mess out of everything. I learned that the hard way. I only pray that you can learn from my mistakes."

"If speed ain't the name of the game, how come you finish so damned fast?" I asked, only half joking.

"Skill's all that counts. You get the skills down, the second nature, automatic ability to do anything as naturally as breathing, and the speed comes with the territory. You can finish fast, or you can drag it out as long as you desire. You can do a 'good enough' job, or you can achieve perfection. Focus on the skill, not the speed."

We'd already done the rough work in the field, skinning and gutting the pig, and cutting it into three parts, shoulder, body and hindquarters, for transportation.

I was working my knife down the bone, turning the handle to angle the blade close to the bone, without catching it. When I had it right, the meat turned to butter, the razor sharp edge of my blade gliding along perfectly. Dad put his big hand on my shoulder, giving a painful squeeze. "There, that was it. Technique. You do that 100 times without having to concentrate on it, and the knife will not only slide through, but you can do it as fast as you want."

I stopped to sharpen my blade, and Dad hit the beer fridge, dropping an open one in front of me. I took a long draught, enjoying the cold refreshment.

"Sounded like you and your Mom had a hell of a conversation last night, quite a bit of it at my expense," Dad said casually, wrapping up the meat, the easy job, while watching me deal with the more technical butchering.

"I wouldn't call it at your expense. That woman worships the ground you walk on. I can only pray that someday a woman feels for me like Mom feels for you." I had my snips out, cutting out two racks of ribs from the torso I was working on.

"Not exactly typical mother/son conversation, though."

"Hardly." I had a feeling I knew where this was going, and figured it was just as well if I took control over the conversation. "Truth is, I didn't know about the issues between Mom and her sister. During the first half of our drive home, things between me and Aunt Marie got a good bit carried away, and during our rest stop, Aunt Marie rubbed Mom's nose in it. When Mom got in the car she was livid, and had to know everything that went on between us."

"Do I want to know how bad it got in the backseat?" Dad asked, taking the ribs from me, and passing me another torso.

I laughed. "As long as you promise not to get jealous. To start with, having her sit on my lap, half-clothed in the dark, was bad enough, but I gotta lay some of this at your feet. Things were ok, until she started bouncing around the back seat like a Superball, thanks to your driving. Trying to hang onto her was like trying to hold on to a greased pig, and without even intending it, I was holding onto her in places that were pretty damn interesting."

Dad laughed. "You can thank me for that later."

"Thank you?"

"Hell yeah. You think I don't know what Marie's like? When I saw those women stripping down to their T-shirts and panties, I knew she was up to no good. Your Mom might have some self-control, but Marie's a walking hormone. I figured a little bouncing around might do my boy a little good. I don't think there was a single pot-hole I missed."

I laughed. "I guess I do owe you a thanks. Troublemaker. Mom mentioned how Aunt Marie welcomed you into their home the first time."

"She was brazen, no doubt about it. Naked big titty teenager climbing in the shower with me. To this day, I still haven't told your mother the whole story, for fear it would cause a rift between 'em that might never heal."

I chuckled. "Don't hold back on my account."

Dad took a sip of his bear. "No you don't. This story telling ain't about me, not this time."

I couldn't believe we were talking like that. Once we'd started hunting, we joked around more, and hinted at things, but not so openly. I told him about holding Aunt Marie, playing with her, stripping her practically naked. Getting my hand in her pants, and how she'd been playing with me.

"Pretty incredible, I bet. Almost shameful the way God split them up. Blessing your Mom with the most incredible ass ever, and legs that can stop traffic, then putting that unbelievable rack on her sister."

"Good thing you're an ass-man," I teased.

"Good thing your Mom believes that," he said softly.

I let that statement go, afraid to chase down that trail. "I swear, Dad, I'd have been happy as hell just to get to play with her tits. The fondling and feeling her up was a bonus. It's those damn tits of hers I've been dreaming about since I was old enough to care."

"Join the team, bucko. I don't know a man alive that could resist 'em."

"Yet, somehow, you've managed to," I observed.

He nodded. "For the most part. If it was anyone but Marie, your mother's damn sister, I'm not sure I'd want to. But anything I did with your Aunt would sure as shit get back to Alice, and she might forgive me with some other tramp, but not with Marie. Not a chance in hell." He turned to me, finishing his beer. I noticed he was working through them pretty quick. I decided to catch up a bit, and pounded the rest of mine.

"I guess you learned about that, huh? Anything you did in that backseat, your Momma was bound to find out. 100% guaranteed. You should understand that. You keep doing things with your Aunt, Alice is gonna know."

"I know. Now. I didn't then."

"You really made her come for you?" he asked quietly.

"In a big way. She had set some limits at the beginning of our playing around. She told me I couldn't..." I was stuck for a way to put it.

"You couldn't fuck her?" Dad finished my statement succinctly.

"Yeah, at least not then, not in the car with Colin in the front seat."

Dad chuckled. "Every word of that statement was carefully planned. Believe me. She knew exactly what she was saying and implying. She's a vixen."

"After she came for me, she stripped me naked, straddled me and practically begged me to break our rules. I wasn't ready for that, no way. I mean, she was rubbing against me, skin on skin, pushing down on me, grinding like a mad woman. I made her come again, even harder than the first time. It was a miracle y'all didn't hear it."

He laughed. "You've got good instincts. I'll give you that. You get a woman off good enough, and she'll be begging for more. Pavlovian. She'll always come back to the bringer of pleasure." We'd finished up the lion's share of the rough butchery, but things were slowing down.

"You didn't do it though, did you? You didn't screw her?"

"No. Not that I wasn't tempted. Wrong place, wrong time. And I wasn't sure I wanted to go that far. Not completely. So many possible problems." I admitted.

"Still, nothing to complain about. Not by a long shot. I'd have traded seats with you in a heart-beat, if not for your mother."

"That wasn't the end of it. What we were doing had me at my limits. I was going to have to finish, but was afraid of making a mess. Aunt Marie had a solution. She got down on the floorboards and finished me with her mouth."

"Jesus H. Christ! Marie? Gave you a blow-job in the car?"

He made a good act of being surprised, if Mom had told him the full story last night. "Yeah. I don't know if you remember, but when she first took me in her mouth, I was surprised and yelled out. That's when we started talking about our hunting that day. She was sucking me off the whole time."

"How was she?" Dad asked, his interest definitely piqued.

"Fucking incredible. Of course I don't have a lot to compare her against. Penny of course, and a couple of others that were nothing to brag about. But Aunt Marie killed them all."

"Better than Penny then?"

"Penny's just learning. I was her first blow-job. She can't take much more than my head and a couple of inches, but she's so damn cute when trying. Watching her pretty face, blushing with embarrassment while she sucks me, I thought that was pretty spectacular."

"No shit. That's something I wouldn't mind seeing," Dad laughed.

I wiped my hands down and pulled out my phone. I scrolled down to the pictures, and passed it over. "Don't tell Mom, Ok?"

He was flipping through the images, obviously entranced. "Damn, she's a pretty girl. Surprised she sees anything in a scrub like you."

I laughed. "I could say the same about you old man. Like there's anyway you deserve someone as hot as Mom."

He grinned, passing me back the phone. "You got me there. Shit, I wish I'd had a camera when your Mom first went down on me. Un-fucking-believable."

"I bet."

"Why wouldn't you want me to tell your Mom about this? You don't think she knows a thing or two about blow-jobs?"

"To hear her tell it, she knows a lot more than a thing or two," I laughed.

"Jesus, Jeremy! How much did you talk about?"

"A lot."

Dad picked up the packaged meat and stuck it in the freezer. He brought us both back a couple of beers. "You feeling up to telling your old man the rest of the story? The second half of your adventure last night?"

"You don't mind hearing it?"

"If you don't mind sharing." He closed up the coolers, even though we hadn't quite finished. We were 90% done. "You can finish up the rest of the butchering tomorrow. Let's move this out to the porch."

While I was washing up, and cleaning our utensils, Dad did some organizing and grabbed us a six-pack. Good thing. I imagined it was going to be some thirsty work.

Dad brought the guns out to the porch, so we could give them a good cleaning. I wasn't sure how happy I was about that. With the story I was about to tell, I was glad there was no ammo out there.

I explained how angry Mom was, and how I had to give her every little detail about my shenanigans with Aunt Marie. "Hell, as soon as Aunt

Marie got out of the Jeep, she went to Mom and told her I had the sweetest cum she'd ever tasted."

Dad broke out laughing. A deep gut laugh. "That little bitch. She knows how to press your Mom's buttons, you've got to give her that much."

I explained that I'd done more showing than telling, the whole time watching Dad to see if he'd suddenly decide to take my head off. He seemed more intent on breaking down the firearms for cleaning. I talked about the touching, the holding, brushing her thigh, moving her around my lap, pressing my erection against her. I explained how Mom had my hard-on wedged between her cheeks when she decided to show off. "'Bet your Aunt can't do that,' she said."

"She's got a point. Not much of an ass on Marie. Still, kind of surprising Alice would try something like that. It's the competition with her sister, you know."

"I get it now. That's when I got to asking her about what the deal was with her and Aunt Marie. She opened up to me like I never would have imagined. We spent a long time, easily half the trip, her telling me the history with Aunt Marie, starting in high-school and all about you guys. God, Dad, to hear her tell the story of you shooting down her sister, you had to be there. It was like she was describing a legend. 'Nice tits, but I'm an ass-man. Have you seen the ass on your sister? God Almighty!' It was like a holy sermon she was sharing. I'd never heard anyone talk about someone else like she was talking about you. I never thought I could be so jealous of anyone, especially not you and Mom."

"You should have seen her back then, Jeremy. She's a beautiful woman now, but when I saw that little freshman, pretty as a picture, with an ass worthy of carving in stone, I had to get to know her. She was sweet, innocent, and unbelievably nice. She had no idea how beautiful she was, spending the last few years in her sister's shadow."

"Hard to believe Mom could get any prettier."

"Not prettier, different. God, I had it bad for her."

"From the look of things earlier, I'd say you still do."

I couldn't believe I saw my father blush. "She still does it for me. Twenty years, and when I saw her ass in those pants, I still almost lost it on the spot."

"There you are!" I heard Mom call out, nearly making me jump through my skin.

She walked out, hot and sweaty from the workout in a 100 degree room. "What're you guys up to?" she asked.

"Chatting. Man talk." Dad said abruptly.

She nodded. "I'm going to take a bath." She faced my father, "Can you help me out of this top? I can barely lift my arms."

She turned her back to us, and Dad got up, grabbed the bottom, and pulled it over her head, leaving her naked from the waist up. He reached around her and I could tell he was grabbing her tits. "Harold!" Mom hissed, looking over her shoulder.

"Have I told you how much you drive me crazy, Alice?" he said softly, still loud enough for me to hear it.

"I'm a mess," she murmured.

He turned her around, giving me a flash of tit before his body got in the way. "Harold!" she gasped.

He kissed her. Really kissed her. I watched her hands move around his body, clasping him. They were turned at a bit of an angle, and I saw his near hand slide into the back of her pants, tugging them down her hips a few inches.

I probably should have been embarrassed or something. Instead, I drank my beer, and watched with more than a little envy.

He pulled away, letting me see a glimpse of her tit again. Damn it. I was hard for my Mom, and my father was only a few feet away.

"Do you know how much I love you?" he said to her.

She nodded quietly.

"If we didn't have an audience, do you know what I'd have you doing?" he teased.

I saw a slow smile appear on her face. I almost lost it when I saw her open her mouth in an 'O' and push her cheek out with her tongue a couple of times. "After," she said softly.

"You bet your sweet ass," he laughed. He turned her around, letting me see her pants were already half-way down her butt, the top of her crack temptingly exposed. He slapped her on that big bubbly butt. "Go bathe. Clean everything."

Mom wiggled her ass. "You boys have fun," she said cheerfully, heading into the house.

Dad sat back down and took a deep swig of beer. "Almost forty years old. Your Penny might be cute as a button, but she's got nothing on your mother."

"I'll drink to that," I said, holding out my bottle.

Dad smiled, clinking glass. "Not that there's anything wrong with Penny, mind you."

"Hell no. But she's not Mom. Not by a long shot."

"Still, she's not bad. And from what you're saying, a willing learner. We'll give her bonus points for being a barely legal, innocent hard body. How's things between you and her? Haven't seen much of her lately."

"It's so-so. I think we both know that once I've gone to college, it's over."

"Then I'd figure you'd be taking advantage of these last few weeks. She may not be your Aunt Marie, but I imagine she's as willing, and a lot less trouble."

I had to laugh. "Not near willing enougth so far. It's taken most of the year to get to a blow-job. I don't imagine I'll get any further before we both leave."

"Now that's a damn shame. Can I give you a piece of advice?"

"If it has to do with women, I'd be a fool not to listen."

He chuckled. "Young women today don't want to go to college inexperienced. That last summer makes for willing experimenters. If Penny's not one of them, you might want to cut bait, and troll elsewhere."

I was surprised when Mom showed back up, a six-pack in her hand, holding her arm across her bare breasts, hiding very little. Tight yoga

pants, pushed down on her hips, barefoot. Fuck, she was tempting. "Looked like you guys were bone dry out here. That's no way to have a man-to-man." She put the beer on the table, leaned over and kissed me on the cheek, then gave Dad a better kiss, before departing.

I couldn't help but stare at her, coming and going.

Dad coughed to get my attention. When I looked at him, he was grinning. "About Penny?"

"Truth is, I haven't been pursuing much. I don't want to hurt her feelings."

"Making a woman out of her wouldn't hurt her feelings. I'd guess the opposite. Better you, who cares for her, than the first upperclassmen whose eye she catches. I read once 20% of girls lose their cherry their first year in college. Half of them lose it before then. Penny's already behind the curve."

"Worth thinking about."

"Now that you've done your best to distract me from your story, you want to get back to it?" Dad said, opening two of our new beers, and passing me one of them. I could already feel the first four, and considered passing on it, but that wouldn't be manly now, would it? And Dad was definitely all about being a man.

I took a long drink, building up some courage. I was still confused and surprised by their latest actions. I had a feeling there was a message for me, in the way Dad was acting with Mom. Was he showing off? Proving his place with her? Or was he teasing? God, I was nervous about how things were going, but I figured Mom was right. Hell, he already knew most of it. I'd have to see if I could finish the discussion without mentioning the part where I fucked his wife.

"We were talking about you visiting her family for the first time, and Aunt Marie coming on to you, right?" I asked, receiving a nod in return. "Mom said that was when she lost her virginity. I couldn't believe it. She was sitting in my lap, wearing only a t-shirt and shorts, telling me you were her first. How you were so patient, going down on her over and over again, to get her ready." I took another sip. "I was hard, Dad. Really hard. It was so embarrassing, getting hard for Mom. I couldn't help it. Not between reliving what Aunt Marie had done, holding Mom in my lap, and then listening to her tell her story."

"I should hope the fuck so," Dad said, leaning back. "Not much of a man if that didn't get you worked up." He took a sip of his beer. "Mom or not."

I grinned. "The point was, I was hard as stone, and she noticed. She couldn't help but notice, the way we were seated. She actually touched me, commenting on how similar you and I were. I think that was what had her going. She kept telling me how much I was like you at this age. She closed her eyes, and described how you took her the first time, and I don't even think she realized what she was doing. That was when things changed. I mean, before then, I hadn't done anything more than hold her. I hadn't touched her bad, or nothin', I swear. Then she held

my cock, telling me all about your history, her first time, tying a bow around her ass for Valentine's Day, all the blow jobs she gave you, even about the first time she really liked sex - the night you wore her ass out, flipped her over and pounded her into multiple orgasms."

Dad was watching me intently. "She told you about all of that? Jesus, Jeremy, doesn't a man's love life get any privacy?"

"I swear, Dad, I wish I could have taped it. She was so into it, her eyes closed, reliving it all in her mind. She worships you. She practically came just talking about it. It was so hard to hold her, and hear her talk about another man like that, even if it was you. I was so fucking jealous. I know it's wrong, but Damn, Dad! She's telling me how good she is at blow-jobs, how often you do it, and that she'll do it for you anytime you ask. How she'll deny you nothing. That you take her ass at least a couple of times a week. God, it was so weird hearing that about Mom."

He nodded. "I imagine it would be. You're Mom gets kind of worked up when she's drinking, then that bit with Marie, it's a recipe for trouble." He grinned, playing with the label on his beer. "She exagerrates a bit. I don't take her up the backdoor twice a week, probably not even once a week. She won't do it anytime I ask. She has her limits. Pretty hard ones. She is generous and accomodating. I'll give her that."

"Can you imagine? I never thought about Mom like that. Aunt Marie, of course. But not Mom. It's not that she's not pretty, I'm not stupid. But she was just my Mom. Then to hear her talk about you. Her panties getting wet while she talked, her hand sliding down and holding me,

telling me how I was big around, like you. How wonderful you were, that you were the best man she'd ever known, like I didn't know that."

"She said that?"

"You know how she remembers every word about how you rejected Aunt Marie? Mom is in my lap, holding my cock in her hand, describing losing her virginity to you. 'Your father's a good man. The best I've ever known.' Her exact words. I'll never forget them." I put the beer aside, and started reassembling my rifle. "She started talking about Aunt Marie, and how she had to get married first, the issues with getting pregnant and how that brought them back together again. She said things had improved, and she'd gotten over most of the past. Then she dropped the bomb. She told me that Aunt Marie was trying to steal me away from her."

Dad grunted. "Fuck. She'd see it that way of course. Maybe rightfully so. We can't ever really understand the dynamics between them."

"Yeah. She was furious that Aunt Marie said I had the sweetest cum she'd ever tasted."

Dad laughed at that. "She's got a point. Your Aunt is known for being stingy with the BJs, while your mother considers that her personal area of expertise. That would burn her up."

"I know. That was the end of the intimate chat-time, and Mom wanted the rest of the story about exactly what happened between me and Aunt Marie."

"And you were still re-enacting as much as telling?" Dad asked, settling back with a new beer. I was getting left behind. He'd finished two while I was working on my last one.

"Mostly. I didn't mean nothing by it, I wasn't thinking straight. I feel like such a shit now, handling Mom like that, your wife. I swear, Dad, I'm so sorry! It was just that she was there, half naked, in my lap, talking about such naughty things. Then when I would show her what I was doing with Aunt Marie, God! It made my head near explode. I hope you're not too angry with me. That you'll forgive me. I swear Dad, the last thing I want to do is interfere in any way between you and Mom. It would destroy me to mess that up."

Dad watched me quietly. "Take it easy, Jeremy. Let's not worry about that right now. I don't think we're going to be any the worse off for you taking a few liberties with your Mom. Let's finish the story, and we can talk about repercussions later. Ok?"

I nodded. I described how Aunt Marie was sitting on my lap, encouraging me to play with her tits. How the touching escalated as I fondled Aunt Marie's boobs and removed her shirt, while she rubbed my cock. "That's how I got Mom's shirt off, but she wasn't rubbing me anymore, she was more fixed on what exactly happened. Every little detail. Even to the point of describing how I'd gotten Aunt Marie off. When I started showing her, I thought for sure she'd stop me, but she didn't."

"Jesus, Jeremy! Don't tell me you fingered your mother!"

I was embarrassed. Obviously he felt I'd stepped way over the line, and he was right. "Dad, listen. It was a crazy time last night. I did some stupid things, and Mom let me. But I don't want to lie to you about it."

"You didn't do everything you did with your Aunt, did you?" He looked both worried and upset.

"No! I made her come for me, exactly like I made her sister, and I explained how the next part came to happen, with her removing her panties and straddling me, both of us practically naked. I don't know if she would have done it, but you have to remember, I still wasn't thinking straight about the competition thing. When I told Mom she might not be able to turn around, lifting her leg straight up in the air, over my head, like Aunt Marie had done, Mom gave me grief, and proved she was just as flexible as her sister, if not more so. I guess the Yoga pays off. Of course at the end, she was sitting naked in my lap, facing me, rubbing my hardness between her legs."

Dad shook his head. "I swear, there probably was only one chance in a million of getting your mother like that, and you found it, telling her she couldn't do something her sister could."

I nodded. "I know that now. She's kind of predictable like that. I wouldn't do that on purpose, I didn't know. I told her how worked up I had been with Aunt Marie, about to make a mess, with no way to

clean it up. I'm holding her by the hips, sliding her wetness up and down my aching cock. Aunt Marie's solution was to get on the floor boards and blow me. Mom went ballistic when I told her that. She was so angry, I'm surprised she didn't crawl into the back seat and throttle her sister. As it was she told me that we were done with show-and-tell, and she started to get dressed again."

"But you wanted to, didn't you?"

"I had mixed feeling, honestly. I mean, Hell, she's beautiful, and talking about how good she was had me wanting her bad. At the same time, she's my Mom, and as soon as she put on her shirt, I couldn't stop thinking how I'd fucked up, touching her and all. I was practically groveling through my apologies."

Dad put his fully reassembled gun aside, thankfully. "Don't take this wrong, but you don't apologize for doing what any sane man would do. What you did was wrong, not just because she was your Mom, but you betrayed my trust in you. Still, you don't tell her your sorry after you did it. It's a screwed up message. If anything you tell her it was good. Don't thank her like a wimp, and don't apologize." He finished his last beer. "It's water under the bridge. It happened. I'm not happy about it, but I can't say I'm surprised given the situation. Hell, I have to take part of the blame. If you'd started with Alice on your lap, I dare say none of this would have happened." He shook his head, draining his beer. "Your Mom is no longer just your mother, now she's a sexy, beautiful woman. That can't be helped. You understand that you can never say a word about this to anyone, right?"

"Of course! God, who would I talk to about it?"

He held my eyes with his. "Me. You can talk to me. I understand. I'm not going to kick your ass, or punish you for doing what you did. The God's honest truth is I don't know if I'd have had any more restraint. Probably less with Marie. Your relationship with your Mother's changed, for better or worse. Whatever happens in the future, you can talk to me about it. Man to man. And not just about your mother either. Marie, or Penny, or anyone else for that matter. I'm here."

I finished my beer, putting it down, and turning to him. "You know this is messed up, right? Talking to you, about this?"

He nodded. "But I also see where you're coming from. This opening up, this talking about your Mother as a woman, and our history, your honesty about this, it's ... I don't know, it's special. I'm just a guy, you know, and that's my woman. Mine. But you're not some poacher, you're my son. You can't know what that means. Not until you have your own."

I chuckled, humor the instant defense against anything sentimental. And I was afraid if I didn't laugh, I'd cry. "Mom said pretty much the same thing."

"She's right. It's weird. I'm fucking confused. I'm not ashamed to admit it. I want to tear into you for messing with my girl, at the same time I want to congratulate you, and even thank you for opening up about everything. I want to hear about you nailing that teasing bitch Marie, someday soon, and still I want to stop you, knowing how it would

drive your Mom bats." He grinned. "If you do manage that one, have your camera ready. Those are some pictures I'd love to see."

"What pictures?" I heard my Mom ask, once more nearly making me leap ten feet in the air. She moved around so damn quietly. We were going to have to put a bell on her, if Dad and I were to have any more private talks.

Dad grinned. "Can I show her? Penny?"

I rolled my eyes, "Dad..."

"I won't if you don't want me to," he said.

"Jeremy! Are you keeping things from me now? After everything?" she asked, suddenly blushing when she realized what she was saying.

I passed the phone over, and gave it to Dad. "Knock yourself out."

He turned away from the table, and patted his lap. "C'mere Alice, let me show you a little of what our boy's been up to."

Mom gave me a smile, then sat down sideways across Dad's legs, the lower part of the robe opening, exposing her thighs all the way to her hip. Sitting in his lap. I was instantly jealous. That should be my lap she was sitting on. She was my lap Mom.

They were both huddled around the phone screen, getting an eyeful of my girlfriend's efforts. Penny would be horrified. "Hey, guys, you can't talk about this, Ok? It would kill Penny to know I was letting anyone see those pictures."

"We'll keep it in the family," Dad told me, while Mom figured out how to zoom in on parts of the picture.

"Who's that remind you of?" Mom asked jokingly, holding the camera up to Dad.

Dad grinned. "A certain, inexperienced freshman as I recall." Dad turned to me. "I still can't believe you're not hittin' that. She's a cutie."

I rolled my eyes. "We had this discussion. I'm going to give it a shot, Ok? It's not like it's that easy. We've been away at the cabin half the time, and even when we're both around, it's a little tough to find places to be alone."

Mom turned to me, and I saw that Dad had his arms around her waist, one sliding inside her robe, obviously playing with her tit. "It you want some privacy, you can always bring her around here. I'll make sure to give you a little space. You always have your bedroom."

I was more than a little surprised. "Over Christmas break you gave me hell for bringing a girl into my bedroom."

"That was before. You've graduated, about to go off to college. Things are different. And besides, it was that trashy little whore Tammy I disapproved of, not you having a nice girl like Penny over."

"Jesus, Mom! Now you tell me? Hello? A little info like that might have helped."

She raised her eyebrows at me. "Me? If we knew a little about your girlfriends, and we didn't have to hear about it second hand, maybe we could have talked about it. You think I like having to hear about your conquests from Marie? You never tell me anything anymore."

I blushed. She was right. I was very private about that kind of stuff, at least until the last two days. I sat back. "You're right Mom. As always. Don't you get tired of always being correct?"

She smiled. "Nope. But I'll take a little of the blame. It's not like we'd opened up much in the past."

Dad laughed. "Not like the last 24 hours, that's for damned sure."

I nodded. "No more secrets. Hell, I could use some advice. It's not like I've made much progress on my own."

Mom grinned, turning the phone screen toward me, with the close-up of Penny's mouth wrapped around my shaft. "Not doing too bad." She showed Dad the image. "What do you think?"

"I wouldn't be whining," he smirked. "She might be new at that, but she looks willing enough. You'll be able to train her. Hell, I bet in a few weeks, she'd put your Aunt to shame."

"Harold!" Mom hissed, poking him.

"What? It's true, and you know it! Attitude is 9/10 of a great blow job, and your sister is the poster girl for the wrong one." He turned to me. "How does Penny feel about it?"

God, these conversations were becoming awkward. "She was the one who suggested it, actually. She was worried she wouldn't be any good, but I have to say, she seemed to like doing it, and once I got that first one, the next dozen or so were all incrementally better. And she swallows with a smile. I like that a lot."

Mom grinned. "Sounds like a keeper. Some girls really like doing it. And if they do, they usually become very good at it. You just have to keep working with her." She turned, her arm around Dad's neck, hugging him. "Your father taught me almost everything I know."

Dad grinned. "She knows a lot. She was a complete natural. By our second week together, she was the best I'd ever had." He was still fondling her. Her movement in his lap, and his caresses had opened

her robe halfway, and I was seeing a lot of flesh. I could have seen her tit if Dad's hand wasn't in the way.

Mom smiled. "Have her over soon. Maybe for dinner. We'll let you have the evening with her, and see if you can't make a little more progress." Mom was wiggling in Dad's lap. "What's got you so worked up?" she asked him, making a show of rubbing her ass against his crotch. "You like the idea of that little girl giving our boy a blow-job, don't you? Maybe you'd like to help train her? Pretty little teenager choking on your big, thick cock?"

"Please," Dad growled. "You and I both know she couldn't hold a candle to you."

"Big blue eyes looking up at you, pushing her hair back out of the way so you can see her beautiful face," she said softly, slowly, sexily. "Teenage painted lips stretched tight around your thickness. Holding her head while you pushed past her resistance, her innocent tongue teasing you. Don't tell me you wouldn't like that."

"Mom!" I said. "That's my girlfriend you're talking about."

"Alice," Dad said warningly.

She laughed. "Oh, so it's Ok for you to feel up your Dad's girl, but you would begrudge him the same? Don't you think you should at least let him hold her in his lap, both of them naked? Wouldn't that be fair?"

"God, Mom, this isn't some kind of trade!"

Mom grinned, reaching down between her and Dad. "Your father likes the idea. A lot. I can tell, even if he won't admit it. The big guy don't lie."

"Enough, Alice!" Dad barked. "This kind of teasing is why he doesn't share more of his life with us. Nobody likes a tease."

Mom pouted. "I'm not teasing. Not completely," she said softly.

He lifted her off his lap. "You're done teasing me," he growled, standing up and jerking his pants down roughly. I could see why Mom said Dad and I were so much alike.

"Harold!" Mom gasped.

"Now Alice. I'm not waiting a minute more."

She stood and moved next to him. "Let's go upstairs. I'll make it good."

"You'll do it now. Don't make me repeat myself."

Mom took off her robe, suddenly naked except for panties, folding it and putting it in front of Dad's feet before kneeling on it. "Jeremy? Can your father and I have a little privacy?" she asked piteously.

I started to stand up, but Dad glared at me. "Sit down. Don't let her tell you what to do."

I was embarrassed for her. She was already licking Dad's hardness, her eyes glancing over at me in shame. "She's my mom. She's supposed to tell me what to do."

"Not when she's naked. Then she's a woman. And you're a man, or I hope to God I've raised you to be a man. Sit down and see what a real blow-job should be like. Then you can give your girlfriend some pointers next time around."

"Please, Harold," Mom pleaded, stroking him. "This is wrong." For someone who thought it was wrong, Mom wasn't hesitating over performing in front of me. Hell, she even turned to give me an improved view.

"How is this any worse than you playing grab-ass with him in the car, 3 feet from me. Letting him make you come on his fingers. You forgot to mention that little detail, didn't you? And Marie gave him a blow-job? How come I find out about that from him, and not from my wife of 19 years."

Mom had to pull his cock out of her throat to answer. "I told you about Marie. How she said she loved his taste."

"No, you said she told you he had the sweetest cock. That could mean anything."

"I...I thought I told you," she whined.

"No you didn't. You were holding back. Hell if I know why. Your sister gave our boy a blow-job in the back of our car, and you didn't think that was worth sharing with me?" He turned to me. "You weren't lying, boy, were you?"

He seemed pissed off. I wasn't going to contribute to it if I could help. "No Dad. Aunt Marie sucked me the whole time we were talking about our hunting. It was so dirty. When I told you about taking the shot, that 'Bang' was when I came in her mouth. I came a ton, and she swallowed every drop." I was watching Dad hold Mom's head and push her down on his cock. "We barely had time to get dressed before we were getting gas, then she had to go and tell Mom that I had the sweetest cum. Mom was furious by the time we left."

Dad looked down at Mom, while her eyes looked back and forth between us, sucking him deeply. "Was the Colin stuff crap, just to get Jeremy away from your sister?"

She pulled off gasping. "No. He was being bad, I swear. But that was only part of it. I did want our boy away from that conniving slut. From the very beginning, but you were being obstinate. You wanted him with her, didn't you?" Mom sounded angry. "You knew what would happen."

Dad was standing the whole time. After her accusation he sat down, opening his legs, and pulled her forward, back onto his cock. "You were both drunk, wearing only a t-shirt and panties, and practically begging to sit on the boys' laps. I thought it would be better if it was her on his lap, rather than you. God, woman, you're too much temptation for the boy. An ass like yours rubbing against him for 2 hours? I couldn't do that to him. So I gave him Marie. I knew you could handle Colin."

Mom's head was bobbing up and down in his lap. I pulled my chair closer for a better view, the steel legs scraping noisily against the concrete, no subtleness about it. Mom turned her head, and I almost crapped my pants when she winked at me. Things got quiet for a few minutes, while Mom took exquisite care of Dad. He reached for his beer which appeared to be just out of reach. I got up and got it for him, so he wouldn't have to move. He took a long swig. Mom just kept on going. And going.

I finally had to ask, "Jesus, Dad, how can you last this long? With Penny, I was lucky to last two minutes. Same with Aunt Marie. Against that assault I don't think I'd last 30 seconds."

He chuckled. "A lot of practice and training. Tell him, Alice, how long did I last the first few times?"

She pulled off of him, and I saw she was smiling, stroking his thick cock. "First time? Not even 5 seconds. As soon as he was in my mouth he was coming. God, I almost choked to death. I wasn't ready for it."

She looked up at Dad and smiled. "He wanted me bad back then." A long slow lick had me squirming.

Dad laughed. "Back then?"

She grinned, sucking him once, deeply. "I don't think he lasted more than a couple of minutes ever in those first few weeks. But we worked on it together, taking breaks when needed, changing things up, learning together. Doing it back-to-back helped. Now, he comes when he wants to, no matter what I do." She lowered her face, looking at me, while she sucked.

Dad chuckled, reaching down and caressing her face. "Don't believe her. She lets me enjoy it, but when she's determined, I'm still helpless. She's playing now. She knows it, and I know it. It's obvious she likes giving you a show. I could go another ten minutes easy, but if she wanted to, she could have me coming in less than two." He looked down at her, brushing her hair back. "Go ahead, baby. Show him."

Mom looked at me, a smile turning up the edge of her lips. Then she went to work. She took him deep, one hand moving underneath him, the other wrapping around his shaft below her lips. She sucked him fiercely, aggressively, her mouth pounding down on him, his entire length disappearing. Dad leaned back moaning softly, while she did her magic.

I eased in closer, amazed, even though I'd been on the receiving end once. I hadn't been able to see it then, and it was a sight to behold. I

pulled her hair back away from her face, and caressed her back with my hand. I could feel her tremble when I touched her.

Dad was right. It couldn't have been more than a minute before he was holding her head and exploding between her lips, groaning her name. Her movements changed, becoming more gentle, more playful, while she finished him. When she pulled away a full minute or more later, he was only half-hard, and his cock was clean.

He tilted up her chin, smiling. "Still incredible. The best ever."

Mom gave his cock a kiss, then climbed back into his lap. He held her close, and they kissed briefly.

"Did you notice?" she asked him. "When he pulled my hair back and touched me? God, I came so hard, I almost had to stop."

Dad smiled, his eyes only for her. "I noticed. So fucking hot, I almost lost it right then." He turned to me. "Was your Aunt anything like that?" he asked with a smirk. He knew the answer.

I shook my head. "Jesus, Dad. I didn't know. Aunt Marie didn't blow me, she let me come in her mouth. I'm going to have to teach her how to give a blow-job like that."

Mom and Dad both laughed. "Good luck with that," Dad said. "I'd concentrate on Penny, she's a lot more likely to have that kind of

potential. Give her 20 years, and maybe she'll be half as good as your mother."

Mom blushed. "Now you're teasing me," she said softly.

"God's truth. You are one in a million. Saying she'll be half as good as you in 20 years is giving her the benefit of the doubt," Dad told her, hugging her close. "I'm the luckiest man in the world."

He turned to me. "Show's over, young man. I'm going to take your gorgeous Mom upstairs now. You know how I told you she has the most incredible ass ever? I'm not talking about how it looks."

She giggled, doing a little wiggle in his lap.

I stood up and gave her a hand, getting up off of Dad. I leaned over and picked up her robe, opening it for her. She slid her arms into the sleeves, before turning to face me. "Enjoy the show, Jeremy?" She reached down and rubbed the front of my pants.

"Don't tease the boy, Alice," Dad growled.

She pouted cutely. "Close the deal with Penny, or you'll be getting blisters on your palms."

Dad opened his arm for her, and she slid in close. "Can you clean up for us, son?"

"No problem. Have fun," I teased.

He smiled. "I can pretty much guarantee that."

Fifteen minutes later I was upstairs. The parents were the noisiest they'd ever been, and when I walked by their room, I saw the door was wide open, and Mom was riding Dad, facing the door. She smiled and winked at me, then lifted her hips high, and let me see her slowly take his full length, groaning loudly. I headed for my room, leaving my door open as well, taking my time releasing my own need, several times, while imagining it was me making Mom scream like that.

Innocence Lost

When I woke, I could tell it was late from how bright the room was. One glance at my clock confirmed it. Almost 10:00 am. What the Hell, it was vacation, I'd earned it.

I hit the head, taking a quick leak and cleaning up. Dad was at work. That meant Mom was available. I had unfinished business with her. I was still worked up after last night's show.

I headed down the hall, naked, and found her still asleep. That was a first. Mom's idea of sleeping in was hitting snooze once at 8:00 am. I slid into bed behind her, taking her in my arms. She sighed, leaning into me.

"Morning, Mom. Are we a little tired?" I asked, my hands caressing her naked body.

"Don't Jeremy, please. We can't. Not in your father's bed."

I kissed her shoulder, pulling the covers back so I could see her. She rolled onto her back, looking up at me through heavy lidded eyes. I kissed her softly on the lips. She returned the kiss lovingly, but with none of the passion I was hoping for. I gazed down at her glorious body, surprised to see she had a hickey on her neck, and several more on her breasts. Dad was marking his territory.

I cupped her tit in my hand, tugging gently on the nipple. She flinched, grunting softly. "Please, baby. Every inch of my body is sore and aching. Not now."

I caressed her, kissing her cheek. "Let me run a bath for you. It'll help you feel better."

She nodded, closing her eyes and turning away from me.

Ten minutes later, I helped her into the steaming bubble bath, putting her bath cushion behind her neck. I left her there, going down to the kitchen and turning on the coffee. I took my time, letting her soak, while I had some cereal. I made her some toast and jam, and brought it to her. She let me feed her in the tub, while she relaxed.

"God, he was out of control last night," she finally said, sipping her coffee. "I've never seen him like that. I feel like I've been gang-raped."

I got her out of the bath, onto wobbly legs, dried her off, and brought her back to her bed. "Relax, Mom. Let me take care of you." I got her a few aspirin and some water, convincing her to take them. Then I put her on her belly, and gave her a nice gentle massage.

"Massage oil's in the bottom drawer," she murmured softly.

I found it, among a drawer full of sex toys. My parents were freaks. "Really Mom? Five, six, no seven different types of dildos? Jesus, I don't know what half of this stuff is for!"

She chuckled, "Your Dad sure does. I think he went through all of them last night, some of them twice."

I closed the door, and used the oil to rub her down, extra careful with her rear after she groaned the first time I touched her. Her ass cheeks were bruised. "What happened here, Mom? Did he beat you?"

She chuckled. "No, but he does like to spank me, doggy style, and he has a bad habit of grabbing my ass really tight when he's hammering me. Probably a little bruised from his fingers."

I could make out the lines of his fingers, little black and blue bruises evenly spaced on both cheeks, where his fingertips had dug into her skin. Blasphemous. I got some aloe and rubbed it in, hoping the cooling effect would help. She groaned a couple of times, and moaned loudly when I opened her cheeks. "Gentle, baby. I'm horribly sore back there."

"God, Mom, you're bleeding! Do you need to go to the doctor?"

"Calm down, Jeremy. It happens. Not too often, but sometimes. It'll be OK in a couple of days. I'm not bleeding much, am I?"

"No, but I can see some tears at the opening, and they're seeping blood. What can I do?"

She sighed. "Ice pack, wrapped in a dish towel would help."

I ran downstairs, making her ice pack, and hurried back upstairs. She was just getting off the phone. "Who was that?" I asked, placing the ice pack between her cheeks.

"Marie," she said. "I had to cancel our Yoga session."

I laid down beside her, holding her. "What else can I do, Mom?"

She sighed. "Stop worrying. I'm not made of porcelain. I'm just a little sore. I'll probably be fine by this afternoon." She turned and I saw her grimace. "Or maybe not. Be a dear and look under my sink for a tube labeled lidocaine. It's like a toothpaste tube."

I found it after a minute and returned to her. "Now what?"

"Now a little bit of privacy, while I take care of this," she said.

"I can do it for you, Mom. I promise I'll be careful."

She sighed. "If it won't bother you too much, put a little all around my butt-hole, and a little inside. But be very gentle, Ok?"

She moved the icepack away, and I squirted out some of the lotion onto my finger. I caught my breath. It was so hard to believe what I was doing. Spreading her cheeks, looking at that naughty little puckered hole of my mothers. Not any asshole, but Mom's asshole that had been fucked to shreds just last night. I rubbed it very softly all around her opening like she asked. I got some more lotion and pressed it into her just a bit, making her groan. I stopped abruptly.

"Go on," she said. "Just be careful."

I went as slow as possible, easing it into her, up until the second joint of my finger. Holy crap. I had my finger in her ass. I got hard, and nervous. She sighed deeply as I pulled out. I heard her giggle.

"What?" I had to ask.

"Not what I imagined it would be like, the first time I gave you access to my ass," she laughed. She turned over onto her back, and moved the ice pack between her legs. She grinned, "Your old Mom isn't so sexy now, is she?"

I reclined next to her, holding her. "You're the sexiest woman in the world, Mom."

She reached her arm around me, while I cuddled in close. "I can't do it, Jeremy." She said it so softly, I could barely hear her.

"Do what?"

"I can't be with you. I can't do it to your father. I promised him last night I wouldn't."

"What can't we do?" I asked, deathly afraid of her answer.

"Any of it. No more blow-jobs, no sex of any kind. I'm sorry."

I reached out and cupped her breast, gently. "Is this Ok?"

She sighed deeply. "I've been thinking about it. If you keep above the waist, I won't stop you. That includes kissing and touching like this. But that's it." She hugged me. "I hope you understand. I love your father. More than ever. It's not fair to him. He shouldn't have to share me with you. I'm your mother, not your lover."

I put my finger over her lips. "Shh. I understand. I do. It's not fair to him. You get me, I get you, but he has to give up a little of you. I understand." I kissed her softly, and it grew into a long, warm heavenly thing. "I hate it, but I understand, and I'll go along."

She closed her eyes, leaning back and relaxing. "Touch me, Jeremy," she said softly.

I caressed her upper body, gently, while I showered her with kisses. "I love you so much, baby," she whispered.

I heard the doorbell ring, and I started to get up to answer it.

Mom grabbed my hand tightly. "I...I know it's not fair, but please don't fuck Marie," she said. "Blow-job if you need it, but please..."

"I won't Mom. I promise."

"Penny. Have Penny over, I'll help any way I can, just not my sister." She sounded desperate.

"I got it Mom. Aunt Marie's off-limits. No sex."

She wouldn't let go of my hand, clinging tightly. "I'm sorry," she whimpered, tears rolling down her cheeks. "It's so unfair to you, all of this. But I couldn't stand it. I couldn't. Not her."

I unpeeled her fingers from mine, leaned over and kissed her deeply, while the door rang again. "I love you, Mom. You. Only you. If this is what you need, I understand. Don't worry about it."

I ran down the stairs, skipping every other one, and opened the door without looking out. Speak of the devil. "Aunt Marie," I said with a grin.

She walked in past me, and as soon as the door was closed, she slid into my arms for a big kiss. "How's it going, handsome?"

One touch from my sexy aunt, and I was on my way to forgetting all the promises to my mother. She felt so damn good in my arms. No hesitation, hugging, kissing, willingly. Mine if I wanted, without the drama. Crap.

"I'm not bad. Mom's in pretty rough shape."

She nodded. "Let me take care of her, then maybe you and I can have a little private time."

"By the rules?" I asked.

"If you want. I'm willing either way," she said with a mischievous grin.

"By the rules for now, Ok?"

"You got it. I'll be back in a bit."

It gave me a chance to make a phone call that was way overdue.

I dialed the number from memory. "Penny? I'm back from the cabin. I've missed you..."

* * *

Half an hour later, Mom was sleeping again, and Aunt Marie and I were naked in my bed, playing. She had an unstated goal. As long as we weren't allowed to have intercourse, she was determined to turn me into her personal oral love slave. We spent nearly two hours in bed, most of it in careful instruction on what to do, and what not to do. It was a little distracting, but I believe I was learning something that would have enormous value in my future. She also gave me a hand-job and with just a little coercion, a blow-job. I loved it, but was sad to notice the difference between what she did, and Mom. I was right. Mom had spoiled me for life.

That was when it hit me. What if she was serious? What if it was over, and she never sucked me again? Fuck! I'd compare every girl I was ever with to her, doomed to come up short. I couldn't, wouldn't let that happen.

When I got hard a third time, I saw that mischievous smile of hers. "God, you have no idea how bad I want to ride that beast," she said.

I had to laugh. "Are you kidding? I want you so bad, Aunt Marie, I'm dying over here."

"If you want it, here it is, come and get it," she said, singing the last part.

"Not going to happen," I reminded her, giving her nipple a teasing twist. "Not until Mom gives her Ok."

She sighed. "That could be tough. Once she's made up her mind, it's nearly impossible to get her to change it. I still think it's a miracle your father gets his way with her."

She climbed out of my bed, and wandered over to the bathroom. "I'll be right back, honey, and we'll take care of that big boy who's being so patient." She took her time. I almost went to go look for her before she appeared, holding a bottle of lotion. "Ta-Da! Time for a treat."

She laid down in the middle of my bed, and I watched while she squirted several ounces of lotion between her tits. "Come fuck your Auntie," she said grinning, holding her tits together.

I straddled her chest, pressing my shaft down into her ample cleavage. She pressed her tits together, making a soft tunnel which I was more than happy to traverse with my cock, repeatedly. It took a little bit to get the mechanics right, but once I had that worked out, amazing.

"Do you like that, sweetie?"

I was breathing hard. "Incredible," I gasped.

"You going to be able to come for me this way?" she asked.

"Soon. Real soon."

"Hold them, sugar. Hold my tits, squeeze them, use them to make yourself happy. My tits are yours, now. Now and forever, love."

I grabbed both, pressing them together, squeezing them tightly, pressing them down around my cock. I moved faster, fucking her tits harder and she squirted more lotion between them, making the going smoother and sexier. It was too much.

"I'm coming," I warned her.

"All over me, baby. Mark me."

I groaned, shooting hard, getting her face, neck and tits. She moaned while I squirted on her.

"Perfect," she said softly, smiling at me. "You like the girls, don't you?"

I couldn't help but smile. I rolled off of her, breathing hard. "I love them. Who wouldn't? You have the best tits ever."

I sat up. "How the hell do any of those idiot husbands ever leave you."

She laughed, playing with my cum. "They never leave me, baby. I leave them." She got up off the bed, looking at herself in the mirror. "You relax, sugar, while I clean up and check on your mother."

I should have known better. Of course she'd do it in the opposite order, checking in on my Mom, with my cum dripping from her face and chest. I was out of it, but you can bet I heard about it later. She came back and reported Mom was doing well, and encouraged me to practice my learning a while. My jaw was sore, and we both might have been a little less energetic, but I found I liked it just as much, lying comfortably between her legs, letting strategically placed pillows hold us in place, and lapping away at Aunt Marie's moist pussy, no hurry to accomplish anything but show her how much I loved and adored her. Her body let me know she appreciated it.

After Aunt Marie left, and my chewin' out from Mom for 'pushing boundaries' e.g. titty fucks, I still had the last of the butchering to finish. Dad and I had finished the lion's share the previous day, but I was still slow compared to the old man and it took me a good part of the afternoon to finally finish. Heading into the house, I was stunned to find Mom dressed, chatting with Penny in the living room.

I was filthy so I kept my distance. "Hey gorgeous, you been here long?"

"No, I came downstairs when I heard the doorbell," Mom answered with a teasing grin.

"Mom! You know I was talking to the other gorgeous girl. I know how long you've been here."

Penny grinned. "Only about 15 minutes or so. Your Mom was sweet enough to keep me company."

"Can you give me another 10 to get cleaned up? I'm a mess," I asked, my hands pointing to my old t-shirt which was sweaty and stained.

Mom answered, "Take your time, sugar. Penny and I have so much catching up to do. I don't think we've had a good sit down since you guys went to Anderson together."

Back in middle school, when I still shared many of the details of my life with Mom. "I'll be back in a flash, I promise."

I hurried upstairs and took a quick shower, spending a couple of extra minutes cleaning up, brushing my teeth, putting on deodorant and cologne, all that good stuff. I think it was still under 15 minutes when I walked into my bedroom to get dressed.

Penny was laying back on my bed, waiting.

"Your Mom said it was Ok to wait for you in here, if you don't mind. She's doing some baking."

I was naked, and embarrassed to be standing there in front of her, while she was totally dressed. I considered grabbing my clothes, when she patted the bed beside her. "Come join me, Jeremy. We should talk."

If I was expecting a big sordid sex scene, I would have been disappointed. We really did talk. Talk about our futures. My leaving to go to college 3 hours away. Penny staying behind, going to the Community College for her first year, making up some remedial college math. We talked about our relationship, where it was, what the summer meant, what the future might hold in store.

It wasn't all talk. I got her shirt off, and we relaxed in each other's arms, both agreeing that what we had was great. I confessed that I'd hoped for more in terms of intimacy, and she admitted she was holding back, afraid of being judged, or even abandoned after giving in to my advances.

"I wasn't your first blow-job, was I?" she asked, reaching down and caressing my hard cock, which didn't realize we were having a serious discussion.

"No, but you were the best," I told her.

She chuckled. "That seems unlikely. I have no idea what I'm doing."

I reached up and brushed her hair back, before bestowing a small kiss on her. "It's like Dad says, attitude is 90% of the job, and with you it's not like I'm torturing you. You actually seem to enjoy it."

She had her hand wrapped around my cock, stroking it slowly. "That's what your Dad says, huh? Kind of weird family discussion."

I nodded. "You have no idea. We've always been pretty private. Ever since Dad and I started hunting together, things opened up a little. This weekend, all the walls came tumbling down, and it seems like there's nothing we can't talk about."

She raised her eyebrows, then gave my cock a tight squeeze. "Is that how come your Mom knows so much about our love life?"

"That, and the fact that Mom and Dad saw the pictures on my phone," I confessed, fearful of that iron grip down below.

"Jesus, Jeremy! You promised!" She looked mortified.

"I know. I'm sorry. Once Dad found out about it, he couldn't wait to show Mom. They were so excited for us. Believe me, I caught a lot of shit for not spending more time with you this summer. I was just so confused about where our relationship was headed, with the big changes a few weeks away." I pulled her closer and pressed my lips to hers softly, tenderly, letting her feel my appreciation of her. "Mom thinks you're the greatest. You're the only girl she'd let me have in my room like this. And Dad, well Dad thinks I'm an idiot for not doting on such a gorgeous girl."

She grinned shyly. "Really?"

I nodded. "Mom was comparing the pictures to their first time doing it. It was pretty weird."

She laughed. "I imagine. I'd just die if my Mom talked about her first blow-job."

"Yeah, and then Dad said, and I quote, 'I can't believe you're not hitting that. She's a cutie.'"

She giggled. "God! Do you guys always talk like that? What did your Mom think?"

"I'm not sure you want to know," I teased, working to get her bra off.

"Right. You can talk about anything with your Mom and Dad, but you can't share with me, your girlfriend for the last year?"

Our hands were getting busier, and I think she liked all the crazy talk. "She suggested I have you over. She promised me all the privacy I needed and said I could have you in my room. She says that in the pictures you seemed to like what you were doing. That girls who like it tend to get good at it. I should work with you on it."

"Now I know you're pulling my leg," she said.

"Not at all. Dad swears that Mom gives the most incredible blow-jobs in the world, and that in twenty years or so, he thinks you could be almost as good." I grinned, looking to see how she'd take that.

"Twenty years! I doubt it would take that long. What do you think?" she asked quietly.

"I think I'd like to find out how good you can get. We could learn together."

She suddenly looked shy. "Would it be slutty if I told you I did like it? A lot?"

"No. I don't think my Mom's a slut, and apparently she loves it."

"What about if I admitted there's a lot I'd like to do before you leave for college? Stuff I'd like to do with you."

"I think it would be incredible. I just feel so strange, going away. You don't think our relationship can last long distance, do you?"

She shook her head. "I think once you're gone, we're pretty much done. I haven't wanted to think about it."

I nodded, hugging her close. "I know. God, it's going to be hard leaving. But it wouldn't be fair to either of us."

She nodded. "I'll tell you what. How about if we're not seeing anyone seriously, whenever we're both home together, we can still get together. Give us some hope for the holidays and for the summer."

"I'd like that. I love spending time with you, I'm sorry I've been so wishy-washy this summer."

"We should have talked it out. I guess I should thank your parents for that." She abruptly laughed.

"What?"

"This is so weird! For the last couple of months, sometimes I felt like all you wanted to do was find somewhere private and get me to suck your dick. Now we're here, alone, privacy ensured, your dick is hard and waiting, and I've told you I like sucking, a lot. Yet all we do is talk."

"Penny, I'm dying to feel your lips around my shaft. But even more, I want to open up to you, completely. I want to know that what we're doing is good for both of us."

"That's nice. Now can you take a hint? I like sucking. A lot."

"Can you get naked with me?" I asked.

She looked at me intensely. "I'm not sure I'm ready to go all the way."

"I want to see you. That beautiful body I fantasize about. When you're done blowing me, I'm going to return the favor."

She blushed. "I wasn't expecting that," she said shyly.

I pulled her close, and kissed her deeply. "Go clean up in the bathroom. Take your time until you feel comfortable getting back in this bed with me, naked. Then you and I are going to spend from now until dinner learning from each other."

She grinned. "Is that an order?"

"Will that get you in my bed naked for the rest of the afternoon?"

"Your wish is my command." She kissed me, running her hand over my cock, while she climbed off the bed. "I won't be long. Don't get started without me."

The saucy girl dropped her shorts on the way, disappearing into the bathroom wearing only her panties. When I heard the shower start, I threw on some shorts and headed downstairs.

Mom was in the kitchen when I got there. "Taking a break already?" she teased.

"We've just been talking. Mostly about where things were going with us. It was good."

Mom nodded. "That's great. Penny is a darling girl. She likes you a lot."

"How are you feeling?" I asked her, headed for the fridge.

"Much better, thanks baby. The nap and the bath helped a lot."

I was getting bottles of water for both of us. "Things are about to heat up," I confessed. "I have some thirsty work ahead of me. She'll be staying for dinner, by the way."

Mom walked up and put her arms around me. "Damn. If I hadn't promised your father to behave, I'd get your first load out of the way, take the edge off, so you could take your time with her."

"Jesus, Mom! If you're not going to do it, don't talk about it. You're driving me crazy!"

"Do you need a condom?" she asked.

"Not yet. We're not going all the way now. We're just going to play with each other a while."

She sighed. "God, I'm so jealous of that young girl."

"How do you think I feel, after watching the performance you put on last night for me."

She grinned. "Did you like it? I tried to give you a sexy show."

I took the waters in hand, and gave Mom a quick kiss. "I can't be thinking about that now, or I won't last 10 seconds in Penny's mouth."

As it was, I didn't last more than about 2 minutes between Penny's accommodating lips. At least the first time. Once that was out of the way, we both learned how much better it could be with time to relax, privacy, a comfortable setting, and all our concerns openly talked about.

She had told me she liked sucking, and her actions matched her words. She seemed to have a blast getting me hard the second time, giggling and teasing until I was stiff and ready for more.

"This is so cool, Jeremy, watching you go from soft to this. You always start so hard. The change is amazing, feeling you stiffen in my mouth, thickening, filling me."

"It's pretty damn sweet on this end, trust me. You like?"

She sucked me once, deliciously. "I love it."

She played around, trying different things, responding to my reactions, changing things up. She did a lot of licking and kissing, all up and down my shaft. Sucking on the head, stroking with her hand, taking

me to the back of her mouth, struggling to take me deeper and deeper, gasping sexily, before laughing.

"I can do it," she growled.

"I don't doubt it."

She sat up, looking at me. "Do you like it? Really? Is it good, or is it just that having any girl's mouth on your cock is a turn on?"

"Penny, you are doing an incredible job. I swear, it's amazing."

"Make sure you tell me if I do anything wrong, or if anything could be better," she said, back to licking my shaft. "How else am I supposed to improve?" She gave me a wink, and I groaned.

She was sucking me steadily, her mouth and hand working in tandem, up and down, up and down, making great progress. I was getting harder and more excited.

Until Mom walked in. Penny damn near bit my cock off, squealing. I grunted painfully.

"Never mind me, kids. I just brought you a snack. Dinner's going to be late. Your father has to finish something up in the office." She walked beside the bed, setting the plate and drinks on the bedside table, watching us with a smile on her face.

Penny had started to pull away at first, but I had held her head in place, my cock pressed against the back of her mouth.

Mom reached over and smacked my hands away. "Don't do that, Jeremy! Never! That's not how you treat a lady. I thought I'd raised you better than that!"

Penny pulled off of me, obviously embarrassed, drool leaking from her lips. She was grabbing at the bed sheet, trying to cover herself up.

Mom helped, pulling the sheet over her. "Don't be shy, honey. It's a beautiful thing you're doing." She stroked the girl's side. "He's behaving, I hope."

Penny looked up, nodding mutely.

Mom leaned down and gave her a kiss on the cheek. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to embarrass you, I only wanted to make sure that everything was Ok." Mom took the edge of the sheet, and wiped Penny's mouth.

Penny nodded. "It's wonderful."

Mom chuckled. "That's all I needed to know. Can I get you kids anything?"

"A little privacy, Mom?" I reminded her.

"Sure, you're happy enough to watch me go down on your father, but you're not willing to share?" Mom pouted.

Penny gasped. "You're kidding! He watched you?"

Mom settled back onto the bed, caressing Penny's covered leg. "Jeremy's father can be rather demanding on occasion. I interrupted a conversation they were having last night, and I guess he thought I was teasing a little too much. So he had me blow him right there, on the patio, with Jeremy sitting this close," she said, nodding toward my proximity.

"God, that would be so embarrassing," Penny confessed.

Mom nodded. "It was, at first. I couldn't believe that he would do that. In front of my boy. But then, once I got into it, I'm not ashamed to say it was a little exciting, showing off what I could do, making his father squirm for me. When Jeremy pulled my hair out of the way, for a better view, his touch alone set me off. It was incredible."

Penny had uncurled a bit, leaning against me, looking at Mom. It gave me a chance to play with her perky breasts a bit. She seemed utterly fascinated. "I would just die if Mom or Dad saw me doing something like this."

"Like what?" Mom teased.

Penny grinned. She turned and put her mouth over my cock which had softened a little. She sucked me hard, wiggling her head, freeing me with an audible 'pop'. "Like that," she answered.

Mom giggled, reaching out and brushing her hair back. "You like doing it, don't you? Like me."

She nodded. "I love it, Mrs. Davis."

"Alice. Call me Alice, honey. Why would you die if your Mom or Dad saw you?"

"I just would! It would be horrible!"

"They're just people. You're Mom is a girl like us. She knows all about this stuff. I'm sure she's delivered her share of blow-jobs."

"But she's my Mom!" Penny said.

"She's a woman. Your Dad probably wouldn't mind at all. I don't know a man alive who doesn't love a good suck, and they seem to enjoy watching them almost as much as receiving them." She turned to me. "You enjoyed watching Mommy suck your father, didn't you Jeremy?"

"Incredible, Mom," I confessed.

"But he's my Dad!" Penny said.

"He's a man, baby girl. They're all just men. Especially when they're hard, and you're naked."

"This is really weird, Alice," Penny said.

"I understand, sweetie. I'll leave if you want me to. Do you want me to leave now?"

Penny looked back at me, then at Mom. "I, uh..."

Mom interrupted. "I'd like to stay. I'd like to see you do it. Blow my boy. Suck him for me. I'm his mom, I can't, but I'd love to see you do it."

Penny looked at me.

"Suck me beautiful. Get me off, so I can do the same for you."

She glanced back at Mom, pulled the sheet back around her body, and took me in her mouth. I groaned. I couldn't believe she was doing it. Sucking me, with Mom watching. Mom didn't say anything, sitting

quietly, running her hand over Penny's shoulders, while my girlfriend sucked me diligently. She was almost working at it, no longer playful.

Mom kissed her on the shoulder. "Don't make a job out of it because I'm here. Have fun. Enjoy it. Tease him. Don't do this for me, do it for him, and for you."

Penny looked back at Mom, pulling her mouth off of me. I saw her grin, and fun Penny was back, licking and teasing, looking up at me, kissing my cock, sucking playfully.

Mom couldn't leave well enough alone, rubbing Penny's shoulders, holding her hair back out of the way. She scooted in closer, leaning over my girlfriend, the sheet that was covering her slowly falling by the way. Penny had been laying sideways, but she scooted over between my legs, looking up at me, while she sucked me wildly. She was fully naked, on her knees, pleasuring me.

Mom stretched out on the bed beside us, her face only a few inches from where Penny was playing. She kissed my hip bone, and I heard a moan escape Penny, who was watching her intently.

"Make him come for us," Mom said softly. "Tell him what you want."

Penny pulled up gasping. "Come for me, Jeremy. Come in my dirty little mouth, while your Mom watches us. Show her how I make you feel."

She started sucking me for real, hand pumping away, my cock disappearing deep into her mouth.

"Fuck, Penny, I'm going to come," I gasped.

"All over my pretty face," she said, her hand a blur on my shaft.

I groaned, unable to hold back. "Oh GOD!" I shouted, exploding, shooting my cream across her nose, cheeks and mouth. She was giggling, pointing my cock at her face, opening her mouth, licking me as my shots faded, rubbing my cock against her cheeks. She looked at Mom, sucking my cum off my cock, before using it to clean her face some more, and licking me clean again.

She was grinning wildly, obviously pleased with herself. Mom reached out and ran her finger along Penny's chin, cleaning her up, then slipped her finger into Penny's mouth. Penny sucked Mom's finger, closing her eyes. Mom cleaned her again, from beside her eye, and then brought the finger to her own mouth, sucking it clean.

Penny moaned, taking Mom's finger back into her own mouth. "God, that was hot, Alice."

Mom leaned in and pressed her lips softly against Penny's. "Thank you so much for letting me be a part of this. I won't forget it." She brushed Penny's hair back, and kissed her on the top of her head. "You're a lucky man, Jeremy."

I laughed. "You don't have to tell me. That much I know."

Mom got up, straightening herself out. "I'll leave you two alone now. I won't bother you again until dinner's ready."

Penny jumped up and gave her a hug. "Thanks, Alice. That was wonderful. And you can come back any time."

Mom hugged her back. "I can't. I don't trust myself. I want you to do for him what I can't. Can you do that for me, honey?"

Penny nodded. "I'm going to drive him crazy for you."

Mom grinned. "I won't hold you up any longer." She leaned forward and gave Penny another small kiss on the lips. Those kisses were killing me. "He's ready for more. I better go before he explodes," Mom said, nodding toward where I was laying, stroking my latest hard-on.

Mom left us, and Penny and I enjoyed a couple of chocolate chip cookies and milk, laughing that Mom still treated us like kids as far as snacks were concerned. Penny was teasing, playing with my cock, while I kissed the cookie crumbs off her mouth.

"You're Mom's a little wild, isn't she?"

I nodded. "I never thought so until recently. But the last few days, definitely."

"She wants you," Penny said.

"I think it's the idea of having me, seeing me with you, that's has her this way. She and Dad are very happy together. They have a great sex life."

"And you know this because..?" she teased.

"They both have told me so. They're very openly affectionate. And loud, when they're in their room, especially when they forget to close their door."

"No shit? Wow, in my house, you'd never know that Mom and Dad had any kind of relationship at all, except they share the same bed."

"That's kind of sad, isn't it? I think it's great that Mom drives Dad crazy, and he adores her. You know, he turned down her kid sister for her."

"Your Aunt Marie?"

"Yep. When they were dating, Aunt Marie actually climbed in the shower with him naked. He turned her away for Mom. They're friends, lovers and partners in everything. I only hope I'm so lucky in love."

She leaned in and kissed my lips. "You're going to be lucky in love today," she said, before lowering her head back into my lap.

"Hey! It's supposed to be my turn," I reminded her.

"When this guy stops coming back for more, you can do what you want. As long as it's hard, it's still my turn."

"That's not fair," I told her, pulling her hair back so I could watch her. "I may have to wait days for my turn. You drive me crazy!"

"Exactly like I promised your Mom. Now hush up and enjoy. I don't want to hear anything from you but moans and groans, and advice on how I can do you better."

I sat back and let her pleasure me again. It took a long time, but she was patient and playful, and ever so generous with her attention. "Could you move over here next to me, so I can touch you while you do that?" I asked.

"Would you like that? Fondling me, playing with my titties, touching me down there?" she asked, crawling sideways and moving her body sexily for me.

"I'd love it."

"Grope away, handsome."

I touched her, caressed her, running my hands over her smooth skin, squeezing her butt cheeks softly, sliding my finger down her crack, before exploring her pussy. She'd never allowed me access to it before, and I was going nuts. Finally I couldn't take it any longer. I lifted her up, making her squeal and giggle, then lowered her over my face, straddling my head.

"God, you're beautiful," I said, looking at her cute little pussy, swollen lips, small little opening. It didn't look big enough to slide a finger in, never mind my whole cock.

She had her mouth around my shaft, working hard. I licked her, parting her lips with my tongue, smelling her, tasting her for the first time. It was so damn exciting, it was pushing me over the edge.

"Oh fuck," I groaned, erupting in Penny's mouth suddenly.

She sucked me dry, and kept on sucking while I put a little of what I'd learned with Aunt Marie to use. It was working, and she was moaning continuously, her head resting on my thigh while my mouth and active fingers had their way with her.

She got excited very quickly, and I thought she was going to come for me, but although it was easy to bring her to the edge of orgasm, it was difficult to get her over. She continued moaning and groaning, wriggling wildly. I did everything I could, licking and sucking, fingering and poking. I had my lips over her clit, teasing it gently, when

I nudged a finger against her back door. She moaned loudly, her legs trembling, and as I eased it into her rear, she finally went off, screaming out, coming hard.

I let her down easily, licking her gently, until she was relaxed, lying on me, gasping.

She climbed up off me, turning around and lying on me again, bringing her lips to mine. "My God, Jeremy! That was incredible!"

"You think so?" I teased, kissing her pretty little lips that had done so much for me.

"Fuck! I've never come like that. I was on edge so long, driving me crazy, and then boom! Wow. I can't believe we wasted a year. We could have been doing this all along!"

I laughed. "I guess we have some catching up to do."

I grabbed her around the waist, and rolled over with her, loving the way she giggled for me. I slid down between her legs, kissing her. "You have the prettiest pussy I've ever seen, and sooo sweet. I love the way you taste and smell," I told her.

"Really? You don't just do it for me? You really like it?"

"Do you like sucking?" I asked her.

"Hell yeah," she chuckled.

"I love going down on you. Getting you off makes me feel amazing."

She pressed my face down into her crotch. "Show me."

I did, taking my time, enjoying learning about her, tasting her, fingering her, seeing what she responded to. She was very vocal with what she liked, thankfully, and it wasn't long before I pressed all the right buttons and had her coming for me again, screaming out my name, giving me goosebumps.

We laid in bed together, naked, holding each other, talking about it. What we'd done, what we'd liked, and why. Penny giggled abruptly. "Your Mom would have loved that."

"What?"

"Seeing how you got me off. That was fucking amazing, Jeremy. A-mazing."

"It's all you beautiful. Trust me."

"How did you learn to do that?" she asked, obviously curious.

I'm sure I blushed. "That's a story for another day. I had a very good mentor."

"Now you're killing me. Who?"

I leaned over and kissed her softly, nibbling her bottom lip. "I promised not to tell. Sorry."

"You promised to keep my pictures private," she reminded me. "You owe me."

She had her hand on my cock, stroking and tugging, slowly bringing me back to life. "Let me take some more pictures of you doing that, and I'll tell you."

"Sure, and this time the pictures will probably end up on the internet," she said, poking me.

"No, I promise. Nobody will see it except for you, me and my family."

"Your family?"

"Mom and Dad. Dad would just die. It's not going to take you any twenty years to catch up to Mom, and I want to show him."

"You're kidding, right? You want to show him pictures of me going down on you?"

"No. A video."

"Video! Now I know you're nuts."

I kissed her chin, her jaw line, licking teasingly, "You'll never believe who taught me how to go down on a girl, and where."

She jabbed me. "You fucker. You had to go there, didn't you? Is it really a good story?"

"The best. You'll have to swear on your life never to tell anyone. I'd be killed for sure."

"And the video, you promise only us and your parents?"

"I promise."

She grabbed my phone from the bedside and passed it to me, before climbing down between my legs. "It better be a damn good story."

"Ready, Jeremy? Let's see what I can do for you." She turned to the camera. "Hope you enjoy the show." It was at least a 15 minute blow-job, and I was going crazy, both from what she was doing, and who

was going to watch it. I was afraid I was going to run out of battery. She was learning me, and as I got close, she rose up, looking into the camera. "Hey Mom and Dad, he's about to blow for me," she said stroking my cock, smiling. "Normally I'd suck him dry and swallow every delicious drop, but I'm going to let him come on my face for you." She looked at me, "Warn me, Ok?"

"God, Penny!" I groaned.

"Goddess Penny," she giggled, before taking me back in her mouth. She sucked me and stroked me, quickly bringing me to the edge. "I'm close," I warned her.

She climbed off the bed and got on her knees. "Come for me, Jeremy. Shoot all over my face for Mom and Dad," she moaned.

I followed her, stroking my cock. I stuck it back between her lips, fucking her sexy mouth for a few more seconds, before pulling out. "Fuck," I groaned, keeping the camera focused on her face as I blew my load. I got a couple of good shots on her, before she opened her mouth and I finished between her lips, letting her suck me clean.

"Am I pretty, Jeremy? With your cum all over my face, marking me, making me yours?"

"You're beautiful, Penny. Fucking incredible."

She used her fingers to clean her face, sucking them clean. She scooped up some of my cream and held her fingers out to the camera. "If you were here Alice, I'd let you clean them for me." She sucked them herself. "I'd let you lick my whole face clean."

She giggled, looking away from the camera. "Oops. Now look what I've done! Time to start all over again. Sorry, this one's all mine." She blew a kiss at the camera.

I wasn't really hard, although I was getting there. "You are a naughty little tease, aren't you?"

"Happy? I did my best for you. Now I think you owe me a story."

"Let's shower together, and then get back in bed, and I'll tell you everything," I told her.

"You're not trying to trick me?"

"No. I want to hold you, relaxed and comfortable, and tell you an amazing tale."

She took me by the hand and lead me to the bathroom.

We bathed, washing each other, learning more about our bodies, drying each other off, before collapsing back into the bed. I plugged my

phone into the charger, getting a grin out of my girlfriend. I gave her one of the water bottles, snacking on the last of our cookies.

"Stop delaying, Jeremy! I did my part."

"Yes you did. The story's good, but I think it's fair to say that no story is as good as what you did for me." I chuckled, pulling her close and kissing her. She was a little resistant to start, then she got into it. "Don't judge, Ok?"

"I won't." She crossed her heart, bringing my attention back to her pretty perky breasts.

"We never meant for it to happen, I swear. It was an accident really."

"Jeremy, stop stalling," she whispered, kissing my shoulder. "Tell me, or I'm cutting you off."

"I'm not stalling. I need you to understand, I never intended..."

"Jeremy!" she snapped.

"It was my Aunt."

"Marie?" she asked, eyes open wide in surprise.

"The very one."

"Oh my God! That friggin' sex goddess? Are you fucking her?" she asked.

"No. Don't get ahead of yourself, Ok? Let me tell you a little tale."

She leaned her body against mine, legs entangled, while I told her a partial accounting. I explained about Aunt Marie and me always being close, playful, teasing. I told her about the lake, seeing her tits, and motor-boating her boobs afterward.

"In front of your Mom?" she asked, her hands wandering over my body as much as mine were on hers.

"Yeah. Not the smartest thing I've ever done." I described the Jeep, trying to get it loaded up, and having Aunt Marie sitting on my lap in the backseat, in our own little world, half dressed, and her more than a little drunk. Two long hours. Two hours of magic.

The story evolved, as I explained what we did in the backseat. I avoided the entire second half of the trip, letting it sound like it ended after the blow-job. I did include some salacious details, like the sexy underwear she wore for me, and their true meaning, as well as her declaration that we couldn't fuck there, in the Jeep, with Colin in the front seat.

"Fuck," she murmured softly. "Marie. Those huge tits. She really let you come in her mouth? Jesus, Jeremy." She had her hand back on my cock, tugging on it gently. "Pretty amazing. But when did you learn the rest?"

"Mom found out. No, that's not right. Marie told her, and Mom had a fit. She laid down the ground rules. I wasn't allowed to have sex with Aunt Marie. She did agree to let me continue playing with her."

"No fucking way."

"Yep. With fucking prohibited, Aunt Marie wanted to make progress on the oral front. I wasn't going to argue with her."

I told Penny about Marie teaching me, starting the day before, and was a little ashamed to explain the last lesson was just a couple of hours before she'd arrived. "Mom and her sister have some issues, and she was adamant about drawing the line at sex. Intercourse. I wasn't going to fight it, since oral was still allowed. Both ways."

"Holy shit! You got more blow-jobs from her? This morning, before I arrived? Now I feel like an idiot. How can I compare to that?"

"I'm not going to lie. It was incredible, mostly because of who it was, and where it was. Coming in her mouth in the back of the Jeep with my parents in the front seat? Fuck, that was intense. Then more of the same yesterday and today. Mind-blowing."

"I bet," she said, sounding a little down.

"Time for another secret." I told her, tilting her chin up so she'd look at me. "You're better. You weren't the first few times, but today? What you did on camera? Fucking amazing."

"You're just saying that," she pouted.

"I swear on my life. Much better than Aunt Marie. She's done me a few times, and she's good, but it's like she's doing me a favor. The way you do it, the way you look at me, knowing you want me to come for you, not to get it over with, but because you want it, want me. Jesus, Penny, it's fucking incredible!"

"You really think so?" She was kissing my chest, teasingly.

"I don't have that much experience, but I swear, nobody before you was half as good, and even Aunt Marie can't hold a candle to you. I love that naughty, teasing little mouth of yours." I didn't mention my experience with Mom, of course.

"Good, because you're going to be getting a lot of it. All you want, and then some."

I pulled her on top of me, kissing her. How had I waited this long? Dad was right. She was so doable.

I heard the knock on the door. "Kids?"

"Come on in Mom," I said, wrapping my arms around Penny who was kissing my neck.

"God, you're bad, Jeremy," she whispered, squirming in my grasp, sliding her legs outside mine, and grinding against me.

Mom entered, taking in the scene. "Oh, Jeremy! I don't want to interrupt your first time," she said. I was jealous of Mom's view, standing at the end of the bed, getting an eyeful of Penny's spread legs.

Penny turned to her. "We're just playing now, Alice. No sex yet. Just the most amazing oral. Jeremy's very talented."

I pulled her head close, whispering in her ear. "She doesn't know ALL about Aunt Marie," I said.

"So it sounded," Mom laughed. "I'm so happy for you two. Why don't you clean up and get at least somewhat presentable before dinner. Not that Harold would mind that outfit you're wearing, Penny."

Penny giggled, sliding off me to the side. "This old thing?" she said writhing beautifully, running her hands over her body. "I've had it forever. Not half as nice as yours, I imagine."

Mom laughed. "No, honey. It's quite beautiful. Too beautiful. My husband gets a look at that, and I'll be walking bowlegged for weeks."

"Now that's something I'd like to see," Penny said.

"Walking bowlegged, or getting there?" Mom teased.

"Both. Especially the getting there."

"No way, wild child," Mom laughed. "And here I thought you were a sweet innocent girl, safe to leave my boy with."

"I was. I think you and your boy are changing that."

"Any regrets?" Mom asked.

"Hell no! This is the most amazing day of my life. I hope it just keeps getting better and never ends." She climbed out of my bed, grabbing a t-shirt off the stack on top of my dresser, and slipping it on. "Presentable?" she asked.

"Panties. We don't want to leave stains and puddles everywhere we sit."

She pouted. "Mine are already soaked through."

Mom took her by the hand. "Come, we'll find something for you."

I watched them leave, stunned. Mom was going to give her panties to wear? Holy fuck. I put on a shirt and some light knit shorts that would do little to hide any action below the waist. I ran a comb through my hair and headed downstairs.

Dad was sitting on the couch, sipping a beer. He smiled when I walked in, and held out an open one for me. "Sounds like things are working out between you and Penny. Noisy little thing."

"Newsflash Dad. It's not going to take anywhere near 20 years. It might not take 20 days."

He grinned. "I'm glad you think so. I wouldn't bet against your Mom. You haven't seen even a hint of what she can do when she puts her heart into it."

He was sitting in his favorite chair, and I scooted to the end of the couch nearest him. "You might have been a little hard on Mom last night," I said quietly.

His face took on a dark look. "Are you really going to tell me how I should treat my wife?"

I shook my head, knowing I was treading on thin ice. "No Dad. Never. But Mom would never say anything. She couldn't even get out of bed this morning, and she was bleeding from her bottom."

His eyes got hard. "How the fuck would you know that?"

"Aunt Marie had to come over and take care of her. I helped Mom into the bath when she couldn't even walk. She slept all afternoon."

Dad looked a little concerned. "She seems fine now," he said, taking a drink from his beer.

I nodded. "She loved it, and would never complain. You know that. I'm letting you know how she was this morning. What you do with that information is your own business."

Mom and Penny came downstairs, while I finished talking to Dad. It was clear they'd taken a little time to clean my girlfriend up. She looked gorgeous wearing my t-shirt. Her hair was brushed back, a little makeup on, her perky nipples pushing through the thin material of her shirt. She was barefoot, and her legs were perfect.

Mom looked almost as good, tight shorts accentuating her amazing ass, a simple tight shirt showing she was going braless as well. Mom's beautiful, but the way Penny was almost dressed? Sexy as hell.

Dad called Mom and over, and she sat on his lap, cuddling up to him. I smiled and patted my own legs. Penny curled up in my lap, leaning her head on my shoulder.

Dad pulled Mom's head down for a long kiss, then leaned back, looking at me and my girl.

"Kiss me, Penny." I said softly.

"Here, now?

"Now. Like you mean it."

She brought her lips down to mine, tentatively at first, then more passionately. Her legs unfolded, stretching out, and I slid one devilish hand between her thighs, teasing her. I felt the material of Mom's panties, curious as to which they were. While our tongues dueled, I eased the bottom of the t-shirt back to her hips, and opened her legs a bit, giving my parents a teasing view.

Penny moaned in my mouth, moving her lips to my neck, nibbling on my ear, while I gently rubbed her between the legs, teasing.

"They can see," she whispered nervously.

"Of course," I told her, biting on her ear lobe and giving it a tug. "Can you imagine what it's doing to Dad, seeing you in Mom's panties?"

"Oh, God! Jeremy..." she moaned.

I closed her legs, straightening out her shirt, and pulled her back for a quick little kiss, hugging her. "You're right Dad. I was a friggin' idiot not to be giving her all my attention."

He chuckled, his hand inside Mom's shirt. "It's part of growing up. We all make mistakes. Smart men learn from them. I'm proud of you."

Penny was blushing hard, my hand fondling her tight little butt cheeks, out of view of the parents.

"My boys ready for dinner?" Mom asked. "I imagine at least one of them has built up quite an appetite."

"Starving, Mom," I confirmed.

Penny nodded. "Me too, Alice. It smells great."

"Help me set the table?" Mom asked, climbing off Dad's lap gingerly. Dad gave her butt a squeeze, and watched her cringe. I saw the look of concern on his face. "Alice. Come here."

Mom turned backed to him. "What, dear?"

He pulled her close, reaching his hand around her bottom. "Are you alright?"

"Just fine," she said.

"Be honest with me," he said sharply.

She sighed, sitting back in his lap. "I'm a little sore. Nothing terrible."

"Was Marie here, taking care of you?" he asked.

Penny was watching the interplay as intently as I. My hands were being bad, feeling her up more than was reasonable, with the parents only a couple of paces away.

Mom blushed. "Yes. I just needed a little help getting going this morning. I'm fine now."

Dad gave her a squeeze. "I need to know these things, baby."

She nodded. "There's nothing to be concerned about. Really. I'm fine. Up for anything."

She whimpered, when Dad moved his hands between her legs. "Up for anything?"

"Always. I'll never say no to you."

"I know," he said. He eased her off his lap, helping her to her feet. He stood, pulling her into his arms, kissing her deeply, his hands gently caressing her bottom. "Feed me, woman. I'm starving."

Penny climbed off my lap, but not before I could steal another quick kiss. I got up and followed Dad to the table, where Mom and Penny were serving up the food. Lasagna, one of my favorites, and a huge mound of garlic bread.

While we stuffed our faces with one of Mom's better concoctions, Mom caught Dad up on our relationship progress, with Penny volunteering additional details when needed.

"Penny says she made a movie for us," Mom told Dad, teasingly.

"Alice!" Penny chuckled. "That's for after I'm gone, Ok?"

Mom had more cookies for us after dinner, after which Penny and I excused ourselves back to my room. "I only have a little while," she said, pulling off her shirt. "I told Mom I'd be home by 10:00." She laid back on the bed, dressed only in Mom's tiny panties.

I moved between her legs, nibbling on her through the soft material. She giggled. "This is awfully naughty, Jeremy. Wearing your Mom's panties while you're doing that."

It was. Naughty and exciting. Knowing where they'd been. I licked her crotch, tugging at the cloth with my teeth, pushing the material into her. I slid my tongue along the sides of it, teasingly, probing underneath the edge. I imagined I could taste Mom on them, wondering if they'd been clean when Penny put them on. Kind of hoping they weren't.

I pulled the crotch aside, sliding my tongue along her slit. She moaned sweetly, while I started working on her.

Once I had her squirming for me. I turned her over, lifting her butt up nice and high, pulled the panties to the side, and got back to work, teasing and playing with her, licking and nibbling. It was fun, she was fun, and I couldn't get enough of her, moving her around, doing my best to pleasure her as thoroughly as possible.

She was still very vocal, crying out loudly when she came. I was bringing her to her third big orgasm, when I saw Mom open the door carefully. She pushed it wide, winking at me, then walked away. I went after my sweet toy aggressively determined to get her off big. She was moaning and whimpering, twisting under my ministrations.

I could feel her trembling, once again on edge, hanging there eternally, gasping and crying, begging me to finish her. I held her down, fingering her, sucking on her clit, teasing her butt-hole.

"Fuck," she groaned, her body tense, her thigh muscles turning to stone. "FUUUUCK!" she screamed, exploding for me, trembling uncontrollably, her fingers in my hair pulling hard. She kept coming for me, relaxing for only a moment, then going off again, her legs clamping down on my head. "JEREMY!" she cried out, her body arching, so beautiful in that moment.

I licked her gently, rubbing her softly, soothing her, bringing her back down. She was gasping, breathing hard, her body still shivering. "Jesus," she groaned, her hands caressing my head. "That was crazy."

Penny climbed on top of me, kissing me hard. "Why the fuck did we wait this long?" she asked.

I hugged her. "I'll have to plead stupidity."

"God, we have so much catching up to do," she said, sliding down my body, taking my cock in her hand. "Remind me to thank your Mom and Dad," she said, before taking me in her mouth.

"I think your little video will be quite a nice thank you."

She smiled for me, my cock deep in her mouth, the corners turning upward sweetly.

"We're going to have to do this a lot more," I told her, brushing her hair back for a better view.

Her only answer was to struggle to take me deeper, gagging, until I felt my cock slide into her throat for the first time. She looked up at me, as she pushed her head forward, her nose pressing into my pubes.

She slid back and forth a few times, before pulling off completely. She was grinning hugely. "Yeehaa! I knew I could do it!"

"Fucking amazing, beautiful," I told her.

She sucked me hard, teasing me. "Still think it's going to take twenty years to catch up?"

"Hell if I know. I don't have all that much experience here either, and watching Mom doesn't compare to feeling this. All I can say is that you're incredible. The best, Penny."

"It's only gonna get better. Now give me my present. I've earned it." She slid me back into her mouth, working on me, her hand stroking in tandem with her hot, teasing mouth.

I watched her, getting closer, eager to fill her mouth one more time. She was so pretty, so willing, so eager. I couldn't believe how lucky I was to have found her.

I saw some movement and looked up. Mom and Dad were both peeking in the doorway. Mom saw me looking and put her fingers up to her lips, shushing me. Dad gave me a thumbs up. They had a hell of a view, my pretty girlfriend almost naked on her knees, her butt pointed at the doorway, clad in Mom's sexy panties, while she went down on me.

Dad grabbed Mom's head, and pulled it down to his waist. She opened his pants and pulled his hard cock out, sucking him. She turned her head, her eyes glancing over at us, while she blew him.

"Jesus," I gasped. I tried to hold back. Fought it with my heart and soul. I thought I stood a chance, until I looked up again and saw Dad pressing Mom's head into his waist, his entire cock down her throat. Penny chose that moment to once more confirm she could do the same. It was too much. "I'm about to come," I warned everyone. Penny looked up at me, taking the head of my cock in her mouth, while she stroked me rapidly.

