

Unearthly Secrets

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Part 1

Jack Hudson stepped out of the car. He stared up at his grandmother's house, an exquisite Victorian mansion set on several acres of private land. This house was special - it had been in their family for generations. He always liked coming here and smelling the sweet crisp air that surrounded these ancient pine trees. The forest shrouded your view in any direction you looked, making this little hollow feel like a secret world inside of a world. It felt like these timbers had stood for thousands of years. It was a serene, calming place, and he had always felt at peace here.

His mother, Amy, briskly slammed her door shut not soon after him. She was your typical middle-aged suburban housewife and mother. She worked part-time and enjoyed her sappy TV shows at night. Today she wore a white blouse and jeans, her large chest concealed nicely by the color and shape of the fabric. Her wide hips and round ass were always harder to hide in the denim, however.

Jack took a look around, noticing several cars in the driveway.

"Uh, mom..." he asked. "How come Emily and Aunt Kim's cars are here? I thought you said it was just me, you, and Nana tonight?"

Amy felt her cheeks flush. She had told them to park behind the house, but her daughter and sister had apparently lost their ability to remember simple instructions.

"I guess Nana invited them over, too," she replied, trying to come up with a suitable lie. "I'm sure it's hard for her without Grandpa... Besides, it will be nice to see your Aunt. Maybe she brought Kate with her too."

"Huh," was all her son said in response. He hadn't cried when his grandfather had died all those years ago, even though he missed him terribly. He had always secretly felt bad about it.

Amy knew very well that her niece Kate had come. She had to be here, as they all did. Every one of them with the Ultari blood had been summoned tonight.

"Now come on, carry in this fruit salad for me," she ordered. Jack walked around to the trunk to help his mother.

She was attractive, he noticed again; Something he had been noticing uncomfortably often these days. Her long, blonde hair was curly and fell down just above her shoulders. From the backside, the roundness of her ass was unmistakable.

Jack had been having more of these intrusive thoughts about his mother recently, but he chalked it up to the dry spell he'd been in since breaking up with Rebecca a few months ago. He felt a twinge of disgust and pushed the thought from his mind, picking up the bowl of fruit like he was asked.

After a few knocks, Jack's grandmother finally opened the door. Cynthia Banks was good looking for her advanced age, considering she had several fully grown grandchildren at this point. Jack often compared his mother and grandmother in his head, noting not only their similar features but their mannerisms as well. It seemed fairly certain that his mom was aging into almost exactly the same woman as her. It wasn't the worst way to grow old, all things considered. Again, another intrusive, inappropriate thought.

"There he is!" Cynthia exclaimed, reaching out her arms to hug Jack.

As he embraced his grandmother, he noticed his older sister, Emily, standing next to his Aunt Kim and her daughter, his cousin, Kate.

"Surprise!" they all shouted in unison.

"Happy birthday, sweetie," Amy said, standing next to him. She leaned over and planted a wet kiss on his cheek.

Flabbergasted, Jack took a second to collect himself.

"You... assholes!" he finally let out. "You know I hate surprises!" His tone conveyed his insincerity.

"I knew something was up, though. All of your cars are parked in the driveway."

His grandmother just simply laughed, and then they were all chuckling, Jack included.

"What did I tell you, Emily? You were supposed to park in the back!" he heard his mom shout over the din.

"Well, mister no-surprises... Do you hate this surprise cake?" his Nana said, approaching him with a tin in hand.

Jack peered down to see what it was.

"You made the special donut cake? Thank you, Nana!" he said.

"Let's go sit down in the dining room, come on sweetie," Amy chimed in, trying to get the crowd moving. They had more important matters to get to tonight, after all.

His mother stood in the corner while everyone sang happy birthday and her son blew out his candles. Cynthia slowly made her way over to her daughter and whispered in her ear.

"It's going to go fine, Amy," she said.

"I know," she replied. "Still, I'm just nervous."

"That's normal. But don't think too hard about it."

Cynthia went back to the table, rejoining the celebration and helping dole out slices of cake.

"Happy twentieth, Jack!" Kim cheered, holding out her drink. They all clinked their glasses together. Kim had poured a tiny sip of wine into his cup even though he was still a year away from the legal drinking age. It wasn't like he was going to get plastered, and besides - it was a celebration.

It was moments like this, surrounded by all these women, that Jack really felt that he was the only boy in the family-- besides his dad (who was often out of town for business anyways). His Aunt Kim had gotten pregnant young and raised Katie on her own. She'd never married or even dated, as far as he knew. Jack always felt like he was treated differently because of his status as the lone grandson. Nana always doted on him, and nobody else ever received surprise parties. In all honestly, he enjoyed the preferential treatment even though it was sometimes isolating on his island of masculinity.

They sliced the cake and ate as much as they could before setting it back in the fridge for later. Jack thought to himself what a pleasant night it had been. He truly loved his family and how close they all were. It wasn't even a result of the slight buzz he had going, either. Even though his dad was traveling for work all of the time and his grandfather had passed away, his family was still so full and happy. He closed his eyes, contented.

He was so lost in his own thoughts that he barely noticed everyone disappearing into the kitchen. Everyone, except for his mother.

"Jack?" she said, walking up behind him.

"Are you all done?"

"Huh? Oh, mhm," he said, startled. He lifted his empty plate up for her to grab.

His mother's voice sounded different. She was nervous, he sensed.

"Why don't you just leave that there for now and come with me," she responded.

Jack's confusion showed visibly on his face, but he complied with his mom's request.

He stood up and followed her into the kitchen. He noticed now that it was empty and quiet.

"Is that alcohol on your breath?" she asked, turning around and taking another whiff.

"Er..." he mumbled. He had always been a bad liar.

"Aunt Kim just gave me one small glass. I swear!"

Amy scoffed. That was just like her sister - breaking the rules whenever it suited her.

"Well... I suppose just one is fine." She sighed, not willing to die on this hill tonight. Especially not before what was about to happen.

"Mom," he interjected, still unsure was going on.

"Where did everyone go?"

"They're in the basement," she answered.

"We need to go down and join them."

The basement, he wondered? Nana's basement was just cement floors and old storage boxes. Why was everyone down there all of a sudden?

Still, he followed his mom down the stairs and made sure to duck his head under the one support beam that hung too low. He had given himself a good goose egg the last time he had been down here to fetch the laundry for his grandmother. Nobody else in the family was tall enough for

it to be a problem, and his mom easily passed underneath without issue.

There was something odd about her demeanor now, but Jack had also sensed it earlier, in the car ride over. She seemed... apprehensive. Tense. But he couldn't figure out why.

He was surprised for a second time that night when they finally descended the stairs into the musty, cold cellar to see... absolutely nobody. Was his mom lying to him? Was this some kind of prank? Another birthday surprise?

"Uh, where are they?" he asked.

His mother didn't respond at first. She just stared at him with that same expression of apprehension.

Finally, she opened her mouth.

"They're... below," she said.

"Below?" he replied. There was no below. This was the basement. What was she talking about?

"Watch what I do. And remember how I do it." was all Amy said. It was a strange nonsequitur.

Jack watched as she walked over to the light bulb that hung from the ceiling. She grabbed the pull-string and gave it three gentle tugs. She then glided over to the far wall and turned the electrical outlet off and on again.

At that moment, a sound began emanating from the cement wall next to her. A crease appeared where before had only been solid, smooth surface. It began to pull back, leaving a small gap in the wall. Finally it began sliding to the right, revealing a dark passageway. There were stairs heading downwards.

"What was the order?" Amy snapped at him.

Jack was too mesmerized by the event that he didn't respond.

"Jack! What was the order? I need to know you know this." she said again.

"Uh, the light bulb, three times. Then the switch, off and on." he said, trying to remember.

"Good. It has to all be done quickly, or else the system resets. Clear?"

"As crystal," he answered.

"Okay, good," she said. "Now let's go."

Amy took a few steps down into the darkness.

"We're... going down there?" he asked, scared and still confused.

Amy sighed. She forgot how bizarre this had all been to her when she had been his age. He would need a little more reassurance.

"It's okay, honey. It's nothing dangerous. It's just a second basement, okay?" she said.

Sure, another basement that nobody had mentioned for twenty years, Jack thought to himself. What kind of house had a secret passageway like this? It was a tad bit absurd.

He followed Amy down yet another flight of steps, rounding a corner to find that the darkness was illuminated at the bottom.

The space opened up into a wide, circular room. The ceilings were not terribly high, and the walls were smooth and glistened like metal in the soft light. Jack noticed a few door-shaped outlines surrounding the room, but none seemed to be open.

In the center of the room was a small rectangular bed, however it did not seem to be made of regular materials. No wood, no cloth, no feather pillows. It seemed firm and metallic, like a massage table almost, but strangely alien.

Standing around this raised table were all of his family. Grandmother, sister, aunt, and cousin were spread equally in a circle around them, all wearing the same bizarre red dress. They looked like somewhat like Japanese kimonos, but they were almost certainly not. Alien, almost...

Everyone was smiling, even his mother as she stepped to the side to grab a red dress of her own.

"Wh- what is all of this?" he stammered.

"What is going on?"

Amy said nothing, but rather grabbed him by the forearm and led him to the table. She gently pushed him down, encouraging him to sit on the platform. As he did, he noticed how soft and comfortable it was. Vastly better than his bed at home. He found that odd, considering how firm it seemed to the eye.

"I'm really excited for you, Jack." his mother said. She looked back and forth at everyone else standing around her.

"We're all really excited."

He still didn't understand. What was going on, and where even were they right now?

Cynthia spoke up before he could respond.

"Jack, as the reigning matriarch of this family, it is my duty to share this knowledge with you now that you have reached the age of maturity." his grandmother spoke, stepping forward.

Hadn't that been when he had turned eighteen? Or perhaps you could argue it was when you turned 21 and could finally drink. Either way, something felt off, but his grandmother continued speaking.

"What we are about to share with you has been a secret our family has kept for a dozen generations. You must vow here tonight to keep this secret until the day you perish, or else threaten our family's very survival. Do you understand?" she said.

Jack figured he was supposed to respond.

"Er, yeah. Yes, I do." he answered, clearing his throat. What kind of secret could be so deadly that it threatened his entire family? They weren't superheroes; they were normal people with normal lives.

"Very well..." she replied, pausing for a beat.

Jack felt every muscle in his body tensing. The strangeness of it all was making him want to run. It felt like a bad trip, like a nightmare of sorts. He didn't feel like he was in danger, but he felt like he suddenly didn't know his family anymore. He hated surprises, but he had preferred the surprise party to this.

Cynthia waved a hand and spoke out loud.

"Computer, draw up coordinates AW481 HH718."

A holographic image appeared then in front of him, showing what looked like a model of the solar system.

"This is Earth, your home," his grandmother began.

"But this is not where you come from."

Jack felt his stomach drop. Was this some sort of prank? But the hologram... how? It was too real to be fake. Like something out of Star Trek.

"Our family traveled here, hundreds of years ago, when our planet was dying and falling into violence."

The hologram now showed a small dot zooming away from Earth, the scope of the galaxy growing larger as the display pulled back. The dot was traveling hundreds, maybe thousands of light years away. Finally, it settled on another planet, and the image zoomed in again to show finer detail.

"This is Ultaria, our home," Cynthia continued.

"It faced an inescapable catastrophe hundreds of years ago, and it forced our family, like many others, to flee. We wandered the stars for many years in search of a new home. Your ancestors eventually found this world, earth, to settle on. But there was one problem: earth was already full of sentient creatures."

The hologram was now showing this supposed spaceship traveling through the cosmos before arriving in Earth's orbit.

"Luckily for us, the homo sapien vaguely resembled ourselves. We could more or less disguise ourselves among them with the help of temporary mutagenic cocktails. Our first ancestors on Earth learned quickly how to sequence their genetic code and adapt our Ultari DNA to match that of the humans."

The images now shifted to resemble a woman who seemed human, albeit slightly different. Like a crappy prosthetic affect you would see in a low budget science fiction movie. Jack assumed this was his original "ancestor".

"We were able to combine our genetic sequences to fully blend in permanently. But we still retain a majority of our Ultari DNA. This includes you as well, Jack."

Jack finally felt the need to speak up.

"Okay, hold on... so you're saying that I... that we... are aliens?"

His mother stepped closer to him, placing her hands on his shoulders.

"Yes, sweetie. That's exactly what she's saying."

Jack felt as if he was going to vomit. How could any of that story be true? It was insane. But the strange room... the secret door in the basement... this Star Trek hologram... none of it added up.

"B- but... that's absurd," he exclaimed, wishing somebody would just end the charade.

"It's the truth, dear," his grandmother said, now sitting down next to him and placing her hand on his lap.

"Look around you. What do you think this place is?" she asked.

He looked again, this time understanding what he was truly seeing.

"Holy shit... It's a space ship... our space ship?" he gasped.

"Mhm," his mother nodded her head, smiling.

Jack looked over to his grandmother.

"How come it's all the way down here?" he asked.

"Our family decided to bury it," she replied.

"They decommissioned the pulse drive and set it here where they built this house. We're now a part of this world, do you understand?"

He nodded to affirm his understanding. He then looked around at his sister, aunt, and cousin.

"And all of you knew this as well?" he asked.

"Mhm," Kim said.

"Once we all turned twenty, yes," Emily replied.

Jack thought for a moment to what his sister said.

"But... I was here for your birthday that year, Em. How come I don't remember all of you sneaking off down here?"

Emily laughed.

"Dude, you fell asleep on the couch at like nine o'clock. We didn't have to really try to sneak around."

It was a fair point, he conceded. He had forgotten about that part...

There was a lengthy silence that filled the room then.

"There are... some other things you need to know about concerning all of this," his grandmother said.

"We Ultari possess some special abilities that our human neighbors do not... namely, the ability to speak silently between our minds."

Jack nearly laughed, but thought better of it.

"Like, psychic powers?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Nana... you can't be serious?"

Jack turned to his mother.

"Is she being serious?"

Amy let out a soft giggle.

"I'm afraid she is, Jack."

"You may have already begun noticing it," Cynthia said.

"Have you? It usually begins around the twentieth year."

Jack had no clue what they were talking about. His head was radio silence most of the time.

He shook his head.

"No."

"That's okay, it usually requires being spoken to first," she replied.

"Here, watch," his mother said, now standing in front of him. She placed her palm on his temple and smiled warmly.

Hello, my sweet boy. Can you hear me? he felt. And it was a feeling. Distinctly separate from sound or thought; almost like a hum. It was the strangest sensation. But it had worked. Jack felt like he might pass out.

Almost intuitively he felt himself respond.

I think so... can you hear me back? he said.

"There, see. You did it just fine." Amy said out loud this time.

Jack couldn't believe it. Not only was he an alien, he was a psychic one at that!

Cynthia grinned. She grabbed his temple now like Amy just had.

Welcome, my grandson. I am so happy to finally share this with you, she hummed.

Now each remaining family member stepped forward to him, gently clasping his face in the same way, and they all spoke to him through their minds. They congratulated him and expressed their excitement. Jack responded to each of them, eager to use this new power.

When they finished, Kim, Kate, and Emily disrobed and placed the red dresses in some sort of chest. They began climbing back up the stairs. His mother and Cynthia did not stir, however.

"There is one more thing to share, Jack," his grandmother said, waiting for the others to leave.

He genuinely had no idea what to expect now. It seemed anything could be true at this point.

"There is a small detail about Ultaria that I purposefully left out earlier... having to do with procreation."

This was not what he had expected her to say. He didn't know exactly what he had been expecting, to be fair, but it hadn't been that.

"Er, okay," was all he said in response. His mother was now sat next to him, opposite his grandmother. Her palm gently squeezed his leg.

"Where we come from, procreation happens a bit differently. Can you guess what I'm getting at?" She asked.

Jack had no idea. He shook his head.

Cynthia swallowed.

"What I'm about to share may... shock you. Which is why I asked everybody but your mother to leave. It's okay if you get upset at first... but please promise you will listen to everything I say." she said.

He simply nodded.

"Okay."

He turned to his mother. She smiled. He turned back to Cynthia.

"Where we come from... procreation is only possible between members of the same family. Do you understand what I mean by that?"

She was laying it all out more plainly now.

Jack was surprised that he didn't feel overly sick to his stomach. He knew he should have, but all of this was too surreal perhaps to affect him by now.

"You mean, like... incest?" he exclaimed.

His grandmother hesitated a moment.

"...Yes, that is correct," she replied. She eyed him for a moment longer, trying to gauge his response.

"But... how? Isn't that dangerous? Isn't that wrong?"

He could tell his grandmother was searching for the right words.

"On Earth it surely is, there is no doubt about that. That is just how their DNA is arrayed. On Ultaria, however, life developed... differently."

Jack didn't even know that was possible. There was much he apparently didn't know.

"So you mean that... it didn't cause the same problems to them that it does to the people here?" he asked.

"Exactly," his mother chimed in.

"In fact," she continued, "it had the completely opposite effect back on Ultaria. Sexual variance caused too much disruption to our genetic code. It caused many health issues that were untreatable."

"That's... crazy," was all he could muster.

"Yes, it is a bit hard to wrap your head around," Cynthia said. "But you will grow more comfortable with the idea as time passes. Especially because you must understand that this fundamental rule remains true even for our family."

Her words were like a bombshell to Jack's ears. Was she implying what he thought? How would that even be possible? There was no way his dad was secretly one of his extra-terrestrial relatives. He had met his father's family before. They were utterly normal people. Humans. Not aliens from a far away world.

"That can't be true, what about my dad? Where did I come from?" he said.

Cynthia looked up to her daughter. They locked their gaze for a moment. Jack realized they must have been communicating silently.

After a moment, it seemed like they had reached some kind of conclusion, and his mother spoke.

"When Nana said that our ancestors were able to alter their DNA, what she didn't explain was how..." Amy said.

"In order to help us blend in with other people, we still need some of their genetic material... so yes, you are definitely your father's son. But... it's more complicated than that. Our bodies take only a small amount of human sperm--only what is minimally required for our genetic disguise. And human sperm on its own is not sufficient for conception to take

place. For true conception to happen, we also need the sperm of an Ultari male."

Amy looked back at her mother who nodded approvingly.

"Do you understand, honey?" Cynthia asked. "Without the genetic material of our own people, pregnancy cannot happen."

Logistically this made sense to him, but emotionally he was confounded.

"I... I suppose it does, yeah," he replied. "So who is my real father?"

"Well... your dad is your real dad, of course," Amy said, squeezing his thigh again with tenderness.

"But he's not who got you pregnant?" Jack continued, deeply confused by all of this alien biology.

"...well, only partially, yes." Amy said.

"So who was the other half... the Ultari half?"

His grandmother interrupted them both.

"Your grandfather. Frank. My brother." She said matter-of-factly.

Jack turned to his mom and found himself speaking to her telepathically.

Grandpop Frank... her brother? he said.

Amy nodded silently.

He returned his gaze to his grandmother, who continued speaking.

"We are too old for anyone to realize, but yes, your grandfather was indeed my brother... my beloved older brother. And when I turned twenty and came of age, he helped to reveal our family's history to me. I quickly found a stranger to make love with and had your grandfather impregnate me... that was how your mother was born."

Jack just stared, open mouthed, at his mother. She smiled a bit and raised her eyebrows in a "crazy, right?" kind of look. His grandmother continued.

"Only a few years later I repeated the process with another stranger, and your grandfather and I welcomed Kim to the world not long after. When it eventually came time for your mother to have children of her own, your grandfather stepped in to help. It was a bit difficult with your father in the picture, especially since it took many months for the pregnancy to stick... but eventually your sister and you were born, and all was well. And the same for Kim. He fathered all of you, just as it has always been where we come from."

"It was all... him?" Jack clarified, letting the gravity of this all weigh down on him. He felt the world spinning. He pictured his grandfather's face in his mind, seeing him differently now for the first time.

"But haven't there been other men in our family?"

His grandmother smiled gently.

"That is an astute question," she said. "We Ultarians are predominately female. Only one male is born approximately every two to three generations. This helps keep our genetic code from being too disrupted. Does that make sense?"

He was piecing it all together, even though the final picture was hard to look at.

"I suppose," he said, affirming it did.

"Your grandfather was the first male born in two generations, and here you are two generations after him. This seems to be the rhythm our species has developed. It is how nature designed us."

There was moment of silence. Jack didn't know quite what to say to all of this. It still felt surreal.

Amy spoke up again.

"Do you understand what all of this means for you, Jack?"

Jack didn't want to say it, but he knew what she was getting at. He nodded.

"I need you to say it, sweetheart. Nana and I need to know you understand." she said.

He cleared his throat. The words almost wouldn't come out.

"When the... time comes... It will be my responsibility to help our family members get pregnant." he finally forced out. He couldn't bring himself to say my sister or my cousin, the faces of Emily and Katie swimming through his mind now against his will.

"Exactly, that's right," his mother said. "I know it may sound overwhelming now, but I promise it becomes easier with time."

He trusted his mother - he really did. It was just that he didn't see how this would become any easier to swallow as time went on. This seemed pretty insane all around. He wanted to vomit until he passed out.

"Doesn't it... doesn't it feel gross?" he then asked, still not completely convinced.

"Well... growing up among humans... yes, it does at first. But you will learn for yourself. Our bodies know what is right. There is no feeling like intimacy between... our family," his mother said, pausing before the words our family. She understood just how taboo it sounded to her son, but she was determined to assuage his concerns.

"You may have already begun noticing a certain attraction to us, in the same way we feel an attraction towards you. Have you started feeling it yet?" she asked.

He shook his head, unable to admit the truth to them. He looked at his mother in desperation, but she offered no help.

"Er, no, not really," he said, trying to sound convincing.

The impure thoughts about his mother... about Emily... about all of them... they had become louder and more frequent over the past few months. He felt sick to his stomach thinking about how his body was betraying him now, too. Who else could he trust to escape this madness if not even himself? He had never felt this lost for words before in his life. He didn't know which way was up anymore.

Amy gave him a smile as she stood up, now leaving only Jack and his grandmother on the table.

"Don't worry, sweetheart. It will all fall into place," she said.

"Where are you going? Are we done?" he asked.

"Almost," his mother replied. "A male's coming of age ceremony is consecrated with one final ritual."

"Consecrated? What do you mean?"

Jack looked back and forth between his mother and Cynthia again.

Amy looked uncomfortable, but remained silent. She deferred to the matriarch.

"It's tradition to consecrate this ceremony with an... intimacy ritual. To ensure the next male understands how to do his duty," his grandmother said.

Jack couldn't believe what he was hearing.

"I'll leave you two alone, now. I should go see the girls off," Amy said, making her way for the stairwell.

"Bye, sweetheart," Cynthia called out to her daughter.

Jack and his grandmother sat there for a few moments in silence, his heart pounding out of his chest, until he heard

the cement door shut behind his grandmother. They were alone down here, on this space ship from another world.

"Are you nervous?" she asked, breaking the silence.

He gulped, his arms shivering.

"Yeah," he said.

Cynthia could hear her grandson's heartbeat like a drum in this empty echo chamber of a room.

"I know it feels weird at first. But just trust me. I think you will enjoy it," she said, trying to sound encouraging. "We can go as slow or fast as you like."

Jack didn't know that he wanted to go at all, whether slow or fast. This was his grandmother, for christ's sake. This was firing off every neuron in his brain, telling him he was about to commit the greatest taboo possible.

"Couldn't this just wait until, er, Katie wanted to have a baby or something?" he asked. He knew he couldn't fight this, but he found himself trying to find any excuse.

"It is tradition," was all his nana responded. "Back there, on Ultaria, the male would freely consort with every female in his family. It is the way of our people, Jack."

She was whispering now, he noticed. Even though she had lived with this secret for years - hell, she had even participated in it - Jack could tell she still felt nervous.

"Even if they weren't trying to get pregnant?" he asked, still protesting.

"Yes, even then, darling. Just like the people on this world do. It is normal. There is nothing wrong with it."

That did, in some twisted way, make sense to him. Of course people would pursue sex for the sake of pleasure--whether they were aliens or not.

"Is your heart racing?" she asked.

Jack didn't know how he could lie about it.

"Yeah, like crazy."

His grandmother grinned softly.

"It's okay if you're nervous. I was my first time."

Just breathe, Jack, he thought to himself.

"Now... we really should get started. It's getting late."

Jack nodded silently, but no part of him wanted to follow through with this.

"Why don't we start off slow..." Cynthia suggested, leisurely removing the red robe from her shoulders and letting it fall to her hips. Underneath she wore nothing but a white bra with a modest lace design.

Jack immediately was drawn to her cleavage. Her breasts were enormous, almost exactly the shape and size of his mother's. The apple had not fallen far from the tree, it had seemed.

"Nana..." he tried to say, but she cut him off.

"Shh, just follow my lead. Do you like how they look?"

Cynthia could see the lust in his eyes as he stared at them. It was as if she was no longer there - just a pair of tits sitting in front of him.

"Uh...uh huh," he fumbled, trying to make an intelligible noise in response.

While unable to formulate a simple sentence on the outside, his mind was racing like a horse on the inside.

"Your grandfather loved my breasts, too."

This momentarily killed Jack's raging erection, picturing Grandpop Frank and Nana being intimate, but he pushed the thought from his mind and continued--unwillingly--focusing on his grandmother's chest. He almost wanted to close his eyes, as if that would make this all go away.

"This is the age where your body starts to draw you towards us. It happened to each one of us, even me, at your age. It's okay to look," she said, seductively.

"We should probably get to the main event. It's getting late," she continued, standing up from the table and removing the rest of the robe. His grandmother's hips were wider than he

had expected. Full and round. Her ass was incredible, especially considering her age.

"Woah... what are you doing?" he cried.

"Shh," she quieted him again. "Do the same. Get naked and lay down on the table."

He didn't see the point in stalling or protesting any more, so he simply did what she commanded. He felt the cool, damp air giving him goosebumps. He had never felt more exposed in his life.

On his back on the table, Jack could feel his stiff erection defying gravity, sticking up at a perfect 90 degree angle from his body. He hated that he was hard. He tried thinking of something disgusting, but the sight of his grandmother's curves were too arousing.

Suddenly, he felt the warmth of her skin brushing against his thighs, and then her legs were rubbing up against his dick. Now it was nestled right between her legs. He looked down to see his penis flush against his own Nana's vagina. It was moist and warm, and it felt better than anything he had ever experienced before. He closed his eyes, horrified.

Cynthia noticed his distraught face as she adjusted her hips. She knew he just needed to push through the first time with her, and then it would all get better.

"Here we go," she said as she lifted up her hips and reached down for his shaft. Her fingers felt magical as she gripped it gently and guided it inside of her. She let herself back down gently, but her vagina was already soaked through and lubricated. His penis slid in with ease.

"Oh!" he moaned, taken by surprise at the euphoria of the feeling. His head was turned to the side, avoiding looking at all costs.

"Oh, lord..." his grandmother whispered in unison, clearly having a similar reaction.

She leaned over and placed her elbows on either side of him, letting her cleavage hang down in his face. She leaned in close to his right ear and whispered.

"Don't worry about letting your seed loose... I can't get pregnant without human sperm," she reminded him.

Jack laid there, frozen like a deer in headlights. The warmth, wetness, and tightness of his Nana's pussy had his cock

pulsating intensely inside of her. Each slap of her ass cheeks on his lap felt orgasmic. He wasn't sure he was going to last long like this. As much as he hated it, he didn't want it to stop.

"I don't think... agh... I can last... that long..." he shuddered, feeling his impending climax coming.

Cynthia was now clapping her cheeks on him with a fury, getting as much of his length inside of her as she was able to fit.

"That's okay, honey... just tell me when..." she wheezed.

Jack figured to let it all out at once. He was so close to finishing anyways. The feelings were all too intense by now to consider the moral or ethical implications of letting your own grandmother bring you to climax inside of her womb. His mind was only focused on one thing.

Against his own wishes, he grabbed her buttocks and began lifting her ass up before letting her drop back onto his lap, thrusting up into her with every muscle in his body. He picked up the pace and let her pussy really have it. The sounds his Nana began to make were unlike anything he had ever heard from her before. Primal, guttural... and unbelievably sexy.

"I'm cumming!" he cried, knowing he was past the point of no return.

He felt her pussy somehow clamp down around his shaft, tighter than anything he had ever experienced before. It was almost as if his grandmother's vagina was squeezing the semen out of him. He was sure he was frothing at the mouth, completely lost in the sensation of her body. He shoved himself deeper into her with every thrust, feeling his loads empty into her like a firehose. Cynthia just cried out in pleasure, her hands on his chest, riding him like a horse.