I groaned, letting the feeling roll across me, as I stopped resisting and fired off inside Penny's hot little mouth. She stroked me, milking me, while she sucked me dry. When I finished coming, she grinned and opened her mouth, showing me her prize, before swallowing. I looked up and saw the doorway was empty, and the door almost closed.

Penny climbed up the bed and gave me a tangy kiss. "I do have to go. I'm already late."

"This has been wonderful," I told her.

She climbed off the bed, pulling up Mom's panties, before she finished dressing. I grabbed a pair of shorts and a shirt, getting presentable. "I'll walk you home."

She gave me a hug. "Thanks. It has been fun, hasn't it?"

I squeezed her back. "Beyond fun. Incredible."

She grinned. "For me too."

I walked her the few blocks home, giving her a kiss on the doorstep. "See you tomorrow?" I asked.

She grinned. "If you want."

"I'll give you a call. I definitely want to."

She kissed me again. "I bet you do. More practice?"

"More time with my amazing girlfriend, who, like an idiot, I've been neglecting far too much this summer."

"I'll be expecting that call." She gave me a last peck, before heading into her house, twenty minutes late. I hope her parents wouldn't be too irritated.

At home, Mom and Dad were waiting for me in the living room. Mom was wearing a teasing little nothing of a nightgown. She ran to me, giving me a big hug. "Spill, baby boy."

I laughed. I pulled my phone out of my pocket, cuing up the video. "This is for you and Dad," I told her.

Mom took it and ran to Dad, planting herself in his lap. I watched her start the video, and heard Penny's voice, getting louder as Mom turned up the volume. "Hope you enjoy the show," I heard her say.

I got up and went to the garage, returning with a couple of beers, since it looked like Dad was dry. I opened his, passing it to him, peeking over Mom's shoulder. I was torn between checking out the video, and Mom's cleavage.

"Talented," I heard Mom say, chuckling.

"Damn, son, she's a keeper," Dad said.

I put my arm around Mom, giving her a squeeze, watching the video with them. Damn she looked good, my cock filling her young mouth. Mom and Dad didn't comment much on the first viewing, watching

Penny give her best, and obviously enjoying what she was doing. I heard both my parent's breathing speed up. Mom's nipples were hard. I could only imagine how hard Dad was.

"Hey Mom and Dad, he's about to blow," we heard her announce. I watched her bring me to the edge, the camera shot getting wobbly when I climbed off the bed, following her, taking a last few strokes in her mouth before bathing her face in my cum, and watching her clean herself.

"If you were here Alice, I'd let you clean them for me. I'd let you lick my whole face clean," she said to the camera.

Dad managed to tear his eyes off the video long enough to look at Mom, questioningly.

"Mom stopped by to drop off snacks and offer encouragement," I told Dad, giving Mom a peck on the cheek. "Totally hands off. I kind of told Penny that I got to watch Mom blow you last night, so she thought it would be kind of cool to let you see us together. She's a tease, isn't she?"

Dad nodded, starting the video over. "You're sure she's new to this?"

"Completely. You saw what the other picture was like. Trust me, it was easy to tell a couple of months ago. Today? Wow, like a whole new girl."

Mom was leaning into Dad. "Atmosphere, baby. No back of the car, uncomfortable, worried someone might walk in on you, awkward BJ. On a bed, relaxed, naked, in the privacy of your room; it frees her, sets her loose."

Dad gave Mom a squeeze. "Not that there's anything wrong with the occasional public BJ, with the excitement of getting caught, huh Alice?"

Mom blushed. "I'm sure I have no idea what you're talking about."

Dad grinned. "Of course you don't. Just like having an audience can't be a hell of a motivator to do your best either."

Mom giggled. "Depends on the audience."

He pulled her close for a kiss. A long passionate one. It felt odd, with me sitting on the arm of his chair, my arm around Mom's shoulder, while he kissed her like that, his free hand reaching down and fondling her bottom.

When he came up for air, I spoke, while I had the chance. "Dad, I want to get a decent video camera. Something with better lighting control and easier close-up focusing."

He grinned at me. "Do I want to know what for?"

"I think you know what for. With high-resolution, image stabilization, and better auto-focus. Wouldn't you like to see that video on a 60" screen? Without the shakes, and dark moments?"

"What's something like that cost?" he asked.

"I think around $300."

He whistled. "A lot to pay for a simple BJ video," he said.

I laughed. "Trust me Dad. It'll be worth it. How about it?"

He looked at Mom. "Family camera, right? Your Dad can use it if he feels the urge," she asked.

"Family camera. Anyone can use it."

She turned back to Dad. "I have no problem with that."

Dad nodded. "Use your Mom's credit card. Don't go crazy though." He didn't even look up from the video.

Mom was watching it as well. "Don't you love the way she keeps glancing up at him, those big blue eyes looking all innocent?"

Dad groaned, and I could see Mom was rubbing between his legs. "Alice," he murmured almost desperately.

She slid down between his legs, rubbing her face against his hardness.

Dad looked up at me. "Your Mom's going to blow me now," he said. "You're welcome to stay and watch. Pick up some pointers for your cute little girlfriend."

Mom looked up at him. "Again?" she asked nervously.

Dad stroked her hair. "I'll be gentle tonight. I promise." He lifted his hips, and Mom pulled his pants down, freeing his thick erection.

I moved to the side. "Need another beer?"

Dad smiled, while Mom licked his cock. "Sure. That would be nice."

I rushed out and grabbed two beers, returning to find Mom with most of Dad's cock down her throat. The old horn-dog was holding the video next to her face, watching both at the same time.

Mom gave us a hell of a show, and I was surprised to find Dad ready to come by the time I was about to do so on camera. "On your face," he gasped.

She leaned back, and he stood up.

"Hey Mom and Dad. He's about to blow," I heard Penny say as Mom took Dad back in her mouth. He grabbed her head and starting fucking her face roughly.

"Come for me, Jeremy. Shoot all over my face for Mom and Dad."

"Fuck," Dad groaned, pulling his cock out of her mouth and stroking it fast, while she posed for him, mouth open wide, waiting.

"Am I pretty, Jeremy? With your cum all over my face, marking me, making me yours?"

"Alice," he gasped, his hand a blur. He grunted and shot his load, splashing her face, before finishing in her mouth.

Mom took his cock in her mouth, sucking him.

"If you were here Alice, I'd let you clean them for me. I'd let you lick my whole face clean."

She leaned back, pulling off Dad's cock and showing her empty mouth. She reached up and scraped the cum off her cheek, sucking her finger clean.

Dad watched her, no longer paying attention to the video. "Would you do it, Alice? Lick her face clean?"

Mom grinned. "From his cum?" she said with a nod of her head toward me, "Or yours?"

"Either," he said, his voice catching.

"Both," Mom told him, scraping her other cheek clean and sucking her fingers. "Only if it was Ok with you."

Fuck, that was hot. "It's Ok by me," I said.

It seems like they'd almost forgotten about me. Dad looked over and laughed. "I'm sure. So what do you think? Your girlfriend have a chance to catch up to that?"

Mom was grinning, leaning in and licking Dad's cock teasingly.

"Maybe not yet, but you have to admit, she's a hell of a learner."

Dad laughed, pulling Mom's face onto his cock. "I'll give you that. She's a pretty little cocksucker, and looks eager enough to please. That's worth a lot."

Mom watched me, still sucking Dad. I was getting seriously jealous, and hard as a rock.

"I...I think I'm going to go upstairs now," I told Dad, watching Mom taking him deep. I was sitting on the couch next to them. Mom got up, pushing me back on the couch. She sat on my lap sideways, giving me a kiss.

"You didn't enjoy the show?" she asked teasingly. "Didn't learn anything?"

I adjusted her in my lap, embarrassed. "I think I'm enjoying it too much," I confessed.

She turned in my lap, facing forward, pressing her ass down into my crotch. "I thought you liked me sitting in your lap. You certainly did last time."

Dad walked over to us, standing between my feet. He pulled Mom's face forward, and she took him in her mouth. He reached out and pulled the straps on her shoulders down her arms. Her top slid down, exposing her tits. "That's much better," he said.

Mom was rubbing her ass against my cock, moaning beautifully. I held her hips, pressing against her. I slid my hands down her thighs, rubbing her legs, sliding to the inside of her thighs. Dad was grinning, watching his hot little wife, my sexy Mom, blow him.

Mom opened her legs for me, and I eased my hands higher, pressing against her panties.

"Uh-uh," Dad said, staring down at me. "Let's keep it above the waist." I was suddenly nervous. He grinned. "She's a little sore today."

I moved my hands upward, placing my hands on her breasts, watching for my Dad's reaction. He grinned at me. "Your Mom's a pretty hot number, wouldn't you say?"

I pinched her nipples, tugging on them. "The hottest woman I've ever seen."

He smiled, holding Mom's head and fucking her face aggressively. "Your not as dumb as you look."

I kissed Mom's bare shoulder, feeling her tight ass clenching around my cock. "I get my brains from the hottie. I get my looks from you."

I bit down on her neck, and she moaned around Dad's cock, her body shaking as she came for us.

"You like our boy holding you, while I fuck that sexy mouth, don't you?" Dad teased Mom.

She pulled off his cock, gasping, staring up at Dad. "I need more, Harold. I need you to fuck me," she gasped.

He grabbed her head, and stuck his cock back in her mouth. "Soon, Alice. I promise."

I was playing with her tits, squeezing them, playing with her hard nipples. Biting on her shoulders, I saw one of Dad's markings and I smiled, sucking her skin hard. My hickey was going to obliterate his.

Mom's ass was going to town against my cock. Her butt-cheeks were tensing, teasing me, squeezing my staff.

Dad held up my camera, replaying the Penny video. He turned it toward me. "We appreciate this. I appreciate it." He brushed Mom's hair aside, looking down at her. "It doesn't make up for everything, but it's a hell of a nice start."

I released Mom's skin, giving her neck a nibble. "I know Dad. I'm sorry we went behind your back."

He nodded. "I know. Coming clean helps."

"I'm going to keep making it up to you Dad. I promise."

He grinned. He pulled Mom off his cock, and slapped it against her cheek. "Kiss your boy goodnight, Alice."

Mom turned in my lap, throwing her arms around my neck. She kissed me hard and deep, her tongue exploring my mouth. "That was sweet, making that video for us. You had a good time today?"

"Jesus, Mom. It was an amazing day."

"Even after Penny left?" she asked teasing, kissing my lips softly, grinding against my stiff cock.

"Especially after she left." I looked up at Dad. "I am so fucking jealous." I squeezed Mom's tit, making her moan.

"You should be," Dad laughed. "Although Penny's a sweet little alternative."

He pulled Mom off my lap, hugging her. "This one's mine, Jeremy. I hope you can accept that."

I stood, my cock sticking out in front of me, aching. "I understand Dad."

"Good." He turned her around, facing me, reaching down and grabbing her breasts, squeezing them hard, making her groan. "I'm going to take this hot little piece upstairs and fuck her like she needs." He tugged on her nipples, and she squirmed deliciously. "Don't worry, I'll be easy on her tonight."

I grinned. "Good. Give her what she needs. Give her one for me too."

He chuckled. "You do the same with Penny."

"I will. I'm going to fuck her soon. I'll make sure to get us a nice video."

"You'd do that for us?" Mom asked.

"For Dad. Sorry Mom. He gets to choose if he'll share it with you."

She rubbed her ass against him. "That's fine. I know how to get him to share."

I laughed, bending over and kissing her. "I'm sure you do. Now go upstairs and give him a thank you for me. He deserves it. He's the best man I've ever known, too."

She gave me a hug. "I love you, Jeremy."

"Love you too, Mom. I love you both."

I turned and ran upstairs. Couldn't let Dad see me gettin' all sappy. The whole 'I love you both' was pretty much over the line as it was.

I listened to Dad make love to Mom, both our doors wide open. I stroked myself easily, imagining taking a turn on Mom myself. I heard

her cry out, and Dad's chuckle. "That one was for you, Jeremy," he called out.

I got myself off, one last time, barely hard enough to manage it. It had been a pretty intense day. I could still smell Penny on my sheets. She really was amazing. Not Mom, but hell, nobody was.

* * *

I woke with Mom's arms around me, kissing my shoulder. "Time to get up, lazybones. Daylight's burning.

I turned and found myself holding a naked Mom. She pressed her lips against mine briefly. "Breath of death," she whispered.

"Sorry. I wasn't expecting company."

She rolled back on the bed, stretching, letting me see her beautiful body. "God, Jeremy, last night was incredible."

"You two had a good time?" I teased, fondling her breast.

"The best. He was so loving, so gentle, and still, when I needed it hard, he gave it to me." She arched her back, pressing her breast into my hand. "It was all about me last night. It was wonderful."

"You deserve it, Mom."

She turned on her side, her hand on my chest, looking at me. "You don't mind that I talk to you about it?"

"I love it Mom. I'll never get enough of hearing how much you two love each other."

She smiled. "You really love your old man, don't you?"

"Of course. Almost as much as I love you."

"You never say it."

"Mom! We're men. We don't have to say it. We know."

She leaned in and kissed me warmly. "That video of Penny. I don't know if you can understand how much that meant to him. The way she sucked you, talking to us. Doing it for us. Openly sharing it with him."

"That part was her idea," I admitted.

"You owe her one." She moved against me, throwing her leg over mine, kissing me warmly. "Your Dad is very private. Much more than me. What he's doing, letting you watch us, it's not like him. We've never done anything like that. We've never been swingers or fooled around.

We're enough for each other. Sharing that video, it's intensely personal to him. He couldn't stop talking about it last night."

"This whole thing is intensely personal to me, too. I would never do this for anyone else. I wanted Dad to see those pictures of her. Nobody else."

"Is this because of the car ride?" she asked.

"Partly. What we did was so incredible." I pulled her close, hugging her. "Life altering. Doing it behind Dad's back, was the worst thing I've ever done. I'm going to make it up to him."

She pressed her lips to mine, kissing me slowly, her tongue exploring my mouth. I caressed her soft skin, reaching down for that amazing ass, letting it fill my hands, cupping it, feeling the firmness. Jesus, what an ass.

I reached lower, feeling between her legs. She stopped kissing me, and pulled my hands upward. "The rules haven't change Jeremy. I might bend them a little, letting you fondle my butt, but you can't go any further. Keep it above the waist."

"You climb into my bed naked, and tell me that?"

She glared at me. "I could leave."

I pulled her close and hugged her. "No. Please. I'll be good. I promise."

She kissed my neck. "I'm not trying to tease you, Jeremy. I just love being with you like this. If it's too much, I'll understand."

"No Mom. It's not too much. I can deal with this." I went back to fondling her sweet ass. "You guys were bad last night. Dad made you come so loudly, and then yelling out that one was for me."

She giggled. "You have no idea, Jeremy. He was so naughty. He made me act like his Mommy, and pretended it was you fucking the living daylights out of me. I had to wear a blindfold and everything. Sucking that big cock while he called me Mom, begging for it. Such a rotten bastard. He made me come so hard I thought I was going to pass out."

"Seriously? He pretended to be me?"

She giggled. "That was the one that was for you. Literally. I almost screamed your name. I had to be Penny afterward. He came in my mouth so damn fast. I even cried when he took my virginity."

"Mom! Really?"

She wriggled against me, nibbling my shoulder. "What did you expect, after that video?"

"I don't know. Not that!"

She sat up, pressing her naked crotch against my hardness, grinding against me. "Please, Mr. Davis, we really shouldn't," she said in a little girl's voice. "Ok, just the tip, for a second...No, Jeremy will never know. I won't tell I promise." She rose up, holding my cock against her, rubbing it between her wet pussy lips. "Oh, God! It's too big," she whined, pushing it against her opening. "So big," she gasped, pressing it inside. "It's stretching me too much. I can't. We have to stop."

She grabbed my hands, and put it on her hips, then started wiggling. "No, Mr. Davis. We can't. That's enough. I can't take any more," she begged in that high-pitched teasing tone, meant to imitate my girlfriend. "Yes, I promised, but I didn't know," she whined. "No! Please, don't make me take it all. It's impossible. You're so huge. Not my first time!"

She settled down onto my cock about halfway, groaning. "Stop. You have to stop. It's tearing me open. Please. I...I'll blow you. I'll suck you so good. Even better than her. We have to stop. At least let me get used to it."

She had her hands covering mine, still on her hips. Moaning, while she rose up and down on the last few inches of my cock. "It hurts too much. We have to stop. No more!" she cried out, sinking a little further. "God, Mr. Davis, you're killing me. Please stop. Please. We can do something else, anything else. Whatever you want. Please." She leaned over pressing her head against my shoulder, fucking herself with most of my cock.

"Yes, it still hurts. Too much," she whined softly. "Oh FUCK," she groaned. "Stop! You're really hurting me. You're way too thick. Let me suck you, Mr. Davis." She paused, about half-way down my length. "Mrs. Davis?...Yes, she's pretty...Uh-huh, very pretty and sexy. Of course I'd kiss her for you." She slowly slid off my cock, sighing. "Oh God! Thank you." She hesitated at the tip, driving me crazy. "Down there? Kiss her down there? Oh, no! I couldn't."

She slammed down on my cock, crying out loudly. "Ow! No more! I'll do it. I will. I promise. Whatever you want. Whenever you want. You just have to stop."

She started pounding down on my cock, screaming. "No! You promised! You're destroying me! Don't! Don't come in me! I'm not on the pill. I'll get pregnant! You have to stop."

She sighed, groaning, "So big. You fill me up so much." She got quiet, riding me slowly, taking my whole length. I moved with her, thrusting into her, listening to the whimpers and soft moans. "A...little better," she murmured, kissing my chest. She had stopped her own moving, letting me pound into her. "No, it's Ok, a little longer, but you can't come in me." Mom pushed my hips down, riding me gently. "Yes, that's better. It still hurts a little. Oh, God! Not so deep, please, it hurts at the end. Yes, like that, that's better. Much better, thank you." She gasped, grinding against me. "Do you like that, Mr. Davis? Being my first? Stretching out my poor virgin pussy to fit your huge cock?"

It was too much, Mom fucking me like that, pretending to be Penny. "I'm going to come," I warned her through clenched teeth.

"No, Mr. Davis! Not inside of me. I'm not on the pill, and it's the worst time of the month. You can't!" She rode me fast and hard, grinning, driving me crazy. "Please, in my mouth. You can come in my mouth. Just don't fill my poor virgin pussy with your nasty cum." Mom was breathing hard, digging her fingers into my flesh. "God, yes...Alright? Yes, I want your cum. Your nasty hot burning cum all the way up inside of me, making me pregnant. Give it to me, Mr. Davis. Gimme."

I grabbed Mom's hips and slammed into her, filling her just as she'd begged. I don't know if her orgasm was real or part of her game, but it was huge. "FUCK!" she screamed, slamming her hips down and grinding against me.

She laid down on me, settling all the way down. "You were so mean, Mr. Davis," she said softly kissing my chin. "You said just the tip. That was a huge tip! What if I get pregnant?...You'll keep me? Promise?" She kissed my lips. "Again? What if they come home?...You will? You'll make her lick me? Ok, one more time. But that's it. You promise, right?...Mmm. Good. Thank you Mr. Davis. Can I call you Daddy?...Yes, thank you Daddy. Fill up my poor little pussy again. Give me your baby, Daddy."

She rose up on her hands, looking down at me with a wicked grin. Mom was back. "That one doesn't count, you understand. That was naughty little Penny, not your sweet Mom. Right Jeremy? It didn't happen."

I pulled her down and kissed her. "Of course Mom. You'd never do anything so evil." I thrust up into her, still hard.

She smacked me on the chest. "Enough. You know our rules. That's not allowed." She lifted up off of me, my cum draining out of her messily. She turned sideways, licking up the pooling mess. "One moment, Ok, while I clean up poor Penny's face." She licked me for more than a minute, sucking me clean, even going down on me for a while.

She finally sat up blushing, and laid down next to me, quiet.

"Good thing Mom wasn't here," I said softly. "Just me and my naughty girlfriend, playing."

She gave me a squeeze. "I'm sorry, Jeremy. That was wrong of me. Can we pretend that didn't happen? I'll never be able to explain it to your father."

"Mom, nothing happened. You told me a naughty story. That's all. I'm not going to do anything with you behind Dad's back."

She hugged me tightly, almost painfully. "Win me, Jeremy. You can win me from him, I know. I don't know how, but he'll share me with you if you do. Win Mommy, baby."

"I will Mom. I promise. I'll figure out a way."

She kissed me softly, making a face. "Clean up, and brush your teeth, whatever you do. I'll get your breakfast for you."

She climbed out of my bed, so beautiful, my cum running down the inside of her thighs. She turned at the door, watching me as I got out of the bed. "I love you, Jeremy," she said softly.

"I love you more, Mom. You'll see."

* * *

I made the call to Penny, and she agreed to go shopping with me. I wanted her there when I bought the camera.

We had a great time, and I found it so comfortable to be with her, holding her when I wanted, giving her the occasional kiss. Patting her bottom. We didn't talk much about the previous day. The future was what mattered at the moment.

I took her to look over the cameras, and she was definitely curious. "Do I want to know what that's for?" she asked.

I grinned teasingly. "You know what it's for."

She blushed. "I didn't say there was going to be another one."

I turned and kissed her hard, surprising her. "You're last one was Academy Award winning. You were an enormous hit."

She leaned her head into my shoulder, "Not here, Jeremy. Please. Don't embarrass me."

"Of course not. Help me pick out the best one. I want image stabilization so the picture isn't so shaky, and easy to use zoom and close-up, and really good auto focus."

We played with the cameras, taking practice pictures. She was getting into it, teasing me. We eventually found the one we both liked best. It was almost $400, a bit more than I'd told Dad. I was willing to pay for the difference if needed.

I broke out the camera and filmed her eating lunch. She was shy at first, then started teasing me, playing with her food, sliding her fries between her lips, licking them, moaning in pleasure.

"Jesus, Penny. You keep that up, and I'm going to have to do you in here."

"They really liked the video?" she asked, grinning shyly.

"Holy shit. I had no idea." I leaned forward, my voice little more than a whisper. "After they watched it the first time, Dad made Mom blow him while he watched. He held the picture right next to her head, and at the end, he came all over her face, just like in the video."

She was clearly excited, squirming in her chair. "You watched them?"

"Oh yeah. That bit, when you told Mom you'd let her lick your face clean? I swear it almost gave him a heart attack."

"Twenty years to catch up?" she asked, grinning slyly.

"I told them it wouldn't take twenty days. Dad's still not completely convinced. Not that you're anything less than spectacular, but Mom's just that good."

"Jesus, Jeremy! How good is she?"

I shrugged. "Looks pretty damn good. Dad's the expert."

She pushed her tray away. "Things are good between us now, aren't they? Better than ever. I know you feel it, too."

I nodded. "Everything feels so right, being with you. Wandering around with you, no weirdness, no uncertainty. It's wonderful."

She grinned. "I know, right? I'm happy now. Really happy. Thank you."

We dumped our trays, and I took her in my arms. "Forgive me for being so stupid for so long?"

She kissed me softly. "If you'll forgive me."

"Done. I love you, Penny."

Her eyes opened wide. "Oh, Jeremy. I love you too. So much."

I held her for a long time. She finally pulled away. "You're going to make me late again. I told Mom I'd be home by 2:00, we have an appointment."

"Can I see you later?"

"I'll be over as soon as I can. Probably around 6:00. Dinner?"

I nodded. "And dessert."

* * *

I dropped her off at her door, getting a nice long kiss before she left. "I love you," she whispered softly.

I was surprised at myself for saying it first. I didn't love her like Mom, or even like Aunt Marie. What I felt for her was different than anything

else I'd ever felt before. It was good, and real, and if it wasn't love, it was as close as I'd ever been.

Which made me feel just a little bit guilty when I grabbed my phone.

"Aunt Marie? Would it be Ok if I came over for a while?"

"Give me about twenty minutes, alright handsome?"

* * *

Aunt Marie answered the door wearing the sexiest thing I'd ever seen. Lacy and transparent, it barely covered her at all, and what it did cover was more accentuated than hidden.

I took her in my arms and kissed her. She was so damn hot, those big tits of hers begging for attention.

"The afternoon is ours, sugar," Aunt Marie said. "Come play."

I followed her into her bedroom. I'd been there many times before, but never like this. It took on a whole different meaning. The huge 4 poster king size bed. The dresser mirror and closet mirrors both visible from the bed. The thickly padded pillow top mattress, beautiful bedspread, turned down on one side, the smooth satin sheets. I got hard just thinking about it.

Aunt Marie took my bag from my hand and put it on the bed-stand. She started unbuttoning my shirt. "Rules?"

I nodded. "The same. For a little longer."

She kissed my chest, pulling the shirt off, and dropped to her knees, opening my pants. "We could bend them a little. Nobody would have to know," she said softly.

I ran my fingers through her hair. "Like you wouldn't tell Mom," I said.

"Not if you don't want me to," she answered, pulling my pants down to my ankles and helping me step out of them.

"I wish I could believe that," I said.

She slid my boxers down, freeing my hard cock. She took it in her hand, and stroked me once, then took the head in her mouth for a quick, easy suck. "I can keep a secret, Jeremy. I can. Ask your Dad."

Ask Dad? Shit.

I pulled her to her feet, and hugged her again. I tilted her chin up and kissed her softly. "I love you so much, Aunt Marie."

"I love you, Jeremy. As much as I've ever loved anyone."

I opened up the bed, and pulled her in with me. "Tell me about you and Mom. Everything."

She tensed up, suddenly nervous. "What did she say?"

"A lot. Everything about your past. I want to hear it from you."

She bowed her head. "I can't, Jeremy. Please don't ask me."

"Why?"

She heaved a huge sigh, leaning against me. "I'm ashamed."

"I love you. You know that. I know what you've done. Now I want to know how we're going to make it better. Once and for all."

She pulled out of my arms, lying back on the bed, her hands covering her face. "I don't know if we can. I wish we could. I do."

"We can, and we will. I'll help. I'll do everything I can. So will Dad. First, you need to tell me everything."

She turned to me, cuddling in. "Can't we just have our fun?"

"I don't want fun. I want you. All of you. All the time. That's not going to happen until we work out things between you and Mom."

"If we could work things out?"

"You'll be mine."

I listened to my aunt tell her side. About her jealousy. Pretty Alice, perfect Alice, Daddy's pet, who could do no wrong. Good grades, never in trouble, so impossible to be compared to, which her parents did all the time. Why couldn't she be more like Alice? Why couldn't she work harder in school? Why couldn't she do what she was told? Keep her room clean. Dress proper. Be on time. Stay out of trouble. Get better friends. Like perfect Alice.

Aunt Marie rebelled. Fooled around. Stayed out late. Did drugs. Skipped school. Got drunk. Dressed like a slut. Bad Marie, slutty Marie, stupid Marie, she'd heard it all the time.

She did her best to live up to it.

Taking Mom's boyfriends was so easy. Mom didn't put out. Marie would give them one look at her tits, drag them off to her room and fuck them. Didn't matter if her parents were in the house. She once stole Mom's boyfriend while her sister was making dinner.

She didn't want them. Didn't even keep them for long. Just long enough to rub Mom's nose in it.

"Why?" I had to ask. "It wasn't her fault."

"I know that now. Then, she just pissed me off. Why couldn't she screw up just once? Get suspended. Bring home a B. Stay out past curfew. At least get high or drunk. Something. Even the few things she did wrong, she got away with. It wasn't fair."

"She wrecked Mom's car you know? Ran a red light. Had to go to the hospital. Everyone was so worried about her. Treated her like a princess. I backed into a pole and had my driving privileges taken away for a month. God, sometimes I hated her."

"Daddy's little girl. In his eyes she was perfect. She played him. Even at 18 years old, she still sat on his lap all the time, watching TV, reading a book. He'd hold her. Kiss her goodnight. When I tried to hug him he'd shrug me off. If I sat in his lap, he'd put up with it for a few minutes, then tell me I was too heavy. Mom would get mad at me. I figured it out later. He got hard when he held me. Not sweet innocent Alice, at least not that I could tell."

She looked in my eyes. "They didn't love me. Just the Princess. Jenny later, of course, the cute little baby. I was the problem child, and they had very little patience for a sad, confused, teenager."

I held her in my arms. She sounded so sad, like it was still hurting her. "Their loss. You're a wonderful, loving, generous person, and I'll challenge anyone to say different."

She lay in my arms, trembling, thinking back to the bad days. Broke my heart. Happy, cheerful, loving Aunt Marie, an unloved, sad and confused, troubled teen. I couldn't reconcile the two images.

I sat up and started taking off her outfit. "Let's get this off you. It's a shame to cover up any part of your amazing body."

She giggled. "That's all I had, you know. The only place where I could one-up her. The boys always loved my body. All of them." I had her outfit off and pulled her into my arms.

"I can see why. Pretty damned spectacular. Best tits in the world."

She gave me a squeeze. "You should have seen them twenty years ago, sweetie. Back then they were really spectacular. Irresistible. To everyone. Except your Dad."

"He thinks they're amazing. The best ever. Told me so himself."

She looked up at me. "Really? I know he likes them. I see him looking at me."

"Told me how jealous he was that I got to do what we did. How he'd love to trade places with me, if not for Mom."

"How much does he know?" she asked nervously.

"Everything."

"She would tell him," Aunt Marie said, irritation creeping into her voice.

"I told him everything. Every little detail. What these tits are like. How you came for me. All about coming in your mouth that first time. What it was like to hold you, play with you, kiss you."

She buried her head in my shoulder. "Jeremy, how could you?"

"He wanted me to be with you. He made sure you got to sit in my lap. He hit every damn bump in the road, so we'd get to have fun. He would have let me ride with you the whole way home, if Colin hadn't gotten so damn frisky with Mom."

"Really? He wanted me to be with you?"

"That's what he said. That, and he wished he could trade places with me."

"I didn't think he liked me very much."

"He loves you. Like I love you. But he loves Mom, and knows what it would do to her, the way things are now. That's why we're going to fix things. And then I'm going to give you to him."

"He won't," she said nervously.

"He will. With Mom's blessing by the time I'm done."

"Do you honestly think so?"

"Tell me about you and him. That first time."

She was fondling my cock, getting me hard. "He wasn't like the others. Older, confident, manly, so God damn handsome. Better than she deserved. Yes, I wanted him the moment I saw him. I wanted to take him from her and keep him. Not like the others. I loved your father the first time I laid eyes on him."

"I did what I could. Rubbed against him, showed him my tits, even climbed into the shower with him. He didn't know it was me at first, calling me Alice, and telling me we shouldn't. I was behind him and reached around, grabbed that huge cock of his and started stroking him, rubbing my tits against his back, kissing him. He groaned and leaned against the wall, letting me jack him off."

My aunt was stroking me, looking down at my cock. "God, you're so much like him back then. It's uncanny." She leaned down and sucked me once. "I should have done that to him. I should have sucked him off. I didn't do that in those days. Never. Tits and pussy were enough. Or so I thought."

She climbed on top of me, kissing me softly. "I should have finished him. Instead I turned him around and pulled him down for a kiss, grabbing his hands and putting them on my tits. I was convinced that was all he needed. Get a hold of these babies, and he'd be mine."

Aunt Marie sat up, holding her tits out for me. "Irresistible, right? He resisted. He pushed me away. He was gentle about it, I'll give him that. 'No,' he said firmly. I hugged him, grabbing his cock stroking it. He groaned for me. 'We can't. She's your sister,' he told me."

"'We can,' I told him. 'Anything you want. Right now if you want. You can fuck me now and all night long,' I said. I almost had him. I was so close. He pushed me down to my knees. I knew what he wanted. But I didn't do that. I stroked his cock, rubbing my tits against his legs. 'Fuck me', I pleaded."

She leaned over, her tits hanging down and brushing against my chest. "We were that close," she said. "I was stroking him, and he was staring at me with those hungry eyes of his. 'Suck me,' he said. I was a fucking idiot. 'I don't do that,' I told him. He glared at me. He grabbed me by the hair, tilting my head back. He took that big dick in his hand, stroking it rapidly, and grunted, coming all over my face, slapping my cheeks with it when he was done, rubbing the head of his cocks against my lips. 'Alice does,' he said. He lifted me to my feet, and turned me to

face the shower-head, rinsing his hot cum off of me, while squeezing my tits. Then he pushed me out of the shower, naked. 'Don't do that again,' he told me. God, Jeremy, I was so embarrassed. I wanted him more than ever after that. I wanted him to stick his cock in my mouth and make me suck him. I needed him to use me. Instead I lost him."

She laid down on me again, grinding her crotch against my hardness. "Fucker went and told her I came onto him, got in the shower with him. He didn't mention asking me to suck him, or coming on my face, did he? No mention of playing with my tits. See, I can keep a secret. Twenty years now, you're the only person I ever told."

She sighed. "I didn't try again. I let her have him. I've never made a move on him in all this time."

"You still love Dad, don't you?"

She nodded. "I always have. Everything I always wanted in a man, and never got. It's not fair, Jeremy."

"What would you do with him, if Mom said it was Ok?"

She kissed my neck softly. "Everything. Anything he wanted. All the same things I'd do with you, if we could. If you wanted."

I held her head, kissing her lips gently. "Do you think I don't want you?"

"Not enough, I guess. You could be having your way with me right now, doing anything you wanted. Things I've never done with anybody else."

"Aunt Marie, I love you, but you don't think things out. We could do it now, do everything. I'd love that. Sooner or later Mom would find out. Probably Colin and Dad too. It would be over, ruined, forever."

I kissed her again, slower, deeper, fondling her soft body. "Or...we could be smart about it, win over Mom and Dad, and do everything we want, with everyone we want, for as long as we want, all of us happy for ever. Which do you want?"

"Do you think it's possible? Really?" she asked hesitantly.

"I do. How much are you willing to do to make it work out?"

"Anything Jeremy. I swear. Whatever it takes."

"I'm going to hold you to that." I eased her off of me, and passed her that sexy little teddy. "Put it back on. Time to start."

She looked at me confused, sliding the outfit back over her head. "Start how?"

I opened the bag I'd brought, and pulled out my camera. "Time for you and me to make a movie. A special movie for Dad's eyes only. You're going to tell him all the things you would do for him if you could, and enlist his help in making it come true."

"If Alice saw that, she'd kill all of us."

"No. When she sees it, she'll understand. Now get between my legs and pretend I'm him. Tell him what you want, how long you've wanted him, what you'll do for him, given a chance. And beg for his help."

I expected a little push-back, not complete capitulation. She got on her knees, facing the mirror, and shook out her hair. She adjusted her sexy nothing of an outfit, and moved between my legs. I was semi-hard, but suspected she'd be able to fix that easy enough.

"Ready?" she asked, sitting up. "Camera up here to start, Ok?"

"Ready." I hit the record button. "Recording," I whispered, framing her pretty face in the display.

"Harold? It's me. I think I owe you an apology. More than one, actually," she brushed her hair back. "Twenty years ago. I was bad. I tried to steal you away from Alice. I did. I had done it before, and I was confident I could do it again. But you were different. I knew it the first time I saw you. Different in every way. Not like those boys. Different with her, too. I wasn't ready for someone like you."

I zoomed the image out, showing more than her face, bringing her amazing tits into the viewfinder.

"Touching you in the shower, feeling you, I can't forget it. How you were, your hardness in my palm." She moved lower, taking my cock in her hand, stroking it. I made sure the camera got all of it. "Pressing my body against your smooth, slippery skin, feeling how hard you got, so quickly. So big in my hand." She looked down at my cock, firming up for her. "I'd never had one so big. I wanted it. I wanted it in me, stretching me. I don't think I ever wanted anything so bad. It's true, at first I just wanted to take you from Alice. I hadn't known you for more than a couple of hours before I knew it was more than that. I wanted you more than I'd ever wanted anyone."

She sat up and removed her top, holding her tits for the camera, before going back to stroking me. Damn, she was hot. "I only knew one way to get boys. Flash 'em the tits, and fuck 'em. I threw myself at you, and for a moment I thought I had you, the way you looked at me. You pushed me to my knees, telling me to suck you. I didn't, and I lost you."

She lowered her head to my cock, kissing it. "I wish I'd done differently. I wish I'd taken that big fat cock of yours and wrapped my lips around it. I'd do it over if I could. I would do whatever you asked. Anything you wanted. I let the best man I ever met slip through my fingers because I was a stupid, immature, scared little girl. This is what I wish I had done."

Aunt Marie licked me slowly, staring into the camera. She kissed the head, moaning softly as she took me in her mouth, teasing me with her tongue, while sucking the last few inches of my cock. She stroked me,

tenderly. She had never been like this before. She was making love to my cock, gently, adoringly. This was a different Aunt Marie. Dad's Marie. If he wanted her.

I let her have her way, slowly driving me crazy. I focused on her mouth, sliding up and down my shaft, leaving a slick sheen behind as she pulled upward. She dragged her teeth against my skin, giving me shivers, scraped with her fingernails, teasing with her tongue.

"I'd beg you to come for me, Harold. Come in my mouth. You could have been my first. Should have been my first. Filled my mouth with your delicious cream. I wanted that so badly. I still do." She sucked me hard, popping her head off noisily. "Come for me, Harold? Let me taste you?"

She went back to sucking faster, her hand moving quickly, desperate for my seed. She looked up at the camera, her eyes pleading. I was hardening in her mouth, coming close, and she responding by moaning for me. She had a wonderful rhythm going, maybe a dozen strokes of her head, before pressing me to the back of her throat, holding me there for a few seconds. She would pull off, lick my length and do it again. She was driving me crazy.

"Yes," she moaned, stroking me, holding the head at the edge of her mouth, moments before I came. I groaned, shooting hard, rope after rope into that teasing warm opening. She sucked me gently, until I stopped, then pulled the head away, showing a mouth full of my cum. She moved her tongue around, then tilted her head back and swallowed. Opening her mouth again, you could see she'd finished most of it. She smiled, taking my cock in her mouth, and pulling it out,

messy with my cum. She sucked it back in cleaning it, and when she opened her mouth again, it was empty.

"I would do that for you if I could. As often as you wanted. Not for anyone else but you and your boy. But for you, Harold, anything." She got up and straddled me, holding her tits out. "These would be yours. Completely. Kiss them, lick them, suck them, fuck them. Whatever you want. Love them or abuse them, I wouldn't complain. She scooted forward before leaning back and spreading her legs.

"This would be yours, Harold. My hot little pussy. Trust me when I say it's hot. I may not suck as good as Alice, but you'd love this. It's as magical as her lips. And it would be all yours, if I was allowed." She rubbed it, spreading the lips, showing off her clit. "You could fuck me all you want. Like my sister, I'd never say no."

Aunt Marie rolled over, getting on her knees, tilting her butt back to the camera. "I know it's not as nice as Alice's, but it's yours if you want. I'm a virgin back here. Your virgin. If I was allowed, I'd beg you to fuck my dirty little ass, drill it until I screamed. Teach me what I've been missing all these years." She pressed a finger against her opening, groaning as it slowly sank in. "That's it. The most that ever has gone in there. It would frighten me, but I'd take your big fat juicy prick and take it to the root. I'd scream and cry, and suffer for you. I'd beg you to fill my ass over and over again, until I couldn't take any more. If only I was allowed."

She rolled back over and climbed back between my legs, stroking me again. "I'd be yours Harold. However you wanted me. Twenty years I've behaved, ever since you turned me away. I've loved you and

wanted you from that moment. Twenty years, and I've never hit on you, as bad as I wanted to. I love my sister, and I wouldn't hurt her. I will never cheat on her with you. Never. But if she would let me, I would be whatever you wanted. Anything the two of you would let me. I will do anything, I swear, to be a bigger part of your life."

She sucked my cock, rubbing her face against it. "I love your son, you know that. I've never hidden it. I adore him. So much like you. I know Alice thinks I was trying to take him, but nothing could be further from the truth. I know I couldn't. I wouldn't even try. I only want to share him, share both of you with her."

She looked up at the camera, her eyes glistening. "Please, Harold. Help me. I want to make everything better between me and Alice. I'll do anything to regain her trust. Let her know I've been good, all these years. And that I wouldn't betray her. Help me, Harold. Nobody but you has ever been able to influence her. Let me in. Let me part of your lives. Let me share your bed. Your love. I promise you, I'll never make you regret it, and I'll be whatever you need, whatever you want. Totally yours. Your family's love toy."

She sucked me sweetly, eyes closed, lovingly. She looked up. "Everyone thinks I'm a strong woman. I'm not. I need a strong man. Someone to take care of me, and use me hard. Discipline me when I need it. Reward me when I'm good. I'm not too proud to beg. Be that man for me Harold. Help me with Sissy, so I can be your little slut. Please, I'm begging. There's nobody like you. I know that. Make me yours." She went back to sucking my cock.

After several more seconds, she lifted up. "Cut." She grinned. "What do you think?"

"I think that was amazing. Soon, very soon, you'll be lying on me, my cock buried in that magical pussy of yours that I've been dreaming of, and Dad will be fucking your virgin ass. With Mom's blessing."

"God, I hope you're right."

"I am. Ready for video number two?"

"Two?" she asked.

"Where you convince Mom. This is going to be a lot harder."

Harder, and more complicated. We went through three different versions before we thought we had it right, and then redid the last one until we were both happy.

Happy might not be the right word. Exposing your soul like she did was painful, and she was crying in my arms. I held her gently, rocking her, reminding her how much I loved her. I rolled her onto her back, my erection pressed against her. I reached down and rubbed my cock-head against her pussy lips, opening her.

"I'd bend the rules for you, Aunt Marie, if you want."

She shook her head. "God, Jeremy. I want it so bad, but I can't. Not after that. I couldn't betray her like that."

I smiled. "Right answer. I'm going to let her know. I'll tell her I tried, and you said no. It should help."

She looked at me angrily. "Were you testing me?"

"Of course. I love you, but I had to know. I'm going to enjoy having you around the house, my willing little play toy. Of course we're going to have to figure out what to do with Colin."

She smiled at me, pulling me down for a kiss. "You'll figure it out. You're the smartest of all of us. I know you can do it. I trust you."

I got up, sitting next to her, caressing that amazing body. "I have to go. I'm going to set things in motion. It might get ugly, but I don't think so. We have to try. I know that much."

"I'm here whenever you need me."

"I need you all the time, Aunt Marie. Time for me to go make sure I can have you. Wish me luck."

"Good luck, sugar. I love you."

"I know. You might want to start practicing opening up that rear passageway of yours. Dad's going to be using it hard, pretty soon."

She grinned. "I'll see what I can do. Are you going to use it too?"

"All the time. Dad and I are going to tag team your ass until you pass out. Probably a good bit longer. Get ready for us."

She nodded. "I'm going to go shopping now. I think I need some new toys. Let me know how it goes. Don't leave me in the dark."

"Of course."

Laying Penny

I had spent much longer with Aunt Marie than I'd planned. It was almost 6:00 pm. No surprise then, when I got home to find Mom and Penny sitting on the couch, drinking wine, and talking quietly.

"My two favorite women," I announced. "What's going on?"

"Girl talk," Mom said, rather abruptly as if I was interfering.

I was a little taken aback by her tone. "I'm sorry. Am I interrupting? I can make myself scarce."

Penny shook her head. "No not at all. I've missed you." Mom got up and walked to the kitchen. She definitely looked out of sorts.

I went over and gave Penny a hug and a kiss. "I missed you too, gorgeous. Mom's not bothering you too much I hope."

She shook her head, and I could swear I saw tears in her eyes. "Impossible. She's the best."

I sat down next to her. "Is something wrong?"

She shook her head. I looked up and Mom was walking over, phone in hand. She sat down on my lap, putting an arm around my neck and

kissing me on the cheek. "No baby. It's going to be fine." She turned to the phone, and I caught her side of a strange conversation.

"Colleen? Alice here"

"I know, it's been ages. Too long. That's why I'm calling."

"Not on the phone. Could you come over? It's important."

"Yes, it's about Penny. There's nothing wrong. Just the opposite. It really is very important though."

"Ok, see you in a few."

It was weird, holding Mom in my lap, while she talked with my girlfriend's mother on the phone. I'm assuming it was Penny's mother, I didn't know any other Colleens.

Mom gave a little wiggle, settling between my thighs. "Someone smells like Marie," she said accusingly.

"It's not what you think, Mom. I promise, I'll explain it all later. You know I don't keep anything from you anymore."

She didn't seem happy, but she didn't pursue it. "Penny's a little nervous."

Penny spoke up. "He doesn't know yet."

Mom stopped. "I'm so sorry, honey. Should I leave you two alone?"

Penny shook her head. She turned to me. "I thought tonight could be our first time," she said softly. She scooted over closer, cuddling up to me. Still weird, Mom on my lap and all. Especially since Mom was wearing such loose shorts, and my hand was inside her panties, massaging her butt cheek.

"She's a little nervous, and she has very right to be," Mom said. "I know better than most. My first time was with someone as big as you."

I leaned over and gave Penny a kiss. "It doesn't have to be tonight," I said.

"I want to. I'm a little scared that's all. You're really large, you know? I'm not. Not down there." Penny answered.

Mom took Penny's hands in hers. "You'll be fine. A little warm-up, lots of lube, a gentle, patient partner, and everything will be fine." She leaned over, pressing her forehead against Penny's. "I'm so excited for you. It's such a big day. You'll remember this for the rest of your life. Let's make it perfect."

I had to chuckle. "How about me, Mom? Big day for me too."

She gave me a poke. "Not the same. Trust me. It'll be a great night for you, I know. Hell, look who you get to have for your first! Still, you're a boy. You couldn't understand."

Penny squeezed Mom's hands. "Are you sure about my Mom?" she asked nervously.

"As sure as I am about anything. She's going to appreciate it." Mom lifted Penny's hands to her lips, kissing them. "Just like Harold and I appreciated the little movie you made for us. God, did he appreciate it. My jaw's still sore this morning."

Penny was blushing cutely. She was very fair, and when she did blush, it would light her up. I loved to see her turn red.

The doorbell rang, and Mom got off my lap. "Get the door, Jeremy."

I was mortified. I was going to pop Alice's cherry, and I was about to let her Mom in the house. I opened the door. "Mrs. Booth, please come in, the ladies are in the living room."

I walked her into the living room, and I saw Penny move to the center of the couch, her mother taking the seat on the other side of her, opposite Mom.

"Jeremy, bring the wine over please, and a glass for Colleen."

I did as requested, delivering the libations, and topping off all three glasses, while they talked about how long it had been.

"Now make yourself scarce a while," Mom told me. "I'll call you when we're ready."

I retreated to my room and my laptop. Since I had a little time, I downloaded the videos off the camera, cleaning up the two with Aunt Marie, and burning each to their own DVD. I also downloaded the video of Penny's family BJ, and copied that onto Dad's DVD, with the message from Aunt Marie. I reviewed them, to make sure they would play correctly, and erased them from the new video camera.

I was nervous. Since they hadn't called me, I decided to take a quick shower and clean up. I shaved, put on a drop of cologne, and dressed casually, khaki shorts and a polo shirt.

I waited.

Mom finally came upstairs and got me. "I'm so jealous," she said softly.

"You shouldn't be. You were my first."

She leaned over and kissed me. "Our little secret. And one of the most precious things in my life."

At the bottom of the stairs she turned to me. "Get yourself a beer, then come and join us."

I turned to the garage, and walked into the living room a few seconds later, Shiner Bock in hand. The seat next to Penny was open, Mom standing close, sipping her wine. I sat down next to Penny and took her hand in mine. "Everything alright?"

Mom sat in my lap, which was more bizarre than ever, with Alice's mom there.

Penny nodded.

Mrs. Booth was looking at me. "You'll be gentle with her." It was more of a statement than a question. Still scary.

"Of course. I love her."

"Right. Love. You'll be leaving her in three weeks," Mrs. Booth said sharply.

"Momma, don't!" Penny said sharply. "Don't make this difficult."

Mrs. Booth had her arm around her daughter, holding her, facing us. "I'm sorry, Princess. You're right. You've dated for a year, and he's always been decent and respectable. I won't cause trouble. I'm...I...I can't tell you how much this means to me. I'm just concerned."

Penny smiled. "I'm glad you're here."

"What was your first time like, Colleen?" Mom asked.

Mrs. Booth blushed. In an instant, she went from being my girlfriend's mother to an attractive MILF. She wasn't gorgeous like Mom and Aunt Marie, but she was good looking, curvy, pretty like her daughter, same big blue eyes, same full lips.

"Like most, I suppose. I shouldn't say that, I think it was better than most. Back of an Olds station wagon, parking by the dam. Plenty of room to stretch out. After Homecoming, our senior year. I was in love. He played football. We'd dated for over 4 months, and we'd been building up to it."

Penny giggled. "I didn't know that. How were you building up to it?"

Her mother blushed again. It was cute, she blushed so easily. A lot like Penny. As I listened to her I found myself noticing more similarities.

"You know. Kissing, second base, hand-jobs. He liked my boobs. Couldn't get enough of 'em. Derek was handsome, muscular, tall, popular. He smelled good. He had a nice sized...uh...penis."

Penny laughed. "C'mon, Momma. I'm about to get fucked for the first time in my life, and you're calling it a penis?"

"Fine. Cock. There, happy? Cock, cock, cock. He had a nice cock. Not too big, or too thick, just right. Easy to suck." She laughed. "Does that surprise you, Princess? Your mother used to suck cock?"

Penny leaned into her giggling. "Geez, I hope you still suck cock. Don't tell me you gave it up after high school."

"No, Princess. I didn't give it up. I still suck cock. One special cock. Not as often maybe, but enough not to get rusty."

"Are you good?" Penny asked, her eyes twinkling.

"I've been told I'm very good."

"Because you like it, I bet. You do like it, don't you?"

Mrs. Booth gave her daughter a little shake. "Do you want to hear the story or not, troublemaker?"

"Admit it, Momma. You like it. The feel of it, the way you can make him burn with desire, the control, even the taste. All of it."

Her mother was blushing again. "Yes. I love it."

"I know. Me too. I knew I got it from you."

Mrs. Booth gave her a kiss on the cheek. "I had sucked Derek a lot. Almost daily. Sometimes more than once in a day."

"What was the most, Momma? The most times in a day."

"Are you going to let me finish the story, nosy britches?"

"He came for me 4 times yesterday. What's your record?"

"With one boy, or all together?" Colleen answered, grinning. "Five with Derek. Eleven in one night."

"Eleven Momma? In one night? Jesus!"

"That's a story for a different time. With Derek, I knew exactly what I was getting in to. We were prepared. We had planned on it. He had a sleeping bag laid out in the back. I got completely naked for him, and we played together. I sucked him off, so it wouldn't be too quick, and then got him hard again and put the rubber on him." She leaned her head against her daughter's, reminiscing with the sweetest smile on her face. "I didn't know how, and almost made a mess of it, but he didn't seem to mind. I'd already lost my cherry to my favorite hairbrush, so it wasn't too messy. He was big enough to feel good, without hurting too much."

"How big?" Penny asked.

I was being naughty again, playing with Mom's bottom, while we listened to Penny's mom tell her tale. Mom must have been getting into it. She adjusted her weight, leaning on her side, giving me better access to her sweet cheeks.

"Almost six inches. About as wide as two fingers. It was nice. He went down on me for a while, then eased it in. He didn't shoot right away, giving me a chance to feel what it was like. A couple of minutes, at least, before he told me he loved me and came. We did it a second time a little while later, and it was even better. A good five minutes, at least, and he was a lot more active, screwing me faster and harder. We dated until I graduated. I thought I was going to marry him. He was a great guy. I was very lucky."

Mrs. Booth turned to Mom. "How about you, Alice? Or are you afraid to say in front of your boy?"

"He knows. I was about Penny's age. I was home from college, freshman year. It was Harold."

"Harold? Your husband was your first?"

"First and only. It wasn't so easy. He's big. Very big. It took several tries, and it was painful. I was so proud and happy when I felt him completely inside of me. He didn't last long, only a few strokes. Still,

when I felt him come, it was wonderful. Knowing I was a woman. My first time, with the man I loved."

She gave me a hug, kissing my cheek. "I know what Penny's going to go through. Jeremy's like his father. We'll have to make sure she's ready, and use lots of lube. I wish I'd known about lube back then. Jeremy will be very gentle, and very patient. Won't you, baby?"

"Of course. I'm not going to hurt her. Last thing in the world I want is for her not to like sex!"

That got the girls giggling. "There is that, I suppose," Mrs. Booth said. "Are you ready, baby girl?"

Penny nodded.

Mom got up. "Wait for us here, Jeremy, while we get everything prepared."

"What do I tell Dad when he gets home?" I asked, suddenly nervous.

"He won't be home until I tell him he can come home," Mom said, giving me a wink. "She's nervous enough without him down here, listening to everything."

The girls left me, dazed. I chugged my beer, and grabbed a second one. I thought about squeezing a quick one off, but decided against it. Aunt

Marie had already wrung two out of me earlier, and I figured the ladies probably had a plan in place to make sure I didn't pop too early.

Mom finally came and got me, an eternity later. She took me to my room. "Get rid of those clothes, and put on a nice robe."

Easier said than done. I only had the one. She shook her head at me. "We'll be getting you a nicer one." She looked down at my flaccid cock. "Not hard?"

"Jesus, Mom! This is so awkward. Way weird."

She chuckled, and gave me a hug. "I know, baby. This is all for her, Ok?"

"Of course. Whatever she needs."

Mom gave me a smile. "That's the perfect attitude. Just remember you said it. Now where's the new camera?"

I got it from the computer, and took a minute to show her how to use it. Pretty easy really. "You're going to film this?"

"Of course. Waste of a new camera if I didn't." She checked her watch. "They should be ready now. Be gentle with her, but once she's used to you, don't be afraid to have fun. I know you'll be incredible with her."

"I'll give it my best."

Mom giggled. "No, not your best. She's not ready for that. Give her your good."

I laughed, and pulled her in my arms. "Have I told you how much I love you?"

"As much as your pretty little virgin?"

"Don't be silly, Mom. There's no comparison. I've only loved her for a few days. I've loved you all my life."

She kissed me softly. "I know baby. I shouldn't tease. Let's go make one very lucky girl insanely happy."

She took me to her bedroom, and I almost called it all off. Too damned weird for words.

There were candles everywhere. Classical music playing softly in the background. The lights were dimmed. Not enough for me to miss Penny lying in the center of the bed, naked, her legs together, bent, tilted to one side. Or her mother lying next to her, wearing one of Mom's nightgowns, holding her daughter's hand.

Jesus-fucking-Christ. How was that supposed to work? Especially her. She didn't even like me. Fuck.

Mom hugged me. "It's alright. She's only here for moral support," she whispered.

Penny looked nervous. I wanted to take her in my arms and calm her.

I approached the bed, and took off my robe beside it. I climbed onto the bed next to her, opposite her mother, trying to ignore her presence. "Miss me, gorgeous?"

She grinned. "All day long."

I gave her a tiny kiss. "I've missed you, too. Ready for some practice?"

She smiled. "What did you have in mind?"

"I practice on you, you practice on me, I practice on you again, and then we get down to business."

She looked happy, no longer so nervous. "And by business you mean..."

"I make love to you, nice and easy, before I fuck your pretty little brains out."

I heard a disapproving little grunt from Penny's Mom. Like I cared what she thought. I was going to fuck her baby girl right under her nose.

Penny turned on her side toward me, no longer holding her mother's hand. "You don't mind 'practicing' with everyone watching?"

"Not if you don't."

She laughed, flopping back on the bed, fluffing her pillow, and spreading her legs. "Practice me, baby. Practice me good," she said, in a teasing, sexy, sultry voice.

I didn't jump right in. I laid on top of her, kissing her. "I'm going to make you scream for your pretty Mommy."

"She should have brought earplugs if she has a problem with that," Penny giggled, pulling me down and kissing me hard.

I worked my way down her body, not as slow as I would like, since I was damned eager to get to the end game. I hardly even noticed Mrs. Booth watching us, her eyes burning a hole through me. I sucked Penny's titties, getting her nipples nice and hard, tugging on them with my teeth, making her squirm and moan for me. I traversed her smooth belly, dipping into her cute little innie for a moment, then down past the soft field of blonde hair. I opened her legs, teasing her inner thighs, then her outer lips. I kissed and licked her gently, feeling her trembling

in excitement. I opened her up with my tongue, tasting her, getting my first good moan out of her.

Penny ran her fingers through my hair. I loved that. So much that I rewarded her by sliding a finger inside her while I sucked up the skin around her clit, Aunt Marie's favorite move. I moved my lips and tongue, sucking and pressing, feeling her clit moving underneath the skin. Aunt Marie swore it was best that way, without the direct contact, pressuring and teasing her hidden love button.

I changed things up, spending lots of time licking and sucking her pouty lips down there, sticking my tongue deep inside her, probing her with a couple of fingers, but always going back to what Aunt Marie called the 'big suck'. On my third tour of her sweet virgin pussy, I had her.

Her moaning turning into a higher pitched keening, her legs trembling wildly. I was a little distracted hearing the Moms talking about what I was doing to our girl. I had the big suck going on, my middle two fingers curled inside her, rubbing the rough spot on the top, the same move that got Aunt Marie going. Penny gasped, and then screamed loud enough to wake the dead, her pussy spasming around my fingers, clamping down. Her thighs trapped my head and I groaned when the heels of her feet started pounding into my back. It hurt, a lot. She was going to pay for that one later.

Dad was right. She was a noisy little thing. Louder than Mom. I was kind of proud.

She came a long time, shaking, until I eased off, letting her down slowly. I subtly wiped my face on the sheets, and moved up and over her, holding her, while she gasped for air. It was only when I went to kiss her, that I noticed her mother was cuddling her head. I got to feel a new breast pressed against my face, while I kissed her softly. "I love you, Penny."

She was breathing hard, her chest heaving. "God, Jeremy. That was perfect." She giggled. "You can let go of me Momma, and get your tit out of my boyfriend's face. I'm not dying."

I gave her a quick kiss. "Be nice to your Mom. She loves you. Not many mothers would do this for their girl."

Mrs. Booth started to scoot back, and I put my arm around her, before she could get away. I even gave a little tug to keep her close. She was looking at me in surprise. "I'm not going to hurt her Mrs. Booth, not if I can help it," I said. "And I don't mind the boob," I teased, brushing my lips across the thinly covered flesh.

She giggled. "I think you can call me Colleen when we're all in bed together. Especially after that."

"Momma!" Penny squealed.

"Well we are, aren't we?"

I laughed, and leaned over. "Would it be Ok for me to kiss you, Colleen?"

She nodded, and I pressed my lips gently to hers, licking her lips softly, nibbling her bottom lip open, teasing them apart until I could feel her teeth with my tongue. I felt them part, and the tip of her tongue brushed against mine. I didn't stop, taking it slow and easy, just like I was going to take her daughter. I pressed the tip of my tongue against the sensitive upper palate, her tongue exploring the underside of mine. I drew it back slowly, and I felt more than heard, her soft moan. Bingo. Enemy to ally.

I gave her a last soft kiss, brushing my finger across her lips, then returned to her daughter, kissing her hard and deep. I pulled back staring into her eyes. "Practice me, baby?"

She grinned. "I'm dying to. Don't hold back, Ok?"

"Not a chance."

I rolled off of her and scooted into the center of the bed. She moved between my legs, smiling up at me, then pouted. "I wanted to make it hard."

"You can make the next one hard," I promised.

I felt a shifting on the bed and Mom was lying beside me, cuddling up to me, her hand holding the camera, focused on Penny. Colleen moved closer, and I put out my arm, pulling her in tight. So decadent, so very naughty, holding both Moms, their soft breasts pressed close, while Penny pleasured me.

She was having fun, showing off, licking playfully, kissing, sucking noisily. Colleen giggled. "She looks like she's having a good time."

Mom agreed. "She's a natural. I wonder who she gets that from?"

"Like mother, like daughter," Colleen answered, sounding proud.

"Stop you two. If you keep that up, I'm not going to last two minutes."

"Poor baby. Two hot MILFs too much of a distraction?" Mom teased.

Colleen nibbled on my ear. "She's good for a beginner. I'm better."

I groaned. "Please. You're killing me," I whispered. "This is her night."

Mom leaned across me, blocking my view of Penny's actions with her tits in my face. I wasn't going to complain, chasing her nipple through her flimsy nightgown. When she got off me, I looked over and saw that Colleen was naked to the waist. Big natural boobs staring at me. Bigger than Mom and Penny. Maybe as big as Aunt Marie. Not as firm, maybe,

but I wouldn't mind finding out. I couldn't help scope them out, huge friggin' nipples, as big as the end of my pinkie, standing tall.

Penny was sucking me, doing her best to avoid laughing. She pulled up, stroking me with her hand. "You both are horrible! He's mine tonight. You both have your own men." She was grinning as she said it, her eyes lively.

"Of course, Princess. All yours. That's a lot of man, are you sure you can handle it alone?" Colleen teased.

"Damn it, Momma! Yes. I can handle it."

"That's wonderful. Remember, if you need help, Alice and I are here for you."

"Behave Momma, or I'll make you watch from the chair." She grinned and took me in her mouth, sinking down, pushing, forcing my cock into the back of her throat. She gagged for a moment, then her lips slid down my shaft, her nose pressed against my pubes. She stayed there, looking at all of us. She pulled back, gasping. "See? I told you I can handle it. I'd like to see you do that, with something this big," she taunted.

I turned to Colleen. "Me too," I whispered, winking. "Like mother, like daughter?"

"My baby girl. I'm so proud of her. So much like her Mommy."

Penny went back to blowing me, and Colleen got up, leaning across the bed. Her breasts settled over my face, and I got my first taste of her hard nipples. She pulled away a little later, pausing to watch me, until my lips released her hard little nub, stopping to give me a quick kiss. "There, now we're even."

I looked over and Mom was naked. "Even?"

"We will be in a moment," she said, and I looked back to see her removing her nightgown. Fuck. She had a tattoo of a rose just above her bare pussy. Unfair.

"Penny," I warned.

She pulled up, and sat back on her feet. "Come on my face, Jeremy."

Releasing the Moms, I struggled to my feet, sliding my cock back between her lips, holding her head and fucking her mouth.

"Gentle, Jeremy," Mom warned. She was kneeling beside me, camera in hand, getting a closeup.

I was being gentle. As gentle as I could be under the circumstances.

I felt Colleen move up next to me, her hand between my legs, massaging my balls. "Give it to her, Jeremy. She can take it. Paint her pretty for us."

I groaned, pulled my cock out from between Penny's sexy lips, and erupted, a long stream of cum streaking her face from hairline to chin. Several more shots later, and she was a beautiful mess, her face covered in my cream. She had her eyes closed, smiling angelically. She slowly laid back on the bed, stretching out, her legs open.

"Practice me, Jeremy, while your Mom cleans me up."

Mom giggled. "That's a lot to clean up, honey. He got you good. It is Ok if your Momma helps?"

Penny grinned. "That would be perfect."

Mom handed me the camera. "Don't do her yet, baby. Get a couple of minutes of this. The Dads are going to love it."

I moaned, already hardening, as I watched both Moms lean over and start licking my sexy girlfriend's face clean. They were sweet and gentle, both of them, their tongues moving slowly, curling, scooping up my cream.

Colleen moaned adorably. "He's sweet. Jesus, I could do this all night."

"Isn't he? Marie told me he was," Mom told her.

"Your sister said that? God, that's kinky," Colleen whispered.

I had a great shot of it all, groaning when I saw the moms come together above Penny's lips, kissing each other. It was cute, a tiny little peck at first, until I saw their tongues, working, cleaning each other's mouth, battling for my cum. Holy fuck, that was hot.

"Open up, baby," Colleen said softly. Penny opened her mouth, and I struggled to avoid stroking myself when she licked cum off of her daughter's forehead, then stuck her tongue in Penny's open mouth. Penny sucked on her tongue. "Mmm, thanks Momma."

"There's more," Mom said, licking Penny's eyelids before slipping her own tongue between my girlfriend's lips.

Penny reached up and held my Mom's face in place, kissing her hard. "My two Momma's taking care of me," she sighed.

"Fuck," I groaned.

That got them all giggling. "I think he likes the show," Colleen said.

"I should warn you. I'm taking this out on your daughter's pussy in a few minutes."

Mom turned to me. "Don't even joke about it! If you're not gentle with her, I swear, you'll be cut off from everything." She wasn't kidding.

"Mom! Of course I'll be gentle. The first time. But we've got a long night ahead."

Colleen leaned over and kissed Mom, stroking her hair. "Trust him, Alice. Penny does."

Mom sighed. "I do. I trust him with my life. But I also remember what it was like."

I crawled around the bed, and pulled my Mom up to her knees, hugging her. "I'm going to make it perfect, Mom. I promise. Whatever it takes. I wouldn't hurt her for the world."

"I know, baby. It's a little scary, that's all."

I tilted her head up and kissed her, tasting myself on her lips. "Trust me, please?"

"Always," she said softly.

I reached over and grabbed Penny around the waist, lifting her easily and spinning her around on the bed, tossing her into the middle, making her squeal and laugh.

"Gentle!" Mom snapped, slapping me hard on the back.

"Jesus, Mom! You wouldn't know gentle if it walked up and smacked you in the face. I've seen how Dad is with you."

"Jeremy..." she whined.

"We're playing! Having fun. Shouldn't this be fun? Wonderful? When it comes time for the big show, we'll be as gentle as she needs. Now cool your jets, or you're getting banished to the Bad Mommy chair."

Penny and her Mom were laughing. "Someone's slacking off," Penny announced, reaching between her legs and slapping her pussy. "It's not going to lick itself, handsome."

I climbed between her legs, blowing a raspberry on her pussy, before going crazy on her. She was laughing hard, wiggling underneath me. The Mom's bracketed her, teasing her, playing with her tits. I couldn't help grinning. I came up for air. "God, Penny. I love playing with you. Fuck me for being an idiot and waiting a year for this."

She laughed joyously. "Come up here and kiss me, stupid. Then I want you to make a woman out of me."

I climbed up and kissed her tenderly. "You are so wonderful," I told her.

She smiled. "You ain't seen nothing yet. Once you've broken me in, I'm going to fuck your brains out."

I kissed her again, tasting her lips. "I love you, baby girl."

"I love you too." She stopped smiling, and looked into my eyes. Those beautiful big blue orbs, mesmerizing. "I think I'm ready," she said softly.

The moms went into action. I watched Mom pull out two full pillows. "Raise your hips up, Penny, this will make it easier for both of you." She slid the pillows under my girl, lifting her butt up, and tilting her pretty pink pussy up toward me. I gave her a quick lick before I was pushed away by Mom.

Colleen had a bottle of lube in her hand. "Pink? Is it any good?"

Mom nodded. "Miracle juice, slippery as hell, and it lasts as long as you want. Perfect for marathon sessions. You can borrow it, if you want to give it a try. I've got more."

Colleen was pumping the lube into her hand, and rubbing it into her daughter's pussy. Fuck. Much more of this, and I'd be shooting before I even got inside her.

"Condom, Mom?" I asked.

Penny spoke up. "I'm on the pill, Jeremy. We're good."

Mom looked over at Colleen. "Get him ready?"

She looked at Mom, then down at Penny. "May I?"

Mom nodded. "I can't. He's my boy."

Colleen moved over and I groaned when she lowered her mouth over my cock. She sucked me nicely, easy and slow, taking me deep in her mouth, her naughty MILF tongue active. I reached down and played with her tit. Yummy soft. After only a minute or so, she pulled off. "Jesus, Alice. He's huge, and hard as a steel rod. It's a lot for a first time."

Mom took the lubricant, and squirted it on my cock, rubbing it in. "She'll be fine, I promise." She leaned her head against mine, her breath warm against my ear. "Try not to hurt her too much," she whispered.

"I know, Mom. Kiss me for good luck?"

She smiled, and pressed her lips to mine briefly. She pulled back and brought the camera back up.

"Penny?" I asked.

"Now, please, Jeremy. I can't wait any longer."

I took my cock in hand, scooting forward on my knees. I pressed the head against her opening, rubbing it up and down. Mom was right, it was slippery as hell. Her lips parted, and I saw the bright pink of her insides. I pushed the head against her, and pushed.

Nothing.

I sat up a little higher, lining up again, and pushed into her. Harder. A little moan escaped her lips. I saw her mom was lying down next to her, eyes tightly closed, clutching her daughter's hand in hers. Her knuckles were white. My cock started to bend painfully.

"Ease up, baby," Mom whispered from beside me.

I pulled back and heard Penny sigh. Mom reached down and stroked me, nibbling on my ear lobe. "It'll be fine. Push hard, quickly, we just need to get the head in. That's the worst," she whispered.

I opened Penny with my fingers, then pressed the head up against her opening. I grabbed my cock a couple of inches back, to stop if it went

in too fast. I leaned over my tight little virgin, pushing hard, feeling a little give. Penny was whimpering softly. I took a deep breath then stabbed forward. She cried out, and I felt my cock slide in a couple of inches.

I looked up, worried. She was painfully tight.

She was staring into her mother's eyes, only a couple of inches apart. "Is she Ok?" I asked softly.

Penny nodded slightly. Colleen looked over at me. "She's fine. Slowly now." I watched her brush a few stray tears from her daughter's cheeks.

Mom whispered in my ear. "Little nudges forward. Teeny tiny. Take your time."

I took her advice, rocking my hips ever so slightly, push, rest, push, rest. The tiniest pressure. It moved slowly, in small distinct increments. I'd make no progress for a few seconds, before sliding in another half inch or so. Penny gasped with each little bit of additional access. I looked down and was surprised I had almost half my length inside of her.

Mom gave me a squeeze. "That's enough for now. Back and forth slowly, but no deeper, Ok?"

I eased back out carefully, leaving the head inside. I didn't want to have to go through that again. Penny sighed, relaxing as I pulled back. I pushed forward, steadily until I'd regained most of my ground. Still ridiculously tight. She gave a soft whimper and I slowed.

"Don't stop," she said softly. "It feels good. Big, but good."

Thank God. Back out slowly, then back in again, a couple of seconds on the down-stroke. It was getting easier. I found myself developing an easy rhythm, about a full second in each direction, feeling her virginal tightness slowly start to give.

Mom was reaching down, rubbing Penny's clit gently. "A little bit deeper now, no more than an inch or so," she said softly.

At the end of each stroke, I started pressing a little harder. She was opening for me, letting me in. Mom stopped me with a couple of inches to go, her hand just above my cock. "No further than that, tonight. You're long, and you'll probably bottom out. Most girls find that uncomfortable."

I stopped with most of my length inside of my sweet girlfriend. I leaned over her, my face a few inches above hers. "Are you alright?" I asked.

She smiled tentatively. "Remind me to shove a two-by-four up your ass later, and I'll ask you the same question."

I grinned and she laughed, cringing a little. "Damn, Jeremy. Why couldn't you be human sized?"

"I'm not that big," I told her.

"Nine inches?" Colleen asked.

"A little over eight," I told her.

She shook her head. "Not tonight you're not. I've had eight inches. It didn't look like that."

I leaned over and gave her a kiss. "If I'm bigger than normal, you know whose fault that is, right?"

"Your Mom's?" she said, getting another giggle from Penny.

"You'll get yours," I told her.

"God, I hope so," she said, smiling at me. Her smile slipped away, becoming much more serious. She reached up and touched my cheek tenderly. "I'm sorry I was mean to you earlier. I couldn't ask for a better man for her first time. I can see why she's so crazy about you."

"Thank you, Colleen." I grinned. "I like your tits, by the way."

She gave me a loving slap, followed by a sweet little Mommy kiss.

"Ready for more?" I asked Penny, leaning down and chewing on her lips playfully.

"There's more?" she asked nervously.

"Not more cock. More fucking."

She took a deep breath and nodded. "Fuck me, Jeremy."

I got back on my knees, opening her legs. I'd slipped out about halfway while talking to her. I returned to stroking her slowly, all but the last couple of inches.

"Can I go faster?" I asked my mom.

She reached down and touched me. "Pull out to the edge a second."

I slid out, all but the head of my cock shiny with her juices. I was swollen up as big as I'd ever seen it.

Mom had the lube in her hand, and got me nice and slippery again. "Colleen was right. You're huge tonight. Hell of a time for you to get like this," she said, sounding almost irritated.

"Like this is my fault? I'm getting my first real fuck, with this gorgeous virgin, and two incredible sexy naked women helping and watching. If that wasn't bad enough, the MILFs are not just any Mommies, but mine and hers. Geez, Mom, we're lucky I've lasted this long."

"Um, down here, guys" Penny teased, "ex-virgin needs tending."

Mom patted my rear and give me a kiss on the cheek. "Faster now. Little bit at a time, until she complains."

I slowly picked up the pace, watching her reaction. After a minute or so, I had doubled it, at least, and it was getting easier. She was moaning softly, but it didn't sound like pain. My hands were caressing her thighs, hips, belly. She was so soft and smooth, her skin felt like velvet. I heard her first little love moans.

"Ok?" I asked, maintaining the steady stroking.

"It's good, sweetie," Colleen said.

Penny was squirming a little, biting her bottom lip. The moans were more frequent. I fucked her faster, still only three quarters of my length, making her whimper beautifully. It was feeling good. Wonderful.

Earlier it had been too much work, too tight, too distracting. Now I was feeling her. I liked it.

Mom leaned against me, "Close?"

"Not yet, but it's getting better," I told her. "It hurt before."

"She can take a little more, a little faster. Tilt her legs back."

I lifted her legs, hands behind her knees, and pushed them back, halfway to her chest. I felt an immediate change, more pressure against the top of my cock. She gasped, trembling, a cute series of grunts escaping her talented lips, I slowed down to make sure she was Ok.

"Don't stop!" Colleen cried out.

Speeding up, I fucked her harder, faster. There was only an inch outside of her, and she was whimpering so sweetly it was driving me crazy. "God, Penny, you are so fucking incredible," I gasped.

Her calves were trembling, toes curled so cutely it hurt. She started whispering, a series of groans, and muted "oh's". She even squeezed in the occasional "God!"

"Steady baby, just like that. Give it to her. You've almost got her."

The pace was fast, but not out of control. I knew I could sustain it for a little longer. The feeling was magical, and I felt the pressure building down around my balls.

"Momma!" she cried out gasping, her legs stiffening.

"Harder," Mom whispered, reaching down and rubbing Penny's twitching clit.

Unbelievable. I was fucking her with my full length, balls slapping against her ass. I leaned over her, sliding her ankles over my shoulders, my arms outside them, supporting my weight, pinning them in place. I rose up on my toes, legs straight, slamming into her, pummelling that tight virgin pussy. Every stroke, long and full, my entire shaft driving deep. My full weight crashing down on her poor innocent pussy, crushing her. Mom was going to kill me, I was being anything but gentle. It couldn't be helped.

Penny was staring up at me in amazement, her eyelids fluttering, her eyes rolling back in her head for a few dick hardening moments. Her jaw started trembling, her lips shaking. Beautiful, kissable lips.

"MOM!," she screamed, her body tensing below me, thighs as tight as steel bands. Her pussy clamped down on my cock like a fist.

"Don't stop, Jeremy!" Mom gasped.

"Fuck," I groaned. "It's too good," I straightened, grabbing the front of her thighs, pulling her back against me on each stroke, gasping as I felt my imminent release. "FUCK!" I growled, slamming into her and feeling the rush of fluid up my cock, screaming for release, firing off inside her.

She was squealing, nonsense sounds, trembling, throwing her head around. She was bright red, from her pretty face, across the top of her chest and shoulders, down to between her tits. Colleen was holding her, trying to sooth her.

I didn't think it would ever end. For either of us. Every time I thought it was over, I'd feel another spasm, and push deeper inside her. I could feel myself touching bottom, but each thrust seemed to set her off again.

After what seemed like an eternity, I could feel it was over. For a few moments there, I had gone deaf, dumb and blind, my entire existence reduced to those few inches buried inside her tight velvet embrace. I was losing my hardness, to my infinite regret. I pushed deep, leaning over her, gasping. I never wanted to pull out of her. Never. Her pussy was pulsing around me, squeezing me, teasing me.

"Jesus," Mom whispered. "Sweet Jesus."

I slowly backed out, her tightness pushing me out the last couple of inches. I kissed her soft smooth calf, lowered her legs, and then crawled up next to her, pulling her into my arms. She clung to me, crying.

"Shh," I whispered. "I love you, Penny." I rolled onto my back, pulling her with me, her chest resting on mine, her head tucked into my shoulder. I was both exhausted and exhilarated. I tried to catch my breath.

She only cried harder.

I felt movement down below, and found Mom sucking me clean. She was very gentle, thankfully. I was ridiculously sensitive. It verged on the comical, her wonderful mouth holding my cock, while she kept that damn camera focused on Penny and me.

"What's wrong, baby?" I asked. "Did I hurt you?"

She was sniffling, kissing my shoulder. "Hurt me? It was perfect. I was so scared. I didn't want you to know, but I was terrified. I didn't think it could actually fit. All my fears came true when you couldn't get in me, and then that big push, tearing me open. God, that hurt so bad Jeremy! I can't remember anything hurting like that. I really thought you had torn me open. I had to be bleeding out. But I knew I couldn't be. My Mommas wouldn't let that happen."

I hugged her. "I'm sorry."

"Sorry? It was wonderful. So...so amazing. I thought I'd have to just suffer through it, try not to let it show, but then it started to feel good. Incredible. I was full, completely, all the way to the back, each nudge at the end like a jolt. Every nerve in my body going off each time you

touched bottom. Watching you lose control over my pussy, hammering me, glowing above me, God!"

"You liked it?" I teased.

She hit me. "Asshole! You tore me open, fucked me inside out, reshaped my insides and forced me to come all over that monster cock, endlessly. You were supposed to be gentle, you fucking animal! I'm ruined for all other men now. God! I loved it." She kissed my lips softly. "We're going to be doing that a lot more often. Just as soon as my dislocated hips heal, and my poor kitty stops feeling like there's a Red Bull can still stuffed inside of me."

She leaned over and kissed me hard. I relaxed, letting her tongue rape my mouth. She pulled away gasping. "Fuck God. That's what I'm going to call you." She giggled. "I'm going to build a shrine in my closet. Mom can help. I'll pray to my Fuck God, every night."

She leaned against me. "Was I Ok? Not too uncomfortable? I know that couldn't have been easy." she asked hesitantly.

Jesus. Hadn't she been there? I looked up and Colleen was looking at me, smirking. "Not too bad," I said.

"Not too bad?" she shrieked. "What the hell is that? Not too bad? I gave you my virginity! I let you rip me in two with that fucking mutant beast between your legs! Not too bad?"

Mom had finished cleaning me up, and had moved behind me. She slapped me in the head, hard. Had me seeing stars. "Don't be a fuckwad, Jeremy. Jesus, you're just like your father. Always got to make a joke out of something serious. Tell her the truth."

I stopped Penny from chewing me out by kissing her. "You were incredible. Scary at first, I was so worried I was going to hurt you. So damned tight, I thought I would never get in, and it felt like my poor cock was clamped in a vice. But once we got going, fuck! I didn't know it was going to be like that. You took it all. Everything, right to the root. So sweet, so soft, so tight, I could have fucked you forever, Angel. I loved it. I swear I never wanted it to end. God's honest truth, at one point, when I kept coming and coming, I thought something was wrong. It was impossible. I couldn't stop. You were beyond amazing." I kissed her again. "I think I'll keep you a while."

She calmed down, hugging me. "God, you're such a dick sometimes. Why would you tease me now?" She kissed me, "So you think you're going to keep me? What if I don't want to be kept?" She laughed, biting me on my chin. "Oops," she giggled. "I think I made a mess. God, I feel like I've got a gallon of your stuff up inside me."

Colleen leaned in and gave her a kiss on the cheek, then moved down between her daughter's legs. "I guess since Jeremy's mother cleaned him up, I'll have to do the same."

Penny's eyes got big. "Momma!"

Colleen peeked up from between her daughter's legs, my juices on her chin. "Hush now, and relax."

I held my girl, kissing her softly, while her mother took care of her. Penny was tense at first, before slowly relaxing in my arms. "Is that nice? Momma taking care of our baby girl? Kissing her boo-boo better?" I was trying to tease her playfully.

She moaned softly, squeezing my hand. "Good," she whispered. "Really good."

I kissed her gently, long and slow, until she pushed me away. "Please, Jeremy, let me have this," she moaned.

Whatever her Mom was doing must have been pretty damned amazing. I held her, fondling her chest gently, watching the change come over her body. "Oh, Momma!" she groaned softly and came in my arms, for her loving mother.

Mom kissed my neck, still filming Colleen's naughty performance. "Are you guys going to do it again, or can I let your father come home."

I looked at my girlfriend. "I want to," she said softly, breathing hard. "But I know it'll kill me. Can we save it for tomorrow?"

"Of course."

She looked down, and saw that I was hard. "I don't want to leave you like that."

"I'll be fine. This was wonderful."

Mom leaned down and sucked me, teasing, stroking me, until I was rock hard. She took me by the hand and pulled me off the bed, while Penny watched us, her forehead crinkled up in curiosity. Mom guided me to the end of the bed, where I looked down at Colleen's ass, lifted up nice and high, while she went down on her daughter. "Looks like it could use filling," Mom teased.

I looked over at Penny, and she slowly smiled, nodding, giving me a thumbs up. Colleen seemed oblivious to it all until I pressed my latest erection between her legs, and thrust in.

"Oh my God!" she gasped, before lowering her mouth down between her daughter's legs.

I grabbed her hips and started hammering away at her. She was tight, and wet, and felt great. Big soft rear end, cheeks jiggling with each deep stroke. I had her moaning quickly, her efforts to please her daughter falling to the wayside. Penny got up and crawled to the end of the bed next to me. "You and Mom are bad," she said.

"Not my idea," I told her, grinning while I plowed her mother. "I'd rather being doing this to you again."

"No, but I didn't see you fighting too hard."

I reached out for her, pulling her close, kissing her.

She pulled away. "This is so wrong. Kissing me while you're fucking Momma. I should be mad at you. This is my night."

"Should I stop?" I asked.

"No!" came a muffled reply from her mom.

"I guess," she sighed, "since you're already this far, you might as well finish her. I suppose you're going to want me to bring Dani over here as well, collect the whole trifecta. At least she's not a virgin." She leaned over and smacked her Mom's butt. "What do you think, Momma. Should I call in Dani?"

Colleen was gasping, "Just us, baby girl. He's just for us."

"Was she Good Mom, tonight, or Bad Mom?" I asked my sexy girlfriend.

"Mostly bad. Teasing you like that. On my special night."

"She did take care of you at the end," I reminded her.

"Alright. She was Good Mom. Why?"

"A bad mom, we'd spank and leave hanging. A good mom gets to come for us."

"She was good and bad. Why don't we spank her, and then you can make her come on your cock."

"You are a wicked little girl," I told her, pulling her close for another kiss.

I pulled out of Colleen, making her moan. I lifted her up and turned her to face me. She looked dazed. I kissed her feeling her respond, my hands gliding over her skin, fondling her soft, mature body. "You were very naughty, Colleen. Teasing me on your daughter's big night."

She grinned sheepishly. "I was just playing, Jeremy. Trying to make things less stressful."

"Your daughter thinks I should spank you, and then make you come on my cock."

She smiled. "I did get naked. That was pretty naughty of me."

"Getting him 'ready' Mom? Really? You couldn't even wait until I'd had him one time?"

Colleen blushed, making my blood boil. "It was only a little taste, Princess."

I sat on the bed, patting my lap. "Now, Colleen."

She laid across me, naked and beautiful. She had a hell of an ass, round and soft, well padded. Not firm and high, like Mom's bodacious butt, but still sexy as hell. I wanted to chew on it. She jumped when I smacked her, leaving a red hand-print.

Penny giggled. "Move up the bed, Jeremy."

I moved further up the bed, dragging poor Colleen with me. Penny moved closer, sitting facing me, wedging her legs underneath her mother, beside mine. Her mother was lying across both our laps. Penny gave her a smack, setting her ass cheeks jiggling. I followed up with a swat of my own. A couple of minute later, Colleen's cheeks were nice and pink. I had a couple of fingers inside of her, teasing her, using my other hand for the spanking.

"Your butt looks really big like this," Penny teased.

Colleen whined, "Don't be mean, baby. It's not that big, is it?"

I slapped her hard, twice. "No Colleen. You have a very sexy butt. Soft and smooth, and very, very kissable."