When the ejaculations finally subsided, he noticed that his grandmother was panting. She was sweating, her face flustered. Her heavy breasts hung down to her navel. It was a magnificent sight.

The regret hit him then instantaneously, like a tsunami wave of shame. He could feel himself needing to wretch. He could barely stand to look up at her.

"Did it feel good?" she asked, worried, noticing his aversion. She sat back on his lap and let go of his chest, realizing that she was probably making him uncomfortable.

Jack didn't know how to describe the height of pleasure he was coming back down from right now. Good? Good didn't even get close to describing what he had felt. But the fact that it had been her... it just wasn't right.

"I don't want to talk about it," was all he replied with.

Cynthia couldn't help but feel a small pang of guilt.

"That's okay, we don't have to yet," she said. "Let's get cleaned up and head back upstairs, yeah?"

His grandmother stood up and grabbed a few towels that had been laying next to the table the whole time. She threw one at her grandson and began wiping herself down with the other.

Within a few minutes, they were both dressed and heading back upstairs into the kitchen. They found everyone had departed for the night, besides Amy.

Jack realized now that everybody must have been aware of what was going on down below. The idea of what had just happened between him and his Nana being known by everyone in the family made his skin tingle with goosebumps.

"How did it go?" his mother asked.

"It was good... I think we both enjoyed it," Cynthia replied.

Jack didn't want to respond or look at either of them in the eye. But he knew he had to say something.

He turned to face her.

"It was good," he answered meekly, but Amy could see the torment behind his eyes.

"Good," his grandmother said. "Then the ceremony is over. We can all get some rest for the night."

"Okay, let's go," Amy said, returning with the cake and Jack's coat.

"Here," she said, handing it to him. "It's still cold outside."

"Goodnight, Nana," he said as they waved goodbye in the driveway. Cynthia waved back from the doorway, the soft yellow light from inside pouring out into the night.

It had been a surreal night, Jack thought as he stared out the window on the drive home. It had been awful and yet amazing at the same time. How was it possible to hold both of those feelings at once?

Neither he nor his mother spoke much the whole ride home, but he could not stop remembering the feel of his grandmother's breasts on his face, or the way her ass felt as he rammed into her from below. He wished desperately that the images in his head would stop.

Amy finally looked over at him and gave him a soft, nurturing smile, placing one hand on his thigh and squeezing while the other remained on the wheel.

"You did good tonight, sweetheart. I can tell it was uncomfortable for you, but you persevered anyways. I'm proud of you," she said.

If it weren't for stupid tradition, perhaps they could have devised a better, slower approach to this whole thing. Instead, he had been thrown straight into the deep end. Somehow he hadn't drowned.

"Thanks," he replied, just wanting to forget about all of this. He turned his head out the window and tuned the world out.

That night, laying in bed, Jack fell asleep to more images of his family making love to him. He couldn't get it to stop no matter what method he employed. He tossed and turned for an hour or two before finally succumbing to the sandman. In sleep, perhaps he could find some reprieve, even if only temporary. He dozed off, finally at peace. At least for now.

Part 2

Amy stepped out onto the back porch, phone in hand. It was dark out and she could only see by light of the porch lamp.

"I don't know, mom," she said into the receiver. "I just thought it would come more naturally to him like it did for us."

Cynthia's voice crackled on the other end. While they could communicate silently when standing in the same room, their telepathic abilities unfortunately didn't extend long distances.

Amy had told her husband Phil that she was going to smoke a cigarette out back, something she rarely did anymore, but she had needed an excuse to get some privacy with her

mother. Even now, as a full grown adult, she consulted her mother for all kinds of advice.

"Was he able to finish?" she asked. "He hasn't shared any details with me since that night. He's mostly been hiding up in his bedroom the whole time."

She heard her mother clear her throat through the receiver.

"Yes, he was able... and he produced quite a bit, too." Cynthia replied, remembering how long it had taken her to get all of his semen out of her that night.

"It will just take him some time to get used to it all. It wasn't so quick with you and Papa either, remember?" her mother reminded her.

"I know," she moaned into the phone. "It's just... harder than I imagined it to be. I mean, driving home with him the other night, I could tell he was feeling so conflicted and confused... it broke my heart. I thought I would be stronger than this."

Amy could feel the tears welling up in her eyes. Her mother didn't need telepathy to sense it.

"Shh, don't get upset honey. Every one of our ancestors went through this, too. Especially those of us for whom Home is just an old story. We can try as hard as we might, but it's impossible not to become like these Earthlings. He is still a human in so many ways--it is all he knows. Our job is to teach him how to be an Ultari."

"You're right," she said between snuffles. "I know you're right. I just feel like I'm going to fuck it all up."

"You won't. There's no magic trick to parenthood, sweetheart. Especially not when you're from our family." she said with a laugh.

"Just go talk to him. Let him vent. I'm sure he has a lot of thoughts. If you listen to him, he will open up. I promise."

Amy needed to hear that. She felt a renewed purpose. She could do this, even though it was hard.

"Thank you, mom," she said, the tears finally starting to subside.

"Of course, baby. Now go get some sleep. I love you."

"Okay," she said.

"Oh, and one more thing!" Cynthia interjected right as Amy was about to hang up.

"Please tell him to come over tomorrow morning for our first lesson."

"Of course, I almost forgot! I'll let him know, Mom. Good night," Amy replied.

"Goodnight, sweetheart."

They hung up and Amy snuck back inside. She had forgotten to light a cigarette to keep up the cover story, but Phil wouldn't ever notice. That was part of the reason she had married him, and a major reason she continued to stay with him.

He was an oblivious oaf. A lovable oaf, though. He was a gentle and caring husband and father, and he provided for his family well above most other men, but his passion lied truly in his career. He worked as a director of marketing for a major firm down in the city and was rarely home before 8 o'clock each night. He would often have to travel to some other part of the country for a week or two at a time, leaving

Amy to take care of the household by herself. But despite it all, she never complained.

His frequent absence had allowed Amy to hide her familial secrets quite easily. When he had traveled for two weeks following their honeymoon, Papa had practically lived in the house with her. He had ploughed his seed into her dozens of times that month before Emily was finally conceived. She had remembered the stark difference between Phil's tepid, lifeless love-making during their honeymoon with her father's intense, primal, fucking. And that really was the main difference between Ultari and Human; the degree of intimacy and passion was just simply incomparable.

When she and Phil had sex, it was just an act. But when she and Papa had found small moments to couple, every second was pure bliss and euphoria. There had been nothing like it before him and nothing like it after him. Amy could still feel his penis inside of her, as if it had left an indentation. The memory made her shiver.

Generation after generation, no matter how human they appeared, every one of them craved that familial intimacy. Their Ultari blood ran deep, and it made sure that their true purpose was never forgotten. Even now, Amy felt the wetness soaking through her underwear. It had been years since she had been sexually excited like this, and her body was demanding more.

It was different now, though. Now that she was a mother herself, she was less important to the continuation of their family. She knew this. She knew that Jack's focus would have to be squarely on his sister and cousin in order to help produce the next generation, but selfishly she couldn't stop her own desires from clouding her thinking. She would surely get some small piece of the family's new male, too, right...?

As Amy climbed the steps, she heard Phil's loud snores echoing down the hall. She peeked her head into the bedroom and saw him laying there, passed out for the night.

Just further down the hallway, there was still light emanating from her son's room. The door was only slightly ajar, but it was enough to warrant bothering him.

She opened it a few inches and peered in.

"Hi, honey," she whispered.

Jack looked up from his laptop as he laid in bed, clearly engrossed in something.

"Uh, hey," he responded. Amy had felt a tension between them since the other night at her mother's house. She hoped her mom's advice would help smooth things over.

"Can I come in a sec?" she asked, but she was already taking a few steps into his room and slowly closing the door behind her.

Jack didn't bother giving her permission.

Amy gingerly sat down on the bed near his legs as he laid comfortably under the blankets.

"I wanted to talk about the other night, about your birthday."

"I figured you'd want to sooner or later," he replied. "I'm okay. It was just a lot to digest all at once, I guess."

Amy knew the feeling.

"I had the same reaction when it happened to me," she said. "But your grandpa was really patient and caring with me. I want to be the same way for you, if you'll let me."

Jack truthfully didn't know how he felt about it all still, even with a day or so to process.

"It just still all doesn't feel real, y'know?" he said. "I woke up this morning thinking for a moment that this was all just one big fever dream. Like a nightmare I had woken up from."

Amy smirked.

"Believe me, I know. I thought my mom was pulling the world's biggest prank on me somehow for the first week or so."

"Really?" he asked, laughing now. Amy giggled with him.

"Yes," she said through a muffled snort. "I thought surely I had gone insane."

This idea made both of them continue to chuckle, but they kept their voices hushed so as not to wake Phil.

"I have to admit something to you," he finally said.

Amy tilted her head, signaling her attention. She clasped his thigh encouragingly.

"When Nana asked me if I'd been having any thoughts or urges... I wasn't entirely truthful with you guys."

Amy swallowed. She had figured this was probably the case. The hormones always worked. There'd never been anyone in their family who hadn't developed the urges.

"It's okay, sweetie," she cooed. "It's normal to feel embarrassed about it. I did at first, too. But I'm glad you told me. Are the urges about... me? Or Emily? Or...?" she trailed off, trying to pry deeper.

Her son looked rather flushed in the face. She recognized how difficult this probably was for him to share.

"Well, erm, mostly about you, yeah," he said. "But also Emily and Katie."

Amy just smiled lovingly at her son. She thought for a moment about whether to ask the next question. She had a feeling it was the appropriate time, but her heart was fluttering with nerves. She didn't want to risk ruining this moment.

"Are you still having those thoughts about me now, even though they feel wrong?" she asked, feeling her libido creeping around deep in her subconscious.

Jack didn't know how he was supposed to answer the question. Was this some sort of trap?

"Um, well, I mean... sure, I kinda always am having those thoughts nowadays."

He felt his cheeks turn red as he spoke. He wasn't totally comfortable revealing all of this to his mother, but he also hated lying to her. He continued, trying to clarify his words.

"I would never do anything to you without... I don't mean that I would ever want you to, er..."

He was fumbling over his words, trying to exonerate himself.

"Shh, it's okay," she interjected, quieting him. "I know what you mean. Is there a certain time of day or a certain activity that makes the thoughts appear?"

He chewed on his cheek, thinking.

"Well... to be honest, whenever I see you in your pajamas, or your underwear, it gets really intense. I always thought that wasn't supposed to happen with your own family, that you weren't supposed to feel that way, which is why I've been so confused... so embarrassed," he explained.

Amy turned back to the door to check if anyone was there, as if her husband was somehow watching. There was nobody awake besides the two of them, she knew, but the anxiety compelled her nonetheless.

She leaned forward ever so slightly, giving her son a peek into her gown.

"Are the thoughts more intense now, with me in this robe?" she asked.

He gulped.

"Well, er, kind of, yeah..."

She withdrew her hand from his leg and began fumbling with her nightgown's buttons.

Jack's eyes went wide as he began to sense his mother's intentions.

"What are you doing?" he hissed, almost louder than a whisper. "Dad is home!"

His mother stuck her index finger in front of her mouth, signaling for him to hush up. He did as she commanded, watching in awe as his mother teased him.

Amy finished unbuttoning the final latch, but she kept the gown wrapped tight around herself.

He's asleep, so don't wake him up she whispered into his mind. ...or did you want me to stop?

Jack looked at his mother in the soft moonlight that trickled in through his window. Even for her age, she was undeniably pretty. Her eyes sparkled imperceptibly in the starlight and her cheeks flushed a delicate red. She was a perfect model of sensuality, he thought. As wrong as that felt to admit, he could not help but to acknowledge his desire for her.

"N-no," he whispered back, desperate for her to keep going.

Amy just smirked.

Do you want me to take this off? she hummed, tugging suggestively on her gown.

Jack could make out the curves of her giant breasts underneath the fabric. Just the thought of gazing upon them sent the blood rushing into his penis.

"Y-yeah, I do..." he answered, almost reflexively at this point. His prefrontal cortex had all but shut down entirely.

Without hesitation, his mother began slowly pulling her gown apart at the top, revealing first her shoulders and collarbones. She let it continue sliding down until her cleavage was visible, studying her son's face to see how magical this was for him. Jack thought she looked stunning.

Slipping her arms out of each sleeve, the nightdress finally fell completely off and formed a puddle of fabric around her waist. Her enormous tits hung freely down from her chest, each areola sized just bigger than a half-dollar coin. They were perfect, Jack thought. Round, full, and with just the right amount of sag. They nearly reached down to her navel. He was pretty sure his mouth was hanging loose.

Amy giggled quietly, reaching a forearm underneath each pillowy breast and lifting them slightly.

"They're not the most perky pair in our family anymore, unfortunately..." she said with a hint of jealousy.

"They're... they're incredible," Jack retorted, trying not to sound too much like a kiss-up. But what other word was there to describe them?

"Do they live up to your expectations?" she asked.

He just nodded. There was nothing more that needed to be said. His mother giggled like a young girl.

"Good," she replied.

He looked into her eyes and saw a woman. A sensual, divine woman. But she was still the same mother behind those eyes that had fed him every day, or had tucked him in as young boy each night and read him stories. Her nurturing, gentle nature would never disappear completely, even now as she bared her chest for him in the moonlight.

Do you want to touch them? she hummed, turning her chest to face him more.

He didn't respond. Rather, he just reached out with his right hand and groped at the nearest breast. It wasn't hard for him to do as he sat upright in his bed. His mother was seated by his waist only a few inches away. She leaned in closer to give him even greater access, and now Jack was fondling her giant tits in each hand.

"Pinch them," she whispered.

Jack lightly rubbed her one nipple between his thumb and forefinger, surprised by the different feel of the skin on her areola.

"Mmmm..." his mother moaned, clearly enjoying it. "That's it, just like that..."

The positive reinforcement encouraged him to keep going and try different angles. Each time, his mother continued moaning in approval. He was so fixated on her pleasure that it took him a moment to realize her left hand had traveled between her legs underneath her nightgown. He wanted nothing more in this moment than to shove each of her breasts into his mouth and to know the taste of her skin. He surmised that this might be his best opportunity to ask.

"Can I kiss them?" he asked, ensuring he kept his voice low.

Amy nodded, her eyes rolled too far back in her head to open.

He leaned forward now, too, and with great eagerness he latched on to the closest nipple. He began sucking furiously, occasionally running his tongue over the hard protuberance. This sent shockwaves through Amy's body, and he had to tighten his grip as her body silently convulsed and rattled with pleasure.

Her shudders grew in force until she was tense all over. Her head was tilted back slightly and her eyes were closed shut. Her mouth hung open as if she were screaming, but she was as silent as a mouse. Jack continued dutifully nursing at her teat, unable to satiate himself. His mother was orgasming, he realized.

As Amy rode through several waves of climax, Jack felt his dick twitching almost as if he were cumming himself. When his mother finally recovered, her chest still heaving, he hummed to her.

Did you just orgasm?

She finally opened her eyes and looked at him.

Yes, very intensely, she responded.

It almost felt like I was, too,

Amy grinned.

I know. I can share some of the feeling through our minds..

Jack didn't think too hard about how that was even possible. Nothing would surprise him now.

That wasn't too bad, was it?, she continued humming.

He shook his head. It had felt wrong and gross, but it had also felt incredibly satisfying. This intimate moment with his mother, her breasts in his mouth, her violent shaking... something about it had made him feel at peace. Like this was where he belonged. In that moment, it was as if life made sense.

"Well, I need to get back to bed. Nana wants to see you tomorrow morning. You have lessons with her from now on."

"Lessons?" he asked, confused.

"Mhm, about our heritage. History, culture, technology. You will see tomorrow," she replied, remembering back on her youth with fondness.

She pulled the robe over herself again, covering her breasts while she stood.

"Wait," Jack whispered. Amy turned to face him.

"Can we, er, do this again sometime?" he said awkwardly, unsure of how to ask.

His mother just smiled at his innocence.

"Of course, sweetie. As you feel more comfortable with your... desires... you just let me know. We can go as slow as you want."

She leaned down and kissed his forehead. He smelled sweet, like the autumn air. Her body was satisfied.

"O-okay," he muttered back, still processing the moment.

He watched as his mother quietly shut the door and tiptoed down the hall. He could hear his father snoring faintly from all the way in their bedroom. He wondered how long it would be before his dad found out about this whole thing--the spaceship, the aliens, the... incestual activities. The last one made Jack shiver. But he considered that this had been going on for decades now without his dad's knowledge--nor his. Perhaps he'd never know.

As Jack drifted off to sleep, his dreams were filled with stars and planets and spaceships. He slept peacefully.

The next morning, Jack woke up and showered, feeling slightly unclean still from the night before. He lazily made his way downstairs to make breakfast. His father was sitting in the living room reading the paper. He checked the time on the microwave. It was nearly ten o'clock.

"Your Mom said Nana called. She needs your help with something today," he called out to Jack.

"I know, I'm heading over there now," he answered, thinking through what hidden, secret messages had flown right over his dad's head all these years. Or his own, for that matter.

"I'm heading into the office shortly. I'll be there until after dinner," his dad continued. It seemed he was always downtown until midnight. That was just how demanding his job was. It had always been like that.

"Okay, good luck," Jack replied. He felt awkward now around his father in a way he had never been before. Not that his dad would ever notice, however.

"Bye!" he heard him shout as Jack sat at the kitchen island with a bowl of cereal.

"Later!" he answered, before hearing the door slam shut.

As he took another spoonful, he turned his thoughts to Nana. What were these classes about, he wondered? Would he get to see more of the spaceship? Would he get to see more of... her? Would they... do it again? He still wasn't sure if he wanted that to happen.

An hour later, he pulled up the car to her driveway. It was empty this time, unlike on his birthday. No surprise ambush, he thought.

He lightly rapped on the door, but before he could even finish, it opened. Standing there was his grandmother, Cynthia, with her long, silvery hair shining in the sunlight.

"Jack!" she exclaimed, clearly expecting him.

"Hi, Nana," he said, reaching down to give her a hug. It was strange seeing her again for the first time since they had... made love. She was acting as if everything was normal.

"I'm glad you showed up. I wasn't sure if your mother would remember to tell you."

"I got the message," he chuckled. Cynthia smiled.

She invited him into the house, and he removed his shoes as he had always been instructed.

"So, I was told you needed help with something?" he finally asked.

"Oh, yes!" she said, grinning and giving him a knowing wink.

"Today is our first lecture."

She made her way to the basement steps.

"Come, we're going to need the ship for this."

Jack hesitated for a moment, remembering the confusing, uncomfortable details from that night. He had been curious to get another look inside, however, so he mustered up the courage and followed her down.

A minute later, they were inside the main cabin again. The circular, metallic room felt strangely warm and inviting.

"This is where the ceremony was the other night, you remember."

"Mhm," Jack answered. It looked more or less the same. He felt another small wave of guilt wade over him.

"We didn't show you the rest of the ship, however. And we barely scratched the surface on what information it holds."

Jack's imagination began to go wild with the possibilities. What secrets did this place keep?

"Follow me," she said, waltzing over to one of the circular doors. She waved a hand and the metal slid away, revealing another chamber in the ship. Jack followed.

"What is this?" he asked, his eyes darting from one point to another.

"This," she answered, "is the cockpit. Totally inoperable today, since your great-great-great-great-great-great-great grandfather disabled it after they landed here. But go ahead, sit in the chair."

Jack crouched down into the seat and began tapping on screens, handling the yoke, and flipping dials.

"What did all of these do?" he asked.

"In truth, I don't know!" she laughed. "All the instructions are stored in the computer somewhere, I just never cared to learn."

"How come nobody has ever tried to fix this thing and fly away?"

Cynthia paused for a moment, giving consideration to his question.

"Well, where would they go, sweetheart?"

"I don't know. Somewhere else. Back to Ultaria. Anywhere but here where we have to live in secret."

"But Ultaria is no more. It was destroyed. And it would take us another generation to find a planet suitable for life once again. Do you really want to live on this hunk of metal for the rest of your life?" she asked.

Jack hadn't considered that fact. It did not sound pleasing.

"No, not at all," he said. He continued fiddling with more controls on the dashboard.

They spent another few minutes in the cockpit, Jack exploring and Cynthia explaining certain things she did

remember about the ancient technology. Eventually, she told him it was time to move on.

"We can't spend all of our time down here," she said. "We need to head back up to the house for the second part of the lesson."

Second part, Jack wondered? He secretly hoped she might let him fuck her again, against his own distaste.

They ambled back up the stairs, closed the secret entrance, and turned off the basement lights. Nobody would be any the wiser about what lurked beneath these concrete floors, Jack thought.

Back on the main floor, he could see light filtering in through the windows, heavily obscured by the tall pines that surrounded the house. He peered out one of those windows at the green grass and small stream that brooked through the property. It was an idyllic scene. He thought about his grandmother, about how magical it must have been to grow up here, alien or not.

"I just need to grab a few things, then I'll meet you in my bedroom," Cynthia said.

"Okay," he replied.

He sauntered up yet another flight of stairs, thinking about all the memories of staying here as a young child. All of the secrets he had been oblivious to, all of the things going on just outside of his comprehension.

He made his way to the end of the hall to the door of his grandmother's room. He pushed it open slowly, the smell of her overwhelming his nostrils all at once. Lust filled him at the same time, as if the room were laced with her pheromones. He heard her footsteps approaching from behind. He turned around.

"Excuse me," she said, sliding past him.

Cynthia stopped at the edge of her bed, removing her pants without pageantry.

"Uh..." Jack said, taken aback.

She turned her head over her shoulder, her plump ass visible under the hem of her shirt.

"No dilly-dallying. Go on, take off your clothes."

He hesitated for a moment, eventually realizing it would only make things more awkward to stand there clothed longer than he already had. He unzipped his jeans and pulled them off. His dick was at full attention.

Cynthia turned around and laid back on the bed, her legs splayed out on either side of her.

"Good, you're ready to go," she said.

He felt a flush of red across his face. He was still embarrassed by his body. Confidence would come with time, he told himself.

His grandmother's vagina was there in front of him now, in full, plain view. He could see clearly for the first time every fold of her labia, every inch of pink tissue, and the long narrow crevice where he had burst inside of her.

"Come take a closer look."

He bent down getting on the same level as her. Up close, it was different. It looked different than anything he had ever seen in porn. Not that it wasn't a vagina... but that it just had

some quality that only real-life possessed. Something you couldn't capture in a photo or a video.

"As you know," she continued. "Your mother, sister, and cousin must refrain from vaginal intercourse with you, at least for the time being."

"Huh?" Jack said, confused. "I thought I was supposed to get Emily pregnant?"

Cynthia smirked.

"Yes, that is right... but I did not mean to suggest it had to happen right away. Your sister will choose when she wants to get pregnant and start a family. In the meantime, you should not risk an accident by seeding her womb."

This came as a relief to Jack. He may not be comfortable with all of this yet, but maybe he could be if given a few years.

"Your sister keeps boyfriends, correct?" his Nana asked.

He nodded.

"Yes."

"Then she is always fertile, do you understand? It is the same for your mother and Kate. As long as they remain intimate with other men, they are capable of receiving your seed."

"So then we shouldn't have sex, right?" he asked.

Cynthia nodded back.

"At least, vaginally," she clarified. "It's no business of mine what other forms of love-making you experiment with them... you should just know to avoid vaginal intercourse until you both are ready for the consequences."

Her words other forms of love-making echoed in his mind. There was something both disturbing and alluring about them.

"What if we just never did anything until Emily and Katie were ready?" he asked.

Cynthia just smirked again.

"You may find that... an unrealistic goal."

Jack felt stupid, like he was missing something. Nana kept explaining that his feelings would change, that he would come to understand how great this was. And even though he could sense his desires were becoming more focused on his family, he wasn't convinced that he would ever stop feeling disgusted at the same time. There was just no way this would ever be completely normal in his head.

"Which is why," she continued, "You must practice with me for when the time is right."

She leaned back even further, placing a pillow under her backside to prop her pussy up even higher.

He stood there silently for a moment.

"I meant for you to stick your penis inside of me, Jack," she spelled out more clearly this time.

It was instinct taking over at this point. The pheromones, the curves of her hip... something was hijacking his rational brain.

He clambered back to his feet, his cock now at the perfect height to penetrate her. He gripped the shaft and slowly poked around her entrance. She was already sopping wet.

She grabbed his dick out of his hand and began rubbing it up and down against her wetness.

"You get it lubricated like so."

Jack nodded like a good pupil.

She tugged on his pole now, pulling the tip of him inside of her.

"Cum as deeply as you can," she instructed.

He didn't need much stimulation to cross the finish line. He wrapped his arms around her thighs and sank all of his weight into her. He gave her one long pump, slapping against her skin with force. He turned up the speed then and began to plow into her like a jackhammer.

Slap, slap, slap emanated from the bedroom, leaking down into the rest of the house. Cynthia's moans, unstifled and free, shook the walls.

"Ohhhhh! Yessss!! Sweetheart, yesssss!" she cried.

Jack peered down at her tits clearly swinging up and down underneath her shirt. Their undulations of the fabric were hypnotizing.

Slorp, slap, slorp it now sounded like as his grandmother's moistness leaked out between their two bodies. He could feel her wetness sticking to him with each pump.

"Fill me up, Jack! Fill meeee!" she screamed, and he complied. He gave her one last *slam* and buried himself deep inside of her pussy. His cock was pulsating in line with his heart, and as powerfully. He felt each load stream out into her womb, overflowing her canal. When he was finished, he looked down to see the white stuff leaking out around the edges of his dick.

"Pull out," she huffed, grabbing her legs and tilting them backwards over her head.

"This is a trick that works for both ultarians and humans," she explained. "When you want to get pregnant, the woman should lay back like this. It allows your seed to penetrate into her womb, understand?"

"Mhm," he affirmed, still sensitive.

Cynthia groaned, letting her legs back down and sitting up.

"But, I'm not going to get pregnant whatsoever, so that's enough stretching for me."

She giggled. So did Jack.

"Let's go make some lunch, and maybe afterwards you can go for another round if you feel up for it?"

"Yeah, I'm starving," he replied.

Grandmother and grandson wiped themselves off and wandered back down the stairs into the kitchen. They whipped up a meal together like the old days when he had been a boy. Jack hadn't been able to wait much longer after their meal, taking her again on the living room couch and filling her pussy with his seed for the second time that day.

Cynthia let him wash up before heading home and planted a kiss on his cheek as he stood at the doorway.

"When's our next lesson?" he asked, thumbing for his car keys.

"Why don't you stop by on Saturday?"

"Okay," he agreed, giving her one more hug. He could feel her breasts squeezing against his chest.

As he unlocked his car door, he heard his grandmother call out from the porch.

"And don't forget what I taught you! About your sister and mother!"

He gave her a thumbs up sign and climbed into vehicle.

Part 3

Jack had his fingers wrapped around his length under the covers, slowly and expertly tugging at the skin as he worked himself closer to release. It was late, an hour or two past his family's usual bedtime. The moonlight softly trickled in through his window.

It had been a few days since his first lesson at his Nana's house, and the... incident with his mother. He hadn't spoken with her about it since, but he wasn't treating her weirdly either. They had just continued on living like normal together while this enormous, unspoken secret just hung over their heads.

He was cozied up in his bed, the door shut, trying to replay the images in his mind of his mother undressing for him that night. The shape and roundness of her breasts, the way her nipples had felt in his mouth. He was grasping around in his mind for any sensory recording of that surreal moment, fueling his slow burn toward a pent up release that was much needed. And he was getting close, his mother's milk bags hanging there in his imagination helping to push him over the edge.

It was at that moment that he heard the quiet squeaking of the floorboards in the hallway.

Shit, he thought. No more peace and quiet. He ceased all movement, letting his dick go soft.

The steps grew closer until they reached his door. They were light and ginger, the gait of his mother only he could recognize so well.

There was a pause, and then door swung open slowly so as not to creak the old hinges. There stood Amy, again dressed in that night robe from the other day. Jack froze, knowing he was caught red handed. He had plowed his own grandmother--more than once--and suckled from his own mother until she had climaxed, yet there was still something

deeply embarrassing about getting caught with his hand down his pants.

Thinking of me again? she hummed to him, leaning against his doorframe with a peculiar look in her eye. It was almost like she was holding in a laugh.

He attempted to hum back, but he was struggling to get the hang of it.

Uh, maybe. Why are you up? he asked.