Penny smacked her mother's butt again, hard. "If anyone's kissing any butt, my rotten mother will be kissing mine!" she snapped. "Stripping naked Momma? You just had to show off your big tits, didn't you. He's mine!" she growled spanking her mother hard. Colleen's ass was turning a bright red.

I pulled Penny's face closer and we kissed, over her mother's glowing butt. "She did give you quite a few kisses, if not on your butt, pretty darn close."

Penny blushed. "I guess she wasn't all bad."

I nodded, smacking her Mom's rear playfully, not hard at all, just enough to keep it nice and red, and keep those soft cheeks shaking.

"Please, kids, enough! I'll be good," she squealed.

Penny pinched her butt, making her jump. "Will you be very good?"

"Very good. I promise."

Penny slapped her mother's ass really hard, the sound echoing in the room, making Colleen cry out. "He's mine Momma. My boyfriend. Not yours. You have Daddy."

Colleen was on the verge of tears. "I know, Princess. All yours. Anybody seeing the way he looks at you would know. The way he made love to you, damn! He's yours, and I don't think anything could change that." She sniffed, "I'm so jealous of you, baby girl. To have a man like that your first time. I only wanted to be a part of it."

SMACK. "Mine Mom."

"Yes," she moaned, lying helplessly on my lap. "He's yours. I won't interfere, unless you invite me. I promise."

Penny looked at me. She nodded toward her mother's head. "Make her blow you."

I moved down Colleen's body, until her face was resting in my lap. "Open up, beautiful Mommy," I told her.

She opened her mouth and took me in, sucking me like her life depended on it.

Penny was still swatting her. Playfully, teasing. "Is she being good?"

"Very good. You come by this honestly."

"Don't come in her mouth. I want to watch her ride you," Penny said.

That's why Mom found us in a cute little three-way. I was on my back with Colleen riding my cock, while her daughter sat on my face. We had been at it a few minutes when she got there. I was getting crazy excited, once I starting thinking about the fact that I had a mother/daughter thing going on. Hot mother/daughter, with the Mommy riding me like a champion cowgirl. I almost giggled, thinking about getting her one of those over-sized award rodeo belt buckles. 'Champion Bareback Rider' seemed fitting.

Mom interrupted my little fantasy. "Your father will be here in about 15 minutes. We should start cleaning up soon."

Penny climbed off my face a little while later, and I saw Mom had the camera out again. Penny went to her, pulling her by the hand. "Ride his face, Mom."

"Oh, baby. I can't."

"Of course you can. You let him fuck my Momma!" She tugged again, pulling the camera out of her hand. "Just for a minute. For me? Please? On my special day."

Mom let her have her way, sitting astride my face. I was in heaven. I licked her eagerly. "No pictures, Penny. Harold will kill me. This stays a secret. Just us girls."

"We'll keep these separate. You've filmed me enough tonight."

Colleen was gasping. "You want a turn over here, Alice? He's incredible."

"God. I wish. I can't. I promised Harold I wouldn't. Even this is too much."

"Your loss. He's going to make me come again," she gasped.

I didn't make Mom come for me, although I tried. I did get a nice little orgasm out of Colleen, and I gave her a load to remember the evening by. Moments later Mom was chasing me and Penny out of the room. I took her to my bedroom, lying down with her, playing around. "Happy?" I asked.

"Ecstatic. I'm just sad it's going to end in three weeks."

"Go on hold. Not end. I think I'll be coming home pretty regularly. We can have some nice weekends together."

"Would you want to? Keep it going? I could come and visit you some weekends."

"I'd like that."

She hugged me. "You're not going to keep screwing Momma are you?"

"No baby. I think that's a one-time thing. Your special night."

She kissed me. "Every now and then might be Ok, and only when I'm there. I don't want it to be a regular thing, like everyday for lunch."

"No. If we do it again, I'll let you decide when and how."

She hugged me. "I had the most incredible night. I'll remember this forever, Jeremy. You were perfect. I don't think a girl could ask for a better first time."

"The Moms weren't too much of a distraction?"

"They were great. I had no idea Momma would be like that. I think we're going to be close like you and your parents now. I love that."

I gave her a last kiss. "We need to get you dressed. Dad sees you like this, all gorgeous, naked and freshly fucked, and Mom won't be able to walk straight for weeks."

She giggled. "If he walks in the other room, my Momma might not be able to walk right for months.

She grabbed my cock. "I just had the most wicked thought. What if he walked in that room, and took it out on Momma, and then you went in there and helped him?"

I was surprised. "You are a dirty girl. You'd want me to double-team your mom with Dad?"

She grinned. "It was just an idea. Two huge cocks at once? She'd owe me, like, forever." She laughed. "God, Jeremy! You got hard? You want to tag-team Momma?"

"Fantasy. I've imagined working over a girl or two with Dad."

"Me?" she asked nervously.

"Maybe." I couldn't say it was my Mom.

"Who else?" she asked, stroking my cock.

"Aunt Marie, and now your Mom."

"How did you imagine it, with me?" she asked.

"I'm not letting him have this pussy," I teased. "It's all mine. I thought he could tell us how close you are to being as good as Mom, in the blow-job department."

She pouted. "That wouldn't be fair. I couldn't give him my best if your big thing was inside me."

"That's why it's a fantasy. In my dreams, you're perfect."

She smiled, kissing me. "You dream about me?"

"I do. I fantasize about you, too."

"How would you do my Mom?" she asked.

I laughed. "We'd make her our cum slut. All openings, all ways. We'd wear her out. Mouth and pussy, mouth and ass, pussy and ass, each of us taking turns in each opening. We'd fuck her for hours and hours, and when she collapsed, we'd keep on using her until we couldn't get it up for her." I whispered in her ear, "When she was too tired to go on, I'd bring you in to keep us hard with your amazing mouth, before fucking the shit out of your poor Momma's unconscious body."

"God, that's nasty. You'd want to fuck her in the butt?"

"I don''t know. Never done it. Dad loves it, though. He and Mom do it all the time, at least once a week. If we did do your Mom, I'm not about to let Dad be the only one to fuck that big yummy ass."

"Jesus, Jeremy! That's pretty crazy. We might have to do that."

"Me, Dad and your Mom? Or me, Dad and you?" I teased.

"You'd really let me blow him?" she asked nervously.

I'd let her? Not make her? "What I'd really like to see is Mom teach you, working with me and Dad."

"Oh, God! Really? Two big cocks? All mine?" she murmured, rubbing up against me. "Why both of you?" she asked.

"He knows how good she is. He can tell you what you're doing right or wrong. I don't know enough. As far as I can tell, you're living perfection."

She hugged me. "After tonight, you must know I'll never be able to say no to you. God, Jeremy, I hurt so good. Every little hurt reminding me."

Mom poked her head in the door. "Enough, you heathens. Get dressed. He's going to pull up any minute. Your father sees her like that, I won't be responsible for any of the women in this house. Your sweet little girlfriend's in no shape to handle him," she teased.

Penny giggled. "Sounds like a reason to stay naked."

Colleen was standing behind Mom. "Penny!"

"Don't sweat it Momma. I'd let him have you first. I might even let Jeremy help him."

That got Mom laughing. "Stop. Get dressed or no play time for a week."

I scrambled out of bed like someone had lit me on fire, throwing on shorts and shirt, getting both our moms to laugh. Penny got up slowly, walking weird, and her mother handed over her clothing.

"Remember, kids, Alice and I stayed out of it, Ok?" Colleen said quietly. "This has to be our little secret. We were just there for support."

Mom handed me the camera. "I expect you to make that clear on the video. Both Dad's are going to see that."

Penny looked mortified. "Dad? He's going to see it?"

Colleen gave her a hug. "His birthday present. Best damned present he's ever going to get."

"He won't get mad?" Penny asked nervously.

"Mad? He'll be jealous as hell. We both thought you were already putting out. Seeing your first time, as wonderful as that? We couldn't ask for anything better for our baby."

I heard the Jeep pull up outdoors. Hard to miss it, followed by the hum of the garage door opening.

"Mums the word," Mom said.

"We understand," I gave her a hug. "Thanks for everything. You both were great."

She kissed me. "No baby. Thank you for sharing with us." She patted my rear. "Go welcome home your Dad, and get him a beer. He's going to have a lot of questions."

I gave Penny a quick kiss, and gave Colleen's butt a squeeze, before running out the door. I met him coming in the garage, and gave him a grin. "Sorry Mom kicked you out. You missed an epic evening."

He raised an eyebrow. "Am I going to get to hear about it?"

"Of course. Who else could I tell? Better yet, tomorrow you're going to get to see it all on our new camera."

That got a grin out of him. "Tomorrow?"

I nodded. "I promised Penny she'd get to see it first. She's a little embarrassed. She said she might want to veto a few things."

I walked past him to the fridge, grabbing two beers. "You up for one?"

"Hell yeah. Let me get out of the monkey suit, and we'll talk."

He was almost to the stairs when the girls came down. Colleen lead the way, walking up to him and giving him a hug and a nice kiss. "Thank you, Harold."

He seemed surprised, but not nearly as much as when Penny wrapped her arms around his neck, and gave him a toe-curler. "I'm sorry I was so nervous. I should have let you stay, Daddy. I hope you like the movie."

He was struggling to answer, when Mom caught him. "I'm going to make this up to you. I promise." She whispered in his ear, and I saw him drop his coat on the ground. The other girls laughed.

"Goodnight, Jeremy," Colleen called out. "It was a perfect evening."

"'Night, Fuck God. See you tomorrow?" Penny asked from the front door.

"Absolutely. You and I have a movie to review."

She laughed, "See you tomorrow, Mom. Thanks again. You're the best."

Dad stared at the door for a few seconds. He picked up his coat, jogging up the stairs. "I'll be down in one minute. One minute."

Mom laughed, flowing into my arms. "I'm so proud of you, Jeremy. You were perfect tonight."

"You were pretty amazing too. God, I love you so much."

She pressed her lips to my ear. "You have to win me. You have to. I'm going crazy."

"I will Mom. Within the week, if you'll help."

"Whatever you need. Count me in. I want a night like tonight."

I sat on the couch, and Mom sat in my lap, letting me play with her breasts, until Dad came down. He sat next to us, took the beer I handed to him, then patted his lap. Mom scooted over to him, giving him a hug. "You'd be so proud of him. So much like you I almost cried."

He grinned. "Ok. I'm proud. Now what the hell was that all about?"

"Penny's first time. We wanted to make it perfect for her."

"No shit? You nailed her?" he asked me.

"Amazing Dad. She was incredible."

"You and Colleen?" he asked Mom.

"She was there for moral support. I ran the camera."

"Jesus. Whatever that camera cost, I'm going to pay you back double," he told me.

I laughed. "You paid for it."

"Oh. That's right. I'm going to pay you anyway. Take that girl out somewhere nice, buy her a car. Do something."

Mom laughed. "You haven't even seen the video yet."

"Is it good?" he asked.

She nodded. "Unbelievable. And I mean that. Inconceivable." She leaned against him. "You remember our first time?"

"Like it was yesterday," he said, hugging her close.

"How difficult it was for me? For a long time?"

He nodded slowly. "I loved you so much for that. Sticking with it, being so patient with me. I wish I'd known more."

She kissed him softly. "I was certain it would be like that for her. You know Jeremy's as big as you."

He nodded. "So I'm told."

She looked at him askance. "Told? You have the video of him and Penny."

"Yes. He's big."

"We didn't want it to be like that. Not that I'm complaining, but it hurt. A lot."

"Was she alright?" he asked nervously.

"Harold, he was perfect. He got her loose and relaxed. He went down on her and gave her the most amazing orgasm, then she gave him a

spectacular blow-job." She leaned against him. "Things got a little iffy there, but I don't want to keep anything from you."

"Iffy? How?"

"She made him come all over her face, and wanted me to clean it up, like she said on our video."

"Damn it, Alice! I thought we'd talked about this."

"I know. I'm sorry. But she was so excited, and it might have ruined everything if I didn't go along. It was going so beautifully, and I didn't want to ruin the mood. Colleen helped me. Jeremy filmed it for you." She nuzzled his neck. "Don't be mad honey. That was the worst I did. That wasn't so terrible was it?"

He sighed. "I guess not. If that was the worst."

She nodded. "We were very naughty. Colleen kissed me. Not a friendly little kiss either. She's wild. And we both fed his cum to that darling girl. With our tongues."

"God, Alice! You have that on video?"

"Perfect picture, Dad. Unbelievably hot. Did you know her Mom was like that?"

"Colleen? Not in the slightest. I never would have guessed that. Not in a hundred years."

"After that, our boy went down on her again, getting her going, until she was begging him for it. We got her lubed up..."

"You got her lubed up?" he asked.

"Colleen did, I put some pillows under her hips, and Jeremy went to work. Not before Colleen made sure our boy was nice and ready."

"Shit!" he groaned. "Do I want to know how she got him ready?"

Mom grinned, "Penny comes by her love of blow-jobs honestly. Like mother like daughter."

"Son of a Bitch!" He turned to me. "Really?"

"Only for a minute or so, pretty amazing." I turned to Mom. "I thought we were going to keep some things quiet? She might not want everyone to know."

She glared at me. "Are we going to keep secrets from your father, Jeremy?"

"No ma'am."

"No ma'am is right! You won't talk about this to anyone else, you understand, but we keep nothing from your father. Am I understood?"

Dad interrupted. "Don't be hard on him, Alice. He wasn't trying to keep things from me. Not about anything that matters. She's married. I can understand him not wanting to tell tales, especially if she asked you not to."

"Say what you will, Harold. No secrets. Not about bedroom stuff. Hold one thing back, and soon it's another, and then another. Do you want that?" She was still sounding pretty angry. I didn't like that.

Neither did Dad. He grabbed her by the shoulders, firmly, his voice hard. "No. But let me make my point clear, Alice. Very clear. I have my rules. If you break them, like licking Penny's face, I want to know. If you make a promise to someone else, someone not in this family, I don't want you breaking that promise. Am I understood?"

She nodded quietly. "Perfectly. I'm certain she didn't want us to keep the licking from you. We videoed it. I specifically told Jeremy to film it for the Dads."

"She did, Dad. It's the only time I had the camera all night."

"Dads? So I suppose Joe's going to get a copy of this video?" Dad asked.

"It is his daughter. Colleen said it was going to be a birthday present."

"He's not going to be a little surprised seeing my wife licking our son's cum off his daughter's face?"

"Surprised? Probably. Colleen did worse. They have no room to talk. Hell, he's going to be watching a video of his gorgeous daughter being deflowered. He's going to love it."

Dad didn't look ecstatic.

I scooted over next to him, and Mom stretched her legs out on mine. "Dad, wait 'til you see the video. The whole night was amazing. If you want me to take anything out, I will. I promise."

I rubbed Mom's legs. "Mom was an angel. She knew what to do, every step of the way, thanks to you. She told me everything. How hard to push, how deep to go, when to slow down, when to speedup. I would have made a mess of it without her. You'll see."

He chuckled, grudgingly. "She does know a lot about taking big cocks."

Mom smacked him teasingly. "God, Harold, you make me sound like a slut! One big cock."

He nodded. "One." He turned back to me, "Continue."

"It was so hard to get started with her. I couldn't get in. She was tight as a fist, and practically crying. Collen was almost in tears herself, eyes clenched closed, holding Penny's hand."

"Explain to me again why she was there," he asked Mom.

"It's the biggest day of Penny's life! As big as her wedding, or first child. It's different for us girls. What girl doesn't want her Mom at her side in the delivery room, or when she's walked to the altar? God, Harold, it was so beautiful. You'll see. When she started coming on our boy's cock, she called out for her momma. I was almost in tears."

"She came for you? Her first time?"

Mom was relaxing, stretching out, her bottom resting between my legs and Dads. She had pulled his hand into her nightgown, and he was playing with her tits. I was rubbing her legs, halfway up her thighs.

"It was wonderful," Mom said. "Tell him, honey."

"I really struggled to get in her. She cried when I forced the first couple of inches in. I was ready to stop. She wouldn't let me. It must have taken another five minutes of Mom's coaching to get halfway inside her. Penny was whimpering and moaning the whole time, and I felt so bad

for her. I wasn't even enjoying it that much, because she was so tight it hurt."

"What lube were you using?"

"The Pink, dear," Mom said.

He grunted. "Good stuff. Didn't it help?"

"Probably impossible without it. I don't know how you and Mom managed without."

He grinned. "I'll tell you, it wasn't easy."

"But worth it," I reminded him.

"Hell yeah. Best little pussy in 50 states," he teased, reaching down and rubbing Mom's crotch.

"Harold..." she whispered.

"Hush, you. Tell me he didn't see this tonight."

She turned her head, nuzzling his side. Silent.

She whimpered when I saw his fingers pull her panties aside and slide into her.

He looked over at me. "You were halfway inside Penny?"

"Yeah. Almost ready to give up. I'd spent the whole time working my way in. Mom said Penny was ready, and I started actually screwing her. Pulling out and pushing back in. It took forever, but eventually she started loosening up, and it wasn't like putting my dick through a grinder, finally."

"And that was with the lube," he said.

"A huge amount. I did get a rhythm going, and she seemed to be fine with it. She had stopped crying and groaning, and Colleen said she was Ok. Mom told me to push further. By the time I had all but a couple of inches in her, Penny was moaning again, but better. A good moan."

Dad grinned, fingering Mom hard, and getting a nice little response. "That kind of moan?" he teased.

Wow! "Exactly. So I sped up, fucking her harder, and the more I did, the better she responded. When I finally got all of it in her, she cried out for her Mom, and I could swear she came a little."

"A little?" Mom asked. "You need to learn more about women, baby. That was a nice one." She had opened her legs, and I had a hell of a view of Dad groping her.

"After that, I let loose. I fucked her hard, Dad. Mom told me to push her legs back, and as soon as I did, she came for me again."

"G-spot, son. Tilt her legs back, lift her hips, lower yours, and you're riding her g-spot. Big orgasms that way."

"Wow. Thanks. I wondered about that. It felt great."

"I know. Rubbing the crest of your head against the top of her cunt. It can make you too sensitive if you're not careful. Shorten the ride. We wouldn't want that."

Mom moaned when he said 'cunt', pressing his fingers into her hard. She was leaking pretty heavily. I could smell it from where I was. It was ridiculous that I was getting hard again after all I'd been through. Only for Mom.

"I guess the lube helped there. It was perfect. I couldn't believe how good it felt."

"Sounds to me like you lasted more than a couple of minutes," Dad said.

Mom was moaning softly, while Dad kept diddling her. "Forever, dear. He lasted forever. His Daddy's boy."

I laughed. "Forever, or maybe 15-20 minutes. Getting her to blow me first helped a lot. That didn't last long."

"With those two MILFs egging you on? Why am I not surprised?" He gave Mom a few rough strokes and she moaned for us again.

"Once she came for me like that, I rode her hard. All the way in, pounding her. I was bottoming out on every stroke, and she seemed to love it. She was building up to a big one. I saw enough of her orgasms yesterday to know what was happening. Mom told me to keep it steady, like I was doing it, until I couldn't hold back any longer. When I came in her she completely exploded, screaming, trembling, her whole body shaking. It went on and one. God, Dad, I wish you could have been there! I didn't know girls could come like that."

Dad was grinning at me again. He nodded down to his hand, and started hammering at Mom's pussy. She gasped, twisting her legs. "Hold her," he said.

I pinned her legs down, stopping her struggling, holding her open for him. I couldn't believe my eyes when he grabbed the crotch of her panties and tore them open. He stuck two fingers in her, and pounded her pussy. It scared me, how rough he was being, and she was getting off on it. Mom's legs started shaking, and he pulled his hand away, laughing. Mom immediately squirted on me, her whole body spasming, and Dad starting slapping her pussy, making her scream.

"Kind of like that?" he asked me.

I was gob-smacked. Completely in awe of my father. "Jesus, Dad. How'd you do that?"

He looked at me oddly for a bit, quietly before he seemed to come to a decision. "Pull her down into your lap," he said softly.

I lifted her hips, still trembling, setting her in my lap. Dad leaned over and took my hand in his. "These two fingers," he said, pushing down the two middle ones. He drew my hand down to her pussy, pushing those two fingers into her. "See that? Holding her like a case of beer, two fingers, two knuckles deep." He slid his fingers in with mine, pressing upward. "Up here, on top, that rough area. That's what you want. Now, like this." He started jerking his hand upward hard. "Pound her there. Hard. You can't be too rough. You try it."

I started pulling upward.

"Harder, son. She can take it."

Harder she got. Very hard. Lifting her hips by her tight little pussy, making her whimper and moan.

"That's it. This one should be quick. Once you get the first one, the rest are easy."

I copied what I'd seen, slamming away at the top of her pussy, making her squirm.

"Hold still, Alice," he told her, holding her shoulders down. "Use your other hand to keep her legs open, Jeremy."

I pushed her opposite leg away, still fingering her roughly. I felt her pussy pulse, swelling beneath my fingers, and she went off, screaming. She squirted on my hand, and I pulled it away, watching her come so hard, amazed at what I'd accomplished.

"You felt it, didn't you? Right before she comes?" Dad asked, as Mom continued to come for us.

"I did."

"Good. Next time, you pull away at that moment and enjoy the show. Give her another one, let's see you get this one right."

Mom gasped. "No Harold, no more."

"Hush, or I'll let him do it with my cock up your ass. Now be good."

I opened her legs, and she whimpered when I slid my fingers back inside her. Dad had her nightie pulled up to her shoulders and started

playing with her tits, pulling on her nipples, while I hammered her pussy. It didn't take more than a minute or two this time, before I felt that pulse again. She cried out when I pulled my fingers away, squirting powerfully, unlike the first two times, wetting the couch down to her knees. She was crying, squirming, and kept coming over and over again.

"That's a huge one, you did good," Dad said, putting his hand around my neck and giving me that familiar squeeze of approval. "Smack her clit lightly, and we can keep her going for a while."

I grinned for him, and starting patting her clit. "A little firmer," he said softly.

Mom was going nuts, twisting and turning, her legs shaking uncontrollably. She started to slide off my lap. "Don't let her get away. Control her," Dad said.

I grabbed her by the pussy, and pulled her back, making her cry out even louder. I slapped her soaked pussy, grinding my cock into her ass, watching Dad strip her, teasing her, tweaking her nipples. It seemed like she'd lost control of all her muscles. I thought she was finally coming down when he leaned against me, "God, isn't she beautiful like this?"

"Incredible, Dad."

"Again, one last one. Like the last one, that was perfect."

I was alway proud when he acknowledged my getting something right. No more so than that moment. I reached into Mom, finding that magical spot, before tugging upward hard, like I was going to pull her pussy apart. She was crying hysterically, pushing me away with her hands, until Dad held her down. It took a little longer, and I was worried that we'd worn her out, until the waves took over her body, and I felt that tell-tale pulse. I pulled away, letting her squirt, before slapping at her dripping pussy, her juices splashing everywhere, her body once again spinning out of control.

She was oddly quiet, and I looked up to see Dad had his forearm pressed against her mouth and she was biting him.

Dad looked at me and smiled. "That was good. We have to let her down easy now, this is hard on her."

She kept squirming, muscles clenching spasmodically, once again in danger of falling off the couch. I leaned over, hugging her hips, holding her safely, kissing her soft belly. "Relax, Mom," I said softly, "Relax, that was beautiful. It's over now. Relax." I kept talking to her, holding her, my hands caressing her softly, my lips brushing across her hips, her belly, her pubis.

Dad was holding her in his arms, soothing her. "Shh, Alice, it's Ok. We're here. Jeremy and I. You're safe. We love you, baby."

He reached out squeezing my shoulder, the closest thing we have to a hug. "We can't do this very often. It takes a lot out of her. There are not many women that can let go like that, completely. It requires total and absolute trust." He lifted her like a ragdoll, and left her in my arms, naked straddling me. "Hold her for a bit. She needs to feel safe before she can come back to us. I'm going to get her some water, she's going to need it."

I held her, kissing her cheeks, her slender neck, holding her firmly in my arms. She was whimpering, even giggling, completely out of it. I felt her grind against me. I reached down and cupped her ass cheek, pushing down, settling her. "You were perfect Mom. I've never seen anything more beautiful. I love you, Mom. I'm here for you, and I love you."

She shivered. "Jeremy?"

I hugged her tight, "Welcome back, Mom."

She settled into my arms, purring. "Mmm, my naughty boys," she murmured, rubbing her head into my shoulder, curling up in my lap.

Dad showed up with a glass of water. "How is she?" he asked.

"Seems better. She knew who I was a second ago."

Dad leaned over, tilting her head back. "Alice," he said firmly.

She opened her eyes, giving him the most beautiful innocent smile. "Harold."

"Drink some water for me, please."

"I'm so tired. Jeremy has me."

"Yes he does. Drink, just a little Ok?"

She nodded, tilting her head back, and letting him place the glass against her lips. He raised the glass and she slowly drank about a third of it. "More, Alice," Dad said when she turned her head away.

"Sleepy," she pouted.

"Drink," he said firmer.

She was like an exhausted little girl. Shaking her head.

"Please, Alice, for Daddy?" he said softly.

"From your lips," she whispered.

Dad took a sip, and pressed his lips to hers, pulling back after a few moments. Mom cuddled into me. "Yummy Daddy," she whispered, already half asleep.

Dad lifted her chin up. "One more time, alright honey? From Daddy's lips."

She pouted. "No. From baby's lips."

Dad sighed and gave me the glass. I filled my mouth, draining the glass, and pressed my mouth against hers. She opened hers, and I let the water slowly drain into it, her tongue lashing out and teasing me while I did. When I was empty I kissed her softly.

"Good Mommy," I said softly.

She grinned, and pressed up against me, purring.

Dad got up and and grabbed an afghan, putting it around her shoulders. "Hell of a night, huh?"

"No kidding."

"Did you get any of that Colleen?" he asked, teasing.

"A little at the end. Penny was wiped out, and I was hard. I don't know if we have it on video. Mom was calling you around then, and we were starting to clean up."

"You lead a charmed life, Jeremy."

"You're not doing so bad yourself, old man. What you did with Mom? Unbelievable."

"No. It just takes time and patience, love and trust to get a woman there. We've had years and years to get it right."

She felt so wonderful, sleeping naked in my arms. The perfect end to a perfect day.

"Is she out for good, now?" I asked.

"Oh yeah. She'll be useless until she wakes up tomorrow."

"There's a DVD on my dresser upstairs that's labeled 'Dad'. You want to get it?"

"Now?"

"I think you'll like it," I said.

"I thought it wouldn't be ready until tomorrow."

"This is a different one. Trust me, Dad. You'll want to see it."

He heaved a sigh and made that huge journey up the stairs and down the hall. He came back down with the DVD in hand. "Can I get you a beer, I'm going to have one more."

"No Dad. I'm good."

He looked at me holding Mom in my arms. "Yeah, I guess you are."

He grabbed his beer and put the DVD on. "Use the headphones," I told him.

Dad grabbed the headphones adjusting the audio output. The DVD Menu came up, with two entries. 'Penny BJ' and 'Marie Confession'. He looked over at me, eyebrows furled in confusion. I nodded back at the screen.

Dad's weird. I know I would have gone instantly to the Marie Confession. Not Dad. Penny BJ was the first entry so he watched it in its entirety. About halfway through, he had his cock out, stroking it.

I, on the other hand, was more than content to hold my Mom, adjusting her in my lap, caressing her smooth skin, fondling her ass, cupping her tits. I stayed away from between her legs, figuring she had to be pretty damn sore down there. I did cup it a couple of times, gently rubbing, imagining using it. I was in heaven. What a wonderful way to wind down the day. I was done. Fucked out, but I still saw Mom out of control, a damn orgasm machine, and then got to hold her wonderful naked body.

Dad finished the first video, and moved onto the second. He watched in confusion, looking over at me several times at the beginning, unable to tear his eyes away once Aunt Marie was naked, stroking me on the screen.

I couldn't remember the words, so I watched, relaxed, enjoying the view of Aunt Marie's body, comparing it to the beautiful girl in my arms. Dad seemed to be enjoying it too, stroking his meat fast.

He turned to me, while Aunt Marie showed him her virgin butthole. "Wake her up, Jeremy. Now. Hurry."

I gave Mom a shake. "Mom. Wake up. Now Mom, wake up."

Her eyes fluttered open. "Jeremy," she said smiling.

Dad stood over her, his cock red and angry. "Open up, Alice. Now!" he said very firmly. I was shocked by her response, sitting up, stretching her head forward, opening her mouth wide, sticking her tongue out.

Dad slid his cock between her lips and looking back at the paused image of Aunt Marie's puckered butt-hole, he came in Mom's mouth, groaning. She swallowed his load, sucking softly until he pulled away. Dad stroked her cheek. "Very good, Alice. Good girl."

She smiled, her eyes still closed. "Thank you, Harold," she murmured, settling back into my arms.

Dad must have watched that video for at least an hour. He watched it all the way through again, then started picking and choosing his parts. The butt part was an obvious favorite.

"Wake her gently, Jeremy. I'm sorry about last time. I didn't expect it to come on that fast."

"You want to do it inside her?" I asked. "We wouldn't have to wake her."

"If we hadn't played so hard, I would. It would hurt her now. She's dry and worn out. Her mouth is best. Don't worry, she's used to this."

I nudged her slowly awake, teasing her. "Wake up Mom. C'mon, wake up. Time for another feeding," I told her kissing her face. "Mmm. Jeremy feeding?" she asked.

"No Mom. Daddy feeding. Wake up Ok?" She grinned, sitting up a little straighter. Dad walked over, using the same exact words. "Open up,

Alice. Now!" She opened her mouth again, leaning forward for her prize. Dad put his cock in Mom's mouth, and stroked it, while she sucked on the end. He had the remote going, replaying Aunt Marie's early blow-job. His hand was moving easily, Mom sucking away contentedly. Dad fast forwarded to Aunt Marie showing off her pussy, and then back to her tight virgin ass, offering it to him. His hand became a blur, occasionally hitting Mom's chin. She didn't seem to mind as he groaned his release, filling her mouth again. "Good girl," he said softly, and she smiled. "Thank you Daddy," she whispered, leaning back into me.

Dad sat back on the couch, still watching my aunt. He turned to me. "If you need to come, you can use her mouth. I understand."

He couldn't have stunned me harder if he'd hit me with a 2x4. "I'm fine now."

"Alright, but if you do need it, go ahead."

I hadn't, but when I thought about it, watching Aunt Marie, feeling up Mom, that started to change. I rose up and pulled my shorts down, freeing my cock. I started stroking it under the covers, reaching between her legs to do so. Mom seemed to wake a little, cuddling into me, then reaching down and playing with my cock. "Naughty Jeremy," she whispered softly, stroking me.

I couldn't believe how fast she had me ready. "Wake up Mom," I said softly.

She smiled, her eyes fluttering open. "Jeremy feeding?" she asked.

"Yes Mom, Jeremy feeding." I slid her off my lap, standing over her, my cock in front of her face. "Open up Mom," I said. She grinned, shaking her head no.

"Please Mom, Open up for me," I asked her. She clenched her lips, giving a quick shake of her head.

I looked over and Dad was watching me. "Open up, Alice, Now!" I growled at her.

She grinned and opened her mouth wide. I slid my cock between her lips, barely in time. She sucked me for a few seconds, before I had to come, giving her yet another feeding. I let her suck me dry, and didn't stop her until I firmed up again. I eased out of my Mom's naughty mouth. "Good girl," I whispered, kissing her forehead. "Thank you, baby," she said.

Dad pushed me out of the way, "Open up, Alice. Now!" She opened her mouth quickly, and he barely got between her lips before he came for her. A few seconds later he pulled out. "Good girl," he said and she smiled for him. "Thank you, Harold." She gave a little burp and giggled. "Yummy," she purred.

I sat down and took her back in my lap, ashamed of how we both were using her.

"Don't," Dad said softly. He had the movie paused on a closeup of Aunt Marie's pucker. "Don't think about it like that. She loves it."

Damn, he knew me so well. "She completely out of it, Dad," I said softly.

"No. She knows what's happening. She really does love it. She won't remember much tomorrow, but she'll remember every one of those loads. I know I'll be catching hell for letting your first time in her mouth be like that, but she'll thank me for it. Thank both of us."

He moved closer, brushing her hair back from her face. "She's a very sexual creature, your mother. She loves to be used. She craves it. It's part of why I've never shared her. She's so easily dominated. You won't go beyond what I allow, will you?"

"No Dad. You've never told me your rules, and Mom has only hinted at them. Whatever you say, I swear to you, as God is my witness, I won't go any further. I won't let her either. She tends to want to bend the rules sometimes."

He grinned. "I know. I'd appreciate that, if you kept her in line."

He looked serious for a moment. "She's still mine, you understand."

I nodded.

"No fucking. None. Not in her pussy, not in her ass."

"I won't."

"Nobody else gets to use her."

"Of course not!"

He laughed. "You say that easily enough, but what about when your girlfriend's mother shows up with a strap-on?"

"I understand. Her pussy and ass are off limits."

"Not off-limits. She can't be penetrated. If Penny decides she wants to pleasure your Mom, and you're Ok with it, I can let that slide. I wouldn't mind a video," he said grinning.

"Ok. I understand."

"Nobody but us, Penny and her Mom, and your Aunt."

"Got it."

"Ok, I think that covers it. Now you want to explain what that movie was about?" He nodded toward the screen.

"I thought it spoke for itself. She wants you, bad. Always has. She compares every man to you and of course they fall short. No wonder she goes through them like Kleenexes."

"Why? Why are you doing this? I'm not going to let you fuck your Mom, just because you hand me Marie on a silver platter."

"It's not that, Dad. I'm not trying to trade for her. If it was that easy, I'd have a line of girls out the door, ready to do anything you wanted."

He laughed. "I bet you would."

"I want to patch things up between Mom and Aunt Marie. Once and for all. I need you to help. You have more influence than anyone on her."

"Don't sell yourself short, Jeremy. You can wrap her around your little finger."

"Help me, Dad. I'm going to have Marie begging on her hands and knees for forgiveness, and opening her soul to Mom. You need to let Mom know that Marie's been good all these years. She has, hasn't she?"

Dad nodded. "Surprisingly so. Still flirting and the occasional teasing flash, but very well behaved."

"She's trying, Dad. Mom misunderstands. Marie wasn't trying to steal me. She wants to share. She'd never try to take you away from Mom. But she's willing to do anything to be under your control."

"She said that to you?"

I laughed. "Yes. She said that to you, on the video."

"Blow-jobs? Anal? That's not Marie."

"For you it is. She'll be our personal house slut. We only have to convince Mom she's not a threat."

"You're certain she's not?"

"Dad! Would you leave Mom for anything? For her?"

He snapped. "Of course not!"

"Would I trade this here, holding her, for anything?"

He smiled, seeing my point. "I don't imagine you would."

"She's no threat to the family. But I bet she'd be a hell-of-a toy."

He leaned back, thinking. "You want her too, don't you?"

I nodded. "Right now, Mom has agreed that I can do anything but fuck her in the pussy. I've already fucked those tits."

"Amazing?" Dad asked.

"Incredible. You're going to have do that soon." I grinned. "She wants us both. At the same time."

"You're cool with that?" he asked.

"I've fantasized about it. Fucking Aunt Marie, lying on my back, holding her ass open for you, and listening to her scream."

"You're thinking the same about your mother, aren't you?"

"Of course. She's so much hotter than Aunt Marie."

"If I go along with this, I'm not saying I'm going to let you have her, you understand."

"Yes. This isn't about fucking Mom. It's not even about fucking Aunt Maire. I could do that right now if I wanted. Mom would be pissed, but Aunt Marie would let me. It's about Mom and her sister, and their

relationship. I want her happy. Deliriously, stupidly, walking around with an inane grin all day, happy."

Dad nodded. "I'll help if I can."

He stood, "Give her to me, I'm taking her to bed. Let me know what I can do."

I stood, holding her and passed her to him. She seemed really nervous, scared for a second when we exchanged her, but once in Dad's arms she settled down, smiling so sweetly.

"You want to give her one more before I put her down?" he asked.

"No. I think I'll wait until she's awake."

Dad grinned. "You're not as dumb as you look."

I laughed, squeezing his shoulder, then leaning down and giving Mom a kiss on her magical lips. "Mom's brains, Dad's looks," I told him.

"Ain't that the truth. Put away that DVD for me?"

"On my computer desk anytime you want it."

Dad started to walk away.

"I love you, Dad."

He hesitated, one foot raised on the second riser. "I...me too, Son."

I cleaned up the room, putting away the DVD, throwing away the bottles, clearing up wine glasses. Keeping myself busy. Wouldn't do to get all sappy. I knew he loved me anyway. Didn't need to hear it. We were men.

Movie Night

Je..re..my

Je..re..my

Such a sweet sound.

"Je..remy," Mom whispered into my ear.

"*Mmm*," I sighed, turning toward her.

"Je..remy," she whispered teasingly, nibbling on my ear.

I reached my arm out and pulled her close. "Love you, Mom," I sighed.

"Good morning, baby boy. I had the most wonderful dream last night."

I grinned, eyes still closed, enjoying the sound of her voice. "Me too."

"I dreamt my naughty son wore me out, making me come like crazy, while his Daddy taught him how."

"Mmm. Nice dream. I had one just like it."

She giggled, kissing my neck. "In my dream, my boy held me forever, protecting me, taking care of me, while he and his Daddy fed me."

"Sounds like a great dream to me."

"Did my naughty boy feed me last night?"

"I'm sure he did, Mom. You looked awfully hungry."

"Did his Daddy feed me too? While my boy was holding me?"

"Oh yeah. Dad fed you a lot. You should still be full."

"Is my baby going to feed me again?" Mom asked softly. I felt her tongue lick my cheek. Naughty Mommy.

"Every day. Perfect Mommy's should never go hungry."

"Now? Will he feed me now?"

"Your baby would love to feed you now."

Mom slid under the covers, and half asleep, I let her take care of me. It was beyond description, laying back lazily, knowing Mom was

between my legs. Her soft hands caressed my legs and stomach. Tiny kisses, nuzzles and licks, teasing, pleasing, before her hot mouth encased me. She was amazingly gentle and tender, coaxing my cum out only after a delightfully long time of reminding me she was the best cocksucker in town.

"Open up, Alice. Now!" I teased.

She giggled, accepting my gift, letting me fill her mouth, sucking me clean.

"Good girl," I whispered.

"Thank you, baby. Mommy's happy."

I pulled her up the bed, cuddling her. "I love you, Mom."

She purred sweetly. "Mommy knows." She kissed my chest. "Your father says there are new rules. He won't tell me," she pouted.

"You thought I would, if he wouldn't?" I said, patting her naked bottom.

"He said that if you wanted to, you would. It was up to you." Mom had her leg over mine, rubbing against me, squirming cutely. I felt the warmth of her crotch, wet against my hip. "Please baby? I need to know. Did you win me yet?"

I lifted her face to mine, tasted her oh-so-kissable lips. "Not completely. Not yet. I'm working on it."

"Rules?" she pleaded. "Where do we have to stop?"

"No fucking, front or back. That's the main one you need to know."

She pouted. "Are there more?"

"Yes, but that's between Dad and me. As far as you're concerned, I'm not going to fuck you anymore. No mistakes, or bending rules. Not until Dad decides otherwise."

"You think he will?" she asked softly.

"I'm certain he will. Once you do your part."

"My part? What's that?"

"It's still a secret. You'll find out soon. In the meantime, my mouth and the sweet little Mommy pussy are going to become very good friends."

"There will be lots of feeding too, right baby?"

"Lots. Don't be surprised if I walk into your room in the middle of the night, and give you a midnight snack in Dad's bed."

Mom moaned softly, her hands rubbing my chest. She nibbled along my jawline. "That would be terribly naughty, Jeremy."

"As naughty as when I give you a late night snack, when his cock is buried in your incredible, bodacious ass, Mom?"

"You wouldn't dare," she said nervously.

"I most definitely will. Often, unless Dad tells me to stop."

"Tonight?"

"We'll see. If you're a very good Mommy."

I took Mom into her shower, and we cleaned up together. It was so decadent, being allowed to wash her and feel her, playing with her body, all with Dad's approval.

"You're sure this alright with your father?" she asked once again.

"Yes, Mom. It's fine," I told her, washing her tits for the third time.

We got out of the shower and dried off. "I'm going to finish getting ready in my bathroom," I told her. "I expect you naked in your bed, when I get back."

"In your father's bed?" she whined.

"Naked and ready."

I brushed my teeth, shaved close, did the usual clean-up. I ran downstairs and got two bottles of water, then returned to her room.

She was in her bed, the covers turned down next to her.

"You're sure this is alright," she asked nervously.

"Stop asking. I'm not going to break his rules, and I'm not going to allow you to, not anymore."

She nodded.

I pulled her into my arms. "How are you feeling down there?" I asked.

"Sore. I'm always sore lately. I wonder why that is?" she teased.

"I'm going to do down on you now, and I want you to tell me what you like, and what I can do to make you feel good. Be honest and open with me."

"Of course, Jeremy."

I took my time with her, practicing what I'd learned with Aunt Marie and Penny, focused on her pleasure. She was easy to get off, and after less than 10 minutes I wrangled my first big orgasm out of her. I tried to be gentle, considerate, after what we'd subjected to her to the night before, but I wasn't always successful. Five minutes later I had her creaming on my tongue. By the time I finished with Mom's pussy, 20 minutes later, my jaw and tongue both aching, she'd come for me three more times.

Mom went down on me, playfully, toying with me. She could take all of it without any trouble, virtually no gag reflex. She did evil things to me with her tongue, crazy things. She'd bring me close, so very close, where I thought I had no chance to stop, then ease me back down. Over and over she did that, until I couldn't take it. I grabbed her head and forced my cock down her throat, groaning, as I erupted, her nose pressed against my belly.

She laid in my arms, smiling sleepily. "Jeremy?" she said softly.

"Mmmhmm."

"I don't mind you being aggressive like that at the end, but don't force your cock down my throat when you come, Ok?"

I sat up a little. "I'm sorry. You don't like that? Is it uncomfortable?"

She shook her head. "It's alright, sometimes, but I can't taste it that way. I can't hold it in my mouth. I always want to taste my baby boy's sweet cum. Fuck Mommy's throat all you want, but finish in my mouth, or outside, please."

"I love you, Mom. I'm sorry. I'll always let you taste it for now on. I didn't know."

She grinned. "I'm not mad, baby. That was fun. We're both learning about each other. I teased you so much, of course you had to take control. I wanted you to know, that's all. How to make it better." She gave me a squeeze, "Speaking of, you know that little phrase you use, to make me take your cock in my mouth?"

"Of course," I teased. "Sexiest thing ever."

She ran her finger across my chest. "That's your father's. It's only for him." She kissed my chest. "Don't be mad, Ok, but that's special for your father."

I gave her a hug. "I understand. That's for you two only. But last night, you wouldn't open for me, unless I said it."

She looked confused. "You said it last night? When you fed me?"

"Yeah. I tried, but you wouldn't open up for anything else."

She sighed. "I guess you're going to have to train me with your own special phrase. Something just for my Jeremy. Why don't you think about what you'd like that to be, and we can work on that."

"It'll be for me only, not for Dad?"

"Of course, baby. There are things about my relationship with my husband, that you'll never be able to be part of, just like there are elements of a relationship between a mother and her son, that your father can't ever have. This should reflect ours."

She kissed me on the lips, gently. "Don't you have some video editing to do, and a girlfriend to take care of? She's probably feeling nervous and vulnerable. You have to call her, see her, let her know everything's wonderful. It still is, right?"

"Fantastic. I swear, every day my life is getting better."

"Are you going to tell me your secret plan? How you're going to get your father to give me to you?"

"Not yet Mom. Soon, I promise. Just a couple of more things to take care of."

She gave me another kiss. "Bacon and egg sandwich?" she asked.

"That would be great. As wonderful as this is, I probably should wash the smell of my mother off, before seeing my newly deflowered girlfriend."

She giggled. "And vice, versa, right?"

"Yes, Mom."

* * *

I felt odd, standing at my girlfriend's door. I thought about how the father's in the neighborhood were off earning a dollar, while their women were home. Mom, Colleen, many others, I'm sure. I felt like a lone man in a sea of women, until 5:00 pm. I don't know why I thought of that, but it hit me, standing on the steps. I looked up and down the street. All those doors, many with lonely women behind them.

I had called ahead, and Penny's mother met me at the door.

"Jeremy! Don't you look handsome today?" she grinned, giving me a hug.

I had dressed up a little, button up shirt, khaki pants, shoes instead of sneakers. I wasn't even sure why. I had my hands full with my backpack, and a small bouquet of flowers. I held out the flowers to her.

"You're so sweet to have brought Penny flowers," she said, taking them and walking into the house.

"Those aren't for Penny, they're for you," I told her.

She stopped in mid-step, turning. "For me?"

"What you did for her yesterday, for us, to make it easy and special. I couldn't stop thinking about that. The way she shouted your name. That was when I knew how important it was. I had no idea. Thank you so much."

She grinned and walked back to me, sliding into my arms. "It's not for the little indiscretion between us, is it?"

I gave her a hug. "Sorry, beautiful, I'm just a teenager. I can't afford that kind of thank you."

She grinned and gave me a warm kiss. "Then I accept. Thank you. For the flowers and for allowing me to be there. I know that couldn't be comfortable for you."

I chuckled, sliding my arm around her waist as we walked to the kitchen. "No shit. Especially after the couch scene. I thought you hated me, and then to have you there, staring at me, when I was about to, uh, be with your daughter, I almost changed my mind."

"I think everyone is glad you didn't, including yours truly." She put the flower in a vase, and set them on the kitchen table. "She's still in bed. She's not feeling very good this morning."

"Can I see her?"

"I know she'd love that. She's kind of proud of how sore she is. Milking it for all it's worth. She has me waiting on her hand-and-foot, saying it's my fault it got so big." Colleen grinned at me, and I could see she was more than a little proud herself.

"She's right, you know. I've never been bigger. Naughty Colleen, with the magical mouth."

She laughed, bumping me with her shoulder. "If you only knew, hot stuff."

"Eleven, in one night?"

She blushed a bright red. "I can't believe I told you that. I never told anybody, not even my husband."

"I'm not going to hold that against you. If anything, you earn a gold star from me. I know how to keep a secret, it ends between us."

She walked me back to her daughter's room, and didn't object to my hand on her bottom as we walked side by side. She stopped at the door, turning toward me, and I pulled her close, grabbing her ass with both hands. "I thought you were such a nice sweet boy," she said, pressing her body against mine.

"I am. You said so yourself last night, when you got a taste."

She blushed again. "Stop. You're embarrassing me," she whispered.

"I don't want that. You were incredible last night, that's all. I'm kind of a dolt, waiting a year to start anything with Penny, and never realizing what an amazing and beautiful woman you are."

She gave me a squeeze. "Enough. We have to behave. I promised."

"Me too. I'm not trying to get in your pants, I swear. I never appreciated you before, that's all. I need you to know that I think you're incredible. I won't try anything other than a hug and a kiss, unless Penny's with us." I squeezed her buns again. "Maybe a little innocent touching."

She shivered in my arms. "If Penny is Ok with it...?"

"Anything and everything, your MILFness. I don't think I could ever get enough of you."

She stood on her toes and kissed me, gently. "If Penny Ok's with it, you'll get a chance to find out."

She opened her daughter's door, knocking softly. "Penny, Jeremy's here."

Collen left me there, and I sat on the edge of the bed, where my girlfriend was lying, wearing a t-shirt under the covers. "I love you," I told her.

She beamed at me and opened her arms for a hug. "Get out of those clothes and get in here with me," she laughed.

As I undressed, she shucked her own shirt, scooting over in the bed. "No bang-bang," she teased. "You pretty much ruined the kitty for a while."

I slid into the bed, and took her in my arms. "I'm sorry. I guess I got a little carried away."

She kissed me hard. "I'm not. It was incredible. I've been on the phone all morning with Emma and Kayla, sparing no details. They are sooo jealous!"

I was surprised. I would never even think of calling my friends and talking about that. Then again, Dad did get a pretty good update. I chuckled, "I couldn't tell anyone. Nobody would ever believe how incredible you were." I hugged her, cupping one of her tits, gently. "I didn't hurt you, did I?"

She giggled, settling into my arms. "It's not that bad, really. Some Tylenol and a little rest. I'll be good as gold in a couple of days, and we can get a little more 'practice' in." She glanced at the door, and lowered her voice. "I can walk around, but it's fun being spoiled and teasing Mom."

"You didn't tell your friends about..."

"Of course not! As far as anyone other than our two families is concerned, it was just you and me."

"You up to reviewing our video? I've done some editing, but I want you to help too."

"Sure. You've got it here?"

I leaned out of the bed and grabbed my knapsack, pulling out my laptop.

We spent a long time in that bed, looking at the footage, trimming here and there, muting some of the sound. We added a title, and some

transitions, playing together. I was getting worked up, and I know Penny was too.

"Fuck, we are hot together, aren't we?" she said, during playback of the final product.

"You're amazing," I told her. "Anyone would be incredible with you, I'm just glad it was me."

She put her arm around my waist, leaning into me. "Me too, Jeremy. You were wonderful." She gave me a long soft kiss. "Go get Mom, let's see if she approves of the final. You'll have to make sure Alice gives it the Ok, too."

I climbed out of the bed, and put on my boxers. I found Colleen in the living room. "Penny wants you to see the final video," I told her.

She was up like a shot, taking my hand and almost running to the back of the house. I laughed, as I tried to keep up. In Penny's room, I took off my boxers and climbed into her bed. Colleen went over to Penny's side, and her daughter stopped her. "No way Momma. Other side."

Penny passed me the laptop, and her mother scurried around the bed, lifting the covers.

"Nope." Penny laughed. "This is the love bed. No clothing allowed."

"Penny..." her mother whined.

"Do you want to see the video, Mom? It's fucking amazing."

Colleen stripped down and climbed into the bed beside me. "God, you are so rotten today," Colleen mumbled.

I moved the laptop down toward my knees, so everyone could get a decent view. Then I hit play.

I put my arms around both girls, leaning back, listening in pleasure as they talked about the movie. It was at least as hot as Penny had said. When we got to the scene where I came on Penny's face, they moaned in tandem. Penny reached over and pulled the covers off my lap, my erection standing tall. It was getting to me, no denying.

Penny wrapped her hand around my cock, stroking me slowly, while we watched the two Mom's lick her face clean. "Go ahead, Mom. I know you want to," she said softly.

Colleen's hand joined her daughter's and I groaned. They both giggled.

"In or out, Mom? This scene?" Penny asked.

"In. In. It would be a mortal sin to take that out," Colleen said.

They got to the point where we were preparing her for the big moment, and Penny hit pause, as her mother took me in her mouth on the screen. "Can we leave that in? Or should we take it out. What's Dad going to think?"

Colleen seemed conflicted. "Can we do both? One of each?" she asked nervously.

I started to answer sure, but Penny cut me off. "Both? That's a lot of work you're asking my boyfriend to do," she said.

"Really? It's not that much extra work is it?"

"It is. I think you'll have to earn the second one," Penny said.

"Earn it?"

"Show me how good that mouth of yours is Mom. I heard you telling him you were better. Prove it."

Colleen blushed, but she leaned over and started licking my cock. Penny grabbed the laptop and pulled it to the side, pulling the covers off of us, so she could watch her naked mother suck me.

I leaned back and enjoyed it. If Mom hadn't already gotten me off a few times that morning, I'm sure I would have come right away. She was good, looking up at me, moaning, licking and kissing my cock like it

was the most important thing in the world. Stroking it lazily, rubbing it against her face and lips. She was quite the tease.

"Geez Mom, aren't you going to suck it?"

"Hush, Penny," I told her. "It's good. Very good."

"Really?" she asked.

"Definitely."

When Colleen finally took me in her mouth, it was all I could do to hang on. She sensed it, and took it easy on me, until I relaxed a bit and she went back to work.

"All the way, Mom. I know you can do it," Penny urged.

Colleen, sat up. "No baby. Not this time."

"Not this time?"

Colleen turned to me. "Jeremy, love, can you give us a few minutes, please? Get yourself something to drink if you like. When you come back, I'll finish you good, I promise."

I gave her a quick kiss, and climbed over her. "Listen to your Mom, Penny. Think what last night would have been like if our moms weren't there. They know a lot more about this stuff than we do."

I left them for a while. Long enough to have a Coke and relax. Down there, too. Colleen was going to have to work for it.

Back in the bed, they were cuddling and talking softly. They made room for me, and Colleen went straight to work. Slowly and teasingly, she got me hard, making me ache before she took me in her mouth. I knew she adored my cock, couldn't live without it, by the time her mouth was bobbing up and down.

Penny leaned against me, and I saw she had her phone out, recording her Mom's masterwork. "Is it good?" she asked me softly.

"Oh, yeah," I groaned.

"Really good? Better than me?"

Colleen pulled up. "If you answer that, I'll never do this again," she snapped. She glared at her daughter. "This isn't some competition."

Penny blushed. "Sorry, but he looked like he really liked it."

"I do. Your Mom's a cock-sucking genius. A lot better than Aunt Marie. That's all I'm going to say. No way I'm going to risk not getting more of this."

Colleen chuckled. "Good answer, Jeremy. If my rotten daughter will stop interrupting and causing trouble, it's going to get better."

She was right. It did get better, and better. She had me curling my toes, aching for release. I'd still give the edge to Mom, but it wasn't fair. She was my Mom after all. She got huge bonus points for that.

She brought me to the edge several times before finally letting me finish. She pulled her mouth off and stroked me hard, letting me come on her face. She was very pretty like that.

"You didn't even let him come in your mouth," Penny pouted.

"He will. And he'll dream about it until he does. Don't give it all away the first time. In the mouth, swallowing, deep-throat, face-fucking, those are gifts we give him gradually, specials. He'll appreciate them all the more that way. You only get one first time."

She got off the bed, and picked up her shirt, wiping her face clean. I had hoped she was going to let Penny lick her clean, like she had done for her daughter.

Colleen laughed. "You're so cute, Jeremy. So transparent. It'll happen someday, Ok?"

Penny was confused. "What will happen?"

Her mother climbed in back in bed, and I hugged her. "He wanted you to lick it off. Couldn't you tell? The way he looked at you and my face? The disappointment when I wiped it clean?"

Penny looked at me. "Is it true? Is that what you wanted?"

I nodded, slightly embarrassed I was so easy to read.

"I would have done it," she said.

"Little bit at a time. He's happy now. We'll save that for another time."

We watched the rest of the video, the girls back to chatting about how good Penny looked, how amazing it had been, how the fathers were going to get a kick out of it, not just Penny, but both naked moms. All of it. There was no picture of the mom's cleaning either of us up, or any of the stuff I did with Colleen. It ended with me holding Penny and us talking about how it had been. I thought it was especially naughty, that Mom had been cleaning me with her mouth while filming that final scene.

It showed Penny giggling, and saying she made a mess, but we took out her Mom's naughty response, and skipped to my Mom asking if we were going to do it again, and agreeing to wait until later. We cut to a final shot Mom had taken of us lying together, Penny's head on my shoulder.

Colleen, chuckled. "I'm having second thoughts," she said.

"Of giving it to Dad?" Penny asked. "You think he'll be mad?"

"I think I won't be able to walk for weeks. That's the hottest thing I've ever seen. It's going to drive him crazy." She turned to her daughter. "I want you to offer to watch it with him. Not the first time, that would be dangerous. He is just a man, after all. But afterward."

"Are you sure?" Penny asked.

"I'm sure. You watch that with him. You tell him all you felt. Including anything you want about what I did. Anything. I'll prepare him for it."

"Why?"

Colleen laughed. "That's how we're going to get you that convertible VW Bug you've been hinting about. Trust me. You open up to him, tell him you love him and wanted to share that special moment, and anything you want is yours."

I chuckled. "I bet you're right. Dad told me he'd buy a car for her, before he even saw the movie, when we told him what we had in store."

"See? Trust me on this one, baby," Colleen giggled. "You might even sit on his lap. Get him all hot and bothered. I'll take care of him afterward."

We finished up, and I told them I'd make the final edits. "Do you mind which version my Dad gets?" I asked Colleen.

"As long as he can keep it to himself, give him the good stuff. Hell you can even let him see me cleaning her up, if you can cut out that line about your mom cleaning you."

"Great. I'm going to finish it up and let him see it tonight."

"Can I come over when you do?" Penny asked.

"You can come over anytime. I'm sure my parents would both love to have you there."

"After dinner then?" she asked.

"I'll save it until then." I leaned over and kissed her softly. "You know I love you, right?"

"Long, and hard," she teased. She gave me peck on the lips. "I love you too. We both do, don't we Mom?"

Colleen blushed. "It's hard not to." That earned her a kiss as well.

I stood up and put away my computer, and then got dressed. I stood at the foot of the bed, both girls still lying there, naked, watching me.

"What's it like?" I asked, spinning slowly around.

"What's what like?" Colleen asked.

"Seeing the luckiest man in the world. Does it show?"

Penny laughed, and threw her pillow at me. "How about the luckiest girl?"

"Gorgeous, and driving me crazy. To know what's hidden under the covers and not be able to do anything about it. I'm going to go home, watch my video and see if I can't get some blisters on my hand."

She shrieked, "Don't you dare! You and me are doing some 'practice' later. The kitty might be on life-support, but my mouth is just fine."

"Alright. No blisters. But you better not be teasing me."

She grinned. "I'll tease you alright. I think you'll be Ok with it though."

I went over and gave them both kisses, and told them I'd let myself out.

They were giggling like schoolgirls, jabbering away before I was even in the hall.

* * *

I went home and worked on the video. Mom was out, most likely shopping. I had hoped for a little more Mommy loving, but it was probably best this way. I finished the tape for Dad, including the bonus Colleen action, and had a nice chat with Aunt Marie on the phone. I told her about my night, and that Dad had seen her video and he was in. I also told her not to make plans for the next day, since she'd be coming over, and might be staying late. Very late.

She was nervous, asking me if I was sure, and what to do about Colin. "Bring him over. I'll keep him out of it tomorrow, but we're not going to leave him out for long. I don't have the final solution for him yet. Let me deal with Colin for now, you take care of your part."

I reminded her how much I loved her, and why we were doing this, and she finally agreed. "Take care of me, Jeremy."

"I will Aunt Marie. I promise. It'll work out."

She was hard to get off the phone, but I finally managed it.

I was happy with the final video versions. I only needed Mom's approval. I heard Mom drive up, and I went downstairs.

She had groceries, and was dressed in her yoga outfit. I helped her unload the bags and put them away. She asked me how my visit with Penny went, but I didn't go into detail. "We finished the video. You want to see it now, or do you need to get dinner started?"

"Give me a minute, and I'll get the roast going."

I grabbed a beer, and drank it watching her. She was so beautiful, working in the kitchen. Every movement was exciting. I still couldn't believe that Dad was letting me play with her. The luckiest man in the world. I hadn't been kidding.

She giggled. "You're making me nervous, sweetie."

"Why?"

"The way you're looking at me. That hungry, horny look. You get that from your father."

"You're gorgeous Mom. I can't believe how fortunate I am."

She finished washing up her hands, came over and gave me a long slow kiss. A kiss of promises. She pulled back, smiling. "Something you wanted to show me?"

"My room. Now."

She laughed, taking my hand in hers, and leading the way. Inside the door I started undressing her. "I thought you wanted me to see a video?"

"You will." I left her panties on, and stripped down to my boxers. I sat in front of my computer and patted my thighs. "Come here Mom. Sit on my lap. Let's watch this together."

I played with her body, kissing her neck, fondling her tits, rubbing between her legs, while we watched. I got her approval for each of the scenes, as we went. I was hard, and she was rubbing her butt against me teasingly. When we got to the the part where she was talking to me, telling me how to fuck my girlfriend, I paused the movie. She turned to me, and I brought my lips to hers, opening her lips, kissing her with all the feeling I could.

"You were incredible, Mom. You made it work. I know now that it would probably have been a disaster without you there. I love you so much, Mom."

She sighed, holding me. "I love your father. I do, but I wish that had been me under you, experiencing my first time. That's all I could think about. What it would have been like with you. You were perfect, Jeremy."

"Only because of you."

She grinned. "We're a good team, aren't we?"

"The best." I turned her around and started the movie back up. We didn't talk much, but I had my hand in her panties, teasing her, rubbing her, sliding my fingers inside of her.

"Is this Ok?" she moaned, pressing back against my fingers.

"This is fine. I promise."

She was breathing hard, her hands spread apart, leaning on the desk, her face close to the monitor, when the young girl on screen gave me her first little orgasm. Mom groaned, while my fingers worked her pussy, my other hand toying with her tit.

When Penny gasped 'Mom' the first time, my mother came for me. A little one, but so sweet. "That's me, baby," she gasped. "You're fucking me. Taking my virginity."

She was going crazy, gasping and groaning, little tiny 'oh's escaping her lips, as I rubbed her pussy. She was trembling, building up to a nice one. When Penny screamed and came on the video, Mom was right behind her, crying out, and hunching against my hand, two fingers trust up inside her, pulling upward, while my palm hammered her clit. She came hard, screaming my name, when I came inside Penny on the screen.

My hand was soaked in her juices, and she was shaking. I held her tightly so she wouldn't fall off my lap. I reached out and hit the pause, waiting for her to settle down. She leaned back against me, her head lolling backward. "Fuck," she whispered. "Holy fuck."

I chuckled, hugging her. "You Ok?"

She nodded slowly. "This is going to get me killed you know."

"Killed?"

"Your father's going to fuck me to death after he sees this."

"It gets worse, Mom."

"Worse?"

"Penny's going to come over and watch it with us."

"God! This may kill him. You asked her to watch it with us?"

"Her idea."

"That little tart! She's as bad as you. She must know it's going to give him a heart attack."

"Somehow, I think he'll survive," I laughed.

"I won't. Not after that."

"Don't worry Mom, I won't let him abuse your sexy mouth. That will be my job."

"Oh great. That makes me feel much safer. Restricting him to two openings instead of three, just means those get it that much worse. I don't suppose you'd be gentle with Mommy's tender mouth, would you? Sweetie?" she teased.

"We do have to practice my new special saying. That will take a lot of practice. Lots and lots. Tons."

"I am so fucked," she moaned.

"Watch the rest Mom, it's not over yet."

I started the movie, playing with her gently. She gasped, when Colleen climbed between her daughter's legs, as Penny and I finished talking on screen. "She's Ok with us showing him that? Colleen?"

"She suggested it. That's only for our version. Penny's Dad may not get to see that part. It'll be up to them, they're going to have a version with and without Colleen's bonus scene."

"You are trying to get me killed, aren't you. He fucks me to death, and no more play for you, don't forget."

I laughed, pulling her off my lap, and dropping my boxers. "That's why you're going to suck me now. Just in case it's our last."

She laughed, wriggling out of her panties. "Only if you return the favor."

"Video's Ok?" I asked, as she stretched out on the bed.

"Perfect. Like my baby boy. Harold's going to be so happy."

We spent half-an-hour playing, getting each other off. We laid in each other's arms, talking about our video, and watching it together. She went down on me again, but I told her it was only for fun. I didn't want to come any more, not before movie time.

Mom showed me a hint of her best, bringing me close several times, but staying in complete control. I was laying back in the bed gasping, when she left me. "Have to check on dinner. An over-cooked roast would be a lousy start to what should be an amazing evening. Ill finish that later."

She'll pay for that, I promised myself. I burned the final version of the videos, labeling them both 'Dad', putting Penny's in a nice DVD case, with a printed label of her smiling innocently. On Dad's I put a screen-cap of her 'come' face, while she had her big orgasm. She looked spectacular. He was going to love it.

* * *

Dad came home, dressed down, and settled into his favorite chair. I brought him a beer and handed him his video. He stared at the cover shot. "This is it?"

"Yeah. I figure we can have family night at the movies after dinner, if that's alright with you."

He grinned. "I think that works for me." He looked over at Mom, getting dinner on the table. "You and your mother?"

"Yeah. I told her a little about the rules. We talked a lot."

Dad chuckled, "Talk was all you did?"

"No, we did more than talk. A lot more. She came for me a ton while she previewed the movie."

"She saw it already?"

"I needed her approval before I burned Penny's version. It's not as good as yours."

"Really? How's that?"

I laughed. "I'll tell you afterward, Ok? Don't want to spoil it."

"You going to tell me what you and your mother did?" he asked. He sounded nervous.

"Dad, I'll tell you anything you want. I promise. No secrets. I think you'll enjoy it more hearing it from her in your bed tonight. We stuck to the rules."

He grinned. "Yeah. You're right. I might want to compare notes tomorrow."

"Whatever you want."

Mom let us know dinner was ready, and we had a nice little feast, while we avoided talking about anything sexual. Mom looked a little nervous, and over dessert she finally put down her utensils, looking at Dad. "No questions? About your new rules?"

He grabbed her hand in his, squeezing gently. "Tonight, in bed. You can share with me then. Just know that I trust you with him."

Mom got up and crawled into his lap, making him push his chair back from the table. She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him, the way I'd want her to kiss me. "I'm the luckiest woman in the world. With the best husband and son anyone could ever ask for."

"No luckier than us," Dad told her.

"Amen," I added.

She kissed him again, before climbing off. She was barely back in her seat, when the doorbell rang.

Dad looked confused. Mom and I looked at each other and we both leaped up rushing for the door, laughing and tussling on the way. Dad hadn't raised a complete clod, and I let Mom win.

She smirked at me and opened the door. Penny was standing there, nervous, and Mom pulled her in, hugging her like the prodigal daughter. They started laughing, clinging to each other, moving in

from the doorway. I closed the door and locked it, to find them crying on each other's shoulders.

Women.

I didn't understand it. They hadn't said anything at all since Penny arrived. They pulled apart, and Mom kissed Penny on the lips. "Thank you for this," she said softly.

Penny hugged her tightly. "Thank you for everything. I love you."

They started crying again, and I looked up to see Dad standing in the living room, staring at them, stunned.

I walked over to him, figuring I wasn't going to get my Penny hug for a while. Not the way they were acting. "Movie time, Dad. What can I get you to drink?"

He took a while to answer, unable to tear his eyes off our women. "Uh, something strong, I think," he mumbled.

"Jack and Coke?" I offered.

"Sure. Yeah. Strong."

I laughed, never having seen my father so lost. I made us both drinks, and brought him his. The girls were still talking to each other, jabbering away a mile a minute, hugging every few seconds.

I grabbed Dad by the arm, tugging. "Come on. They'll be with us in a bit."

I stopped him in front of the couch. "Here."

He looked over at his chair, then took a drink and sat down where I'd indicated. I loaded up the DVD and turned the screen a little so it faced the couch directly.

Mom and Penny walked past us hand-in-hand, headed for the bar. "Yeah, so I told Emma how he'd gotten me ready..." Penny was saying.

Dad watched them, his head on a swivel, tracking their every move.

"Penny asked if it would be Ok to watch it with us. You don't mind, do you?" I asked.

He was still staring and it took a moment for my words to cut through his fog. "Watch? Mind? No, of course not."

The girls stopped in front of us, held hands and kissed briefly. "I'll be right here," Mom said. She sat in Dad's lap sideways, facing me. Penny kicked off her sandals, and sat in my lap mirroring Mom. Their legs

were intertwined, and they giggled, rubbing their bare feet against each other's legs, playfully.

Mom hugged Dad, looking at us. "Jeremy showed it to me earlier. I have to warn you, it's the hottest thing I've ever seen. Let me know if it gets to be too much, Ok?"

He looked over at us. "Here?"

She kissed him on the cheek. "Not many secrets between us. Especially not after this."

Penny spoke up. "I won't mind. As long as you guys don't."

I looked at both of them, seeing the teasing grins on their faces. For the first time I noticed how similarly they were dressed. Both were wearing t-shirts and skirts. The shirts were loose, and the skirts weren't particularly short, both near knee length. I saw Mom's was halfway up her thighs already, and she winked at me, opening her legs and flashing her tiny see through panties.

I pulled Penny's head down, and brought my lips to her ear. "You guys talked before you came over, didn't you?"

She giggled, turned and kissed me. "Maybe. Mad?"

I hugged her. "You two are evil."

She turned to Mom. "He told me I was evil," she pouted.

"Jeremy! Is that any way to talk to your girlfriend, after all she did for you last night!"

"You too, Mom. Evil."

Mom grinned. "Maybe just a little."

I think we had lost Dad completely. He was in la-la land, staring at Penny's thighs.

Mom laughed, grabbing his chin gently and turning it toward the screen. "Later. Now watch."

I took the hint and started the video, showing the opening credits.

Penny's First Time.

Starring Penny Booth, as Penny

Co-starring Jeremy Davis, as Jeremy

Cameo's by Alice Davis and Colleen Booth

It started with a slow pan of the room, then Penny and her mother in the bed, Penny naked, looking nervous, and her mother in Mom's nightgown, looking stoic.

We had Dad's full attention, and I slid my hand up Penny's skirt, stroking her thigh.

We all watched quietly while I entered the scene and climbed onto the bed with them. Penny and I chatted a bit, talking about practice, while her mother stared daggers at me.

Dad spoke up. "Jesus, that would have scared the crap out of me."

Penny giggled. "I didn't know she was doing that. I would have banished her right away. That was Bad Mom."

I went down on Penny on the screen. Mom was moving the camera around, closeups of what I was doing, mixed with shots of Penny's reaction and some of her mother's clinginess, inching closer to her daughter, until she was holding her head against her chest, caressing her.

By the time Penny came for me on screen, Dad had his hands in Mom's shirt, and she straightened up and pulled it off, sitting there topless. She looked over at Penny and I felt her tremble a little as she pulled her own shirt off. She wasn't wearing a bra either.

Dad glanced over several times, torn between the screen and the real live view.

On screen, I was kissing Penny, with her mother's tit in my face. Penny scolded her mother, who backed away. I leaned over and kissed Colleen. In the movie, it seemed a lot longer than it had originally.

I heard Dad chuckle. "Smooth."

Mom hugged him. "Chip off the old block."

Back on the TV, Penny moved between my legs, and Dad groaned, as she started to blow me. "Alice," he whispered.

"Not yet, Harold."

The camera tracked Penny for a while, then cut to a topless Colleen. A close-up of some very substantial tits, before returning to Penny's action.

We all watched the interplay while Penny claimed me, and Colleen teasingly offered her help as well as Mom's.

Dad was laughing. "Damn Jeremy. One good kiss, and you completely won her over. I'm proud of you. Must have been one hell of a kiss."

"Aunt Marie taught me. We've been getting lots of practice."

"Figures she'd be an expert at that."

Mom glared at him. "And I'm not?"

He squeezed her, while Penny was taking me down her throat on screen. "Jesus, boy. Don't let her get away."

Penny giggled. "I'm not going anywhere Dad. Trust me."

"Pause!" Mom snapped. I hit the pause, and Mom was glaring at Dad. "Marie's a better kisser than me? Is that what you think?"

Dad had stepped in it. I went for the save. "No Mom. No way. You're worlds better. But Dad wouldn't know that. She's just been working with me on it. She's always like in teacher mode with me."

Dad nodded. "I only meant she probably had to get good, with all those different men in and out of her life. She can't hold a candle to you. You know that. I made my choice, and never once regretted it for a moment. I've never even kissed her, not a real kiss. Not once in all these years. She never tried, either."

Mom seemed a little consoled. "I could have taught him."

"No kidding," I told her. "Shame on you for making me go to her for training."

Mom blushed. "I never..."

"Yes you did. You gave me to her to break in, with your rules. She was good about it, teaching me patiently, and staying within your boundaries. You know who should have been teaching me," I told her.

She turned to Dad. "Tell him Harold. I wasn't allowed, was I?"

Dad nodded. "My decision, son. Sorry about that. But we're Ok now, right?"

"More than Ok, Dad. You going to teach me from now on, Mom?" I hugged, my girl, who was enthralled with our tête-à-tête. "Teach us both?"

"Of course she will," Dad said. He pulled Mom close and kissed her hard. "Best Mom in the world, right?"

Penny chimed in. "My Momma's pretty awesome too."

Dad chuckled. "I'm not going to argue that one. I'll let you call it a tie."

Mom was sufficiently mollified. "Play, Jeremy."

Dad reached over and gave me a firm squeeze on the shoulder. You're welcome I thought.

We returned to more of Penny working her magic, and then a quick POV shot of Mom shooting the length of her own nude body.

"How?" Dad asked.

"Colleen did it. She was really very naughty. We're going to have to have her over and get better acquainted," she teased.

On screen I got on my knees, and stroked my cock, shooting a huge load on Penny's face. She laid back and the moms agreed to clean her together. The next shot after the transition was both moms licking her face clean, kissing each other, and using their mouths to feed my cum to Penny.

"Oh God, Alice," Dad moaned.

"Keep watching, Dear. I promise, it'll be worth it."

Penny whispered in my ear, "She's torturing him."

"And you're not?" I whispered, rubbing her gently between her legs, pulling her skirt up almost to her waist.

On the TV we were talking and Mom was giving me crap about being gentle. Dad laughed when I told her she didn't know jack about being gentle. "You shouldn't tease your mother like that, Jeremy."

"She hit me hard," I whined.

We all watched as I went down on her again, before she asked me to take the next step. The moms went into action, and Dad leaned forward, when Colleen took me in her mouth."

"You're right, Penny," Dad said, "Hell of a mom you got."

"I told you so," Penny giggled. "Too good. She got him so worked up, he was huge. Made my life a whole lot more painful."

We all got quiet as I tried to stick it inside her. Mom had a great shot, over my shoulder, her voice clear as she told me what to do. You could have heard a pin drop while I struggled getting inside her, Penny whimpering softly. The big push came, and she cried out, with my cock head disappearing inside her.

"Jesus," Dad groaned. "That's a tiny little pussy."

Penny giggled. "Not anymore. Feels like the Brooklyn Tunnel."

Dad glanced over and almost got whiplash. Her legs were open enough for a nice little crotch shot, her skirt raised completely out of the way. I was rubbing her softly, just playing around, and she had a wet spot the size of silver dollar.

Mom chuckled, and turned his head back to the screen.

Things got quiet as on screen Mom whispered what to do, and I slowly worked my way inside my tight, virginal girlfriend. Several long minutes with Mom guiding me each step of the way, until I was fucking her slowly, most of my length gliding in and out of her ridiculously tight hole.

"Pause, please?" Penny whispered.

I looked up and she was crying. I paused the video, and went to hug her when she crawled off of me, and launched herself into Mom's arms. Mom held her, while Dad looked as confused as me.

Penny was sobbing, and Mom caressed her blonde hair, kissing the top of her head. "What's wrong, baby girl? Is it too much?"

I felt vindicated. Even Mom didn't know what was going on. I was kind of used to being in the dark when it came to girls. Now I knew it wasn't just me.

"I didn't know," she sobbed.

"Didn't know what, baby?" Dad asked, his arm lying across Penny's upper thighs, his hand holding her from sliding off.

"I didn't know how Jeremy could know what to do. Everything perfect. Stopping and starting, moving the way he did. Making me feel like that. How could he possibly know? I was afraid I wasn't his first. He must have done that before. A lot."

She looked up at Mom. "It was you. You knew. You took care of me, Mom." She broke down crying, "I really was his first."

Mom squeezed her. "I wouldn't let him hurt you. I hope you don't think I was interfering."

A strange barked little laugh escaped Penny's lips. "Interfering? I was wrong. You win the best Mom in the world award. I'll never be able to thank you enough." She scooted up a little and kissed Mom on the lips, tenderly. "You are the best, Mom. Thank you."

Now Mom was crying, hugging her, while on screen my cock was buried in Penny's little pussy, with only a couple of inches to spare, paused in mid-stroke.

Dad was caressing Penny's naked back, gently, his hand flowing over her skin. Penny turned on her side, facing the screen, her head resting

on Mom's bare breast. Dad pulled the girls a little deeper into the couch, so they wouldn't fall off his lap, then put his arm around Penny's waist, holding her. Mom slid down a bit, her shoulders resting on the arm rest. Her butt was hanging over the edge of Dad's thigh, Penny's hip wedged between them.

I got up and grabbed a box of Kleenex's from the kitchen counter, and knelt in front of the three of them, passing a couple of Kleenexes to Mom, then using a couple of more to wipe Penny's tears away.

"You Ok?" I asked softly.

She nodded, then wiggled a little, getting comfortable in Mom's arms. "Can I stay here a bit, Jeremy?" she asked softly.

I chuckled. "You'd have to ask Dad. I'm not the one holding two grown women in his lap."

Penny started to get up, awkwardly. "Oh! I'm sorry Mr. Davis, I wasn't thinking..."

She must have been upset. She never called him Mr. Davis, not since a couple of months after we started dating.

"Shh. It's Ok. I don't mind." He tugged her back into his lap, gently. "Call me Harold, baby girl."

"If you're going to call me Mom, you better call him Dad. I'm sure he won't mind," she said grinning mischievously.

Penny sighed, wriggling sweetly. "Thank you, Daddy."

I looked up at Mom, and she nodded once slowly. Then she gave another nod of her head down to where their legs were stretched out.

I took the hint. I gave Penny a quick little kiss, then climbed on the couch next to Dad. I lifted the girls' legs, Penny's hips, Mom's butt, and squeezed in next to my father.

We were all looking at the screen, and Penny giggled. "Jesus, I don't know how that thing ever fit inside of me. It aches just to look at it."

We all laughed and I hit play, watching the finish of my girlfriend's deflowering. I leaned my head on my father's shoulder. He was being good, his hand resting on Penny's bare stomach, her young breasts only a few inches from his finger tips.

On screen I was leaning over Penny, taking a break, letting her grow accustomed to me. We were chatting about how she was doing, and how big I was, any 'bonus' size all Colleen's fault. I told Penny's mother I liked her tits, and stole a kiss from her.

On the couch, my hand was on Penny's thigh, sliding up between her legs, rubbing her panties gently. I looked over at her watching the

screen so intently. She turned her head a fraction and kissed Mom's breast, only an inch or so away from Mom's hard nipple. I almost lost it when she reached for Dad's hand and pulled it onto her breast. "Hold me, Daddy," she whispered.

Dad tried to suppress a deep moan, but he wasn't fooling anybody. "Hold on, Harold. A little while longer," Mom told him.

Back on the screen, I got on my knees and started screwing Penny again. I asked Mom if I could fuck Penny faster, and she had me pull out to the edge, and squirted lube into her hand, rubbing it on my cock.

"I...I forgot about that," Mom said softly. "You're not mad, are you Harold? I didn't mean anything by it."

He shook his head, his voice catching. "No, darling. You were just being you, the kindest woman I've ever known. Taking care of our kids. Caring for our baby girl."

I was shocked when Mom reached up and brushed a tear from Dad's eye. I had never seen my father cry. Never. I didn't think he knew how.

We watched quietly, as I started fucking Penny faster on the video, stroking her soft, flawless body, watching her finally get past simply enduring, and responding to our lovemaking. She was flushed, her nipples hard, whimpering softly, the camera picking up all the sounds, including the steady pumping of her tight hole.

Mom's voice, loud next to the camera, whispered that Penny could take a little more, and to tilt her legs back. Pushing her legs back to her chest, I saw something I hadn't noticed at the time, Colleen holding Penny's legs for me.

I groaned loudly on tape, and the camera captured that beautiful moment when Penny came on my cock for the first time, obvious now. I had slowed down and Colleen urged me to keep going.

I had my fingers inside of Penny's panties, and she lifted her hips, helping me remove them. I slid a finger gently inside her, and she opened her legs. I looked up to see that my girlfriend had her lips around my mother's nipple. Dad and Mom each had ahold of one of her tits. She was wriggling against my finger, whimpering softly same as on camera.

On screen she was getting fucked harder, faster, deeper, taking almost my entire length. "Steady, Dear" screen-Mom said, and we watched Penny's body tensing up, her toes curling, her legs straightening. The camera focused on my cock entering her, slick with her juices, white cream coating it. Her pussy lips clinging every time I pulled out of her.

Dad was focused on the TV, his breath heavy. Mom was watching us. All of us. I eased a second finger into Penny, making her moan. "Gentle, Jeremy," Mom warned softly. I put my thumb on Penny's clit and started nudging it. Her legs were trembling.

Penny's voice echoed through the multi-media speakers. "Momma!" It was gorgeous, the way she responded. "Harder," my mother's

disembodied voice ordered, and video Jeremy rose up and pounded his cock into the tiny virgin, driving her deep into the mattress, making her body shake, her tits quivering.

The girl in my lap was whimpering continuously now, her body writhing sensually. My fingers pumped her gently, my thumb still massaging her clit. Dad had her hard little nipple between his fingers, pinching, pulling on it. Mom's fingers were teasing the other one, flicking across it.

"MOM!" Penny's voice exploded from the TV, and Mom was demanding I not stop, as the girl on the screen exploded. I had lifted her hips, and slammed my entire length into her, screaming "FUCK!" as I gave her sweet little pussy, its first full load.

Dad held her as she came for us, shaking and moaning, almost as much as on screen. She gasped, her legs quivering. "JEREMY!" she cried, her hips launching off of my lap and up against my hand. She groaned, relaxing back into Dad's lap, as the girl on scream continued coming.

Our hands caressed her body, as she settled back down. She reached down and straightened out her skirt, self-consciously. She brought her hands up to her face, covering herself up, her arms in tight, hiding her tits.

Mom caught my eye, nodding from Penny to me. I reached for my girlfriend and Dad helped place her in my arms. I hugged her tightly, her body shaking. "Are you Ok?" I asked.

"How can you ask? After what I just did? They're going to think I'm such a slut. What's happening to me?" She sounded devastated.

"Shh," I whispered. "Nobody thinks that. You were beautiful, sharing with us. Just us. Nobody in this family would ever judge you. Not me, not Mom, not Dad. We all think you're the greatest."

"Right. Greatest slut ever."

I kissed her pretty face, calming her. "Every one of us wanted to get off, watching you on screen. You heard Dad begging Mom. You were the lucky one."

"That's me. Lucky slut."

"Stop." I told her sharply. "You're not. Nobody thinks that." She squealed when I picked her up. I nodded for my Mom to get out of the way, and deposited her in Dad's lap."

"She's embarrassed, Dad." I said. "Tell her what you think about what just happened? Be honest."

Dad held her carefully, rocking her. "I wish I had a girl like you," he said. "That was beautiful, and one of the sexiest things I've ever seen." He chuckled, "Married to Alice, that's saying a lot."

She brushed her eyes, "I'm not like that. I don't know why I behaved that way."

"It was the most honest, most trusting, most loving thing I could imagine. Having you here with us,like our own baby girl, sharing the most intimate moment of your life, reliving it with us. Not holding back, your heart on your sleeve. No wonder they're both crazy about you." They hugged her. "Watching you for the first time, your responses, your reactions, I..." He paused, choking up.

He looked over at Mom. "I'm sorry, Alice. So sorry. I wished I'd known back then." Mom came over and sat in my lap, ignoring me, her arms around her husband.

"It's Ok," she whispered.

He shook his head. "No it's not. I hurt you. I knew I was hurting you, and I couldn't stop. Wouldn't." The tears were running down his face, his head buried in Mom's hair, clutching my girlfriend to his chest.

"It should have been like that," he said sadly, "beautiful." Then he was brusquely climbing out from under the two women, walking quickly outdoors, and closing the porch behind him.

Penny looked more upset than ever, and Mom held her, quiet tears rolling down her cheeks.

I started to get up, and Mom put out her hand and stopped me. "Let him be. He's a proud man, and he can't stand for anyone to see him like this. Especially not you. I'll give him a couple of minutes. When I bring him back, act like nothing happened, Ok? I should have known it might effect him like this. I wasn't thinking."

I forced a laugh. "Well, that's not how I pictured this turning out."

Mom giggled. "How did you picture this turning out, my little horn dog?"

Penny sniffled, and sat up, straightening her skirt out. "Yeah. What kind of fantasies were you entertaining, taking my panties off like that, when I was in Mom and Dad's arms?"

They were ganging up on me, but at least they were smiling. "Come on! Give me a break! I'm sitting here with the two sexiest women I know, watching porn. Not just any porn either. You evil girls, no bras, short skirts. See through panties, Mom? You had me hard before I even got to sit down."

Mom whispered in Penny's ear and she giggled. Mom looked over at me, covering her breasts with her hands, coquettishly. "I hope that tent in your shorts is for your little girl, and not your broken down old Mom."