Now she smirked for real.

Sweetheart, you were humming right into my head as I was trying to fall asleep, she said.

Jack could feel his face turn bright red. How had she "eavesdropped" on something in his mind? Something that he hadn't intended to hum?

Amy could sense the look of confusion on her son's face, so she tried to explain more.

You are still learning how to perfect the art of humming. It's like learning to speak for the first time again, so don't be embarrassed or feel discouraged... you will gain better control with practice. Sometimes by thinking intensely about a particular person, it gets confused with the signal to hum to them. Does that make sense? I'm not here because I'm upset about what you shared, in fact, quite the opposite.

You're not? Jack said, surprised.

Amy grinned again and shook her head.

No, sweetheart. Not at all. I was wondering when you would next approach me about your... urges, she replied.

Jack gulped, unsure if he was prepared for whatever was about to happen. He hadn't meant to approach her, and in fact he was feeling a lot of complicated emotions about the whole affair anyways. Masturbation had been a safe way to deal with the desires, but apparently not even that was safe anymore.

If you want some help with them tonight... follow me down to the basement, she said.

With that, Amy turned about face and continued tip-toeing up the hallway and down the staircase.

Figuring something more exciting than a few day old memories awaited him downstairs, Jack followed close behind, taking extra trouble not to make too much noise and arouse his father. He couldn't help but feel a slight twinge of disgust at his excitement to see his own mother naked again, but his feet were already moving.

When he landed on the soft carpeted floor of the basement he heard his mother humming to him once again, even though she was out of sight.

I'm in the den, she said.

Their house was fairly large, thanks to Phil's hefty salary, and their basement had the square footage to prove it. Like the rest of the house, the Hudson's basement had several rooms broken up by doors and hallways. Jack walked down the main hall ahead of him until he rounded the corner to the den. There, seated on the couch in the dim yellow light of a nearby lamp sat his mother. She turned back to face him.

"Come, sit," she said out loud now. She patted the couch next to her. Her voice was soft and quiet.

"Your father won't be able to hear us down here."

"Are you sure?" he asked, walking around the edge of the sofa and joining her.

"Yes," she replied. "We'll hear him coming long before he hears us."

Jack felt a dissociative episode wash over him. The way his mother so casually referenced sneaking behind her husband's back was triggering him more than he realized. Still, he didn't stop her, didn't scold her for cheating. Was this even cheating, technically? He wasn't sure which way was up anymore.

"You seem really pent up. When's the last time Nana let you mate with her?" his mother asked.

"The other day, when I went over for my lesson," he responded.

Amy knew how much the male sex drive was said to increase once the coming of age process had begun. She knew that once every few days was not a sustainable rate for him. No wonder he had been so eagerly masturbating.

"So you've just been jerking it ever since? You know, you were supposed to tell me when you needed this kind of help."

The way his mom said "jerking it" felt like nails on a chalkboard. Moms weren't supposed to talk that way, but this wasn't a normal mother-son relationship.

"Sorry, I just wasn't sure... and I didn't want to bother you," he said, feeling like he was being interrogated.

Amy sighed.

"I'm not mad, honey, relax... I just... I want to help you. It makes me happy to help. You can just tell me next time, and I can take care of it for you..."

There was an awkward silence. Jack wasn't sure what to say next. He noticed his mother's gaze drifting south toward the bulge in his pants.

"And it looks like maybe I could still help this time, too. What do you think?" she asked.

Jack wasn't sure what she meant by "help". Was this going to lead to something he was warned not to do by his grandmother? Did his mom know that they weren't supposed to have sex?

"I don't know," he said. "Nana told me we weren't supposed to have sex because you could still get pregnant with Dad."

Amy chuckled.

"Jack, I didn't mean I wanted to have sex with you. I know the risks just as well as Nana. There are other ways of mating beyond sex."

"Oh," he replied.

His grandmother had explained that Ultarian families had mated in all kinds of non-reproductive ways for pleasure, just the same as humans. But he had, for some reason, come to the assumption that his family only cared about the propagation of the species, not pleasure for its own sake. None of them truly enjoyed it, did they...?

"What other kinds of ways?" he asked.

Amy bit her lip.

"Well, there's something I used to do for your grandfather oftentimes after we decided I wasn't going to have any more children... not sex, mind you... but something he enjoyed an awful lot regardless."

It was surreal to hear her talk about his grandfather like this. How he had impregnated her and fathered his sister and then him. How he had fucked his own daughter for decades until he died. How he probably had still been mating with her even while Jack was alive. It almost made him want to puke.

"Wh... what is it?"

"It's hard to explain... it might just be easier to show you instead."

Amy slid off of the cushion onto the soft carpeted floor and pried his legs apart. His mother now sat firmly against his crotch, straddled on either side by his muscular thighs.

"Take these off," she whispered, tugging gently at his pajama shorts.

"Woah, mom!" he exclaimed. "Seriously, what if Dad comes down?"

"That's why we're in the basement and not your bedroom, sweetheart. I'll just tell him I was scolding you for staying up late on your Xcube again."

Jack looked over her shoulder at the white console sitting next to the television. He hadn't touched it in months.

She gave another tug, this time more forceful, and his shorts slid down around his ankles with ease. A sturdy rod of flesh flung back up and slapped against his stomach. He was still aroused.

"After all I am truly scolding you... just for letting this penis get backed up like this instead... my lord, Jack. You look like you're going to explode," she said, gripping his cock gently for the first time. It twitched in her hand unexpectedly.

"Ooohhh..." he moaned silently, his body surrendering to the sensations of her fingers on him.

Without prompt, Amy reached for her gown and loosened the straps, letting the flaps fall to either side. She reached in and produced two enormous breasts, the same perfect

udders he had milked from only a few nights prior. She resumed her grip on him and now slapped the length of his shaft against one breast, then the other. She gingerly rubbed the tip against her left areola, making small circles and using him to stiffen the nipple. She then gave the right side an equal treatment.

"Do you know what mammary intercourse is, honey?" she asked.

Jack was silent, eyeing her with confusion.

"Maybe you call it a tit-job, or titty fucking?" she clarified.

Jack was vaguely aware of the term, but he had never dated a girl with big enough boobs to even consider it.

"Uh, sure. Kinda," he replied.

"Have you ever done it before with a girl?"

"No," he shook his head.

His mother smirked.

"Good. I'm glad I get to be your first experience. I want to show you how it's done right... I think you're going to love this."

She pulled her breasts apart, draping them down onto his crotch and engulfing his cock between them. He felt her soft tit flesh molding around the thickness and rigidity of his shaft as she pressed them together now, suffocating his penis between her massive boobs.

Ohh he moaned reflexively, unable to control himself.

"Imagine this is my womb. You can hump it until you release inside of me," his mother instructed.

Jack was having trouble focusing on her words while simultaneously processing the sensations of her body against his.

"But won't it, y'know, get everywhere?" he asked, concerned still with being discreet. How would it look to his father if she returned to bed with sticky white sperm all over her robe?

"Don't worry about that part, sweetheart. Just go for it."

He didn't need any more encouragement; he was ready to ignore his logical brain and let the impulses take control. His cock was practically screaming at him to burst. He thrust upwards into her cleavage, feeling for the first time just how orgasmic this titty fucking business really was. He watched as his dick disappeared completely between her cleavage, only the swollen purple head occasionally making an appearance when he shoved deep.

"Ugnnhh... ooohh..." he groaned, feeling himself reaching the point of no return.

"That's it, that's a good boy," his mother encouraged him in an excited whisper. "Use my cleavage like my womb... fill me up with your seed!"

"Yes mom, I will... I will... yesss... mommm!" Jack huffed and puffed, gripping onto her breasts now as well.

He felt himself cumming before he saw it. The first rope shot up from between her cleavage like a volcano. It landed on her breast and began streaking down over her areola as more eruptions began covering the rest of her chest.

"Oh my god!" he moaned, totally stunned. Amy just looked on with a look of pride mixed with determination.

Her breasts were now soaked in the stuff, still a few weak streams bursting forth from the head and pooling down in her cleavage. As she pulled each breast apart, it was as if a dam had been broken and all of the semen flooded the areas of her tits that had not yet been covered. The sight was heavenly to Jack.

Amy gripped one breast and brought it to her mouth, taking one long lick toward the areola with her tongue and lapping up his seed.

"Mom... what are you doing?!" he asked, shocked.

"Calm down, Jack. I'm just getting a taste. Besides, this will help with cleanup."

"But isn't it gross tasting?" he exclaimed, still incredulous to the images his eyes were processing.

Amy laughed.

"Honey, no..." she replied, like one might react to a naive child. She took another long lap from the other breast.

"Human sperm is foul, I will grant you that... I almost never do this with your father. But Ultarian semen evolved to be much more appealing to us. You might call it similar to the flavor of a fresh, crisp apple perhaps. At least, that's what I always said about your grandfather's. Yours is very similar, now that I've tried it."

Jack was stunned.

"So you... you like it?" he asked.

Amy nodded.

"I do, it reminds me of my dad. But it also has distinct flavors of its own. It's wonderful, honey," she replied, taking a glob of the stuff on her finger and sucking it off clean with a pop. The sight almost made Jack get hard again right there on the spot.

His face flushed red.

"I don't like it when you talk about Grandpa that way," he said.

"Like what way?"

"Like about how you... you know, had sex together and everything."

Amy furled her lips, trying to understand where her son was coming from.

"Are you feeling a little bit jealous? Or just uncomfortable still?"

"Just uncomfortable," he responded.

Amy ran her hand through her hair, pushing it out of her face.

"Jack... it's just a name. Your grandpa... your father... he was the male of our family. The label of grandfather was just that, a label. Another disguise to blend in to this world. But it was never completely true. On Ultaria, there were no words like 'father' and 'mother'. You understand that, right?"

Jack nodded, but his face seemed to remain unconvinced. Amy continued.

"We're not a human family. We're an Ultarian family. They are not the same thing, and you shouldn't feel bad about that."

Her words did carry some sense, he thought. His grandfather's relation to him didn't really fit neatly into any human categories. And that was because they weren't human. If they had been, this would have been all wrong and backward. But they weren't, so it wasn't.

Just then a voice called out from somewhere around the corner and down the hall.

"Amy, you down here?" he cried out, sounding confused and half-asleep.

Shit, Jack said under his breath.

He turned to his mother, recognizing the same look of shock on her face as was probably apparent on his. Without a word, the two of them quickly fumbled with their clothes, trying to quickly hide the evidence of their romp. There were

still a few hints stained onto her robe, but they were only noticeable if you looked closely.

Amy wiped any remaining cum from the edges of her lips and smeared it on her legs before standing up.

"Are you calling me, dear?" she said, her voice growing fainter as she disappeared around the corner.

Jack didn't dare move. His butt was frozen in place, glued to this sofa. He heard his parents talking for a few moments before loud thuds signaled footsteps were heading upstairs again. A few seconds later Amy appeared in the den.

She hummed to him this time instead of speaking.

Everything's fine. Your father just got a call from work. Some kind of emergency, a last minute deadline that isn't going to be met. He's heading in to the office and will be there all night.

Jack sighed in relief.

So we didn't wake him up? He didn't catch us? he asked.

No, she replied. We're safe. I'm sorry I wasn't more careful. I will be next time. I told him you were down here with me playing video games while I was turning over the laundry. Let's just get to bed.

Okay, he said, satisfied enough with their luck tonight not to risk anything more.

Goodnight, his mother said as she turned back around and made for the stairs.

Jack sat for a few more minutes, unable to move but also partially still enraptured by the sensations and euphoria of their tryst. His body was still coming down from that high, and he didn't want to leave it quite yet. He knew he was going to do this again with his mother, no matter how much that small part of his brain told him not to. It didn't matter that his mother was cheating on his dad. It didn't matter to him what the human pallet considered morally repugnant or not, because after all he wasn't a human. At least, not in the ways that mattered. This fact was still strange for him to wrap his head around at times. All he knew was that this moment with his mom was pure bliss. Total ecstasy, beyond anything he had ever experienced. It felt right. He wouldn't be able to say no to it ever again.

Before long Jack meandered his way back to his room, letting himself sprawl out on his bed like a deflated sack. His dad's car had already left the driveway, not to be seen for at least another 24 hours he assumed. He dozed off quickly, not stirring again until the first rays of sunshine filtered through the window.

Somewhere in the desert, deep underground

"What is it, Johnson? I've got a debrief with the joint chiefs in five minutes about that incident up near Spokane," grumbled a middle-aged, white haired man in a dark green military suit.

"My apologies, Colonel," came the response. "It's just that, well, that case we had discussed last week--the one with the anomalous genetic fragments--there's been some movement on it, sir."

"Very well, send a report to my desk and I'll have time to review it later."

"Yes sir, thank you," Johnson replied.

Agent Sarah Johnson sighed, letting out all the pent up nervous energy she had been bottling during that exchange. She hadn't been with the bureau long, but she was already starting to make waves, and upper brass was willing to listen to her now and then.

She was a stout blonde little thing, full of fire and determination. She had rarely failed at anything she had set her mind to, and this career was just an extension of that drive to conquer every challenge in her way.

She was cute, even for a woman who cared more about marksmanship than makeup. It helped that she was a natural blonde with sharp features, and that she possessed what her now long-past ex had always referred to as a "dump truck ass". Even with a few years on her, she did still sometimes look in the mirror and admire how well it held up.

Sarah returned to her office and closed the door. Papers littered her desk and the floor, evidence perhaps of her detective genius, or madness--it wasn't clear which yet.

She sat down at her terminal and pulled up the report.

A suspect has been finally linked to the anomalous DNA flagged in a routine blood sample battery processed by

Omnigen Labs two weeks ago. Omnigen turned over the sample after identifying the potential hazard via their AI parsing database, as per standard biological warfare threat detection protocol. After secondary bureau analysis, the fragment of genetic material was deemed non-hazardous but remained highly anomalous. Further analysis needed, but the sample has now deteriorated beyond functional use. Omnigen has been able to trace the sample back to Kimberly Banks, FISPA ID#472-6199-3, 48 year old female, unmarried with one child - female, aged 26. Johnson, Sarah (assigned agent) advises further monitoring as this may constitute a yet unidentified threat to national security. OVER

She hit send with a thud on her keyboard. It was done, finally. Something about this case hadn't sat right with her, but she couldn't place her finger on the why. At least now it would get in front of Colonel Williams, and they'd start looking into it more. She told herself it was nothing, just a fluke of biology those eggheads down in level B hadn't figured out yet. But what if it wasn't? What if it was a sign of something more sinister? Something more dangerous? She had to get to the bottom of it. It was slowly driving her crazy. An hour or so later, the phone on her desk rang.

"Hello," she spoke into the receiver.

"Johnson. Colonel Williams would like a minute."

"I'll be right there," she replied, and hung up.

Part 4

Jack was startled awake by a heavy thunk. Something had collided with his face, something soft but heavy.

Through squinted eyes he looked up to see Emily, his older sister, staring back down at him with a look of mischievous glee on her face. She held a pillow in her hands.

"Wake up, dude. Mom's got dinner almost ready downstairs," she exclaimed.

"Emily, agh, what the fuck!?" he shouted. "Is this how you normally wake people up? Leave me alone!"

His sister only laughed, provoked to give him another whooping or two.

"Seriously, Em, what the fuck is wrong with you?"

"See you downstairs," she said, losing interest in her game and turning around. Her round ass swayed from side to side as she walked away. God damn, he thought. He'd never really noticed that before. It was hard to, considering she was living down in the city these days with her boyfriend.

Jack felt his heart rate finally settle again, the threat of the pillow attack disposed of. He showered quickly and dressed, reaching the kitchen just as his sister and mother were clearing their plates. It seemed they hadn't waited for him.

Amy and Emily were dressed in muted pastel, tight-fitting outfits. 'Athleisure' they were calling it nowadays. Not quite workout attire, but not quite casual lounge wear either. The curves of both their asses were accentuated by the fabric, enrapturing Jack. Amy caught her son staring for a moment too long.

"Where are you guys going?" he asked.

"We're heading to that new yoga studio that opened up in town. I left some breakfast on the stove for you," his mother replied.

"Did you want to join us or something?" Emily said, but Jack had no desire to tag along.

"I doubt your brother would be interested," Amy responded on his behalf. "Besides, Nana is expecting him for another lesson later today."

His sister's face contorted in confusion for a second.

"Lesson? What lesson?" she said, and then there was a flash of understanding. "Ohhh! That's right. Because he's now..."

Emily peered back over her shoulder as if she thought the house was bugged.

"Your father's gone, honey. He's at work. We can talk freely," Amy interjected.

"Phew," Emily sighed, turning to him. "Now that you've come of age, you've got to go learn all about our family history and stuff, don't you?"

Jack nodded.

"Er, yeah."

Emily smirked.

"Good luck. It was pretty boring, in my opinion."

"Emily! Stop that!" their mother cried.

"What!?" she moaned. "I know it's important, Mom. It just wasn't always that intellectually stimulating for me. Is that such a crime?"

Emily was the master of sarcasm, and her tone always seemed to convey just the tiniest hints of it.

"Emily, you know what I meant! Just don't discourage your brother. He still has lots to learn, and he's feeling overwhelmed. You should be helping him feel more comfortable, not the opposite!" Amy cried again.

"I'm okay, mom. Really," Jack said, trying to defuse the situation. The two of them could fight like cats and dogs sometimes.

"Just go to your grandmother's after breakfast, okay? I'll see you this afternoon," was all Amy responded.

"Okay," he said.

She grabbed her bag and shuffled Emily out the door.

"Be safe, love you!" she called out to him.

"I will, bye!" he answered. He returned to the kitchen and made himself a plate of food alone.

It was only an hour or so later when Jack finally knocked on his Nana's front door. Cynthia was waiting for him and unlatched the lock.

"Hi, sweetheart," she said as he leaned down to give her a hug and a kiss.

"Hi Nana," he replied. "I'm here for my next lesson."

"Wonderful," she replied. "Come in!"

Cynthia offered her grandson some food and they ate a quick meal together before making their way back down below the

house. The ship was beginning to feel more familiar to Jack even though there was much he didn't understand about it yet. It would come with time, his Nana had assured him.

He took a seat on the same hard, metallic bed in the center of the cabin that they had used for his coming of age ceremony while Cynthia activated the holographic computer system.

The room was suddenly filled with dancing lights organizing themselves into three dimensional images and words. Jack still could not get over that any of this was real.

"Today we're going over our family tree," she said.

His ears perked up. Family tree? He had always thought he knew his family's heritage - making little diagrams for school projects as a child and such. He realized now that everything he thought he knew was probably wrong.

"Cool," he replied.

Cynthia waved her hands a few times until an assortment of faces appeared. They were the faces of his immediate family - Mom, Emily, and himself. Lines began connecting new faces that appeared; he saw Katie, Aunt Kim, and his Nana and Grandpa flicker into existence out of thin air.

"This is our family that you're familiar with," she began. "But our lineage stretches back almost 200 years."

Two hundred? Really? Jack wondered how many of them there had been living in this house.

Cynthia waved her hands and the tree began growing, more branches appearing and organizing themselves appropriately.

"This is my father, William, who passed away long before you were born," she said.

There was a fairly handsome, white-haired gentleman pictured above his name. He sort of resembled his Grandpa Frank, but also himself.

"He was Grandpa's father too, right?"

Cynthia nodded.

"Mhm, that's correct. He and his sister gave birth to our mother, who in turn gave birth to us. Much like your mother and grandfather."

Jack's brain started to form the connections.

"Does it always happen that way? In this same pattern?" he asked.

Cynthia smiled.

"No, no it doesn't, unfortunately. That would be too orderly and predictable, wouldn't it?"

She flicked her wrist again, the tree now zooming in to a particular male as well as seven females branching off of him.

"This is your Great-great-grandfather Charles. He had seven daughters with his mother, Justine."

"Seven?" Jack exclaimed, bewildered by such a number.

Cynthia chuckled.

"Yes, seven. Right here in this house," she said, gazing up at the ceiling. "He only produced offspring with a few of them though, one of which was a male. William."

"But... but how did... how was his mom able to get pregnant so many times? Wouldn't she get too old?" he asked.

This made Cynthia laugh again. He was so naive, but she had to remind herself that it wasn't his fault. He truly didn't know.

"Menopause is a human ailment, Jack. Not an Ultarian one," she said. "We can become pregnant at any age."

Jack's face turned beet red, piecing it all together.

"So you mean that... you could get pregnant too?" he asked, a shiver running up his spine. He wasn't ready to be a father.

"Ha! No, no!" she exclaimed. "Remember - human sperm is still required for conception to take place. You are safe to seed me still, sweetheart."

Jack felt relieved. He would not be getting his widowed grandmother pregnant any time soon. Of course, she had

already thought much of this through, he realized. He still had much to learn.

"Yeah, right," he responded. "I forgot."

"It's a difficult task, being a part of this family," she said, leaning down and kissing the top of his head. "Don't be too difficult on yourself for not knowing everything right away. Your mother told me you were feeling a little overwhelmed."

Why was she blabbing to everyone, he thought? He didn't need her pity or her sympathy.

"I'm okay Nana, really," he said.

"Okay," she replied with a warm smile.

As she leaned over him, he felt her breasts lightly rub against his shoulders. Those big, billowing things, molding themselves around him as she pressed. The hairs on the back of his neck stood up, every nerve ending in his body now electrified. Just a simple touch from her had been enough to put him in the mood. Would he ever be able to live a normal life again, he wondered?

"Nana?"

"Yes dear?" she answered, pausing.

"I'm... I'm feeling some urges again, I think. Would you want to, er, could we, uh-"

Cynthia interjected before he could ramble on even longer.

"You need a little bit of help with your urges?" she asked.

"Eh, yes. If that's okay?"

He was trying to find the authority in his voice, but he still felt too uncomfortable.

"You can tell me what you want with more confidence, sweetheart. It's your place as the male of our family to do so. Besides... the chances are that if you want it, so do I."

She had a point. Jack balled his hands into a fist. He wasn't a coward. He was the male of this family. He wasn't that quiet little boy any longer.

"Nana, I need to fill your womb," he demanded, this time more assertive.

Cynthia draped back down over him, letting her warm breath splash against his face. He could see down her shirt between her sagging cleavage.

"Well, when you say it like that... it is my duty to obey."

She continued leaning down, pushing his shoulders back onto the bed until he was flat. She ripped his jeans off and tossed them to the side. His rigid pole was at full mast, ready to go.

Jack watched as his grandmother unbuttoned her own trousers and shimmied them off, revealing her heavy backside one inch at a time. She wasn't even wearing underwear. The skin jiggled with each shimmy until the pants were around her ankles.

"Wow," he muttered, loud enough for her to hear.

"You like it?" she asked. "Even though I'm an old hag now?"

She reached behind with her fingers and jiggled her cheeks a few more times.

"Nana... your ass... is amazing."

His words made her smile. There was something about his adoration that made her feel special again.

"Well, so is this penis... and I need it inside of me now, Jack," she replied while reaching down to grip it in her palm.

"Fuck, Nana, I'm really hard..." he groaned.

Cynthia knew exactly what to do. She lifted one leg up and over the bed, straddling him from behind so that her ass was facing him. Gently she guided the tip of his cock inside her cunt, easing down onto his lap slowly. Once he was fully inserted, she lifted her hips back up slightly, lubricating his shaft with her moistness.

Jack reached out and grabbed onto her hips, trying to gain some leverage so that he could pump away into her furiously. But Cynthia swatted away his hands.

"No!" she whined, his penis hitting some erogenous zone inside of her. "Let me work it out of you... myself... uunngghhh!"

He laid back and watched as his grandmother's wide hips bounced rhythmically up and down on his lap. He watched as his cock slid in and out of her, glistening each time with her fluids that smelled of lust. He loved how his shaft seemed to stretch her lips open, how she shivered at the zenith of each hump. He felt it rub against the back wall of her vagina, rigid and ribbed and wet. Her moans and shakes told him it felt good for her as well as him.

"Okay, let's pick up the pace..." she huffed, bending forward while she twerked on his dick even faster.

"Oh, fuck! Nana... fuck, this feels amazing!" he cried, realizing how nice it felt to let her do all the work.

She cried out something unintelligible, completely taken by passion.

It was at that moment that a figure appeared in the doorway. Jack rolled his head over to see who it was, trying frantically to use his hands to cover up the act they had been caught in.

The figure stepped further into the light.

"Mom," a voice called out. It was his Aunt Kim.

Cynthia's movements slowed to a halt, her eyes opening again. She turned to see her daughter there and huffed.

"Kimberly, what are you doing here? Didn't you hear us from the top of the stairwell?" she said.

Jack was stunned, laying there with his semi-hard penis still deep in his grandmother's womb while his aunt looked on, seemingly unfazed.

"Of course I did. It doesn't matter. There's something urgent I need your help with," Kim answered.

"Can it wait until your nephew and I have finished bonding?"

"What? Mom, forget about bonding. This is serious!" she yelled.

Cynthia groaned and then stepped off of the bed. There was a plop as his cock fell out of her.

"Let me get washed up and dressed again, then I'll meet you in the living room."

Kim looked satisfied.

"Thank you," she replied icily.

Cynthia pushed past her and ascended the steps back to the basement. It was just Jack and his Aunt down here now, alone. She turned to look at him, but he sensed a feeling of discomfort in her eyes.

"Hi, Jack," she said, not-so-warmly.

"Er, hi Aunt Kim," he responded, unsure why there was this much tension between them.

Kim folded her arms and glared.

"Just so you know," she began. "Don't get the assumption that you will be able to fuck me whenever you want to like the rest of them, just because you're the supposed leader of our family now."

Her tone was biting, her words acidic. Where did this come from? Aunt Kim had always been a bit stand-offish, but never cruel? This was a different woman.

"I, uh, I wouldn't ever-"

"Good, let's keep it that way. Okay?" she interrupted. "I'm not one of your whores like the other girls. And neither is my daughter."

She was referring to his cousin Kate, naturally. Someone he was told he would have to impregnate one day.

"I would never make you do something you didn't want to, Aunt Amy. I swear," he said, feeling like that little sheep again. Why did he crumble so quickly under pressure?

"We don't have to, er, bond."

Kim looked satisfied again.

"Good. I'm going to talk with Nana now. See you around."

She turned and left him to sit silently with his thoughts. To process what had just occurred.

When Jack finally entered the living room, he found Kim and Nana sitting on the couch, talking in hushed tones with serious faces.

Cynthia noticed him as he approached.

"Jack, sweetie. Sorry, I didn't hear you come up. I think we will have to finish our lesson another day. Why don't you just head home?"

Something smelled suspicious, but he had no idea what it could possibly be.

"Uh, sure, yeah. I'll see you guys later," he said meekly, wanting to evaporate out of there immediately.

He grabbed his car keys and left without another word. He drove home in silence, bewildered by what he had just experienced. Worst of all, his dick still throbbed in his pants.

Thirty minutes later he was back home. He noticed his mother's car had returned, and as he opened the front door he was greeted by her voice.

"Howdy," he said, kicking off his shoes. He found Amy in the kitchen eating some strawberries. She was still dressed in her yoga outfit.

"Hi honey, how was Nana?" she asked.

Jack didn't know how to respond.

"It was, uh, fine I suppose," he said.

"Oh, yeah?"

"...yeah."

Amy could tell something was up. She raised one eyebrow in suspicion.

"Everything okay...? Is there anything you want to talk about?"

He wasn't sure if it was appropriate or not to share what had happened. Would Aunt Kim get in trouble for what she had said to him? Would that just make things worse?

"Yeah, things are fine. It's just, uh, well... Nana had to leave me unfinished during our bonding session earlier," he said.

It wasn't technically a lie, and his dick was still throbbing.

"Oh, sweetie, I'm sorry. What happened? Why did she do that?"

Jack searched his brain for an excuse, but none came.

"Aunt Kim stopped by and needed her help, she seemed upset," he replied.

Amy furled her lips.

"Hm, was everything okay?" she asked.

"I don't know," he said. "It was something private she needed to talk to Nana about, I think."

"Well, I'm sorry honey. Do you need some help still to finish yourself off?"

His mother was frowning now in sympathy. Jack thought to himself that he could go for another tit job. It sounded heavenly.

"Yeah, I think I do," he answered, feeling his pants stretching tight again.

"You should go ask your sister then," she suggested, catching Jack completely by surprise. "I'm sure she'll be happy to help."

"Wha-" he began, the words still confused in his head. "Emily? I thought you meant that you would... that we..."

"Jack, I'm sore all over. That yoga class whooped my butt. I need to rinse off and rest. But your sister just went up to her room to shower. You might catch her still if you go up there now."

"But... but me and you have already... and she and I haven't..." he fumbled over himself, trying to express the complicated thoughts he was working through.

"It's fine, sweetheart. You two will have to start bonding at some point anyways. She's expecting you to make the first move."

Emily's fat ass from that morning appeared in his mind again. It probably felt really nice to grab onto those cheeks, he thought.

"Okay, I'll go ask," he said, leaving his mother in the kitchen.

As he approached Emily's old room, he heard the water running in her shower. Damn, he thought. Too late.

He pushed the door open gently, jumping back a bit when he realized that Emily was still dressed on her bed.

"Oh, shit, sorry!" he said, startled.

His sister only laughed.

"Don't worry, dude. Mom already hummed me. She told me you were coming up."

"She did?" he asked. Of course she did. How many secret conversations had the two of them shared over the years that he had never known about?

"Mhm," she replied, standing up now.

Her room was still decorated as it had been when she had been in high school, relics of a moment in time that no longer existed. Instead of turning this room into a guest room, their parents had simply kept it for Emily to use whenever she came back for a visit, like today.

"Sounds like you're a little blue-balled, and Mom thinks we should start bonding."

Jack gulped.

"Uh, yeah, pretty much."

Emily laughed, then took off her top, rolling it up and over her head. Her supple, perky tits flopped down onto her chest. Two small, pink nipples sat atop them. They weren't huge and saggy like Amy's or Nana's yet, but it was clear that they were cut from the same cloth.

"Hm. Well I could just suck you off really quickly, but you're covered in Nana's pussy juices still, aren't you?" she asked.

Jack's eyes went wide taking in the sight of his naked older sister. Why did she seem so comfortable with the idea of having sex with him?"

"Uh, yeah..."

"That's fine," she replied, now bending down and removing her yoga pants. Her wide hips were accentuated by her thin waist and skinny legs. Jack couldn't believe this was happening.

"You can't fuck me, of course... but maybe you could rub it between my ass cheeks?"

Between her ass cheeks? What was she talking about?

"Er, huh?" he said, his brow scrunched in confusion.

Emily scowled at him like a moron.

"You've never gotten an ass job from a girl before? Really, Jack?" she moaned.

He had in fact not.

"Not even in college?"

He shook his head.

"No, dude. Why is that such a problem?"

"Hm," she responded. "It's not. I just assumed you had gotten more girls than I expected."

Jack's cheeks flushed red. He wasn't a virgin (and certainly wasn't now, thanks to Nana's lessons), but he was never the most promiscuous man around. It almost felt like his sister was shaming him.

"Well I can show you something new then, I guess," she said, approaching him casually while her hips swayed side to side.

Jack threw up his hands in front of her.

"Woah, Em, slow down. Why are you so comfortable with this?"

"With what?" she asked innocently.

Jack sighed.

"With, uh... you and me, with us bonding and all... I mean, I haven't seen you naked since we were kids. You just took off your shirt without warning me!"

Emily smirked.

"Do you not want me to whip out my tits for you? That would be the first time I've ever heard a guy say that."

She pressed her elbows closer together to accentuate her cleavage. Jack tried not to let his erection show through his pants. Her perfectly supple nipples looked delicious; he wanted nothing more than to suck them until sore.

Jack brought his hands up to his face, groaning.

"No... I mean, maybe. I mean, no!" he shouted, all turned around. "I'm just still a little nervous, I guess. I was expecting you to be, too. I'm sorry. I don't not want to bond."

Emily relaxed her posture. She could have empathy at times.

"No, you're right Jack. It's just... you know that I came of age almost five years ago, right? I've been having the urges almost that entire time. I've been waiting for you to turn twenty for like forever now."

"Really?" he said, flabbergasted. That whole time... she had been lusting after him?

"Uh huh," she confirmed. "The only reason I haven't seen you sooner is because Mom told me to hold off while you got acclimated to this whole thing. But she said on the way back from yoga that she'd let me bond with you today."

"But Mom told me that she was too tired to bond..." he replied.

"Oh, she is," Emily said. "But she also knows it's important for us to start bonding together, too. I mean, one day... you're going to have to get me pregnant. You know that much so far, right?"

Jack shivered.

"Yeah, I, er, I was told that during the ceremony."

Emily let a sly grin peek out of her mouth, like a school girl flustered by her crush.

"Phew. Good. I'm glad I wasn't the one who had to tell you."

"Doesn't that freak you out, though?" he said, curious.

Emily thought for a moment, her head tilted up. Her naked body just standing there in front of him, teasing.

"No, not really. I mean, it used to at first. I remember feeling crazy when I first came of age. But as I got older it began to... I don't know... just make sense. Y'know?"

Jack considered just how much his mind had changed in the last few weeks. He supposed it was possible for her to feel that way now.

"Yeah, I guess so," he replied.

There was a moment of silence between them. The water hissed in the bathroom.

"Okay, we're wasting my hot water. Come on, let me give you your first ass job," Emily finally said. "And I promise to go slower."

"Okay," her brother answered, feeling more comfortable now.

She had him sit on the edge of her bed, removing his clothes entirely. With one hand she squeezed a bottle of cold lube down onto his shaft, then reached down with the other hand to rub it in.

"God dammit, Jack. This is so hard," she cooed.

Jack felt his penis twitching in her grip.

"That feels really good," he told her.

Emily grinned, knowing she had hooked him.

"Just wait until I sandwich it between my ass, you'll be in heaven."

After she had thoroughly lubed up her brother, she turned around and presented her large bubble butt to him for the

first time this closely. His eyes captured every fine detail - the bumps and colors of her skin, the curves and folds of her shape, and the little jiggles that reminded him of his grandmother's backside.

"Jesus, Emily... your ass is huge," he exclaimed.

"I know," she responded. "Fred tells me all the time."

Fred, her latest boyfriend. She had gone through a few in the last couple of years. None of them seemed to stick around. He wondered now if his family's secret had anything to do with that.

"He doesn't know about any of this... about our family?" Jack asked.

Emily was now bracing herself on his legs, holding herself up as she lowered her ass onto his lap. His question made her pause and look over her shoulder.

"What? No! Are you kidding dude? We can never tell anyone!"

"But don't you feel like you're cheating? Don't you feel guilty?" he continued pressing.

Emily resumed her motions, letting his cock wedge itself right into her crack, just how she wanted it. She began grinding back and forth, letting the lube do its job as she massaged his frustrated shaft with her plump ass.

"Oooh, no... Jack, come on... they're not important... oh, ahh!" she moaned, getting aroused now herself.

"Only we matter... only family... and I will always be loyal... fuck, you feel good!"

She was grinding intensely on him now, her thighs producing intense heat from the friction of skin against skin.

He grabbed her hips and began pushing her around the way he wanted to, the animalistic instincts taking control.

"Oh, fuck!" she cried out, turned on by this passionate outburst in her brother.

"I wish you could fuck me, Jack. Just stuff me like Fred does. Empty your fucking balls inside of me... fuck!!!"

He could see her fingering her clit now, clearly working herself right to the edge of orgasm by this point.

"Hnngh!" he grunted, digging his hands deeper into her hips. Moving her now like a ragdoll for his pleasure. She was easy to manipulate.

"You're gonna make me cum, Em!" he cried, and his sister doubled her effort on him. She was acting wild now, her eyes closed and lip bitten. He had pinned her on the bed, her face in the mattress while her ass stuck up in the air. Her cheeks were thick enough that his shaft was securely nestled in between, and his strokes became more intense and furious. Her ass jostled and slapped together with each thrust, almost as if he was fucking her tight little cunt. The intensity of it all was going to make him...

"Aghhhh!" he cried, buckling and shaking at the knees.

Rope after rope shot out onto her back as her ass still grinded up against him, back and forth. He looked down at the mess he had made. White streaks of fluid covered her.

Emily was now convulsing and shaking too, her mouth hanging loose while her eyes rolled to the back of her skull.

Jack gave her a few more thrusts before pulling off and falling back on her bed, exhausted.

She finally rolled over to face him with the biggest grin on her face. Her skin was flushed red.

"I haven't cum that hard in my life," she said.

Jack couldn't help but feel a sense of pride.

"Nana said it's the best feeling ever when she and Grandpa bonded," he replied.

"She wasn't kidding. God damn."

Her chest was heaving and her skin flushed red.

"Was that your first time, y'know, with family?" he asked.

"No," she replied. "I had my coming of age ceremony with grandpa, but he was already starting to get sick at that point. I only ever bonded with him that once."

"Oh. I'm sorry, Em," he said, unsure how to react to that.

"Don't be," she responded matter-of-factly, clearly not too traumatized by the memory. "This was way more intense anyways."

"Really?" he asked, that feeling of pride swelling up in him again.

"Oh yeah, without a doubt."

They took another look at each other, silent, their eyes tracing each other's bodies. Taking in the evidence of what they had just done together. Then they both began to laugh.

She reached over and grabbed his flaccid cock, pulling her face closer and planting a soft kiss on it. He could see down her back from this angle, glistening and shimmering with his cum.

"This made me really happy," she said.

"Me too," he smiled.

"Now let me rinse off. I'll see you later, yeah?"

"Okay," Jack said, taking the hint. He gathered his clothes and made for the door. He turned around to take one last glance at his sister, standing there naked at her vanity while she prepared to finally hop in that shower.

Her tits swelled out from her chest and her ass seemed to weigh her down. He just couldn't pull his eyes away from her naked body. She was stunning.

She caught him staring and flashed him a smile. He should really go now, he thought to himself. He smiled back and left, going to his own room to shower off instead.

Earlier that day, at the Banks' manor...

"I'm telling you Mom," Kim continued. "There's something suspicious about it all. We need to be more careful."

"Relax, honey," Cynthia soothed her. "We have nothing to worry about. It's probably just a coincidence."

Kim's face looked red with frustration.

"It is not! she exclaimed. "I've never seen that woman before in this town, and she followed me everywhere. Even back to my house, Mom! She knows where I live!"

It was somewhat concerning what Kim had shared with her, Cynthia thought, but she couldn't let her daughter sense the fear in her reaction.

"Let's just sleep on it, Kimmy. Okay? Why don't you and Kate come stay here with me for a few days while we sort this all out."

Kim chewed on this for a moment before saying, "Okay."

"Now go collect your things and make sure nobody is following you here," Cynthia added.

"Thank you, Mom," Her daughter replied.

In the desert, deep underground...

A report was thrown on top of the stack of papers on Colonel Williams' desk. He reached for it and thumbed it open.

Field report, Johnson it read. Perhaps she had finally found something, he thought.

Updates on case #37499, alias 'Banks'. I have located the sample donor, Kimberly Banks, and have remained discreet in my surveillance. Additional DNA samples have been obtained and are being sent to level B for sequencing. It is unclear if the target is aware of the fact that she may be a victim of a bioweapon agent. She appears healthy and active otherwise. OVER.

Hm. Perhaps another dead end. Perhaps not. The Colonel wondered what the lab results would return. Until then it wasn't much use thinking too deeply into the matter. For all they knew, it would turn up to be a mistake somewhere along the way that misidentified this poor woman as an anomaly. Human error was almost always the logical explanation, not miracles.

He stood up from his desk and began meandering the halls toward his next meeting.

Part 5

A few days had passed since Emily had finally bonded with her brother. She was back in the city now with her boyfriend, living the picturesque mid-twenties cosmopolitan life that Jack found to be stifling. Who wanted a boring 9-5 and live in a cramped apartment for the rest of their life? Who wanted to live a two hour commute from family? Especially a family like this one...

Jack was at home eating dinner with his parents.

"Jack, could you hand me the salt?" Phil asked from a few seats over. His son complied, passing the small glass shaker down the table.

Phil was completely enraptured by something on his laptop which was sitting next to his plate while they ate. This was typical, as Phil felt the need to be "always on" for his company. The higher you climbed the corporate ladder, the less of a life you seemed to have. Jack was a first hand witness to his father's enslavement to his work, and he loathed the idea of following in those foot steps. So far, nobody had pressured him about finding a job or going back to school. He would coast on this wave for as long as possible.

Jack dug into his steak with a knife before munching through a particularly chewy piece. He was ravenous these days, something his Nana had explained might happen as his body entered a kind of "second" puberty. Except this puberty was a result of his alien heritage. He looked again at his dad; not really his father, but more so his genetic disguise donor, and he tried to picture grandpa Frank in his place. His grandfather had always been rather elusive. Loving, but elusive. He wondered if the thought of nurturing his own replacement had ever seeped its way into his grandfather's mind. If it had made it difficult to engage with him. Jack wondered if he would feel the same when the day inevitably came that he fathered a new male himself. There had been so much he had been oblivious to his whole life, so much to reevaluate and reexamine.

"Thanks," Phil grunted, still glued to his screen.

"No problem, Dad," he replied.

Jack looked over at his mother, Amy, who was particularly glowing tonight it seemed to him. She was in a buttoned up flannel shirt and a pair of black leggings, cozy for this time of year yet still fashionable. Her salacious features were muted under the outfit, but Jack had enough mental images recorded in his memory to see through the fabric.

Are you picturing me naked? she hummed to him from across the table, a sly grin on her face. Phil wasn't even paying attention.

Sorry. You just look so... damn good tonight. I don't know why, or what's different. But you do, he replied.

Amy's grin grew an inch wider. She looked back down at her plate but kept responding to him with her mind whisperings.

Sounds like your hormones are really pumping tonight.

Jack felt the essence of her laugh, but without the explicit sounds echoing around in his head.

I guess so. Does it bother you? he asked.

No, of course not sweetheart. I think it's kind of flattering, actually...

Jack's cheeks flushed a light red. He didn't know what to say in response. He just looked at her and smiled again. Amy continued her hum a second later.

I suppose this means you'll need some help tonight, huh?

The look on her face now was as devious as it was seductive. Jack could feel his cock growing in his pants.

Yes, please can we do more bonding? he begged like a puppy for a treat. This only made Amy snicker harder.

Your father will be up late at this table working. I can already tell it's going to be one of those nights.

So? Jack retorted. Couldn't they still sneak around in the basement again? Or in his bedroom?

The other night was too close a call for me, sweetheart. I'd prefer if we limited our bonding time to whenever your father is out of the house.

Jack felt his frustration waxing, his pent up yearning for her bubbling over the top.

Can't we just be really quiet? he pleaded, desperate. Amy could see the pain in her son's eyes. She chewed on another piece of broccoli as she thought.

Well... perhaps there is one work around for tonight. How do you feel about making a trip to Bullseye's?

Bullseye's? The store? What was she talking about? What did this have to do with bonding?

Huh? he simply replied.

You heard me. I need to go pick up some stuff there anyways. Perhaps on the way back we can find an empty parking lot and I can relieve you in the back seat?

She stared at him silently as she played with a cut of meat against her lips.

Uh, yeah, okay, he somehow stuttered even through his telepathy.

"Hey, Phil?" his mother suddenly blurted out loud, startling Jack more than he expected.

"I'm gonna run to Bullseye's after dinner. I forgot to pick up a few things the other day."

"Huh? Whuh? Oh, sure," her husband mumbled, barely paying attention.

She then turned to her son.

"Do you want to join, Jack?" she asked. His answer was only a formality.

"Sure, okay."

They finished their dinner in relative quiet before Amy gathered their dishes and retreated to the kitchen. Twenty minutes later they were in the car, pulling out of the driveway.

"Do you actually need to get something there?" he asked aloud now, no longer worried about sneaking around his father.

"I do," she replied. "But there are some extra items I'm adding to the list on account of our additional stop."

"Like what?" Jack asked, hungry to know.

"It's a surprise until we get there, honey."

He would have to be patient.

Amy had made Jack wait in the car for her while she ran into the store. She was quick however, thankfully, and returned only a few minutes later with a plastic bag full of mystery merchandise. She opened the back door and threw it in, the bag thudding against the floor.

They drove for another 10 minutes until they came to the entrance to a park. This was the open nature preserve down by the river, Jack recognized, a myriad of trails and paths meandering through the trees and along the bank. He had come here often in high school to wander, or, eventually, smoke pot with his buddies. It was too chilly out tonight for any stray teens to be bothering them, however, and his mother pulled into one of the parking spaces on the loose gravel road before turning the engine off.

"Think this is private enough?" she asked, maybe rhetorically. Jack couldn't tell.

"For sure," he said.

"Good. Now climb your butt in the back."

The car was a huge SUV, which made moving from the front passenger seat to the back of the vehicle rather easy. Even for a larger guy like himself, he didn't need to contort himself much to squeeze into one of the rear seats. He held his arms out as extra support as his mother followed suit.

Instead of sitting next to him, Amy just remained on her knees. She reached down and grabbed the plastic bag. She pulled out a roll of paper towels and held it up for Jack to appreciate.

"I got us a few things," she began. "These are for wiping up all of your cum afterwards."

"Sorry," he found himself instinctively apologizing.

"Jack, I'm just kidding," she huffed. "I'll probably swallow most of it anyways. This is just for whatever I miss. Plus, we needed some more at home."

He sighed with relief.

"And this," she continued, pulling another object from the bag, "is some Doctor Love's jelly."

"Jelly? Like... lube?" he asked, perplexed.

"Mhm," his mother confirmed. "I figured it might help improve our... experience."

Jack wasn't sure. He had never used lube before, not really. Emily had squirted some on him unexpectedly before giving him that ass job a few days prior, but it wasn't something necessarily popular with the ladies when he had been in school.

"I've never really used it before," he admitted to her. "Does it actually help?"

Amy bit her lip.

"Sweetheart... what?! You've never used lube before?" she gasped. Jack just stared at her silently, flustered.

"Well," she went on, gathering herself again as she realized he was serious, "I'll show you how it's done."

"Okay," he gulped.

Amy removed her top then, still kneeling on the floor next to him. Her tits swung wildly as they were released from their cages of cloth and wire and elastic.

"Your boobs are even more amazing than the last time I saw them, Mom," he managed the courage to say, feeling overcome with love and lust. They hung down from her chest like perfect orbs, sagging and drooping yet still possessing that ineffable, alluring shape.

"Here," she replied, handing him the bottle of Doctor Love's. "Lather them up."

He turned the tube upside down and began squeezing over her breasts. The lube came out in a viscous stream, landing on her cleavage and melting like butter. He closed the cap and grasped each breast in his hands, gently massaging them until the lube was evenly distributed.

"Take out your penis," she commanded. He unfastened his pants and stripped them down to his ankles. His cock sprung to attention on its own, the sight of his mother's enormous rack in front of him exciting every nerve in his body. They glistened in the starlight with the sheen of the lubricant.

"You are feeling the urges tonight," she cooed, clearly turned on now by the sight of his package.

She rubbed her hands over and between her tits before reaching out to his crotch. Her palms were now covered in the slippery substance which she began transferring onto his rigid shaft with her fingers.

"How does that feel?" she asked, working his dick with rhythmic precision.

"Really... good..." he groaned in between bursts of pleasure.

Amy smirked.

"Okay, we're all slathered up," she finally said, placing her hands back to her side. "How about another boob job?"

Jack couldn't speak coherently. He could only utter the most primitive, affirmative noise possible.

"Uh huh," he moaned, shaking his head up and down. His mother giggled.

She lifted her whole chest, allowing her tits to brush across his hard cock. She carefully lowered herself onto his lap as she wrapped each breast around his pole, squeezing them tightly around it. The lube made it feel as if he was inside of the softest, most cushioned, wettest pussy he had ever felt.

"Mom, oh fuck," he cried.

"Do you like Mommy's boobs?" she asked, clearly knowing the answer. She just wanted to tease him more. For some reason, this meant reverting back to a kind of baby speak with him. He hadn't called her mommy in almost a decade, but tonight that streak came to an end.

"Yes, Mommy. I like your boobs a lot. They feel so good," he moaned as she worked them up and down, gliding with ease along his shaft. He loved watching how they drooped slightly as she lifted them up, then how they compressed again as she smooshed them back down.

Slap, slap, slap echoed around in the small cab of the vehicle. The viscous lube was making their skin stick ever so slightly together with each pump. Jack wasn't sure what it appeared like from the outside, but he felt as if the whole car was rocking up and down.

Jack reached out and grasped onto her tits now, squeezing tightly and kneading his fingers into her flesh. Her saggy udders softly gave way to his groping. He pushed himself tighter into her embrace, suffocating her breasts around his cock with vice-like strength. He started to thrust up and into her cleavage on his own now, the sensations overriding his every thought and action. His body was on autopilot now with one goal: ejaculation.

"Hnghh, hnghh, HNNGHH!" he grunted like a rabid animal. He was slapping her tits together with every hump he made between them.

Amy slid her gaze from the leaking cock nestled inside of her cleavage up to the strained, desperate face of her son. His reaction to this bonding session was driving her crazy. She contemplated teaching him how to lick her once he had bursted. Phil wouldn't notice the difference between 45 and 60 minutes, would he? She redoubled her efforts to make her son cum on her tits.

"I want you to cum on them again. Cum right in between them honey. Can you do that for mommy?" she whispered eagerly.

Jack couldn't handle it. He felt her words tingle up his spine as he watched his purple tip peek up between her cleavage again and again and again.

"I'm... fucckking... gonna... AGGRRHHH!!" He cried as white, hot streams of semen shot forth from the head of his cock.

His legs began to shake uncontrollably. A projectile hit Amy in the face, splattering against her eye and dripping down her cheek. She had to close her eyelid to prevent anymore from seeping in.

Another one splattered her lips, and she squeaked with excitement and delight, blowing bubbles with his cum.

The rest fell lazily back down to earth, coating her tits with another slick, slippery sheen. It became hard to tell where the jizz ended and the lubricant began. Her nipples were fully swollen.

"Fuck!" he said, shivering one last time as his penis softened between his mother's breasts.

Just then there was a knock at the window. Amy and Jack both jumped in their seats, startled.

Through the partially tinted window, they could make out a shadowy figure obscured by a blinding halo of light. A flashlight; the stranger had a light shining into the car.

Amy said nothing; she merely grasped for the paper towels and ripped off several in a panic. She began wiping up her son's seed from her chest as another knock banged against the glass, this time more forcefully. A muffled voice said, "Open up!". There were red and blue lights in the background; a cop car. But no flashing or siren noises. Only the lights.

Amy held her bra cups up to her chest for some modicum of decency, and Jack held a few paper towels over his crotch. She leaned over, still stuck between her sons legs, and unlatched the door. The figure opened it the rest of the way.

"Good evening," a voice said rather placidly, as if this were a normal occurrence. The light lowered to reveal a face behind the glare. A man, younger, perhaps in his thirties. Neither Amy nor Jack recognized him.

"My name is officer Rodriguez. Can I ask why your vehicle is parked here this late at night?"

Jack watched his eyes scan the vehicle. It was obvious to anyone what had just happened here.

"Oh, I'm sorry officer. Are we not allowed to park here?" he heard his mother say.

The officer looked her up and down, her hand loosely holding up the bra covering her bare chest. She was on her knees straddled between Jack; what more compromising of a position could she have been in?

"Sir," he said now, turning his attention to Jack. "Are you at least eighteen years of age or older?"

The question caught Jack off guard. Was he still a teenager? What kind of question was that? Did he really look that young? He didn't think so...

"Wha- huh?" he mumbled, unable to comprehend the point of the officer's interrogation.

The cop didn't let him gather his thoughts though.

"I'd like to see some identification, please. Both of you."

Amy's face went pale white.

"Officer, I was just trying to remove some vomit from our clothes... I became sick suddenly while driving and just needed to pull over. Can't we just be on our way h-"

"ID's. Now." he barked, not buying her alibi.

Amy sheepishly reached for her purse and fished out her license, handing it to the menacing cop.

"Oy, you too," he ordered to Jack, bringing him back to reality. He found his wallet in his pants pockets down around his ankles, producing his license as well.

The officer looked over both flimsy pieces of plastic for a minute, holding his flashlight in the crease between his neck. Just as suddenly as he had asked for them, he handed them back.

"Thank you for your cooperation, Mr. and Mrs. Hudson. I don't mean for this to sound like an accusation or a judgemental statement, but you must wrap up... whatever it is that you are doing here, and go home. This park is public property and is closed after sunset. Any indecent behavior

that occurs here could result in criminal charges. Is that clear?"

Jack understood that he was trying to find the most tactful way of acknowledging what they were up to without down right saying it. But at least the thought of them being mother and son had perhaps seemed too preposterous to consider.

"Of course, sir. We'll be on our way now," his mother responded meekly.

"Very well. Drive safe, y'all," the officer said, taking one last look around the inside of the SUV with his light before turning around and heading back to his car. Amy shoved the door closed and promptly re-hooked her bra behind her back. Jack rolled up his pants and reorganized himself.

"Are you okay, Mom?" he asked as Amy finished buttoning the last button on her shirt.

"What? Oh, yeah. I'm okay, honey. We're okay."

She looked like she had seen a phantom.

"I think he thought we were married," he continued.

Amy's eyes tracked the cop car as it pulled out of the parking lot and disappeared into the night.

"I don't know," she replied. "I think he was just as surprised as we were. We just have to hope he doesn't feel the need to write up a report. This whole interaction can just fade into the ether."

Jack said nothing; he just sat there and watched his mother process everything that had just occurred. Tears began welling up in her eyes.

"Oh, Jack!" she cried, her eyes now glistening wet. "This was a stupid idea! This was a close call with trouble that we should have been smart enough to avoid. I jeopardized our whole family tonight!"

Jack instinctively reached down to hug her tight, squeezing until her shivering slowed.

"Shh, Mom. Don't cry. It wasn't your fault, it was mine. If I hadn't pressured you at dinner, none of this would have ever happened. We're safe. He just let us go with a warning. Nothing bad is gonna happen. I promise."

Amy sniffled a few more times before sinking into her son's shoulders. Her heavy tits, still sticky with his seed, enveloped his flaccid penis entirely.

"Thank you, sweetie. I love you. You're right, we're okay." she said.

It felt strange to be the comforting member of this relationship now, the roles reversing finally after twenty years. Was this what it meant to be the man of the family?

"Come on, let's get out of here," she continued, clambering back into the driver's seat again.

They drove home in silence, letting the emotional energy dissipate before having to re-enter the house. As predicted, Phil was still seated at the table with his laptop, clacking away at something important.

"Howdy," he called out, never looking up from his screen.

They both greeted him shyly before announcing they were heading upstairs to bed. Neither wanted to look at him right now, the trauma of the previous hour still too fresh on their conscience. Phil simply nodded his acknowledgement and returned his attention to work.

Amy walked her son to the door of his room. She paused, looking at his face longingly. Without thinking of it, she embraced him in a firm hug. She flattened her chest against his, those sperm-covered mounds that he loved so much.

He leaned into his ear and whispered.

"Are you sure you're okay, Mom?" he asked.

She pulled back, their arms still entwined, and she nodded.

"Okay. I believe you. We're gonna be okay. I'm not gonna let anything happen to our family, I promise."

He didn't know where these words were coming from, but even he believed it.

His mother just nodded again, another small teardrop streaking down her cheek.

"I know," she whispered back. "I love you."

They stared into each other's eyes. Then their lips met. It was a brief but passionate kiss.

"I love you, too," he said, and he meant it. He wanted to kiss her again. To hold her, protect her. To make passionate love to her right then and there, but also fuck her senseless. He wanted to plant a baby inside her and watch her belly swell, but he knew that was impossible.

Me too, she hummed. She could still eavesdrop on his most intense feelings. We will just have to be more subtle while your father is home, perhaps. We will find a way, somehow.

They kissed again, this time longer and deeper, letting their lips intertwine. After a few seconds, Amy pulled away just as suddenly as she had leaned in.

"Goodnight," she whispered.

"Goodnight," he responded.

She squeezed his hands twice before letting go. Any more lingering here and they might get caught. She turned and walked toward her bedroom. Jack fell backwards into his, shutting his door and collapsing on his bed.

The next day Jack awoke at a late hour and moved slowly all morning. Around midday, his phone began buzzing in his pocket. The face of his sister, Emily, appeared. He swiped open to answer.

"Hey dude, what are you up to?" came the hollowed, digital voice of his sister through the receiver. She seemed excited about something.

"Uh, nothing. Why?" he asked, uninterested.

"Wanna come spend the night at my place?"

Spend the night? Did this mean what he thought it did? And if so, what about her boyfriend? What excuses would they have to cook up to make this work?

"Em... are we talking about, y'know, bonding time? Or do you just want to spend time with me?" he responded.