I laughed. "Now would that be fair, if all the hard-ons in the house were over Penny?"

"Jeremy!" Penny shrieked. "That big ol' thing better be for me! Mom already has her own." She turned to Mom. "Don't you dare say you're a broken down old Mom. Jesus, if that's broken down, what chance does someone like me have?"

Dad walked in from the garage, composed, looking like nothing had ever happened. He walked over to me carrying a couple of beers. "Someone like you, baby girl, has nothing to worry about. Friggin' hottest thing I've seen since that one was in college," he nodded toward Mom, putting a beer in my hand.

"You'll have to forgive my son for being an idiot. Dating that," he nodded toward the TV, where she was lying in my arms, "for a year, and almost walking away from it. Stupid chicken-shit." He lifted Penny in his arms, putting her in my lap.

Mom stood up so Dad could sit down, next to me. "Don't me mean, Harold. You were young and stupid once."

Penny giggled, leaning into me. "You know he wouldn't have even been getting blow-jobs if it weren't for me pushing the issue."

"Speaking of," Dad said, sipping his beer. "I never did get to thank you for that little video you made for us. Quite remarkable. No way he deserves something as sweet as you. Makes me wonder who his real Daddy is, sometimes." He tickled Mom. "Something you want to tell me, dear?" She laughed, fighting him off.

Penny kicked him playfully, digging her toes into his side, making him twist away and giving Mom a break. "Jesus, Dad. If he looked anymore like you he'd have to be a clone. Didn't he get anything from Mom?"

I hugged her. "The family secret. Daddy's looks, and Mom's brains."

She slapped me lightly. "Don't you dare insult your mother like that!"

That had Mom and Dad laughing at my expense. I was staring at Mom, and she looked up. "What?"

"I just love watching you laugh, dressed like that."

Dad covered up Mom's tits with his hand. "Behave, man-child. You have your own bodacious boobs. Leave mine alone."

"Fine." I said, lifting Penny and turning her in my lap so she was straddling me. She played along, hugging me, hiding her tits from view against my chest. "No more eye-candy for you. I was going to be nice because you brought me a beer, but you had to go and ruin it."

"You know, son, I have a couple of Grolsch stashed away out there," he said.

I laughed, turning to face him, and spinning Penny around in my lap. She squealed, lifting her hands to her tits, covering them. I pulled her arms back, exposing her chest.

"Oh. My. God! Jeremy! My tits are only worth a stinky beer?"

"No baby. Your tits are worth a stinky beer, and Mom's tits."

She giggled. "Oh. So how many beers do you think we owe him?"

Mom cuddled Dad, laughing. "Have you ever seen anything as sweet as her? Like I could compete with that. Marie maybe."

Dad gave her a little shake. "There's no competition, Alice. Ever." Damn it if Dad didn't surprise me again, actually blushing. "No offence, gorgeous. You are stunning, but she's...she's my Alice."

"None taken. I know when I'm beat. Luckily your doofus son doesn't know any better. Girls like me, we've gotta take what we can get. Look what I got stuck with."

Mom was settling down, her laughing jags over, resting her head on Dad's shoulder. "Poor baby. Had to settle for the smarter, younger version of the best man you or I will ever know."

Penny leaned back against me, pulling my hands up to her breasts. "We're pretty lucky, aren't we?"

"Don't ever let them hear that. Enough of an ego to deal with already," Mom teased, kissing Dad on the cheek.

I grabbed the remote, before it got too maudlin. "Dad, remember what I told you about two separate versions of the video? One of the bonus scenes is coming up."

"Cue it up, boy," he said.

We sat through the scene where we talked about what had just happened. I caught some grief from everyone, first for her telling me how rough I'd been.

"I told you to be gentle," Mom said.

"Mom! You were the one telling me to go harder! Everyone heard it."

She sniffed. "I said no such thing. I said 'don't harm her'." Penny giggled.

Dad laughed at the 'Fuck-God' shrine. "You built your shrine yet," he teased. "To the Fuck-up God?"

She laughed. "I've got Mom working on that. We figured the closet wasn't big enough so we're using the guest room instead. Don't be jealous, Dad. It doesn't suit you."

Mom laughed at Dad's stunned look. Good for Penny. Hard to get one up on Dad.

The "Not too bad" remark, about how good she was, got me in trouble with everyone. Penny elbowed me. "Asshole."

Dad chuckled. "I can't believe you said that! More proof you're not from these loins."

Of course that was when Mom spoke up on the video, snapping at me and telling me I was just like my father. "Alice!" he whined.

"Right. Our first Valentine's day? 'It was Ok'? Remember, Dear?"

He grimaced. "I'm never going to hear the end of that one, am I?"

"Friggin' raped my poor virgin ass for half the night, and it was Ok? You bet you'll never hear the end of it. Jesus, Harold, 20 years later and I'm still sore."

I paused the movie. I didn't want Dad to miss the big scene.

"Tell her the truth Dad, or you won't get to see the special scene."

He gave Mom a hug. "I told her. The next day. Put a ring on her finger. She had spoiled me for all other women."

Mom kissed him. "You ruined me for all other men. It was only fair."

Penny sighed. "And they lived happily ever after."

Dad gave Mom a squeeze. "That we did. Never regretted a single moment. Not one."

I nodded toward the screen, and hit play.

I was telling Penny that maybe I'd keep her.

"Damned straight," Dad muttered. "Ass out on the street if he doesn't"

Penny was giving me similar grief on the video, when she giggled, saying 'Oops!' she made a mess. The movie transitioned to her saying "Momma!" and her mother peeked up from between her legs telling her to hush and relax. I held her in my arms, while her mother took care of her, cleaning up our mess.

Dad groaned. "Jesus, Alice!"

Mom giggled. "I told you she was bad. Her Mom's definitely the naughty one here, taking off my outfit, getting our boy ready, cleaning her daughter's face, and then that. I should get a candy for being good."

Penny snickered.

Dad looked over at her. "Sound like someone thinks differently."

Penny giggled. "Maybe. But you're not hearing it from me."

I gave her a warning squeeze, and Mom whined. "Penny! You know she was the bad one!"

"She might have been naughtier, Mom, but you were no angel. There were two hotties, cleaning up my face, as I remember. You uncovered Momma's boobs before she started on you. And whose hand was rubbing my clitty, while goading her son into fucking the living shit out of me? No candy for you, naughty Mommy."

Dad chuckled. "Three naughty women in your bed, Jeremy. You must live right."

"Good genes, and proper raising. The world's greatest Mom, and a...uh...Dad."

Mom laughed. "You little liar. Best man you've ever known. You said it yourself."

"I plead the fifth."

Mom turned and kissed Dad, long and deep. I grazed on Penny's slender neck, so happy in that moment, holding her. "I love you," I whispered in her ear.

She giggled. "No brownie points unless they can hear it."

I turned her in my lap and pulled her face down to mine. I pressed my lips against hers, tasting her again, exploring, claiming her. She melted against me, kissing me back, passionately.

"I love you," I said loudly. "I want everyone to know it. Dad was right, I was an idiot. You are the best thing that ever happened to me."

She stared into my eyes, intensely. Her dazzling blue eyes were moist. "I'm the lucky one, Jeremy. I know it. Thank you." She kissed me softly, her eyes holding mine, and she pulled away. "I'm going to blow him now, if that's alright, Mom," she said softly.

"They've earned it. I'm with you on this, baby girl." She slid off Dad's lap. "Cue up her blow-job scene Max. From the beginning."

I reversed through the video, while my father and I had our pants removed. We were only sitting a few feet apart, but Penny nudged me over, when I raised up to get my boxers off. Dad and I were less than a foot apart, and I had a great view of both women.

Backing up the video was pretty much worthless. It was hot, but nothing like the show on the couch. Mom was looking at both me and Dad, while getting him hard, and Penny was doing the same. It was beyond description. Seriously. I should stop writing now. Nothing I could ever put on paper would do it justice.

After a few minutes Mom sat up and held Dad's cock upright. She looked over at Penny. Penny smiled and held mine up. "Twins," she giggled.

"Yeah, I'm Arnold, and Dad's Danny Devito," I teased.

"Ass-wipe," Dad growled throwing an elbow at me.

"Mom! Dad hit me!"

Mom grinned, and leaned over to Penny, pulling her hair back, kissing her shoulder, while she sucked me. "Harold, if you can't play nice, I'm going to have Jeremy take our baby girl upstairs, and the show will be over."

"Fucking tattle-tale," he murmured, grinning at me and winking.

Mom was watching Penny, and she pulled her up a second. "Give me your hand," she told her.

Penny put her hand in Mom's. Mom straightened out two fingers, and brought them up to her mouth. She sucked on them, looking at Penny. Several seconds later, she pulled away. "Try that," she said.

Penny put her mouth over my cock, and I felt her tongue moving differently, teasing, the tip rubbing under the edge of my cock head, side-to-side, then over the top. I groaned.

"Did she get it right?" Mom asked.

"Fuck. I don't know if it was right, but that was fantastic."

Mom was going down on Dad again. "What was that, Alice?"

"Pirate Ship," she said, grinning.

"Give her all your secrets, and it sure as shit won't take her no 20 years to catch up," Dad laughed.

Mom grinned. "She's a baby, I'm not going to teach her all my secrets."

Penny did it again, and I moaned. She pulled off laughing, hugging Mom, watching Dad's cock disappear into her mouth. "Teach me another one, Alice? Please?"

Mom laughed. "I don't know. This is only for my son, you understand. Family secrets handed down for twelve generations. Perfected in the back alleys of Paris, three hundred years ago. In the wrong hands, they're deadly, you could stop a weaker man's heart with these."

"I'm your baby girl, right? I'm family," Penny pleaded.

Mom turned and kissed her softly. "Yes you are, angel." She took Penny's hand in hers. "This one's a little harder, pay attention."

Mom took the finger's in her mouth, and concentrated. She looked up at Penny, then winked. She pulled the wet fingers from her mouth. "Got it?"

"One more time," Penny asked.

Mom did it again, and Penny nodded. She went back down on me, sucking my cock for a few seconds, then held the head in place with her teeth, her tongue moving in a circle around the head, then poking the tip with her tongue.

Mom looked over. "Well?"

"Nice, but not as good as the 'Pirate Ship'," I told her.

"What was it?" Dad asked.

"Swirly-Go-Round."

Dad laughed. "She did it wrong, if you think the Pirate Ship was better."

Penny looked irritated. She did it again, but it was pretty much the same. Good, really good. Just not as good.

She pulled off, "Better?"

"It's nice, I guess I just like the other one more."

Mom frowned. She looked up at Harold. "May I?" she asked.

He nodded.

Mom nudged Penny over and blew my mind. She did it twice, and I almost came for her, moaning. "Oh, shit, Mom!" I groaned, "Do that again."

Mom giggled, "Now you can tell her what she does wrong."

Dad laughed. "Told you so. That's one of her Secret Seven."

Penny went down on me, determined. It was worse than the first two. Her teeth were hurting me, and I had to ease her off. "Gentle, baby. That hurt."

"What did I do wrong?" she whined.

"Teeth were way too tight."

She did it again. The teeth felt a little better, but it wasn't the same, not even close. She looked up hopefully. "Nope."

"What? What's wrong?" she said pouting.

"I...uh...the top felt, I don't know, and it was too, jerky?"

Mom sighed. "Jeremy. That doesn't help."

"It just didn't feel as good, none of it."

Penny looked like she was going to cry. "I love what you're doing, Penny. Everything, really. You know your sweet mouth drives me crazy."

She glared at me. Shit.

Mom looked up at me. "I'm going to borrow her for a second, Ok, Jeremy?"

"Sure."

I wasn't expecting Mom to pull my girlfriend over between my Dad's legs. "He'll teach you."

Dad looked nervous. "Alice, I don't know."

"Nonsense. You know exactly what it should feel like. Tell her what she does wrong."

Mom hugged my girlfriend. "Take your time, and play a bit before you get started, so he can wrap his mind around such a pretty thing as you doing this."

Penny giggled. "Right. Following in your footsteps? I'm chopped liver, next to filet mignon."

Mom kissed her cheek. "No, you're a beautiful, blue-eyed, blonde, teenage girl sucking his cock for the first time. You win this one, baby girl."

Penny stuck out her tongue, and licked Dad's cock, slowly. She did it again, watching him. The third time Mom leaned in. "Playful, like on the video. Give him a couple of minutes of fun, before you go for it."

I was aching, my heart in my throat. I had imagined at some point it might come to this, but I felt angry, jealous. She was mine. Nobody but me ever. Penny looked over at me and stopped. She pulled away quickly. "I'm sorry, Jeremy. I won't do it, if you don't want," she whispered, scrambling backward. "I'm sorry."

Mom glared at me, and for a moment I felt like she hated me. It was like a kick to the balls. Dad was willing to share Mom's mouth. Almost all of her. Hell, I'd taken her without his knowing, several times. I suddenly felt ashamed.

I crawled over to her, taking her in my arms. "No, I'm sorry. I guess I wasn't ready for that. I felt so jealous. You're mine."

She nodded. "Only yours," she whispered.

"Please, try it again for me? I'm prepared now. I promise I won't freak out or anything. Learn it for me."

She nodded, nervously. "That's all I want to do. Learn how to be the best for you."

I kissed her tenderly, then drew her back between Dad's legs. "I'm sorry Dad."

He nodded, looking at me intently. "It's a difficult thing. Sharing someone you love." He glanced over at Mom, and I saw her blush. "Even with someone you love just as much."

I felt my eyes watering. "I didn't know. I'm sorry."

He nodded. "Lesson learned. All I ever ask is that you learn."

I climbed back on the couch, and watched Penny try again. She was tentative, nervous, looking up at me frequently. Mom had her arm around Penny's shoulders, whispering.

"Penny?" I asked.

She stopped abruptly, looking at me. "Yes?"

"When Mom did that to me, did you get jealous?"

She nodded. "A little. I know she's so much better than me, and to see her touching, that," she nodded toward my waist, "was difficult. I kind of feel like it's mine, you know?"

I nodded.

"But I know it's Ok. She's only trying to help, and I trust her. Completely. She'd never do anything bad. Nothing that would interfere with you and me. I just had to remember her, upstairs, helping us, and everything was Ok. I even liked it."

She looked at me, then smiled. She gave Dad a playful lick, her tongue dancing along his shaft. He moaned, and her little smile grew larger. "You trust me, don't you, Jeremy?"

"Of course."

She licked him again, in a teasing zig-zag pattern, ending with a puckered kiss on the top of his cock. "You trust our Daddy. I know you do."

"More than anyone in the world," I told her.

She pouted. "Don't you want to see your baby girl suck Daddy's big cock?" she asked in a devastating little girl voice.

I nodded slowly.

"Daddy can teach his baby girl how to make him feel good, make all my Daddy's feel good, with my naughty little mouth. Can't he?" She was looking up at me, sadly, her tongue moving wickedly, along the sides of his shaft, under the head, curling around it.

Dad groaned, reaching down and brushing her hair back. Her silky smooth long blonde hair.

"Please let your baby girl, learn. I need to have my innocent young mouth trained to suck big, fat, huge cocks." She sucked the head, pulling off with a pop. "Thick cocks." She sucked him again, deep, gasping when she backed away. "Powerful, juicy cocks." She bobbed up and down quickly, then pushed hard, gagging. "My Daddy's cocks." She stroked him, her hand moving slowly over his whole length.

"Train your girl. You and our Daddy. Train me to suck cock. To be a good little cock-sucker like Mommy. Train my mouth. How to do the magic, how to take it down my throat. How to swallow. Train your baby. Train me hard. Train me so one day you won't even be able to tell who it is sucking you, me or Mommy."

She looked up at Dad. "Teach me Daddy. Tell me what you like. What I'm doing wrong. Use your baby girl's naughty little mouth." She sucked his cock, staring up at him, her eyes pleading. She didn't do much more than bob up and down.

"Alice!" he groaned.

Mom put her arm around Penny, "He's going to come soon. Maybe I should finish him," she said.

"Please Mommy," she whined, stroking his cock rapidly. "I want to make my Daddy come for me. I want to taste him, then have him cover my face in Daddy cum, and let you lick it clean. Please."

She didn't wait for an answer, taking his cock in her mouth again.

"He comes hard, baby girl. Get ready for it," Mom whispered. "Put your hand near the bottom and you'll feel it."

Dad was leaning forward in his seat, pushing into her mouth. He reached for her head, and Mom stopped him. "No Harold. Let her do it."

He groaned, looking down at my gorgeous girl.

"Out little girl is sucking you. She's going to let you come in her mouth, and then I'm going to lick every last drop off of her face and feed it to her. She needs to learn your taste, get used to it. She's going to need a lot of training," Mom was talking steadily, driving him mad. "Nobody but our boy and you have ever used that sweet mouth. Look at her eyes, Harold. Our baby girl's loving, innocent eyes. Those big blue eyes, begging for your cum. For her Daddy's..."

"GOD!" he groaned, and a moment later Mom was holding his cock, aiming each new stream of sticky white cum on Penny's eager face.

"More, Daddy," she moaned after swallowing his first shot, "cover me. Spray your baby girl."

He was gasping, while Mom stroked his cock, squeezing out every last drop.

"That's all, baby girl," Mom said.

Penny opened the one eye that wasn't glued shut, and smiled. She tilted her head way back. "Mommy. I'm sorry I was so naughty. Forgive me. I know he's yours."

Mom licked her face, a long slow movement, then pressed her tongue into Penny's mouth. When she pulled it free, she said, "I'll always forgive you. You're my sweet baby girl."

I groaned, and Mom giggled. "We'll have to take care of our boy soon."

Penny nodded. "That's why I have to learn. So I can take care of him as good as Mommy."

Mom licked her for a while, driving me nuts. "Harold came so quick for his little girl. He must really love you."

"Does he really love me? Like you and Jeremy love me?" she asked. "Am I his Princess? His special baby girl?"

Mom was holding my girl, her arm around Penny's shoulders, her hand fondling a breast. She was leaning over her, keeping her promise, searching out every last drop, and feeding it to her baby.

Mom was wicked. "Next time you can swallow more, Mommy wants some of it on her little girl's boobies, and that's all mine."

I couldn't take it. "Lay her down Mom. Now."

Mom looked at me, stroking my cock, and she eased Penny to the ground. I stood next to Mom, "Suck it."

Mom opened her mouth wide, her tongue extended, and I pushed my aching cock between those beautiful lips. She sucked me, for only a few seconds before I couldn't stand it any longer. I pulled away and put my cock in Penny's mouth. "Swallow," I said.

I came hard, a few shots in her mouth then I raised up and splashed her chest, neck and face, groaning. Penny had her hands between her legs, whimpering.

I stood on wobbly legs, and stroked my Mom's soft hair. "Clean your babies, Mom."

She took my cock in her mouth, sucking me slowly, her tongue gentle and teasing. She left me hard, then went after Penny.

I collapsed back on the couch, reached for my beer, and finished it. I looked over at Dad, who was stroking himself, watching our girls. "I think you owe me a Grolsch, Dad."

He nodded. "On the bottom, behind the soda water. Bring two."

"No way. Not until Mom's done. I'm not missing this."

Penny was squirming, rubbing between her legs, while Mom sucked on her tits. Both of them seemed to be enjoying it a lot.

"You never answered her question, Dad."

"What?"

"Do you love your baby girl? Do you love my hot little girlfriend? Tell her."

"Jeremy..."

"Tell her, Dear," Mom said, looking back at us. "I don't mind. Don't you love our baby girl? I do."

"Jesus," he groaned. "I love her. I love our naughty girl. I love how she's always called me Dad. How good and sweet she's been. The way she made that movie for us, blowing our boy so good. I love how she was with our son, her first time, so brave. I love her sweet mouth, and her evil teasing words. I love our sweet baby girl to death."

Penny was gasping, and before he could finish, she was coming for him. "Daddy!" she cried out, and Mom held her, kissing her lips.

"See? Daddy loves you too. We all love you so much, Penny. You're the best daughter we never had."

Penny hugged her, catching her breath. She sat up slowly, looking at Dad's cock. She returned to her little girl voice. "Is Daddy ready to train my mouth some more? I still need to learn Mommy's swirly-go-round."

Penny got up and came over to me, sitting on my lap, straddling me. "That was so wild," she said, her chest heaving. "You have very, very naughty parents, boyfriend."

I laughed, kissing her softly. "I have an equally naughty girlfriend and 'sister' it seems."

She got serious. "I want to try to put it in. That's all. I want to feel it again."

"Are you sure?"

She nodded. "Just for a few seconds, Ok? I'm still incredibly sore."

She parted her lips and pressed my cock against her opening.

"Do you need any lube?"

She laughed. "I'm a fucking ocean down there. Lube wouldn't stand a chance."

She held my shoulders and slowly lowered herself. She was still too tight, and I thought it was hopeless, until she bounced up and down hard and a couple of inches slid in. "Fuck!" she groaned, her head bent over, gasping. She lifted up her head, and looked me in the eye as she pressed downward, further, further. She had most if it when she stopped. "Hold me?" she asked, trembling.

I hugged her close, my hands caressing her back.

Mom was sitting in Dad's lap, and they were both watching us. Penny was moaning softly, her hips moving in small circles. "God," she groaned. "So fucking big."

She leaned her forehead against mine. "Don't move. It's perfect. So full," she gasped. Her breath was coming in spasms."

"Rub her clit, son, gently. Tell her how you feel," Dad said.

I pressed my fingers at the top of her pussy, rubbing soft circles. "I love you, Penny. So much. Thank you for loving me."

She was trembling softly, and her lips parted, gasping.

"Kiss her, Jeremy," Mom said.

The moment my lips touched Penny's, she came for me. A beautiful, extended, shaking orgasm, clutching at my cock, while my tongue invaded her naughty mouth.

I held her until she calmed, and noticed she'd sunk all the way down, taking my entire length. She gave me a tiny smile. "Perfect. You are always perfect."

"I loved that," I told her honestly.

"Me too." She grinned and moaned as she pulled off of my cock. I was a wet creamy mess, and I hadn't contributed any of it. She giggled. "Sorry Mommy. I guess while Daddy's training my mouth, you're going to get a taste of your baby girl."

Mom stood and hugged her. "Are you alright?"

Penny laughed. "Seriously? You didn't see that? I'm better than alright. Fucking amazing."

Mom pretended to glare at her. "Your language, baby girl. I've half a mind to wash that dirty little mouth out with cock."

"Daddy cock?" Penny chuckled.

"Lots and lots of Daddy cock."

"Jeremy cock too?"

"Oh yes. No punishment would be complete without Jeremy cock."

"Fan-fucking-tastic," Penny laughed.

Mom grabbed her hair, and pulled her over to Dad's eager cock. "Punish our baby girl's filthy mouth, Dear. But not until she's got the Swirly-go-round right."

She leaned over and smacked Penny's bottom, making her squeal before Dad pulled her mouth onto his cock.

Mom came over and knelt between my knees. "Goodness. She did leave quite a mess, didn't she?"

"Too much?" I asked.

She smiled. "Never too much of my baby girl or my baby boy." She looked over at Dad. "Good enough view?"

He tore his eyes from where Penny was sucking him, and nodded. "Perfect."

Mom chuckled. "Just like our boy."

She licked me clean, taking her time, praising Penny's taste. I heard bits and pieces of Dad instructing Penny.

"A little softer with the teeth...now a tiny bit more...there! That's it. Can you remember that?" She nodded whimpering cutely. "Flatten your tongue at the top, then roll it for the sides, close, it's like your trying to reach your tongue over the top of the head, past your teeth....perfect...now the sides..."

Mom stole my attention away by giving me the real thing. I moaned for her, and brushed her hair. "Seven Mom? You have six more as good as this?"

She sat up, kissing my cock. "Six better. It's the last of the seven."

She took me in her mouth and did something new, my head lodged at the edge of her throat, pulsing. Her tongue felt like a finger squeezing the shaft, moving back and forth, while my cock was held trapped by her tight throat entrance. She pulled off gasping, moments before I would have come. "Patience, Jeremy. No coming in Mommy's mouth until I say so."

"Holy Christ, Mom! What was that!"

She grinned. "Tunnel of Love. Mommy loves her baby boy."

"That one too!" Penny cried out. "You have to teach me that one."

"No baby girl. One at a time, until you perfect it and practice it at least 20 times."

Penny giggled. "Ok. Tomorrow then."

Dad groaned. "Evil baby girl. That's what we have, Alice."

Mom laughed, her head tilted sideway, her tongue wrapping around my shaft while Dad watched her. "Would you want her any other way?"

Penny learned from Dad, then she'd come over and practice what she'd learned. Mom would remind both of us how it was supposed to be done, while teasing Penny by making Dad or I groan with some special

skill of hers. It was great incentive, and Penny was very good at taking her instruction, then putting it to use. She'd play the baby girl act for Dad, and the horny girlfriend for me.

"That's one thing you won't have to teach her," Dad said, playfully spanking his little girl's pink bottom, for getting a lesson wrong. She was still wearing her skirt, tucked up out of the way, and nothing else. Like Mom.

"What's that, Dear? If you leave one mark on her sweet little hiney, you'll be cut off for a week, and all her training will be done with our boy."

Dad was caressing more than spanking, and she was barely pinked up at all. "Teasing and roleplaying. She's a master. No doubt about that."

"I'm not teasing, Daddy," she whined. "I need my bottom spanked. I was a bad girl. After ten tries, I shouldn't ever get it wrong. Not if I want to catch up to Mommy."

"Are you telling me you didn't bite on purpose?" he laughed, giving her one real smack, make her cry out."

"Would Daddy's baby girl do that? To her Daddy's wonderful tasty, lip stretching, manly pee-pee?"

"Take her son. Before I do something that will get me in trouble."

She giggled. "Sorry Daddy. Baby girl's kitty is only for Jeremy. My poo-poo hole too, someday. But my lips are for Daddy." She climbed off his lap, wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him soundly. "Tell me Daddy. Tell me you love me."

He laughed, hugging her, "I love our baby girl."

"No, Daddy, tell me you love me."

He kissed her softly, pulling her hair back from her face. He looked into her sky-blue eyes. "I love you Penny. My son is a lucky man."

She gave him a hug. "Daddy's lucky too, right?" she said softly. "To have me and Mommy."

"Yes, Daddy's the luckiest man in the world to have his wonderful family, and beautiful girls." He turned to me. "Take her. Now. Please," he begged.

Mom stopped her play, and I went over and got my girl, holding her in my lap. Mom went over to Dad, sitting in his lap, straddling him. She reached down and slid his cock into her, settling down onto it, making him groan. "Thank you, Alice."

"Daddy still loves his first baby girl?" Mom teased.

"More than life itself."

Mom rode him, lovingly, taking care of his need that my evil girlfriend had inflamed.

"Do you think I'll ever be able to take it that easily?" she asked quietly.

"Yes. My bet is it won't be that long, either. Not the way you learn."

She rested her head on my shoulder. "We're not being too naughty here, are we? You're Ok with all of this, right?"

"It's wonderful. You're wonderful."

She cuddled in. "Your parents are wonderful. Your Mom is amazing. With her teaching me, I'm going to be the best little cock-sucker ever." She kissed me. "And it will all be for you. You're never going to want to leave me."

She grabbed my cock gently, her finger stroking. "Can I finish this for you? Or do you want to save it for your Mom."

"For Mommy?" I teased.

She blushed. "A little over the top?"

I laughed, and gave her a hug. "No 'baby girl' I think it did exactly what it was supposed to do. Did you work that out with Mom? Any of this? All of it?"

She grinned, then starting kissing my chin. "Would we do that?" she said innocently, then chuckled. "Thanks for thinking we could, but most of this is spur of the moment."

"Daddy?"

She hugged me. "Maybe not all of it. The little girl bit, and getting one of you two to give me a facial, we might have discussed. The lessons, that was Mom being Mom."

We were talking, and I looked over to where Mom and Dad seemed to be having a similar intimate conversation. Mom was giving him a slow rocking ride.

Penny slid off my lap. "I'm going to worship Fuck-God now, so no interruptions. Consider this a pop-quiz. You pop and I get an A."

I leaned back, and let her restore the lead to my pencil, before getting serious. No doubt about it. One evening with Mom and she was getting better. Much better. I was going to have to work on the stamina. I'd already come three times, and after only a few minutes, I was thinking about how good number four was going to be.

"Easy, Penny," Mom said. "You could get him to shoot in a couple of minutes, but where's the fun in that? Draw it out, enjoy it."

Penny eased up, getting playful, putting me on a roller-coaster of lust, bringing me close over and over again, just to back off. I leaned back and closed my eyes, wallowing in the sensation.

"How's she doing, Jeremy. Learning her lessons?" Mom asked.

Penny took that as an opportunity to show me her progress on the Swirly-go-round, making me gasp.

"I'll take that as a yes," Mom giggled.

She did it twice more, my fingers digging into the cushions as I tried to hang on. Penny sat up, stroking me rapidly. "Where?" she asked.

"That wonderful mouth. Take it all for me."

She smiled for a brief second before bobbing up and down, leaving her new lessons behind, and easing me into her tight throat. "Close," I groaned.

She pulled me back to the front of her mouth, her tongue teasing as her hands stroked me fast. A guttural groan escaped my lips as I

surrendered, letting her milk me for several seconds, until I had to beg her to ease up, I was so sensitive.

She held my cock in her hand, brushing it against her cheek. "That was a sweet little load. I think we've almost sucked you dry."

Mom was back on her knees in front of Dad, tending him as well. "Over here, too. We can be proud of this."

The girls got up, and Mom took Penny's hand, heading for the kitchen. They were giggling like schoolgirls, while Dad and I did our best to recover.

"What do you think, Dad? Can I keep her?"

He chuckled. "Don't take this wrong, but if you don't, we're going to find out if you're too big to get your ass kicked by your old man." He sighed. "That's a hell of a girl you've got there."

Dad looked over at the kitchen, where our women were sipping beverages, chatting. He patted the cushion nearer to him. I scooted over. "This wasn't some plan to get your mother was it?" he asked quietly.

"No. Not that I know of. Penny invited herself over. The matching outfits were their idea. Maybe you can get Mom to tell you more about how they conspired before Penny came over."

He shook his head. "Not this time. I'll let her have her fun. They seem to be having a ball, and we didn't do too badly either, did we?"

"No complaints from me." I got up, stretching. "Another beer? I never did get that Grolsch."

"Sure. One more."

I returned with our beers, the old fashioned bottles, with the swing-top porcelain cap. I gave Dad his, sat down next to him, and he held his bottle up in invitation. I clinked mine against his, and took a sip.

He put his hand on my shoulder. "I know that sharing her that first time was hard. Even with me. Hell, maybe especially with me. I'm proud of you."

I nodded quietly. "I didn't expect it to hit me like that. I...I think I'm only now beginning to realize what it must be like for you."

He laughed, taking a sip. "Whatever you were feeling, multiply it a hundred-fold. Twenty years, and I'm the only man she's touched like that. I was her first and only. I always thought, who am I kidding, I knew she'd never be with anyone but me. This isn't easy, is it?"

"No. It's not."

Dad was watching the girls, sipping his bear. "I'm sorry. I'm not strong enough to change the rules yet. I hope you understand. She's...she's my everything. I can't give her up. I could never even do this much with anyone but you."

"I understand better. I do. I appreciate where we are now, let's not even think about changing anything. What we have now is pretty spectacular."

He grinned. "It is, isn't it. I take back that 20 year comment. With your Mom helping her, I don't think it's going to take that many months. Our little girl is remarkable."

They were walking over, and Mom sat in my lap, giving me a kiss on the cheek. Penny stood in front of Dad, her hands behind her back, twisting bashfully. So fucking cute.

"Daddy? Can I sit in your lap?"

Dad laughed, making her giggle when he pulled her down. "Wicked little minx. Daddy's lap is always here for you."

He hugged her, and Mom picked up the remote. "How do we start this over? I'd like to see it all the way through again, in peace this time."

I'll admit it. Watching Dad hold my girl in his lap, cuddling, whispering, watching the movie together, it was almost as bad as seeing her mouth on him for the first time.

Mom pressed her lips to my ear. "It's Ok, baby. You should feel that way. She's yours. He may be your father, but he's still a man, holding your woman."

"I feel rotten," I told her softly. "He's willing to let me be here with you, like this, and I still want to fight for her. Ungrateful. That's what I feel."

Mom was kissing my neck, her tongue gently outlining my ear. "It's not the same. I've always been yours. Always, from the day you were born. She only became yours last night. He's not going to take her, you know. He couldn't, not from the pedestal she's put you on."

I looked over at them, watching our movie. Penny's head was resting on his shoulder, quietly. He was stroking her long hair, idly. They'd share a few words about the movie, laughing less, talking calmly, sweetly. She wiggled a little in his lap, and he adjusted her, before she settled back down, obviously content.

"Are you Ok?" Mom asked. "Do you want me to go get her for you."

Penny looked over at us, and smiled. She winked at me and blew me a kiss, before snuggling into Dad, and focusing her attention back on the screen.

"No. They look happy. Besides, I've got you here, with me. What more could I ever ask for?"

"I love you, Jeremy. I love watching you change in the last week, becoming a man. It's a little difficult, giving up the baby boy."

"I love you, Mom. I'll always be your baby boy."

Things had calmed down a lot, and when the movie was over, Penny gave Dad a kiss, and come over to me. "Take me home, Jeremy? It's getting late."

We got dressed, all of us a little embarrassed over how things had worked out. Penny said her goodbyes, and I got her video for her.

"Why are there three?" she asked, as we walked out the door for the ten minute walk to her place.

"One with your Mom's 'optional' scene, one without. The third one has your initial BJ video. Since you made it for 'Mom & Dad' I thought you might want to share it with your parents one day if everything goes well."

She took them, and put all three in her small bag. "I'm not sure, but I guess it's nice to have the option. I never saw it; is it good?"

"Hot as hell. I guess that's no surprise, with you starring in it."

She blushed, giving me a hug. "I had a blast, but I have to admit, I'm feeling kind of weird about everything. Are you Ok with it all?"

"It was a little iffy there for a while, but it's cool. You like the lessons?"

Penny laughed. "So weird. I don't know if I could have gone through with any of it, if you and your Dad weren't so damn alike. I swear, it's like being with you, twenty years from now. Almost like you jumped forward in time, got a lifetime of experience, then came back and taught it to me. Several times, I'd forget it was him I was with, until he'd correct me on something. Pretty damned hot, like there's two of you. I'm not freaking you out am I?"

"No. I get it. When your Mom was blowing me, and I looked down into her eyes, the same exact eyes as you, I got a similar feeling. Like it was you, just more knowledgeable. Maybe we're both freaks."

I left her at her door, feeling strange about seeing her father, and took my time going home, enjoying the feeling of being the luckiest guy in the world. I was still thinking about Aunt Marie, and starting the second part of my plan to bring her into the fold. I think Mom was ready. I hoped so, since I wasn't willing to wait much longer.

* * *

I got home, and found the downstairs empty. I walked over to the stairs and heard Mom and Dad going at it upstairs. Hard to believe he was even able to after that evening.

They must have been pretty worked up. They'd left a mess downstairs. I took a few minutes to clean up after us, put away the movies, and locked up.

Back upstairs, Mom sounded like she was having a good time. I saw their door was shut, for the first time in a week. I listened for a while, and headed back to my room. I had considered going in and giving Mom a well deserved feeding, but I got the hint. Dad needed Mom for himself. I wasn't about to open the door, or even knock. No, this was Dad time.

I'd get my time with Mom. Especially if things went the way I hoped the next day.

Old Wounds

I woke up alone with a smile on my face, and a severe case of morning wood. Seemed a shame to waste it.

I got up, stretched, stroked my shaft, and headed for the bathroom. After a few seconds I was able to relax enough to relieve myself. I shook myself dry, patted the end with some TP as a courtesy, and stroked myself back to full-hardness as I walked down the hall.

Mom's door was open, and she was lying in bed, a single sheet partially covering her. She looked so beautiful and serene it made my heart ache.

I climbed on the bed, and pressed my cock against her lips.

"Suck your son, Mom," I told her firmly.

She didn't move, and I rubbed my cock up and down against her lips, shaking her shoulder softly.

"Suck your son, Mom," I repeated.

I saw a hint of a smile, and her mouth opened. I eased my cock inside, and started stroking between those sexy lips.

She turned a little, toward me, and sucked softly. No special moves, no attempt to take me down her throat, just a simple, willing sucking.

I brushed her hair back, and watched her pretty face. Her eyes were still closed, her mouth a comfortable 'O' letting me use her. I reached down and caressed her breast, and after only a couple of minutes felt the early end approaching.

"Soon Mom," I told her.

Her lips tightened, and her tongue starting moving. I pumped faster, fucking her mouth, and groaned. I delivered a full load, taking my time finishing, leaving my cock in her mouth as she swallowed and sucked me clean.

I pulled my cock out a few seconds later. "Good Mommy."

"Thank you baby," she whispered, her sweet smile fluttering across her lips.

I kissed her forehead, and straightened out the sheet. "Sleep now, you've earned it."

She sighed, rolling onto her belly, and I tucked her in, taking a moment to caress the swell of her ass, lifting the sheet so enticingly.

Mom came downstairs a couple of hours later, hair still slightly damp from her morning bath. She was wrapped in a plain cotton robe. I gave her a hug, and escorted her to the kitchen table.

I set her coffee in front of her, and heated up the pan. "Dad's egg white veggie omelet Ok?" I asked, whisking three egg whites, one whole egg and adding a splash of milk.

I turned on the broiler, and looked over where Mom was watching me. I blew her a kiss, added the butter to the pan, and poured the egg in.

Dad made omelets different than anyone else I know. He cooks the eggs over low heat without stirring it, then when it's mostly firmed up, he adds the extra ingredients, then puts the whole pan under the broiler for a couple of minutes to fully cook.

With the omelets on the top rack of the oven, I popped the English muffin in the toaster.

"You didn't pay me a visit last night," she teased.

"No Mom. The door was closed. Looked like you guys wanted some privacy."

She took a sip of her coffee. "Thanks for cleaning up last night."

I took the pan out of the oven, and slid the egg onto the plate, folding it in half and adding a little salsa on top. I put the omelet in front of Mom, and kissed her cheek.

"You're welcome, beautiful. I love you."

I buttered the English muffin, putting it on the edge of her plate and placing the jar of strawberry preserves next to her.

"Are you trying to fatten me up, Jeremy?" she laughed.

"Don't think that's going to be a problem. You've been getting quite a bit of exercise lately."

"But I already had my breakfast. Best breakfast I could ever ask for." She glanced down at my crotch, teasingly.

"I'm glad you like it, but I want to keep your strength up. Purely selfish reasons, you understand."

She sipped from her grapefruit juice, and wiped her mouth. "Pretty special night, wasn't it? Are you alright this morning?"

I washed the dishes, while she ate. "Yeah. I had a rough time there for a bit, but I think it was good for me to feel a little of what Dad was going through."

"He understands. We both do. He was having a difficult time as well. Not the sharing as much, but rehashing our early days. That Penny is a hell of a girl. Too bad the summer's ending."

"I think we're going to try to keep it going. Spend our weekends and holidays together. I'm crazy about her."

Mom stood and put her plate in the sink, then came over and hugged me. "Of course you are. She's a special girl. I'm not sure how easy it will be, once you're away, but I think it's great that you're giving it a try. There are a lot of girls out there, and you'll be able to have your choice, but I don't think you're going to do much better than her."

I stood and gave Mom a hug. I escorted her back to the family room, where I sat her down and kissed her gently. "I want you to watch something for me. Please try to keep an open mind." I hit play.

I went to the kitchen and finished cleaning up, letting her watch it alone. I grabbed the phone and called Aunt Marie.

"It's time, Aunt Marie."

"Are you sure?" she asked.

"It's time. Give us about an hour."

"You still want me to bring Colin along?"

"Definitely. He's part of this, and we can't keep him in the dark forever. I'll see you soon."

I returned to the living room, and sat down next to Mom, putting my arm around her.

Mom seemed upset, and I kept quiet as Aunt Marie plead her case on screen. At least Mom was sitting through all of it. I wasn't sure it would even get this far on the first try.

She was stiff, sitting upright, her shoulders back. As the screen went blank, she didn't say anything, eyes still locked on the solid blue screen.

"How could you do this to me, Jeremy? Betray me like this," she said coldly.

"Mom! How can you say that? You know how much I love you. Are you so bitter about 20 years ago that you'd accuse me of betraying you? Me? Ever?"

"What do you expect, choosing her over me? You couldn't love me and do that!" she snapped.

"Stop it. You know better. I'd never choose her over you. This isn't even about her, it's about you."

"You expect me to believe that! You just want to fuck her." I could feel her anger brewing.

"I'll never touch her again if you don't want me to. I love her, I always have, she's the best aunt a boy could have. That said, she means nothing to me compared to you."

"Then why would you do this to me? Side with her like this," she whined.

"Because I love you. I want you to be happy. Our life is so wonderful, except for this feud between you and Aunt Marie. I think it's time to bury the hatchet. She's been good for twenty years. Yes, she was horrible to you in high school. She admits it. We all know it. Can't you let it go?"

"Twenty years? After trying to steal you from me barely a week ago?"

"She didn't. Didn't steal me, didn't try. You know we've always been close. She just wants to be a part of us. She's lonely, and she wants to make things right with you. Can't you give her a chance?"

"Give her a chance? What do you think I've been doing for the last two decades? I never cut her off from the family. I never locked her out. I let her be the fun one in your life, while I had to be the tough one. I've treated her son like my own. She repays me, how?" Mom was practically frothing at this point.

Not going so well. "She loves Dad. She has from the day she first met him. Has she ever made a move on him since you were married? Done anything that was inappropriate? Over the top?" I asked.

"She knows I'd kill her if she did!"

"Never stopped her in high school," I reminded her. "Admit it Mom, you know she's been good. Her only recent mistake was letting me go too far with her in the backseat after Dad and you practically threw us together."

"We did no such thing!"

"Yes you did. Both of you. At least Dad is willing to admit it. What did you do with her son? Were you such an angel?"

She turned crimson. "I allowed him a few liberties. Not like you two."

"C'mon Mom! The boy has the biggest crush on you, and you let him play with your tits and rub between your legs. You kissed him. Were you trying to steal him away from his mother?"

"Don't make this about him," Mom snapped. "He took the liberties, not me."

"I did the same with Aunt Marie, with Dad's secret encouragement, throwing us together and making sure he hit every damn pothole between our cabin the main road. What about those outfits you two wore? That wasn't just her."

"I was wearing it for you, Jeremy!"

"No you weren't. Be honest, Mom. You and I had never done anything remotely sexual until that moment. That same morning I got to see Aunt Marie's tits, and motor-boated them. You were teasing Colin. Kind of cruel when you know how he feels about you."

"But that's all it was! Teasing, being a little playful. She's the one who crossed the line."

"Did you two discuss that line? Where to cut it off?" I insisted.

"She should have known!"

I felt like I was going in circles with her. I lifted her off the couch, while she tried to maintain her stiff manner. I pulled her onto my lap, hugging her.

"Mom, who do I love more than anyone else in the world? Honestly."

She slowly sank into my shoulder, leaning against me. I stroked her hair softly, turning her head to look at me. "Who, Mom? Who do I love?"

She lowered her head 'til our foreheads touched. "Me."

I kissed her lips gently. "Who do you think I love second most?"

She had to think about that.

"It's an easy question Mom. Don't think about it. Answer. Who do I love almost as much as you?"

"Your father," she said softly.

"Third? Don't think about it. Say it."

She couldn't just blurt it out. She gave it a few seconds, then wrapped her arms around my neck. "A week ago I would have said Marie. Now I'd have to guess Penny."

I brought her head down to mine, and kissed her a little more firmly, insistently, until her tongue caressed mine. "Correct on all three. Aunt Marie comes in fourth. Knowing that, why would I try to get you to accept Marie's confession and apology?"

She stiffened a bit, but I held her tight.

"Maybe you think it's the right thing. I could see how you might. But you don't know her like I do, baby."

"I've known her all of my life. Hell, I fed from her breast when I was an infant. I've lain beside her, holding her in my arms, and talked. Heart-to-heart. Talked about her past, her mistakes, her dreams, and her failures. I've let her cry on my shoulder until she had no tears left. She's sad and lonely, and afraid of you. In her eyes, you have everything. The perfect life. She's just a sad three time loser, who compares every man she ever meets to yours, and always falls short."

"That's her fault, not mine," Mom argued.

"You're right. She made her bed. She had to sleep in it. You got Dad. The best man you and I have ever known. She was jealous, went out and got married to the first man she could sink her claws into. For twenty years she sat on the sidelines, waiting for you to accept her back, watching you have what she never could. A man who loved her so completely, so devotedly."

"What do you want from me, Jeremy? I've let her in. As much as I can."

"I want you to sit down with her and talk about the things that you've avoided. Without hate or rancor. Sit, listen, and try to accept. Let's try to move on. The only time I ever see you angry, upset or unhappy is in relation to your sister. I hate that. I hate to see you upset."

She wiped her eyes. "You might try avoiding things like that damned tape and this whole conversation."

I smiled. "Maybe. I'm thinking more along the lines of building bridges. A little hurt today, to forgo future heartache."

She dropped her head to my shoulder. "I don't think I can do it, Jeremy. It's too much. She hurt me. You can never understand how much."

"I know. She hurt herself worse. Your sister is hurting badly. Please, Mom? Try? For me?"

"That's not fair," she whispered.

"You're right. It's not fair. I'm willing to beg. I'll do anything to make you happy, and I honestly believe we all need this. Whatever you want, Mom. I'll do anything. I'll never touch her again. I won't be with anyone but you. I'd even defy Dad. What will it take, Mom? What will it take to get you to at least make the effort?"

"Why, Jeremy? Why would you do this to me?" she whined sadly.

"You know why Mom. I wouldn't do this for anyone else in the world."

She'd had too much. I felt her body shaking as she cried into my shoulder, quietly at first, then louder. All I could do was hold her, caress her, and let her work it out for herself.

Eventually she calmed down, and I used the belt from her robe to dry her tears. She couldn't help but giggle a little when I gave it a tug, opening the front a bit. Then she kissed me so softly, I wasn't even sure our lips touched.

"What if I can't, Jeremy? What if I try and I still can't?"

"Then I'm wrong. I'll love you exactly the same, and will do my best to hide the pain when I see you two go at it. Only you can know if it's possible. All I'm asking is you give it a chance."

"And if I can't, you'll leave her alone? No more going to her?"

"If that's what you want. I'd hope she could still be my favorite aunt, just without any benefits."

"Of course. I'd never try to break you two apart."

"Just like she'd never do that to you. Never again."

I had my hand inside her robe, cupping her breast, feeling her nipple harden against my palm. She pressed her chest forward, pushing into my hand. "Mine aren't as good as hers," she said.

I gave her tits a squeeze, making her twitch. "Yours aren't as big as hers," I told her. "But they're better. They're yours." I kissed her neck. "They're not as big as Colleen's either. Do you think I prefer hers?"

"No."

"All of yours are bigger than Penny's. You think I love hers any less?"

"Of course not," Mom said.

I leaned her back, opening her robe wide. I took her nipple between my lips and sucked hard. She moaned for me.

"My tits, Mom. You said these were mine. You gave me life, fed me with your body. Whose tits could ever mean as much to me?"

"Nobody, baby. They are yours. Your father may own the rest of me, but my breasts are always for you."

I was taking turns suckling on each, when the doorbell rang. I sat up, and pulled her robe closed. "Listen, Ok? All I ask is that you try."

She sat up, calling out to me. "Jeremy! You didn't!"

I went to the door, and welcomed a nervous Aunt Marie into my arms. "She's seen the video. She's still a little upset."

"Is now the right time?" she asked.

Colin stood in the doorway, obviously confused.

"I don't know," I answered my aunt. "I hope so. Be honest with her. Honest and patient. Don't argue with her, try to listen."

I let her go, and gave her an encouraging pat on her rear, in Mom's direction. I dragged Colin in and closed the door behind him. "C'mon, Colin, let's get a beer and you can catch me up on the latest," I told him.

We walked through the living room, and I saw Aunt Marie on her knees in front of Mom, head in her lap, crying. "I'm sorry, Alice," she whined. "I can't help it, I'm so sorry."

Mom was stroking her hair, and looked up at me. She gave a nod of her head toward the patio. I took Colin out to the garage, grabbed a beer for each of us, and took him out the back. We ambled over to the patio, and I saw him looking inside where his Mom and mine were.

"Let's give them some private time, Ok? They've got some things to work out. How's your Mom doing?"

He opened his beer once he saw me open mine. "Nervous as crap. What's going on?"

"Sister stuff. Best we keep out of it for now. I want to hear what's been going on at your house since the jeep ride. Any repercussions? Problems?"

I saw him blush. "I'm not supposed to say."

"Jesus, Colin! You're not supposed to talk about it to anyone but me. You know that right? You can tell me and Dad anything, nobody else. We're family."

"Your Dad too?"

"Sure. He knows everything that went down. You haven't seen him blowup or anything, have you?"

He looked unsure. "No, I guess." He stared at his beer. "Uncle Harold really knows?"

I figured I'd grease the rails and get this train rolling. "Tell you what. Let me get you caught up. Penny and I did it."

He almost spit out his beer. "No shit? Did it? The whole thing?"

"Popped her tight little cherry. Blowjobs too. Sweet as can be, I gotta tell you. I was an idiot for waiting so long."

"Wow! Man, you are so damn lucky. First playing with our Moms and now going all the way with Penny. You're not shitting me, are you?"

"No way. Mom and Dad know too. They're cool with it. So's her Mom. I don't think her father knows yet, but it won't be long."

Raised voices from inside the house let me know things weren't going completely smooth. "Dude, grab a chair, let's give them some space." I picked up mine, and carried it further out into the yard, near the back fence, with Colin following.

Seated again, I grinned at him. "Spill. You couldn't keep your hands off her, could you? I know I wouldn't be able to."

He looked back at the house, and took a big swig of his beer. He shook his head.

"Tit? Or more?"

I saw a small smile creep across his lips. "Tit, then some more." He sounded proud.

"Damn it, tell me! I told you about Penny."

His smile grew bigger. "You didn't tell me much."

I gave in and told him a little more. About my father encouraging me, getting experience before college, Mom saying I could take her to my room, and spending a day naked in bed with her. More the next day, before she decided it was time. I told him the Mom's helped stage the room, but not about their presence. That was still their secret, especially Colleen's.

"You're kidding, right? They were there in the house, getting everything setup?"

"Candles, music, lube, they wanted it to be nice for her."

"How was it?"

"Fucking incredible! I had no idea. Man, we're going to have to get you laid. There's no way to describe it."

"When was it?"

"Two days ago. We didn't do it again yesterday 'cause she was too sore."

"Holy crap! Too sore?"

"Hell, she was a virgin. I'm pretty sure we're going to spend a good part of this weekend doing it some more. We're going to try to still see each other while we're at school. Weekends and breaks," I told him.

"Fuck. I'm so jealous. She's gorgeous."

"Everything I told you has to remain a secret. It's just between us. I haven't told anybody else," I warned him. "You gonna tell me now?" I teased.

He drank some more of his beer. He was already two thirds done. I'd never seen him drink a beer so fast.

"Nothing happened that first day. I was still kind of embarrassed, and Mom seemed out of it. Really tired and a little upset. The next morning though, when I woke up she was sitting on the edge of my bed. She brushed my hair back and looked down at me.

"'My boy's becoming a man,' she said to me."

"I told her good morning, kind of nervous still, and she scared the hell out of me when she took off her robe and climbed into the bed, wearing just a t-shirt and panties."

"No shit!" I told him.

He nodded. "I couldn't believe it. She said, 'Colin, I still can't believe what you did to me in that back seat. My shirt was up around my neck and my panties were off. I never thought you'd do that to me.' Man, I felt bad about it. I told her I couldn't help it. She asked why."

"Why, Mom? Wearing nothing but that thin shirt, and those tiny panties, sitting in my lap for hours?"

"I've sat in your lap before," she said.

"Not dressed like that."

"Was it my boobs? Did my baby want his boobies back?"

"God, Mom! Your nipples were so hard, poking through that shirt, pressed against me. I couldn't help it."

"You like Momma's boobies?" she teased.

"Mom, please don't tease me. You're killing me. You have the best tits ever. How could I not like them!"

He took another sip of his beer, all but finishing it.

"Hold that thought." I told him. "This looks like thirsty work. I'll be right back." I headed back to the garage, grabbing two more cold ones,

then took a peek in the house. They were sitting on the couch and talking. That was good. Better than the alternative.

I passed him a beer. "Go on. You told your Mom she had the best tits ever. I gotta agree."

He nodded. "She surprised the hell out of me, sitting up and taking her shirt off. Hell, she was in my bed, wearing only her panties! Can you believe that?"

I nodded.

"Well, she lay back down after that, looking at me kind of funny. 'Don't you like my tits, Colin?' she asked me. I figured I wasn't in trouble, so I reached out and squeezed the near one. She smiled at me, then told me she didn't mind if I touched her there. After that I couldn't help myself, you know? She let me play with her tits for like an hour. She let me suck them and everything."

"She does have great tits, doesn't she?" I said.

"Man. Better than any magazine. Big and soft. That's all we did that morning, and we didn't talk about it later. But the next morning she came to my room wearing only her panties and got in the bed again. I got to play with them for a long time, but I was going crazy, you know. I was so hard for her." He blushed, taking another drink.

"I don't blame you. When she was sitting in my lap, I was hard the whole time."

"Yeah, but I couldn't help myself. I was pressed against her leg, and I started rubbing myself against her. She didn't stop me, and after a few minutes I couldn't hold back and I came all over her leg. You know, I thought she'd be mad, but she giggled. 'Take a break, baby,' she told me."

He looked back toward the house, where things seemed quiet. "She wasn't mad. She got up and went to my bathroom, coming back with a washcloth. She'd already cleaned up her leg, but she pulled the covers back, and started cleaning me up with that washcloth."

I laughed. "I'd have gotten hard in a second, if she did that."

He nodded quickly. "Exactly! Me too! I wasn't even completely clean, and she was holding my hard dick in her hand. She didn't even say anything, she just pulled my head back down to her tits, and kept her hand on my shaft, pulling and squeezing."

"And you said I was the lucky one? Jesus, Colin, that's pretty incredible."

"I know! I mean, I got to play with her tits and everything, while she was stroking me down there. When I got close again, a little later, she whispered 'It's Ok, baby, you can come on Momma if you want.'"

"No way!"

"Yeah! Shit as soon as she said that, no way I could hold back any longer. I squirted all over her leg again, biting on her nipple, and you know what? I'm pretty sure she came too!"

"And that was a few days ago?" I asked.

"Yeah. Since then she's been coming into my bedroom every night. I get to play with her tits, and she jerks me off before I go to sleep."

"So have you tried to do anymore?"

"Are you kidding? She'd kill me!" he whined.

I had to laugh. "I don't think so. Damn, Colin, she has her hand on your dick and all. You didn't try touching her anywhere else, rubbing between her legs or nothin'?"

He shook his head.

I took a sip of my beer. "I don't know everything, but I think she's offering more. You've got to take a chance, bud. And not just when she comes to you at night. Push things a little. If she stops you or says no, oh well. At least you tried. You should try walking up to her during the day. Hug her from behind, push up against her ass, cup her tits. See

what she does. Seriously, she's been jacking you off for close to a week. It's worth a try, isn't it?"

"But what if she stops everything? What if she stops coming to my room?"

"Then you go to hers. Be a man, Colin! Dad would kick your butt for being a weenie."

"Would you do that to your Mom?" he asked.

"Hell yeah, that and more. I already do, but I have Penny too, so I don't have to get carried away, and she gets plenty of attention from Dad." No way was I going to tell him the full extent of my relationship with Mom. Not yet. "Your Mom doesn't have a man in her life. She needs the attention. You should try to give it to her."

"You really think so?" he whined.

I wanted to shake him. "Grow some balls, Colin! You were brave enough to touch Mom. You were only three feet from Dad, and your own mother was in the back seat a few feet away, but you went after her. Touched her between the legs."

"Mom was so mad the next day, after what I did in the backseat," he said.

"That was worse. She was unconscious. Of course she'd be pissed. She had no idea what you had done. This is different. She's in your bed, already touching you. You should touch her back. Ask her to help you. Teach you what to do. Play on the whole 'Mom' thing. Tell her you want to start dating but you're not sure what to do. Get her to show you. I bet she would. Hell, it's even possible that my Mom would. But I'd start with yours first."

He looked nervous. "You really think so? She wouldn't get mad?"

"I bet just the opposite. It's worth at least a try, isn't it?"

He shrugged. "I don't want to mess things up."

I was frustrated with him. "Whatever. If you don't do it, I will. Your Mom is hot. If my Mom wouldn't kill me for it, I'd do her in a second."

"Do her? All the way?"

"Oh yeah. Absolutely. She doesn't have a man in her life now. If you don't want to play the part, I sure as hell wouldn't mind doing it."

"You really think she wouldn't mind?"

"I already said so. Give her a big wet kiss. Tell her she's the greatest and how much you love her. Feel her up and see how it goes. Keep pushing

the limits until she stops you. Climb in her bed with her, instead of waiting for her to come to yours. Go for it, cuz!"

"Maybe I will. She's really sweet when she gets in my bed."

"She's sweet all the time." I finished my beer, and decided it was time to check on the Moms. "I'll be right back, Ok? I'm going to see how they're doing."

He nodded, and took another sip of his beer. It was still half-full.

I walked back to the house, and looked in. They seemed to be talking, without any screaming or violence. I opened the door and peeked in, announcing my presence.

"One nervous son and nephew entering the battlefield. Is it safe?"

Mom looked back at me, a little exasperated. "It's not a battlefield, Jeremy."

"Nobody bleeding? I don't need to call 911?" I teased.

Aunt Marie smiled a little, which was a good sign. "We're sisters. We're not going to kill each other, although I imagine there's been a few times when Sissy probably wanted to."

Mom grinned. "I never wanted to kill you. Shave your head maybe, and leave you naked on the front step, bound and helpless."

"I'd pay to see that," I laughed.

Aunt Marie squirmed forward and took Mom's hand in hers. "If that's what it takes, Alice. I'd let you. Whatever you need from me, to show you how sorry I am."

Mom didn't reply, and I could tell she was still resisting. I walked over to her. "Upsy-daisy, Mom," I said, taking her hands and pulling her off the couch. When she stood, I sat down and pulled her into my lap. She was a little stiff at first, then she settled against me. If I'd learned one thing about Mom in the last week, it was that sitting on Dad's or my lap relaxed her.

"What's the problem, Mom? Tell me. Tell us. What are you really worried about? It's not anything from 20 years ago, is it?"

She leaned her head against my shoulder. "I don't know. I guess I'm scared. She took those guys away from me so easily back then. What's to say she won't do it again? Steal you and your father."

"Alice! I would never..."

"Shh, Aunt Marie. It's the way she feels. It's not wrong, even if you wouldn't, couldn't. It's still the way she feels, deep down. That's what matters."

Mom squirmed in my lap. "I know I shouldn't feel that way. I know your father would never leave me. I know you love me, Jeremy. More than anything. I guess that's part of what's so scary. The thought of losing either of you. I just can't handle that."

I decided to take a desperate chance. I hoped it wouldn't backfire on me. "I guess that's it. You're not ready for this, and I understand. I told you I'd back you." I tilted Mom's head up and kissed her softly.

"Sorry, Aunt Marie. I wish it was different. I tried to fix things. You know I love you, and I always will, but I think you're going to have to go now. We won't be doing anything in the future, you and me. I can't. I really am sorry."

She crossed her legs Indian style, lowered her head, and put her face in her hands. "Please, Jeremy. Don't take everything away. I'll follow her rules. I swear I will, just like we've been doing. Don't shut me out."

"I have to. I know she gets upset when I see you. I can't do that to Mom anymore. I can't. Please understand."

Aunt Marie was crying softly. "I...I'm sorry, Alice. Please don't do this. Don't take him completely away. He's my Jeremy. Please."

Mom seemed anxious. "Jeremy..."

"No. It's Ok. It'll hurt for a while, but Aunt Marie can always get another man. It's not like they aren't chasing her all the time."

Aunt Marie raised her head, her eyes red and tearing. "We can be the way we were, can't we Jeremy? Best friends. You can still tell me anything. It can be the way it was, before. Right?"

"Maybe, in time. I think we need a break."

Mom twisted in my arms, looking up at me. "No Jeremy. She's your Aunt. She loves you like her own son. You can't just throw that away."

Aunt Marie squirmed even closer, sliding her leg under Mom's. "Listen to your Mom, Jeremy. It doesn't have to be like that. Please. Don't abandon me. I...I couldn't take that. I couldn't. You guys are all I have. You and Colin."

"You don't understand, Aunt Marie. She hates you. What you did eats at her every day. If we even mention you, she goes crazy. We were watching a video together, and I said we'd been practicing kissing, you and me, and Mom went nuts. When I told her I wanted you guys to try to work things out, she practically disowned me she was so mad. I can't hurt her anymore."

Mom had lowered her head, and wasn't even looking at her sister anymore. "Jeremy, it wasn't like that."

"Yes Mom, it was. It was terrible. You said I betrayed you and that I didn't love you. You screamed at Dad. It's too much. Maybe you're right."

"You hate me Alice? You hate me that much?" Aunt Marie sobbed.

Mom shook her head. "I don't hate you. I love you, you're my sister. I...I just get so angry. You hurt me so badly."

Aunt Marie looked devastated. "God, I've destroyed my life. I was so jealous of you, and look what I've done. I'm sorry, Alice. I never wanted to hurt you. You're my big sister. My idol. I...I won't bother you anymore."

Colin had some serious timing issues. He decided to make an appearance about then. "What's up? You never came back out."

Aunt Marie stood wiping her eyes. "We need to leave, Colin. Say goodbye to Alice and your cousin."

Mom reached out, "Marie..."

I grabbed her hands. "No. Let her go. It's better this way."

She looked at me in shock. "Stop it, Jeremy! This isn't right."

"Mom? Why are you crying? What's wrong?" Colin asked nervously. He walked over to her, and took her in his arms. "What happened, Mom?"

"I...I've done some terrible things, Colin. Awful things and I'm just going to have to live with that. We really need to go now."

He looked over at me angrily. "What's going on? What did you guys do?"

I felt bad about what I was doing, and I hoped it would work out, and not blow up in my face. "We didn't do anything. Ask your Mom sometime. Ask her how one sister should treat another. What she did. How she tried to take my father. How she stole Mom's boyfriends growing up. Ask her."

Mom seemed angry. "Enough, Jeremy! That was a long time ago. Don't tell him things like that."

"It's the truth," I snapped.

"It's the past. You can't do this. You can't send her away. She's been your favorite for 18 years. What she did has nothing to do with you."

"She tried to get between us. Remember what she said to you on the way back from the cabin? She knew exactly what she was doing."

Aunt Marie was crying again. "No, Jeremy, I swear. I wasn't trying to hurt her, or take you from her. I swear, I wouldn't do that."

"You don't know, Aunt Marie. The way she looked at me afterward, like I was scum, lower than dirt. I won't have that. Not from Mom."

"Jeremy, stop this now! You're overreacting. She's family," Mom said angrily.

I moved her off my lap, and stood up. "She's not. Family doesn't do what she did to you. I'm done. We're done."

"Don't tell me what I am or am not," Mom snapped.

"Whatever. You can kiss and make up, but not me. I'm not going to let her or anybody else get between you and me. Never."

Colin had been standing, his arm around his mother. He stepped toward me. "You're being a jerk," he said angrily.

"Don't be stupid, Colin." I pushed him to the side. "Take your Mom home. She's not welcome here. And leave my Mom alone, she doesn't want you around."

I was goading him. Purposely. So easy to push his buttons.

He turned red, and took a swing at me. I went with it, letting him hit me, then stepped into him, driving my fist into his stomach hard. He dropped to his knees, gasping.

"Fuck off. Don't you ever touch my mother again, or I swear I'll kill you. I was going to do it that first night, but Dad talked me out of it. I should have."

I ran up the stairs, and slammed my door. I laid on my bed, trembling, my stomach in knots. I hated it, all of it.

It was more than an hour later, and I was lying there regretting everything I'd done. It looked like I'd screwed up. It was a stupid, desperate stunt. If it was going to work, I'd expected her to show up in my room within minutes. Fuck.

I was feeling sorry for myself. I decided to give Penny a call. Maybe it would make me feel better.

I was right. Hearing her voice picked up my spirits. I told her a little about what was going on, and that I wasn't sure we'd be able to get together later. I'd been hoping for a little more practice, but she was good about it, telling me she was going over to her friend's house.

"Your ears should be burning in a little while. I might even have her come over and help her work on my shrine. It's really coming along nicely."

I laughed, and it felt good. "Have you been practicing your swirly-go-round?"

She giggled. "Right. And who would I practice with?"

"One of your myriad fans. I'm sure the boys would line up for a chance."

"I'm sure they would. But I'm done with boys. I'm quite happy with my amazing man. I think I'll save all my practicing for him."

"I'll call you later, if anything changes."

I hung up the phone after saying my goodbyes, and was about to get up and face the music, when the door cracked open.

Mom poked her head in. "Jeremy?" She had gotten dressed, exchanging the robe for shorts and a t-shirt. No bra, I saw.

I sat up. She opened the door and came over to the bed, sitting beside me. "Are you calm now?"

I nodded.

She put her arms around me. "You were too harsh with your Aunt. She didn't deserve that."

"I'm sorry Mom. It just drives me crazy to see you so upset."

She nodded. "I know. But she's still my sister. She's your family. You hurt her badly."

"Not like she hurt you."

"That was a long time ago. She was just a kid."

"My age?"

Mom was quiet. "I don't want this. I don't want you to be angry with her over something that happened so long ago."

"Long ago? What about the Jeep ride, Mom?"

"We both know that wasn't the same. She loves you, we'd all been drinking, and your father made sure you two were in a special situation. She might have pushed things a little too far, but it wasn't out of cruelty, it was out of love." She leaned into me, easing me back on the bed, her hand caressing my chest. "You can't understand. For Marie

and me, you're so much like your father back then, it's disconcerting. So easy to forget. You're like catnip to us."

"I don't want to be angry with her Mom. I love her. I just don't want you to be unhappy."

"I'd be a lot sadder with her out of our lives. I love her."

"So what do you want to do?" I asked.

"I want you to make up with her. I want things back the way they were. You were very mean to Colin. You hurt his feelings badly. He looks up to you."

"I didn't mean to. He started it. He hit me first."

Mom looked irritated. "He couldn't hurt you. You know that. You're almost twice his size! Hitting him was cruel, you could have walked away. I'm disappointed in you. He's your cousin."

"I'm sorry, Mom. I was just so angry. When he took that shot at me, I wasn't thinking. I reacted poorly."

She brought her lips to mine. "I know. You did it for me, and I understand. I need you to make things right, though. Can you do that for me?"

I pulled her closer, kissing her. "Of course. Whatever you want."

She got up and opened the door, and Aunt Marie walked in, wearing one of Mom's nightgowns. She looked nervous, and Mom took her by the hand and led her to my bed. She stood behind her sister. "No more stupid rules, Jeremy. Show my sister you still love her."

Aunt Marie was always so confident, so in control. Now she appeared distraught, shaken. I held my hands out to her, and she hesitantly placed hers in mine, and let me draw her down onto my bed. I looked over at Mom.

She smiled shyly. "Colin's very upset. I'm going to calm him down."

I lifted an eyebrow, just the right, a talent I'd been working on diligently.

She blushed. "No more than in the car, Ok? I won't break your rules."

"Dad's rules," I reminded her.

"Yes, your father's rules. I understand. He...he needs me now."

Aunt Marie's head was whipping back and forth between us like she was at a tennis match.

"Tell him I'm sorry. I didn't mean it. I was angry, but he's still my bud."

Mom grinned. "I will. Now convince your favorite girl you're sorry," she said, giving me a wink. She turned and walked out of my room, closing the door behind her.

I had been sitting up, and I took Marie in my arms and guided her down to lay beside me.

She was still looking anxious. "You're not still mad at me, are you Jeremy?"

"No, Aunt Marie. I love you."

She leaned into me, pressing her head against my chest. "You hurt me, baby. You were supposed to take care of me. Supposed to be on my side."

I kissed her head softly. "I am."

She looked up at me. "You have a strange way of showing it."

I smiled. "How are things with you and Mom now?"

"Better. She's still very cross with you."

I gave her a squeeze. "Better she be angry with me than you, don't you think?"

She stared into my eyes thoughtfully. "That...was that on purpose?"

I tilted her chin up. "It didn't seem like things were getting anywhere between you and Mom. I thought I might try something desperate. A little crazy, even. A way to get her on your side, defending you." I kissed her softly. "You can never say anything to Mom about it. Promise me."

"You didn't mean it?" she whispered.

"Who's been trying to bring you two together? I want you here with us. If that means I have to take a little heat for a while, that's fine. I'd do anything to heal the breach between you two. I didn't mean to upset you, but it had to seem real. Forgive me?"

She relaxed, her arms hugging me tightly. "Oh, Jeremy. You're too good to me."

I laughed, running my hand down her side. "Impossible. Nothing's too good for my special girl. My first fantasy woman. My confidante and teacher."

She grinned. "Now what? Do you think she meant it? No rules?"

"I think she did, but she may not feel that way later. I think it would be best if we tried to stick to our rules just a little bit longer. I'll tell her I couldn't do it, I was too upset. Dollars to donuts she'll be pushing us together."

"God, you are a devious little son-of-a-bitch, aren't you?"

I rolled her on top of me, squealing delightfully. I kissed her hard. "Is that anyway to talk about your favorite nephew? Haven't we learned anything, naughty Marie?" I swatted her butt playfully.

She rolled off of me, then was fighting to get my clothing off. I didn't resist, letting her pull off my shirt and pants. As she was pulling down my boxers, I decided to tease her. "Colin tells me you two have been naughty."

She hesitated, then finished stripping me. "That damn boy should learn how to keep his mouth shut," she mumbled.

I hopped onto my knees, and grabbed the bottom of her nightgown, pulling it off of her, over her head. "From me? Where's the trust, Auntie?"

She tackled me, dressed only in her panties, her buxom breast crushed against my chest. "What did he tell you?"

I laughed. "Uh-uh. What did you do, you naughty wench?"

"Not what I do with you," she teased.

"How far? More than the handjob?"

"Not much. He needs to learn how to be with a girl, doesn't he? How to bring her pleasure."

"Kissing?"

She nodded, giving me one of her delightful kisses.

"Boobies?"

She grinned. "Not his first time there, is it? They've always been for Colin and you."

I rolled her over, giggling, while I sucked a nipple into my mouth, playfully. "You do have the greatest tits. It would be awfully cruel to take them away." I gave the sister nipple a suck. "Keeping him out of your panties?"

She blushed. "You're not going to let this go, are you?"

I slid down her body, kissing her belly, until I got to her waist. I grabbed her panties and started easing them down her legs. "You don't have to tell me. It's not like I'm anyone important to you."

She gave me a push with her foot, "You are so rotten!"

I leaped between her legs, spreading them, and dove face first between her legs. She fought me playfully, giggling, until she sighed and pulled my face tight against her crotch. I took my time, reviewing the lessons she'd taught me, until she was thrusting up against my mouth, moaning and coming for me. I held onto her firmly, and started fingering her roughly, her pussy soaking wet, making dirty, nasty splashing noises as I drove two fingers into her, my other hand rubbing her little love button.

Aunt Marie was twisting on the bed, her legs shaking, struggling while I forced her to come for me again. "Please, Jeremy," she gasped.

"Please, what?" I teased.

"Enough...too sensitive."

I laughed, and brought my mouth down and back into action, sucking on her like my life depended on it. I even tickled her backdoor, though I knew she didn't go there. Just nudging it, pressing softly, getting most of my first knuckle in. Her moaning had become desperate grunts, her

legs kicking out, twisting, trying to push me away. I was having none of it. I was determined to drive my aunt crazy with lust.

She cried out when I switched back to fingering her hard, three fingers working her over. I moved from between her legs, sliding up alongside her body. I trapped one of her legs with mine, brought an arm across her shoulders pinning her down, and did what my father had taught me. Two fingers, yanking up hard against her pussy, merciless, while she gasped and pleaded.

Her head tilted back and she moaned "Oh, God!" It was harder to get her off than Mom, and my arm was tiring, but I kept it up. "God, oh God, oh God," she groaned, her body shaking.

I picked up the pace, my fingers almost pulling her off the bed. She screamed, and I felt the pulse within her, and pulled my hand free, as the clear liquid shot from her pussy. She was out of control, and I kept her leg pinned down with mine and slapped down on her clit, setting her off again. When she seemed to come off the worst of it, I rubbed her softly, leaning over and kissing her. "That was beautiful," I told her.

"Jesus," she gasped, looking up at me, and I slid my fingers back inside her, going to work again.

"No!" she moaned, "No more."

"Come for me, Marie. Squirt for me."

It took only a couple more minutes and she was coming hard again. Her body reacted stronger the second time, trembling, her stomach muscles spasming out of control. Every few seconds I'd see them harden, and she'd grunt. I spanked her naughty little pussy, making her scream, flooding my bed.

I didn't want to leave her like Dad and I had left Mom, so I eased back after that, holding her, cuddling her, caressing her crotch gently. She was half out of it, in a daze, giggling a little. "Jeremy," she whispered lovingly.

"Who loves you, Marie?" I teased, kissing her chin.

"My Jeremy. My Jeremy loves me."

"Always, Aunt Marie. You should have known that. You should have had faith in me."

Her eyes teared up, and she rolled onto her side, her arms enveloping me. "I do Jeremy. I love you. I love you so much."

I held her, my hands gliding over her soft skin, telling her how important she was to me, how much I loved her. She relaxed and cuddled in closer. I was kissing the top of her head, when I realized she was asleep. I figured it must have been a pretty exhausting and emotional day for her.

I took a couple of minutes to gorge myself on her amazing tits, which I could never get enough of. Her nipples were hard, but other than that she was barely reacting. A last gentle kiss on her lips, and I slid her sideways, out of the puddle she was lying in, and pulled the covers up to her chin.

I put on my boxers and a t-shirt, and went to see if Mom was being good.

After a quick look around, I determined she wasn't upstairs. I didn't hear them anywhere, and headed downstairs. The two of them were lying on the couch, holding each other. Colin was still dressed the same, but Mom had lost her shirt. They were kissing, and their lips never separated while I watched. I went to the kitchen and got a glass of water, then walked into the living room.

I know, I was being rotten. I hate to admit it, but I was jealous. I wanted Mom for myself. Completely unfair, but I couldn't help it.

Mom opened her eyes and saw me watching. She pulled back abruptly, her arm covering her chest. "Jeremy! I...I thought you were upstairs."

I grinned. "So it looks. Aunt Marie is asleep. I guess it's been too stressful a day for her."

Colin sat up, blushing, trying to hide his erection. After a little scooting around they were sitting side by side, almost touching. I sat next to my mother, pulling her against me. "I'm not interrupting anything, am I?"

Mom's turn to blush. "We were...we're just talking, mostly," she said finally.

I chuckled. "Quietest talking I ever heard." She still had her arm over her breasts, and I pulled them down slowly exposing her. "Looks like he talked your shirt off, Mom."

She jabbed me with her elbow. "Don't be mean, Jeremy."

I kissed her neck. "Isn't she the most beautiful thing in the world, Colin?"

He nodded, his eyes on her chest. "I can't believe it sometimes."

I nibbled her ear, and she leaned back against me. "I know. I can barely stand it. Every time I see her, I want to go crazy on her. I almost can't help myself." I reached around and squeezed her tits, tugging on her hard nipples.

"Please, Jeremy," she whispered softly.

"Colin, I'm going to borrow Mom for a second. We won't be long, she'll be down in a couple of minutes, Ok?"

"Uh...sure," he said.

"Have a beer and relax. We'll be back in a bit." I got up and faced him. "I'm sorry about earlier. Still friends, right?"

He nodded. "Sorry I swung on you. I couldn't stand seeing Mom like that."

"Understood. We gotta protect our moms. I would have done the same thing." I took Mom by the hand, and at the last minute she grabbed her shirt as I pulled her toward the stairs.

"What are you doing," she asked.

"Taking you to your room for a second."

She followed quietly, until I got her in her bedroom. I closed the door behind us.

"That was mean, teasing him like that," Mom whispered.

"I'm sorry. I was jealous."

She looked at me, then came into my arms, kissing me. "Baby, you never need to be jealous. You're my man. I was only trying to help your cousin a little. What happened to Marie? I thought you guys would be busy for hours."

"I couldn't do it, Mom. I'm sorry. We talked, kissed and played a little, but I couldn't go all the way. I'm still afraid it will mess things up."

"You fixed things though, didn't you? You can't stay mad at her. You two love each other."

I pulled Mom to the bed, and pulled off my boxers. I was achingly hard. I'd been expecting a little quid-pro-quo from Aunt Marie after getting her off, but no such luck. Then seeing Mom like that, I was ready to burst a blood vessel.

"We're better. I think it might be a while before it's like it was. When I think of how she hurt you, I...I guess I go a little nuts."

Mom moved down the bed, her hand reaching out and stroking me. "Give her a chance, baby. I believe she's trying? Don't you?"

"Yes. She's always been great to me. I know she'd never do anything to hurt us. Still, it's hard."

Mom laughed, her wicked tongue lashing out at my cock. "It is, isn't it? You played around, but she didn't get you off?"

I lied. "I couldn't. I can't get hard for her like I do for you, right now."

She looked up at me in surprise, then she crawled up my body, hugging me. "Poor baby, I have made a mess of this, haven't I?"

"No way Mom. It's not your fault."

She was rubbing her thigh against my erection. "I notice you have no problem getting hard for your ol' Mom," she teased.

"No. I doubt that will ever be a problem. I want you every time I see you."

Her lips grazed mine. "I know baby. I can feel it."

"I hate Dad's rules. I want you. I want to take you right now. Over and over again."

"Soon. I know you'll work it out. Then we'll do it all."

"Suck me, Mom?"

"Whenever you want, Jeremy. You only have to ask."

"I'm asking."

She smiled and shimmied down the bed. Her mouth slid over my cock, and she bobbed her head up and down a couple of times. She looked up at me, grinning. "You're asking, and I'm sucking."

I got off pretty quickly, after only a couple of minutes. She didn't let up for a second, getting me stiff again, and then going through her paces. I recognized each move for what it was, groaning, begging and moaning when appropriate.

"Jesus, Mom! You are so amazing. Why would I ever want Aunt Marie to do that, when I have you? She's not even as good as Penny before you started working with her."

Mom pulled off me, and stroked my stiff shaft. "You should be happy she sucks you at all. She doesn't hardly do that for anybody else. That's how much she loves you."

"You should train her," I said.

She laughed, and went back to sucking me.

"I wasn't joking."

She gave me her swirly-go-round, then lifted off. "First, she's got too much pride to let me do that. Second, why would I give her any more ammo in the competition against me?"

"Competition? Please. Besides, she could practice for years and she'd never even be in the same league as Penny, never mind you. She'll never enjoy it like you two do, and that makes all the difference."

Mom giggled, licking and kissing my cock all over. "You really think I enjoy this? Debasing myself for you and your father? Shedding the disguise so you can see me for what I am? A cock-hungry cum-slut?" She was smiling as she said it.

"You love it, crazy woman. It shows in everything you do. And we love you for it."

She pouted cutely. "Is that why you love me? Just because I'll give you a blowjob?"

I leaned over, grabbed her under the armpits, and lifted her bodily, laying her on top of me. I hugged her tight, then smacked her bottom. "How long have I loved you, Mom?"

She cuddled into me, kissing my neck. "Always." She giggled, "You always were a Momma's boy."

"I am. I love you more than anything. How long have I been getting blowjobs?"

"Uh...about a week?"

"Five days. Now, do you really think that's what I love about you?"

She laughed, squeezing me. "It's something you love about me."

"Absolutely. I love everything about you. Now finish what you started, evil Mommy. It's not nice to leave your son with a case of blue balls."

"I'd never do that," she said, then was quiet as she went back to work on me with a passion. She was wicked when she wanted to be, and had me unloading for her after only another five or so minutes.

"Stamina, Jeremy. We're going to have to work on that," she teased, licking her sexy lips.

"Unfair. You did that on purpose. You could have made it last."

She smiled. "Alright. You caught me. Go back to Marie, and do what you can to make her feel better. I'm going to go tease your cousin a little more. Don't interrupt me again for at least an hour. I'm going to make him mess his pants for me."

"Just remember the rules, Mom."

She stood up, and put her t-shirt back on. I watched her, thinking how much I wanted to take it off of her again. That and her shorts. Drag her into bed and have my way with her. Repeatedly. With vigor.

"Don't look at me like that, Jeremy. You're going to get me all worked up. Go to your Aunt. Make up with her for me."

"I'll try, Mom."

She blew me a kiss, and hurried back down the stairs. I headed for the bedroom, where my aunt was still napping. I pulled the covers off of her naked voluptuous body, and eased her legs open. I was gentle, kissing and licking, no finger poking at all.

"Mmmm, Jeremy," she sighed, her hand reaching down and brushing my hair.

I relaxed, playing, adoring the sweet, naughty opening. She was purring for me, sighing beautifully. "God, honey, that's so nice," she murmured.

My tongue was almost numb, I'd been working on her so long, but I wasn't reaching out that far, just past my lips, teasing her, sucking on her clit, licking the edges. I planted my mouth over her clit, sucking gently, rubbing my tongue around her firm little pearl. Softly, barely touching it.

I was surprised at her adorable little whimper, and I felt her throbbing in my mouth. I eased back, kissing it carefully, then climbed up beside her, pulling her into my arms.

"That was perfect, honey. So sweet. I felt so loved."

I kissed her nose. "Good, because you are, you know. Loved."

"Make love to me, Jeremy," she asked softly.

"God, I want to so badly. But not yet."

She pouted. "Why? Now that she'll let us."

"I'm going to make her force us together. I'm not going to let up until she's the one actually putting my cock inside of you."

Aunt Marie laughed. "Really? You think you can push her that far?"

"I think if Colin wasn't here today, she'd be in here now, working on me to fully forgive you."

"What do you want to do now?" she teased, rubbing her hands on my chest.

"Honestly? I just want to hang out with my best friend, and doing it naked is about as good as it gets."

"Really? I'm naked in your bed, and that's all you can think of?" she pouted.

"I'm thinking of a lot more. Tons more. You know what I really want to do. But with the long view in mind, I'd much rather have my way with you for the rest of my life, than screw things up because Mom's in la-la land at the moment." I pulled her close, my arm around her, hugging her, leaving little kisses all over her face.

I slid my lips down to hers, kissing her softly, tenderly. "I'm so lucky to be here with you," I whispered.

She grinned. "Ditto."

Another heart-warming kiss, and a thought occurred to me. "Want to hear about my first time with Penny?"

Her eyes shot open. "You did it with your girlfriend?"

"Oh yeah. Big time. Even shot a movie. If we can get Mom and Penny to Ok it, I'd love to show it to you."

We pulled up the covers, cuddled in the near dark, and I told her. "Some of this is very private, you'll understand, but I've always been able to tell you anything, right?"

"Of course! I've never broken a single one of your secrets."

"These aren't necessarily mine. You promise?"

"Always." She smiled, and gave me a quick little kiss, the pouted. "I was starting to think you didn't want to share with me anymore. So much going on in your life, and I feel left out."

"It's been a hectic week. But you'll always be my best friend, and I'll never leave you out. You know how I feel about you."

I earned another pout. "I thought so, but it feels like your Mom is taking my place, and your girlfriend is your big new romance," she said.

"Mom is mom. I love her to death. But we've never really shared our private thoughts and stuff until the last week or so. Not like you. So it's new, and cool, and different, but you've always been my number one go-to friend. That will never change. As for Penny, it's wonderful, it is. Learning about love and sex together. Getting closer. But you know how it is. Young love. Who knows where we'll be in a year? You and me, we're forever you know."

Her eyes got misty, and she hugged me. "You mean that, don't you?"

"Forever and ever. Nobody will ever have that part of me that you do. I can easily picture you and me lying together like this 30 years from now, cuddling and kissing, and telling each other everything."

She rested her head on my shoulder, sighing. "I'd like that. I can see it too." She giggled. "Now about that Penny..."

Half an hour later I was still answering her questions, and she had her hand on my erection, stroking it lazily, just playing around. Mom walked in on us. "Looks like you two are getting along again, getting ready for another go?" she asked, but I could tell that no matter how cool she tried to act, it was bothering her a little. Bursting in the door like that, I had no doubt she was trying to surprise us.

Aunt Marie was on the opposite side of me from the door, and Mom had a great view of her hand, moving up and down my shaft. "Another go? It's taken me all afternoon to get this much out of him," Aunt Marie pouted.

The idea of Mom helping Aunt Marie tend to me had the blood surging down below. I was rock hard in a few seconds. Which might not have been the best thing. Aunt Marie let go of my cock. "You see Alice? I spend hours with him, naked and teasing, and I get nowhere. Five seconds after you walk in the door, fully clothed, and he's hard as stone." Aunt Marie sat up, and the next thing I knew she had her face in her hands sobbing.

"You had to do it, didn't you? You couldn't leave me anything? Twenty years later and you're still punishing me. You've taken him completely away from me and left me nothing. Nothing!" Aunt Marie cried.

"I didn't Marie, I swear," Mom started, sitting on the bed opposite her.

"LIAR! Sure, he says he wants more. That he's on my side, wants to help me, but there's the truth!" she said, taking a swipe at my shaft. "He doesn't want me anymore. You've got it all now. Harold, Jeremy, and even Colin, I bet. What have you done to steal him away from me? Why, Alice? Do you still hate me that much? I was a 16 year old confused kid. Are you going to hold it against me forever?" Aunt Marie stood and picked up her panties, stepping into them. She grabbed my shirt and pulled it on, angrily, heading out of my bedroom.

"Don't go Marie," Mom pleaded.

Aunt Marie glared at us. "I don't know what kind of cruel game you're playing. I opened my heart to you both. Told you everything, begged forgiveness. Then you pull this shit. He keeps me busy, while you seduce my son? When were you going to tell me about Penny, Alice? His first time, and I never heard a word from you?"

I was stunned. I'd really thought things were going well. Damn it.

She stomped off without an answer, practically running down the stairs. I heard her bellowing for Colin and I was almost back on the first floor when she started interrogating him.

"Everything you did!" she snapped at him. "So help me, if you lie, you'll regret it."

Colin was pulling up his pants, and he had a tired dazed look. From his appearance he'd been napping. Maybe Mom wore him out. I started to get nervous. How did she wear him out?

Colin had his pants on, and was seated on the couch, turning his socks right-side out. "You know, Mom. Just some kissing and touching. Like we do," he whined.

"Why were your pants off!" Aunt Marie growled, standing not two feet in front of him.

"Marie..." Mom started, but my Aunt cut her off.

"Not a word, Alice. This is MY son. Mine!" She turned to Colin. "Well?"

"They were uncomfortable," he said.

"Did she touch you there?" Marie asked, her voice turning scary.

He blushed, and fumbled with his shoe laces.

"DAMN IT! DID SHE TOUCH YOU!" Aunt Marie screamed.

He nodded, eyes turned downward, his hands clutching his sneaker.

Mom tried to calm her. "Don't Marie. You're upsetting him. We can talk about this."

Aunt Marie glared at Mom. "Sure. Like we talk about everything else. You promised no more than in the car." She turned to Colin, grabbed his chin and pulled his head up. "Look at me when I'm talking to you," she snapped. "How did she touch you?"

"W...with her hand," he whined.

"And...?"

He was practically shaking. "With her mouth."

I wasn't ready for it when Aunt Marie turned and slapped Mom across the face, hard. "You disgust me, Alice. All these lies. These tricks." She looked over at me, while Mom stood in shock, holding her cheek. "You too, Jeremy. What's happened to you? You were always such a good, open honest boy. Now it's nothing but lies, tricks and deceit. Both of you!"

Mom was looking angry. "I didn't do anything you didn't do, Marie."

"No? You lied to me! Yes, I blew Jeremy, but I wasn't planning on it. Hell, you know I don't even like to do that. I teased him too far, and let him finish in my mouth, so we wouldn't make a mess and get caught. Right afterwards I told you. I confessed because I'd never keep

something like that from you. I knew it was over the line, and I told you."

She turned to Colin who was just sitting there watching. "Finish getting dressed, Colin. We're going home."

I went to her, reaching out, but she pushed me away. "Don't Jeremy. I'm tired of this bullshit. I tried, Lord knows I tried. But all these games you two are playing, all these lies upon lies. It's not worth it."

"Lies? All I want is for everyone to be happy?" I said.

"Bullshit! What, you get a little pussy off your mother, and then nobody else matters? You lie to me, lie to your father, to your mother, to Colin? I'm sure you're lying to your little slut girlfriend. What happened to you?"

I was shocked by her words.

"What lies, Marie? We're not lying to you or anybody," Mom argued.

"Still lying, you mean, don't you? Let's start with our trip, and our discussion afterward. We were only going to do what we did in the car, right?"

Mom nodded.

"So how come I can't fuck him if you can? Answer me that, Alice!"

"We...we didn't..."

"GOD DAMN IT! Stop the fucking lies, Alice. You don't think I know when my sister gets fucked by only the second man in her life? How long were we out the door before you were upstairs doing it again? Ten minutes?"

"It...it wasn't like that. It was an accident. I told him it couldn't happen again," Mom said.

"You lied to me. I know you didn't tell Harold, did you? So you're lying to him. You kept doing it, so you're still lying to all of us. When are the lies going to stop?"

"We're not doing it," I told my Aunt. "Dad and I talked it out, and he set the rules, and I swear we're following them." I looked over at Mom, still unable to believe she'd blown Colin. "Or we were. At least I was."

"You talked it out? You told him what you did with your mother? Everything?"

I shook my head. I was still ashamed of that.

"This game of yours, playing your mother and me against each other. How could you?" Aunt Marie asked.

"It was for us! I swear, all I want is for everyone to be happier. No more of this anger and competition between you two."

"Did you ever think of just trying honesty for once? When the hell did you become such a manipulative lying bastard. The both of you." She turned back to Mom. "And you! It was only a few hours ago you swore you were only going to tease him. Play a little. No more. You promised me!"

"I didn't mean to, it just happened," Mom said softly. "You were up there doing God knows what with my boy."

"I never lied to you. Not once. If I pushed a limit, I told you. I followed your damn rules, even though I was so tempted to break them. I did it for us, for the family." Aunt Marie, sighed, then reached out her hand to Colin. "Let's go. I don't want you around these people."

"Marie! Please, we need to work this out," Mom said.

"I'm done working it out. I don't like what you two have become. I don't like it at all."

I figured it wasn't the time to try to discuss things calmly, she needed space. Besides, she'd given me a lot to think about. She was right about

a lot of things. We weren't being as honest as we should be, and even though I did believe that the little tricks I'd been playing were in everyone's best interest, it was still deceitful. All I had to do was think about how my father would feel about it, and I knew that I was in the wrong.

"Marie..." Mom pleaded, walking after them.

I put my arm around her. "Not now, Mom. She's right about a lot of it. Let's give her some time, and we need to talk."

* * *

We did talk. She cried, and I was damn near close to it several times. Things were getting worse, not better. I was furious with her for breaking Dad's rules with Colin. She was angry with me for pressing the whole Marie issue, until it blew up. We both decided no more lies.

Dinner was an awkward affair. Mom made Dad's favorite, New York Strip. I grilled the beef, while she prepared homemade mashed potatoes, fresh green beans with chunks of thick cut bacon, and scratch made biscuits.

Dad didn't seem to notice how we were trying too hard to keep things light. He was actually grinning when I told him to come sit in the living room, maneuvering him to the couch. I got him an after dinner drink.

"Don't tell me you have another video? I'm not sure my heart could take it," he laughed.

"No Dad. We need to talk."

A saw a dark look pass over his face. "You didn't bend the rules today, did you? I can trust you two alone, can't I?"

"It's bigger than that. We haven't been truthful about everything, and while I was trying to get things worked out with Aunt Marie, I did some things wrong, and it's all blown up," I confessed.

"How bad is it?" he asked.

"Bad."

He looked at Mom, and she lowered her head, nodding slowly. "I'm sorry."

"I'm waiting," he said, the steel in his voice a clear warning.

"To start with, we weren't completely honest about the Jeep ride. We did more than we told you. Please don't blame, Mom. It was me. I...I couldn't help myself. I got carried away. I'm ashamed and I'm sorry."

He got up, from where he'd been sitting between us. He turned and faced Mom. "Anything to say, Alice?"

"I...I had sex with him, Harold. I don't even know how it happened, but I did. I'm sorry."

He turned away from us and started toward the stairs. "Harold..." Mom called out.

"Stay there. Don't say a word, Alice," he growled.

He returned in less than a minute. "You two had sex in the Jeep? Not three feet from me?"

We both nodded. He pulled a bag from behind his back, and threw it at Mom. She practically jumped off the couch, gasping.

"No shit," he snapped.

I looked at the bag, and realized it was a large storage baggie, with her shorts from the trip inside.

"Oh, God, Harold. I'm so sorry," she whispered.

"You stink of sex, you can't wait to get in the shower when we get home, and you don't even do a decent job of cleaning yourself. You don't think

I can tell when you've been fucking, Alice? Twenty years, and you think I'm not going to notice?"

"You...why didn't you say something?"

"I did. I asked you to tell me what you did. With both of them. At first I wondered if that was why you made me move Colin to the back. Maybe it was him. Then the way you behaved, what you told me about you and Jeremy, I knew. I knew and I waited for you to tell me. I waited, and waited."

"It was a mistake," she said softly. "We didn't want to hurt you."

"So that was it? One time in the car? Or have you kept hanging the horns on me, with my own son, no less?"

Mom was holding that bag, tears rolling down her face. She shook her head.

"Twice more," I said. "Once the next afternoon, and once more almost by accident when we were lying in bed together talking."

Dad looked more disappointed than angry. "Why would you two do that to me? Haven't I been a good husband, a good father? Did I do something wrong?"

Mom spoke up first, tossing the shorts to the side as if they were on fire. "No, Harold. You're the best. The best husband a woman could ask for. A terrific father. It's...it's complicated."

He turned to me. "I can almost understand you. A virgin, hormones raging, and we put you in that position, first with your aunt, and then with your mother. Half naked beautiful women on your lap. But afterward? Couldn't you have just come out and told me? You give me half the story, but won't come clean? I knew you were trying to make it up to me, I understood, but with those lies between us, how could you?"

"I was afraid. Not for me, but for Mom. I wanted to. I even came close a couple of times. I felt so guilty, and so ashamed. It was the worst thing I ever did in my life."

"I need to hear it. All of it. What's been going on this last week? How many other lies have there been? Where do we stand now?" Dad asked. His matter of fact quietness was scarier than if he'd started yelling.

He wouldn't sit, and I tried to tell him everything, holding nothing back, with Mom interjecting and taking over on occasion. I told him about in the Jeep. The next day, waking Mom, after she'd said no more. Doing it again. The blowjob. More sex. The following day, taking care of her in bed, massaging her. Everything I did with Aunt Marie. The afternoon with Penny, and Mom's getting involved. I explained that Mom had behaved, mostly encouraging Penny, during that first time with Penny, when we were learning about each other.

I reminded him of us watching the Penny blowjob video. Watching them. Listening to them in bed that night. His calling out, "That one was for you, Jeremy." Dad actually blushed a little at that. At least I think the red face was blushing. I could have been wrong.

Mom interrupted now and then, to tell what she was thinking. What was going on in her mind. She confessed to the wild excitement of being with us. Fantasizing about being available to both of us.

"Nobody else, ever, Harold. There was no one else, and there never will be. It's...different. God, he's so much like you, don't you understand? Like when we were starting, all over again. Your mannerisms, the way you walk, God help me, even the way he holds me. It's you all over again. I'm helpless against it. Then you started making me blow you in front of him. You saw what that did to me. He only had to touch me once, and I was coming for both of you."

He nodded. "Go on."

I told him about the following morning. The last time we had sex. How it wasn't supposed to happen, but we started rehashing what he and Mom had done the night before. The Penny role-playing, but with me in his role, and Mom acting like Penny again, until we were acting out the same scenario.

"I swear, Dad, we didn't mean to that time, we got caught up in it. So damn hot, listening to Mom tell me about you fantasizing about playing the part of me with her, and then pretending she was Penny, and you were taking her for the first time. I didn't even think about

what we were doing, until we were almost done. I'm really sorry about that. The first times, were bad, behind your back, but that one, you trusted us to behave, and it got out of hand. I wanted to tell you, but there were too many lies already."

"Lies are like that. It only takes one to get the ball rolling, then it picks up momentum, taking on a life of its own. One lie begets the next, and the next. You get to the point where you can't remember what's true and what isn't. What lies you've told. I thought I taught you better than that," he said, his voice filled with disappointment.

"You did. This isn't your fault. You were honest with me every step of the way. I screwed up. I won't do it again. I couldn't take it anymore, that's why we had to have this talk," I said.

"Is that all of it?" he asked.

I shook my head. "Aunt Marie. I wanted to make things right with the family, but I went about it all wrong. You saw the movie she made for you. She made another one for Mom, begging forgiveness for her past, and asking to be a closer part of the family."

"Closer? How much closer?" he asked.

"You know. You saw her video. Intimately close. She'd like to be freely available to you. To both of us. I wanted it to happen. She came over today to start the healing, but it went poorly. Mom wasn't as forgiving

as I hoped, and I..." It was hard to face what I had done. I took a deep breath, looking at both of them.

"I pretended to be really mad at Aunt Marie, and to want to cut her out of our lives, for Mom's sake. To stop the constant bickering and jealousness. I think I went too far."

Mom looked at me in surprise. "That was all pretend? Getting angry with her? Hitting Colin?"

I nodded. "I wanted you to take her side, Mom. Better the two of you against me than at each other's throats. I purposely didn't do anything with Aunt Marie, to keep you pushing us together, working with her, instead of against her. Marie didn't believe that's what I was trying to do. That's why she blew up. At least partially. You want to tell Dad about Colin?"

Mom turned red. Her knees were pressed together tightly, hands clutching at each other. "I gave him a blowjob, Harold."

That seemed to surprise and upset him. "Christ, Alice! Are you going to tell me he's just like me too? Or are you just becoming a big slut? Who else are you having sex with?"

"Nobody, Harold! I swear. It was only a blowjob for Colin. I...Marie was upstairs with Jeremy, and I was getting upset I guess, at what they were doing together. I did it because of her."

"This thing between you and your sister has to stop!" Dad snapped. "Giving the kid blowjobs because you're mad at Marie? So what next? You girls fight and you fuck him?"

"No, Harold! Of course not! I'd never do that. It wasn't supposed to go that far. I don't even know why I did it, other than I wanted to get back at her, and that silly crush he has on me. I'm so sorry."

"What's the boy supposed to think now, Alice? He's going to expect blowjobs from his aunt whenever you guys are together. Damn it! You know how he feels about you! How could you? Isn't our son enough? You going to go after Jenny's boy when he's of age? Or will you even wait?"

He was getting to her. Mom was really upset. "Please, Harold. It was a mistake. Of course I'm not going to do anything with Andrew. There're just so many things happening. I'm confused. Help me, Harold. Don't get mad. I need you now. I...I don't want any of this. I only need you."

"Twenty years, Alice. Twenty. Now this? First Jeremy, then that business with Penny, and now Colin? Colin of all people? What the hell is happening to you?"

Mom was crying. "I don't know, baby. I don't. I can't seem to help myself. My emotions are all over the place. Things between you and me have never been better, everything just seemed so wonderful. I don't know how I got here."

Dad stood over her, glaring. "It has to stop now, Alice. All of it. This has gotten out of control. No more, you understand? I won't take any more of this crap from you." I could see him getting upset. "Twenty years, you were the best wife a man could have. I was so proud to be with you. So damn proud. I don't understand what's happened to us, that you would think this was acceptable."

She leaned forward her arms clutching him around his thighs, clinging desperately. "I know it's not. I'm praying you'll forgive me, and help me through this all. You know how much I love you. You have to."

His hand reached down and caressed her head. "I know. That's what makes it so difficult." He grabbed her chin and tilted her head up until she was looking up at him, sorrowfully. "It stops now. All of it."

She nodded, then looked over at me. "Everything?" she asked softly.

"For now. Until we get everything under control. Nothing with Colin or Jeremy that you wouldn't be willing to do out in public. You understand me? No slip ups, no 'accidents'."

She nodded.

Dad looked at me. "Same goes for you. No more. Not with your mother, not with your aunt. Your relationship with Penny is your own business, but leave her mother out of it. That's inappropriate, unless her husband is on board. I doubt he is."

I agreed to his terms.

"You need to be the strong one, Jeremy. Don't let your mother slip-up. I hope I can count on you better than I have in the last week. Please don't disappoint me again."

"I won't Dad. I am sorry." I did have some concerns. "What about Aunt Marie? She's kind of in limbo now, and pretty pissed off at Mom and me."

"Leave her alone for now. I need to talk with her anyway."

Mom was still hanging onto him, like she was scared to death to let go. He peeled her arms away. "It's been a rough day. I'm going to go to bed now." He stepped back and looked down at Mom, his anger still visible, just under the surface. "Alice, I'd prefer if you slept in the guest bedroom tonight."

"No, Harold! I need to be with you. Show you how sorry I am. We need to be together," she pleaded.

"For now. I...I need to get my feelings under control. It wouldn't be pleasant if you were around me tonight. I don't want to say things I'll later regret. I need some time to deal with this. Don't push it."

The tears were running again. "Alright," she told him. "I'll hate it."

Dad nodded. "Me too. I hate all of it. I'm disgusted." He turned away, and walked upstairs. I moved over on the couch and put my arm around Mom. She tensed up for a second then settled in against me.

"It'll be Ok, Mom. It was a shock to him, I'm sure. But we needed to get it out in the open. We'll give Dad and Aunt Marie some time. They both love you. We'll be better for it, in the end."

"I don't know, Jeremy. This is pretty bad. I feel like we betrayed him."

"We did. Not out of spite, or meanness, but we did nonetheless. I'm sorry I pushed you so hard."

She shook her head. "I let you. I wanted it. I know I shouldn't have, but I couldn't help it."

I was pretty sure Dad would get over it. Let's face it. He had no problem with letting Mom give me blowjobs, even when he knew we'd already had sex at least once. He sure as hell seemed to enjoy the attention that Penny had given him. I knew for a fact that he wouldn't mind enjoying some intimate time with Aunt Marie.

Things were messed up, but at least it was all out in the open now. No more hiding. Even the business with Aunt Marie and Mom I felt was better now. At least they'd talked long and hard about their issues. I may have manipulated Mom, but that was out there as well.

I knew I should have felt better getting all that secret shit off my chest, but I didn't. I felt like crap. I'd always hated disappointing my father, no more so than I did now. On top of that, Mom was off-limits. Even Aunt Marie. I wasn't sure if I was going to let that last one stand. If Dad took Mom away for good, there was nothing holding me back from being with Aunt Marie. I wasn't going to rush that, but the idea percolated in the back of my mind.

For a moment I felt jealous of Colin. I imagine once his mother got over the fact that Mom had given him a BJ, he'd be getting more action from Aunt Marie than I would.

I guess I'd been too pensive, for too long. Mom gave me a squeeze. "Whatcha thinking about, Jeremy? No more planning I hope."

"No Mom. More along the line of regrets. Not over what I did with you, but about not coming clean that first night. I wonder if we could have avoided all of this. Taken our lumps. It was a mistake, and if we'd just confessed, we wouldn't have all the trust issues we have now. We shouldn't have kept lying about it, even if most of the lies were of omission."

"You're not mad at me too, are you baby?" Mom asked softly.

"A little. Colin, Mom? After you told Aunt Marie you wouldn't. You keep breaking your own rules. You've got to stop that."

"You've gotta help me, baby. Be strong for me. For us, for the family."

"I'll do what I can. You know that. I still love you like crazy."

She smiled. "I know. That helps."

I stood and gave her a hand up. "Come on, let's make sure the guest bedroom is ready for you."

I saw the look of sadness cross her face. I gave her a hug. "You know it won't last long. He can't resist you. We both know that."

She gave me a grin. "I hope you're right."

I was lost in my own thoughts. For something that was going so well, it sure went to hell in a hurry.

Quiet

For a Saturday, things were awful quiet on the home front. Dad was up early, and in the garage. Mom went back to her bedroom after he left, to get ready for the day. Me? I spent a good part of the morning lying in bed and feeling sorry for myself until I got a call from Penny.

"I thought you were gonna call me last night?" she started.

"I'm sorry. Things are in a little turmoil here at the moment. Family argument last night."

"Aw, I hate that stuff. Everything Ok now?" she asked.

"No. I think it might be a while before it is. I'm sure it'll blow over in time, but we'll have to wait and see."

"You wanna do something?"

"Sure. I'd love to. Get out of the house at least. Did you have something in mind?"

"Other than practice?" she teased.

I chuckled. "Yes. Not that I wouldn't like the practice."

We discussed a couple of options, and settled on a movie and hitting the mall food court. She wanted to come over after, and I finally agreed to it. Maybe by this evening things wouldn't be so awkward.

Mom offered to make me something to eat. Unlike a typical weekend morning, when we would usually eat together, it looked like she was cooking as needed. I gave her a hug, and felt her tense up.

"Take it easy, Mom. It's just a hug."

She nodded. "He's still angry."

"I figured as much. You should go out. Do yoga or something. Go to lunch with Colleen. Try to pretend it's a regular day. I don't think you and Dad should be under each other's feet all day."

"I was thinking about trying to talk to Marie," Mom said.

"If you want. Maybe you should give her a little time as well. I imagine a short phone call and apology might help."

Mom scrambled me up some eggs, and I made a quick sandwich, before giving her a peck on the cheek. "I'm gonna head over and see Penny. We're gonna catch a movie, and get something to eat. I'll probably bring her home later."

"We can't do anything..."

"Of course not, Mom. Not the way things are now. I'll take her to my room and stay out of everyone's hair."

* * *

Penny was in a great mood and it was contagious. She hadn't been idle, and when we went to the Cineplex we were joined by two other couples. Her best friend Emma and Dan, her boyfriend, a guy I knew but wasn't especially friends with. Emma's friend Kelly and her date Drew joined us, both of whom I'd seen around but didn't really know.

She argued with me, when I insisted I was paying for our 'date.' Neither of us had a lot of spending money, no part-time jobs although she picked up some cash babysitting, and I got a nice allowance for doing the yard work, on top of my other chores. Still, it was our first time going out since 'the night' and I wanted to make it special.

In the theater, Penny and I didn't do a lot of necking, although that seemed to be all that the third couple had on their mind. I did have my arm around her, and her hand was on my thigh, teasingly high.

It was nice, comfortable. Knowing we were going to be going back to my bedroom, I didn't feel the need to get as much quick fooling around in as possible.

She turned her head and smiled at me. "It's different now," she said, almost as if reading my mind.

I leaned over and kissed her. "Yeah. Better."

She rested her head on my shoulder, while I caressed her hair. "Just what I was thinking."

I actually got to watch the movie, and all of us headed to the food court, although my appetite was curbed by the over-priced extra-large popcorn we'd devoured between us.

The matinee was pretty cheap, and I had a $2.00 off coupon for the popcorn and soda we shared, but my funds were already running low. Penny wanted a sandwich, and I was leaning toward pizza. I gave her my $10 bill, leaving me enough for a single slice. Thirty-four bucks, gone just like that.

I was standing in line to get my pizza at Sbarro's, with Emma in front of me. She kept turning and looking at me with a weird look on her face.

"What?"

She grinned. "She really is building a shrine, you know. I got to help."

I'm sure I blushed heavily, as she laughed at me.

"If anyone was building a shrine, it should be me. I've been such a dolt for the last year. Penny's pretty amazing."

Emma grinned at me. I thought she was being flirtatious when she stepped closer to me, her hand resting on my arm. She gave a little tug on my arm, pulling me closer. "You're a good guy Jeremy. What you did with her, for a first time? You have half the girls jealous. Just remember that Penny's yours. Only Penny." She giggled, her smile lighting up her arms, "No matter how much the rest of us tease and flirt."

She turned back to the front of the line, stepping forward as it moved. I followed her, only a foot or so back from her. She turned her head, her voice soft and teasing. "Stop staring at my butt."

I laughed. She did have a nice butt. "How did you know?"

"You're a guy." She gave a little shake of her hips. "I'm just kidding. Look all you want. Just no touching."

"Understood. Tease."

She chuckled, and stepped forward to order her food.

We were the last to get back to our table, and I was more than a little irritated that Dan was sitting next to Penny, and the new guy, Drew

was sitting across from her, with his date at his side. They were talking so much, I don't think they even noticed me. It was obvious they weren't strangers. I stopped a few steps from the table, not knowing what to do. Penny was sitting on the end, and there was no place for me.

Emma stood at my side. "Drew's an ass. Ignore him."

"Why wouldn't Penny save me a seat? She always has."

"Don't let it get to you, Jeremy. Sit next to Kelly. She's probably irritated that Drew's ignoring her, after being all over her in the theater. Use that."

I wasn't sure what she meant, but I did what she said, sitting next to Kelly and across from Emma. She was right about Kelly. The girl seemed upset, and she turned toward us as soon as we sat down, turning her back to her date.

We chatted a bit, then I asked Kelly how she liked the movie. I knew for a fact that she hadn't seen very much of it.

"I...uh..." she mumbled, blushing.

I chuckled, leaning close. I whispered in her ear. "I'm teasing. Hell, if I was sitting with someone as pretty as you, I wouldn't even know what the name of the movie was."

She blushed, and a big smile appeared on her face.

I was looking across the table. Dan was talking with Emma, quietly. Penny seemed to hardly know I was alive. I honestly didn't understand that. When Drew grabbed a French fry from her tray, she giggled and pulled the tray closer, but didn't stop him.

Kelly and I talked about school, and I was surprised to learn she'd be going to UT with me.

I was keeping her near, talking softly so she'd have to lean close to hear me. I put my hand behind her chair, my fingers lightly touching her far shoulder. I brought my mouth near enough to her ear that she could feel my breath.

"Nervous?" I asked. I glanced over to see if Penny would finally acknowledge my presence. I might as well have been a blank wall. Invisible.

Emma blushed, as I kept teasing her. "About going to college three hours away," I said.

She seemed to relax a hair. "Yeah. I won't know anybody. It's a big school."

"You know me."

"Not really," she answered.

"I'd like to know you better," I answered, my lips brushing her ear lobe. "It would be nice to have someone there I know."

She was trembling, and looking down at her tray. I rested my hand on her shoulder, giving her a little squeeze. I glanced over at my girlfriend who still seemed unaware I was even alive as she chatted with her new 'friend'. He had his hand on her wrist, his fingers stroking her skin lightly, and the bitch was letting him. Fuck.

"I...I'd like that," Kelly answered me, recapturing my attention.

She was barely picking at her food. "Your fries are getting cold," I reminded her.

She picked up one nervously, and took a bite from the end. I'd already finished my pizza. I was pissed that I'd given Penny almost all my money, and she was letting that jerk eat the food I'd paid for.

"How are they? Maybe pizza was a mistake."

She was cute. Little dainty bites. She finished her mouthful, and looked at me. "Want one?"

"Sounds great," I said, but I kept my hands away from her tray. She was still holding half a fry, and when I didn't move, she hesitantly lifted it to my lips. I took a small bite, not that I was hungry, but it only seemed fair, since Drew was eating Penny's fries.

"Mmm. It is good. I normally only get the plain ones."

I reached over and took a sip of her drink. I noticed that Penny had finally realized I was there. She looked surprised. Good.

I slid my hand across Kelly's shoulder, under her hair, and rubbed her neck softly. "You and Drew serious?" I asked.

She shook her head. "Only our second date. I don't think there's going to be a third," she answered, angrily.

"Good. He's an ass. You could do so much better."

She turned and looked right in my eyes. "How much better?"

"Me, better."

"But, I thought you and Penny..."

"I thought so too. I guess she didn't. If she's going to act like that, when I'm here, what's she gonna do when I'm in Austin?"

Kelly nodded, taking another nervous bite of a fry. As soon as she did, she hesitated, then turned to me and offered me the rest. I accepted it, my lips touching her fingers as I finished it, and thanked her.

I pulled out my phone and handed it to her. "Give me your number."

She took the phone, and typed in her digits. I saved it under Kelly, then leaned back and took a picture of her, linking it to the number. Penny was watching me now, and she looked more than a little angry. I hit the Send button, and heard Emma's phone ring. "Call Me Maybe," how apropos. I hung up.

Penny stood up, and walked over next to me. "Are we done?" she asked, testily.

"You tell me," I told her calmly, then looked over at Drew, who was smirking. "Enjoy your date with your new boyfriend?"

Smirk away, asshole.

"We were just talking," she snapped.

"Whatever. You're free to do whatever you want. Nobody's stopping you." I turned back to Kelly. "I'll call you later." I leaned forward and gave her a kiss on the cheek, watching her blush.

I got up, and Penny was glaring daggers at me. "What was that about?"

Emma was standing, and didn't look too pleased with me either. Oh well. It was her idea.

"If you don't want to be with me, Penny, just say so. There are plenty of other girls out there who'd like my company."

"Damn it, Jeremy! We were just talking. That's all."

"Yeah, me too." I went and dumped my tray, and when I turned around, Penny was running off through the crowd. Drew was laughing at me, as he walked over with his tray.

I didn't punch him in the face, as my first instincts urged me. My father had taught me better. I started to walk past him, then hit him with the side of my hand in the throat. Hard. Ridge hand, I think my father calls it. The fucker dropped like a rock, gasping, his hands reaching up to his neck, tray falling onto him. I kicked him on the shoulder, knocking him to his side, then stepped over him. I dropped a knee into his belly, hearing his breath whoosh out of his body, grabbed his hair and lifted his head.

"Have fun asshole? Next time I'll fucking kill you."

I dropped his head, watching it bounce off the floor and walked away.

The others stared at me as I strolled off. I gave one last look to see if Penny was around, then headed out to my car, and drove home.

Not the best date I ever had. Fucking $34 wasted. I didn't even like the movie.

* * *

Mom was surprised I came home alone, but I didn't want to talk about it. There was a chill in the air, and Mom and Dad weren't talking. I didn't feel like it either, and went up to my room. I found distraction on my computer, gaming for a while, then perusing the porn sites. Two nights in a row without sex of any kind. A week ago that would have been no big deal, but I was used to more now.

I passed on dinner, and didn't even wander downstairs. I wondered if Penny would call and try to explain her behavior. By 11:00 I figured it was unlikely. I wasn't going to call her. No way. Not after the way she behaved.

She was fun, pretty, sexy, and a joy to play around with, but I'd be damned before I'd be second string to some asshole she'd just met. I was kind of glad it happened. Any thoughts of continuing our relationship once school started seemed wasted.

I was angry. Angry with the world. I was playing with myself, and irritated that I had to. Pissed at Penny for ignoring me and taking up with some asshole. Pissed at Dad for blowing up at everybody. Pissed

at Mom for what she did with Colin, and her eternal attitude with the sister which caused all the problems. Pissed at Aunt Marie for bailing on us when everything seemed to be coming together.

Damn it. I couldn't even get off. Life sucked. Maybe UT would be the start of something better.

* * *

Sunday I had only made a brief sortie from my bedroom long enough to grab a sandwich and some soda. I was still in a vile mood, readily placing the blame for everything that had gone wrong on anyone but myself.

I heard a little bit of coming and going downstairs, but blocked it out to the best of my ability. I had been anticipating one of the parents hunting me down for some chores but so far I'd been ignored as much as I was doing the ignoring.

So far.

It was around 3:00 in the afternoon when Mom knocked on my door. She didn't wait for a response.

"Make yourself presentable and come downstairs," she said sharply. "Don't be long."

She closed the door behind her before I could even answer. Not sure what was going on, I spent a couple of minutes throwing on some clothes and brushing my hair, but that was it. I headed down the stairs, and found myself confronted by what appeared to be two very upset mothers. Mine and Penny's.

I wasn't going to take any crap from them. I hadn't done anything wrong.

Mom shot the first salvo. "Do you want to explain yourself?" she asked hotly.

"Sure."

She looked at me, glanced at Colleen, and waited, arms crossed. After a few seconds she snapped. "Well?"

"I said I'd explain myself," I told her. "So what do you want me to explain?"

Mom looked irritated. Colleen looked no better. "How about you explain how you could leave your girlfriend at the mall?"

"Never happened."

Colleen interjected hotly. "Of course it did! Her friend had to bring her home when you abandoned her after the movie."

"Penny? She was no longer my girlfriend. She decided to date some new guy instead of me, and when I called her on it, she ran off, leaving me. I went home."

Both women looked confused, and unhappy. "You didn't take her to the movie for a date?" Colleen insisted.

"I did. I thought we had a great time. I guess she didn't. The movie was the end of our date. Her decision." I explained.

"Penny said you had lunch afterward," Colleen insisted.

"We didn't have lunch together. That's when she decided she wanted to spend some time with someone else, not me. She had lunch with some asshole named Drew, leaving me on my own. I told her if she didn't want to date me, there were plenty of other women who would, and she left. I went home. I wasn't having much fun by then."

Colleen frowned. "That's not what Penny says at all."

"I'm sure she wouldn't. Easier to blame me, I'm certain."

"She says you were fooling around with some other girl, even got her name and number and took her picture," Colleen said accusingly.

I sighed. "I'm getting a beer. Do you guys want anything?"

They both shook their heads. I hit the garage, and saw Dad's Jeep was gone, explaining the lack of interruptions. I took a long swig of my beer before returning to the lion's den. I sat in Dad's chair, turning it to face the couch. "Sit, please. I'll tell you what happened. You can decide what you want."

They both sat and I made it brief and to the point. "I invited Penny out for a movie, a meal, and then we were going to come back here for a while. Pretty straightforward, right? It's been kind of stressful around here and I was really looking forward to it. We went to the movie, with two other couples she'd invited. Emma and Dan, who I know, as well as Kelly and Drew, who I don't. No big deal."

"We watched the movie, then hit the food court. My date, so I gave Penny $10 to get what she wanted, while I got a piece of pizza. When I got back to the table, Penny and Drew were all chummy, chatting away, sharing the food I paid for, with no place for me to sit. She never even noticed when I got there. I ended up sitting at the only open seat at the opposite end of the table. I was next to Kelly, who was supposed to be Drew's date, but she was ignored as well, although at least she got to sit by her date." I took a long drink of my beer.

"When Penny finished eating, I think she finally saw me sitting next to Kelly, chatting. She got mad. What was I supposed to do, sit docilely in silence while she had lunch with the asshole? The way I figure it, if she is going to behave that way, when I'm here, on a date with her, buying her fucking meal, how's she going to act when I'm in Austin? Not going to happen. If she doesn't want to be with me, that's fine."

Mom spoke up. "Jeremy, I'm sure this is all a misunderstanding. Why didn't you talk to her?"

"When? By the time I finished cleaning my tray, she had run off. I looked around for her, but obviously, obviously, she didn't want to be with me. I'm not going to force myself on her. I didn't feel like hanging out with the others, especially not that asshole, so I left. Never heard from her again." Ok, so maybe I was understating my flirting with Kelly, but hell, that's all it was.

"Emma said you beat the guy up," Colleen said.

"Hardly. The asshole was smirking at me, laughing at being able to take my girl. He fucking laughed at me, Colleen. Fine, he could have her, but he doesn't get off scot-free. I hit him once. I looked for her, but she was gone. I left."

"She's crushed, Jeremy," Colleen said softly. "She won't stop crying. How could you think she'd choose some other guy over you?"

"Uh...because she did? We've dated a year. She's never once failed to save me a seat, or I'd save one for her. I come back and not only do I not have any place to sit, but she ignores me for the entire meal. The asshole is eating from her tray, the food I paid for. It's only when she's done, that she gets mad that I had the temerity to actually talk to someone else while she was having her fun. Well fuck her. I'm not

going to put up with that. Either she's on a date with me, or she's not. She ignored me. She left me."

Colleen looked anguished. "I know she didn't mean to do that. She was upset. Why couldn't you at least have called her or something? You were willing to throw away a year's relationship just like that? It seems like you got what you wanted from her, then dumped her."

"I didn't dump her. She. Left. Me. She could have called. She could have stuck around and explained herself."

Mom glared at me. "I take it you didn't do anything wrong. None of this is your fault."

"What do you want from me, Mom? Was I supposed to sit by myself at another table, and wait to see if she'd ever remember who she was supposed to be with? Should I have bought the asshole lunch, so he wouldn't share hers? I sat in the only place left. I talked to the only person who didn't have a date by then. Maybe we flirted a little. Why not? It was pretty clear by then that I didn't matter a damn to Penny."

"Is this what you want, Jeremy? End your relationship like that? I thought you liked her? More than liked her. You're just going to throw her away, over a stupid lunch seating?"

"It's not what I want," I snapped, getting tired of the carping. "I wanted a loyal girlfriend. Someone I could trust when we were apart, not turning to the first guy she sees, the first chance she gets. I'm not going

to share her. If that's what she wants, she picked the wrong guy." I stood up. "There, I explained myself. She made her choice. I've accepted it. Time to move on." I turned and walked back upstairs, leaving the meddlesome Mom's in my wake.

It wasn't 20 minute later before Mom was in my room. "Can't you call her, Jeremy? I know you two can work this out. All couples have issues, it's something you're going to learn as you get older. I know she didn't mean to hurt you, and she wasn't leaving you. It's a stupid mistake. Ten minutes, and I'm certain you can get past this. You two belong together."

"Why, Mom? I can't trust her now. What's she going to be up to as soon as I leave?"

"It's not the end of the world. She only talked to a guy."

"She embarrassed me. Humiliated me. Disrespected me. Ignored me, while she spent all her time with that jerk. He was fucking laughing at me, that it was so easy to take her away. Why would I want her back?"

Mom sat down on my bed. "I wasn't there, but it sure sounds like that guy was the troublemaker, and Penny was too naive to see what was going on. She's probably not used to that kind of attention, and he took advantage of her. Why didn't you confront him right away? Insist on sitting with her?"

"I shouldn't have to. She made the choice, not me."

"Baby, guys are going to hit on your girl. She's sweet and beautiful. You need to stand up for what's yours. Nip it in the bud. Make it clear to her what your expectations are. Not abandon her the first time she makes a mistake. Call her, Jeremy. Do it for me, please?"

"No," I answered curtly.

She looked shocked that I would deny her. She got up after a bit, and went to the door. "Think about it, alright? You said you loved her. This, what you're doing, doesn't look like love. It looks petty. I'm disappointed in you. Call her later." That was her parting shot.

Hell. If Penny wanted to talk, she could call me, right? It wasn't like her fingers were broken. She's the one who made her choice.

I was more than a little surprised when Dad walked into my room around 6 o'clock. He sat on the corner of my bed. "What's this I hear about you dumping Penny?" he said.

"I didn't dump her. She left me. She chose someone else." I was getting tired of explaining that.

"Did she tell you that? Did she say she was done with you?"

"No. She opted to show me instead."

"I don't think so. From the sounds of things, she might have made a mistake. You're blowing it all out of proportion. You've got your mother upset, and her mother upset. Seems like the girl is a mess over this. If you've got a problem with your girl, you don't tuck tail and run. You have an obligation to get to the bottom of things. Work things out if you can. You've been dating her for a year, and this is the first fight you've had. Now man up, and work it out."

"Right. Like you 'manned-up' and ignored Mom for two days."

I saw his face turn red. "This has nothing to do with me and your mother. What she did was a hell of a lot worse than talking to some guy in public. You're making an ass of yourself."

"Thanks, Dad. I learned from the best."

He stood and glared at me. "Fine. Sit here and ruin your life. Whine like a spoiled little girl. You know she's crazy about you, and you're going to punish her for talking to someone else? Throw away everything because your panties are in a bunch? Go ahead. You're a man now, right? Old enough to fuck up on your own, and too full of yourself to listen to good advice. Screw this up too, why don't you? It's not like you don't have enough practice making a mess of everything around you." He turned away from me, "I honestly never expected you to grow up to be such a disappointment to me. I'm ashamed you're my son."

By the time I had a good snappy response, he was gone. Well fuck him too.

I was getting good at all this self-pity shit.

* * *

The door opened, and the last person I expected to see walked in. Aunt Marie. She walked over to the side of my bed without saying a word. Sat beside me, and put her arms around me.

I sat there, upset beyond words. Why was everyone hounding me like this was my fault?

But Aunt Marie didn't nag me. She was quiet, holding me, slowly rocking back and forth. After a couple of minutes of silence she spoke softly.

"Young girls make mistakes, Jeremy. We do. Take it from someone who knows, and will pay for it for the rest of her life. We don't have enough life experience to make the right choices some times. Penny screwed up. Now it's up to you to decide if it's worth crucifying her over, or if you can let it go."

I could feel my eyes moistening. I leaned against her, and she kissed my forehead.

"Am I still your best friend, Jeremy? The one you've always been able to talk to? The one who would never steer you wrong if she could help it? Is it over for us too, or can I still be your buddy?"

I caught my breath. "You know."

"I hope so. I'm not so sure anymore. I'm not sure about anything. But never mind us. Let me tell you something about girls." She moved behind me, 'til I was sitting between her legs, her arms wrapped around my chest, mouth inches from my ear.

"There's a window of guilt. Right now she feels horrible about what she did. At some point, that guilt will turn to anger, and all she will remember is how you turned on her. Once that happens, your chance of ever working things out drops dramatically. The longer you two go without communicating, the worse it gets. I'm sorry, but that's the way it goes. If you have any feelings for her at all, if you see any way past this, there may still be time to fix this."

"She could call me. Why do I have to be the one to grovel? She's the one who hurt me. Humiliated me."

I felt her lips press against my neck. "You don't have to grovel. All you have to do is take the first step. Be willing to talk to her. You can tell her how you felt. How she hurt you. Whatever you think you need to say. You just have to make that initial effort. She knows she screwed up. You have to understand, baby, attention is a heady thing to a young girl. We live for it. She hasn't learned yet how to fend off hurtful attention. She doesn't know about predators, seducers, the guys who

say all the right things for all the wrong reasons. She's going to have to live with that attention for many years to come, and learn how to deal with it. This was a hard lesson, but I'm pretty sure she learned it."

"It's not that easy, Aunt Marie," I said.

"I know, baby. Let me tell you something else. You were her first. Right now, her heart is in your hands. You can't understand, you never will, what it means for most of us girls. You were her first, and it was perfect. That makes her extremely vulnerable at the moment. You could destroy her, so easily. Crush her. I don't think you want that, do you? Are you going to rip her heart out, because she was too naive to see what that bastard was up to?"

"I...I guess I wanted her to feel some of the pain I was feeling, when she ignored me. What it felt like when that asshole smirked, laughing at me."

"You've done that. Tenfold. Forgive her for a stupid mistake, and let her forgive you for compounding it. She hurt you, but you didn't handle this well at all. You're both learning what it means to have a serious relationship. What you had for a year was nothing compared to these last few days. Learn, while you're young, Jeremy. It's not too late for you two. All you have to do is make the first gesture. Please, take it from someone who knows the value of forgiveness. She loves you, and you love her. Don't let this ruin it."

I turned around, and pulled her onto my lap. I hugged her until my arms ached. "I need you, Aunt Marie. Don't let my stupid mistakes

interfere with us, please. You've always been my go-to girl. Always. I'm so sorry I've screwed things up."

She rubbed her face on my shoulder, and I felt the moisture of her tears. "Don't you go worrying about us, Jeremy. We'll be just fine. You and I both know that. We'll have time enough for us later. For now, take care of Penny. The poor girl is devastated."

I kissed her, a long soft kiss, from my fantasy woman and best friend. "I'm going to go over there. I'm sorry I was so stubborn."

Aunt Marie climbed off my lap, and took me by the hand. "C'mon, no time like the present."

"It's late," I told her, the clock on my desk reading almost 10:00.

"Trust me, she's not sleeping. Go."

She walked me downstairs, and I saw my parents sitting on the couch, watching me anxiously. I walked over, needing to make peace at home as well.

"Sorry Dad. You're right. As usual. Don't you ever get tired of hearing me say that?"

He gave me a lop-sided grin. "Not in this lifetime."

"I'm going over to talk to Penny. See if I can make things better. Thanks for trying to help me pull my head out of my ass."

He nodded.

"You, too, Mom. Thanks. I'm sorry about earlier."

"I understand. Go on now. Time's wasting."

I leaned over and gave her a quick kiss on the cheek, then turned and took Aunt Marie's hand in mine. We walked to the door, and I gave her another kiss before I headed out. "You're the best. Don't ever let me forget that."

I got a quick last hug, before she shooed me out the door.

* * *

I had to knock on the door three times before anyone answered. I looked up to see Penny's father scowling at me.

"I know it's late, Mr. Booth. I'm sorry to be bothering you, but I'd like to speak to Penny if I could."

"Couldn't it wait until morning?" he growled. "Haven't you done enough lately?"

"I think it would be better if we spoke tonight."

He glared at me for a few minutes before stepping back to open the door.

"Who is it, Joe?" I heard Colleen ask. She looked my way and was out of her chair like a shot. She grabbed my hand, tugging me down the hall. "Just promise me you're not here to make things worse," she said softly.

"I hope not," I confessed.

She knocked on the door to Penny's room. I heard the muffled "Come in," and Colleen was pushing me through the door.

If I expected her to leap into my arms, crying, begging for forgiveness, I was sorely disappointed. Her eyes were red and swollen, but I didn't see much in them but anger.

I recalled Aunt Marie's words, and wondered if I'd missed the window.

She didn't say anything, apparently waiting. I took a page out of Aunt Marie's playbook, climbed up on the bed, and wrapped my arms around her, silently, just holding her.

She sat still, unyielding for the longest time. I was in no hurry. I let her get used to my presence, happy to hold her again. I saw her head slowly bow. "You hurt me, Jeremy. Nobody ever hurt me like that."

"I'm sorry," I told her, kissing the top of her head. "I think we both suffered enough the last couple of days. You destroyed me. I...I know you didn't do it on purpose."

"I only talked to him. That's all. Why wouldn't you believe me?"

"It wasn't that you talked to him. You forgot about me. Ignored me. We were on a date, and you let him replace me. I don't know if I've ever been that angry or jealous. How could you do that to me, after the last few days? I thought you loved me as much as I loved you. I would never do that to you."

"You did just as much, and more," she said.

"No. I did it to get back at you, to get your attention, to give you a taste of what you were doing to me. You did it because you forgot about me. Didn't care. All I could think about was what was going to happen when I leave for school. If you could forget me, flirt and date other guys, while I'm three feet away, what are you going to do when I'm 3 hours away?"

"What about me, Jeremy? It's like you stole my virginity, and then the first time you get mad at me, you dump me and pick-up the first slut

you run into. Didn't you know I'd hear all about it? You and her becoming 'special' friends at UT, while I'm stuck back here? What am I supposed to be, your weekend fuck-buddy, while you keep a new girlfriend down there? I talk to some guy, and you've suddenly abandoned me at the mall, got a new girlfriend, and are ignoring me. Do I mean that little to you?"

"You could have called me, you know. You're the one that ran away from me at the mall. Left me there with that asswipe laughing at me."

"He's not an asswipe. He's a nice guy. A lot nicer than you, it seems."

"Sure, a nice guy moving in on a girl he knows is taken, ignoring his own date while he tries to get in your pants. I saw you two, Penny. Eating off your plate, teasing, joking, touching. I saw how you looked at him. You never once thought about me, sitting at the end of the table. Never for a moment even looked my way. No, you were all goo-goo eyed for lover-boy. How long have you had a crush on him?"

"I...I never had a crush on him. We're just friends."

"Right. Your 'friend' sure moved in on you pretty damn fast. How long have you two been friends? It sure didn't look like something new."

"Stop it Jeremy. Just stop it. We're friends, Ok? I've known him for a couple of years. We never dated. He's never even kissed me."

"I bet you wanted to, though, didn't you? What was I, second place? First chance you got to trade up you jumped on it?"

She started crying. "No, you've got it wrong. You're my first choice. You always were. I was so lucky to have you. He's just a guy I know. He was paying me attention. It was nice. That was all."

I didn't like to see her cry. I held her, brushing back her hair. "I'm sorry, Ok? I was jealous. Maybe too jealous. I was hurt, and I overreacted. I've never had anyone I was serious about like you, Penny. Don't you understand? I felt I was losing you, and it broke my heart. I thought we had a chance, a long-term special relationship. Seeing you like that made it all seem so temporary, like you were just using me for the experience before I went away."

"Why did you have to beat him up? He didn't do anything. We just talked."

"You thought you were just talking. He knew exactly what he was doing, stealing my girl. You didn't see the way he looked at me, smirking, laughing at how easy it was."

"He didn't 'steal' me."

"Not yet. He opened the door. Got you giggling and ignoring me. I bet he knows I'm going away. Is he going to be around? Get another shot at you later? Where's he going to school, Penny? Locally, I bet. Did he make comments about me leaving you?"

"He said he's going to UNT. He's going to be around. I guess he did ask where you were going to school."

"I bet he suggested you guys get together, too, didn't he?"

"Not on a date or anything. He said we should go out as a group more often."

"A group, when I'm out of town. Who was going to be your date in the 'group', Penny?"

"We didn't talk about that." She shrugged my arms away. "Is it going to be like this every time I talk to a guy. The big interrogation? Getting mad and ignoring me? Don't you trust me, Jeremy?"

"It's not that I don't trust you, I don't trust guys like him. What kind of guy moves in on someone else's girlfriend?"

"So what do we do now? Is it over because I talked to some guy and you didn't like it? Is that how it is? I'm not going to live like that. It's not fair. I didn't do anything wrong other than let some guy sit opposite me. I didn't even do that. I told him I was saving the seat for you, and he said he'd keep it warm until you got there. How come you didn't come and take your seat, if you didn't like it?"

"What was I supposed to do? Tell him to move, in the middle of your intimate conversation?"

"If it mattered so much to you, then yeah. You should have made him move."

"How come you didn't ask him to move, like he promised, when I got to the table."

"I didn't even know you got there, until you were already practically making out with that slut," she snapped.

"Ten minutes after I arrived. That's when you realized I didn't have any place to sit, thanks to asshole lover-boy."

"Can we stop, Jeremy? If you don't want to be with me anymore, just say so. Don't torture me like this. I talked to a guy. I did. So shoot me. I didn't touch him, hug him, get his phone number, take his picture. That's what you did. How would you feel if I'd done that?"

"You did touch him, and he touched you. I watched it. Long before I touched anybody."

"We did? I...I don't remember..." suddenly she was blushing, ashamed.

"I did it to get even, Penny. Hell, your friend suggested it. Why did you do it?"

"Some kind of even. If I had kissed him, what were you going to do, fuck her right there on the table?"

"No, I would have kicked his ass, dumped you and moved on," I snapped.

"Over a kiss? You'd dump me, without even talking about it?"

"I'm not willing to be second place to anybody, Penny. I'm not going to let you publicly humiliate me. I'm sorry, but that's just the way it is."

"You were my first. My boyfriend for a year. You've had sex with me, and a dozen blowjobs. Kissing him would have made you second place and you'd dump me just like that? By your rules, I'm second place to your mother, your aunt and even my mother. How's that fair?"

"You're not second place to anybody, Penny. You should know that."

"So should you. I'm sorry I got distracted, Ok? I didn't mean to hurt you, I didn't even think I was. I don't think he was really trying anything, but if you say he was, I won't argue it. He's never going to get anywhere with me. I saw how he treated his own date. But you can't treat me like this. Not if you love me like you say you do. If you're mad at something, tell me. Don't blow up and abandon me. Don't try to get even. Talk to me. I thought that was one of the great things we had going for us. We could talk about anything, then you shut me out."

"I'm sorry too, alright? I just got so angry, the way you were ignoring me, like I didn't matter. Maybe you didn't do it on purpose, but it hurt just the same. The longer I sat there without you even noticing me, the more pissed I got. I'm not going to do anything with that girl, hell, I don't even remember her name. I wanted you to feel as jealous as me. That was all."

"What do you want to do about it then? Are we over? Is that what you want?"

"No! That's not what I want. I want you. I want to be your man. I want you to blow off any guy who tries to take my place. I want to be able to trust you completely. Not worry about which assholes are hitting on you when I'm not around."

"You are my man. Totally. Nobody's going to replace you. I'm not going to let that happen. I've been with one man in my life. One. You. And it was perfect. Do you really think I'm going to throw that away because some guy can make me laugh?"

We'd been sitting there, talking to each other, no longer hugging or touching. I understood what she was saying. I probably over reacted. She made a mistake, and I blew it up. Probably part of it was all the stress at home, which wasn't her fault. Did I want to mess things up between us? Hell no.

"Can...can I just hold you for a while? I'm sorry I blew up. I don't know how to handle what happened, Ok? It was a shock to me. I'll try to do better."

"You gotta take those shoes off," she said, with a hint of a smile.

It only took a few seconds before I was lying under the covers with her, still fully dressed, and holding her. "I'm sorry," I whispered.

"Me too. I shouldn't have forgotten about you like that. I didn't even realize it was happening. I won't do it again."

I kissed her, and she kissed me back. She leaned against me, her soft body pressed against mine. I cradled her in my arms, determined to never let her go. Next time I'd just confront the guy immediately. Make it clear that she was mine, and I wasn't going to give her up without a fight. She was mine, damn it.

I woke up to Colleen shaking my shoulder. She was gentle, nudging me awake. "You want to stay here, Jeremy? Should we call your house?"

It took me a few seconds to even realized what she was talking about. I still had her daughter clutched in my arms. I looked up and saw her father was standing in the doorway, watching.

"I probably should go," I said softly. "What time is it?"

"It's after one."

I peeled Penny's arms off of me, and slid out from under the covers. "I'm sorry, I guess I fell asleep," I whispered, as I put my shoes back on.

"Is everything all right between you two?" she asked.

"Better. I think we'll be fine. I'm sorry if I overreacted. I didn't mean to hurt her."

She nodded, "We'll be outside." She turned and walked out the door. I finished putting on my shoes, leaned over and kissed my girl.

Her eyes were closed, but she smiled. "Love you," she whispered.

"I love you too, Penny."

* * *

Mom was still up when I got home. Sitting in the living room, in her PJs, watching an old black and white movie. She looked up when I entered the room, and patted the seat next to her.

"How did it go?" she asked.

"Good. I don't know how it got out of hand so quickly. I'm sorry I'm so late, I fell asleep."

"Did you guys make up? Do it?"

"Yes and no. We talked. Held each other. Kissed a little. That was all."

"You've got your father's temper. You keep it buried, but when it goes off, heaven help us all. You really went overboard."

"I know. How come you're not in bed?" I asked. I moved over closer to her and put my arm around her shoulders.

"I'm not sure which bed I should be in. Your father's still unhappy with me."

"Why don't you go up and join him? The worst he can do is kick you out."

"I don't want to make him any angrier. I think things are getting better. I don't need any setbacks."

I stood, pulled her up by the hand, and turned off the TV. "Give it a try. I'll wait in the hall to make sure everything's Ok."

We walked up the stairs, and Mom braced herself before entering her room. I peeked through the crack in the door to see her slide underneath the covers.

"Is he back?" I heard Dad ask.

"Just a few minutes ago," Mom answered quietly.

"They make up?"

"Sounds like it. He has a temper on him."

"Like me. Is that what you're saying?" his voice sounded a little louder.

"No baby. I wasn't comparing you. I was just saying." They were quiet for a second, before I heard her speak again. "Please don't send me away tonight."

He didn't answer and after a few seconds she started to get up.

I saw him grab her arm. "Stay, Alice."

That was all I needed to hear. I went back to my room, hoping we were all on our way back to better times.

* * *

I woke to a warm body cuddling me. I pulled her into my arms. "Mmmm," I hummed contentedly.

"You left me last night," she said.

I cracked open an eye and saw Penny looking up at me.

"Your Mom woke me up. Your father was standing in the doorway glaring at me. I don't think he's very happy with me right now."

"It should be interesting to see how he feels about you this afternoon. Mom's going to show him our video." I could hear the mirth in her voice as she told me.

"Crap. I'm so screwed."

She leaned in and kissed me. "Not yet, but I'm hoping it's in the cards."

She leaned into me, and I realized she was as naked as I was. "I think I'd like that."

She gave me a pinch. "You only think you would?"

"Alright. I'd love that. I'm sorry I got so mad."

"Forgiven. I'll try not to give you any more reasons to, alright?"

"Agreed. Now kiss me. I've missed you."

I got a short one, before she pulled away. "Clean up and come back to bed. You've got dragon breath, lover."

Ten minutes later, I was back. I wanted to be thorough, and had shaved, brushed my teeth, and taken a quick shower. I felt human again, and was sporting an anticipatory erection upon my return.

Penny chuckled. "Looks like at least somebody missed me."

"I missed you. I was a damn fool, Ok?" I crawled into the bed, taking her in my arms.

"No you weren't. You were right. I didn't say anything last night, because I didn't want to get you upset. He called me yesterday. Twice. He wanted to go out, and he said mean things about you. I was wrong, and you were right. He wants in my pants. I should have known."

"You shot him down, didn't you?" I said softly, nuzzling her neck.

"Of course. I made it very clear. I told him if he called back, you'd beat the living crap out of him. Again."

I nibbled on her soft shoulder working my way down. "I should have known you would. Right from the beginning. I should have trusted you."

I felt her fingers running through my hair as my lips reached her breast. "You can trust me, Jeremy. I promise. I want nobody but you."

Her nipple hardened as I gave it a little tug. "I know. I love you, Penny. I really am sorry."

"No more apologies. Show me you love me."

I took my time exploring her body again, before I settled in between her legs. I teased her for a bit, before going in for the kill. She tasted odd, and I pulled back.

"I...I prepared myself for you. You made me wait so long, I was afraid I might have closed up again," she said nervously.

"Prepared?"

"Lots of lube, and a little bit of practice with a toy Momma bought me. God, I'm so worked up, Jeremy. I need you in me. Now. Don't tease me anymore. Take me."

She reached down and pulled her legs back, opening herself to me. I rubbed the head of my cock up and down her slippery chute, pressing in just a hair, pushing against her cute little clit. She moaned the first time I did it, and squirmed as I kept it up.

"Please, Jeremy!" she whined.

I pressed against her opening, nudging downward and in. After only a few gentle pushes, the head entered her, spreading her open beautifully.

"God, that feels incredible," she moaned.

"I know. Amazing." I was looking at it, seeing it open her, pushing forward until I felt too much pressure, then easing back again. Little by little gaining ground, entering her.

"Is...is it Ok?" she asked nervously.

I laughed. "Ok? It's the most wonderful thing in the world, beautiful. I love doing this with you."

"You can go harder if you want. I can take it."

I only had about three inches inside of her, but it was enough to work with. I leaned over, holding the back of her thighs, and started pushing harder, a little faster. I was slowly inching my way inside, two thirds of my length disappearing on each stroke.

I got nervous as she started grunting softly with each stroke.

I slowed down. "Are you Ok?"

"Perfect," she gasped. "Don't stop. Shut up and fuck me."

I still hadn't gotten all of it in her, when the pleasure became too much. "Shit," I gasped. "Gonna come."

"Do it. Fill me up."

There was no holding back. I pushed in deeply, and erupted. I seemed to come forever, shooting rope after rope inside her warmth.

I leaned over her, kissing her face. "Sorry," I mumbled, embarrassed.

"Sorry? Why? That was wonderful!"

"I came too quick. You didn't get to come."

She smiled and pulled me down, kissing me. "No, baby. That was perfect. You can make me come later. I got to enjoy feeling you, watching how you responded, going crazy for me. Uber-cool. I loved the feeling of you coming in me, without the distraction of my own come. It felt good. Almost no pain at all. It really was wonderful. Thank you."

She kissed me again, deeply. "Besides, that one was for you. The next one is for me. I'm going to get you hard, and you're going to fuck my brains out, Ok?"

"If you insist," I teased, nibbling her chin.

"I do. I most definitely do."

She pushed me off, and hopped out of bed. She waddled to the bathroom, and a couple of minutes later she returned with a warm wet washcloth, and cleaned me up. "That was weird. It made me have to pee."

She tossed the washcloth aside, and replaced it with her talented mouth. She pulled off after a few seconds. "I'm going to practice a little, Ok? I haven't had a chance in ages, it seems."

I didn't complain as she went through her lessons, and I even corrected her a couple of times until it was perfect. I was stiff as steel when she finished. "How was that?"

"Amazing. Just like you."

"You gonna do me now?" she asked, teasingly.

"You know it. How do you want it?"

"Like last time to start. Once you've gotten me loosened up, if you want to try something different, I won't stop you."

I slipped between her legs and guided my cock home. After only a few strokes I had fully half my length in side of her. I kept working at it, pushing, until I could go no further. I saw her furrowed forehead. "Too much?" I asked.

"A...a little less," she said quietly.

I limited my strokes, and leaned over her, my cheek brushing against hers. By straightening my legs a little, I found I could push all the way, but the position restricted me from hurting her.

"Better? I asked.

"Perfect." She wrapped her arms around my back and shoulders, pulling me downward, until my weight was pressing her into the bed. I pounded her steadily, feeling her opening, accommodating me. It was getting easier, and I fucked her a little harder.

"Oh, God," she gasped. "Just like that."

I could sense her body responding, arms clutching me tightly, legs stiffening. The sexiest little sounds escaped her with each stroke, growing in intensity, urging me onward.

A soft piercing whine escaped her lips, long and uninterrupted, gaining volume. I adjusted my hands, grabbing her shoulders and hammered her, not holding back. The whine was interrupted briefly at the end of each stroke with a little grunt. I felt her fingernails dig into me as she went eerily silent. I looked over into her face, and her head was shaking, her mouth open in a silent cry, as she came for me. Just as I thought she was finished she screamed out, and I felt her thrusting back against me crazily. I long-stroked her, deep and hard, and set her off again.

God, she was beautiful in the throes of passion.

As she settled down, I came down with her, holding her, kissing her neck, gently probing her depths. She was gasping, breathing hard, clutching me to her. Her legs seemed to flop around helplessly with each stroke of mine.

"Jesus," she gasped hoarsely. "What was that?!"

I couldn't help but chuckle. "I think you enjoyed it."

She reached down and held my hips still, fully sheathed. "You think? You almost killed me there."

"It was beautiful. You were beautiful."

"Wow. I'm going to want to do that again. No wonder people talk about sex so much. Shit, I've been missing out."

I laughed and kissed her. "Want to play a little?"

"Whatever you want handsome. Consider me your little fuck toy. You got yours, I got mine, now let's play together."

We played. Sideways, doggy style, her on top. She got a couple of more orgasms, but nothing like that big one. We were having fun. Going from laughing to passion in the space of a heartbeat. It was clumsy, sometimes awkward, always exciting. She got me off while on top of me, then cleaned me up, and did some more oral practice until she had me ready to go again. We must have spent more than an hour at it, and I was getting exhausted, muscles aching I didn't even know I had.

I was back on top of her, in the position we both found we liked best, cheek to cheek, my weight pushing her down into the bed, immobilizing her, my hips doing most of the work. I felt her teeth dig into my shoulder. "It's happening," she gasped.

That made me feel good, and I listened for her cues, reacting to each, stroking harder, faster, deeper as needed. When I heard that beautiful high-pitched whine, I knew I had her.

"Come for me," I growled. "Come all over my hard cock."

I stretched out my legs, and hammered her into the bed with my full weight, driving her into the mattress, grunting helplessly with each full stroke.

I sensed the tension in her body, and changed my tactic, jack hammering her tight little pussy as fast as I could.

This time she wasn't silent. She screamed. And screamed, writhing underneath me, shaking, loud enough to wake the dead. It was so damn exciting, it put me over the edge unexpectedly, and I came with her.

She didn't come down slowly, she collapsed underneath me, boneless.

I lifted off of her, caressing her face. Her eyes were unfocused, and she breathed in deeply through her nostrils, her mouth clenched closed. Her lips parted, and she gasped deeply, eyes jerking around haphazardly, until they focused on me.

The door to my room burst open, and I heard Mom enter the room. "What happened? Are you alright?"

I saw the corners of Penny's lips turn upward. "Better than alright Mom. Incredible."

I looked over my shoulder, and saw my father standing in the doorway, Mom stopping halfway to the bed.

"Oh, God, I didn't mean to interrupt, but that sound..."

"What sound?" Penny asked.

I looked at her in surprise. "You screamed your pretty little head off."

"No I didn't. I could barely breath."

I heard Dad's chuckle from the door. "Let go, honey. I think they're going to be just fine."

It made me smile to hear him call her honey.

"Yes you did dear," Mom said on the way out. "I was afraid the neighbors were going to call the cops. It sounded like he was killing you."

Penny blushed. "He can kill me like that anytime. That was amazing."

They closed the door behind them, and Penny got a case of the giggles. She shoo'ed me off to get another washcloth. "There's got to be a better way to do this, we're making a mess of the bed."

"It'll survive. I can always change the sheets later."

I convinced her to take a shower with me, which is something I can heartily recommend to everyone to try at least once. It might be a little crowded, but having the soft, smooth, slippery skin of a beautiful girl accessible from all angles makes it well worth the while. I couldn't keep my hands off of her, and she had similar issues. A heavily lathered erection, held in two very soapy hands is quite the experience as well. What can I say? I think I'm addicted. I'm going to be doing that a whole lot more.

In the end we just held each other, squeaky clean under the running water, until it started to get cold. I turned off the water and dragged her out into the middle of the room. "Stand still," I told her softly.

"Why?"

"I'm going to dry you off."

"You're dripping all over the place!" she laughed as I brought the large bath sheet to her body.

"Don't care. I...I have to do this."

"You're weird, Jeremy," she giggled, as I started with her hair, towel drying it playfully, then working down her body. I got all the nooks and crannies, the nape of her neck, under her chin, all around her ears. Shoulder, armpits, breasts - most definitely breasts. On one knee I dipped into her belly button, dried her hips, and moved between her legs.

"This is embarrassing," she said softly, as I ran the towel along her crotch, and up between her butt cheeks.

"I think it's amazing. Incredibly sexy."

"There's nothing sexy about my butt crack," she said.

I dried her legs. "Are you kidding me? Ridiculously sexy. So very naughty."

"Pervert," she teased, nudging me.

"Maybe a little." I grabbed her ankle. "Lift your foot, and put your hand on my shoulder for balance."

I dried both her feet that way, paying special attention between her cute tiny toes. I gave her big toe a kiss. "All done," I said sadly. I stood and

wrapped the towel around her shoulders. I pulled her close. "I love every inch of your body."

Penny kissed my shoulder. "Have you always been this weird?"

I dried myself off, as she turned to brush her hair out, in the mirror. "I don't know. It's my first co-ed shower. Probably."

My phone started ringing, and she glance over at me. "Gonna get that?"

I wasn't going to. I was happy where I was, watching her. I returned back to the bedroom and picked up the phone. I saw Kelly's face appear on the display. "Shit."

"What?" Penny asked, while the phone rang again.

"Kelly."

Penny appeared in the doorway. "Don't leave her hanging. Let her down easy. You are going to let her down, right?"

The messes I get myself into. I hit the answer button. No smooth, debonair answer for me.

"Hello?"

"Hi Jeremy."

"Kelly?"

I could hear the sudden intake of breath. "Yeah, you...uh didn't call. I was hoping you would." She sounded nervous, and for some reason that seemed to put me at ease.

I leaned back on the bed. "Sorry about that. Things were pretty crazy here for the last couple of days."

"I heard. Emma says you and Penny aren't together. I hope that didn't have anything to do with me. I didn't mean for that to happen," she said.

The rumor mill grinds away. "We had a misunderstanding. Actually, we never broke up. I guess I blew things out of proportion. We had a bit of a fight, but made up last night. She's here with me now."

"Oh." I could hear the disappointment in her voice.

Penny smiled and climbed onto the bed with me. She gave me a mischievous grin then scooted down the bed and took my soft cock into her mouth.

"I'm sorry I led you on Kelly. I enjoyed talking to you, and you do deserve better than that asshole, but I'm sticking with Penny for as long as she'll have me."

"I'm sorry too," Kelly answered softly. "You guys aren't mad at me, are you?"

I looked down the bed at Penny, who was well on her way to somehow get another rise out of me. "We're not mad at her, are we?" I asked.

She looked up at me, lifting one eyebrow. She pulled her mouth away slowly, her hand replacing it, stroking me. She held her hand out for the phone.

"Kelly, Penny here. No, we're not mad at you. I was an idiot for letting your date hit on me. It's not your fault that you were stuck next to Jeremy, and he decided to play his little game. I'm sorry I didn't shut down dick-breath earlier. Forgive me?"

I couldn't hear the extended answer, and sighed when Penny took me back in her mouth again while listening.

She lifted up, her mouth barely clearing my cock. "Agreed. He's right, you know, you can do better. I'm gonna put him back on." She handed me the phone, then went back to practicing. I moaned when she tested her swirly-go-round on me.

"Jeremy? Are you Ok?"

I stroked Penny's pretty blonde hair. "Very Ok." I had an idea, maybe a way to kill two birds with one stone. "Seriously, Kelly. If I wasn't committed, you'd be great to go out with. Would you mind if next time we go out I invite you along?"

Penny was less than pleased at the direction the conversation was going. Her teeth dug into me warningly.

"I'd love to. You sure you don't mind?"

"Positive. Thanks for the call, gotta run."

Penny glared at me when I hung up the phone. "What the hell, Jeremy?"

I grinned. "I just got Colin a date."

The realization turned her frown back into a loving smile. "You don't think you could have warned her?"

"I figure if we toss them together, it'll work itself out one way or another."

"Devious. You could have at least warned me."

I pulled her up the bed, and gave her a kiss. "Trust me, Angel?"

She answered by tickling my tonsils. "Always."

We cuddled in the bed, delightfully naked and sated.

"Want to tell me what's going on with your parents? It was like a freezer down there this morning, but they seemed chummy enough when they crashed our little party."

"We're having some issues. Big issues, really. Mom, Dad, Aunt Marie, me, even Colin. Family stuff. I'd love to tell you, but I don't think it's my place. It's mostly about Dad and Mom."

"That's hard to believe. They're obviously nuts about each other. Is that why he's home on a Monday morning?"

I shrugged, not knowing the answer. I decide to divert the conversation to safer territory. "What's this about showing your old man the video?"

I could see her blush. "Mom's idea. It's a couple of days early, but he's wondering about my reaction to our tiff the other day. I guess I didn't take it well, and he's very unhappy with you at the moment. We'll straighten it out. Mom thinks he needs to understand that our relationship, you and me, isn't what it was."

"What do you think?"

"I think it's going to be embarrassing as hell to go home. To have him looking at me, after seeing all that. It's kind of explicit."

I nodded. "It is that. Eat?"

"Yeah, I'm starving." She was pulling on her shorts, pretty breasts hanging free. "You're not going to get pissed at me if I talk to your father, are you."

That got my dander up. "I don't know. Are you going to ignore me, flirt with him, then yell at me afterwards and run off in a snit? Are you going to try and tell everyone else it was all my fault afterward?"

Her face reddened as she pulled her t-shirt on, sans bra. "I was just teasing, Jeremy."

"Sorry. Still a sore subject I guess."

She came over and gave me a hug. "You're the only man for me. Get that through your thick skull. If I do anything you think is wrong, call me on it. I'll do the same, Ok?"

I tilted her chin up for a little kiss. "You got it. As for doing things wrong, let's not bring up that event again, at least not for a while."

She nodded. "Alright."

Mom and Dad were both downstairs. Mom was doing some baking, seemed like a lot, probably for some volunteer thing. Looked like she was making dozens of cookies. Dad was doing some work stuff, huge sheaths of stapled pages in front of him, which he was reading and marking up with a red pen and little post-it notes. For all the interaction between them, they might have been in different zip-codes.

Penny gave me a peck on the cheek, and literally skipped away to check on Mom. I parked myself near Dad. He had his reading glasses on, and looked up at me over the top of them. "I take it things are better?"

I nodded. "I was right about that guy. He was still trying to hook up with her yesterday on the phone."

He took his glasses off and glanced in toward the kitchen. He turned down the corner of his paper and placed it back on the table. "Of course he was. Your instincts were right. Guys are going to hit on her. She has to learn to deal with it, because you're not always going to be around."

"She wasn't dealing with it then," I groused, still irritated, more with him than her.

"No. It's a learning experience. Give her some time to learn." He turned and faced me. "I know you don't think I have any moral high ground to stand on here, but I still need to speak my piece. In relationships,

we're always navigating a treacherous path. If I could suggest one basic rule, it would be this: be slow to judge, and quick to forgive. For 20 years your mother and I had a simple rule of forgiveness: Never go to bed angry. Work things out and clear things up so each day starts with a clean slate. I...I'm sad to say that we're having a hard time with that rule right now. I wish it weren't so. I swear I've been trying to keep what I'm preaching in mind in my own relationship. I was in no hurry to judge, hell, I gave her almost a week to come clean. Now, to be honest, I'm finding it difficult to forgive. Either of you."

"You know I'm sorry Dad. I'd do anything to take it back."

He nodded. "I understand. I want you to think about this. Penny's been your girlfriend for what, one year? You've been intimate for a couple of days. She lets a guy flirt with her, in public, and see how you reacted."

I started to speak and he cut me off. "Let me finish. Now imagine it's 20 years. She doesn't just flirt, she actually sleeps with the guy several times, and gives another guy a blow-job. That's what I'm dealing with here, Jeremy. Imagine how you'd respond."

To hear him put it that way was devastating. "I...I don't know if I could handle it. I'd probably want to kill the guy, and dump her."

"At least you're honest. I'd feel the same, except that 'guy' is the one person in the world I love almost as much as her. How do you throw away 20 years of love and your entire family? How do you get past it? I don't know. I just don't know." He sighed deeply, sitting back in the

couch. "I think it's getting better, and then suddenly, for no reason the anger is back, blinding."

"Can I say something?"

"Of course. That's why I'm trying to talk about it with you."

"I don't think it's the cheating so much." He raised his eyebrows at me, as if I was nuts. "I don't. You've done things with her, in my presence, even getting me involved. That doesn't seem to bother you as much. I'd say, by how you two were getting along, you even liked it. You certainly seemed to enjoy letting Penny play along. It was the lying. The lying, hiding and deceit."

He was quiet for a few seconds. "I need a beer. Get us a couple?"

I returned with them after a couple of minutes, and he drank off a third of his. "I'm not going to lie. There was something exciting about having her blow me in front of you. Showing you how to get her to squirt. Having her teach your girl how to give a blow-job, and both of them practicing. Some of the hottest sex I can recall, afterward. It's true. But I don't trust her anymore. It's different with you. I think you made a mistake, and you tried to make up for it, in your own kind of weird way. I believe if I asked you never to touch her again, you wouldn't. If I asked the same of her, I just don't know. That's the hard part. I never doubted her before. Never."

"Do you believe her when she says it's just me she has a problem with? Because you and I are so similar?"

He took another sip, and I took a larger one to catch up.

"If not for that Colin blowjob, maybe. That makes a lie out of all of it."

I nodded. "I know. I can't believe she did that. Even when she told both Aunt Marie and me she wouldn't. I don't understand that."

"Precisely! How can I believe her?"

"We have two problems, don't we? The first is her weakness for me. It's there. We all know it now. It's my fault it started, but I can't take it back. You have to know I'm crazy about her. Mom's the perfect woman. Friggin' irresistible."

I saw the slow smile. "She is that. I...it's hard to say it, but I take great pride, immense pride in how much like me you've become. I see it in everything you do, and as a man, and a father, I don't know if anything could make me happier. Knowing that, how hard is it to believe you'd feel the same about that woman as I do? Like father, like son, I guess. I never thought I'd regret it for a moment."

Those last words hurt. "Do you regret it? God, Dad, I hope not. Every time someone tells me I'm just like you, I can't imagine a better compliment. You're the best man I've ever known."

He shook his head. "No, I don't regret it. But it has brought us to where we are, hasn't it?"

I nodded. "The second problem, and we all recognize it, is Aunt Marie. The crazy relationship those two have. That's what's driving all this. It's why things got carried away in the jeep, and it's why she did anything at all with Colin. We both know she did it because of Aunt Marie. Not because she has the hots for Colin."

"Your plan to fix all that back-fired, didn't it?" he snapped.

He was right. At least partially. "It blew up in my face. No doubt about it. But I still don't think that what I was trying to do was wrong. Getting them back together. I even think I was making good progress. Now I don't know what to do. Any suggestions?"

He laughed. "Don't you think if I had a solution, I would have done something about it years ago? I'll give you credit for at least taking a swing at it."

"Can you forgive her, forgive us for what we did? Not the Colin part, but us going behind your back at the beginning. I'll do anything to make it right, Dad. I hate that it's coming between us, and even more so that it's messing up things between you and Mom. You have to know, you have to, that I would never do anything to mess with your marriage. Never."

"I can. Hell, I pretty much had. We wouldn't have been doing the things we were, if it was a problem. But there's still the rest."

"You have leverage now. Forgive her the first part, and tell her that working things out with Aunt Marie is the cost of forgiveness for the rest. If they were working together, instead of at odds with each other, half these issues would go away."

"That might work with your mother, but what about Marie?" he asked.

"C'mon Dad! She'd do anything to make things right. You would only need to talk to her to get her on-board. You must know by now, she'd walk through burning coals for you. You saw the video."

He put his empty beer bottle down. "Where do you see this all going?"

"Honestly?"

"Of course. Do you think I'm asking you to lie to me?"

"I've thought about it. A lot. I dream of Aunt Marie and Colin living with us. You know Colin and Aunt Marie are fooling around."

He looked a little surprised. "No shit? What the fuck is going on with this family?"

I grinned. "Jesus, Dad! Take a step back and look at his from the outside. Do you know two more attractive women? What red-blooded male wouldn't want them? Once those original boundaries were crossed on the jeep ride, there was no turning back. Colin did things to her in the back seat, mostly while she was sleeping. Or should I say passed out? She was cross for a while, but it started the ball rolling."

"That doesn't make things any easier you know."

"Maybe it does. That's a different issue. The main thing is, I want her here with us. Available to both of us, with Mom's complete blessing." I laughed a little. "You're going to get the real benefit here, hell I'll be gone in a few weeks, as will Colin. You'll be the poor bastard stuck satisfying the two hottest women in the state."

"Nice fantasy, but there's not a chance in hell of it happening, you know."

"I disagree. I think we were 90% there, when the whole thing blew up in my face. You forgive Mom, and I swear, I think I can have Mom personally escorting Aunt Marie into your bed."

"And the cost is, you get to bed your mother," he said quietly.

"You get to make Mom the happiest person in the world, close the divide between her and her sister, and love both of them, totally and without reservation forever more."

He chuckled. "I'm not a teenager, Jeremy. I have a hard enough time keeping up with your mother. Never mind the two of them together."

"You know what, Dad? I love you enough to help."

He chuckled. "I bet. What about Penny?"

"I don't know. She obviously knows about oral sharing, and had no problem with that. She knows about Aunt Marie."

"What if she wants you to stop any of it? All of it?"

"We're not married. I guess I'd have to decide which I want more, at that point. Hell, I've got four years of college ahead of me. I'm not making any permanent decisions yet."

"Well you better have it figured out, because sure as shit it's going to come up, the way those two are getting along," he said, nodding to where Penny and Mom were working together.

"What do you think? Am I crazy? Can you at least start us down the path of forgiveness?"

"It's intriguing, I have to admit. I'll think about it."

I turned toward the kitchen. "What's a guy got to do to get fed around here?" I called out.

"You might try rolling out of the bed before noon," Mom answered teasingly.

"Let us get this last batch in the oven, baby, and we'll do something to get your strength back. Rumor has it you may have a strenuous afternoon ahead of you," Penny laughed.

* * *

Lunch was surprisingly cordial, and every time Dad said anything even a little kind to Mom she absolutely glowed. Penny was buttering him up something awful, pouting that she'd had so little 'practice' lately. I tried to stop her from going down that path, catching her eye, shaking my head slightly, but she ignored me.

When lunch was finished, and it almost seemed like we were a normal family again, Penny skipped over in front of my father, and grabbed him by the hands. She pulled him up, and tugged him along to the living room. He acted a little reluctant, leaning away from her, but no way that little 110lb ball of energy could make him move if he didn't want to.

In front of the couch, she gave him a push in the chest, and as soon as he was seated, she climbed in his lap. Mom and I were watching in amusement.

"Penny..." Dad started.

She wrapped her arms around his neck, and gave him a quick kiss. "Hush a second, Harold, Ok?"

He nodded slowly.

I took a seat on the opposite end of the couch from them. Mom came over and sat down next to me, obviously as intrigued as I was. I had my concerns, this could all blow up, but then again, who knows what she was up to? She was kind of irresistible. A force of nature.

"I know the other night was kind of crazy. I was being awfully silly, I guess I was kind of embarrassed by everything. I want you to know it was pretty wonderful. I don't regret a minute of it. I hope you'll let me practice with you again sometime. Maybe let Mom keep on teaching me new things."

He adjusted her in his lap, his arms around her waist. "Spectacular," he said softly. "Someday, maybe..."

She kissed him again, a little more sincerely. "I know things are a little messed up now. I don't want to cause trouble, and sure as hell don't want to get in the middle of things. I just wanted you to know. I'd do it all again in a heartbeat. Nobody else but you. I couldn't. But with you, it's... well it's hard to describe. It's like Jeremy with experience. You understand? I don't do things like this. You two are the only ones."

Dad nodded, and looked over at Mom. "I understand. Thank you."

She giggled, doing a little dance in his lap. "No, thank you, Daddy. I still need a lot more practice before Mom teaches me number 6."

"Pearly Gates," Dad said, grinning. "That's a dangerous one, you might want to make sure you have all the basics down before you go there."

Penny looked confused, then looked over at me and Mom.

Mom smiled. "We'll see, sweetie. One step at a time, alright?"

My girl turned in Dad's lap, straddling him. I felt that stab of jealousy again. Mom took my hand in hers and squeezed it reassuringly.

"Daddy, I just wanted to tell you that you're the best. The absolute best. I'm gonna take Jeremy back upstairs now, because I have lots of practice to do. Lots and lots. I... I was hoping that maybe later, you could give me my final exam. Make sure I'd learned things properly. Maybe not tonight, but soon?"

His hands slid down her sides, grasping her hips. He looked down at her body, then back into her eyes. "I'd like that," he finally said quietly.

She squealed her joy, throwing her arms around his neck, hugging him tightly. "Thank you, Daddy. Thank you so much."

He chuckled, "No, thank you Angel."

She planted her lips on his, kissing him deeply, and Mom squeezed my hands tighter in response to my own involuntary clutching. I understood a little more of what Dad was going through. It drove me a little crazy to see her with him, even after all we'd done.

Penny hopped up, reached down and gave his crotch a quick squeeze. "Get rid of this one, Dad. I want a fresh one for later."

She hopped over in front of Mom, grabbed her hands out of mine, and pulled her up off the couch. A few seconds later, she was guiding her into Dad's lap. Dad's look was more one of amusement than anything else. Mom had looked nervous, but now seemed more content than anything else.

"Take care of him, Mom. Baby boy and I have some business of our own to take care of."

As she dragged me up the stairs, I was overjoyed to see Dad holding Mom, kissing her.

* * *

The afternoon with Penny was spent in naked play. We talked more than anything else, about our classes, weekends back home, and the mistakes we'd made. I still didn't fully fill her in on the family issues. She didn't press too much.

We didn't talk all the time. She must have spent more than an hour with her lips wrapped around my cock, and her new skills were becoming almost automatic. She tried several times to take me down her throat, becoming a little better, doing a decent job of it a few times. I worshipped at the 'Y' for a spell. I loved doing it for her. I enjoyed it, I did, not as much as what she did for me, but seeing how well she liked it. Still, it was probably two-to-one the time we spent orally teasing each other.

Our play naturally turned into sex a couple of times, playful fooling around. We talked throughout about what we liked, what was comfortable, what felt good. It was mind blowing how wonderful it was. The second time she had another of those big orgasms, trembling and crying out. Afterward I held her for an eternity, happy to have her in my arms, in my bed.

"A Penny for your thoughts," she teased.

I laughed, giving her a squeeze. "Best bargain in all of history. Thinking about how I almost blew everything. I... I never thought I'd get so angry over anything. I can't remember ever feeling that way."