"Why not both?"

He could sense a playful tone in her voice. She sounded rearing for a go or two.

"Fred's out of town with his buddies for the next two days. They're in Vegas for a bachelor party. I want you to come over while he's gone and make you cum again... and maybe one or two more times after that."

She let the words ring out through the phone line, knowing that her brother would need a moment to process her forwardness. She was gambling that such a bold offer would be irresistible to him. She gambled correctly.

"Why does it turn me on when you talk like such a slut?" he replied, gripping his hardening cock over his pants.

"Because I'm just saying what you're really thinking anyways."

She was good. She was really good. She knew how to get him going from zero to a hundred in a millisecond.

"What do I tell mom and dad?" he asked.

"Well," she chewed on the question for a moment. "You tell Mom you're going to bond my brains out, and you tell Dad we're going to a concert or something. I dunno."

"You think Dad would really buy that?"

"When has Dad ever cared to notice anything about what we do? When isn't he thinking about emails and power points?"

This made Jack laugh out loud.

"Heh, true," he replied. "I'll go tell them now then, I guess. What time should I be there?"

"Hmm..." she teased. "That depends on how many rounds you think you can go for."

She was just adding icing on top now.

"I'll go all night and all day," he boasted back, uninterested if that was even true. He didn't care if it wasn't; he was going to drive there as soon as possible.

He told his parents of his plans for the night and not to expect him back home before tomorrow morning. His mother hummed to him privately as he stepped out the front door.

Have fun, sweetie. And remember: be safe.

He couldn't help but groan at her motherly impulse.

No accidental pregnancies! she followed up.

I'm aware! he retorted with an emotional register of exasperation. He felt her hum a cheeky grin back at him.

They exchanged "I love you's" telepathically, and then he was off onto the highway that would bear him towards the city. The drive took him longer than he remembered, not having made the journey in a year or two.

He struggled to find an open parking space in the lot his sister had directed him to, and navigating the busy city blocks to her building was like trying to read ancient greek. Eventually he wound up at a door with a list of names and room numbers. He scanned the list and found it: Hudson, Emily. 206.

He pressed the button and heard a buzz.

"Hello?" he recognized the voice of his sister over the static.

"Em, it's me. Let me in," he answered.

"Jack?" she asked.

"Yeah! Please tell me this is the right Emily Hudson."

Her giggle came through the line. "Come on, hurry up," she said, and the door unlocked.

He raced up those two flights of stairs like his life depended on it. His heart was pounding and his adrenaline was pumping.

He found her door: room 206. He knocked, and the door opened almost immediately. Standing there in front of him was his older sister draped in a long, satin robe. It was a light hue of pink and gave her the appearance of flowing water.

"Come in," she said, motioning with her hand.

She shut the door behind him and locked it. Then she turned to face him and wrapped him in a tight hug. She brought her lips to his and kissed him fiercely. Jack, startled, pulled back for a second before realizing what had happened.

"Sorry," he said, seeing the look of confusion and disappointment in his sister's eyes. He grabbed her face and pulled her back in. They let their instincts take them where they would, Jack now kissing down her neck and even biting her ear. He felt Emily shiver in his arms.

"Mmmmm," she moaned, her eyes closed.

"Sorry, I didn't mean for us to jump right in."

Jack pulled away again.

"I was just so horny waiting for you to get here," she continued.

"I was horny the whole ride here thinking about you, too," Jack responded. Emily smiled.

"Follow me. I want to show you something."

She took his hand and led him into her and Fred's bedroom. On the mattress were arranged several plastic dildos, beads of various sizes, and a bottle or two full of that same lube she had used on him back home.

"I changed the sheets, don't worry," she said.

"I, er, wasn't-" he replied, but she kept talking over him.

"I know Mom probably gave you another warning about being safe."

He nodded. "Uh huh."

Emily giggled.

"She texted me, too. But we don't have to worry about that tonight because I, well..."

She paused, seemingly unsure of herself for the first time Jack could remember.

"I want to try something with you, but I'm afraid you'll judge me..."

"Emily," he said with concern. "I would never judge you."

This seemed to satisfy her.

"I want to try it in the butt with you... y'know, anal," she finally got out, her lips lingering on the final syllables.

Jack couldn't say he was shocked. He had always suspected his sister was a freak, but he had assumed she had lost her anal virginity years ago by now.

"You've never done anal before?" he asked incredulously.

She just shook her head.

"Nope."

"How do you know you're even going to like it?" he continued.

"I don't know. I've stuck a few fingers in there before, and I've even managed a dildo or two. When I gave you that ass job, it sent shivers down my spine. I just want you to fuck me raw, Jack, and this is the only safe way I can think of to do that."

Jack couldn't deny the overwhelming urge to grab her from behind and pound away into her fat ass until she was a whimpering mess on the floor, either, but he had assumed

that would've just had to wait until she was ready for a baby. He didn't need to think longer about the proposal.

"Well I'm game to try, as long as you are."

His sister's face broke the widest smile he had ever seen. She was full of excitement and nerves. She cackled softly, almost like a witch, unable to contain herself.

Emily waltzed over to her bed and let the robe fall, revealing her bare skin underneath. Her ass seemed extra plump today, a perfect peach sat below a tiny little waist. She leaned forward over the mattress, accentuating the curved of her backside for him. Everything was exposed to him.

"Grab some lube," she commanded.

Jack approached and picked up a bottle.

"Now put some on your finger," she continued.

"Like this?" he asked, showing her his index pointer. He wanted to do everything right. The last thing he wanted was to hurt her during their first time.

"Yep, that's it," she replied. "Now... go ahead and start rimming it around the entrance."

She settled herself a little deeper into the bed, bracing herself.

Jack cautiously touched the pink flesh of her anus, unsure how much pressure would be too much. He didn't dare press it inside of her yet.

"Ooh, yeah," she cooed. "Keep doing that for a bit until I'm warmed up."

"Okay," he answered. He took his free hand and cupped an ass cheek. He gripped it tight, digging his fingers into her flesh and jiggling the whole thing up and down.

"Mmmm, Jack... grab me like that more."

He slapped her ass now, going back and forth between massaging and jiggling.

"Yow!" she exclaimed, but it only seemed to turn her on more.

After a few minutes of teasing her rim, Jack felt her hand reach back and around, latching onto his wrist. She began to gently push his finger into her hole. Jack's immediate reaction was that it wouldn't fit. It felt too tight. However, his sister's muscles relaxed some and he felt the tip of his finger slide in with ease. Just as soon as it was in, her muscles contracted again, pushing him back out.

"Are you okay?" he asked, still concerned.

"Mmm, yeah," she half moaned. "I'm just still really tight. You just need to shove it all the way in and don't let me squeeze it out."

Was that safe, he wondered? Well, she knew what she was doing. It would be fine.

He felt her relaxing again and capitalized on the opportunity. He slowly but firmly pushed into her asshole now, feeling every bump and wrinkle of her rectal walls. Her muscles were contracting and spasming like crazy, but he forced his finger to stay inside of her. He was deep as he could go, but without constant pressure he would surely be ejected again.

She was breathing heavier, a finger working on her own clitoris while her face was buried in the blankets.

"Try two fingers," she whispered between labored breaths.

Jack did as he was told, slowly inserting his middle finger until he was all the way inside. This was getting a little easier as they went along, he noticed. From the groans and shivers of his sister, he assumed it was starting to feel better for her, too.

Eventually after he worked her up to three fingers, Emily had her first orgasm of the night.

"F-f-f-fuuuccckkkk!!" she stuttered like a child with a speech impediment. "Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Her body was convulsing, her rectal muscles squeezing tighter on his fingers than anything he had ever felt before. He wondered how good that must feel on a cock.

"Waahhhh!" she wailed, and there were literal tears streaking down her face. They were tears of pure pleasure, he realized. She was in a state of ecstasy.

Once she had calmed down Jack removed his fingers. She rolled onto her side, her chest still heaving.

"Jack... what the fuck. That felt so intense. Like no orgasm I've ever had."

"It seemed like it," he replied, proud of himself. "Can you go again?"

She looked at him as if to say are you serious? Yes, duh!

She sank down to her knees on the floor in front of him and without warning unclasped his pants. She tugged them down and ripped them off his ankles, revealing his hard cock springing free from his underwear. Like a parched whore in a desert, her lips hunted down his wild dick like a heat seeking missile before swallowing it whole. He felt his mushroom head pressing all the way against the back wall of her throat, and she held it there for a few seconds while gagging and attempting to shove it even deeper. It would not budge.

She finally spit it out and inhaled aggressively. His shaft was covered in her thick saliva.

"I wanted to lube you up the old fashioned way," she smirked, looking up at him with those big green eyes. Her

tits swayed underneath her gaze like a hypnotist's pocket watch.

"Think you're ready for the main event?"

"Yeah, just after this," he answered, grabbing her by the back of the skull and forcing his dick to her lips again. She opened without resistance, taking him all the way back a second time. He held her face there while he humped her throat rapidly. Spit-up and saliva were now leaking down onto her tits. He was face-fucking her, pounding her throat like it was her pussy, and all she did in response was moan silently.

"Do you like having your throat used like a cock sleeve?" he asked.

She assented by forcing herself even deeper on his shaft, her eyes closed in determination.

Jack moaned and called her a slut.

"What a fucking whore, I love you," he cried as she gawk, gawk, gawked on his cock. Drool and slobber coated her breasts.

After a few more pumps, he let her free. She gasped loudly, tears welling up in her eyes. She coughed a few times, trying to clear her airway.

"Fuck, Jack. That was hot." she exclaimed.

"It just kinda took over me. Sorry if I hurt you... I just couldn't control myself."

Emily just wiped her mouth with the side of her arm.

"No, don't apologize. I loved it. Nobody has ever just used me like that before."

Jack felt rather masculine hearing her say that. She made him feel strong, powerful... like he was the only man in the world. Perhaps there really was something magical about this familial bond...

He chuckled, looking down at his disheveled older sister. She had a grin on her face despite the mess.

"I liked it, too," he replied.

She stood up and bent down on all fours on the bed once again.

"Now you need to use me like this," she said.

Jack knew exactly what he needed to do. He let the instinct drive.

He approached her soft rump and slowly rubbed his wet cock against her asshole. Shivers rippled through her.

"Yesss..." she whispered.

He guided the shaft ever so slightly into her now puckering hole. The pink flesh was pulsating, stretched and relaxed by his fingers.

As the tip pushed its way inside, Jack thought that it felt like nothing he had ever experienced before. He knew from his fingers that it was tight, but this was tight. Like, really really tight. Oh my god, he thought as he pushed his shaft in, this felt fucking incredible.

"Emily..." his voice quavered.

"Uhhhuh... ohhh," she cried in response. They were talking gibberish to each other.

He watched her stretch out her arms and grip the sheets with fingers like talons. She even bit down on her arm for a second as he continued widening her out.

Before long he was fully inserted, his stomach flush against her smooth cheeks. He felt her muscles relaxing and contracting all up and down his rod, but he held firm. It felt amazing.

He gave her a moment to breathe before slowly pulling out halfway, then slowly back in again. He began building speed, gripping her hips now and pulling her closer with each thrust.

Slap... slap... slap, went the noise of their two bodies meeting every few seconds.

Each time he fully penetrated her, she whimpered quietly. Her body was still somewhat stiff like a paralyzed deer on the highway. He didn't care. He picked up his pace. Her tight hole felt better than any pussy he had ever fucked in his life. He grabbed her hips even tighter and beared his whole weight down on her.

"Fuck... yeah... fuckin'... slut," he moaned with each thrust.

He saw her fingering herself again, this time more frantically than the last. Her tits were flinging all around, slapping her on the chest before smacking her in the face. He reached down and grabbed on, pulling them towards him like the reins on a horse. He squeezed hard, and it felt amazing. He wanted to suck them until he came, but he couldn't reach from this angle.

"Oh! Oh fuck!" she cried as he grabbed her, taken by surprise.

Slap, slap, slap, slap.

He was fucking her so fast that she barely had a chance to catch her breath in between pumps.

"Your tearing up my ass, oh my god!" she screamed, overcome with lust.

"I love my brother's cock. I love his fucking cock!"

This outburst made Jack want to slap her, so he did. Her asscheek turned red in response along the outline of his handprint. She bit the blanket to stifle her yell.

He let go of her hips to grab her by the face. One hand wrapped around her jaw and the other clung to a ball of her long, dark hair. He tugged on it until her eyes were tilted back enough to see him. He peered into them only to see the gaze of a wild animal staring back.

"Are you a slut for this dick?" he asked her as he held her face immobile, thrusting into her like a jackhammer.

"Mhmm, mhmmm!" she moaned, tears running down her face again.

"I'm your little slut! Use me, Jack! Fucking use me!"

She was shaking and crying now, so much so that Jack had to wrap one arm around and under her stomach to keep himself from slipping out of her.

"Oh my god! Oh my god!" she was saying, the tears flowing freely. She was sobbing.

Her asshole was clenching down tight on him, stronger than it had at any point this night. He knew it was now or never, and the sensations were enough to push him over that threshold...

"Fuck!!!" he yelled, shoving himself as deep as possible one more time. He felt her ass spasming on his rod, coaxing the seed from his balls.

She fell flat on the mattress under his weight, her whimpers and cries only growing louder. She looked as if she were in pain, but she moaned as if it felt good. He continued plowing down into her, filling her hole.

He could feel every eruption working its way through him. His loads must have been shooting off into her asshole with immense speed and force because semen began spraying out around the seal that his dick made by plugging her tight.

He pumped a few more times until it had all worked its way out, and then he relaxed. Her asshole quickly expelled him, revealing a tunnel of oozing white cum dripping down onto her pussy lips. Had he really just done that? Had he really just had anal sex for the first time--with his sister, no less?

Emily's hand scooped a thick glob of his semen from between her cheeks.

"Jesus, you really filled me," she said, surprised.

"You were just really tight," he responded. "You're sure you've never done this before? Not even with Fred?"

"Nuh uh," she shook her head. "I wanted to save it for a special partner... I wanted to save it for you."

Jack felt his cheeks flush red. He was touched, albeit in a strange, unorthodox manner.

"Well thanks, I guess. It felt like you knew what you were doing."

"Ditto, right back at ya," she replied.

He chuckled. "I suppose it came naturally to us."

She stood up and sauntered to the bathroom where she retrieved a handful of tissue paper.

"We're meant to fit together, so to speak," she called out in response. "I'm not surprised it felt amazing on our first try."

"Do you think it gets even better?" he asked, still unsure about so much of this new life of his.

"Oh, yeah..." she answered playfully, returning to the bed but leaning over him now, her breasts splayed out in front of his face. "I know it does."

Jack reached up and cupped a breast, bringing it to his mouth. "I want to suck on them. Is that okay?" he asked.

"Mhm," she cooed, squeezing the areola so that it fit easier between his waiting lips.

"You suck on them until you're worked up again, then we'll shower and I'll suck on you."

Jack shivered at the thought of busting in her mouth tonight, too. His sister crawled into bed beside him, curling up so that he could lay his head on a pillow and suckle at her nipples until he eventually felt the swelling in his penis again.

They rinsed off, making sure to scrub away all the stink and grime from their first round. When they dried themselves and returned to bed, Emily straddled him with her hips up

over his head. She was facing downwards towards his crotch, her pussy squarely in his face.

"Let's do it like this. You've sixty-nined before, right?" she asked, already delicately licking the long shaft of his dick.

"Yeah, a few times," he replied, confident for once in his abilities.

"Mmm," was all she said in response, gagging down on his hard mast now.

He gripped her ass cheeks and buried his face into her slit. He ran his tongue over anything he could until it was all well lubricated with his saliva. Then he got to work on her clitoris. What number orgasm would this be for her tonight? He had lost count.

Brother and sister remained entwined like that for almost half an hour, lazily and lovingly sucking and licking each other closer and closer toward orgasm. Eventually she popped first, causing him to struggle to withhold his second release of the night. Like a good sibling, she gargled on his cock until it burst inside her throat, and she swallowed every last drop and licked the shaft clean afterwards.

They fell asleep like that, both exhausted from several hours of fervent love making. Jack recalled waking briefly at one point during the middle of the night, his cock hard and wet again. Emily was sucking him, and he could tell he had another load to give her. He returned the favor as best he could, given how tired he was. As his third nut of the night shot off inside her mouth, he felt her shake and squirm on his tongue. She heaved and hawed for a minute, her breaths deep and ragged. Then she quieted, her body falling limp on him once again. He did the same, letting his eyes close, letting sleep reclaim him. The next thing he knew, the sun was shining in through the window.

Emily was no longer in the bed. He rose, went to the bathroom for a piss, and wandered out into the living room of the apartment with only his boxers on. His sister was reading a book on the couch, wrapped up warmly in a blanket.

"Morning, sleepy head," she greeted him.

"Morning," he said. "Did you sleep well?"

Emily grinned.

"Best sleep I ever had. I came once or twice. How about you?" she giggled.

Jack couldn't help but laugh along with her at her corny joke.

"Same."

He sat down next to her, grabbing some of her blanket for himself.

"I was thinking we could make some breakfast and go another round, if you were feeling up for it...?" she suggested, trying to gauge the chances by the look on his face.

"I'd love nothing more," he smiled back at her.

They stood up and made their way to the kitchen. After a few omelettes were fried up and scarfed down, Jack fingered her over the countertop until her knees buckled again. She dropped to the floor and returned the favor, letting him take control of her throat and go as deep as he wanted. He choked her for twenty minutes until he finally came. She took it all obediently, without complaint.

Eventually the sun reached its apex in the sky, and it was time for Jack to head home. Brother and sister exchanged loving words and an embrace, and then he departed. He

returned to his car and peered morosely back up at her apartment building. Even though he would see her again soon, it pained him to part. He turned over the ignition and waited... but the engine never sputtered to life. He turned the key again, but still there was no dice. A pair of hands appeared from behind him, supposedly waiting for him in the back seat. An ambush?

A rag was brought over his mouth and nose, held firmly against him. Struggling to breathe, he inhaled something that smelled sickly sweet. Within seconds, he slipped into a dreamless slumber. The world grew black around the edges, and then he vanished.

Agent Sarah Johnson looked at both suspects asleep on their cots, locked behind thick metal bars. They were somewhere off-record in the city, a blacksite for domestic operations that was made available when needed. Nobody knew of its existence except for agents in the field and their higher-ups. It was the perfect kind of place to conduct her interrogation.

The second set of lab results that the eggheads on level B had returned seemed to confirm Sarah's worst suspicions. Something was going on with this Banks woman, but the pieces were refusing to add up.

She followed the woman as she moved into her mother's house temporarily; apparently her clandestine surveillance skills had grown a tad rusty and she had spooked the target. In any case, it hadn't mattered as Sarah had been able to nab her on her way home from the grocery store one night without any issue.

This had led to an interesting wrinkle, however, adding more chaos to this puzzle. She had sampled the DNA of both the daughter and the mother; one Katherine Banks and one Cynthia Banks, respectively. The same odd markers were identified by the lab. The same seemingly innocuous, yet highly engineered sequences of code matched in all three family members.

Sarah was confounded by this. None of these women appeared sick or frail. None of them seemed abnormal or displayed erratic behavior. It was as if they just simply weren't human, or more precisely they were something more than human. But that wasn't possible. The lab technicians were just as perplexed as she was. They offered no help besides confirming there was no concern of bioweapon contamination, so that at least was dealt with.

Sarah had done what any agent worth their commission would have done next: she broadened her investigation. She traced the rest of the family and found there were four other

relatives: a husband and wife and their two kids; Kimberly's sister Amy.

She theorized that maybe the women of this family carried some bizarre mutation that mimicked genetic tinkering, but it was a tenuous guess at best. She only had a foundational understanding of biology; she was certainly not a scientist. To confirm or deny her hypothesis, she went about collecting more DNA.

It was rather simple to track down samples from the Hudson family. Within a day, all four members had been sequenced. Again, the same odd markings appeared. But this time, there was an odd man out: Phil, the father. Just as she had expected.

Jack, the only male carrier of the anomaly, intrigued her as unique, so she set about following him much the same as she had with his aunt. He was significantly less perceptive to her sniffing after him, and she did not need to worry about covering her tracks.

It didn't take long for the boy to land on her radar. A police report was filed and then marked for deletion, but not before triggering a backend protocol that rerouted a copy directly to her. The report outlined a simple public indecency warning, nothing major. It was the names on the report that

caught her attention, however: Amy and Jack Hudson. Mother and son. Carriers of the genetic anomaly like the rest of their family.

The reporting officer only made note of the incident as "a male/female couple engaged in coitus in their vehicle", suggesting that Jack was merely a (much younger) spouse, not this woman's own offspring.

Sarah read and re-read the report. It was unambiguous. The boy and his mother had been engaged in a sexual act in their car, parked in a dimly lit lot at night. The words on the page almost made her want to vomit the longer she contemplated it.

She had tracked him down that night then, surprised to see he was heading to the city suddenly. She trailed him to a parking garage downtown and watched from a distance as he entered one of the apartment buildings nearby... the building where his older sister lived. Surely this couldn't mean what she feared it did.

She let herself in the door shortly after him, catching up in the stairwell to the sounds of his footsteps. She waited a few moments for him to enter his sister's unit before clandestinely rolling her micro-drone under the gap in the door. She retreated to the stairwell once again before

activating the device, piloting it silently into a nook where it was concealed well but also had a good vantage of the whole apartment.

Immediately she noticed something odd, something that made her stomach drop. The sister was sprawled out on her bed, naked, while the brother inserted his fingers inside of her repeatedly. In and out, in and out. She almost wretched.

Sarah made her way back to the van, transferring the feed to the large screen in the rear command center. The audio was coming through now as well.

The images and sounds in front of her made her gag. Emily was performing fellatio on her brother, followed by aggressive anal intercourse. This couldn't just be coincidence, Sarah thought. First the mother, now the sister. Perhaps the grandmother and the aunt, too? Who was to say where this knot unfurled.

She knew one thing, though: she was going to figure out what the hell was going on here. She waited for Jack the next morning in his car, sedating him with a harmless nerve agent. She brought him here, just like his aunt, and locked them in this cell.

When they awoke, she would begin the interrogation. She would determine the connection between all of these seemingly disjointed pieces of evidence. She would put the puzzle pieces together. There had to be an explanation.

Part 6

Jack awoke with a splitting headache. He was laying on his back on an uncomfortably firm surface. He grasped around in panic to get a sense of his surroundings. He was on a metallic bed of some sort, like one you might find in a prison cell. The room was small and stuffy. Four blank, white walls closed in around him. There was the seam of a door, also seemingly made of metal, a few feet from where he lay. Was this a jail of some kind? Had he been arrested? What for?

He heard a noise to his left. Looking over he saw his Aunt Kim laying on a similar looking cot. What was she doing here? Why were they together? Where in the world even were they right now?

"Aunt Kim?" he called out, still staggering back to consciousness.

"Jack...?" she groaned, equally confused it seemed.

"What the... where are we? What the hell happened?" she asked him.

Jack didn't have any answers.

"I was visiting Emily, and, er, we went to a concert. And the last thing I remember was getting in my car to go home."

Kim rubbed her forehead and grimaced, as if in pain.

"I was at my mom's house... and then I... I- I don't remember," she said.

No more words out loud, he hummed at her. Somebody could be listening to us.

Kim seemed to understand and replied in kind.

I think I know who might have-

But she wasn't able to finish her thought.

The door clicked and swung open, revealing a short, blonde woman. Jack's first thought was about how wide her hips

were, but he forced himself to keep vigilant. They were in danger, and he needed to stay sharp.

She took one look at both of them, then closed the door behind her, letting the deadbolt click again.

"Before we begin," she started to speak, "you should know that any attempt to harm me will trigger those bracelets on your wrists."

Jack looked down at his hand, realizing for the first time that there was indeed a hunk of metal slapped around his wrist.

"That is a micro-concussive device. It'll knock you out cold in less than 15 milliseconds," the stranger continued. "So no funny business, clear?"

She held up a small fob with several buttons on it. Jack assumed this was the 'shock collar' remote.

He turned to his aunt, who met his gaze. She seemed afraid.

I know this woman, Kim hummed. She's dangerous. Do whatever she says.

Jack gulped. It took a lot to frighten his stubborn aunt. Whoever this woman was, she terrified the only person he'd never seen cower before.

He turned back to the stranger and nodded.

"Er, clear," he coughed, still finding his voice.

The woman cleared her throat and clasped her hands behind her back. She had an intense gaze.

"You're probably wondering where you are, why you're here, and who I am. Is that about right?" she asked.

Jack nodded.

The woman began to pace slowly back and forth.

"Very well. You shall have answers in due time. But before I can give them to you, I need some questions of my own addressed. A few weeks ago I became aware of a potential bioagent threat to our national security. Following the thread of the case, I became familiar with your family's... how should I put it... genetic abnormalities. I clandestinely retrieved samples from every member of your family and

confirmed the same genetic alterations were present in each of you. Alterations that, my lab tells me, are impossible to have occurred naturally."

Jack felt his Aunt's words buzzing in his head.

I knew it, she's been trailing me for a while now. Don't tell her anything. She'll kill us all, Jack. Or worse, ship us to some unnamed lab where they'll dissect us alive.

He could feel the sweat dripping down his face now.

"Is there... is there something wrong with us?" he asked, giving his best impression of a naive simpleton.

The woman just smirked.

"I don't know... you tell me, Jack," she replied. He assumed she must have known his name, but hearing her say it out loud sent chills down his spine nonetheless.

"As I continued my investigation, I discovered something else rather... chilling," she continued. She looked straight into his eyes now.

"How long has your family been practicing incest?" she asked.

The words struck him like a lightning bolt. He was frozen solid, unable to react. Unable to move his lips to form a response.

"What the hell are you talking about?!" Kim spat back at her. Jack looked over to see his aunt red with anger.

"Don't play coy with me, Ms. Banks. I know more than you think. I have video evidence of your nephew and your niece engaging in... several explicit acts together just the other night. And another police report making similar claims about him and your sister, in her car at night in a local park."

Kim looked enraged, but she could only keep this facade going for so long. The mysterious woman kept speaking.

"So, this is what doesn't add up for me," she said. "A family of otherwise boring, mundane individuals who live a quiet life in a small town possess DNA that suggests some kind of advanced bio-hacking that even the federal government isn't capable of. And to top it all off, they're engaged in incestuous relationships with each other. The only conclusions I'm left to draw is that you are deeply embedded agents of another foreign power, or you are something other than human. In

either case, you are not who you purport to be, and you are a threat to national security until otherwise proven innocent."

"What the hell are you talking about?" Kim hissed. "We're just normal people, and you're an insane psychopath!"

"I'm sorry, Ms. Banks, but I am neither insane nor psychopathic; I have sat through several, extensive mental illness batteries before earning my badge. I know the strength of the evidence I have gathered. You won't distract me from finding the truth," the woman replied calmly.

Jack saw an opportunity to perhaps change the direction of the conversation.

"We don't even know your name, or where we are right now. Does our family know we're safe? Have you taken them, too?" he asked.

"You can call me agent Johnson. You are in a black site facility located downtown. Your families are safe. They will be detained just like you are if you don't cooperate. Now tell me: who are you?"

Not a word, Jack! Kim hummed to him. Give her nothing!

Agent Johnson's piercing eyes stared down at him as if they pinned him to the spot.

He gulped.

"We're just... just normal people-"

"Wrong answer," she interjected harshly. "If you continue to lie to me, this will end poorly. I ask again: who are you!"

Jack didn't know what to do. He couldn't betray his family. But how could he save them either? There was perhaps only one way out of this situation, if at all. It was crazy. He couldn't do it. But maybe he had no other choice.

He stood up suddenly and found he still had some strength left in him. He rushed Johnson and wrapped his arms around her, tackling her to the ground. She was stronger than he expected, and she resisted his hold with equal force. However he was still able to knock the remote loose from her grasp, and it rattled on the floor as it flew.

Wrapped around each other now in a struggle for survival, Jack found her neck in the bend of his arm and he pulled tight, choking the air from her lungs. Her face was growing

red, but she wasn't subdued yet. In a flash, she was able to dig an elbow into his ribs, causing him to wheeze. That split second of a distraction was all she needed to slip free of his head lock and roll on top of him.

In this position she was much more at ease in a fight. She twisted her legs underneath and around him, locking him tight to her. Jack watched her pull out a small, black device and stick it to his neck. He felt a tingling sensation like hitting his funny bone, and then his muscles contracted all at once. The world went blank again for a second time that week.

Jack heard something before his eyes ever opened. He grasped around reflexively as he came to, his brain still telling his body that he was locked in combat with the short (yet surprisingly strong) blonde haired woman.

Moans. They were moans he was hearing. He managed an eyelid open, then the other. On the floor a few feet away from him, Jack beheld a scene that nearly sent him back into a comatose state.

His Aunt Kim was propped up on her elbow, draped over the agent who was laid flat out on her back. Johnson's chest was heaving up and down and she was filling the room with

her soft moans. His aunt's hand was buried between the woman's legs, her pants tugged down just below her knees. Kim's shirt was unbuttoned and a lone breast hung down in the face of their captor, who was now eagerly suckling at it.

Jack groaned, trying to drag himself up and off of the floor.

"Fuck, right there, oh my god!" Johnson whispered frantically.

A gush of water went flying into the air as she spoke, and Jack looked over now to see the agent's bald pussy mound with his aunt's fingers deeply lodged inside her. She was squirting. Her fluids were going everywhere, creating a puddle on the cold, concrete floor.

"That's the second time you've made me... ughhh, aghhh!" she cried out, still working through her orgasm apparently.

What the hell is happening? he hummed to his aunt.

She turned to face him, finally catching a break while the woman below her recovered.

Your pheromones, genius. Didn't your grandmother tell you? she replied.

No?

He could see Kim almost scoff.

You're lucky this woman didn't kill you. It was only a matter of time until our pheromones kicked in, but your little tussle must have expedited the process. It's a defense mechanism. We can disarm a threat by manipulating their perception of us. By making them uncontrollably attracted to us. We can override their prefrontal cortex and make them only think about sex.

What?, he hummed back, perplexed. You mean, I've been able to seduce people this whole time?

No, of course not Jack, and she did scoff this time. It only triggers in moments of danger, like this. Now get over here and help me put her down.

Jack felt a lump in his throat.

We're gonna... kill her? he asked sheepishly.

What?! No! Don't be daft! I need to figure out how to activate this bracelet thingy and knock her out.

Jack crawled over to them, peering down at the incapacitated Johnson. She looked so blissed out that perhaps the bracelet wasn't even necessary.

He swiftly found the remote nearby on the floor and removed both metal bands from their wrists. He handed one to his aunt and helped her affix it to the agent. The remote had a small blue button on it, so Jack figured it was probably the way to activate it. He pressed it, and agent Johnson was lights out.

"Good work," his aunt said, her breast still hanging out of her shirt. Realizing this, she became embarrassed and quickly rebuttoned everything again. But not before Jack noticed how similar it appeared to his own mother's breasts. Perhaps not directly in size - his mother's tits were enormous, after all - but certainly in shape, fullness, and color.

"Sorry," he murmured, remembering her threatening conversation with him only a few nights before.

"It's fine. We're doing what we need to survive," she replied.
"And that means we now need to find our way out of here."

They found her key card in her pocket and used it to let themselves out of their prison cell. The black site seemed to be an old warehouse somewhere in the industrial part of town. It wasn't high tech at all. Their prison cell had in fact just been a metal cube located right in the middle of the building. Only a small folding table stood a few feet away, piled with laptops and radio equipment. On the screen there was an image of their room, now empty. It must have been recording the whole time.

Jack picked up a brick from the floor and began smashing the computers.

"What are you- oh, good idea," Kim said, drawn to the noise of brick on plastic. "Help me lift her."

He did as he was told, and the two of them carried the limp woman out of the warehouse and into the bright, sunny morning outside. They were in a dilapidated parking lot with grass and other vegetation growing up and out of the cracks in the pavement. Two cars sat parked there: Jack's, and a black sedan he had never seen before. He figured it belonged to Agent Johnson.

"The keys were in her pocket," Kim said, throwing him his own. "You drive back to Nana's house and you call your mother and tell her to meet us there. I'll be right behind you in this car."

Kim was now shoving the unconscious Johnson into the back seat of the sedan.

"But what if she wakes up?" he asked.

His aunt chuckled.

"I'll just finger her again. Don't worry."

Jack nodded. He ran to his car and unlocked the doors. Adjusting his mirrors and checking the interior for any more strange devices, he turned the ignition and felt the vehicle hum to life under him. Freedom.

He drove by his aunt who simply gave him a nod in return, and he was off. It didn't take long to locate himself in the city and find his way back to the highway. He called his mother and explained what had happened, and within an hour he was pulling into his grandmother's driveway.

As he stepped out of the car, Amy appeared at the front door and came running out to him. She embraced him, squeezing tighter than he had ever known possible.

"Oh my god, my baby!" she cried, digging her fingers into his back.

"Mom, I'm okay. We're okay, you can let go."

Now Cynthia was here, too. Kim was pulling in with the black sedan and parked just behind Jack's car. She helped a stumbling Johnson out of the car who looked dazzled and inebriated.

"Is this the woman? The agent?" His mother asked him.

"Mhm," he nodded. "Aunt Kim said we drugged her, somehow."

Amy took a good look at the woman who was hanging on to her sister's shoulder, barely able to hold herself up.

"That's right, sweetheart. It's a defense mechanism. Our ancestors were more clever than we realize."

"Will she be okay?" he asked.

Amy chewed her lip.

"If you mean will she ever stop acting like a drunken fool, then yes, she will. Those effects should wear off eventually. But I'm sure your grandmother will take her to the ship to have her memory erased."

Erased? They could do that to people? Why had his Nana never mentioned that before?

"Since when could we do that?" he exclaimed.

"We can't," his mother clarified, "But the ship can. And no, it doesn't work on us. Only humans."

She knew exactly what he was about to ask before he asked it. She was his mother after all, and she was literally psychic. The thought made him smirk. Was there a difference between the two?

"So once we wipe her mind, she'll never remember any of this?"

Amy nodded.

"Yep, more or less. This has only happened a few times before. The ship will give us more instructions."

So it was that after a few moments of rest and recuperation, the family guided their newest guest down the secret stairwell into a place no human had stepped foot inside for over a hundred years. Johnson's face lit up like a kid in the movie theater for the first time, amazed by the lights and sounds.

Cynthia called up the holographic interface of the ship's computer and explained the situation.

"Memory extraction and replacement is indeed recommended in this scenario," the robotic voice confirmed.

"Replacement?" Jack whispered to his mom, leaning over. "What will they replace it with?"

"The ship will likely graft something generic over her pre-existing memories. Something boring, something that blends in to the background noise of the world. Some insignificant explanation to whatever goose chase she was on with our family," she answered.

Cynthia was now placing a small visor over Johnson's head. It looked like nothing more than a hair band one might use to keep their hair out of their face.

The ship began to make whirring noises and lights dimmed. Johnson seemed unperturbed throughout the whole experience. When it was over, the ship returned to normal.

"Computer, what is the status of the procedure?" his grandmother asked assertively.

"Successful, ma'am," it replied. Apparently the ship had manners.

"Sarah Johnson, special agent, FISPA, will no longer recall any events or details regarding the Banks and/or Hudson families during the previous 437 hours. Instead, I have inserted a series of memories that provide an innocuous explanation for the past week or so of her life. I have been able to infiltrate the FISPA database with the credentials stored in her memories and have deleted all documents regarding the Banks and Hudson families as well. Is there anything else I can do for you, ma'am?"

"No, that's excellent work. Thank you," Cynthia replied.

"Of course," the ship answered, before turning off. The holographic display sank back into the floor.

"She's out cold for another hour. Let's get her back in her car and dump her somewhere that's not my property!" His Nana exclaimed.

They got to work quickly, Jack and Kim carrying Sarah back up the several flights of stairs and out to her vehicle. They drove together while Amy and her mother followed behind in Amy's SUV. When they had traveled some distance outside of town, they pulled over on the side of a forested, backcountry road. Jack helped his aunt squeeze the woman into the driver's seat as if she had fallen asleep at the wheel. They left the keys in the ignition and shut the door behind them. The agent looked almost dead there, slumped over and mouth hanging ajar.

"Come on, let's go!" his mother shouted from her rolled-down window.

Jack turned back around and climbed into his mom's car. They sped off in the direction they had come from, fleeing the scene before another car could pass by and investigate.

In half an hour, Sarah Johnson would awake in her vehicle believing she had been on a road trip vacation in the mountains for the past week. She'd return to the agency eventually, not remembering anything about a woman named Kimberly Banks, or her nephew Jack Hudson, of course. The genetic anomaly wouldn't ring any bells for her, and any trace of the investigation would have already been wiped from her servers. Life would go on as normal, as if Sarah Johnson had never known any of this to begin with.

Later that night, Jack sat on his Nana's couch with his mother. Aunt Kim and Cynthia were cooking dinner in the kitchen.

"Did Dad know I was missing?" he asked.

"No. I told him you were still down in the city with Emily. Your grandmother called me and told me about what Kim had told her a few days ago, about how this woman was stalking her. I figured there was something going on that your father shouldn't know about, so I lied to him."

"And what about Emily?" he continued.

"She doesn't know either. It's probably best that way. Neither her nor your cousin were told. Katie has been on a camping trip with her girlfriends. That's maybe why this Johnson woman decided to strike. You were both alone and vulnerable," Amy replied.

"Maybe. That makes sense," he said.

"Dinner's ready!" Nana called from the other room.

They ate a solemn meal together, nobody speaking much. They gave thanks to their safety and held hands before digging in. After they finished and cleared the table, Amy approached her son.

"We're gonna stay the night here, sweetheart," she said.

Jack wanted nothing more than to sleep in his own bed after this whole ordeal.

"Why? I just want to go home," he retorted.

"I know," Amy answered, "But it's not totally safe yet. Nana's house has a security system around the perimeter. We'll know after tonight if the procedure was effective. Otherwise,

we could theoretically be sitting ducks in our home tonight, Jack. It's for our own safety."

"What about Dad?" he asked.

"He's staying downtown tonight. He won't be home either."

The thought of this woman somehow remembering what they had done to her and tracking them down as they slept did send a chill through his body. His mother was right. He'd rather be safe than sorry.

"Okay," he relented.

As he eventually settled himself into bed in one of his grandmother's guest rooms, the shadows on the walls began to take on ominous shapes. He was old enough not to believe in boogeymen, but after the events of today he was still pretty shaken. Maybe he would always be a little more on edge from now on.

He heard the door creak open and immediately thought about Sarah Johnson sneaking up on him with a knife. His stomach jumped up into his throat and he froze with fear.

"Jack?" he heard a voice whisper. It was the voice of his mother.

He turned to see her there in a white tank top and pajama bottoms.

"Mom? Is everything okay?" he whispered back.

"Mhm," she nodded, moving now to the edge of his bed and lifting up the covers.

"I just couldn't stop worrying. I wanted to sleep next to you, if you're okay with that."

The bed was king-sized, and there was more than enough room.

"Uh, sure," he replied groggily, scooting over to make space for her.

There was a moment of silence, and then Jack felt the need to say something.

"Mom?"

"Hm?"

He rolled over to face her.

"I won't ever let anything bad happen to our family. I made you that promise the other night after we got home from the park... and I'm making it again tonight. I'll always find a way to protect us."

Amy smiled at him in the thin star light.

"I know you will. Kim told me you tackled this woman to try and save her, is that true?"

Jack smirked.

"Well, kinda," he laughed, "I didn't really end up-" but his mother was already planting a smooch on his left cheek.

"Mwah," she said, pulling back to look at him again.

"I raised a brave man. You make me so proud, every day."

He couldn't help but blush. He always did whenever his mom gushed over him.

"Sorry, I'm embarrassing you," she chuckled. "Let's go to bed. Roll back over and let me cuddle you."

Jack did as he was told and Amy promptly scooped him up, wrapping him tightly as her little spoon. She held him close. He felt the back of his head squeezing between her cleavage as her arm gripped his chest firmly.

"Good night," she whispered softly.

"Good night," he said back to her, drifting off again into sleep. He wasn't able to sleep for long, however, feeling another warm body eventually crawling into bed with him. He was now sandwiched between his mother and his aunt.

Aunt Kim? he hummed to her, trying his best not to wake Amy.

She merely raised her finger to her lip, then rolled over so her back was to him. She inched herself closer and grabbed his hand, dragging it over her and placing his palm on her chest. He could feel her soft breasts under her shirt, and he immediately grew hard even though he was barely lucid.

Aunt Kim must have noticed this, because she wiggled her butt into his crotch, grinding up against his length as it slid between her cheeks. He dug his fingers into her breasts, feeling them melt into her flesh.

Her hips began to sway back and forth, her ass slowly gyrating along his shaft. Jack wanted nothing more than to rub up against her as well, but he was still nervous about disturbing his mother. Kim continued for a minute or so, sensually moving back and forth and up and down. He grabbed her hip and helped guide her where it felt best.

He felt Amy shift behind him, but before he could crane his neck back to see if she was awake, he felt her hand digging its way under his pants. She clasped down firmly on his shaft and began to tug at it slowly. As she did this, he felt his aunt reach down to her waist and slide off her pajama bottoms. What was going on?

"She needs to be filled up, sweetheart," he heard, feeling the warm, wet breath of his mother on his ear.

"Whuh?" he half-moaned, but Amy was now pulling the waistband of his pants down around his ankles, exposing his hard, leaking cock to his aunt's bare ass.

Kim shuddered as she felt it smack against her skin, leaving a small wet droplet of his precum behind.

Things were moving too quickly for Jack to comprehend. Before he knew it, his mom was guiding the tip of his penis to the entrance of his aunt's warm hole.

"I thought I'm not supposed to- Nana said that we weren't allowed to-" he muttered, flustered and unable to protest coherently. Wouldn't this risk getting Aunt Kim pregnant?

"Shhh..." Amy coaxed him gently, moving the tip of his cock in a circular motion against Kim's pussy.

"Your aunt hasn't been with a man in several years. You can breed her without concern."

"I need it, Jack. Just... please," he now heard Kim whimper. She sounded desperate, like a totally different woman than the one who had so bitterly rejected him only a week or so ago.

He couldn't hold it any longer. He thrust up and into her vagina, feeling for the first time just how warm and wet it was without a condom on. It was not how he had expected his first experience raw to be. He had always guessed it

would have been with a long-term girlfriend one day in the comfort of his own home, not... this. Not laying in a bed between his half-naked mother and aunt.

Amy cooed as he entered her.

"Ooh yes, Kimmy. Do you feel how hard he is?"

His aunt just moaned. Jack pulled out slowly before thrusting even deeper into her. His penis was too sensitive, too overstimulated. How long could he last like this?

As his pace quickened, the unmistakable slap, slap, slap of her fat ass cheeks colliding with his body emanated, somewhat muffled, from under the blankets. Her moans became punctuated between each forceful slap, only making him want to fuck her even harder.

"How does it feel, sweetheart?" Amy asked.

"S-so good... so good, ah! Fuck!" he tried to answer her, but between the physical exertion and the overstimulation, he could barely speak.

Kim was now pushing back into him with each pump, making their collision even more intense. He was gripping her by the hip, pulling himself into her to match her speed.

Suddenly darkness obscured his vision, and he turned his head to look up. His mother was propped up, sitting over him. Her heavy tits had been loosed from her shirt and hung down in his face. She squeezed one nipple gently towards his mouth.

"Kiss them while I watch. Please?" she asked. It didn't seem like much of a question. The nipple was already an inch past his lips.

It didn't matter. Jack wanted nothing more than to asphyxiate on these breasts. Well, maybe he wanted to plow his aunt a little harder, but it wasn't an issue. He could have both.

He continued moving his hips in rhythm with his aunt, feeling her wetness coat his shaft with each penetration. He chewed down gently on his mother's nipple, pressing his face into her flesh. Muzzled by her breasts, he tried to warn them both about his impending climax, but he could barely speak.

"Hrmm, I'm grghnn... I'm ghgggn tgh... I'm cuhmmmgghn...!!"

He gripped Kim's hips hard, pulling himself as deep inside of her as he possibly could. She cried out, then bit down on her hand.

He could feel each convulsion stream out of him, his cock spasming like a fire hose let loose on the ground. He was shooting load after load deep into his aunt's cunt, filling her up like a balloon.

There was a sloshing noise each time he thrust inside of her now. He looked down to see his cum leaking out of her. It was running thin, mixing with her own fluids.

"Aggrrgghh!!!" he cried into his mom's cleavage, his whole body going straight and rigid.

He let himself breathe for a few seconds after the orgasm had subsided. It seemed that his aunt wasn't moving anymore, but his semi-hard penis was still half-way lodged inside of her.

He shuffled his hips a bit, attempting to pull out of her, but her hand reached over and caught him before he could.

"No," she whispered, not even looking back at him. "Leave it in. I want to sleep like this."

"Okay," he murmured, edging closer to her again. He felt his flaccid cock retract inside of her, still warm and wet and full of his seed.

None of them spoke again. It was as if Jack had been woken into a sort of fever dream and then dropped back into sleep once more. The feeling of his aunt's breasts in his hand soothed him as his eyes grew heavy and shut. His own mother's embrace behind him, her soft body enveloping his, was the only mattress he needed.

Jack awoke hard. The sun was up. The sky was blue. It was morning, not another dream or reverie.

He turned to his side, but his mother wasn't there. Laying next to him opposite still was his Aunt Kim. She was gently snoring, facing away from him. At some point in the night, his penis had fallen out of her, but they were both still naked. He glanced down under the sheets and saw the remains of their love making dried all over her bare peach. Her legs were closed and bent slightly as she slept on her side. Her

pussy lips were laid bare for him to ogle at in the daylight, all encrusted with white.

He quietly got out of bed and tiptoed to the adjacent bathroom. He did his business and washed his hands, and then went looking for his clothes. As he returned to the bedroom, he noticed Kim was awake now.

"Morning, hun," she said affectionately.

"Oh, er, mornin' auntie," he replied, still unsure how to read her mood. Was she no longer mad at him? Had she changed her mind about bonding with him? Or was last night simply a fluke?

He stretched down for his underwear and pretended to be busy so as not to bother her.

"Jack, look at me," she said, stopping him in his tracks. He looked up, a shirt hanging loosely from his hand.

"Sit down," she commanded. He did.

The blanket was pulled up over her chest as she laid propped up on one elbow, an arm draping down across her midsection.

"I just wanted to say... I, er... was sorry. Sorry about the way I spoke to you in the past. About our relationship."

Jack was taken aback. Was this the same woman?

He fumbled a response.

"It's, uh, okay," he said.

She reached out and grabbed his hand.

"No, seriously, Jack. I'm sorry. When I saw you rush agent Johnson like that and tackle her to the ground, I thought you might get yourself killed. I think it made me realize just how much you care about this family, and, well... just how much I care for you, too."

Jack felt uncomfortable. He had never been good at accepting apologies.

"It's okay, Aunt Kim. Really, I know you care-"

"I'm not done, boy!" she interjected, the bite returning just a bit to her voice.

"I was so shaken after what happened and all I could think about was you. I needed you to know what I was feeling. That I cared. I needed to bond with you. I'm sorry if I caught you unaware or surprised you in any way, I-"

Now it was his turn to interrupt her.

"Auntie, you're okay. I accept your apology. Last night was the best night of my life," he said.

Kim looked surprised by his words.

"Really? With an old woman like me?"

Jack smirked.

"Well, it wasn't just you. It was my mom, too."

Kim ran a hand through her disheveled hair. She chuckled.

"Jack, we're twice your age. We look like it, too. Shouldn't you be more interested in girls your own age, like for instance your sister or Katie?" she asked.

"Well, I haven't bonded with Kate," he replied. "And I've enjoyed spending time with my sister and Nana for sure, but..."

He trailed off, not quite sure how to explain what he was feeling.

"My mom makes me feel different. Better. And you did last night, too."

Amy stared off into space for a moment before chuckling again to herself.

"Heh, well... it wouldn't be the first time that... nevermind..." she said.

"What? Nevermind what?" Jack probed.

She sighed. Part of her had wanted him to ask, maybe.

"It wouldn't be the first time that a man has told me how much he loved being between your mother and I."

Jack's face almost went white. What was she saying? Was she inferring that his mother was some kind of deviant who-

"I knew I should've kept my mouth shut," she muttered, but her face seemed amused. "Don't freak out, hun. Your mom and I used to have a lot of fun together with your grandpa back in the day, and, well... every once in a while with a random man, as well. I'm sure she never told you any of that, huh?"

He shook his head.

"Heh. I know my sister well. Don't tell her I told you."

"I won't" he answered, unsure how he would even bring something like that up to her.

He imagined confronting his mother in his head. Hey mom, Aunt Kim told me you used to be a giant slut and have threesomes with her and random strangers at the bar! Yeah, no. It was better to let that one lay.

"Do you think that maybe..." he began to say, realizing he was a little embarrassed by the question half-way into it. "Do you think maybe she would ever do that kind of thing again? I mean, er, with me?"

Amy just smiled. She knew she was torturing the boy with images and fantasies in his head now.

"I could talk to her about it..." she replied, letting the sheet fall away from her bare chest. Her enormous tits, almost the same size as his mother's, hung down and laid flat against her body.

"But before I do that," she continued, "I need you to fill me up one more time."

A few moments later Jack was on top of his aunt, the blankets thrown askew all over the floor. She was stark naked below him, her giant breasts flopping back and forth as he railed her. She had a pillow in her mouth, her teeth clamping down on it fiercely. Her eyes were closed and she held her tits up on her chest as they continued swinging.

"Hrrnngghhhhh!" she moaned into the pillow.

Slap, slap, slap.

He laid into her.

She lifted her legs up to give him a better angle from which to penetrate her. He grabbed on to either side and held her there like that, feeling how much deeper he could reach in her from this position. The first few strokes like this made her eyes open wide. She stared at him almost as if she was in disbelief.

Her lips opened and began to quiver. She was mouthing something to him.

"Oh! Oh! Oh fuck!" she whispered, barely audible.

"I'm close," was all he could manage in response.

"In... side..." she ragged. "Fill... me..."

He let her have it then, caring not for her pain or tolerance any longer. She cried out one time in a sharp yelp, but bit back down on her pillow to stifle the rest. Tears were forming in her eyes, he noticed. She was nodding up and down now with her eyes closed as he felt the first few ejaculatory convulsions spill into her for the second time that day.

Even though he had released his seed only a few hours prior, his body had somehow managed to produce even more.

Kim stuck a finger down where their bodies met and took a glob of his cum. She brought it to her lips and tasted it.

"Your mother was right, your seed tastes amazing," she said.

"She told you about that?" he asked, distressed.

Kim giggled.

"She did, hun. Don't worry about it. She told me when I hummed her last night, telling her I needed you inside of me."

Jack pushed himself up higher, getting a better look at his aunt's face. She had a hint of a devious smile.

"You mean, you guys planned for that-"

"It wasn't much of a plan, now was it?" she cut him off. "I asked her simply if she minded if we bonded while she was in the same bed. She didn't."

Maybe that meant she would bond with him and Aunt Kim again, then, right? he thought quietly to himself. But that was a matter for another time.

"Now get up," she went on, "Let's get dressed and have some breakfast, yeah?"

He was hungry after that exertion, he realized. Breakfast sounded good. He rolled off of her and felt his dick unplug her like a sink drain.

"That's quite a load Jack. Hmph!" she exclaimed, reaching down to cup it all before it stained the sheets. It was probably too late for that anyways, however.

They rinsed off and dressed, and eventually made their way downstairs separately to find something to eat. The new day awaited them. They were finally free.

Part 7

It had been a few days since the kidnapping incident. Jack and Amy were once again back home after their fears of retaliation had been allayed. Sarah Johnson had never appeared again at his Nana's house that night, nor the day after, nor the day after that. The mind sweep procedure had been a success. The tracker that Cynthia had apparently hidden in her vehicle for added assurance showed that she was several states away at this point. They could finally breathe a sigh of relief.

Jack had just returned from his grandmother's house, their education sessions having resumed fully. He found himself some left overs in the fridge and warmed them up in the microwave. As he stood there, hypnotized by the whirring of the machine and the spinning plate behind the glass, he felt his mom hum to him from somewhere in the house.

Jack? You home? she asked.

Yeah, just got back, he replied. I'm heating up some food in the kitchen.

I thought I heard your car pull in the driveway. I'm upstairs napping. Would you bring me some Advil for my headache?

He obliged her, leaving his plate to spin unattended as he clambered up the stairs to his bedroom, the rattling bottle of pills in his hand.

Knock, knock

He rapped lightly on her door. It was ajar slightly.

"Come in, sweetheart," her voice came from the bed. The curtains were closed and it was rather gloomy in the room.

He found her laying under the covers, looking ill.

"Mom, are you alright?" he asked, concerned.

"I'm fine," she responded. "Just a headache. Thanks for this."

She reached over and grabbed the bottle, popping off the cap and swallowing two pills.

"I hope you weren't expecting to bond tonight," she said. "Did you and Nana manage to squeeze any in during your lesson?"

Jack shook his head.

"No, we didn't have any time. She was going over to Aunt Kim's for dinner. She gave me a rain check."

He chuckled at the thought.

"Hm," Amy groaned. "Well I might have to give you one tonight as well, honey. I'm just not feeling up to it. Is that okay?"

He was certainly bummed, but his mother's wellbeing was more important to him than getting some action.

"Of course, mom. Can I do anything else to help you feel better?"

She smiled at him, now sitting next to her on the bed.

"I'm okay, sweetie. This is more than enough. You take such good care of me already," she replied.

Jack smiled. He would do anything for this woman, and she for him. He knew that in his bones.

"What time does Dad get home tonight?" he asked, changing the subject.

"I think he should be home any minute now. Why?" she took another swig of water from her glass on the bedside table.

"I was just gonna say that we probably wouldn't have been able to spend alone time together anyway, right?"

"Good point," she conceded. "Your father leaves for a four-day business trip tomorrow though. Maybe if you play your cards right, and I start feeling better... we can have a special Jack and Mom day, hm?"

She could see his eyes light up just at the suggestion. Jack was giddy with excitement, although he tried valiantly to conceal it.

"Whatever you need, I'll do it!" he exclaimed, as reservedly as he could manage.

Amy could only help but laugh.

"You are so sweet, my boy."

Her son blushed.

"Oh, don't get flustered," she said. "I love how enthusiastic you are."

"Really?" he asked. "You don't think I'm a... child, or something?"

Amy pondered the question for a moment.

"You'll always be my child, no matter what," she smirked, "but no, I think it's sweet. You make me feel young again."

Jack blushed again, but this time not from embarrassment.

"I-I think you're amazing, mom," he stammered, wanting to convey just how special she was to him, too.

She grasped his face and stroked it, admiring how handsome he was. She leaned over and planted a kiss on his cheek.

"And you're an amazing son... mwah!" she said.

There was a noise just then from the first floor. The front door was opening, and someone was walking into the house.

"Hello?" the voice of his father called out from below.

"Hi, honey!" Amy shouted back, her voice barely loud enough to carry through the length of their large home.

Jack looked down at her, still laying in bed. He whispered something into her mind with a devious look on his face. His mother curled a smile against her will, saying out loud to him in an actual whisper, "Fine, Jack Hudson. Only a second! Am I clear?"

"Yes, mom," he whispered back.

He leaned down into her cleavage and pressed his face into it as far as he could. She was wearing a shirt still, but it was low-cut enough to not impede him much. She helped him by pressing her breasts together, giving him more cleavage to work with. He shook his head back and forth, letting his lips and tongue run over her skin.

"Oof, Jack! Aha!" she cried silently, taken aback by his hunger for her.

Enough, your father is coming!

He pulled his face out and wiped his lips. He had saliva all over his chin.

Just then, Phil opened the door and poked his head in.

"Hey hon- oh, is everything alright?" he said, seeing his wife laying in the dark and his son beside her, looking worried.

"Just a bad headache, dear," she replied. "Jack just brought me some water and pain relievers."

She squeezed his forearm gently.

"Sorry, Amy. Anything I can do before I wrap up a few emails?" he asked.

"I'm fine, Phil. Go finish your work."

Phil loosened his tie and threw it in his clothes hamper.

"I'll be done soon. Then we can watch your show, right?"

"I'd love that," she answered, and Phil nodded and was off.

Amy turned back to her son with a playful yet scolding look on her face. She mouthed the words to him, "That was a close one, mister!"

Jack shrugged, unable to contain a laugh.

"Go, let me rest," she continued. "And remember our deal, yeah?"

"Aye aye, cap'n," he said.