She nuzzled into my neck, kissing my shoulder. "It's wrong, but it makes me kind of happy," she whispered.

"Happy?"

"Yeah. That you would get that angry, that jealous over me. The idea that you would beat up Drew for me. It... it makes me feel like you really are crazy for me. Is that wrong?"

"I don't think so. I am crazy about you. Even downstairs, I got so jealous, seeing Dad hold you like that, watching you kiss him."

She tensed up. "Oh! God, I'm sorry, Jeremy. I wasn't thinking. I didn't mean anything, you know. Just trying to break the ice a little, make things better."

"You don't want to be with him?" I asked.

"Not like that. No. I only want you, can't you tell? All of this, with you, is so amazing. Unbelievable. I don't mind blowing him, like I said, he's so like you. I won't if you don't want me to. I swear. It wouldn't bother me never to do it again. Don't you like your mother doing it for you?"

I hesitated before answering. "That's part of our problem. Dad's not so happy about that. That and other stuff. He doesn't want Mom doing things with me."

She sat up, nervously. "Crap. I didn't screw things up, did I? I didn't mean to."

I pulled her back down, rolling her onto my body, kissing her. "No, it's fine. I'm just saying that if you did do anything with him later, it would probably be just you and him. Not me and Mom."

She settled into my arms, and my hands caressed her back down to her firm butt cheeks. "Ok. I think I get it. Sorry if I caused trouble."

I gave her butt cheeks a squeeze. "Don't sweat it. Everybody knows you meant well. Dad didn't seem to mind."

She giggled. "He didn't, did he? He got hard for me just a few seconds after I sat in his lap."

She settled down after that, letting me hold and fondle her. She was quiet again and seemed to be distracted.

"Alright. Your turn," I said.

"Mmm. Sound's good to me," she whispered, leaning back and beckoning me over.

I laughed. "No. What were you thinking, just now. You were definitely not here with me."

She glanced over at the clock. "I think Mom is probably giving Dad his early birthday present right around now."

"You know, I'll probably never be able to show my face in your house again. Your old man doesn't have any guns, does he?"

"A few. Nothing like you guys."

"Crap."

She bounced up and straddled my waist, chuckling. "I don't think you have anything to worry about. You were well behaved. According to Mom, he already thought I'd lost my virginity. If anyone should be sweating, it's Mom. She chaperoned the thing."

"Which version is he getting shown?"

"Don't know. I'm not sure she knew until the last moment. I think she's going to show him the blowjob video first. Sort of break him in. Jeez, Jeremy! I can't believe I let you film me."

"Pretty amazing though, you have to admit," I teased.

"Seems like some people think so."

"I think your Mom's going to be walking bowlegged tomorrow."

"Jeremy!"

"Daddy's little girl is a sex...machine," I teased, sing-song.

"Stop it. It's not funny," she whined, smacking me.

"Not funny, but very, very hot and sexy." I sat up on my knees trying to look fierce. "Penelope! I had some very disturbing news about your behavior today," I growled deepening my voice.

"Not. Funny."

"Not funny at all, young woman. And the words that came from that mouth of yours! Such filth." I reached out and rubbed my finger across her lips.

"You're a pig!" she whined, pushing me away.

"Is that any way to talk to your father. I have half a mind to wash your mouth out," I told her. I started stroking my cock.

"Half a mind is right."

"I will not have you disrespecting me, young woman. A harlot living under my roof!" I grabbed her and pulled her over my lap, despite her admirable struggles. She cried out when the palm of my hand came crashing down on her ass.

"Ow!" she whined, kicking her legs.

I started walloping her rear. Not too hard, but firmly and loudly. "You. Will. Respect. Me. In. My. House!" I barked, each word accentuated with a new smack.

I used one of my favorite lines on her, spanking her pink butt rapidly. "I brought you into this world, young lady. I can take you out. Make another one just like you."

"Stop," she whined. "Enough!"

"Are you going to behave now?" I teased, my hand rubbing her warm cheeks.

"You're a beast. Do you get off on spanking girls now?" she said, trying to wiggle out of my grip.

I started spanking her again, more firmly, and she wiggled, and tried to cover her bottom, but stopped trying to get away. "I can do this all night, young lady. Are you going to behave!"

She glared at me. "I can take it as hard as you can give it, pervert."

Man, she was ornery. I rubbed her cheeks again, teasingly. "I washed this cute little bottom, diapered it. Kissed it. Don't make me blister it, little girl."

"I bet you liked that. Kissing my ass."

Leaning over I pressed my lips to her rosy cheeks. "I loved kissing your ass. You're my baby. There's not a single part of your body I don't love."

"Dirty old man," she sneered.

I spread her legs, wiggling out from under her a little and let my kisses move downward between her legs. "Pretty baby girl. All grown up now."

"Does that excite you, old man? Kissing me there?"

My lips arrived at their target, and I nibbled her fleshy lips. I was moving, leaving her prone on her belly, scooting around her legs, spreading them, kissing and teasing. "Does it excite you, baby girl?"

"No. It's gross."

"Don't lie to me baby. I will wash your mouth out."

"I... I think it's disgusting," she sighed, her sweet pussy starting to weep for me.

I licked her teasingly. "Nasty baby girl. Leaking all over Daddy's tongue."

"You're the nasty one. Stop it. I don't like it. I'm telling Mom." She opened her legs wider, lifting her ass up.

"Does your Mommy lick you better than Daddy," I teased, running my tongue along her slit.

"I... She doesn't..."

I spanked her ass sharply, making her jump. "I warned you about lying to me. She told me everything you know. Everything."

"It wasn't the same," she whined. "She was taking care of me. That's all."

I walked around the bed, my erection standing tall. "Open up that little mouth for me. Time to wash it out."

"Daddy..." she whined, looking up at me.

"Open, my little Angel. Isn't Daddy good enough for you? Didn't I raise you right? Take care of my little girl? Open, baby."

She opened her mouth, and I slid my cock between her lips. She didn't cooperate, just laying there, mouth open, while I stroked a couple of inches into her mouth.

"I've seen the video, baby girl. I know you can do better than that. Not as good as your Momma, of course, but surely better than that."

She glared at me, pulling off. "Not as good as Momma?" She took me back in her mouth, and gave it her best. Swirly, Pirate-ship, even down her throat. She pounded her face down on my cock, then slowed, looking up at me, making love to it.

"What do you think of your little cock-sucker now? As good as Momma?"

"Suck it, baby. Show me more."

She returned to action, once again employing all she'd been learning. Amazing. That's all I can say. I reached down hand held her head in my hands, fucking that sexy mouth. "Dirty girl," I growled.

She pulled away with a huge gasp, laughing. "Daddy's dirty girl."

I pulled her face back onto my cock. "Not Jeremy's dirty girl?"

She shook her head.

"Daddy's?"

She nodded, tilting her head back and looking up at me, her eyes wide and innocent, such contrast to that teasing mouth.

"Daddy's going to come for his baby," I whispered.

She rapidly bobbed up and down on the end, her hand stroking me, milking me.

"Now, baby," I groaned.

Her tongue was teasing the head, while she sucked me, and I exploded. She whimpered softly, sucking me dry, while I groaned, stroking her soft hair.

She kept it going for a bit, slowing, gentle, until I started softening. She pulled off, and kissed the head gently.

"I love you, baby girl," I teased, leaning over and kissing her lips.

"God, Jeremy. You are really warped." She slapped my thigh. "And my ass stings. What were you thinking, spanking me like that!"

"Talking back already? Am I going to have to call your father back in and spank you for real?"

"Don't even think about it!"

I jumped on the bed, bouncing, pulling her into my arms, laughing as we rolled across the bed. "You know my Dad fucked you."

"What?" she squealed. "He did no such thing!"

"He made Mom pretend to be you, and he stole your virginity before I could get it."

"He didn't!"

"Uh-hunh. That's what your videos did to him. What do you think it's going to do to your old man?"

She pinched me. "Stop teasing me. I'm already worried enough."

I pulled her close, hugging her, kissing her softly. "Alright. No more teasing. You are the hottest thing in three states."

"Just for you, Jeremy." She pressed her lips to mine, kissing me more firmly. "Only you, baby."

"You sure got wet for me. Was it the spanking, or was it for Daddy?"

"No teasing. You promised."

"I'm not teasing. You were soaking. Dripping. Did you like getting spanked that much?"

"Beast," she whispered.

"You did, didn't you."

"Asshole."

I nibbled her lip. "It's me, beautiful. You can be an open book. Tell me the truth. You liked it?"

She blushed. "Maybe. A little. The whole Daddy thing was very naughty," she said. "That was so wrong."

"I know."

"Does your Mom do more than suck you? Is that what the fight is about?"

Damn. Not a discussion I wanted to have. "Solemn oath it doesn't leave this room?"

"I'm a little sad you even have to ask. Of course."

"We did. A couple of times. We stopped before it got carried away."

"When?"

"Before you and me. We confessed to Dad, but took to long to do it. He had already figured it out. I think if we'd just been up front when it happened, it would have worked out. We screwed up. Now everything's a mess."

She kissed me softly. "Thanks for telling me. I don't want to make things any worse for you guys. I would hate that. Your parents are the greatest."

"They think the world of you. That's for sure. You should have seen them all hounding me to call you after the fight. All of them. Man, I got an earful."

"I'm glad they did. Your Mom convince you? Or was it Dad?"

"Aunt Marie."

"Really?"

"She's always been me best friend. I could tell her anything growing up. She always treated me like an adult, honest with me. She knew how to make me see things right."

"I guess I owe her one. I thought for sure it would be your Mom. No way you could say no to her."

"I'm sure I surprised both of us, when she asked me to do it for her, and that's exactly what I said," I confessed.

Penny hugged me, and I held her, kissing the top of her head. "I should start cleaning up. I told Mom I wouldn't be late, and I don't want to got back reeking of sex."

"Shower?"

She nodded, grinning.

"Together?"

Her smile grew wider, and she nodded harder.

We took our time, and it was another hour before she was ready to go. Mom had poked her head in, asking if she was staying for dinner.

"Not tonight Mom. It's video debut night in her house."

"Jeremy!" Penny whined, blushing.

Mom laughed and gave her a hug. "It'll be fine, sweetie. Daddy's know their baby's grow up. Now he won't have to wonder."

"I know I'm gonna die of embarrassment," Penny said.

"Trust me. He's thinking the same thing. Be gentle with him. But make sure he knows you're still his baby girl."

"Like Jeremy's still your baby boy?" Penny asked.

"Exactly. No matter what else happens, where he goes, what he does, he'll always be my baby boy. Best in the world."

On the way out the door, Penny saw Dad sitting in his chair. She jogged over to him, pulled the papers out of his hand without a word, and climbed into his lap, straddling him. He looked surprised at her actions. She wrapped her arms around his neck, hugging him tight, as she

brought her lips to his ear whispering. He listened, his arms wrapping her up. I saw him nod a couple of times, then shake his head. He nodded again. She let go, then grabbed his face in her hands, and gave him a big kiss.

She pulled away a bit, looking into his eyes, and then kissed him again, softly. "Promise, Daddy?" she said.

"You're rotten, you know that?" he laughed.

She nodded, giggling. "I know. Now promise."

"Alright. Now get out of her before I forget myself and tan your bottom, ornery thing."

She got up laughing. "Too late. Jeremy already did that." She skipped back to me, gave Mom a quick kiss on the lips, and pulled me out the door. I walked her home, hand in hand.

"What was that all about?"

"None of your bees-wax," she laughed.

"That was a big kiss," I said.

"Mmhmm. He kisses nice."

I wasn't sure I liked that.

"Chill out, Jeremy. I'm only teasing. He's going to earn that kiss."

"What does that mean?"

"I'm not telling. Not yet. Give it some time, Ok? And trust me. You do trust me, don't you?"

I stopped and pulled her into my arms. "Sorry. Still a little jealous I guess. You're gonna have to ease back on the teasing a bit, Ok?"

"Alright. Jeez, you just had your way with me for an entire day. How could you be jealous?"

"I know it's stupid. I can't help it. I'm sorry. I do trust you."

We stopped in front of her door. "Come in?" she asked.

I laughed. "No way. This is all yours. I don't know when I'll have the guts to walk in there again."

"Meanie. Call me later?"

"Sure."

"Promise?"

"Alright. I promise. I'll call. Stop stalling. And be good."

"Thanks for today, Jeremy."

"I love you, Penny."

She grinned. "I know." She opened the door, and gave me a quick wave before disappearing inside.

* * *

At home, I was told I only had a few minutes before dinner.

"Air out your room, Jeremy. And bring down the old sheets, don't leave them in the hamper."

I blushed, and Dad laughed. "God, to be 18 again."

Mom leaned down and kissed him on the cheek. "And give up all that knowledge? Not in a million years, bucko."

"Ok, to be 18, with what I know now."

Mom grinned. "Now that would be something. I'd be in a wheel chair before I was 20."

It was great to see them kidding around. I had no illusions that everything was fixed, but it seemed better.

It only took a few minutes to remake the bed, open the windows for a little fresh air, and gather up the sheets and towels. I dumped them in the laundry room, and joined Dad at the dinner table.

Mom served up her roast, giving Dad a big helping. Probably his favorite. As she turned to serve me, I saw him pat her on the bottom.

Mom would usually give a little squeal or jump if he did something like that. This time she stopped and looked back at him. "Again?" she asked.

Dad grinned, and Mom finished filling my plate with Dad rubbing her bottom.

As she served herself, Dad turned to me. "Happy you worked things out?"

"I was a jerk. Rub it in. I can't help it if I get jealous. It's not like I plan on it. Hell, she spent the whole day with me, and that kiss she gave you drove me nuts! How do you handle it?"

He seemed surprised by my answer. "Trust. You have to trust her. Nothing else will work. You can't be there all the time, so you have to count on her to do the right thing. You do trust her, don't you son?"

I took a bite of the soft potato. "Yeah. It's not helping so far."

"The rest is time. Trust over time. You'll get there. It's pretty obvious." He gave me a grin, digging into the roast."

Suddenly he stopped eating. He put down his knife and fork, looking across the table.

"Alice," he said.

"Is something wrong with the roast? I... I used a different wine..."

He shook his head. "No. It's perfect as usual." He took a few seconds, while we both waited in anticipation.

"I'm going to trust you again. It may not always be easy for me, so I'm gonna ask you to be patient with me. I trust you not to cheat on me, not to do anything behind my back, and to be upfront in everything you do. Please don't deceive me, or let me down."

I saw Mom choke up. "Never again, Harold. I promise. Thank you."

He reached over and squeezed my wrist. "You too, Jeremy. I trust you. I have to confess I lied to you. You don't disappoint me. You never have. You made mistakes, we all did, but I've never been disappointed in you. I'm proud of you." He looked more serious than he had in ages. "I love you."

"I... I love you too, Dad. I'm sorry I let you down. Never again. I'll never betray your trust."

Mom dropped her silverware, and ran around the table. She knelt beside Dad's chair wrapping her arms around his waist. She was openly crying. She was trying to speak through the sobbing, but all I could understand was the occasional "Sorry" and "Trust". He put his arm around her shoulders.

"I know, baby."

Eventually she calmed and we managed to go back to eating our meal. It was like a dark cloud over the house had been blown away. We laughed and I got teased for the noises we'd made up stairs.

Dad grinned. "Oh, Jeremy...Oh! Jeremy!...OH! JEREMYYYYY!"

Mom laughed.

I looked back at Dad, "I... I love you, Man."

Dad snapped upright, and I saw Mom looking like I'd slapped her. Oops. Maybe I pushed it too far. The first time I could remember him saying it to me since I was shaving.

He hit me in the head with a roll. "Jesus! I can't believe I raised such an ass!" he growled.

Mom tried to hold it in, but her chuckles were leaking, until she was giggling out of control.

Dad had his face buried in his food.

"Hell Dad. You never have to say it. I know. You show it in everything you do for me. Don't think for a second I don't know it."

That earned me another dinner roll in the chest. "Ass," he growled, but I could see he was smiling.

"Jeremy, pass your father the rolls."

* * *

Mom had gone all out. Even made her pecan pie. Too rich for more than one slice, but heavenly. I was contemplating another small piece, when Dad stood up. "Clean up, will you Jeremy? Your mother and I

have some things we have to discuss." He walked over to Mom and put his hand out. She took it and stood, momentarily hesitant, before falling into his arms.

Ornery old buzzard left their door open. I had barely finished the dishes when I heard Mom.

"Oh, Harold... Oh! Harold!... OOOH! HAAAROOOLD!"

"VERY FUNNY!" I yelled up the stairs, and I heard them both laughing.

That laughter, more than any sounds of passion, told me things were better. Maybe not perfect yet, but a whole lot better.

==========

Nearly the end - looks like only two more chapters until the conclusion. Major changes coming in the next chapter which is in final edit. Thanks for the patience.

Rage

I was in bed, enjoying the new sheets, and listening to Mom and Dad go at it. I wasn't the only one having their share of fun that day. Not at all.

It was late enough that I figured it was alright to call Penny. I could use the distraction. I was feeling more than a little jealous of Dad at the moment. Mom was on fire, and he was feeding the flames.

Penny picked up after the first ring. "Jeremy?"

"How'd it go, gorgeous?"

"Jeez, we have some weird, screwed up families, don't we?" she laughed.

"That bad?"

"Naw. Pretty good. Good thing you didn't come in. Dad was sitting in his chair wearing nothing but his robe, and it was wide open. Mom was wearing some kind of sleazy see-through nightie and was on her knees gobbling him down, while he watched the video of me giving you head. The old perv."

"That's funny. I remember seeing a similar scene over here."

"Maybe, but it wasn't your Dad!" she whined.

"Actually, it was my Dad... and Mom."

She chuckled. "I guess. Still it was super weird."

"You freak them out, showing up when you did?"

"A little. Mom got off him quick, blushing redder than a tomato, lipstick all smeared. Dad pulled his robe closed, but it didn't do much to hide what was sticking up. He's not big like you, but pretty substantial. Mom's not doing without." I heard another giggle. "I was a real shit. I walked in like nothing was going on, the video still playing. 'Anything good on TV?' I asked."

"You didn't! Evil girl."

She laughed. "Oh yeah I did. I don't know what got into me. Y'all are a bad influence! I went over and sat on his lap, carefully pushing his big stick to the side. I put my arms around his neck, gave him my best innocent baby girl look, and said 'You're not disappointed in me, are you Daddy?'"

"Go on. Don't leave me hanging, rotten thing," I told her.

"You're not going to get upset or jealous, are you?"

Upset? Jealous? "Do I have any reason to?" I asked quietly. Then again, with what had been going on in my house, I sure as hell didn't have any moral high ground.

"No. I swear. Just a little teasing. Do you want to hear it?"

"Of course."

She laughed, and continued. "Alright, like I said, I was giving him the Little Miss Innocent look, the video of me sucking you off still running in the background..."

"Of course I'm not disappointed. A little surprised, maybe. I... I thought, I didn't know, maybe you had already done it."

"Nope. Daddy's little virgin baby girl, until a few nights ago."

"Mom was sitting on the couch, doing her best to cover up with that ridiculous see-through outfit. I mean, it showed everything, Jeremy."

"Are you trying to make me jealous?"

Penny chuckled. "Now who's teasing? Dad was stiff and awkward, the video still playing. Mom grabbed the remote and turned it off."

"Too bad for Dad," I chuckled.

"Not really..."

"You want to watch the other video with me Daddy?"

"Uhh... I don't know," he mumbled, while I settled into his lap, wiggling.

"I want you to. Talk to me. Ask me anything you want. I don't mind. I don't want to keep anything from you, ever. Please?"

"You sure? You won't feel uncomfortable?"

I teased him, reaching down and wiggling his hard-on with my hand. "Just a little. We can deal with it. Mom can take care of you if things get too crazy, alright?"

Mom leaned over. "Maybe it's best if I finished taking care of it first," she said. "Why don't you go change into something comfortable? Give us a few minutes."

Penny laughed. "I didn't give 'em much time. Stripped down to a t-shirt and panties, and a couple of minutes later I walked in on Mom blowing him again."

I laughed. "You really are trouble, aren't you? You couldn't give them five minutes?"

"I could have. I didn't."

"Bad girl."

"Your influence. Now where was I? Oh yeah, Mom was back blowing him..."

"Don't let me interrupt," I told them. "Not like you haven't seen me doing that."

Mom didn't even slow down, and I guess Dad had gotten over his nervousness.

"Mom's good, isn't she," I asked.

"The best," Dad groaned.

I laughed, told him that maybe she could teach me a thing or two. "I bet this isn't the first one of those she's had to take care of tonight."

Dad shook his head.

"How many?" I teased.

Mom acted like nothing was going on. Gotta give her credit. One track mind. Seems like I'm learning more about Mom every day.

"Third," Dad said, then he gave me a little self-satisfied grin.

"All blowjobs?"

He shook his head.

"Good for you Dad! So this one might take a while?"

He shook his head again.

"No? Because I'm here?" I leaned over and pulled her hair back out of the way.

His face was turning red, and he nodded.

"Jesus, Penny! When did you become such a little tease?" I asked.

"Look who's talking. You teased me to death today."

"Did it take long?"

"What do you think?"

"Maybe I could help?" I told him, and his eyes got big, fast.

I stood behind Mom, and took off my shirt, standing there in just my panties. It was so cute. He didn't want to look, but he did. He turned away twice, then couldn't help himself, staring at my titties. Weird,

since Mom's are so much bigger. I gotta confess, Jeremy, I kinda liked it.

"There not too small, are they Daddy?" I asked.

"No baby, perfect," he gasped. I saw Mom was really working on him, trying to get him off.

"You like them?" I asked. I bounced on my toes, watching his eyes follow my breasts.

He nodded, moaning, thrusting his hips up at Mom.

I cupped them both, pulling on my hard little nipples. "They're really sensitive."

It was too much for him. He groaned, grabbed Mom's head, and shot off for her. When he was done, Mom stood up and turned to me, wiping her mouth with her hand.

"Don't tease your father like that, rotten thing," she said, but I knew she didn't mean it.

"Not even just a little?"

She smiled, and gave me a hug. "A little is fine. Too much and I won't be able to walk for a week." She gave me a kiss, and I wouldn't let her go until I got a small taste of Dad.

"Jesus! Really?" I asked

"Just a hint. I guess I still wanted to tease him. I hopped into his lap, and told Mom to put on the video. It only took her a second to change it, and we were off and running."

"What about your shirt?" I asked.

She giggled.

"Oh, yeah, my shirt..."

"Uh... Your shirt, Angel?" Daddy whispered.

"No biggie, Daddy. You're going to see all of me on screen aren't you?"

"It's not the same," he said.

"It's just titties. I don't mind. I know they're not as good as Momma's."

"No, Angel. Your breasts are perfect. You're a beautiful young woman."

I gave him a kiss for that. "Thank you."

The first time video was already starting in the background. He didn't say much, and I didn't encourage him. I leaned against his chest, occasionally whispering how I felt, when I was nervous or scared. How lucky I was to have both the mom's there. Things like that. When he watched our mom's licking my face clean, he moaned.

"You're not mad at her are you?" I asked.

"No, Angel. I understand she was trying to make it special for you."

"I didn't know Momma was so naughty."

He chuckled. "Very naughty sometimes."

"You like that, don't you? Having a naughty slut-mommy all your own."

"I do."

"He seemed to be getting over his nervousness. He laughed with me, when you tossed me back on the bed, getting grief from the moms," she added.

"I was just playing," I reminded her.

"I know. It was perfect. Took away the stress of the moment. I really was nervous."

"You didn't seem like it. What was it you said?"

"It's not going to lick itself?" she chuckled.

"Yeah, that."

"It didn't have to, did it?"

"Never will, as long as I'm around," I told her.

"You don't mind doing it? I always feel a little guilty afterward."

"Guilty? Don't be silly. I love doing it. If anyone should feel guilty it's me. You don't have any problems sucking me, do you?"

"I love it. I'm going to be the best you know. You better not leave me, 'cause I swear, you're never going to find anyone else even close."

Except Mom. "No, I think I'm going to keep you. If that's alright with you."

"More than alright. Now stop interrupting my story..."

"You guys looked like you were having fun," Dad said, his brazen hand rubbing way up high on my thigh.

"Was your first time fun, Daddy?"

"Not like that. We were nervous. Both of us virgins. In her parent's basement, hoping nobody would come down and interrupt us. It was awkward, and there was a lot of clumsy fooling around, but once I was inside of her, it was all worth it."

"Who was it? It wasn't Mom, was it?"

He shook his head. "Jessica Beauregard."

"The little tramp," Mom teased.

"Momma! Don't interrupt! This is me and Daddy time. I don't want him to be afraid to tell me anything."

He leaned down and kissed my cheek. "No secrets, baby girl."

When he kissed me, I could smell his aftershave. It made my nipples hard. "Thanks, Daddy, that means a lot to me." I grabbed his hand and put it on my breast, when Jeremy on the TV finished going down on me. "I was really scared here," I explained. "Hold me?"

"He... he didn't hurt you, did he?"

On the screen, the moms had finished getting me positioned for the big event, and it was about to happen.

"A little. It had to hurt a little. I was a virgin."

I realized then, that Mom hadn't shown the version where she sucked Jeremy. We both stayed quiet while we watched that big fat cock get ready to penetrate me and inch its way in. Daddy was squeezing my boob real nice.

"He's big," Daddy said softly.

"Huge. Couldn't even get all of it in. Not at first."

I realized then that Daddy was hard again. I laughed, wrapping my fingers around it. "Again, Daddy? What are you 18?"

"You jacked him off?" I asked.

"No, baby. Just held it. He never came for me or nothin'. It wasn't about that. Mom took care of him later. Matter of fact, it sounds like she still is, or I should say he's taking care of her. Can you hear them? They're really loud."

I laughed. "No, I can't hear anything. Same thing's going on over here. For at least the last hour."

"That's good, isn't it?"

"Very good."

"Let me finish my story, and I'll go check on them..."

We were quiet, until the action paused for a moment. It was when I was about to get the whole thing, captured on video for all eternity. Mom apologized for being mean.

"She was mean to him?" Daddy asked.

"A little. Before we started. You saw how she looked at the beginning. She got over it."

"I wasn't mean," Mom said. "I was just, I don't know, really nervous."

"You were mean, Mom. You know it. Now hush up," I told her.

On the screen, your mom was lubing up your cock.

"This is when it starts Daddy. I was scared. I tried to hide it, but I knew he was really going to fuck me."

We were quiet, while your mother coached you on how to treat me.

"You were lucky to have her there. With just the two of you, it could have been a disaster," Daddy whispered.

"I know. She wanted to make sure it was good for me. Her first time wasn't so good. He was big like Jeremy. She wanted better for me."

"Was it her idea for your mother to be there too?"

"Yeah. That was the greatest you know? Mom there to help me, take care of me?" I turned to face Mom. "You were perfect Momma. Just what I needed."

"I was glad to help. It was beautiful to share with you."

"And now we get to share it with Daddy."

He was still focused on the screen. "A little rough," he mumbled, as my body shook with each deep stroke.

"No, never! It was perfect. Alice made sure."

Things got quiet, as my moans on screen started up.

"See? Perfect. He made me come for him. It was really nice. I wasn't expecting that, not the first time."

I could feel Daddy's cock swelling in my hand. I'd almost forgotten I was holding it.

You were hammering me on screen, getting ready to make me come again.

"Look Daddy. What he does for me. It was incredible, perfect. I took all of it, all of that great big cock and came all over it."

"Your first time, like that," he whispered.

"Only because everyone helped. I was pretty spoiled huh?"

He chuckled. "My girl deserves to be spoiled."

"I'm still your baby girl, right Daddy? This doesn't change anything."

"Always, Angel. My perfect baby girl."

We stopped talking, until the big one started. "Watch now. Watch me make him come for me."

I tugged on his cock a little, while he played with my nipple. I could feel his heavy breath. Daddy was enjoying it a little too much. I took my hand off his cock, and he moaned.

"Shh, watch," I told him, while you drove me crazy on screen.

We were quiet, long after the huge finish.

"I'm not a virgin anymore." I told him.

"No kidding. You kids could go pro."

I giggled. "I think Mom should take care of you now. Thanks for watching that with me." I pulled his head down and kissed him. Not a daughterly kiss at all. "We'll have to do this again sometime."

I climbed off his lap, and he grabbed Mom's hand and practically ran to their bedroom.

"You were really pushing the 'Daddy' thing, weren't you."

"What? No! I always call him Daddy."

"Pretty wild day all around, it sounds like," I told her.

"Oh, yeah. Can you hear them now? I'm right outside their door."

I listened carefully. She must have pointed the phone toward them, because I could hear them going at it. Colleen was getting very vocal.

"I'm going to tease him a little more."

"Penny!"

"Just a little," she whined.

The phone got quiet, and I listened to her father gasp. "Penny!"

"Don't stop, Daddy," I heard her as if she was a little ways from the phone. "I don't want you guys to hide it from me anymore. If Momma needs to scream, let her. I want to know you guys have a great sex life, Ok?"

I heard her Mom. "No more hiding. And yes, we have an excellent sex life. Your father is very, very good. But I don't want you walking in on us like this. That's a little over the top, don't you think?"

"I think it's beautiful, what you guys are doing. It's how you made me. I... I'm really happy to see you together. I didn't know if you guys even still did it. You're always so secretive."

"It's private," I heard her father say. "Intimate. We're not exhibitionists."

"It's just me Daddy. If my being here bothers you, I'll go away now. She's a great Momma. Make her come really good, Ok? She deserves it."

He laughed. "I'll do my best."

Mom spoke up. "Wear some clothing next time, rotten thing. Seeing your titties like that is going to leave me bowlegged."

"These little things? When he has yours?" There was quiet for a second. "Fuck her, Daddy. Hard. Let me see just for a moment."

"Penny..."

"Please? You saw me. My first time. All of me. Do Mom good."

I heard Colleen's moan, and her father's grunt. "Yeah, like that," Penny said. "Pound that Momma pussy."

The sound of flesh-on-flesh was loud and clear. The bed was creaking, and I heard a soft moan. "A little suck, Daddy. Not too hard, they're very sensitive."

Shit! What was she doing?

"Mmm. Like that. Don't stop fucking her. Suck my titty 'til one of you comes."

God, she was worse than me! Where was the innocent Angel of a week ago?

I heard Colleen's familiar keening, and knew she was close.

"God, Momma's sexy like that, isn't she? She's gonna come hard for us."

"Big comes," I heard her father growl.

Colleen cried out, and I heard Penny's giggle.

"Like that," her father said. "So good."

"I'm gonna leave you guys now. Thank you. I... I'm really happy right now. That was beautiful." I heard kissing, a couple of times, and then her voice was loud and clear again.

"Wow! Did you hear all that?" she asked.

"Pretty much. You are a very naughty girl."

"Not as naughty as you. Not nearly as naughty. Maybe someday."

"Someday?" I asked, feeling that old jealousy creep up.

"No screwing. I won't do that. I thought I might have Momma do some BJ training with me, using Dad. Would you mind much?"

"I... I don't know."

"Imagine if I learned everything both moms know, and brought it back to you. Pretty incredible, huh?"

"Let me think on it awhile, Ok? I'm having a hard enough time right now."

"I wish I was having a hard time. Wish you were here. They got me really horny."

"Tomorrow?" I asked.

"You'll wake up with me naked in your bed."

* * *

For four days everything was wonderful. Mom and Dad were almost like old times. Penny and I were inseparable. We spent time at both of

our houses. Nothing started up with Colleen, the whole video watching night seemed to put the brakes on anything we had going. We still kissed, and there might have been a little playful touching, but no more naked visitor with us in Penny's bed.

Six of us went to the matinee again. This time Colin replaced Drew. Big improvement. Aunt Marie even gave me a couple of twenties, and a big kiss for getting Colin his first date.

"It's not really a date, Aunt Marie. We'll see what happens."

"I've been coaching him a little. You watch over him, make sure he doesn't screw things up, Ok?"

I laughed. "It's a movie and a snack, that's all."

It turned out to be a little more than that for Colin. A few minutes into the movie I had my arm around Penny, kissing her neck.

"Didn't get enough this morning?" she teased.

"Never enough. This isn't about that. Sort of follow the leader for Colin."

She laughed, glancing sideways. "You planned this out?"

"Not really. He told me he didn't know what to do, right before we went in. I said he could watch what we do."

"You're not going to bend me over the seat in front of us, and fuck my brains out are you? That would be a hell of an example."

"No, naughty girl. Although the idea is tempting. We're taking it slow. Very slow."

An hour into the movie he had left us behind. I knew he was going too fast, and it took me a few minutes to get enough of his attention to slow him down. I waved my popcorn bucket, and nodded to the back of the theater. He took the hint.

"Too much, too soon," I warned him.

"She seems to like it," he argued.

"Trust me Colin. What did your Mom say?"

He thought about it a bit. "I should stop?"

"Don't go in her clothes. Not this time. If she feels she was too easy you might not get a second shot. You'll scare her off. Second base and kissing. Take a few breaks. Let her make a bit of a move. Got it?"

"Alright. You think I can get a real date with her?"

"Get her number when we eat. Tell her you'll call. Phone her tomorrow. You should be fine."

He was, and Penny and I were as proud as new parents. Aunt Marie was especially happy, and made sure I knew it. Not as much as we had in the past, but it was a really nice little make-out session.

Mom seemed to be in a great mood all week, except there was still that distance between us now. She was nervous if I even touched her. We had a little talk about it.

"We can't do anything, Jeremy."

"I know Mom. I'm not talking about that. What we had before it all went south. The hugs. Little kisses. That's all. It's like there's a wall between us."

"I can't take the chance. God I want to, you have no idea how hard it is not to fall into your arms. I can't get started. I won't be able to quit."

I was disappointed but I could be patient.

"How're things with Aunt Marie?"

"Getting better. We had lunch. She's really happy about you guys helping Colin out. You know he has a date Saturday?"

"Yeah. Just the two of them. We'll talk. He gets carried away."

"You're teenagers. You're allowed to get a little carried away."

"He was opening her pants and trying to get into her panties, an hour into the movie."

"Talk to him. But be gentle, this is a big deal for Colin."

Penny was dealing with the other half of the equation, gabbing to her friends, breaking Kelly in, telling her how lucky she was to have Colin. She seemed to be going for it.

Like I said, four days of near bliss. I should say three-and-a-half.

* * *

It was Friday afternoon. Penny was going shopping with her parents. Looked like her Mom was right about her getting the car if she buttered up her father. To hear her tell it, the atmosphere at their house was like a second honeymoon, and her parents weren't being subtle at all. Open blowjobs had become the new norm. She'd been on the phone with her older sister Dani, warning her about the changes at home.

I was home in my room. I heard my parents arguing. It sounded like it was coming from their bedroom.

Dad walked down the hall, his arms full of Mom's things. He was headed for the guest room. It upset me to see the relationship turning sour again. It had been going so well.

"You always have to push, push, push," Dad growled, going back for another load, while Mom paced him, whining.

"Is this how you're going to handle everything?" she yelled. "Every time you're unhappy, you're going to throw me out of our bedroom?"

"Until you learn to love and respect me, I don't see I have any other choice," Dad answered, carrying a drawer of her things.

"Jesus, Howard. I only asked to loosen up your damn rules. Be reasonable!"

"No, Alice! That's over. Done with," Dad was returning with the empty drawer.

"I'm not asking for what we had. I just need to feel comfortable around him. I'm nervous all the time. I'm afraid to touch him."

"You shouldn't be touching him."

"Don't be an ass, Harold! Hugs, an arm around the waist. Kisses like we had before. Affection, not passion. That's all I'm asking. You said you were going to trust me."

"We both know how you are. You don't know when to stop."

"He'll stop me, if he has to. You know he will."

"He shouldn't have to, should he? Am I not enough for you? What the hell is the problem?" His voice rose for a second, then quieted again.

I felt awkward listening in, but I didn't want to interrupt. I had the door cracked, and watched them march back and forth with her things. This was the worse fight yet. I didn't understand it. Each little thing seemed to be blowing up bigger and bigger.

"It's not that," Mom whined. "You're wonderful. Perfect. I don't want anyone but you. I need Jeremy back. I feel like I'm losing him."

"He's got a girlfriend. They're happy. You don't need to be stealing him from her."

"Damn it, Harold! You know that's not what I'm talking about."

"What are you talking about?" he sneered.

"You know. Affection. Not sex. It's killing me to be around him all the time, after what we had, and not be able to do anything."

"I don't want to hear about what you had. This conversation is finished."

"No it's not! I'm going to do it. I have to. I won't go too far."

"No you won't, Alice." I recognized that tone. His 'and-that's-final' tone.

"I will! It's only for a couple of weeks until he leaves anyway. What's the harm?"

"You will, will you?" he asked, his voice scary calm. That was a bad sign.

"Yes. It's my body, and he's my son. I'm not going to let you stand between us. I'm tired to you ordering me around. I'm sick of you playing this game with where I sleep. Kicking me out of our bedroom. I'm not your possession!"

"You're going to fuck him again, aren't you?"

"Why would you say that? I told you, affection only. That's all I'm asking for. You don't have to be crude."

"Do what you want. Fuck him if you want. I'm tired of all this shit. I don't care anymore." I heard him walking away, his voice fading.

"MAYBE I WILL!" Mom screamed at him.

Mom ran past, directly to their bedroom and slammed the door.

* * *

When she hadn't come out after an hour, I knocked. "Mom?"

"Go away, Jeremy. Just go away."

Not happening. I opened the door. "I heard it. I didn't mean to eavesdrop."

"Why? Why can't he even try to understand?" Her face was a mess, red, teary eyed.

I sat down beside her. Aunt Marie style, holding her, not saying anything.

"See, baby? Even this. We're not allowed to do this. How is it wrong for my boy to hold me?"

"It's not wrong, Mom, but we have to give him time. We both hurt him badly."

"We don't have time! You're going off to school. You're leaving me. I'll never have you again. Not like now."

"Sure you will. Weekends, summers, holidays for the next four years, at least."

"But you'll be with her."

Those words surprised me. "Penny? You're not jealous of Penny are you?"

"She gets all of you, and I get nothing! Nothing! What happened, Jeremy? I thought you loved me? I was number one. You loved me the most. You don't even have time for me anymore."

I kissed her neck, sliding behind her, wrapping my arms around her waist. "I love you, Mom. You'll always be number one. We have to cool it. Give Dad time. Let him accept us back together."

"He'll never do it. You were supposed to win me, baby. Me. Make me yours. Why did you give up on me?" She pulled out of my arms,

turning around and wrapping her arms and legs around me. "I thought you loved me. Really loved me."

She was breaking my heart. I kissed her lips softly, breaking away before it could get too intense. "Of course I love you. I'll talk to Dad, alright? There's nothing wrong with this. What we're doing now. I'll make sure he knows it. That I know where to draw the line. Let me take care of it, Ok?"

"He kicked me out of our bedroom. He walked out on me. He never does that."

I hugged her, feeling her breasts press against my chest. I could smell her hair, her skin. Her lips caressing my neck. God, I wanted her.

"We hurt him. Now you defied him. Like he didn't matter. That's not the way and you know it."

"Just hold me, Jeremy. Let me pretend."

That's how Dad found us.

"I knew you two wouldn't waste any time. Couldn't wait to jump in her bed could you, you little fuck!"

Yep. He was angry.

Mom was slow getting off of me, staring back at him in open defiance.

"We didn't do anything, Dad. She was crying. I came in to comfort her."

"I know how you comfort her. She's got her own bedroom now. Take her there. I don't care anymore. Take her and fuck her. Just not here. I need my bedroom."

He'd been standing in the doorway, and I only then realized that Aunt Marie was peeking around the door.

I got out of the bed, as pissed off as he was. "What the fuck, Dad? You have an argument and this is how you handle it? What about all that bullshit advice you keep handing me?"

"My advice is get your ass out of my room, and take your whore mother with you."

I heard Mom gasp.

"No Dad. Not like this. I'm not going to let you."

"Like you can stop me. Let it go, Jeremy. Your Mom's a hot piece. She's single now. Enjoy her."

"What are you going to do, Harold?" Mom asked nervously, standing at my side, clinging to my arm.

"What I should have done long ago. You want to screw around? Go right ahead. I can do the same, right Marie?"

Marie had her head down. I couldn't believe it when she nodded.

"NO!" I yelled at him. "You're not going to fuck things up like this. Not this way. We didn't do anything!"

"You didn't fuck her three times?"

"Harold!" Mom shrieked.

"Three times. And now you want more. You'll do it whether I like it or not. Well go ahead then. I'm going to screw your gorgeous sister's sexy brains out. Fuck those outrageous titties..."

This was ridiculous. "MARIE!" I shouted. "GO TO MY ROOM!"

She looked up in shock. "J...Jeremy?"

"NOW, MARIE!"

Dad stepped toward me. "You don't get to tell anyone what to do in my house. She's not going anywhere." His voice was icy, eerily calm.

I ignored him. "GO, MARIE! I WON'T SAY IT AGAIN!"

She stepped back a couple of steps, and Dad went ballistic. I didn't see it coming until I was picking myself up off the floor, cheek aching.

"Get the fuck out of my house, you little prick!" he screamed.

I guess he didn't expect me to stand up to him. I never had. I never thought I would. I launched myself at his waist, driving him into the corner of the dresser beside the door. It wasn't intentional, but I could tell it hurt by his grunt. His fist came down on my back, punishing me.

Mom was screaming at us both, but I wasn't listening. I stood just before his knee would have taken my head off, and drove my fist into his gut, forcing him back awkwardly over the dresser. I got a couple of good shots in, before he rang my bell. Shit, he hit harder than I could imagine possible.

It got ugly. I went for his throat, and he tried to knee me in the nuts. Neither of us hit our targets, but it was obvious there was no holding back. Punching him wasn't working, and he got another shot in while I threw him to the side, knocking over the tall upright dresser.

He fell and kicked out at my knee, folding it. A few inches forward and he might have taken it out. I was furious and swept all the items off the dresser onto him, including the TV. He put his arm up to stop it, and I kicked him as hard as I could, right in the ribs, while he was distracted.

Mom started pulling me away, and he took advantage of the fact to get off the ground and ram his shoulder into my gut. We rolled on the floor, kicking, gouging, punching. He got up before I could and kneed me in the side of the head, a glancing blow, making me see stars. Mom must have intervened. When I could see again, she was standing between us screaming.

I stood up, and could taste the blood in my mouth. "You too, Mom." I spit a mouthful of blood on her floor.

She stopped yelling and looked at me. It must have not been good, because I could see the concern in her eyes. "Stop it. Both of you," she pleaded.

"Go to my room, Mom. Now. Take your sister with you."

"You're going to kill each other!" she shrieked.

"NOW! GO!" I grabbed her arm and yanked her aside.

Dad was breathing hard. Bleeding from the side of his head, holding his side awkwardly. "I don't want to hurt you, boy."

"Too bad."

"You get the whore. Isn't that what you wanted?"

I launched myself at him, and we exchanged punches. My ears were ringing, and I collapsed to one knee. I saw him shift his weight, and I knew he was going to kick me. I went with it, rolling backward, and managed to catch his calf, pulling him down. His head hit the wall hard, as he fell. I was on top of him swinging wildly, then I was under him, getting the worst of it. I managed to kick him off, and he stood back, glaring at me, as I slowly rose to one knee again.

"You're going to get hurt, we keep this up," he growled.

"Bring it on, old man," I told him, standing.

He did, and I got the worst of it again. I couldn't even feel my left arm. Didn't stop me from driving my fist into his crotch from my knees. Twice.

He fell back against the bed, hunched over.

I got up again. Had to use the wall to help me.

"It's broken. Your arm," he sneered.

"Only need one to kick your ass, old man."

"You're the one getting your ass kicked, junior."

"That was wrong, bringing Marie here like that."

"Fuck you," he growled, and leaped off the bed.

He was slowing down. Maybe it was the crotch shot. I saw it coming. He missed me, driving his fist into the wall with all his weight. He caught a stud, and I could hear the crack. I hit him on the side of the head with all I had, and he dropped to his knees. I followed that up with a knee to the cheek, and he hit the ground.

I straddled him, full mount, and drove my right hand into his head repeatedly. He tried to block it with his arms, and twist out from under me, but he was gassed. With one last burst of energy, he arched his back, pushed my hips downward, squirming, freeing one of his, to get me into half-guard. A mistake. This wasn't wrestling. I drove my knee between his legs, hard. When I lifted to do it again, he rolled away giving me his back. I was straddling him again, and started pounding him. He covered his head, but I was out of control. Rabbit punches, elbows, shots to the temple. He stopped resisting.

"I am going to fuck them. Both of them," I growled.

My left arm was numb from the bicep down. I couldn't even see, my vision blurred. Too tired to hit him anymore, I sat upright and felt myself toppling over.

I was seated, leaning against the bed, Mom huddled over Dad. Aunt Marie was kneeling beside me, a bloody towel in her hands, wiping my head.

Mom glared at me. "What have you done? He's your father, Jeremy! Your father!"

"This one's going to need stitches," Aunt Marie said, wiping my head.

* * *

The hospital was a blur. I didn't even remember how we got there. I had a hyper-extended elbow, a sprained knee, and 18 stitches in my forehead. They gave me an ice-pack for the side of my face. My hands hurt like a motherfucker.

We had to wait almost another hour for them to bring Dad out. Broken hand, broken nose, bruised kidney, bruised testicles, light concussion. His ribs weren't broken like we thought they might have been. but they'd wrapped them anyway. He looked like shit.

It was after midnight, and the women weren't even talking to us. Dad and I sat in the back seat. The music from the front drowned out whatever Mom and her sister were saying to each other.

"You lied," I told him, keeping my voice down.

"How?"

"My arm. It wasn't broken."

"I know. Radial nerve. Maybe a little hyper-extended. I thought you might stop." He grimaced as he shifted position.

"You tried to take out my knee," I said. "You could have crippled me for good."

"Sorry about that. I was angry."

"No shit."

"You could have stopped anytime. I would have," he said.

"No you wouldn't."

He chuckled, wincing. "Maybe not. I wouldn't have beat on you when you were down. Pussy move."

"I was scared to death you were going to get back up. I was blind at that point. If you got off the ground, you were going to kill me."

"You're my son, damn it! I wouldn't have killed you." He shifted, groaning. "Busted you up a little, maybe. Not like you didn't deserve it."

"How's your hand feeling?" I said, smirking.

"Like shit. You got lucky."

"No, you got slow. You telegraphed that one."

We rode in silence for a bit. Something was bothering me. "How come I didn't see that first punch?"

He laughed. "I taught you everything you know, not everything I know."

"You held back on me?" The idea really hurt.

He was quiet. "No. Not really. I always told you never to start a fight. That was how you start a fight. I'll show you later."

Silence.

"Sorry I kept hitting you at the end. I guess I lost it there," I said.

"No shit."

My leg was killing me, and I turned, trying to find a way to straighten it. The stupid brace was in the way.

"You're not sorry for anything?" I asked.

"Told you about the knee."

"Nothing else?"

"What do you want? You happy you beat me unconscious? Proud of yourself? Gonna rub my face in it? Wanna go again? Is that it? You gonna make me apologize now?"

"You shouldn't have brought her over like that. That was wrong. For both of them."

"So now you're going to teach me right from wrong? The little mother-fucker?"

"If I have to. I learned from the best."

"Maybe not," he mumbled.

I adjusted the wrap on my elbow. It was too tight. It felt like it was cutting off circulation. I straightened it a bit, and felt a bolt of pain shoot up my arm. Shit. Funny how my attention seemed to focus on one thing at a time, like tunnel-vision. I wondered if it was the pain drugs.

"Sorry about the crotch shots. I was getting desperate. Damn knee kept giving out. Couldn't figure out why I kept ending up on one knee."

"Take out the legs early. I told you that."

"I know. Didn't expect it from you. Pretty harsh."

"Harsh? You broke my fucking nose."

I chuckled. "Maybe now they won't keep saying how we're so much alike. I'm prettier."

"Too much alike, I guess. Got my temper too, didn't you?"

"Did Mom give me anything?"

"Her morals?"

Made me want to hit him again. If he was sitting on my right side, instead of my left, I might have. The idea of using my left arm made me nauseous.

"Sorry. That was uncalled for," he said.

"Like you have room to talk, after tonight," I growled.

"Said I'm sorry. Be a fucking man and accept it graciously."

"I won't let you hurt Mom, and I won't let you insult her. Call her a whore again, and we're going again."

"Just drop it, Ok? I was angry, and a little drunk. Hurt. I didn't mean it. She's my fuckin' wife."

We rode in silence for a while. "Besides, you started this whole mess," he said, and I could still hear the disappointment in his words.

"I know. You always told me there are three parts to an apology. Admit when you're wrong, apologize for hurting the other person, and do what you can to make it up to them." I leaned back, closing my eyes. "I know what I did was wrong, and I've never denied it. I never meant to

hurt you, or this family, and I'm as sorry as can be. I've tried to make it up to you, accepting your rules, being honest. What more can I do, Dad? What do I have to do to make things right?"

"I don't know," he mumbled sadly.

We pulled into the garage, and a couple of minutes later I found myself sitting on the couch, Dad next to me, confronted by two irate sisters.

Mom stood in front of me, shaking with anger. "Apologize to your father."

"For what?" I wasn't trying to be a smart ass. The painkillers must have been kicking in. Everything was kind of fuzzy. Thinking took an effort.

"For what? How about for nearly killing him!"

Dad spoke up. "Lucky shot. I've had worse."

"Apologize, Jeremy! Do it!"

"Sorry I kicked your ass, Dad."

"Damn it, Jeremy! Do it right," Mom snapped.

"I already did, Mom. In the car."

That seemed to get me off the hook. Dad wasn't so lucky.

"And you!" Mom yelled, waving her finger in his face. "Starting a fight with your son? What were you thinking?"

"I didn't start it," he said. "He should have left things alone. This is my house. I'm still the father and husband."

"You threw the first punch. Knocked him on his ass without any warning!"

He chuckled. "Yeah, I did, didn't I? One punch."

"You're still going to have to teach me that one," I reminded him.

"Later."

Mom threw her hands in the air, shrieking. I didn't think people did that in real life. Only on TV. It might have been funny, if so many parts of me didn't hurt.

Aunt Marie stepped forward, getting in Dad's face. "You lied to me, Harold. I wouldn't have done it if I'd known. You said it was alright."

He turned red. "She said she was going to fuck him."

"I NEVER SAID THAT!" Mom screamed.

"'Maybe I will', you said. I heard you. It's not like you haven't done it before."

Mom dropped to her knees in front of him. "Is that what you really wanted, Harold? You wanted to fuck my sister so bad, you'd throw me away? Give me to your son? Toss away 20 years?"

"It was never what I wanted. You are all I ever wanted. I guess I'm not good enough for you now."

"Don't say that. You know it's not true," Mom whined.

"Why can't you give him up?"

"He's my son!" She leaned forward, her head resting on his knees. "My baby boy, Harold. You can't cut me off from him completely. You set the rules, and I'll follow them, but you have to give me something. He's my son."

"Mine too."

"You seemed to have forgotten that tonight," she said.

"Alice, I don't want to argue anymore. I'm tired, and I hurt all over. My head's killing me, and I can't even see straight. My fucking hand hurts so bad I want to cry. My nuts ache like a mother-fucker. I just wanna go to bed? You do what you have to do, and I won't interfere. I'll even leave Marie alone. I just want my wife back."

She stood up slowly, and offered him her hand. "I never left, honey. I screwed up. Screwed up big time. I'm sorry about that. I want things back the way they were."

He stood slowly, letting her put her arm around his waist, his broken hand over her shoulder, leaning on her. She didn't seem to notice his weight. "Me too. I don't think that's possible. Can't put that cat back in the bag."

"What do we do?" Mom asked fearfully.

"We go on. Figure something out. No more fights for a while."

"Ever!" she snapped.

"I won't start it again," he told her.

Aunt Marie was sitting on the arm of the couch beside me. "Proud of yourself?"

"I didn't start it."

"You sure didn't help things!" she snapped.

"I couldn't let him do it, Aunt Marie. Not like that. It would have destroyed everything."

"Are you so sure?" she asked, helping me to my feet.

"Yeah. I'm sure. You and Mom would never have been right after that. Any chance of you two ever patching things up?"

She pulled my arm over her shoulder, and helped me up the stairs. "Stranger things have happened. Everything work out between you and your girl?"

"Yeah. I owe you for that one. You were right."

"I usually am. You never called me. Never said nothing. I never hear from you anymore."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't I matter anymore, baby?"

"Of course you do. I thought you were still angry with me. Me and Mom both. I don't know what to say to make it better."

"Say you still love me. Say you're sorry, and I'll say you're forgiven."

"Sorry."

"Forgiven. There. Was that so hard?"

She was undressing me, carefully. "You two certainly made a mess of each other. Not to mention your parents' bedroom."

She didn't stop until I was naked. She eased me into the bed, then took her clothing off. "Don't get any ideas. I'm not some prize."

"You're beautiful."

She smiled. "Ok, maybe I am a little prize. No sex. Not tonight."

"I wish I could argue."

She giggled and climbed into bed with me. "Go to sleep, baby boy. Tomorrow is a new day. I feel changes in the air."

* * *

I woke, feeling pain everywhere except where a warm mouth was pumping my morning erection.

"Morning, Penny," I murmured. It was how she'd been waking me every morning lately.

I felt a slap on my leg. "Penny?!"

Oops. That brought me back to reality. "Just teasing, Aunt Marie."

"No you weren't," she snapped.

I sighed. "It was wonderful. Please don't stop. It was the concussion talking."

"Concussion? I didn't hear about a concussion," she said worriedly.

"Damn sure feels like it. There's only one place on my body that doesn't hurt."

She smiled for me. "And where would that be?"

"You had it figured out a minute ago."

She forgave me my faux-pas, and went back to pleasuring me. It was nice. I'm not going to go around comparing everyone to Mom and Penny, that wouldn't be fair. Let's just say I enjoyed it, and leave it at that.

Afterward, she gave me a couple of pills and made me take them with some water.

"Rest a while. Come down when you're hungry. Can you make it on your own?"

"I'm not an invalid, Aunt Marie."

But I was tired. Exhausted.

* * *

I woke, sore and groggy. A shower helped a little. Getting the knee brace back on was a pain with one arm. The elbow was only a little sore, unless I moved it wrong.

Standing in front of the mirror was a shock. Sweet Jesus, I looked almost as bad as Dad had. Worst black eye I'd ever seen. Big bandage across my forehead. Swollen split lip. I wasn't so sure I was the prettier one.

I walked by the Western guest room, and saw Mom's stuff was still in there. The bed looked slept in. I thought for sure she would have moved back into the master. I peeked in on Dad, and he was lying in bed alone, snoring. The room was a disaster. Man, we'd messed it up bad.

I managed my way down the stairs, one slow step at a time.

"Oh my God! What happened to you!" Penny shrieked, standing in front of me.

"Disagreement with Dad."

She looked back at my mother and Aunt Marie in the kitchen. "No. This is too much. This is abuse. You can't let him get away with this. I don't care what you did. This is wrong. Really wrong."

"Take it easy, Penny. It's not that bad."

"Not that bad! Are you kidding? You need to call the police, Child Protective Services, something."

"I'm an adult. We don't need to get anyone involved."

"This isn't right! He could have killed you! Where the hell is he?"

"Leave it, Ok? Besides, I sort of won."

"You what? You won?"

"Yeah."

"Jesus, Jeremy! I thought things were getting better?"

"Later Ok? Quieter would be good. My head is aching. Please?"

She moved up close, checking out my facial mess. "He did a number on you, didn't he?"

Aunt Marie came over, giving me a wink. "You should see the other guy."

"Why? Can you at least tell me why?" She turned to Mom and Aunt Marie. "How come you didn't tell me? What's going on?"

I limped past her to the kitchen. "Something soft to eat?" I asked.

Mom smiled and put blueberry pancakes in front of me, with a glass of milk. "Bon appétit."

I laid my left arm on the table, and started cutting my pancakes with my fork, one bite at a time. Penny sat down next to me, looking aggravated. She snatched the fork from my hand, picked up the knife and cut the tall stack into bite-size pieces.

"Syrup?" I asked.

She sighed dramatically, and poured the maple syrup over them. "Do I need to feed you?"

I shook my head. "Probably not."

Aunt Marie and Mom both sat down with us. Penny seemed to be calming. "How bad is it?"

Mom answered. "Nothing serious. Sprained knee and elbow. Some stitches. A lot of bruising."

"What happened?"

Mom sighed. "Penny, I love you like a daughter. I do. You're the best thing that ever happened to numskull here. But this is between us. Him and his father, me and Marie."

"If it hurts him, it's about me too," she whined.

"He'll be fine. They both will, eventually."

"They really fought? Punches? Jeremy and his Dad? That doesn't even make sense!"

"No it doesn't. And yes they fought. Maybe if we can ever get his father up, you can help me piece together the wreck they made of my bedroom."

"Sorry 'bout that," I mumbled in mid chew.

"Don't talk with your mouth full, sweetie," Aunt Marie warned me.

I almost said sorry again. She knew, her eyes full of mischief. Aunt Marie knew me so well.

Penny looked like she was getting angrier again, sulking.

"What?" I asked her, pointedly.

"You've pretty much ruined everything, haven't you? You're going to be all but useless until you leave."

"I'll be fine in a few days."

She was steaming.

Mom stood up and held out a bucket to me. I looked inside and I saw some spot remover, sponges, work towels and stuff.

"Clean the backseat of the Jeep," she said.

"Mom! How about a break? Give me a day to recuperate at least."

"No dice. Maybe it'll teach you a lesson. Get going."

"Why me? This is as much Dad's fault as mine."

"Yes. Maybe so. But he pays the bills. Besides, he's in no shape to do it. Most of it's your blood, anyway. Go on now."

Scrubbing out the seat and flooring of the backseat of a Jeep Rubicon, with one arm and a knee in a brace is no easy task. I was wondering if I should have just stayed in bed like Dad.

I had already switched sides, the worst of it taken care of as well as I could under the circumstances, when the opposite door opened. Aunt Marie stuck her head in.

"Need some help?"

I definitely could use some, but if this was my penance, I'd accept it. "Thanks Aunt Marie, but I'll manage."

She rolled her eyes at me. "Don't be a martyr, Jeremy. I offered to help. You know you're not in shape to do anything but a half-ass job."

I passed her the bucket, and my gorgeous aunt climbed down among the floorboards, while I was trying to use the spot cleaner on the upholstery. I doubted it would ever look the same. Good thing Dad understood that working vehicles were not meant to be showpieces.

"Is it over between you and your father?" she asked softly.

I shrugged. "Don't know. I can't believe he did that. Bringing you over just to rub it in Mom's face." I could see her blushing, and realized it didn't say much about her, if that's the only reason he wanted her.

"Sorry, I didn't mean it that way."

"What can I say? You're right. I was going to let him use me against her. Not much of a sister, am I?"

"What are we going to do?" I asked. "Everything's such a mess. I don't even know how it got this bad."

She got up off her knees, stretching. Her breasts stuck out, stealing my attention. "I think you and your father have done enough for now. Let your mother and I handle it for a while," she said.

"But how?"

She smiled. I swear she did. "That's not your problem anymore. Your stupid games didn't help, you know. For such a smart guy, you're pretty ignorant."

She backed out of the car, and walked around to my side, climbing down between the seats again. She giggled.

"What?"

"Remembering the last time I was down here, and you were up there. Started this whole mess."

"Pretty incredible," I told her, reaching out and stroking her back. My elbow twinged, but it was worth it.

"That it was," she looked up at me. "Colin's coming over before his date tonight. Don't go into any details about what you and your father were fighting about. He doesn't need to know." She rose up off the floor, reached up to me and pulled my head down, kissing me.

"Thanks for stepping up. You're right. If Harold and I had gone through with it, I doubt anything would ever be the same. I think he'll realize it before long."

We cleaned up the best we could, and she took the supplies from me. I grabbed a beer, even though alcohol wasn't a good mix with the painkillers. As I closed the door, I grabbed a second one. A peace offering.

Somehow, Mom and Penny had maneuvered my father down the stairs and parked him in his chair. He looked older, smaller, tired. I stepped up and held the beer out to him.

Dad looked at me for a while, before accepting it. He didn't say thanks.

I took a seat on the couch, and sat back. He was watching golf. Golf. He never watched golf. Said it wasn't a sport. Only bowling would have been worse.

The beer combined with the painkillers made me kind of loopy, and I think it hit the old man at least as bad. It was clear after a while, the sisters were doting on him. Checking with him regularly, running their hands across his shoulder, giving him kisses on the cheek.

Penny was doing pretty much the same for me. Very attentive. Enough to get me thinking about more.

When they weren't giving us their attention, they were gathered in the kitchen chattering like magpies. From the smell I could tell they were cooking.

"They're up to no good," Dad said quietly.

"Cooking sausage," I observed.

"Garlic. My bet's lasagna. Tryin' to get on my good side," he said. He was really out of it, from the way he was slurring his words.

"Or she could be trying to make your favorite dish because she's crazy about you," I said.

"Crazy part's true."

He was right though. They were up to something. The attention Aunt Marie was giving him? Never seen the like from her before, and damn if Mom wasn't encouraging it. They'd both check on me, run their fingers through my hair, touch my shoulder while walking behind the couch, but Dad was getting the full press.

When they left, he turned to me. "Whadda you know 'bout this?"

I knew what he was talking about. "Nothing. I swear. Obviously Mom and Aunt Marie are up to somethin'."

"Don't trust 'em," he sulked.

Someone, Penny or Mom probably, had stolen my beer. Replaced it with a Coke. I held it up, looking at it ostentatiously, then glaring at the women. Penny grinned, and came over. "No more beer for you, you were getting weird. Didn't even hear what I was saying. I don't think it mixes well with whatever you're taking."

"How come Dad gets to keep his?" I argued.

Mom walked up to me from behind Penny, leaning over and kissing my cheek. "First of all, he's not underage," she reminded me.

"Like that ever stopped us before," I pointed out.

"Second, he pays for it -"

"So let me get my wallet, I'll give you a buck."

"Finally," she said, cutting me off, "You've still got things to do. Can't afford to get doped up. Your father is going to rest."

"How's that fair!" I whined.

"I never said it's fair. Doctor said he needed complete rest for a few days. He's getting it."

Thirty minutes later I was up in her bedroom, patching two holes in her wall, awkwardly with only one working arm. I had to be careful with the leg. Most of the time it didn't hurt, but if I positioned it wrong, Yow!

Penny and Mom had pitched in to help, while Aunt Marie was watching over Dad. They were putting things away, re-positioning the furniture, and cleaning up what looked like a ridiculous amount of blood stains on the carpet and furniture. The room stank to high-heaven, and I realized that someone had thrown up by the wall. I didn't remember doing it, must have been Dad.

I was smoothing out the putty on the second hole, when Mom sat back, sighing. "I think we're going to have to re-carpet in here."

"I said I was sorry." I might have sounded a little harsh. I was tired and aching.

Mom stood, took the tools out of my hands and gave me a hug. "I'm not blaming you honey," she said softly. "I... I understand why you did it. You stood up to your father for me. I'm not saying it was right, but I understand, and I appreciate it."

Penny was watching from her knees. She was still scrubbing the worst spot, by the side of the bed.

Mom released me, and went over to my girlfriend, extending her hand. Penny accepted her help, getting up. "Why don't you take your boyfriend to his room, and let him rest up a bit. It's been a long day, and dinner won't be ready for a couple more hours."

In my room, Penny helped me remove my braces and undressed me for bed. She stripped down and joined me under the covers, careful to stay on my right side, and cuddling up to me gingerly.

"How are you feeling?" she asked.

"Rough. Knee doesn't hurt unless I move it wrong. The elbow's a little sore, but if I keep it bent, it's not bad.."

"How about your face? It doesn't look good." She reached up and softly touched my cheek.

"Sore to the touch. Alright other than that," I admitted.

"You gonna tell me what the hell happened?" she asked, resting her head on my shoulder, her hand wandering across my torso.

I debated whether I should or not, then decided what the hell. "Mom and Dad were fighting. Dad's angry at her right now, and decided he was going to punish Mom by kicking her out of his bedroom and bringing Aunt Marie home to sleep with."

"What? He was going to do what?" Penny gasped.

"Take her to his bed," I said. "I couldn't let him do that. I tried to stop it, and he hit me, after saying some pretty bad things about Mom and me."

"I... I can't believe it. That doesn't sound like your father at all."

"He has a temper, and like I said, he was mad. Plus, he'd been drinking. Once he hit me, I guess I lost it. We really went at it. Holding nothing back."

"Do I want to know why he was so angry?" Penny asked softly. "It was about you and your mother, wasn't it?"

I nodded.

She sighed. "Quite a mess you guys have made. The fight was serious?"

"Worse than it should have been. We were both trying to hurt each other."

"Jeremy. That's not good. He's your father. You guys love each other."

"I know. Tempers got carried away. I think it was weeks building up. Hopefully it's over now."

"And those games you've been playing? Trying to get your mother and aunt back together. Working on getting Marie in your father's bed. Tell me that's over too."

"How do you know..."

"We talk. You know I'm part of the family now. Don't mess things up any worse, Ok?"

"No more games. Hell, I was only trying to make things better for everyone. A lot of effort for nothing. I'm done with that."

Penny sat up and kissed me. "Besides, you have me now, big guy. Let them work out their own problems." She started kissing a line down my chest, past my belly, until her warm talented mouth was teasing me.

"God, I was such an idiot waiting so long to make a move on you."

She laughed. "No shit. I'm still waiting for you to make a move. I've had to take the lead every step of the way. That's not good for a girl's ego, you know."

"I'm glad you did. Really glad."

She laughed. "Me too, baby. Me too." Then her mouth was too busy for talking.

It was pretty wonderful. I let her pleasure me, using all her new-found talents. Teasing me, torturing me, bringing me close, then easing off. I finally grabbed her head, and pulled her down on my cock.

I thought she might be offended, but she let me guide her, steer her. Lift her head up and down, further and further down, forcing my cock into her throat. The naughtiest sounds came from her violated mouth, egging me on.

I let her up, caressing her pretty face, rubbing my cock across her mouth. She gazed at me lovingly, reached up and put my hand back on top of her head. Opened her mouth wide, willing, waiting.

I pushed her down on my cock, stabbing deeper, until her lips slid forward, to the very base. I held her there, feeling her trembling, my entire length buried in her face. Five, ten, fifteen seconds, before I pulled her off gasping. She drooled a little, then opened her mouth wide again, her eyes capturing mine, glistening.

Again and again, I fucked her throat, amazed at how readily she was handling it. My hips thrust upward, as my hand pulled her head down, driving deeply, her nose pressed firmly against my pubes. I held her until her hand came forward, resting against my hip, hesitant, then pushing softly. I let her go, and she snapped her head back, taking a huge breath. I could see tears in her eyes, and I wiped them away.

"Come for me, Jeremy," she pleaded, then took my entire length on her own.

I clenched her hair in my fist, pulling her up, then back down, longer strokes, out to the lips, then all the way back down. So fucking incredible. I was groaning, no longer able to hold back. I shoved my cock all the way in, holding it there for a few seconds before coming hard. Rope after rope I ejaculated down her willing throat, until only a few tremors were left in my shaft.

She pulled off, gagging, coughing a couple of times. She sat up, wiping her mouth and eyes. I saw a shiver travel down her body.

She smiled. "That was different."

"Wow," I gasped.

"You liked it?"

"Do you even have to ask?"

She rolled off the bed, and I watched her disappear into the bathroom. She showed up a minute later, a hand-towel in her hands, wiping her face.

"It was almost too much," she said. "That's going to take some getting used to. Your mom makes it look so easy."

"She's had a lot more practice. Aunt Marie couldn't do that if she tried."

That won another smile from my girlfriend. "Feeling a little better now? Got rid of some of that stress?"

"God, Penny. I'm feeling nothing but adoration for my special girl."

She cuddled up to me. "Good. Glad to be of service." She lifted her head and gave me a quick little kiss. "Your mom thinks we should give you a break from the real thing for a couple of days of healing until your arm and leg are feeling better."

"Believe me, beautiful. What you did was very real."

She gave me a playful slap. "You know what I mean."

I was getting ready to query her on what Mom and Aunt Marie were up to, when I heard a car pull into the driveway. "Bet that's Colin."

Penny pouted, then climbed out of the bed. "Rest time's over, I guess. Get dressed, cowboy."

I spent a few moments watching her slowly cover up her beautiful body, then carefully slid my legs over the side of the bed. She tossed me my boxers and I put them on. She was teasing, throwing my t-shirt and shorts my way, playfully. When I had my clothing on, she sat next to me and help me with my two braces.

"Do they help?" she asked.

"Yeah, a little. It's really not that bad most of the time. I think they're overkill."

"Good. Get better. Time's running out, and there's lots more we need to do before I lose you for a while."

"You'll never lose me."

"For a while. Weekends and holidays, right?"

"As many as possible."

"If you can't make it up here, let me know. Maybe I can make the run down there."

"We'll work it out," I assured her.

My mother's voice echoed up the stairs. "JEREMY! COLIN'S HERE!"

Penny took my hand, and we ambled down to join the rest of the family.

* * *

Colin's visit was short. He was eager to go on his date, and was visibly anxious. He hardly seemed to notice the state Dad and I were in. Mom and Aunt Marie took turns giving him advice, and I smiled to hear Dad sit him down, and tell him the same things I'd heard a couple of years earlier when I'd first started dating. I don't know how much it helped, but I think Penny did the most for him.

When he was ready to go, she walked with him to the door. Before he could leave, she turned to face him, reaching up and straightening his collar. "Stop worrying, Colin. You're a good guy, and she'll realize it. Don't rush things, and be yourself. Whenever you don't know what to do, ask yourself what Jeremy would do. Now go have some fun, and you can tell us all about it later." She pulled his head down and gave him a kiss on the lips. "And stay out of her pants. It's still your first real date."

He nodded nervously, then gave her a big hug. "Thanks. I appreciate it."

She grinned. "That's what family's for, right handsome?" She gave him another peck, pointed him out the door and gave him a smack on the rear on the way out. "Be nice, but not too nice!"

She was grinning from ear to ear when she walked back into the living room. "Dinner almost ready?"

It was another 20 minutes or so before we were stationed at the table. Things had been getting better, but they were awkward again once we were all seated. Dad and I were at opposite ends of the table, with the sisters on one side, and Penny on the other. We'd been right about the lasagna, second time in little over a week. That was a treat.

We were mostly silent through the beginning of the meal, before Mom started in. "Things have to change around here," she said firmly.

"No shit," Dad muttered.

Mom glared at him. "That attitude is part of it, Harold. I'm sick and tired of you acting like everyone in the world is to blame for what happened, except for you of course."

Dad glanced over at Penny. "This is not the time or place for it, Alice."

Penny glared at him. "Right. You can manhandle me, feel me up, and fuck my face, but you won't talk in front of me? Thanks a lot Mr. Davis."

Dad flushed. "This is family business, Penny. That's all I meant."

"So I'm not your little girl anymore? Only when you want to play with my body, I guess. I thought I was part of this family now. You're really hurting my feelings," she appeared to be on the verge of tears.

Mom reached across the table, extending her hand, and Penny placed hers in Mom's. "Of course you're family, honey." Mom looked over at Dad. "She's part of this too."

Dad mumbled, and stuck a fork full of lasagna in his mouth so he wouldn't have to say anything.

Marie spoke up. "I can't believe you'd use me like that, Harold. I opened my heart to you, and you took advantage of me. You were going to fuck me just to get back at Alice. That's wrong in so many ways, I don't even want to think about it. Don't you even care for me at all? Is that all I am, just a fuck-toy to be used for revenge?"

I started to feel bad for Dad. They were really ganging up on him.

"It wasn't like that, Marie," Dad said softly. "I... I've always been interested in you, I just wouldn't think of doing anything because of Alice. Once she rejected me, I figured I wasn't going to worry about what she thought, since she didn't care about me."

Mom's eyes blazed. "That's bullshit and you know it, Harold! Say that to my face. Tell me you honestly believe I don't love you and care about you, more than anyone else in the world."

"Not as much as your son," he snapped.

"You really believe that?" she gasped.

"Pretty obvious, isn't it? I gave you twenty fuckin' years, and you threw them away for him."

Mom stood up and she was shaking, she was so angry. "If that's how you see it, I guess we're done." She reached her arm out and swept all the dishes in front of him onto the floor. "I'm done apologizing and trying to make things right. You used me, Harold. You knew what had happened, and made me a sex object in front of our son. If you didn't want me involved with him, why the fuck did you hold me down and teach him to make me cum with his fingers, even after I told you to stop? What did you expect after telling him he could do everything but fuck me? Jesus, you used me as a cum-dump, while I was sitting in his lap!"

I think we were all stunned by her outrage.

Mom stomped away, then turned back, grabbed the large bottle of wine off the table, and took it with her upstairs.

Penny stood, placing her napkin on the table. "I think I should leave. I know when I'm not wanted." She turned to face me, glaring. "Thanks for sticking up for me. Thanks a lot."

"Penny..." I called out to her, but she literally ran to the front door, and was gone before I could even stand up. I moved slowly, straightening my braced knee, and started to follow her.

"Let her go," Dad said softly. "Give her some time."

I turned to face him. "I think I'm done taking advice from you. I thought you knew everything. Seems like you don't know shit about women."

It took me a good fifteen minutes to get to her house. I knocked on the door, and Colleen answered it.

"Oh my God, Jeremy! What happened to you?" she asked.

"It's a long story, Colleen. Can I talk to her?"

She opened the door wide. "Come in. Have a seat, I'll go get her. You guys aren't fighting again, are you? She seemed upset when she came in."

I shrugged. "I don't know. That's why we have to talk."

She returned a few minutes later. "She doesn't want to talk to you right now. She won't listen to me. Maybe later, Ok?"

I nodded. "Before I go, would you please remind her what happened the last time we didn't talk? I don't want that to happen again."

My pleas fell on deaf ears, and 10 minutes later I was making that long walk back home. What a disaster our lives had become.

When I got home, Dad was on the floor cleaning up the mess. Marie was nowhere to be seen. The dinner was still on the table. I limped over and started moving things to the kitchen, storing the leftover lasagna in the frig, putting things away.

Dad dumped the broken dishes in the garbage, and helped load the dishwasher after I rinsed. He was moving slow, obviously in pain from his bruised ribs, and working with one hand didn't help.

"Why couldn't you have just stayed away from her, Jeremy? Wasn't Marie enough?" Dad asked softly.

"Why didn't you confront us from the beginning if you knew? Why all the fucking games, Dad?"

He stopped loading, and leaned against the counter heavily. "I didn't know for sure. I suspected, I worried, but I didn't know. When it was only a possibility, it didn't matter so much. I convinced myself you'd played around, but didn't go all the way. I let myself believe your half-truths. I don't know why it hit me so hard when you two confessed."

"You should have said something from the start," I insisted.

"You shouldn't have fucked your mother and lied about it."

"I know. The difference is, I've accepted my responsibility for everything I've done wrong, and tried to make up for it."

"I'm not taking the blame for this," Dad continued to argue. "You guys screwed up."

I was tired, sore, and feeling more than a little depressed. "Whatever. You're perfect, I get it. You never do anything wrong. Sorry nobody else can measure up. I guess you're gonna get what you want."

"What is that supposed to mean?"

"You're on your own. I'm tired of trying. I'll be gone in two weeks. At the rate you're going, Mom may be gone before then." I walked away from him, and headed to the garage. I grabbed a beer, and took it to my room, where I washed down my pain pills with the cold brew. I liked the way it made me not feel.

I was wallowing in my misery again, trying to figure out what I was supposed to do. Maybe that was my problem. I was always trying to figure things out. Over-thinking things. Sure as shit, my plans so far didn't count for crap.

Dad had retreated to his room, slamming the door. Mom was in the back guest bedroom, working on her bottle of wine, I suppose. I was doing time in my own room. I had no idea where Aunt Marie was. Colin was on a date. How the fuck did that work out, where Colin was the only one gettin' any lovin'?

I heard the doorbell, and realized I'd been zoning out. Gotta figure it was the good drugs. It was after 11:00, and I could hear Colin come in, gushing about his evening. Mom walked past my door, headed downstairs. Before long there was laughing and giggling echoing up the stairway. Not too long after that, it got quiet. Too quiet.

It took me a couple of minutes to pull it together and struggle out of the bed. I headed to the stairs, and walked down far enough to see what they were up to. Aunt Marie was kissing Colin, and his hands were inside her shirt. Mom was leaning against his back, whispering. After a minute or so, he pulled away, turned and did the same with Mom, his hand starting at her waist, and slowly moving upward, inside the material of her top.

After another minute or two, his hand moved downward, between Mom's thighs. Aunt Marie slapped his hand away, chuckling. I moved down another step so I could hear things better.

"Too damn eager, Colin," Aunt Marie teased, taking his hand and putting it back on Mom's tit. "It was only your first real date. You'll know when she wants to go further."

"How?" he whined.

Mom glanced over at me on the stairs. "Ask Jeremy, he'll tell you."

Colin jerked back away from Mom, blushing, looking over at the stairwell where I was sitting.

Mom glared at me. "Is this what's it's come to, Jeremy? Now you're a Peeping Tom?"

I stood and walked into the room, heading over to Dad's chair, since the couch was full. "Really Mom? Is that what you think? No chance I came down to hear how my cousin's first solo date went, and didn't want to interrupt?"

Mom's turn to blush, although she had called it right the first time. I was spying on them, I realized, with more than a little shame.

Luckily Colin still had no clue about all the underlying tension in the house. "How'm I gonna know, Jeremy? When do I make my move?"

I had to laugh. "You have a move?"

Aunt Marie glared at me. "Yes he does, and a pretty good one."

I put my hands up in mock surrender. "Alright, Aunt Marie. I believe you. Hell, if you and Mom taught him, you sure as shit don't need my help. How come I never got any kind of tutelage from you two?"

Mom answered. "You had your father, Jeremy."

I shook my head. "Listen. I love Dad, but I would have much preferred hands on training from you two. It might not have taken me nine months to get a blow job from Penny, and nearly a full year to get laid."

Colin looked frustrated. "Is someone gonna tell me when I make my move?"

Both moms chuckled.

"Take it easy Colin. It's not a race. Jesus, didn't you hear what I just said? It took me a friggin' year," I explained.

"I don't wanna wait a year," he whined.

I sighed. "Alright. Mom, come over here and sit on my lap."

Mom looked at me like she was annoyed, but she eventually made her way over. I straightened my bad leg and got her positioned carefully, sitting sideways, facing the other two.

"If she'll sit on your lap, she's ready for a little more intimacy. Dad says it's a flag. Like when she plays with her hair, or touches your arm and shoulder a lot. When her touches move from your arms and chest to your face, that's a big clue. If she'll let you pull her into your lap, and she stays there, it probably means she's ready to be more intimate."

Colin reached over and started pulling his Mom into his lap. Mom and I laughed. "Jesus, not like that Colin!" Mom teased.

He frowned. "How then?"

"Easiest way is to start with both of you standing. Maneuver it so that your back is to the couch, and she's facing you. Go ahead, try it," I told him.

Aunt Marie stood, and Colin was right behind her. "You don't even have to be kissing or anything. Get up Mom, let me show him."

Mom stood, and I climbed out of the chair. I took Mom by the hand and walked a few steps away from the chair. Then I turned, still holding her hand, and walked back. I sat down, and as I was sitting, I grabbed her hips, and drew her down with me, casually, pulling her into my lap and putting my arm around her. "There. That's not so difficult is it?"

Colin followed my lead, a little awkwardly, but he got his mother in his lap. She wiggled herself comfortable, and looked over at me, eyebrows raised in question. "So that's it?" she asked.

I shrugged, cuddling with Mom. "That's what Dad says. She's comfortable in your lap, she's likely comfortable with a little more than necking."

Colin reached between his mother's legs, and she slapped his hand away. He frowned, and I had to laugh. "Damn it, Colin! Don't just grab her. She's yours now. Cuddle, kiss, fondle a little. If she seems cool with everything, go for the inner thigh, and work your way up."

I decided that showing was better than telling, and I pulled Mom's face around and started kissing her. She seemed a little uptight at first, but after a minute or two things were getting better.

"God, I've missed this, Mom," I whispered to her, my hand under her shirt, caressing the soft skin of her waist.

"Me too, baby," she murmured, settling more comfortably into my lap.

We necked like teenagers, while my hands started their exploration. It wasn't long before I had her bra unsnapped in back, and my hands were inside her shirt, on the bare flesh of her breasts.

Mom was caressing my face, her fingers soft, barely touching me. "Does it hurt much?" she whispered.

"Not really, just the leg."

She shifted her weight, and I pulled her hip in close, pressing her bottom against my erection. "It's fine, Mom. My leg doesn't hurt now. Just sometimes when I move wrong."

My hand slid off of her hip, and started caressing the inside of her thigh. She giggled softly. "Think you're smooth, don't you?"

"Hardly. I'm learning I don't know much at all about women, sadly enough. Seems almost silly me trying to teach Colin anything."

Mom kissed me warmly. "Don't over-think things, baby. When you're in the now, acting and reacting, you... you're almost irresistible. It's all the other crap that messes things up."

My hand had made it to her crotch, feeling the heat of her body. I caressed her softly, rubbing gently. She seemed to melt into me, her head resting on my shoulder. "Naughty boy," she murmured, opening her legs a tad.

I continued to rub her through her shorts, teasing her, while she squirmed delightfully. Her mouth was glued to mine, getting reacquainted after far too long.

Mom sighed, resting her head on my shoulder. "Not too much, baby. Not here, with everyone watching."

"You really think Colin's paying attention to us?" I teased.

She whimpered softly as my fingers entered the side of her shorts pressing against the puffy flesh between her legs. Wet. Very.

"Alice."

I looked up and Aunt Marie was standing in front of us, looking exasperated.

"What?" Mom asked, closing her legs.

"Can you deal with Mr. Hands over there?" Aunt Marie nodded toward the couch. "He doesn't hear a damn word I say, in one ear and out the other."

Mom giggled, twisting her legs to the side as she climbed out of lap. "You think he's gonna behave better with me?" Mom asked.

"No, but you seem to be able to control him better."

Mom leaned over and gave me a quick kiss. "Give me a minute?"

I wanted to drag her back to my lap. She'd been off-limits for too long, and now that we were back on the road to fun, I hated to let a moment slip away. But he was my cousin, and I'm sure Aunt Marie would find a way to keep me occupied.

"Of course, Mom." I reached out a hand to Aunt Marie, who slid into my lap readily. That earned me a quick second-glance from Mom. I guess she hadn't counted on that. Still, she didn't chew me out or nothin'.

Aunt Marie leaned in, pressing her lips to mine. "How you doin'?" she asked softly.

"Better, now," I answered, my hand caressing her body.

"Now? Better than when your Mom was sittin' here?" she teased.

"No. Not better than Mom. That was different. We were gettin' to know each other, after our forced separation. Better than you not sittin' here." I pulled her head down for another kiss, sliding my hand inside her shirt. "What's the deal with Dad? You two actin' all lovey-dovey all day, than ganging up on him over dinner."

Aunt Marie was wearing a t-shirt and shorts, similar to Mom. She sat up and reached behind her, unsnapping her bra, then she was pulling that woman magic of removing her bra while keeping her shirt on.

"Dinner was a mistake. We really want to make sure he knows he's loved and appreciated right now. That must have been a real blow to his ego, getting beat up and almost hospitalized by this son. Ruining his plans. He's in no shape to be doing anything in the bedroom for a while. The doctor said to give it a week, after the number you did on

him in the jewels. That was uncalled for, baby. You don't do that to your father."

I spread my legs, so she could settle down between them, and my hand was inside her shirt, playing with her bare breast. "I know. Didn't mean to go there, but it was getting ugly. He tried to do the same to me, and the shot to the knee had me believing he was really out to hurt me. I kind of lost it."

Aunt Marie's hand was rubbing my crotch, while she kissed my neck. "No kidding. You two had us scared to death. I never would have believed it possible. You and your father."

"Me neither, to be honest. I never expected him to hit me like that." She peeked over my shoulder. "Check out Alice."

I looked over, and Mom was cuddling up to Colin. His hand was stroking up and down her thigh, right up to the edge of her shorts, but no further.