She slapped his arm playfully, and he left her alone to get some more rest. He understood the rules of this little arrangement. No more bothering her for sex tonight, and he should probably take out the trash and do some dishes while he was at it. Play your cards right she had said and we'll have a special day, just me and you. He didn't know what exactly she had in mind, but he assumed it would be worth it.

Jack spent the rest of the night doing chores around the house, and when he was finished with those he retreated to the basement to play some Xcube. Eventually his phone buzzed, and it was a snapchat from his sister, Emily. He opened it.

Just sayin hi, it read. Didn't want you to forget about me.

The text was plastered over a picture of his sister in her bathroom, her backside facing the mirror and her bottom half completely bare, her shirt hiked up above her waist. She held up her phone with one hand, and she had contorted her lips into a silly kissy face, ever the serious one in the family. Her round ass stuck out like a juicy peach, just waiting to be plucked. The way her legs melted into those curves drove him wild. He felt his dick grow hard in his pants.

He replied to her message.

How could I forget about that? he asked rhetorically.

Emily responded with a winking face emoji. Jack turned back to the television, resuming his game. The hour grew late eventually, and he realized it was past midnight already. He trudged up the stairs and collapsed on his bed, hearing his father snoring from down the hall. He fell fast asleep.

In the morning, he was woken up by the smells of bacon frying and toast burning. The sun was shining warmly and he felt well rested, excited for what the day had in store.

He wandered down into the kitchen to find his mother cooking up an extravagant breakfast. She only did this on certain occasions.

"Sit down, sweetie," she said to him, stirring something in a pan.

"I'm making your dad a hearty breakfast before he leaves for a few days."

"It smells incredible," he answered, planting his butt on the stool.

His dad walked in, dressed already in his suit and tie, and took a seat next to him. Amy delivered two plates in front of them, steaming hot with delicious goodness.

"Thank you, Ames, this is perfect," he said, digging in.

They ate together while Phil told them about where he was traveling, who he was meeting with, and more. It all sounded very important to Jack, but he didn't really understand any of it. It didn't help that all he could think about the entire time was bonding with his mom later that day.

Eventually his father gathered his things and said goodbye, carrying a heavy suitcase down to his car. He honked as he drove off, worried about arriving to his gate on time. Amy waved from the front door before returning to the kitchen to clean up.

Jack was at the sink already though, scrubbing away at all the dirty plates, pans, and glasses.

"Oh! Jack!" she exclaimed with gratitude. "I was going to do that!"

He grinned, turning to meet her gaze.

"I know, but I just wanted to be helpful," he said.

Amy sported a grin now herself.

"Are you just trying to earn yourself more points for later today?" she asked playfully.

"Heh," he replied. "Maybe, is it working?"

"Jack Hudson..." she began, sighing and shaking her head.

"Well, I need to rinse off and get prepared for the day. We're going shopping."

Jack furled an eyebrow.

"Shopping?"

"Yes!" she said. "Shopping! Don't worry, I think you're going to enjoy it."

And with that she turned around, heading for the stairs.

"Be ready in half an hour!" she cried out.

So, their special day was going to consist of shopping? Was that all? Jack stopped scrubbing so fervently.

Within 30 minutes he had his shoes on and jacket donned, waiting by the door for Amy to gather her belongings.

"Let's go!" she said, appearing from the other room, clutching several bags.

"I have some items to return."

They drove for 20 minutes in the rain to the local mall, finding parking close by to the entrance to avoid getting overly wet.

Jack dutifully attended to his mother, helping her carry several bags as they made their way from store to store, returning items and purchasing new ones. It was mostly clothes that hadn't fit her the way she had desired. There was a part of her that just liked shopping, though.

"That was the last one," she finally said as they walked out of department store number four of the day. Jack yawned.

"Don't fall asleep now," she nudged him. "This last stop is just for you."

"What is it?" he asked.

"It's a surprise."

She sounded excited.

He followed her for a few minutes past more clothing boutiques, ice cream shops, and jewelry stores, all blurring together into one maze of consumerism. He was taken by surprise when she turned abruptly and began to enter a store with suggestively adorned mannequins greeting them in the display window.

"We're going in there?" he asked, growing uncomfortable.

She reached back and grabbed his wrist reassuringly.

"Yes, sweetheart. Don't act strange. We're going right back to the private changing rooms. I ordered ahead and had them pull a few things out for me."

Jack gulped.

"You did?"

His mother just smirked.

She led him back towards the end of the store, flagging an employee and offering her name.

"We have your selections laid out in room number 3, Ms. Hudson," the young woman said politely, showing them to the correct door.

"Thank you," Amy replied, stepping inside.

These changing rooms were clearly meant for couples. A bench on one side sat before a mirror wall, and a curtain hung from the ceiling that divided the room into two when drawn closed. On the hooks on the wall hung several pieces of lingerie, all made of different materials, styles, and colors. Jack's eyes went wide. The door shut behind them. They were in here alone.

Amy turned around and beamed at her son.

"I told you it would be worth it," she said.

Jack took a seat while she pulled the curtain shut.

"Give me a second, and I'll try on the first piece," his mother teased.

He sat there impatiently, listening to her wrestle with the outfit. He imagined what she must look like behind that curtain and his pants grew tight. After a minute or so, she called out to him again.

"Ready?" she asked, apprehensively.

He gulped, then spoke, "Y-yeah."

The curtain was slowly pulled back, revealing his mother in a white satin dress that joined only just below her bust, splitting in half down her midline to reveal a hint of her navel. The shoulder straps hung loosely, forming a low-cut cleavage that barely did any work to hold up her girls. They jostled and shook as she posed for him, almost looking like they might slip out at any moment. She twirled once for him, giving him a brief glimpse of her backside and the matching pair of white panties melting into her ass cheeks.

"What do you think?" she inquired, clearly buzzing with delight.

Jack's pupils were dilated, and his pulse had quickened.

"I-it's... incredible. You look amazing, Mom," he remarked, seeing his mother for the first time as a sensual being.

"I've always thought you were beautiful, but... this is a whole new level."

Amy simpered.

"You've never seen me in a dress like this before. I had a feeling you might like it."

Her son nodded enthusiastically.

"I love it," he affirmed.

She pulled the curtain back again partially, saying, "I have a few more to try on. Then you can make your pick."

"I can pick one?" he asked incredulously.

She poked her head back out from behind the curtain.

"Mhm," she remarked. "This is part of our special date day."

She emerged a minute later in another outfit for him to inspect. This time it was black and mostly see-through, a tangle of straps and thin pieces of fabric. It covered all of the essential parts of her body, but it left a lot open to the imagination. It drove Jack wild.

"Is that a yes?" she asked, amused with his facial expression.

He nodded. "Yes, a hundred times yes."

She giggled to herself and returned behind the curtain to change into the next piece. They did this four more times, each new outfit sending chills down Jack's spine. At the end, his mother emerged for a final time back in the regular clothes she had been wearing when they had first walked in.

"One through six," she quizzed him. "Tell me which was your favorite?"

He pondered the question for a moment, truly unable to come up with a satisfying answer.

"I don't know, mom," he said. "I liked them all."

Amy frowned.

"There had to be at least one that really caught your attention, right?" she probed.

He shook his head.

"I'm sorry. I can't decide so easily."

"Hmph," she replied. "I guess I'll just pick one myself. It'll be a surprise."

Jack seemed satiated by that decision, so she told him to meet her by the entrance of the shop while she checked out at the register. A few minutes later, Amy had a bag in hand with the mystery lingerie inside, and they promptly made their way back to the car.

In the car while they drove home, Amy's phone buzzed. One new message from Phil.

"Your father just landed safe and sound," she said. "He'll be in meetings all day today and tomorrow, but he can call after that if we want to say hi."

Jack smirked.

"We might be a little busy," he quipped, giving her a wink.

She playfully slapped his arm.

"I wouldn't be so confident, mister!" she exclaimed, although she seemed to secretly like his assertive attitude. He wanted her, and he wasn't afraid to show it. This got the wheels in the back of her head spinning.

"Hey, Jack?" she said cautiously, glancing over now to look at him.

"Yeah?"

"You don't have to answer me if you don't want to, but... I just wanted to check in with you. About everything. About our family. About me and you."

"What do you mean?" he replied.

"I don't know..." she trailed off. "I just know that after your birthday and all of these secrets were revealed to you, you

took it a bit hard. I just wanted to see how you were feeling now after a few weeks had passed."

To be honest, Jack hadn't thought about it too much since it had all begun. It had been tough, for sure, immediately following his coming of age day. He had felt like he was living in somebody else's body for a while, but now he was feeling fine. Normal. As normal as one could, given the circumstances, he supposed.

"I think it was just shocking at first," he answered her. "But I'm feeling good about it all now. Really, I am."

He tried to sound as convincing as possible.

"Good," she said. "It happens to all of us, like I told you."

"Yeah," he agreed.

They changed the subject as they continued barreling down the highway, homebound.

The house was quiet. Nobody was there except for Jack and his mother. He was sitting alone in his room, silent and waiting. Amy had told him to give her a few minutes to prepare once they had returned home. He had been staring at the alarm clock on his bedside table for ten minutes, now.

Come here, his mom's voice called out to him through the ether.

Yes, ma'am, he called back in response. Woven into the feeling of her message, he discerned she was still in her bedroom. He cautiously sauntered down the hall to her door, finding it shut tight.

He knocked gently.

Open it, she hummed to him again. He obeyed.

There in front of him, knelt down on her knees atop the mattress, sat his mother, radiating with sensuality and beauty. The outfit she wore was simple and revealing. It was a two-piece set, a bra and a pair of panties, both a soft, rose color. The bra hung loose on her, not doing much to accentuate her cleavage--not that it was needed much, anyways. Her breasts swayed gently with her breath, each an enormous mound of milk and flesh that rose like great peaks atop her chest.

She wasn't skinny, per se. Not like those models on the covers of magazines, whose ribs were so starved of fat that you could see each individual bone. Who wanted a woman like that, Jack wondered? His mother wasn't large, either, but she had weight in the right places. She had enough to fill out the shape of her womanly body. Her body didn't lack those signs of weathering and aging that made a woman seem plastic or fake. They did the opposite; they added to the mystique of her. To her allure. She was perfect.

"...Wow..." was all he could mutter, stunned to silence by her aura alone. Amy beamed back at her son, loving the attention he showered her with.

"Do you like it?" she asked, sheepishly.

"It's incredible. You're the sexiest woman I've ever seen..."

His heart was pounding in his chest. Amy blushed.

"Come here and kiss me," was all she said in response.

He moved closer to her, her face still level with his as he stood next to the bed. She clasped his face and bent in for the kill. Their lips met and opened to accept the other's. He felt

her gently nibble on his bottom lip before pulling back slightly. Her breath smelled faintly of mint.

"Is it weird still, kissing your own mother?" she asked.

"A little," he responded. "But it feels right."

She kissed him again, this time more furiously. He had to grab her face to brace himself against her assault.

"We're going to have a lot of fun while we have the house to ourselves this week."

Jack was throbbing painfully now under his drawers. His mother's hand found its way below his belt and began grasping for his pole.

"Let's take this out, shall we?" she proposed.

He nodded in agreement, sliding off his pants and then his underwear. A wet spot had soaked through them near the tip of his cock.

"Dear lord!" she cried, taken aback. "You're already leaking?"

"Heh, I guess," he shrugged, mildly embarrassed.

"We might not have long before you pop, then. That's okay. Here, lie down on the bed next to me."

She moved out of the way, making space for him to join her. He fell on his back and sunk into the mattress, his erect cock sticking straight up like a flag pole.

"I wanted to give you an option," she began. "We could either use my boobs again, or try something new I've been wanting to do. It's up to you."

Something new? Like what, he wondered?

"What's your idea?" he asked.

His mother ran her hand through her hair, pushing it out of her face.

"I wanted to give you a blowjob. I know it wouldn't be your first from someone in the family--Emily told me that she beat me to the punch already. But I still wanted to cross that bridge with you--I mean, if you felt ready for it, of course..."

Jack barely had to think about it.

"I would love that, Mom," he replied.

"Hmm, okay," she continued, leaning down now closer to his twitching cock. Her tits hung freely, swaying like pendulums under her.

"It's been a while since I've done this, so please be patient with me."

"It's okay," he encouraged her, letting her take control.

He watched as his mother gingerly pressed her lips against the head of his shaft, then kissed it softly. She gripped his penis and brought her lips to another spot on his head, kissing that one too. Then, suddenly, she opened her mouth, her tongue furred out, waiting. She sunk her face down over top of his crotch, burying him completely to the hilt.

"Agh!" he cried in pure ecstasy. "Holy shit, mom!"

The pleasure her mouth was giving him caused him to buck upwards slightly, pressing more deeply into her throat. This caused her to snort and come up for air, coughing.

"Sorry," he grimaced. "I didn't mean to choke you."

Her hand was lazily pumping him off while the other cleared the spit from her lips.

"You didn't choke me, honey. Just surprised me, is all. We Ultarians don't really have a gag reflex like humans do. You can't hurt me with your penis."

"What?" Jack exclaimed. "We don't?"

"Didn't Nana tell you? Or, better yet, your sister?" She looked at him as if he should've known.

He shook his head.

"No. Is there a reason why?"

His mom shrugged.

"Eh, probably evolutionary," she replied. "It makes it easier to do this."

And with that she engulfed his entire length again, flexing and relaxing her esophageal muscles up and down his shaft. She bobbed up and down a few times, getting him as deep as she possible could manage.

Uughck, aaghck she said with each gulp. He could see the bulge of his cock in her neck, just below her chin. Her eyes were closed, focusing on the task. After a few more seconds of this, she finally let go.

"M-mom..." her son stammered, shivering as he laid there half naked.

He reached down and grabbed his soaking wet dick as Amy stared at him, full of pride that she still "had" it.

He slapped his rod against the underside of her right breast, then smeared the tip along it.

"Oh, do you want my tits for a little bit?" she asked him affectionately.

"Y-yes..." he stuttered.

Without removing her bra, she slid her bust down onto his rigid, slippery shaft until it disappeared inside. He pushed up more into her cleavage, her breasts now squeezing flat against his abdomen, his head now poking out between her bosom. Her nipples were still concealed beneath the lingerie, but it only served to excite him more.

"Is that tight enough?" she asked, smooshing her boobs together around his penis.

"Mhm," he declared, shifting his own hips now to get better leverage.

He thrust up between her mounds, a suffocating valley of pleasure. The squelching and squeaking of their moist skin rubbing and sliding against one another triggered him to pick up his pace.

Hngh, hngh, hngh, hngh! he grunted with each pump. The way her tits enveloped his whole length felt incredible, unlike anything he had ever experienced before with other women. How could he desire anything else when he was with her?

But what about Aunt Kim, his brain suggested? What about her, he answered? What about fucking her pussy, his brain retorted? He remembered how tight and wet she had been.

How warm and inviting it was. He wondered if his mom's felt the same. Even though, for the time being, that kind of bonding was technically off-limits with his family, Aunt Kim had let him do it anyways. And his mother had encouraged it. All behind Nana's back.

"Mom?" he groaned, slowing his movements to a standstill.

"Yeah?" she asked.

"I was wondering if..."

How should he go about phrasing this?

"I was wondering if we could maybe try bonding like I did with Aunt Kim the other night? Y'know, like real sex?"

Amy sat back, her tits bouncing the whole way.

"Jack..." she whined. "You know we can't risk that."

"But why did you let Aunt Kim do it with me, then?"

Amy closed her eyes and rubbed her forehead, trying to think of a good excuse.

"Honey," she sighed, "your aunt is a... complicated woman. She really needed that after everything you two went through. And besides, she hadn't slept with another man in a few months. She was safe."

"Well don't you have the same needs as her?" he asked, unrelenting. He wouldn't give up that easily.

"Jack, I- I don't..." she said, flustered. He could see her cheeks flushing pink. Was she aroused?

"I'm married," she finally continued. "Your aunt is not. Your father could show up in a few days from his trip and accidentally impregnate me with your child if you... if we..." she stammered off, frustrated, trying to find the words to explain to him just how serious this was.

"Then don't have sex with him!" he cried, as if it were that simple.

"Jack, sweetheart... it's not that easy," she pleaded, trying to make her case.

"She also told me that you guys used to have sex with other men together, including grandpa."

This was the ace up his sleeve. He didn't know what the outcome would be of revealing it to her, but he didn't care. He just wanted her to know that he knew.

Amy's face went white.

"She told you- what?!"

She shrieked. Jack feared for his life a little.

"What a fucking bi-," she continued, but stopped herself before saying something she'd regret later.

"Who cares, mom? She told me you wouldn't like that she told me, but why does it matter? I just want to know why it was okay for you to do it with all those strangers and grandpa, but not me?" he retorted.

She hid her face in her hand, looking away from him briefly.

"That was a long time ago," she eventually replied. "And it was before I met your father. Your aunt and I have always

been, uh, close. We liked to have fun together when we were young. I think our little slumber party the other night just jogged her memory, is all. I don't want you thinking that your mother is some kind of whore."

They sat there for a moment in silence, just staring at each other awkwardly. The mood had been sufficiently dampened.

"I just want to feel close to you. Like you're really mine, and I'm yours," he finally spoke, piercing the quiet.

"Oh, honey," she cooed while pursing her lips, touched by his vulnerability. She put a hand on top of his. She still looked radiant in her lingerie.

Amy leaned in and kissed her son passionately, letting their faces remain touching as she looked deeply into his eyes.

"You have no idea how badly I want this, too" she said. "But we just can't. That's the way it is."

He initiated another kiss, this time grasping her face tenderly. She melted into his embrace. He wanted to feel her heat between her legs, so he slid a hand down beneath them.

"Jack, hrmph, stop," she protested as they continued to smack lips.

"I just want to feel it, mom. Please?" he said.

He could feel his mother relent, giving in to her desires.

"F-fine..." she moaned unexpectedly. "Just for a little. Then we finish up."

He had started rubbing gently in a circular motion around her clit, sending shockwaves through her body. His fingers became drenched in her fluids.

"God dammit, Jack!" she moaned, clearly unable to contain herself anymore. Her body was writhing against his hand. She needed to cum desperately, it seemed.

"You're making my pussy so wet, honey."

"I want to make you cum, mom," he replied. "I want to show you how much I love you."

"Sweetie... oh...." she breathed into his ear, whimpering.

He pulled aside her one bra strap, revealing an erect nipple. He continued working her clit while he latched onto her breast, suckling from her like she was rain in a desert.

She was clenching her eyes shut now, her lips quivering and body vibrating.

"Jack, baby, you're gonna make me fucking... fucking... shit!" she cried.

Jack watched in awe as her breathing became rapid and shallow. Her eyes had rolled into the back of her head and she was shaking violently. It was a full-body seizure orgasm. The kind that made her gush from between her legs while she laid there, catatonic. Jack slowed down, letting her recover.

Her breaths were returning to normal finally, and she eventually opened her eyes. There was a fire in her, he saw. She sat up and pushed him aggressively onto his back. She straddled on top of him, pulling down her panties. Was this really happening? He couldn't believe his eyes.

"Not a word of this to your grandmother, do you understand?" she barked at him, reaching down and grasping for his erect cock.

He nodded.

"And you pull out when you're close. No exceptions!"

"Yes, ma'am," he echoed back to her like a drill sergeant.

She sighed heavily as she let her weight fall down onto him. He felt his dick penetrate her pussy lips, then slide against her walls until he hit something past which he wouldn't budge.

"Oh my god! You're already all the way to my cervix!" she exclaimed, taking a second to breathe through the pain.

He didn't want to stop after they had just started, but he offered the choice to her anyways.

"Are you okay?" he asked. "We can stop if I'm hurting you."

"No!" she wheezed, her eyes closed, bouncing slowly up and down now on his rod.

"It just takes me a second to adjust. It only hurts the first time."

Her tits slapped gently against her chest with each bounce, their enormity filling most of Jack's vision from below her. She looked regal. The most arousing woman to ever live.

"I don't care if you're a whore, mom," he said, grabbing her by the hips now as she gyrated against him.

"What? What are you--ohhh--talking about?" she asked in between strokes.

"You said you didn't want me to think of you as a whore," he clarified. "And I just wanted you to know that I don't care if you are one. If you were one, I mean."

He gulped, afraid maybe he had said the wrong thing. She seemed unperturbed.

"I actually think it's, er, kind of hot, to be honest..." he concluded, looking up at her to gauge her reaction.

She looked back down at him, his face sincere, and continued grinding back and forth with his cock buried in her cunt. How could she stay mad at this charming boy underneath her?

"Is it slutty enough for you that I'm letting you fuck me raw even though I could get pregnant?" she hissed, her hips still moving in rhythm.

"I'd say so," he replied.

"Get your fill now then, because we're wrapping this up soon," she ordered, even as she sunk down onto his chest. Her body was now flush with his, her breasts splayed out on either side of his ribcage. She was twerking on his cock, sliding her ass all the way to the tip only to slam her cheeks back down on his lap. It felt incredible.

"Ough, mom..." he moaned, grabbing on to her fat ass cheeks. He was now fucking her, not the other way around. He gripped her cheeks firmly and pushed up into her, reaching her cervix again with each thrust.

Her tits smothered his face, giving him the opportunity to suck on them while he pumped even harder.

"Oh god, Jack, don't stop!" she yelled, biting down on the pillow next to his face.

He kept going, feeling his muscles aching but knowing this might be his last few moments inside of her. He would get as close as he could without tipping the bucket.

She was grunting primally now on top of him, like a dog in heat.

"Don't stop! Don't fucking stop! Right there!" she commanded him. She seemed wholly possessed, like a woman changed. He obeyed her commands, giving her all that had. Her pussy felt like it had been tailored for him, and he couldn't get enough. But he was approaching the point of no return.

"Mom?" he tried to say, but they were shaking the bed and it drowned out his voice. She didn't seem to notice.

"Mom, I'm- ah!" he said again, this time louder.

Amy didn't even look at her son, her tits smacking his face as she rode him like a galloping horse. Her head was craned back and her eyes were closed. She was in her zone.

"I'm really close!" he cried, starting to panic now, but unsure how to stop her.

She buried her face in his ear then, digging her arms around his chest and squeezing herself close to him, their bodies pressed together as one. Her ass continued slapping against his cock.

"I don't care," she whispered. "I'm your whore, Jack. Just do it..."

He was already bursting before she had finished speaking.

One, two, then three waves of euphoric bliss washed over him as he spurted his seed deep inside her at the climax of each thrust. He could feel the semen spraying against her cervix like a jet rocket.

"Ohhooohooo! Oohhhoohhoohh!" she whimpered. It was all she could say. She was cumming again herself on top of him.

He squeezed her tight, depositing as much of his load in her as possible, and then the spasms subsided. His mother lay limp on top of him, a sweaty, disheveled mess. He took a moment to process what had just happened, and then it hit him like a ton of bricks.

You just got your mother pregnant, you idiot! his own mind censured him.

"M-mom, I c-came inside of you," he stammered, his post-nut clarity peaking.

His mother didn't stir, but her muffled voice responded: "It's okay, honey. It'll be okay."

But would it be? Was his sperm meeting with her egg now, even as he sat here and spoke? How would they explain this to his father? There was no getting rid of the baby, as abortive medications meant for humans didn't work on them. What kind of sin had he just committed?

Finally she roused herself, rolling to one side and letting his flaccid dick fall out of her. It reeked of sex and cum. There was still more of his stuff leaking from her slit.

"I haven't slept with you father in a month, Jack," she said.

Oh thank god, his heart calmed down a beat.

"And now I won't sleep with him for another week or two, just to be safe. I didn't want to tell you because I didn't want you to think there were loopholes around the rules," she continued explaining.

"How long do you have to wait?" he asked.

"Our windows of opportunity are all a bit different. Mine is actually pretty short, maybe a week or two. But it's hard to test without getting pregnant in the process, which is why I don't want you and your sister fooling around thinking you know better. Am I clear?"

"Yes, mom," he soberly answered. Just the thought that he had impregnated her by his own lack of self-control had been enough to frighten him. He wouldn't make that mistake again with anyone.

"Good," she said. "Now let's get clean and go make some dinner. It's getting late. Maybe we can watch a movie together afterwards?"

That sounded like a good plan to Jack.

"Okay," he nodded, but he had one more question to ask before they rinsed off.

"Do you think that, erm, if we could plan it correctly in the future, that maybe we could do this again?"

"I don't know, sweetheart," she answered softly. "But for the next few days while your father is away... Well, I mean, the damage has already been done. It doesn't hurt if we forget the rules until then."

Jack's face lit up. He had swung from such intense, polarizing feelings in such a short period of time that he thought he might get vertigo.

"But not a word of this to your grandmother or your sister or your aunt, do you understand?" she snapped, raising a finger at him menacingly.

He nodded in confirmation. He wasn't going to mess this up. She smirked at him, then kissed his cheek.

"You're lucky I love you," she said sarcastically, getting out of bed and staggering toward the bathroom.

"Love you too, mom," he responded, an equally large grin on his face. He meant it with every fiber of his soul.

Part 8

Amy was humping her son in her bedroom when her phone began to buzz. It was about ten in the morning. The house was still empty besides the two of them.

"Ah, shoot. I should really answer this," she said.

"Don't stop," he pleaded, and so she didn't, reaching down for her buzzing phone at the same time as she continued riding him.

"Hey, ugh, Karen, how are you?" Amy said into the device, putting it up to her ear.

She was straddling her son, rising and falling on him slowly, her back arched as his rod pressed into her in all the right spots.

"Amy! Girl, I've been meaning to call you. I wanted to see if you were around today?" the muffled voice on the other end replied. "I was thinking brunch?"

Jack could only stare up at his mom, who was riding him in the reverse position, as she carefully controlled her breathing so as not to appear suspicious.

"Oh, shoot!" she said, most likely insincere. "I'm busy today, Kar. Phil is away on a work trip, and Jack is back in town."

"What? Since when? Oh, Amy, that must be so nice to have him around again!" Karen replied.

"Aagh... yes, it... uughh... is!" Amy was taking deep breaths between every word.

"He's staying with us for a while until he figures out his next moves," she continued.

Jack rocked her hips gently with a few thrusts of his own, not letting her forget what they were still doing.

"You know, Karen, I hate to rush you off the phone but I'm actually out with Jack now and I should probably go. Can I call you later?"

"Sure thing, hon," her friend acknowledged, and they said their goodbyes.

Amy threw the phone on the mattress, and bent down onto her elbows.

"Sorry, sweetheart. It was just Karen. She's been calling me non-stop since yesterday."

"It's... umph.... fine, mom. I just didn't want to... ugnnhh... stop," Jack answered.

With Amy on all fours now, he had a perfect view of her spread ass, watching his cock slide in and out of her pussy as she moved. He grabbed either cheek and squeezed hard, spreading them apart even further. Her tiny ass hole looked like a perfect, pink little hole. He wondered if she enjoyed anal as much as his sister did.

Squelch, squelch, came the sound of their union, her moistness lubricating his whole length.

"Me... neither... aaghhh! Fuck!" she cried, slapping her ass on him now with alacrity.

They had been going for nearly twenty minutes now, and it was already their second romp of the day. Their morning had begun rather lazily, slowly grinding up against one

another as they awoke, the sunlight gradually filling his mother's bedroom. He had filled her, too, both of them laying on their side, as he had with his aunt the first time. Afterwards they had showered and made breakfast together, and they talked about their plans for the day. Jack not soon after proposed another round, and Amy, being the giving mother that she was, obliged her son, leading him back to her bedroom where she promptly mounted him once more.

Ever since he had entered her for the first time the day before, it was like a switch had been flipped. She was insatiable when he was inside her. She said and did things he had never seen nor heard her do. He slapped her ass as she continued bouncing on his shaft, and she merely growled in ecstasy, redoubling her efforts on him.

"I can't believe we're... ugh... doing this..." she bellowed, her head facing the opposite direction.

"Me neither... hmph! I... ungh! Love it... I love you!" he grunted, giving her a few extra forceful thrusts to let her know he really meant it.

She whimpered and moaned in response.

"I love you too, sweetheart... oh! Shit, yeah!" she cried. "I forgot how good it feels to be filled with the true seed."

She was referring to his grandfather, of course. The true seed was the name for Ultari sperm, the true reproductive ingredient that really mattered. Their bodies had evolved to find it pleasurable, he had learned in one of his many lessons with Nana. The taste, the smell, and even the feeling of it inside of you--it was all an aphrodisiac for the women in his family. Spraying the back walls of his mother's cervix was reigniting neural pathways that hadn't been triggered in years, releasing a complex cocktail of hormones that not even Phil, her husband, could have activated on his best day in bed.