"I don't know how she does it. She's got him behaving, when he doesn't heed a thing I say." She sounded frustrated.

"Don't ask me. Doesn't make much sense. Mom's pretty submissive, once she gets worked up."

"Alice?"

"Hell yeah. That's part of our problem. She can't say no to me or Dad. So when there's a conflict between me and him, it messes her all up," I explained.

"Really? That doesn't seem like her at all."

"Wanna see? Watch this." I turned toward the couch. "Mom. I need you over here. Now."

Mom looked over at me, gave Colin a quick kiss on the cheek, and pushed his hand away. She got up and walked over. "What's wrong, baby?" she asked nervously.

"Take off your bra, Mom," I said firmly, giving Aunt Marie a little squeeze to pay attention.

"But Jeremy..."

"Now, Mom. Take it off."

Mom turned her back to the couch, reached inside her shirt, and a few seconds later her bra was off. I reached my hand out, and she gave me her bra.

"I need a kiss, Mom," I said. "I already miss you."

She smiled and leaned over, kissing me firmly. After a few seconds she pulled away. "I'm right over there, baby. I'm not going anywhere."

"Don't let him in your pants."

She nodded. "Of course not. That's what we're trying to teach him, right?"

"Just so you understand. We're going to have rules with Colin. You stay out of his pants, and he stays out of yours."

"These... these rules are just for Colin, right?" she said softly, glancing over at her sister.

"Those are Colin rules. I'm not going to give you any rules about Dad. He's your husband. It goes without saying, nothing happens with anybody outside of the family."

Her head bobbed up and down rapidly. "Of course! I'd never do anything like that!"

"Good. Go back to Colin now. I'll give you 10 minutes. See if you can get him in line."

Mom grinned. "That's not a problem. He'll do as he's told." She leaned down a gave me a quick kiss. "I'll be good."

"I know, Mom. I just had to make sure we agreed on what 'good' is. I love you."

She gave me a huge smile. "Don't you be bad, either," she said, nodding at her sister.

"Don't worry. We'll talk later, you and I, about Marie rules, Ok?"

She nodded as she turned to go back to her nephew. I checked the time on the cable box, to start her 10 minutes.

Aunt Marie was chuckling. "Damn. I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it myself."

"Can you face me, Aunt Marie?" I asked.

She turned in my lap, slipping her knees down beside my thighs. I pulled her close. "She's my Mom, and she makes the rules around the house. I accept that. But once we start getting intimate, she just gives over all control."

"You figured that out all on your own?" Marie asked, as I pulled her shirt up, exposing her breasts. She didn't stop me.

"Nope. Dad filled me in. As soon as he told me, her behavior all made sense."

"So what's your plan now, Jeremy?"

"No plan. I'm done with plans. They all seem to blow up in my face. I'm going with the flow."

I leaned down and sucked on her nipple. God, she had incredible tits.

"What's the flow telling you?" she asked, grinding her crotch against my hard-on.

"That you have the most incredible tits, and I'd be a fool to ignore them. For the next 10 minutes, you and I have a little catching up to do."

"And after that?" she asked.

"After that, I don't know. But I'm not letting anybody, Mom or otherwise, tell me what I can or can't do with you. Only you can make that call."

"Really?" she asked. "Won't that cause trouble?"

"I don't know. I'm not going to worry about it. You and Mom can work out your own issues. I'm done interfering. If Mom has heartburn over anything I do with you, that's between me and her. I guess the only real wildcard is Penny, but for the moment she's not speaking to me."

I pulled Marie down for a long kiss, my hands slipping into her shorts, squeezing her ass. When she pulled away, I went back to her breast, licking and sucking.

"I don't want to mess things up between you and your girl," Aunt Marie said softly.

"You're mine, Aunt Marie. I'm not letting anybody else interfere with that again."

"What about your father?"

"I'm willing to share."

"You wouldn't mind?"

"He's my Dad, Marie. I know how you feel about him. Just like I know how he feels about you."

She nibbled on my ear. "What does he feel about me?"

"He wants you. Of course. The only reason he never did anything was Mom. Once she gives her Ok, you're going to be beating him off with a stick."

She giggled. "I'm sure we can think of something much better than beating him off. You have a plan to get Alice to give her approval?"

I shook my head. "No. I'm out of that business. That's up to you two to workout. I hope she figures out that when she's in my bed, it's not fair that Dad be alone."

"Is she gonna be in your bed?"

"A lot."

"And me?"

"Of course. I'm dying to fuck you. You were wrong about me not wanting you the other day when I had you in my bed. Yes, I was still up to my games, and while you were napping, I dropped two loads in Mom. That's why I wasn't instantly hard for you." I took her hand and placed it on my hard cock. "Do you doubt I want you now?"

"That's for me? Not your Mom?"

"Jesus, Marie! Isn't it obvious? You must know you've always been my fantasy. If Mom and I didn't have a lot of issues to resolve, I'd have you

in my bed right now. But you have Colin to deal with, and I've got to make Mom understand how things are now. But after tonight, I'm done holding back. You need to prepare your son for that."

That seemed to make her nervous. I saw her looking over at the couch again. "What am I supposed to tell him?"

"I don't know. Whatever you want. I'm not going to dictate the relationship between you and Colin. That's up to you."

"I can't leave him in our house alone. What do I say when I want to spend the night with you? Will you come to me?"

"We have two guest rooms. I think you should take one, and him the other. I figure you're not going to be sleeping alone anymore. You need to be here with us."

She pulled away a bit. "That's a big step, Jeremy. What if your father has issues?"

I grinned. "The way I see it, you and Mom can work that out. You two need to work together."

"But we're just starting to resolve our own issues."

I pulled her down for another kiss. "It was just an idea. I probably shouldn't even have suggested it. Everything I plan blows up. Forget I even mentioned it."

"I... let me think about it, Ok? It sounds great, but I don't know..."

It had been 10 minutes. I pulled down her shirt, and patted her bottom. "Time for you to see if your boy's learned his lessons. He's yours the rest of the night." I turned to the couch, while Aunt Marie climbed off my lap. "Ten minutes, Mom. Break it up over there. I need you."

Colin pulled his hand out of her shirt, grinning. Mom gave him a quick peck, and hustled over to me. I stood and took her in my arms. "How'd it go?"

She giggled. "He's a pussycat. No problems at all. Marie's going to have to deal with his issue below the waist. That's what mother's are for, right, baby?"

I gave her a quick kiss, and took her hand in mine. "Exactly. Come on, let's go to bed."

She was only momentarily reluctant. I gave her hand a little tug, and she followed me up the stairs.

We had a lot of catching up to do.

Taking Charge

Mom hesitated at the entrance to my room. "Are you sure about this, Jeremy?"

"Absolutely. You're not going to spend another night in the guest room, as long as I'm around. Either you're in Dad's bed or you're in mine. If he doesn't want you in with him, I sure as hell do."

"What if..."

"'What if' nothing, Mom. He sent you to me, remember? You're mine until he asks for you back." And even then, we'll see.

"He was angry. He didn't mean it."

"Enough, Mom. He was going to fuck Aunt Marie, while you were relegated to the guest room. I'm not going to let that happen. It's gone too far. Come to bed."

She let me draw her into the room, closing the door behind us. I started undressing her, but she pulled away.

"Mom..."

"I want to clean up before bed, baby. Please? I'll feel better."

"Alright. Five minutes. I'm going to do the same."

She nodded. "I'm going to check on your father. I'll be back in a few minutes."

With my allotted five minutes, I shaved, and brushed my teeth. Back in my bedroom, I took a couple of pain pills, and started removing the braces. I realized my arm hadn't been hurting me hardly at all, although my leg was still sore. It was closer to ten minutes, and I was about to get up and go looking for her, when Mom opened the door, closing it quietly behind her. I started to get up, but she shook her head. "You just relax. It's been a long day."

She grabbed the bottom of her t-shirt and pulled it off. She was naked underneath it, and moments later was climbing into my bed. It took me only a few seconds to catch up to her, shedding my shorts and boxers.

I slipped under the covers with her, killing the bedside lamp. She came to me, easing into my arms, and her lips sought out mine. The kiss promised untold pleasures.

"What's our rules, Jeremy?" she asked softly.

I pulled her closer, my hand sliding down her back, cupping her butt-cheek. "No more rules. You're mine, Mom. For the next couple of weeks, until I head to school. When you're in this bedroom, you are 100% mine. All of you."

"What about your father?"

"You can go to his bed anytime you want. When you do, Aunt Marie will stay with me."

"She'll sleep with you?" I heard a little resistance in her voice.

"Only when you don't. You get to make that decision."

"But you know I need to spend time with your father. I can't leave him alone every night until you leave."

"Then don't leave him alone."

"But I want to be with you, baby. I need to be. We have so little time left!"

"It's not either/or, Mom. You can be with me, and he doesn't have to be alone."

I felt her stiffen up, and I gave her a squeeze, bringing my lips to hers. When I pulled away a couple of minutes later, she had relaxed again. "I love you, Mom."

She squeezed me. "I love you too, baby. I don't know if I can do it. You're talking about sending Marie to him, aren't you?"

"It's up to you, isn't it? For the next week, he's not supposed to be doing anything, anyway. There's no rush."

"Aren't I enough for you, Jeremy? Why would you turn to her?"

"I love her, Mom. You know that. Almost as much as I love you. If I can't have you, I'm going to have her."

"What if I don't want that? What if I say no?"

"Then you can go to the guest room, and send Marie in here."

"You... you'd throw me away for her?"

"Never. I told you, as long as you're in my bedroom, I'm yours and you're mine. When you leave me, I'll have Aunt Marie."

"But Jeremy..." she started to whine.

"Enough Mom. For now, you're here, and you're mine. Let's forget about everything else for the moment. I need you to suck me now."

I gave her a little push for impetus, and she slid down my body. I sighed as I felt her mouth engulf me. "God, I've missed this," I told her.

She started calmly, sucking me gently, but after a minute or two, I felt her start in with her tricks. "Easy, Mom. We're in no hurry."

She ignored me, driving me crazy with her sweet mouth. I pushed the covers down, so I could watch her. She peered up at me, and smiled, stroking my cock, while she pulled her mouth away. "Marie's not going to do this for you," she smirked.

"Not half as well, that's for damned sure. You're the best, Mom. Incredible."

She grinned. "Don't you forget it either."

"Suck your son, Mom."

She was out to prove something, and gave it her all. I was helpless before that onslaught. I was a couple of inches down her throat, when I felt the impending finish. "Gonna come," I groaned.

She eased back, holding the head in her mouth, her tongue lashing me, while her hand stroked away. I moaned, and erupted between her lips. She sucked me dry, and kept at it until I was firm again. It only took a few minutes. It was Mom, after all.

"Ride me, Mom."

She didn't need any more encouraging. She straddled my hips, and lowered herself onto my cock, sighing as she did so. I groaned, pushing up into her. She put her hand on my stomach, holding me down. "Patience, Jeremy."

"God, you feel so good."

"And you're awfully big. Be patient with me, Ok?"

I nodded as she moved up and down my cock, taking more and more, until she was sitting all the way down, my cock buried inside of her. "Be careful with your leg, baby boy," she said.

"I love this," I told her.

She grinned. "I know. Me too."

She rode me upright for a few minutes, then laid down on top of me, lifting her hips and letting me pound up into her. "I can't believe how perfect it is with you."

She chuckled. "Better than your new girlfriend?"

"I love her to death, but it's a chore with her. I have to be so careful. I know it'll get better, but with you it's perfect. Like you were made for me."

She giggled, turning and kissing me. "You got it backwards, baby. You were made for me. By me, in me." She moved her hips up and down on my cock, meeting my strokes halfway. "A little harder, baby. You can make Mommy come like this."

I grabbed her ass, and held it, while I pounded up into her. I felt a twinge in my knee, and turned it sideways, letting my other leg do all the work. It was a bit of a strain, but Mom was worth it. I felt her breathing change, and her head dropped down tucking in between my neck and shoulder. "Fuck me, Jeremy," she gasped.

I gave her my all, hammering away at her, holding her ass, and driving her down against my cock with each stroke. "Yes - oh, yes - yes, yes, YES!" she cried out, and I felt her come for me, her pussy clamping down on my cock, her fingers digging into me.

I kept pounding her, dragging her orgasm out for as long as possible, until the strain was too much. I slowed down, then stopped, lowering her onto my cock. She rose up on her hands, her breasts bracketing my face, and started a slow steady motion, back and forth, riding my cock wonderfully. We were quiet as she took care of me. I had my hands on her perfect ass, swatting her bottom playfully.

"Relax, baby, let Mommy take care of you," she whispered huskily, her swaying motion hypnotizing, breasts swinging in front of me, while I

slid in and out of her. I looked up into her gentle smile, and saw her action for what it was, comforting and loving.

I settled into the bed, adjusting my leg and arm for the least discomfort as Mom took care of me. As she always had.

"Mom, I..."

"Shhh, baby. Relax. No talking now, Ok? Let me love you."

No more words from me. The occasional moan maybe, a few sighs, as she gave me comfort.

"Can I come for you, Mom?"

She smiled, kissing my forehead. "I'd love you to come for me, Jeremy. But you shouldn't come in me. It's not safe. You can have my mouth or bottom, but for the next few days, it would be best to keep those little baby-makers out of the oven."

"You're not on the pill?"

"Why would I do that? Your father got snipped ages ago."

"But in the car..."

"Timing baby. I was about as safe as could be. Now's not the same. We have to be careful."

She changed her rhythm, lowering her body onto mine, and hammering her hips up and down on my cock. I wrapped my arm around her shoulders, clinging to her, hugging her close, while I started reacting, thrusting into her.

"Let me do it, baby boy. Just warn me when you're close." she whispered into my ear, her actions lengthening, riding more of my shaft.

"I want to come in you, Mom," I told her, clasping her tighter. I wasn't about to let her go.

"Please, baby. Not now," she squirmed, tugging away. "Not like this. We need to talk about it."

"Now Mom. I need it. I need you."

I squeezed her tightly as she gave up control, ceasing all resistance. She whimpered softly as I felt the release. Her actions changed again, and she stopped fighting it, and joined me. She was pushing back against me, when I erupted, coming hard. She gasped, her pussy tightening, milking me sweetly. "Fill me, Jeremy. Fill me up, my lovely boy."

My cock pulsed its seed home. Mom settled down onto me, kissing my face carefully, avoiding my injuries, brushing my hair aside. "I love you, Jeremy," she whispered.

"God, I love you so much, Mom."

She smiled. "I know. You've proven that much, haven't you?"

I released her, sliding my hand down her back, caressing her perfect ass cheeks. Kissing her neck, her shoulder. She snuggled against me for a couple of minutes, then climbed out of my bed. She retreated to the bathroom, and returned a few minutes later with a warm washcloth. Sitting on the edge of the bed, she cleaned me, finishing with her warm mouth, sucking gently for a short while.

She was only playing, teasing. She looked up at me. "Jeremy. That was very irresponsible of us, you understand? What if something happened? What if...?"

"I love you, Mom. More than anything. I need you to be mine, in every way."

Of course I knew what she was talking about. And I did feel a little guilty. The idea of my mother being so much more, my woman, my wife, the mother of my children, was breathtaking. But I was going off to college. Leaving her behind. Now wasn't the time.

"But you're right. That was irresponsible of me. I can't help it. You know what you do to me. I'll try to be more careful in the future."

Before she had me ready to go again, she grabbed the sheets, pulling them over us as she laid down beside me, hugging me. "No more for tonight, alright? You need your rest."

I hummed my assent, hugging her close. She got comfortable, leaning against me, her head resting on my shoulder.

There may be something better. I don't know. I'm only 18 years old, and have a lot of living ahead of me. But lying there, holding her, falling asleep with my naked mother in my arms was about as wonderful as it gets. Smelling her, feeling her, the warmth, the love emanating from her. I was able to relax totally, basking in the emotion, the sensation, the unmitigated selfless love. A mother's love.

* * *

I woke slowly, spooning her body. I slid my hand up from her waist, cupping her breast. Her huge breast. I played with it for a moment, until it hit me. "Morning, Aunt Marie," I said softly.

I felt her chuckle. "Good Morning, Jeremy. Sleep well?" She turned in my arms facing me.

"Wonderfully. You?"

She grinned. "Pretty good. Colin's learning to behave himself, mostly."

"It must be damned hard, with you in his bed."

Another giggle. "Very hard. I took care of it of course. Twice. What good mother wouldn't?"

"So you and him..."

"Handjob. I don't want to steal his youth. His first time should be with someone his own age. Let them learn together. Not that he won't get a little coaching on the way."

"You and Mom are pretty amazing coaches. Lucky Colin."

She pressed her lips to my shoulder, kissing me softly. "You're not doing so bad yourself, are you?"

"I'm not complaining."

She rose up a little, and brought her lips to mine. Briefly. "We gotta do something about that breath," she teased, kissing my jaw line.

"I just need a few minutes."

She hugged me, giving me a little shake. "Not now. I'm officially on wake-up duty. You're the last one still in bed. Even your father's up."

I pouted, trying to hang onto her, as she wriggled out of my arms, giving me a little push. "Up, Jeremy. The day's a-wasting."

As I sat up, I saw she had panties on. She grabbed her shirt, and pulled it over her head, hiding away the eye-candy. She caught me staring, and laughed. "C'mon, sugar. Up and dressed, you can shower after breakfast. It'll be ready any minute. Don't get me in trouble."

She tossed me my shorts, and selected a shirt for me from the closet. As I got dressed, she helped with the knee brace. When she passed me the elbow brace, I told her I didn't think I needed it.

"We're not taking any chances. Give it a few more days," she insisted.

When we got downstairs, Dad was holding court with Colin, while my cousin filled him in on his date. I felt a pang of jealousy, only for a moment. I hoped that the fight with my father wouldn't change us that much. Aunt Marie guided me to the table, and went to help Mom serve up breakfast.

"Food's on," Mom called out, and Dad and Colin got up and joined us. Dad was still moving real slow. Not that I was moving a whole lot faster.

It was a big Sunday brunch. Eggs, bacon, hash-browns, toast, fruit. We started out eating quietly, no reference to the previous night's fiasco. Mom reached out and grabbed his hand. "Sorry I got so mad at dinner," she said.

Dad looked up at her, and squeezed her hand. "You're right. We do need to talk. Afterward?"

She nodded. "I think we need to re-carpet the bedroom."

Dad shook his head. "Big scrap piece in the garage attic. We should be able to cut out the worse and replace it. It's not that big a task. It'll give me something to do."

Aunt Marie had an issue with that. "You can direct. The boys can handle the work."

There was a new atmosphere around the table. I could sense it. I wondered if everyone else could. Dad and I still sat at the opposite ends of the table, but Marie was sitting near me, with Colin between her and Dad. Mom was careful to stay in the middle, but watched over me, making sure I had whatever I needed. I felt a subtle change. I liked it.

Dad seemed oblivious, but I wonder how much of that was his drugs. He still looked to be half-out of it.

"Penny?" Aunt Marie asked me.

I shrugged. "Don't know what she was so pissed about. I went over and tried to talk to her but she wouldn't see me."

"Give her a little time," Mom said.

"I'll try again later, but I'm not going to be the one always crawling back to her. I don't know what this game is, but I don't think I like it."

I thought Dad was going to interject something, but he bit his tongue and kept eating.

"What do we need for the carpet, Dad?" I asked.

"I'll make a list. You can Colin can pick up what's needed."

I thought about that. I had a feeling it was a way to get me out from underfoot, while he and Mom talked. That was fine by me. Wasn't going to change anything as far as I was concerned.

Things were surprisingly normal afterward. Colin and I did the work, and Dad supervised. Aunt Marie and Mom took turns checking in on us, and bringing us drinks. I wondered if they weren't afraid that Dad and I might blowup at each other, but they needn't have. It was almost like old times.

Colin may well have been part of it. I don't think I'd ever seen him in a better mood, and Dad was in full-on guidance mode. "You need to call her later. Don't make a big deal about it. Just a simple, hey, how's it going, and an offer to get together again. Women need reassurance. They're always talking about the fragile male ego, but it's not like theirs isn't made of sugar crystal, ready to crumble at the smallest perceived slight."

Colin was all ears, hanging on Dad's every word. I was reminded of myself a couple of years earlier. Back when I believed Dad knew everything. That he was the smartest guy in the world. Before I knew better.

Maybe he didn't know everything. Perhaps I pushed him too high up on his pedestal. He still had been the best Dad I could have hoped for.

I grinned. "Listen to him, Colin. You think I could have landed someone like Penny on my own? Dad's forgotten more about women than we're like to learn in the next 20 years."

"Can't say I know everything. Not by a long shot, but whatever knowledge I do have is yours. You only have to ask." He was looking at Colin, but I felt the words were directed at me equally.

The carpet looked good. You could hardly tell what we'd done, unless you were looking for it.

Mom and Aunt Alice joined us for an inspection. With their approval, I gathered up the tools to put them away. Colin helped Dad down the stairs. He was walking slow and funny, and I still felt a little bad about the whipping I'd given him. Mom got out the vacuum, and Aunt Marie gathered up the remaining carpet remnant and followed me to the garage. She volunteered to take the carpet pieces into the attic, since my leg brace made it difficult.

She was wearing shorts, baggy legged, and I got a hell of a view coming and going. Aunt Marie was a little nervous and I assured her I'd hold the ladder steady. Which meant I was looking straight up her shorts as she came back down. On about the third step, she lowered herself right onto my face.

"Jeremy!" she squealed.

I was playing with her, wiggling my nose between her cheeks. She started giggling, sticking her butt out. "You are so bad," she snickered.

I reached up and pulled her shorts and panties to the side, sticking my face back where it didn't belong.

"Jeremy!" she hissed. "Everyone's here! Just inside the door!"

"You drive me crazy, Aunt Marie. I want you so bad."

She pushed me away, blushing, and quickly dropped down a couple of steps. I turned her pinning her to the ladder, playing with her breasts.

"What has gotten into you?" she laughed.

"It's more what's not gotten into you. I'm sorry I played those stupid games with you and Mom, trying to bring everyone together. I was an idiot. I should have made love to you every chance I got. You were my childhood fantasy, my favorite person in the whole world, and I screwed things up."

I saw her smile, and she hugged me. "Am I really your favorite?"

"Don't be silly. You knew it. Everyone did. It was kind of obvious. My friend, my mentor. You always treated me like an adult. I loved that."

"What about your Dad? You guys always had a special relationship. I felt so guilty that none of my husbands ever developed that with Colin."

"We did. Maybe still do. But it was a father/son relationship. A great one, but different. He guided me, mentored me, encouraged me, set an example. You spoiled me, pampered me, gave me a shoulder to cry on, and a sympathetic ear. Not to mention starring in my fantasies for the last 5 years."

She slipped down to the last step, her face before mine. I kissed her, and she returned it with passion. "I understand. Your Mom and I both do. What you did was screwy, but we both recognize why you did it, and that means a lot to us. In the end, I think it's mostly worked. Alice and I are the closest we've been since, well, since forever. We owe it to you, and your silly machinations."

"Machinations?" I teased

"What? You think only you and your father are entitled to a vocabulary?"

I kissed her again, pressing against her body, toying with her tits. "What's going on, Jeremy? Where do you see this going?"

"I don't know. I'm not making any big plans anymore. I love you, and I want you. I want to spend the night with you."

"And your mother? Penny?"

"Does it have to include everybody? Do I have to choose? I've always loved you and Mom, does that have to change?"

"Honey, sex is different. You can feel love for our family, but you don't get to screw everyone you meet."

"I told Mom that if she wasn't in my bed, you would be."

She gave me a piercing look. "I get no say in the matter?"

"I told her last night. I'm telling you now. One or the other. I love both of you. Whoever I'm not with can be with Dad."

She shook her head. "Jeremy, Jeremy. Really? Your father gets your castoffs?"

I nibbled her neck. "Don't be ridiculous. Like either of you are castoffs. The sexiest, most beautiful women I know. I want both of you. That's what I really want. But Mom is Dad's wife, and I know how you've felt about him forever. I'm willing to share. With Dad. Nobody else."

"And my boy?" Aunt Marie asked, giving me a hard look.

"You said it. You want his first time to be with someone his age. I think it's cool that you two are teaching him. You know he doesn't have the same level of feelings that I have for you two."

"What about Penny?" Aunt Marie asked.

"I don't know. Jesus, Marie! It's so confusing, and if I try to make things work, it just goes to hell. I don't know. I want you. I want Mom. That's what I want. I think Penny is great, and love being with her, but it's not the same as with you and Mom. Can I be any clearer?"

"Honey, I'm not sure you know what you want. You're 18. You're going off to college. Things are going to change."

"No. I'm not going to love you or Mom any less. I'm starting to regret going away to college. Big time, when I could be here with you two."

"And Penny," she reminded me.

"Maybe. She's pissed at me again. I'm getting tired of it. I don't even know what I did wrong."

"A girl wants her man to stick up for her."

"Right. Last time I stuck up for her, she got mad. This time I don't, she gets mad. I can't win for losing."

Aunt Marie pulled me in for a hug. "We'll happen, Honey. I promise. For now, the most important thing is your parents. Their marriage is on shakier ground than ever. We've got to see them over this. That comes first, don't you think?"

"Sure, but I don't know how."

"That's for you and your father to work out," she said.

"I thought you and Mom said you were going to work it out?"

"We're trying, but it's slow going. You bangin' the hell out of your Mom last night didn't help. Alice is very vocal, you shouldn't have her screamin' like that with your father right down the hall. That's not right."

"He didn't want her. He sent her away. Told me to take her."

"He was angry and hurt. You know that. Don't be a jerk, Jeremy."

"No. If he doesn't want her, I do. If he sends her out of his bedroom, she's going to sleep with me."

"Talk to him, Jeremy. You two were always so close. Just talk to him and be honest."

I sighed. "Alright. I'll try. But if it blows up, don't blame me."

The conversation I knew I needed to have with Penny would have to wait. Aunt Marie was probably right. She usually was. Smarter than me about these things. I was willing to give it a try.

I got our mini-cooler, and put a six-pack in it. Opened the porch umbrella, and setup the beers. I went inside and hunted down Dad. He was parked in front of that damned TV again, watching some weird show about fishing. Golf? Fishing? I was getting worried.

"Dad, can you and I talk, man-to-man?"

He turned. "Always."

I held out my hand to help him out of the chair, he was moving worse than me. He gripped my hand and I pulled firmly, standing him up. I nodded outside, and he followed. At the table, I waited for him to get seated, and passed him a beer. He saw the six-pack and smiled. "Six beer talk? Must be pretty damned serious."

"I think it is."

"I don't suppose it would have anything to do with the dogs barking in the night?"

I guess he meant Mom. "Everything's a mess, isn't it? And I started it all. I'm sorry, and I want to work things out."

"Bangin' your mother is workin' things out?" he snapped.

"God Damn it! Stop, already!" I yelled. "No more fighting! We need to fix things, not keep pouring fuel on the fire. Jesus, I love you, but you're one stubborn old fool!"

"Don't sugar-coat it, Jeremy. You're taking her from me."

"You know, Dad, I thought you knew everything. Everything. But some areas, you're blind as a bat. I could never take her. How the fuck can you even say that? She loves you."

"She sure knows how to show it."

I sighed, taking a long drink from the beer. "This is going nowhere. Let's start over from the basics, Ok?"

He stared at me a while, took a sip and put his beer down. "Fine. What are the basics?"

"I think it's pretty simple. Mom loves you. You're angry at her, and she screwed up, hiding things from you. But you love her, and she loves you. Tell me if that isn't true."

"Just because I love her doesn't mean..."

"Basics Dad. You love each other. It's obvious. Next, I love you and Mom. Differently, I admit," I tried to make light of it, grinning.

"Thank God for that," he smirked.

"Did you hear me Dad? I love you. God, you... you're the best father a son could have. I hate changing that, hurting you like I did. Not the fight, that was just stupid. I broke your trust, and I hate that. Please,

forgive me for messin' with Mom, and not telling you immediately after it happened. Please."

He stared at me, but I saw the glisten in his eye, matching mine.

I got up and knelt beside his chair. I hugged him. "I'm a fucking lousy son, I know it. I'm sorry."

I felt his arm slowly go around my shoulders. "No, you're not. You love your mother. You stuck up for her. You took her in when I threw her out. I get it."

"How do we fix it, Dad? How?" I pulled away, and sat back in my chair. I wiped my eyes, and downed the rest of the first beer.

I barely heard his reply. "I don't know, son."

I popped two more beers. "Do you hate me now?" I asked.

"Don't be stupid. It doesn't befit you. You're my son. My only child. You're part of me. I could never hate you. I may get pissed at you, or be disappointed. I may even feel like kicking your ass, although that's becoming more troublesome. But I couldn't hate you. You... you know that. You're my son."

I nodded. "You and Mom love each other. You and I, you know how I feel. Mom and me..."

"Yeah, what about you and her?"

"We love each other. More than a mother and son should. My fault. I accept all the blame. But it happened and it is what it is. I love her more than anyone."

"Don't you understand that's wrong?" he said.

"Yeah. Doesn't change things a bit. I love her and she loves me, second only to you, and a close second at that. There's a difference of course. She's in love with you. She loves me largely because you and I are so much alike, and I'm her son."

"This doesn't seem so basic," he said.

I ignored his comment, moving on. "Finally, Aunt Marie loves you, and always has. I love her and she loves me. The only real question is how do you feel about her?"

Dad looked embarrassed. "Honesty, Dad. What about Aunt Marie?"

"She's a beautiful woman. A beautiful person, but I'm married to your mother..."

"No, forget that for the moment. Do you love her at all?"

"As family. I... I guess that after your mother and you, she would be the closest."

"Can we make this work out for us? You and me? Mom and Aunt Marie?"

"What are you saying?"

"You know exactly what I'm saying. You get both of them. Whoever you're not with, is with me."

"Do you even hear what you're saying? Me and Marie? Your mother would have a heart-attack. Hell, isn't that what our damn fight was about?"

"No, it wasn't about that. It was about the way you did it. Throwing Mom out, and bringing Aunt Marie home to rub her face in it. No more of that, Ok? Nothing out of spite. Everything out of love."

"Listen Jeremy..."

"God, Dad, can't you just admit it? You'd love to do Aunt Marie. Get those big breasts of hers. Be the first in her cherry ass. She'd faun all over you. You'd get the two hottest fucking women in the state. Just admit that you want her."

"It's not that simple," he continued to argue.

"Fine. You don't want to listen. You want to keep arguing. Here's how it goes. If Mom's not in your bed, she's going to be in mine, with all that entails. If Aunt Marie's not in your bed, she's going to be in mine. You can have either one. All you have to do is ask. Otherwise they're mine."

"She's my wife, damn it!" Dad growled.

"Yes she is. You threw her out of your room. I'm not saying you didn't have some cause. But you can't hold it over her forever. Take her back to your room, and she's yours. Not mine."

"And you'll leave her alone?"

"No. I love her. I'll be showing her a lot of attention, and will be willing to go back to our old rules. I won't fuck her, as long as she's in your bed."

"Mighty white of you, offering not to fuck my wife," he said sarcastically.

I nodded. "I think so. At the same time, I'm going to give you the same rules with Aunt Marie. No fucking her, front or back, as long as she's in my bed. You want her, all you have to do is ask, and I'll send her to your bed. With Mom's full approval."

"You don't know that."

"I do. I told her last night. I told Aunt Marie today. They're ours. Actually, for the moment they're mine," I said grinning. "But I'm willing to share with you. Even give you top billing. You make the choices."

"So I'm supposed to roll over and be thankful that I get my wife back?"

"No, Dad. We try to make things work. That's all. They both love you. They're finally willing to share you-"

"Your mother actually said that? She's fine with me being with Marie?"

"Yes. Any time you want. Say the word, and I'll have her on her knees in front of you, with Mom teaching her the basics." I smiled. "She's really not that good."

"But if she'd do it topless..."

I chuckled. "Yeah that would make up for a lot."

"What are you going to do about Penny?"

"I'm not sure. I think the real question is, what are you going to do with those two, when you don't have me to help you take care of them in a couple of weeks?"

I saw the first real smile. "Hell of a problem, don't you think?"

"Take a better man than I am, to work that one out."

Dad took his third beer, cracked it, and passed it to me. "This is insane, you know?"

"Fuck if I know. What I do know, is that week of sharing Mom with you was the best of my life. You teaching me how to take care of her, what she needs, what she likes, that was the best ever."

He smirked. "I bet." He took a sip. "I... I'm sorry I blew up at you guys. You're right. It was good. Some of the best sex of my life, too. Knowing the truth, when I already suspected, shouldn't have hit me like that."

"Nobody blames you. I screwed up a lot, with my games, trying to bring them back together, make everything work out."

"Like now?"

"No. No more games. I'm just laying it out there. With everyone." I leaned over. "I want to double them with you. Both of them."

"You are a sick little mother, aren't you?" he chuckled.

"I can't help it. When Mom's riding you, I want to walk up to her, stick my cock in her face, and make her suck me. When she's done, I just leave and let you keep fucking her brains out. I've fantasized about that since the first time you told me I could have her mouth."

"And your Aunt?"

"She's riding me cowgirl. You walk right in, swat her ass and tell her to get ready. I hold her to my chest, while you take her ass. We ride her ragged, taking turns, seeing how many ways she can handle two big cocks."

"You think she'd go for that?"

"She fantasizes about it. Want me to go get her? She'll tell you yourself."

He was half done with his beer, sitting back. "You're serious about all this?"

"For the next couple of weeks. Then they're both your problem."

"So if I said I wanted Marie tonight..."

"I'd say you were getting ahead of yourself. The doctor said you should give the old python a couple of days rest."

"Right. Thanks a hell of a lot for that. Asshole."

"You threw the first punch," I reminded him. "You still have to teach me that one."

He nodded. "Still. Even if we didn't do that, I could have her naked in my bed tonight?"

"She'd smother you in affection and those bodacious tits of hers."

"And your mother would be Ok with it?"

"Yes. She'd be with me," I explained. "Although I think it would be good at some point for us to keep the sisters together. With you. Let Mom deal with it better."

"You think that would help? You're stupider than you look."

I laughed. "I look like you, Dad. Just a little prettier now."

"Seriously. Both of them?"

"Here's my idea..."

* * *

I still had to deal with Penny. Dad was perched in front of his TV, but we was back to watching the NFL channel, thank God. The sisters were doting on him, and he wasn't taking it lying down, teasing them back, getting a little grab-ass in. I got a few curious looks from Mom and Aunt Marie, but I just smiled. I received my fair share of attention.

I called Penny's cell, but she didn't pick up. I tried her house, but she was out. Her mother said she and her father had gone to pick up her new car. They were supposed to be back any minute, so I headed over.

Colleen let me in, fixed me up with an iced-tea, and clucked over my condition. I forgot I still looked pretty sorry, and tried to brush it off, but she's a pushy one. She plopped herself in my lap, and had to check things out herself, kissing my boo-boos.

"Penny tells me things are different around here."

Colleen blushed. "In a big way. In a good way."

I gave her a peck. "I'm so happy for you. I take it you're happy?"

"Ecstatic. I know it's probably temporary. Nobody can keep up what we're doing forever, but it... it's amazing Jeremy. I guess we owe it all to you and the ornery daughter of mine, and your little video gifts." She grinned, leaning against me while I held her. "Not just the sex. That's great right now, but it's everything else. The renewed intimacy, the

talking, discussing our future, our dreams again. He's... he's everything he was, when I first fell in love with him."

"I think that's pretty wonderful. He's a lucky man."

"Not near as lucky as me," she said softly.

"Has Penny talked to you? She ran out of the house the other night, pissed off. I didn't even know why."

"No, she's not talking. She probably just needed to blow off some steam. She'll probably be in a much better mood when she returns."

"She said she might be getting blowjob lessons from you. Any chance of that?"

Colleen laughed. "Oh she did, did she? And who does she think she's supposed to learn on?"

"Don't ask me, I'm just wondering."

"No, no BJ lessons yet. Something could probably be worked out. I don't know if we could do what y'all did."

"Us?"

"Yeah. She told me. Your mother giving her lessons, using you and your father for practice. That was a bit of a stunner."

"That's a secret..."

"Of course. We have our own secrets, don't we?"

I nodded.

"I can keep them, if you can. Maybe we'll have to have you over for dinner... and a movie?" she teased. "I'm sure that would be conducive to lessons. Although I'm not sure if she should be practicing on her father. That's a little over the top. Hell, that's a lot over the top."

"Yeah, I suspect so. I doubt he'd complain."

She laughed again. "I doubt that very much." She sat up, gave me a peck on the cheek, and slipped off my lap. "I think they're here."

She had good ears, and I heard the rumble outside. I stood to face the music, and her father walked in. Alone.

"Where's Penny?" Colleen asked.

Joe smiled. "Heading over to his house, to show off her wheels, I imagine."

I opened my cell, and dialed her. No answer. Crap. "She's not answering."

Joe frowned. "She turned off her ringer while we were doing our negotiating. I bet she forgot to turn it back on."

I sighed, and gave Colleen a kiss on the cheek. "I'm gonna go get her. Thanks for seeing me."

Penny's father shook my hand on the way out the door. "She's my baby. Try not to hurt her."

"Never, if I can help it. Although I seem to be pretty clueless half the time. I never mean it, I swear. She's pretty wonderful."

He grinned. "I know. Hard to figure 'em out."

I headed back up the street, and was nearly home when a Mini-cooper convertible blew past me, a certain gorgeous young blonde at the wheel. She did a U-turn half way up the block and drove up beside me. "Hey handsome," she called out from the car, pushing her shades up to her forehead.

"Hey lady. Nice wheels."

"You like?"

"Fits you."

She grinned. "I know, right? I owe it all to you. You and a certain movie. The old man is putty in my hands."

I walked over to the car, looking in. "He was putty to begin with. You girls and your Daddies."

She grinned. "Go for a ride?"

I climbed in. "I'm sorry about last night. I'm not 100% sure what about, but I am sorry."

She laughed. "That's Ok. I was pissed at your old man, more than you. I wanted you to stick up for me, but I understand it's awkward. Like taking sides within the family. If I want to be part of the family, I need to stick up for myself."

We drove around a bit, and I have to admit, it was a cute car. Little tight fitting, but as long as there was no one behind me, it was alright. We finally ended up back at our place. "Coming in?"

"Not tonight. Tomorrow, Ok? Tonight I've got to do my best appreciative daughter, plus I told Emma I'd stop by. Rain check?"

I leaned over and gave her a kiss. "Soon? I think I'm going into withdrawal."

She laughed, and gave me long deep kiss. "Soon."

* * *

I could smell dinner. Someone was cooking steaks. "I'm home," I called out.

Mom poked her head out. "Penny with you?"

"Not tonight. Needs to show off her car tonight, and do some serious sucking up at home."

"Her car?"

"Her Dad bought her a new mini."

Mom smiled. "You two Ok?"

"Like nothing ever happened. How's things around here?"

"Your father insisted on grilling. Marie's helping him." She looked a little surprised when I moved in for a hug and a kiss. "You and your father both. What's gotten into you two?"

"We had a talk. A good one."

She looked at me suspiciously, "How good?"

"You'll see."

"Jeremy..."

"Patience Mom. Where's Colin?"

"Out. I don't know what's gotten into him either. He's meeting Kelly and some friends. Told his mother not to wait up."

"Good for him." I pulled her in and kissed her.

"Jeremy! What if your father sees us? I don't want to be causing trouble."

"No more trouble Mom. We love you. No more fighting, Ok?"

"Really?"

"Yeah."

"What exactly does that mean?"

"After dinner. Still a few things to work out. One thing though," I said.

"What?"

"Aunt Marie. What I said last night. She's your backup, wherever you're not, she'll be."

"What a horrible way to put it! My backup. What's that supposed to mean?"

I gave her a squeeze and a pat on the rear. "Go with the flow Mom. Just know that Dad and I both love you more than anyone else in the world. We do, but for the moment, Aunt Marie's going to help bridge our recent issues."

"Jeremy..."

"Something's boiling over," I said, gesturing at the stove, and hurried off to see what the other two were up to when she turned away.

Dad was sitting by the grill, watching, his little spray bottle at hand. Aunt Marie was across from him. It sounded like they were talking about Colin. I leaned over her, gave her a kiss on the neck, reached down and gave her tits a squeeze."

"Jeremy!"

"Damn she has nice tits, don't you think, Dad?"

He grinned. "I think the word you used was bodacious."

"Arms up, Aunt Marie," I said, while tugging her shirt upward.

She lifted her hands but quickly brought her elbows in. "What are you doing?"

"C'mon Aunt Marie. You've got the best tits in Texas. Give us a peek."

She was blushing. "Are you crazy?"

I moved in front of her, leaned down and kissed her lips. "Hardly. What's wrong? You don't want Dad to see your tits? I know you can't be afraid to show 'em to me."

"Out here? What if Alice were to walk out?"

Dad laughed. "Then I guess we'll have to get her to drop her drawers. Then we'll have the best tits and best ass in Texas on display."

Aunt Marie grinned. "I thought you didn't care that much about tits, Harold."

"Are you kidding? I love a nice pair, and yours are more than nice."

"But you said..."

"I lied. Yes, I am an ass man, and your sister has the sweetest derriere I've ever seen. Doesn't mean I can't appreciate the rest."

"But... when we.. when I..."

"I love your sister. Did from the first. I had to say something, Marie. I couldn't resist the full court press much longer. You'll never know how hard it was to turn you away."

I tugged her shirt upward, and she lifted her arms, exposing her bra. Simple, heavy duty. She started blushing, "I... I would have worn something sexy for you."

Dad laughed. "You don't think that's sexy? Damn woman, get a grip."

She looked at me. "Is this supposed to be my wardrobe for the evening?"

"It's a start. Now go give Dad a kiss, and tell him you're sorry."

"Sorry? For what?"

"For making him wait this long."

She grinned, and sauntered over to Dad. "Sorry Harold. Forgive me?" She gave a little shimmy that almost had the earth shaking. She leaned forward and kissed him, not coming up for air for quite a while. I got up and grabbed her hips, tugging her away.

"Down girl. The man has a job to do. We don't want burned steaks. Go get pretty for us."

She turned and threw her arms around my neck, kissing me hard. "Love me?" she asked.

"You know it, fantasy girl. Now go on," I swatted her butt, leaving her giggling as she sauntered off, waving her shirt.

Dad watched her go. "You're serious about this? Marie and your Mom?"

"As a heart attack. Your choice. In the mean time, let's have some fun."

Dad passed me the tongs. "Check 'em."

I gave them the finger test, pressing down to see how much the meat 'gave'. "Looks good." I took each steak and moved them over the side burners, turning each a little to get the nice diamond shaped sear pattern, from the red hot grill. By the time I had turned and moved all of them, I was ready to pile them on the platter.

Dad shut down the grill, and followed me in. "Steaks are done," I announced.

Mom brought out our steak plates. Huge, hand turned, hardwood plates. No better way to cut into a steak than on one of those. Mom had made her cheesy mashed potatoes, one of my favorites. Dad grinned. "Looks like they're trying to get on your good side tonight. New York Strips and your favorite potatoes?"

Mom grinned. "And his favorite country rolls. I get to spoil both my men now and then, right?"

Dad nodded. "Absolutely. Is there anything for me?" he teased.

Mom leaned over and kissed him. "Sugar?"

"More."

She kissed him long and hard, and Dad turned and pulled her close. "I... I'm sorry about the other night," he said.

She grinned. "I know. Don't think twice about it. It's over. I love you Harold Davis. Always have, always will."

She waved her potato spoon under his nose. "But if you pick another fight with your son, there's going to be hell to pay! Got it?"

He grinned. "No more fights. I promise."

He got another quick kiss, and Mom went to fetch the corn on the cob. Aunt Marie showed up a few seconds later looking good enough to eat. She'd put on the thinnest shirt I've ever seen, tied it off halter style. Her tits stood out from her chest, her rosy areola clearly visible, her nipples tenting the material. She came over to me for a hug. "Better?"

"Much. Damn, how can one woman be so hot?"

She laughed. "It's not as easy as it looks. Plenty of exercise, eating right, and years of care. It's nice to see someone thinks it's paid off."

Mom walked in with the corn, set it on the table, and looked across the table at Aunt Marie. "Great. Now nobody's going to notice the meal I slaved over."

I stood took her in my arms. "Your turn."

"My turn what?" she asked.

I reached down and tugged her shorts to her knees, making her squeal, and slap at me. "Jeremy!"

I laughed. "Best tits and best ass in Texas, right Dad?"

He chuckled. "No doubt. It almost seems unfair. And all in one family, too."

I was still working at getting Mom's shorts to the floor, leaving her in her panties. Damn woman grabbed her spoon, and gave me a good whack around the shoulders.

"Ow Mom! That hurt!"

"I'll break this spoon over your head if you don't show a little respect!" she snapped.

I stood, and hugged her with one arm, while trying to get the spoon out of her hand. "Come on, Mom. It's just panties."

She glared at me. "You could have asked," she said.

"I'm sorry. Mom, can we see you in your panties? We love your ass. If you want, we could wait for you to put on your yoga pants. The white ones?"

She fought back a chuckle. "You are such a brat. My yoga pants?"

Dad spoke up. "Or the teal ones. You know the ones."

She turned and grinned. "Maybe. After dinner."

I let her go, and she stepped out of her shorts. "What am I going to do with you two?"

I grinned, and she blushed sweetly.

Best dinner in ages. Really. And not just the food. Everyone was in a good mood for once, laughing and joking, teasing each other. I asked Aunt Marie how she could even see what she was eating.

"Years of practice, Jeremy. Being 'endowed' is not as easy as it looks." She grinned, "But then I guess you and your father know that."

"Marie!" Mom laughed.

"You said so yourself, Alice."

A little while later something came to mind. "Teal yoga pants? I don't remember seeing any teal ones."

Mom turned bright red and Dad laughed. "No. She doesn't wear those out. She'd cause too many heart attacks."

"Harold..."

"You know it's true, Alice."

She was bright red, but grinning.

No dessert, and I cleared the table. "I got the dishes," I told them. "Mom, I think it's teal time."

"I don't know..."

"Alice, the yoga pants and the pink top," Dad said firmly.

"Not The pink top."

"Go on now. Jeremy's got the dishes."

It was good to hear Dad in top form. Aunt Marie brought the last of the dishes in and offered to help.

"I suspect Mom's pulling out all the stops. That shirt is awesome, but I think you can do better," I nodded toward her nondescript shorts.

She grinned. "Maybe."

"You gonna let your big sister show you up?" I teased.

She gave me a quick kiss. "You guys are going to be naughty, aren't you?"

"A little. Not brazen. We're not ready for that yet."

I got another quick peck. "Be right back, sweetie," she said with a wave.

"You need any help?" Dad called out to me, while I dealt with the cleanup.

"Naw, I got it. Some after dinner beverages might be nice, if you're up to it, old man."

"If I'm up to it," he growled. I saw him leverage himself up out of his chair.

Mom's always been good about doing the dishes as she goes, and the grill helped minimize the clean up. The wood plates are a pain, needing to be washed and dried by hand. By the time I was done, Mom was modeling for Dad.

"This what you wanted, Harold? You want to show me off?"

Damn. Her pants were so tight and thin, from in back she might was well have been naked. They hugged her ass like saran-wrap, and disappeared so far up her crack, it was as if they were painted on. She turned giving me a full view, and I hardened in my shorts. The front was equally as tight, showing the most pronounced cameltoe I'd ever seen. You could see the tuft of her hair, and even where she could use a touch up shave.

My eyes wandered upward to the t-shirt that almost covered her breasts. The half-tee stopped a little past her nipples, showing underboob from where I was standing. There were no sleeves, and the armholes were cut almost to the bottom of the shirt, exposing most of her breast to anyone standing at her side. The material was near as thin as the yoga pants, that faded worn look like it had been washed a thousand times.

"Wow."

Mom and Dad both laughed. "That's it?" teased Mom.

"Anything else would be superfluous."

She turned, showing me her butt. "You don't think it's a little much?"

I laughed, and walked over to her, taking her in my arms. "Outside of the house, it would be way, way too much. You would stop traffic. But here with just me and Dad? I think it's perfect."

I made a big deal out of looking her shirt over. "The shirt's pretty radical Mom. Where'd you get it?"

She laughed. "This old thing? I've had it longer than you've been alive. It was a normal shirt when your father got it for me in college. I, uh, modified it for him."

"Good job. You look incredible."

Marie came skipping down the stairs, and I almost lost it. She was wearing sheer boy-short panties, made mostly of lace. They didn't hide much of anything. If anything, her shirt was pulled tighter, and she'd pulled her hair back in the cutest pony-tail.

"Unfair, Marie! I didn't get to do up my hair or makeup!" Mom whined.

"Yeah, but they're both madly in love with you. Ya gotta give me something, Sissy!"

Mom pouted cutely, but opened her arms for Marie's hug. "You're not really mad, are you?" Aunt Marie asked softly.

"I could never stay mad at you," Mom said.

"Right. Only for, what, 20 years?"

Mom stuck her tongue out at her sister, and Marie pretended to bite at it. Mom jerked back, and I couldn't help laugh.

"Alright, what's the plan now, troublemaker?" Mom asked, turning to face me, her arm around her sister's waist. Marie was leaning into her big sister, head canted over onto her shoulder.

"No plan, Mom. I told you, I'm out of the crazy plan business. I just wanted to see you too as gorgeous as possible, still clothed. You outdid yourselves."

Mom looked over at Dad, crooking one eyebrow. "Harold?"

"Don't ask me. I'm along for the ride too. You both look stunning."

Mom grinned and went over to her husband sitting in his lap. "This Ok? Not hurting anything am I?"

He chuckled. "If you were, you think I'd say anything and chance you escaping?"

Mom sat up. "Harold, if I'm hurting you in any way..."

"No, my love, the only thing you're hurting is my heart. I feel like a louse..."

She kissed him hard. That was enough of a sign for me, I sat down, pulling Aunt Marie into my lap. She chuckled. "You have been practicing that move, haven't you?"

"I don't practice anything for you. It's all I can do to keep my heart beating steadily."

"So is my sister going to be the one getting all the kissing tonight?"

I think I answered that to her satisfaction. Still, after every kiss with Aunt Marie, I seemed to learn something. She was simply amazing. I could lose my soul between her lips.

Aunt Marie, looked up and pouted. "You guys are too far away."

Mom laughed. "He likes his throne."

"Up, Alice," Dad said. She hopped up, and waited for him to extract himself slowly. He still was obviously only working at 50%. He made his way to the other end of the couch. He looked over at Aunt Marie, before pulling Mom into his lap. "Better, troublemaker?"

She nodded vehemently. I laughed and started tugging at the knot on the front of her shirt. She slapped playfully at my hands. "And what do you think you're doing, young man?"

"Shut up and kiss me, Marie."

She smiled and brought her lips to mine, her arms moving around my neck, allowing me to free her breasts. She whimpered softly as they sprung free. I pulled away, holding her face in my hands. I stared into her eyes. "Fantasy girl," I whispered.

"Fantasy come true. Just say the word," she teased, nibbling my lip.

I turned to face Mom and Dad. He had his hand in her minimal excuse for a shirt. It wasn't hard to get his attention. "What do you think Dad?" I asked, holding my aunt's tits up for inspection. "When's the last time you saw these puppies bare?"

He grinned. "A long, long, time."

"Don't you think they're worth an up-close inspection?"

He blushed, and looked at Mom. She raised her eyebrows. "You don't want to check them out? What are you, gay?"

"Come on, Dad. Trade ya."

Mom got up out of his lap, and came over to us. She pulled her sister up, and gave her a hug. "Be gentle with him. He's old. His heart may not be able to handle it." It wasn't a very successful whisper.

"Old?" Dad spoke up. "I'm only a couple of years older than you!"

"That's right, older," Mom teased.

Aunt Marie crawled into his lap running her fingers through his hair. "Distinguished. Experienced."

It was all the opportunity I needed to pull Mom into my lap. "I can't believe you traded us!" she growled.

I laughed. "Mom, I'd trade the moon for you."

She grinned, and I was soon on the end of a nice Mommy kiss. "You are certainly trouble tonight. What next? Or do I want to know?"

"How many times do I have to tell you? No plans. I just want to be with the most incredible women. Hold you, love you."

She laughed. "No way, buster. You're not loving me down here. Not in front of everybody."

"Silly Mom. I love you everywhere. Everything about you." I leaned down and parted her legs, examining her cameltoe. "How do you even get these on?"

She giggled. "It takes a good long time, and I have to be very careful. I've ripped two pair before. Or I should say your father has."

Dad had his hands full with Marie. Literally. "Dad? You've ripped these off Mom?"

He blushed. "She drives me crazy with them. Teases me relentlessly. It's not my fault."

Mom giggled, and purred when I rubbed between her legs. "Jeremy, this is, I don't know, awfully naughty."

"C'mon Mom, after what Dad and I have done to you?"

Aunt Marie perked up at that. "Now that sounds like a story worth hearing."

Dad tugged on her nipple. "It's more of a 'show' than a 'tell' kind of story."

Mom shook her head. "No way, Harold. She's my sister! We're not showing her anything of the kind!"

"We could 'show' Aunt Marie," I teased.

Dad shook his head. "No, Jeremy. Women aren't interchangeable. It's taken years, many years to get your mother to the point where we can do the things we did. Your aunt's a beautiful, sexy woman, but she wouldn't be able to respond the same. Not the first time."

Aunt Marie was definitely curious. "You three are driving me crazy. What are we talking about here?"

"You want to tell her, Mom?"

Mom shook her head.

"Dad?"

He kissed Aunt Marie softly. "How to make her squirt on demand," he said softly.

"You're kidding!"

Mom chuckled. "No, he's not. But it's very exhausting. I'm totally used up afterward."

"Really?"

Dad nodded, and so did I.

"Wow. We're going to have to talk more about that later." I think we were all a little relieved she didn't want to go into it right then.

Aunt Marie had turned, straddling Dad's lap. She was holding her breasts up to his mouth, and he was obviously loving it. I had Mom do the same, facing me, and I pulled her close. "Does it bother you too much? Aunt Marie with Dad?" I whispered. "We can stop it."

She shook her head slightly. "No. I thought it would be worse. I... I think it makes it easier while you're holding me."

"You want to go to him tonight? Or do you want to stay with me?" I breathed into her ear.

"You baby. He's still not up to doing anything, and you've got me awfully worked up."

"He'll be with Marie all night," I reminded her.

"But I'll have you?"

"Several times."

She giggled. "Naughty boy. You want my bottom?"

"Jesus, Mom! Do I ever!"

"I think that's the solution for our, fertility issue. That and Mommy's hungry mouth."

I groaned, while she ground down against my hard-on. "Up, Mom."

She grinned, and climbed out of my lap. I took her by the hand and stood in front of Dad. "I'd like to take Mom upstairs. Is it Ok if I leave Aunt Marie with you?"

Dad looked over to Mom. "Alice?"

"I... if I ask, will you tell me everything?" she asked nervously.

"Baby, if it makes you uncomfortable..." Dad started.

"Only if I ask. I just need to know that I can. And that you'll be totally honest."

"I would never keep anything from you." I felt a little undercurrent to his statement. That he would never keep anything from her. In spite of the opposite obviously not being the case. I wondered if it was my own guilty conscience at work, placing hidden meaning where there was none.

She nodded. "Can I talk to her first? For a moment?"

Aunt Marie climbed off Dad's lap and the sisters walked off to the kitchen, hand-in-hand.

"Gentle with her, Dad. She's really nervous. You've been her fantasy for two decades."

He nodded. "I saw the video." He looked over at where the sisters were talking softly. "Don't forget what you said."

I grinned. "It might take a while."

Mom and Aunt Marie returned, and Mom headed straight to Dad, hugging and kissing him. "She's my baby sister, Harold," Mom said softly.

"I know. I'll take care of her."

She smiled, pecking his lips. "I know. Not too much care," she teased.

Aunt Marie's return journey had ended with me. She gave me a hug and a kiss. "I guess your fantasy has to wait at least one more night," she pouted so cutely.

"I'm trying to be patient. Don't ask me how I'm managing."

She laughed, pressed her big ol' boobies against my chest. "Your Daddy's a fan of the 'girls'."

"No kidding. Remember, he's not supposed to..."

"I got it, baby. I'll be gentle with him. We're just warming up." She grinned. "Then again, he and I have had 20 years of foreplay."

Mom rescued me from Aunt Marie, and I had her lead the way up the stairs so I could watch those improbable pants from up close. She giggled. "Funny. I've never had a man lead me up the stairs in these pants. They always want to follow."

I took a couple of quick steps up to take a bite at that delicious looking butt, but Mom scampered up the stairs a lot faster than I could move, with my knee brace on. She giggled like a kid, the whole way.

She left me at the door, and ran down the hall, returning a few moments later, waving a bottle. "Got it," she grinned. I steered her into my room, leaving Dad in Aunt Marie's loving care, and closed the door.

Mom jumped into my arms, kissing me passionately. "I need to prepare myself. Why don't you relax, maybe get us a bottle of wine?"

She left for the bathroom, and I headed back downstairs. Dad and Aunt Marie were going at it on the couch. Her top was completely missing, and he had his hand in her panties.

"Ignore the son," I announced. "I'm just getting some beverages." I retrieved a bottle of wine, and two glasses. "You know, Dad. I don't think Marie's ever seen any of my videos. She might be interested. Then again, you might want to try watching her video with her. In case you have any questions."

"Teaching your ol' man how to milk the ducks, are we?" he laughed.

"Just an idea. I'll leave you two alone now."

In the bedroom I stripped down, poured the wine, and put some music on. I removed the braces, testing my knee. The elbow seemed mostly better, the knee? Still hurt from some positions. For tonight, I was just going to deal with it. I had high hopes for the night. Mom left me waiting quite a while, but I was pleased when she returned still wearing her outfit. "I thought you might want to take it off me," she explained.

I drew her down the bed, and rolled her on her belly, getting her to giggle. "What is with you Davis men, and my poor bottom?"

I was lying between her legs, massaging her cheeks, watching the material move. "Believe me, Mom. It would be any man, and probably half the women, given the chance."

"I guess we'll just have to make sure they don't get that chance then."

I nuzzled between her legs, chewing on her butt, opening her legs wide, licking her through the nearly transparent material. "Naughty... boy," she groaned sexily.

When I'd had my fill of playing with her butt cheeks, I rolled her over again, nipping at her inner thighs.

"Gentle, it tears easily," Mom whispered.

I hoped so. I nibbled on her protruding lips, licking, sucking through the material, making her moan and gasp. Cute little grunts escaping her lips. I rubbed her clit with my thumb, infinite little circles, while I feasted on her pouty lips. When I had her on the edge, quivering, I pulled the material away from her skin, and bit through it. The little hole was enough to wiggle my fingers inside and tear it open, diving into her pussy, sucking it up, making her squeal. She squirmed so sweetly for me, then settled back onto the bed.

"Damn it, Jeremy! You're just like your father! These things are hard to find, and they're not cheap!"

"Then you better stock up, Mom. Buy a case of them. That's all I've got to say."

I was desperate for her, and the idea of having her, while she wore those sexy, silky pants was driving me crazy. I moved up between her legs, and stabbed my cock into her. She gasped, then giggled. "Got you worked up a little, do I?"

I shoved it in hard, right to the base, making her grunt. "Careful, baby! That takes some getting used to."

I gave her plenty of time to get used to it, pounding her, leaning over her, pulling the t-shirt up to expose her tits. My hips went into overdrive, jackhammering her tight little hole. She was responding beautifully, her legs wrapping around me, then flying wide open. She pulled them back, hanging onto her own ankles. She started up with

her little cries and grunts, the sweet repeated "Yes, yes, yes," that evolved into the screaming "YEEES!" that preceded her orgasm.

The frenetic action had me on edge before I knew it. "Gonna come, Mom," I groaned, long-stroking her pussy.

"In... my... mouth... baby," she grunted.

It took a lot of effort on my part to resist finishing in the saddle. I pulled out and scrambled up the bed, leaning over her face. "Suck your son, Mom," I demanded.

She took me between her lips, and sucked me deep and strong, until I delivered my first load. She sucked me clean and dry, taking her time, leaving me ready for a second go.

"Kinda quick, wasn't it?" she teased.

"Like I can resist you."

"You better learn to. I expect the best from my men. Which includes more than a couple of minutes."

"Slut-Mommy."

"Only for you and your Dad," she answered, grinning.

"That's the 'Mommy' part," I reminded her.

"Oh, I thought you meant it like a MILF."

"Oscar says you're a MICMLNOTF," I told her, rubbing her hair while she licked me.

"A mickmilnotoff?"

"Mommy I'd Cut My Left Nut Off To Fuck."

She giggled. "Now that would kind of defeat the purpose, wouldn't it?"

"I want your bottom, Mom."

She chuckled. "Of course you do. It's not like the other. We have to work up to it. That's a lotta meat to fit into such a tiny hole. You'll hurt me if you're not careful."

I remember taking care of her after one particularly rough session she'd had with Dad. "Teach me."

She reached down and started tugging at the yoga pants. "No, leave them on," I said.

"Please, baby? They're kind of uncomfortable. If you want that little kink, we can do it in pantyhose sometime."

"Alright, I didn't know. Let me help you with those."

It was a job. I'm surprised they didn't cut off all circulation from the waist down. I finally got them off, and couldn't resist climbing between her legs for another taste.

God, I loved the taste of her. She had to pry me away. "Plenty of time for that later. Shall we start?"

She handed me the bottle of lube. "One finger, nicely lubed. Work it in and stretch me a little. When it gets easier, more lube and a second finger."

It was incredible naughty, seeing Mom on her hands and knees, telling me how to take care of her ass. The finger sliding into her was enough to make my cock ache. "Second finger, baby," she said softly, wiggling her bottom in invitation.

With the second finger in, she was really tight. The kink factor was off the charts, her amazing ass held up in the air for me, available. Mine. I pumped her for a while, feeling it slowly loosen up. "Now, one from each hand. Tug me gently open."

I hadn't expected that. I figured we'd do maybe a third finger, then the real thing. I lubed up the other index finger, and started pulling softly in different directions. "All around," she gasped. "Gently!"

I could feel her opening up. She would even gape open for a second before closing up. "Three fingers," she groaned.

More lube, and three fingers pumped her easily. I twisted and turned them, preparing her.

"Your cock, lube that big fat cock," she growled, pushing her butt back to meet my fingers.

It was really awkward, concentrating on both actions, trying to squirt the slippery lube on my cock, and covering it. "Gimme, Jeremy. Gimme that cock. Stick your huge cock up Mommy's slutty ass."

I lifted my hips, pulled my finger out and pressed my cock against her opening. I slipped past it, then tried again. I pressed hard, my cock starting to bend painfully. "Grab it and shove it in!" she almost screamed.

Grasping my shaft in the middle, I pressed the head against her opening and shoved hard, hearing her groan as the head disappeared. "Oh, fuck!" she groaned.

I pushed harder and her hands reached back, pressing against my hips. "Patience. Little bit at a time."

I humped her slowly, pushing inexorably inward, watching my cock delve deeper, the tiniest bit at a time. She was grunting in what sounded like pain, and I slowed down. "More, baby. More."

I had about half of it in her, and it started to get easier. I got another inch all at once, and she pulled away a little, whimpering, then pushed back.

"God, your ass is tight, Mom. Tighter than Penny, even."

"Fuck me, Jeremy. Fuck my ass. Stop playing around."

I pulled back further and pushed deeper. She had almost the whole thing. Slow and steady worked for a while, then I grabbed her hips and started thrusting faster, harder. I couldn't help myself. It was wickedly naughty. Mom's butt. Her head dropped to the bed, arms outstretched. "Fuck me, baby boy," she moaned softly.

I adjusted my knees outward, and pulled her hips back. Grabbed a hold and started pounding her. She squealed, trembling. "Fuck, fuck, fuck," she whimpered.

It was starting to feel good. Real good. Not 'ready-to-come' good, but 'making-my-cock-a-titanium-rod' good.

I smacked her perfect butt cheek, shoving in as deep as I could and holding it there, feeling her quivering. "It's my ass now, Mom. I own this sweet ass."

She whimpered and pushed back against my powerful thrusts.

"Love your ass," I grunted.

"Yours," she gasped. "Your ass."

"My. Ass!" I grunted, hammering it home and holding it there,

She gasped, and her legs started shaking. I felt liquid spray across my thigh, and realized Mom had squirted for me.

I grabbed her hips and hammered her ass as hard as I could. "God, what an ass slut you are!"

I stopped moving, and watched as she desperately starting fucking herself on my cock. Another smack on her butt had her rocking harder, longer strokes. "You can't help yourself, can you?" I teased. She whimpered and kept going.

It was fun, but I needed more. I grabbed two fistfuls of sweet butt cheeks, and started pounding her. I felt a twinge in my knee, and lifted

my left leg outward, hammering at her butt from on one knee. The awkward position had me feeling like I was on some porn shoot. But it was good, the position slightly angled, and I felt like I was hitting her deeper than ever.

She shivered again, crying out, and I got another bath. "Fuck. Come for me slut-mom!" I demanded, feeling myself start to lose control. I leaned over her, pumping her deep, until I felt the oncoming eruption. As the feeling overtook me, I slammed my cock home, and groaned. It was painful, each rope pumped deep inside her, aching from my balls halfway up my shaft.

I pushed her shoulders down to the bed, leaned over her, and pounded my finish, each stroke shaking her body. When I couldn't take any more, I eased out of her rear, watching it, amazed at how wide my cock spread her, watching her crinkled reddened hole slowly shrink. I rubbed the edges, surprised it could even open wide enough. Mom's legs slid away, her body dropping to the bed. I move up and laid down next to her, hugging her close, kissing her shoulder.

"Damn, Mom. We're going to have to do that again."

She gave me a little giggle. "You like?"

"Holy shit! I loved it. I can't believe you squirted on me. A couple of times."

"I get really big ones, that way. Not always, but when it's hot, it's really hot."

"And it was hot tonight?"

She rolled onto her side, facing me. "Blazing. That was great baby. Perfect."

"I didn't screw anything up?"

"No, honey. You did good. Opened me up nicely. Got me all hot and bothered. Took your time getting me used to you, then fucking the living daylights out of my poor little butt-hole. No, Jeremy you did nothing wrong."

I pulled her on top of me, hugging her, holding her. She pulled away, lying on her back, arms and legs extended. "Too hot. I'm burning up. Need to cool off."

I got out of bed and hit the bathroom. Cleaned my cock, though I couldn't see much evidence of where it'd been. I wet one of the hand-towels in warm water, just the end, and returned to Mom. I wiped her down, all over, drying her as I went. I spent a good bit of time between her legs. "Roll over, sexy girl."

She did, with a little tired groan, and I wiped her back down, then very carefully spread her cheeks and cleaned her, there.

"You're spoiling me," she mumbled.

"Who deserves it more?"

She hummed her contentedness, while I played with her bottom cheeks. Such a perfect butt.

"What do you suppose they're doing?" she asked.

"Not as much as us."

"Big ol' titties," Mom mumbled.

"Why don't you join them?" I told her.

"Huh?"

"Go. Join them. They won't mind. Let Dad know it's Ok. See how they're doing. Then you can come back if you want, or stay. Either way."

"I don't know."

"You won't be wondering. It'll be cool. I told Dad you might."

"You told him?"

"You might. If you got too curious. Go, Mom. It'll be good for you. Just don't get jealous."

"Anytime I do, I'll think of my poor bottom."

I swatted her butt, and tugged her out of the bed. I tossed over her shirt. "That's more than enough to wear. It's more than they'll be wearing, I'm sure."

Mom disappeared. She was gone at least half an hour, and I was half-asleep when she rejoined me, crawling into my bed. "Thanks honey, that was a good idea."

"What were they up to?"

"Nothing. Cuddling. Your father was sucking her titties, no surprise there."

"It was cool?"

"Great. We talked. He nibbled my boobies too. We ganged up on him a little. Your Dad was in heaven."

"I bet. It didn't bother you?"

"No. They both looked so relaxed, so happy. It was nice. They were both very appreciative that I left them together. I think it's going to be Ok."

I tugged her close, and she snuggled up to me. "It was a good night, wasn't it?" she said softly.

"MmmHmm," I responded, kind of hoping she'd quiet down.

"I wonder where Colin is?"

I looked over at the clock. It was after 1:00 am. "I think it was a good night for everybody."

"Do me in the morning, baby boy?"

"You know it, Mom."

* * *

Half awake, half asleep, I eased my cock back and forth inside of her, while she relaxed on my chest, purring sweetly. What a great way to wake up. I reached down and held her butt cheeks, getting just a little more leverage, while we played in bed.

She brushed my hand away when I fingered her butthole. "Gentle. You were a little rough last night."

She was sighing, placing little kisses on my chest. I couldn't help but think how wonderful I had it.

I felt the pressure on the bed, and Aunt Marie cuddled up next to me, giving me a quick kiss on the cheek. "Morning, kids. Having fun?"

Mom was facing away from her, and turned to smile at her sister. "Yep."

Aunt Marie giggled, cuddling in closer, wiggling under my arm. I gave her a hug, but kept the hips rocking. "Dad up?" I asked.

"He's out of it. Overdid it yesterday and last night. He was groaning in his sleep. A couple of hours ago, I made him take his meds, and he passed out." She sighed, wiggling up against me. "It was nice. Thanks for letting us play a little." She rose up and kissed Mom's shoulder.

"Did Colin ever make it home?" Mom asked.

"I guess. He wasn't here at 2:30 when I checked on him. He's in the room now, dead to the world," Aunt Marie said.

"We'll have Harold talk to him," Mom replied. "Make sure he understands about getting home at a reasonable time, or calling. Heaven forbid he kept that poor girl out that late."

"I'll say. What kind of parents would let their daughter stay out until after 2:00?"

"If Jeremy had done that, his father would have had a fit," Mom chuckled.

It was weird. Really weird. Laying there, my cock slowly pumping in and out of Mom, while she and her sister held a conversation. Naked, in my bed.

I tried to tune them out, closing my eyes, concentrating on the sensation of being with Mom. They made that difficult.

"I don't suppose I could have a turn, Sissy?" Aunt Marie wheedled.

"You safe?"

"On the pill."

Mom sighed. "Good. I'm not. Maybe you should finish him."

"You wouldn't mind?"

Mom giggled. "No. You left my husband's bed for my son's. What could be weird about that?"

Aunt Marie must have done something under the covers, 'cause Mom squealed, poking my Aunt. "Hey!"

"Meanie. Hoggin' all the good men," Aunt Marie pouted.

"I said I'd share. Can I help it if I have great taste in me?" Mom smirked, shifting her knees and putting some effort into our fun.

Mom gave me a quick peck, then rolled off of me. Aunt Marie didn't waste any time taking her place on top of me.

"Aunt Marie," I whispered. "I... I wanted our first time to be special."

She chuckled, and kissed me. Briefly. "Dragon breath." She grabbed my cock, and settled back onto it. "This is special, Honey. Incredible. With your Mom here? No recriminations?" I got another quick peck, as she worked me into her. She screwed her face up in concentration, and after a few seconds, I felt her warm tunnel squeezing down on me.

"You know what I mean," I said, holding her butt, and working with her to get situated comfortably.

"I'll tell you what I know. Sissy and I are better than we've been in 20 years. In spite of your craziness, but mainly because of it. I can never thank you enough for that." She grunted as I got a little deeper. "Damn, Alice, you made it look easy."

Mom was lying outside the covers, cooling off again. I guess she got overheated easily. "Practice Marie. Twenty years worth." She reached over, her hand gliding over my skin. "She's right, you know. This is pretty wonderful. All of us. I thought it would drive me crazy. Guess I was wrong."

I couldn't pay attention. Aunt Marie wasn't as calm as Mom. Once she had me in, and felt comfortable, she went to town. She got up on her hands and knees, riding me back and forth. Long full strokes. Raised up as she was, her tits were swaying over my face. I saw Mom's hand grab the nearest, waving it around.

I looked over and she was on her side, watching us, smiling. "You like those big titties too, don't you?"

I grinned. "Pretty awesome." I held Aunt Marie's hips, working with her, my cock in heaven. It hadn't taken her but a couple of minutes to make it feel good.

Mom was a troublemaker, wiggling Aunt Marie's boob. She was rubbing the nipple over my face, teasing us both. "Damn, Marie. They should make you license these."

Marie was humming along nicely, giving me a helluva ride. She seemed to have found the perfect motion, sliding my shaft almost completely in and out with each rocking motion. "Right. From the girl whose ass caused a four car pileup."

That caught my attention. I looked over at Mom. "Really?"

She blushed. It was so damn cute. "It was hardly my fault. I was riding a bike. Some idiots weren't paying attention to their driving."

"And Dad said you weren't allowed to wear those shorts anymore," Aunt Marie teased.

All the distractions were killing me. I smacked Aunt Marie's butt, pretty sharply. "A little less chatting?" I said.

She grinned, sitting up, changing the angle, bouncing up and down. Talk about distracting. My hand glided upward, out of control, squeezing her mesmerizing tits. "This better, Honey?" she asked.

"Much."

She was amazing, the way she could find the perfect motion with a couple of wiggles and shifts, no discomfort, no awkward movements, just that glorious feeling. I closed my eyes and tilted my head back lost in the feeling.

"I think I got him," Aunt Marie whispered.

I felt something at my lips, something weird. I opened my eyes and Mom's fingers were there. "Open up."

I did, and she slipped something between my lips. I wondered was she was up to until the minty feeling overwhelmed my mouth. I looked up and her face was above mine, smiling. "I wanted to kiss you, but your breath could raise the dead."

I guess the Altoid fixed that. She pressed her lips to mine, and gave me a long passionate kiss, while Aunt Marie picked up the pace. I heard her moan, and realized the extra effort was for her own fun, not necessarily mine. Not that I was complaining.

Mom wouldn't stop, and I felt myself getting closer. I gave a soft whimper as I started thrusting up into my aunt, desperate to finish. She shifted and her hips were slamming down on me, taking me to the root, squeezing and releasing. I'd never felt anything like it. My tongue invaded Mom's mouth, deeply, as I lost any control, firing into Aunt Marie's churning pussy repeatedly.

Mom slowly pulled up, grinning at me. "Now that was definitely naughty," she teased, taking my bottom lip between her teeth and nibbling on it.

I felt a cool breeze around my cock as Aunt Marie dismounted, cuddling up to me. "Special enough for you?" she whispered, sucking my earlobe.

"Magical."

She sighed, hugging me. "You're sweet."

Mom had moved away and I almost jumped when I felt her mouth settle over my wilting rod. "Jesus, Mom! Give a guy a little warning."

She laughed. "That's the danger of letting two girls in your bed."

I chuckled. "Have a lot of experience with that?" Her mouth had returned to sucking me, but popped off again.

"None. I got a feeling that's going to change." She engulfed me again, and I leaned back, enjoying.

"You think he's good for another one?" Aunt Marie asked.

Mom sat up, her hand stroking my cock, as it slowly started firming up. "He's 18. Had a good night's sleep. Two or three more, probably."

"Teach her, Mom."

"Jeremy..." Mom whined.

"Teach me what?" Aunt Marie asked.

"How to suck. Mom's the best. Incredible."

"And I'm chicken liver?" Aunt Marie snapped, poking me in the side. "Christ, Jeremy. I've given you twice as many blowjobs as all the other men in my life combined. You'd think I'd get a little appreciation!"

I pulled her close, while she struggled, smacking my chest. "Stop, Marie! I love what you do. But, well, it's wonderful because it's you, and I enjoy it, but..."

"But what? Not as good as Alice?"

"Not in the same ballpark. Not even half as good as Penny, and she's nowhere near Mom yet."

Mom must have been enjoying the whole thing. She decided to show off. She started with the old standby, Pirate ship, leading into the Swirly-go-round. I was rock hard for her in moments. It was too much, too fast. I knew what she was up to. "No, Mom! Not now."

She ignored me, holding my hips down and moving up the tree. Number four of the secret seven. "Mom..." I whined.

She chuckled and it felt wild, as I settled deep into her throat. I groaned, and Aunt Marie was watching me intently. "What?" she whispered.

"Tunnel of Love," I groaned.

"Tunnel of Love?"

"Please, Mom? Take it easy?" I gasped, my cock a burning hot rod.

I felt her release, and I relaxed.

"What the hell was that about?" Aunt Marie whined.

"Swirly-go-round, to The Wave, then the Tunnel, no breaks," I moaned.

Aunt Marie looked down at Mom who was smirking proudly. "Only 'cause you said please. I had you. I could've made you shoot."

"No kidding. That was mean. You know I just wanted to play around. You were trying to milk me."

Aunt Marie was sitting up. "No, seriously. What was that all about?"

"Show her Mom. At least what Penny knows," I pleaded.

"But baby, these are mine. Just for my men."

My aunt looked irritated. I sat up and pulled her into my arms. "Don't be mad," I whispered, kissing her neck.

"You just basically told me I'm lousy at sucking cock. See if I ever do that again."

I hugged her, nibbling her neck. "I love you, Aunt Marie. Love everything about you. It's great when you take me in your mouth, but you don't have any experience at it. You know it's true. Penny was worse than you when she started, but now she's amazing."

"Fine. Alice can do the blowjobs. I'll just fuck your brains out."

I guess all the recent goodwill still couldn't supplant the sibling rivalry. Mom had to goad her on. "That works for me. Harold adores my blowjobs. Both my boys do. And I can still fuck their brains out. Front and back. Hell, both at the same time, if I wanted to."

"Stop, Mom!" I snapped. "Alright. I'm sorry I said anything. Never mind." I tried to crawl out from between them, grimacing a little as I tweaked my knee.

Mom's anger turned to concern. "Are you Ok, Jeremy?" she asked, reaching out to touch my knee.

I jerked it away. "I'm fine."

"Jeremy..."

"I said I'm fine, Mom! Ok?" I scooted away, irritated how things always seemed to sour so quickly. I thought we'd been having a good time.

Aunt Marie, grabbed my arm. "Jeremy... she's only concerned. Don't snap at her. She's your mother."

I sighed. "I'm really fine, Ok? Sometimes when I move it wrong, it hurts, but as soon as I stop, it's alright. No big deal. If you want to worry about someone, why don't you two go take care of Dad?"

Mom glared at me. "So that's how it is? Now you're going to throw me out of your room too?"

This was exhausting. I needed to go back to bed for another 8 hours sleep. I laid back, grabbed a pillow, and held it over my face, blocking the light and noise.

I felt a poke at my side, and did my best to ignore it. Maybe they'd leave me alone. It seemed whenever the two of them got together there was always drama. Better relationship or not.

I squeezed the pillow around my ears, crossing my arms over my head, blocking out everything. I could hear them talking but squeezing the pillow muffled it almost completely.

Another poke at my other side, and I turned away from it. Someone tried to tickle me, but I wasn't in a very laughing mood.

Mom turned up the pressure, taking me in her mouth. It only took about 2 seconds for me to know who it was. "Don't, Mom."

She ignored me, and I was less successful at ignoring her. I might be grouchy, but her mouth was still magical. I felt hands tugging away at my arms, prying them loose from the pillow. I was losing the battle on both fronts. Two human pillows replace the artificial one.

"Don't be a grouch, Jeremy," Aunt Marie said.

"I'm just tired of all the fighting."

"We weren't fighting. We're sisters. It's what we do. Get used to it if you plan on spending any time in bed with us."

I groaned as Mom turned up the heat down below. I don't know why I have such a weakness for the Swirly-go-round, but I do, and she knows it.

The twin pillows moved away, and Aunt Marie was gazing into my face. "Is she really that much better?" She was almost pouting.

I reached down and patted Mom on the head, getting her to ease up. "I love you, Aunt Marie. That first blowjob in the back of the jeep will be one of my greatest memories for all time. Because it was you. But yeah, Mom's that much better."

"What's the big deal? So she sucks your cock."

I pulled her down, hugging her close. "No, she doesn't suck it. She makes love to it. She adores it. It becomes the center of her world. Watch. Watch with me."

Mom sat up, looking at me, her tongue teasing the head. "Start over Mom. Show her what it can be like."

She nodded. "I'm not doing everything."

"Whatever you want. You don't even need any of the seven. It's everything about how you do it. Show her."

I knew she'd show off a little. She couldn't help herself. But not like that. She went into full bore adoration mode. Gazing up at me, closing her eyes, rubbing my cock against her face, kissing it, tasting it. Kissing my belly, my thighs. It was probably a good five minutes before I

entered her mouth, and I was already painfully hard. I couldn't stifle the moan as half my cock disappeared between her lips.

"Is she..." Aunt Marie started.

"Shhh. Just watch," I whispered.

It started with a simple, loving, slow sucking. Mom slowed then stopped with just the head in her mouth. And then she started.

I groaned.

"What?" Aunt Marie asked softly.

"Pirate ship."

I closed my eyes, blocking out anything but Mom's mouth and my cock. It was difficult, I love to watch her do it, but I knew if I did, I wouldn't last long.

"Y'all should really consider locking the front door," I heard, and felt the women scrambling around the bed.

"Morning, Penny," I said, opening my eyes and looking up sheepishly.

"This is getting pretty crazy, Jeremy," she said, glaring at me.

"We were just showing Aunt Marie. The good stuff."

"BJ lessons? You don't all need to be naked for that."

"Can you show her? Show Aunt Marie how good it can be?"

Penny blushed. "You're embarrassing me," she said softly.

"I don't mean to. It's just that you're so amazing. I mean, you learned everything so quickly. Unbelievable."

"I think your Mom is perfectly capable of giving any lessons. She's a lot better than me."

Mom laughed. "I wouldn't say a lot. Heck, at your age I hadn't even started yet. Not the good stuff. He's right, you're incredible, honey."

Penny sat on the edge of the bed, her hand stroking my thigh. "I'm not, not like you, Mom."

"Show us. Show us, and I'll teach you another one."

"One of the seven?"

"Maybe."

"Maybe?"

Mom grinned. "I guess it depends. Show me you're worthy, and I'll give you the next one."

"Alright," she said. She got up and closed the door, then stripped down to her panties.

"God, look at her Marie. Wouldn't you kill to look like that?" Mom said.

"You did. Still do, Alice," Aunt Marie answered.

"I wish. So smooth, so firm."

Penny was blushing as she crawled up between my legs. "Please. Look at you two! I'm not bad, but you guys are gorgeous!"

Aunt Marie chuckled. "Not bad? You're beautiful!"

Penny grinned, then took my cock in her hand. "I don't suppose I want to know where this guy's been, do I?"

"Please?" I begged.

She grinned, staring at me, as she gave me a series of teasing long licks. Slow and devilish. She lowered her eyes to my cock, grinning. Kissed the head lightly. "Missed me, big boy?"

She ran her lips up the side, her tongue peeking out just enough to trace the skin. One side then the other. Her tongue extended, she licked the edge of the crown, all around. I sighed, leaning back and enjoying.

"She's nothing like your Mom," Aunt Marie said.

"Style wise, no. Not yet. Attitude, exactly the same."

"Ready, lover?" Penny teased, her tongue penetrating the tiny hole on top.

"Don't tease me, gorgeous."

"Silly boy, I'm going to tease the hell out of you. Teach you a lesson."

She took me in her mouth, and I got a couple of Pirate ships, before she started bobbing up and down. "Fuuuuck," I moaned.

"See, Marie?" Mom teased.

"Don't, Mom." I groaned.

It was delicious agony. I didn't even know Penny had it in her. She played me like the master she was becoming. I whimpered at her first Swirly-go-round.

"Swirly?" Mom asked softly.

"Uh-huh," I gasped.

"Good one?"

"Perfect... oooh," I groaned as I got another one.

"What was that?" Mom asked.

"D... don't know. New," I gasped, my legs shaking as she did it again.

Penny lifted her head off my cock. She giggled. "My own version."

She took Mom's fingers in her mouth, and showed her. Mom smiled. "Nice. You came up with that one your own?"

Penny blushed. "Mom might have helped a little. It was my first time trying it for real."

"Good, Jeremy?"

"Great."

Mom leaned over and took me in her mouth. Not quite the same. "Close," I said.

Penny did it again, and I concentrated on the difference. "Got it," I said.

My pretty girlfriend grinned as she took Mom's two fingers in her mouth and showed her. When Mom did it on me, I grinned. "Damn, you learn quick Mom. That was perfect."

Mom giggled, and gave Penny a big hug. "We're going to have so much fun, aren't we?"