"Mom, if you keep talking like that you're gonna make me-" he started, but he realized it was already too late before he could finish.

"Cuuuummmmm!!!! Oooohhhh fuckkkk!" Jack wailed, clamping down on his mother's hips so that she couldn't move. He felt his tip pressing up against her cervix, but he didn't care. He could feel warm streams of his semen flooding into her as she moaned and fidgeted on top of him.

"Jack... oh, baby!" she cried, clearly having some sort of intense reaction to his ejaculate as well.

"I can feel it! I can feel it!" she exclaimed.

He was humping up into her now, controlling his speed as he peaked, then slowing down as the sensations came to their natural conclusion. She sighed loudly, soaking up the moment.

"I can already feel it leaking out of me," she said. His cum was pooling around the base of his shaft. His mother carefully lifted herself off of him, taking care not to let anymore spill out.

"You made me cum really hard," he replied, smirking.

"How do you keep producing this much?" she asked incredulously. He didn't truthfully know. When he was with her, it was like his balls went into overdrive. It was probably evolutionary.

Amy looked over at her son laying next to her, his dick still half erect.

"Should we just lay here for another 10 minutes until you're ready to go again? Or do you think you're good for a while?"

Jack pondered her question. He felt pretty spent by now. Twice in one morning was a new record.

"I might be done for a while," he answered. "We should probably go rinse off."

His mother agreed, so they hopped into her shower together—much larger, elegant, and cleaner than his. Afterwards they made lunch and watched a television show while cuddled up on the couch. Some reality show that Jack couldn't follow the plot of to save his life. He didn't mind, however, as it gave him an excuse to lazily massage her tits. She didn't seem to mind.

It was during that time while reclined on the couch that his phone buzzed. One new text message. It was from his aunt.

Are you free today? I have a few hours open if you wanted to stop by, it read.

He turned to his mother, still laying there with her eyes glued to the screen. He imagined his aunt's fat ass bouncing on him again.

"Mom?" he muttered, and she glanced over.

"Aunt Kim wants to bond today, I think," he said, flipping the phone around for her to read.

"Oh, okay," she replied nonchalantly. "You can tell her no. You're busy with me."

Jack chewed on his lip.

"Are you sure she won't get mad?" he asked.

Amy smirked.

"Tell her I said so. She won't get mad at me. You're my son, not hers."

Jack blushed.

He nodded and sent another text back to his aunt.

Sorry, Aunt Kim. I'm kinda busy with my mom today. Rain check?

The text bubble appeared as Kim began typing a response, then disappeared. It started up again a few moments later.

Fine. she replied.

Jack felt his stomach drop. Had he said the wrong thing?

"I think she's mad, mom," he said. Jack read the message from his aunt out loud.

"She'll get over it. You can see her in a few days once your dad is back in town," Amy retorted.

Jack thought for a moment. Did he dare ask what was on his mind?

"You know..." he began, testing the waters. "What if we invited her over today? To join us?"

He was feeling bold, apparently. His mother's eyes went wide, piercing him like darts.

"What was my stipulation about all of this, hm?" she barked, her words dripping with acid.

It was a rhetorical question. She answered it promptly for him.

"Your aunt, nor anybody else in this family, is going to find out about what we've been doing today. Did I not make myself clear enough yesterday?"

"I... I'm sorry. I know that," he quavered, realizing how brash he had been. It was a stupid thing to even suggest. "I just thought that after that night at Nana's house..."

"I know what you were thinking," she interjected. "And I already told you before... No!"

Jack took the abuse. It was deserved. They continued watching the show together for a while before he felt his mother's hand on his leg. Her face was glued to the screen, as if she wasn't aware of what she was doing. Slowly it crawled its way up his inner thigh, brushing, then grasping, his growing appendage.

He groaned a bit, and her hand clamped around his shaft firmly.

"I need another round, sweetie," she said, her eyes still fixed straight ahead.

"Uh... yuh huh," he consented, trying not to bust in his pants.

"Come on," she said, turning the TV off with her free hand, standing up, and taking him by the wrist up the stairs.

"From behind," she ordered him, stark naked in her bedroom. She was bending over her mattress, her ass cheeks spread wide open as she propped herself up on her elbows. Her tits hung down to the sheets, swinging back and forth as she moved.

"Yes, ma'am," he said, moving himself behind her fat, juicy peach. His dick slid in with ease, and the feeling of her cunt from this position was new and tantalizing. He probed into her hole in ways he hadn't felt before. It was incredible.

She moaned as he penetrated her fully for the first time.

"Fuckkk... yes..." she cried, her head buried in the mattress.

He gripped onto her hips and dug in, using his hold to force himself even farther and faster into her. Her whole body began to rock in rhythm with his thrusts.

Slap, slap, slap! her ass cheeks clapped up against him each time.

He plowed into her like this from behind for several minutes. He had already come twice today and was finding it easier now to retain his stamina. He could probably last an hour at this rate.

"Keep going, sweetie... oooh! Just like that... yeah..." his mom continued moaning.

There was a creaking noise by the door. A sound of footsteps perhaps that Jack hadn't noticed up until that point. He turned, half-expecting nothing. A simple glance, a response to a random stimuli.

Instead, he saw his aunt standing there, mouth agape. She was dressed in a light jacket and a pair of jeans. Her hair was done up in a bun, and she had a minimal amount of make up on.

"What the fuck, Amy?" Kim bellowed, stunned.

His mother turned around suddenly, pulled out of the orgasmic trance without warning. She screamed.

"Ahh!! Fuck, Kim? What are you doing?"

"Me?" her sister yelled back. "What am I doing? Amy, are you fucking him?"

Amy gave a defiant gasp. There was no sense in deception. They had been caught in the act. Red handed.

"Yes, Kimmy... we were. Are you going to go blab to mom about it now?"

Kim scoffed.

"Ha! Am I? I should, you idiot! Are you trying to get pregnant? At your age? Really?"

Amy put her face in her hands for a moment, groaning with frustration.

"No, I'm not trying to get pregnant. I'm safe right now. I'm not an idiot!" she retorted.

Jack just stood there, too surprised to butt in. This wasn't his fight. He knew better than to get between two sisters.

Kim circled around, rubbing her forehead in disbelief.

"So this is why he wasn't available today, huh? Because you're too busy fucking him instead?"

"Oh, stop it with the sanctimonious scolding, Kim. You showed up unannounced and walked in on us. With no different intentions, I'm sure. I could have told mom about your bonding sessions with him, too. But I haven't! You're one to talk!" Amy shot right back at her sister.

This sent Kim into a rage, he could tell, but his mom did have a point. His aunt saw it too, it seemed.

Jack felt it was now appropriate to say something.

"Can you two just stop yelling for a second? Please?" he cried.

They both turned and looked at him for the first time, silent.

"I just... I just don't understand what the big problem is. I love both of you. I don't want you to fight over me, or keep secrets from each other. Aunt Kim, I swear to you that my

mom and I have been careful, just like me and you were. We're only doing this while my dad is out of town for the next few days. Then it's back to business as usual."

He turned to look at his mother, now.

"Can't we just... keep this between us?"

His aunt sighed.

"Jack... hmph. I'm sorry, kid. I'm not going to tell your Nana. I was just... surprised. And suspicious. And a little pent up."

"It's okay, Kim," Amy apologized. "I'm sorry. Really, this is fine. Let's all just calm down."

"Thanks," Jack said, to both of them, the temperature already cooling off in the room.

"You know, Ames..." his aunt finally broke the stillness, a hint of playfulness in her voice. She gave her sister a suggestive look.

Amy's face registered something in comprehension.

"Wha-? Oh, no! Absolutely not, Kim. I already told him no," she defended.

This only made his aunt grin.

"Ha! So he's already asked, huh?"

She turned to look at him now. Jack gulped.

"I guess great minds think alike, Jack."

Jack was confused... was she referring to- Oh. She was, wasn't she?

"Kimmy, stop it. I'm not that young anymore. I haven't done something like that in decades," his mother pleaded, still hunched over sat on her bed, buck naked.

"Oh, bull," Kim replied. "Don't tell me you're gonna just sit there and watch."

And with that, his aunt was stripping down in front of them herself, joining them in their nudity. Jack was reminded of

how lewd her body was, and he felt the hairs on his neck stand on end.

"Kim..." Amy begged one more time, but even she knew it was futile.

His aunt swayed over to the bed, bending down and kissing his mother. Their lips locked and slid over each other for several seconds, their eyes closed in deep passion. He heard his mom moan softly.

"He's the seed of our family. We shared it before, and we share it now," Kim whispered aloud.

"God dammit, Kim..." was all she responded, past the point of return. Her breathing was growing heavy again.

"Come on, Jack," His aunt called.

Jack approached the bed now as his mother scooted herself farther back, spreading her legs wide. His aunt bent down over the mattress, burying her face in his mother's pussy as she flared her own ass upwards towards him.

Amy looked down at this human centipede and let her eyes roll to the back of her head. Kim turned around, her eyes seducing him from over her shoulder. She bit her tongue.

Jack grabbed his aunt by the waist, just as he had his mother only ten minutes prior. He felt her nestle up against his crotch, burying his cock between her cheeks. She moved her gaze back to her sister's cunt and returned to her work.

Jack stuck two fingers cautiously into Kim's warm hole, feeling if she was sufficiently ready for him yet. She was. He grabbed the base of his shaft and gently guided the tip inside of her. She shuddered as he entered.

He pushed all the way inside, and Kim began rocking her hips back and forth, doing some of the work for him. He tried to match her pace, slapping each time they met. A low, guttural groan emanated from his aunt as she relaxed around his girth.

He looked down at his mom's pussy, Kim's lips smearing juices everywhere. His mom was in a state of pure bliss. God, he loved her. He loved them both.

"Fuck... yeah... ughh..." he grunted with each thrust, finding the energy somewhere to rail her even harder than he had his mom. He was laying it on her now, fucking her so hard

he feared it might leave a bruise. His aunt wasn't even licking his mother's clitoris any longer, she was so overcome with pleasure. Her tits flung backwards and forwards, slapping together and against her chest.

"God dammit... Jack! Ayee!! Fuck!!" she squealed. She was gripping onto the bedsheets for dear life.

"I'm gonna... fucking.... bust!" he cried back in response. Kim then suddenly pulled forward, laying on top of her sister. Jack's cock unsheathed itself from her with a plop!

"Wha-?" he tried to say, but Kim was already a few steps ahead. He was on the verge of cumming. What was she doing?

"In your mother!" she commanded, making room for him by rolling off of Amy.

Jack didn't need to think clearly about the instruction. He saw his mother's wet cunt in front him, desperately in need of a cock, and he laid down onto her fully inserting himself to the hilt without second thought. Amy merely whimpered under him as he buried his face in her bust.

His hips did the rest of the work, pumping away into her rapidly as his semen was dutifully shot deep into her. She moaned like a virgin with each release.

Kim laid next to them, admiring.

"Oh my god, its leaking out already!" she exclaimed, driving her sister even more wild. Her son was still humping her furiously.

He felt himself give her the last of his seed and let himself sink into her chest. Her arms appeared around him, hugging him close to her. He took slow, deep breaths. He needed a moment to rest. He loved how it felt to melt into her soft, curvaceous body. How her enormous breasts engulfed him.

"Ha..." Amy sighed, clearly exhausted, too. Her eyes remained closed.

"That felt so damn good."

"Next time, I get his seed," Kim said.

Amy just laughed.

"Fine," she replied.

The sisters giggled like giddy school girls.

"Are you okay in there?" Kim finally asked of Jack, noticing he had been suffocating between his mother's breasts for some time now.

He lazily lifted a wrist, giving the thumbs up sign. Both women chuckled.

"He's more glued to them now than when he was a baby," his mother chided.

"That's hard to believe," Kim laughed.

They let him continue to motorboat while they stretched and relaxed. He was still deep inside Amy, his cum slowly leaking out. After a few minutes of rest, they gathered their strength again and peeled off of each other. They were a ball of sticky, naked flesh.

Kim stayed for dinner and kept them company. She had proposed another round shortly thereafter, but Jack was well and truly spent after his third burst of the day. She was

disappointed, but understanding. Amy invited her to stay the night instead. Perhaps the sisters would reignite their own flame together in his absence, Jack thought. Nonetheless, he was already in bed, exhausted from a day's worth of raw sex. He slept well that night, only hearing the occasional moan echoing down the hall from his mother's room.

As the sun rose, he awoke with it. He yawned, stretched, and got up to brush his teeth and dress. He wandered down to his parents' room with sleep still in his eyes. Carefully he peered in to see his mother and aunt dead to the world, both snoring loudly under a mess of sheets and blankets.

Must've been a wild night, he thought privately. He tip-toed back into the hall as quietly as he could.

He wandered down stairs and made a bowl of cereal, turning on the tv to watch whatever sports highlights were playing that week. It was around nine thirty in the morning by now, and Mom and Aunt Kim still hadn't come down yet. Perhaps they were fooling around together some more. Part of him wanted to join in, if so. Before he could rouse himself off the couch, however, his phone began to ring. It was Emily.

"Hey Em, what's up?" he answered, his voice still dull.

"Hey Jack. Is Mom's phone dead or something? I tried calling her all morning."

"No," he quickly replied, "She's just still sleeping I think. She had a late night."

"Who? Our Mom? Okay, Amy!" he heard his sister laugh, lovingly mocking their seemingly milquetoast mother.

"Well, I wanted to get both of you guys on the phone but maybe I can just wait until later."

Jack could sense something in her tone. She was holding something back.

"What's going on, Em? Everything okay?" he asked.

"Heh, everything is great, dude. Agh!"

He heard her voice grow more quiet, as if she was talking to someone else there next to her.

"Should I just tell him anyways, Fred?" he heard her whisper. There was some kind of grumbling in the background.

"Jack?" she was loud and clear again.

"Yeah?" he asked again, still unsure what was happening. His sister began to shriek with excitement.

"Me and Fred and are getting married!!" she squealed. She sounded exuberant.

"What?! No way! Congratulations!" he exclaimed, taken aback.

"Uh huh! He proposed to me last night. It was perfect! And the ring is gorgeous," she continued gushing.

He heard Fred's voice on the other end now.

"Hey buddy, I'm excited to finally be brothers!" he said. Jack barely knew this man. He didn't let the snarky thoughts bubble to the surface though.

"Woah!" he responded, "Me too! I'm so happy for you guys!"

"Thanks, bud!" Fred said.

Jack's mind was filled with images of his nude older sister, his cock buried all the way down her throat. Or perhaps his cum leaking out of her gaping, convulsing asshole. An asshole that he had torn open himself. Her mewling, slutty reaction to his cock. The way she begged and moaned for it. This poor guy had no idea he was just a pawn in a deeper, more ancient game. Just like his own dad.

Emily's voice returned to the speaker now.

"Okay, well, that's all we wanted to say. Don't tell Mom yet. Just let me call her when she wakes up and tell her first."

"No problem," he said. "My lips are sealed."

She made a mwah sound and said goodbye. He hung up. Everything was about to change. Life wouldn't ever be the same soon. Was he ready for it all? He stared out the window, half worried yet excited. He was truly starting to become a man.

"Okay, your turn," Amy said to her sister. They were on their knees in front of the sofa down in the basement, kneeling on

either side of Jack. He watched in amazement as his topless mother and aunt went back and forth on his cock, showcasing their skills in oral pleasure.

It had been two days since Aunt Kim had come over, and she hadn't left. The morning Emily had called to tell him the big news was mostly a blur throughout the rest of the day. After that call, he had went back upstairs only to catch the sisters engaged in the act, which he promptly joined and exacerbated. That time he fulfilled his promise to Kim, keeping the scales balanced, and deposited his load into her desperate pussy.

They fucked twice more that day, barely leaving the bedroom except for meals. Jack traded one woman for the other, back and forth, trying all sorts of wild positions and contortions. He finished inside each of them once more that day before his cock was permanently limp from exhaustion. They let him just cuddle and grope their luscious bodies until sleep consumed him.

They were now consumed in a competition of sorts. His aunt was currently gagging while his cock head slammed up against the back wall of her throat, unable to go deeper. It felt amazing to Jack still, but it certainly wasn't the same as his mother's ability.

She plopped him out of her mouth for a brief moment to speak.

"You've gotta be close to cumming, boy!" she exclaimed.

Jack merely chuckled, pressing his aunt's head back down onto his crotch. She accepted his cock again without protest.

"I don't know, auntie," he replied. "Keep going."

"I'm going to make him cum," his mother declared, kneeling next to her. "You've only got thirty more seconds."

Kim began to choke rapidly now, violently gagging on his pole and hoping for an orgasm. It was bringing him close, he had to admit, but after all the sex he had engaged in these past few days it was easier to hold off the climax.

"Time's up!" his mom shouted, grabbing her sister and pushing her out of the way. She leant down as if to pick up where Kim had left off.

"Mom, I want to use your boobs this time," he said before she could swallow him whole.

"My boobs? What, my mouth isn't good enough?"

She was teasing him.

"Jack, what the hell? You're giving her an unfair advantage! I would have let you fuck my tits, too!" his aunt cried.

Amy was already wrapping her sagging breasts around his shaft.

"You guys..." he moaned, his eyes sinking to the back of his head. "I don't know if I will cum from just one of you at this rate. Why don't you both use your boobs at the same time?"

Amy paused, looking over to her sister. Kim pondered it for a second.

"The same... time? We haven't done that since... dad?" she asked her sister, giving her a smirk.

"Fine," his mother conceded, making room for Kim to join.

Both women now plopped their heavy tits on his lap. Jack loved the way they laid on his thighs: so plump, yet spread

out against his skin. They angled themselves so that his erect penis fit firmly between all four breasts.

"Like this, sweetheart?" his mother asked sincerely.

"That's perfect, mom," he exclaimed, moaning now as he thrust up between them.

The two women held their tits tight around his shaft as he did most of the work. They watched as his throbbing, purple head peered above their cleavage with every thrust.

Slap, slap, slap, their heavy tits sounded each time skin met skin.

"Fuck! This feels so fucking good!" he cried.

"He's close, Kimmy. Get ready," he heard his mother say. There was something so sexy about the way she said it, about the way she knew his body almost better than he did. That she could make him feel this amazing.

"Cover our tits, Jack, come on!" His aunt moaned while picking up the pace.

"Aghh! Cumming!" he managed to shout before the white ropes started to erupt. Pulse after pulse splattered across their tits, webbing them in his semen.

"Ah!" Kim exclaimed excitedly. "So much! What the hell?!"

His mother just laughed, watching with content pleasure as her tits were coated as well.

Jack took a few deep breaths as his orgasm subsided, needing a moment's rest. But Amy and Kim demanded answers.

"So who won, huh sweetie?" his mother prodded.

"It was absolutely me, Amy," his aunt chided.

"You both won. You made me cum together," he answered quite politically.

Kim slapped his thigh playfully.

"Coward. We'll make you give a real answer one of these days."

Jack grinned, unperturbed.

"One day, but not today," his mother cut in. "Phil gets home in an hour or two. It's time to get going, I think, Kim."

"Shoot, you're right," her sister replied, checking the time herself.

They untangled themselves and Jack offered some paper towels to clean up.

"Not needed, sweetheart," his aunt responded, leaning over and cupping his mom's tits to her mouth. She began licking up his cum off of her breasts until they were dry.

"Jesus christ, I think I almost came again," he said as he watched. Kim gave him a devious grin.

By the top of the hour, his aunt had left. His mother advised him to go down to the basement and play his video games while she made herself look busy in the kitchen. It was forty-

five minutes later before he heard his dad trudge through the front door.

"Sweetheart, your father is home!" he heard his mom shout down the basement steps.

"Coming," he replied!

"Hey, bud, how has the last week gone taking care of your mom?" his dad asked as he entered the kitchen. Amy was stirring something on the stovetop while his dad had his laptop open at the counter. He hadn't been home for ten minutes and was already checking his emails.

He glanced at his mother for a moment. He had taken care of her, alright. He cringed thinking about his dad finding out what had been going on behind his back.

"It was awful," he jested, trying play it off coolly. Phil chuckled.

"Ha, I bet."

Jack wondered if some small trace of his cum was still dried on his mom's tits under her shirt.

"How was your trip?" he asked.

"It was great," his dad replied. "I met some clients and secured two really big contracts for us this year."

"Does that mean they're going to pay you more finally?" his mother chimed in, sarcastically. Phil laughed.

"Ha, no, probably not. But I'll be their best bet to replace Cunningham when he retires."

Phil droned on for another few minutes about his coworkers and office politics. Who was lined up for promotion, who was going to get fired, blah, blah, blah. Jack didn't care one iota, even when he tried to pay attention.

"I'm gonna go to bed, sorry dad. I had a long day," he said. His balls ached from what had felt like a non-stop sex marathon this past week. He needed a respite.

"No worries, bud. G'nite." His parents continued chatting in the kitchen as he hiked up the stairs and collapsed on his bed.

Jack awoke to his mother opening the shades in his room. She was already dressed for the day in a purple blouse and jeans. The sunlight flooded the room and temporarily blinded him.

"Agh, mom!" he cried, startled.

"It's nearly ten AM, Jack. You've got to get moving."

He groaned, pulling the blankets up over his face. She pulled them back down, sitting on the edge of his mattress.

"I've got bacon and eggs downstairs waiting for you."

She knew this would be the motivation her son needed. He began to stir.

"Besides, we need to talk about your sister."

"Did she call you?" he asked, his voice still hoarse from sleep.

"Mhm, she and Fred both did. I heard the exciting news. Now come on, get your butt moving. I'll explain more in the kitchen."

A few minutes later, Jack was cleaned and dressed, sitting at the island bar with a plate full of food in front of him.

"So Emily is on her way over here now?" he said.

"Yes, she's nearly here. And she's going to want to start talking about pregnancy." Amy replied.

Jack could feel his stomach drop. He gulped. He wasn't ready to be a father.

"Look, sweetheart, I know this is probably overwhelming. That's why I wanted to talk through it together before she got here. How are you feeling?"

"Honestly," he said, feeling like he was now going to vomit back up the toast he had been chewing on, "I feel like I might be sick."

"That's totally normal," his mother assuaged him. "But just remember this is all still a few months away. We will have some time to get used to it all."

He heard her, but he wasn't sure if a few weeks or months would even make a difference. He was still a kid in so many ways - he couldn't be a father! Well, he technically wouldn't be, he figured, given that Fred would believe the child was his own. But still, Jack would know, and eventually one day their child would know, too. That was the part he couldn't get over. He tried explaining it to his mom.

"Believe me, honey, I felt the same way before I got pregnant with your sister."

"You did?" he asked.

She nodded, fussing with dishes in the sink.

"Your grandpa and I obviously had talked about it quite a bit, but when it finally came time to... to do it... I felt paralyzed at first. Once I got married, I just felt the urges take over. And it was one of the greatest experiences of my life."

Jack chewed on this for a moment. Amy finished drying off a frying pan and placed it on the rack.

"So you think the same will happen to Emily?"

"Perhaps," she said, ambivalent. "Maybe it will take some time. But eventually it will have to happen, you know?"

"I know," he replied.

"And you will be ready when the time comes," she continued, trying to cheer him up.

"How do you know that?" he asked.

Amy swung around the island and planted a kiss on his forehead.

"Just trust me, you will be. Besides, you've had a lot of practice with me and your aunt already."

"Mom..." he groaned. "It sounds gross when you say it like that."

She laughed, amusing only herself.

The door creaked open, interrupting their conversation.

"Hello?" a voice called out. It was Emily.

"Hi dear, we're in the kitchen," Amy called back.

Emily was dressed in a cute, white onesie that ended in a skirt around her thighs. Her dark hair was pulled up in a lazy bun, and she was wearing her glasses. She immediately held up her hand, displaying the expensive looking diamond on her finger.

"Oh my god, it's beautiful!" their mother exclaimed.

"Ahhh! I can't believe it!" Emily cried in unison.

They embraced, mother and daughter both overjoyed.

"What do you think of the ring, Jack?" Amy asked.

"It's... er, really nice, Emily. Congratulations."

He couldn't stop thinking of poor Fred, clueless and deceived. It wasn't that he even liked the guy much - to be

honest, he had always been kind of a tool - but Jack's inner conscience wouldn't rest. It was one thing to be intimate with his sister... Fred never needed to know what strange and unorthodox practices their family got up to behind closed doors. But to put a baby inside of her... to get her pregnant and use genetic trickery to fool him into thinking it was his own offspring? It felt like crossing an ethical line that Jack wasn't totally certain he was comfortable with. He knew the importance of their family's legacy. He knew it was his responsibility to carry on their lineage. Still... it wasn't sitting well with him.

Emily finally pulled away from their mom and hopped gleefully over to him still seated at the island bar. She hugged him and squealed.

"Jack, can you believe it?! I'm getting married!"

He laughed uncomfortably.

"Hah, I know... It's crazy..."

"Why don't you two go talk privately upstairs. I'll leave you alone while I do some chores down here," Amy spoke.

Emily looked at her, then back at her brother.

"Okay, thanks Mom!" she said. She was bursting with energy this morning, Jack noticed.

He stood, and she practically led him by the wrist up to her old bedroom.

Amy let out a deep exhalation as her children disappeared up the stairs.

It's finally happening, she thought. The torch has been passed. My duty has been done. We live on for another generation.

But that wasn't all she was feeling... no, something else was lurking there deep in her subconsciousness. A desire, an urging. A yearning for something... but what?

His seed, her mind answered. Let him breed you with his seed, Amy.

No, she couldn't! What kind of asinine idea was that? Her job had been done. She had borne two children for her family. Sure, she had loved every minute of it... watching as her belly had grown swollen with the product of her secret affair... the

feeling of her daddy emptying himself inside of her cunt every night for weeks on end...

Amy felt a flash of warmth all over her body and a tingling sensation near her thighs. She was sweating, even though it was cool inside the house.

Empty him, Amy...

Images of her son pumping his semen into her pussy flooded her mind. His strained face, his tensing muscles, his twitching cock buried deep inside of her...

She pictured her belly, round and full again with another child. She pictured Jack worshipping her swollen tits as they leaked milk, just like her father had.

I'm too old, she said, trying to calm herself. My window of opportunity has passed.

That had seemed to do the trick. The intrusive thoughts evaporated as quickly as they had appeared. Something told her it wouldn't be the last time she'd have to contend with them, however.

Her concentration was broken as she heard something upstairs crash and thud on the ceiling. She ran up the stairs to see what had happened.

"Emily? Jack? Are you okay?!" she called out.

Amy didn't wait for a response before opening the door to her daughter's old bedroom. Before her was a sight that she had not totally expected. Emily was stark naked and straddled on top of her brother, whose pants were down around his ankles. Her round ass was colliding into his lap rapidly, up and down, up and down, while her son's hands latched onto her wide hips and plump cheeks. He had one of her breasts in his mouth, sucking and tugging on it voraciously.

"Oh, huh?!" Emily moaned, halting all movement as she craned her neck backwards to assess their intruder.

"Mom!" Jack exclaimed, unsure if he should feel embarrassed or not.

"Sorry! Sorry!" Amy cried, not wanting to interrupt further. "I see you two are already getting a head start."

Emily smirked.

"Something like that. Now - a little privacy, please?" she chided with a laugh.

"Certainly, certainly!" their mother replied, backing away briskly and swinging the door shut. The moaning and slapping noises commenced on the other side. Amy felt the hot flashes again sweeping across her body. She tried to will away the feelings once again, but this time they wouldn't go.

She hurried to her room, stripping off all of her clothes as she turned the hot water on in the shower. Using her fingers, she rubbed her clit until her whole body convulsed with pleasure. She grabbed a breast and squeezed it roughly, pretending it was Jack. The warmth and the steam intensified every sensation. She imagined her son ravaging her again. She remembered the fervor with which he had fucked her every day while Phil had been away. The energy and vitality he had expended on her. The feeling of how wrong it was, how dangerous it had been for her to allow him to do that with her... but now as her fingers moved over her bud, she felt the intensity all at once again. She involuntarily moaned out his name. Her voice was soft and musical.

"Jack... Yes, sweetie.... Jack...!"

Outside of her bedroom, only the sound of running water could be heard. Further down the hall, two bodies continued smacking against each other at an urgent pace, yelps and yowls echoing throughout the house. Outside, the cool summer breeze whistled through the pines and the tall grass. All else was silent. The idyllic home stood majestic on its wooded acreage.

To be continued...