Penny nodded. "You're the best, Mom."

Mom leaned over and did it again. And again.

"You're killing me, Mom."

She laughed. She grabbed Penny's fingers, and this time it was obvious what she was doing. She bared her teeth and slowly dragged them up the sides of her fingers.

"That looks painful," I said.

Mom grinned. "Really? Let's see."

She planted herself sideways, and took me in her mouth. She started with some easy sucking, slowly taking more, with longer strokes. She stopped abruptly, my cock head pressing against the back of her throat, bared her lips and dragged her teeth up the sides of my cock agonizingly slow, just hard enough to drive me crazy, pausing with her teeth holding the head steady, and lashing it with her tongue.

It was crazy, scary, the tiniest bit painful, and absolutely exhilarating. When it reached the point where I wanted to pull away, the teeth disappeared and she was sucking again.

"Did you see that?" Penny whispered to Aunt Marie.

Mom pulled off with a loud 'pop'. "Too painful?"

"You wicked woman," I teased. "How come you're just now doing that one?"

"It's not like the others. Very infrequent works best. Like a surprise. I've snuck that one in on your father a couple of times when he was trying to make it last, and my jaw was getting tired. Instant POP!" She laughed. "Go ahead Penny. Slow, and careful, Ok? And remember, only up the sides, not front and back."

She got most of it right the first time up until the end. "Gentler teeth, don't pull," I told her.

The third time it was almost perfect. "That one," I gasped.

She popped up laughing and high-fived Mom. "Don't tell Dad, Ok? I want to surprise him with that one."

Mom giggled, "That and your new one should be enough to drive him crazy."

Penny was bounding up and down. "Your turn, Aunt Marie," Penny said.

"My turn?"

Penny grabbed Aunt Marie's fingers, showing her. "Like that." She did it again, slowly. "Got it?"

"I... I don't know."

"Go ahead. Jeremy will tell you if you get it wrong."

It took a long longer. Mom and Penny both worked with her, and before too long it was close. "Better," I finally said.

Aunt Marie pouted. "Still not right?"

"Slower, and at the end, the tongue thing, more of the tip, teasing."

A few more tries, and it was good. Not perfect, but damned good. "You got it." I told her.

She grinned. "Does it really make that much of a difference?"

"Technically, it's a big difference. Still, it's nothing without the whole attitude."

"What's this attitude, you keep talking about?"

Mom nudged Penny with her shoulder. "You show her. Maybe you can explain it. You're a natural. Harold and I both knew it the first time we saw you on his phone."

Penny blushed, but moved back between my legs grinning. She looked up at Aunt Marie, holding my cock in her hand. "Isn't it beautiful? Hard and soft, warm, pulsing." She stuck out her tongue, holding it near the base. "There. I can feel it. His pulse, right there." She glanced up at Aunt Marie, sticking her tongue out, the tip still, pressing. I could feel my own pulse against her tongue.

She kissed my shaft, rubbing her face against it. "I love it. Everything about it. I want to own it, make it dance for me, twitching, throbbing, growing. Make it so hard it feels like it's going to burst. Feel the head swell in my mouth. Earn that little early taste when it starts leaking, make it tremble. I want to hear his groans and gasps. Make him lose control, feel his hands on my head, desperate for more. My cock. My big fat cock, and I decide when it gets to shoot. Come for me. That naughty, nasty taste on the back of my tongue, slick and slippery, coating my whole mouth. I want that. It's mine, and I'm going to get it, and once I start there's nothing he can do about it."

She was licking, kissing, sucking, closing her eyes and moaning while her tongue tortured me. She pulled off, grinning. "He needs to know that when I'm sucking him, nothing else in the world matters to me. His pleasure is all that counts. This is going to be the best one ever, until I give him the next one. He'll never have a better one, or have anyone that loves him this much."

She leaned forward, her hand on my thighs, sliding in parallel up my body, over my hips along my belly, up to my chest, her mouth slowly lowering, until she's fully stretched out, my cock invisible, her lips pressing against the base. She draws backward, slowly, teasing me, her soft hands accentuating her mouth's movement.

Mom leaned down, "That was beautiful. Where'd you learn that one? Video?"

Penny shook her head. "I just wanted to do it, touch him all over while I was taking it all."

Mom kissed her on the cheek. "Beautiful. So creative. You see why I say you're a natural? Someday you'll pass me."

Penny looked up at her, and I saw her eyes glistening. "It's him, Mom. I... I can't help it."

Mom nodded, guiding Penny's mouth back to my cock. "I know baby girl. Momma knows exactly what you mean. Show him, honey. Make him understand."

Penny gazed up at me, her love shining from her eyes, as she moved her head up and down, sucking me so damn sweetly. Her eyes closed, and she treated me to her newest trick. She pulled back, eyes tracking mine. "That's yours. Jeremy. Dad doesn't get that one from me. Nobody else. It's for my Jeremy. Only, ever."

She closed her eyes, and did it again. It made my heart race, and I was coming in her mouth without warning. She whimpered sweetly, taking it all, gentle suction drawing every last drop out of me. When my body turned from steel back to flesh and bone, then finally to jello, she pulled off of me, walking on her knees to Mom, leaning forward to share.

"No baby girl," Mom said softly, pressing her finger to Penny's lips. "That was a special one. He came because of his love for you, not for anything you did. You can't share that one."

Tears rolled down Penny's cheeks as she swallowed, turning her head and watching me. I opened my arms to her, and she fell into them, clinging to me desperately. "I love you so much, Jeremy," she cried.

"I know, Angel. That was incredible. I... I didn't know it could be like that. You amaze me."

Aunt Marie settled in opposite Penny, while Mom cuddled up behind her. Talk about being in heaven.

"I... I didn't know," Aunt Marie said softly. "I thought, I... I don't know what I thought. Not that."

"You ever seen anything more beautiful?" Mom asked.

Aunt Marie shook her head. "You're like that, too?"

Mom shook her head. "Not that. I... I'm good, but that? That's... there's no words for it."

Penny snorted, cuddling in tighter. "Bullshit, Mom. You still put me to shame."

"No Honey. Trust me. That's not something anyone could learn. I... I'm just glad I was here to see it. Beautiful."

United

I didn't let Penny out of my bed the rest of the morning. Not that she was eager to leave. We lost both moms' almost immediately after her display, and were told we'd be summoned when breakfast was ready.

Surprise! Breakfast was delivered to the room half an hour later by Mom.

Penny and I were still in a playful mood, and hadn't gotten down to business yet.

A tray was set before us with two bacon and egg sandwiches, and some OJ. "Light breakfast. We're having burgers and home-made fries for lunch," Mom explained.

Penny sat Indian style, opening her sandwich and snagging a piece of bacon. "You didn't have to do this. We could have come down."

"Too much crazy drama around here. You two haven't had near enough time together."

I was starved and took a bite, thanking her in mid-chew.

"You kids need anything else?" she asked.

We looked at each other, and shook our heads. "This is perfect," I said, during the brief period my mouth was empty. "Give me a shout if you need me to man the grill."

Mom shook her head. "I think we're going to try to get Colin to work it."

I got the shivers, remembering the last time he'd been grill-master. Mom grinned. "Your father will oversee him."

She closed the door on the way out. Penny giggled.

"What?"

"C'mon. You have to admit it's kind of weird. Your mother serving us breakfast in bed so we can fool around."

I shrugged. "Alright. A little. I'm not complaining."

"Me either."

We polished off our sandwiches, and put the tray on the floor. Penny smiled and laid back in the bed, waiting patiently. I joined her a moment later, while we cuddled and kissed, talking about mundane things, a steering wheel cover for her car, signing up for classes, our

favorite movies of the summer, best pizza place, that kind of stuff. She had her phone with her, and every few minutes she'd get a text coming in, and while she replied, I'd play with her body. She wasn't normally a slave to her phone, and I commented as much.

"Everyone wants to see the car. They want pictures, a ride. Some even want to know how my love life is doing," she teased.

"It might do better without the phone," I reminded her.

"That a promise?"

"Guaranteed."

She turned off the ringer. "I'm all yours. This better be worth it."

It wasn't at first. We had a hell of a time getting started, and I had to search around the floor to find the lube. With the added assistance it provided, we managed penetration, and slowly worked our way up to actual sex.

She was grunting, as I worked her with all but a couple of inches. "I... forget..." she groaned.

She didn't appear to be enjoying it much, so I stopped, holding myself inside her, and started up a kissing marathon, including as much as I

could remember from the latest Aunt Marie experience. She slowly relaxed, and I found myself stroking into her gently, while kissing.

"Better?" I whispered.

"Mmmhmmm," she sighed.

The first one was Ok. I didn't get her off, and we didn't move around a lot. I laid on top of her, and we made slow love. Lots of kissing and touching. It took a pretty long time, not surprising since I'd already gone off twice that morning. She was in a loving mood, quiet, intense. She seemed to take me with her, I gazed into her eyes, feeling a closeness that I sometimes forget when I wasn't with her. "Love you," I whispered.

She smiled for me. "I know. I love you too."

Coming inside her was a lot like the loving. Nothing crazy, I pushed in all the way, held still, and unloaded deep inside her, staring into her eyes. "I... I feel you coming," she whispered.

I kissed her lips. "You and I need to do this a lot more."

She nodded, grinning for me. She pulled me close and hugged me tight. "Hold me, Jeremy."

I did until I felt myself shrinking, popping out of her, earning another sweet giggle. "Messy boy," she whispered.

I rose up on my arms. "I need a shower."

She nodded again, "No kidding."

My teeth got a long overdue brushing. In the shower she wanted to shave me. My face, that is. She tilted my head around, and used half a can of shaving cream, but she got the job done. She rubbed her cheek against mine. "So much better. Wanna go again?"

Back in bed we had a little oral play, and when she got me up again, it was better. Lots better. I fit inside her easily, and we tried out different things. Doggy, sideways, legs pressed backward. Her on top. She liked that last one, and rode me like a mad woman, getting off a few times, a couple real loudly. She'd blush afterward, hands on my chest, breathing hard, her pretty blonde hair hanging over her face.

The second time she tried to shatter my eardrums. She shook her hair out, tossing it behind her with a shake of her head. "I should have tied it back," she laughed.

"No. I love it like that. So wild, and untamed."

"Me or the hair?"

I guess four times was a little much. I was having a hard time coming. Not that I wasn't having a blast trying. When she begged off me, I put her on her hands and knees again. She was easily taking my entire length, and I started getting a little rougher with her, fucking her hard, smacking her butt, tugging her hair a little. Got another nice little come out of her, which left her on her belly, with me straddling her legs. I laid on top of her, holding her wrists in my hand, over her head. She was whimpering so prettily, my head next to hers, my hips driving into her endlessly. "I'm going to fuck you forever, gorgeous girl. Forever."

There was something about it, the way she was completely helpless, my weight pinning her down, hands immobilized. I felt powerful, and could sense her total submission to my needs. I liked it. A lot.

She was shaking, and a wave of small orgasms seemed to take over. "Oh God," she gasped, holding her breath, trembling, until it would pass, only to cry out again only a few seconds later.

"Come for me, Penny," I whispered, nibbling her ear, her neck, tucking my head in and pounding a little harder for a while, before getting my next little reward from her.

I don't know how long we kept that up. It seemed like forever, although it couldn't have been more than 10 or 15 minutes. Long enough for her to build up to a big one, crying, squirming underneath me, thrusting her ass back against my strokes. I pulled her arms forward, clenching her wrists tightly. My legs were outside hers, knees bent, ankles over the inside of her knees, pinning her legs down. I bit down on her neck and she gasped. "Oh God, oh no, no, oh noooo," she whined before screaming loud enough to wake the neighbors.

She was panting hard after that one, and I slowed down, nice easy short strokes. I took my time releasing her, moving my legs outward, letting go of her wrists, rubbing them gently. I kissed her new bite-mark, but kept moving inside her. I never wanted to stop. Never.

Aunt Marie sat down on the bed next to us. "Let the poor girl up, Jeremy. You're killing her."

Penny turned her head, her breath heaving, looking at my Aunt. "Save me," she pleaded, then giggled.

I pulled out of her, giving up on getting off any time soon. I scooted down next to her, and pulled her into my arms, spooning, facing my Aunt.

"Knock much?" I teased.

"Over and over," Aunt Marie said. "I guess you two were distracted. Lunch is almost ready you little heathens." Funny, that was Mom's name for us too, when she walked in on us.

Penny was still catching her breath. "Emma says a guy normally comes in just a coupla minutes. Is that true?"

Aunt Marie laid down facing us, pulling back Penny's hair. "All guys are different. Some have real short fuses, most of the better ones are good for about 5 to 10 minutes."

"Jeremy's a freak, isn't he?"

Aunt Marie was stroking her shoulder. "Not so unusual. He's young, sometimes that's good, sometimes bad. A lot of times that means no stamina, but great recovery. By the third or fourth time, they can last longer. Jeremy seems to be like that. Each one taking longer."

"I couldn't come," I explained.

Aunt Marie chuckled. "I can believe that. Give it a break. A couple of hours from now, you'll probably be back to normal."

"Put on something," she said climbing off the bed. "The burgers were already on the grill when I came up to get you guys."

Aunt Marie was wearing another braless, tied-off halter, and painted on shorts. She was going barefoot. "We're dressing casual," she said, giving me a wink.

Penny put on her panties, and one of my t-shirts. She insisted on brushing her hair before seeing anybody. Loose shorts and a tee was good enough for me. She grabbed her phone and was already

answering the text messages she'd missed, as we headed down the stairs.

"Thank God," Dad said. "I thought for sure you'd killed her this time."

Penny blushed, walked up to him and put her arm around his neck, tugging his head down for a kiss. "Thanks for rushing to my rescue, Daddy," she teased.

The six of us ate outside, and I thought that Colin's eyes were going to fall out, the way he kept looking back and forth at all our girls. Mom was wearing her white yoga pants, which were not quite as bad as the teal ones. She had on a t-shirt that must have been two sizes too small. It didn't even reach her belly button, and every little bump of her breasts was easily visible.

The burgers were good. Thick, still juicy, charred outside. "Good," I said, halfway into my second one. Colin seemed inordinately proud of the praise. I guess he should be. His last foray into grilling almost killed us.

"Breath between burgers, baby," Mom admonished me.

She had to get up twice to bring new servings of the french fries. It was a great lunch. With an incredible view. Hot MILFs and a babe.

Penny pouted. "I feel so overdressed." She made a point of looking at Mom and Marie's outfits to make sure we'd get the point. I laughed.

The girls had all finished eating, nibbling on the occasional fry. Dad and I were splitting the last burger. Aunt Marie stood and took Penny by the hand. "Come on. Let's get you prettified."

I leaned back in my chair, sipping a beer, wondering if life could get much better. "What time'd you get in, Colin?" I asked.

"Uh, I think sometime around 2:00." He sounded like he was fudging.

I looked over at Dad. "More like 3:00 I think. You would have tarred and feathered me for that."

"Not my say," he answered. "But if he keeps staying here, he'll sure as hell be calling if he's out after one." He turned to face Colin. "Won't you?"

"Yes sir," Colin nodded. I guess they'd already had this conversation. Once again I was struck by how similar it was to me and Dad a couple of years earlier, when I started dating seriously. All of a sudden I felt bad for Colin, never having what Dad and I did. The guidance and camaraderie. Aunt Marie's musical-husbands had shortchanged my cousin.

Mom was picking up the paper plates and plastic cups. Easy cleanup. Colin offered to help, but Mom shooed him off. "No, you boys relax. I'm almost done, anyway. I just need to take care of the fryer."

"How's your love life, Colin?" I asked, when Mom had left.

He smirked. "Got me a blowjob."

Dad chuckled. "Good for you. Sounds like you liked it!"

He nodded, grinning ear-to-ear.

"Kelly?"

He looked at me like I was nuts. "Of course. I'm not dating anyone else."

"Of course not. Forget I even asked. Did you get to return the favor?" I asked.

"Return it?"

"Go down on her."

He shook his head. "No way."

"No way, she wouldn't let you? Or no way, Ewww?" Dad asked.

"That's kind of gross, isn't it?"

Dad and I looked at each other, we smiled, and started laughing. "You wanna handle this?" he asked me.

"No way. I'm tellin' the moms."

Colin sat up. "No, you can't."

"Why not?" I asked.

"They'll give me a hard time. They tease me about everything I do."

Dad reached over and squeezed his wrist. "I'd suggest you put up with it, and pay attention. Think for a minute where you were a week or two ago, and compare that to your little girlfriend's gift last night. That's the sisters' influence."

Aunt Marie returned with Penny in tow. My shirt was a shambles. What was left of it. No collar, no sleeves, it ended a couple of inches below her breasts. They'd taken time to apply a little makeup, brushed her hair out into two pigtails, added some pink lipstick. She looked ridiculously hot and innocent at the same time. Colin was struck dumb. Dad gave her a wolf whistle.

She blushed. "Too much?"

I pushed back from the table. "Come here," I said, patting my lap.

Half a shirt and panties looked damn good on her. She snuggled into my lap. "Any plans for later?" she asked.

Aunt Marie swatted Colin upside the head. "Close your mouth, Colin. You're catching flies."

Penny looked over at him, "It's just panties, Colin. Get over it."

Dad chuckled. "Leave the boy alone. His reaction's perfectly natural. Baby girl's a real heart-breaker."

Aunt Marie ambled over, and sat in Dad's lap. Dad pulled her into position, getting comfortable, his hand on the inside of her thigh. I think Colin was going to have a heart attack. When she gave him a little kiss, nothing much, really, a weird strangled noise escaped my cousin.

She was facing her boy. "What would you think of us moving in with your Uncle Harold and Aunt Alice full-time?" she asked.

"Uh, yeah?" he mumbled.

Mom came strolling out and stood behind him, leaning over and giving him a kiss on the cheek. "What was that, 'yeah'? You don't like it here?"

"No, I mean, yeah, I mean, it would be great! For real?" he asked looking at his mother.

"We don't need that big house, and Jeremy's going to be gone. You'll be in school most of the time. Your aunt and I have been talking about it lately. Your uncle suggested it last night. It makes sense," Aunt Marie said.

When Mom sat in his lap, I thought we were going to lose him for sure. "Don't you think it'd be fun? All of us together? I could be like your second Mommy," Mom teased.

"Great. It would be great!" he squealed.

Mom laughed, and Penny slapped my hand away from slipping inside her shirt. "Behave, rotten thing," she hissed. Didn't stop her from wiggling her butt, driving me crazy.

"Colin thinks goin' down on a girl is gross," I said, tossing the verbal grenade out into the open.

"What!"

"Colin!"

"Jeremy..." he whined.

"I thought I raised you better that that!" Aunt Marie snapped.

Dad gave her a shake. "Listen to yourself, Marie. Did you ever even talk to him about it?"

"No, but I didn't raise him to be selfish!"

Mom was pouting. "Really. You think it would be gross?"

He was obviously sweating it. He glared at me, and I chuckled. Got an elbow in the ribs from Penny.

"I... I don't know. I never really thought about it, I guess," Colin mumbled.

"If you want to keep your girlfriend, maybe you should," Penny added, piling on.

"The other guys, they say it's sissy," he argued weakly.

Mom laughed. "What other guys? Whoever they are, they've probably never even had a real girlfriend. Do you think Jeremy and your uncle are sissies?"

He looked over at the two of us, "You guys..."

Dad laughed. "This ain't normal after-lunch conversation, but yeah."

Colin looked at me. "Hell yeah. Right, Penny?" I teased.

She blushed and nodded.

"You like it, don't you?"

She glared at me.

"Don't be ashamed to admit it. I don't mind saying I love doing it with you."

She leaned back into me, and smirked at Colin. "Lots. We do it lots. I love it." She put her lips to my ear, and bit my earlobe, hard. "I'll get you for embarrassing me."

I turned my face and kissed her. "I love you, silly girl."

She grinned. "You don't get off that easy." She wiggled herself to comfort, "I thought we could go for a ride, a little later."

"I bet. Who wants to see the new wheels this time?"

She giggled. "Everyone. Come on, Jeremy. It will be fun."

We left to get decent, while the mothers berated Colin for his misguided thinking.

* * *

We had a nice afternoon. Drove around, saw her friends. She let me drive a bit. It was so different from the Jeep, but I liked it. We stopped by the auto parts store, and we got her the steering wheel wrap she'd wanted, and picked out what she needed to wash and wax her car properly.

"It's brand new," she said, as I piled the material in her cart. "You think it needs waxing?"

"Yeah. Tomorrow, I'll show you how to do it properly."

We called home, and let them know when we'd be back. They offered to hold dinner for us. I was going to say no, when I found out Aunt Marie was going to make her chicken fried steak. Nobody, nobody,

makes chicken fried steak like Aunt Marie. "The good version?" I asked. Sometimes she tried to make it 'healthy'.

Aunt Marie got on the phone. "My best version. Using rib eyes, your mother's country biscuits, homemade mashed. Colin's been peeling potatoes for an hour," she giggled.

"You trying to fatten me up?"

"Keepin' your energy up." Her voice dropped to barely a whisper. "Tonight's our night, baby."

"We'll be there," I said. I turned to Penny. "Aunt Marie's chicken-fried steak. You don't want to miss this one. She only makes it a few times a year, says we'd all be rolling instead of walking, otherwise."

* * *

Alright. Things were getting out of control. Again. I had to add the extra leaf to the dining room table. We had a full house. I was warned to be on my best behavior from both moms.

As soon as we'd walked in, Penny had peeled away from me, and headed toward the kitchen. I looked her way, and saw the crowd. Both Moms of course, but Kelly was in there, working with them, and she smiled and waved at me. I waved back. It was only polite.

Dad and Colin were in the living room, Dad holding court, Colin hangin' on his every word. When Colin saw me walk in, he hopped up and went to the garage, returning with a beer for me. I sat down and talked to Dad about her car.

He gave me the same old guff about polishing it, and we argued about the best waxes. Colin sat on the floor, between us, taking it in.

Kelly came skipping over, cute as a button. "Dinner in 5 minutes. Beer with dinner, Aunt Alice says."

Aunt Alice? First time she'd even been in our house. These kids...

Dad looked over at me. "For the ladies?"

"Shiner light." We might play with other stuff, but Shiner was the house beer. Always dedicated one shelf of the beer fridge to it. "Colin?"

"Bock," Dad said.

I nodded. I got up and fetched the beers, 4 Lights, 1 Bock, 2 Black Lager.

At the table, I was interested in the politics of dinner. Who sat where. Dad and I had the ends, but tonight Mom was sitting next to Dad. Marie was next to her, near me. On the opposite side, Colin was bracketed by the girls, with Penny beside me. I wondered if that was intentional,

keep Kelly as far from me as possible. Heck, I'd only flirted with her once.

It was a loud, raucous fun dinner, with Dad in rare form. His mood had made a 180 degree turn-around. Mom was attentive to him, and Kelly was surprisingly flirtatious. Colin appeared ecstatic. I wasn't doing too badly, either, with Aunt Marie and Penny teasing and flirting.

There was a lot of talk about college, since it was just around the corner, and four of us were headed off for the first time. The food was perfect, and Aunt Marie was blushing from all the compliments. Someone, or someones was playing footsie with me under the table. Damn, why couldn't life always be like that?

The guys had cleanup duty, but it was only the dinner dishes. With four girls in the kitchen, all the cookware had been taken care of. Dad only helped clear, then we chased him off, Colin and I finishing up.

"You and Kelly doing Ok?" I asked.

He grinned. "Better than Ok. I only wish we'd gotten together sooner. She's leaving in a week and a half."

"You stickin' around after dinner?"

"Nah, I promised her we'd head up the mall and hang out. I gotta get her home before 10:00. She got in trouble last time we stayed out to late."

"You spending time at her house much?"

"Not really," he said.

"You should. Charm her mother. Get her on your side. It'll help."

"Why?"

"The problems like staying out late usually don't become such big problems, when her Mom's got your back. It's just good sense."

He nodded, closing the dishwasher. "Thanks. Maybe I'll drop in when I take her home."

"Not a bad idea. Don't make it too late. Get her home 15 minutes early." Damn, I was beginning to sound like Dad.

We wiped down the counters and joined the crowd outside. It was a nice night out, and there was more seating on the patio, than in the living room.

Penny hopped up when we got there, and I sat where she'd been, letting her climb in my lap afterward. Colin thanked Aunt Marie for dinner, and took Kelly by the hand. She seemed to be reluctant to leave, and made sure to give everyone hugs before she left. She was a nice girl. Colin was lucky.

Penny was the only one doing any lap sitting. The moms looked nice, but nothing too crazy. I was looking forward to getting my girl upstairs for a bit, when she shot me down. "I'm going out early tomorrow to get stuff for school. Gotta leave soon. Tomorrow afternoon's wide open," she said to me softly.

I pouted, and she giggled. "I'll make it up to you tomorrow, Ok?"

"Promise?"

I got a toe-curling, tonsil cleaning. "Sealed with a kiss," she whispered.

She said her goodbyes as well, and I walked her to the car. "We'll wash your car tomorrow too. Half-time break," I teased.

"Looking forward to it." Another big kiss, and lots of rubbing, left me with a hardon, when she pulled out of the driveway.

Mom met me just inside the doorway. "Jeremy?"

I pulled her in my arms, quieting her with a kiss. "Mom?"

She gave me a sheepish grin. "I... I need to spend tonight with your father."

Reaching down, I gave her buns a nice little squeeze. "You don't have to explain it to me or make excuses, Mom. He's your husband."

"It's been too long. I have to do it."

"It's Ok. You should. It's cool."

"You're going to sleep with Marie, aren't you?"

"Yes. She's not you, but I love her damn near as much. You have a problem with it?"

She sighed. "I... I guess not."

"Good. Spend the night with him. I'd like you to come back to me tomorrow night."

She melted into me. "I will. I promise."

"Don't promise. See what Dad needs. Take care of him first. We've been pretty rough on him."

Mom snorted. "Rough? I gave him my sister, Jeremy!"

Not worth arguing that it was me who gave her to him. I grabbed Mom by the buns, and lifted her, making her squeal like a kid. "Body hug, Mom. Wrap me up."

She wrapped her legs around my waist, locking her ankles, and her arms encircled my neck. I gave her a big kiss, and started walking with her. "I'm heavy, Jeremy," Mom whined.

"No you aren't. Be good now," I said, giving her butt cheeks a good squeeze. I carried her out to the porch, where Aunt Marie was seated next to Dad, chatting. I stepped in front of Dad. "I think this is yours. I found it wandering around out front."

I leaned over and set her in his lap, as Mom let go of me. He laughed. "I was wondering where I'd misplaced her."

She turned wriggling to get comfy, while he pulled her in close.

I thought about it. If things had still been awkward between us, there could've been some bad ways to take the teasing. "Don't worry," I told him. "I'll keep an eye on her. Make sure she doesn't stray."

He nodded. "At least not beyond the house."

I sat beside him, and patted my lap. "Aunt Marie?"

She gave me a look like I was being presumptuous, but she made her way over. "Pretty sure of yourself."

I slipped my hand into her shirt, caressing her side. "You're the one that told me this was our night."

She proved to me once again, why she was the best kisser around. "I guess I did. You got a problem with that?"

I was going to make a joke, but couldn't. "No. I can't believe how lucky I am."

It was the perfect end to a fabulous day. The four of us, chatting easily, Dad and I holding our girls. The hugs and kisses. Talking about Colin and Kelly, school, plans for after the summer.

"What's the latest on Aunt Marie and Colin movin' in?" I asked.

"Seems like the smart thing to do," Dad said.

"We're going to get the house staged, and fix up our space here," Aunt Marie said. "Hope to put the house on the market in the next week or so. The old one is way more than we need."

Mom laughed. "And with Colin going off to college, you pretty much have to, don't you? Split the proceeds with Number Two? Wasn't that the deal?"

Aunt Marie nodded. "He has a name, Alice. Jeff wasn't a bad guy. The best of the lot."

"Isn't it a long commute to your job?" I asked.

"Silly. I don't need that job. I just kept it to keep me busy. I needed to interact with adults a little. I don't think I'll be working anymore. Maybe something fun, some non-profit perhaps. If I do, I'm sure I can find something nearby."

Dad nodded. "It's not any drain on this household. We can take care of them easily enough. We have the space."

"Especially with me moving a few hours away," I added.

Dad made an announcement. "I'm gonna go into the office for a half-day tomorrow. Get caught up on a few things."

"You sure, honey?" Mom asked.

"Yeah. I'm feeling a lot better. Most of the bruising is starting to fade. Only my hand is giving me any trouble, so I guess I'll be doing a lot of two-finger typing."

I got a little surprise. Aunt Marie was going to be moving into my room, once I left. Like the Master, it had its own bathroom, while the other two guest rooms shared a bathroom. "You don't mind, do you?" Aunt Marie asked.

"Which room do I get when I come back?"

Aunt Marie kissed me softly. "Ours."

Alright. That was clear enough. "Nope. I don't mind at all."

The girls laughed, and I got another nice kiss, a promise of more to come. Soon, if I had my way. "Mom, Dad, I'm feeling a little bushed. Think I'll head to bed. Thanks for a great day."

Aunt Marie gave Mom and Dad a hug and kiss, and waited for me to do the same. With Mom that is. Kind of old to be hugging and kissing Dad. I took my aunt by the hand and headed up.

In the bedroom, she fell into my arms. "I changed the sheets earlier. Your old ones seemed to be getting a little overused. You might think about that in the future. Women like me and your Mom like clean sheets. I imagine Penny probably does as well."

"Got it. Understood. Message delivered and accepted. New sheets. Every day I think. I hope Mom doesn't get pissed about all the laundry. I usually only change them Sundays."

"She'll be fine. Besides, she has someone to help with the laundry now."

I started undressing, and Aunt Marie did the same. "What do you want to do tonight, Jeremy? It's your fantasy."

"I just want to love you. I'll go down on you if you want, but all I really want to do is make love to you. Nothing crazy. Not tonight."

She smiled. "Sounds like a wonderful plan to me."

Lying on her back, Aunt Marie's breasts didn't seem quite so huge. Still fun to play with, but almost normal. Positioned between her legs, gazing down on her pretty face, so much like Mom's, I was reliving hundreds of my dreams. I was hard as soon as I had her undressed, and she was definitely ready for me, when I went to put my cock inside of her.

I rubbed up and down her slit, and eased the head in. She was deliciously tight, but not painfully so. She took half my length with no problem. Properly situated, I leaned over her, gazing into her eyes. "Do you have any idea how many thousands of times I've dreamed of this, Aunt Marie?"

She smiled. "Marie. Just Marie, when we're in bed, baby boy."

"Marie. I love you so much, Marie."

"Show me, Jeremy. Show me your love."

I did, lying on top of her, our bodies never breaking contact, kissing her frequently, feeling her hands wandering my torso. Twice, I showed her, without a break.

We'd been at it a while, when I saw the tears start.

"What's wrong, Marie?" I asked, slowing down.

"Nothing, Jeremy. Absolutely nothing. It's perfect. I... God, I don't thing I've ever felt so adored."

I pressed my lips to hers, then kissed every inch of her face, while I continued pumping her. "Get used to it. You're the best Aunt a boy could have. You were always there for me. Hell, even when I fucked up, like with Penny the first time, you came to me, and helped make things right, even after..."

"Shh. Jeremy. You don't need to explain it. I know. Don't you think I know? Just love me, baby."

She hadn't come for me, and I wanted her to. Needed her to. I started fucking her harder, changing position, trying to find what worked. She grabbed my hips and stopped me. "No baby. Keep it like it was, please?"

"You didn't come," I explained, settling back down and easing in and out again.

She smiled, her hand touching my cheek lightly. "You're so young. So sweet." She pulled me down for a soft kiss. "I don't want to come. I could easily, but this, what you're doing is what I want now. I need to experience it, feel the love, not the passion. Trust me sugar, you and I will have our moments of passion. This one's for the heart, not the pussy."

She leaned her head back, closing her eyes, giving me her body. "Worship me, love me, adore me. Let me feel it. It's been so long... so very long."

So that's what I did. Slow, easy love, trying to let her know with every stroke, all she'd ever meant to me. How I loved her, and always would. We'd been at it a long time, continuing straight through my first orgasm, with barely a pause, except for the few moments I held myself still, buried inside her, filling her.

My second time was building toward a big one. I saw her smile, as my motions became a little more aggressive. She pulled her legs back, and urged me on. "Now, Jeremy. Take me. Make me yours. Deep and hard, baby. Claim me."

I groaned leaning over her and pounding into her. I could feel her pussy pulsing around my cock, squeezing me. I stared into her eyes, seeing her love, her passion for me. "Mine, Marie," I groaned.

"Yours Jeremy."

"Mine!"

She nodded, whimpering softly as I pounded into her as hard as I could. Painfully so. I was close, very close, and I knew that she knew it.

She gasped, and a soft cry escaped her lips. "Mine," I growled. "Mine, mine, mine."

She was responding, but almost seemed to be fighting it. "J...J...Jer... emy," she gasped, a litany of tiny grunts escaping her lips. "No... don't... don't make me."

I pulled her legs back, resting my weight on her, my head beside hers, my hips driving into her, all of me, claiming her. Making Aunt Marie mine.

I felt her fingernails dig into my skin, her tight pussy spasming around my cock. She turned her head away, shaking, trembling, clinging to me with all her strength. "Mine!" I barked harshly, as I lost control, erupting inside of her. I bit down on her neck, and she screamed out.

She gasped, holding her breath, her entire body stiffening. I was as deep as I could get, but kept pushing, grinding into her, trying to get a little further, and I felt the abrupt slackness as her body released.

I looked into her face and got nervous. She wasn't breathing, wasn't moving. I released her legs, and they flopped to the side. I turned her face, toward me, kissing her gently. "Marie? Aunt Marie?"

My hips had a mind of their own, slowly pumping away, while I spoke to her softly, trying to bring her back from wherever she'd gone. I felt a shiver through her body and she turned her head, her eyes flickering. Her hand reached up to my neck, pulling me down as she gasped, my face buried in her neck. She moaned, and released my head. I moved my face over hers, kissing her tenderly. Or that's what I intended.

She returned the kiss with a passion I hadn't seen from her, arms pulling my torso down, finger digging into my back. She cried out, her nails dragging down my back, her hips pounding up against the last remains of my erection.

I eased back on the kiss, my lips brushing hers. "Shh," I whispered, my hand stroking her face, my hips slowed to a halt, leaving me buried inside of her.

"God," she gasped, squeezing me tight. She shuddered, and looked into my eyes, "How do you do that?" she gasped. "Make me feel like that?"

My arms were getting tired, keeping my weight off of her. Another short kiss, before I rolled off of her, laying still. I felt her hand search out mine, fingers intertwining.

We lay quietly, catching our breath. My heart-rate had barely returned to normal when Aunt Marie cuddled up to me, nice and close, leg on top of mine, head on my shoulder. "Hold me, Jeremy," she purred.

I adjusted her a little, my arm hugging her close. I kissed the top of her head. "I love you, Aunt Marie."

Her lips pressed against my chest. "I know, baby. We've all known it forever. I love you too."

I chuckled. "Was it that obvious?"

"Please. Are you kidding? Like a puppy dog, you were, for years."

"Not too irritating I hope."

Her hand was caressing my chest, her leg moving slowly brushing the inside of her thigh against mine. "I loved it. Loved you. To be that special to someone is, I don't know, fulfilling? Ego-gratifying. Whenever my life was in any kind of crisis, I could always count on my Jeremy to lift my mood. Your calls to me, telling me what was going on in your life, God, they were wonderful." She lifted her head, lips offered

up, and I kissed her. Softly, lovingly. She chuckled afterward. "Gotta admit. I never expected this."

"Me neither," I confessed. "Fantasized, yeah. But the thought that it could ever be real? Holding you like this? Making love to you? Impossible."

She struggled to cuddle in closer. I don't know how she figured on doing it. She'd have to crawl into my skin to get any nearer. "Not quite impossible, I guess," she teased.

She closed her eyes, resting her head on my shoulder. "Can we go to sleep like this, baby?" she murmured softly.

"Of course. There's nothing I'd like better."

I woke spooning her. Half asleep, her warm body pressed to mine, my arms wrapped around her. Her hair was in my face, and I carefully brushed it away. I was hard, and pressed my erection against her firm butt. I was trying to be quiet and subtle, but I guess that didn't work out so well.

She shifted her top leg, bringing it nearly up to her chest. "Gentle, baby," she mumbled, pressing her rear against me.

I rubbed my erection between her legs, back and forth across her nether-lips. She was quiet, murmuring a sweet little "Mmmm" every

now and then. I took my cock in hand, rubbing her more seriously, pressing the head against her opening, probing her, opening her little by little. On one of my rubs, I felt the head enter her. I shifted a little lower and pushed firmly lodging a few inches inside of her.

"So good," she murmured.

Good for me, too. I found a nice comfortable position, held her in my arms, and slowly had my way with her. Fabulous. Easy, deliciously sexy, most of my cock sliding in and out of her, feeling her wetness growing.

I heard her big sigh, and felt her shift a little. She pressed back against my thrusts, and I was all the way in. "Mmmm. I could wake up like this every morning," she said.

"Love you, Marie," I whispered.

"Don't I know it. Easy baby. Nice and easy. Hold me and love me."

We kept it up for a nice while. I don't know if I should be embarrassed or proud, when I realized she had fallen asleep in my arms. I thrust in deeply, and held her, resting.

It was an amazing fantasy world, half awake, half asleep. Holding her, pumping her gently. Concentrating on the feeling of being inside of her.

Holding her breast. My face tucked into her neck. As I got more aggressive, I felt her start to respond, still half asleep.

My fantasy world was shattered with the opening of a door.

"Jeremy? Have you seen my... Mom!" Colin gasped from the doorway.

Aunt Marie tugged the sheet up a bit. "Morning, Colin," she said calmly. "Are you the only one up?"

"Mom?" he whined.

Aunt Marie sighed, and her hand under the covers reached out and grabbed my hip. I hadn't even realized I was still thrusting inside of her. Her motion made me stop. She cuddled back into me, and patted the bed beside her. "Come in, baby. I... guess this is a bit of a surprise for you."

He stumbled in slowly, sitting down, head bowed.

"You have a good time with Kelly, last night?" she asked. I couldn't resist giving a little thrust inside of her. She felt too damn good to stop completely.

"Yeah, I stopped in and watched a movie with the family. It was fun. Had some popcorn and soda."

"That's wonderful, dear," she said softly, her head resting on my arm.

"Mom, what's going on?" he whined.

"Just cuddling with your cousin," she said. I was being bad, squeezing her tit, and pumping her a little more thoroughly.

"Is this why you want us to live here?" he asked.

She sighed shifting a little back toward me, turning to face her son. She pulled the sheet up almost to our necks. "Part of it. I... I'll probably be sleeping with your uncle and Jeremy here." She grabbed my hip again to slow me down, I guess I was getting a little carried away. "I'm tired of being alone, Colin. I love these men. Can you understand that?"

"But Mom! Jeremy's my age. He's my cousin."

"It's complicated. We have to keep it a secret. Just for this house, you understand. Jeremy's my boyfriend."

"But he has Penny!"

Aunt Marie chuckled. "Yes. That makes it perfect. He has his girlfriend for in public, and me here at home." She sighed. "He'll be going off to

college, soon, but whenever he comes home, this will be our room. His and mine."

Colin was looking at me in confusion. "You said Uncle Harold too?"

Aunt Marie nodded. "Whenever Aunt Alice will let me. It won't be as often, she's his wife."

"I... I don't understand," he whined.

"Baby, it's simple. I'm theirs. Harold and Jeremy. It's what I want. It doesn't change anything with you. Not between you and me, or you and your cousin. Nothing has to change with any of us. We all still love each other like we always have."

I couldn't take holding still, and held her hip, pushing deep inside her, and slowly pumping her again. I know it was incredibly naughty, but I couldn't help myself.

Colin faced me for the first time. "Jeremy?"

"Your Mom's a gorgeous, sexy woman, you have to know that, Colin," I said.

"I know but.."

"She should never have to sleep alone. Never. It's a crime. As long as I'm around, she never will. I love her. She's my favorite person in the whole wide world. She always has been."

"This is so weird," he mumbled.

Marie reached out and grabbed his hand. "It's alright, Colin. We'll talk about it later. Why don't you go clean up and get dressed. Alice and I will be down in a while to make breakfast. I can't believe she's not up yet, I thought Harold was going in to work today."

"Half day," I reminded her, kissing her neck.

"Oh. That's right. Well, we'll be down in a bit, alright?"

Colin nodded and got up, closing the door behind him.

I pulled out of Aunt Marie, rolled her on her back, and climbed between her legs. I was thrusting away inside of her, before the echo of Colin's footsteps in the hall disappeared.

Aunt Marie sighed. "That's not how I expected the conversation to come about." She swatted my arm. "Very naughty of you, Jeremy. Sticking your big thingy inside me, while I was talking to my boy."

"Irresistible, remember?" I leaned down and kissed her.

She chuckled. "We're really going to have to do something about your morning breath, Dear. No kissing until after cleanup."

I shushed her, and starting screwing her harder. Long, firm strokes, which she had no problem taking all of. Like Mom. I closed my eyes, and fucked my aunt. Fucked her hard. I was selfish, not worrying about her needs, only determined to have my way with her. After a few minutes, I felt the end approaching, sped up my strokes until I lost it, filling her.

She smiled for me. "Feeling better now, horndog?"

"Much. You're right. This is the best way in the world to start every morning."

She gave me a little push, and I climbed off of her. "I'm gonna take a bath. In Alice's room. Why don't you clean up and keep Colin company?"

"Awkward," I said.

"Yeah. Probably. You two need to work it out. We're not going to be hiding much in the next week and a half."

She got up and disappeared in the bathroom. Came out wearing my robe, which was way too big for her. "Get up, lazy bones. Clean up and check on my boy. For me, Ok?"

"Of course."

She smiled. "If you'd been a little quicker about it, I would have kissed you." She blew me a kiss, and headed out the door.

I showered, brushed my teeth thoroughly, flossed, and gargled. I got the hint. Then I braced myself to face Colin.

He was sitting on the couch, watching me as I came down the stairs. "Yo, come help me make breakfast. Let's give the Moms a break," I called out on the way to the kitchen.

He wasn't much help, but he did set the table, and he started talking.

"You and Mom?"

"Yep," I answered.

"Do you, I mean, you're sleeping, but are you..."

"Everything, Colin. Your Mom is amazing."

He was quiet for a bit. "Is she? Really good? I mean, I know she's pretty..."

"Colin, your Mom is incredible. You've gotta know I've always had a thing for her."

He nodded. "I know, but I figured it was like me and your Mom. A fantasy, but, well you know, impossible. Then I got Kelly, and I guess my fantasies changed. You have Penny now, so I figured, you know."

I was making Dad's SOS. Shit On a Shingle, he called it. Creamed beef on toast. But we usually used a mixture of beef and venison if we had it. I was using some of our hog. The meat was finished browning, and I poured off the grease.

"Penny's great. I love her to death. I love your Mom too. Different, I guess. Penny's my girl. Your Mom is, I don't know, my woman? My fantasy come to life."

"This is so weird," he said.

"I know. Unexpected. We gotta keep it in the family, Ok?"

I started the gravy for the concoction. "Can you make some toast? Lots really, like 10 slices. And stir the pan every now and then. I'm gonna make sure everyone else is up."

Mom and Dad's door was open. I opened it to find both the sister's cuddling up to Dad, chatting away. All were naked. Talk about feeling jealous. "Break it up. Breakfast will be ready in less than 10 minutes."

Mom grinned. "You made breakfast?"

"Dad's SOS, and I'm gonna scramble up some eggs. Don't be long you heathens," I teased.

Mom and Aunt Marie laughed. Aunt Marie hopped up. "My bath's been ready for a while. I hope it didn't get cold."

Mom was stretching. "I think I'll join you. You can wash my back."

Aunt Marie jogged on her tip-toes into the bathroom. "No way, Sissy. You can wash mine."

I left them to their play, and went down to make sure breakfast hadn't exploded.

They took longer than I expected, but it was easy to keep the SOS warm over the burner on low, and the toast and eggs were in the oven staying warm. Dad was the first one down. I could see he was starting to move better. "Smells good," he said, pouring himself a cup of coffee.

Even though he was the first one down, he was the only one fully dressed. Prepared for work, I suppose. If so, he was going in late. It was after 9:00. I heard the Mom's moving about, laughing. I poured them each their coffee, and had Colin put the mugs on the table. We brought the food to the table. "Get their drink orders," I told Colin, as I brought out the huge pan of SOS.

The moms were almost dressed. Shorts and dad's shirts. I recognized that Aunt Marie was wearing one of Mom's shorts. I got a kiss on the cheek from each of them as they sat down. I ladled the creamed beef onto Dad's plate, then about a half serving to Mom and Aunt Marie. The eggs were getting passed around and Colin was setting out juice and water for whoever wanted them.

"What's the occasion?" Mom asked.

"Best Mom's in the World Day," I told her. "You're always waiting on us, I figure we can return the favor every now and then, right Colin?"

The mom's sat side-by-side, opposite Colin. Aunt Marie was at my end again. Dad was grinning at me. "What?" I asked.

"You're in a good mood today," his eyes glanced over at Aunt Marie.

"Oh, and you're not?" I pointedly looked at both of the sisters.

The moms put their heads together, whispering, giggling.

"Hey! No fair, Mom. No secrets at the table. It's your own rule."

She gave me a grin. "She who makes the rules, decides who breaks the rules. The rule still stands, except it doesn't apply to siblings. I thought that part was obvious."

Aunt Marie looked across the table at Colin. "Plans for this afternoon?"

He shook his head, shoveling eggs into his mouth.

"Good. You need to go by the house and pack up some things. You can't wear the same shirt and underwear every day."

He turned red. "How much?" he asked.

"Most of your clothes. I'll give you some boxes and bags for your stuff. I want you to get started right after breakfast. Alice and I will head over later to get my stuff, and to take care of whatever's in the fridge."

Mom looked over at me. "How about you?"

"Penny this afternoon. That's about it."

"Good. We have some chores for you as well. You need to get some of the boxes out of the attic. I'm pretty sure we still have a couple of those wardrobe moving boxes up there."

Dad chuckled.

"Laugh it up Dad. Very funny. Ha-ha," I said.

The attic was our disaster area. For a family that believes in a place for everything, and everything in its place, the attic was the exception. It was impossible to find anything. In mid-summer, it was like 140 degrees up there.

"You might try looking for my left-handed smoke shifter, while you're up there," Dad teased. I'd already chased that mythological item once as a Tenderfoot in the Scouts.

"No problem. I'll leave it with your Bosun's Punch. I think Uncle Harry said you'd found one of those."

"Smart ass," Dad replied, but at least he was grinning.

"The acorn doesn't fall far from the tree," I reminded him.

It was pretty clear we'd lost the rest of the table by then, and things got back to normal.

Mom got up to clear the table. "We've got this, Mom. This is your break day," I told her.

Colin gave me a bit of a glare, but the moms seemed happy.

By the time we had cleared everything, put away the leftovers and washed the dishes, Dad had his laptop out, checking his email I suppose. Mom and Aunt Marie took their coffees out to the porch, to join him. Colin and I checked in before tackling our new chores.

"There's a pile of collapsed boxes behind your father's stand-up tool chest," Mom said. "Help Colin load those up, and give him the black luggage set for packing."

Aunt Marie added, "Colin, I need you to neatly load everything in my tall dresser into the three large pieces of luggage, when you finish your stuff."

"Mom! Between my stuff and yours, that's going to take all afternoon!"

"Hush now. It won't take more'n two or three hours, if you don't dilly-dally," Aunt Marie told him. "One of the boxes has two levels of dividers. You'll have to put it together. My shoes go in there, one pair to a opening. Be careful with them, I don't want 'em all scuffed up."

"But Mom!"

Mom grinned. "Would you rather spend the next couple of hours up in the attic?" She glanced over at me.

Colin shook his head.

"Well get to it then, time's a wastin'," Aunt Marie said.

"This sucks," Colin whined as we headed to the garage.

"Just be happy you're not gonna be workin' in the sauna. I know as soon as I'm up there, Mom's gonna have a bunch of things she wants me to find. Happens every stinkin' time."

I loaded up the boxes, and pulled down the luggage from the overhead racks hanging from the ceiling above the garage doors, where we kept them. Filled the back of their SUV. We were just finishing up when Mom showed up. Dad was right behind, on his way to the office. "There's some packing paper over the sports cabinet, Jeremy. Why don't you get that down as well."

I friggin' knew it. I should have told her I had plans. Anything. We finally got Colin loaded up and out the door. Dad said his goodbyes, while Mom said she had a few other things she needed from the attic, leaving Dad chuckling as he got in the car. Mom was grinning. She was enjoying this. "The boxes, Jeremy?"

I sighed, and headed back in. Pulled down the attic access stairs in the upstairs hallway. The heat hit me like a blast furnace. I climbed the stupid ladder, and turned on the light.

"You might try looking to the right," Mom called up to me.

Just a few feet away were a stack of boxes. The metal rods for the wardrobe boxes were on top. "If you can, find the pressure cooker and canning jars. I think I'm going to make another batch of salsa," Mom added.

The pressure cooker was sitting on top of the two boxes of canning jars, right behind the moving boxes. Weird. "Alright," I told her.

"Oh, and while you're up there—"

"Mom!"

"—see if you can find your father's turkey fryer."

Crap. I was going to be up there forever. We'd looked for that last Thanksgiving with no success. I sighed, grabbed the boxes and started carrying them down. Three trips up and down for all the boxes. When I grabbed the pressure cooker. I saw a big box labeled 'turkey fryer' was right behind it. That didn't make sense. We'd looked all over for it. Then again, we weren't looking for it in a box, and there it was, labeled clear

as day. Another five minutes and I had the canning jars and fryer down. It hadn't taken 15 minutes, and I was already sweating like a stuck pig.

Mom was busy carrying the canning stuff downstairs, and Aunt Marie had an armload of boxes. "Be a dear, and take the fryer out to the garage," Mom said.

I closed up the ladder access, and took the big box out.

Mom and Aunt Marie were waiting for me in the living room, wearing huge grins. That and panties. That's all. My chin nearly hit the floor. Aunt Marie walked up and gave me a Monster Energy drink. Mom approached and grabbed my chin, tugging down. "Open up."

I opened my mouth and she put something in it. "Drink up," she said.

I drank down about half the drink, and some kind of pill. I was already thirsty from the few minutes I'd spent up in the attic.

"You're soaked," Aunt Marie said. "Why don't you give me that stinky sweaty stuff and I'll put it in the laundry, with ours."

I peeled off my shirt. "What's going on?"

Alright. I guess I can be dense. Mom heaved a big exagerrated sigh. "With the afternoon's chores out of the way, what ever will be do with our time?"

"Shorts too," Aunt Marie said.

I removed my shorts, and passed them over. Aunt Marie tossed my dirty clothes in the direction of the kitchen. Both moms started giggling, and Mom took me by the hand, leading me up the stairs. Aunt Marie grabbed my other one and followed.

I was taken directly to the Master bath. Aunt Marie started the shower, and Mom pulled out a big stack of towels. Big. Maybe half a dozen of them. Then Aunt Marie was dragging me under the hot water, and I noticed she'd lost her panties. I was barely in, when I felt Mom push up against me, closing the door behind us.

Their hands started soaping me up, teasing me. I got a quick little kiss from Aunt Marie, then one from Mom. Aunt Marie was trying to wash me with her breasts, giggling.

"Alright, when'd you find all that stuff?" I asked Mom.

"Whatever could you mean Jeremy? It takes forever to find anything up there."

"Seriously, Mom."

She pulled me down for one of her Mommy kisses, and Aunt Marie had switched to soaping up my erection. "When we put away the linens and kitchen things from the cabin."

It felt weird to have someone else's hand rubbing between my butt-cheeks. I wasn't complaining, it was just weird.

The next thing I know, I was being rinsed, the water's shut off, and I'm standing in the bathroom getting towel dried, by two naked MILFs. It was surreal, I was their plaything, being guided along willingly.

"What's going on, Mom?" I asked, curious, but not wanting to rock the boat.

Mom smiled. "Marie and I have a few things we'd like to teach each other. You're going to be our practice dummy. Is that Ok with you?"

I glanced at Aunt Marie, and she nodded, giving her lips a teasing lick. "Works for me."

The sisters giggled, and dragged me into Mom's bed. I was situated in the middle, propped up with a couple of pillows. Mom and Aunt Marie were near the end of the bed facing me. Mom was between my legs, rubbing my thighs, with Aunt Marie to my left.

Mom looked up at me. "We're in no rush, Jeremy, Ok? We want to take our time. Try to relax, and if we ask you any questions, be brutally

honest. This may not be the sexiest play session ever, but we'll make it up to you, right Marie?"

Aunt Marie nodded. "In spades, I promise. Be patient with me, Ok, lover?"

"Of course. You've been patient with me forever. It's the least I can do."

After that, it was like I was little more than a cock platform. They talked to each other, giggling, serious, playful.

"Ok, teach me one of these secrets," Aunt Marie told her.

Mom shook her head. "Not yet. We'd both be wasting our time. I told you, attitude is 90% of the job. We gotta work on that first. Then we'll add the bells and whistles. Remember Penny?"

Marie nodded. "Pretty impressive."

"You saw how he reacted?"

Aunt Marie nodded.

"She was right. I love my boy. Love him with all my heart. I'll do anything to make him happy. He needs to know that. When I'm down

here, between his legs, that's my primary mission. Let him know he's loved and adored. Him and his wonderful toy."

Mom took a few minutes to take care of me, in full adoration mode. Touching, kissing, rubbing her face, her lips against my cock, gazing up at me on occasion, but almost all of her attention focused on my straining cock. Maybe 4 minutes on the clock, but an eternity in action. At the end of that time, she still hadn't taken me in her mouth.

She looked up at me. "Good Jeremy? On a scale of 1 to 10?"

"Ten Mom. You're always a 10 in adoration mode."

She grinned. "That's cute. You have a name for the prelude? Adoration mode?"

"Yeah. When you're doing that, and it seems like you're absolutely in love with my cock, adoring it. It's insane how hot that is."

Mom turned to Aunt Marie. "That's where we start. No tricks or anything."

Aunt Marie wore a puzzled look. "But you didn't even start. You didn't suck him or anything."

"Sucking's not critical. Hell, I could get him to come without ever taking him in my mouth or using my hands on him."

"Bullshit, Alice. It's hard enough using both."

"Wanna bet?"

Aunt Marie looked a little nervous. "Bet what?"

While they were thinking about it, I had an idea. "The loser is my slave for the rest of the day."

They both looked up at me, surprised. "What?" "You're kidding!" "No way!"

"Chicken, Mom? Think you can't do it? I don't think you can." I knew that would get to her.

Mom got a determined look on her face. "Of course I can't do it, but..."

"How about you, Aunt Marie? You don't want to see me controlling her? Making her blow me on the patio after dinner, with everyone sitting around watching?"

Aunt Marie's surprised look turned to shock. "With everyone there?"

I nodded. "Oh yeah. That would be seriously hot."

Mom looked at Aunt Marie. "Think twice, Marie. 'Cause you're going to be the one doing it."

"Can we have some ground rules about the slave thing?" Aunt Marie asked.

"No. No way. That would kind of ruin the whole 'slave' aspect. You're going to have to trust me. You both trust me, don't you?"

Mom nodded. "Of course, baby. It's just that, I mean with the whole family around, we really should limit it to the bedroom."

Aunt Marie chuckled. "Cluck-cluck-cluck. Who's chicken now, Sissy?"

Mom glared at her. "I was saying that for your sake, Marie. Never mind. Full slave it is. Until midnight."

"You don't get all afternoon to get him off, either."

"Ten minutes? You know that's pretty fast for him," Mom said.

Aunt Marie nodded. "Ten minutes." She looked at the clock. "You can start now. The 10 minutes starts in... 20 seconds."

Mom started by climbing up the bed, and kissing me softly. "You need to come for me, baby. Don't hold back. This is important. She needs to see it's not the action but the whole attitude and emotion that makes it work. Alright, baby?"

I gave her a thoughtful look. "I really would love to have you for my slave, Mom."

She blushed. "Come fast for me, make it good, and this weekend, I'll be your slave for a day. But we've got to show her, baby."

That was an offer too good to deny. A Two-for-one. "Alright Mom. I won't hold back. But you better make it good."

She kissed me deeply, rubbing against my cock. "The best. I do adore you. You and that beautiful cock," she whispered.

She slowly worked her way down my body, kissing my chest, my abs, touching me, licking me. I looked over and she'd already burned two minutes, but I was getting into it.

She used her face, her lips, her tongue, her hair, her cheeks. Constant, fleeting contact with my cock. Her hands glided across my skin, caressing me. My abs, hips, sides, thighs, my balls.

Her tongue, especially, was a devilish thing. She spent a long time using it to tease the head, the crest, torturing me. The world for her had

disappeared, leaving a little singularity, just her head and my cock. I knew nothing else mattered in the world. Time was not an issue. I thought she'd be in a hurry, but it seemed just the opposite. With four minutes to go I was already sweating, moaning.

Mom didn't slow down, didn't even acknowledge my state. She was mumbling to herself, talking to my cock, rubbing her lips up and down my length. Mom pushed my legs further apart, taking a few moment to treasure my balls, licking and sucking.

Then she cheated. Not by the rules, she stuck to them, but to the essence of the matter.

Mom licked her finger and eased it into my bottom. While she was licking the head again, her breath warm and teasing, her finger was petting me, stroking the inside, searching out my prostrate, and milking it.

I groaned, ending with a whimper.

Aunt Marie was watching from only a few inches away, obviously enthralled. I reached down and stroked her hair, getting a surprised look from her. "My love slave," I moaned softly.

Mom's tongue was lashing away at the head of my cock. Her finger was doing crazy things to me, making my hips jerk involuntarily. I started to hold back a little, wanting to make it last.

Mom looked up. "It's time, my love. Feed me. Feed Mommy." She pressed her lips together on top of my cock, sucking away at the very tip.

I gasped and felt the cum launch from deep within me. Mom's lips captured it, sucking noisily, mixing air with my load. Her finger inside me was stroking firmly and slowly, coaxing out more.

After a few more shots, she took mercy on me, extracting her finger. I gasped, slowly settling my hips down to the bed, my heart pounding madly. Mom opened her mouth, and my cum slid out from between her lips, cascading over my cock head, pouring down my shaft.

"Time?" Mom asked.

"Eight and a half minutes," Aunt Marie answered softly.

Mom's mouth opened, and she took me in, quickly all the way to the root, making me gasp loudly. She gave me a few seconds of the Tunnel-of-Love, then took her time backing off, sucking and swallowing, her tongue active. When she finally broke free, my cock was clean as a whistle, and aching for more.

Mom had a ridiculously content look on her face. "Believe me now?"

Aunt Marie nodded. "I have a lot to learn don't I?"

Mom pulled her over, and gave her a quick peck on the lips. "You do, but you've got good teachers, and a great practice target."

"Teachers?"

"We'll get Penny to work with you too. I'm telling you, the girl is a natural. A freak."

Mom climbed out from between my legs, staying close, her breasts pressed against my right thigh, her hand stroking me gently. "We know you're not a big fan of oral, at least not giving," Mom said. "Tell me why? What's it like for you, what does it mean?"

Aunt Marie stretched out, mirroring Mom's position. "I don't know. It always seemed, belittling, degrading. Uncomfortable. I don't like someone poking at the back of my throat, making me gag. I... the first couple of times I tried, it was ugly. Dirty, and not in a good way."

"Dirty, how?" Mom asked curious.

"Smelly. Sweaty. Tasted like pee. Itchy hair. Made me want to puke."

"Does Jeremy's make you feel that way?"

Aunt Marie smiled, kissing my hip. "No. Just the opposite. I like it. I never really thought I would."

"Show him, Marie. Just for a minute. Forget everything else, and let him know, without words, that you love his cock."

Aunt Marie peeked up at me, and I brushed her hair back. "I love you, Marie. Love you so much," I told her, holding her eyes with mine.

She gave me a smile, looked down at my cock, and for a couple of incredible minutes, she told me she loved me too, without saying a word.

Aunt Marie loved my cock, rubbing against it, actually purring. She licked the length of my shaft, then rubbed it against her cheek. She stopped moving for a second, and inhaled deeply through her nose. I saw her tremble, then rub my cock all over her face. I groaned, my cock was once again as hard as granite.

Mom cuddled up to her, kissing Aunt Marie on the cheek, then claiming one side of my shaft, while Marie kept rubbing, kissing, licking teasing, whimpering softly.

"It's wonderful, isn't it."

"My Jeremy," Aunt Marie whispered.

"I know," Mom said. "Love him, Marie. Love our boy."

It was the most beautiful agony. The two of them, adoring my cock, neither sucking me, no naughty finger urging more. The pair of beautiful faces, so similar, gazing into each other's eyes, displaying their love.

Aunt Marie climbed up the bed, her lips descending on mine. Her eyes were wet, shining. "I do love you, you know?" she whispered.

"Of course. Like I love you." I kissed her. "The best aunt ever. It's why I've always been able to talk to you about anything. Everything. You would never hurt me, never steer me wrong." I reached down and grabbed Mom by the hair, slowing her actions, giving her a little shake to stop her from sucking me any better. I knew she was doing it to show off.

"Behave, Mom," I told her, my eyes still locked with Aunt Marie's. "My favorite, my fantasy," I whispered to Aunt Marie.

She smiled, but then looked down at Mom, nodding in that direction.

"My Mom. What more is there, Marie?"

She nodded, and kissed me softly. "I'll always be second."

"No, you'll always be different. I love you as much as I could love anyone, but it's different. Different than Mom. Different than Penny. Three different loves, none of which could ever be like the other."

Mom was behaving better, a smooth, easy sucking, no specials. I could see she was watching us, listening in. Nosy, ornery thing.

"I... I still don't understand it. I know you love her best."

I kissed my aunt slowly deeply, remembering all the fantasies. "Let me tell you how I feel when I wake up with each of you in my arms." I tapped Mom on the head, "Come up here Mom, for a second."

She gave me a last teasing suck, before lying beside me. I gave Aunt Marie a peck on the lips. "Be patient now, I... I have a hard time understanding this myself." I rolled toward Mom, cuddling up to her, pulling her in close, burying my face in her hair.

"When I wake up with Mom, it's like nothing else in the world. Complete serenity. A calm, all encompassing happiness like no other. I'm home. I don't know how else to explain it. It's where I belong, where I've always been able to retreat to. I've always been close to Dad, but if I got hurt, Dad would tell me to be a man. Mom would hold me, and make the pain go away. She could share my pain. I knew it hurt her as much as it did me.

"Waking up, holding Mom, I know that everything's going to be alright. Nothing will ever hurt me. And at the same time, I know I'd never let anything hurt her. Nothing. I'd kill for her, I'd die for her. I'd do anything, anything for my Mom. And I know, deep down, it's a two-

way street. I love her, not with my brain, not with my heart, but with every essence of my being."

I looked down, and tears were running down her face. I tilted her chin up, and my lips caressed hers gently. "I love you, Mom."

I freed myself, rolling over. "Turn around, Marie."

She rolled over, her back to me, and I spooned in close, wrapping my arms around her, touching as much of her body as possible.

"Waking with you, Marie, is different. Even when you sneak into my bed, moments after I'm awake, before I'm fully aware, I know it's you. My fantasy. My best friend. In my arms. A dream come true. I feel a joy that's hard to explain. Sometimes it gives me goosebumps. You, in my embrace. With Mom, it's where I'm supposed to be. With you, it's the complete opposite. Impossible. It can't really be true. You, in my arms, with me. Mine. Inconceivable."

I started kissing her shoulder, my hand squeezing her tit. "All I could ever want in the world. My fantasy for so many years. The friend that always was there for me, helping me, guiding me, a mentor, a shoulder to cry on. So many different things. It blows my mind to think of all the ways I love you, one piled on top of the other. With Mom, it's one single deep all encompassing love. With you, it's layers and layers of different ways I love you."

I was still hard, and I scooted down, pressing in between her legs, searching for home. I felt her fingers guide my head into her, and I sank in. Pushing, joining her at a new level.

"Half asleep, holding you, a deep-seated, complete joy and satisfaction enfolds me. I have to touch you, feel you, squeeze your amazing tits, taste your soft skin, smell you, feel myself inside of you, just to let me know it's real, and that I'm not still dreaming." I started stroking into her, lifting her leg, probing deeper.

"I... I know it doesn't make sense. The love, this love, loving you, is wonderful, but only a part of it. There's some of the serenity I get with Mom, the closeness of my special friend, the ecstasy of enjoying my fantasy, the trust, at a level that only Mom and Dad can share."

I kissed her neck, biting her, thrusting harder. "There's a downside to it, and I'm sorry about that. I know you. Know you will be there for me always. I could leave for five years, come back and hold you and nothing would have changed. So sometimes I take you for granted. I don't mean to, but I don't have to prove myself to you. I know that you'll always love me, and I'll always love you. And I... I sometimes..." I started choking up. "I'm sorry, Marie. You deserve better. I'm so sorry."

Then I was in her arms, face buried between her tits, her leg over mine, pulling me in close. I felt her face pressed against my hair.

"No, Jeremy. It's Ok. I understand. I do. You're right. I'll always be here for you. I don't need your reassurance, or little reminders. I'll always

see you as the baby on my breast, the toddler holding my skirt. The little boy trying to impress me, showing off. The tween with that look of fascination, infatuation. My teen buddy, calling on the phone to share his world, seeking me out for advice. Trusting me completely and without any reservation. Sharing his joys and failures. Working so hard to make things right between my sister and me. Placing my needs above even his own. I'll always love you, always be here for you. I don't need any more proof of your love, Jeremy. I've seen it in everything you do, since you were born."

Mom was behind me, cuddled in close, kissing me. "I'm sorry," she whispered. "I... I've always been so jealous. Jealous of what you two shared. I had to be the Mom, make the rules, lay down the law. She got to be your friend. You shared what was going in your life with her, while I stood on the sidelines, watching. Until the last few weeks. Then you were mine. All mine, and I didn't want to share. Finally you talked to me, told me everything, and I could do the same with you. That... that first time with Penny, trusting me to make it right, sharing that, it changed me, changed everything. I can't let it go. I need all of you. Not just a mother's love, but my soul mate's love. My lover's love."

Aunt Marie released me, pushing me gently away while Mom eased me onto my back. I was buried in an avalanche of the sisters' kisses. For once they weren't competing, they were sharing me, considerate of each other, the kiss from one transitioning to the other smoothly, two mouths on mine, my tongue moving from one mouth to the other and back. The kisses never stopped, as one would ease onto my body, taking me inside, loving me, then moving away and making room for the other.

The rides lasted longer, Mom was on me, intent on her actions. Marie was kissing me. I gave her a nudge to take her turn, and she shook her head. "Not yet, baby boy."

Moments later, I heard Mom gasping, coming on me. She slid off, her mouth taking over from her sister, and Marie was back in the saddle, this time with a little more determination.

"Gonna come soon?" Mom asked.

"Hard for me to come when I'm on the bottom, Mom."

She grinned. "You mind if we have our fun?"

"I love it. I love you."

She chuckled. "I know that. We all know that, don't we? I'm your home."

I grinned, listening to Marie grunting, as she ground against me hard. "You're my home, and I love parking in your garage."

She giggled. "Naughty boy." She kissed me softly. "That was nice, what you told Marie, about the way you loved us, the difference."

"It was just the truth."

We both chuckled, as Aunt Marie cried out, slamming down on my cock, making my whole body shake, bouncing my shoulders and head off the bed, catching Mom in the forehead with my cheekbone.

"Someone's having a good time," Mom teased. "Starting to hog things."

"I think she's on edge, going for multiples," I whispered, getting more distracted by my aunt's actions.

She was fucking me hard, and I was starting to feel it.

"Close?" Mom asked, watching my reaction.

"Uh-huh," I grunted, thrusting into my fantasy.

Mom was quiet, watching me, her hand brushing back my hair, caressing my face.

"FUUUUCK!" Aunt Marie screamed, buried on my cock, her pussy pulsing madly, milking me.

"...gotta..." I gasped.

"Make her happy, baby boy. Love my baby sister."

Aunt Marie's fingers were digging into the flesh of my sides, as she ground against me, panting loudly, her hips going crazy for a few seconds, her moans and grunts rising in pitch and intensity, before she'd come for me, and go right back to grinding.

I held on as long as I could, fighting it, feeling my cock swell, clenching my ass cheeks hard. I grabbed Aunt Marie's hips, lifting her and driving my cock into her desperately, pumping madly, grunting hard before reaching the point of inevitability. I slammed my cock into her, grinding into her, shoving deeper, as I erupted deep inside her.

Aunt Marie, screamed out, trying to free herself from my hands, her hips wiggling and swiveling, while I held her forcefully, driving myself into her.

Mom backed away, while I pulled Aunt Marie into my arms, holding her tightly. I felt the tremors pulse through her body, while I slowly stroked into her with the remains of my erection.

She was breathing hard, gasping, suddenly trembling for no reason. Mom leaned close, and bit her on the shoulder, smacking her butt. "Greedy. You used that one up. Now we've got to start all over again."

Aunt Marie groaned. "Jesus, Sissy! That was incredible. You've gotta get some more of this. Fuck, he's got the perfect dick."

Mom giggled. "Just like his father. You'll find that out soon enough."

"Damn. Could you imagine both of them?"

"I think, if you and I play our cards right, we can more than imagine it," Mom teased. She gave Marie a pretty hard push, rolling her off me.

"Hey!" Marie whined. "I was comfortable."

Mom smiled. "You love my boy, Marie?"

Aunt Marie pouted. "That's a stupid question."

Mom looked my aunt in the eye, then pointedly turned her head, and looked at my cock. "Prove it. Adore him."

"Now?" Aunt Marie answered, looked at the sticky mess.

"If you don't, I will. I'll let him know just how much better a mother's love is. Complete, unqualified, no limits."

She watched her sister for a few seconds, then shrugged and starting moving south.

Aunt Marie scrambled down the bed. "No, I can do it." She moved between my legs, holding my semi-hard cock daintily between two fingers. I watched her eyes flit between me, my Mom, and my cock.

Mom moved down beside her, hugging her. "Let me help, you. I'll get it started."

She took my cock from her sister, opened her mouth and sucked me in. All of me. She pulled away slowly, and most of the mess was gone. Mom chuckled. "I tasted a dirty girl on my baby boy's cock."

Mom still held my cock. "It's still beautiful isn't it, Marie? The potential. Just knowing that with a little effort, we can make him big again, and he can love us."

Mom buried her face in my pubes, rubbing my cock against her cheek. "I love this thing."

She backed away, making room for my aunt. "Didn't it do good for you? Let it know you appreciate the effort."

Aunt Marie's face approached my cock. She was wearing a nervous little smile. "He was a very good boy."

"Tell him, Marie."

She kissed the head. "Very good boy," she whispered. Her lips slowly trailed kisses down the shaft. "Busy boy, aren't you. Keeping two women happy." I saw a little smile appear on her face, when it twitched.

"You like that? Knowing you have two women, big boy? Naughty sisters, that need a lot of attention. I'd hide if I were you, cause we're gonna use you up." She took the head in her mouth sucking teasingly.

I could feel myself swelling and she giggled. "Not even a little afraid? We're going to be mean. Keep you hard forever. Get you rock hard, and never let you finish." She leaned forward, and kissed the base, cleaning up a little of the mess that escaped Mom's initial effort.

"We need to clean you up. Get you pristine and perfect." Her tongue ran around the base, moving to my balls for a second before returning to the shaft. "Mmmm, you taste so naughty. Two horny girl's juices."

She sucked me again, simply, bobbing up and down, before pulling off. "Be afraid, little Jeremy. Be very afraid. Any harder, and we're gonna start for real." She rubbed her face against my cock, her eyes closed. "You want me, don't you, big guy. I know you do. I... I want you too."

I was hard, but not crazily so. Mom nudged her sister. "Ride him for just a second, sis."

Aunt Marie eagerly climbed up, and settled over my cock. "Damn that feels good."

After only a few strokes, Mom was pushing her away. "Enough, Marie." Aunt Marie dismounted, and Mom was waving my messing cock again. "Can I, or do you want to?"

Aunt Marie was still a little hesitant. "You first?"

Mom chuckled. "That's dirty you know. Making me taste you on him." It didn't stop Mom from spending about a minute cleaning me thoroughly, adoringly.

"Again," she said.

Aunt Marie swung her leg over me, and pressed me back home. A dozen strokes or so, and she dismounted. I was dirty again, though not as bad as the last time. Mom was holding me up for her. She approached, watching it carefully, like it would bite.

"Suck it, Slave Marie. Suck my cock, then ride me and do it again. I want to watch you."

"Do it," Mom urged, pointing my cock toward her sister.

Aunt Marie leaned forward and took me in her mouth, as deeply as she could, slowly sucking me clean.

"Good girl," I said. She licked the base, where she couldn't reach when I was in her mouth. Teasingly, she licked and sucked.

"Dirty girl," Mom teased.

"Mmmhmmm!" Aunt Marie groaned.

"Share?" Mom pleaded softly.

Aunt Marie leaned my cock toward Mom, still licking the base. Mom sucked me into her mouth, and snuck in a Swirly-go-round, making me groan. Aunt Marie perked up. "You did one, didn't you!"

I chuckled. "Swirly."

Mom blushed, somehow smiling with me still in her mouth. Gave me another one.

"Mom..." I moaned.

"Teach me, Sissy," Aunt Marie pleaded.

Mom lifted up. "Not yet. You're almost there. I promise. When you're ready, I... I'll teach you all of them, if you want. It'll take time and a lot of practice."

"Ride me again, Marie. Ride me and clean me. I love to watch you do that."

She grinned, and Mom got out of the way so Aunt Marie could mount me. "You like that do you? Seeing me get all worked up, loving that big fat cock of yours?" She pulled her feet in close, getting off her knees, squatting on me. She put her hands on my chest, and lifted up to the very tip, before driving back down.

"Most beautiful thing in the world," I told her.

"Really?"

"Hell, yeah," I said, thrusting into her, lifting my legs and hips into the air.

Mom scurried over and sat on my legs, behind her sister. "No, baby boy. She needs to do all the work here. You just sit back."

All my urges were to pound up into her, but Mom was making that impossible.

Aunt Marie moved a little faster, driving me crazy. Mom reached down and started massaging my balls. Damn, that felt nice.

"Show me, Aunt Marie. Clean me and show me."

She grinned, working up and down my shaft a little faster. "You sure?" she teased.

"Now, slave girl!" I barked teasingly.

She dropped down and ground her hips against me. She stuck her tongue out, then she was climbing off to one side and Mom the other. She wasted no time taking me in her mouth.

"Fuck, that's good," I groaned.

Marie sucked a while longer, then did her best Mom impression, adoring my cock.

"She's getting better, isn't she?" Mom said, brushing her sister's hair back for a better view.

"So much better."

"Good." Mom leaned over, rubbing her sister's back, while Marie went from adoration to full on sucking.

"We need to get you lots of practice, Marie," Mom said. "Lots and lots."

Aunt Marie hummed her assent. That felt pretty wild.

"Let's go back to what we were doing before," Mom whispered to her sister. "Taking turns, sharing him."

Aunt Marie pulled up, looking at me, as her mouth slowly came off my cock.

"Up here, pretty slave girl," I teased.

She climbed up the bed, and Mom climbed on top of me, taking me inside, then lying on top of me. Marie had already started on the kissing, and she let Mom's face nudge her to the side, stealing my kisses, as her hips started their fiendish work.

She kept at it a couple of minutes, then started sliding off. "Suck him, then it's your turn."

"But he just..."

"Please, Marie?" I asked.

She turned on the bed, and a few moments later, I felt her mouth on me. "She's doing it, Mom."

Mom kissed me deeply. "We're going to have so much fun training her, aren't we?"

I chuckled, then felt Marie climb back on top of me. I felt her warmth envelope my cock, then she was lying on top of me, Mom scooting over to give her room. "That was naughty, Sissy," Marie whined.

Mom giggled. "He didn't think so. He loved it. And that's what counts, right?"

The shared kissing started up again, then Mom was dislodging Marie again. "Suck him, then it's my turn."

They developed a pattern, each taking turns, with Marie sucking me in between. I was in absolute heaven. Once again, they started taking longer shifts, and each had a couple of nice orgasms riding my cock.

"Getting close, Mom," I groaned while she was riding me.

"Where do you want to finish," she asked.

"In you. Inside you, Mom."

She seemed to think about it. "We should wait a couple of more days," she said softly.

I grabbed her hips. "In you," I groaned.

"Jeremy..."

I pulled her down, one arm clutching her body, holding her, my other hand grabbing her ass, while I pounded my cock into her.

She whimpered, hugging me, while I grunted my way through my release, pumping her full of my seed. Into Mom's unprotected pussy.

I lay there gasping, as she held my face in her hands. "What am I going to do with you?" she whispered. "You know it's not safe."

"I know," I told her looking into her eyes intensely.

She kissed me softly. "I'm almost 39 years old."

"You're young and beautiful. You're in great shape."

She gave me a wistful little smile, and slowly climbed off of me. She looked down at Marie. "Take care of our boy, Marie. Do a good job now. Let him feel it. Feel the love."

I sighed as Marie took care of me. Gently, adoringly. Mom watched with her head on my shoulder. "You need to think about what you're suggesting, Jeremy. This isn't something we do on a lark."

"I love you, Mom. I... I want to, to..."

She chuckled, and kissed my chest. "I know what you want to do. That's twice now that you wouldn't stop. Wouldn't let me free."

"Mom..."

"Later. This is serious. Your father has to be involved in any discussion. You're talking about another 19 years of our lives."

"Would you want to?" I asked.

"Part of me wants nothing more. The smart side says I'm crazy. I... I don't think your father would go for it. At the very least, we need time, time to settle in with the new regime. You understand?"

Aunt Marie finished up, then parked opposite Mom. "I will if you will, Sissy."

Mom looked surprised. "You'll what?"

"You know. I think it would be great. We could do it together, with Howard the perfect Dad, all over again. Except now he'd have help, dealing with two hormonal sisters."

Mom shook her head. "This is all happening too fast. So many problems. Jeremy would be away, in college. We'd both be almost 60, before we were done."

"I'm just saying. I've thought about it. What am I doing with my life? I'm 37 years old and all I've got to show for it is Colin. I'll be losing him soon. Then what?"

"You could do anything you want, Marie. You're rich, you're beautiful, you're young."

Rich?

"I want what you have, Alice. It's all I've ever wanted. You know that. Maybe this is my chance."

"Howard's been talking about retiring when he hits 55. Seeing the world together. He'd be 60, before we were done."

"So we do it. The kids would be teenagers by 55. We can take them with us. Home school, travel, get world experience, different cultures. And if it was all of us, money wouldn't be an issue, would it?"

I felt my head was on a swivel, turning back and forth to watch them discuss it as if I wasn't even there.

"We can't make this decision. We have to talk to Howard, and I think it's too soon. Not after all the troubles we've been having."

Marie smirked. "I can make my own decision."

Mom glared at her. "No. Howard is the head of this family. If you're serious about being a part of it, then you don't do anything like that without talking it over."

"I'm hungry," I announced.

I got a weird look from both of them, then they looked at each other, grinning. "Fuel up for round three?" Aunt Marie asked.

The discussion was benched, and we ate. They wore my t-shirts, and I wore shorts. Seeing them both like that, knowing they were naked except for the single scraps of cloth, was driving me crazy.

After lunch, I insisted on changing things up. I finally got off my back, and we played around, trying different positions. They teased each other, making fun of each other's orgasm sounds. I had some fun tutoring Marie's mouth. I especially liked having Mom on her hands and knees, taking her from behind, pulling out and making Marie suck me.

I was getting into the whole Slave Marie, idea. I'd ask Mom to do things, and then tell Marie what she had to do. I was rougher with her, pulling her hair, swatting her bottom. She was certainly willing enough.

Mom was adamant about my not coming in her anymore. Not until there was a serious talk. She agreed that we could have that talk before I left for school.

So Marie got my finish, twice. The first time I had her on her belly, pinned to the mattress. I made her stretch her arms above her head, and Mom sat on them, facing me. Marie's legs were parted, my legs holding hers down, my full weight on her, hammering her pussy mercilessly.

Marie was in her own little world, gasping, grunting, unable to respond to anything I said to her. An occasional whispered word or phrase escaped her lips, but it was difficult to make any sense out of it. I made out the occasional "Cock", "Fuck", "Yeah", "Deep", and my favorite, "Jeremy", usually spoken, Jer... uhhh... meeeee!"

"You're mine now," I whispered in her ear, nibbling on her neck, trying to drive her through the bed. "Mine, Marie. Never forget that. Mine!"

Mom's spread legs, trapping Aunt Marie's arms, exposed her open swollen pussy only a few inches from my face. Mom was rubbing herself, watching us. "Fuck her, baby. Fuck that little slut senseless. Show her what it's like to have a real man, finally. Like I've had all these years. Fuck her, Jeremy. Destroy that nasty pussy."

I guess some of the sibling rivalry was still kicking in.

Aunt Marie had gone multi-orgasmic again. She would cry out, gasping, her entire body straining underneath me. Before each one, her face would turn red, and she'd hold her breath, letting it loose explosively as the end of each orgasm. I loved being able to do that to her. Each time she'd come, I'd bite down on her neck or her shoulder, and she'd shudder.

I slowed down a little, giving it to her deep and steady, listening to her little grunts raising in pitch and volume, the silent gap between them growing longer.

She must have been coming in waves for about five minutes, when we lost her again. She had a big one, building up to it nicely, her body shaking, try to fight me off. I grabbed her tits and squeezed, hammering her as hard as I could. "Come," I demanded. "Come for me!"

Mom grabbed her head by the hair, and lifted it, making Marie look ahead, where Mom was diddling herself. "Come you slut. Come on my boy's big fat cock!" she growled.

Aunt Marie screamed, her entire body tensing, her pussy slamming down around my cock like a vise. She was thrashing wildly, one leg breaking free. She managed to lift off the bed for a moment, taking me with her, before she collapsed back down, completely still.

"Damn," Mom laughed.

I stopped to shake her, and Mom urged me to continue. "Keep going, Jeremy. She'll be fine."

I went back to fucking her, steady and deep. It must have been another 10 seconds before she suddenly gasped, and I could feel her coming for me again. Something about that set me off, and I sped up, searching for my finish. "God, oh God!" Marie gasped, collapsing on the bed, trembling.

Mom was brushing her hair back, lovingly, when I grunted my own powerful release, pumping all the way through the finish. She was so exhausted by the ordeal, it took me a couple of minutes to get her to clean me up.

The last time I had Mom on her knees again, gripping her hips, and powering through another one. It had taken me forever to get there, including a nice little break, where I was tutored by both on the fine art of cunnilingus.

Mom's head was on the mattress, butt raised high, moaning sweetly, as I hammered her. I was physically exhausted but determined to get my last nut. I had Marie kneeling beside us, her head resting on Mom's butt. Every so often, I'd pull out of Mom, and use Aunt Marie's mouth for a bit, before returning to Mom's loving nether embrace. The visuals were simply breathtaking. When the end was inevitable, with a herculean effort, I pulled out of Mom and pulled Marie's face onto my cock. By that point, I didn't have a lot to offer her, but she took it like a champ. The training was taking.

I liked that last one a lot.

It was after 3:00 before we were finished and showered together. I was completely drained, and the two moms were absolutely glowing.

I dressed, with the two of them sitting on my bed, watching. "What do you think, Jeremy? You think your aunt's ready for the real training?"

"Start slow? Like with Penny?"

"Of course. I'm thinking pretty much the same way. We'll get a couple of starters in before we start her on the big seven."

"Sounds great. I'd love to be part of that."

"What are you and Penny gonna do?"

I laughed. "Not sex. Not for a while. You two evil women have drained me dry. I'm thinking hit the mall, maybe take in a movie. I told her we'd wash and wax her car."

"If you're going to miss dinner, call, Ok?" Mom said.

"I will. If she wants to come over?"

"Just let us know enough ahead of time to make sure we make enough."

I went over and kissed them both. "How did I ever get so lucky?"

Mom giggled. "You and your father packed a Jeep too tightly."

I left them making plans, and went looking for my girlfriend.

THE END